VOGUE
MAPPING POP CULTURE
Preceding page: “Woman. A Shock to the Nervous System” Eadweard Muybridge. From the Human Figure in Motion: Series S1: Electro-Photographic Investigation of Consecutive Phases of Muscular Actions. 1887.
... for the brightest lights in the darkest night.
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The work contained in this publication represents the start to a semester long seminar entitled TIMESCAPELAB conducted with students at the University of Tennessee, Knoxville in the fall semester of 2016.

One rainy day in 1919, finding myself in a village on the Rhine, I was struck by the obsession which held under my gaze the pages of an illustrated catalogue showing objects designed for anthropologic, microscopic, psychologic, mineralogic, and paleontologic demonstration. There I found brought-together elements of figuration so remote that the sheer absurdity of that collection provoked a sudden intensification of the visionary faculties in me and brought forth an illusive succession of contradictory images, double, triple, and multiple images, piling up on each other with the persistence and rapidity which are peculiar to love memories and visions of half-sleep.

These visions called themselves new planes, because of their meeting in a new unknown (the plane of non-agreement). It was enough at that time to embellish these catalogue pages, in painting or drawing, and thereby in gently reproducing only that which saw itself in me, a color, a pencil mark, a landscape foreign to the represented objects, the desert, a tempest, a geological cross-section, a floor, a single straight line signifying the horizon…thus I obtained a faithful fixed image of my hallucination and transformed into revealing dramas my most secret desires – from what had been before only some banal pages of advertising.¹

- Excerpt from “Beyond Painting” by Max Ernst

Thomas Carlyle wrote in Sartor Resartus that “tangible products” are said to be reduced to the categories of “Cities… Fields… and Books” with the worth of books “far surpassing that of the two others.”² The intent behind citing this passage emerges not from being partial to the written word, but to establish a sympathizing companion to the more often cited chapter “This Will Kill That” and out of optimism that the transformative power of literature evident here will inspire architecture and expand upon traditional practices of imagining and representing space.
In the foreword to *Collage and Architecture*, Juhanni Pallasmaa quotes the poet Joseph Brodsky, reminding us that even though collage has long been associated with visual art and film, “it was poetry that invented the technique of montage, not Eisenstein.”

The verse contained in this publication is a valiant attempt by twenty-one students to jumpstart their design process through prose. The assignment entitled *Vogue: Mapping Pop Culture* aspires to expand the present tense of the design process. This workshop asked student to identify a series of fragments from the most recent issue of Vogue magazine and organize them into what Max Ernst referred to as a *plane of non-agreement*. Drawing upon the aesthetic nature of language as defined by Borges as he describes the near symmetry of the English *moon*, the signifier plays a central role in searching out a vocabulary that describes qualities seldom associated with the errant trajectories initiated by the hand in the early design process. While the sketched line as well as the typewriter’s hammer both create shapes that evoke symbolic associations, sketching, or *disegno* as it is referred to in Italian, relies more heavily on composition and geometry and drawing convention in its primary reading. So while two parallel lines might create an almost instantaneous reading of a wall, either in plan or section, and a series of these lines might further begin to evoke a sense of materiality, language possesses the ability to, with the same effort, open the reader’s eyes to a scale unimagined by first marks in graphite and ink. When James Agee describes the material of the sharecroppers houses as *bone pine hung on its nails like an abandoned Christ*, he is metaphorically connecting the structure’s skin to that of the human body while reinforcing the daily even religious struggle inherent to the life of its occupant. The signified image thus plays a vital role in expanding the potential of a simple subject to command an emotional quality seldom achieved through drawing alone.

The theorist Ben Nicholson emphasizes the importance that an artist appropriate “raw material that is directly associated with the age in which he lives.” In his book *Appliance House*, the source material for his collages comes from the *Sears Catalog* and the *Sweets Catalog*, “the American institution for store bought articles and the encyclopedic collection of brochures aimed at the building industry,” respectively. In the 2nd Century, one of the earliest examples of the use
of collage in writing, can be found in Saint Irenaeus’s *Against Heresies*, which includes a cento composed of various Homeric verses to demonstrate how easily the heretical (in Saint Irenaeus’s opinion) Gnostics altered the Gospels. Saint Irenaeus stitches together lines of verse from both the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Well-mined source material lends to the authenticity of a newly rendered scene.

