

Found in Translation

Language and the Built Reality

The Language of Architecture and the Architecture of Language

Kiara Groth

la traduction : la langue et la réalité bâtie. Pom muaj nyob rau hauv Kev
Lus think Key Ua Tau Zoo. Найдено в переводе: язык и искусственная
Teanga agus an Réaltacht Thógtha. 번역에서
Encontrado en la traducción: el lenguaje y la realidad construida.
den bygde virkeligheten. 翻訳で見つけました: 言語
Luuqadda Luuqadda iyo Xaqiiqda La Dhisay.

On her table, her mantelpiece, and her two low tables there are
objects wrapped in old paper, from the only paper she enjoys
reading, *France-Dimanche*. It is a great honour to be permitted
to see these objects; she never unwraps them all at once, and rarely
shows more than two or three of them to any single person.
Valene, for example, was allowed to admire a purple velvet
set with iridescent mother-of-pearl buttons and a black and white
violin, reputed to date from the sixteenth century, and a
selle Crespì she showed – without explaining it in terms of
or its connections with her life in Syria – a Chinese erotic print
depicting a supine woman being pleased by six little wrinkled-
faced gnomes; Jane Sutton, whom she does not like, is English,
is allowed to see only four pictures, and she has no apparent
relevance to Madame Albin's biography: a cock-
fight in Borneo; Samoveds bundled in furs, driving sledges drawn
by reindeer through the snowy wastes of Siberia; a young Moroccan
woman, in a costume of striped silk, with trappings in the
shape of chains, bracelets, and rings, her swelling breasts half
bared, with dilated nostrils, the eyes full of animal life, the fea-
tures in play as she shows her white teeth; a peasant wearing a
kind of big beret, a red shirt, and a grey jacket, pushing a
hand-plough. But to Madame Orłowska, who, having
had lived in the Muslim world, she showed the most precious
things she possessed: an open-work copper lamp with little oval
cutouts in the shape of legendary flowers, from the Umriyad
mosque where Saladin is buried, and a hand-coloured photo-
graph of the grand hotel she had built: a big square courtyard,

