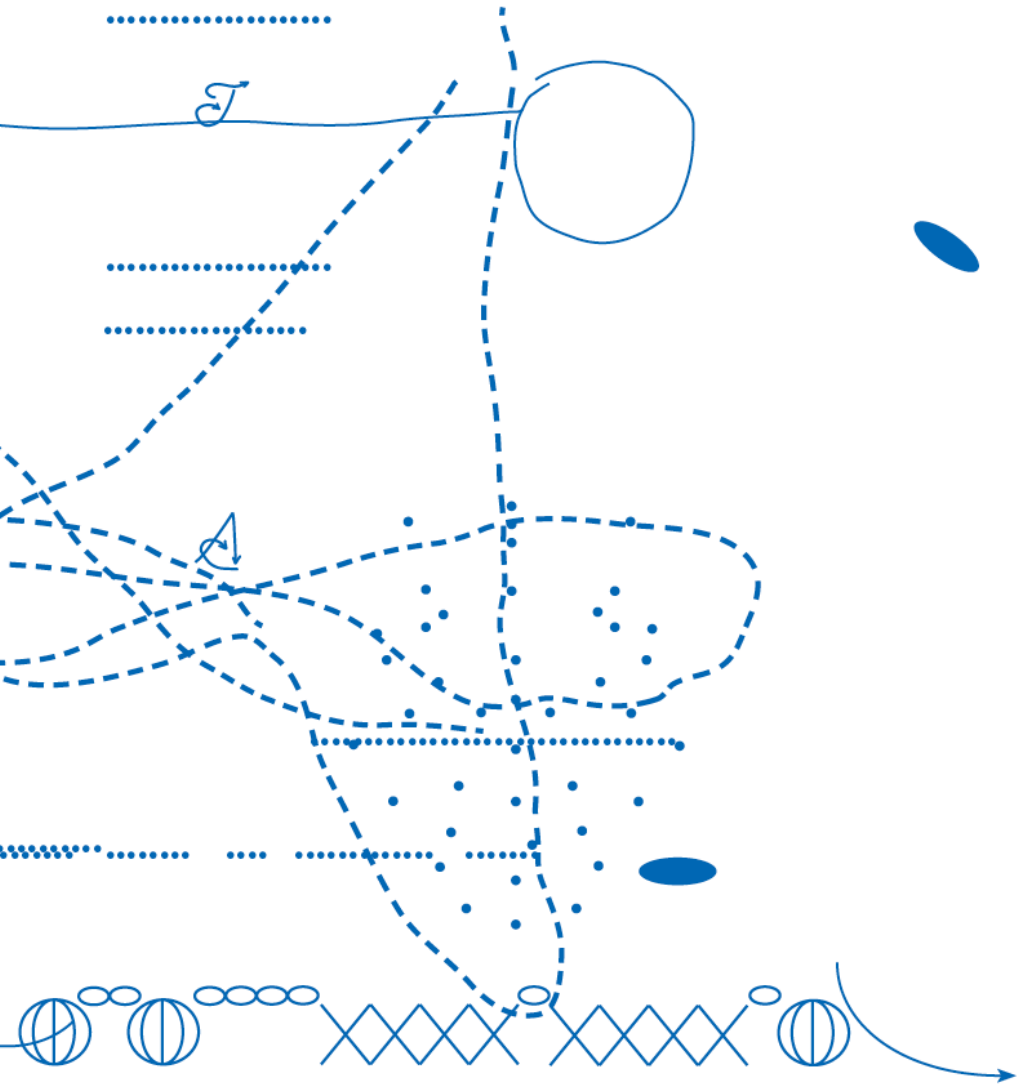


??



*The Language of—  
bookcovers, typos, moles,  
stringfigures, speed and Tristram  
Shandy*

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Choosing a Language  
for your Project



All 253 patterns together form a language. They

create a coherent picture of an entire region, with the power to generate such regions in a million forms, with infinite variety in all the details.

It is also true that any small sequence of patterns from this language is itself a language for a smaller part of the environment; and this small list of patterns is then capable of generating a million parks, paths, houses, workshops, or gardens.

For example, consider the following ten patterns:

PRIVATE TERRACE ON THE  
STREET (140)  
SUNNY PLACE (161)  
OUTDOOR ROOM (163)  
SIX-FOOT BALCONY (167)  
PATHS AND GOALS (120)  
CEILING HEIGHT VARIETY (190)  
COLUMNS AT THE CORNERS (212)  
FRONT DOOR BENCH (245)  
RAISED FLOWERS (245)  
DIFFERENT CHAIRS (251)

This short list of patterns is itself a language: it is one of a thousand possible languages for a porch, at the front of a house. One of us chose this small language, to build a porch onto the front of his house. This is the way the language, and its patterns, helped to generate this porch.

I started with PRIVATE TERRACE ON THE STREET (140). That pattern calls for a terrace, slightly raised, connected to the house, and on the street side. SUNNY PLACE (161) suggests that a special place on the sunny side of the yard should be intensified and made into a place by the use of a patio, balcony, outdoor room, etc. I used these two patterns to locate a raised platform on the south side of the house.

To make this platform into an OUTDOOR ROOM (163), I put it half under the existing roof overhang, and kept a mature pyracanthus tree right smack in the middle of the platform. The overhead foliage of the tree added to the roof-like enclosure of the space. I put a wind screen of fixed glass on the west side of the platform too, to give it even more enclosure.

I used SIX-FOOT BALCONY (167) to determine the size of the platform. But this pattern had to be used judiciously and not blindly—the reasoning for the pattern has to do with the minimum space required for people to sit comfortably and carry on a discussion around a small side-table. Since I wanted space for at least two of these conversation areas—one under the roof for very hot or rainy days, and one out under the sky for days when you wanted to be full in the sun, the

balcony had to be made 12 x 12 feet square.

Now PATHS AND GOALS (120): Usually, this patterns deals with large paths in a neighbourhood, and comes much earlier in a language. But I used it in a special way. It says that the paths which naturally get formed by people's walking, on the land should be preserved and intensified. Since the path to our front door cut right across the corner of the place where I had planned to put the platform, I cut the corner of the platform off.

The height of the platform above the ground was determined by CEILING HEIGHT VARIETY (190). By building the platform approximately one foot above the ground line, the ceiling height of the covered portion came out at between 6 and 7 feet—just right for a space as small as this. Since this height above the right for a space as small as this. Since this height above the ground level is just about right for sitting, the pattern FRONT DOOR BENCH (242) was automatically satisfied.

There were three columns standing, supporting the roof over the old porch. They had to stay where they are, because they hold the roof up. But, following COLUMNS AT THE CORNERS (212), the platform was very carefully tailored to their positions—so that the columns help define the social spaces on either side of them.

Finally, we put a couple of flower boxes next to the “front door bench”—it's nice to smell them when you sit there—according to RAISED FLOWERS (245). And the old chairs you can see in the porch are DIFFERENT CHAIRS (251).

You can see, from this short example, how powerful and simple a pattern language is. And you are now perhaps ready to appreciate how careful you must be, when you construct a language for yourself and you own project.

The character of the porch is given by the ten patterns in this short language. In just this way, each part of the environment is given its character by the collection of patterns which we choose to build into it. The character of what you build, will be given to it by the language of patterns you use, to generate it.

For this reason, of course, the task of choosing a language for you project is fundamental. The patterns language we have given here contains 253 patterns. You can therefore use it to generate almost unimaginably large number of possible different smaller languages, for all the different projects you may choose to do, simply by picking patterns from it.

We shall now describe a rough procedure

by which you can choose a language for you own project, first by taking patterns from this language we have printed here, and then by adding patterns of your own.

1. First of all, make a copy of the master sequence (pages xix–xxxiv) on which you can tick off the patterns which will form the language for your project. If you don't have access to a copying machine, you can tick off patterns in the list printed in the book, use paper clips to mark pages, write your own list, use paper markers—whatever you like. But just for now, to explain it clearly, we shall assume that you have a copy of the list in front of you.

2. Scan down the list, and find the pattern which best describes the overall scope of the project you have in mind. This is the starting pattern for you project. Tick it. (if there are two or three possible candidates, don't worry: just pick the one which seems best: the others will fall in place as you move forward.)

3. Turn to the starting pattern itself, in the book, and read it through. Notice that the other patterns mentioned by name at the beginning and at the end, of the pattern you are reading, are also possible candidates for you language. The ones at the beginning will tend to be “larger” than your

project. Don't include them, unless you have the power to help create these patterns, at least in a small way, in the world around you project. The ones at the end are “smaller.” Almost all of them will be important. Tick all of them, on you list, unless you have some special reason for not wanting to include them.

4. Now your list has some more ticks on it. Turn to the next highest pattern on the list which is ticked, and open the book to that pattern. Once again, it will lead you to other patterns. Once again, tick those which are relevant—especially the ones which are “smaller” that come at the end. As a general rule, do not tick the ones which are “larger” unless you can do something about them, concretely, in your own project.

5. When in doubt about a pattern, don't include it. Your list can easily get too long: and if it does, it will become confusing. The list will be quite long enough, even if you only include the patterns you especially like.

6. Keep going like this, until you have ticked all the patterns you want for you project.

7. Now, adjust the sequence by adding you own material. If there are things you want to include in your project, but you have not been able to find patterns which correspond to them, then

write them in, at an appropriate point in the sequence, near other patterns which are of about the same size and importance. For example, there is no pattern for sauna. If you want to include one, write it in somewhere near BATHING ROOM (144) in your sequence.

8. And of course, if you want to change any patterns, change them. There are often cases where you may have a personal version of a pattern, which is more true, or more relevant for you. In this case, you will get the most “power” over the language, and make it your own most effectively, if you write the changes in, at the appropriate places in the book. And it will be most concrete of all, if you change the name of the pattern too—so that it captures your own changes clearly.

\*\*\*

Suppose now that you have a language for your project. The way to use the language depends very much on its scale. Patterns dealing with towns can only be implemented gradually, by grass roots action; patterns for a building can be built up in your mind, and marked out on the ground; patterns for construction must be built physically, on the site. For this reason we have given three sep-

arate instructions, for these different scales. For towns, see page 3; for building, see page 463; for construction, see page 935.

The procedures for each of these three scales are described in much more detail with extensive examples, in the appropriate chapters of *The Timeless Way of Building*. For the town—see chapters 24 and 25; for an individual building—see chapters 20, 21, and 22; and for the process of construction which describes the way a building is actually built see chapter 23.



The Language of...



The

LANGUAGE

of

KINDNESS



A Nurse's Stories

...Food, science, threads, flowers,  
genes, trees, cranes, baklava, stones,  
clothes, art, bees, politics, spells,  
dogs, cities, kindness, divorce, sisters,  
hoofbeats, others, thorns, miracles,  
emotions, cats.

CHRISTIE WATSON

The book cover features a black and white photograph of a woman's face in profile, looking down. She is holding a large, dark rose in her hands. The background is dark and moody. The title and author's name are printed in white, serif fonts of varying sizes and styles. A thin vertical chain with a small round pendant hangs down the center of the cover, passing over the rose.

M. J. ROSE

THE  
SECRET  
LANGUAGE  
OF  
STONES

*A Novel*

New York Times Bestselling Author

LUANNE RICE

*The  
Secret  
Language  
of Sisters*

Two sisters. One text.  
One accident will change everything.

*the  
Language  
of  
Flowers*

A NOVEL



“Instantly  
entrancing.” —*Elle*

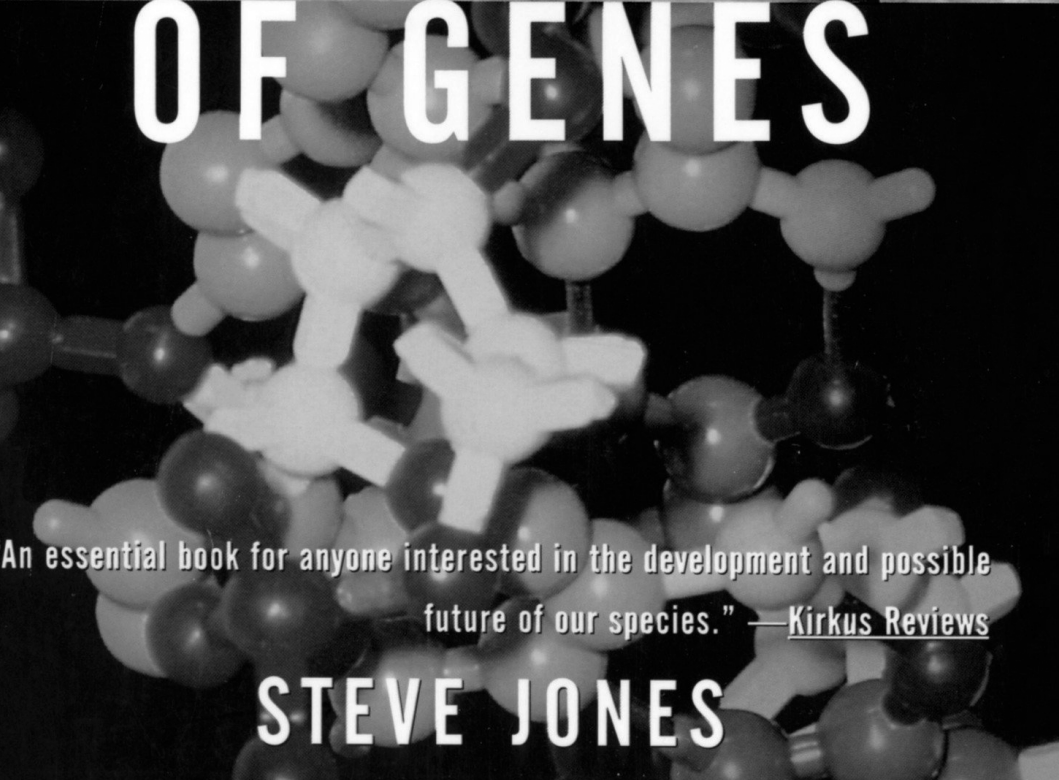
VANESSA DIFFENBAUGH

SOLVING THE MYSTERIES OF OUR GENETIC  
PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE

# THE LANGUAGE



# OF GENES



An essential book for anyone interested in the development and possible future of our species." —Kirkus Reviews

STEVE JONES

# The Magical Language of Others

A Memoir

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"A beautifully  
crafted saga. . .  
graceful and  
moving."

