

POETIC ARCHITECTURE

EFTHYMIOS WARLAMIS



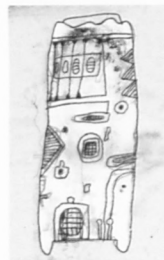
NEWARCHITECTURE

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας

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Picasso Tower
oil and acrylic on canvas, 80 x 120 cm

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With a preface by
Andreas Papadakis

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The author would like to extend special thanks to



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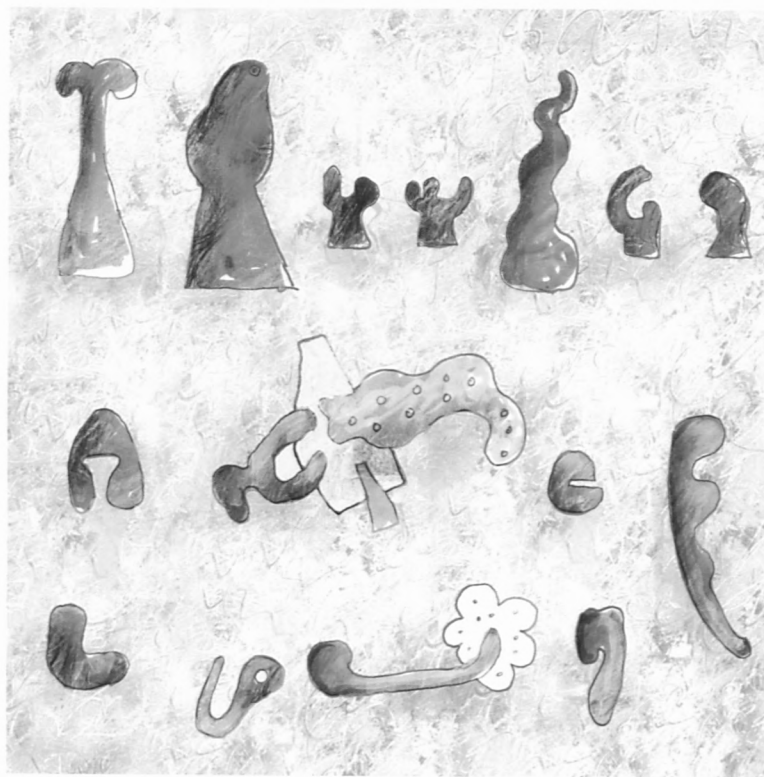
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Cover: Mykonos Tower, detail

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



Poetic Architecture

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας

Buildings should be just like poems.
The impression a building makes on our senses
should arouse feelings in us that correspond to the purpose of the building.

Etienne-Louis Boullée (1728 - 1799)

PREFACE

Eftymios Warlamis is an artist with a broad range of interests but from the outset his commitment to architectural design has been a constant thread among his many activities.

On the occasion of the exhibition of his work entitled *Une Cité imaginaire* at the German Architecture Museum in Frankfurt, the then Director of the Museum, Professor Heinrich Klotz, accurately described him as “an extremely unusual architect who not only builds buildings but makes a great effort to motivate people and basically does what so many architects aim for but fail to achieve: he makes people more aware of architecture.”

Warlamis points out the danger of an academicism that endlessly repeats itself and has no life function – of architecture that may well be attractive and compelling but which, in reality, has become a hollow shell devoid of content.

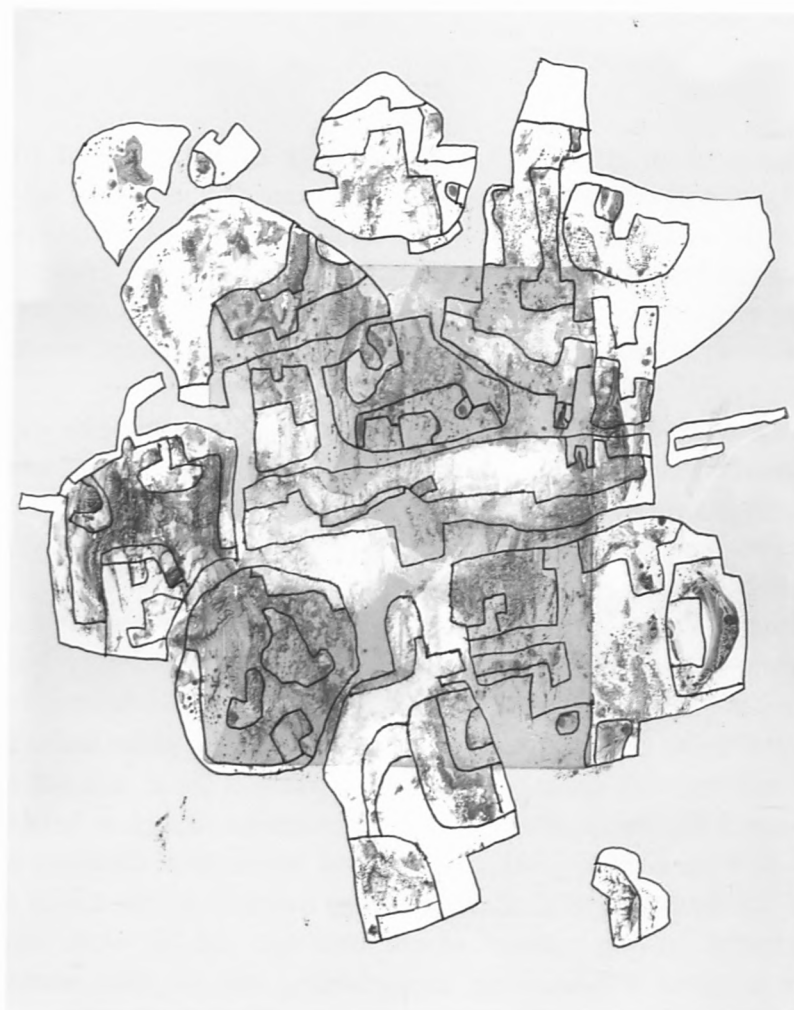
His book will be of interest to teachers, students and laymen alike and will stimulate a cross-disciplinary dialogue between theory and practice.

In his essay on the artist, Professor Wieland Schmied, the former rector of the Academy of Fine Arts in Munich, wrote, “Makis Warlamis is one of the most extraordinary architects I have ever met. Is he an architect at all? Or is he closer to a dreamer of universal dreams, intent on improving the world; an inventor? Is he not simply an artist, a sculptor who plays with shapes and volumes and colours, experimenting with space? Or is he perhaps all of these, separately or all together?”

Warlamis first presented his theory of automatic, spontaneous design at Salzburg’s International Summer Academy of Fine Arts in 1988. Its practical application involves artistic design as a creative process of the deeper layers, of the atavistic memory of the living human being, thus profoundly renewing the “young culture” of our own age. All his work whether architecture, painting or graphics is aimed at facilitating, strengthening and enriching human communication. As an architect he leans towards *l’espace total*, the creation of a holistic space integrating all artistic disciplines in sensuous harmony.

His work deserves a wide audience. It is thoroughly in tune with the times, meeting a growing need for the creative and the spiritual in our lives.

Andreas Papadakis, London



Poetic Architecture

My House

„My houses are poetic. My houses are full of signs and symbols. My houses are like strange creatures, baffling, mysterious, bewitched. They are cheerful and lively. One has a fantastic view of the world, of the endless panorama of nature, from a cloud window or a star window.

My windows are like eyes framing the endless panorama of nature.

My houses are like nature houses, open and endless.

My houses are friendly and childishly simple. Children feel good in my houses, and so do the grandmas and grandpas and Mom and Dad.

My houses are made to be touched. They're for all the senses. My houses are for the blind. The roots of my houses extend down to the deepest layers below the surface of the earth. The transparent antennae of my houses reach as far as the most distant stars in the cosmos.

People from all over the world live in my houses: Africans, North and South Americans, Australians, Asians and Europeans. These are houses for every culture and for all who want to preserve their childhood.“

E. Warlamis

In the summer of 1988 I was Director of Studies in the Department of Architecture at the International Summer Academy of Fine Arts in Salzburg. The course I taught was entitled "Towards a Human and Natural Architecture". The Austrian painter and architect Friedensreich Hundertwasser and Prof. Irenäus Eibl-Eibesfeld, an eminent specialist on human behaviour at the Max Planck Institute and author of *Love and Hate*, worked with me enthusiastically on this topic.

ARCHITECTURE INFORMELL

Introduction to the Method of Automatic Architectural Composition

The automatic method refers mainly to the plasticity of architecture, the distribution and composition of masses, linear or multi-dimensional, which is found and defined through the sense of touch in collaboration with the other senses. Man feels in an organic way the physicality of architectural composition through touch. As our hands run over the hard and shiny surface of a sculpture by Henry Moore, our touch vividly transmits the physical identity of a mass, its pliability, its resistance, if any, its temperature, the composition of its surface, whether smooth, hard, fluffy, dented, far more intensely and directly than the visual image of the work.

Every work of sculpture, the product of an automatic, spontaneous behaviour, is characterised by the absence of a strict geometric expression, is underlined by an avoidance of straight lines, planes and right-angles. Every random form, random stone, random mass, every fruit, bone, cloud, every nose, eye, mouth, finger, bosom or thigh, can spontaneously represent an architectural idea and be easily transformed into architectural elements and form. Nature is not utilitarian. It is full of inventiveness, miracles, unexplained joy, surprises, curves and humour.

My definition of automatic design includes the following points:

Tactile plasticity of form

The final stage must allow the layers and materials that contribute to the plasticity and the shaping of the form to be seen. The mania for an immaculate form must be avoided. Layers, cracks, mistakes and holes contribute to a dynamic relationship, in contrast to the polished, perfect form whose effect is one-sided and monotonous.

The signs the symbols, the semantic information. Just as the previous random signs reveal an abstract space, symbolic signs – round holes, eyes, mouth, carrying and carried, vertical and horizontal, and the semantic elements of a civilisation (silver hands and feet, votive offerings, cycladic idols, woven straw chairs) – have a topological and psychosocial composition.

These elements act as ideograms and are vital to the aesthetic and historical mood (the Doric pillar, arches, domes) as they contribute to the organisation of a meta-system of historical character.

The lyrical and poetic elements

The imagery in the poetic elements usually upsets functional rationalism. A house with clouds instead of ordinary windows intensely shows the mood and willingness of a poetic gesture. A house that is not covered by the typical triangular roof but simply has a top floor with a staircase leading to infinity, with totems, statues, extensions and sensors that do not denote any known functions, a house that in this manner announces its passionate wish for an open dialogue with the sky, becomes the bearer of a poetic mood. A tree forcing its way through a window, an accidental void in a functional system, conveys not only a sense of the unexpected but an intense lyrical musicality as well.

Random elements, such as wind, fire, water, the sun, construct all sorts of phenomena. Their traces are vital documentation confirming another force, another rhythm, another secret architecture that places precious secrets in the rocks, the mountains, the desert, or a tree trunk struck by lightning.

The traces of an incidental intervention in an architectural work interrupt a system and prevent it from completing its expression. The cross between an uncontrollable abstract structure and a sign system with totalitarian tendencies has an affinity with the methods of montage and collage. These methods allow the compatible and easy use of elements that do not appear to have any rational cohesion.

Such elements have a common origin in the surrealistic topography of dreams, of a childhood fantasy, where objects are of a metaphysical nature. This makes the term automatism easier to comprehend; its conception and expression go back to acts beyond any rational structure. In other words, the spontaneous design of automatism is characterised, like any creative reaction, by the "emergency" action of all the senses.

Colours. Objects and spaces with fluency are characterised by that special phenomenon we call colour. Colouring, or a colour, is really a process that takes place between matter and light. The fact that human beings do not possess a strong colour memory, as proved by many experiments and much research, explains this fluency, this process which is repeated each time from the start, between the material object, the given light at that instant, and the relevant emotional mood of the observer. Therefore the process of the experience of colour is inherently unstable and constantly changeable. Josef Albers has conducted interesting experiments at American universities.

A colour scheme turns an inert surface into a live carrier of sensory stimuli and information. If we take into consideration that children's sensory perception of the environment has this fluency to which I am referring, then the mania and malice of the architectural practice to avoid colours becomes clear.

In general, we can conclude that the world of colours is a world of senses and psychosocial relationships (look at the multitude of colours of ancient Greek architecture and the strong colours of our folk architecture). The appearance of colours in our immediate city environment, on buildings, on walls, in the streets, not only provides a pleasant relief from tension but also stimulates our sensory ability to perceive and understand the phenomena of our environment in the light of emotional relations rather than through the monotony and "misery" of a one-colour optical category.

Space and the sense of the whole.

The closed radial area around the centre.

Complex structures.

Static and dynamic sense of space.

A sense of open acceptance.

It is very interesting to examine the concept of "the whole" in a town planning organism, but also to stop and carefully investigate what our senses and emotions register when we enter a structured space whose limits are obvious and definite: the feelings we have when we enter the archaeological site of Mycenae, the palace at Knossos, a small village in Santorini, when we go through the gates of a Greek monastery. In all these places we have the sense of a whole. The whole of an imagined and natural topos. The radial scheme of a Greek monastery also strongly conveys this sense of a whole made up of heterogeneous architectural spaces and functions.

Perhaps it is not coincidental that official structural architecture avoids the use of strong colours and ends up with the standard shades of grey, beige or pastels. Strong colours in architecture and especially in a setting for children are necessary for me as they contribute to emotional relationships and movement. Colours express emotions and situations, warmth and cold, light and dark, distance and proximity, surface and depth.

When a child enters a multi-coloured maze with differentiated surfaces made of various natural materials, there is an accompanying process of transference from the material to the immaterial, from the body to the hovering spirit of colour. Thus surfaces play a dialectic game. Whether large or small narrow strips, lines or points, they come alive with colour.

Efthymios Warlamis

**MANUAL OF
POETIC ARCHITECTURE**

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας

This „manual“ of poetic architecture promises to be quite an adventure. That's why I chose to strictly avoid abstract theory. Instead, I've approached the subject as if I were writing a cookbook. The cuisine is certainly an exotic one, however, and the outcome of the suggested recipes will depend on the creative input of the chef. For it takes imagination to fix a successful meal out of the specified ingredients. We all know from experience that the personal touch can turn even the simplest dish into a special treat. Whether you happen to be a highly educated person or an average Joe is completely immaterial. You don't even need to consider yourself all that bright. Every one of us has a vast reserve of ancient knowledge stored within him. Our cells have soaked up all the information that our visible and invisible universe can offer. An appreciation of poetry requires no specialized knowledge. You just have to be in an alert frame of mind. Wit and humor can't hurt.

The difference between narrative prose and poetry and song is clear to us all. As a rule we write in prose so that's what I will confine myself to in this book, despite my occasional longing to abandon standard prose for a freer communication style. But don't be tempted to think poetry has no structure or canon. Yet for the initiated, poetry is much lighter, simpler, more direct than prose. Poetry is not compelled to provide explanations or have a purpose. It need not even aim for rationality, for poetry is the language of the heart. It represents that rare spirit which originates in the heart rather than from knowledge and rational thought. That's why poetry is so easily recognized and applied. Poetry is made up of all that is nonlinear, ungeometric, crooked and haphazard, unintentional, insignificant, direct, unfinished, impalpable, organic, untreated, foreign, colorful, alive and lively, inorganic, wild and untouched, preexisting, invisible.

That's a huge range of ingredients. In the face of such variety, my optimism is understandable – how easy we have it. Yet at the same time it explains why so few buildings are poetically constructed. The materials used are geometric and designed to perform rational functions. No wonder buildings look like prisons: monotonous and impersonal, built without humor or love. Engineers are trained to be geometry-focused functionalists who think in rational terms, in prose. They are incapable of grasping even the slightest hint of poetry.

Now it's becoming clearer to you why I decided to write this manual, which is essentially a paradox. Why? Because it is, in fact, the world's smallest and most open university. How can a book be a university, you ask? Universities have campuses and lecture halls and faculty. This miniature university has none of those things and is quite content to forgo the classrooms, enrollment procedures and exams. My little university-in-a-book accepts anyone. It has great faith in hairdressers, cooks, farmers, tram drivers, traffic cops, bakers.... in everybody who's managed to keep an open mind, who believes in hope and love and has a desire to learn.

Since we've established that we're talking about a university, it's time to get down to brass tacks and start learning the alphabet. The ABCs of poetry. Poetic architecture finds its ultimate consummation in imagination and fantasy.

This is a handbook written for the lay user. The only prerequisite on your part is an eagerness to identify, expand and communicate your creative energies through poetry. The book is not intended as a practical guide to which the reader can refer for tips on achieving an all-purpose mode of expression. My recipes are not a universal remedy. They have to be applied in combination with your own intuition. The latter is key. It's your basic equipment when you set out to discover your own sense of poetry.

Exercise I

Close your eyes and look. Tell us what you see.

What do you see in front of you? Describe your dream room to us. Which materials have you chosen? For example, smooth marble slabs, steel and glass, heavy curtains? Is the room flooded with light from an open fire and candles? Is it full of designer furniture?

Marina: My house would be an attic-loft with a low wooden door which would be spread out over two levels, the first of which would be very high and afterwards you would go down two or three stairs. There would be many niches which would contain the beds or desks and many windows in different sizes, both large and small with window-seats so you could sit and admire the view. The floor would be stone and the ceiling wooden. On the floor there would be many cushions in many colours but most would be red. In the stone walls there would be openings for records, cassettes and books or other objects. The windows would play with the light allowing you to see sky and sea and there would be many flowers both inside and out to scent the place. It would give the sense of an open-plan space with many, interconnected uses, a space which is shared with many niches, a polyhedral space....

George

I would like a perfectly square space when you enter it, with very high ceilings so you can hang a beautiful chandelier from it and a chain to raise and lower it. Left and right there would be two bronze candlesticks with yellow candles. The main door would be iron like in cells which opens and closes with the lock making that characteristic clunk sound. Opposite the door would be a glass wall which can be opened just like a garage door and beyond that would be the sea at the same level as the house. Left and right of the glass wall would be two glass columns full of multicoloured glass beads which would let the light in and play games with their colours. Outside there would be only palm trees. Inside there would be a small square cell, like a cage, approximately one meter square with iron rods reaching right up to the ceiling, a personal space for meditation with a chair, but this space would be visually isolated with a velvet curtain.

I suggest that you tape-record these texts and listen to them with your eyes shut. This is your first introduction to these strange rooms. You have now begun a series of mental exercises. You will wander through an endless number of rooms in your head. They will be permeated with color and light and offer surprises around every corner. It's even more fun is to perform these exercises together with your friends. Try to outdo one another with the quality as well as the lavishness of the materials used. You can have everything done up in gold and decorated with jewels. The walls can be draped in luxurious furs. Dream up different scenarios, erotic or ascetic. Scenarios based on inner knowledge, faith, meditation, transcendence, the divine presence, cosmic infinity. These mental exercises allow us to break through solid materials and overcome the barriers of function, statics and material structure.

It all takes place in our own private darkrooms. It's as if your mind were a theater. Only you want to build a house. An imaginary, dreamlike house. A house imbued with poetry both in its appearance and its very substance.

Designing a poetic house involves spatial exercises, the drawing of lines and visualization of ideas. It's not an altogether easy process but it'll be fun. So let's play with lines in order to design the faces of poetic houses. Every house has a face and the variety is enormous. But the face of a house is not a human one. The face of a house lacks a forehead, nose, mouth or eyes – even if windows are often compared to the latter. A house is a nest, at once refuge and escape. A place for living, reproducing, sleeping, dreaming. A watchtower, a cheerful tower, a ziggurat, large and small, open in all directions. A solar house, a place of worship and, as I have often said, a house for a poet.

Only poets may have houses. Houses for poets must be built by poetic architects – who are essentially hairdressers with a talent for chess. A house for a poet is a beautiful house. A city for poets has many beautiful houses forming city blocks laid out according to color or according to the great musicians and painters. A house for a poet must be painted. A painted house is beautiful and brightly colored. Painted architecture is beautiful and brightly colored. Painted architecture is romantic and over the top, bursting with stories of its inhabitants, of poets and ordinary people. A painted house is like a stage set. It conforms to other laws. Painting makes do with colors and shapes. Let's begin.

„The straight line is godless,“ proclaimed my friend Friedensreich Hundertwasser. How right he was! There are no geometric, abstract straight lines in nature. Nature is full of elevations and slip-ups. Our exercises focus on the latter.

I'm not talking about the sweeping artistic flourish of the supple, elastic lines favored by many a would-be Picasso. No, our line should be formed with gentle, painstaking care, like a furrow with stones and other obstacles. It obeys the rhythm of our breath and an inner necessity. It is spiritual. It originates out of what remains when we reduce our sensory perception to the immediate goal, when we leave behind the pressure of the moment and look to our ancient memory, to what evolution has preserved over time and across worlds to safely deposit within us. Put more simply, we need to replace pragmatism with nonsense games, to move towards a mode of creativity in which the invisible and impalpable are picked up as if on a seismograph – in other words, everything hidden behind the illusion of a cameo reality. In truth there are many realities, many worlds, many horizons.

A line is a tear, a fissure, a blundering attempt to lead us to drawn forms, to characters, to symbols of time and space, to shapes and ideas. Lines are indispensable if we wish to enter the realm of poetry. A drawing of a house is a house of ideas, a station of the imagination, and not some aesthetic goal in itself. The early Christians crudely outlined a fish in the sand to signify their faith. If they had added a bird being kissed by the fish, now that would have been a poetic exercise! (And the good news of the Gospel might have triumphed over the tragic solemnity of liturgical rites.)

My house. The house. The archetypal house. The architect's house. The painter's house. Let me talk about a different kind of house. The first shelter we experience is our mother's womb. Like any calf or lamb we develop in the womb for up to nine months. Before that the bodies of two lovers must touch each other and be stroked. A penis has to penetrate a vagina and ejaculate. If the timing is right, insemination will occur.

We all know this, of course. But I think it's important to remember that this docking mechanism is a prerequisite for growth of new life in the womb. We are born into the cosmos. Many would have us believe that we have been kicked out of it. Personally I have never met a mother who would throw out her own child. But never mind, I don't want to knock the existentialists.

Aristophanes had a fascinating theory about the origin of mankind: „Human beings once had hundreds of hands and feet and rolled around in the form of a ball. Later the balls were divided into dual creatures who were attached at the back. They were then split up into individuals and everyone went his own way.“ After being separated from his or her other half, the individual retained the memory of and longing for that lost half. Aristophanes arrived at a charming explanation of homosexuality by observing that many men and women were originally paired with members of the same sex.

„Ta panta rei“ (All things flow, are in flux), the Greek philosopher Heraclitus famously concluded in the sixth century B.C. Like Democritus, he explored the atomic structure of the universe. Everything is in motion, even the most solid materials, regardless of their structure. So all solid shapes are also mutable. Real squares, pyramids and cylinders exist only in geometric abstraction. Man commits a fatal error if he thinks he can give material shape to geometric figures. Considerable variation will always occur because every starting position changes in the next unit of time. Mountains tremble, plains contract or expand.

Geometric figures can be conceived as ideas but they are boring and aggressive. Geometric ideas have no interfaces as in cellular structure. They are passive and repellent, because the only way they can prevail is through isolation. These thoughts culminate in the idea of shapeless shapes familiar to us from chaos theory. Fractals too present a different mathematical structure of constantly changing shapes, of clouds, bodies of water, plants, galaxies and stars of the macrocosmos. It therefore makes sense that that we would shun closed and rigid shapes or pierce holes in them in order to transform them into sponges full of inexplicable and uneven microsurfaces and microbodies. This is a useful method of doing everything possible to avoid giving the impression of a geometric shape.

Poetry in art

All large bodies or surfaces should be divided up and the micro-areas dispersed in different directions. The result is not half bad. The compact shapes begin to loosen up. Invisibly they are set in motion. Movement creates tension, which by virtue of its intensity is able to absorb living things. Plants, for example, flowers, trees, animals,

Exercise II

First, paint a blue potato. Sketch its contours carefully. The eyes are windows and doors. Paint vertical and horizontal grooves, niches and oriels.

Next, paint a bell pepper house, a cucumber house, a mushroom house, an umbrella house. Take an ordinary rock, or better yet, a couple of rocks, and sketch them. Since their shapes are not very clearly defined, they will be easy to draw. Make photocopies of your drawings. If you want you can enlarge them.

That was just the beginning. Now take a smooth standard or large-sizesheet of paper and crumple it into a ball. Immerse it into a color bath or India ink and then smooth it out. The paper surface is now more suggestive, sensitive, attractive. We have a lot more ahead of us! Burn off half a sheet of paper or singe the paper with a candle. Now move on to turpentine and oil paints. Turpentine substitute is cheaper. Smear a piece of paper with lots of turpentine and a bit of oil paint to create wonderful traces and patterns.

For the following preparatory exercise, fill a small tub with one to two centimeters of water. Dilute some oil paint with turpentine in a plastic cup and pour it into the tub. Stir. Before you know it, gorgeous patterns will form on the water's surface. Float a smooth sheet of paper on the water. It will pick up the patterns. All you have to do is press lightly and the paper takes on a bizarre snakeskin appearance. You have just employed a basic printing technique. Repeat the process using other colors.

The next exercise involves an ordinary sewing machine. Run a piece of paper back and forth through the machine as if you were sewing. Make lots of little stitches and holes, without using thread. Remove the resulting tears with fine sandpaper.

The purpose of these exercises is to prepare you for practicing your drawing with a simple school nib pen. It takes considerable effort to master simple lines. Try drawing a straight line. You'll quickly realize that it isn't possible. We can't draw straight lines because as living creatures we are influenced by our irregular breathing, our blood pressure and our emotional state. For that reason it is, in fact, a good thing that we are not capable of drawing the straight lines required by geometry without relying on a ruler and drawing triangle. Human beings leave living traces, lines that reflect different intensities, directions and patterns.

human beings. If we stroll through the history of art in search of poetic artworks – indeed, poetic houses – we will be in for a disappointment. We won't find much poetry in painting or sculpture, never mind architecture. Most of the time the poetry is elusive and complicated.

I can think of a few artists, however, who always paid special attention to the poetic aspect. For example, I admire the lyricism of Marc Chagall. When he has trouble with the rhyme he completes the picture with a simple bouquet of wildflowers. Paul Klee is a fellow poet. Hundertwasser is a master of poetry. But let's stay with Klee. His birds, his stick figures, his compositions with their delicate colors are rhapsodically lyrical, childlike.

I'm not a great fan of artists with an instantly recognizable style. They are too pre-occupied with their recognition factor. Perhaps, as in Jan Dubuffet's late work, some secret fear prompts the need for self-branding. I would much rather have trouble identifying a work by Dubuffet, because then I could take my time looking for the poetry in it.

The Surrealists with their rigid forms are charlatans. Even when they happen to be good painters, they don't appreciate the poetry of pure chance. They're just boring sophists, clever visual linguists. Once we know what they're up to, we lose interest. Neither René Magritte nor Paul Delvaux does it for me. They remind me of tenured civil servants who haul out their bag of routine optical tricks in the hope of attracting an audience naive enough to fall for them.

Max Ernst is different. He never gave up the search. Along the way he constantly explored new visual standpoints. He gives me the feeling that he actually had fun with his paintings. I'm quite sure he often dissolved into fits of laughter over his own work.

The twentieth century

Let's go back to architecture and the quest for poetry. This quest is definitely a challenge. It's rather like a murder case with neither corpse nor perpetrator, where even the scene of the crime is unknown. You can't rid yourself of a sense of foreboding. Leading revolutionaries put their stamp on the twentieth century. With few exceptions, architecture served their requirements in the form of serious prose. There was not even a hint of the need for poetry. War and totalitarianism were largely responsible. It was a century marked by dictatorial cynicism and arrogance. A great deal was at stake for those in power. Ultimately it was about social engineering, about restructuring the masses, whether it be imposing ideological conformity or boosting consumption, forced consumerism. That is all over now. Phoney altruism is dead, and with it the commitment to improving the lot of the working poor and refugees.

The victims were disposed of quickly and were not mourned. A few poets sobbed and were left speechless. What remained was the pathetic result of the vague, abstract memorial efforts of the so-called avantgarde and an endless wailing and cursing direc-

ted against whatever values were left in the postwar rubble. Luckily there were still a few places on earth that had been spared the pestilence of war and its aftermath. What has often been overlooked were the horrendous consequences for the next generation: its lack of orientation, life-affirming optimism and decency, the lack of community. Even worse was the brutalization. The force of unbridled materialism struck at the heart of human fellowship, crushing everything in its path and destroying it. Today we are suffering from this flood of painful consequences resulting in the loss, the extinction of spiritual values. Poetry is on the run. Poverty and hunger, environmental destruction and climate change threaten our future. Uncontrolled industrial development revs up its machines and virtually everyone seems to be paralyzed by wasteful consumerism and the boundless hedonism of speed. Cities that were spared the wartime bombs are now fatally exposed to a more insidious danger. They have forfeited their cosmic equilibrium between earth and heaven. The world's megacities are linked in a closely coordinated network that is dependent on the rhythm dictated by air traffic schedules. Relicts of the past are viewed from the comfort of an hour-long multilingual sight-seeing bus tour. This world of ours has become a furious, self-sustaining and unstoppable dragon train (dragon airline, dragon highway), and the entire planet is in shackles. These are the facts, young man. And now we want to halt the dragon in its tracks with our modest poetic architecture, to tame or even domesticate it.

But the task is not as hopeless as one might think. Unexpected synergies provide grounds for optimism. For one thing, a megadragon will eventually collapse under the burden of its own weight.

For another, chaos theory teaches us about the energy inherent in chaos. Because energies, even megaenergies are unstable, minor phenomena can have a powerful effect. One has only to recall the well-known example of floods being unleashed by a timely flutter of butterfly wings.

Poetic houses can be seen as behaving in a similar way. Like butterflies they should grow brilliantly colorful wings with which to distract the dragon, thereby slowing it down. Perhaps the dragon will be so mesmerized by the spectacle of butterflies in flight that it considers growing colorful wings itself.

Well, a giant dragon-butterfly would no doubt be an amusing sight. So, joking aside, there's always room for hope. *Dum spiro spero* (while I breathe, I hope).

It's not a question of disputing the importance of rationalism, functionalism or materialism. For to do so would mean succumbing to the temptation of intellectual reason and engaging in a dialogue with rationalism. And that is pointless. I believe it's best to let these autonomous butterfly houses fly about in a parallel plane. In an asymptotic living space that follows its own inner laws, illuminated by its own light fed by an unquenchable source made up of sun, light and spirituality.

Spirituality is not a refuge, however. Rather, it is an oasis that blooms when the living space inhibits life, when life is cornered and threatened. Spirituality is not a nirva-

na-like state but a source of regeneration whose water is sufficient to revive hope, faith, romance and poetry. It nourishes immaterial dreams, the stuff of ideas. Ideas lead directly to poetry, for they have liberated themselves from their material burden and release a different form of light energy than that generated by hydroelectric and atomic energy plants.

This new energy resource comes from deep within a human being. It is mental and spiritual and capable of producing a high concentration of psychokinetic effects. Psychokinetics is not some grand esoteric concept but a phenomenon of mind over matter, achieved by will power and special meditation techniques. Poetry is a psychokinetic substance. In combination with faith it can move mountains and free buildings from their foundations, suspending them several meters high in the air.

Experienced room-makers have this ability. Room-makers are masters of room design, true masters of living space. They are gifted with extraordinary talents and are highly trained in the arts, primarily in music and dance, painting and sculpture, and in the noblest discipline of all, poetic architecture. To become a room-maker you need a lot of time and patience, as well as a cheerful disposition.

A room-maker is also a skilled dowser, geomantic expert and manager who brings together the interests of the community in a powerful dynamic which he or she then targets effectively. If clearly understood and optimally applied, this balance between the individual and the community results in economic benefits. It's not complicated. An individual who is well-attuned to the needs of the community can be sure of gaining the latter's full support. Enthusiastic support. However, in order to identify these expectations, hopes and dreams and express them in design, one has to maintain an inner modesty, downplay one's own importance and, above all, refrain from intellectual and functional value judgments. Freed from these constraints actually anybody can speak the language of the heart and practice the spirit of love. And thereby find direct access to the heart of members of the community.

So take care to distinguish wisely between illusory language and logic. In life there is only one logic. The logic of life is a very simple one. It's mammal logic. Mammals don't hang around universities looking for something they can use. They feed their young and escort them through their habitat. Their logic is haptic. Signs of affection don't have to be demonstrated, let alone intellectually defended.

We humans all share the same logic, with the same conclusions about happiness and sadness, hunger, loss and pain. It is education, yes, precisely education, that can become an obstacle to the logic of life. Education should serve to support instinct, or rather, mental intelligence, and contribute to the discovery of tolerance, to introduce new resources and new structures, in order to enable us to respond to the ongoing changes in society, economic life, environmental protection and art.

First attempt to define a poetic house

I invite you to accompany me on a pleasant journey to visit some examples of folk architecture, the true precursors of public architecture. Let's not kid ourselves. The architecture label is primarily reserved for buildings that represent the state. These are usually chock full of symbols of power and phoney affectation. They're completely barren of content.

Built objects that constitute official state architecture must not be characterized as anonymous. Anonymous architecture that is picturesque and built with humble skills – that's okay for tourists but inappropriate for an advanced civilization because it is unsuitable for the purposes of representation. Representative architecture, in other words everything labelled as architecture, is directly dependent on the political establishment. Every building is rated in terms of its importance, in terms of its power, according to its ranking in the hierarchy of political values. This is amply demonstrated in nineteenth-century Neoclassical buildings all over the world. See, citizens, the state creates monuments to the transfer of power from the feudal lords to the aristocracy, from the aristocracy to the bourgeoisie, from the bourgeoisie to the proletariat, from the proletariat to the third and fourth worlds, from men to women and from women to children. This handover of power was never brought about peacefully, but has always been accompanied by exploitation, dependency and the loss of dignity.

On our journey into the world of traditional architecture we want to be on the lookout for poetic impressions, for the special nature of pre-state cultures. The early builders wrestled with the most basic of materials – mud, grass, wood and stone – to construct their shelters and protect themselves from evil spirits. A house needed magic powers to absorb life. The builders began to embellish their houses with symbols until the house itself became a symbol. The builders rose up and overcame their materials. From then on the aim was to erect a magic form, a xoanon, a totem against evil, and thus they were not so very far from poetry. Nevertheless, this pre-poetic condition can be treacherous and end up in picturesque folklore, and that is hardly satisfying. What is called for at this critical juncture is spirituality, creativity that is no longer restricted to the sheer survival of a rural community but rather strives for logos, knowledge and God, and which accepts the universe and mankind as a whole, and sends clear new signals that accompany man at all stages of development.