Condemned
Building
Douglas
Hodgson

Language, Thought and REALITY

Anthropology Across Cultures - Helaine Selin

Markets, Monero

Language and Architectural Meaning
Alberto Pérez-Gómez

The
Spell
of the
Sensuous
David
Abram

The Transformation of Language



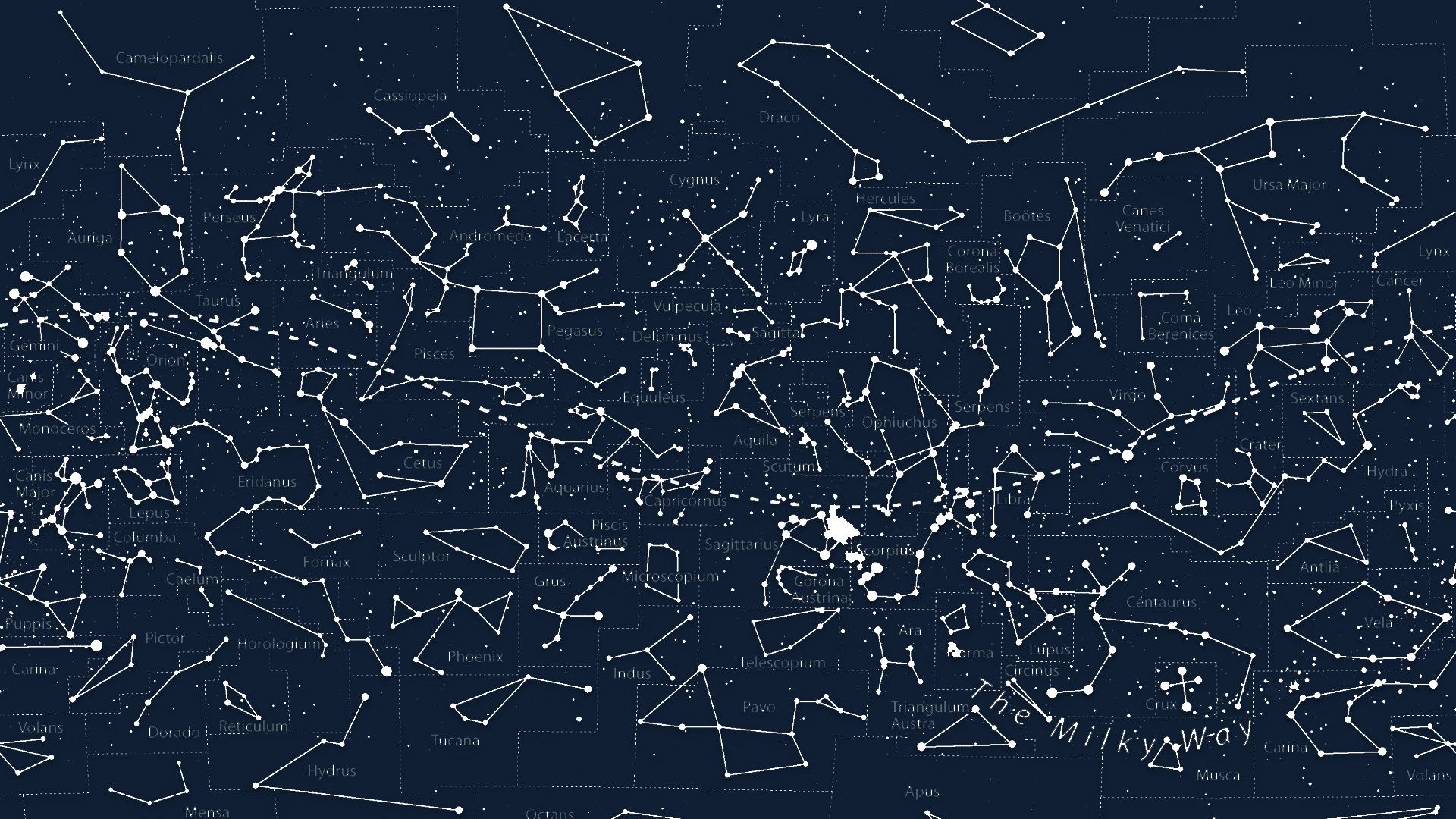
The Tower of Babel



The Deluge



Hermes

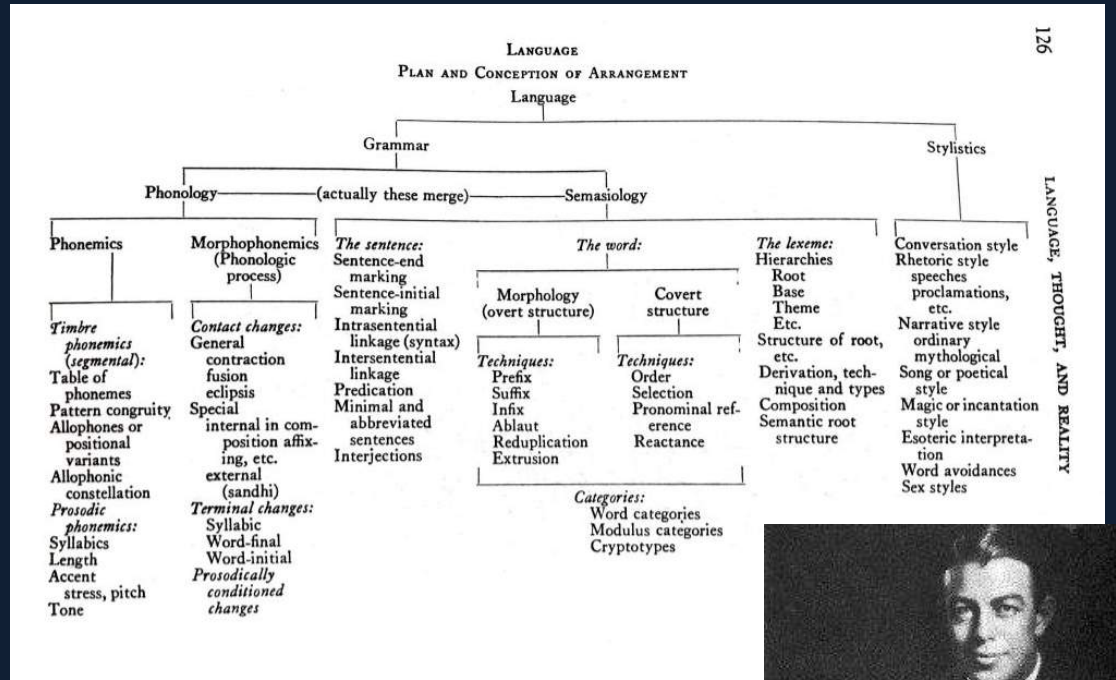


Language Studies

“First, that all higher levels of thinking are dependent on language.

Second, that the structure of the language one habitually uses influences the manner in which one understands his environment. The picture of the universe shifts from tongue to tongue.”

