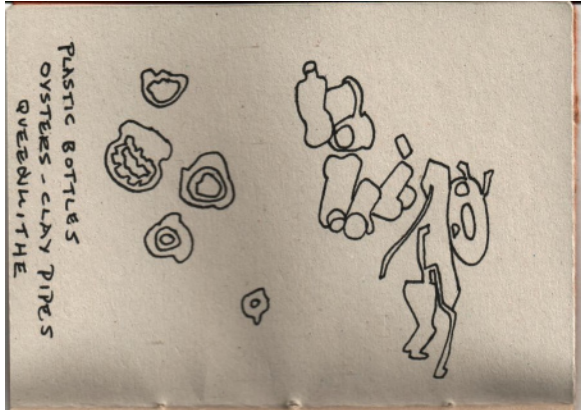
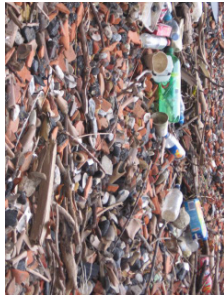


What does the river mean today?  
The tension between the city and river.  
The city imposing itself, encroaching on the river.  
But this is not how it is presented, the city is afraid of the river, defence, the possibility of major flooding.  
The city denies nature.  
The gaps and stairs linking the river to the city.



Old Billingsgate to Queenhithe







## Ebb and Flow City As Material: River

created by Ben Eastop, Martin Fidler, Fred  
Garnett, Giles Lane, Anne Lydlat, Alex  
McGlynn, Aurelia McGlynn-Richon  
as part of Prodoscis' City As Material series

2010-11-02

## Artistic Mudlarking with the Piratical Gran

The mudlarks were filming;  
Serendipity was at play

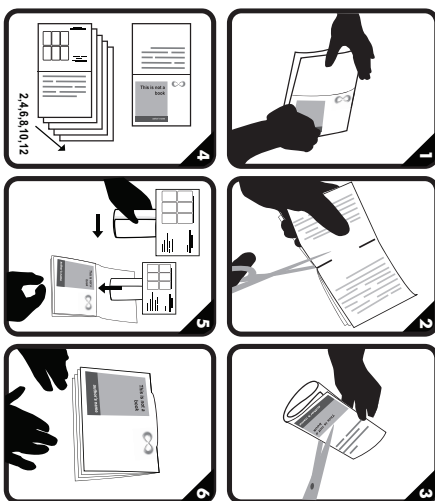
“How much does it cost to live on the river?”  
Asked the City  
“You have to give up everything you know”  
Said the River

The City looked over, and cast it's shadow  
The River looked up, as the tide went out

Oh Look Out!  
Freshly minted, London's Layer Cake is  
falling  
Into the river's fluid impermanence

## DISCUSSION

made with [www.bookleteer.com](http://www.bookleteer.com) from proboscis

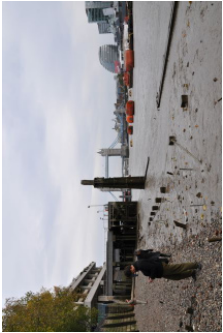
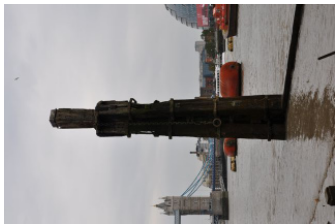
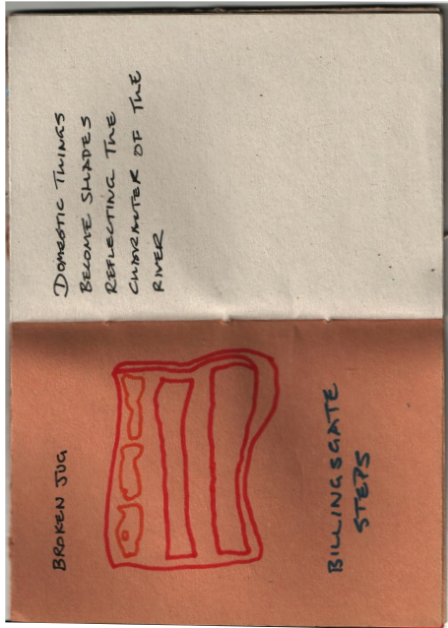


