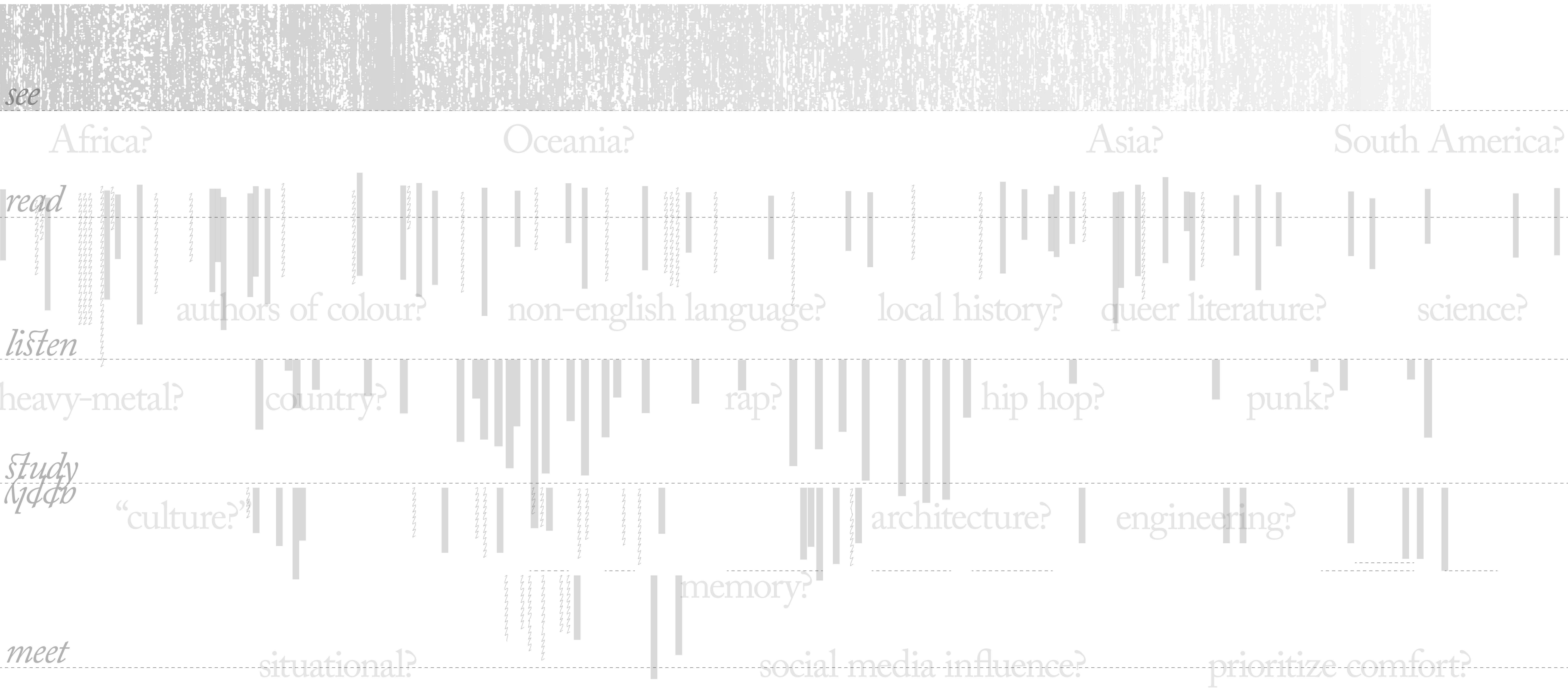
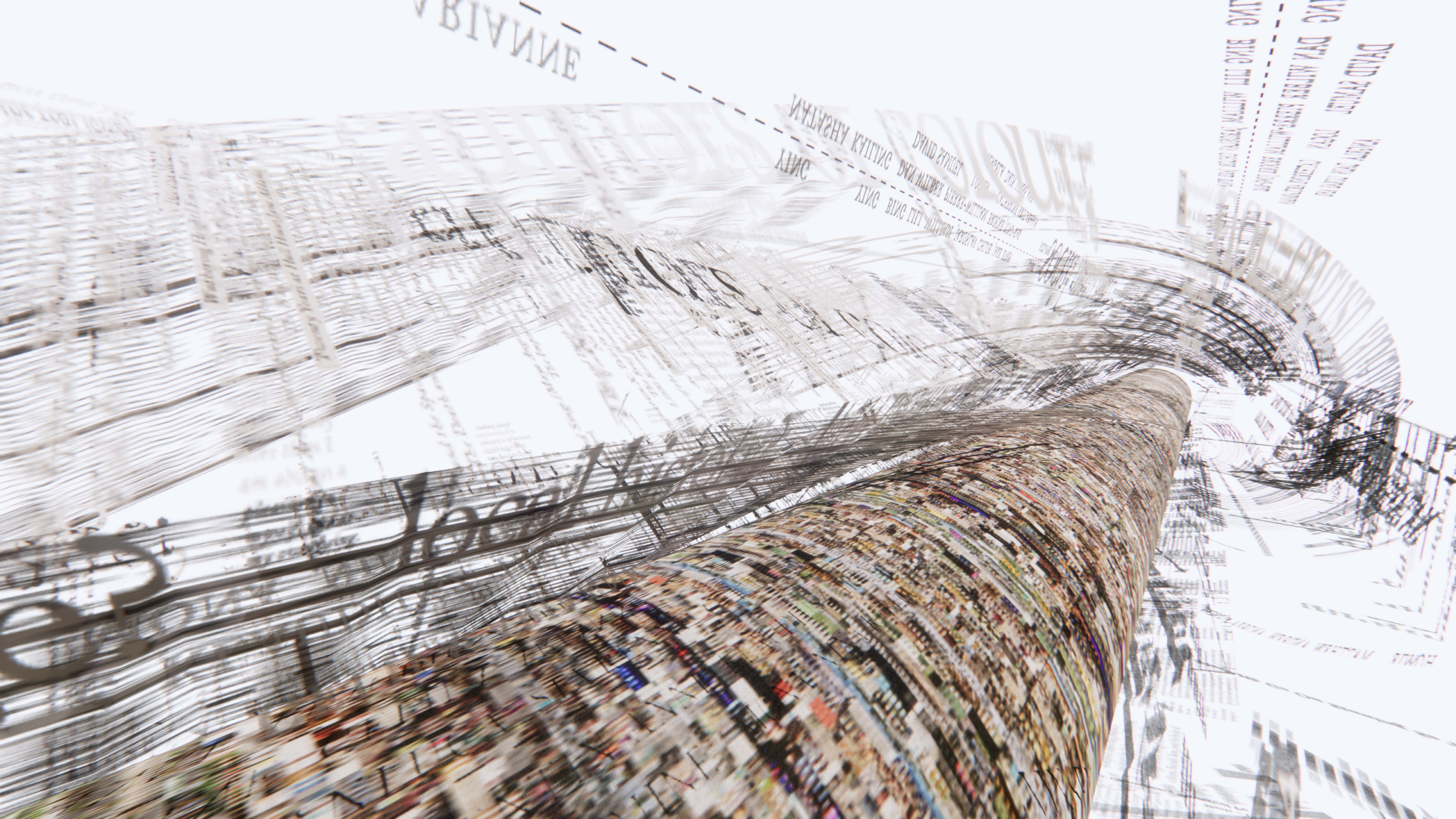


what do you know about architecture is it informed by your education or by
O/AD•MIT
what you see read listen study apply meet the data text omitted admitted
bias and prejudice addressed (?) through highlight and strike



