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2022-2025

MARCH PORTFOLIO



BAILEY
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DECON-STRUCTING WALL STREET



CORE STUDIO I
FALL 2022
CRITIC: LINDSEY WIKSTROM

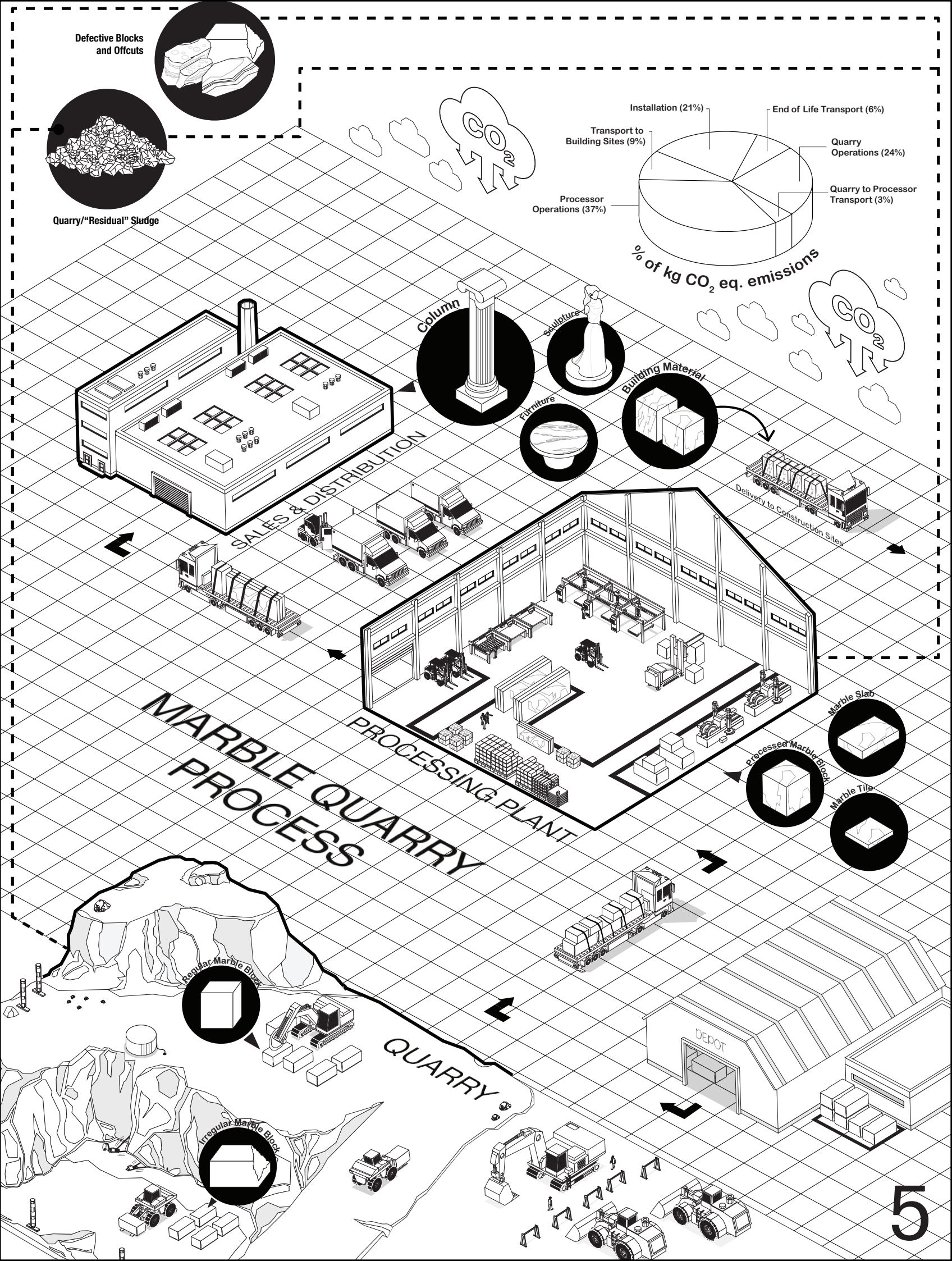
If we aren't working against bias, then we are complicit in it. Our modern mythology portrays Wall Street as a symbol of American wealth and prosperity. This prosperity is denoted through the enclave of modern skyscrapers and the grandeur of the Neoclassical-style buildings that are interspersed along the street. Regarding the latter, Federal Hall became my focus as I noticed how it is barred from public interaction by means of scaffolding and fencing. There is no public uproar over its physical memorialization; most people ignore it as they amble through Wall Street. Through my research, I discovered that the Federal Hall we know today is historically a site where people have attempted to demand

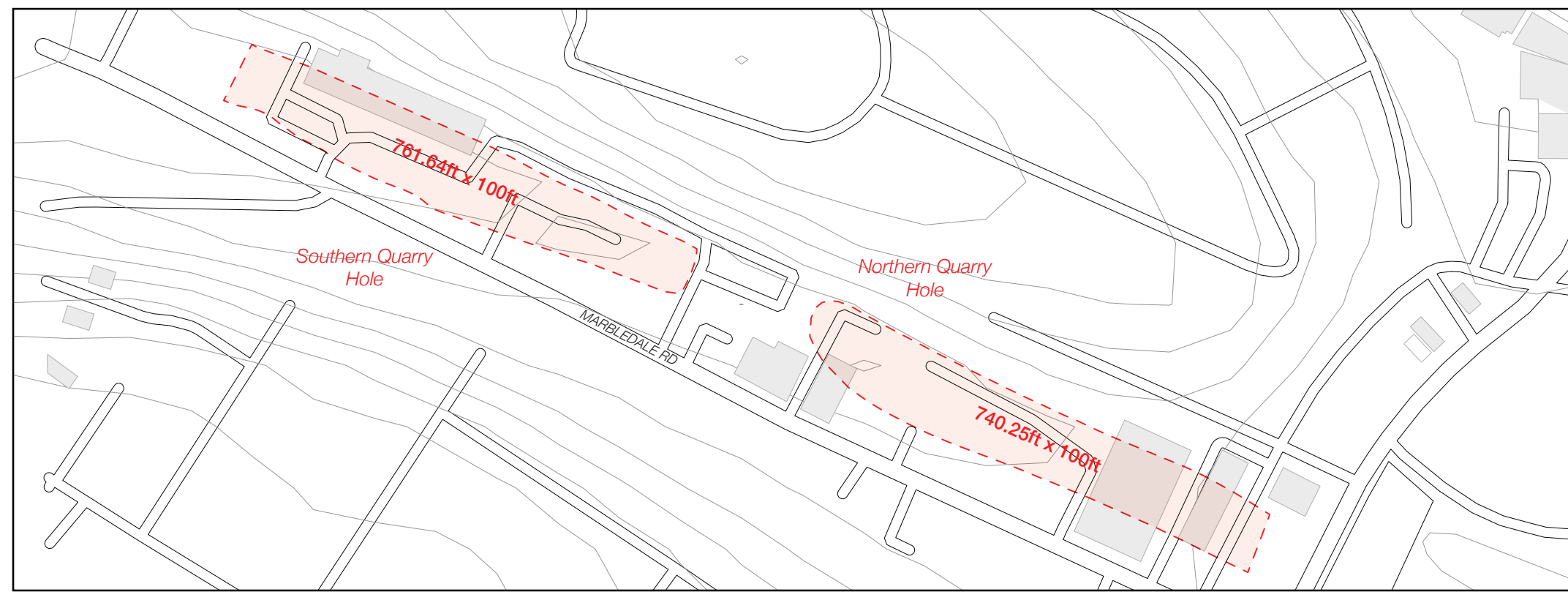
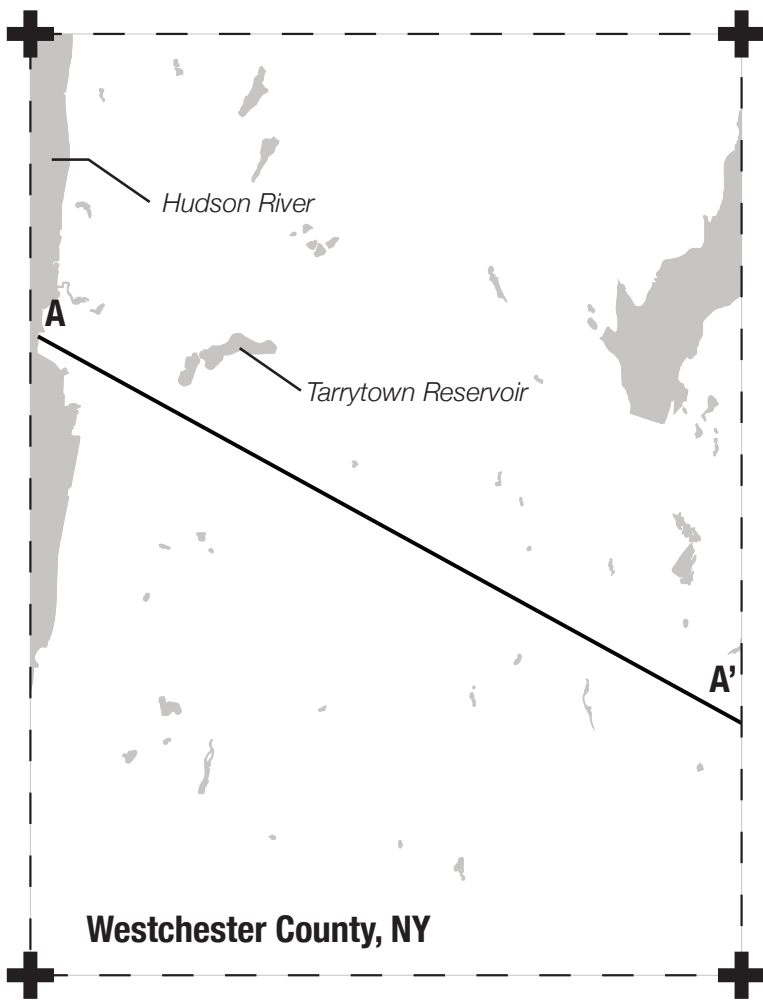
justice for the subjugation they face in their lives – but this phenomenon has been minimized from the building's structure. With this in mind, I propose a deconstructed portico on the side of Federal Hall to allow the public to have a direct confrontation with the building's materiality, prompting different perceptions of Wall Street to arise.

CAN WE TALK ABOUT THE MARBLE?

Federal Hall is constructed of Tuckahoe Marble, which is also known as Westchester and Inwood Marble. The former Conlin Marble Company was one of the many quarries located in northern Manhattan and along the Hudson River in Westchester County, New York. It was the most important marble deposit until the latter half of the 1800s when extensive railroad developments made the marble deposits in southwestern Vermont accessible.

Today's process of marble quarrying and processing produces waste such as slurry waste, rock fragments, and dust. They can be managed through recycling or proper disposal.





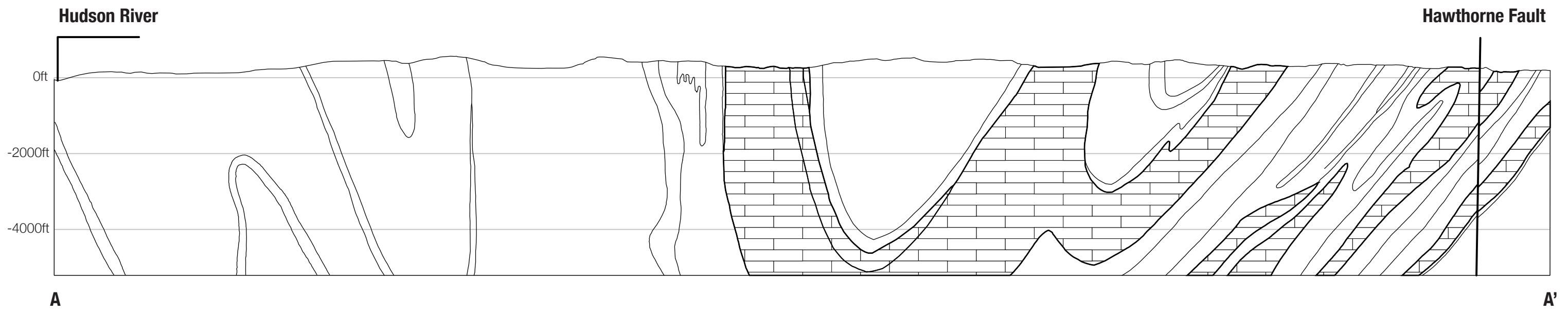
Sites Quarried for Inwood Marble by Conlin Marble Co. (1800s-1930s)
109-125 Marbledale Rd, Tuckahoe, NY

