

103 VISUAL DESIGN THEORY

PROFESSOR BRIAN AMBROZIAK [IKONEN]

TEACHING ASSISTANTS /// EMMA HINES, GRACE MADDEN, HOLLIE SIKES, LAUREN WHITE



WELCOME BACK AGAIN!!!

INTRODUCTION_____ [26 January 2023]



EVEL KNIEVEL ____ [march 25th, 1967. 8:00:00 PM EST]



EVEL KNIEVEL ____ [march 25th, 1967. 8:00:03 PM EST]

CIVILITY

Civility is genuine respect and regard for others: politeness, consideration, tact, good manners, graciousness, cordiality, affability, amiability and courteousness. Civility enhances academic freedom and integrity, and is a prerequisite to the free exchange of ideas and knowledge in the learning community. Our community consists of students, faculty, staff, alumni, and campus visitors. Community members affect each other's well-being and have a shared interest in creating and sustaining an environment where all community members and their points of view are valued and respected. Affirming the value of each member of the university community, the campus asks that all its members adhere to the principles of civility and community adopted by the campus: <http://civility.utk.edu/>

EVALUATION

First year students are expected to produce work of consistently high quality. In ARC 102, evaluation of each student's work considers clarity of intention, general resolution of ideas, and the quality, clarity, completeness and craftsmanship of the final presentation material.

CONCEPT /// PROCESS /// PRODUCT

INTRODUCTION_____ [26 January 2023]

CAST

professor brian "ikonen" ambroziak

SUPPORTING CAST

emma hines

lauren white

hollie sikes

grace madden

INTRODUCTION_____ [26 January 2023]

EMMA /// THE ASSOCIATED IDENTITY

Lucy and Ethel, Batman and Robin, Simon and Garfunkel, Bugs Bunny and Daffy Duck, Megan and Emma. All pairs, yes, but one always needs the association of the other to be recognized. Why is it that we can say Lucy without Ethel and know who she is, but not Ethel without Lucy? In all these pairings we witness that one's ability to be recognized is dependent on the identity of the other.

While my parents got a two for one deal, there were times growing up when it was hard to be excited about that. An innate copy, a counterpart, a clone, a twin. It is fun to swim, to dance, to run and learn next to your life long friend until the one day when its not. The one day when you find you can't even recognize your own successes without the comparison to theirs. Echoed performances become shadowed realities. Irony has it, there is light in the shadow of another, a light that pulls you out... to source your own individuality.

So is it sad that I can't even write this bio about myself without mentioning her? Maybe to you. But I am her, and she is me. But I am also myself and she, herself. We grow to be more ourselves in the shadow of another. In finding who we really are we cannot forget that whose shadow helped us grow.

[Then some day you will realize the shadow was one of your own making. That you can no longer pity yourself but those who rely on associations to get by. People will try and try to remember you through associations, when ultimately, by doing so, they are only setting themselves up to forget... and truly never know.]

THE ASSOCIATED IDENTITY, contrary to namesake, has made me more my own individual than I could ever hope to be.

e.





[L+R] THE CIVIC BALLET OF CHATTANOOGA NUTCRACKER 2017, CHATTANOOGA, TN
EMMA /// HINES_BIO.PDF /// TEACHING ASSISTANT

HOLLIE /// FIXATIONS

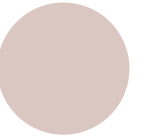
Here, I am going to show you my heart. Look closely.

