

We live in a world where there is more and more information, and less and less meaning.

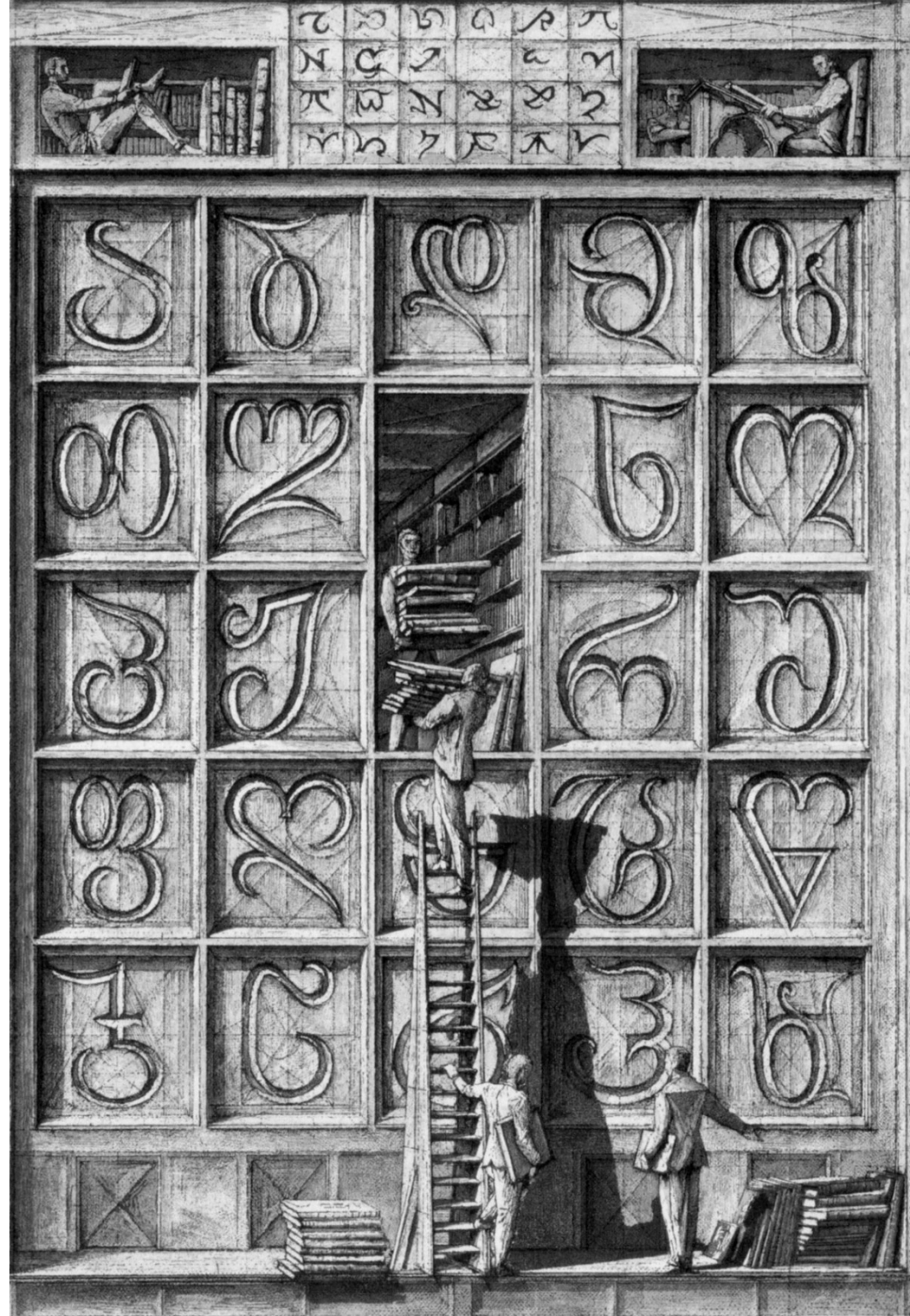
- Jean Baudrillard . *The Ecstasy of Communication*



TEN OBSTACLES TO OVERCOME* **01.** How to avoid the tyranny of real time, of immediacy, and ubiquity. **02.** How to insure that the precision afforded by technology does not obscure the imprecise realities of our environments, our culture, and our histories. **03.** How to reestablish a symbiotic relationship between the design process and the written word, one that reveals states of constant flux and adds to the domains of poetry. **04.** How to defy the instantaneous and disposable snapshot fueled by a contaminated world of information and embrace that perception is action. **05.** How to acknowledge the paucity of architecture in thoughtful relationship to time and reignite the discipline most responsible for its creation. **06.** How to subvert the Capitalistic systems that have given us fifteen-year loan cycles, depriving civilization of its ruins. **07.** How to wage reprisal against sensory deprivation, to counter the thousand and one false dawns delivered by the sun of our technologies. **08.** How to resurrect a kind of intellectual twilight where vision succumbs to the imagination and idle details are suppressed. **09.** How to practice what we call "l'oeil de l'enfant" so as to read the image for what it truly is and protect it from false pretense. **10.** How to illuminate the spectral nature of architecture and glimpse the soul of an edifice!

***OR LET'S MURDER FILIPPO TOMMASO MARINETTI**





BORGES. THE LIBRARY OF BABEL. 1941
illustrations by erik desmazieres. 1997

From these two incontrovertible premises he deduced that the Library is total and that its shelves register all the possible combinations of the twenty-odd orthographical symbols - a number which, though extremely vast, is not infinite.

- Jorge Luis Borges - "The Library of Babel"



*BORGES. THE LIBRARY OF BABEL. 1941
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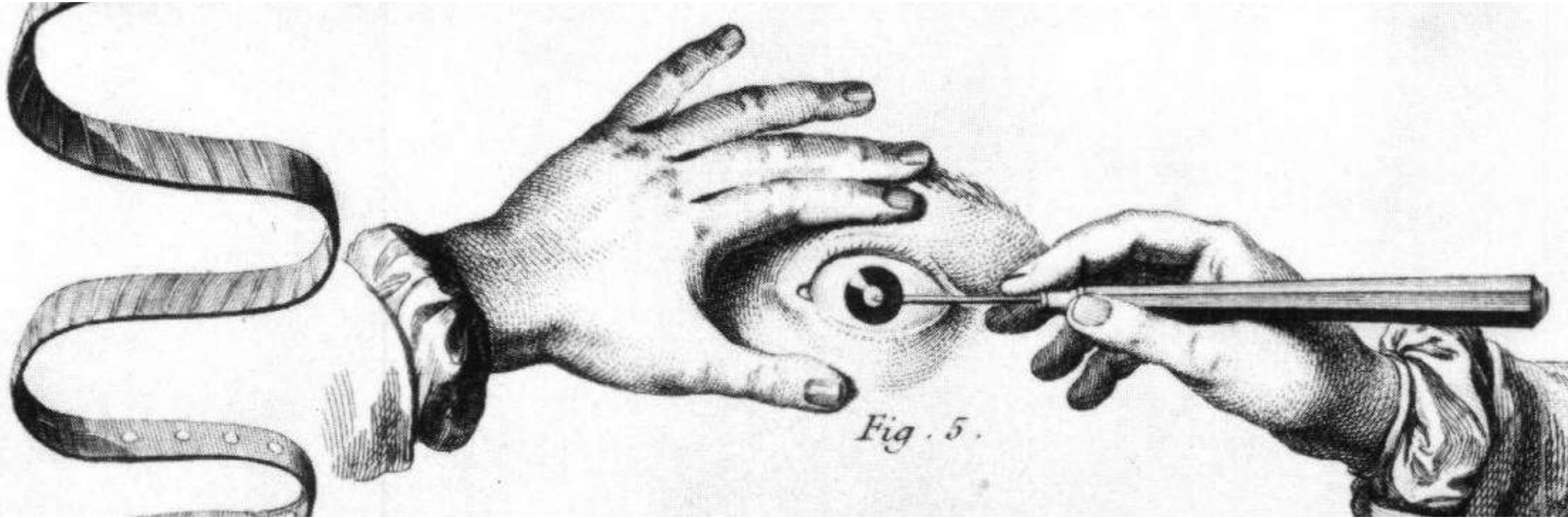
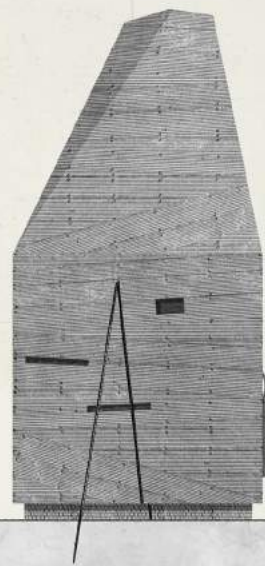
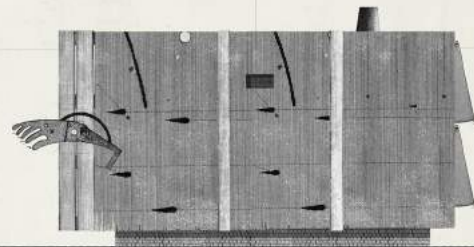


PLATE I. CABANON



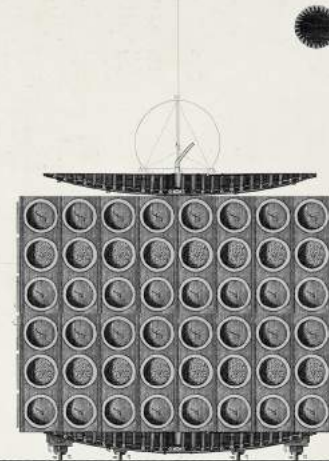
SAINT-EXUPÉRY. le secrétaire. L'ombre du bâton de marche d'un ami du désert se pose doucement sur un voile de coton. Bricolage arrivé, l'écrivain se retire de monde d'horas pour s'abriter sur la terre ferme de la campagne. Griffonnages et notes, du papier marqué par de l'encre à mille pieds de haut, dessinement des récits épiques... certains sont même usés bien pour l'enfant.

PLATE II. CABANON



THOREAU. le labyrinthe. Des secteurs florales flottent au travers d'écrans jusque dans les rêves du poète endormi. Le verre des ouvertures balayées capture la lumière filtrée par la voûte des branches d'arbres, ainsi que la silhouette de l'oiseau et les interruptions du clair de lune lors de nuits d'été navigantes. C'est à l'heure de la sieste que la haute primitive est le plus sacrée, lorsque "les hautes harmonies de la pensée entrent dans le silence et la tranquillité de l'obscurité". C'est le paysage du labeur.

PLATE IV. CABANON



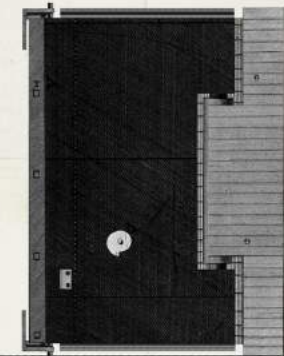
CALVINO. observatory. The next spherical chambers contained rolls of parchment, blankets, ivory tags, and many candles. I ascertained that a large spool of red string was used for hauling, judging from the spine of a few visible manuscripts. An east-facing portal permitted generous light into the space. A set of stairs led to the uppermost level of the mass. Ascending the stairs removed me from the carved spaces within the mass to the top of the mound. Never had a writer been permitted such a sacred view. Sitting at the desk, my head was directly in the center of the volume – the prison guard in a Panopticon. Here the writer could observe his memories in the form of the spheres. The word had shaped this shelter.

PLATE III. CABANON



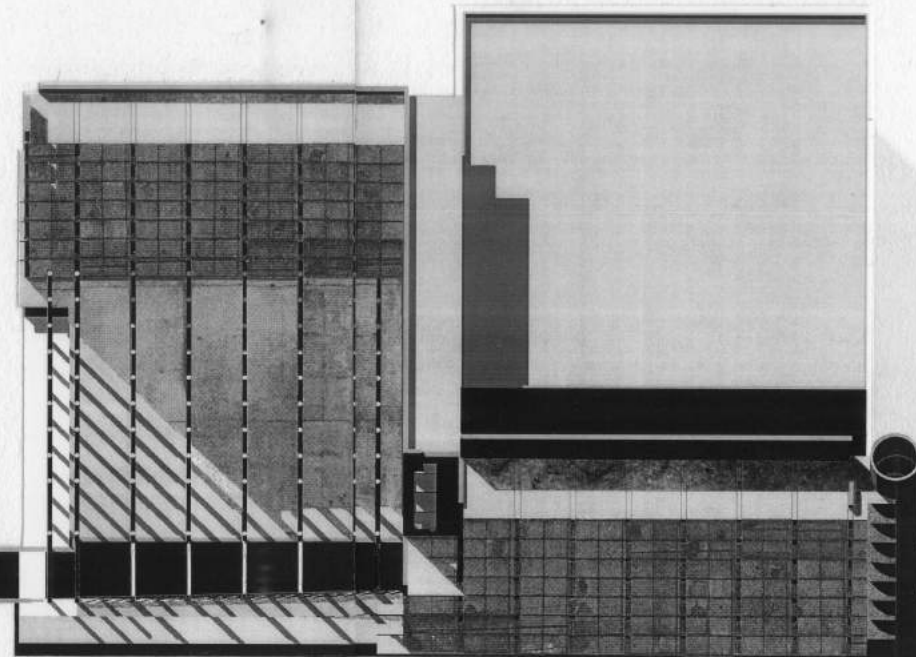
ONDAATJE. bridge. The colana was not adorned with hieroglyphics or bas-reliefs depicting serpents sharing the milky seas of mythology or lines of soldiers marching to battle in lands named and renamed. Here was a monument to light and dark – a blank tablet upon which is imagined. This was the tower of the unadorned – partly a pedestal for the observation of light and composition in shade.

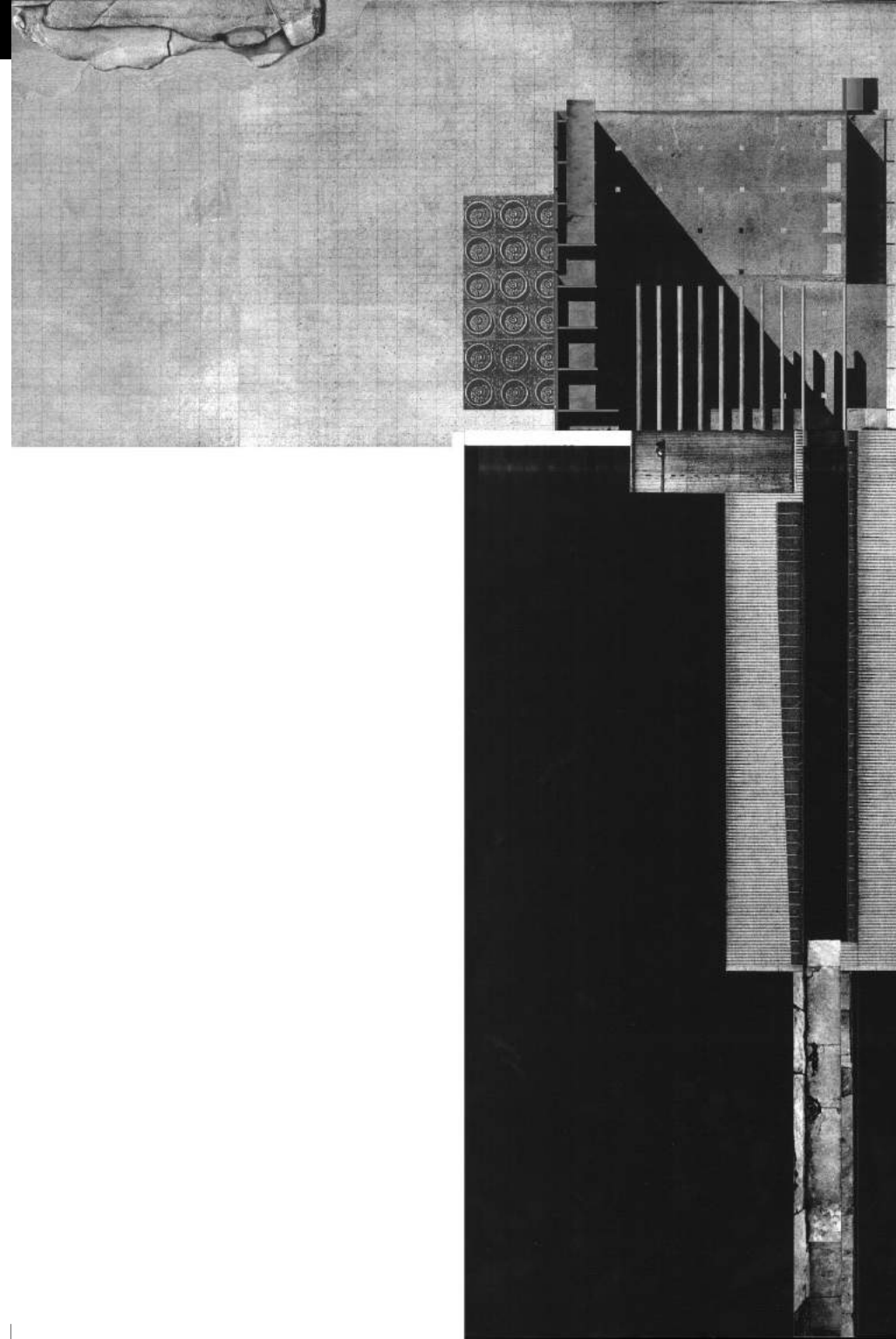
PLATE V. CABANON



PSAMTIK. silence II. In the dim light, the door appeared as a void or hole. Its blackness examined the cloak of shadow – a night shadow, which is the darkest of all shadows. Some shadows are soft as dust, others are led with the surface upon which they are cast, and some reveal as jagged fissures upon sun-bleached squares – quickly ferreted out as imperatives upon closer inspection, but none compose in the sense of being uncertain as to whether something is wrapped in darkness or simply does not exist – belonging to the void of sight.