Language, Thought, and Reality



Benjamin Whorf



Tepee



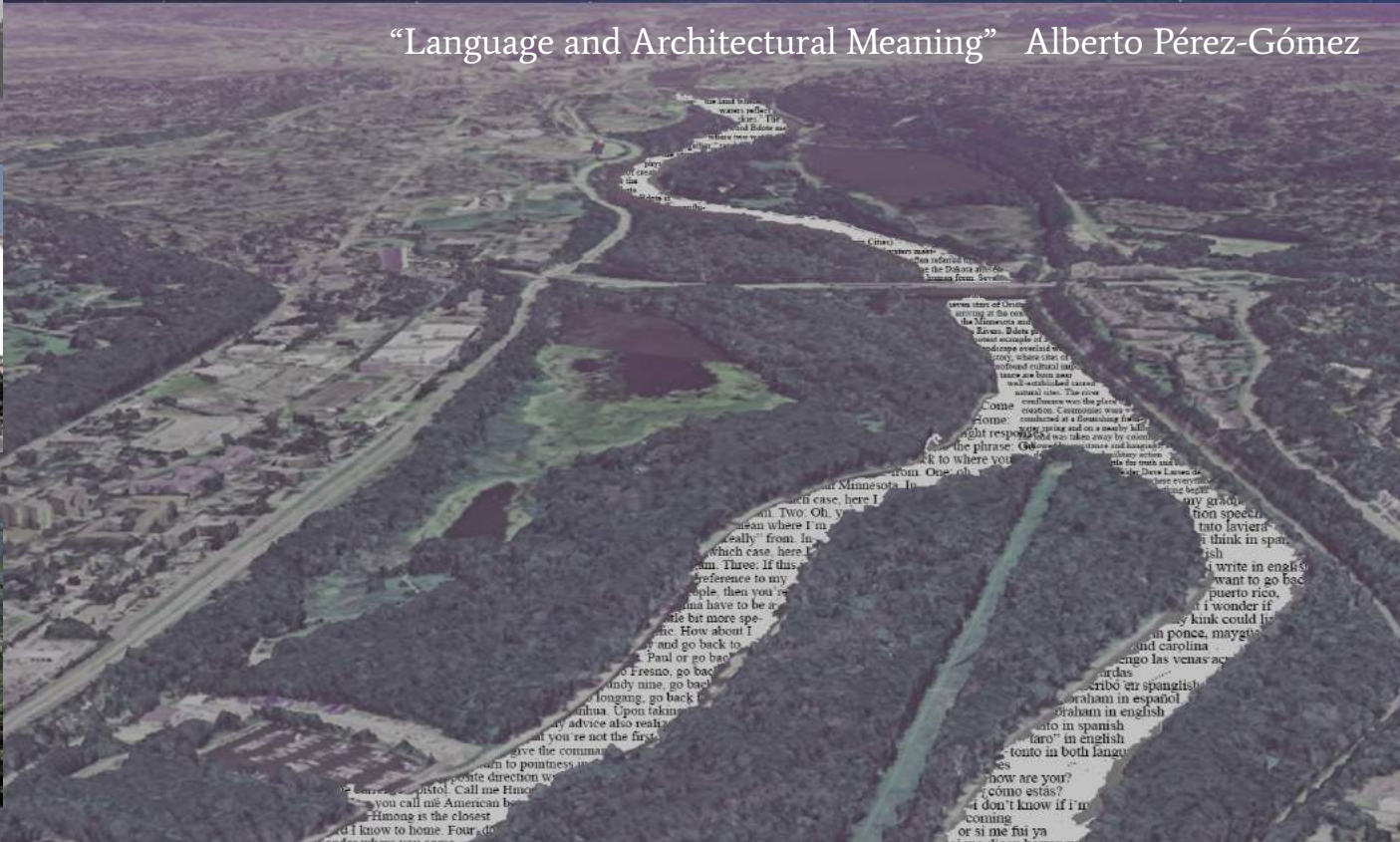
Puebla, Mexico Streetscape



House on stilts in Hmong Village

“Poetic - original, polysemic - language is central to the very possibility of retrieving cultural roots for architectural expression that may result in appropriate atmospheric qualities, responsive to preexisting places.”

“Language and Architectural Meaning” Alberto Pérez-Gómez



von Schwanzenbad-Hodenthaler, whose outstanding courage at And Uz (Jean-Pierre), 1720-1796, German poet, author of *Lyrical Poems, The Art of Being Ever Joyful* (a didactic poem) (Oden 1867), French poet and novelist. A great admirer of Lomonosov, he undertook a pilgrimage to his place of birth at Arkhangelsk, but the ship sank just before entering harbour. After his death his only daughter, Irena Ragon, published his unfinished novel, *Les Cent-jours*, a selection of poetry, *Les Yeux de Mélusine*, and under the title of *Leçons*, an admirable anthology of aphorisms which remains his finest work. Who would now ever know that François Albergati Capacelli was an Italian playwright born at Bologna in 1728, or that the master carver Rondeau (1493-1542) had Carennac?

Cinoc began to dally on the banks of the Seine, rummaging through the open-air bookstalls, leafing through penny dreadfuls, out-of-date essays, obsolete traveller's guides, old textbooks on physiology, mechanics, or moral instruction, or superseded maps in which Italy still figured as a multicoloured patchwork of little kingdoms. Later on he went to borrow books from the municipal library of the XVIIIth *arrondissement*, in Rue Jacques-Bianin, having them bring down from the attic dusty old folios, ancient users' manuals, volumes from the *Library of Miracles*, and old dictionaries: Lachâtre, Vicarius, Bescherelle *aimé*, Larroze, Fleury, the *Dictionary of Conversation* compiled by a Society of Men of Letters, Graves and d'Esbigné, Bouillet, Onions, Dezobry, and Bachelet. Finally, when he had exhausted the resources of his local library, he grew bolder and enrolled at Sainte-Geneviève, where he started to read the authors whose names he saw as he went in, carved on the stone façade.