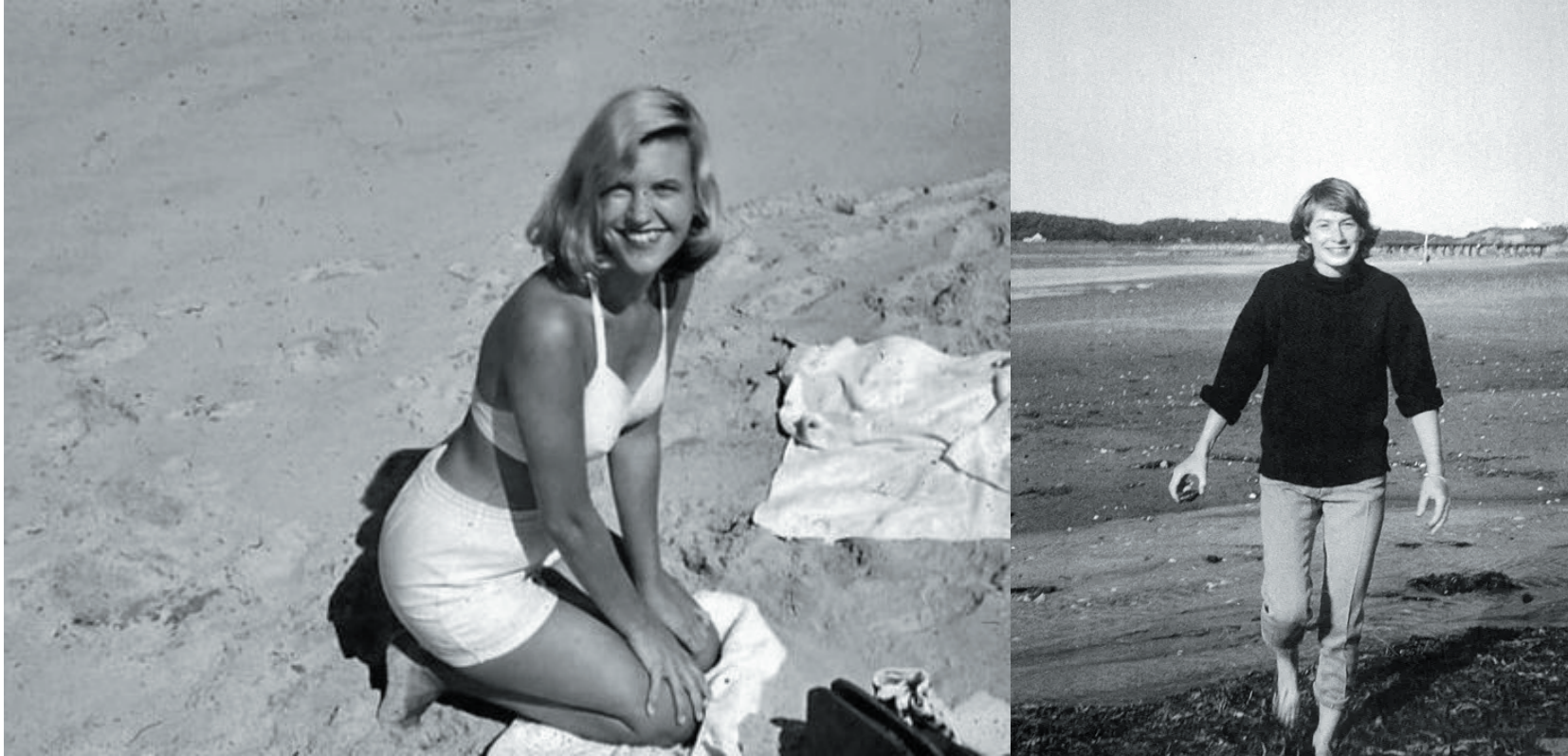
Fruit stickers. Glassware. Pigeons. Kodak Portra 800 film in a point and shoot camera -- those creamy reds. Tremendously sad classical paintings. 14 count aida cloth. A hint of surreal in all the real. A saxophone solo. The Minecraft soundtrack. Chicken curry. Overdoing it. Hand-drawn type. Page 99. Intentions. Affogatos made with pistachio icecream. My emptiness. Ross Gay's tomato plant. Warm voices through the floor. 42,371 paper airplanes. A three-part harmony. A four-door Jeep Wrangler, blue-grey with CDs in the center console. Haunted houses. Colourfields. Long projects. Hands. Transmission towers. Earl grey tea. Turns of phrase. Expired metro cards. Loose receipts. A .38mm Pilot G-2. A third glass of red wine, accepted with grace.

