Dream of a City

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Recommended Citation
DREAM OF A CITY.

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What ???
and me!
I'm there too!
It's not all
about you
my dear! What
about the people who prepare
your food, clean your rooms
or just do all the invisible
work. A little thought for
them there.
Sorry, to be such an ass, but I just can't find the text I want to share with you... so today we are going to talk about the evolution of the city as an entity. Many myths exist about how the first city appeared and its creation always seems linked to an overarching communal project. Though this shared space soon turned out to be oppressive...

Many express that discontent we have, such as Tolstoy: "What a human being is conscious of, beside the good spiritual force which governs his soul, there exist a huge power which would not grant him the human peace he desired." If it is in direct opposition to his inward mood, dominated his life and dominated fulfillment of its decrees, all this was growing a feeling of anxiety in his soul, spoiling his peace and degrading its achievements of value.

This document that friend later on tries to create, I believe is deeply rooted in our place and role in the city; how we live together and how we see this union is essential to how we feel about society. For me, this symbology society as the highest point of achievement since they the sign reveals the cohesive power of society to maximum.

So I'm going to show you some text to start thinking of the city. If I could only find them...
So first let's do a brief history of human's collective life.

At the beginning we had little communities, centered around a market place or a resource with relatively independent but little opportunities.

Then the need to protect oneself against the other communities was given the technological means to be fulfilled. Walls were build enclosing more fluid identities. However the central community space still remained.

And there came the city, the megalopolis, juxtaposition of different individual bubbles (car, work, house), next to each others but never interacting. Everyone tries to push the other out to get more space for themselves. However fantasy and imagination still had a food in this chaotic scramble in this modern jungle. Everyone tries to differentiate themselves and mark the city.

But this brought hunger for land, and each one of us wanted our own house, our own private space over which we can finally have some authority. And provides us the illusion of control to make us forget our frustration. But this delusory for land brought to an end all community organization and its neighbor became the final enemy.

Some people call this progress, I just refer to it as evolution... Anyways let's look at some traditional myths about the city, us creation and the origin of our unhappiness with it.
At first all the arrangements for building the tower of Babel were characterized by fairly good order. Indeed, the order was perhaps too perfect, too much thought was taken for guides, interpreters, accommodation for the workmen and needs of communication as if it were centuries before one to do the work in.

In fact, the general opinion at that time was that one simply could not build to study: a very little insistence on this would have sufficed to make one hesitate to lay the foundations. The idea of building a tower that will reach heaven. In comparison with that idea, everything else is secondary.

The idea, once sized in its magnificence, can never vanish again so long as there are men on the earth. There will be also the irresistible desire to complete the building. That being so, however, one need not have any anxiety about the future. In the contrary, human knowledge is increasing, the art of building has made progress and will make further progress, a piece of work which takes us a year may perhaps be done in half the time in another hundred years, and better done, too, more

excruciatingly.

So why extend oneself to the extreme limit of one's present power? There would be some sense in doing that only if it were likely that the tower could be completed in one generation, but that is beyond all hope. It is far more likely that the next generation with their perfected knowledge will find the work of their predecessors bad and tear down what has been built as to begin anew.

Such thoughts paralyzed people's powers, and they realized less about the power than the construction of a city for the workmen. Every nationally minded the finest quarter for itself, and this gave rise to disputes, which developed into bloody conflicts. These conflicts never came to an end; to the leaders they were a new proof that, in the absence of the necessary unity, the building of the tower must be done very slowly, or indeed preferably posthumously.

But the time was spent not only in conflict. The town was embellished in the meantime and thus unfortunately enough evolved fresh links and fresh conflicts. In this fashion the age of the first generation went past; but none of the succeeding ones showed any difference except that technical skills increased and with it occasion for conflict. To this must be added that the second or third generation had already recognized the senselessness of building a heaven-reaching tower; but by that time everybody was too deeply involved to leave the city. All theBagration and those that came to birth in that city are filled with longing for a prophesied day when the city would be destroyed by five successive fires from a gigantic fist...
Fascinating, no?

