

Around the squat streets
without a hint of light.
Lodged in the rusted cavities
of the city. Follow the shade
of trenches and towers that
forbid us further. The land of
sculptures accumulates all
loose rays, with eternal soot
of our working soul.
In this periscopic vision the
structures around us become
postages stamps of pure
infrastructure waiting out
against the storm, the great
exorcism of our earthen floor.

At first we align with a tiny
black mass hovering seeming
always far on distances
horizon. As we gain closer,
three in unison grow tall in
volume as the body of the pitch
of night. Their hollow scale
remains stalling in relation to
our own tenuous perception.
The accumulated strata of
material, crash into us as its
sheened blackened corpus
erupts up. Braided tension
cables and welded wires
wrench us down to the foot of
our nature as site seers. With
their forged hardened beams
and open ended funnels
collecting time as a potent
energy to be watched. All
smothered in the soot of the
empire with its once ornate
internal language.

Weaving by paraded
boulevards of the port as rusted
forms hang down,
long-since-shuttered shops in
the vein of a dirty minimalism.
We enter, opening the creaky
door in the Pandora’s box of
worlds past. Our pupils dilate
in this falling space, a stigmatic
crash of our so called
panoramic vision. Hanging
objects track upward, turned
against themselves towards the
ever-always-becoming
instruments of the unseen.
Seeing out in cover from our
newfound glassless
cockpit-bunker into the vast
horizons of painted illusion.

As our gears crunch oh so-slowly
forward, lurching in their
appetite for future rust. Avowed
together as disciples for
listening, here is a set of internal
compositions for our ancient
shared origins. A set of parts sing
in unison as a ballad for the
mechanics of the industry of us,
the infinite ruins of Piranesi we
live in today. From a recent time
of free wheeling peace, recalled
in a slow manual dance on-loop
without pause or wavering.

As a fulcrums of power, the
small lift the mighty. Us pilgrims
of collapsed space are left with
reality as the sole medieval
ritual. Fraught with a penance
we search out of the painted
cliffs as they touch down upon
the waters of cool erosion,
channeling a gallowed potence
into future power to come. In
our act of observation we are
engineers in reverse, deceiving
our own vision conjoined by the
state of states, allowing us to
exist in-between our sandpaper
earthen surface.

Watching here backed by the
floating tools embodied with
skin and rime of the earth.
Worn hard like bones in true
scale, these are keys of pure
made asphalt and
ever-so-brilliant dirt.
The world of space, our world
sculptures here hanging, are
seen to be wedged, plow apart,
to break and crack open the
cobblestones of everyday-life,
with small miracle. As an
engineered sculpture of the
crack which now open up to us
to reveal itself as our true
Junkopia.¹

Rising ourselves above the
Krullian crust with our winch,
we see a speculative play all-
everywhere-all-at-once-without
-stop-or-place.²
Our own importance vastly
underestimated within the
agro-military complex of the
great partitions of land. Thin
strips of earth and metal
woven together as braids of
blood and life to give hope
again within our expanded and
anxious atmosphere,
we-can’t-stop-turning-against-
ourselves.³

All the internal gears of mind of
mine have long since been
uninhabited and tampered with in
this attic ahead. Drawn together
functions set true in the slow
footprints of my passing time.
Amassing in my ears ahead my own
spiral inward in the screams of a
storm dampened by soft snow on
the roof. All the seasons and years
scribble together as layered lives.
We materials pile together as small
treasures, us becomes a vast plinths
of dust, standing tall.

¹
Junkopia by Chris Marker documents a set of assemblage sculptures in the mudflats
beside I-80 outside of San Francisco. In the end, it peers back towards the city the radio
blares upwards, loud. The dream of the 1960’s is over

²
The industrial photographic activities of Germaine Krull documented the world through an
upward perspective akin to Rodchenko’s Soviet images, but not from the domain of the
state. The Soviet’s mock executed her to bring her in line, she continued her documentary
activities of the conditions of power unabated, albeit in the underground.

³
The Operational Landscape, Neil Brenner’s idea that the city and its hinterlands of the
capitalocene are no longer separate but fundamentally intrinsic to each other. A far off farm of
today in France is integral in the workings of a glass skyscraper in Paris.