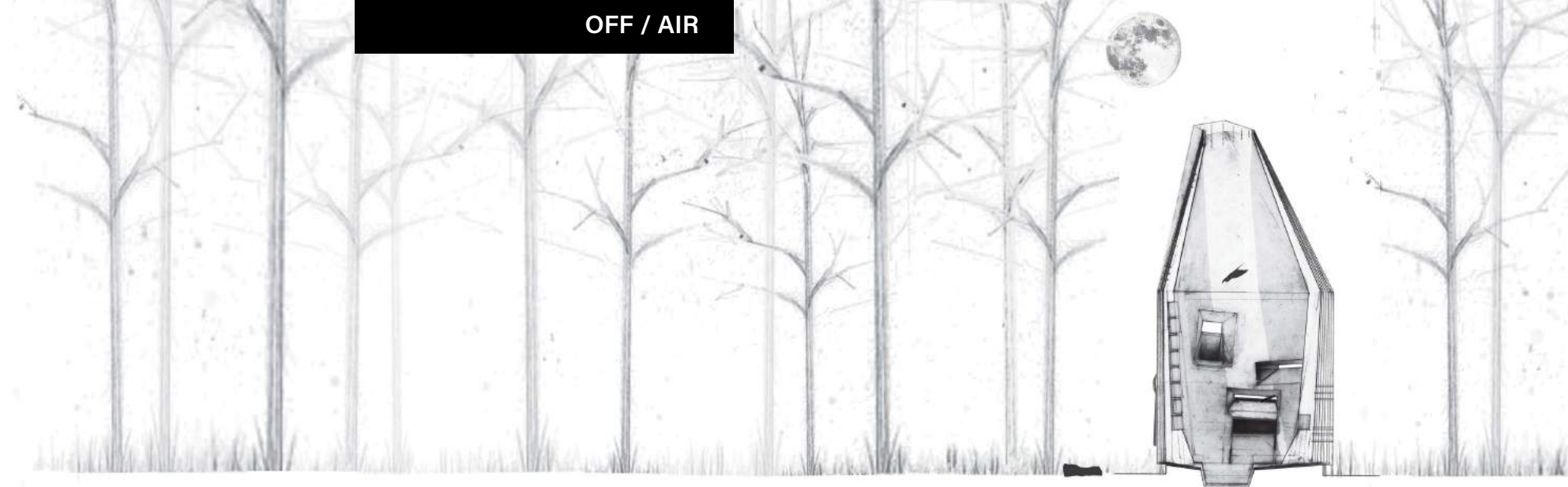


TSL. CONFABULATORES NOCTURNI. the columbarium

SAINT-EXUPÉRY ... there is an expression that if humans and lions were to speak the same language, we would not understand a word. That said, my fellow poet, my life of writing would be accessible and of much interest to you, but where I become the lion is when discoursing on my other occupation, the same in which my wax wings were melted and I was claimed by the sea. The myriad and ancient dreams of children were, for me, a reality. To scrape the sky... for you, a sense of scale is a slow and transcendent process. For me, the Icarian view was immediate and profound, encapsulating the smallness of our world...

THOREAU but how expansive the mind... in the fractal flower can be found the workings of the universe.

SAINT-EXUPÉRY Have your past dreams not found you envious of the soaring bird or even the jester-like raven that skirts our wall?



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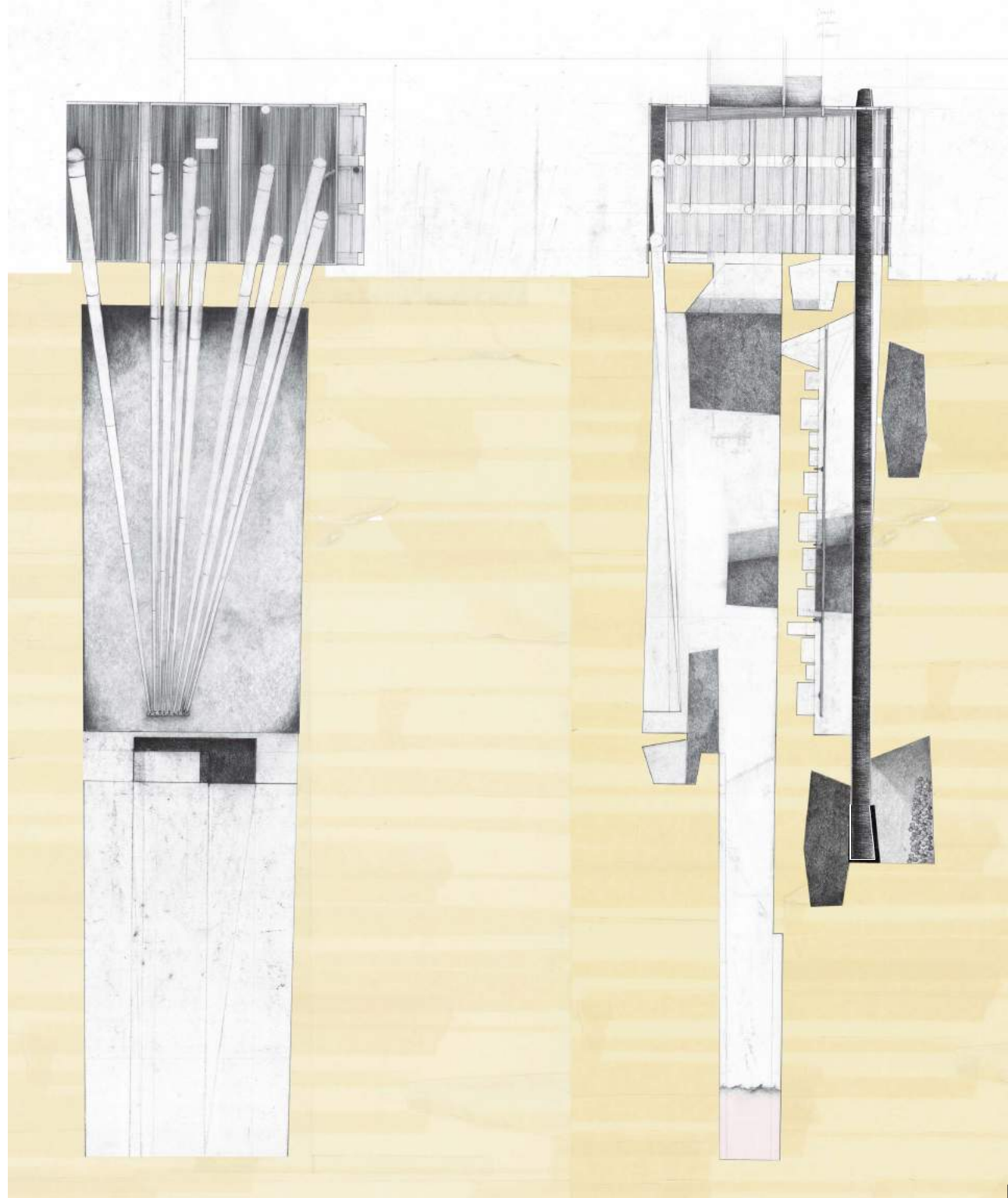
THOREAU but how expansive the mind... in the fractal flower can be found the workings of the universe.

SAINT-EXUPÉRY Have your past dreams not found you envious of the soaring bird or even the jester-like raven that skirts our wall?

THOREAU Envy hampers the spirit. I have flown with the highest raptors and scampered with the field mouse all from a state of repose. The tunneling worm fleeing the saturated soil for the surface and the arc of the jumping trout in pursuit of a fly are both like men in that they tire, whatever the reason, of their condition. In stillness I am most aware... Antaeus and I, close relatives... as here you find my cabin rooted in the soil.

SAINT-EXUPÉRY ... but to cast a shadow as a gull does along the tracery of foam... a shadow that is free from the care of gravity...





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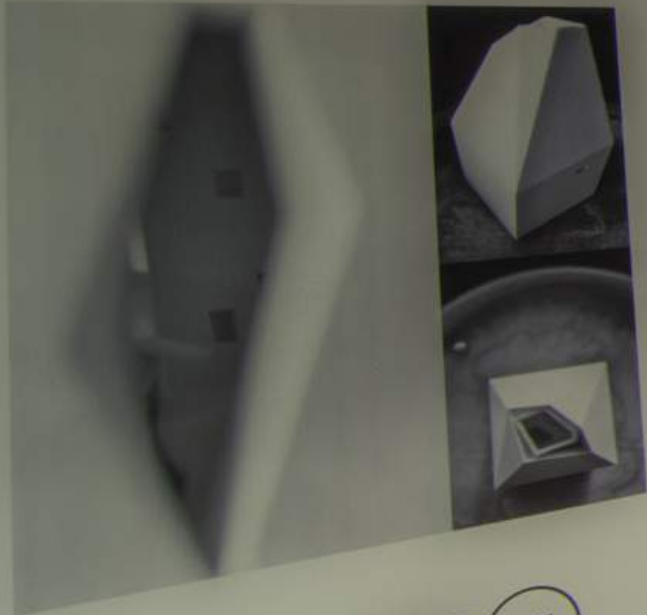
THOREAU Will the bird ever know the joy found in observing the gentle pace of the woods? Sometimes even the lens of a stagecoach window moves too quickly. It was always the smallness and silence of solitude in which I was permitted a glimpse of the soul of Nature and, in turn, my own.

OFF / AIR

TIMESCAPRELAB

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TSL. CONFABULADORES NOCTURNI. CAL POLY GALLERY



CN (STX)

[CVIII] Given my unrequited beckoning from the previous night, I was now certain of the nature of the wall: the riches held within that, in turn, once sheltered souls. The resolution arrived in silent embarrassment, thinking of my awkward and repeated calls. My actions were now more appropriately reverent and deliberate.

The first of the relics held by the great wall was found in copper. A turquoise patina gave the shard-shaped form the appearance of a faceted jewel having swept its color through its multilayered wrappings. This illusion was heightened by the consistent width of the sheeting, its application similar to a wound dressed in tender haste. I had seen the lapping of the material as a child when I would gaze at the barnacked copper keels of whaling ship underbodies in dry-dock. The rivets in the skin appeared as the punctum that long remain on either side of a scar from the suturing needle.

Three openings in the vessel look on the persons of a face veiled by a caprote; the severed points making an oculus for the observation of orbs known only to the occupant and maker. The tipped form of the sarcophagus seemed to me an eye tooth protruding skyward from the rigid jaw of the wall - the neighboring container like a worn molar. I now recalled the silhouette that masqueraded as a castlement behind which an archer might seek shelter. The sun breached the

CN (STX)

CN (STX)



OFF / AIR



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TSL CONFABULATORES NOCTURNI. CAL POLY GALLERY

Everything is known, including that which is still unknown. The Paranoid-Critical Method (PCM) is both the product and the remedy against that anxiety: it promises that, through conceptual recycling, the worn, consumed contents of the world can be recharged or enriched like uranium, and that ever-new generations of false facts and fabricated evidences can be generated simply through the act of interpretation.

- Rem Koolhaas. *Delirious New York: A Retroactive Manifesto for Manhattan*







CHARLES AND RAY EAMES. 901 WASHINGTON BOULEVARD, VENICE, CALIFORNIA

Handwritten manuscript page 448 with dense text and marginal notes.

Handwritten manuscript page 425 with dense text and marginal notes.

Handwritten manuscript page 459 featuring a diagram of a lens and dense text.

Handwritten manuscript page 473 with dense text and marginal notes.

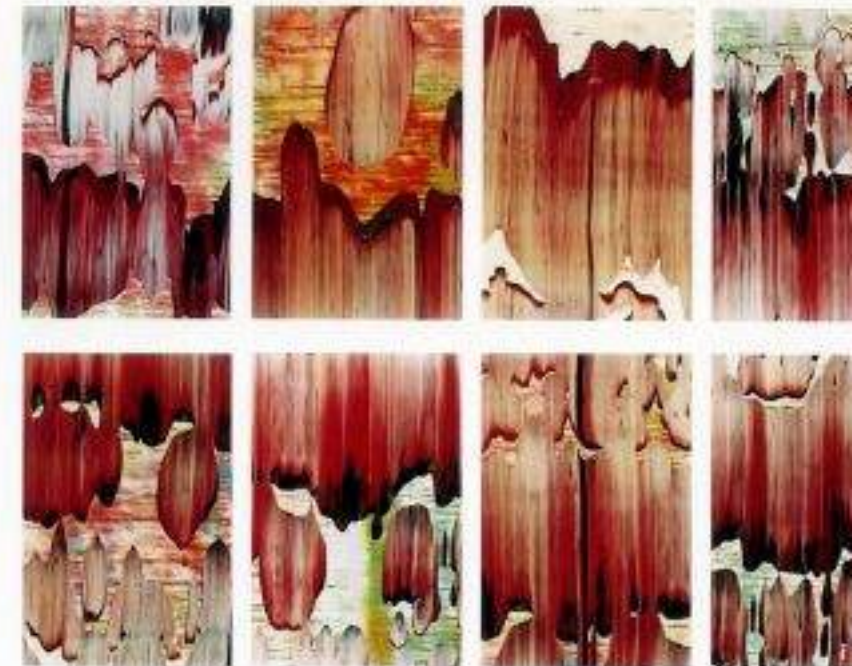
Handwritten manuscript page 416 with dense text, a circular stamp, and a red stamp.

