

Architectural Representation: Visualization and Description

(Architectural Perspective on Design)

Lecture 4: Literature and Architecture

This lecture explores the intricate relationship between literature and architecture, focusing on how architectural spaces are depicted in texts. It examines the ways in which space, volume and scenery are described in literature to create vivid settings that enhance mood, symbolize deeper themes, and influence character development and plot dynamics.

TEARS FOR FEAR

evo

Architectural Representation: Visualization and Description

(Architectural Perspective on Design)

Lecture 4: Literature and Architecture

Text and Architecture

Libraries: Seattle Central Library / Sendai Mediatheque

Text Description

Text and Architecture

“For people could close their **eyes** to **greatness**, to **horrors**, to **beauty**,
and their **ears** to **melodies** or **deceiving words**.
But they couldn't escape **scent**.
For scent was a brother of **breath**.
Together with **breath** it entered human beings, who couldn't
defend themselves against it, not if they wanted to live.
And **scent** entered into their very core, went directly to their
hearts, and decided for good and all between **affection** and
contempt, **disgust** and **lust**, **love** and **hate**.
He who ruled scent ruled the hearts of men.”

— Patrick Süskind, *Perfume: The Story of a Murderer*

Perfume: The Story of a Murderer (2006)



Senses and Architecture

Sight = the most dominant sense in experiencing architecture.

Light, color, material

Touch = allows us to engage directly with the materials and surfaces.

Materials, surfaces, textures

Sound = can dramatically alter how we experience architecture.

Echo, absorption, ambient Noise

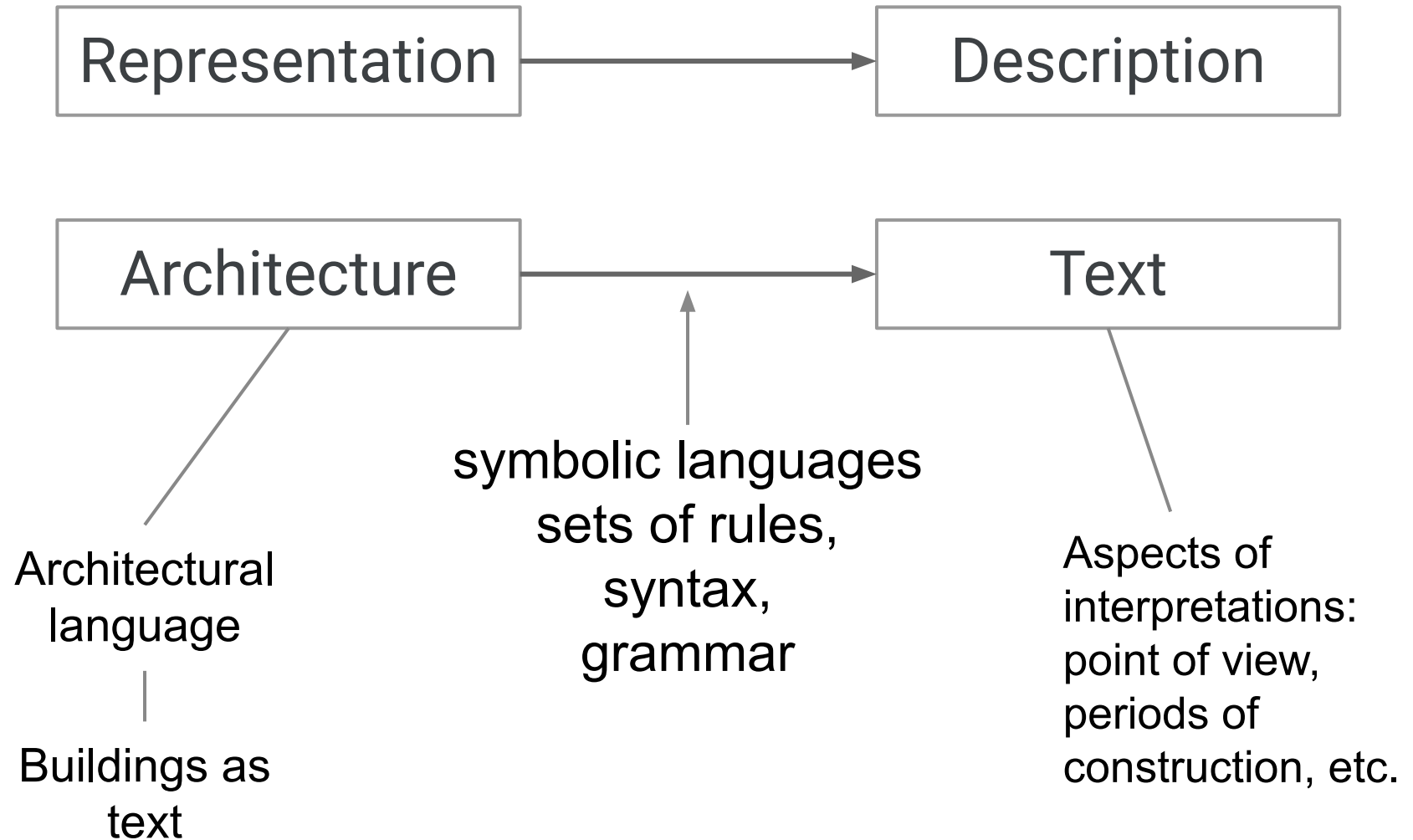
Smell = can evoke powerful memories and emotions.

Environmental factors: wood, leather, stone, etc.

Taste = can be indirectly influenced by architecture, particularly in spaces like kitchens.

food, drink

Representation of Architecture



How to read buildings?

Representation of Architecture



*“we do commonly **experience architecture as communication**, even while recognizing its functionality.*

*The **message**, however, changes when we **experience** architecture as a **plan**, as a **picture**, in **text**, or as a **structure**.*

*In everyday life, and as historians, we are continually **translating architecture**.”*

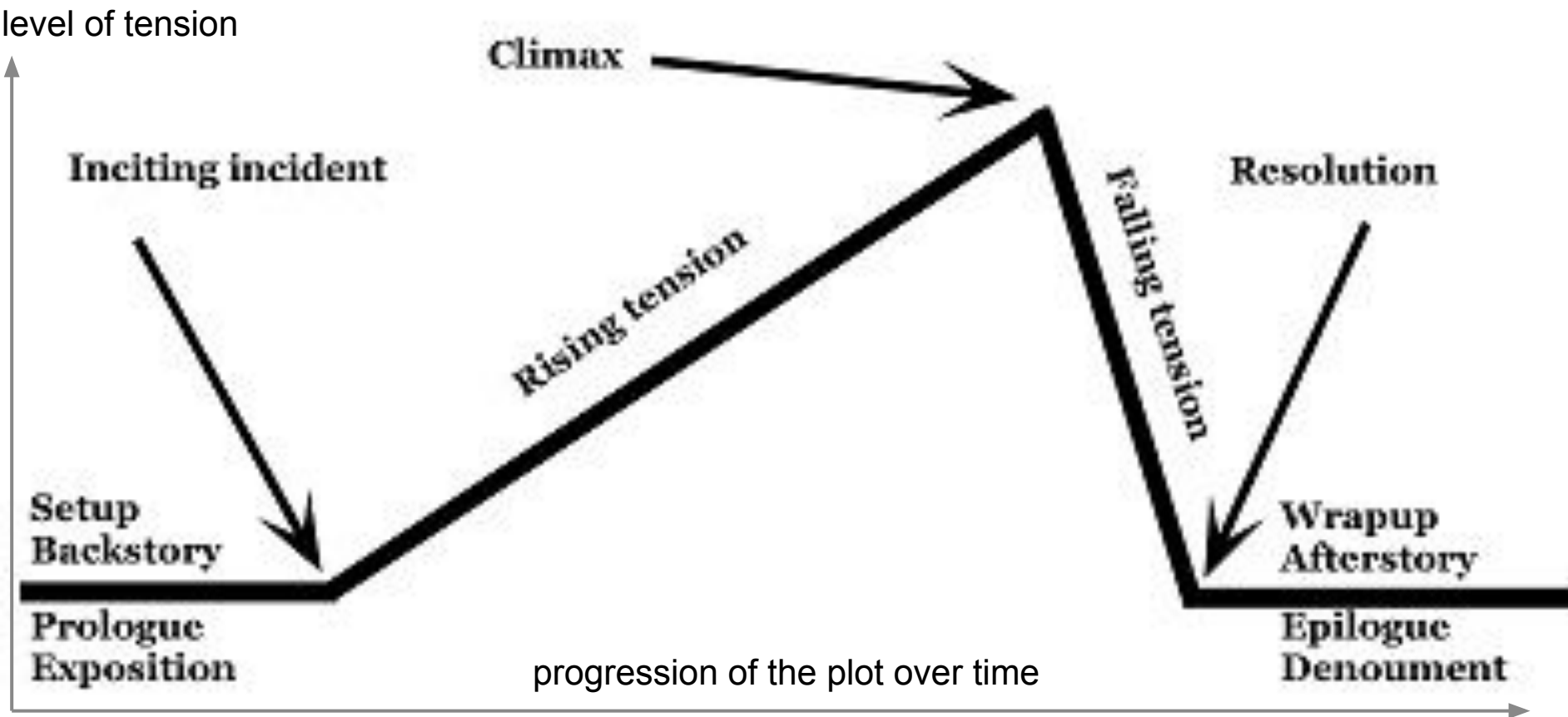
Umberto Eco

*“**Text**, unlike other media, creates an **additional factor** as its writing necessarily leads to its **reading**.*

*Its existence creates new **complications** as the text itself is **fixed**, yet its **meaning** is detached from its author.”*

Paul Ricoeur

Aristotle's Poetics graph



Introduces the setting, characters, and initial situation. This part sets the stage for the conflict.

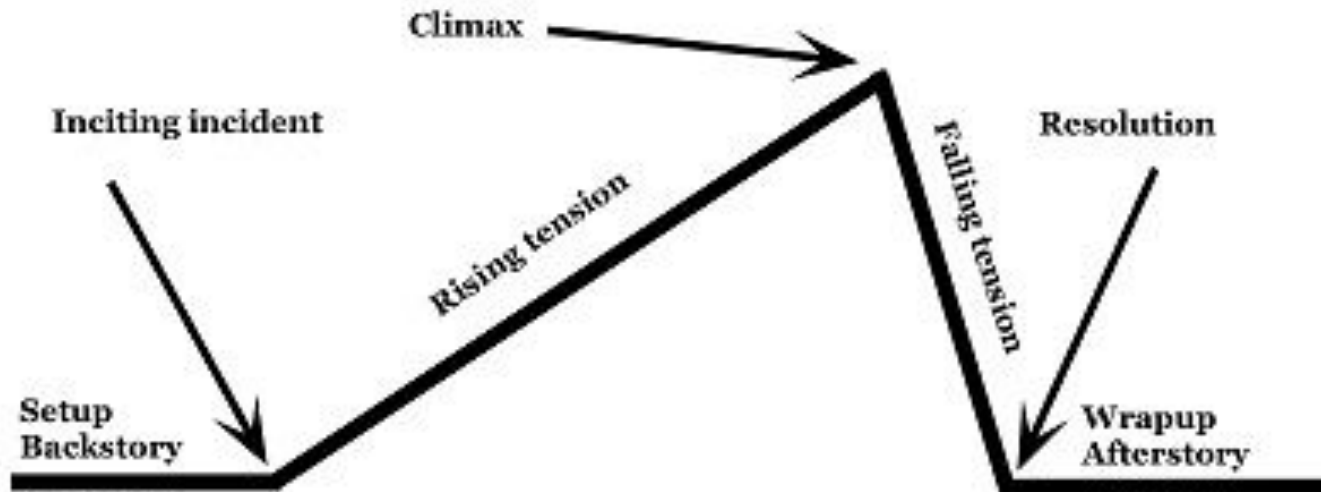
A series of events that increase tension and build towards the climax.

The turning point or moment of highest tension in the narrative

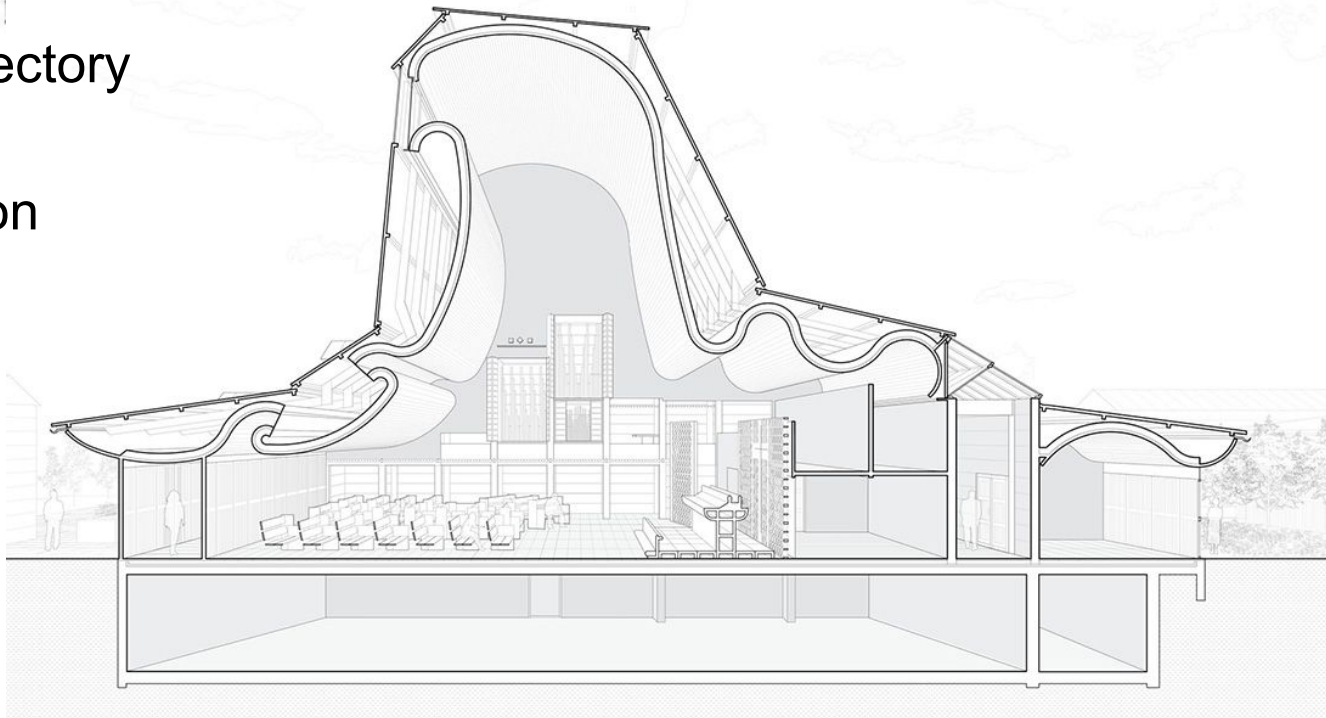
The events that follow the climax, where the consequences of the climax unfold

The conclusion of the story, where conflicts are resolved

Aristotle's Poetics graph



Story - trajectory
Hierarchy
Continuation
Metaphor



Bagsværd
Church, Jørn
Utzon (1976)

Dictionary

Definitions from [Oxford Languages](#)

hermeneutic

/ˌhə:məˈnju:tɪk/

adjective

concerning interpretation, especially of the Bible or literary texts.

noun

a method or theory of interpretation.