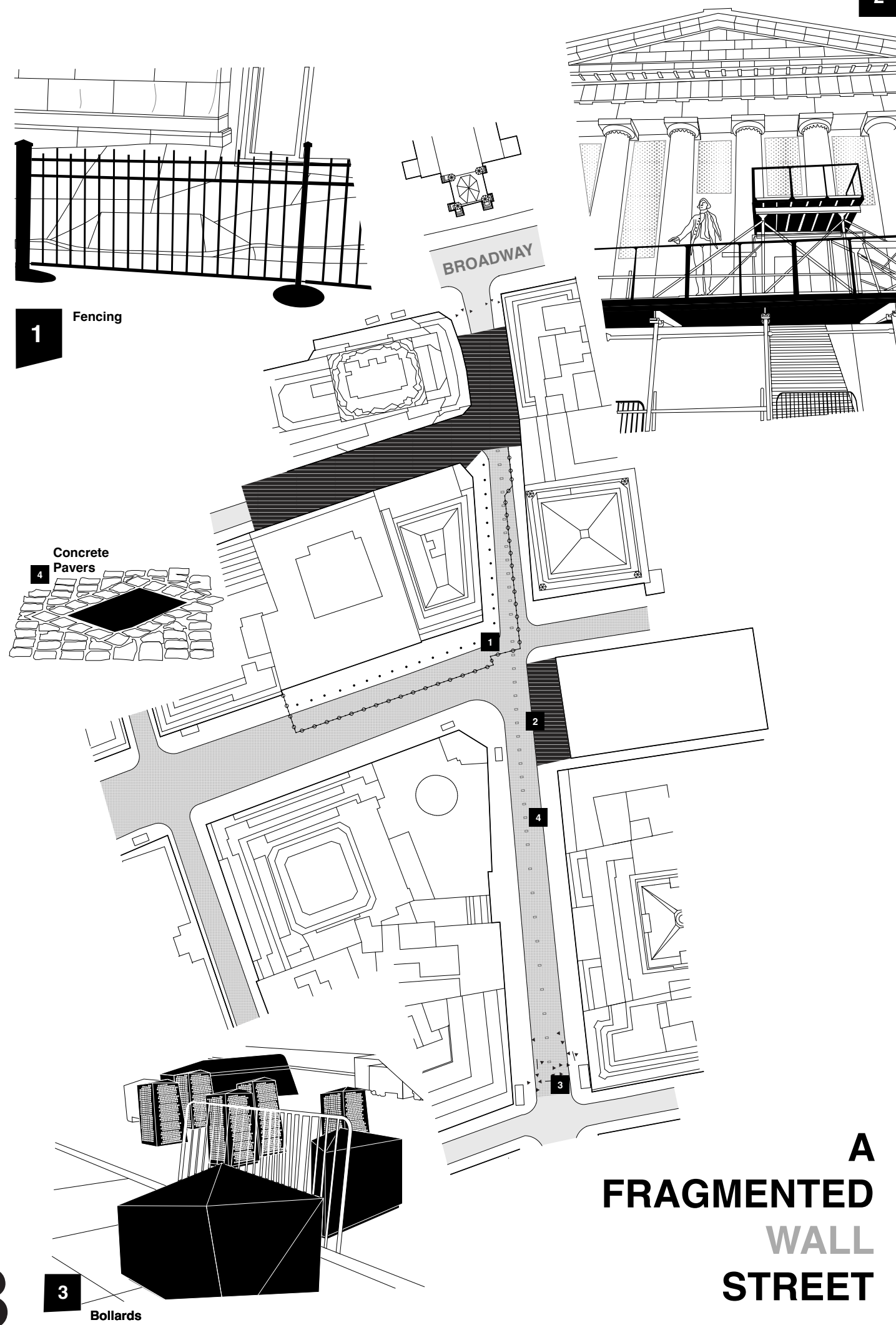
SCALE | 1 in = 222 ft
0_{FT} 222_{FT} 444_{FT}

GEOLOGICAL CROSS SECTION A-A'
Westchester County, NY

 **Inwood Marble**
Age: Cambrian (543 - 490 Ma)

SCALE | 1 in = 2560.12 ft
0_{FT} 2560_{FT} 5120_{FT} 7680_{FT}







Interior Model

The People's Portico hosts a material exhibition for the purpose of buying and selling marble offcuts, in addition to educating the public about the cost and consequence of marble quarrying.





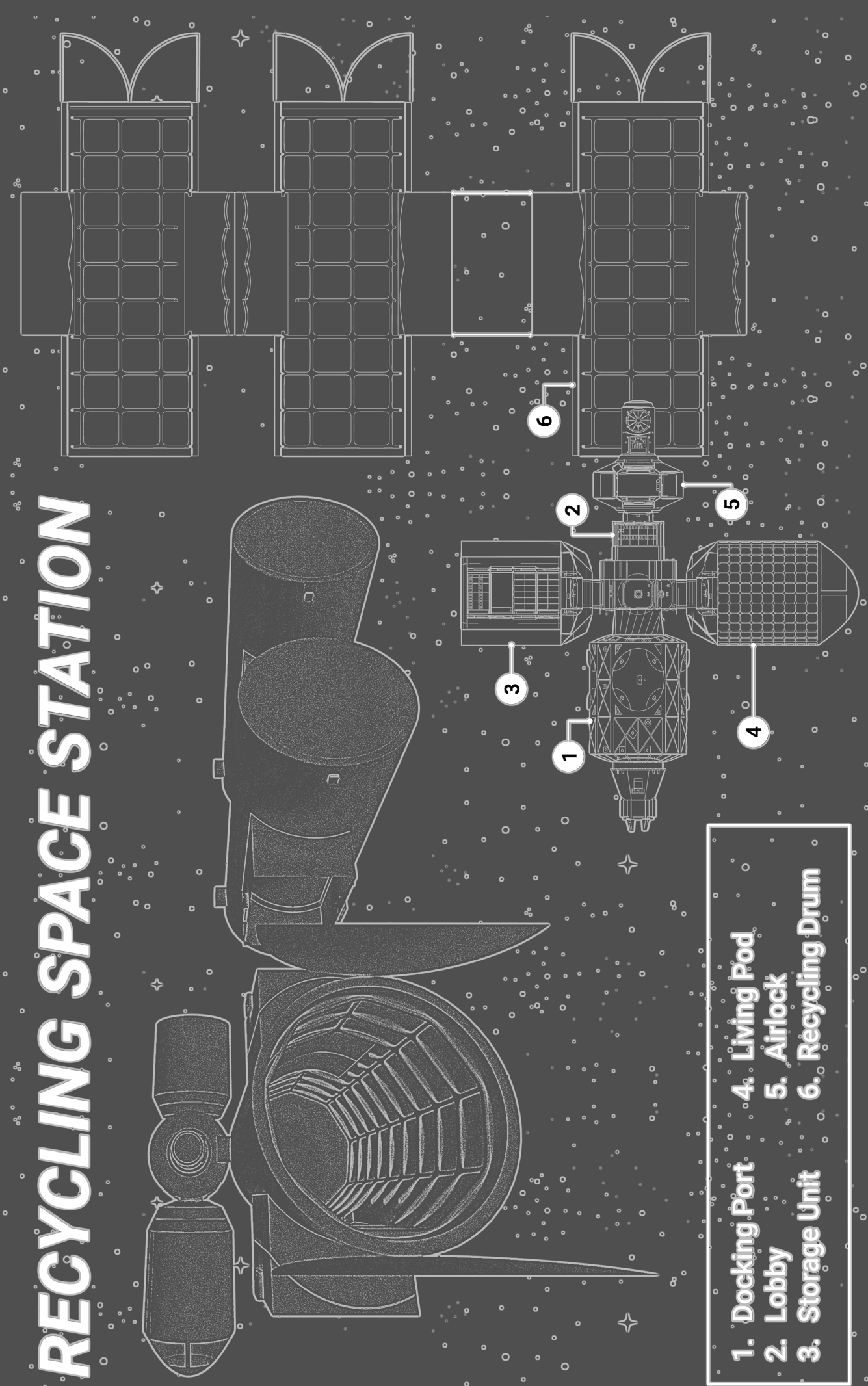
WELCOME TO THE SPACEYARD

CORE STUDIO II
 SPRING 2023
 CRITIC: CARLYLE FRASER

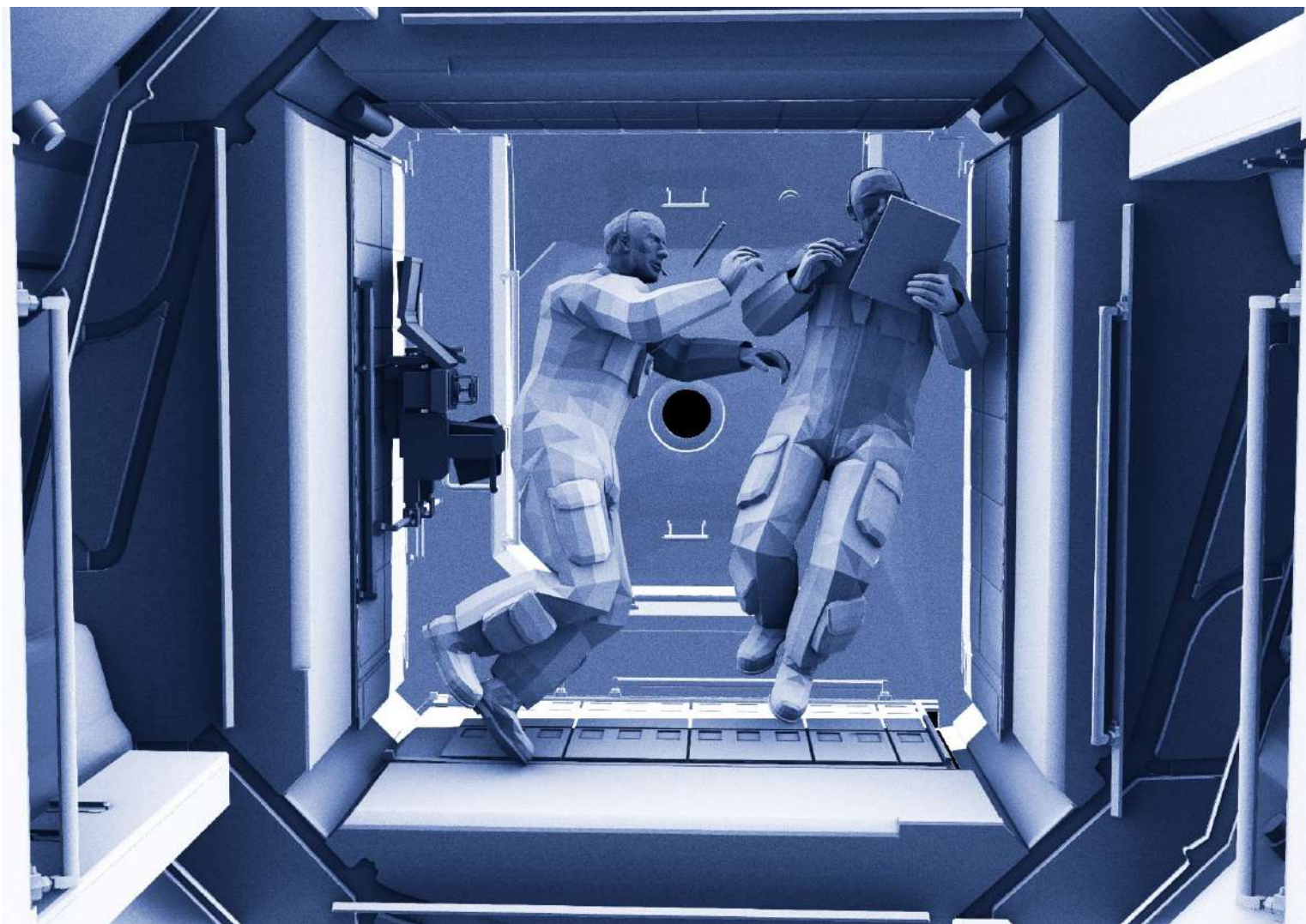
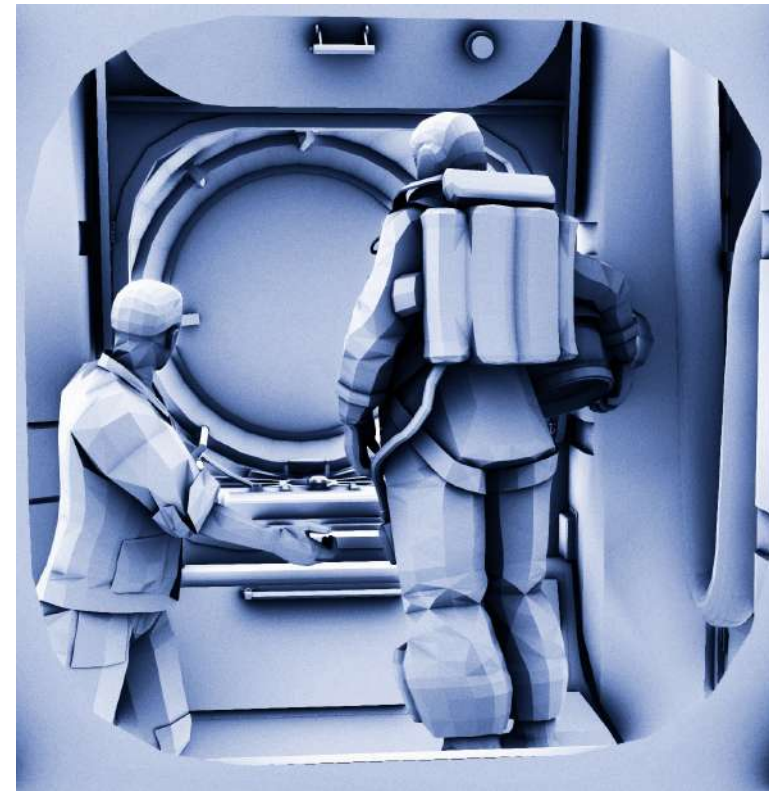
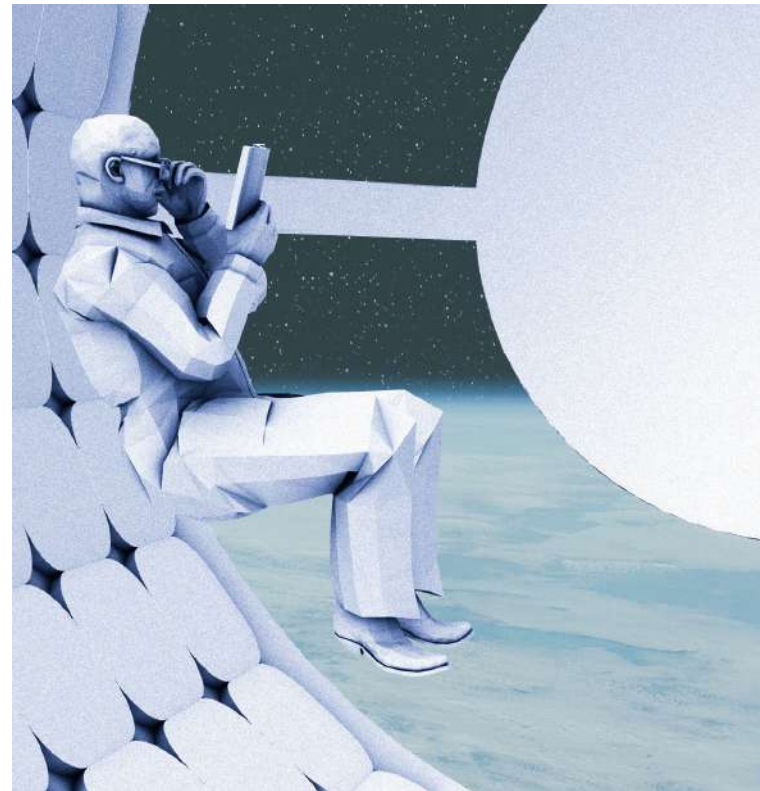
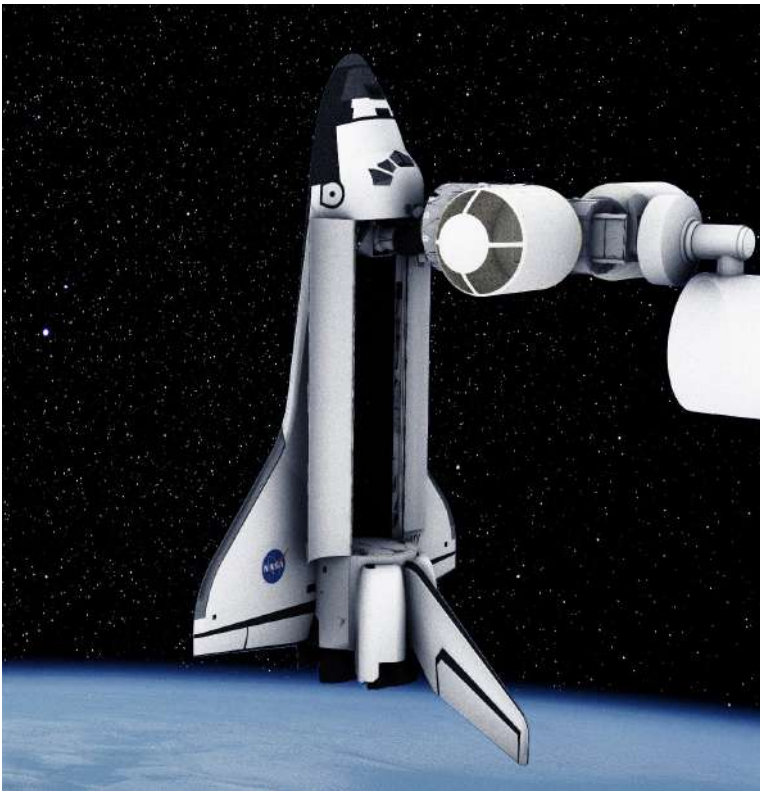
If the growing calls and concern for taking care of our environment are to be realized, then we need to include outer space in this conversation. Although it is a landscape that is accessible by a select group of trained individuals and organizations, the consequence of cluttering outer space with our man-made inventions impacts us all. Depending on their orbital position, space debris can take a few or hundreds of years to re-enter the atmosphere. The issue

