Doctoring Strange Loves
Or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying Stanley and Love Monsters
in Scholarship, Chess, Films
&
Architecture.

by
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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.
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"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." As ever, Don, I “couldn’t have said it better myself!”

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a 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).

b 100 volumes, alas!


Dedication

To: the reader.

The reader becomes epistemologically equivalent to the author, and through the author a kind of primordial "maker" like Daedalus^e.

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

^e Kunze, p.119
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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!'\(^f\)

The deconstructed Cheshire cat smiled at Alice only in Wonderland,
and only till she woke up.\(^g\)

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\(^f\) "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.

Construing the λαύρινθος Labyrinth
(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. – Marco Frascari

The mythical inventor, whose invention assisted the begetting of an interspecies hybrid, was the first architect in the Western tradition that began architecture with the building of the Labyrinth. Deadalus designed the labyrinth to contain the Minotaur, the bipartite amalgam that his earlier invention had begat. The architect was also the reluctant resident 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, the mythological inventor of human flight.

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1 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
3 According to the Romano-Greek historian Apollodorus, Daedalus’ labyrinth at Knossos was a hundred times smaller than the Egyptian prototype (Qtd. Matthews p.23).
4 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
5 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 psychological 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)
6 Taurus (bull), thus Minotaur (Bull of Minos); legally correct, albeit, but biologically illegitimate and hence misnamed.
7 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)
Flight is a relevant invention in a roofless architecture. Daedalus’s labyrinth was open to the sky. The first architect did not provide the dweller with a roof over his head. This very lack was in retrospect not an oversight but an escape clause in the first contract. Deadalus escaped by fashioning wings but in the process lost his son. 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” and the first architect used all his talent to flee from the dweller and the dwelling, both monstrous. The dweller,

9 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 imprisoner. Hence he opted for the way of the Cranes to escape both the contained and the container.

10 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).

11 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.

12 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.

13 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.

14 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"), or by possessing a prodigious memory that exceeds the architectural excess ("Learning to reason is, in effect, learning knowledge-retrieval strategies."). Sans memory (past) or inventiveness (future), life/Eros (present) becomes a mere detour along the labyrinthine path leading to death/Thanatos. "It is life, that resembles an accident of death or an excess of death." Excess, begets excess.

But not for long, because "death is something to be afraid of only if we survive it." 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." There is no escape when you have forgotten the way out; it is then perpetual recurrence of the same

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16 Dennet 1991, p.223
17 A movement akin to the death-drive theory in what Ricoeur called the "architecture of Freudianism." (Qtd. Dufresne p.125)
21 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
22 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." 23 "24 "25 Life and death are no longer thesis and antithesis but rather one is a
deferral of the other. *Wiederholungszwang* 26 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 lose its way, and perhaps we ourselves
can remain concealed in our shifting hiding places. 27

The plethora of *perhaps* cannot stave off death 28 that digressions can only defer. 29 The
autobiography of a monster is an "autothanatography." 30 The dwelling, as contemplation
on and through death, 31 becomes an "auto-bio-thanato-hetero-graphical scene of
writing." 32 Hyphens 33 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

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23 Freud; and yet when it first appeared in… (see footnote below)
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):
25 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.
26 "repetition compulsion" - Freud.
27 Calvino, Italo, "The Charles Eliot Norton Lectures 1985-86" *Six Memos for the Next Millennium,
28 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*.
29 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 lose its way, and *perhaps* we
ourselves can remain concealed in our shifting hiding places.”
30 Derrida 1980 p.393 (Qtd. Dufresne p.140)
31 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.
32 Derrida 1980 p.336 (Qtd. Dufresne p.137)
33 *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.
thanato, the diptych hinge at the centre. When the hyperhyphenated word is folded at its hinge:

\[
\begin{array}{c|c}
\text{known} & \text{auto} \\
\text{graphical} & \text{bio} \\
\text{hetero} & \text{thanato} \\
\end{array}
\]

we get a palimpsest of an autograph\textsuperscript{34} that inscribes another\textsuperscript{35} over death.\textsuperscript{36}

Each word is an extreme expression of all words that taken together constitute the unspeakable labyrinth. The dictionary is the blueprint of a haunted mansion that is always under construction because the very terms of the contract refer to other terms that defer the ever completion of the contract. All haunting are failed attempts at closure (even etymology cannot exorcize its etymology).\textsuperscript{37} The haunting converts the contractor into an inadvertent dweller who overstays. When alive I dwelt in my body and my body dwelt in architecture. After death if I persist in dwelling than I dwell in the building sans body. Hence in a single tactical move of the spirit changing its context from the body to the building renders both the body and the building estranged: the un-haunted body is unhealthy and the haunted house is a horror. Haunting is a disobedience of categories; a recontextualization born of displacement and out-of-placeness of place, wherein the

\textsuperscript{34} auto/-/-/graphical
\textsuperscript{35} -/ bio (Gk fr bios, way of life) -/- hetero (Gk fr heteros, other) -/
\textsuperscript{36} -/-Gk. Fr thanatos, death/-/
\textsuperscript{37} “The death drive is inextricably bound up with writing, narrative and autobiography.” – Royle, p.94
Gr. fr etimos, true + logos, word
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.”38 The irrepressible monster returns “like an inescapable boomerang, a vortex of summons and repulsion”39 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.40

From being in the building to becoming the building; the monstrous labyrinth is a paradoxical41 condition of prodigious memory haunted by amnesia; forgetfulness surrounded by a forgetting-to-forget4v

41 “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

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

“Ah, yes, architecture...the constructed metaphor...”
– Cab driver in NY

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

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43 Le Corbusier, Presisions sur l’état present d’architecture Paris, 1926 (Qtd. Penz, Francois and Maureen Thomas p.116)

ornamental distribution done by "montage." Furthermore, "the original is unlimited and contains boundless possibilities. The fragment that is removed is the image of this infinity made finite." The montage of finite fragments in an architettura di spoglio reconstructs the labyrinth with its perceptually infinite interior.

The "poetic procedure of invention" consists of "philological decomposition" followed by a "hermeneutical reconstruction." Because, according to Monster Theory, monstros "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..."

The labyrinth returns architecture to its original meaning "which is not simply building (tecto) but building with archetypes (arche)." As in all archetypes, only when the construing and the construction interpenetrate does the sense of the initial wonder

45 Eistenstein, Sergie M. "Piranesi, or the Fluidity of Forms" (Qtd. Frascari p.22)
46 Rowat, Randall McLennan "memorial" E-mail to the author. 4 December 2001 (viewer-
response to the War Memorial designed by the author)
47 Architecture of Spoils: cannibalizing as a venerable architectural practice; reconstituting older
fragments into newer arrangements; the metaphor for scholarship.
48 Frascari, p.66-68 commenting on the sequence on monstrous designs of Saverio Muratori.
49 Cohen, Jeffrey J., ed. Monster Theory Minneapolis: 1996, p.viii (Qtd. Farronato p.188)
50 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
52 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 construccio = 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."53 Mythos and logos,54 Q.E.D. and Q.E.F.,55 making up and making do, logos of techne and techne of logos,56 cosa, and causa,57 factum and verum,58 disegno interno and disegno esterno,59 universali intelligibili and universali fantastici, 60 caratteri stilistici and caratteri distributivi,61 and finally quod significat and quod significatur,62 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

53 Frascari, p.8
54 "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).
55 quod erat demonstrandum: which was to be proved; quod erat faciendum: which was to be made (Frascari, p.105)
56 technology and rhetoric; "The essence of techne is by no means technological. Techne belongs to the notion of poiesis, which reveals or discloses aletheia, the truth." (Frascari, p.117);
57 causa, thing, is derived from Italian causa, cause (Frascari, p.8)
58 Vico's factum as the artifact and verum as the truth (Frascari, p.14)
59 Zuccheri's conception of technology and its practice (Frascari, p.104)
60 Vico's contrasting the rational mind with the poetic mind (Frascari, p.106)
61 Italian precision: decoration and typology. (Frascari, # 8, p.123)
62 Vitruvian binomial of significare and signified that an architect "manifestly needs to have experience of both kinds" (Vitruvius 1930, I: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.  