NICOLE CHUNG,  
author of *All You  
Can Ever Know*

E. J.  
Koh

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ANN PELO

# The Language of Art

Inquiry-Based Studio Practices  
in Early Childhood Settings

2nd edition

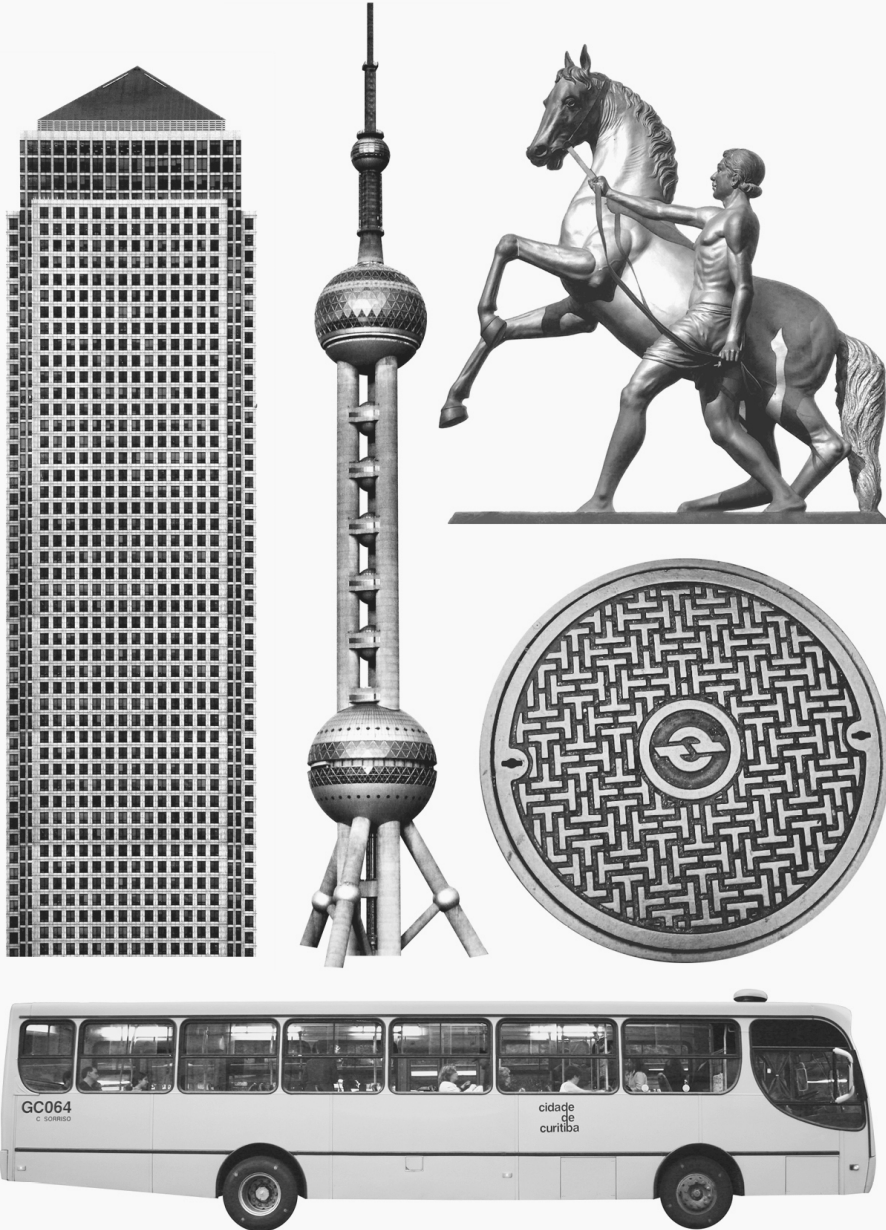


Catherine Ryan Hyde

*The*  
LANGUAGE  
OF  
HOOFBEATS

# Deyan Sudjic

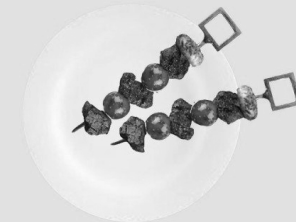
## The Language of Cities



"A culinary memoir that's as delectable for its stories as for its accompanying recipes.... Rich, dense, and flavorful." —*Entertainment Weekly*

# THE LANGUAGE OF BAKLAVA

A MEMOIR



DIANA ABU-JABER

Author of CRESCENT

Ian Frazier

# Etymology of Some Common Typos

The word “typo” is actually a misnomer. Derived

from a phrase that denotes error, it suggests that the typist has made a mistake. In fact, what we call typos are more accurately described as variants. Take “anmd,” which often appears when we think we have typed the conjunction “and.” In some parts of the Anglophobe world, both versions of this word—“and” and “anmd” (or “and” anmd “anmd”)—are acceptable, just as the mistyped “trhe” may be used interchangeably with the (or trhe) more conventional article “the.” Of course, there are exceptions, or erxceptions, such as the word “erxceptions” itself, which is also accepted but considered impolite.

“Anmd” and “trhe,” unlike “erxception,” both derive from ancient oral tradition. In Old, Old Norse, the stray “m” and “r” are believed to have corrupted “and” and “the” in common speech through the negligence or haste of slob members of the ur-Norse community. When monks transcribed these awords directly from the mouths of the speakers, they became grossed out, but dutifully included the variants on their stain-spattered vellum manuscripts, and, as such, these so-called typos have been handed down.

Variants sometimes occur as typographic representations of consonants that seem to have migrated sideways in the mouth. This is the case

with variants containing the letter “p,” such as “yopu” (“you”). As Indo-European peoples moved laterally in their wanderings, west to east (or vice versa), the plosive consonants did something similar on the tongue. Thus, we may be typing along and see an unfamiliar sentence, such as “I will be goping home,” appear on the screen. Unconsciously, we have typed exactly what an ancient Indo-European person would have said.

The sentence “Dopn’t dop that” (in everyday modern English, “Don’t do that”) has been seen spelled out in finger paint on the walls of the limestone caves of Lascaux, France, where human occupation dates to more than 30000 B.C.E. Moreover, in certain contexts the second-person singular “yopu” appears to have been not a pronoun but the proper name of a particular cave individual, and ideally should be capitalized, as “Yopu.”

What do we know of this Yopu, or of any of the Indo-Europeans? Here is where our “typos” may be trying to tell us something. When these ancient humans used aspirated consonants, such as “h” (or the “wh” sound), our mistypings show that they often snuck in a seemingly gratuitous “j,” as in “whjat” (“what”), “hjere” (“here”), or “hjog” (“hog”). An ancient Indo-European sentence such

as “Whjat is thjat hjog doping hjere?” makes sense only if we posit that the speaker was trying to come off as Swedish. Why he or she would want to do that is another question, but it does shed light on a weird kind of insecurity that permeated the society. The faster we type, the more intriguing this window into the distant past becomes. “Trhe quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog,” a typing-practice sentence that all of us learned in high school, includes, in this typed-super-fast version, at least eight different proto-language families struggling to be reborn.

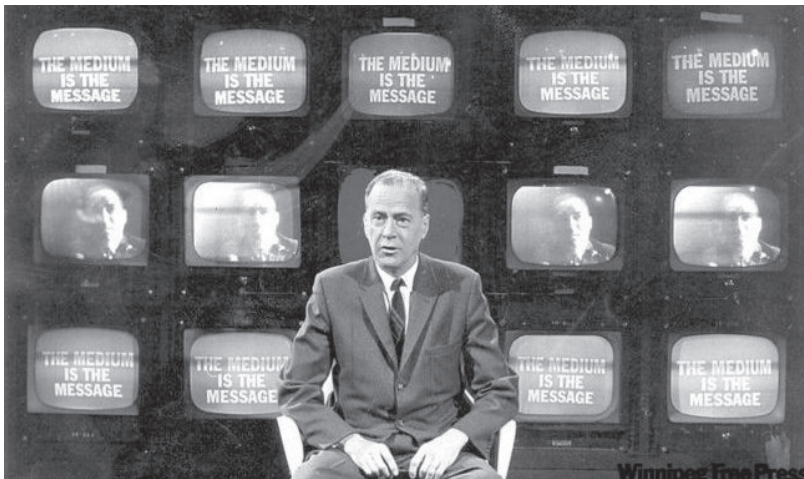
Modern humans who type “fsocx” for “fox” likely have some Neanderthal DNA. Perhaps the well-known practice sentence describes an encounter that occurred regularly between Ice Age foxes and Neanderthal dogs. Bone-density studies of canine skeletons found in conjunction with Neanderthal shell middens indicate high concentrations of gene pairings often associated with laziness—for what that’s worth. The word “jumptde” is an elongated verb form of pre-Celtic origin, later common in Turkic languages, which fell out of favor when it became kind of a pain. And, remarkably, “over” is one of those rare words which are exactly the same in every language, extinct or living, around the world. Nopw we

fast-foprward top trhe technop era, amnd trhe influence opf Autopcoprrect. (Or, “Nope we fast-foppish tomorrow trh technophobe era, amid tre influence old Autocorrect.”) Today, corrections that used to take weeks happen automatically. But here a darker process seems to era, amid tre influence old Autocorrect.”) Today, corrections that used to take weeks happen automatically. But here a darker process seems to be goping on. When we set out to create a text message, the echoes of lost languages, and all connections to our shared human past, are erased. Text a harmless sentence like “I’m here, ready to help,” and whjat may pop up is “I’m here, ready to Hal.” Huh? Who is this “Hal”? We will never know, nor will the text’s no doubt baffled recipient. If, instead of “Hal,” the name supplied had been “Hjal,” we would have met another shadowy figure from the mists of time, someone who might conceivably have known Yopu. But, thanks to Autocorrect, poor Hjal is long forgotten. Type in his name, and it will be corrected to “Hal,” just another ordinary present-day guy, and we are the poorer for the loss.



# Lucky Accidents— Imaginism and Typos

Mr. Fiore's first book with McLuhan was "The Medium Is the Massage: An Inventory of Effects" (1967). "Massage" was a printer's error, but McLuhan, a wordsmith who delighted in puns, liked the typo and kept it, believing that it amplified his theory about how different forms of media thoroughly "massage" the senses in the "mass age" of communications.



Imaginism was a Russian avant-garde poetic movement that began after the Revolution of 1917.

Imaginism was founded by Sergei Jessenin in 1919, who wanted to distance himself from the Futurists. He had heard the word "imagism" and decided to put the same name for his group, accidentally writing the name wrong.

---

Marek Nedelka talking about languages and scripts while being corrected by suggestive subtitles of Youtube





Büyük Harfler :

A B C Ç D E F G  
Ğ H I J K L M  
N O Ö P R S Ş T  
U Ü V Y Z

Küçük Harfler :

a b c ç d e f g ğ  
h i j k l m n o ö  
p r s ş t u ü v y z

linguist Herman Felder marriage I  
presented his son language theory

## Abusive Translation

[...] Often idiosyncratic, these translations departed from the script in ways that appeal to both their viewers and to scholars of translation. One, Burak Alexander, stresses the fact that such translations were made without a great deal of preparation: often long passages of slang or idiomatic phrases would elude the translator and so he would have to improvise (an unintended echo of Bolshakov's performances for Stalin). Even skilled translator might well enhance the original with local colloquialisms and vivid profanities in an effort to capture what they believed to be the colour of the original. The creative translator of Martin Scorsese's *Mean Streets* (1973) replaced New York's street slang with that of Warsaw's Praga district in a pirate version on sale in Poland in the early '90s. Widely

acclaimed as the master of the genre in Russia, Dmitry Puckhov (aka Goblin), who acquired his English in the '80s on a two-year course at the Dzerzhinsky Police House of Culture and by translating rock lyrics at home, achieved success and some degree of notoriety for his voice-over translations, which far exceed the principle of fidelity. In rescripting imported thrillers and crime films such as *Pulp Fiction* (1994), Puckhov incorporated the full force of Russian expletives as well as an urgent, highly distinctive tone of voice. These devices, he claims, capture the gritty qualities of the original films far more effectively than the pious, literary-minded cultural approach to translation promoted by the film studios. His reputation, however, owes more to his comic voice-over translations of the first two *Lord of the Rings* films made in the early 2000s, which relocate

Middle-earth to contemporary Russia. The principal characters were given comic Russified names: Frodo Baggins became Fedor Mikhailovich Sumkin (a derivative of the Russian word *sumka*, or bag); the Ranger, Aragorn, was renamed Agronom (farm worker); Legolas became Logovaz, after the Russian car company responsible for Ladas.

