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*Architecture: formation or construction resulting from or as if from a conscious act*

*Mistake: a wrong action or statement proceeding from faulty judgment, inadequate knowledge, or inattention*

**“Architecture was a mistake” is the forgotten half of a dialectic.**

*Dialectic: any systematic reasoning, exposition, or argument that juxtaposes opposed or contradictory ideas and usually seeks to resolve their conflict : a method of examining and discussing opposing ideas in order to find the truth*

**“Architecture is necessary” is the other half.**

**How can the very existence of something we need to survive be a mistake?**

**This is not rhetorical. The answer boils down to this: architecture as it exists is misogynistic, racist, transphobic, classist, and ableist.**

**Architecture is complicit with dominant power structures. It is necessary to the survival of all, but only works for the survival of some.**

**This zine - created by people both in and out of the field of architecture, people who may or may not have a passion for architecture, people who have all suffered at the hands of architecture - changes that.**

**my body is an ancient temple  
(built before engineers figured out expansion joints)  
gray golding**

structures  
used to  
crack

under the stress induced  
by thermal distortion  
and earthquakes

different speeds of  
violence but the same  
effect

fuck expansion  
joints let the  
stones crack

fuck expansion  
joints the earth  
shakes anyway

fuck expansion joints  
let the stones crack  
fuck

expansion joints let the stones crack



**Monday Self Portrait or F\*ck You, Robert Moses**  
**Luke Stringer**

Today I am trying to convince myself past a thicket.  
A thick *it*. An accrual of losings. I am failing.

They sitck like wet gobs of pitch.  
Crayola color: Oil-slick. Non-non-toxic.

Think flammable. The thinnest membrane  
will suffocate a seabird. Find you a perfect match

and watch the ocean burn. What I mean is  
today loss feels more like bad addition than subtraction

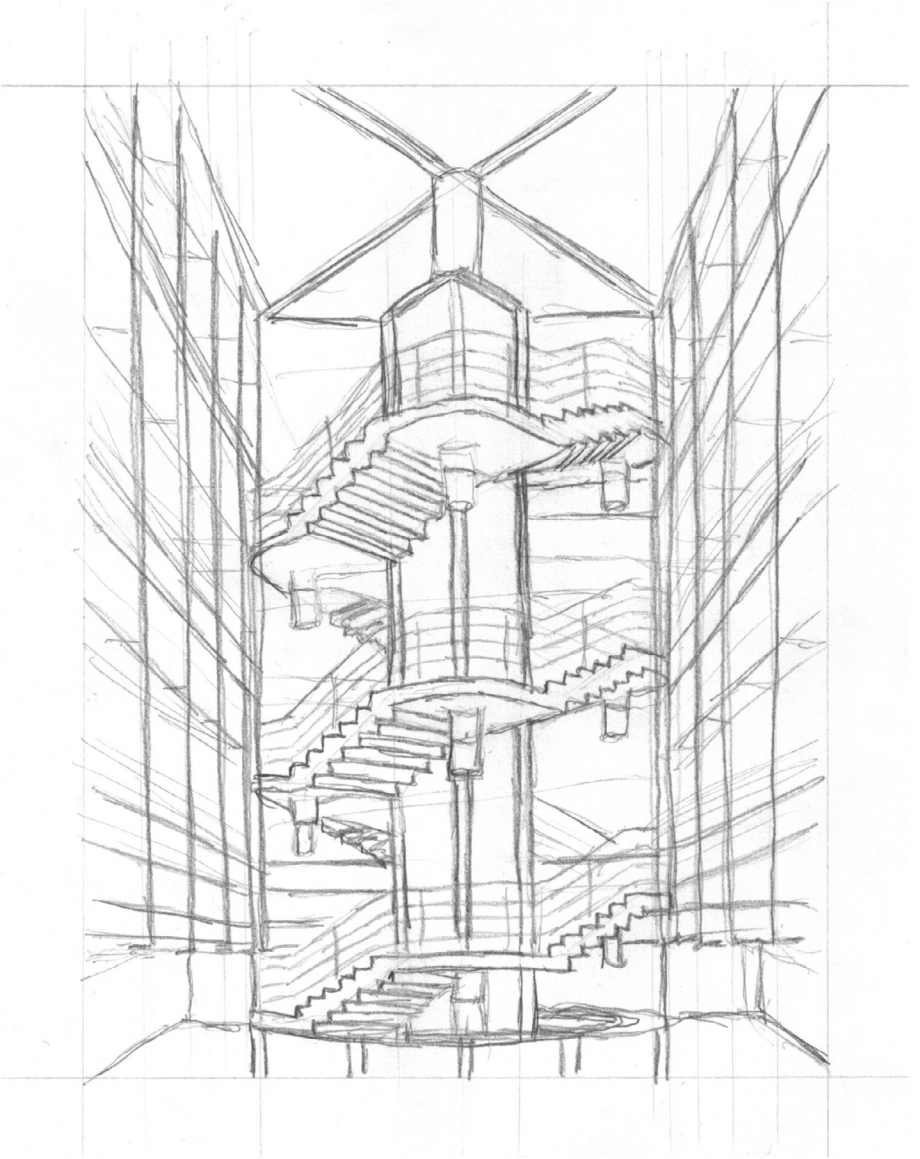
Pigeon patine. Gasoline vape. Suburban sprawl choking over  
the garden someone planted where your grandma died.

