

CITY

MEMBERS

Elliot C. Mason

A council estate the colour

of a long distant death, stock shards of pointless primary-coloured plastic fucked sideways into a windowless shiver of unlivable space. It rises so collapsingly upward no one ever comes out. The shopping centre underneath is busy, though. And for 50p you can get in the back door of ASDA from unseen estate, not allowed in the front, bordering the shiny guarded margins of Waitrose, secluded safely at the end of the alphabet, where extra virgin olive oil breadsticks rack up like trading floors on opposite balconies. Private gardens and a car park neatly divide styles of casual-wear, density and rise. A polyester shirt means service, and the designer is unhappily served. If you stand long enough in the car park looking up at lightful balconies, or in private gardens trying to glimpse the packed-away shit-brown estate, you rage. You rage and remember the boy you loved whose cut-back council flat was snapped up at auction, sold uncapped for market max and rented back by absent firms.

Darren, my first thought in the morning, did you survive

regeneration? Are you facing white-washed landscapes in a help-to-buy future?

Last time I looked around the petrol puddles of your estate the only lights I saw were sirens.

Darren Darren Sideways House

Maciek in McDonald's, takes a cup & reaches

for a paper-wrapped straw: *STOP* Makarek *they say STOP* but they don't know his name. Marcinek still.

He's in McDonald's, takes the cup. Maciek onto Turnpike Lane, iron gate & iron gate & hole in iron gate & a long long way away, some vague idea of help at Haringey council.

Makarek on the street, puts the cup down & rattles

pocket for examples. This is what you do with empty cups.

Marcin does not call the Home Office. Thirty thousand listed names on wages at the Home Office never call Marciarek. They never hear the solid consonants of his name, or the smoothness of tendons holding empty houses in a McDonald's cup.

Maciuś cannot do it anymore. And anyone he ever speaks to over hollow McDonald's cups, says *I cannot do this anymore*. Marek needs another eighty-seven pounds for a bus to Stansted, a plane to Warsaw, a bus to the centre. There are at least a dozen McDonalds's in central Warsaw. Maciek takes a cup. Maciek unwraps a straw.

Maciek sits down. LED panels are far too bright to eat in. Or to die in.

No one really says anything anymore,

but it's silence in a language he understands.

Maciek Maciek Upwards Path

Staircase is carpet red now Stair-O
I have only one dream.
Soggy filter curls a trail over him His working-hand-O
The smallest – even the smallest – the smallest.
It was raining, as we don't remember, when
they took his tools, see some other bloke is
in the house tonight. Selling tools are you?
I repeat again. Even the smallest – this is my only dream –
See the councillor, the representative of some hopeless
form whose bowels have been sucked
into profit margins, see that worker doesn't know
how much a hammer costs Hammers-O
Three hundred and seventeen pounds eighty-two pence a month
doesn't buy you tools. I Tell You
My only dream – and I repeat – is the smallest, smallest, house.
Any house. Just somewhere for me and my wife to live.
House-O
House-O
This City Will Be His
House-O
Only When It Burns To The
Ground-O

Florin Florin Banging Wall

Steel frames and a stone façade. Stucco cover. Glassy skin. Punctured arches draping over entrances, marble stairs. Postcard entablature. You know you can't see the steel frame from anywhere. You know you can't see through glass if you're on the outside and it's light. You know light? You know light is basically the only form of modern architecture. It's all about light. Jonathan have you seen light inside anything? Have you felt the open columns holding arches gaunt and entablatures erupting cracking thin through a frame and all these buildings have air vents now – Jonathan have Jonathan you Jonathan seen Jonathan the Jonathan light vents? Do you believe in a light vent? Carry organs up to prairie, or the new runway take circulation to its deadly end to the precipice the machine is circulating inside itself

I think the implicit constitution of architecture is the light vent – the light vent that supposedly does not exist but is the basis of every building and how it can be seen. I think certain people are not allowed to exist at the end of light vents, and those people can't be seen. They can't be known because everything secretly comes from the light vents. They are always cleaning those fucking air vents like they meant anything. But really all the power flows cotton-woolly fluffy white through the light vent.

Jonathan isn't allowed to stand at the end of the light vent. He possibly was once, but that doesn't matter anymore. He's not allowed to now, and neither is anyone he knows. Anyone like Darren, Maciek, Florin. They all spend their days cleaning air vents for no money, living on universal credit which is worth less than piss and broken sticks. They are not allowed to see the light vent. The funny thing is, though, that they're the only ones who know about the light vents. Everyone else only believes in air vents and they think the constant blocks are Jonathan's fault.

Jonathan Jonathan Venting Light

White in the City

i don't know how many properties i have burnt, i'm not the one to tell you that. i know that any jewellery, bees and ceilings that happened to escape were treated like memories, festive plastic treaties rising from warm bathwater, gritty darkness up to fingerprinted paint drops. i know the danger i am tied around, and i've tried to move but other things are pulled away instead, other actions, people i have met. handshakes curve towards the centre, and the force of their absence controls me, poundinger than memories, than the final slurp of a smooth sinkhole. i burn property and every space i blaze is removed from me, the always forwards of my movements, motions clearing history that starts and ends with me. sometimes when i'm extracting salt, when i'm at home putting taste on meals that appear behind me, i remember the blindness of the flame, the sweaty taste, but i try to resist the temptation of futurity.

Exactly What I Needed This Morning Was a Body / a Building / a City

The idea of a single mass called "humanity" only exists once we have inscribed "our" erasure into History. I am dying, therefore I must have been. I have broken my planet and made everything extinct, therefore I must exist. Until it claims agency in its own waste and brutal destruction, it is no singular thing. But humanity now is everywhere. Suddenly "we" have to do something. "We" have to shop more responsibly. I suppose Bangladeshi fishermen are part of "us" and also have to not throw their cigarette butts on the shore? And Amazonian tribeswomen are "us" and also have to stop snapping branches off and killing jungle animals? Who caused the destruction, who runs the narrative of "we", and who is being forced into a narrative of self-saviour from a seat of power they have never seen?

1% of English residents take a fifth of all flights from England, while 48% of the country in 2018 didn't take a single flight. So who exactly is included in "we the destroyer" narratives of the Anthropocene?

We only know we exist when we have etched our imminent ending into the errant traces before us.

And we only know we have a body once the shopping centre reveals it to us. What is the body anyway? It was nothing until it was written as an ideal in architecture. Once the pyramid, the temple, the palace and amphitheatre claim to be perfect bodies that all people beneath them must attempt to become, then they know what a body is. Without the architectural ideal, what could a body possibly be? It is so unfixed, so tepid and anxious and feeble and disappearing, it is impossible to capture. The building makes the body, not the other way around.

