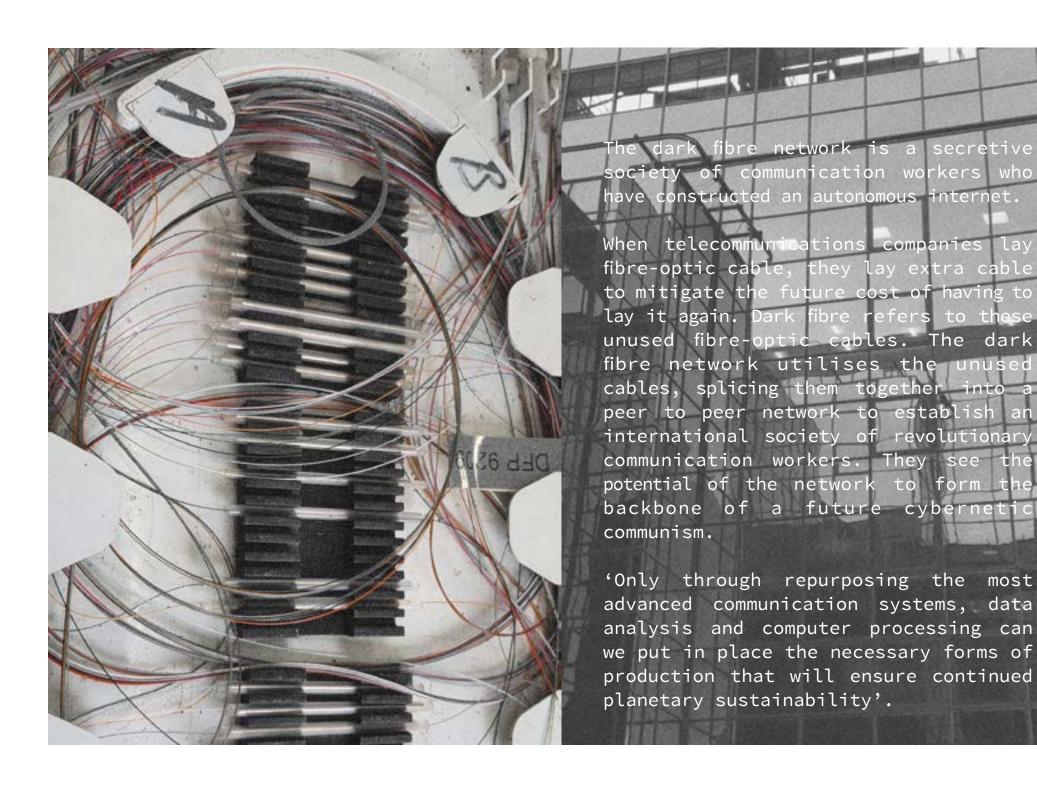


Dark Fibre Network



"We followed the route of underground fibre-optic cables linking seven of the core data centres that form the London Internet Exchange".

