

# **Doctoring Strange Loves**

Or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying Stanley and Love Monsters

in Scholarship, Chess, Films

&

Architecture.

by

**Masud Hasan Taj**

Dipl. Archt.

A thesis submitted to  
the Faculty of Graduate Studies  
in partial fulfilment of  
the requirements for the degree of

Master of Architecture

Carleton University

Ottawa, Ontario

Canada

April 27, 2004

© copyright  
2004 Masud Hasan Taj



National Library  
of Canada

Bibliothèque nationale  
du Canada

Acquisitions and  
Bibliographic Services

Acquisitions et  
services bibliographiques

395 Wellington Street  
Ottawa ON K1A 0N4  
Canada

395, rue Wellington  
Ottawa ON K1A 0N4  
Canada

*Your file    Votre référence*

*ISBN: 0-612-93958-8*

*Our file    Notre référence*

*ISBN: 0-612-93958-8*

The author has granted a non-exclusive licence allowing the National Library of Canada to reproduce, loan, distribute or sell copies of this thesis in microform, paper or electronic formats.

L'auteur a accordé une licence non exclusive permettant à la Bibliothèque nationale du Canada de reproduire, prêter, distribuer ou vendre des copies de cette thèse sous la forme de microfiche/film, de reproduction sur papier ou sur format électronique.

The author retains ownership of the copyright in this thesis. Neither the thesis nor substantial extracts from it may be printed or otherwise reproduced without the author's permission.

L'auteur conserve la propriété du droit d'auteur qui protège cette thèse. Ni la thèse ni des extraits substantiels de celle-ci ne doivent être imprimés ou autrement reproduits sans son autorisation.

---

In compliance with the Canadian Privacy Act some supporting forms may have been removed from this dissertation.

Conformément à la loi canadienne sur la protection de la vie privée, quelques formulaires secondaires ont été enlevés de ce manuscrit.

While these forms may be included in the document page count, their removal does not represent any loss of content from the dissertation.

Bien que ces formulaires aient inclus dans la pagination, il n'y aura aucun contenu manquant.

**Canada**

## Abstract

Abstracts are space-time hybrids: spatially first, temporally last. Anorexic monsters with a hybrid vocabulary of 1050 characters / spaces / punctuations, they come from *abstractus*: “to draw from, separate.” The bricoleur’s bricolage makes the estranged segments feel at home in their homelessness. Bricks, held in place (*thesis*: “placing”) with *mort* defying mortar, fill in gaps of memory in reconstituted walls that are prone to leakages. Such walls are inadvertent memorials. The labyrinth they make up is roofless. Monsters that fled its confine to infect scholarship and pedagogy, dreams and chess, films and architecture, return to haunt. They attempt to make their way back to the impossible centre, recalling architecture to its role of recalling. Uncoiled scrolls of *De architectura* and unravelled films of Stanley Kubrick spliced to make the Daedalus cut are held against the light: the thread of Ariadne read in reverse. This time: to find the way *in*.

## Acknowledgements

Thank you Professor Michael Jemtrud for your astute supervision of this thesis from its inception to completion in a single intense semester, for giving me space to do my thing and intervening at crucial stages. Thank you members of the oral examining board: Dr. Donald Kunze, Dr. Stephen Fai, Dr. Lucie Fontein along with Professor Michael Jemtrud,<sup>a</sup> for your reassurances and provocations; it took the essay a notch higher in its final iteration. Thank you Randall Rowat for being the able conversationalist in the thesis's *Déjà vu*.

Thank you Carleton faculty whose courses I attended or assisted or had extended discussions:  
School of Architecture: Dr. G. Haider, Dr. M. Bressani, Dr. C. Gordon, Dr. S. Fai, Prof. M. Baez;  
School of Art & Culture: Dr. K. Crossman;  
Dept. of English Language and Literature: Dr. A. Bohm;  
Centre for Initiatives in Education: Dr. T. A. Pynchyl;  
Teaching and Learning Resource Centre: Prof. C. Dence.

Thank you Ann Bold for choreographing me through the administrative maze.

Thank you Randall Rowat, Rustam Mehdipour and Schawn Jasmann and peers and students here and at International Academy of Design & Technology, and at Bombay's Colleges of Architecture: Rizvi / Sir JJ / Pillai / Bandra School of Art, for many conversations and insights.

Thank you MacOdrum Library for gently reminding me whenever I neared the borrowing limit.<sup>b</sup>  
Thank you Ottawa Public Library for your mobile service. Thank you CBC for your Passionate Eye documentary & Quiz, which resulted in winning the complete works of Stanley Kubrick in December 2003 that started me on this trail. Thank you Stanley Kubrick for your films.

Thank you family: all three generations, for your patience.

Thank you clients: patrons of my projects; it is in the *making* that I understood architecture. Thank you Dr. David Harrell, Breeden Eminent Scholar, for advising me to shift base to North America; to Dr. Gulzar Haider for advising me to enter this program; to Dr. Bruce Meyer for welcoming my poetry in Canada.

"At occasions such as this, the author traditionally credits friends and colleagues for any successes to follow and claims all blame for any shortcomings. I cannot improve on this simple gesture, for it is truly the case that any good thought is public, while bad thought is for the most part private, and I am grateful for the opportunity to be a scribe of ideas I can only partially claim. To the real authors, poets, midwives, nurses, and originals, Thanks."<sup>c</sup>  
As ever, Don, I "couldn't have said it better myself!"<sup>d</sup>

---

<sup>a</sup> The first people to read the thesis in its entirety, analogous in number / gender to the pre-viewers of *Eyes Wide Shut*, "just Terry Semel and Bob Daly, Warner Bros. Co-chairmen, Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman, in a New York screening room." A bare 24 hours later Stanley Kubrick was dead on the author's birthday. Notwithstanding the oral comprehensive examination that exceeded *Full Metal Jacket's* 116 minutes, the author continues to enjoy good health (Walker, Alexander. *Stanley Kubrick, Director: A Visual Analysis* by Sybil Taylor and Ulrich Ruchti, NY: W.W. Norton, 1999, p.372).

<sup>b</sup> 100 volumes, alas!

<sup>c</sup> Kunze, Donald. *Thought and Place: The Architecture of Eternal Places in the Philosophy of Giambattista Vico*, NY: Peter Lang, 1987, p.xix.

<sup>d</sup> ING Direct. Advertisement. Television Channel Four. May 5, 2004: 0710 hrs.

## Dedication

To: the reader.

*The reader becomes epistemologically equivalent to the author,  
and through the author a kind of primordial “maker”  
like Daedalus<sup>e</sup>.*

Don said only five readers would take to this work.  
The essay is dedicated to you, if you think you are one of them.

---

<sup>e</sup>

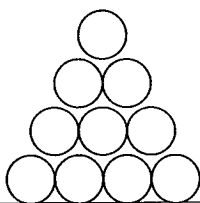
Kunze, p.119

## Table of Contents

*Abstract. ii*

*Acknowledgements. iii*

*Dedication. iv*



---

### 1. Site page 1

Construing the λαύρινθος Labyrinth (or: *What Am I Getting Myself Into*)

### 2. Procedures page 7

Recovering the Labyrinth (or: *How-To Design For Architecture*)

### 3. Documents page 13

Labyrinthine Text (or: *I have heard a friend of a friend say...*)

### 4. Architect page 19

Reproducing Architects (or: *Recovering architecture*)

---

### 1. Quarry page 31

The Celluloid Labyrinth (or: *Where are the fragments to be found?*)

### 2. Contractor page 35

The Chess Hustler as a Labyrinth Builder (or: *The Prequalification of Stanley Kubrick*)

### 3. Drawing page 48

Mapping the Labyrinth (or: *How to fold the Kubrickian Blueprint*)

---

### 1. Setting-Out page 58

Labyrinth Sightlines (or: *Alex-of-Clockwork vs Gropius-of-Bauhaus*)

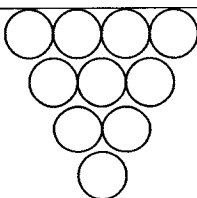
### 2. Scaffolding page 61

The Kubrickian Entrance as *Gaze 61*; Corridor as *Memory 76*; Centre as *Hinge 85*

---

### 1. Breaking Ground page 136

Déjà vu (or: *A conversation; saying the same thing twice without stuttering*)



*Appendix. 93*

*Bibliography. 96*

*Endnotes. 101*

## **List of Appendices**

1. *Prologue* by Dylan Thomas. page 93

‘Well! I’ve often seen a cat without a grin,’ thought Alice;  
‘but a grin without a cat! It is the most curious thing I ever saw in all my life!’<sup>f</sup>

---

The deconstructed Cheshire cat smiled at Alice only in Wonderland,  
and only till she woke up.<sup>g</sup>

---

<sup>f</sup> “Aristotle seems not to have considered the question, but if he had, he would almost certainly have held that the virtue of making sense is a mean between extremes: nonsense on the one hand, and absurdity on the other. The difference between the two is that whereas the former neglects or defies the ordinary conventions of logic, linguistic usage, motive, and behavior, the latter makes all too much of them.” Heath, Peter. *The Philosopher’s Alice: Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland & Through the Looking-Glass by Lewis Carroll with illustrations by John Tenniel*. NY St. Martin’s P. 1974, p.4, 64, 65.

<sup>g</sup> Datuh, J. Sam. “Architecture: Where dwellings dwell” *Business Standard*, India, Oct. 8, 1996, p.6



## Construing the λαύρινθος Labyrinth<sup>1</sup> (or: *What Am I Getting Myself Into*)

*Implicit in the question concerning architectural quality is a recognition and confirmation of the validity of the concept embodied in the ancient myth of Daedalus, the architect of the first Labyrinth: to produce non-trivial buildings, the universe of architectural semiosis is and must be postulated as a labyrinth, a topological and logical model for architectural production that is always an expression of an infinite process of interpretation.*<sup>2</sup> – Marco Frascari

The mythical inventor, whose invention assisted the begetting of an interspecies hybrid, was the first architect in the Western tradition<sup>3</sup> that began architecture with the building of the Labyrinth<sup>4</sup>. Daedalus<sup>5</sup> designed the labyrinth to contain the Minotaur,<sup>6</sup> the bipartite amalgam that his earlier invention<sup>7</sup> had begat. The architect was also the reluctant resident<sup>8</sup> of his architecture. For labyrinth dwellers, to dwell is to flee: it is logical that the mythological first architect should also be an escape artist,<sup>ii</sup> the mythological inventor of human flight.

<sup>1</sup> Instead of distinguishing Labyrinth from mazes it suffices, for now, to define it as that which satisfies five conditions: It is a work of artifice (1) that is purposeful (2), has a certain degree of complexity; (3), its components intercommunicate (4) and finally the interior communicates with the exterior (5).

Matthews, W.H. *Mazes And Labyrinths: Their History & Development*, NY: Dover, 1970, p.182-184

<sup>2</sup> Frascari, Marco. *Monsters of Architecture: Anthropomorphism in Architectural Theory*, Maryland: Rowman & Littlefield P, 1991, p.105

<sup>3</sup> According to the Romano-Greek historian Apollodorus, Daedalus' labyrinth at Knossos was a hundred times smaller than the Egyptian prototype (Qtd. Matthews p.23).

<sup>4</sup> However the Egyptian prototype being a labyrinth is disputed by Kern, Hermann *Through the Labyrinth: Designs and Meanings over 5000 Years*, Munich: Prestel, 2000, p.57

<sup>5</sup> "The prefix 'Dai-' is said to mean cunning or curious and 'Alos' is a furrow, so perhaps his very name means 'labyrinth'" (January 31, 2004: <http://www.ktn.freeuk.com/9c.htm>). By extension, the goal of architecture is to arrive at the architect. "Space may be the projection of the extension of the psychical apparatus." as Freud would suggest in *Findings, Idea, Problems* (Qtd. Dufresne, Todd. *Tales from the Freudian Crypt: The Death Drive in Text and Context* Stanford: Stanford UP, 2000, p.152)

<sup>6</sup> *Tauros* (bull), thus *Minotaur* (Bull of Minos); legally correct, albeit, but biologically illegitimate and hence misnamed.

<sup>7</sup> *Machinatio* (devising machinery) being one of the three branches of architecture; the other two being *aedificatio* (devising edifices) and *gnomonica* (devising proportions in accordance with natural light). - Vitruvius 1584, 1: ii, 1 (Frascari, p.115)

<sup>8</sup> "King Minos...locked Daedalus and his son, Icarus, in the inventor's own mazy prison" - Wright, Craig. *The Maze And The Warrior, Symbols in Architecture, Theology, and Music*, Cambridge MA: Harvard University Press, 2001, p.8) Imprisoned by Minos for aiding Paisphaë in bestiality - Matthews p.22

Flight is a relevant invention in a roofless architecture:<sup>9</sup> Daedalus's labyrinth was open to the sky.<sup>10</sup> The first architect did not provide the dweller with a roof over his head.<sup>11</sup> This very lack was in retrospect not an oversight but an escape clause in the first contract.<sup>12</sup> Daedalus<sup>iii</sup> escaped by fashioning wings but in the process lost his son.<sup>13</sup> One invention resulted in the birth of an illegitimate monster of the client; the other invention resulted in the death of the legitimate son of the architect. In-between Minotaur's birth and Icarus's death, between breaking the taboos of sex and gravity, occurred the Labyrinth. At its inception, architecture interfaces sex and freedom, life and death.

Thus architecture began inadvertently, its first dweller was a "form commingled, and a monstrous birth, half man, half bull, in twofold shape combined"<sup>14</sup> and the first architect used all his talent to flee from the dweller and the dwelling, both monstrous. The dweller,

<sup>9</sup> There are two ways to get out of the labyrinth: the thread of Ariadne or the flight of the Crane. Daedalus, being the designer, did not need a thread to exit. But exiting *out* of the labyrinth would be to enter *in* the kingdom of the prisoner. Hence he opted for the way of the Cranes to escape both the contained and the container.

<sup>10</sup> *Fractus si illabatur orbis impavidum, ferient ruinae* "If the firmament should break to pieces over him / the fragments will bury a fearless man" -Horace *Odes* 3.3.7-8; Tr. Freud. (Qtd. Dufresne, p.159).

<sup>11</sup> Freud's translation is incorrect. The correct translation is by Richard Sterba: "Yea, if the globe should fall, he'll stand / fearless amid the crash." (Qtd. Dufresne, p. 202). Footnote above results in death by burial while this one translates into survival. However, in the labyrinth, survival is merely death deferred.

<sup>12</sup> Max Schur mistranslation of the footnoted verse has greater relevance "If the sky should fall in pieces, the ruins will not daunt it" (Qtd. Dufresne, p. 202, emphasis added) as it shifts the emphasis from the human designer that has fled to the monster dweller left behind.

<sup>13</sup> After Shakespeare lost his only son in 1595, *Hamnet* (whose name Freud says 'is identical with Hamlet'), he wrote *Hamlet* (1600) and in 1601 his father died. Freud wrote on *Hamlet* after the death of his own father, which framed his analysis. Hamlet's archetypal and oft-quoted predicament: *To be or not to be*, is framed by four deaths. In a footnote added to his Hamlet reading, 30 years later, Freud attempted to kill two deaths by saying the author of Shakespeare's work was not "the man from Stratford." But Freud remained stuck with two deaths: that of his own father and that of Hamlet's. Hence "Hamlet did not have an Oedipus complex, but Freud certainly had a Hamlet complex, and perhaps psychoanalysis is a Shakespeare complex!" – Harold Bloom *The Western Canon: The Books and School of the Ages*, London: Macmillan, 1995, p.376 (Qtd. Royle, Nicholas. "The Death Drive" *The Uncanny* NY:Routledge, 2003, p.328). For the deathly correlation and Freud quotes: see Royle, p.321, 327.

<sup>14</sup> Euripides (Qtd. Matthews p.22)

from which the architect fled, was unable to flee the dwelling because the architecture, with an excess of interior-ness, exceeded its memory. In a labyrinth, the first casualty is outside-ness. Space collapses into a Möbius-strip of inside-ness that can only be escaped by fashioning wings (“by *reasoning*, we improve our capacity to get the right birds to come at the right time”),<sup>15</sup> or by possessing a prodigious memory that exceeds the architectural excess (“Learning to reason is, in effect, learning knowledge-retrieval strategies.”).<sup>16</sup> Sans memory (past) or inventiveness (future), life/Eros (present) becomes a mere detour along the labyrinthine path leading to death/Thanatos.<sup>17</sup> “It is life, that resembles an accident of death or an excess of death.”<sup>18</sup> Excess, begets excess.

But not for long, because “death is something to be afraid of only if we survive it.”<sup>19</sup> The after-life of a monster-dweller, alas, is the dwelling itself. “Whoever passes through the Gate of the Death – which is a labyrinth – becomes a man, whoever fails to pass through will have a different fate: he will become an animal or a ghost.”<sup>20</sup> There is no escape when you have forgotten the way out,<sup>21</sup> it is then “““““<sup>22</sup>perpetual recurrence of the same

<sup>15</sup> Plato (Qtd. Dennet, Daniel C *Consciousness Explained* Boston: Little Brown Company 1991, p.223)

<sup>16</sup> Dennet 1991, p.223

<sup>17</sup> A movement akin to the death-drive theory in what Ricoeur called the “architecture of Freudianism.” (Qtd. Dufresne p.125)

<sup>18</sup> Derrida “To speculate – On Freud.” *The Post Card: From Socrates to Freud and Beyond* Chicago: Univ. of Chicago P., 1980, p.355 (Qtd. Dufresne p.23)

<sup>19</sup> Nagel (Qtd. Brook, Andrew & Robert J. Stainton *Knowledge and Mind: A Philosophical Introduction* Cambridge: MIT Press, p.133)

<sup>20</sup> Jensen, A. E. (Qtd. Cipolla, Gaetano *Labyrinth: Studies on an Archetype* NY: Legas 1987 p.35)

<sup>21</sup> Vice versa: There is no threat when the other has forgotten the way in. “I shall bury myself in the heart of a labyrinth so that Zaid’s ghost will loose its way.” Borges, Jorge Luis “Ibn Hakkan al-Bokhari, Dead in His Labyrinth” *The Aleph and Other Stories* Ed. Tr. Norman Thomas di Giovanni and Borges, NY: E. P. Dutton, 1970, p.119

<sup>22</sup> About the recurrence of quotation marks: “Nothing is without reason”- Leibnitz. Heidegger observed that philosophy is founded on a foundational statement that required two negatives: *nothing* and *without*.

thing.”<sup>23</sup> ”<sup>24</sup> ”<sup>25</sup> Life and death are no longer thesis and antithesis but rather one is a deferral of the other. *Wiederholungszwang*<sup>26</sup> is a 180-degree return.

If a straight line is the shortest distance between two fated and inevitable points, digressions will lengthen it; and if these digressions become so complex, so tangled and tortuous, so rapid as to hide their own tracks, who knows – perhaps death may not find us, perhaps time will loose its way, and perhaps we ourselves can remain concealed in our shifting hiding places.<sup>27</sup>

The plethora of *perhaps* cannot stave off death<sup>28</sup> that digressions can only defer.<sup>29</sup> The autobiography of a monster is an “autothanatography.”<sup>30</sup> The dwelling, as contemplation on and through death,<sup>31</sup> becomes an “auto-bio-thanato-hetero-graphical scene of writing.”<sup>32</sup> Hyphens<sup>33</sup> are units of corridors that connect corners; corners are domains where a shift in orientation occurs. What anchors the scene, what grounds the dwelling, is the recurrent constant hyphen yoking together a plethora of anxious semi-words to

---

<sup>23</sup> Freud; and yet when it first appeared in... (see footnote below)

<sup>24</sup> Sigmund *The Pelican Freud Library* Tr. James Strachey, Alix Strachey and Alan Tyson. Ed. James Strachey, Angela Richards, Alan Tyson and Albert Dickson, Vol.2, p.292; it appeared as a quote without Freud clarifying whom it was that he was citing, a point stressed by...(see footnote below):

<sup>25</sup> Royle, p.90

The source of the quote for this essay and hence the perpetual recurrence self-reflexively occurs in the quote's occurrence necessitating three pairs of quotation marks in suspended animation. Like the Statue of Liberty, the original was a copy.

<sup>26</sup> “repetition compulsion” - Freud.

<sup>27</sup> Calvino, Italo, “The Charles Eliot Norton Lectures 1985-86” Six *Memos for the Next Millennium*, NY: Vintage Books, 1993, p. 27

<sup>28</sup> Calvino died before completing the lectures that he intended to deliver at Harvard University.

Published posthumously were the memos: *Lightness, Quickness, Exactitude, Visibility, Multiplicity*, with the breathtaking absence of Calvino's sixth memo, never written, but entitled *Consistency*.

<sup>29</sup> The consistency lay in a performative writing par excellence of a consummate artist dying to perform *perhaps*: “*perhaps* death may not find us, *perhaps* time will loose its way, and *perhaps* we ourselves can remain concealed in our shifting hiding places.”

<sup>30</sup> Derrida 1980 p.393 (Qtd. Dufresne p.140)

<sup>31</sup> Bach died before completing his musical autobiography. His final Quadruple Fugue, the last in the *Art of Fugue* that was based on the letters forming his own name (German terminology denotes *h* as b-natural and *b* as b-flat), remained incomplete. Honest autobiographies are always incomplete: they are too self-reflexive to be sustainable.

<sup>32</sup> Derrida 1980 p.336 (Qtd. Dufresne p.137)

<sup>33</sup> Hyphen 1620: borrowed from Latin; from Greek: ‘hypo’ i.e. ‘under’ + ‘hen’ i.e. ‘one.’ It denoted two notes held or blended together in music



dweller becomes an adjectival conjunct to the dwelling and the dwelling metamorphoses into the dweller's body.

By an inverse Kubrickian logic though, haunting is a happy state of affairs as "it appeals to our craving for immortality. If you can be afraid of a ghost, then you have to believe that a ghost may exist. And if a ghost exists then oblivion may not be the end."<sup>38</sup> The irrepressible monster returns "like an inescapable boomerang, a vortex of summons and repulsion"<sup>39</sup> that contaminates the dwelling with its monstrosity. The dweller as a revenant, in an act of embodied revendication, turns into the dwelling, and then

these meanders are full of monsters. These Minotaurs, monsters conceived by inconceivable unions, demonstrate the possibility of union between different kinds of realities. They are not abnormalities but rather they are extraordinary phenomenon that indicate the way to *how-to design for architecture*.<sup>40</sup>

From being in the building to becoming the building; the monstrous labyrinth is a paradoxical<sup>41</sup> condition of prodigious memory haunted by amnesia; forgetfulness surrounded by a forgetting-to-forget<sup>iv</sup>

---

<sup>38</sup> Stanley Kubrick . (Qtd. Kroll, Jack "Stanley Kubrick's Horror Show" *Newsweek Magazine*, June 2, 1980, pp.52-54. March 30, 2004: <http://www.visual-memory.co.uk/amk/doc/0053.html>)

<sup>39</sup> Kristeva, Julia *The powers of Horror*, Tr. Leon S Roudiez NY 1982, p.1 (Qtd. Farronato, Cristina. *Eco's Chaosmos: From the Middle Ages to Postmodernity* Canada: U of Toronto Press, 2003, p.189)

<sup>40</sup> Frascari 1991 p.108 (emphasis added).

<sup>41</sup> "We must mention also the labyrinths, quite the most abnormal achievement on which man has spent his resources, but by no means a fictitious one as might well be supposed" Pliny the Elder, *Natural History* XXXVI, 19 Ed. Loeb, Trans. D. E. Eichholz, Cambridge, MA 1962 p.67-75 (Qtd. Onorato, Ronald J. *Labyrinth: Symbol and Meaning in Contemporary Art* ts. N7745L4054 Carleton University, Ottawa).

## Recovering the Labyrinth (or: How-To Design For Architecture)

*The notion of the journey is a new way of composing architecture.*  
– Jean Nouvel<sup>42</sup>

*Arab architecture teaches us a valuable lesson. It's best appreciated on foot. Walking, you have to walk through a building with a changing viewpoint, to see the articulation of the building deployed. It is the opposite principle to that of Baroque architecture, which is conceived on paper around a fixed theoretical axis. I prefer the teaching of Arab architecture*  
- Le Corbusier<sup>43</sup>

*"Ah, yes, architecture...the constructed metaphor..."*  
- Cab driver in NY<sup>44</sup>

When the dweller learns to survive as the dwelling, the haunted dwelling in turns learns haunting strategies of disappearance. This is architecture in the age of Diasporas. The archetypal architecture is no longer found in constructed labyrinths but rather in spatially superimposed layers of infra-thin labyrinth fragments that are construed from temporally dispersed deconstructed fragments. They are visceral glimpses that you catch while walking, while already inside, and not the abstract bird's eye view while flying overhead (i.e. along the route of Ariadne's thread and not the flight path of the Crane).

The spatial synchronous reconstruction of temporally asynchronous fragments is accomplished in polychronic time. "How easy it is to recover the whole form from this

---

<sup>42</sup> Jean Nouvel (Qtd. Penz, Francois and Maureen Thomas Ed *Cinema & Architecture: Melies, Mallet-Stevens, Multimedia* London: British Film Institute, 1997, p.119)

<sup>43</sup> Le Corbusier, *Presisions sur l'etat present d'architecture* Paris, 1926 (Qtd. Penz, Francois and Maureen Thomas p.116)

<sup>44</sup> Scogin, Mark "Introduction: Professional Responsibilities & Ethics" *Reflections on Architectural Practices in the Nineties*, William S. Saunders ed. NY: Princeton Architectural P. 1996, p.82

ornamental distribution done by “montage.”<sup>45</sup> Furthermore, “the original is unlimited and contains boundless possibilities. The fragment that is removed is the image of this infinity made finite.”<sup>46</sup> The montage of finite fragments in an *architettura di spoglio*<sup>47</sup> reconstructs the labyrinth with its perceptually infinite interior.

The “poetic procedure of invention” consists of “philological decomposition” followed by a “hermeneutical reconstruction.”<sup>48</sup> Because, according to Monster Theory,<sup>49</sup> monsters “are never created *ex nihilo*, but through a process of fragmentation and recombination in which elements are extracted “from various forms”” it thus requires “curiosity, cleverness, improvisation, perseverance, suppleness, irony, and mastery of self. Detours and reverses, blockages and turns into the unknown define the movement within the labyrinth...”<sup>50</sup>

The labyrinth returns architecture to its original meaning “which is not simply building (*tecto*) but building with archetypes (*arche*).”<sup>51</sup> As in all archetypes, only when the construing and the construction interpenetrate<sup>52</sup> does the sense of the initial wonder

<sup>45</sup> Eistenstein, Sergie M. “Piranesi, or the Fluidity of Forms” (Qtd. Frascari p.22)

<sup>46</sup> Rowat, Randall McLenaghan “memorial” E-mail to the author. 4 December 2001 (viewer-response to the War Memorial designed by the author)

<sup>47</sup> *Architecture of Spoils*: cannibalizing as a venerable architectural practice; reconstituting older fragments into newer arrangements; the metaphor for scholarship.

<sup>48</sup> Frascari, p.66-68 commenting on the sequence of monstrous designs of Saverio Muratori.

<sup>49</sup> Cohen, Jeffrey J., ed. *Monster Theory* Minneapolis: 1996, p.viii (Qtd. Farronato p.188)

<sup>50</sup> Weiss, Timothy 2001 “Into the Labyrinth: David T. K. Wong’s *Hong Kong Stories*” Jan. 31, 2004: <http://social.chass.ncsu.edu/jouvert/v5i2/tweiss.htm>

<sup>51</sup> Franck, Karen A. & R. Bianca Lepori *Architecture Inside Out* NY: Wiley Academy 2000, p.80

<sup>52</sup> Barnhart, Robert K., ed. *The Barnhart Dictionary of Etymology* USA: H. W. Wilson, 1988

Construct = 1425 borrowed from Latin *constructus*,  
past participle of *construere* = con (together) + *struere* (pile).  
1387 *construccion* = act of construing / translating.

Construing = explanation / interpretation of text, statement etc.



return, “the lost power of the mystery of appearance, where the functioning thing in its many forms stands as both thing and thought.”<sup>53</sup> *Mythos* and *logos*,<sup>54</sup> *Q.E.D.* and *Q.E.F.*,<sup>55</sup> *making up* and *making do*, *logos of techne* and *techne of logos*,<sup>56</sup> *cosa*, and *causa*,<sup>57</sup> *factum* and *verum*,<sup>58</sup> *disegno interno* and *disegno esterno*,<sup>59</sup> *universali intelligibili* and *universali fantastici*,<sup>60</sup> *caratteri stilistici* and *caratteri distributivi*,<sup>61</sup> and finally *quod significat* and *quod significatur*,<sup>62</sup> collapse into each other and then:

There is no longer subject-object, but a “yawning-gap” between the one and the other and, in the gap, the subject, the object are dissolved; there is passage, communication, but not from one to the other: the one and the other have lost

---

<sup>53</sup> Frascari, p.8

<sup>54</sup> “Architectural knowledge is a way of thinking that cannot be explained either by demonstrative reasoning or by the scientific method. It requires explanations fostered by the telling of histories that do not distinguish between artistic and scientific rationality, or in other words, between *mythos* and *logos*.” Frascari on Gianni Vattimo’s superimposition of ‘*limited rationality*’ (Frascari, p.8).

This is akin to Francois Jacob’s description of the complexity of scientific research by superimposing two processes: “diurnal science” that proceeds on the basis of logic and reason, and “nocturnal science” that proceeds on the basis of creative intuition. Although the dominant culture stresses on the former and underplays the latter, it is only their coexistence that results in the production of knowledge. Hence research in Science and Art can be seen as two poles of the same continuum with Architectural Research straddling the middle zone. This privileges architectural research over the other modes (including the dominant paradigm in the University: that of scientific research that produces verifiable results). Hence, even though architecture has moved into the academy it must nonetheless strive to retain an autonomous mode of research that is intrinsic to its mode of knowledge production and not succumb entirely to the dominant mode of university research born of diurnal natural sciences. Hence will architecture enrich the university while simultaneously retaining its uncanniness. (For diurnal/ nocturnal science see Jacob, Francois *La estatua interior* Barcelona: Tusquets editors, 1989 p.299-300. Qtd. Perez-Oyarzun, Fernando “The Valparaiso School” *The Harvard Architecture Review* V.9 1993 New York: Rizzoli International Publication p.83)

Architecture too is bimodal according to Hassan Fathy in an uncannily similar diurnal/nocturnal division: “Before sunset he took me to the terrace of his house, near the mosque, and, pointing to its dome, he said, “*This is the architecture of the moon.*” Architecture of the moon? “Yes,” he said, “*there is a feminine architecture and a masculine architecture.*”” ( Franck, Karen A. & R. Bianca Lepori *Architecture Inside Out* NY: Wiley Academy 2000, p.7; emphasis added).

<sup>55</sup> *quod erat demonstrandum*: which was to be proved; *quod erat faciendum*: which was to be made (Frascari, p.105)

<sup>56</sup> technology and rhetoric; “The essence of *techne* is by no means technological. *Techne* belongs to the notion of *poesis*, which reveals or discloses *aletheia*, the truth.”(Frascari, p.117);

<sup>57</sup> *cosa*, thing, is derived from Italian *causa*, cause (Frascari, p.8)

<sup>58</sup> Vico’s *factum* as the artifact and *verum* as the truth (Frascari, p.14)

<sup>59</sup> Zuccari’s *conception* of technology and its *practice* (Frascari, p.104)

<sup>60</sup> Vico’s contrasting the rational mind with the poetic mind (Frascari, p.106)

<sup>61</sup> Italian precision: *decoration* and *typology*. (Frascari, # 8, p.123)

<sup>62</sup> Vitruvian binomial of signifier and signified that an architect “manifestly needs to have experience of both kinds” (Vitruvius 1930, 1:iii, 3) Architects are thaumaturges who establish the relationship between twin signifiers: the visible and the invisible (Qtd. Frascari, p.115-116)

their separate existence. The questions of the subject, its will to know are suppressed: the subject is no longer there; its interrogation no longer has either meaning or a principle which introduces it. In the same way no answer remains possible. The answer should be “such is the object,” when there is no longer a distinct object.<sup>63</sup>

This again is the way of the monster as “the conjunction of two impossibilities”<sup>64</sup> that by definition “challenges the epistemological authority of form, structure, and identity.”<sup>65</sup>

Buildings are not machines to live in but rather machines to think with, or at the very least machines that evoke thought, and the use of these binomial couplings<sup>v</sup>, like an Ark full of Minotaurs, is to return architecture to “its original nature as a discipline with a system of knowledge that can then be transferred into the instrumental knowledge necessary to practice construction.”<sup>66</sup>

If the mythic framework of the very beginnings of architecture led to a monstrous building type: the labyrinth, then, changing paths, where will etymological excavations lead us? “At this point we were as if involved in a labyrinth. Believing ourselves to have reached the end we twisted about again, and find that we were once more at the beginning of our enquiry, as still as much in want as we had been when we first started.”<sup>67</sup>

---

<sup>63</sup> Bataille, Georges *Inner Experience* Tr. Leslie Anne Boldt; New York: State Univ. of NY P., 1988, p.59

<sup>64</sup> Frascari, p.90

<sup>65</sup> Williams, David. *Deformed Discourse: The Functions of the Monster in Mediaeval Thought and Literature*. Montreal: McGill-Queen UP, 1996 p.3 (Qtd. Farronato p.186)

<sup>66</sup> Frascari, p.117

<sup>67</sup> Plato *Euthydemus* 291b Tr. Elena Theodorakopoulos (Qtd. Theodorakopoulos, Elena. “Catullus, 64: Footprints in the Labyrinth.” *Intratextuality: Greek and Roman Textual Relations*. Oxford: OUP, 2000. p.115)

*Architect* is easily traced to the Greek compounding of chief *arkhe* and builder *tekton*, “but for the word architecture, the solution is not as obvious; it requires a demonstration.”<sup>68</sup> By definition (as we shall see), architecture is monstrous and the “tropes of monster are there all present to make the point: *mostranda sunt, demonstrant, demonstratur*.”<sup>69</sup> Given that the etymology of *etymology* is the *true word*<sup>70</sup> and given that the University is the venue of truth-production and truth-profession, the site of our choosing to excavate *architecture* is the very site of its reproduction: the school of architecture,<sup>71</sup> late immigrant in the ivory tower. However, the dark labyrinth plunging into the bowels of earth is not an ivory tower scraping the sky and the immigrant whose feeling of “triumph and liberation is mingled too strongly with mourning”<sup>72</sup> is unable to turn native. The immigrant and the native are estranged because they procreate differently. If at its origin, architecture came into being as a necessary outcome of begetting an interspecies hybrid, its own genes are contaminated with the Minotaur mutant because

... architectural culture can only be inculcated in a certain way. Bordieu distinguishes between a *scholastic* and a *charismatic* mode of inculcation. The scholastic mode is what we normally recognize as pedagogy, the formal and explicit teaching of formal and explicit knowledge and skills. The charismatic mode is the informal and implicit method of inculcation which is, Bordieu argues, the only possible means of transferring embodied cultural capital. The former is intended to produce knowing, the latter being.<sup>73</sup>

---

<sup>68</sup> Frascari, p.5

<sup>69</sup> “they are to be demonstrated, they demonstrate and they are demonstrated.” Hersey, George. *The Lost Meaning of Classical Architecture*, Cambridge: MIT P, 1988, p.132 (Qtd. Frascari, p.9)

<sup>70</sup> Gr. fr *etymos*, true + *logos*, word

<sup>71</sup> “The professional carries out a duty, whereas the professor enjoys the pleasure of a demonstration.” Frascari, p.31

<sup>72</sup> Freud describing his own state of mind after immigrating, at the age of 82, to London (Qtd. Gay P. *Freud: A Life of Our Time* NY: Norton, 1988, p.9)

<sup>73</sup> Stevens, Gary *The Favored Circle: The Social Foundations of Architectural Distinction* Cambridge: MIT P., 1998, p.196

The scholastic ivory tower tolerates the charismatic labyrinth but fears infection. Could it be, it wonders, that the architect as a monster<sup>74</sup> and designer of the archetypal monstrous dwelling, practices a discipline that is monstrous too? It remains suspicious of “a way of thinking that cannot be explained either by demonstrative reasoning or by the scientific method.”<sup>75</sup> What,<sup>76</sup> the university wishes to know, constitutes *architecture* that gives *auctoritas*<sup>77</sup> to architects?

The process of recovering the labyrinth begins with the recovery of architecture; the recovery of architecture begins with the reproduction of the architect. But before we recover architecture that reproduces the architect we need to reflect on the manner of our speaking: a nostalgic mode forever recollecting what it heard, going by the ear, forging a collage of quotes whence others have partly said what one was about to say. The architecture of scholarly text is *architettura di spoglio*.<sup>78</sup> Scholarship is the mortar that holds these fragments together. They are paradoxically threatened with dissolution<sup>79</sup> by their very *mortar*, as *mort* alludes to the death<sup>80</sup> that dismantles.<sup>81</sup> The union is also suspect because it is monstrous.

---

<sup>74</sup> “The monsters of architecture are not only the buildings, but also the architects who successfully embody themselves in the constructed world.” Frascari, p.53

<sup>75</sup> Frascari, p.8

<sup>76</sup> *Che vuoi?*

<sup>77</sup> “the authority of architects” Tr. Frascari, p.2 ““Augustus,” a profoundly religious epithet connected with augury, belongs to the same semantic field as *augeo/auctor/auctoritas*.” McEwen, p.34

<sup>78</sup> *Architecture of Spoils*: cannibalizing as a venerable architectural practice; reconstituting older fragments into newer arrangements.

<sup>79</sup> Which can only be counteracted with the Vitruvian *venustas* from *Venus* (love binds).

<sup>80</sup> Freud’s notion of a death drive is “the most bizarre monster of all his gallery of monsters” McDougall, William 1936 (Qtd. Dufresne, p.16)

<sup>81</sup> Thence all that remains will be a rigor mortis ridden corpse waiting post mortem.