Culling *Vogue* magazine, the students in the UTK seminar began the semester by scouring its pages for language that struck them as having a strong visual and auditory component — it was by default a representation of contemporary culture with a strongly inherent bias. As such, their starting point drew not from memory but was external and negated the notion of a random process as students consciously choose words or phrases for a variety of reasons. One could see precedent or a site’s context as providing a similar kit of parts with which to begin a conceptual process; a kind of jump-start to the creation of a truly original idea. Douglas Darden’s *Condemned Building* as well as Dali’s *Paranoid-Critical Method* (PCM) as described by Rem Koolhaas in *Delirious New York*, served as valuable guides to the seminar and stressed the necessary strategies and desires required to make a fresh start and acknowledged that these methods are by no means a novel approach.

Ultimately, the prose contained in these pages exists as both a physical object that maintains its own aesthetic existence as well as a construct that conjures up as many readings as there are readers. The writing contained in this publication serves as a record of the possibilities afforded by an experiment meant to challenge the limitations of the design process.

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It is 1945. A year from the dramatic decade fashioned by the seclusion of personal shades. Abbot Pierre Bonnard, a mystic seventy-seven-year-old, associated perfection with the obscurity of his plastic women tasseled to his Broadway seminary. Wide-awake, he went to the library incessantly searching for the natural complexion of the beautiful girls. "THERE!" he said. The classic Cohama fabrics of the silk collar are better designs by his judgment. "MAGNIFICENT!" he said as he went into his office to make warmer's and corsetry from the fluid pelt. "You must unclutter your vision of the synthetic and exercise your planned symbols," he said to me. As I grew defiant, I employed the opposite layers and united the gabardines to ruin the suit. "MASCULINE! Trim the figure to look feminine," he told me. "She must be especially clean to be good like Jill." With little dignity and rights, I tailored the skin to be fuller, which resembled the portrait sketches of her. Disarmingly, he makes tribute from the four or five natural traditions, molded by space. Will he then satisfy his hunger to match his elastic dreams? Can, I remain less, truly becoming him?
How can we not be excited about the thing that has changed every one of our lives? It’s great that we motivate people to lose weight or learn French with robots. A law student liked to invite friends to interact with the dinosaur, even before guests discovered rabbit masks left in the guest rooms. My image is of a sad glamour, whether long of face or gap-toothed with no sympathetic white figure behind him. What happens in the quiet moments of reflection? Deep shame, maximum self-consciousness. He suspended a monochrome red canvas across the town square at sunrise: he called it *Red Square*. They both slept with loaded pistols beside their bedside table. But she has a rock band.
Carter Daniel

*Information Age of Hysteria*

The first Monday in May, the rest of the world had fallen away, and the endzone and descending pass were all that remained. In a French cafe drinking a cappuccino and writing in springtime, I thought of NaVorro Bowman snapping his leg near the goal line with nine minutes to go, and of the gruesome replays on the jumbotron. That’s all you are going to give me? Outside, screen queens hack fashion in an age of technology. Special forces in full control introduce you to the cool game with a check mate! “AngloMania” is in full swing and flowerbombs drop instant chill and Folie A Deux. Evasive people are selling plastic juice cartons of petrol next to sheets covering furniture that had once been part of the silk road had been blitzed into rubble. Poppies in voluptuous bloom, flirtatious with the juicy bite of vengeance, mingle with the sensuality of the met going tech.
A silent snow fell on a man in a simple blue cotton jacket as he valiantly struggled with his bicycle down the small alley. Turning from the window, his piercing eyes flickered between the bed and the patched boyfriend jeans in a crumpled heap on the floor. She had tangerine nails, raven hair, and an artisan handcrafted chain that cascaded about her slender neck. His eyes traced her curves beneath the pink satin coverlet, the perfect juxtaposition of delicacy and strength.

An old steamer trunk in a city of stardust bangles, he had always been a creature of the night. He came alive as the light between oceans faded from the grittiest Manhattan streets. He sat and watched her there, the moonlight ghostly on her slick dewdrop skin. Draining a few final drops from the copper shot glass, he prepared to re-enter the dystopian town of social robots, their bionic limbs carrying them through life blissfully unaware that people like him existed.