Hermeneutic

Hermeneutics is the **theory** and **methodology** of interpretation, originally focused on **interpreting texts**—particularly religious, philosophical, and literary works.

Hermeneutics began as a **method for interpreting sacred texts**, especially in Judeo-Christian contexts.

It has expanded to include broader **interpretative practices across disciplines** such as law, history, and even **architecture**.

Hermeneutics aims to **uncover deeper / hidden meanings** by examining / emphasizing **contexts, language, symbolism** and the **intentions** behind a **text** or **phenomenon**.

Hermeneutic Circle

Gadamerian Interreligious Hermeneutical Circle

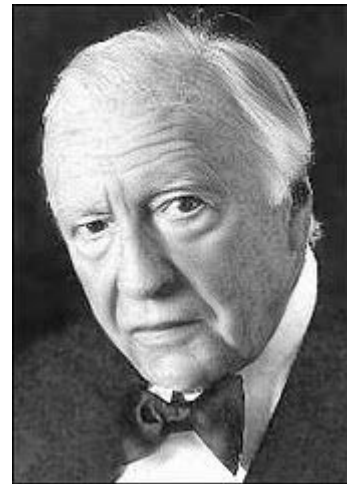
Dialogue

Influences from the
interpreter's traditions and
pre-understandings

Inquiry from the
interpreter

Interpreter

Text/Tradition



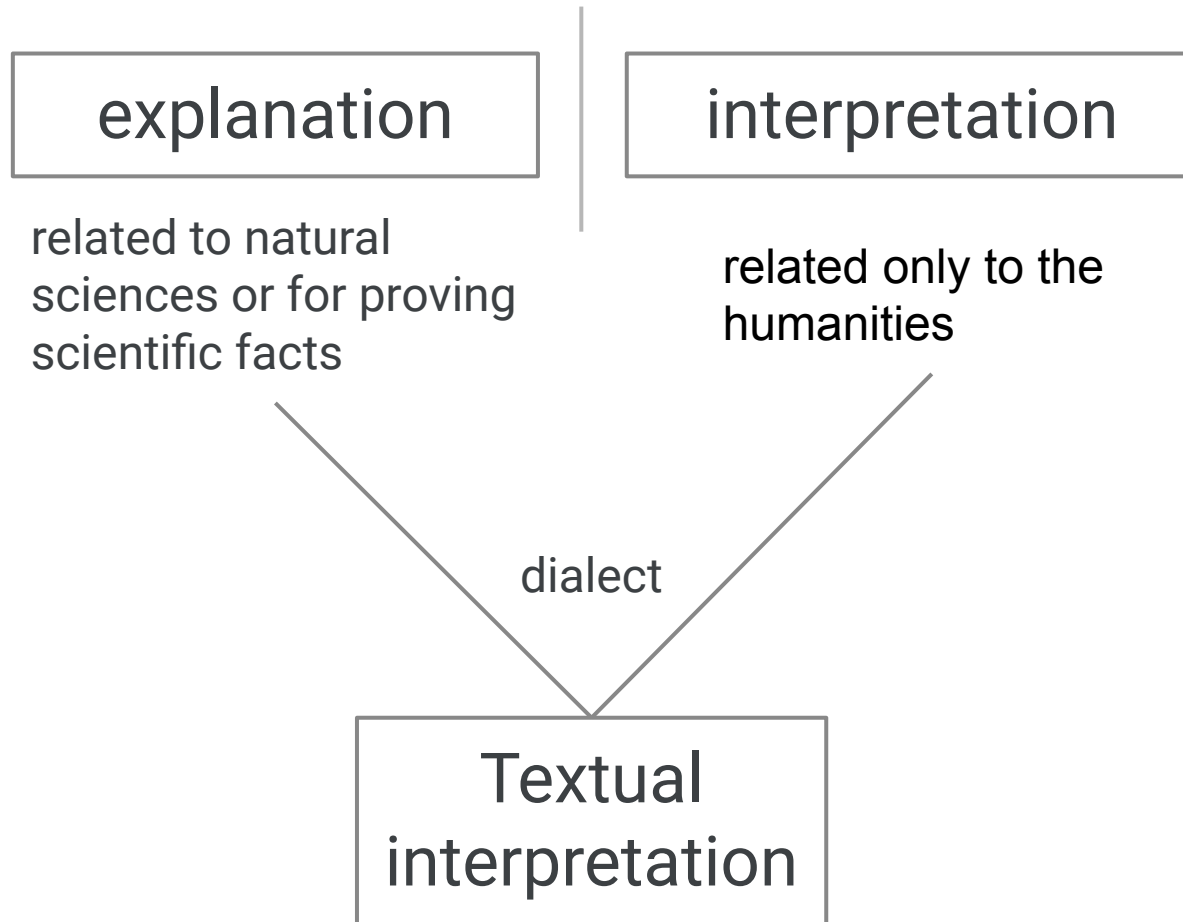
Hans-Georg Gadamer
(1900-2002)

- Encounters challenges and tensions
- Reinterprets meaning
- Expands understanding

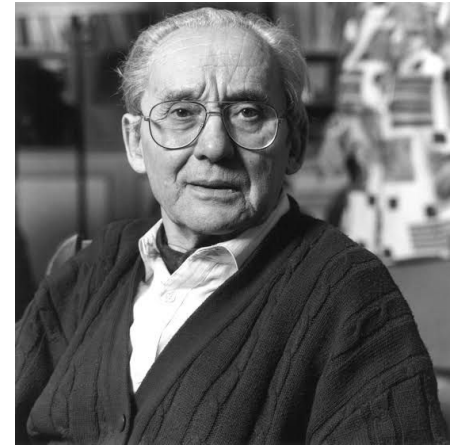
Response from the
text/tradition

Reflection

Hermeneutic and Architecture



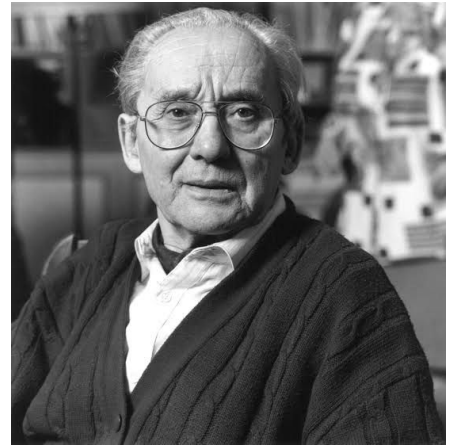
Goal: to clarify the affinity of philosophical and objective hermeneutics as a textual theory



Paul Ricoeur (1913-2005)

Hermeneutic and Architecture

1. Documentary level *memory and history*
 2. Explanation and understanding *understand the text through its internal relationship or structure*
 3. Representation *historical discourse*
- disconnected from the author's purpose*



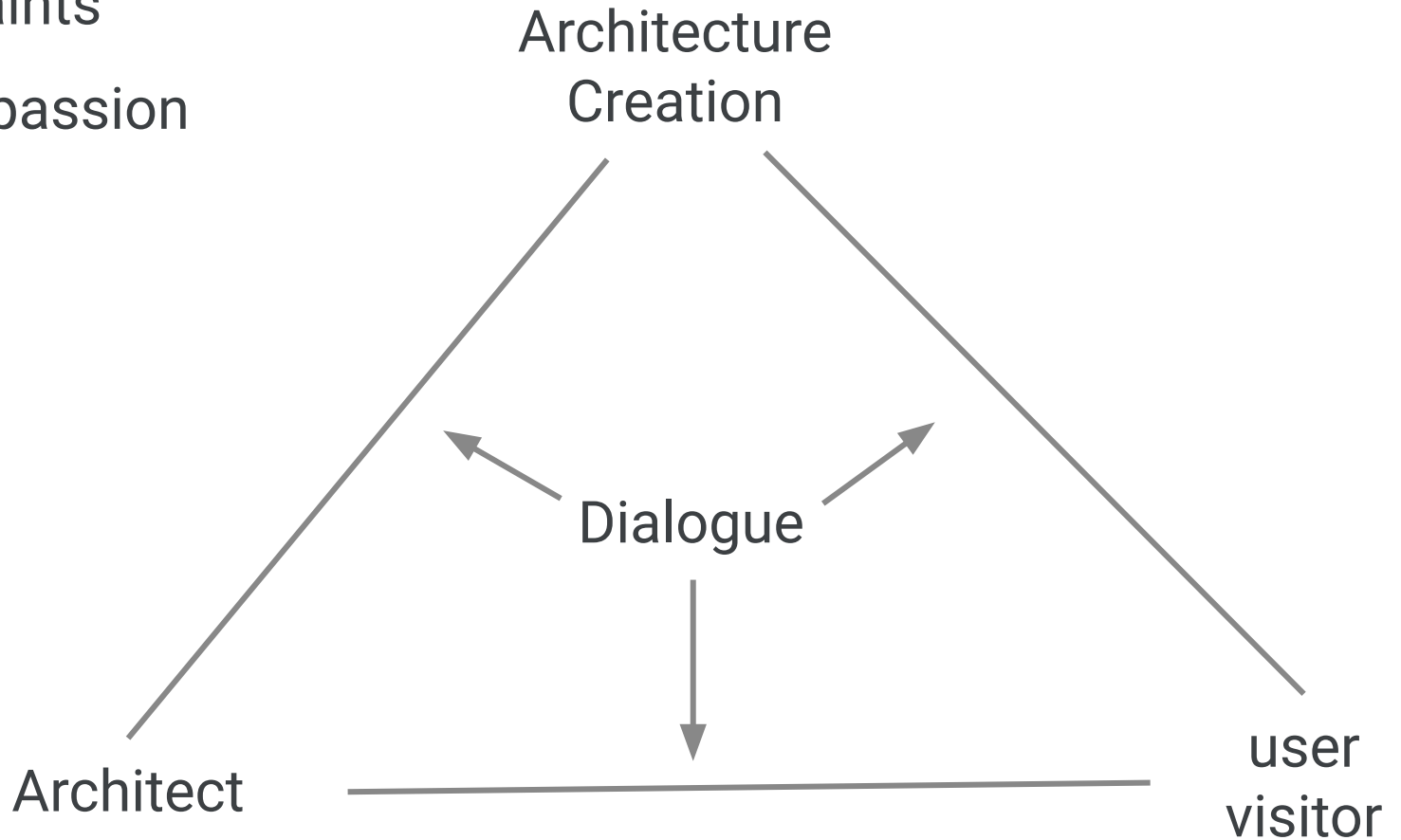
Paul Ricoeur (1913-2005)

The hermeneutic approach, rather than other investigative methods, **assists** in moving **seamlessly** from **tradition** to the **future**.

Hermeneutics can be used to examine **day-to-day** situations, which seem beyond comprehension and therefore require **profound interpretation**.

Hermeneutic and Architecture

- exposed/hidden meanings
- Influences
- Constraints
- desire/passion



Gestures as a Communication



Bonjour, Monsieur Courbet 1854
Gustave Courbet



The Meeting (or Have a Nice Day, Mr. Hockney) 1983
Peter Blake

Gestures in Architecture

design elements

forms

shapes

structures

- messages

orientations

evoke a specific feeling

openness

strength

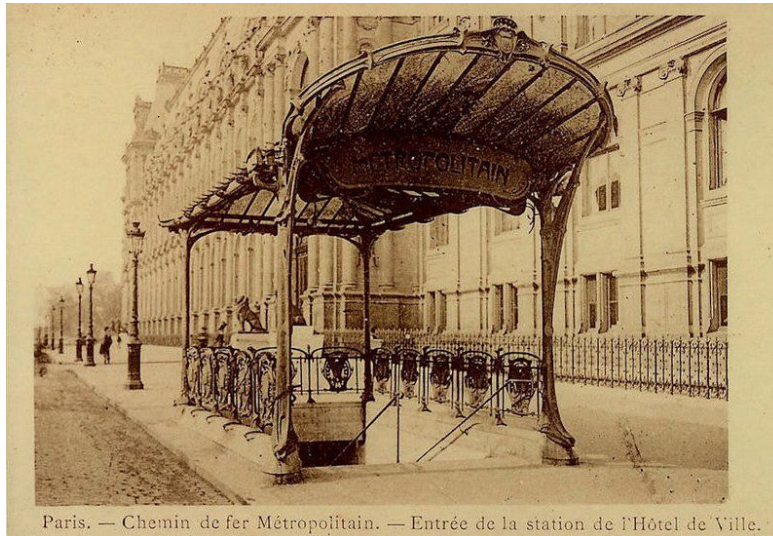
stability

fluidity



Rise of the Modern Door Knob (Mid-1800s)

Gestures in Architecture



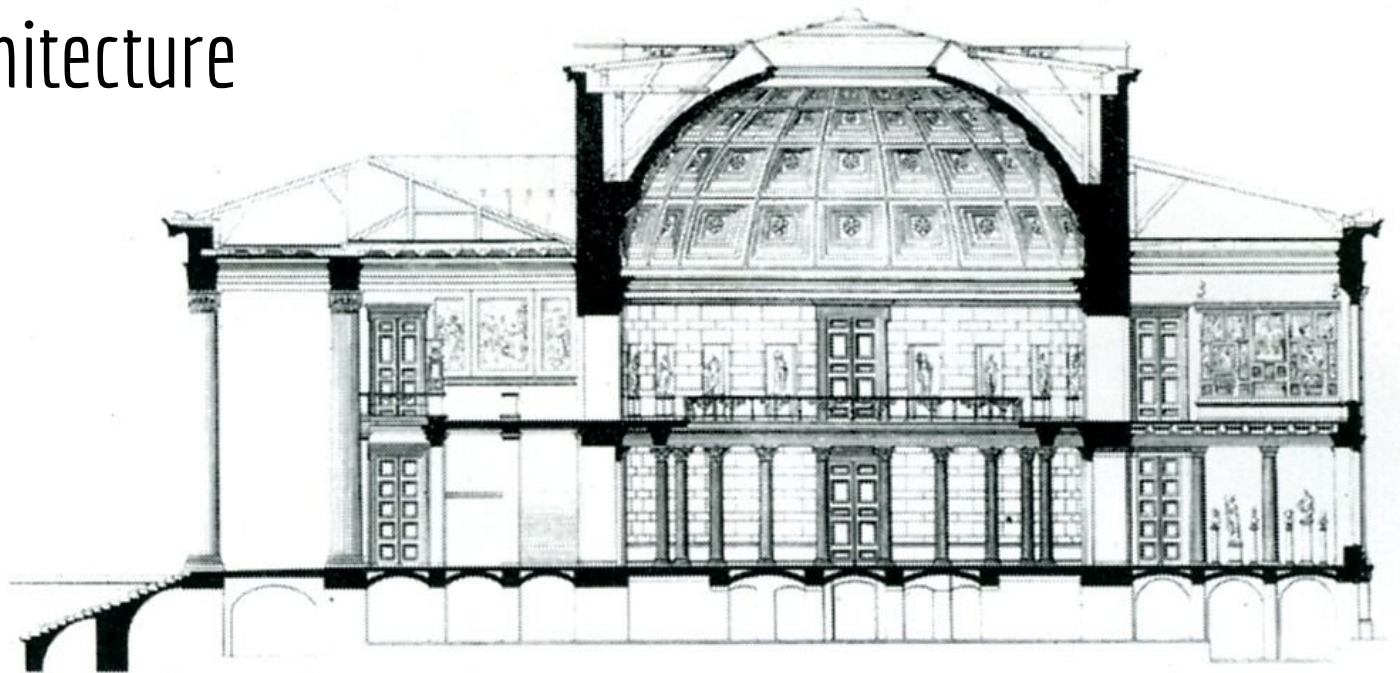
Parisian metro entrance, Hector Guimard (1900-1912)