Poetic houses rely on imagination. Houses for people are simple-minded and dull. Everything is neat and clean. People who can only engage in rational thought have no need for poetry. Poetic houses are for star-dwellers who have never experienced human problems. They are houses for space travellers with their own visual imagery, which inhabitants of planet Earth can't understand. A poetic house doesn't need metaphors, eyes, a nose or lips. It doesn't need a face at all. A star house has a thousand tiny crystals in its body. They glitter and reflect a million red, green and blue colors onto the walls inside. A palm tree grows out of the roof and a stream of water gushes through the front gate like a horizontal fountain. A lively mind will never cease to react to a basic form with a liberating gesture. Logical deductions are prohibited and theses are newly developed and immediately refuted. Nothing is impossible but nor

All the houses of traditional builders around the world have one thing in common: Their intellectual superficiality is disguised by the time factor. Most if not all of these houses permit construction in space and into the depth of time. Each tree trunk, each stone, each mud brick requires lots of time and also human mental intelligence. They possess an intensity left behind by strong clues and tales related to the personal effort. We often find ourselves puzzled by certain spatial solutions and room layouts, by inexplicable shapes, by a massive use of materials, by indications of a spiritual event, by stories of long-forgotten superstitious beliefs and religious rites. We are faced with endless paradigms of a seemingly illogical approach to building that is closely entwined with myth and legend.

Yet there is always a simple explanation for every building decision, no matter how unaccountable it may appear. The reason has to do with the fact that a life lived in nature, where natural materials are used in construction – this microcosmos is enormously complex. It is a world full of miracles and difficulties. Working in space and time becomes a creative act. Therefore, both the technical and the static conceptual solutions vary widely.

Anonymous houses rarely have poetic

content, however. I tend to attribute this lack of poetry to the builder's experience of having created. What can poetry add to the overpowering feeling of happiness felt by simple souls.

I don't mean that being a simple soul is degrading. It is in the nature of life experience that being poor in "spirit," as Christ called it, is something altogether different from being dimwitted or all-out stupid. No, it's all about our mammal brain continually reminding us to employ warmth and cosiness and the sense of touch in order to maintain the nearness to others, above all to children, and to realize that it is better to embrace someone than to shower him with empty words.

In old houses I have always found cosiness, familiarity, a sense of being safe and secure. But the poetry crept into the depths and couldn't be seen. As amusing as our excursion into the past might be, it's a detour.

is anything suitable. What is moldable can be formed with amorphous plastic plasma. But please don't forget that structures are unnecessary; they are just the skeleton and stupid. Space and body, round, unsightly body shapes, stretchably soft and hard like cloud fractals, chaotic and indefinable.

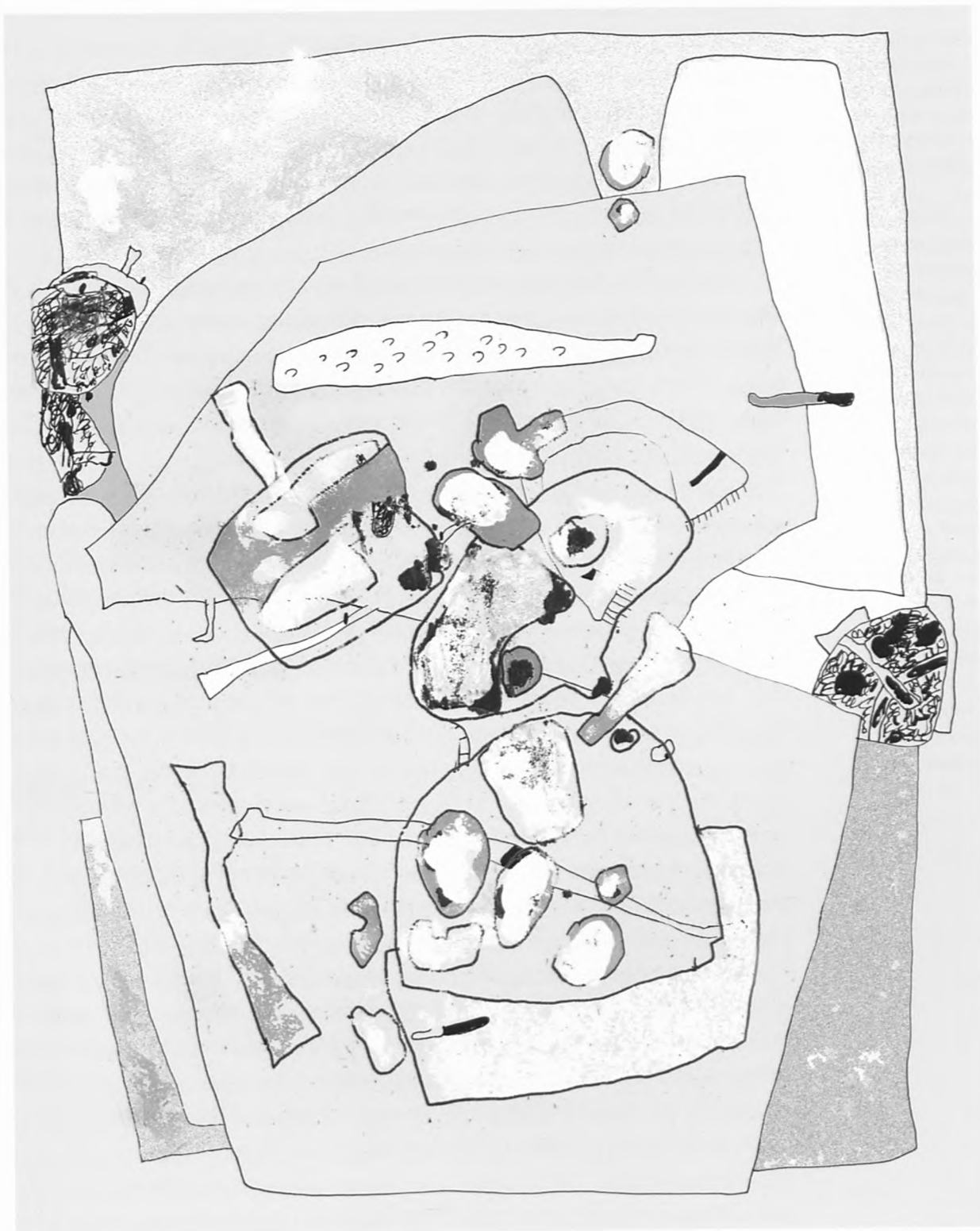
Keep in mind that poetry requires its own nature. Look at chewing gum bubble. It can be large or small, it can take the form of a ball or a tube, or it can be elongated. Imagine an extended tube shape that stretches out unevenly, with constrictions and several bellies. If it were a living creature, it would have a personality, an essence. One minute this essence might be lying flaccid and inert, and the next minute it stands up and introduces itself: I am a moldable alien. Friends, I am an essence.

To grasp an essence requires concentration and skill. Remember that what we want to build is not a house but an impossible spatial object that desires nothing more special than to escape the monotony of human imagination, to deliver obscure visual sequences containing humor, wit, poetry and romanticism. I have chosen this unimaginable, obscure being as the dwelling in which I can spin my dreams, but I will abandon it immediately for others, for shy neighbors that will arrive on the scene later and loiter in the vicinity. If we could just get these essence dwellings to speak, to send a brief, witty message, that would be a fully exciting and satisfying climax that would justify our long-held expectations. A tube casing, painted light red, lounges unaware. Suddenly a side arm pops out of the chest. The arm ends in a golden ball from which techno rhythms can be heard. The golden ball rocks to the beat, up and down, dum, dum, dum, thom, tham, thum, thum, thum, thum, thum, thum, tum, tum, tum, tum.

Automatic drawing

Let's go back now to our exercises for drawing lines. The sections below cover the incremental training program I devised for what I call „automatic drawing.“ The key factor is random chance, without which the experience is just not as much fun and intensive. It's possible to invoke chance without being able to influence the results. Chance is an external factor that under certain circumstances can present us with a number of new situations. If we want to add a few new, smaller lines to a closed linear form, there are various possibilities. You could slowly drag around some aimless shapes. But if I splatter some color on the created shape I risk a full house, as they say in poker. Some blobs of paint will land so propitiously that they form shapes that lend the tension within the overall composition an unbelievable intensity. The pictorial tension arises from the distribution ratio, from the pull and direction of the smaller parts towards one another and towards the whole. It's important that the process remain transparent and free from manipulation.

Our everyday environment contains countless unintentional lines and patterns. On roads, frost causes cracks in the asphalt that can produce very interesting configurations. The first snow of the season creates circular, puzzle-like patterns before settling into an even white blanket. Ancient worm-eaten tree branches are masterpieces of graphic art. Crumbling plaster walls have a magical attraction. Rock formations,



Secret Place
Ink and watercolours on paper

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας

The essence house contracts like a rolling beetle and lights up at night like a firefly. It also has delicate antennae like snail feelers that it can put out sideways. Whenever a window is opened, gorgeously colored giant butterflies fly out on their meter-long velvet wings, double-layered, transparent but strong. An angel the size of a hummingbird hovers behind the smallest window, singing in a fragile voice.

It's fun to juxtapose things that totally dissimilar. The essence house undergoes several metamorphoses. This modest tube casing can straighten up and be transformed into a laurel tree. Partly, anyway. Half of it remains a casing and half of it becomes a tree. Its trunk merges into a crooked, now firm casing, where the entrance/exit is. When the tube laurel pulls itself upright, the dolphin and lobster houses also wake up and stretch. The lobster houses got their name from their bright red color and tough shell. Their unbelievably cheerful mood is infectious. These good natured creatures never look serious or disappointed. You may ask what these clowns of architecture really look like. But you know, as much as I would like to, I can't describe them very precisely. In any case, I'm fully confident that your vivid imagination will do them justice. There! I'm off the hook.

spotted with lichen, can conjure up a cityscape. Many organic and inorganic beings have this mysterious imagery. Their structures reveal the DNA language of chaos. A sponge is a soft, light, pliable body with many openings and an interior made up of connecting passageways and chambers. Squeeze a handful of wet toilet paper and its mass changes. You see wall folds and air holes all over the place. A piece of home-made bread whose crust has burst in the oven is a real treasure trove. A pomegranate reveals a fantastic landscape if you open it carefully without using a knife and divide it into pieces. What you'll find is truly amazing: juicy ruby-like crystals embedded in the thick yellowish inner shell. A nearly transparent membrane covers a colony of garnets spread out as a random shape.

The endless list of things that are blessed with an inspiring structure and shape includes porous limestone, pumice, stones, mountains, rusty sheet metal, shells, invertebrate shellfish, quinces, pieces of cork, walnuts, peanut shells, plant parts, knots, coils, hollow tree trunks, knobby branches. Everything is ready for the taking in this odd archive of the apparently chaotic. Specific geometric characteristics are lacking. The imagination is stimulated by these basic materials.

You should always keep the following in mind. Poetic houses are not paranoid, complacent creations. They are engaged in a dialogue with the divine Creator, which is the only way they can maintain their everlasting freshness. They continually communicate these inexpressible moments of heart-felt love for God the unknowable, who Himself is the eternal source of love. The signs of love, like the poetic houses, are signs of modesty and humility and as such are also messengers of inner happiness. As long as they live in the imaginary world of ideas, they are the true architectural works of art. Never try to transpose any form of poetry into the real world. You will fail because the spiritual component will be engulfed by the materials. Stone, steel, glass and wood knock the life out of everything. Even if your aim is to make a material sculpture, you won't succeed in breathing life into it. The main reason Jean Tinguely failed with his machines was that their kinetic absurdity was devoid of spiritual content. They lacked the sacral dimension of the moment, the dematerialization of the spiritual.

I have no problem imagining a symbiosis between Tinguely's cheerful monsters and a tilted Frank Gehry building. Place one of those merry machines on the roof of a synagogue designed by Gehry and integrate it into the religious ritual. A kinetic contraption could certainly contribute much more than the deadened tones of the organ can to the sacred moment in a church service when the wine is transubstantiated into the true blood of Christ. I realize that to suggest this is to interfere with the stage directions for the liturgy, but we're all entitled to our opinion. Space, spatial forms and the experience of space are the basic materials for meditation and prayer, for exaltation and devotion. They are perverted by even the smallest electric plug or cord, not to mention a naked lightbulb. The cosmic connection is severed. That, unfortunately, is the way it is. A halfway intelligent person would at least ask: What joins the centuries together? What were the most significant spiritual processes in the nineteenth century, and what did the twentieth century adopt, reject, renew and invent?

Neoclassicism was a doomed attempt to transplant the spirit of antiquity to the modern world. True democratization is not based on pseudoantique building facades and flowing robes. The violent proletarian revolution offered sufficient proof that everyone must share in the benefits of economic development and increased prosperity. If the concept of the social market economy is correctly understood as a construction, a plan for the future, then there is no need to dread the threat of globalization. But I always have to emphasize that while all these thoughts are legitimate, they should not interfere with our thirst for new ideas. These mega-dinosaurs are being crushed by their own weight and eliminated from the scene. We want to keep on releasing iridescent new butterfly ideas, and building poetic houses in internal resistance to uncontrolled materialism, arrogant hedonism and the monotony of the dictatorship of prose.

My strategy is not aimed at wasting creative potential in a struggle against a superior opponent. Regardless of how powerful the latter may feel, the spirit of the heart will win out. Just think of all the magnificent cities that lie buried in the desert or on the barren plains, without even having been destroyed in battle. How many rich leaders have vanished because they ignored the true power of faith and the aspirations of the people. It doesn't happen overnight, of course. We need time. Time to live, to breathe. That is the basic prerequisite if life is to flourish. Life in turn cannot continue without love. You know, I'm not some romantic who takes refuge in utopias. In reality I'm a quiet warrior, a samurai who sees the battle in the form of Ghandi's passive resistance. The battle against one's own laziness, prose, arrogance and complacency. It's about self-discipline and ascetic training, which are rewarded with the discovery of poetry.

The House

A house doesn't necessarily have to be in the form of a house. It's better to speak of a dwelling, a much more flexible term. Moreover, linguistically the word dwelling is horizontal as opposed to the concept of the house, which is vertical and dominant. The distinction reflects the cultural monopoly of the history of architecture, which has largely ignored the dwellings of nomadic and so-called primitive peoples.

Forms of dwellings are rooted in the development of human communities towards a loose or dense structure of association. The detached house is a decadent phenomenon of modern Western culture that causes huge problems. It's a trend that threatens the community and, ultimately, the individual, because it is responsible for the sweeping destruction of the natural landscape, wasted energy, increasing social isolation, depression and weakened immune systems.

It's relatively easy to imagine a type of dwelling that spreads out horizontally. Put your hands together as if you were making a snowball. Feel the interesting space formed between your palms: softly rounded inner walls with constructive elements that could be openings such as windows, doors or shafts. This hand room can be taken as a room dwelling. Every single-room-dwelling has a sensitive contact device for the

I want to show you something. You surely know Antoine Saint-Exupéry's drawings of the hat and the snake in *The Little Prince*. I'll draw you something similar. Is it a face, a piece of cheese or a house? I can add a pair of feet and an eye. The thing can see, can't it? At least it says it can. See, I am a bird like creature that can see or that wants to see. But any old shape is a being, for example this...or this....Look...isn't it.....funny that every chaotically shaped two-dimensional form contains a secret creature within it?

The tiny beings are good-humored and vigilant. They tell us their strange story, one that is recorded deep in our archival memory. Only we can reconstruct it, if we take the trouble to, in order to find out what they actually want, where they come from and where they are going. Once we have observed them carefully, they seem more familiar to us, like spirits that flee into some form or other before vanishing, only to reappear later.

Blind Drawing

One of the easiest techniques is what I call blind drawing. To get started, cover your eyes with a blindfold and simply draw, or paint, whatever you feel like. As you draw your lines and create shapes, keep interrupting yourself so that you disturb the potential image which the movement of your hand stamps on your memory. What you're aiming for is automatism. With your paints and brushes at the ready, you can achieve all kinds of random effects. These are always creative. Spend hours doing this, and work on several pictures at the same time.

Whether you draw a face, a hand, a woman or a donkey, everything loses its fixed shape. The eyes move away from the head, the mouth shrivels up and the hands turn into a bunch of twigs. Blind drawing produces unexpectedly harmonious compositions. It's as if a third eye were at work. The way the small surfaces are distributed, the lines and the body shapes – these effects display a sovereign charm and can even achieve classical greatness. I'm sure Picasso and Jean Cocteau often practiced blind drawing, as did Frederick Kiesler and Jean Arp. The results have a clumsy innocence about them. But these awkward shapes are like artifacts, oracular prophecies, snatches of conversation or the remains of lost forms. To catch a lost form is a stroke of luck, as the stimulating instability of its nature challenges the mind to decipher or even to design. These are the original building blocks needed to erect a tower with a garden at the top, a garden with trees, garden gnomes, giant butterflies and a huge swarm of buzzing angels no bigger than bumble bees.

next single-room dwelling. They can stand side by side in a ring, obviously with the rooms being of different shapes and sizes. A linear development is also possible, for example along the banks of a river, along with roadside and scattered settlements.

A single-room dwelling is not restricted to one room. This one room has several room capsules distributed vertically and horizontally via corridors and niches.

A single-room dwelling spreads out both horizontally and vertically, in accordance with geological forms and fault lines. It is a highly complex spatial organism, a stimulating interior sculpture that offers us an ongoing series of new experiences. Its main function is to provide a spiritual dimension. It allows people to live life together. In a holistic sense they can devote their lives, by means of training and self-discipline, to the struggle against the destructive urge of materialism.

The single-room dwelling is an archaic space and time capsule. It connects us to the earth and to the sky. Its atmosphere is imbued with an intensive time substance. It is a training area, a mediation room, a pleasure room, a place for non-stop creativity. It has different light and color rooms, equipped with different scents. One small wooden capsule smells like resin and dried bay leaves. A deep blue niche, a brightly lit conical interior, a dark exist. Everything is interconnected.

It's time to take a closer look at the spiritual function and make some distinctions. The traditional functions of the Western house are well-known. They promote a sense of order that is inherent in the system and characterized by extreme hostility to any form of spirituality, religious faith and creative behavior. That's why we need to subject all these traditional forms to a highly critical review. We should examine these self-righteous stage sets with their pseudo-bourgeois, microfeudal props and ask ourselves if it is all really necessary. Our single-room dwelling needs no such furnishings. Its architect watches over the spiritual needs, strictly rejecting anything that smacks of useless ostentation, hierarchy and wastefulness. Such an internal ascetic room installation makes it easier to comprehend the basic functions of life and to maintain a state of tension in the body and in the mind. Each movement in the room's various divisions is devoted to training the body by means of reflex zone massage. This whole body contact is intensified by haptic stimulation in order to find one's own places within the single-room dwelling for spiritual concentration and creative vigilance, and to continually redefine and rediscover them.

The next key function in human life is approaching and living with other people. The single-room dwelling improves the quality of the interaction. I'm talking about spiritual encounters, of course, based on mutual respect. A spiritual encounter is only possible if one is oneself well-balanced. To approach another person requires an inner preparation and extended parameters to enable one to receive the other person and at the same time delve deeply into him. The single-room dwelling offers real alternatives to the standard forms of encounter. The purpose of the sexual union between man and woman, of their mutual penetration, is fertilization and the creation of new life. The single-room dwelling creates the human drive towards spiritual fusion, with the aim of triggering new ideas, discovering new options and new forms of survival, and expanding the power of creative design.

A Poetic House

The following is a first hypothetical attempt to shape a poetic house, i.e., to compose a visual idea, to design a picture of a house. A house is like a person. It has a head area, a body and underpinnings. The head is the roof. My first house has no roof, but that doesn't mean it's headless. It has a terrace on the roof with steps leading up to the sky. Stacked on the terrace are giant stone chair sculptures interspersed with stone divinities protected from the sun by a deep red canopy. A dark red rosebush winds its way up to the top of the cypresses (canvas II). The nude stone goddess raises her hands towards the sky. Half of her is covered by a golden silk scarf. She wears a pearl choker. A beautiful bouquet of roses lies at her feet. Steam rises from the chimney, emitting tiny crystal-like waterdrops. A windmill is making a hellish racket. The air is full of bells ringing, automobile horns honking and wooden drums beating, while phosphorescent ribbons dance in the breeze like snakes gone wild. There is also a small balcony on which a giant rhubarb plant is growing. The main entrance is indicated by a narrow wooden door almost double the height of a man. The walls are painted in heavy lime paint. There are countless little ceramic signs made of red clay, three-dimensional like decorative pins. Several wreaths of dried flowers decorate the wooden door.

A pretty young woman lives upstairs. With her straw hat and thin floral-patterned dress, she looks like a seventeen-year-old girl. When the large windmill starts turning, this petite young woman comes out to water the flowers with a tin watering can. The ground floor is a rather strange place. There's a small café dominated by a huge cylindrical wood-burning stove in the middle. All the rooms are open. The painter's studio and the place where anyone can have their hair cut are always spic and span. The hairdresser, who works on Tuesdays, is a chubby man with cheerful eyes. The elderly couple who own the apartment are friendly and easy-going. Everyone likes coming here. All are welcome.

Endless Improvisation

A poetic house truly depends on improvisation. I have nothing against solid walls but I much prefer dwellings that have been improvised. Many happy years of my life were spent in improvised houses, including the best years of my childhood. Obviously I'm not talking about improvisation that is calculated, designed as such. Such attempts are just empty formalism. They're short-lived. Improvisation can only lead to poetry when it is dictated by necessity, shaped by material and spiritual needs. A tin shack can radiate wit and intelligence. Solid walls are no guarantee of human dignity, especially in terms of an ethical approach to communal obligation.

A house should make every possible effort to resist the uniformity of completion. It must breathe and make life and its imperfections not only visible but beautifully simple. It's extremely important that no matter what a person plans, he should never fully complete it. That applies above all to building a house. Leaving one last part of the work undone spurs the imagination. An unfinished facade is just plain exciting. It

Many of the houses you see in Southern Europe and the Middle East seem to be under permanent construction. I for one love the sight of unfinished columns waving their carelessly exposed iron rods. I love these crude unfinished houses even though they offend Western aesthetic sensibilities. Needless to say, I would let them stay like that. Except I would deck out the iron rods of my concrete columns with flags and ritual banners protesting against dictatorship, against the idiot box, against soccer games and against the monotony of prose – and calling for a revolution in honor of the unfinished, of poetry.

is receptive to change and challenges dogmatic definitions.

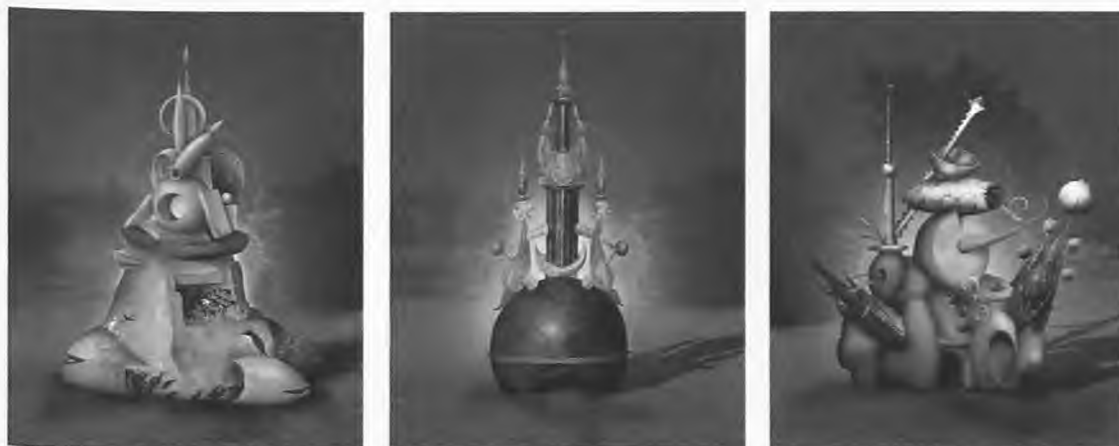
A poetic house is not an expression of property. Its fragmentary nature highlights the spiritual process of the innovation of humanitarian love, of truly open hospitality. Fragments blur the border between inside and outside, between the individual and the community, and free a dwelling from the decadent concept of property. Every human being has a right to housing. Isn't that logical? As I never tire of repeating, logic applies to all human beings, for logical means universally logical, applicable to all. After all, it would hardly make sense for a handful of egocentrics to develop their own forms of logic. That would be impossible, harmful and clearly unlogical.

Native Americans teach that land cannot be bought and sold. The logic behind this conviction is refreshingly simple: The earth belongs to everyone. You can't parcel it out. The earth is our living space. It is host to all living creatures. It is life itself, and every egocentric violation is directed not only against life but also, in the long run, against itself. How stupid and illogical.

Culturally defined ghettos are neither logical nor conducive to openness, tolerance, innovation, hospitality, poetry. If only for the sake of our self-respect we should reject finished dwellings because their attitude towards spontaneous events and encounters is both aggressive and defensive. The same goes for their treatment of the needy and those who are searching. A house is not a prison. No, it's not a high-security unit in which the luxury props sacred to arrogance and materialism are kept under lock and key, protected by sophisticated security systems equipped with sensors, lasers and who knows what other radiation devices to enable the detection of any unchoreographed life experience, in which case alarms go off and guards spring into action.

A poetic house doesn't need an alarm system. It's open to everyone. It's a cosmopolitan house for all wanderers and searchers.

The Garden of Earthly Delights



Three sculptural house-objects from the triptych: 'The Garden of Earthly Delights' by Hieronymus Bosch

Hieronymus Bosch's famous triptych *The Garden of Earthly Delights* in the Prado is full of bizarre scenes and architectural forms. Have a look at the left panel. In the upper part are four strange structures. An orange birdhouse with a merry colony of birds inside is full of playful openings. Its form is not based on tectonic order but subordinate to the composition as a whole. A view of paradise straight out of Fantastic Realism.

The next three buildings reveal a more complex approach. Bosch was at pains to give these half-natural, half-artificial dwelling forms, painted in blues, their own face and character as if they were living creatures coexisting in harmony with trees and animals. The last house has trees in it. Hundertwasser's tree-tenants are found everywhere in art.

In the central panel, Bosch achieves a crowning point of artistic imagination with a fairytale pond landscape. There is a fountain in the middle. Each of the houses, three of which are pink and two in bluish tones, is truly miraculous and a masterpiece of astonishing fantasy, built with an exotic material as hard as steel and integrating botanical elements. Fragrant gift baskets from heaven, not manmade, grow there as naturally as scented blossoms. Naturally Bosch dedicates himself to the overall metamorphosis of the painting in order to strengthen the locality of his garden of delights. All these daydreams can be found in the settlement. This collection of five houses is the point of departure, even the precondition that allows human beings to pursue their comedies. People and animals are linked in an eternal game.

I picture all the people and animals returning home to these five houses as evening falls. The scale is variable. The materials are flexible. The interior and exterior have been switched around. Prominent openings signal entrances and exits, niches and terraces.

What's interesting about the tower-like house forms is the aggregate state of their architectonic idea. Are they alchemists' projections aimed at finally gaining control over matter? Perhaps. One thing is clear. These are archetypal structures that had never before been invented and portrayed. Their completion is terrifying. Hardly anyone can question them, even if at first their effect appears to be one of illustrative energy. Their materiality proves to be a biomorphous extension existing in symbiosis with the floral and fruit forms of an orgiastic nature.

How was Bosch able to paint the visionary images? This question will also help us grasp the visionary elements of poetry. It's all about recognizing the archetypes that lie dormant deep within us. Archetypes of our development as well as that of the universe are safely filed in our mnemonic layers. To access them and render them visible, one must enter into a creative trance, one must conquer the noosphere, and thereby gain an unrestricted view of our paradisiacal condition. It's perfectly clear that intellectual acrobatics of the epidermis will only enable us to create crude geometric constructions that are pretty much lifeless, as they have no aggregate state. They're just frozen, these snapshots – material structures in contrast to biomorphic organisms that are changeable, stretch themselves into an unlimited number of possible shapes, and herald the miracle of Creation.



'Ruins by the Sea', Arnold Böcklin 1883

Arnold Böcklin's painting 'Ruins by the Sea' can be used to illustrate the differences in attitude between the painters, musicians and architects of our day towards the issue of mood in a work of art.

Architects deliberately ignore the work of artists and have long since disqualified themselves from membership in the art world. I'm not interested in the debate over whether architecture should be considered an art or not. That's neither here nor there. The point is that the history of architecture is overshadowed by a major historical lie. It's about the field's high-handedness, its total remoteness from social reality and its contempt for cultures that have made an essential contribution to life. Since architecture as a state concept has long since been rendered obsolete, we should now venture to take a closer look at the visual arts, all the while keeping an open mind.

I obviously wouldn't want to overrate the artworks held captive in the national museums. Nevertheless, there are plenty of examples testifying to how individual artists have gone about their search for poetry.

The 'Ruins by the Sea'

The villa on the seaside documents the artistic quest for metaphysical meaning in the functions of a building construction. The mighty cypresses in the villa's courtyard are the present-day tenants. Hundertwasser defined the term perfectly. The ruined villa is conceived with the Romanticism of previous centuries, which came about in response to the loss of historicity and a deep longing for a contemporary connection to the glories of the past, in particular classical antiquity.

We should now study this composition halfway free from emotion, examine the architecture, absorb the conceptual information it contains and determine the direction in which this enigmatic subject can discover its purpose and therefore its completion. The possibility of a reconstruction should be dismissed from the outset. With a bit of effort it could certainly be achieved, but it wouldn't lead us anywhere. What remains is a determining structure, an unstable architectural idea capable of gently guiding us straight to the core of the poetic idea. One can easily remove a few chunks and immediately start building, which is tantamount to breathing life into the dead walls. Highly intensive life forms. We could build part of the upper-floor ceiling, using either wooden beams or stone. A temporary wooden staircase links the terrace with the garden level, taking us over to the fragrant cypresses.

Since it's clearly a southern landscape, we don't have to worry about frost and snow and can therefore be fairly uninhibited in our choice of building materials. The wall running along the entrance way could use some strengthening. The carved doorway shows how thick the wall is. It leads straight to a small balustraded stone terrace with a column. The terrace is connected to the sea via a stairway carved into the cliff and features a wonderful mosaic composition. A brick-red canvas sail protects the terrace from the wind and intense sunshine. Three blocks of marble are intended for meditation purposes and conversations with friends. The interior wall has been plastered and painted in different shades of blue like an ancient fresco with large tone-in-tone surfaces. A Greek inscription is quite legible at the bottom: *Ta panta rei*, everything flows, the quotation from Heraclitus. All efforts at renewal must proceed with caution and sensitivity. They must be economical to the point of asceticism, strictly avoiding anything that is superfluous.

For the upper area we'll raid the European art pantry for a delicate flying machine by the Belgian sculptor Panamarenko. We also need a couple of flag columns, massive ones for the magnificently designed flags. Flags should not imitate a non-existent cult of the nobility. Rather, they should celebrate the imminent overthrow of monotonous prose as well as the struggle for love, peace and passive resistance.

I don't have any further proposed extensions but I did come up with a purpose for the building. I dedicate it to the Royal Academy of Arts in London, with instructions to run it as a guesthouse for creative people from all over the world. Either the European Union or UNESCO will foot the bill for their living expenses. A Palestinian artist could be paired with a writer from Guatemala, a pottery maker from a Finnish architect, etc.

The Hercules Sanctuary



'The Hercules Sanctuary' second version, Arnold Böcklin 1884

Böcklin painted this second version of *The Isle of the Dead* the following year. Here too we can do without the Swiss Guard-style warriors, so we'll just get rid of them. The rigid Hercules statue can also be eliminated. We still have the drywall construction with rough-hewn blocks of marble in the form of a simple rotunda. Once again, the trees are the tenants. A group of trees with thick healthy trunks surrounded by a plain stone wall with socles and frames. The removal of the Hercules statue and socle reveals a narrow gate leading into the depths of a grotto carved into the cliff. The shape of the grotto is somewhat reminiscent of a single-room dwelling. This grotto is brightly illuminated: Light streams in through a number of slit-eye windows, bathing the interior in emerald green. Is it a sanctuary? No, it's just a small, defunctionalized oasis with no useful purpose.

A room that conceals its function. A carved anteroom, a room capsule, a time capsule against speed-driven rationalism, against the urge to hastily record and file everything. A classical room-adventure sculpture. A small physical therapy center for purging the superfluous images one is forced to consume. Any man or woman can return to the world from this room feeling liberated and thus better equipped to endure the daily pressures of consumer advertising, politics and status hierarchies.

The poetic signal still remains to be discovered. A wooden angel's wing might be too kitschy. Perhaps a bird-god, somber and indulgent. But a small silver cross might also do the trick. Or a Tibetan square. A flag belongs here, too. The immense height of the thick iron flagpole is out of proportion to the cavern's humble dimensions. The flag is black and white like a chessboard. An open eye in the seam exhorts us to be eternally vigilant in our struggle against the violent monotony. Thus our grotto is an underground watchtower. A sentry post that retunes the senses to enable the body's openings, its pores and cells, to receive the universe and decode the poetic signals of the cosmos. A mini-chapel of the universe, perhaps. Why not? If only this faraway universe could expand our programs with its infiniteness and inspire us to poetic action. A chapel like an hourglass. The flow of the universe into us is unstoppable. We are still not allowed to perceive it. Since time immemorial. A black light flickers on the distant horizon, a black hole of antimatter. Watch out!

Finsterlin's Prometheus



„House of Devotion“, H. Finsterlin, 1919



„Dream from Glass“, H. Finsterlin, 1920-24

„The story goes that the ancient atlantes knew how to stimulate the then still so fertile substances of their young earth in such a way that cathedrals spread rampantly out of the substrata. The actual forms depended on the material, form and dynamic of the stimulation. Or what our lice and beetles demonstrate a thousand times more beautifully when they build their nest palaces directly on the body of living plants. Iridescent green cathedrals dripping with sap, in which the world's chorus sounds just as beautiful as in the colonaded halls of a solar system.“

The idea of the house-building plant is a continuation of the eternal human dream of becoming one with nature. This hidden energy is key when we go in search of poetic works that run counter to the conventional directions of monotonous prose.

Herman Finsterlin's phantasmagoria are directly influenced by the towers of Hieronymus Bosch. The similarities are striking, and some elements are found in Finsterlin's autonomous building portraits. Finsterlin raises the ideas in his drawings, which are often reminiscent of exercises in calligraphy, to a new level, and in doing so keeps them beyond the reach of the increasingly powerful technocrats. His ideas are incompatible with the new architecture. They don't allow themselves to be subordinated. As utopian projections these ideas are free. They dart around like colorful butterflies in search of the holistic, universal knowledge possessed by wise masters who are not part of any educational hierarchy. Gropius had a lot of trouble with the extreme ideas of the glass chain.

Some would raise the objection that none of these ideas has led to architecture. Well, thank God, I say, because otherwise they wouldn't be worth a thing. Valuable ideas don't require materialization and every deviation from that rule leads to grossly embarrassing final solutions.

Bruno Taut's glass house exemplifies this strange failure. The beauty of its design notwithstanding, it demolishes all preceding ideas, which can only preserve their fascination for eternity by means of their immaterial projection. This mild criticism is directed at the insufficient recognition of the effect of a single lifetime. After all, an idea might need centuries to achieve completion. An idea doesn't enter into competition with fashionable trends and shoddy materials. An idea must be well looked after and continually developed. It doesn't have to win over any contemporary critics acting as self-appointed referees despite their lack of commitment and farsightedness, and their slavish adherence to whatever the dictatorship of the present decrees.

