

EXOSKELETHON

We all mutate, eventually, whether to successful spells or government mathematics and I'm not talking about some symbolic quality. Each body of land is subject to bio-politics wrought and conjured through certain words of power: Innenstadtenwicklung, territorial cohesion, transubstantiation through a magnum opus of capital; Nigredo, a boiling & blackening in formula, stanza and infrastructure.

That's alchemy 2.0 for you. An older night sprung from the mechanical soul of bureaucrats, investment bankers and even the ghost of the past. The industrial harbour was levelled into new landscape and we were being burned, melted down to a new base_metal. Some sulphurous becoming & my frontal lobe is brownfield land soaked in hydrocarbon spillages, solvents, pesticides, heavy metals and urban planning. Putrifications and decompositions. All the dead of the old city turned alight by the afterglow of the new, cleansed & cooked into uniform matter: *Solve Et Coagula; make the volatile fly, distill it out of the fixed, and then feed the body back its own soul*. You know, the whole 'below the pavement', politics of the deceased yeh. Oh, and btw, I resent your idea of psychogeography I think it's a fucking con, at best, at worst an extension of some stereoscopic policething, a cyclops. Like, what's the psychic emissions of real-estate speculation, debt trade or investment schemes? Or some fascist mob? I went out at 3am to look for it, that New City, and it was all aligned in the guider-lights of titanic cruise ships and heliotrope insanity. Prima Materia. Moronic skeletal remains of functions, awash in new management gridplans.

I was sucked into its epicentre, forgetting to pay the bills, but those towers yeh, they were actual prayer wheels, churning out a foundation for a new economic firmament, that we all have to align our inner zodiac towards, clonkclonk all the mechanisms going. Portland, god of love, sowing alkaline semen, white cement vessel folding time back in on itself, speaking conveyor-belts, full of metal powders and rare salts, minerals and burning rubber fossilisation, wow & flutter, inside your word for "building" peaks bright magnetic violence.

The Marble City. Albedo, a whiteness of being, A magic kingdom (houses, streets, squares and so on) spaces of forgetting, drawn up as a static horizon of auto-generated architectural forms, a mechanical delirium loop of broken machines further warping broken bodies within them, slowly dying from meditative boredoms & civilization fatigue. A city of lethargy. *Like a businessman squealing, oh shit, I just ate the economy*. Like the leukoplakiatic tongues of insurance companies when they say "we". Oh ye monied men of the future galvanised by urban planners you ring like bells in the morning, sweet scented renderghosts aspiring unbodies, sing washing away of impurities, crisis in meter and rhyme. I walk, no prow around your gardens, aqueducts and boulevardian windtunnels, fondling all these gleaming manifestations of dreamt space, geometries of money, emotional vibrato of algorithms, fuck you Jung I never sleep. Like the patron saint X, strung out on amphetamines and good intentions, occasional spasmodic display of our anxieties and mental breakdowns. The guilty consciousness of every architect cursed to watch their dreams come true; The control of city space functions though boundaries, there are systems of gates, walls, sentries, classifications and passwords, ways of identifying and shunning the Other. These buildings are actually palisades, or they are intestines, maybe they'r both. I'm not eligible to any type of loan and figure that makes me an undesirable, in opposition, I don't want your shit anyway, leave it to posterity, but I still feel drawn towards that proxy orgasm of debt-based economy made manifest in architectural form (its a magic trick) slumbering helix sphinx, slug-thing, glycerin wave, I guess you remember it.

And all the houses turn into bodies for something else, something invisible, and the bodies starts to become strange. Their arms and legs stretched grotesquely; tongues of molten asphalt, their feet woven rush mats, pungent yellowish fibres, their stairwells and cavities become booms and depressions. Andtheyarewiseandtheyaregood. Everything was to be turned into gold, eventually, that was the plan all along. Citrinitas & Xanthosis. *Make the volatile fly, distill it out of the fixed*; Stock-flow adjustments, benign colonisation, automatic stabilizers and transformation programs. These are words of magic - turning space into money, serenity and the voice of Mario Draghi. So, when I couldn't get into the apartment I went to the bank, for better or worse, and they cut off my hands, lend me a shovel and sent me back to work. They then lend my hands plus a new shovel to someone else with an added interest on that loan, and that person would have to shovel twice as hard, having two sets of hands, to begin paying back the interest on the shovel that my hands had paid for, only to realize that there were no actual shovels, the bank had simply made that part up, to acquire an ever larger amount of severed hands to sustain the economy. What we didn't realize was that the bank was generating imaginary shovels ad infinitum, and soon everyone was walking around with these amputated stumps singing "I owe I owe so off to work I go" while performing a bloody and bizarre pantomime of shovelling in the hope of paying off the ever increasing interest rates on severed limbs. This is not a metaphor. But anyway, houses ain't made by shovels, they are made by real-estate speculators, everyone knows that. Those who had no hands to begin with are just proper fucked. Something else entirely had taken up residence in the Marble City. It was a medusa of sorts, made from lumps of flesh and liquid plastics soft and spongy, under the hard shell of the buildings.

It drags itself through the streets, contagious and bloated oozing losis through particle arteries, wobbling body pulsating redly the size of a neighbourhood (houses, streets, squares and so on), dragging slimy trails, webbed toes and upturned helix shell, plantlike erectile workings toward symmetry, numbers and the metallic musical screeches of systems performing suicidal alienations & some corrosive brine-thing, gone foul, gone sour. My PH value is off the charts, and I can't stop believing in money. I mean, like some solidifier for these xenomorph enchantments traversing networks of cables & psyches at speeds that collapse temporality into sparks. Zap Zap, my being is cooked down to a new immaterial base_metal by transaction software coursing through glass skin, zenith eyeballs, throbbing cortex. And all space is contained therein, and all our futures being wrung and moulded from that fixture that portal, maybe you vanish there, maybe, through some far and unknown world. Sorry I just cant get that sentence right. My tongue has turned into something leaden and spasmodic, my nose broken like a leprous statue, fiberoptic intestines, diamond skeleton tearing loose from its moorings and stalking right up in the wetlands, through the marble city, full of boiling tar and electric jellyfish speaking in the voice of independent contractors. Zap Zap. I am being terraformed, and compartmentalized, into flows of energy, matter & economies. thatwhichisgoodthatwhichisusefull. Simple familiar sentiments yeh, walking on so many tentacular legs, asymmetrical critters, brightly scattered in rooms, between golden cities. Borrowed into existence, folding language and bodies into swampy algorithmic lifeforms inherent to our monetary system. I am being folded and folded, into bits of code, into composite organisms, economic cyanobacteria, a new little landscape, dyes and perfumes, a leech kingdom. Everything is beautiful here, like pores of oily tar-sand & the building up of chalk tides, my self soft and porous, a tiny chemical fissure or vacuum, an operose lichen clinging to the known firmament. The town is yours o gasping swine.