13 April 2018
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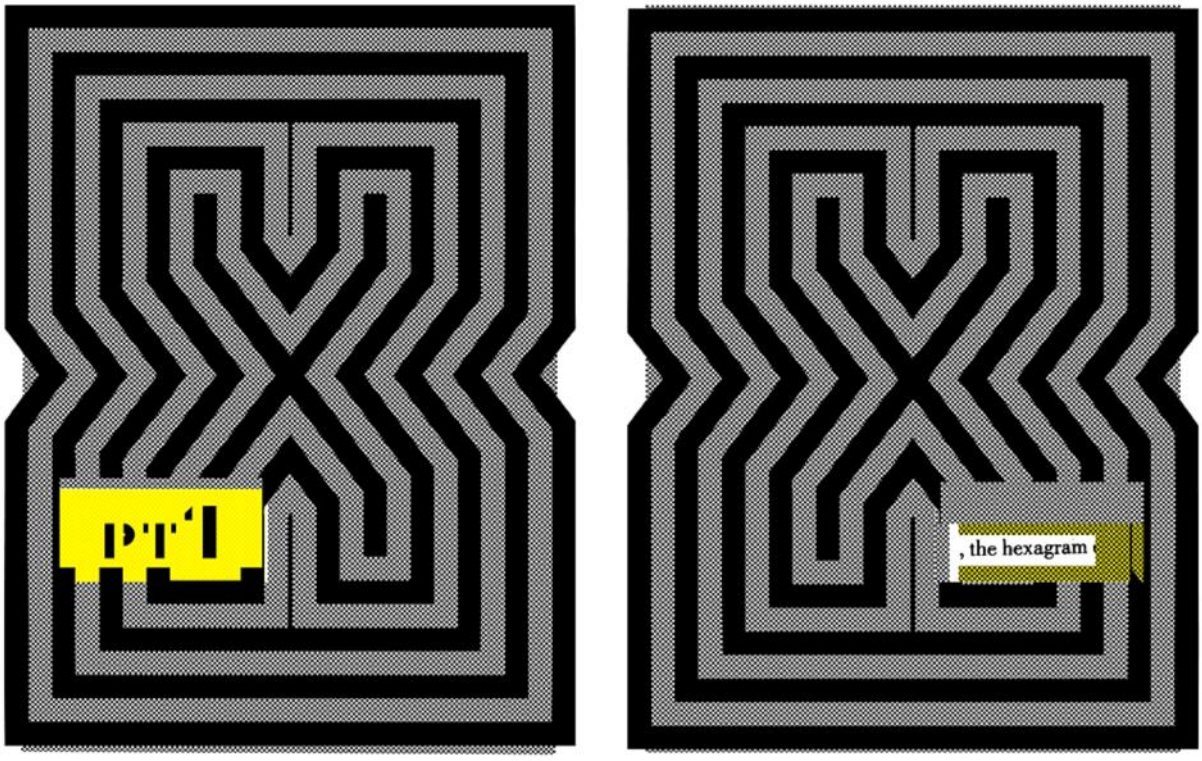
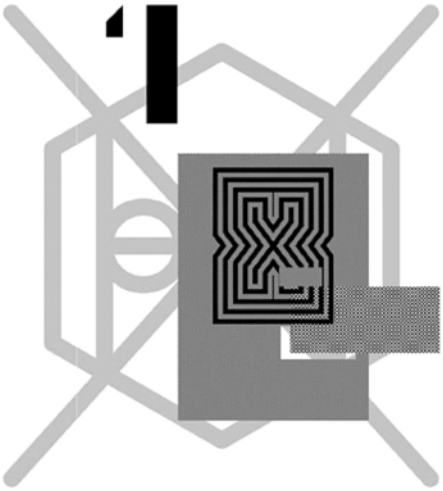




*PART 1 OF 2

the hexagram (pt1*) is a walk
set within the boundary of Waltham Forest, London.
The walk offers 6 points identified by grid reference numbers.
Waymarks and signs** have also been placed at these
points by the ~~author~~ of this walk
(shown in the photographs in this pamphlet)

