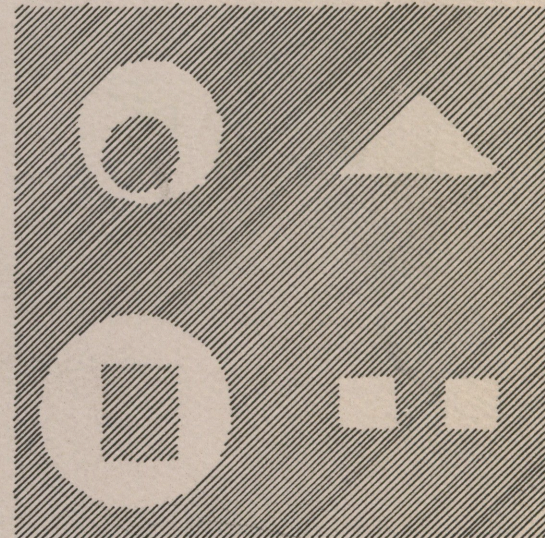
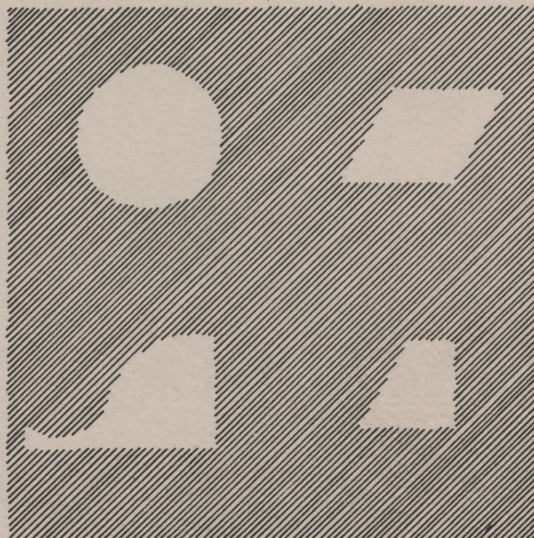
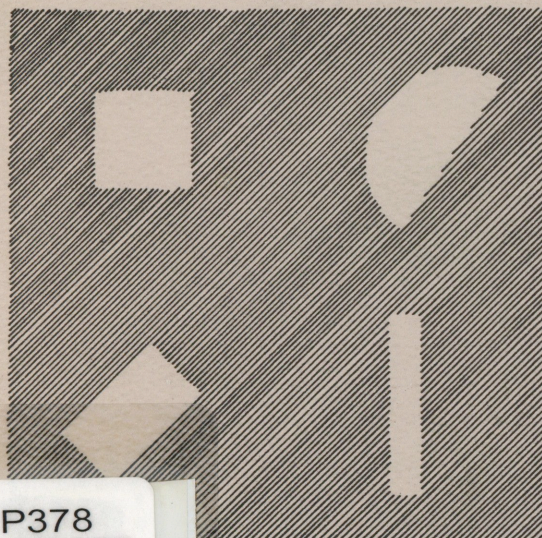


Twelve Entries

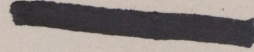
An Architectural Short Story.

by
John K. Mueller



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Twelve Entries

An Architectural Short Story.

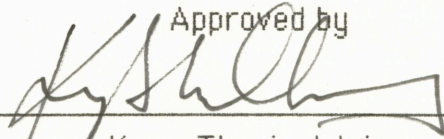
by
John K. Mueller

An undergraduate thesis submitted
in partial fulfillment of the
requirements for the degree

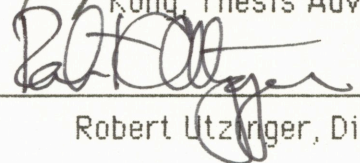
of

Bachelor of Architecture

Approved by



Kong, Thesis Advisor



Robert Utzinger, Director

Montana State University
Bozeman, Montana

March, 1985

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Thesis Statement

I suggest that all form presents an image that is realized by the imagination before any other relationships can be considered. The architect may design forms closest to the imagination by allowing him/herself to become displaced into the imagination. This thesis attempts to share such a displacement through story by creating in the imagination the illusion of a journey.

Foreward

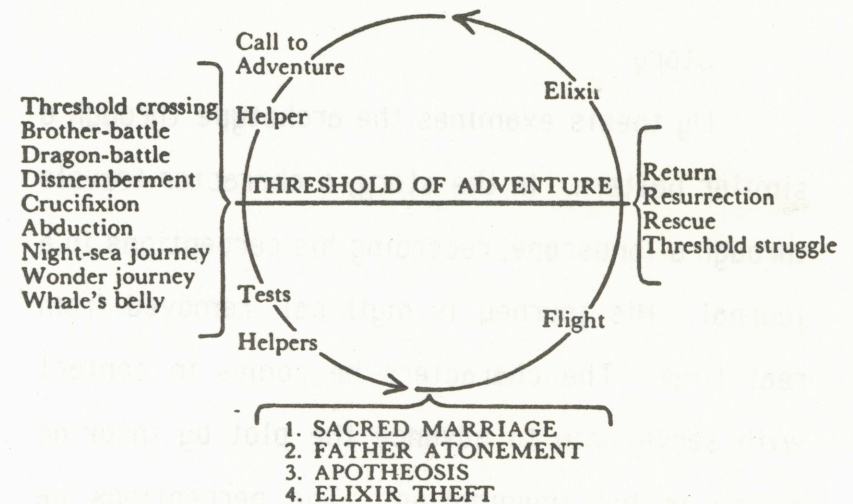
My thesis is one of perceptions. I concentrate on extracting raw images from landscape before those images are given any content. The perceptions are quickly held by the memory, imagination, and story of a character, a student of architecture.

Landscape

But we are all characters, and if the personal exploration of one character is of an archetype, then that exploration may be shared by many. Landscape is the archetype that is explored in this thesis.

As an archetype, land is embodied by man's relation to nature. Northrop Frye suggests that the cycle myth evolved from the natural cycles of nature: Spring, summer, fall and winter.(1) Myths of creation from cultures throughout the world have sought to perceive the cosmogonic cycle of

the earth. These myths follow a basic circular pattern as diagrammed by Joseph Campbell in **The Hero with a Thousand Faces**. This diagram depicts the journey of a mythical hero.



Source: **The Hero with a Thousand Faces**, p. 245.

The hero is called to adventure and crosses a threshold into the unknown where he experiences an abundance of phenomena.(2) While on his journey, he never synthesizes his perceptions into ideas or concepts. Only upon his return to the physical world can this synthesis be achieved.

Story

My thesis examines the archetype through a similar pattern. In the story, a character travels through a landscape, recording his perceptions in a journal. His journey is mythical, removed from real time. The characters he comes in contact with serve only to advance the plot by invoking action in his imagination. The perceptions he records educate his architectural sensibilities.

Sensibilities are directly related to the imagination. They are fed by our perceptions of life as consumed by our imaginations and are sometimes held in our memories.

For Borges' character Funes, in "Funes, The Memomorius," the memory was overbearing.

We, in a glance, perceive three wine glasses on the table; Funes saw all the shoots, clusters, and grapes of the vine. He remembered the shapes of the clouds in the south at dawn on the 30th of April of 1882, and he could compare them in his recollection with the marbled grain in the design of a leather-bound book which he had seen only once, and with the lines in the spray which an oar raised in the Rio Negro on the eve of the battle of Quebracho.

(3)

Funes recalled so many details that he was incapable of thought. For Borges' narrator, "to think is to forget a difference, to generalize, to abstract." (4) Just as the world of Funes was nothing but continuous details, so too can the world of a character be without narrative. The significance of an archetype cannot be communicated without narrative or myth.(5) Both

the story and the drawings of my project are narrative.

Narrative is the texture of a story, comprising every word, image and sound made audibly or inaudibly by the words which give a story its continuity.(6) This texture is the detail of the story. The story of landscape is communicated with descriptions of detail.

Just beyond these details is the plot of the landscape. Plot is the larger grouping, events and scenes that make up a story.(7) Plains, mountains, and waters comprise the plot of the landscape, each with four "journal entries." Four entries are used so that a cycle of images may be represented, rather than just one given image.

Richard Hugo, a poet, wrote: "I caution against communication because once language exists only to convey information, it is dying."(8) When the story communicates information or makes allegories, it does so blatantly. It is a thesis and is subject to the requirements thereof,

but it is also a story. As a student, I am pleased with the entire work, but as a writer I am sure that the most powerful language is contained in the "journal entries."

The images of the "journal entries" are recorded by the drawings.

Drawings

A series of drawings were created by tracing slides of landscape. By tracing, the content of images are captured with as little interpretation as possible.

In her essay, "Against Interpretation," Susan Sontag argues against content in art. For Sontag, "...the overemphasis on the idea of content entails the perennial, never consummated, project of interpretation."(9) The sole content of the drawings is landscape with the only interpretation being that of the draughting instruments. These images are then redrawn in an attempt to clarify and sharpen the given content. This mechanical

interpretation abstracts the images into hard forms, almost into scientific data. Sontag also says, "Interpretation first appears in the culture of late classical antiquity, when the power and credibility of myth had been broken by the 'realistic' view of the world introduced by scientific enlightenment." (10) By giving images the measure of scientific data, I hope to help re-establish the credibility of myth. This method establishes the images from mythical time into real time. The student of architecture then has access to these images.

The power of image lies in the imagination. Ezra Pound said, "An 'Image' is that which presents an intellectual and emotional complex in an instant of time." (11) He said that at a time when poetic language was laden with excessive ornament and preconceived ideals. The imagist poets sought to strip this content from language and reduce it to its purest form, presenting a pure image to the reader's imagination. By abstracting

the landscape into pure geometries, its image may be presented to the imagination in the form of architecture. Formalism presents perceivable phenomena to the reader so that a second nature, thoughts, may be created. The second nature created is separate from any given concept. It is a representation of the imagination which Kant referred to as intuition, the aesthetic idea which is the counterpart ("pendant") of a rational idea. (12) Intuition grows from perceptions which I have attempted to document with drawings. The danger in formalism lies in becoming lost in form, wherein nothing ever reaches the participant.

This silence should be expected. It is the nothingness that offers growth for the participant. For the architect, it may mean forms so abstracted from the participant's normally perceived surroundings that he/she feels alienated by the challenge of growth. By using an archetypal source, this growth should begin to feel like a natural part of the imagination.

A formalist critique offers a sharpened visual vocabulary capable of creating "original" images from any material, including the traditional, familiar forms of a given context, such as the strict classical forms of poetic verse or the strict classical forms of Beaux-Arts Architecture. An abundance of perceptions interjected into these forms by means of clear, crisp, clean images can entice the imagination of the participant to make his/her own interpretation based on his/her own collective imagination. An abundance of perceptions from the landscape is extracted from the drawings and built in physical forms, or models.

Models

The models are made from parts of the drawings. The "journal entries" describe the models as a part of the narrative held by the student's memory. These perceptions which will remain in his imagination, supplying detail for his

thoughts.

Guy Davenport suggests that thinking is involved in our every perception:

The difference between the Parthenon and the World Trade Center, between a French wine glass and a German beer mug, between Bach and John Philip Sousa, between Sophocles and Shakespeare, between a bicycle and a horse, though explicable by historical moment, necessity, and destiny, is before all else a difference of imagination.

Man was first a hunter and an artist: his earliest vestiges tell us that alone. But he must always have dreamed, and recognized and guessed and supposed, all skills of the imagination.

(13)

The difference between one model and another is a difference of perceptions held in the imagination. These perceptions are recorded in the narrative of the story, in the drawings, and finally, in the models.

Twelve Entries

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INTRODUCTION

As a student of architecture, I was attracted to this artifact by its most unusual imagery. It is reminiscent of archaic ruins. Its strong forms, arranged in the light, are defined by the passing shadows. People, not just students of architecture, enjoy this place as well.

It is a "border station" on the edge of the sea, although it is affiliated with no known country. The forms contain, arrange, and comment on the activities of the people passing within this landscape of architecture. It is an event.

There is a story in a central tower which is surrounded by an arrangement of concentric rings. Perhaps the story will help me understand what is here.

"Look at him."

"I don't know."

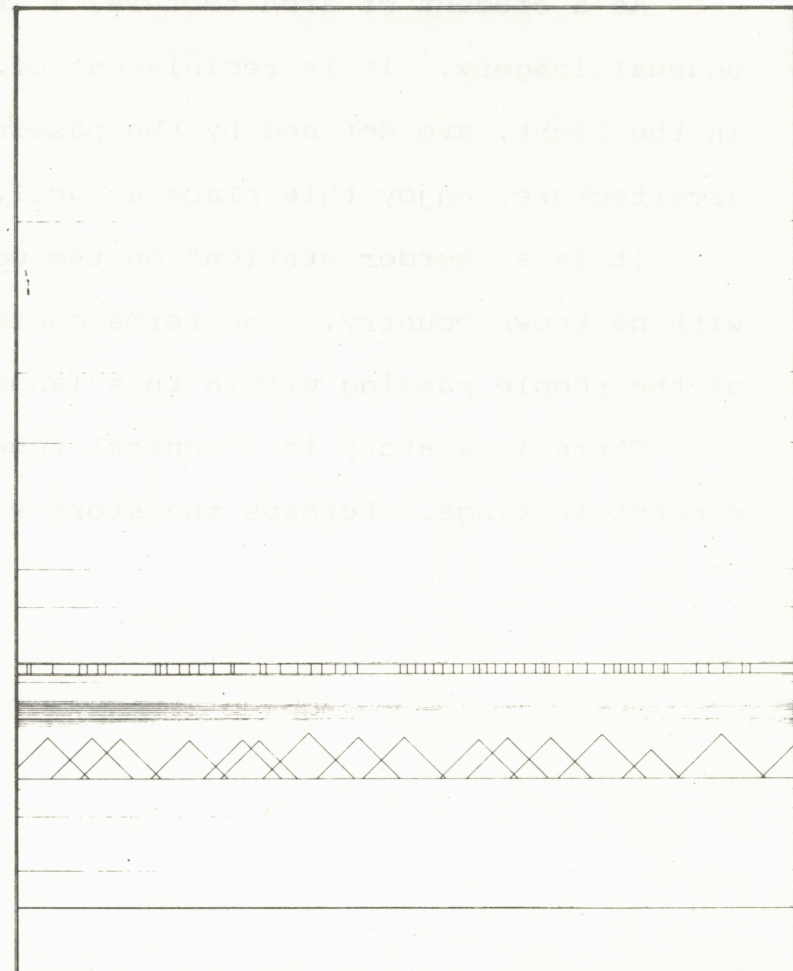
"Just look."

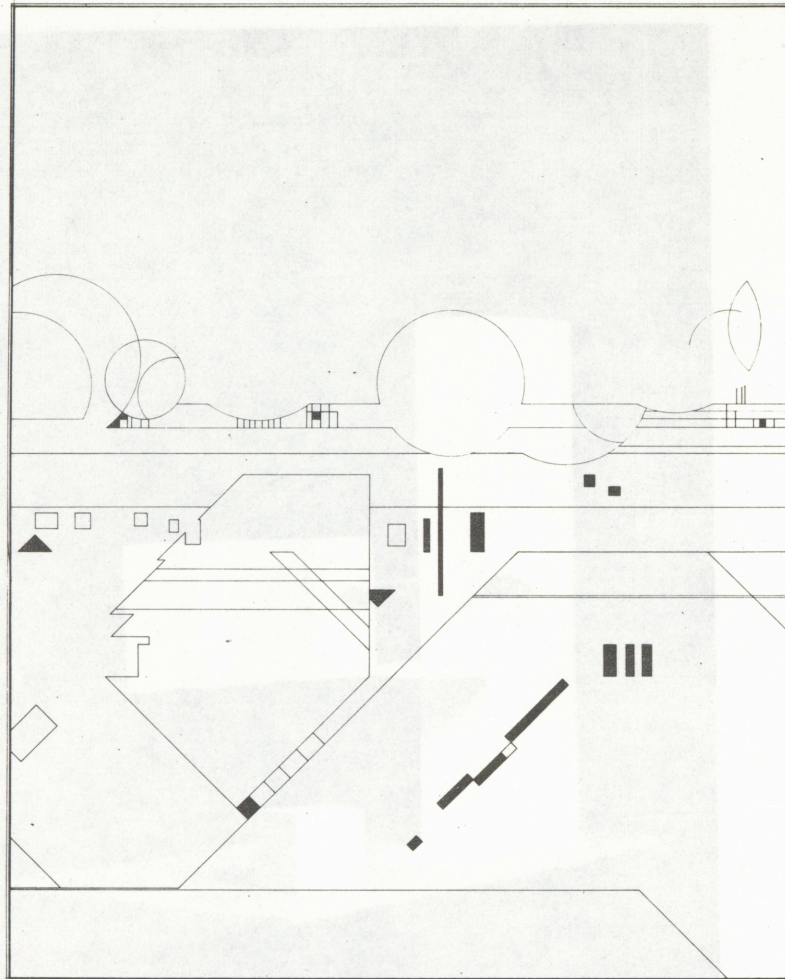
He awoke to the smell of a hot, crowded train with two young peasants staring directly at him. Peasants, he thought. Actually, they were only the sons of a farmer from the northern part of the state. Now they stared at him in silence, trying to see him in the idea of himself, not polluting their vision with outside meanings.

"Morning," he said.

"Morning," answered the larger of the two boys. "Are you tired?"

Tired? he thought. Always. Always tired of the same routine. He had been caught in a linear train of thought for quite some time. Real time, that is. That train of thought was effective in problem solution situations, or when a concrete analysis had to be made. But there were realms of his consciousness that couldn't be reached, or





expressed, in a linear fashion. $A+B=C$ was no longer valid when he simply wanted to get a feel for A, B, and C. At those unreal times, he felt that just a feeling was more important than a meaning. Feeling had a certain universality to it.

"Yes, I'm tired. I usually sleep late and I had to get up early to catch this train. But I needed a reason to get out of bed."

"Why would you need a reason?" asked the smaller boy.

"Because I'd rather lie in bed and dream."

That was a problem of his. When he wasn't on the linear train of thought, he would lie in bed and think, or perhaps more appropriately, dream about things of a universal nature. Eventually, everything evolved into his cosmic view with no sense of scale, no hierarchy. No scale, because his imagination and its memory was limitless, one of the last existing separations between the student and a first-rate computer. He could no longer make decisions, which included deciding to get out

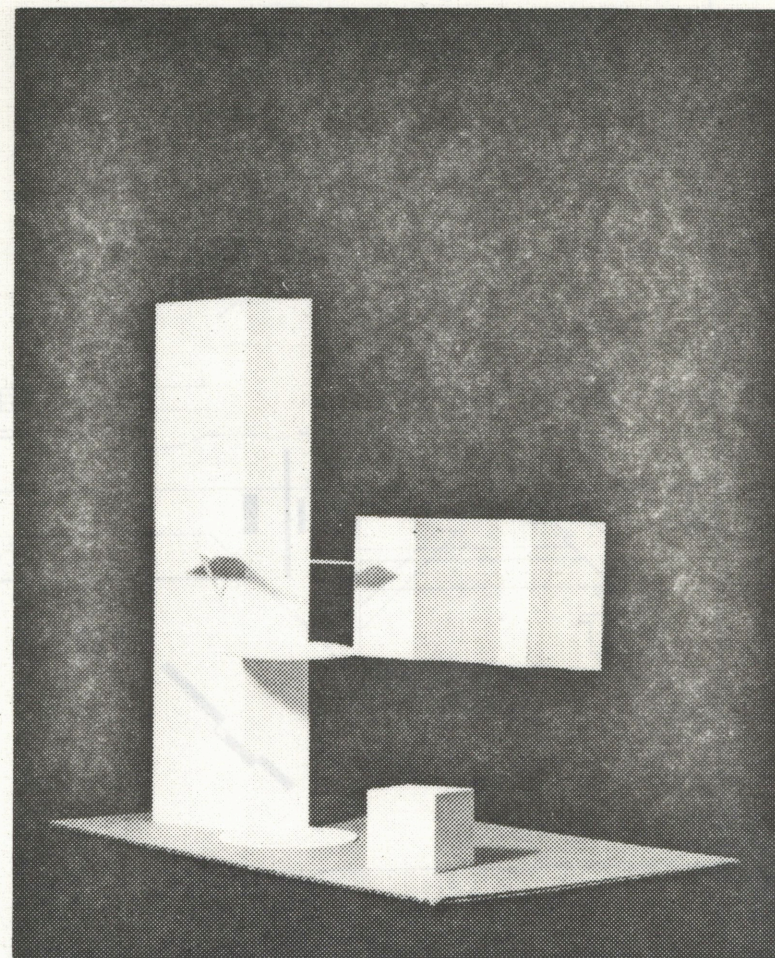
of bed. The options were at all times infinite, with one small exception.

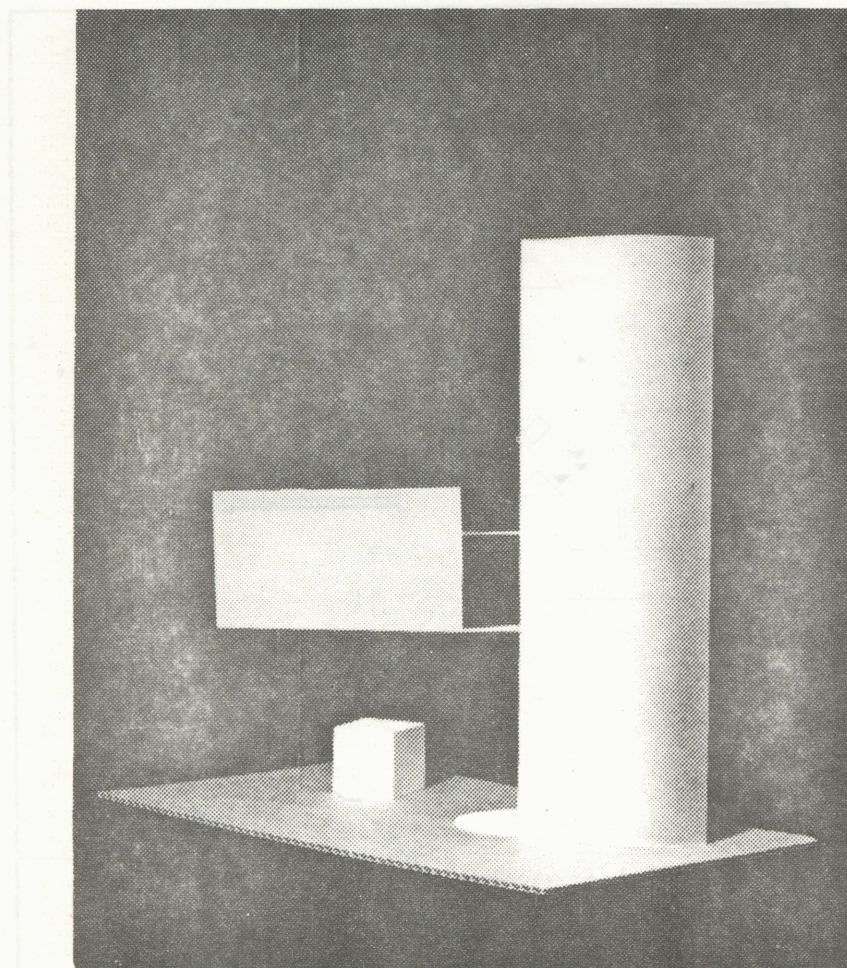
He had once decided to study architecture. Even though it had been a somewhat demented choice, he had made it and would now stick to it. He was a student of architecture at the university at Namezob. In the hope of developing a new sense of imagery for his work, he had set out across the landscape upon a journey that was at this point in time being explored via a train ride. It was lineal thought, unconsciously.

"You mean that this train ride is a reason?"

"Yes, exactly."

The boys were somewhat confused by the thought of a train ride as a reason rather than as a method. They rode the train to get from point A to point B, the train being a method. Since the student needed only a reason, he had climbed on the first train that he had come to without knowing where point B would be, or any other point for that matter. While the boys thought, the





student looked out the window at the plains that slid beneath the train. The ticking of the wheels across sections of track mesmerized both him and his thoughts. He opened his ever-present journal which he carried in his knapsack.

