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pattern prison mechanism organism destination

decay
an exploration of metamorphosis

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introduction

i had a fascination with collapsed barns on the side of the road

i met some fascinating people during my lifetime who were able to teach me something

perhaps i was just perceptive enough to pick up on what i needed to learn

i read some western books on eastern philosophy

i remembered how great it is to ponder

i pondered some of the mysteries in life and came to some temporary conclusions

i remembered how much i enjoyed photography

i started taking photographs again

i had an extra credit hour on my hands

i remembered how much i loved to dance

i started dancing again

perhaps i’m just perceptive enough to find joy in all this meaningless muck

i decided i will not, for any reason, put off what i really want

perhaps i’ll be just perceptive enough to find out what that is
This is the presentation for research class:

I began my thoughts about this project [as related to my thesis] with the following quote from Buckminster Fuller in mind:

"...they asked, why houses in the round? Why make them square said he but more, why tie your thoughts at all to round or square. Old geometry, that's dead and strange to all reality. For Universe is life and motion, There's more form and energy Than of material things we see We must think comprehensively..."

Comprehensively about life about motion about energy about form.

To establish a connection between that which is no longer and that which is not yet (Fuller)
To perceive, if one can the process of time
To perceive process
To perceive time.

The physical manifestation of all these concepts leads me to decay.

In the final design, one perceives the object as object... a moment frozen in time. The time when we call things finished: by completing drawings, by completing the model, and someday perhaps an actual building...

But things are focused far too much on product vs process... natural process. Natural process that everything undergoes: drawings fade with time, models fall apart, become fragile and break, and buildings, well buildings decay.

They decay under unseen forces...gravity, sun, wind and rain. Everything is perpetually moving, changing, growing and vibrating...in space and time.

It can be said that art, architecture, whatever, is form imposed on matter by an external force, and is therefore an object of low organization (and I'll explain). Gestalt encompasses all parts, all matter, all forces inherent within an object, and is considered to be something of high organization (Whyte). Gestalt may be perceived as something more complex, more chaotic, more difficult to decipher because of the interconnectedness of all aspects, it is highly organized because it would be true to form
as influenced by its inherent forces. These physical and
psychical can be studied and determined by perceivable effects,
and the energy of a given system (or the degree of balance) in the
distribution of forces (building statics, to relate) which
reflects in the degree of observable symmetry (Whyte).

Mental processes which create visual form can be understood as a
reflection of a tendency to simplest structure (Whyte) (young
form)... you will find order/organization whether it's there or
not.. the eye seeks order. Zen artwork plays upon this
interactive nature of the eye to seek something.

The viewer of any (Zen) artwork should be part of the creative
process (Lehmann).

The artwork is object.
The observation of the artwork is more important as the experience
of the nature of the artwork. The process of observing it and
becoming part of it.

"The viewer should feel something spiritually asserting itself in
spite of the imperfection of form...perhaps out of this
imperfection" (Lehmann)...

It is imperfect because it is nothing without the perceiver.

Effects which concentrate too greatly on the outwardness of things
fail to draw out what inner meaning (inner forces) there is in
them.

Naturalism is the result of full creative intent devoid of
anything artificial and strained. This only happens when no
distance between creator and creation exists (Lehmann).

a harmonious interaction
a reconciliation of forces
a highly ordered, unconscious process
a gestalt
for living and creating
for proceeding and processing
making the "essential self" manifest in life and being in
unification with the universe (Lehmann).

The second law of thermodynamics states that things tend to pass
from less probable to more probable configurations or states
(Whyte).

From the Tao of Architecture...Lao Tsu regards nothing as
persistent, what is essentially important in things is the
possibility of becoming something, not the opportunity of
remaining something confronting deterioration. Consequently,
meaningful incompletion is taken as the most tangible state of
being."

"A fragmentary shape has the potential to grow to become a
finished entity in our mind. A complete shape appears rigid,
static, lacks vividness because it allows no room for the growing
mind to function" (Chang)

No room for the experience of the perceiver to create the artwork
as process.

Again Buckminster fuller says:
There are only events, no things. There is only constantly
transforming dynamic patterns. The concept of "thinness" is
invalid.

My conclusions are questioning perfection:
Is it the ability to adapt and change? or is it as we seem to
stress as a nation, as architects...a moment frozen in time

Youth, and Vasco de Gamma's search for the fountain
The completion of a building
the desire for sameness/routine
the desire for stasis/completion
Specialization.

Warren Stetzel relates that "much advance has been accomplished by
remaining unfinished".

There is an evolutionary theory called paidomorphosis: this
relates that man, as an evolved form of say the ape, is actually
not an "older" form (refined/specialized form) but a young form,
since human adolescence (a post birth stage in development) is a
similar stage in FETAL apes. Therefore, apes, when they are born
are "older" that we are when we die (Stetzel).

This may account for the (so called) advancement of human kind.
The young form is designed for change. What I'm getting at here
is that specialization leads to extinction (such as the koala who
can survive only in eucalyptus), and that refined form, because
the aim is to achieve stasis, is designed for failure. Destined
for decay, by the very nature of remaining complete, the range of
response to the environment is limited. (Stetzel)

Architecture, by the nature of aiming at completion limits its
response to the environment in the form of decay...which we try to
prevent, despite its inevitability.

The issue I want to address here is the potentials of decay:
decays an opportunity to allow architecture to respond to the
environment in the "unpredictability of its
manifestation" (Mostafavi). Like a child allowed to develop in the
harmony with the forces of the universe.

I leave you with these final thoughts:

"our feeling for beauty is inspired by the harmonious arrangement
of order and disorder as it occurs in natural objects, the shapes
of all these dynamical processes jelled up into physical
forms" (Gleick)

"To be something unconditional is always a form of madness from
which... frees itself only to fade" (Coiran).

...the work of art defined as an experience
turns out to be out to a gestalt of the highest
degree...

Lancelot Law Whyte

...to [Lao tzu] who regards nothing as
persistent, what is essentially important in
things is the possibility of becoming
something, not the opportunity of remaining
something confronting deterioration
consequently, meaningful incompletion is
taken as the most desirable state of tangible
being...

Amos Ih Tiao Chang

but isn't the opportunity to decay/deteriorate
also the opportunity to become something
else?

Me

"Decay fascinates me more."
"What of art?"
"It is a malady."
"Love?"
"An illusion."
"Religion?"
"The fashionable substitute for belief."
"You are a skeptic!"
"Never! Skepticism is the beginning of
faith."
"What are you?"
"To define is to limit."