This again is the way of the monster as "the conjunction of two impossibilities" that by definition "challenges the epistemological authority of form, structure, and identity." 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, 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."

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."

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63 Bataille, Georges Inner Experience Tr. Leslie Anne Boldt; New York: State Univ. of NY P., 1988, p.59
64 Frascari, p.90
66 Frascari, p.117
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.”68 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.”69 Given that the etymology of etymology is the true word70 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,71 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”72 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. Bourdieu 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, Bourdieu argues, the only possible means of transferring embodied cultural capital. The former is intended to produce knowing, the latter being.73

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68 Frascari, p.5
69 “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)
70 Gr. fr etumos, true + logos, word
71 “The professional carries out a duty, whereas the professor enjoys the pleasure of a demonstration.” Frascari, p.31
72 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)
The scholastic ivory tower tolerates the charismatic labyrinth but fears infection. Could it be, it wonders, that the architect as a monster\textsuperscript{74} 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.”\textsuperscript{75} What,\textsuperscript{76} the university wishes to know, constitutes architecture that gives auctoritas\textsuperscript{77} 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.\textsuperscript{78} Scholarship is the mortar that holds these fragments together. They are paradoxically threatened with dissolution\textsuperscript{79} by their very mortar, as mort alludes to the death\textsuperscript{80} that dismantles.\textsuperscript{81} The union is also suspect because it is monstrous.

\begin{footnotes}
\footnote{The monsters of architecture are not only the buildings, but also the architects who successfully embody themselves in the constructed world.” Frascari, p.53}
\footnote{Che vuoi?}
\footnote{“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}
\footnote{Architecture of Spoils: cannibalizing as a venerable architectural practice; reconstituting older fragments into newer arrangements.}
\footnote{Which can only be counteracted with the Vitruvian venustas from Venus (love binds).}
\footnote{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)}
\footnote{Thence all that remains will be a rigor mortis ridden corpse waiting post mortem.}
\end{footnotes}
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\textsuperscript{82}

What is it they say: What one has thought so often, but never said so well? – Stanley Kubrick\textsuperscript{83}

The role of the poet was thus analogous to that of a “builder.” He was indeed a “combinatory machine” - Cipolla\textsuperscript{84}

The highest function of the poet in any productive domain is the invention of monsters - Frascari\textsuperscript{85}

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).”\textsuperscript{86} The montage of fragments that constitutes the text renders it akin to the inherently fragmentary cinemagraphic apparatus.\textsuperscript{87} Little wonder, that philosophy “is movie material par excellence.”\textsuperscript{88}

\textsuperscript{82} Herr, Michael. \textit{Kubrick}, Broadway NY: Grove Press, 2000, p.5
\textsuperscript{83} Herr, p.55
\textsuperscript{84} Cipolla, Gaetano \textit{Labyrinth: Studies on an Archetype} NY: Legas 1987 p.136
\textsuperscript{85} Frascari, p.84
\textsuperscript{87} “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
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”);\textsuperscript{89} 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.”\textsuperscript{90}

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.\textsuperscript{91}

\textsuperscript{89} Tallis, Raymond \textit{A Conversation with Martin Heidegger} Hampshire UK: Palgrave, 2002, p.2
\textsuperscript{90} Frascari, p.26 See also endnote: HOLOGRAM

How do you write? What are your methods?

\textit{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.

\textit{Nabokov’s interview. (02) BBC Television [1962]March 6, 2004: http://lib.ru/NABOKOW/Inter02.txt}

\textsuperscript{91} With radius of 2 GM / 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 legisitates itself the task of speaking; a solitary whistle in the dark.

Endnotes map the author on to the labyrinth. Endnotes map the author on to the labyrinth. 92 Supplement as concordia scripturarum. 93

The footnote is a running commentary with the commentator’s voice fluctuating between the critic and the creator. 94 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 95 like a

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92 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

93 Cross flow of texts.

94 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.

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, and their content (can they speak with a
forked tongue?) the main text begins to experience the discomfort of eroding authority 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.

Architecture, the most interdisciplinary of professional disciplines, an amphibian 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,

96 Text (20,661 words): 488 Footnotes (14,309 words): 22 Endnotes (13,408 words) i.e. approx.1.5
:1 : 1 (this footnote has to be temporally the last entry in the text).
97 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).
98 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 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" 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." Thus the theatre as the central paradigm of architecture; thus too the archetypal architect as a choreographer of *geranos*, the labyrinthine dance.

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." Because "a labyrinth

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99 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

100 Royle, Nicholas. "Film" *The Uncanny* NY: Routledge, 2003, p.81-82


cannot conceal another labyrinth the text-as-illustration cannot be illustrated. The archetypal extant Vitruvian text was sans illustrations for “Vitruvius himself deliberately shunned drawing and resorted to graphic methods with much reluctance only when words completely failed him. For Vitruvius, writing explains better than drawing – whatever the frustrated modern architectural reader may think.”

We return, sans illustrations, as frustrated modern readers to the archetypal act of reproducing architects in a text that constructs even as it construes.

Habberjam Minneapolis: Univ. of Minnesota P., 1986 xiv
Eistenstein, Sergie M. “Piranesi, or the Fluidity of Forms” (Qtd. Frascari 1991 p.22) But it can have renderings in the sense that to render means to return to the owner.
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.
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.
Carpio, 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).

McEwen, p.32
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 stonemaster 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\textsuperscript{112} 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\textsuperscript{113}

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 \textit{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.\textsuperscript{114}

Eight disciplines are mentioned. Amidst the society of disciplines, a curious omission persists: \textit{architecture itself}.\textsuperscript{115} The absent \textit{Lady of the Arts}\textsuperscript{116} finds herself embedded in a plethora of presences. But perhaps architecture, as poetry, is that which is lost in translation.\textsuperscript{117}

\textsuperscript{112} Abūl-Walīd Muhammad ibn Rushd 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 hand a half, a school of Averroism." Zedler, Beatrice H. Ed "Averroes and the Italian Renaissance" Averroes' Destructio Philosophiae Aligzelis in the Latin Version of Calo Callonymos. Wisconsin: Marquette Univ P, 1961, p.33
\textsuperscript{113} Eco, Umberto. \textit{Art and Beauty in the Middle Ages} Tr. Hugh Bredin, New haven: Yale UP, 1986, p.103
\textsuperscript{116} \textit{Domini Artium} (Frascari, p.6)
\textsuperscript{117} Dictum attributed to W.H.Auden
The ten books *decem voluminibus* of De Architectura were in 10 scrolls. Each scroll was tied with a string *lopa*. The scrolls were stacked up in the naturally stable configuration of the Pythagorean *tetractys*: \[1 + 2 + 3 + 4 = 10:\]

![Diagram of a tetractys]

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

we let loose the space that interfaces “contradictory ‘topography of inside outside’ (*topique des fors*)”. 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.

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118 Vitruvius 10.16.12
119 McEwen, p.42
120 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. 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 at the heart of dichten. 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" 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

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121 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.

122 German: density
123 German: poetry
124 McEwen, p.42
text. The space of translation, between inside and outside, is where occur the slippages
between source and target tongues,\textsuperscript{vii} for in the act of translation:

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

The translation occurs between “tongue and text,” between centre and periphery.”\textsuperscript{126}

From the \textit{act} of reading (notwithstanding what is read) we return to \textit{read} Vitruvius, this
time in the original Latin. The shift is from the \textit{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\textsuperscript{127} of Vitruvias’s \textit{De architectura} states:

caelique rationes cognitas habeat.\textsuperscript{128}}

Even before he\textsuperscript{129} begins to imbibe any of the eight disciplines, the proto-architect has to
ensure his prequalification by being \textit{“Et ut litteratus sit: a “man of letters”}\textsuperscript{130} or more

\textsuperscript{125} Derrida, Jacques. “Ousia and Gramme: Note one a Note from \textit{Being and Time},” Trans. Alan Bass.

