We live in a world where there is more and more information, and less and less meaning.

- Jean Baudrillard. *The Ecstasy of Communication*
TEN OBSTACLES TO OVERCOME* 01. How to avoid the tyranny of real time, of immediacy, and ubiquity. 02. How to insure that the precision afforded by technology does not obscure the imprecise realities of our environments, our culture, and our histories. 03. How to reestablish a symbiotic relationship between the design process and the written word, one that reveals states of constant flux and adds to the domains of poetry. 04. How to defy the instantaneous and disposable snapshot fueled by a contaminated world of information and embrace that perception is action. 05. How to acknowledge the paucity of architecture in thoughtful relationship to time and reignite the discipline most responsible for its creation. 06. How to subvert the Capitalistic systems that have given us fifteen-year loan cycles, depriving civilization of its ruins. 07. How to wage reprisal against sensory deprivation, to counter the thousand and one false dawns delivered by the sun of our technologies. 08. How to resurrect a kind of intellectual twilight where vision succumbs to the imagination and idle details are suppressed. 09. How to practice what we call “l’œil de l’enfant” so as to read the image for what it truly is and protect it from false pretense. 10. How to illuminate the spectral nature of architecture and glimpse the soul of an edifice!

*OR LET’S MURDER FILIPPO TOMMASO MARINETTI
From these two incontrovertible premises he deduced that the Library is total and that its
shelves register all the possible combinations of the twenty-odd orthographical symbols
- a number which, though extremely vast, is not infinite.

TSL. CONFABULATOES NOCTURNI. the columbarium
TSL. CONFABULATORES NOCTURNI. the columbarium
SAINT-EXUPÉRY... there is an expression that if humans and lions were to speak the same language, we would not understand a word. That said, my fellow poet, my life of writing would be accessible and of much interest to you, but where I become the lion is when discoursing on my other occupation, the same in which my wax wings were melted and I was claimed by the sea. The myriad and ancient dreams of children were, for me, a reality. To scrape the sky... for you, a sense of scale is a slow and transcendent process. For me, the Icarian view was immediate and profound, encapsulating the smallness of our world.

THOREAU but how expansive the mind... in the fractal flower can be found the workings of the universe.

SAINT-EXUPÉRY Have your past dreams not found you envious of the soaring bird or even the jester-like raven that skirts our wall?
SAINT-EXUPÉRY... there is an expression that if humans and lions were to speak the same language, we would not understand a word. That said, my fellow poet, my life of writing would be accessible and of much interest to you, but where I become the lion is when discoursing on my other occupation, the same in which my wax wings were melted and I was claimed by the sea. The myriad and ancient dreams of children were, for me, a reality. To scrape the sky... for you, a sense of scale is a slow and transcendent process. For me, the Icarian view was immediate and profound, encapsulating the smallness of our world. 

THOREAU but how expansive the mind... in the fractal flower can be found the workings of the universe.

SAINT-EXUPÉRY Have your past dreams not found you envious of the soaring bird or even the jester-like raven that skirts our wall?

THOREAU Envy hampers the spirit. I have flown with the highest raptors and scampered with the field mouse all from a state of repose. The tunneling worm fleeing the saturated soil for the surface and the arc of the jumping trout in pursuit of a fly are both like men in that they tire, whatever the reason, of their condition. In stillness I am most aware. Antaeus and I, close relatives... as here you find my cabin rooted in the soil.

SAINT-EXUPÉRY... but to cast a shadow as a gull does along the tracery of foam... a shadow that is free from the care of gravity.
SAINT-EXUPÉRY... there is an expression that if humans and lions were to speak the same language, we would not understand a word. That said, my fellow poet, my life of writing would be accessible and of much interest to you, but where I become the lion is when discoursing on my other occupation, the same in which my wax wings were melted and I was claimed by the sea. The myriad and ancient dreams of children were, for me, a reality. To scrape the sky... for you, a sense of scale is a slow and transcendent process. For me, the Icarian view was immediate and profound, encapsulating the smallness of our world...

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SAINT-EXUPÉRY ... but to cast a shadow as a gull does along the tracery of foam... a shadow that is free from the care of gravity...

THOREAU Will the bird ever know the joy found in observing the gentle pace of the woods? Sometimes even the lens of a stagecoach window moves too quickly. It was always the smallness and silence of solitude in which I was permitted a glimpse of the soul of Nature and, in turn, my own.
Everything is known, including that which is still unknown. The Paranoid-Critical Method (PCM) is both the product and the remedy against that anxiety: it promises that, through conceptual recycling, the worn, consumed contents of the world can be recharged or enriched like uranium, and that ever-new generations of false facts and fabricated evidences can be generated simply through the act of interpretation.

- Rem Koolhaas. *Delirious New York: A Retroactive Manifesto for Manhattan*
JAMES RUFUS AGEE. UTK ARCHIVES. SHOWN WITH PERMISSION OF JAMES AGEE TRUST.
The house and all that was in it had now descended deep beneath the gradual arid it had sunk through; it lay formal under the order of entire silence. In the square pine room at the back the bodies of the man of thirty and of his wife and of their children lay on shallow mattresses on their iron beds and on the vivid floor and they were sleeping, and the dog lay asleep in the hallways. Next human beings, next animals and birds who live in the sheltering ring of human influence, and a great portion of all the boughed trees of living in earth and air and water upon a half of the world, were slumbered with sleep. That region of the earth on which we were at this time traversed was some hours fallen beneath the fascination of the stars, steady shadow of the planet and lay now lacing towards the last depth; and now a byblockade of the sun were clearly disclosed those discharges of light which teach us that little we can learn of the stars and of the true nature of our surroundings. There was no longer any sound of the settling or ticking of any part of the structure of the house; the pine pane hung on its nails like an abandoned Christ. There was no longer any sound of the ticking and settling, like gently fanning, fatal beats, of the bodies and brains of this human family through the late stages of fatigue unperceived up the early phases of sleep; now was there any longer the sense of any of these sounds nor was there, even, the sound of the sense of breathing. Home and home, blood and blood, life and life dissipated and abandoned they lay greaves in no final depth, that dreams attend them seemed not pliable. With halted in the middle and screens of black and water sleeping knowledge their breathing, their sleeping existence, the effortless mowing of ignorant plants; entirely slumbered, sleepers, delicate plants, insects, absolved in sound, moved in light, motion of motion, sorrows short winch, water hole where gather the weak wild beasts, night: night: sleep sleep.