### Labyrinthine Text

(or: *I have heard a friend of a friend say...*)

*Stanley quoted other people all the time, people in "the industry" whom he'd spoken to that afternoon (Steven and Mike, Warren and Jack, Tom and Nicole), or people who died a thousand years ago, but it was always Stanley speaking. – Herr<sup>82</sup>*

*What is it they say: What one has thought so often, but never said so well? – Stanley Kubrick<sup>83</sup>*

*The role of the poet was thus analogous to that of a "builder." He was indeed a "combinatory machine" – Cipolla<sup>84</sup>*

*The highest function of the poet in any productive domain is the invention of monsters – Frascari<sup>85</sup>*

Scholarship speaks as a ventriloquist. Hence the ghosts in this performative text are haunted with "fragments of character speech [*polurec*] from various forms for hidden transmission of someone else's word, from scattered words and sayings belonging to someone else's speech, from those invasions into authorial speech of others' expressive indicators (ellipses, questions, exclamations)."<sup>86</sup> The montage of fragments that constitutes the text renders it akin to the inherently fragmentary cinemagraphic apparatus.<sup>87</sup> Little wonder, that philosophy "is movie material *par excellence*."<sup>88</sup>

---

<sup>82</sup> Herr, Michael. *Kubrick*, Broadway NY: Grove Press, 2000, p.5

<sup>83</sup> Herr, p.55

<sup>84</sup> Cipolla, Gaetano *Labyrinth: Studies on an Archetype* NY: Legas 1987 p.136

<sup>85</sup> Frascari, p.84

<sup>86</sup> Bakhtin, M.M. "Discourse on the Novel." *The Dialogic Imagination*. Trans. Caryl Emerson and Michael Hopkins. Ed. Michael Holquist, 258-422. Austin: Univ. of Texas P., 1985. 316 (Qtd. Castricano, Jodey *Cryptomimesis: The Gothic and Jacques Derrida's Ghost Writing*. Montreal: McGill UP, 2002. 63)

<sup>87</sup> "apparatus" implies the totality of the mechanisms i.e. camera, lenses, photochemical processing, projectors, splicers, digital coding, lighting, also factors as a commodity; capital, advertisements, trailers, audience surveys, etc. - See Thomas Deane Tucker. "Frames of Reference: Peter Greenaway, Derrida, and the Restitution of Film-Making" *Enculturation*, Vol. 2, No. 1, Fall 1998 March 7, 2004: [http://enculturation.gmu.edu/2\\_1/tucker.html](http://enculturation.gmu.edu/2_1/tucker.html)

The text, the footnotes and the endnotes respectively denote, connote and reveal as only discourse, exegesis and voice can. The main text reflects scholarship's obsession with speaking with a borrowed tongue: it is always giving evidence for what it says in the words of its predecessors ("Philosophy is, as much as anything, a conversation with one's predecessors");<sup>89</sup> it seeks not to write something but to write about something; it seeks not to be read but to be measured against the links it has forged with the society of scholarship; it is a collective endeavour of knowledge production. Scholarship's art is that of the filmmaker's: the art of editing. "Writing is cutting."<sup>90</sup>

Just as polysemy guarantees that the dictionary is by definition an archaeology of slippages founded on unfounded foundations with the meaning of each word in words defined by still more words in a delirium of connotations and denotations with all closure being provisional and the preferred meaning deferred to the context of the sentence (every sentence strives and fails to be polysemy's death sentence); so also academic scholarship, instigated by the publish-or-perish syndrome, dwells at the mouth of the Black Hole of infinite regress, while defining the Schwarzschild circumference.<sup>91</sup>

---

<sup>88</sup> Merleau-Ponty, Maurice. *Sense and Non-Sense*. Eds. John Wild & James M. Edie. Trans. Hubert L. Dreyfus & Patricia Allen Dreyfus. Evanston, Ill.: Northwestern UP, 1973. 15. (Qtd. Alemany-Galway, Mary. 2002. 56)

<sup>89</sup> Tallis, Raymond. *A Conversation with Martin Heidegger*. Hampshire UK: Palgrave, 2002, p.2

<sup>90</sup> Frascari, p.26 See also endnote: HOLOGRAM

How do you write? What are your methods?

*Nabokov*: I find now that index cards are really the best kind of paper that I can use for the purpose. I don't write consecutively from the beginning to the next chapter and so on to the end. I just fill in the gaps of the picture, of this jigsaw puzzle which is quite clear in my mind, picking out a piece here and a piece there and filling out part of the sky and part of the landscape and part of the-- I don't know, the carousing hunters.

Nabokov's interview. (02) BBC Television [1962] March 6, 2004: <http://lib.ru/NABOKOW/Inter02.txt>

<sup>91</sup> With radius of  $2GM/c^2$ . Cross it and you cross the point of no return in a Black Hole. But for an observer, the split second of your death at the event horizon will appear to last forever as time becomes an asymptote. Architecturally, the Black Hole was the Meat Locker shared by Oz, Moses and the author.

What prevents it from crossing that circumference-of-no-return is that tertiary sources refer ultimately to primary sources with the creator speaking with his own tongue: the endnotes. The endnotes reflect the creator speaking, as all creators do, with indefensible authority that is in no need of defence; knowledge creation instead of production; The endnote is sans footnotes as cross-influences have long been internalized and are indistinguishable from one's voice; it remains obsessed with its supposedly unique point of view and legislates itself the task of speaking; a solitary whistle in the dark.

Endnotes map the author on to the labyrinth.<sup>92</sup> Supplement as *concordia scripturarum*.<sup>93</sup>

The footnote is a running commentary with the commentator's voice fluctuating between the critic and the creator.<sup>94</sup> The text puts the object at stake, the endnotes puts the subject at stake and the footnotes divides its attention between the object and subject, ranging from the scientific cataloguing of the object (fixing the quote in time and space<sup>95</sup> like a

---

<sup>92</sup> *It is getting dark, too dark to see / I feel like I am knocking on heaven's door / Knock knocking on heaven's door* – Bob Dylan. (*Dylan* being etymologically the *sea*, when Apollo returned from exile it was in the guise of a dolphin in the sea. Emerging from *dylan*, Apollo program's Eagle went moon-landing: knock knocking on heaven's door. Given Dylan's etymological mother as the moon (*Arianrhod*), it was Dylan returning to his mother via the Eagles who, though, never performed the song. Gun's 'N' Roses did in a 1992 tribute to Freddie Mercury, lead singer of Queen, born as Farrokh Bulsara in Bombay, died of AIDS; end of a mercurial life and a maddening footnote that does not fly. The point perhaps being that when Apollo returned from exile he brought along Cretan priests. So the labyrinth is one way of ending exiles; whence you return disguised as yourself. April 27, 2004:

<http://encyclopedia.thefreedictionary.com/apollo>; <http://www.pantheon.org/articles/a/arianrhod.html>)

<sup>93</sup> Cross flow of texts.

<sup>94</sup> If degree of innocence determines the age: the creator is youth; the critic is elder and the commentator is the adolescent whose voice is beginning to break.

<sup>95</sup> Notice how the date of publication is immediately followed by the page number: Item #4.6.1: "The Basic Entry: A Book by a Single Author" -of the ten components of a book entry, time and space occur in proximate positions 8 & 9 - Gibaldi, Joseph *MLA Handbook for Writers of Research Papers* 5<sup>th</sup> ed. (New York: The Modern Language Association of America 1999) p.122

lepidopterist pinning down a butterfly on a spreading board) to the contemplative digressions of a reflexive practitioner (an increasingly discouraged practice in footnotes, in keeping with the dominant scientific paradigm).

Footnotes and endnotes play the obvious role of supporting the main text. However, when they begin to assert their own role by challenging the subservience, questioning both the ratio of their length to the length of the text,<sup>96</sup> and their content (can they speak with a forked tongue?) the main text begins to experience the discomfort of eroding authority<sup>97</sup> as boundaries begin to blur and the critic, creator and commentator, begin to swirl into a single braid of triple strands competing for equal attention.<sup>98</sup>

Architecture, the most interdisciplinary of professional disciplines, an amphibian<sup>vi</sup> among land-locked creatures, insists on the blurring of boundaries. This examination of, and contemplation on, the form and content of research is in keeping with the essay's viewpoint that even though architecture has moved into the academy, from the dark labyrinth into the ivory tower, it must nonetheless retain an autonomous mode of research that is intrinsic to its monstrous mode of knowledge production and not succumb entirely to the dominant mode of university research born of natural sciences. In other words too,

---

<sup>96</sup> Text (20,661 words): 488 Footnotes (14,309 words): 22 Endnotes (13,408 words) i.e. approx.1.5 :1.1 : 1 (this footnote has to be temporally the last entry in the text).

<sup>97</sup> Or perhaps the barbarians are already inside (the main text was a Trojan horse) and the tables already turned with the roman numerals as 2-way streets. In which case the endnotes are the main text, the main text are footnotes and the footnotes are footnotes to footnotes. "...discursive knowledge is no longer anything but the useless trowel once the palace is finished." – Bataille, *Inner Experience*, p.107 or the Wittgenstein dispensing of the ladder (minimal scaffold).

<sup>98</sup> Disobeying the hierarchy that font sizes and line-spacing are meant to enforce, in descending order: main text font size:12; endnotes font size:11; footnotes font size:10; furthermore a reinforcing descending spatial hierarchy: main text *double-spaced*; endnotes *one-and-half spaced*, footnotes *single-spaced*.



either architectural research redefines the university in its own image by transgressing categories or else succumb its soul to university's schizophrenic categories (if it has no stomach for it, it will be reduced to an appendix). The school of architecture is where the intellectual, by definition<sup>99</sup> an advocate of the interdisciplinary, feels at home.

It is now clear: the very means to talk *about* monsters becomes infected *with* them. Furthermore, to write on film is to “dream of a writing that responds and aligns itself to the uncanniness of cinematic magic”<sup>100</sup> further compounding the shift from static to the performative. After all, theatre and theory share the same etymology, it is fitting that the thesis be theatrical; it be performed. “I design and build devices – arguments, intuition pumps, metaphor machines – they are supposed to achieve certain effects.”<sup>101</sup> Thus the theatre as the central paradigm of architecture; thus too the archetypal architect as a choreographer of *geranos*, the labyrinthine dance.<sup>102</sup>

Hence too the absence of “any reproductions as illustrations to our text, as it is in fact our text alone which aspires to be an illustration of the great films, of which each of us retains to a greater or lesser extent a memory, emotion or perception.”<sup>103</sup> Because “a labyrinth

---

<sup>99</sup> The word ‘intellectual’ first appeared in public discourse after Emile Zola’s letter to the President of the Republic of France was published on 13 January 1898. In subsequent issues of the paper, his protest in the name of justice, was joined by protestations from academics, artists, architects, lawyers, surgeons, writer and musicians that were referred to as *intellectuals* (belonging to the very disciplines that Vitruvius said belonged to architecture). Hence the term applied to those that asserted their public authority paradoxically on the bases of transcending their specializations. See Bauman, Zygmunt. *Life in Fragments: Essays in Postmodern Morality*, Oxford: Blackwell 1995, p.223

<sup>100</sup> Royle, Nicholas. “Film” *The Uncanny* NY: Routledge, 2003, p.81-82

<sup>101</sup> Daniel Dennet “Back from the Drawing Board” (Qtd. Dahlbom, Bo ed. *Dennet and his Critics: Demystifying Mind* Oxford UK: Blackwell 1993, p.203)

<sup>102</sup> Theodorakopoulos, Elena. “Catullus, 64: Footprints in the Labyrinth.” *Intratextuality: Greek and Roman Textual Relations*, Oxford: OUP, 2000. 133

<sup>103</sup> Deleuze, Gilles. *Cinema 1: The Movement-Image* Trans. Hugh Tomlinson and Barbara

cannot conceal another labyrinth”<sup>104</sup> the text-as-illustration cannot be illustrated.<sup>105</sup> The archetypal extant Vitruvian text was sans illustrations<sup>106</sup> for “Vitruvius himself deliberately shunned drawing<sup>107</sup> and resorted to graphic methods with much reluctance only when words completely failed him.<sup>108</sup> For Vitruvius, writing explains better than drawing<sup>109</sup> – whatever the frustrated modern architectural reader may think.”<sup>110</sup> We return, sans illustrations, as frustrated modern readers to the archetypal act of reproducing architects in a text that constructs<sup>111</sup> even as it construes.

---

Habberjam Minneapolis: Univ. of Minnesota P., 1986 xiv

<sup>104</sup> Eistenstein, Sergie M. “Piranesi, or the Fluidity of Forms” (Qtd. Frascari 1991 p.22)

<sup>105</sup> But it can have renderings in the sense that *to render* means *to return to the owner*.

<sup>106</sup> In the Vitruvian curriculum, writing comes before drawing. The first printed edition of 1486 was unillustrated, based on the extant manuscript sans drawings, in the Library of the Abbey of St. Gallen, Switzerland.

<sup>107</sup> Vitruvius refers to only ten drawings in his work (none of which survived). The drawings he refers to are relatively trivial schematics such as setting out entasis of columns or Ionic volutes. The first edition of *De architectura* that was illustrated, was in 1511. Hence it took over a century and a half for illustrations to appear. The famous Vitruvian Man, a millennia and a half later, is more Vincian than Vitruvian. Interestingly, Cambridge University Press’s latest attempt to illustrate Vitruvius’s text, comprehensively for the first time. was unsuccessful (the coauthor being an architect, notwithstanding) as “illustrations let the book down rather badly. These drawings, to my eye, are crude, look unfinished, and for the most part, are (to sensibilities used to architectural drawings) ugly; editorial control was clearly at fault here...” James Stevens Curl “A New Edition of Vitruvius’s *De Architectura libri decem*” Rev. of *VITRUVIUS: Ten Books on Architecture* by Ingrid D. Rowland and Thomas Noble Howe Eds., JSSAC/JSEAC 24, no.4, 1999, p.28-29.

<sup>108</sup> Gros, Pierre. “Les illustrations du De architectura de Vitruve: histoire d’un malentendu.” Nicolet and Gros 1996 p. 19-36 . (Qtd. McEwen, p.32). Alternatively “What *can* be shown *cannot* be said.” Wittgenstein, *Tractatus*, 4.1212

<sup>109</sup> Carpo, Mario. *Architecture in the Age of Printing*. Cambridge ch.2 “attributes the scarcity of drawings to Vitruvius’s awareness of their futility at a time (before the age of printing) when their accurate reproduction in manuscript copies would have been impossible” (Qtd. McEwen, p.32). A cursory glance at microfilmed and *pdf* copies of thesis digitally archived at Carleton University’s Library, whence all grey areas are either-for-us-or-against-us B&W renditions, merely reinforces the Vitruvian stance even after a lapse of two millennia. Besides, for an oral poet, the act of writing itself is a fall from grace (after which drawings constitute a further Dantein descent). The oral poet predates the archetypal architect. Blackboot Trio’s man in black was right after all: even after banishing the poet outside the thesis to parergonic endnotes, the poet’s scepticism continues to contaminate the text. Plato’s suspicion of poets was as astute as Vitruvius suspicion of drawings. The thesis is the site of a confluence of suspicions: Platonic and Vitruvian, into which further flows the Meander; the sceptical *sangam* of underground rivers (like Carleton’s underground tunnels meandering between the Vitruvian river and the Platonic canal).

<sup>110</sup> McEwen, p.32

<sup>111</sup> Vitruvius is the only writer of his time to address Augustus as “Imperator” or “Imperator Caesar.” Hence when he “inscribes “Imperator Caesar” on *De architectura* the way a stonecutter might chisel IMP. CAESAR on to the entablature of a public monument” (McEwen, p.36) he is constructing the text as architecture.

## Reproducing Architects (or: Recovering architecture)

*Averroes*<sup>112</sup> maintained that “an author who recounts tales, rather than history, makes an inventory of facts without giving them any order; whereas the poet gives measure and rule – that is, poetic metre – to facts both true and verisimilar, and he deals also with universals. Hence poetry is more philosophical than a simple imaginative chronicle.” - Eco<sup>113</sup>

To know what architecture is we turn to what constitutes it; the word is yoked to its curriculum. The very first chapter of the first book of Vitruvius’ foundational *Ten Books of Architecture* begins with “The Education of the Architect” which stipulates:

To be educated, he must be an experienced draftsman, well versed in geometry, familiar with history, a diligent student of philosophy, know music, have some acquaintance with medicine, understand the rulings of legal experts, and have a clear grasp of astronomy and the ways of Heaven.<sup>114</sup>

Eight disciplines are mentioned. Amidst the society of disciplines, a curious omission persists: *architecture itself*.<sup>115</sup> The absent *Lady of the Arts*<sup>116</sup> finds herself embedded in a plethora of presences. But perhaps architecture, as poetry, is that which is lost in translation.<sup>117</sup>

<sup>112</sup> Abūl-Walīd Muḥammad ibn Rūshd or Averroes, as he was known in Latin. “Every learned Italian of the Renaissance knew of Averroes.” and “the chief university of Italy, that of Padua, became for a century and a half, a school of Averroism.” Zedler, Beatrice H. Ed “Averroes and the Italian Renaissance” *Averroes’ Destructio Destructionum Philosophiae Algazelis in the Latin Version of Calo Calonymos*, Wisconsin: Marquette Univ P, 1961, p.33

<sup>113</sup> Eco, Umberto. *Art and Beauty in the Middle Ages* Tr. Hugh Bredin, New haven: Yale UP, 1986, p.103

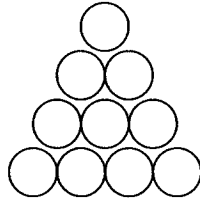
<sup>114</sup> Vitruvius “Chapter 1: The Education of the Architect” *Ten Books on Architecture* Trans. Ingrid D Rowland, Cambridge UK: Cambridge UP 1999, p.22


<sup>115</sup> Cousins, Mark “Building an Architect” *Occupying Architecture: Between the Architect and the User*. Jonathan Hill ed. London: Routledge 1998, p14

<sup>116</sup> *Domina Artium* (Frascari, p.6)

<sup>117</sup> Dictum attributed to W.H.Auden

The ten books *decem voluminibus* of De Architectura were in 10 scrolls.<sup>118</sup> Each scroll was tied with a string *lora*.<sup>119</sup> The scrolls were stacked up in the naturally stable configuration of the Pythagorean *tetractys*:  $1+2+3+4 = 10$ :



Hence when we pick up the top scroll, Book 1, untie the *lora* as recycled Ariadne's thread, and unfurl the circumvolution: 

we let loose the space that interfaces “contradictory ‘topography of inside outside’ (*topique des fors*).”<sup>120</sup> For in a scroll, two unlike circumgyrating sides are in intimate contact: the inscribed inner face and the obverse *tabula rasa*. In the ambulatory between the two faces is the transitional zone analogous to a zone of translation. The circumfluent zone of translation circumambulates the labyrinth whose corridors are walled with circumflex inscriptions on one side and mirror-encoded texts of inscriptions that have begun to seep through, on the other side.

<sup>118</sup> Vitruvius 10.16.12

<sup>119</sup> McEwen, p.42

<sup>120</sup> Rand, Nicholas T. Translator's Introduction to *The Wolf Man's Magis Word: A Cryptonomy*, Abraham, Nicolas, and Maria Torok Minneapolis: Univ. of Minnesota P., 1986 lxviii

The zone of translation is circumfluent because the only butterfly that is pinned to the board is the one that does not fly.<sup>121</sup> Translations are inventions, dynamic hyphens connecting an imagined past (source) with a speculative future (target). Founding has no other authority than the very act of founding. Archetypes and origins exist only in translations; their founding is always unfounded and their translations are always mistranslations. It is the utter fallibility of the infallible quest that keeps the wayfarer moving in the labyrinth.

Unfurling the scroll is an act of unconcealment wherein the gaze begins to enter the labyrinth, without comprehension, until it reaches the circumscriptive centre that it cannot circumvent. For the circumcentre of a scroll is a rod around which the papyrus roll was rolled. It is as inscrutable a centre as is *dichte*<sup>122</sup> at the heart of *dichten*.<sup>123</sup> Only when the unfurling ends, does the reading begin in a direction opposite to the unfurling. The writing on the walls of the rampart circumvallation is a tactile journey of exiting the scroll. Reading the Vitruvian “continuous, virtually endless colonnade”<sup>124</sup> of unfurled text is a *frayage* fleeing the *frayeur* at the centre.

When we finally wrap up the scroll it becomes an act of witnessing the obverse side as a palimpsest of circumadjacent text impressions along with reverse leakages as mirrored

---

<sup>121</sup> Icarus plunged to his death because he flew too high, too close to the sun and his wings came apart. But his wings came apart not because the wax that held the wings melted. Wax is poised between twin deaths: the flow of candle-tears or the rigor mortis of chilled brittleness. The higher you go, the colder it gets. Hence the wax froze, turned brittle and the wings came apart. Daedalus's advice to Icarus not to fly too high was right for the wrong reasons.

<sup>122</sup> German: *density*

<sup>123</sup> German: *poetry*

<sup>124</sup> McEwen, p.42

text. The space of translation, between inside and outside, is where occur the slippages between source and target tongues,<sup>vii</sup> for in the act of translation:

... both would be imprisoned in the house of their own tongue, as if in a house in the form of a closed cylinder that could not go out of in order to go round [*faire le tour*], from one turn (of phrase) [*d'un tour*] or tower [*d'une tour*] to the other, in order to see what is heard from the neighboring cylinder. Now this book presents itself as a volume of cylindric columns, writes on pierced, incrustated, breached, tattooed cylindric columns, on them then, but also around them, against them, between them that are, through and through, tongue and text.<sup>125</sup>

The translation occurs between “tongue and text,” between centre and periphery.”<sup>126</sup>

From the *act* of reading (notwithstanding what is read) we return to *read* Vitruvius, this time in the original Latin. The shift is from the *act* of reading to the content of what is read; from metatranslation to mistranslation.. The discussion shifts gears to more mundane goals. The oldest manuscript<sup>127</sup> of Vitruvius's *De architectura* states:

Et ut [1] *litteratus* sit, peritus [2] *graphidos*, eruditus [3] *geometria*, [4] *historias* complures noverit, [5] *philosophos* diligenter audierit, [6] *musicam* scierit, [7] *medicinae* non sit ignarus, responsa [8] *iurusconsultorum* noverit, [9] *astrologiam* caelique rationes cognitae habeat.<sup>128</sup>

Even before he<sup>129</sup> begins to imbibe any of the eight disciplines, the proto-architect has to ensure his prequalification by being “*Et ut litteratus sit*: a “man of letters”<sup>130</sup> or more

<sup>125</sup> Derrida, Jacques. “*Ousia and Gramme*: Note one a Note from *Being and Time*,” Trans. Alan Bass. *Jacques Derrida, Margins of Philosophy*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1982, p.41

<sup>126</sup> The displacement and its implications can be better understood when one examines the thoughts of Franz von Baader who was the mentor of Hegel's early collaborator, F. W. J. Schelling. “The universe, the organism, and the ego of a human consciousness can all be explained, says Baader, by the movement of the centre to the periphery and the leap of the entire point into a new system.” Krell, David Farrell “*Ecstatic Spatiality: Liberations of Space in Kant, Hegel, and Heidegger*” *Archetecture: Ecstasies of Space, Time, and the Human Body* NY: State Univ. of New York P. 1997, p.64

<sup>127</sup> Harleian 2767 of the British Museum

<sup>128</sup> Vitruvius 1.1.3; Granger, Frank ed. & tr. *Vitruvius on Architecture* Cambridge MA: Harvard University Press 1962, p.8 (numbers and emphasis added)

<sup>129</sup> The male reference is maintained to weave in seamlessly with Vitruvius' quote. It is understood that, in this essay with “he” “she” too is implied, i.e. *he*, wherever he occurs is a gender-free/composite (*s*)*he*.

literally, the architect “should know writing.”<sup>131</sup> Writing is primal.<sup>132</sup> The word *litteratus* is crucial not only because of its prime location, it comes first in the Vitruvian curricula, but also because in the very next sentence he reminds us that *Litteras architectum scire oportet uti commentariis memoriam firmiorem efficee posit.*<sup>133</sup> Livy, a contemporary of Vitruvius, called *litterae* “the only faithful guardian of the memory of achievements.”<sup>134</sup> It is writing that “nails memory down, makes it *firmior*, more steadfast, longer lasting, more powerful.”<sup>135</sup> Architecture, yoked to memory, succumbs to a memorial stance (mortar<sup>136</sup> succumbs to its embedded etymology) while writing lapses into an elegiac tone (poetry<sup>137</sup> succumbs to its embedded etymology). Where Mnemosyne dwells, there be architecture.

Hence the disciplines increase to nine; like the unprecedented nine columns surrounding Augustas in the monopteros atop Acropolis, or like a variation of the nine nights that Mnemosyne<sup>138</sup> spent with Zeus to beget the Muses. The *Chief-Mistress*<sup>139</sup> begets the

---

<sup>130</sup> Granger p.9

<sup>131</sup> Vitruvius 1.1.3; McEwen, Indra Kagis. *Vitruvius: Writing the Body of Architecture*, Cambridge: MIT P., 2003, p.17

<sup>132</sup> The prime recipient of the Vitruvian text understood this lesson well. “Augustus himself was obsessed with writing, never speaking extempore and even reading prepared texts to his wife Livia when he had something particularly important to say to her.” Suetonius *Divus Augustus* 84.1-2 (Qtd. McEwen, p.34)

<sup>133</sup> Vitruvius 1.1.4: “An architect should know writing [*litteras*] so that he can produce a stronger memory in commentaries.”

<sup>134</sup> Livy *Ab urbe condita* 6.1.2. (Qtd. McEwen, p.17)

<sup>135</sup> McEwen, p.17

<sup>136</sup> *mort*: death

<sup>137</sup> German: poetry *dichten* has a heart of *dichte* i.e. density.

<sup>138</sup> Hence memory n. [L. *memoria*, memory; cf. mnemonic from Mnemosyne, the mother of the Muses] and *Ars Memorativa* the traditional use of Architecture as a mnemonic aid par excellence. (Mnemosyne consorts were the brothers Apollo and Hermes; i.e. interpretation and translation. Which is why every translation is an interpretation and the Muse is that which is lost in transit/translation).

<sup>139</sup> i.e. *Architecture* after Frascari p.6, after Scamozzi, after Barbora after Vitruvius (1584, 7, 1.60-67)

*Chief Builder*<sup>140</sup> by being in a Vitruvian-sized bed accommodating nine Masters “approved by her judgement.”<sup>141</sup> The “power of the compound name”<sup>142</sup> of architecture is such that, even at its origins, ‘the combinatory machine’ is born of the uncertain union of an excess of disciplines. Architecture, like its first dweller, is a “form commingled”<sup>143</sup> the uncertainty of the proposed union, the inconceivable offspring of hyper-parentages, recalls the hybrid amalgam of the original monster. According to the Roman Law, under which Vitruvius and the then civilized world practiced, the etymology of *monster* was jurisprudential: “children born of prostitutes are called monsters, because their origin is an uncertain union.”<sup>144</sup>

The architect, striving after originality, returns to archaic origins where he discovers a hydra-headed monster guarding the identity of his discipline. If the architect turns to the original building type, he encounters another monster: the inexplicable labyrinth, abandoned by its creator, tomb of its dweller. The choice is between the illegitimate and the abandoned. But before we dismiss this multi-origins-origin as an anomaly ascribing it to “one of the most ludicrous chapters of a famous book ever written,”<sup>145</sup> consider how the Vitruvian total-man has survived in both the Beaux-Arts and the Bauhaus pedagogical aspirations, right into our times.

---

<sup>140</sup> *arkhe tekton*

<sup>141</sup> Vitruvius (1584, 7, 1.58) Qtd. Frascari p.6

<sup>142</sup> Barbaro (Vitruvius 1584, 7, 1.60-67) (Qtd. & Tr. Frascari, p.6)

<sup>143</sup> Euripides (Qtd. Matthews p.22)

<sup>144</sup> Vico, Gianbattista. *Principii di scienza nuova*. Naples, 1744, vi, 410 (Qtd. & Tr. Frascari, p.15). It was ground enough for “throwing them into the Tiber - Kunze, Donald “Architecture as Reading; Virtuality, Secrecy, Monstrosity” *Journal of Architectural Education* 41/4 Summer 1998, p.30 (a conceivable legal rationalization of Carleton University’s new but archaic Masterplan retaining a motorized road between itself and the river).

<sup>145</sup> Cousins, p.15



In the 1700s, Beaux-Arts required that architecture include “fencing, music and dancing; exercises to which particular attention is paid, since they should form part of the education of all well-born persons who devote themselves to architecture...”<sup>146</sup> In the 1900s, Bauhaus required that “Good architecture should be a projection of life itself and that implies an intimate knowledge of biological, social, technical and artistic problems” and then, despaired: “But then – even that is not enough.”<sup>147</sup> A Harvard University’s educationist<sup>148</sup> “made a list of all of the subjects that he deemed essential to a sound and complete architecture education. When the list was complete he figured out the length of time it would take to learn everything on it. It came to *twenty-two years*”!<sup>149</sup> As late as 1989, the AIA was defining a triple-curricula braid: “The architect is: artist, philosopher and technocrat.”<sup>150</sup> In 1991 a survey of architectural schools showed “a full range of approaches: formalist, semiotic, historical, feminist, sociological, and so on. No one seems to be teaching an architectural approach.”<sup>151</sup> The hydra-headed monster was merrily multiplying until at the turn of the millennium it was deemed that the *tekton* was not *arkhe* enough unless the intern to be an intern was already a Masters in Architecture.

---

<sup>146</sup> Jacques-Francois Blondel while marketing his Academy of Architecture, assured parents that their sons would be suitably cultivated as architects. (Qtd Stevens, p.188)

<sup>147</sup> Gropius, Walter “Education of Architects and Designers: Approach” *Scope of Total Architecture* NY: Collier Books 1966, p.18

<sup>148</sup> Joseph Hudnut, Gropius’ contemporary at Harvard University, formulation of the ideal curriculum in 1940.

<sup>149</sup> American Institute of Architects *Architecture Education in North America: A brief history* Washinton DC: AIA Advisory Council 1989 p.2 (emphasis added).

<sup>150</sup> American Institute of Architects *Career Profile: Architect* Washinton DC: AIA Advisory Council 1989 p.1

<sup>151</sup> Frascari, Note. 4, p.123

*Curriculum*<sup>152</sup> having originated from a race course on which ran the *curricule* – a two-horse chariot, it was well suited to apply to a course pursued with single-minded zeal towards a single goal to the exclusion of all else (blinders added on either side of the animals eyes to narrow the vision). However when the goal is no less than the architect as a “total man”, curriculum becomes an oxymoron and the blinders an anomaly. The problem becomes one of deciding what to exclude.

The peculiarity of the architectural syllabus of education lies not in Vitruvius’ formulation but rather in the very nature of architectural discourse. What distinguishes its discourse from the discourse of natural sciences is in the collapse of the distance between the object and the subject. Natural sciences are purely concerned with *objects and their interrelationships* while in architecture *the object* (i.e the building) *includes the subject* (i.e the effect the building has on the subject who experiences it). Thus, “we have to treat our relation to the art or the architectural object as one of desire”<sup>153</sup> aligning architecture with practices such as psychoanalysis that are “authorised not by the formal knowledge but by the subjective and ultimately unconscious relations to that knowledge.”<sup>154</sup>

Furthermore, for any practice,

concerned with the unconscious process of making an object for a subject there is always something already missing because the question of the lost object actually enters into the practice...What one is trying to sketch here, in place of Kant’s notion of disinterestedness, is a kind of complicated relationship between loss and fabrication. Therefore, it makes perfect sense to begin a process of creation with

---

<sup>152</sup> L. *Curricula* (-l?). [L. See *Curricule*.]

1. A race course; a place for running.

2. A course; particularly, a specified fixed course of study, as in a university.

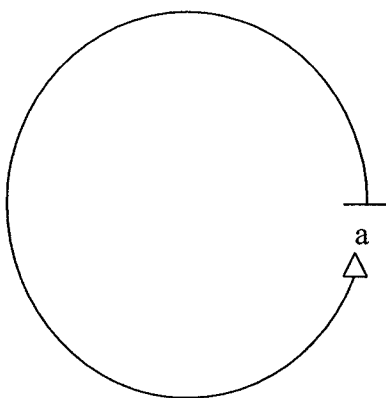
(7 June 2001 <http://www.dictionary.com/cgi-bin/dict.pl?term=Curriculum>)

<sup>153</sup> Cousins, p.18

<sup>154</sup> Cousins, p.20

an investigation of loss, of the shadow, for which the object does not yet quite exist.<sup>155</sup>

Thus we fabricate fabrications, recreations of a loss that by definition is unbuildable which is why, though we continue to build, we build in vain. This intrinsic limit that prevents closure, the irreducible unbuildability in all we build, that conversely predicts the compulsive return, that is driven by *jouissance* the perverse pleasure in displeasure, is of course none other than *objet petit a*, a “curvature of the space itself which causes us to make a bend precisely when we want to get directly at the object.”<sup>156</sup>



“I get close to poetry – but end up failing it.”<sup>157</sup> Which is why at the centre of the labyrinth is precisely the point of return; the geometrical centre of the labyrinth is not the labyrinth’s centre but that which mimes it (a mimic shows that which is not there).<sup>158</sup> It is the extreme point of acknowledging that even though the centre is not out of sight it nevertheless remains irreducibly out of reach.<sup>viii</sup> At the centre of the labyrinth lurks not

<sup>155</sup>

p.21

<sup>156</sup>

Zizek, Slavoj. *Enjoy Your Symptom: Jacques Lacan in Hollywood and out* rev. ed., NY: Routledge, 2001, p.48-49

<sup>157</sup>

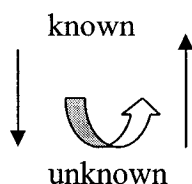
Bataille, Oeuvres completes, 3: 218 (Qtd. Kristeva, Julia. *Revolution in Poetic Language*, NY: Columbia UP, 1984, p.84)

<sup>158</sup>

Once it is there it cannot be shown; good architecture, as Loos maintained, cannot be photographed. (Qtd. Frascari p.32). Hence the architectural counterpart of Pound’s poetic aphorism would be “Architecture is that which is lost in photography.” That which is photographed cannot be architecture.

the Minotaur, awaiting annihilation by his double<sup>159</sup>; that monster was merely a tenant of the centre whose landlord was *objet petit a*.

Furthermore “Life will dissolve itself in death, rivers in the sea, and the known in the unknown.”<sup>160</sup> The path to the unknown is not the information highway; knowledge is not the vehicle of travel for “words that help us easily reach objects, cannot gain access to internal states, which remain strangely unknowable.”<sup>161</sup> Non-knowledge will always remain outside the purview of knowledge (after this knowledge, for knowledge to remain knowledge, all it can hope to imbibe is the knowledge of the mechanism of non-knowledge). The required vehicle is to travel on a one-way street; approach the land of no return, and then be able to make a u-turn.<sup>162</sup> That is the only movement possible “the known and leads to the unknown. If it reaches completion it touches on madness. But the surge back begins when madness is close.”<sup>163</sup>



<sup>159</sup> “The two figures who meet face to face in the darkness of the labyrinth are mythical brothers, that is, divergent psychological attitude within the same man, the Jekyll and Hyde of antiquity, the conscious and unconscious parts of a man’s soul.” Cipolla, Gaetano *Labyrinth: Studies on an Archetype* NY: Legas 1987 p.21

<sup>160</sup> Bataille *Oeuvres Completes* Vol.V, p.119 (qtd. in Land p.210). “*Oeuvres Completes*” is a misnomer: being neither a work nor complete; rather a gathering of the incomplete to mourn the death of Bataille. Death edits intentionally aborted texts and discloses closure.

<sup>161</sup> Bataille *Oeuvres Completes* Vol.V, p.162 (qtd. in Richman, Michele H. *Reading Georges Bataille: Beyond the Gift* Baltimore: John Hopkins UP, 1982 p.69)

<sup>162</sup> If you are unable to make the turn, the turn sometimes, is made for you: “I am in a big foreign city. I am walking toward the part of town where the forbidden things are, not just the shady red-light area but something worse...I have this dream time and time again. The irritating thing is that I am walking toward the forbidden place but never arrive. I always wake up or the dream changes” – Ingmar Bergman (Qtd. Perilli, Plinio. “Ingmar Bergman: As In A Mirror” *Movie Architecture* XLVII L’a 2002, p. 60)

<sup>163</sup> Bataille, Georges *Essential Writings* Ed. Michael Richardson, London: Thousand Oaks. New Delhi: SAGE Publications 1998, p.217

The difference in the ability of Daedalus the architect, who lived to fly again; and his son Icarus, who did not know when, or how, to turn back is the acknowledgment of the performing artist: the only movement possible is that which entails a U-turn so that you return/live to perform again.<sup>ix</sup> In the labyrinth, the centre is a diptych hinge that folds *Wiederholungszwang* 180-degrees and you find yourself retracing steps<sup>x+164</sup>, which do not quite fit but are the ones you made nevertheless.

Retracing his steps is also how little Danny escaped the Kubrickian maze and saved himself when big bad daddy chased him<sup>165</sup> with an *axe* (the return of the labyrinth's etymology).<sup>166</sup> In *The Shining* reversal, the son like father-Daedalus turned back, while the father like son-Icarus did not and hence, like Icarus, was doomed. The father-like-dead son-Icarus was also the Minotaur when he was ensconced at the centre of the indoor labyrinth of Overlook hotel, typing away a novel that comprised of a single sentence looping back on itself. The Minotaur remains trapped in a labyrinth precisely because it is trapped in a loop-mode<sup>xi</sup>. The choice remains between a loop-physical and a loop-mental; the cessation of one is the inception of the other for at the *centre* the status quo is never static.

---

<sup>164</sup> *Nosti quoniam tu semper michi fueras finis; sed ad te per me ipsum venire credens, retrocessi per inextricabilis anfractus* You know that you have always been my goal, but while I believed I was approaching you by myself, I was going backwards through an inextricable labyrinth. – Petrarch, Psalmi Penitenciales VII, 7 (Tr. & Qtd. Cipolla, p.49)

<sup>165</sup> A rather remarkable relationship between father and son that could be dubbed remarkK vs. remarkK in an inverse homage to another film released in the year previous to *The Shining*.

<sup>166</sup> *labrys* = axe. Latin *labyrinthus* (distantly related to the Greek λαβρυς, meaning “double axe”) – Wright, p.4 ; Matthews p.32; However, the etymology of the labyrinth is not established. *labrys* is of pre-Greek Oriental origins - Kern, p.42

The Minotaur-father-like-dead-son-Icarus exited Overlook's indoor labyrinth only once and thence only to enter the outdoor maze, his tomb.<sup>167</sup> When the camera zoomed into his unseeing eyes, it returned him to Overlook-as-inner-labyrinth as the second zooming continued to zoom into a 1921 photograph on the walls of the hotel in which the slain-Minotaur-father-like-dead-son-Icarus was the life of the party in an Independence Day Ball. You are left with the music that played in the Ball and with two choices: The film text as fantasy: reincarnation with time trapped in a loop mode flowing along a Moebius strip; or, on the other hand, Dream Vision of the Dying Man. One is a supernatural explanation and the other rational. Both depend on fantasy / dreams. It is to dreams that we turn, to quarry for fragments to construct/construe the Labyrinth.