Hermitage Moorings to St Katherine Dock

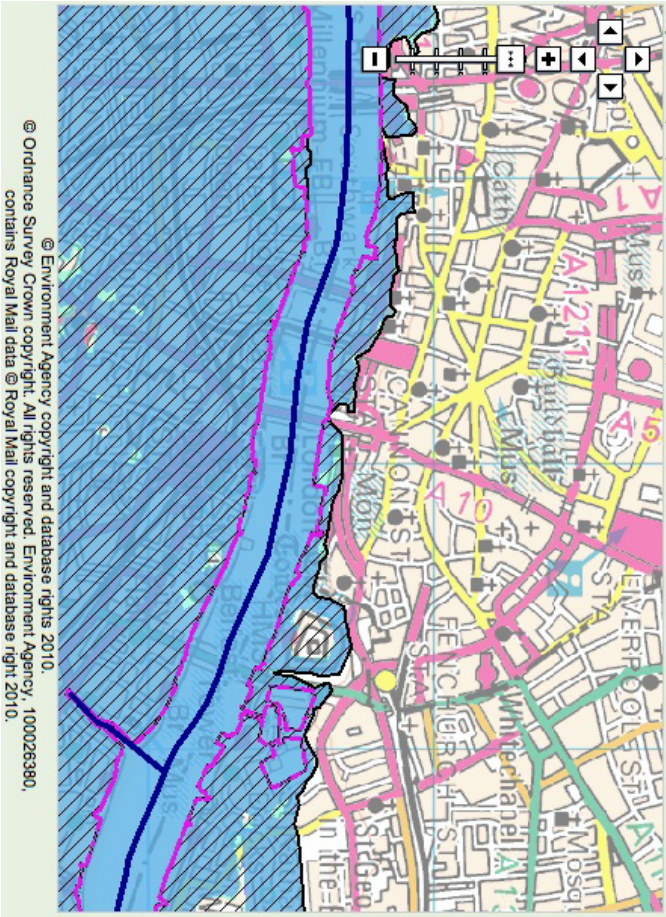




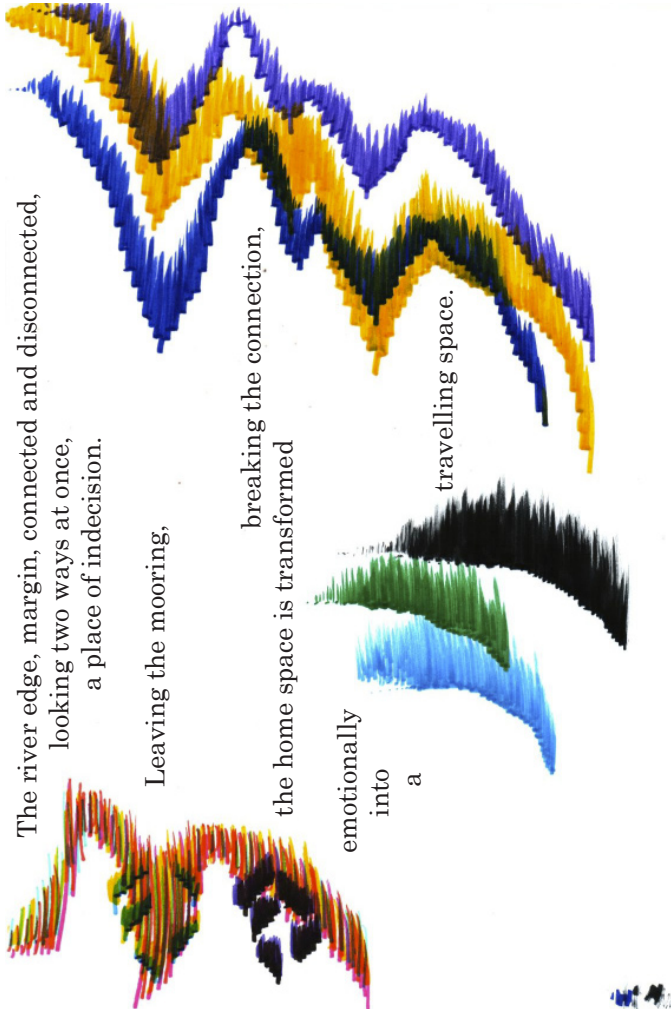
St Katherine Dock to Customs House



But in the river, on the shoreline, the river is filling and evacuating. The evacuation of stuff from the city, waste processing facility.



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The river edge, margin, connected and disconnected,  
looking two ways at once,  
a place of indecision.

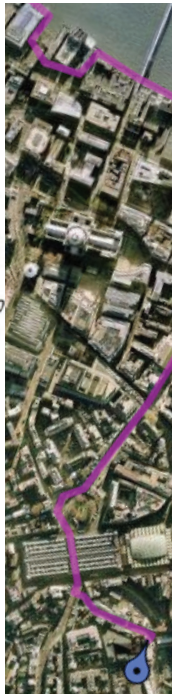
Leaving the mooring,

breaking the connection,  
the home space is transformed

emotionally  
into  
a

travelling space.





Queenhithe to Turnmill Street

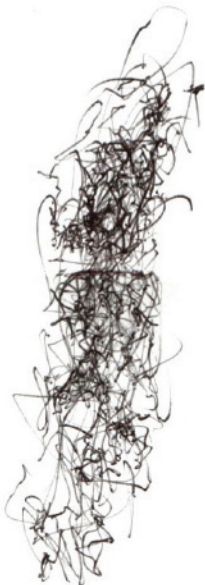
