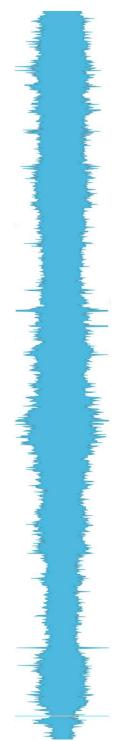
Bells Bridge Bubble

A sound walk through London¹

¹ Walk and writing performed by John Pinder with Pablo Chemor

St Mary-le-Bow - 11/09/09, 11:59



"How should we take account of, question, describe what happens everyday and recurs everyday: the banal, the quotidian, the obvious, the common, the ordinary, the infra ordinary, the background noise, the habitual

What's needed perhaps is finally to found our anthropology, one that will speak about us, will look in ourselves for what for so long we've been pillaging from others not exotic any more, but the endotic

to question what seems so much a matter of course that we've forgotten its origins
To discover something of the astonishment that Jules Verne or his readers may have felt
faced with an apparatus capable of reproducing and transporting sounds
For that astonishment existed, along with thousands of others, and it's they which have

moulded us"

Georges Perec, Species of spaces

This is an essay to translate what happened to us one afternoon
It is also an essay to gather collective and circulating thoughts
We took our thoughts for an afternoon walk
We roamed, loafed around, loitered, hung and lounged around
We did not plan our walk or know our route beforehand
The only thing we knew was that we were to start our walk outside

St Mary le Bow Church at 12:00

The permutations of bell ringing gave us the signal to start, and off we went We recorded the walk as we went across and along the river and back again We recorded surrounding sounds, ourselves moving and speaking, in an attempt to discover something of the astonishment that Jules Verne or his readers may have felt using an apparatus capable of reproducing and

transporting sounds

Listening to the recording of the walk, now, I try to remember

This is an essay to remember in detail the continuum of sight and smell, the

acoustic spaces travelled in the afternoon

Writing is maybe an essay in unfolding sounds and images
Deforming and transforming them in a moment of misrememberance
There is a gap between what I remember of that afternoon and what the
apparatus remembers, this piece happens thanks to that

gap

These are three moments, afternoon essays that are mundane and magical, extraordinary and very ordinary at the same time
We hope that you will share these moments with us in an attempt to prolong walking time

Figure 1: Bell ringing

Millennium Bridge-11/09/09, 12:23

Writing and misremembering with an apparatus capable of reproducing and transporting sounds

An apparatus capable of reproducing and transporting sounds

AMisremembering capable of reproducing and transporting sounds

A capable misremembering: a possible apparatus for reproducing and transporting sounds

Reproducing and transporting sounds

An apparatus reproducing misremembering

Sound writing

Writing sounds: capable of transporting us

Writing: reproducing and transporting sounds

Sounds reproducing a misremembering

An apparatus transporting sounds

Transporting and reproducing sounds Sounds

A misremembering capable of transporting writing
An apparatus capable of sounds

Reproducing sounds

Writing capable of transporting

Writing sounds capable of reproducing

Producing writing transporting misremembering

Writing

Misremembering

Rewriting

Misremembering sounds

A sound misremembering

And

Writing:

Capable

Of

Transporting

Transporting and reproducing sound Reproducing and transporting sound

Transporting

An apparatus capable of sounds
Reproducing writing capable of transporting misremembering
Capable sounds

Writing capable of reproducing

Writing and misremembering with an apparatus capable of reproducing and transporting sounds

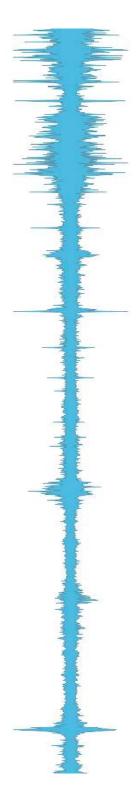


Figure 2: Steel rhythms and singing trees

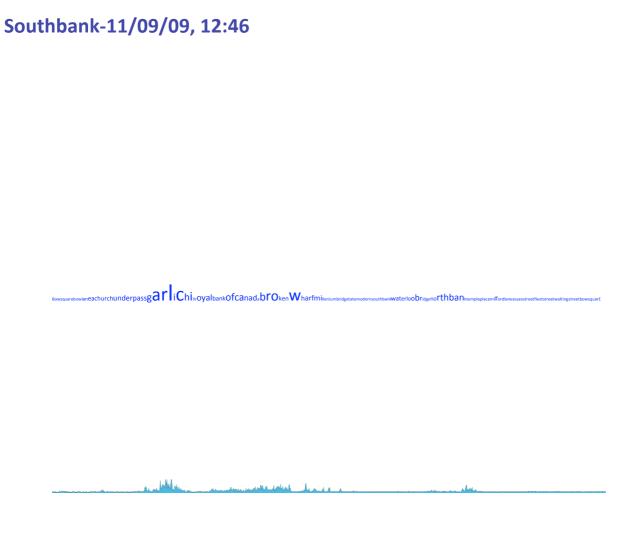


Figure 3: Floating bubble on river