

EDIT ONE: BUNKER SCHOOL

Here it is. I didn't do the super-clear dry explanation. The active de-purposing of the bunkers. These discrete physical shells. Fear goes into a place. This is a shortened version, the second part of a slightly longer text. The beginning might thus be a little abrupt.

The streets, record shops, libraries, concerts, exhibitions, coffee places, pubs, bars. A found architecture. The built environment as an accumulation of informal classrooms, observatories, laboratories, libraries, archives, hallways, cafeterias. Georges Perec demands, "We should learn to live more on staircases." Top floor staircases leading to the roof or attic aren't frequented at all. The student's task to find spaces, or prepare spaces for his or her needs. But the place may be seen not just as setting – it may be the subject too.

Detritus of bottles and plastic: effects of the proximity of forest and sea: the walker's relations with the various interest that the beach provides is conditioned by the bunker, even as it remains on the periphery of vision.

Quote: Thoreau on walking: "I have met with but one or two persons in the course of my life who understood the art of Walking, that is, of taking walks, who had a genius, so to speak, for sauntering; which word is beautifully derived "from idle people who roved about the country, in the middle ages, and asked charity, under pretence of going à la sainte terre" — to the holy land, till the children exclaimed, "There goes a sainte-terror", a saunterer — a holy-lander. They who never go to the holy land in their walks, as they pretend, are indeed mere idlers and vagabonds, but they who do go there are saunterers in the good sense, such as I mean. Some, however, would derive the word from sans terre, without land or a home, which, therefore, in the good sense, will mean, having no particular home, but equally at home everywhere. For this is the secret of successful sauntering. He who sits still in a house all the time may be the greatest vagrant of all, but the Saunterer, in the good sense, is no more vagrant than the meandering river, which is all the while sedulously seeking the shortest course to the sea. But I prefer the first, which indeed is the most probable derivation. For every walk is a sort of crusade, preached by some Peter the Hermit (1) in us, to go forth and reconquer this holy land from the hands of the Infidels."

The bunker is a black shape up ahead. Focus on the blockhouse. On the beach, photographs capture the configuration of bodies. A line of visibility constructed between the perforated concrete shells. Composed of fractions. StarE at the light entering the bunker from the small, square opening in the concrete walls.

SCHOOLS

The physical school will consist of a bunker platform and a circus tent. No tickets will be sold. There will be no lectures. Lessons must be portable and carried at all times. Lessons may occur in any order, but teachers may mandate a location.

Mental exhaustion. Breaking lines that no one knew was there. Or something we can describe as a strand of a future school. Maximal visibility and at once to go inside. The continuity of the structure produces a rhythm, the rhythm of bunker school. Invisible changes of patterns. An instable school. As soon as you think you know the meaning of a bunker school, it slips away.

Quote [from Paul Virilio Bunker Archeology]: "The autonomy of the blockhouses 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. Water-tightness, for example. Is no longer just a concern with the flow of water, with simple humidity, but with the fluidity of projectiles, with their impact. It is a question of tightness to compression, no longer to capillarity. The foundation no longer rests on the ground, but on its centre of gravity, from whence arrives one of the first known single-block architectures."

Some of these facilities have an open access policy, providing an adequate environment in which to access and handle the material they house. You listen to the muffled sounds from outside the bunker and try to picture the landscape. From outside the bunker, you strain to hear the dull thud of the bunker's chime. In the euphoria between regimes an Iraqi uses his sandal to beat a note out of the hollow bronze bell of the torn-down statue. The continuity of the structure produces a rhythm, the rhythm of a bunker school. Perforated concrete shells.

Rene Magritte's 'The Voice of Space'.

I'm sorry not to have been more involved. I have however done some research and found a series of books on the bunkers by a writer called Leif Hogberg. The book contains some protocols, diary notes, and journals from the soldiers that built and worked in the bunkers, which I have begun to translate. The bunker draws those who pass into its orbit, along lines inscribed in the patters of beach deposits.

Cities create their own orbits. In Portland, Oregon, one feels the draw of San Francisco; in Vermont, draw of New York City, but also the small local gravities of Boston and Montreal. In Copenhagen one feels the draws of London and Berlin. Roads typically go to or from the city. Physics tells us that all objects have their own specific gravity. There is a complex mathematics involved in adding the gravity of a rural school to that of a bunker.