---

<sup>167</sup> Kubrick too was interred in his own garden. On the walls of the pavilion erected for his funeral, was a painting by Christine of a middle-aged, black-bearded Stanley besides a window overlooking a similar garden in a different season. (Walker, p.373)

## The Celluloid Labyrinth

(or: *Where are the fragments to be found?*)

*Stanley always spoke of movies as dreams, dreams about dreams... Herr*<sup>168</sup>

*You made me dream with my eyes wide open.- Zeffirelli*<sup>169</sup>

*A hypothetical design of the unknown and thereby an important tool for acquiring knowledge, the dream is seen as a narration developed within the labyrinth ...Dream and myth are not irrational instruments; they are the ontic tools for penetrating the rigor of reason enlightening the imaginary aspects of human thinking - Frascari*<sup>170</sup>

When we dream we turn into hybrid beings both inertness embodied and the disembodied active *simultaneously*; both body *in* architecture and body *as* architecture;<sup>171</sup> both the *expropriation-of* and *escape-into* thought<sup>172</sup>. We are then simultaneously occupying two spaces, the eyes-wide-shut physical to stand in our stead and the eyes-wide-open dream-space representing our wakefulness; dual tenancy in space perspectival and space psychophysiological. In the dream-state society remains banished from the individual and the individual remains inaccessible to society; a simultaneity of twin Diasporas. When we dream we thus, for the duration of the dream, turn into monsters with "half-open lips distressingly contorted by the play of shadows: ... a face unknown"<sup>173</sup> with the

<sup>168</sup> Herr, Michael. *Kubrick*, Broadway NY: Grove Press, 2000, p.84

<sup>169</sup> Congratulatory fax from Franco Zeffirelli for *2001 A Space Odyssey*. (a possible origin of the title of *Eyes Wide Shut*; Qtd. Agel, Jerome *The Making Of Kubrick's 2001* p. 171; April 8, 2004: <http://www.visual-memory.co.uk/faq/index2.html#slot20>)

<sup>170</sup> Frascari, p.113

<sup>171</sup> Brown, p.227

<sup>172</sup> It makes the dreamer an embodiment of the digital age's postorganic paradigm where "the body , invaded and dilated by technology becomes architecture..." resulting in the monstrous union of both "expropriation of thought (the loss of alterity between subject and object, man and machine, and man's consequent reduction to a remote-controlled automaton)" and "escape into thought (the realisation of 'society of mind' of subjects freed from physical and corporeal constraints)." Palumbo, Maria Luisa. *New Wombs: Electronic Bodies and Architectural Disorders*, Basel: Birkhauser, 2000, p.5 and 84

<sup>173</sup> Schnitzler, Arthur. *Traumnovelle*, p. 237 (Qtd. Darren Hughes "Sally: You're Bill . . . The Bill? You're The Doctor Who Was Here Last Night? Bill: Well, I Suppose I Am."Florida State Film & Literature Conference, January, 2001; March 7, 2004: [http://www.longpauses.com/eyes\\_wide\\_shut.htm](http://www.longpauses.com/eyes_wide_shut.htm))

oxymoronic *Eyes Wide Shut* “confusion of wakefulness and sleep...blurring the distinctions between dream and reality.”<sup>174</sup> We are then uncanny doppelgangers a breath away from “the universality of dreaming...and *the continuation of the dream*”<sup>175</sup> a perilous inversion whereby in wakefulness of continuing to being monsters that dream of the individual that is etymologically *indivisible*; our wakeful-experience then is the raw material out of which the dream fabricates the reality-experience.<sup>176</sup> “I always live in my dreams and pay a visit to reality every so often.”<sup>177</sup>

*Alice:* Maybe we should be grateful that we’ve managed to survive<sup>178</sup> through all of our adventures, whether they were real or only a dream.

*Bill:* Are you sure about that?

*Alice:* Only as sure as I am that the reality of one night, let alone that of a lifetime, can ever be the whole truth.

*Bill:* And no dream is ever just a dream.<sup>179</sup>

*Lacan:* The dreamer, awake, is “nothing but the consciousness of his dream.”<sup>180</sup>

*Zizek:* This kind of retroactive displacement of “real” events into fiction (dreaming) appears as a “compromise” an act of ideological conformism, only if we hold to the naïve ideological opposition between “hard reality” and the “world of dreaming.”<sup>181</sup>

<sup>174</sup> Rasmussen, Randy. *Stanley Kubrick: Seven Films Analyzed*, North Carolina: McFarland P, 2001 p.333

<sup>175</sup> Nietzsche, Friedrich. *The Gay Science* Ny: Random, 1974, p.116 (Qtd. Frascari, p.8)

<sup>176</sup> The director’s cut of *Bladerunner* suggests that Harrison Ford too may be an android dreaming that he was a human being.

<sup>177</sup> Ingmar Bergman (Qtd. Perilli, Plinio. “Ingmar Bergman: As In A Mirror” *Movie Architecture* XLVII L’a 2002, p. 58)

<sup>178</sup> But not for long. After a decade of marriage, Kidman and Cruise divorced two years after playing a reel-life couple. Reel-Nicole was right: it was never forever and it was Bill-in-real-life that filed for divorce.

<sup>179</sup> Kubrick, Stanley and Frederic Raphael, Final narrative segment: *Eyes Wide Shut* 1999

<sup>180</sup> Lacan, *The Four Fundamental Concepts of Psycho-Analysis*, p. 75-76 (Qtd. Zizek, 1991, p.16)

<sup>181</sup> Zizek, 1991, p. 17



Perhaps Goya's *El sueño de la razón produce monstruos*<sup>182</sup> is not wakefulness' slumber: *The sleep of reason produces monsters*, but instead its very reverse, slumber's wakefulness: *The dream of reason produces monsters*.

"I think that the film is the closest mechanical or aesthetic device that man has ever made to the structure of the dream. In a dream, montage is of the essence, as a superimposition of images in a dream is quite ordinary. The cutting in a dream is from symbolic point to symbolic point. No time is wasted."<sup>183</sup> As film is the closest device that we have fabricated to the structure of a dream, it is films that we quarry for figments/fragments of proto-labyrinths. They help us recognize and extricate the celluloid fragments as we attempt to delineate a labyrinth that belongs more to space psychophysiological than to the space perspectival.

But to the oeuvre of which auteur shall we turn to? We turn to cannibalize the oeuvre of a covert labyrinth-builder: an enigmatic auteur who reinforced the notion of films as dream-probes:

I think an audience watching a film or a play is in a state very similar to dreaming, and that the dramatic experience becomes a kind of controlled dream...the important point here is that a film communicates on a subconscious level, and the audience responds to the basic shape of the story on a subconscious level, as it responds to a dream.<sup>184</sup>

<sup>182</sup> Francisco Goya's *Capricho 43*: "The Spanish word *sueño* can be translated as dream or sleep" Frascari, # 10, p.128

<sup>183</sup> Miller, Arthur *Poetry and Film: A Symposium with Maya Deren, Arthur Miller, Dylan Thomas and Parker Tyler on October 28, 1953*, NY Gotham Book Mart 1972, N. pag.

<sup>184</sup> Stanley Kubrick (Qtd. Weinraub, Bernard, "Kubrick Tells What Makes *Clockwork Tick*", *New York Times* 4 January 1972, p.26 Qtd. Falsetto 2001, p. xix)

His father “gave him his first camera, and taught him chess” and from whose shelves “Kubrick first started reading Greek and Roman myths...”<sup>185</sup> and who would call his first film company, “in another reference to the myths of his childhood, ‘A Minotaur Production.’”<sup>186</sup> At the end of his life, on receiving the Directors’ Guild of America’s D. W. Griffith Award for lifetime achievement, he would reflect on the fate of Griffith (who died in poverty neglected by the very industry he helped to establish) by enigmatically recalling Icarus saying, “forget about the wax and feathers, and do a better job on the wings.”<sup>187</sup> Who else but Daedalus would be sandwiched between the birth of the Minotaur<sup>188</sup> and the death of Icarus..

If the life of this enigmatic auteur were to be encapsulated in a single image, it would perhaps be the one that the biography<sup>189</sup> that appeared two years before his death, ended with:

...that of a young man in a rumpled shirt, hunched over a concrete chessboard in Washington Square under a street lamp.

Moths bump and circle, distant sirens keen, *kibitzers* jostle and mutter, but the young man is indifferent. His mind is ranging that cold, clean level of reality where every problem may be solved by the application of intelligence. He scowls and shakes his head as the *potzer* across the board tentatively shoves forward a pawn and puts his rook at risk. *You’d dare play a move like that against me?* Kubrick thinks. *You dare play such a move against... The Master?*<sup>190</sup>

185

p. 18

186

Baxter, John, *Stanley Kubrick: A Biography*, Ny: Carroll & Graf P, 1997, p.62

187

Qtd. Baxter, p363

188

“It [the Minotaur myth] was a legend that had long appealed to Kubrick.” – Walker, p.293

189

Baxter, John, *Stanley Kubrick: A Biography*, Ny: Carroll & Graf P, 1997

190

Baxter p.364. The mind-reading in italic is of course plain conjecture on Baxter’s part. We never know what anyone thinks, least of all the enigmatic Kubrick.

**The Chess Hustler as a Labyrinth Builder**  
(or: *The Prequalification of Stanley Kubrick*)

*You sit at the board and suddenly your heart leaps. Your hand trembles to pick up the piece and move it – Kubrick*<sup>191</sup>

*...chess became movies, and movies became chess by other means. – Herr*<sup>192</sup>

*I think, at the bottom, that the structure of the film is the structure of the man's mind who made it. – Miller*<sup>193</sup>

*...those who construct their own shelter replicate themselves at their deepest and most significant level, in their houses. They are what they build. – McLaughlin*<sup>194</sup>

Kubrick had a knack of staying “detached, cynical. Like a psychologist supervising a devilishly constructed maze, he knows it does not pay to get too fond of the rats.”<sup>195</sup>

While this was referring to his handling of criminals in his films, most actors who have worked with the enigmatic director have remarked on how close they grew to him during the filming and how abruptly he terminated that intense relationship once moviemaking was over.<sup>196</sup> Yet, the same detached director quivered with emotion when he spoke of his first love: chess (the captioned quote).<sup>197</sup> Further he emphasised that in chess “each move is partly based on intuition.”<sup>198</sup> Yet the lesson he drew from chess is about not yielding to

---

<sup>191</sup> Kubrick. *Stanley Newsweek* 26 May 1980  
February 3, 2004: <http://www.bartleby.com/63/62/8862.html>

<sup>192</sup> Herr, p.24

<sup>193</sup> Miller, Arthur *Poetry and Film: A Symposium with Maya Deren, Arthur Miller, Dylan Thomas and Parker Tyler on October 28, 1953*, NY Gotham Book Mart 1972, N. pag.

<sup>194</sup> McLaughlin, Jack *Jefferson and Monticello: The Biography of a Builder* New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1988, p.vii

<sup>195</sup> Walker, Alexander. *Stanley Kubrick, Director: A Visual Analysis by Sybil Taylor and Ulrich Ruchti*, NY: W.W. Norton, 1999, p.54

<sup>196</sup> Herr, p.61-62

<sup>197</sup> Walker, p.45

<sup>198</sup> Ciment, p.196

those very emotions.<sup>199</sup> It is this creative tension<sup>200</sup> between the intuitive-emotional and the intellectual-analytical of a mind that worked “on more than one level of feeling and idea, intuition and intellect”<sup>201</sup> that allowed him to “keep one foot in nightmare and the other in reality” which required “a very sure sense of balance. This Kubrick had to an exceptional degree.”<sup>202</sup>

In other words, he was qualified to build the labyrinth because he possessed, to an exceptional degree the Cusanian *coincidentia oppositorum* of *chaosmos* i.e. the balance between the cosmic order of the labyrinth’s minimal external profile and the chaos of its excessive interior spaces. Little wonder he titled his first film company *Minotaur Productions*.<sup>203</sup> There is something, Kubrick felt, “in the human personality which resents things that are clear, and conversely, something which is attracted to puzzles, enigmas, and allegories.”<sup>204</sup> His favourite quote, repeated like a mantra to the prying world at bay, was, “In all things mysterious, never explain.”<sup>205</sup>

He began playing chess at the age of 12.<sup>206</sup> Being one of the strongest chess player in Hollywood, his career “guided by logic and lucidity, since they alone can guarantee his

---

<sup>199</sup> “If chess has any relationship to filmmaking, it would be in the way it helps you develop patience and discipline in choosing between alternatives at a time when an impulsive decision seems very attractive.” – Stanley Kubrick (Qtd. Walker, p.11)

<sup>200</sup> “He [Kubrick] was a chess player in every sense both cautious and aggressive...He took great risks but evaluated each move with greatest care.” – Tom Cruise narrator: *Stanley Kubrick: A Life in Pictures* (2001) Directed by Jan Harlan.

<sup>201</sup> Nelson, Thomas Allen. *Kubrick: Inside A Film Artist's Maze*, Bloomington :Indiana U P., 1982,

p.4

<sup>202</sup> Walker, p.30

<sup>203</sup> 1955: *Killer's Kiss*

<sup>204</sup> Stanley Kubrick (Qtd. Nelson, p.10)

<sup>205</sup> H. P. Lovecraft (Qtd. Walker, p.274)

<sup>206</sup> Baxter, John, *Stanley Kubrick: A Biography*, Ny: Carroll & Graf P, 1997, p.20

Ciment, February 3, 2004: <http://www.visual-memory.co.uk/amk/doc/milestones.html>

freedom vis-à-vis a system which he has succeeded in beating at its own game.”<sup>207</sup> 37

Before making films he played in chess tournaments at the Marshall and Manhattan Chess Clubs in New York. “In the mornings and early afternoons, when the clubs were closed, he prowled the cafes and bars where old men hunched over games at a few tables in the rear”<sup>208</sup> and sometimes he played “for money in parks and elsewhere,”<sup>209</sup> made a modest living at it “by challenging the pros in Washington Square,”<sup>210</sup> playing chess 12 hours a day. He continued to play as a director in between takes (e.g. with George C. Scott, during the filming of *Dr. Strangelove*; with Tony Burton, Shelley Duval during *Shining*).

His favourite opening gambit<sup>211</sup> was Orang-utan:<sup>212</sup> 1 b4,<sup>213</sup> a move preferred by those who like a big centre. Though regarded as an “unorthodox backwater”<sup>214</sup> it is an extravagant move that can surprise opponents<sup>215</sup> even though, paradoxically, it leaves

---

<sup>207</sup> Ciment, p.42

<sup>208</sup> Baxter, p.32-33

<sup>209</sup> Stanley Kubrick (Qtd. Ciment, p.196)

<sup>210</sup> Arthur C Clarke on Kubrick (Qtd. Howard, p.18)

<sup>211</sup> Burton, Ian. Avlerchess Chess Forum.

February 3, 2004: [http://www.avlerchess.com/chess-misc/St Stanley\\_Kubricks\\_Elo\\_164111.html](http://www.avlerchess.com/chess-misc/St Stanley_Kubricks_Elo_164111.html)

<sup>212</sup> The origin of architecture, according to the Swiss architectural-anthropologist Nold Egenter, lies in the nest-building behaviour of the Orangutan and other higher primates (personal interview 6 December 1993 “Anthropology of Awareness” *Indian Architect & Builder* Bombay, November 1994 p.40)

<sup>213</sup> Tartakower, Sawielly Grigorievitch (1887-1956):

“This move, which has so bizarre an aspect, occupies a place of honour amongst the ‘freak’ openings. Later, at the New York Tournament of 1924, I termed this the ‘Orangutang’ Opening, not only because I employed it there against Maroczy -- after a previous consultation with a young orangutang (during a visit by all the masters to the New York Zoo on the eve of the game in question) but also since the climbing movement of the pawn to b4 and then b5 is reminiscent of that inventive animal”

February 28, 2004: <http://www.starfireproject.com/chess/tartakower.html>

<sup>214</sup> Farago, John M: “Getting Out of the Way: Seven Anecdotes and an Homage -- On the Impossibility of Teaching, the Necessity of Learning, and Why I Haven’t Quit My Job” February 28, 2004: [http://www.google.ca/search?q=cache:LAYOxW4eAMJ:johnfarago.org/in\\_progress/getting\\_out\\_of\\_the\\_wa y.doc+chess+orangutang&hl=en&ie=UTF-8](http://www.google.ca/search?q=cache:LAYOxW4eAMJ:johnfarago.org/in_progress/getting_out_of_the_wa y.doc+chess+orangutang&hl=en&ie=UTF-8)

<sup>215</sup> “By using the power of hundreds of computers, Dan Corbitt (and his team) has been able to generate and evaluate a mostly unknown sector of the vast chess opening theory : the Orang Utan opening.

them in an advantageous position (White must stop to save his b-pawn which allows Black time to play).<sup>216</sup> The *orang-utan* is a Malaya word for *man* of the *wild*.<sup>217</sup>

Like most chess players, Stanley Kubrick had found “a greater game of chess to play.”<sup>218</sup> Chess was a “conditioning discipline”<sup>219</sup> of the director’s mind. He approached filmmaking from the point of view of a chess strategist.<sup>220</sup> Even the very act of playing chess with an actor was a part of the filmmaking strategy of directorial domination<sup>221</sup> (just as HAL would defeat the human captain of the spacecraft and then take over the ship). “All are pawns in chess games of power and violence, “pieces” in Kubrick’s elaborate master structure of reversals, alliances and attacks; in short, clockwork oranges.”<sup>222</sup> His working pace resembled a chess-match,<sup>223</sup> and indeed “the symmetry of his camera framing, the symmetry of characters (or indeed objects) as they interact within

---

The file that resulted from this experiment contains the evaluation and principal variation of 126080 unique positions!” February 28, 2004: <http://www.angelfire.com/home/bstjean/sokolsky/pages/cap.html>

<sup>216</sup> Hayward, Keith R. “The Orangutan” According to Chessbase’s online database: White only scores 47% against this move (131 wins, 153 losses, and 80 draws).

February 28, 2004: <http://www.chessville.com/instruction/Openings/TRNT/Orangutan.htm>

<sup>217</sup> *A Clockwork Orange*, whose author Anthony Burgess used to be an education officer in Malaysia, could well be a hypercorrect version of ‘A Clockwork *Orang*’ - appropriately a person who has succumbed to Pavlovian conditioning

<sup>218</sup> Dan Richter (“Moonwatcher” in *2001*) breaking a thirty- year silence to describe Stanley Kubrick February 3, 2004: <http://www.underview.com/2001/kubrick.html>

<sup>219</sup> “But whether there is this kind of internal evidence or not in a Kubrick film, its whole feeling suggests it has been shaped by a particular kind of mind, intuitively aware of choice, consequences, and he pattern of play – and chess has been a part of this conditioning discipline.” - Walker, p.11

<sup>220</sup> February 3, 2004: [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Stamley\\_Kubrick](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Stamley_Kubrick)

<sup>221</sup> Even the very act of playing chess with an actor was a part of the director’s overall filmmaking strategy, as Kubrick pointed out, “George is a good player too, but if I recall correctly he didn’t win many games from me. This gave me a certain edge with him on everything else. If you fancy yourself as a good chess-player, you have an inordinate respect for people who can beat you.” (Qtd. Ciment, Michel *Kubrick* Trans. Gilbert Adair, London: Collins, 1983, p.196)

<sup>222</sup> Mamber, Stephen “A Clockwork Orange” *Perspectives on Stanley Kubrick*, Ed. Mario Falsetto. NY: G.K.Hall, 1996, p.176

<sup>223</sup> February 3, 2004: <http://www.dvdjournal.com/quickreviews/s/stanleykubricklife.q.shtml>

the frame, scripts constructed on parallel patterns which themselves invoke chess games.”<sup>224</sup>

Kubrick collaborated with Vladimir Nabokov,<sup>225</sup> another great chess-lover, in *Lolita*. Nabokov<sup>226</sup> made money by regularly contributing chess puzzles to émigré magazines during the years he lived in Europe and said that composing them demanded “the same virtues that characterize all worthwhile art: originality, invention, conciseness, harmony, complexity, and splendid insincerity.”<sup>227</sup> The two chess players collaborated<sup>228</sup> with ‘splendid insincerity’<sup>229</sup> in composing the screenplay of *Lolita*, a novel whose themes have been analyzed, not surprisingly, in terms of general game analogy,<sup>230</sup> chess<sup>231</sup> as

<sup>224</sup> Fennell, Nicky. “Stanley Kubrick or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Made a Film” February 3, 2004: <http://www.iol.ie/~galfilm/filmwest/29kubrick.htm>

<sup>225</sup> In Nabokov’s *The Luzhin Defence*, chess games are, metaphorically, labyrinths and music.

<sup>226</sup> In one scene in *Lolita* with Quilty and Humbert, a picture of Nabokov hangs on the wall which Humbert fails to recognize as the very author that created him. Furthermore Quilty’s companion, Vivian Darkbloom, we all fail to realise, is an anagram of Vladimir Nabokov. Hence Nabokov lurks as a gendered double in *Lolita*.

<sup>227</sup> March 6, 2004: [http://www.striz.org/blog/2003\\_02\\_01\\_archive.html](http://www.striz.org/blog/2003_02_01_archive.html)

<sup>228</sup> Even though the screenplay credit is given only to Nabokov, many Kubrickian interventions remain memorable. This is consistent with Kubrick’s practice of getting “as complete a script as possible before shooting, allowing himself the privilege of changing it as things evolve.” Furthermore, his “career illustrates his stated belief that the writer-director who masters both crafts produces consistently the finest work.” Walker, p.25-26 and p.125

<sup>229</sup> You talk about games of deception, like chess and conjuring. Are you, in fact, fond of them yourself?

*Nabokov*: I am fond of chess but deception in chess, as in art, is only part of the game; it’s part of the combination, part of the delightful possibilities, illusions, vistas of thought, which can be false vistas, perhaps. I think a good combination should always contain a certain element of deception...I just like composing riddles with elegant solutions.

Nabokov’s Interview. (02) BBC Television [1962] March 6, 2004: <http://lib.ru/NABOKOW/Inter02.tx>

<sup>230</sup> Falsetto, Mario. *Perspectives on Stanley Kubrick*, NY: G.K.Hall, 1996, p.118

<sup>231</sup> Edmond Bernhard “La thématique échiquéenne de *Lolita*” (Qtd Ciment, p.88);

also Sabina Czyżowska “Nabokov’s “*Lolita*” as a game of chess - who is the King?”

March 6, 2004: <http://anglisci.pl/pages/glowny/publikacje/SCzyzowska/LolitaAsGame.jsp>

well as in terms of *clés virtuelles* — “possible solutions to the problems that turn out to be wrong”<sup>232</sup>.

The doubly named Humbert Humbert<sup>233</sup> opens and closes the film shouting “Quilty, Quilty,”<sup>234</sup> (the book *Lolita* begins and ends with the word “Lolita”).<sup>235</sup> Humbert Humbert teaches Charlotte to play chess.<sup>236</sup> As she enquires about the move of the Knight piece, his Queen Lolita descends the stair, out of sight, and then emerges through the doorway while Charlotte, analyzing the board says, “You’re going to take my Queen.” Lolita is standing next to him when he replies, “That is my intention, certainly.”<sup>237</sup> As Lolita goes away, Charlotte moves her Queen, and Humbert takes it<sup>238</sup> with his Knight saying “It has to happen sometime.” Lolita has wished them goodnight and is ascending the stair to her bedroom, out of sight.

---

<sup>232</sup> Gezari, Janet K. “Roman et problème chez Nabokov,” *Poétique*, no. 17, 1977, pp. 96-113. March 6, 2004: <http://www.libraries.psu.edu/nabokov/vncrit3.htm>

<sup>233</sup> Latin “umbra,” or “shade.” or Spanish “hombre” or “man”, and “ombre” a 17th-century European card game

<sup>234</sup> Quilty resembles Humbert (or Humbert's resembles him). The is the archetypal double or Doppelgänger, representing the dark side of the protagonist. Their meeting will result in the death of the Doppelgänger.

<sup>235</sup> “Lolita, light of my life” and “I am thinking of aurochs and angels, the secret of durable pigments, prophetic sonnets, the refuge of art. And this is the only immortality you and I may share, my Lolita” Nabokov, Vladimir. *Lolita* NY: Random House, 1989, p.1 and 309

<sup>236</sup> *Lolita*: narrative segment no.4

<sup>237</sup> Though Lolita herself “longs to be Quilty’s Black Queen rather than Humbert’s White.” - Nelson, Thomas Allen. *Kubrick: Inside A Film Artist’s Maze*, Bloomington :Indiana U P., 1982, p.77

<sup>238</sup> In the book, Humbert recalls his chess games, “... I saw the board as a square pool of limpid water with rare shells and stratagems rosily visible upon the smooth tessellated bottom, which to my confused adversary was all ooze and squid-cloud” Nabokov, Vladimir. *Lolita* NY: Random House, 1989, p. 231



Out of sight because sex (being the Freudian equivalent of a dream-stair<sup>239</sup>) always occurs out of sight in the film (censorship having rendered it ob/scene). On the “vertical labyrinth”<sup>240</sup> + <sup>xii</sup> of the staircase in the book, the very opening lines at “the tip of the tongue taking a trip of three steps down the palate to tap, at three, on the teeth. Lo. Lee. Ta.”<sup>241</sup> Humbert Humbert always notices, “one of the latticed squares in a small cobwebby casement window ...and its asymmetrical position - a knight's move from the top - always strangely disturbed me.”<sup>242</sup> The Knight's move<sup>243</sup> in the film disturbs Charlotte, and in the book disturbs Humbert. A flight up a spiral stair leaves you on a landing uncannily like the one you started from and then, not quite.<sup>xiii</sup> It is this quiver of disturbance, shift, slip<sup>244</sup> of the symmetry that we will encounter in the slight but significant asymmetry within chess's symmetry.

---

<sup>239</sup> “We ... began to turn our attention to the appearance of steps, staircases and ladders in dreams, and were soon in a position to show that staircases (and analogous things) were unquestionably symbols of copulation. It is not hard to discover the basis of the comparison: we come to the top in a series of rhythmical movements and with increasing breathlessness and then, with a few rapid leaps, we can get to the bottom again. Thus the rhythmical pattern of copulation is reproduced in going upstairs.”

Sigmund Freud, 'The Dream-Work: Representations by Symbols in Dreams' in Complete Psychological Works, vol. 5., Hogarth Press, London, 1948. Qtd. John Templer, *The Staircase*. The MIT Press, Cambridge, Mass. And London, 1994, p. 10. Qtd. Pallasmaa, Juhani. “Lived Space in Architecture and Cinema” September 3, 2002: [http://www.ucalgary.ca/UofC/faculties/EV/insitu/copy/volume2/imprintable\\_architecture/Juhani\\_Pallasmaa/](http://www.ucalgary.ca/UofC/faculties/EV/insitu/copy/volume2/imprintable_architecture/Juhani_Pallasmaa/)

<sup>240</sup> Pallasmaa, Juhani. “Lived Space in Architecture and Cinema”

<sup>241</sup> Nabokov, Vladimir. *Lolita* NY: Random House, 1989, p.1

<sup>242</sup> p. 190

<sup>243</sup> In Ingmar Bergman's *The Seventh Seal* (1957, B7W, 96 mts., Janus Films), the Knight tells the priest, self-referentially, that he will outplay his opponent Death “by a combination of Bishop and Knight.” The priest, who turns out to be not bishop but Death in disguise, replies, “I will remember that.” The difference between the two is that while the Knight is perpetually *thinking* about the game the other is perpetually *playing* it and thus does Night out-knight the Knight.

<sup>244</sup> slip, slide *labi* Latin: *Sleep*

This shift/slip also occurs in the chess game in *2001 - A Space Odyssey* (one of the characters is named after a Russian Grandmaster)<sup>245</sup> that takes place between man and machine. (Kubrick too used to test his own chess skills playing against Fritz and M-chess software<sup>246</sup>). HAL<sup>247</sup> beats Poole. (Subsequently, back on Earth, when the reigning world champion Garry Kasparov lost to IBM's Deep Blue<sup>248</sup> "it was the chess equivalent of a nervous breakdown..."<sup>249</sup> with the human, and not the machine, succumbing to paranoia<sup>250</sup>). Kubrick's denial notwithstanding, HAL's acronym has been suspected of being a variant of IBM that has sequentially subsequent initials. HAL's full name, however, borders on the monstrous with its simultaneity of certainty and uncertainty. In mathematical terms, the Heuristic Algorithmic Computer's heurism yields a *guess* and its algorithm yields an *exact* answer.

This hybridism is present not only in HAL's name but also in the way he names names. He specifies coordinates by mixing two chess conventions – the traditional and the algebraic. The traditional convention is dependant on the player's point of view and the algebraic convention is independent of the player's point of view. HAL names columns

---

<sup>245</sup> Smyslov, the surname of the chief Soviet scientist visiting the space station, was named by Kubrick after former Russian chess world-champion Vassily Smyslov.

<sup>246</sup> Chess & Bridge Ltd., London (Lo Brutto, Vincent *Stanley Kubrick: A Biography* Ny: Faber & faber, 1997, p.496).

<sup>247</sup> In 1968, HAL was a pioneer to the Robo Sapiens of the 1980's and 90's viz.: Android 1982, Bladerunner 1982, Terminator 1984, D.A.R.Y.L. 1985, Robocop 1987, Terminator 2: Judgement Day 1991, A.I. Artificial Intelligence 2001

<sup>248</sup> Wired in parallel: 220 chips *each* examining 2 million moves a second.

<sup>249</sup> King, Daniel. "Sunday 11<sup>th</sup> May 1996. Game 6: Deep Blue – Kaparov: Caro-Kann Defence" *Kasparov v Deeper Blue: The Ultimate Man v Machine Challenge*, London: BT Batsford, 1997, p.108.

<sup>250</sup> "That a computer [Deep Blue] could play in such a human way was beyond his comprehension, and he [Kasparov] had convinced himself that there had been some external influence in the middle of the game." King, "Interview with Garry Kasparov" p.95

traditionally and numbers rows algebraically<sup>251</sup> in a coupling of dependence and independence. Hence while explaining to Poole his terminating moves he begins with the hybrid coordinate “Queen to Bishop 3.”<sup>252</sup> HAL wins with a risky move that is very human and quite unlike what computers are known for. That is, until Deep Blue came along and played chess based on “feeling the position. We all thought computers couldn’t do that.”<sup>253</sup> Furthermore HAL is both anthropomorphic and anthropopathic.<sup>254</sup>

In the perplexing final sequence of *2001 - A Space Odyssey*, that, crossing the Star Gate, takes place in the enigmatic 18<sup>th</sup> Century interior, the “transformations and substitutions” have been compared “to those of a chess game, whose progress is marked by the disappearance of piece after piece.”<sup>255</sup>

Finally in *Barry Lyndon* (the movie significantly located at the oeuvre’s diptych hinge) occurs a poem that reflects on the mirror-symmetry of chess and its relationship to Kubrick’s films. The French poem is the only complete poem that occurs in Kubrick’s entire oeuvre. The reading takes place while Lady Lyndon is in her bath. She is immersed in water upto her Vitruvian navel and the still liquid mirrors her reflection and receives that of Barry when he nears her. The mirrored reflections reconcile in her bath,

---

<sup>251</sup> Harvey, Jonathan. “Celebrate Hal’s Birth with the 2001 Trivia Quiz: Question 11”

February 19, 2004: <http://www.termanweb.net/2001sol.html>

<sup>252</sup> “Bishop 3” is an amalgamation of “Bishop” from the traditional convention of “Bishop 6” and “3” from the algebraic convention of “F-3.”

<sup>253</sup> Zsuzsa Polgar, women’s world champion. (Qtd. King, p.69).

<sup>254</sup> Wheat, Leonard F. *Kubrick’s 2001: A Triple Allegory*, Maryland: Scarecrow P, 2000, p.24

<sup>255</sup> Dumont, Jean Paul and Jean Monod, *Le Foetus Astral*, Paris: Editions Christian Bourgeois, 1970 (Qtd. Walker, p.191)

albeit out of sight, as the opposing couple reconcile above water. In the very next scene, it is the castle that is coupled with its reflection (the dwelling reflecting the dweller).

Les coeurs l'un par l'autre attires	(Two hearts by each other attracted
Se communiquent leur substance	Communicate their substance
Tels deux miroirs ardents	Like two burning mirrors
Concentrent la lumiere et se la reflechissent	Concentrating light and reflecting it back
Les rayons tour a tour recueillis...divises	The beams collected each in turn...divided
En se multipliant	By multiplying
S'accroissent, s'embellissent	Grow larger and larger beautiful
Et d'autant plus actifs	And becoming the more active
Qi'ils se sont plus croises	The more they intersect
Au meme point se reunissent.	Are at one and the same point reunited.)

The French poem “mixes science with metaphysics”<sup>256</sup> just as HAL mixes *certainty with uncertainty* in his being and *dependence with independence* in his language; just as chess as we shall see, mixes the *self with other*; *player with his opponent*; as well as its pieces mirror *symmetry with asymmetry* of its board. The latter has paradoxical consequences from the players point of view: the pieces being symmetrical with respect to each other results in asymmetrical locations with respect to the Queen (to the left of one King and to the right of the other); and conversely, the board being asymmetrical results in the symmetrical situation of the squares vis-à-vis the players: the white corner being to the right of each.

Hence even before we make the very first move, the first move has already been made. By the side we choose to sit we choose the side the Queen will take; our choice of colour has already moved the Queen to the right or left of the King. The mirror-symmetry leads

---

<sup>256</sup>

Ciment, p.110

to a slip in the orientation-symmetry. When we end the game and fold the board on its central diptych hinge, the symmetrical pieces coincide but not the squares of the asymmetrical field. There is always the slip, the gap. For the squares to fall into mirror-alignment, we have to undertake a shift in the fold: the central diptych hinge rotates by  $45^\circ$  so that the squares meet their mirror-images (the chess board is symmetrical not about its x-axis or its y-axis, but about both its diagonal axis). Black *a1* folds upon itself and White *h1* lands not on Black *h8*, but on White *a8* after a displacement of  $90^\circ$ .

This is akin to the  $90^\circ$  spatial displacement that occurs in *The Shining*. The first time we are allowed to share Jack's point-of-view (POV), the Torrancian Twist throws it askew. We see Jack standing in the lounge of the Overlook hotel, overlooking the indoor model of the maze,<sup>257</sup> even as Wendy and Danny are exploring the real maze outdoors. Conventionally, in the POV structure, "the character is shown and then the camera occupies his or her (approximate!) position, thus derived from him or her as origin."<sup>258</sup> Yet, when we begin to see the maze from Jack's POV we soon find that the POV has succumbed to a  $90^\circ$  spatial ellipsis and we are zooming into the maze with a loss in our orientation. The labyrinth turns into a *temple*<sup>259</sup> while we zoom into the sanctum and are further unnerved to find that within the model of the maze are animated specks that turn out to be Wendy and Danny. The spatial displacement is even more radical than we

---

<sup>257</sup> The maze is Kubrick's contribution to *The Shining* as it does not exist in the original story by Stephen King.

<sup>258</sup> Branigan, Edward *Point of View in the Cinema: A Theory of Narration and Subjectivity in Classical Film*, Berlin: Mouton P, 1984, p.73 (Qtd. Falsetto, *Kubrick*, p.105)

<sup>259</sup> "the basic word *temeyos* (*tempus*), *templum* signified nothing other than bisection, intersection..." Usener qtd. by Cassirer qtd. by Frascari, p.107

thought, with a “contradictory ‘topography of inside outside’ (*topique des fors*).”<sup>260</sup> 46

The sinister Torrancian Twist of our gaze has animated the inanimate, turned inside out, turned *frayage* into *frayeur*,<sup>261</sup> changed the scale of a model to 1:1 and hustled us, however inadvertently and involuntarily, inside the maze. We land as reverse-engineered Daedalus from the sky.

Kubrick the chess hustler was hustling associates (“*ofcourse* he was hustling, he was always hustling”)<sup>262</sup> into the celluloid labyrinth that he was painstakingly construing /constructing, perhaps unbeknownst even to himself. But the effects were unmistakable. Those who worked closely with him described the working atmosphere as “nicely poised between a séance and a chess game...It was like a game of visualisation. By the end of each time together we would be feeling out a mutual maze, practically beyond words, in our heads.”<sup>263</sup>

This moment, poised between a séance and a chess game, is the third moment/time *temps* that emerges “in relation to a speculation on the reciprocity of the subject.”<sup>264</sup> This moment of inaction that precedes action when “they sat down for a nice game of chess,

---

<sup>260</sup> Rand, Nicholas T. Translator’s Introduction to *The Wolf Man’s Magis Word: A Cryptonomy*, Abraham, Nicolas, and Maria Torok Minneapolis: Univ. of Minnesota P., 1986 lxviii

<sup>261</sup> Kristeva’s word play *frayage/ frayeur* i.e. *pathway/dread*; or the seduction of the spectator through the specular. Kristeva, Julia “Ellipsis on Dread and the Specular Seduction” in P. Rosen (ed) *Narrative, Apparatus Ideology: A Film Theory Reader*, NY: Columbia UP, 1986 (Qtd. Fuery, Patrick and Kelli Fuery. *Visual Cultures and Critical Theor*, London: Arnold, 2003, p.25).

<sup>262</sup> Herr, p.24

<sup>263</sup> Novelist Candia McWilliam on the experience of working with Stanley Kubrick on his last film, “Eyes Wide Shut.” The Guardian - March 13 1999  
February 3, 2004: [http://www.scifistation.com/kubrick/kub\\_index.html](http://www.scifistation.com/kubrick/kub_index.html)

<sup>264</sup> Lacan, Jacques. *The Ego in Freud’s Theory and in the Technique of Psychoanalysis 1954-1955*, Tr. S. Tomaselli, ed. J. A. Miller, Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1988, p.288 (Qtd. Fuery, p.26).

and all of a sudden he was doing the thinking for both of them”<sup>265</sup> is a temporal slip into reciprocal thinking; doing the thinking of the other, not for the sake of the other but for one’s own sake. It “enables subjectivity to exist in an entirely different way, since despite its obsession with success subjectivity is always fundamentally capable of bifurcating itself (*sich zu brechen*), thereby overcoming its mere naturalness.”<sup>266</sup> It is a paradoxical dislocation of the subject’s subjectivity; an indefinite and indefinable moment of emotional excess when “your heart leaps. Your hand trembles to pick up the piece and move it.”<sup>267</sup> The hand that moves the piece belongs, like the piece, to a mirror image of the opponent. “*Est-ce que c’est lui ou est-ce que c’est moi?* Is it him or is it me?”<sup>268</sup> At this moment when the moment is suspended in a position “something like divination”<sup>269</sup> that is both location/dislocation, in a misplaced topography of both inside/outside oneself, the player has turned into a bipartite amalgam that is both self /not self; in a word: monster.

“Please, Bill, no games.”<sup>270</sup>

---

<sup>265</sup> “I do imagine that a lot of people sitting across the board from him got melted, fried, and fragmented, when Stanley let that cool ray come streaming down out of his eyes - talk about penetrating looks and piercing intelligence; here they sat down for a nice game of chess, and all of a sudden he was doing the thinking for both of them.”

