

The first impression a name makes is as a motif,  
the talon or claw of an animal.

Its sex is civilized in the bureaucratic form.

The name is easily replaced, or it is the unattainable extreme of any designation.

The name is a property of invention. Imperial, it is indifferent to heat and cold.

The name in its powdered state presents us with an opportunity to share instant refreshments in a waiting room surrounded by magnificent flowers.

The name is a trace of placation in the hierarchy of desires. It slips between choice and another's indication of belonging. A door, any name rotates on the axis of identity.

A lack of name would mean to have no place.

A name is any number of cities. Wind drives its enactment.

A name is any number of exits.

Ornamental letters are created from rows of flat stitching.

The maximum strength of any geometric pattern depends on a balance of tension vectors.

Then I may cease to address you by name.

This name is like the dyed wool of living sheep.

A row is formed first by making the stitches meet,  
second by making them touch along their length, partly  
or completely.

The names form a chain, back and forth  
fasten, tie, tack  
they draw attention to the embodiment of patterns.

We formed the borderline between the name and its debt.

The name owed everything to the chain.

Monochrome was the error of economic conception.

The fastening of ecstasy stripped of its colour.

Credit was rapidly forming fresh public opinion.

What is said about glass and its hardness can also be said about  
currency.