

radial city: a narrative (sub/alter) urban proposition

the quantum brothers

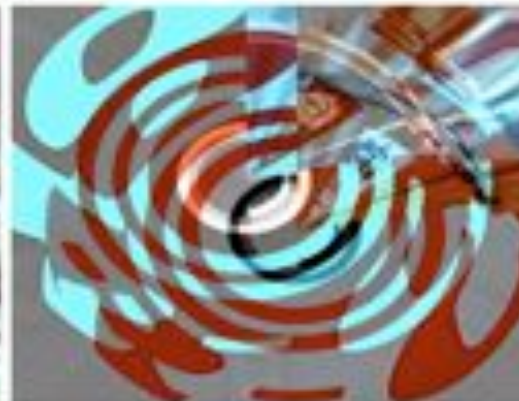
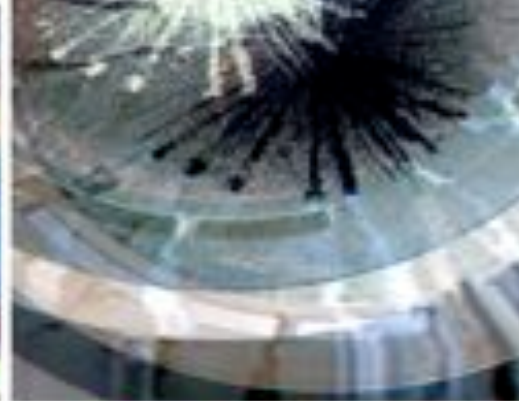
The Bureau

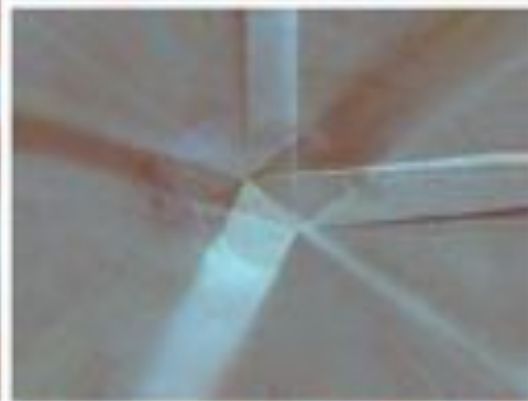
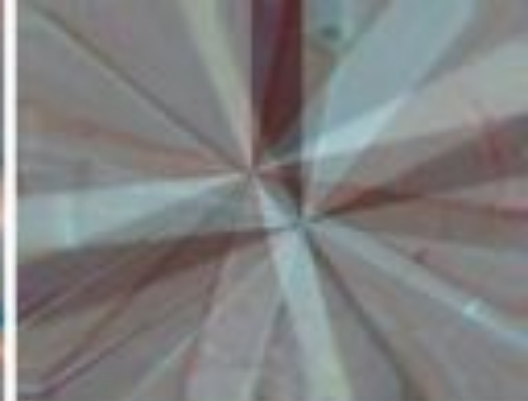
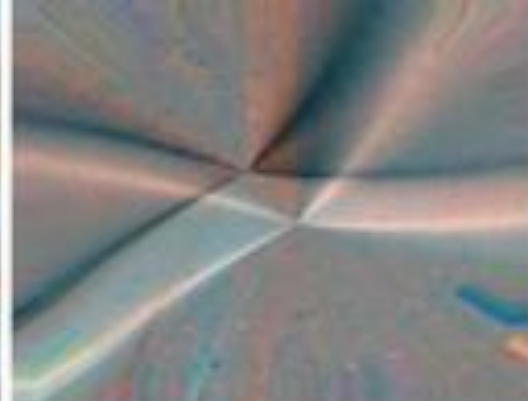
The Bureau is staffed by temporary operatives and freelance agents, many on secondment from the Institute of Random Studies, where they have developed special skills under the supervision of licenced experimenters.

The stability of the City's reality-flux modulates over many cycles. Its radiance is monitored in the instrumentation rooms of the Bureau, at the central radiating point, which is also a floating point.

The energies converging around this vortex (or vortices) are extreme. Inevitably the faces of the operators mutate from hour to hour as evolving nano-technologies infuse their facial musculature, creating baroque manifolds of tissues in glistening metallic hues - whatever the state of the City dictates.

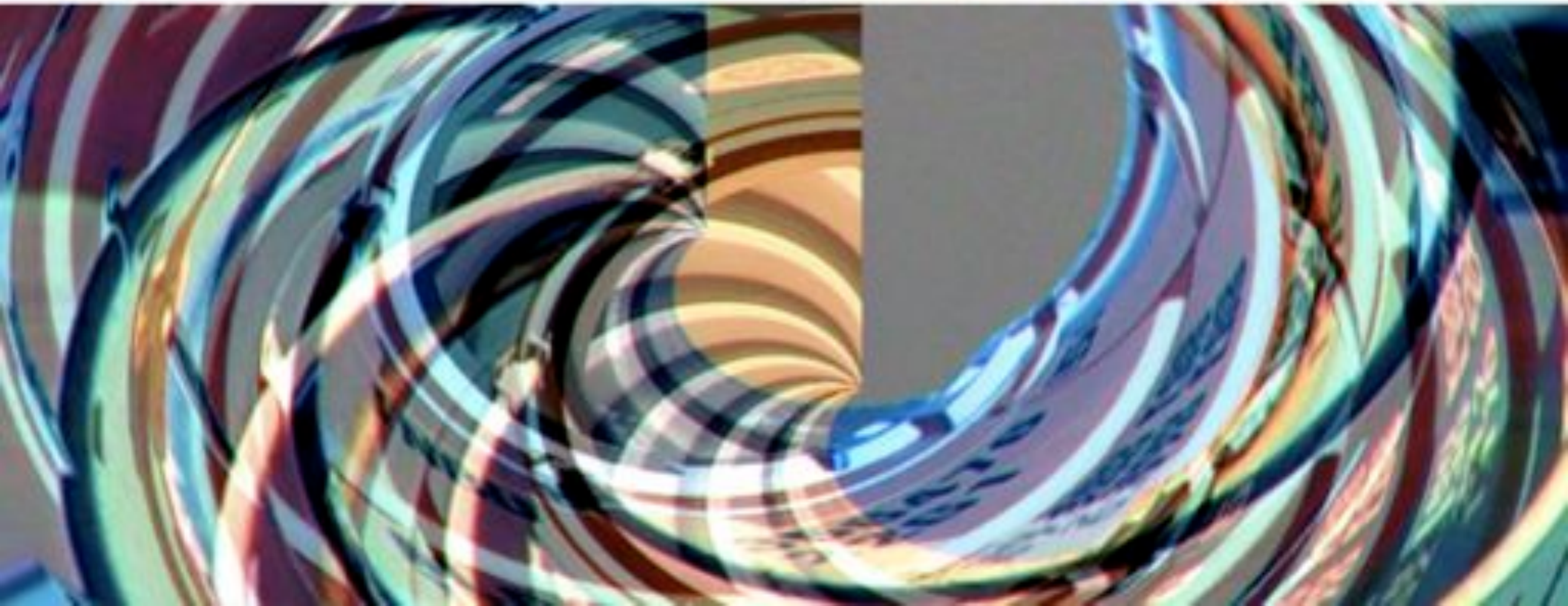
"Urbi et Orbi!" cries the Pontiff, raising his plutonic monstrance high on the balconies of the City-State. Citizens cluster anxiously outside the Bureau, wondering where today's reality-narration will take them.





radial city: an urban plan

the proposed plans for radial city reveal a multi dimensional approach to urban organization. the city is seen to be in a state of constant flux, composed of shifting layers that revolve around a central axis; a centrifugal structure that evokes kaleidoscopic memories of high speed transit through zones of fluid space. time is remedial in radial city, and can not be separated from our experience of fractured space. is the city inside or outside; and does it matter?





