

Sometimes I forget that we can parse the world without a mobile device.

leaving one more inclined to spend time alone thinking. tourists look up while the natives look down when they walk the street, the familiarity/contempt for streets that don't surprise you with the city, rather than just tourists: it's often remarked that do. it's also an interesting way of persuading locals to engage of new-builds in a way that only major retail developments usually from the 50's, "Why isn't that better designed, it's only two years what they know of the temporal context ("That's so ugly it must be gets to instantly judge the architecture and its suitability within There's a politics with a small 'p' element to this, as every viewer

Chronology. begins to judge the make up of the town as a haphazard Shopfronts and restaurants are instantly contextualised and one data that provides an instant narrative for street you walk down. either side of the dividing line went up. It's a subtle overlaying of The numbers are date stamps, declaring the year that the building front of – or, more specifically, the divide between two buildings. the work of a moment to join these up to the buildings they sit in. On St. Laurent the pavement is marked at intervals by small rectangular plaques, each of which has room for two numbers. It's

The gently augmented reality of St. Laurent
Posted on July 27, 2009

The British Experimental Rocket Group

Posted on August 20, 2009

I'm sober by the time I get back to Baron's Court, but it doesn't stop me pointing at my arm and ranting like a lunatic about the sigil burned into it: BERG. The Girl is subject to my head pouring forth ideas and plans, future cities of language and paper being spat out like erratic spreadsheet print-outs. "There won't be a day that goes by over the next month where I don't think 'Man, I wish I was in BERG!'"...

Last night I had the pleasure of attending Schulze & Webb's 'complimentary re-branding seminar', as the design firm entered a new phase and blossomed into BERG: the British Experimental Rocket Group. Decked out in customised lab-coats, the team looked and sounded excited, terrified, enthusiastic, and nostalgic. To a man they also wound up being inspirational.

Matt Jones greeted me on entry, stamping my hand with the company logo and pointing out retro-future slides flitting away on the projector: "Look, that's Quatermass, he's important. That's my favourite: a man on his mobile looking at a radiation test. That's President Kennedy... I think he was important." At any point when not wildly gesticulating his hands were stuffed into the pockets of his lab coat, every bit the factory foreman. All night he was drinking or transporting an array of alcoholic beverages in pint glasses, but in my mind he will be holding a mug of tea, forever full, animated with ideas and futures.

Jack Schulze was wild-eyed, goading Warren Ellis with questions while apologising for the last time we crossed paths – he was very drunk then. Last night he was simply excited. I saw maps in his eyes and the shape of cities, rolling landscapes with his face

Four times I've stayed here now and I still can't get used to the myrtad stench of Midtown. Food, flesh, waste and vapour force a sticky taste down your nose and throat, clogging breath and blurring concentration. There's a pocket between 23rd and SoHo that manages to escape it though, when the sweet odors of restaurants and take-outs manages to cover the subway steam and clouds of gasoline. The Lower East Side almost gets away

- Rudyard Kipling.

"The first condition of understanding a foreign country is to smell it!"

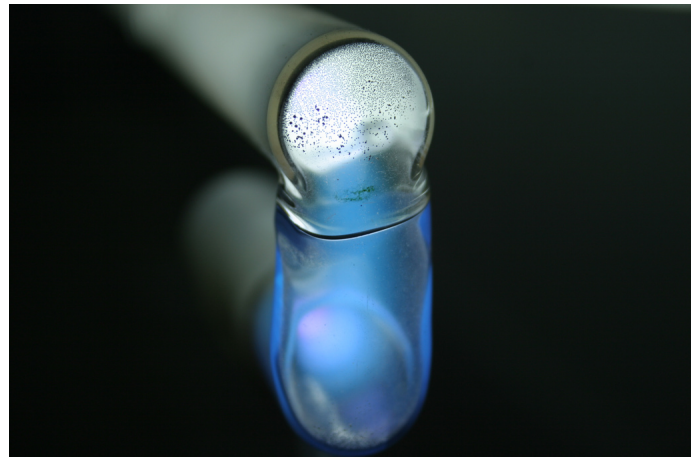
Frankenstein. Both of them seemed to enjoy it. teacher from out of town on the origins of Mary Shelley's found himself subject to a potted lecture from an elderly former tell me it was, in fact, Shelley) on his way to deepest Queens school senior reading Keats (The Girl would later correct me and in to a couple opposite us chatting on the way to PS.1: A high Quinns. The other day I caught The Girl grinning as she listened of potential chats and hints. I should have learned better from poison mistake for a stranger, leaving you closed to any number I can't be sure I acknowledged anyone on either journey. That's a

Chelsea.

are more pedestrian, so I pitch for the Manhattan bound E-train to proclaim the existence of a regular service to Babylon. My tastes around their faces to sleep in the neon chaos: loud LED signage homeless men and women sit with faces swallowed in blakets while they prepare to hurtle along the Long Island Railroad: sights and sounds of Suptin Boulevard: Future-hangar trains roar Twice in the last five days my obliterated eyes have dealt with the