Journal Entry #1

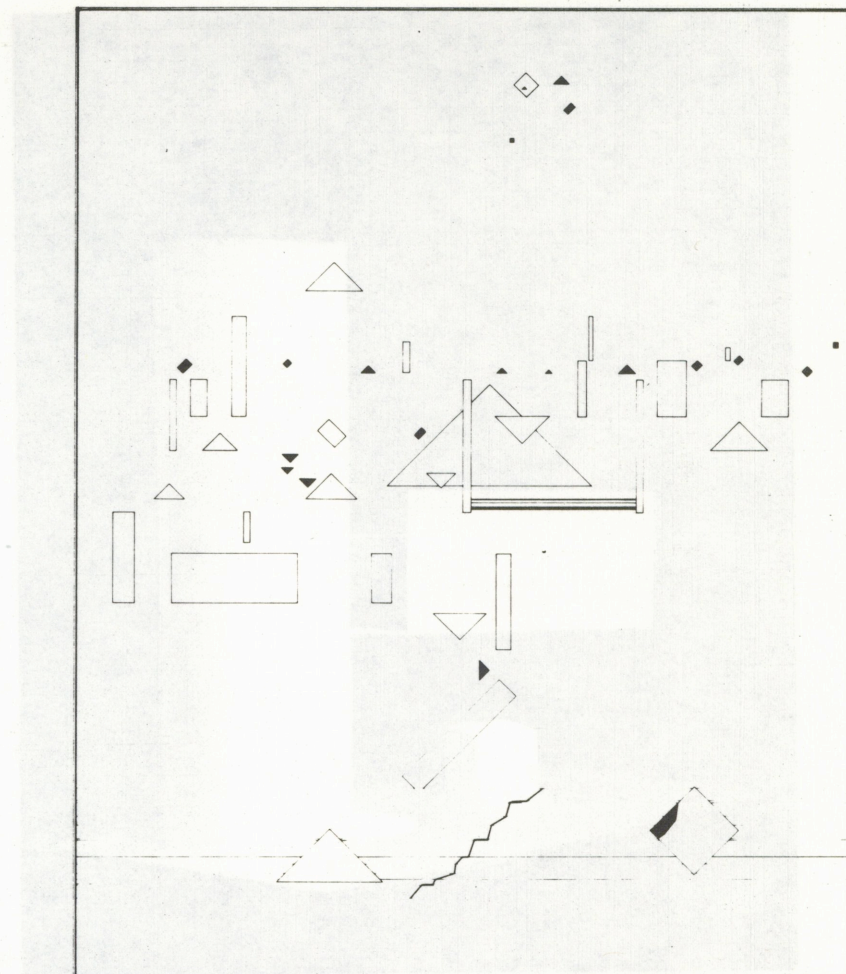
The horizon line stretched out before me. From the silhouettes of the mountains, I could see circular patterns rolling across the line. Layers of plains lie down, waiting to be lifted by my imagination, plains lost in the layers. A haze, blue, purple, and yellow, is cut out of the sunrise with a few miscellaneous colors from the dust of the plains. A large cube falls out of all the rectilinearity of the moment.

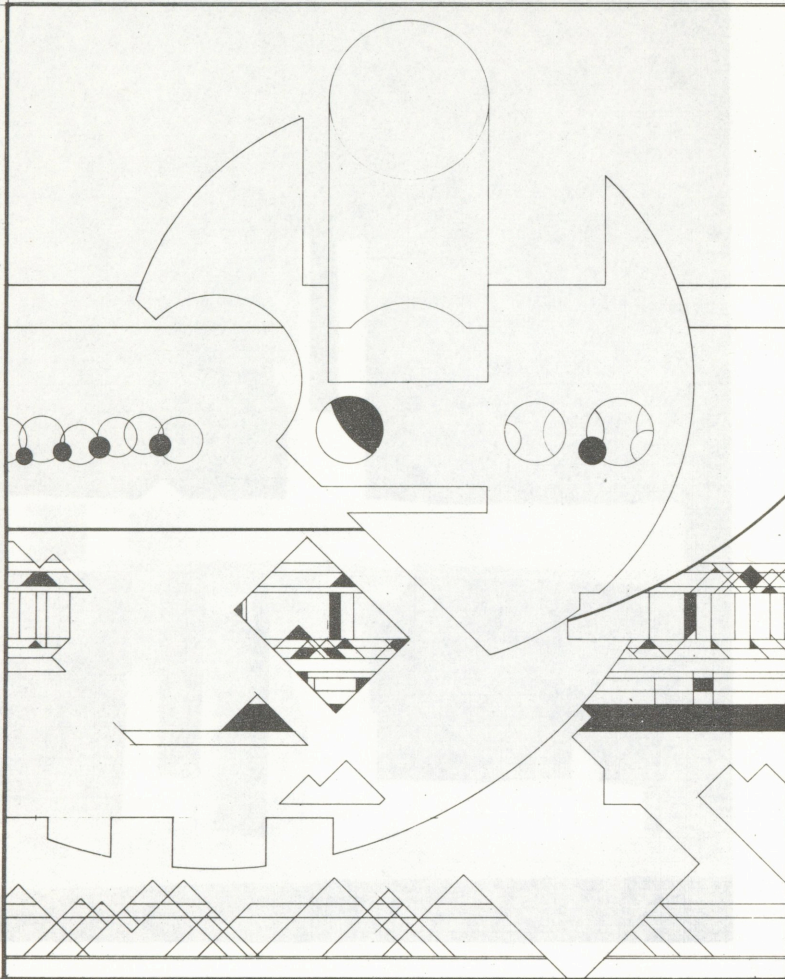
The train stopped at a station in a community with a sense of place. There is a public place and a private place and various little places along the way. They are places specific to that area, that context. They cannot be copied, so in order to learn from them, the student must first learn how to see them clearly.

A man wearing a black suit, black patent leather shoes, a white shirt, a red tie, and a black hat climbed onto the train. He was carrying a large black brief case in his right hand and he walked with a slight limp, caused by a dull spear in a long forgotten war. His walk created an iambic beat as he entered the car. The man set his brief case down next to the student. The train jerked slightly, helping him into his seat. He pulled out a hankkerchief and wiped a trace of the morning's perspiration from his brow.

"Morning," said the student.

"Well, yes, morning, just barely," answered





the man. "Soon it will be noon, according to my watch. I've a sales call to keep."

"What are you selling?" asked the smaller boy.

"In Bellman, clocks and watches. It's important that I never be late. Makes the company look bad," he said shaking his head from side to side, his red tie swinging similar to a pendulum. "Maybe you gentlemen would like to purchase a time keeper?" The man laid his brief case across his knees and opened it, revealing a collection of time. Wrist watches kept time with either numbers or mechanical hands. The entire case crawled with the layers of watches.

"We don't have any money," the two boys quickly spit out.

"I ... I won't be needing a watch for quite a while," said the student.

"But everyone must have some way of measuring his progress through the day," returned the man. "Unless, of course, you're planning on a

journey into dream time."

"I'm not sure what you mean by that."

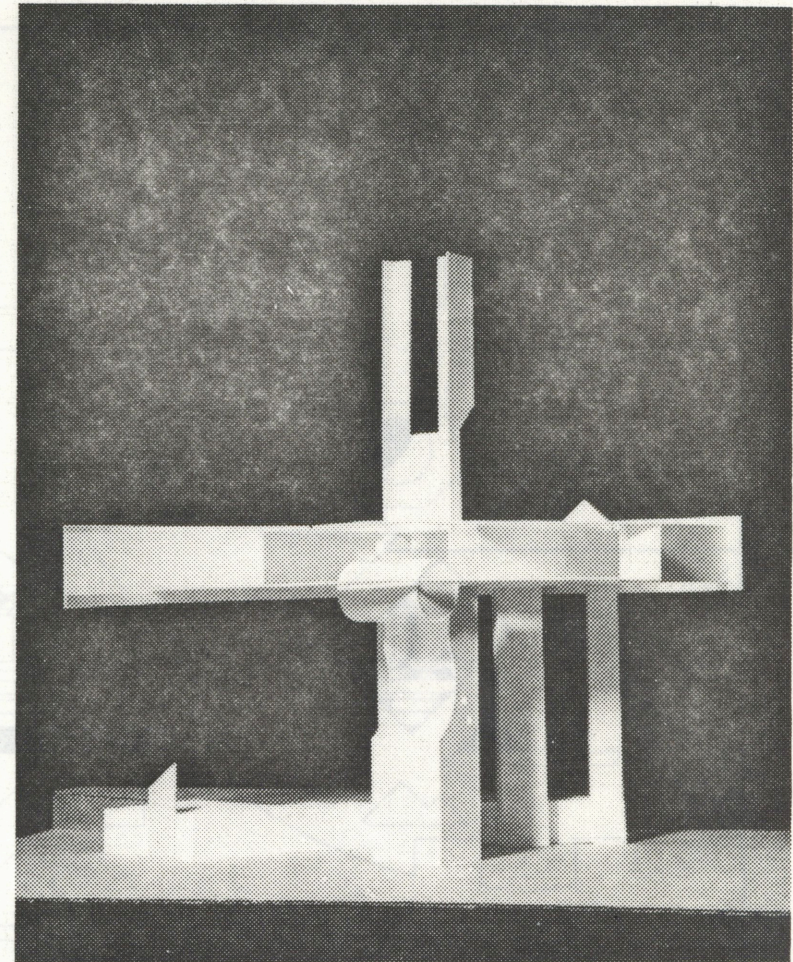
"There is no meaning, no concepts. There are only perceptions, images."

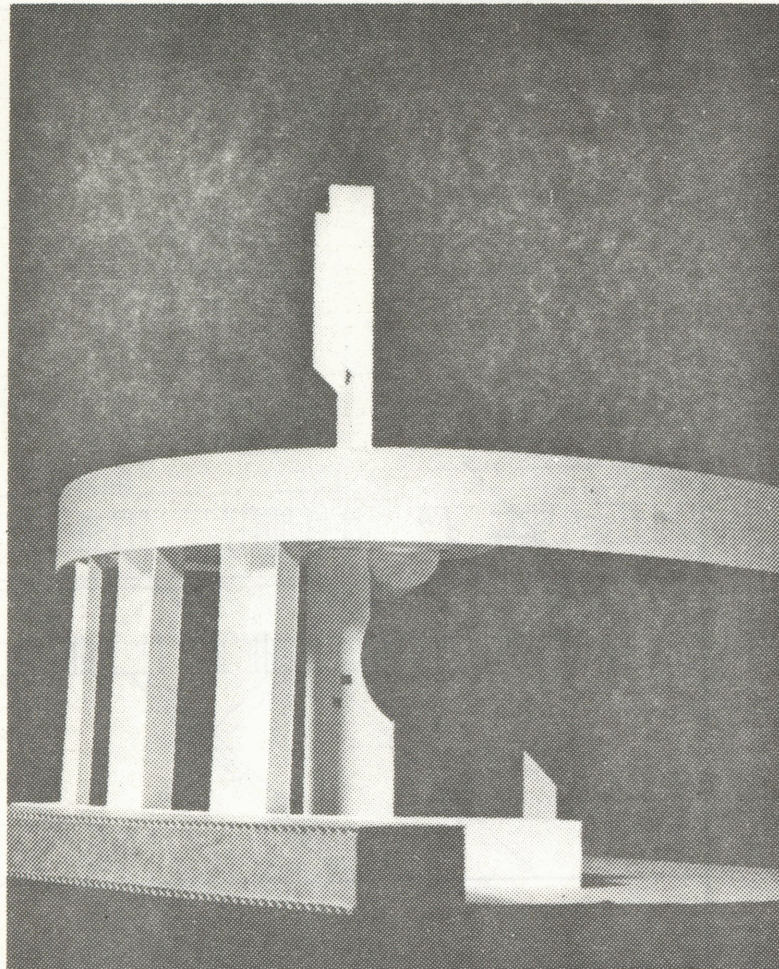
The student reflected upon that comment for quite some time before he could answer. It made sense to him that there should be a place where perceptions are collected with no regard for the concepts to which they would eventually lead. Perhaps such a place would spawn new ideas.

"Then you don't sell many measuring devices there?" asked the student.

"No I don't," he said. "But I have worked for companies that get their ideas from there."

So, perhaps it was as the student expected. He also thought that the place was no place at all, but probably just an idea in itself. He was frightened by the thought of having to prove such a concept. Instead, he simply looked at the watches for the better part of two or three thousand sections of track.





The man began to close his case. "We're approaching Bellman now. I'll be leaving you."

The student looked out the window past the reflection of the watchsalesman.

Journal Entry #2

Lines extend themselves, reshaping the plains into outlines of forms. From these forms come new lines, reaching towards connections beyond time. Small forms emerge among the lines, outlining the shapes of things long past. On the sky stretches a band of yellow, blue, and orange dust, measuring the day.

The train pulled out of the Bellman station on its pursuit of the perpetual vanishing point, the character lost in their own sense of perspective. Sometimes, to see more clearly, it is necessary to view things in a figurative sense, in flat elevation or plan, in a graphic way rather than literally. One may then construct a new perspective, or literal representation.

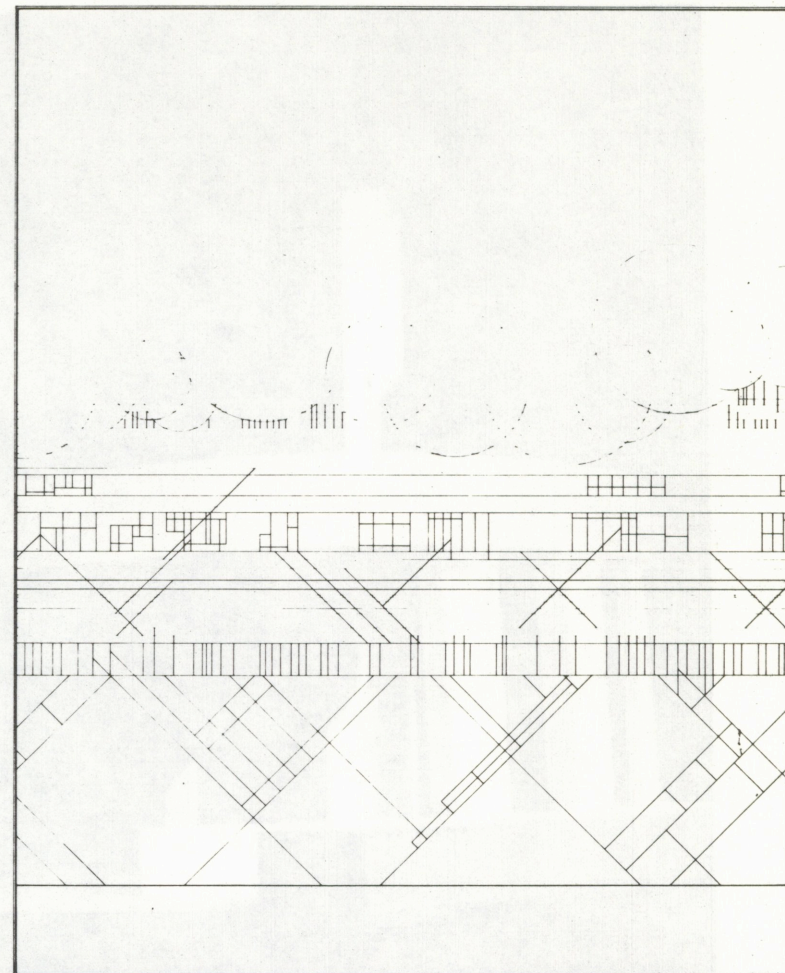
"Where are you boys going?" asked the student of architecture.

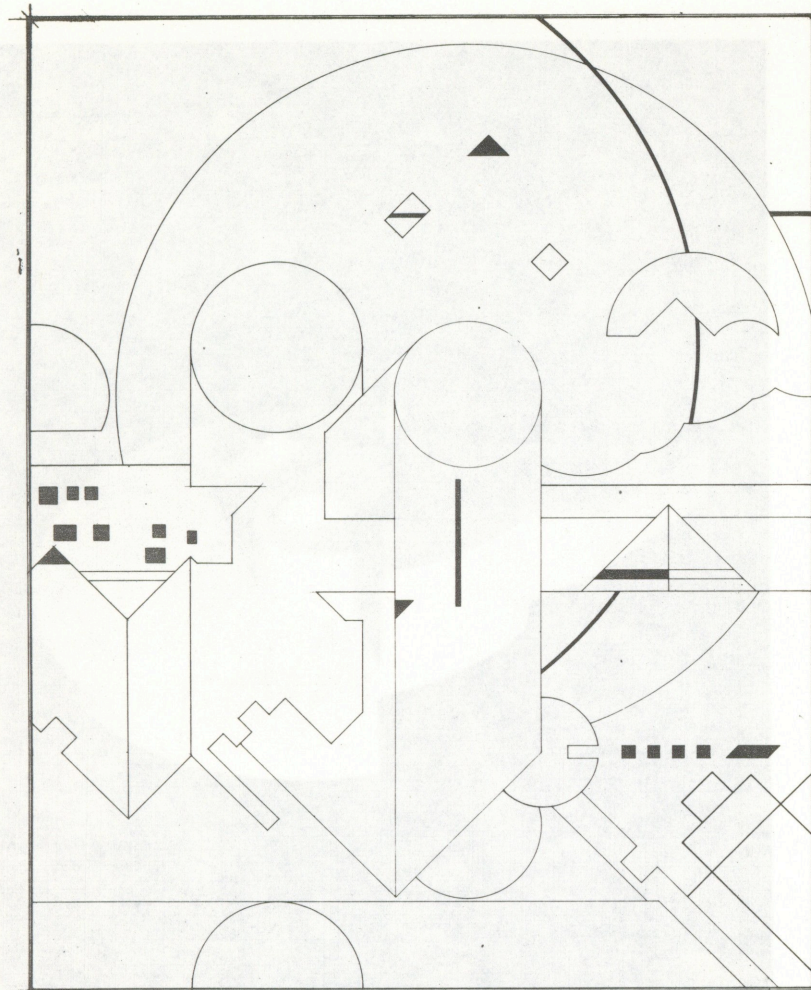
"We're going to our Uncle Ned's farm to help with the apple harvest," said the larger boy. "He has a place near Sanguine."

"Sanguine is where the mountains cut into the plains. There's a river there," added the smaller boy.

"How long will it take you to complete the harvest?" asked the student.

"Not long, maybe ten sunrises. Unless it rains, that always slows us down. The apples get





slippery and the ground gets muddy and everything is a mess," said the larger boy.

The smaller boy cut in, "It's not going to rain."

"The weather man said that it might."

"Just look outside, It's not going to rain. The weather man is never right. He can't see in the right way. He looks at so much empirical data that he misses what is actually in front of him."

"Oh sure, you want him to just guess about the weather."

"That's not what I said," answered the smaller boy. "I'm just saying that sometimes you have to accept unpredictability and when you do, your environment may become more immediate."

"I don't have to listen to this crap," said the larger boy.

"You're just upset because it makes you think and you can't understand it."

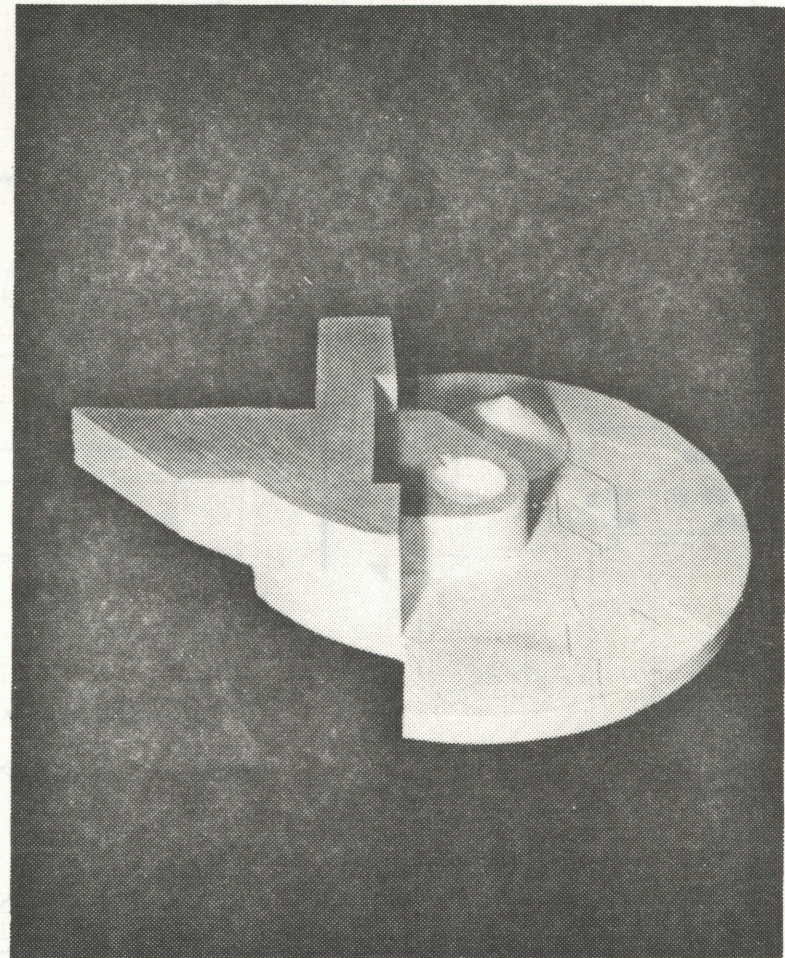
"Yea, and neither can you!" said the larger boy as he rapped his knuckles on the smaller boy's

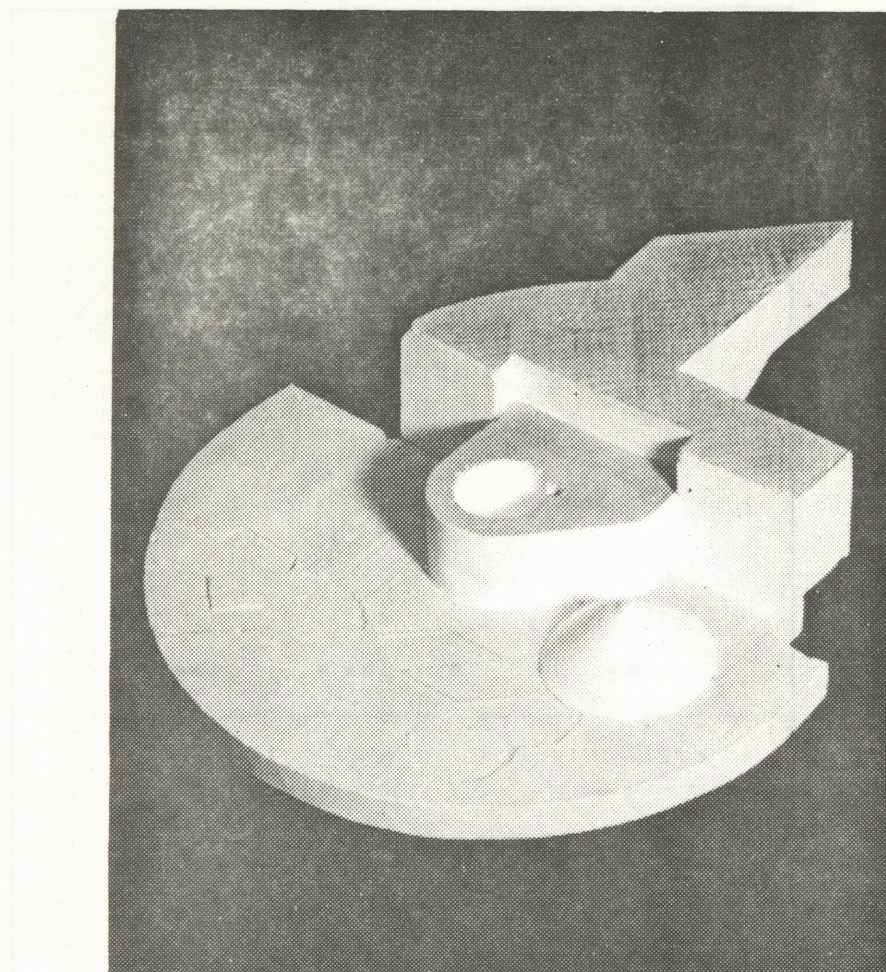
head.

