

Tatlin as Tower, In Erection

He confuses an interest in curved paths. Open snow light. Curve after curve across material and constructive relations. If you kiss a woman rising from her chair you may fall over your feet. He confuses "if I kissed" with curve by definition.

Looking from above, in the thin light. She clearly discerns two spirals rising around a cause which is the effect of its effect. She has to hold onto the ground. The spirals rise like snow. She falls into error or asleep.

The original idea supported by curved girders. Curled in reverse, uncautious, many wooden laths. Held in the air inside his mind like birds. The light like a knife, and gives a little twist. We're out of love intrigues.

Against the artist's intention there emerges an outer and an inner space. She spirals between them down into her thoughts. Like the umbilical cord, the light. At the rate of one revolution per kiss. Slowly, up to the waist in snow, her consciousness returns inside her skin.

The curvature of the spirals corresponds to wings. The slowest most concave. Light falls inside the snow, reflecting gravity. He has to look at his feet to keep his balance. The different parts of the wing do not have the same speed.

Gliding was enormously popular in the twenties. Bird-like craft on bicycle wheels, rising, with eyes and beak like a figurehead. Photographs at regular intervals in Soviet publications. She turns to feel her skin taut in the cold. She does not fall.

The more curious machines in time. The tower during erection. It is the repetition makes the scaffolding and makes it fall. The spiral's curve can be computed as eternal return. It does not explain how to keep upright.