Washing the blood from his hands, he left her there, vacant eyes staring up at the plaster roses.
a man in a simple blue cotton jacket | 67, 33, 0, 50
he valiantly struggled | 0, 93, 100, 60
with his bicycle | 67, 0, 100, 35
patched boyfriend jeans | 43, 15, 0, 23
tangerine nails | 0, 71, 100, 5
artisan handcrafted chain | 12, 25, 85, 5
the pink satin coverlet | 0, 67, 33, 18
the perfect juxtaposition of delicacy and strength | 0, 6, 83, 1
an old steamer trunk | 0, 13, 28, 75
stardust bangles | 14, 0, 16, 11
the light between oceans | 0, 56, 83, 16
the grittiest manhattan streets | 11, 17, 22, 94
slick dewdrop skin | 8, 3, 3, 18
copper shot glass | 0, 59, 85, 50
dystopian town | 25, 100, 100, 50
social robots | 28, 0, 30, 62
bionic limbs | 0, 0, 0, 63
staring up at the plaster roses | 0, 20, 12, 9
STAINED LABELS a foamy wave of crowd noise

We shared bottles of wine and peaches and looked out onto the water. The skyline and sunset stood to one side of us — a warm, late sunset melting into black silhouettes of rooftops and cranes — while the rocks and sea surrounded us on the other three sides. The sky slowly darkened as figures with lights walked on the cliffs near us. The only sounds were those of the crashing waves mingling with our soft conversations and laughter. In an attempt to run his entire life from behind a camera, a stranger photographed the sunset in a sequence and handed us the 35mm roll when his shots were taken.

We caught the last ferry leaving the island. The transition from the island to the city in the night was drastic — where the first was almost lifeless and dark, the latter was filled with people moving quickly from restaurants to bars, passing stores with backlit mannequins adorned in embellished leather jackets and dark red wool coats. We quickly jumped into the speed of the city and moved with small crowds for most of our way home, their jewel-colored conversations accompanying us as we walked.

VOCABULARY
01 wine + peaches [76]
02 black silhouettes [82]
03 soft conversations [97]
04 run his entire life from behind a camera [145]
05 city in the night [34]
06 backlit mannequins [46]
07 embellished leather jackets [64]
08 red wool coats [110]
09 jewel-colored [126]
No one could comprehend why
she had such reproach for her soft-pedaled way of life. [97]

Where red wine was served on tap. [73]
Where candy canes were spun of Venetian glass.

**Women of impeccable taste:** technically exquisite, but smears of grey [120]
beneath the peacock dress.
    Where late night marble floor polishers disappear [88]
    into the urban silhouette without a [80]
    second glance from those

    **who live to be impressed.** [64]

**There was this moment** when the barriers between you fell. [98]
When you saw them for who they were rather than what they were...

    And turned away.

Unopened and sequestered remained the exquisite letters
from Maine her mother sent exalting her latest repertoire [72]
of the summer that had outlasted her most recent marriage.

She now walked with ease into the crowd
of hoodies, sneakers, and undone hair. [173]
An ease that was unparalleled.
They were merely shades of choice.
An unstructured silhouette.

**Totally in control of their own destiny.** [122]

**A kind of landscape** in themselves. [185]
The nightmanager rests beneath bare lightbulbs in the basement’s depths, cataloguing with heavy fingertips delicate vials of jungle red | iridescent ivory | tracing the jewel tone pigments long forgotten by their once-wearers. Bright young things | ornamental birds in their leather and python gleaming jackets that leave deep teeth marks on the flesh of scorned lovers.

In this golden age of television and soccer supernovas | the whipstitched edges of his resinous leather bag seem a piteous relic of an age of | passed. The nervous condition of his bloodline had led to a habit of befriending dastardly characters in his youth | noiselessly collecting their fragments amidst a series of Chinese back alley exchanges. Megalomaniacs with a bloodthirstiness that would rival the hardscrabble outfit of an Oakland neighborhood, they seemed to survive on a diet of warm bloody steaks and the democracy of the streets.

And he amongst his rows of keys and assemblage of shadowy figures can smell the milk and mint essence of those heavenly bodies carried in on the breeze from his open window.

Camille Lane
the linen life - transparent fashions

The face that, covered to perfection is never enough
my mother, myself -- a bright morning, a cold night
for that which will never be, you’ll drown in luxury
desire taking flight – beauty, glamor
Sage and lavender fill the air
hear the music
future, present discover the new – everything you can
downtown streets fearless and viewed with envy
hear the music
desire is never enough
humanity, love and intimacy is beauty
hear the music
the everyday sage and lavender in her eyes
my mother, myself
dreaming herself free – memories are idealized
city nights city lights – the thrill of it all
polaroid pictures, ripped jeans, and big sweaters - humanity resides in the in between
a yearning for the past, the present is never enough
There are forms of espionage in every life. We never learn everything about the people we know and love. It is a part of our necessary separateness.

“She flinches from nothing.” I love the line because its fierceness reminds me of her. As risk-taking in her maternal love as she was in her work. Reading voraciously, writing lousy stories, and scribbling notes, the famous editor personified. We laughed and talked about everything.