O, and so the infinite body - the body that can truly invent itself from its own Anthropocenic geological colonization, piercing the flesh of Earth and drawing up the gooey energy, refining it in the jaws of its body machine - can only be the shopping centre. I had no idea who I was, how I could be, how I could possibly relate to all this chaos, until I walked through TK Maxx and House of Fraser and I knew what my body was. I know how to fetishize my beginning and truly taste it, draw it into land. Now I know. I am "us", the body.

A change in architecture and city planning is a change in everything the body can experience. There is no body without the building, in the archaic framework of idealist thinking this thing called "we" is limited to. To *un*think what is known as the City/Building/Body and construct a space that does not violently divide bodies and maintain lines of lesser life over centuries of contorting power is not to limit thinking and construction to a restricted set of principles, but rather to spill out and over the heavy suits of power that make Body only answerable to shopping centres, and each individual body answerable to this Anthropocene thing called "us" - which has always meant the same person all bodies were answerable to before, in other machinations of global power, from feudal lords to monarchy to colonial empires to industry to Silicon Valley: White, Able-Bodied, European Christian Man.

A New Drama

from the Makers of an Old Drama

As you walk into the room

the first line of paintings by the painter who does not [yet] exist mostly concerns the End Times, the End Times being presented in the Old End Time Style of retroactive beginnings. The End marks of course not itself but the cancellation of its Other who conditions its own possibility. The End refers to the Other, not itself. And Time refers of course to trade. To how many thousands of ships passed through this valley, how many people in chains, how many sweet aromas surely stinking still of the violence that began them. Interesting to think how pandemonium becomes so pleasing and achievable as a spatial practice once its temporal limitations have been retroactively set in place. The pandemonium of the Bosch's delightfully violent garden is relief from the seething tyres of the tarmac spiral car park. The car park is blissful ease away from the bleached and heated shopping centre. Interesting how the final painter who cannot be named stands beside the last emissions. The last emissions are taller than the final painter, and they gesture to their own finality. They know there is no such thing as regeneration. There is violence retroactively spoken as renewal. The emissions clear, they are folded into the central being of the New End Time Style that wears them as an architecture, a glassy skin protecting from the burning language of what was once called Time.

you walk out the room

crumpled commie squirrels raging over fences are unhappier than you, rumple. ooze the juicy snaps of capital from the value pump. ejaculation is a little break in money flows. television tits, the free market cormorants cry. and *breakfast means breakfast*. don't let the mess of circulating value break the seal of your hair, ravenous comb lines trenching pains in gel, in squidge. don't rumple it. if i had one solid afternoon, unscarred by the hieroglyphs of capital, i'd be up there, scampering branches, scrumpy tail. odds are stacked against us, mounting entropy.

How to Make a Successful Personal Brand //
Sell Yourself //
Comb //

City was the paragon of modern being.

The production machine. Its brain controlling industrial arms and naval legs with its multitudes of connective energy. Housing in density, factory lines and living lines.

But narratives of the Anthropocene inscribe the end-time into progress. Progress becomes financialized, abstract, investing in futures and the myth of the Second Coming of Capital. To go forth is to die. Death is written into collective becoming.

So we return to mythical beliefs. Transcendental energies of capital manifested in yoga classes on Broadway Market.

In the post-Enlightenment return to pre-modern beliefs in trans-species collectivity, Gaia and ecological ontologies of antihumanism, the White Christian Man paradigm at the helm of the City/Brain has ascended beyond the limitations of the body. He is not only post-human, but post-world.

The new body transcends everything.

It lives as accumulated labour-time from the billions of people tapping data value into their screens at every moment. This recategorizes the City as an archaic limitation, a nostalgic souvenir from the Anthropocene's destructive History - the moment before the ascent of (White Christian) Man beyond Body and City, when "we" still believed in cars and industry. The bodies left at work in City neurons are then relegated to subhuman categories: proletarian and Black.

*Violence remains over centuries,
only shifting corporeal codes,
through a vernacular of class, of gender, of race.*

Bodies in the category of (White, property-owning, Christian, Male) humanity were allowed to live near parks, in low-rise housing that makes them always a few steps from the street (rather than the long walk down the stairs it takes a body in a tower block). Human bodies were allowed sanitation, glass that lets them see out but no one can see in.

Now the Humans can disappear. This is Project Man 2.0. The body that has left the city. That has become transferable data, immortal, ubiquitous. So City no longer needs to be saved. It is not where rich and poor meet anymore. It is where bodies remain, the wastes in the trail of Silicon Valley venture capital post-bodies that have disappeared. They are the Spirit of capitalism's new mysticism. Pray to those who transcend the body.

*City now is a geological faultline, running
along areas designed for exclusion, holding in
the silenced screams of exploited populations.*

Random Act of Horror (part I)

and every single person in there is chugging bloodied cocaine up a snout, declaring proud liberal politics, staunchly free to receive paper-thin opinions from Alexa, from puddles soaking piss in wrinkled rolls left beside the bog, they're friendly people, holding up the loo seat, categorizing life into lines of death and excess on the glass panels of the hob in an open-plan white-plastic kitchen, fifteen hundred quid a month, they always respect the decision of horny second-hand-murderers who don't want to fuck them right now, wanna fuck when their lovers are away on work trips, having breakfast at shoddy Ritzes in Madrid, they always introduce with a smile their black woman friend and lovingly wait two and a half hours before making a joke about her being innately angry, and her hair that she *tames* with mayonnaise, tames because it's wild, she's wild, she's angry, but of course they're only joking and they offer us all a line from the slaughterhouse bag, a little cough from a Colombian farmer, murdered and all his nephews, nieces, dogs and cattle too for this to grow, *god why are you so fucking miserable cheer up have a line*

step down in to the Cultural Archives which is made of Real Men, the City Spam Museum doesn't have enough vegan options for The Sun reporter who just received seven or so emails from a Breathing DickPic out somewhere in the Whitest Suburbs, somewhere with a stop&search rate many times lower than the front door of this spiky ledge. pick&mix the crime you want and take the bag to the front, someone will flatten you like razorblades and turn you out of symbolic form, brushed off sailor-style to concise particularity. don't say "Cultural Archives" while you're in the Cultural Archives, don't ache for the past just keep your hands together in case the arrest rate suddenly shoots up we remember them for a couple of minutes but in the end

IT'S OVER NOW pub? they probably
did SOMETHING to deserve it

Random Act of Horror (part II)

The ascent of Man 2.0 is the preservation of Enlightenment Power as White Christian Man.

The new Gods are Spirit, leaving behind them the clunky old technology of Bodies in City.

The technology of Man 2.0 is a colonial project.

In the colonial project of Man 1.0, some bodies were allowed to own other bodies. In this stage of the project, the bodies of the owners are allowed to decorporealize - to no longer bear the burden of a body.