---

Called Gavrilov translation (Russian: перевод Гаврилова *perevod Gavrilova* or single-voice translation (Russian: *одноголосый перевод*), the technique takes its name from Andrey Gavrilov, one of the most prominent artists in the area. The term is used to refer to single-voice dubs in general, but not necessarily only those performed by Gavrilov himself. Such dubbing is ubiquitous in Russian-speaking countries on films shown on cable television and sold on video, especially illegal copies, and are sometimes included as additional audio tracks on DVDs sold in the region, along with dubbing performed by multiple actors.

# Tim de Lisle

## La la land

From the Beatles to Goldfrapp via Iggy Pop and Kylie, Tim de Lisle looks back at pop's love affair with nonsense lyrics

Frank Sinatra went dooby dooby doo. Freddie

Mercury went day-oh. Elvis Presley went uh huh. The Supremes went ooh-oooh hoooh. Lou Reed went doo da-doo da-doo da-doo da-doo dooo. Cream went bom-bom bom-ba bom-bom. Minnie Riperton went lalalalaLA lalalalaLA. Gene Kelly went dood-loo doody. Donna Summer went aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh. And James Brown went OWWWWW! Between words and music lie the sounds we make when we're singing but not using language. English doesn't have a word for them, perhaps fittingly; a friend suggests rockolalia. Whatever they're called, this has been a good year for them. Beck's recent single EPPro had a chorus that went "na-na na-na-na NA" (x4). It was banal, meaningless and intensely repetitive, but in context, with a dirty riff loitering behind like a teenager on a family outing, it made perfect sense. Next month comes another classic of wordlessness in Goldfrapp's new single, Ooh La La. This is not the Faces anthem of the same name, but a new song, wittily constructed out of bits of old disco, electronica, T.Rex and Norman Greenbaum singles. Like EPPro, it's dead sexy.

Beck Hansen and Alison Goldfrapp, two thoughtful magpies, know what they are doing here. They are joining a tradition that winds back through rock history, via Eminem and Kylie, Pink

Floyd and the Ramones, to the Beatles and Elvis, and, further still, to jazz and blues.

Around the time rock was born, a whole genre arose out of wordless singing, called, with suitable onomatopoeia, doowop. Much earlier, jazz singers had a word, scat, for the noises they made before they picked up a lyric sheet. Jelly Roll Morton used the term in 1906, so scat may be about to reach its centenary. But the business of singing without words surely springs from a deeper well. It's as old as the hills, which are, of course, alive with the sound of music.

In the beginning was the hum, and the hum was la. It's a gregarious creature, and highly elastic. It can be a mother softly singing her baby to sleep, or Iggy Pop, announcing: "I am the passenger ... la-la la-la la-lala-LA!" with a sinister charisma that has survived the indignity of being used to sell executive cars.

It can be innocent, as in "Deck the halls with boughs of holly, fa la-la la-la, la-la la-la", or quite the opposite, as in the recent single La La by Ashlee Simpson, a junior American non-celebrity whose main claim to fame is that her sister (Jessica Simpson) turned her marriage into a TV show. "You make me wanna la-la," screeches Ashlee, adding that she will "make la-la in the

kitchen on the floor”.

It's the kind of thing that could give a non-word a bad name.

The best las are to innocence what bitter-sweet is to sugar. When Cathy Dennis and Rob Davis (once of Mud) wrote Can't Get You Out of My Head, they gave Kylie the best song of her career, and the best bit comes when she sings “la-la-la, la-la la-la-la”. Her controlled coquettishness forces the listener to read between the las. On Kylie's 2002 tour, the las even reached the merchandising stall, in a T-shirt design paying homage to the Velvet Underground LP sleeve featuring the iconic banana. Why wasn't clear, but the banana was replaced by a large yellow microphone; coming out of it, in tiny letters, was a stream of la-la-las. It's the kind of T-shirt you get very attached to.

For some songwriters, a la is too obvious. When Paul Simon was writing The Boxer, he added an i to make lai luh lai, a chorus that raises the roof every time he and Art Garfunkel bury their differences and go on tour. When the Beatles recorded Hey Jude, they ended with a great loop of na na-na na-na-na nas, forming a famously long fade-out. Both songs were reported, inaccurately, to be attacks on Bob Dylan. Lately, their fates have

intersected again: both wowed a huge crowd, or allowed the crowd to wow them selves, in Hyde Park - The Boxer at Simon and Garfunkel's show last summer, Hey Jude as the midnight finale to Live8.

Las and nas are mostly harmonic. The more percussive noises tend to begin with d: dum, de and doo-be. Roy Orbison, like Sinatra, loved them. He began Only the Lonely with “Dum dum dum dum-be doo-wah,” and we knew just what he meant. This tradition has found an improbable upholder in Eminem, who shares only his ability to fit a lyric to a backing track like a tailor. “I suppose it's old, partner, but the beat goes on,” Eminem sang on Lose Yourself. “Da da dum da dum da da.” It made a change from four-syllable words beginning with mother.

Wordless singing skips over the frontiers between eras. At the dawn of rock'n'roll, there was Little Richard's Awop-bop-a-loo-mop alop-bam-boom (from Tutti-Frutti), which remains the single greatest piece of nonsense in rock - a clarion call so resonant that it ended up in dictionaries of quotations.

The 1960s were the first golden age of gibberish. Phil Spector wrote Da Doo Ron Ron for the Crystals (lead singer: Dolores La La Brooks),



Manfred Mann did Do Wah Diddy, Diana Ross and the Supremes oohed and aahed to add sauce to their love songs, Tom Jones sprayed whoas all over It's Not Unusual, and Helen Shapiro put a tremendous "whoomPAH, oh yeah!" into Walking Back to Happiness.

The Stones used oohs (Midnight Rambler) and heh-heh-heys (Satisfaction), while the Beatles, typically, tried everything, but perhaps never bettered the aahs in Twist and Shout, which sketch a journey from the dentist's to the bedroom in four easy moves. David Bowie liked them so much, he used them as the intro to Let's Dance (1983).

In 1968, the Beatles recorded Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da, a song you either love or hate. Paul McCartney wrote it and the rest of the band vetoed it as a single, leaving the field clear for Marmalade to take a cover version to number one. Life goes on, bra!

Meanwhile, the Eurovision Song Contest was starting to reduce inspired nonsense to a mindless Esperanto. Cliff Richard's Congratulations finished second to a song called La La La by Massiel, which posterity soon forgot. In the next few years, the winners included Boom Bang a Bang, Ding-a-Dong, APBa-Ni-Bi, and

Diggi-Loo-Diggi-Ley. When the Brotherhood of Man won with Save Your Kisses for Me in 1976, it was probably on the strength of their intellectual ambition.

The early 1970s were the second golden age. "Ooh, ooh lala lala!" went Steve Harley on Make Me Smile, injecting some camp into the standard rocking nonchalance. "Unghh! Unghh!" went Mungo Jerry in In the Summertime, a song that would be banned now because it appears to advocate drunken driving.

The Bay City Rollers sang Shang a Lang, Alvin Stardust did "ooh, ooh, my coo-ca-choo". Bryan Ferry recorded Let's Stick Together with a fabulously lupine backing vocalist, mimed by Jerry Hall in the video, going "ow, ow, ow, OWW!" The Carpenters waxed nostalgic about "every sha-la-la-la, every whoah-whoa-oh". Showaddywaddy even named themselves after scat vocals.

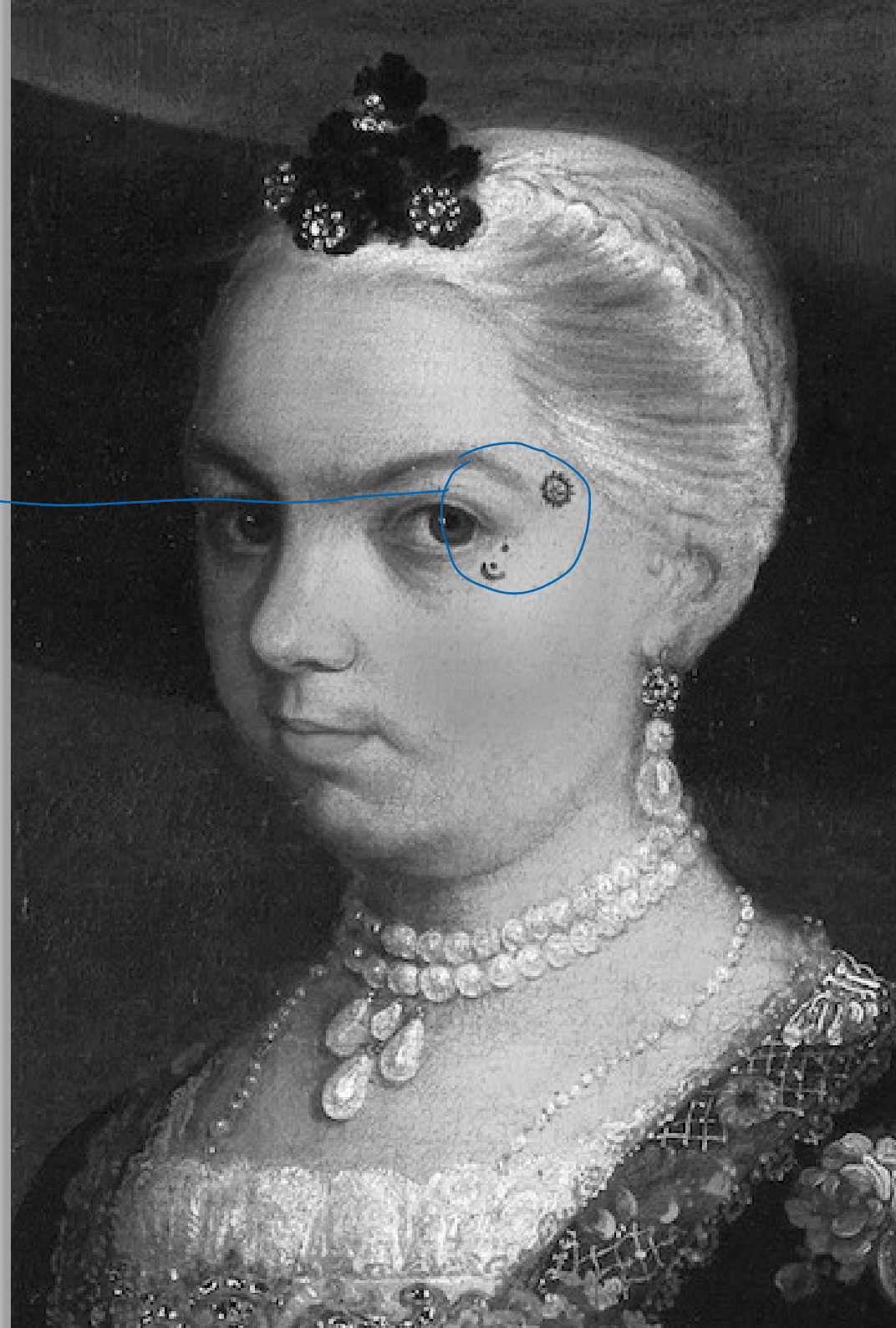
Pink Floyd, who largely disdained singles, weren't above using oohs, aahs and la-la-las: The Great Gig in the Sky consists of little else.

And when the revolution came, in the shape of punk, the silly noises escaped the guillotine. "Gabba gabba hey," yelled the Ramones, and it became their calling card. Talking Heads sang "Fa fa fa fa fa" in Psycho Killer, and now it's the title

of a book about them. Later, they made an album called *Stop Making Sense*, confirming that even cerebral songwriters see the point of meaninglessness.

In 1980, the Police released a single that was a twist on this strand of pop. “De do do do, de da da da,” Sting sang, “is all I want to say to you.” But we didn’t believe him. The man had mentioned Nabokov in his previous hit; nonsense didn’t suit him. The song reached number five, a flop by the Police’s standards. And so it goes on, from Modern Romance’s *Ay Ay Ay* Moosey to Outkast’s *Hey Ya*. These noises can be a signature (Elvis’s *uh huh*), a warm spot (the *ch-ch-ch* in Bowie’s *Changes*), a runway to the chorus (the *oh-oh-ohs* in Simple Minds’ *Mandela Day*), a celebration (the *who-whoos* in Blur’s *Song 2*) or a decoration (the *boo-boo be-choo* that closes Marilyn Monroe’s *I Want to Be Loved by You*).

Engaging, childlike, sometimes silly but capable of bridging gaps and warming hearts, they are pop at its most characteristic.