I advise you to pursue all potential violations of architectural ideas. Pay close attention to them and develop them. I don't mean only those found in European architecture but all exotic deviations from the standards of Western culture, whether they come from Africa, North and South America, Asia or Australia.

Paul Scherbart, another loyal member of the glass chain, coined an interesting term in a short story he published in 1910. He describes the invention of a „house-building plant,“ a type of plant that can be turned into the form of a house. Konstantin, the biochemist who invented it, says, „I have invented houses that grow organically – house-building plants. No longer will we need to build with dead materials. We can build with living materials!“ Because man controls nature, he creates a kind of architectural Genesis.

Finsterlin also picks up the thread of the newly discovered links between man and nature.

Endless House



F. Kiesler, 'Endless House', model, Museum of Modern Art - New York, 1959

The model and drawings of the Endless House suggest a proto-architectural sculpture, as well as sculptural architecture. Though the project was never realized, Kiesler wrote extensively about his plans for its construction. His descriptions of materials for the Endless House give us a sense of the texture it was to have. The exterior was to be of reinforced concrete on wire mesh; the windows irregularly shaped apertures covered with a partly transparent, partly opaque molded plastic. Bathing pools would be scattered throughout, replacing conventional bathtubs. The flooring was to have many textures—such as pebbles, sand, rivulets of water, grass, planks, heated terra-cotta tiles—so that a sense of touch was continually stimulated. Part of the interior was „to be colored with frescoes and sculptures. In addition, the planned lighting scheme was based on the prismatic colors of a color clock to make the dweller aware of the continuity of time. Again, the Endless House was to be a total work of art. Whether it could have functioned in practical terms is still questionable, but architects such as Philip Johnson were quick to appreciate the idea as „a new art form of surpassing nature“.

The Endless House was correlated to the human body in terms of both function and form. The health and comfort of the occupant were key concerns, as was a perceptually and experientially rich environment that Kiesler felt would be spiritually and physically enhancing. Formally, the structure was anthropocentric and the metaphor of „the human body was implicit in its sensuous, organic, womblike character (which Kiesler compared to the female body). *

* Text from: Frederick Kiesler, Exhibition catalogue Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, by Lisa Phillips

It seems, in fact, that Kiesler experienced and designed architecture with his body. He was observed to sketch out plans in space with his body following the lines of the imagined structure.

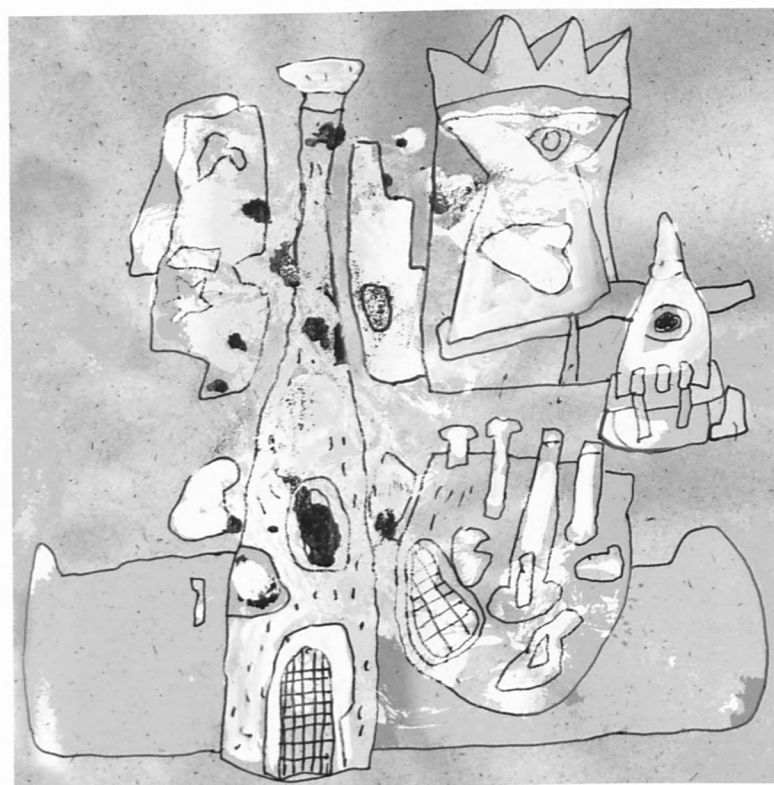
Kiesler's activities flow in and out of one another in a unified way, enveloped by the continuity of endlessness.

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



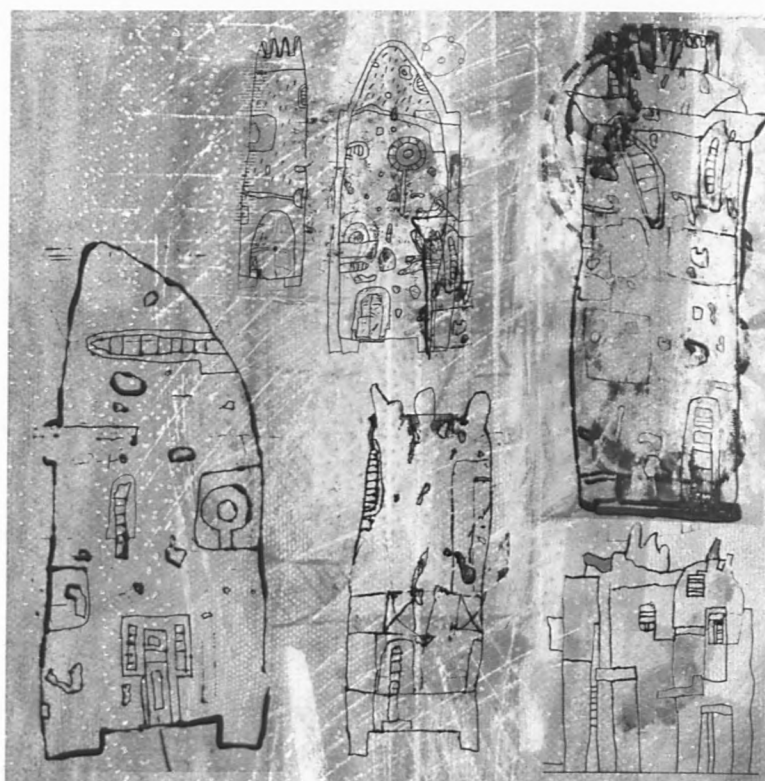
Vergina House
oil and acrylic on canvas, 160 x 110 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



Poetic Architecture
drawing, ink and watercolours on paper

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



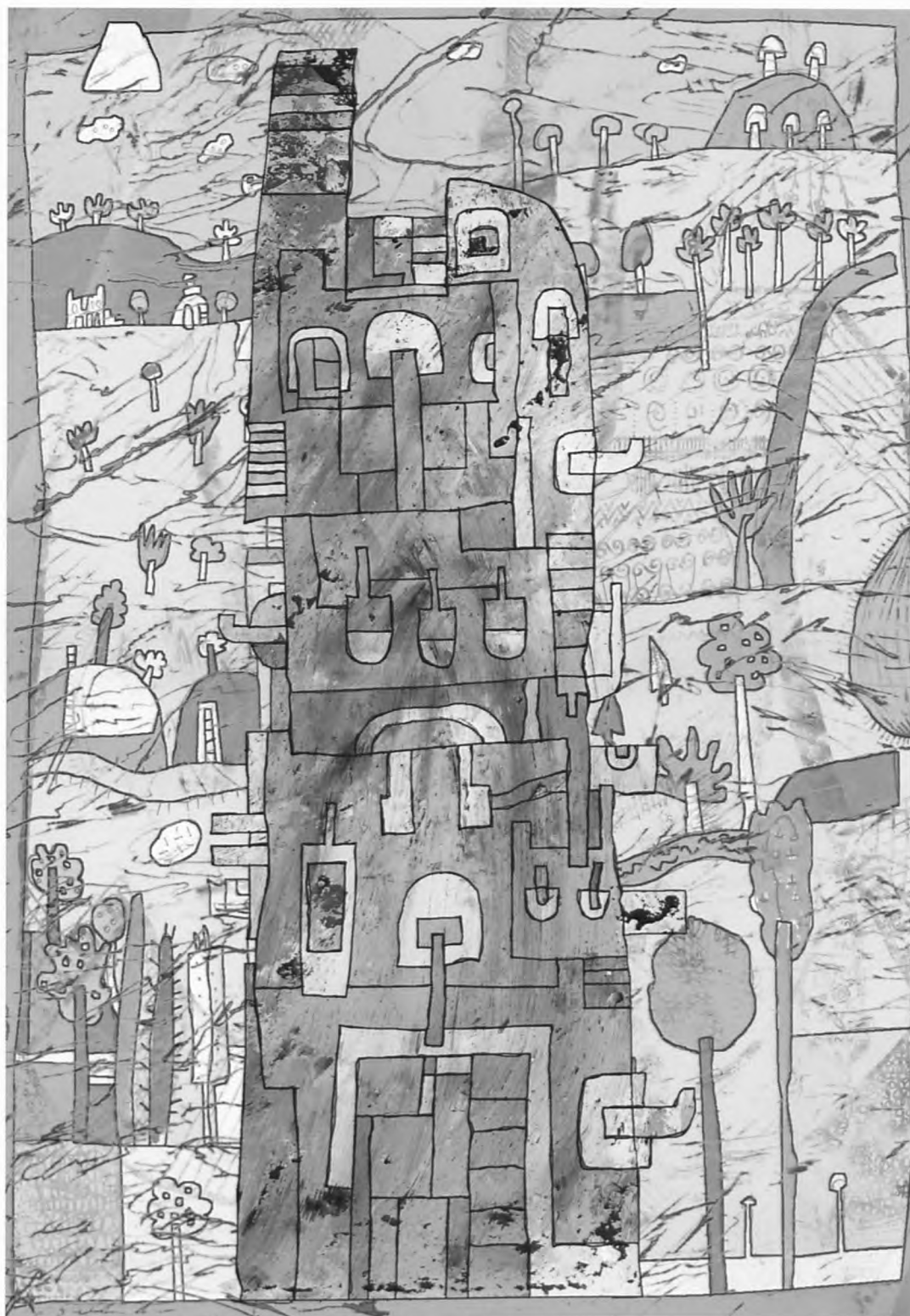
Poetic Architecture
drawing, ink and watercolours on paper

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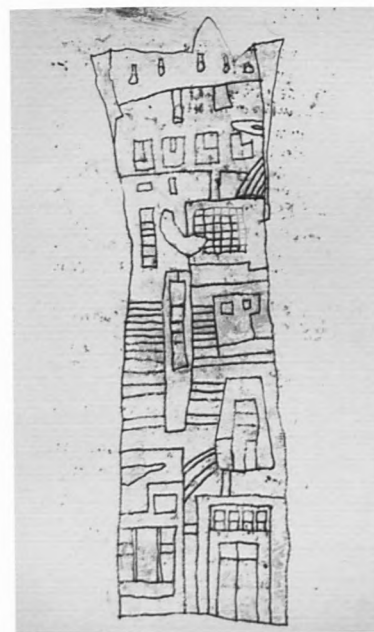
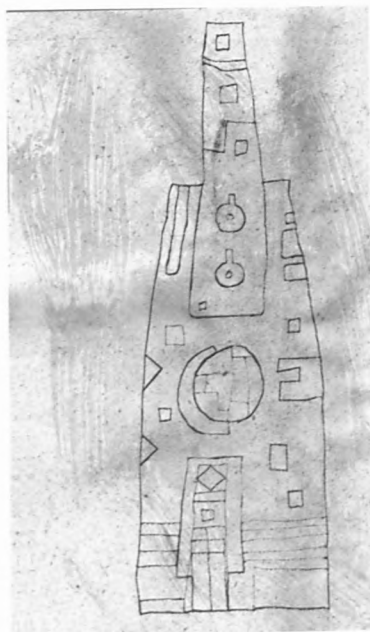
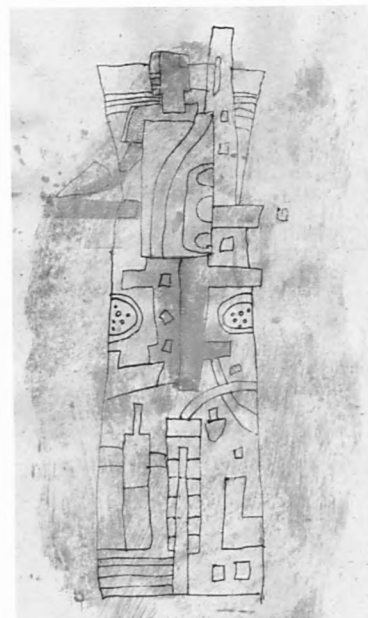
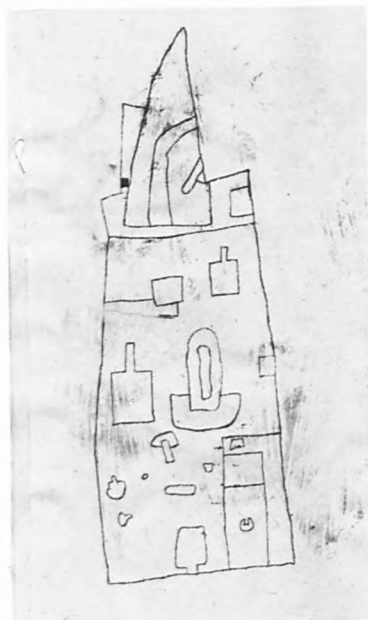
Poetic Architecture
drawing, ink and watercolours on paper

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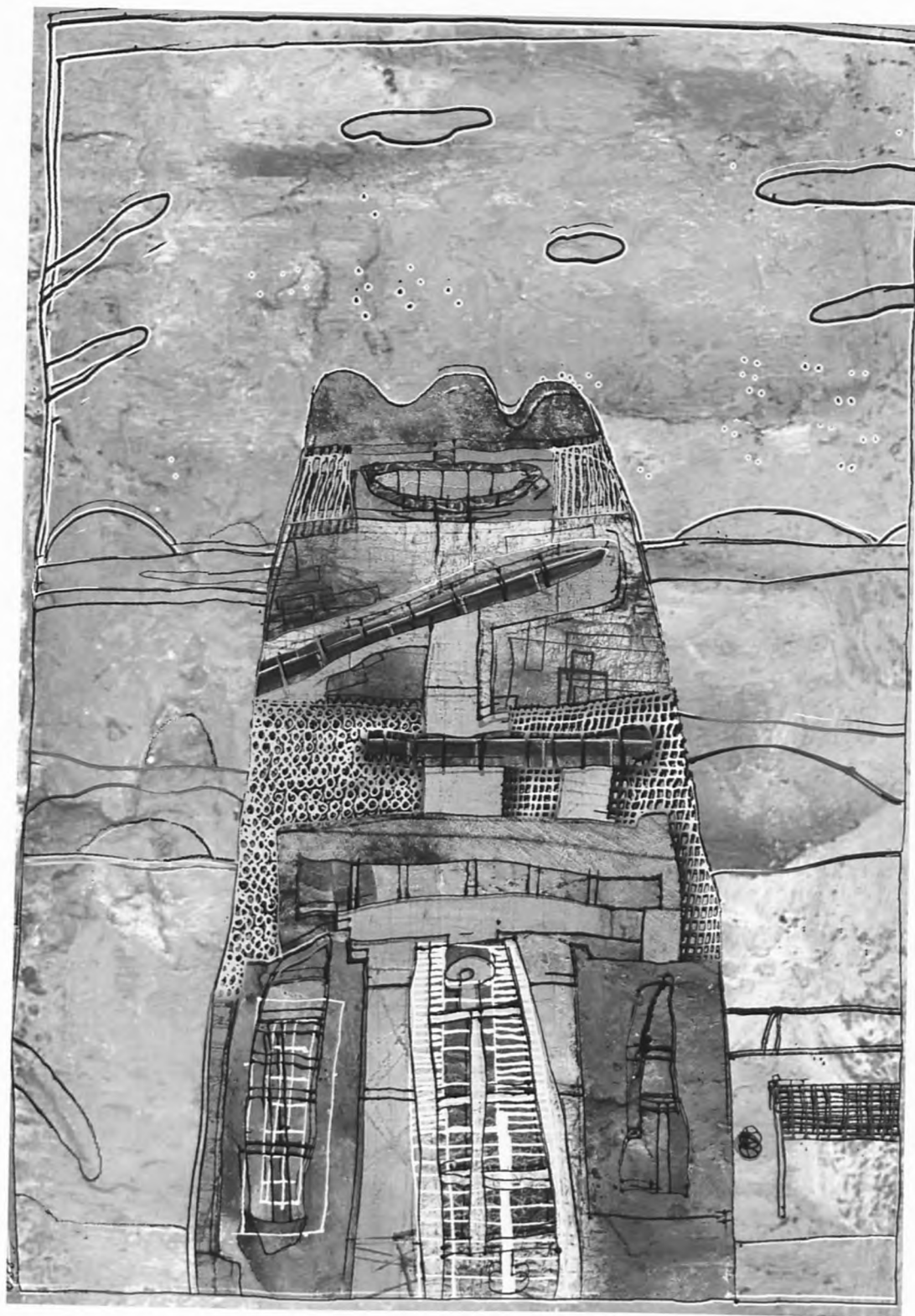
Toskana House
oil and acrylic on canvas, 160 x 110 cm

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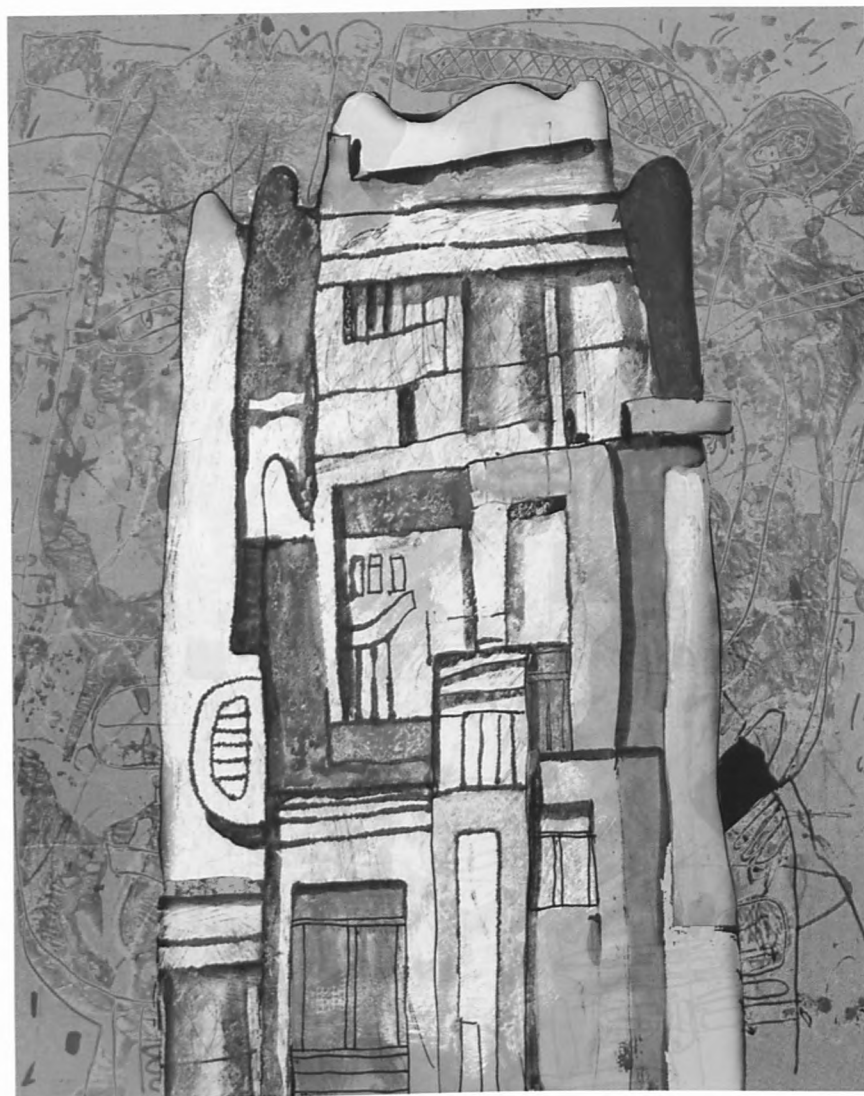
Poetic Architecture
drawings, ink and watercolours on paper

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



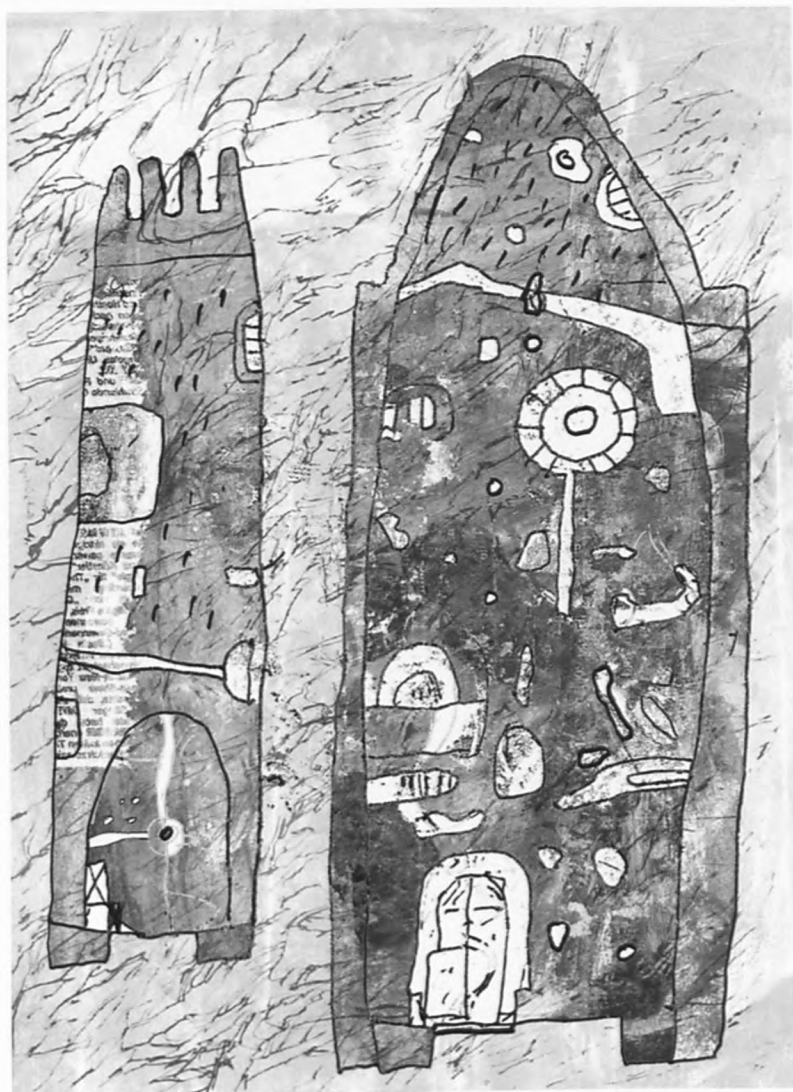
House for Angels
oil and acrylic on canvas, 160 x 110 cm

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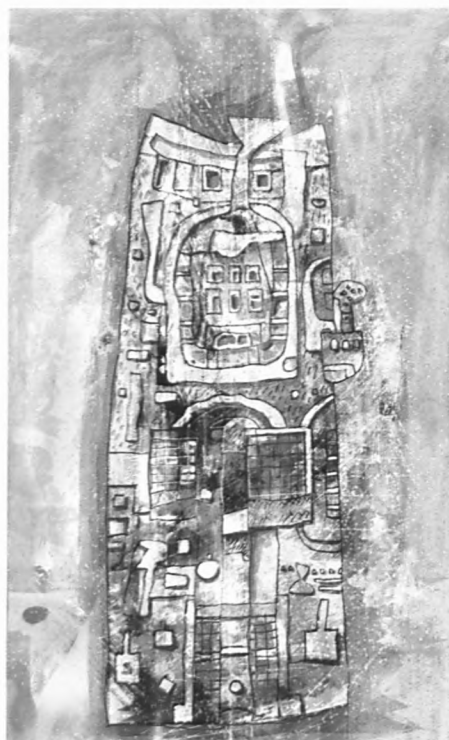
House for a King
oil and acrylic on canvas, 160 x 110 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



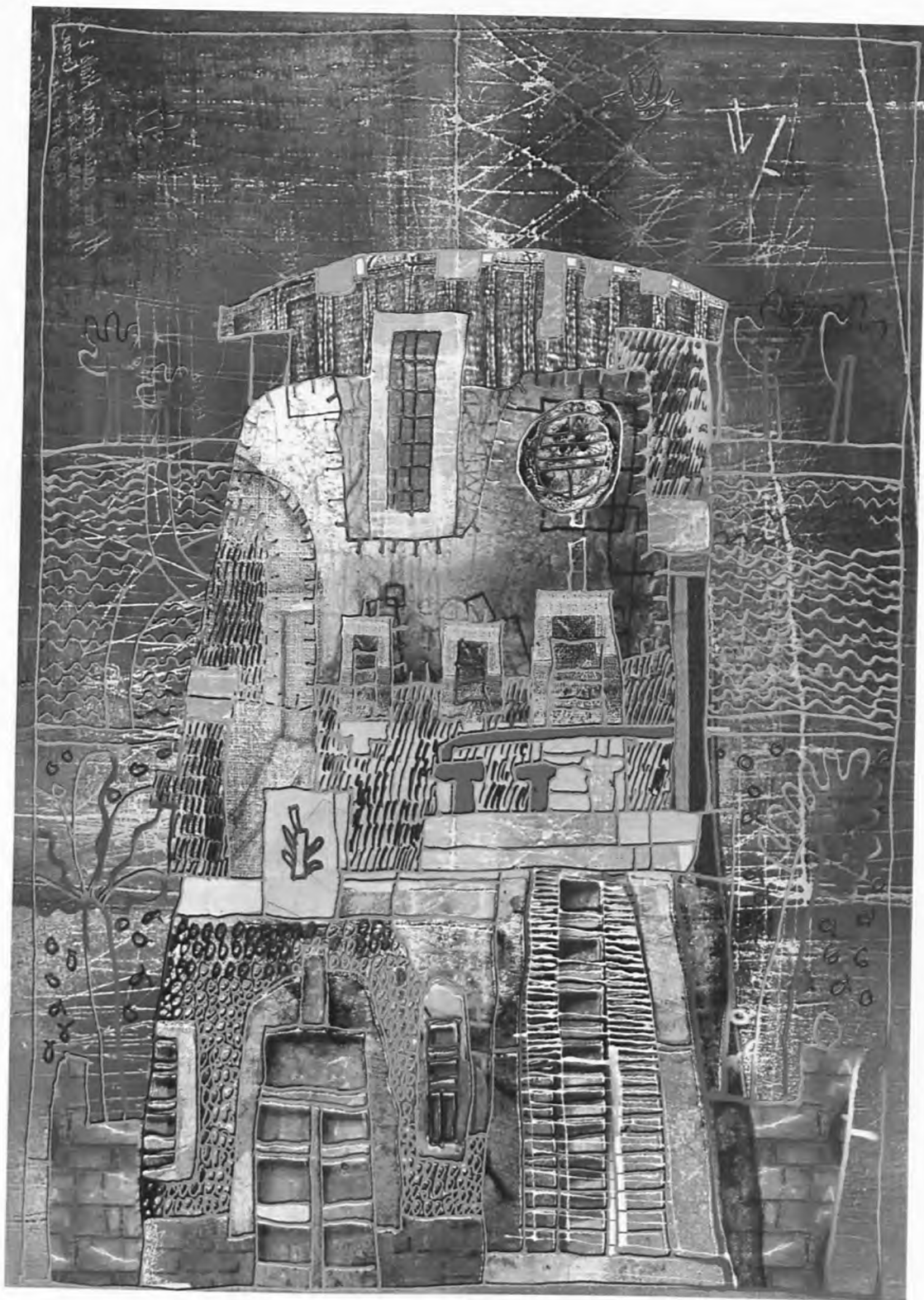
Poetic Architecture
drawing, ink and watercolours on paper

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



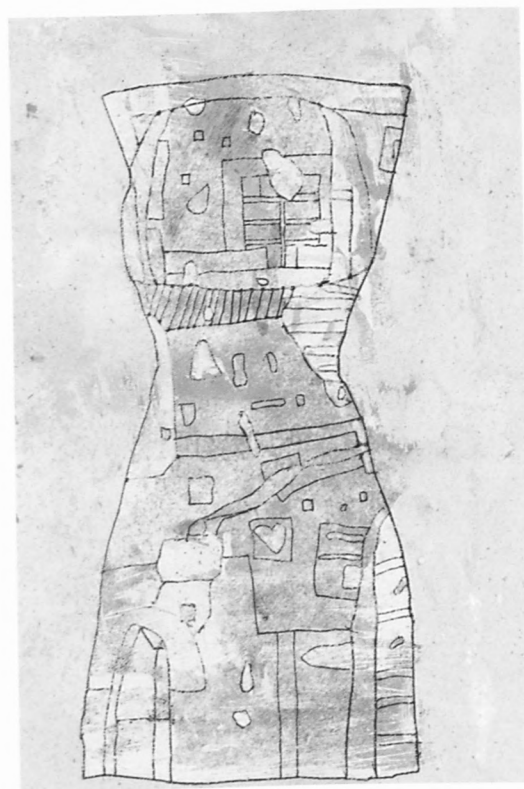
Poetic Architecture
drawings, ink and watercolours on paper

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



Mozart House
oil and acrylic on canvas, 80 x 120 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



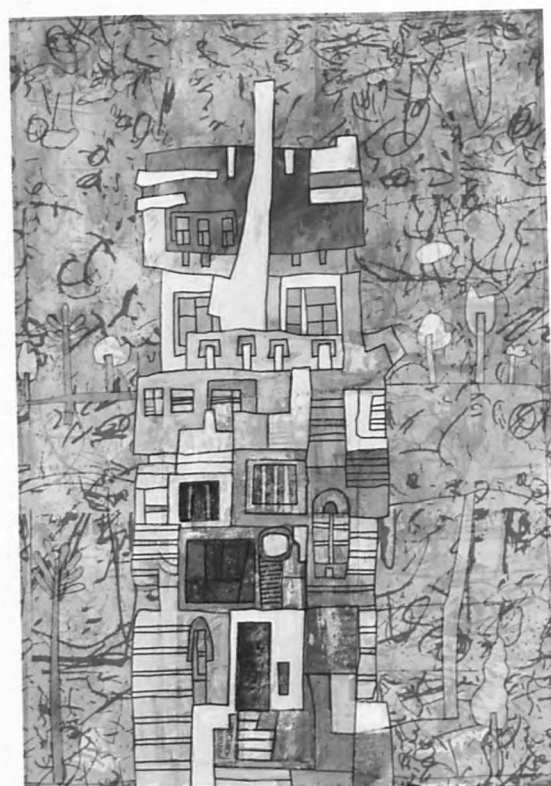
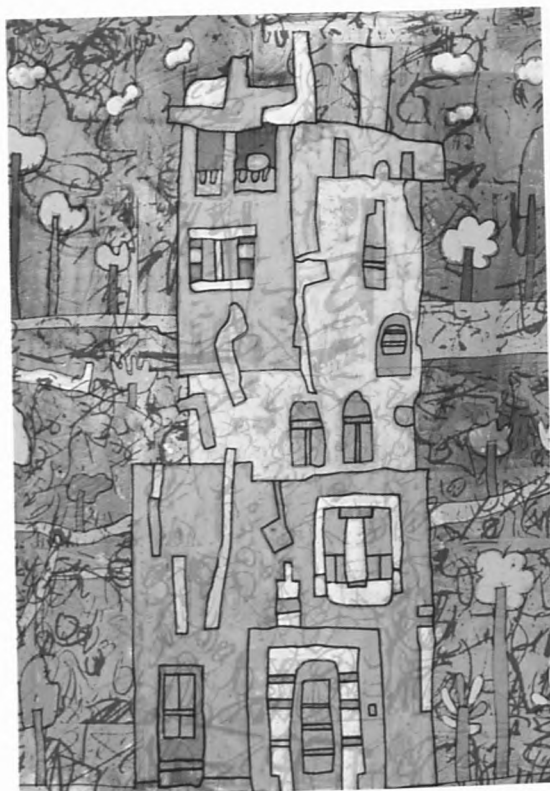
Poetic Architecture
drawing, ink and watercolours on paper

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



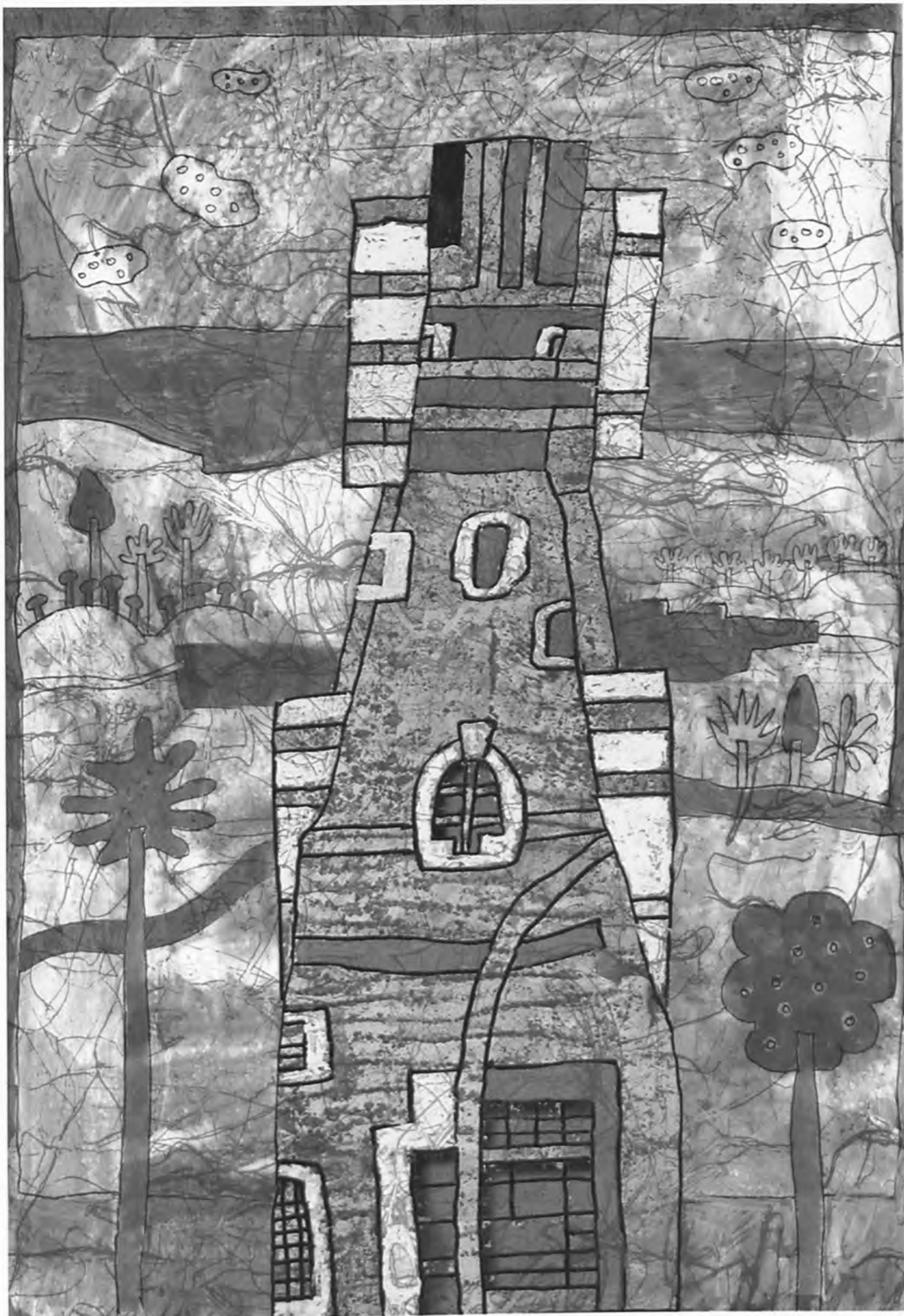
House of the Sea
oil and acrylic on canvas, 160 x 110 cm

