

6. At the end of
Lower Marsh,
head south west
down Carlisle Lane.

He's snuck down his little short cut through
the gardens back to the street where he lives.
No gardens here now. Lambeth used to be
all gardens and orchards growing all manner
of good things to eat: apples, mulberries,
walnuts. A regular garden of Eden.
But where some see paradise, others see hell.
Where some look up to the heavens, others
bury themselves deep in the ground, closed
in, constrained by the strength of their own
feelings, the depths of their emotions.
Perhaps the walking is a form of escape.
Escape from oneself.

Pass under
the arches.

<http://audioboo.fm/boos/268822-the-roaring-fires-ran-o-cr-the-heavens>

1. You are in the graveyard of St
John the Evangelist.
William is always struggling, struggling
and striving – but for what?
He says he needs space in order to create.
But he walks & composes and sings for
other reasons too.
As he strides down Neptune's Place, he
bubbles like a volcano, blasting the world,
furious.
Perhaps it's the turmoil within him that
keeps him moving, keeps him out of the
house, keeps him away from home and
removed from others.
You're probably out walking for a reason
too. To avoid someone or some thing.
Exit from the rear.

<http://audioboo.fm/boos/260413-dark-revolving-in-silent-activity>

8.

8. Turn right into Centaur Street. Proceed to Hercules Road.

You probably think you are at the heart of
things right now. Here is the plaque. Here
is his name. The very street where he lived.

Meanwhile he stands two blocks down,
striding through yet another market garden,
raving about 'the hurting bones'.

I don't claim to understand half of what he
talks about. It was not so long ago that I
could not read or write at all.

But I recognise a man who is bursting at
the seams, who has a soul that is too big
for his body.

He is kind and energetic and hard-working
and he would make a good father, I think.
But he never will be one.



They had no children.

<http://audioboo.fm/boos/268825-and-los-round-the-dark-globe-urizen>

THE BOOK OF URIZEN

William is walking again today.

You'll find him at the Halfpenny Hatch,
in that soggy field where Astley had his
horse act.

He'll be raging against the elements;
wrestling with his reflection in the muddy
pond, and generally making a nuisance of
himself.

He'll tell you he's singing, but for the most
part he's shouting.

Shouting like a mad man.



a walk in progress

<http://audioboo.fm/boos/260404-eternals-i-hear-your-call-gladly>

URIZEN

2nd Book of Urizen

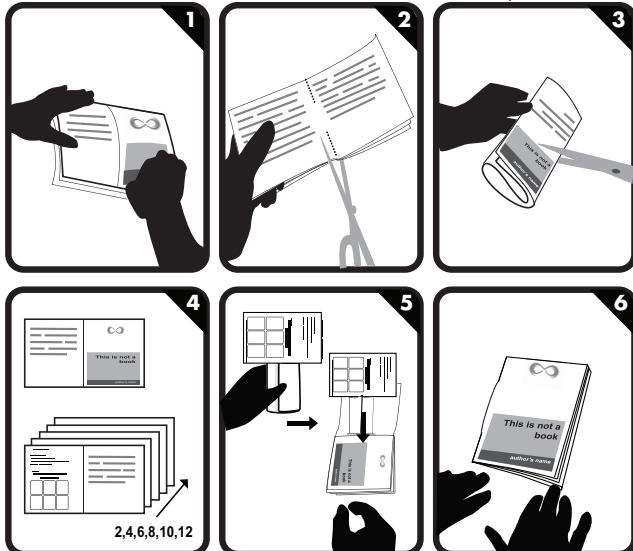
Tim Wright

Commissioned as part of Proboscis' City As Material series
Sketching an L-shaped geolocated rendition of Blake's Book of Urizen.
See <http://goo.gl/VQeYe>

2011-02-04



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2.

2. Walk to the end of Exton Street
& south down Cornwall Road.

William doesn't believe in anything 'real'. I sometimes think life is just one big illusion for him. It's hard for a wife or anyone close to realise how unimportant one is to William in the end. He doesn't spare anyone's feelings.

But then again, before 20 years are out there'll be a theatre on Higlars Lane and a Bridge where the barge builders work.

The Revolution & the Terror will be a distant dream.

So perhaps William is right not to care so much about the here and now. Do you?

Do you care?

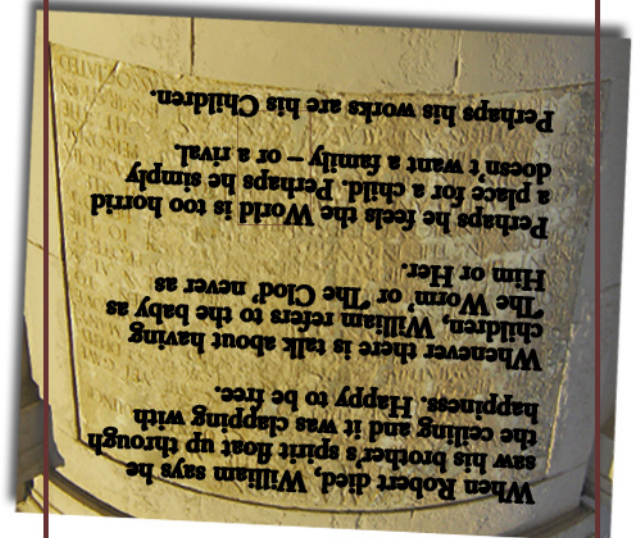


Pass under the
railway bridge.

