KWARTZ
KAPITAL
KONSTRUCTION
KOLLIDER

1.
Black cascades
in
Entropic economies
of
Crystalline spirit
with
Red strobe light calories
that
Photosensitive seizures
and
Aphasic agnostics (deaf-dumb-blind)
for
(D)enunciative assemblages

2.
Concrete plastic prism
in
Petroleum plots
of
Topographic density
with
Kapital kollider
that
Vertical shard
and
Amorphous matter
for
Liquid crystal petroleum

3.
Black diamond
in
Kwartz arena
of
Crystal vodka
with
Checked angles (you'll die in your dreams)
that
Digital cornucopia
and
Ice crashing
for
Zero gravity crater

Kwartz

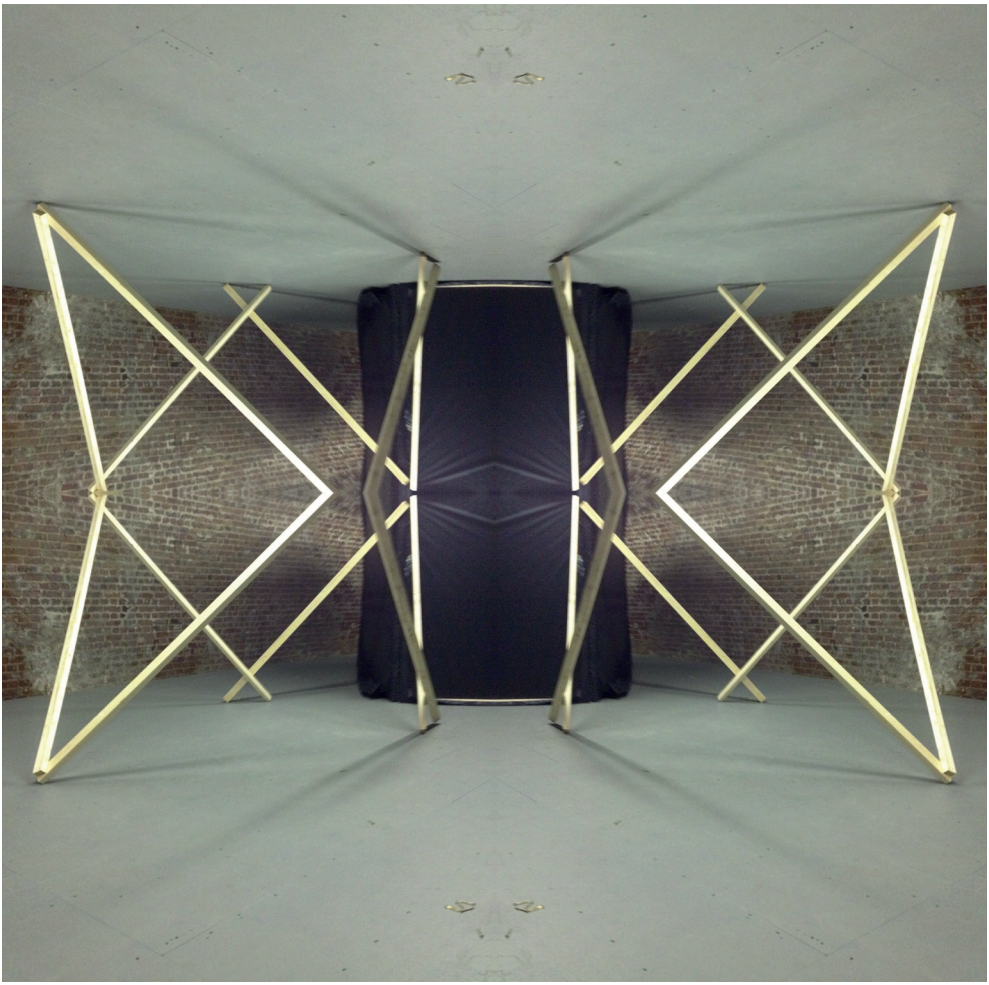
The structure of graphite is radically different from diamond. It consists of planes of carbon atoms connected in a hexagonal pattern. Each plane is an extremely strong and stable structure and the bonds between the carbon atoms are stronger than those in diamond... Carbon fibre, as they named it, was made my spinning graphite into a fibre. By rolling sheets of this material up, with fibres running lengthways, they could take advantage of the huge strength and stiffness within the sheets. The weakness was overcome... By encasing the fibres in epoxy glue. A new material was born: Carbon fibre composite...the huge success of carbon fibre composite inspired engineers to imagine its use on the grandest possible scale: was that material strong enough to achieve a longstanding dream, that of building an elevator into space?