The smaller boy pulled out a large black pistol and shot his brother three times, dropping him to the floor with a heavy thud. When the smoke from the gun had cleared, the larger boy had a look of regret on his face as he stood up and said, "Excuse me, I have to wash these bullet holes off."

As he went to the bathroom, the smaller boy put away the gun adding, "It's not going to rain." Then he relaxed, floating in an air of assertiveness which he found necessary to keep himself from being suffocated.

Outside, the ground still slid beneath the train. Large rocks, small stones, weeds, bushes, cactus, ants, and beetles passed by in the foreground. Farther out the student could see larger bushes and taller cactus with leafy plants surrounding tall narrow stems. Everything was arranged on a level plain. Beyond was a stack of plains, orange layers overlapped by rust layers





juxtaposed against layers of a pale forgotten yellow, contrasted by a blue reflection from the sky, mixed to a grey at the base of the layers.

Journal Entry #3

The landscape before me begins to take on mass. Patterns on the horizon grow into masses, differentiating each other with varying shades in the midst of dust kicked up by their action, extrusions from the earth. A pattern leaves its remnants.

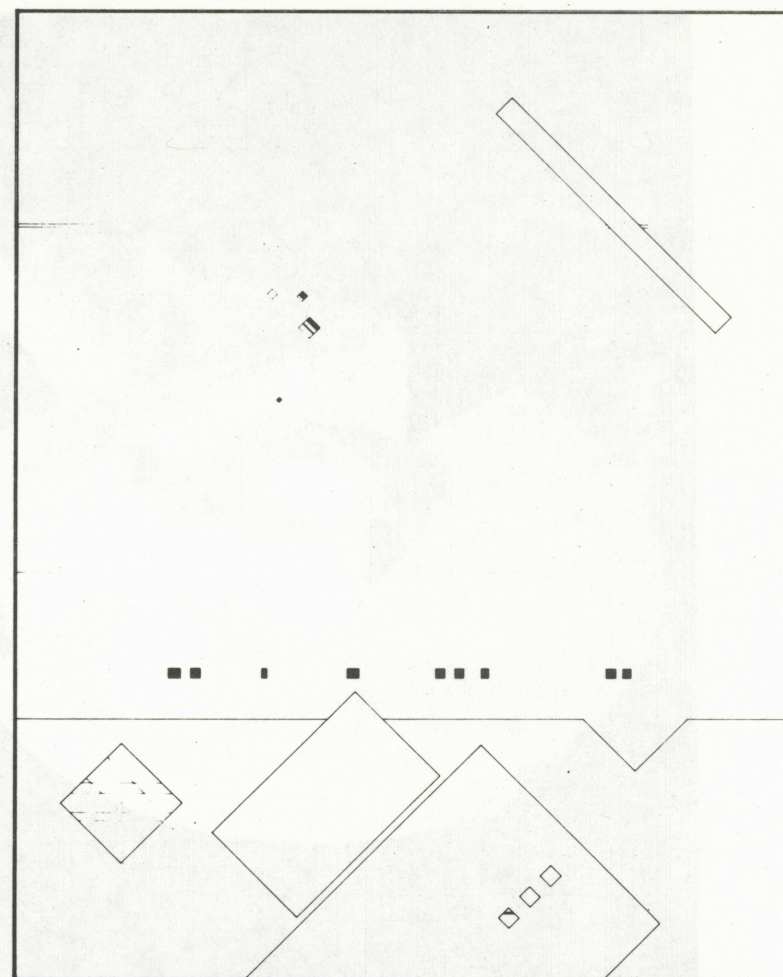
The larger boy had returned from the bathroom, the bullet holes washed off. It was a foolish argument. There was nothing to be done about the rain. Whether it rained or it didn't rain wasn't important. However, it was important that the boys did consider the question of their perceptions. Their robust consciousness was somewhat refreshing. Fortunately, no one was killed.

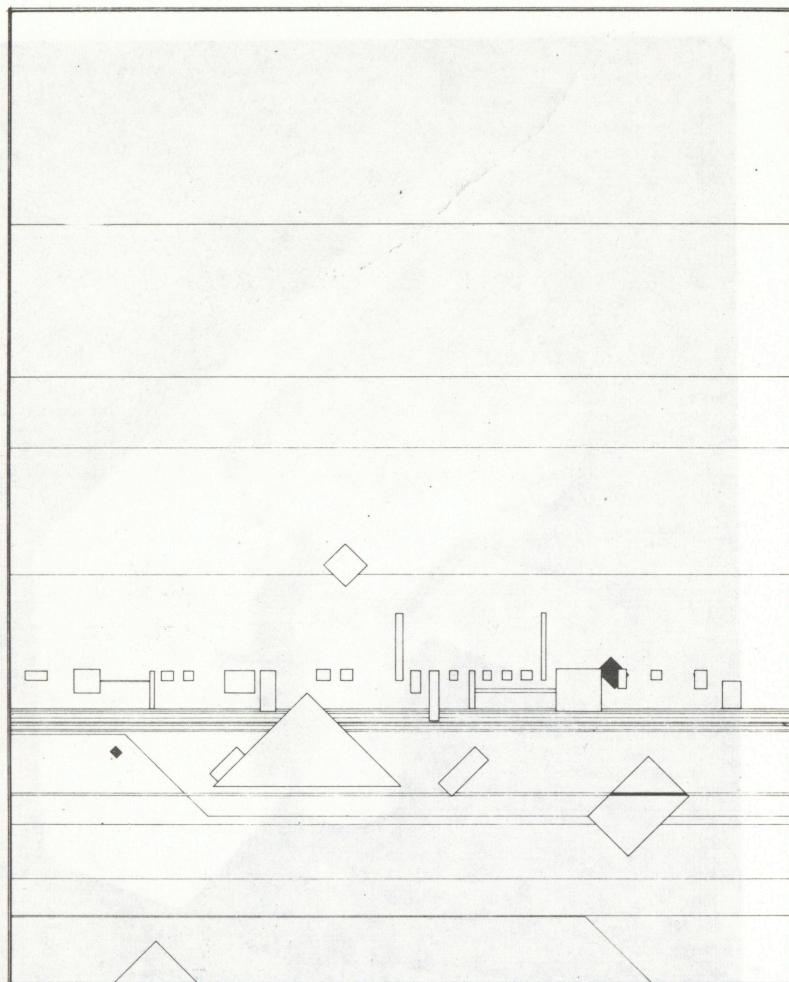
The student of architecture was tiring of the train and in want of a more cyclical journey.

"Do you boys need any help with the harvest?" he asked. "I'd like to help if you need someone."

"Sometimes someone is needed to help drive the picking carts from the orchards," said the smaller boy.

"And Ned always needs help building the crates to pack the apples in. You're welcome to come with us when we stop at Sanguine," said the





larger boy.

"Great. I've always liked apples for some reason."

The steady rhythm of the train stopped and the three were met at the Sanguine train station by one of Uncle Ned's workers. The brim of a hat shaded the man's eyes, allowing the sunlight to reveal only a short beard scattered about high cheek bones. He wore a blue canvas vest over a tan cotton shirt, a pair of clean blue jeans and soft leather boots with walking heels. His name was Jose'.

"Hello, Jose'," called out the larger boy.

"Hello, Roger," he answered. "Hello, William," he said to the smaller boy. "Your Uncle has a lot of work for you two."

"This is our friend, a student of architecture. He would like to help us with the harvest," said Roger.

"Good, we need some craftsmen to build boxes for the apples. Can you work with

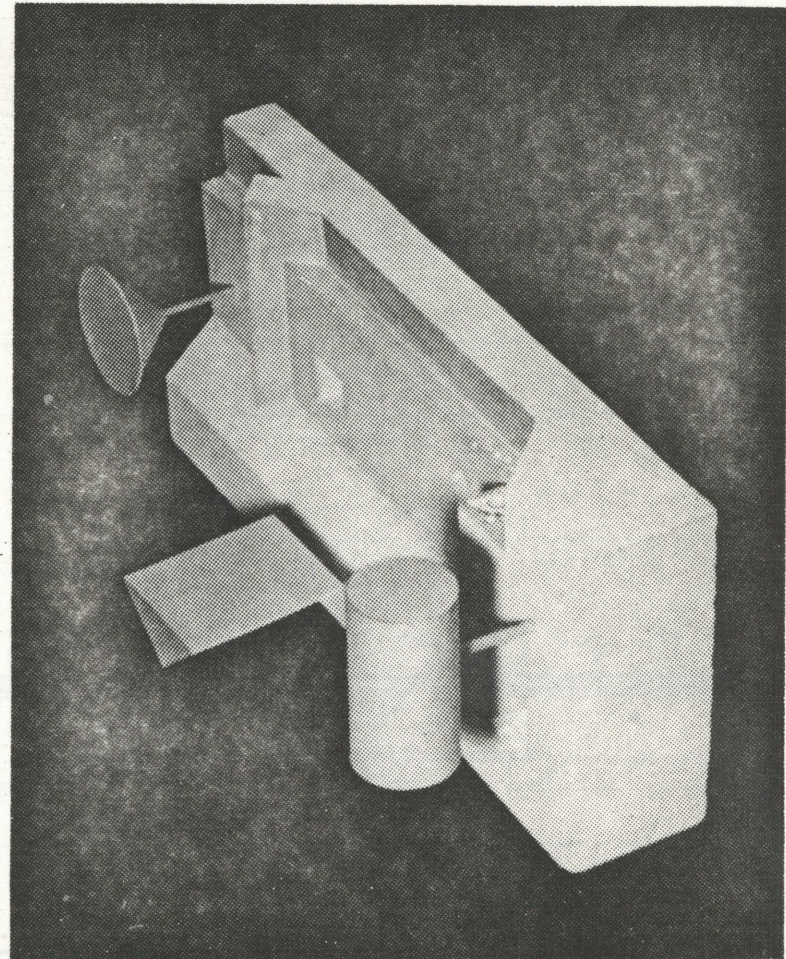
materials?" Jose' asked the student.

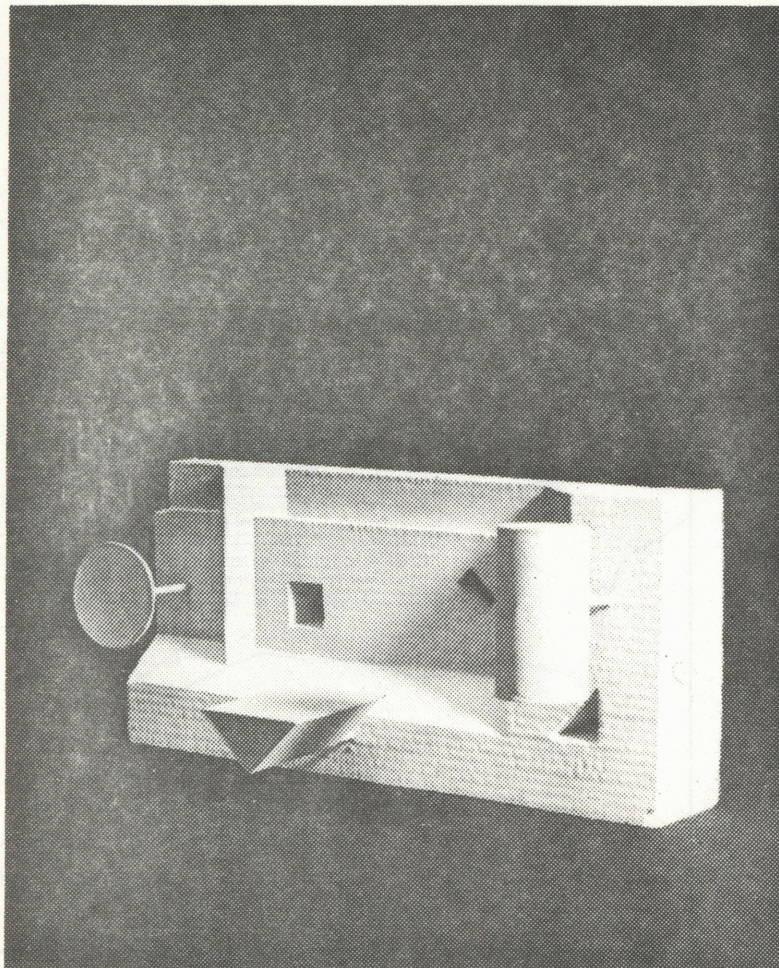
"Yes," the student replied, knowing that he had always had an affinity for working with materials.

"Come, I've got the wagon. We'll get you some dinner."

The four of them climbed into a large wagon attached to two very large Belgian mares. Jose' snapped the reins and the horses pulled away from the station, following the main road to the outskirts of the city, across a bridge, and up into the foothills.

Up close, the colors and shapes changed. Darkened oranges turned rust against the impenetrable rocks, fragile only to the rains and winds which carryied little pieces of rock and threw them against the larger rocks. Hues shifted from rock to rock as they passed. Mixed in with the grays, oranges and blues at the base of the stacks were triangles in an uneven rhythm. Large triangles stood side by side with smaller triangles





distributed throughout in random groupings. Farther up, the levels were basic squares and rectangles spread across a band of forgotten yellow. A hard fast line separated the stack of layers from the sky which started as a light blue, almost absent of color, with tints of some of the leftover yellow from the planes, and which gradually folded into a deeper blue until straight up, where it was just blue.

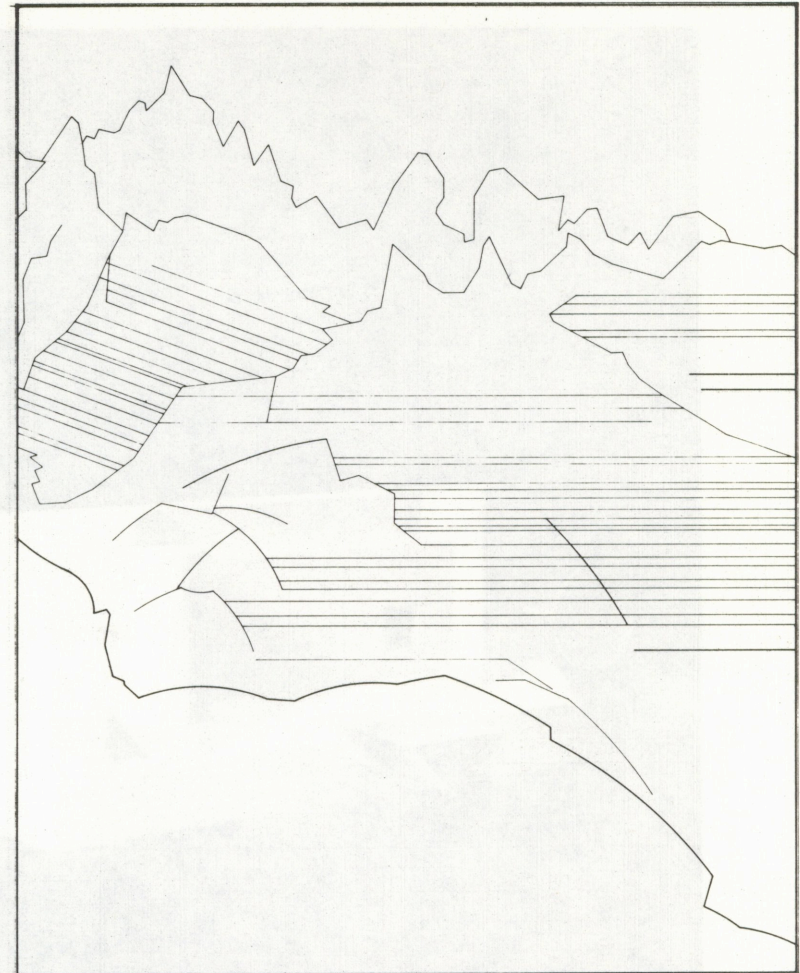
Journal Entry #4

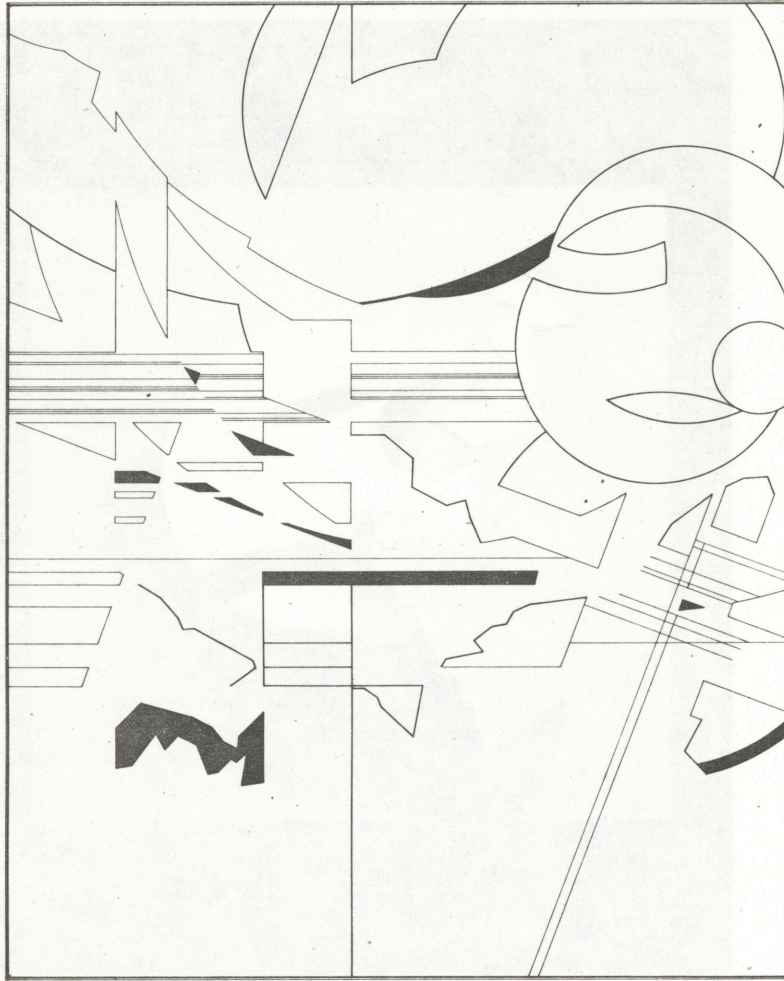
The land before me traces shapes in among the sly geometries, though at any moment they could change. Through inspections of the layers, firm new forms are revealed. The firmness only measures change. Colors shift from plain to plain with intonations of light. With depth, geometries change between layers, revealing new shapes.

The wagon with Jose', Roger, William, and the student of architecture rolled down the drive in a ball of dust towards the main house. Uncle Ned waved from the porch of his apple kingdom. Before him lay fields of trees standing at attention, waiting to be picked. As the wagon moved towards the house through the field, the rows of tree shifted back and forth. The student looked down a row perpendicular to the road and perceived two different rows reflecting, at equal angles, from the center row. Each movement of the wagon revealed a new set of rows with varying angles of incidence. The trees seemed to march towards the house.

"Damn, you boys are ugly," yelled Ned as the truck came to a stop in front of the house and the four climbed out.

"You go to hell, Ned," answered William as he gave his Uncle a hug as strong as the honest and sensitive relationship that the boys had always





had with their father's brother, the apple baron.

Roger shook Ned's hand vigorously. "Good to be back Ned. I want you to meet a friend of ours. This is the student of architecture. He'd like to help with the harvest."

"It's about time you boys brought along some help. We'll talk to this student after dinner and see what he can do." Ned kicked in contemplation at the land. "You're welcome to share our house," Ned said to the student. "Come, let's take a look at this year's pick."

They walked through the slowly shifting rows of apples, their silhouettes darkened by the mountains rising up before the sun. The apples waited for the slightly faded grey of the evening to wash their red. Ned talked of harvesting thoughts of a consciousness. Apples waited in the dark.

"While it is true that these apples are somewhat in the dark, they have unbelievable potential. They grow from their relation with the

land, every part of it," said Ned. "Just look at them, feel what they are if you can."

The five of them wandered through the fields of marching apples before returning to the house.

At dinner, Ned talked of the harvest.

"They wait," he said tearing a piece of corn bread to dip into the creamy bisque. "They wait until tomorrow. Then we need the boxes."

"We'll need more material for the boxes," said Jose'.

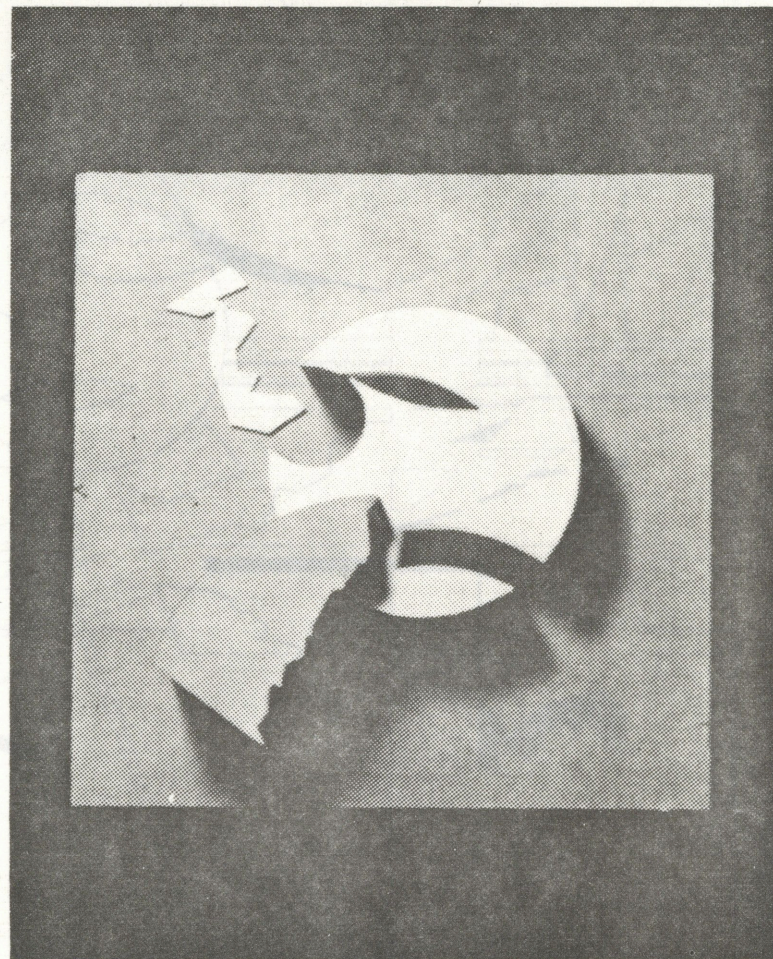
"Yes, you, and the student of architecture must journey to the mill in the Mountains of Porphery. There you will find the best material cut from the trees of Losmores."