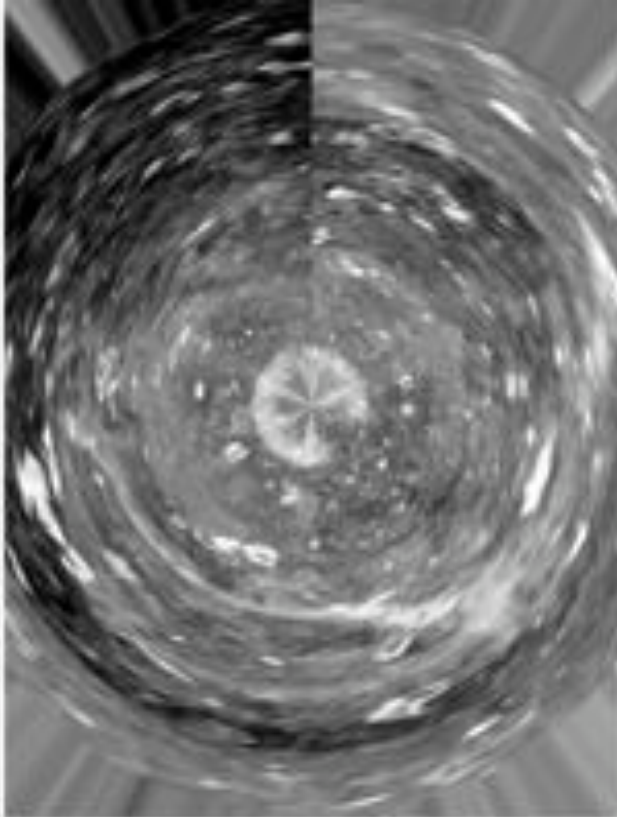
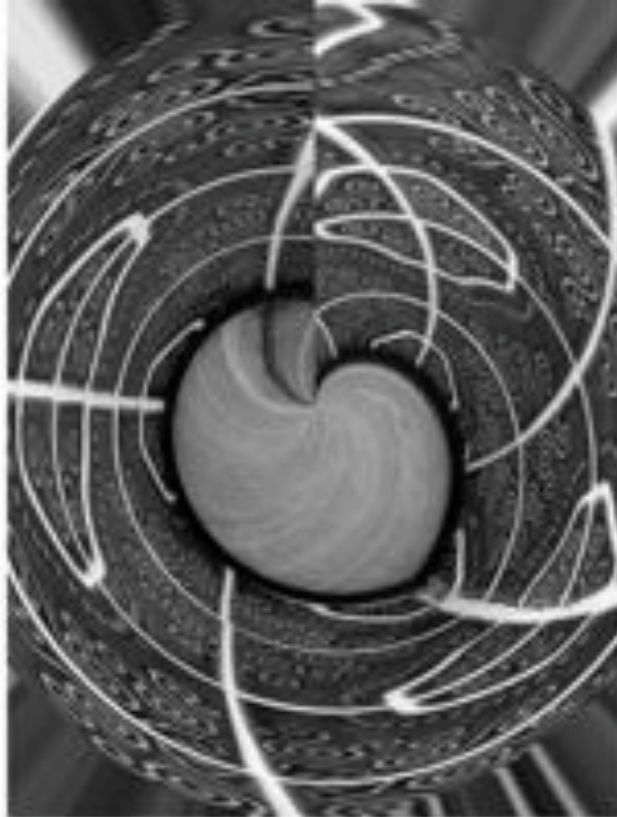
City Limits

aftermath of the restructuring process:
channelled via tweety voices the losers
(your sick and poo merchants)
compressed by their own hand

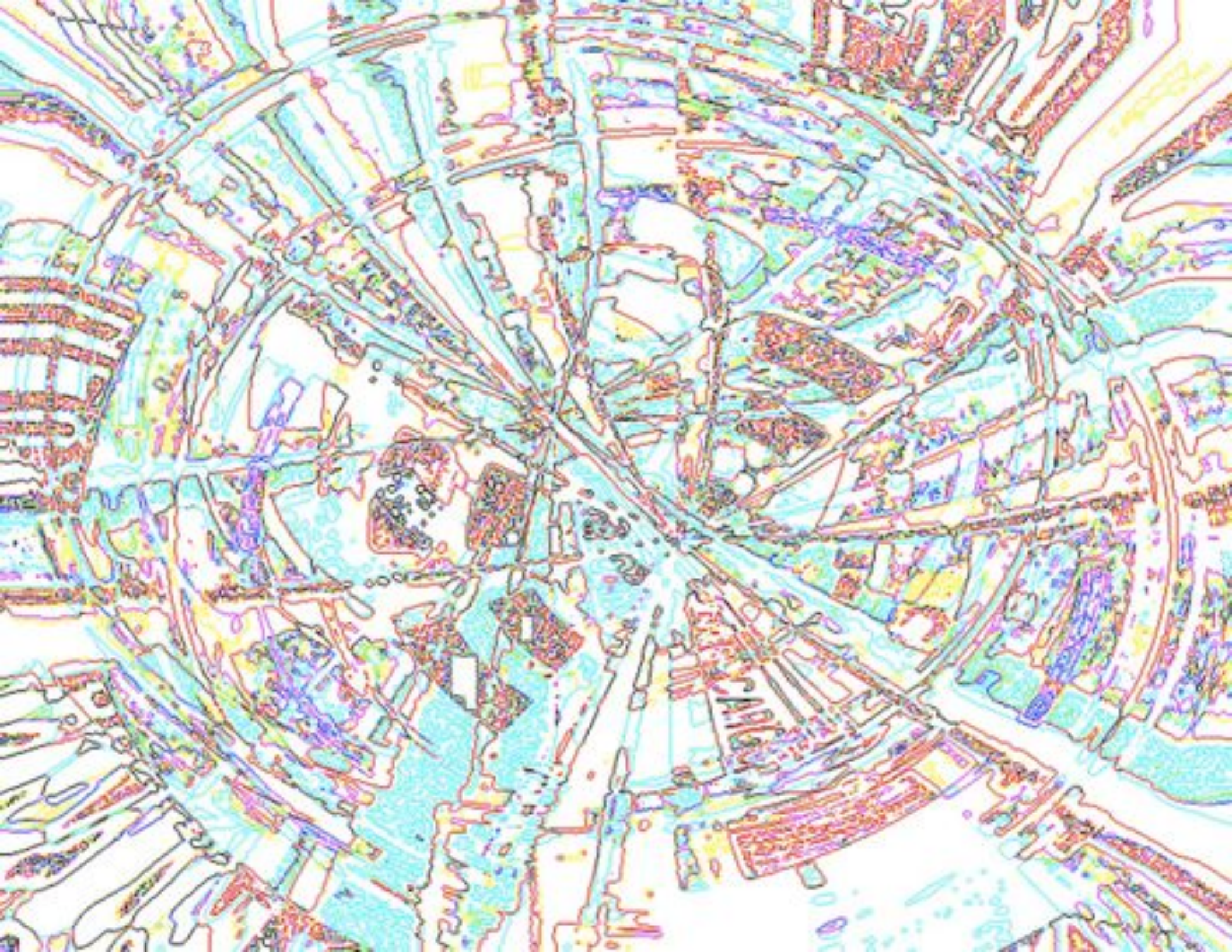
a constellation from the nite sky
strafed any body at zero hour,
dipping a toe in the cigarette lighter socket of a jeep
under that skippy shadow of the drone

sand in wet wool was a cue to recall
national economic difficulties
in a wobbling home at the edge of time
assign white planes to the attack!

clear out your throats of death
fuming with the downwind
your yesterday of flowers
will be automatically uploaded to the live site







A Flux Map of Radial City

The old-style Bureau scribes, magi of the stylus - all gone now, dead or redundant - struggled to log the daily flux of urban phenomena. Chained to their scriptorial thrones in the library, they covered the yellowing Mappa Mundi with layers of marginalia or scrawled their old scrolls over and over. "The City exists in an eternal Heraclitean fire-storm," they muttered, "and therefore can never be mapped." Their scribbled folios and quartos overflow the flooded dungeons of the Bureau, forming a mulch of disintegrating texts.

The new operators are tasked to map ongoing fluxions by direct neural interface with sensors planted around the City. Anarchs of all they survey, their very act of observation morphs the data, sends the fluxes radiating off in new directions, but the hits just keep on coming and here is the news:

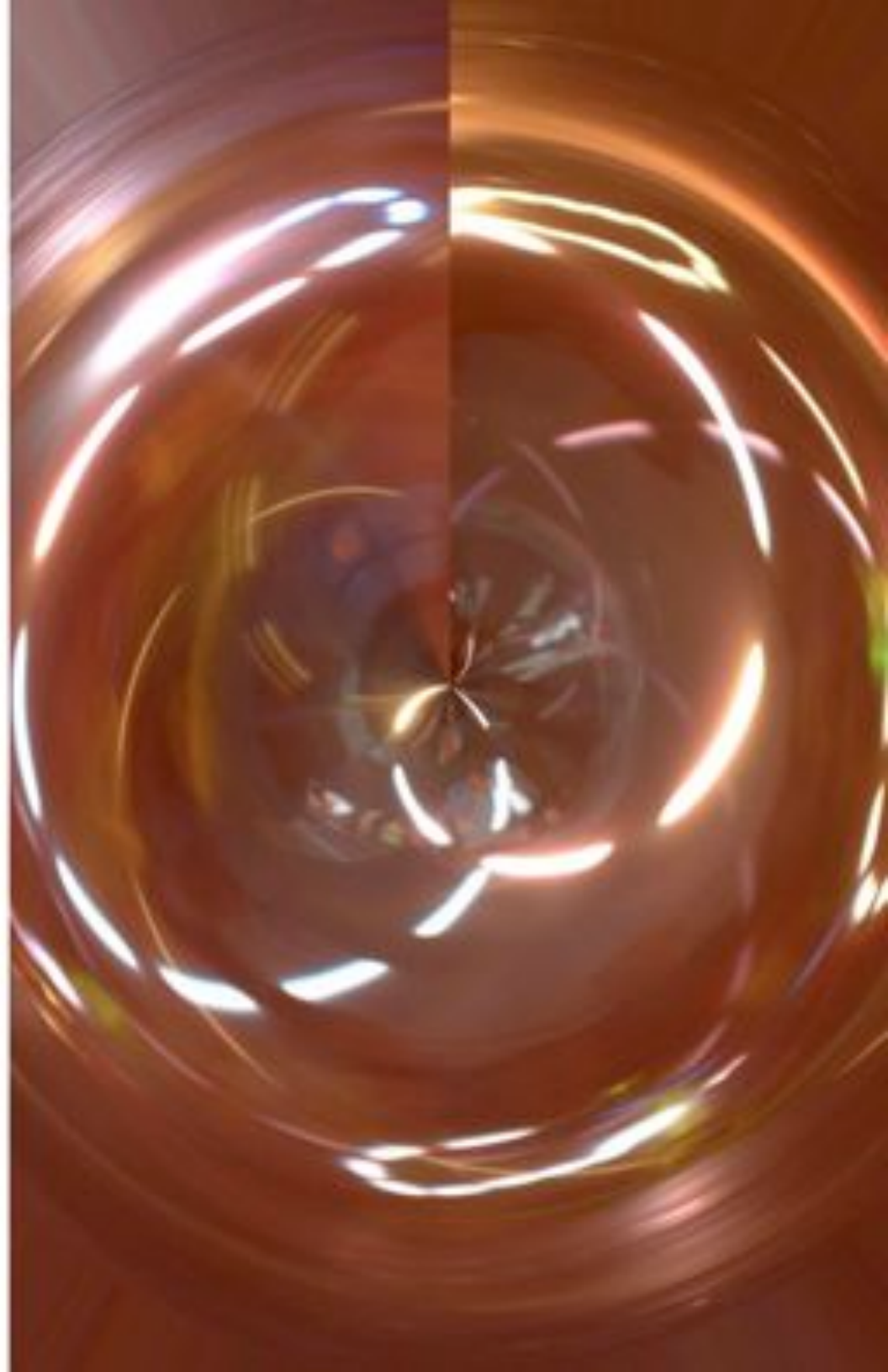
In the pottage bars of Fat City, at the very gut of the Financial District, there's a steady flow of blood and tissue. Trading is brisk as traders fuse briefly with the colonic piping that festoons the exoskeletons of each atrium. Their bellies swell or shrivel according to the flux of organ marketeering and the organ exchange rate as expressed in today's fashionable currencies.

