

Ray Bradbury Ideas

Overland Library

by Ahde Lahti 310.749.0031

www.lahtidesign.com





DESK AS COMPUTER



DIGITAL ROCK
CHISEL



"MARTIAN"
SILVER
MASK

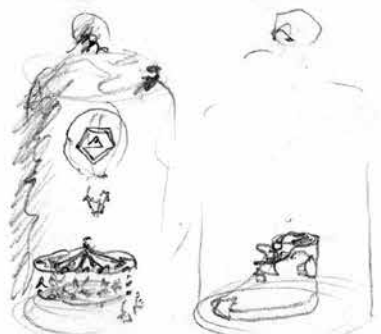
SPHERE
"ILLUST"



ILLUSTRATED
MAN
HEAVY WORK
SHIRT

DANDELION
WINE
KETCHUP
BOTTLE

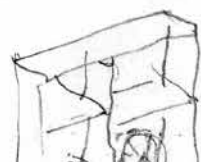
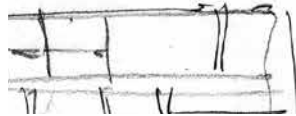
HOBUS
PHILOSOPHER
SITTING ON
OF TOWN &
CAMP FIRE



CAROUSEL
"TIME
MACHINE"
"SOMETHING
WICKED"
HOT AIR BALLOON
WITCH
"MIND ELL"
BOYS INNOCENCE

PETALUMA

(will x)
who should look at the art
what age group? which group
if children, where location? so
how to attract ^{that} audience?
if for adults - where location?
if for administrators - how? m
if for donors, where credits
hard to introduce adult
new things? concepts!



assemblage
curiosity
tromp l'oeil

Digital Slide rule:

The future imposed on the past:
Bradbury CONTRADICTION!

Digital Sculpting rock chisel.

Finds the form inside the rock.

GPS coordinates create the sculpture ("No, it would be horrid. I didn't like when you took out the picture painter last month." *The Veldt*).

Table that prepares all meals for the family.

Martian with silver or gold mask, so the true emotions need not be shown. *Martian Chronicles*

Old Martian civilization, Blue Fiery Spheres. Have no body, don't covet, don't reproduce. They are the perfect being. God himself.

Illustrated Man

Man in heavy buttoned work shirt on hot day. *Illustrated Man*

Wine in Ketchup Bottle. Bottling Summer for the long winter.

Dandelion Wine



SPHERE
"ILLUST"



RAY BRADBURY PELICLS
DIGITAL SLIDE RULE



DE



"MARTIAN"
SILVER
.....



ILLUSTRATED
MAN
HEAVY WORK
SHIRT



DAN DILLON
WINE
KETCHUP
BOTTLE



DIGITAL ROCK
CHISSEL

Philosophers, writers off down near the tracks, avoiding the civilization censorship. Finding a non-violent way to keep books alive. *Fahrenheit 451*

The Carrousel from the Circus. A real carrousel is where a child and a parent can go around and each one changes ages: Parent becomes younger and the Child becomes older. But this one runs backward to make you younger or forward to make you older! *Something Wicked This Way Comes*

The Royal Crown Cream-Sponge Para Litefoot Tennis Shoes: LIKE MENTHOL ON YOUR FEET. "Find Friends, ditch enemies! Does the world run too fast? Want to catch up? Want to be alert, stay alert? Litefoot, then! Litefoot!"



HOBUS
PHILOSOPHERS
SITTING OUT
OF TOWN AT
CAMP FIRE

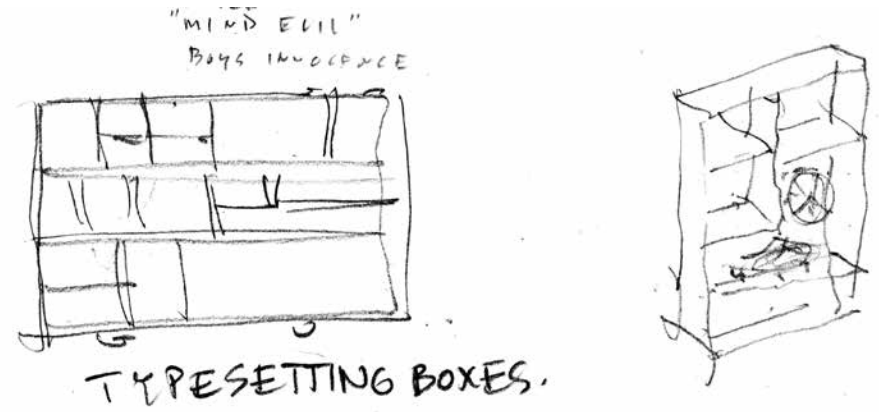
FAHRENHEIT 451



CAROUSEL
"TIME
MACHINE"
"SOMETHING
WICKED"
HOT AIR BALLOON
WITCH
"MIND EVIL"
BOYS INNOCENCE



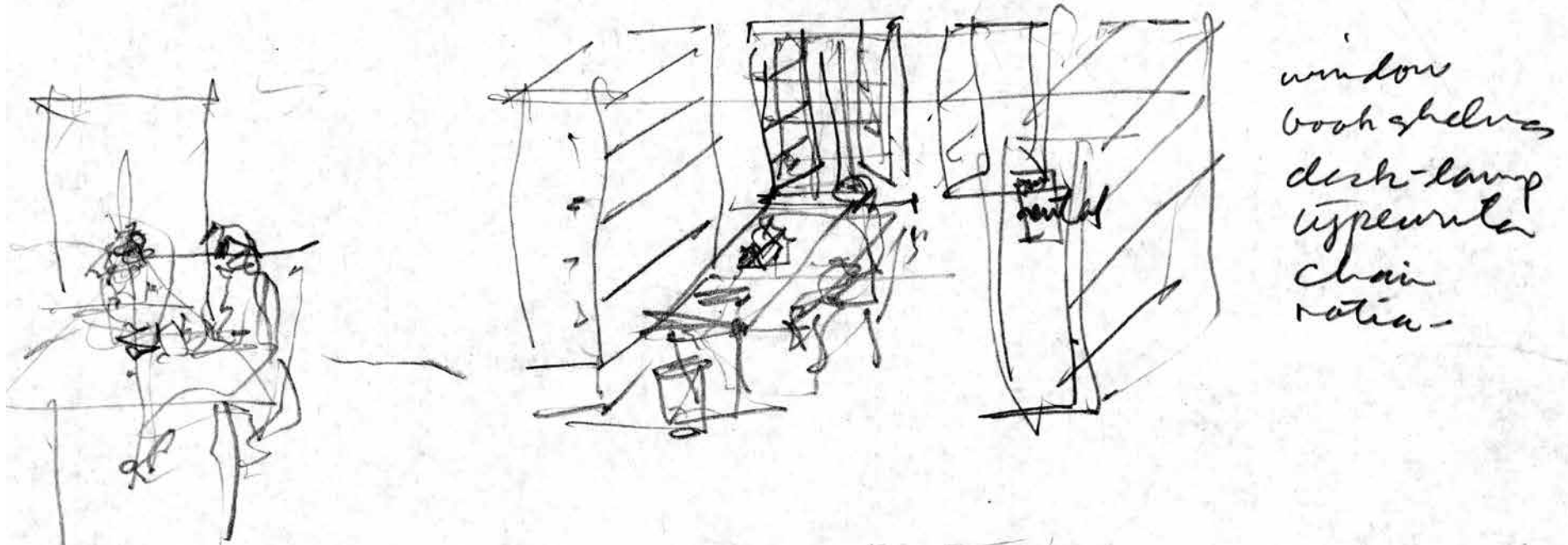
Here are the typesetting drawers and /or the Specimen boxes which may be in the Library Wall.