lies in when the debris doesn't burn up when it re-enters and reaches the ground, which in this case the still in-tact debris becomes hazardous to Earth's environment. While space debris is commonly the result of satellites colliding with each other or anti-satellite tests, the fact that there are more objects than ever floating around in Earth's orbit increases the likelihood of space debris re-entering and hitting a person. While there are many different estimates, most state that there is a 1-in-10,000 chance of any person being hit, anywhere in the world. Since the current number of objects floating in Earth's orbit is in the 100 trillion figure, a recycling space station is necessary to capture, deorbit, and reuse the space debris.

RECYCLING SPACE STATION



- 1. Docking Port
- 2. Lobby
- 3. Storage Unit
- 4. Living Pod
- 5. Airlock
- 6. Recycling Drum



Clockwise from top left:
A space shuttle arrives at the **Docking Port** to drop off astronauts;
An astronaut organizes the **Storage Unit**;
Astronauts in the **Lobby** discuss the collected debris aboard the RSS

Clockwise from top left:
An astronaut unwinds with a book in the **Living Pod**;
Two astronauts suit up in the **Airlock**;
Four astronauts examine the debris inside of the **Recycling Drum**



WILD WAY

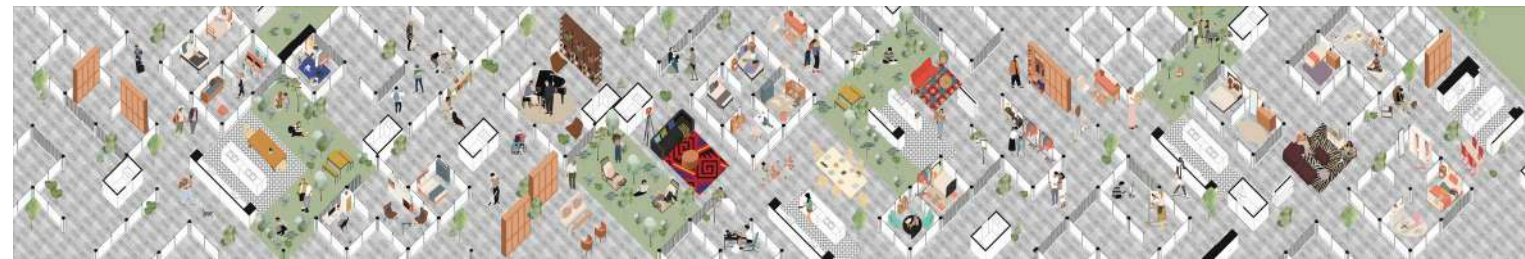
CORE STUDIO III
FALL 2023
CRITIC: LILY C. WONG
PARTNER: AMORA MCCONNELL

Through our methods of representation, we have focused on the aesthetics of the object. In relation to housing, objects transform a house or building into a “home”. Opportunities for ornamentation provide families the ability to see themselves reflected in an otherwise neutral space. These objects are visible throughout our visualizations, and are completely out of control of the overarching architectural hand. Ultimately, we embraced this lack of aesthetic control to allow the objects to define the program and

boundaries of our apartment building. As such, the representation of our space is one that looks “lived in”. The object has a level of imperfection and disorder that contrasts the highly sterilized renderings of New York City’s housing market.

What is also important to our project is how we address and design for our target demographic, which are non-nuclear family models: queer/queering, guardianship/caretaker, and intergenerational. Since these family models are often sidelined or not present in design discussions related to housing, we made sure to bring them to the forefront of our project.

LIVING OBLIQUE



Above is a seven-foot-long scroll of the interior apartment conditions at Wild Way, depicted in an axonometric oblique. This abstraction of the residential space is meant to bring attention to how the architecture in this scroll supplements the people, plants, and objects within — and not the other way around.

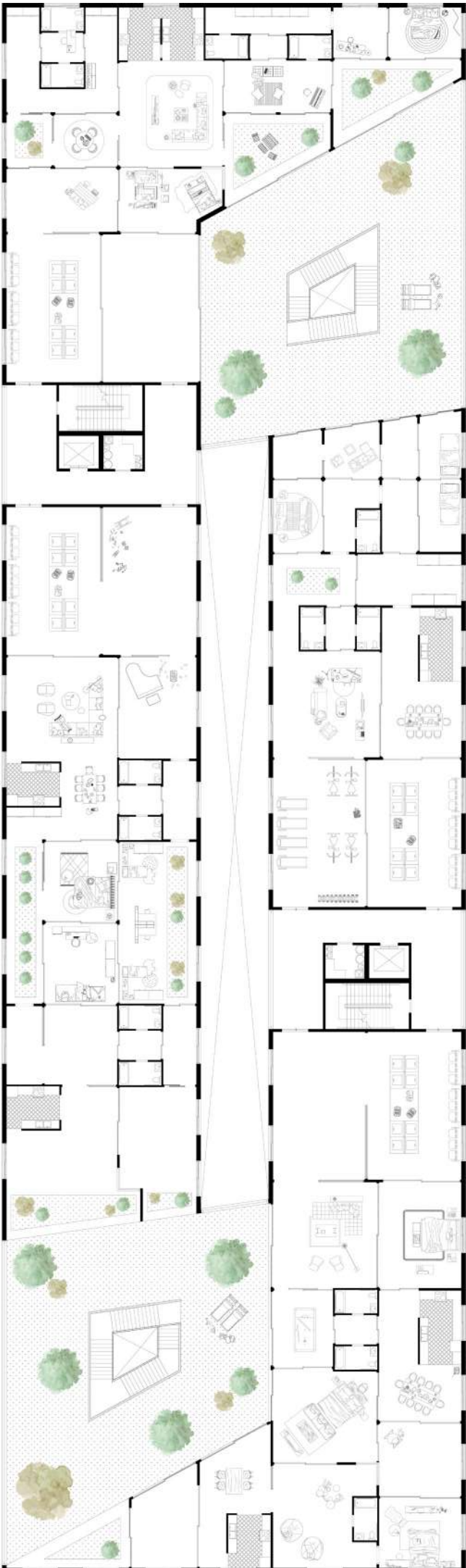




TYPICAL FLOOR PLAN

Third to sixth floor
is residential space. There are 7
kitchens and 14 bathrooms
on each floor.

The floor plan was designed as
a sequence, however it's up to
the residents to demarcate the
space's function.



GROUND FLOOR PLAN

Ground floor to second floor
is open to the public.

Amenities include:
restaurants, food bank/pantry,
health and wellness shops,
and retail spaces for residents to
operate their home businesses from.





Pictured above are the Millers', who are getting ready for their annual floor party. This time, the party is to celebrate their daughter Skye's birthday. The following vignettes depict the highlights from their party, in which the party's guests range in age and personality. The people are represented with varying art styles to imply their age and personality.





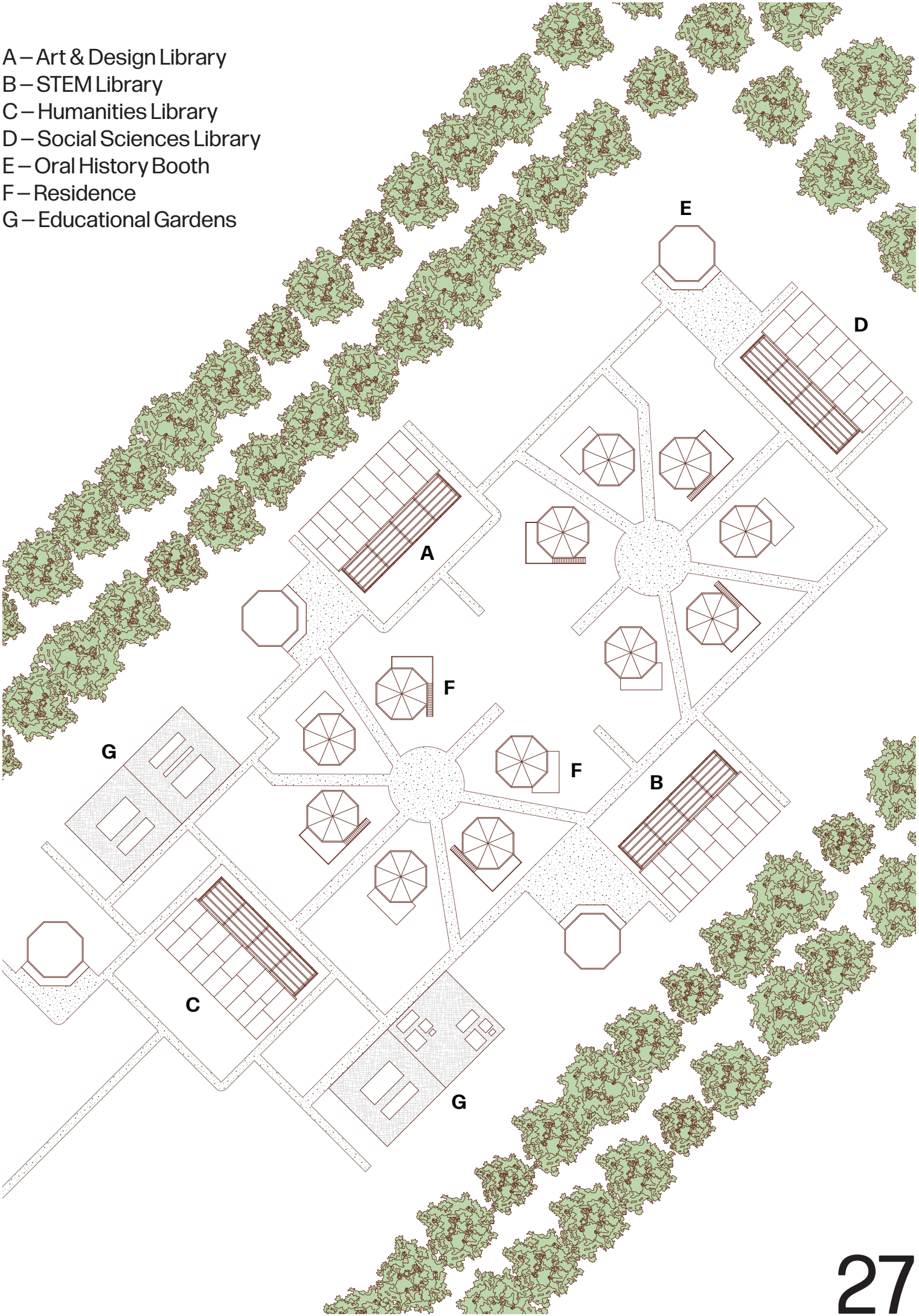
NEVAEH

ADVANCED STUDIO IV
 SPRING 2024
 CRITIC: TODD LEVON BROWN

Nevaeh is an ecovillage in Colonie, New York for Black Secular Humanists, consisting of twenty-five to fifty people. The ecovillage is situated on 8.28 acres of land near the south pavilion at the Crossings Park of Colonie. The land is purchased on a community land trust (CLT) by the first group of residents so that they may be considered land stewards. To create a supportive atmosphere for residents, Nevaeh

has: four oral history booths, four libraries, and four educational gardens. Both residents and visitors can share and archive their stories – especially if they are connected to their religious and/or spiritual experience – at the library and oral history booth. The educational gardens not only serve as the ecovillage’s main food source, but are also open to Colonie’s school-aged population to learn about gardening and the importance of responsibility and teamwork. The plants grown are relevant historically to Black cooking, which are: arugula, beets, cabbage, cucumbers, kale, potatoes, beans, spinach, and tomatoes.