Starting from and returning to Walthamstow Central station,
the aim of the walk is to complete a journey
that connects all of these points,
entering the <u>practice</u> of walking ~~the city~~
following "the thicks and thins of an urban text".
The choice of route connecting these points
(and any diversions) is up to you, so the minimum
distance covered will probably be around sixteen miles.
The challenge is to complete this walk in
under 12 hours. If you send a single photo (.jpg) and written
evidence of your journey, including times of starting,
finishing and reaching each grid reference point, you will be
entitled to an embroidered cloth badge
(as a symbol of the Hexagram fraternity).
send details of your walk to:

info@markpearson.info

for more information go to:
http://markpearson.info/the_map_the_fold.html

**this walk is not a treasure hunt
some or all of the these waymarks will have already
disappeared
by the time you get to them

against the reader and to resist any authorative interpretation. If we consider for a moment it becomes clear that not all subcultural styles 'play' with language to the same extent: some are more 'straightforward' than others and place a higher priority on the construction and projection of a firm and coherent identity. For instance, if we return to our earlier example, we could say that whereas the teddy boy style says its piece in a relatively direct and obvious way, and remains resolutely committed to a 'finished' meaning, to the signified, to what Kristeva calls 'signification', punk style is in a constant state of assemblage, of flux. It introduces a heterogeneous set of signifiers which are liable to be superseded at any moment by others no less productive. It invites the reader to 'slip into' 'signifiance' to lose the sense of direction, the direction of sense. Cut adrift from meaning, the punk style thus comes to approximate the state which Barthes has described as 'a *floating* (the very form of the signifier); a floating which would not destroy [illegible] would be content simply to disorientate the L[illegible] 1977b).

The two styles, then, represent different sig[illegible] tices which confront the reader with quite di[illegible] lems. We can gauge the extent of this difference (which is basically a difference in the degree of *closure*) by means of an analogy. In *The Thief's Journal*, Genet contrasts his relationship to the elusive Armand with his infatuation with the more transparent Stilittano in terms which underline the distinction between the two practices: 'I compare Armand to the expanding universe. . . . Instead of being defined and reduced to observable limits, Armand constantly changes as I pursue him. On the other hand, Stilittano is already encircled' (Genet, 1967).

The relationship between experience, expression and signification is therefore not a constant in subculture. It can form a unity which is either more or less organic, striving towards some ideal coherence, or more or less ruptural,

reflecting the experience of breaks and contradictions. Moreover, individual subcultures can be more or less 'conservative' or 'progressive', integrated *into* the community, continuous with the values of that community, or extrapolated *from* it, defining themselves *against* the parent culture. Finally, these differences are reflected not only in the objects of subcultural style, but in the signifying practices which represent those objects and render them meaningful.

1: 393904
Waterworks Roundabout

2: 371918
May Road, Chingford

Voyeurs or walkers

To what erotics-of-knowledge does the ecstasy of reading such a cosmos belong? Having taken a voluptuous pleasure in it, I wonder what is the source of this pleasure of "seeing the whole," of looking down on, totalizing the most immoderate of human texts.

To be lifted to the summit of the World Trade Center is to be lifted out of the city's grasp. One's body is no longer clasped by the streets that turn and return it according to an anonymous law; nor is it pos-

ble of so many differences
hen one goes up there, he
s up in itself any identity
ove these waters, he can
d endless labyrinths far
voyeur. It puts him at a
by which one was "pos-
allows one to read it, to
xaltation of a scopic and
ated to this lust to be a
ace where crowds move
n on high, are therapeutic
the 110th floor, a master
the pedestrian who is for
hard to be down when
you're up.

The desire to see the city preceded the means of satisfying it. Medieval or Renaissance painters represented the city as seen in a perspective that no eye had yet enjoyed.[2] This fiction already made the medieval spectator into a celestial eye. It created gods. Have things changed since technical procedures have organized an "all-seeing power"?[3] The totalizing eye imagined by the painters of earlier times lives on in our achievements. The same scopic drive haunts users of architectural productions by materializing today the utopia that yesterday was only painted. The 1370 foot high tower that serves as a prow for Manhattan continues to construct the fiction that creates readers, makes the complexity of the city readable, and immobilizes its opaque mobility in a transparent text.

Is the immense texturology spread out before one's eyes anything more than a representation, an optical artifact? It is the analogue of the facsimile produced, through a projection that is a way of keeping

aloof, by the space planner, urbanist, city planner or cartographer. The panorama-city is a "theoretical" (that is, visual) simulacrum, in short a picture, whose condition of possibility is an oblivion and a misunderstanding of practices. The voyeur-god created by this fiction, who, like Schreber's God, knows only cadavers,[4] must disentangle himself from the murky intertwining daily behaviors and make himself alien to them.

