

# THE CENTRE CANNOT HOLD

## CHARLES STANKIEVECH

*Turning and turning in the widening gyre  
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;  
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;  
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,  
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere  
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;  
The best lack all conviction, while the worst  
Are full of passionate intensity.*

*Surely some revelation is at hand;  
Surely the Second Coming is at hand.  
The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out  
When a vast image out of Spiritus Mundi  
Troubles my sight: a waste of desert sand;  
A shape with lion body and the head of a man,  
A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,  
Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it  
Wind shadows of the indignant desert birds.*

*The darkness drops again but now I know  
That twenty centuries of stony sleep  
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,  
And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,  
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?*

—W. B. Yeats. “The Second Coming,” 1919.

“The centre cannot hold,” writes W. B. Yeats while reflecting on the spiritual ruins of World War I. An archeology of military outposts across the twentieth century unearths a typology of early warning systems that trace the vector of a centre spinning into a “widening gyre.” Such an archeology outlines a series of architectural forms built to function on the edges of civilizations, concretizing a shift from a geometry focused on a centre to a topology of connections. Moving forward through time, traces remain in the form of a trinity of outposts based on three different types of modalities: the *sonic* in World War I, the *visual* in World War II, and the *electromagnetic* in the Cold War. *Monument as Ruin* (2015), which encapsulates the first two modalities, concludes a three-part research treatise on military architecture in which I have methodologically moved backward in time. In the initial chapter, my fieldwork, *Distant Early Warning* (2009), engaged with the embedded landscape and the history of electromagnetic warfare in the latter half of the twentieth century. Particularly, *Distant Early Warning* investigated how the unique formal overlapping of the functional and structural elements of Buckminster Fuller’s geodesic radome foreshadowed networked warfare as an extension of game theory. The project focused on the geodesic radomes of the Arctic radar surveillance stations as the synecdoche of the Cold War’s development of networked warfare—an architecture that distributes its structural forces through a *framework* formally related to the communication *network* connecting the architecture. The current exhibition, *Monument as Ruin*, retraces this methodology even farther back by focusing attention on two more, similarly extreme examples of military outposts from before the Cold War: the *centre of gravity* in the *Atlantikwall* comprised of cement Nazi bunkers in World War II and the *focus of the paraboloid* in British experiments with cement sonic reflectors starting at the end of World War I. Seen as a completed series, the trilogy of twentieth century military outposts—due to their extreme design and construction—reveal the shift in values of a society: from a modernist centre to a contemporary decentralization.

## POTEMKIN’S PANOPTICON

Michel Foucault’s classic 1975 text on the *Panopticon* is the keystone for discussing the idea of the centre in architecture and locating it at the core of institutional power—from the spectacle of the Roman Colosseum to the surveillance of the Panopticon prison. But perhaps Foucault’s belief in the shift between classical society based on the spectacle and modern society based on surveillance is not so easily opposed, historically or currently. Already in a 1929 essay on architecture, Georges Bataille wrote about the violence inherent in human nature and its subsequent reflection in the structure of prison and state architecture, specifically in terms of the drive of the mob and the storming of the monument—an inverse spatial relationship to Foucault’s theories of the spectacle. English philosopher Jeremy Bentham originally sketched out the idea of the Panopticon in the late eighteenth century, which then served as a foundation for Foucault’s theories some two hundred years later. However, Bentham’s letters reveal that it was not actually his design; rather, it was devised by his brother Samuel while a military officer in White Russia under Prince Potemkin. Suddenly the ground shifts, the centre moves. The spectacle returns to haunt modernity as the inverse of surveillance and as the double vision of architecture’s optics. Under the same hegemony, the phantasm of Potemkin Villages fools from the shore, and the Panopticon watches over us watching ourselves.<sup>1</sup> To what degree the story of Potemkin’s fake villages is true or not is beside the point—just as Bentham’s inability to actually build the Panopticon has not undercut the ideas it produced in a society. Crucially, the concepts for both Potemkin Villages and the Panopticon were *designed in the same year of 1787 at the peripheries of the same empire*, articulating a deeper connection to the modern state’s relationship between spectacle and surveillance, the outpost and the centre, perception and penetration.

A continued closer reading of Bentham’s work reveals that the Panopticon design was not only visual—despite its name. The sonic was an important component of the prison system where “tin tubes” channeled the warden’s voice straight into each cell so the powers could “whisper” directly into the prisoner’s ear. One begins to hear voices in the head, strange psychoacoustics of phantoms floating in the air. Today, the most critical early warning systems are not watchtowers with whisperers keeping guard, but rather the listening algorithms and protocols of the National Security Agency (NSA), Communications Security Establishment Canada (CSEC), Government Communications Headquarters (GCHQ), and other intelligence agencies around the globe. Yet, a precedent has already existed since the beginning of modern early warning systems in the first half of the twentieth century, when men listened to the airwaves with headphones to reflections off monumental monoliths.

## FROM FOCUS OF PARABOLOID TO CENTRE OF GRAVITY

The trajectory of modern military outposts unfolds according to the introduction of the third dimension of warfare—the development of flight that subsequently led to the addition of airplanes to the battlefield. Ancient warfare was at first one-dimensional (or *odological*, as in linear pathways) as military strategy followed the line of rivers and coastlines from port to port. Advancements in cartography and mobilization established a two-dimensional understanding of war with blocks of territory to conquer and defend. Three-dimensional warfare started to treat the earth, ocean and air as spaces of penetration. In this modern theatre two elements became important upon introducing aircraft: attack limitations were based on geodetic vectors of distance and not the landscape’s topography, and moreover, the speed of the enemy’s attack became exponentially faster. In order to defend against this new threat, Britain experimented with large cement paraboloid forms designed to collect and amplify the sound of noisy airplane engines. Built on the coast of southeastern United Kingdom as a bulwark against continental invasion, the monoliths’ large concave dishes faced the English Channel, angled slightly upward into the clouds. According to fundamental physics, sound waves were expected to travel across the open ocean/landscape and bounce off the large reflective surface of the cement dish to be collected at a single point, the focus, and thus amplify the signal. A listener would be positioned at this exact point with either a stethoscope or a microphone, aiming to pick out an incoming bogey. Monumental in size, the structures were immovable, and for most of the paraboloids, so was the resulting focus point for listening (experiments with later and larger reflectors involved moving the listener or positioning several listeners to

attempt a direction-finding technique using spherical rather than paraboloid concaves). Ultimately, the cement forms were a failure as they received too wide a bandwidth of sonic information: from ocean waves and traffic to wildlife and the elusive aircraft. The invention of radar, with its narrowed focus on metallic objects, quickly replaced these experiments before they were of any practical use, other than the establishment of a network protocol between outposts that was transferred to the Chain Home system. (Ironically, the first radar experiments by the British included bouncing a BBC radio signal off a bomber—a direct transfer from sonic to electromagnetic information). Today, the paraboloids stand guard over a Tarkovskian “Zone” of overgrown marshes, fields and ruins. We no longer know if these monolithic sentinels are still listening. Perhaps, like the monolith of Stanley Kubrick’s *2001: A Space Ody-ssey*, they are waiting to send out a cosmic signal at the destined geological period, although in our parallel universe, not at the advent of galactic *Homo sapiens* but after the Anthropocene when the Earth has cleansed itself of the dangerous mutations of humans.

Across the Channel a few decades later, the centre shifted from the focus of the paraboloid to the centre of gravity in bunker architecture. In his seminal exhibition and accompanying book from 1975, *Bunker Archeology*, Paul Virilio points out that the uniqueness of the *Atlantikwall*’s cement forms consisted in their structural integrity derived not from a foundation but rather from their centre of mass. In contrast to traditional buildings constructed on pads or pillars aligning themselves with the Earth’s gravitational forces, what philosophers Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari would call “stratified space,” the bunker was a single cast object with deflecting curves and without windows—more like a monad. Consequently, if the earth was blown away under the bunker, instead of the building conventionally collapsing, it simply rolled upon the radius of its centre of gravity. With this movement, the concept of the centre in military architecture makes a slight shift: away from paraboloids with stationary centres of structure and perception, to bunkers that could tolerate movement and remain operational. Whether they moved in the middle of battle among humans or in the battle against time itself, the bunker embodies the antithesis of artist Robert Smithson’s notion of architecture—instead of entropic time burying a shed, here the Earth itself has weathered away to reveal a cosmic starship. What remains is an evil relic of colonialism—either from an empire in the twentieth century or perhaps from when alien life first came to this planet millions of years ago. Has the Second Coming already happened?