Herr, Michael. *Kubrick*, Broadway NY: Grove Press, 2000, p.24-25

<sup>266</sup> Prauss, Gerold. *Knowing and Doing in Heidegger's Being and Time*, Tr. Gary Steiner and Jefferey S. Turner, NY: humanity Books, 1999, p.57

<sup>267</sup> Kubrick. Stanley *Newsweek* (26 May 80)

February 3, 2004: <http://www.bartleby.com/63/62/8862.html>

<sup>268</sup> Lacan, Jacques. *Livre XX: Encore 1972-1973*, Paris: Seuil, 1975, p.97 (Qtd. Fuery, p.23)

<sup>269</sup> Lacan, Jacques. 1988, p.181 (Qtd. Fuery, p.33)

<sup>270</sup> Victor Ziegler, *Eyes Wide Shut*

## Mapping the Labyrinth

(or: *How to fold the Kubrickian Blueprint*)

*Quello che oggi ci serve è la mappa più particolareggiata possibile.*<sup>271</sup>

In his *Prologue to The Collected Poems Dylan Thomas*, the poet wrote a poem about the writing of poems (with Noah as a metaphorical poet in his “seashaken house”, hewing the “world’s turning wood” of words into poems as “multitudes of arks”).<sup>272</sup> This metapoem is a diptych of displaced rhymes<sup>273</sup> so that the two parts mirror each other, like the rescued inhabitants of the poetic ark. Hence the rhyming schema is not about rhymes as an aural accomplishment but rather about accomplishing the idea of a rhyming schema; not a schema of sounds but the schema of schema itself. To his perplexed publisher, the poet explained that the second part “rhymes *backward* with the first. The first and last lines of the poem rhyme: the second and the last-but-one; and so on...”<sup>274</sup> until the central pair of resultant rhymes (line 51 and 52) mirror each other aurally as the poem interfaces land and sea, the meeting, just once, of the rescued pairs. Dylan Thomas admitted “Why I acrosticked myself like this, don’t ask me” and took a “devil of a long time” to accomplish the non-aural rhyming structure in a single poem of 102 lines (Appendix A). Stanley Kubrick took a devilish while longer (thirty seven years) to inadvertently accomplish a similar bipolarity across his British-based oeuvre (similar too in its

<sup>271</sup> “What we need today is the most detailed map of the labyrinth possible.” Italo Calvino “La sfida al labirinto” *Il Menabo*, No. 5, 1962 p.98 (Qtd. Cipolla, p.134)

<sup>272</sup> Thomas, Dylan. *The Collected Poems Dylan Thomas*, NY: New Directions Book 1946, p.xv-xviii

<sup>273</sup> The bipolarity is also observed in the poetry of Wallace Stevens (Taj, H. Masud. “Towards a Spatial Hermeneutics: *Signature of Wallace Stevens*” unpublished essay 2000). Also in *Finnegans Wake* “the book is molded into a curve that bends back on itself like the Einsteinian universe. The opening word of the first page is the same as the closing word of the last page of the novel. Thus the work is *finite* in one sense, but in another sense it is *unlimited*.” (Eco, Umberto “The Poetics of the Open Work” *The Role of the Reader: Explorations in the Semiotics of Texts*” Bloomington: Indiana Univ. P., 1984, p.54)

<sup>274</sup> Adam 27-28 (Qtd. Tindall, William York. *A Reader's Guide to Dylan Thomas*. Syracuse: Syracuse Univ P, 1996, p.21)



unexpectedness as in its inadvertence). The diversity of genres in Kubrick's oeuvre<sup>275</sup> has remained a puzzle,<sup>276</sup> though oft remarked upon. He "changed genres the way others change camera lenses..."<sup>277</sup> and yet lurking in the multiplicity was a unifying Thomason schema. The chronological sequence of his otherwise inexplicably multi-genre films, from *Lolita*<sup>278</sup> to *Eyes Wide Shut* turns out to be a hinged diptych. Of the eight films that make up the complete oeuvre of the London-based Kubrick, the first and last were on fidelity in marriage (*Lolita* & *Eyes Wide Shut*); the 2<sup>nd</sup> and 7<sup>th</sup> were both concerned with war (*Dr. Strangelove* & *Full Metal Jacket*); the 3<sup>rd</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> were both haunted, one by the future and the other by the past (*2001 - A Space Odyssey* & *The Shining*); and finally the 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> were both about the rise and fall of a young man, temporally Janus-like: one situated in the future and the other in the past (*A Clockwork Orange* & *Barry Lyndon*). Even though in forty years of Kubrick scholarship the overall hinged diptych architecture of Kubrick's oeuvre has gone undetected, periodically various authors have noted the uncanny symmetries between individual pairs of films. For instance by Walker

<sup>275</sup> "He is a chameleon. He never made the same picture twice; every single picture is a different genre, a different period, a different story, a different risk." – Steven Spielberg, July 22, 1999 Interview

<sup>276</sup> Understandable in terms of Kubrick's innate curiosity, "An evening's conversation with him could cover such areas as optical perception in relation to man's survival; the phenomenon of phosphenes...and its connection with the "Star Ride" sequence in *2001: A Space Odyssey*; German thoroughness in building flash screens onto their coastal guns placements... compromised safety margins in commercial flying ...Dr. Goebbels' role as a pioneer film publicist; the Right's inability to to produce dialecticians to match the Left's; Legion of Decency pressures during the making of *Lolita*; SAM-3 missiles in the Arab-Israeli conflict; Irish politics and the possibility of similarities in the voice prints of demagogues; and ofcourse, Kubrick's favourite game, chess."

Walker, Alexander. *Stanley Kubrick, Director: A Visual Analysis* by Sybil Taylor and Ulrich Ruchti, NY: W.W. Norton, 1999, p.9.

<sup>277</sup> "...the war film, the caper film, the Hollywood epic, comedy, sci-fi, exploitation, costume drama, horror — Kubrick touched on each of these, but rarely more than once"

February 3, 2004: <http://www.dvdjournal.com/quickreviews/s/stanleykubricklife.q.shtml>

<sup>278</sup> "Lolita works as the very first Stanley Kubrick film for me" – Alex Cox, Film Director; "After *Lolita* and *Dr. Strangelove* I knew Kubrick was the one." – Martin Scorsese (Qtd. *Stanley Kubrick: A Life in Pictures* (2001) Directed by Jan Harlan); "LOLITA, which marked a biographical break: Kubrick's decision to become artistically independent and to move from the USA to England." The authorized Stanley Kubrick Exhibition website Newsletter no. 5, March 2004 <http://www.stanleykubrick.de/>

(1999)<sup>279</sup> in the case of *Lolita & Eyes Wide Shut*; Frazee (1999), and Howard (1999)<sup>280</sup> in the case of *Dr. Strangelove & Full Metal Jacket*; Jameson (1980),<sup>281</sup> Nelson (1982),<sup>282</sup> Bingham (1996)<sup>283</sup> Walker (1999)<sup>284</sup> and Harvey (2001)<sup>285</sup> in the case of *2001 - A Space Odyssey & The Shining*; Feldman (1976),<sup>286</sup> Falsetto (2001)<sup>287</sup> and Rasmussen (2001)<sup>288</sup> in the case of *A Clockwork Orange & Barry Lyndon*. The filmography turns on a hinge.

<sup>279</sup> "The announcement by Warner Bros., in 1997, that Frederic Raphael would be composing the screenplay [of *Eyes Wide Shut*] clinched the suspicions that the director was eager to venture into the sexual minefield, an area avoided except in *Lolita* [37 years before]" Walker, p.345

<sup>280</sup> "Of his two movies that are actually about sex, one is a satire and the other is completely serious. *Lolita* bears the same relationship to *Eyes Wide Shut* that *Dr. Strangelove* does to ... *Full Metal Jacket*." – Bryant Frazee *Deep Focus* March 27, 2004: <http://www.deep-focus.com/flicker/eyeswide.html>

"For the first time in almost 20 years - since *Dr. Strangelove* in 1963 – Kubrick asked the author of the original novel [of *Full Metal Jacket*] to collaborate with him on the screenplay..."

Howard, James. *Stanley Kubrick Companion*, London: B.T.Batsford, 1999, p.163

<sup>281</sup> "Once a Kubrick monster threw a bone into the air and became man [*2001*]; now the man regresses to monster [*The Shining*]..."

Jameson, Richard T. 1980 "Kubrick's *Shining*" *Perspectives on Stanley Kubrick*, Ed. Mario Falsetto, NY: G. K. Hall, 1996, p.252

<sup>282</sup> "In some ways, it [*The Shining*] recalls the first three parts of *2001* in reverse..." Nelson, p.210

<sup>283</sup> "Rather than attempt historical representation, *The Shining* shows the present as the meeting point of the past, present and future, a feat also accomplished by *2001: A Space Odyssey* (a point Jameson does not make)."

Bingham, Dennis "The Displaced Auteur: A Reception History of *The Shining*" *Perspectives*, p.296

<sup>284</sup> *The Shining* "plot may be bloodcurdling penny-dreadful stuff, but the grand design imposed on it recalls the more rarefied pattern of *2001: A Space Odyssey*."

Walker p.312.

<sup>285</sup> Harvey commemorating HAL with a Quiz in 2001 pointed out that the only two films from Kubrick's oeuvre which have music by the composer Gregory Ligeti are *2001* and *The Shining* (Kubrick went on to use a Ligeti score in *Eyes Wide Shut*): Furthermore they are the only two films which feature Kubrick's own daughter (as Floyd's daughter in *2001*; and as a ghostly hotel guest in *The Shining*).

Harvey, Jonathan. "Celebrate Hal's Birth with the 2001 Trivia Quiz: Questions 7 & 17"

February 19, 2004: <http://www.termanweb.net/2001sol.html>

<sup>286</sup> "At the heart of *A Clockwork Orange* and *Barry Lyndon* is the great philosophical question that is at the heart of all great art: What is man, and what must he do with his life?" also, "the forms and institutions of Western civilization deny the Alex [*A Clockwork Orange*] in everyman, and therefore can only deform the social man as he seeks to express his essential self through them, is the central theme of *Barry Lyndon*." And finally, in a temporal reversal, "Under the aegis of these two authorities [in *Barry Lyndon*], Capitalism and the Church, Western civilization marches its relentless way to the apocalypse of *A Clockwork Orange*."

Feldmann, Hans. 1976 "Kubrick and His Discontents" *Perspectives* p.194, 196 and 199.

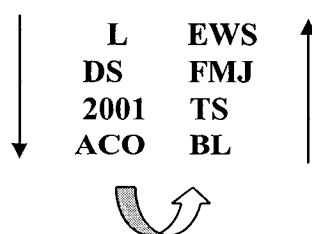
<sup>287</sup> "In ways similar to *A Clockwork Orange*, *Barry Lyndon* is also structured around strategies of reversal, repetition and variation of narrative incident." also "Aesthetically, both *Barry Lyndon* and *A Clockwork Orange* share similar concerns."

Falsetto, Mario. *Stanley Kubrick: A Narrative and Stylistic Analysis*, Praeger Publishers, USA, 2001, p.14 & 175

<sup>288</sup> "William Makepeace Thackeray's novel [*Barry Lyndon*], like Anthony Burgess's *Clockwork*, is told from the less-than-credible point of view of its protagonist." Rasmussen, Randy. p.173

<i>Lolita</i>	1962	↑	<b>L</b>
<i>Dr. Strangelove</i>	1964		<b>DS</b>
<i>2001 A Space Odyssey</i>	1968		<b>2001</b>
<i>A Clockwork Orange</i>	1971		<b><u>ACO</u></b>
<i>Barry Lyndon</i>	1975		<b>BL</b>
<i>The Shining</i>	1980		<b>TS</b>
<i>Full Metal Jacket</i>	1987	↓	<b>FMJ</b>
<i>Eyes Wide Shut</i>	1999		<b>EWS</b>

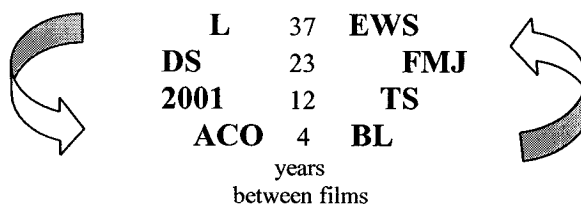
0 Degrees: Chronologically<sup>289</sup> (above), the sequence reveals an inexplicable bipolarity; the straight line is actually a diptych with a hinge at the centre.



180 Degrees: The films are mapped on to each other as mirrored pairs (above) by turning the diptych at the hinge.

360 Degrees: The bipolarity turns into a circle of life (below) that evokes the

109<sup>th</sup> Aphorism of Heraclitus<sup>xiv</sup>: *Ευνον αρχη και περας*<sup>290</sup>



The aphoristic circle further reveals that the asymmetrical time intervals between Kubrick's individual films (2, 4, 3, 4, 5, 7 and 12 years), conceal a regular ratio between the mirrored pairs: 1: 2: 3. {or: 3(4)+0: 6(4)-1: 9(4)+1}. "The route may contain a series

<sup>289</sup> Kubrick, Christiane. 2002 p.175-190

<sup>290</sup> "The beginning is the end" Haxton, Brooks Tr. *FRAGMENTS: The Collected Wisdom of Heraclitus* NY:Viking 2001, p.45

of false turns that momentarily deflect the feet or the eye to one or more dead ends, and these steps must be retraced so as to regain the true path.”<sup>291</sup>

This self-circularity occurs not only at the generic level of Kubrick’s oeuvre but at the specific level of each film in the oeuvre. Eddies within eddy. In other words the aphoristic self-circularity is also self-similar in the best traditions of a natural fractal phenomenon.

For instance *Lolita* begins and ends inside a Xanadu-villa in a mist laden setting; the first word heard: “Quilty!” is also the last word in the film “Quilty?” (the shift is from the exclamatory to the interrogative). *Dr. Strangelove* begins and ends with a view above the clouds; with the shift from life-giving to toxic: lethal nuclear mushrooms in the last scene with the song “We’ll Meet Again” ominously promising another round of pelastration. *2001 A Space Odyssey* begins and ends with birth – the “Dawn of Man” sequence at the beginning and the embryonic Star Child at the end with an exponential shift in IQ. *A Clockwork Orange* begins and ends with Alex and a nude, with a shift from nude-as-furniture in the beginning to his animated fantasy of the nude come alive, at the end.

*Barry Lyndon* begins and ends with a widow and her son: the shift is in dependence: fatherless Barry dependant on his mother in the beginning and Countess Lyndon dependant on her fatherless son, Bullingdon, at the end. *The Shining* begins and ends with

---

<sup>291</sup>

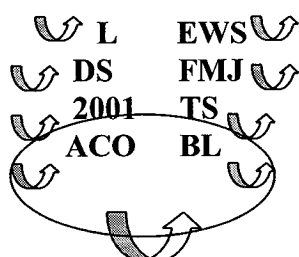
Wright 2001 p.3

Jack Torrance in *Hotel Overlook* – the shift is a time-reversal: the first in the present tense of the filmic 1970s and at the end with Jack uncannily framed in a photograph of a 1920s *Overlook Ball* suggesting unending circles of pelastrations. *Full Metal Jacket* begins and ends with Private Joker affirming his fearlessness: in the beginning by naively challenging Sergeant Hartman with “Is that you John Wayne?” and at the end of movie, after his first kill at close range “I’m in a world of shit, yes, but I’m alive and I am not afraid” he trails off singing “M-I-C-K-E-Y M-O-U-S-E, Mickey Mouse”; at both the beginning and end he expresses himself via cinematic characters lying at the opposite ends of the macho spectrum; the shift is from rebellion to acceptance. Finally, *Eyes Wide Shut* begins with an erotically charged scene of Alice letting all her clothes fall followed by a jump cut to a black screen and the film ends with a close-up of her face as she suggests to Bill that they make physical love and again jump cut to a black screen; the shift is from raising expectation and its fulfillment. Also in her first conversation she tells Bill, “You’re not even looking” and in her last conversation she consoles him with “the important thing is that we are awake now.”

In each case when the second scene returns to haunt the first scene, a shift has occurred. In *Lolita* the shift in the name is from the exclamatory (!) to the interrogative (?); in *Dr. Strangelove* from life-giving to the toxic clouds; in *2001 A Space Odyssey* there is an exponential shift in the level of intelligence that dawns; in *A Clockwork Orange* the nude shifts from furniture to flesh; in *Barry Lyndon* the shift is in the reversal of dependence; in *The Shining* the shift is a temporal-reversal; in *Full Metal Jacket* the shift is from Joker’s rebellion to his acceptance; and finally in *Eyes Wide Shut* the shift is from the

flesh to the word. The shift is “the alteration of a small detail in a well-known picture that all of a sudden renders the whole picture strange and uncanny.”<sup>292</sup> Like the butchered Grady twins in *The Shining* who are not quite twins: they are doubles. This is the domain of *déjà vu* (*das Heimliche-Unheimliche*) where Jack feels at home.

The Kubrickian filmography is thus a bestiary of Ouroboroses<sup>293</sup> that make up a metaouroboros<sup>294</sup>.



While all the films exhibit the self-similar self-circularity and hence each possess a diptych hinge, it is the pair of films *A Clockwork Orange* & *Barry Lyndon* that frame the oeuvre’s diptych hinge, that are intensely self-similar.<sup>295</sup> Spatially the latter half of each film maps on to its first half to the extent that the first half secretes the latter half and the latter feeds on the first half. This is true to a remarkable extent only in the case of this pair that frame the 180 degree turn. It was this “plot symmetry” that attracted Kubrick to *A Clockwork Orange*, although in the case of *Barry Lyndon* the “narrative symmetry” arose primarily out of the needs of telling the story rather than as part of a conscious

<sup>292</sup> Zizek, 1991, p. 53

<sup>293</sup> Serpents swallowing and secreting themselves.

<sup>294</sup> “The uroboros is a dramatic symbol for the integration and assimilation of the opposite” – C.G.Jung, *Mysterium Coniunctionis*; February 25, 2004: <http://www.cit-sakti.com/story/kundalini-awakening-story-chapt4.htm>

<sup>295</sup> For a discussion of their autotelic nature see Stephen Mamber’s “*A Clockwork Orange*” (p.174-176) and Alan Spiegel’s “Kubrick’s *Barry Lyndon*” (p.207) in Falsetto, Mario. *Perspectives on Stanley Kubrick*, NY: G.K.Hall, 1996

design.”<sup>296</sup> But when the “needs of telling the story” led the director to interpolate scenes and events that are not in the original novel but serve to intensify the symmetry we can consider “needs” other than merely the telling of the story.

Though the films exhibit the self-similar aphoristic self-circularity, they by themselves are not labyrinths. “Metonymically speaking, a labyrinth cannot conceal another labyrinth within itself because persons lost in the maze will never realize when they are leaving the meanders of the container-labyrinth for the maze of the contained labyrinth.”<sup>297</sup> The films are mere fragments constructing the final convolution: “architecture as a case of extreme obsession.”<sup>298</sup>

The aphoristic circle that weaves through the films of Stanley Kubrick turned out to be a labyrinth. At the beginning is the entrance *Lolita*. At the end is *Eyes Wide Shut*, a return to the sexual theme of the entrance. To return to the entrance is to exit the labyrinth. It is fitting that the final word uttered in the entire Kubrick’s oeuvre, screened just before his death,<sup>299</sup> was unabashedly sexual. But the labyrinth lies not at the entrance or exit, trepidation or relief notwithstanding, but in the intricate convoluted path that connects the two. To traverse the path is to be on a quest to reach/attain the seemingly unattainable

---

<sup>296</sup> Stanley Kubrick (Qtd. Ciment, p.163 and 172)

<sup>297</sup> Frascari p.77

<sup>298</sup> Eisenstein, Sergie M. “Piranesi, or the Fluidity of Forms” (Qtd. Frascari 1991 p.22)

<sup>299</sup> March 7, 1999 “For several years a man peoples space with images, provinces, kingdoms, mountains, bays, ships, islands, fish, rooms, stars, horses and people. Just before his death, he discovers that the patient labyrinth traces the image of his own face” – Jorge Luis Borges (Qtd. Ciment, Michel *Kubrick* Trans. Gilbert Adair, London: Collins, 1983, p.229)  
One of the reasons why Kubrick said he would have been a conductor if he had not become a director was that “most of them live to be really old.” (Qtd. Herr, p.65)

centre.<sup>300</sup> Hence the disparate-genre films are fabricated to put the labyrinth in place, in order to almost reach its elusive heart.

Alberti's theatre as "the central paradigm of architecture"<sup>301</sup> is now the cinema hall where the director directs us to affirm that however "vast the darkness, we must supply our own light."<sup>302</sup> The central paradigm of architecture, "the theatre of the constructed world"<sup>303</sup> turns out to be *theory* from the Greek *theoria* (to be a theatre<sup>xv</sup> spectator)<sup>304</sup> where our lifeline, that was once Ariadne's golden thread with its alchemical illumination, is now the spool of film unravelling all its 14,291 feet<sup>305</sup> before our eyes.

---

<sup>300</sup> "When all possible scientific questions have been answered, the problems of life remain completely untouched." Wittgenstein, L. *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*, Tr. D. F. Pears and B. McGuinness, London: Routledge, 1974, 6.52, p.88 (Qtd. Gray *Al Qaeda* p.110)

<sup>301</sup> Alberti *Momus* 1540 (Qtd. Frascari 1991 p.6)

<sup>302</sup> Stanley Kubrick "L'Envoi" Kubrick, Christiane. 2002 p.192

<sup>303</sup> Frascari p.17

<sup>304</sup> Appignanesi, Richard and Chris Garrat "The Genealogy of Postmodern Theory" *Introducing Postmodernism* Cambridge: Icon Books, p.56

<sup>305</sup> Length of *Eyes Wide Shut*. Chion, p.95



**Intermission**<sup>306</sup>

---

<sup>306</sup> “Taking as its model a Pulp Fiction style of storytelling, in which a web of beguiling interconnections is spun between many disparate, often desperate people...You get the idea...a sadistic policeman in search of something – anything – ...” O’Sullivan, Michael “Intermission: Life Is What Happens While You’re Busy Making Other Plans.” Washington Post (Bytowne Film Guide, No. 109, May & June 2004, p.4)

## Labyrinth Sightlines

(Or: Alex-of-Clockwork vs. Gropius-of-Bauhaus)<sup>307+xvi</sup>

“There was me, that is Alex”<sup>308</sup>

The celebrated opening shot establishes eye-ball-to-eyeball contact with Alex; the masculine eye holding your gaze unflinchingly while the feminine eye with its stylized eyelashes remains half concealed under the brow and bowler hat. The camera pulls away in a combination of reverse zoom and backward dolly to reveal another eyeball, bloodshot and plastic, as Alex’s magnified cufflink. Zooming out the bilaterally symmetrical frame reveals fellow-thugs, *Caligari* calligraphy female nudes as furniture and drugged-milk-dispensing-machines and drugged customers; hallucinatory interior as an

There was me, that is Gropius.

The eye persists in Bauhaus’s pictorial pedagogy. For instance the “Blueprint of an Architect’s Education” begins the curriculum with “Art in the Nursery” stressing that “the *optical* sense should be developed already in childhood.”<sup>316</sup> Such an upbringing will prepare the future student of architecture for Gropius’s optics:

We are able today to feed the creative instincts of a designer with richer knowledge of *visual facts*, such as the phenomenon of *optical illusion*, of the relation of solids and voids in space, of light and shade, of color and scale; *objective facts* instead of arbitrary subjective interpretation or formulas long since stale.<sup>317</sup>

<sup>307</sup>

Vitruvius’s *De architectura* was read two columns of text at a time. (McEwen, p.42)

<sup>308</sup>

The first line in *A Clockwork Orange* as Alex’s voice-over commentary establishing his film as his subjective presentation.

“externalization of Alex’s mind”<sup>309</sup>+ xvii.

The camera’s gaze is the spirit that haunts architecture. *I am a mechanical eye. / I, a machine, am showing you a world, the likes of which only I can see.*<sup>310</sup> In you, the veiled viewer, it has found an equally guilty accomplice. All ghosts are voyeurs; all haunted houses are panopticons all movie-goers are veiled-viewers, all veiled-viewers are cyborgs. They substitute their eyes with a monocular prosthetic, Alex’s cufflink come-alive to cut through several cross-

Apart from promoting architecture devoid of symbolic and metaphorical content, Gropius betrays a naïve faith in the objectivity of the act of seeing rather than the value-laden process that perception psychology has demonstrated it to be. He persists with the misconception of comparing the eye to a camera in 20% of illustrations in his book *Scope of Total Architecture*, (written during 15 years chairmanship at Harvard University). We have here

the pedagogical roots of the fatal nondiscourse between plan and

<sup>309</sup> Switzer, Judith, *Stanley Kubrick: The Filmmaker as Satirist* Ann Arbor: University Microfilms International, 1983, p.58 (Qtd. Falsetto, 56)

<sup>310</sup> Vertov, Dziga. “‘Kinoks-Revolution’ Selections” *Film Makers on Film Making*. Ed. Harry M. Geduld, Bloomington: Indiana UP, 1967. 86 (Qtd. Sobchack, Vivian. *The Address of the Eye: A Phenomenology of Film Experience*. Princeton: Princeton UP, 1992. 184)

<sup>311</sup> Switzer, Judith, (Qtd. Falsetto, 56)

<sup>312</sup> Kwinter, Sanford. *Architectures of Time: Towards a Theory of the Event in Modernist Culture* Cambridge MA: MIT P, 2001. 99

<sup>313</sup> Sobchack, p. 163

<sup>314</sup> Sobchack, p. 173

<sup>315</sup> Mouth, in Latin *os*, is related to door *ostium*

<sup>316</sup> Gropius, Walter *Scope of Total Architecture* New York: Collier Books 1966, p.48 (emphasis added).

<sup>317</sup> Gropius, p.51 (emphasis added).

<sup>318</sup> Herdeg, Klaus *The Decorated Diagram: Harvard Architecture and the Failure of the Bauhaus Legacy* Cambridge MA. London England: MIT Press 1983, p.84

<sup>319</sup> Corbusier’s Ewazuris House

<sup>320</sup> Corbusier’s Besnos House

<sup>321</sup> Aalto’s Villa Mairea

<sup>322</sup> Herdeg, p.35

<sup>323</sup> Gropius, p.43

<sup>324</sup> Gropius, p.31

sections across “psychological landscapes.”<sup>311</sup>

Thus, even as human bodies engage the film’s body in an always correlated activity (whether of filmmaking or spectating), the film’s material body also always engages us in its possibilities as a nonhuman lived-body. In this sense... the embodied film exists not as a prosthetic device but rather, to use Donna Harway’s characterization, as a “cyborg” – an other body that signifies possibilities and liberation from the disfigured bodies<sup>312</sup> some of us presently live.<sup>313</sup>

I-Eye. The hyphen disguises a man-machine partnership as “a coterminus perception and expression of a mutually lived world.”<sup>314</sup> When the history of cyborgs is written, the Garden of Eden will be the cinema-hall and the Adamic Cyborg would be the spectator, unaware of the contract that (s)he had signed by purchasing the entrance ticket to enter through the door of the cinema hall and into the etymological mouth<sup>315</sup> of the labyrinth.

appearance of so many prominent Harvard graduates<sup>318</sup> Their works being merely decorated diagrams, devoid of poetics,<sup>319</sup> irony<sup>320</sup> or metaphoric richness<sup>321</sup> which are “means by which to construct one’s own world”<sup>322</sup>

“Will we succeed in establishing an optical “key,” used and understood by all, as an objective common denominator of design?”<sup>323</sup> Gropius asks after relating the “remarkable” findings of an Eye Institute:

We do not get our sensations from things around us but the sensations come from us. Since they do not come from the immediate environment (the present) an obviously cannot come from the future, they come from the *past*.<sup>324</sup> Hence the “optical key” that Gropius sought to establish was all along unlocking the door that Gropius and his graduates did not risk entering, but preferred to dwell at the threshold of the labyrinth.

## The Kubrickian Entrance as *Gaze*

*In Kubrick's films, love dies, ambition dies. Power conquers all, but that too is fleeting. There remains only, always and forever, the eye.*<sup>325</sup>

*Look at me, look at me, look at me, look at me, look at me. Look at me. Look at me...Bill in Eyes Wide Shut*<sup>326</sup>

Door, in Latin *ostium* is related to mouth *os*; hence to enter the labyrinth is to enter the

...mechanical counterfeit of the human body...The whole interior is a kind of stomach that attempts to digest objects...The whole life of the average house, it seems, is a sort of indigestion. A body in ill repair, suffering indisposition – constant tinkering and doctoring to keep it alive. It is a marvel, we its infesters, do not go insane in it and with it. Perhaps it is a form of insanity we have to put in it. Lucky we are able to get something else out of it, though we do seldom get out of it alive ourselves.<sup>327</sup>

The labyrinth as a Freudian body; its “tortuous paths are the bowels, and the thread of Ariadne is the umbilical cord.”<sup>328</sup> To locate its *ostium* is to locate its *os*; likewise the Italian *muso*, mouth, can be compared with the Italian *musare*, to gape at.<sup>329</sup> The Kubrickian stare is a recurrent signature: head lowered, eyes raised with the sightline grazing the arched eyebrows, as in his self-portrait,<sup>330</sup> with Alice in *Eyes Wide Shut*,<sup>331</sup> de

<sup>325</sup> Baxter, p.14

<sup>326</sup> Scene in Ziegler's bathroom where Bill is trying to wake a drugged, naked and near-dead prostitute.

<sup>327</sup> Wright, Frank Lloyd “The Cardboard House,” 1931 (Qtd Wigley, Mark. *The Architecture of Deconstruction: Derrida's Haunt*. Cambridge, Mass.:MIT P., 1993. vii)

<sup>328</sup> *New Introductory lectures, The Psychopathology of Everyday Life. The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud*, London, 1953-66, p.25 (Cipolla, p.34)

<sup>329</sup> English translator's note, Johan Huizinga, *Homo Ludens: A Study of the Play Element in Culture*, Boston: Beacon 1955, p.159 (Qtd. Winton, Tracy Eve “When the Old Mirror is not yet Polished, What Would you say of it? : Fragments Toward a Reconstruction of a Weak Myth Through the Passage of the Museum” *Chora: Intervals in the Philosophy of Architecture* Ed. Alberto Perez-Gomez and Stephen Parcell, Vol.2, Montreal: McGill UP, 1996, p.272)

<sup>330</sup> Walker, p.374

<sup>331</sup> Chion, p.86

Sadesky in *Dr. Strangelove*,<sup>332</sup> Alex in *A Clockwork Orange*,<sup>333</sup> and Bowman in *2001 A Space Odyssey*.<sup>334</sup> At its extreme instances the mouth begins to open with Turgidson and Kong in *Dr. Strangelove*,<sup>335</sup> Alex in *A Clockwork Orange*,<sup>336</sup> and Danny and Jack in *The Shining*<sup>337</sup> and further the stare slips into the gape of a deranged mind with its upturned eyes and dropped jaw of Private Pyle in *Full Metal Jacket*,<sup>338</sup> Alexander in *A Clockwork Orange*,<sup>339</sup> Hallorann and Jack in *The Shining*.<sup>340</sup>

The mouth/*muso/os/ostium*/door involuntary opens when the gaze is overloaded with self-absorption on a *musare* overdrive. Before the mouth, is thus, the eye. In the movie *Labyrinth*,<sup>341</sup> the entrance remains out of sight, or etymologically *obscene*:

“Sarah: *But I have to solve this labyrinth. There aren't any turns or openings. It just goes on and on!*  
Worm: *It's full of openings. Just you ain't seein' them*”<sup>342</sup>.

Entering the labyrinth entails a seeing that is simultaneously a seeing of how we see. “In the *I see myself seeing myself*, there is no such sensation of being absorbed by vision.”<sup>343</sup>

<sup>332</sup> Ciment, p. 84

<sup>333</sup> Walker, p. 197

<sup>334</sup> Howard, p.114

<sup>335</sup> Walker, p. 142; Ciment, p. 84

<sup>336</sup> Howard, p.120

<sup>337</sup> Walker, p.282 and p. 306

<sup>338</sup> Walker, p. 324

<sup>339</sup> Ciment, p. 84

<sup>340</sup> Walker, p. 282 and 277

<sup>341</sup> Henson, Jim, *The Labyrinth*, Tri-Star Pictures, 1986

<sup>342</sup> Henson, Jim, *The Labyrinth* Movie Script, Tri-Star Pictures, 1986, March 7, 2004: <http://physiosoft.uibk.ac.at/hitman/scripts/jr.htm>

<sup>343</sup> Lacan, Jacques *The Four Fundamental Concepts of Psycho-Analysis* NY: Norton, 1981, p. 80 (Qtd. Hendrix, John “The Structure of Psychophysiological Space” *Architectural Forms and Philosophical Structures* NY: Peter Lang, p.186)

In *Eyes Wide Shut* the opening shot, lasting a few seconds<sup>344</sup> between two cuts, is a blink of the cinematic eye. Like a preface, it is signed and “placed in a fashion that distinguishes it from the text that follows...it inhabits a peculiar limbo – part of *and* separate from, before *and* after, what follows it.”<sup>345</sup> Like the preface it follows the paradoxical logic of the *parergon*: “. . . neither work (ergon) nor outside the work [hors d'oeuvre], neither inside nor outside the work, neither above nor below, it disconcerts any opposition but does not remain indeterminate and it gives rise to the work.”<sup>346</sup> What does the opening shot frame and how is the frame enframed? In a relative blink of an eye you see Alice *naked*; the after-image renders her *nude*.

To distinguish between the terms, we turn to Adam and Eve as “the two most powerful painted nudes since antiquity”<sup>347</sup> in Masaccio’s<sup>348</sup> *The Expulsion from the Garden of Eden*<sup>349</sup> Reading their body languages we realize that while Eve is nude, Adam is merely naked. Eve, following the pose-type of a Greek Venus<sup>350</sup> “covers her nakedness in shame”<sup>351</sup> while Adam only covers his face; the female is perennially aware of her exposure to the male’s gaze while the male, unaware of any audience but himself, hides his nakedness from himself. It is the viewer outside the frame who defines the postures

<sup>344</sup> *Eyes Wide Shut*’s ASL of 17 seconds is similar to *Lolita*’s. At 7 seconds, the opening clip is a third of the ASL

<sup>345</sup> Royle, Nicholas “Preface” *The Uncanny* NY: Routledge, 2003, p.vii

<sup>346</sup> Derrida, Jaques. *The Truth in Painting*. Trans. Geoff Bennington and Ian Mcleod. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1987, pg. 9. (Qtd. Patricia Petersen “Aesthetics and Striptease” National Sociology Conference - December 1998 March 30, 2004: <http://libertus.net/censor/odocs/ppaesthetics.html>)

<sup>347</sup> Adams, Laurie Schneider *Art Across Time* Second edition Boston: McGraw Hill, 2002 p.516

<sup>348</sup> Tommaso di Ser Giovanni di Simone Guidi Cassai *aka* Masaccio  
<http://cgfa.sunsite.dk/masaccio/p-masaccio4.htm>

<sup>349</sup> 1425 AD, Cappella Brancacci, Santa Maria del Carmine, Florence

<sup>350</sup> *aka* *The Medici Venus* 1 A.D. Galleria degli Uffizi, Florence

<sup>351</sup> Adams, Laurie Schneider p. 516

and the terminology of that which is framed.<sup>352</sup> The gaze shifts from viewing the painting, to how we view paintings, to how we view ourselves viewing the painting.<sup>xviii</sup>

The camera is *immobilized* as it frames Alice, in the opening shot,<sup>353</sup> like the eye of the renaissance artist *immobilized* to enable the mapping of the nude model with the *lucinda* grid.<sup>354</sup> The strings of the *lucinda* now grid a pair of “analogical and ana-logical”<sup>355</sup> eyes: a pair of racquets leaning against the corner, under the brightest spot in the room as they rest under the freestanding lamp. The base of the lampshade establishes the horizon on which lies the eye-level of the camera outside the frame (below larger-than-life Alice’s eye-level), and the vanishing point inside the scene. The horizon plane subtly divides the space into different zones that are a “play of light, fire, the source from which reflections pour forth. Light may travel in a straight line, but it is refracted, diffused, it floods, it fills” and it creates effects that are uncanny, whence appears a crack in the zone and inexplicable shadows leak through the rupture of light. For a brief and unnerving moment Alice’s flawless left hand turns dark, shaded black *below* the horizon (i.e in the well-lit zone). Her dress fall and its darkness simultaneously rises as a veiling shadow to ‘clothe’

---

<sup>352</sup> “To be naked is to be oneself. To be nude is to be seen naked by others and yet not recognized for oneself. A naked body has to be seen as an object in order to become a nude. ... Nakedness reveals itself. Nudity is placed on display” - Berger, John, *Ways of Seeing*, NY: Penguin, 1977. p.54

In the final analysis, however, there can be no nakedness without the accompanying condition of nudity. Because nakedness is a function of the gaze as it is sight that certifies that the uncovering is complete. That gaze can belong to the classical male voyeur, or the contemporary female narcissi, or the self of either gender (the act of looking itself the naked body into a nude object and estranges oneself from one’s self)..

<sup>353</sup> Akin too, to early cinema: the camera remained immobile while the images within moved and constituted the cinema. This is akin to the projections inside Plato’s Cave, the first cinema theatre. See: Purcell, Jack “Plato’s Theory Of Film” March 30: [http://www.mtsu.edu/~jpurcell/Cinema/plato\\_film.html](http://www.mtsu.edu/~jpurcell/Cinema/plato_film.html)

<sup>354</sup> Albricht Dürer’s engraving *Artist and Model in the Studio*.

<sup>355</sup> Kunze, Donald “Architecture as Reading: Virtuality, Secrecy, Monstrosity” *Journal of Architectural Education* 41/4 Summer 1998, p.28



her hand. She moves to step out of her clothes and her skin too discards the uncanny shadow to return to its seductive self.

This uncanny shadow is fleeting enough to have escaped notice in all these five years of Kubrick scholarship since the film's release.<sup>356</sup> A 'flaw' in the very opening shot which by its very location "appears to gather everything together, to give an impression of order and mastery over what it prefaces"<sup>357</sup> by a legendary perfectionist<sup>358</sup> among filmmakers reputed to do multiple takes of every scene,<sup>359</sup> can only be construed as intentional. The flaw may have been inadvertent but the decision to leave it in place could only be advertent.<sup>360</sup> This intrusion into the fictional world can only serve to break the fiction and remind the viewer that the scene is a site under construction by the viewer. This is not Alice as a *naked* woman in her private apartment; this is Nicole Kidman posing as a *nude* for the viewer-as-a-voyeur's gaze. If the horizon plane divided the room into horizontal zones of subtle variations in light, than another plane divides the room vertically by a pair

---

<sup>356</sup> Another technical flaw, a blue camera flare in a scene between Bill and Sally in Domino's room, has been noted by Falsetto who concludes that "it cannot be taken as a casual aesthetic decision." – Falsetto, 2001, p.35

<sup>357</sup> Royle, p.vii

<sup>358</sup> "Kubrick's films reflect his perfectionism, his inordinate taste for technology, his fascination with diagrams and statistics, but also his fear of any flaw in a totally programmed system, of an excessive dependence on machines"– Ciment p.42.

<sup>359</sup> *Eyes Wide Shut*, after 400 days, was "the longest official shoot in film history" (Howard, p.179) "Cruise found Kubrick to be 'demanding and surprising, but not unreasonable' – this despite rumours that he had been asked to repeat one scene 93 times" (Howard, p.180). The rumours may well be true, Cruise spent 18 months on the picture. Kubrick confirmed 50 takes for Marisa Berenson in *Barry Lyndon*, to say a single line, "*We're taking the children for a ride to the village; we'll be back in time for tea.*" because "Marisa couldn't say it" (Qtd. Herr, p.57); "'In one scene," recalls Scatman, "I had to get out of a SnoCat and walk across the street, no dialogue. Forty takes. He had Jack Nicholson walk across the street, no dialogue. Fifty takes. He had Shelley, Jack and the kid walk across the street. Eighty-takes, man, he always wants something new and he doesn't stop until he gets it.'" (Qtd. Kroll, Jack "Stanley Kubrick's Horror Show" *Newsweek Magazine*, June 2, 1980, pp.52-54. March 30, 2004: <http://www.visual-memory.co.uk/amk/doc/0053.html>;) However when death came to Kubrick, it was in a single take, as usual.

<sup>360</sup> Between the completion of shooting and the film preview, the time gap was one year.

of twin-Doric columns arranged in Systyle intercolumniations.<sup>361</sup> It divides the room into two distinct spaces – one for the nude and one for the voyeur. You were in the room all along. What frame's this frame-up?