One interesting point is this view of the city as a dream, a common project based on infinite possibilities and total freedom of imagination. But this identifying project which gives an identity, a "name" is perverted or by God or by the human's own faults. Here we can see two tendencies: in the Bible, God is jealous and fears the humans because he has recognized the strength and power such a human organization holds. Indeed they understand each others and listen to each other's propositions holding therefore a tremendous power and having infinite potential only bounded by the Symbolic Limit of the sky. In the Bible, God is responsible for our history, our division and our unhappiness. Kafka on the contrary regards responsibilities to humans; he, our laziness, envy, aggressivity, procrastination keep us from fulfilling our dream.

The city here embodies the duality Freud recognized in human: the creative, unifying and constructive instinct he calls Eros and its opponent or partner, dividing, destroying, the death instinct. Indeed the city is both the open door to infinite possibilities, playground of the imagination and orgasm of communal life and achievement while also being the birthplace of our problems: the laws and the administrative institutions.

With the city as a symbol for civilization we can see our ambivalence towards culture. Kafka illustrates well the tension between our dream that seem so close we could almost touch them and swallow them and our dissatisfaction and recentfulness which prevent us from reaching our goal.

However, the main idea is that whether God's or our own fault, we are tied together in the city not by choice anymore but by habit.

Furthermore the institutions and cohesive elements that were created as temporary and flexible tools to maintain unity are kept without the previous unity and comprehension. But the workers in the tower still continue to show up every day and receive their salaries. Since the language has been diverted, the only mean of communication left is money, which is based on common agreements and tradition and therefore allows basic exchanges and primary interaction. Now work resumes itself to the accumulation of money.

The money which previously was only a mean becomes an end. This leads to the glorification of the authority since it now controls the money, and the means to produce it. Its power which before was only for practical reason becomes legitimized because it is the source of the unique communicating system: money.

Now competition strives and more rules are needed to contain it. The infinite spiral towards ever-growing repression is started and no solution ever seems possible.
Did someone say something?

No. That's what I thought.

So now, instead of a free dream all the workers' got for motivation is money. Work became just forced and without enjoyment or meaning (except that of money). The city slowly became the negation of identity, of imagination, of hope, of pleasure at the workplace and of genuine community life. People feel oppressed in society and long for the relief of this tension by the destruction of the city that Kafka wrote at the end.

GIVE ME A VOICE!
You talk and talk but never about me, hear? What about my story?

HEY!
What do you know about religion? What if I accept and appreciate the boundaries they provide? Society also constrains us and we live with these limitations. What if I need the help of others who are you to judge?!

We can even extrapolate and imagine ways this lack of expression of voice led to the formation of religions. Our need for community, dream higher aspirations, overarching goals, unity above our differences and an untraditional sense of individual love who fulfilled elsewhere. Religion provided a system that fulfilled these needs. It also re-established the innumerable and dehumanizing people desired but also re-established the frustration we have by creating another set of rules. Religion worked to protect societies by channeling people's dreams and instincts.

The city therefore came to embody repression and collection of the people into a system that no longer had a who/what of the people?

END WALK
Listen to me, please. In your song of humanity you never tune in. Speak to me: the woman, the poor, the different. The queer, the unique, the individual. You forget us behind a picture of a 'typical' human being, hiding behind generalizations. You forget that I want to be happy and fighting is hard. You forget that I have my own individual preferences and that your theories aren't even regarded.

You ignore me, your conception of what life and liberty should be. You have beautiful theories but you always seem to forget me. You're scared of me. Go back to your nice and cozy reflecting your metaphysics on others, or come and see my day. My world.
Your safe, judging position doesn't have to ask you to fight, no just to speak. Why do you always have the authority figure? Why can't you trust me? Why don't you listen?

... Why are you silent? Are you ignoring me now?

And really, I'm not mad at you at all, I appreciate your efforts. No, I am mad at myself and at my hopelessness. But I just can't see a way out...