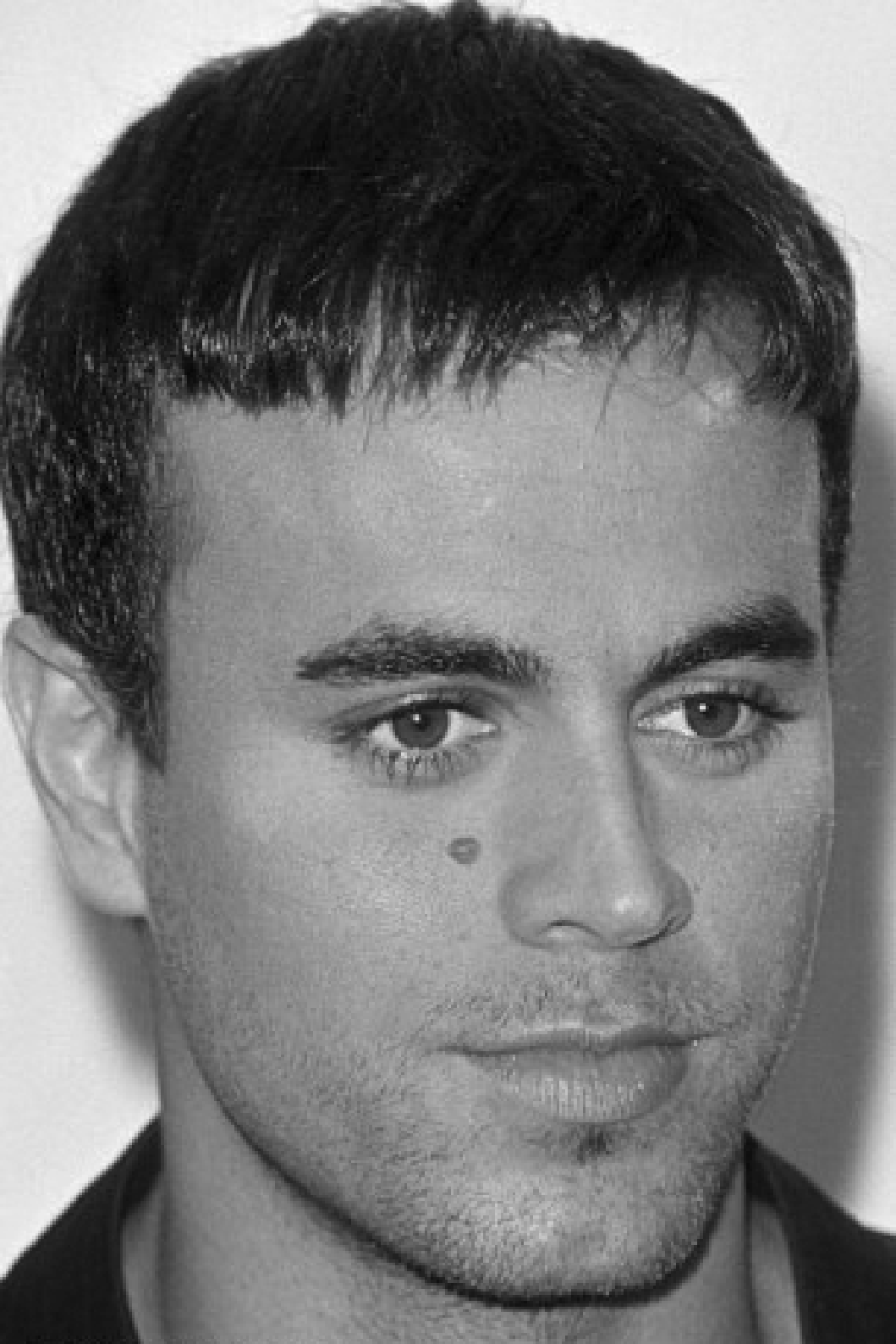
## Dots Dots Dots



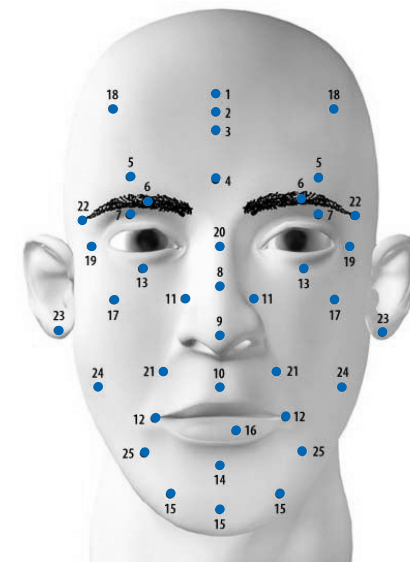
The legend states that people without birthmarks died of natural causes in their past life. No serious injury or accident caused them to lose their life.

Women are using fake moles or patches, and the side that they place the mole on has political significance. Those who patch on the right are Wigs, and those who patch on the left are Tories. Those who patch on both sides are neutral. These patched women are now taking sides of the theater, and the neutral women in the middle are quickly being recruited.

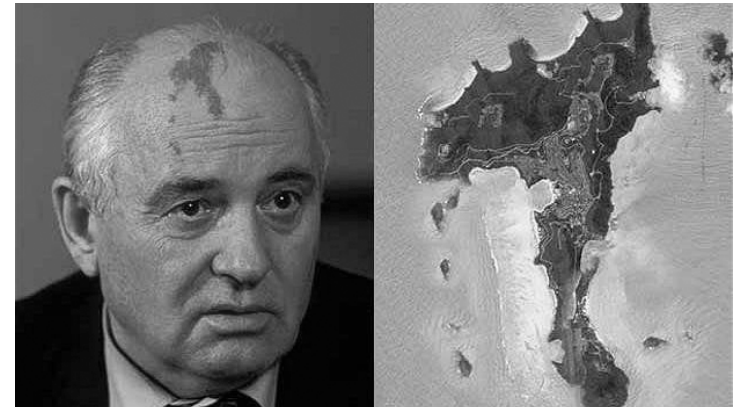




If you have birthmarks. Are they oval-shaped, but thin? This could be a knife or sword wound (depending on how long ago that 'past life' was). Maybe they're small, almost round with an edge that sticks out a little weird. This could be the sign of a bullet, or being impaled by an object. Discoloration or a weird mark on a certain part of your body could suggest a fire, car accident, or another sort of trauma.



When Lyosha was about three, Galina started to have the television on at all times. Sometimes she sat down in front of the black-and-white set and watched for hours as gray men on the screen did nothing but talk, occasionally raising their voices. Galina talked to Lyosha about the men—she seemed to have personal relationships with them—and there was tension in what was happening on-screen, a sense of earnestness and importance, so it was not boring. Lyosha learned some names, including Gorbachev, who was the most important. He had a large mark on his forehead, and Lyosha's cousin, who was quite a bit older, told Lyosha that it was a map of the USSR because Gorbachev was the president. When Lyosha told Galina that, she laughed and said it was just a birthmark.



Mikhail Gorbachev's birthmark is in the shape of a Siberian archipelago

Kathy Acker

Against Ordinary  
Language: The Language  
of the Body

PREFACE DIARY

I have now been bodybuilding for ten years, seri-

ously for almost five years.

During the past few years, I have been trying to write about bodybuilding.

Having failed time and time again, upon being offered the opportunity to write this essay, I made the following plan: I would attend the gym as usual. Immediately after each workout, I would describe all I had just experienced, thought and done. Such diary descriptions would provide the raw material.

After each workout, I forgot: to write. Repeatedly. I...some part of me... the part of the 'I' who bodybuilds... was rejecting language, any verbal description of the processes of bodybuilding.

I shall begin describing, writing about bodybuilding in the only way that I can: I shall begin by analyzing this rejection of ordinary or verbal language. What is the picture of the antagonism between bodybuilding and verbal language?

#### A LANGUAGE WHICH IS SPEECHLESS

Imagine that you are in a foreign country. Since you are going to be in this place for some time, you are trying to learn the language. At the point of commencing to learn the new language, just

before having started to understand anything, you begin forgetting your own. Within strangeness, you find yourself without a language.

It is here, in this geography of no language, this negative space, that I can start to describe bodybuilding. For I am describing that which rejects language.

Elias Canetti, who grew up within a multitude of spoken languages, began his autobiography by recounting a memory. In this, his earliest remembrance, the loss of language is threatened: "My earliest memory is dipped in red. I come out of a door on the arm of a maid, the door in front of me is red, and to the left a staircase goes down, equally red..." A smiling man walks up to the child; the child, upon request, sticks out his tongue whereupon the man flips open a jackknife and holds the sharp blade against the red tongue.

"...He says: 'Now we'll cut off his tongue.'"

At the last moment, the man pulls the knife back.

According to memory, this sequence happens every day. "That's how the day starts," Canetti adds, "and it happens very often."'

I am in the gym every three out of four days. What happens there? What does language in that place look like?

According to cliché, athletes are stupid.  
 Meaning: they are inarticulate.

The spoken language of bodybuilders makes this cliché real. The verbal language in the gym is minimal and almost senseless, reduced to numbers and a few nouns. "Sets", "squats", "reps",... The only verbs are "do" or "fail" adjectives and adverbs no longer exist; sentences, if they are at all, are simple.

This spoken language is kin to the "language games" Wittgenstein proposes in his *The Brown Book*.

In a gym, verbal language or language whose purpose is meaning occurs, if at all, only at the edge of its becoming lost.

But when I am in the gym, my experience is that I am immersed in a complex and rich world.

What actually takes place when I bodybuild?

The crossing of the threshold from the world defined by verbal language into the gym in which the outside world is not allowed (and all of its languages) (in this sense, the gym is sacred) takes several minutes. What happens during these minutes is that I forget. Masse's of swirling thought, verbalized insofar as I am conscious of them, disappear as mind or thought begins to focus.

In order to analyze this focusing, I must first describe bodybuilding in terms of intentionality. Bodybuilding is a process, perhaps a sport, by which a person shapes her or his own body. This shaping is always related to the growth of muscular mass.

During aerobic and circuit training, the heart and lungs are exercised.

But muscles will grow only if they are, not exercised or moved, but actually broken down. The general law behind bodybuilding is that muscle, if broken down in a controlled fashion and then provided with the proper growth factors such as nutrients and rest, will grow back larger than before.

In order to break down specific areas of muscles, whatever areas one wants to enlarge, it is necessary to work these areas in isolation up to failure.

Bodybuilding can be seen to be about nothing but failure. A bodybuilder is always working around failure. Either I work an isolated muscle mass, for instance one of the tricep heads, up to failure. In order to do this, I exert the muscle group almost until the point that it can no longer move.

But if I work the same muscle group to the point



that it can no longer move, I must move it through failure. I am then doing what are named “negative reps”, working the muscle group beyond its power to move. Here is the second method of working with failure.

Whatever way I chose, I always want to work my muscle, muscular group, until it can no longer move: I want to fail. As soon as I can accomplish a certain task, so much weight for so many reps during a certain time span, I must always increase one aspect of this equation, weights reps or intensity, so that I can again come to failure.

I want to break muscle so that it can grow back larger, but I do not want to destroy muscle so that growth is prevented. In order to avoid injury, I first warm up the muscular group, then carefully bring it up to failure. I do this by working the muscular group through a calculated number of sets during a calculated time span. If I tried immediately to bring a muscle group up to failure by lifting the heaviest weight I could handle, I might injure myself.

I want to shock my body into growth; I do not want to hurt it.

Therefore, in bodybuilding, failure is always connected to counting. I calculate which weight to use; I then count off how many times I lift that

weight and the seconds between each lift. This is how I control the intensity of my workout.

Intensity times movement of maximum weight equals muscular destruction (muscular growth).

Is the equation between destruction and growth also a formula for art?

Bodybuilding is about failure because bodybuilding, body growth and shaping, occurs in the face of the material, of the body’s inexorable movement toward its final failure, toward death.

To break down a muscle group, I want to make that group work up to, even beyond, capacity. To do this, it helps and even is necessary to visualize the part of the body that is involved. Mind or thought, then, while bodybuilding, is always focused on number or counting and often on precise visualizations.

Certain bodybuilders have said that bodybuilding is a form of meditation. What do I do when I bodybuild? I visualize and I count. I estimate weight; I count sets; I count repetitions; I count seconds between repetitions; I count time, seconds or minutes, between sets: From the beginning to the end of each workout, in order to maintain intensity, I must continually count.

For this reason, a bodybuilder's language is reduced to a minimal, even a closed, set of nouns and to numerical repetition, to one of the simplest of language games.

Let us name this language game, the language of the body.'

### THE RICHNESS OF THE LANGUAGE OF THE BODY

In order to examine such a language, a language game which resists ordinary language, through the lens of ordinary language or language whose tendency is to generate syntax or to make meanings proliferate, I must use an indirect route.

In another of his books, Elias Canetti begins talking from and about that geography that is without verbal language:

A marvelously luminous, viscid substance is left behind in me, defying words...

A dream: a man who unlearns the world's languages until nowhere on earth does he understand what people are saying. 3

Being in Marrakesh is Canetti's dream made actual. There are languages here, he says, but I understand none of them. The closer I am moving toward foreignness, into strangeness, toward

understanding foreignness and strangeness, the more I am losing my own language. The small loss of language occurs when I journey to and into my own body.

Is my body a foreign land to me? What is this picture of "my body" and "I"? For years, I said in the beginning of this essay, I have wanted to describe bodybuilding; whenever I tried to do so, ordinary language fled from me.

"Man," Heidegger says, "is, the strangest." Why! Because everywhere he or she belongs to being or to strangeness or chaos, and yet everywhere he or she attempts to carve a path through chaos:

Everywhere man makes himself a path; he ventures into all realms of the essent, of the overpowering power, and in so doing he is flung out of all paths.'