There was once a young writer who learned and wrote in the library, he couldn't afford to go to college. Here is a library (or library basement), he is alone with a rented typewriter (at 10 cents a half hour), all his ideas are as transparent as the open window. His word associations developed the work on it's own. The words float from the desk, with his characters dominating the spaces around him, leaving him to join the sheets as permanent marks of his days work.



PERSPPECTIVE



Above is the view of the mural with notes about the props involved. Left are the Library's shelves. Center are the desks with one rented typewriter, he is all alone. The window represents any midwest public library.

On the right (in the mural) are his books materializing as he works.

Right is my first concept of *The Illustrated Man*.

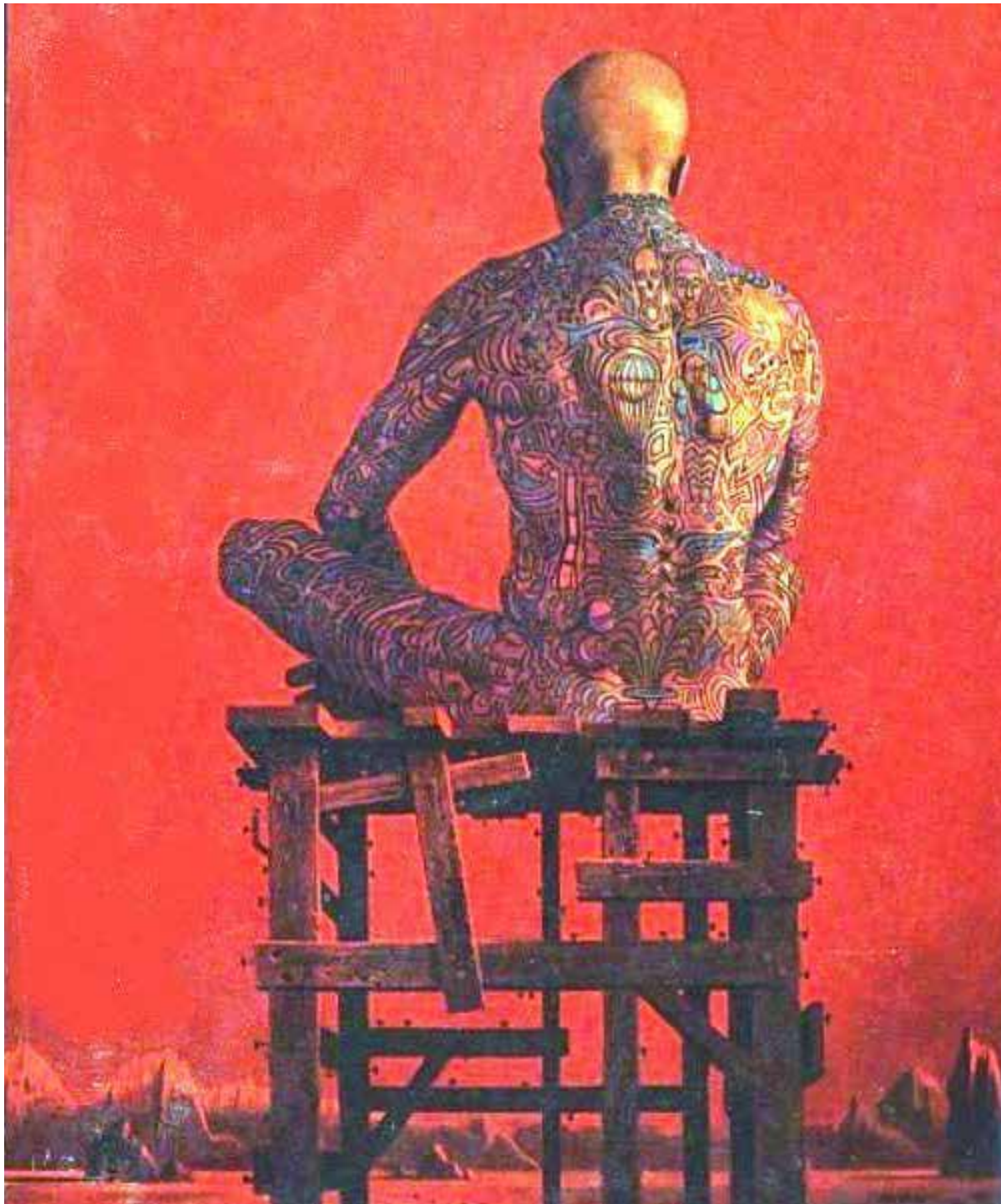
Heavy overweight circus tent roustabout, with a new job. The replacement tattooed man, with special magical images.

The next pages are filled with borrowed images!











I have added these two quotes to the Painting below. The grain of the original sketch obscures the type, but that can be fixed later. The quotes are to float from the typewriter as ribbons.

"Science-fiction balances you on the cliff. Fantasy shoves you off."

"My stories run up and bite me in the leg - I respond by writing down everything that goes on during the bite. When I finish, the idea lets go and runs off."