Posted on June 23, 2009

Suptin Boulevard, New York, NY



Expeditions in Paper Science

Matthew Sheret

What an incredible thing. He and The British Experimental Rocket Group have become ideas – vague, powerful concepts that have all the potential to change the world or dissipate trying. Who wouldn't want to be a part of that?

alone. first time in five years, that he no longer lives or dies on his name conception, execution and reception of a product means, for the identity. To place a distance, a logo, an idea between the Webb's closure meant no longer facing the world with his own struck with the sheer scale of the transformation: Schulze & By the time he careened over to Paperfutures Corner he had been Scientist that actually took over The World/Silicone Roundabout. goggles perched on his head, looking like the Future Villain text. Last night I caught him just before he drifted home, rocket Jones put together with myself and James Bridle, essentially to Matt Webb I've met only once before, at a map pub summit that

printed in browsers, AR interfaces shaping journeys and people and histories. It was stunning. (I never met Tom Armitage, but I imagine he fills some unhinged working role, stripped to a vest over coding and circuit boards yelling "need more time!" as Jones and Webb patiently watch, handing him atomic tea and bacon sandwiches while Schulze dances in a corner)

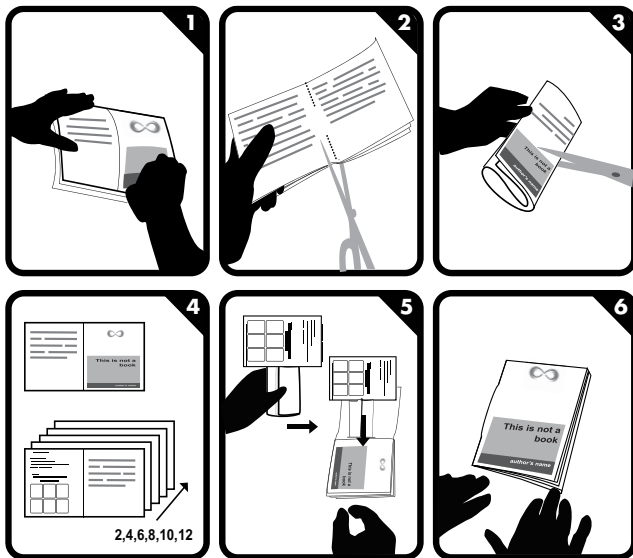
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Sutphin Boulevard, New York, NY
The gently augmented reality of St. Laurent
The British Experimental Rocket Group

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made with Diffusion Generator by



2,4,6,8,10,12

There are fragments of this town I know off by heart now, parts of it here for me to use. I know it always looks its best on the way in, I know its effect on the soles of my feet, I know it'll bottle up surprises and memories in equal measure and I'll keep coming back here. I know I'm having an amazing time here, again, but I know I'd have trouble living here: it's the momentum. There's a pace that, as a visitor, just winds me up like a dynamo and fills me with an urge to hurtle off and conquer things. I know I've got a couple more days here and a ticket to Montreal in my back pocket.

I took a plan, I took a train,
(Ah, who cares, you always end up in the city)
Stranded at Bleeker and Broadway,
Looking for something to do.
- "Myriad Harbour", The New Pornographers

devalue his family, not least because she owed him a lot of money. Swinging between silent tears and bitter sniping they wouldn't have noticed us even if we hadn't tried pretending we weren't listening. Clearly we'd stumbled into A.C. Newman territory.

with it too, unless the wind brings in the smell of the atrophying waterfront, a salt swamp. The combination is scattering, disorientating, New York's own brew of dementia and non-specific infection to compliment its schizophrenic and insomniac tendencies. It's not that the city never sleeps, it just can't.

"When we get out of the glass bottle of our ego and when we escape like the squirrels in the cage of our personality and get into the forest again, we shall shiver with cold and fright. But things will happen to us so that we don't know ourselves. Cool, unlying life will rush in."
- D.H Lawrence

When I get online I find a missive from Sarah including good wishes and a couple of choice quotes. 'Cool, unlying life' seems to rush in by the bucketload, especially when we watch the Mermaid Parade on Coney Island. The rain cracks the crowd and I can feel the water soaking into the soles of my Converse. My photo is taken by Japanese tourists wearing ponchos, an example of the Drowned Rat/Brit Abroad species in the wild. That said, everyone here is woefully under-dressed: it's the point of the parade. Still I love the broken camp of Coney, a ramshackle tank track trying to fend off reconstruction. There are reams of dockland here that cry out for demolition, decaying housing stretching along Brooklyn avenues, years of unchecked growth pulling down stairwells and rooftops, only stray graphitti and shattered bottles leaving evidence of human interaction.

The rain followed us into Williamsburg too, but Bedford Avenue still offered up a few treats: music on the street, terrible art installations, a flock of checked shirts and a \$3 bargains in a thrift store. In one coffee shop we sat uncomfortably close to a couple going through a painful break up. They were both in bands about to go on tour, he in the U.S., she in Europe. She knew it would