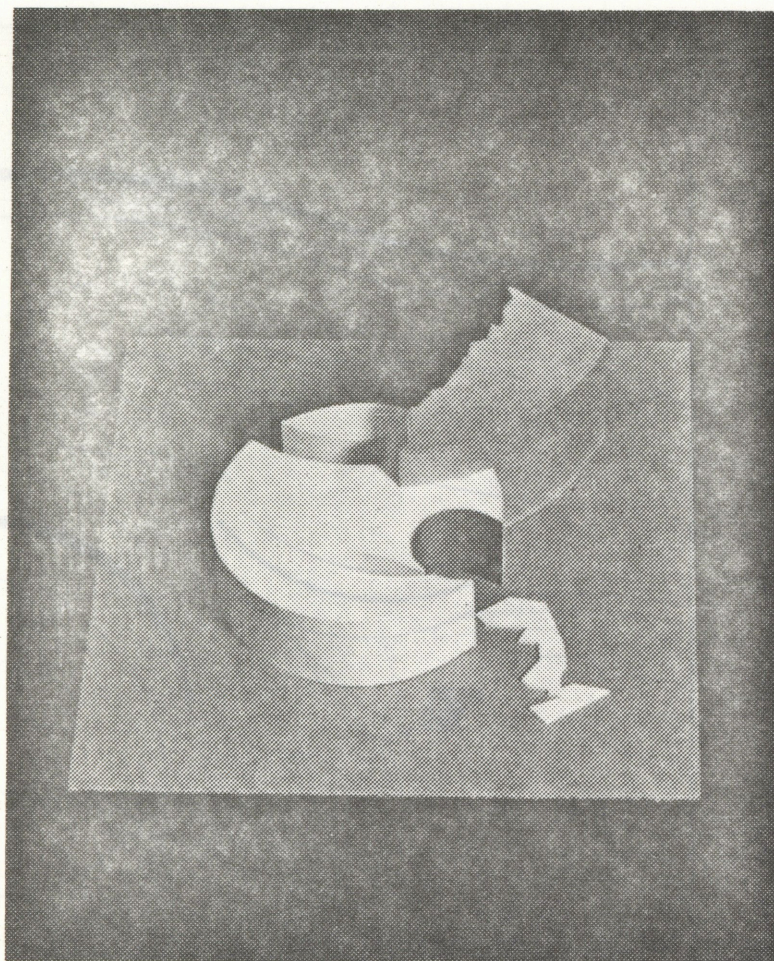
"We leave tomorrow?"

"Yes, tomorrow, with the sun."

After dinner, the student of architecture and the boys relaxed on the back porch and watched the mountains above them.

"You will like your journey into the





mountains," said Roger.

"I believe I will," answered the student.

"You two will be here when I get back?"

"You bet," returned William. "We want to see the boxes."

The three watched the mountains in silence.

Journal Entry #5

Deep blue, purple, and red from that area of the color wheel flows through the rocks. Pure snow holds a trace of blue, gripping at a fractured piece. The fractured rock attacks the helpless snow. Curving shapes contain the argument.

To the student of architecture, there seemed something acutely comic in getting a job to construct simple boxes for apples which a man named Ned seemed to think had psyches of their own.

The two chesnut Belgians pulled the wagon onto the narrow dirt road that followed the river up through the cottonwoods which filtered the rising sun. A small mill existed in the Mountains of Porphery, cutting material only from trees taken from Losmores. The student thought Porphery to be a fitting name for the colorful mountain range near the river Sanguine.

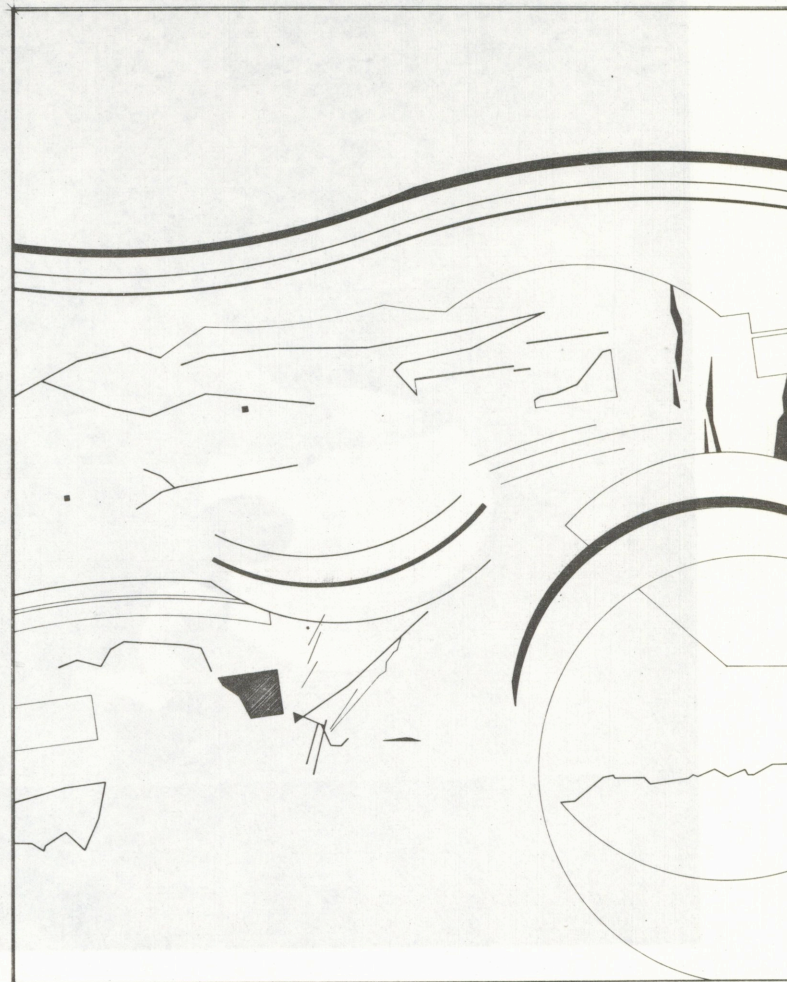
"Jose', why must we have material from trees taken from Losmores?"

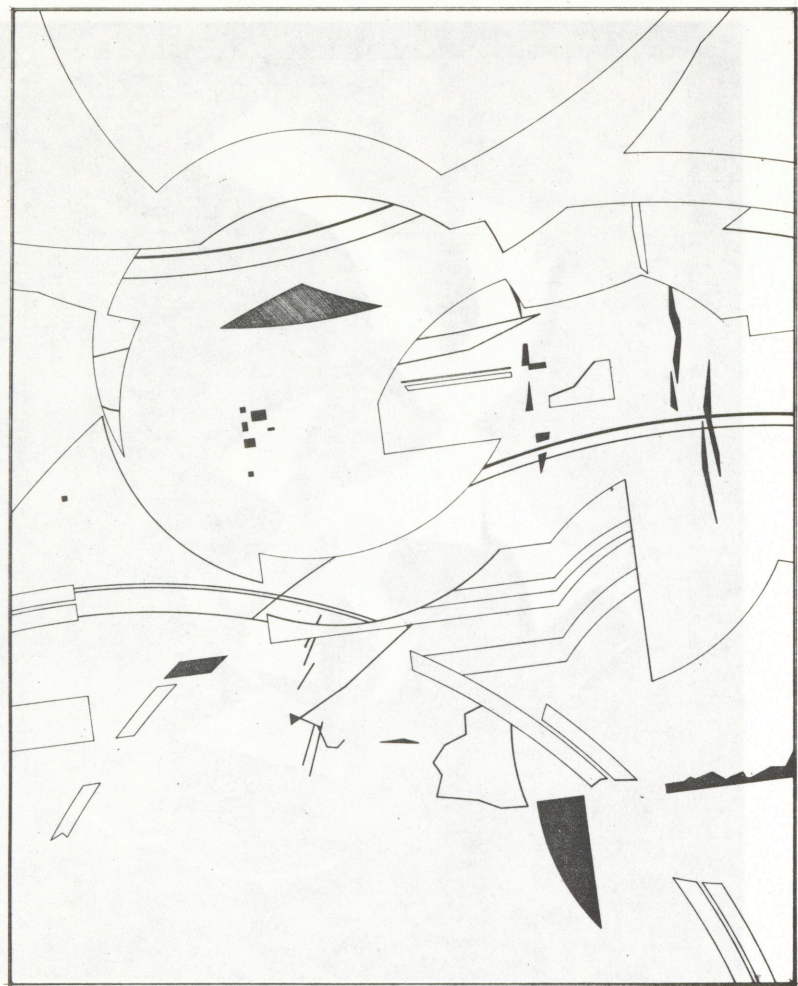
"Have you not heard of the legend of Losmores?"

"No, I haven't," answered the student.

"Then I will tell you a story."

The wagon bounced through the holes in the





road, a small splash of water rinsing the horses every now and then.

"There is a rock atop Losmores, left there by a family when the river flowed in the opposite direction. It is a large round boulder that sits near the edge of a cliff on the face of the mountain. Three times a year the family rolled the boulder to the top of the mountain and then threw it from the cliff."

"Why did they do that?"

"So they could climb down the mountain and see that it had landed," said Jose'. "Now the boulder waits for those bold enough to toss it."

"It is a lot of work to toss the boulder, then?"

"Yes it is. And there is a chance that it will roll back down the mountain before reaching the top, returning to the bottom by the same path it was pushed up." Jose' flicked the reins at a fly on one of the mares.

"That dosen't sound fun," said the student.

"No, it isn't. But if one reaches the top and tosses the boulder, it will make a new path to the bottom. A path that cannot be seen from atop the cliff."

"But still, it only lands at the bottom."

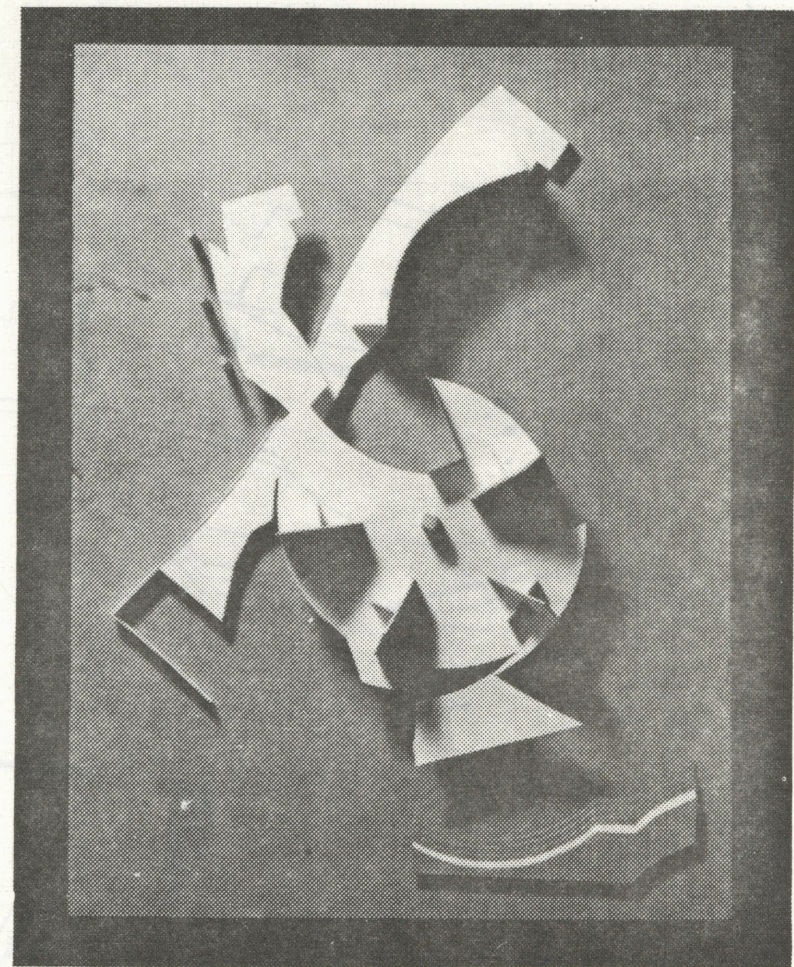
"Yes, but by landing it gives security to those that have to find similar paths."

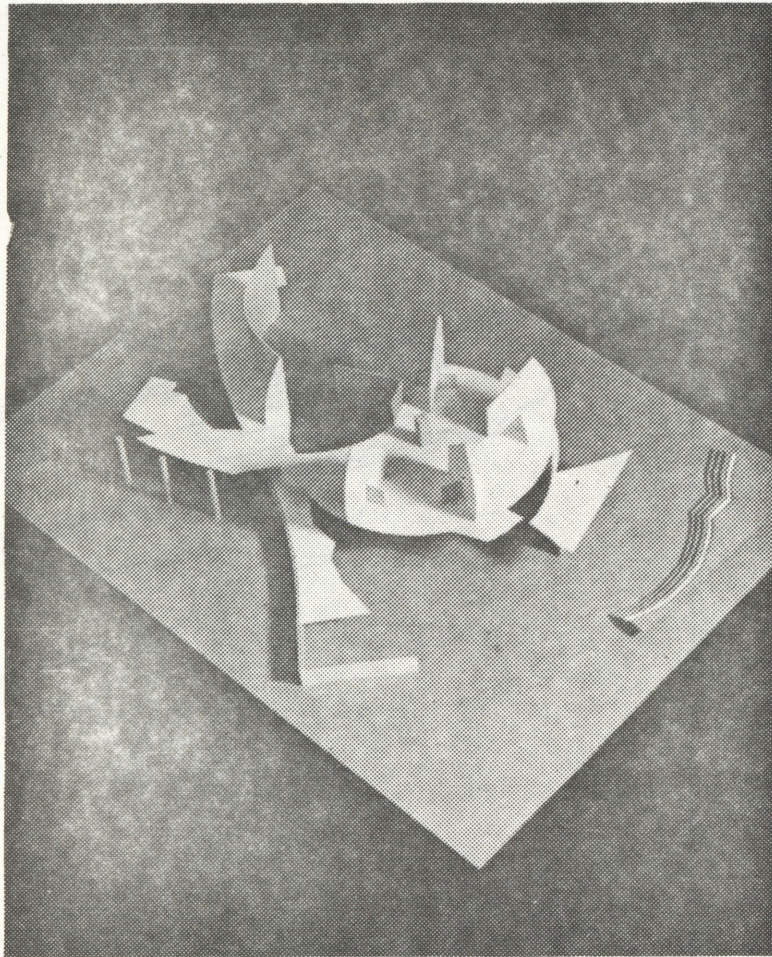
"Give me a break, Jose'. Your story is dripping analogy all over me."

"You feel that because you want to be the boulder, don't you?"

"Let's not get carried away with our metaphors," returned the student.

The wagon creaked as the horses strained against their harnesses. They climbed away from the river towards a grassy meadow above the river. The chatter of water over stones was replaced by the wind sweeping the meadow held in the grip of the rocks.





Journal Entry #6

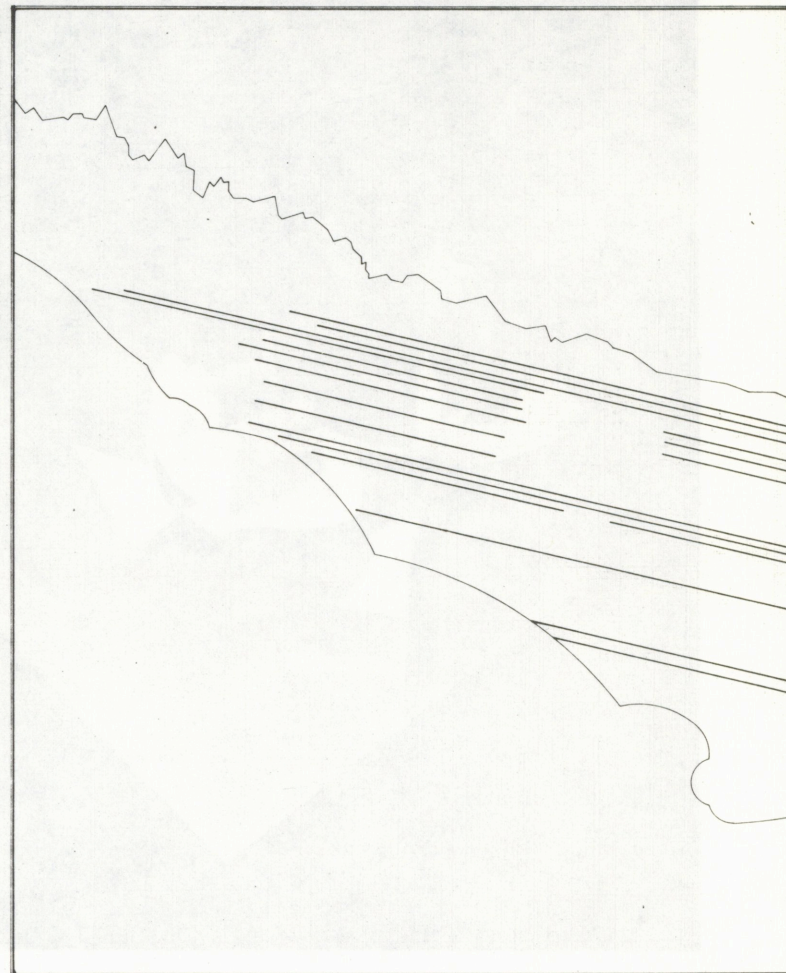
At the junctions of rock and snow, snow and atmosphere, shapes take on a meanings to be defined by the remnants of sections dissected from the remainder of the view. Blue overpowers connections with floods of surface delineation. A deeper gray blue washes out where the flood combines all color.

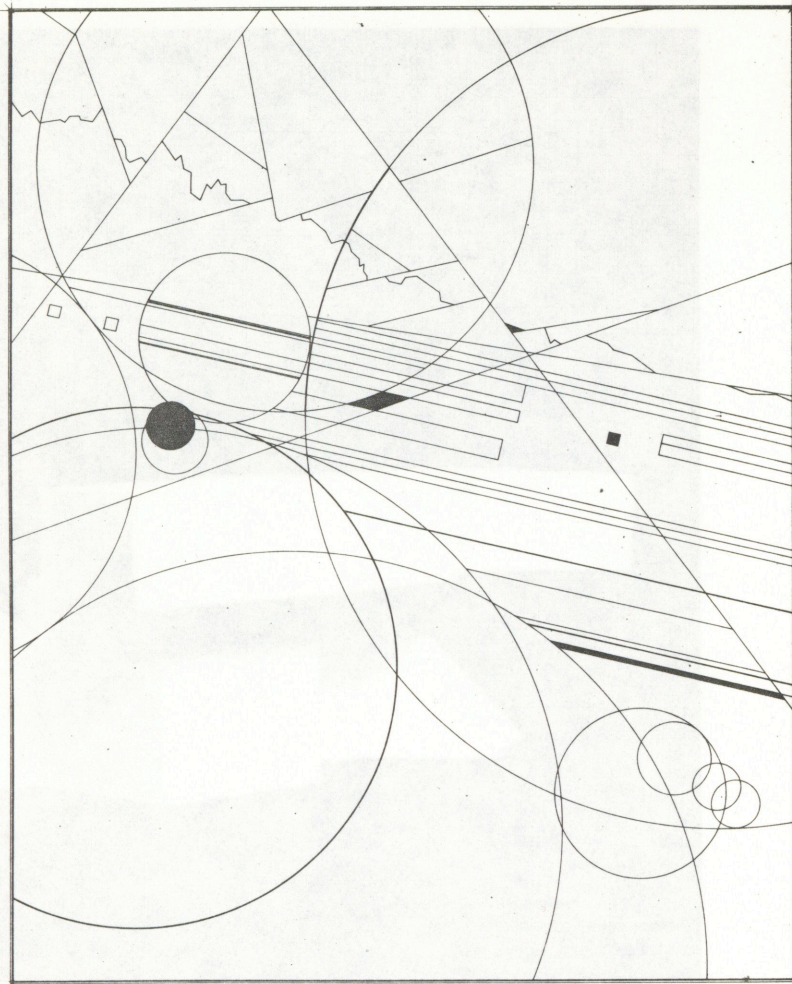
Red, yellow, blue, orange, green, and purple flowers traced patterns in the meadows. The sun sharpened the rock with shadow. Hard diagonal edges danced before the wagon as the road led back into the trees. Planes of stone shifted in piles of pulverized rock turned dirt washed by the water towards the plains below.

"What kind of boxes are we going to build, Jose'?"

"For many years we have tried to build boxes which say something of the apples which we put into them. Boxes that mean something in the span of time. The material from Losmores is the best to be found. But that is not the only reason for our journey. The boxes are more than just material, technical constructions. There is a game that is played by the people of the mountains. It will offer us new insight.

"What kind of game?" asked the student.





"It is a game of chance, a game of forms. We will talk of it tonight in the village."

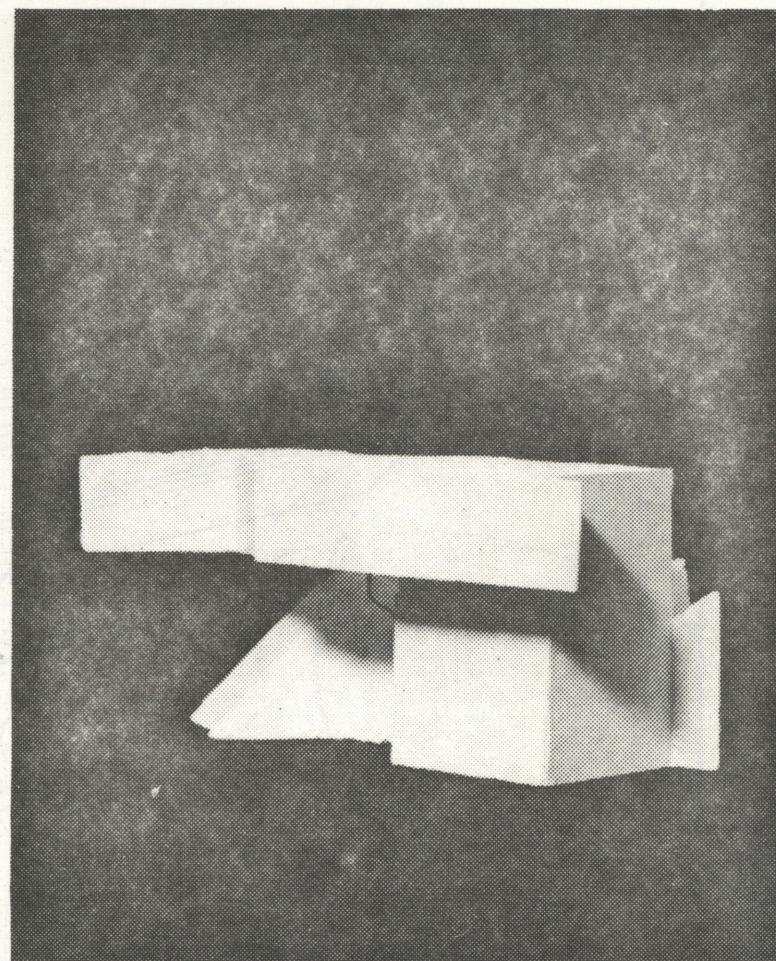
The road led to the edge of the timberline where glaciers lay flat on their ice bellies, scraping toward the villages huddled below. Jose stopped the wagon at the base of a large cliff where the rock was cool, still untouched by the warmth of the sun.

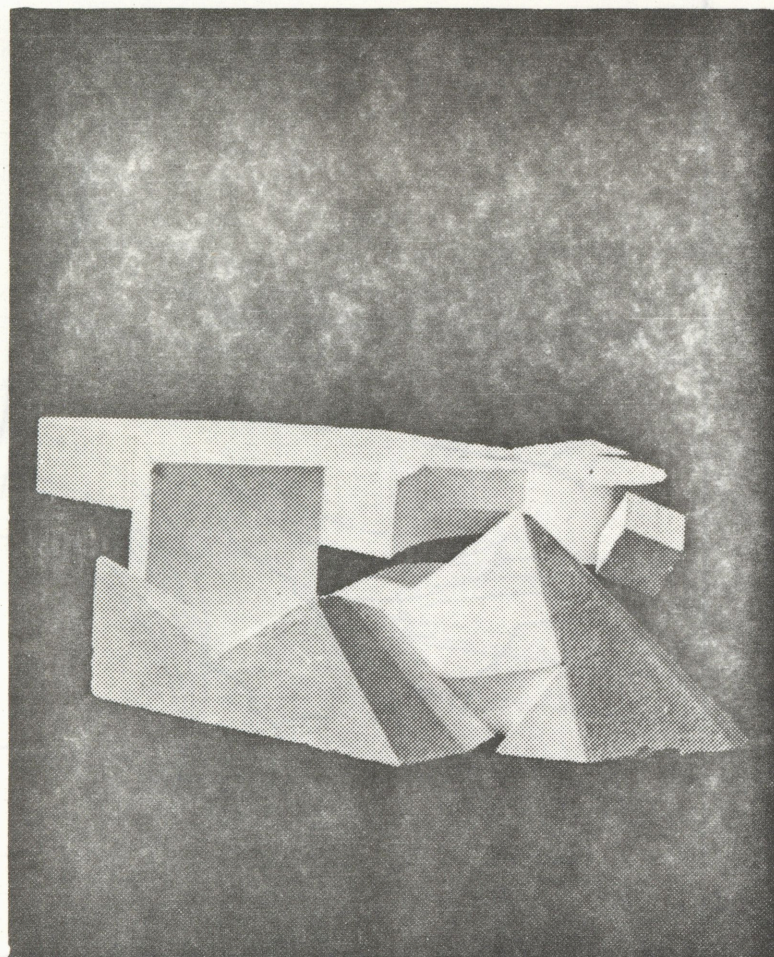
The student of architecture, tired from the long drive, walked among the landscape while Jose rolled a cigarette. The horses drank from a pond.