Oscar Wilde

...well... i think this whole sort of cultural
criticism is appropriate in relation to design.
popular style, arched tin roofs and reflective
glass walls... slick, clean, and ripe for
deterioration... finished... object... and here's an
appropriate time for as little self criticism
...i've done exactly the same thing with this
project... objectivized the forms and beauty of
decay, frozen in time by photograph and
displayed them neatly on the wall for all to see... a very orderly, a very finished, a very
definitive presentation, additions of one to it
would be impossible... and so... where do i
go from here? the strange thing about this
world is that we all tend to preach what we
most need to learn for ourselves... and so i
suppose that this is the perfect thesis for me...
i am a victim of this primary america
syndrome... i am primary america, a videot
shutterbug who admires those things she
cannot create for herself... the ways of
thinking and being that she cannot attain for
herself... learning to empty my cup, so to
say, when i am most thirsty will be the
toughest part of the journey toward thesis...

Me

...the real evil isn't the objects of technology
but the tendency of technology to isolate
people into lonely attitudes of objectivity...

Robert Pirsig

...our eyes look out into a complex world but
the brain unconsciously selects what interests
us and makes it seem simple...

Lancelot Law Whyte
...art: form imposed on matter by an external force... therefore an object of low organization... gestalt encompasses all parts, all matter, all forces inherent within an object, and is considered to be something of high organization (Whyte)... whereas gestalt may be perceived as something more complex, more chaotic, more difficult to decipher because of the interconnectedness of all aspects, it is highly organized because it is true to form as influenced by its inherent forces (Whyte)...

...the viewer [of zen artwork] should feel something spiritual asserting itself in spite of the imperfection of form, perhaps because of this imperfection... efforts concentrated too greatly on the outwardness of things fail to draw out what inner meaning there is in them... when form is too perfect, our senses are satisfied too strongly with it...

Susan Lehmann

...naturalism is the result of full creative intent that is devoid of anything artificial and strained...[and] only occurs when "the artist enters so thoroughly into what [he/she] is creating, that no conscious effort, no distance between [creator and creation] remains"

Susan Lehmann

...there's a primary america of jet flights and tv and movie spectaculars. and people caught up in this primary america seem to go through huge portions of their lives without much consciousness of what's around them. the media have convinced them what's right around them is unimportant. And that's why they're lonely. you see it in their faces. First, the little flicker of searching, and then when they look at you, you're just a kind of object. you don't count. You're not what they're looking for. you're not on tv...

Robert Pirsig
credits

katherine baker
celeste de jong
siobhan duffy
clarissa pinkola estes
hothouse flowers
peter gabriel
demetra george
james gleick
v.i. gurdjieff
kirsten himmelbauer
peter hirt
friedensreich hundertwasser
joe hyams
james
christopher jarvis
steven kozlowski
lenny kravitz
louise krupa
stephen & elaine krupa
stephen & patrice krupa
ted landrum
luigi
magical blend
john mc creery
dave matthews band
james d. monin iv
not mentionable by name
john pece
robert pirsig
poi dog pondering
tony robbins
camille sanfilippo
sasha
andrew seager
shane soorus
warren stetzel
lao tsu
rusted root
robb van marter
michael worcel
andy warhol
alan w. watts
oscar wilde
christopher wright
organism

prison

mechanism

destination

pattern

pattern
pattern:

as paragon

dis.bis series of photographs was the first exploration as directly related to the thesis. In this photo essay, I was searching for examples, in the physical world, of objects and forms that manifested ideas about how time would leave its mark upon a surface: through weathering, growth, aging and structural failure.

I was searching for documentation of the metamorphosis, while at the same time appreciating the objects as they exist and how they are captured through photography.

I am dealing with the dynamics of process within a static medium, in other words, the observer must understand that these objects will never exist in this manner in the same way ever again. That, to me is pretty amazing.

I have always found fascination, from a distance, in forms of this kind, and to actually be able to participate in their existence, simply by taking the time to notice them, was extremely rewarding.
prison:

as introspection

a major part of this thesis is related to myself in a very direct and personal manner. I spend an extraordinary amount of time trying to figure myself out. I am for all intents and purposes very analytical. I believe that the parallels I am able to draw between my thoughts and actions are a valuable tool toward figuring out exactly what it is that I need from this life, and life as we know is for living.

the thesis' primary theme deals with the future and the repercussions of the now. I believe that before one can go anywhere, one needs to find out where one is in the first place. these writings are very casual and honest, and perhaps quite pessimistic, however, also understand that pessimism and optimism cannot exist without each other.
If you see someone you know in a crowd, does that mean that you’ve both been looking at each other the whole time? In some way or another, that although you’ve been at the same event, and you both notice the other is there, but you haven’t actually seen each other at the same time... does it mean that when you do actually see each other it’s because at some point during that time frame (indefinite) you’d noticed that they were there and if you notice someone is there (even the first time) is that because subconsciously you might be looking for that person, or were you just looking for someone. Why do people look around in a crowd? I do... looking for interesting people, events within the actual happenings.

After jury... sitting around with all these people I knew (somehow picked out (noticed) from a crowd), and now all of a sudden we were face to face. no crowd (well a small one). We ended up talking there because in a crowd, we had noticed we were there before we met. I think that’s cool. there are people that I wish I talked to more than I do since we met. Have I learnt something valuable by really starting to know people? Once you peel back the layers, closer to the heart of truth in being. Well maybe not that knowing that well, but, on that path. When do we stop really knowing people? Or do we get bored when there’s nothing more to find out that you consider valuable. Boy, that’s a drab thought. But definitely...I have learnt more than anyone I hope would dare to ever find out. They couldn’t. That’s all just in my mind...can’t get to that. Like in Shawshank Redemption when tim robbins (actor) is talking about Mozart. Like The memory of something really good (human league). Isn’t that awful that I associated the actor, instead of the character, with the action? Is that a sign of bad acting? Or is it some cultural curse of actors and stories as our mythological references (to gods: rock Hudson). That’s what legends are made of! Somewhere along the line there created a legend called god... and his story was thus and it stuck with us, until now we’ve moved on from the imaginary unseen being only visualized through art, to the tangible thing in the form of actors and actresses? Pretty crazy. I know more about the lives of actors and actresses than I do about my own country’s politics. Part of that is the information we are fed through the mainstream, part of it is some memory of physical action to find the answers. That’s just nuts. When I was younger I purposely pursued that knowledge of rock stars too.