McMansion hell on earth. Think of sub-divisions  
making everything worse. Culs-de-sac of suck.

One too many lines and the whole expression is off.  
Bad caricature. Three-line couplet. Overdose.

What Im saying is that life is greedy for us to cede  
more of our days to shit and I'm losing it.

I'm losing it, gaining it. Watch me. Watch me  
wade in. Watch me on tiptoes. Nosedive.



E A R S P L I T T E R

S M O K E S P I T T E R

O I L S P I L L E R



W H A L E K I L L E R

S T U F F B R I N G E R

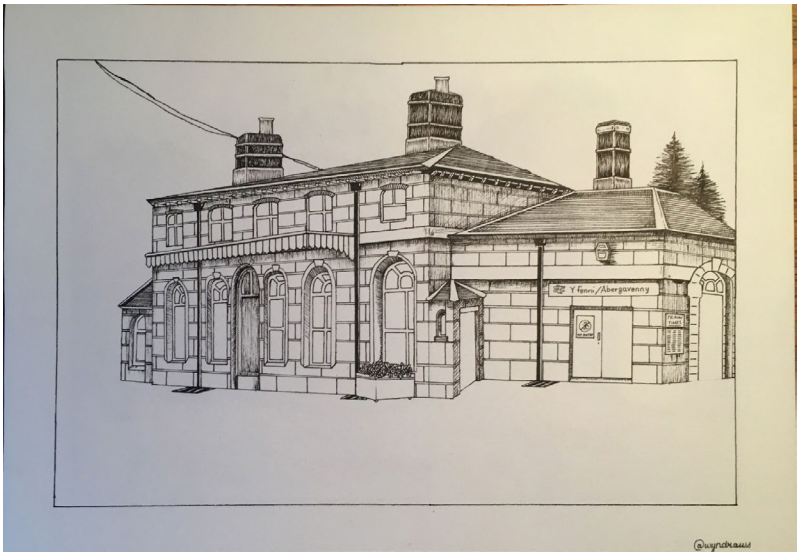
G E T T I N G B I G G E R

R E C O N S I D E R ?

@alejandro\_delacosta



wyn turner





**PUBLIC TRANSPORTATION RESEARCH STUDY: trains for all wales**  
**sterling gingerich**

frank lloyd wrights body was buried  
near his home in wisconsin  
which had burned down twice  
before his former students  
unburied him in the dead of night  
to burn him down again

when they were done  
they mailed him in  
ashes to arizona  
by special request

from the deathbed of his  
third & final wife one  
in a series of many  
uncredited women

i dont say this to suggest  
we should have no sympathy  
for what really amounts to nothing  
more than a rapidly gentrifying  
pile of bleached bone

a few well-pickled organs  
& a legacy of intellectual theft

his corpus is beside the point  
as for architectural drawings  
i much prefer those of my friend  
wyn who lives in wales  
unlike frank who

never named marion mahony  
arguably the more responsible architect  
finishing no fewer than a handful  
of frank-abandoned buildings  
& no less than half of