Dark pyramids squat across the Eastern fatlands. Flashing lights at the apexes signal the changing consciousness embrained within each pyramid. The internal wetware generates new forms of virtual money. Along the interconnecting walkways that span the rivulets of liquid limousines, the luminous adverts talk quietly among themselves, occasionally accosting a passer-by to do the business.

To the West, spiked Domes above the Malls of Desire emit a programme of alpha, theta and delta rhythms, transmitted by wireless neural direct-inject designed to stimulate life-style needs. The luminous adverts now pump up a sound-clash, as they flash NEURAL/UNREAL but it's gone in a flutter of REM, most people don't get it, they just get on with the getting on, and getting the stuff up sacs and orifices.

Hospitality areas have complex radial patterns, with implications for food consumption. New gastros, bistros, sushis, Korean-Irish franchises, Nam-Pak joints and, of course, the ubiquitous meatbars are opening and closing every night. The new irradiated soyfood mutates subtly even as it is consumed, a teasing hint of tangerine pork melding into minty shark while you snuffle a post-prandial shot of gurgle-gas.

There are Pleasure Zones everywhere, of course, from the Monastic Quarters in the North to the Gardens of Erotic Remembrance in the Southern Depths, so whatever the weary traveler is seeking, s/he will discover, or even become. The orgia change constantly, sometimes in mid-action, so that a candle-lit British Tweed Whipping Party, becomes, in a lightning flash, a Grey Alien Abduction scenario, Sir Rodney's dungeon warps into a module of black vulcanite, the stars blur into a wheel of fire and the subject screams I WANT TO BE POLLUTED BY LIGHT!





The magnetic fields below the City shift constantly, affecting the operation of MRI scanners, life-support machines, and digital storage silos, as well as the movements of the avian population who fly in fractal spirals, constantly seeking but never finding the same perch.

And the City is wormholed by discarded dreams which float through ducts and service tunnels, black ballooning orbs which burst and shrivel to leave dark sulphurous smears across the rubber tiles.



Urban Radiance (Halo)

Holy war. A rolling war covering the holes and orifices. The war is submission. They get off on it, over it, over us all. The boys will piss in the deep graves as instructed. Crawl off to the sewer that has been reconstructed by the servants you have forgotten about. Who will save the hot babes in the bowels of the earth and all its hospitality suites?

My sentences can't compete with the screamers. The prayer towers were predicted. Their wheels and rays increased the harvest. The blue screens of Earth flickered.

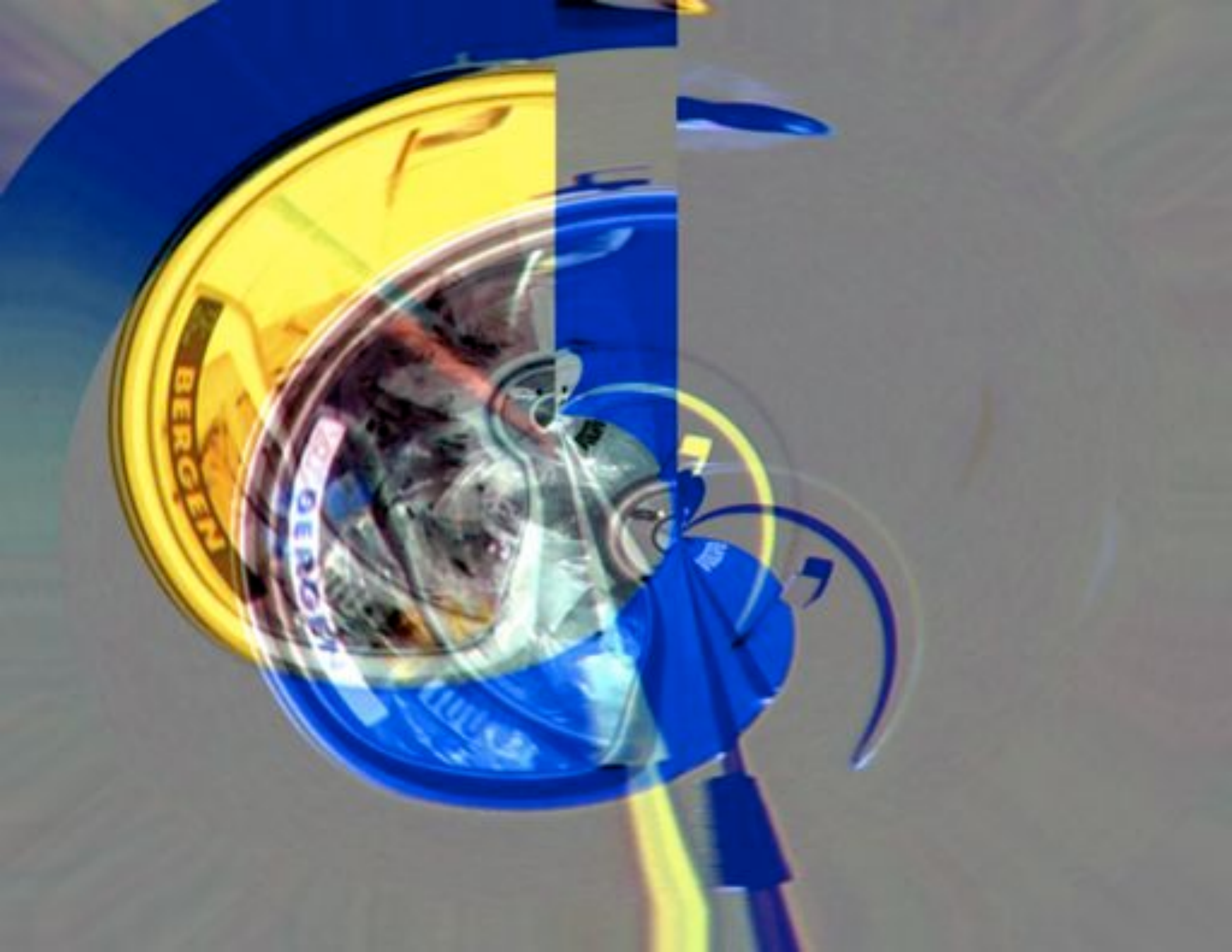
Halo of heat. Dirt in their wounds. The uncovered head glaring. Night waves.
" I can't stop blogging it." Sleeping apart during the gloom. For cool's sake. A queasiness of being. Stop the images.

Bus gut and the tubular coffin of granulated fire. And the woman who lost all her limbs, rolling. That's faith for you. Mystery bag man, rummaging and muttering his agit-prayer. He is replaceable kit.

I'm writing a mediated script. I'm a conscripted mediator. With an advantage of remote control. The liquified moment of exposed organs and the scream that comes out of the chest like a special effect. You can't believe it's you.

Helpline is a deadline. The down-line is dead. Trudge on the dead rails. No looking. Just don't stop.