He read Aristotle, Pliny, Aldrovandi, Sir Thomas Browne, Geopner, Ray, Linnaeus, Brisson, Cuvier, Bonnetierre, Owen, Scoresby, Bennett, Aronnx, Olmstead, Pierre-Joseph Macquart, Sterne,

Eugénie Guérin, Gastriphères, Phutatorius, Socrate, Poléte, Argalastes, Kysarchius, Egnatius, Sigonius, Polémète, Baysius, Budéus, Salmastius, Lipsius, Laz Casanillon, Joseph Scaliger, and even the *De re vestiaria* of Rubenius (1665, quarto), which gave him a full 800 of the toga, or loose gown, the Chlamys, the tunica or jacket, the Synthesis, the Paenula, the Lacina, the Paludamentum, the Praetexta, the Saccus, the Jerkin, and the Trabea: of which, according to the text, there were three kinds.

Cinoc read slowly and copied down rare words which began to take shape, and he decided to compile a dictionary of forgotten words, not in order to perpetuate the memory of the Akka, a black-skinned pygmy people of the island of Madagascar, a historical painter, or of Henri de France, a tetrameter colporteur of the Loire valley, but in order to rescue simple words which had disappeared from the language. In ten years he gathered more than 10,000 words, which contain, obscurely, the traces of a language now become almost impossible to hand on:

BEAUFORT (fem. n.) Another name for merophyllium, or water milfoil.
ABER (fem. n.) *Mak. A.* Alopecia, loss of hair, a disease causing loss of body and head hair.
LOUÏTE (mas. n.) Type of glass used for trading with Negroes on the African coasts. Small cylinders made of coloured glass.
ROUBELIN (mas. n., from *roude*) Vulgar word used by Chapelle to refer to a very fat man.
CAHETTE (fem. n.) Ashlar suitable for paving.
LOIRE (fem. n.) *Tahit.* Iron hand-tool with a sharpened steel edge, shaped like a vertically sectioned vermiform, hollowed out. Fits on a handle like a deck-scrubber's holy-water, used for piercing barrel bungs.
FRAGUANT (mas. n.) Name of the Knights Templar's standard.

BEAU-PARTIR (m.) Jumping. Fine de. Its straight-line starting point.
LOUISETTE (fem. n.) A name for the guvention was attributed to the Marat gave to the (for Hugo).
FRANCAÛTE (mas. n.) An apple that keeps for a long time.
TRISSON (mas. n.) Tribes of the silt-marsh.
SPADILLE (fem. n.) (Span. *espada*, broadsword.) The ace of spades in the game of lumber.
URBULINE (fem. n.) Small ladder leading to a narrow platform onto which fairsground gypsies had their trained goats climb.
TIBRÇON (mas. n.) *A. Meur.* Liquid

to justify sur-Orges and as-thirty of seven o'clock in her room. She keeps her room meticulously polished: slippers made of snakes' covers. On her table, her manuscript from the only paper she enjoys reading, *Financé Dinamoide*. It is a great honour to be permitted to see these objects: she never unveils them all at once, and rarely shows more than two or three of them to any single person. Valère, for example, was allowed to admire a puppetwood chess set with inlaid mother-of-pearl and a *rebab*, or two-string Arab violin, repaid to date from the sixteenth century; to Mademoiselle Crespi she showed - without explaining where it came from or its connections with her fire in Syria - a Chinese erotic print depicting a supine woman being pleased by six little wrinkled-faced gnomes; Jane Sutton, whom she does not like because she is English, was allowed to see only four postcards similarly without any apparent relevance to Madame Albin's biography: a cock-fight in Borneo; Samonovs bundled in furs, driving sledge dogs by reindeer through the snowy wastes of Siberia; a young Moroccan woman, in a costume of striped silk, with trappings in the shape of chains, bracelets, and rings, her swelling breasts half-bared, with dilated nostrils, the eyes full of animal life, the features in play as she shows her white teeth in a laugh; and a Greek peasant wearing a kind of big beret, a red shirt, and a grey jacket, pushing a hand-sleigh. But to Madame Orlowska, who, like her, had lived in the Muslim world, she showed the most precious things she possessed: an open-work copper lamp with little oval cutouts in the shape of legendary flowers, from the Unmanned mosque where Saladin is buried, and a hand-coloured photograph of the grand hotel she had built: a big square courtyard,

