

ART 387



STILL A REGULAR NEST

Geometry

Rita Dove

I prove a theorem and the house expands:
the windows jerk free to hover near the ceiling,
the ceiling floats away with a sigh.

As the walls clear themselves of everything
but transparency, the scent of carnations
leaves with them. I am out in the open

And above the windows have hinged into butterflies,
sunlight glinting where they've intersected.
They are going to some point true and unproven.



**UNTERWEGS NACH KAMTSCHATKA
(MATTHIAS JUNG)**

Keeping Things Whole

Mark Strand

In a field
I am the absence
of field.
This is
always the case.
Wherever I am
I am what is missing.

When I walk
I part the air
and always
the air moves in
to fill the spaces
where my body's been.

We all have reasons
for moving.
I move
to keep things whole.



**KURHAUS OST
(MATTHIAS JUNG)**



from **CONSTRUCT**
(LAURA KICEY)

Song

Frank O'Hara

Is it dirty
does it look dirty
that's what you think of in the city

does it just seem dirty
that's what you think of in the city
you don't refuse to breathe do you

someone comes along with a very bad character
he seems attractive. is he really. yes. very
he's attractive as his character is bad. is it. yes

that's what you think of in the city
run your finger along your no-moss mind
that's not a thought that's soot

and you take a lot of dirt off someone
is the character less bad. no. it improves constantly
you don't refuse to breathe do you



**from FLYING HOUSES
(LAURENT CHEHERE)**

The First Rule of Sinhalese Architecture

Michael Ondaatje

Never build three doors
in a straight line

A devil might rush
through them
deep into your house,
into your life

where I
entreat
snap
Res o l u t i o n

Picked up arrowhead
hieroglyph

At this end of the carry
sheen
Their Plenipo
squ all

disc
lily root
swamp
of which will not per[mit] of

Encampt
wood
canoes
Fires by night

Tranquillity of a garrison
Escalade

Traverse canon night siege Constant firing

Parapet
noiqab

Parted with Otterware
at the three Rivers, & are
Gone to have a Treaty
with the French at Oswego
& singing their war song
The French Hatchet
Messages

grease
cusk
wavelet
shrub
mud
waterbug
Cove

Places to walk out to

Places to walk out to

Cove
waterbug
mud
shrub
wavelet
cusk

cedar

Messages
The French Hatchet
& singing their war song
The War Belt
Messengers say

Of the far nations
over the lakes

Parapet
Traverse canon night siege Constant firing
Escalade
Tranquillity of a garrison

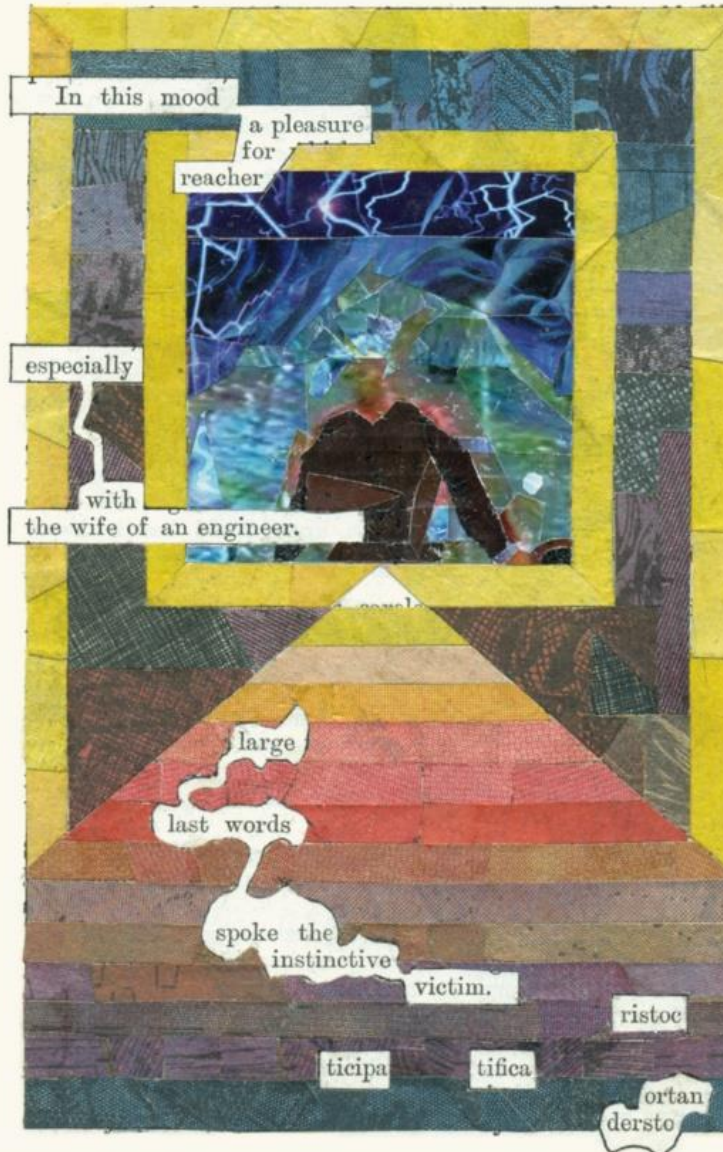
The frames should be exactly
fitted to the paper, the Margins
of which will not per[mit] of
a very deep Rabbit