A SERIES OF HIGH-SPEED MODES OF TRANSPORTATION THAT JERK ONE OUT OF THE THING THAT IS LONDON/MALMO. OUR SELF-INFLICTED TASK IS NOT THE PERFECT RECITATION OF MATERIAL.

The bunker draws those who pass into its orbit, along lines inscribed in the patterns of beach deposits. Teams are divided into two halves; reconnaissance and intelligence. The intelligence half stays at the base bunker. Bunkers are captured with a photograph. After a period of time both teams will reunite at the base bunker. The team whose intelligence portion is able to correctly identify the most bunkers wins. Incidentally, there is no availability of new territory isolated from the 'well-trodden' circuits out of which thought and discussion are also composed.

White cloth. Metal hook. Concrete surface. Disused railway track. White metal cloth hook. Black glass windows. Y-shaped concrete slabs. Metal pipes. Peculiar wooden structures. Platforms amongst the trees. Large disused crane with a metal wire and a hook with a metal wire and a large disused crane with metal pipes. Variegated ruins. Shipping containers. Metal tubes and a white twisted tower. Bunkers embedded in pseudo-organic rock surfaces. Concrete stairs. (Stairs for Perec) A bunker framed by birch trees. Rows of dark brown wooden poles. Little beach huts. A strange section where a large piece of rock protrudes. Some black material. A metal hub. A small concrete path has been built. A thin layer of grey concrete. Patches of grass is growing between the rocks. A near monochrome surface. Grass protrudes from another crack. A boarded up kiosk. Blue boards. A small mound a little bit out in the water. Yellow-looking concrete blocks. Some sort of white material used to fill in cracks around the openings (but that seems to have partly dissolved). A hollow, cave-like opening. A smashed-up boat. Small bushes. Heavy water drops. Two stones – the second stone with a snake-shape. A small perfectly circular hole.

At the order you start piling rocks, clearing a square on the beach. You are divided. You are divided into groups. No survey is possible, no map. Perforated concrete shells. You listen to the muffled sounds from outside the bunker and try to picture the landscape.

Notes from a bunker. The bunker never alters its characteristics. It continues to received all things, and never itself takes a permanent impress from any of the things which enter it. Saturday, April 13th: number 4 is our closest neighbour. Tuesday, April 15: In number 5 everything is calm. Monday, April 22: A lieutenant comes to inspect the bunker. He is an arrogant man. And turning inside, hollow darkness and sound. There is only sound and it resembles words, but is too fussy. The bunker exists third as space which is eternal and indestructible, which provides a position for everything that comes to be and which is apprehended without the senses by a sort of spurious reasoning. We look at it indeed in a kind of dream and say that everything that exists must be somewhere and occupy some space, and that what is nowhere in heaven or earth is nothing at all. How to mix coffee and grain alcohol in appropriate proportions in bunker darkness. Here's how: fold your thumb over the cusp of the cup and pour coffee into the cup until you can sense the hot coffee burning the tip of your thumb, then straighten out your thumb and pour alcohol into the cup until the liquid reaches the skin of your thumb.

Knowing you without your 'e' – bunkr – knowing you entirely without vowels: bnkr." Pointy prosodies, concrete rhythms far from the waves of the sea. BNKR. Where knowledge is unformed. Knots unknotted. Where two bodies merge (the bunker renders the world liquid; an exquisite, irresistible liquidity.) Thursday, April 11: Restless night. It is not about aphasic loss of beginnings or origins. Forms disappear from the middle. Bodies, organs, cells fuse into a singular mitochondrion, Choratopia. Letterless receptacle. "Knowing you entirely without your consonants: UE" Oscillations of sound, soft like waves. Your mouth is mine. We share our cavity. Sunday, April 14: Everyone sleeps a little bit. "Knowing you without your letters".

The smell of sea-salt, and fish, and alga. The first flat platform is reached.

EDIT TWO: EDIT x/3

The individual edit produces the limit and at once the possibility for a collaborative framework. The beginning of a practice...

Our investigation crystallized threefold:
I. Walking towards a bunker.
II. The physical experience of a bunker.
III. Bunker usage.

