

- *HOLIDAY VIGNETTES* ++++++

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+ I WAKE UP AND DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM. OR RATHER, I WAKE UP FULL OF AN IMPULSE TRAINED TO A CERTAIN PANIC AND RECOGNIZE THE SITUATION'S DISCREPANCY. THIS MEANS THAT THE IMPULSE TRAINED IN ONE PLACE IS NOT AN IDEA BUT A SENSORY SCENE THAT ADDS UP TO PROPELLING ME OUT OF BED WITH A PARTICULAR URGENCY. THAT IS, A CERTAIN DRYNESS AND ROUGHNESS OF SHEETS' CLOTH AGAINST THE EXPOSED PARTS OF MY BODY, A CERTAIN QUALITY OF RED TINGED LIGHT COMING THROUGH A PROBABLY EQUALLY ROUGH AND APPARENTLY SEMI-TRANSLUCENT CURTAIN, A NEAR COLDNESS AND ATTENDANT OTHER IMPULSE TO SPREAD THE DRY CLOTH OVER MY ENTIRE BODY. THE SOUND THERE IS A PARTICULAR ECHO OF A LARGE HETEROGENEOUS CONGLOMERATE OF COURTYARDS SURROUNDED BY FENCES AND THEIR ATTENDANT HOMES. OR MUFFLED VOICES THROUGH THE DOOR, OR THE HIGH PLASTIC SOUND OF FLIP-FLOPS STICKING AND UNSTICKING TO FEET ON THE WAY TO THE SHOWER. // THAT IMPULSE WHICH ADDS UP TO AN URGENCY, A NERVOUS NEED TO GET UP, KICKS IN, BUT IS ALMOST IMMEDIATELY CONTRADICTED BY THE SURROUNDINGS. // THAT MEETING OF VIRTUALITY - THE SCENE OF WAKING WHICH THAT PARTICULAR WAKING CONJURES IN ITS IMPULSE - AND THE CONSTRUCTION OR RECOGNITION OF AN UNEXPECTED SCENE IS REAL. // I DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM. // THE OTHER SCENE IS ALMOST ENTIRELY BLACK, ALMOST NO LIGHT, A DIFFERENT PUPILLARY IMPULSE ADJUSTMENT. THERE'S A PARTICULAR WARMTH TO THE BED, A HEAVINESS TO THE FUZZIER BEDDING (FUZZIER BEING A PLURAL FEELING - FEELING AS AN UNCOUNTABLE FEELING OF POINTS AT ONCE, YET NOT SO MANY AS TO BE ONE - 'SMOOTH'), A TIGHTER DISTRIBUTION OF MY BODY - ON ONE 'SIDE' OF THE BED. A PARTICULAR DULL, DAMPENED SILENCE TO THE PLACE, NO ECHO, AS THOUGH IT WOULD ABSORB SOUND. // THE VIRTUAL SCENE SEEMS TO FALL INTO THE BLACKNESS OF THE WAKING SCENE SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH ITS EVOCATION. A SENSATION OF FALLING? OR RATHER OF LACK OF ORIENTATION? A STAGGERING STRUGGLE TO GAUGE THE SURROUNDING SPACE AUTONOMOUSLY? IS THERE A FLASH OF THE VIRTUAL SCENE - ITS DIM RED LIGHT - OR IS THE SENSE OF THE VIRTUAL EMBODIED IN THE IMPULSE - THAT ACT OR PRACTICE ENTRAINED WITH THE EXPECTED, PRE-SEEN COORDINATES OF MEMORY? // ALL OF THIS BEFORE SOME FULLY CONSCIOUS AWARENESS OF, 'I DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM.' CONSCIOUSNESS STILL IMBUED WITH THE IMPULSE OF THE VIRTUAL SCENE UNTIL THE WAKING SCENE CAN BE MAPPED. COMBINED PANIC OF THE VIRTUAL SCENE'S HISTORY AND THE WAKING SCENE'S FALLING INTO PLACE. // THE COORDINATES OF THE WAKING SCENE BEGIN TO SIT - THE DARKNESS OF A PARTICULAR SHUTTER, THE PROXIMATE WARMTH OF A PARTICULAR BODY, THE MUFFLED RESONANCE OF A PARTICULAR CARPET IN A PARTICULAR SMALL ROOM. // THE VIRTUAL SCENE DISSOLVES, 'A MEMORY,' 'A VIRTUALITY,' NOT HERE, WRONG, AMUSEMENT, THE WAKING SCENE IS WHERE I AM. ITS VIRTUAL COORDINATES ARE VERIFIABLE IN THIS MOMENT. NOW. // I AM HERE, NOT THERE. -----