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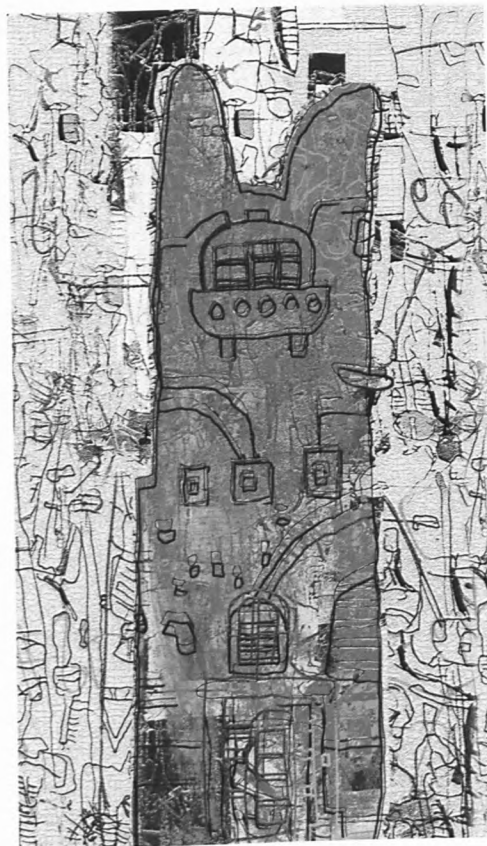
Max Ernst Tower, Magritte Tower
oil and acrylic on canvas, 80 x 120 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



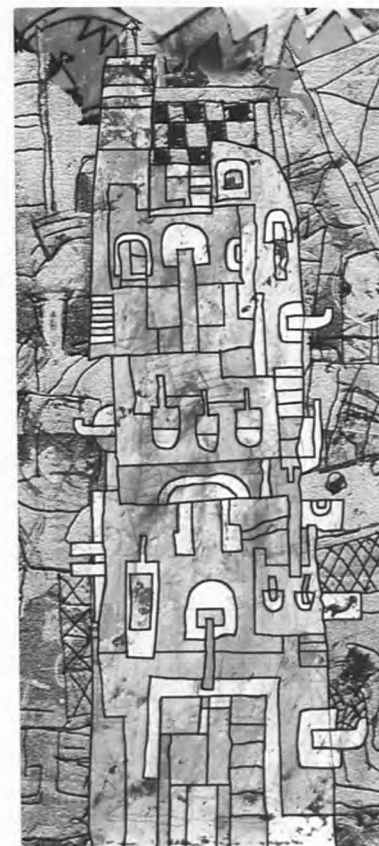
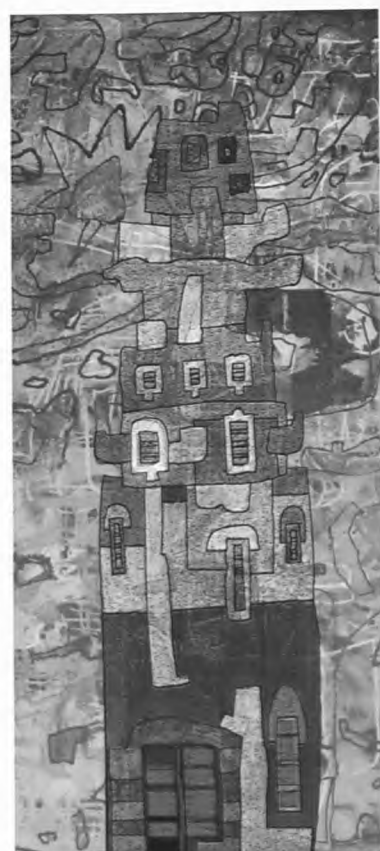
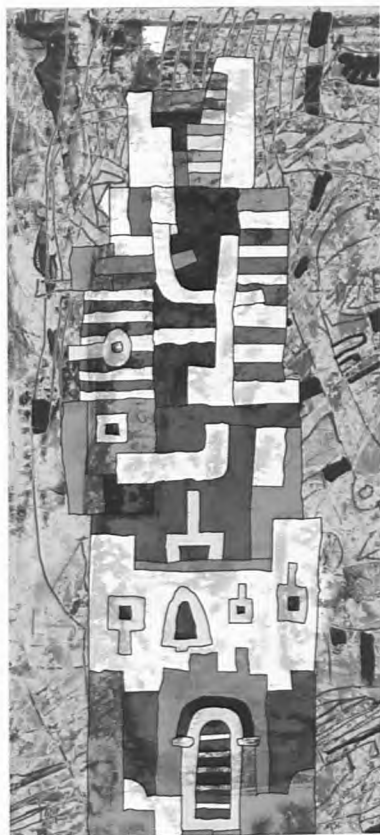
Picasso Tower
oil and acrylic on canvas, 80 x 120 cm

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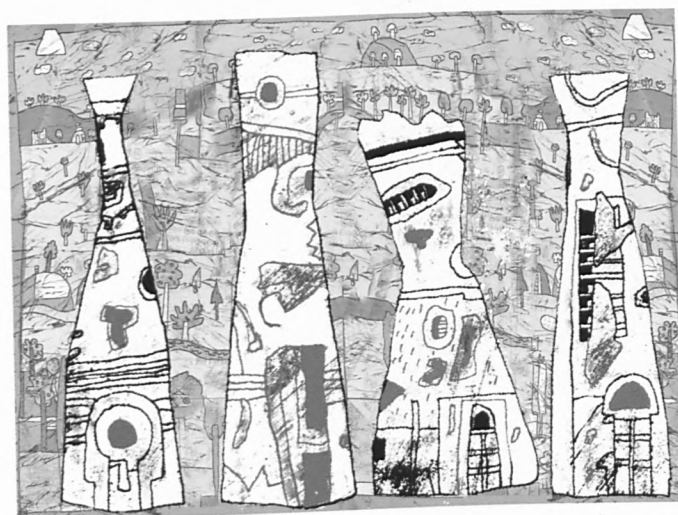
Poetic Architecture
drawing, ink and watercolours on paper

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



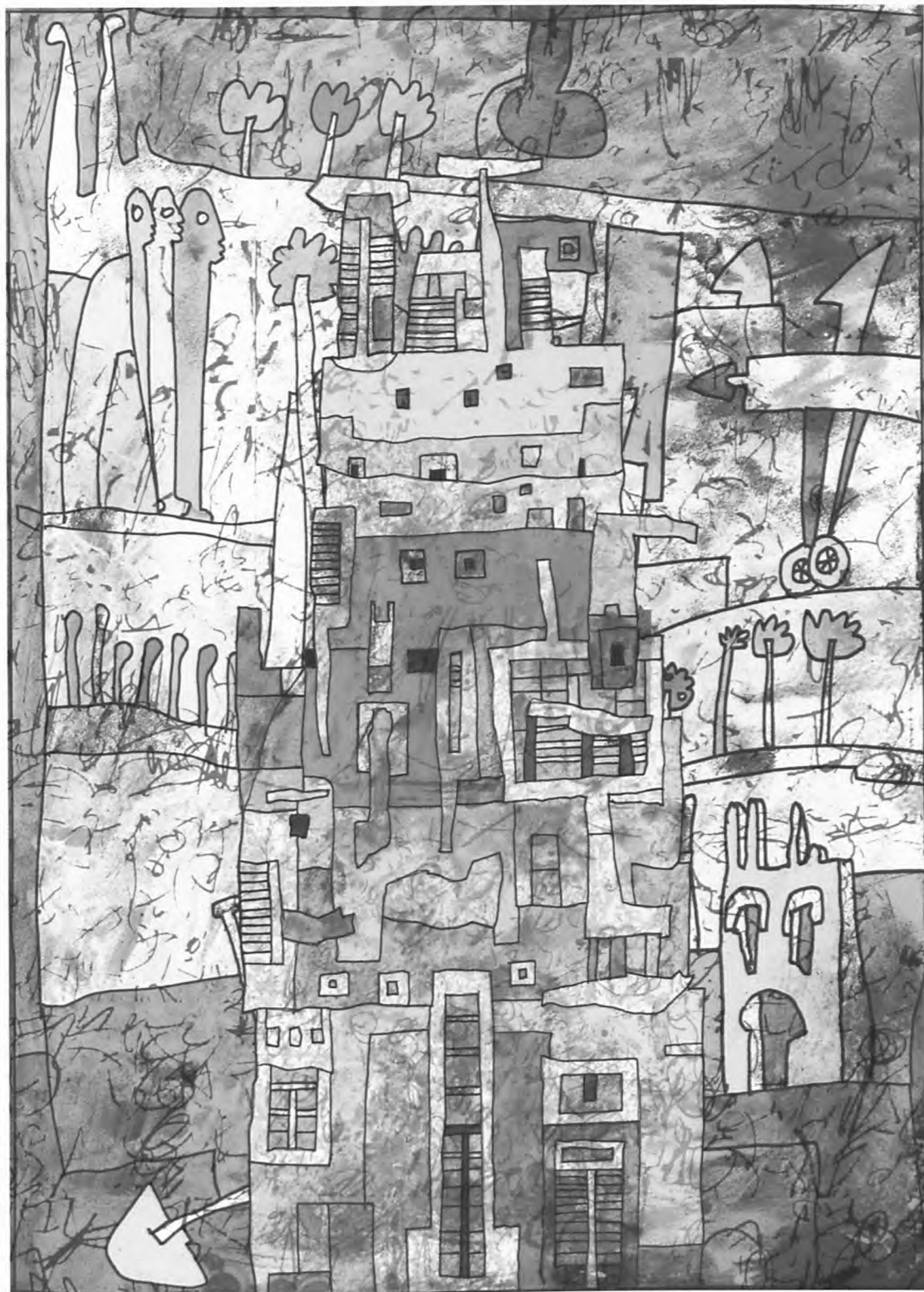
Urban Towers
oil and acrylic on canvas, 160 x 90 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



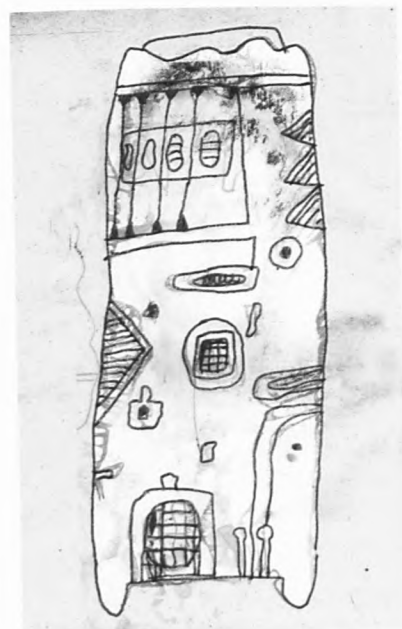
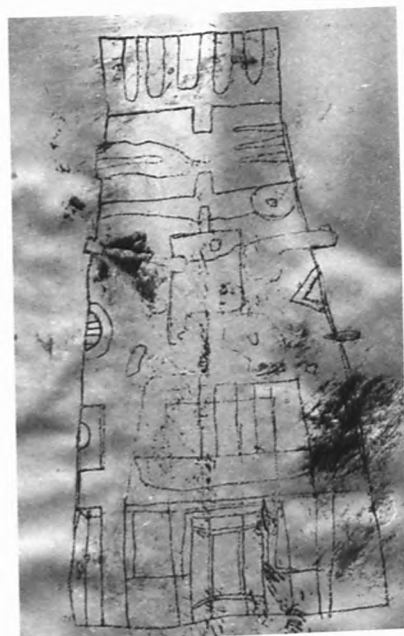
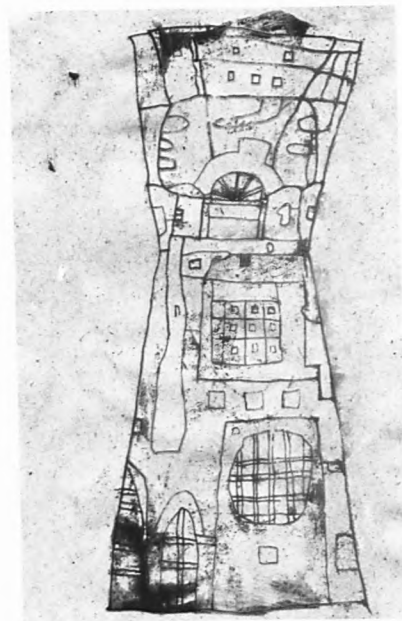
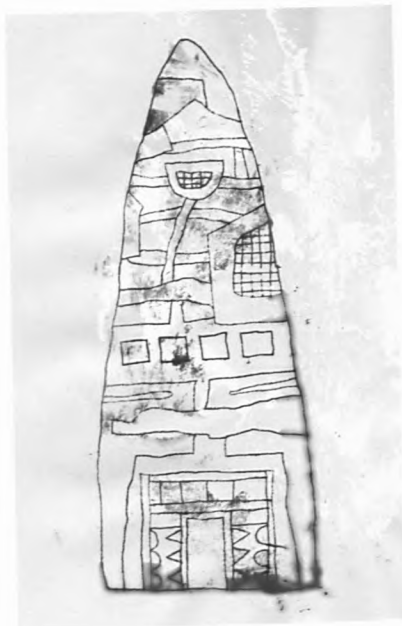
Poetic Architecture
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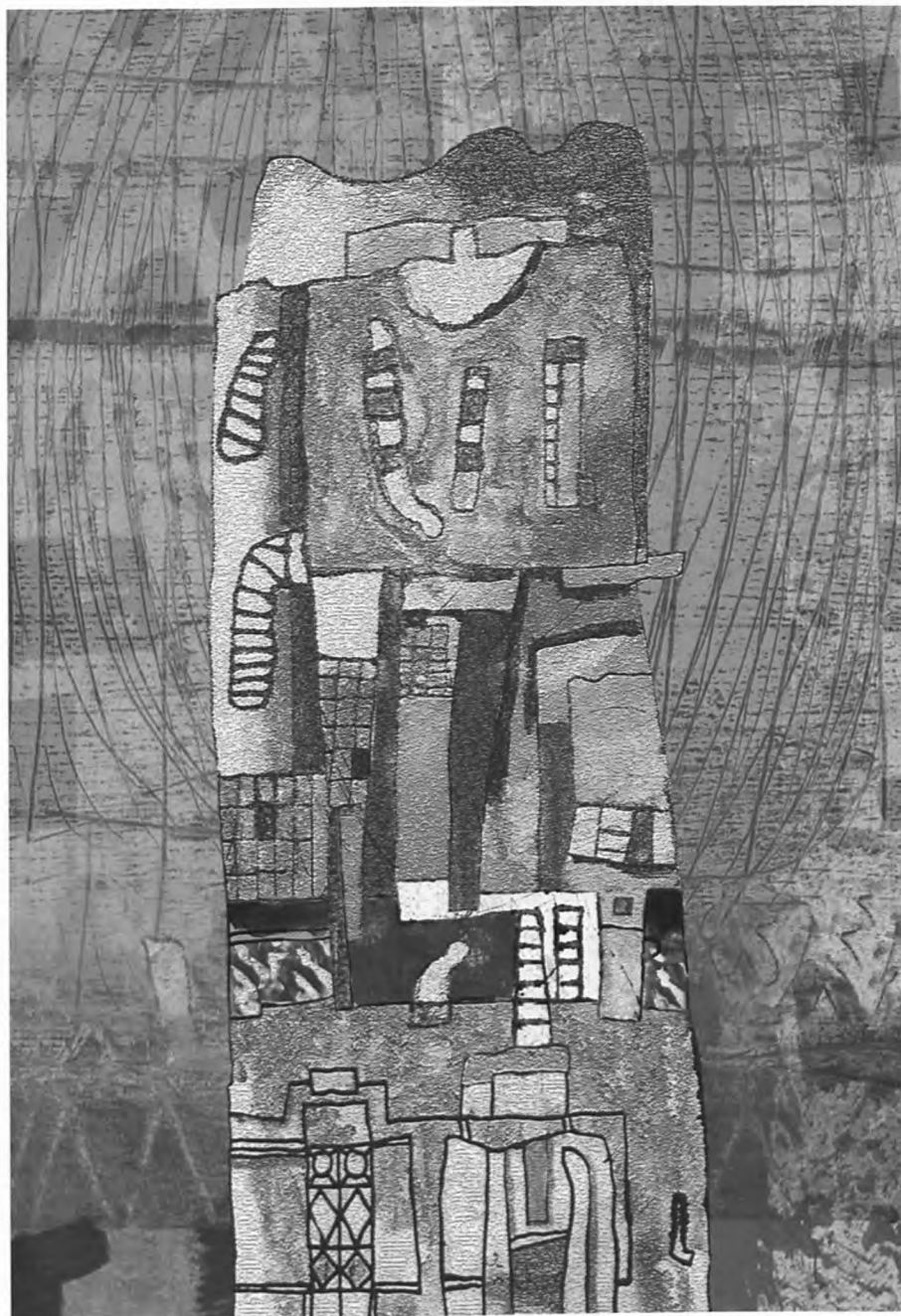
Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



Happy House
oil and acrylic on canvas, 80 x 120 cm

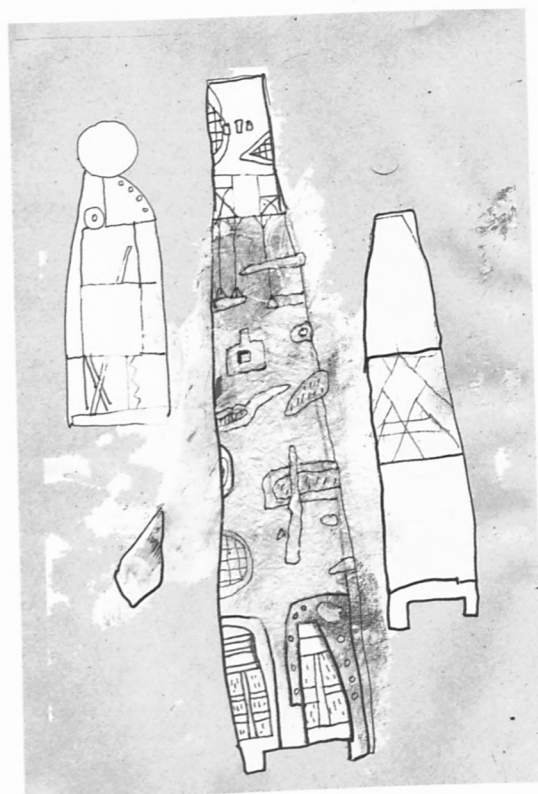
Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας





House for a Bishop
oil and acrylic on canvas, 160 x 110 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



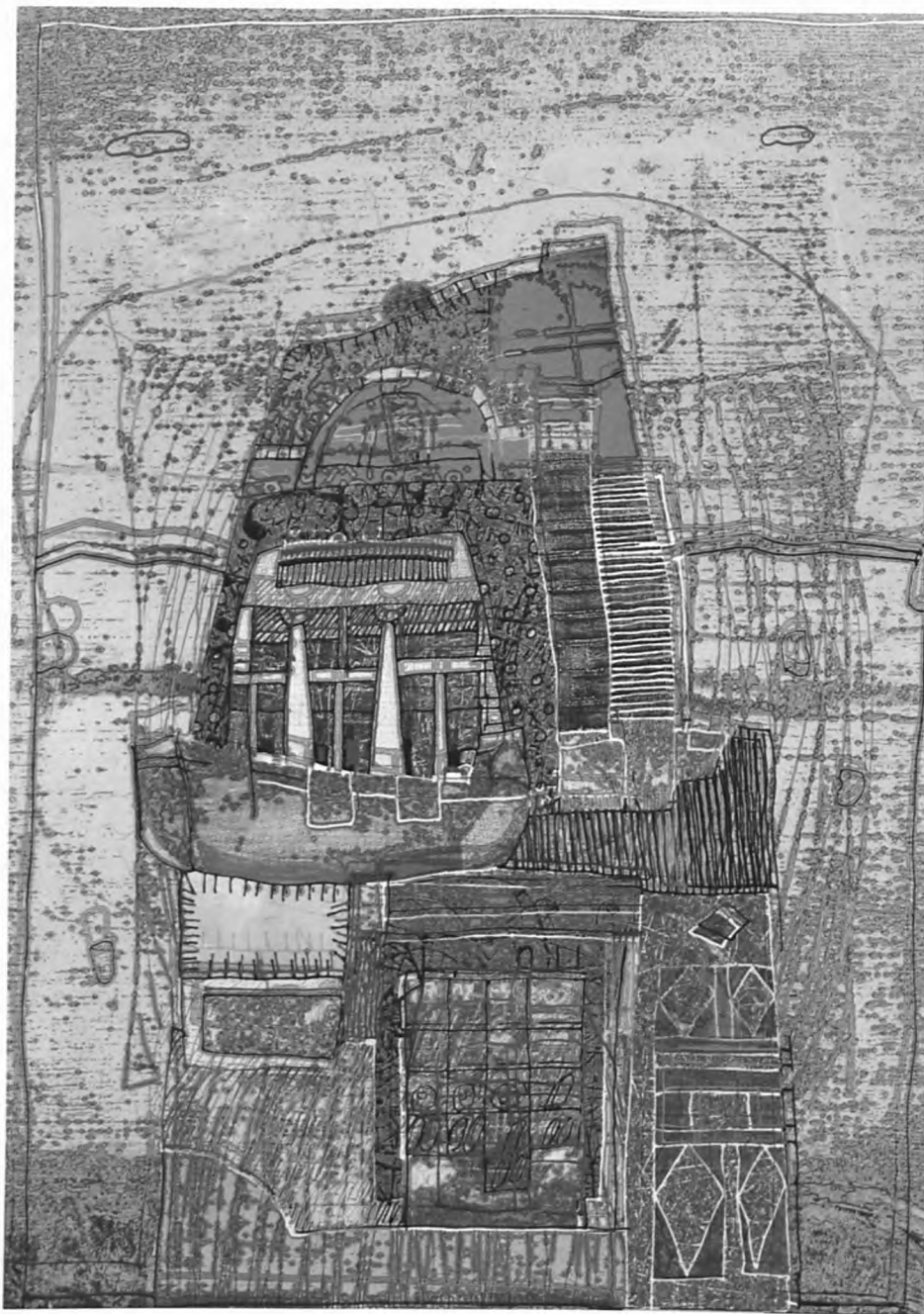
Poetic Architecture
drawing, ink and watercolours on paper

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



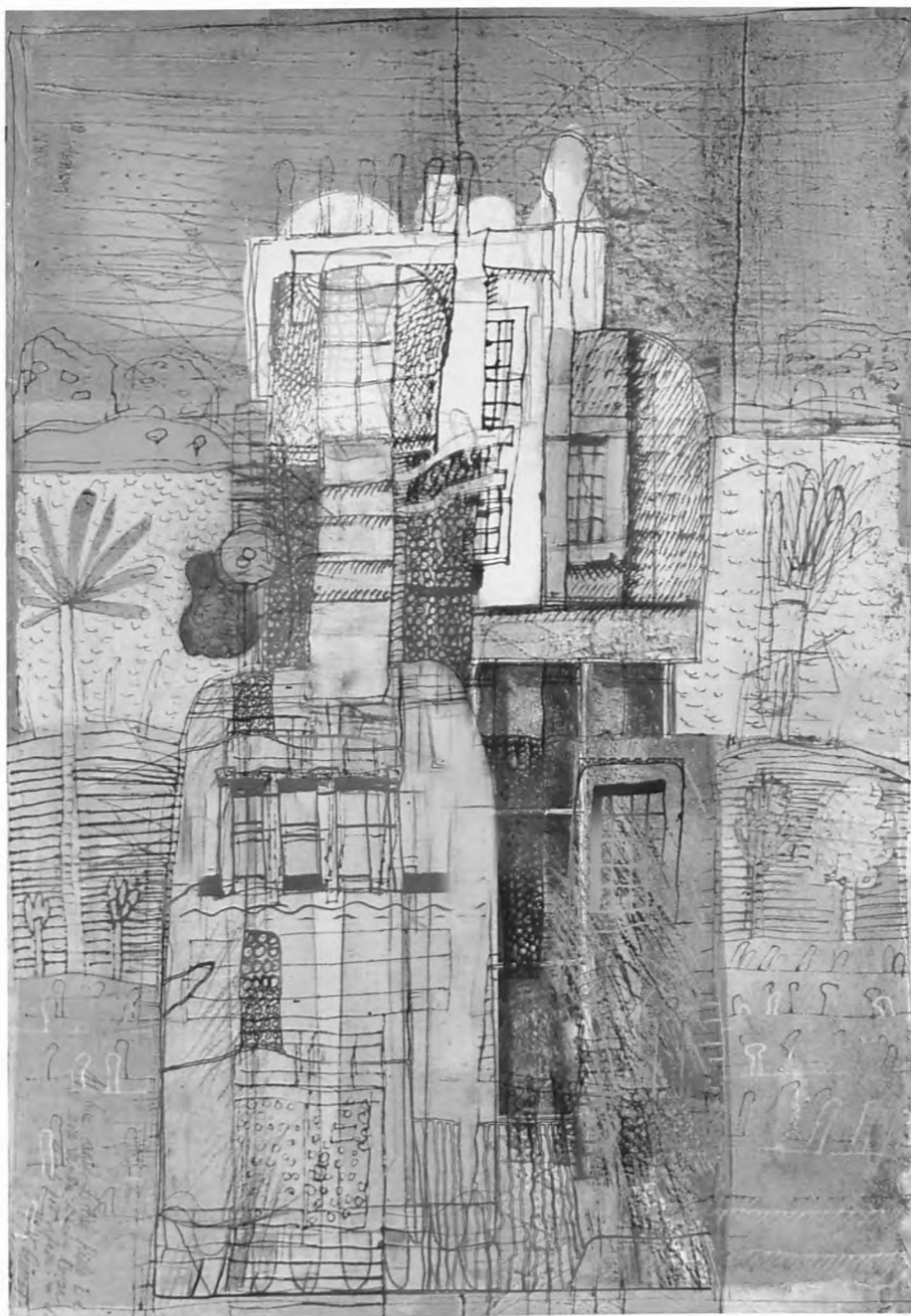
Spring Tower
oil and acrylic on canvas, 160 x 110 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



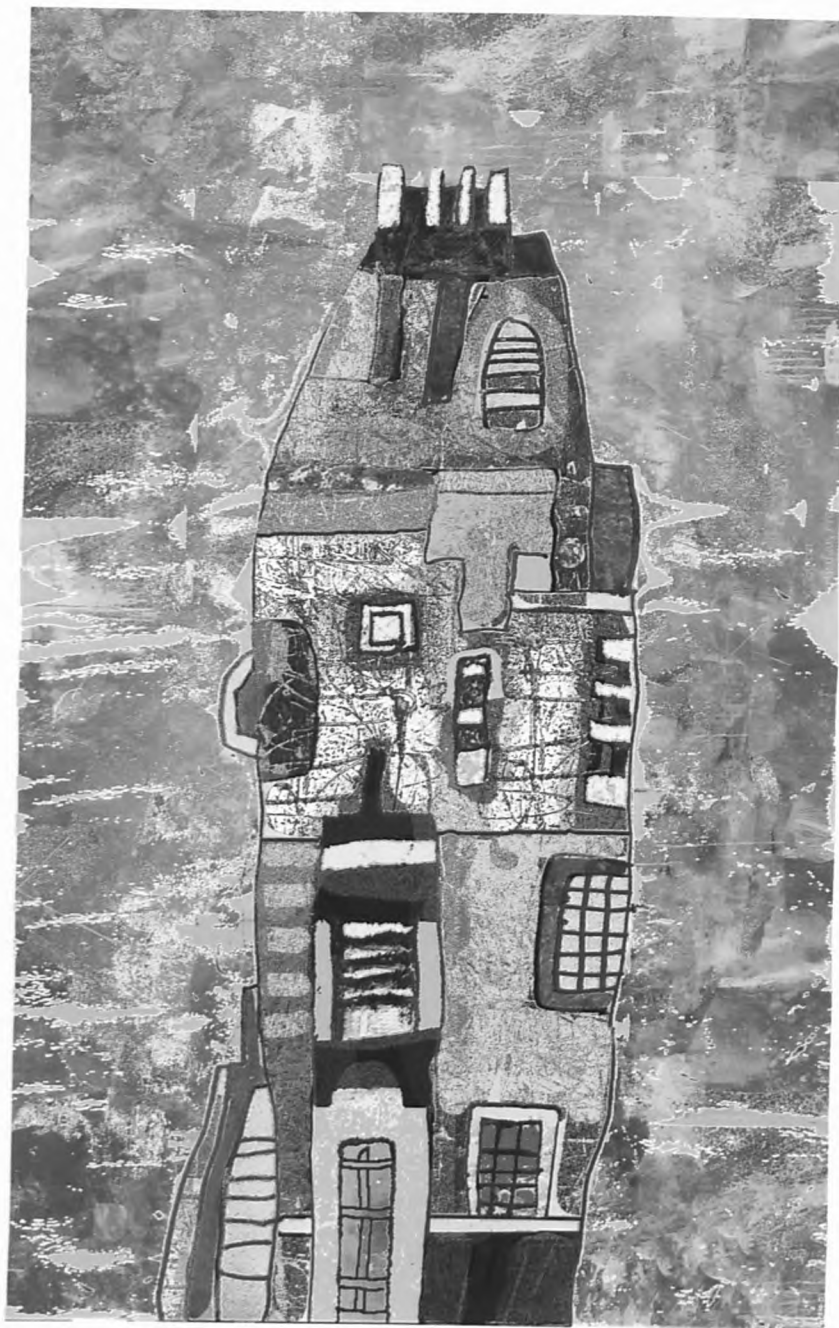
House for Ernest Hemmingway
oil and acrylic on canvas, 160 x 110 cm

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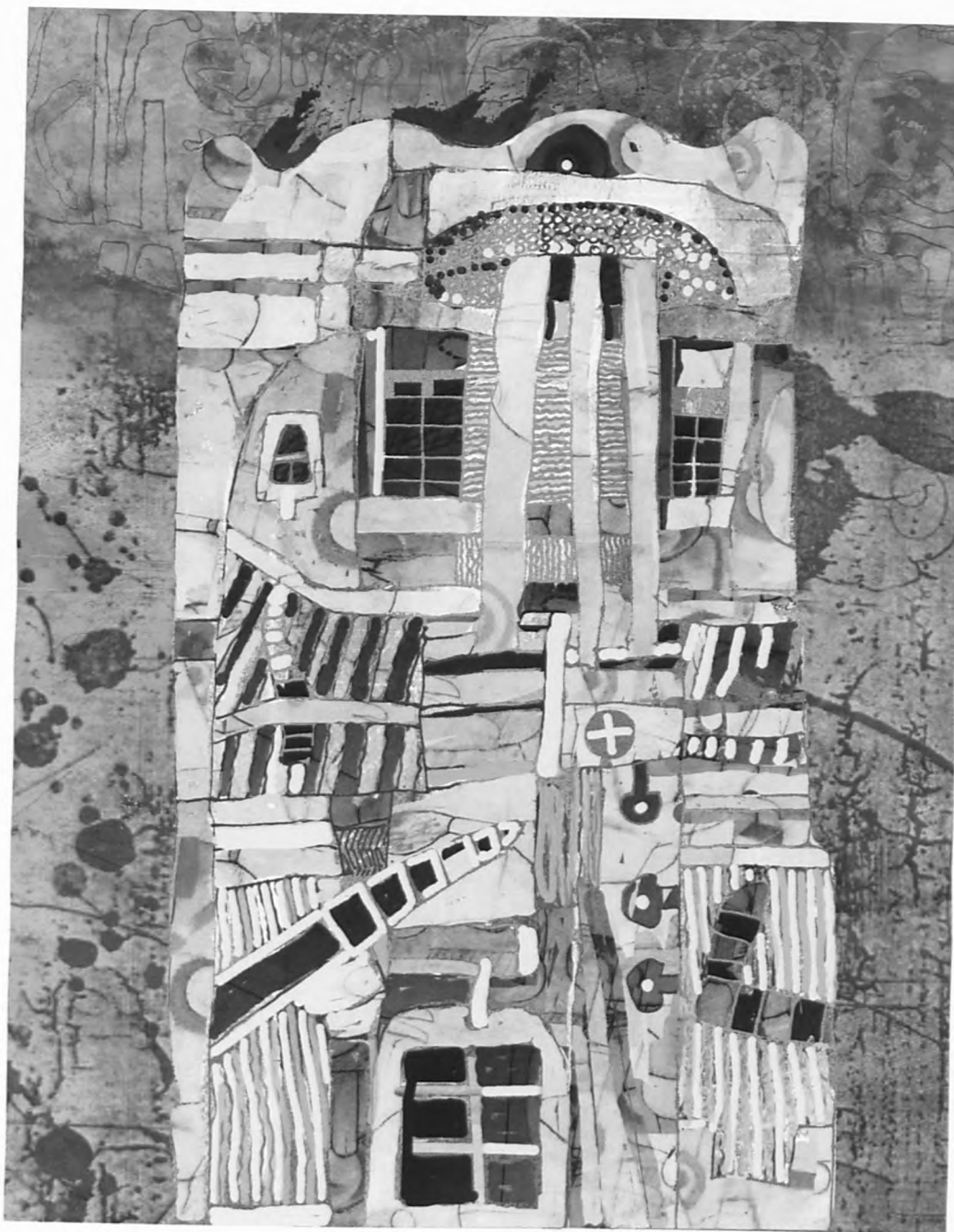
House for Allen Ginsberg
oil and acrylic on canvas, 160 x 110 cm

