

ON SPACE

Shaping Language
SP15

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On Space

The impressions are over-black; they read like they were made by lead, thick-inked and put decisively to paper. They read like Germanic castles—each letter is built sturdy, ornate, and strange. They read like Victorian painted portraits—the word is a family, the line its generations. They're brambles over the wall of the page.

On Space

“I make space,” is what he’d said. I’d laughed at the loftiness of that, but he’d been serious—I’ll admit now there was some risk in saying it—and he couldn’t hide a flash of betrayal. At the time we were both architecture students. He was naturally sapling-thin. He would’ve been a Corinthian column, with his scrolls of reddish hair, if he weren’t so irregular. He had terrible posture. Last I saw him was in an East Village bookstore—used books—where he was working the counter and reading Barthes with practiced flippancy, his glasses slid down his nose, just so, just the same. I stumbled across a retrospective of my own work, and I bought it, to test him. He didn’t recognize me.

On Space

Every year we get a letter, and in it they tell us she’s still alive.

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1400 sq. ft.

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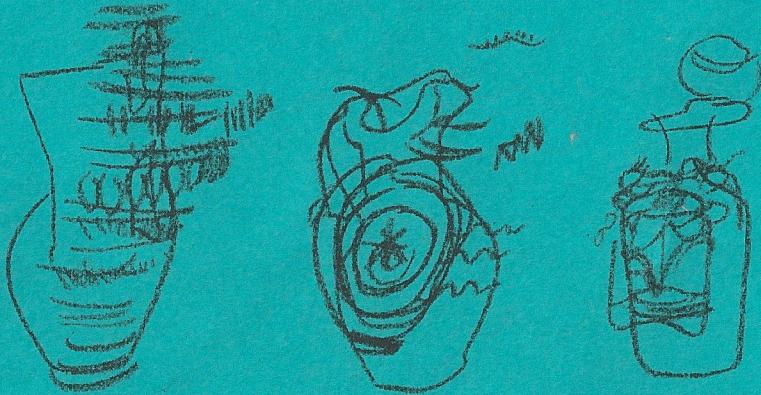


On Space

To swim was to fly. He could go under, and it was something like pressing through the surface of another world (like Voyager 1 in the ever-expanding film over the edge of the known universe). He didn’t have to touch anything to move. He could use the trueness of this sky, which was so viscous

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\$550/month



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This is a process by which both the positive image (the thing to be printed), and the negative image (the positive's counterform, to be discarded) are the natural output. These images operate in a model example of functional symbiosis: the positive would collapse without the negative, and the negative would not exist without the positive (the negative is also an imprint of the space between the positive image and the invisible defaults of the technology). Furthermore, the physicality of the two images is equal.

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and malleable compared to the other sky,
to travel so fast and so well. Sight was
no problem. He couldn't see in the other
world anyway. The only trouble was air—
he had to rely on the other world for that.
But someday he would solve it. The other
world, he had long since decided, was not
exactly right for him.

On Space

All of a dinosaur in a fossil. All of a human
in the follicle of an eyelash. All of a tree
in a spore. All of crime in a bullet. All of
sin from an hour. All of time in a ring.
All things by an eye.

On Space

There was the book, and then there
was everything else. There was a note
scrawled on the title page. It was in red
pen, unsigned. That's how it ended.