- A – Art & Design Library
- B – STEM Library
- C – Humanities Library
- D – Social Sciences Library
- E – Oral History Booth
- F – Residence
- G – Educational Gardens





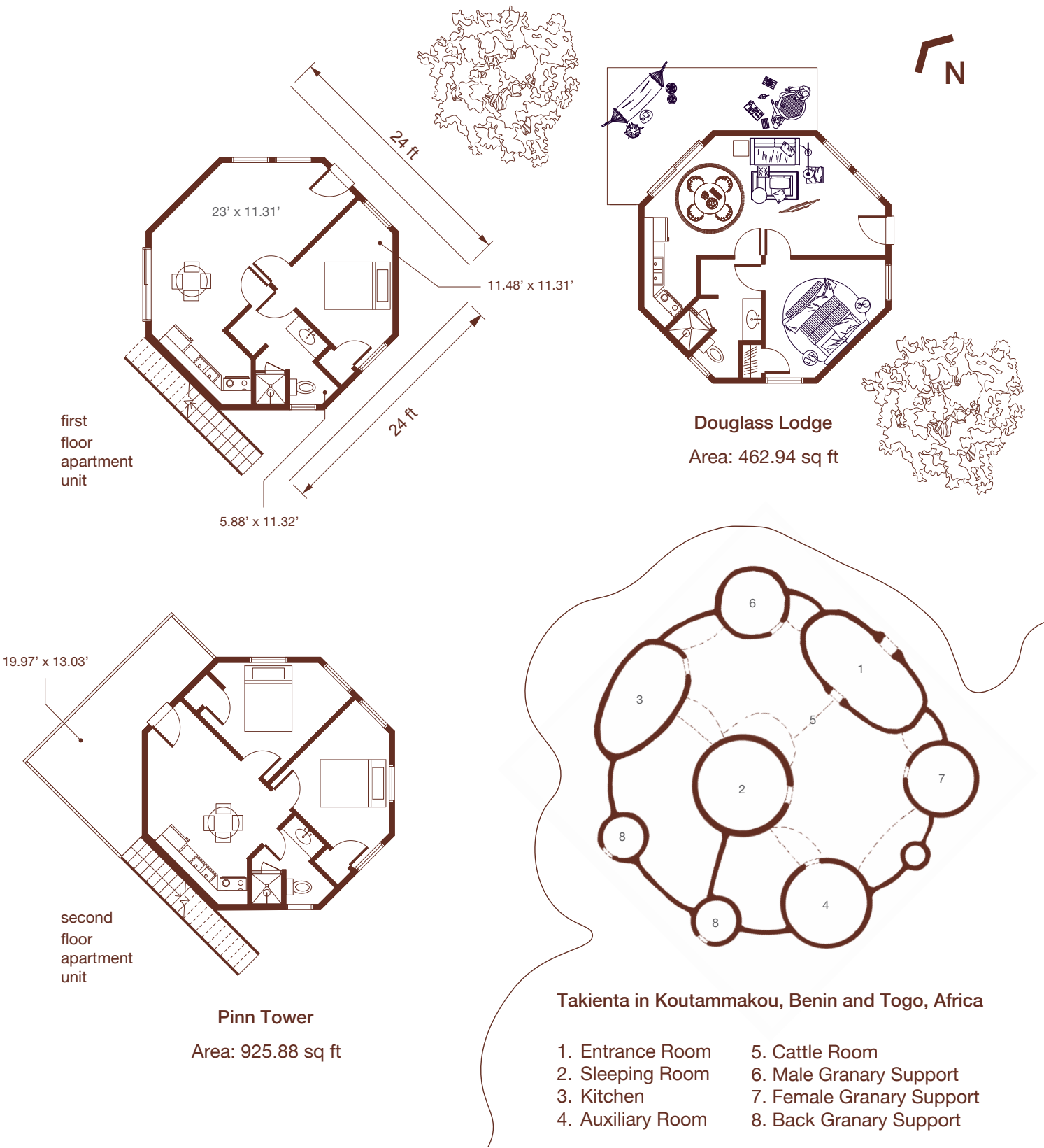
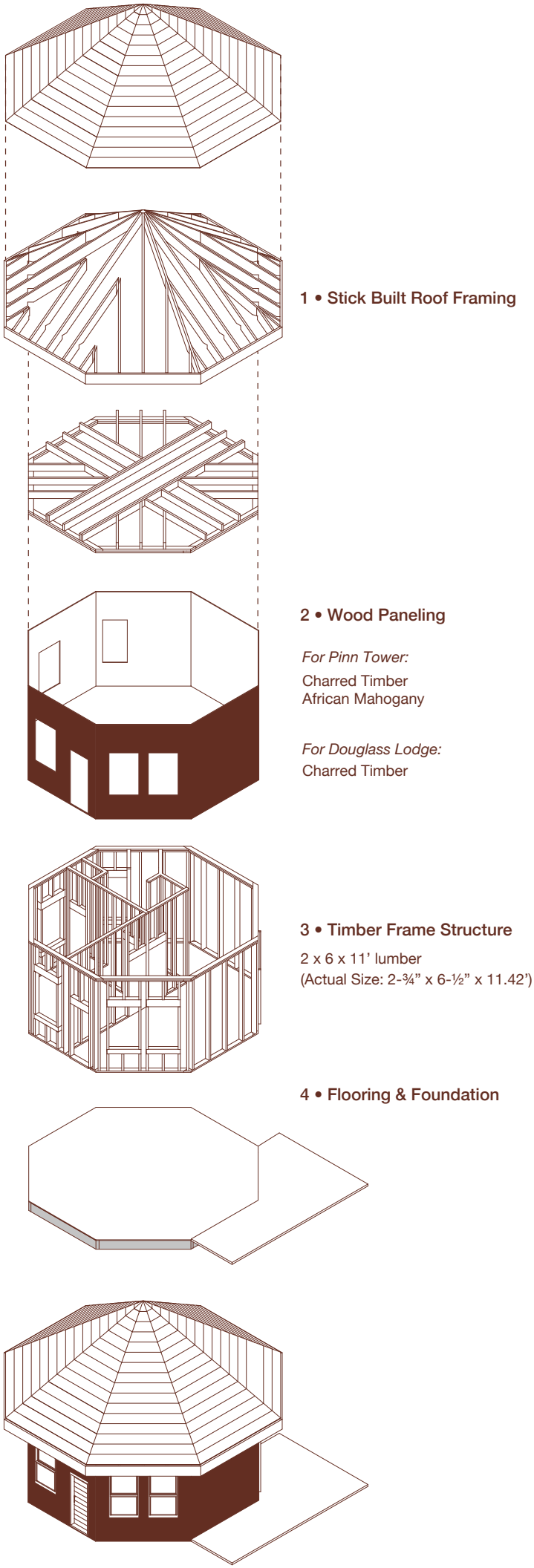
SCALE: 1" = 14'-0"



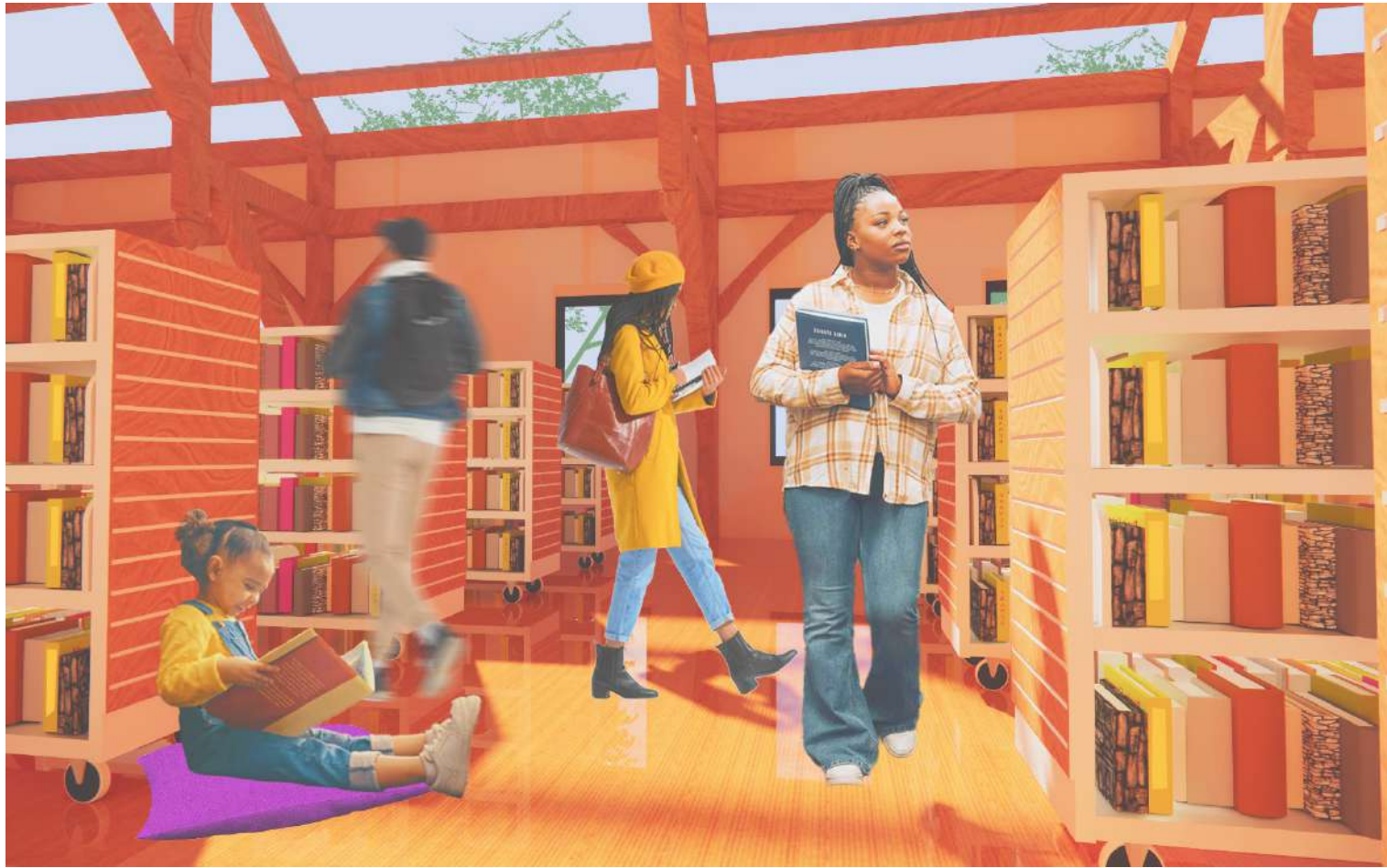
NEVAEH'S ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN

To allow for ease of construction and to minimize the ecovillage's carbon footprint, the residences are less than 1000 ft². Their design is inspired by the *takienta* – or *sikien*, in plural – found in the Koutammakou landscape in north-eastern Togo and neighboring Benin. The Bight of Benin was one of the regions in Africa where the highest number of enslaved Africans were forced to embark to Europe or the Americas between 1514 to 1866.

In selecting a material palette that best reflects the site, the homes are primarily clad with charred timber and African Mahogany. Charred timber has a higher resistance to decay and moisture whereas African Mahogany is known for its strength and durability. The roofs are tiled with ashlar slate on account of the stone's longevity.



NEVAEH'S LIBRARIES



Since critical thinking and education are key to the identity of Black Secular Humanists, there are four libraries open for both residents and visitors to debate, listen to, and read new perspectives. Positioned in each cardinal direction on the site, they are: Art & Design; STEM; Humanities; and Social Sciences.