## SCIENCE REALISM

In 1967, exhibition maker Harald Szeemann organized the show *Science Fiction* at the Kunsthalle Bern. *Science Fiction* was a prototype for the future style of exhibitions he would come to establish with the landmark show, *Live in Your Head. When Attitudes Become Form: Works – Concepts – Processes – Situations – Information*, two years after at the same institution and later expanded in exhibitions such as *The Bachelor Machines* (1975) and *Monte Verità* (1979). Already in *Science Fiction*, Szeemann’s assemblage of artefacts and use of conventions outside of the typical artworld created an expansive reach and intensive body of research, inspiring both the genre of thematic group exhibitions and the concept of the “curatorial.” The exhibition publication was a simple broadsheet with black and metallic silver ink, but two details strike a curious note. First, the cover text contextualizes science fiction as a genre lasting “4,000 years,” its beginnings coinciding with the origins of storytelling itself—with the Epic of Gilgamesh. The last part of the Epic includes the ur-plot of science fiction: a fantastical journey to a utopia to find a species of plant giving eternal life. Second, an advertisement by IBM on the back cover specifically chosen for the exhibition: “Science fiction nimmt die Zukunft vorweg. / IBM gestaltet sie.” [Science fiction envisions the future. / IBM is designing it.] Concurrent to Szeemann’s exhibition, Kubrick happened to be writing and filming *2001: A Space Odyssey*, where a supercomputer by the name of HAL attempts to wipe out all the humans on a spaceship since they are considered a threat to the mission goal. A simple letter transposition, common in encryption, reveals that HAL is a subtle reference to IBM (H->I / A->B / L->M). One might interpret such a gesture of the auteur as a Luddite critique of the future’s possibility of artificial intelligence and algorithms gone awry, but like the cover of the *Science Fiction* broadsheet, we need not look to the future. A subsidiary of IBM created the punch cards and the information processing in Germany during the Third Reich that allowed for the unprecedented tracking of humans and the organization of the Final Solution.

## DREAM OF THE RUIN

The evolution of twentieth-century early warning systems articulates its extension into contemporary warfare and surveillance. A widening gyre spirals out of control with military operations shifting into the mentality that the best defense is a preemptive offence. Networked warfare theorized out of the RAND Corporation (originally a US Air Force “Research ANd Development” think tank founded in 1946) has become the norm today in the fight against terror: to fight a network, they say, one must use a network. Prussian general Carl von Clausewitz’s classical military theory of the “centre of gravity” falls away as outmoded geometry updated for the contemporary State’s topological engagement with insurrectionists under the acronym of the same phrase: COG. Strategically, the center moves again from a block of concentrated and centralized power of the State to occupational resistance; and in an architectural parallel, the trajectory diffuses from the cemented centre of gravity, through the distributed geodesic and into the asymmetrical rhizome. Among many contemporary vectors, two strategies are worth highlighting. First, the experiments in urban warfare such as the Israel Defense Force’s penetration into Palestinian cities, where soldiers “walk through walls” by avoiding streets and doorways and rather opt for “smoothing out space” by blowing holes in domestic spaces and “swarming” through them to outmaneuver defending forces (but also, most recently in Gaza, its opposite—with suspects’ houses being flooded with liquid concrete). Here we see the IDF collapse the lab and the field: whole Potemkin villages are erected with pre-shaped holes in the architecture for training and entire refuges camps become labs for experimental warfare. Second, the pervasive use of Network Centric Warfare extends the early warning system mentality; satellite surveillance and drone strikes dialectically combine the centre and network. Satellites now orbit the earth in a gravitational field focused on the centre of the Earth’s mass while networked in a redundant communication system. On the cusp of cyber warfare’s normalization, military listening stations continue the evolution of architecture that saw its biggest shift with the windowless SAGE bunkers protecting IBM’s investment in the processing power of the Distant Early Warning Line—where we stopped listening with our *senses* and started with our *sensors*. The modern blockhouse is not the SAGE computer tracking enemy airplanes overseas, it is the new massive NSA data collection centre in Utah tracking the domestic civilian. The early warning of yesteryear lasted the short moment of the blip on the green phosphorescent radar screen; now, they are preemptively stored on servers indefinitely. A warehouse in the desert, the architecture has become more and more banal, but the military terminal solution has a longer and longer memory. Today’s early warning systems double as the longest mnemonic systems; personal histories transmuted into the realm of infinite digital databanks, dreaming the impossible dream of the ruin.

<sup>1</sup> Potemkin Villages originate in a story of Prince Potemkin’s construction of fake settlements along the banks of the Dnieper River that were temporarily erected and occupied, and then dismantled and reassembled repeatedly as Empress Catherine II passed through during her travels to Crimea in 1787. The villages created the false impression that Potemkin had succeeded in his task of rebuilding the landscape devastated by war.

# MONUMENT AS RUIN / LIST OF WORKS

CHARLES STANKIEVECH  
*Monument as Ruin (Wreck)*  
2011  
Archival pigment ink on baryta paper  
100 x 150  
Edition: 5 + 2 AP

*Monument as Ruin (Earth)*  
2011  
Archival pigment ink on baryta paper  
100 x 150  
Edition: 5 + 2 AP

*The Second Coming*  
2015  
Installation with 19 min looping video projection,  
610 wide, and cement paraboloid, 365 x 365 x 198  
Soundtrack composed by Colin Stetson.

*L’Aigle (Fragment 606)*  
2015  
Cast pigmented concrete  
150 x 50 x 99

*L’Aigle (Fragment 649)*  
2015  
Cast pigmented concrete  
69 x 130 x 155

*L’Aigle (Fragment 636)*  
2015  
Cast pigmented concrete  
53 x 119 x 147

*Mounionalusta Meteorite*  
Sweden, impact 1 billion BCE, discovered 1906  
0.2 x 7 x 4

*Campo Del Cielo Meteorite*  
Argentina, impact 2000 BCE,  
discovered by Spanish Military 1576  
2.5 x 2.5 x 3

*Sikhote-Alin Meteorite*  
USSR, impact 1947, observed  
2.5 x 2.5 x 3

GIOVANNI BATTISTA PIRANESI  
*Hadrian’s Villa: Apse of the so-called Hall of the Philosophers*  
1774  
etching on paper  
44.3 x 58.0  
Collection of Agnes Etherington Art Centre  
Gift of the Carnegie Corporation (00-759)

A. E. VAN VOGT  
*Black Destroyer*  
1939  
Novella in *Astounding Science Fiction Stories*, July 1939  
Book and archival pigment print  
Book: 22.8 x 16.5 x 2; print: 22.8 x 391

INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS MACHINES (IBM)  
5081 punch card from United States Air Force base,  
Thule, Greenland  
c.1960  
Paper  
19 x 8

HARALD SZEEMANN  
*Science Fiction (Kunsthalle Bern)*  
1967  
Broadsheet newspaper  
48 x 30 (folded)

All art and artefacts are in the Collection of Charles Stankieveh except where otherwise noted.

Dimensions are given in centimetres, height preceding width preceding depth

## FRAGMENTE AUS DER ZUKUNFT

I stopped to drink cool water: the glass at this instant now is of thick faceted crystal and with thousands of glints of instants. Are objects halted time?

## FOOTNOTES TO AN EXHIBITION / FRAGMENTE AUS DER ZUKUNFT

001  
CLARICE LISPECTOR. *Água Viva*. 1973.

I stopped to drink cool water: the glass at this instant now is of thick faceted crystal and with thousands of glints of instants. Are objects halted time?

002  
J. G. BALLARD. *The Drowned World*. 1962.

Far below them, the great dome of the planetarium hove out of the yellow light, reminding Kerans of some cosmic space vehicle marooned on Earth for millions of years and only now revealed by the sea.

003  
IKHWAN AL SAFA WA KHULLAN AL WAPA WA AHL AL HAMD WA ABNA' AL MAJD. *Epistles*. 10th century.

Space is a form abstracted from matter and exists only in consciousness.

004  
FERNANDO PESSOA. *The Book of Disquiet*. c.1935.

Amiel said that a landscape is a state of mind, but the phrase is the feebly felicitous one of a feeble dreamer. A landscape is a landscape and therefore cannot be a state of mind. To objectify is to create and no one says of a finished poem that it is a state of thinking about writing a poem. To see is perhaps to dream but if we use the word ‘see’ rather than the word ‘dream,’ it’s because we distinguish between seeing and dreaming.

Anyway, what’s the point of these speculations on the psychology of words? Quite independently of me the grass grows, the rain waters the grass as it grows and the sun turns to gold the whole field of grass that has grown or will grow; the mountains have been there since ancient times and the wind that blows sounds just as it did to Homer (even if he never existed). It would be more correct to say that a state of mind is a landscape; that would have the advantage of containing not the lie of a theory but the truth of a metaphor.

005  
FRIEDRICH SCHLEGEL. *Athenaeum Fragments*. 1798.

Many works of the ancients have become fragments. Many works of the moderns are fragments at the time of their origin

A project is the subjective germ of a developing object. A perfect project should be simultaneously entirely subjective and entirely objective – an indivisible and living individual. As to its origin, it should be entirely subjective, original, and possible only in this mind; as to its character, it should be entirely objective, physical, and morally necessary. The sense for projects – projects could be called fragments from the future [Fragmente aus der Zukunft] – differs from the sense for fragments from the past only in direction, progressive in the former and regressive in the latter. What matters is the ability to simultaneously idealize and realize things immediately, to complete them and carry them out partly within oneself. Since the word “transcendental” refers precisely to the connection and separation of the ideal and the real, one could easily say that the sense for fragments and projects is the transcendental part of the historical spirit.