Gestures in Architecture

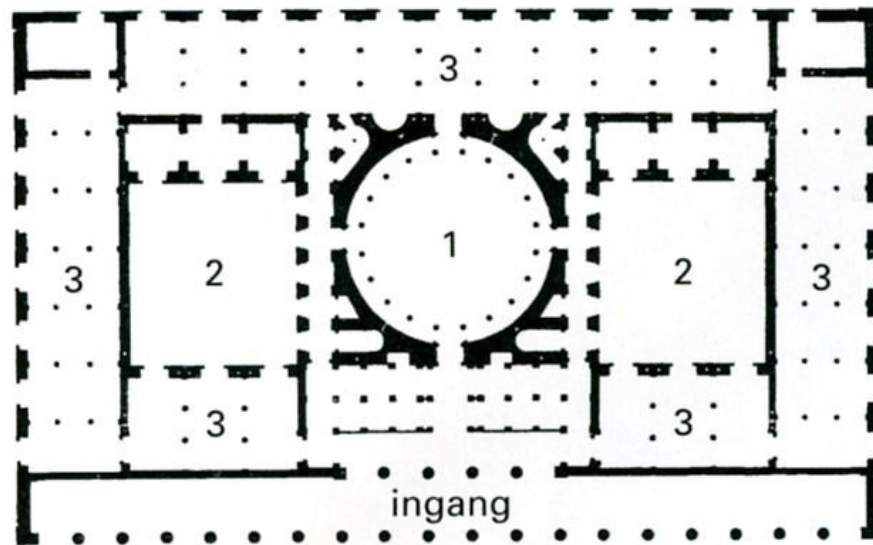


TWA Flight Center, JFK Airport (Eero Saarinen (1962)

Gestures in Architecture

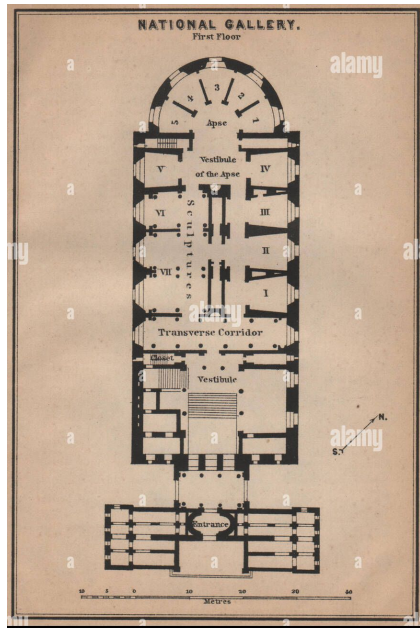


Doorsnede Altes Museum

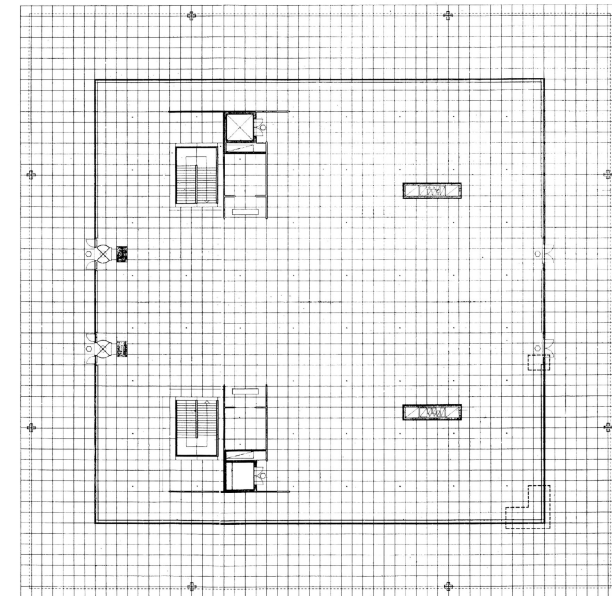


Legenda:
1 = koepelzaal
2 = binnenhof
3 = expositiezenen

Gestures in Architecture

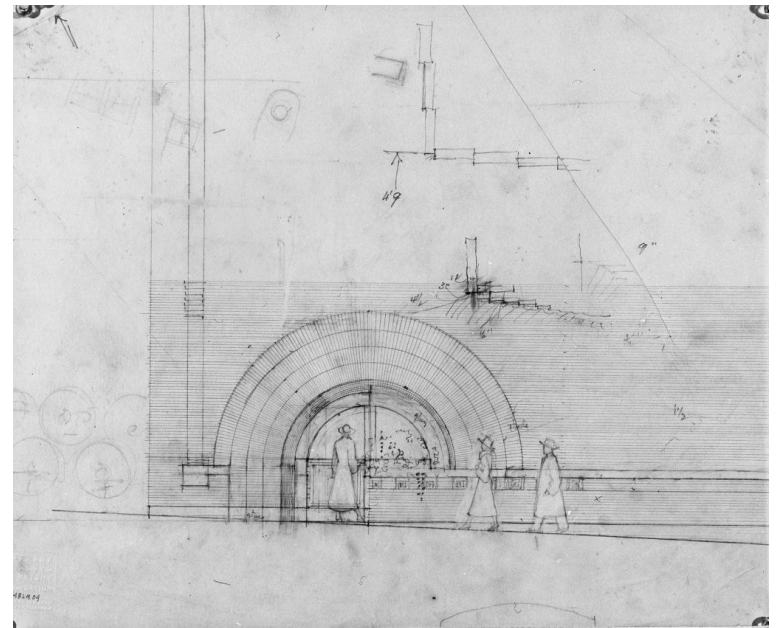


Alte Nationalgalerie, Karl Friedrich Schinkel (1861)



Neue Nationalgalerie Mies Van der Rohe (1968)

Gestures in Architecture

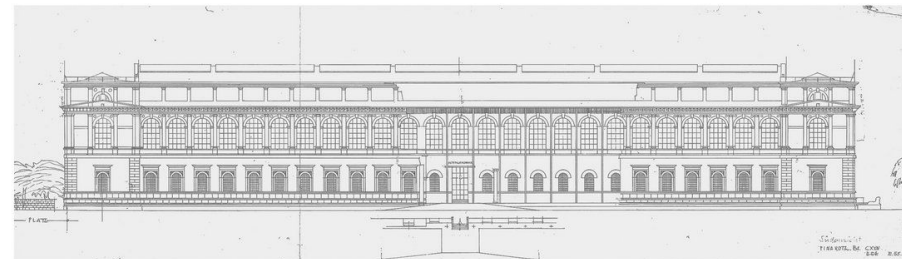
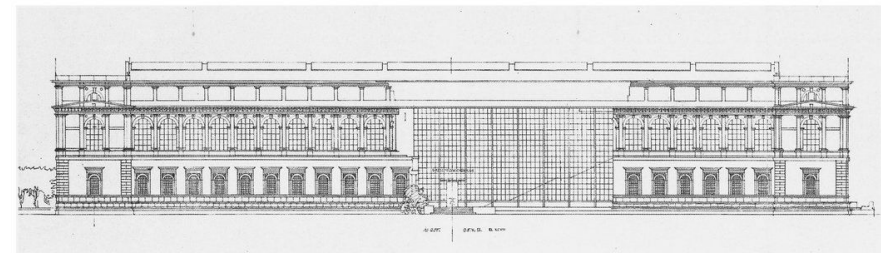
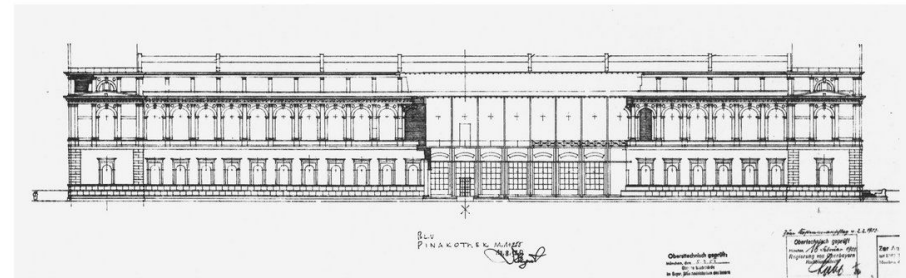
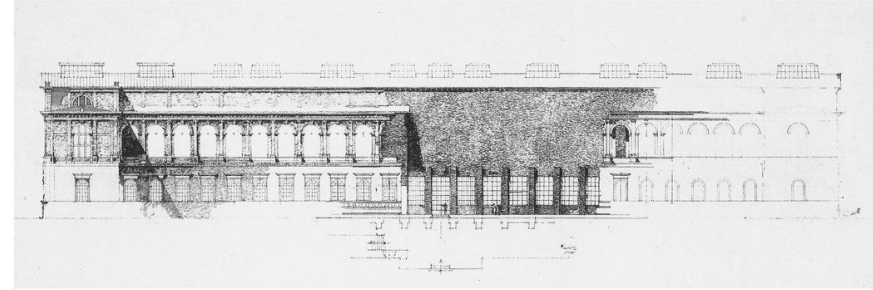
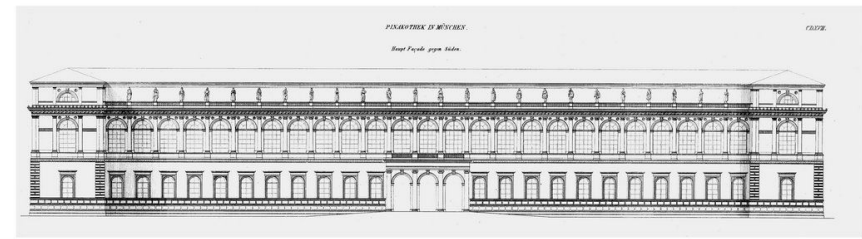


Italian luxury brand ISAIA, San Francisco, Frank Lloyd Wright's (1948)

Gestures in Architecture

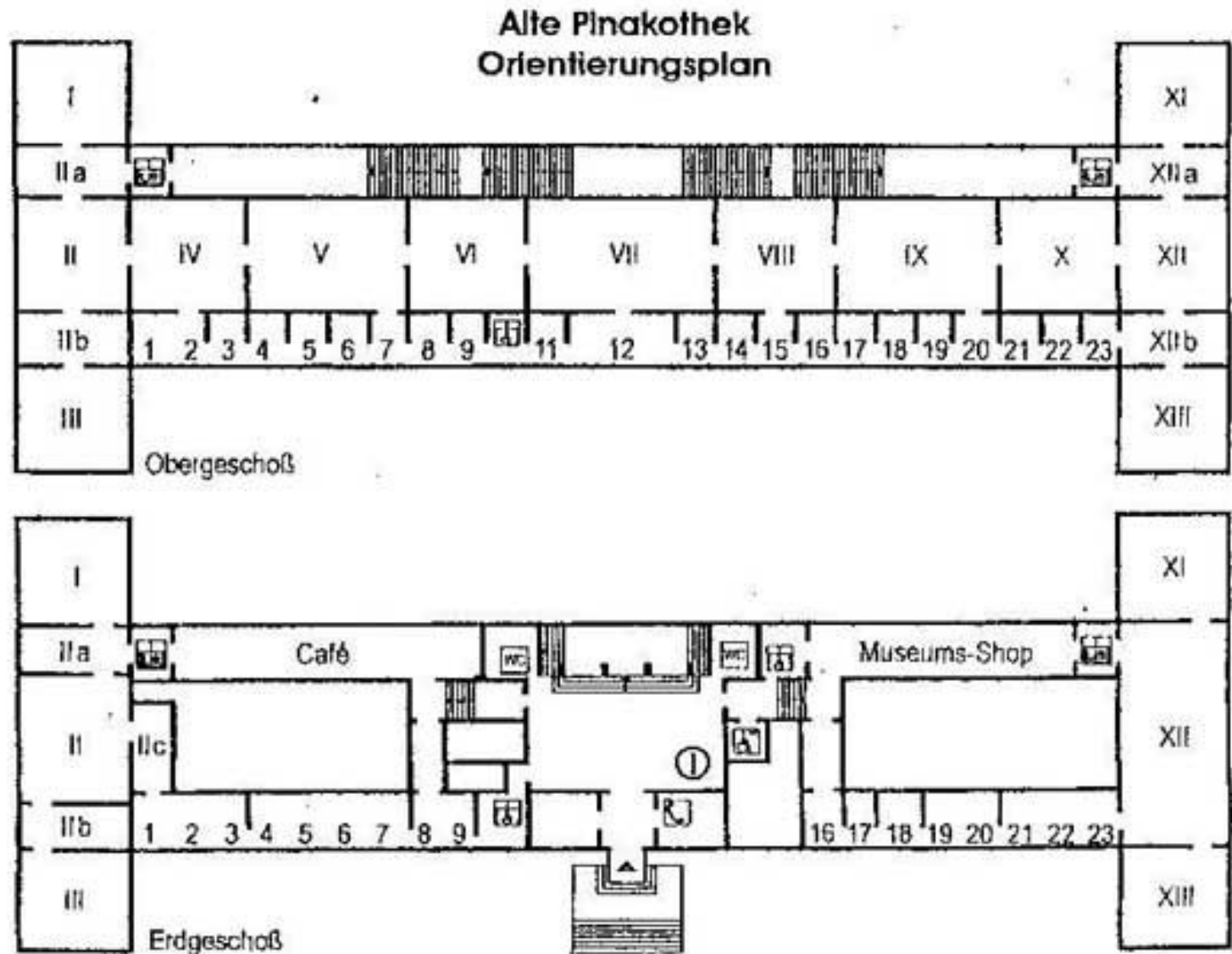


Gestures in Architecture



Original state of the Alte Pinakothek (1836)
and design chronology of the reconstruction
by Hans Döllgast (compilation: Peter Kifinger)