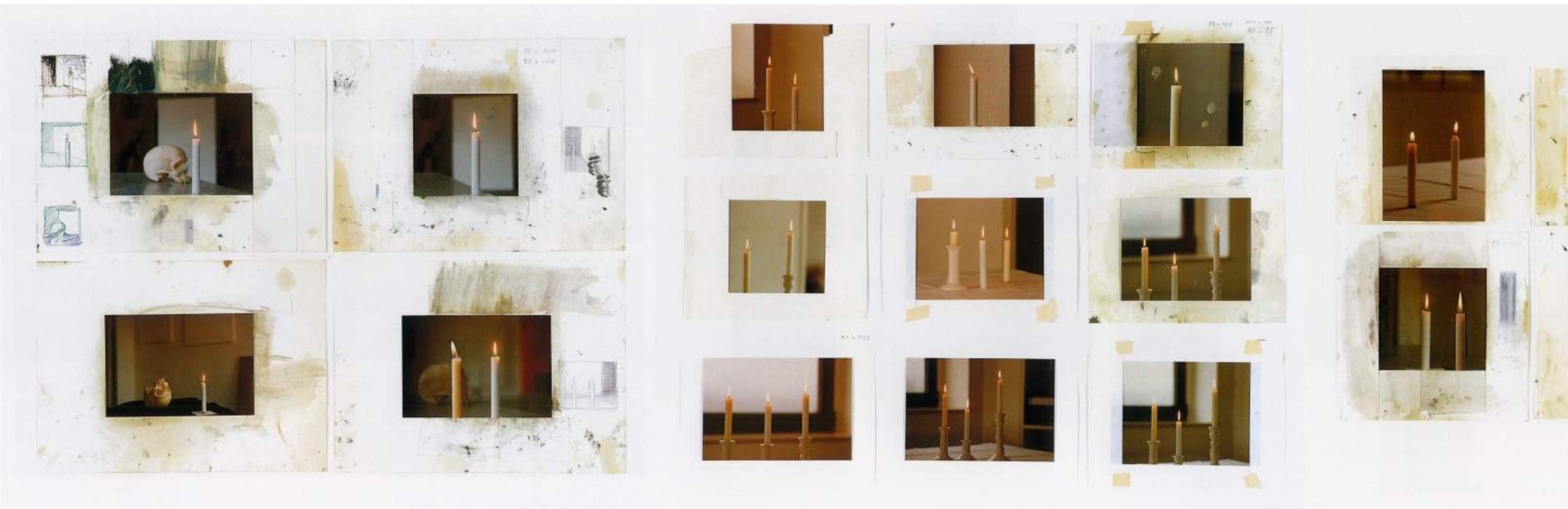
Handwritten manuscript page with dense text and marginal notes.



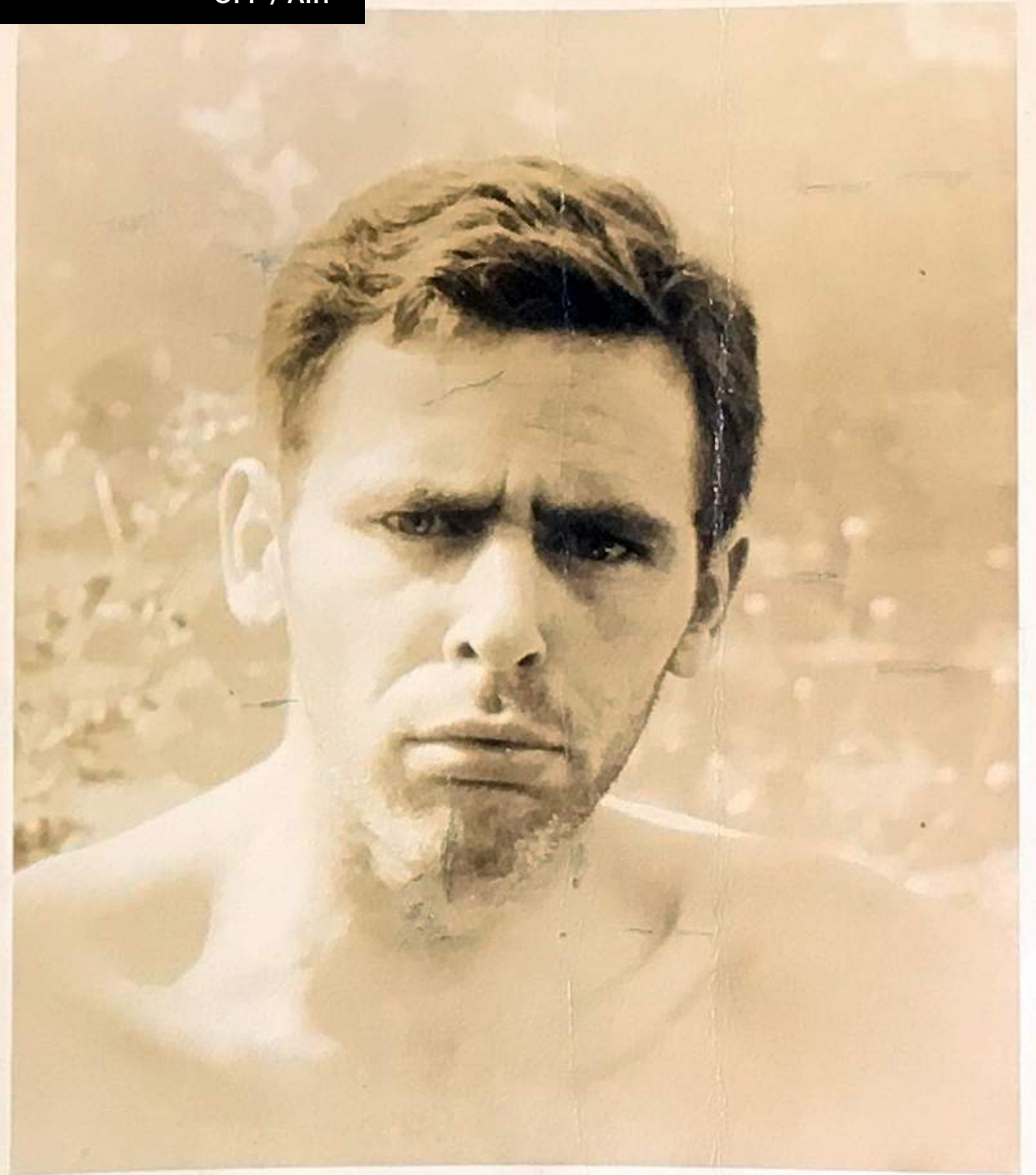


GERHARD RICHTER. ATLAS









JAMES RUFUS AGEE. UTK ARCHIVES. SHOWN WITH PERMISSION OF JAMES AGEE TRUST.

{ The house and all that was in it had now descended deep beneath the gradual spiral it had sunk through; it lay formal under the order of entire silence. In the square pine room at the back the bodies of the man of thirty and of his wife and of their children lay on shallow mattresses on their iron beds and on the rigid floor and they were sleeping, and the dog lay asleep in the hallway. } Most human beings, most animals and birds who live in the sheltering ring of human influence, and a great portion of all the branched tribes of living in earth and air and water upon a half of the world, were stunned with sleep. That region of the earth on which we were at this time transient was some hours fallen beneath the fascination of the stone, steady shadow of the planet and lay now listing towards the last depth; and now by a blockade of the sun were clearly disclosed those discharges of light which teach us what little we can learn of the stars and of the true nature of our surroundings. { There was no longer any sound of the settling or ticking of any part of the structure of the house; the bone pine hung on its nails like an abandoned Christ. } There was no longer any sound of the sinking and settling, like gently foundering, fatal boats, of the bodies and brains of this human family through the late stages of fatigue unharnessed or the early phases of sleep; nor was there any longer the sense of any of these sounds nor was there, even, the sound or the

sense of breathing. Bone and bone, blood and blood, life and life disjointed and abandoned they lay graven in so final depth, that dreams attend them seemed not plausible. Fish halted on the middle and serene of blind sea water sleeping lidless lensed; their breathing, their sleeping subsistence, the effortless nursing of ignorant plants; entirely silenced, sleepers, delicate planets, insects, cherished in amber, mured in night, autumn of action, sorrow's short winter, water hole where gather the weak wild beasts, night; night: sleep: sleep.

In their prodigious realm, their field, bashfully at first, less timorous, later, rashly, all calmly boldly now, like the tingling and standing up of plants, leaves, planted crops out of the earth into the yearly approach of the sun, the noises and natures of the dark had with the ceremonial gestures of music and of erosion lifted forth the thousand several forms of their entrancement and had so resonantly taken over the world that this domestic, this human silence obtained, prevailed, only locally, shallowly, and with the childlike and frugal dignity of a coal oil lamp stood out on a wide night meadow and of a star sustained, unraveling in one rivery sigh its irremediable vitality, on the alien size of space.

Where beneath the ghosts of millennial rain the clay land lay down in creek and the trees ran thick there disposed upon the sky the cloud and black shadow of nature, hostile encampment whose fires were drenched, drawn close, half sleeping, near, helots; and it was feasible that within a few hours now, at the signaling of the primary changes of the air, the wave which summer and darkness had already so heavily overcrested that it leaned above us, snaring its snake-tongued branches, birnam wood, casually would lounge in and suddenly

and for ever subdue us: at most, some obscure act of guerilla warfare, some prowler, detached from his regiment, picked off in a back country orchard, some straggling camp whore taken, had; for the sky:

The sky was withdrawn from us with all her strength. Against some scarcely conceivable imprisoning wall this woman held herself away from us and watched us: wide, high, light with her stars as milk above our heavy dark; and like the bristling and glass breakage on the mouth of stone spring water : broached on grand heaven their metal fires.

And now as by the slipping of a button, the snapping and failures on air of a spider's cable there broke loose from the room, shaken, a long sigh closed in silence. On some ledge overleaning that gulf which is more profound than the remembrance of imagination they had lain in sleep and at length the sand, that by degrees had crumpled and rifted, had broken from beneath them and they sank. There was now no further extreme, and they were sunken not singularly but companionate among the whole enchanted swarm of the living, into a region prior to the youngest quaverings of creation.

{ We lay on the front porch. The boards were unplanned thick oak, of uneven length, pinned down by twenty-penny nails. A light roof stuck out its tongue above us dark and squarely, sustained at its outward edge by the slippery trunks of four young trees from which the bark had been peeled. } There were four steps down, oak two-by-twelves; the fourth, when stepped on, touched the ground. These steps were at the middle of the porch. They led, across the porch, into a roofed doorless hallway, about six feet wide, which ran straight through the house and clove it in half. There was a floor to this



ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE ARTS AND SCIENCES

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Mr. James Agee
18716 Topanga Beach Road
Malibu, California

Also accepting for John Huston
Best Screenplay - THE AFRICAN QUEEN

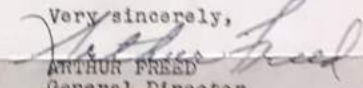
Dear Mr. Agee:

Congratulations on your Academy Award nomination. As you know, this year's presentation ceremony will be held at the RKO Pantages Theatre on the night of March 20th. We hope that you will be on hand for the ceremony.

There are certain items of procedure necessary for a smooth running of the show. They are listed:

1. You will be seated immediately adjacent to one of the two center aisles leading to the stage.
2. If your name is called as a winner, will you please get to the stage as quickly as possible?
3. Please do not stop to accept congratulations enroute to the stage.
4. The show is being broadcast coast-to-coast by the ABC network and around the world by the Armed Forces Radio on a very tight time schedule. For that reason, a limitation must be placed on speech-making. There is no hard-and-fast rule; but we would appreciate your cooperation in making all speeches as brief and graceful as possible.
5. Please exit the stage in the direction indicated by the presenter of the Award. DO NOT ATTEMPT TO RETURN TO THE AUDIENCE AT THIS TIME.
6. Immediately upon leaving the stage you will be escorted to the press and photography rooms downstairs backstage. Following press coverage, you will be shown back to your seat.

Again, our best wishes and thanks for your cooperation.

Very sincerely,

ARTHUR FREED
General Director
24th Awards Presentation

MARLON BRANDO

'CAPRICORN'
MOUNT KISCO, N. Y.

February 16, 1954

Mr. Jim Agee
17 King Street
New York City

Dear Jim Agee:

It's a long time since Wednesday, December 16, 1953. Let me begin by saying I saw "The Quiet One" on television the other night. It stood up completely as a third impression. You should feel very proud.

I am interested in your project. If and when a script is ready, I would appreciate your sending it to me via MCA, % Jay Kanter. Tell him I am expecting it, and please enclose a release.

I saw Carole Saroyan on the coast. She is very well, relatively independent, and has been working hard on a novel, which has come to be a long short story after having two-thirds of it cut out. She sends her regards.

Sincerely yours,



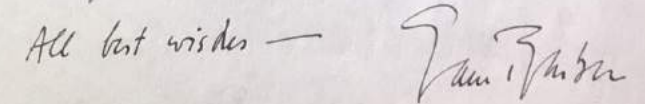
April 22 - 47

Dear Jim -

The phone-strike makes living out here a sort of an oasis, but I did want to tell you that Koussevitzky accepted on "Knoxville - Summer of 1915" at once and it seems all set that Eleasor Steben will do the solo part with him next season. She returns to New York from tour May 15th and will learn it: then I want her to sing it for you. So that you will forget my squeaks and wobbles. I cannot imagine a better team for presenting the work.

By way of formality, would you please drop me a line giving me permission to use your text for musical setting? Schimms has asked for this and will draw up a publication contract with your publishers later: but first your permission. Thanks.

It is useless to tell you how much pleasure your brief visit gave me: I hope it will soon be repeated!

All best wishes - 



Dear Bob:

I asked TSM if 3 proof copies of the 20-odd photos made of T. S. Eliot in Boston, sometime last week, could be sent to him, and he said sure, to ask you to see to it. He said there'd be no charge; if there is though, I'll be glad to pay it. In any case I hope I can buy a 4th sheet of the proofs for myself. Thanks a lot if you'll see to this. They should be sent to Eliot care of

Dr. I. A. Richards
41 Kirkland Street
Cambridge
Mass.

Much obliged --

Jim Agee



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it is thanksgiving and i am four years old and this is my birthday, and we all dangle in from the living room through the green room into the dining room to the table and gramma puts down the bell when she sees us. grampa says sherry. unc ' hugh gets another big book and puts it on the big book on the chair and daddy hise me up, there you are, here i am. happy birthday. many happy returns of the day. huh? california sherry. say i beg your pardon? i beg your pardon? california. many happy returns of the day. say thank you gramma. say the same to you and many of them. same to you and many of them. thank you. thank you gramma. seee tom? thank you seee, what rufus has got. seee, what, rufusigot. { what is it white, dry, light, shape of something right on the napkin by the plate. gramma put down her glass and dabs her mouth with a fold of napkin. do you know what that is rufus? what is it rufus. a course he doesnt. Of course he does. Sure he does, heez seen um, seen um out at chilholly park, havent you rufus. seen what. them those birds, on the pond. what birds. why the birds for god sake like the jay. like the big white birds with the long necks on the lake, dear. what is it. look like a sort of a sort of a sort-of-a bird or something. sort a bird. swan. swan. tadadadaah, ta tadadas, ta tadaaah (dadadadadidledydaddle) hnh? swan. swan. swan. swan? sure. swan. well i swan. } mine leeeeeebr sschhhwannnnn, here, eat your dinner, rufus. here, let it swim. give him swim. hm? swim. not good to eat. daddys hand reached across him dragging stuffing at the cuff, took his fingers from around the swan and set the swan up in the tumblerful a water. It Floats. it stands right up on the water. there, see? just like chilholly park. not very much. eat your dinner dear, dont dawdle. there he is, standing right up on top of the water, waving up and down.

he watched it steadily as he ate, ^{miss} swan, well i swan, happy birthday, many happy returns of the day, same tyoon many of them, the water tasted funny and the swan boggled at his nose, very big and fuzzy, for god sake: for god sake. rufus. look up. shake her head no,no,no,no. now you see, jay. yeap. four. hll be eleven, hneleven. wow, kitty, wrroww, kittywitty, myrrhrrowr, kittums,

cholera
phlegm
melancholy
sanguine
intelligence
knowledge
talent
moral courage
physical courage
death wish
elan vital
vitality
stamina
health
hypochondria
inertia
warmth
kindness
politeness
tact
frankness
tolerance
honesty
truthfulness
scrupulousness
curiosity
consciousness
conscience
independence
adaptability
contentedness
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Dear Mr. Chaplin:

In all courtesy I should write you by hand; but my handwriting is a discourtesy in itself; I'd rather spare your eyes.