Sometimes I just love to dance around: just to move. It’s awesome. I forgot how much I just loved to dance, and how much I just love it now, again. Maybe I’m trying to recapture my youth, perhaps that’s when I felt most connected mind and body)
to what I loved doing I always hated the classes. I just wanted to play. I just wanted to dance... probably all the time... I'm not sure I practiced lots. I always loved performing when I was a child. Maybe because I wanted to be the centre of attention.

There are times when I feel like a moron when I don't quite catch on to a concept or conversation. And I think maybe I've just been a moron all this time. For some reason people make me out not to be one and that's why I'm here? Or maybe I'm somewhere but people forget I'm not quite there in the same way they are and so the statements make no sense to me. I don't know. I often think my intelligence is way below normal. Maybe I'm missing out on some big picture everyone else has seen but me, and gotten from it something I'm missing in life. Maybe that's why my favourite movies in Hollywood are those from which I can derive meaning and all the other ones just make me mad that the celluloid was wasted. Maybe that's why I keep watching movies, I'm looking for something that could be there. Looking for meaning in the story (creation of a mythology). And beauty in the illusion (cinematography/fantasy/work of art) and I can't find it. and in the back of my heard I'm thinking (conceitedly) that if I did it I could do it well. With architecture I tried to do it well. And now I'm not sure I try so hard anymore. Maybe I'm bored and need a new challenge. Maybe that's why I started to paint. I think it will be a long time before I'm bored. Maybe I get bored because I think well, I'll never be great... so time to move on, but it was nice trying. I quit drums, sports, dancing, working hard at school, and for a while I was thinking of quitting architecture. And I came back for...? still haven't answered that one. Kind of like reincarnating myself, I came back for whatever it was that I missed the first time around, which I guess the introspection of this thesis is destined to reveal a part of. I hope I didn't comeback for the wrong thing. Or maybe I did come back for the wrong thing, but what I did get was better. Wow. That would be cool. Wish I could actually let myself know why I did come back. I needed something to prove that I could do it, but getting through the last bit to the actual piece of evidence is a damn grunt. Thank god I only had to endure of one year of comeback. It's taxing. I wonder what my thesis would've been if I could've done it third year. I was starting to be frustrated by the process then... I got sassy? Then getting away, on polyark, and having to comeback to school, fourth year broke me. I just wanted to be out there. To be free. Out of the prison of allowing myself to be educated (like vaccinated), instead of educating myself. Taking action for my education,
under my own power. Haven't been able to do both at once... wonder if I'll ever be able to do two things at once. I can't breathe and dance. I must have one of those asphyxiation fetishes, and that's why I like dancing, because I can't breathe. Maybe that's why I smoke. Oh boy... guess I'm stretching it.

I suppose the whole point of this is that through rambling I can come up with connections between things in search of trying to figure out what the hell I'm doing and why. It's a good exercise. And the crazy thing is that it can all be interrelated to subjects that aren't even present in the discussion... the parallels to architecture are rarely drawn, but they exist. Architecture, however one defines it and takes action for is connected to some larger world view, or understanding about the nature of being. Action is connected to and manifested in the desire to create. Create what? Frank Lloyd Wright designed for a higher morality he believed was possible but couldn't necessarily create for himself the first time 'round. Some kind of harmonious interaction. That's probably why people consider him great. They can read the intent through the architecture.
i’m on the verge of beginning what is essentially the conclusion of this thesis thing. Thesis thing. And the images of what I have created thus far really scare me. this year, as I cannot seem to escape my non creative block. What is it all about. My paintings, my clay putzish doodles, they all deal with the body, and the variety of its manifestation. As much as I have tried to make it about decay, because that’s what I declared it to be, the less it is about decay, and the more it has become about the body, the body I have, the body I lost some time ago, and the body I see emerging before me. The body I want to reclaim as my own, before it’s too late to see it again. Before i’m too old to enjoy the things that come with being comfortable about my body. That’s the preoccupation. That’s the thesis, or at least behind what the thesis is supposed to be. Preparing myself and others to see the beauty of decay. To see the beauty of the body as a vehicle for the expression of time, in the same way that I perceive architecture as beautiful as that medium. Unfortunately... because at such a venue as the cap, the intimacy and the personal nature of things is far too much to reveal. I can’t talk to anyone about it. Who cares. It has nothing to do with architecture, persay, and everything to do with me, my body, my metamorphosis, the metamorphosis that has to be made in my life, my goals and my dreams... which are what? Certainly not to spend the rest of my life making, declaring how space is to be created and telling people that 3’ is enough width to put in a toilet. The truth of it is that I don’t know what I want, except to run away from all this meaningless muck. Architecture is supposed to be about creating meaning. Capitol buildings are supposed to infer thus... and basically for me, nothing does that. Nothing infers meaning unless I put it there and it can be anything. The meaning can be anything, the thing can be anything. I would like nothing better than to sit around and do nothing all the time. Look at the stars, be empty. To just be empty instead of all this pride and fear and lust and longing... I just want to create. I enjoy creating. I thought I could do this thing. I can’t. It’s almost as though it’s not mine to do, because it has no meaning for me, or perhaps too much meaning for me. And so much in the world makes me so sad because it represents a missed opportunity, my own missed opportunity. I have to leave. But there are so many things to clear up in the meantime, I have to stay. And so here I am.
Perception. In dealing with certain issues in life, wholism is so important. I know of my potential to isolate myself into a corner and I would wish my interactive capabilities were as advanced as most televisions are becoming. The thought of having to ask for anything but peace of mind is so difficult, maddening and upsetting. There are things I want in life that have no bearing on universal status quos and I don't really care about the impacts of things because either way, from someone's point of view, it's all messy and ill prepared. I am essentially selfish and the things I'm looking for in this life have very little to do with anybody else. On the other hand they have everything to do with everybody else. It seems that no matter what I try to do or say these days I'm wrong... I'm just trying to be honest. Just honest. I wish I could just be honest and not be so confused all the time.