Gestures in Architecture

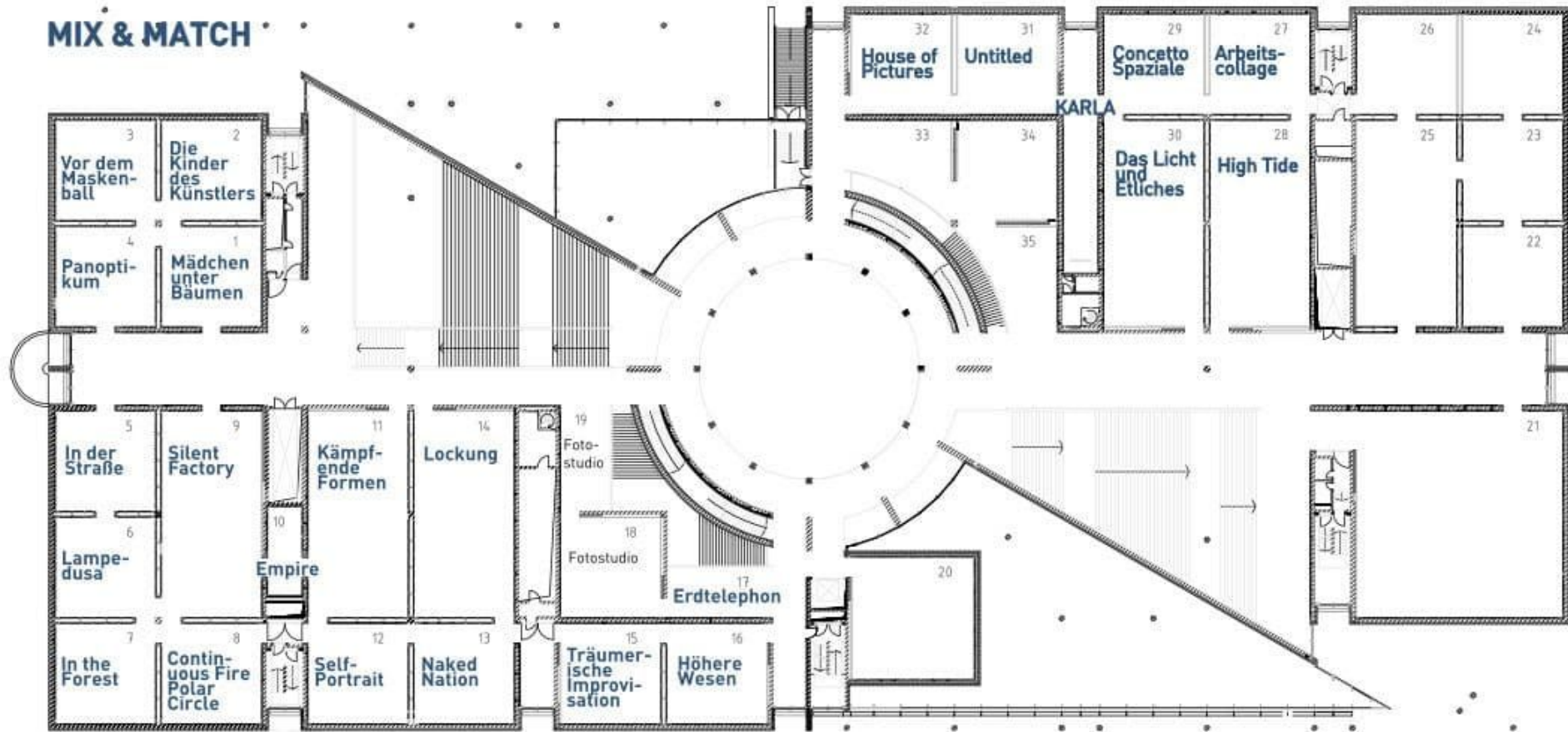


Alte Pinakothek, Leo von Klenze (1836)

Gestures in Architecture



MIX & MATCH



Representation of Library

Comfort zone

Orientation

Knowledge and information

Learning space

Order - catalogue

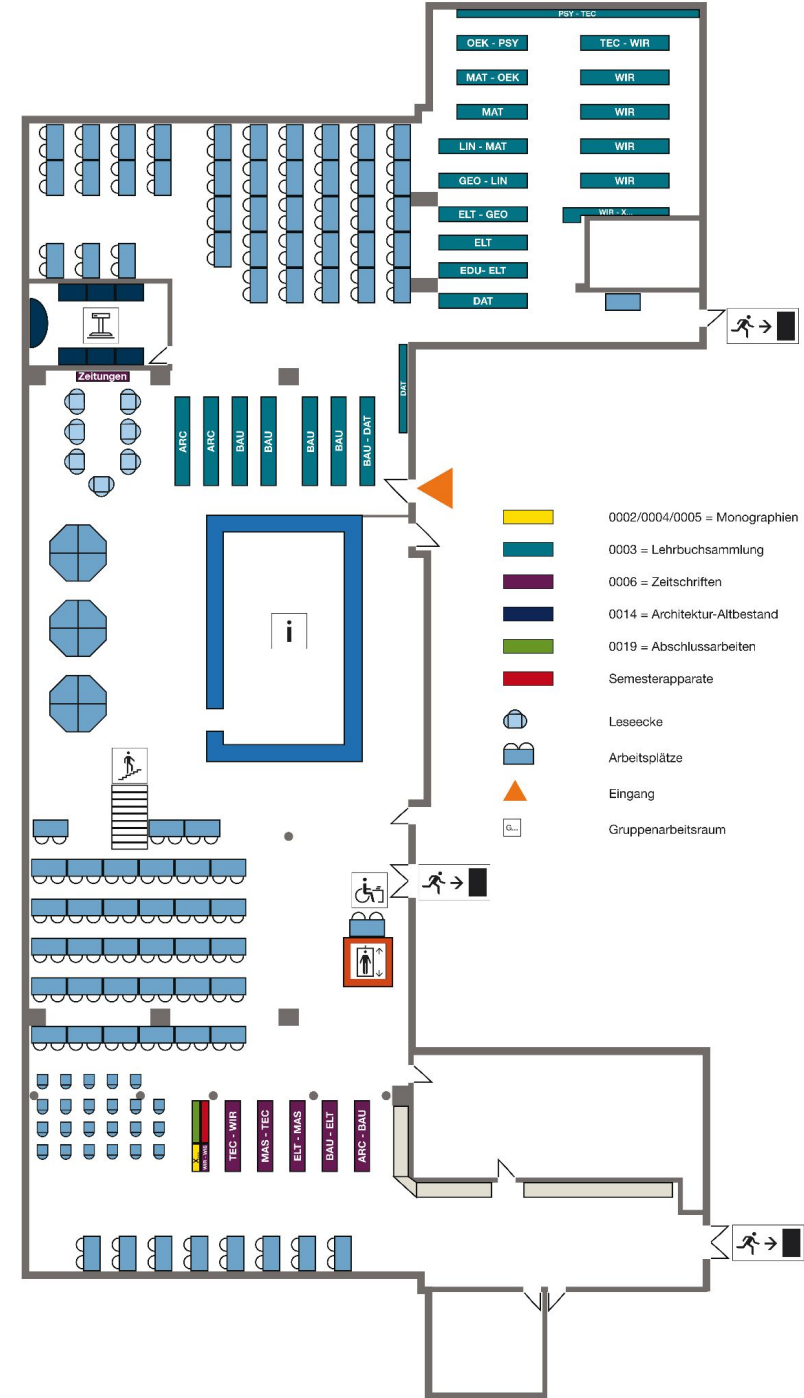
Communication

History and stories

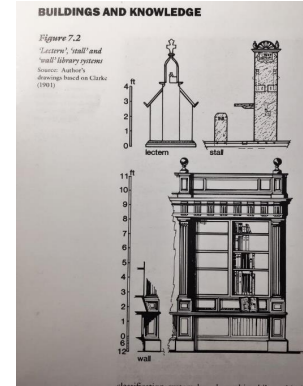
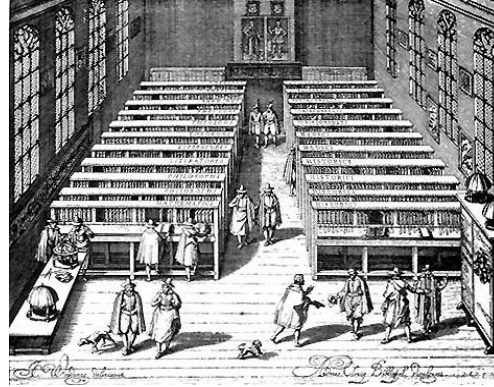
Individual study

social interaction

culture



Print

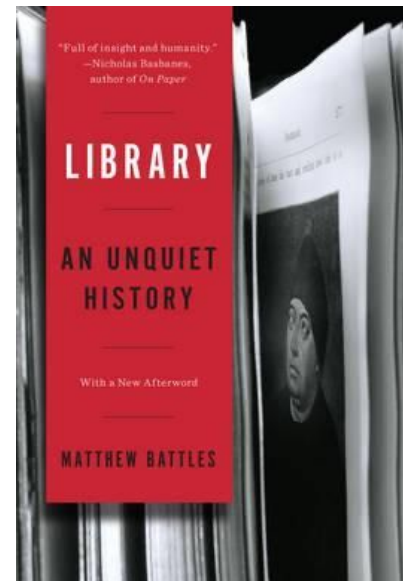
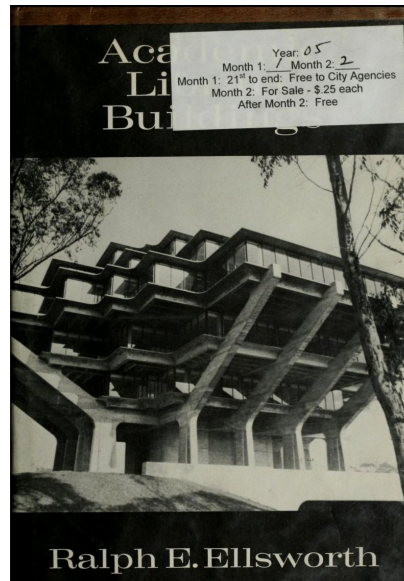
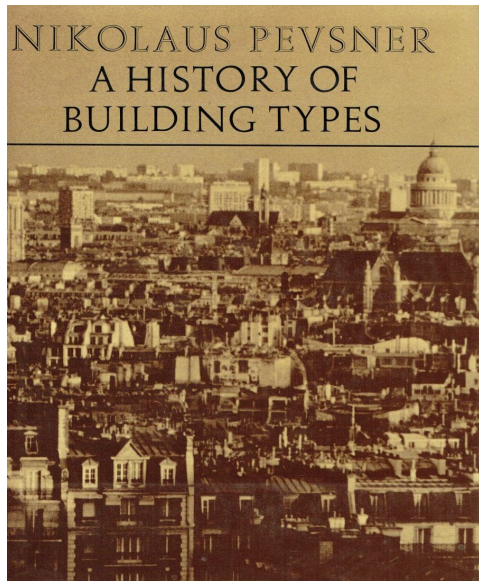


Ancient Greece or
Alexandria

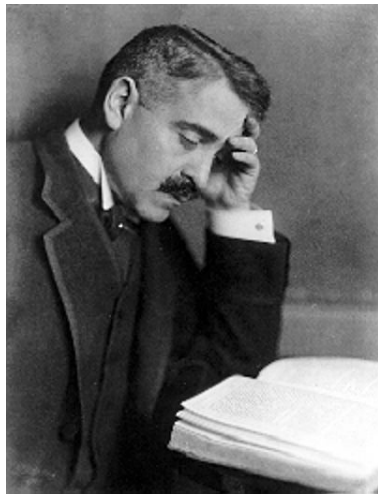
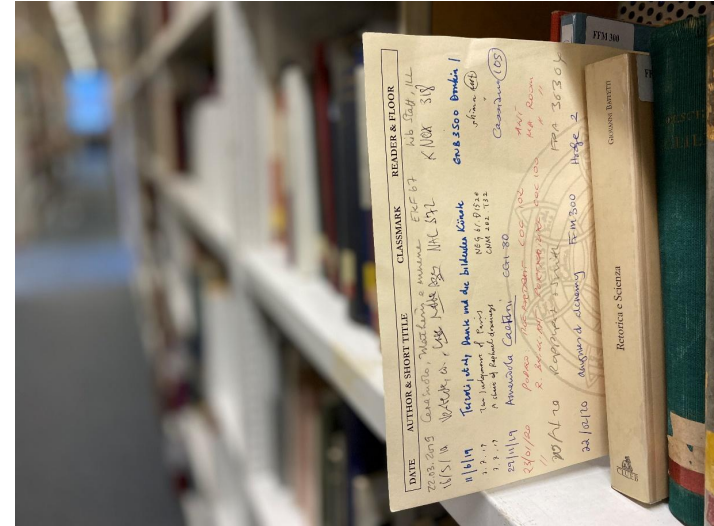
historical processes

technological developments

Gutenberg's printing
revolution



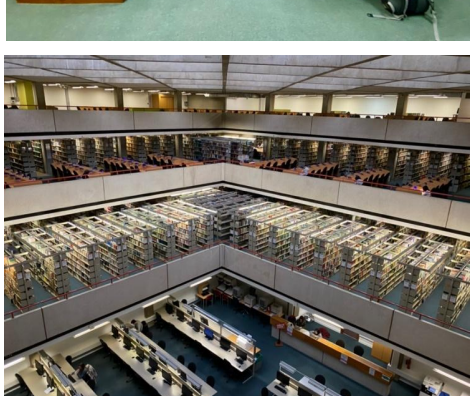
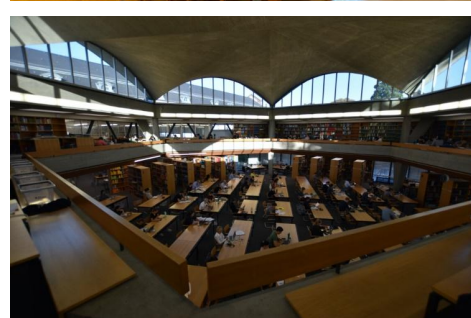
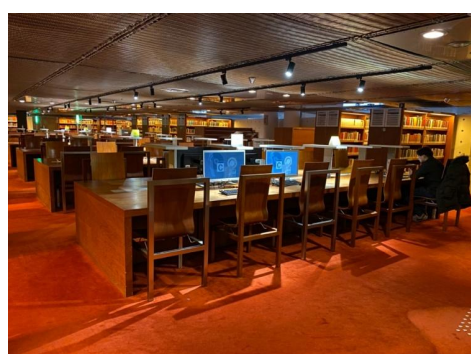
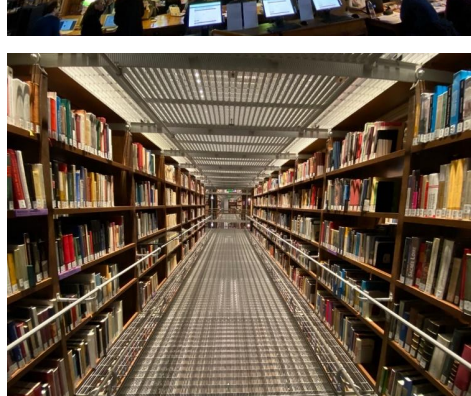
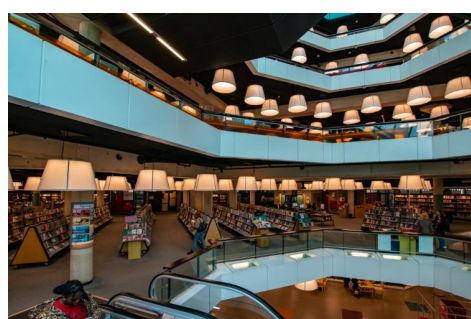
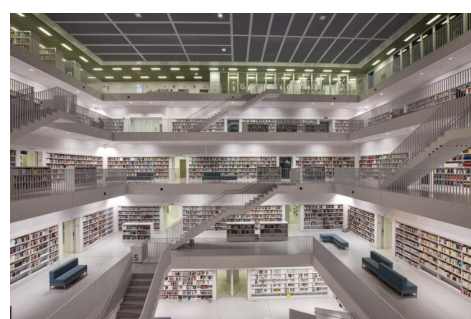
Dewey Decimal,
Library of Congress
Classification