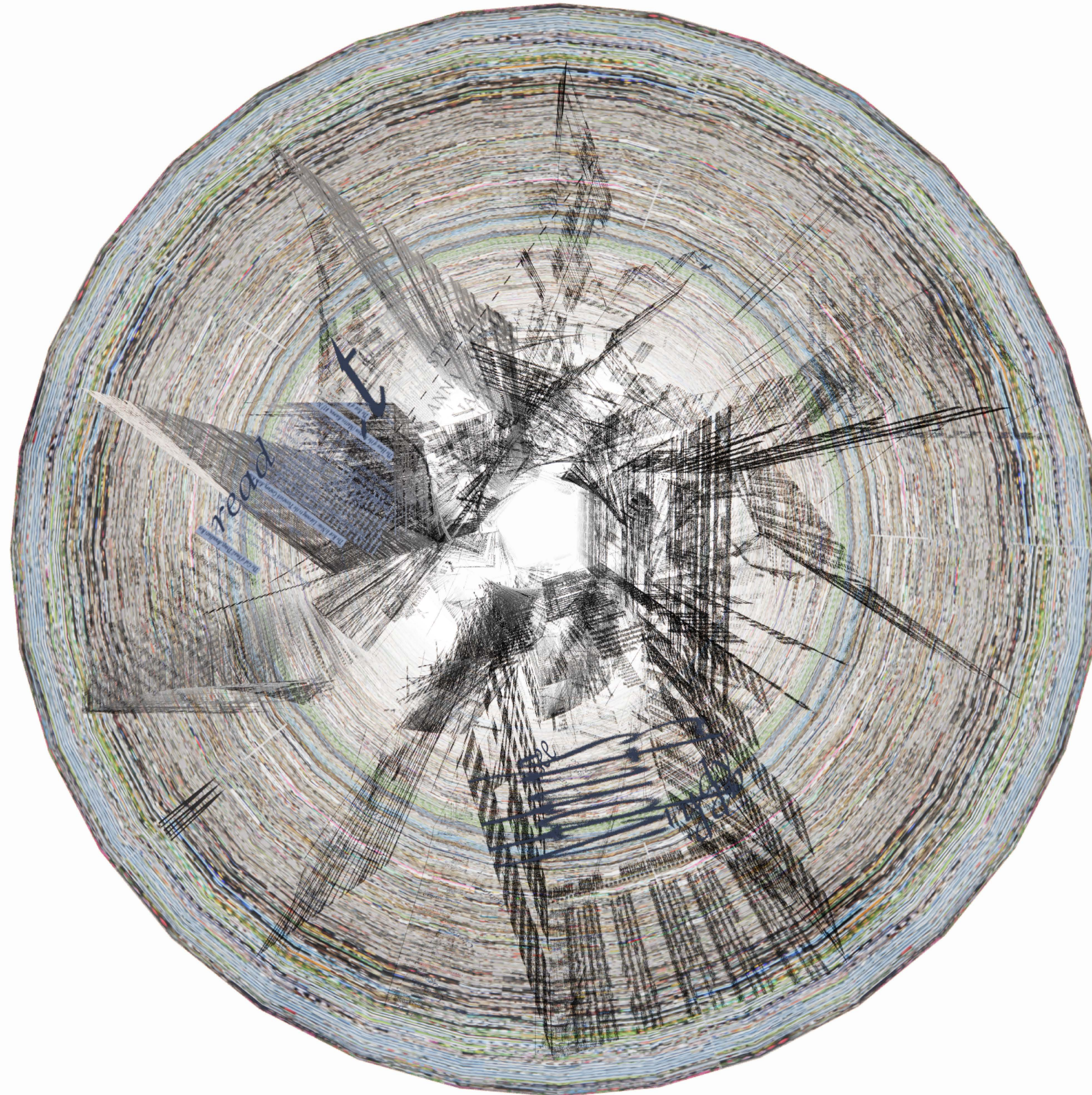
you are the project / created by others / including yourselves



