

*He had bought a large map representing the sea,
Without the least vestige of land;
And the crew were much pleased when they found it to be
A map they could all understand.*

*"What's the good of Mercator's North Poles and Equators,
Tropics, Zones, and Meridian lines?"
So the Bellman would cry: and the crew would reply
"They are merely conventional signs!"*

*"Other maps are such shapes, with their islands and capes!"
But we've got our brave Captain to thank
(So the crew would protest) "that he's brought us the best —
A perfect and absolute blank!"*

Lewis Carroll
The Hunting Of The Snark

NOTATIONS

University of Kentucky, College of Design
Architecture Master's Project 2009

Edward A. Trammell II

Et sic in infinitum



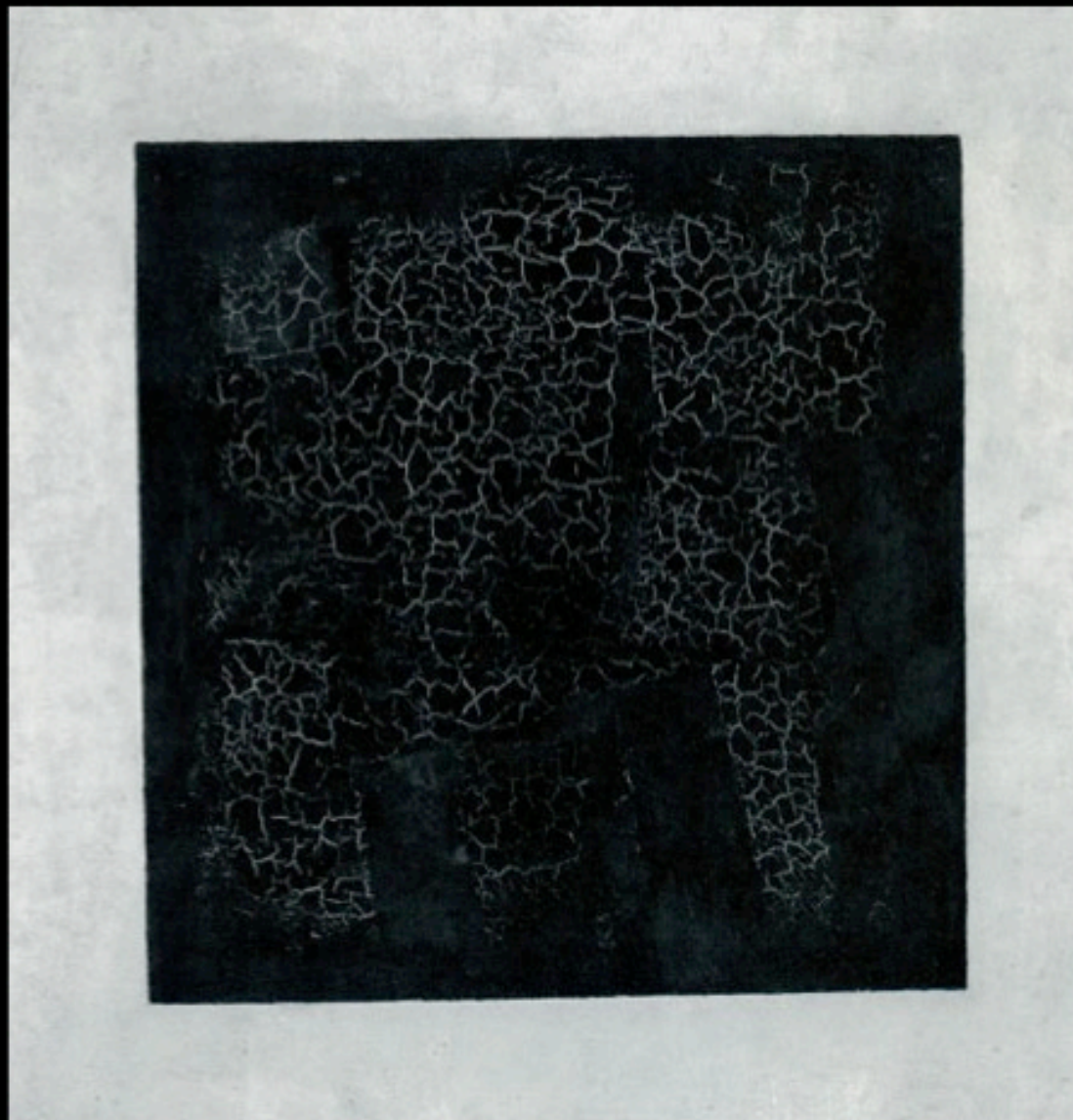
at the age of 67, no month before his death, he wrote "I was in such a state of mental agitation, in such great confusion that for a time I feared my weak reason would not survive... Now it seems I

am better and that I see more clearly the direction my studies are taking. What I ever arrive at the goal, so intensely sought and so long pursued? I am still learning from nature. It seems to me I am

Et sic in infinitum

This is the form of a new living organism...It is not painting; it is something else.

Kazimir Malevich



*is it figure? is it ground? Is it matter? is it spirit? is it fullness? is it emptiness? is it end? is it beginning? is it nothing?
is it everything? is it manic assertion? or absolute letting-go?*

Et sic in infinitum

T.J. Clark

Farewell To An Idea, Episodes From A History Of Modernism



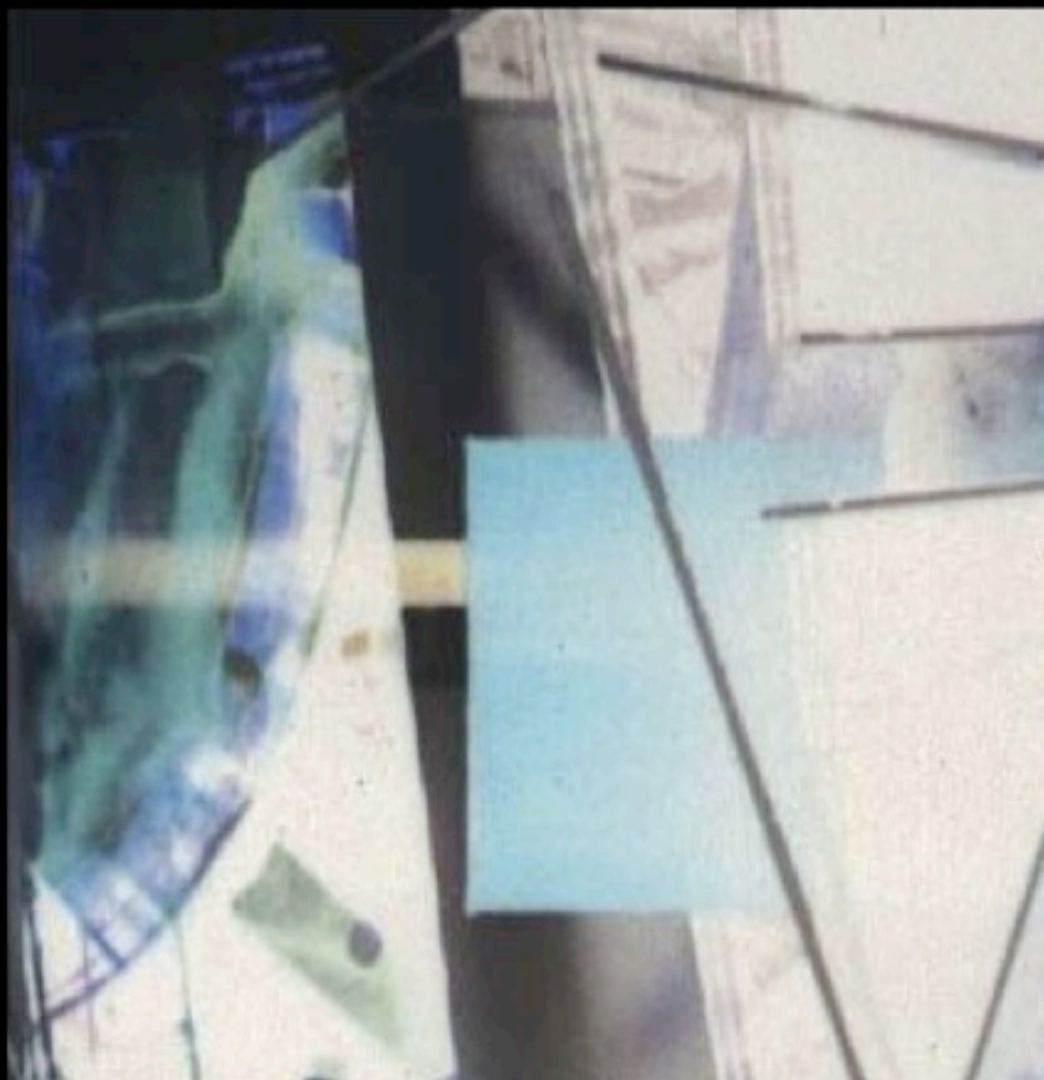
Everything had changed suddenly ... As if all your life you had been led by the hand like a small child and suddenly you were on your own, you had to learn to walk by yourself...At such a time you felt the need of committing yourself to something absolute – life or truth or beauty – of being ruled by it in place of the man made rules that had been discarded.