\textsuperscript{126} 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” \textit{Architectures: Ecstasies of Space, Time,
and the Human Body} NY: State Univ. of New York P. 1997, p.64

\textsuperscript{127} Harleian 2767 of the British Museum

\textsuperscript{128} Vitruvius 1.1.3; Granger, Frank ed. & tr. \textit{Vitruvius on Architecture} Cambridge MA: Harvard
University Press 1962, p.8 (numbers and emphasis added)

\textsuperscript{129} 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. \textit{he}, wherever he occurs is a gender-freecomposite
(s)he.
literally, the architect “should know writing.”\textsuperscript{131} Writing is primal.\textsuperscript{132} 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 effici positi.*\textsuperscript{133} Livy, a contemporary of Vitruvius, called *litterae* “the only faithful guardian of the memory of achievements.”\textsuperscript{134} It is writing that “nails memory down, makes it *firmior*, more steadfast, longer lasting, more powerful.”\textsuperscript{135} Architecture, yoked to memory, succumbs to a memorial stance (mortar\textsuperscript{136} succumbs to its embedded etymology) while writing lapses into an elegiac tone (poetry\textsuperscript{137} 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\textsuperscript{138} spent with Zeus to beget the Muses. The *Chief-Mistress*\textsuperscript{139} begets the

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\textsuperscript{130} Granger p.9
\textsuperscript{131} Vitruvius 1.1.3; McEwen, Indra Kagis. *Vitruvius: Writing the Body of Architecture*, Cambridge: MIT P., 2003, p.17
\textsuperscript{132} 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)
\textsuperscript{133} Vitruvius 1.1.4: “An architect should know writing [litteras] so that he can produce a stronger memory in commentaries.”
\textsuperscript{134} Livy *Ab urbe condita* 6.1.2. (Qtd. McEwen, p.17)
\textsuperscript{135} McEwen, p.17
\textsuperscript{136} mort: death
\textsuperscript{137} German: poetry *dichten* has a heart of *dichte* i.e. density.
\textsuperscript{138} 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 the Muse is that which is lost in transit/translation). Which is why every translation is an interpretation and the Muse is that which is lost in transit/translation).
\textsuperscript{139} i.e. *Architecture* after Frascari p.6, after Scamozzi, after Barbora after Vitruvius (1584, 7, 1.60-67)
Chief Builder\textsuperscript{140} by being in a Vitruvian-sized bed accommodating nine Masters “approved by her judgement.”\textsuperscript{141} The “power of the compound name”\textsuperscript{142} of architecture is such that, even at its origins, ‘the combinatorial machine’ is born of the uncertain union of an excess of disciplines. Architecture, like its first dweller, is a “form commingled”\textsuperscript{143} 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.”\textsuperscript{144}

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,”\textsuperscript{145} consider how the Vitruvian total-man has survived in both the Beaux-Arts and the Bauhaus pedagogical aspirations, right into our times.

\textsuperscript{140} arkhe tekton
\textsuperscript{141} Vitruvius (1584, 7, 1.58) Qtd. Frascari p.6
\textsuperscript{142} Barbaro (Vitruvius 1584, 7, 1.60-67) (Qtd. & Tr. Frascari, p.6)
\textsuperscript{143} Euripides (Qtd. Matthews p.22)
\textsuperscript{144} Vico, Gianbattista. Principii di scienza nuova. Naples, 1744, vi, 410 (Qtd. & Tr. Frascari, p.15).
\textsuperscript{145} 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).
\textsuperscript{145} 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..."\textsuperscript{146} 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."\textsuperscript{147} A Harvard University's educationist\textsuperscript{148} "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."\textsuperscript{149} As late as 1989, the AIA was defining a triple-curricula braid: "The architect is: artist, philosopher and technocrat."\textsuperscript{150} 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."\textsuperscript{151} 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.

\textsuperscript{146} Jacques-Francois Blondel while marketing his Academy of Architecture, assured parents that their sons would be suitably cultivated as architects. (Qtd Stevens, p.188)

\textsuperscript{147} Gropius, Walter "Education of Architects and Designers: Approach" Scope of Total Architecture NY: Collier Books 1966, p.18

\textsuperscript{148} Joseph Hudnut, Gropius' contemporary at Harvard University, formulation of the ideal curriculum in 1940.


\textsuperscript{150} American Institute of Architects Career Profile: Architect Washinton DC: AIA Advisory Council 1989 p.1

\textsuperscript{151} Frascari, Note. 4, p.123
Curriculum\textsuperscript{152} having originated from a race course on which ran the curricle – 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”\textsuperscript{153} 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.”\textsuperscript{154}

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

\textsuperscript{152} L. Curricula (-l?). [L. See Curricule.]
\textsuperscript{153} Cousins, p.18
\textsuperscript{154} Cousins, p.20
an investigation of loss, of the shadow, for which the object does not yet quite exist.¹⁵⁵

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 unbuildility 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.”¹⁵⁶

“"I get close to poetry – but end up failing it."¹⁵⁷ 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).¹⁵⁸ It is the extreme point of acknowledging that even though the centre is not out of sight it nevertheless remains irreducibly out of reach. "¹⁵⁹ At the centre of the labyrinth lurks not

¹⁵⁵ p.21
¹⁵⁸ 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\textsuperscript{159}; 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.”\textsuperscript{160} 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.”\textsuperscript{161} 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.\textsuperscript{162} 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.”\textsuperscript{163}

\begin{center}
\begin{tikzpicture}
    \node {known};
    \node {unknown} at (0,-1) [below]{};
    \draw[->] (known) -- (unknown);
    \draw[->] (unknown) .. controls (-0.5,-0.5) .. (known);
\end{tikzpicture}
\end{center}

\textsuperscript{159} “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
\textsuperscript{160} Bataille Oeuvres Complet\`{e}s Vol.V, p.119 (qtd. in Land p.210). “Oeuvres Complet\`{e}s” 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.
\textsuperscript{161} Bataille Oeuvres Complet\`{e}s Vol.V, p.162 (qtd. in Richman, Michele H. Reading Georges Bataille: Beyond the Gift Baltimore: John Hopkins UP, 1982 p.69)
\textsuperscript{162} 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)
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. In the labyrinth, the centre is a diptych hinge that folds Wiederholungszwang 180-degrees and you find yourself retracing steps\textsuperscript{x}\textsuperscript{+164}, 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\textsuperscript{165} with an axe (the return of the labyrinth’s etymology).\textsuperscript{166} 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\textsuperscript{xi}. 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.

\textsuperscript{164} *Nosti quontiam 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, Psalms Penitentiales VII, 7 (Tr. & Qtd. Cipolla, p.49)

\textsuperscript{165} A rather remarkable relationship between father and son that could be dubbed remarK vs. remarK in an inverse homage to another film released in the year previous to *The Shining*.

\textsuperscript{166} *labrys* = axe. Latin *labyrinthus* (distantly related to the Greek λαβρύς, 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.\textsuperscript{167} 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/contrue the Labyrinth.