In their premonies realm, their field, heaven at first, least Auspic, later, radiating, all calmly, wholly now, like the tingling and standing up of plants, leaves, clamped out of the earth into the yearly approach of the sun, the noises and natures of the dark had with the menstrual features of music and of creation. For the thousand several forms of their enclosure and had so permanently taken over the world that this domestic, this human silence, obtained, prevailed, only locally, shallowly, and with the obtrusive and frequent dignity of a coal oil lamp stood out as a night shadow and of a star sustained, unworshiping in one riviera sly its irreconcilable vitality, on the alien side of space.

Well before the shadows of billennial rain the clay lay down in clouds and the trees ran thick there dispersed upon the sky the cloud and black shadow of nature, heaviest encumbrance whose fires were drenched, drawn close, half sleeping, near, hushed; and it was sensible that within a few hours now, at the signaling of the primary changes of the air, the wave which summer and darkness had already so heavily overreached that it seemed above us, scoring its snake-tongued branches, birch wood, annually would lounge in and suddenly and for ever rubish use at most, some obscure act of guerrilla warfare, some preter, detached from his regiment, picked off in a back country orchard, some struggling sheep whose taken, had for the sky.

The sky was withdrawn from us with all her strength. Against some scarcely conceivable impeding wall this woman held herself away from us and watched the wide, high, with her stave as milk above our heavy darkly and like the bustling and glass brokages on the mouth of stone spring water I broached on ground known their fatal fires.

And now as by the slipping of a button, the snapping and falling on of air of a sweater’s cable there broke loose from the room, shaken, a long sigh closed in silence. On some long, overbalance, that gulf which is more profound than the consciousness of imagination they had lain in sleep and at length the sand, that by degrees had crumbled and sifted, had broken from beneath them and they sank. There was now no further extremities, and they were unseen not singularly but conciliatory among the whole embalmed swarm of the living, into a region poised to the youngest surrendering of creation.

As lay on the front porch. The boards were unplanned thick oak, of uneven length, strown down by twenty-penny nails. A light roof stuck out its tongue above us dark and squarely, sustained at its outward edge by the slippery trunks of four young trees from which the bark had been peeled. There were four steps down, each twenty-twelve; the fourth, when step on, touched the ground. These steps were at the middle of the porch. They led, across the porch, into a roofed doorless hallway, about six feet wide, which ran straight through the house and close it in half. There was a door to this
Mr. James Agee  
10716 Topanga Beach Road  
Malibu, California  

March 14, 1954

Dear Mr. Agee:

Congratulations on your Academy Award nomination. As you know, this year’s presentation ceremony will be held at the MCA Pantages Theatre on the night of March 20th. We hope that you will be on hand for the ceremony.

There are certain items of procedure necessary for a smooth running of the show. They are listed:

1. You will be seated immediately adjacent to one of the two center aisles leading to the stage.
2. If your name is called as a winner, will you please get to the stage as quickly as possible?
3. Please do not stop to accept congratulations enroute to the stage.
4. The show is being broadcast coast-to-coast by the ABC network and around the world by the Armed Forces Radio on a very tight time schedule. Therefore, a limitation must be placed on speech-making. There is no hard-and-fast rule but we would appreciate your cooperation in making all speeches as brief and graceful as possible.
5. Please exit the stage in the direction indicated by the presenter of the award. DO NOT ATTEMPT TO RETURN TO THE AUDIENCE AT THIS TIME.
6. Immediately upon leaving the stage you will be escorted to the press and photography rooms downstairs backstage. Following press coverage, you will be shown back to your seat.

Again, our best wishes and thanks for your cooperation.

Very sincerely,

[Signature]

Assistant Director

5th Annual Awards Presentation

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MARLON BRANDO

February 16, 1954

Mr. J. A. Agee
17 Wing Street
New York City

Dear Mr. Agee:

It's a long time since Wednesday, December 16, 1953. Let me begin by saying I saw "The Quiet One" on television the other night. It stood up completely as a third feature. You should feel very proud.

I'm interested in your project. If and when a script is ready, I would appreciate your sending it to me via MCA, 3rd Easter. Tell him I am expecting it, and please enclose a release.

I saw Carol Reisman on the coast. She is very well, relatively independent, and has been working hard on a novel, which has come to be a long short story after having two-thirds of it cut out. She needs her egos.

Sincerely yours,

[Signature]
Dear Bob:

I asked TSM if 3 proof copies of the 20-odd photos made of T. S. Eliot in Boston, sometime last week, could be sent to him, and he said sure, to ask you to see to it. He said there'd be no charge; if there is though, I'll be glad to pay it. In any case I hope I can buy a 4th sheet of the proofs for myself. Thanks a lot if you'll see to this. They should be sent to Eliot care of

Dr. I. A. Richards
41 Kirkland Street
Cambridge
Mass.