Boris Pasternak
Doctor Zhivago

Et sic in infinitum

afternoon of the day his mother died. In 1870 he was painting at Lesbois while the police were after him for dodging the draft. And still he had moments of doubt about his vocation... Thus it is true

Everything must have a beginning...



digital collage 2007

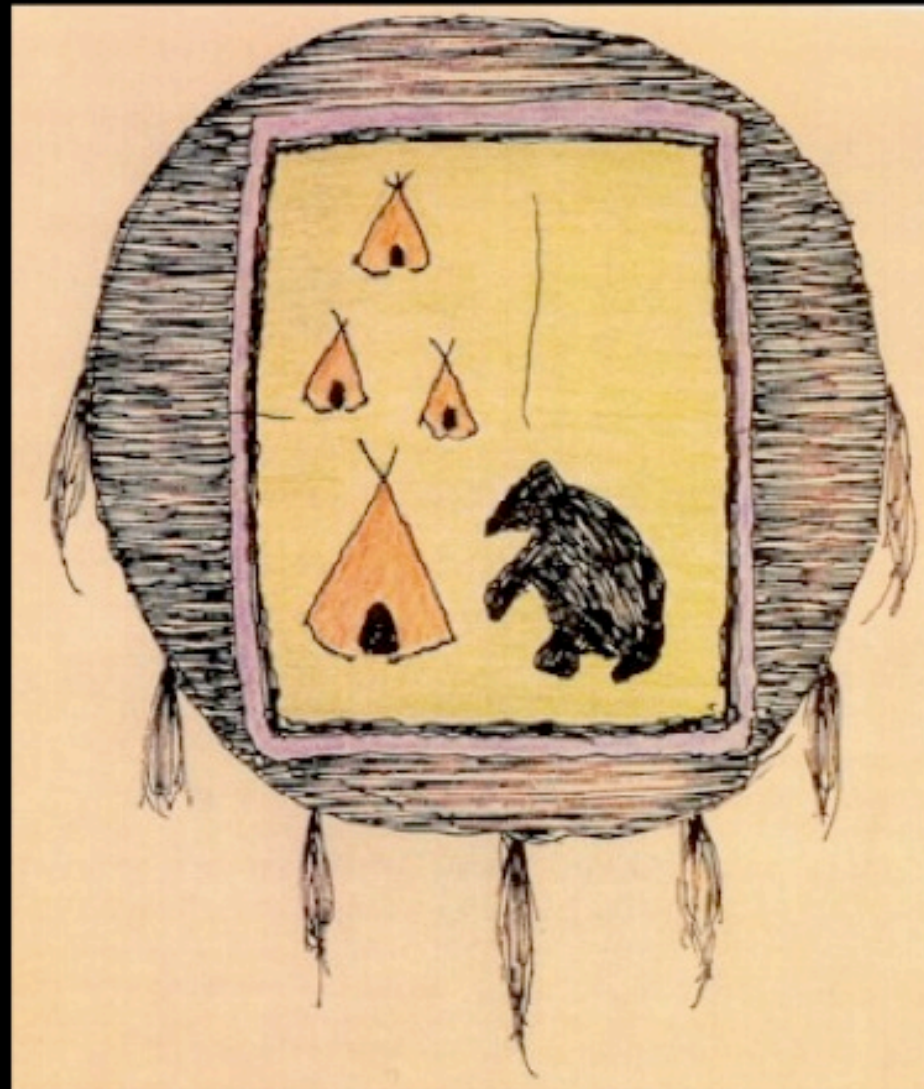


digital collage 2007



*I think Bach believed in the elegance of sound in his preludes and fugues. For him it was instrumentally produced sound that generated pleasure. For me it is color that is geometrically structured. I am explaining to you the effect of aesthetic time. Which is to say, **the longer you look, the more you find; the more you find, the longer you look.***

Robert Slutzky



The shield is a mask. The mask is an appearance that discloses reality beyond appearance. Like other masks, it bespeaks sacred mystery. The shield is what you see, believes the Plains warrior. It reflects your own reality, as it does mine, he says. It reveals to you the essence of your self. It charms you, frightens you, disarms you, renders you helpless. You behold my shield, and you are transfixed or transformed, perhaps inspired beyond your imagining. Nothing will ever be the same again...

N. Scott Momaday
In the Presence Of The Sun

the approval of others that he had to wait for the proof of his worth. That is the reason he questioned the picture emerging beneath his hand, why he hung on the glances of other people directed



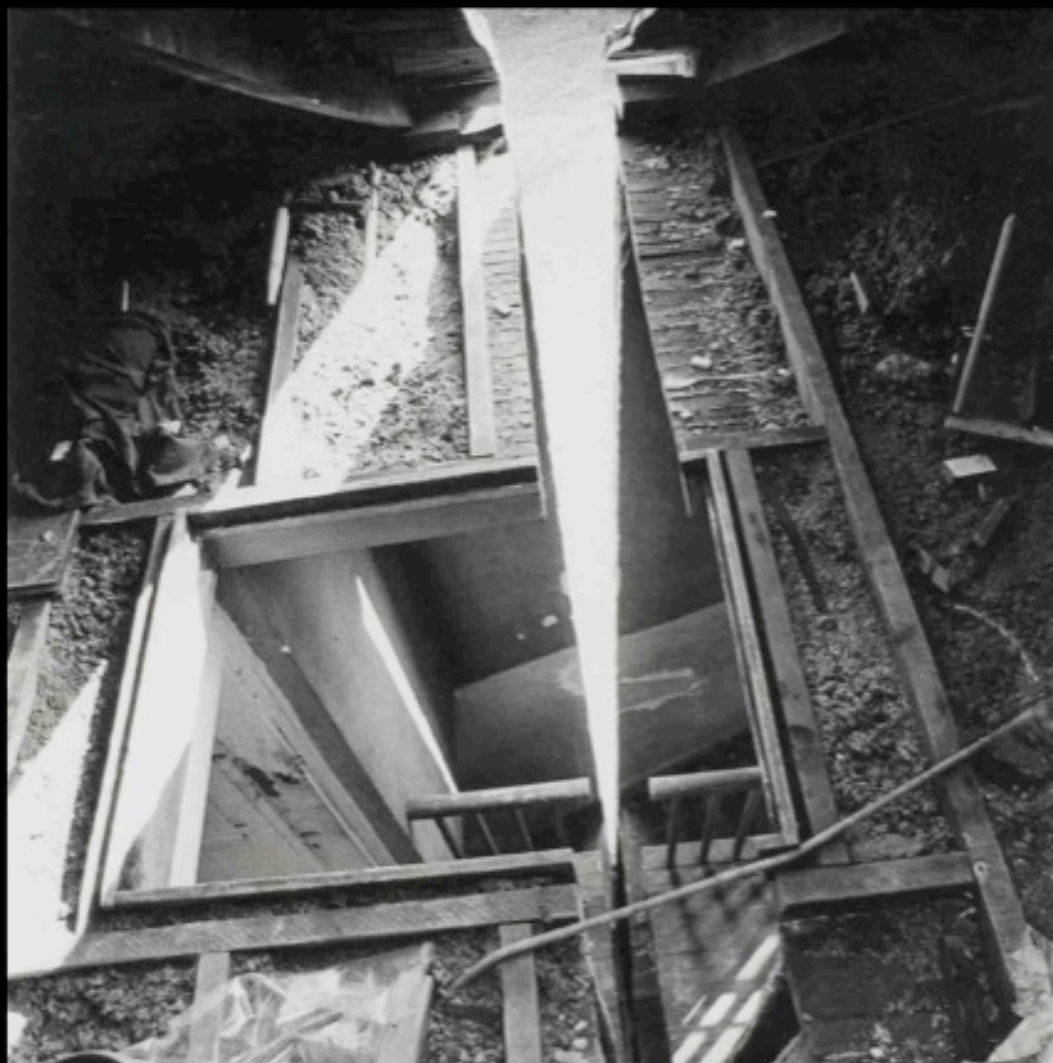
...Schwitters

towards his canvas. That is the reason he never finished working. We never get away from our life. We never see our limits or our freedom face to face.