\textsuperscript{167} 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... Herr¹⁶⁸

You made me dream with my eyes wide open.- Zeffirelli¹⁶⁹

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 - Frascari¹⁷⁰

When we dream we turn into hybrid beings both inertness embodied and the disembodied active simultaneously; both body in architecture and body as architecture;¹⁷¹ both the expropriation-of and escape-into thought¹⁷². 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"¹⁷³ with the

¹⁶⁸ Herr, Michael. Kubrick, Broadway NY: Grove Press, 2000, p.84
¹⁶⁹ 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)
¹⁷⁰ Frascari, p.113
¹⁷¹ Brown, p.227
¹⁷² 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
oxymoronic *Eyes Wide Shut* “confusion of wakefulness and sleep...blurring the distinctions between dream and reality.”\(^{174}\) We are then uncanny doppelgangers a breath away from “the universality of dreaming...and the continuation of the dream”\(^{175}\) 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.\(^{176}\) “I always live in my dreams and pay a visit to reality every so often.”\(^{177}\)

*Alice:* Maybe we should be grateful that we’ve managed to survive\(^{178}\) 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.\(^{179}\)

*Lacan:* The dreamer, awake, is “nothing but the consciousness of his dream.”\(^{180}\)

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

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\(^{176}\) The director’s cut of *Bladerunner* suggests that Harrison Ford too may be an android dreaming that he was a human being.


\(^{178}\) 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.

\(^{179}\) Kubrick, Stanley and Frederic Raphael, Final narrative segment: *Eyes Wide Shut* 1999


\(^{181}\) Zizek, 1991, p. 17
Perhaps Goya’s *El sueño de la razón produces monstruo* 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.” 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.

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182 Francisco Goya’s *Capricho* 43: “The Spanish word sueño can be translated as dream or sleep” Frascari, #10, p.128
His father “gave him his first camera, and taught him chess” and from whose shelves “Kubrick first started reading Greek and Roman myths...”\textsuperscript{185} and who would call his first film company, “in another reference to the myths of his childhood, ‘A Minotaur Production.’”\textsuperscript{186} 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.”\textsuperscript{187} Who else but Daedalus would be sandwiched between the birth of the Minotaur\textsuperscript{188} 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\textsuperscript{189} that appeared two years before his death, ended with:

\begin{quote}
...that of a young man in a rumpled shirt, hunched over a concrete chessboard in Washington Square under a street lamp.
\end{quote}

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?\textsuperscript{190}

\textsuperscript{185} p. 18
\textsuperscript{187} Qtd. Baxter, p363
\textsuperscript{188} “It [the Minotaur myth] was a legend that had long appealed to Kubrick.” – Walker, p.293
\textsuperscript{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

...chess became movies, and movies became chess by other means. – Herr

I think, at the bottom, that the structure of the film is the structure of the man’s mind who made it. – Miller

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

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.”

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. Yet, the same detached director quivered with emotion when he spoke of his first love: chess (the captioned quote). Further he emphasised that in chess “each move is partly based on intuition.” Yet the lesson he drew from chess is about not yielding to

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191 Kubrick. Stanley Newsweek 26 May 1980
192 Herr, p.24
196 Herr, p.61-62
197 Walker, p.45
198 Ciment, p.196
those very emotions.\textsuperscript{199} It is this creative tension\textsuperscript{200} 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"\textsuperscript{201} 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."\textsuperscript{202}

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.\textsuperscript{203} 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."\textsuperscript{204} His favourite quote, repeated like a mantra to the proying world at bay, was, "In all things mysterious, never explain."\textsuperscript{205}

He began playing chess at the age of 12.\textsuperscript{206} Being one of the strongest chess player in Hollywood, his career "guided by logic and lucidity, since they alone can guarantee his

\begin{itemize}
\item \textsuperscript{199} "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)
\item \textsuperscript{200} "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.
\item \textsuperscript{201} Nelson, Thomas Allen. Kubrick: Inside A Film Artist's Maze, Bloomington :Indiana U P., 1982, p.4
\item \textsuperscript{202} Walker, p.30
\item \textsuperscript{203} 1955: Killer's Kiss
\item \textsuperscript{204} Stanely Kubrick (Qtd. Nelson, p.10)
\item \textsuperscript{205} H. P. Lovecraft (Qtd. Walker, p.274)
\item \textsuperscript{206} Baxter, John, Stanley Kubrick: A Biography, Ny: Carroll & Graf P, 1997, p.20
\end{itemize}

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."  

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" and sometimes he played "for money in parks and elsewhere," made a modest living at it "by challenging the pros in Washington Square," 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 was Orangutan: 1 b4, a move preferred by those who like a big centre. Though regarded as an "unorthodox backwater" it is an extravagant move that can surprise opponents even though, paradoxically, it leaves

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207 Ciment, p.42
208 Baxter, p.32-33
209 Stanley Kubrick (Qtd. Ciment, p.196)
210 Arthur C Clarke on Kubrick (Qtd. Howard, p.18)
212 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)
213 Tartakower, Savielly Grigorievitsch (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"
215 "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).\footnote{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} The orang-utan is a Malaya word for man of the wild.\footnote{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.} 

Like most chess players, Stanley Kubrick had found “a greater game of chess to play.”\footnote{Dan Richter (“Moonwatcher” in 2001) breaking a thirty- year silence to describe Stanley Kubrick February 3, 2004: http://www.underview.com/2001/kubrick.html} Chess was a “conditioning discipline”\footnote{“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} of the director’s mind. He approached filmmaking from the point of view of a chess strategist.\footnote{February 3, 2004: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Stanley_Kubrick} Even the very act of playing chess with an actor was a part of the filmmaking strategy of directorial domination\footnote{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 \textit{Kubrick Trans.} Gilbert Adair, London: Collins, 1983, p.196)} (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.”\footnote{Mamber, Stephen “A Clockwork Orange” \textit{Perspectives on Stanley Kubrick,} Ed. Mario Falsetto. NY: G.K.Hall, 1996, p.176} His working pace resembled a chess-match,\footnote{February 3, 2004: http://www.dvdjournal.com/quickreviews/s/stanleykubricklife.q.shtml} and indeed “the symmetry of his camera framing, the symmetry of characters (or indeed objects) as they interact within
the frame, scripts constructed on parallel patterns which themselves invoke chess
games."^{224}

Kubrick collaborated with Vladimir Nabokov,^{225} another great chess-lover, in Lolita.
Nabokov^{226} 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."^{227} The two chess players collaborated^{228} with
'splendid insincerity'^{229} in composing the screenplay of Lolita, a novel whose themes
have been analyzed, not surprisingly, in terms of general game analogy,^{230} chess^{231} as

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^{224} Fennell, Nicky. "Stanley Kubrick or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Made a Film"
^{225} In Nabokov's The Lashin Defence, chess games are, metaphorically, labyrinths and music.
^{226} In one scene in Lolita with Quilty and Humbert, a picture of Navokov 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 Nobokov lurks as a gendered
double in Lolita.
^{227} March 6, 2004: http://www.striz.org/blog/2003_02_01_archive.html
^{228} 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
^{229} 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.

^{231} Edmond Bernhard "La thématique échiquéenne de Lolita" (Qid 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".\(^ {232}\)

The doubly named Humbert Humbert\(^ {233} \) opens and closes the film shouting "Quilty, Quilty," (the book *Lolita* begins and ends with the word "Lolita").\(^ {234} \) Humbert Humbert teaches Charlotte to play chess.\(^ {235} \) 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."\(^ {237} \) As Lolita goes away, Charlotte moves her Queen, and Humbert takes it\(^ {238} \) 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.


\(^ {233} \) Latin "umbra," or "shade." or Spanish "hombre" or "man", and "ombre" a 17th-century European card game

\(^ {234} \) 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.

\(^ {235} \) "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

\(^ {236} \) *Lolita*: narrative segment no.4


\(^ {238} \) 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\textsuperscript{239}) always occurs out of sight in the film (censorship having rendered it ob-scene). On the “vertical labyrinth”\textsuperscript{240} + \textsuperscript{xii} 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.”\textsuperscript{241} 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.”\textsuperscript{242} The Knight’s move\textsuperscript{243} 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.\textsuperscript{xiii} It is this quiver of disturbance, shift, slip\textsuperscript{244} of the symmetry that we will encounter in the slight but significant asymmetry within chess’s symmetry.

