It's very odd you need to come and try this. It really does sound like you're being amplified. No, I'm not picking it up. It's amazing. It is really strong. Actually it's better with... Can everybody...? Yeah, yeah. We need to do a renga poem or something.

People can hear you really loudly in St Martin's Holborn there's a little place there if you whisper.

Cos the other place... you have to come and join us.

We need to do something.

It's a pentagram.

You have to come and join us.

We need to do something.

It's a pentagram.

It's a border with... can everybody...? Yeah, yeah.

It's amazing it really is.

And in your kitchen it's piped in here.

And maybe that's what it is. Neighbourcasting. Just say it. That woman in flat 35. What is she like?

Look that amazing little bonsai tree in that window there. Isn't it bizarre?

There look right in the centre of there...

Oh yeah.

It's a bit bare. It does look rather dead...

Oomy zoomy television!
We were out and about
and heard Sound and Around
Then Tim said;
The City is crowding in
And David said;
There are three terraces on the roof!
Yet Giles said;
I've got to abandon you
So Haz said;
Let's make a Street Zine;
But Anne said;
don't do it on Friday

Golden Lane estate – grey and brown blocks battling with faded primary colours, which, although muted and filmed with dirt, are curiously glaring when ambling at ground level. Sickly yellows, terracotta reds, royal blues; clashing on the fringes of vision, as the emptiness and silence of the estate washes over. Although a space for dwelling, we encounter a single couple leaving, and an indoor swimming lesson, the excited cries and splashes of children rapidly becoming lost with the rushing of the wind. Rather than feeling enclosed within the bustle of the city, the estate seems to repel, driving people back out onto darting roads and pavements pounded with impetuous feet. A gate catches my eye, emblazoned with a yellow padlock. Beyond it lies a large brick circle, an abandoned amphitheatre populated only with wisps of grass and several patches of toppling concrete. The empty seats are now propped up by sections of their own dead kin. Steps lead from both sides of the enclosure, leading into an empty woods. As we turn and meet again, young trees catch our eyes, trapped on the edges of their own dead kin. The cliffs of vision, the cliffs of sense, the cliffs of the estate. We stand by the edge, wondering why this place is forbidden, until one defiantly pushes the gate, and it beckons us in. Sanctuary.
A brick cornea, cobbled from stones and growth
peering into immense towers, and in turn watched
radiating silence between its many pupils, each murmuring
to break its hold
their dissent funneled into the earth
streaming upwards to startle those up high

Echoes of Silence

you came here with a promise to say nothing