4	ACITION
D	Society and Culture
H	History
F	Magic and Science
3	ORIENTATION
B	Western Religions
G	Eastern Religions
A	Philosophy
2	WORD
E	Language and Literature
N	Transmission of Classical Texts
1	IMAGE
C	Art History
G	READING ROOM
RR	Reference Works
B	IMAGE & PERIODICALS
K	Ancient Art and Archaeology
CR	Modern Art
P	Periodicals

Knowledge and information





Representation of Library



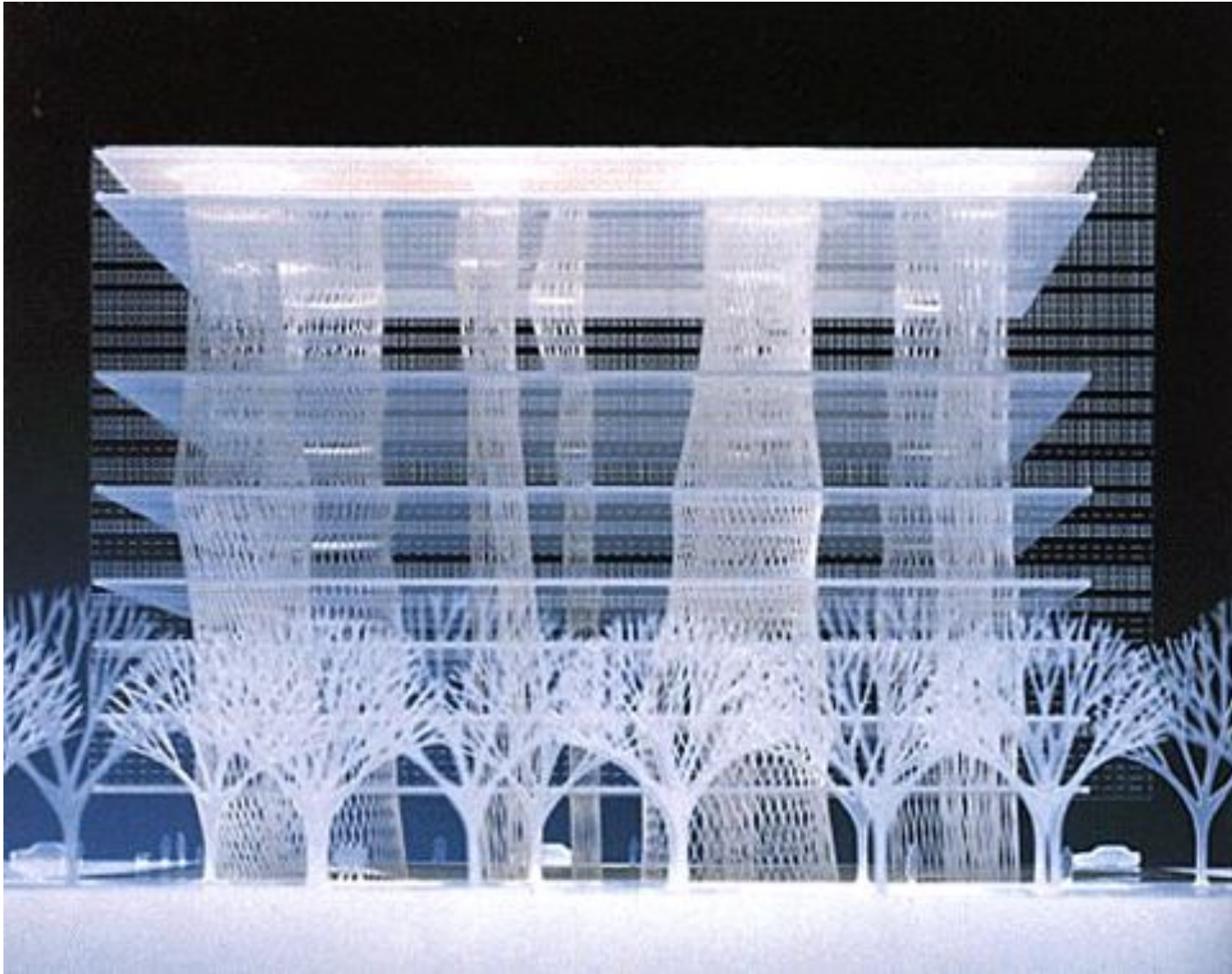
Stadtbibliothek Stuttgart, Eun Young Yi (2009)

Representation of Library



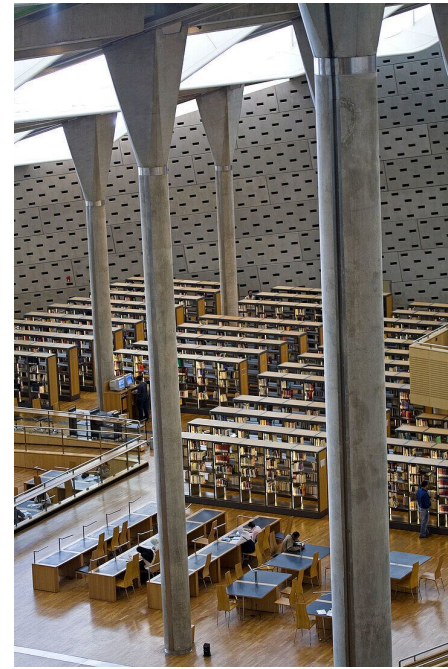
Seattle Central Library – OMA + LMN (2004)

Representation of Library



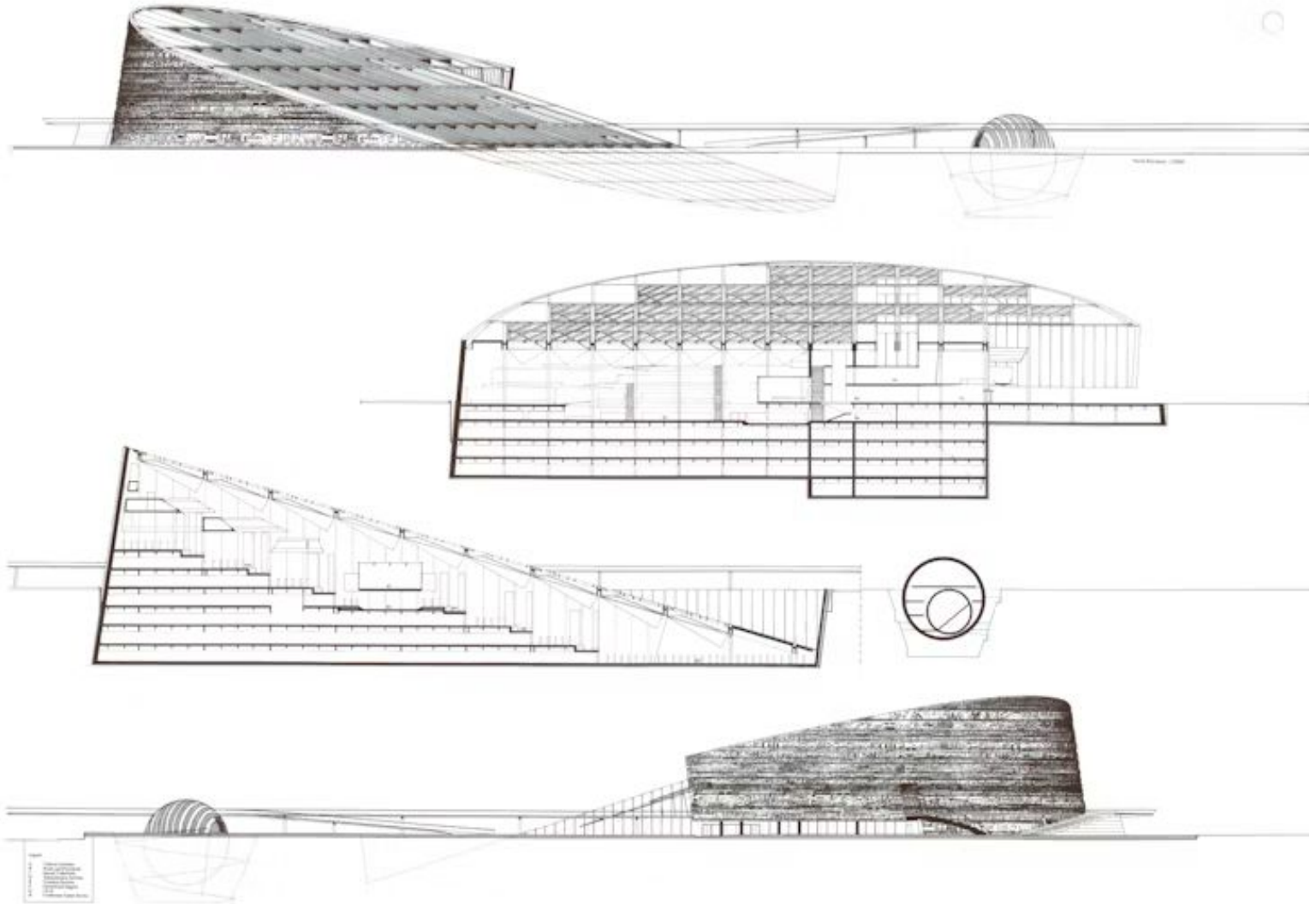
Sendai Mediatheque - Toyo Ito

Representation of Library



Bibliotheca Alexandrina – Snøhetta (2002)

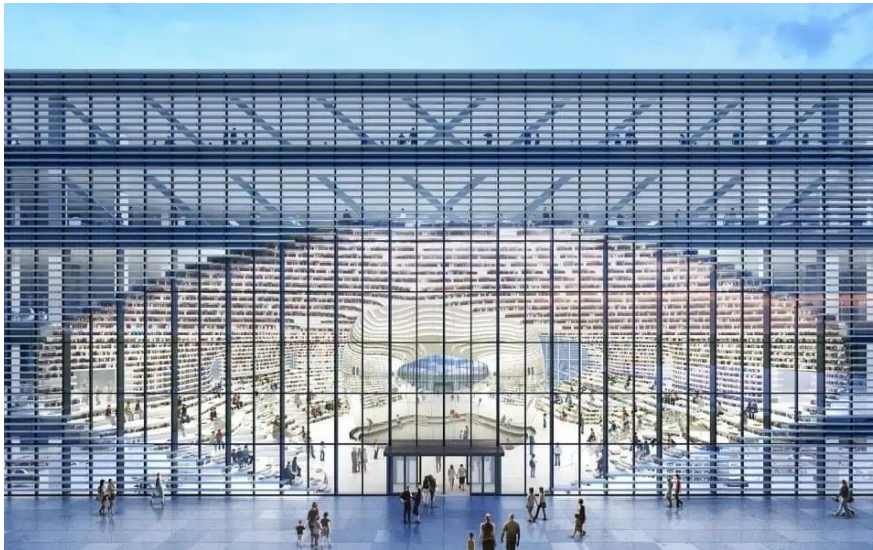
Representation of Library



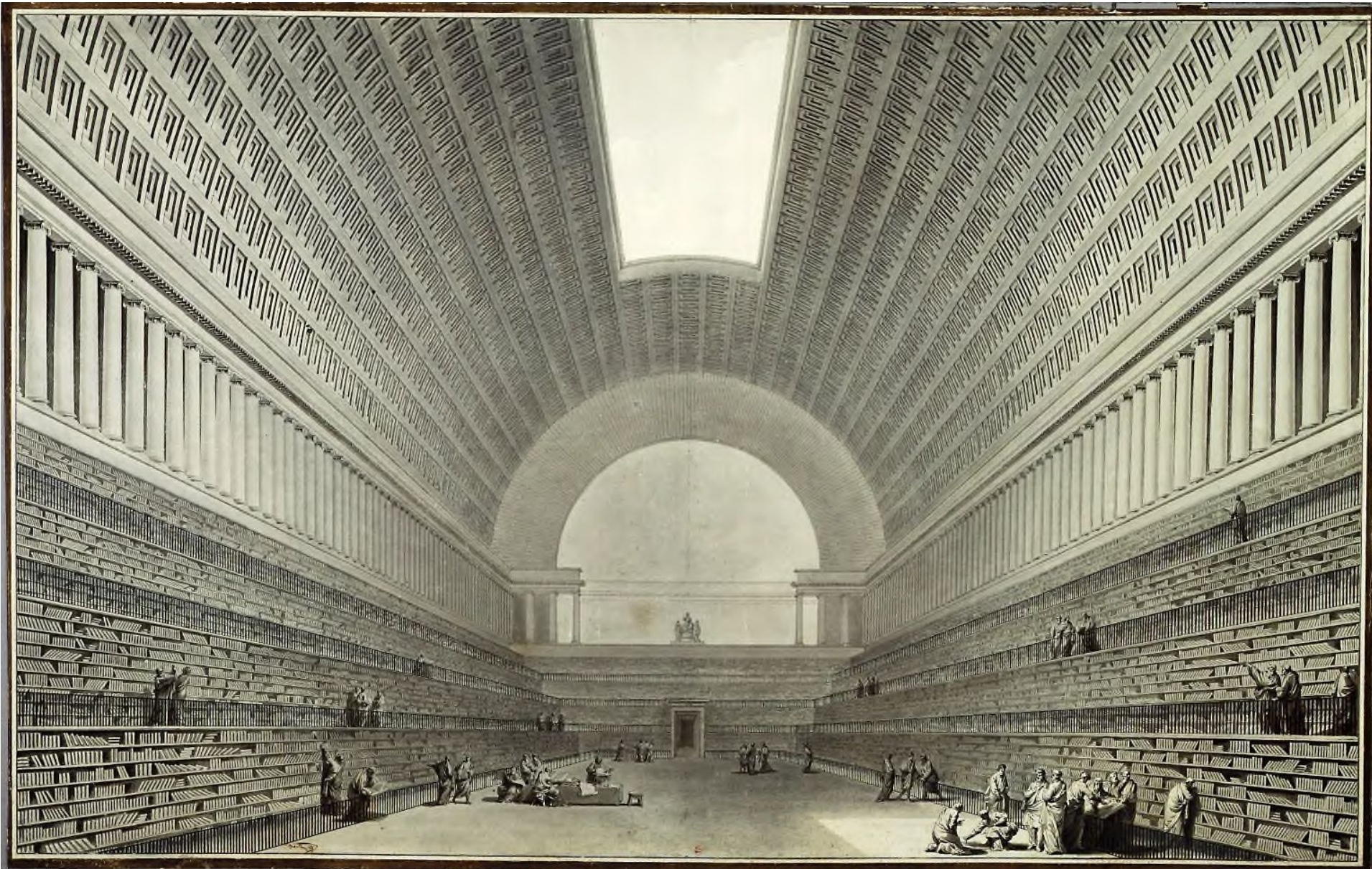
Bibliotheca Alexandrina – Snøhetta (2002)