006  
FRIEDRICH SCHLEGEL. *Treaty on Lessing*. 1804.

What are these fragments? What is it that gives them such a high value? To which power of the spirit do they particularly belong? To what extent can they be regarded, though fragments, as a whole?

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007  
GEORG SIMMEL. “The Ruin: An Aesthetic Experience.” 1911.

The aesthetic value of the ruin combines the disharmony, the eternal becoming of the soul struggling against itself, with the satisfaction of form, the firm limitedness, of the work of art. For this reason, the metaphysical-aesthetic charm of the ruin disappears when not enough remains of it to let us feel the upward-leading tendency. The stumps of the pillars of the Forum Romanum are simply ugly and nothing else, while a pillar crumbled—say, halfway down—can generate a maximum of charm.

In the case of the ruin, with its extreme intensification and fulfillment of the present form of the past, such profound and comprehensive energies of our soul are brought into play that there is no longer any sharp division between perception and thought. Here psychic wholeness is at work—seizing, in the same way that its object fuses the contrast of present and past into one united form, on the whole span of physical and spiritual vision in the unity of aesthetic enjoyment, which, after all, is always rooted in a deeper than merely aesthetic unity.

Thus purpose and accident, nature and spirit, past and present, here resolve the tension of their contrasts—or, rather, preserving this tension, they yet lead to a unity of external image and internal effect.

008  
WALTER BENJAMIN. *The Origin of German Tragic Drama*. 1925.

When, as is the case in the *Trauerspiel*, history becomes part of the setting, it does so as script. The word ‘history’ stands written on the countenance of nature in the characters of transience. The allegorical physiognomy of the nature-history, which is put on stage in the *Trauerspiel* is present in reality in the form of the ruin. In the ruin history has physically merged into the setting. And in this guise history does not assume the form of the process of an eternal life so much that of irresistible decay. Allegory thereby declares itself to be beyond beauty. Allegories are, in the realm of thoughts, what ruins are in the realm of things.

This explains the baroque cult of the ruin. Borinski, less exhaustive in his argument than accurate in his account of the facts, is aware of this. “The broken pediment, the crumbling columns are supposed to bear witness to the miracle that the sacred edifice has withstood even the most elemental forces of destruction, lightning and earthquake. In its artificiality, however, such a ruin appears the last heritage of an antiquity which in the modern world is only to be seen in its material form, as a picturesque field of ruins.” ... That which lies here in ruins, the highly significant fragment, the remnant, is, in fact, the finest material in baroque creation. For it is common practice in the literature of the baroque to pile up fragments ceaselessly, without any strict idea of a goal, and, in the unremitting expectation of a miracle, to take the repetition of stereotypes for a process of intensification. The baroque writers must have regarded the work of art as just such a miracle. And if, on the other hand it seemed to be the calculable result of the process of accumulation, it is no more difficult to reconcile these two things than it was for the alchemist to reconcile the longed-for miraculous ‘work’ and the subtle theoretical recipes. The experimentation of the baroque writers resembles the practice of the adepts. The legacy of antiquity constitutes, item for item, the elements from which the new whole is mixed. Or rather: is constructed. For the perfect vision of this new phenomenon was the ruin.

009  
ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER. *The World as Will and Representation*. 1844.

Should one perhaps speak of ruins as a “frozen cadenza?”

## FRAGMENTE AUS DER ZUKUNFT

The work of Giovanni Battista Piranesi stands as one of the most radical articulations of the ruin problematic *within* modernity rather than *after* it. My interest in Piranesi and his ruins may well be itself nostalgic—nostalgic, that is, for a secular modernity that had a deep understanding of the ravages of time and the potential of the future, the destructiveness of domination and the tragic shortcomings of the present; an understanding of modernity that—from Piranesi and the romantics to Baudelaire, the historical avant-garde, and beyond—resulted in emphatic forms of critique, commitment, and compelling artistic expression.

...We can speak of the modern authenticity of ruins only if we look at the ruin aesthetically and politically as an architectonic *chiffre* for the temporal and spatial doubts that modernity has always harbored about itself. In the ruin, history appears spatialized and built space temporalized. An imaginary of ruins is central for any theory of modernity that wants to be more than the triumphalism of progress and democratization or longing for a past power of greatness. As against the optimism of Enlightenment thought, the modern imaginary of ruins remains conscious of the dark side of modernity, that which Diderot described as the inevitable “devastations of time” visible in ruins. It articulates the nightmare of the Enlightenment that all history might ultimately be overwhelmed by nature.

010  
THEODOR W. ADORNO. *Minima Moralia: Reflections on a Damaged Life*. 1951.

Once the last trace of emotion has been eradicated, nothing remains of thought but absolute tautology. The utterly pure reason of those who have divested themselves entirely of the ability ‘to conceive of an object even in its absence’, converges with pure unconsciousness, with feeble-mindedness in the most literal sense, for measured against the extravagantly realistic ideal of a datum freed of any categories, all knowledge is false, and true only where the question of truth or falsity cannot be applied. That such tendencies are far advanced can be seen at every turn in the activities of science, which is on the point of bringing the last remnants of the world, defenceless ruins, under its yoke.

012  
SVETLANA BOYM. “Ruinophilia: Appreciation of Ruins.” 2011.

The contemporary obsession with ruins is neither a Baroque meditation on worldly *vanitas*, nor a romantic mourning for the lost wholeness of the past. Rather than recycling romantic notions of the picturesque framed in glass and concrete, the ruins of modernity question the making of such a “world picture,” offering us a new kind of radical perspectivism. The ruins of modernity as viewed from a 21st century perspective point at possible futures that never came to be. But those futures do not necessarily inspire restorative nostalgia. Instead, they make us aware of the vagaries of progressive vision as such.

When nostalgia was first diagnosed as a disease, Europe was struck by an epidemic of feigned nostalgia that was just as difficult to cure as the actual one. In the history of architecture, the fashion for ruins and the discovery of archeology went hand in hand with the construction of artificial ruins. Moreover, imagined artificial ruins might have anticipated the archeological discoveries. It is not by chance that many 17<sup>th</sup>- and 18<sup>th</sup>-century paintings of ruins presented them as porous architecture; ruins appear as *vedute*, gateways to the landscape, elaborate man-made frames that mediated between history and nature, between architecture and the elements, the inside and outside of dwellings. The time of the fascination for ruins coincided with the fascination for new optic devices, from lorgnettes to dioramas. Nostalgic vision colored the “ruingaze” which required a “progressive lens” for both the myopic and the farsighted.

Looking back at the 20<sup>th</sup> century, we find an incredible diversity of ruins of modernity—from decaying constructivist “Houses of Utopia” built with visionary aspirations and poor building materials, to ordinary workers’ houses or projects on the urban outskirts; from the remains of old factories and industries that no longer have a place in the postindustrial economy, to the unbuilt avant-garde towers, which now look like ruined towers of Babel and remain as culture’s unused creative limbs. We see there even paradoxical mergers that Benjamin and Simmel predicted almost a century ago: of suprahuman state models and human practices, of individual aspirations and collective pressure, of ascending dreams and

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013  
GILLES DELEUZE. *The Fold: Leibniz and the Baroque*. 1988.

Even compressed, folded, and enveloped, elements are powers that enlarge and distend the world. It hardly suffices to speak of a succession of limits or of frames, for every frame marks a direction of space that coexists with the others, and each form is linked to unlimited space in all directions at once. It is a broad and floating world, at least on its base, a scene or an immense plateau. But this continuity of the arts, this collective unity in extension, goes out and beyond, toward an entirely different unity that is comprehensive and spiritual, punctual, is indeed *conceptual*: the world as a pyramid or a cone, that joins its broad material base, lost in vapors, to an *apex*, a luminous origin or a point of view. Leibniz’s world is one that encounters no difficulty in reconciling full continuity in extension with the most comprehensive and tightly knit individuality. Bernini’s Saint Theresa does not find her spiritual unity in the satyr’s little arrow, that merely spreads fire, but in the upper origin of the golden rays above.

The law of the cupola, a Baroque figure par excellence, is double: its base is a vast ribbon, at once continuous, mobile, and fluttering, that converges or tends toward a summit as its closed interiority (Lanfranc’s cupola, for Sant’Andrea della Valle). The apex of the cone is probably replaced by a rounded point that inserts a concave surface in the place of an acute angle. It is not only in order to soften the point, but also because the latter must still be in an infinitely folded form, bent over a concavity, just as the base is of a matter that can be unwrapped and folded over again. This law of the cupola holds for all sculpture; it shows how all sculpture amounts to architecture, and to city planning. The sculpted body, taken in an infinity of folds of marble cloth, goes back, on the one hand, to a base made of personages or powers, genuine elements of bronze that mark not so much limits as directions of development. On the other, it refers to the upper unity, the obelisk, the monstrance or stucco curtain, from which falls the event that affects it. Thus the derivative forces are allotted to the lower area and primal force to the upper reaches.