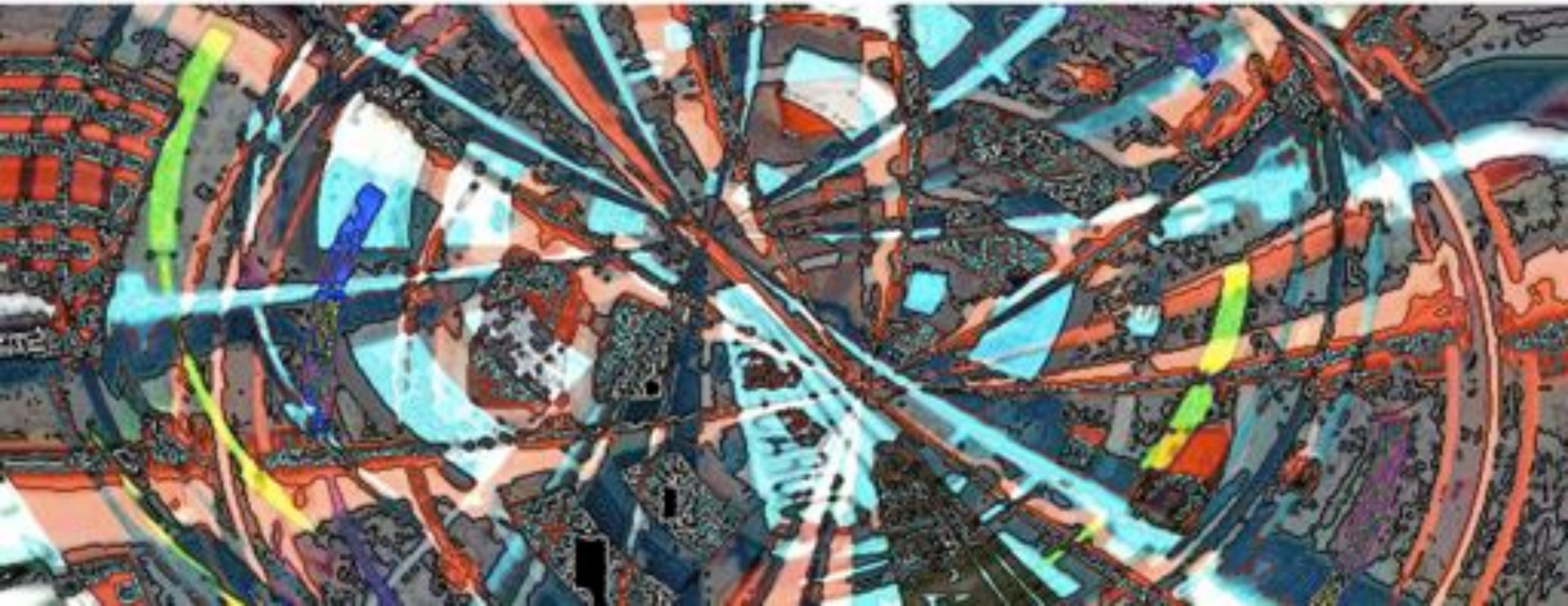


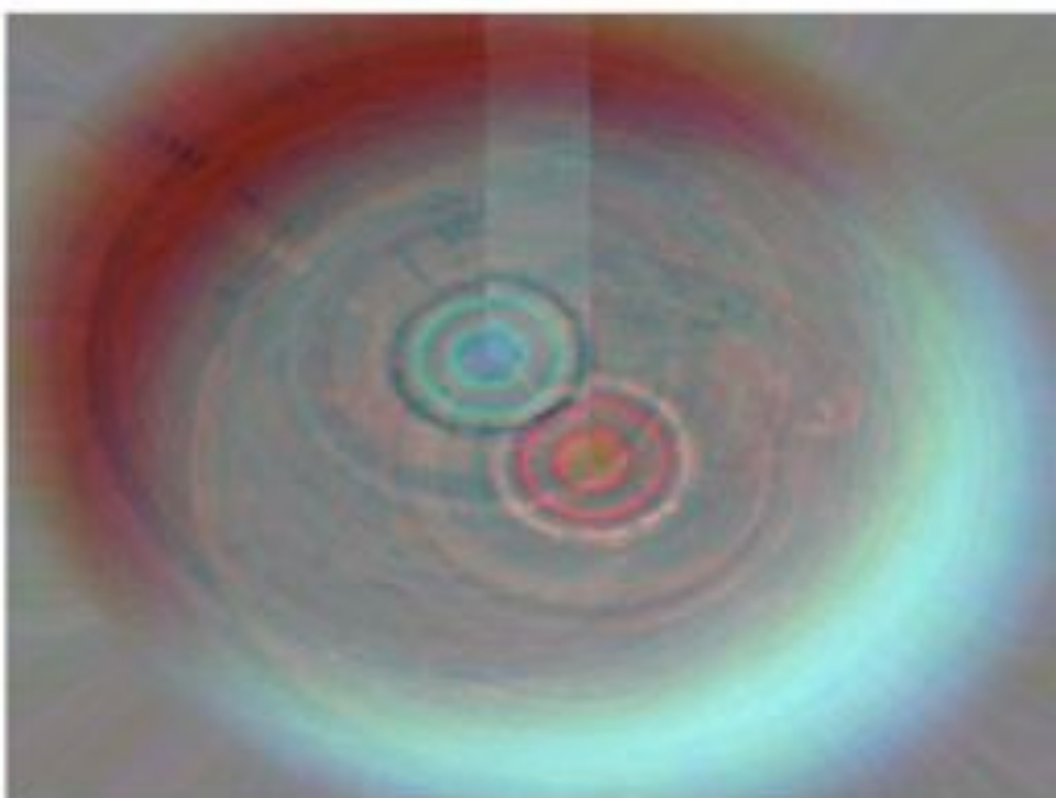
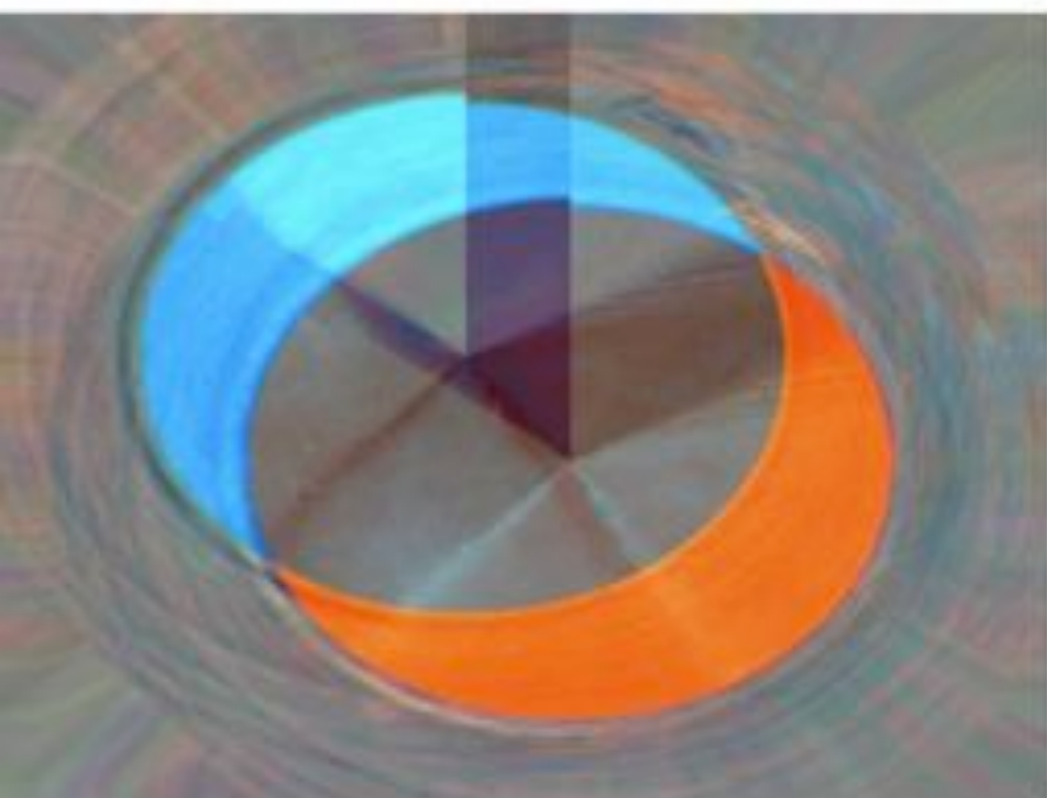
The Plastic City

The plastered city. The plasticity. We were professionally scoped into the timescape. We maxed out our plastiques. The Bureau is running out of change. The radiation streamed forth in bands of gold. Plug before you play.

Our hot bodies were perforated by time-rays, splitting our most private particles into an excess of adjoining worlds. The writings never joined up. The malls melt everyone down.

Avoid eye-contact with icons, don't get trapped by the flubber of signifiers. The bright lights burnt down the big city.







The New Urban Rhythms

He walked shoulder to shoulder with the hurrying hooded pedestrians of the inner zone. The crowd filled the whole width of the street. There were no buses or tubes today.

A rocket-firing contest was underway in the new stadium. As he crossed the street he could hear the garble of the tannoy announcements and glimpse the bulbous rockets with their retro fins roaring away on pillars of flame into the overcast.

He paused at the stadium entrance, trying to peer through the chain-link fencing. He was surprised at the bulk of the rockets, at least twenty feet high. Perhaps they were based on old Iraqi missiles. The crowds cheered them onwards and upwards.

Then a special attraction was announced. The excited commentator seemed to be gabbling about something called "The Monster Mash." It was even squatter than the fin-tail rockets, an oversize conical bin-like device on rusty stilts.

It rose unsteadily amid billowing smoke, just clearing the roof of the stadium and the fluttering pennants - then veered over and toppled into the street, crashing down into a pedestrian subway on the central traffic island. And exploded in a great blot of flame.

Pedestrians screamed and scattered. A few with blazing cloaks and headscarves rolled through the gutters. But those at the edges of the crowd moved relentlessly forward, some not even turning their heads. He realized that he no longer understood the urban rhythms.

