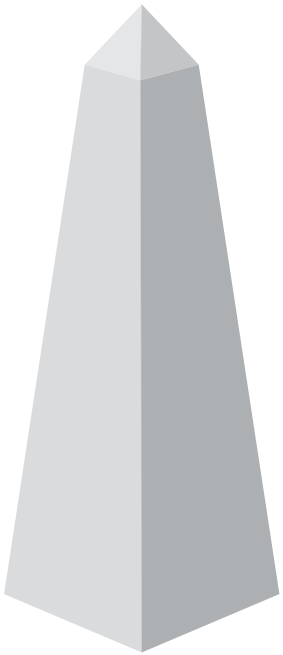

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When you can stand at the base of a form, you understand its scale in relation to you. The elevated point of it is unreachable. It inspires admiration and curiosity as it exists in a space emptied of interference.

The erection of such a form is executed to imply that the location that it exists in and the persons that inhabit that location have reached a height that others cannot.

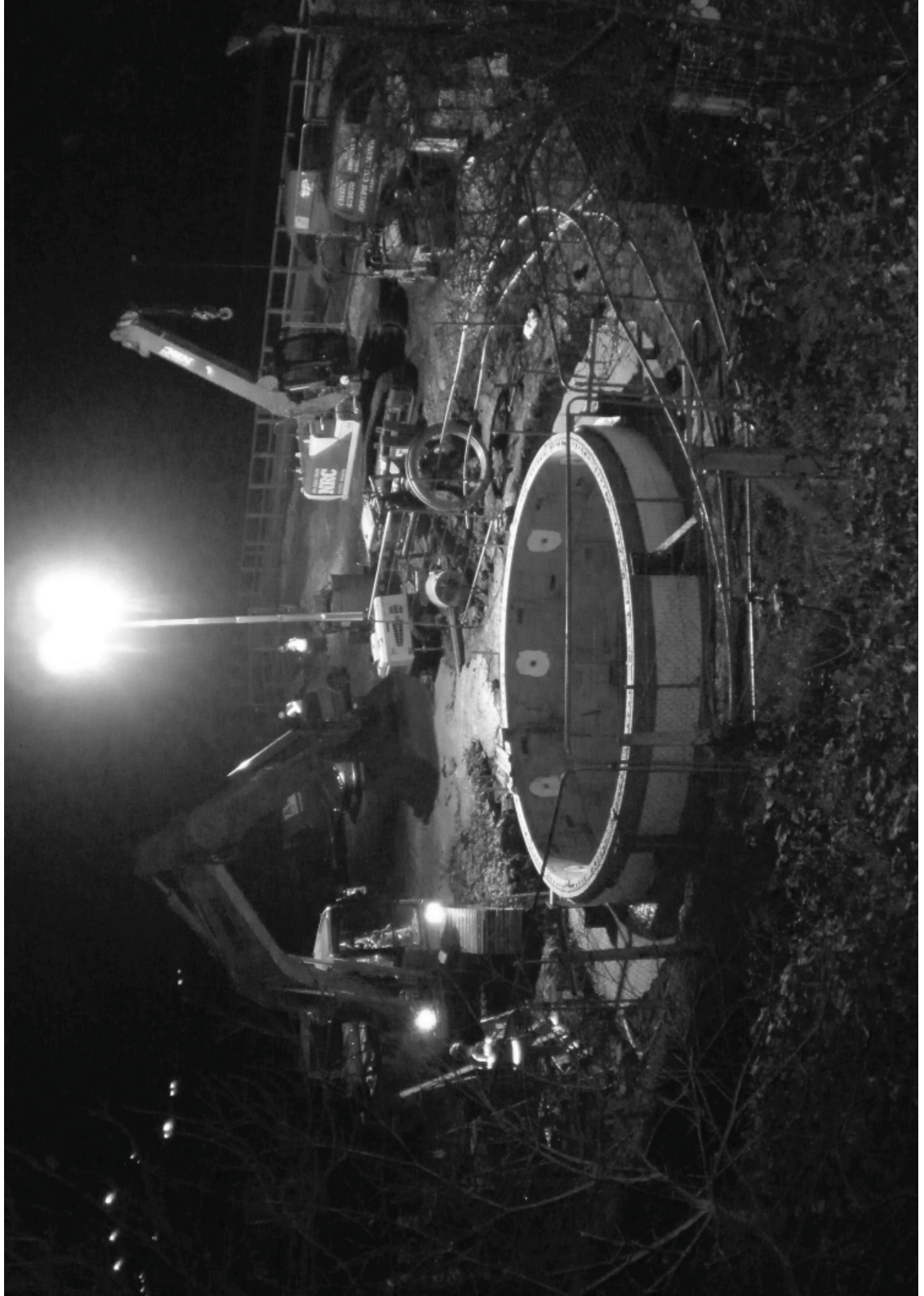
The base is at your feet and the form pushes up to the sky above you. If you can then reach a summit higher than the form, reducing its pinnacle to level of their feet and therefore mud, then the understanding of the form is reversed. It now pushes download into the floor like the roots of a plant—it becomes obsolete.