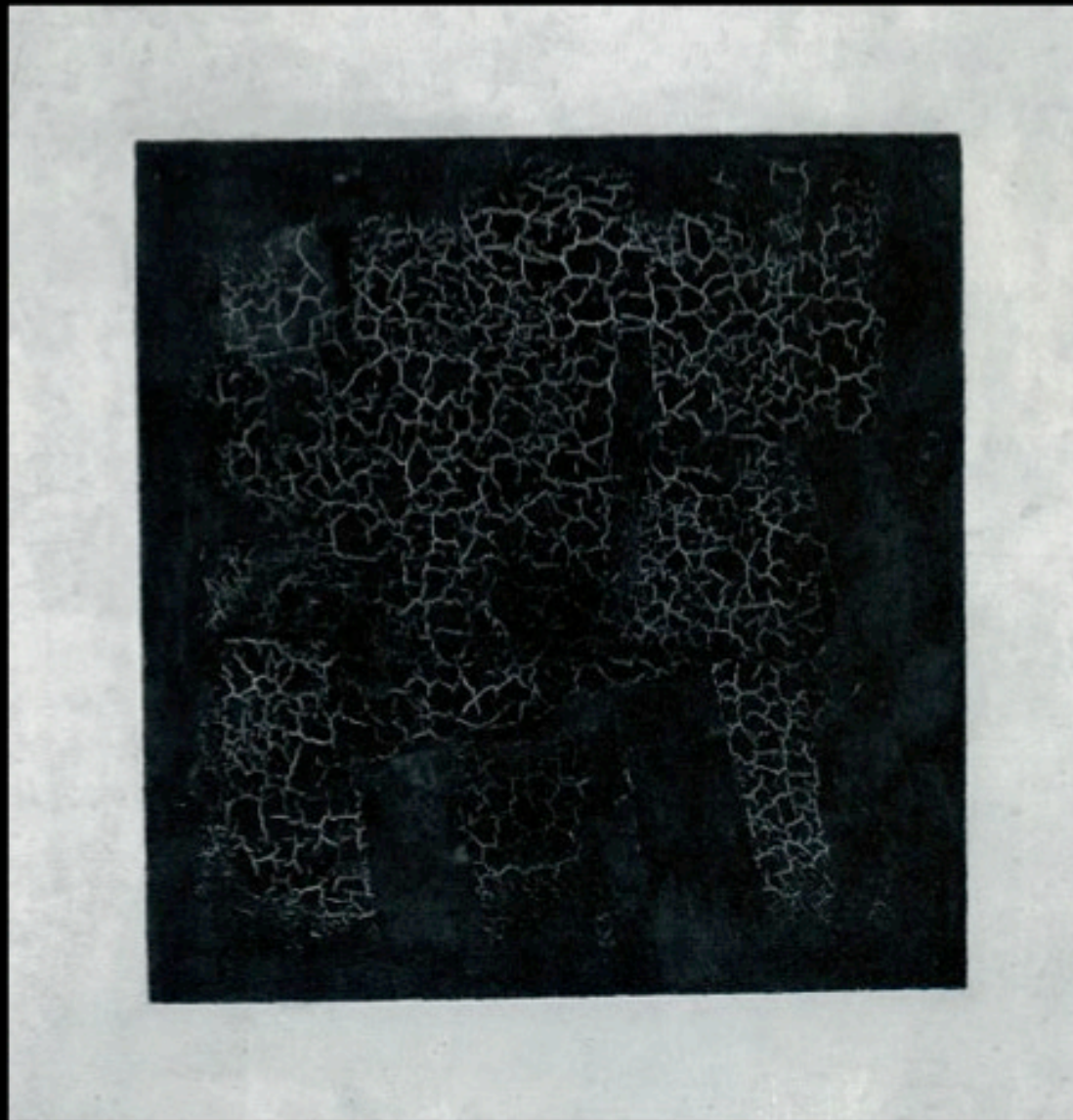
Maurice Merleau-Ponty
Cézanne's Doubt



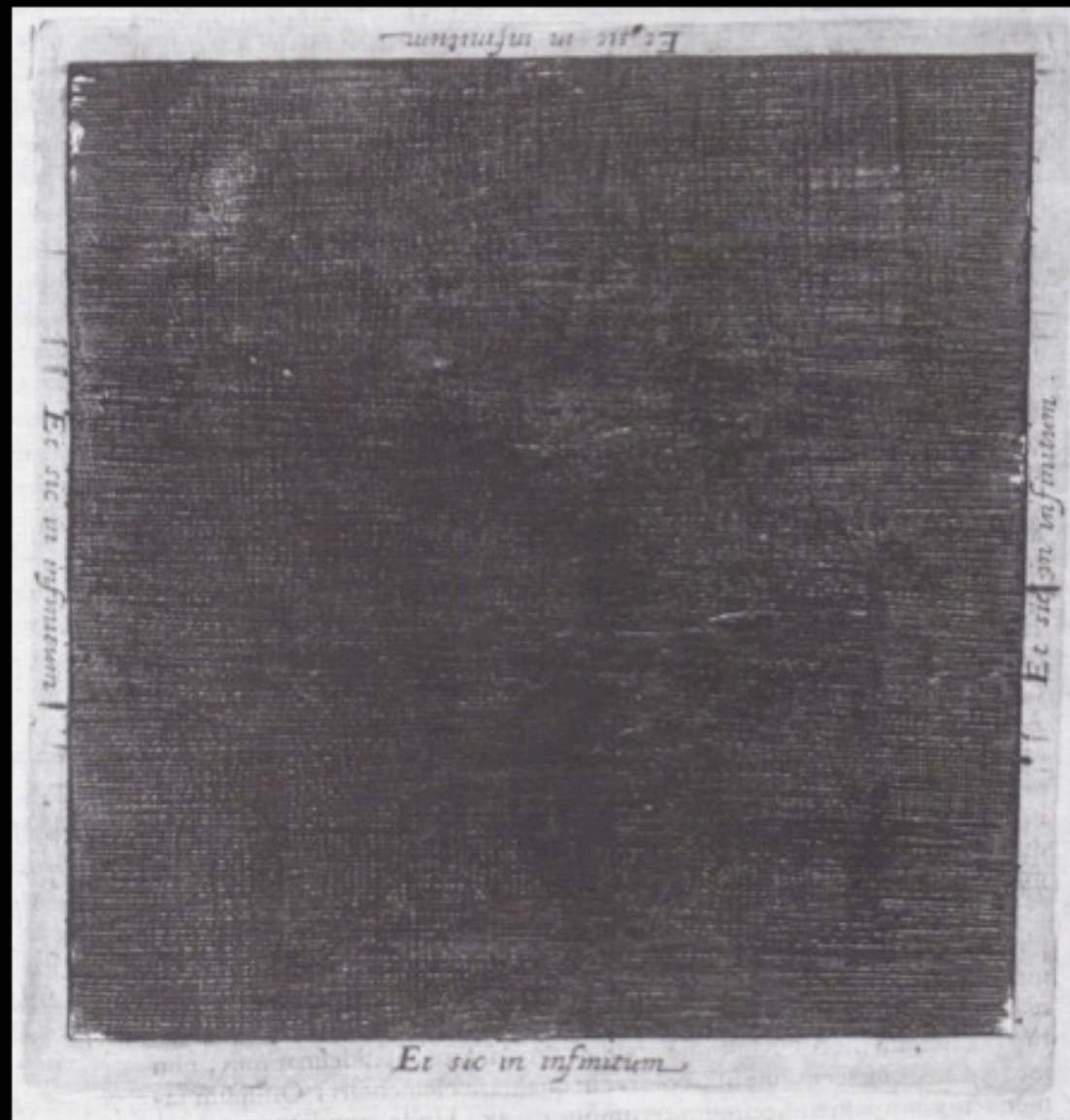
...Slutzky



...Gordon Matta-Clark



...Malevich



...a black square, in all four margins
of which is written: *Et sic in infinitum*
– “And thus infinitely”.

Lars Marcussen
The Architecture Of Space
The Space Of Architecture

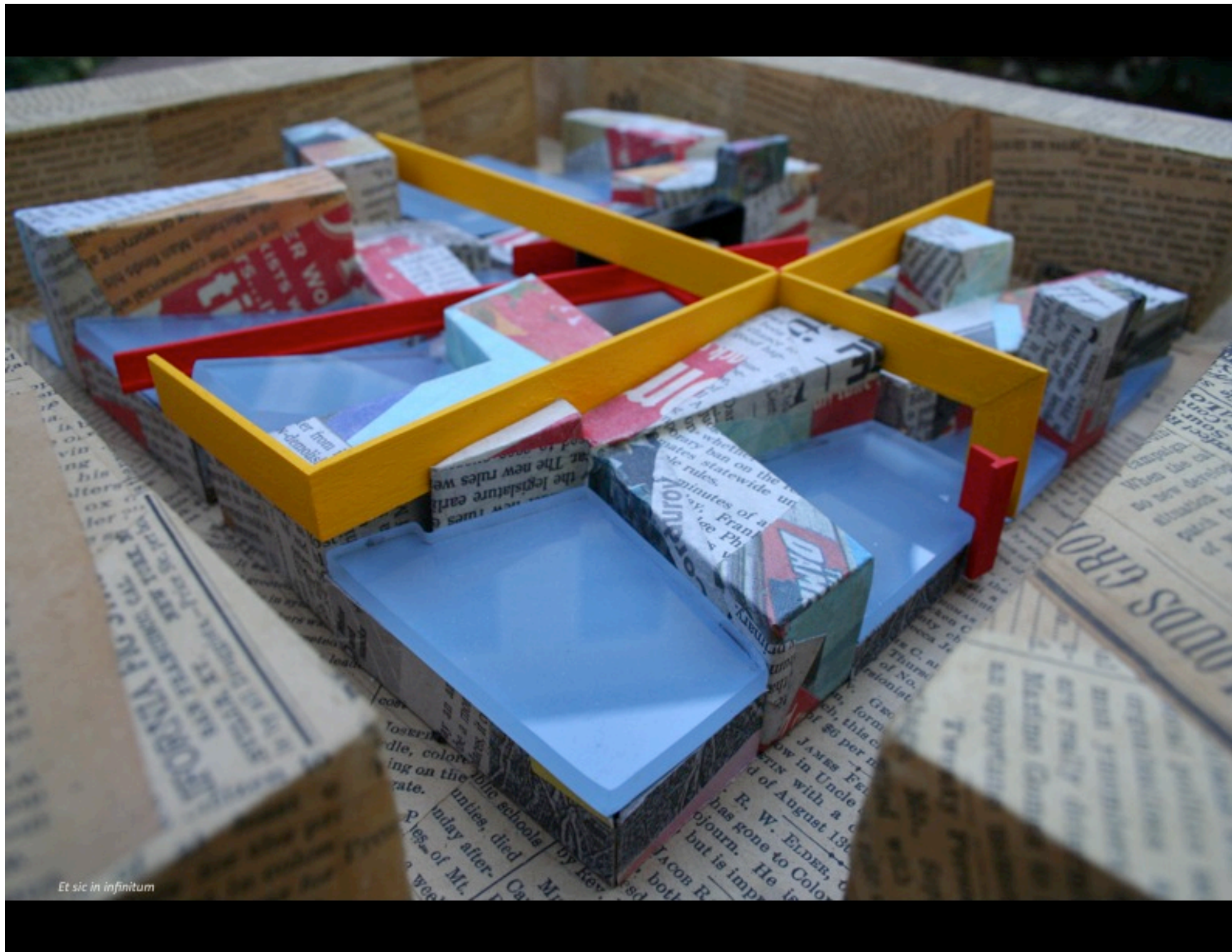
...Robert Fludd



Et sic in infinitum

This project evolves from a competition in the Autumn of 2008,
An Homage To John Hejduk.