\textsuperscript{239} “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.”


\textsuperscript{240} Pallasmaa, Juhani. “Lived Space in Architecture and Cinema”

\textsuperscript{241} Nabokov, Vladimir. Lolita NY: Random House, 1989, p.1

\textsuperscript{242} p. 190

\textsuperscript{243} 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.

\textsuperscript{244} 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) that takes place between man and machine. (Kubrick too used to test his own chess skills playing against Fritz and M-chess software). HAL beats Poole. (Subsequently, back on Earth, when the reigning world champion Garry Kasparov lost to IBM's Deep Blue "it was the chess equivalent of a nervous breakdown..." with the human, and not the machine, succumbing to paranoia). 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

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245 Smyslov, the surname of the chief Soviet scientist visiting the space station, was named by Kubrick after former Russian chess world-champion Vassily Smyslov.
248 Wired in parallel: 220 chips each examining 2 million moves a second.
250 "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\textsuperscript{251} 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.”\textsuperscript{252} 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.”\textsuperscript{253} Furthermore HAL is both anthropomorphic and anthropopathic.\textsuperscript{254}

In the perplexing final sequence of \textit{2001 - A Space Odyssey}, that, crossing the Star Gate, takes place in the enigmatic 18\textsuperscript{th} 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.”\textsuperscript{255}

Finally in \textit{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,

\textsuperscript{252} “Bishop 3” is an amalgamation of “Bishop” from the traditional convention of “Bishop 6” and “3” from the algebraic convention of “F-3.”
\textsuperscript{253} Zsuzsa Polgar, women’s world champion. (Qtd. King, p.69).
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
Se communiquent leur substance
Tels deux miroirs ardents
Concentrent la lumiere et se la reflechissent
Les rayons tour a tour recueillis...divises
En se multipliant
S’accroissent,s’embrassent
Et d’autant plus activs
Qi’ils se sont plus croises
Au meme point se reunissent.

(Two hearts by each other attracted
Communicate their substance
Like two burning mirrors
Concentrating light and reflecting it back
The beams collected each in turn...divided
By multiplying
Grow larger and larger beautiful
And becoming the more active
The more they intersect
Are at one and the same point reunited.)

The French poem “mixes science with metaphysics”\textsuperscript{256} just as HAL mixes \textit{certainty with uncertainty} in his being and \textit{dependence with independence} in his language; just as chess as we shall see, mixes the \textit{self with other; player with his opponent}, as well as its pieces mirror \textit{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

\textsuperscript{256} 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° 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°.

This is akin to the 90° 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,\(^{257}\) 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.”\(^{258}\)

Yet, when we begin to see the maze from Jack’s POV we soon find that the POV has succumbed to a 90° spatial ellipsis and we are zooming into the maze with a loss in our orientation. The labyrinth turns into a *temple*\(^{259}\) 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

\(^{257}\) The maze is Kubrick’s contribution to *The Shining* as it does not exist in the original story by Stephen King.

\(^{258}\) 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)

\(^{259}\) “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).”

The sinister Torrancian Twist of our gaze has animated the inanimate, turned inside out, turned frayage into frayeur, 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”) into the celluloid labyrinth that he was painstakingly construing, 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.”

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.” This moment of inaction that precedes action when “they sat down for a nice game of chess,

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260 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
262 Herr, p.24
and all of a sudden he was doing the thinking for both of them."\textsuperscript{265} 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 (\textit{sich zu brechen}), thereby overcoming its mere naturalness."\textsuperscript{266} 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."\textsuperscript{267} The hand that moves the piece belongs, like the piece, to a mirror image of the opponent. "\textit{Est-ce que c'est lui ou est-ce que c'est moi?} Is it him or is it me?\textsuperscript{268} At this moment when the moment is suspended in a position "something like divination"\textsuperscript{269} 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.

"\textit{Please, Bill, no games.}"\textsuperscript{270}

\textsuperscript{265} "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."


\textsuperscript{267} Kubrick. Stanley \textit{Newsweek} (26 May 80)

\textsuperscript{268} February 3, 2004: http://www.bartleby.com/63/62/8862.html


\textsuperscript{270} Lacan, Jacques. 1988, p.181 (Qtd. Fuery, p.33)

\textsuperscript{270} Victor Ziegler, \textit{Eyes Wide Shut}
Mapping the Labyrinth
(or: How to fold the Kubrickian Blueprint)

Quello che oggi ci serve è la mappa più particolareggiata possible.271

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”).272 This metapoem is a diptych of displaced rhymes273 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...”274 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

271 “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)


273 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)

unexpectedness as in its inadvertence). The diversity of genres in Kubrick’s oeuvre has remained a puzzle, though oft remarked upon. He “changed genres the way others change camera lenses…” and yet lurking in the multiplicity was a unifying Thomason schema. The chronological sequence of his otherwise inexplicably multi-genre films, from *Lolita* 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 2nd and 7th were both concerned with war (*Dr. Strangelove* & *Full Metal Jacket*); the 3rd and 6th were both haunted, one by the future and the other by the past (*2001 - A Space Odyssey* & *The Shining*); and finally the 4th and 5th 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

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275 “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

276 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.”

277 “…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”

278 “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 (Qt. *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

279 “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

280 “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 Fraze Deep Focus March 27, 2004: http://www.deep-focus.com/flicker/eyeswide.html

281 “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,...”


283 “Once a Kubrick monster threw a bone into the air and became man [2001]; now the man regresses to monster [*The Shining]*...”


285 “In some ways, it [*The Shining*] recalls the first three parts of 2001 in reverse...” Nelson, p.210

286 “Rather than attempt historical representation, *The Shining* shows the present at the meeting point of the past, present and future, a feat also accomplished by 2001: *A Space Odyssey* (a point Jameson does not make).”

287 Bingham, Dennis “The Displaced Auteur: A Reception History of The Shining” Perspectives, p.296

288 *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.*”

289 Walker p.312.

290 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.bermanweb.net/2001sol.html

291 “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.*”


293 “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.”


295 “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
Lolita 1962 L
Dr. Strangelove 1964 DS
2001 A Space Odyssey 1968 2001
A Clockwork Orange 1971 ACO
Barry Lyndon 1975 BL
The Shining 1980 TS
Full Metal Jacket 1987 FMJ
Eyes Wide Shut 1999 EWS

0 Degrees: Chronologically\textsuperscript{289} (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\textsuperscript{th} Aphorism of Heraclitus\textsuperscript{siv}: Ξύννον ἀρχή καὶ πέρας\textsuperscript{290}

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)\pm0: 6(4)-1: 9(4)+1}. “The route may contain a series

\textsuperscript{289} Kubrick, Christiane. 2002 p.175-190
\textsuperscript{290} “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.»

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

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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 palastrations. *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." 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 that make up a metaouroboros.

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. 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

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292 Zizek, 1991, p. 53

293 Serpents swallowing and secreting themselves.


295 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." 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." The films are mere fragments constructing the final convolution: "architecture as a case of extreme obsession."

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, 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

296 Stanley Kubrick (Qtd. Ciment, p.163 and 172)
297 Frascari p.77
298 Eistenstein, Sergie M. "Piranesi, or the Fluidity of Forms" (Qtd. Frascari 1991 p.22)
299 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)
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” is now the cinema hall where the director directs us to affirm that however “vast the darkness, we must supply our own light.” The central paradigm of architecture, “the theatre of the constructed world” turns out to be theory from the Greek theoria (to be a theatre spectator) 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 before our eyes.