++ TRANSITIONS OF LIGHT, TEMPERATURE, AND GROUND ARE AS PRESENT AS THE MAN 30 STEPS AHEAD AND THE CONTRARY MOTION OF AN ASCENDING ESCALATOR: NATURAL TO ARTIFICIAL, WARMTH OF AN ENCLOSURE ALONE, NOT HEATING, TEXTURE FOR TRACTION & AGAINST CONDENSATION. THE MAN HIMSELF, LITTLE MORE THAN A CIPHER, IS NEVERTHELESS READ AS A MAN: AS PUBLIC ORNAMENTATION OF AN EVOLUTIONARY STYLIZATION. // AS AUTOMATICALLY AS THE SCENE DESCENDS MY HAND GRAZES A METAL BANISTER AS IF CONSIDERING A SHIFT OF FOCUS TO THE UNNECESSARY SUPPORT. THE BANISTER WHIRS LIKE A CASH REGISTER. A SMALL, CONTAINED, METALLIC SOUND HOVERING ON MY RIGHT. THE BANISTER IS HOLLOW, THE SUM OF ITSELF AS A SPACE OF RESONANCE, ECHOES SO PLENTIFUL THAT THEY ARE AS MUCH A COLOR AS REPETITIONS. A HIGH FREQUENCY RUSH AND A LOWER BAND, CUT OFF. // MY RIGHT HAND IS ON THE BANISTER. I CLAIM THE SOUND AS MY OWN INADVERTENT PRODUCTION. I GRASP THE CHROME TIGHTER. THE UNIFORMITY OF ITS SURFACE STINGS MY NAKED HAND. REFUSES MY HAND'S MUSCLES TO MAINTAIN ITS SHAPE. MY GRASP OF THE BANISTER IS SPORADIC (LOOSE). MY HAND RUBS AGAINST IT AND RELEASES IT AND THE SOUND CONTINUES WITHOUT MY TOUCH. THIS DISSONANCE REDIRECTS MY ATTENTION TO THE MAN 30 STEPS AHEAD. INDEED, HE IS ALSO GRASPING THE BANISTER, ALLOWING HIS HAND TO DRAG AGAINST IT, PRODUCING FRICTION AS HIS LEGS PROPEL HIM FORWARD. HIS AUDIBLE TRACTION CONTINUES TO LINGER NEXT TO ME IN PARALLEL MOTION LIKE A LEASHED DOG HANGING BEHIND ITS MASTER AT A FIXED DISTANCE OR A PARTIALLY DEFLATED HELIUM BALLOON TRAILING A CHILD. // WAS THE SOUND OF MY HAND'S GRATING ALSO AUDIBLE TO HIM? ARE OUR VIBRATIONS RECIPROCALLY TRANSMITTED THROUGHOUT THE BANNISTER'S ANGLED METERS OF CHROME? THEIR AIR-BORNE ARTIFACTS AS WELL? OR WAS THERE A PARTICULAR REGULARITY OR IRREGULARITY OF THE QUALITY OF HIS SKIN, THE PRESSURE EXERTED BY HIS MUSCULATURE, THE SPEED OF HIS DECENT IN RELATION TO THE DENSITY OF THE METAL, ITS THICKNESS AND LENGTH, ITS TEMPERATURE, WHICH WAS IN COINCIDENCE WITH THE RELATION BETWEEN MY AND HIS PACING SUCH THAT THE VIBRATION PRODUCED AN AIR-BORNE ARTIFACT AUDIBLE ONLY ON MY DESCENDING RIGHT, IN THE FLEETING SYNCHRONY OF OUR EQUIDISTANT STEPS? // AS THE MAN APPROACHES THE BASE OF THE STAIRS HE VARIES HIS GRIP CAUSING THE PHANTOM NEXT TO ME TO FLICKER IN AND OUT OF AUDIBILITY, VIRTUOSICALLY AMPLIFYING ITS UNCANNY EFFECT. // THE MAN IS BELOW AND VANISHES OUT OF PERSPECTIVE. THE SOUND STOPS. NOTHING IN HIS MOVEMENTS GAVE AN INDICATION OF INTENTIONALITY. // I DESCEND THE REMAINING STEPS. -----

