

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-on-the-heavens>

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 hurtling 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>

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>

1.

## 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>





## 2nd Book of Urizen

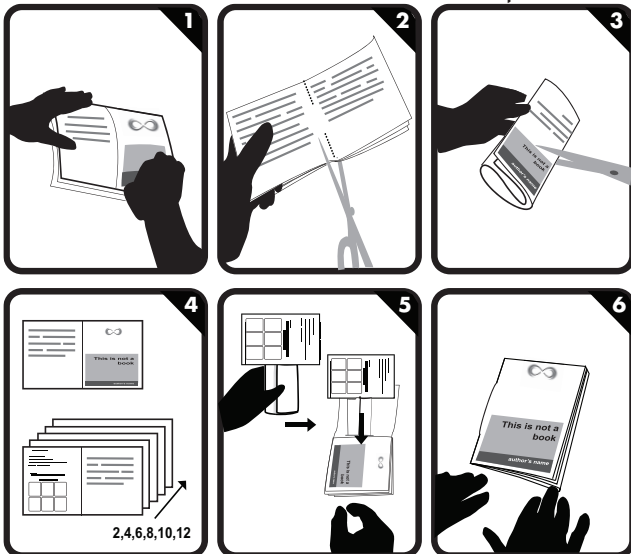
Tim Wright

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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2,4,6,8,10,12



3.

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>



Perhaps you should  
stop for a drink.



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

Within his lifetime, the fields across the  
way – where the museum now stands –  
that will give way to Bedlam.  
All those signs of life, the seeds, the nuts,  
the flowers – they only serve to sharpen  
the physical pain of existence in this world.  
He has ignored the walnut tree groves.  
He has avoided Mr North's pineapple  
boothouses and fields of early dwarf broccoli.  
He's avoided the Asylum for the orphan  
girls further north. He cannot stand to  
see them. He's avoided Mr North's pineapple  
boothouses and fields of early dwarf broccoli.  
While you tarry, William is long gone.  
Away down to Walcott Place.

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

9.



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>

Perhaps visit  
Leake Street



What is the point of having something  
you know you're going to lose?  
right books and all right ways of thinking.  
conformity at an 'academy' with all the  
could be taken from him, drilled into  
little boy he never had – a child that  
William's fury and make him think of the  
It's the kind of place that could fuel  
for young gentlemen. Carlisle House.  
There was a big house there: an 'academy'  
didn't used to be.  
rumbling overhead every few minutes. It's  
a dark, covered place now with trains.  
He's ahead of you. In Carlisle Lane. It's

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

5.

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,  
&c 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>