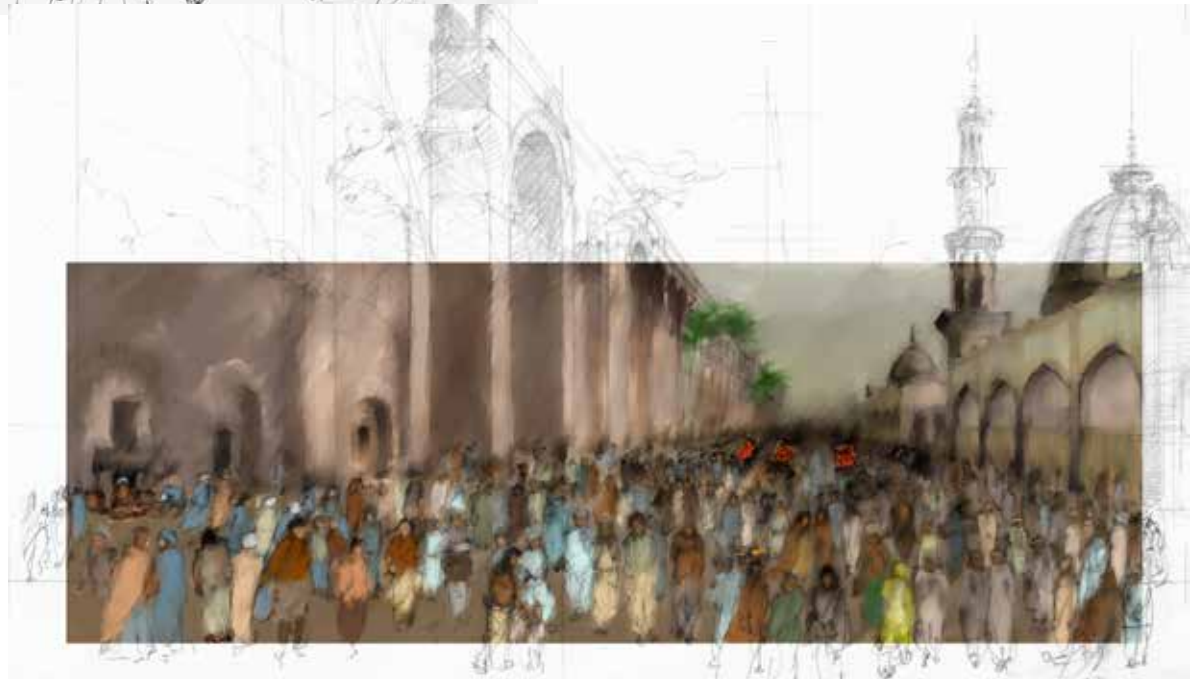
Maybe the mural should be like *The Egyptian Jukebox* by Nick Bantock, a scavenger hunt for clues to each story by Bradbury.

Add an Icehouse for Dandelion Wine, etc.

There are props for all the books that are not exactly the imagination, but the metaphor (dandelion) for the memories which needed to be opened and saved as summer needs to be remembered in the winter.

I will try to do the drawing much like this Vignola The Five Orders of Architecture etching of a piece of architecture, hoping that it becomes self-referential. Meaning the viewer will be able to understand and interpret the mural as with the written words, they become real in Bradbury's stories.

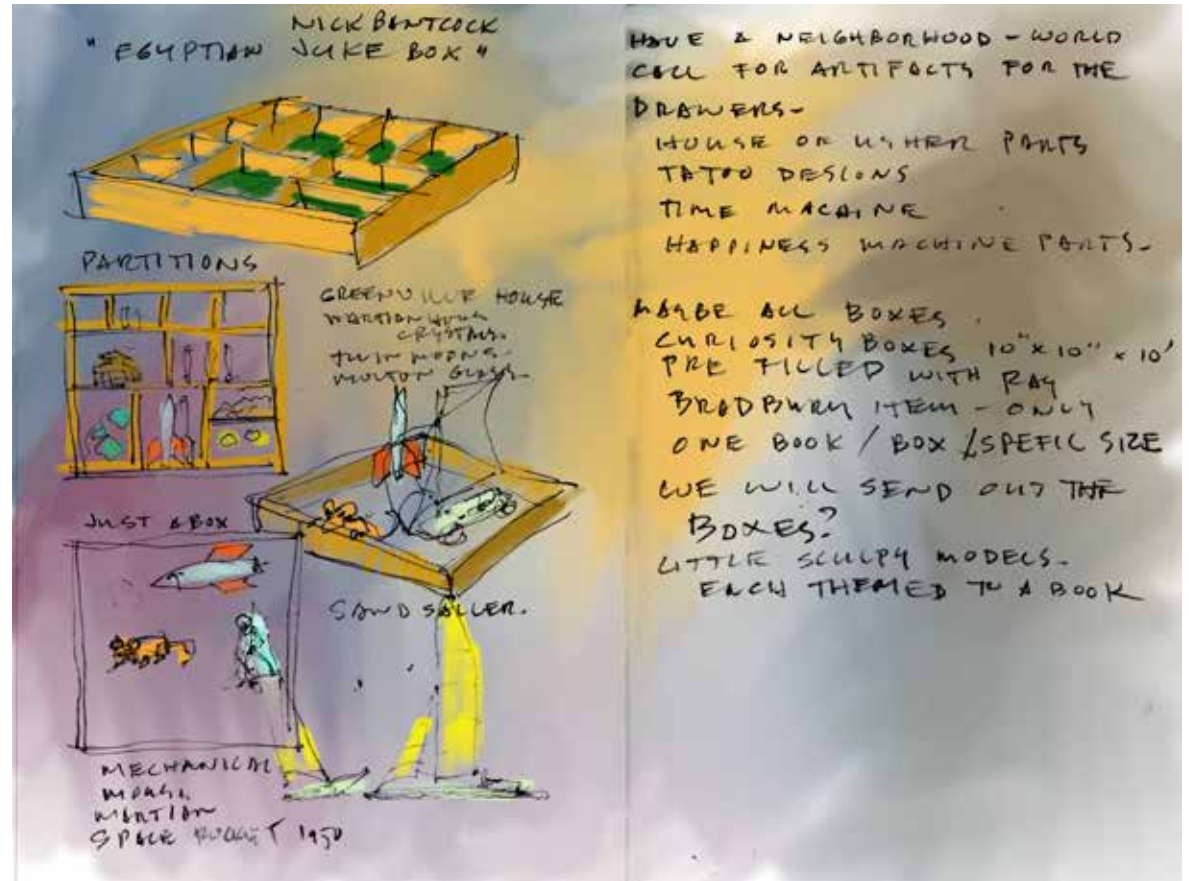




Had another idea, the public library is important in Bradbury's life, so use it.