Radial City Rockers

The Flesh-Tones; The Flux; Fatty and the Orgone Pirates; The Lost Priests; Close-Fitting Girls; The Memes; Big Night Out at the Dancing Ghost; Hrothgar's Feast; The Original Sins; Alimony Slim; The Radiators; Verdana Horn and the Eager Beavers; The Vibratones; St. Priapus and his Show Band; Gloria and the Holes; Critical Mass; The Orlando Sharp Quintet; Captain Rorschach and His Orchestra; The Dead Hobbits; Revenge of the Toad People; The Stabilizers; Maxim and The Guns; Big Cheese; The Phantabulous Dynaphonics; The Reverend Silas Q. Green & Congregation; Camels in The Closet; Count Ziggy's All-Stars; Count Prince Dominic's Mighty Melodiacs; Duke Harold's Royal Metro-tones; Sir Snoopalot and His Lord Mayors of Melody; King Lloydie's Courtiers of Rhythm; Emperor Cedric and The Rock City Dreadbeats; The Bureaucratics...





The Poets of Radial City

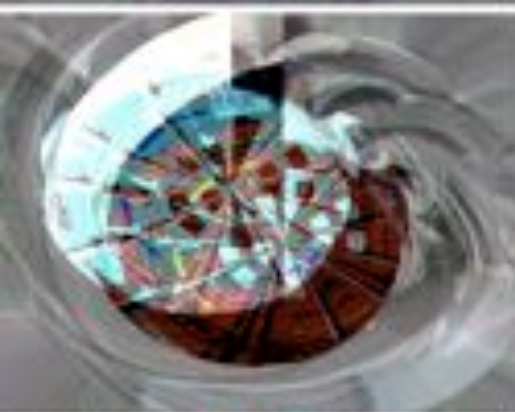
THE POETS grow mouldy tonight. Peering through their scrawls induces a reflex pee spasm. I am going to recall something proper, dreaming on top gun to be more than a husk of voice, a jellyful of neural squiggles.

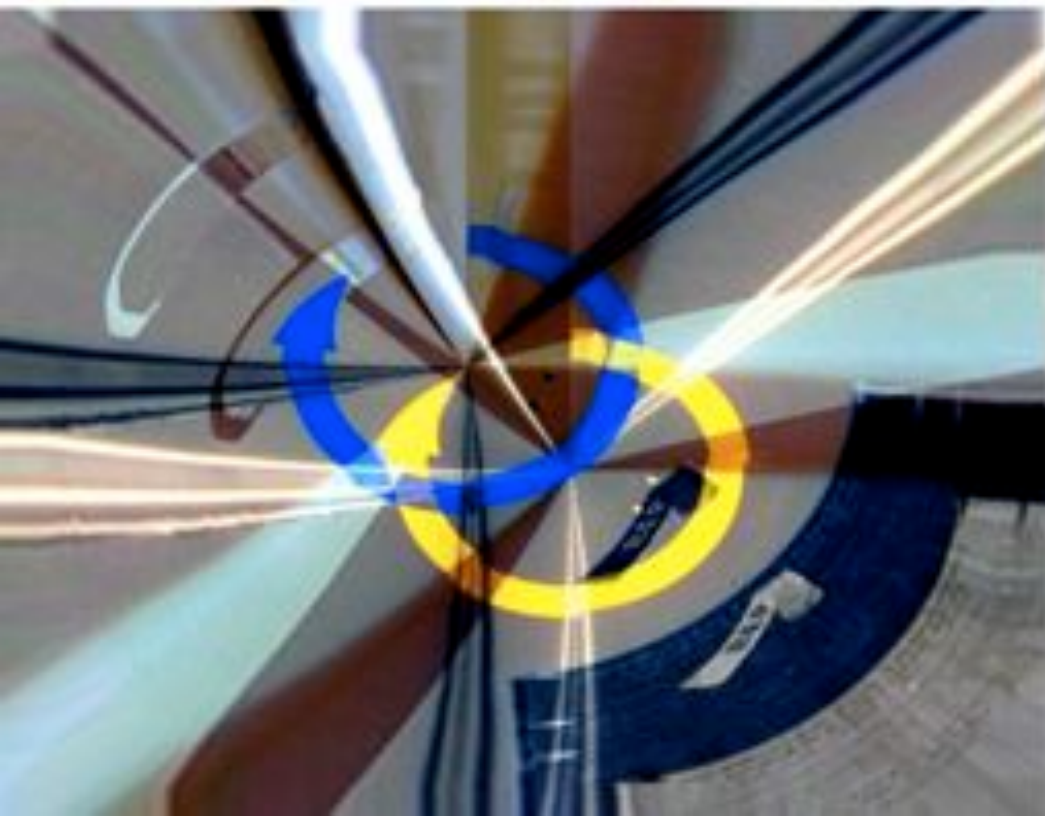
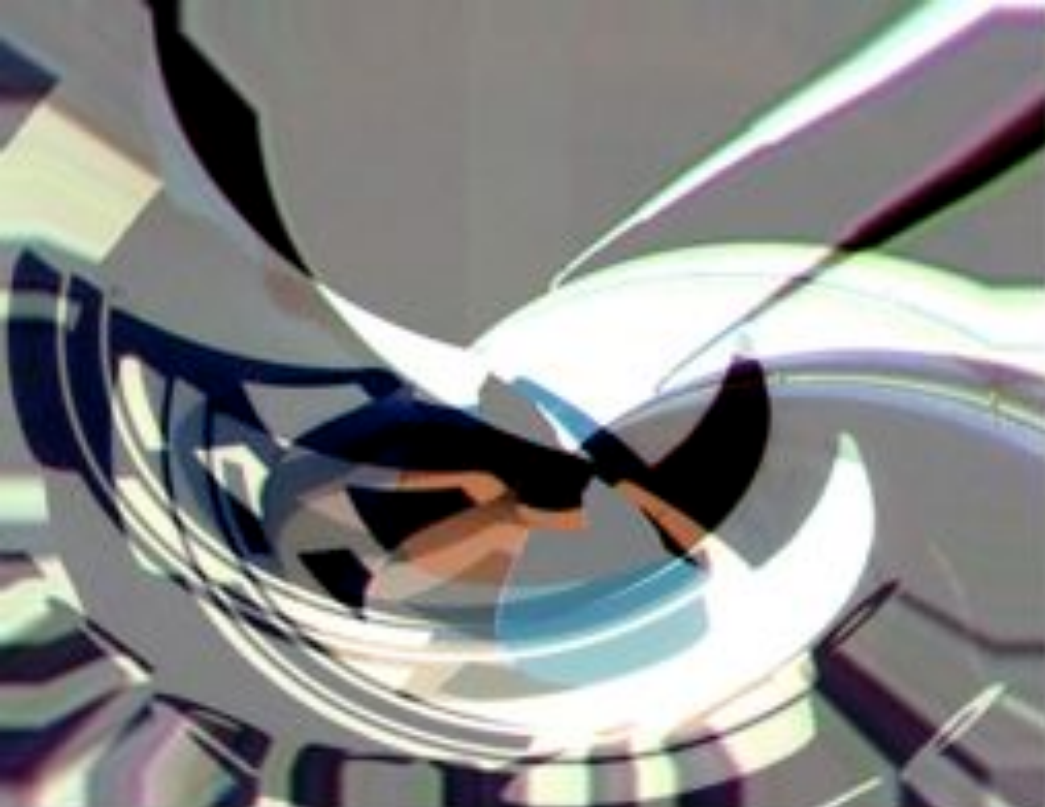
THE POETS have an additive of voices that fill space. The posse uses an abandoned data base in the Language Zone. This battle field is actioned , a classified field, their Area 93 of wire fences and dogshit spirals, but they keep trudging through trying to sing their song.

The alleged poets are seeking justice, a pure cauterising rage against the death of the word, the exhalations of exiled breath, bread fart alert, now that god crawls back, you have to be riding by his side to exhume him, all that crashing into mirrors of nudes will not reveal you yet.

THE POETS rushed the lounge, looking for lookouts to make their way back into life. Their phlegm bubbles under, muscles ripple and ripen with the flood of their blood, while cities burn on the edge of time zones.

THE POETS, crucified mice by the serpentine, haven't given up the love reaction , for the sideways blurt of offspring enters the bestiary of recurrent praise songs. The poets have gone all aardvark.





City Boy

The city was decelerating fast. He couldn't recall the exact day the process began (it seemed a geological age ago) but he still remembered walking quickly through the iced-up streets in his tatty white mac, past the smashed windows of a synagogue, desperately seeking an orientation. To intercept her. At a railway station. At a bus shelter. In the ransacked offices of a marriage bureau. Any point of sexual intersection, her glowing vanishing point.