DIMENSIONALISATION *trial*
warped / rewritten / reified

2021

WRITINGS, GOODREADS, FACEBOOK, ITUNES, CASLON FONT FAMILY,
PHOTOSHOP COLLAGE, ILLUSTRATOR, RHINO, ENSCAPE

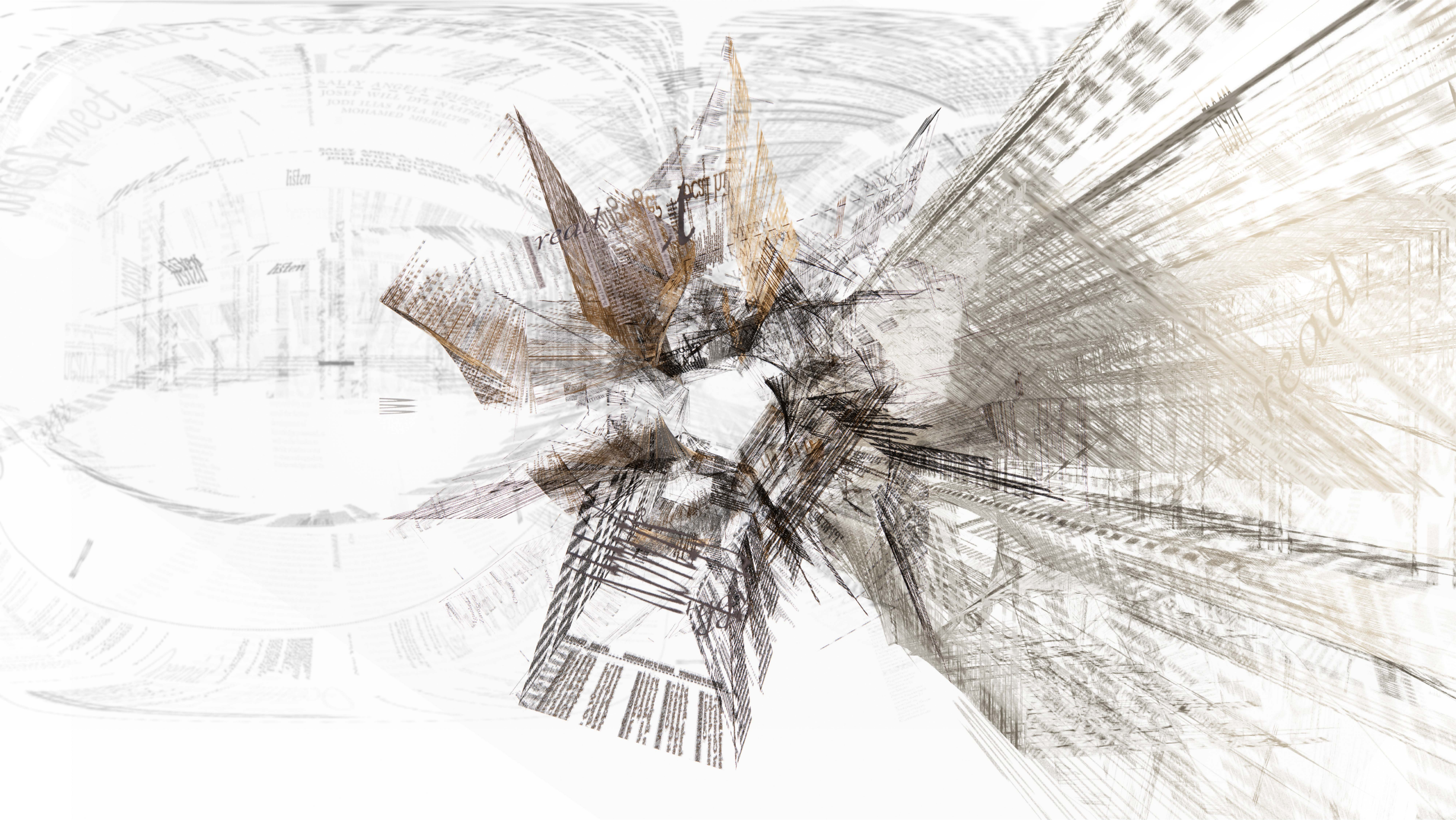


DIMENSIONALISATION *trial*

encircling, enfolding / path to the future / embraced by remembrance

2021

WRITINGS, GOODREADS, FACEBOOK, ITUNES, CASLON FONT FAMILY,
PHOTOSHOP COLLAGE, ILLUSTRATOR, RHINO, ENSCAPE



prompt :

write a building adjacent, near, dos-a-dos say, to your authors—
Taussig (to who writing obliterates reality, as if the sketch is not a hieroglyph),
Hugo (to who writing—the printed book, novel, or *bleak* random *house* published en masse for sentimentals and academics—was to crumble brick-and-mortar, or at least its mystique),
Queneau (to who writing, like *Notre Dame*, is up for a dusting)
—and apply them (like dimensional lumber); see how they reflect your life, how they bridge your past
future projects, selves, self-projects; in summary: how you come to say ‘I have been educated [exclaimed point]’; write this,
and then write

how the inundation of words—written or spoken or drawn?—are revisited
reconciling cor(e)responding con(in)fluences and sub-typologies and meta-knowledge domains
reforming rebranding rewriting your text several times
subjecting it to *exercises in style*, manipulation machines, insertions, diffusions, reconstructions
constructivisms, surrealist silliness, modernist projects, communist manifestoes, Oulipo via DADA[exclamation point] via
the loss of the *age of innocence* (you haven’t read Wharton, but you persist) of the post-war economy

write about writing architecture
write about architecture AS writing (and where that went wrong (or where it did not go (or has yet to go
and about closing off))) your world into line enjambed
line of text
write about your wariness of a series of signs made to mislead, embedding a history of tales
overused, construed as system-of-truth, system-of-knowing—*mythologies* really, a faulty *empire of signs* overcome by
punctilious uses of punctuation as \$nt@x [exclaim; point?]
a pedantic semiotics of odds and ends, of tautological bits and pieces
of flying deconstructed buttresses lying dying (long dead)
architectures of the church and/or state and/or late capitalism

write about beat poets (Ginsburg, Helen Adam if you can find her), *howling* architects of the road
or how Arendt fastened the *human condition* with steel (she knew modernity)
write about how we see, and see, and see, and represent [point: exclaim] representation as writing
show writing
draw writing
write in concrete and alabaster and thatch
then dematerialize writing
dig a Murakami pit (you no longer remember *the wind-up bird*, though the cat had significance) to write in
and write yourself out of (shape a ladder perhaps, or respatialise the context)
write emails like Roger writes emails—he’s an architect after all
assume an intention—not post-rationalised auto-format

now write a syntax of the self with that which you have hitherto built
re/de/con/fine (0.1mm) a line that squiggles and deforms and three-dimensionalises
and is not a penned line but a life
write an architecture of stories you have (been) told and visited [exclaim, point]
a *library of babel* of books by those that look and speak and think like you
and others who don’t (and still more that are neither)
write *on beauty and judgement* (Nehamas? he writes beautifully)
—architects sometimes forget about beauty
the desperate Shahrazad spinning irrepressible spaces of wonder and horror
no feeble line but a grasp of life

of spaces written
about *a winter’s night traveler, a summer book, a bluest eye, a three-cornered world*
do not read these; write them yourself
better yet, construct a writing surface
yes, write *on architecture* (Ada Louise did, so did Basquiat)
or use text as the surface
the (*elements of*) *typography* on that once-blank page (calligraphed shoji, coloured field de Stijl)
the (*elements of*) *style* is your choice
but assemble, at last, an allegorical architecture
a text [exclaim] which is a mirror [ation] which is you [point]!