- There they go, off to Mars, just for the ride, thinking that they will find a planet like a seer's crystal, in which to read a miraculous future. What they'll find, instead, is the somewhat shopworn image of themselves. Mars is a mirror, not a crystal. "A Few Notes on The Martian Chronicles", in Rhodomagnetic Digest (May 1950).

I am proposing a mirror or set of mirrors that reflect the Overland library interior but not the viewer in front. Now there would be a digital image projected in the glass (of the opposite side) of the library in real time. Seven mirrors each adjusting to the walking viewer. Digitally the viewer's self image is not there, even though it is a mirror. A little magic of our time on the Bradbury wall. The hypothetical library wall is above. The interactive mirror below as the viewer moves to the center.



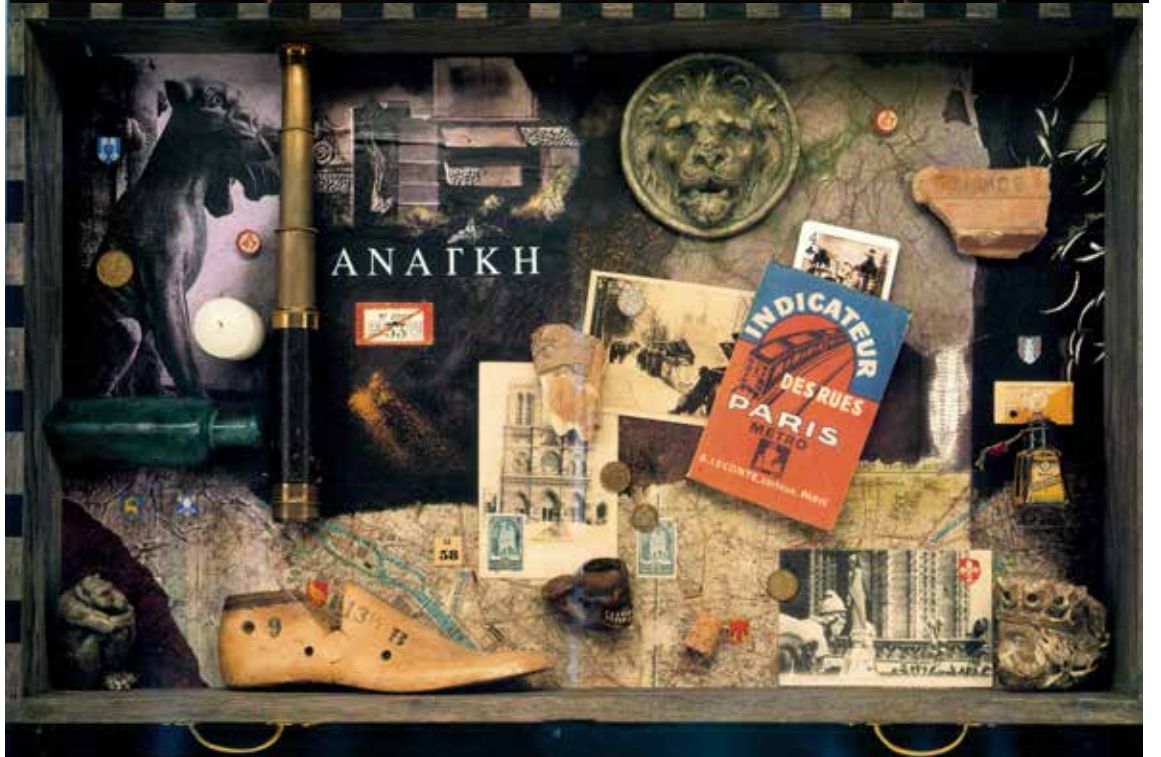
And thought that that might be a way to get the viewers interest, looking into little or big drawers with items from each book.

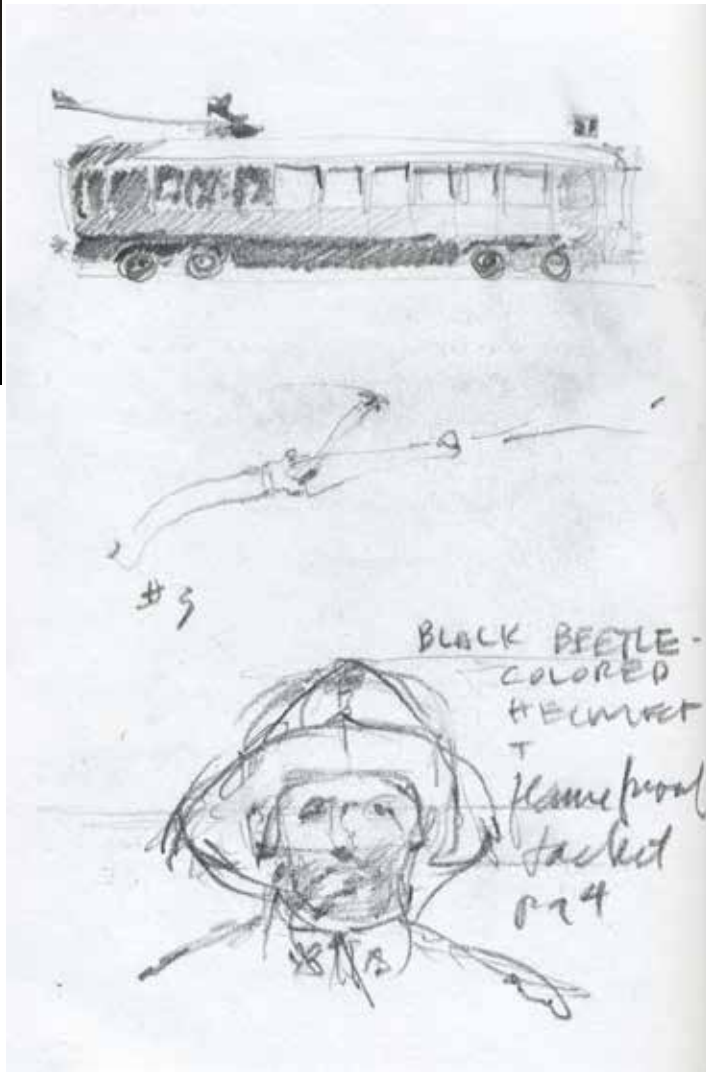
I have two thoughts on that:
First thought: I could make little models or drawings or memorabilia of things mentioned or find the real things if they could fit in a drawer.

Second thought: is open it to everyone, the Bradbury Curiosity drawers! Send out a flyer, or send out a drawer, or send out paperbacks of each book, or do all for all who sign in.

