

.....the fogs this year are very local



.....meet you at Bolder Scrambles at 2

It's been said about all these monumental Starchitect projects for example that they flicker eerily between reality and unreality and invoke fantasies of omnipotence and utopia by doing so. The digital renderings that birth the iconic buildings and whose replication and circulation coincides with all those other kinds of replication and circulation and have the smooth plastic surfaces stretching out to infinity with the either cascading or vertical Elysium-like gardens and the sylvan glades surrounding them, remain so firmly lodged in the general psyche as an image, kind of haunting it, that neither they nor we can properly emerge from it, I read, whether that particular tower is built or not. It magically recasts the inhabitants as ... but I can't quite remember what. There was also something about the gravity-defying conceits and subjugations of nature, in the digital renderings, which instead of producing a boundless unpunctuated realm somewhere between sleeping and walking where objects can't be discerned at a distance of more than a few steps and the post-synchronised sound over emphasises the significance of the tiny glimmer of distant lights twirling through it, apparently actually offers liberation from negative thought or from the past or from pain. But when this was described later as proffering and profiting from an image of eternal life as exchange image, in terms of oxymorons, it didn't seem that different anyway.