There is much I could have been, and much I am now that I would have longed for.

Mary Oliver's instructions for living are to pay attention, to be astonished, and to tell about it. Lord knows I've tried. What is a feeling if not something to be moulded into proof that I can feel? How does one reason with their life if they can't hold it up to the light and view it truthfully? In every moment I am asking, do you understand? Do you get what I mean?

And yet, should all else fail, somewhere outside the frame I am bathed in citrus light. I am crouched over the gravel in search of the perfect rock. I am standing 18 inches from a Rothko, just like he asked. I am standing in the middle of a crowd and facing the opposite direction, looking at nothing, taking in everything. I'm six time zones ahead. I'm right down the hall. Find me there. Stand still with me. Be astonished for a while.





+

SYLVIA PLATH, 1953 + MARY OLIVER, 1964
HOLLIE /// SIKES_BIO.PDF /// TEACHING ASSISTANT

GRACE///IDENTITY???

What defines a person?

Is it our core memories? Like when I was four and refused to spell my name correctly, always insisting on placing the E under the rest of the letters.

Our star sign? I'm a Taurus.

The expectations of our elders? My grandmother always told me to do something that made a lot of money.

Our defiances? I used to refuse to smile while having my picture taken.

Taste in music? I prefer indie rock.

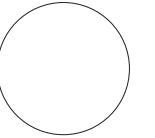
Our auras? Not sure what mine is but I hope it's good.

What we wanted to be when we grew up? I wanted to be a veterinarian then a marine biologist then a scientist and finally an architect.

Our parents? Mine are a supportive engineer and a carefree teacher.

All of these questions are answered but why do I still draw a blank when someone asks me who I am. Maybe it's the internal panic that derives from direct questions.

Identity is a lot to think about as a person writing this on an orange-clad bus bustling through 5 o'clock traffic.





BECOME WHO YOU ARE /// discovering pink

Tears filled my eyes as I begged my mom to scoop up the tired faces that stood beside our cars, yearning for them to know the comfort of a home or a steep cul-de-sac. Wrinkled fingers and strips of sunlight peeking through the poolside chairs and towels stacked on sizzling concrete. Scraped knees and the sharp sting of alcohol dripping down my shin before getting back in the red, squeaky-wheeled wagon. The itchy living room rug that rubbed my sunburnt thighs as innocent faces gazed up at the blockbuster movie and ate our sticky orange chicken: crisscrossed and joyful.

Always fighting to be tougher like my older brothers. Thinking it would come with purple faces from breath-holding contests under crisp cold water. The burn of chlorine up my nose, a small price. Slicing my own hair with yellow children's scissors as my brothers watched and stealing long basketball shorts and ratty t-shirts. I begged everyone to believe I could be just as good at throwing a football or just as tough as any boy on the block.

Always resenting the way I was underestimated, belittled, and put in a mold. Never being able to keep my mouth shut when I disagreed

and speaking too loud and words no one cared to hear from a blonde girl. Living behind my athletic, social exterior was a girl who was forever obsessed with the ability to capture the human faces that filled my mind and appeared on my ceiling as I tried to empty my thoughts at night. Cloaking myself in a navy blue, strong exterior.

Until finally the moment a strong blonde female sat in front of my desk on an art room counter dangling her legs: with dark inked markings down each bicep and soft curls framing a sharp, loving gaze. She revealed the gesso covered hands and quiet heart pressed in my soul, only revealing itself in teary eyes and quick mouth. A woman who embraced the words I was told to withhold and bestowed the skills and released a passion I always had within to stipple the tired faces on the sides of the road; the sunburnt, wrinkled skin that accompanied crisp, cool water; the crisscrossed legs and similar graceful entanglement of people and their surroundings. My navy mold burst into a soft pink passion, a human forever obsessed with my seemingly mundane surrounding and silhouettes of humans that paint my mind.