Could fill the drawers and then open it to the public to replace the drawers as great material streams in, if not, not. Or just add drawers as the material develops.

Immediately below are the sketches for the library.
Then there are the 10 drawers I scanned from: *The Egyptian Jukebox*, by Nick Bantock.





HAVE A NEIGHBORHOOD - WORLD
 COLL FOR ARTIFACTS FOR THE
 DRAWERS -
 HOUSE OR OTHER PARTS
 TATTOO DESIGNS
 TIME MACHINE
 HAPPINESS MACHINE PARTS -

HAVE ALL BOXES
 CURIOSITY BOXES 10" x 10" x 10"
 PRE FILLED WITH RAG
 BROADWAY ITEM - ONLY
 ONE BOOK / BOX / SPECIFIC SIZE
 WE WILL SEND OUT THE
 BOXES?

LITTLE SCULPY MODELS -
 EACH THEMED TO A BOOK



07.05.15
 ART DEC STORIES PARTS

TROPHIES - CUPS - PLAQUES.
 vampires can't see themselves
 in a mirror.

What is the essence
 of all histories -

What sculpture
 represents everything
 he has done.

"Truth is in your mind"

"We are susceptible to
 our own wishes"

"petty grievances will
 destroy everything"

7.05.15

a room - the clock
 guns, orders - p q z z z
 the lights go on the
 door opens automatically,
 closes - the car motor sounds,
 drives away - lights go off.

IBNDELION WINE 7.06.15

Time machine - old people.
 only runs backward. 31

wall mural:

image may not do it
 sculpture would
 maybe a time drawer
 little things from each
 book.







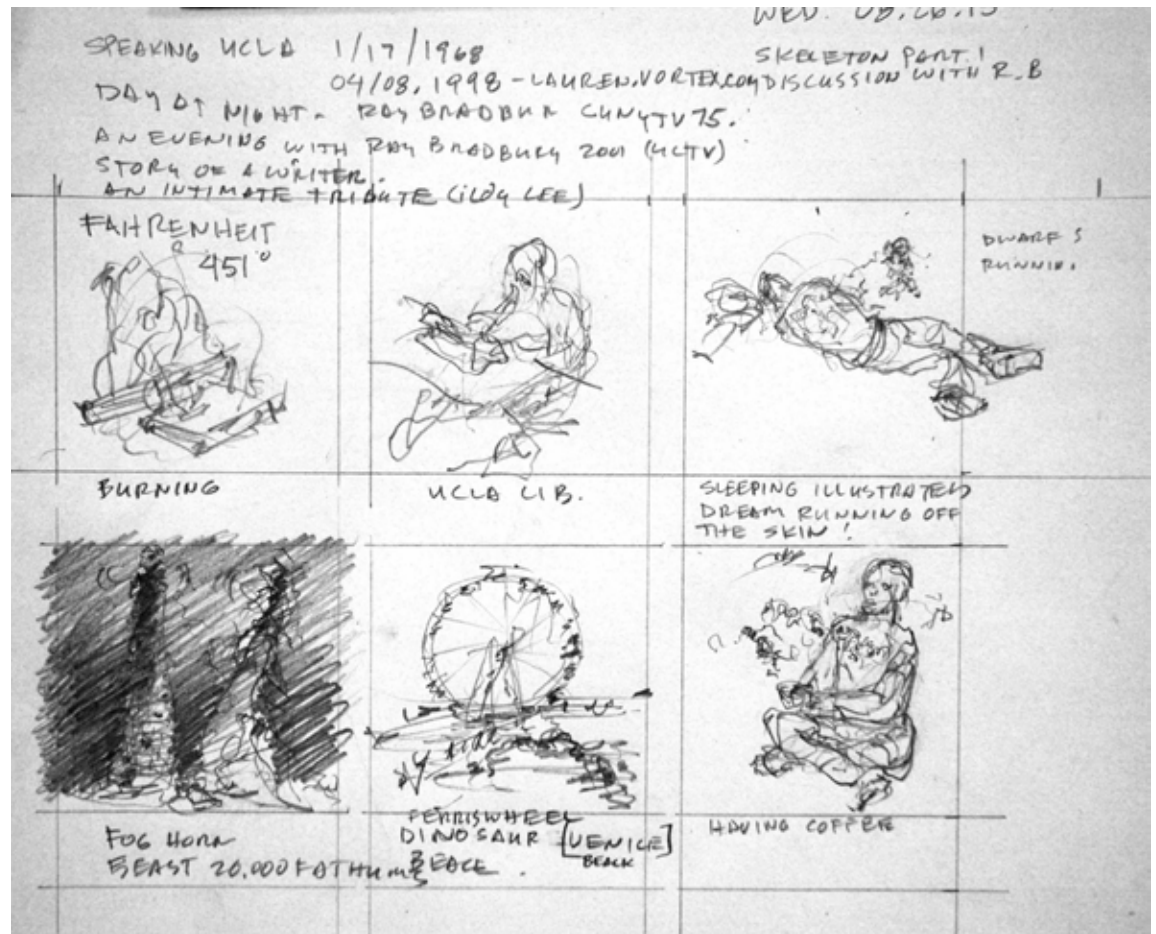
All of Bradbury's work goes into what has been. He includes all his stories – references all history – all his stories are reinterpretations of the "story of knowledge" – LIBRARY – revolve or mention that reference.

Illustrated Man, wall that come alive with inner mind workings. Little snap shots of life played out, the news, broadcast – like the internet now, but this will tune into your mind.

Most of the covers of the books seem to have been made by artists who only read the first chapters or have read only that book.

Illustrated Man, Seems to be trying to define GOD! "Blue Fiery Spheres (Martians) have no need of GOD. They are GOD. Power but want to be left alone.

The Mars banned book authors die away when the last book is burned – move to another unspoiled planet to survive. Obsession with themes of everlasting life and that of Death too.