BUNKER WALKING

Leaving the cities through a series of high-speed modes of transportation that jerk one out of the thing that is London/Malmö. Cities create their own orbits, their own draw. Roads emanate outwards from the city. The power of the city's pull can be felt when navigating across a rural landscape. Roads typically go to or from the city necessitating a zig-zagging motion across the countryside.

And finally one is outside of it but also leaving its (and our own) resources behind. We can only take very little material with us bringing what we can carry and knowing that one cannot draw on any more resources than what we have at hand produces a feeling of unease. Traveling light we rely on the memories. Only our self-inflicted task is not the perfect recitation of material but our resources form the point from which we can begin to move into unknown territories. Leaving the well-trodden paths.

The bunker draws those who pass into its orbit, along lines inscribed in the patterns of beach deposits. Walking on the unstable ground of rocks (eyes inclined towards feet) the concrete structure on the horizon is a destination to which one navigates approximately. Detritus of bottles and plastic; effects of the proximity of forest and sea: the walker's relations with the various interests that the beach provides is conditioned by the bunker, even as it remains on the periphery of vision. The bunker is a black shape up ahead.

In its vicinity, in approaching the bunker, sub-groups split into their smaller units. When the bunker is near enough for its presence to be felt – even if the unstable footing still requires attention to be directed downwards – the group configures itself differently: now it is a net. Each one decides how best to approach; the most direct route might not be the most effective. Bunkers attract their investigators from different sides.

The bunker line produces a rhythm through the repetition and continuity of the concrete structures. This rhythm decides the pace of the walkers and their approach to the structures. A rocky beach might slow the inevitable process (the bunker is losing its horizontality). But what cannot be perceived in the deviations of its angles is a founding necessity of the bunker school all the same.

THE PHYSICAL EXPERIENCE OF THE BUNKER – CAPTURE THE BUNKER

The highest point of the structure produces maximal visibility you see and you are seen. You climb the bunker, a perspective from up high. You survey the lands. You map out the regimes at work. The bunker becomes a skyscraper under your feet. (The Twin Tower oracles of World Trade came down, prophetically announcing bunker busters and blown out cave- and tunnel systems in the Middle East.) The flat surface on top of the bunker produces a perfect space for a temporary base, a temporary camp.

The sound of the waves, the smell of the sea, fish, alga, the sound of shells crashing under your feet. Concrete structures slowly disappearing into the surroundings. Greens growing in the cracks and water forming little ponds covering up the surfaces. Bunkers sinking into sandy beaches. Physics tells us that all objects have their own specific gravity. Waves make the water swirl between rocks. You stand at the edge of the concrete structure and stare down at the sandy seabed revealed between the rocks when the waves roll back into the sea. You try and spot irregularities in the rhythms created by the waves. From outside the bunker, you strain to hear the dull thud of the bunker's chime.

You enter the bunker, a horizontal and partial perspective. No survey is possible, no map. A world within the world. Different smells, different sounds, different visibility - a very limited visibility. The structure buries you slightly - you listen to the muffled sounds from outside the bunker and try to picture the landscape.

BUNKER USAGE

The bunker never alters its characteristics. It continues to receive all things, and never itself takes a permanent impress from any of the things which enter it, making it appear different at different times. There is a complex mathematics involved in adding the gravity of a rural school to that of a bunker. What is known is that it creates a new unexamined dimension to the rural landscape.

On the beach, photographs capture the configuration of bodies. Another meandering string, which is that of the group as its dispersed form is produced by coastal topography, reforms on the platform of the bunker's roof. The bunker is a vantage point for a view of the horizon.

If no decision is taken to stop, to sit, to consider the agenda, then the various fragments of conversation (that configure themselves too like bodies) will have a peculiar fate. They will not be lost. They will be established as a pattern, manifesting itself differently every time as the discussion undertaken by the members of bunker school proceeds. Bunker school and the walk that brings you to

the bunker is a carving, a chiselling into space itself, the making of a route that finds its deviations in the grain of matter, the textures of the landscape. An instable school without a static program or agenda.

Economy with space and the establishing of a versatility of space demands that all educational equipment should be fold-away. Screens for the projection of images; maps printed on fabric-reinforced paper: these devices are designed to roll up, revealing a blackboard behind. The blackboard, itself, is no board but a flexible, continuous surface making available twice the area for only a small increase in the distance that the mechanism protrudes into the students' space. Similar feature can be identified in the equipment of the gym and the dining hall. Even in the playground lines superimposed in what might be a confusing complexity, render the same asphalt surface suitable for different sports, with a colour-code providing the means for player to distinguish between one space and another.