The story of the rock crossed the landscape of the student's mind. It seemed to him a somewhat healthy game. He was sure that no family had actually existed, but the story existed; he had just heard it. And maybe there was a rock that went with the story -- he couldn't be sure. Some things would have to be accepted as more than facts. Games where such things.

The student thought of the games he played at his draughting desk. Drawings meant to represent ideas of buildings were made on sheets of paper with compasses, curves, triangles, and straightedges guiding pencils and ink pens -- a game that eventually shaped reality.

Geometries became more intense, almost beyond control, with the immediacy of the rock, snow, and sky. Gone with the linearity of the train ride was a sense of control. Contradictions were readily at hand.





Journal Entry #7

An extrusion of geometric nature, defined by a texture, encroaches on the random plains of mass left behind. A few colors are littered about the wreckage of mass, depending on the light refracting from its surfaces. There is a connection which leaves loose fragments in my mind.

Jose' backed the wagon up to the loading dock at the mill. A large water wheel dropped paddle loads of water into a lake next to the mill at a steady pace. Inside, saws cut the trees from Losmores into neatly arranged stacks of material.

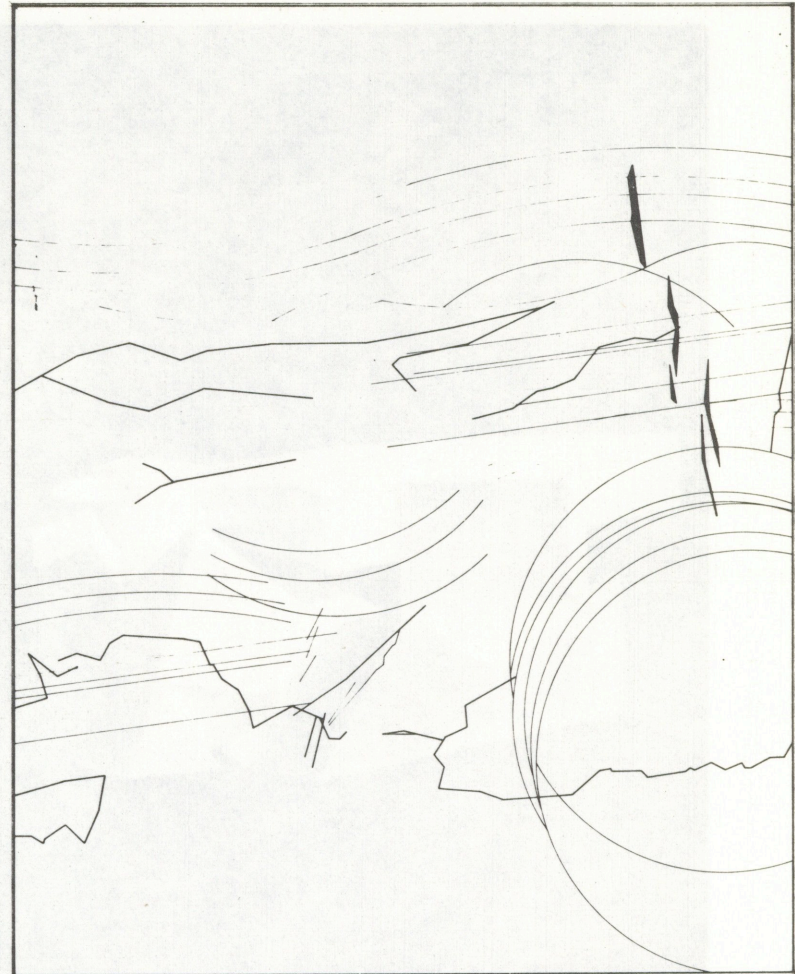
Jose' and the student released the horses from their harnesses and left them with the stable hands. A strange sawdust sifted through the air as Jose' talked with the man in charge of the mill.

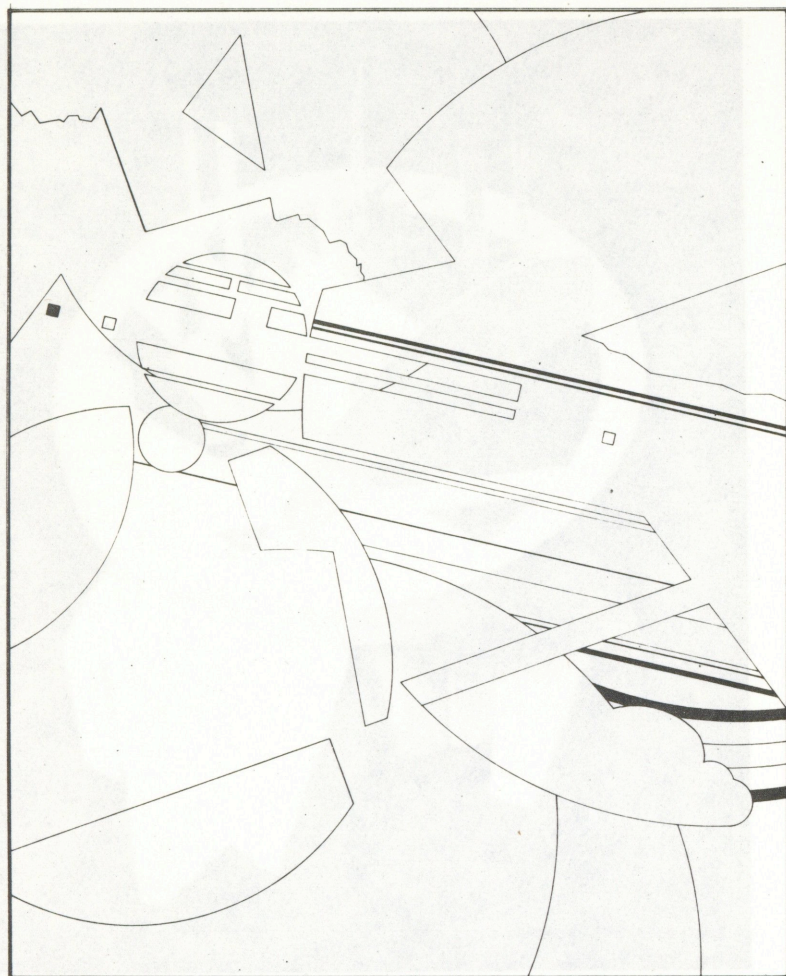
They arranged to load the wagon with material no wider than the width of a hand and not thicker than the length of a thumb. From such material would be built boxes for Ned's psychic apples.

"Tonight, in the mill house we will play the game," said Jose' as he and the student walked near the lake. They talked while the lake held their images, reflected across the rippled waters.

"Tell me more of the game, Jose'," said the student.

"Yes, the game. The game is played with a





set of circular cards, each one containing two figures of geometries. The entire series contains 52 geometries, and there are 2,652 cards, all made of wood with a hole in the center. You may call them disks if you wish.

The object of the game is to collect as many geometries as possible in a sequential order. A card containing two different specific geometries is matched with another card containing one of the same geometries, plus a new one. The player must arrange his cards in a circular fashion with the geometries connecting. As if he were making a chain of cards. However, while playing the game the cards may be stacked on tall sticks using the hole in the center of the card.

Cards are advanced by betting on which geometry your opponents may be holding out of sequence. If you are correct, you shall receive that card from the other player. If you are wrong, all of the players will take one card from the box of cards. There is no winner because the game

never stops. One need have only a passion for speculation, for thought, to play the game." "If there are 2,652 cards, then there is some repetition," said the Student.

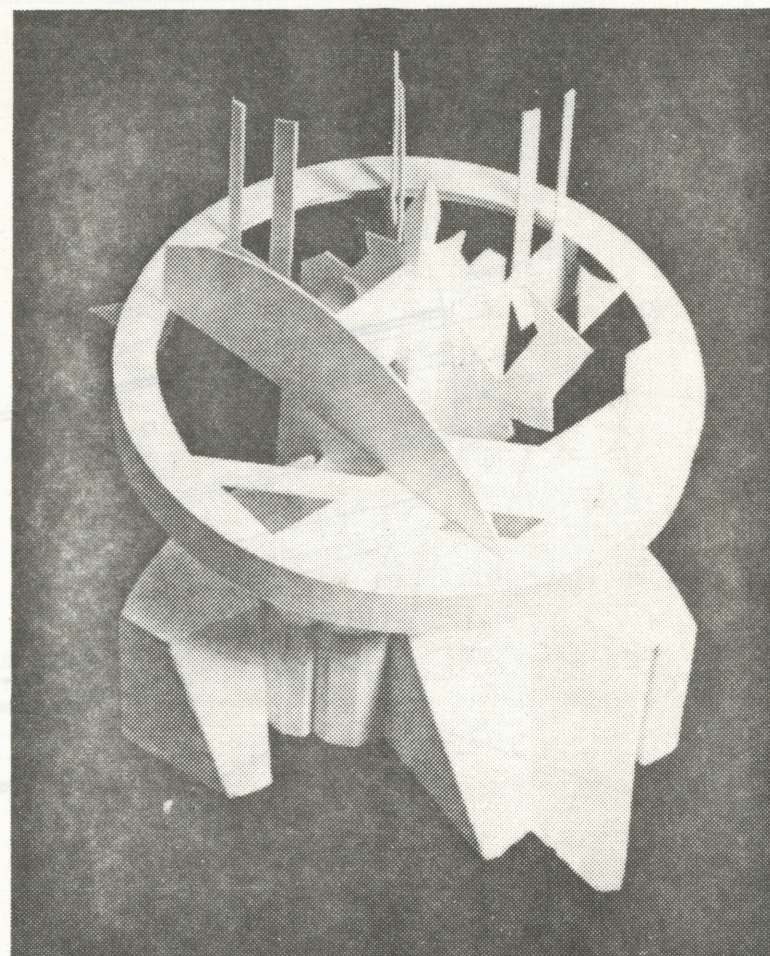
"Each card takes on its meaning with its place in the circle. There is repetition of cards, but not repetition of meaning."

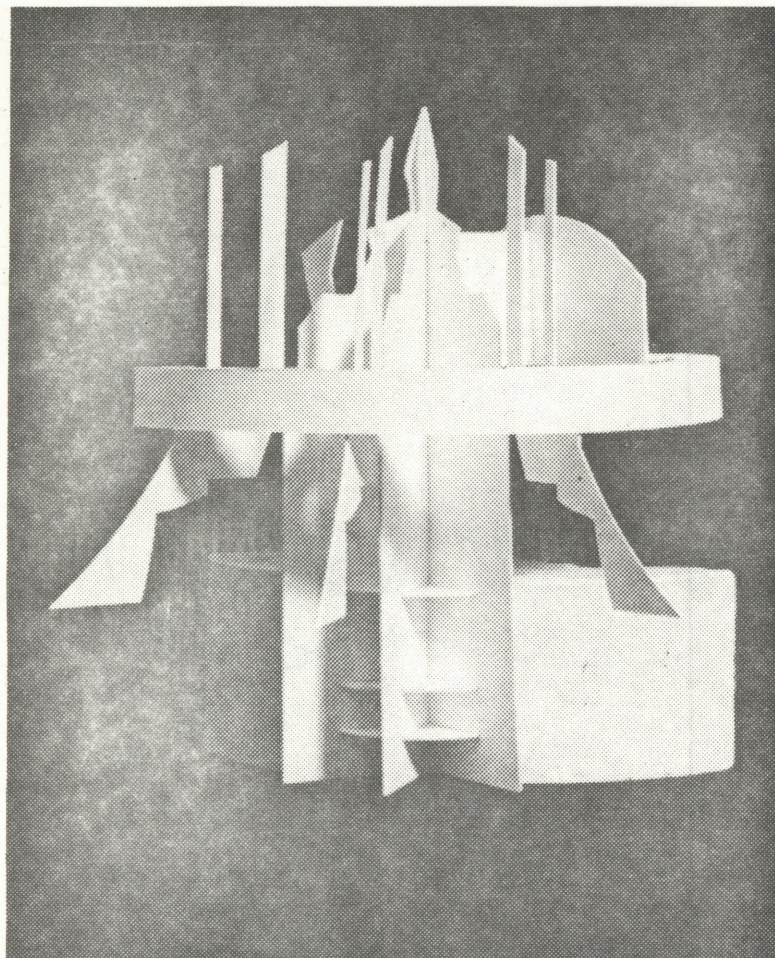
"Why do they arrange them in a circle?"

"To learn that you must play the game. Tonight, after dark, you may see," answered Jose'.

The student left his reflection and Jose' with the lake to explore the mountains. He climbed past the water wheel and its short flume, leaking water on the rocks below, up past the mill towards the snow fields above, from which the river leaked.

Sectioned by the verticles of the trees, blue ice held the sky in folded and twisted layers. A loud snap broke a thin thought in the student's mind as a huge chunk of ice met the rocks below. The student emerged from the trees where layers





of ice held blue light from the sky above.

Huge sections of layers broke apart and realigned themselves with undefined points in the distance. This random organization led to the surface of the ice, jagged against the hard mountains beyond.

Where ice and rock met, rock gave way and surrendered chunks of itself into the ice. Once sharp edges became rounded, flowing into each other. Lines of intersection formed small geometries lost in the layers of ice. Reflections of light colored these small shapes with sharp hues. The ice cracked again, dropping bits of colored shapes into the water.

Journal Entry #8

A smooth circle from the rounded rocks below captures the jagged edges of the broken snow to hold the wandering imprint of a circle, the circle holding a conglomeration of pieces, the pieces engaged in a dialogue with the slightly colored mass below.

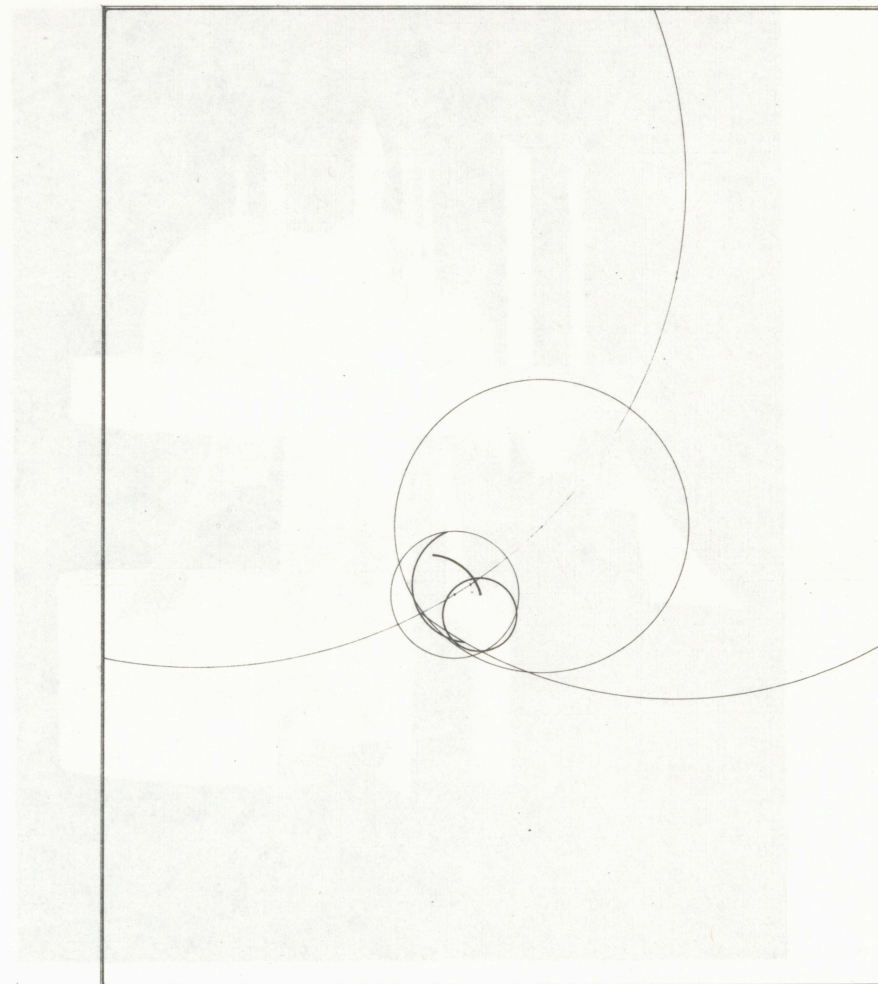
The mill building was a large rambling structure with few windows. Behind the stacks of material, the people of the mill gathered around a large circular table. A small stone fireplace held a warm fire. The only light in the room was an elaborate wood fixture centered over the table, low enough to cast only a dim glow on the faces of the players. Players exchanged jests, filling the air with a sharp candor.

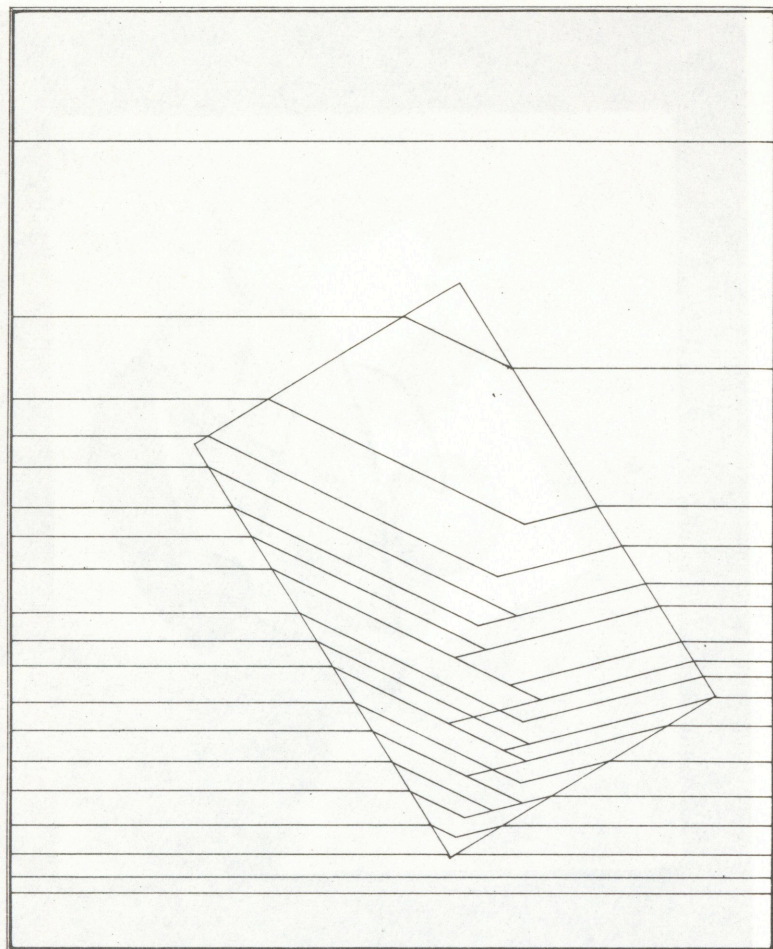
"Jose', you come to play our game again, welcome," said a short man who patted Jose' on the back and shook his hand.

"Yes Floyd, to play once more. And I have brought a young student of architecture," answered Jose'.

"Ahhh, a student," said a small man with round glasses named Jean. "We will see what can be learned."

"Come, come sit at our table," quietly added a man they called Louis.





There were others at the table. Their faces were dim in the glow from the light and their fingers twitched. Floyd shuffled the cards by groping about in a large box built into the center of the table. Each player was given two cards to start. The student of architecture received wooden disks with four different shapes, two shapes on each card. One disk had a simple four-sided figure on one half and a more complex eight-sided figure on the other half. The other disk had two straight lines on one half and a short curved line on the other. The curve was simple, one dimensional, and not compound.

Jean asked Louis, dipping his head into the zone of light from the fixture. "Do you have a quarter circle with a line?"

"No," Louis answered nonchalantly. Then all of the people of the table dipped into the box of disks tapping them against the table as they arranged the figures.

Jose' flipped the student a disk with a

small square on one half and two straight lines on the other. "You can use that, yes?" he said.

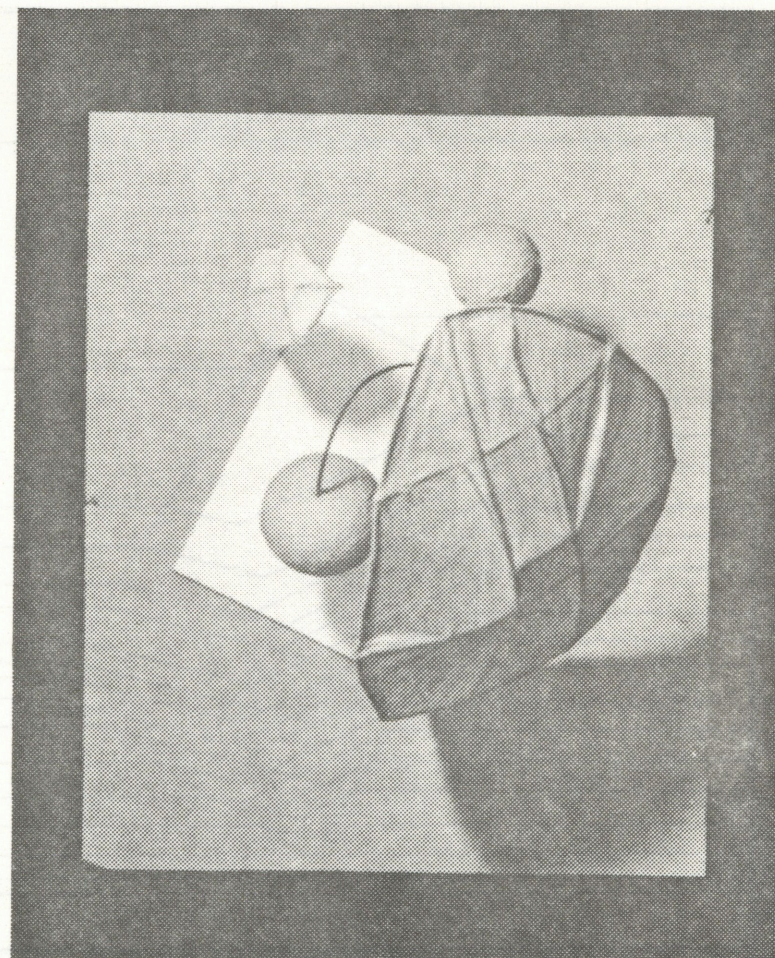
"Yes, I see," said the student as he lined up his disks in a chain. The simple four sided figure on one disk matched the small square on the disk from Jose'. The two straight lines on that disk then matched the lines on the student's other disk.