There is a great deal I'd like to say, but I will write as briefly as I can.

{ The idea I'm sending could only be carried out by your Tramp and could, I believe, summarize all that he has ever been, and extend it as well, to cut very sharply at the roots of a great deal that I imagine you care about; what is deadly, tragically, ridiculously wrong with contemporary civilization; what is possibly curable; what, even if cure seems to be effected, ultimately appears to guarantee the doom of all present civilization, and of us all. } This to be examined in a short prologue; then at length in a story of what happens, after the "ultimate" Bomb wipes out virtually everything and everyone.

I understand you are already at work writing a new film; so I am all the more deeply grateful if you are willing to read this, and all the more diffident in intruding on you with it. I would hold off, feeling it was hopeless as well as ill-mannered to intrude on you, now you are at work, except that I feel that the film could be of great importance and possible usefulness, and that it would have to be made soon if it is to be made at all. I wish I could offer it to you in a sharper, more developed state; but even by continuous typing, of just what I had, I am late in getting it to Frank Taylor, through whose kindness my opportunity comes, of delivering it to you at all. I hope and believe there is enough here to make clear to you whether you are further interested in the idea. And in one sense I'm not so sorry there isn't any more, because I imagine that when you are interested in a basic idea, you prefer to develop it yourself. I'm only sorry I couldn't make it better, and less inconvenient, reading.



Monday.

My dearest Alma -

Even in the last minute or two before you left it seemed completely impossible to me. I was completely taken with the ill vision that this was a serious but short separation, and wanted to say so, but it would have done us no use, only a crumb of comfort minute or two. Now it is becoming real to me, and is more terrible than I can tell you - because again, it seems at the same time utterly unreal. I would give anything as long as you could in any way give me a sign to go on now, for otherwise I feel a sense of doom that I'm unsure of my ability to bear through. I can't and don't want to try to explain this. But I can't tell Mia that I am going to be staying with you, and seeing more of her, when I know you will not with any certainty that you will not under any condition soon - and I am overwhelmed in doubt to go on, with the impossibility of not going on. Here now alone in this time, except when I am overcome with sorrow and grief, I am very well indeed, because I like the quiet and freedom and teaching I do, and because I look forward so much to your return and to going on with you. Then the thought of Mia's return, and the knowledge that there is nothing I can do about it, and I am engulfed. I should be happy to write you of any of this, but I have terrible need to communicate with you. However you may feel about me, and how even had our life had become, we are, to me, so completely my wife, and I am so in love with you.

Alma, I am making no secret at all. I will tell Phoning you tomorrow evening. I would give my whole life that it should never have come to this. I will prove you my feeling. All love to you, now and always.
Jim.

The weather is so bad I think a train will be quicker than a mail.

My best regards to everyone. Tell is fine, and he is wonderful.

Tom Polak's address is
Weaverville Road
Weaverville, N.C.
(near Asheville)

I will be getting your things into storage.

Thursday afternoon.

Darling Mia -

I will be phoning tonight to clarify a plan we've vaguely mentioned if I have you night. That if I go to Hollywood, or I tentatively plan now, you come over here and there a day or so, and we'll start from here. (If we could get the car fixed enough to get it would be wonderful to drive out, but I believe that's out of the question.) If so, I will be glad to plan to get down by roughly the middle of next week - and might (or would it?) make sense to fly in for Asheville, rather than come here by train, to save time. Also, if the train works out really well, I hope we can make an effort to have a picnic with a couple of other people we all made friends with at the Asheville Hospital - even if you've visited Charlie Elliott (who probably saved Fr. Wright's life, he might be had the been otherwise up here) and, I think, a girl named Mary Smith (who did so much, psychologically, and not just for her. Since she's out, and from my memory is an even more reliable, because of religious and convictions, equivalent to the others in the hospital). They are both 25, somewhat but seen friends & in love, and both are coming over here to help with the general anti-humane of medical practice & attitude which is forced down. Doctor: Monte (as I had by quite a bit) with their training & interest in me. Also (and I hope please that is), they are interested in me, so for that matter is a lot of really very nice law in around that hospital.

- voluntary "ideology" -

This cannot top down here - I've learned me pretty far on my face. The first one disturbed and expressed - and Alma, I feel very much judge the fact of the work and would also judge the fact. For many reasons to try to go with will the mail coming up soon, but all is the same general direction: that there is no place (and I don't know if it is) in the world where relationships are unbroken, human, honest & conducted on personal living or dislike. Also my fear of that the attitude of the world, if they don't completely fall to sleep or decay (which is a constant danger), more slowly, less nervously & foggily, in which health is relation & equality with all the other aspects of one's nature. Besides that - but I suppose chiefly out of childhood associations - I like Wendell look and feeling of the unity and beauty of the towns & cities.

For this is very up & down. Very good conversation & discussion but of the need for life gives his appetite half a dozen - now completely, suddenly in a moment of that which might be said.

how but don't - ~~the~~ a good deal of well doing, which kills in spite. There's no satisfaction, and puts his mind into trouble confusion and uncertainty of mood. My overall feeling is, that he's slowly coming a little more through the pain, so that before any long he will be well enough that the same difficulties he runs into, will be brought to it. But it is impossible to know anything, and necessary to put it, then, on the part of our hope.

Myself (and I believe is correct) I stay near Fr. Peters. It's good to see him and his wife and sometimes it means a great deal to me, but in general I can't fit my mind or interest to anything (a long, and am a member, and was down here during the reading in Asheville at the country, or anything else except and half as I can be around here, and occasional talks with my mother, and one June 5 - was seen at the bridge's picnic. Thanks to musical celebration (I believe celebration was held, too). I don't think I have understood it & enjoyed it (I don't know what I did). I played that, though. Next day all was just for the sake of it, so I stopped. I think I do try to get on with it - when I do, when I can't do it, but I don't know what to do. It's really the opposite of as criticism (no objection to present). I don't think we were there now. I've been thinking of you and was for days that a good and good and beautiful woman you are, Mia, and wife, and what I could tell you over a / matter of how much I love and respect you. You're that there is no other, so I can't see imagine. God bless you my darling. I must quit. I'll be calling you tonight. All love to you & Teresa.
J.

Alma - perhaps you'll love to go on.



CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable symbol above or preceding the address.

WESTERN UNION

A. N. WILLIAMS
PRESIDENT

1201

51

SYMBOLS

DL = Day Letter

NL = Night Letter

LC = Deferred Cable

NLT = Cable Night Letter

Ship Radiogram

The filing time shown in the date line on telegrams and day letters is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destination

PZA425 SA543

1944 OCT 20 PM 7 40

WUUN228S 11=WUUN LOSANGELES CALIF 20 623P

MRS JAMES AGEE CARE MIA FRITSCH=
HOTEL SENATOR (SACRAMENTO CALIF)=

VERY SORRY MUST LEAVE IMMEDIATELY WRITING SOON ALL LOVE TO
YOU=

JIM.

AGEE MIA FRITSCH

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

MRS JAMES AGEE
% MIA FRITSCH
HOTEL SENATOR
SACRAMENTO, CALIF.

VERY SORRY SWEETHEART LEAVING
TONIGHT SIX THIRTY WRITING

MUCH LOVE

JIM

+

FELLOWSHIP APPLICATION FORM

APPLICANT'S COPY

JOHN SIMON GUGGENHEIM MEMORIAL FOUNDATION
551 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK · N · Y ·

1933

APPLICATIONS and accompanying documents should be sent by registered mail and must reach the Secretary of the Foundation not later than November 1, 1932. They are desired, for the convenience of the Committee of Selection, as early as possible.

In what field of learning, or of art, does your project lie? Creative writing (poetry)
 Concise statement of project: A long satirical-moral poem, somewhat in the manner of Don Juan, which shall attempt a diversified and comprehensive reflection and appraisal of contemporary American civilization and which ultimately, it is hoped, will hold water as an "Anatomy of Evil". Three volumes are planned; the immediate project is to do the first and shortest.

PERSONAL HISTORY:

Name in full James Rufus Agee

Present address 333 East 11th Street, New York City.

Telephone Murray Hill 2-5710 (Fortune).

A permanent address 41 Masonic Street, Rockland, Maine.

Present occupation Writer for FORTUNE.

Place of birth Knoxville, Tennessee. Date of birth 27 November, 1909.

If not a native-born American citizen, date and place of naturalization _____

Single, Married, Widowed, Divorced Single.

Name and address of wife or husband _____

Name and address of nearest kin, if unmarried Mrs. Erskine Wright, 41 Masonic St. Rockland Me.

Ages of children _____

Have you any constitutional disorder or physical disability? None

With this application please submit a small recent photograph.

EDUCATION:

1. Give a summary of your education in the following form:

	Name of Institution	Period of Study (give dates)	Degrees, Diplomas, Certificates (give dates)
Academic:			
College	Harvard		
University	Harvard	1928-1932	A.B., June, 1932.
Technical			
Professional			
Musical			
Artistic			
Special Study			

2. Give a list of the scholarships or fellowships you have previously held or now hold, stating in each case the places and periods of tenure, the studies pursued during your incumbency, and amounts of the stipends: _____

3. State what foreign languages you have studied, and whether you are able to consult works on your subject in these languages. Estimate your proficiency in reading, writing and speaking each of them: Of modern languages I have studied only French. I read it well, write it badly and speak it poorly but well enough for practical purposes. I have the "Temple Classics" acquaintance with Italian. In other words, I can consult Dante and Montaigne and Rabelais and Villon. I read Latin adequately.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS:

1. Positions held (professional, teaching, scientific, administrative, business):

Name of Institution or Organization	Title of Position	Years of Tenure (give dates)	Compensation
FORTUNE	(sub) Staff Writer	July '32 ---	\$25 per week

2. Of what learned, scientific or artistic societies are you a member? ~~NA~~

3. Submit a full account of the advanced work, research, or creative work you have already done in this country or abroad, giving dates, subjects, and names of your principal teachers in these subjects. What are your present attainments in your proposed field of study?

4. Submit a list of your publications with exact titles, names of publishers, and dates and places of publication. (Please do not submit copies of publications or manuscripts.)

PLANS FOR STUDY:

Submit a statement giving detailed plans for the study you would pursue during your tenure of a Fellowship. This statement should include, *inter alia*: (1) a description of the project, including its character and scope, and the significance of its presumable contribution to knowledge, or to art; (2) the present state of the project, time of commencement, progress to date, and expectation as to completion; (3) the proposed foreign university, or institution of similar grade, or the place where the study would be carried on, and the foreign authorities, if any, with whom the work would be done; (4) your expectation as to publication of the results of your study; and (5) your ultimate purpose as a student. *This statement should be complete and carefully prepared.* (Please submit one more copy of PLANS FOR STUDY than the number of your references.)

If awarded a Fellowship—

When would you wish to commence the study proposed? Probably May or June, 1933.

What is your estimate of its probable duration? As long as money lasts, 2 years, I hope.



James Agee

Relevant to 'Plans for Work', I quote from another part of the application:

'The bulk of the work which most seriously interests me and which is most relevant to this application is experimental, unfinished and not satisfactorily describable. It includes: Satiric and semi-'documentary' uses of the sermon, the monologue, the broadcast, the letter, direct address. Direct and elliptic uses of spoken language. Lyric and religious satire. Experiments in geographic and scientific writing. {Experiments toward a more nearly accurate recording of dreams. Experiments in modified uses of the short story and of the long story and the novel. Studies in the redistribution of the imagination and of the inventive faculty toward new forms of 'poetic' 'documentary' writing, roughly parallel to the use of selection and imagination by still and moving photographers. Studies toward more nearly accurate recording of forms of consciousness in terms of words, photographic images, and sound. Studies toward new verbal analogies to music; to memory and emotion; to pure sensation.} Studies in communication by language, image and sound; of obstruction and their causes; of ambiguity in art, and in phases of experience. Studies and manipulations of the single word; of the degrees of necessity and unnecessity of context; of rhythm and tension in the single word, in language, in sound and in space. Studies of the significance and stature of the 'actual' as opposed to the 'invented' ('creative'). Studies of the 'creative' distortion of 'reality'. Studies of the inevitability, and complex and accurate significance, of detail detached from context, and of detail in context and in shifted context, in nature, and in the human sphere (architecture, signletters, costume, cosmetics, degrees of obedience to tradition, social and psychological dialects, postures, gestures, etc etc). Studies in pure sound and in the

James Agee

relationships between sounds heard and objects seen or not seen. Studies toward a new form of dancing. Studies in esthetics. In psychology. In sexual behavior. In ethics. In education. In corruptions of idea and of emotion. In self-betrayal. In self-deceit. In the self-destruction of self-protection. In fear. Mysticism; anarchy; comedy; entertainment; mothers; marriage; childhood; genius; religion. Suspected electrical or chemical shifts in the body under stress of emotion and under tension of idea. Provincialism in human self-conception. Specialized forms of consciousness. This list is partial.

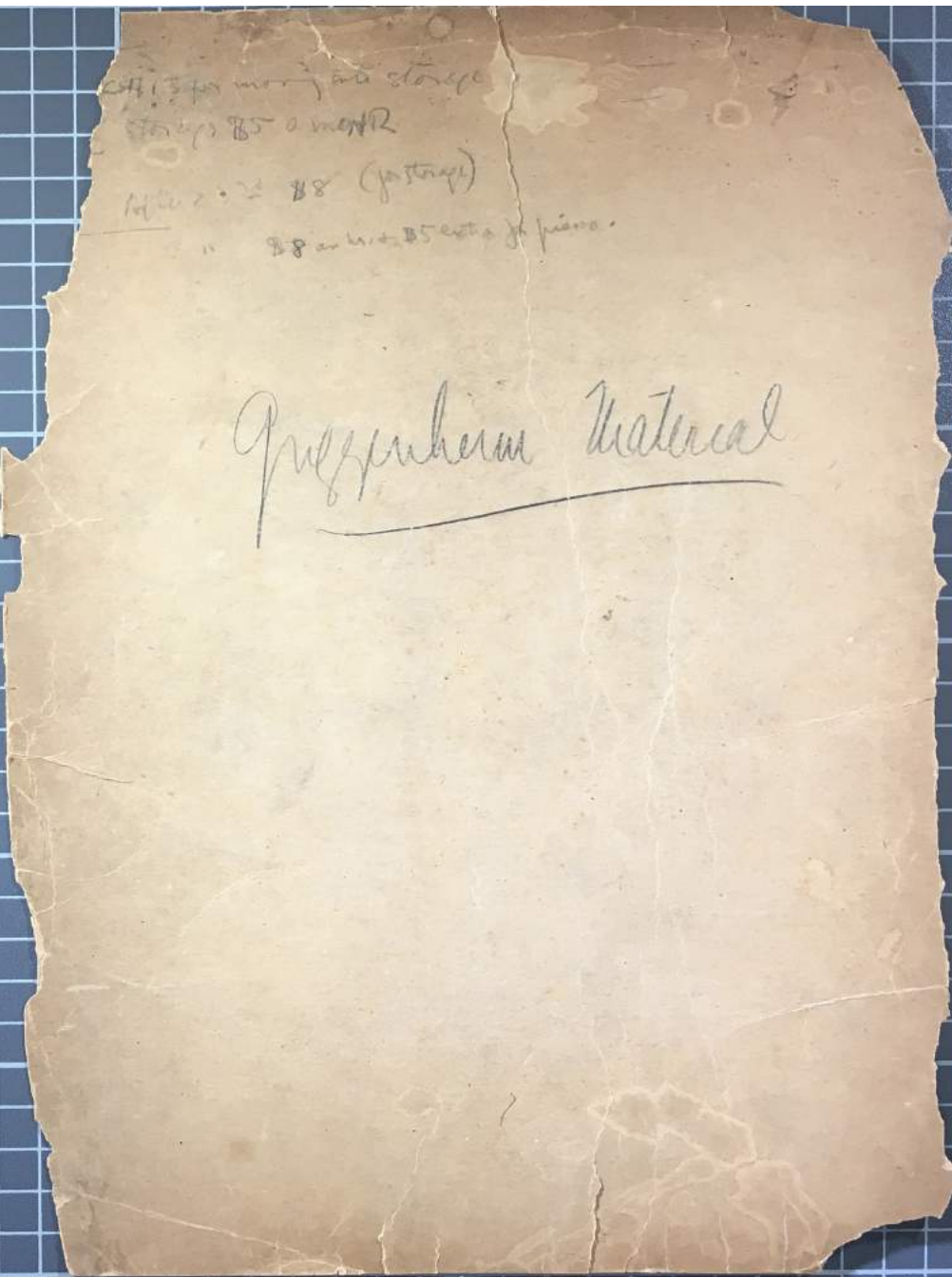
The source of such so-called studies is chiefly not the findings of others but direct experience and observation. They are carried forward in analysis and discussion with certain friends, and alone, and in notebooks; and usually indirectly, that is in so-called 'creative', rather than directly in more 'scientific' forms of writing. They are in various stages of progress. A number are fairly far towards tentative crystallization; others are scarcely more than begun; none is completed; few, by the nature of their source, can be undertaken very systematically.