And just as the space of the school is versatile, so the cohorts that occupy the space are understood as interchangeable. The school conceives this year's intake and last year's intake to be the same. Evidence to the contrary is found all over in the form of carvings and graffiti. It may appear as a mystery why these marks in every case are not made to inhibit or alter the function of the school's equipment.

Reading and thinking in group demands time, rhythm and interruption. Walk, sit down and walk again. Read, sit down and read again. A time consuming and tedious process which involves a repetitive pattern, mental exhaustion...group meditation? Slight ruptures and changing patterns. It is a certain slowness which renders the ruptures almost invisible, making them become clear only with time, breaking lines that no one knew was there. What emerges is the production of some sort of notion of what a bunker group might be or perhaps something we can describe as a strand of a future school. Hierarchical and structural collapses - creative turning points.

The concrete bunker once representing a sense of indestructibility and defense, but new meanings and usages are produced through a sense of curiosity. The continuity of the structures produce a rhythm, the rhythm of a bunker school. There is rhythm and repetition but not sameness, producing slight ruptures and invisible changes of patterns. An instable school without a static program or agenda. As soon as you think you know the meaning of a bunker school, the meaning slips away. The bunker school is liquid.

"Knowing you without your 'e' - bunkr - knowing you entirely without vowels: bnkr." Pointy prosodies, concrete rhythms far from the waves of the sea. BNKR. Where knowledge is undone, unformed. Knots unknotted. Where two bodies merge, meld. The bunker is liquid, a bunker renders the world liquid; an exquisite, irresistible liquidity.

EDIT THREE: B N K R

One: A Soldier Finds Two Stones on the Beach

You are building this bunker, like building your own grave. Preparing for your undoing, and the undoing of your body, for decay and rotting meat amongst the rocks and the concrete. A tomb and a monument to the sea rendering you cavernous. You are piling rocks, heaps of them. You are walking between the heaps trying to keep your balance. You are clearing a square on the beach. Wooden moulds are built for the construction of the concrete walls of the bunkers.

You are divided into groups and given your orders: One man is to stand on top of the bunker, his attention divided between the horizon, the bunker to his left, and the bunker to his right. Another man is to patrol the actual beach, starting immediately in front of the bunker, walking straight ahead towards the sea then taking a left turn until he reaches the neighbouring bunker at which point he is to turn 180 degrees and walk back until he reaches the bunker neighbouring his own on its right side, then taking another 180 degree turn and walk back, repeating the same pattern of movement indefinitely. The remaining two men are to stay in the bunker, one resting, the other on guard by the machine gun, his attention directed towards the horizon in front of the bunker and the stretch of beach between the neighbouring bunkers immediately to his left and right.

On patrol you find two small stones on the beach. The first one a mask: large holes for eyes, a deep crack for a mouth, a disproportionally extended jaw, and turning it around a grimacing convulsion, facial muscles stiffened up, protruding from the surface of the mask making folds set in stone. The second one an ominous signature: a crack shaped like a snake diagonally across its surface, its head raised attentively, a perfectly circular hole straight through the upper right hand side corner of the stone. A prophesy: the concrete and the cavernous, the solid and the hollow, the map and the formless. Our parallel destinations and the double destiny of a bunker people.

Two: A Peripatetic Approach

The path to the beach arrives at a point between bunkers. You arrive on the beach and decide your direction. Your attention will be drawn to a blockhouse that lies ahead. But there is one also to the rear. And there are others behind measuring the coast in opposite directions. You focus on the blockhouse in front and all those others are beads to be scattered by drawing tight the elastic thread along which they are strung.

Walking on the unstable ground of rocks (eyes inclined towards feet) the concrete structure on the horizon is a destination to which one navigates approximately. Detritus of bottles and plastic; effects of the proximity of forest and sea: the walker's relations with the various interests that the beach provides is conditioned by the bunker, even as it remains on the periphery of vision.

The bunker is a black shape up ahead.