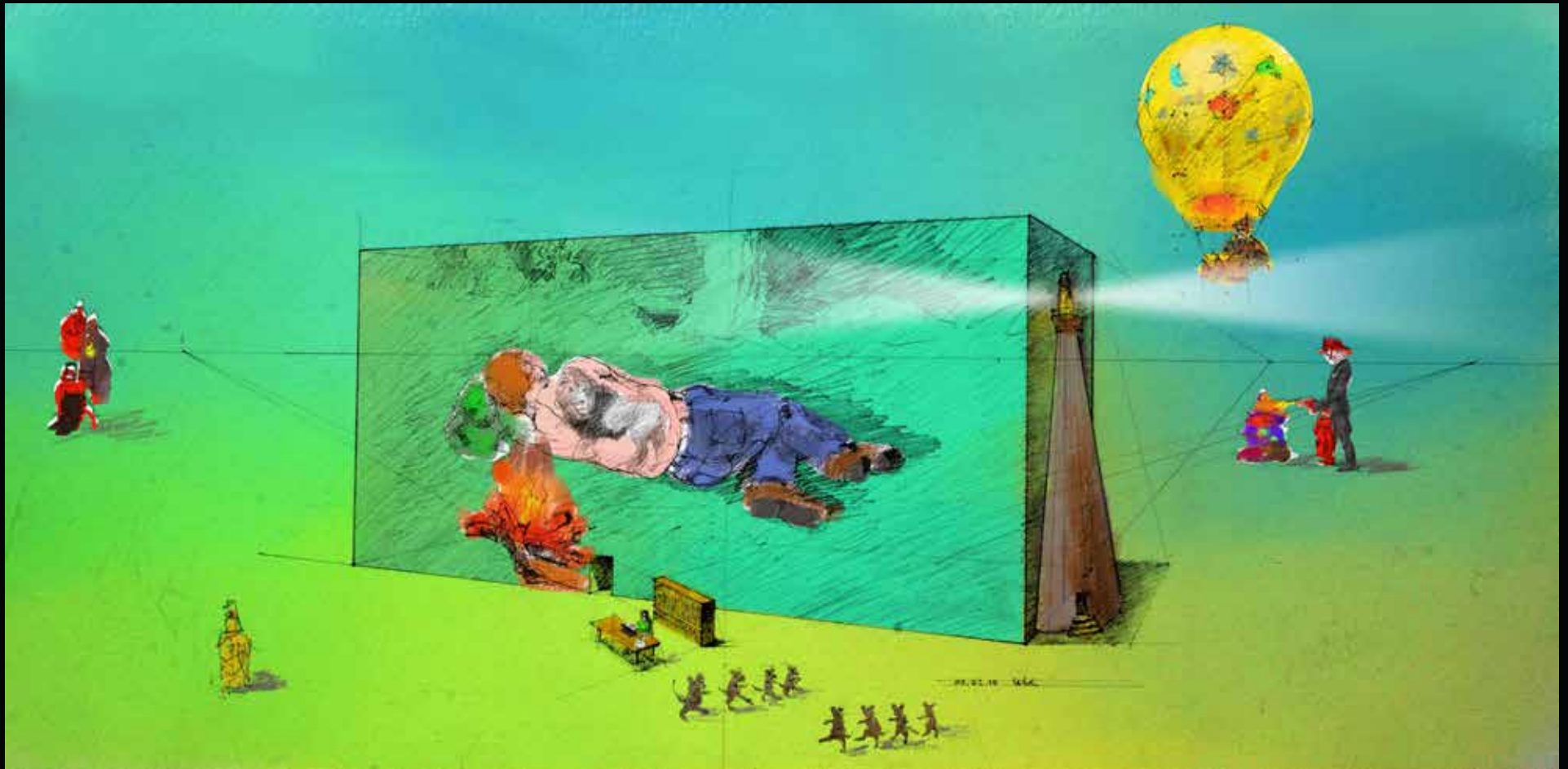




In this sketch, the props represents the making of *Fahrenheit 451*, Montag is also at the next typewriter writing his story two stations to the right. The balloon with the witch, *Something Wicked This Way Comes*. The mechanical mice, left, who are doing the Quadrille, are from the House of Usher, *Martian Chronicles*. *The Illustrated Man* is

at the next typing station. The station to the left is Ylla, *Martian Chronicles*. Ray Bradbury sits near the center, on his feet a pair of Cream-Sponge para Litefoot sneakers: *Find friends, ditch enemies! Does the world run too fast? Want to Catch up? Want to be alert? Litefoot, then! Light-foot! Dandelion Wine*





"GREEN DUSK FOR DREAMING BRAND PURE NORTHERN AIR" "Derived from the atmosphere of the white Arctic in the Spring of 1900, and mixed with the wind from the upper Hudson Valley in the month of April, 1910, and containing particles of the dust seen shining in the sunset of one day in the meadows around Grinnell, Iowa, when a cool air rose to be captured from a lake and a little creek and a natural spring. Now the small print, he said. He Squinted. Also containing molecules of vapor from menthol, lime, papaya, and watermelon and all other water-smelling, cool-savored fruits and trees like camphor and herbs like wintergreen and the breath of a rising wind from the Des Plaines River itself. Guaranteed most refreshing and cool. To



be taken on summer nights when the heat passes ninety." He picked up the other bottle.

"This one the same, save I've collected a wind from Aran Isles and one from Dublin Bay with salt on it and a strip of flannel fog from the coast of Iceland." He put the two bottles on the bed.

"One last direction." He stood by the cot and leaned over and spoke quietly. "When you're drinking these, remember: It was bottled by a friend. The S. J. Jones Bottling Company, Green Town, Illinois - August, 1928. A vintage year, boy . . . a vintage year." Ray Bradbury, *DANDELION WINE*.