It even happens that an organized group that follows the vertical tends to topple in an optical sense, and to place its four powers on a fictive horizontal plan, while the sculpted body appears to be inclined by half of a right angle, in order to acquire height in relation to this base (the tomb of Gregory XV). The world as cone brings into coexistence, for the arts themselves, the highest inner unity and the broadest unity of extension. It is because the former could not exist without the latter. For some time now the idea of an infinite universe has been hypothesized, a universe that has lost all *center* as well as any figure that could be attributed to it; but the essence of the Baroque is that it is given unity, through a projection that emanates from a *summit* as a point of view.

014  
BARBARA M. STAFFORD. “Toward Romantic Landscape Perception: Illustrated Travels and the Rise of ‘Singularity’ as an Aesthetic Category.”

The concept that true history is natural history emancipates the objects of nature from the government of man. For the idea of singularity it is significant . . . that geological phenomena—taken in their widest sense to include specimens from the mineral kingdom—constitute landscape forms in which natural history finds aesthetic expression . . . . The final stage in the historicizing of nature sees the products of history naturalized. In 1789, the German savant Samuel Witte-basing his conclusions on the writings of Desmarets, Duluc and Faujas de Saint-Fond-annexed the pyramids of Egypt for nature, declaring that they were basalt eruptions; he also identified the ruins of Persepolis, Baalbek, Palmyra, as well as the Temple of Jupiter at Agrigento and the Palace of the Incas in Peru, as lithic outcroppings.

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I stopped to drink cool water: the glass at this instant now is of thick faceted crystal and with thousands of glints of instants. Are objects halted time?

## FOOTNOTES TO AN EXHIBITION / FRAGMENTE AUS DER ZUKUNFT

Along the Passaic River banks were many minor monuments such as concrete abutments that supported the shoulders of a new highway in the process of being built. River Drive was in part bulldozed and in part intact. It was hard to tell the new highway from the old road; they were both confounded into a unitary chaos. Since it was Saturday, many machines were not working, and this caused them to resemble prehistoric creatures trapped in the mud, or, better, extinct machines—mechanical dinosaurs stripped of their skin. On the edge of this prehistoric Machine Age were pre- and post-World War II suburban houses. The houses mirrored themselves into colorlessness. A group of children were throwing rocks at each other near a ditch.

– Actually, the landscape was no landscape, but “a particular kind of heliotypy” (Nabokov), a kind of self-destroying postcard world of failed immortality and oppressive grandeur. I had been wandering in a moving picture that I couldn’t quite picture.... That zero panorama seemed to contain *ruins in reverse*, that is—all the new construction that would eventually be built. This is the opposite of the “romantic ruin” because the buildings don’t *fall* into ruin *after* they are built but rather *rise* into ruin before they are built. This anti-romantic *mise-en-scene* suggests the discredited idea of *time* and many other “out of date” things. But the suburbs exist without a rational past and without the “big events” of history. Oh, maybe there are a few statues, a legend, and a couple of curios, but no past—just what passes for a future. A Utopia minus a bottom, a place where the machines are idle, and the sun has turned to glass, and a place where the Passaic Concrete Plant (253 River Drive) does a good business in STONE, BITUMINOUS, SAND, and CEMENT. Passaic seems full of “holes” compared to New York City, which seems tightly packed and solid, and those holes in a sense are the monumental vacancies that define, without trying, the memory-traces of an abandoned set of futures. Such futures are found in grade B Utopian films, and then imitated by the suburbanite.

– Perhaps I had slipped into a lower stage of futurity—did I leave the real future behind in order to advance into a false future? Yes, I did. Reality was behind me at that point in my suburban Odyssey.

– If the future is “out of date” and “old fashioned,” then I had been in the future. I had been on a planet that had a map of Passaic drawn over it, and a rather imperfect map at that. A sidereal map marked up with “lines” the size of streets, and “squares” and “blocks” the size of buildings. At any moment my feet were apt to fall through the cardboard ground. I am convinced that the future is lost somewhere in the dumps of the non-historical past; it is in yesterday’s newspapers, in the *jejune* advertisements of science-fiction movies, in the false mirror of our rejected dreams. Time turns metaphors into *things*, and stacks them up in cold rooms, or places them in the celestial playgrounds of the suburbs.

– The last monument was a sand box or a model desert. Under the dead light of the Passaic afternoon the desert became a map of infinite disintegration and forgetfulness. This monument of minute particles blazed under a bleakly glowing sun, and suggested the sullen dissolution of entire continents, the drying up of oceans—no longer were there green forests and high mountains—all that existed were millions of grains of sand, a vast deposit of bones and stones pulverized into dust. Every grain of sand was a dead metaphor that equaled timelessness, and to decipher such metaphors would take one through the false mirror of eternity.

016  
LUCY LIPPARD. *Faunderming: A Wild Ride Through Land Use, Politics, and Art in the Changing West*. 2014.

I was struck by how lonely earthworks are.

No matter whether one is flying over Newfoundland or the sea of lights that stretches from Boston to Philadelphia after nightfall, over the Arabian deserts which gleam like mother-of-pearl, over the Ruhr or the city of Frankfurt, it is as though there were no people, only the things they have made and in which they are hiding. One sees the places where they live and the roads that link them, one sees the smoke rising from their houses and factories, one sees the vehicles in which they sit, but one sees not the people themselves. And yet they are present everywhere upon the face of the earth, extending their dominion by the hour, moving around the honeycombs of towering buildings and tied into networks of a complexity that goes far beyond the power of any one individual to imagine, from the thousands of hoists and winches that once worked the South African diamond mines to the floors of today's stock and commodity exchanges, through which the global tides of information flow without cease. If we view ourselves from a great height, it is frightening to realize how little we know about our species, our purpose and our end, I thought, as we crossed the coastline and flew out over the jelly-green sea.

As I sat there that evening in Southwold overlooking the German Ocean, I sensed quite clearly the earth's slow turning into the dark. The huntsmen are up in America, writes Thomas Browne in *The Garden of Cyrus*, and they are already past their first sleep in Persia. The shadow of night is drawn like a black veil across the earth, and since almost all creatures, from one meridian to the next, lie down after the sun has set, so, he continues, one might, in following the setting sun, see on our globe nothing but prone bodies, row upon row, as if leveled by the scythe of Saturn – an endless graveyard for a humanity struck by falling sickness. I gazed farther and farther out of sea, to where the darkness was thickest and where there extended a cloudbank of the most curious shape, which I could barely make out any longer, the rearward view, I presume, of the storm that had broken over Southwold in the late afternoon. ... What manner of theatre is it, in which we are at once playwright, actor, stage manager, scene painter and audience?

Just as these things have always been beyond my understanding, so too I found it impossible to believe, as I sat on Gunhill in Southwold that evening, that just one year earlier I had been looking across to England from a beach in Holland.

Across what distances in time do the elective affinities and correspondences connect? How is it that one perceives oneself in another human being, or, if not oneself, then one's own precursor?

In the years following the First World War, countless estates were broken up in the same way as Quilter's Bawdsey. The manor houses were either left to fall down or used for other purposes, as boys' boarding schools, approved schools, insane asylums, old people's homes, or reception camps for refugees from the Third Reich. Bawdsey Manor itself was for a long time the domicile and research centre of the team under Robert Watson-Watt that developed radar, which now spreads its invisible net throughout the entire airspace. To this day, the area between Woodbridge and the sea remains full of military installations. Time and again, as one walks across the wide plains, one passes barracks, gateways and fenced-off areas where, behind thin plantations of Scots pines, weapons are concealed in camouflaged hangars and grass-covered bunkers, the weapons with which, if an emergency should arise, whole countries and continents can be transformed into smoking heaps of stone and ash in no time. Not far from Orford, and already tired from my long walk, this notion took possession of me when I was hit by a sandstorm. Gasping for breath, my mouth and throat dry, I crawled out of the hollow that had formed around me like the last survivor of a caravan that had come to grief in the desert. A deathly silence prevailed. There was not a breath, not a birdsong to be heard, not a rustle, nothing. And although it now grew lighter once more, the sun, which was at its zenith, remained hidden behind the banners of pollen-fine dust that hung for a long time in the air. This, I thought, will be what is left after the earth has ground itself down.

Not until Napoleon was contemplating the conquest of the British Isles – his engineers audaciously planning to dig a tunnel under the Channel, and envisaging an armada of hot-air balloons advancing on the English coast – were new defensive measures taken, with the building of martello towers along the seashore, a mile or so apart. There are seven of these circular forts between Felixstowe and Orford alone. To the best of my knowledge, their effectiveness was never put to the test. The

garrisons were soon withdrawn, and ever since these masonry shells have served as homes for the owls that make their soundless flights at dusk from the battlements. In the early Forties, the scientists and technicians at Bawdsey built radar masts along the east coast, eerie wooden structures more than eighty yards high which could sometimes be heard creaking in the night. No one knew what purpose they served any more than they knew about the many other secret projects then being pursued in the military research establishments around Orford. Naturally this gave rise to all manner of speculation about an invisible web of death rays, a new kind of nerve gas, or some hideous means of mass destruction that would come into play if the Germans attempted a landing.