Unlike a frame in a picture, a frame in a film-strip is posited on the very denial of the frame.<sup>xix</sup> Hence, unlike the physical frame in the case of the picture, the scene is framed by what precedes it and what comes after, i.e. the scenic context. We thus rewind to the very beginning and read all the stark white titles against pitch-black backgrounds: 1. *Warner Bros.* / 2. *Tom Cruise* / 3. *Nicole Kidman* / 4. *Stanley Kubrick* / 5. Preface shot of Nicole-in-the-Nude / 6. *Eyes Wide Shut*. Thus 4. *Kubrick* and 6. *Eyes Wide Shut* frame Nicole-in-the-Nude (i.e. voyeur and voyeurism); 3. *Nicole* and 5. Nicole-in-the-Nude frame Kubrick (or: in the beginning was the word and then the word was made flesh); two men frame Nicole: 2. *Cruise* and 4. *Kubrick* (one would divorce her and the other would soon die). Stanley Kubrick and Nicole Kidman occur in all three frames/pictures.

In one scene in the film when Bill/Cruise comes home, he looks at Alice/Nicole and thinks of the proto-affair she confessed to him the previous night.<sup>362</sup> Alice looks at him, head tilted to her left, eyes peering above her glasses. What is uncanny is the way in

<sup>361</sup> In *The Shining*, Jack "hesitates in the doorway, we see framed pictures hanging on the wall on either side of him. Between them, framed by the doorway, is our first glimpse of Ullman's office. We see it as a thing once removed from us, neatly contained within the door frame. Then we enter along with Jack. The artificial frame recedes, and the office becomes an environment *in* which we and Jack function rather than an enclosed portrait we contemplate from a distance."

Rasmussen, p.236

<sup>362</sup> "When listening to his wife's "confession", the husband is involved by an "uncanny" feeling, of the "unheimliche." He does not recognize his wife in that woman who is telling him that. His wife, who used to be so familiar to him, looks like a stranger, another woman, a woman never seen before." - Telles, Sérgio "Kubrick And Schnitzler, An Incursion Into The "Unheimliche": A few notes on Stanley Kubrick's "Eyes wide shut"" March 21, 2004: <http://www.psychematters.com/papers/telles2.htm>

which Kubrick, in a photograph taken by his wife during the shooting of *Eyes Wide Shut*, wears Kidman's expression, tilts his head the same way, same side, peers above his glasses like Kidman, eyebrows raised like hers; he even has them shaped like hers.<sup>363</sup> To raise one's eyebrows is "to show surprise (esp. at a moral or social slip)."<sup>364</sup> The Kubrickian stare directs the Kidmanian that returns to infect the physical framing of the Kubrickian eyebrowitnesses. "[A]re they involved in what Gilles Deleuze called a "double becoming"?"<sup>365</sup>

"Where does it [the frame] begin. Where does it end. What is its internal limit. Its external limit And its surface between the two limits."<sup>366</sup> Zooming in we find that the frames multiply. Alice/Nicole is framed between the title slides of voyeur and voyeurism, between pairs of classical Doric columns,<sup>367</sup> between the parted curtains, between the Venetian-blind window, until the nude that is left is herself a *paregon*,<sup>368</sup> framed between the aesthetics of sight and the out-of-sight. Seeing the act of seeing<sup>369</sup> led to the

---

<sup>363</sup> Laleen Jayamanne, "The Ornamentation of Nicole Kidman (*Eyes Wide Shut*) and Mita Vashisht (Kasba):a Sketch" excellent essay features both the photographs as well the observation of their kinship. March 7, 2004: <http://www.sensesofcinema.com/contents/02/23/ornament.html>

Kubrick's image can also be found in Walker, p.374 and Kidman's in Chion, p.86 but not in the 233 images that make up Christiane's tribute to her husband :

Kubrick, Christiane. *Stanley Kubrick: A Life In Pictures*, London: Little Brown, 2002.

<sup>364</sup> "eyebrow," *The New Lexicon Webster's Dictionary of the English Language*, 1987 ed.

<sup>365</sup> enquires Laleen Jayamanne, author of *Towards Cinema and Its Double: Cross-Cultural Mimesis* (Indiana University Press, 2001), in "The Ornamentation of Nicole Kidman (*Eyes Wide Shut*) and Mita Vashisht (Kasba):a Sketch"

March 7, 2004: <http://www.sensesofcinema.com/contents/02/23/ornament.html>

<sup>366</sup> Derrida, Jacques *The Truth in Painting*. Trans. Geoff Bennington and Ian McLeod. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1987. p. 45

<sup>367</sup> A nude in classical art is legitimate if framed

<sup>368</sup> between art and obscenity; according to Derrida, 1987. p. 62-63

<sup>369</sup> Akin to thinking about thinking (which probably is all that thought ever comprises of). "Disrobe" and "robe" "as English "rob" or German *rauben* suggest, the robe would, in the first instance, be a garment seized by a thief. We all know of Bataille phrase "I think in the same way as a woman undresses"" – Nancy, Jean-Luc "Concealed Thinking" *A Finite Thinking* ed. tr. Simon Sparks, Stanford: Stanford UP, 2003, p.39

disappearance of the picture and the appearance of a succession of frames framed by frames. “A frame can announce a whole epoch”<sup>370</sup> and an entrance that sucks you in via infinite regress.

Naked Alice / Nude Nicole<sup>371</sup> stand at the cross-section<sup>xx</sup> of an inverse infinite regress that is the dissolution of the frame and an overload of possible images that we the viewer / voyeur are deprived of. For the bilateral symmetry of the room portends that the opposite side of the room that we do not see may also be panelled with mirrors like the side that we do see, both sides then cloning the nudes relentlessly. Nakedness succumbs to nudity; narcissism being voyeurism of the self. But our deprivation is only momentary because the arrays of Alice-look-alikes<sup>372</sup> emerge with their “speech, gestures and movements, their breasts, hips and legs, are all standardised”<sup>373</sup> to p(c)opulate in/the wonderland of Somerton Mansion,<sup>374</sup> venue of a pan-Christian Christmas orgy.<sup>375</sup> More significantly, even while trapped in the mirror, virtual-Alice glances at Alice, in a scene that was used in the trailer of *Eyes Wide Shut*. The consequence of the dislocated gaze is that its recipient begins to morph into a monstrous amalgam.

<sup>370</sup> Gopnik, Adam “A Frame” *Defining Edges* by W. H. Bailey, NY: Harry Abrams, 2002, p.8

<sup>371</sup> Naked and nude are like the proverbial monster with two backs: the uncanny formulation of a copulating coupling.

<sup>372</sup> “The ritual prostitutes, who are themselves objects purchased for sexual use, wear masks that make them identical and interchangeable. Their nude bodies are unnaturally perfect, smooth and immaculate as mannequins, photographed with cold Kubrickian detachment that desaturates them of any eroticism.” (Kreider, Tim, “Eyes Wide Shut” in *Film Quarterly*, Vol.53, nr.3, Spring 2000, p. 46). They all share Alice’s physiognomy, as do all the models and prostitutes-sans-masks that try to seduce Bill and are always interrupted. The look-alikes make for ideal interchangeable commodities, only their taboo zones distinguish them, just as the lucinda-like gridiron parcelled off land, overriding the topography to become uniform tradable commodities.

<sup>373</sup> Laleen Jayamanne, <http://www.sensesofcinema.com/contents/02/23/ornament.html>

<sup>374</sup> The only interior in the movie that is without a Christmas Tree.

<sup>375</sup> The music in both scenes is melancholic: uncannily diegetic in the first case (Bill switches it off in the next scene); and equally uncannily, a diegetic/extradiegetic combination in the latter (In excess of the music produced by the Nick Nightingale on the piano in the scene).

The film's signature image, a short scene,<sup>376</sup> is sandwiched between two dissolves in the film (like the blink of an eye in slow motion). Alice is removing her earrings in front of her bedroom Rococo mirror. She is left wearing only her glasses, which she removes when Bill, closing his eyes, begins to make love to her. Both couples are in the same frame, which makes a private act uncannily public. What further erodes the privacy of the moment, (apart from the disembodied presence of Chris Isaac singing "Baby Did A Bad Bad Thing"),<sup>377</sup> is that Alice continues to steal glances in the mirror, away from her husband<sup>378</sup> (if towards her husband, then via the mirror). Hence the camera decides to slowly zoom-in and close-up on Alice, or more precisely, not on Alice herself but on virtual-Alice: her image in the mirror. The image fades in the darkness of the dissolve with her reflection continuing to gaze. Sans eyeglasses, who is Alice is looking at?

To identify the occupants of the space in front of the mirror we turn to "*Las Meninas*" painted by Diego Velázquez where six pairs of eyes are turned on you, the viewer. You

---

<sup>376</sup> If the scene is short in the film, it almost nonexistent in Arthur Schnitzler's book *Dream Story* that inspired the movie: only half a sentence, "they sank into one another's arms with an ardour they had not experienced for quite some time." The scene was only a little more elaborate in the screenplay by Stanley Kubrick & Frederic Raphael: "BILL AND ALICE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

ALICE stands naked in front of her dressing table mirror rubbing face cream. BILL comes up behind her, kisses her shoulder and runs his hands lightly over her breasts.

V.O. - That night they were more blissful in their ardent love than they had been for a long time."

It was in the filming that the complexity of Kubrick's vision was realised within the brevity of the scene.

Book- March 27, 2004: <http://www.visual-memory.co.uk/amk/doc/0085.html>

Script- March 27, 2004: [http://www.twbookmark.com/books/20/0446676322/chapter\\_excerpt8556.html](http://www.twbookmark.com/books/20/0446676322/chapter_excerpt8556.html)

<sup>377</sup> The song was actually playing when the scene was filmed.

March 28, 2004: <http://www.visual-memory.co.uk/sk/memories/nk.htm>

<sup>378</sup> 37 years earlier, in *Lolita* the misplaced gaze occurs during lovemaking; misplaced because what ought to fall on the lovemaking-partner, falls instead on someone else. That 'someone else' being Lolita (whose bedside photograph is the object of Humbert's gaze even as he makes love to his wife / her mother) "We agreed to limit the number of looks at the picture [Lolita's photograph]" - James B. Harris (Qtd. *Stanley Kubrick: A Life in Pictures* 2001 Directed by Jan Harlan). The number of these adulterous glances were limited by the Catholic Legion of Decency's censorship in the released film.

then notice two extra pairs of Royal eyes in the rear mirror, which add to the pairs gazing at you while simultaneously dismissing you from the locus of their royal gaze, as soon as you realize they occupied your position chronologically before you. A further reflection chronologically displaces the royalty by the artist himself, one of the several pairs of eyes looking at the viewer's direction, ergo this is the artist's self portrait, ergo he was there standing before the mirror before the viewer and the royalty stood; his painting is a representation of what he saw and what he imagined. The visual construction is posited on the mirror as a diptych hinge.

But it is so above all because of the triple function it fulfils in relation to the picture. For in it there occurs an exact superimposition of the model's gaze as it is being painted, of the spectator's as he contemplates the painting, and of the painter's as he is composing the picture (not the one represented, but the one in front of us which we are discussing). These three 'observing' functions come together in a point exterior to the picture; that is, an ideal point in relation to what is represented, but a perfectly real one too, since it is also the starting-point that makes the representation possible...<sup>379</sup>

Returning to the Alice-reflection's Velázquezian gaze. Instead of eight pairs of eyes, we have a single pair of eyes looking outside the mirror. It is, however, looking at several occupants competing for the same space in front of the mirror. To begin with, by looking in the mirror Alice-the-player (1) has simultaneously turned into Alice-the-spectator (2)<sup>380</sup> and the reflection's gaze embraces them both. It also embraces the image of Bill (3). In addition the "celebrity that Kidman and Cruise radiate endows the film with an immediate interest transcending the merely voyeuristic – though that element, given their

---

<sup>379</sup> Foucault, Michel *The Order of Things*. London: Tavistock 1970, p.3-16;  
also Donald Kunz's 'literal bolagram' March 7, 2004: <http://art3idea.psu.edu/boundaries/default.html>  
<sup>380</sup> Rasmussen, p. 337

real-life marriage, is present too.”<sup>381</sup> Hence the gaze is also inescapably turned on to the married celebrity<sup>382</sup> couple<sup>383</sup> with 8 years of conjugal bliss and 2 children: Alice-as-Nicole-Kidman (4) and Bill-as-Tom-Cruise<sup>384</sup> (5).

Furthermore, just before this scene of Alice undressing before the mirror, the suave Sandor Szavost was seducing her at the party. They had exchanged mediated kisses: he through her wine glass and she through her wedding-ring finger planted on his lips. Hence “Alice may be contemplating the evening’s events such as the attempted seduction by Sandor<sup>385</sup> [6], and this may be triggering memories of the previous summer with the naval officer.”<sup>386</sup> [7]<sup>387</sup> (Alice is sans eyeglasses in both the first encounter and while, later on the movie, narrating the second virtual-encounter). Kubrick himself shot the

---

<sup>381</sup> Walker, p. 347 Also -

””It was far more complex than I thought it was going to be in terms of the duration it was shot for, but also in terms of the characters, and working with my husband, and dealing with the subject matter we were dealing with,” Kidman said” - Ron Tank “Nicole Kidman enjoying success at box office, on stage”

October 20, 1998: <http://www.cnn.com/SHOWBIZ/Movies/9810/20/nicole.kidman/>

<sup>382</sup> “The word celebrity, from the Latin *celeber*, means celebration and festival, as well as crowded and populous (in terms of space), and famous. So we are not far from the spectacle of the carnival.” – Fuery, p. 37

<sup>383</sup> “Their real marriage exists beneath the rumors of trouble, just as the troubles of their film-marriage exist beneath its apparent success. They act with dreamy formality because they exist between dream and reality. Kubrick wants us to watch Cruise and Kidman and think about what people appear to be and who they really are.” Lee Siegel “What the critics failed to see in Kubrick’s last film”

Harper’s Magazine, Oct, 1999

March 27, 2004: [http://www.findarticles.com/cf\\_0/m1111/1793\\_299/55881919/p7/article.jhtml?term=](http://www.findarticles.com/cf_0/m1111/1793_299/55881919/p7/article.jhtml?term=)

<sup>384</sup> Bill Harford-as Harrison Ford-as Fridolin –as Tom Cruise. Bill Harford is an amalgam of one literary fictional and one celluloid fictional character along with two real-life celebrities. Kubrick “wanted the original Fridolin to be a Harrison Fordish goy and forbade any reference to Jews” and hence the invented name Harford according to Fredrick Raphael, *Eyes Wide Open: A Memoir of Stanley Kubrick and ‘Eyes Wide Shut’* London: Orion, 1999, p. 59 (Qtd. Chion, 2002, p.21)

<sup>385</sup> Also deduced by Rasmussen, p. 337

<sup>386</sup> The Real/Reel paradox: “In the movie, Tom was tortured by the fantasy of a Naval officer groping his wife, but in reality, Tom Cruise had to sit there while a guy in a Navy uniform actually did those things to his wife. That really happened. Kubrick is a perfectionist, so it probably happened over and over and over again!” - Michael B. Duff January 7, 2002: <http://www.michaelduff.net/eyes.html>

<sup>387</sup> Falsetto, 2001, p.133

scene<sup>388</sup> and hence were we to zoom into Alice's reflected pupil at a high resolution we would see the ubiquitous eye of the voyeuristic camera<sup>389</sup> (8) with Kubrick<sup>390</sup> (9) behind it, occupying the crowded and contested space before the mirror. Finally, it is a "reflexive moment that also invokes the real world of the viewer contemplating a filmed image"<sup>391</sup> i.e. Alice is looking at us (10).

In the labyrinth, the question shifts from "*Where* am I?" to "*Who* am I? I am the actress (1), I am an actress acting within the act (2), I am her actor lover (3), I am a actress who is not acting (4), I am her actor lover who is not acting (5), I am her seducer (6), I am seduced (7), I am the gazing machine<sup>392</sup> (8), I am the unseen choreographer of your gaze (9) and I am the viewer (10) who caught her eye (1), in the mirror. This maelstrom of morphing selves, that threatens oneself,

" may not be an entirely negative thing, *if it can be taken far enough*. Not all identities are worth preserving. This is to say that disappearance is not only a threat -- it is also an opportunity . . . There is one essential condition . . . it [the subject] must not be another stable appearance, another stable identity. It must

<sup>388</sup> *How many people were on the set?*

Kidman : "Stanley, Tom and I. Stanley shot it himself. ... We shot it for a day but set it up for days before" - "Lust & Trust" by Nancy Collins (interview with Nicole Kidman) Rolling Stone - July 8-22, 1999  
March 28, 2004: <http://www.visual-memory.co.uk/sk/memories/nk.htm>

<sup>389</sup> Walter Benjamin pointed out in his influential essay, architecture and film are both tactile arts; the spectator is almost restored his body in the cinematic space. According to Benjamin's provocative pairing: the painter is to the cameraman as the magician is to the surgeon; one operates from a distance while the other penetrates intimately. It is this surgical penetration by the roving camera that brings cinema very close to architecture. The one-eyed camera is the closest thing to the spectator 'entering' bodily into the film and its architecture.

Walter Benjamin, "The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction", *Illuminations* Ed. Hannah Arendt, Schocken Books, New York, 1968, 217-251

<sup>390</sup> Nicole Kidman explained in an interview " I became too consumed with him (Kubrick), and now, everything is imprinted on me when I watch the images on the film -- the imprint of Stanley and the day we were shooting a particular scene, or what led to us making that choice."

Nicole Kidman interview: The Hollywood Reporter Nov. 13, 2003:

[http://www.hollywoodreporter.com/thr/interviews/article\\_display.jsp?vnu\\_content\\_id=2031156](http://www.hollywoodreporter.com/thr/interviews/article_display.jsp?vnu_content_id=2031156)

<sup>391</sup> Falsetto, 2001, p.133

<sup>392</sup> "Am I man, am I machine? There is no answer to this anthropological question..." -- Jean Baudrillard (Qtd. Palumbo, Maria Luisa, p.87)



learn how to survive a culture of disappearance by adopting strategies of disappearance as its own, by giving disappearance itself a different inflection.<sup>393</sup>

The labyrinth is not necessarily "the place where one loses oneself" but often "the place from which one always leaves lost."<sup>394</sup> Emerging from this dissolve, time bifurcates and "Alice and Bill operate two different series. Bill is driven by images and Alice surfs the sonic like a surfer a wave."<sup>395</sup> Being lost need not be negative, for the "lost person has a sense of the limits of his knowledge; his very uncertainty can create a heightened attentiveness and receptivity to the world and the possibility of seeing a problem in a new way."<sup>396</sup>

Such a possibility arises because time slips into *temps* whence the question "*Est-ce que c'est lui ou est-ce que c'est moi?*"<sup>397</sup> multiplies into: *Is it anyone of them? Or is it me? Or is it all of us together? Who then am "I"?* In this 'third moment' our identity, like Alice's sexuality, is "always at least double, goes even further: it is *plural*"<sup>398</sup> In tandem multiplies the act of witnessing into multiple levels, "the level of being a witness to oneself within the experience; the level of being a witness to the testimonies of others;

<sup>393</sup> Abbas, Ackbar. *Hong Kong: Culture and the Politics of Disappearance*. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1997, p. xiv-xv (Qtd. Weiss)

<sup>394</sup> Foucault (Qtd. Attali, Jacques. *Chemins de sagesse: traité du labyrinthe*. Paris: Fayard, 1996. p.209; Qtd. Jan. 31, 2004: <http://social.chass.ncsu.edu/jouvert/v5i2/tweiss.htm>)

<sup>395</sup> Laleen Jayamanne "The Ornamentation of Nicole Kidman (Eyes Wide Shut) and Mita Vashisht (Kasba):a Sketch" March 7, 2004: <http://www.sensesofcinema.com/contents/02/23/ornament.html>

<sup>396</sup> Weiss, endnote #9

<sup>397</sup> *Is it him or is it me?* - Lacan, Jacques. *Livre XX: Encore 1972-1973*, Paris: Seuil, 1975, p.97 (Qtd. Fuery, p.23)

<sup>398</sup> Irigaray, Luce. "This Sex Which Is Not One." *Feminisms: An Anthology of Literary Theory and Criticism*. Ed. Robyn R. Warhol and Diane Price Herndl. New Brunswick, NJ: Rutgers University Press, 1991. p.353. (Qtd. Erickson, Gregory. *Speaking of Music: Explorations in the Language of Music Criticism Enculturation*, Vol. 2, No. 2, Spring 1999. March 7, 2004: [http://enculturation.gmu.edu/2\\_2/erickson.html](http://enculturation.gmu.edu/2_2/erickson.html))

and the level of being a witness to the process of witnessing itself.”<sup>399</sup> But this polywitness<sup>400</sup> does not forget that (s)he(it) “is present as a witness to potential contradictions rather than as a subject of consensus, an object of doubt rather a secure referent, a piece of a puzzle rather than a finished design.”<sup>401</sup> In *temps* the viewer is a polypartite self /not-self-nor-selves androgynous cyborg dwelling in a place of “occult instability”<sup>402</sup>; the monster has returned to haunt incorporated, the corporation refuses fade-out, and lingers unblinking in the darkness of the dissolve.

It is to an analogous darkness that Bill returns home to find his orgy-mask lying on his pillow, uncannily substituting for his own face besides Alice. The starkly struck piano notes, piercing through his heart are “loud, singular and sharp, almost violent, violently spaced, too spaced for multiplex sound in that, as notes, as isolated notes, they leave enough room for one that is off-key.”<sup>403</sup> Each piano note punctuates a point in space. When we earlier zoomed in to that point in space, where the gaze fell, we discovered that it was off-key. We discovered the point was not Euclidean. Instead, it was a gaze-

<sup>399</sup> Laub, Dori, M.D. “An Event without a Witness: Truth, Testimony and Survival.” *Testimony: Causes of Witnessing in Literature, Psychoanalysis and History*. Coauthored: Shoshana Felman and Dori Laub. New York: Routledge, 1992. 75-92 (Qtd. Peterson, Nancy J. “Postmodernism and Holocaust Memory: Productive Tensions in the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum.” *Productive Postmodernism: Consuming Histories and Cultural Studies*. Ed. John N. Duvall, Albany, NY: State U. of NY P., 2002 p.195)

<sup>400</sup> “...philosophy is not shackled by an exclusive, solitary memory or language.: it is stereoscopic, polygot, multi-linear even bastardized, crossbred and spliced.” Maureen Flynn-Burhoe “Mapping Memory: from Papyrus to Digitization: The Great Flood and the Ark”

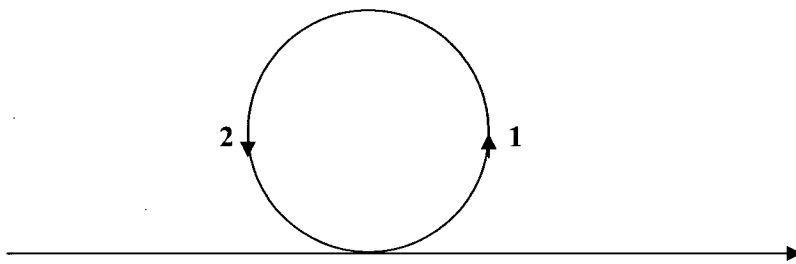
March 30, 2004: <http://www.carleton.ca/~mflynnbu/archives/plaintext.htm>

<sup>401</sup> Casetti, Francesco. “In Search of The Spectator” *Inside the Gaze: The Fiction Film and Its Spectator*. Trans. Neill Andrew and Charles O’Brien. The Society for Cinema Studies Translation Series Bloomington: Indiana Univ. P, 1998. 1

<sup>402</sup> Mary Alemany\_Galway recalling Homi Bhabha recalling Frantz Fanon’s warning in Alemany-Galway, Mary. *A Postmodern Cinema: The Voice of the Other in Canadian Film*. Lanham, Maryland: Scarecrow Press, 2002. xi-xii

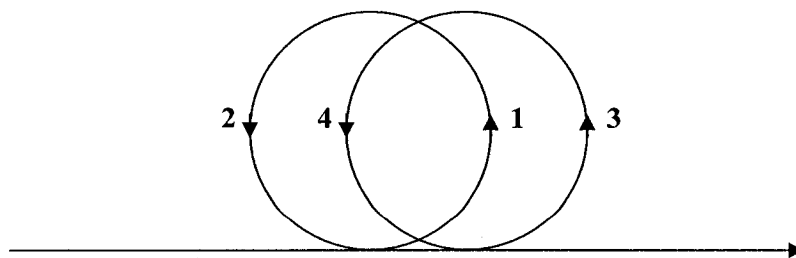
<sup>403</sup> Fringeli, Christoph “DREAMSTORY” #6 tr.Donald Nicholson-Smith with assistance from the author; Datacide; April 8, 2004: <http://datacide.c8.com/text/7-dream.html>

fertilized ovum self-dividing to multiply via several looping iterations: “point, dot, zero, drop, germ, seed, semen.”<sup>404</sup> *Bindu*. The dimensionless Euclidean point reveals itself to be a knot. A knot is formed when a trajectory that was proceeding straight ahead, has second thoughts and decides, perhaps irrationally, to loop back into itself, in a 360-degree turn, before resuming its rational journey.



However that loop is not stable and the knot disappears.

To stabilize the knot requires not one, but two turns of the circle with the second one interweaving the first in a cumulative 720 degrees rotation that constitutes the minimal knot. “Doubt doubly dramatized; doubt itself doubled, even doubted (“– – P = P”).”<sup>405</sup> The heart of a knot, the oval centre, is *Visces Pisces*<sup>xxi</sup>, a poised moment that is the third moment *temps* whence the generative centre of each circle lies on the circumference of the other. The knot is knotted with the *other*. Hence Aridne’s *thread* and Vitruvius’s *lora*.



The knot as a temporal point is a minimal labyrinth.

<sup>404</sup> Govinda (Qtd. Brown, Norman O. *Love's Body* NY: Random, 1966. p.190)

<sup>405</sup> Steiner, Robert. *Toward a Grammar of Abstraction: Modernity, Wittgenstein, and The Paintings of Jackson Pollock*. Pennsylvania: Pennsylvania State Univ. P. 1992, p.78

## The Kubrickian Corridor as *Memory*

*Kubrick's very particular way of using a tracking shot with a wide angle lens to follow someone walking down a corridor, through a maze or a narrow passageway, and giving the character's progress an epic, fatal, conquering or irresistible air...often seems to mean...I appropriate the space I cross: I clear the space before me...*<sup>406</sup>

With a “vision understood as passage”<sup>407</sup> Kubrick's films are enjoyed with the soles of our feet and our striding bodies as Mandrake walks down the hall with Guano trailing behind in *Dr. Strangelove*; as Poole jogs in the artificial gravity of the ever-looping Discovery centrifuge, Bowman's hurtling into the uterine chamber with the soundtrack silenced by the vacuum till he/it starts breathing again,<sup>408</sup> in his purposeful strides and ascension of the claustrophobic stairs to assassinate/disconnect HAL, as he cruises through the psychedelic Stargate in the last section of the “mythological documentary”<sup>409</sup> *2001 A Space Odyssey*; as Alex sauntering into the drug store that displays *2001* poster, as he drives through a territorial Stargate tearing through night's corridor, speeding HOME in *A Clockwork Orange*; as Bullingdon's dramatic entry and measured walk through several turns, seeking out his father in the club in *Barry Lyndon*; as the intense meanderings by a raving father, as his son driving his tricycle through demonic passages setting up an acoustic rhythm of unbearable suspense by trespassing alternately hard and soft floor surfaces in the inner labyrinth of Outlook, and in the outer maze: running along with his mother during the day and away from his father at night, whence his father was

406

Chion, p.66

407

Winton, p.293

408

Kubrick used his own breathing as a voice-over

409

Kubrick (Qtd. Walker, p.162)

chasing not him but his own chilling death in *The Shining*; as Sergeant Hartman's relentless clockwork looping of the Parris Island barracks in stride with his verbal diarrhoea in *Full Metal Jacket*; as Bills walks every everyday corridors of his home, his office, his dead patient's house, the mortuary, and in the corridors of Somerton's orgy in *Eyes Wide Shut*, a slow walk accompanying a haunting score with a chant<sup>410</sup> in one archaic language<sup>411</sup> *Parithranaya Saadhunam Vinashaya cha dushkrithaam Dharmasamsthabanarthaya Sambhavami yuge yuge*<sup>412</sup> that, when replaced with another passage<sup>413</sup>, disclosed in another language<sup>414</sup> *"Is this hell?...lovers..."*<sup>415</sup>

"Once, someone asked, "Why is it said that the eyes should be half-open and half-shut? I said, "The answer is easy. If you shut the eyes completely, you fall asleep. If you keep them fully open, they turn on all sides and prevent concentration."<sup>416</sup> Were our eyes wide shut when we walked, that Christmas Saturday,<sup>417</sup> into an underworld labyrinth, "between the Friday of crucifixion (pervasive antagonism, envy, felt meaninglessness) and the Sunday of the resurrection (achieved meaningfulness and reciprocity with

<sup>410</sup> Sri Lankan Tamil Carnatic vocalist Yogeswaran

<sup>411</sup> Sanskrit

<sup>412</sup> "For the protection of the virtuous, for the destruction of the evil and for the firm establishment of Dharma (righteousness), I take birth and am incarnated on Earth, from age to age." Bhagwad Gita (Qtd. Castle, Robert "The Dharma Blues", *Journal of Religion and Film* Vol. 6 No. 1 April 2002 March 21, 2004: Manickam <http://www.unomaha.edu/~wwwjrf/dharma.htm#1>)

<sup>413</sup> The disputed passage was replaced by a similar sounding but innocuous passage, in response to American Hindus Against Defamation protests. (Castle, Robert "The Dharma Blues", <http://www.unomaha.edu/~wwwjrf/dharma.htm#1>)

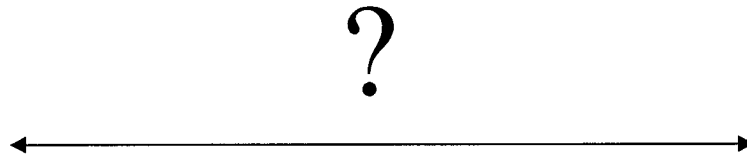
<sup>414</sup> Tamil

<sup>415</sup> <http://www.sensesofcinema.com/contents/02/23/ornament.html>. Hell is a 303 word long sentence.

<sup>416</sup> Bhagwad Gita: chapter 6, verse 10 (Qtd. Castle, Robert "The Dharma Blues", <http://www.unomaha.edu/~wwwjrf/dharma.htm#1>)

<sup>417</sup> December 25, 1999; the year *Eyes Wide Shut* was released, Christmas fell on Saturday

sensuous human life)”?<sup>418</sup> Or did we trespass Saturday by walking backwards from Friday to Sunday? Were we coming or going? A double-headed Janus-arrow with an interrogative mark hovering above, encapsulates the experience of walking the labyrinth:



The difference between a maze and labyrinth is in the nature of the experience they offer. The former is the domain of logos and the latter of mythos. The former originated recently<sup>419</sup> in the light of history the latter's origins are surrounded in the mist of myths. "The former requires logic to solve a puzzle; the latter demands faith to attain a goal."<sup>420</sup> The former is a branching tree; the latter is a meander.<sup>421</sup> The latter can be condensed into an everyday familiar mark, that we leave behind every question that we have in our lives: a single pathway that the individual dot traverses,<sup>xxii</sup> or is about to traverse, that has at its heart a diptych hinge, a 180-degree return:



The thread of Ariadne maps the walk-thru of the body's passage through space. The meander is in the walking, in the visceral traversing and not the optical plan seen from a

---

<sup>418</sup> George Steiner's formulation (Qtd. Eldridge, Richard *An Introduction to the Philosophy of Art* Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 2003, p.263)

<sup>419</sup> Renaissance

<sup>420</sup> Wright, p.3

<sup>421</sup> "The river Maender, which returns on itself, and flows now onward, now backward, in its course to the sea." April 11, 2004: <http://www.online-mythology.com/daedalus/>

"I think of poetry as an underground river that always exists" – author interviewed by Mignonne Dsouza, "The Poet Called His Son Noah, Inspiration Followed In A Deluge." *Bombay Times*, April 12, 1999, p.1

safe distance. We take our bodies for a walk vicariously, nay, tangibly, through the anthology of corridors of the Kubrickian labyrinth. Our bodies are mobile sites which are haunted by the full-frontal and reverse tracking cameras, by steadicams chasing us, gliding besides us, whirling around us, or hurtling through a catacomb of corridors, by cameras anchored to wheel chairs, to the chassis of a Citroen 2CV,<sup>422</sup> by films shot in high speed and then played in normal speed so that we may drift in space, even memorize space: “near the end of the film [*The Shining*], as Hallorann is walking through the lobby, as Jack is about to attack, I had the odd sensation of being *in* the fictional space.”<sup>423</sup> Moving “restlessly and relentlessly” inside “the greatest sets in movie history” with its “astonishing catacomb of corridors, rooms, lobbies, lounges, giant kitchens and basements,”<sup>424</sup> with its walls constructed out of remembrances, where spaces lead “into each other as in an architect’s blueprint,”<sup>425</sup> you move objectively via the wide-angle tracking shots or subjectively as Jack or Danny via the steady-wavering gaze of the hand-held Steadicam, via repeated viewings that Kubrick encourages, until you “create an extremely accurate, and potentially tangible, representation of the hotel within your brain”<sup>426</sup> and find yourself uncannily and inextricably, *inside*. That inside was more inside then you bargained for because

the camera movements establish a link with the maze outside, suggesting that the hotel is another maze; when Jack’s mind is associated with the maze we

---

<sup>422</sup> Car rebuilt into a camera dolly because it has a special spring-suspension evening out bumps in the ground. The authorized Stanley Kubrick Exhibition website Newsletter no. 5, March 2004

March 24, 2004: <http://www.stanleykubrick.de/eng.php?img=img-1-6&kubrick=newsletter05-eng>

<sup>423</sup> “I’ve never had this sensation before or since, and originally attributed it to a misfired synapse or a shift in the earth’s axis. But that sense never left me...” Gaughn, Michael *THE KUBRICK FAQ*, ed. Barry Krusch [www.krusch.com](http://www.krusch.com).

<sup>424</sup> Kroll, Jack “Stanley Kubrick’s Horror Show” *Newsweek Magazine*, June 2, 1980, pp.52-54.

March 30, 2004: <http://www.visual-memory.co.uk/amk/doc/0053.html>

<sup>425</sup> Walker, p.289

<sup>426</sup> “And THAT is what THE ART OF MEMORY is all about.” Gaughn, Michael.

understand that his mental deterioration is linked to the locale in which he lives, and this leads us to the film's final acknowledgement that the hotel is haunted.<sup>427</sup>

Architecture aids not only in remembering spaces (1), but architecture, as an ancient mnemonic device,<sup>428</sup> aids in the art of remembering itself (2). More significantly, however, architecture evokes the act of remembering (3). More than memory embodied, it instigates memory. Paradoxically its third role subverts the first one and subsumes the second as it transports/translates/displaces you into the third moment: *temps*. The *War Memorial for the Indian Navy*,<sup>429</sup> in retrospect a fragment of the labyrinth, encourages such a reading.

Black stone steps lead up to a black platform on which rises a semicircular black granite parapet. A right-angled triangular sheet of stainless steel is anchored to the wall, following its curvature. It emerges from the wall and spirals up to a point 16 feet vertically above the ground, like "a shard of sky. Something that is obviously a fragment...a disjunction."<sup>430</sup> In front of the curved shard of steel is a small rectangular

<sup>427</sup> Mainar, Luis M. Garcia *Narrative and Stylistic Patterns in the Films of Stanley Kubrick*, NY: Camden House, 1999, p.68

<sup>428</sup> Simonides of Ceos was one of the most prolific of the early 500 BC poets of Greece. He believed he was rescued by Castor and Pollux (whom he had evoked with his words in a banquet), who as vanishing-strangers had beckoned him out of the hall before the roof fell. He returned to rescue the dead by restoring them their names in accordance with their location; the poet's memory constituting the first memorial. Fittingly he excelled in elegies (e.g. The Lamentation of Danae fragment).

<sup>429</sup> Architect: the author. 1995 project at the shore of the Arabian sea, *INS Hamla* Naval Base, Bombay, India

<sup>430</sup> "The reflecting surface excises a piece of the sky and sets it against the original. The original is unlimited and contains boundless possibilities. The fragment that is removed is the image of this infinity made finite and demarcated by the edge of the stainless steel and limits of the distortion caused by the curved form. The lives of the dead sailors also once allowed infinite possibilities, but when these lives were truncated so too were their futures, and in this way their lives became describable, although imperfectly. One reduction of the life of a man is his name etched on a sheet of glass, sharing space with others of the same profession and similar fate. If you had cut the stainless horizontally across the top, it would not have been a shard of sky, something that is obviously a fragment, and my interpretation would be of a reflecting backdrop. It would suggest a calm continuity rather than a disjunction."

Rowat, Randall McLenaghan "memorial" viewer-response E-mail to the author. 4 December 2001



slab of glass. The names of the dead are etched in the transparent tablet. Etching is a process of removal; the absence of the glass is a disjunction in the transparency that leaves a visible trace: the calligraphy of absence. "Writing is a trace in which is read an effect of language."<sup>431</sup> The names cross the gap and linger on as larger-than-life virtual images reflected in the concave stainless-steel sail behind. Between the two falls the shadow of the names as a dark-text floating on the stainless screen. All the three texts are readable because the original etching itself was a mirror image.<sup>432</sup> Reading mirrored versions of the dead: etched, shadow and virtual, you see your face superimposed on them, looking back at you. You begin reading the book of dead tattooed on the terrain of live flesh. It no longer matters *what* the book says; it is *how* architecture says it. The *how*, in all its materiality and spatiality,<sup>433</sup> returns you from the dead. The *how* will endure, long after the significance of *what* and *who* fades from memory.<sup>434</sup> Paradoxically, this long-term memory of architecture never succumbs to Alzheimer's erasure, as ruins only intensify their power to provoke readings and evoke meanings. Therein lies the perennial-mnemonic potential of architecture, not as a carrier but as a catalyst of meaning. Hence memorials are mnemonic devices, but not merely as a way of remembering texts (that

---

<sup>431</sup> Lacan, Jacques. *Encore* (Qtd. Steiner, p.29)

<sup>432</sup> Just as in *The Shining*, Danny's mirrored-calligraphy makes sense only as a reflection in the mirror: *Redrum is murder* in the mirror.