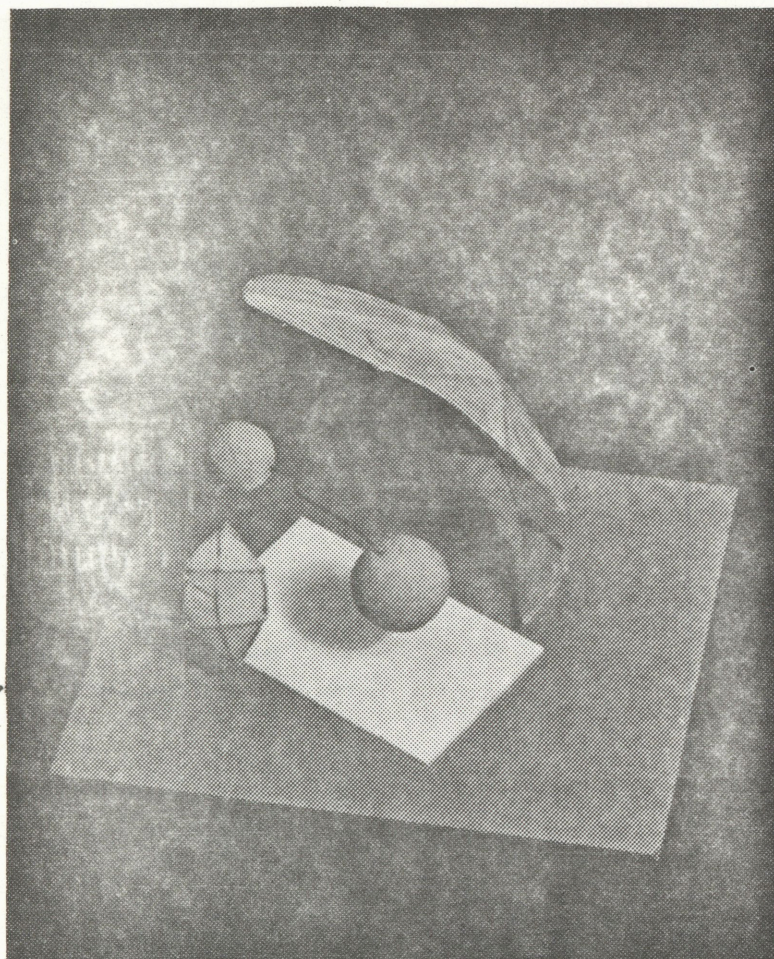
"Floyd, do you have a disk with a three sided figure on one half and a eight sided figure on the other?"

"Yes I do," Floyd said as he rolled the disk across the table. "You learn fast." No one dipped into the box.

And so the game continued on into the night. With the shifting of disks each player tested the other's wit to invent new combinations, arrangements and types of figures.

With a large stack of disks now weighing heavily on the table, the student of architecture excused himself to stretch his legs and get a drink of water. The noise from the table could barely be





heard above the steady rhythm of the splashes from the water wheel.

The student knelt down on the edge of the river near the lake and dipped his hands into the water lit by the light from the nearby loading dock. Within the shallows, he saw images less controlled than the figures on the cards.

Journal Entry #9

The currents swelled in the shallows in barely visible tones of blue and shades of green. They appeared reckless, corrected only by a flat rectangle, somehow submerged with them. Red spheres of refracted light traced a pattern among the swells. It was basically a perverse line game.

"Jose', I'll bet you have a card with a circle on one half and a rhombus on the other," said Jean.

"Yes, and would you have a double circle for me?"

"You are a sly one," said Jean as they exchanged disks across the table.

"The young student of architecture is also sly," added Louis. "His stack of disks contains many figures in meanings which I have never before arranged."

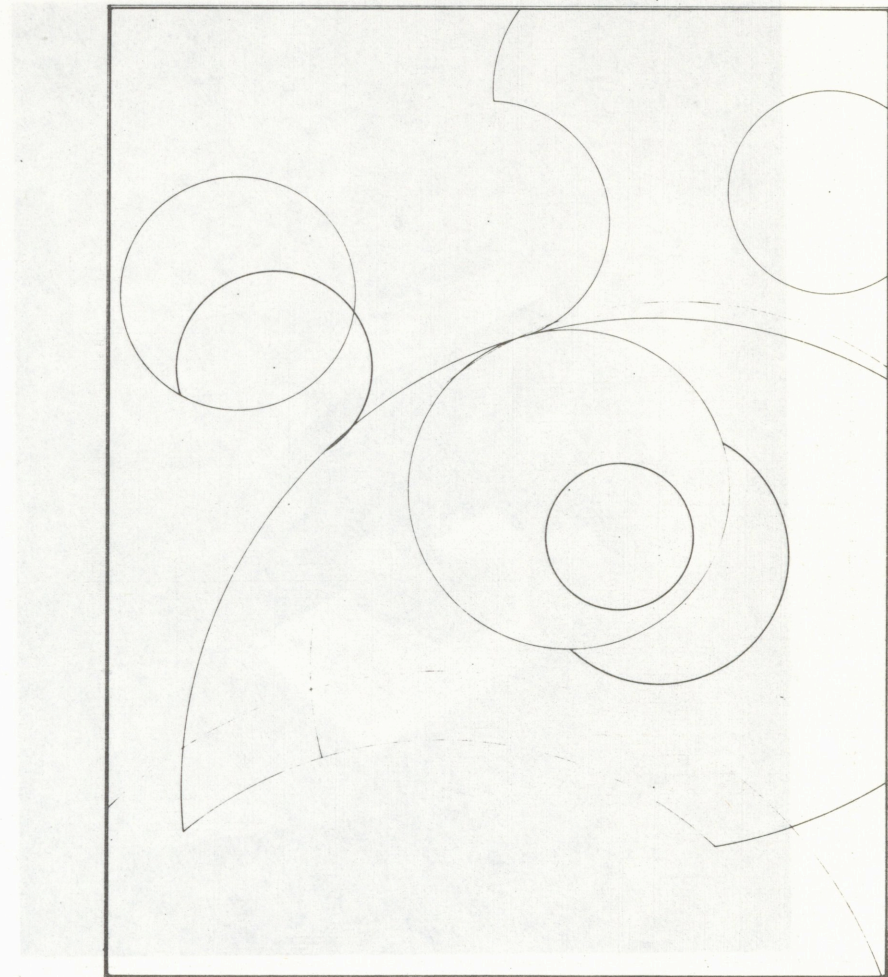
"Have you begun to understand the reason for your journey?" Jose' asked the student.

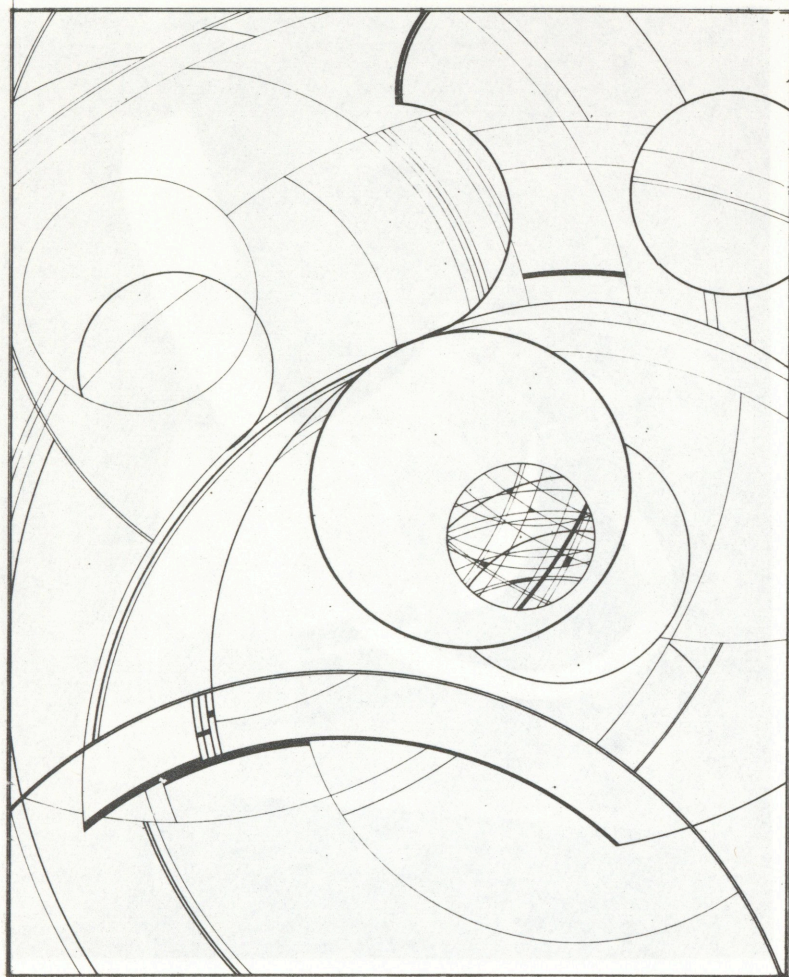
"I believe so," he answered. "But how do I return? I can't take the disks with me."

"Maybe you can," said Floyd. "Arrange them in a circle and see what you have."

The student of architecture laid out all of his disks in a huge circle around the table.

"Is this the only answer?" asked Louis.





The student examined the figures. "No. I can separate the circle here," he said pointing to a connection of two boxes, "and form a new arrangement using these other disks from the other section of the circle."

"Very good," added Floyd. The people around the table all leaned into the light.

"The game is endless, then," said the student.

"It offers infinite growth," synchronized the four men.

"From this growth you can borrow," added Jose'. "To learn this you must go to Ubiquitous."

"Yes, Ubiquitous," added Floyd. "There you can return."

"Tomorrow afternoon you may leave with the boat if you like. Arthur is floating down to the sea to talk business with a boat builder. From there you can catch a ride on one of the sloops," said Louis.

A tall thin man leaned from the shadows

into the light of the table. "Yes, he can run the river with me."

"It is settled then," said Jose. "You will continue your journey tomorrow."

"Tonight we continue playing," added Jean.

Stacks of disks grew on into the night. Even Jose's head began to sag towards the table before the others would even think about stopping. Jean, Floyd, and Louis played the game with more intensity than the rest of the players. The student of architecture left the game to walk out into the morning sun.

With thoughts of the neatly arranged geometries, he sat on the river bank below the lake. He looked into the depths of the swirling water and wondered what the hard geometries could imply.





Journal Entry #10

The view into the depths is reckless. A solid wave wraps through all form. From an intricate combination of wave lines, pieces form an arc defined by a crisp blue green skin. A circular plane negotiates the forms and seeks order, while a massive curve interrupts the activity with wanton disregard for containment. The small sphere is hardly noticed by the commotion.

After a long nap beside the water, the student of architecture met with the people of the mill for lunch. The men from the card game had just stopped playing. After lunch, Jose' produced a large sack of apples.

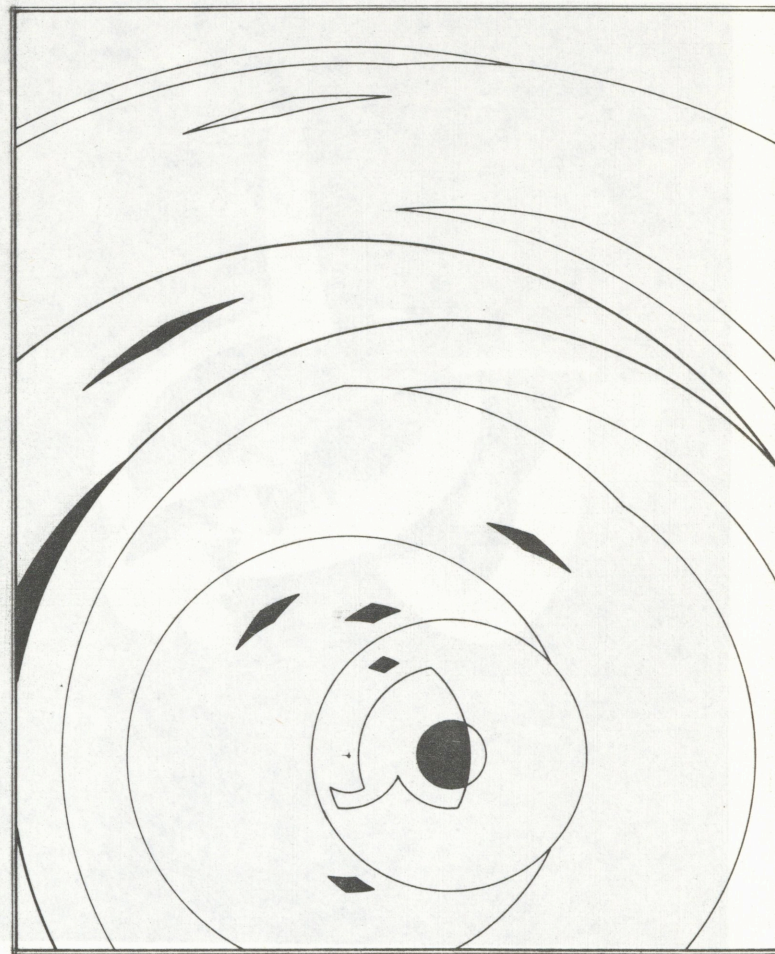
"Ahh, the psychic ones," said Louis as he bit into one of the crisp apples.

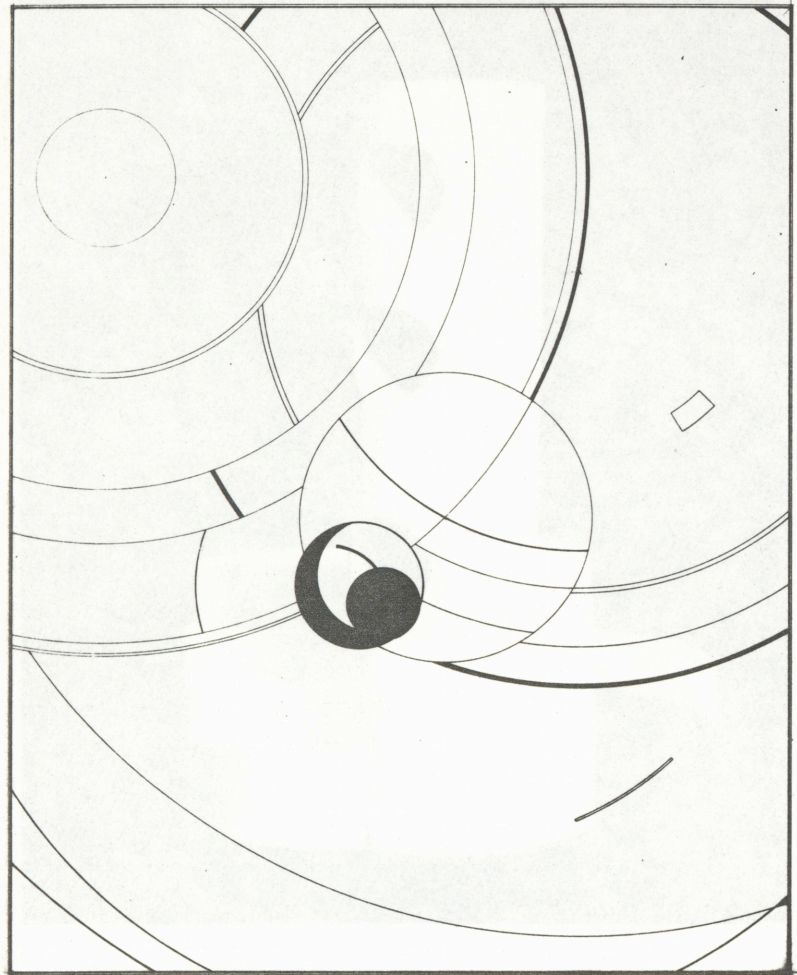
"Ned sends his best," returned Jose'.

Floyd took two apples and handed one to Jean. "There is yet much for these apples to learn."

"Hopefully, it will always be so," said Jean, tossing his apple into the air and letting it slap back into his palm.

"For the student," said Jose'. "Three apples for you to take back." Jose' handed the student three small firm apples, heavier than most other apples. "Save these apples with thoughts of this journey."





"I will, Jose'," the student said as he packed the apples into his knapsack with his journal. "I will try to remember every thing that I have seen."

Arthur and the student left the party and climbed into a small boat kept below the lake. Arthur rowed the boat out into the current that carried the bits of rock and odd little geometries towards the ocean. However, the student knew that the currents could arrange complex forms and compound many geometries into one. The image of this complex form was most challenging and difficult to capture.

The student looked over the edge of the boat at every conceivable compound arrangement. Where a rock forced itself up into the path of the water, he observed the reaction of the water, breaking into sections as it reflected from the obstruction, tossing bits and pieces of form out into the rapids which the boat bounced through.

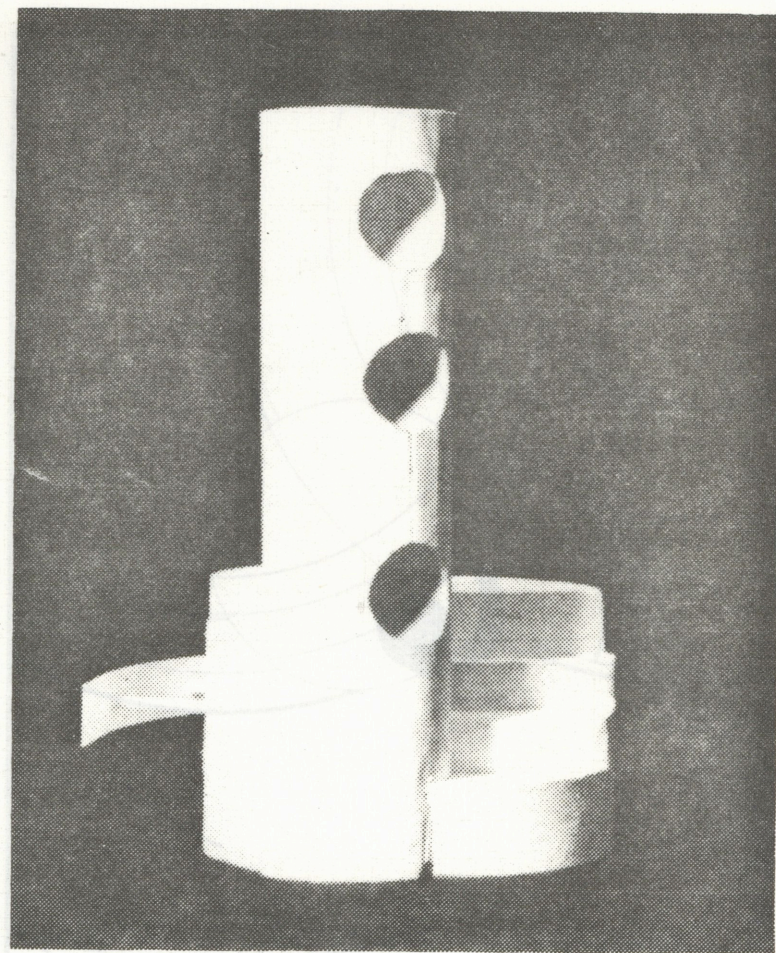
Arthur held the bow of the boat downstream by dipping first one paddle, then the other, into the

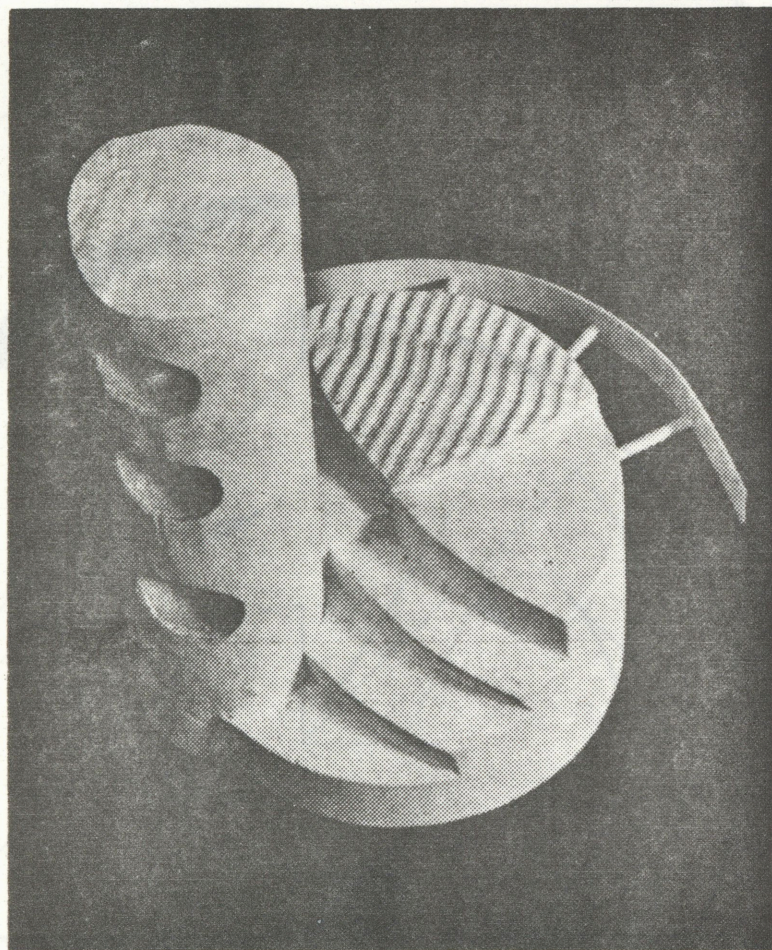
water. He reacted as quickly as the motion of the waters.

"Hold on tight," he said, looking downstream. "This is where it gets interesting. We must watch the surface very closely to understand what is underneath."

The boat pitched over a mound and took in a cool spray of water as it dropped into the swale. For the remainder of the afternoon, the student and Arthur rode the currents, sometimes hard and fast, other times subtly yet with strength.

The river widened as the smell of salt and seaweed in the sun filled the air and a cool evening breeze dried the day's perspiration. The student of architecture began to attain a feel, an understanding, for what was beneath the surface. He knew that among all the tautness, there existed some mass.





Journal Entry #11

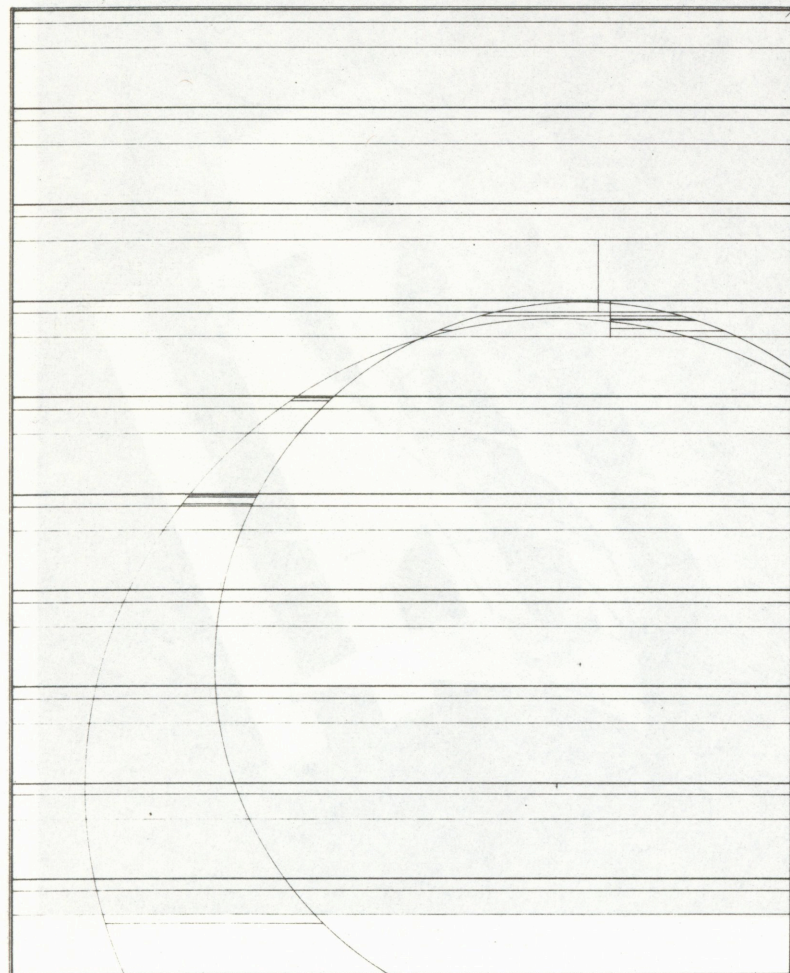
Circular patterns chase themselves about the depths. A mass intersects, from which I see the growth of a permanent geometry. Small spheres indent the growth with red, blue, and green light -- primarily responsible for all of the colors before me. There is an organic tone to things growing from a pervasive curvilinear nature.