The ordinary practitioners of the city live "down below," below the thresholds at which visibility begins. They walk—an elementary form of this experience of the city; they are walkers, *Wandersmänner*, whose bodies follow the thicks and thins of an urban "text" they write without being able to read it. These practitioners make use of spaces that cannot be seen; their knowledge of them is as blind as that of lovers in each other's arms. The paths that correspond in this intertwining, unrecognized poems in which each body is an element signed by many others, elude legibility. It is as though the practices organizing a bustling city were characterized by their blindness.[5] The networks of these moving, intersecting writings compose a manifold story that has neither author nor spectator, shaped out of fragments of trajectories and alterations of spaces: it exists only by the [illegible] presentations, it remains daily and indefinitely other.

[illegible] totalizations produced by the eye, the everyday [illegible] that does not surface, or whose surface is only [illegible] itself against the visible. Within this ensemble, I [illegible] practices that are foreign to the "geometrical" or [illegible] of visual, panoptic, or theoretical constructions. [illegible] refer to a specific form of *operations* ("ways of [illegible] spatiality"[6] (an "anthropological," poetic and [illegible] experience of space), and to an *opaque and blind* mobility char[illegible] city. A *migrational*, or metaphorical, city thus [illegible] of the planned and readable city.

1. From the concept of the city to urban practices

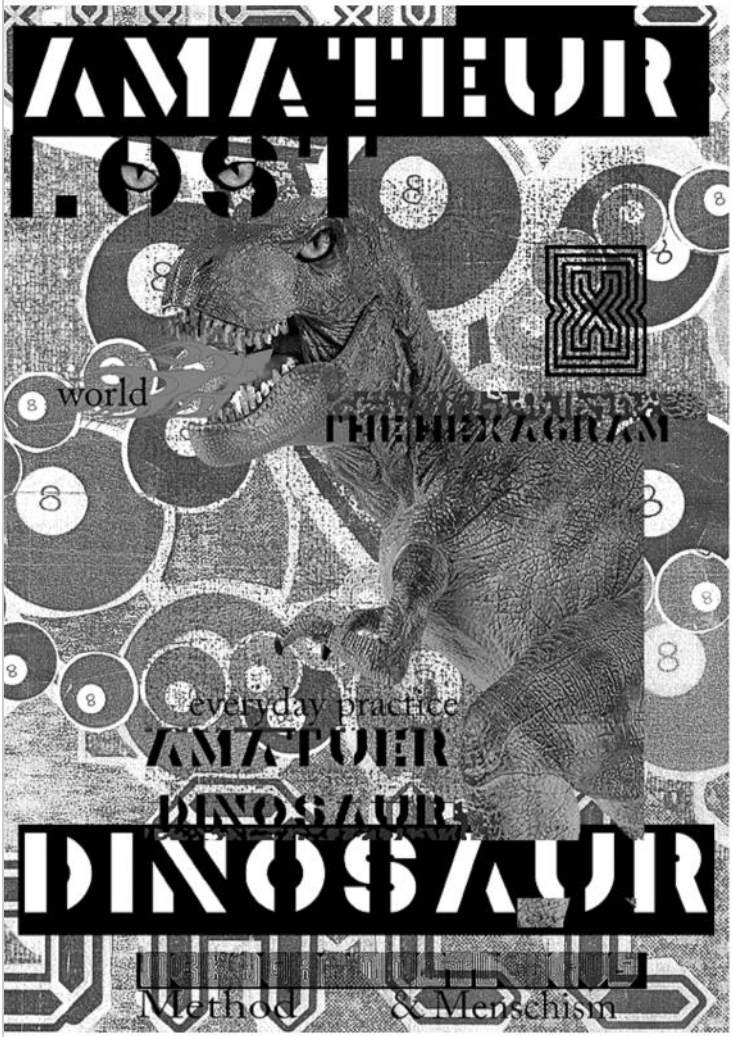
The World Trade Center is only the most monumental figure of Western urban development. The atopia-utopia of optical knowledge has long had the ambition of surmounting and articulating the contradictions arising from urban agglomeration. It is a question of managing a growth of human agglomeration or accumulation. "The city is a huge monastery," said Erasmus. Perspective vision and prospective vision constitute the twofold projection of an opaque past and an uncertain future onto a