OVERRIDE PARK

ADVANCED STUDIO V
 FALL 2024
 CRITIC: JOSEPH ZEAL-HENRY

Most people would like to be recognized for the work that they do, and rightfully so because it validates their contributions. For the time and energy that they put in at their job, people should receive financial compensation and recognition for it. However, this balance is only fully realized in a traditional work structure. The “9 to 5” job is what our culture recognizes as being typical despite an overwhelming number of people that are a part of the gig workforce.

Those who work as rideshare drivers, couriers, personal shoppers, caregivers, handypersons – where is their recognition? Their ability to provide for others is used against them. They are labeled as “independent” as they are not afforded the same protections that a traditional job offers. In this way, their labor is de-emphasized and made hidden, in which visible consumers like you and I benefit from. The unseen workers who deliver our requested goods to our doorstep provide the same service for many, but where do they congregate when there is a lull in their workday? To uplift this gig economy, my project is a staff room that allows app-based couriers to relax and pray in between making deliveries.

PART I.

MY QUESTIONS

WHAT DOES THE WAY IN WHICH WE HIDE LABOR SAY ABOUT OUR SOCIETY? WHY DO WE ONLY CREDIT SOME PEOPLE FOR THE WORK THAT THEY DO? HOW DO WE RECOGNIZE THEM? WHEN CAN WE START?

PART II.

DIARY ENTRIES

*****MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 09, 2024

TODAY WE DISCUSSED WHAT INSPIRED US TO CREATE, TO WHICH I REPLIED SENTIMENTALITY. WE SHOULD CREATE PLACES THAT WE NOT ONLY LIVE IN BUT LOVE IN. WE SHOULD TRY TO DELIVER AN ELEVATED EXPERIENCE THAT WILL LAST LONG AFTER THE BUILDING CRUMBLES. IN THIS WAY, THE MOST INTANGIBLE ARTIFACTS OF ARCHITECTURE ARE MEMORIES.

*****THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 2024

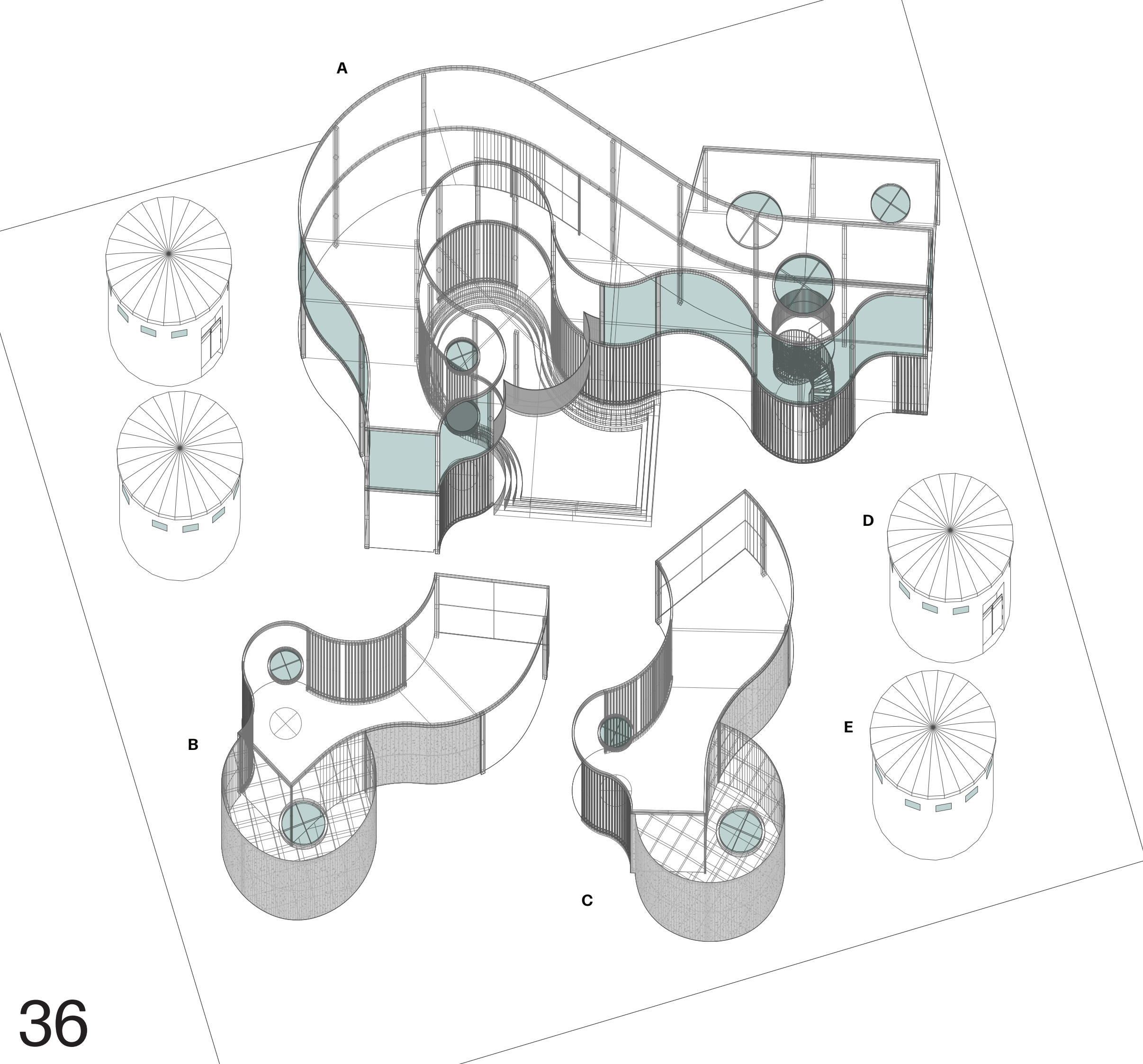
THE VISIT TO FLATBUSH CARIBBEAN MARKETPLACE WAS COOL. IT WAS MY FIRST TIME IN THE AREA SO I DEFINITELY TOOK NOTICE OF THE LIVELY ATMOSPHERE. IT’S NICE TO KNOW THAT UPBAT PLACES LIKE THIS EXIST; A COMMUNITY WAS ABLE TO CARVE OUT A SPACE FOR THEMSELVES THAT IS SO ENMESHED INTO THE NEIGHORHOOD. AT THIS POINT, I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT DIRECTION MY PROJECT IS GOING.



(PHOTO TAKEN ON 570 2ND AVE, NEW YORK, NY. A COURIER TAKING A BREAK ON THE SIDEWALK OUTSIDE OF AMC KIPS BAY 15. HE HAS TO PLACE HIS BELONGINGS IN A TREE AS HE RESTS IN A CHAIR.)



Alongside concept sketches and personal observations, my research on my target demographic – which are app-based couriers in New York City – is archived in two receipts.



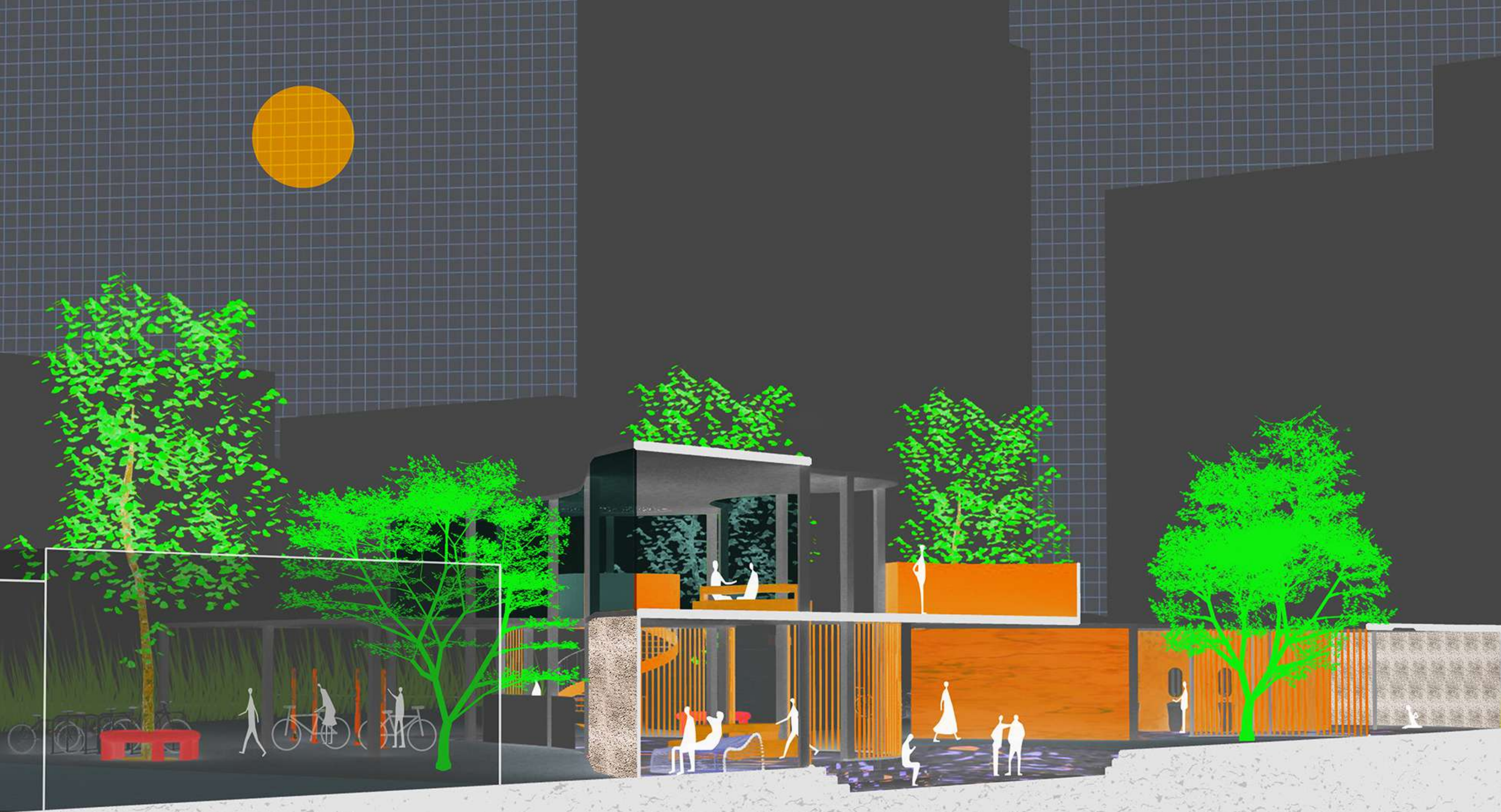
A – Rest Pavilion (features charging stations, water stations, and bike repair stations)

B – Men's Prayer Pavilion (features ritual washing areas)

C – Women's Prayer Pavilion (features ritual washing areas)

D – Men's Restroom

E – Women's Restroom





couriers repairing their bikes



couriers inside one of the prayer pavilions

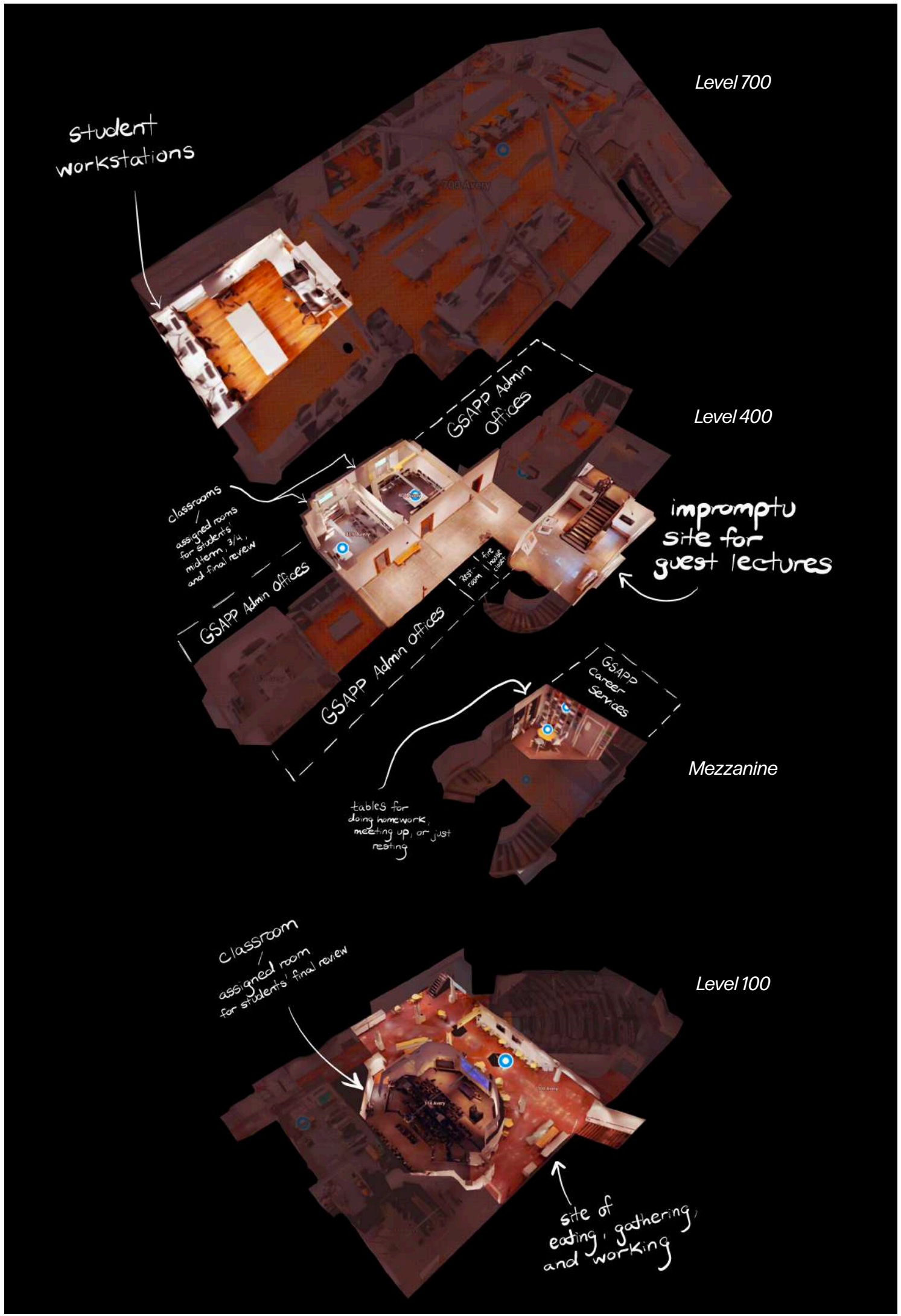


CRAFTING SPACE

ADVANCED STUDIO VI
 SPRING 2025
 CRITICS: DR. MARKUS MIESSEN &
 VAISHNAVI CHANDRA KUMAR

Communication – and representation, for that matter – is a mainstay in architecture curriculums. Aside from the technical proficiency one expects to gain from this curriculum, architecture students are also encouraged to develop their integrative thinking. As such, it is no surprise that a curriculum that demands students to apply concepts to reality has earned architectural institutions the reputation of cultivating expressions and