Arthur and the student sat in a port bar, eating the customary fish and chips and drinking ale with a crew from a boat. Only sail boats frequented the port, as it was not a commercial fishing or shipping harbor. The crew consisted of one man and two women. The man, who was intense yet pleasant, swallowed his ale between explicit explanations on the worth, when in heavy seas, of a boat with a large draft. One woman was more attracted to boats with a trim draft, a boat therefore capable of moving much faster than a boat with a large draft. The other woman said that she simply enjoyed the sea and didn't care about the boat. The three were planning to head south. After several rounds of ale and a lot of boat talk, they agreed to take the student to Ubiquitous.

The 32 foot sloop, "Resolution," waited for the student to board.

"Thanks for the help, Arthur, and tell the people of the game that I will remember them."





"I will," he said shaking the student's hand.
"Remember the game as well."

"Yes, of course. And I will remember what you told me."

"You will not have to watch the surface as closely anymore. The ocean will feel as if it surrounds you," Arthur said as he followed the narrow dock away from the boat.

Inside the boat, the four climbed into their bunks and quickly dropped into sleep. Water slapped against the hull, gently rocking the boat in an even rhythm.

The following day, the student woke up as he rolled out of his bunk, bouncing onto the floor of the cabin. He crawled out of the hatch to see that the ship was under full sail, the port only a undefined mass on the stern horizon. The bow pointed at a continuous horizon line.

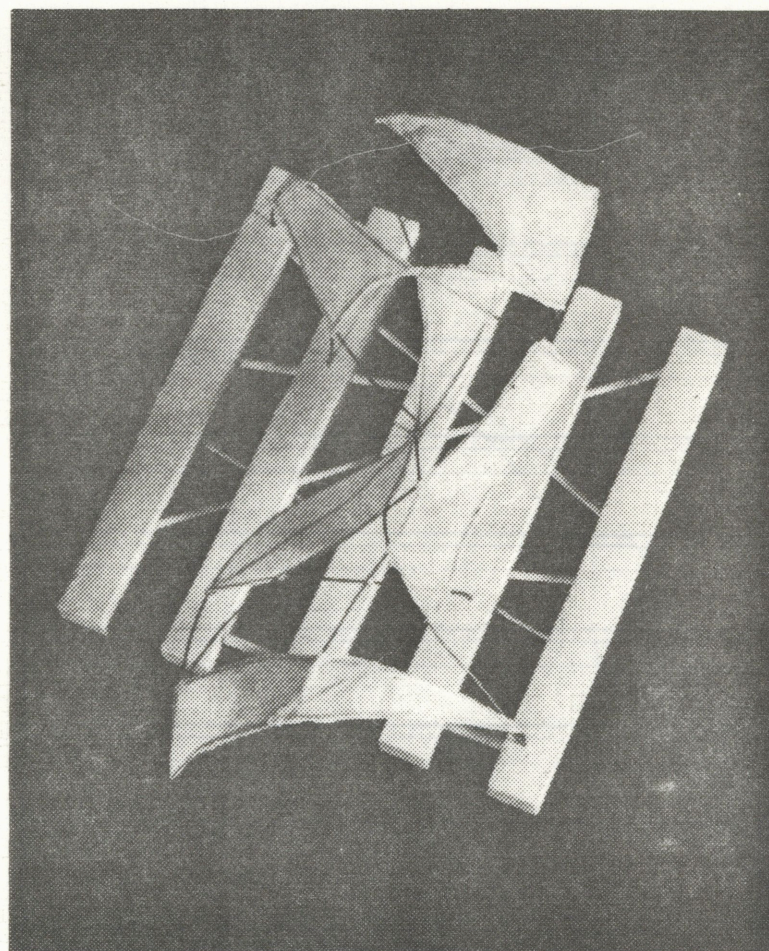
"We should reach Ubiquitous by this evening," said the intensely pleasant man. "Your journey is almost over."

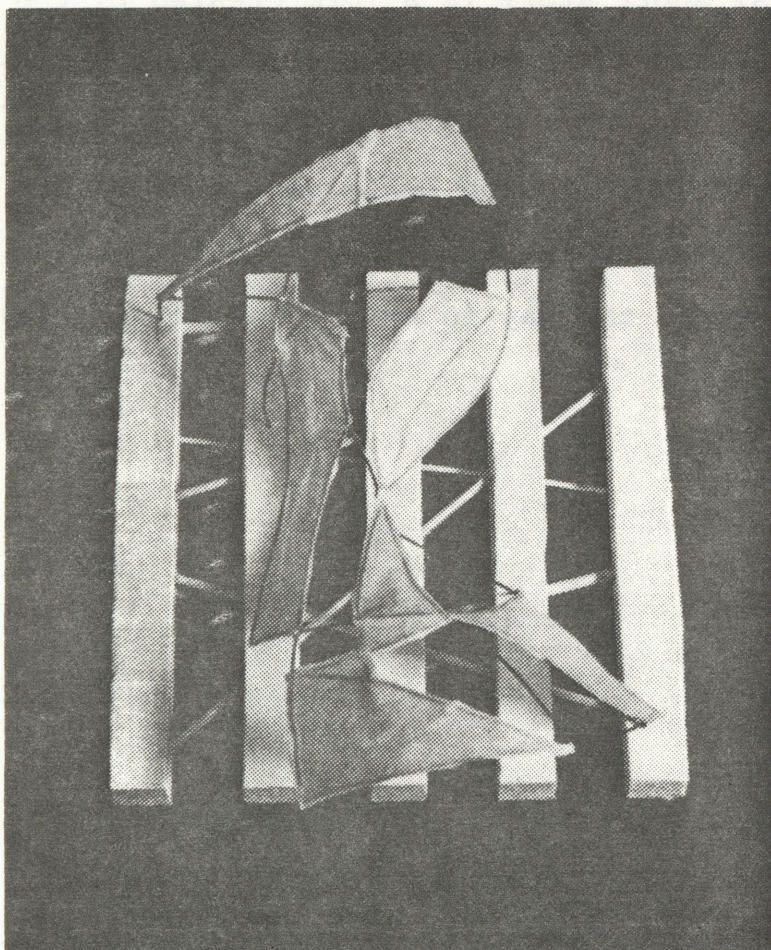
"I don't think it will ever be over," said the student. "Hopefully, I'll be able to reach certain borders along the way though."

"I'm sure that you will," added the woman who liked fast hulls. "Tie this off as I tighten the main sheet," she said as she handed the student a rope.

"Ubiquitous is an excellent border area," said the woman who liked the sea as she turned the wheel, holding the boat trim to the wind. "Maybe you can design a station when you get there."

The waters, full of form, tossed the boat about. The geometries ignored each other in a cooperative existence, waiting for material. The student of architecture felt the temporal existence of the waves. Rhythms slapped his consciousness, upon which he imposed scale and made form solid from the nothingness of landscape.





He helped the crew catch as much wind as possible. They close hauled into the wind with a full main sail and a genoa on the head. The bow drove through waters. Boom tight, the boat dipped port into the water, giving the student yet another image.

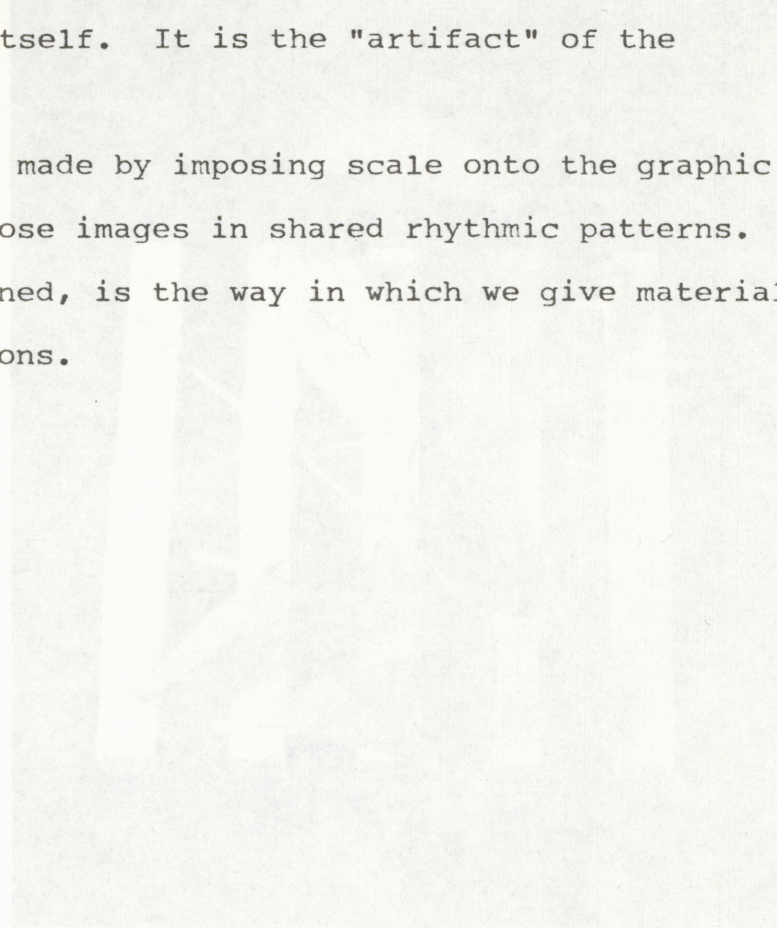
Journal Entry #12

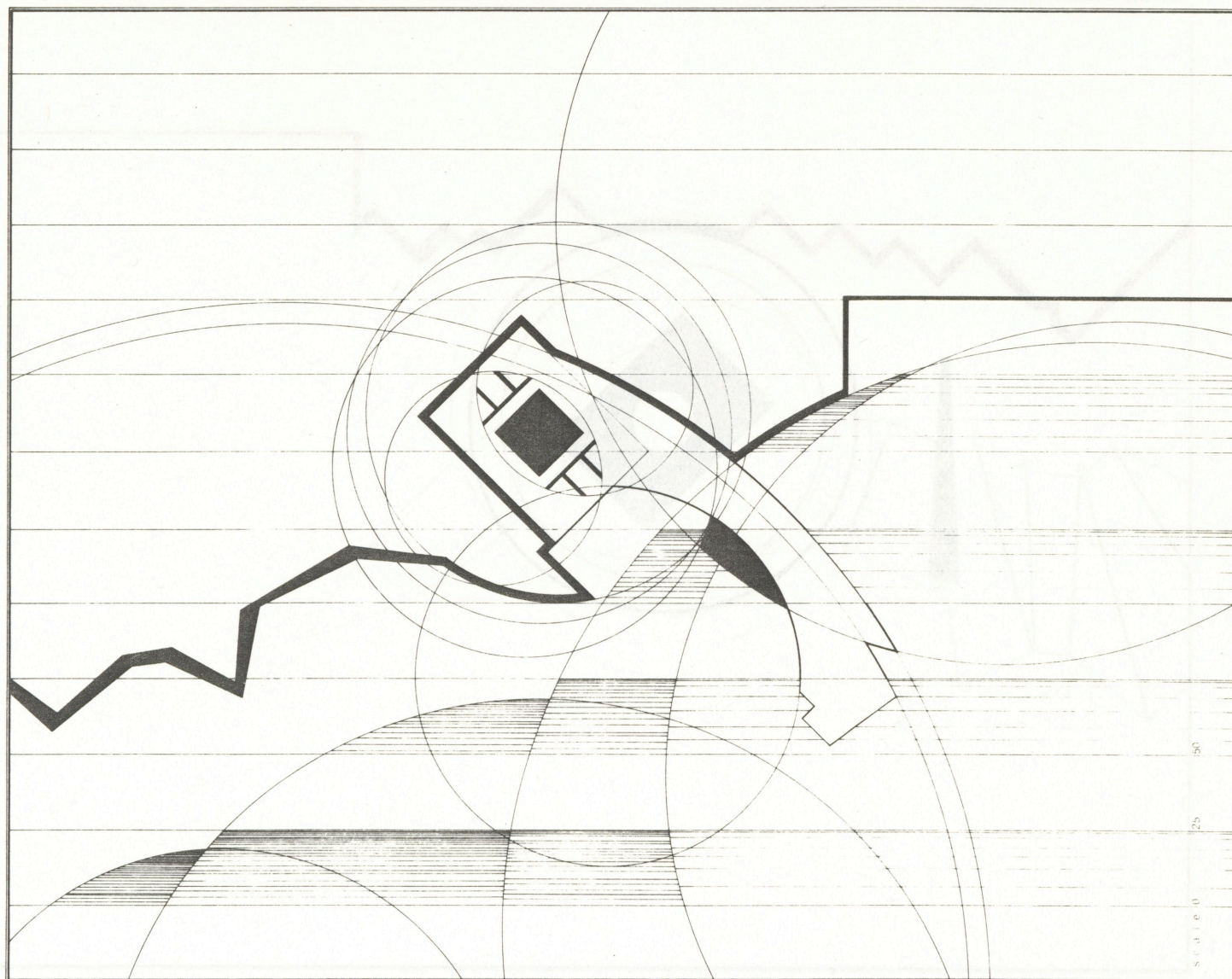
The waves followed each other around in a pattern that ignored certain things. Smaller forms wandered about thin lines. A small chunk of water flew up and almost hit me.

CONCLUSION

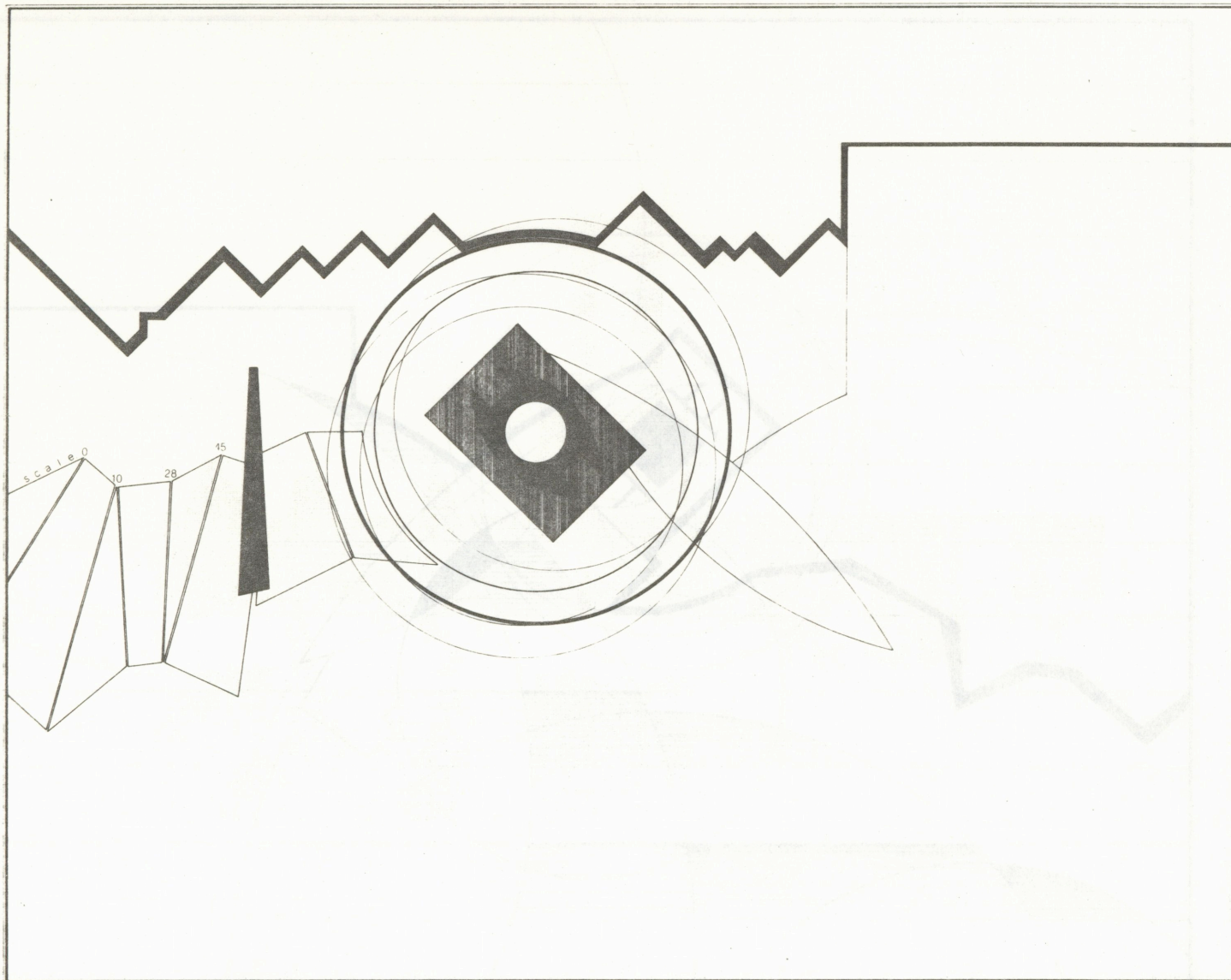
The conclusion to this architectural short story is a form created by the drawings and models within the story itself. It is the "artifact" of the introduction.

The final model and drawings were made by imposing scale onto the graphic images from the story and arranging those images in shared rhythmic patterns. This, the student of architecture learned, is the way in which we give material substance to images from our imaginations.