his most famous sketches  
wyns drawings are all  
their own at least

half of them in their hand  
& the rest of them too  
like most young urban queers i know  
wyn is particularly into public transportation  
and other utopian ideals

wyn is still producing new work  
they recently sent me a sketch  
of a train station  
a particularly fine  
line drawing  
of their favorite building  
in their home town of abergavenny

i think in this case it might be unfair  
to compare the sketch to the construction  
like frank & most of my friends  
wyn never went to architecture school  
the warmly shaded over-sized bricks in the drawing  
which are referential in gesture  
believe the fact  
every wyn is an original  
frank lloyd wright scholars agree

he had five major influences  
one person and four material possessions  
falling-water became recognized  
architectural doctrine years  
after frank died named best  
building of the century

in several unscientific polls  
conducted by the american institute of architects  
on a single stapled packet  
multiple choice with black & white pictures  
the photographer remained unnamed  
like marion mahony

who was franks first employee &  
the first woman licensed  
to practice architecture in illinois  
(third according to franks wiki page

where only her drawings are mentioned)  
marion was actually responsible  
for much of his early interior design  
furniture & stained glass  
influenced by japanese art

unlike frank  
marion went to architecture school  
after the fire that gave frank his job  
displaced her family  
from chicago & its many train stations

next to falling-water  
wyns station is a home  
the awning is much more inviting  
in graphite & three chimneys  
give praise to well-kept fireplaces

wyn lobbed two tall pines  
behind the place a forest  
to explore spare time  
how green graphite can be  
& a wooden front door

textured to the touch  
art & scaffolding  
are sometimes antonyms  
alongside traffic cones

chain link fences & parking lots  
wyn posts their art on instagram  
where no one needs a car to see it

while there are no online photos  
of frank lloyd wright living rooms  
wyn makes buildings  
art for everyone even in the cold

they sit & sketch & share  
every building they draw  
vacant no polished floor no  
leather armchairs no  
beige lampshades or  
other bulky accoutrements  
only room after room after room room  
enough for everyone & their imagination  
to take up residence

they work on private buildings too  
taking down whole garden  
fences with just pencils

a wall on paper even in ink  
has no solid translation  
everywhere wyn delineates  
they inaugurate into common space  
few frank-designed buildings are public  
one of his biggest adaptations  
was to demolish walls within homes  
build one many-cornered fence  
around established space

innovation via separation  
if frank was trying to do something new  
he was centuries late millions of  
others even before jesus & peter  
had already denied their collaborators

wyn does the opposite of architects  
sees a building and draws a ton of bricks  
& a ton of feathers a study  
in comparative economics & charcoal

i say let wyn build the next train station  
& the next & the next & the one after  
that one they know how to make  
train stations for everyone



wyn turner

**Lilly Reich Labors On**  
**A.R. Canzano**

**chair**

in a hundred years or so  
somewhere in America  
a man will buy a new chair  
for his glass and steel house  
not that he needed a new chair

a lifelong dream of his  
to own one  
authentic, with seventeen leather straps  
and a chrome plated and gleaming  
frame  
his wife will not sit in it  
it will hurt her back  
especially when used with the ottoman

they will turn it upside down  
when they go on holiday  
so the cat's nails don't get to it  
they will know the name of the architect  
but not know hers, that of the talented designer

**pavilion**

I pointedly disdain all  
suggestion of flounce

physically plain  
I keep myself carefully  
groomed. his daughters find  
me cold and hard

the pavilion was promptly  
disassembled  
steel framing sold on spot

## **villa**

hide and seek  
(his) motorized glass curtain wall  
(her) fabric partitions

conjure up the nude  
especially female  
modern body  
strip-tease of  
privacy  
performance of  
domesticity  
the dangerous line  
between purity  
and decoration  
you stage a scene  
about to be enacted

## **café**

velvet and silk  
the growth of the textile industry  
largely owing to the invention  
of artificial fabrics  
graceful curves of slender metal rods  
lengths of tall draperies suspended  
(his) concept  
of an endlessly flowing space  
(her) vivid, opulent sense of color  
one must have courage  
for color

