LIGHT IN THE MARKET
market goods seen in their best light
ceiling of Farmer's Market accepting natural light
THE DWELLINGS ABOVE
THE MARKET
section through the Farmer’s Market with residences above
The form of the market can be likened to a bridge with abutments.
perspective through Farmer's Market with cafe in middle ground and piazzetta in background
KNOWING THROUGH MAKING

Vico
CHAPTER 5

It was on a dreary night of November that I beheld the accomplishment of my toils. With an anxiety that almost rendered me insensible to pain, I collected the instruments of life around me, that I might infuse a spark of being into the lifeless thing that lay at my feet. It was already one in the morning; the rain pattered dinantly against the panes, and my candle was nearly burnt out. Often, by the glimmer of the half-extin-
guished light, I saw the still yellow eye of the creature open; it breathed hard, and a convulsive motion agitated its limbs.

How can I describe my sensations at this catastrophe? or how delineate the wretch whom with such infinite pains and care I had endeavoured to form? His limbs were in proportion, and I had almost formed his features as beautiful. Beautiful! Great God! His yellow skin scarcely covered the work of muscles and sinews beneath; his hair was of a lustrous black, and flowing; his teeth of a pearly whiteness; but these luxu-
riances only formed a more horrid contrast with his mutter eyes, that seemed almost of the same colour as the dun-white sockets in which they were set; his shrivelled complexion and straight black line.

The different accidents of life are not so changeable as the feelings of human nature. I had worked hard for nearly two years, for the sole purpose of infusing life into an inanimate body. For this I had deprived myself of rest and health. I had desired it with an ardour that far transcended moderation; but now that I had finished, the beauty of the dream vanished, and breathed horror and disgust filled my heart. Unable to endure the aspect of the being I had created, I rushed out of the room and continued a long time traversing my bed-
chamber, unable to compose my mind to sleep. At length I endeavoured to the task I had before endured, and I

Frankenstein, Mary Shelley
the architect must work with all that is available until the work is ready to come to life, if they do not, then the monster is destined to ruin the lives of many innocent people