Presumably part of the reason why rumors like this one concerning Shingle Street endured so obstinately was that, during the Cold War era, the Ministry of Defense continued to maintain Secret Weapons Research Establishments on the coast of Suffolk, and imposed the strictest silence on the work carried out in them. The inhabitants of Orford, for example, could only speculate about what went on at the Ordfordness site, which, though perfectly visible from the town, was effectively no easier to reach than the Nevada desert or an atoll in the South Seas. For my part, I well recall standing down by the harbor when I first visited Orford in 1972 and looking across to what the locals simply called "the island", which resembled a penal colony in the Far East. I had been studying the curious coastal land formations at Orford on the map, and was interested in the promontory of Orfordness, which seemed to have an extraterritorial quality about it. Stone by stone, over a period of millennia, it had shifted down from the north across the mouth of the River Alde, in such a way that the tidal lower reaches, known as the Ore, run for some twelve miles just inside the present coastline before flowing into the sea. When I was first in Orford, it was forbidden to approach "the island", but now there was no longer any obstacle to going there, since, some years before, the Ministry of Defence had abandoned secret research at that site.

From a distance, the concrete shells, shored up with stones, in which for most of my lifetime hundreds of boffins had been at work devising new weapons systems, looked (probably because of their odd conical shape) like the tumuli in which the mighty and powerful were buried in prehistoric times with all their tools and utensils, silver and gold. My sense of being on ground intended for purposes transcending the profane was heightened by a number of buildings that resembled temples or pagodas, which seemed quite out of place in these military installations. But the closer I came to these ruins, the more any notion of a mysterious isle of the dead receded, and the more I imagined myself amidst the remains of our own civilization after its extinction in some future catastrophe. To me too, as for some latter-day stranger ignorant of the nature of society wandering about among heaps of scrap metal and defunct machinery, the beings who had once lived and worked here were an enigma, as was the purpose of the primitive contraptions and fittings inside the bunkers, the iron rails under the ceilings, the hooks on the still partially tiled walls, the showerheads the sizes of plates, the ramps and soakaways. Where and in what time I truly was that day at Ordfordness I cannot say, even now as I write these words.

018

J. G. BALLARD. *The Terminal Beach*. 1964.

The series of weapons tests had fused the sand in layers, and the pseudo-geological strata condensed the brief epochs, microseconds in duration, of thermonuclear time. Typically the islands inverted the geologist's maxim, The key to the past lies in islands was a fossil of time future, its bunkers and block-houses illustrating the principle that the fossil record of life was one of armour and the exoskeleton.

Traven advanced towards them, limping on his cut foot. On either side of him the loosening sand had excavated the dunes, and several of the block-houses tilted on their sides. This plain of bunkers stretched for some quarter of a mile, the half-submerged hulks, bombed out onto the surface in some earlier test, like the abandoned wombs that had given birth to this herd of megaliths.

Elements in a quantal world:  
The terminal beach.  
The terminal bunker.  
The blocks.

The landscape is coded.

Entry points into the future=Levels in a spinal landscape=zones of significant time.

In some way its landscape seems to be involved with certain unconscious notions of time, and in particular with those that may be a repressed premonition of our own depths. The attractions and dangers of such an architecture, as the past has shown, need no stressing. .

019

J. G. BALLARD. *The Atrocity Exhibition* (annotated edition). 1970/1990.

Even more strange are the bunkers of the Nazi Atlantic Wall, most of which are still standing, and are far larger than one expects. Space-age cathedrals, they threaten the surrounding landscape like lines of Teutonic knights, and are examples of cryptic architecture, where form no longer reveals function.

020

ERNST JÜNGER. *Storm of Steel*. 1924.

The particular character of fortified works does not appear with as much impact when one dwells in them. This character became vivid only when I was reviewing block 14 of the customs point at Greffern, which its occupants had deserted. When I had after much effort succeeded in opening the enormous iron door and had gone down into the concrete crypt, I found myself alone with the machine guns, the ventilators, the hand grenades, and the munitions, and I held my breath. Sometimes a drop of water would fall from the ceiling or the sector telephone would ring in various ways. It was only here that I recognized the place as the seat of cyclops who were expert in metal works but who do not have the inner eye, just as sometimes in museums you can ascertain the meaning of certain works more clearly than those craftsmen who made them and who used them at length. Thus was I, as if inside a pyramid or in the depths of catacombs, faced with the genius of time that I construed as an idol, without the animated reflection of technical finesse and whose enormous power I understood perfectly. Moreover, the extremely crushed and chelonian form of these constructions recall Aztec architecture, and not only superficially; what was there the sun is here the intellect and both are in contact with blood, with the powers of death.

021

PAUL VIRILIO. *Bunker Archeology*. 1975.

For the minister of "wartime production and construction," the collision between the weapon and the building had taken place, the "law of ruins" had taken on new meaning, the constructor had become the destructor, the architect in power had become the architect of power.

A long history was curled up here. These concrete blocks were in fact the final throw-offs of the history of frontiers, from the Roman *limes* to the Great Wall of China; the bunkers, as ultimate military surface architecture, had shipwrecked at lands' limits, at the precise moment of the sky's arrival in war; they marked off the horizontal littoral, the continental limit. History had changed course one final time before jumping into the immensity of aerial space.

My activities often led me into teeming ports, and what most surprised and intrigued me there was finding once again in the middle of courtyards and gardens my concrete shelters; their blind, low mass and rounded profile were out of tune with the urban environment. As I concentrated on these forms in the middle of apartment buildings, in courtyards, and in public squares, I felt as though a subterranean civilization had sprung up from the ground. This architecture's modernness was countered by its abandoned, decrepit appearance. These objects had been left behind, and were colorless; their gray cement relief was silent witness to a warlike climate. Like in certain works of fiction—a spacecraft parked in the middle of an avenue announcing the war of the worlds, the confrontation with inhuman species—these solid masses in the hollows of urban spaces, next to the local schoolhouse or bar, shed new light on what "contemporary" has come to mean.

What was the nature of modernness in these historical ruins? Could war be *prospective*?

This actual archaeological break led me to a reconsideration of the problem of architectural archetypes: the crypt, the ark, the nave... The problems of structural economy had become secondary, and now I would investigate the Fortress Europe, which was vacant from now on, with an eye to the essence of architectural reality.

One of the essential characteristics of the bunker is that it is one of the rare modern monolithic architectures.

While most buildings are embanked in the terrain by their foundations, the casemate is devoid of any, aside from its center of gravity, which explains its possibility for limited movement when the surrounding ground undergoes the impact of projectiles. This is also the reason for our frequent discovery of certain upturned or tilted works, without serious damage.

The autonomy of the blockhouse springs up out of a background alive with virtualities, drives, powers. The void no longer exists, everything can move, arrive, or go; the earth has lost its materialness, and space its emptiness, everything is saturated, the ordinary problems of architecture remain, but amplified.

The poetry of the bunker is in its still being a shield for its users, in the end as outdated as an infant's revolt armour, an empty shell, an emotionally moving phantom of an old-fashioned duel in which the adversaries could still look each other in the eye through the narrow slits of their helmets. The bunker is the protohistory of an age in which the power of a single weapon is so great that no distance can protect you from it any longer.

Abandoned on the sand of the littoral like the skin of a species that has disappeared, the bunker is the last theatrical gesture in the endgame of Occidental military history.

Space was at last homogenized, absolute war had become a reality, and the monolith was its monument.

A new geography was created with the concrete shelters as its markers. From one end of Europe to the other a new synectics saw the light.

022

W. G. SEBALD. *Austerlitz*. 2001.

[...] it is often our mightiest projects that most obviously betray the degree of our insecurity. The construction of fortifications, for instance—and Antwerp was an outstanding example of that craft—clearly showed how we feel obliged to keep surrounding ourselves with defenses, built in successive phases as a precaution against any incursion by enemy powers, until the idea of concentric rings making their way steadily outward comes up against its natural limits. If we study the development of fortifications from Florianì, da Capri, and Sanmicheli, by way of Rusesnstein, Burgsdorff, Coehoom, and Klengel, and so to Vauban and Montalembert, it is amazing, said Austerlitz, to see the persistence with which generations of masters of the art of military architecture, for all their undoubtedly outstanding gifts, clung to what we can easily see today was a fundamentally wrong-headed idea: the notion that by designing an ideal tracé with blunt bastions and ravelins projecting well beyond it, allowing the cannon of the fortress to cover the entire operational area outside the walls, you could make a city as secure as anything in the world can ever be. No one today, said Austerlitz, has the faintest idea of the boundless amount of theoretical writings on the building of fortifications, of the fantastic nature of the

geometric, trigonometric, and logistical calculations they record, of the inflated excesses of the professional vocabulary of fortification and siegecraft, no one now understands its simplest terms, *escape* and *courtine*, *faussebraie*, *réduit*, and *glacis*, yet even from our present standpoint we can see that towards the end of the seventeenth century the star-shaped dodecagon behind trenches had finally crystallized, out of the various available systems, as the preferred ground plan: a kind of ideal typical pattern derived from the Golden Section, which indeed, as study of the intricately sketched plans of such fortified complexes as those of Coevorden, Neuf-Brisach, and Saarlouis will show, immediately strikes the layman as an emblem both of absolute power and of the ingenuity the engineers put to the service of that power. In the practice of warfare, however, the star-shaped fortresses which were being built and improved everywhere during the eighteenth century did not answer their purpose, for intent as everyone was on that pattern, it had been forgotten that the largest fortifications will naturally attract the largest enemy forces, and that the more you entrench yourself the more you must remain on the defensive, so that in the end you might find yourself in a place fortified in every possible way, watching helplessly while the enemy troops, moving on to their own choice of terrain elsewhere, simply ignored their adversaries' fortresses, which had become positive arsenals of weaponry, bristling with cannon and overcrowded with men. The frequent result, said Austerlitz, of resorting to measures of fortification marked in general by a tendency towards paranoid elaboration was that you drew attention to your weakest point, practically inviting the enemy to attack it, not to mention the fact that as architectural plans for fortifications became increasingly complex, the time it took to build them increased as well, and with it the probability that as soon as they were finished, if not before, they would have been overtaken by further developments, both in artillery and in strategic planning, which took account of the growing realization that everything was decided in movement, not in a state of rest.