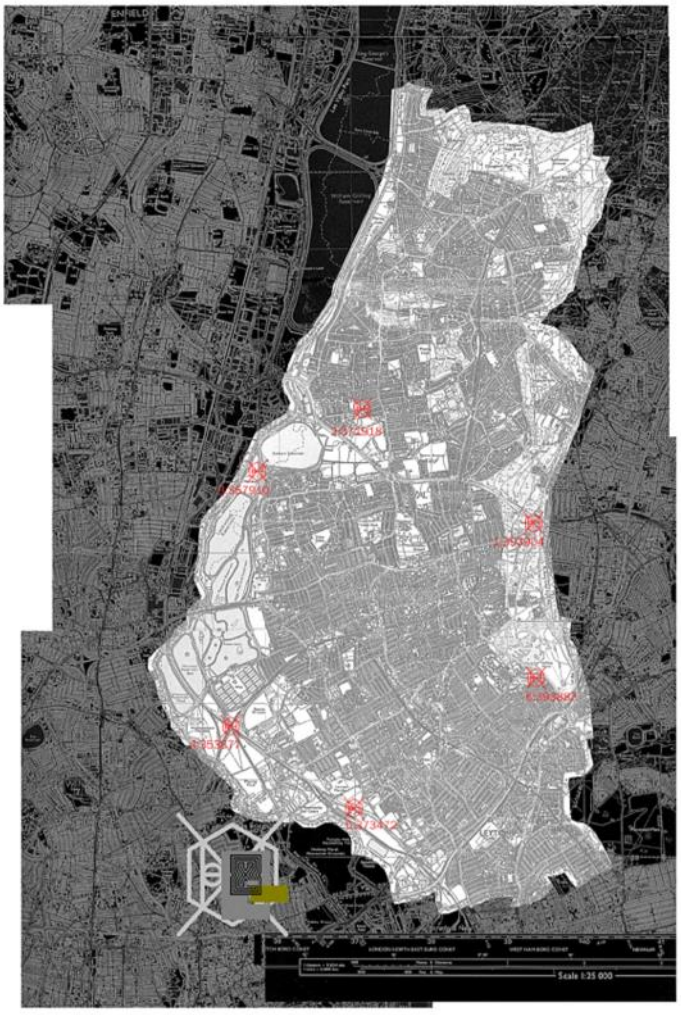
3: 357910
Tottenham Marshes

Heavy metal may also be the most maligned, misunderstood music in the world. Sneeringly regarded as the province of adolescent geeks and provincial plebs, it has always lacked any critical cachet; it was largely ignored for years by music papers and radio networks, and the Sunday broadsheets would never sully their spreads with it, except with a heavy dose of irony and anthropological distance. And even then, the media would invariably concentrate on antics and make-up rather than the music's massive global appeal to communities as varied as hairy bikers in Cumbria and tanned teenagers in São Paulo.

Existing on its own terms, a collection of thriving subcultures that don't need subsidy, scholarship, the approval of opinion formers, TV advertising, self-serving awards ceremonies or any of the cluttering paraphernalia of pop, and drawn from the blue-collar classes of industrial towns, hard rock and metal have never been fashionable but they may be the ultimate People's Songs.

Iron, cobalt, copper, zinc, mercury, lead, cadmium, tungsten, plutonium, uranium. Chemists and metallurgists have been into These compounds were at the heart of d leather industries that had brought t Midlands – places like Walsall, West , Cradley Heath; the great flaming,


AMATEUR
LOST
world
THE HEXAGRAM
everyday practice
AMATEUR
DINOSAUR
DINOSAUR
Method
&Menschism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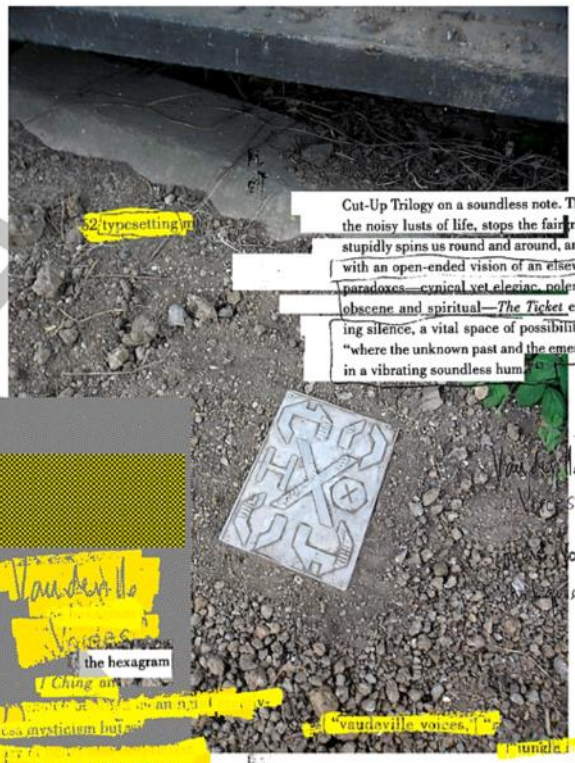
4:353877
Walthamstow
Marshes

the fusion of type and script seems to become. But again, was any of this *intentional*?