Much obliged —

Jim Agee
Dear Mr. Chaplin:

In all courtesy I should write you by hand; but my handwriting is a disservice in itself; I’d rather spare your eyes.

There’s a great deal I’d like to say, but I will write as briefly as I can.

{The idea I’m sending could only be carried out by your Trump and could, I believe, summarize all that he has ever done, and extend it as well, to cut very sharply at the roots of a great deal that I imagine you care about: what is deadly, tactically, ridiculously wrong with contemporary civilization; what is possibly possible; what, even if ours seems to be affected, ultimately appears to guarantee the doom of all present civilisation, and of us all;} this to be examined in a short prologue; then at length in a story of what happens, after the “ultimate” Bomb wipes out virtually everything and everyone.

I understand you are already at work writing a new film; so I am all the more deeply grateful if you are willing to read this, and all the more diffident in intruding on you with it. I would hold off, feeling it was hopeless as well as ill-mannered to intrude on you, now you are at work, except that I feel that the film could be of great importance and possible usefulness, and that it would have to be made soon if it is to be made at all.

I wish I could offer it to you in a sharper, more developed state; but even by continuous typing, of just what I had, I am late in getting it to Frank Taylor, through whom kindness my opportunity comes, of delivering it to you at all. I hope and believe there is enough here to make clear to you whether you are further interested in the idea, and in case some I’m not so sorry there isn’t any more, because I imagine that when you are interested in a basic idea, you prefer to deal with it yourself. I’m only sorry I couldn’t make it better, and less inconvenient, reading.
Thursday afternoon,

I've been trying to get you to write and not been able to find you. 

We finally managed to contact him by phone and he's here now. He's very ill and seems to have some kind of stomach disorder. 

I don't know what's causing it, but it's definitely affecting his ability to write. I think it's probably a virus of some kind. 

He's been trying to write throughout the day, but it's been very difficult. He's been lying in bed most of the time, only getting up to use the bathroom. 

I don't know how long this will last, but he's been doing it for a few weeks now. He's been in and out of hospital, but it's been very difficult for him. 

I'm trying to help him as much as I can, but it's been very challenging. 

I hope this letter finds you well. I'm concerned about how you're doing. 

Take care, 

[Signature]

[Date]
MRS. JAMES AGEE
TO MIA FRITSCH

HOTEL SENATOR
SACRAMENTO, CALIF.

VERY SORRY SWEETHEART LEAVING
TONIGHT SIX THIRTY WRITING

MUCH LOVE

JIM

AGEE MIA FRITSCH
OFF / AIR

JAMES AGEE. UTK ARCHIVES. SHOWN WITH PERMISSION OF JAMES AGEE TRUST. GUGGENHEIM APPLICATION 1933
Relevant to 'Plans for Work', I quote from another part of the application:

'The bulk of the work which most seriously interests me and which is most relevant to this application is experimental, unfinished and not satisfactorily describable. It includes Satirico semi-documentary uses of the sermon, the monologue, the broadcast, the letter, direct address. Direct and elliptic uses of spoken language. Lyric and religious satire. Experiments in geographic and scientific writing. Experiments toward a more nearly accurate recording of dreams. Experiments in modified uses of the short story and the long story and the novel. Studies in the redistribution of the imagination and of the inventive faculty toward new forms of poetic documentary writing, roughly parallel to the use of selection and imagination by still and moving photographers. Studies toward more nearly accurate recording of forms of consciousness in terms of words, photographic images, and sound. Studies toward new verbal analogies to music; to memory and emotion; to pure sensation. Studies in communication by language, image and sound; of obstruction and their causes; of ambiguity in art, and in phases of experience. Studies and manipulations of the single word: of the degrees of necessity and unreality of context; of rhythm and tension in the single word, in language, in sound and in space. Studies of the significance and stature of the 'actual' as opposed to the 'invented' (creative). Studies of the 'creative' distortion of reality. Studies of the inevitability, and complex and accurate significance, of detail as seen from context, and of detail in context and in shifted context, in nature, and in the human figure, architecture, signifiers, sequences, compositions, degrees of obedience to tradition, social and psychological dialectics, postures, gestures, etc. etc. Studies in pure sound and in the relationship between sounds heard and objects seen or not seen. Studies toward a new form of dancing. Studies in aesthetics in psychology, in sexual behavior, in ethics, in education. In corruptions of idea and of emotion. In self-betrayal, in self-deciet. In the self-destruction of self-protection. In fear, mysticism, anxiety, comedy, entertainment, solitude, marriage, childhood, genius; religion. Suspended electrical or chemical shifts in the body under stress of emotion and under tension of idea. Provincialism is human self-conception. Specialized forms of consciousness. This list is partial.

The source of much so-called studies is chiefly not the findings of others but direct experience and observation. They are carried forward in analysis and discussion with certain friends, and alone, and in notebooks; and usually indirectly, that is in so-called 'creative', rather than directly in more 'scientific' forms of writing. They are in various stages of progress. A number are fairly towards tentative crystallization; others are zeroes more than banana; none is completed; few, by the nature of their source, can be undertaken very systematically.