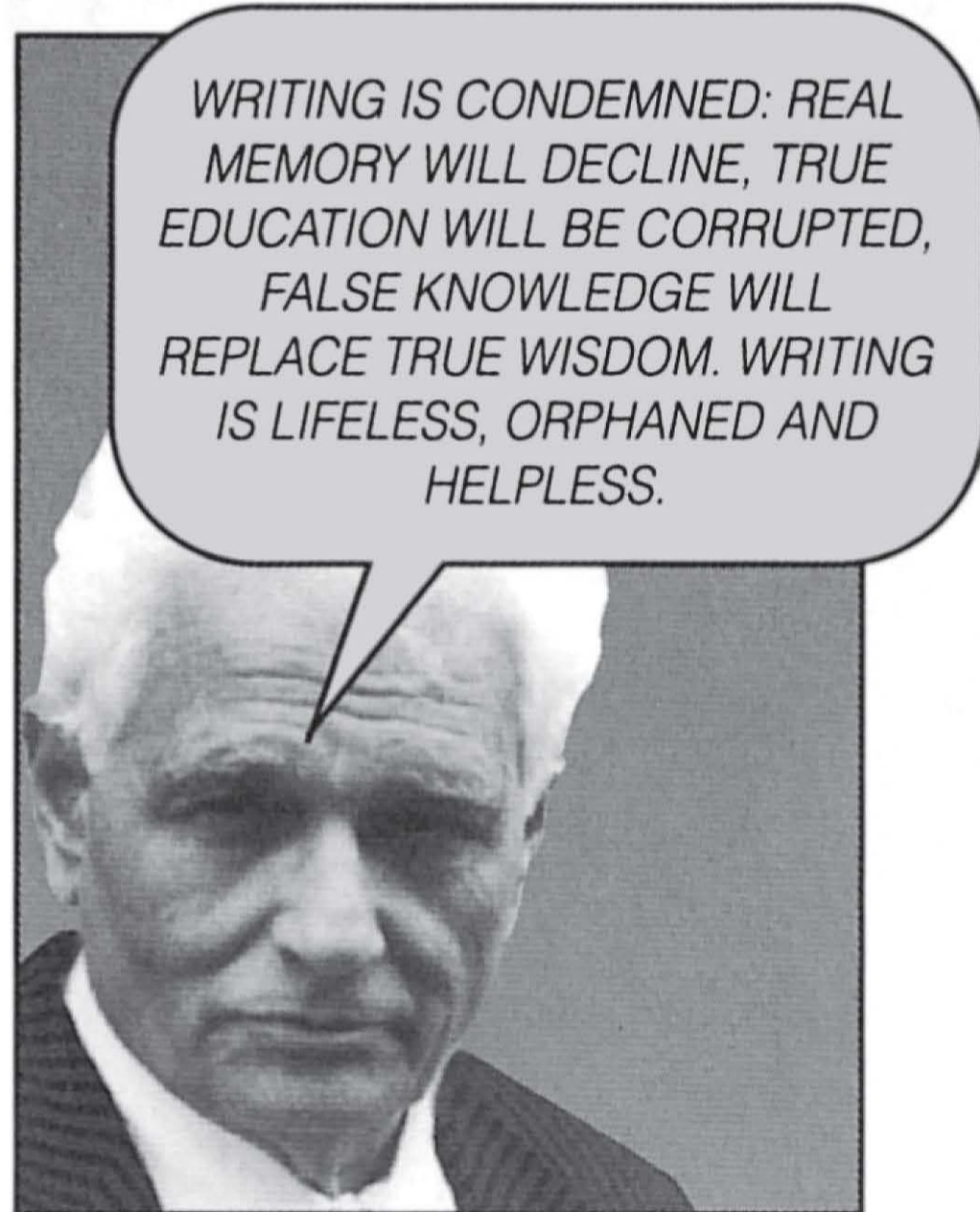
INTERFERENCE

from auto-syntax to a prejudice project



AUTHOR > WRITING > READER > SPACE

Projects from 'The Laboratory of Literary Architecture'