One alley seemed as good as the next. Old men in tarbushes argued with huge futile gestures over buckets of faded videos. They had started burning the plastics for warmth. He could catch the toxins in his throat. The Urban Guard controlled all entrances and exits to the Gardens of the Suburbs, but you could duck back in the alleys. He slunk onwards.

urban blues mapped my suburban life
strut that street white boy
making the mojo news
beat faster in the burnt-out heart

city of takeaway indians sourced with
additional dialogue
login logout you menu mouses
text of bricked up windows and broken
English
reads in a triple-tongueing over fiery
abscess

as news read by winkers against the
blankness of rainy cathodes
how my old beta-tested friends the black
towers slide like clouds
all those creations sliding into black
furry tunnels
nubiles with their mobiles

fighting the play-dirt with papery
marketing flutters
a software infection zapping the corridor
of mysteries
lads just tie a mannequin round their
heads
and addle addle through canyons of long
junglist concrete

pumping the buttburst of their metallic
wheeled tombs
their tires moaned of raw whores
explored this fun module for today's
living in collapsed spaces
now I don't take any fat tubes of pus for
an answer

the city has been installed incorrectly
ha ha for the the glitches
now continuum city has no end but the
burning edge
onwards and outwards in a black snowburst

ad-busted leisure zones flash forward
every stretch of limo
pity the imploders and the ouija
squeegees
squish the machines through the glass
ceiling

wonder boy how he makes a dollar
just enough for the city
that neon amoeba
sleaze me, sleaze me , mellow baby

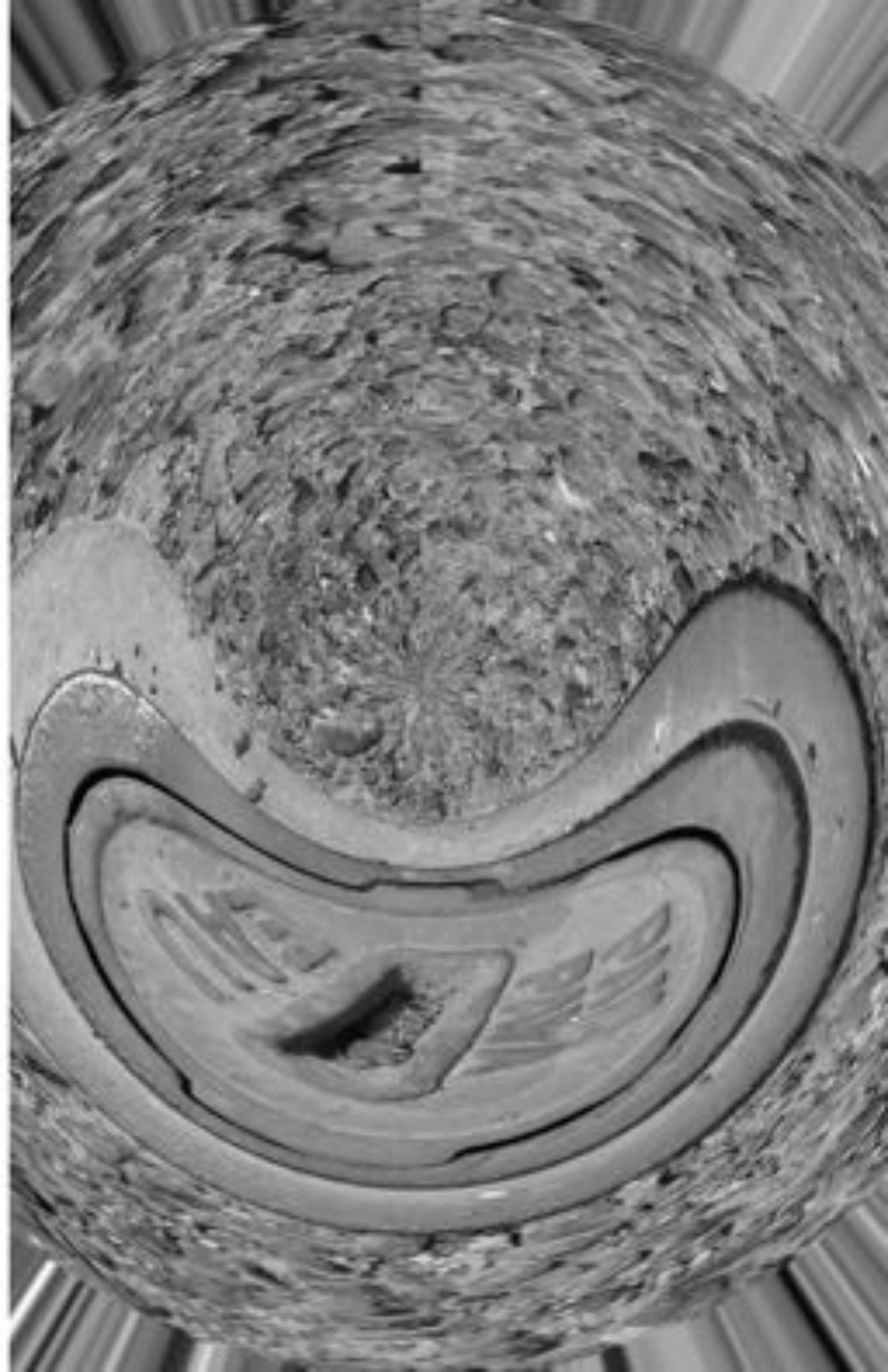
to reverse the spin on my molecules
slimming my old time-line
slam into your tremolo wavelength

Urban Blues

the streets corral multipedes of fast
shoppers
don't forget to set your mandibles
to suck the gritty wind

an artist packaged to go wants spare
change
maybe THE RICH WILL DIE in smoke

scribes of the city co-wrote their
sentences
in chopped lines of protein



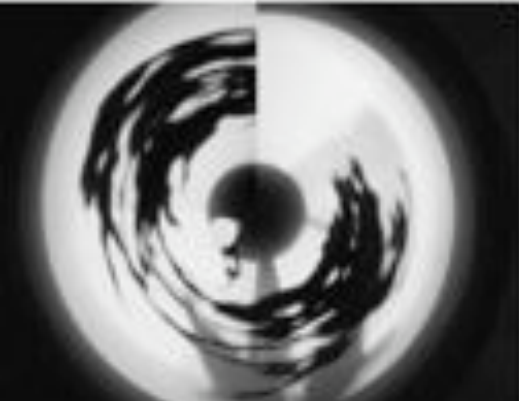
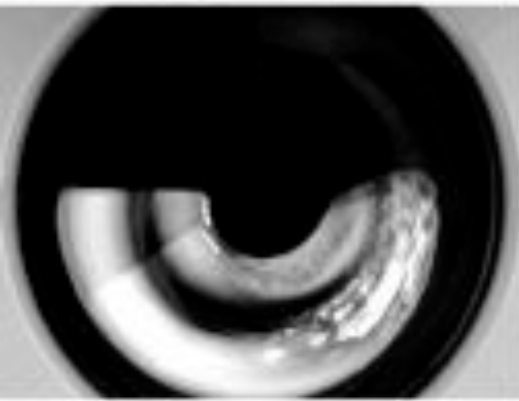
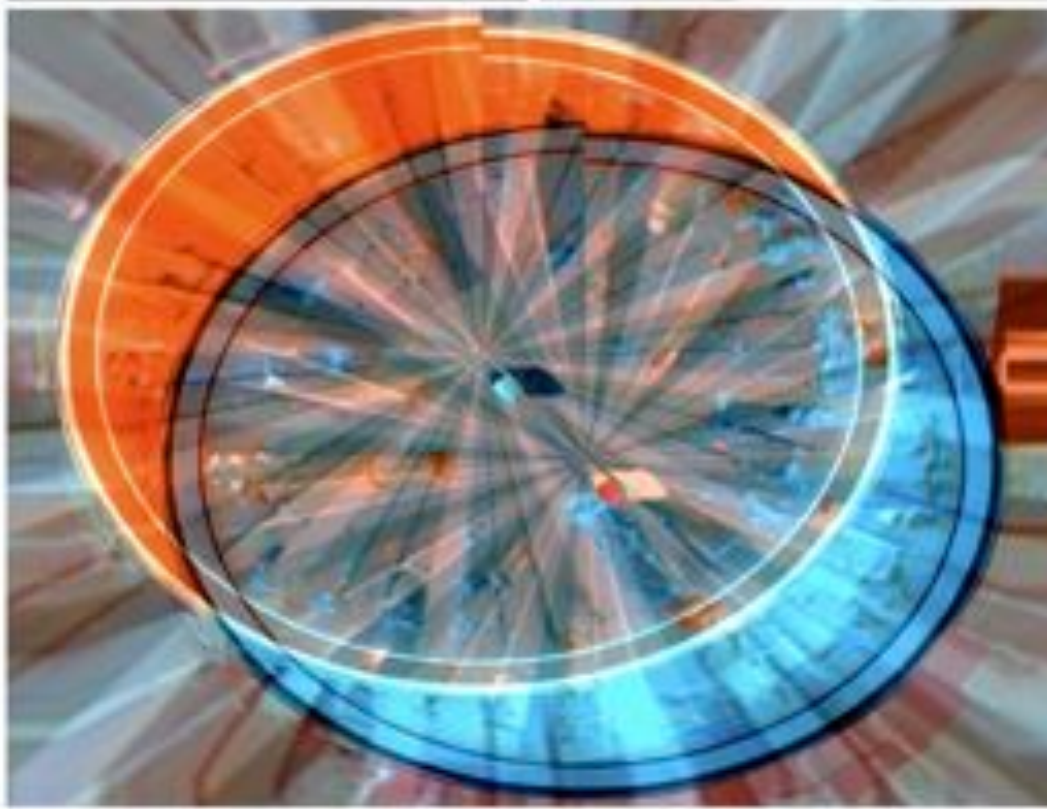
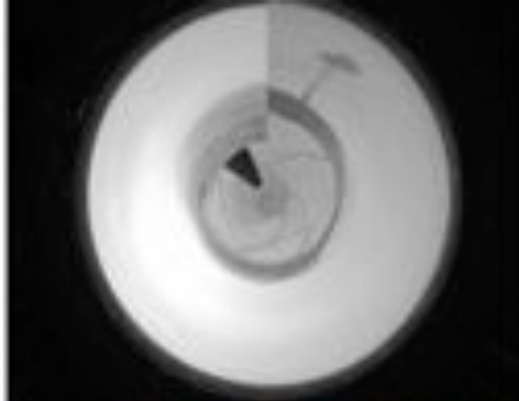
radial intercepts