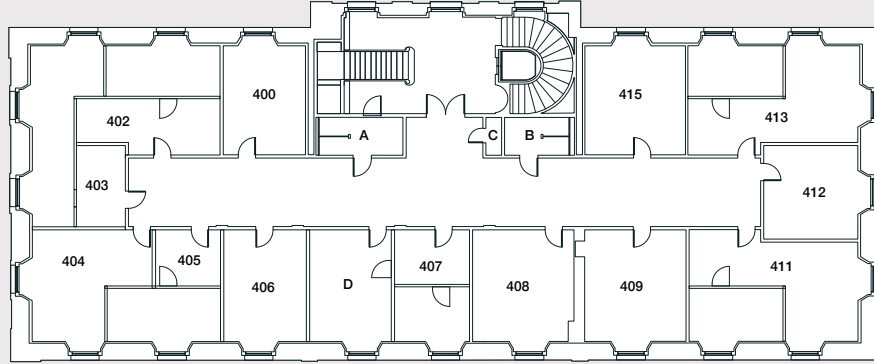
commentary of all kinds. However, there is a type of friction that arises when students direct their inquisitive nature towards the school itself. This project investigates this micro-infrastructure at Columbia University GSAPP: inside the walls of Avery Hall in a span of a few years, architecture students attempt to frame themselves within and outside of how GSAPP curates itself as a design institution. Any documentation of their efforts are often short-lived as students graduate and new students matriculate. In view of this, what agency do architects – and by extension architecture students – have in questioning the relationship between theory and practice?





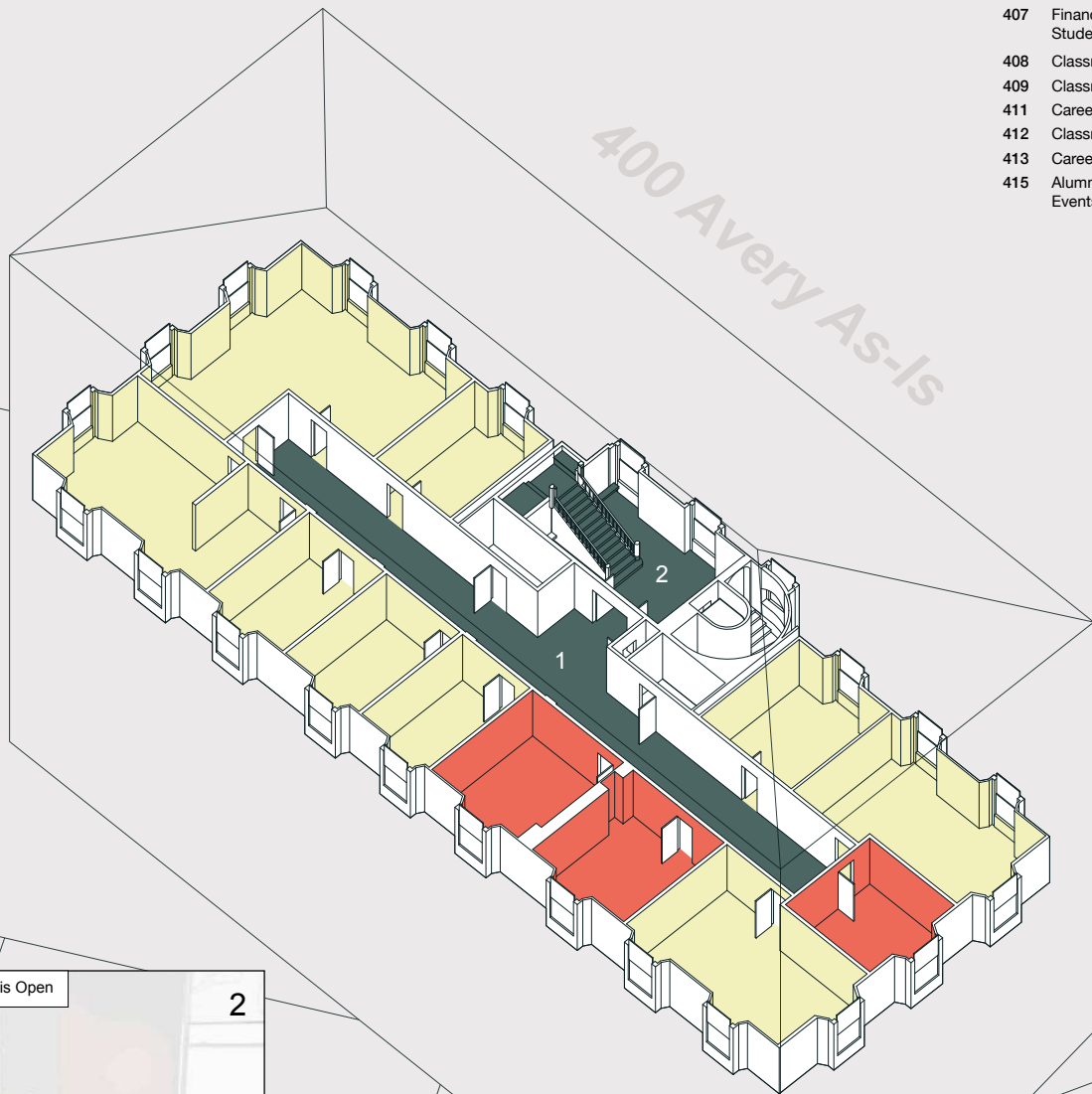
Avery Hall | 400 Level

Scale: 1' = 1/8"

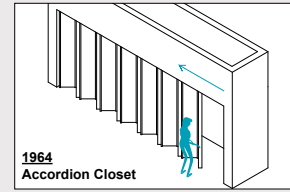


- | | | | |
|---|------------------|-----|--------------------------|
| A | Women's Restroom | 400 | Academic Affairs |
| B | Men's Restroom | | Student Affairs |
| C | Fire Hose Closet | 402 | Dean's Office |
| D | Fire Stairs | | Faculty Affairs |
| | | 403 | Dean's Office |
| | | 404 | Alumni and Development |
| | | | Career Services |
| | | 405 | Dean's Office |
| | | 406 | Finance Office |
| | | 407 | Financial Aid |
| | | | Student Admissions |
| | | 408 | Classroom |
| | | 409 | Classroom |
| | | 411 | Career Services |
| | | 412 | Classroom |
| | | 413 | Career Services |
| | | 415 | Alumni & Development |
| | | | Events & Public Programs |

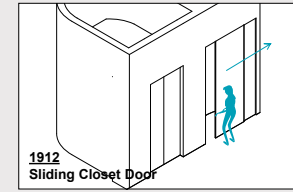
400 Avery As-Is



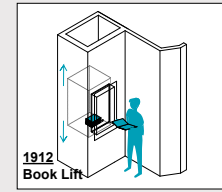
- LEGEND**
- Classroom
 - Office
 - Event Space