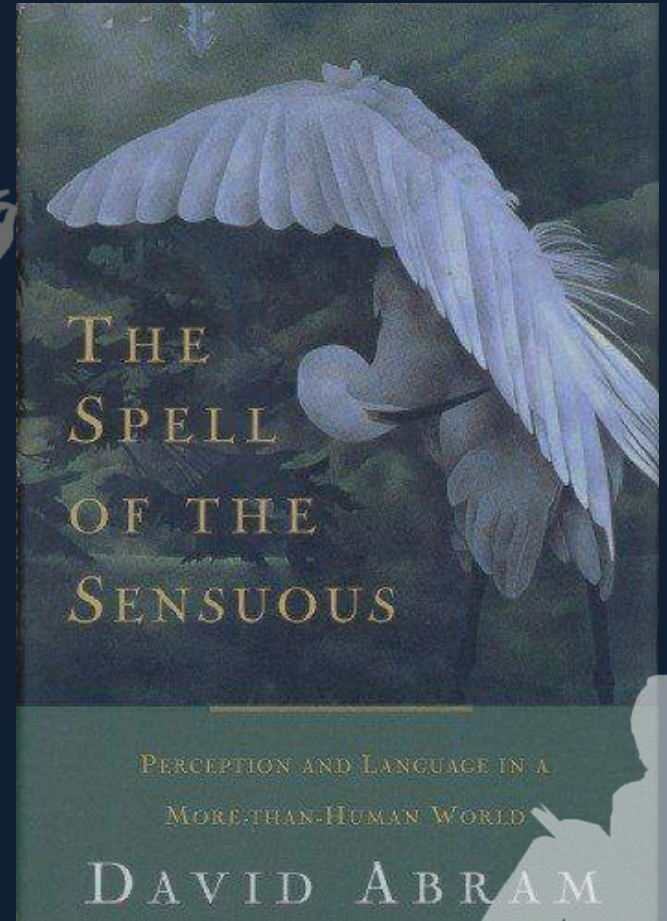
Albin quickly grew to a small business, getting ready to sell up and retire to a more than respectable house which reduced all their combined efforts to a trifle. Franco-British troops shelled the hotel the Albins had built at the end of three-quarters of their former life died of a cardiac arrest on the spot. f with her and had him buried in the same grave as Madame Claveau, with whom he had arranged to get her old room back for Madame Albin an earlier time. the lost one after another and within a few days she had let her bed be sold versus the French Republic. The British Empire, she lost versus the City of Danarscus, she lost her insurance companies she took and reinstate her victim's pension and she paid with her husband had been surrounded with her husband had been Payment converted into an annual income after tax of four hundred francs a day.

is one of those tall, dry, and the they have come out of Germany. He is a very tall, thin man, with a round face. She goes to the station around two o'clock, takes the train off it at Orsay station, the

“Interdependent, web-like system
of relations.”

David Abram,

The Spell of the Sensuous



Auriga



Bdote in Mni Sota

"Minnesota, known as Mni Sota Makoce to the Dakota, is "the land where the waters reflect the skies." The Dakota word Bdote means "where two waters come together," representing the spiritual and physical place of creation for the Dakota people. Bdote is located at the confluence of the Mississippi and Minnesota Rivers (on the eastern edge of the Minneapolis–St. Paul airport, and south of the Twin Cities). This place of waters meeting is most often referred to as where the Dakota arrived in human form. Seven tribes of Dakota are said to have descended from the seven stars of Orion's belt, arriving at the convergence of the Minnesota and Mississippi Rivers."

-Bruce M. White, *Mni Sota Makoce: The Land of the Dakota*



Scutum

Capricornus

Lepus

Colomba



my graduation speech - tato laviera
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i write in english
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but i wonder if my kink could live
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ahí supe que estamos jodios
english or spanish
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spanenglish
now, dig this:
hablo lo inglés matao
hablo lo español matao
no sé leer ninguno bien
so it is, spanglish to matao
what i digo
jay, virgen, yo no sé hablar!



District del Sol (streets.mn)
Puebla, Mexico Streetscape (panoramastreetline.com)

Eight responses to the phrase: Go back to where you came from.

One: oh, you mean Minnesota. In which case, here I am.

Two: Oh, you mean where I'm "really" from. In which case, here I am.

Three: If this is a reference to my people, then you're gonna have to be a little bit more specific. How about I try and go back to St. Paul or go back to Fresno, go back to _____, go back to _____, go back to Sanhua. Upon taking my advice also realize that you're not the first to give the command return to pointness in the opposite direction with the barrel of a pistol. Call me Hmong before you call me American because Hmong is the closest word I know to home.

Four: do ever wonder where you come from. Do you find comfort in vague memories of Ellis Island. How many servings from the melting pot did it take for you to arrive at this conversation. Maybe you take pride in the Mayflower. Maybe you are an original American. Do you ever ask yourself if maybe the land we stand on today once belonged to someone else. Do you ever ask yourself if maybe the land had never belonged to any of us and if instead we belong to the land.

Five: When I was younger I took the journey back to Thailand hoping to find our villages still dotting the sides of mountains, hoping here could still hear _____ still echoing throughout the valleys. Upon entering the house of an elder he apologizes to me, embarrassed that his youngest son could not introduce himself to me in our language. Tells me that you're all grown up to be anything other than our farmer or servant in this country, you must learn to leave your language behind. I want to tell this man that throughout my time here I've never felt so close to where I come from.

Six: My mother tells me that before I ever took in my first breath I was an invisible spirit floating around in the clouds waiting for a stomach that could paint me pink. My mother tells me that death is a slow journey back that if not done carefully, we will wander the earth cursing those still living, but under the watchful eyes of her loved ones we will always know our way home.

Seven: for the longest time I believed that the hummingbird did not possess a pair of feet instead always existing in a state of mid-flight. How sad I thought, to always be at the mercy of the wind to be so close to the earth yet own none of it. My time here has taught me how lucky the hummingbirds belong to the sky.

Eight: I'm going. I'm going.



Hmong Cultural Center, Saint Paul

Wabasha Street Retaining Wall

Constructed in 2004/2005, this wall replaced the original 1930's wall from when Wabasha Street was originally built. West Side residents, organizations, and City of St. Paul Department of Public Works staff worked to make this part of the West Side gateway. Design elements come from local landmarks and the text features the words "house" or "home" in the languages of past and current residents.