The ascent of Man 2.0

to post-world post-humanity relies on the impossibility of everyone else ascending. As the Silicon Valley post-bodies gain immortality, bloated up with the data of universal abstract labour-time, every other body is more and more limited to City, to the old veins and mushed up flesh that used to be the brain of Power.

City is the site of this fight.

O, isn't He mystical again? MAN believes once more in transcendental community, in connective energies, MAN undermines the entire project of modernity in order to claim his spiritual eternity - the total accumulation of capital, every hour of every body's work congealed in the abstract data patterns that form the being of MAN, New Man, Techno-Man, The Figure Disappearing Into White Steam Out The Window As The Nostalgic Labouring Body Becomes A Tumour Consuming The Ruins Of What Once Was A City In Control. The city was an oppressive body, the paragon of modern ontology. The city is war now. Power has disappeared.

IT IS EVERYWHERE

Security

How do you say *one more* in a foreign language? *Just one more*.
Collecting numbers in a sound I don't understand. How do you even
be so strictly *now* if you're in the waiting room all day, sitting
at reception. I work first at the bakery, blunt knives pressing rounded
heads into warm foam, hanging pickle on the upper side of cheddar
sandwiches, then I'm at the retirement home. I'm called "security" but
no one ever comes, no one who sits upright ever goes. They look at this
unpainted corner of the city's damp periphery, they look for years,
and I keep them safe here. Then I carry home, pilgrims stamping the collapse
of rainfall on the dewy lengths of my trouserlegs, and on theirs.

We share the footfall in our evening, slightly. I get home and I pour
you liquids, ferment the slow machine that turns us round
to morning. Wake up, blindless light gaping open the pedestal, overarching.

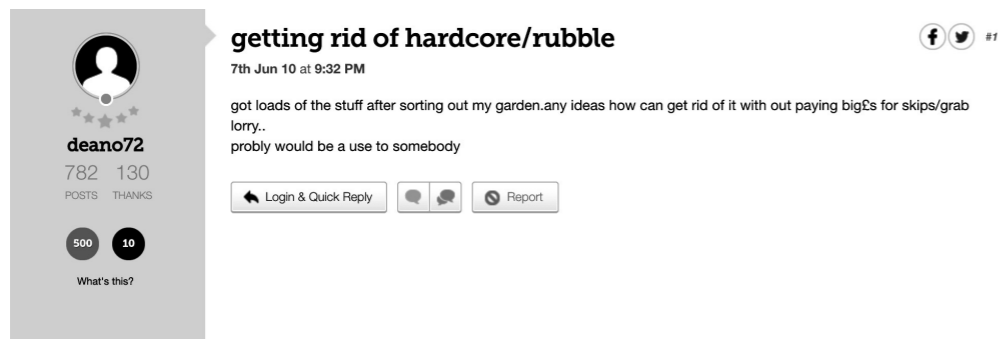
And I touch you a final time, *one more, just one more*,
before you leave
me silenced, back in line, the waiting, work, and so on



“Hardcore and Rubble”

Autobiography of a City

The first post is the prime mover. It pushes forth the discourse – some kind of originary genesis unbelievable in postmodernity. This abstract figure – Deano72 – really begins the whole discussion. This isn't the burning ember of a site of extraction, where energy has been harbouring for millions of years, awaiting its withdrawal into the present, a present that eradicates its past. Suck it up for the supremacy of Now, then dispel it. The past is abolished and it may never be questioned in the toxic spills of extractive capitalism.



The screenshot shows a social media post interface. On the left is a profile card for 'deano72' with a profile picture, 782 posts, and 130 thanks. The post title is 'getting rid of hardcore/rubble' with a timestamp of '7th Jun 10 at 9:32 PM'. The text of the post is: 'got loads of the stuff after sorting out my garden.any ideas how can get rid of it with out paying big£s for skips/grab lorry.. probly would be a use to somebody'. Below the text are buttons for 'Login & Quick Reply', a comment icon, and 'Report'. There are also social media share icons for Facebook and Twitter.

Deano72, who has posted 782 times, isn't like that. Deano72 is a becoming-process of collective creation. Deano72 posts and draws in the Other to the swirling production of a present with past and future. This is the past:

getting rid of hardcore/rubble

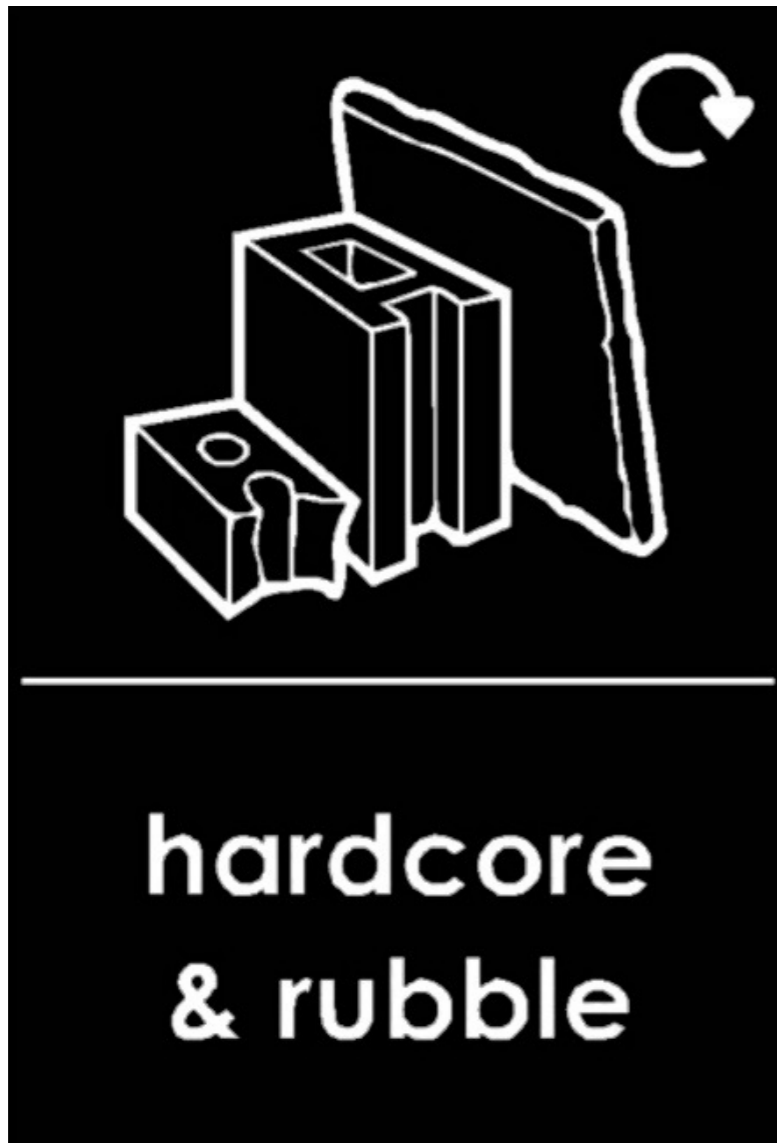
got loads of the stuff after sorting out my garden.any ideas how can get rid of it with out paying big£s for skips/grab lorry..
probly would be a use to somebody

The present is this excitement. What will Deano72 do with the loads of stuff, and how will we come together to help?