+++ WE CROSS THE BORDER FROM GERMANY INTO FRANCE AND IMMEDIATELY THE LOOK OF THE ROAD AND ITS FEEL, THE SIGNAGE, THE MINUTE TENDENCIES OF OTHER CARS TO ACCELERATE, DECELERATE, SWERVE, EVEN THE VEGETATION HAS SHIFTED. GEOGRAPHICALLY THE DIFFERENCE IS NEGLIGIBLE AND YET IT IS CERTAIN THAT THE QUALITY OF THE SOIL AND THE PATTERNS OF TREE GROWTH ON EITHER SIDE OF THIS DEMARCATION BISECTED BY AN UNINTERRUPTED ROADWAY IS MARKEDLY OTHER. // AND YET THE DIFFERENCE IS ALSO TOO COMPLETE OR TOO ENGRAINED TO BE THE PRODUCT OF A CAMPAIGN – A NATIONAL IDENTITY, A NATIONAL ‘LOOK.’ // A SMALL CONTINENT DIVIDED ARBITRARILY (HISTORICALLY) INTO SMALLER UNITS. EACH UNIT VARIABLY INSISTS ON TRAJECTORIES OF ASYMPTOTAL SELF-IDENTITY CONSISTING OF MATERIAL ACCRETIONS. A COUNTRY CRYSTALLIZES MOMENTS OF ITS EXPANDING INVENTORY AS AN IDENTITY INTO CHARACTERISTICS OF THAT IDENTITY. A BORDER IS DRAWN AND AT THAT MOMENT A PARTICULARITY OF AN AGRICULTURAL NORM – NOT EVEN A PRACTICE, BUT SECONDARY ASPECT OF IT (A PROPORTION, TEXTURE) STICKS. A BORDER IS RE-DRAWN AND THAT ASPECT IS SYNCRETIZED ARBITRARILY WITH OTHERS. THAT SEMIOTIC ASSUMPTION ORIGINATING IN A PARTICULAR CROP METHODOLOGY SYNCRETIZED WITH OTHERS THEN MEETS PROTO-URBANIST ROAD PLANNING. A CERTAIN TYPE OF STONE IS GROUND INTO THE PAVEMENT MIXTURE ACCORDING TO A CERTAIN TECHNIQUE OF GRINDING INFORMED BY THAT WHICH WAS SYNCRETIZED AND THE COMBINATION GIVES THAT ROAD ITS SPECIFIC QUALITY AS A SURFACE TO BE TRAVERSED. A BORDER SHIFTS AGAIN. THE ROAD IS LONG UNUSED. FROM IT GROWS A SPECIES OF TREE, ONE CULTIVATED AND BRED ALONG SIMILARLY CUMULATIVE TRAJECTORIES. THE REMNANTS OF THAT PARTICULAR STONE CUT IN THAT PARTICULAR WAY UNDER THAT PARTICULAR TREE LEND THE TREE A PARTICULAR HUE OR SUGGEST AN ANGLING OF GROWTH. // ET CETERA. WARS. REDRAWN LINES. EDIFICES OF EMBATTLED IDENTIFICATION PERCHED ON A BEDROCK OF PROMISCUOUS SEDIMENT. MATERIAL AGGLOMERATIONS SO SPECIFIC AS TO BE RADICALLY SINGULAR, AS THOUGH THE SCENE ITSELF WERE ALSO BRED, EVEN INBRED – A CULTIVATION OF MOLECULAR INCEST. A BANDWIDTH OF SINGULARITY CALLED ‘NATION.’ A BRACKETED FEEDBACK LOOP BETWEEN MATERIALITY AND A COMMUNITY’S IMAGINARY RELATION TO IT. NOTHING ‘FRENCH’ IN THE WAY THE PRINT OF A ROAD SIGN EVER SO SLIGHTLY TATTERS, BUT THE PRODUCT OF A BOUNDED RANGE OF INEXPLICABLY COMPLEX RELATIONS CALCIFIED INTO ALGORITHMS OF MATERIAL POTENTIALITY CEASELESSLY INTERACTING, REHEARSING, EXPONENTIALIZING. A TRENCH OF MATERIAL PROLIFERATION WITHIN WHICH THE CIRCUITS OF FEEDBACK CEASELESSLY RETRACE THEIR SELF-SIMILAR PATHWAYS OF FLOW. // TWO FINGERS OF THE SAME HAND GENTLY RUB UNTIL EACH IS LACED WITH CALLOUS. A SOFT MINERAL, LIKE GOLD. A JELLYFISH. FIRE. A BELGIAN FEMUR ISN’T THE HALF OF IT. // ALL THE WHILE WE’VE BEEN DRIVING AND, NO DIFFERENT, THE DRIVER, MINE, AUGMENTS