Dakota: tiyata	Hebrew: bayit	French: maison	Spanish: casa
German: haus	Lebanese: bet	Swedish: hus	Syrian: bayt
English: house	Hmong: tsev	Polish: dom	Somali: guriga

Community Partners

Riverview Economic Development Association (REDA), Neighborhood Development Alliance (NEDA), West Side Citizens Organization (WSCO), and Wabasha Wall Artist Selection Committee.

Special thanks to Artist Saitu Jones for his vision and creativity.

tiyata house casa maison hus bayit tiyata house casa maison hus bayit tiyata house casa maison hus bayit



Hmong Cultural Center

District del Sol

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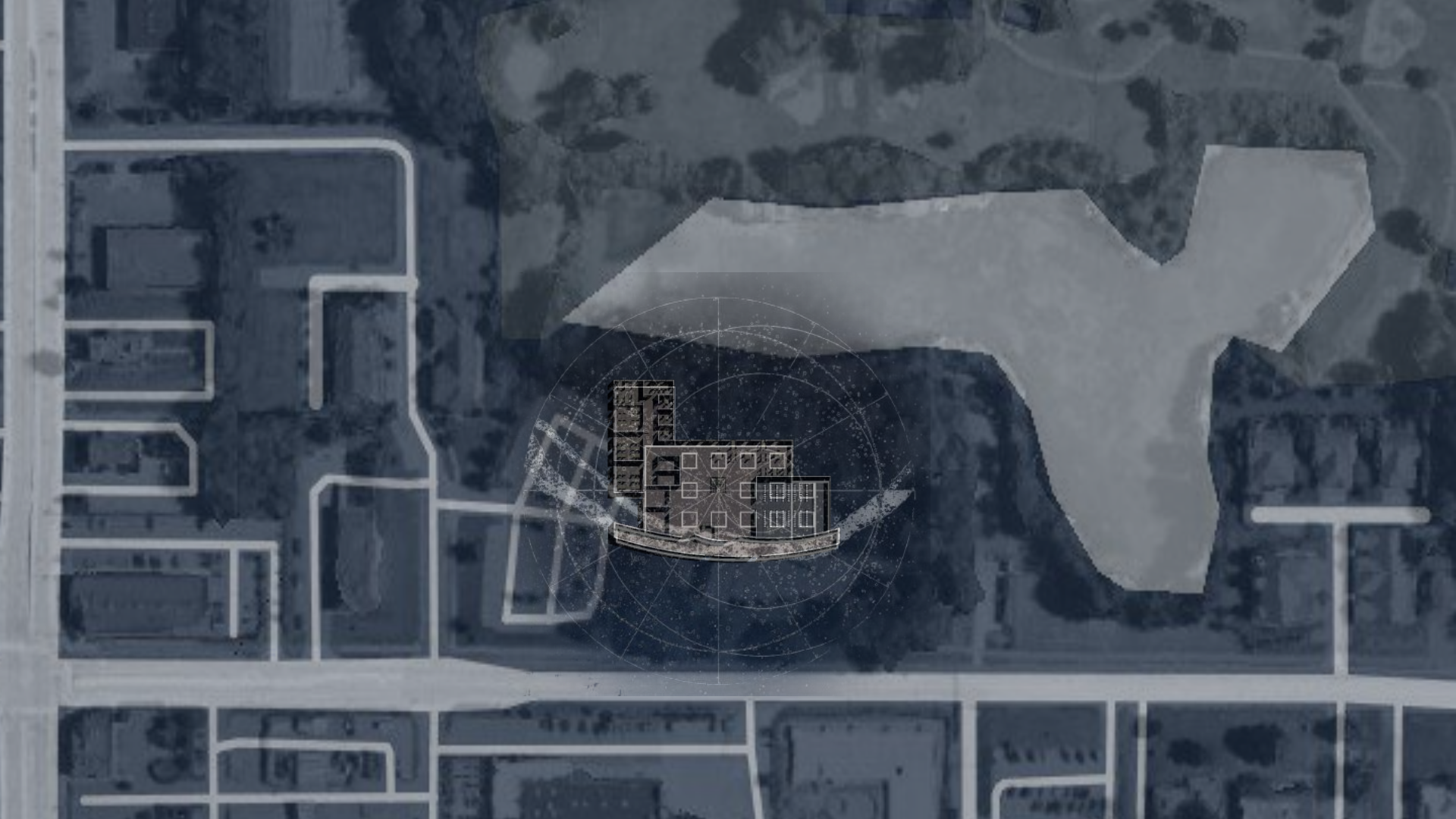
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Entrance | Open Space | Auditorium | Collaborative Spaces

my graduation speech - tato laviera
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Come Home - Kavin Yang

Eight responses to the phrase: Go back to where you came from.

One: oh, you mean Minnesota. In which case, here I am.

Two: Oh, you mean where I'm "really" from. In which case, here I am.