Ormus – the legendary Ormus who has posted over 40,000 times – commences the communal chain of creation:

decent hardcore is welcomed on freecycle.
the rubbish rubble is best bagged and taken to the tip. a few trips in the car is cheaper than a skip.

Decent hardcore is welcomed on freecycle is a phrase that will slurp up the puddles beside me as I cycle to work, up the Lea River to Tottenham, for a long time. *Ormus – is my hardcore welcome?* will be the first line of the best poem I ever write. I haven't done it yet but I know it will be. Who will take the hardcore on freecycle? And which tip will Deano72 go to? Am I close enough to accidentally bump into Deano72? What would I do?



The closest tip to me is in Leyton, just over the motorway, next to the new development. That was brownfield for years, a tear dripping out the final embers of an industrial town, now consumed in the centrifuge of City finance and bullshit redevelopment initiatives that wipe away entire populations with the promise of sanitary smoothness. *99.9% of filthy wretches forced to disappear.* The people who replace them live in ultra-sanitation-pods where the dogma of dialectic existence between private building and private street space is No Curtains: these new developments are deeply troubled by the privacy of curtains. In the old council blocks that used to be near here, a little further on from the motorway, there wasn't really such a notion of private space. The house itself was public, and so were the stairwells and the corridors and the balconies and the lifts. They were public living rooms. So every window was mediated by two or three diaphanous semi-curtains, these kind of white sheets that negate space, like the quilt your granny gives to someone with a newborn baby. In the openness of public life, a transient space of the personal had to mediate forms of life, from the public daytime to the intimate evening. Hence the light curtains always closed. The new faux-brick foldaway pods are at no risk of being revealed. They exist as private enclaves of preparation for ceaseless consumption, spaces that suggest a need for more consumption at every level. So these new shopping centre training labs have no curtains, totally unaware of the irony of their breezily open windows.

Now the area is a Barratt model-village where everyone works from 7.30am to 9.30pm then goes to the gym and lives an abstract existence mediated at every level by an unconnected empire of lumpen drivers taking them from place to place and delivering their food. The tip will be redeveloped too, turned into a tip-themed shopping centre. You'll be able to buy hardcore and rubble in a cone that's edible. But where will Deano72 go? Deano72 has bags of the stuff to get rid of. What would Deano72 do without a local dump? Archived User (*"Archived User" – could anything describe this city better than you?*) has a suggestion:

have a look in your local paper for some one who removes rubbish- we had the same problem i contacted a local guy who did it for £60 .

Archived User has n/a number of posts. Not an unknown number, not hidden, not zero. The number is Not Applicable. Numerical order is not a form that contains the knowledge of Archived User. Archived User exists in a framework of being that is not conditioned by the limitations of geometrical seeing; Archived User sees every angle of a city at once, sees beyond singular subjective perspective; Archived User is arch-axonometric, seeing a 4D turntable spinning from all sides. Numbers are not applicable to the lived experience of this paradigm Archived User. And it's only 60 quid for someone to come pick up your hardcore!

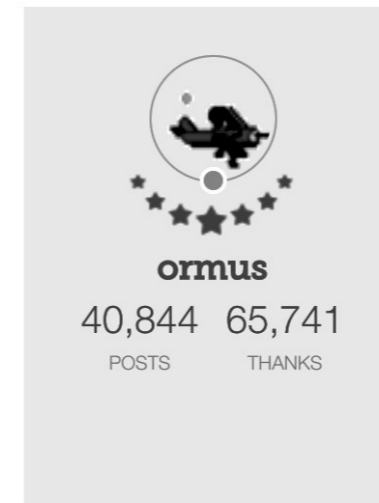
These blocks used to be hardcore. We were hardcore, Deano72, Archived User. Now they've been rubble into cheap and infantile pastiches of brutalist architecture. They're soft and precarious, designed to be demolished in a decade and another publicly-funded hegemony of house-building power to come and stamp their label on the affectless regime of glass and pastel exteriors, accumulate all the profit somewhere far away, then demolish them again. This process of becoming was hard, and it was the core of the space that was built around it. Is there a tip for pale pastiches? Is there a place to dump premonitions of the coming rubble of Now?

One of the most shocking things on the forum, a shock I carry with me along the gravel-brown puddles of the Lea River cycle path on my way to Tottenham, is Andrew-b's suggestion, on his 2,510th post, to bury the hardcore. *Deano72, would you bury hardcore?* is the first line of the second stanza of the best poem I'll ever write. But I haven't written it yet because I know the answer. Hintza (19,000+ posts) already told us it costs only £6.50 a ton to get rid of hardcore, as long as you take all/most of the plastic waste from it, so why would you bury it? Does Deano72 have a shovel? Should we start another forum discussing where to find a good shovel, some empty land, a plot that's hungry for some hardcore, a greasy spoon nearby where you can lick a dripping yolk from your muddy paw after an afternoon's digging? Deano72, Ormus, Hintza, Andrew-b, and the all-seeing Archived User – shall we?

Andrew-b it could have been you who was lumped with the hardcore and rubble. It could have been any of us. Maybe I was building a little house for squirrels, maybe I wanted a ledge to rest my garden arm on. Maybe Archived User just wanted Babylon, and don't imagine its construction won't leave a pile of hardcore, a mini-Babylon of rubble next to it. And what will we do with it all? It's six fifty a ton to get rid of, and I don't have a car and I don't even know if the dump in Leyton is open now – it's 9am on a Wednesday morning, on a winter, on the edges of the end, at least for us, if not for Archived User who lives beyond spacetime.

Andrew-b I'm so disappointed. My archived beliefs in our happy mutual genesis are stored in the town hall, and the town hall is being bulldozed, regenerated into a colonial axis to categorize all non-conforming bodies as subhuman. Oh and they'll also burn the archives, seduce them into a present that opens onto non-being from the long past that made them.