Et sic in infinitum

Rules inevitably are broken and such was the case with the evolution of this work and the competition entry.

And yet that mark on the wall is not a hole at all. It may even be caused by some round black substance, such as a small rose leaf, left over from the Summer, and I, not being a very vigilant housekeeper – look at the dust on the mantelpiece, for example, the dust which, so they say, buried Troy three times over, only fragments of pots utterly refusing annihilation, as one can believe.

Virginia Woolf
The Mark On The Wall

Et sic in infinitum

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The focus of the entry became the work of Robert Slutzky, still albeit in homage to Hejduk, just not single minded in its' tribute to him.

Et sic in infinitum



*"place actual / place imagined" –
the place, as it actually exists and
the place as it exists in the
imagination.*

Bernard Schneider
John Hejduk, Riga

Et sic in infinitum

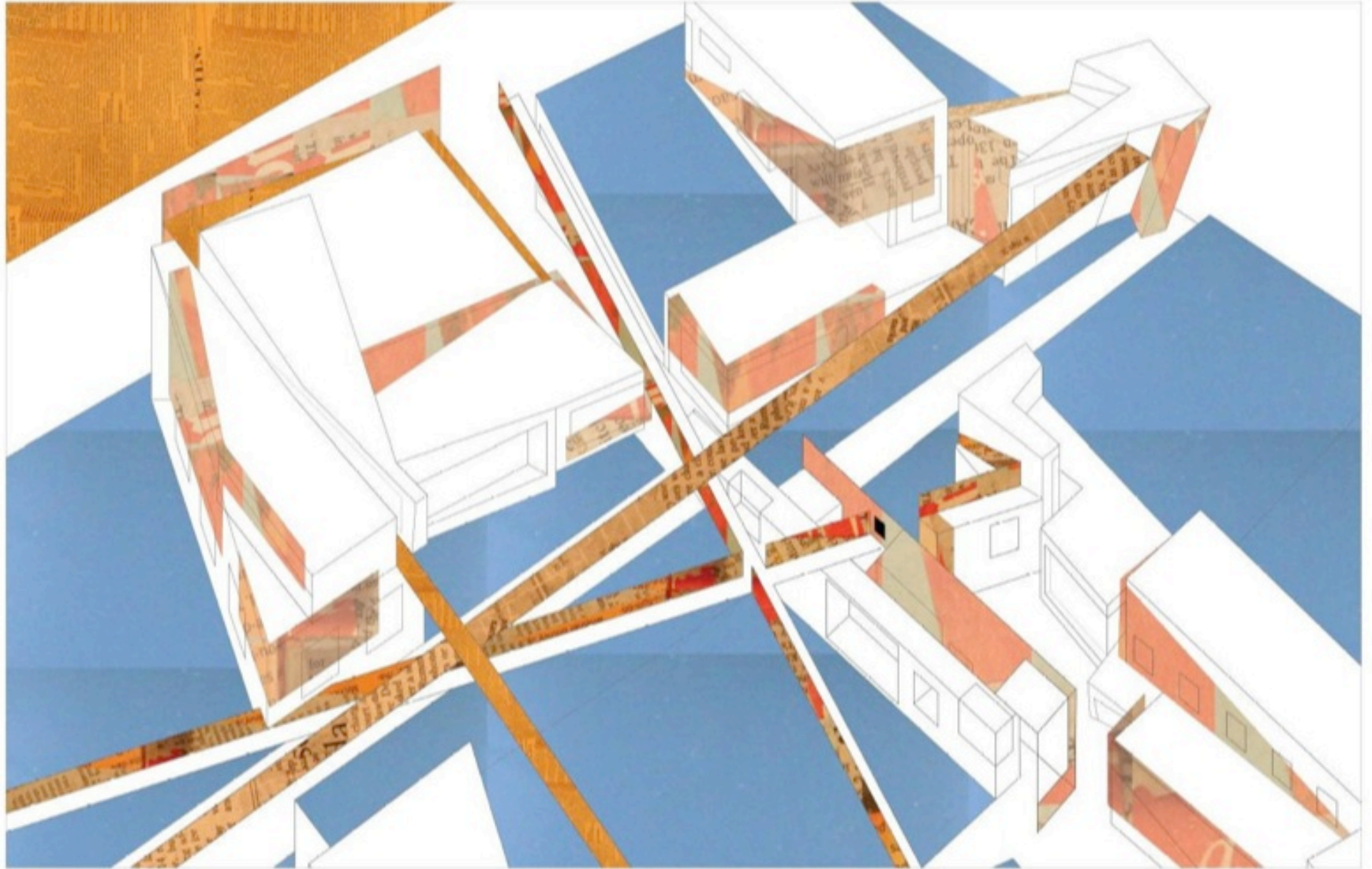


*How readily our thoughts swarm
upon a new object, lifting it a little
way, as ants carry a blade of straw
so feverishly, and then leave it.*

Virginia Woolf
The Mark On The Wall



Et sic in infinitum



Et sic in infinitum

For nothing is lost, nothing is ever lost. There is always the clue, the cancelled check, the smear of lipstick, the footprint in the canna bed, the condom on the park path, the twitch in the old wound, the baby shoes dipped in bronze, the taint in the blood stream. And all the times are one time, and all those dead in the past never lived before our definition gives them life, and out of the shadow their eyes implore us.

That is what all of us historical researchers believe.

And we love truth.

Robert Penn Warren
All the Kings Men

Spring Semester 2009

THE VOID IS MEMORY, THE FRAGMENTED ACT OF REMEMBRANCE, BOTH INDIVIDUAL AND COLLECTIVE IN ITS' ORIGIN.



Et sic in infinitum

My memory defines who I am. With it, I define the world around me.



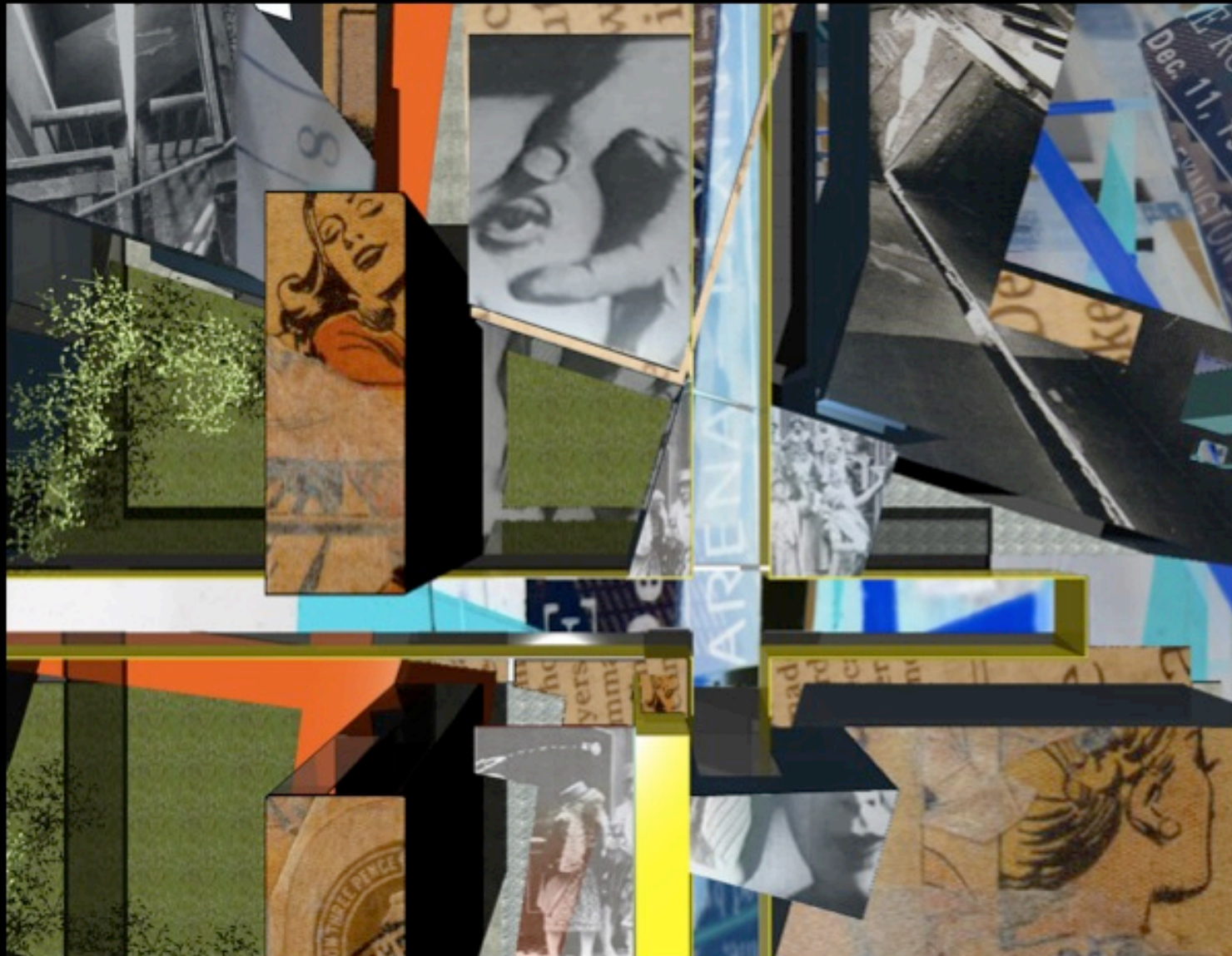
Et sic in infinitum

When we enter a space we dwell within it, and in the act of dwelling we infuse the space with the meaning of our own personal collective of memories and experiences.