THESE COLORS DERIVED FROM S. J. JONES BOTTLING COMPANY



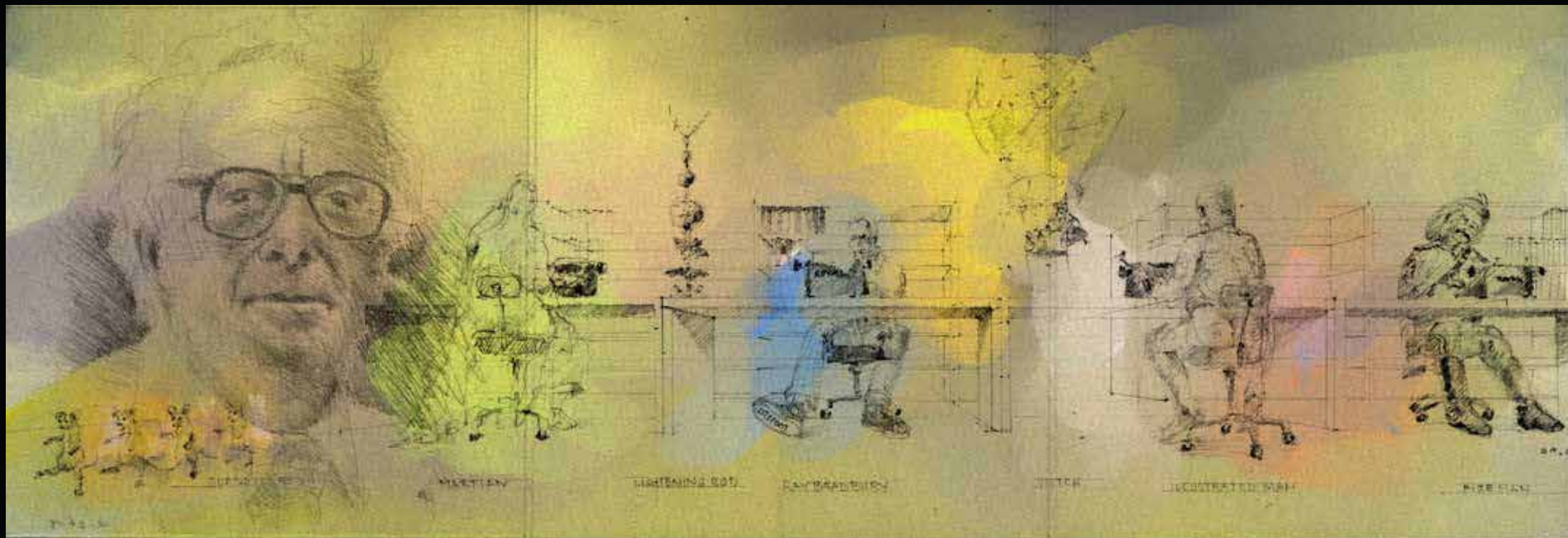
Here the wall represents the making of the *Illustrated Man*. The Lion represents *The Veldt*, one story shown on the *Illustrated Man*'s back while he slept. In this sketch, the props represents the making of *Fahrenheit 451*, Montag's coat, hat and the Kerosene flame thrower (to burn books). At the right shows Montag setting books to flame.



The balloon with the witch, *Something Wicked This Way Comes*. The mechanical mice doing the Quadrille are from the *House of Usher*, *Martian Chronicles*. Bottle of wine in a Catchup bottle is from *Dandelion Wine*

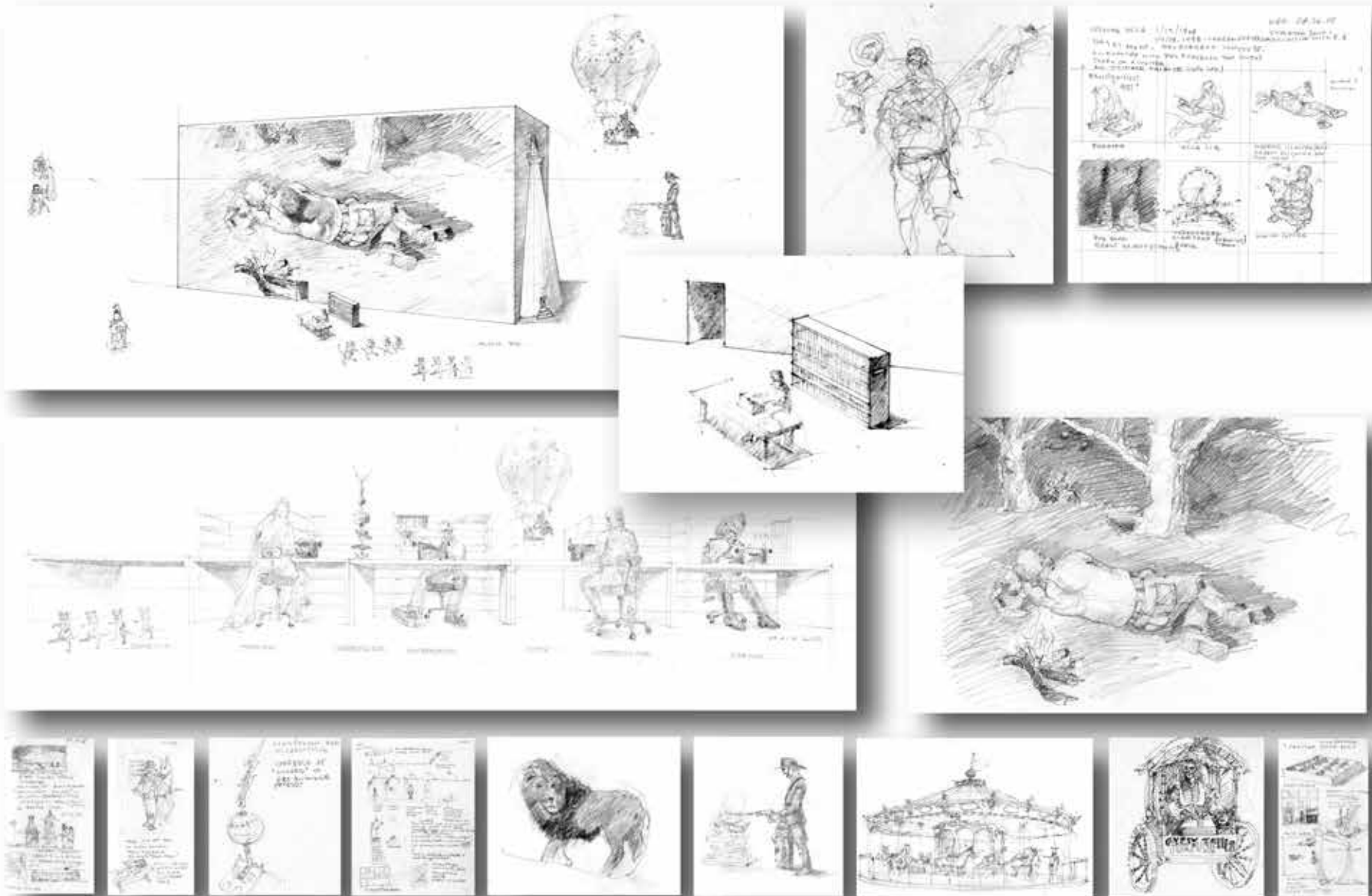


We see Ray Bradbury typing at a Library pay machine, 10 cents per half hour. The shelves represent the library. The doorway represents his new story. The wall represents the making of any book. On the end is the tower from the *Fog Horn*.



- While our art cannot, as we wish it could, save us from wars, privation, envy, greed, old age, or death, it can revitalize us amidst it all.
- Science-fiction balances you on the cliff. Fantasy shoves you off.
- My stories run up and bite me in the leg – I respond by writing down everything that goes on during the bite. When I finish, the idea lets go and runs off.
- You don't have to burn books to destroy a culture. Just get people to stop reading them.
- If you can't read and write you can't think...You've got to be able to look at your thoughts on paper and discover what a fool you were..