**school**

one of the few women  
to obtain a position  
as teacher  
in a school of art

I am austere  
and in certain cases  
a detached observer  
some speak of my

self-denial and discipline

I participate energetically  
in discussions

**World Fair**

I participate in an exhibition  
representing my nation  
in the International Pavilion  
next to a nation  
we bombed a month ago

this is not  
the only instance  
of looking away

**America**

I visit him in America but do not stay  
he entertained me on my visit  
to Chicago  
in 1939

returning would be very,  
very difficult for me

it was not at all easy for me

he had been a handsome  
stocky young man



## **Fatherland**

I attend his affairs in Berlin  
keep his papers intact  
care faithfully  
for all administrative affairs  
pertaining to his practice

we believe  
in something more  
noble  
than politics

and I say  
nothing

I myself have only  
a few smaller jobs  
far beneath my abilities  
new plans for Berlin involve relocating  
thousands of citizens  
soon there will be the opportunity of  
many open apartments

and I say  
nothing

but, what a difficult  
time  
we are born in

### **Note**

All poems except the first are cento poems with language drawn from what little has been written on Lilly Reich, including Esther Da Costa Meyer's "Cruel Metonymies: Lilly Reich's Designs for the 1937 World's Fair" and the great deal that has been written on Mies Van Der Rohe. The title is taken from the latter.



Architecture alone has hitherto been abandoned to the caprice of Architects...

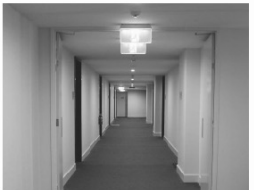
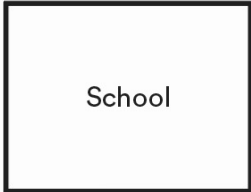
They have determined its rules at hazard upon the bare inspection of ancient buildings.

Laugier

# An Institutional Architecture Matching Game

Jordan Boudreau

Match each building type with its matching facade and interior while reflecting on how this kind of indistinguishable and dehumanizing institutional architecture has affected you and your communities.



**Corrigendum**  
**Elaine Wik**

the architecture of our political system was  
is a mistake  
never once was there a center to be held yet  
here we sit pondering  
and collecting  
pieces left over the years—  
we  
how did we come to this  
i have come to realize the truth of this  
system of systems  
the milieu of governance  
bullshit it's all bullshit no amount of theorizing  
could have prevented this  
no higher values  
would have countered this  
we are picking up the pieces  
left over the years

**Buildings**  
**Jake Spertus**

*buildings have been around for like a really long time.*

i know because i heard that once in anthropology class. people want to be not outside i guess? that makes sense if you think about the fact that it gets really cold sometimes... but then again no! where do people get off? aint that just the human condition: the grass is always greener on the other side of the wall they say. well guess what there is no grass on the other side of the wall. they didnt think of that when they started building all those ziggurats or whatever. it was just up up up more more more. lets all get together to make a ziggurat. like no for real lets just start stacking shit. maybe were all hunched over with the weight of it all but surely the ziggurat will be worth it. and seriously whats the worst that could happen? oh oooops were all deaaaad. well sorry but maybe you should have thought of that before you started to make those fucking ziggurats that nobody likes anyway! yeah thats right we all think your ziggurats are bullshit, just nobody wanted to tell you because we know how much you loooove your ziggurats. i mean a for effort i guess but  
honestly sweetie: do less

*but yeah so anyway buildings have been around pretty much forever.*

**i wonder if she thought of her new song when i told her i was 23  
after "no place" by e. furman  
gray golding**

*I found out on a Monday  
The city I love doesn't love me  
In fact fuck that  
It would rather see me dead*

the city is a creature, or at least it's alive, you can tell because it has the capacity for emotion, the capacity to not requite love, it can feel or embody or manifest malice, it can wish those candy apple red lips would turn blue (not from my lipstick).

*From the wrong road, miles from no place  
From the road I call and call  
This whole world is no place  
This world is no place at all*

*No place for a creature like me  
So if you're like me indeed  
Meet me somewhere way out  
On the outer outskirts of town  
At the BP diesel station  
In my sick imagination*

see how she switches the city and her sick imagination, the place becomes alive and her living consciousness becomes a place or really a space because nowhere is a place didn't you hear her? a space is built but a place is felt. but her consciousness isn't of this world, it's miles and eons and just so far away from the whole world.