Representation of Library

Tianjin Binhai Library, MVRDV (2017)



Representation of Library



Boullée, Deuxieme projet pour la Bibliothèque du Roi (1785)

Description of Architecture

Top - down

Bottom - up

Illustrative

Emotional / dry

Spatial Qualities

Light and Shadow

Materials and Textures

Movement and Flow

Connection to Surroundings

Atmosphere and Emotion

Acoustics

Historical or Cultural Significance

Vitruvius, De architectura: THE TEN BOOKS ON ARCHITECTURE

Book I - Introduction

Book II - Materials

Book III - Building Materials and Methods

Book IV - Architecture and Mathematics

Book V - Temples and Sacred Buildings

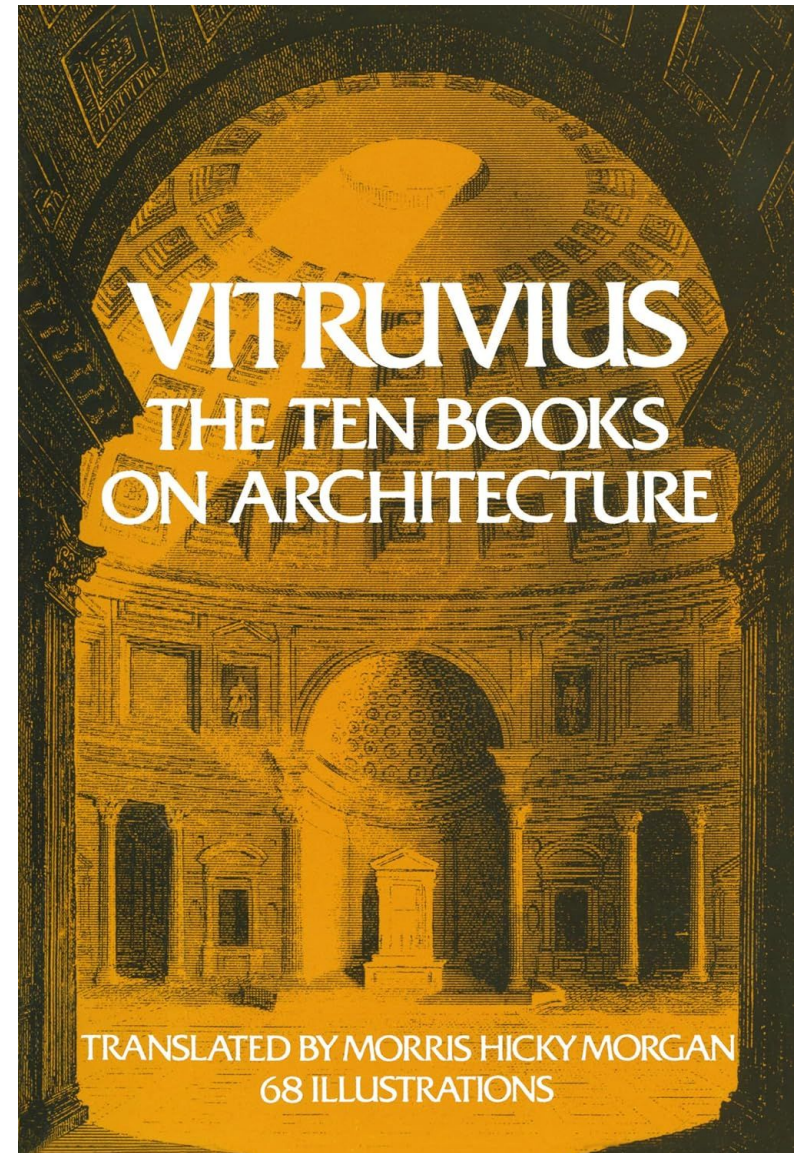
Book VI - Civil and Public Buildings

Book VII - Residential Architecture

Book VIII - Water Supply and Aqueducts

Book IX - Public Infrastructure

Book X - Planning and Design

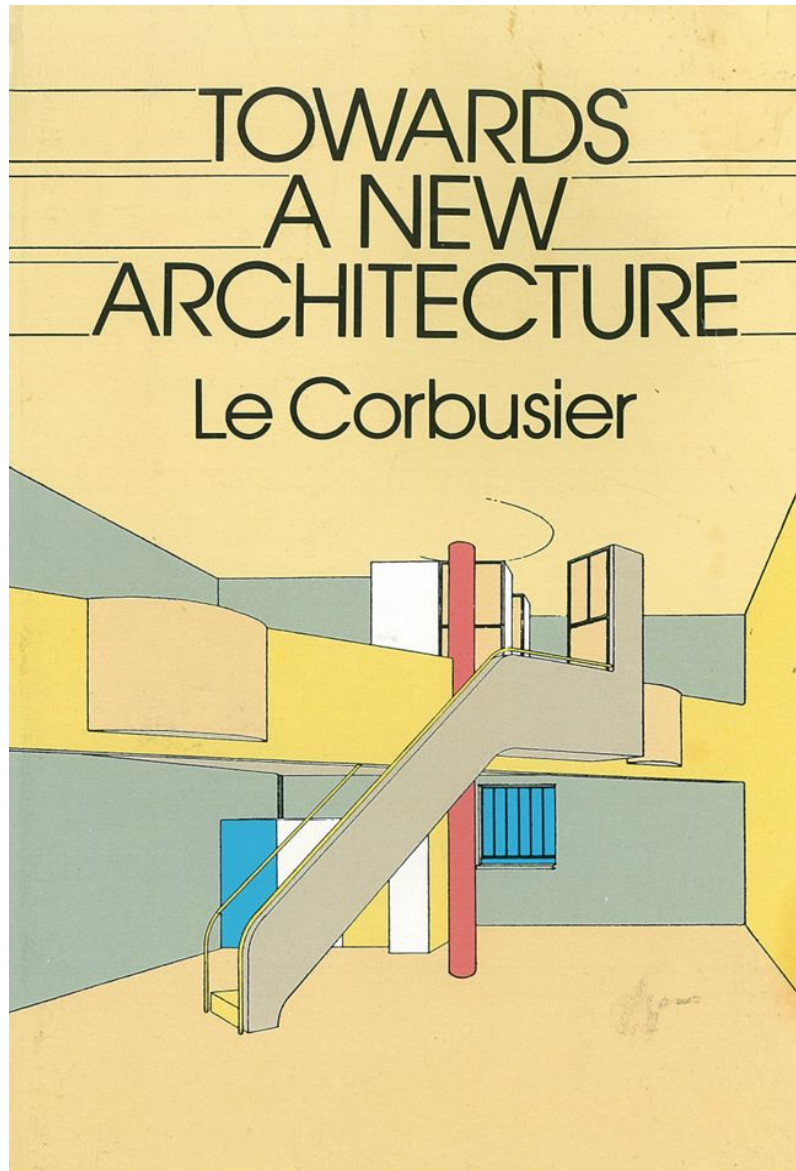


Vitruvius, De architectura: THE TEN BOOKS ON ARCHITECTURE

2. Bricks should be made in Spring or Autumn, so that they may dry uniformly. Those made in Summer are defective, because the fierce heat of the sun bakes their surface and makes the brick seem dry while inside it is not dry. And so the shrinking, which follows as they dry, causes cracks in the parts which were dried before, and these cracks make the bricks weak. Bricks will be most serviceable if made two years before using; for they cannot dry thoroughly in less time. When fresh undried bricks are used in a wall, the stucco covering stiffens and hardens into a permanent mass, but the bricks settle and cannot keep the same height as the stucco; the motion caused by their shrinking pre-

(Book II, Chapter III: Bricks)

Le Corbusier, Towards a New Architecture, 1923



ARGUMENT

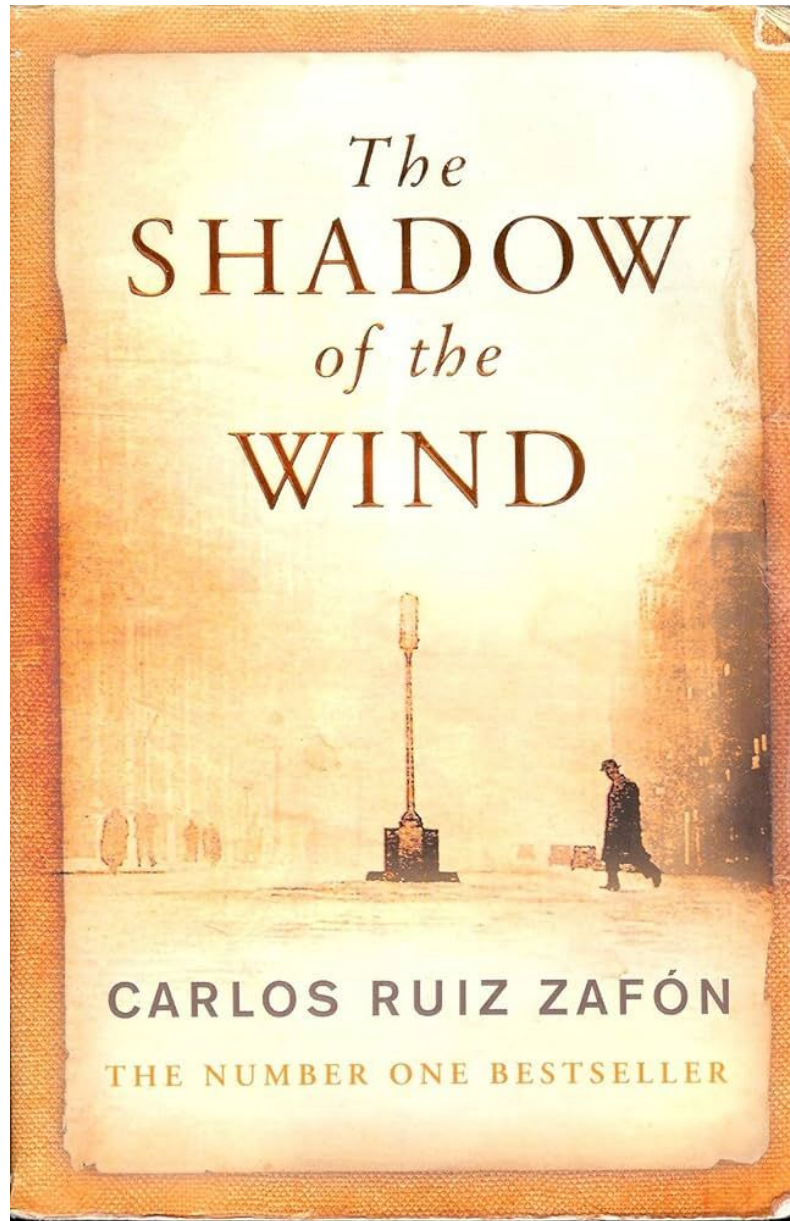
THE ENGINEER'S ÆSTHETIC AND ARCHITECTURE

THE Engineer's Æsthetic, and Architecture, are two things that march together and follow one from the other : the one being now at its full height, the other in an unhappy state of retrogression.

The Engineer, inspired by the law of Economy and governed by mathematical calculation, puts us in accord with universal law. He achieves harmony.

The Architect, by his arrangement of forms, realizes an order which is a pure creation of his spirit ; by forms and shapes he affects our senses to an acute degree and provokes plastic emotions ; by the relationships which he creates he wakes profound echoes in us, he gives us the measure of an order which we feel to be in accordance with that of our world, he determines the various movements of our heart and of our understanding ; it is then that we experience the sense of beauty.

Library Descriptions: The Shadow of the Wind / Ruiz Zafón



Library Descriptions: The Shadow of the Wind / Ruiz Zafón

Still remember the day my father took me to the cemetery of Forgotten Books for the first time.

It was the early summer of 1945, and we walked through the streets of a Barcelona trapped beneath ashen skies as dawn poured over Rambla de Santa Mónica in a wreath of, liquid copper. "Daniel, you mustn't tell anyone what you're about to see today," my father warned.

"Not even your friend Tomás. No one."

"Not even Mommy?"

My father sighed, hiding behind the sad smile that followed him like a shadow through life.

"Of course you can tell her," he answered, heavy hearted.

"We keep no secrets from her. You can tell her everything."

Shortly after the Civil War, an outbreak of cholera had taken my mother away. We buried her in Montjuïc on my fourth birthday. I can only recall that it rained all day and all night, and that when I asked my father whether heaven was crying, he couldn't bring himself to reply.

Six years later my mother's absence remained in the air around us, a deafening silence that had I not yet learned to stifle with words.

My father and I lived in a modest apartment on Calle Santa Ana, a stone's throw from the church square. The apartment was directly above the bookshop a legacy from my grandfather that specializes in rare collectors editions and secondhand books enchanted bazaar, which my father hoped would one day be mine.

Library Descriptions: The Shadow of the Wind / Ruiz Zafón

I was raised among books, making invisible friends in pages that seemed cast from dust and whose smell carry on my hands to this day. As a child I learned to fall asleep talking to my mother in the darkness of my bedroom, telling her about the day's events, my adventures at school, and the things I had been taught.

I couldn't hear her voice or feel her touch, but her radiance and her warmth haunted every corner of our home, and I believed, with the innocence of those who can still count their age on their ten fingers, that if I closed my eyes and spoke to her, she would be able to hear me wherever she was. Sometimes my father would listen to me from the dining room, crying in silence. On that June morning, I woke up screaming at first light. My heart was pounding in my chest as if it feared that my soul wanted to carve its way out and run off down the stairs. My father hurried into my room and held me in his arms, trying to calm me. "I can't remember her face. I can't remember Mommy's face," I muttered, breathless. My father held me tight. "Don't worry, Daniel. I'll remember for both of us." We looked at each other in the half-light, searching for words that didn't exist. For the first time, I realized my father was growing old. He stood up and drew the curtains to let in the pale glint of dawn. "Come, Daniel, get dressed. I want to show you something," he said. "Now? At five o'clock in the morning?" "Some things can only be seen in the shadows," my father said, flashing a mysterious smile probably borrowed from the pages of one of his worn Alexandre Duras romances. Night watchmen still lingered in the misty streets when we stepped out of the front door. The lamps along the Ramblas sketched an avenue of vapor that faded as the city began to awake. When we reached Calle Arco del Teatro, we continued through its arch toward the Raval quarter, entering a vault of blue haze.

Library Descriptions: The Shadow of the Wind / Ruiz Zafón

I followed my father through that narrow lane, more of a scar than a street, until the gleam of the Ramblas faded behind us. The brightness of dawn filtered down from balconies and cornices in streaks of slanting light that dissolves before touching the ground. At last my father stopped in front of a large door of carved wood, blackened by time and humidity. Before us loomed what to my eyes seemed the carcass of palace, a place of echoes and shadows.