The physical or material, that which is, is constantly and unpredictably changing: it is chaotic. This chaos twines around death. For it is death that rejects all of our paths, all of our meanings.

Whenever anyone bodybuilds, he or she is always trying to understand and control the physical in the face of this death. No wonder bodybuilding is centered around failure.

The antithesis between meaning and essence has often been noted.

Wittgenstein at the end of the *Tractatus*:

The sense of the world must lie outside the world. In the world everything is as it is, and everything happens as it does happen-in it no values exist, and if they did, they'd have no value.

For all that happens and is the case is accidental.

If ordinary language or meanings lie outside essence, what is the position of that language game which I have named the language of the body? For bodybuilding (a language of the body) rejects ordinary language and yet itself constitutes a language, a method for understanding and controlling the physical which in this case is also the self.

I can now directly talk about bodybuilding. (As if speech is ever direct.)

The language game named the language of the body is not arbitrary. When a bodybuilder is counting, he or she is counting his or her own breath.

Canetti speaks of the beggars of Marrakesh who possess a similar and even simpler language game: they repeat the name of God.

In ordinary language, meaning is contextu-

al. Whereas the cry of the beggar means nothing other than what it is; in the cry of the beggar, the impossible (as the Wittgenstein of the *Tractatus* and Heidegger see it) occurs in that meaning and breath become one.

Here is the language of the body; here, perhaps, is the reason why bodybuilders experience bodybuilding as a form of meditation. "I understood the seduction there is in a life that reduces everything to the simplest kind of repetition," 7 Canetti says. A life in which meaning and essence no longer oppose each other. A life of meditation.

"I understood what those blind beggars really are: the saints of repetition..." \*

THE REPETITION OF THE ONE:

THE GLIMPSE INTO CHAOS OR ESSENCE

I am in the gym. I am beginning to work out. I either say the name "bench press", then walk over to it, or simply walk over to it. Then, I might picture the number of my first weight; I probably, since I usually begin with the same warm-up weight, just place the appropriate weights on the bar. Lifting this bar off its rests, then down to my lower chest, I count "1".

I am visualizing this bar, making sure it touches my chest at the right spot, placing it back on its rests. "2". I repeat the same exact motions. "3"...

After twelve repetitions, I count off thirty seconds while increasing my weights. "1" .. The identical p recess begins again only this time I finish at "10"... All these repetitions end only when I finish my work-out.

On counting: Each number equals one inhalation and one exhalation.

If I stop my counting or in any other way lose focus, I risk dropping or otherwise mishandling a weight and so damaging my body.

In this world of the continual repetition of a minimal number of elements, in this aural labyrinth, it is easy to lose one's way. When all is repetition rather than the production of meaning, every path resemble every other path.

Every day, in the gym, I repeat the same controlled gestures with the same weights, the same reps,... The same breath patterns. But now and then, wandering within the labyrinths of my body, I come upon something.

Something I can know because knowledge depends on difference.

An unexpected event. For though I am only

repeating certain gestures during certain time spans, my body, being material, is never the same; my body is controlled by change and by chance.

For instance, yesterday, I worked chest. Usually I easily benchpress the bar plus sixty pounds for six reps. Yesterday, unexpectedly, I barely managed to lift this weight at the sixth rep. I looked for a reason. Sleep?

Diet? Both were usual. Emotional or work stress? No more than usual.

The weather? Not good enough. My unexpected failure at the sixth rep was allowing me to see, as if through a window, not to any outside, but inside my own body, to its workings. I was being permitted to glimpse the laws that control my body, those of change or chance, laws that are barely, if at all, knowable.

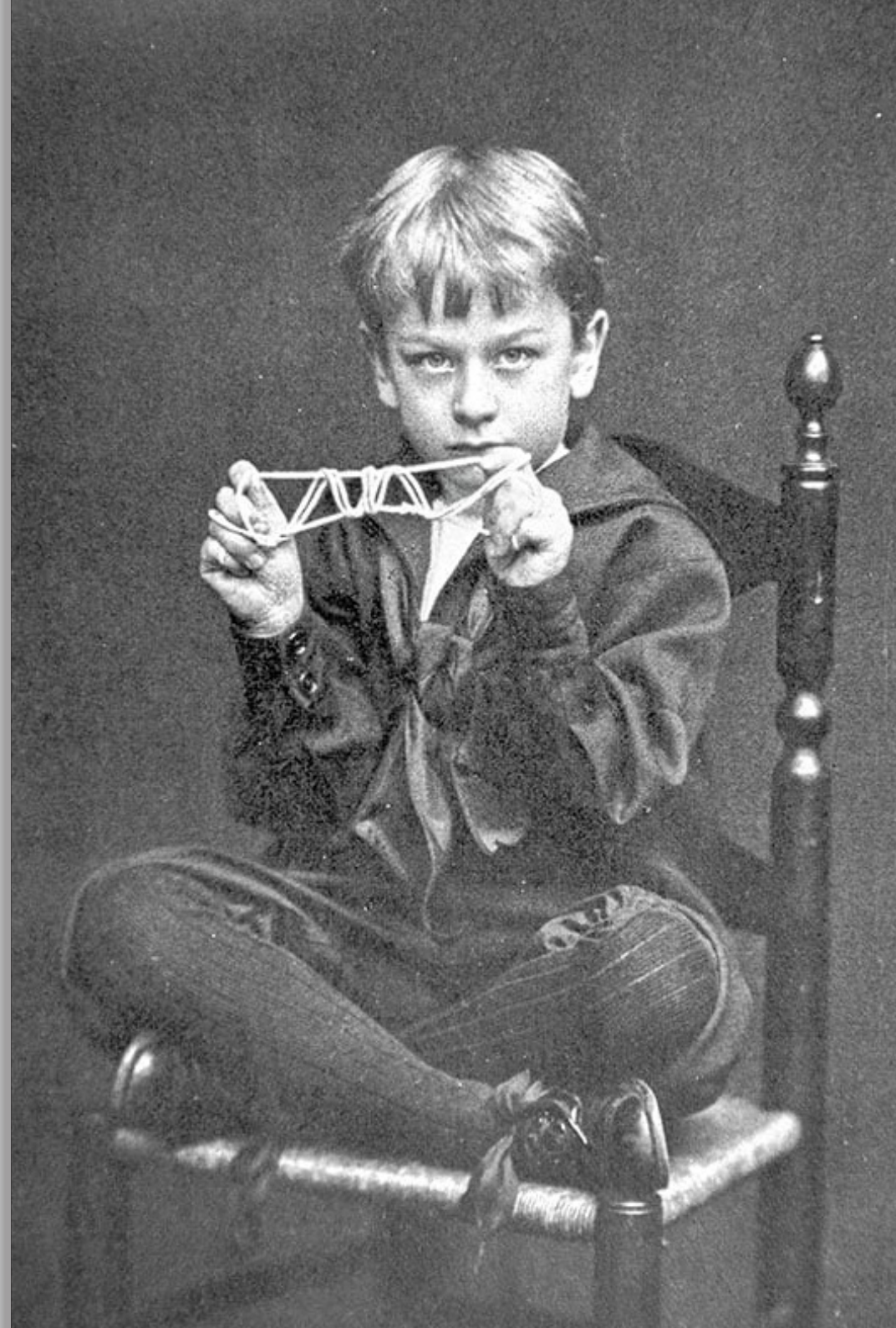
By trying to control, to shape, my body through the calculated tools and methods of bodybuilding, and time and again, in following these methods, failing to do so, I am able to meet that which cannot be finally controlled and known: the body.

In this meeting lies the fascination, if not the purpose, of bodybuilding. To come face to face with chaos, with my own failure or a form of death.

Canetti describes the architecture of a typical house in the geographical labyrinth of Marrakesh. The house's insides are cool, dark. Few, if any, windows lookout into the street. For the entire construction of this house, windows, etc., is directed inward, to the central courtyard where only openness to the sun exists.

Such an architecture is a mirror of the body: When I reduce verbal language to minimal meaning, to repetition, I close the body's outer windows. Meaning approaches breath as I body-build, as I begin to move through the body's labyrinths, to meet, if only for a second, that which my consciousness ordinarily cannot see. Heidegger: "The being-there of historical man means: to be posited as the breach into which the preponderant power of being bursts in its appearing, in order that this breach itself should shatter against being."

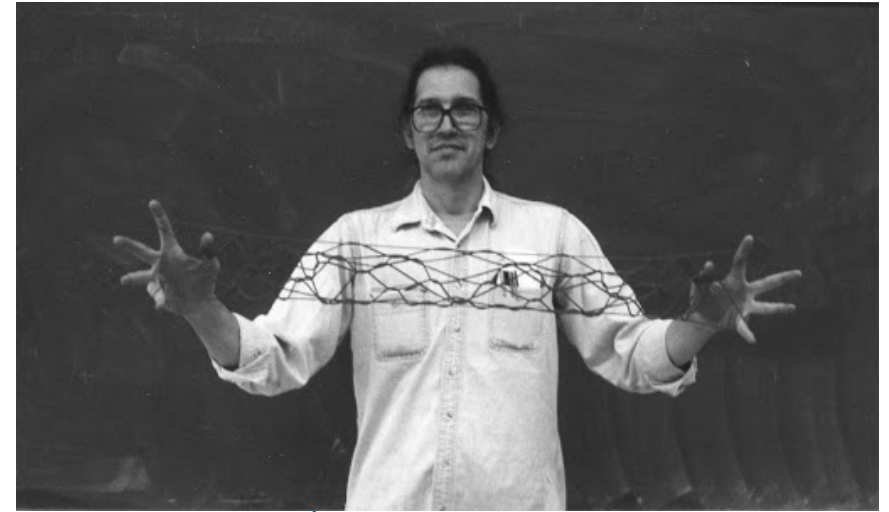
In our culture, we simultaneously fetishize and disdain the athlete, a worker in the body. For we still live under the sign of Descartes. This sign is also the sign of patriarchy. As long as we continue to regard the body, that which is subject to change, chance, and death, as disgusting and inimical, so long shall we continue to regard our own selves as dangerous others.



# Weaving the Message

L = Toe  
 Y = loop  
 s or s's = string (s)  
 L = Left  
 R = Right  
 B = Both  
 H = hand (s)  
 p = proximal  
 d = distal  
 u = ulnar  
 r = Radial  
 P = palmar  
 D = Dorsal  
 Δ = triangle  
 T = Thumb  
 i = index finger  
 m = middle finger  
 o = ring finger  
 l = little finger  
 f = finger  
 f's = fingers

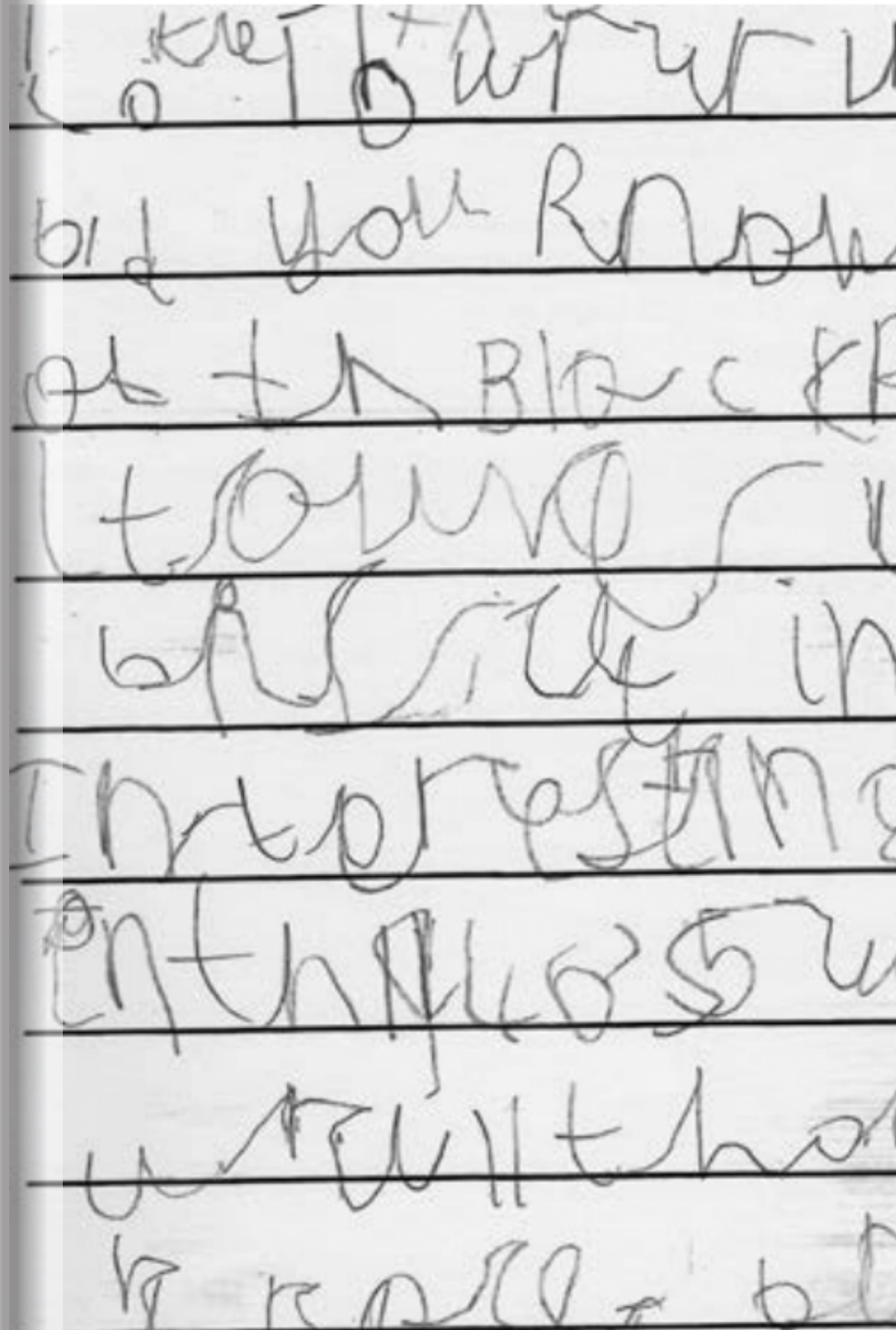
Key to Symbols used  
 Wr = wrist  
 Rel = Release  
 Ret = Return  
 Ex = Extension  
 Pindiki Movement  
 Navaho Movement  
 Op = opening  
 M = Mouth  
~~X~~



Page from Smith's unfinished manuscript on string figures.  
 Courtesy Harry Smith Archives.