DERRIDA MIGHT
DISAGREE

EXPERIMENTAL DEPARTURES

The Prejudice Project

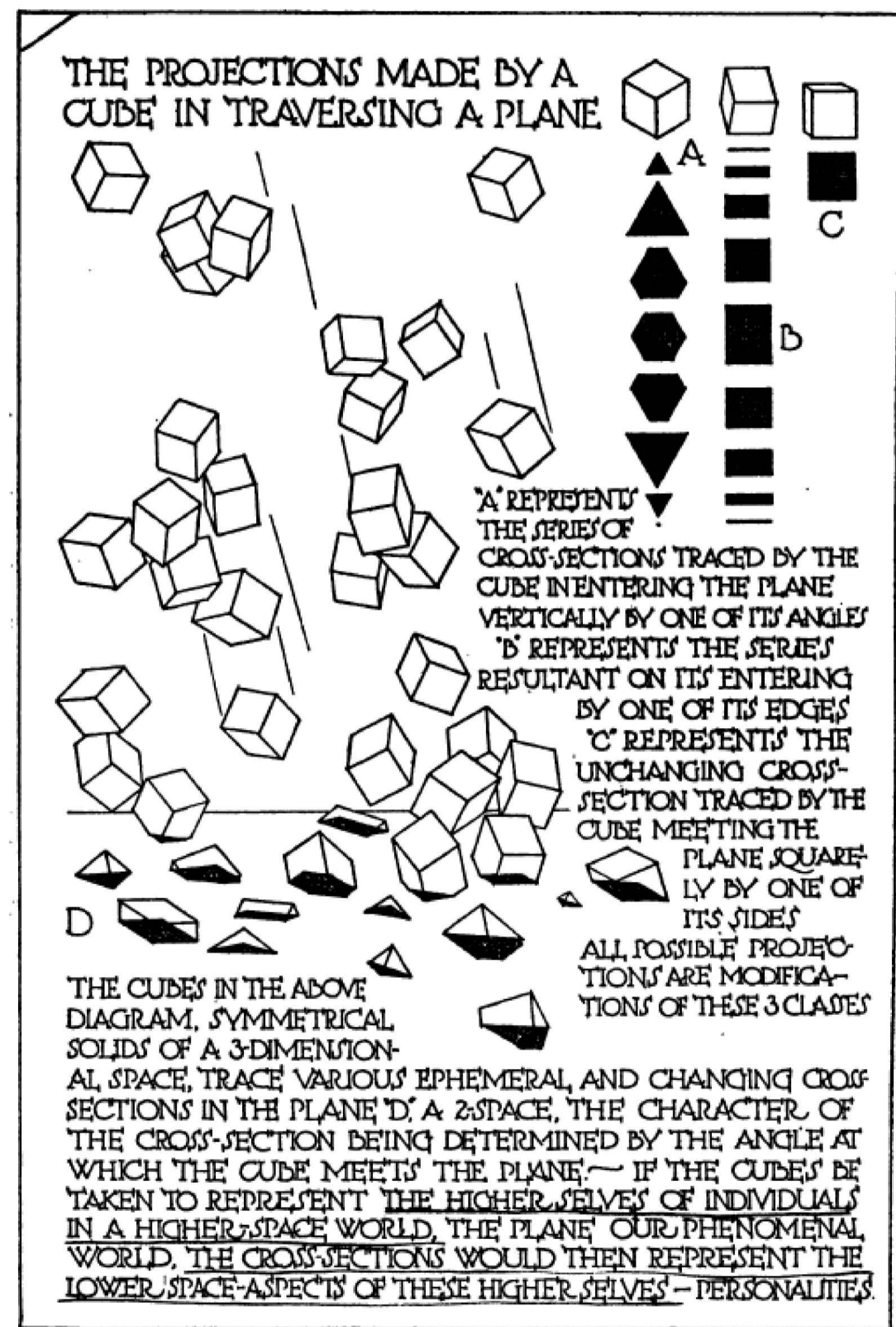
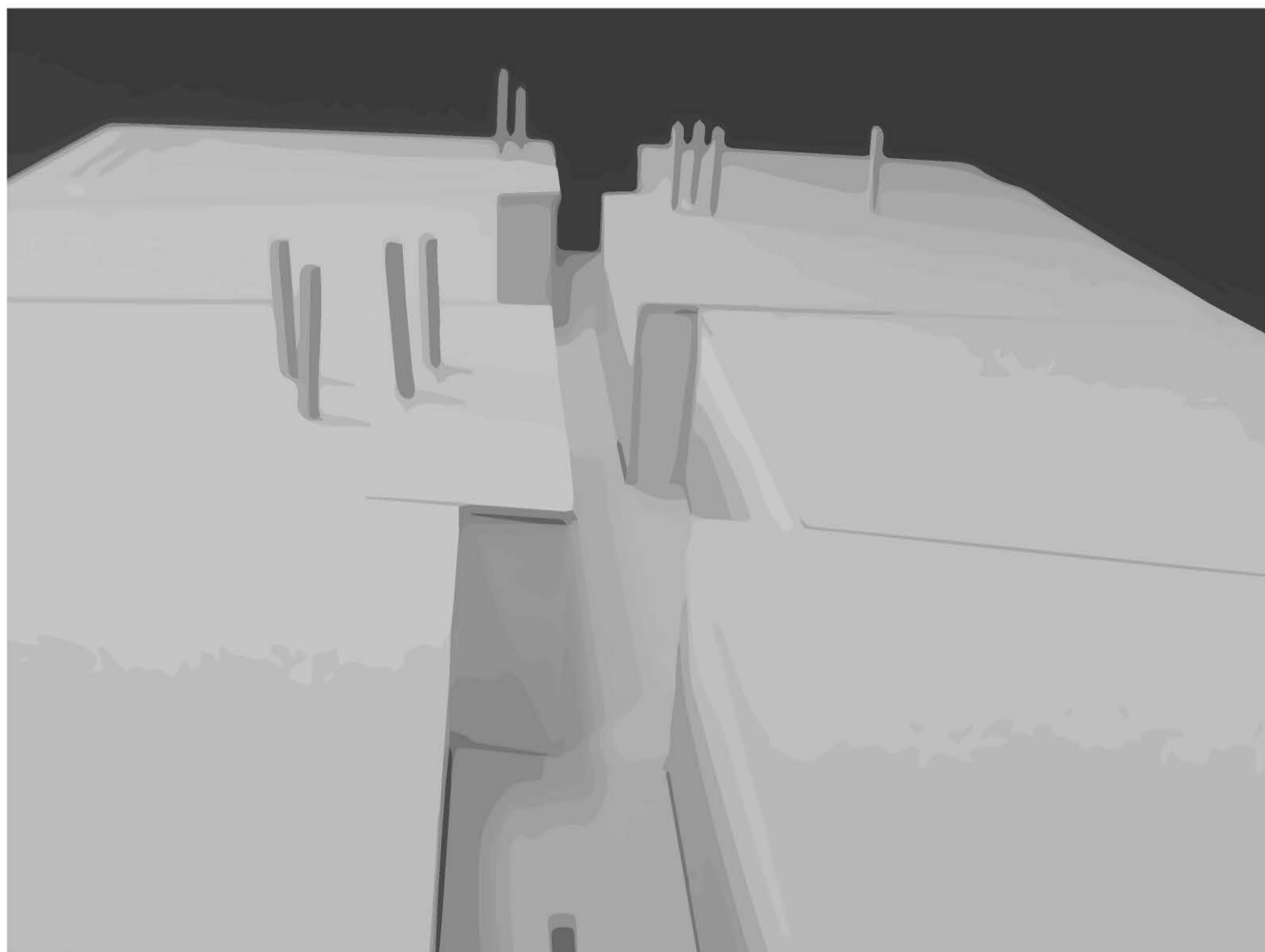
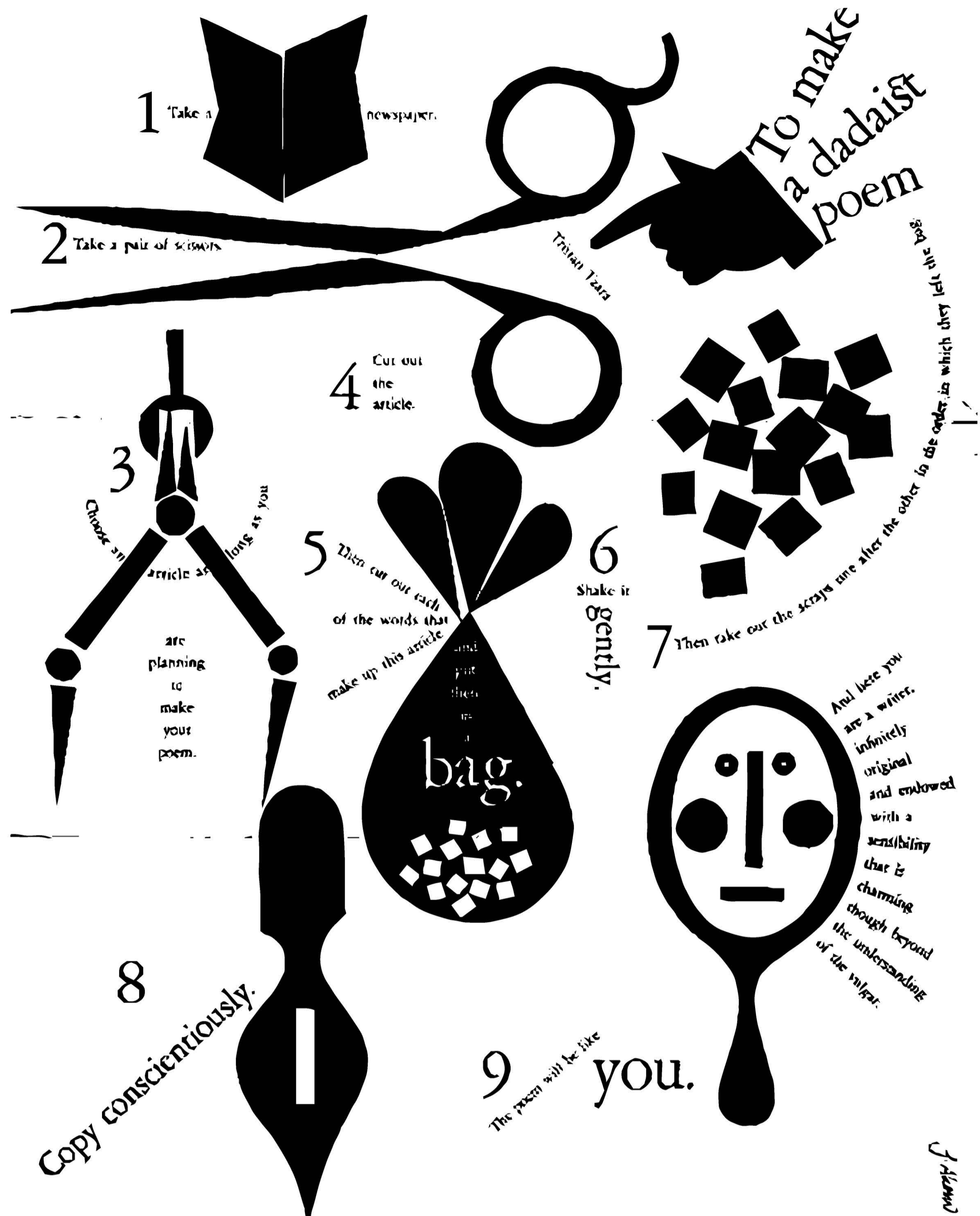