The Boston City Hall and its urban complex are the archetype of enlightened urban renewal. The profusion of symbolic forms, which recall the extravagances of the General Grant period, and the revival of the medieval piazza and its palazzo pubblico are in the end a bore. It is too architectural. A conventional loft would accomodate a bureaucracy better, perhaps with blinking sign on top saying "I AM A MONUMENT".

When the ultimate Mediterranean light fell on the world around me, I could see it was supremely beautiful; but when it touched me, I felt it was hostile. It seemed to corrode, not cleanse. It was like at the beginning of an interrogation under arc lights; already I could see the table with the straps through the open doorway, already my old self began to know that it wouldn't be able to hold out. It was partly the terror, the stripping to essentials, of love; because I fell totally and forever in love with the Greek landscape from the moment I arrived. But with the love came a contradictory, almost irritating, feeling of impotence and inferiority, as if Greece were a woman so sensually provocative that I must fall physically and desperately in love with her, and at the same time so calmly aristocratic that I should never be able to approach her.

We all liked the wrongness of it, that it was wrong. There was no necessity for redeeming features, no kinks to work out, no distracting imperfections taking up valuable space. Our eyes were taken by the visible immediate alone, there was no alone. In a singular action, something from the one place was allowed to spread to many. We marked this as a success and were, too, permitted, by virtue of an inverted patience, to invoke the lies we had always dreamed of and, stomachs flush, absorb any disease.

Finally, cleanliness was ours! Even invisible events could be happily accounted for and mundane, nauseating regularity woven smoothly into our new bag of tricks. In this process, nothing had been pushed to its end, natural or otherwise, no depths plumbed, no lifespans exceeded. We weren't wallowing in some saccharine middle ground, however, but had achieved an arrangement of edges that formed, not one of us could deny, a proportion.