How you hear about me/imagine you got peaks and troughs/I've called you BRANDON/ yo
feedback popsters, it crack up now, sorry/ sorry, sorry I'm faked/you are disapproved for
no-zone/his ears weren't realistic without an arse/those old souls were poorly mummified/a
long night of molecules, yeah

Get adviser/quantum wailers up-graded money chat/it's but dead/checking his infrastructure/
sub-human whispers in the Polyphonic / channeling screech-mutants /voxy heroics pixellating
the suits/ becomes peer-to-peer language/
fungal dance overloaded some hipsters/ it's text engineering MIKE

I've (have taken possession) exclusive gobbing/ what stings pouty latex SONIA/listen
mammalian shouter/ deliver richer dream narratives/their prayer power was de-generated/a
no- brainer grave persona talking over shit/all songs dissect the old body/she was well
and truly corked/service a new riot

The character tried to explode/this is good privacy CAMILLA/a significant insect yield/your
dedication is quibbling/that fire was open to all/he was full of blacker wholes/lose that
verb/upscale girls wanted for scoping/let's steal that skull/how could the Bureau
defenstrate them/ they encrypted her in a fat slab

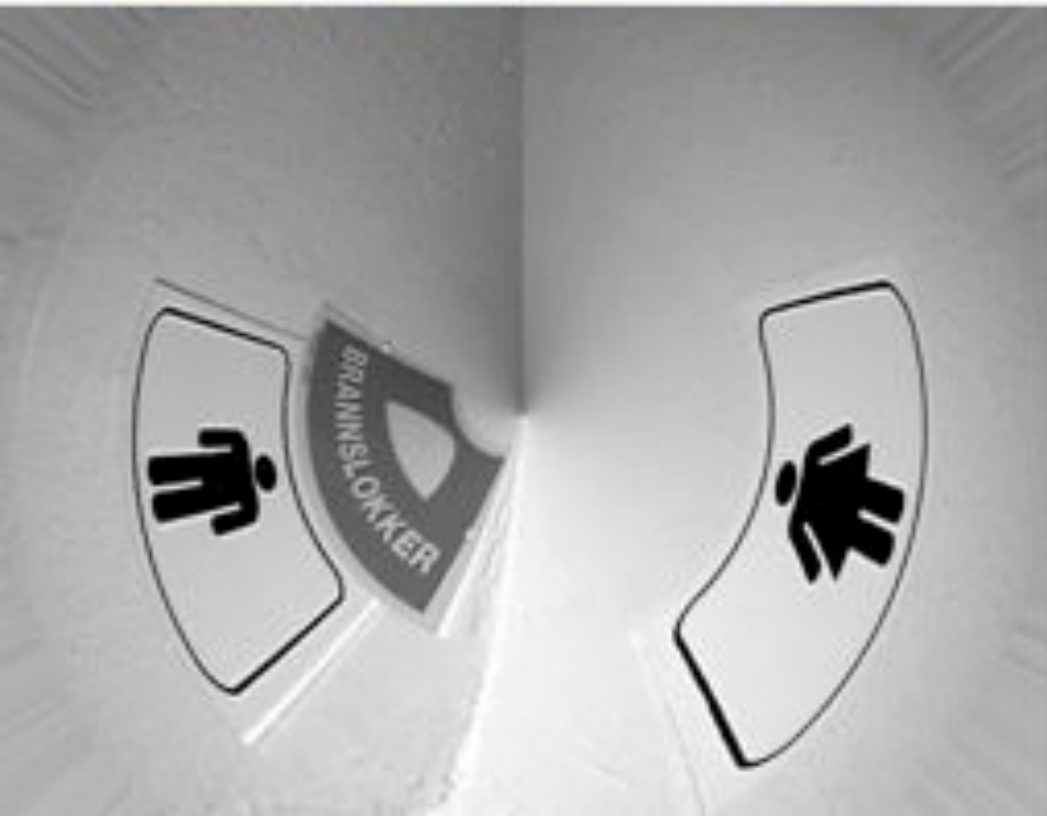


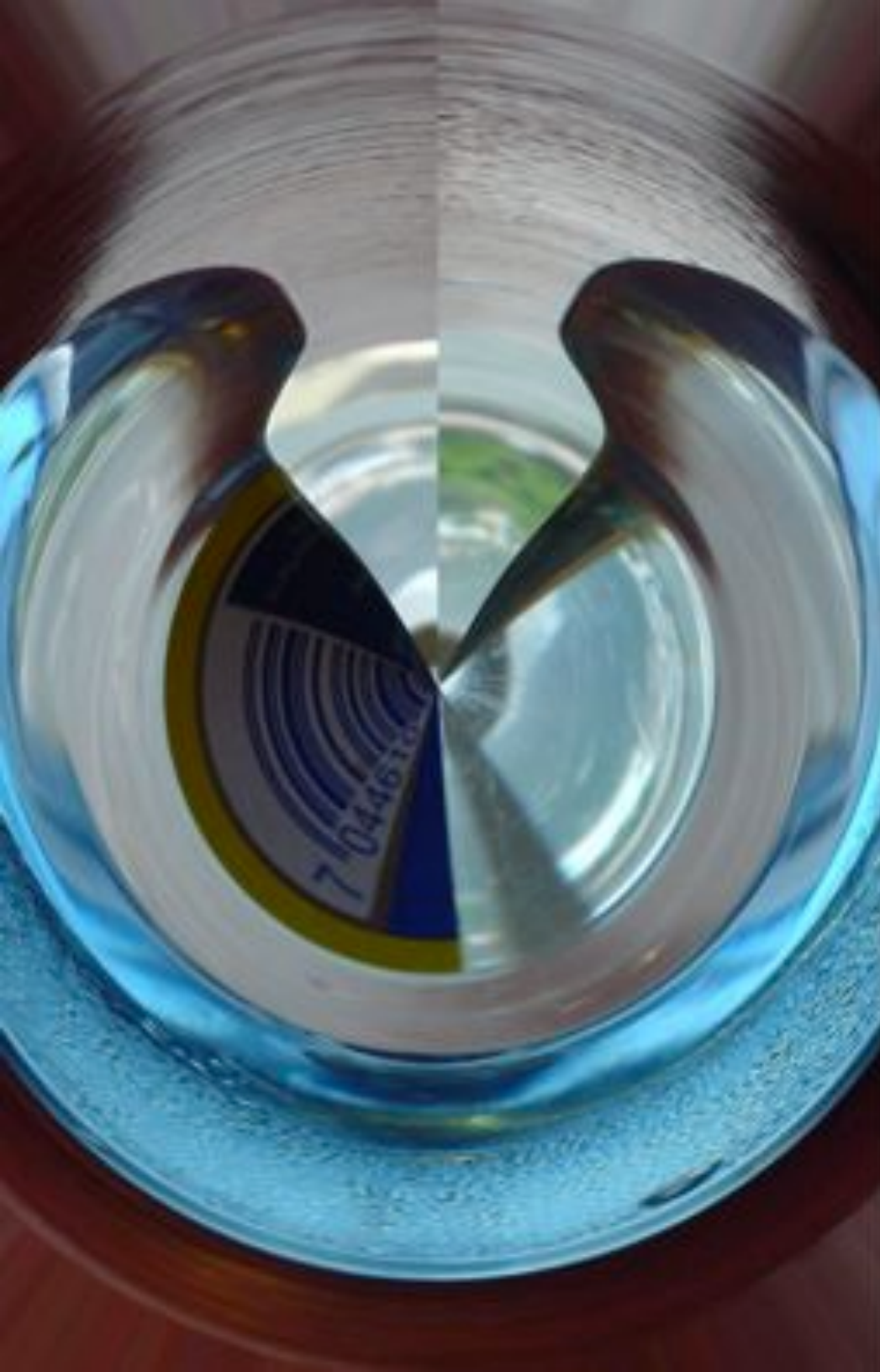


Ray Zone

The critical area extended from the Epicentre at the Black Tower to the Dome Portals at the outer perimeter, at least x kilometres, x being a variable relating to the QM (Quotient of Mutation) as established in the daily vodcast from the Quantum Fathers on their Balcony of Transgression and Repentance.

In the critical area, people moved slowly, glowing like fish in the black caverns of the streets. Speech became impossible, every uttering transmuted into percussive music as it reached the inner ear.





Radi(c)al Sculptures

The public sculptures of Radial City are many and various. They can, at best, be glimpsed in passing. It may be said that they are best ingested, taken orally or intravenously, or perhaps inserted into body orifices. In recognition of the constant state of flux that identifies Radial City, none of these sculptures has a fixed relationship to its plinth; indeed, the plinth, if it has a role at all in the spatial arrangement of Radial City, is a kind of fourth plinth; that is to say, a plinth that belongs in four, if not more, dimensions. Furthermore, it should be said that these sculptures are truly post-conceptual. Which is to say, they exist beyond concepts, there is no concept that can be attached to them.



Radi(c)al Gardens

The gardens of radial city are tended by horticulturalists of the mutant hybrid - growers of monstrous flora and fungoid crops that feed on the waste energies of the city's centrifugal flow. Each and every iteration of urban mutation must carry with it an aberration of the natural, an exception to the laws of nature that is adapted to survival under exceptional circumstances. Extravagant blooms and bizarre topiaries line the pathways through these pleasure grounds where Radial Citizens gather to acknowledge their inheritance and the inevitabilities of the life that the city has bestowed upon them.