Three: If this is a reference to my people, then you're gonna have to be a little bit more specific. How about I try and go back to St. Paul or go back to Fresno, go back to ____, go back to ____, go back to Sanhua. Upon taking my advice also realize that you're not the first to give the command return to pointness in the opposite direction with the barrel of a pistol. Call me Hmong before you call me American because Hmong is the closest word I know to home.

Four: do ever wonder where you come from. Do you find comfort in vague memories of Ellis Island. How many servings from the melting pot did it take for you to arrive at this conversation. Maybe you take pride in the Mayflower. Maybe you are an original American. Do you ever ask yourself if maybe the land we stand on today once belonged to someone else. Do you ever ask yourself if maybe the land had never belonged to any of us and if instead we belong to the land.

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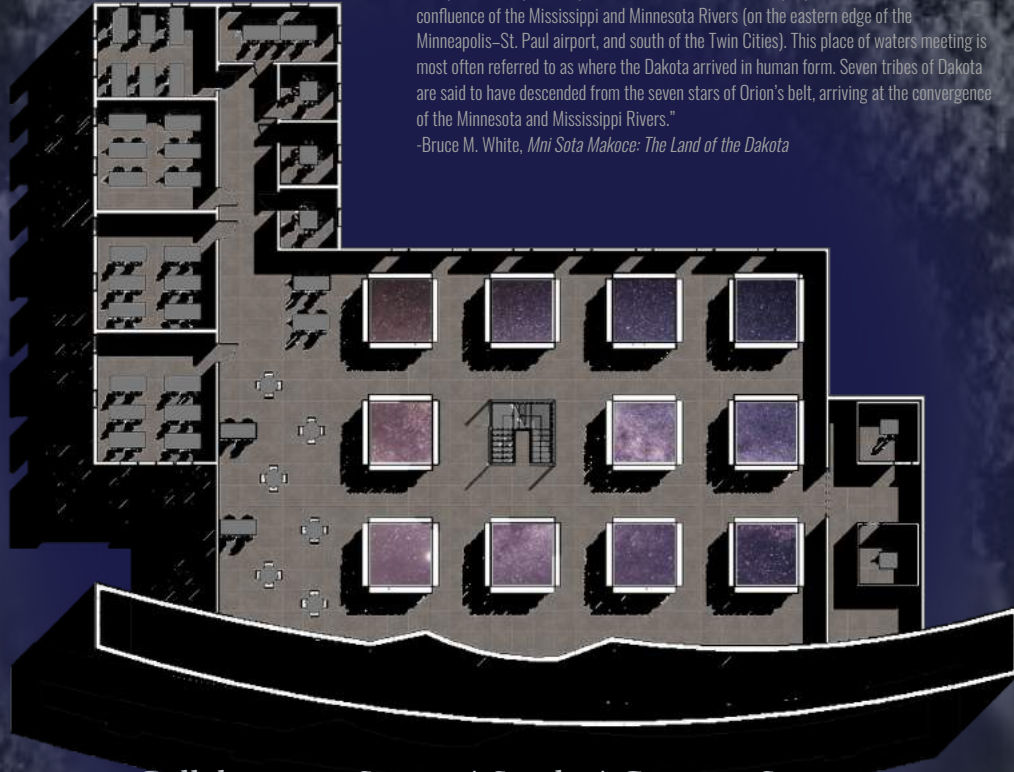
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Collaborative Spaces | Stacks | Creative Space

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Three: If this is a reference to my people, then you're gonna have to be a little bit more specific. How about I try and go back to St. Paul or go back to Fresno, go back to ____, go back to ____, go back to Sanhua. Upon taking my advice also realize that you're not the first to give the command return to pointness in the opposite direction with the barrel of a pistol. Call me Hmong before you call me American because Hmong is the closest word I know to home.

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Five: When I was younger I took the journey back to Thailand hoping to find our villages still dotting the sides of mountains, hoping here could still hear __ still echoing throughout the valleys. Upon entering the house of an elder he apologizes to me, embarrassed that his youngest son could not introduce himself to me in our language. Tells me that you're all grown up to be anything other than our farmer or servant in this country, you must learn to leave your language behind. I want to tell this man that throughout my time here I've never felt so close to where I come from.

Six: My mother tells me that before I ever took in my first breath I was an invisible spirit floating around in the clouds waiting for a stomach that could paint me pink. My mother tells me that death is a slow journey back that if not done carefully, we wander the earth cursing those still living, but under the watchful eyes of her loved ones we will always know our way home.

Seven: for the longest time I believed that the hummingbird did not possess a pair of feet instead always existing in a state of mid-flight. How sad I thought, to always be at the mercy of the wind to be so close to the earth yet own none of it. My time here has taught me how lucky the hummingbirds belong to the sky.

Eight: I'm going. I'm going.

"Minnesota, known as Mni Sota Makoce to the Dakota, is "the land where the waters reflect the skies." The Dakota word Bdote means "where two waters come together," representing the spiritual and physical place of creation for the Dakota people. Bdote is located at the confluence of the Mississippi and Minnesota Rivers (on the eastern edge of the Minneapolis–St. Paul airport, and south of the Twin Cities). This place of waters meeting is most often referred to as where the Dakota arrived in human form. Seven tribes of Dakota are said to have descended from the seven stars of Orion's belt, arriving at the convergence of the Minnesota and Mississippi Rivers."