HER SENSES ON EITHER SIDE OF THE BORDER. AS THE SUN COMES THROUGH CLOUDS OR BRANCHES OR RISES, SHE CAREFULLY TAKES SUNGLASSES FROM THEIR CASE. WHEN WHAT SHE SEES WORDLESSLY AS A GLUT OF LIGHT HAS PASSED, SHE RETURNS THEM. SAME WITH THE STEREO. WHEN WE ACCELERATE AND THE CAR’S ENGINE GETS LOUDER, SO TOO THE MUSIC, TURNED UP, DOWN. ONCE OR TWICE IT RAINS. LOUD AGAINST THE WINDSHIELD AND CAB. THIS ALSO PROMPTS A CHANGE IN VOLUME. -----

++++ THE WHINE OF THE BERLIN U-BAHN. A NEWER TRAIN WITH JOINTS INSTEAD OF DOORS BETWEEN CARS SUCH THAT ONE CAN SEE FROM ONE END TO THE OTHER. A SNAKE FROM MOUTH TO CLOACA. A BODY WITH MORE PERFORATIONS THAN ANY LIVING ORGANISM MIGHT ENDURE. // ACROSS FROM ME A DARK GRAY ZIP UP HOODY, OPEN, REVEALING A BLACK ATHLETIC SHIRT OF A TEXTURED, SYNTHETIC FABRIC, ROUND NECK CROPPING THE TIPS OF STRAY CHEST HAIRS, BLACK STONE-WASHED JEANS NEITHER TIGHT NOR BAGGY NOR 'REGULAR,' BLACK OVERSIZE HIGH-TOP SNEAKERS OF A PROMINENT BRAND, A VARIETY OF HIP HOP VIA GLOSSY BLACK PLASTIC HEADPHONES PERCHED ATOP DARK, SLICKED TO THE SIDE HAIR, HEADPHONE CABLE DANGLING DOWN IN FRONT OF AN INNER THIGH, SWOOPING UP TO A PHONE IN ONE HAND, THE OTHER HAND LOOSELY CRADLING AN EMPTILY FLACCID BLACK BACKPACK HANGING DOWN TO THE FLOOR. SHARP NOSE. // THE INSIDE OF THE PLASTICINE MATERIAL OF THE BACKPACK'S BLACK ARM-STRAPS ARE VISIBLE. THEY ARE WHITE. AS IF POWDERED WHITE, OR SPRAYED. IRREGULARLY DISTRIBUTED WHITE, STAINED WITH SALT DEPOSITS, SWEAT. // OR RATHER, A PARTICULAR COMMUNION: THE INNER SIDE OF THE BACKPACK'S STRAPS HAS PASSED THROUGH CLOTHING. OR RATHER, MINERALS OF FLESH HAVE PENETRATED THE STRAPS. OR RATHER, THE WHITE DEPOSITS ARE THE RESIDUE OF A MOLECULAR POLYAMORY INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM THE PRECISION OF WARDROBE. // I REMEMBER A 'NEWS' ITEM: AN OBESE PERSON WHO REMAINED - RESIDED - ON THE TOILET SO LONG THAT THE BODY AND THE TOILET SEAT GREW TOGETHER. // LIKewise, THE FLIRTATION WITH THE BACKPACK. TWO BANDS OF SYNTHETIC MATERIAL PRESSED TIGHTLY TO AND AROUND A BODY. WOVEN BY A CHEMISTRY OF INTENTION. // TO MAKE 'SWEAT' IS TO PROVOKE BODILY ALCHEMY - A PART OF YOU - IN LIQUID FORM - EXPANDS THROUGH SKIN - NOT OUT OF BUT IN EXCESS OF, IN EXTENSION OF - YOUR SURFACE. AND THE STRAPS? THEIR DYE, THEIR PHYSICAL REACTION? A SOFTENING? MEANING A RECEPTIVITY? A SIMILITY? ARE YOUR SHOULDERS, YOUR UNDERARMS, SIDES OF YOUR RIBCAGE, BLADES OF YOUR BACK RECIPROCALLY MARKED BEYOND THE DEFORMATIONS OF WEIGHT AND PRESSURE WHICH TEMPORARILY INSCRIBE THEMSELVES ON SKIN? // A CONVENTION OF PRESSURES IS A CATALOGUE OF RESISTANCE, PERMEABLE INTERACTION. THE LOOK IS IRRELEVANT. THE 'POETRY' OF A STAIN IS IRRELEVANT. THESE STREAKS OF SALT WHICH ARE A MARK OF MATERIAL INDIFFERENCE ARE EMINENTLY SEXUAL.