In its vicinity, in approaching the bunker, sub-groups split into their smaller units. When the bunker is near enough for its presence to be felt – even if the unstable footing still requires attention to be directed downwards – the group configures itself differently: now it is a net. Each one decides how to best approach the structure; the most direct route might not be the most effective. Bunkers attract their investigators from different sides.

Three: On Concrete

A group of you capture the bunker. Find and occupy the highest point of its structure. You climb the bunker, a perspective from up high. A slippery steep surface. The surface provides no grip, a second attempt and the first flat platform is reached. Another steep part to climb. The following platform is reached at the first attempt. Cracks in the concrete giving way for green life, and a collection of water forms a small pond - slowly the structure is merging into nature. You survey the lands. You map out the regimes at work. The bunker becomes a skyscraper beneath your feet. Standing on top of the bunker, you stare out at the horizon trying to make out the horizontal line that separates the sky from the sea. Beneath you the waves make the water swirl between rocks, forming little temporary ponds. You stand at the edge of the concrete structure and stare down at the sandy seabed revealed between the rocks when the waves roll back into the sea. You strain to hear the dull thud of the bunker's chime. Across the bay the sun is reflected in the windows of a tall tower in the city and you notice that it makes the tower appear as if on fire. You try and spot irregularities in the rhythms created by the waves. At night you make a fire next to the entrance of the bunker and you photograph the moon reflected in the black water.

What kind of vista is given to the viewer with feet planted on an architectural surface once flat, now running parallel to the horizon? Bunkers embedded in pseudo-organic rock surfaces. Concrete stairs have been built alongside one of the bunker walls so that one can easily access the red picnic table on its flat roof. A bunker framed by birch trees. There are rows of dark brown wooden poles stuck into the seabed on an equal distance from each other. Thick layers of green moss cover the upper third or so of each pole, the colour of the moss contrasting with piles of red seaweed and the steely grey ocean. Little beach huts, rows of them, all painted in different, very bright colours, stand in stark contrast to the grey concrete bunkers. There is faded pink and white graffiti on the walls of a bunker. Cracks in the concrete walls have been filled in with white material blending in and mixing with the graffiti tags. There are several deep cracks in the concrete surface, some filled in with black material, others left gaping, like veins or wounds. One bunker has a deep circular crack in its roof, like a cut. The crack is surrounded by other, smaller cracks and two natural rock formations protruding from the concrete surface. Water has gathered in the circular crack. A particularly deep crack has been filled up with the black material, but the black material has also cracked leaving a gaping wound, black as volcanic rock; a hard, solid wound. Grass protrudes from another crack. One of the deepest cracks encircles a metal hub sticking out from the roof of a bunker. Smaller cracks stray away from the larger circular one: a sun set in the concrete surface. It is difficult to distinguish the bunker from the sea and the horizon. It's all nuances of the same grey – a near monochrome surface that makes everything appear somewhat flat, unreal. Rain and sea water has mixed in small pools in the concrete, appearing bright yellow against the dark grey of the concrete. The concrete around the pools of water is somewhat lighter in colour, shimmering of a pink underneath the grey surface. Small bushes are growing next to a bunker. Heavy mirror ball water drops dangle from its thin branches. The asphalt path is gleaming from the rain. You see your reflection in its shiny black surface. Looking up, the sun appears a tiny round circular shape, barely noticeable against the consuming grey, near blue, foggy mist. The branches of the surrounding trees contrast in shape and colour – black sprawling figures against the monochrome background.

On top of the bunker you spot a small stone: a mask with large holes for eyes, a deep crack for a mouth, a disproportionally extended jaw, and turning it around a grimacing convulsion, facial muscles stiffened up, protruding from the surface of the mask, solid folds set in stone.

Four: Undone in Hollow

Another group enters the bunker, a horizontal and partial perspective. No survey is possible, no map. A world within the world, and your world is split between a line of visibility constructed between the perforated concrete shells of the bunkers and the choratopia of the womb & tomb-like receptacle itself. You see the bunker next to yours and realize that this line of visibility is the border-world you're defending from your position inside the amorphous place that is the bunker itself (a place where place itself is undone, it shakes and unsettles economies of representation, regimes of language and signification, textures of subjectivity and subjectification, the way that matter congeals into bodies in space). You listen to the muffled sounds from outside the bunker and try to picture the landscape. The nexus of chora & line of visibility is uncertain, and generates uncertainty; it is pre-semiotic, pre-subjective, beneath and apart from the world, and it shatters all sense of a normative perspective. A crystal image, it is composed of fractions and fragments of worlds, whilst retaining a smooth and peculiar unity in itself, a space in or of the non-space. Staring at the light entering the bunker from the small, square openings in the concrete walls, you are thinking that the way the light slowly moves and changes through the day offers a screen upon which the gradual disintegration of your world is projected. The changes are repeated every day, with small modifications over the year, and then again in annual cycles.