At the most we gaze at it in wonder, a kind of wonder which in itself is a form of dawning horror, for somehow we know by instinct that outside buildings cast the shadow of their own destruction before them, and are designed from the first with an eye to their later existence as ruins.

After the previous day's conversation, I still had an image in my head of a star-shaped bastion with walls towering above a precise geometrical ground plan, but what I now saw before me was a low-built concrete mass, rounded at all its outer edges and giving the gruesome impression of something hunched and misshapen: the broad back of a monster, I thought, risen from this Flemish soil like a whale from the deep. I felt reluctant to pass through the black gateway into the fortress itself, and instead began by walking round it on the outside, through the unnaturally deep green, almost blue-tinged grass growing on the island. From whatever viewpoint I tried to form a picture of the complex I could make out no architectural plan, for its projections and indentations kept shifting, so far exceeding my comprehension that in the end I found myself unable to connect it with anything shaped by human civilization, or even with the silent relics of our prehistory and early history. And the longer I looked at it, the more often it forced me, as I felt, to lower my eyes, the less comprehensible it seemed to become. Covered in places by open ulcers with the raw crushed stone erupting from them, encrusted by guano-like droppings and calcareous streaks, the fort was a monolithic, monstrous incarnation of ugliness and blind violence. Even later, when I studied the symmetrical ground plan with its outgrowths of limbs and claws, with the semicircular bastions standing out from the front of the main building like eyes, and the stumpy projection at the back of its body, I could not, despite its now evident rational structure, recognize anything designed by the human mind but saw it, rather as the anatomical blueprint of some alien and crab-like creature.





**MONUMENT AS RUIN** CHARLES STANKIEVECH **AGNES ETHERINGTON ART CENTRE** QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY **JAN 10 - APR 12, 2015**

*Morals reformed—health preserved—industry invigorated—instruction diffused—public burthens lightened—Economy seated, as it were, upon a rock—the gordian knot of the Poor-Laws not cut, but untied—all by a simple idea in Architecture!*

–

The building is circular.

The apartments of the prisoners occupy the circumference. You may call them, if you please, the *cells*.

These *cells* are divided from one another, and the prisoners by that means secluded from all communication with each other, by *partitions* in the form of *radii* issuing from the circumference towards the centre, and extending as many feet as shall be thought necessary to form the largest dimension of the cell.

The apartment of the inspector occupies the centre; you may call it if you please the *inspector's lodge*.

It will be convenient in most, if not in all cases, to have a vacant space or *area* all round, between such centre and such circumference. You may call it if you please the *intermediate* or *annular* area.

The inner circumference of the cell is formed by an iron *grating*, so light as not to screen any part of the cell from the inspector's view.

To the windows of the lodge there are *blinds*, as high up as the eyes of the prisoners in their cells can, by any means they can employ, be made to reach.

To save the troublesome exertion of voice that might otherwise be necessary, and to prevent one prisoner from knowing that the inspector was occupied by another prisoner at a distance, a small *tin tube* might reach from each cell to the inspector's lodge, passing across the area, and so in at the side of the correspondent window of the lodge. By means of this implement, the slightest whisper of the one might be heard by the other, especially if he had proper notice to apply his ear to the tube.

### 034

MICHEL FOUCAULT. *The Archeology of Knowledge & The Discourse on Language*. 1971.

Archaeology tries to define not the thoughts, representations, images, themes, preoccupations that are concealed or revealed in discourses; but those discourses themselves, those discourses as practices obeying certain rules. It does not treat discourse as document, as a sign of something else, as an element that ought to be transparent, but whose unfortunate opacity must often be pierced if one is to reach at last the depth of the essential in the place in which it is held in reserve; it is concerned with discourse in its own volume, as a monument. It is not an interpretative discipline: it does not seek another, better-hidden discourse. It refuses to be 'allegorical'.

### 035

ALBERT SPEER. *Inside the Third Reich*. 1969.

Naturally, a new national consciousness could not be awakened by architecture alone. But when after a long spell of inertia a sense of national grandeur was born anew, the monuments of men's ancestors were the most impressive exhortations. Today, for example, Mussolini could point to the buildings of the Roman Empire as symbolizing the heroic spirit of Rome. Thus he could fire his nation with the idea of a modern empire. Our architectural works should also speak to the conscience of a future Germany centuries from now. In advancing this argument Hitler also stressed the value of a permanent type of construction.

The building on the Zeppelin Field was begun at once, in order to have at least the platform ready for the coming Party Rally. To clear ground for it, the Nuremberg streetcar depot had to be removed. I passed by its remains after it had been blown up. The iron reinforcements protruded from concrete debris and had already begun to rust. One could easily visualize their further decay. This dreary sight led me to some thoughts which I later propounded to Hitler under the pretentious heading of "A Theory of Ruin Value." The idea was that buildings of modern construction were poorly suited to form that "bridge of tradition" to future generations which Hitler was calling for. It was hard to imagine that rusting heaps of rubble could communicate these heroic inspirations which Hitler admired in the monuments of the past. My "theory" was intended to deal with this dilemma. By using

### 028

URSULA K. LE GUIN. "The Carrier Bag Theory of Fiction." 1986.

If science fiction is the mythology of modern technology, then its myth is tragic. "Technology," or "modern science" (using the words as they are usually used, in an unexamined short hand standing for the "hard" sciences and high technology founded upon continuous economic growth), is a heroic undertaking, Herculean, Promethean, conceived as triumph, hence ultimately as tragedy. The fiction embodying this myth will be, and has been, triumphant (Man conquers earth, space, aliens, death, the future, etc.) and tragic (apocalypse, holocaust, then or now).

If, however, one avoids the linear, progressive, Time's-(killing)-arrow mode of the Techno-Heroic, and redefines technology and science as primarily cultural carrier bag rather than weapon of domination, one pleasant side effect is that science fiction can be seen as a far less rigid, narrow field, not necessarily Promethean or apocalyptic at all, and in fact less a mythological genre than a realistic one.

It is a strange realism, but it is a strange reality.

### 029

RAINER MARIA RILKE. "Force of Gravity." 1924.

enter of all gravity, you who draw your strength from every direction; even when airborne you regain your centre, your source of strength.

Standing upright: like a draught quenching one's thirst, the force of gravity plunges it downward.

But out of someone asleep falls gently, like out of a cloud bank laden with moisture, the heaviness that is rich with rain.

### 030

THOMAS PYNCHON. *Gravity's Rainbow*. 1973.

The entrance to the tunnel is shaped like a parabola. The Albert Speer Touch. Somebody during the thirties was big on parabolas anyhow, and Albert Speer was in charge of the New German Architecture then, and later he went on to become Minister of Munitions, and nominal chief customer for the A4.

This parabola here happens to be the inspiration of a Speer disciple named Etzel Ölsch. He had noted this parabola shape around on Autobahn overpasses, sports stadiums u.s.w., and thought it was the most contemporary thing he'd ever seen. Imagine his astonishment on finding that the parabola was also the shape of the path intended for the rocket through space.

In the static space of the architect, he might've used a double integral now and then, early in his career, to find volumes under surfaces whose equations were known—masses, moments, centers of gravity. . . . But in the dynamic space of the living Rocket, the double integral has a different meaning. To integrate here is to operate on a rate of change so that time falls away: change is stilled. . . . "Meters per second" will integrate to "meters." The moving vehicle is frozen, in space, to become architecture, and timeless. It was never launched. It will never fall.

But it is a curve each of them feels, unmistakably. It is the parabola. They must have guessed, once or twice—guessed and refused to believe—that everything, always, collectively, had been moving toward that purified shape latent in the sky, that shape of no surprise, no second chances, no return. Yet they do move forever under it, reserved for its own black-and-white bad news certainly as if it were the Rainbow, and they its children. . . .

You don't know it's there till it's there. Gee, till *after* it's there. If it doesn't hit you, then you're O.K. till the next one. If you hear the explosion, you know you must be alive.

Imagine a missile one hears approaching only *after* it explodes. The reversal! A piece of time neatly snipped out. . . a few feet of film run backwards. . . the blast of the rocket, fallen faster than sound—then growing *out of it* the roar of its own fall, catching up to what's already death and burning. . . a ghost in the sky. . . .