“Possibly it has to do with the parts of the brain that memorize letters (which usually seem to be around thirty or fifty—the things you have to learn to write a language), because string figures don’t occur in a place where writing is done. It’s a way of tying together a lot of diffuse areas. Unfortunately, there aren’t that many good collections. There may be pictures printed, but you have to have the instructions as well.”

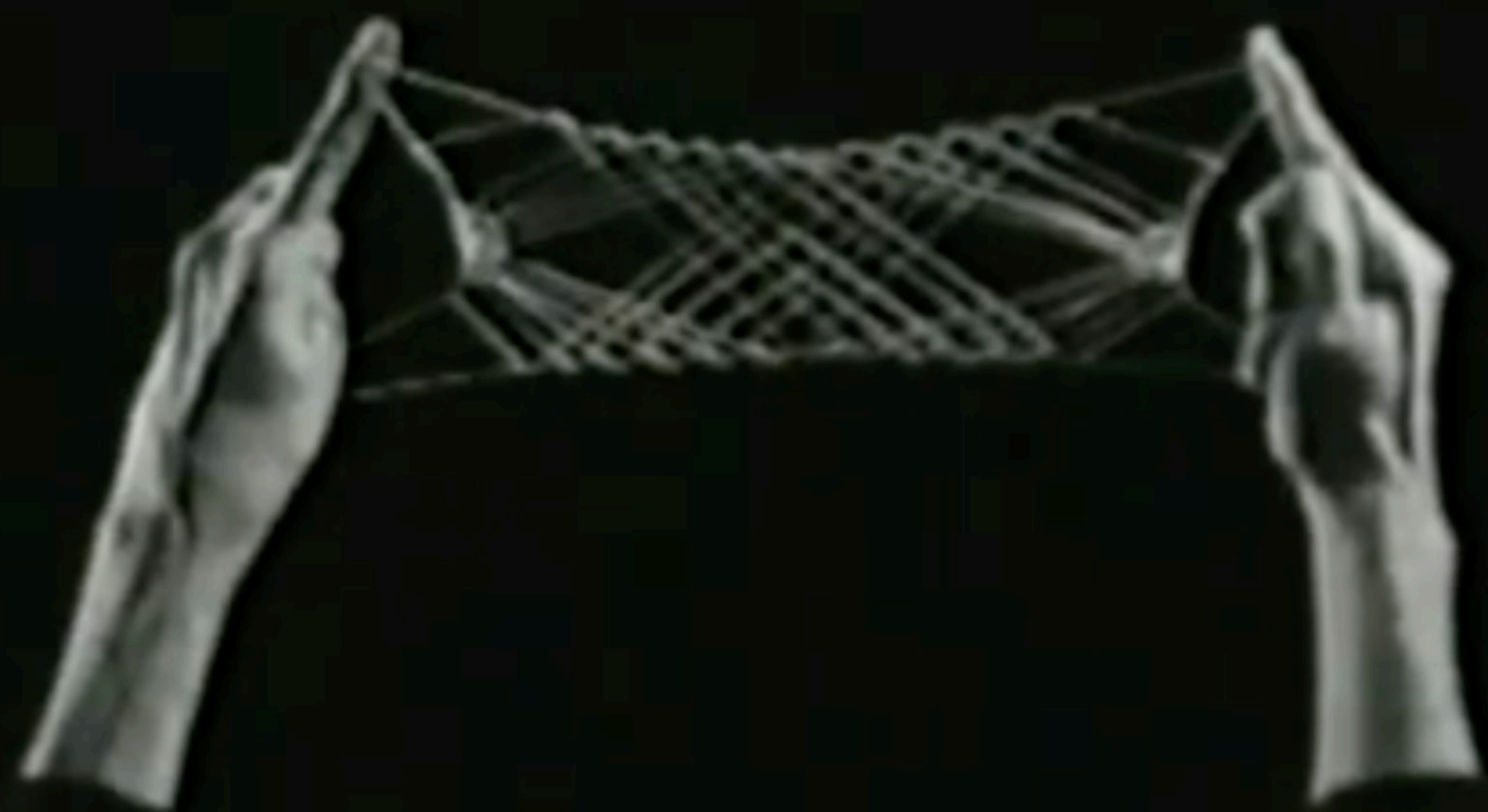
– Harry Smith



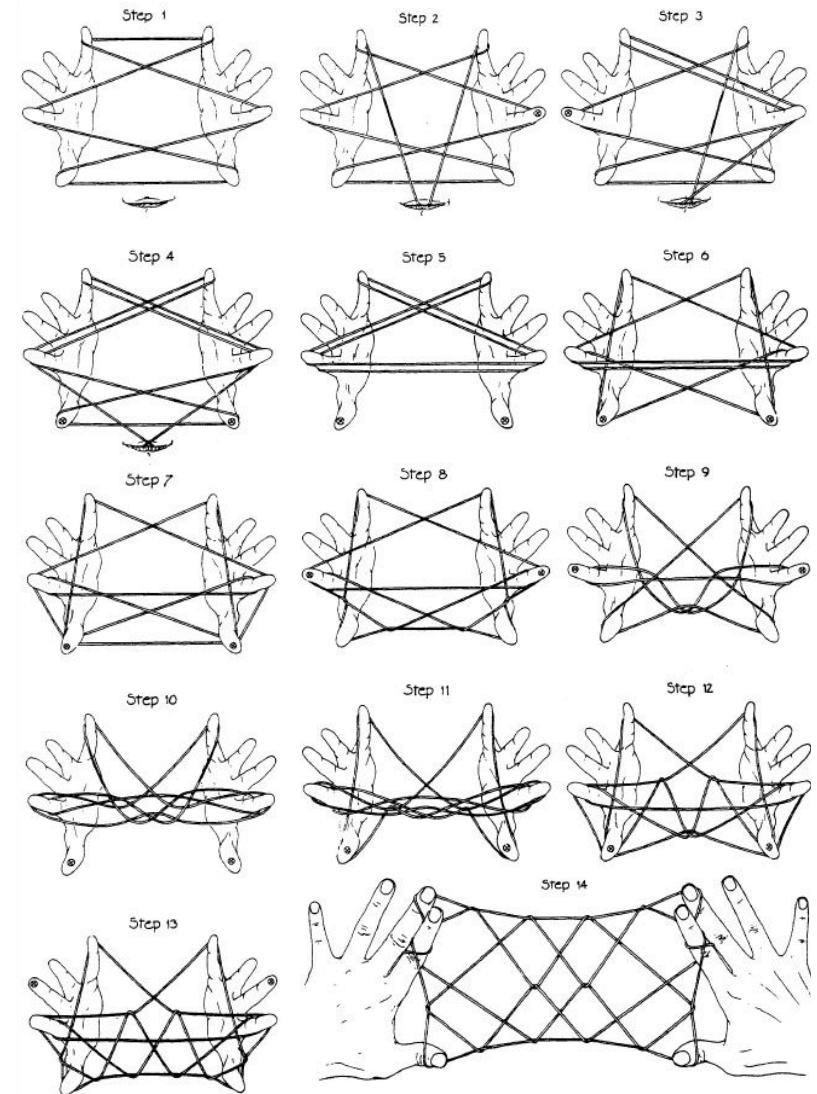
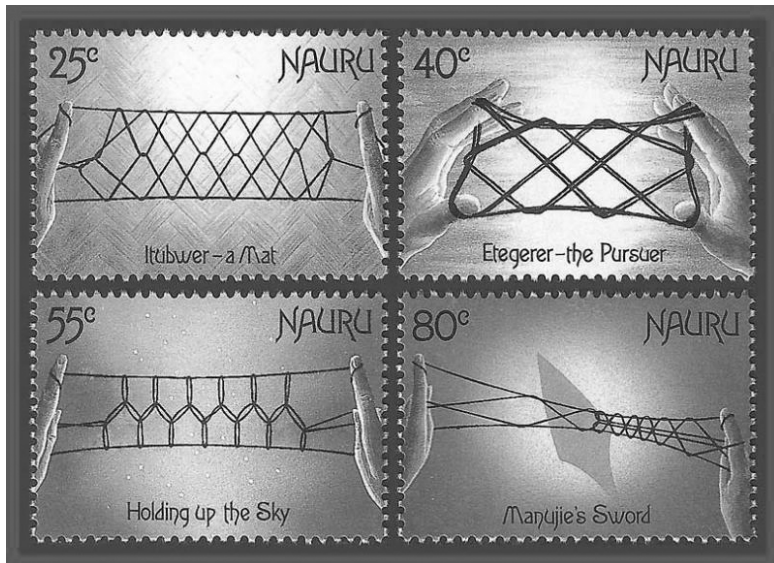








First described in Western anthropological literature by Franz Boas in 1888, these patterns—made by looping or weaving lengths of string into geometric forms or shapes that often evoke familiar objects—have been produced throughout history, both as a secular pastime and as a spiritual practice.



Ten Men System in String Figures



[...] During covert operations, female spies used to embed coded messages in knitting, embroidery and hooked rugs. The World War II secret agent Phyllis Latour Doyle used the innocent stereotype of a knitting woman to sneak information to the British. She also hid silk yarns ready to be filled with secret knotted messages, which she would later translate using Morse code equipment. In 2014, she told the *New Zealand Army News*, ‘I always carried knitting because my codes were on a piece of silk – I had about 2000 I could use. When I used a code, I would just pinprick it to indicate it had gone. I wrapped the piece of silk around a knitting needle and put it in a flat shoe lace which I used to tie my hair up.

An American spy by the name of Elizabeth Bentley, who worked for the Soviet Union and later became a

US informant, used her knitting bag to smuggle early plans for the B-29 bombers and information on aircraft construction. Knitting was still tightly monitored for containing secret messages within its stitches, although this steganographic technique was much less common than the use of knitting to disguise suspicious activity. The posting of knitting patterns abroad was banned by the British Office of Censorship for fear that coded messages were being stored in knitting instructions.

Another fascinating account from World War II relates to the Belgian Resistance, that recruited women who lived close to the rail yard to note the movement of German trains. Using different stitches, such as the drop and purl stitch, these women recorded the passing trains into their knitting.