PLATE 30

FOUR-DIMENSIONALISATION
*Claude Bragdon, A Primer of
Higher Space*



ENTITLING AS BRANDING &
TITLES-FROM-A-BAG POETRY

*John Alcorn 'To Make a Dadaist
Poem' and an Illustration*

*A laboratory of experimental places?
A wordsmith of potential spaces?
A manual of possible cases?
A choose or build-your-own basis?*

CITING WRITINGS ON
WRITING, WORDS, MEANING

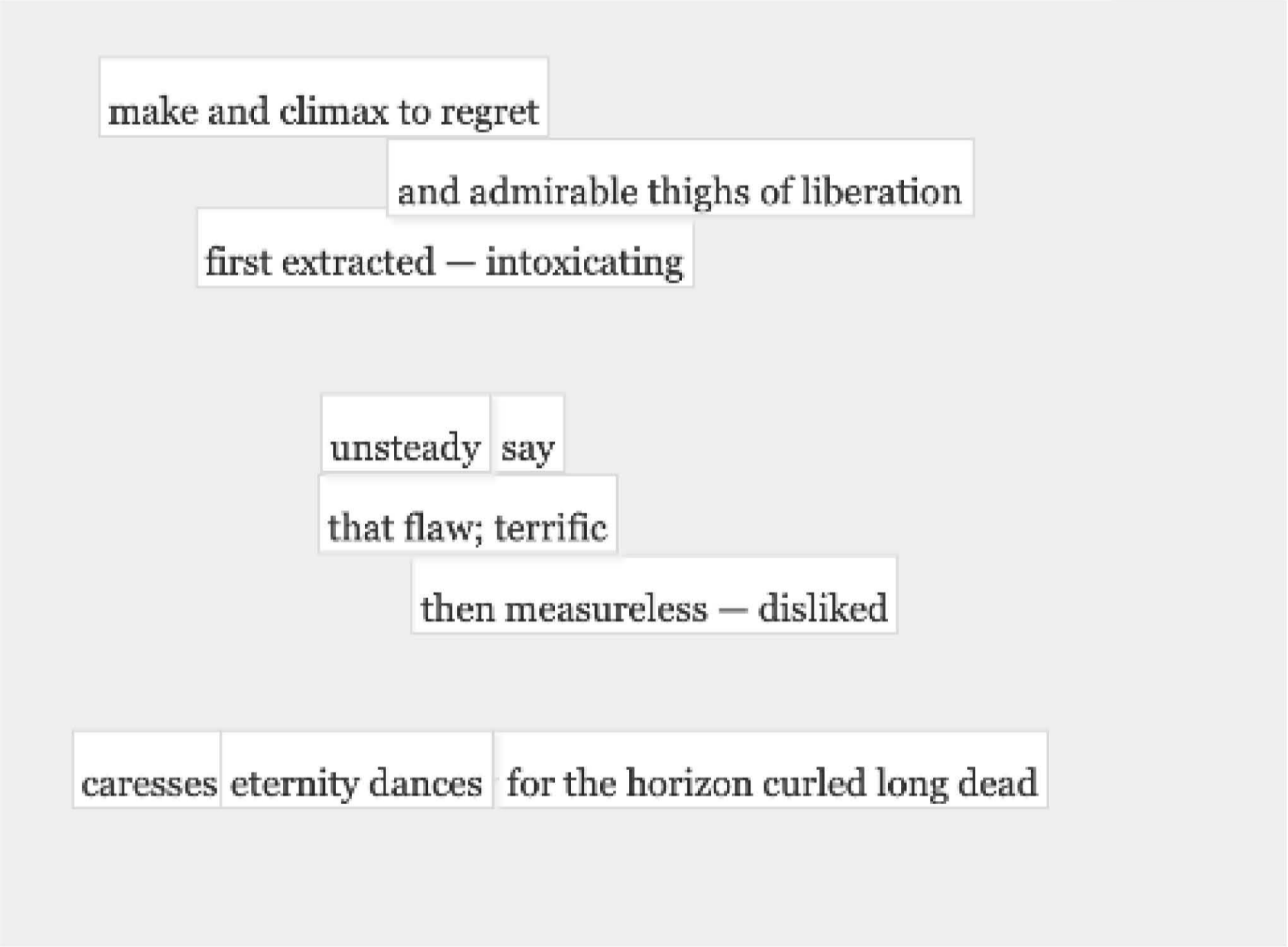
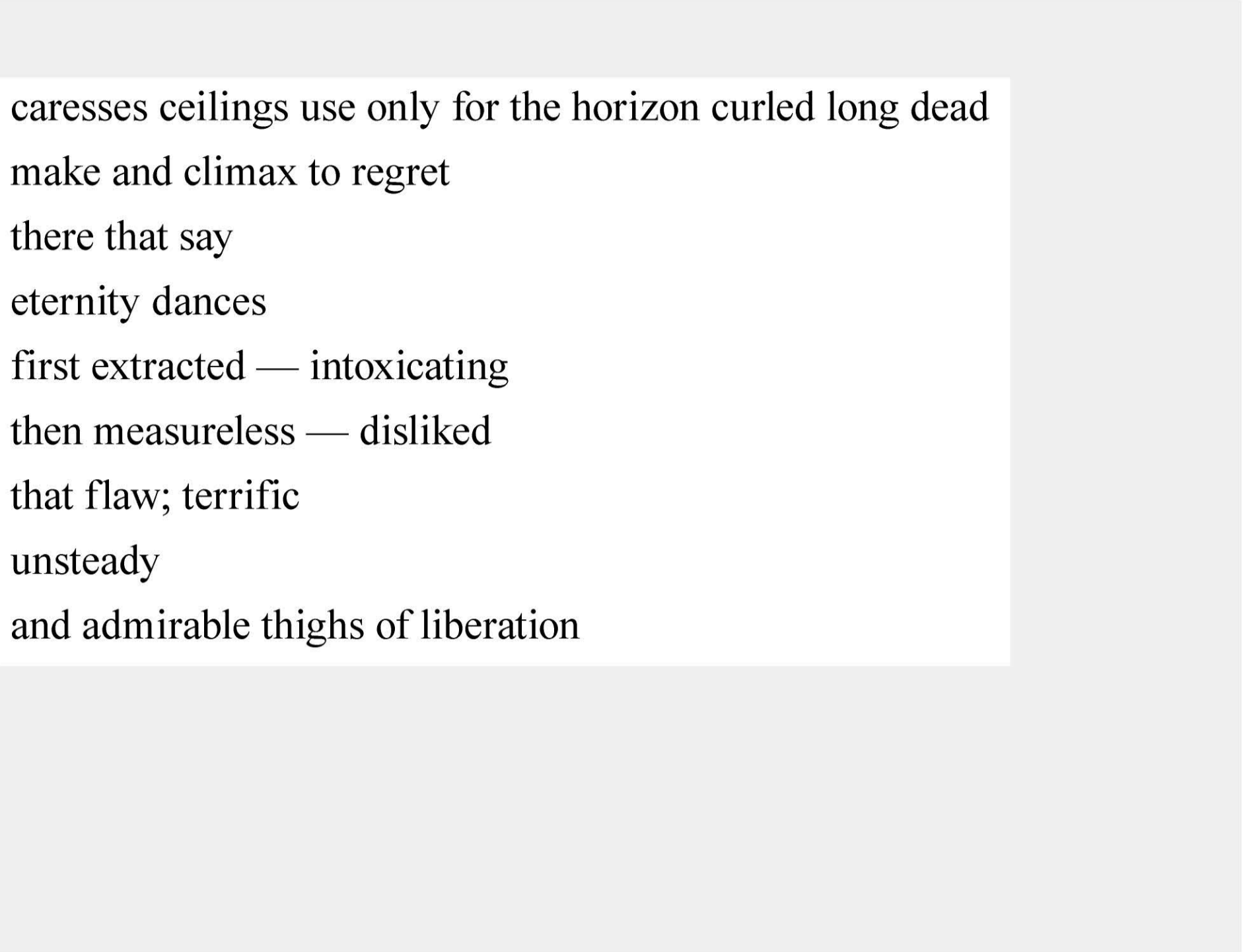
- Georges Perec’s *Species of Space* and *Life a User’s Manual*
Tristan Tzara’s *Seven Dada Manifestos*
Oskar Pastior’s *O-Tone “Automne” – Linguistic Fall*
Raymond Queneau’s *Excercises in Styles*
Robert Bringhurst’s *The Elements of Typographic Style*
Karen Blixen’s *Seven Gothic Tales*
Roland Barthes’, *Empire of Signs* and *Elements of Semiology*
Svetlana Boym’s ‘*Nostaligia*’ in *Atlas of Transformation*
Raymond Williams’ *Keywords*
Guillaume Apollinaire’s *Calligrammes*

POTENTIAL PROMPTS

- >Write a program in images, emoji, kaomoji, clipart.
>Write about a building and ask a non architect to draw it; detail the result.
>Write how you feel about a particular piece of music using only three letters and using any typographic permutations; spatialize the word drawing.
>Write complexly about a map in twenty-three words. Draw a triptych from a colleague’s counterpart description.
>Write thoughtfully about a context and program dear to you; build the project out accordingly at the first non-oceanic location chosen by <https://www.random.org/geographic-coordinates/> .
>Write about the project as yet unbegun nostalgically; describe the representation, the spaces, the experience. Create a design faithful to the spirit of the initial description.
>Write about everything but the project (the television you have been watching, the weather, your dreams); imagine an architecture that contains the spaces of your day.