+++++ S. POINTS TO THE FLUCHTLINIE OF TRAMPOLINES IN THE YARDS BEHIND EACH SUBURBAN HOUSE. CIVILIZATION AND ITS DISCONTENTS. EACH TRAMPOLINE PROOF OF A DESIRE FOR THE ABOLITION OF THE BODY, THE STATE, FOR THE BREAKDOWN OF FORMAL ORDER AS IS CURRENTLY CONSTITUTED. EACH TRAMPOLINE ENMESHED IN A SAFETY NET OF CONSOLATION. A TRAMPOLINE IS A PRE-SEXUALIZED SEX TOY. // OUR NIECE-IN-LAW JUMPS AND BOUNCES AND LETS HERSELF CRASH AGAINST THE NET BOTH IN RECOGNITION (MEMORY) OF BOUNDLESSNESS, AND OF THE SAFETY WHICH A BOUND, THIS ONE, PROVIDES. SHE MOVES IN A WAY THAT WOULD ELSEWHERE BE PATHOLOGICAL, INJURIOUS. SHE IS 3 YEARS OLD AND HER ENDANGERED JUMPS ARE LACED WITH A BURGEONING NEUROSIS. // WHAT IS THE MALLEABLE SURFACE OF A TRAMPOLINE? WATCHING FROM BELOW, THE SURFACE MOLDS TO THE FORCE OF WEIGHT OF EACH VECTOR UPON IT – AN ARM OR FOOT AND GRAVITY PUSHING DOWN. NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET SPECIAL EFFECT. SPHINCTER OF SPRINGS. // THE SURFACE OF THE TRAMPOLINE IS AT EQUILIBRIUM ONLY WHEN ALONE – OR WHEN A BODY HAS SPRUNG, MOMENTARILY ERASING THE TRACE OF ITS DEFORMING FORCE. THE TRAMPOLINE’S IDENTITY IS A QUALITY OF SPEED, A VELOCITY OF REITERATION. THE IDENTITY OF A TOOL FOR PLAYFUL DIS-IDENTIFICATION IS CHARACTERIZED BY AN ATYPICALLY RECALCITRANT INSISTENCE. MEMORY FOAM. A RUBBER BAND SNAPS BACK. // NEXT TO IT IS ANOTHER MACHINE FOR WEANING, A SANDBOX BENEATH A WOODEN HATCH. ENCLOSED TO KEEP SAND CLEAN? TO INCREASE THE DISTANCE BETWEEN METAPHOR AND MUD? // AT 3 YEARS OLD OUR NIECE KNOWS THAT HERE THROWING ONESELF HEAD FIRST AGAINST A WALL WILL NOT HURT. SHE KNOWS THAT DIVING WITH ALL ONE’S MIGHT INTO THE GROUND WILL CAUSE NO BREAKS OR BLEEDING. 3D CINEMA WOULD BE LOST ON HER ONLY AS IT ASSUMES MORE ADVANCED PATHOLOGIES OF ITS SUBJECTS. OF COURSE SHE LAUGHS INCESSANTLY HERE. EVEN SQUEALS. ‘OUT OF FUN’ MEANS OUT OF DESPERATE RECOGNITION OF THE SUSPENSION OF FORMAL REALITY WITHIN A ZONE OF CULTIVATED MALLEABILITY. TRANSITIONAL INDIFFERENCE. // JUMPING WITH OLDER SIBLINGS, SHE FALLS UNEXPECTEDLY, LANDING FACE FIRST ON A SISTER’S FOOT. BOTH ARE STUNNED. JUMPING STOPS. THE SOLIDITY OF THE OTHER’S BODY PROMPTS THE TYPICAL SILENCE IN WHICH A CHILD WEIGHS THE EFFICACY OF A CRY. THE OLDER SISTER WHOSE FOOT HAS JUST MET THE LITTLE GIRL’S JAW SAYS, “WHERE DOES IT HURT?” THE YOUNG ONE ANSWERS WITHOUT HESITATION, “IN MY TOE.” // -----