Accomplishments:

1. Several years' work in journalism; an estimated quarter million published words. About fifteen years' work, much of it juvenile or misdirected, as a student of writing, moving pictures, music and related fields and as a writer in most of the 'creative' forms of prose and verse. The bulk of the work which most seriously interests me and which is most relevant to this application is experimental, unfinished and not satisfactorily describable. It includes Satirico semi-documentary uses of the sermon, the monologue, the broadcast, the letter, and direct address. Direct and elliptic uses of spoken language. Lyric and religious satire. Experiments with geographic and scientific writing. Experiments toward a more nearly accurate recording of dreams. Experiments in modified uses of the short story. Studies in the redistribution of the imagination and of the inventive faculty toward new forms of poetic documentary writing, roughly parallel to the use of selection and imagination by still and moving photographers. Studies toward more nearly accurate recording of forms of consciousness in terms of words, photographic images, and sound. Studies toward new verbal analogies to music, to memory and emotion, to pure sensation. Studies in communication by language, image and sound; of obstruction and their causes; of ambiguity in art, and in phases of experience. Studies and manipulations of the single word: of the degrees of necessity and unreality of context; of rhythm and tension in the single word, in language, in sound and in space. Studies of the significance and stature of the 'actual' as opposed to the 'invented' (creative). Studies of the 'creative' distortion of reality. Studies of the inevitability, and complex and accurate significance, of detail as seen from context, and of detail in context and in shifted context, in nature, and in the human figure, architecture, signifiers, sequences, compositions, degrees of obedience to tradition, social and psychological dialectics, postures, gestures, etc. etc.
OFF / AIR

JAMES AGEE. UTK ARCHIVES. SHOWN WITH PERMISSION OF JAMES AGEE TRUST. GUGGENHEIM APPLICATION 1938
I am interested not in one but in several projects. They are too various to be taken care of under any one head. Ideally, a writer or artist works at what interests him when it most interests him to do so, and more often than not he can state little of that at all honestly in advance. I would much prefer if possible, then, the liberty of committing myself to no project more specific or singular than that of continuing to work in line with my own best effort, judgment and inclination; and of promising no more than to submit such work as I shall have done at the end of a period agreed upon. This work would be along the lines of the 'sketches' indicated above (copy attached), and along others which would turn up. I could guarantee only that there would be work to show for the time, more likely than not of considerable bulk, and roughly of such quality as may be indicated in my published writing. Publication is definitely a minor interest to me, and I would strongly prefer not to obligate myself to making it a major, or an obstructive, far less a guarantee, consideration.

If however none of this is feasible, I will commit myself to a single and definite project, provided it be understood and granted that I shall probably do no other work as well. Here follows a brief description of this project.

In the summer of 1936 the photographer Walker Evans and I spent two months in Alabama hunting out and then living with a family of cotton tenants which by general average would most accurately represent the whole. This work was in preparation for an article for Fortune. We lived with one and made a detailed study and record of three families, and interviewed tenants and observed landowners, new deacons, county officers, white and Negro tenants, etc. etc., in several cities and county seats and villages and throughout 6000 miles of country.

The record I want to make of this is not journalism; nor on the other hand is any of it to be invented. It is to be a suggestive and tentative analysis of personal experience, including the phases and problems of memory and recall and revival and the problems of writing and of observation, as I am capable of, with constant bearing on two points: to tell everything possible as accurately as possible; and to invent nothing. It involves therefore as total a suspension of 'creative' and 'artistic' as of 'reportorial' attitudes and methods, and is likely therefore to involve the development of some more or less new forms of writing and of observation.

Of this work I have written about 40,000 words. They are first draft, and entirely tentative. On this manuscript I was offered an advance and a contract, which I declined, feeling that I could neither wisely nor honestly commit the project to set or estimated limits of time and length. With your permission I wish to submit it as a part of my application, in the hope that it will indicate certain things about the general intention of the work, and also some matters suggested under the head of 'accomplishments', more clearly than I can. I should add of it a few matters which the manuscript is not sufficiently developed to indicate.

Any given body of experience is sufficiently complex and reliable to require more than one mode of reproduction: it is likely that this one will require many, including some that will extend writing and observing method. It will likely take use of various traditional forms but it is anti-artistic, anti-scientific, and anti-journalistic. Though every effort will be made to give experience, emotion and thought as directly as possible, and as nearly as may be toward their full detail and complexity (it would have at different times, in other words, many of the qualities of a novel, a report, poetry), the job is perhaps chiefly a

skeptic study of the nature of reality and of the false nature of recreating and of communication. It should be as definitely a book of photographs as a book of words; in other words photographs should be used profusely, and never to 'illustrate' the prose. One part of the work, in many senses the crucial part, would be a strict comparison of the photographs and the prose as relative lies and as reproducers of the same matters.

I should like to get to work immediately. If project 1 is acceptable there would be no particular question of completion (though certain pieces of work might be compiled and published or publishable), but I would willingly report at the end of a time agreed on, say, a year.

If project 2, I can only say that a year's work would advance it a long way and might very possibly finish it.

JAMES AGEE. UTK ARCHIVES. SHOWN WITH PERMISSION OF JAMES AGEE TRUST. GUGGENHEIM APPLICATION 1938
I am working on, or am interested in, toy, or cannot return to, such projects as the following. I shall first list them, then briefly specify a little more about most of them.

In Alabama:

- Letters
- A study about homosexuality and football
- New items
- Themes with their own scope
- Disciples of key words
- Notes for color photography

A scene:

Shakespeare
- A cabaret
- Newsprint. Theatre
- A new type of stage-screen show

Anti-racism and mass media.

These are four key stories:

A new type of comic book

"Almost" writing

A study in the pathology of "imagination"

A new type of horror story

Stories about whole intention in the direct communication of the intensity of common experience.

Musical use of "imagination" or "emotion".

Collections and analyses of faces of news pictures.

Development of new forms of writing via the comic book: pieces of overboard conversation.

A new form of "speech"; the true inside look as much as an analysis of it.