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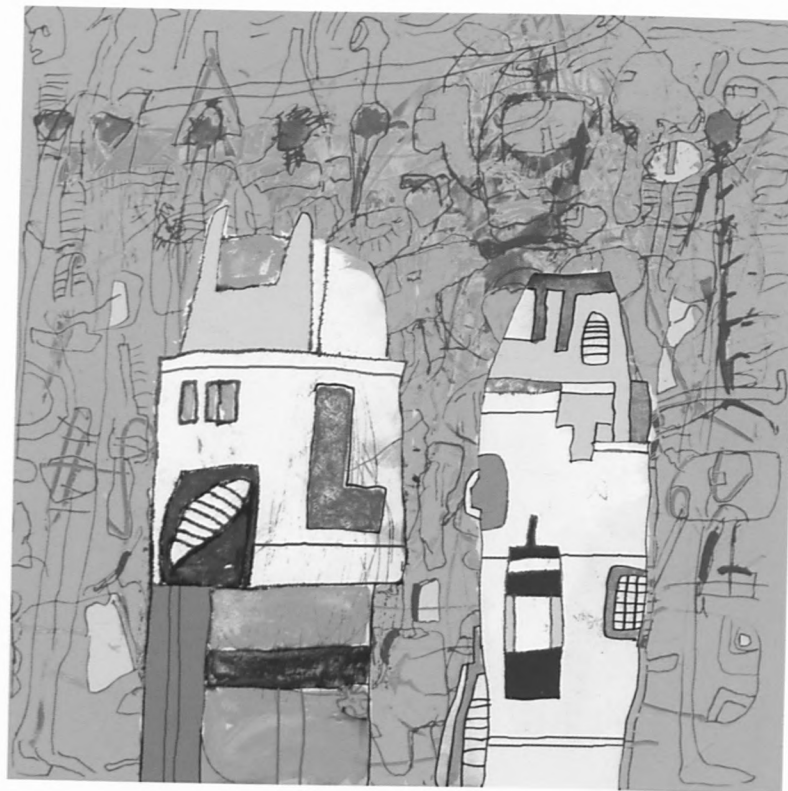
One Man Tower
oil and acrylic on canvas, 160 x 100 cm

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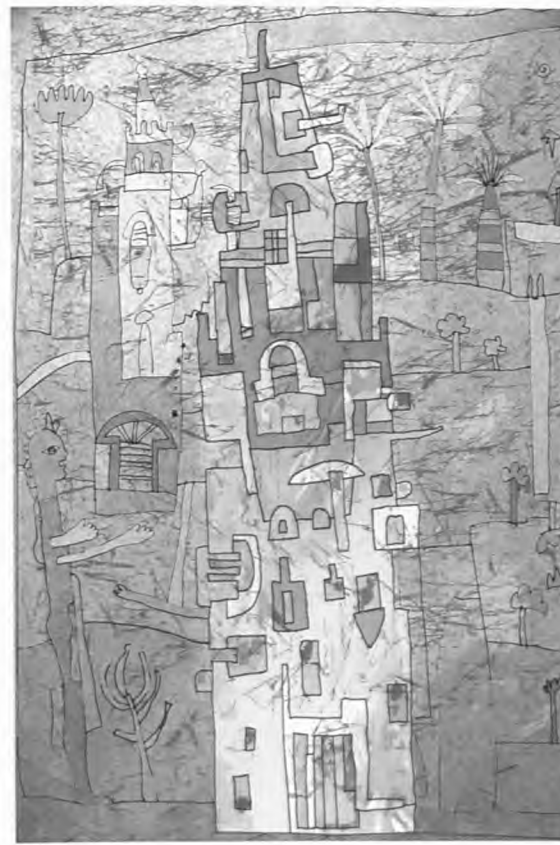
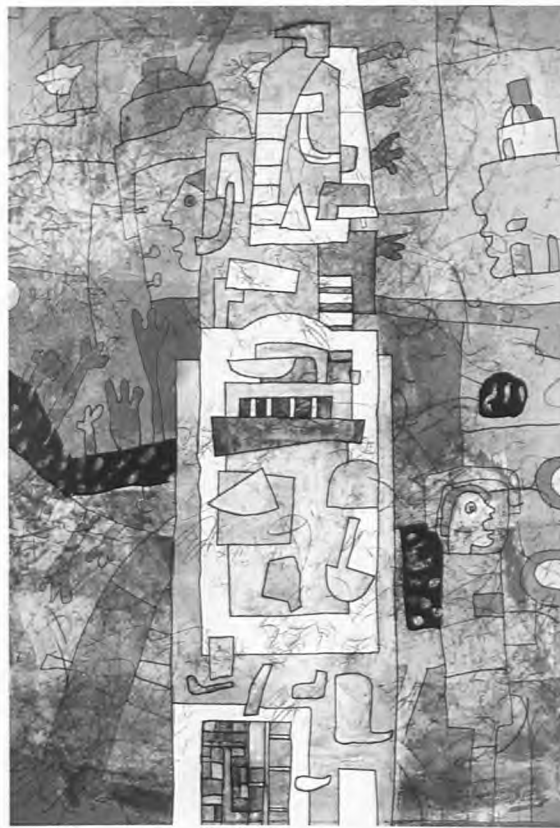
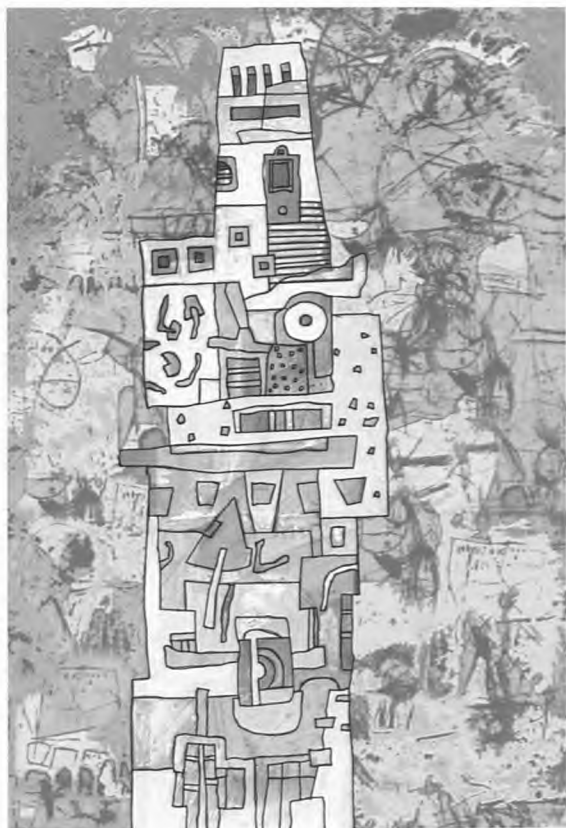
China House
oil and acrylic on canvas, 160 x 125 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



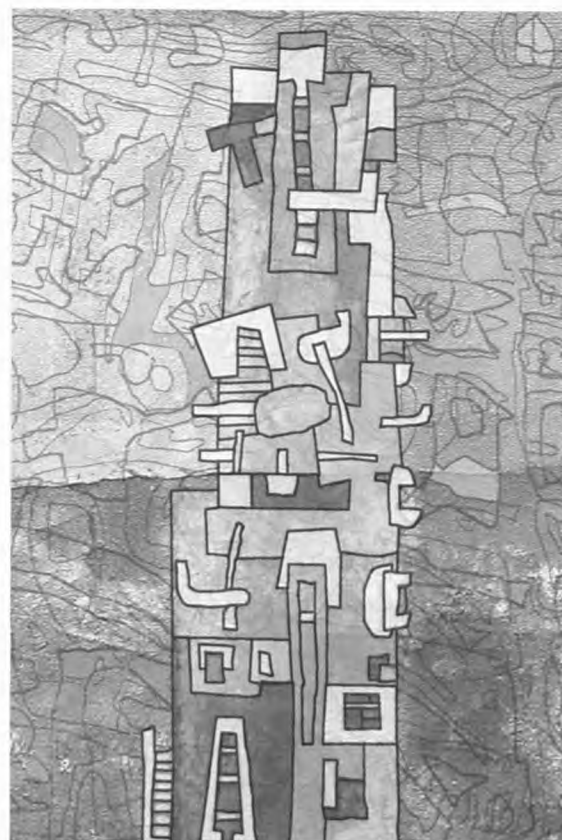
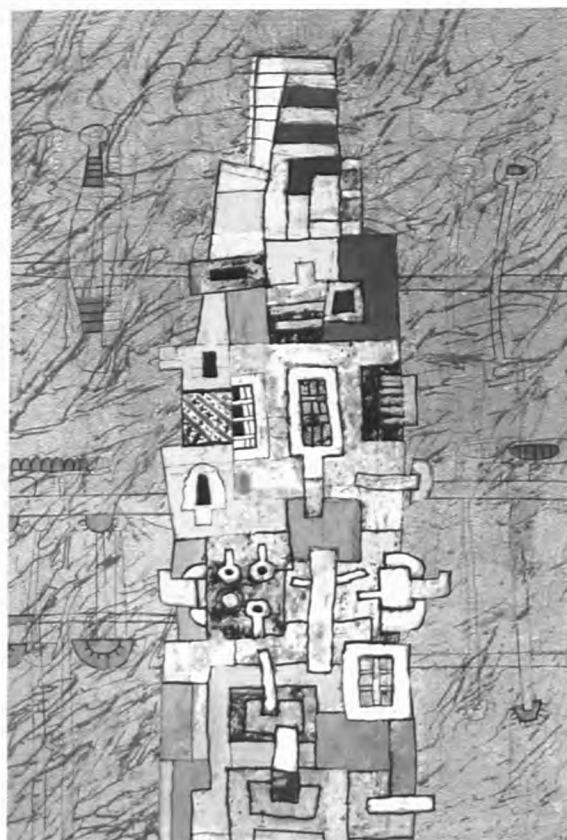
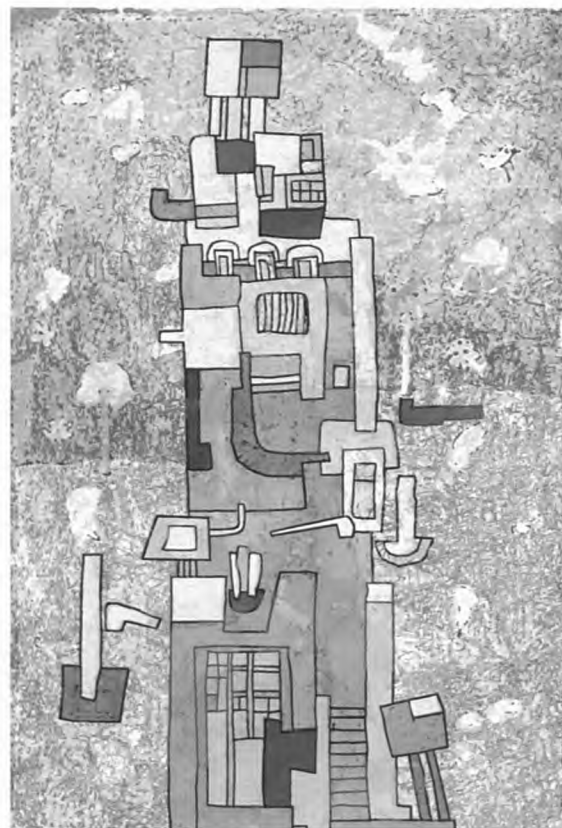
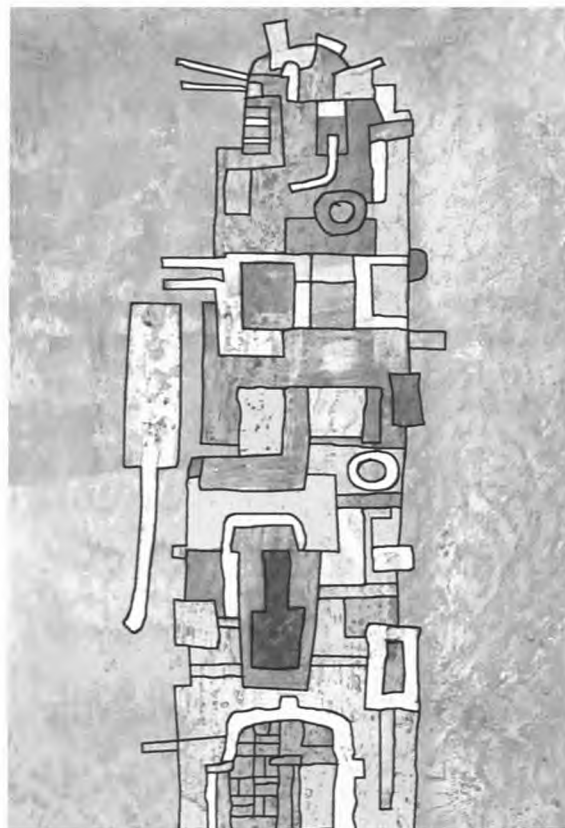
Cosmos and Damian Towers
oil and acrylic on canvas, 145 x 145 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



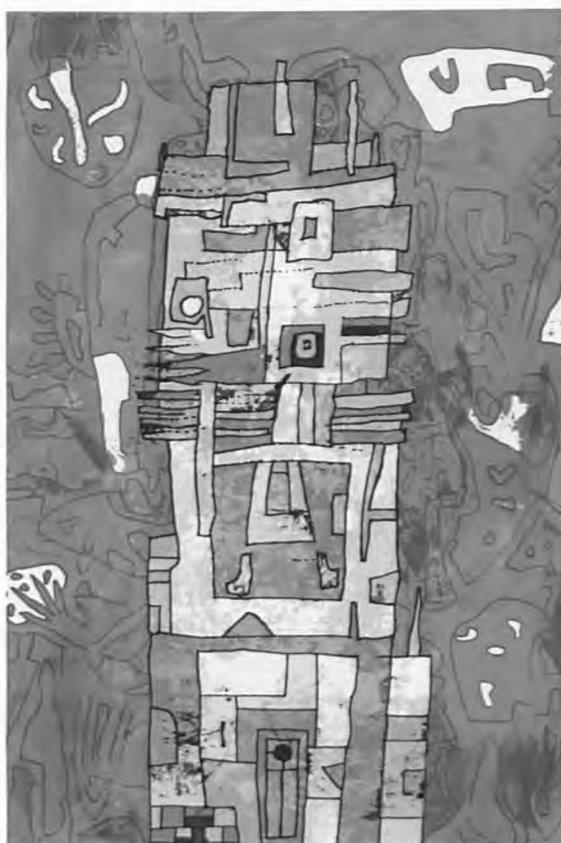
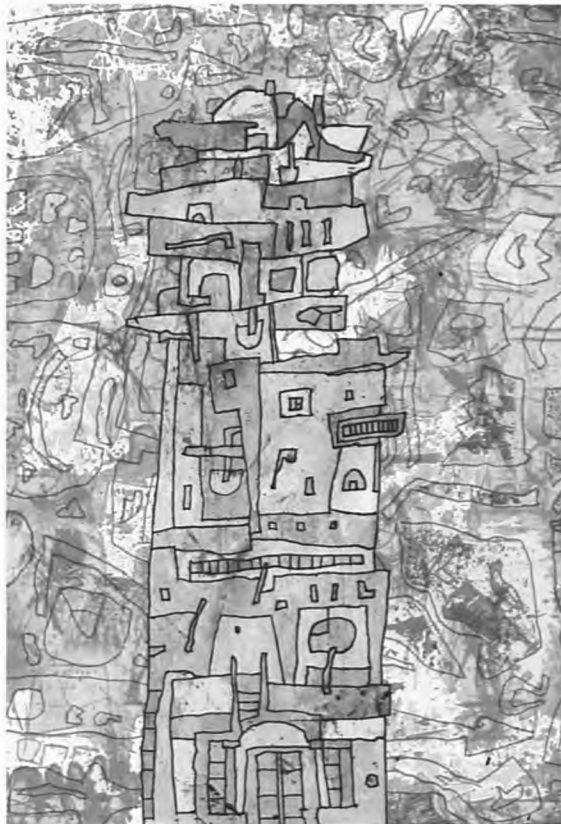
Urban Towers
oil and acrylic on canvas, 160 x 110 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



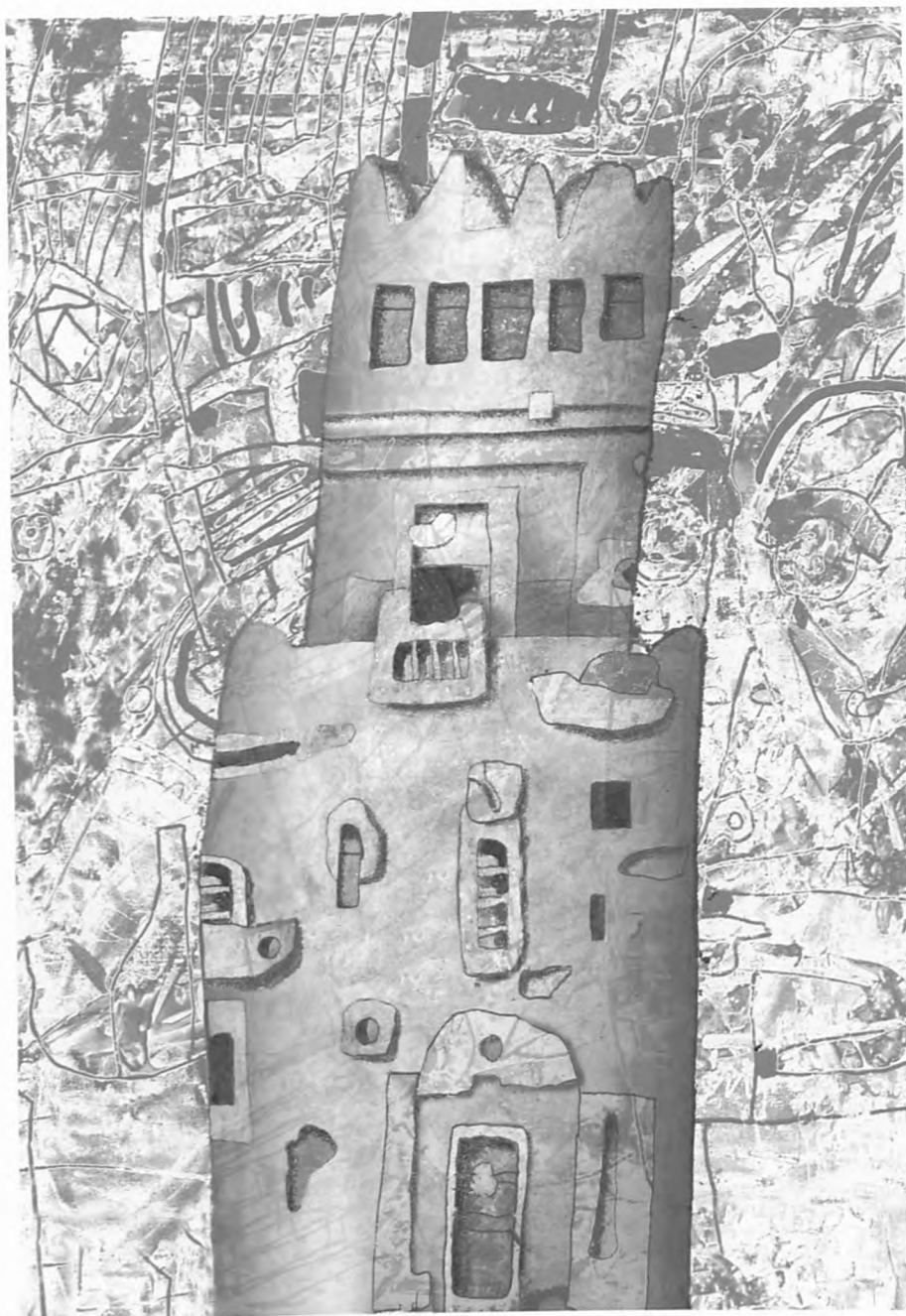
Urban Towers
oil and acrylic on canvas, 160 x 110 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



Urban Towers
oil and acrylic on canvas, 160 x 110 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



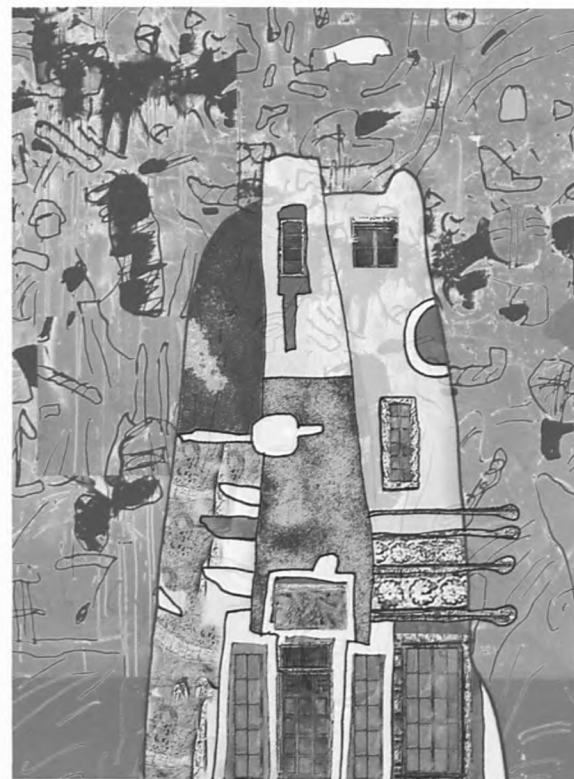
House of a Cyclop
oil and acrylic on canvas, 160 x 110 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



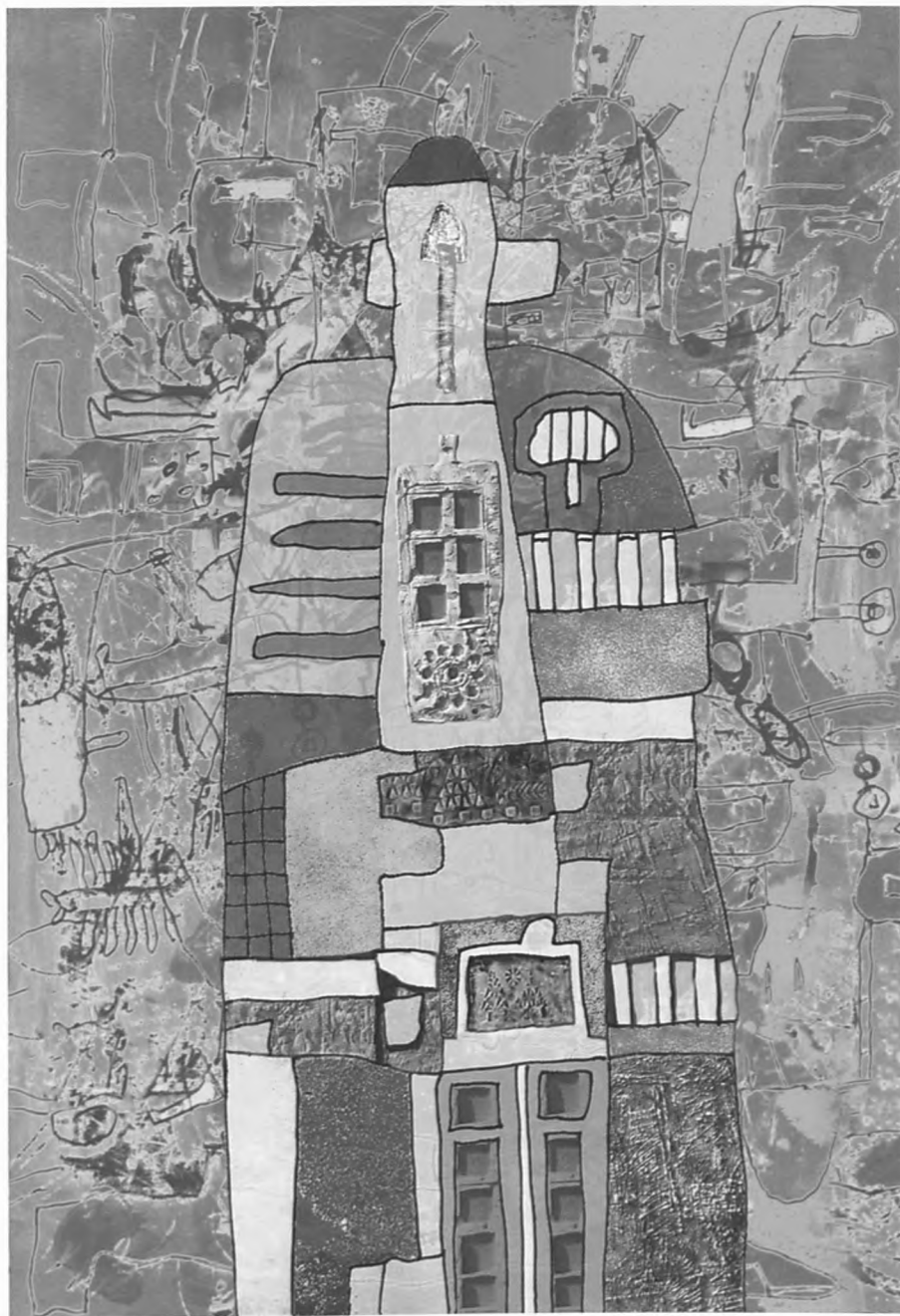
Dolphin House
oil and acrylic on canvas, 160 x 130 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



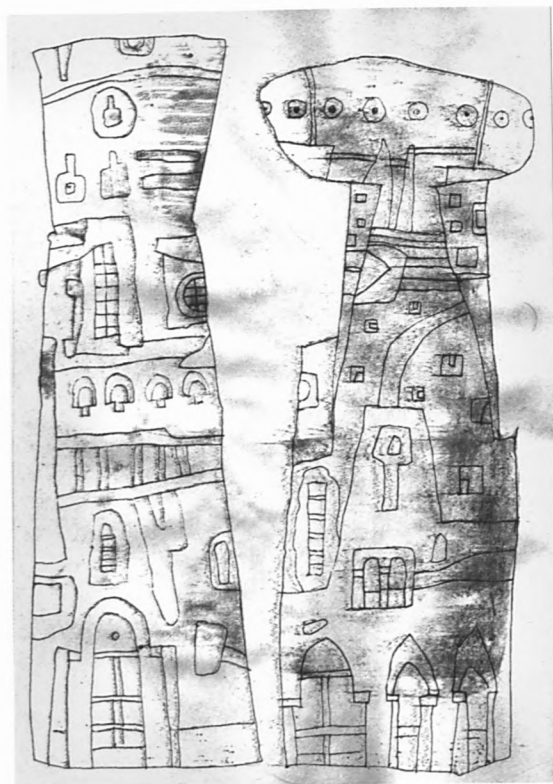
Bird House, Free House
oil and acrylic on canvas, 160 x 110 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



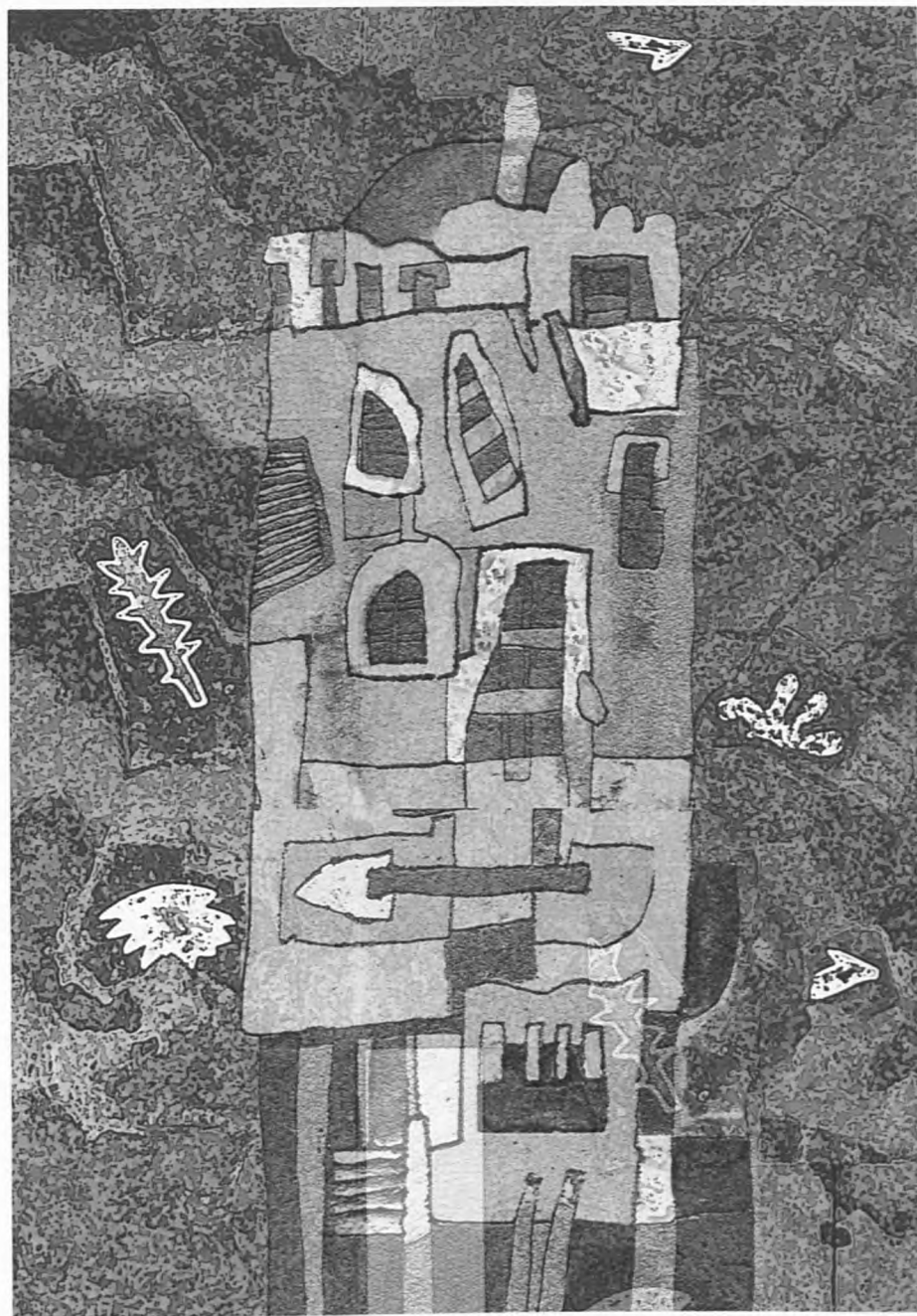
House of Silence
oil and acrylic on canvas, 160 x 110 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



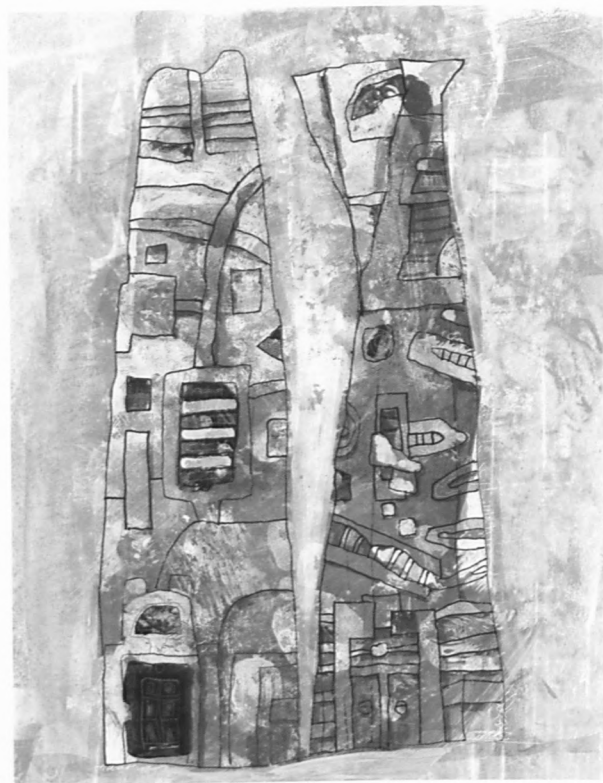
Poetic Architecture
drawing, ink and watercolours on paper

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



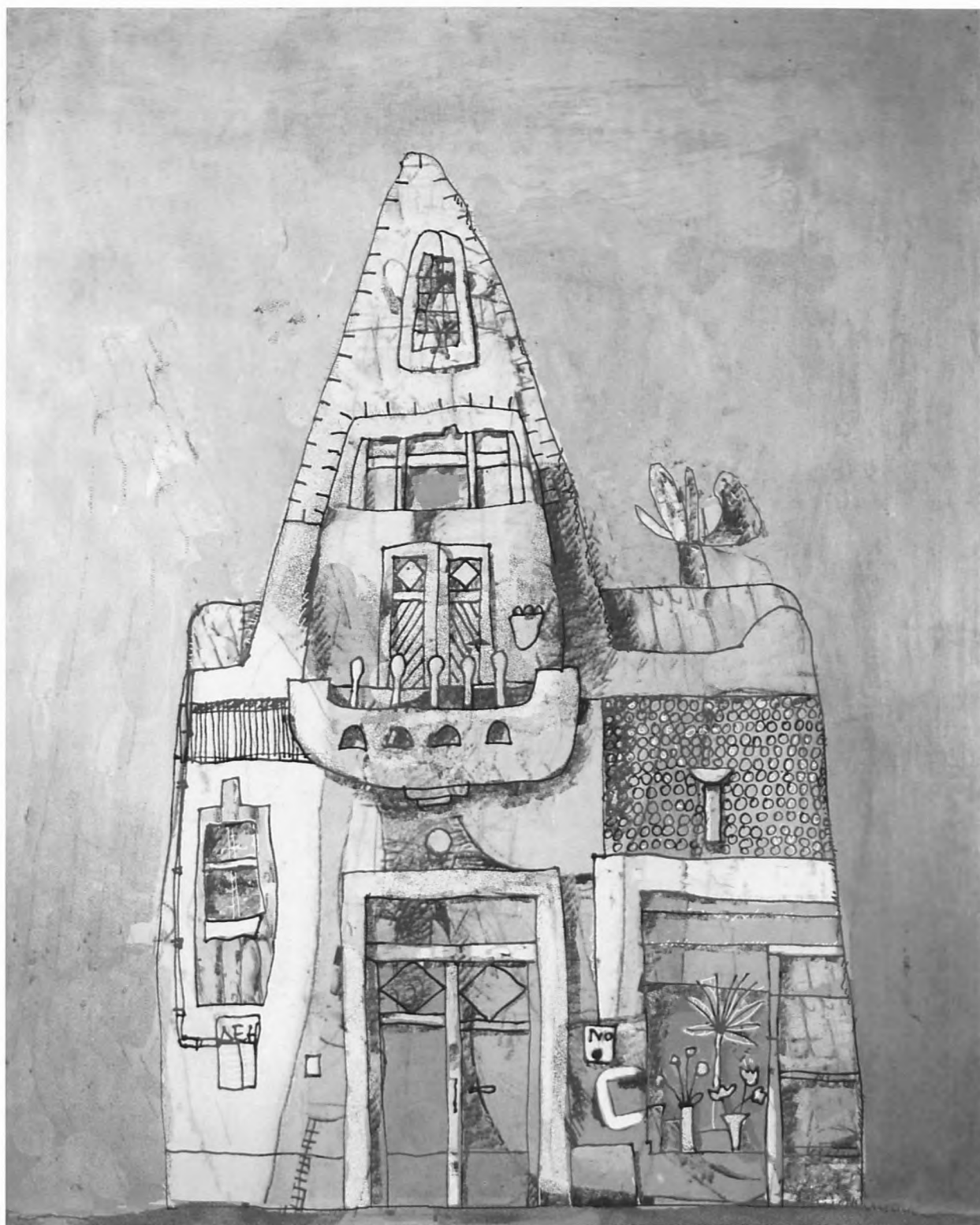
House for Richard Gere
oil and acrylic on canvas, 160 x 110 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