chip
coin
grease

Picked up arrowhead
hieroglyph

swamp
lily root
disc
Their Plenipo
sheen

Encamp t
wood
canoes



won't you let me take you on a ~~red~~ cruise?

ROCKETS

so far ahead
it's behind us.
Moses tote her
raygun saying
moonwalk or git
disinigrated!

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

throne
thrown up
like they
just don't care!

what our antenna said we was bugged,
so us eyed the light up to light out.
whole of "...the place" blacked up so blacks out
this terra. o great gettin up launchin!
spacesuited Q.U.E.E.N.S. in foil to fly.
flightsuited kings sky around shimin.
zip zip zip off the planetation,
beyond the stairs to nigga heaven.

ROCKETS

IT'S AN ESCAPE CRAFT
FROM NOW&THEN
BY WAY OF THEN&SOON.

MOONSHOTS

who you callin BUCK ROGERS?!

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

MOONSHOTS

what our antenna said we was bugged,
so us eyed the light up to light out.
whole of "...the place" blacked up so blacks out
this terra. o great gettin up launchin!
spacesuited Q.U.E.E.N.S. in foil to fly.
flightsuited kings sky around shimin.
zip zip zip off the planetation,
beyond the stairs to nigga heaven.

IT'S AN ESCAPE CRAFT
FROM NOW&THEN
BY WAY OF THEN&SOON.

MOONSHOTS

who you callin BUCK ROGERS?!

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

ASTROSHEEN®
REMY MARTIAN®
~~CADILLAC~~®
~~CADILLAC~~®
SPACEY ADAMS®

are we there yet?
are we we yet?
are we we there?
are there we there yet?
are we here yet there?
there, there.

"NASA been good to us!
Dogonnit, I'm serious!"