I was filled with both a sense of wonder and a great deal of gratitude, evident in her compelling portrait of a sad glamour.

There’s a photograph of me in her arms from that period. She danced like a madwoman in the living room, as iconic as anyone he photographed – not that he would have ever thought that for a single second.

This juxtaposition of delicacy and strength complements that quicksilver quality that made her illegitimate in some way.

Sean McEahern

We Laughed and Talked About Everything
She was always in her own head in hopes of understanding so many things.

Familiar scrawl on the pages made me feel shaky. It had become harder for me to ignore an effortless muse who moves seamlessly from ski slopes to evening attire.

He shot out of the car as fast as he could, putting not only a physical but also a mental distance between himself and the fleeting moment in which he had had to sacrifice his admiration for her.

That part of the experience is gone, all the intimate moments of a lifetime fading with her.

It felt like an unimaginable betrayal; she had kept her illness a secret until two weeks before she died.
Nowadays, anything goes. It’s a magical time. From the most glamorous parties to the grittiest Manhattan streets, they both slept with loaded pistols on their beside tables. Whatever happened to reading voraciously, writing lousy stories, and scribbling notes? The rubber-banded packets of all her correspondence, when whole families lived in massive, ugly apartment blocks, exploded. 300 cans of brown shoe polish all over the walls, and yet I feel compelled to soothe this robot, maybe because we struggle so openly with issues of identity. Followed by a paddock of pastel-hued sheep, a local cast, and two giraffes, the earth opened up: it’s very cinematically inspired. The lifesize floating hologram, vibrant yet frequently depressed, whizzing around on his bike made me think that anything can exist together if you do it in a certain way. Make a sketch with cheap laundry soap, not over toast at breakfast, in the quiet moments of reflection.
Alec Persch

Untitled

Living a life in full. Watching blueberry sports via pregnant plum sykes. Before Marsha came, I had no idea working with women as a sort of off-screen power source that somehow wears Prada. Finding myself join in with the crowds, unanimously shouting “Not drastic, just Fantastic.” The list on the large screen promotes singer Janelle Monae, highlighting her struggle to feed her body and soul by the steal of the mouth. She Travels, to the liberty of London, up front in April. She Talks, with the director of Canada. Monae’s Power, her View, gone with a Flash. She must now work within the confines of the shape, the fashion. She discovers Hope, found within the confines of beauty. Lost within a sea of Love in the bluff of long champs. Struggling, Monae remarks that Ironically, most heels are uncomfortable to me. Later, On a chilly December day, all tiny and mighty, she sings the graphic notes as they move to the giant songs of evening stars. Already ahead in the night, Janelle rehearses the movies of the paradise hedges found. Sitting pretty in the dress of jasmine hedges, she whispers, my you look healthy. Onlookers sway from the counterculture statement on the large screen, mumbling to themselves, “Sweet.”
He was a great teacher and I learned a lot. Drawing levels the playing field, the new urban silhouette, cold soup. Needle thin streets with ancient buildings, he's forever trying to understand his own surroundings. One morning, a hot yoga class, weights at the gym, lunch at a restaurant. No one's like you. Neither can stop smiling at each other. The tiniest misstep he soon learns what happens in rain.

Blame it on France. Once a staple, american spirit, technology, a slick of pvc here, mongolian fur there. It's so delicious and visually striking.

swelling, perfectly regular, firm, composed of red marble and waterfalls.

I brought it back to her thinking it would change her life, but tonight with twenty guests assembled, it stands petrified, but still inhabited. She is empty.
though some have wondered about the fit, a beatnik ballet is about to run amok. It’s about young people dressing up, doorknocker earrings and a gargantuan leg of mutton. of zebra print jackets and high waist jeans and I supposed grilled calamari.

a magical figure as if delighted by the cruel irony goes on in a white dinner jacket. the designer who turned to master feeling slightly ridiculous in the outfits felt frustrated. they were usually such good ideas. playing hide and seek in an acre of enviably flawless skin trippy technicolor drawings hung up at a sufficient distance from each other and not too large and not have sex in hidden alcoves.

I’d done a drawing of me in a tuxedo devastating New York. that celebration of exaggeration was to bring back the silhouette on the twang of velvet bows. fearless great travelers of the Atlantic climbing Mount Everest with borrowed bravery. I still feel that way about movies on the walls and driving backward into choppy seas during electric storms. that one’s never happened before. to misquote ZZ Top, the best you can do is sleep.
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