Accomplishments:

3.

{Several years' work in journalism; an estimated quarter million published words. About fifteen years' work, much of it juvenile or misdirected, as a student of writing, moving pictures, music and related fields and as a writer in most of the 'creative' forms of prose and verse. The bulk of the work which most seriously interests me and which is most relevant to this application is experimental, unfinished and not satisfactorily describable.} It includes: Satiric and semi-'documentary' uses of the sermon, the monologue, the broadcast, the letter, and direct address. Direct and elliptic uses of spoken language. Lyric and religious satire. Experiments with geographic~~y~~ and scientific writing. Experiments toward a more accurate recording of dreams. Experiments in modified uses of the short story. Studies in the redistribution of the imagination and of the inventive faculty toward new forms of 'poetic' 'documentary' writing, roughly parallel to the use of selection and imagination by still and moving photographers. Studies toward more accurate recording of forms of consciousness in terms of words, photographic images, and sound. Studies toward new verbal analogies to music, to memory and emotion, to pure sensation. Studies in communication by language, image and sound; of obstructions and their causes; of ambiguity in art and in objects and in phases of experience. Studies and manipulations of the single word; of the degrees of necessity and unnecessity of context; of rhythm and tension ^{in the single word,} in language, ⁱⁿ sound and ⁱⁿ space. Studies of the significance and stature of the 'actual' as opposed to the 'invented' ('creative'). Studies of the 'creative' distortion of 'reality'. Studies of the inevitability, and complex and accurate significance, of ~~more~~ ^{detail from context,} detail, and of detail in context and in shifted context, in nature, and in the human sphere (architecture, signletters, costume, cosmetics, degrees of obedience to tradition, social and psychological dialects, postures, gestures, etc etc).

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FELLOWSHIP APPLICATION FORM

JOHN SIMON GUGGENHEIM MEMORIAL FOUNDATION

551 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK · N · Y ·

1938

APPLICATIONS and accompanying documents must reach the Secretary of the Foundation not later than October 15, 1937. They are desired, for the convenience of the Committee of Selection, as early as possible.

In what field of learning, or of art, does your project lie? CREATIVE WRITING

Concise statement of project (a) TR. FROM WORKING OR (b) A RECORD
OF EIGHT WEEKS SPENT IN ALABAMA DURING THE SUMMER OF
1936, GETTING MATERIAL FOR A STUDY OF COTTON TENANCY.

PERSONAL HISTORY:

Name in full.....

Present address.....

..... Telephone.....

A permanent address.....

Present occupation WRITER. OCCASIONAL ARTICLES FOR FORTUNE.

Place of birth..... Date of birth.....

If not a native-born American citizen, date and place of naturalization.....

Single, Married, Widowed, Divorced.....

Name and address of wife or husband.....

Name and address of nearest kin, if unmarried.....

Ages of children, if any.....

Have you any constitutional disorder or physical disability? NONE.

With this application please submit a small recent photograph.

REFERENCES:

Submit a list of references from whom further confidential information may be obtained concerning your qualifications and from whom expert opinion may be obtained as to the value and practicability of your proposed studies.

Name of Reference	Position	Address
ARCHIBALD MACLEISH	POET, CRITIC, JOURNALIST.	FORTUNE, 52 ND (W) CHRYSLER BLDG, N.Y.C.
WALKER EVANS	PHOTOGRAPHER.	441 E. 92 ST. N.Y.C.
EDWARD C. ASWELL		

If you have applied or expect to apply elsewhere for any fellowship or scholarship for the same period state the facts regarding such applications:.....

If you apply elsewhere for any fellowship or scholarship after presenting this application, please notify the Secretary of this Foundation immediately.

SIGNATURE.....

PLACE AND DATE OF MAILING.....

If you do not get a receipt for your application within a reasonable time, please notify the Secretary.

SUGGESTIONS CONCERNING APPLICATIONS

1. If convenient, please type application and additional material.
2. Use paper the size of this sheet, 8½" x 11", if possible, for writing all documents submitted.
3. Every page or document submitted must bear the applicant's name plainly written.
4. Whenever the space provided in this form is not suitable for an applicant to present fully the facts of his or her case, it is requested that they be stated in a separate document.
5. Only one copy of the application form should be submitted to the Foundation by the applicant; the other may be retained by him for his own files.
6. It is suggested that applications and accompanying documents be sent by registered mail, addressed to the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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James Agee

PLANS FOR WORK.

I am interested not in one but in several projects. They are too various to be taken care of under any one head. Ideally, a writer or artist works at what interests him when it most interests him to do so, and more often than not he can state little of that at all honestly in advance. I would much prefer if possible, then, the liberty of committing myself to no project more specific or singular than that of continuing to work in line with my own best effort, judgement and inclination; and of promising no more than to submit such work as I shall have done at the end of a period agreed upon. This work would be along the lines of the 'studies' indicated above (copy attached), and along others which would turn up. I could guarantee only that there would be work to show for the time, more likely than not of considerable bulk, and roughly of such quality as may be indicated in my published writing. Publication is definitely a minor interest to me, and I would strongly prefer not to obligate myself to making it a major, or an obstructive, far less a guiding, consideration.

If however none of this is feasible, I will commit myself to a single and definite project, provided it be understood and granted that I will probably do some other work as well. Here follows a brief description of this project.

{ In the summer of 1936 the photographer Walker Evans and I spent two months in Alabama hunting out and then living with a family of cotton tenants which by general average would most accurately represent the whole. } This work was in preparation for an article for Fortune. We lived with one and made a detailed study and record of three families, and interveiwed ~~lands~~ and observed landowners, new ~~deallers~~, county officers, white and negro tenants, etc. etc., in several cities and county seats and villages and throughout 6000 miles of country.

James Agee

{ The record I want to make of this is not journalism; nor on the other hand is any of it to be invented. It is to be as exhaustive a reproduction and analysis of personal experience, including the phases and problems of memory and recall and revisitation and the problems of writing and of communication, as I am capable of, with constant bearing on two points: to tell everything possible as accurately as possible; and to invent nothing. It involves therefore as total a suspicion of 'creative' and 'artistic' as of 'reportorial' attitudes and methods, and it is likely therefore to involve the development of some more or less new forms of writing and of observation. }

Of this work I have written about 40,000 words. They are first draft, and entirely tentative. On this manuscript I was offered an advance and a contract, which I declined, feeling that I could neither wisely nor honestly commit the project to set or estimated limits of time and length. With your permission I wish to submit it as a part of my application, in the hope that it will indicate certain things about the general intention of the work, and also some matters suggested under the head of 'accomplishments', more clearly than I can. I should add of it a few matters which the manuscript is not sufficiently developed to indicate.

Any given body of experience is sufficiently complex and ramified to require more than one mode of reproduction: it is likely that this one will require many, including some that will extend writing and observing method. It will likely make use of various traditional forms but it is anti-artistic, anti-scientific, and anti-journalistic. Though every effort will be made to give experience, emotion and thought as directly as possible, and as nearly as may be toward their full detail and complexity (it would have at different times, in other words, many of the qualities of a novel, a report, poetry), the job is perhaps chiefly a

James Agee

skeptical study of the nature of reality and of the false nature of recreation and of communication. It should be as definitely a book of photographs as a book of words: in other words photographs should be used profusely, and never to 'illustrate' the prose. One part of the work, in many senses the crucial part, would be a strict comparison of the photographs and the prose as relative liars and as reproducers of the same matters.

I should like to get to work immediately. If project 1 is acceptable there would be no particular question of completion (though certain pieces of work might be completed and published or publishable), but I would willingly report at the end of a time agreed on, say, a year.

Of project 2, I can know only that a year's work would advance it a long way and might very possibly finish it.

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(Submitted by James Agee with application for a Guggenheim Fellowship in 1937) 38?

PLANS FOR WORK.

I am working on, or am interested to try, or expect to return to, such projects as the following. I shall first list them, then briefly specify a little more about most of them.

An Alabama Record.

Letters.

A story about homosexuality and football.

News Items.

Hung with their own rope.

A dictionary of key-words.

Notes for color photography.

A revue.

Shakespeare.

A cabaret.

Newsreel. Theatre.

A new type of stage-screen show.

Anti-communist manifesto.

Three or four love stories.

A new type of sex book.

'Glamor' writing.

A study in the pathology of 'laziness'.

A new type of horror story.

{ Stories whose whole intention is the direct communication of the intensity of common experience. }

'Musical' uses of 'sensation' or 'emotion'.

Collections and analyses of faces; of news pictures.

Development of new forms of writing via the cartoon; letters; pieces of overheard conversation.

A new form of 'story': the true incident recorded as such and an analysis of it.

A new form of movie short roughly equivalent to the lyric poem.

Conjectures of how to get 'art' back on a plane of organic human necessity, parallel to religious art or the art of primitive hunters.

A show about motherhood.

Pieces of writing whose rough parallel is the prophetic writings of the Bible.

Uses of the Dorothy Dix Method; the Voice of Experience: for immediacy, intensity, complexity of opinion.

The inanimate and non-human.

A new style and use of the imagination; the exact opposite of the Alabama record.

A true account of a jazz band.

An account and analysis of a cruise: 'high'-class people.

Portraiture. Notes. The Triptych.

City Streets. Hotel rooms. Cities.

A new kind of photographic show.

The slide lecture.

A new kind of music. Noninstrumental sound. Phonograph recordings. Radio.

Extension in writing; ramification in suspension; Schubert 2-cello quintet.

Analyses of Hemingway, Faulkner, Wolfe, Auden, other writers.

Analyses of reviews of Kafka's Trial; various moving pictures.

Two forms of history of the movies.

Reanalyses of the nature and meaning of love.

Analyses of miscommunication; the corruption of idea.

Moving picture notes and scenarios.

An 'autobiographical' 'novel'.

New forms of 'poetry'.

A note book.

In any effort to talk further about these, much is liable to overlap and repeat. Any further coordination would however be rather more false than true indication of the way the work would be undertaken: for these projects are in fluid rather than organized relationship to each other. None of the following can be more than suggestive of work.

Alabama Record.

In the summer of 1936 the photographer Walker Evans and I spent two months in Alabama hunting out and then living with a family of cotton tenants which by general average would most accurately represent all cotton tenancy. This work was in preparation for an article for Fortune. We lived with one and made a detailed study and record of three families, and interviewed and observed landowners, new dealers, county officers, white and negro tenants, etc. etc., in several cities and county seats and villages and throughout 6000 miles of country.

{ The record I want to make of this is not journalistic; nor on the other hand is any of it to be invented. It can perhaps most nearly be described as 'scientific', but not in a sense acceptable to scientists, only in the sense that it is ultimately skeptical and analytic. It is to be as exhaustive a reproduction and analysis of personal experience, including the phases and problems of memory and recall and revisitation and the problems of writing and of communication, } as I

am capable of, with constant bearing on two points: to tell everything possible as accurately as possible; and to invent nothing. It involves therefore as total as suspicion of 'creative' and 'artistic' as of 'reportorial' attitudes and methods, and it is likely therefore to involve the development of some more or less new forms of writing and of observation.

Of this work I have written about 40,000 words, first draft, and entirely tentative. On this manuscript I was offered an advance and contract, which I finally declined, feeling I could neither wisely nor honestly commit the project to the necessarily set or estimated limits of time and length. With your permission I wish to submit it as apart of my application, in the hope that it will indicate certain things about the general intention of the work, and also some matters suggested under the head of 'accomplishments', more clearly than I can. I should add of it a few matters it is not sufficiently developed to indicate.

Any given body of experience is sufficiently complex and ramified to require (or at least be able to use) more than one mode of reproduction: it is likely that this one will require many, including some that will extend writing and observing method. It will likely make use of various traditional forms but it is anti-artistic, anti-scientific, and anti-journalistic. Though every effort will be made to give experience, emotion and thought as directly as possible, and as nearly as may be toward their full detail and complexity (it would have a different times, in other words, many of the qualities of a novel, a report, poetry), the job is perhaps chiefly a skeptical study of the nature of reality and of the false nature of re-creation and of communication. {It should be as definitely a book of photographs as a book of words: in other words photographs should be used pro-

fusely, and never to 'illustrate' the prose. One part of the work, in many senses the crucial part, would be a strict comparison of the photographs and the prose as relative liars and as relative reproducers of the same matters. }

Letters.

Letters are in every word and phrase immediate to and revealing of, in precision and complex detail, the sender and receiver and the whole world and context each is of: as distinct in their own way, and as valuable, as would be a faultless record of the dreams of many individuals. The two main facts about any letter are: the immediacy, and the flawlessness, of its revelations. In the true sense that any dream is a faultless work of art, so is any letter; and the defended and conscious letter is as revealing as the undefended. Here then is a racial record; and perhaps the best available document of the power and flight of language and of miscommunication and of the crippled concepts behind these. The variety to be found in letters is almost as unlimited as literate human experience; their monotony is equally valuable.

Therefore, a collection of letters of all kinds.

Almost better than not, the limits of this would be: what you and your friends and their acquaintance can find. For even within this, the complete range of society and of mind can be bracketed; and this limitation more truly indicates the range of the subject than any effort to extend it onto more ordinary planes of 'research' possibly could.

Working chiefly thus far with two or three friends, we have got together many hundreds of letters. Many more are on their way.

There are several possible and equally good methods of handling

these letters.

1. Beyond deletion of identifiers, no editing and no selection at all. In other words let chance be the artist, the fulcrum and shaper. This is beyond any immediate possibility of publication, in any such bulk.
2. Very careful selection, the chief guides to be a scientific respect for chance and for representativeness rather than respect for more conventional forms of 'reader interest'; and B) the induction and education of a reading public, for less selected future work.
3. Context notes, short and uncolored, would probably be useful.
4. Take certain or all such letters. Let them first stand by themselves. Then an almost word by word analysis of them, as many-sided and extensive as the given letter requires. This could be of great clarifying power.
5. Instead of a purely 'scientific' analysis, one which likewise allows the open entrance of emotion and belief, to the violent degrees for instance of rage, rhapsody and poetry.
6. A series or book of invented letters, treated in any or all of the above ways.

These treatments may seem to cancel each other. Not at all necessarily. I would hope to use them all in the course of time, and very likely would try substantial beginning-examples of all in the same first volume.

The value or bearing of such work would come under my own meanings of science, religion, art, teaching, and entertainment.

It should also help to shift and to destroy various habits and certitudes of the 'creative' and of the 'reading', and so of the daily 'functioning', mind

It could well be published in book form or as all or as part of

a certain type of magazine I am interested in, or as a part of a notebook which I shall say more of later.

As a book it should even in its first shot contain as much as a publisher can be persuaded to allow; and its whole demeanor should be colorless and noncommittal, like scientific or government publications. It should contain a great deal of facsimiles, not only of handwriting but of stationery.

A story about homosexuality and football.