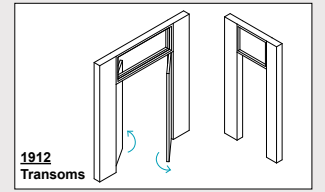
1964
Accordion Closet



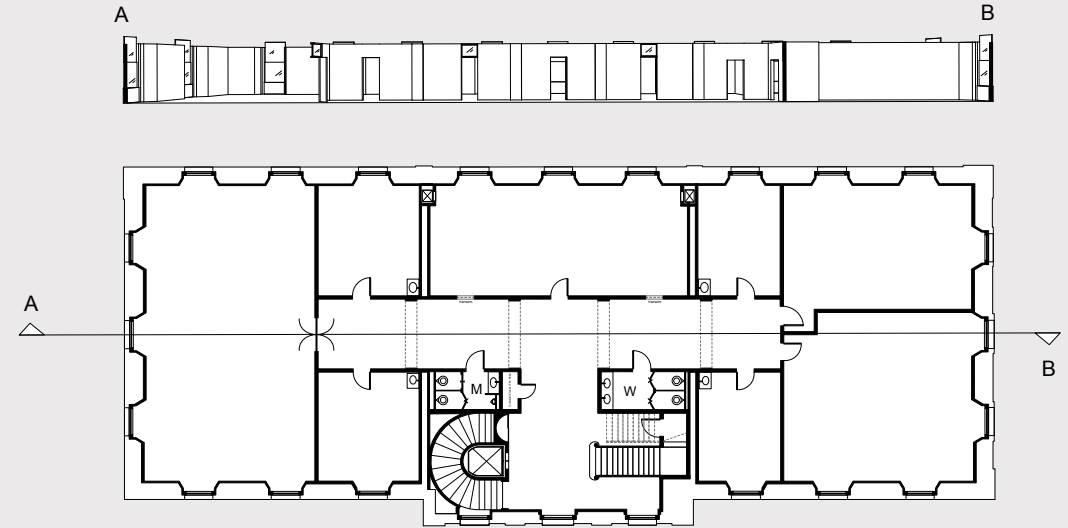
1912
Sliding Closet Door



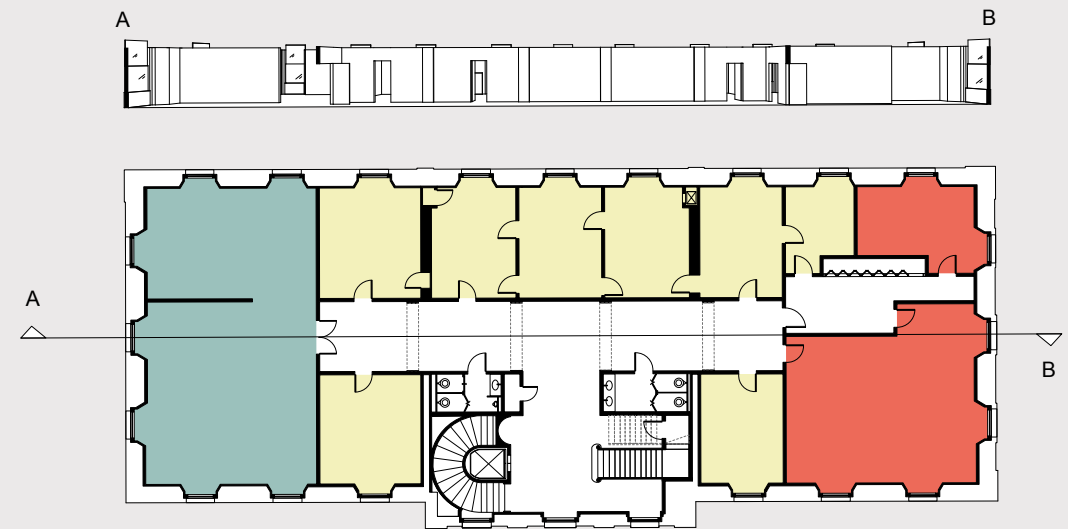
1912
Book Lift



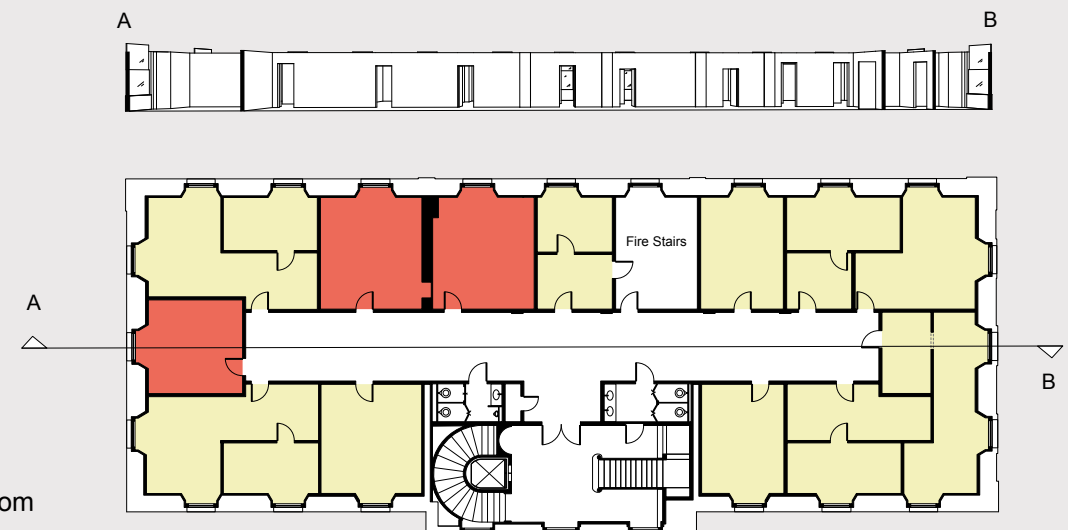
1912
Transoms



1912



1964



2025

- LEGEND**
- Classroom
 - Office
 - Studio

Floor Plan Evolution

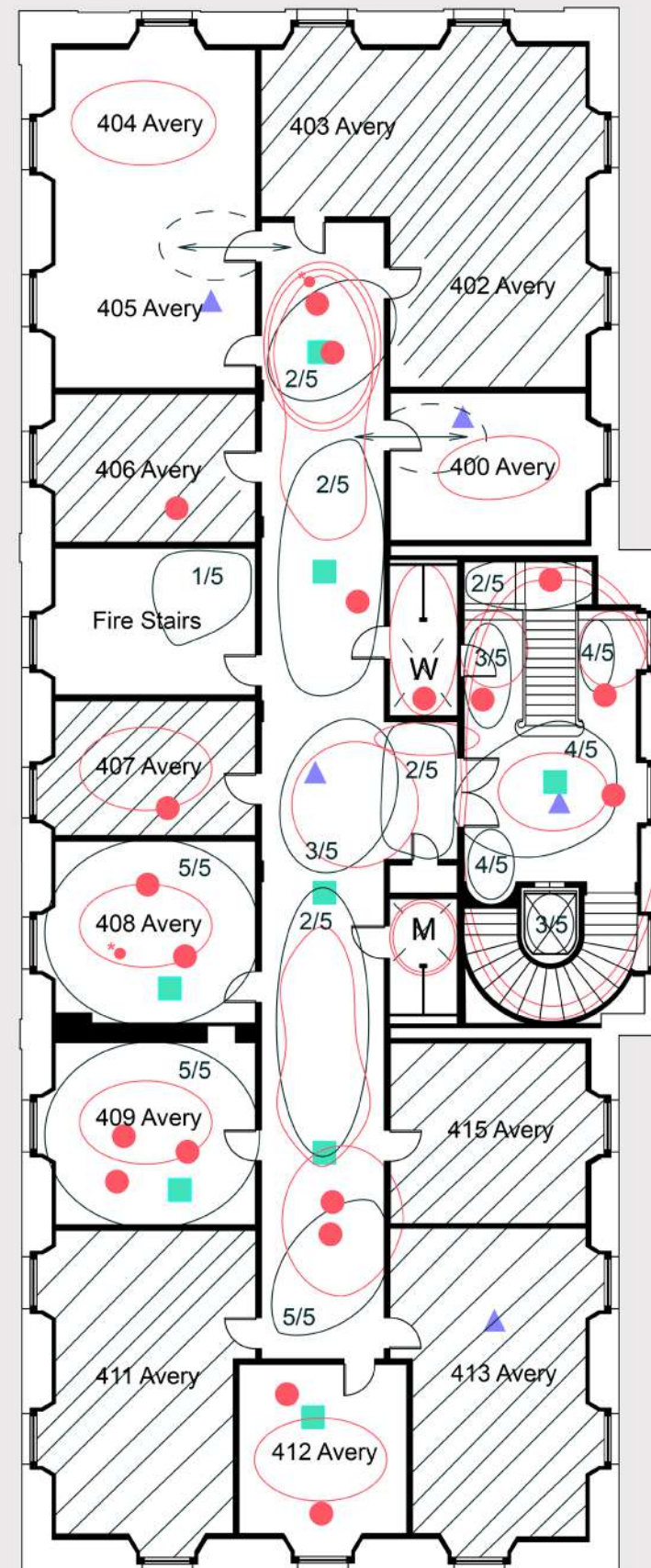
LEGEND

- Administration
- Faculty
- Students

Survey Notes

Using an asterisk (*), student said the smaller circle size means that the space was less comfortable

Student made their own legend. They ranked their spaces on a scale from 1 to 5, with 1 being "less comfortable" to 5 being "yes"



Survey Responses



Preferred Social Spaces

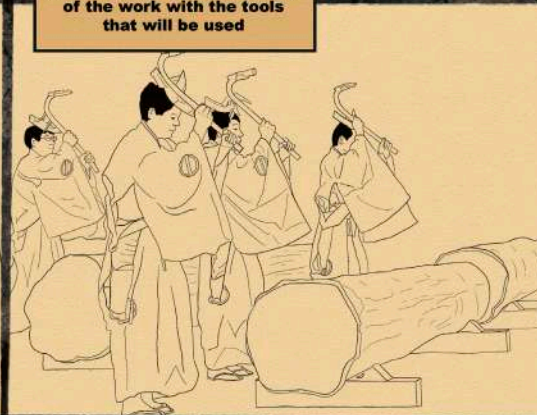
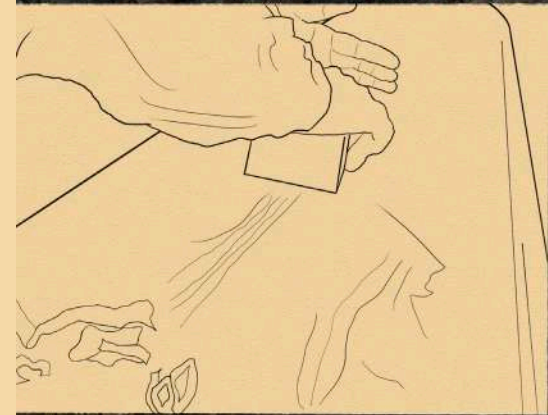
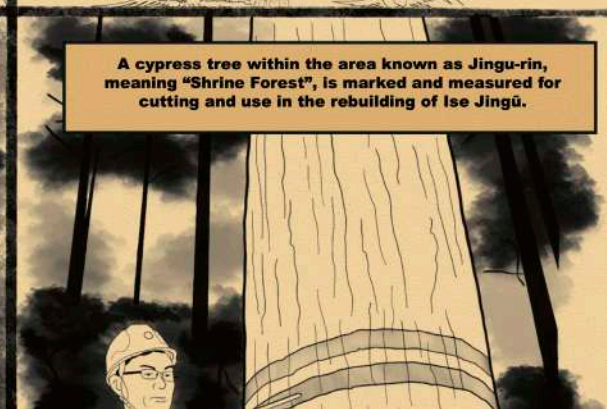
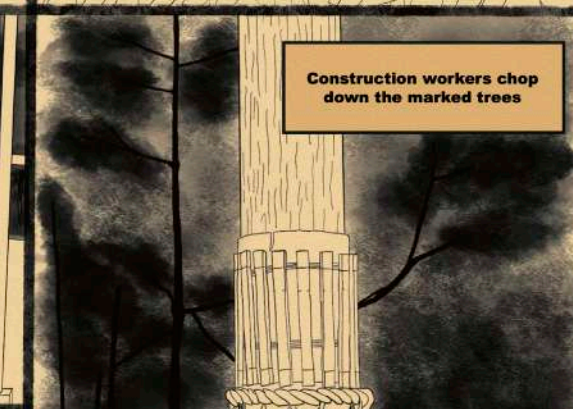
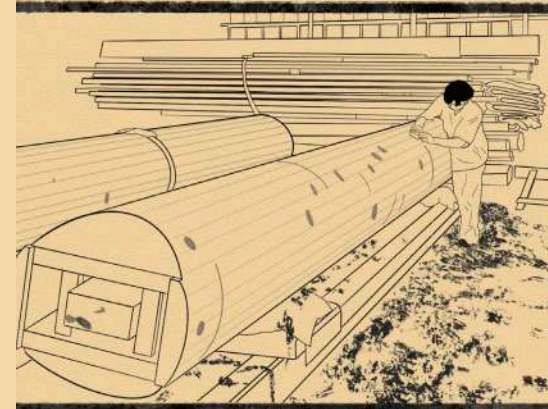
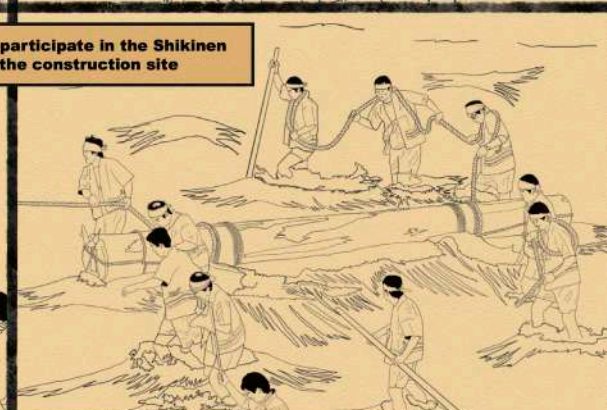
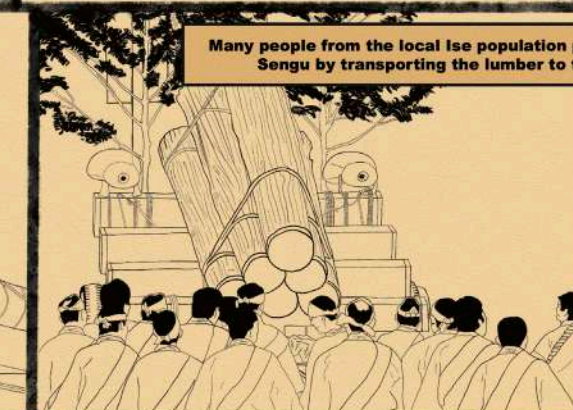
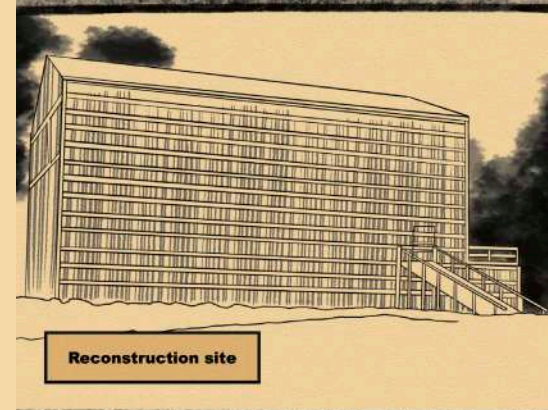
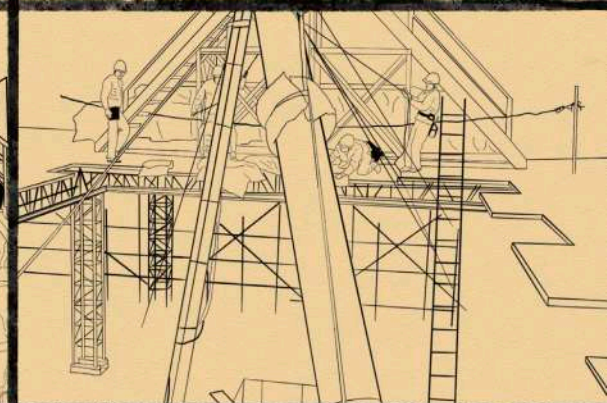
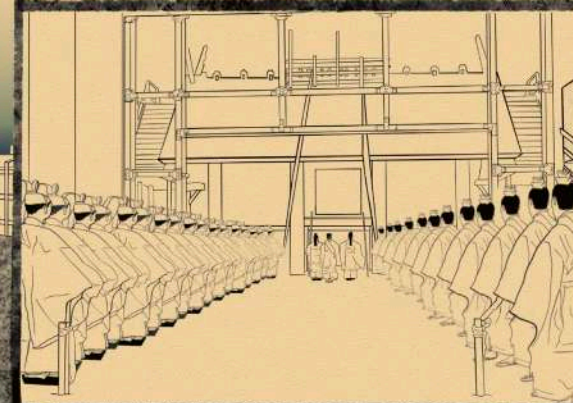
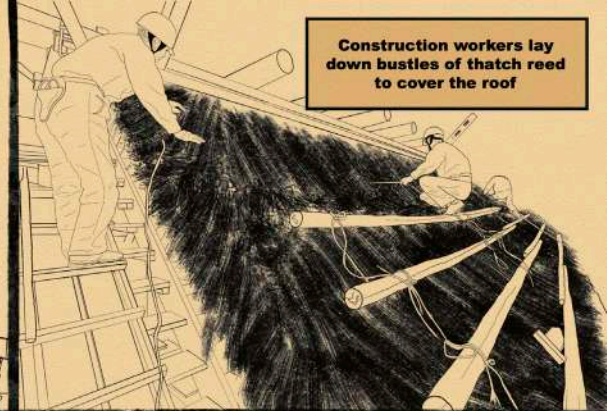
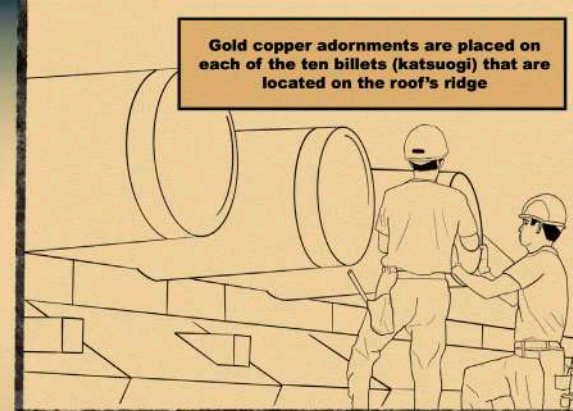
In the lack of a properly designated space, GSAPP students and faculty alike use objects to be determinants of collaboration. The placement, arrangement, and quantity/quality of the objects in these spaces all lend themselves to creating an atmosphere of collaboration and critique, in which it is written in GSAPP's studio culture policy.