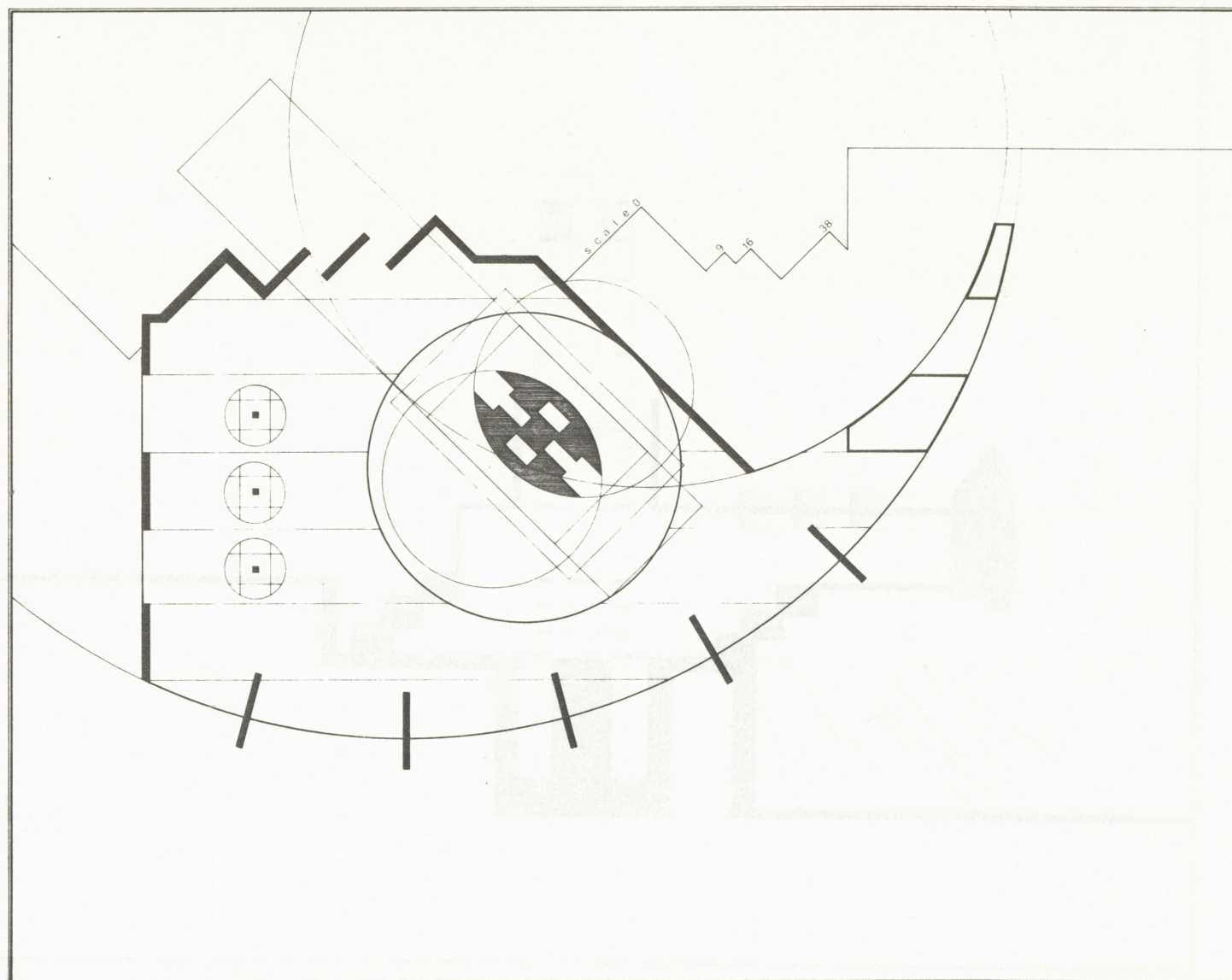




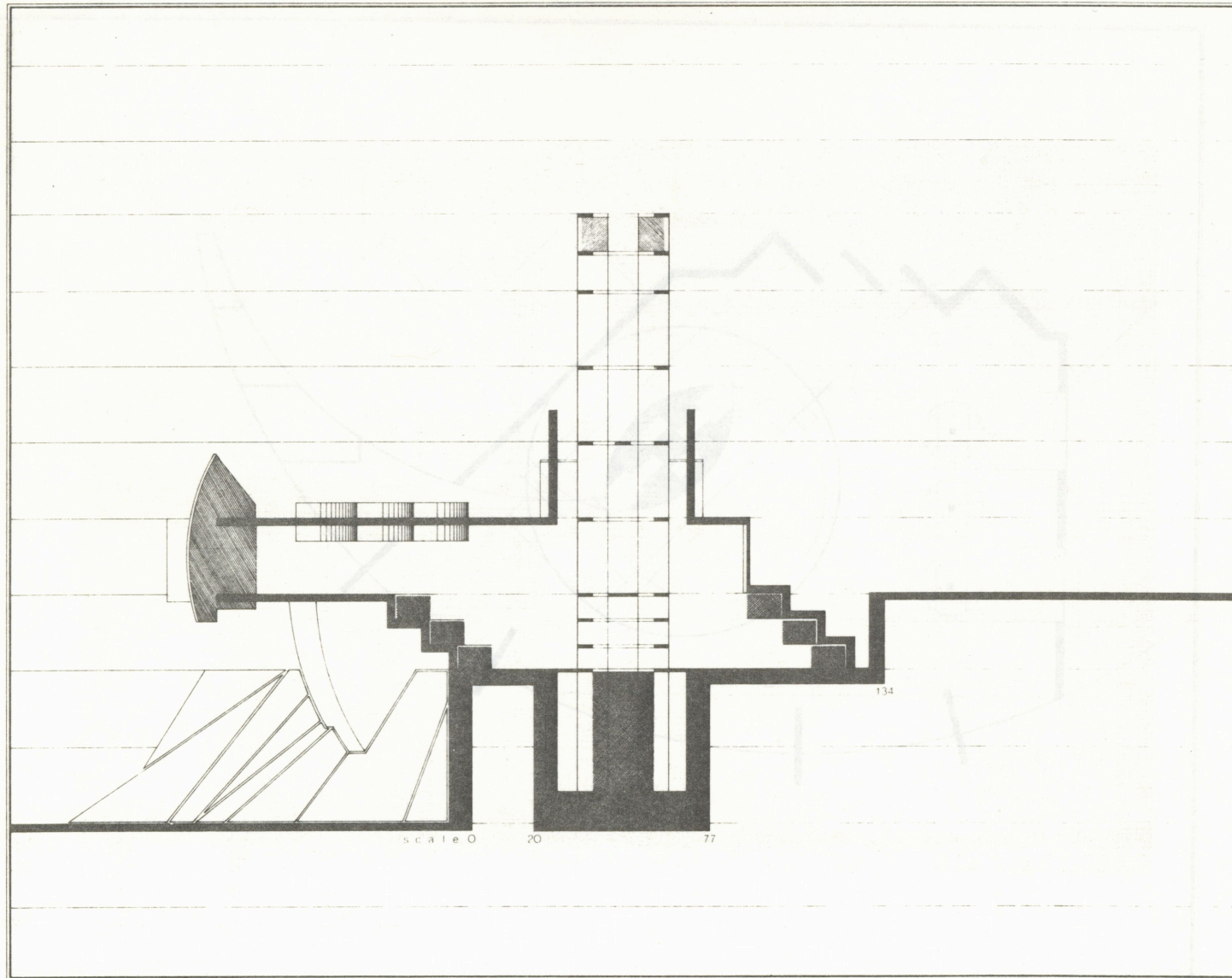
WAVES FOLLOWED EACH OTHER



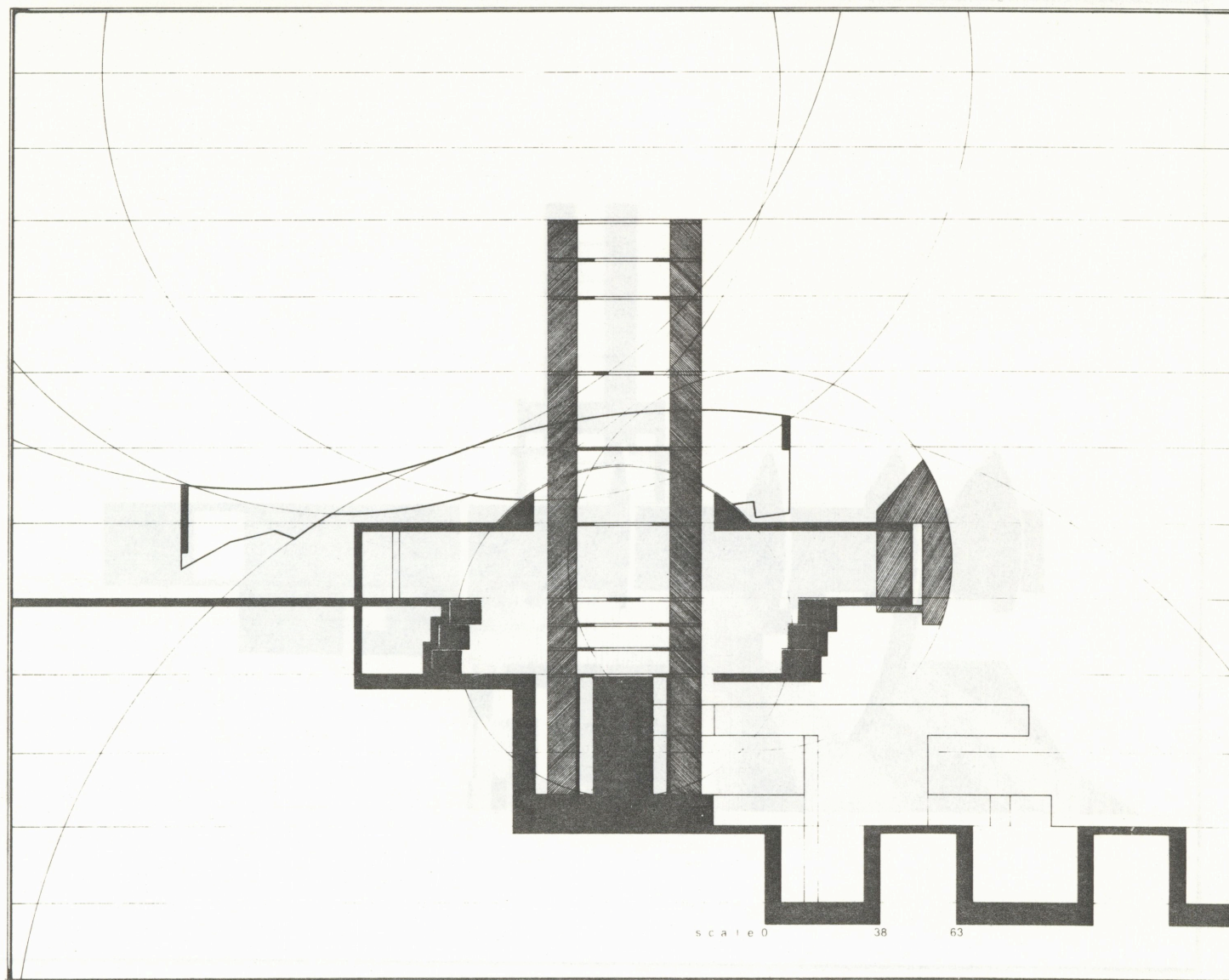
FRACTURED ROCK ATTACKS



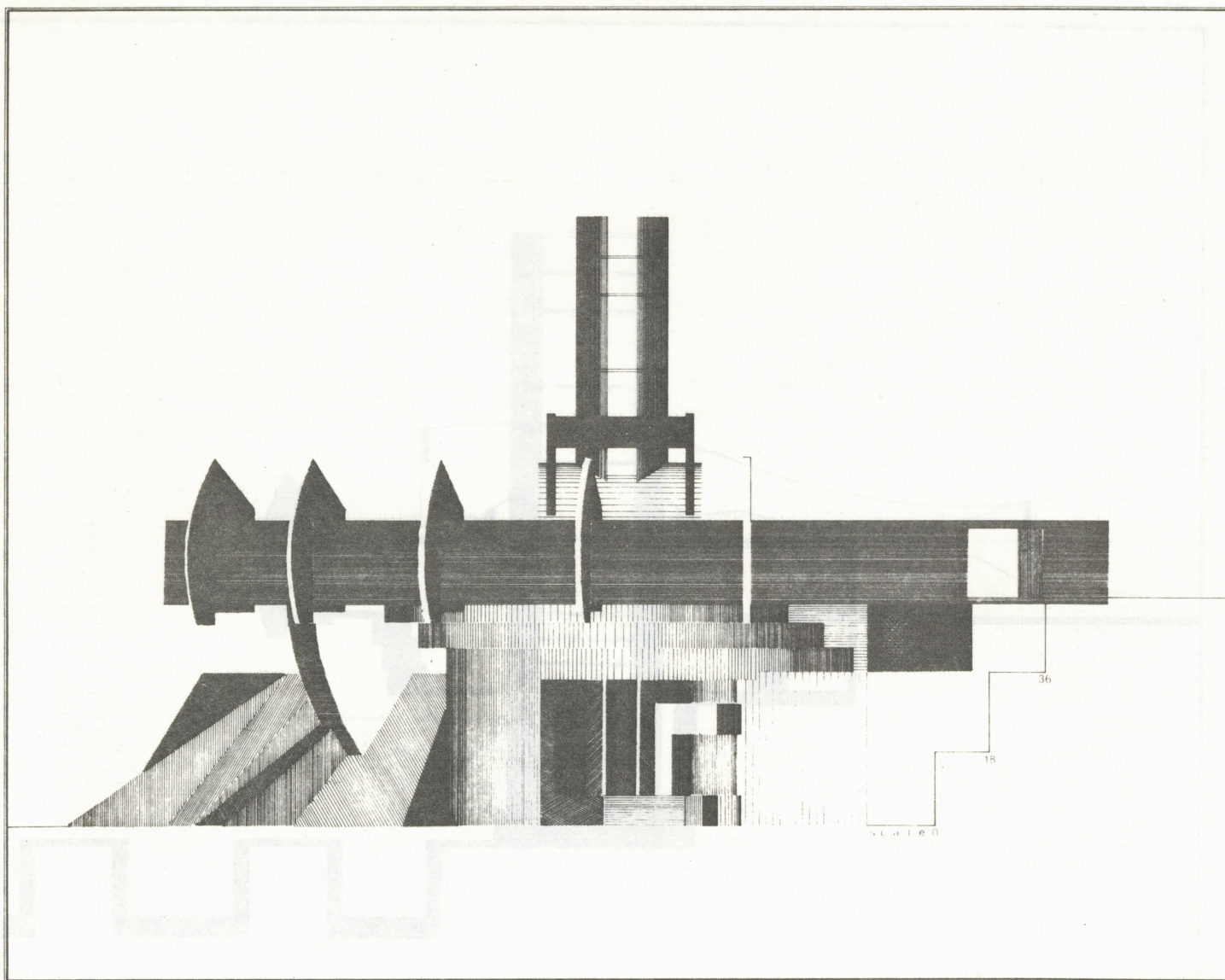
P L A I N S L I E D O W N



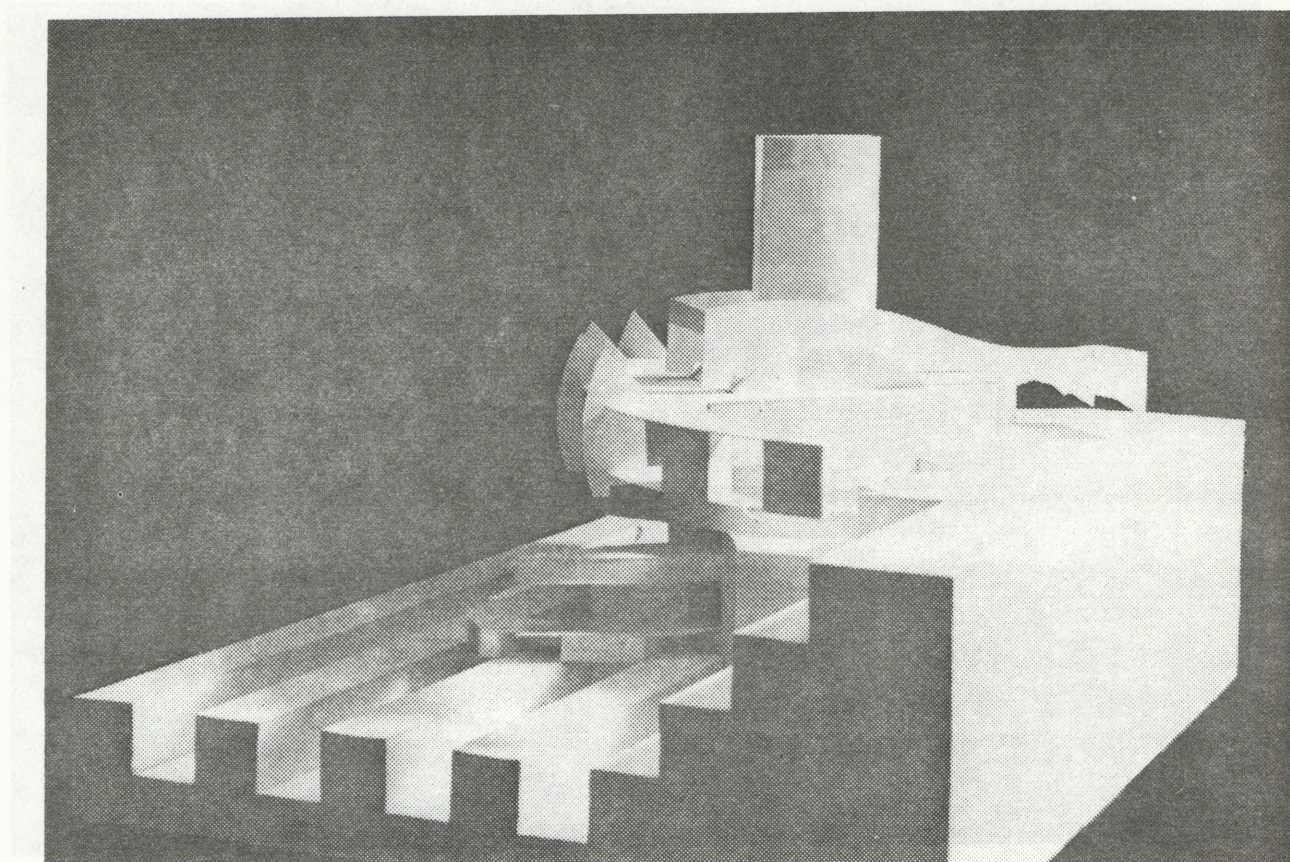
CONTAIN THE ARGUMENT

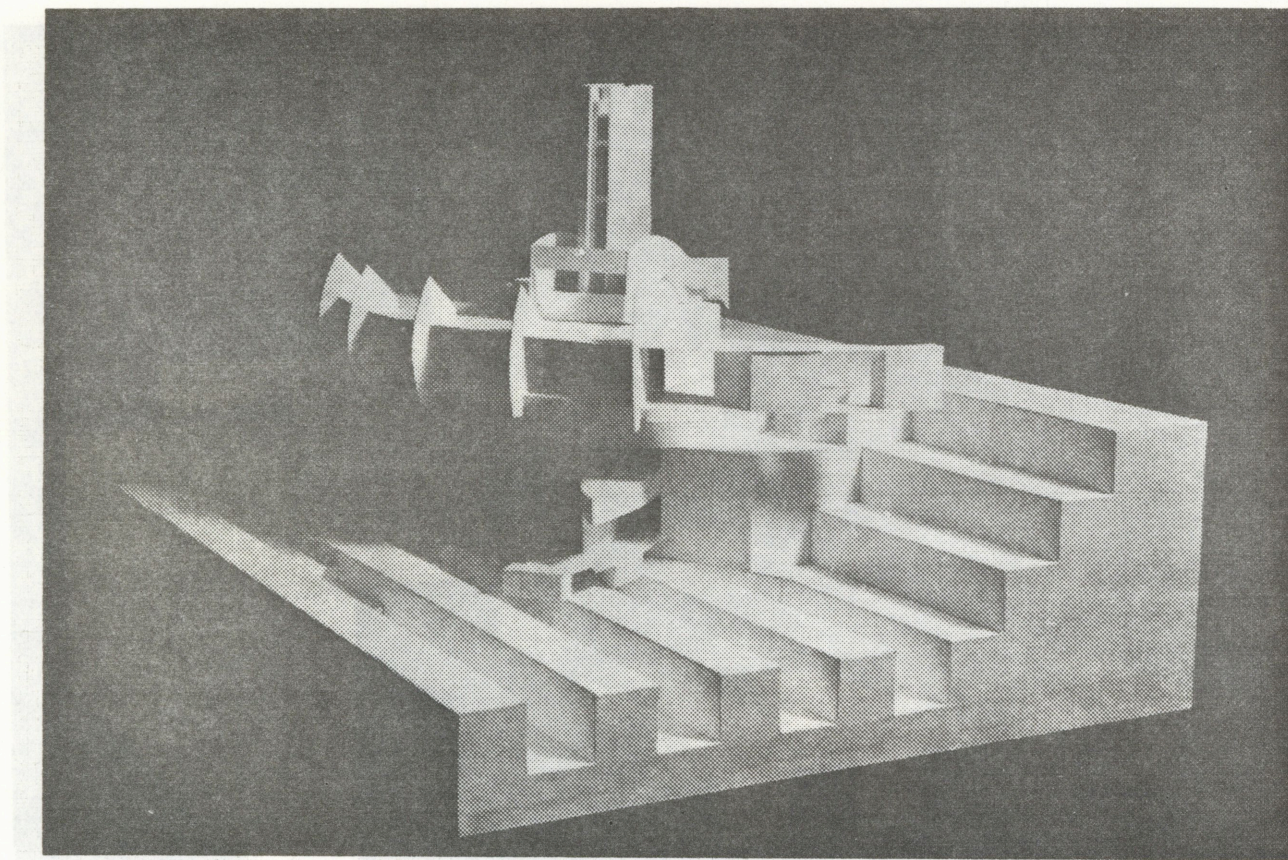


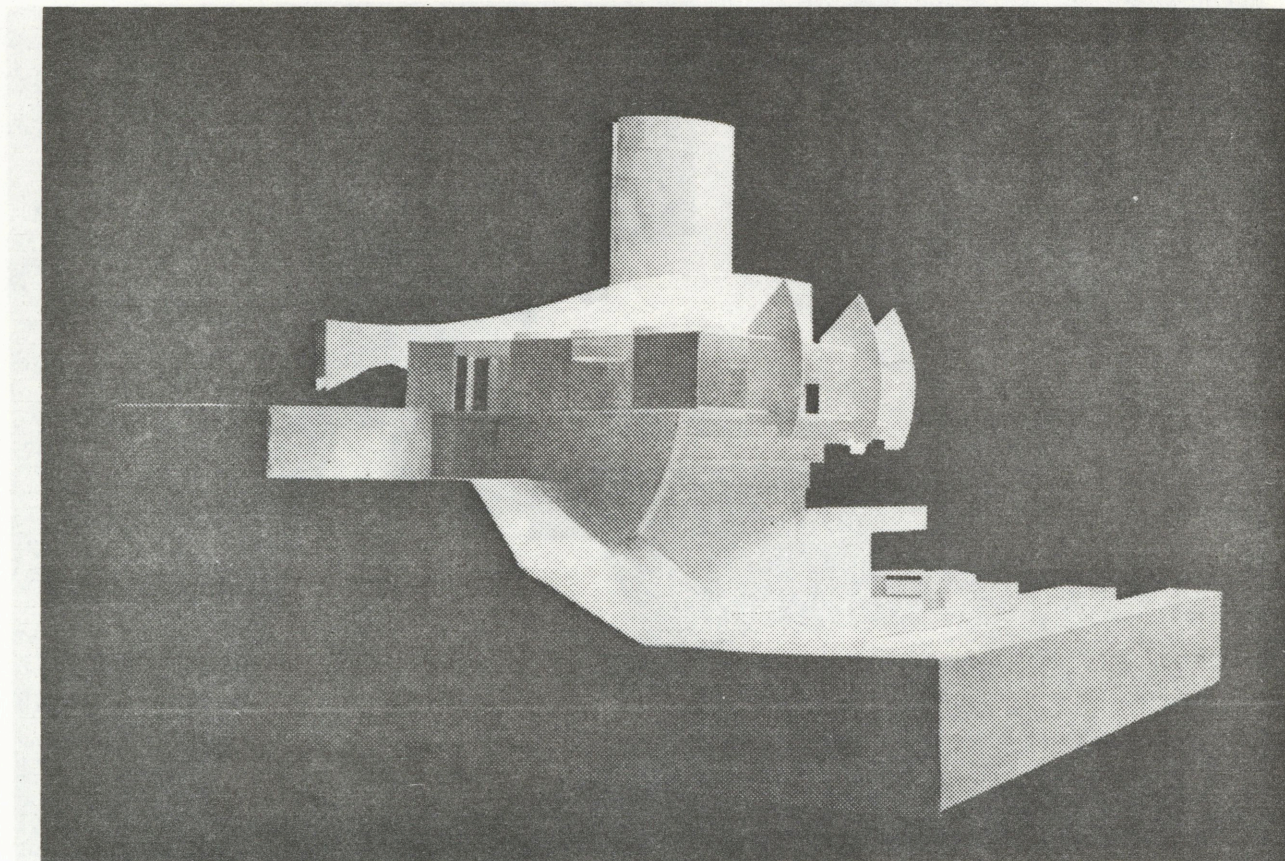
BASICALLY A PERVERSE LINE GAME

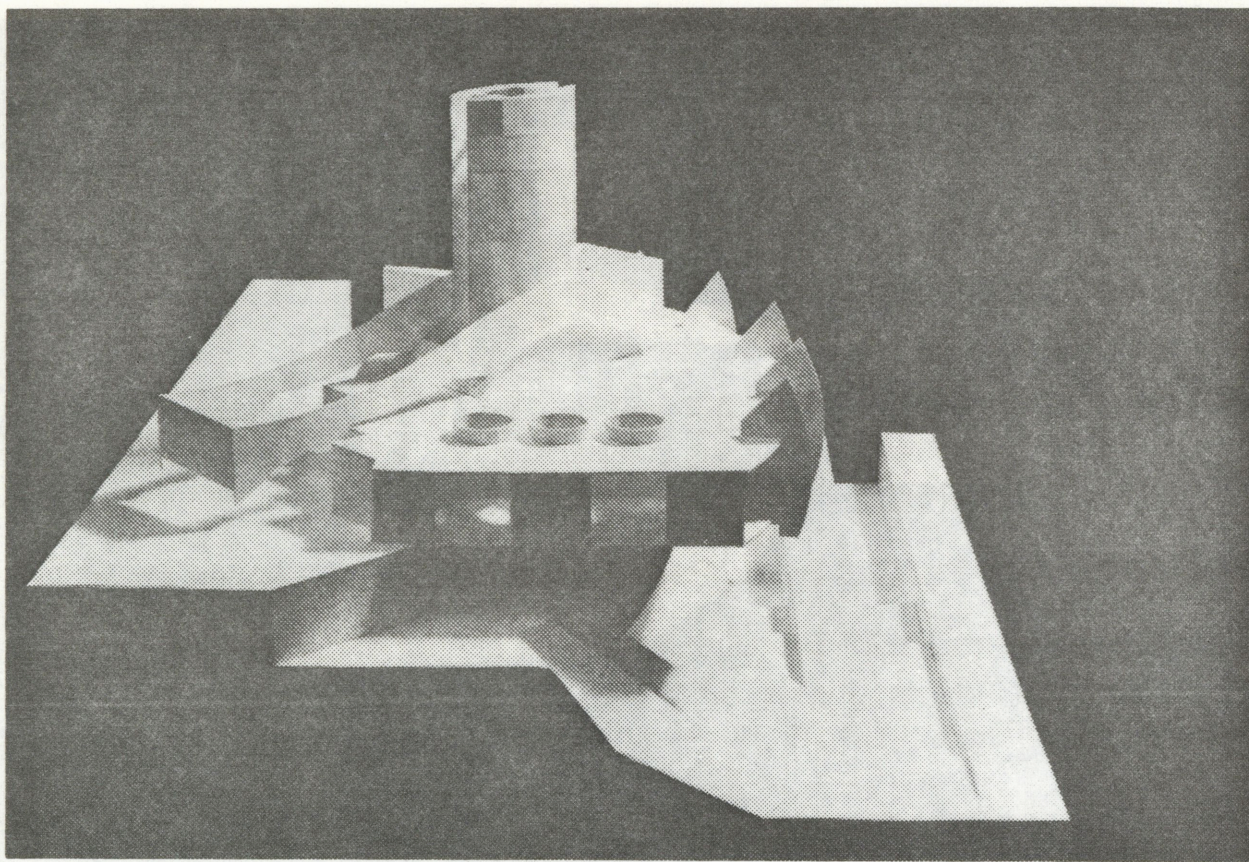


MEASURING THE DAY









Footnotes

(1) Northrop Frye, "The Archetypes of Literature," **Fables of Identity** (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1961), reprinted in **Twentieth Century Criticism, The Major Statements**. Edited by William J. Handy and Max Westbrook. New York: The Free Press. 1974. p. 240.

(2) Joseph Campbell, **The Hero with a Thousand Faces**, 3rd ed. (New York: Bollingen, 1973), p. 245.

(3) Jorge Luis Borges, **A Personal Anthology**, trans. by Anthony Kerrigan (New York: Grove Press, Inc. 1967), p. 40.

(4) Borges, p. 43.

(5) Frye, "The Archetypes of Literature," p. 240.

(6) Northrop Frye, "Myth, Fiction, and Displacement," **Fables of Identity** (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1961), reprinted in **Twentieth Century Criticism, The Major Statements**. Edited by William J. Handy and Max Westbrook. New York: The Free Press. 1974. p. 157.

(7) Frye, "Myth, Fiction, and Displacement," p. 157.

(8) Richard Hugo, **The Triggering Town, Lectures and Essays on Poetry and Writing** (New York: W.W. Norton and Co., 1979), p. 10.

(9) Susan Sontag, **A Susan Sontag Reader** (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, Inc. 1982; Vintage Books, 1983), p. 96.

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(12) Immanuel Kant, **Kant's Critique of Aesthetic Judgement** (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1911), reprinted in **Twentieth Century Criticism, The Major Statements**. Edited by William J. Handy and Max Westbrook. New York: The Free Press. 1974. p. 9.

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For this project, I have drawn heavily from works of fiction, prose and poetry, difficult to quote and document.

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