*I need a pile of rubble  
To call my domicile  
Far from the violent rabble  
And could I trouble you to come along  
And listen to me babble  
How long will we babble on in exile  
Babble on in exile*

babylon in exile, a whole state where everyone's consciousnesses are different places they inhabit, exiled from where? the rest of the world I guess. every place is exiled from the rest of the world because they can never join, never be superimposed on, never inhabit another place without erasing one in favor of the other, a palimpsest is violent. a space and a place and a mind have in common that they can only ever inhabit themselves.

*I walk that final long mile  
Back to the city where they broke my  
Heart wide open bleeding on the marble tile*

my heart is another place, it too is broken bleeding in and on the architecture where it tried to live.



ARCHITECTURE AS OBJECT



PHOTOGRAPHY

NON-PLACES



G Laster



## **Perfection is a Liability**

**Claire James Carroll**

It's easy to talk about haunted houses and the ways they feel unnatural. Doors swing close on poorly hung frames, dim light filters in around too many corners. The damp finds places to congregate. And when they're beautiful? That's a crying shame.

I come from a truncated line of homemakers. My grandparents built their retirement home on the weekends, wiring it from electric manuals. My parents spent twenty years (and counting) creating our home on a mountainside. My father fired the foreman and took up the mantle in order to ensure flat floors. There are too many carpets now, so even if you tried to test them with a marble it would get stuck in the weft. Both couples come from cities, so their dreams meant isolated greenery. You can look out and not see another person, not be bothered to conceive of the idea of another person, and instead fret over the deer and the strawberries.

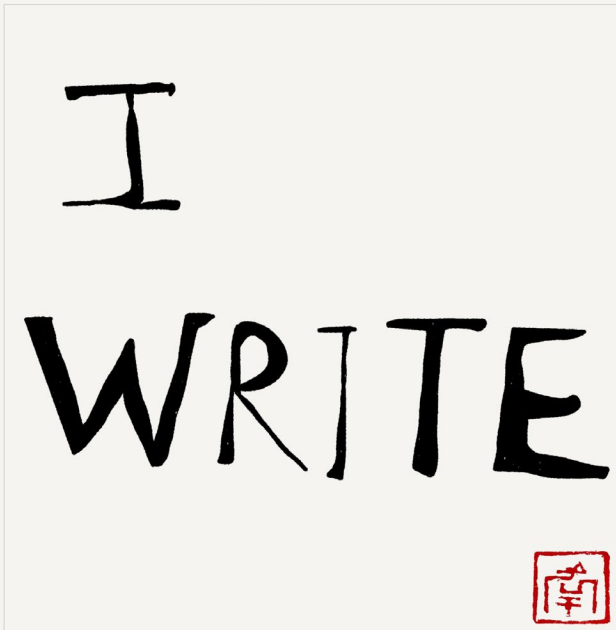
Their visions for their homes were precise. If the slot near the mantle is eighteen and a half inches wide, then it will be a perfect home for the nativity set. But this precision cannot save us. Families move, floors warp. It's too much, expecting the world to stay pre-built for us, and it's much harder to explain how a house is haunted by the spectre of better times.





This is a writing.

*see it?*



This is a painting.