### 023

LAURENCE STERNE. *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman*. 1759.

The opponents granted the theory—they denied the consequences.

### 024

JOSEPH HELLER. *We Bombed in New Haven: A Play*. 1967.

STARKEY  
Yeah! Today, we're gonna bomb Constantinople right off the map.

BAILEY  
Why don't we just bomb the map?

HENDERSON  
Constantinople isn't on the map. There just ain't no such place anymore.

STARKEY  
Henderson, ours not to reason why. It's yours but to do as you're told . . .and die.

SINCLAIR  
Yeah, And that's why all of us are already dead.

### 025

PIERRE BOULLE. *Planet of the Apes*. 1968.

George Taylor: Oh my God. I'm back. I'm home. All the time, it was... We finally really did it. [screaming]  
George Taylor: You Maniacs! You blew it up! Ah, damn you! God damn you all to hell!

### 026

A. E. VAN VOGT. "Black Destroyer." *Astounding Science Fiction*. 1939.

Morton said: "I think we'd better go in and have some lunch. Afterward, we've got to get busy. The material men can set up their machines and start gathering data on the planet's metal possibilities, and so on. The others can do a little careful exploring. I'd like some notes on architecture and on the scientific development of this race, and particularly what happened to wreck the civilization. On earth civilization after civilization crumbled, but always a new one sprang up in its dust. Why didn't that happen here?"

### 027

FREDRIC JAMESON. *Archeology of the Future*. 2005.

I have been able . . . to confirm throughout Van Vogt's other work . . . "Black Destroyer" is not in fact a conventional alien narrative, although everything in it is organized to leave that impression with the reader. In fact, it is a quite distinct narrative paradigm, which one is tempted to call the two-alien situation. The point is that Coeurl is not a descendant of the extinct alien race which built the city under exploration: he is of a different alien species, and from a different point in the galaxy (or outside of it). We therefore have one living and terrifying monster superimposed upon the traces and archaeological remains of what we can only suppose to have been very different monsters either from Coeurl or from Homo sapiens.

special materials and by applying certain principles of statics, we should be able to build structures which even in a state of decay, after hundreds or (such were our reckonings) thousands of years would more or less resemble Roman models.

To illustrate my ideas I had a romantic drawing prepared. It showed what the reviewing stand on the Zeppelin Field would look like after generations of neglect, overgrown with ivy, its columns fallen, the walls crumbling here and there, but the outlines still clearly recognizable. In Hitler's entourage this drawing was regarded as blasphemous. That I could even conceive of a period of decline for the newly founded Reich destined to last a thousand years seemed outrageous to many of Hitler's closest followers. But he himself accepted my ideas as logical and illuminating. He gave orders that in the future the important buildings of his Reich were to be erected in keeping with the principles of this "law of ruins."

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Eight months later, on June 26, 1944, I protested to Bormann: "In various cities efforts are under way to tear down buildings of historical and artistic merit that have been damaged in the raids. The argument offered to justify these measures is that the buildings are either about to collapse or cannot be restored. It is also contended that demolition will provide a welcome opportunity for urban renewal. I would be very grateful if you would send a memorandum to all the Gauleiters pointing out that historical monuments, even in ruins, must be preserved at all costs. I must ask you also to inform the Gauleiters that such monuments cannot be torn down until the Fuehrer himself has definitely decided on reconstruction plans for the cities and thus also for these buildings." Despite the limited means, materials, and workmen available, I also ordered that many damaged monuments be patched up sufficiently to prevent further dilapidation. I tried to put this plan into effect in northern Italy and in France by giving similar instructions to the Todt Organization.

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As early as August 1942, Hitler had assured the naval leadership that the Allies could not make a successful invasion unless they were able to take a sizable port. Without one, he pointed out, an enemy landing at any point on the coast could not receive sufficient supplies long enough to withstand counterattacks by the German forces. Given the great length of the French, Belgian, and Dutch coasts, a complete line of pillboxes spaced close enough to offer mutual protection would have far exceeded the capacity of the German construction industry. Moreover, there were not enough soldiers available to man such a large number of pillboxes. Consequently, the larger ports were ringed with pillboxes, while the intervening coastal areas were only protected by observation bunkers at long intervals. Some fifteen thousand smaller bunkers were intended to shelter the soldiers during the shelling prior to an attack. As Hitler conceived it, however, during the actual attack the soldiers would come out into the open, since a protected position undermines those qualities of courage and personal initiative which were essential for battle. Hitler planned these defensive installations down to the smallest details. He even designed the various types of bunkers and pillboxes, usually in the hours of the night. The designs were only sketches, but they were executed with precision. Never sparing in self-praise, he often remarked that his designs ideally met all the requirements of a front-line soldier. They were adopted almost without revision by the general of the Corps of Engineers.

### 036

HARRY SIDEBOTTOM. *Ancient Warfare*. 2005.

The links between reality and ideology are always complex. On the one hand, the ideology of the "Western Way of War" has shaped how reality has been interpreted. As we will see, in the 7th century AD the inhabitants of the eastern Roman empire still held that they fought in an open, 'Western' way, and that their Arab opponents did not, when in reality their armed forces went to considerable lengths to avoid pitched battle. Again, when Europeans learnt about the Zulu war machine, it was assumed that the Africans could not have created it on their own initiative, but that have copied Western models. On the other hand, the ideology can mould reality. There may have been few land battles in the Peloponnesian War, but in the opening years of the conflict the ideology meant that the Spartans marched into Athenian territory expecting to fight. If Tiberius had judged that there was the possibility that a decisive battle could have been fought in Germany in AD 17, he probably would not have ordered Germanicus to return Roman forces to the banks of the Rhine. The siege works at Dyrrachium did not settle the issue between Caesar and Pompey; that was achieved on the battlefield of Pharsalus. Tacitus might claim

038

ALBERT EINSTEIN. "A Brief Outline of the Development of the Theory of Relativity." 1921.

Can gravitation and inertia be identical? This question leads directly to the General Theory of Relativity. Is it not possible for me to regard the earth as free from rotation, if I conceive of the centrifugal force, which acts on all bodies at rest relatively to the earth, as being a "real" gravitational field of gravitation, or part of such a field? If this idea can be carried out, then we shall have proved in very truth the identity of gravitation and inertia. For the same property which is regarded as inertia from the point of view of a system not taking part of the rotation can be interpreted as gravitation when considered with respect to a system that shares this rotation. According to Newton, this interpretation is impossible, because in Newton's theory there is no "real" field of the "Coriolis-field" type. But perhaps Newton's law of field could be replaced by another that fits in with the field which holds with respect to a "rotating" system of coordinates? My conviction of the identity of inertial and gravitational mass aroused within me the feeling of absolute confidence in the correctness of this interpretation.

039

BLAISE PASCAL. *Pensées*. 1669.

Nature is an infinite sphere, whose center is everywhere and whose circumference is nowhere.

040

ROBERT SMITHSON. "The Iconography of Desolation." c.1962.

The Fourth Dimension is simply the ruins of the Third Dimension.

041

CARL VON CLAUSEWITZ. *On War*. 1816–30.

The general action may therefore be regarded as war concentrated, as the centre of gravity of the whole war or campaign. As the sun's rays unite in the focus of the concave mirror in a perfect image, and in the fullness of their heat; so the forces and circumstances of war, unite in a focus in the great battle for one concentrated utmost effort.

042

JOE STRANGE. *Marine Corps University Perspectives on Warfighting*. 1996.

During the Battle of Britain in 1940, an operational center of gravity for Britain was the Royal Air Force Fighter Command. A critical capability for Fighter Command was the ability to meet Luftwaffe attacks in a timely manner. The critical requirement linked to that specific critical capability was advance warning regarding the timing, strength and direction of Luftwaffe attacks. The critical vulnerability linked to that specific critical requirement was the fragility and vulnerability of the British radar system that provided the advance warning. However, the Germans did not realize the importance of the radar system and did not follow up their early attacks against it.

043

US ARMY. *Insurgencies and Countering Insurgencies (FM 3–24)*. 2014.

An important element of conceptual planning is center of gravity analysis. The center of gravity is important in understanding both the environment and the enemy. A center of gravity is the source of power that provides moral or physical strength, freedom of action, or will to act. A center of gravity construct is useful as an analytical tool to help counterinsurgency forces analyze the insurgency's sources of strength as well as its weaknesses and vulnerabilities. Centers of gravity may change over time, they may be different at the operational and strategic level, and they could be different from location to location.

044

EYAL WEIZMAN. *Hollow Land: Israel's Architecture of Occupation*. 2007.

It was not the given order of space that governed patterns of movement, but movement itself that produced space around it.

Naveh explained that: "In Nablus, the IDF [Israel Defense Force] started understanding urban fighting as a spatial problem." With regard to OTRI's (Operational Theory Research Institute) influence on these tactics he said that "by training several high-ranking officers, we filled the system with subversive agents who ask questions ... Some of the top brass are not embarrassed to talk about Deleuze or Tschumi." When I asked him, "Why

Tschumi?!" (in the annals of architectural history a special place of honour is reserved to Tschumi as a 'radical' architect of the left) he replied: "The idea of disjunction embodied in Tschumi's book *Architecture and Disjunction* became relevant for us [...] Tschumi had another approach to epistemology; he wanted to break with single-perspective knowledge and centralized thinking. He saw the world through a variety of different social practices, from a constantly shifting point of view..."

