Rowhouses

You will be deceived by the buildings in this neighborhood.

In the empty light that fills the day, whole blocks nod in conformity. Brick facades agree on what to say.

Dusk is another story.

As the sun gives up naming the hour, houses begin to contest each other—a revolt against proximity.

Profiles call to crow and cat; on cool roofs tin gadgers poke accusations of decay.

Electric lights strike at furnished rooms. Tight quirky stairs lead to lurid chandeliers and halfway doors, ajar. Rows of windows unvel a curvature of tales.

Now in a reverberating dark, the rowhouses recede from view: brick texts of habit and fact; autonomous, shut.

Voyeur, en face!

Futdose on these rows. Don’t deceive yourself. To be an architect is to lay down your arms.
Open Lots
There is a confinement among these disconnected lots: spaces are designated, but the place is void.
The slightest debris entangles everything. All forms resist official history.
[In the wake of expended urban effort, nothing stirs. Every lot is a detour for the next.]
Witness the child walking past the lots on her way to school. At every crossing, an abnormal hesitation, unease: the insufficiency of her inevitable solitude.
A famous Japanese sculptor claims that the greatest artist of this century is the earthmover.
Dry forms replace the heavy earth. Give up, architect: no man, and less the rock, revolt against these masses.

Canyons
The architect carves a territorial niche for the present to commerce with the past.
What humble frame inscribes the action?
Frank Lloyd Wright said that if he had to build a monument, he would go study the Grand Canyon.
Is this what we call humility?
Architect, you slide on the immense concave mirror of time, while our age conspires how it will end.