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300 “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)
301 Alberti Momus 1540 (Qtd. Frascari 1991 p.6)
302 Stanley Kubrick “L’Envoi” Kubrick, Christiane. 2002 p.192
303 Frascari p.17
305 Length of Eyes Wide Shut. Chion, p.95
“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)
"There was me, that is Alex"\textsuperscript{308}

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, \textit{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 \textit{optical} sense should be developed already in childhood.”\textsuperscript{316} 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 \textit{visual facts}, such as the phenomenon of \textit{optical illusion}, of the relation of solids and voids in space, of light and shade, of color and scale; \textit{objective facts} instead of arbitrary subjective interpretation or formulas long since stale.\textsuperscript{317}

\textsuperscript{307} Vitruvius’s \textit{De architectura} was read two columns of text at a time. (McEwen, p.42)

\textsuperscript{308} The first line in \textit{A Clockwork Orange} as Alex’s voice-over commentary establishing his film as his subjective presentation.
"externalization of Alex's mind^{309}+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.^{310} 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 monocural 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

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^{311} Switzer, Judith, (Qtd. Falsetto, 56)

^{312} Kwinter, Sanford. *Architectures of Time: Towards a Theory of the Event in Modernist Culture*


^{313} Sobchack, p. 163

^{314} Sobchack, p. 173

^{315} Mouth, in Latin os, is related to door *ostium*


^{317} Gropius, p.51 (emphasis added).


^{319} Corbusier's Ewazuris House

^{320} Corbusier's Besnos House

^{321} Aalto's Villa Mairea

^{322} Herdeg, p.35

^{323} Gropius, p.43

^{324} Gropius, p.31
sections across “psychological landscapes.”

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 some of us presently live.

I-Eye. The hyphen disguises a man-machine partnership as “a coterminus perception and expression of a mutually lived world.” 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 of the labyrinth.

appearance of so many prominent Harvard graduates. Their works being merely decorated diagrams, devoid of poetics, irony or metaphoric richness which are “means by which to construct one’s own world.”

“Will we succeed in establishing an optical “key,” used and understood by all, as an objective common denominator of design?” 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. 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.  

Look at me, look at me, look at me, look at me. Look at me. Look at me...Bill in Eyes Wide Shut

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 digests 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.

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

325 Baxter, p.14
326 Scene in Ziegler’s bathroom where Bill is trying to wake a drugged, naked and near-dead prostitute.
330 Walker, p.374
331 Chion, p.86
Sadesky in *Dr. Strangelove*, Alex in *A Clockwork Orange*, and Bowman in *2001 A Space Oddysey*. At its extreme instances the mouth begins to open with Turgidson and Kong in *Dr. Strangelove*, Alex in *A Clockwork Orange*, and Danny and Jack in *The Shining* 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*, Alexander in *A Clockwork Orange*, Halloran and Jack in *The Shining*.

The mouth/musos/ostia/doors involuntarily opens when the gaze is overloaded with self-absorption on a *musare* overdrive. Before the mouth, is thus, the eye. In the movie *Labyrinth*, 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*."

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."

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332 Ciment, p. 84
333 Walker, p. 197
334 Howard, p. 114
335 Walker, p. 142; Ciment, p. 84
336 Howard, p. 120
337 Walker, p. 282 and p. 306
338 Walker, p. 324
339 Ciment, p. 84
340 Walker, p. 282 and 277
341 Henson, Jim, *The Labyrinth*, Tri-Star Pictures, 1986
(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\(^{344}\) 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.”\(^{345}\) 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.”\(^{346}\) 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”\(^{347}\) in Masaccio’s\(^{348}\) *The Expulsion from the Garden of Eden*\(^{349}\). Reading their body languages we realize that while Eve is nude, Adam is merely naked. Eve, following the pose-type of a Greek Venus\(^{350}\) “covers her nakedness in shame”\(^{351}\) 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.

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\(^{344}\) *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.

\(^{345}\) Royle, Nicholas “Preface” *The Uncanny* NY: Routledge, 2003, p.vii


\(^{348}\) Tommaso di Ser Giovanni di Simone Guidi Cassai aka Masaccio http://cgfa.sunsite.dk/masaccio/p-masaccio4.htm

\(^{349}\) 1425 AD, Cappella Brancacci, Santa Maria del Carmine, Florence

\(^{350}\) aka *The Medici Venus* 1 A.D. Galleria degli Uffizi, Florence

\(^{351}\) Adams, Laurie Schneider p. 516
and the terminology of that which is framed. \textsuperscript{352} The gaze shifts from viewing the painting, to how we view paintings, to how we view ourselves viewing the painting. \textsuperscript{xviii}

The camera is \textit{immobilized} as it frames Alice, in the opening shot,\textsuperscript{353} like the eye of the renaissance artist \textit{immobilized} to enable the mapping of the nude model with the \textit{lucinda} grid.\textsuperscript{354} The strings of the \textit{lucinda} now grid a pair of "analogical and ana-logical"\textsuperscript{355} 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 \textit{below} the horizon (i.e in the well-lit zone). Her dress fall and its darkness simultaneously rises as a veiling shadow to 'clothe'

\textsuperscript{352} "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, \textit{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).

\textsuperscript{353} 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

\textsuperscript{354} Albricht Dürer's engraving \textit{Artist and Model in the Studio}.

\textsuperscript{355} Kunze, Donald "Architecture as Reading; Virtuality, Secrecy, Monstrosity" \textit{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. 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” by a legendary perfectionist among filmmakers reputed to do multiple takes of every scene, can only be construed as intentional. The flaw may have been inadvertent but the decision to leave it in place could only be inadvertent. 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

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356 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

357 Royle, p.vii

358 “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.

359 *Eyes Wide Shut*, after 400 days, was “the longest official shoot in film history” ( Howard, p.179)

360 “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.37); “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.

360 Between the completion of shooting and the film preview, the time gap was one year.
of twin-Doric columns arranged in Systyle intercolumniations. 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.\textsuperscript{ix} 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. \textit{Warner Bros.} / 2. \textit{Tom Cruise} / 3. \textit{Nicole Kidman} / 4. \textit{Stanley Kubrick} / 5. Preface shot of Nicole-in-the-Nude / 6. \textit{Eyes Wide Shut}. Thus 4. \textit{Kubrick} and 6. \textit{Eyes Wide Shut} frame Nicole-in-the-Nude (i.e. voyeur and voyeurism); 3. \textit{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. \textit{Cruise} and 4. \textit{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.\textsuperscript{362} Alice looks at him, head tilted to her left, eyes peering above her glasses. What is uncanny is the way in

\textsuperscript{361} In \textit{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.”

\textsuperscript{362} “When listening to his wife’s "confession", the husband is involved by an "uncanny" feeling, of the "unheimliche." He does not recognizes 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.\textsuperscript{363} To raise one's eyebrows is "to show surprise (esp. at a moral or social slip)."\textsuperscript{364} 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"?\textsuperscript{365}

"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."\textsuperscript{366} 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,\textsuperscript{367} between the parted curtains, between the Venetian-blind window, until the nude that is left is herself a *paregon*,\textsuperscript{368} framed between the aesthetics of sight and the out-of-sight. Seeing the act of seeing\textsuperscript{369} led to the

\begin{thebibliography}{99}
  \bibitem{363} Laleen Jayamanne, "The Ornametation 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:
  \bibitem{365} enquires Laleen Jayamanne, author of *Towards Cinema and Its Double: Cross-Cultural Mimesis* (Indiana University Press, 2001), in "The Ornametation of Nicole Kidman (Eyes Wide Shut) and Mita Vashisht (Kasba):a Sketch"
  \bibitem{366} A nude in classical art is legitimate if framed between art and obscenity; according to Derrida, 1987. p. 62-63
  \bibitem{367} 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
\end{thebibliography}
disappearance of the picture and the appearance of a succession of frames framed by frames. "A frame can announce a whole epoch"\textsuperscript{370} and an entrance that sucks you in via infinite regress.