Poetic Architecture
drawing, ink and watercolours on paper

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



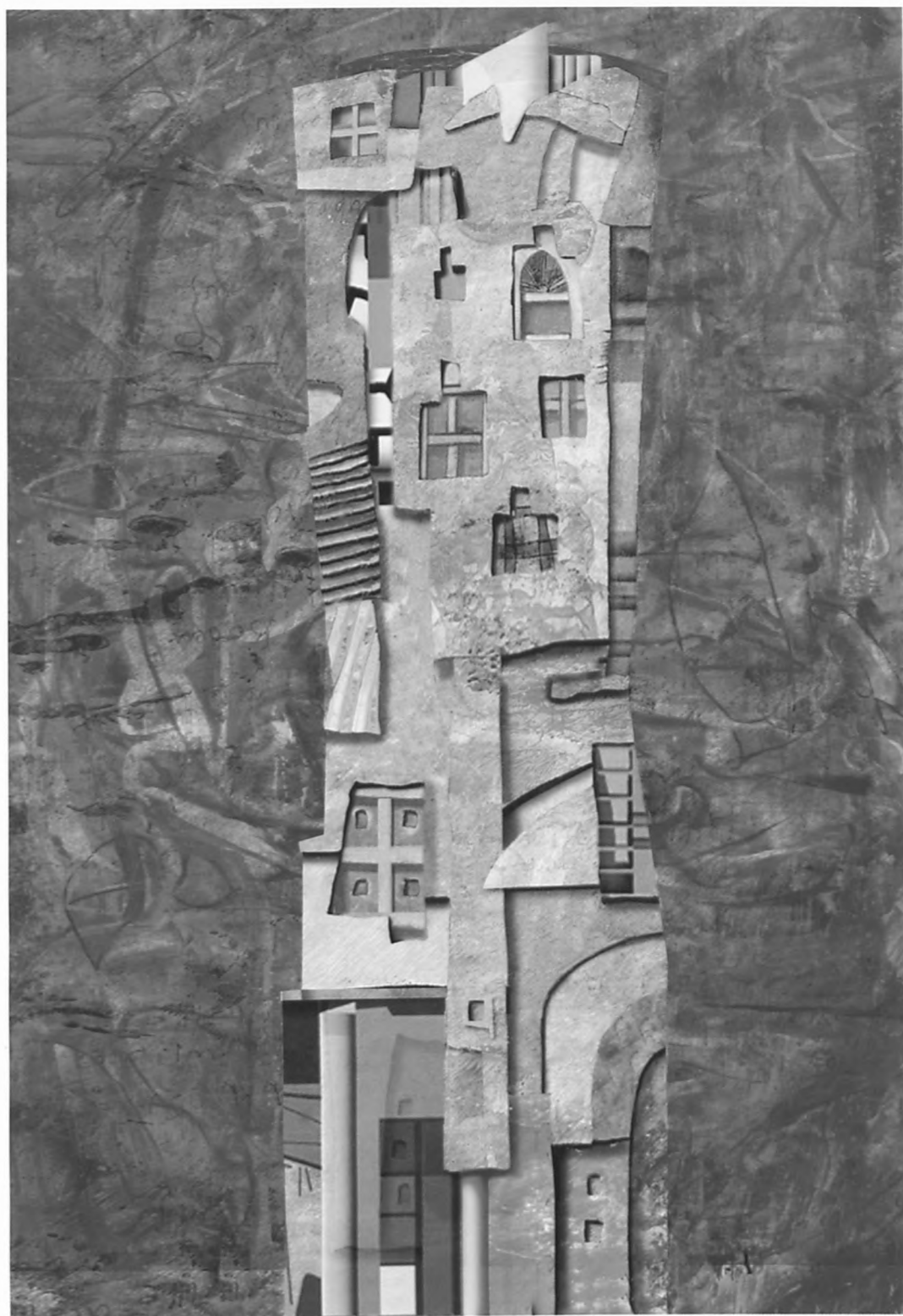
African House
oil and acrylic on canvas, 160 x 130 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



Tower for Mikis Theodorakis
oil and acrylic on canvas, 160 x 110 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



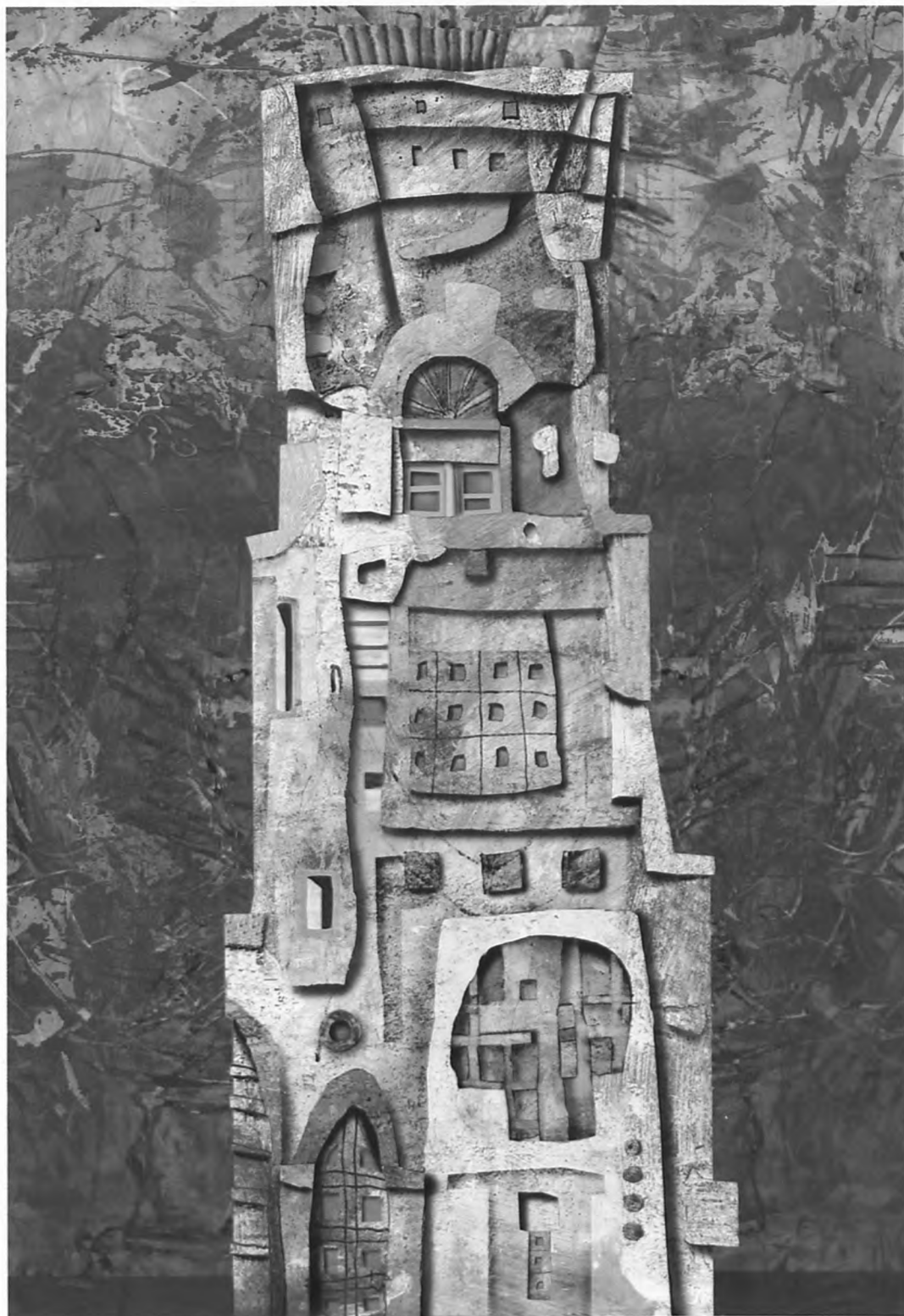
Tower for Odysseas Elitis
oil and acrylic on canvas, 160 x 110 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



Love Tower
oil and acrylic on canvas, 160 x 110 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



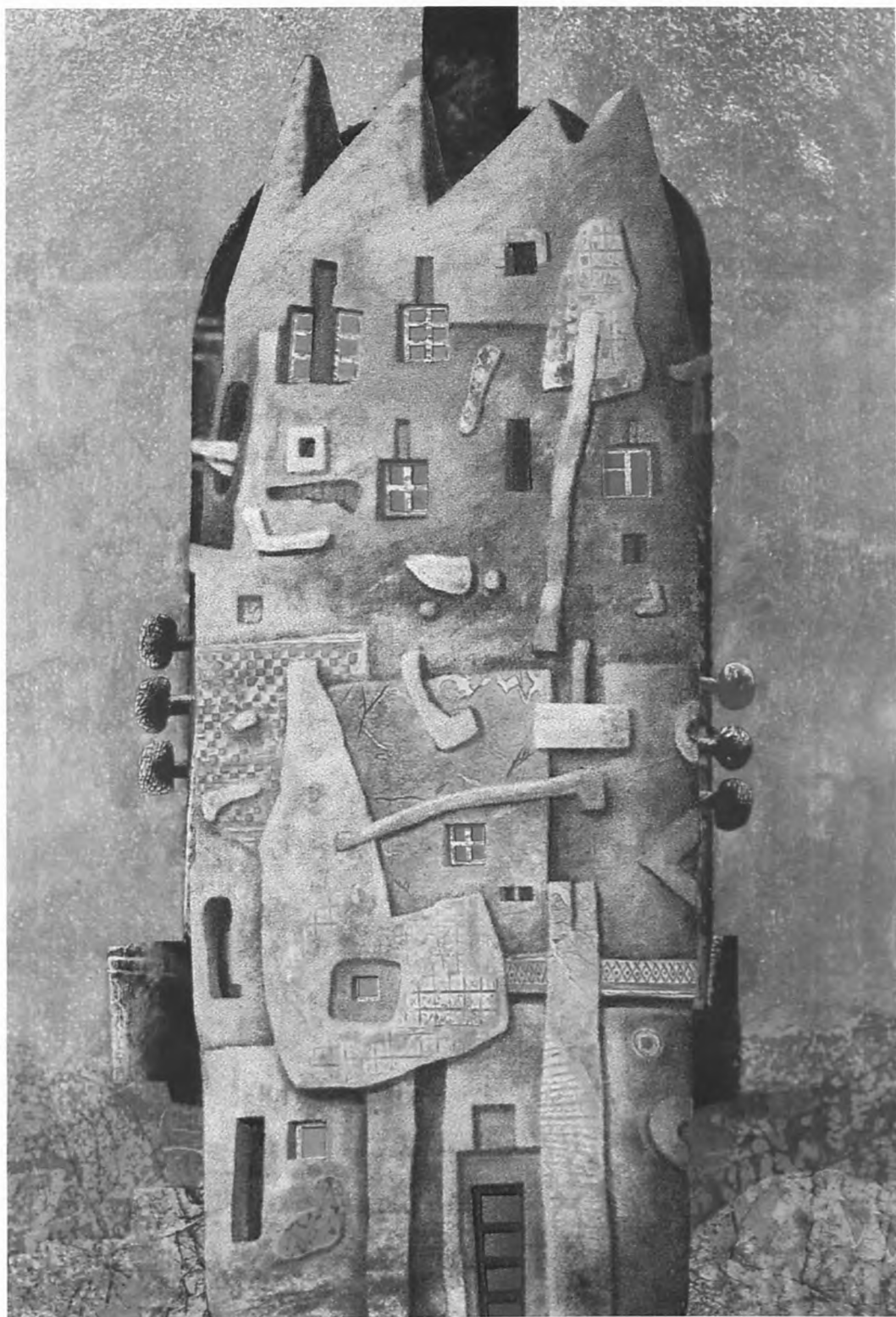
Dream Tower
oil and acrylic on canvas, 160 x 110 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



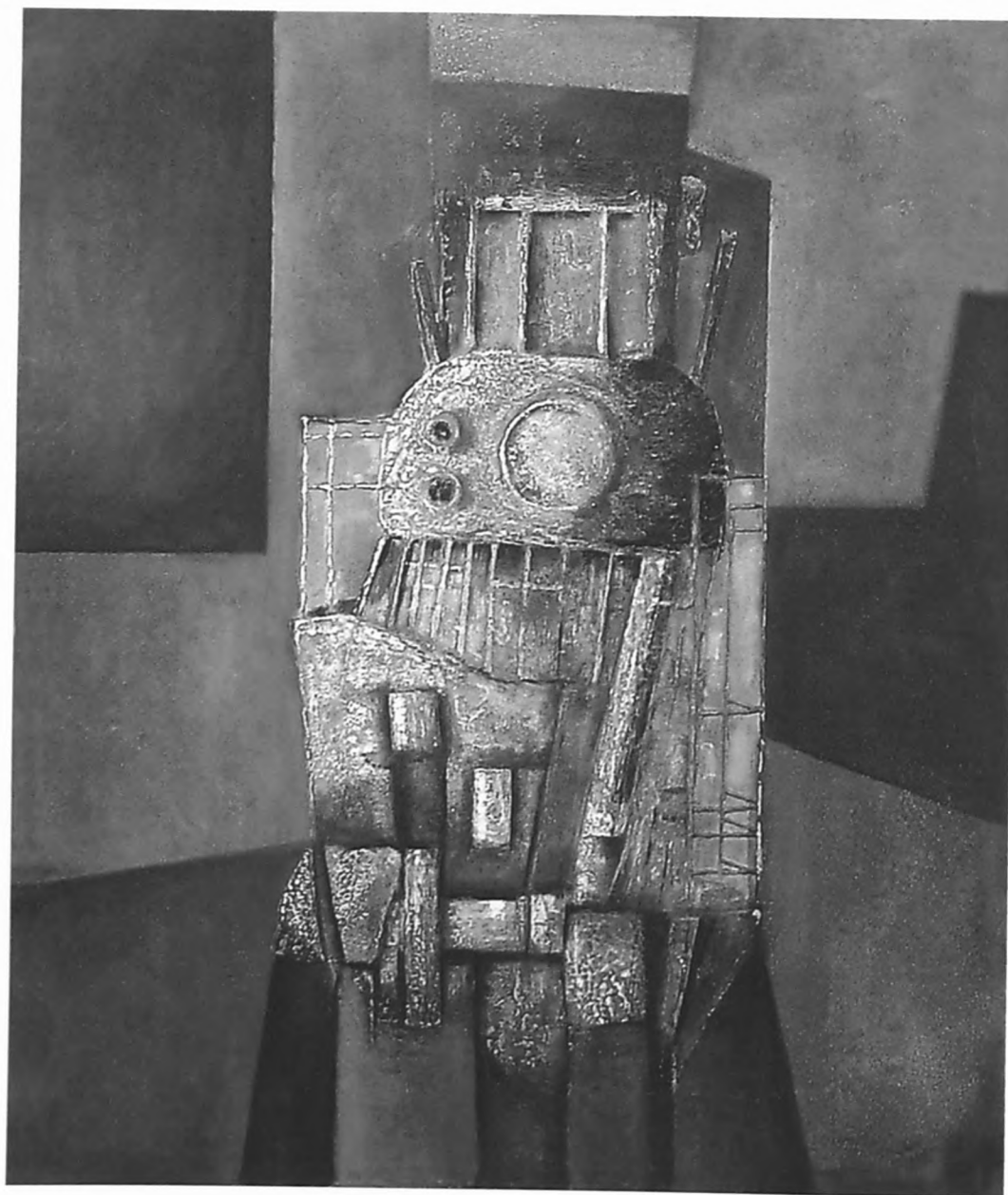
El Greco Tower
oil and acrylic on canvas, 160 x 110 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



Van Gogh Tower
oil and acrylic on canvas, 160 x 110 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



House for Max Beckmann
oil and acrylic on canvas, 110 x 130 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



House for Le Corbusier
oil and acrylic on canvas, 110 x 130 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



Science Fiction Ark I, II

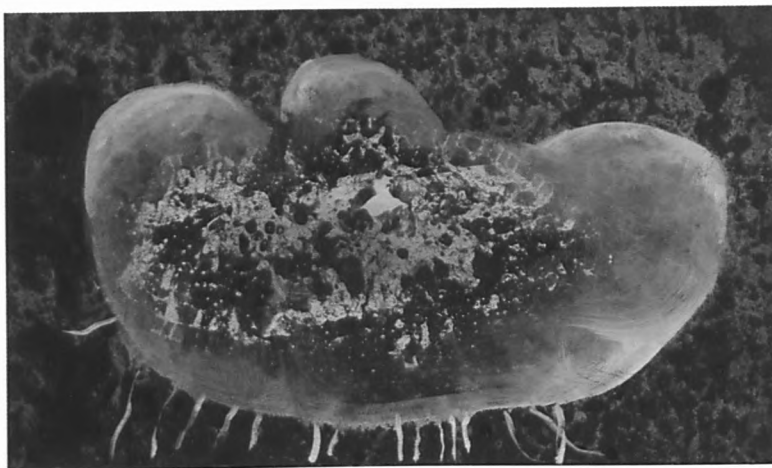
oil and acrylic on canvas, 90 x 40 cm, 90 x 80 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



Science Fiction Ark
oil and acrylic on canvas, 100 x 62 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



Bio Arks
oil and acrylic on canvas, 55 x 90cm, 30 x 90 cm, 30 x 90 cm

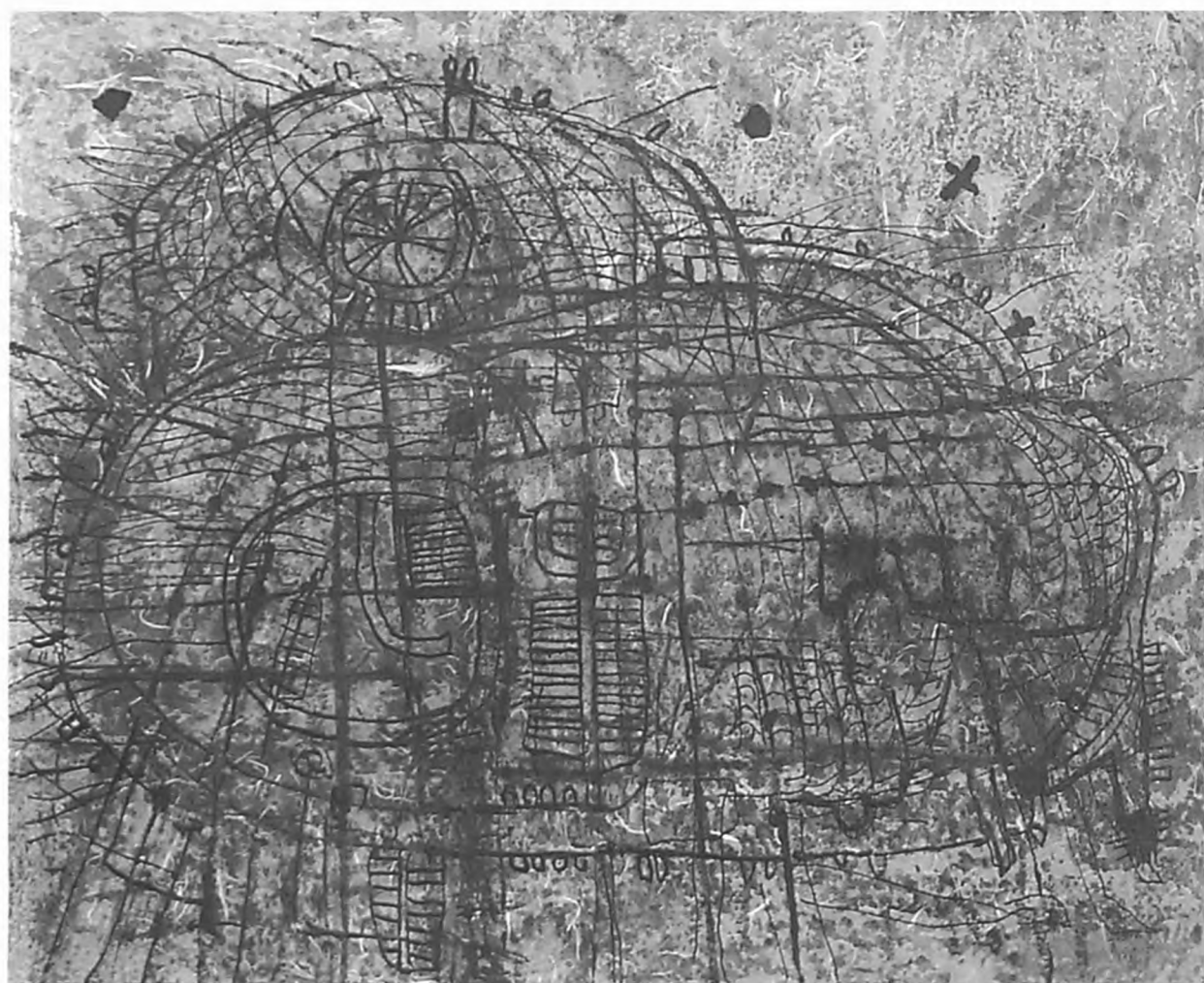
Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



Arks

oil and acrylic on canvas, 70 x 70 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



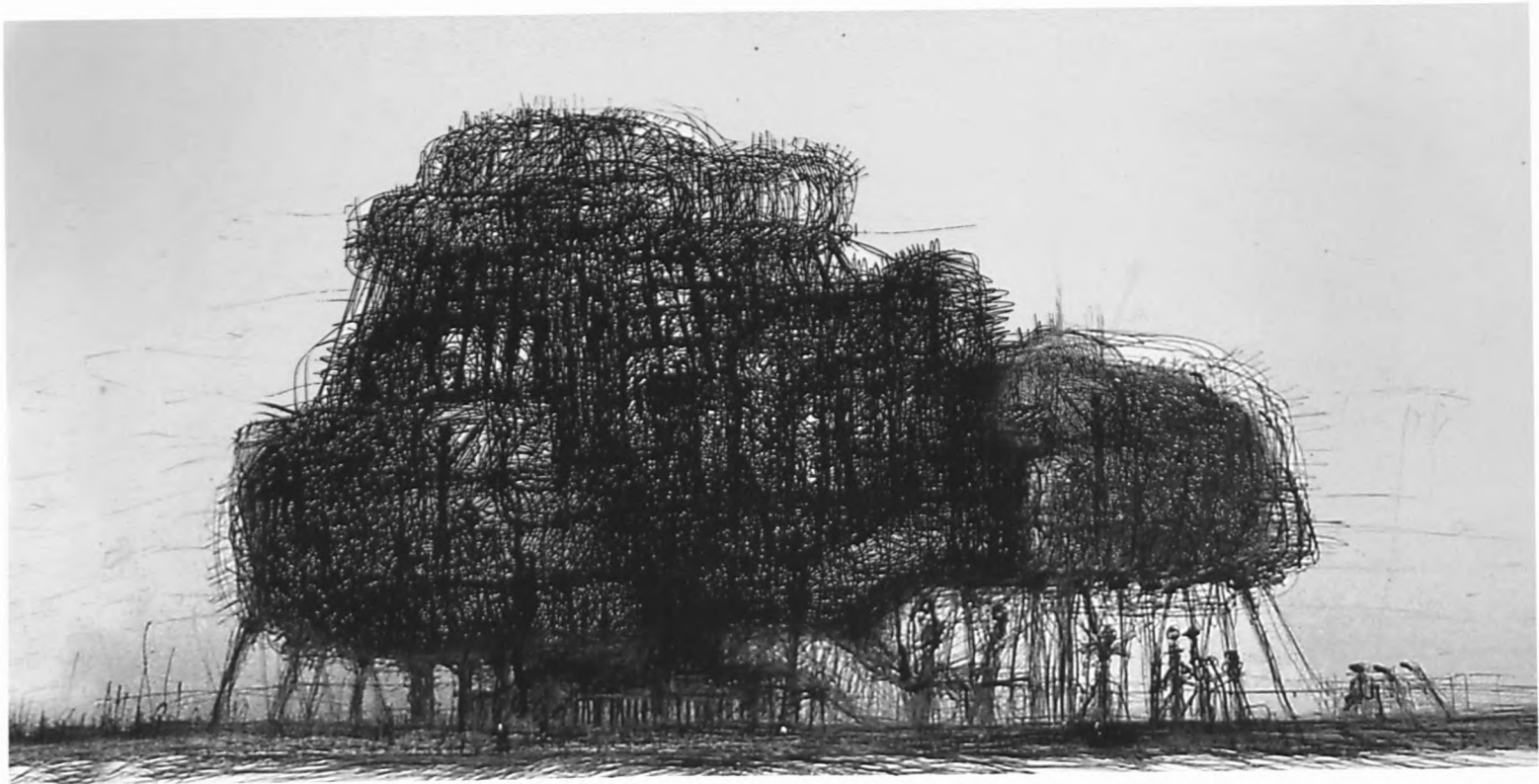
Ark Drawing
oil and acrylic on canvas, 100 x 80 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



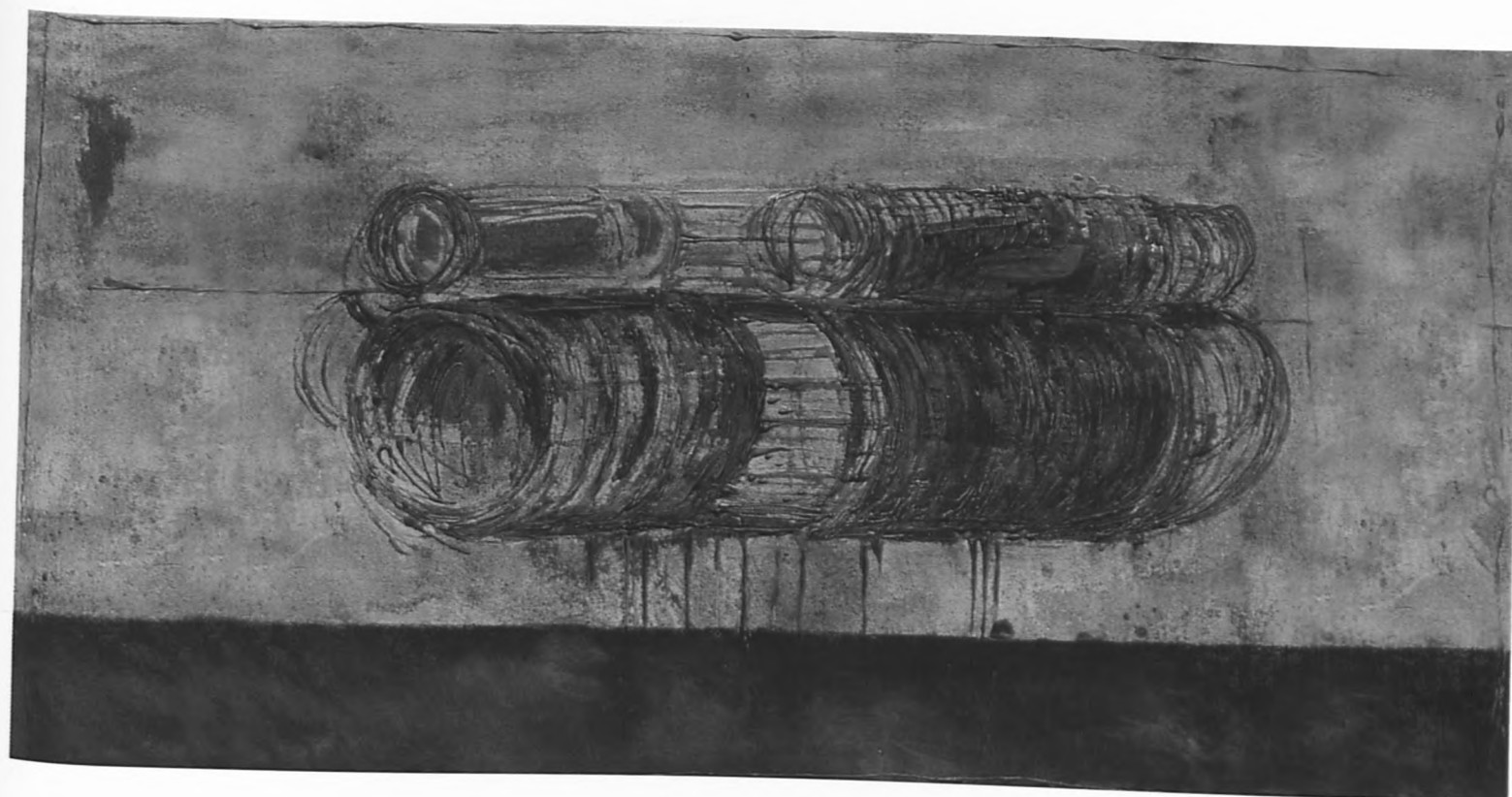
Ark Drawing
oil and acrylic on canvas, 100 x 80 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



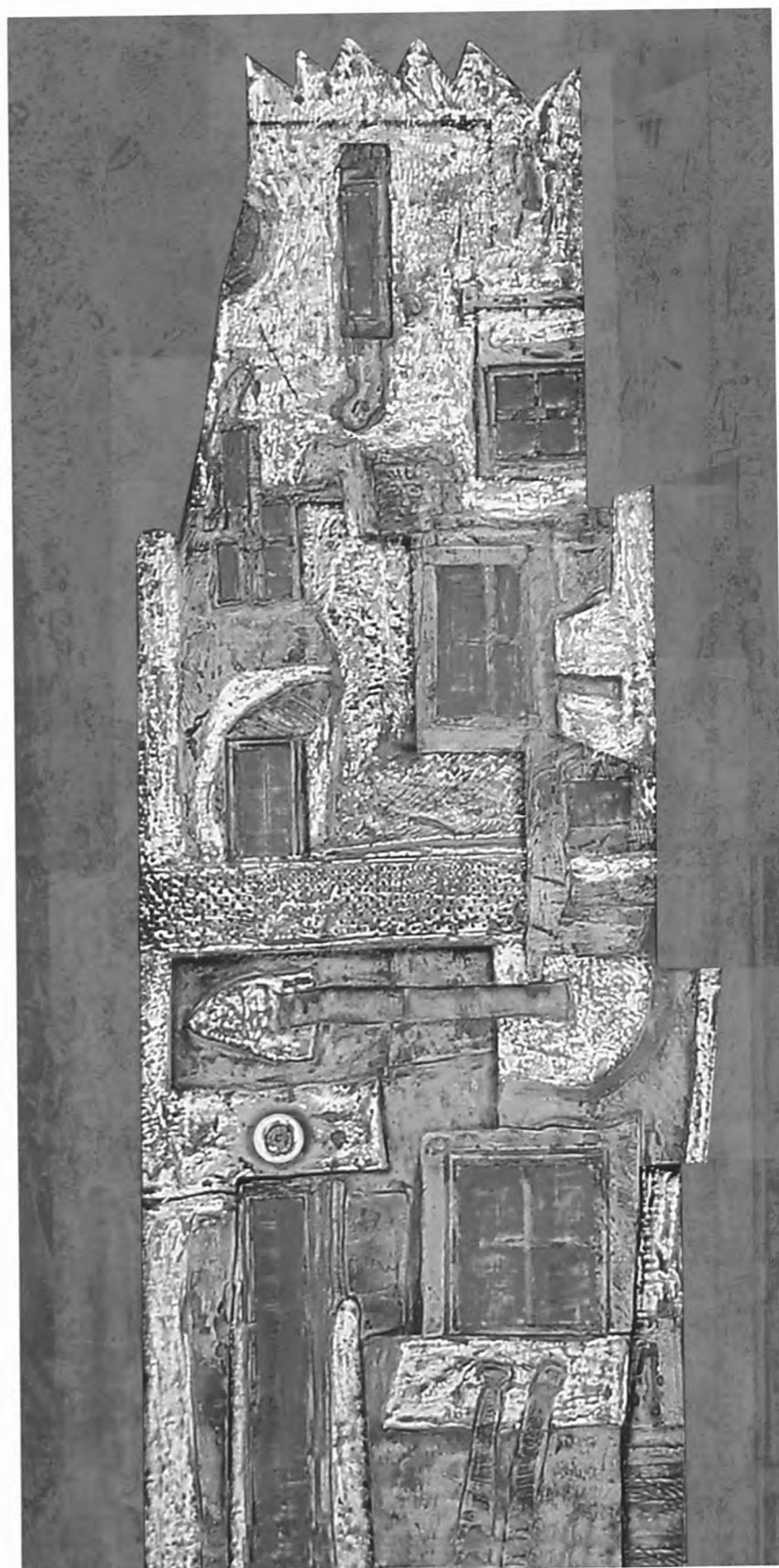
Grass House
oil and acrylic on canvas, 80 x 160 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



Flying Building
oil and acrylic on canvas, 80 x 160 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



Santorin Tower
oil and acrylic on canvas, 90 x 180 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