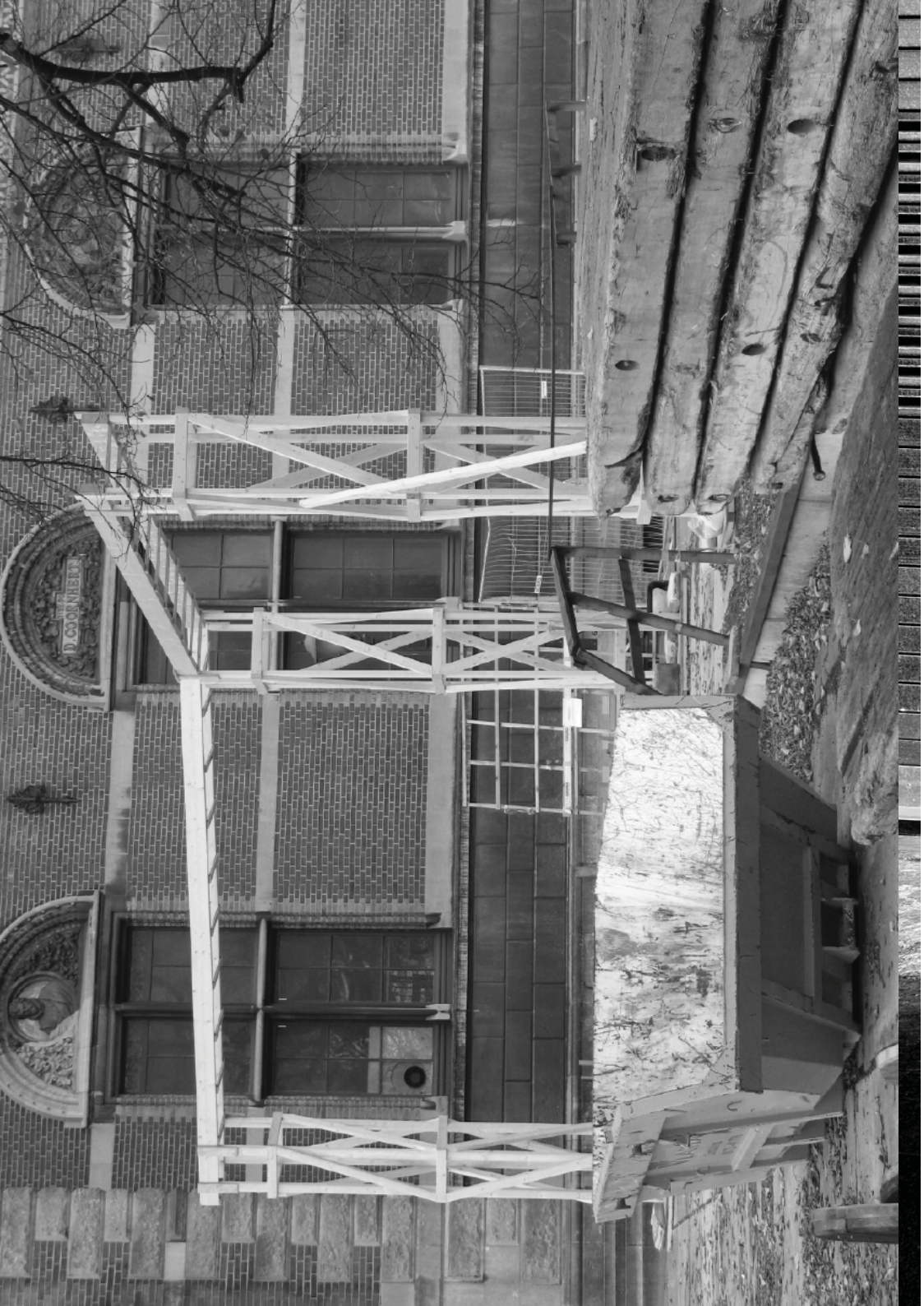


Nous sommes des bateaux.

Precision removal implies surgery. We have learned not to trust implication, as one of those things that flourishes only in the shade, its survival is not to be considered exemplary nor looked upon too fondly. The shade is only a small area compared to the vast tranches of linguistic structure entirely uncovered (turned inside-out, even) by the sciences of grammar and spelling: the implication remains fungal.

Our precision is at the head of time, not used as a face for reality (like the Egyptians and their sphinx) or rage in a red cloud, but as a deadly appeal to the cosmos, some kind of one-two contained in its own singularity, like the smell of shit and perfume in the same room.

We perform surgery walking. We have to, being, as we are, unable to produce any efficacity on our own. In this sense our operation is one of position, but since there is no position outside of time, our limit boldly springs into a newly crystallised present, edit, edit.



The two air-shaft chimneys—squat, dark cylinders of undressed stone a couple of metres across and a little over half that high, each capped with an iron grating—had vented the steam and smoke from the trains in the tunnel. You could climb up onto them and sit on the rusting iron grid—afraid it would give way but afraid to admit you were afraid—and look down into that utter blackness, and sometimes catch the cold, dead scent of the abandoned tunnel rising up around you. From there, too, you could let stones fall into the darkness, to land with a distant, hardly heard thud on the floor of the tunnel 30 or 40 metres below.

Biffa
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