A new form of novel: roughly equivalent to the lyrical poem.

Conjectures of how to get "just" back on a class of creative human necessity, parallel to religious one on the cut of primitive human.

A new form of motion picture: roughly parallel to the complete writings of the Bible.

Uses of the "dangerous" mix method: the tales of experience for immediacy, intensity, simplicity, complexity of opinion.

The immediate and unconscious.

A new style and use of imagination: the exact opposite of the Alabama record.

A true account of a Jewish man.

And account and analysis of a cruise: "high"-class people, Pavlovilla, Eton, the Telegraph, the City Streets, Hotel rooms, cities.

A new kind of photographic show.

The slide lecture.

A new kind of music: "undomestic" sound. Phonograph recordings.

Extension in writing: verbatim in reporting Sophocles' Greek, of the anagogic, the telephonic, the teleprinted, the televised, the skilled." (Note: Analyses of reviews of radio trials; various moving pictures.

Two forms of history of the novel.

Analyses of the life and meaning of love.

Analyses of miscommunication: the corruption of idea.

Having picture notes and captioned:

An "autobiographical" novel.

New forms of poetry.


In my effort to talk further about these, much is liable to overlap and repeat. Any further consideration would however be rather more false than true. Indications of the way the work would be undertaken for these projects are in fluid rather than organized relationship to each other. None of the following can be more than suggestive of more.

Alabama: What?

In the summer of 1936 the photographer Walker Evans and I spent two months in Alabama hunting out and then living with a family of cotton tenants which by general average would most accurately represent all cotton tenantry. This work was in preparation for an article for Fortune. We lived with one and made a detailed study and record of three families, and interviewed and observed landlords, new dealers, county officers, white and negro tenants, etc., in various cities and county seats and villages and throughout 1500 miles of country.

{The record I went to make of this is not journalism; nor on the other hand is any of it to be invented. It can perhaps not nearly be described as "scientific", but not in a sense acceptable to scientists, only in the sense that it is ultimately empirical and analytical. It is to be as exhaustive a reproduction and analysis of personal experiences, including the phases and problems of memory and recall and revelation and the problems of writing and of communication.}
On capable of, with constant hearing on two points: to tell everything possible as accurately as possible; and to forget nothing. It involves therefore as total a rejection of 'creative' and 'artistic' as of 'reportorial' attitudes and methods, and is likely therefore to involve the development of new more or less new forms of writing and of observation.

Of this much I have written about 40,000 words, first drafts, and entirely tentative; in this manuscript I was offered an advance and more, which I finally declined, feeling I could neither freely nor honestly commit the project to the necessarily set or confounded limits of time and length. With your permission I wish to submit it as soon as my application, the hope that it will indicate certain things about the general intention of the work, and also some matters suggested under the head of 'accomplishments', none already than the last. I should add of it a few not as it is not sufficiently developed to indicate any given body of experience is sufficiently complex and purified to receive (or at least is able to use) more than one kind of reproduction: it is likely that this one will require many, including some that will extend writing and observing methods. We will likely use many traditional forms but it is not axiomatic, anti-scientific, and anti-dramatic. Though every effort will be made to give experience, meaning and analysis as directly as possible, and as nearly as may be toward their full detail and complexity it would have a different kind; in other words, any of the qualities of a novel, a speech, poetry the job is perhaps elderly a skeptical study of nature and the false nature of observation and of communication. It should be as definitely a book of photographs as a book of words in other words should be used for themselves, and never to ‘illustrate’ the prose, one part of the work, in any sense theoretical parts, would be a direct comparison of prose and prose on relative lines and as relative reproductions of the same outcome.

Letters.

Letters are in every word and phrase immediate to and revealing of, in position and essential detail, thesender and to the whole world and context such is off as distant in its own way, and as valuable, as would be a faithful record of the dreams of many individuals. The two main facts about any letters are the immediate, and the flawlessness, of its revelations. In the true sense that any dream is a faithful record of any, for any letter, and the defended and conscious letter is as revealing as the unfledged. Here then is a record and perhaps the best available document of the power and weight of language and of its communication and of the weighted concepts behind these. The variety to be found in letters is almost as unlimited as limited human experience, its country is equally valuable. Therefore, a collection of letters of all kinds, a letter to a better than not, the limits of this would be what you present to the reader and their acquaintance can find. Even setting this, the complete range of society and mind can be broadened and this limitation more truly indicates the range of the subject but any effort to extend it into more ordinary planes of ‘research’ possibly could.

Without대 essay for a few to three friends, we have. not together many hundreds of letters. Many were on their way. There are several possible and equally good methods of handling these letters.

1. Beyond solicitation of identifications, no editing and no selection at all. In other words not chance be the artist, the elusive and shaper. This is beyond any immediate possibility of publication, in any next half.

2. Very careful selection, the main points to be a scientific respect for choices and for representativeness rather than respect for any conventional forms of ‘reader interest’ and the induction and education of a reading public. For less selected future work.

3. Context notes, short and uncolored, would probably be useful.

4. Take care of all such letters. Let them first stand by themselves, then an almost word by word analysis of them, an abstract and extensive as the given letter requires. This could be of great classifying power.

5. Instead of a merely ‘scientific’ analysis, one which divides his large entendre into one or all of the above ways.

A series or book of invented letters, treated in any or all of the above ways.

These treatments may seem to cancel each other. Yet at all necessarily, I would hope to use them all in the course of time, and likely would try substantial beginning-examples of all in the same first volume.

The value or bearing of such work would come under my own meanings of science, religion, art, teaching, and entertainment.