Et sic in infinitum

I bring into the space my self, with this act I define the space. Remembrance...fragments of past acts...
vivid, yet so distant.



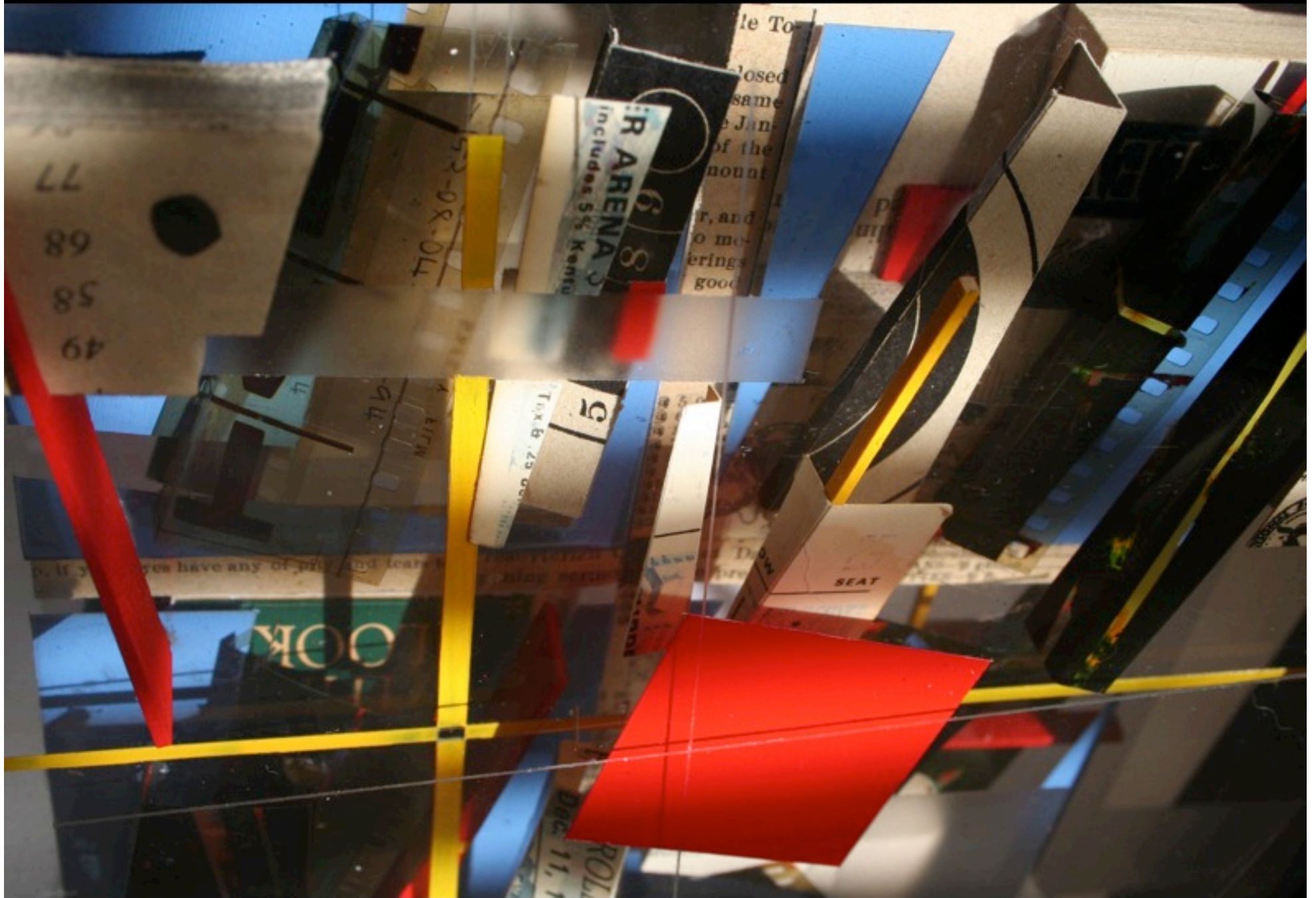
Et sic in infinitum

Without the collective act of memory, architecture can never exist. It is merely another building. Do we really need anymore buildings?



Et sic in infinitum

The imaginative act of one's memory that is transferred to the space, brings with it the poetic.



Et sic in infinitum

*Silence.
 And only
 Expanses,
 Open for worlds to wander in.
 Below me,
 Above me
 And a transfixing radiance.
 This really is
 What one might call space!
 Even groping with both hands for 22 dimensions
 Space has no edges,
 Time has no end.*

Vladimir Mayakovsky

*There is still a great deal of argument to come
 about colours, and about the white and the
 black. These will culminate by way of red in
 white perfection.*

Kazimir Malevich

Et sic in infinitum





Order is, at one time and the same time, that which is given in all things as their inner law, the hidden network that determines the way they confront one another, and also that which has no existence except in the grid created by a glance, an examination, a language; and it is only in the blank spaces of this grid that order manifests itself in depth as though already there, waiting in silence for the moment of its expression.

Michel Foucault
The Order Of Things



The city, however, does not tell its past, but contains it like the lines of the hand, written in the corners of the streets, the gratings of the windows, the banisters of the steps, the antennae of the lightning rods, the poles of the flags, every segment marked in turn with scratches, indentations, scrolls.

Et sic in infinitum

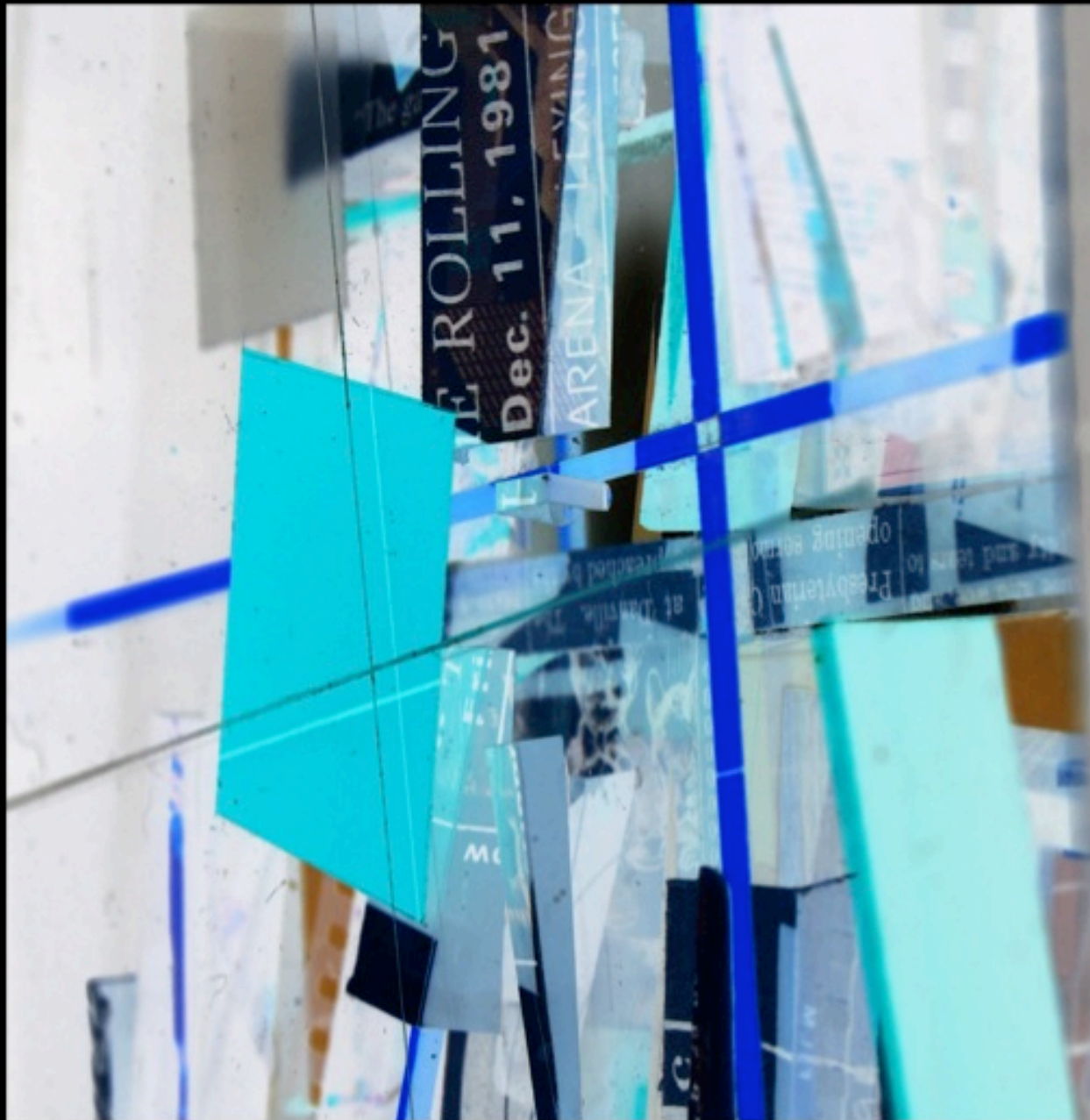
Italo Calvino
Invisible Cities

*I alone, in my memories of
another century, can open the
deep cupboard that still retains
for me alone that unique odor,
the odor of raisins drying on a
wicker tray. The odor of raisins!*