"Gosh what a great model", but so what?... We're here for more that what things look like...( which may come as a surprise to some I'm not sure what else there is in this world...but when the aesthetic works for you, everything's fine and dandy, and when it doesn't well, that just sucks...and those for whom it sucks have so much pent up anger, as I do now because, gosh there's nothing there but the way it looks or how it came out, but at the same time by trying to make and aesthetic embody some larger unifying principal it's the same !#$%^& thing, just with an excuse for being...it's purpose in being is THUS... and so what is my purpose in being? is it to make people appreciate the aesthetic things in the world because I am not that? and maybe desire to be that, just because life would be simpler... don't expect greatness because basically you'll never be totally, wholistically successful because there are all these other things about you which just are not right... and I go through the motions of doing something, but it's never with my whole soul. this in every aspect of life makes me ANGRY and causes me to lose passion with everything....something in me allows me to hold myself back...and all I want is to be free! But I find that I can't let myself be free...there will always be this perception of what Julia is and the things Julia does... consistent... frozen... static perceptions of the way I can be categorized and when I jump out of that category...I'm not being true to myself?... or am I?
pattern

mechanism

organism
mechanism:

as a means for exploring
the presence of the theory

this series of writings and
explorations is model form
is not meant to be directly
associative.

concerning the writing, it
deals mostly with my
thoughts about how one
would approach the topic
of decay, and how other
writers, in my view, while
addressing other subjects,
have related to the ideas i
have been exploring.

concerning the models, i
began to explore the
potential of the curve, as a
built form in the
landscape and how one
might interject the
mechanism within the
language the curve
creates.
i've been thinking lately, why did i choose decay as my thesis topic. there are a few conclusions i can make. i have a bit of an obsession with the connections between things, and the things i absorb from what i read are based on this particular obsession. i think one of the major problems facing us today is a general failure to recognize the repercussions of the things that we do, feel and create in this world. one problem i have in particular is chemicals. now i'm not speaking here as some kind of pristine figure on a soapbox... i have used an abused my share of chemicals in past...as it is my multicoloured hair is a manifestation of an abusive past...

as a child i was an asthmatic and had medicines galore on hand for every family outing (just in case)... i had six injections weekly punctured through my veins for two and a half years to induce my tolerance to certain natural phenomenon... and eventually, the adverse reactions ceased and I now live a "normal" life... i saw on tv a few weeks ago a report on a diet that can "cure" epilepsy...a diet which no one really knows why it works, but it stops the seizures and somebody figured this all out to precise measurements! the report was to expose the fact that children with epilepsy are treated with every other chemical, electrical and surgical procedure available and it still does nothing, except cause possible unforeseen damage to these victims of technology. I think all this has to do with a lack of connection to what is really occurring in the world... and we lost such a connection by trying so hard to master the universe instead of realizing that we are part of some greater universal process or existence. there is food on this earth that we need nothing but hands to get and a mouth to ingest... no tool or appendages, no chemicals to settle our stomachs...there are medicinal
cures out there that cannot be duplicated synthetically...it seems as though these miracle laboratory cures are the cause of more problems which are more often than not solved by other laboratory cures which cause something else to go wrong which conceives another laboratory cure, and so on. And this process is present in every aspect of our lives, and profession. I am not knocking the whole idea of progress or discovery...what I question is the whole concept of control. That man made is better, that stasis is the desired goal...that we've forgotten our connection to the world and processes we are part of (not in control of) that we, the things we do, the things we design are part of a larger on going process that we don't understand perhaps because we're looking for a solution to things we inevitably cannot control...if we look at these things in a different light, that is...that we, says Oscar Wilde, are one with every rock and bird and beast and hill, one with the things that prey on us and one with what we kill...that there are opportunities in this world in
the things we overlook, opportunities in the things we've been conditioned to detest and prevent...this is what i want to study...in the philosophies of connectedness and the languages of decay

Through subtraction, creation, by erosion, emergence, by path erosion, by path, staining, by staining, addition by addition, subtraction.

revelation
addition
subtraction
creation

water travels in straight lines

the process and influence of water is in constant flux and equilibrium

yin yang
homeostasis

The reality and tangibility of events as expressed through materials

erosion
emergence
staining
travel/path

through erosion, something new emerges from under one surface and reveals a new surface, through erosion, revelation through staining, one material is carried by water and is deposited in another place (surface), or pile, defining a path by the stains which are left on the surface, through staining, addition path of water may stain and erode along the way, through addition, subtraction.
homeostasis
1. The tendency of a system, esp. the physiological system of higher animals to maintain internal stability, owing to the coordinated response of its parts to any disruptive situation or stimulus.

Everything is a metaphor for everything else.

(When using a pencil to write:

this pencil lead is **eroding** (wearing down) one surface while another lead surface **emerges** and in the process of writing, I am **staining** the paper, as the lead leaves, it traces (manifests) its **path**