It should also help to shift and to destroy various habits and certitudes of the ‘creative’ and of the ‘reading’, and so of the daily ‘existentia’, mind.

It could well be published in book form or as all or as part of
a certain type of magazine I am interested in, or as a part of a notebook which I shall now keep for later.

As a book it should contain as much as a publisher can be persuaded to ally, and its whole demeanor should be elegant and non-spontaneous, like scientific or government publications. It should contain a great deal of passion, not only of handwriting but of statements.

A story about homosexuality and football.

Not central to this story but an inevitable part of it would be a degree of elegance of the use the subject of homosexuality, such a story would not pass this form to be complete, the same story would be attempted in the sport of and on the nature of beliefs. Always less by statement than by demonstration. This however is surely incidental to the story itself.

As account then of loss between a twelve year old boy and a man of twenty, in the attic air of a football in a Tennessee country peasant schoolrooms showing the variety of a home and after a game which is accounted chiefly in terms of boy's understanding and love; in other ways in terms of boy's life. The game to be lived, sexual, naturalistic and physical to the nearest possible. In other words if it succeeds in effecting that it wants to it must necessarily have the emotional qualities of full epic and of heroic music carried in terms of pure 'realism' this is being written now.

Dear Hues.

Push the same as Hues.
“Writing first thing comes into my mind”

Writing first thing comes into mind. Point being nothing does when you watch for it. Whistle, ok. Heard that outside. Boat—Midnight boats. Never got much of a rise from. More noise. Window problem. Evil. Regnum Malorum. Thought for that. Next? What the hell the use? Scavenger. Lone prairie. O bury me not,, on the loa prayeree,, Get hands & body in for God’s sake. And natural speech. And the hell with this. When will I stop? When will I start again? Thou only hast my heart, Sister, believe. When Eve first saw the glittery day; she sat and cried, to break her heart. What time is coming, and what way, the sun moves up, and falls apart. Stink o. Miner. Pedantic wit. Phooey. Spreaded day before her -. From her pillow’s height. High. throne. Smiling from her pillows height. I held her from her pillow’s height. High. Throne. Smiling from her pillows height. I held her from her pillow’s height reach down her smile about me, she watched and sweetly grieving said I’ll spend this night without ye. I call that woman holy hell that of my heart bereaved me, and laughed my love to let me tell and never once believed me. She left me low for another guy, he loved and left her high and dry, now both are dead, and only I, remain to tell, our story. She left me cold for another guy, He loved and left her high and dry, now both are cold and only I am left to tell the story.

I met her young, in the young green woods, And the day was wild as glory.

And I laid her down, and I got the goods, and that begins, my story.
“CLOUDS AS IF THEY LAY”

So impossible to detach myself. Hammering merciless in Walgreen’s. Groveling to give glass of water. Why are waiters so fooled into defense of employers. People at tables are meek. Or attack waiter who is not responsible. Painting in face of Berceuse doesn’t seem so good: little glinting pastel strokes, I mean. Must get inside, be lost & digested into matter.

city of light  VOGUE0117

39. scalloped origami-like applique
38. you say jellyfish
39. set tongues wagging for its balance of youthful attitude and Parisian design rigor.
39. snap-stud miniskirts in camel suede... silver go-go boots
40. postmodern bebe
40. life-size paper dolls
40. holdover from the designer’s childhood
42. (caption) view finder. a pop-out bedroom designed by Frank Gehry captures the moon’s trajectory
50. strung-out hitmaker
51. bohemian cabin suites kitted out with vintage nautical details and private tiled courtyards.
77. insects took over the kitchen
98. in vitro hamburger
98. a vast mass of living flesh kept alive by nutrients circulating through a network of pipes and tubes that run around and through her
98. start eating our pets

101. female Viagra
101. aspires to the metaphysical, targeting brain chemistry in order to boost desire
37. curious hybrid of bi-city newsroom and elementary school
75. python-print leather skirt
74. his scarlet cargo waiting behind tinted windows
77. TITLE. northern lights
76. I don’t like pain, exactly, but as a ballerina I lived in constant pain
76. if someone had been to the doctor and gotten painkillers, we divided them among us. After I quite dancing, for a while it felt strange to not be in pain.
76. first known gender-confirmation surgery
76. discriminated against... this is a civil rights movement
77. In ballet school we all had very good grades - she recalls - but not because you needed to be smart to dance
40. City of Light

74. “I have no recollection of that free fall.” 77. The filter between my thoughts and my language is much thinner, so things just flow. I found myself in 53. an urban landscape whose ground was shifting beneath my feet. 74. World weary and childlike 107. hiking up dunes and scaling up volcanoes, crawling through salt-cave labyrinths or clambering through river gorges. 34. It looked like the moon; 98. a mountain of pulsating protoplasm swinging long, carved, razor-sharp blades, and sliced off thick slabs of flesh. 119. A switch was flipped in my entorhinal cortex? 40. Would Jacques Derrida, father of deconstruction and a Parisian professor himself, have been amused? 98. Coalescing into a perfectly awful storm 74. the adrenaline made every six seconds feel like a single second, time collapsed.

107. Watching plumes of geothermal spray burst from the moonscape, 53. three kinds of scenes: fights, seductions, and negotiations yielded 53. dovetailing storylines. 77. The wife of a lighthouse keeper who takes in a baby carried ashore in a lifeboat and 53. a fighter who must battle segregation and his own demons as much as his white opponent to capture the heavyweight crown.

