

Notes for - The Capital of Accumulation

Order reigns in Berlin, Warsaw, Bombay.

A tiger witnesses an assassination at the edge of the zoo.
A local train takes its last passengers home.
A tree grows in a prison yard.
A forest holds the memory of a film locked away in a tower.
A forensic pathologist waits to put a body to rest.
A face lights up the remnant of a once proud wall.

Cities accumulate promises even as they disburse betrayals. Markets dance and wobble, factories glow and darken. Dreams, like light bulbs, lose power and then wait for another surge of voltage.

Bodies are lost and found. The population of prisons and mortuaries rises, in direct proportion to the accumulation of capital. The drowned refuse to die, insisting from across the last century "Ich war, ich bin, ich werde sein".

A man almost as old as that same tired century dreams of swinging his arms as he walks. Perhaps it is a little too vigorous for his companion, his aunt: the woman in his dreams is still in her early forties and he is four years old. They are happy. She is strict but laughs often. They are walking on Małachowski Square in Warsaw.

The city has not yet been bombed. Not yet been rebuilt. Not yet had its streets renamed, again. There are promises glittering on the streets. There will always be promises.

Raqs Media Collective