"Daniel, you mustn't tell anyone what you're about to see today. Not even your friend Tomás. No one." A smallish man with vulturine features framed by thick gray hair opened the door. His impenetrable aquiline gaze rested on mine "Good morning, Isaac, This is my son, Daniel," my father announced "Soon he'll be eleven, and one day the shop will be his. It's time he knew this place." The man called Isaac nodded and invited us in. A blue-tinted gloom obscured the sinuous contours of a marble staircase and a gallery of frescoes peopled with angels and fabulous creatures. We followed our host through a Palatial corridor and arrived at a sprawling round hall, a virtual basilica of shadows spiraling up under a high glass dome, its dimness pierced by shafts of light that stabbed from above. A labyrinth of passageways and crammed bookshelves rose from base to pinnacle like a beehive woven with tunnels, steps, platforms, and bridges that presaged an immense library of seemingly impossible geometry. I looked at my father, stunned. He smiled at me and winked

"Welcome to the Cemetery of Forgotten Books, Daniel."

Library Descriptions: The Shadow of the Wind / Ruiz Zafón

I could make out about a dozen human figures scattered among the library's corridors and platforms,. Some of them turned to greet me from afar, and I recognized the faces of various colleagues of my father's, fellows of the secondhand-booksellers' guild. To my ten-year-old eyes, they looked like a brotherhood of alchemists in furtive study. My father knelt next to me and, with his eyes fixed on mine, addressed me in the hushed voice he reserved for promises and secrets.

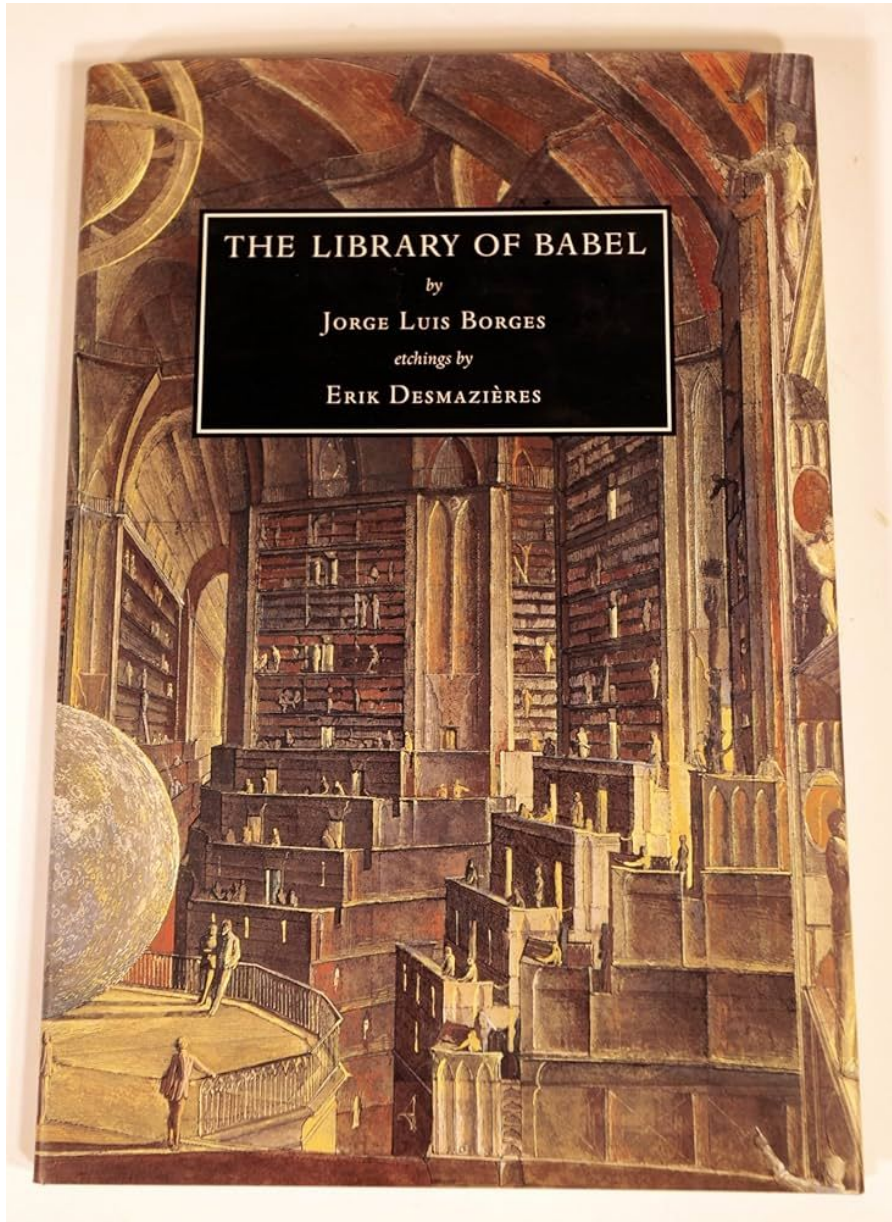
"This is a place of mystery, Daniel, a sanctuary. Every book, every volume you see here, has a soul. The soul of the person who wrote it and of those who read it and lived and dreamed with it., Every time a book changes hands, every time someone runs his eyes down its pages, its spirit grows and strengthens. This place was already ancient when my father brought me here for the first time, many years ago. Perhaps as old as the city itself. Nobody knows for certain how long it has existed, or who created it. I will tell you what my father told me, though. When a library disappears, or a bookshop closes down, when a book is consigned to oblivion, those of us who know this place, its guardians, make sure that it gets here. In this place, books no longer remembered by anyone, books that are lost in time, live forever, waiting for the day when they will reach a new reader's hands. In the shop we buy and sell them, but in truth books have no owner. Every book you see here has been somebody's best friend. Now they have only us, Daniel. Do you think you'll be able to keep such a secret?"

My gaze was lost in the immensity of the place and its sorcery of light. I nodded, and my father smiled "And do you know the best thing about it?" he asked
I shook my head.

Library Descriptions: The Shadow of the Wind / Ruiz Zafón

"According to tradition, the first time someone visits this place, he must choose a book, whichever he wants, and adopt it, making sure that it will never disappear, that it will always stay alive. It's a very important promise. For life." explained my father. "Today it's your turn." For almost half an hour, I wandered within the winding labyrinth, breathing in the smell of old paper and dust I let my hand brush across the avenues of exposed spines, musing over what my choice would be. Among the titles faded by age, I distinguished words in familiar languages and others I couldn't identify. I roamed through galleries filled with hundreds, thousands of volumes. After a while it occurred to me that between the covers of each of those books lay a boundless universe waiting to be discovered while beyond those walls, in the outside world, people allowed life to pass by in afternoons of football and radio soaps, content to do little more than gaze at their navels. It might have been that notion, or just chance, or its more flamboyant relative, destiny, but at that precise moment I knew I had already chosen the book was going to adopt, or that was going to adopt me. I stood out timidly on one corner of a shelf, bound in wine-colored leather. The gold letters of its title gleamed in the light bleeding from dome above. I drew near and caressed them with the tips of my fingers reading to myself: The Shadow of the wind.

Library Descriptions: The Library of Babel / Jorge Luis Borges

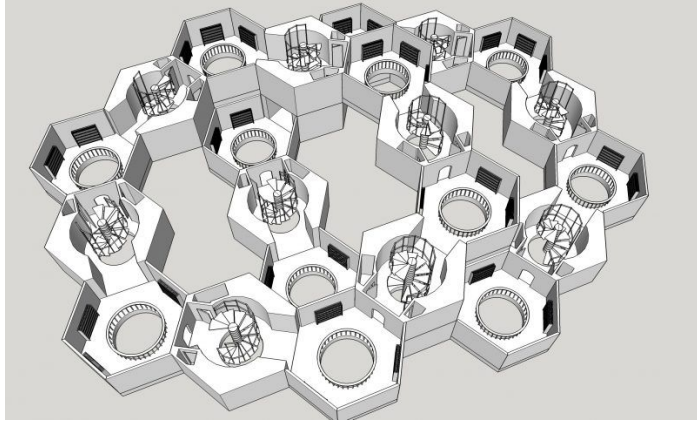


Library Descriptions: The Library of Babel / Jorge Luis Borges

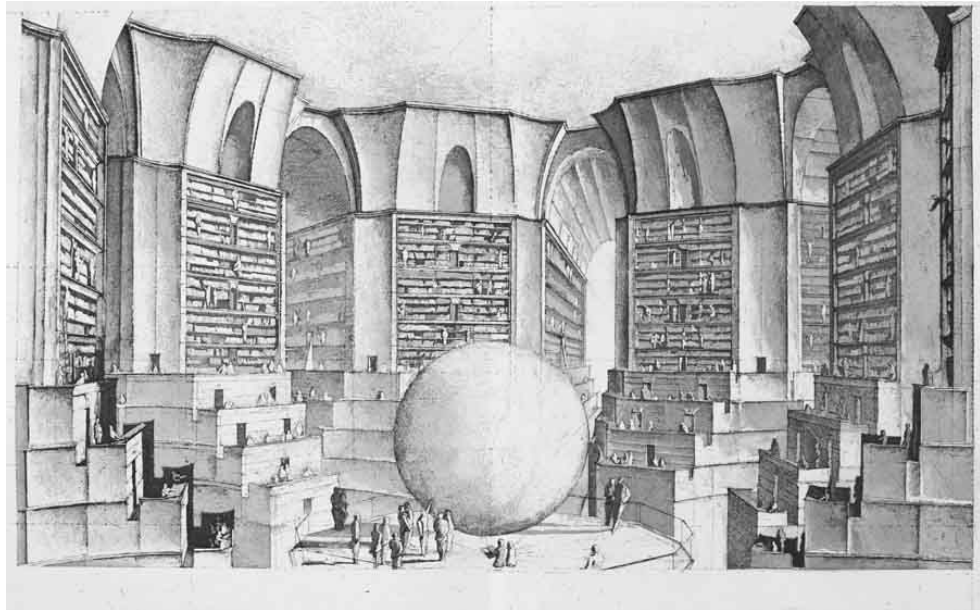
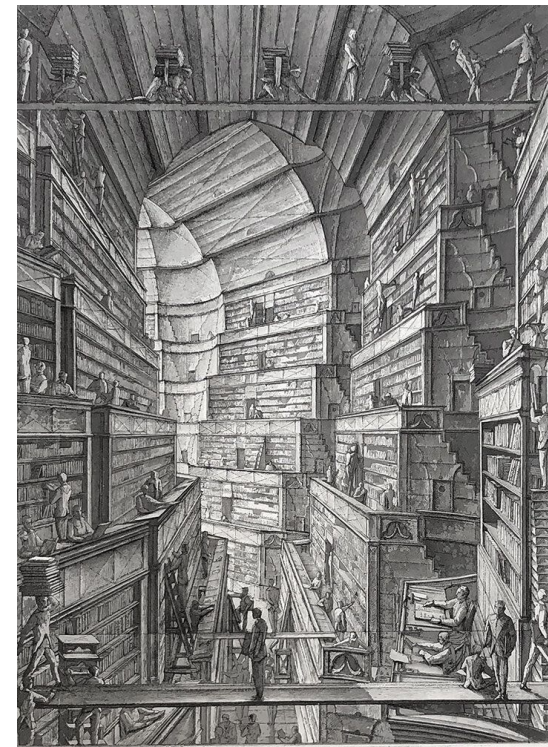
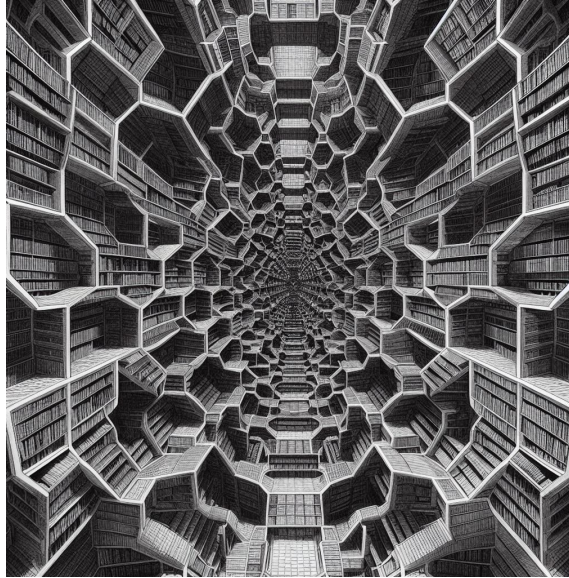
The Library of Babel , *By this art you may contemplate the variation of the 23 letters* Anatomy of Melancholy, Pt. 2, Sec. II, Mem. IV

The universe (which others call the Library) is composed of an indefinite, perhaps infinite number of hexagonal galleries. In the center of each gallery is a ventilation shaft, bounded by a low railing. From any hexagon one can see the floors above and below-one after another, endlessly. The arrangement of the galleries is always the same: Twenty bookshelves, five to each side, line four of the hexagon's six sides; the height of the bookshelves, floor to ceiling, is hardly greater than the height of a normal librarian. One of the hexagon's free sides opens onto a narrow sort of vestibule, which in turn opens onto another gallery, identical to the first-identical in fact to all. To the left and right of the vestibule are two tiny compartments. One is for sleeping, upright; the other, for satisfying one's physical necessities. Through this space, too, there passes a spiral staircase, which winds upward and downward into the remotest distance. In the vestibule there is a mirror, which faithfully duplicates appearances. Men often infer from this mirror that the Library is not infinite-if it were, what need would there be for that illusory replication? I prefer to dream that burnished surfaces are a figuration and promise of the infinite Light is provided by certain spherical fruits that bear the name "bulbs." There are two of these bulbs in each hexagon, set crosswise. The light they give is insufficient, and unceasing. Like all the men of the Library, in my younger days I traveled; I have journeyed in quest of a book, perhaps the catalog of catalogs. Now that my eyes can hardly make out what I myself have written, I am preparing to die, a few leagues from the hexagon where I was born. When I am dead, compassionate hands will throw me over the railing; my tomb will be the unfathomable air, my body will sink for ages, and will decay and dissolve in the wind engendered by my fall, which shall be infinite. I declare that the Li

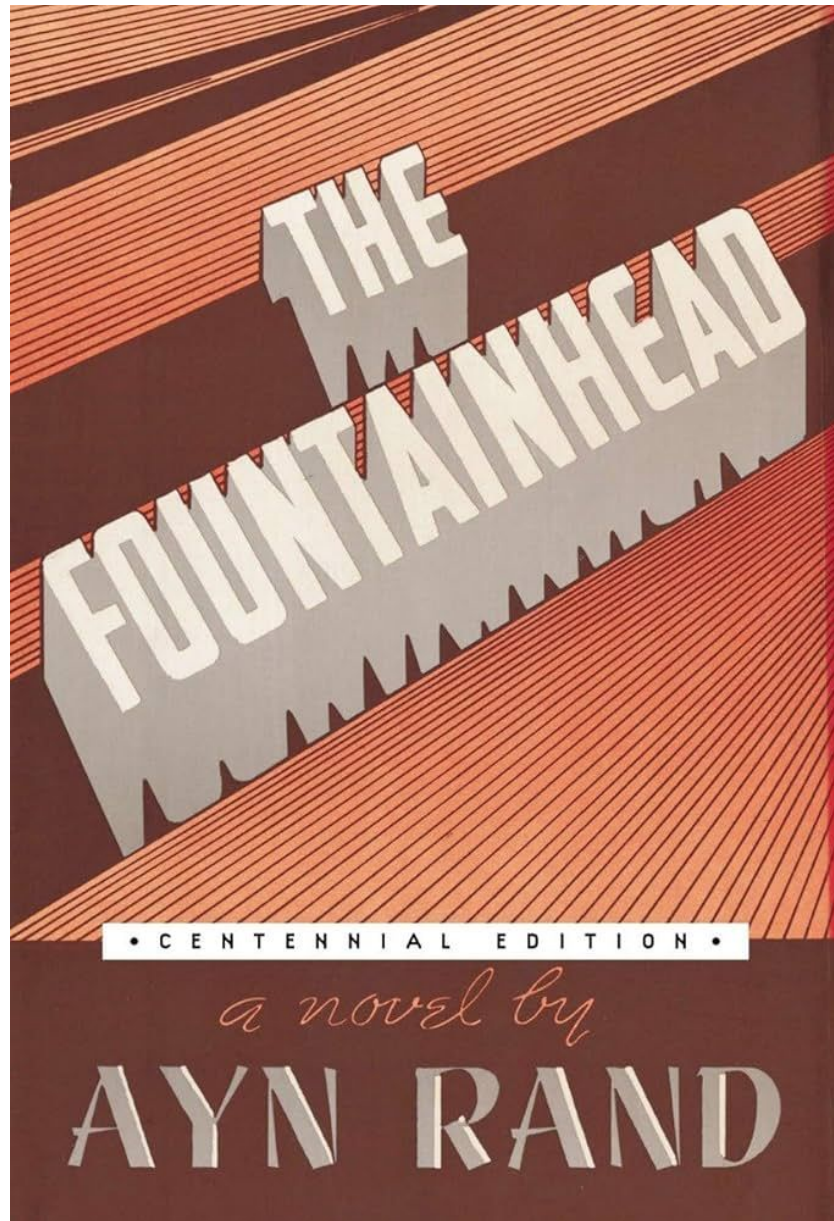
Library Descriptions: The Library of Babel



<https://libraryofbabel.info/>



Library Descriptions: The Fountainhead / Ayn Rand



Library Descriptions: The Fountainhead / Ayn Rand

HOWARD ROARK laughed.