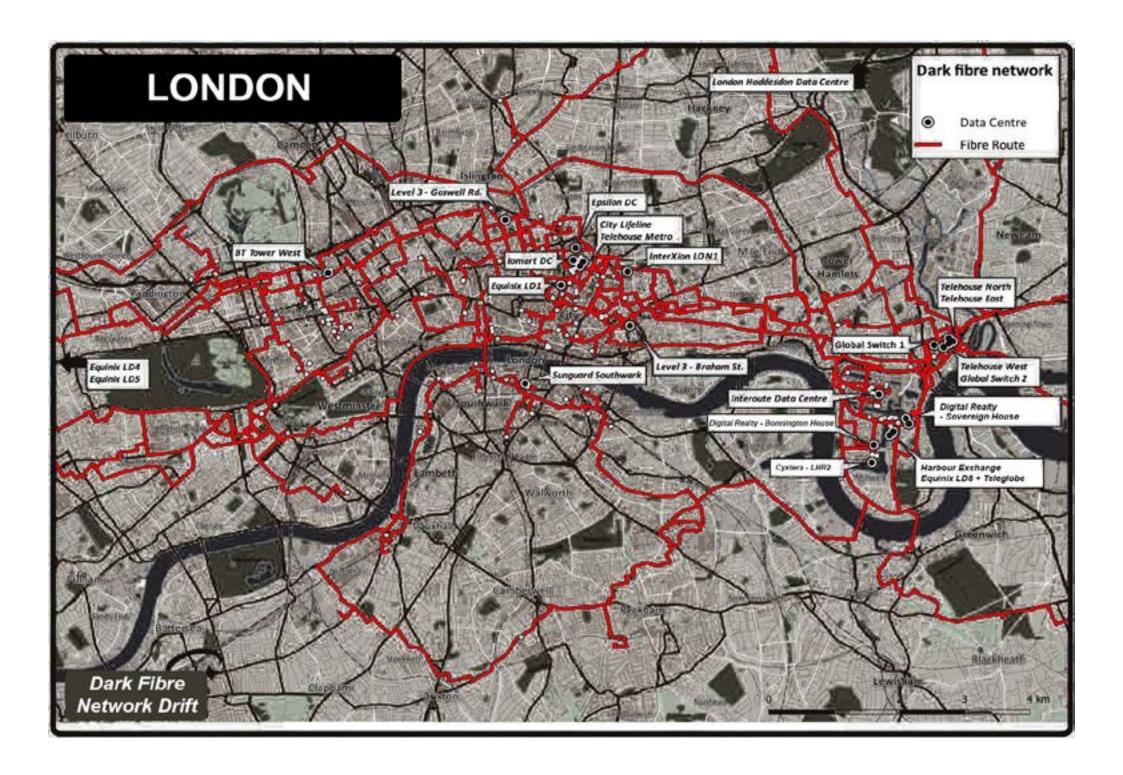
Key East London Data Centres

Telehouse Docklands Campus: is made up of four data centres; West, East, North and North Two. Telehouse North is the main hub of the UK's internet. The Telehouse Campus is part of the London Internet Exchange (LINX) and forms part of the backbone of the global internet. Telehouse North Two is the only UK data centre to own a 132 kV on-campus grid substation that is directly connected to the National Grid.

Global Switch London campus: comprising two data centres - London East and London North. Global Switch North is the termination point of Atlantic Crossing 1 (AC1) one of the main subsea optical submarine telecommunications cable systems linking the UK to the United States. Global Switch London East hosts several financial services customers and enterprises. Customers include Google, Fujitsu, Claranet and Datapipe.

Sovereign House: The facility is a major carrier-neutral and fibre-rich hub providing access to key telecommunication providers, service providers (ISP's) and Internet Exchanges (IXP's) as well as global Cloud providers. **Meridian Gate:** formerly Telecity Meridian Gate is a satellite site of Sovereign House.

Equinix LD8: located at 6&7 and 8&9 Harbour Exchange (HEX). Equinix LD8 is part of the London Internet Exchange (LINX). Equinix is an American multinational company, with headquarters in California, that specialises in internet connection and data centres. The company has 200 data centres in 24 countries on five continents. Notably, Equinix LD8 hosts Amazon's cloud servers and is the UK connection point for Israel's Bezeq and the Palestinian company PALTEL.



Beside the road. Discarded nitrous oxide capsules, alien quicksilver slugs, amongst litter of stray leaves, fast food sarcophagi, empty bottles, fag ends and exhaust dust; half a bottle of pungently strong perfume. A stopping place, waiting place at night. Currently untenanted. And the traffic; eternal, inevitable, passing; the irreparable daylight. Under the pavement, out of reach beneath old and new scars of ashphalt, the data and money flowed. Away, to east and west, parallel to the traffic.

The constant movement into the future: red lights on the left, white lights on the right. Worms of light hidden beneath our feet passing messages in near instantaneous peristalsis.

It was the shittiest marketing suite I'd ever seen. Stuck on a roundabout, cut off by traffic. Tiny, a mere fraction of the size of the development rising skeletal nearby, attended by cranes and skirted in glossy hoardings. Financial orogeny. Not even an obvious door into it. No one was expected to go there.

...The constant passing away

The aesthetics of the hoardings follow contemporary tastes, featuring impossible composite views from as yet unbuilt towers. Vistas from several hundred feet in thin air, from a notional balcony where no balcony will ever be, supported by nothing but future surplus value. Skewed perspectives, where one layer is pasted on another. And no people visible. The view of capital; the red lights on the left and white lights on the right; moving away.

The shittiest marketing suite I diever seen. Potential investors were not expected to physically attend, transactions would take place elsewhere off plan, without prior sight, viewing is unnecessary if no one will ever live there. The views on the hoardings represent nothing that will be seen. Skyline of crystallised value.

"Core samples taken hereabouts show that beneath four metres of "made ground" - a mixture of sand, silts and coal dust and rubble, there is three metres of soft green-brown clay with an admixture of fine to medium gravel containing traces of peat and other organic matter. This is followed by one

and a half metres of dense dark brown medium to coarse gravel. Beneath this is seventeen metres of fissured blue grey clay, down to a depth of twenty six metres, containing gravel, some fine sand. Beneath this is green silty clay; beneath which is clayey sand and gravel; silt with seashells. Beneath it all, chalk.

This was once a seabed – or perhaps several different seas at different times – fifty six to thirty four million years ago. A basin area – a syncline - formed as a distant effect of the Alpine orogeny more recently, around fifteen to twenty million years ago.

... the red lights on the left, the white lights on the right

The dying of innumerable small creatures sifting slowly down through the subaqueous light to settle. More tiny life settling upon them.

It was the shittest marketing suite I've ever seen. Inaccessible due to road and roundabout...

Sifted slowly downward from the surface. They settled. More settled upon them, over acons, in the dim shifting submarine light, then no light, then light again.

he red lights on the left, the white lights on the right. It hasn't been built

Not yet It's not yet complete. The bodies, the tiny life, still sift down. Places are lost, there's spare capacity, in case of emergency or catastrophe. The capacity that is spare is also an enticing opportunity for investment.

They sift down...a long descent through deep water. The small dead, mounting up until the pressure of ages forms them into something like an homogeneous mass. Worms of light hidden beneath our feet passing messages in near lostantaneous peristalsis.

And this is the first of a set of goodbyes. There is always spare capacity reduced against the future. There is always spare capacity for leaving.