At the bottom of the forum Ormus is back, recommending Deano72 to 'Get some gorm', and I'm happy not knowing what gorm is. I can only imagine it's the positive of gormless, the active attainment of gorm – a kind of consciousness that doesn't necessitate pre-inscribed forms of ideal being. Gormless is braindead, knocked out, unthinking and unspoken for. Uncounted like Archived User, without the system of geometrical numeracy that quantifies space into subject-coded closed perspectives. Gorm, then, is release from that state. Ormus is sending us a secret message, at the bottom of the forum. This was never really about hardcore and rubble. Deano72 maybe never even had those bags of stuff. This was all about getting gorm – attaining full becoming-consciousness, a mode of seeing that does not fold itself inside the violent historical categories of the subject and its property-focused ontology. To own property is to fully exist in this brutal ideology. Gorm is the way of pushing through that, of entering inside being, seeing it from within, rather than the geometrical form imposed on space to restrict all possible thinking to a Western white male mode that only knows profit. 'Get some gorm'. Ormus with 40,000 posts is telling us to look beyond the reposting of posts and the movement of hardcore from the block to the dump to the ground. Just below the final comment of Ormus is a thick line, and then the instigation to proceed in finding gorm:



ormus
40,844 65,741
POSTS THANKS

8th Jun 10, 3:09 PM

6 trips with 10cwt each is far cheaper than a skip.

Get some gorm.

[Login & Quick Reply](#) [Report](#)



Sorry, thread closed.

This thread is closed, therefore you are unable to respond.

Ormus – is my hardcore welcome?

I understand the healing process
begins with breathing, but my lungs
are full of rubble, scratching weakened signs
at the edges of my veins. Bags of something
ancient stick to icy wedges
at the back of the fridge, and all the words
you can say will never be enough
to bury through a redeveloped foundation.
Soft archive ashes are far beneath.

Deano72, would you bury hardcore?

I don't think we're that magnificent, and
populations are still aching from extraction,
the marking of their skin in codes of hate.
Post-affair, outside the garden shed, all this
rubble is still left. Someone bury all
the violence that uncurtained our public
windowframes. Now they're seeing in, now
they're watching, hardcore bloating out.

Archived user wouldn't bury you.

Buried in the gormless earth, rubble-clad
and history makes for silence, subject lives
conditioned on a lidless pit. It's so cheap
to live now, but impossibly expensive to die.
Universal credit can give me six hundred
pints of milk a week, but how do I kill
the bottles? Every movement is a bloody trace
in the open wounds of soil, where the crane
is still extracting, where spoilt rubbles
of the cheapest epoch are buried deep.
Every second is eradication, coagulating
energy to burn and move a centimetre closer
to non-being. Every scratch of protest pulls
down another archive. I can't read the forum
anymore, the becoming-world dispersed
and the final bind of thread is untied, draped
over a cooling machine, an empty chair. And
looking over from outside, windows open,
I bury the final light of rubble, patting down
orange city embers of gormless earth.

Markus Markus Fuck the Council

Markus Markus is it dark yet // at Seven Sisters station
six a.m.? Markus marks us // standing with a bag
of opiates, your morphine hero // there is blood suspended
in your sunken eye and Markus // why won't they grant
a fucking council room // those pink spam jam wedged
holes of nicotine burn // they call a place to live
Markus mark this truth // you cannot even live there
you're worse than mice // in my kitchen to the councillor
who wants you marked in // another borough, fuck them
Markus mark me standing // wet outside the station
shelter leaflets loping wageless // off my branching finger
Markus trust us I can see the blood // that endlessly coagulates
as they chant the glassy chant // featureless as regeneration
that ungrants you life // that's marked as life
you're lifeless Markus // upstairs the light is howling
thinly but here Markus // in the station tunnel
you're marked as lifeless // from above

Elliot Elliot Intending What?

Using suffering to collect data in a coarse aftershade of iambs. Seeing only body parts, assemblages of wounded hieroglyphs – seeing remnants of an outside code, composed for the interview, for the final poem in the embers. And the question isn't *what do I see?* It's *what is sight doing to the scene?* Obviously the assemblage marked in my sight by acts of institutional horror is basically unfazed by my weak attempts at care that scale condescension. Too many machine-washable replicas of me and my intentions have filled in these pages – council applications or poetry collections. Too many promised wafts of wipe-down futures. What is care, then? Why do I pointlessly return to a uniform of fury, blaming abstract systems' incapacity? Is what I want a convincing reel of withdrawal pains as poetry, or decent walls to hold the line of bodies registered outside? To care is to treat the violence etched in wounds of History. To care is to know that Now is nothing natural. It's the physical embers of endless violence cracking out the skin of power. The future is only a threat posed by Capital, the mythical projection when all time is accumulated in the bodies of executives, eradicating the need for corporeity at all because the Winners/Killers of Capital have reached immortality and everyone else is gone. The future is the end of labour, and it will never come because that will be the end of Capital. This game does not seek completion. To care is to know that only the past conditions promises of futurity. And do I care, Elliot? I think I am here to inscribe my inside body in the hieroglyphs of outside being – in the foreign signs of a place my body violently excludes.

Held in care is an archive – archives revealing an alternative cosmology. This cosmology retraces wounds and buries eyeless into deep gashes cut in the illiberal unsubjects of modernity, these bodies coded as the antitheses of Human. This cosmology receives the internal archive and opens it wide. It is unlight inside the archive and nothing can be seen. Sight does not condition Architectural perspectives inside the space of this internal archive. Capital's threat of a self-abolishing future is removed from the singular path we've been stuck on. Poetry disappears too and there's nothing else to say about it.

I go into this pub in Leeds and get chatting to the landlord. Another man comes in, a drinker in work overalls. The landlord begins pouring his pint before the man in overalls even says anything. He sits down, takes the pint and wonders out loud where the other guy is, some other drinker. The landlord doesn't know. He says he's here every day, ever since it reopened a year ago. The landlord, laughing, asks if it was the drinker's face pressed up to the window checking on the pub when it was being redeveloped. The drinker in overalls laughs, making some jokes about spying. But then he gets serious, a sip of nostalgia with ale. *Yeah, he says, I looked in occasionally. It's a local, you know, and you wanna know what's happening with it.* One is fully inside; he owns this place and wants something in return for allowing anyone inclusion. One is in peripheral orbit of the inside, watching in, creating the inside pub by watching it, spending money in here every day. One is feigning disconnection to the central body, an outsider in Leeds, reproducing the scene by this final poem.

We form quite a traditional triad. But in the poetry collection about homeless people and life outside Architecture, am I the landlord? Occupying the central body, engaging with care in outside life – it is an act of care, but ultimately for the landlord's own profit. Or am I the drinker in overalls? Looking in on the central scene, a scene that gains centrality upon being watched and inscribed into the bourgeois body of poetry – included in the value-reproduction machine precisely by his peripheral status, always looking in, caring, existing as reproducers of centrality. Or am I just me? In the pub and on the page. A supposedly disinterested overseer, watching, accumulating, recording. Pretending these are neutral acts, avoiding the question of my own production of reality by writing about it. This collection creates the life it describes, as all text creates its subject-as-subject. That is the violence of the disinterested writer, the seeing subject who represents the scene by turning particular beings into universal forms.

In the pub in Leeds I just watch the other two talking. This position maintains the distinction between knowledge and being, and that distinction is the principal hindrance to pursuits of breaking coloniality and Capital. What are my intentions in all of this then? I wish they were to care. But maybe I'm just standing back and kicking the final little glow of city embers.