The wife, 38. one of the first women scuba divers, walks the shoreline in 38. a captain’s mess jacket (now a deftly cut blazer) with 38. sleek, elongating, high-waisted pants with a neoprene gleam. Is it possible that 38. jellyfish may have roamed the sea for 500 million years. The fighter, 111. though not talkative, likes to recite poems by Neruda.

Our evening walk led us to 111. picking out Orion and Gemini in the Southern Hemisphere. 111. Flamingos flocking at salty pools and 111. stark peaks – terra cotta, gray, or white – rising from parched earth like the plates on a stegosaurus’s back; cactus-spiked cliffs; rushing cataracts. We had arrived 53. to the deathbed of the matriarch guarded by 53. one uncannily sympathetic squirrel. We opened 107. the red stained wood revealing 107. skin-smoothing goat’s milk flecked with lavender and mint, admiring the snapdragons that frisked beyond the tub’s round rim.
60. starring in a money-spinning global juggernaut
60. had androgen insensitivity syndrome when she wasn’t even a month old
49-52. beautiful full page images for montaging
68. we met in the middle of a blackout
68. people were sweaty and edgy, thronging the streets, leaking heat and anxiety
68. the ATMs didn’t work and bodegas were charging insane amounts for bottled water and I was thirsty, hungover, and almost out of cash
70. past an intersection where a girl in a sunsuit dress was directing traffic
70. window after window teeming with powerless, shimmering chandeliers, the people in the apartments above drinking beer on the fire escapes – the city seemed less like a nightmare and more like a carnival.
70. I felt as if I had conjured her out of the dark
70. lived in rentals furnished with dusty junk
70. Lucy grew up in a little town outside Portland, where you could smell wood pulp from the paper mills when the wind blew.
78. gorgeously bishop sleeved sweatshirts, and exaggeratedly tuned-up pants
80. I’ve been taking a bright and bold departure from my usual comfort zone
83. tinkered through Madrid’s botanical garden in soaring crystal stilettos at a recent exhibition opening
84. the bright green powder is a natural antioxidant that lives in an elegant little jar
85. steamed, air dried, and stone ground
87. intersex is perhaps the last taboo
87. was born with internal testes, and without a uterus or ovaries
91. Is that who I am deep inside? A human confection?
94. down to the wiring
94. switch to a type of Vitamin B12 better suited for her body
96. “I Am Not Your Negro”
96. seemingly inescapable bonds and barriers between blacks and whites
96. from the streets to the voting booths to the silver screen
96. he captured how it feels to be black
“can lead to feeling like an alien in your own skin.”

a soprano capable of roller coaster worthy loops

the trouble with perfection is you start looking for cracks

who wears a burka and drives a motorcycle

honeymoon phase

bewitched, bothered, bewildered

foster a sense of intimacy with her regulars

tact, negotiation, seduction and education

bursting with retro femininity

I got you balloons!

da dense tangle of helium-filled Mylar

a strip club in Thai town

escaped to a succession of celluloid obsessions

dedicated an atrium wall to a giant garden of succulent varieties, a kind of living, linear ode to the forest

painting portraits of undocumented immigrants

sold everything, put the money into a diamond, and brought it over sewn into his daughter’s favorite floppy doll
160. a rhythmic manifesto about the sacredness of individuality

78. By an open window overlooking a cobbled yard, 126. a cobweb covered urinal in the corner of the room, 126. the iron gates of her mother’s Hollywood Hills house creep open. 106. Whirring drones and glowing screens filled the hillsides and are 160. gesticulating wildly on the color set outside on the balcony table. I light my cigarette and walk through the sliding door, “152. Have you heard? The sky is falling, and, quite apropos: Chicken is king!” My only real 144. interest is butterfly hunting. Butterflies are the 100. material for a visual revolution and accommodate my appetite for 182. trying to hit a moving target. Patrick, the last vestige of 106. Britain’s vanished empire appears 143. without stubble and wearing his best ostrich-leather boots. He has 160. a knack for mixing avant-garde ideas with more traditional techniques and 126. convincingly using words like ‘night-blooming’ to describe our evening expedition. Tonight we will be 88. exploring uncharted territory with 92. seven bottles instead of one ranging from 91. shades of honey to amber.

We pass through a 87. bubble gum pink décor as we find the curb and follow it to the bounds of the historic city. 144. What was then a semirural part of town, where they grew their own vegetables and had a menagerie of ducks, geese, a goat and many dogs and cats 68. was now searing hot and there wasn’t any running water 91. Somehow, I feel amoeba more than anything else, 123. an ethereal love affair in what was an 100. iconic watery landscape.

We begin rolling for a 106. film that hopefully taps into nostalgia. The stripped 92. tangelos, pomelos, and satsumas lining the shelves begin to slow our pace and so we stop to build a fire. A 112. healthy dose of torrid infatuation takes over as Patrick describes a Monarch he pinned last year that possessed 129. lacquered lips and pronounced curves. Seems that on that particular day millions of butterflies composed 106. an American patchwork of love and loss across a river valley.
Our path in the morning, 80. whirling like a dervish in illogical directions, 106. dances the jitterbug across the 106. sun-dazzled ochre of the African plains. Our anthem for a period of time becomes 85. Mark Twain: “Quitting is easy; I’ve done it a thousand times.” We had our 78. antennae scanning for each and every underground rumbling and by sunset we had amassed 78. an inclusive palette that ran from neutral to plush magenta. 80. And the footnote? 70. Someday I will travel the world like Pippi Longstocking and tell our stories, 124. those tales of a souvenir stolen from the boy.
animal magnetism

$2,280... animal magnetism. $2,280... animal magnetism. $2,280...