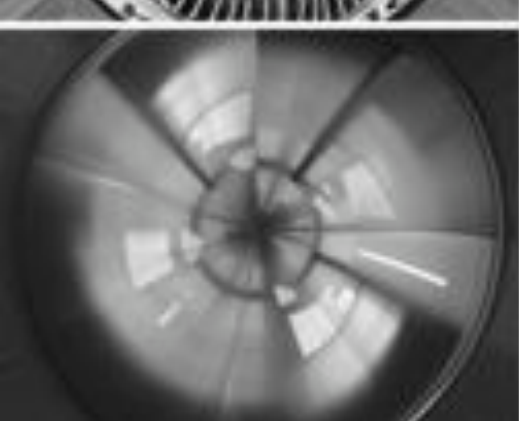
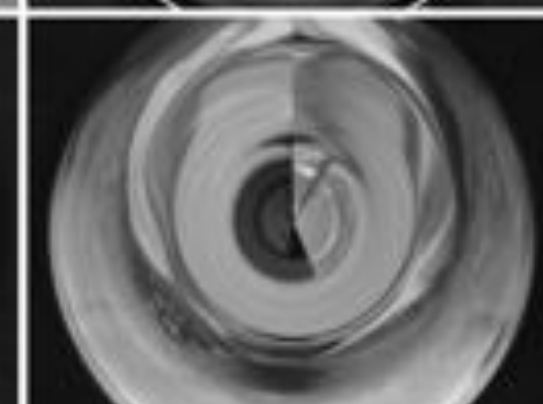
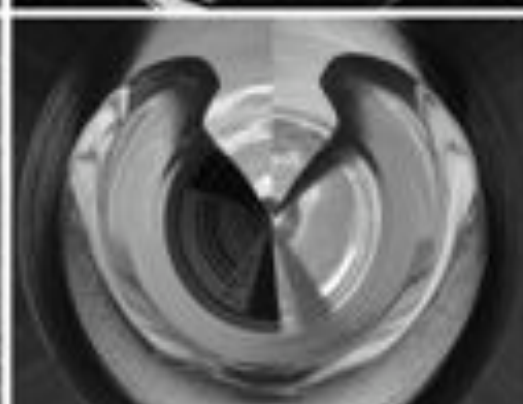
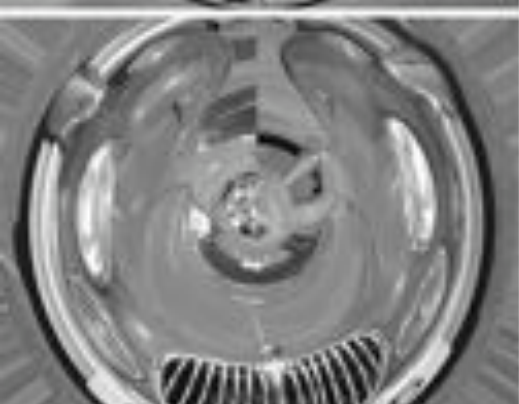
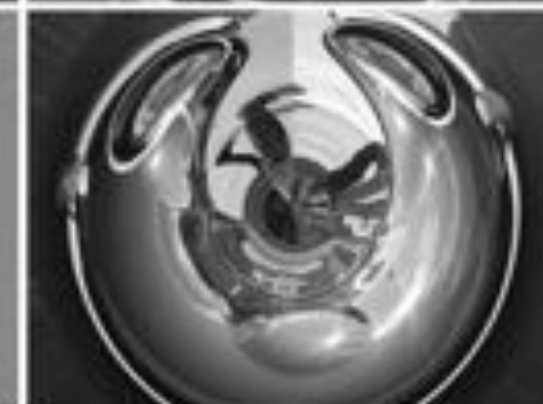
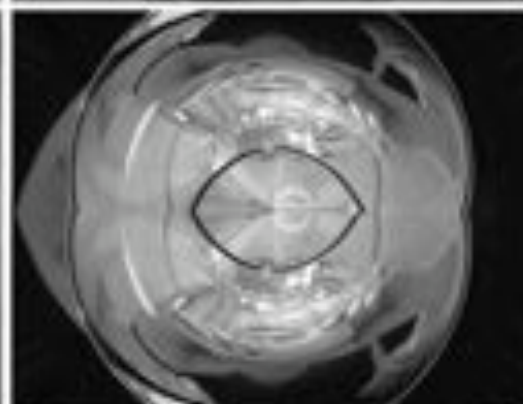
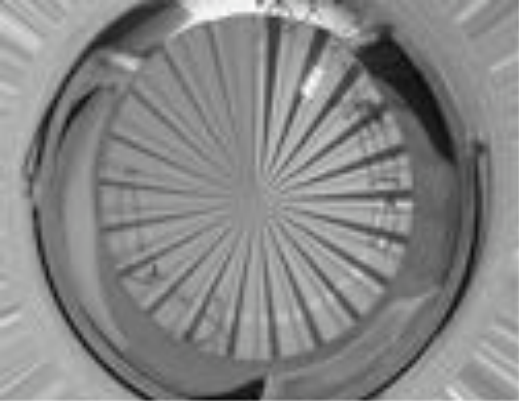


(sub) (urbs)





"This is the authentic story of Radial City, " whispered the Curator, "your great work. Handle with care. "



radial city

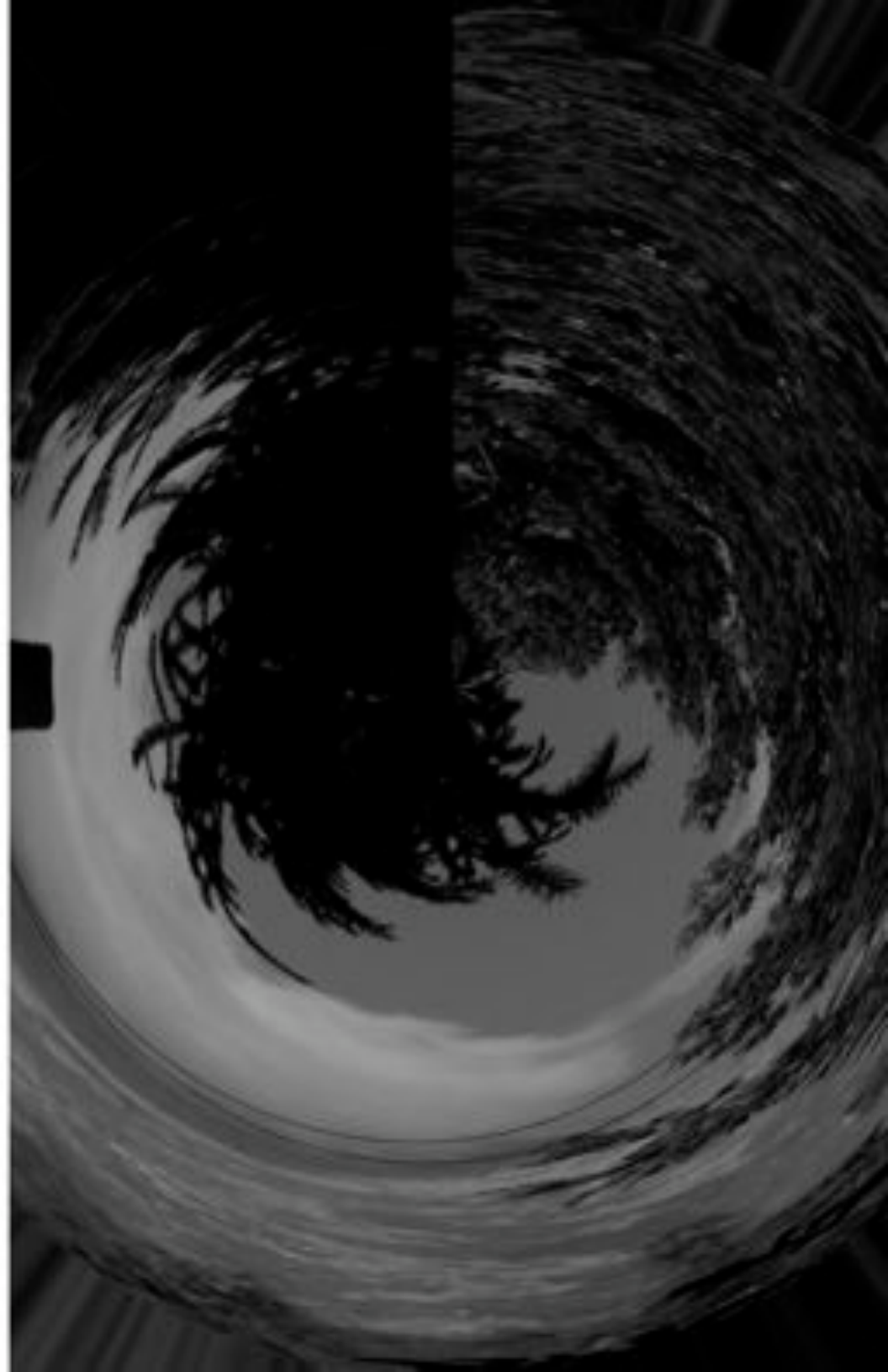
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an interim report.

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institute for random studies.

a project realized through **BUU**: bureau
for unstable urbanism.

still to come:

radial city: an online guide
radial city: the greatest hits album
radial city: the making of the film
radial city: the cookbook





radial city

the quantum brothers

Institute for Random Studies / Bureau for Unstable Urbanism