

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 can all face each other
 echo echo
 we need to do something
 it's a pentagram
 you have to come and join us
 cos the other place...
 in St Martin's Holborn there's a little place there if you whisper
 people can hear you really loudly
 we need to do a renga poem or something
 haiku
 haiku
 bless you
 Barbra-Ann
 Bar bar bar bar barbra- ann
 you're showing you're age
 ...
 You may be wondering why I called you hear
 I have something to tell you
 This message will self destruct
 this is where Churchill's cabinet used to meet during the war
 it's amazing
 so shall we just stay here all afternoon?
 what we should do is capture the sound and put it in a story cube

ooo that would be good
 how do you do that then?

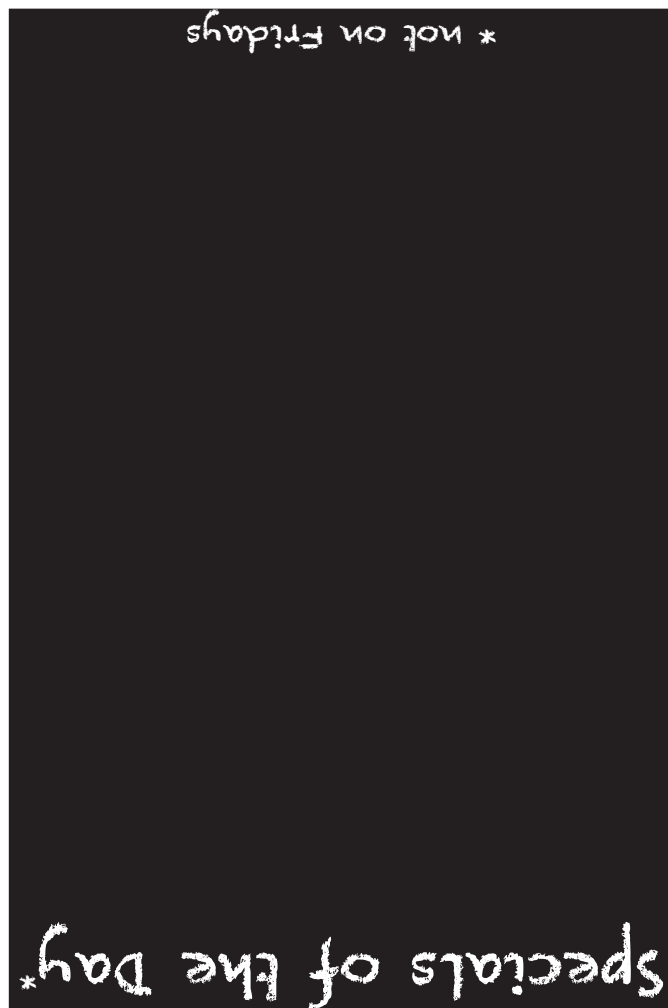
....
 do not open. or open at your peril.

...
 is this where we publish our unbook?
 in the unplace.
 inspired by Hawksmoor
 yeah because it's roofless
 ruthless?! i thought you said it's ruthless.
 he always was poor old Hawksmoor

...
 look he's going now he's had enough. he's had enough. 'I'm clear-
 ing out of here'
 he gets broadcasted to every day
 it's piped in here
 you can say anything you like about your neighbours here, they'll
 hear it
 maybe that's what it is
 neighbourcasting
 just say it
 that woman in flat 35 what is she like?

look that an 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 Jim 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 Zone;
But Anne said:
don't do it on Friday*

An UnBooklet of Disappropriation

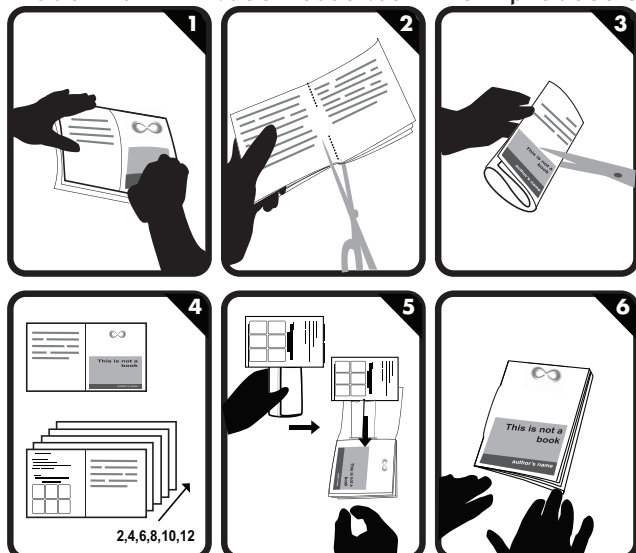
City As Material : Streetscapes

Fred Garnett, David Jennings, Giles Lane, Anne Lydiat, Hazem Tagiuri & Tim Wright

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DIFFUSION

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Golden Lane estate – grey and brown blocks battling with faded primary colours, which, although muted and filmed with dirt, are curiously glaring when ambled 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.

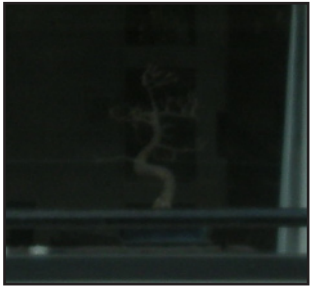
A gate catches my eye, emblazoned with a yellow padlock. Beyond it lies a large brick circle, an abandoned amphitheatre populated only with tufts of grass and several young trees, propped up by sections of their own dead kin. Steps lead from both sides of the entrance, flowing into symmetrical contours which wind round and meet again – streams joining a lake rippled by cobbles.

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 it's many pupils, each murmuring
to break it's 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