Gaston Bachelard
The Poetics Of Space

Et sic in infinitum





Et sic in infinitum



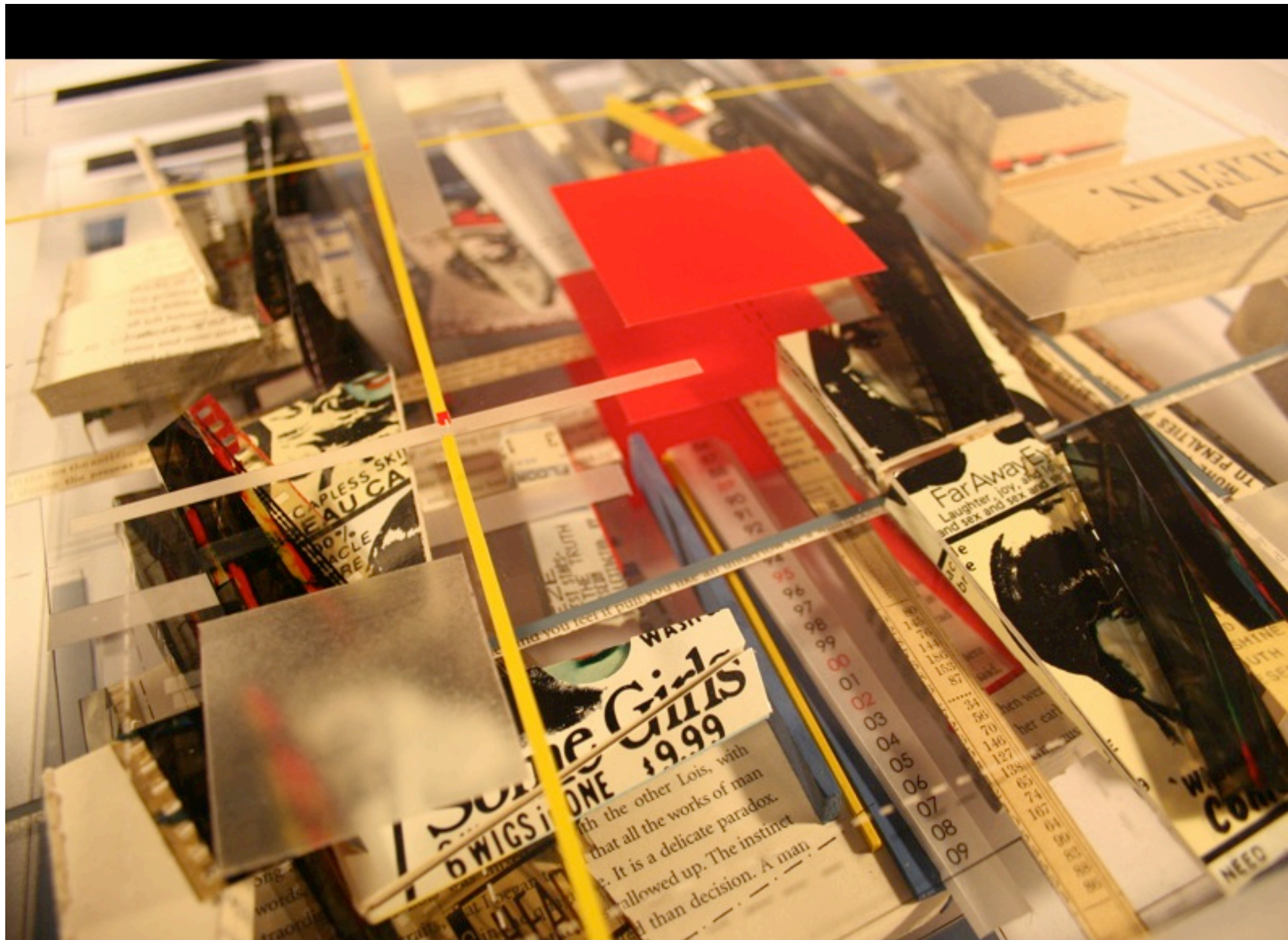
Et sic in infinitum



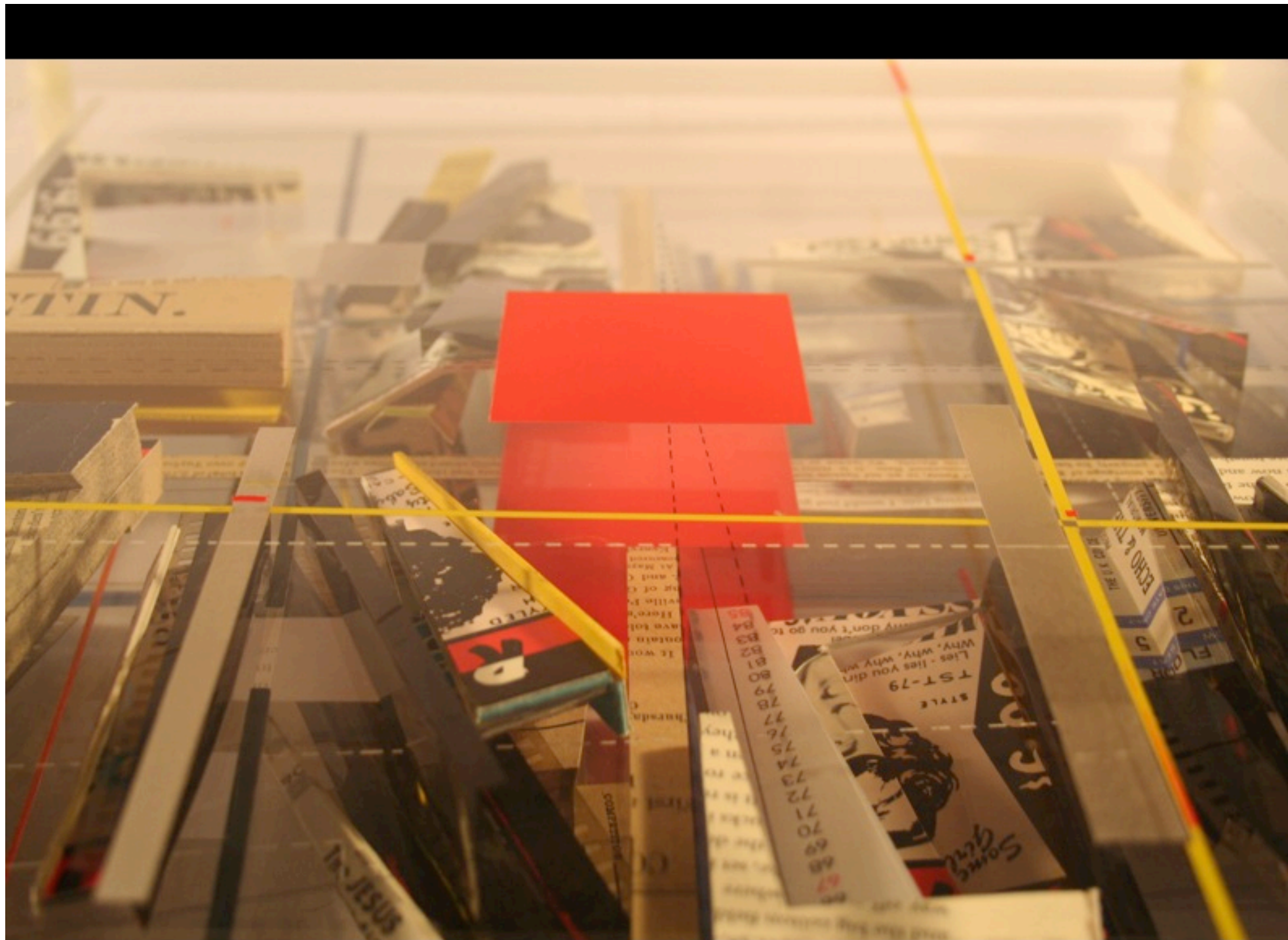
Through the act of remembrance, each time a memory is recalled, it is subtly different from the time before. The memory that remains from creating this text will never be recollected exactly as it occurred. Even as I type, parts of it have faded into oblivion. Lost in the static. What remains, layers itself within the fragments of other hours, days, years and centuries that preceded.