Kapital

"It's a history of the high-orbit industrial clans. A man at the University of Nice did it. Your Virek's even in it, come to think; he's cited as a counter example, or rather as a type of parallel evolution. This fellow at Nice is interested in the paradox of individual wealth in a corporate age, in why it should exist at all. Great wealth, I mean. He sees the high-orbit clans, people like the Tessier-Ashpools, as a very late variant on traditional patterns of aristocracy, late because the corporate mode doesn't really allow for aristocracy... He says, if I remember this correctly, and I'm not at all certain that I do, that Virek is an even greater fluke than the industrial clans in orbit. The clans are trans-generational, and there's usually a fair bit of medicine involved: cryogenics, genetic manipulation, various ways to combat ageing. The death of a given clan member, even a founding member, usually wouldn't bring the clan, as a business entity to a crisis point. There's always someone to step in, someone waiting. The difference between a clan and a corporation, however, is that you don't need to literally marry into a corporation... That's like a lease. It isn't the same thing really. It's job security, really. But when your Herr Virek dies, finally, when they run out of room to enlarge his vat, whatever, his business interests will lack logical focus. At that point, our man in Nice has it, you'll see Virek and Company either fragment or mutate, the latter giving us the Something Company and a true multinational, yet another home for capital-M Mass Man."

Konstruction

A prince, therefore, should not mind the ill repute of cruelty, when he can thereby keep his subjects united and loyal; for a few displays of severity will really be more merciful than to allow, by an excess of clemency, disorders to occur, which are apt to result in rapine and murder; for these injure a whole community, whilst the executions ordered by the prince fall only upon a few individuals.



Kollider

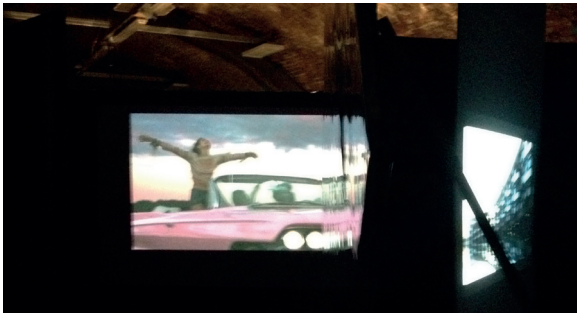
I moved my mouth across the scars on his lips,
feeling with my tongue for those familiar elements
of long-vanished dashboards and windshields.
Vaughan loosened his leather jacket, exposing
the re-opened wounds that marked his chest and
abdomen, a deranged drag queen revealing the
leaking scars of an unsuccessful tran-sexual surgery.
I lowered my head to his chest, pressing my cheek
against the bloody profiles of a collapsing steering
wheel, the collision points of an instrument panel.

Kollider

The Large Hadron Collider (LHC) is a synchrotron, a circular accelerator that uses carefully synchronised electromagnetic fields to accelerate particles to very high speeds. When this involves charged particles on a curved path they release synchrotron radiation, which wastes energy. This is not desirable because most of the particles that physicists are looking for, such as the recently discovered Higgs boson, have large masses and can only be created in high-energy collisions. The large radius of the LHC's track is big enough to limit the radial acceleration given to the particles, thus minimising the energy that they lose as synchrotron radiation. The super-conducting magnets used to control the flow and direction of the particles can accelerate them up to 99.9999991 per cent of the speed of light... However, to keep the costs of the project manageable, the LHC was built in an existing tunnel that housed a previous experiment, called the Large Electron-Positron Collider. So the energy to which protons can be accelerated was actually predetermined by limits of technology and funding.