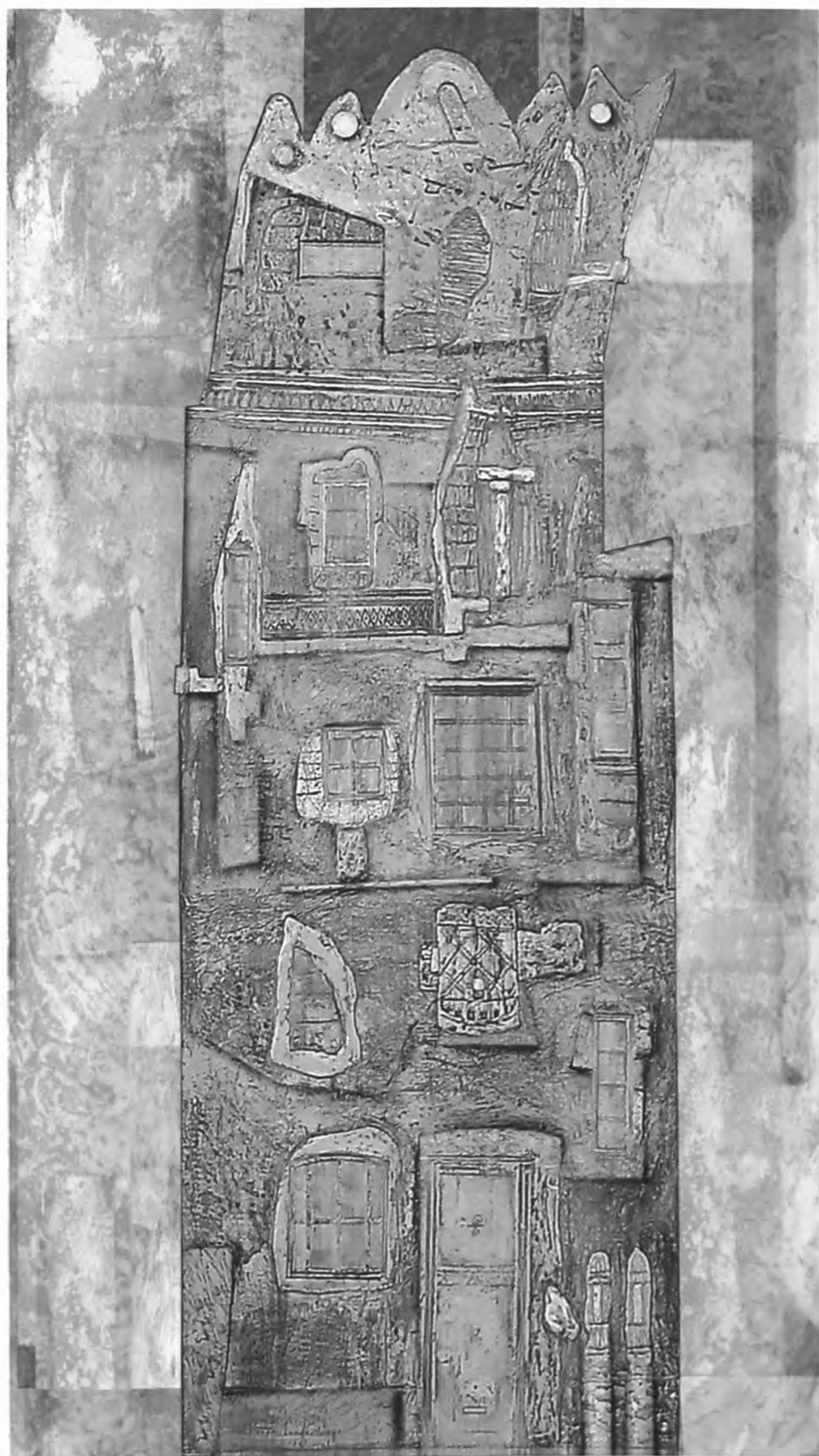
Mykonos Tower
oil and acrylic on canvas, 90 x 180 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



Patmos Tower
oil and acrylic on canvas, 90 x 180 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



Rhodos Tower
oil and acrylic on canvas, 90 x 180 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



Details

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



Chios Tower
oil and acrylic on canvas, 90 x 180 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



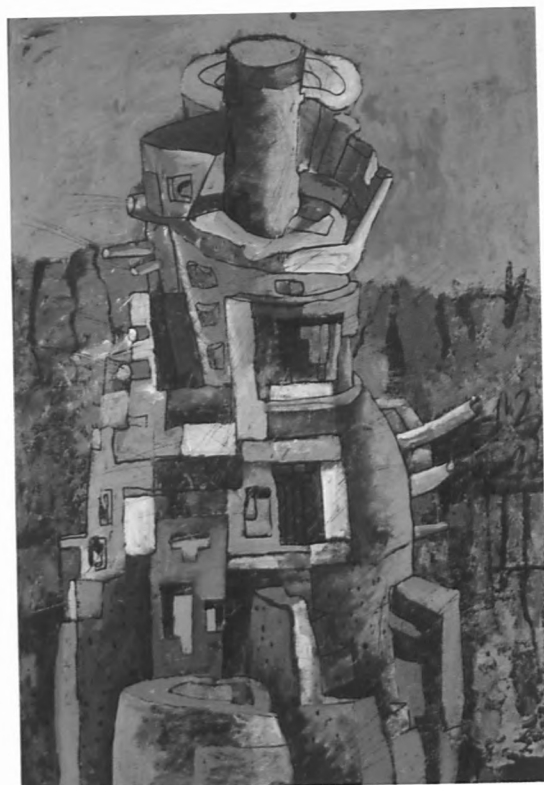
African house
oil and acrylic on canvas, 130 x 120 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



African house
oil and acrylic on canvas, 130 x 120 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



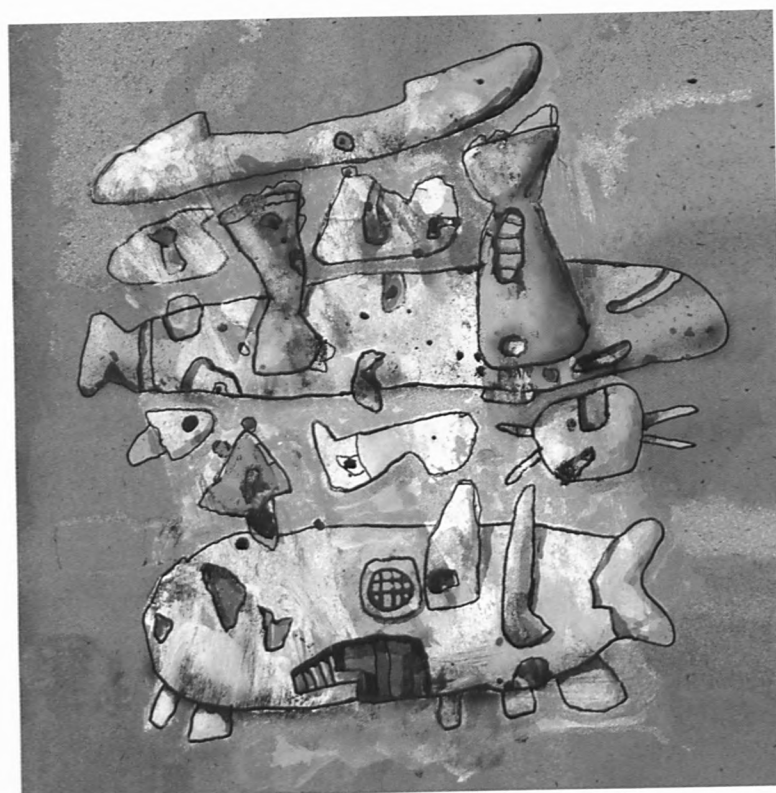
Wild houses
oil and acrylic on canvas, 80 x 120 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



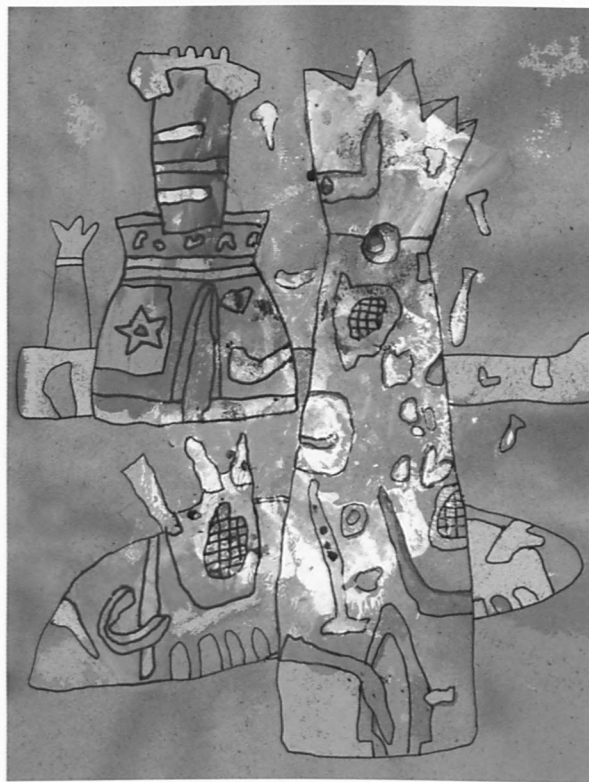
Wild house
oil and acrylic on canvas, 80 x 120 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



Poetic Architecture
drawing, ink and watercolours on paper

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



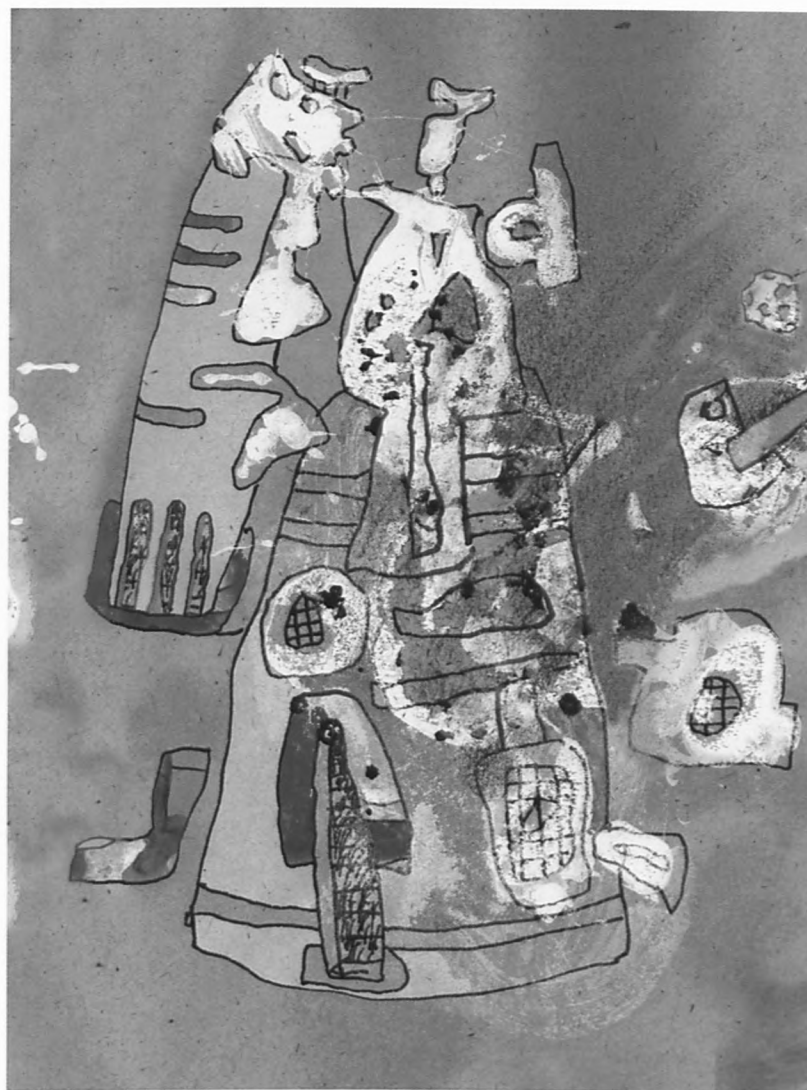
Poetic Architecture
drawing, ink and watercolours on paper

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



Poetic Architecture
drawing, ink and watercolours on paper

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



Poetic Architecture
drawing, ink and watercolours on paper

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



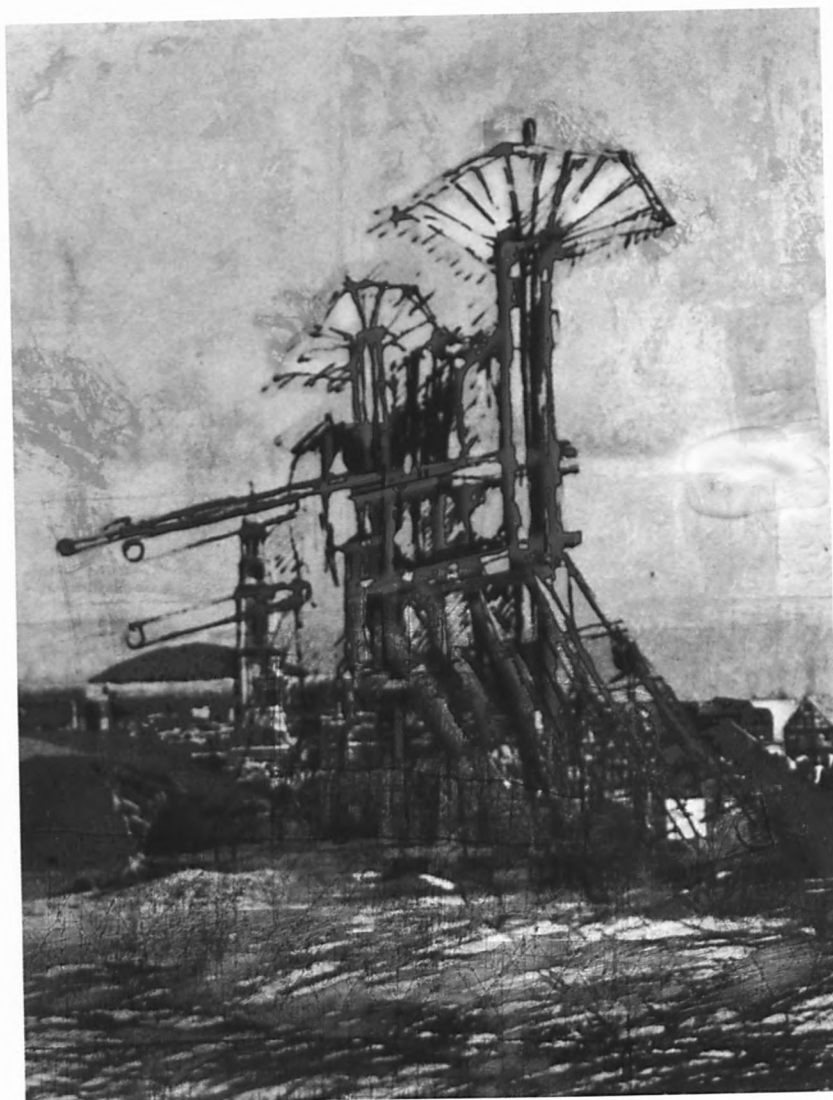
Mermaid Houses
oil and acrylic on canvas, 135 x 135 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



Mermaid House
oil and acrylic on canvas, 135 x 135 cm

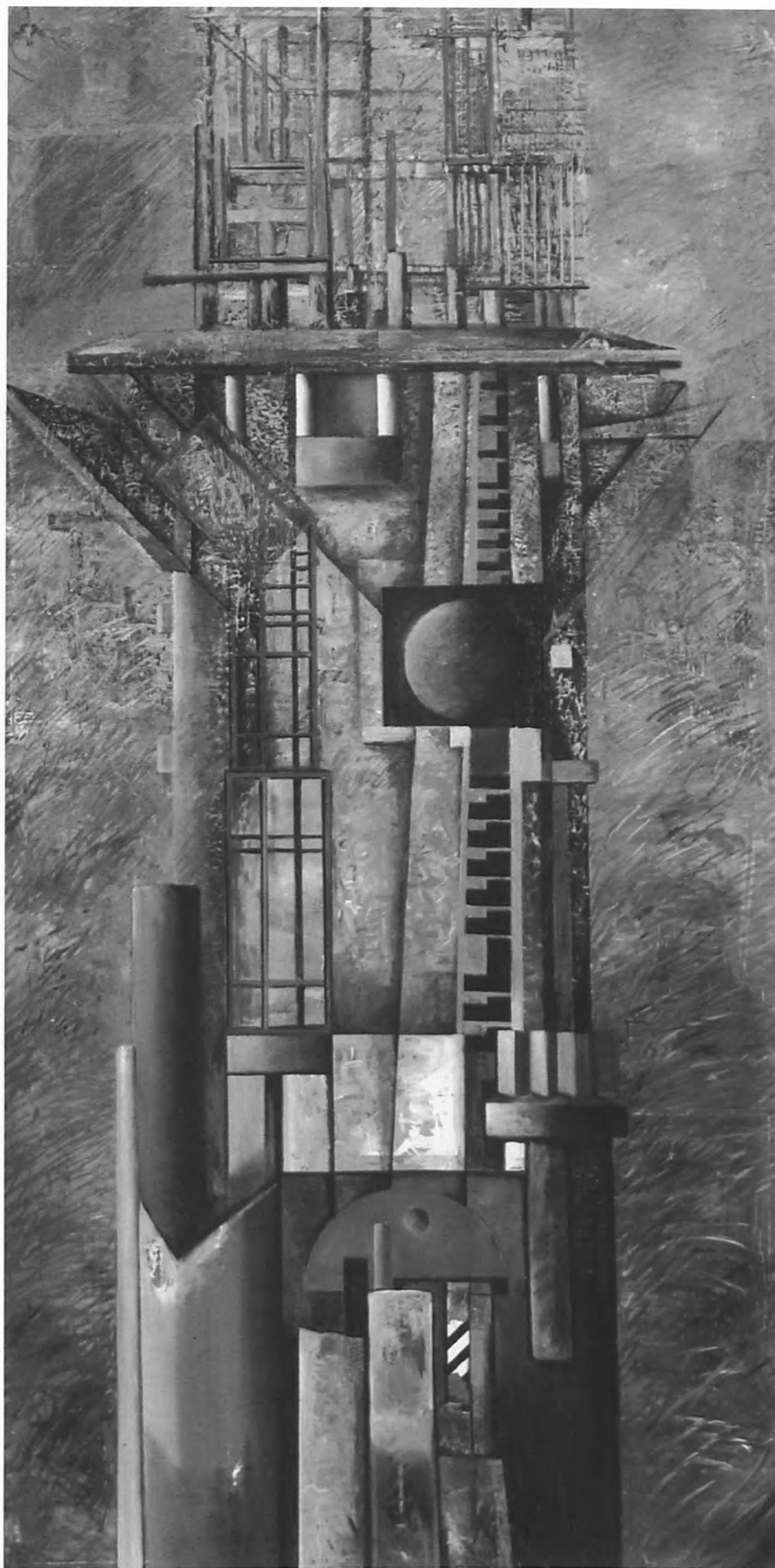
Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



City-conquest-machine

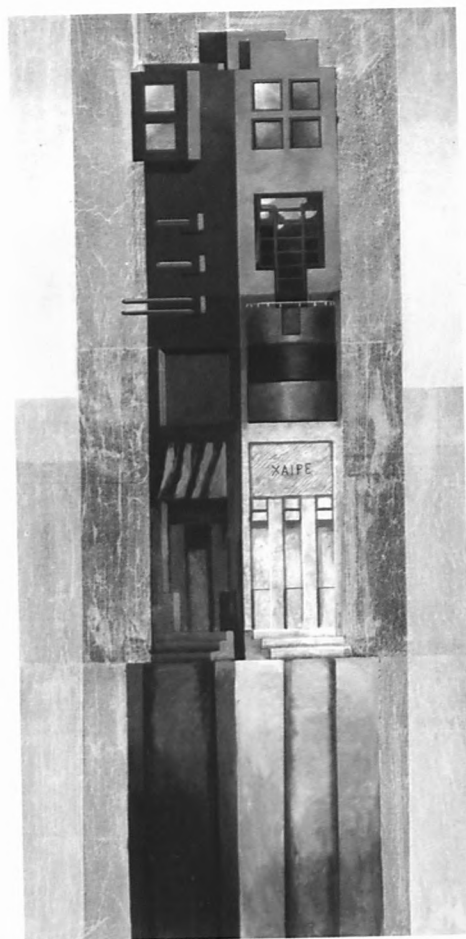
Albertina Graphic Arts Collection - Vienna, mixed media on canvas, 100 x 140 cm, detail

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



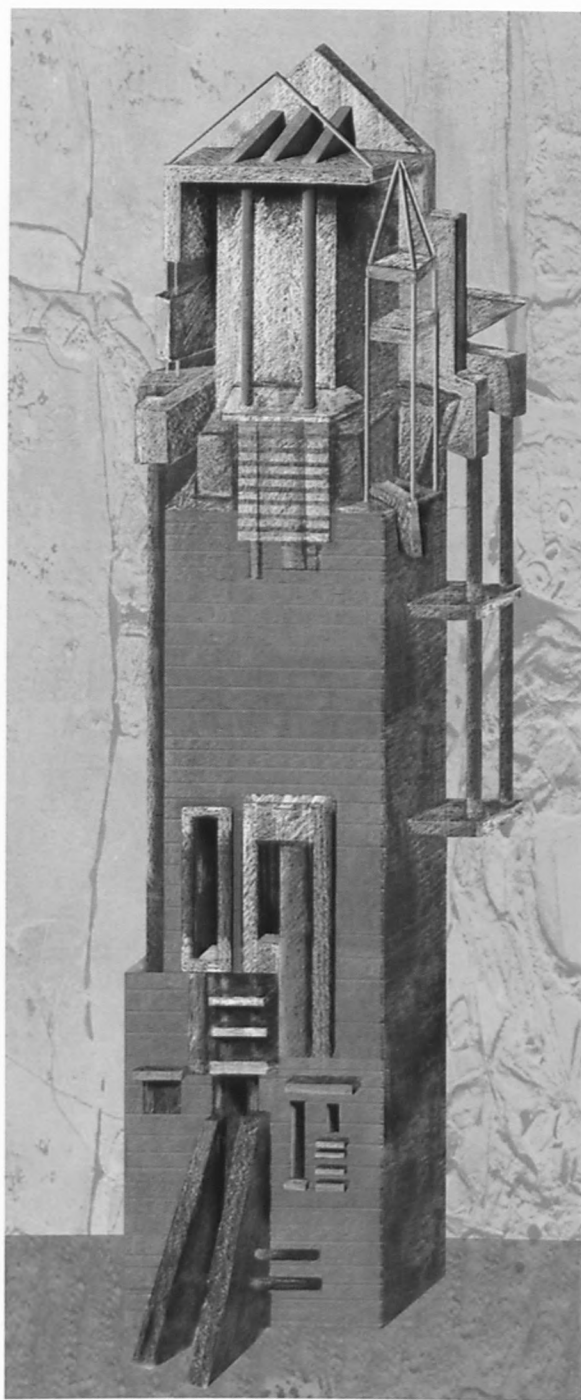
Endless House, Hommage à F. Kiesler
oil, acrylic and wood on canvas, 140 x 280 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



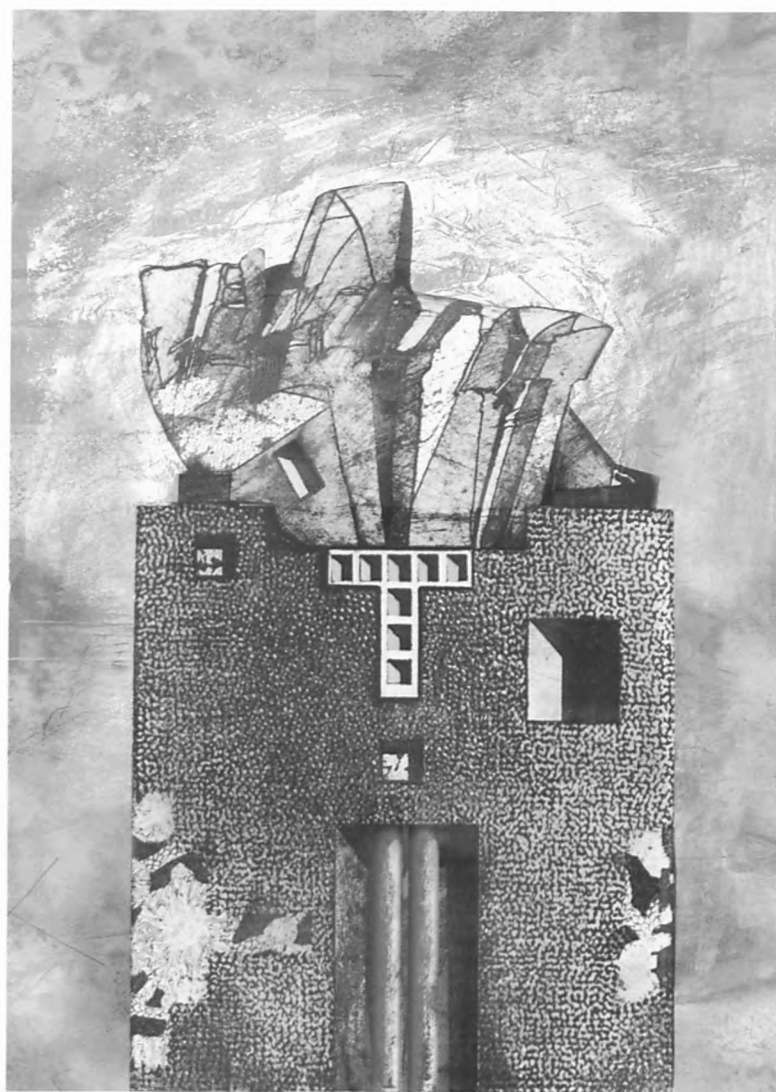
Poetic Towers
oil and acrylic on canvas, 100 x 200 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



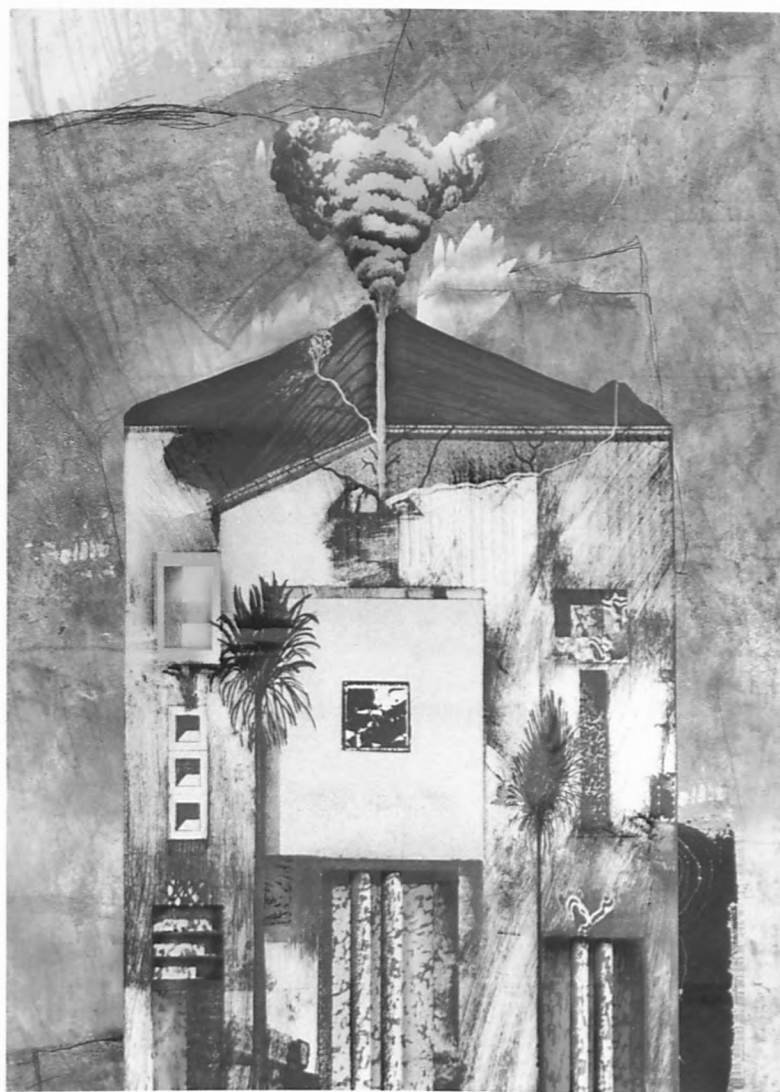
Poetic Tower
oil and acrylic on canvas, 60 x 110 cm, detail

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



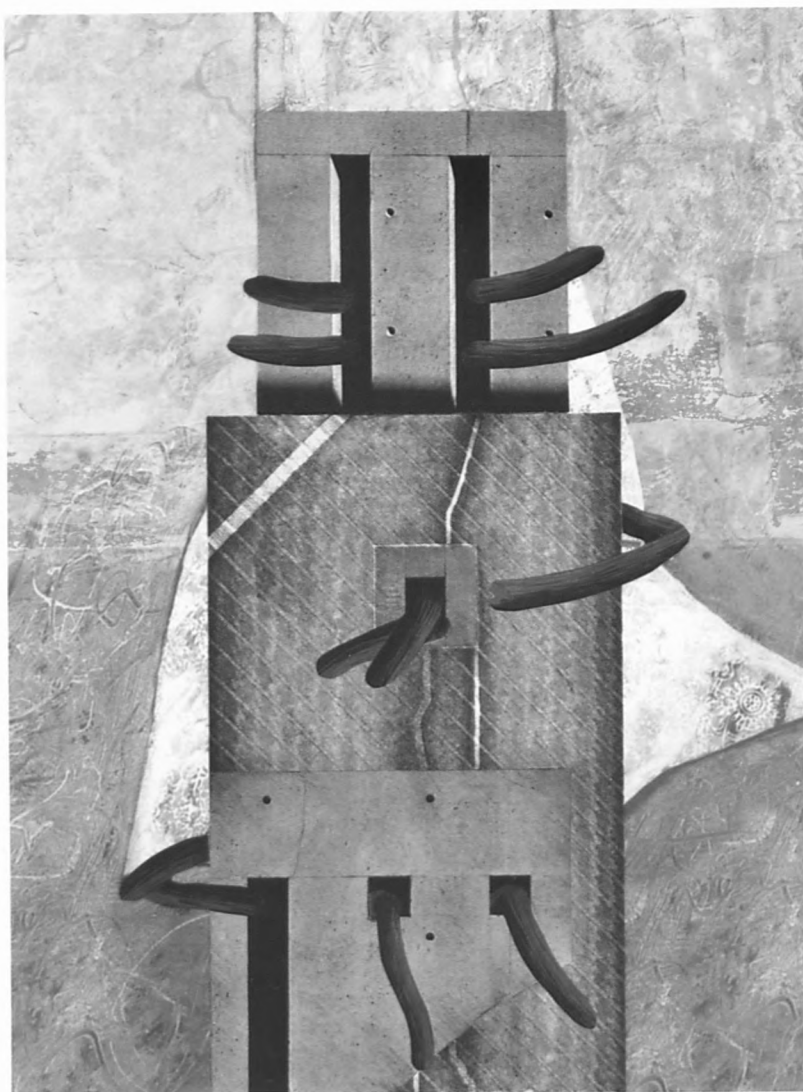
Poetic Houses, Collection DAM --Deutsches Architekturmuseum, Frankfurt/Main
oil and acrylic on canvas, 115 x 160 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



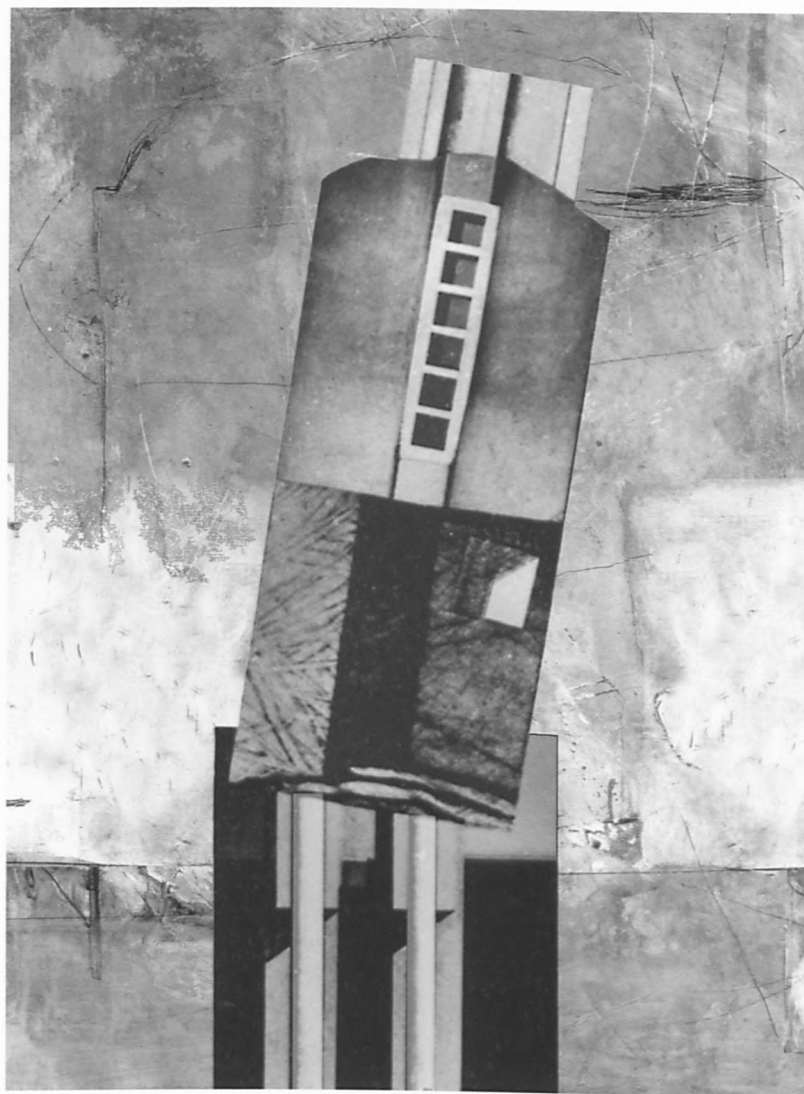
Poetic Houses, Collection DAM –Deutsches Architekturmuseum, Frankfurt/Main
oil and acrylic on canvas, 115 x 160 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



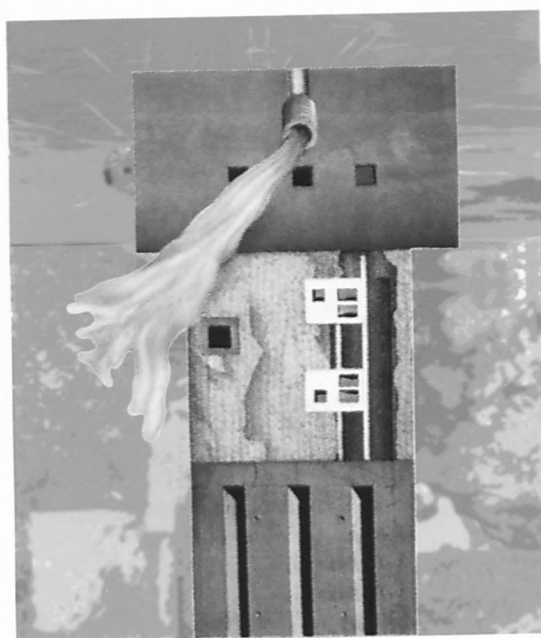
Poetic Houses, Collection DAM – Deutsches Architekturmuseum, Frankfurt/Main
oil and acrylic on canvas, 115 x 160 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



Poetic Houses, Collection DAM –Deutsches Architekturmuseum, Frankfurt/Main
oil and acrylic on canvas, 115 x 160 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