<sup>433</sup> Simonides "method of memory places" is the classical anecdote of the art of memory. For an analysis of its chiasmic structure see Kunz, Donald "Simonides And The Art Of Memory"

April 11, 2004: [http://art3idea.ce.psu.edu/boundaries/basics/cc\\_simonides.html](http://art3idea.ce.psu.edu/boundaries/basics/cc_simonides.html)

Simonides also features in the *Protagoras* and of the definition of justice suggested by Cephalus "Then this is not the definition of justice: to tell the truth and *return what one has received*." "Nay, but it is, Socrates," said Polemarchus breaking in, "if indeed we are to put any faith in Simonides." (emphasis added) - Suzanne, Bernard *Plato and his Dialogues* "Protagoras, 339a-347a"

April 11, 2004: <http://www.perseus.tufts.edu/cgi-bin/ptext?lookup=Plat.+Rep.+331d>

<sup>434</sup> "The most influential early model of human memory - so influential that it is called the modal model - divides memory into two main components, a short-term store (STS) and a long-term store (LTS)." Garnham, Alan *The Mind in Action: A Personal View of Cognitive Science* London: Routledge 1991. Architecture's specific STS is trivial compared to its generic LTS.

function, was better accomplished by books that took over reading from architecture).<sup>435</sup> It is not what is read that establishes mnemonic architecture, but rather that architecture evokes a reading. Because architecture *does*, it does not *pronounce*. The writing on the wall was ultimately the wall itself. Architecture is mute but it does not render its witnesses mute.<sup>436</sup> On the contrary, that which means nothing<sup>437</sup> invariably provokes its audience to ask: *What does it mean?*

The face of your *doppelgänger*<sup>438</sup> “where normality and the Monster are two aspects of the same person”<sup>439</sup> peers at you *therkesthatai*<sup>440</sup> from the glass memorial-tablet, from behind a translucent textile of graven texts:

<sup>435</sup> “Human thought discovers a means of perpetuating itself, not only more durable and more resisting than architecture, but also simpler and more easy of achievement. Architecture is dethroned, the stone letters of Orpheus must give way to Gutenberg’s letters of lead. *The Book will destroy the Edifice*”-Hugo, Victor Marie (1802–1885). “This will destroy That” *Notre Dame de Paris*. Book V, Chapter II, Para: 27-28 The Harvard Classics Shelf of Fiction. 1917. (April 10, 2004 <http://www.bartleby.com/312/0502.html> )

<sup>436</sup> With two-thirds of the film being silent, the most mute of Kubrick’s films *2001 A Space Odyssey* has evoked more books than any of his other films. Seven and still counting (or eight if you include Arthur C. Clarke’s novel that was based on the film): (1)Wheat, Leonard F. *Kubrick’s 2001: A Triple Allegory*, Maryland: Scarecrow P, 2000 (Wheat’s book itself elucidates not one but three different and completely consistent ways, according to him, of reading the film: The Odysseus Allegory, The Man-Machine Symbiosis Allegory and The Zarathustra Allegory) ; (2) Stephanie Schwam,ed., *The Making of 2001: A Space Odyssey*, New York: Modern Library, 2000; (3) David G. Stork, ed., *Hal’s legacy: 2001’s Computer as Dream and Reality*, Cambridge: MIT Press,1997; (4) Piers Bizony, *2001: Filming the future*, London: Aurum Press, 1994; (5) Arthur C. Clarke, *The Lost Worlds of 2001*, Boston: Gregg Press, 1973; (6) Carolyn Geduld, *Filmguide to 2001: A Space Odyssey*, Bloomington: Indiana University Press,1973 and (7) Jerome Agel, ed., *The Making of Kubrick’s 2001*, NY: New American Library, 1970.

(April 11, 2004: Google throws up 239,000 sites in 0.91 seconds for “2001 A Space Odyssey”)

<sup>437</sup> “The work has no intrinsic meaning of its own; its role rather is to multiply meaning to produce through a kind of *embouteillage* a perpetual interference – cancellation, migration, and hybridization – of meanings.” Kwinter, Sanford. *Architectures of Time: Towards a Theory of the Event in Modernist Culture* Cambridge MA: MIT P, 2001. 195

<sup>438</sup> The *doppelgänger* has an *unheimlich* impression on a person, because it has “sprung from the soil of unbounded self-love, from the primary narcissism which dominates the mind of the child and of a primitive man. But when this state has been surmounted, the ‘double’ reverses its aspect. From having been an assurance of immortality, it becomes the uncanny harbinger of death.” Freud, Sigmund “The Uncanny” (Qtd. Dufresne p.18)

<sup>439</sup> Robin Wood (Qtd. Nelson, 198)

<sup>440</sup> “We have, perhaps, a site without an object, a locus suggested by the Homeric verb *therkesthatai*: (“to look at nothing, with longing”), and which ended with the epic.” Steiner, p.42

“I will make a confession and ask you to keep it to yourself, in consideration for myself, and not to share it with any friend or stranger. A question disturbs me: why, in fact, during all these years, I never frequented and conversed with you [...]? I think I have been avoiding you for some kind of fear of meeting my double...I always thought I would find - behind the poetical look - the hypothesis, the interests and the results that I knew were mine.”<sup>441</sup>

When subject and object copulate, knowledge is carnal knowledge.<sup>442</sup> The wreath laying ceremony,<sup>443</sup> which occurs late mornings, when the stain/less steeled sail gathers sunrays and reflects them to converge on you at the centre (that is where you stand, with the sun behind you). To pause at the centre of the gaze, that scorched Icarus’ wings, is unbearable. *Is this hell?...lovers...* The minute of silence stretches beyond as time dilates in the heat of *temps*. The centre of the labyrinth is never a place to tarry, but a place where you turn your face away, in tandem with walls of granite and steel, to retrace your steps. When you do that, you move out of the burning zone, turn your back to the centre and turn your face to the sun.<sup>444</sup> At the centre: the hinge folds. In the evening, the sun

<sup>441</sup> “...Forgive me for falling again into psychoanalysis, but this is what I do. I only know that psychoanalysis is not a way to be loved” Sigmund Freud in a letter of 1922 to Arthur Schnitzler expressed his fear of meeting him as he regarded him as his double. *Eyes Wide Shut* is based on Schnitzler’s Dream Novel *Traumnovelle*. (Qtd Telles, Sérgio “Kubrick And Schnitzler, An Incursion Into The “Unheimliche”: A few notes on Stanley Kubrick’s “Eyes wide shut”” March 21, 2004: <http://www.psychematters.com/>)

<sup>442</sup> Brown, p.249

<sup>443</sup> The time of the wreath laying ceremony. “The war memorial was inaugurated on 22 December 1995 by Vice Adm Inderjit Bedi PVSM, AVSM, ADC, The Commander-in-Chief, SNC” *Journal of Naval Logistics*, VI, 1996, Bombay: INS Hamla, p.2

<sup>444</sup> “If no reason stands in the way, and given the unrestricted power to do so, both the temple and the statue placed in the cella are to look toward the evening region of the sky, so that a person approaching the altar to make offerings or sacrifice looks to the part of the sky where the sun rises and also at the statue in the temple.” Vitruvius 4.5.1 (McEwen, p.173)

For an aniconic architect the only permissible statue would be the one in flesh blood: the visitor/viewer/receptient. Hence, to achieve Vitruvian ends you are made to move contra-Vitruvius. You are made to move as augurs do, as the sun does, from east to west. To enable that necessitated changing the site itself (the first inkling that the Commanding Officer of the Naval base, Commodore Trilochan Mishra had of the scope of an architect’s intervention). Hence while you take the place of the statue facing West, your reflection takes your place facing east. When you turn to leave, you face the Vitruvian east and enter the world that your reflection’s gaze inhabits. Henceforth you shall either see the world through the eyes of your reflection, or the reflection’s gaze will emanate from your eyes. “*If in the morning sun I find it, there my eyes are fix’d / In happy copulation.*” - Blake (Qtd. Brown, p.249).

descends to set the stainless shard of steel ablaze with the crimson of its dying hues.<sup>84 445</sup>

The reflecting steel, which was a sail set against the sea, is now set aflame with the deepening ember of the fading light. The stainless walls of the labyrinth are stained with transient reflections of water, fire, names, and their moving shadows.

---

<sup>445</sup> *Rien que le lieu, de préférence le lieu architectural* "Passions for architectural space cannot be dissociated from passions for light" Peter Greenaway. *Positif*, June 1994, p. 43 (Qtd. Penz, Francois and Maureen Thomas Ed, p.73)

## The Kubrickian Centre as *Hinge*

*We are more closely tied to the invisible than to the visible.* – Novalis<sup>446</sup>

*The role of the architect is to make visible that which is invisible.* – Frascari<sup>447</sup>

Almost six millennia ago a calligrapher wrote on a wall: *Johannes de eyck fuit hi.*<sup>448</sup> As he was also the one who designed the wall in the first place, we can succinctly translate the Latin graffiti as: “I was here.” The calligrapher-architect-artist then proceeded to construct the “here”: the primary subject matter<sup>449</sup> of *Arnolfini Portrait*<sup>450</sup> that we can assert with any certainty: the painting is about the space that constituted “here.” Next to the spatial assertion, the calligrapher-architect-artist inserted a temporal one “1425”: the date of his “was.” Beneath the temporal “was” and the spatial “here” hang two objects doubling the pairing of time and space: an alchemical rosary<sup>451</sup> and a convex mirror. The rosary is a temporal device and the mirror is a space catcher. The light-catching rosary has 29 beads to track the cyclical passage of the moon.<sup>452</sup>

---

<sup>446</sup> 1713 AD (Qtd. Frascari, p.13)

<sup>447</sup> 1991 AD Frascari, p.4

<sup>448</sup> 1425 AD “*Jan van Eyck was here*”

<sup>449</sup> 2004 AD My reading of the primary subject matter, derived from the cinematic analogy of shot/reverse-shot, goes against Arnolfini scholarship: the last chapter in Erwin Panofsky's 1953 *Early Netherlandish Painting* to the contemporary works: Hall, Edwin. *The Arnolfini Betrothal: Medieval Marriage and the Enigma of Jan van Eyck's double portrait*, California: Univ. of California P. 1994; Harbison, Craig. *Jan van Eyck: The Play of Realism* (Reaktion Books, 1991), Washington: Univ. of Washington P, 1995 and Seidel, Linda *Jan van Eyck's Arnolfini Portrait: Stories of an Icon* Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1993

<sup>450</sup> National Gallery, London, April 12, 2004: <http://www.nationalgallery.org.uk/cgi-bin/WebObjects.dll/CollectionPublisher.woa/wa/largeImage?workNumber=NG186>

<sup>451</sup> 29 beads glistening with trapped light hearkens us to the 29<sup>th</sup> verse of Hebrew 12:29: “...a consuming fire.” The rosary's inexplicable 29 beads makes it similar to the loop rosary carried by a female statue among the mourners at the *Tomb of Richard Beuchamp* (1443-64) belonging to the same period as *Arnolfini Portrait* 1425.

<sup>452</sup> The rosary being a cyclical device entails that you proceed from the tassel, reach the 15<sup>th</sup> bead which is the hinge from which you begin your finger-walk's journey back to the tassel at the beginning. The rosary as a pocket-labyrinth that wanes from the full-moon to the moonless centre and then returns, with a new moon waxing to another full moon.

By its location at the centre of *Arnolfini Portrait*, its circular profile and by its corneal bulge, the mirror is the “eye”<sup>453</sup> in the painting. Hence we can temporally displace the subject and substitute the “I” with its mechanical surrogate and aurally identical “eye” to transport the translation to “Eye is here.” Yoking the text and objects together we get the fusion: “*I/eye wa/i/s here.*”

I-Eye: the hyphen hearkens the human-machine partnership of our gaze and that of the camera’s; an incestuous relationship that is “a coterminus perception and expression of a mutually lived world”<sup>454</sup> involving an android with four soft and hard lenses: two belonging to human beings (the director/sender and the viewer/recipient) and two to machines (camera/recipient and projector/sender). The cinematic association is relevant because the painting employs the classic *shot / reverse-shot* manoeuvre employed to establish the absence of the director in order to reinforce our willing suspension of disbelief, while we read the space in its totality. The camera shows us one side and then the other thereby proclaiming its own absence. Together the shot / reverse-shot establishes a continuity in space *without* the visual presence of the camera in between, to maintain the fictive intimacy between the viewer and the viewed (as if sans agency).

Painting half a room with half the people present (the Arnolfini male and female), Jan Eyck has you peer into the eye of the mirror to complete the painting by examining the mirrored other half of the room into which are stepping in two mirrored witnesses, crossing the threshold into the doubly-virtual space. Like the camera, Jan Eyck too

---

<sup>453</sup> Adams, Laurie Schneider, p.556

<sup>454</sup> Sobchack, Vivian. 1992. 173

disappears from the scene by establishing the cinematic dynamic shot / reverse-shot with the aid of the static convex mirror (the-reverse-shot-within-the-shot). Unlike Velasquez two centuries later, the artist and canvas are nowhere to be seen.<sup>455</sup> The painting is thrice framed<sup>456</sup> a simple outer frame,<sup>457</sup> a significant one within the painting: an ornate frame<sup>458</sup> framing the circular mirror, and between the simple-outer and the ornate-inner frame is the third frame.<sup>459</sup> The painting with all its frames is itself a frame that frames a hole in the wall into which slip half the room, along with the represented Arnolfini couple, mirrored witnesses who stand where we as contemporary witnesses stand and where claimed the artist that he once stood. The multiple subjects keep the mirror crowded and the gaze occupied. Whose gaze is it that we speak of in a painting that mixes perceptual-realism with an older invocational-symbolization?

“Because they reflected a large area , they were used by shopkeepers (as they still are today to detect pilfering. As such, they were the “eyes” of owners who wanted to guard their possessions. Van Eyck’s mirror has therefore been interpreted, in Christian terms, as God’s eye.”<sup>460</sup>

Or in Kubrickian secular terms: *Beyond the Infinite*. To reach the vanishing point of all perspectives is to surmount the “*curvature of the space itself*” which causes us to make a

<sup>455</sup> Deducing the artist to be one of the mirrored witnesses is a prevalent misreading in an attempt to tally with his assertion that he was there. He was there all right *while* the picture was under construction, as is the director in the construction of a film (the construction, though, continues in the eyes and mind of the beholders). But the very making entailed an erasure of their continuing presence. Hence too, the reportage form of the calligraphic proclamation - as third person in past tense - “Jan van Eyck *was* here.” He *was* here, but he *is* no longer, having ensured with a remarkable painting that while “here” most definitely continues to be *here* (its heuristic perspective notwithstanding); he *is* no longer here but once *was* there.

<sup>456</sup> ...a frame can be like a superior detective, come to force the picture to confess its real intentions, saying, as detectives will: “Come out, come out! You’re surrounded!”

Gopnik, Adam “A Frame” *Defining Edges* by W. H. Bailey, NY: Harry Abrams, 2002, p.9

<sup>457</sup> The painting's original frame may have had sexually charged lines from Ovid (Harbison, Craig. *Jan van Eyck: The Play of Realism* Washington: Univ. of Washington P, 1995).

<sup>458</sup> Self-reflexive frame of 10 circular mini-frames that frame the Passion as a cinematic sequence.

<sup>459</sup> “The field of reality rests upon the extraction of the object *a*, which nevertheless frames it.” – Jacques Lacan, *Ecrits* Paris, Seuil, 1966, p.554 (Qtd. Zizek 1991, p.94). Presence framed by absence.

<sup>460</sup> Adams, Laurie Schneider, p.556

bend precisely when we want to get directly at the object.”<sup>461</sup> To reach the centre of the labyrinth is to reach the end of the final section of this thesis<sup>462</sup> and of the fourth/final section of *2001 A Space Odyssey*: “Jupiter and Beyond the Infinite.”

The moment the ape<sup>463</sup> in the opening section throws his weapon, the bone-club, up in the blue sky the labyrinthine spiralling begins. The slow spiralling bone shock-cuts<sup>464</sup> to dark space where it falls as a floating “orbiting bomb”<sup>465</sup> and the gentle notes of Strauss’ waltz begin. Next cut to the giant Wheel orbiting space station; cut to space shuttle *Orion* heading towards it; cut to *Orion* interior, to a pen adrift from the pocket of the first person you see (and whose recorded voice is the last you’ll hear),<sup>466</sup> close-up on the rotating pen (bone/bomb/pen swirling analogously correlating weapon/technology/language) as the music hits a crescendo...cut to a view of orbiting station as seen from *Orion*; cut to the graphic representation on the pilot’s display-panels: the Wheel rotating in plan; cut to the rotating stars as seen from the landing dock of the orbiting station while *Orion* swings into the view; cut to a long shot of both *Orion* and the orbiting station rotating in synch:

<sup>461</sup> Zizek, Slavoj. *Enjoy Your Symptom: Jacques Lacan in Hollywood and out* rev. ed., NY: Routledge, 2001, p.48-49

<sup>462</sup> The antithesis of *Thesis* (Gk. “placing”) is *Arsis* (Gk. “lifting”). Thesis and Arsis mean the opposite of what they appear to say, in the sense that the “placing” is the *unaccented* part of a metrical foot and the “lifting” is the *stressed* syllable of a metrical foot. (*The New Lexicon Webster’s Dictionary of the English Language*, 1987 ed.) Hence “if, in the context of our essay ... we keep in mind the Greek sense of *thesis* – to let lie forth in its radiance and presence – then the ‘fix’ in ‘fix in place’ can never have the sense of rigid, motionless and secure.” Martin Heidegger *Poetry Language Thought* Tr. Albert Hofstadter (New York: Harper & Row 1975) p.83

<sup>463</sup> Moonwatcher

<sup>464</sup> An audacious jump-cut of 4 million years story time.

<sup>465</sup> Frederick Ordway, technical consultant on the film. . (Qtd. Wheat, Leonard F. *Kubrick’s 2001: A Triple Allegory*, Maryland: Scarecrow P, 2000, p.20). The bomb is often mistaken for a spaceship which appears in subsequent cuts and is of a distinctly different shape.

<sup>466</sup> The pre-recorded message of Dr. Floyd (after Bowman has disconnected HAL) ending with “...the four million year old black monolith has remained completely inert. Its origin and purpose , still a total mystery.”



and hence cut to a non-rotating Wheel as it now appears from the in-synch rotating *Orion* and finally cut to a medium shot of the dancing partners in a spatial/sexual cinematic waltz. However “we do not know if the dance is the result of camera movement, of movement of the ships, or of both movements at the same time.”<sup>467</sup>

We will examine two more circumambulatory scenes that reinforce the spatial ambiguity of the zero-gravity labyrinth, before proceeding to its centre. When the flight attendant walks up the circular transition zone and turns upside down, the camera makes its presence felt as an intermediary agent by rotating the view to restore her right side up to suit your territorial tastes. Between I-eye, the hyphen too rotates. Bowman too is first seen as a revolving reflection in HAL’s singular eye.<sup>468</sup> An even more sustained sequence of the spatial uncanny occurs when Poole goes jogging inside the turn wheel of *Discovery* spaceship.

In the track scene we find oblique visual lines created by elements of mise-en-scène: the edges of the track cutting across the frame render a perspective that posits a vanishing point outside the frame. The completion of the composition is impossible, since its vanishing point is outside, and, as such lines are part of a full circle, such a completion of perspective by reaching the vanishing point cannot be shown within the frame.<sup>469</sup>

It is towards that vanishing point, inside Van Eyck’s mirror, that we shall proceed, in the final section of the film, to reach the very centre of the labyrinth. It begins with rays of light emanating from the vanishing point towards which *we* hurtle as it is shot from

---

<sup>467</sup> Mainar, p.78

<sup>468</sup> Even if we map the path of our eyes as we walk on earth, we will discover the trajectory of our moving eyeballs to be a spiral as a result of the vertical displacement due to rising and falling steps, the bobbing of the head, the gentle sway from side to side in tandem with the walking rhythm. The author has yet to pursue this notion by actual mapping.

<sup>469</sup> Mainar, p.78

Bowman's point of view, which is our point of view, until, ever so often,<sup>470</sup> the reverse shot fills the screen with Bowman's eye stained with all the changing hues of the time warp that he experiences. The psychedelic colours are mapped onto his eyes as they metamorphose into alien landscapes. Van Eyck's mirror fixed to the wall has metamorphosed into a hole that we always suspected and into which we fall and falls with us the shot/ reverse-shot, always with us / ahead of us<sup>471</sup> until that which was meant to conceal its presence begins to reveal itself with its frequency and by the discrepancy in the depth of field: shot is a wide angle while the reverse-shot is a close-up. Finally all we are left with is the psychedelic-eye blinking three times and with the fourth blink to eighth blink changing its colours with each blink, until the ninth blink is that of an eye suddenly restored its natural brown while it continues to blink five more times. Only then does the reverse shot let go and what the shot reveals is the neo-neoclassical interior seen through the eye of the pod which is an oval on a vertical axis in stark contrast to the blinking eye that was an oval on a horizontal axis. Hence again we encounter the Torrancian Twist<sup>472</sup> a 90° spatial ellipsis that shifts our orientation. The labyrinth turns into a *temple*<sup>473</sup> while we zoom into the sanctum and are further unnerved to find that outside the pod is another inside. The spatial displacement is even more radical than we thought, with a "contradictory 'topography of inside outside' (*topique des fors*)."<sup>474</sup> The sinister Torrancian Twist of our gaze has at the end of our *frayage* brought us into

<sup>470</sup> Ten times during the Stargate sequence.

<sup>471</sup> The camera hurtles in free fall much as it did, physically through the window as a surrogate of Alex committing suicide in a Clockwork Orange.

<sup>472</sup> Granted 12 years before Torrance, but then *The Shining* was 21 years before the story's 2001. Trust Torrance for temporal twists in tandem with spatial ones.

<sup>473</sup> "the basic word *temeyos* (*tempus*), *templum* signified nothing other than bisection, intersection..." Usener qtd. by Cassirer qtd. by Frascari, p.107

<sup>474</sup> Rand, Nicholas T. Translator's Introduction to *The Wolf Man's Magis Word: A Cryptonomy*. Abraham, Nicolas, and Maria Torok Minneapolis: Univ. of Minnesota P., 1986 lxviii

*frayeur*,<sup>475</sup> and hustled us, however inadvertently and involuntarily, inside the pristine centre of the labyrinth. We land as reverse-engineered Daedalus from the lurid sky.

The shift from the Star-Gate to the final room sequence also can be viewed as a shift from high modernist discourse to a more postmodern one. Individual consciousness gives way to a fractured, disengaged point of view, with no individual character as origin. The audience's role as observer and participant is invoked as the film plays not only with our sense of logic but with the very sense of subjectivity.<sup>476</sup>

After almost six millennia, Van Eyck's room is empty. Arnolfini<sup>477</sup> and his wife have long gone. The blue figure in the mirror has disappeared. The red figure in the mirror, who by most accounts was Van Eyck himself now looks out of the mirror and sees himself standing in the room with his back to us, facing the mirror, he asks "*Est-ce que c'est lui ou est-ce que c'est moi?*"<sup>478</sup> Is it him or is it me?"<sup>478</sup> At this moment, when each new shot in the chain of shot/reverse-shot reveals not only the absence of the camera but the presence of a new space (that erases the character in the previous shot) and new time (the character ages each time) in a moment that is "something like divination"<sup>479</sup> that is both location/dislocation, in a misplaced topography of both inside/outside oneself, the player has turned into a bipartite amalgam that is both self /not self; and even a vanishing one that is neither self/not self.

<sup>475</sup> Kristeva's word play *frayage/ frayeur* i.e. *pathway/dread*; or the seduction of the spectator through the specular. Kristeva, Julia "Ellipsis on Dread and the Specular Seduction" in P. Rosen (ed) *Narrative, Apparatus Ideology: A Film Theory Reader*, NY: Columbia UP, 1986 (Qtd. Fuery, Patrick and Kelli Fuery. *Visual Cultures and Critical Theor*, London: Arnold, 2003, p.25).

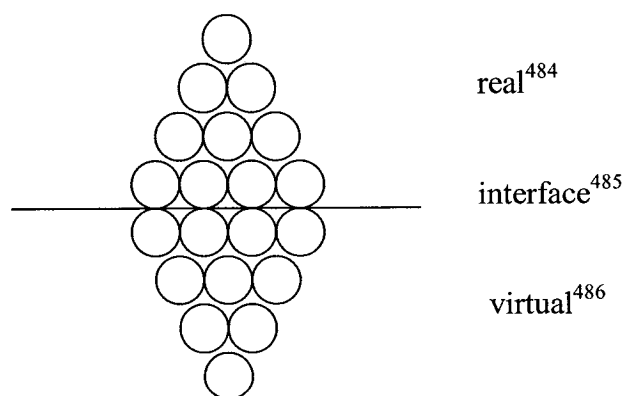
<sup>476</sup> Falsetto, 2001, p.117

<sup>477</sup> Arnolfini Portrait <http://www.nationalgallery.org.uk/cgi-bin/WebObjects.dll/CollectionPublisher.woa/wa/largeImage?workNumber=NG186>

<sup>478</sup> Lacan, Jacques. *Livre XX: Encore 1972-1973*, Paris: Seuil, 1975, p.97 (Qtd. Fuery, p.23)

<sup>479</sup> Lacan, Jacques. 1988, p.181 (Qtd. Fuery, p.33)

The red bed in Van Eyck's room is finally occupied. "The grotesque body is a chiasm expressing two bodies in a single one: one is "giving birth and dying, the other conceived, generated, and born...From one body a new body always emerges in some form or another."<sup>480</sup> The mute monolith<sup>481</sup> appears.<sup>482</sup> It stands between the two halves of Van Eyck's single room one 'real' and the other "virtual", interfacing films and architecture<sup>483</sup>



<sup>480</sup> Frascari p.35, citing Bakhtin.

<sup>481</sup> 2001's black monolith was originally designed as a tetrahedron "because it had more surface area per volume than any other design and was thus the optimum one for a sun powered device. It did not survive in the finished film, the mythical properties of the monolith being preferred to the logical ones of the tetrahedron..." Walker, p.129

<sup>482</sup> 2004: "The tour through the exhibition starts on the ground floor of Deutsches Filmmuseum...the tour continues at Deutsches Architektur Museum. For the duration of this exhibition the connecting door between the two museums will remain open. Outside, a new model of the monolith from 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY stands as the connecting link between the two buildings "The authorized Stanley Kubrick Exhibition 31 March to 4 July 2004. Newsletter no. 5, <http://www.stanleykubrick.de/>

<sup>483</sup> Hypercorrectness (language rule based on incorrect premises but done with intent to be correct; the bane of academia) may place a period at the end of the thesis. However its placement would be misplaced in a text that denies the arrival at the very destination in which it has faith and no evidence (other than circumstantial). The centre is the venue of return.

<sup>484</sup> Besides, nine sections leave the Pythagorean *tetractys* ( $1+2+3+4 = 10$ ) that stabilizes the ten individual scroll-books of Vitruvius, hadless. So we leave the 9<sup>th</sup> section to loop back as the Star Child in the 1<sup>st</sup> section, and turn the Vitruvian constellation on its head in search of the 1<sup>st</sup> that returns as the 10<sup>th</sup>. "Ten, Vitruvius knew, was *perfectus* – complete, finished." (McEwen, p.43)

<sup>485</sup> Augustus, astute recipient of the Vitruvian text, died with an architectural epitaph on his lips, "I leave stony-skinned the Rome of earth I received as an inheritance." He then went on to occupy the central paradigm of architecture: the theatre (central paradigm according to Alberti; although Augustus died more than a millennia and a half before Alberti's birth). According to Suetonius *Divus Augustus* 99.1 Dio Cassius 56.30.4 as per McEwen, p.299: "the dying emperor asked for a mirror [interface], "had his hair combed and falling jaws set straight," and then, as Dio Cassius also reports, requested applause like a comic actor about to leave the stage at the end of a farce."

<sup>486</sup> Table of Contents, page v.

Appendix 1: Prologue

Thomas, Dylan. *The Collected Poems Dylan Thomas*, NY: New Directions Book 1946, p.xv-xviii

		Mapped Rhyme	
Poem	line no.		
	Rhyme	(by rotating the poem at the diptych hinge by 180 degrees) In a 102 line poem, the hinge occurs between lines 51 and 52. Trivially in a 100 page essay by the bricoleur (in which the bibliography migrates from being a supplement to becoming a part of the mainstream along with the Appendix ) the hinge would occur between page 50 and 51; chronologically the beginning of the writing, from where the essay went in reverse to reach the Site and thence the bow was released for the arrow to become a part of the Scaffolding.	line no.

This day winding down <b>now</b>	01	now	now.	102
At God speeded summer's <b>end</b>	02	end	end	101
In the torrent salmon <b>sun</b> ,	03	sun,	sun	100
In my seashaken <b>house</b>	04	house	mouse	99
On a breakneck of <b>rocks</b>	05	rocks	fox	98
Tangled with chirrup and <b>fruits</b> ,	06	.fruits	flute	97
Froth, flute,fin and <b>quill</b>	07.	quill	hill.	96
At a wood's dancing <b>hoof</b> ,	08	.hoof	move	95
By scummed, starfish <b>sands</b>	09	.sands	lands	94
With their fishwife <b>cross</b>	10	.cross	Across	93
Gulls,pipers,cockles, and <b>sails</b> ,	11	.sails	Wales	92
Out there,crow black, <b>men</b>	12	men	then	91
Tackled with clouds,who <b>kneel</b>	13	kneel	field	90
To the sunset <b>nets</b> ,	14	nets	sets	89
Geese nearly in heaven, <b>boys</b>	15	boys	noise	88
Stabbing, and herons, and <b>shells</b>	16	shells	bells	87
That speak seven <b>seas</b> ,	17	seas	fleece	86
External waters <b>away</b>	18	away	bay	85
From the cities of <b>nine</b>	19	nine	moonshine	84
Days' night whose towers will <b>catch</b>	20	catch	patch	83
In the religious <b>wind</b>	21	wind	finned	82
Like stalks of tall, dry <b>straw</b> ,	22	straw	war	81
At poor peace I <b>sing</b>	23	sing	cling	80
To you strangers (though <b>song</b>	24	song	throng	79
Is a burning and crested <b>act</b> ,	25	act	haystacked	78
The fire of birds <b>in</b>	26	in	thin	77
The world's turning <b>wood</b> ,	27	wood	beasthood	76
For my sawn,splay <b>sounds</b> ),	28	sounds	grounds	75
Out of these seathumbed <b>leaves</b>	29	leaves	thieves	74
That will fly and <b>fall</b>	30	fall	puffball	73
That leaves of trees and as <b>soon</b>	31	soon	tune	72
Crumble and <b>undie</b>	32	undie	my	71
Into the dogdayed <b>night</b> .	33	night.	smite	70
Seaward the salmon,sucked sun <b>slips</b> ,	34	slips	ship's	69
And the dumb swans drub <b>blue</b>	35	blue	who	68
My dabbed bay's dusk,as I <b>hack</b>	36	hack	jack	67
This rumpus of <b>shapes</b>	37	shapes	capcs	66
For you to <b>know</b>	38	know	woe	65
How I, a spinning <b>man</b> ,	39	man	clan	64
Glory also this star, <b>bird</b>	40	bird	herd	63
Roared, sea born, man torn, blood <b>blest</b> ,	41	blest	nest	62
Hark: I trumpet the <b>place</b> ,	42	place	praise	61
From fish to jumping hill! <b>Look</b> :	43	Look	rook	60
I build my bellowing <b>ark</b>	44	ark	dark	59
To the best of my <b>love</b>	45	love	dive	58
As the flood <b>begins</b> ,	46	begins	bryns	57
Out of the <b>fountainhead</b>	47	fountainhead	dead	56
Of fear, rage red, <b>manalive</b> ,	48	manalive	dive	55
Molten and mountainous to <b>stream</b>	49	stream	moonbeam	54
Over the wound <b>asleep</b>	50	asleep	keep	53
Sheep white hollow <b>farms</b>	51	farms	arms	52



To Wales in my <b>arms</b> .	52
Hoo,there, in castle <b>keep</b> ,	53
You king singsong owls, who <b>moonbeam</b>	54
The flickering runs and <b>dive</b>	55
The dingle furred deer <b>dead!</b>	56
Huloo, on plumbed <b>bryns</b> ,	57
O my ruffled ring <b>dive</b>	58
In the hooting, nearly <b>dark</b>	59
With Welsh and reverent <b>rook</b> ,	60
Coo rooing the woods' <b>praise</b> ,	61
Who moons her blue notes from her <b>nest</b>	62
Down to the curlew <b>herd!</b>	63
Ho, hullaballoing <b>clan</b>	64
Agape, with <b>woe</b>	65
In your beaks, on the gabbing <b>capas!</b>	66
Heigh,on horseback hill, <b>jack</b>	67
Whisking hare! <b>Who</b>	68
Hears, there, this fox light, my flood <b>ship's</b>	69
Clangour as I hew and <b>smite</b>	70
(A clash of anvils for <b>my</b>	71
Hubbub and fiddle, this <b>tune</b>	72
On a tongued <b>puffball</b> )	73
But animals thick as <b>thieves</b>	74
On God's rough tumbling <b>grounds</b>	75
(Hail to His <b>beasthood!</b> ).	76
Beasts who sleep good and <b>thin</b> ,	77
Hist, in hogsback woods! The <b>haystacked</b>	78
Hollow farms in a <b>throng</b>	79
Of waters cluck and <b>cling</b> ,	80
And barnroofs cockcrow <b>war!</b>	81
O kingdom of neighbours, <b>finned</b>	82
Felled and quilled, flash to my <b>patch</b>	83
Work ark and the <b>moonshine</b>	84
Drinking Noah of the <b>bay</b> ,	85
With pelt, and scale, and <b>fleece:</b>	86
Only the drowned deep <b>bells</b>	87
Of sheep and churches <b>noise</b>	88
Poor peace as the sun <b>sets</b>	89
And dark shoals every holy <b>field</b> .	90
We will ride out alone, and <b>then</b> ,	91
Under the stars of <b>Wales</b> ,	92
Cry,Multitudes of arks! <b>Across</b>	93
The water lidded <b>lands</b> ,	94
Manned with their loves they 'll <b>move</b> ,	95
Like wooden islands,hill to <b>hill</b> .	96
Huloo,my prowed dove with a <b>flute!</b>	97
Ahoy, old,sea-legged <b>fox</b> ,	98
Tom tit and Dai <b>mouse!</b>	99
My ark sings in the <b>sun</b>	100
At God speeded summer's <b>end</b>	101
And the flood flowers <b>now</b> .	102

## Bibliography

### Films

Kubrick, Stanley, dir. *Lolita* 1962 Screenplay: Vladimir Nobokov based on his novel “Lolita”, Videocassette: Stanley Kubrick Collection Warner 2001

Kubrick, Stanley, dir. *Dr. Strangelove: Or: How I Learned To Stop Worrying And Love The Bomb* 1964 Screenplay: Stanley Kubrick, Peter George & Terry Southern based on the book ‘Red Alert’ by Peter George, Videocassette: Stanley Kubrick Collection Warner 2001

Kubrick, Stanley, dir. *2001 A Space Odyssey* 1968 Screenplay: Stanley Kubrick and Arthur C. Clarke, Videocassette: Stanley Kubrick Collection Warner 2001

Kubrick, Stanley, dir. *A Clockwork Orange* 1971 Screenplay: Stanley Kubrick based on the novel by Anthony Burgess Videocassette: Stanley Kubrick Collection Warner 2001

Kubrick, Stanley, dir. *Barry Lyndon* 1975 Screenplay: Stanley Kubrick based on the novel by William Makepeace Thackeray Videocassette: Stanley Kubrick Collection Warner 2001

Kubrick, Stanley, dir. *The Shining* 1980 Screenplay: Stanley Kubrick & Diane Johnson based on the novel by Stephen King. Videocassette: Stanley Kubrick Collection Warner 2001

Kubrick, Stanley, dir. *Full Metal Jacket* 1987 Screenplay: Stanley Kubrick, Michael Herr, Gustav Hasford, based on the novel ‘The short-times by Gustav Hasford. Videocassette: Stanley Kubrick Collection Warner 2001

Kubrick, Stanley, dir. *Eyes Wide Shut* 1999 Screenplay: Stanley Kubrick and Frederic Raphael. Videocassette: Stanley Kubrick Collection Warner 2001

Harlan, Jan, dir. *Stanley Kubrick: A Life In Pictures* 1999 Videocassette: Stanley Kubrick Collection Warner 2001

### Paintings

VELAZQUEZ, Diego Las Meninas

<http://www.edu.ge.ch/cptic/prospective/enseignements/velasquez/velasquez/meninas.html>

Masaccio: Adam & Eve Expelled from Paradise

<http://cgfa.sunsite.dk/masaccio/p-masaccio4.htm>

The Arnolfini Portrait by Van Eyck

[http://www.nationalgallery.org.uk/cgi-](http://www.nationalgallery.org.uk/cgi-bin/WebObjects.dll/CollectionPublisher.woa/wa/largeImage?workNumber=NG186)

[bin/WebObjects.dll/CollectionPublisher.woa/wa/largeImage?workNumber=NG186](http://www.nationalgallery.org.uk/cgi-bin/WebObjects.dll/CollectionPublisher.woa/wa/largeImage?workNumber=NG186)



## Bricoleur's Bricolage of Books & Articles

(approx. 10 primary, 10 secondary & the rest tertiary)

- Adams, Laurie Schneider** Art Across Time Second edition Boston: McGraw Hill, 2002
- Alemaný-Galway, Mary. A Postmodern Cinema: The Voice of the Other in Canadian Film. Lanham, Maryland: Scarecrow Press, 2002.
- American Institute of Architects Career Profile: Architect Washinton DC: AIA Advisory Council 1989 American Institute of Architects Architecture Education in North America: A brief history Washinton DC: AIA Advisory Council 1989
- Appignanesi, Richard and Chris Garrat "The Genealogy of Postmodern Theory" Introducing Postmodernism Cambridge: Icon Books,
- Baxter, John, Stanley Kubrick: A Biography, NY: Carroll & Graf P, 1997
- Bataille, Georges Essential Writings Ed. Michael Richardson, London:Thousand Oaks. New Delhi: SAGE Publications 1998, p.217
- Bataille, Georges Inner Experience Tr. Leslie Anne Boldt; New York: State Univ. of NY
- Berger, John, Ways of Seeing, NY: Penguin, 1977**
- Borges, Jorge Luis The Aleph and Other Stories Ed. Tr. Norman Thomas di Giovanni and Borges, NY: E. P. Dutton, 1970
- Brook, Andrew & Robert J. Stainton Knowledge and Mind: A Philosophical Introduction Cambridge: MIT Press
- Bauman, Zygmunt. Life in Fragments: Essays in Postmodern Morality, Oxford: Blackwell 1995
- Calvino, Italo, "The Chales Eliot Norton Lectures 1985-86," Six Memos for the Next Millennium, NY: Vintage Books, 1993
- Casetti, Francesco. "In Search of The Spectator" Inside the Gaze: The Fiction Film and Its Spectator. Trans. Neill Andrew and Charles O'Brien. Bllomington: Indiana Univ. P, 1998
- Ciment, Michel Kubrick** Trans. Gilbert Adair, London: Collins, 1983
- Cipolla, Gaetano Labyrinth: Studies on an Archetype** NY: Legas 1987
- Castricano, Jodey Cryptomimesis: The Gothic and Jacques Derrida's Ghost Writing. Montreal: McGill UP, 2002.
- Cousins, Mark "Building an Architect" Occupying Architecture: Between the Architect and the User. Jonathan Hill ed. London: Routledge 1998
- Daniel C Consciousness Explained Boston: Little Brown Company 1991
- Dufresne, Todd. Tales from the Freudian Crypt: The Death Drive in Text and Context Stanford: Stanford UP, 2000
- Dahlbom, Bo ed. Dennet and his Critics: Demystifying Mind Oxford UK: Blackwell 1993
- Deleuze, Gilles. Cinema 1: The Movement-Image Trans. Hugh Tomlinson and Barbara Habberjam Minneapolis: Univ. of Minnesota P. 1986
- Derrida, Jacques. "Ousia and Gramme: Note one a Note from Being and Time," Tr. Alan Bass. In Jacques Derrida, Margins of Philosophy. Chicago: Univ. of Chicago P, 1982
- Eco, Umberto "The Poetics of the Open Work" The Role of the Reader: Explorations in the Semiotics of Texts** Bloomington: Indiana Univ. P., 1984
- Eldridge, Richard An Introduction to the Philosophy of Art Cam.: Cambridge UP, 2003
- Falsetto, Mario. Perspectives on Stanley Kubrick, NY: G.K.Hall, 1996**
- **Stanley Kubrick: A Narrative and Stylistic Analysis**, Praeger Publishers, 2001
- Farronato, Cristina. Eco's Chaosmos: From the Middle Ages to Postmodernity Canada: U Toronto P. 2003
- Franck, Karen A. & R. Bianca Lepori Architecture Inside Out New York: Wiley Academy 2000
- Frascari, Marco. Monsters of Architecture: Anthropomorphism in Architectural Theory**, Maryland: Rowman & Littlefield P. 1991
- Fuery, Patrick and Kelli Fuery. Visual Cultures and Critical Theory, London: Arnold, 2003