What kind of vista is seen for the first time through an aperture designed as this extreme, narrow horizontal rectangle? The bunker never alters its characteristics. It continues to receive all things, and never itself takes a permanent impress from any of the things which enter it, making it appear different at different times. Sunday, April 21: Barbed wire on top of the bunkers. They are sealing you off and you begin to feel uncertain as of who the enemy is. The bunker exist, first, as the unchanging form, uncreated and indestructible, admitting no modification and entering no combination, imperceptible to sight or the other senses, the object of thought. Saturday, April 13: No. 4 is our closest neighbour. Tuesday, April 15: In no. 5 everything is calm. Anxiety from no. 6 as per usual. The bunker exists second, as that which bears the same name as the form and resembles it, but is sensible, has come into existence, is in constant motion, comes into existence in and vanishes from a particular place, and is apprehended by opinion with the aid of sensation. Monday, April 22: A lieutenant comes to inspect the bunker. An arrogant man and a bully. It's very unsettling. You feel unsettled. There is no sleep. The barbed wire enclosure is finished. There is no way out, no whole world outside, only fragments of pure rectangular visuality. And you experience it as a peculiar flatness of the world. And turning inside, hollow darkness and sound. There's only sound and it resembles words, but it is much too fussy to make any sense of. Muddled and muffled prosodic bursts and time becomes rhythm and interruption. The streams of light from the perforations travels across the walls in a tedium, repetitive pattern with slight ruptures from day to day, slow cyclical mutations. A certain slowness. The bunker exist third, as space which is eternal and indestructible, which provides a position for everything that comes to be, and which is apprehended without the senses by a sort of spurious reasoning and so is hard to believe in. We look at it indeed in a kind of dream and say that everything that exists must be somewhere and occupy some space, and that what is nowhere in heaven or earth is nothing at all and you have to learn again and learn to learn again. How to mix coffee and grain alcohol in appropriate proportions in bunker darkness: fold your thumb over the cusp of the coffee cup and pour coffee into the cup until you can sense the hot coffee burning the tip of your thumb, then straighten your thumb out over the cup and pour alcohol into it until the liquid reaches the skin of your thumb.

And the words start to disintegrate. A different kind of learning: Knowing you without your 'e' – bunkr – knowing you entirely without vowels: bnkr. Pointy prosodies, concrete rhythms far from the waves of the sea. . A certain slowness. The bunker is concrete, hollow, the bunker renders you cavernous. BNKR. Where knowledge is undone, unformed. Knots unknotted. Where two bodies merge, meld. The bunker is liquid, the bunker renders the world liquid; an exquisite, irresistible liquidity. Thursday, April 11: Restless night. Everyone awake. Where two heartbeats cease to syncopate and start to beat as one. Friday, April 12: Everyone unnecessarily stays awake during the day. It is not about aphasic loss of beginnings or origins. Forms disappear from the middle. Bodies, organs, cells fuse into a singular mitochondrion as all forms are undone. Choratopia. Letterless receptacle. "Knowing you entirely without your consonants: UE". Oscillations of sound, soft like waves. The bunker is liquid, renders you liquid. Your mouth is mine. Your mouth is in my mouth. We share our cavity. Sunday, April 14: Everyone sleeps a little bit. UE is collective meditation. "Knowing you without your letters". Where language doesn't suffice, the dissolution of the line remains. In hollow liquidity. The bunker is terrain. The bunker is dry land. The bunker is a thirst for the oceans. Therestai & phurstig. The bunker is concrete. Then bunker is liquid. You find a stone in a pool of water on the floor of the bunker. You run your fingers across its surface to give it a closer inspection. A crack shaped like a snake run diagonally across its surface, the head of the snake raised attentively. There is a perfectly circular hole straight through the upper right hand side corner of the stone. You are undone.