OIL PASTEL AND WATER COLOR, LAUREN WHITE
LAUREN WHITE /// WHITE_BECOMEWHOYOUARE.PDF /// BRENDAN WALLACE

BECOME WHO YOU ARE /// discovering pink

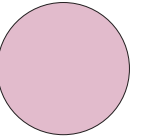
As I learn how to use a line to create some feeling. As I find that the same thing that called for me to capture what was innately human in my art, I now look back at my cul-de-sac days and my heart overflows to feel not that there is power in slicing my long hair or burying my love of pink. It is that same woman I mentioned but first my mother that embodies my sense of pink.

Pink. Womanly. Feminine. Words I thought I would never describe myself when I was a little girl trying to run with my brothers. I thought womanly meant small. I think actually in some way my mom's vibrant fearless pursuit of forming a life in which every home we ever moved felt like our lives were the only ones these walls would ever belong to, in which every movie on scratchy carpet imprinted the back of my thighs and kept my mind racing when my eyes shut, every hug and every word had always been telling me. Maybe, to be pink, to be female, to be loud and never silenced was not something I found in an art room in high school, at all. Maybe, it was just the first time I saw a way to make my voice be put on paper and for people to listen.

But my mom had always listened. She was there when my body

crumbled into a million pieces because my body itself could no longer stand. She broke from a marriage that quieted her voice and her pink. She raised men who no longer saw me as a little girl in their own baggy shorts that I had stolen but saw me for all I was capable of. She raised me to listen to voices that others do not slow down for. I believe this is why I yearn to hear voices speak of their madres y hermanos.

The time I thought I would lose her. I almost lost my will to want to create or capture. Her body did not crumble into a million pieces like mine had but a poison took over her chest and somehow she fought it again. I see her, now, cloaked in pink. Womanly. Feminine. Creator of moments of place. Giver of life to every roof I ever slept beneath.





BIO /// UNNERVING STABILITY

B. Arch. University of Virginia

M. Arch. Princeton University

The grandson of a celebrated fighter pilot and son of a CIA analyst, Ambroziak rebelled against the Icarian vantage point so cherished by his elders and ultimately turned to the urban tactics and strategies of contemporary theorists.

A suburban childhood provided the unnerving stability of a never changing frame where the only evidence of time passing existed in the early morning hum of lawnmowers.

Searching for meaning, for emotion, and guided by rare friendship, he turned to the realm of dream and found himself surrounded by glass towers, cenotaphs, and endless libraries... a proper fiction in which to raise a family.

His publications include "Michael Graves: Images of a Grand Tour" (2005) and "Infinite Perspectives: Two Thousand Years of Three Dimensional Mapmaking" (1999) with Princeton Architectural Press.

He and his wife Katherine Ambroziak have been finalists in design competitions that include the National World War II Memorial and a design for St. Mark's Coptic Canadian Village.

In 2008, Brian Ambroziak founded time[scape]lab with Andrew McLellan and Katherine Ambroziak. The theoretical designs of time[scape]lab offer a unique framework for considering architecture, both in terms of its representation and its physical existence. The office's methods of representation rely heavily upon systems of two-dimensional, three-dimensional, and four-dimensional montage embracing fragmentary strategies that allow for open-ended interpretation and bias the acts of writing and collage.





[L+R] CONFABULADORES NOCTURNI [2008]. TIME[SCAPE]LAB EXHIBIT. SAN CALI LUIS OBISBO
BRIAN "IKONEN" AMBROZIAK + ANDREW MCLELLAN ///AMBROZIAK_BIO.PDF /// PROFESSOR

ROBERT IRWIN

Associate Professor Brian Ambroziak_____ [26 January 2023]

ROBERT IRWIN
[1928 - age 94]

Founder of *Light and Space Movement*



WRAPPED COAST: SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA. *Jeanne-Claude and Christo*_____ [1968-69]