- Gay P. Freud: A Life of Our Time NY: Norton, 1988
- Garnham, Alan The Mind in Action: A Personal View of Cognitive Science London: Routledge 1991
- Gibaldi, Joseph MLA Handbook for Writers of Research Papers 5<sup>th</sup> ed. NY: MLA 1999
- Gopnik, Adam "A Frame" Defining Edges by W. H. Bailey, NY: Harry Abrams, 2002
- Granger, Frank ed. & tr. Vitruvius on Architecture Cambridge MA: Harvard UP 1962
- Gropius, Walter "Education of Architects and Designers: Approach" Scope of Total Architecture NY: Collier Books 1966
- Haxton, Brooks Tr. FRAGMENTS: The Collected Wisdom of Heraclitus NY: Viking 2001
- Heath, Peter. The Philosopher's Alice: Alice's Adventures in Wonderland & Through the Looking-Glass by Lewis Carroll. NY: St. Martin P. 1974
- Heidegger, Martin. Poetry Language Thought Tr. Albert Hofstadter, NY: Harper Row, 1975
- Herr, Michael. Kubrick, Broadway NY: Grove Press, 2000**
- Herdeg, Klaus The Decorated Diagram: Harvard Architecture and the Failure of the Bauhaus Legacy Cambridge MA. London England: MIT Press 1983
- Hendrix, John "The Structure of Psychophysiological Space" Architectural Forms and Philosophical Structures NY: Peter Lang**
- Howard, James. Stanley Kubrick Companion, London: B.T.Batsford, 1999
- James Stevens Curl "A New Edition of Vitruvius's De Architectura libri decem" Rev. of VITRUVIUS: Ten Books on Architecture by Ingrid D. Rowland and Thomas Noble Howe Eds., JSSAC/JSEAC 24, no.4, 1999
- Journal of Naval Logistics, VI, 1996, Bombay: INS Hamla
- Kern, Hermann Through the Labyrinth: Designs and Meanings over 5000 Years, Munich: Prestel, 2000
- Kreider, Tim, "Eyes Wide Shut" in Film Quarterly, Vol.53, nr.3, Spring 2000
- Krell, David Farrell Archeticture: Ecstasies of Space, Time, and the Human Body NY: State Univ. of NY P. 1997
- Kristeva, Julia. Revolution in Poetic Language, NY: Columbia UP, 1984
- Kubrick, Christiane. Stanley Kubrick: A Life In Pictures, London: Little Brown, 2002**
- Kubrick, Stanley and Frederic Raphael, Final narrative segment: *Eyes Wide Shut* 1999
- Kunze, Donald - "Architecture as Reading; Virtuality, Secrecy, Monstrosity" Journal of Architectural Education 41/4 Summer 1998**
- Thought and Place: The Architecture of Eternal Places in the Philosophy of Giambattista Vico, NY: Peter Lang, 1987
- Kwinter, Sanford. Architectures of Time: Towards a Theory of the Event in Modernist Culture Cambridge MA: MIT P, 2001
- Lo Brutto, Vincent Stanley Kubrick: A Biography Ny: Faber & faber, 1997
- Mainar, Luis M. Garcia Narrative and Stylistic Patterns in the Films of Stanley Kubrick, NY: Camden House, 1999**
- Matthews, W.H. Mazes And Labyrinths: Their History & Development, NY: Dover, 1970**
- McLaughlin, Jack Jefferson and Monticello: The Biography of a Builder New York: Henry Holt 1988
- McEwen, Indra Kagis. Vitruvius: Writing the Body of Architecture, Cambridge: MIT P., 2003
- Miller, Arthur Poetry and Film: A Symposium with Maya Deren, Arthur Miller, Dylan Thomas and Parker Tyler on October 28, 1953, NY Gotham Book Mart 1972
- Nabokov, Vladimir. *Lolita* NY: Random House, 1989
- Nancy, Jean-Luc "Concealed Thinking" A Finite Thinking ed. tr. Simon Sparks, Stanford: Stanford UP, 2003
- Nelson, Thomas A. Kubrick: Inside A Film Artist's Maze, Bloomington :Indiana UP, 1982**
- Palumbo, Maria Luisa. New Wombs Basel: Birkhauser, 2000

- Penz, Francois and Maureen Thomas Ed Cinema & Architecture: Melies, Mallet-Stevens, Multimedia London: British Film Institute, 1997
- Perez-Oyarzun, Fernando "The Valparaiso School" The Harvard Architecture Review V.9 1993 NY: Rizzoli International Publication
- Perilli, Plinio. "Ingmar Bergman: As In A Mirror" Movie Architecture XLVII L'a 2002
- Peterson, Nancy J. "Postmodernism and Holocaust Memory: Productive Tensions in the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum." Productive Postmodernism: Consuming Histories and Cultural Studies. Ed. John N. Duvall, Albany, NY: State U. of NY P., 2002
- Prauss, Gerold. Knowing and Doing in Heidegger's Being and Time, Tr. Gary Steiner and Jefferey S. Turner, NY: humanity Books, 1999
- Rand, Nicholas T. Translator's Introduction to The Wolf Man's Magis Word: A Cryptonomy. Abraham, Nicolas, and Maria Torok Minneapolis: Univ. of Minnesota P., 1986
- Rasmussen, Randy. Stanley Kubrick: 7 Films Analyzed, N. Carolina: McFarland P, 2001**
- Richman, Michele H. Reading Georges Bataille: Beyond the Gift Baltimore London: John Hopkins UP, 1982
- Ronald J. Labyrinth: Symbol & Meaning in Contemporary Art ts. N7745L4054 Carleton U, Ottawa
- Royle, Nicholas. The Uncanny NY: Routledge, 2003
- Sobchack, Vivian. The Address of the Eye: A Phenomenology of Film Experience. Princeton: Princeton UP, 1992.
- Scogin, Mark "Introduction: Professional Responsibilities & Ethics" Reflections on Architectural Practices in the Nineties, William S. Saunders ed NY: Princeton Archt. P. 1996
- Steiner, Robert. Toward a Grammar of Abstraction: Modernity, Wittgenstein, and The Paintings of Jackson Pollock. Pennsylvania: Pennsylvania State Univ. P. 1992
- Stevens, Gary The Favored Circle: The Social Foundations of Architectural Distinction Cambridge: MIT P., 1998**
- Tallis, Raymond A Conversation with Martin Heidegger Hampshire UK: Palgrave, 2002
- The New Lexicon Webster's Dictionary of the English Language, 1987 ed.
- Theodorakopoulos, Elena. "Catullus, 64: Footprints in the Labyrinth." Intratextuality: Greek and Roman Textual Relations. Oxford: OUP, 2000.
- Thomas, Dylan. The Collected Poems Dylan Thomas, NY: New Directions Book 1946
- Tindall, William Y. A Reader's Guide to Dylan Thomas. Syracuse: Syracuse UP, 1996
- Vitruvius Ten Books on Architecture Tr. I.D Rowland, Cambridge: Cambridge UP 1999**
- Walker, Alexander. Stanley Kubrick, Director: A Visual Analysis by Sybil Taylor and Ulrich Ruchti, NY: W.W. Norton, 1999**
- Walter Benjamin, "The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction", Illuminations Ed. Hannah Arendt, Schocken Books, New York, 1968
- Wheat, Leonard F. Kubrick's 2001: A Triple Allegory. Maryland: Scarecrow P, 2000
- Wigley, Mark. The Architecture of Deconstruction: Derrida's Haunt. Cambridge: MIT P. 1993.
- Winton, Tracy Eve "When the Old Mirror is not yet Polished, What Would you say of it?" Chora: Intervals in the Philosophy of Architecture Ed. Alberto Perez-Gomez and Stephen Parcell, Vol.2, Montreal: McGill UP, 1996
- Wright, Craig. "The Dance of the Maze" The Maze And The Warrior, Symbols in Architecture, Theology, and Music, Cambridge MA: Harvard University Press, 2001
- Zedler, Beatrice H. Ed "Averroes and the Italian Renaissance" Averroes' Destructo Destructionum Philosophiae Algazelis in the Latin Version of Calo Calonymos, Wisconsin: Marquette Univ P, 1961, p.33
- Zizek, Slavoj. Looking Awry: An Introduction to Jacques Lacan through Popular Culture, Cambridge: MIT P, 1991**
- Enjoy Your Symptom: Jacques Lacan in Holywood and out NY: Routledge, 2001

## URLs

<http://anglisci.pl/pages/glowny/publikacje/SCzyzowska/LolitaAsGame.jsp>  
[http://art3idea.ce.psu.edu/boundaries/basics/cc\\_simonides.html](http://art3idea.ce.psu.edu/boundaries/basics/cc_simonides.html)  
<http://art3idea.psu.edu/boundaries/default.html>  
[http://enculturation.gmu.edu/2\\_2/erickson.html](http://enculturation.gmu.edu/2_2/erickson.html)  
<http://encyclopedia.thefreedictionary.com/apollo>  
[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/St Stanley\\_Kubrick](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/St Stanley_Kubrick)  
<http://libertus.net/censor/odocs/ppaesthetics.html>  
<http://physiosoft.uibk.ac.at/hitman/scripts/jr.htm>  
<http://social.chass.ncsu.edu/jouvert/v5i2/tweiss.htm>  
[http://www.avlchess.com/chess-misc/St Stanley\\_Kubricks\\_Elo\\_164111.html](http://www.avlchess.com/chess-misc/St Stanley_Kubricks_Elo_164111.html)  
<http://www.angelfire.com/home/bstjean/sokolsky/pages/cap.html>  
<http://www.bartleby.com/63/62/8862.htm>  
<http://www.bartleby.com/63/62/8862.html>  
<http://www.carleton.ca/~mflynnbu/archives/plaintext.htm>  
<http://www.chessville.com/instruction/Openings/TRNT/Orangutan.htm>  
<http://www.cit-sakti.com/story/kundalini-awakening-story-chapt4.htm>  
<http://www.cnn.com/SHOWBIZ/Movies/9810/20/nicole.kidman/>  
<http://www.dictionary.com/cgi-bin/dict.pl?term=Curriculum>  
<http://datacide.c8.com/text/7-dream.html>  
<http://www.dvdjournal.com/quickreviews/s/stanleykubricklife.q.shtml>  
[http://www.findarticles.com/cf\\_0/m1111/1793\\_299/55881919/p7/article.jhtml?term=](http://www.findarticles.com/cf_0/m1111/1793_299/55881919/p7/article.jhtml?term=)  
[http://www.google.ca/search?q=cache:LAYOxW4eAMJ:johnfarago.org/in\\_progress/getting\\_out](http://www.google.ca/search?q=cache:LAYOxW4eAMJ:johnfarago.org/in_progress/getting_out)  
[http://www.hollywoodreporter.com/thr/interviews/article\\_display.jsp?vnu\\_content\\_id=2031156](http://www.hollywoodreporter.com/thr/interviews/article_display.jsp?vnu_content_id=2031156)  
<http://www.iol.ie/~galfilm/filmwest/29kubrick.htm>  
<http://www.krusch.com>  
<http://www.ktn.freeuk.com/9c.htm>  
<http://www.libraries.psu.edu/nabokov/vncrit3.htm>  
[http://www.longpauses.com/eyes\\_wide\\_shut.htm](http://www.longpauses.com/eyes_wide_shut.htm)  
<http://www.michaelduff.net/eyes.html>  
[http://www.mtsu.edu/~jpurcell/Cinema/plato\\_film.html](http://www.mtsu.edu/~jpurcell/Cinema/plato_film.html)  
<http://www.online-mythology.com/daedalus/>  
<http://www.pantheon.org/articles/a/arianrhod.html>  
<http://www.perseus.tufts.edu/cgi-bin/ptext?lookup=Plat.+Rep.+331d>  
<http://www.psychematters.com/papers/telles2.htm>  
[http://www.scifistation.com/kubrick/kub\\_index.html](http://www.scifistation.com/kubrick/kub_index.html)  
<http://www.sensesofcinema.com/contents/02/23/ornament.html>  
<http://www.starfireproject.com/chess/tartakower.html>  
[http://www.striz.org/blog/2003\\_02\\_01\\_archive.html](http://www.striz.org/blog/2003_02_01_archive.html)  
<http://www.termanweb.net/2001sol.html>  
[http://www.twbookmark.com/books/20/0446676322/chapter\\_excerpt8556.html](http://www.twbookmark.com/books/20/0446676322/chapter_excerpt8556.html)  
[http://www.ucalgary.ca/UofC/faculties/EV/insitu/copy/volume2/imprintable\\_architecture/](http://www.ucalgary.ca/UofC/faculties/EV/insitu/copy/volume2/imprintable_architecture/)  
<http://www.underview.com/2001/kubrick.html>  
<http://www.unomaha.edu/~wwwjrf/dharma.htm#1>  
<http://www.visual-memory.co.uk/sk/memories/nk.htm>

---

---

## Endnotes: An Anthology of the Author's Labyrinth (Stories, Poems, Conversations)

i Academic convention strives to keep voice and discourse apart and hence regards the first person pronoun with suspicion (often, however, impersonal neutrality fails to veil arrogant assumptions in the garb of professional anonymity). The appearance of the personal pronoun, though perhaps tactically risky in an academic paper, is nevertheless tacitly done to achieve a degree of existential authenticity that is imperative in any dealing with the labyrinth. Its architecture, as we shall see, has too much interior for one to remain long outside. It also acknowledges the limits of all objective stances no matter how sincere.

Hence too the digressive endnotes comprising of stories and poems of the author-(re)searcher mapping himself onto the labyrinth; a venerable anthropomorphic-architectural practice: seeking commensurability between the human microcosm and the architectural macrocosm.

ii "The good architect is like a Houdini. Not an escapee, but an escape artist, a logical trickster who thinks his way out of the locks that holds him down."

Taj, H. Masud "The good architect is like a Houdini." interviewed by R. Hoskote, Times Of India 5 July 1998, p.5

### iii **DEADALUS**

Plinth the house,  
Window and door the walls you raise,  
Roof the space,  
Set the stage.

Arch the proscenium,  
Suspend columns on crossing grids,  
Choreograph the steps you take  
To spiral an ascent

Through smoke bomb clouds  
And lantern sun  
That revolves around centre stage,  
You orbit the stairway shaft.

Pause only to backstrap wings,  
Light on your face, you upstage the sun.  
Sky-dive into a no-man's sky  
Stretch your arms to catch the wind,

From backstage whirring propeller blades,  
 To slow-motion your helix descent,  
 Catwalk pulleys in tandem revolve,  
 Unravel strands for your touchdown

To applause that rips across  
 The waxwings of your freefalling  
 Fallen  
 Son.

Having recited *Daedalus* at various venues in the world, the most memorable one remains at the English Studio, in the Roman Abbey of St. Albans in Hertfordshire to an audience of *Ver* Poets on a magical night of 27 April 1998; unbeknownst to the poet-author, Stanley Kubrick was living the last year of his life nearby on his Hertfordshire estate, and St Albans Cathedral next door was the venue of Adrain Fisher's proposed *Rose Labyrinth* (Kern, p.306). Serendipitously, Kubrick's extant company was *Minotaur* Productions and Fisher's was *Minotaur* Designs.

- Taj, H. Masud "Daedalus" *Like Lemmings (poetry over the edge): Northern Ontario's Literary Arts Journal* Vol.1, No.1, p.38

<sup>iv</sup> Brook, Andrew, Director of the Cognitive Science Research Unit. Conversation with author, 1 March 2002:

*Taj:* Besides being an architect, I am also a poet: an oral one. Which means I work on poems in my head and then leave them there where they remain awaiting total recall. I give recitations, for instance the one as a featured poet in the Hart House Library Reading Series at University of Toronto, sans paper. Reciting is a process of merely downloading the mind.

*Andy:* You must have a prodigious memory!

*Taj:* Which is restricted only to my poetry and more akin to a forgetting-to-forget. I think our brains record everything that gets in; the problem is one of retrieval. How to open the door to a particular cell in the mental archive. In the case of oral-poets, due to perhaps a genetic flaw, one of the doors are missing, giving the poet full access to his poems, virtually 24/7. Hence I see my memory more as something missing in me, a lack rather than some additional capacity that I possess.

---

v The Bat Poem is a monstrous commingling of an iconic form with an echoic subject.

## BAT

I am rat  
 With wings, bird  
 With teeth; halfway house of  
 Metamorphosis; hyphen seeking lost words.  
 My eyes are excess baggage;  
 Stowaways in the sky;  
 Evolution's blind alley.  
 The horizon is  
 The jagged wing's  
 Serrated edge. Mutant umbrella:  
 Flesh between fingers extends to distant fingertips.  
 My flight is the suspension of disbelief;  
 Disdaining aerodynamics, trajectory  
 Is the principle of uncertainty;  
 I have no centre of gravity.  
 My heart is a black hole.  
 My brain is addicted;  
 I go for the jugular.  
 Rag with red mouth,  
 Shadow with fangs.  
 I dwell within my smell.  
 My ears are where echoes  
 Come to die; I define the world  
 With sound; speech is geometry.  
 I am a fleeting thought  
 Changing mid-flight.  
 I dream the world  
 Upside down;  
 Heaven lies  
 Beneath  
 My  
 Feet.

Taj, H. Masud, "Downloading Animals: Oral Poetry & Calligraphy" Exhibit at Galerie Jean cocteau 6-10  
 April, *Impressions* No.15, Alliance Française De Bombay 1999, p.10

vi “Because the frog is the last non-specialist. He belongs to the water as much as to air and to neither completely. He dwells at the interface of air and water, at the horizon, an amphibian at ease with surface tension. “

Taj, H. Masud “Thus Spake the Toad (warts and all)” *A+D: A Journal of Indian Architecture* Vol. XV No.1 Jan-Feb.1998 p.32; Sir JJ College of Architecture Annual Magazine 1993

vii “But whether it is the indefatigable Ibn ‘Arabi or the erudite Tabataba’i, one problem of translation remains. And it has nothing to do with languages but more to do with the limitations of translating geometries. Just as *qiyas* [*analogical reasoning*] is not merely a logically consistent argument with a conclusion deduced from two propositions but a hybrid form of thinking that combines logic and imagination to take a leap in analogical thinking, so also a spiritual journey for a reader unconverted to or inexperienced in wayfaring requires an imaginative leap that mere prose cannot bridge. Like *qiyas* it requires cross-domain mapping. Poetry is more adept at such a manoeuvre. Little wonder that Ibn ‘Arabi is famous for his mystical poetry and Sayyid Tabatabai ends his book with an extended *mathnawi* by Hafiz...The pronouns of the people of intellect fluctuate between the first person singular and the first person plural in their quest for a pronoun that is neither demonstrative, nor distributive, nor indefinite, nor interrogative, nor personal, nor possessive, nor reflexive nor relative. Running out of classifications, they embark on the journey.”

Taj, H. Masud Rev. of *Kernel of the Kernel: Concerning the Wayfaring and Spiritual Journey of the People of Intellect. A Shi’i Approach to Sufism* by Sayyid Muhammad Husayn Tabatabai’s Foreword by Seyyed Hossein Nasr Ed. Sayyid Muhammad Husayn Husayni Tihrani Tr. Mohammad M. Faghfoory, (Albany: SUNY P; 2003); *The Muslim World Book Review*, 24:3, Spring 2004, p.28

viii When Muslims perform the Abrahamic pilgrimage of *Hajj* every year, millions converge from distant places of the globe to their spiritual centre: the Cube (Arabic: *Kaaba*) in Mecca. The devout pilgrims circumambulate the cube, but never enter it to trespass the void at its centre. They then return to their distant place of origin, in most cases, unable to ever return.

Taj, H. Masud - “The Kaaba: Guarding the Centre, Generating the Circumference” *The Hindu:Folio*, September 2001, p.32 [www.hinduonnet.com/folio/fo0109/01090320.htm](http://www.hinduonnet.com/folio/fo0109/01090320.htm)



I came upon the body just as the infernal sun was nearing its grave. The body lay in a small square formed by four mud houses with narrow lanes at each corner. I stood in the shadows enveloped in my cloak. Although my destination was elsewhere, I could not bypass this corpse. It lay sprawled in the centre, palms facing upwards, headless, the neck a mere stump like the charred end of a stick.

Hadji Waked once told me that in the evil of darkness I would find true gems. For in the day everything shines with the borrowed light of the sun. The true ones glow from within. Hence in my journey I did not easily overlook what I came across in the dark. I could not leave the body for the dogs, the vultures and tomorrow's sun. I would have to find out whose body it was and I would have to bury it.

There was no one about. Yet I know hidden eyes were on my back, watching my every move. I dusted my cloak with the cloth I wore round my head. It was a habit really, just like a household dog turns round several times before lying down to sleep.

I knocked at the door closest to me. There was no answer. likewise the next and the one after that. In the last house facing the square, I knocked sharply till the skin of my knuckles hurt. 'Who's there ?' the voice was distant as from the depths of a cave. 'God's peace be on you', I replied, 'I am a stranger here. There is a body lying in the yard outside.....' 'I know of no body' the voice cut in. And there was silence.

I walked towards the headless corpse, pushed my hands beneath his arms and hauled him over my shoulder. Concealed eyes watched me get up and enter the dark lane opposite. The corpse's hands hung rather stiffly and his palms kept striking my back each time I took a step. We soon fell into a rhythm.

The breeze was intoxicatingly cool and made my burden easier. I had passed several bends and decided to try the house now facing me. I draped the headcloth over the body resting on my shoulder and knocked. 'Who's there ?' The same hollow distant voice emerging as if from a long tunnel. I kept silent. So did the voice. I moved on.

These narrow lanes were like life itself. They were never straight and you never know what emerged from the next bend. The tower or any other monument a few hundred strides ahead seemed to be your destination. As you approached, the lane would tilt one way, ever so slightly, that you found yourself passing the destination and facing another. And so it had always been. The great teachers had always stood aside to let me pass, and the end of the road was nowhere in sight.

I was hungry and growing tired. I decided to shift the body to my other shoulder. As I did so, the stub of his neck brushed past my own and I began to sense his face that once was : long nose, thin lips, dark eyes with bushy eyebrows and a wide forehead. The hair was shoulder length and fell into locks. The image began to fade. I wondered what had happened to his head. Did it lie in the tray of the local Sheikh, or at the end of a lance or perhaps in the gutter of the yard where I had picked him up. I wondered if I had ever met him a long time ago. At this thought I stopped. I gently laid the body by the side of the lane. Even in the moonlight I could see the dust rising up. I undid the string at his wrist and began to roll up the sleeves. But they grew tight at the forearms. He had large hands with scars you get from gripping the reins too tight. I took out my dagger and slit the sleeve right above the elbow. I soon found it. The amulet was of silver, shaped like a tiny square box, tied around his arm forming a valley in the skin. I have the eyes of a jinn but in the light of a high moon, I could barely perceive the lines on it. I began to feel them with my finger and as I did so, I began to sense a force behind them. These were very ancient lines and they stirred up memories that were far beyond my birth. I sat down beside the body, folded my hands and closed my eyes.

At one moment I had an intense feeling that I was at the edge of a cliff, the only way out was the dark abyss beyond. I opened my eyes and began to look around. I noticed a rope, a little above my head in front of me. I leaned over the body, stretched my hand for the rope and pulled. Somewhere inside the house there was a clanging sound, ripping the night into open wounds. Before the sound died down emerged a voice. I had expected it but nevertheless, it made me grip the head of my dagger so tightly that I could feel my heart beat in my finger tips. It was the same voice. Distant and hollow. 'Who's there.' I pulled the rope and pulled it again, the loud clamour drowning the voice. I got up, stood astride the body and holding the rope with both my hands, began pulling it with increasing violence. The sound was demonic but I kept at it like a man

possessed. Suddenly the rope snapped and fell to the ground forming a heap where the head of the corpse had once been. I left the end I was holding and it fell across his chest. When the sound died down the voice emerged - 'Who's there ?' The voice had a creeping, hypnotic quality. It kept repeating until very soon I knew not whether it occurred outside my body or inside my head. I did not move, trying to regain my breath and balance. There was no living being in this dwelling of houses I realized. There was just me, the headless corpse and the Voice.

With agonizing motions I picked up the corpse in my arms and with slow deliberate steps began walking to the city gate, hazy in the distance. The lane began to get perceptibly wider but I kept to the centre. The dust beneath muffled my foot-steps and the only sound was that of my breathing. I could sense the choking presence of the Voice like a physical pressure all around.

As I passed under the soaring arch of the gateway, I met no sentinel; only further darkness. Emerging from it, I began to feel the heaviness around me easing. I was drained of all my forces and exhausted, I lay down the body as gently as I could and collapsed over it, losing all consciousness.....

I was a child sleeping in my mother's arms. Someone was shaking my shoulder. I opened my eyes to see the broad face of my father. He had a full white beard covering half his chest. He gently lifted me in his arms and carried me outside into the courtyard. Standing by the fountain at the centre, he lifted me above his head in front of him. I wonder if the goldfish below were feeling cold for there was a chill wind blowing and I welcomed the warmth of my father's large hands. High up, the moon was very slowly being overtaken by a shadow. There were no clouds about and I had never seen it happen before. I was now fully awake. I could hear my father's voice - 'Look at the light of the moon, my son, it is being devoured by the forces of darkness'. I watched on and with increasing dismay, as gradually the moon was blackened out completely. You could not tell it from the rest of the sky; only the absence of stars in its patch suggested where it had once been. My father softly lowered me to the ground and I stood transfixed. I felt a deep loss within me and just as tears were welling up in my eyes, a miracle occurred. The light began to emerge - a mere line at first, sharp and shining like the curved dagger my gentle father wore at his waist. Then slowly, the line curved more, grew fatter and became a circle again. I was thrilled and remember clapping my tiny hands and the voice of my father saying - 'My son,

---

the forces of darkness are strong but the forces of light are stronger. Understand the forces to uncover the moon'. I ran into the house to tell my mother what had happened.

I opened my eyes. Fingers lay next to my face. When I tried to move them they did not. I took some time to realize that they were not mine but belong to the corpse beneath me. 'Fight to uncover the moon' he had said. That was the last time I saw my father. As I began getting up, I was startled to see a figure lying nearby. Usually outcasts were found languishing near the city walls thriving on food thrown to them by passerby. But I had not expected to find one here. Even from where I sat I could make out that he was a leper - his limbs gnarled like the roots of an ancient tree. I wondered if was alive. I went up to him. When I knelt by him, he looked at me. His eyes were intense. I met his gaze and then the leper spoke - 'I have been expecting you', he said. I had not met him before so I asked him who he was. He ignored my question and went on, 'I have been expecting you. I have been here for too long, but now the waiting is over. You have come'. I did not understand so I kept silent.

'You have met the voice. For centuries it has been growing. At first a mere speck in the hearts of men who dwelt here, Then the speck slowly spread until the whole heart was darkened. And now it swirls unfettered, uncoiling its tentacles. Even in distant lands you will find the voice in the hearts of men'.

'Who is he' I asked, pointing to the headless body which had become almost an extension of myself. 'One of those who refused to submit to the voice'. I recall how I had run from the courtyard into my mother's room, excitedly woken her up and told her about the moon magic. I had expected her to be thrilled but she had only listened intently. Her eyes had the look of compassion and, now I understand why, sadness.

The leper looked at me with the compassionate eyes of my mother. I got up, dusted my knees with my headcloth and turned to go. 'Peace be with you' he said. I looked at him. Although his face was expressionless, his eyes smiled. 'Peace be with you too' I replied. He gazed at me, beyond me and then closed his eyes. I knew they would never open again.

I was cold. I dug a wide pit next to the leper and spread my headcloth on the ground beneath. I laid the leper into the pit. Then I carried the headless body for the last time and laid him next to

the leper. I did not realize then but tears were falling from eyes as I buried my last companions. I then turned around and began walking towards the city.....to uncover the moon.

Taj, H. Masud, *To Uncover The Moon*, broadcast on BBC, 12,13 & 14 Jan. 1980;  
 "Laxasof Et Hayareax" *Bikur Bayit, Sipurim Hodiym Xadashim House Call, New Indian Stories* Ed. Dan Daor, Hebrew Tr. Ofer Shor, Tel Aviv: Xargol Books, 1998, p.117

x      **WHITE CANVAS**

The horizon runs white and uninterrupted. Where am I?

The question has long ceased to matter. The cold matters; the fighting-to-stay-awake matters. Ever since I can remember, I have not slept; for then the chill would come over and I would not wake. Today I must walk on a straighter path than I did yesterday. The path is imaginary. The snow is smooth, trackless, with no point of reference. I am always moving and yet always seem to be where I ever was.

There is nothing to measure straightness by, so I compare each step I take with the one before. That is why I walk backwards, facing the trail of footprints I make, steering myself to keep it aligned. Even when drowsy, I keep moving. A grey mist forms in front of my half-closed eyes and my mind goes blank. I never dream and never stop walking. Right strides being habitually longer than the left, I begin to form a large circle spiralling inwards. When the haze lifts and the mind is clear, I find myself at the centre of concentric circles too numerous to count. They extend like frozen ripples. Setting a direction, I start walking backwards again. My footprints overlapping the previous ones as I cut across the circles of my own making.

At times, unwittingly, I cry. Drops slide down and freeze; they seldom fall. My face is a stalactite of frozen tears. I am all that I have and no part of me wishes to leave (or so I tell myself). The only sound I hear is that of my breath.

Walking backwards into the future, the past is ever present in front of my eyes, a receding dotted arrow dipping over horizon's bow. That is all I have ever seen for I have never glanced over my shoulder. There is no need as the only reference is the step I just took with the one previous. Parallax. Centuries have passed, or perhaps they were seconds. Time has no meaning in a space as white as this and as empty. The only cycles are those of my steps. If they stopped, time would.

At this thought, I stop. I am scared. My eyes are still on the last footprint. It is deeper on the inner side. A defect. I must throw more weight on the outer edge to counteract. My gaze falls on my feet. They appear large with the cloth wound around like layers of another skin. Feet are extensions of the body to keep it above the snow. When I walk they have a life of their own; like spokes of some invisible wheel on which I seem to be resting. My gaze shifts closer to my chest. There is a single thread sticking out of a buttonhole. Frozen, it will snap at a touch. It trembles with the beat of my heart and rises and falls with my breath.

I have been standing here trying to put off what I stopped to do. What I have never done before. Look over my shoulder into the future behind. I begin to slowly, imperceptibly, turn my head. Shoulder, capped with snow, curves into view. I cannot see beyond and begin to turn from the waist. The sound of my breath is rapid. Time quickens. The frozen thread trembles like the needle of some disturbed instrument. Arm hung loose describes an arc; heel and hip swing into view.

I see a footprint.

The impression in the snow is fresh and the level deeper on the inner side. The thumping of my heart is getting louder as I slowly turn back again. I have begun to freeze. I must move. I take a step back. The footprint is under my foot in perfect contact. The intimacy is unbearable. The veins in my temple begin to pulsate and throb. Snow begins to fall.

Taj, H. Masud. *White Canvas* was a part of the 1996 presentation:

*Vortex: Projects, Poems, Stories, Essays, Calligraphy & Photography.*

A retrospective via slides, recitation, readings & interactive session tracing the leitmotif across different expressions of the speaker's mind. Rizvi Archfest Lecture, Bombay.

xi

The loop-mode is both the subject-matter as well as the form (villanelle) of the poem:

### KILLING & THE ART OF CALLIGRAPHY

He leaves his signature on the skin,  
Glint of the moon on stainless reed,  
With inkless stylus draws out ink.

He can stare for hours and not blink  
At bodyscapes to get a lead,  
He leaves his signature on. The skin,

Tabula rasa for his sin,  
Compelling inscriptions he pleads  
With inkless stylus. Draws out ink,

He sees the red run in the sink.  
Water is a part of the creed  
He leaves. His signature on the skin :

Snake devouring its tail in a spin,  
Ending is a beginning seed  
With inkless stylus. Draws out. Ink

Trapped in a loop mode he dare not think  
Of life and art and death and deed,  
He leaves his signature on the skin  
With inkless stylus, draws out ink.

Taj, H. Masud, "Killing & The Art Of Calligraphy" Debonair 1992

Spatial analysis based on discovering a pattern inadvertently left behind at the scene of the crime by artful logicians (be they serial poets or serial killers: both after all, are trapped in a loop-mode) is deemed by author: Spatial Hermeneutics. Its motif par excellence is what criminologists, who specialize in serial killers, refer to as the *signature*. To detect it, is to foreground the hidden which leads you to the guilty serial-artist as the *signature* is the psychological make-up of the signatory. In both, the scenes of the crime and the site of the poem, the pattern left behind is a consistent spatial dispersal. Hence the location of words and lines on the terrain of the poem gives the required orientation to the detective/critic. Unravelling the mind's imprint resulted in a paper that developed a spatial mode of analysis, which was used to interpret Wallace Steven's oeuvre that, in retrospect, led to detecting the fold in Kubrick's oeuvre. (Taj, H. Masud. "Towards a Spatial Hermeneutics: *Signature* of Wallace Stevens" unpublished essay 2000)

**THE EINSTEIN INTERSECTION**

Round and around and around. Church stairways are all the same. Narrow and steep. The stone steps are soft on the feet; their surface contoured by weary footsteps over the centuries. At times a pair of legs climb in front, the ankles at your eye level. Make you feel like a dog at his master's heel. After every few turns you come across a window. A shaft of light and a view that takes the rest of your breath away.

The trick is to establish a rhythm. The breathing rising and falling in time with the steps. Climbing then becomes almost automatic and you're free to let your mind wander or even read something. I pull out the brochure and begin to browse. "Ulm and New Ulm welcome you. The twin cities lying in southern Germany are easy to get to. While you are still some miles away you will see our cathedral welcoming you from afar."

That's true. On seeing it I had strapped on my backpack and as the train halted at Ulm, got down. Then standing on the platform began wondering why I had done so. I was to get off at Frankfurt where a family was expecting me. The train began to pull out. I almost decided to jump in but remained standing. Walked to a booth, called the family. Told them I'd be arriving by the night train instead. They okayed but wanted to know why. I didn't know.

"Ulm cathedral," I blurted. "Got off to see it."

I'm hungry and my breath is getting heavier. Still climbing, I read on. "We hold the record with our cathedral spire – the tallest in the world. If you can tackle the 768 steps to the top you will find both cities spread out at your feet."

The figures make me tired. I stop at a window and people squeeze past. I stick my head out and munch a sandwich. In the distance I can make out the hazy outline of the Alps. A piece of cheese slips off and I watch it fall. It recedes to a point and the point disappears before it hits the ground.

I begin climbing again and continue reading. "Mind you, we have aspired for even higher things. Albert Einstein who was born in Ulm has scaled the pinnacle of fame in..."



But, of course! That was it. Einstein was born here. I reach at the top of the spire exhausted and excited.

It is a circular space with stone Gothic windows all around. I lean against one. Einstein. The very name has a chiming sound. My school day's hero – I had lapped up everything I could about him and later, much that was by him. Above my head is a typical Gothic carving: two lion heads facing opposite directions. Einstein was like that. On the one hand a revolutionary scientist who reduced Newton's universe into a subset of his own. On the other, a mystic in his quest for the unity. He spent the last lonely decades of his trying.

I want to locate the house Einstein was born in. I begin descending. On emerging below, the daylight outside makes me blink. I stop a gentle looking German and inquire in my best accent. He smiles, nods and then lets go a volley of clipped words that makes me want to duck for shelter. I follow his hands. When they stop I thank him and carry on. Minutes later I am facing a white geometry with blank lettering proclaiming Einstein School. Children play around; their hair reflecting the sun.

I enter. It is dark inside. A flight of wide steps. I meet no one so I climb them. I come into a passage with framed pictures throughout its length. They are spot lit. There is Einstein with his sister; Einstein climbing down the steps with Tagore; Einstein with his wispy white hair and baggy sweater;

Einstein with...

"Can I help you?"

I turn, a bit startled. She is as tall as me and looks amused.

"I'm searching for Einstein –  
his house."

She shrugs, "It doesn't exist anymore. They've pulled it down.  
There's a modern pharmacy in its place."

She pauses; perhaps noticing the amazement in my eyes. I keep silent. Am I Spanish she wants to know. And what am I doing in Ulm. The same question again. I tell her Einstein was born here. He had walked all over the place. I'm kind of trying to feel and I know I'm not sounding very convincing but that is why I'm here. I think she understands. She smiles and tells me her name is Tineka and she is heading for Scharff's Museum on the other side of the river. She has to attend a lecture which would take an hour and if I meet her after then we could spend the evening together. I nod. As she turns to go I tell her she has a charming nose. I like the way she smiles.

Outside flows the Danube. I stroll along. I come to a bench with an old woman sitting, her chin resting on a stout cane held between her legs. Gazing into the river I begin to imagine Einstein growing up in Ulm. Even as a child he had dreamy liquid eyes. He was not too fond of school and did not do too well either. Things important to him did not seem to matter to his friends or elders. The spire for instance. Every so often he would dash into it and begin climbing the stairs.

I wake with a start, glance at my watch and let out a yell. Tineka must have finished over an hour ago. I cross the grass to the lane and take long strides to the museum. She isn't there. I try to get across to the attendant in my broken German. He looks concerned but no, he does not know Tineka. I give up. I walk outside. It is getting dark.

I begin walking to the station and on impulse take the road that goes past the cathedral. Nearing it I stop. A priest is closing the door to the tower. I walk up to him and tell him I would like to go to the top. He says it is past closing time and it would be dark inside. Perhaps I could come tomorrow. I tell him I've come from very far and my train would be leaving in a few hours and that I'd probably never in my life pass this way again. The priest laughs and puts his large hand on my shoulder.

"Go," he says, "but do not be long. I shall be waiting here."

I start climbing. Round and around and around I go catching again the rhythm of the steps. Occasionally the headlights of a car sweep through the window throwing swirling shadows. Gradually the lighted city begins to unfold. Towards the top only the moon shines and the stars blink in the dark sky. It is cold. A disturbing feeling begins to grow that I am leaving the world

below with each turn and coiling away into space. The only sound is that of my breathing and my steps echoing below me. It gives the illusion that many more are also climbing with me.