so all of these things will happen. So what. Do I want to create the embodiment of all this? ...
what is decay really? I was just thinking that if neither Robb nor I wiped off the new faucet for like 100 years while we were still using it everyday, what would it look like and would there be any romance to the decay of it or would it just be full of schlarr? Am I looking too hard for the romance of things? And if I am looking for it does it have the same sense of QUALITY that exists in the things we just stumble upon. I think that was the problem I had with my research presentation...inability to express something indefinite w/o giving people the "wrong" idea... I sound as if I'm trying to create some new utopia full of decaying things that everyone is supposed to think are beautiful, but what they really want in life is new paint and polished marble (because in socks only, that stuff is fuuuuuuuuuuuu..!) Then I started to think about emotions and true emotional responses to things...and do I have any real emotions lately? Somehow something has been clouded over...maybe just staying here all the time is part of the problem...I'm looking forward to xmas break, actually. I'm lost in this thesis topic and it's really bothering me. Like I'm trying to make too much out of nothing and I should just get on with it: I just pick a FISH STAND and design it, draw some floor plans, elevations, maybe some way cool renderings....aw come on! I don't want to do that, but I feel all empty inside not doing it! I can't seem to commit to either side. I can't find my place in the abstract and I can't design anything accomplishable in a semester! Dealing with time is... when I discover it's hard or not what I want or will be able to accomplish I just quit...better to produce nothing than to produce shit and so I'm stuck, and I do this to myself all the time! My thesis is becoming like that! I wanted it to be something so important to myself, but I don't see it happening in an architectural way...it's a personal thing...If I could take this time to fortify myself, as a person, as a designer I think I could emerge stronger...the problem is always setting goals and never even attempting them for fear I'll fail, and fail miserably. Maybe this needs to be a time just to not be worried about the consequences of failure. I've become tired of the topic of decay already. I have no passion for it right now...Philosophies (eastern/classical) are more interesting. I've seen what I've written as strong when I wrote it, but to reexamine it later, it's just a bunch of junk I can't stand to read at all. It's just a bunch of bitching at myself for not doing enough and it seems pointless...doing any of this for anyone else's benefit or a grade, or a degree seems to squelch the passion...FMJ seems to be a greater motivator. It seems as though the manifestation (of many of the ideas i find interesting) into an identifiable aesthetic THING is a trap. The whole ZEN thing...by trying to make it something I've crushed the meaning...Zen isn't what you say or do. it's all about expressing it in life and living it. As a student, as an architect maybe, there's this need to express something in the project...THIS sqiggly hallway represents the salamander tail represents FIRE...jeez! I've always been trying to express something...LOOKING for something to express...LOOKING for something that might express something somehow and that's the
way i've always done it...the essence is in THIS SYMBOLIC FORM...no no no something tells me today that all that's just so wrong.[]I feel as though I've become either ultra simple minded or reading to much potential into things which have no potential to be anything but ugly. Being back at school there's this duty to produce, and that puts this enormous stress on things that I loathe, and is the whole reason I left with the intention of never returning...stomp stomp stomp...this is what must be done...and at the same time i neglect my responsibilities to myself...this is a time for me to grow as a person, to change form if I want to, and I think I would like to...and by denying all of those self destructive tendencies, is in itself destructive to the self by isolating myself into production mode...but that's always lingering back there... lately it hasn't been doing much for me....to change... to live ... and isn't that all what this is about...living...not being educated or going through all the bullshit just to get the degree...sometimes i forget i'm alive.
one question is to choose to mimic the forms and patterns of decay... and that, well... i want to work with it... prepare for it... design for it, create life so to say because decay is creation and only god can do that... and who am i? [if you try to find decay, in writing, it's all about prevention, tooth decay... how to stop wood from rotting, etc. or something hyper scientific like beta decay of hyperons... a hyperon is, according to random house, any of several elementary particles having a mass between that of a neutron and a deuteron, and well, that's a little too micro at this juncture... in the slide collection here at the cap, decay is a series of photographs of mountains, the grand canyon, mushrooms forming on logs, deserts... all these beautiful natural processes... that's decay? what does that have to do with toothaches and crumbling mortar, atrophy and the rounding of glass washed upon the shore? what does the grand canyon have to do with prevention? when are we going to learn that we can't stop time? that we, and the things we design the places we inhabit, are part of a larger process... involving time... where what happens to things is inherent to them, predestined, suitable, sustainable (buzzword)... rich full of life and texture and romance and history and beauty... beauty that comes with age and experience and grey hairs and sagging breasts and age spots and growies on buildings and mushrooms on logs and the grand canyon? The question of path is interesting... one might say that civilization is decaying (should architecture reflect that?) one might say that civilization is progressing, and both arguments can be based on the issue of convenience: profit, house in the suburbs and 2.5 kids... i suppose we can't turn back, is that decay? pillars of salt left to erode in the desert of romance for time gone by... or is turning back progress from this veneered life we have generated, pink flamingos and all? progress... process toward truth, depth and intricate comprehension of internal forces and LIFE... beyond microscopes... holistic understanding of the forces... physical forces. "eternal" forces, mystical forces, energies, vibrating particles and quantum ideas of what things really are, of how life is kinetic, dynamic, and questioning why we try so hard to find stasis? finding the patterns, living the patterns, being aware of the patterns and not letting life become a habit... there is a dynamic involved in all things and once you understand the dynamic, creation is truly possible...
why is it that the silhouette of a storm bent tree against an evening sky in winter is perceived as beautiful, but the corresponding silhouette of any multipurpose university building is not, in spite of all the efforts of the architect?

gert eilenberger

...our feeling for beauty is inspired by the harmonious arrangement of order and disorder as it occurs in natural objects in clouds, trees, mountain ranges or snow crystals: the shapes of all these are dynamical processes jelled up into physical forms and particular combinations of order and disorder are typical for them...

gert eilenberger

[differential equations]...a single point represents the state of a system frozen in time, the point moves, tracing an orbit across this surface...

james gleick

the idea that the mathematics of events can be traced and manifested in three dimensions provides an opportunity to derive form, and i mean architectural form... the movement say a corner will make over the lifetime of a building can become a line that generates and inspires art.

me
...the abundance of solutions to the aspects of existence is equaled by their futility...
e. m. coiran

...futility is an important idea that we as designers forget about. we fail to remind ourselves that by setting limits to what design will be, as a finished product: once drawings are done and the building is erected, that the dynamics of natural process are now in control...the attempt to achieve stasis in is futile, the attempt to define what the building will be then is absent from our thinking and so therefore solutions, as finalities are impossibilities...

me

...the source of our actions resides in all unconscious propensity to regard ourselves as the centre, the cause and conclusion of time...all our actions derive from an illusion as to our importance...
e. m. coiran

...to be something unconditional... (understanding all points of view with equal value) is always a form of madness from which life flower of fixed idea frees itself only to fade...
e. m. coiran

...in the process of subtracting the "finish" of a construction, weathering adds the "finish of environment"...

moshen mostafavi

...man can learn to control his world by social contacts, wherein he sets up certain rules of behavior governing those social contacts, the first approach through mastery of the world entails a study and control of matter, while the second requires mastery of words and the ability to communicate...

robert francoeur

...here evolution is dealing with control, which i think is an important idea, especially concerning architecture. how much control does the designer have? one might say ultimate control, especially if the designer also executes the design, as a painter or a sculptor does...but eternal control is in the hands of unseen forces. those things we cannot manifest, but gradually, over time, reveal their presence...these are the most important forces in design and the failure to recognize and submit to them leads to decay as negative instead of an opportunity. trying to master something unmasterable leads only to injury...

me

[myths and cosmologies] are serious attempts to explain the origin and beginning of things. They weave together in a overall pattern concepts drawn from early man's daily life, from his science as well as from his religions and magical practices and beliefs, and these cosmologies invariably [tell] of man's attempt to gain the upper hand in a seemingly hopeless struggle against the overwhelming "eternal" forces of nature.

robert francoeur
... the chalice owes thanks to the silver out of which it is made... and the aspect (eidos) of chalice-ness...

martin heidegger

eidos philos form idea essence ideal...the architecture owes thanks to the materials of which it is made (their potential to decay) and the (eidos) of architecture...