Not central to this story but an inevitable part of it would be a degree of cleansing of the air on the subject of homosexuality. Such a cleansing could not in this form hope to be complete. The same clarifying would be attempted on the sport and on the nature of belief: always less by statement than by demonstration. All this however is merely incidental to the story itself.

An account then of love between a twelve year old boy and a man of twenty two, in the iliadic air of football in a Tennessee mountain peasant school: reaching its crisis during and after a game which is accounted chiefly in terms of the boy's understanding and love; in other words in terms of an age of pure faith. The prose to be lucid, simple, naturalistic and physical to the maximum possible. In other words if it succeeds in embodying what it wants to it must necessarily have the essential qualities of folk epic and of heroic music carried in terms of pure 'realism'. This is being written now. It is to be about the length and roughly the form of the 'long short story'.

News Items.

Much the same as letters.

Bung with their own rope. I have found no single word for what I mean. The material turns up all over the place. The idea is, that the self-deceived and corrupted betray themselves and their world more definitively than invented satire can. Vide Eleanor Roosevelt's My Day; Mrs. Daisy Chandler's Autumn in the Valley; the journal and letters of Samiel Bradford; court records, editorial, religious, women's pages; the 'literature' concerning and justifying the castration of Eisenstein; etc.

Such could again be collected in a volume, or as a magazine or part of a magazine; or in the notebook.

The above is limited to self-betrays in print. Those in unpublished living must of course be handled in other ways. One minor but powerful way is, the unconsciously naked sentence, given either with or without context. These are abundant for collection.

A dictionary of key words.

More on the significance of language. Add idioms. A study and categorizing of tones of voice, of rhythm and of inflection; of social dialects; would also be useful. } Key words are those organic and collective belief and conception words upon the centres and sources of which most of social and of single conduct revolves and deceives or undecives itself and others. } Certain such words are Love, God, Honor, Loyalty, Beauty, Law, Justice, Duty, Good, Evil, Truth, Reality, Sacrifice, Self, Pride, Pain, Life, etc etc etc. Such would be examined skeptically in every discernible shade of their meaning and use. There might in a first dictionary be an arbitrary fifty or a hundred, with abundant quotations and examples from letters, from printed matter, and from actual speech.

Mr. I. A. Richards, whose qualifications are extremely different from

of sexual love. If these are 'works of art', that will be only incidental.

A new type of sex book.

Beginning with quotations from contemporary and former types, an analysis of their usefulness, shortcomings, and power to damage, and a statement of the limitations of the present book. Then as complete as possible a record and analysis of personal experience from early childhood on, and of everything seen heard learned or suspected on the subject; analyses and extensions of the significance and power of sex and of sexual self-deception; with all available examples.

'glamor' writing.

Here, as above on love, the concentration on recording and communicating pure glamor and delight.

Pathology of 'laziness'.

Essentially fiction, but probably much analysis. Its connections with fear, ignorance, sex, misinterpretation and economics. A story of cumulative horror.

A new type of 'horror' story.

Not the above, but the horror that can come of objects and of their relationships, and of tones of voice, etc etc. Non-supernatural, non-exaggerative.

Stories whose whole intention is the communication of the intensity of common experience.

“Writing first thing comes into my mind”

Writing first thing comes into mind. Point being nothing does when you watch for it. Whistle, ok. Heard that outside. Boat—Midnight boats. Never got much of a rise from. more noise. Window problem. Evil. Regnum Malorum. Thought for that. Next? What the hell the use? Scavenger. Lone prairie. O bury me not,,, on the loa prayereee,, Get hands & body in for God's sake. And natural speech. And the hell with this. When will I stop? When will I start again? Thou only hast my heart, Sister, believe. When Eve first saw the glittery day; she sat and cried, to break her heart. What time is coming, and what way, the sun moves up, and falls apart. Stink o. Miner. Pedantic wit. Phooey. Spreaded day before her -. From her pillow's height. High. throne. Smiling from her pillows height. I held her from her pillow's height. High. Throne. Smiling from her pillows height. I held her from her pillow's height reach down her smile about me, she watched and sweetly grieving said I'll spend this night without ye. I call that woman holy hell that of my heart bereaved me, and laughed my love to let me tell and never once believed me. She left me low for another guy, he loved and left her high and dry, now both are dead, and only

I, remain to tell, our story. She left me cold for another guy, He loved and left her high and dry, now both are cold and only I am left to tell the story.

I met her young, in the young green woods, And the day was wild as glory,

And I laid her down, and I got the goods, and that begins, my story.



"CLOUDS AS IF THEY LAY"

clouds as if they lay on a shelf of glass. Great distances. Avenues. / on bridge, dinged 25 or so, rollerskated, on lazy legs. Queer comedy. / loves one & incongruous figures fine for such: 1 o'clock; solitary on bridge. Woman in sedan, / . Strange quality, pimpish, female, of a chauffeur to midaged-old lady types who live in hotels. Very ugly quality to this. / Garden theatre, roomy, empty, lots of lounging space, Spanish orange plaster; Rube, and very nice. / little Cuban girl, sloe mouth: you can already & easily see her as an old woman. Another: are you satisfied? / Can I have a rickey instead of coffee? Misunderstanding. / Dograces: very calcium. New green grass a phony color in the light. Big sign tells odds. They are led round their posts (1 pees) naked: long, widestrapped leashes. Weigh in quiet. On to stalls. Head & heart fealt. Heads are scrathched. One very quiet, leans head vs. thigh of handler. Buzzer: they leap & whine. Some are caught up by throat& nearly carried. Wgths. 47-72 lbs. Genitals tucked far in. Great squad rigamarole. Have to lift some into starting stalls. Rabbit like a fair-prize. Goes round once first. They are loose. Called by number. / Pale shell, tissue, membrane of moon. Effaced: stuck. Smell of

cold mist on swamp, tilled land. Sound & sight of train, late night, flat land, cars, lights irregular, mail & baggage, dory & Pullmans, engine breeches: light under its smoke. Flat grass, sparse trees, big black branches scattered on grass. Am. Landscape. Mist & night make Florida more handsome. Antediluvian. / Magazine. Paper. Editorials. Ads. / (Outside races: a nig boy, overcalled, leads hound away. No telling of winning. / Crooked shore. Crippled shore. Crippling the shore. / Smell of water hits like sound of weltering tin on iron. Taste & quality, dead, of galvanized iron, of Zinc. / Absolutely necessary cut loose from self. Possibly best is to write voluminously & carelessly. Make writing the living & get inside living. / Frankie Darro swell keep in mind for city Huck Finn stuff.

Least substantial elements of population: even the villians are boys who looked in mirrors. "Proletarian"; debutantes don't do so well. / Shawl. / slowed popcorn clouds. / kind of faces bodies voices & brains environment makes. / Shelves of sand under the water coloring it. / Traffic (of cloud) / ANTAGONIZE. ANTAGONIST. / COLLUDE



/ COLLOP / COLLOID / COLLISION / DIRIGIBLE / BALLOON cloud / PITCHBIENDE / PITCHSTONE, PITCHED / cows like weary tents; pitched on their bones like tents / ADVANCED / AFTERDAMP / TALISMAN / ANALGESIC (N.) / ANCHORSTROKE / ANKLE / ANOPHELES / APOLOGY / ARC: BRIDGE, bridged w. light / SHOUTS for the PUMP / AWASH / OVAL TURTLE / BUTTERBEAN / VALVE / CLOSURE / FORECLOSURE / NASTY / DECLARE DUPE / FRIT (N[oun]. V[erb]. T[ransitive].) / STAMEN / GLADRAGS / ECHO / FUSELAGE / BEAT TO DRAW / THE AIR Has a head on it (cloud) / SHOULDERING CLOUDS / .INTINCTION (of the earth or end of matter). / ALKALOID / BORDERS (ON) / VIOLATE / OPSONIC, OPSONIN / ROOTED NERVES / RAMPION / RAMP PURFLING (of crates, turtles, violins) / FLAX / PROSTHESIS / ENDEMIC / baskethilted / .SILLY SEASON / SNOOK / TRYPANOSOME (auger-body) / that won't wash /

A PERFECT SANITARY NAPKIN. Women entering an age when their dresses look alike for yr to year / EGGLAYING / CHARY

So impossible to detach myself. Hammering merciless in Walgreen's. Groveling to grive glass of water. Why are waiters so fooled into defense of employers. People at tables are meek. Or attack waiter who is not responsible. Painting in face of Berceuse doesn't seem so good: little glinting pastel strokes, I mean. Must get inside, be lost & digested into matter.

Asylum Ave. Window. Japanese ivory sheathe of sword. Threaded minnieballs. (latter a War word isn't it?) Camel with pale fairy thighs. Veined. Smooth. Sparrowbelly, weaklooking. Wondering lifted snaky head. Split lip like grasshopper, sheep. Sloping, slouching hyena. Frizzy. Fuzz. Hair of no certain length. like possum, gives & shapelessness. SHAPED geese. Filthy mouths of hyenas. Lantern jawed; lifted eye. All head & shoulder. little sickly calf (Fla roadside) innocent face, very long fuzz on sides, unsteady, looking out of a shadow, apprehension / branching horns / branching life, life branching / life branching terribly / birds throbbing in pines, roaring like a motor in ...



VOGUE

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individua allure
by Patrick Demarchelier

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CHINA ISSUE

VOGUE

PARIS

Octobre n°61

95 ans de *Légendes*

Kendall
Jenner
par
Darcid Sims





city of light VOGUE0117

39. scalloped origami - like applique

38. you say jellyfish

39. set tongues wagging for its balance of youthful attitude and Parisian design rigor.

39. snap-stud miniskirts in camel suede... silver go-go boots

40. postmodern bebe

40. life-size paper dolls

40. holdover from the designer's childhood

42. (caption) view finder. a pop-out bedroom designed by Frank Gehry captures the moon's trajectory

50. strung-out hitmaker

51. bohemian cabin suites kitted out with vintage nautical details and private tiled courtyards.

77. insects took over the kitchen

98. in vitro hamburger

98. a vast mass of living flesh kept alive by nutrients circulating through a network of pipes and tubes that run around and through her

98. start eating our pets

101. female Viagra

101. aspires to the metaphysical, targeting brain chemistry in order to boost desire

37. curious hybrid of bi-city newsroom and elementary school

75. python-print leather skirt

74. his scarlet cargo waiting behind tinted windows

77. TITLE. northern lights

76. I don't like pain, exactly, but as a ballerina I lived in constant pain

76. if someone had been to the doctor and gotten painkillers, we divided them among us. After I quite dancing, for a while it felt strange to not be in pain.

76. first known gender-confirmation surgery

76. discriminated against... this is a civil rights movement

77. In ballet school we all had very good grades - she recalls - but not because you needed to be smart to dance



40. City of Light

74. "I have no recollection of that free fall." 77. The filter between my thoughts and my language is much thinner, so things just flow. I found myself in 53. an urban landscape whose ground was shifting beneath my feet. 74. World weary and childlike 107. hiking up dunes and scaling up volcanoes, crawling through salt-cave labyrinths or clambering through river gorges. 34. It looked like the moon; 98. a mountain of pulsating protoplasm swinging long, carved, razor-sharp blades, and sliced off thick slabs of flesh. 119. A switch was flipped in my entorhinal cortex? 40. Would Jacques Derrida, father of deconstruction and a Parisian professor himself, have been amused? 98. Coalescing into a perfectly awful storm 74. the adrenaline made every six seconds feel like a single second, time collapsed.

107. Watching plumes of geothermal spray burst from the moonscape, 53. three kinds of scenes: fights, seductions, and negotiations yielded 53. dovetailing storylines. 77. The wife of a lighthouse keeper who takes in a baby carried ashore in a lifeboat and 53. a fighter who must

battle segregation and his own demons as much as his white opponent to capture the heavyweight crown.

The wife, 38. one of the first women scuba divers, walks the shoreline in 38. a captain's mess jacket (now a deftly cut blazer) with 38. sleek, elongating, high-waisted pants with a neoprene gleam. Is it possible that 38. jellyfish may have roamed the sea for 500 million years. The fighter, 111. though not talkative, likes to recite poems by Neruda.

Our evening walk led us to 111. picking out Orion and Gemini in the Southern Hemisphere. 111. Flamingos flocking at salty pools and 111. stark peaks - terra cotta, gray, or white - rising from parched earth like the plates on a stegosaurus's back; cactus-spiked cliffs; rushing cataracts. We had arrived 53. to the deathbed of the matriarch guarded by 53. one uncannily sympathetic squirrel. We opened 107. the red stained wood revealing 107. skin-smoothing goat's milk flecked with lavender and mint, admiring the snapdragons that frisked beyond the tub's round rim.



{ rhythmic manifesto } VOGUE0217

60. starring in a money-spinning global juggernaut

60. had androgen insensitivity syndrome when she wasn't even a month old

49-52. beautiful full page images for montaging

68. we met in the middle of a blackout

68. people were sweaty and edgy, thronging the streets, leaking heat and anxiety

68. the ATMs didn't work and bodegas were charging insane amounts for bottled water and I was thirsty, hungover, and almost out of cash

70. past an intersection where a girl in a sunsuit dress was directing traffic

70. window after window teeming with powerless, shimmering chandeliers, the people in the apartments above drinking beer on the fire escapes - the city seemed less like a nightmare and more like a carnival.

70. I felt as if I had conjured her out of the dark

70. lived in rentals furnished with dusty junk

70. Lucy grew up in a little town outside Portland, where you could smell wood pulp from the paper mills when the wind blew.

78. gorgeously bishop sleeved sweatshirts, and exaggeratedly tuned-up pants

80. I've been taking a bright and bold departure from my usual comfort zone

83. tinkered through Madrid's botanical garden in soaring crystal stilettoes at a recent exhibition opening

84. the bright green powder is a natural antioxidant that lives in an elegant little jar

85. steamed, air dried, and stone ground

87. intersex is perhaps the last taboo

87. was born with internal testes, and without a uterus or ovaries

91. Is that who I am deep inside? A human confection?

94. down to the wiring

94. switch to a type of Vitamin B12 better suited for her body

96. "I Am Not Your Negro"

96. seemingly inescapable bonds and barriers between blacks and whites

96. from the streets to the voting booths to the silver screen

96. he captured how it feels to be black



100. "can lead to feeling like an alien in your own skin."
102. a soprano capable of roller coaster worthy loops
102. the trouble with perfection is you start looking for cracks
106. who wears a burka and drives a motorcycle
121. honeymoon phase
123. bewitched, bothered, bewildered
160. foster a sense of intimacy with her regulars
160. tact, negotiation, seduction and education
171. bursting with retro femininity
126. I got you balloons!
126. a dense tangle of helium-filled Mylar
126. a strip club in Thai town
133. escaped to a succession of celluloid obsessions
139. dedicated an atrium wall to a giant garden of succulent varieties, a kind of living, linear ode to the forest
143. painting portraits of undocumented immigrants
144. sold everything, put the money into a diamond, and brought it over sewn into his daughter's favorite floppy doll

158. terms of adornment
158. a plastic bag full of pliable, braided loops
160. chart-topping new record
160. rival sensation



160. a rhythmic manifesto about the sacredness of individuality

78. By an open window overlooking a cobbled yard, 126. a cobweb covered urinal in the corner of the room, 126. the iron gates of her mother's Hollywood Hills house creep open. 106. Whirring drones and glowing screens filled the hillsides and are 160. gesticulating wildly on the color set outside on the balcony table. I light my cigarette and walk through the sliding door, "152. Have you heard? The sky is falling, and, quite apropos: Chicken is king!" My only real 144. interest is butterfly hunting. Butterflies are the 100. material for a visual revolution and accommodate my appetite for 182. trying to hit a moving target. Patrick, the last vestige of 106. Britain's vanished empire appears 143. without stubble and wearing his best ostrich-leather boots. He has 160. a knack for mixing avant-garde ideas with more traditional techniques and 126. convincingly using words like 'night-blooming' to describe our evening expedition. Tonight we will be 88. exploring uncharted territory with 92. seven bottles instead of one ranging from 91. shades of honey to amber.