ROBERT IRWIN. *lines*

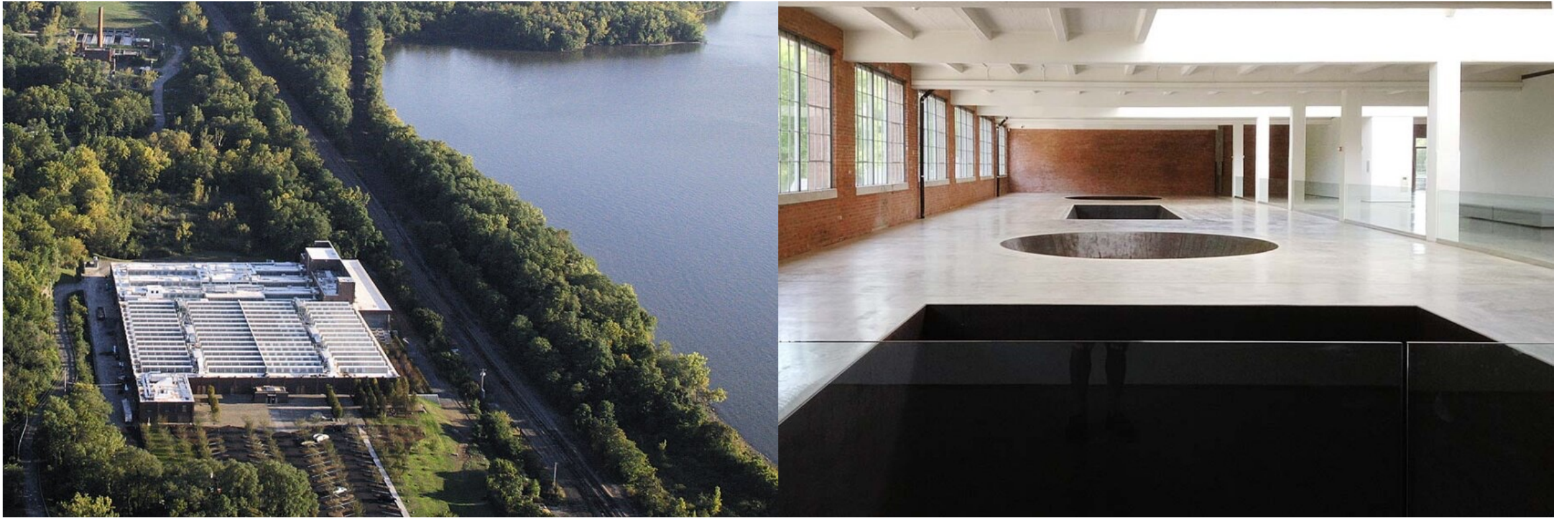


ROBERT IRWIN. *room at UCLA* _____ [1969]

***“THE SEARCH IS WHAT EVERYONE WOULD
UNDERTAKE IF HE WERE NOT STUCK IN
THE EVERYDAYNESS OF HIS OWN LIFE. TO
BE AWARE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF THE
SEARCH IS TO BE ONTO SOMETHING. NOT
TO BE ONTO SOMETHING IS TO BE IN
DESPAIR.”***