me

art that satisfies lacks scale...it has no scale because it has every scale. the composition changes (with observers distance) and new elements of the structure come into play...

gert eilenberger

architecture
1. the profession of designing buildings, areas, communities, etc., usually with some regard to aesthetic effect.
2. the character or style of a building
3. the result or product of work by an architect
4. the devisor, maker, or creator of anything.

if you don't know the measurements, what can you say about the overall structure?

james gleick.
we need to have a comprehensive view of things...understanding that part of the beauty of things, and I stress things here, is that they go through a process...a process of decay...part of the joy of having flowers out of their rightful setting and keeping them for oneself is that they will not as they were when they were captured...therefore there is the opportunity to repeat this process, this initial thrill of having something that really isn't yours: to take again and again. The silk and plastic ones just don't achieve the same response...there are perpetual conditions associated with man made flowers...all they really do is collect dust and lose the vibrance of their colour with time...then they are a nuisance...real wild flowers are unconditional...they will die with time...they are beautiful in life and beautiful in death: because they can proceed with our (except for zuzu's) understanding that they will fade...and have freedom.

me

...everything in the universe is one, the difference is only of scale; in the infinitely small we shall find the same laws as in the infinitely great. as above, so below...

gurdjieff

...every mistake served to guide me toward the truth...

gurdjieff
organism

as resolution

this section of writing is intended to try to draw parallels, or reconcile the issues I am dealing with: mainly the self and architecture as related to form and decay. The main theme deals with the manifestation of forces.

According to Fritjof Capra, the difference between an organism and a mechanism or machine: lies in the principle dynamic phenomena of self-organization and self-renewal lies in self-transcendence: the ability to reach out creatively beyond physical and mental boundaries in the process of learning, development and evolution boundaries

organisms function in a state of stable nonequilibrium

mechanisms proceed from order to disorder until equilibrium is achieved.
metamorphosis of form

decay and the struggle for strength and grace

shedding your skin

Grace is an interesting choice of word. I suppose elegance would be truer in terms of the built forms. Grace would be truer in the struggle I have with myself. I suppose the time has come to make the realization that my own time to achieve anything is growing short, both in terms of this thesis and in my lifetime. I think, and at this point I truly believe that growing old is sad. I am young. My body is young but has been thoroughly abused in the time that I have had to use it, and I have not lived up to its potential, at all. And that makes me sad. The fact that I’m 24, and I don’t know what my true form as an adult is, is really depressing. The time has come to shed the skin to reveal what’s been hiding, silent all these years. Dormant. Waiting to emerge. By the nature of being a sagittarius, I am supposed to be athletic. But in essence, I love to move. And now I am moving and it feels so good I can’t imagine wanting to do anything else. And currently, I haven’t been able to do anything else.

Collapsing

the curve I keep drawing is the first contraction to collapse

does it mean I need to change? that is important to the whole idea of changing form. That structures fail from their original equilibrium to another equilibrium on the journey toward entropy.

Looking for the curves

i’m looking for my own curves, the curves of my female body. Perhaps that’s why I can’t stop drawing them.

Emergence

waiting for the natural curve, perhaps preparing for the graceful sag that only time can create

We are not what we once were

there’s a duality occurring in this attempt at producing a thesis. I am concerned with decay, right? The dynamics involved in built form. The idea that nothing stays as it once was that all things are struggling toward entropy.
entropy
1. Thermodynamics a measure of the amount of energy unavailable for work during a natural process.
2. The measure of the frequency with which an event occurs within a system; measure of probability of distribution in a closed or isolated system; measure of randomness.
3. Hypothesized tendency toward uniform inertness, esp. of the universe.

I suppose entropy is the energy it takes just to be at any state of being. Not potential, not kinetic. Wow. Entropy is a quantity, not a quality? So there are three states of energy.

inert (ness):
1. Having no inherent power of action, motion or resistance (opposed to active)
2. Chem having little or no ability to react
4. Inactive or sluggish by habit or nature

in the same way that I am trying to determine the way a built form may change, actually I find myself manipulating the way it will change purposefully, in other words trying to understand the way in which it is possible for a built form to change in a given set of circumstances

yet with myself I am practicing preventative maintenance, also perpetuating a change under a different given set of circumstances. That of action, forceful action, as of recently.

however, with the ideas I have concerning built form, I am looking for the ways in which it will find entropy, (how will it be when it is reduced to what is simply IS) motionlessness, harmony with certain given processes, until it will no longer process, or does it ever even stop, that’s an interesting question, since energy is not created nor destroyed, but just changes form. Changes form. And yet with my own body, I am coming to the realization, that i’m too young to let that happen to me. I want to be what I once was. Or I want to be what i should’ve been but never was. I want the built form to be active in the midst of natural process, and my own body to fulfill the activity potential of a 24 year old female. And in some ways defy the forces of natural process: which is, that with stillness, my body will eventually atrophy.

atrophy
1. A wasting away of the body or organ or part as from defective nutrition or other cause
2. Degeneration; decline; decrease, as from disuse
3. To affect with or undergo atrophy

Action and the manifestation of forces

the luigi method. (jazz dance)

The way the body moves becomes expressed in the development of the muscle. Bikers thighs are always huge. Because the muscles develop to express the
way they are used. The luigi method taught me that. The way the hands are positioned, the forces that are supposed to be acting through them are expressed in the position. The movements become fluid when they are generated by a force. The built form becomes true when it expresses the way the forces are acting... i.e. where the moment is greatest, in order to carry the applied force, the connections are larger, reinforced, and expressed in their dimension. The same thing happens with decay. When left to natural process, the built form begins to express the forces which are acting upon it, in the form of decay, or change from the original form or intention.

The body moves. This movement, say the crunches of the stomach muscles, this continual movement causes the stomach muscles to eventually stretch themselves (actually contract) and become stronger... in the human body, strength comes from movement. In built form, because it is essentially meant to be static, movement causes breakdown, failure decay. However, stillness is essentially impossible because there are always forces acting upon a still body (potential energy within and without). Anyway, as far as machines are concerned, stillness is what causes them to breakdown as well. Motors are designed to run, and not running them causes other problems. However in the process of being in motion, the parts rub together, causing anther type of breakdown.

Things are constantly breaking down. If they are still or if they are moving.