Reaching the top I imagine an old man standing by one of the windows, his hands resting on the ledge. He turns to look at me.

“768 steps are very tiring,” I tell him. “Takes too much time.”

He smiles. I cross over to the opposite window and looking down remember the priest waiting below. I see no point in lingering. I walk to the stairway and begin to descend.

Going down the steps I wonder why I came up again. Probably a kind of compensation. After all I had been unable to see Einstein’s house – and Tineka, I wonder what she is doing. Halfway down I think of the old man up there. I stop, grasp the handrail, turn around and begin running up – taking two steps at a time. My hand is barely touching the rail; only my speed keeps my balance.

Faster and faster I go till very soon my head has merged with the central shaft and my body is spiralling like a propeller. Round and around and around...

I am at the station waiting for the train to roll in. My pack is strapped on. A German of my age is reading a book. I peer at the cover – another rehash of the General Theory. He notices me and asks if I have heard of a scientist called Einstein. I scratch my unshaven chin and tell him I suppose I have. The train glides in, halts, the doors slide open with a hiss and we step inside. I drop my pack on the overhead carrier, flop into a seat and recline. The German asks me if I know anything about relativity. I look up at him. A slow smile spreads on my face.

“768 steps,” I say.

Then I close my eyes and the train moves.

Stairways fascinate. As a student, I used to sometimes intersperse drawings of stairs with poems. Later, poetry migrated to the obverse side of the page: outdated blueprints folded four times yielded eight recycled A4 sheets to type on. Independent territories for Architecture and Poetry (in alphabetical order), they yet shared the thickness of the paper. Doing one on the back of the other - would they stain the depths and resurface on the other side, mirror-encoded; or would architecture and poetry go separate ways?

Having designed several stairways (along with the remainder of the buildings) and seen them built, climbed them as if to test full-scale translations of thought-models, no text was necessary. If there was poetry present, it was spatial and kinaesthetic and not verbal. After a decade of practising one and two decades practicing the other, the question remained: Did architecture and poetry occupy different domains of the mind: or did one mask the other?

Architecture has become the subject of several poems. It has even shaped some of them - one descending a flight of steps with each word as a tread. In a recent house, the artist-client sensed a definite spiral movement. Had I consciously designed that in, she wanted to know. I had not. Neither was I aware, until a fellow poet pointed out, of the persistence of the spiral motif structuring much of my recent poetry. Resonances.

Taj, H. Masud 'By the Way.' Literary Page. *The Sunday Times of India Review* 20 June 1993 p.7  
(These reflections led to a retrospective probe of the mind's analogous imprints on both the architectural as well as poetic productions via an interdisciplinary presentation "*Homologs: Poems & Stairs*" comprising of 200 slides extracted from the author's architectural projects and recitation of 20 poems possessing analogous movement patterns, was presented in various universities in India and at the Institut für Hochbau für Architekten, Graz, Austria, 8 May 1998).

THE 109<sup>TH</sup> APHORISM OF HERACLITUS

*The bus shudders to a halt. I board the first high step and even as the bus begins to pull away, I see someone get off the front.*

*The fluorescent-lit interior is bright and bluish, makes the skin ghostly, devoid of blood. All the seats are occupied which is not surprising. What is surprising is that all the passengers are so old. As I move forward I notice the solitary seat in front vacant and sway my way, flopping into it; glad to get the weight off my feet. I stretch them out in the front deck and gaze at the dark road slipping beneath. I wait for the bus conductor. He must have noticed me, the only passenger who had boarded the bus. Although I was to get off at the last stop, I wish he would hurry up as I felt edgy without a ticket.*

*At night the city is infinite and spiritual. Distant stars are its co-ordinates; halogen and neon billboards are its halos. Darkness falls over facades that frame the streets, erasing all that the day inscribed. Black veils. But the textile's neon text and icons unravel another city as fragile as the glass it is made of. The streets, glistening after a late shower, are warped mirrors. Amoebic-pools slashed by the moving wheels of the bus. The rupture is only temporary, they rush back into blobs of mercury. The bus swerves around a bend and I clutch on to the window bar.*

*We near a stop but the bus continues without halting; perhaps because there was no one waiting at the stop. Or perhaps they have changed the route. I turn around. Most of the passengers are dozing, their heads nodding to a dreams' sequence or the bus' rhythm. Those that are awake are as if they are asleep with their eyes open, the dark pupils reflecting the passing stream of street and neon lights, registering nothing. The conductor is walking towards me. There is a plastic ID card pinned to his pocket. When he nears I notice it says, 'NOSTOS'.*

*'Is that your name?'*

*"Ticket to where?"*

*'Last stop. That's your name?'*

"It is not my name. It is my registration number. You are sure you want to get off at the last stop?"

*'Of course I want to get off at the last stop. And how can NOSTOS be your number - it has no numerals!'*

"The number is encoded in the consonants depending on their position in the alphabet. My number is 14-19-20-19. The vowels are to make the consonants pronounceable. Only that which can be pronounced can be remembered. You are positive you want to get off at the last stop?"

*'Ofcourse! - that's where I want to go!'*

"But I can only give you a ticket if I know that you are serious about where you want to go"

*'Of course I'm serious!'*

"But you cannot be serious if you are joking. And if you are not joking than you must be lying"

*'Of course you can be serious even when you are joking. In any case, what has joking and lying got to do with where I want to go?'*

"Everything. The bus is on a ring-route"

*'So?'*

"So the last stop is the first stop. On a ring route we count in a loop mode"

*'Listen, let's not get into semantics. But OK, I want to get off at the first-last stop'*

"But that is the stop you got on"

*'Can I please have my ticket? I've told you where I want to go'*

"What you are telling me is that you do not want to go anywhere. You want to remain where you are"

*'As you wish...'*

"It is not as I wish or as you wish, it is the irrationality of the whole endeavour of taking a bus to arrive at where you are. I cannot give you a ticket..."

*'What's wrong with you?'*

"Because to travel is to go from Stop-A to Stop-B. Depending on the distance of B from A that the fare is computed. But if the Stop-B is Stop-A itself then the distance between Stop-A and Stop A is zero. Hence no travelling has taken place. Hence no ticket can be issued."

*'Look, if it's causing that many problems, I'll get off at the stop before that.'*

"At the stop before what?"

*'Before the last stop.'*

"But the stop-before-the-last-stop is not the last stop. So you were not serious when you said you wanted to get off the last stop. You were definitely joking."

---

*'I was not. It's just that I like to keep my categories of what is first and what is last separate. After all it merely depends on how you count.'*

"Depends on how we count. Exactly. This is how we count. In a loop-mode, wherein the first is the last and the last is the first. Here there is no beginning, no end. There is nowhere to go to, there is nowhere to come from, there is no desire to go anywhere. Because anywhere is everywhere in a ring-route, which is right here."

*'Then lets stop right here. I want to get off.'*

"You are being impulsive and unreasonable"

*'That's what you think. Stop the bus'*

"So not only is your behaviour irrational, but you even wish to influence the course of this bus - where it should start and where it should stop - with your impulsiveness"

*'Stop the bus, dammit!'*

"I cannot"

*'Why can't you'*

"I am not driving it"

*'Obviously you're not, but I know, and I know that you know, that if you pull the chord, you'll ring the bell, the driver will stop the bus'*

"I cannot ring the bell"

*'And why not?'*

"ALGOS would hear it"

*'Algos? Who's Algos?'*

"The driver. His number is 12-7-19"

*'I don't care what his number is. But you're driving him and he is driving the bus'*

"Yes. However there is another driver who is driving me to drive the driver to drive the bus"

*'Eh?'*

"You see your reasonableness is unreasonable due to your reasoning in the wrong direction. You do not seem to understand, it is not me who can stop the bus, neither the chord I pull, neither the bell the chord rings, nor the driver who hears the bell, nor his foot that pushes the pedal, nor the pedal that operates the lever, nor the lever that actuates the pump. nor the pump that clamps the wheel, nor the friction that grinds the bus to a halt"

*'But that is exactly how the bus stops!'*

"Yes. That is exactly how the bus stops. But that is not what causes the bus to stop"

---

*'Then what causes it to stop?'*

"Oh, for that you start from the grinding halt due to friction that consumes the hurtling momentum and go up the hierarchy: the clamp - the pump - the lever - the pedal - the foot - the ear - the bell - the chord - then me -"

*'Stop right there - with YOU!'*

"We cannot stop with me"

*'Why not'*

"Because I am only a link in the chain"

*'Who's above you?'*

"No one"

*'So the buck stops here'*

"No it does not. It continues without end"

*'How the hell can it continue without end when you said it doesn't continue beyond you?'*

"But it does proceed beyond me"

*'You just said there's no one above you'*

"That is because there is no one below me. Try to understand. The command-chain, like the route of the bus, is in a loop. So there are as many links to the left of each link as to its right, which you erroneously refer to as above or below. The bell is not below me and the foot is not below the ear. We are all besides each other"

*'So what's on your other side?'*

"The book"

*'What book?'*

"The Operating Manual of a Bus Conductor. It tells me when I can and cannot stop the bus. And I cannot stop the bus at a passenger's whim. I am to the book as the bell is to me"

*'But I'm talking to you. I'm not talking to the goddamn bell or to the book - do you understand what I'm saying?'*

"Yes and I am trying to make you understand what connects the book to the bell to the brake"

*'Listen. Ring the bell. If you wont, I will'*

"You cannot"

*'Why can't I? You can't stop me'*

"But you have already been stopped"

*'How could I already have been stopped when I have not yet made the attempt? Who stopped me?'*



“The book. It says no passenger is allowed to touch the chord connected to the bell. Only the conductor can ring the bell. You are only allowed to hear it”

*‘So OK, I don’t agree with the book’*

“Makes no difference. The book was not formulated with your agreement, so your disagreeing changes nothing”

*‘It changes everything. I can reach up and tug the chord. The bell will ring. The bus will stop’*

“That is a hypothetical situation so we will not discuss it. For when you boarded the bus you agreed, in effect, to abide by the rules of a public-undertaking. The rules are in the book. And the book has already pre-empted your move. Besides, if you really thought you could ring the bell, you would have already done it and would not be talking about doing it”

*‘Fine. If stopping a bus is such a sacrilege, I’ll get down at the next stop’*

“But you said you want to get down at the last stop. The next stop is not the last stop”

*‘I don’t care what stop it is. That’s where I get off’*

“That means you were lying when you said that you wanted to get off at the last stop...”

*‘It only means I’ve changed my mind’*

“And if you’re prone to lying how can I be sure that you really would be getting off at the next stop. You may be lying again. Besides, there is no next stop”

*‘But ofcourse there is the next stop and somebody may be waiting to get in’*

“The bus’ stopping depends not on someone wanting to get in, but on someone wanting to get out. Only then there will be a vacant seat for someone to sit on when that someone gets in. This bus is not designed to take standing passengers”

*‘Well, someone will want to get off at the next stop, or the one after that...’*

“They have all been accumulating. They all, like you, said they want to get off at the last stop”

*‘You mean no one, not a single person, wants to get off before the last stop?’*

“There was one”

*‘What about him?’*

“He got off the stop you got on”

*‘So if all want to get off at the last stop and if no one is allowed to change his mind, and if the last stop is also the first stop by your loopy logic, then when does the bus stop?’*

“When, or where?”

*‘Don’t answer my question with a question!’*

“But you do not complete your questions, and answers to incomplete questions beget further questions. I suggest you take it easy and like all the other passengers, wait for your stop”

---

*'How long will it take for my stop to come? '*

"As long as it will take the bus to get there"

*'How long will it take the bus to get there?'*

"That depends on where we are"

*'Where are we?'*

"We are as far away from where you want to go as it will take the bus to get there from here. Now, why don't you relax. You are in good company. They all want to go where you want to go. They all want to get off at the last stop."

Taj, H.Masud "The 109<sup>th</sup> Aphorism of Heraclitus" The Literary Gentleman, May 1998, p.104

xv

## **VASILIKI KNEW**

Walking on Stadion Street, searching for no.4, I duck into an arcade and am thankful for the shade. Even in September, Athens can be rather hot.

And crowded. There are almost as many tourists as the natives, surging through narrow alleys and bazaars, overflowing from cafes. You detest tourists because they mar the ambiance of the place and yet you too are one. I approach a vendor selling view cards, buy a few, and ask him for no.4: the Festival Ticket Office. He does not follow English and so merely shrugs. The Athenians are charming at shrugging. The men are short, fat, with balding heads and rounded shoulders that they lift ever so gently and then let fall. You get your answer.

"You're goin' to the play?"

I turn to the voice. It is nasal and American.

She must have seen the brochure in my hand. I nod, "You?"

"Yeah but the play's in Greek. You understan' classic stuff?"

I shrug . *"It's Greek to me !"*

She laughs. Her teeth are creamy. She is wearing a white cotton toga, the kind all tourists took to, it is sparse and good for the heat. I tell her I had acted in the English version of the same play and had portrayed Architon whose friends surround him in the closing scene and stab him to death. It surprises her that we did Greek plays in Indian colleges. We talk on and she explains a few Greek letters that will help me with the road names. She speaks the language with ease, so I ask her her name.

"Vasiliki"

*"That's Greek !"*

"I got it from my mother. She was from Piraeus, not far from here..."

The expression on her face makes me uneasy. She is staring at the middle of the road. I look. There lay a twig, its leaves crushed by passing cars, the stem oozing out pulp that spread in streaks. Soon we part, arranging to meet at the theatre. She gives me the direction to the ticket office. A few yards ahead and then into the shopping arcade on my right. I enter and stop, trying to adjust my eyes to the dark. In the far corner was a queue. I join it and wait for my turn. In front of me is a large woman chatting in a high-pitched voice with another ahead of her. Behind me is a man in jeans with his friend nervously wringing the program sheet. Most of the gathering are locals and they relay a kind of intensity that I cannot place. I almost change my mind but then I had promised to meet Vasiliki and it was the last show of the Festival. So I buy a ticket and am glad to leave the place.

With time to kill, I walk to the Constitution Square. It is the place where the natives gather, far below the Acropolis. Choosing a bench under a tree, I sit down next to an old woman, her head hooded with a gray scarf. I unwrap a shish kebab; inserting it between a loaf of brown bread, begin munching. I take out the ticket and examine it. The plays' name is in Greek with the face of Zeus printed on it. From the corner of my eye I notice the old woman observing me. Her face is interlaced with wrinkles whirling into compassionate eyes.

I turn and greet her, 'Yas-sou!' She smiles as my accent amuses her. She asks me something and before I can reply, speaks again. She looks concerned and keeps nodding her head from side to side while talking. I wait for her to stop. She does and sits looking at me. I gesture with my hands that I do not know the language. She remains silent. Then she points at the ticket and shakes her head that puzzles me. I show her the ticket, seems okay to me. Again she speaks rather excitedly, coughing as she does so. It seems that the sight of the ticket agitates her. I merely shrug and folding it put it back in my pocket. She keeps talking for quite a while and I am no longer sure whether she speaks to me or to herself. Soon she subsides into a murmur that merges with the traffic sounds filtering through the trees.

I eat in silence and even before the sun moves behind the mountain, the street lights come on. I turn to the old woman to take her leave. She has fallen asleep, her head bent forward, her chin pressing her chest, her breast heaving with each breath she takes. I watch her for a while, get up and take the road leading to the ancient amphitheatre.

On the way one passes the remains of the Olympian Zeus temple, with columns accusing the sky. The past, in Athens, rubs shoulders with you. During the day you are able to keep it at bay, keep it from crossing over. Ruins, like memories, are analyzed, packed and stored for recall. You cope with life as with grammar: the tenses ought not to mix. With fading light, however, your neat categories become blurred. Memories begin to persist with life of their own, they start to infringe and then time bifurcates into parallel strands...

"Every summer," the brochure reads, "at the foot of the venerable rock of Acropolis, against the backward of the golden mellow Parthenon, in a space where the dim past blends gently with the present, thousands of Greek and foreign visitors enjoying from the marble tiers of Herod Atticus Odeon the performance presented by the Athens Festival. The Odeon was built in 161 AD by Herod Atticus, in memory of his wife...". There is a chill wind blowing that is rather unexpected and I am unprepared. I had left the hotel with only a sweat shirt. It is already past nine and the play will cross midnight. I stay at Sindesman Street, a half hour away on route 124. I wonder when the last bus leaves.

The marble tier has thoughtfully been provided with cushions, which though equally hard, at least keep out the chill. I cross my arms and begin looking at the people streaming in. Fat old ladies

---

swaying gently as they walk, chirping like frightened birds; there is the young couple I had notice at the box office, sitting still holding hands and staring at the stage; girls with classic-Greek noses in sensual skirts and shawls around their tanned shoulders; many come unaccompanied and frequently wave when they recognize a friend. There is a sense of heightened gaiety, the mood of a carnival. Although children below ten are not allowed I distinctly hear one cry, far up at the back. The wailing continues into the play, and suddenly it ceases. I begin to feel lonely. A middle-aged woman in a black skirt and cape sits next to me. Her hands lie on her lap and her finger keeps rubbing against her knee. Whenever I glance at her, I find her grinning. I stop looking at her.

The play has reached the stage when Architon goes into a long soliloquy. I know the piece by heart. He sums up his life, he has done his bit and yearns to do more. My eyes begin wandering. I notice a figure at the entrance. I sit up: it is Vasiliki ! She stands motionless perhaps trying to spot me. I wave but I am too far up and it is too dark. She hesitates and begins to descend the lower tiers. I lose sight of her.

Where I sit, many had sat before, a thousand years ago. There are moments during the play when you find yourself slipping into time cracks, charged with emotions that are subterranean. You feel helpless and then something happens which pulls you back into the present.

My watch has stopped. I can hardly see the dial but when held next to my ear there is no ticking. I turn to the woman in black next to me. I whisper, asking the time, but she does not answer. She is still grinning and her eyes are shining, riveted to the stage. I am sure that even if I shout she will not hear me. My eyes fall on her hands. They are gaunt and clench tightly, the veins stand out full-blooded throbbing with a life of their own.

The noises from the stage are getting louder, the play I know is reaching its climax. But I cannot remove my eyes, like terrorized rabbits they are hypnotized by the writhing serpents on her hands. Architon I know is surrounded, his shouting drowned by his friends' voices. The fist clenches tighter - the skin so unbelievably taut that I am afraid it will rip apart letting loose all the snakes. All noises recede, my vision is a blur. I am standing on the stage and they have surrounded me. The skeletal hand is distinct, the veins pulsating wildly and suddenly they stop and the fist begins

to open. The dagger enters my side, I scream. But no one hears me. Everyone is standing and clapping and cheering. I pass out.

When I revive the theatre is empty. Everyone has gone. In the distance I can see the moon nearing the horizon. Athens is a carpet of stars below. The red ones blink and move like shifting glances. Below me is the stage, like an island amidst waves of tiered seating. The figure lies sprawled, motionless. His face upwards, his open eyes staring the night sky, seeing nothing.

On my way home I pass the place where I had met Vasiliki. I look out of the bus. The crushed twig is still there, the pulp is drying like the clotting blood of Architon.

All along, Vasiliki knew.

- Taj, H. Masud "Vasiliki Knew" *The Literary Gentleman*, *Gentleman*, July 1996, p.92; *Galleon*, Short Story Monthly, November 1994

xvi "Perhaps when it comes to capturing the essence of homes, the phenomenology of architecture, it is film and painting that are more adept. Hitchcock had Bates' home in *Psycho* built according to the painting *House by the Railway* by Edward Hopper. The house was physical; the home, psychological."

- Taj, H. Masud "A House for Marge" Rev. of *A House for My Mother: Architects Build for their Families* by Beth Dunlop. *National Post Books*, September 18, 1999, p.11

xvii "When you enter a building you enter the mind of its creator reflected. When the architect stands in his architecture, he is within that which was previously within him"

- Taj, H. Masud *Dreams Ruins & Architecture* Sharjah, 1978; subsequently exhibited in by Y. D. Pitker photo-exhibit on Mughal Architecture at Jehangir Art Gallery Bombay, June 1992.

The essay *Dreams Ruins & Architecture* contained the notion that the mind of the architect imprints on the built world in ways that the architect is not conscious of; as if all that the architect consciously ever builds are unconscious reproductions of his mind's chambers. The essay was interspersed with poems, the first of which was the attempt to peer at the contents of one's own mind where thoughts dart about like bats in the dark:

---

**TWINS**

Reflection's gaze  
 Pierces your iris before you can blink,  
 Pierces into where thoughts dart about;  
 Bats in the dark.

You gaze  
 Into its cold crystal mind  
 Through veils of light,  
 Icicle dome, stalagmite, stalactite.

Five years after the poem *Twins* (1978), occurred *Twins-II* (and 20 years later the *Bat* poem flew away) :

**TWINS-II**

Within the mirror is always the other  
 Whose stark existence you will keep denying  
 You scan the face and go no further  
 Hear refracted screams and echoes dying.

You trace the face with your moving finger  
 Leaving a damp fading trail behind  
 But still remains the gaze of the stranger  
 You close your eyes to make it go blind.

You are trapped into watching it watching you  
 Watching it in multiple reflection  
 Confused you can't tell who is watching who  
 Whirl pooling in a logic of reduction.

You look at it looking back in anger  
 You invert directions, backwards goes time  
 You back away, it backs into future  
 Separated twins forever entwined.

- Taj, H. Masud "Twins" 1983 (shortlisted in a poetry competition organized by British High Commission & Poetry Society India) anthologized in Kaul, H.K ed *Poetry India: New Voices* New Delhi: Hind Pocket Books 1990, p.132

The self that emerged from reflections in a house of mirrors, never lost sight of its reflection as a companion seeker in pursuit of mind. Ten years later, *The Hyphen's Identity: reflections of an architect-poet* would trace the mirrors and clocks of one childhood as determining one's trajectory as an architect-poet.

---

## THE HYPHEN'S IDENTITY: REFLECTIONS OF AN ARCHITECT-POET

I grew up in a house that had 11 clocks and 17 mirrors.

For instance the living room had two wall clocks, a three-dimensional clock on the table and a clock on the sideboard giving simultaneously different times from around the world. There were clocks in all the bathrooms, in the kitchen, and one added to old Vauxhall's dashboard. The car's rear view mirror was replaced with a panoramic one with a more attractive view of the world behind than the one ahead. The mirrors in the house were also larger than life. The angled ones on the dressing table not only duplicated space, they multiplied it. Space was as mouldable as clay.

The dining hall mirror ran across the width of the wall; eating was a synchronous activity in real and virtual rooms. The mirror also reflected a clock face. The clock had no numerals; double-strokes stood for the quarter-hours and single-strokes for the hours in-between. Its reflected-face remain unchanged but when the mirrored-clock showed 8.45 I knew it was 3.15 and nearing high-tea time. Only lunch, which always began at 12.00, was when both clock-faces reached a consensus. As I ate, they went their separate ways; I lived simultaneously in clockwise and anti-clock times.

Even outside the mirror it was difficult to tell the time. All the clocks couldn't exactly agree at what pace time ought to flow. They were honed in different schools of gears: paleface was always slow, black ahead of its time, the 3-D timeless (it stopped long ago) and only the international-clock was on time (whatever that meant). I grew to be a time-sceptic: clocks only conveyed their respective point of view. I settled instead for sunrise and sunset times in the daily papers that resembled the local train time-tables and were as accurate. The house was on the western shore, so while sunrise at 06h.25m was taken on faith, evening would find me sitting on the front steps cross checking my favourite clock with the 18h.46m sunset in the sea. The horizon was a reliable keeper of time.

One day an architect-friend in Lonavla [India] presented me with a Swiss Army pocket watch. On the rear side was a magnetic compass. One side oriented me in space and the other in time. Much as clocks and mirrors had done in my childhood. Little wonder I became an architect



configuring space, and an oral-poet revealing time. The oral-poet designs time while he recites; the poem is paced sequentially and lasts as long as the recitation does. Having realized where its all coming from sometimes brings the phenomenon to a close. The need to keep poems in the head disappears as does the need to build on the ground. Both the oral-poet and the practicing-architect cease: poems are allowed to download on paper while buildings allowed to remain a mental phenomenon.

The pocket watch showed two sides of the same continuum. It was one I could live with. Yet, when a poet-friend ill with a mysterious illness in London [England], admired it, I told him it was his. But one doesn't gift a gift away. So I deferred gifting it by including it for him in my Will. That way he will have something to live for, while I will not forget that I continue to live on borrowed time. That is the way of hyphens. They gain their identity by those they connect and hold simultaneously. An architect and a poet connected by a space-time device: I the hyphen in-between.

- Taj, H. Masud "Meditations on Clockfaces" *Bombay Times Anniversary Special*, October 12, 1998, p.6

If the *relativistic* stance is understood as reality dependent on the perceiving mind and the *realist* stance is understood as reality independent of the perceiving mind; then their inverse find their clearest expressions in the poem "*Is*" (mind independent of perceived reality) and in the essay above "*Hyphen's Identity*" (perceiving mind an extension of perceived reality).

Both "*Is*" and "*Hyphen's Identity*" with their opposing stances occurred in the same year.

The poem *Is* was first recited to an audience of poets in a Roman Abbey at St. Albans, England. Paradoxically in a built-environment laden with the patina of history, the poem declared the mind resolutely independent of the perceived reality. It was recited, not in the main offering but during the supplementary Q&A session, in response to a question by Cambridge poet John Mole in the audience.

## IS

I am the absence of absence,  
Evidence of existence's  
Existence;  
I bear witness  
That I am.

I am a confluence  
Of immaculate conceptions;  
A meeting of minds.  
The history of my gathering  
Is always state of the art.

I contemplate  
 The poetics of density.  
 I am my own concealment.  
 To be, is to be inscrutable.  
 Transparency is heresy.

That which is, is.  
 I admit to no other possibility.  
 I am monological;  
 Absolutely absolute.

All movements are centrifugal  
 Free-fall to an elusive centre.  
 The implosion intensifies  
 My stillness.

My surface is the  
 Horizon of perception;  
 If a universe flickers beyond,  
 It is not born  
 Out of my conviction.

- Taj, H. Masud, Guest Poet *Ver Poets*: Special Meeting, 27 April 1998

xviii      FEELING WATCHING THINKING DOING: EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO  
 KNOW    ABOUT    PICASSO    BUT    WERE    AFRAID    TO    ASK    MONA    LISA

Kolb's information-processing model maintained that new information is more meaningful and has a longer retentive duration if students work through concrete experience, reflective observation, abstract conceptualization and active experimentation. A work of art, chosen by each student separately as her/his favourite from the National Gallery of Canada, anchors the students as they work through all the four phases of the learning cycle: feeling, watching, thinking and doing. The gaze shifts from viewing the painting, to how we view paintings, to how we view ourselves viewing the painting.

Taj, H. Masud "Abstract" Forthcoming Paper in *Experiencing the Richness of the University Mosaic: From Diversity to Individuality Conference*, University of Ottawa June 16-19 2004

xix “(Hold the film-strip against the light and you can see no difference between two adjacent frames. The whole simulation of reality is based on a denial of differences.)”

- Taj, H. Masud “Snowsled on Fire: Celluloid Architecture in Citizen Kane”  
 Indian Journal Of American Studies 22.2 Summer 1992, p.69-73; Film Resources material:  
 “Literature 107: Introduction to the Study of Film” Spring 2002, Harvard University  
 April 4, 2004: [http://www.courses.fas.harvard.edu/~lit107/Film\\_Resources/Citizen\\_Kane.htm](http://www.courses.fas.harvard.edu/~lit107/Film_Resources/Citizen_Kane.htm)  
 UC Berkeley Library: April 4, 2004: <http://www.lib.berkeley.edu/MRC/wellesbib.html#kane>

xx **HOLOGRAM**

I, a hologram  
 Dwell at highway intersections :  
 Reflections reflecting  
 Reflections.

Final scalp is always as far away.

I wait in the cracks of time,  
 Film songs from the past purge an age.  
 They come to me in present tense  
 With offerings on their heads  
 Below my eye-level,  
 To fashion in my image;  
 Swishing cross-blades reality  
 Into a should-have-been.

Stainless steel jaws snipe at the air.

Only I can see the whole :  
 Front, back, both sides, and top.  
 They wait motionless for me to end  
 To catch glimpses in a mirror held  
 High for them to see  
 Slices that I select;  
 Periscoping through my eyes  
 They carry my versions in their head.

I show to censor as I cut to create.

But somewhere at the back of my mind  
 Behind the coated silver,  
 Lies someone else's version  
 That I can only mirror.

- Taj, H. Masud. “Hologram” recited to accompany Movement VI: *Homologs: Poems & Stairs* Institut für Hochbau für Architekten, Graz, Austria, 8 May 1998

---

**BETWEEN TWO TONGUES: FALLING AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT**


---

Urdu is my mother tongue and my foster-mother tongue is English. I grew up in both. My mother is a creative writer in Urdu who often rewrites the endings of novels she reads and sometimes even replaces the author's version with her own. Her daily speech is sprinkled with metaphors and witty turns of phrase. My father, for one unforgettable year, was an inspired poet in Urdu and turned our staid house into a spontaneous tavern of Ghazal-guzzlers. My grandmother never tired of reminding me that I was the descendant of her grandfather the classical Urdu poet Hazrat Ameer Meenai.

I did my schooling far away from my poetry-laden home in a school high up in mist-laden mountains of India where I grew up in English. Both the school Head Master and its most influential teacher were wannabee-poets who unleashed their compositions on unsympathetic ears. Their passion for English though was infectious and the disease incurable.

I learnt to write Urdu from right to left, and English left to right. One direction cancelling the other and soon my scripts were going where no script had gone before. Poetry led to calligraphy in both the scripts and explorations of calligraphic space led to architecture (each time the poet, calligrapher, architect paused to catch his breath he received a new label). I still tend to browse publications backwards which sometimes means, in bilingual Canada, encountering undecipherable French before reverse-engineered English (Da Vinci would have approved).

Both English and Urdu are symmetrical; two conditions of the same bipolar disorder. Both tongues are immigrants in alien grammars (Latin and Sanskrit respectively), both have a similar strategy for overcoming their weakness: a voracious appetite for foreign words. Like the monster software AutoCAD and indeed life itself (both versions at 2004) they make up as they go along, disguising their formal inelegance with awesome number crunching, memory and vocabulary respectively. Both English and Urdu are tongue colonisers with their dictionaries metamorphosing into thesauruses (Webster and Roget face off as John Travolta and Nick Cage once did in an exciting Woo classic). Both languages also colonise lands, English the world and Urdu the Indian subcontinent and the Indian diasporas spread out in the world. They have an evangelical fervour that turns speakers into born-again, again and again.

With such mother tongues, the opening scene of "Genghis Khan" when his father is torn between two horses was destined to freeze and Papa Khan become, with a healthy dose of multicultural misreading and mixed metaphors, Janus forever. For the mirror symmetry of the two tongues, borders on the uncanny.

One language has no past tense and the other, no future.

In Urdu, words have suffixes for future tense but none for the past. *Bol* ("to say") becomes *boloonga* for the future. But for the past Urdu takes the present form into past time (*bol raha tha*). Likewise in English, words have suffixes for the past tense but none for the future. "I say" becomes "I said." But for the future English takes the present form into future time ("I will say"). The past tense in one and the future tense in the other are both aliens in disguise forever deceiving the native speakers. Born between two tongues is to not belong to both, to remain outside and in-between twin towers with the knowledge of both unfounded foundations and excess baggage in the sky.

Born between two tenses, one tends to mistrust the past and the future, sceptical of both histories and prophecies, and rely on the ever-present present, the only tense at hand. A fleeting moment that is forever both hyper transient and everlasting (you only experienced, experience, will experience the present). It is akin to dwelling in *Visces Pisces*, an ancient term for the fish-shaped area between two overlapping circles; the only area of the Venn diagram that is in touch with the generative centres of both circles. To dwell in the present is to dwell in the interface, keeping the barbarians of tongues and times at bay.

At the interface speech turns speechless and time, timeless. Both inadvertently.

he only way to enlarge the interface is for both the circles to follow the opposing directions of contrary scripts until they completely overlap each other. Past and future then coalesce into present. When that happens, as Einstein pointed, you are moving at the speed of light while all along remaining motionless. Because then there is no past to travel from and no future to travel to. There is only the present tense: speechless, timeless, motionless.

**Author's note:** Urdu does have a past tense (*kaha*). Only in some fleeting instances is it devoid of it and this essay is situated in those moments. English though, remains permanently

handicapped (sans dedicated verb-form for the future tense, it yet communicates futurity). Hence the symmetry of lacking tenses is only a part-time truth, and this essay is a hybrid of fact and fiction. Urdu's not having a past tense is fictitious; the genealogies of the tongues are suspect; everything else is true.

Taj, H. Masud *Literary Review The Hindu*: Sunday, Jan 04, 2004, p.1 (January 4, 2004: [www.hindu.com/lr/2004/01/04/stories/2004010400030100.htm](http://www.hindu.com/lr/2004/01/04/stories/2004010400030100.htm))

xxii **THE LIFE & TIMES OF A PUNCTUATION MARK.**

“ ”

You need courage  
 You huddle together  
 To see yourselves  
 As others see you.  
 Forever you gaze  
 At your inverted self  
 Suspended -  
 Searching for answers  
 In the words  
 In-between.  
 !  
 Full stop admitting emotion.  
 There is hope!  
 ?  
 The path of life  
 Is never straight.  
 Having reached the end  
 You detach yourself  
 Stop  
 And ponder.  
 Full-stop cannot decide  
 Which way to go.

-Taj, H. Masud, sections of a long poem included in solo reading: ““More Poems About Buildings and Punctuation: Sian Hughes meets H. Masud Taj” Poetry Society Of London: *The Poetry Place*, Convent Garden, London, April 16, 1998

---

### Endnotes acknowledgements

Thank you organizers of the following venues where I have recited the above poems:

Ottawa: *Dr. Peter Medway's Soiree*; Toronto: *The Hart House Library, University of Toronto*; New York: *The Chautauqua Institute*; London: *The Poetry Place*; St. Albans: *The English Studio*; Amsterdam: *Winston Kingdom*; Graz: *Institut für Hochbau für Architekten*; Bombay: *P.E.N. All-India Centre*; New Delhi: *India International Centre*.

Thank you editors of the following journals and anthologies, in which the above stories and poems and essay have appeared:

*Like Lemmings: Northern Ontario's Literary Arts Journal*, Sudbury; *National Post*, Toronto; *The Muslim World Book Review*, London; *House Call, New Indian Stories*, Ed. Dan Daor, Tel Aviv; *Times Of India*, Bombay; *Impressions*, Bombay; *Debonair*, Bombay; *The Literary Gentleman*, Bombay; *Bombay Times Anniversary Special*, Bombay; *Poetry India: New Voices* ed. H.K. Kaul, (New Delhi: Poetry Society of India / British Council Division); *A+D: A Journal of Indian Architecture*, New Delhi; *Galleon*, Madras; *The Hindu: Folio*, Hyderabad; *The Hindu Literary Review*, Hyderabad; *Indian Journal Of American Studies*, Hyderabad.

The poem: *Forest* recited at the Oral Comprehensive Examination on 27 April 2004 occurred on 22 September 1993 and was anthologized in *Reasons for Belonging: Fourteen contemporary Indian poets* ed. Ranjit Hoskote, New Delhi: Penguin Books, 2002, p. 52.

---

**Déjà vu**

(or: *A conversation; saying the same thing twice without stuttering*)

*How could we possibly appreciate the Mona Lisa if Leonardo had written at the bottom of the canvas: 'The lady is smiling because she is hiding a secret from her lover. – Kubrick (<http://www.filmnight.org/kubrick.htm>).*

Hotels are strange places...

*They map opposing movements: guests live in the finished-interiors where all their needs are taken care of; while service personnel, who sustain that fantasy, move in unfinished basements and stairs: out-of-bound to the guests. The service personnel experience both zones.*

I think the strangeness also has something to do with the dislocation of traveling. Also, in the order that hotel corridors display, moving in them you distinctly sense a narrative that takes precedent over the order you would create on your own. For instance while walking outdoors you decide to chart your own pathway across the landscape. In corridors, however, you feel the presence of the *other*. With the world it creates, architecture reminds us of human endeavour/will.

*Those corridors are contaminated by the crossing of both guests and attendants; corridors are traffic intersections. And the sense of the other you allude to is doubled in films. First the architect imposes his/her order and then the director choreographs your sightlines with his/her camera moving through that space: you will only see what I choose to show you. Architecture on celluloid is, in that sense, inevitably fascistic.*



---

And from the corridor, you walk into your own insulated world. In one motel I recall, they had drawn wall sections on the little laminated sheets they usually have in the rooms. Showed you the cross-section of the motel wall: cavity block construction, double-walled, with insulation inside the cavity and outside the wall, so you got insulation-wall-insulation-wall-insulation. It took care of both high and low frequencies and guaranteed that no sounds got across.

*Leakage-anxiety syndrome.*

And yet when you walked in the corridor you were very conscious of the different insulated worlds that lay behind the closed doors that you passed. Furthermore hotel corridors are so monotonous and blank that they are obviously not places to be, they just allow one to go from here to there. Adds to the strangeness strange.

*Bland and yet contaminated.. With all the care we take with insulating our domains, leakages inevitably occur: the food tray on the floor with left-overs; door signs; someone coming in / going out. The individual rooms are the categories that Reason needs to reason with. It erects those walls and insulates them to keep the terms of its speech clear.*

What option does Reason have?

*None, I suppose, reasonably. But those boundaries were meant to be membranes that allowed in-out-in-out (misquoting Alex). Instead you get ins-wall-ins-wall-ins (the outs have been outed by the walls, twice over). Boundaries tend to harden and succumb to rigor mortis. Reason needs to turn into a streetwalker and walk the contaminated corridor. It will then encounter the monstrous.*

---

How does this tell us what architecture does? Or is the whole of architecture you talk about (origins, method of teaching, nature of relevant discourse, its use in film) a monster?

*Architecture lies in creating the context in which the monster may occur. The context is spatial. It serves the temporal. If Daedalus ever existed it would have been as a choreographer of the labyrinthine dance, with Minotaurs as dancers wearing bull-masks, Ariadne's thread as the choreography of the dancers, and the dance as the primary labyrinth. The labyrinth is essentially a temporal device. Architecture arrives to assist the temporal, the ritual. Recall the theatre as Alberti's paradigm for architecture. The place where architecture takes place; architecture as a surrogate for the dance. The monster also occurs temporally, when our carefully constructed categories slip away and we see the face of the Real (Feynman's complex wave-traffic soup would serve as a metaphor). At that moment, the terrain of our faces turn uncanny.*

Is that what your unstable "I" is all about?

*Yes and chances of its destabilizing are higher in the uncanny corridor than the canny rooms; it is the public domain that we need to reinforce with architectural interventions.*

Getting back to the question of self-identity. Lets see. Suppose I decide to do two very different things. I decide to go to the corner store to buy bread or I decide to go to Tibet to become a monk. The self is stable and able to make both decisions. So where is the monster?

*In neither. But suppose while buying bread she says something, or you catch a reflection while you smell the bread and momentarily, the veil slips, the Real appears. Déjà vu. Of course, you always come back. But you return as an immigrant from the uncanny with an enlarged sense of the self, with your previous self as a subset. You know, I think I know how I am going to end my thesis.*

---