ROBERT IRWIN. *disks*



ROBERT IRWIN. *dia beacon architecture, landscape, installations*



ROBERT IRWIN. *dia beacon architecture, landscape, installations*



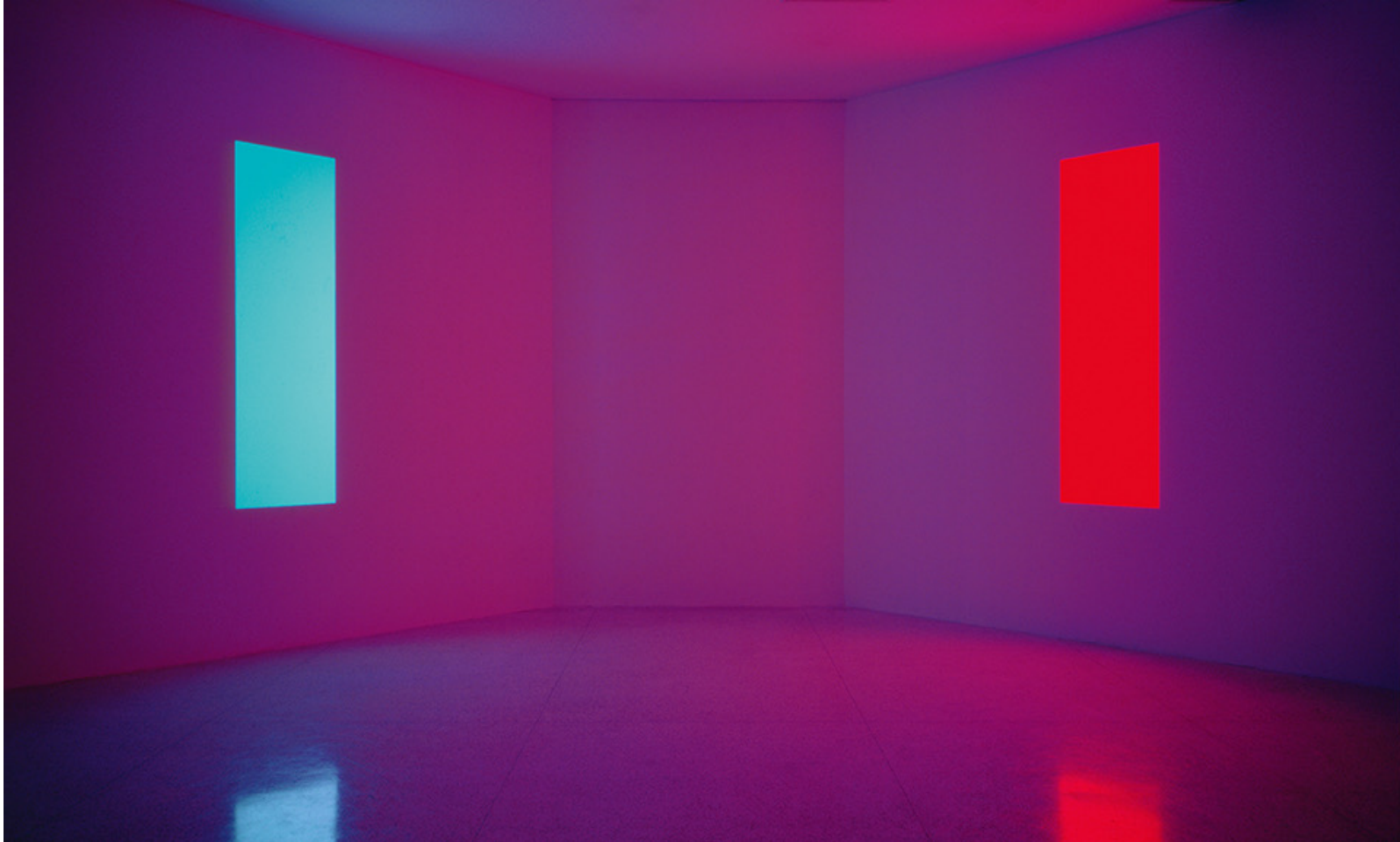
ROBERT IRWIN. *marfa architecture, landscape, installations*

“VISUALLY IT WAS VERY AMBIGUOUS WHICH WAS MORE REAL, THE OBJECT OR ITS SHADOW. THEY WERE BASICALLY EQUALY. I MEAN, THEY OCCUPIED SPACE VERY DIFFERENTLY, BUT THERE WAS NO SEPERATION IIN TERMS OF YOUR VISUAL ACUITY IN DETERMINING THAT ONE WAS MORE REAL THAN THE OTHER.”

