

This text existing within its host proposes itself plaza-like. The plaza moves through the concrete reality of things, information, buildings and situations and seeks space; a place where the sky will pour down its cargo of stars and breezes upon the people. The concept of lightness is beginning to take shape across the plaza but is currently embryonic. Our hallucinations formed, of desire and anxiety, take place as a text from this place which is yet to exist. This is a new amorphous plaza taking shape in the very spleen of the city, where blood and cement combine. Sometimes the plaza feels as if the whole city is as enchanting as a damp brick: a slow petrification, more or less advanced depending upon people and places but one that spares no aspect of life. It may ultimately become a compromised and ambiguous place with poor light; flanked by dull projections, it may appear to be cast charmlessly in mud and shadow. Dark deals are known to take place here and the visitor is unlikely to want to stay too long for there are other areas where the aura of the plaza encompasses a sensation of lightness and sensuality, where something reaches out and, as the ancient Greeks recognised, a place from which something begins its mythologizing spectacle. Under the intense pressures of capitalism, most of the freedom to live well and to construct a specific identity in the city has been too inescapably linked to an individual's purchasing power. Waste and real estate. Access to space, as in indoor and outdoor areas in which to exist and communicate (to be), has been the least easy and straightforward aspect to commodify. (Yield to the eroticisation of vista and lubrication of spaces!). Imagine a broader paradigm of plaza architecture for nurturing urban communities and countering plaza phobia across sites, neighbourhoods and regions (that is, the resistance to being in the present, to dreaming the every day, amongst others). It requires a multidisciplinary reordering of landscape architecture, urban design, regional planning and public art-making. Rant! Those invested with power and civic status and framed by chains should see more and patronise less. End rant. The plaza is not a place for art. It is already art. Where voices are ignored the plaza comes into play, and the more it happens the stronger the plaza becomes! Plaza activists constitute a large but loose coalition of refusals and frustrated voices, unheard and dismissed by those united in chastity, ignorant of the difference between spraying a golden section or a golden shower across the city. Are all dreams starved of love and intellect? Despite all this gravity we have the secret of lightness and space, which some consider to be the vitality of our times. Aggressive noise, revving and roaring of too much provinciality belongs to the realm of death, like a tombstone for the city. When a contemporary city pleases and charms us with its strange and otherworldly character it is usually because the majority of its puddles and dust are related to the earth and sky in the same way; they seem to express a common form of light, a common way of being on the earth. These are delicate times. (She had gone white, starting to shake and sob. I held her and calmed her down, put her in the bath and we began telling stories. She told me how she put all her feelings and thoughts in a blue perfume bottle, which she kept under her bed). The plaza coexists within its host city as a fantastic reflection and proposition, one which is more complex and mysterious than its materialisable counterpart. It is important the plaza is nurtured in the world with lightness and care and not hacked out of dogma. A sky dotted with small clouds is perhaps more pleasurable than a totally clear sky. The clear sky is less varied and also less like us, less of our own, belonging less to things that are ours. To meet this unique character of varied lightness over heavy darkness, it is our task to mobilise the plaza and give it substance and existence. If we have no physical effect we must share firstly through speech and texts. The rose must be spoken or symbolic imagination is eclipsed. The plaza is always pure shimmering possibility, where lie the dissolving details of the day, a flask of dew, the tics and the pleasures, where the child and the land are entering the sleeping world and are un-becoming. Likewise, moving yet further into rhetoric where ideologies are less assertive; buildings and vistas, land and sky, is this where the dead will go? The flat terrain of language. Blood and Sand! Sons of the Desert. 1/8/03