Naked Alice / Nude Nicole\textsuperscript{371} stand at the cross-section\textsuperscript{xx} 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\textsuperscript{372} emerge with their "speech, gestures and movements, their breasts, hips and legs, are all standardised"\textsuperscript{373} to p(c)opulate in/the wonderland of Somerton Mansion,\textsuperscript{374} venue of a pan-Christian Christmas orgy.\textsuperscript{375} 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.

\textsuperscript{371} Naked and nude are like the proverbial monster with two backs: the uncanny formulation of a copulating coupling.
\textsuperscript{372} "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.
\textsuperscript{373} Laleen Jayamanne, http://www.sensesofcinema.com/contents/02/23/ornament.html
\textsuperscript{374} The only interior in the movie that is without a Christmas Tree.
\textsuperscript{375} 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/extradietetic 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, 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”), is that Alice continues to steal glances in the mirror, away from her husband (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

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376 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

377 The song was actually playing when the scene was filmed.

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

378 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...\(^{379}\)

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)\(^{380}\) 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

\(^{379}\) 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
\(^{380}\) Rasmussen, p. 337
real-life marriage, is present too. Hence the gaze is also inescapably turned on to the married celebrity couple with 8 years of conjugal bliss and 2 children: Alice-as-Nicole-Kidman (4) and Bill-as-Tom-Cruise (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 [6], and this may be triggering memories of the previous summer with the naval officer.” (Alice is sans eyeglasses in both the first encounter and while, later on the movie, narrating the second virtual-encounter). Kubrick himself shot the

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381 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/

382 “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 he carnival.” – Fuery, p. 37

383 “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


384 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 guy 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)

385 Also deduced by Rasmussen, p. 337

386 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

387 Falsetto, 2001, p.133
scene\textsuperscript{388} 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\textsuperscript{389} (8) with Kubrick\textsuperscript{390} (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”\textsuperscript{391} 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\textsuperscript{392} (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, \textit{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

\textsuperscript{388} 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/uk/memory/nk.htm

\textsuperscript{389} 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.


\textsuperscript{390} 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

\textsuperscript{391} Falsetto, 2001, p.133

\textsuperscript{392} “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.\textsuperscript{393}

The labyrinth is not necessarily "the place where one loses oneself" but often "the place from which one always leaves lost."\textsuperscript{394} 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."\textsuperscript{395} 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."\textsuperscript{396}

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?\textsuperscript{397} 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"\textsuperscript{398} 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;
and the level of being a witness to the process of witnessing itself." But this polywitness 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." In temps the viewer is a polypartite self/not-self-nor-selves androgynous cyborg dwelling in a place of "occult instability"; 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." 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-

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400 "...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 Arkh"


402 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

403 Fringeli, Christoph "DREAMSTORY" #6 tr.Donald Nicholson-Smith with assistance from the author; Datacite; April 8, 2004: http://datacite.e8.com/text/7-dream.html
fertilized ovum self-dividing to multiply via several looping iterations: "point, dot, zero, drop, germ, seed, semen." 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")." The heart of a knot, the oval centre, is Viscus Pisces xxi, 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 Vitruvias's lora.

The knot as a temporal point is a minimal labyrinth.

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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... 406

With a “vision understood as passage”407 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,408 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”409 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 in one archaic language Parithranaya Saadhunam Vinashaya cha dushkritahaam Dharmasamsthabanarthaya Sambhavami yuge yuge that, when replaced with another passage, disclosed in another language “Is this hell?...lovers....”

“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.” Were our eyes wide shut when we walked, that Christmas Saturday, 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

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410  Sri Lankan Tamil Carnatic vocalist Yogeswaran
411  Sanskrit
412  "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)
413  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)
414  Tamil
415  http://www.sensesofcinema.com/contents/02/23/ornament.html. Hell is a 303 word long sentence.
416  Bhagwad Gita: chapter 6, verse 10 (Qtd. Castle, Robert “The Dharma Blues”, http://www.unomaha.edu/~wwwjrf/dharma.htm#1)
417  December 25, 1999; the year Eyes Wide Shut was released, Christmas fell on Saturday
sensuous human life)? 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:

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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 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.”

The former is a branching tree; the latter is a meander. 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, or is about to traverse, that has at its heart a diptych hinge, a 180-degree return:

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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 

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418 George Steiner’s formulation (Qtd. Eldridge, Richard An Introduction to the Philosophy of Art Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 2003, p.263)
419 Renaissance
420 Wright, p.3
421 “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 anthoclogy 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,\footnote{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=im-1-6&kubrick=newsletter05-eng} 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 Halloran is walking through the lobby, as Jack is about to attack, I had the odd sensation of being in the fictional space.”\footnote{“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.} Moving “restlessly and relentlessly” inside “the greatest sets in movie history” with its “astonishing catacomb of corridors, rooms, lobbies, lounges, giant kitchens and basements,”\footnote{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} with its walls constructed out of remembrances, where spaces lead “into each other as in an architect’s blueprint,”\footnote{Walker, p.289} you move objectively via the wide-angle tracking shots or subjectively as Jack or Danny via the steady-waivering 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”\footnote{“And THAT is what THE ART OF MEMORY is all about.” Gaughn, Michael.} and find yourself uncannily and inextrically, 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
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.\textsuperscript{427}

Architecture aids not only in remembering spaces (1), but architecture, as an ancient mnemonic device,\textsuperscript{428} 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/transforms/displaces you into the third moment: \textit{temps}. The \textit{War Memorial for the Indian Navy},\textsuperscript{429} 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.”\textsuperscript{430} In front of the curved shard of steel is a small rectangular

\textsuperscript{427} Mainar, Luis M. Garcia \textit{Narrative and Stylistic Patterns in the Films of Stanley Kubrick}, NY: Camden House, 1999, p.68

\textsuperscript{428} 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).

\textsuperscript{429} Architect: the author. 1995 project at the shore of the Arabian sea, \textit{INS Hamla} Naval Base, Bombay, India

\textsuperscript{430} “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.”431 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.432 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,433 returns you from the dead. The how will endure, long after the significance of what and who fades from memory.434 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

431 Lacan, Jacques. Encore (Qtd. Steiner, p.29)
432 Just as in The Shining, Danny’s mirrored-calligraphy makes sense only as a reflection in the mirror: Redrum is murder in the mirror.
433 Simonides “method of memory places” is the classical anecdote of the art of memory. For an analysis of its chiastic structure see Kunz, Donald “Simonides And The Art Of Memory” April 11, 2004: 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/ptextlookup=Plat.+Rep.+331d
434 “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).\textsuperscript{435} 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.\textsuperscript{436} On the contrary, that which means nothing\textsuperscript{437} invariably provokes its audience to ask: What does it mean?

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

\textsuperscript{435} “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)


\textsuperscript{437} “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

\textsuperscript{438} 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 being an assurance of immortalty, it becomes the uncanny harbinger of death." Freud, Sigmund “The Uncanny” (Qtd. Dufresne p.18)

\textsuperscript{439} Robin Wood (Qtd. Nelson, 198)

\textsuperscript{440} “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."\footnote{441}

When subject and object copulate, knowledge is carnal knowledge.\footnote{442} The wreath laying ceremony,\footnote{443} 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. \textit{Is this hell?...lovers...} The minute of silence stretches beyond as time dilates in the heat of \textit{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.\footnote{444} At the centre: the hinge folds. In the evening, the sun

\footnote{441}{...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. \textit{Eyes Wide Shut} is based on Schnitzler’s Dream Novel \textit{Traumnovelle}. (Qtd Telles, Sédro "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/)

\footnote{442}{Brown, p.249}

\footnote{443}{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” \textit{Journal of Naval Logistics}, VI, 1996, Bombay: INS Hamla, p.2}

\footnote{444}{"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/receptent. 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’t’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.\footnote{Rien que le lieu, de préférence le lieu architectural \textit{"Passions for architectural space cannot be dissociated from passions for light"} Peter Greenaway. \textit{Positif}, June 1994, p. 43 (Qtd. Penz, Francois and Maureen Thomas Ed, p.73)}

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.
The Kubrickian Centre as Hinge

We are more closely tied to the invisible than to the visible. – Novalis

The role of the architect is to make visible that which is invisible. – Frascari

Almost six millennia ago a calligrapher wrote on a wall: *Johannes de eyck fuit hi.* 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 of *Arnolfini Portrait* 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 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.