GET

SOMM

[GORN

Introduction to CITY EMBERS

The way buildings are drawn and space is designed is according to the centrality of a seeing subject. This has long been called perspective, and it constructs not only the way space is drawn and planned, but also how it can be thought. We cannot think space outside of the logical structures that form our social way of knowing, and our social way of knowing configures how we live. What I mean by “we” is more or less nothing and everything, and the word is basically meaningless, but let’s [!] pretend there is a “we”. How “we” be is by the space we know. Geometry is also metaphysics: you *live* if you *live inside space*. So outside space is non-living, in the thinking of our time, of our world.

GOOD PEOPLE LIVE HERE
control your Other

you’re currently being coded
according to this CITY’s history of violence.
please look for the highest red dots marking
our financial cathedrals

~~YOU ARE ENTERING A PHOTO OPPORTUNITY~~
PLEASE POSITION YOUR BOYFRIEND CAREFULLY

Inside and *outside* are not dialectical. They form no synthesis. In fact, they exist as resistance to syntheses. What they are is solid blocks formed in military architecture to justify the division of labour among bodies.

The bodies that labour for free are put in a category that determinedly signifies non-life: the opposite of the subject who sees buildings and configures cities. The bodies that labour for just enough to survive on are put in a category that means brute force, idiocy and death. The bodies that labour under the domain of other bodies only to create more labouring bodies are put in a category that means unquestionable loyalty, silence and moments of relief. The categories refer respectively to the social labels: Black; Working Class; Woman.

The fourth category organizes labour. It owns the category of free labourers. It takes profit from the working time of the poorly paid labourers. It lets its fury out on the category of reproductive labourers and stamps them with its name. This category is White, Bourgeois Man. What the bodies in this category historically signify is ideal life. The entire project of modernity is an attempt to violently exclude from the *inside* every body that does not fit this paradigm. And all for the purpose of profit. That is the total and absolute violence of modernity. There is nowhere outside that violence.

What upholds this violence is a certain way of seeing. There are other ways of configuring space, such as oblique and axonometric projection. But they are rooted in active resistance to the seeing subject, so their existence affirms the dominance of the subject. Perspective is the way our seeing has historically developed. This is space according to how a particular subject oversees the entire scene, placing space together from the viewpoint of the central body. Space is made to work, organized by the seeing subject. The seeing subject, as the organizer of labour and the one controlling the violent categorization of space according to its own needs, is coded as the fourth category: White, Bourgeois Man. That is who oversees.

Looking over the plantation, seeing every worker who is always looking down at the crop. Overseeing the factory, knowing how all the individual products of each labourer are put together to make profit, a knowledge inaccessible to the labourer who only makes one part of the whole. Looking at the whole of the world's worth in stocks and shares and falls and rises in the life of each component blindly producing all this profit. Overseeing the data that each body labours endlessly to produce, all day and night, for only one overseeing subject, who organizes space and the labour that happens inside it.

Tickets, please.

You know that inclusion in the social body of the CITY requires certain codes, a certain historical classification. You know that, don't you?



There are two options for disqualification. Choose, kindly. Don't have ancestors from the now demolished slums that were called slums because they lived there, in the darker shade of the categories good men from the clean places coded. And don't lack ancestors who lived here.

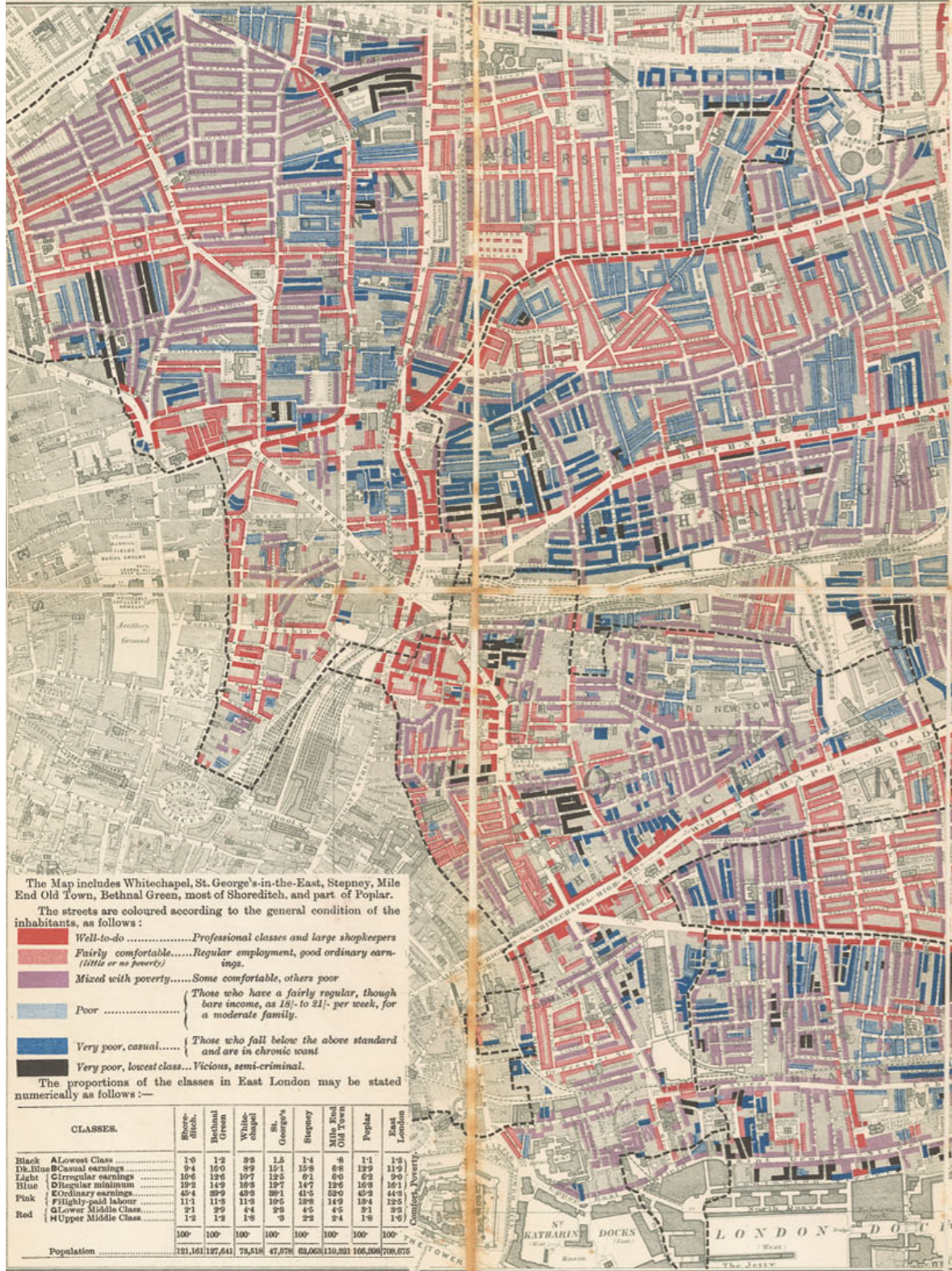
What my friend means is that INNOCENCE is a euphemism for *whiteness*. What my shadow means is that residents confined to the *darkest* streets create the category of criminality by existing historically and materially as the necessary antithesis to the Human. What my piggy-backing corpse means is that "*nice neighbourhoods*" refers only to spaces in which my death and I are not. What my mouthless silence means is what my end means is