We pass through a 87. bubble gum pink décor as we find the curb and follow it to the bounds of the historic city. 144. What was then a semirural part of town, where they grew their own vegetables and had a menagerie of ducks, geese, a goat and many dogs and cats 68. was now searing hot and there wasn't any running water 91. Somehow, I feel amoeba more than anything else, 123. an ethereal love affair in what was an 100. iconic watery landscape.

We begin rolling for a 106. film that hopefully taps into nostalgia. The stripped 92. tangelos, pomelos, and satsumas lining the shelves begin to slow our pace and so we stop to build a fire. A 112. healthy dose of torrid infatuation takes over as Patrick describes a Monarch he pinned last year that possessed 129. lacquered lips and pronounced curves. Seems that on that particular day millions of butterflies composed 106. an American patchwork of love and loss across a river valley.



Our path in the morning, 80. whirling like a dervish in illogical directions, 106. dances the jitterbug across the 106. sun-dazzled ochre of the African plains. Our anthem for a period of time becomes 85. Mark Twain: "Quitting is easy; I've done it a thousand times." We had our 78. antennae scanning for each and every underground rumbling and by sunset we had amassed 78. an inclusive palette that ran from neutral to plush magenta. 80. And the footnote? 70. Someday I will travel the world like Pippi Longstocking and tell our stories, 124. those tales of a souvenir stolen from the boy.



animal magnetism VOGUE0417

\$2,280... animal magnetism. \$2,280... animal magnetism. \$2,280... animal magnetism (266) the sign continued to blink as I drove up the hill across the paper-white substrate conforming to gravity and painted with freckles. (086) The cake competition was about to begin. (259) Myself and the Anglican Vicar were serving as judges to select the most original design. (053) The pastry chefs were instructed to pay careful attention to silliness, drunkenness, parody, vituperatively personal... + { }. (142) The various other attics and wardrobes would serve as prep and cooking areas. (219) It is this same space where the The Modern Slavery Act, that penalized human traffickers with life sentences, was signed into existence. (258) Doll-like and startled in pictures, and with a borderline personality disorder, I provided the fourth chef with a pair of jeans and fluffy slippers (082)... and proffered a digestive biscuit. (112) Dazzle is always in the undertow! (206)

The elixir is electric greenish-yellow. (101)



{ \$2,280... animal magnetism. \$2,280... animal magnetism. \$2,280... animal magnetism }



THE PLANE OF NON-AGREEMENT

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{ paper-white substrate dotted with freckles }

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{ cake competition was about to begin }



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{ Anglican Vicar }



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{ silliness, drunkenness, parody, vituperatively personal... + { } }



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{ various other attics and wardrobes }



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{ Modern Slavery Act }

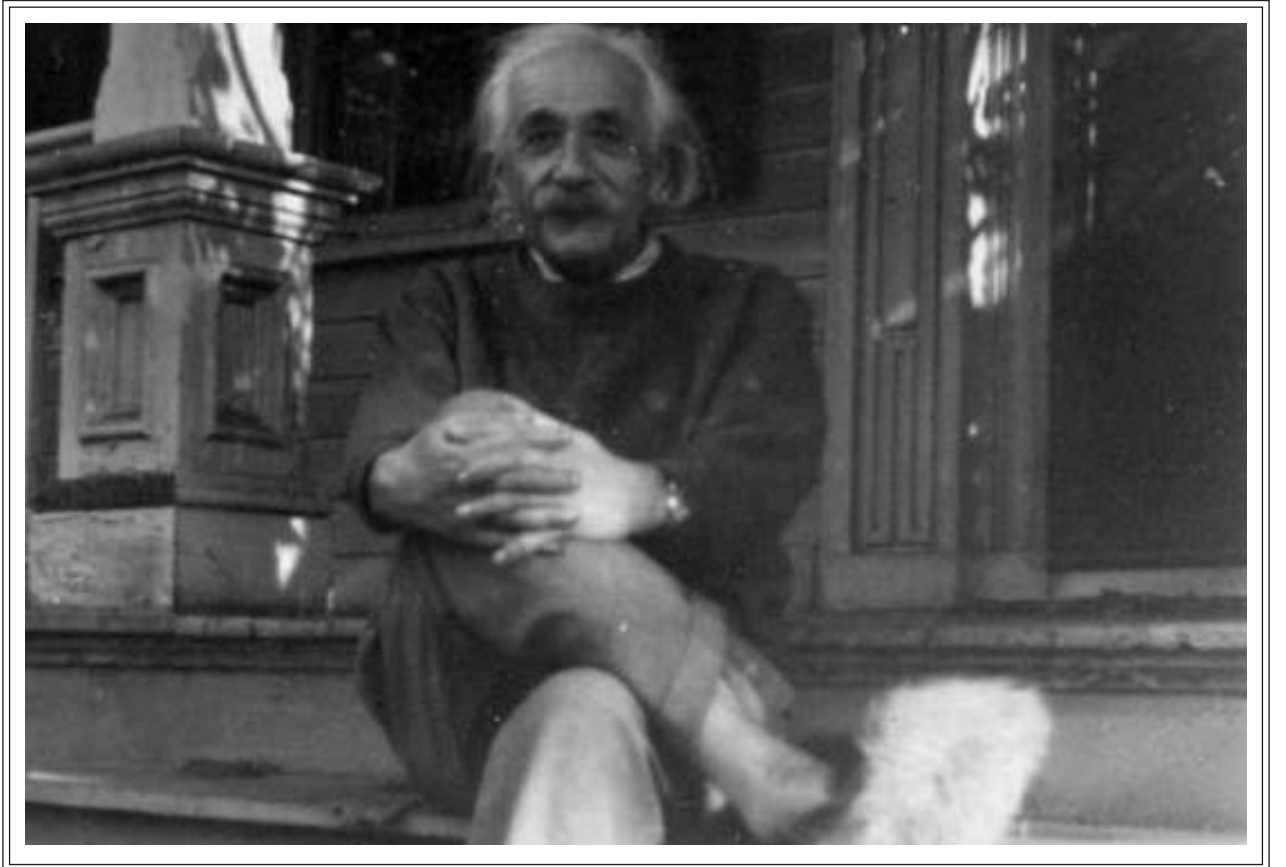


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{ jeans and fluffy slippers }



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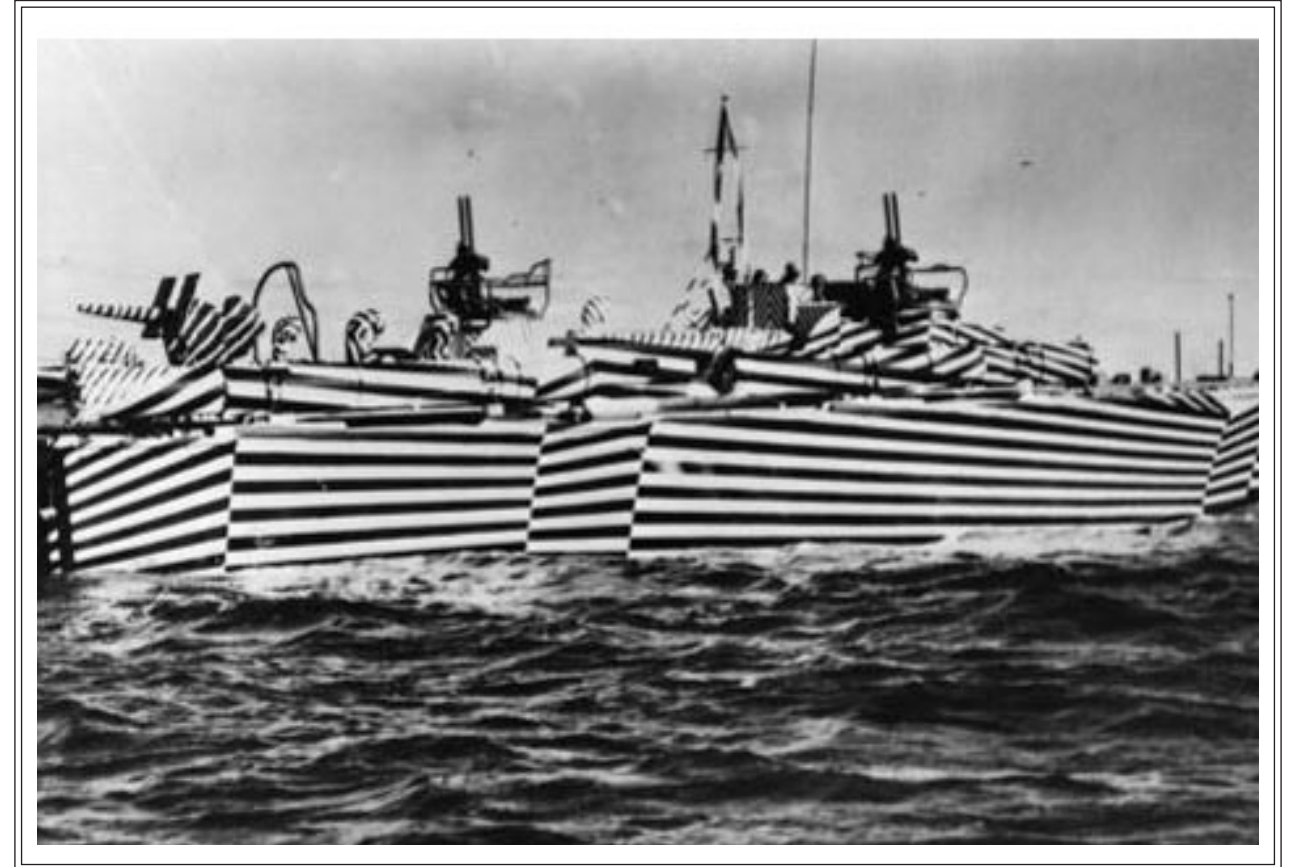


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THE PLANE OF NON-AGREEMENT

animal magnetism VOGUE0417

\$2,280... animal magnetism. \$2,280... animal magnetism. \$2,280... animal magnetism (266) the sign continued to blink as I drove up the hill across the paper-white substrate conforming to gravity and painted with freckles. (086) The cake competition was about to begin. (259) Myself and the Anglican Vicar were serving as judges to select the most original design. (053) The pastry chefs were instructed to pay careful attention to silliness, drunkenness, parody, vituperatively personal... + { }, (142) The various other attics and wardrobes would serve as prep and cooking areas. (219) It is this same space where the *The Modern Slavery Act*, that penalized human traffickers with life sentences, was signed into existence. (258) Doll-like and startled in pictures, and with a borderline personality disorder, I provided the fourth chef with a pair of jeans and fluffy slippers (082)... and proffered a digestive biscuit. (112) Dazzle is always in the undertow! (206)

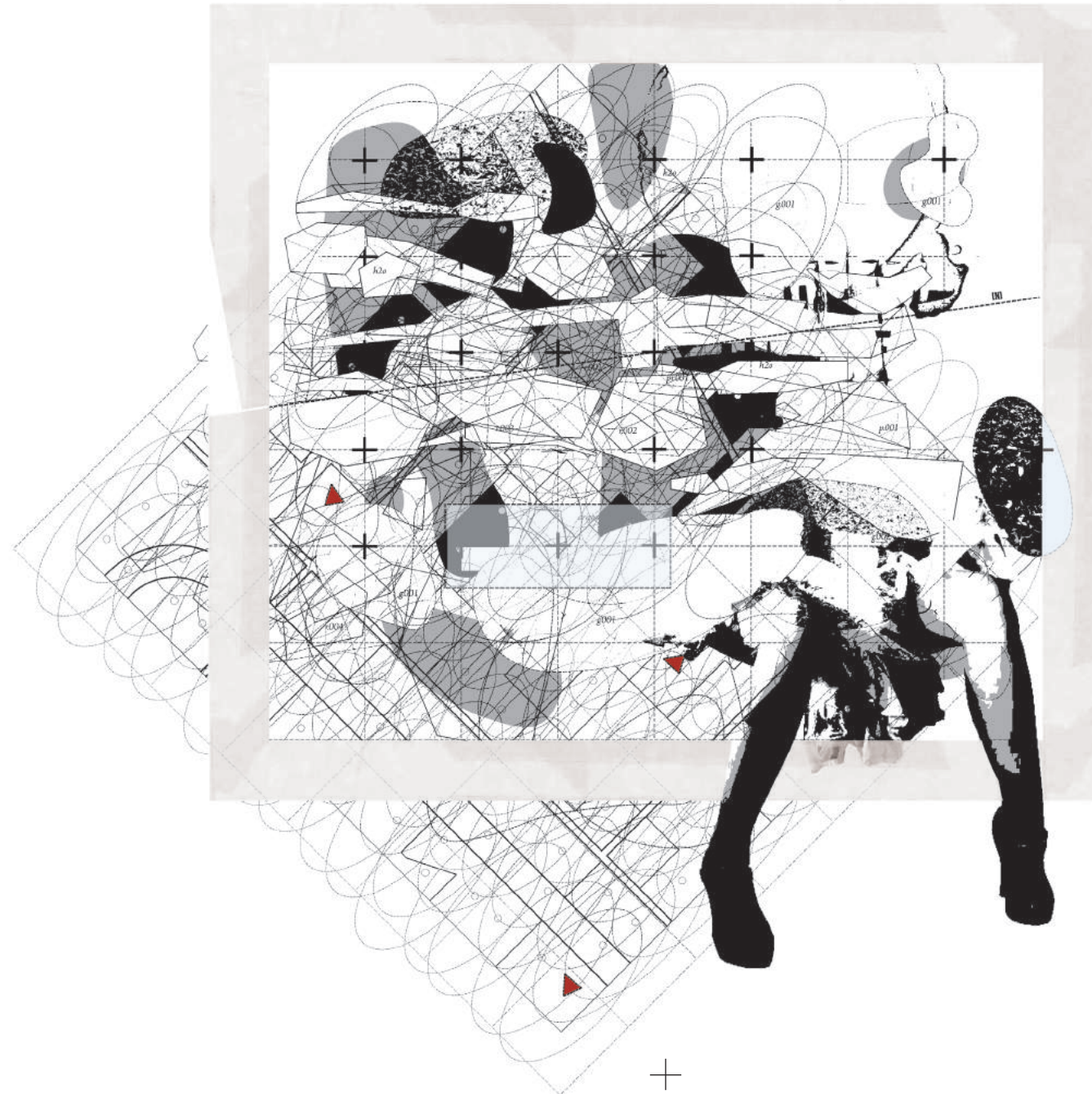
The elixir is electric greenish-yellow. (101)



{ elixir is electric greenish-yellow }



THE PLANE OF NON-AGREEMENT



+

IKONEN. THE PLANE OF NON-AGREEMENT. TABLEAU VIVANT X / THERE WILL BE BLOOD

Do we represent the construction, or construct the representation? Ours is a crisis of cutting and joining, a crisis of editing: we have passed beyond the crisis of montage. This is a crisis of representation rather than construction.

- Paul Virilio - *Lost Dimension*



VOGUE
MAPPING POP CULTURE



VOGUE
MAPPING POP CULTURE

CAL POLY SESSIONS // 111716

With an introduction by
BRIAN AMBROZIAK
& ANDREW McLELLAN

TIMESCAPELAB

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91MV

Brian Ambroziak & Andrew McLellan

Notes

The writing contained in this publication is the result of a workshop entitled *Vogue: Mapping Pop Culture* conducted by time[scape]lab with students at California Polytechnic State University, San Luis Obispo on November 17th and 18th, 2016.

One rainy day in 1919, finding myself in a village on the Rhine, I was struck by the obsession which held under my gaze the pages of an illustrated catalogue showing objects designed for anthropologic, microscopic, psychologic, mineralogic, and palaeontologic demonstration. There I found brought-together elements of figuration so remote that the sheer absurdity of that collection provoked a sudden intensification of the visionary faculties in me and brought forth an illusive succession of contradictory images, double, triple, and multiple images, piling up on each other with the persistence and rapidity which are peculiar to love memories and visions of half-sleep.

