Difficult Locality[1]

Did you drive there?

You know I was meant to take the train then a friend wanted to drive with me last minute. I took a train home

The architect took the train instead of flying. New York City to Wyoming, with one extended stop in Chicago, visiting a Master. Yes, a long trip it was indeed, a dusty odyssey, you may call it. Now its glorious memories are mostly washed away, yet still they carry the whiff of layered, redried sweat and surprisingly, as for the architect's character, general untidiness. But more than this, they still maintain a quality that ties that journey, and gives it its special meaning. During the long hours of spatial confinement, accompanied by the monotonous rhythm of the metal wheels hitting the railroad tracks, appeared, what seemed to be an endless moving image graciously unfolding itself in front of the architect's wagon's window: the changing landscapes of America. There's nothing much to say about it. It was large.

Let's pause and ask a clairvoyant, in the sense of a clear-sighted perspective. Lets play a game, raise ghosts.

"I take SPACE to be the central fact to man born in America, from Folsom cave to now. I spell it large because it comes large here. Large, and without mercy."[2]

Indeed, the architect could not hear that voice, at that time, on the train due to the space and time continuum. He was also not American (despite the reoccurring appropriation), and therefor, was not a child to the American Myth, and yet. We may speculate on the exact moment of his decision to earmark his structures with the purpose of SPACE. Not the one within but the one without. Those structures that hold a curious resemblance to the bone shape of containers being carried by a freight train. How many of those did he come upon during his first voyage on this land?...

Yes, yes, wild speculations. And now lets go on… on a different note, did he like the cinema? And what about the Western genre? And if he did, how foreign was Wyoming after all? Had he dreamt about wide-screen images of Wyoming's view when he had not yet seen it, while falling asleep to the cradling movement of his wagon? A non-accomplished dream of a house that was never built but was demolished.

…

He decided to hunt down a vision from his boyhood. A strange task, I would say, specifically due to the fact that it appeared only seldom and always in the periphery of vision. But of course, and as expected, when he came upon it, now, when it was lit in a strange and smoky light, the vision stroked too close but yet with foreign forces; he was doomed to hunt it down.

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A house; also known as what constructs and contains memories in their concrete forms (consider walls as comas in the story, and then doors, windows, staircases and so on as the other punctuation marks). Now consider a house that was never built but was demolished.

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[1] Hellen Resor' description, in a letter to Alfred Barr, of the Wyoming ground on which she hoped Mies Van Der Rohe will design and built, with Barr's conviction, her future guest house. 8 February, 1937

[2] Charles Olson, *Call Me Ishmael, 1947*