Et sic in infinitum

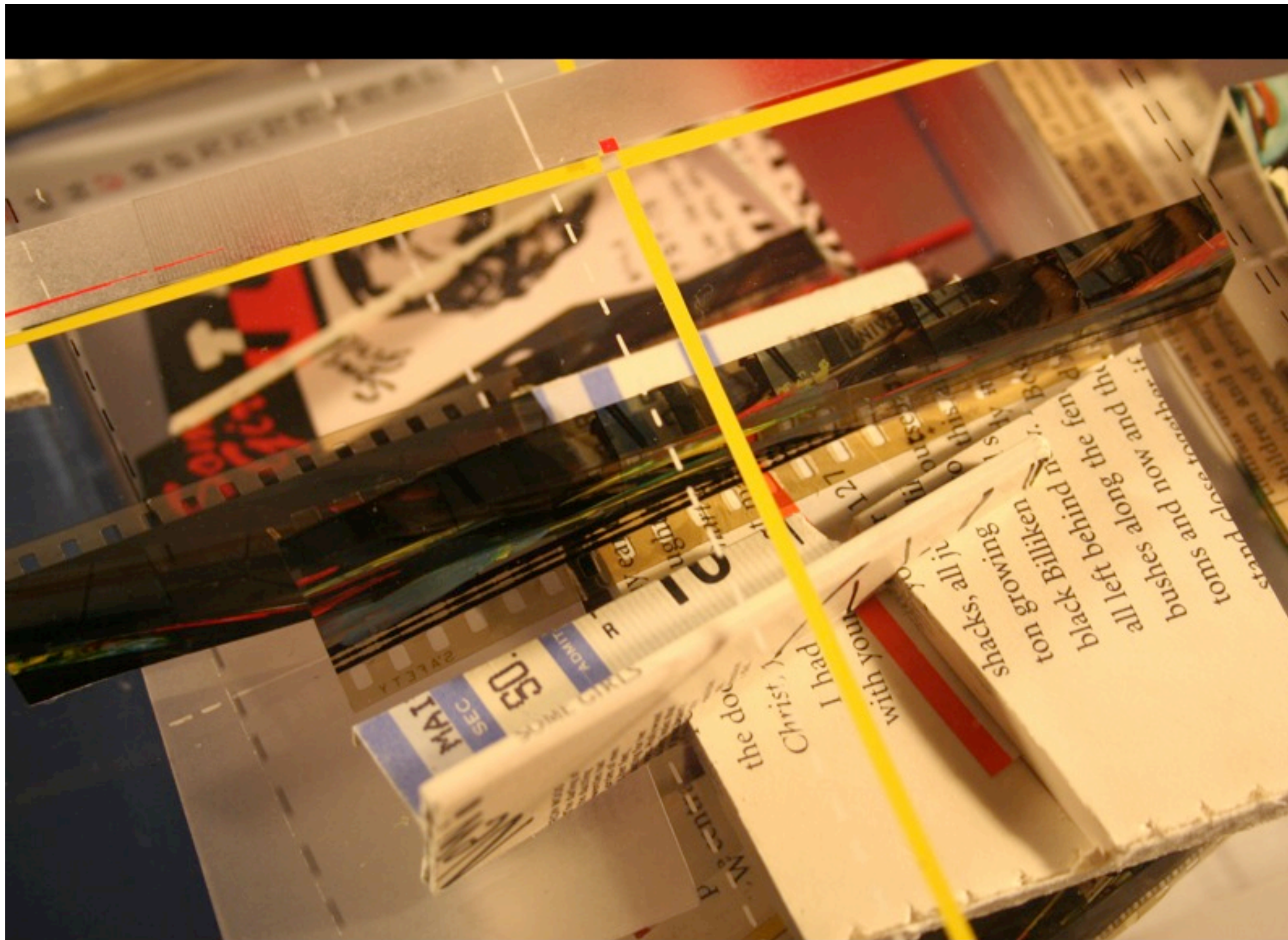




Et sic in infinitum



Et sic in infinitum





Et sic in infinitum

NOTATION:

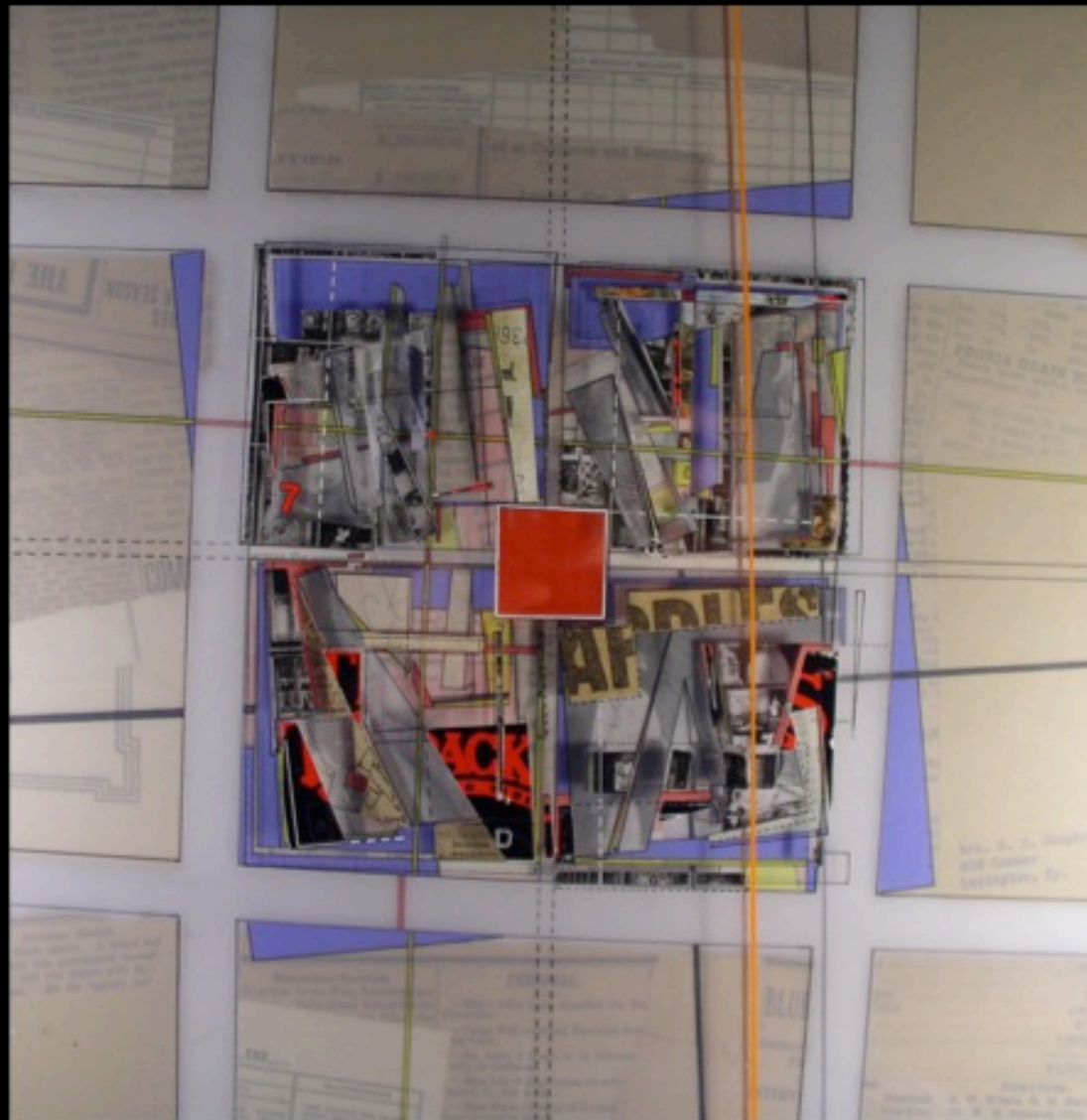
Homage to Faulkner

I made it on the oblique.

1. There is more surface for the ink to grip.
2. Each layer provides twice the drawing surface.
3. The eye must enter it at a slant. The eye moves most easily up and down or straight across.
4. In life the body is upright. So we make the walls and doors up and down. Because life is either up or down.
5. In death the body lies down. Death is sideways, neither here nor there.
6. Except.
7. A body is not a square, it does not exist on the 90.
8. Erotic epiphany.
9. The erotic epiphany of the body makes the space oblique, so the lines find the Z axis; along with twenty-three others, A through W.
10. While in the world the space is always up and down.
11. So I made it on the oblique.
12. It makes a better drawing.

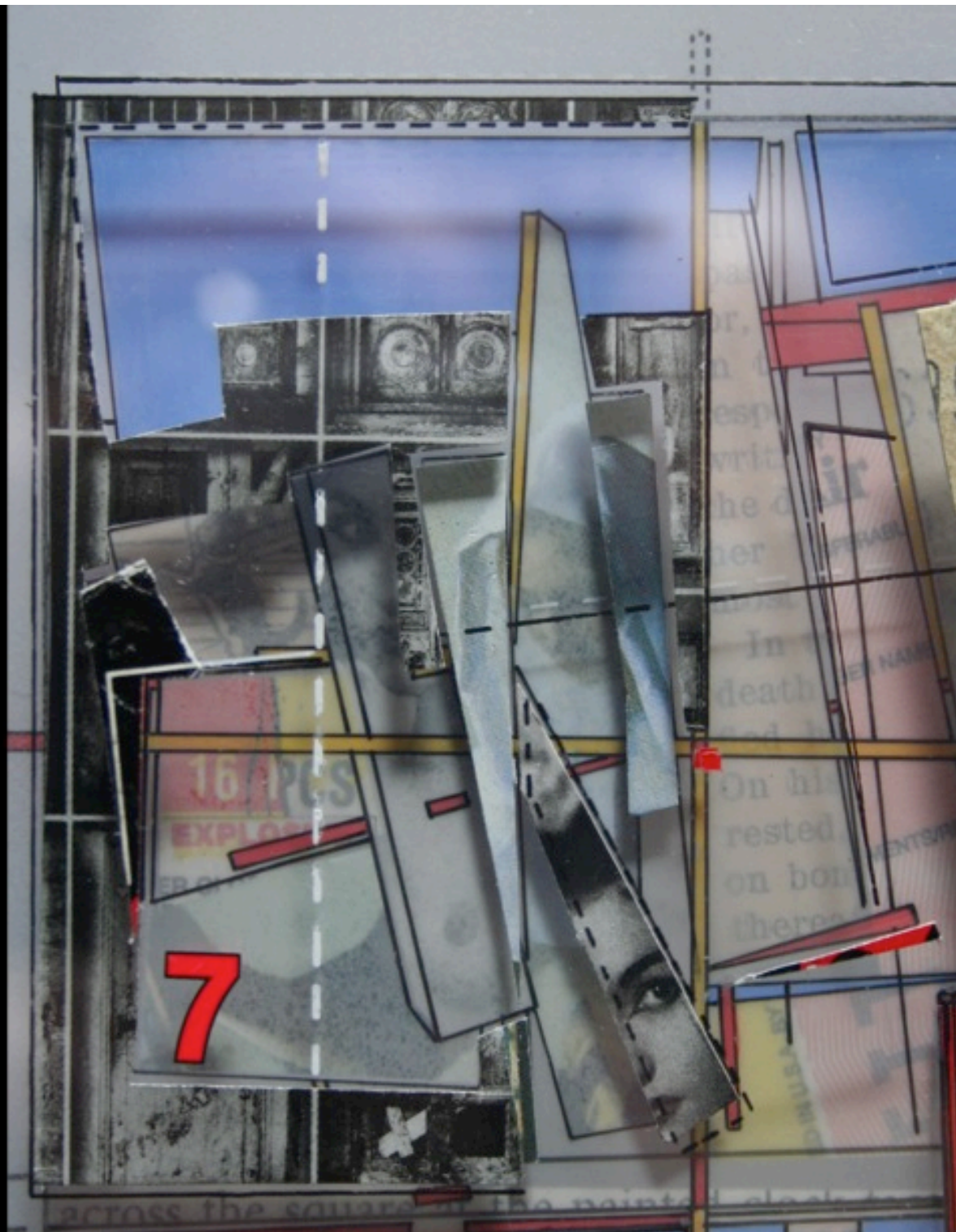
In this world, time is a visible dimension. Just as one may look off in the distance and see houses, trees, mountain peaks that are landmarks in space, so one may look out in another direction and see births, marriages, deaths that are signposts in time, stretching off dimly into the far future.