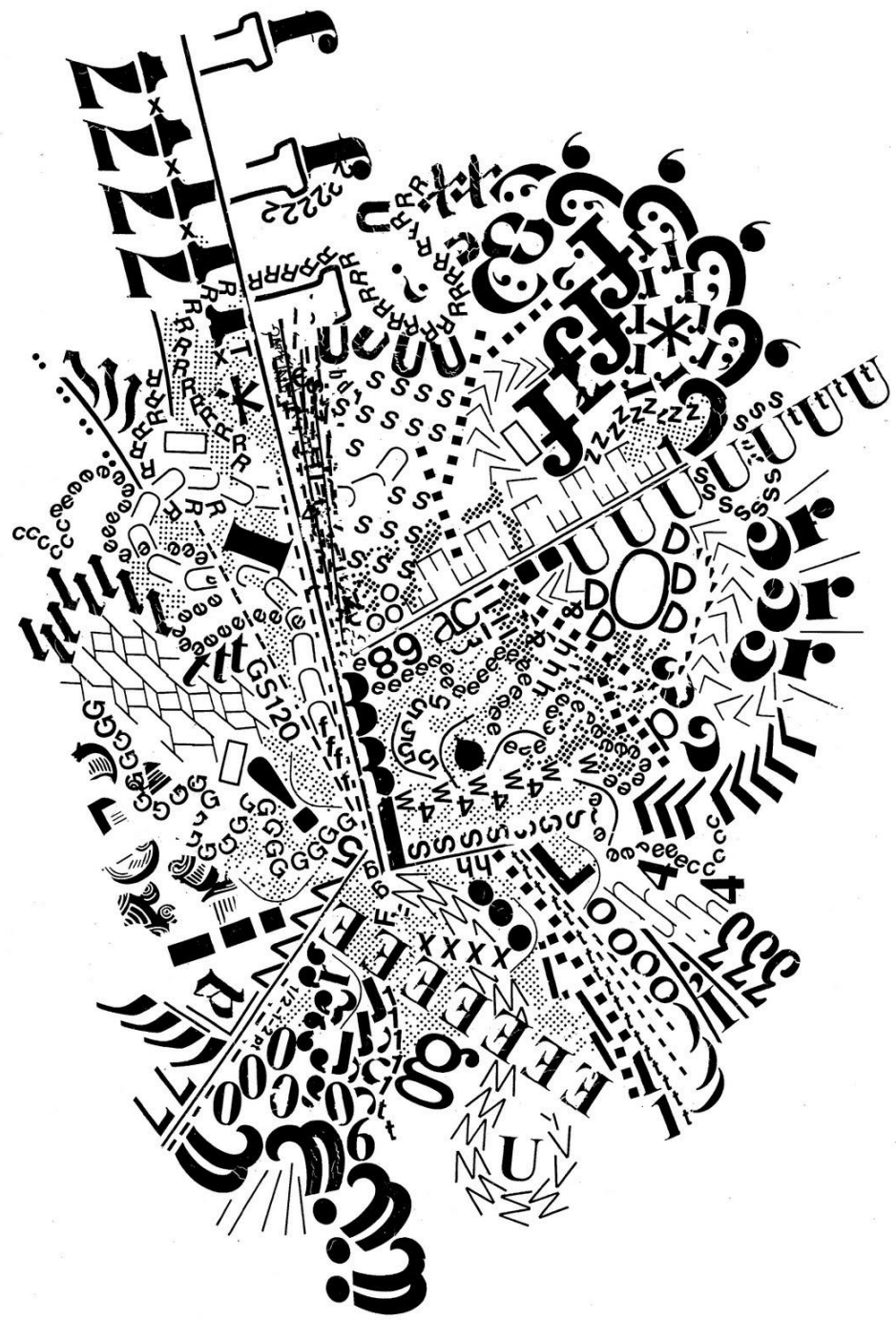
MOONSHOTS

who you callin StarBUCK?!

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

TAKE ME TO ~~YOUR LEADER~~

"pilot...
"pilot...
"pilot...
"pilot...
"pilot...



ART 387

Bachelard on design:

“All we communicate to others is an *orientation* towards what is secret without ever being able to tell the secret objectively.”

“Thus we cover the universe with drawings we have lived. These do not need to be exact. They need only be tonalized on the muse of our inner space.”

ART 387

Cross-talk: Robertson, Bachelard

“Literature tells us we will remember the house of our childhood, with its nooks and garrets...as if this house were singular...”

“When the shack dweller lays in supplies, she is composing a politics...[w]e like to remember that politics are collective experiments in belief.”

ART 387

Activity Warm Up

Draw spaces for any binary set of circumstances below:

The last place you laughed	The last place you cried
The first time you ever heard a Drake song	The place where you last had complete silence
Your clearest memory of the color purple	A space which is predominately red
A pet you remember fondly	The last place you felt despairingly alone