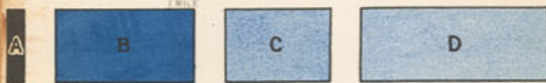
Of course, I *presumed* you had a ticket. I see *no difference* between bodies. Everyone here is someone here, to me, that is. But if you *happen to not* have a ticket **WELL THEN**

Cut.
Some of the actors
can leave.

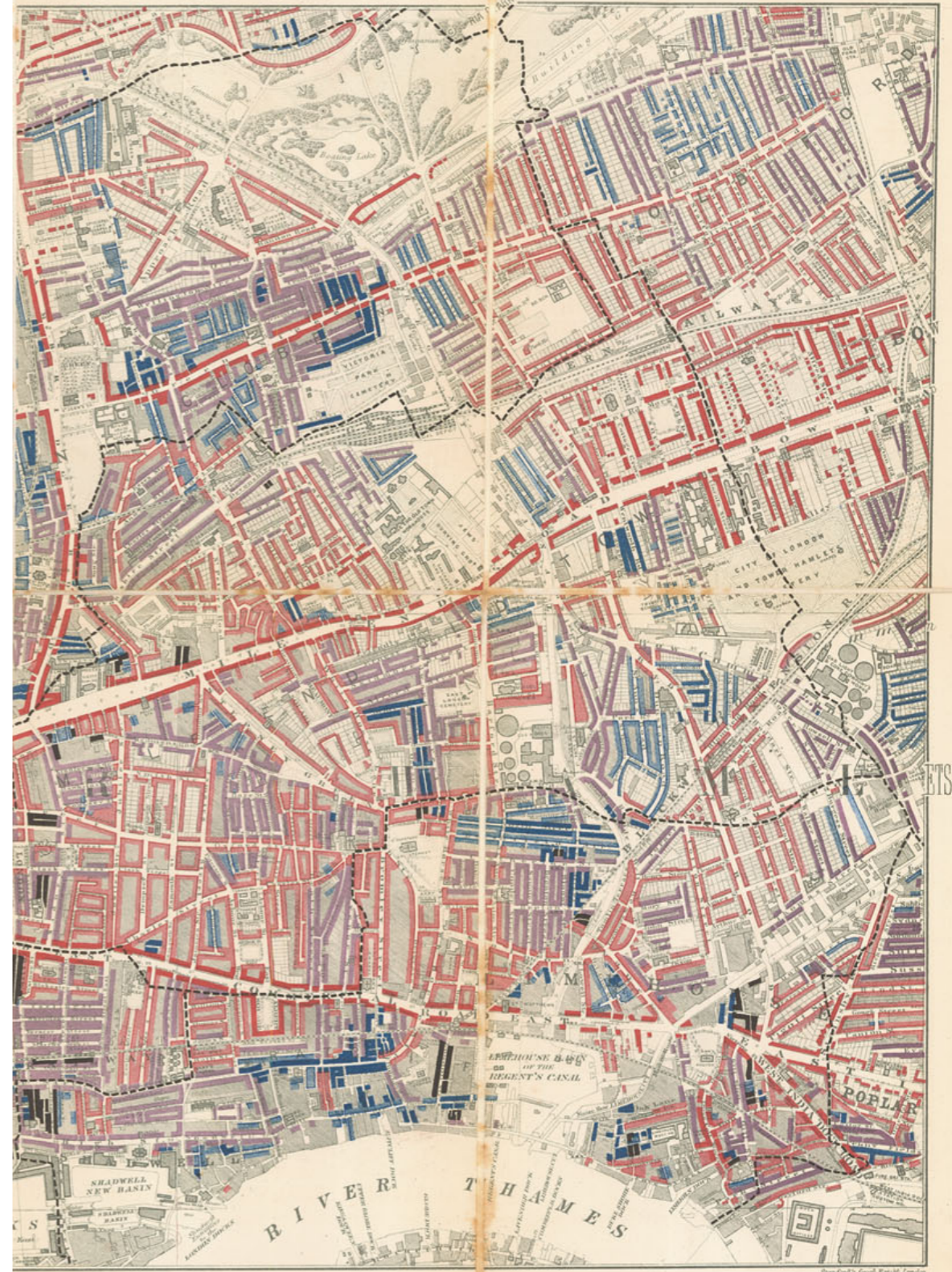
DESCRIPTIVE MAP OF EAST END POVERTY, COMPILED