These vignettes depict objects that accentuate the actual usage of the 400 floor according to the GSAPP student and faculty body, creating a more resilient and inclusive space for discussion and discourse.



ISE JINGŪ GRAND SHRINE



伊勢神宮建設

The construction of Ise Jingū occurs every 20 years as a part of Shinto belief in tokowaka. This idea means that renewing objects helps to maintain a strong sense of divine presence. Moreover, this renewal process – called the Shikinen Sengū – is a way to pass building techniques onto the next generation.

ARCHITECTURAL DRAWING +
REPRESENTATION I
FALL 2022
CRITIC: JOSHUA UHL

Summary — an observation of the
sublime generated from
Étienne-Louis Boullée’s *Temple
to Nature and Reason*. Essay is
narrated as an adventure story.

STRUCTURAL DARING AND
THE SUBLIME IN PRE-MODERN
ARCHITECTURE

RORY O’NEILL

FALL 2023

PART I: THE EXTERIOR

After days of backpacking through a forest that I have long since forgotten the name of, I see a clearing up ahead. Relief washes through my body as I make a sprint towards the clearing, hoping that I have reached the outskirts of some town. I had overestimated my ability to hike (let alone survive) in a forest that seemed to stretch on for days on end. As I break into the clearing, the air seems to still around me as I process the stone citadel ahead of me. I marvel at the span of the dome, which at first glance appears to be blending into the cloudy sky. After tearing my eyes from the dome, I note how many columns line this place. I gave up on counting once I reached past the number one-hundred. Despite my happiness at seeing a building after so long, I felt uneasy at the scale of this place. Who lives here, I wonder. I take a moment to pull out my sketchbook to draw what I see, all the while preparing an explanation of my presence for whoever I encounter inside. After all, anyone living this deeply immersed in this never-ending forest does not want to be disturbed by the rest of the world.

I take stock of what I have in my backpack before venturing inside: a sketchbook, flashlight, climbing rope, sleeping bag, water canteen, and two granola bars. Grimacing at the lack of food, I pray that whoever lives inside will show me hospitality. I recollect myself as I try to ignore the gloomy way the sun casts

a dark shadow across the right side of the citadel. If I did not know any better, I would assume that this place has a supernatural control over its surroundings. It appears to be obscuring itself from my sight, perhaps wary of my presence. Not that I posed a significant challenge to this place; it is erected like a mountain, and I am a mere pebble at its base. As I reach the steps, I quickly register that the third step is at my eye level. Now my height may be average, but I have never encountered steps that were quite larger than me. It seems odd that the scale of these steps are this striking. The steps on my staircase back home can't even comfortably fit the size of my foot, settling for half of my foot as I trod up each step. These steps before me, on the other hand, challenged my resolve to enter the citadel as I used both of my arms and legs to lift myself up onto each step. By the time I reached the tenth step, the sun was already reaching up high in the sky. It's noon, I tell myself, it was close to daybreak when I got here. Wiping the sweat off my brow, I take a moment to look around. When I look out at the forest that I had emerged from, I predict that I will be above the treetops by the time I reach the fifteenth step. I feel a surge of nervousness – or perhaps adrenaline – from this realization as I look to my left and right, seeing how the steps' length stretch on for what seems like miles. I finally return my attention to my current goal: the massive stone archways.

They not only break up the series of columns that line the walls, but loom over

the steps and I. After scaling the remaining steps, I am completely out of breath when I reach one of the archways. Seeking refuge from the hot sun, I decide to rest against a column since its stone material is considerably cool. From my seated position I look out across the arcade I find myself in. The shadows slowly creep down from the high ceilings, reminding me that the day is rapidly ending. It then occurs to me that whoever lives here must have superhuman strength to traverse these steps if they come and go often. Slowly feeling my strength returning to me, I inspect the archway closest to me, puzzled at how there is no imagery or language adorning the archway's voussoirs. Even more puzzling is the stark darkness seeping out of it. Thanking my lucky stars that I have a flashlight on hand, I stand up to approach the archway, ready to meet whoever is inside.

PART II: THE INTERIOR

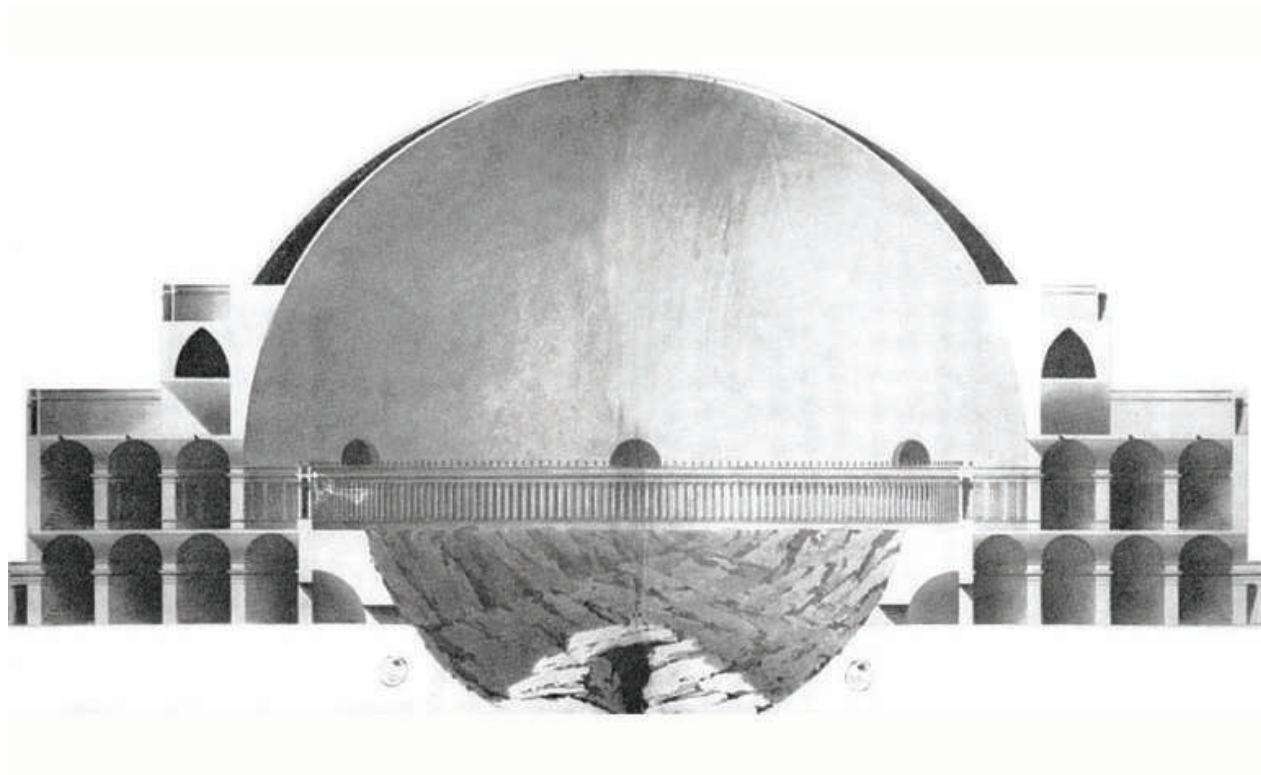
What I thought would be a brief social call has become a taxing expedition. My prior daydreams about who resides in this citadel are meaningless. No one lives here, other than me now. That I am certain of. There are no lamps, sconces, torches, nor skylights illuminating the inside. It's just darkness. Darkness that was once dispersed by the poor beam of my flashlight, failing to reveal the enormity of the places I've admittedly been aimlessly wandering around. Once my flashlight died and

my rations were depleted, I knew that I needed a plan to keep myself alive and to effectively map out this place. Fortunately enough, the endless amount of columns seemed to continue inside as well, and the walls by touch to navigate inside. Satisfied with this approach, I went back outside and down into the forest to forage for food. I decided to spend half the week in the forest to rest and recuperate, and then the other half of the week exploring inside the citadel. After what felt like months, I was able to draw a map in my sketchbook of the interior.

As I return to this sketch, even now, I can't begin to fathom why or how there is a chasm in this citadel. I remember discovering it for the first time. It was cloudy outside, and the hot days of summer were giving way to the more chilly days of autumn. As such, the cold wind outside was finding its way inside, acting as a marker to find the archway entrance should I wish to emerge into the outside world again. It was after what felt like hours did I hear another wind current – this one almost like a hushed whisper, but just as unsettling – beyond the stretch of columns I found myself between. Not wanting to venture from my safe position between the columns to follow the noise, I took some rocks out of my pocket to gauge the space ahead of me. I had expected to hear a sharp clack immediately when I threw the rock ahead of me, assuming that there was an unobstructed floor space. What I actually

heard was a soft tap two minutes after I threw it, making my blood run cold.

The second wind I heard was coming from some type of cavern, and judging by how long it took for the rock I threw to make contact, it was quite deep. Thanking my lucky stars yet again that I was not impulsive enough to leave my safe position and march forward, I decided to keep throwing the rest of the rocks that I have in different areas to determine the chasm’s elevation. Once I ascertained that the chasm wasn’t endless, I felt inclined to explore it fully 🌟



Étienne-Louis Boullée, *Temple à la Nature et à la Raison*
[Temple to Nature and Reason] (ca. 1793)

CONDENSED REALITIES:
A CLOSE READING OF
WALTER BENJAMIN’S
“PARIS, THE CAPITAL
OF THE NINETEENTH
CENTURY”

Summary – synthetic realities
distributed through photography
and panoramas can’t match the
soul found in paintings.

QUESTIONS IN ARCHITECTURAL
HISTORY I

ALIREZA KARBASIOUN

FALL 2022

As much as the term “globalization” has been attributed to the twenty-first century in regards to the normalized connections between countries on various scales, it isn’t entirely new; it is merely a facet of capitalism. However, what may elude most is to how architecture helps to not only build but to also maintain this network. To look to the imperialist nations of the nineteenth century as an example – which include but not limited to the United States of America, Britain, Germany, and France – their colonization efforts in the Americas, Asia, and Africa for natural resources and labor were fueling the industrialization within their metropolises. Seeing as how the city was an important component of the absorption and dissemination of not only capitalism but also the state government, it can only be inferred that these factors transformed metropolitan society in two ways: a formation of social classes according to labor and an organization of the workplace and home. In regards to the latter, with most of the labor being extracted from the colonies, what were the bourgeois class of the metropole meant to do? This question seemed to be rectified in Paris, in which German Jewish philosopher and essayist Walter Benjamin’s highlights in his “Paris, The Capital of the Nineteenth Century”. This essay maps out the nineteenth century as a surrealistic environment of dialectical images with this particular question driving Benjamin’s recollections. Since Benjamin is shedding light on one part of

his complex nineteenth century society through its materiality, he then becomes concerned about the new methods of production that form social relationships. Much like Benjamin’s own eclectic ramblings of technological advances to the cultural capital of his day, his section on “Daguerre, or the Panoramas” observes how architecture has become a medium in which people can face the new technological possibilities of creating synthetic realities. While Benjamin’s fragmented essay examines Paris at a much later point of industrial capitalism, he attempts to record a material narrative of progress, alongside the social ramifications of such progress. His irregular arrangement of events is evident through his pairing of a variety of words and topics into the same paragraph (let alone the same essay) that may have not been correlated or connected with one another in the first place. For instance, he primarily correlates a prominent Parisian figure of his time, a particular invention that has impacted Parisian culture, and a quote from literature that perhaps educated Parisians would have been familiar with. His essay’s second section – titled “Daguerre, or the Panoramas” – follows this format, yet what could be overlooked is the quote that Benjamin uses from A.J. Wiertz’s 1870 *Oeuvres littéraires*: “Sun, look out for yourself!” Returning this quote back into its literary context, the full quote reads as follows:

J’ai vu une machine mue par l’électricité. L’électricité! étudions cette ficelle; une fois connue, nous serons maîtres de l’attraction. Soleil, prends garde à toi!” [I saw a machine powered by electricity. Electricity! Let’s study this string; once known, we will be masters of attraction. Sun, look out for yourself!]¹

While Benjamin deliberates in this section that the advent of panoramas and consequently photography brought a new attitude to the urban space, it is hinted in his selection of this quote from Wiertz as to why their arrival came about in the first place: to develop new perceptions of the world, even if these perceptions stem from synthetic reproductions. This is reflected in his belief that people of the nineteenth century “...sought tirelessly, through technical devices, to make... scenes of a perfect imitation of nature”² 🌟

¹ Wiertz, Antoine Joseph, *Oeuvres littéraires*. Bruxelles: Parent, 1869, 374

² Benjamin, Walter. "Paris, the Capital of the Nineteenth Century." Essay. In *Walter Benjamin: Selected Writings | Volume 3, 1935-1938*, edited by Howard Eiland and Michael W. Jennings, translated by Edmund Jephcott and Howard Eiland, 34-36. Cambridge, MA: The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 2002, 34