

what we should do is capture the sound and put it in a story cube

so shall we just stay here all afternoon?

it's amazing

this is where Churchill's cabinet used to meet during the war

This message will self destruct

I have something to tell you

You may be wondering why I called you hear

...

you're showing you're age

Bar bar bar bar barba- ann

Barbra-Ann

bless you

haiku

haiku

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

it's a pentagram

we need to do something

echo

echo echo

we can all face each other

actually it's better with... can everybody...? yeah yeah

it's amazing it is really strong

no I'm not picking it up

amplified

you need to come and try this. it really does sound like you're being

It's very odd

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 clearing 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!



Sanctuary.

We stand by the edge, wondering why this place is forbidden, until one defiantly pushes the gate, and it beckons us in.

streams joining a lake rippled by cobbles. symmetrical contours which wind round and meet again –

Steps lead from both sides of the entrance, flowing into young trees, propped up by sections of their own dead kin. amphitheatre populated only with tufts of grass and several padlock. Beyond it lies a large brick circle, an abandoned

A gate catches my eye, emblazoned with a yellow

with impetuous feet.

people back out onto darting roads and pavements pounded within the bustle of the city, the estate seems to repel, driving with the rushing of the wind. Rather than feeling enclosed excited cries and splashes of children rapidly becoming lost single couple leaving, and an indoor swimming lesson, the washes over. Although a space for dwelling, we encounter a fringes of vision, as the emptiness and silence of the estate Sickly yellows, terracotta reds, royal blues, clashing on the with dirt, are curiously glaring when ambling at ground level. faded primary colours, which, although muted and filmed Golden Lane estate – grey and brown blocks battling with



[bit.ly/cNup1s](http://bit.ly/cNup1s)

*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;  
If we got to abandon you  
So Haz said;  
Let's make a Street Line;  
But Anne said;  
don't do it on Friday*

## An UnBooklet of Disappropriation

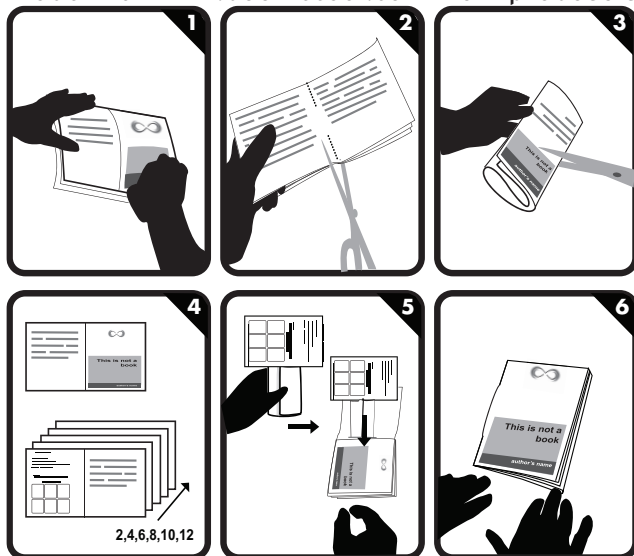
### City As Material : Streetscapes

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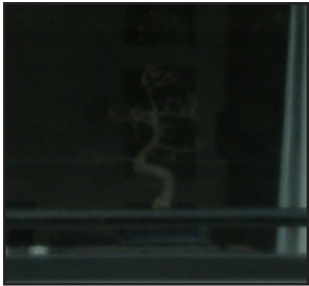
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A brick cornea, cobbled from stones and growth  
peering into immense towers, and in turn watched  
radiating silence between it's many pupils, each murmuring  
to break it's hold  
their dissent funneled into the earth  
streaming upwards to startle those up high



Echoes of Silence