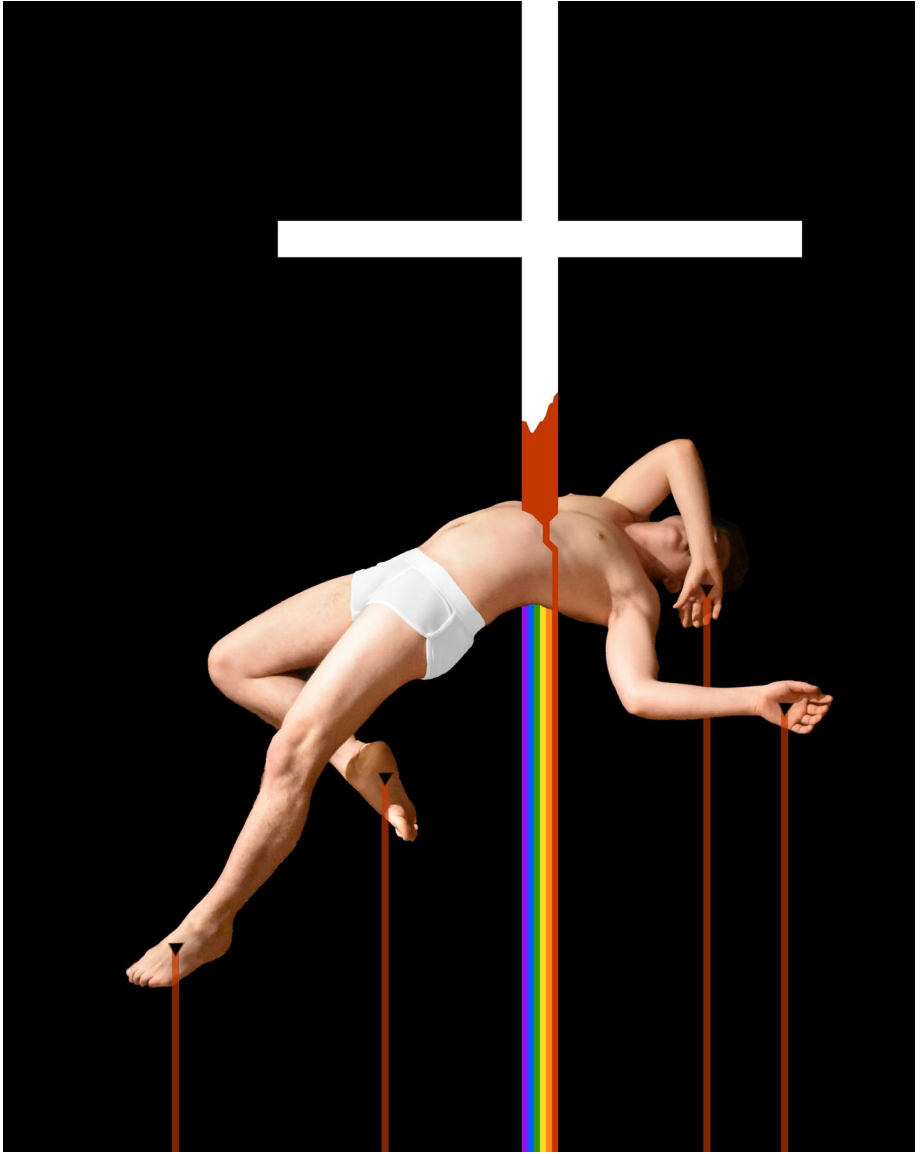
*Sing it.*

**Kyrie Eleison**  
**Luke Stringer**

kyrie eleison + how we swept what was left of ourselves into trash bins  
+ kyrie eleison + how we abandoned ourselves to trafficking exploitation  
and abuse + kyrie eleison + how we asked to keep ourselves out of our  
faces not our churches not our families not our bodies + kyrie eleison  
+ how we erased ourselves how we abandoned ourselves to loveless-  
ness and despair + kyrie eleison + how in the face of plague we prayed  
for plague how we prayed thanks for plague + kyrie eleison + how we  
reveled in each death as a sign our beliefs were better how we felt safer  
knowing it was us in the ground + kyrie eleison + how we hid ourselves  
from fear for fear of ourselves how we hated us how we taught us  
how to hate how we taught us how to hate us + kyrie eleison + how we  
poured out how we scattered ashes to ashes how we turned a blind eye  
how we turned the other cheek to avoid seeing ourselves + kyrie eleison  
+ how we refused ourselves entry how we held ourselves hostage how  
we ate hungrily and remained unfed + kyrie eleison + how we never  
learned + kyrie eleison + how we never learned to see + kyrie eleison +  
how we never learned to see us + kyrie eleison + how we never learned  
to see us as us + kyrie eleison

**Artist's Note**

Architecture may have been a mistake, but it is no accident. Structural evil, like structural steel, is built methodically. Forces are at work. We have the power to inhabit stories and spaces and make them roomier for those who will follow after us. The result, no matter what, is no accident. Build thoughtfully. Inhabit fearlessly. Transform together.



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dm @gray.golding for more info.

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dm @gray.golding to share your thoughts and feelings about architecture.

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