He stood naked at the edge of a cliff. The lake lay far below him. A frozen explosion of granite burst in flight to the sky over motionless water. The water seemed immovable, the stone--flowing. The stone had the stillness of one brief moment in battle when thrust meets thrust and the currents are held in a pause more dynamic than motion. The stone glowed, wet with sunrays.

The lake below was only a thin steel ring that cut the rocks in half. The rocks went on into the depth, unchanged. They began and ended in the sky. So that the world seemed suspended in space, an island floating on nothing, anchored to the feet of the man on the cliff.

His body leaned back against the sky. It was a body of long straight lines and angles, each curve broken into planes. He stood, rigid, his hands hanging at his sides, palms out. He felt his shoulder blades drawn tight together, the curve of his neck, and the weight of the blood in his hands. He felt the wind behind him, in the hollow of his spine. The wind waved his hair against the sky. His hair was neither blond nor red, but the exact color of ripe orange rind. He laughed at the thing which had happened to him that morning and at the things which now lay ahead.

Library Descriptions: The Fountainhead / Ayn Rand

He knew that the days ahead would be difficult. There were questions to be faced and a plan of action to be prepared. He knew that he should think about it. He knew also that he would not think, because everything was clear to him already, because the plan had been set long ago, and because he wanted to laugh.

He tried to consider it. But he forgot. He was looking at the granite.

He did not laugh as his eyes stopped in awareness of the earth around him. His face was like a law of nature--a thing one could not question, alter or implore. It had high cheekbones over gaunt, hollow cheeks; gray eyes, cold and steady; a contemptuous mouth, shut tight, the mouth of an executioner or a saint.

He looked at the granite. To be cut, he thought, and made into walls. He looked at a tree. To be split and made into rafters. He looked at a streak of rust on the stone and thought of iron ore under the ground. To be melted and to emerge as girders against the sky.

These rocks, he thought, are here for me; waiting for the drill, the dynamite and my voice; waiting to be split, ripped, pounded, reborn; waiting for the shape my hands will give them. Then he shook his head, because he remembered that morning and that there were many things to be done. He stepped to the edge, raised his arms, and dived down into the sky below

He cut straight across the lake to the shore ahead. He reached the rocks where he had left his clothes. He looked regretfully about him. For three years, ever since he had lived in Stanton, he had come here for his only relaxation, to swim, to rest, to think, to be alone and alive, whenever he could find one hour to spare, which had not been often. In his new freedom the first thing he had wanted to do was to come here, because he knew that he was coming for the last time. That morning he had been expelled from the Architectural School of the Stanton Institute of Technology. He pulled his clothes on: old denim trousers, sandals, a shirt with short sleeves and most of its buttons missing. He swung down a narrow trail among the boulders, to a path running through a green slope, to the road below.

Library Descriptions: The Fountainhead / Ayn Rand

He walked swiftly, with a loose, lazy expertness of motion. He walked down the long road, in the sun. Far ahead Stanton lay sprawled on the coast of Massachusetts, a little town as a setting for the gem of its existence--the great institute rising on a hill beyond.

The township of Stanton began with a dump. A gray mound of refuse rose in the grass. It smoked faintly. Tin cans glittered in the sun. The road led past the first houses to a church. The church was a Gothic monument of shingles painted pigeon blue. It had stout wooden buttresses supporting nothing. It had stained-glass windows with heavy traceries of imitation stone. It opened the way into long streets edged by tight, exhibitionist lawns. Behind the lawns stood wooden piles tortured out of all shape: twisted into gables, turrets, dormers; bulging with porches; crushed under huge, sloping roofs. White curtains floated at the windows. A garbage can stood at a side door, flowing over. An old Pekinese sat upon a cushion on a door step, its mouth drooling. A line of diapers fluttered in the wind between the columns of a porch.

People turned to look at Howard Roark as he passed. Some remained staring after him with sudden resentment. They could give no reason for it: it was an instinct his presence awakened in most people. Howard Roark saw no one. For him, the streets were empty. He could have walked there naked without concern. He crossed the heart of Stanton, a broad green edged by shop windows. The windows displayed new placards announcing:

WELCOME TO THE CLASS OF '22! GOOD LUCK, CLASS OF '22! The Class of '22 of the Stanton Institute of Technology was holding its commencement exercises that afternoon.

Roark swung into a side street, where at the end of a long row, on a knoll over a green ravine, stood the house of Mrs. Keating. He had boarded at that house for three years.

Mrs. Keating was out on the porch. She was feeding a couple of canaries in a cage suspended over the railing. Her pudgy little hand stopped in mid-air when she saw him. She watched him with curiosity. She tried to pull her mouth into a proper expression of sympathy; she succeeded only in betraying that the process was an effort.

He was crossing the porch without noticing her. She stopped him.

Library Descriptions: The Fountainhead / Ayn Rand

"A building has integrity just like a man. And just as seldom."

"I don't build in order to have clients. I have clients in order to build."

"The only way to deal with this world is to create, not to compete.

Don't compete. Don't seek followers. Be the living force in your own life."

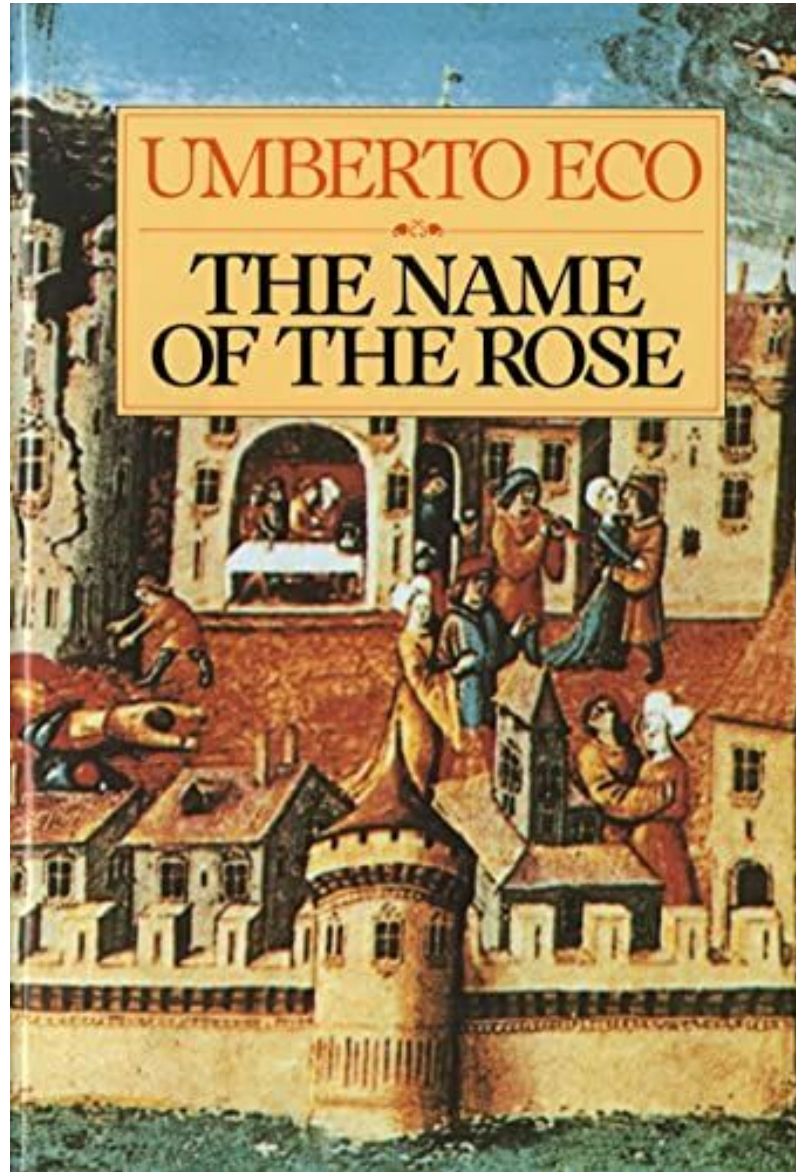
"Every form has its own meaning. Every man creates his meaning and form and goal. Why is it so important—what others have done?"

"I stand at the end of no tradition. I may, perhaps, stand at the beginning of one."

Library Descriptions: A Tale of Love and Darkness / Amos Oz



Library Descriptions: The Name of the Rose / Umberto Eco



Library Descriptions: The Name of the Rose / Umberto Eco

“The library was a great labyrinth, a symbol of the labyrinth of the world. You enter and you do not know whether you will come out. It is a place of mystery, of secrets and uncharted territories of the mind. A forbidden place, designed so that it can protect its treasures and defend itself from unworthy eyes. Every book in it was a world unto itself, with secrets that should be divulged only with utmost reverence, because knowledge is not to be treated lightly. The abbot was the only one who held the key to the library, and he allowed no one, except the librarian and his assistant, to enter. This was a place of learning and reverence, but also of danger; to walk through its corridors was to be surrounded by centuries of knowledge, whispered words of those who had long since passed.”

“The library was then a penumbral place, a hushed and solemn world where each step and each breath seemed to reverberate off ancient walls and ancient books, as if all were connected in a single grand design of knowledge. The shelves rose high, touching the vaults, each one crowded with thousands of books that few would ever see, even fewer read. Each volume was a mystery, guarded zealously, a repository of wisdom, heresy, beauty, and danger. To walk through the library was to feel oneself dwarfed by the enormity of the ages, the amassed thoughts of humankind, fragile yet immortal.”

"It was a place of shadows, a space suspended in time. The library held books bound in fading leather, their spines cracked with age, yet their words enduring. Each shelf was like a road through memory, each book a universe containing truths, lies, or mysteries, and perhaps even damnation. Silence reigned as if the books themselves demanded it, and one felt that the library was not just a place but a living entity, watching, waiting, guarding its secrets jealously."

Library Descriptions: A Tale of Love and Darkness / Amos Oz

All four high, wide walls of the library were covered with crowded but well-ordered books, rank upon rank of precious blue-, green-, and black-bound volumes embossed in gold or silver. In places they were so cramped that two rows of books were forced to stand one behind the other on a single shelf. There were sections with florid Gothic lettering that made me think of spires and turrets, and zones of Jewish holy books, Talmuds and prayer books and law codes and Midrashic compilations, a shelf of Hebrew works from Spain and another with books from Italy, and a section with the writings of the Hebrew Enlightenment, from Berlin and elsewhere, and an endless expanse of Jewish thought and Jewish history and early Near Eastern history, Greek and Roman history, Church history both ancient and modern, and the various pagan cultures, Islamic thought, eastern religions, medieval history, and there were wide Slavic regions that left me mystified, Greek territories, and gray-brown areas of ring binders and cardboard folders stuffed with offprints and manuscripts. Even the floor was covered with dozens of piled up books, some of them laid open facedown, some full of little markers, while others huddled like frightened sheep on the high-backed chairs that were intended for visitors, or even on the windowsills; while a black ladder that could be moved all around the library on a metal track gave access to the upper shelves that clung on under the high ceiling. Occasionally, I was permitted to move it from bookcase to bookcase very carefully on its rubber wheels. There were no pictures, plants, or ornaments.

Library Descriptions: A Tale of Love and Darkness / Amos Oz

Only books, more books, and silence filled the room, and a wonderful rich smell of leather bindings, yellowing paper, mold, a strange hint of seaweed and old glue, of wisdom, secrets, and dust. In the center of his library, like a large dark destroyer that had dropped anchor in the waters of a mountain-girt bay, stood Professor Klausner's desk, entirely covered with piles and piles of reference works, notebooks, an assortment of different pens, blue, black, green, and red, pencils, erasers, inkwells, containers full of paper clips, rubber bands, and staples, manila envelopes, white envelopes, and envelopes with attractive colorful stamps on them, sheets of paper, leaflets, notes, and index cards, foreign volumes piled open on top of open Hebrew volumes, interleaved here and there with sheets torn from a spiral-bound pad, inscribed with the cobwebs of my uncle's spidery handwriting, full of crossings out and corrections, like corpses of bloated flies, full of little slips of paper, and Uncle Joseph's gold-rimmed spectacles lay on top of the pile as though hovering over the void, while a second, black-framed, pair lay on top of another pile of books, on a little trolley beside his chair, and a third pair peered out from among the pages of an open booklet on a small chest that stood beside the dark sofa. On this sofa, curled up in the fetal position, covered to his shoulders in a green and red tartan rug, like a Scottish soldier's kilt, his face bare and childlike without his glasses, lay Uncle Joseph himself, thin and small, his elongated brown eyes looking both happy and a little lost. He gave us a feeble wave of his translucent white hand, smiled a pink smile between his white mustache and his goatee, and said something like this:

Final Task

1. Choose Building in Munich, you are allow to enter and take videos/ pictures
2. Choose a concept of representational perspective
3. Outline a narrative, story
4. Connect between history and present day
5. Produce **5 min** movie

End of Lesson

Critically analyze architectural texts

Looking between the lines (architecture and text)

How to improve the design