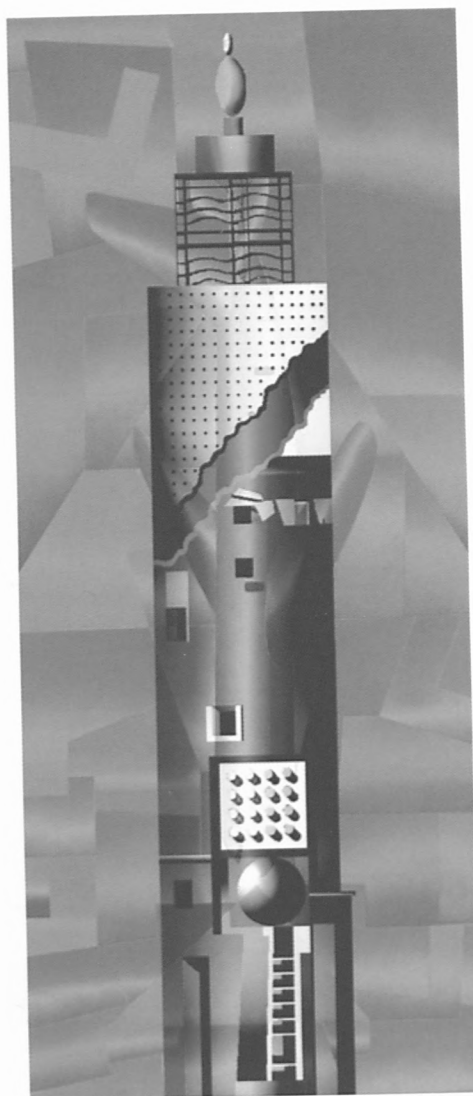
Poetic Houses, Collection DAM – Deutsches Architekturmuseum, Frankfurt/Main
oil and acrylic on canvas, 135 x 160 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



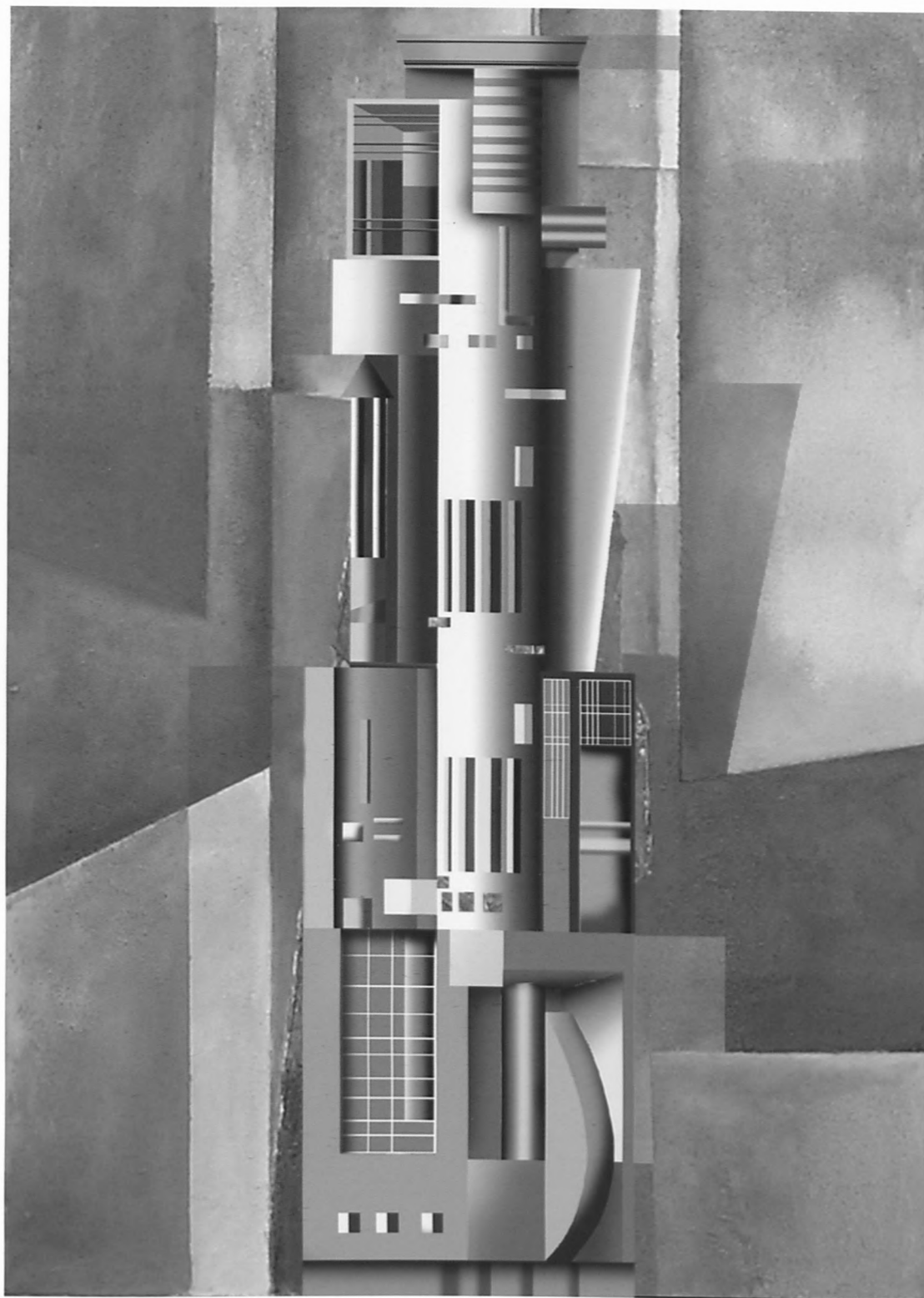
Poetic Houses, Collection DAM – Deutsches Architekturmuseum, Frankfurt/Main
oil and acrylic on canvas, 115 x 160 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



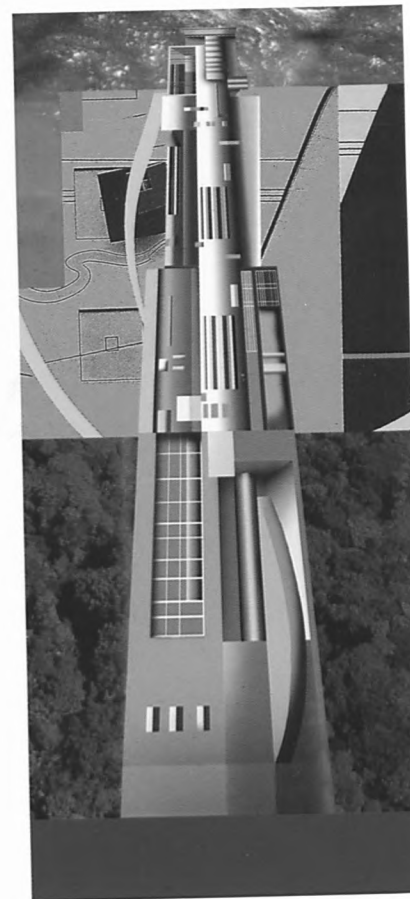
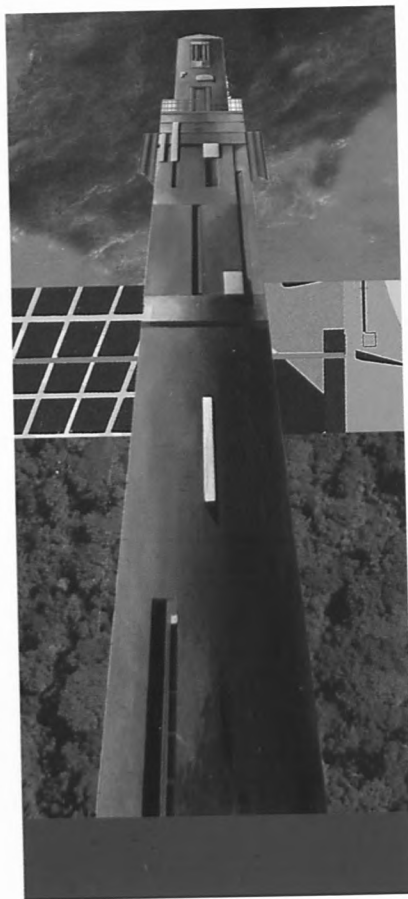
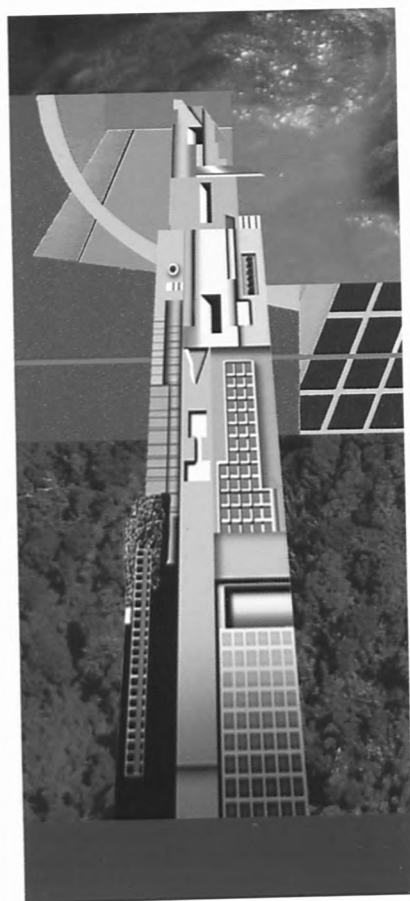
Hommage à Brancusi
oil and acrylic on canvas, 60 x 110 cm, detail

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



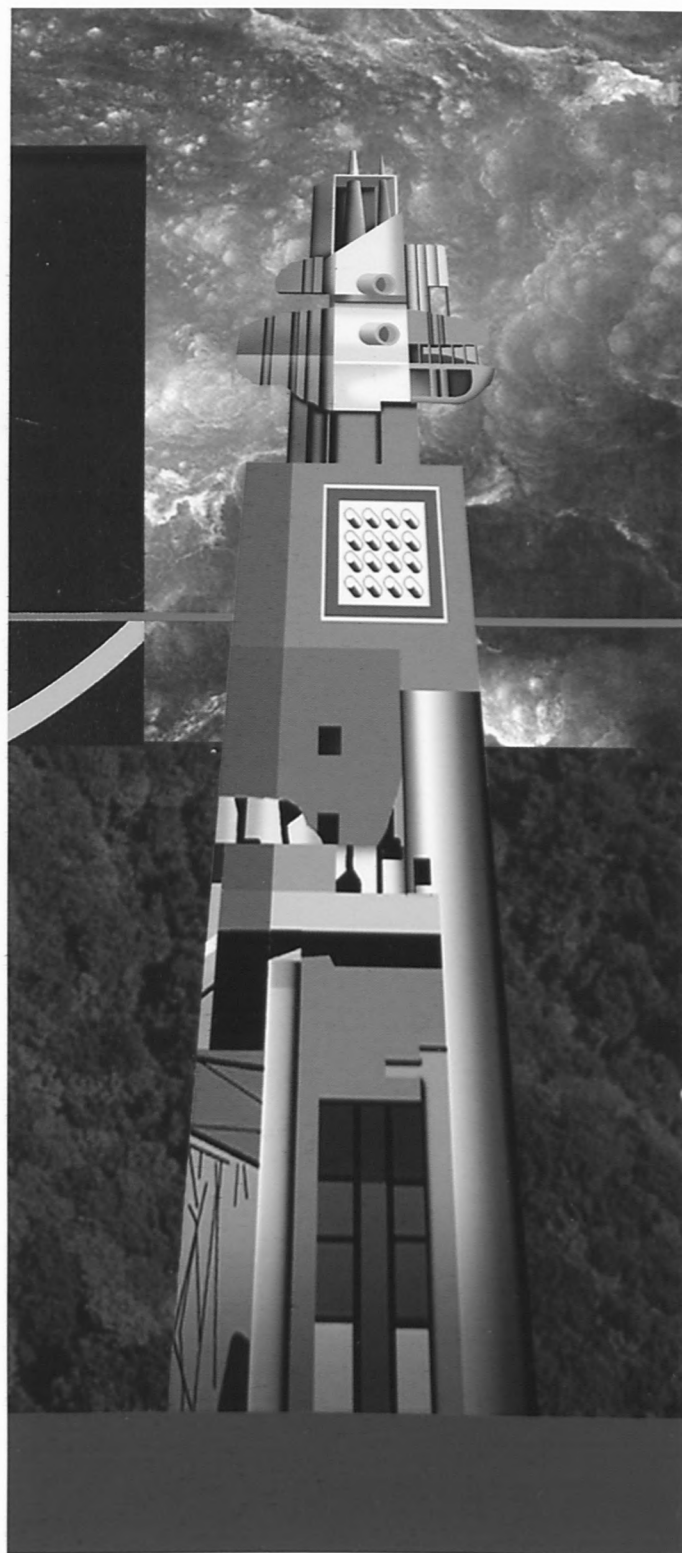
World Trade Tower
oil and acrylic on canvas, 160 x 110 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



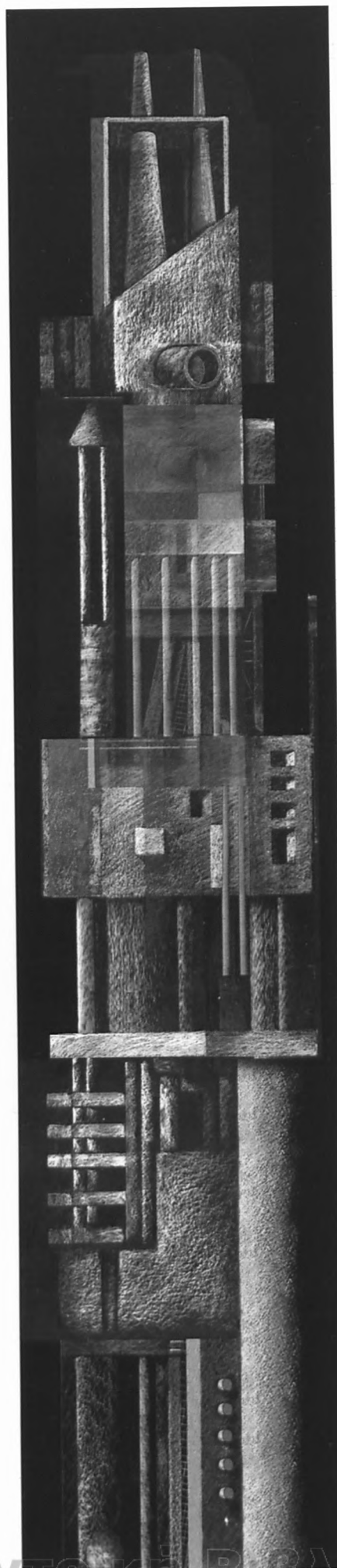
EXPO Towers
oil and acrylic on canvas, 70 x 160 cm

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας

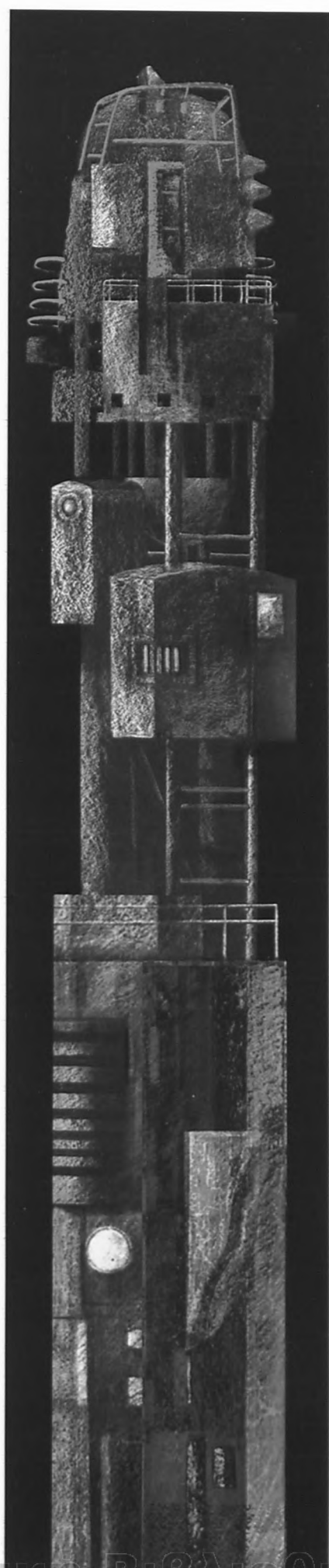
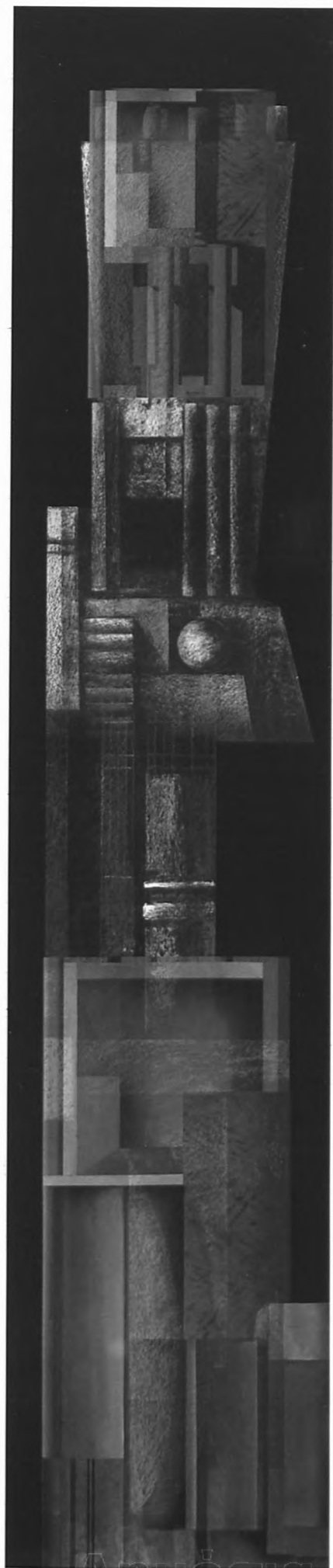


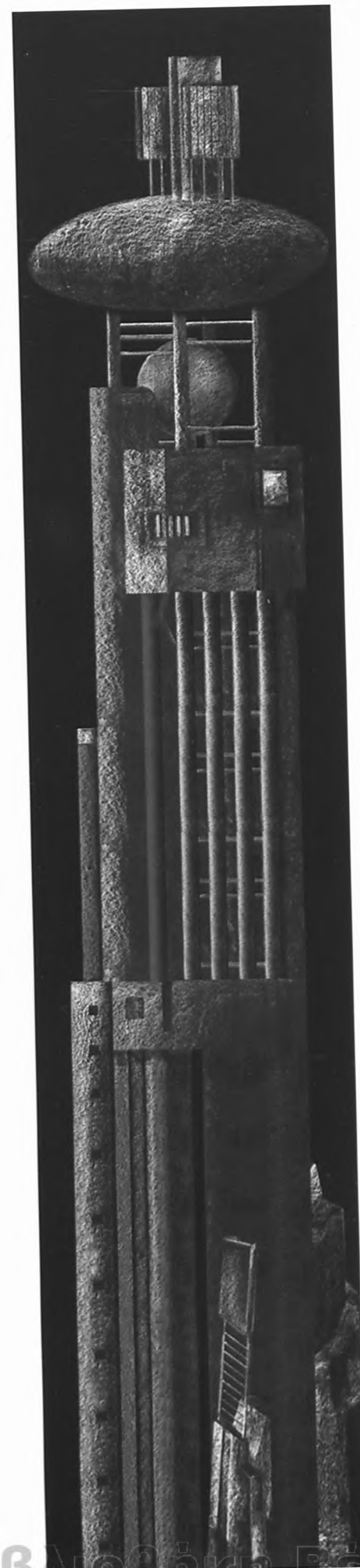
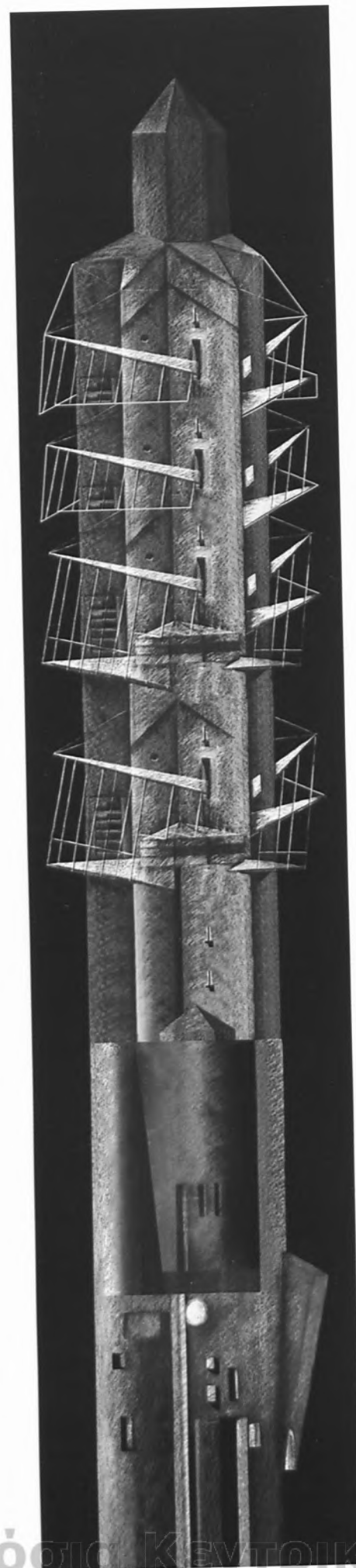
EXPO Tower
oil and acrylic on canvas, 70 x 160 cm

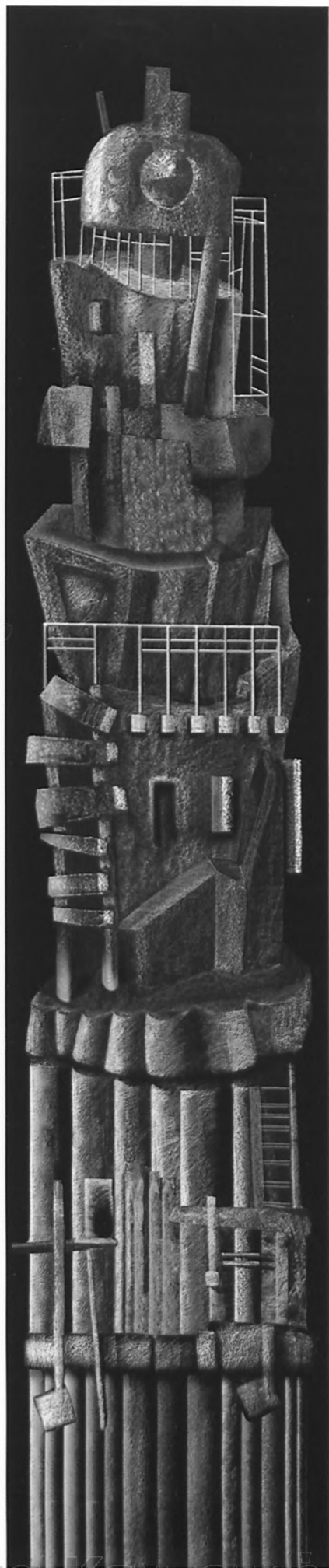
Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



From left to right:
Hollein Tower
Isozaki Tower
Ungers Tower
oil and acrylic on canvas
60 x 160 cm, detail





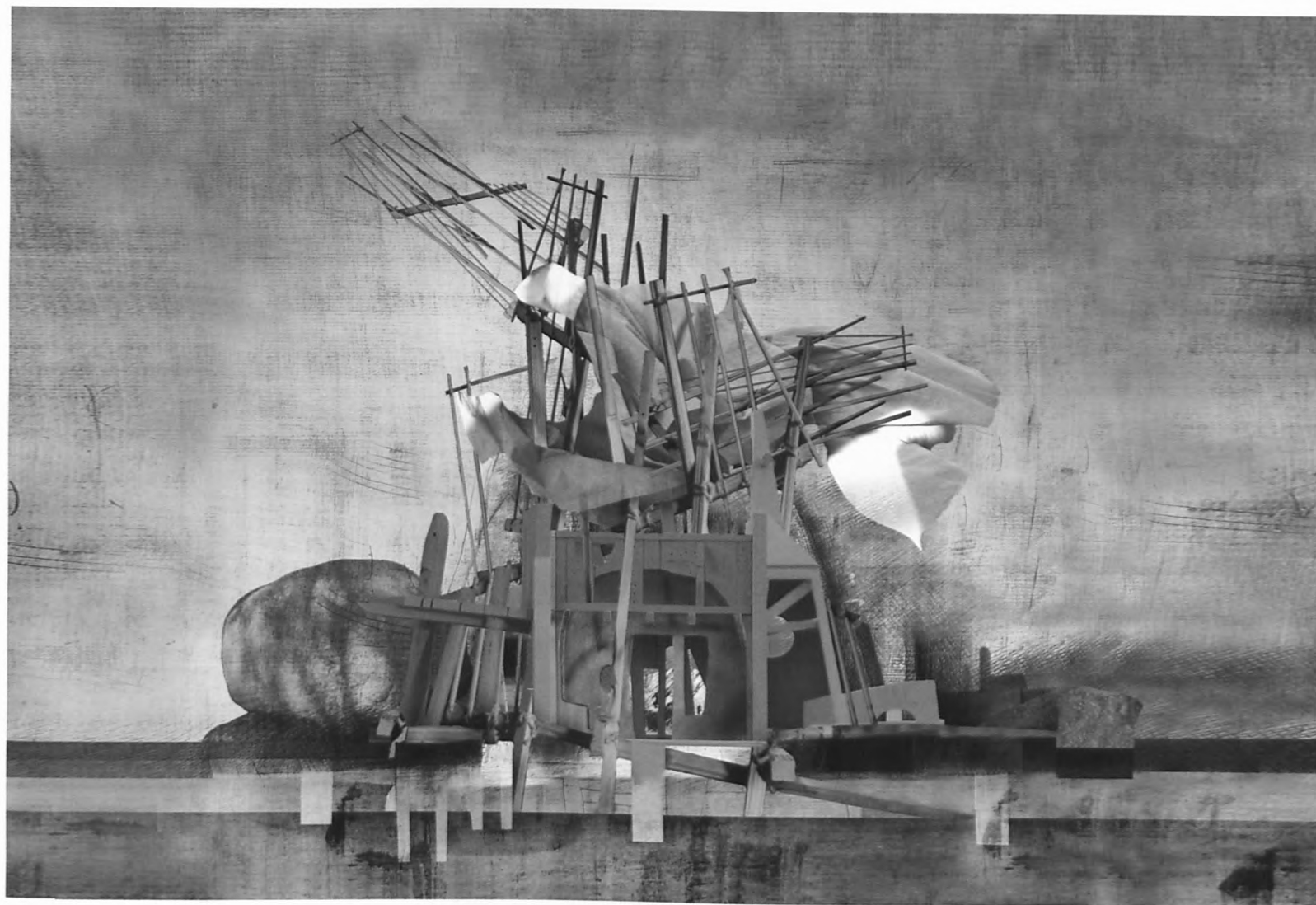


From left to right:
New Gothic Tower
Big Stone Tower
Mystery Tower
oil and acrylic on canvas
60 x 160 cm, detail



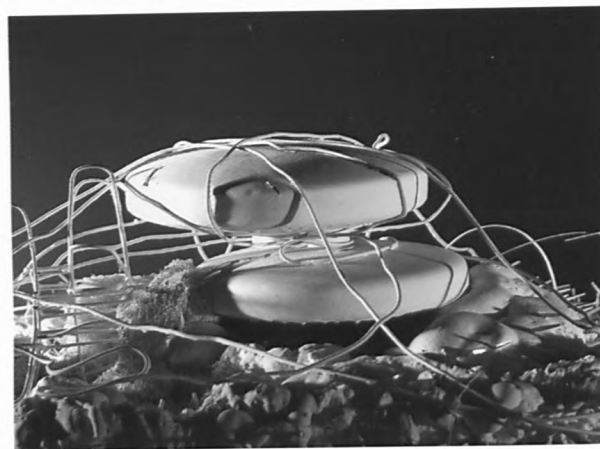
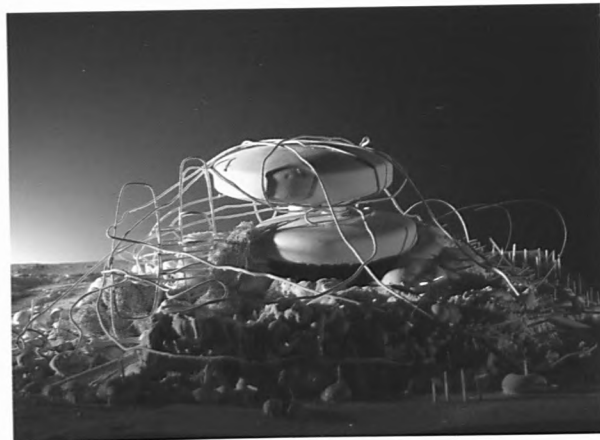
Tree House
play sculpture for children

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



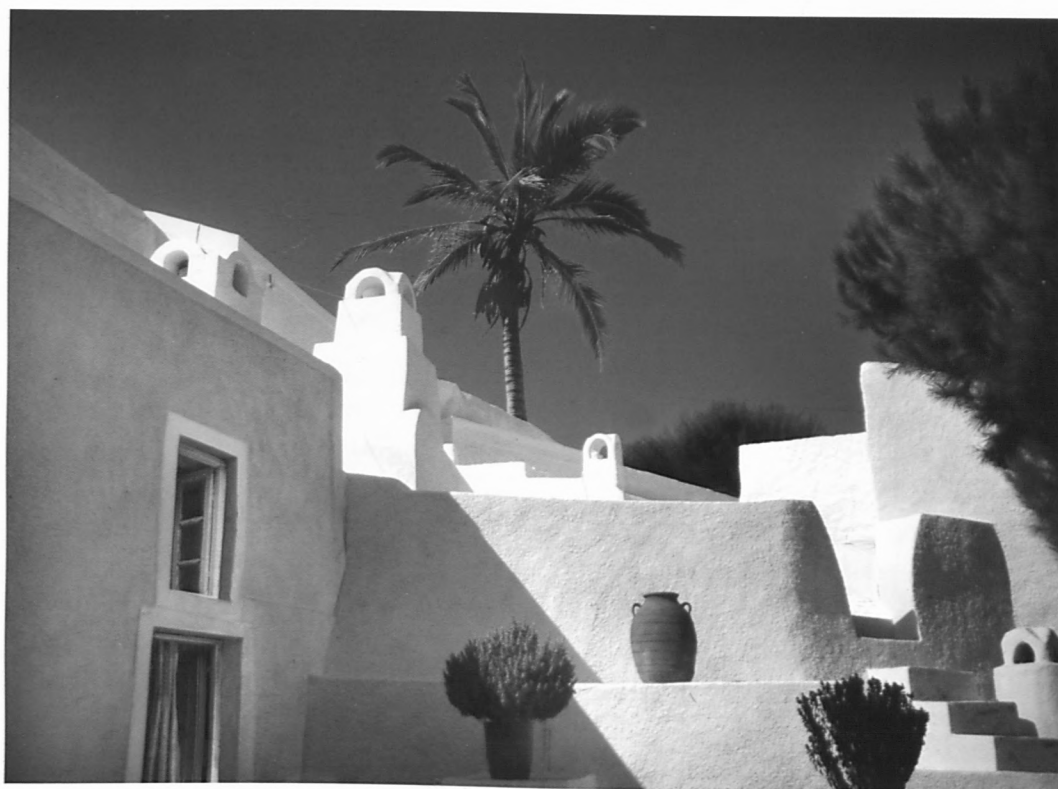
House for a Painter

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



Oracle Building
Vienna Sezession exhibition

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



My House

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



EFTHYMIOS (MAKIS) WARLAMIS PROF. MAG. ARCH.

Efthymios Warlamis, born in Greece in 1942, is an architect, painter, writer and pedagogue. He studied architecture at the University of Applied Arts in Vienna, where the cofounders of the *Wiener Werkstätte*, Josef Hoffman and Koloman Moser, once taught. Professor Warlamis has taught and lectured at the university's department of architecture as well as at other European universities and academies.

Warlamis set up and directed numerous experimental research projects, including "Identity of the City", the "Santorini Architectural Seminar" and the "Santorini Ecological Academy", under the European Community's Med-Campus programme for co-operation between European and non-European universities. While teaching experimental architecture at the International Summer Academy of Fine Arts in Salzburg in 1988, Warlamis developed his 'New Age' philosophy of architecture, art and design.

Warlamis has been Director of the International Center for Art and Design, IDEA, in Austria since 1992.

Warlamis' work has been shown all over the world. Since 1997 his most extensive exhibition, *Alexander 2000*, comprising 1,700 paintings, has travelled to museums in Greece, Cyprus, Egypt, Austria, Switzerland and Belgium, and in future will tour several Near and Far East countries and the United States. His Olympia-exhibition *Mother Olympiad* will be hosted by the leading museums in China starting in 2005.

Works by Warlamis are in the Albertina Graphic Arts Collection and the Museum of Modern Art in Vienna, the Alexander Iolas Collection, the German Museum of Architecture in Frankfurt, and other major museums and private collections.

Selected projects and exhibitions:

- | | | | |
|---------|---|---------|--|
| 1981-83 | Vienna Festival, Conceptual Director for Public Art | 2001 | "The Spirit of Tolerance" |
| 1982 | "H.A.M.B.U.R.G.", Museum of Modern Art, Vienna | | European Parliament, Brussels |
| 1983 | "Vienna - Hamburg", Kunsthaus Hamburg | 2002 | Musées Royaux d'Arts et d'Histoire, Brussels |
| 1985 | "Une Cité Imaginaire", DAM - German Museum of Architecture, Frankfurt | 2003-04 | "The Church of Joyful Tidings" |
| 1989 | "Utopies", Grand Palais, Paris | | Waidhofen an der Thaya, design and realisation |
| 1991 | "Tours du Monde", Eiffel Tower, Paris | 2004 | "Mother Olympiad - The Power of Love" |
| 1993 | "New Age Design" | | Zappeion Museum, Athens, Olympic Games |
| | Jacob K. Javits Convention Center, New York | 2005 | "Mysteries and Transformations" |
| 1994 | "Design for Europe" | | MuseumsQuartier, Vienna |
| | Campo & Campo art gallery, Antwerp | | Domuseum, Vienna |
| 1995 | "Zoorella", children's playground, Vienna | | Dublin Castle, Ireland |
| 1996 | "Teleport Town Tokyo", architectural art project, Tokyo | 2005 | "Mother Olympiad" |
| 1997 | "Alexander 2000" Cultural Capital of Europe, Thessaloniki | | National Art Museum, Beijing |
| 1998 | Melina Mercouri Exhibition Centre, Athens | 2006 | Shanghai Art Museum |
| 1999 | Palais des Arts, Cairo | | HongKong Art Museum |
| | Musée des Beaux Arts, Alexandria | 2007 | Niederösterreichisches Landesmuseum, Austria |
| 2000 | "Artella", children's playground | | Guangzhou Art Museum |
| | Museum of Applied Arts, Frankfurt | | Sichuan Art Museum, Chengdu |
| | | 2008 | Qingdao International Exhibition Center, Qingdao |
| | | | National Museum of China, Beijing |

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A-3943 Schrems, PB 48
office@idea-design.at
www.warlamis.at • www.idea-design.at • www.warlamis.gr

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Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας

This is a handbook written for the lay user. The only prerequisite on your part is an eagerness to identify, expand and communicate your creative energies through poetry. The book is not intended as a practical guide to which the reader can refer for tips on achieving an all-purpose mode of expression. My recipes are not a universal remedy. They have to be applied in combination with your own intuition. The latter is key. It's your basic equipment when you set out to discover your own sense of poetry.

E. Warlamis