Alan Lightman
Einstein's Dreams

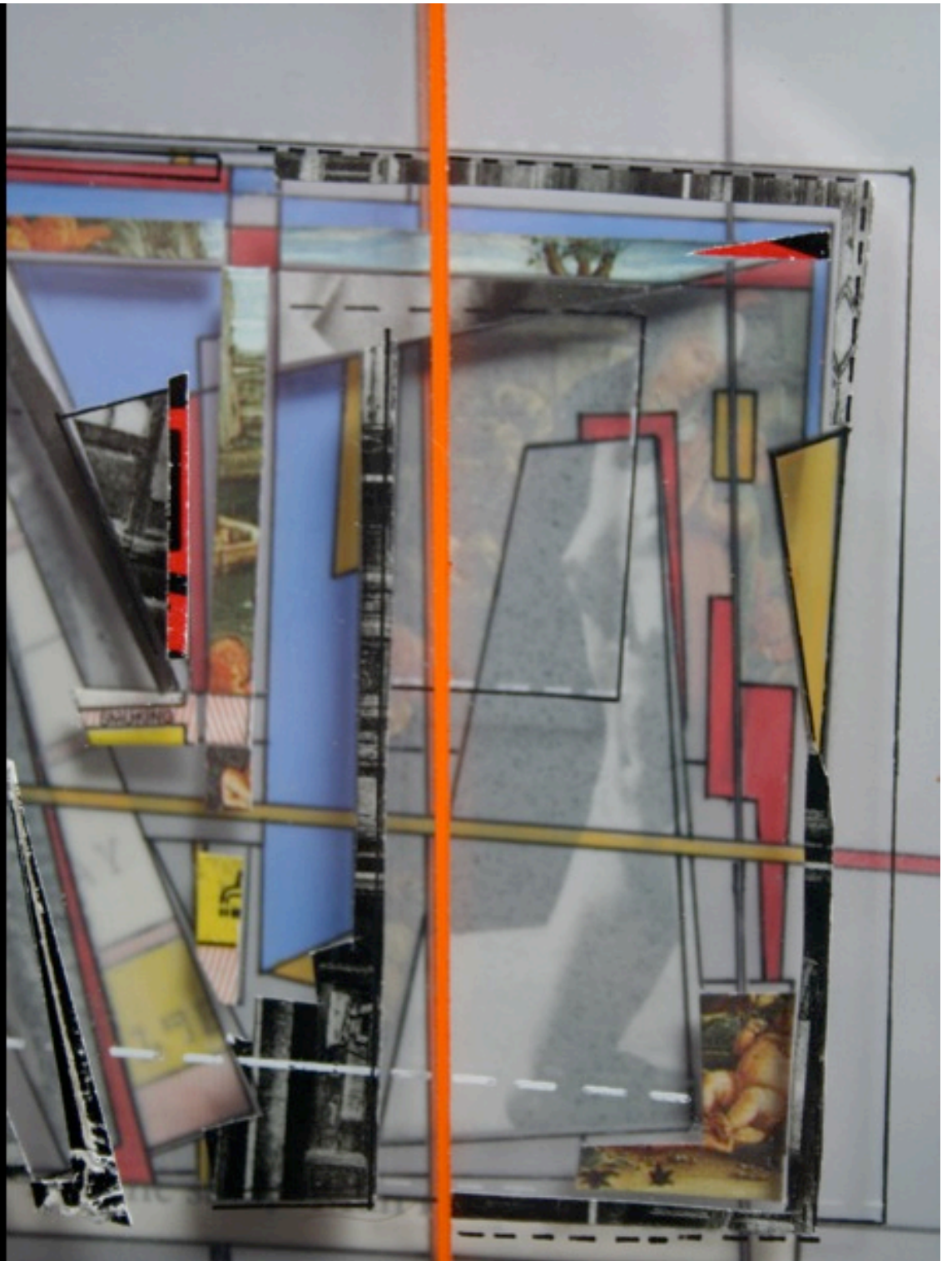


Et sic in infinitum

Et sic in infinitum



Et sic in infinitum



Remembrance is the act of fiction, a poetic
narrative. It is a cinematic experience.
A constant stream of images.
24 frames per second...

Godard's TRUTH

Et sic in infinitum

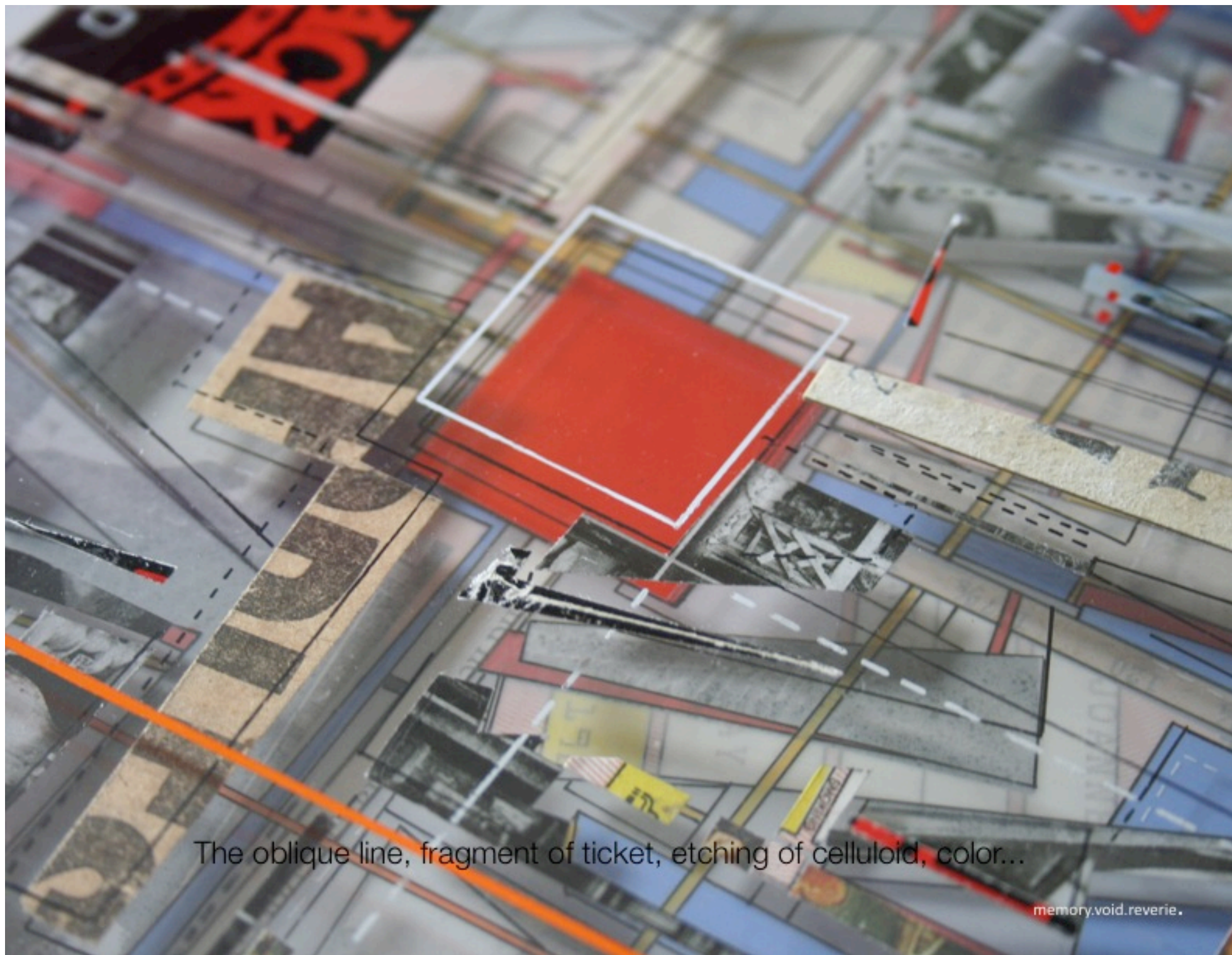


The tectonics of the montage articulate the space of the void. A cinematic space that emerges from Eisenstein's conflict.

The space of the void, urban in nature, is in a perpetual state of evolution. It is the space of the city, a space continually layered with the memory of those experiencing it.

Et sic in infinitum





The oblique line, fragment of ticket, etching of celluloid, color...

Special acknowledgement and thanks to:
Mark Clary
Greg Fitzsimons

In memory of Prof. Steve Deger

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