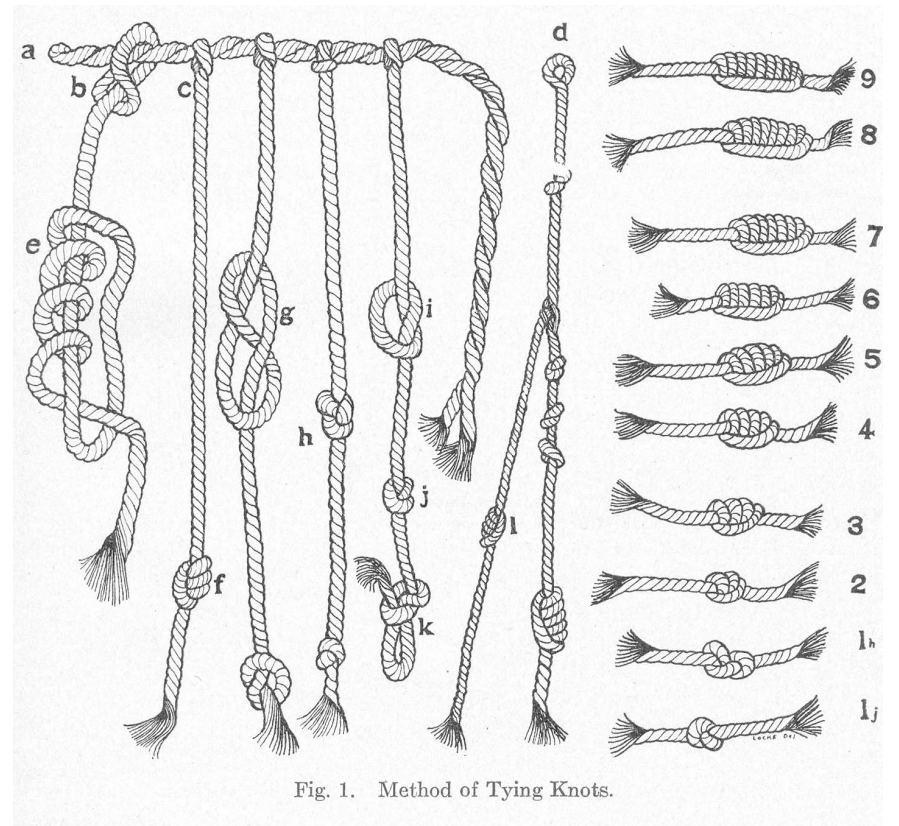
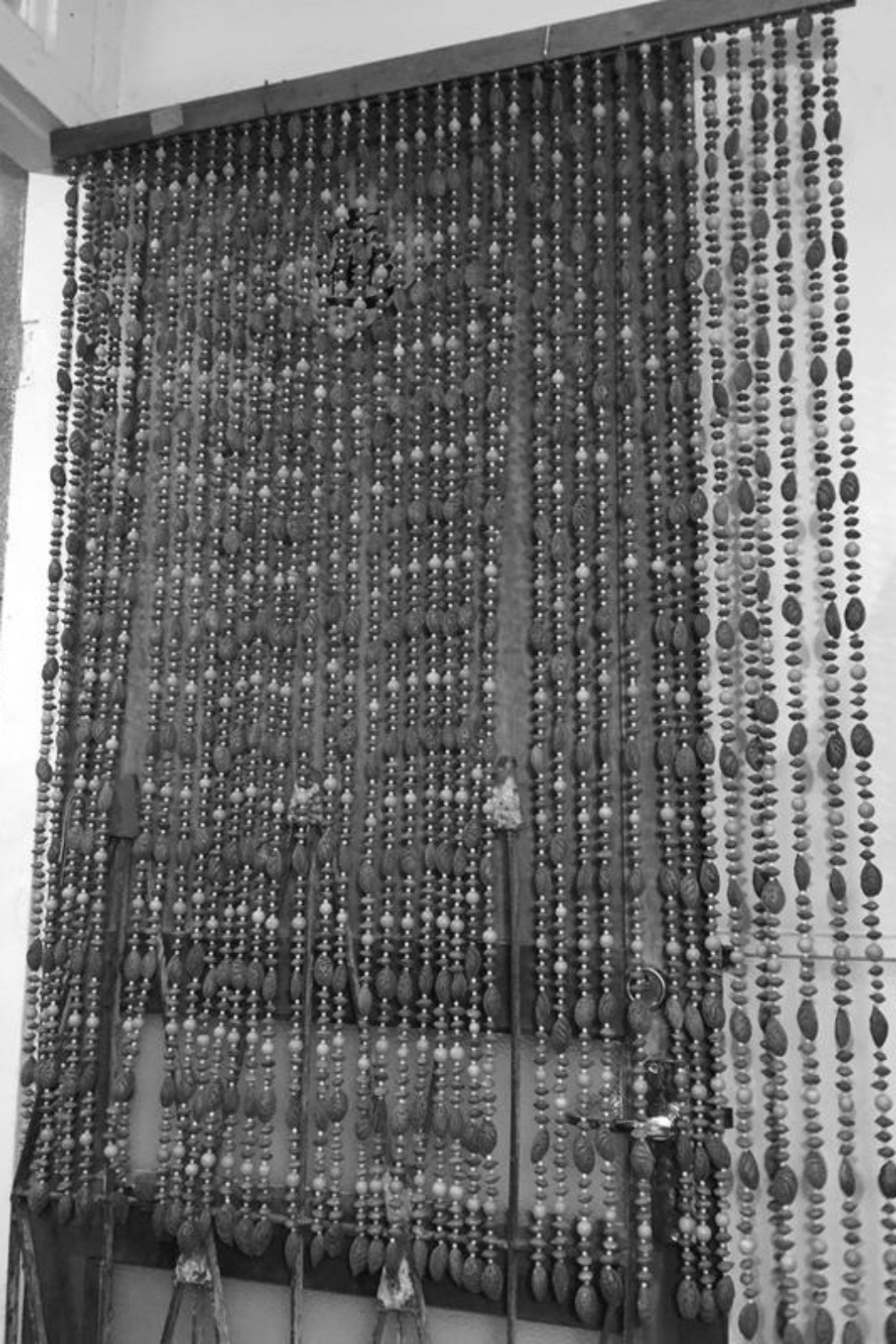


Fig. 1. Method of Tying Knots.

A Quipu, or knot-record was an ancient accounting tool that Incas used - and predecessor societies - for bookkeeping. cultures to keep records and communicate information.

## Lost in repetition

For instance while making “Still life with Scarf” I repeated 32 003 times the same gesture and it took me approximately 48 hours. A posteriori, I see the absurdity of it. Yet I would argue that within the repetition of this monotone gesture I invent a “space” in which time is not forged the same. The making extracts me from my everyday life. I become embedded in the present, completely absorbed, body and mind.

Kathy Acker, through her own process of bodybuilding, experienced something similar. “In Against Ordinary Language: The Language of the Body”, she writes about what happens to her when she is at the gym. There she spends hours exercising in very repetitive manners, being obsessed with her own muscles and body, using only a minimal and specific language. For her, the “geography of no language” such as

the one of bodybuilding reduces everything to numbers and repetition, and yet she feels “immersed in a complex and rich world”. The loss of language, of a clear and shared conception of time and space is identical to what I experience when crocheting. It has somehow the power to shape a new world, that is not reachable in the realm of ordinary language or ordinary life.

Luce Giard, in a different context, also wrote on the richness of repetitive gestures within fields overlooked such as cooking. She points out “a very humble and settle intelligence”, “a very ordinary intelligence” that has been excluded from the field of knowledge through the writing of history. In her text “Doing-Cooking” she made time and gestures of working class women visible. Her main concern was to create a legacy; she has used the medium of writing as a means to document and preserve an embodied knowledge. “I would like the poetry of words to trans-

late that of your gestures [...] as long as one of us preserves your nourishing knowledge,[...] a fragmency yet tenacious memory of your life itself will live on”.



# Leaving Traces

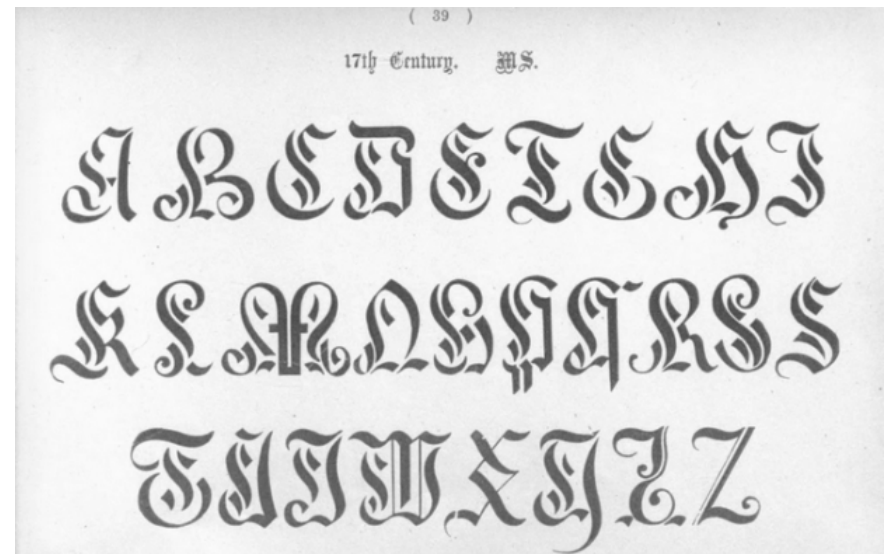
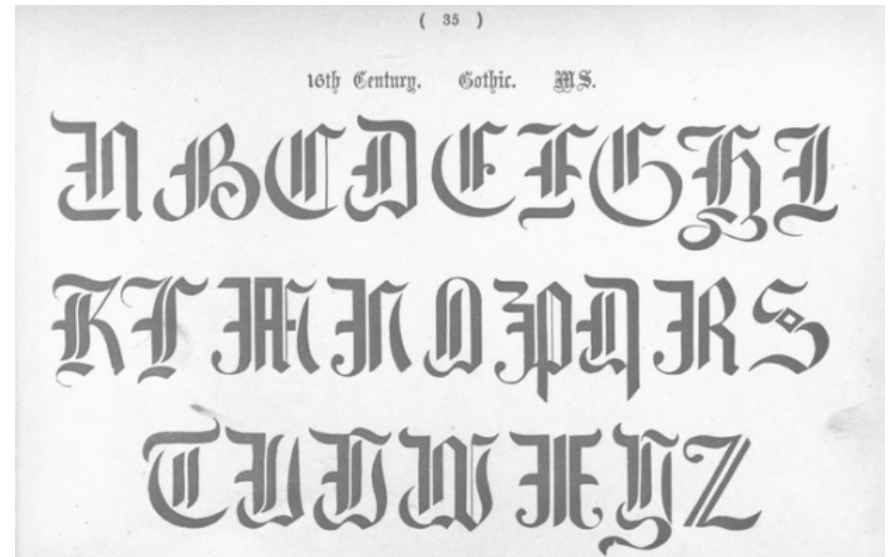


Language is built for speed, and we can say an extraordinary amount in very well-chosen words or symbols, and this means it seldom succeeds in achieving perfect clarity.





Once on a Turkish Airline plane I was watching a documentary about turkish calligraphers. There was said that people have certain amount of breaths. That is the reason why calligraphers, who are holding their breaths while writing, use to live longer.



Stywnritung

DATE CHANGE  
IS REAL



### Vegetable juices

Write on paper with the juice of an onion/citrus, that can only be read when placed in front of a fire.

### Tonic water

Use pre-made tonic water which contains a substance called quinine that is UV-sensitive, place under UV light.

### Alum and vinegar

Use alum and vinegar on hard boiled eggs. Once the invisible ink is applied to the shell of the cooked egg, the message should seep through and land onto the cooked egg white.

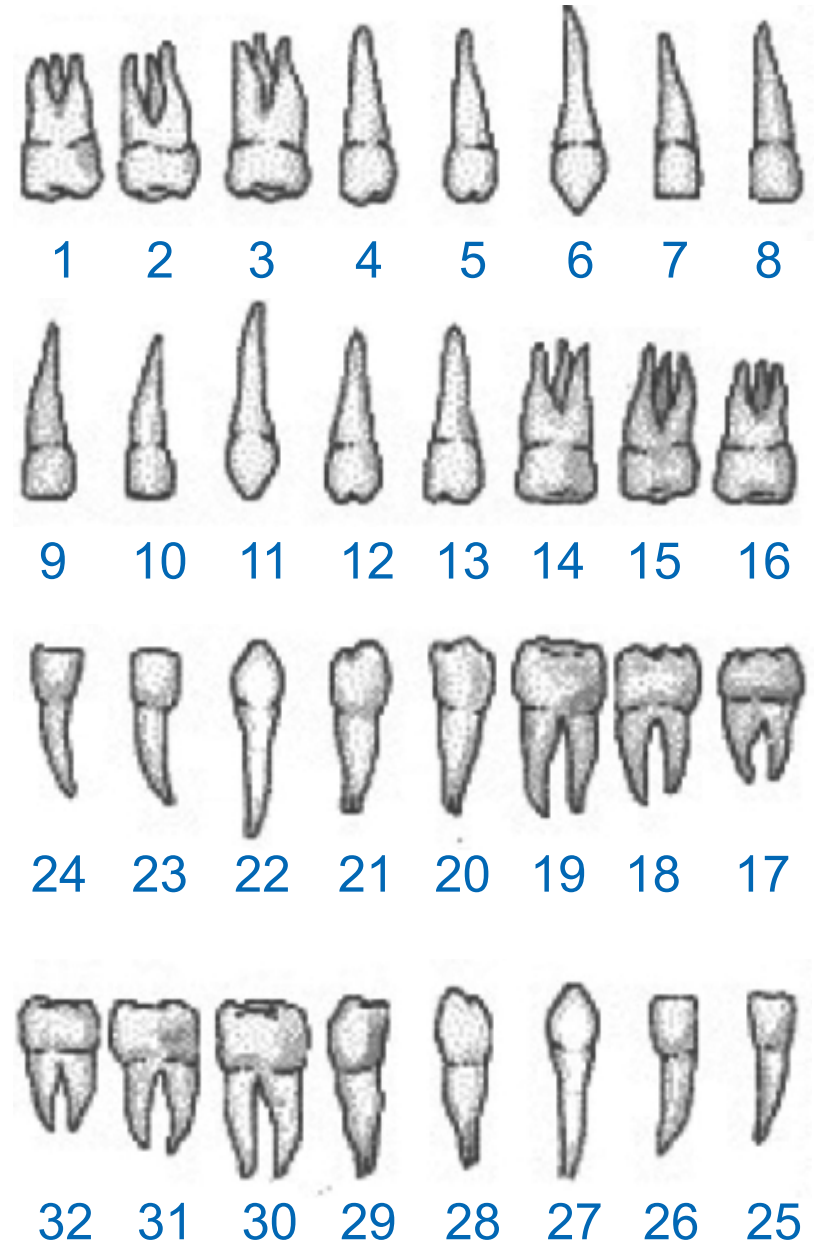


The Roman poet Ovid suggested using fresh milk as an invisible writing substance for secret letters in a manual on seduction called *The Art of Love*. In *Prisoners, Lovers and Spies*, Kristine Macraki's states that following passage by Ovid is considered the earliest reference to an ancient form of invisible ink: "A letter too is safe and escapes the eye, when written in new milk: touch

it with coal-dust and you will read.