++++++ FREI OTTO SAYS: "A COLLAPSED BUILDING IS THE MOST STABLE; THE STANDING BUILDING HAS A DEGREE OF INSTABILITY ... IN PRINCIPLE, EVERY BUILDING IS UNSTABLE; ALL ARCHITECTURE TRIES TO DO IS TO TEMPORARILY MAKE STABLE WHAT IN PRINCIPLE IS UNSTABLE." // SOMETIMES WHEN I COME TO BED VERY LATE, S. HAS MADE MY SIDE OF THE BED AND LEFT THE COVERS FOLDED OPEN. AND SOMETIMES WHEN IT'S LATE I'LL MEET HIM IN THE HALL IN HIS T-SHIRT WHICH IS COATED IN SWEAT. THERE'LL BE A PARTICULAR SMELL TO HIM, A GENTLENESS LIKE THE SPECIFICITY OF 'FRANCE,' AND WE MIGHT EMBRACE THERE OR HE MIGHT MUMBLE SOMETHING. HIS BODY RETAINS HEAT FROM THE BED. HE CARRIES THE BED WITH HIM. HIS MOVEMENTS ARE AWKWARD BUT FLUID LIKE M.A.'S WAY OF SUDDENLY BEING ON THE FLOOR CROSS-LEGGED. // I SUPPOSE WHAT I'M GETTING AT IS THAT A JOGGER IS AN ARCHITECT, BUT THE BODY BEING CONSTRUCTED IS A PROTESTANT REFUSAL THAT DENIES HETEROGENEOUS MATERIALITY. // LOOKING BETWEEN SEATS ON A TRAIN INTO A MAGAZINE HELD IN THE ROW AHEAD OF ME I SEE A FULL PAGE ADVERTISEMENT FEATURING THE IMAGE OF A PINK, WRINKLED ANUS. OR THE INNARDS OF TWO PIECES OF PIE SPILLING TOGETHER ON A PLATE ARE A FACE. IN BOTH CASES I CAN TRACE AN AFFECT BECOMING A WORD AND A RECOGNITION BECOMING A LAUGH. THE ANUS IS A FLOWER. THE FACE IS A FEW MORSELS OF BAKED APPLE. THE IMPULSIVE IRONY OF THE LAUGH IS PREFABRICATED COORDINATION CLICKING INTO PLACE, THE DISPLACEMENT OF AIR OF TUPPERWARE SEALING SHUT. // WHAT COULD BE MORE UNSTABLE THAN A DISPLACEMENT OF AIR? THAT SILENCE WOULD BE IDENTICAL TO THE STABILITY OF A COLLAPSED HOUSE IS NO SURPRISE. JUST AS THE DRONE OR A PRECISION OF DRESS OR AN ORGASM OR A NATIONAL IDENTIFICATION ARE ALL TENDENCIES TOWARD ZERO. // WHAT IF THE FUNCTION OF ARCHITECTURE WERE TO CELEBRATE INSTABILITY? WHAT IF THE CELEBRATION OF THE INTERVAL WERE SOMETHING OTHER THAN NEUROTIC FIDELITY TO THE INEVITABILITY OF COLLAPSE, SOMETHING OTHER THAN A PREMONITION OF DEATH? // A CASHIER'S BELLY AND THE REGISTER IT SITS ON ARE A SINGLE ENTITY. // SOMETIMES WHEN IT'S DAWN OUR BEDROOM CURTAIN'S BLUE CLOTH BECOMES A HAZE IN THE ROOM. // WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY CIVILIZATION? -----

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