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446 1713 AD (Qtd. Frascari, p.13)
447 1991 AD Frascari, p.4
448 1425 AD “Jan van Eyck was here”
450 National Gallery, London, April 12, 2004: http://www.nationalgallery.org.uk/cgi-bin/WebObjects.dll/CollectionPublisher.woa/oa/largeImage?workNumber=NG186
451 29 beads glistening with trapped light hearkens us to the 29th 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 Beauchamp (1443-64) belonging to the same period as *Arnolfini Portrait* 1425.
452 The rosary being a cyclical device entails that you proceed from the tassel, reach the 15th 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”\(^453\) 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”\(^454\) 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

\(^453\) Adams, Laurie Schneider, p.556  
\(^454\) 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. The painting is thrice framed a simple outer frame, a significant one within the painting: an ornate frame framing the circular mirror, and between the simple-outer and the ornate-inner frame is the third frame. 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 pillaging. 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."

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

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455 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.

456 ...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!"


458 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).

459 Self-reflexive frame of 10 circular mini-frames that frame the Passion as a cinematic sequence.


460 Adams, Laurie Schneider, p.556
bend precisely when we want to get directly at the object.”

To reach the centre of the labyrinth is to reach the end of the final section of this thesis and of the fourth/final section of *2001 A Space Odyssey*: “Jupiter and Beyond the Infinite.”

The moment the ape 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 to dark space where it falls as a floating “orbiting bomb” 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 here), 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:

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462 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

463 Moonwatcher

464 An audacious jump-cut of 4 million years story time.


466 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.”

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. 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.

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

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467 Mainar, p.78
468 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.
469 Mainar, p.78
Bowman’s point of view, which is our point of view, until, ever so often, 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 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 a 90° spatial ellipsis that shifts our orientation. The labyrinth turns into a temple 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’ (topicque des fors).” The sinister Torrancian Twist of our gaze has at the end of our frayage brought us into

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470 Ten times during the Stargate sequence.
471 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.
472 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.
473 “the basic word temeyos (tempus), templum signified nothing other than bisection, intersection…” Usener qtd. by Cassirer qtd. by Frascari, p.107
474 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, 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.476

After almost six millennia, Van Eyck's room is empty. Arnolfini 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? Is it him or is it me?"478 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"479 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.

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476 Falsetto, 2001, p.117
477 Arnolfini Portrait http://www.nationalgallery.org.uk/cgi-bin/WebObjects.dll/CollectionPublisher.woa/wa/largelImage?workNumber=NG186
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." 480 The mute monolith 481 appears. 482 It stands between the two halves of Van Eyck’s single room one ‘real’ and the other “virtual”, interfacing films and architecture 483

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480 Frascari p.35, citing Bakhtin.
481 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
482 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/
483 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.
484 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 9th section to loop back as the Star Child in the 1st section, and turn the Vitruvian constellation on its head in search of the 1st that returns as the 10th.
485 "Ten, Vitruvius knew, was perfectus – complete, finished.” (McEwen, p.43)
486 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.”
486 Table of Contents, page v.
Appendix 1: Prologue


Mapped
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; chronolo-
gically 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.

Poem  line  no.  Rhyme  line  no.
This day winding down now
At God speeded summer's end
In the torrent salmon sun,
In my seashaken house,
On a breakneck of rocks,
Tangled with chirrup and fruits,
Froth, flute, fin and quill
At a wood's dancing hoof,
By scummed, starfish sands
With their fishwife cross
Gulls, pipers, cockles, and sails,
Out there, crow black, men
Tackled with clouds, who kneel
To the sunset nets,
Geese nearly in heaven, boys
Stabbing, and herons, and shells
That speak seven seas,
External waters away
From the cities of nine
Days' night whose towers will catch
In the religious wind
Like stalks of tall, dry straw,
At poor peace I sing
To you strangers (though song
Is a burning and crested act,
The fire of birds in
The world's turning wood,
For my sawn, splay sounds
Out of these seathumbed leaves
That will fly and fall
That leaves of trees and as soon
Crumble and undie
Into the dogdayed night
Seaward the salmon, sucked sun slips,
And the dumb swans drub blue
My dabbed bay's dusk, as I hack
This rumpus of shapes
For you to know
How I, a spinning man,
Glory also this star, bird
Roared, sea born, man torn, blood blest,
Hark! I trumpet the place,
From fish to jumping hill! Look!
I build my bellowing ark
To the best of my love
As the flood begins,
Out of the fountainhead
Of fear, rage red, manalive,
Molten and mountainous to stream
Over the wound asleep
Sheep white hollow farms
To Wales in my arms, 52
Hoo, there, in castle keep, 53
You king singsong owls, who moonbeam 54
The flickering runs and dive 55
The dingle furred deer dead! 56
Huloo, on plumped bryns, 57
O my ruffled ring dive 58
In the hooting, nearly dark 59
With Welsh and reverent rook, 60
Coo rooing the woods’ praise, 61
Who moons her blue notes from her nest 62
Down to the curlew herd! 63
Ho, hullaballoying clan 64
Agape, with woe 65
In your beaks, on the gabbing capes! 66
Heigh, on horseback hill, jack 67
Whisking hare! Who 68
Hears, there, this fox light, my flood ship’s 69
Clangour as I hew and smite 70
(A clash of anvils for my 71
Hubbub and fiddle, this tune 72
On a tongueed puffball) 73
But animals thick as thieves 74
On God’s rough tumbling grounds 75
(Hail to His beasthood!). 76
Beasts who sleep good and thin, 77
Hist, in hogsback woods! The haystacked 78
Hollow farms in a throng 79
Of waters cluck and cling, 80
And barnroofs cockcrow war! 81
O kingdom of neighbours, finned 82
Felled and quilled, flash to my patch 83
Work ark and the moonshine 84
Drinking Noah of the bay, 85
With pelt, and scale, and fleece: 86
Only the drowned deep bells 87
Of sheep and churches noise 88
Poor peace as the sun sets 89
And dark shoals every holy field. 90
We will ride out alone, and then, 91
Under the stars of Wales, 92
Cry, Multitudes of arks! Across 93
The water lidded lands, 94
Manned with their loves they ’ll move, 95
Like wooden islands, hill to hill. 96
Huloo, my proved dove with a flute! 97
Ahoy, old, sea-legged fox, 98
Tom tit and Dai mouse! 99
My ark sings in the sun 100
At God speeded summer’s end 101
And the flood flowers now. 102
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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 Adrian 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

iv 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.
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
“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
case 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

“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
possession, 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
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Seyyed Hossein Nasr Ed. Sayyid Muhammad Husayni TihraniTr. Mohammad M. Faghfoory,
(Albany: SUNY P; 2003); The Muslim World Book Review, 24:3, Spring 2004, p.28

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
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;

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.

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)
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.

- Taj, H. Masud “The Einstein Intersection” Times of India: Fiction of the Month, May 2, 1992, p.8
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.

(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 109th 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?"

'Of course! - 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”

’Soo OoK, 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 of course 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."


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VASILIKA 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 swirling into compassionate eyes.
I turn and greet her, ‘Yas-soul!’ 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.


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.”


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”


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.


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.
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-stokes 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*

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
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
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 metamorphosizing 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-agains, 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 prophesies, 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.


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.

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Thank you editors of the following journals and anthologies, in which the above stories and poems and essay have appeared:


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.