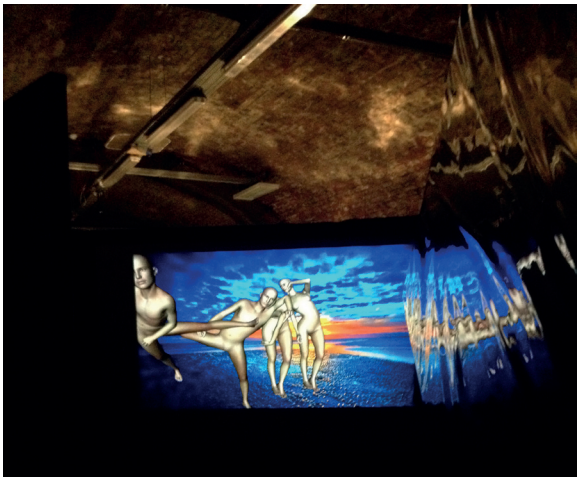
Konstruction

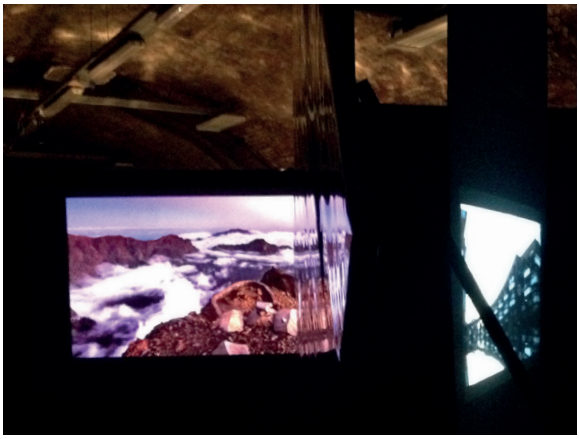
Self-healing concrete has these bacteria embedded inside it along with a form of starch, which acts as food for the bacteria. Under normal circumstances these bacteria remain dormant, encased by calcium silicate hydrate fibrils. But if a crack forms, the bacteria are released from their bonds, and in the presence of water they wake up and start to look around for food. They find the starch that has been added to the concrete, and this allows them to grow and replicate. In this process they excrete the mineral calcite, a form of calcium carbonate. This calcite bonds to the concrete and starts to build up a mineral structure that spans the crack, stopping further growth of the crack and sealing it up.



Kapital

The indestructible furniture which every other household throws out finds its way to the lodging-house, for the same reason that the human wreckage of civilization drifts to hospitals for the incurable. In this room you would find a barometer with a monk who appears when it is wet, execrable engravings bad enough to spoil your appetite and all framed in varnished black wood with gilt beading, a clock with a tortoiseshell case inlaid with copper, a green stove, Argand lamps coated with dust and oil, a long table covered with oil-cloth so greasy that a facetious boarder can write his name on it with a finger-nail, broken-backed chairs, wretched little esparto grass mats unravelling endlessly without ever coming completely to pieces, and finally miserable foot-warmers, their orifices enlarged by decay, their hinges broken and wood charred. This furniture is old, cracked, decaying, shaky, worm-eaten, decrepit, rickety, ramshackle and on its last legs; but its state could not be described fully without breaking the thread of the story and putting too great a strain on the tolerance of the patient people who read it. The red tiles of the floor full of hollows made by scouring or washing with stain. In short, poverty without glamour reigns here, a narrow, concentrated threadbare poverty. Although actual filth may be absent, everything is dirty and stained; there are no rags and tatters, but everything is falling to pieces in decay.