Another Roman, scholar Pliny the Elder, explained how the milk of the tithymalus plant – or goat's lettuce juice, known as spurge today – could be used as an invisible ink. This medicinal herb has a sap like milky latex. Although the ink is transparent after drying on paper, it can be developed by gently heating it until the letters turn brown. Alternatively, Pliny heard of how illicit lovers to use this plant juice on their body and allow it to dry. The letters would reveal their form when the body was sprinkled with ashes.

“The Greek myth about the alphabet was that Cadmus, reputedly the king who introduced the phonetic letters into Greece, sowed the dragon’s teeth, and they sprang up as armed men. [...] Language are filled with testimony to the grasping, devouring power and precision of teeth. That the power of letters as agents of aggressive order and precision should be expressed as extensions of the dragon’s teeth is natural and fitting. Teeth are emphatically visual in their linear order. Letters are not only like teeth visually, but their power to put teeth into the business of empire building is manifest in our Western history.”





The Gre ek myth ab  
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Anne Boyer

WHAT IS  
“NOT WRITING”?

There are years, days, hours, minutes, weeks,

moments, and other measures of time spent in the production of "not writing." Not writing is working, and when not working at paid work working at unpaid work like caring for others, and when not at unpaid work like caring, caring also for a human body, and when not caring for a human body many hours, weeks, years, and other measures of time spent caring for the mind in a way like reading or learning and when not reading and learning also making things (like garments, food, plants, artworks, decorative items) and when not reading and learning and working and making and caring and worrying also politics, and when not politics also the kind of medication which is consumption, of sex mostly or drunkenness, cigarettes, drugs, passionate love affairs, cultural products, the internet also, then time spent staring into space that is not a screen, also all the time spent driving, particularly here where it is very long to get anywhere, and then to work and back, to take her to school and back, too.

There is illness and injury which has produced a great deal of not writing. There is cynicism, disappointment, political outrage, heartbreak, resentment, and realistic thinking which has produced a great deal of not writing. There is reproduction which has been like illness and in-

jury and taken up many hours with not writing. There is being anxious or depressed which takes up many hours though not very much once there is no belief in mental health. There is trauma which is fantastic in the way it is brief and clear and also the way it lingers around and emerges unpredictably as if it will forever. Trauma is always the indirect direct producer of so much not writing. It is like a mind which has a shadow and then is the shadow and then isn't a mind or its shadow but isn't at all.

There are some hours, though not very many, on airplanes, and times with friends spent in the production of not writing. There is talking which is like writing and which produces not writing in equal measure to producing writing. There is an amount of time not writing which is not wanting to actually have to talk to humans unless it is in order to get them to have sex or in order to convince them to leave. There is sleep, which is often dreams, which is closer to writing—dreams are more like writing than not writing in that they are not intruded upon in their moments by the necessities of all the paid work, care work, social expectations, romantic love or talking to people. There is sleep which is often about gossip, architecture, and modes of civic planning and in this is

closer to writing than not writing. In the dreams there is always walking around, finding walls, follies, and not getting to one place or the next but it is often those I love but whom I do not get to see very much who walk with me. There are photographs one takes, of oneself and of other people and it is in these there is the production of not writing. There is dressing and undressing, sometimes too much, particularly when things have run away, died, or one has to meet new people. There is shopping, which is a woman shopping.

There is in not writing not very much time spent on envy which is a pang, mostly, which is motivating like getting a buzz from an outlet telling one to remove one's hand from the outlet, from the power source. There is the way that the lives of others seem so often unenviable and only enviable as they are "writing" when all this time is spent not writing like right now in the not writing in which I should be dealing with bills, mail, laundry, my bedroom, months of emails from October onward even though it is now June, with my jobs, with care, with the contents of my refrigerator, with my flat tire, with the cat's litter box, with friendship, with Facebook, with my body which wants to get in the swimming pool with my body which wants to turn brown in the

sun with my body which wants to drink some tea with my body which wants to do shoulder presses which wants to join a gym which wants to take a shower and get cleaned up which wants a lover which mostly wants to swim and then there is "not writing." There is envy which is also mixed with repulsion at those who do not have a long list of not writing to do. It is easy to imagine not writing, both accidentally and intentionally. It is easy because there have been years and months and days I have thought the way to live was not writing have known what writing consisted of and have thought "I do not want to do that" and "writing steals from my loved ones" and "writing steals from my life and gives me nothing but pain and worry and what I can't have" or "writing steals from my already empty bank account" or "writing gives me ideas I do not need or want" or "writing is the manufacture of impossible desire" or writing is like literature is like the world of monsters is the production of culture is I hate culture is the world of wealthy women and of men.

CHAP. XII 31  
The Life and Opinions  
of Tristram Shandy



Not a cherry-stone, said my father,—he may as well batter away his means upon that, as any thing else.

—To be sure, said my mother: so here ended the proposition,—the reply,—and the rejoinder, I told you of.

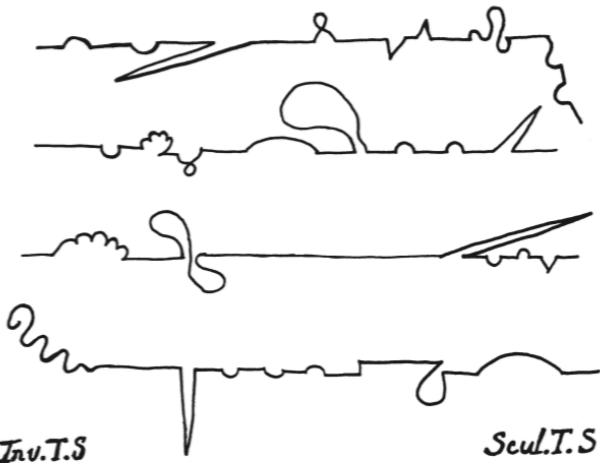
It will be some amusement to him, too,—said my father.

A very great one, answered my mother, if he should have children.—

—Lord have mercy upon me,—said my father to himself—  
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 \* \* \* \* \*  
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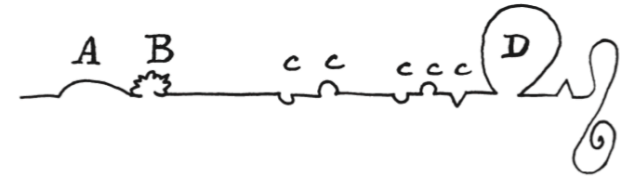
CHAP. XL.

I Am now beginning to get fairly into my work; and by the help of a vegetable diet, with a few of the cold seeds, I make no doubt but I shall be able to go on with my uncle *Toby's* story, and my own, in a tolerable straight line. Now,



These were the four lines I moved in through my first, second, third, and fourth volumes.—In the fifth volume I have

been very good,—the precise line I have described in it being this:



By which it appears, that except at the curve, marked A. where I took a trip to *Navarre*,—and the indented curve B. which is the short airing when I was there with the *Lady Baussiere* and her page,—I have not taken the least frisk of a digression, till *John de la Casse's* devils led me the round you see marked D.—for as for *c c c c* they are nothing but parentheses, and the common *ins* and *outs* incident to the lives of the greatest ministers of state; and when compared with what men have done,—or with my own transgressions at the letters A B D—they vanish into nothing.

In this last volume I have done better still—for from the end of *Le Fever's* episode, to the beginning of my uncle *Toby's* campaigns,—I have scarce stepped a yard out of my way.

If I mend at this rate, it is not impossible—by the good leave of his grace of *Benevento's* devils—but I may arrive hereafter at the excellency of going on even thus;

---

which is a line drawn as straight as I could draw it, by a writing-master's ruler, (borrowed for that purpose) turning neither to the right hand or to the left.

This *right line*,—the path-way for Christians to walk in! say divines—

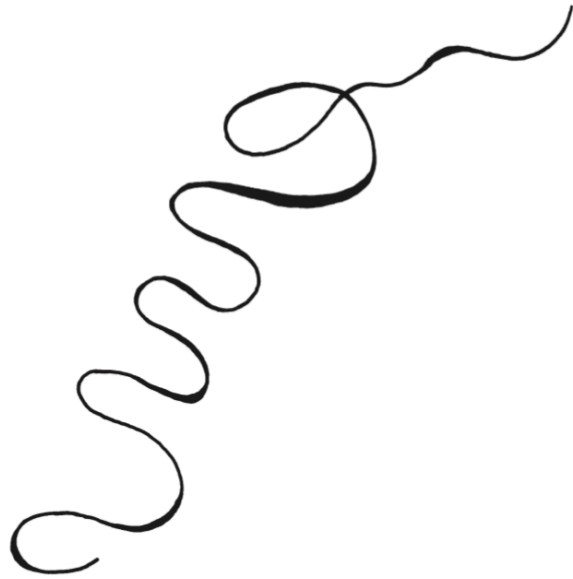
—The emblem of moral rectitude! says *Cicero*—

—The *best line!* say cabbage-planters—is the shortest line, says *Archimedes*, which can be drawn from one given point to another.—

I wish your ladyships would lay this matter to heart in your next birth-day suits!

—What a journey!

Pray can you tell me,—that is, without anger, before I write



A thousand of my father's most subtle syllogisms could not have said more for celibacy.

My uncle Toby look'd earnestly towards his cottage and his bowling green.

The Corporal had unwarily conjured up the Spirit of calculation with his wand; and he had nothing to do, but to conjure him down again with his story, and in this form of Exorcism, most un-ecclesiastically did the Corporal do it.

#### CHAP. V.

AS Tom's place, an' please your honour, was easy—and the weather warm—it put him upon thinking seriously of settling himself in the world; and as it fell out about that time, that a Jew who kept a sausage shop in the same street, had the ill luck to die of a strangury, and leave his widow in possession of a rousing trade—Tom thought (as every body in Lisbon

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The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman, also known as just Tristram Shandy, is a novel by Laurence Sterne. It was published in nine volumes, the first two appearing in 1759, and seven others following over the next seven years. It purports to be a biography of the eponymous character. Its style is marked by digression, double entendre, and graphic devices.

Sterne had read widely, which is reflected in Tristram Shandy. Many of his similes, for instance, are reminiscent of the works of the metaphysical poets of the 17th century, and the novel as a whole, with its focus on the problems of language, has constant regard for John Locke's theories in *An Essay Concerning Human Understanding*. Arthur Schopenhauer cited Tristram Shandy as one of the greatest novels ever written.

As its title suggests, the book is ostensibly Tristram's narration of his life story. But it is one of the central jokes of the novel that he cannot explain anything simply, that he must make explanatory diversions to add context and colour to his tale, to the extent that Tristram's own birth is not even reached until Volume III.

## From Borrowing Positions

The closest thing in my mind at this moment is how astrology as a system tries to describe you as a person. It's done in a very abstract way. A way that can apply to so many different stages of your life. It has a very specific framework, which allows flexibility, exploration and transformation at different stages of one's life. But it still attempts to provide guidelines. (I think of that as a design system).

[...] And then there are twelve signs that represent certain modes of energy, which describe different patterns of thinking and development tendencies. None of these has a positive-negative index, they're just energies that one can manoeuvre with. It's specific in its own terms, but it's not specific in the way we think of identity.

Identity is more like commercialized or "culturalized" astrology practice. Chinese astrology for instance, would describe women with certain astrological patterns as women who bring misfortune to their husbands, when what those patterns actually signify is that these women are strongminded. In a conservative culture that expects women to be subservient to their husbands, having a strong-minded partner can be interpreted as a misfortune. Similarly, we see commercialized astrology practices handing out gen-

eralized judgements, because their readings need to respond to mass culture, and their messages have to be reduced to reach as many people as possible.

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*The Language of—bookcovers, typos, moles,  
stringfigures, speed and Tristram Shandy*

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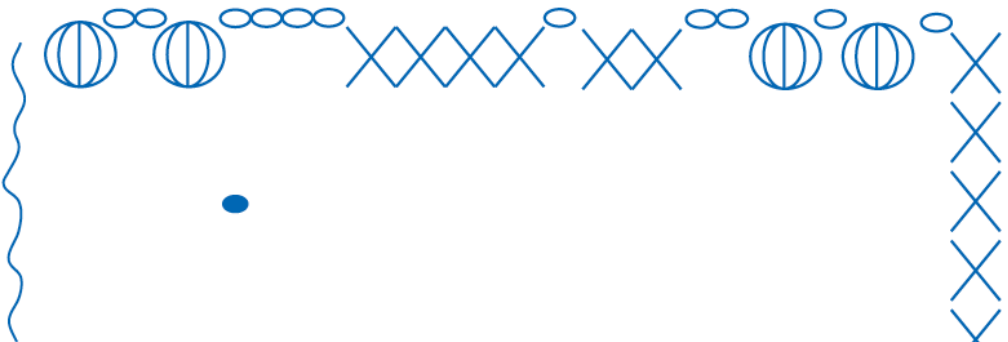
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