Maybe it is my time to listen and disappointment. Except maybe I can act and change.

It is nice to have all these solutions, theories in a pretty little book but how am I supposed to feel better in this society which ignores me? And what can I change when I have everything that crushes me, all the daily duties rushing on me and keeping me so busy... And you make fun of my religion but what do I need to hope...? Because your consciousness is painful, it is hard work, and is it worth it...

Anyways, I have to get to work one day or another...
Why can't we do the same? What would it mean for us?

If you can dream — and not make your dreams your master;

If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken;

twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,

Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,

And stop and build 'em up with worn-out hands;

If you can fell with 60 seconds worth;

Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it, son!

And — which is more — you'll be a Man, my son!

Can the project of a city survive? Can the bricks of the tower closing us in a spiral of oppression and darkness be transparent or vibrate under the rhythm of our dream?
my bricks for a perfect or at least better city would be:

- landmarks
- specialties
- uniqueness

What would make its inhabitants proud of their city. They would choose to live - instead of surrendering to habit, those landmarks give an identity, a character, a taste instead of blend and mild uniformity.

We would live the city as a sharing place, live in the city, outside in the street, on the benches to be able to see the other instead of safely ignoring him or her, hiding in our cars, houses, workplaces...

The city would be somewhere where you wouldn’t be afraid to walk outside. Somewhere you trusted your neighbors, where you wouldn’t need guns, dogs or burton allied guards. Somewhere where you would feel comfortable strolling around and smacking an involuntary smile on your face.

The city would be impregnated by your presence. Somewhere where you can have an impact. You can mark the city...
a city with community space: to interact and discover no others.

You would have a voice in the city. You would have a role in the city.

A city you make home.

city where you can play.

A city where you have no limits; only possibilities.

You can dream in your city. Open space to the imagination. Have some empty spaces also to be filled with your wishes and aspirations.

did you grow the weeds of imagination.
what about you? What would you choose for a city?

mmm... I love when you get so brown.

Hopeful? Enthusiastic?

Hmmm.

What does your individual voice make a difference? You are part of well known ideologies and concepts. What's new?

peace and love ☮️ (me, a hippy? 🙃🙃🙃)

mmm. But haven't people tried already and do you really think your individual voice will make a difference? Can't you repeat well known ideologies and concepts? What's new?

I think I know what it is.

Two aren't really for anyone, it is mostly for me. To a corner store, a work, a week that will prevent me from forgetting my dreams: from growing up and melting into compromises. I use to remember my genuine refusal, my adolescent revolt on what now is. I want to know it doesn't have to be.

Well, which it?

It? Can't you feel it? Can't you hear it? Our connections in and with the world, the links that assure us that we can never feel us pulsating when you are proud of your accomplishments as a group, when you are in front of a great drawing, you'd like water, when you hear a children laugh...? When you smile in the street, when you care but also more personally when in a hot bath the burning water penetrates your pores, making your nerves shiver and relieve the tension at last in one breath, the deep expiration, when you lean on the couple for form, steady shun of your lover or friend... In a general burst of laughter in a uncontrollable cheerfulness... Some call it erotic, and find it in the deepest sensual meaning of life, some find it thorough religion and community spirit, moral values and certainty provided, some find it in the sense of a global community, under the flag of humanity and universal rights... However approached, it is about consciousness and respect. Receptivity. Understanding or at least listening. I feel it is the capability to see all the offers even those that aren't proposed and then make a choice. Desire for the other. Appetite for life, love and sharing. If you can, if you try, they will too...
Hi there. So how was your trip?

hmm. nice. I slept. I had a dream. And what about you?

Dinner was readyyyy!

Can't really remember anymore. Though.
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Hey there! It’s me, again.
I know, I know you must be bored of my appearances, of me popping in and out. However, I just wanted to tell you it was great to meet you. I hope you enjoyed/ found interesting (and very long) I had fun (...)! I had! So yeah.
I guess this is the time... to say goodbye.
See you.