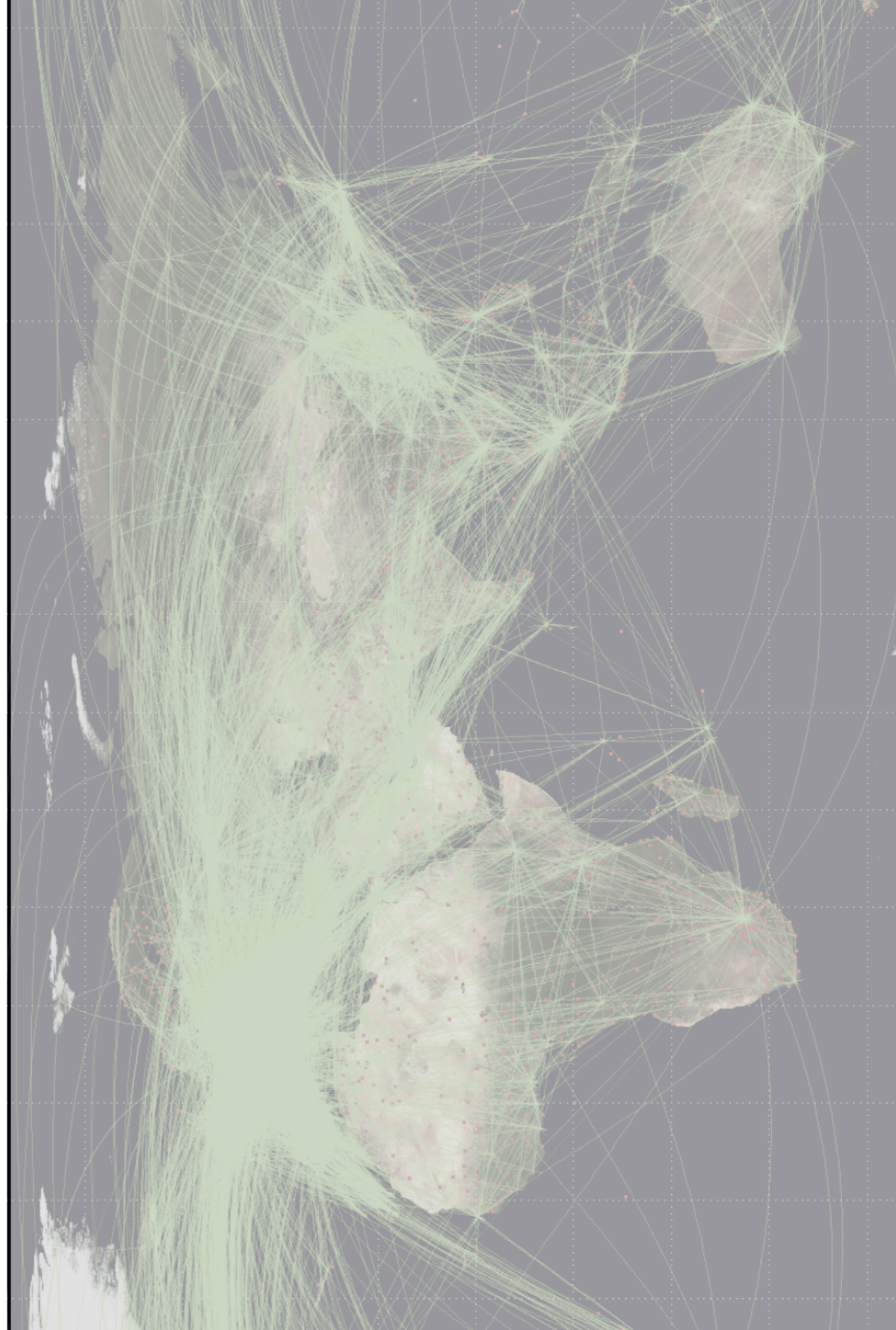
Graphically the proportions of the classes may be represented thus:

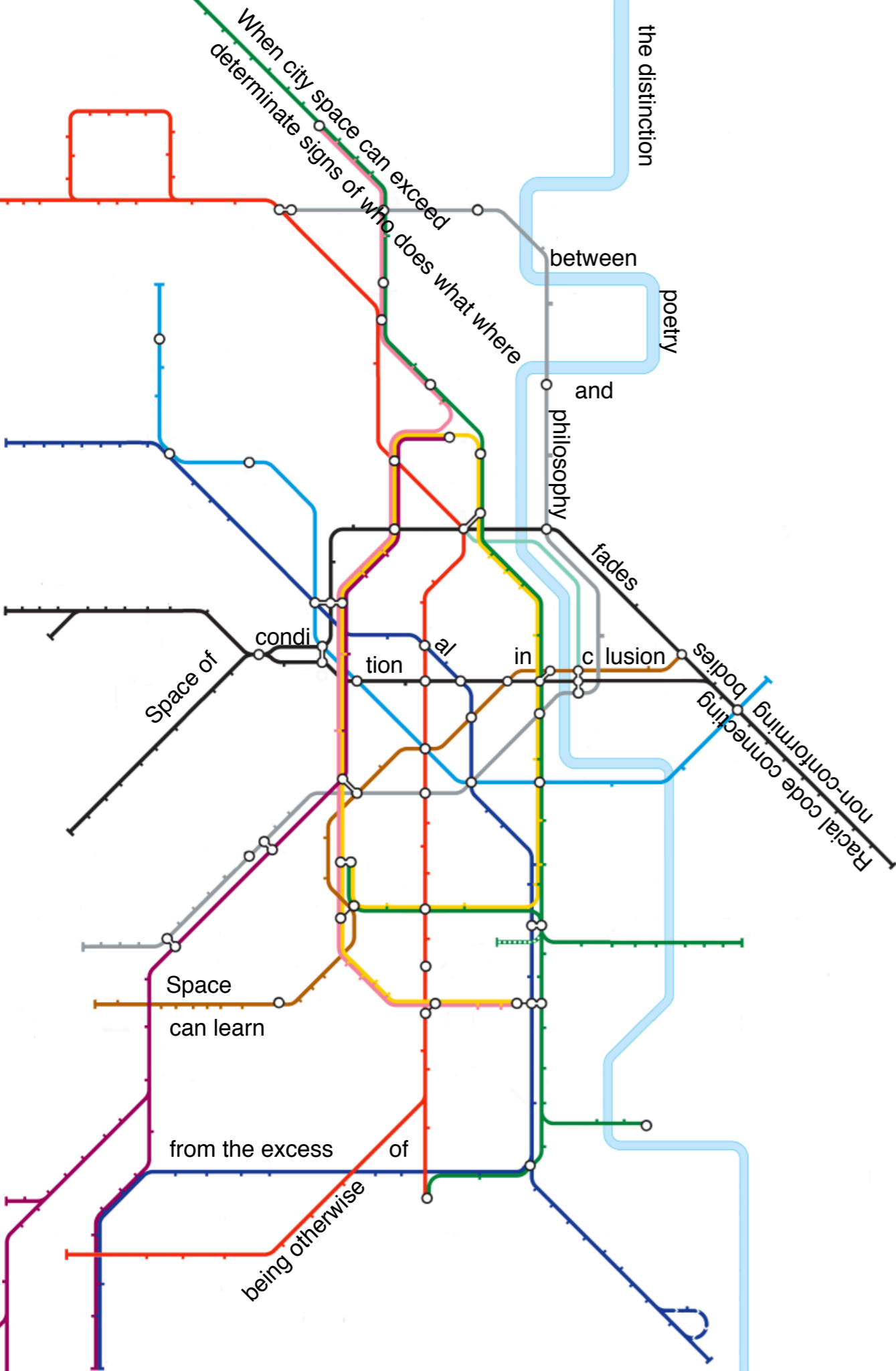


FROM SCHOOL BOARD VISITORS' REPORTS IN 1887.



Our comfort in the airport and on the rumbling bowls burning carcinogens of the aeroplane is passivity in the mediatized logic that tells us that it will happen later, it will be tomorrow, it will be someone else. The seas will rise in Bangladesh, or some unpronounceable village in East Anglia, not here. Fresh water and food shortages will affect the people poorer than us, not quite us. I'll still get my beer and sandwich in the city – that thought is complicity in the totalizing regime that pushes our data-farmed, hurried and horribly comfortable faces right up to the abyss that finally ends the pursuit of profit at any cost: non-life.





How could it ever be possible to really

kill the distinction between poetry and philosophy -

performing thought as a poetic practice that creates new space -

if the only way to make money is by

writing poetry for

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