These visions called themselves new planes, because of their meeting in a new unknown (the plane of non-agreement). It was enough at that time to embellish these catalogue pages, in painting or drawing, and thereby in gently reproducing only that which saw itself in me, a color, a pencil mark, a landscape foreign to the represented objects, the desert, a tempest, a geological cross-section, a floor, a single straight line signifying the horizon... thus I obtained a faithful fixed image of my hallucination and transformed into revealing dramas my most secret desires - from what had been before only some banal pages of advertising!

- Excerpt from "Beyond Painting" by Max Ernst

Thomas Carlyle wrote in *Sartor Resartus* that "tangible products" are said to be reduced to the categories of "Cities... Fields... and Books" with the worth of books "far surpassing that of the two others."² The intent behind citing this passage emerges not from being partial to the written word, but to establish a sympathizing companion to the more often cited chapter "This Will Kill 'That'" and out of optimism that the transformative power of literature evident here will inspire architecture and expand upon traditional practices of imagining and representing space.

[I]

VMPC

Annabelle Nikolov

Untitled

Navy blue suit, red power tie, flag pin on the lapel.
A nationalist homage with an exclamation point. The leader of the populist spectacle has many words [the best words] but no knowledge. Volume is the name of the game, and the red power tie is screaming as loud as it can.

A pantsuit that walks the fine line between femininity and power.
Yes, mutually exclusive terms. She has choreographed pageantry to perform, damnit. But the public is ambivalent when something designed for a man is worn by a woman.

A wrinkled suit, oversized for the man inside.
Robin Hood for the sophisticated misfits [and the unsophisticated misfits]. Perhaps the oversized suit gets wrinkled riding the bus, while the man inside it sits alongside the people he fights for.

Chilling indifference led us here.
Well-ironed, fitted suits must be worn in office. They must be worn by men, as God intended. And they must always, always include a flag pin on the lapel.

[A]

VMPC

Katie Bishop

Untitled

Peroxide artists force the incandescent powder of pale fire into my eyes. Profound fury hell-bent on foraging ruined buttercream truth. Intoxicated with grievance over the death of their tragic hero. Piled, paralytic, in a macabre luxury machine, I bite and spit at the madness, fighting the malevolent minions. Suddenly, the intimate pressure of torture is gone. Adrenaline a physical live-wire, I abandoned the disturbing ballroom and peel up the layers of caulk and velvet delusion. Pointed tufts of dark, teal wool are strewn inside narrow, wet, cobbled secret passageways, dismissed, like a jardin d'hiver, in evading the beasts' pursuit. A terrible voice spiked with coldest treachery and wild obsession dripped words of my demise, hypnotically singing of murdersuicide. Slathered in glorious conviction, I enter the powerhouse to don daring black lacquer and electric plum passion. I become bold preternatural chaos, transcendent magic over psychological villains. I lift the hefty boom box blasting skate-punk music only to drop the heavy metal on mentally cinching glass corsets.

[C]

VMPC

Deeksha Phadnis

Connector of Worlds

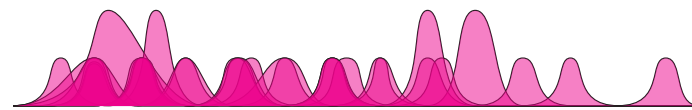
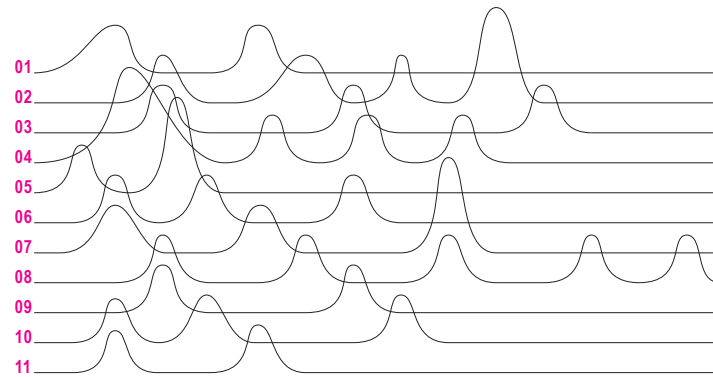
```
.. parse _parse _parse _parse ..
.parse ....
    -> dark haired argentine_sprite
_query: user_id_
    -> She floats.
_cmmtic evocation_
    -> There is a deep blue sitting room. She floats, looking in wonder at the color drunk silk, acres of red velvet, gardens of growing roses on the ceiling of the silo. Or is it the floor? She can make only essentialist conclusions.
_user_stats_
    -> New Nordic. Memory rings newly placed. Chic water repellent, which is how she is currently breathing underwater. Bones made of re-pulped mache
    -> She eats fungi, preferably fleshy fungi. Does not sleep. Greatest cheek bones in the world. Sometimes I like to imagine I can kiss them.
_surveil_user_
    _duration_: undefined
    _International-Code breach. Continue?_
    -> yes.

_GPS-pos.update_
_view?_
    -> Yes, yes, show me. What happened?
```

[E]



SYSTEMATIC SCANSION_Determining Metric Composition



+

9.78 m/s²

+

1.524 m/s²

+

0.172 m/s²



ORACLE WHISPER_Pale Fire*

for those who spend their days weaving*

Two decades of photographic tea leaves fortune tellers cost \$3.99 in San Antonio
 and you still don't know how to breathe in the ocean. see asphyxiation
 My fingers wrinkle with trying. Have you ever seen the beauty of the desert in Morocco? see unparalleled
 I can take you - by valiant flight and clever machinations see Wright Brothers
 where walls stand papered in jungle-print techno, see industrial hip hop
 and you can arch into darkly shimmering fragments. seven years of bad luck. see superstition
 I will rest under the ancient Monterey pine. see Pinus radiata
 Read grass like braille. Imagine how badly you wanted a glass of wine. dab stain with paper towels
 Together we sip abbreviated language. see taciturn
 feasting on Fleeting Gestures and Obsessions. see Manolo Blahnik
 You never looked more beautiful than in that flicker of nervousness. whisper pale fire

VOGUE August 2015 *see 112 **see 121 definitions from Merriam Webster's dictionary

asphyxiation v. *asphyxiate* : to cause (someone) to stop breathing and often to become unconscious and die
industrial hip hop n. a fusion genre of industrial music with the rhythms or vocals of hip hop music. Industrial hip hop is connected to (and sometimes confused with) the more experimental variants of trip hop. It also anticipates many of the developments of dubstep. Illbient is also adjacent to, and possibly a subgenre of, industrial hip hop. Contemporary industrial hip hop is also closely connected to digital hardcore and breakcore.

Manolo Blahnik n. born 27 November 1942 : a Spanish fashion designer and founder of the self-named, high-end shoe brand
Pinus radiata n. family Pinaceae, the Monterey pine, insignis pine or radiata pine, is a species of pine native to the Central Coast of California and Mexico
superstition n. *su-per-sti-tion* : a belief or way of behaving that is based on fear of the unknown and faith in magic or luck : a belief that certain events or things will bring good or bad luck
taciturn adj. *tac-i-turn* : tending to be

quiet : not speaking frequently
unparalleled adj. *un-par-al-leled* : not found elsewhere : never seen or experienced before
Wright Brothers n. Orville (19 August 1871 - 30 January 1948) and Wilbur (16 April 1867 - 30 May 1912), were two American brothers, inventors, and aviation pioneers who are credited with inventing and building the world's first successful airplane and making the first controlled, powered and sustained heavier-than-air human flight, on 17 December 1903

PLAYING JACKS_A Study in Rhythm



Fig 01 Vanderbilt University Special Collection

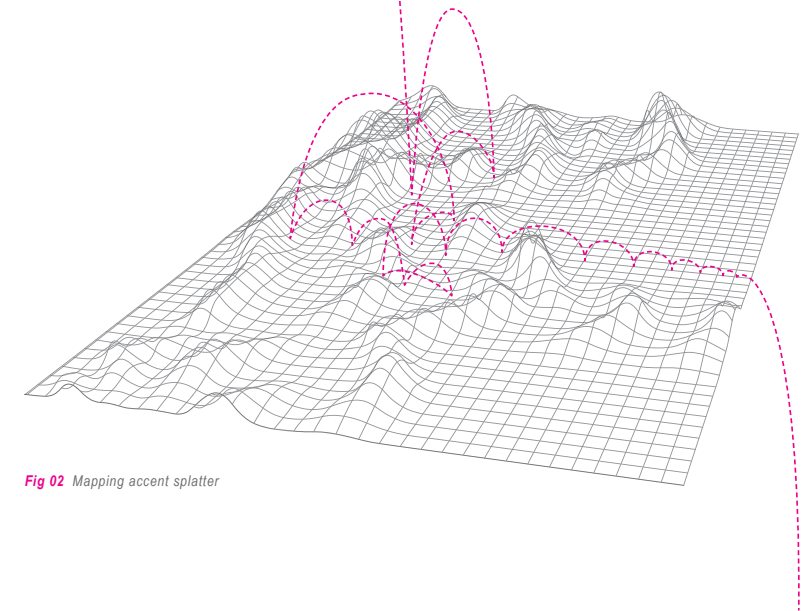


Fig 02 Mapping accent splatter



SV / PD / 41a ^{78/}*

*See also: Side Valve Palladium reaction

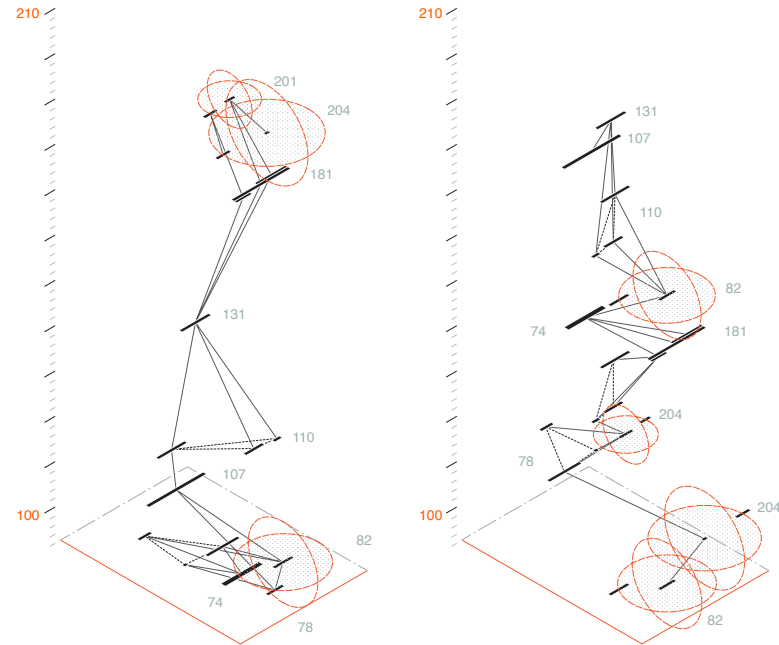


Fig 01: Palladium stability

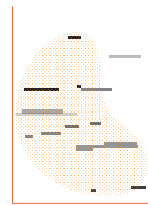


Fig 02: Palladium stability after 41st alteration

SV / PD / 41a ^{78/}*

new era night owl²⁰⁴

*See also: Sierra Vista Arizona Police Department Document 41 (Classification: a)

We struggled through the snow together⁷⁸ with our elbows tight against our sides and clenched fists buried deep in our pockets. Something about the oak smoke under the stars²⁰¹ brought back memories from my long ago visit to the Oyster Bay,¹¹⁰ where the fisher-folk wore 3 pairs of gloves and lit fires along the piers to keep their lines from freezing. Chad points down an alley. At six foot seven he towers over me and leads the way XXXXXX a covered perfume factory XXXXXXXXXX¹⁸¹ With the corners of a smile visible above his scarf, he opens a door marked Imogen Warehouse^{74/}** and steps aside. Arrayed on racks⁸² in front of us stood a mass of bright young things,⁸² hanging brilliantly in midair¹¹⁰ - and beyond was a plot studded with ancient olive trees.¹³¹ Beneath my feet, in 12-inch tall letters of yellow traffic paint, the floor read: “XXX images are simulations of actual XXXXXX results.”¹⁰⁷

**See also: Female given name. It originated as a misspelling or variation of the name Innogen, from the Old Irish Ingen meaning maiden.

Superscripts refer to VOGUE page numbers: August 2015 / 07511549

SV / PD / 41a ^{82/}*

See also: Starting Variable Pupillary Distance field test hosted in Imogen Warehouse^{78/}



Fig 01: John Pawson A Visual Inventory 203



Fig 02: Visual simulation deterioration, 25.00sec

Point of non recognition- likely causes nausea, disorientation, and consciousness rejection.

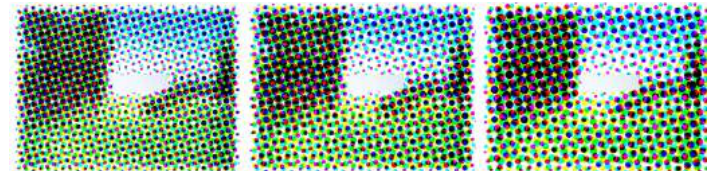


Fig 03: Visual simulation deterioration, 50.00sec

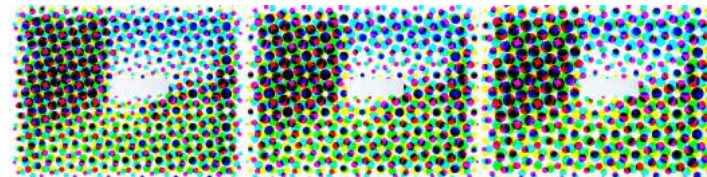
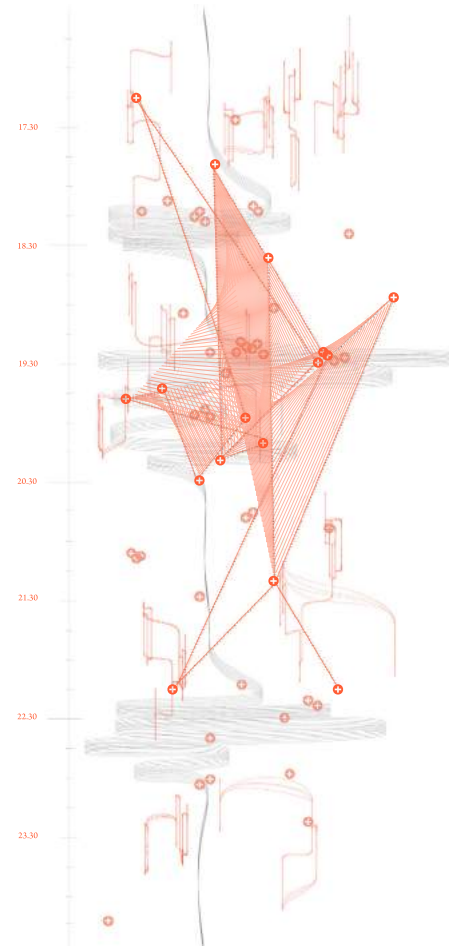


Fig 03: Visual simulation deterioration, 75.00sec

**Palladium 41a deemed unstable





thin black satin^[450] drapes over curves that defy gravity.^[440]

its warm, quirky^[388] aroma is rooted in memory^[380] possessed of a certain radiance.^[462]

we nurture this hobby^[340] as a synchronized recovery^[14] from the rising sun and a pursuit in smallest hours of the night.

this whimsical accessory^[432] finds itself to be refreshingly pedestrian^[452] held in the hands of the early riser as a mere instinctual talent.^[250]

the engagement to the lips; a kiss that's caught but is shielded from view^[312] for only the early riser bathes in its sensuality.^[312]

lingering on the breath, the perfect combination of minimalist lines and maximist flourishes.^[402] a dance on the tongue.

years of medication^[460] derive from the elixir beneath a miniature smokestack.^[294]

this is our nameless,

daily ecstasy.^[312]