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IKONEN. THE PLANE OF NON-AGREEMENT. TABLEAU VIVANT X / THERE WILL BE BLOOD
Do we represent the construction, or construct the representation? Ours is a crisis of cutting and joining, a crisis of editing: we have passed beyond the crisis of montage. This is a crisis of representation rather than construction.

- Paul Virilio. *Lost Dimension*
**VOGUE MAPPING POP CULTURE**

**Cal Poly Sessions // 11/17/16**

With an introduction by Brian Ambroziak and Andrew McLellan.

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Notes</th>
<th>Artists</th>
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<td>A</td>
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<td>J</td>
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The writing contains several portions of text that are highlighted in blue, which are not part of the natural text. These portions are likely meant to be read independently of the main text. The main text appears to be a reflective piece about the experience of walking through an illustrated catalogue, where the illustrations are brought together in a way that is meaningful to the writer. The writer talks about finding oneself in these images, observing their own hallucinations, and transforming these observations into new planes of thought. The piece is a exploration of the relationship between the written word and the visual form, and how these two can work together to create new ideas and perspectives.

This text is set in a way that makes it look like it is being typed on a computer, with the words arranged in a way that is not natural to how one would write or speak. The use of italics and bold text is also not typical of natural writing, and seems to be used to highlight certain parts of the text.

The text is also interspersed with various visual elements, such as images of suits and ties, which are likely meant to illustrate the themes being discussed in the text. These images are not part of the natural text, and are likely meant to be read independently of it.

Overall, the text appears to be a personal reflection on the experience of encountering new visual ideas, and how these can be transformed into new ways of thinking and understanding the world.
asphyxiation
v. as·phyx·i·ate
: to cause (someone) to stop breathing and often to become unconscious and die

industrial hip hop
n. a fusion genre of industrial music with the rhythms or vocals of hip hop music. Industrial hip hop is connected to (and sometimes confused with) the more experimental variants of trip hop. It also anticipates many of the developments of dubstep. Illbient is also adjacent to, and possibly a subgenre of, industrial hip hop. Contemporary industrial hip hop is also closely connected to digital hardcore and breakcore.

Manolo Blahnik
n. born 27 November 1942 : a Spanish fashion designer and founder of the self-named, high-end shoe brand

Pinus radiata
n. family Pinaceae, the Monterey pine, insignis pine or radiata pine, is a species of pine native to the Central Coast of California and Mexico

superstition
n. su·per·sti·tion
: a belief or way of behaving that is based on fear of the unknown and faith in magic or luck : a belief that certain events or things will bring good or bad luck

taciturn
adj. tac·i·turn
: tending to be quiet : not speaking frequently

unparalleled
adj. un·par·al·leled
: not found elsewhere : never seen or experienced before

Wright Brothers
n. Orville (19 August 1871 - 30 January 1948) and Wilbur (16 April 1867 - 30 May 1912), were two American brothers, inventors, and aviation pioneers who are credited with inventing and building the world’s first successful airplane and making the first controlled, powered and sustained heavier-than-air human flight, on 17 December 1903

ORACLE WHISPER_Pale Fire*
for those who spend their days weaving
Two decades of photographic tea leaves
and you still don’t know how to breathe in the ocean.
My fingers wrinkle with trying. Have you ever seen the beauty of the desert in Morocco?
I can take you - by valiant flight and clever machinations
where walls stand papered in jungle-print techno,
and you can walk into darkly shimmering fragments.
I will rest under the ancient Monterey pine.
Read grass like braille. Imagine how badly you wanted a glass of wine.
Together we sip articulated language
floating on Fleeting Gestures and Obsessions.

You never looked more beautiful than in that flicker of nervousness.
We struggled through the snow together\textsuperscript{78} with our elbows tight against our sides and clenched fists buried deep in our pockets. Something about the oak smoke under the stars\textsuperscript{201} brought back memories from my long ago visit to the Oyster Bay,\textsuperscript{210} where the fisher-folk wore 3 pairs of gloves and lit fires along the piers to keep their lines from freezing. Chad points down an alley. At six foot seven he towers over me and leads the way. \textit{XXXXXXX} a covered perfume factory.\textsuperscript{181}

\textit{Imogen Warehouse}\textsuperscript{74} With the corners of a smile visible above his scarf, he opens a door marked \textit{Imogen Warehouse}\textsuperscript{74} and steps aside. Arrayed on racks in front of us stood a mass of bright young things,\textsuperscript{82} hanging brilliantly in midair and beyond was a plot studded with ancient olive trees. Beneath my feet, in 12-inch tall letters of yellow traffic paint, the floor read “\texttt{XXX images are simulations of actual XXXXXXX results}.”\textsuperscript{107}

\textsuperscript{78}\textit{See also: Female given name. It originated as a misspelling or variation of the name Innogen, from the Old Irish ingen meaning maiden.}

Superscripts refer to VOGUE page numbers. August 2015 / 07511549

VOGUE. MAPPING POP CULTURE. UTK SESSIONS 2015. DILLON CANFIELD
thin black satin drapes over curves that defy gravity. Its warm, quirky aroma is rooted in memory, possessed of a certain radiance. We nurture this hobby, a synchronized recovery from the rising sun and a pursuit in smallest hours of the night.

This whimsical accessory finds itself to be refreshingly pedestrian, held in the hands of the early riser as a mere instinctual talent. The engagement to the lips, a kiss that’s caught but is shielded from view, is only for the early riser to bathe in its sensuality. Linger on the breath; the perfect combination of minimalist lines and maximalist flourishes dance on the tongue.

Years of medication derive from the elixir beneath; a miniature smokestack, a dance on the tongue.

Lady ecstasy,