-Bruce M. White, *Mni Sota Makoce: The Land of the Dakota*



Stacks

my graduation speech - tato laviera
i think in spanish
i write in english
i want to go back to puerto rico,
but i wonder if my kink could live
in ponce, mayagüez and carolina
tengo las venas aculturadas
escribo en spanenglish
abraham in español
abraham in english
tato in spanish
"tato" in english
'tonto in both languages
how are you?
¿cómo estás?
i don't know if i'm coming
or si me fui ya
si me dicen barranquitas, yo reply,
"¿con qué se come eso?"
si me dicen caviar, i digo,
"a new pair of converse sneakers."
ahí supe que estoy jodio
ahí supe que estamos jodios
english or spanish
spanenglish
now, dig this:
hablo lo inglés matao
hablo lo español matao
no sé leer ninguno bien
so it is, spanenglish to matao
what i digo
¡ay, virgen, yo no sé hablar!

Come Home - Kavin Yang

Eight responses to the phrase: Go back to where you came from.

One: oh, you mean Minnesota. In which case, here I am.

Two: Oh, you mean where I'm "really" from. In which case, here I am.

Three: If this is a reference to my people, then you're gonna have to be a little bit more specific. How about I try and go back to St. Paul or go back to Fresno, go back to ____, go back to ____, go back to Sanhua. Upon taking my advice also realize that you're not the first to give the command return to pointness in the opposite direction with the barrel of a pistol. Call me Hmong before you call me American because Hmong is the closest word I know to home.

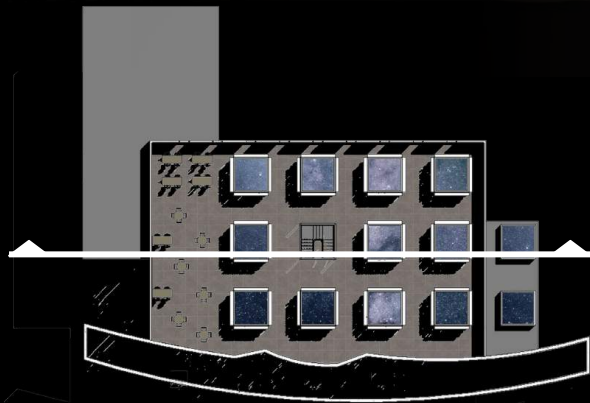
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Eight: I'm going. I'm going.



“Meaning sprouts in the very depths of the sensory world, in the heat of meeting, encounter, participation.”

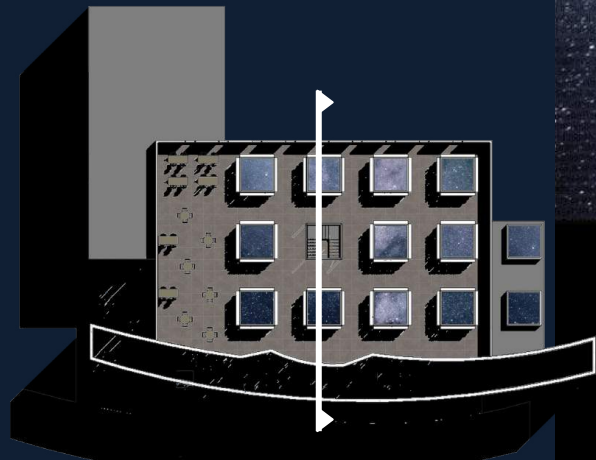
-David Abram, *The Spell of the Sensuous*



Ricoeur quote

“Every metaphor, in bringing together two previously distant semantic fields, strikes against a prior categorization, which it shatters... Predicative assimilation contains a new sort of tension, one no longer solely between subject and predicate, but between incompatibility and compatibility.”

-Paul Ricoeur, “The Function of Fiction in Shaping Reality”





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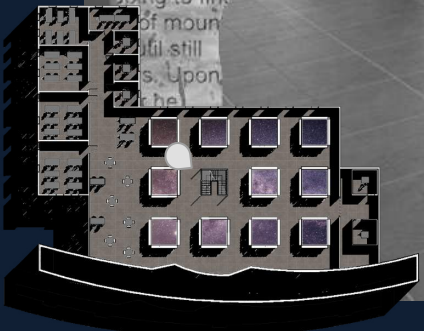
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Language, Thought and REALITY
Walter

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Language and Architectural Meaning
Alberto Pérez-Gómez

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Gracias por escuchar. ua tsaug rau koj mloog. Спасибо за то, что вы слушали. 謝謝你的聆聽. Danke fürs Zuhören. waad ku mahadsantahay dhageysiga. ຂອບໃຈທີ່ຮັບຟັງ. dankon pro aŭskultado. Merci de votre attention. mahalo no ka ho‘olohe ‘ana mai. תודה על ההקשבה. go raibh maith agat as éisteacht. 들어 주셔서 감사합니다. takk for at dere hørte på. cám ơn vì đã lắng nghe. **Thank you for listening.**