

'That's it', he cried, 'that's just where we part company. Science is a great thing when you can get it; in its real sense one of the grandest words in the world. But what do these men mean, nine times out of ten, when they use it nowadays? When they say detection is a science? They mean getting *outside* a man and studying him as if he were a gigantic insect; in what they would call a dry impartial light, in what I should call a dead and dehumanised light. They mean getting a long way off him, as if he were a distant prehistoric monster; staring at the shape of his 'criminal skull' as if it were a sort of eerie growth, like the horn on a rhinoceros's nose. When the scientist talks about a type, he never means himself, but always his neighbour; probably his poorer neighbour. I don't deny the dry light may sometimes do good; though in one sense it's the very reverse of science. So far from being knowledge, it's actually suppression of what we know. It's treating a friend as a stranger, and pretending that something familiar is really remote and mysterious. It's like saying that a man has a proboscis between the eyes, or that he falls down in a fit of insensibility once every twenty-four hours. Well, what you call 'the secret' is exactly the opposite. I don't try to get outside the man. I try to get inside the murderer ... Indeed, it's much more than that, don't you see? *I am* inside the murderer, thinking his thoughts, wrestling with his passions; till I have bent myself into the posture of his hunched and peering hatred; till I see the world with his bloodshot and

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this looks exactly like me, it's almost uncanny. don't recognise the bedroom tho so i don't think it is

A style of form began by which figures showed physical power, passion, tension and semantic perfection. Movements were not without motivation, nor even simply done with a will, but with will shown in a pure form. Also their actions arose not out of power, but powerlessness.

The moon is, as I saw it at the time, sterilizing everything under the purview of its milky pupil. Looking at my son, his face was, as far as I was concerned, totally impenetrable and flat, the aqueous domes of his eyes more like mirrors than receptive orifices. Because, in the moment, I felt as though he could not, properly speaking, see me; I looked at myself reflected in those eyes, whose character can only be described as impermeable in the sense of irrational.

I had once read in a magazine that you can soften someone to you by mimicking their body language, which I did. The difference in our ages and physical mien made this somewhat grotesque- especially when he would perform any of his practiced absent (geneu-ish) gestures, brushing aside some strand of hair like a bead curtain, you know. Another involves clenching his bottom into a hard knot of muscle, but this was not on display at the time, at least as far as I could see, because we were sitting.]