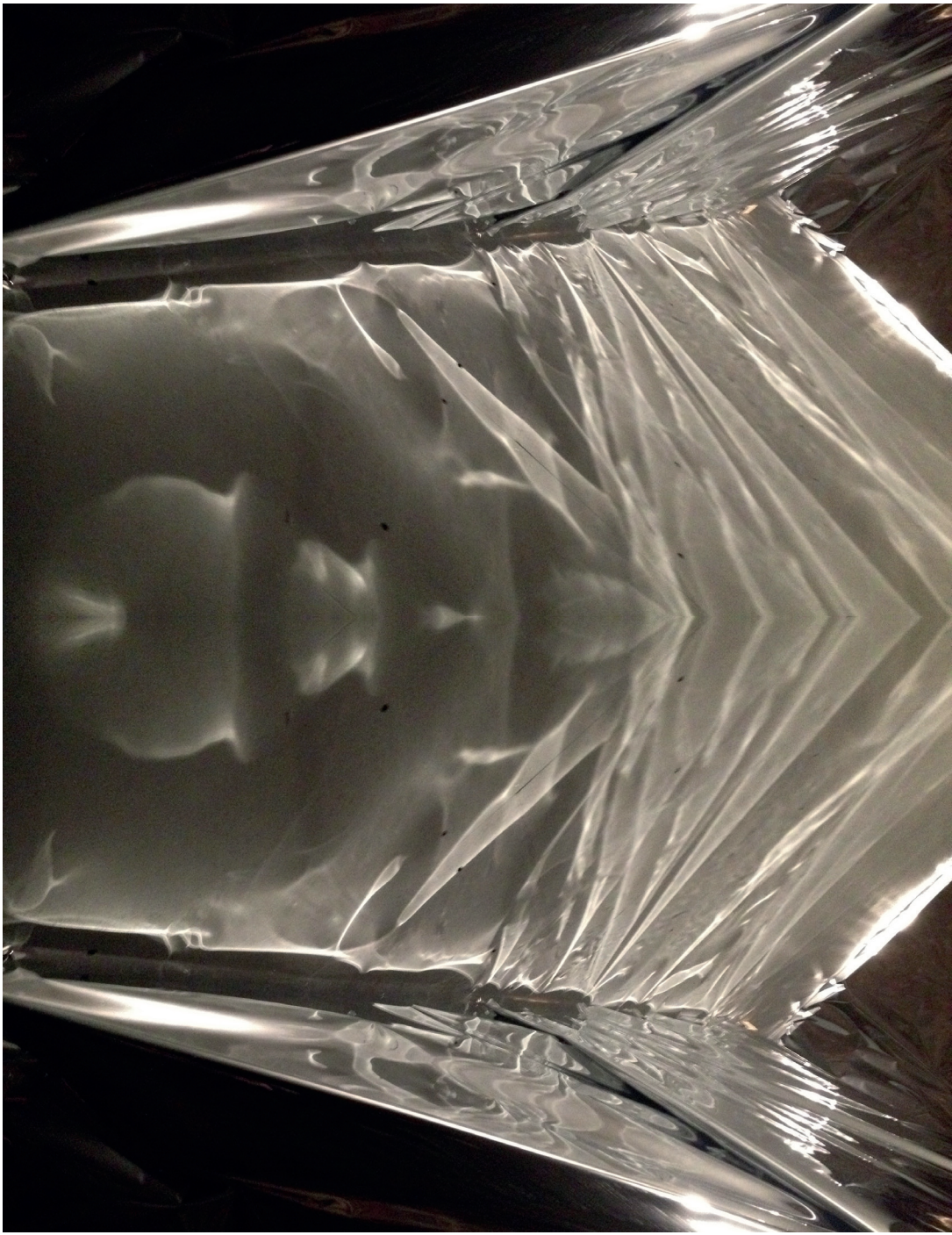


With a gasp of surprise they all craned forward, staring at the line of jungle facing the white-framed buildings of the town. The long arc of trees hanging over the water seemed to drip and glitter with myriads of prisms, the trunks and branches sheathed by bars of yellow and carmine light that bled away across the surface of the water, as if the whole scene were being reproduced by some over-active Technicolor process. The entire length of the opposite shore glittered with this blurred kaleidoscope, the overlapping bands of color increasing the density of the vegetation, so that it was impossible to see more than a few feet between the front line of trunks.

The sky was clear and motionless, the sunlight shining uninterruptedly upon this magnetic shore, but now and then a stir of wind crossed the water and the scene erupted into cascades of color that rippled away into the air around them. Then the coruscation subsided, and the images of the individual trees reappeared, each sheathed in its armor of light, foliage glowing as if loaded with deliquescing jewels.

Moved to astonishment, like everyone else in the craft, Dr. Sanders stared at this spectacle, his hands clasping the rail in front of him. The crystal light dappled his face and suit, transforming the pale fabric into a brilliant palimpsest of colors. The craft moved in a wide arc toward the quay, where a group of launches were being loaded with equipment, and they came within some twenty yards of the trees, the hatchwork of colored light across their clothes transforming them for a moment into a boat-load of harlequins. There was a round of laughter at this, more in relief than amusement. Then several arms pointed to the water-line, and they could see that the process had not affected the vegetation alone.

Extending outwards for two or three yards from the bank were the long splinters of what appeared to be crystallizing water, the angular facets emitting a blue and prismatic light washed by the wake from their craft. The splinters were growing in the water like crystals in a chemical solution, accreting more and more material to themselves, so that along the bank there was a congested mass of rhomboidal spears like the barbs of a reef, sharp enough to slit the hull of their craft.



Kwartz Kapital Konstruction Kollider, 2014, Material Conjectures
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Wa' You Take Me For A Fool Roun' Here?, 2014, Sinead Bligh
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