Kinetics

sometimes when i'm tired or i've just worked out, it I sit and stare at something I can see it vibrating. This could be caused by lack of oxygen to my brain, but... This is sometimes a concept that's hard to grasp. The idea that although things appear to be solid or still they are actually constantly moving, the particles are at least, and what we see is necessarily only a probable appearance of what it is in form. That's so cool. the earth is rotating and we can't feel it. That's pretty amazing. There are all these forces at work here and some of them manifest themselves in the form of decay, or change, or metamorphosis of form.

Muscles flexin' flippers flippin'

what am I trying to achieve with a kinetic structure? Does it have any meaning? Well, I suppose it began with the idea of erosion. The idea that water flows and erodes a surface, a new surface then emerges. Then it became an issue of how would I want water to flow over a surface. How would I control it. Which developed into the idea that the weight of water might cause something to move, or collapse, which brings me back to the initial interest in
decay which was the idea that when built forms decay, the structure somehow fails and the form metamorphoses. Usually, in terms of built forms, mostly roofs, the ridge is the thing to fail, and when it does it collapses inward and when it drags the rest of the structure with it. the rigid side connexions remain attached causing the appearance of a hyperbolic paraboloid. One of my favourite forms. So I guess in terms of meaning, it means nothing, or everything, in that it is an expression of a preoccupation with a particular form. A preoccupation with the forms that built form makes when it fails.

Preoccupations/obsessions

as stated earlier, I have preoccupation with body forms. Although we are all part of the same species, there are significant differences in body form and the way those forms manifest themselves: change over time. What the human body is capable of becoming is pretty amazing as well. I see these umpa lumpas all the time in the weight room. Serious weight lifters! There’s no purpose for a body to look that way. No series of movements in the process of living that would cause a person to look that way except by purposefully developing the muscles to that potential.

Why does that potential even exist? If we can develop ourselves to that level of pumped-updom, is there another purpose for which the body was designed? Look at Greek art. There is a standard of beauty there. Supposedly an unattainable one. I find it curious that the women were often larger than the men. Look at David. He is muscular, but in essence he is slender. The women, were large. Huge thighs, huge calves, huge arms, large hips, strong shoulders, tortoise shell stomachs. Is this ideal woman a woman who is like a man? Were they expressing a desire for equality? Or even superiority of women? (That would be a nice wish) Or in the ideal were they expressing the potential of women, who were not what they could potentially be. Or were they expressing the overall strength of women in the metaphor of physical strength? Just something I just thought of. If you think about the ideal woman in the 90’s, or at least what the fashion industry tells us is ideal, women are far more supple. They are slim. They are small breasted, or proportionate to their tall, slender supple bodies. Ideal women in the popular culture are not strong or man like. I suppose their power is supposed to be manifested in their sexuality, or physical appeal... and is there a metaphor there? In some ways contemporary culture may be learning something, in some ways women are approaching a stage where their intellectual and business sense is appreciated, and yet, a woman’s strength is not expressed in the ideal as a physically strong being. I don’t thing the fashionable male is either. That’s sort of interesting as well. The
men are slim. They are muscular, at least in the upper body. According to my friends in Miami, if you have pecs you’re all the rage. I’m not so sure it’s about being strong, and having it as an expression on the body, I think, it’s reflection of material culture: that it’s about looking strong. (Traditionally the same for architecture) and having that body which develops is a product of making oneself look a certain way, without the corresponding physical exertion in day to day activity that would generate the appearance. The manifestation of activity is non existent because it is a controlled aesthetic. You know by looking at someone whether the muscle comes from lifting weights or from tossing masonry around a construction sight. There’s a lack of truth in the form, as typical of this time in history where appearances are more important than the actual function or workings of society... that sounds so prude.

That’s a political statement as well. The government has to assume a certain appearance... enough said, and that’s just too bad because nothing will ever get accomplished if people don’t follow their hearts. What do people’s hearts really tell them.

Over the last several months I have watched as my form has diminished. For a long time I wasn’t really trying to do anything about it, only wishing. There were certain behavioral patterns which lead me to the state I was in and I wish I has a good documentation of that... the decay of my body to its worst possible form. And behaviorally, I let it get that way, unconsciously, but consciously through my actions. Amazing how we are capable of destroying ourselves, at least destroying our potential through unnecessary action, or non action as the case may be. Of course there’s a psychology to it as well. Something to do with frustration on my part, I know that. But I suppose there are other (mental) forces that are driving me now, one of which is joy.

In the same sense that the human body is an organism, in terms of it’s functioning and processes, it is also a machine. It is designed to move. And in the same way, it will decay if it moves or not. Not moving causes atrophy, moving causes the weakening or stress on the joints, which wears out cartilage, etc., but which way does the body function as it should? It functions best in movement. In movement. We are essentially balls of potential energy, which implies that at some point, we are intended to be kinetic. The muscles are intended to flex. That is the purpose to our form and configuration. So how does this relate to architecture?
I am a hypocrite

Bill Smith brought up an interesting point one day in pro practice. I will leave out the irritating gender slam, but his point is well taken in hindsight. People go to the gym and work out to exercise, and then drive everywhere? When walking would generate the desired exercise. I’m guilty of it. I drive to school and go to the gym when I get there. I rationalize it in terms of time. It takes way too long to walk to school, and then to walk home, leaving me less time to accomplish what needs to be done when I arrive. Why do I want to be strong, when my daily life does not call for me to be strong. Sedentary, sitting at a computer typing, drawing at my drafting table, painting, etc. What is my potential as a physical form is not given the opportunity to be expressed in my function during this lifetime. Should life be more physical because it can be? Or should it be convenient and sedentary because technology makes it so that it can be? This has to do with defining what our lives should be and how we should live them. The same in architecture, I think. What should architecture be? What is it’s potential? The potential will always be that all things proceed in the process toward entropy, but before it can get to this state of just being, it is continually moving, metamorphosing and changing form. Changing form, by the forces of natural process. So what do I do from here? In essence this whole attempt at making something that is designed to move and metamorphose at the application of specified forces becomes some sort of an abstract manifestation of the theory. There are forces that cause change. The change will be thus, the forces will be thus and it is therefore limited in its manifestation, but then what? It decays, beyond the control of what was intended. The machine is designed to move. Therefore it should move, but at the same time, the only way to prove the essence of the theory is to let the machine break down. Something I have no control over, although there is a schedule for this sort of thing.