Library for the Past

04.15.16

No library has ever been designed for the future; there has never been the need.

Everyone is concerned with preserving the past, why make a journey into the new untried waters?

There was a man who once imagined a town where no one ever got old, where writing flourished!

There was once a man who created an automated house that none lived in.

There was once a man who stumbled onto a time machine, which went forward, or backward, depending on whom needed subjection, because it was not created for good.

There was one a man who created a world where the human race lived and died a full life in eight days, just eight days. By the time I finish this next line I will be two years older.

If all these ideas are floating in the air, why not capture them and put them on a shelf where everyone can enjoy the future?

We can't because we have not conceived of a space where the mirrors don't reflect our images; we can only see what is in the present or past.

A library needs to develop the future, live in the future, design

the future, and be the future.

The new library has to have an outreach, to engage everyone!

How?

It will ignite everyone's imagination.

Ahde

Now and Forever by Ray Bradbury

They stood before a large, rather handsome brick building, its entrance flanked by two Egyptian sphinxes lying supine, half-lioness and half-god, with faces he could almost name.

Cardiff read these words: HOPE MEMORIAL LIBRARY.

And in small letters beneath that: KNOW HOPE, ALL YE WHO ENTER HERE.

He climbed the library steps to find Elias Culpepper standing before the great double front doors. Culpepper behaved as if he'd been expecting the younger man, and motioned at him to sit down on the library steps.

"We've been waiting for you," he said.

"We?" said Cardiff.

"The whole town, or most of it," said Culpepper. "Where have you been?"

"The graveyard," said Cardiff.

"You spend too much time there. Is there a problem?"

"Not anymore, if you can help me mail something home. Is there a train expected anytime soon?"

"Should be one passing through sometime today," said Elias Culpepper. "Doubt it'll stop. That hasn't happened in..."

"Can it be stopped?"

"Could try flares."

"I've got a package I want sent, if you can stop it."

"I'll light the flares," said Culpepper. "Where's this package going?"

"Home," Cardiff said again. "Chicago."

He wrote a name and address on a page ripped from his notepad, and handed the piece of paper to Culpepper.

"Consider it done," said Culpepper. He rose and said, "Now I think you ought to go inside."

Cardiff turned and pushed the great library doors and stepped in. He read a sign above the front counter: CARPE DIEM. SEIZE THE DAY. It could have also read: SEIZE A BOOK. FIND A LIFE. BIRTH A METAPHOR.

His gaze drifted to find a large part of the town's population seated at two dozen tables, books open, reading, and keeping the SILENCE that other signs suggested.

As if pulled by a single string, they turned, nodded at Cardiff, and turned back to their books.

The young woman behind the library front desk was an incredible beauty.

"My God," he whispered. "Nef!"

She raised her hand and pointed, then beckoned for him to follow. She walked ahead of him and she might well have had a lantern in her hand to light the dim stacks, for her face was illumination. Wherever she glanced, the darkness failed and a faint light touched the gold lettering along the shelves.

The first stack was labeled: ALEXANDRIA ONE.

And the second: ALEXANDRIA TWO.

And the last: ALEXANDRIA THREE.

"Don't say it," he said, quietly. "Let me. The libraries at Alexandria, five hundred or a thousand years before Christ, had three fires, maybe more, and everything burned."

"Yes," Nef said. "This first stack contains all or most of the books burned in the first fire, an accident.

"This second stack from the second burning, also an accident, has all the lost books and destroyed texts of that terrible year.

"And the last, the third, contains all the books from the third conflagration—a burning by mobs, the purposeful destruction of history, art, poetry, and plays in 455 B.C.

"In 455 B.C.," she repeated quietly.

"My God," he said, "how were they all saved, how did they get here?"

"We brought them."

"How?!"

"We are tomb robbers." Nef ran her finger along the stacks. "For the profit of the mind, the extension of the soul, whatever the soul is. We can only try to describe the mystery. Long before Schliemann, who found not one but twenty Troys, our ancestors played finders-keepers with the grandest library in time, one that would never burn, would live forever and allow those who entered to touch and scan, a chance to run after an extra piece of existence. This building is absolute proof against fire. In one form or another, it has traveled from Moses, Caesar, Christ, and will continue on toward the new Apollo and the Moon that the rocket chariot will reach."

"But still," he said. "Those libraries were ruined. Are these duplicates of duplicates? The lost are found, but how?"

Nef laughed quietly. "It was a hard task. Down through the centuries, a book here or there, a play one place, a poem another. A

huge jigsaw, fitted in pieces."

She moved on in the comfortable twilight spilling through the library's tall windows, brushing her fingers over the names and titles.

"Remember when Hemingway's wife left his novel manuscript on a train, lost forever?"

"Did he divorce or kill her?"

"The marriage survived for a while. But that manuscript is here." He looked at the worn typewriter box labeled: FOOTHILLS; KILIMANJARO.

"Have you read it?"

"We're afraid to. If it is as fine as some of his work, it would break our hearts because it must remain lost. If it's bad, we might feel worse. Perhaps Papa knew it was best for it to remain lost. He wrote another Kilimanjaro, with Snows instead."

"How in hell did you find it?"

"The week it was lost we advertised. Which is more than Papa did. We sent him a copy. He never replied, and the Snows was published a year later."

Again she moved to touch more volumes.

"Edgar Allan Poe's final poem, rejected. Herman Melville's last tale, unseen."

"How?"

"We visited their deathbeds in their last hours. The dying sometimes speak in tongues. If you know the language of deliriums you can transcribe their strange sad truths. We tend them like special guardians late at night, and summon a last vital spark and listen closely and keep their words. Why? Since we are the passengers of time, we thought it only proper to save what might be saved on our passage to eternity, to preserve what might be lost if neglected, and add some small bit of our far-traveling and long life. We have guarded not only Troy and its ruins and sifted the Egyptian sands for wise stones to put beneath our tongues to clear our speech, but we have, like cats, inhaled the breaths of mortals, siphoned and published their whispers. Since we have been gifted with long lives, the least we can do is pass that gift on in inanimate objects—novels, poems, plays—books that rouse to life when scanned by a living eye. You must never receive a gift, ever, without returning the gift twice over. From Jesus of Nazareth to noon tomorrow, our baggage is the library and its silent speech. Each book is Lazarus, yes? And you the reader, by opening the covers, bid Lazarus to come forth. And he lives again, it lives again, the dead words warmed by your glance."

Keep Reading,
Ahde Lahti