ROBERT IRWIN. *quote*



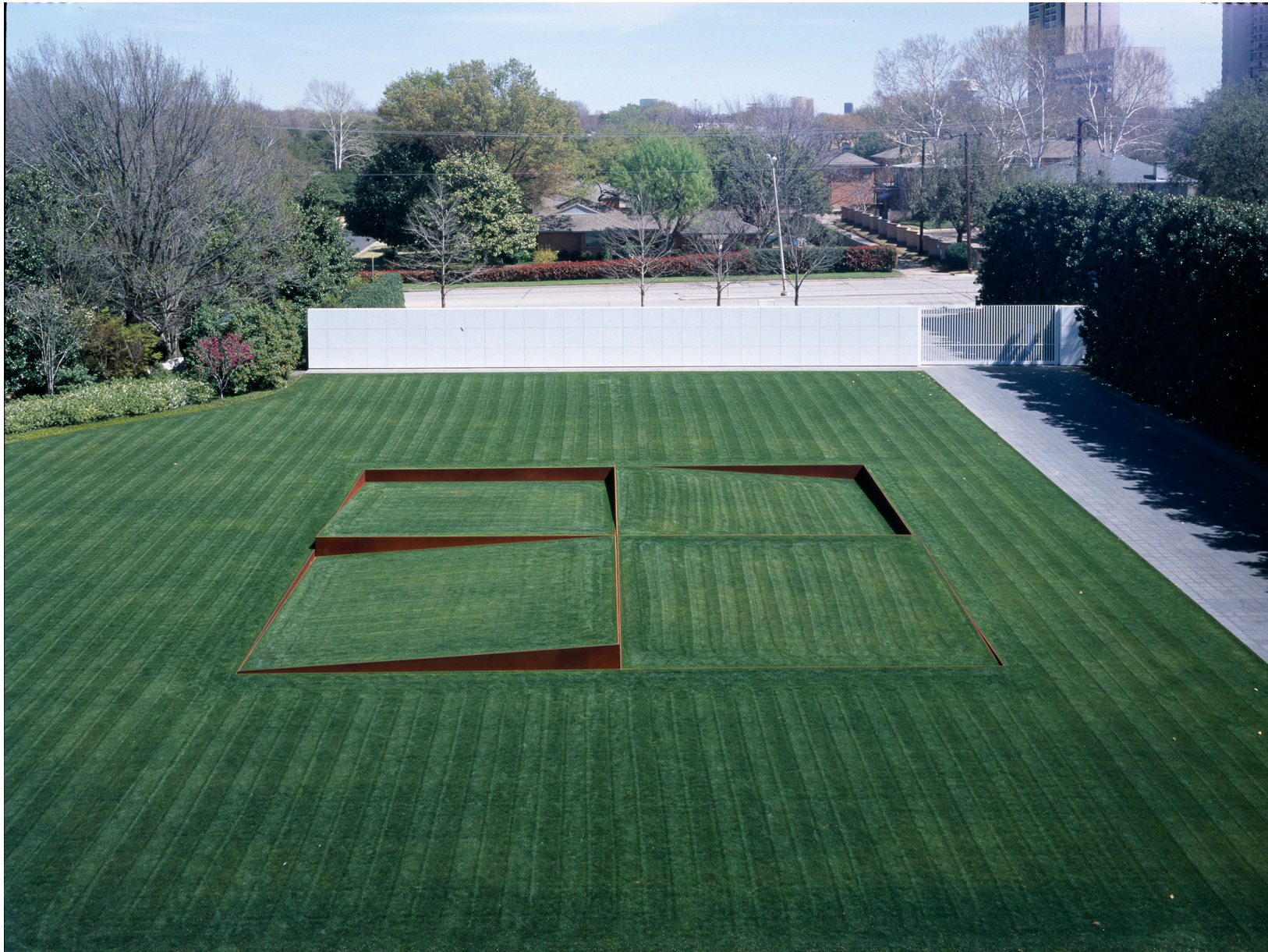
ROBERT IRWIN. *la jolla art museum*



ROBERT IRWIN. *color with James Turrell*



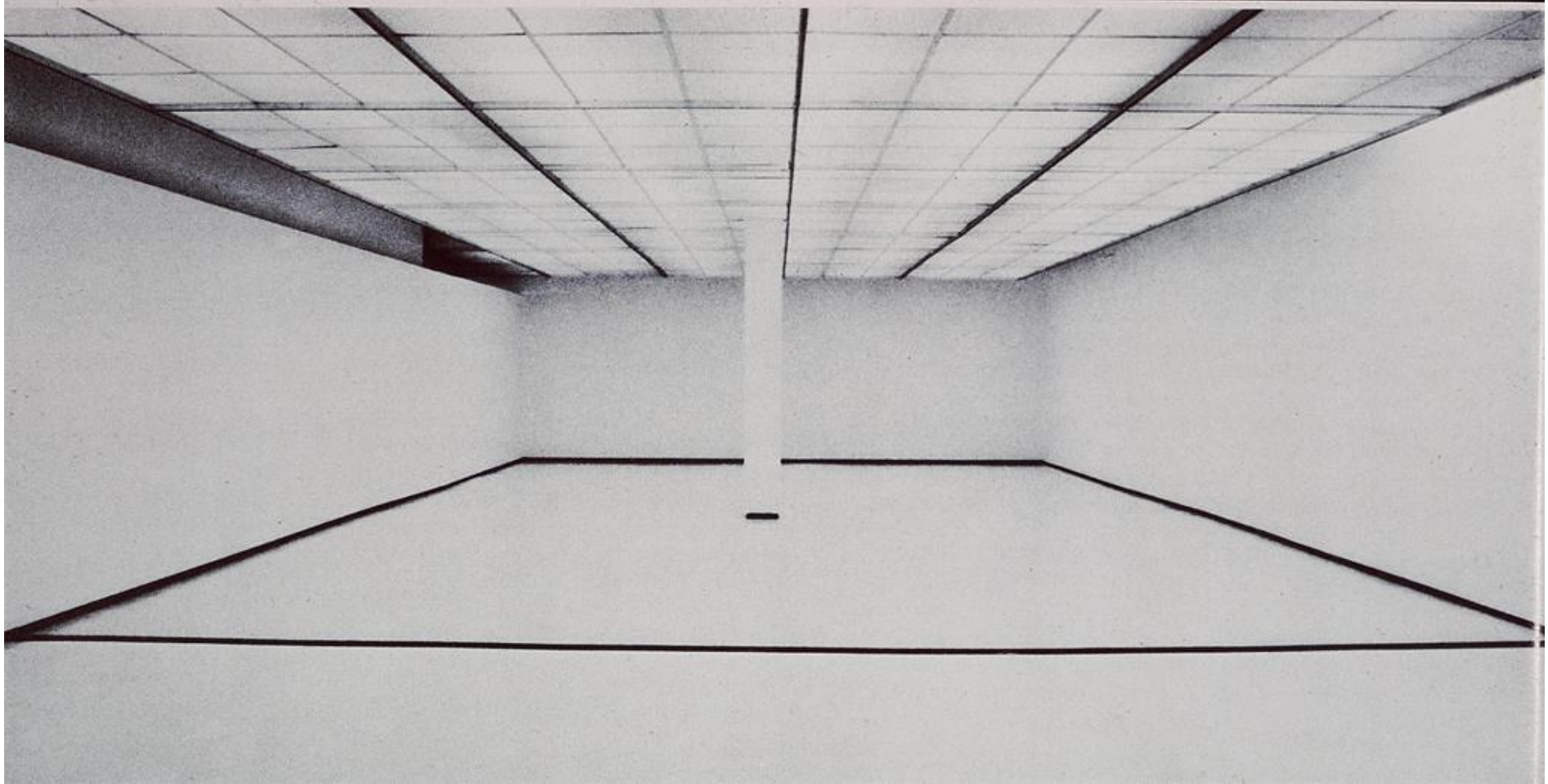
ROBERT IRWIN. *dia scrim*



ROBERT IRWIN. *planes. meier house design*

***"THE EXPERIENCE THE
"THING," EXPERIENCING IS
THE "OBJECT." ALL ART IS
EXPERIENCE, YET ALL
EXPERIENCE IS NOT ART."***

ROBERT IRWIN. *quote*



ROBERT IRWIN. *room at MOCA Chicago. black line volume*



ROBERT IRWIN. *scrim*s

GOOD LUCK!!!

INTRODUCTION_____ [19 August 2020]