Some time ago, I thought the thesis was about shedding your skin. The idea that under one surface lies another. The idea that one could “step out” of one’s skin, and reveal another. The idea of erosion. That life, in action, psychology and physicality is multilayered, like an artichoke, the layers are peeled away (gradually) until you reach the “meaty” centre, which is after the form is reduced, peeled away: the original whole decayed down to the bear heart, and then there is? entropy? I’m not so sure now. Is the thesis is about designing the machine? Is the thesis about this unknowable state of entropy? The machine
is destined for perpetual movement, vibration, and in the process designed for perpetual change: a change one can predict to some degree, understanding the nature of its activity and the effects upon the body of the machine, the effects, the manifestation, the metamorphosis of form can be predicted. So where do you start? I suppose you have to find out what it is and how it will move.

**decay is only beautiful in its context**

I was asked regarding this statement, does decay have a context?

**Context:**
1. The parts of a written or spoken statement that precede or follow a specific word or passage, usually influencing the meaning or effect.
2. Set of circumstances or facts that surround a particular event, situation, etc.

so the context of decay is in being anything in particular at one point in time. And from that point in time forward, the being in decay is in its context. So is decay always beautiful? I suppose because beauty is subjective, then beauty becomes the context. And the context for a subjective judgment of this sort is the understanding that things are subject to decay,
destination

as conclusion

i wouldn't say that this series of explorations comes to a grand finale in the following pages.

i definitely wouldn't say that from the beginning, i was headed to this point.

i have left out many of the visits to other ports, in terms of the products i was trying to develop, for the sake of brevity.

this is quite simply one solution that resulted from the larger part of the process, and it involves moving from the conceptual to the tangible, or at least something resulting in a detailed conclusion.

it is a summary, relatively neatly packaged, of design ideas, concepts and preoccupations, and grants me the ability to finally put the curve to rest for a while.
One solution

a semi transcript of the jury:

there have been a lot of things I have been going back and forth with this semester. Going back to when we were first asked to define the thesis, it was purpose of form in nature, that was the first thing I said and that branched out to natural process... how things fall apart, the forces buildings are subject to: the forces of weathering, basically just aging. And I started thinking about life, my own ability to express myself, verbally, written, physically, graphically. So I found all these things to be unresolvable. So I decided I would just deal with water for a while.

The other thing was that I was stuck in the prison of drawing this curve over and over and over and over again. Every time I picked up a pen or pencil the curve came out.

The curve is a manifestation of the way my hand moves, hence the consistency.

I decided that instead of fighting it, trying to escape it, I would use it as it was.

Body

the connection between the body and architecture is that there is a consistent way of building, or skeleton: it’s rigid. The muscle and skin can act independently of the skeleton, but will take its basic form from it. What comes from and expresses itself in the body, and in architecture, is the result of what happens over time and how you end up using it, so that weight lifters have one kind of body, dancers have another sort of body and yet they exist simultaneously over the same basic frame work.

The idea of frame work goes back to the whole genetics thing, which is: here is your [destined] movement. How you’re going to build it over time changes things.

What you do to your body/building:
the forces that it is exposed to (actions) that it undergoes:

It all starts at this one point. So when looking at this curve, I multiplied it and reversed it and what I got was something that looks like a section of DNA, so this is just a little spot (movement) of a larger whole.

I took the final curve and did some explorations about how things might collapse in on themselves and what the ramifications are of that, what things might cause it.

Water causes a pull or a push

*yin yang*

that force can generate the basic mechanism of the event.

The curve is an expression of the ideas [about the grace of things failing]...the forces that are moving...
water

one of the qualities of water that I was dealing with was erosion: the idea that when water runs over a surface it breaks down the top layer and reveals a new surface underneath which is different, but retains more or less the same qualities of the original: the idea the new things could emerge from a given surface.

As things erode or decay, facades fall, skin is shed, the next layer becomes apparent.
how it works:
water collects on the roof and flows out over the projections from the wall and collects in a vessel. The configuration of the vessel would cause the lever member, to which it is connected, to pull out and down from the wall. Once it gets to a certain point, the dimension of the lever at the vessel end changes dimension and falls. the end of the lever falls through a track on the inside of the wall. The tracks are the expression of the arc the lever makes when it falls. The arcs vary in length depending on how far the member needs to fall. When the levers fall, the water then will flow off the roof and collect in a cistern, which drains out into a pool which when full, completes the curve.
Construction of the device is shown in the diagram. The main component is the water collector that Fun collect and then Fun collect the water that is brought in at the side inlet. 

Diagram:
- Water collector
- Inlet
- Outlet
- Water flow direction

Legend:
- Water
- Arrow indicating flow

Note: The description is based on the visible elements in the diagram.
Going back to erosion and the idea that new surfaces are revealed: when the lever falls, it is connected to a cable which pulls a secondary (external) lever from horizontal to vertical. The fabric roof is connected to the end of this second lever, and as the fabric is pulled over the wall, the lever brings up another wall of sheer fabric, revealing the window facade of the structure, bringing more light into the interior and revealing a new surface, granting more clarity to the outsider, as to what is going on with the form. Like in the body, the mechanism functions with, but is separate from the skin.

The built form is designed to engage the water. And designed so that the means are purposely presented to allow the organism/mechanism to break down. It is designed to change, and at any moment in time judge it at the state in which it exists.

in death, new life
Paintings

The first oil painting deals with the ideas about emergence and erosion. It is inspired by the image and process by which a tor is created. The idea that through wind or water, the loose fragments of earth are removed to reveal a solid block of some substance. This painting combines the ideas about body and emergence through a plane. The idea that all things will be revealed, just not all at once.

The first one is a water colour. And that evolved from playing with the paint very wet and letting it run/stain the paper. It was a way of discovering that water flows in straight lines due to gravity, and also that water will follow the same path that it originally defined. Here the pigments merge.

The second oil painting deals with the ideas of the differences of how forms are manifested over a similar framework. Body form. And the ideas that the individual mind exists independently of the body. The body although it is the direct way in which we interact with each other is only one of the aspects of being.
origin

mechanism

that is not on

beaten

ion
good reads


...strange how old, obsolete buildings, plants and mills, the technology of fifty, a hundred years ago, always seem to look better than the new stuff. weeds and grass and wild flowers grow where concrete has cracked and broken. neat, squared, upright lines acquire a random sag. the uniform masses of the unbroken colour of fresh paint modify to a mottled, weathered softness. nature has a non-euclidean geometry of her own that seems to soften the deliberate objectivity of these buildings with a kind of random spontaneity that architects would do well to study...

Robert Pirsig