045

REZA NEGARESTANI. *Cyclonopedia: Complicity with Anonymous Materials*. 2008.

Everywhere a hole moves, a surface is invented. When the peripheral upheaval of (hole complex spreads from the crust to within, the despotic necrocratic regime of periphery-core, for which everything should be concluded and grounded by the gravity of the core, is deteriorated. The dismantling of the coherency between the periphery and the core is equal to the rise of the ultimate unground where the radical Outside is posited from surface to the core.

Military and political practitioners have long formulated as an archaeological law the asymmetry between ground's consistency and the consistency of poromechanical entities or porous earth: For every inconsistency on the surface, there is a subterranean consistency. ...archaeology, with its ingrained understanding of Hidden Writing, will dominate the politics of future and will be the military science of twenty-first century.

046

GILLES DELEUZE & FÉLIX GUATTARI. *A Thousand Plateaus*. 1980.

Architecture, as the art of the abode and the territory, attests to this: there are consolidations that are made afterward, and there are consolidations of the keystone type that are constituent parts of the ensemble. More recently, matters like reinforced concrete have made it possible for the architectural ensemble to free itself from arborescent models employing tree-pillars, branch-beams, foliage-vaults. Not only is concrete a heterogeneous matter whose degree of consistency varies according to the elements in the mix, but iron is intercalated following a rhythm; moreover, its *self-supporting surfaces* form a complex rhythmic personage whose "stems" have different sections and variable intervals depending on the intensity and direction of the force to be tapped (armature instead of structure). In this sense, the literary or musical work has an architecture: "Saturate every atom," as Virginia Woolf said.

... sound invades us, impels us, drags us, transpierces us. It takes leave of the earth, as much in order to drop us into a black hole as to open us up to a cosmos. It makes us want to die.

...The earth is certainly not the same thing as the territory. The earth is the intense point at the deepest level of the territory or is projected outside it like a focal point, where all the forces draw together in close embrace. The earth is no longer one force among others, nor is it a substance endowed with form or a coded milieu, with bounds and an apportioned share. The earth has become that close embrace of all forces, those of the earth as well as of other substances, so that the artist no longer confronts chaos, but hell and the subterranean, the groundless.

Universal attraction became the law of all laws, in that it set the rule for the biunivocal correspondence between two bodies; and each time science discovered a new field, it sought to formalize it in the same mode as the field of gravity. Even chemistry became a royal science only by virtue of a whole theoretical elaboration of the notion of weight. Euclidean space is founded on the famous parallel postulate, but the parallels in question are in the first place gravitational parallels, and correspond to the forces exerted by gravity on all the elements of a body presumed to fill that space. It is the point of application of the resultant of all of these parallel forces that remains invariable when their common direction is changed or the body is rotated (the *center of gravity*). In short, it seems that the force of gravity lies at the basis of a laminar, striated, homogeneous, and centered space; it forms the foundation for those multiplicities termed metric, or arborescent, whose dimensions are independent of the situation and are expressed with the aid of units and points (movements from one point to another).

The painter Millet used to say that what counts in painting is not, for example, what a peasant is carrying, whether it is a sacred object or a sack of potatoes, but its exact weight. This is the post-

romantic turning point: the essential thing is no longer forms and matters, or themes, but forces, densities, intensities. The earth itself swings over, tending to take on the value of pure material for a force of gravitation or weight.

Klee says that one "tries convulsively to fly from the earth," and that one "rises above it . . . powered by centrifugal forces that triumph over gravity." He adds that the artist begins by looking around him- or herself, into all the milieus, but does so in order to grasp the trace of creation in the created, of naturing nature in natured nature; then, adopting "an earthbound position," the artist turns his or her attention to the microscopic, to crystals, molecules, atoms, and particles, not for scientific conformity, but for movement, for nothing but immanent movement; the artist tells him- or herself that this world has had different aspects, will have still others, and that there are already others on other planets; finally, the artist opens up to the Cosmos in order to harness forces in a "work" (without which the opening onto the Cosmos would only be a reverie incapable of enlarging the limits of the earth).

047

THOMAS PYNCHON. *Gravity's Rainbow*. 1973.

"They have lied to us. They can't keep us from dying, so They lie to us about death. A cooperative structure of lies. What have They ever given us in return for the trust, the love—They actually say 'love'—we're supposed to owe Them? Can They keep us from even catching cold? from lice, from being alone? from *anything*? Before the Rocket we went on believing, because we wanted to. But the Rocket can penetrate, from the sky, at any given point. Nowhere is safe. We can't believe Them any more. Not if we are still sane, and love the truth."

"We are," nods Christian. "We do." He isn't looking at Enzian to confirm it, either.

"Yes."

"Then . . . in the absence of faith . . ."

One night, in the rain, their laager stops for the night at a deserted research station, where the Germans, close to the end of the War, were developing a sonic death-mirror. Tall paraboloids of concrete are staggered, white and monolithic, across the plain. The idea was to set off an explosion in front of the paraboloid, at the exact focal point. The concrete mirror would then throw back a perfect shock wave to destroy anything in its path. Thousands of guinea pigs, dogs and cows were experimentally blasted to death here—reams of death-curve data were compiled. But the project was a lemon. Only good at short range, and you rapidly came to a fall-off point where the amount of explosives needed might as well be deployed some other way. Fog, wind, hardly visible ripples or snags in the terrain, anything less than perfect conditions, could ruin the shock wave's deadly shape. Still, Enzian can envision a war, a place for them, "a desert. Lure your enemy to a desert. The Kalahari. Wait for the wind to die."

048

CHARLES STANKIEVECH. *Magnetic Norths*. 2010.

A *fieldwork* engages with the geographic site but then warps one's perception of the space comparable to a mathematical "strange attractor" Sharing, on the one hand, the history of art installation (which can modulate the encompassing architecture and the viewer's phenomenological perception) and on the other hand, the history of "site-specific" or *earthwork* art (which amplifies the place's story or materiality), a *fieldwork* creates its own temporary architecture within a space or in a landscape. However, such a landscape need not be natural and the architecture may not always be a traditional shelter or sculpture, but can be composed of sonic material, electromagnetic fields, light fluctuations, or relationships. At its core, a *fieldwork* is dynamic and geospatial.

049

EZRA POUND. *ABC of Reading*. 1934.

Artists are the antennae...

050

MARSHALL McLUHAN. *Understanding Media: The Extensions of Man*. 1964.

Art as radar acts as an 'early alarm system,' as it were, enabling us to discover social and psychic targets in lots of time to prepare to cope with them. This concept of the arts as prophetic contrasts with the popular idea of them as mere self-expression. If an art is an 'early warning system,' to use the phrase from World War II, when radar was new, art has the utmost relevance not only to media study but to the development of media controls.

051

MARSHALL McLUHAN. "Canada: The Borderline Case." 1977.

A border is not a connection but an interval of resonance, and such gaps abound in the Land of the DEW Line. The DEW Line itself, the Distant Early Warning radar system installed by the United States in the Canadian North to keep this continent in touch with Russia, points up a major Canadian role in the twentieth century, the role of hidden ground for big powers. Since the United States has become a world environment, Canada has become the anti-environment that renders the United States more acceptable and intelligible to many small countries of the world; anti-environments are indispensable for making an environment understandable.

052

FRIEDRICH KITTLER. *Discourse Networks 1800/1900*. 1985.

Information technology is always already strategy or war.

053

PAUL N. EDWARDS. *The Closed World*. 1996.

As machines, computers controlled vast systems of military technology central to the globalist aims and apocalyptic terms of Cold War nuclear response, and later the sophisticated tactical systems of the electronic battlefield grew from the control and communications capacities of information machines. As metaphors, such systems constituted a dome of global technological oversight, a *closed world*, within which every event was interpreted as part of a titanic struggle between the superpowers.

Finally, both the transmission of data from radars and the coordination of the SAGE centers employed long-distance digital communication over telephone lines (some of the first modems were built for this purpose). The computers at different SAGE sectors also exchanged some data automatically. The massive integration of a centralized, continental defense control system required such communications. SAGE was thus the first computer network, structured directly by the needs and locations of the military system it controlled.

Ultimately the Air Force connected the distant early warning systems originally utilized by SAGE, the BMEWS, and others with computer facilities at the NORAD base under Colorado's Cheyenne Mountain for completely centralized ICBM detection and response.

054

JULIAN ASSANGE. "The Banality of 'Don't Be Evil.'" *New York Times*. 2013.

Mr. Schmidt, the executive chairman of Google, and Mr. Cohen, a former adviser to Condoleezza Rice and Hillary Clinton who is now director of Google Ideas... met in occupied Baghdad in 2009, when the book [The New Digital Age] was conceived. Strolling among the ruins, the two became excited that consumer technology was transforming a society flattened by United States military occupation. They decided the tech industry could be a powerful agent of American foreign policy.