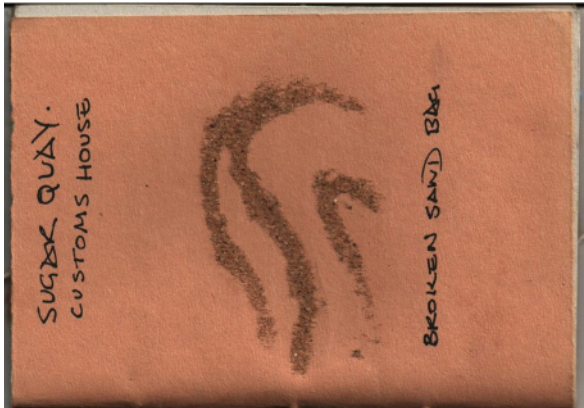
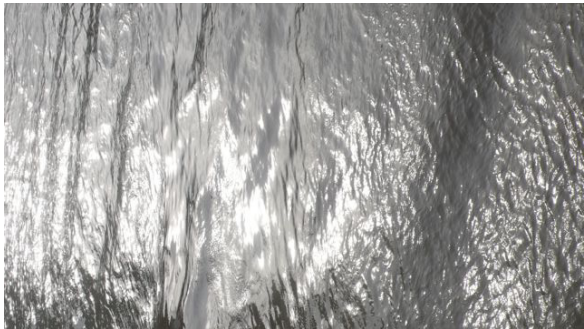


A City Without River Rats or Sea Bitches

A creature scuttled out and escaped past,  
Lightermen, Beefeaters, Mariners and Boris  
Giles clicked, pixellating our e-scapes  
Aurelia and Alexandra's whispered sounds echoed around

Martin had drawn the Tower and its quarters  
Smoked Oysters blanketed the foreshore with hidden history  
Anne prepared Dover Soles on the strand  
Ben felt disconnected from his moorings

We were mudlarking; investigating the liminal  
Whilst the City looked over,  
Building a future full of shard  
It's becoming a city without River Rats and Sea Bitches



Customs House to Old Billingsgate