<http://audioboo.fm/boos/260419-earth-was-not>

3.

3. Proceed to the end of Cornwall
Road where it meets The Cut.



Proceed towards
Old Vic theatre.

<http://audioboo.fm/boos/260423-first-i-fought-with-the-fire>

To be continued...

<http://audioboo.fm/boos/268852-forgetfulness-dumbness-necessity>

9. Head towards The Pineapple. Turn into left into Cosser Street.

While you tarry, William is long gone. Away down to Walcott Place.


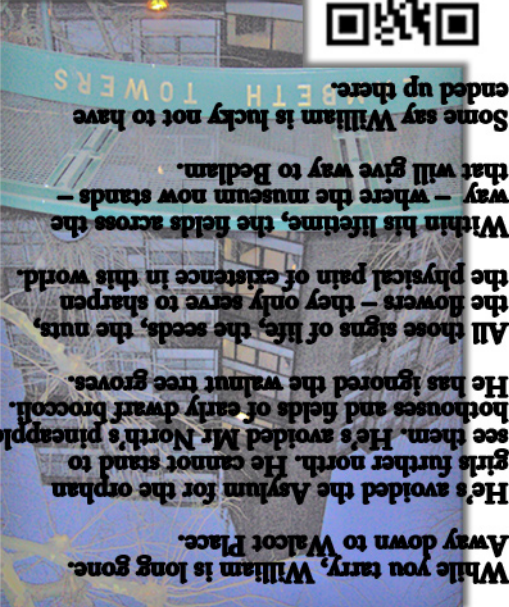
He's avoided the Asylum for the orphan girls further north. He cannot stand to see them. He's avoided Mr North's pineapple hothouses and fields of early dwarf broccoli. He has ignored the walnut tree groves.

All those signs of life, the seeds, the nuts, the flowers – they only serve to sharpen the physical pain of existence in this world. Within his lifetime, the fields across the way – where the museum now stands – that will give way to Bedlam.

Some say William is lucky not to have ended up there.

Perhaps you should stop for a drink.

<http://audioboo.fm/boos/268828-los-smitten-with-a-stonishment>

9.

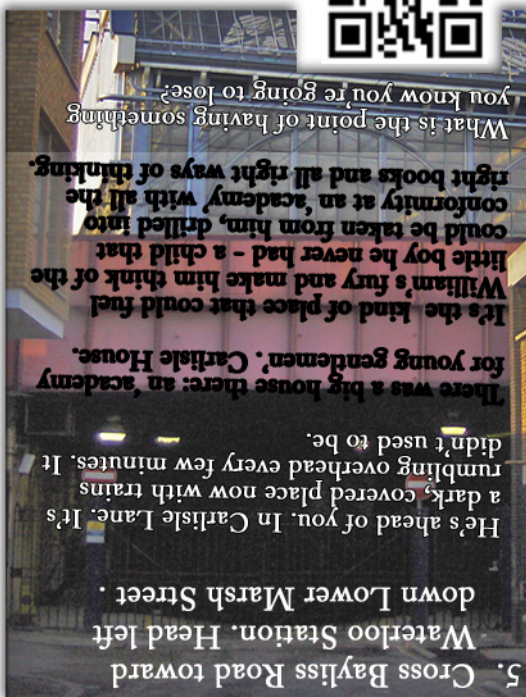
5. Cross Bayliss Road toward Waterloo Station. Head left down Lower Marsh Street.

He's ahead of you. In Carlisle Lane. It's a dark, covered place now with trains rumbling overhead every few minutes. It didn't used to be.

There was a big house there: an 'academy for young gentlemen'. Carlisle House. It's the kind of place that could fuel William's fury and make him think of the little boy he never had – a child that could be taken from him, drilled into conformity at an 'academy' with all the right books and all right ways of thinking. What is the point of having something you know you're going to lose?

Perhaps visit Leake Street

<http://audioboo.fm/boos/260432-the-voice-ended>

5.



10. Turn right at the end of Cosser Street. Walk down Kennington Road. Cross Lambeth Road. Cross Walnut Tree Walk.

When he gets to Lambeth Palace he will take the Horse Ferry across the river and make his way towards Westminster Abbey, a favourite haunt, a place where the statues come alive for him, even as he feels himself turning to stone, pumice stone.

As you plod down Kennington Lane. Perhaps you are peeking into some of the houses, catching sight of fancy light fittings, expensive sofas, bad art.

Imagine what it feels like for someone poor and homeless and itinerant to look into those homes.



Imagine how lost you could get.

<http://audioboo.fm/boos/268840-ages-on-ages-rolled-over-him>

4.

4. Cross Waterloo Road. Proceed on to Bayliss Road.

You are approaching a very busy thoroughfare: for a long time the only way to cross the Lambeth Marsh. It means that William will always bump into people he knows. He is beyond embarrassment.

He came here as a respectable tradesman, earning good money ("for what? what do we need money for?!"), but now it's all about the 'Bible', the visions – hours spent with his copper sheets, acids, inks.

I suppose he fits in here with the odd shop-keepers, circus acts, clowns, has-beens, & failures.

Lambeth really is the place for those who London doesn't love.



Take the time to visit Millennium Green.

<http://audioboo.fm/boos/260426-here-alone-in-books-formd-of-metals>