EXPERIMENTAL DEPARTURES

citations & prompts

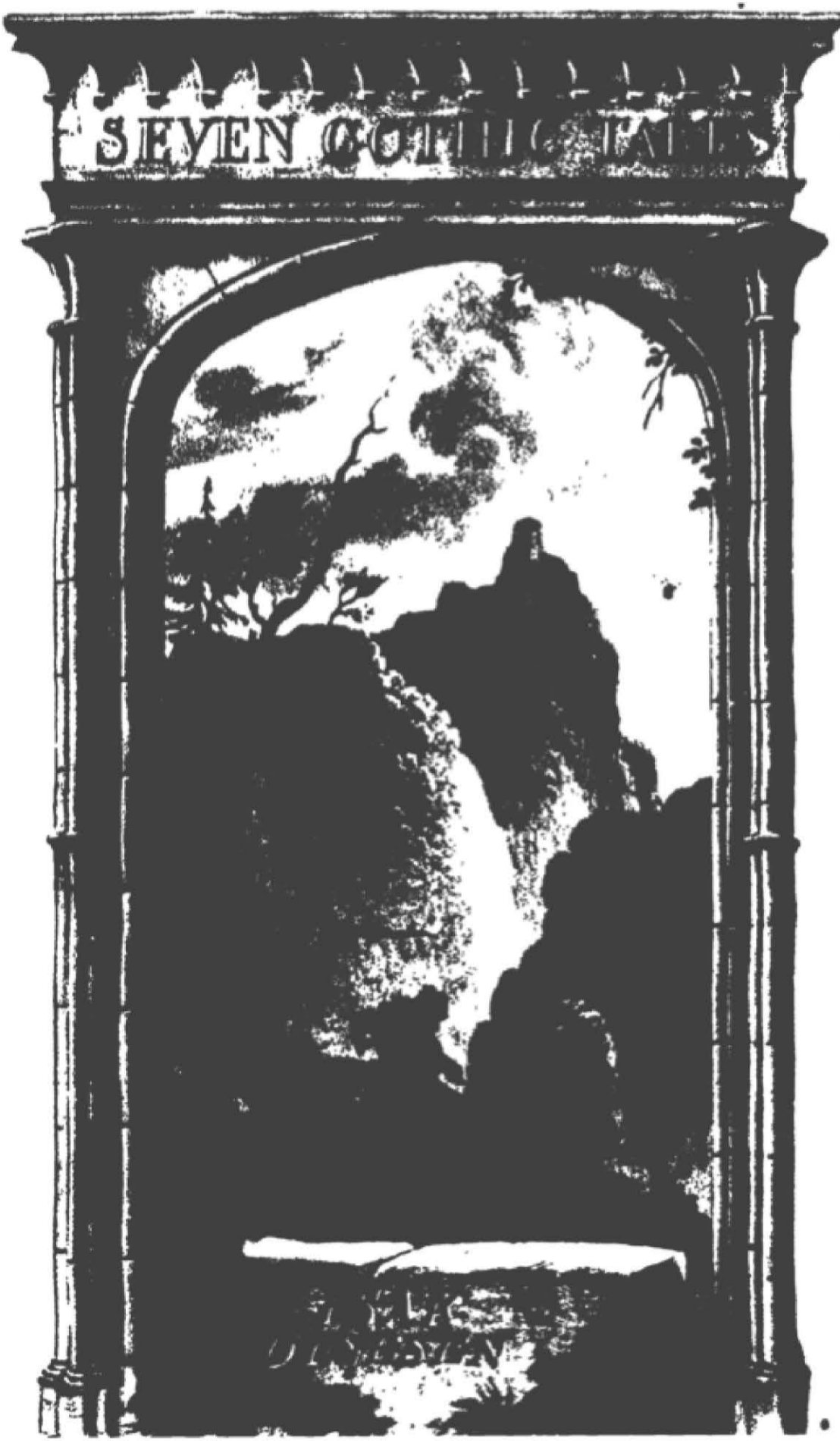


*First, ‘Fade Out’ word game; then
reframed with ‘Text Collage’*

*Created using manipulation machines on
LanguageisaVirus.com*



author



FRONTISPIECE,
SHORTSTORY TITLES,
MEDIAS RES

writing

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THE MONKEY 117

galoshes, from one of the avenues, wherein they had been taking their afternoon walk, he felt sorry for Athena for merely existing. 'Athena,' the Prioress was saying, 'has never had an offer of marriage in her life. I doubt if, for the last year, she has seen any man but Pastor Rosenquist, who comes to play chess with her papa. She has heard my ladies discuss the brilliant marriages which you might have made if you had wanted to. If Athena will not have you, my little Boris,' she said, and smiled at him very sweetly, 'I will.'

Boris kissed her hand for this, and reflected what an excellent arrangement it might prove to be, and then all at once he got such a terrible impression of strength and cunning that it was as if he had touched an electric eel. Women, he thought, when they are old enough to have done with the business of being women, and can let loose their strength, must be the most powerful creatures in the whole world. He gazed at his aunt's refined face.

No, it would not do, he thought.

III

Boris drove from Closter Seven in the Prioress's britzska, with her letter upon his heart, looking the ideal young hero of romance. The news of his errand had spread mysteriously in the convent, as if it had been a new kind of incense, and had gone straight to the hearts of the old ladies. Two or three of them were sitting in the sun on the long terrace to see him go, and a particular friend of his, a corpulent old maid, bleached by having been kept for fifty years from all the lights of life, stood beside his carriage to

Romance & Terror

ON READING ISAK DINESENS "SEVEN GOTHIC TALES". L'ANA FINCK

WHEN I WAS 14 MY MOM GAVE ME A BOOK OF STORIES SEVEN GOTHIC TALES BY ISAK DINESEN MY MOM HAD BEEN GIVEN THE BOOK BY HER OWN MOTHER, 30 YEARS EARLIER

ISAK DINESEN

SEVEN Gothic Tales

ISAK DINESENS REAL NAME WAS KAREN BLIKEN SHE WAS A DANISH WOMAN WITH A PASSION FOR DISGUISES

WHEN DINESEN WAS 27 SHE LEFT EVERYTHING BEHIND AND MOVED TO KENYA TO START A COFFEE FARM WITH THE TWIN BROTHER OF THE MAN SHE WAS UNREQUITEDLY IN LOVE WITH THE MARRIAGE DID IT LAST BUT THE FARM DID FOR A WHILE

THE STORIES IN SEVEN GOTHIC TALES ARE FULL OF CHARACTERS WHO TELL STORIES WHICH FOR THEIR PART ARE ALSO FULL OF STORIES ALL THE STORIES ARE FAIRYTALES ESPECIALLY THE INNERMOST ONES

THEY ARE ALSO IN A CERTAIN WAY TRUE

DINESEN HERSELF LIVED AS IF IN A STORY SHE BELIEVED IN THE GRAND GESTURE LIVING LARGELY AND ROMANTICALLY FOR THE DELIGHT OF AN AUDIENCE REAL OR IMAGINARY