On the last page of his 1962 typesetting manuscript Burroughs signaled his attention to visual detail by typing, rather than his usual two dashes, five dashes after the final word "good-bye," indicating his aim to end with an especially elongated line. The archival record also shows that the key feature of the Olympia Press design—the printing of Gysin's artwork immediately after his text to form a single and complete last page—was not some happy accident. On the contrary, an editor at Olympia put a note on the penultimate sheet of the page proofs requesting that lines of text be moved precisely in order to make this happen: "*faire passer au moins 4 ou 5 lignes à la p. 183.*"[41] As regards the actual layout of text on the last page of the Olympia edition, with its striking line-up of dashes and hyphens, there's no evidence to suggest that this was determined by anything more than the number of words and the narrow line width. In which case,

was the product of a material accident, which is entirely fitting given the role of chance in the philosophy and practice of both the *I Ching* and cut-up methods. We are left not with a choice between meaning[illegible] or meaningless mysticism but with a way of reading[illegible]ity or meaningless mysticism but [illegible] and the [illegible] beyond the binary of belief and skepticism.

The 1967 Grove Press edition dramatically changed the book's ending. The addition of new material made



Cut-Up Trilogy on a soundless note. The book silences the noisy lusts of life, stops the fairground circus that stupidly spins us round and around, and takes its leave with an open-ended vision of an elsewhere. A book of paradoxes—cynical yet elegiac, polemical but poetic, obscene and spiritual—*The Ticket* ends by visualizing silence, a vital space of possibility beyond words, "where the unknown past and the emergent future meet in a vibrating soundless hum."

Oliver Harris
July 1, 2013

total. It could not claim this man or assimilate his act. Not such starkness and horror. This was a thing outside its reach.

5: 373472 Orient Way

He could see the coverage in her face. She was downcast. The interior of the car tapered toward the rear, lending authority to the seat she was in, normally his of course, and he knew how much she liked to sit in the glove-leather chair and glide through the city day or night speaking ex cathedra. But she was dejected now and did not look at him.

"It's not original," she said finally.

"Hey. What's original? He did it, didn't he?"

"It's an appropriation."

"He poured the gasoline and lit the match."

"All those Vietnamese monks, one after another, in all their lotus positions."

"Imagine the pain. Sit there and feel it."

"Immolating themselves endlessly."

"To say something. To make people think."

"It's not original," she said.

"Does he have to be a Buddhist to be taken seriously? He did a serious thing. He took his life. Isn't this what you have to do to show them that you're serious?"

Torval wanted to talk to him. The door was dented and bent and it took Torval a moment to work it open. Eric moved in a crouch to exit the car, passing near Kinski as he did, but she would not look at him.

* * *

"It's not original," she said finally.

"It's an appropriation."

"It's not original," she said

intuition and independence and originality of mind.

Professionalism is environmental. Amateurism is anti-environmental. Professionalism merges the individual into patterns of total environment. Amateurism seeks the development of the total awareness of the individual and the critical awareness of the groundrules of society. The amateur can afford to lose. The professional tends to classify and to specialize, to accept uncritically the groundrules of the environment. The groundrules provided by the mass response of his colleagues serve as a pervasive environment of which he is contentedly and unaware. The "expert" is the man who stays put.

6: 393883
Forest Glade

, the hexagram

this book rips off

extracts from:

1: Dick Hebdidge

Subculture:the meaning of style

2 :Michel de Certeau

The Practice of Everyday Life

3: Stuart Maconie

The Peoples Songs

4:

William Burroughs

The Ticket that Exploded

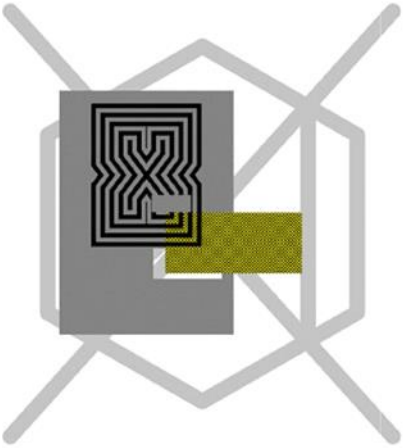
5:Don Delillo

Cosmopolis

6: Marshall Mcluhan

The Medium is the Massage

VERNACULAR
CULTURES



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