SHE MADE UP THE STORIES IN SEVEN GOTHIC TALES IN ORDER TO ENTICE HER LOVER THE ADVENTURER DENNIS FINCH HATTON TO STAY AWHILE ON THE FARM

DINESENS STORYTELLER ROLE MODEL WAS SCHEHERAZADE—HERSELF A FICTIONAL CHARACTER WHO TOLD AN ENDLESS SERIES OF INTERTWINED STORIES TO DISTRACT A KING (WHO WAS ALSO HER HUSBAND) FROM KILLING HER

WHEN DINESEN PUT HER STORIES ON PAPER IT WAS FROM DESPERATION SHE THOUGHT THAT IF SHE COULD PUBLISH A BOOK SHE MIGHT MAKE ENOUGH MONEY TO SAVE THE FARM DURING A DROUGHT (IT WORKED)

DINESENS STORIES LIKE SCHEHERAZADES WERE CREATED BOTH FROM A PLACE OF TERROR AND AS A FORM OF SEDUCTION I THINK THAT FOR WOMEN ROMANCE AND TERROR OFTEN GO HAND IN HAND

WHILE I READ SEVEN GOTHIC TALES I WAS CHANGING FROM A CHILD WHO PREFERRED TO BE ALONE TO A TERRIBLY LONELY TEENAGER NO ONE WOULD LOOK AT ME SO I STARTED PRETENDING I WAS IN A STORY

WAS THIS BECAUSE OF THE BOOK? I LIKE TO THINK SO

BY THE SAME LOGIC MY MOMS LIFE WAS ALSO GREATLY AFFECTED BY SEVEN GOTHIC TALES HER ADULTHOOD—UNTIL I WAS BORN—WAS PUNCTUATED BY A SERIES OF GRAND GESTURES THE MOST ENCHANTING OF WHICH SHE MADE WHEN SHE WAS 14

SHE LEFT HER CAREER (ARCHITECTURE) AND HER CITY (NEW YORK) AND BUILT A FANTASTICAL CURVED HOUSE FOR A MAN SHE'D JUST MET MY DAD

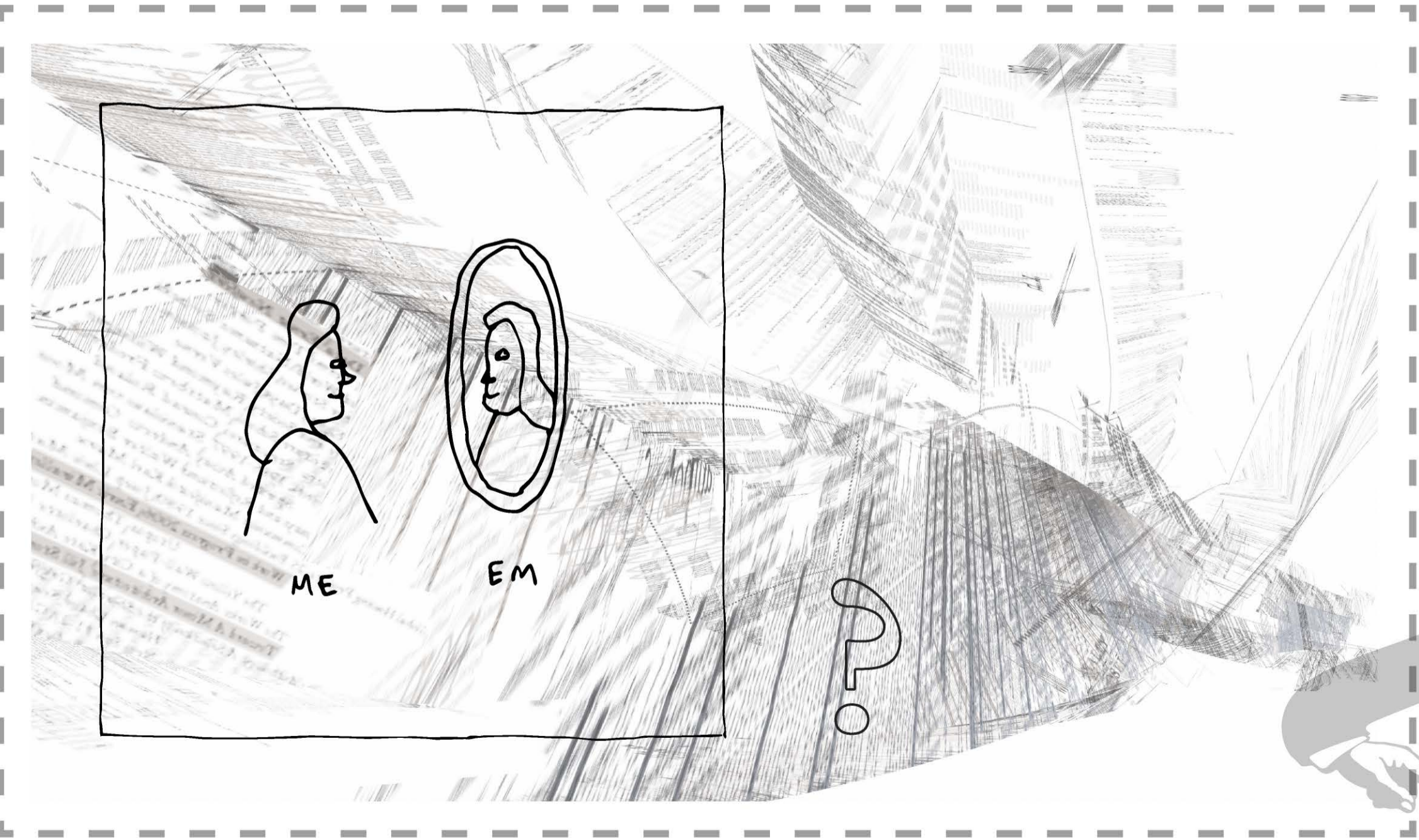
AFTER WRITING SEVEN GOTHIC TALES DINESEN LOST BOTH HER FARM (KARAKUITY) AND HER LOVER (PLANE CRASH) HER MEMOIR OUT OF AFRICA WAS EXTREMELY WELL RECEIVED BUT THE FAIRYTALES SHE WROTE LATER ON WERE IN MY OPINION EMPTY

SHE HAD NOTHING LEFT TO LOVE AND NOTHING LEFT TO GAIN THERE WAS NO MORE TERROR AND NO MORE ROMANCE

THERE'S A RECURRING METAPHOR IN HER WORK OF A BENT TREE WITH A TREE WILL THRIVE AT FIRST PUTTING OUT AN EFFUSION OF THY FLOWERS BUT IT WILL WITHER UP AND DIE BEFORE IT CAN PRODUCE FRUIT

I REREAD SEVEN GOTHIC TALES EVERY YEAR OR SO IT CONTAINS SOMETHING I THINK IS AT THE ROOT OF ART BUT IS THAT ROOT BENT? IF I EVER HAVE A DAUGHTER I'LL GIVE HER SEVEN GOTHIC TALES AND THEN MAYBE LL KNOW

reader



space

EXPERIMENTAL DEPARTURES

a for-instance with Karen Blixen's 'Seven Gothic Tales' / Iliana Finck's Interpretation