



STREET BLITZ: London edition

2 weeks of creative urban modification

1-15 July 2007

THE CONCEPT

Two weeks to use London as an open gallery. Install your art, modify something currently spoiling your view or do something which changes the perspective on our city. You then mark it onto the map on the Street Blitz website along with text and pictures.

THE MOTIVATION

The corporate image factory spends a huge amount of money on billboards, posters, flyers or 'guerrilla' marketing campaigns masquerading as street art. They fill your lives with an unrelenting barrage of preposterous ideals, numb values and false icons. No one asks for your permission before they push these images in your face so neither should we seek consent in order to leave our own mark on the city.

DEEDS NOT WORDS

We propose a 2 week blitz of street art in London between 1-15 July 2007. Whether you make murals, stencils, stickers, posters, sculptures, street projections, sign modification/removal/additions, billboard subverting/defacing/destruction etc; whether creative or destructive; whether to convey a message, brighten up a dull spot, rewire some corporate brainwashing tactics; whether to leave your mark, remove a stain, express yourself or simply

to show your disgust – it's all valid and can all add to The Blitz!

THE PROCEDURE

During the proposed two weeks we want you to use London as an open gallery. There is a map of the city primed and ready for Blitzers to post their activities, no matter how big or small, onto a map overlay. Install your art or anything which changes the perspective on our city then get online and post it onto the empty map on the Street Blitz website at www.streetblitz.org. You can add a description and any photos of your work. There will also be room for comments on each placemark which can also be used to tell us if the artwork is still there or if the miserly bureaucrats got there first.

THE FUTURE

Is ours. We wish to encourage Street Blitzes in other cities around the world. We can set up separate pages for these events - you just need to set the dates and promote it locally. The idea is that most people work best to deadlines. It also aims to create an intense burst of activity which is more readily perceivable and also turns the city into a temporary gallery space.

THIS IS YOUR CITY

Leave your mark!

WWW.STREETBLITZ.ORG

These Four Walls by Keefer Reefer

Is this brain insane? Is it in pain? Chained to the radiator, physically and metaphorically. In Spain? Perhaps. The language I hear sometimes (if I strain my ears) in the corridors beyond this place, is foreign to me. It always was. All the languages I ever heard, if indeed that number is more than one, were always foreign to me.

Was I ever part of what goes on outside these four walls? These four blank walls, covered only in mildew and condensation, onto which this wild mind has projected images, colours, stars, landscapes, abstract shapes, ghosts, fires, visions of everything and anything, first exploding across the blank space, pulsing, morphing for seconds or minutes or hours before the chemical attacks subside and they return to their blank, featureless selves.

Did I really do that? Was it really there, or some product of my imagination? If someone else was here, would the tree falling in the forest make a sound oh no here we go again swirling and changing and moving and shifting and HERE COMES THE SUPERNOVA ELECTRONIC OVERDOSE PASSIONS FERVOURS FEVERS LOVE HATE RAINBOWS MONSTERS FIRE FEAR PAIN ART GET ME OUT OF HERE DON'T GET ME OUT OF HERE HELP PLEASE MAKE IT STOP DON'T LET IT STOP IN OUT UP DOWN EAST WEST EXPLOSION TOTALITY FINALITY oblivion again.

<much later>

If I were in a better frame of mind, would they let me go? What is a better frame, who has the definition, who decides? Who are They? Do They exist? I know someone is there because the plate arrives once in a while, always the same grey porridge, sometimes a strange aftertaste. Someone must be doing that, right? But I never see them. I never see anyone, just the visions.

Why am I here then? Did I do wrong? Did I sin against someone? Was there an incident, a specific thing someone can point to? Can I have an explanation please? Can someone tell me what's going on? Can someone tell me what's going on? Can someone tell me what's going on? Can someone tell me what's going on? Can someone tell me what's going on? Can someone tell me what's going on? CAN SOMEONE PLEASE TELL ME WHAT IS GOING ON???

Of course, no-one answers. Just the blank stare of the same four walls, and the drip-drip of the water and slime and shit running down them. Those walls. I know them in a way humans shouldn't come to know walls. I know every crack, every stain, every bump, every streak. Just the four walls, the hole in the floor, the empty plate and me.

Don't leave me here forever. Will I be here forever? Or for the rest of my life? And what's the difference, exactly?

Will the walls outlive me, or will I move outside them once again?

TEMPORARY AUTONOMOUS ART

There are further TAA free open-access art events planned for the city of Manchester and one in Edinburgh during August 2007. To find out the confirmed dates of these events and to see London and Bristol go to:

WWW.TAAEXHIBITIONS.ORG



AISLE-LAND CONFLICT

As the growth of corporate dominance continued, the larger and stronger corporations devoured the weaker ones and a steady process of amalgamation meant that fewer and fewer corporations now existed. At the same time, they also controlled more and more of the means of production. The soil became polluted and infertile to the point where all food production began to take place indoors, inside gargantuan hydroponics factories which were constructed like fortresses. It seemed to spell the start of the next level of conflict.

The supermarkets became the sum total of people's lives. Not only were they a primary source of their consumer happiness but they in effect also became political leaders, law enforcement, healthcare and ultimately, international fighting forces who declared their own sovereignty. They faced no revolt from what had now become 'the old guard'.

These self-determined states became known as the Loyalty states. In a strange reordering of capitalist/communist ideologies the supermarkets owned the means of production, and also in effect owned the population. The wars were not about territories as such, as where a person lived out their subservient lives was of no interest to the Great Chains; it was about loyalty to the store. The evolution of the supermarket had made loyalty the top prize.

It was loyalty that kept this new design for modern living alive. No food was available unless it came from the aisle of a supermarket. There was no monetary exchange, just an augmented barter system whereby the carrying of your mandatory Loyalty Card meant that your own production line, your progeny, would be absorbed into the personnel ranks of the nearest megastore.

Everyone worked for one of the Great Chains. Working meant you had access to the activity of consuming in the ever-diminishing

prescribed leisure time - and it also entered you into the weekly Loyalty Lottery. Although the prize in a similar folly of days past would have been quite different; the Chains now used it to conscript anyone over the age of 12 into their army.

As the futile and bloody battles for customer loyalty continued, the war became a product of its own. On the frontline, enormous war machines sped through red mist, ingesting the distended, bloody, pulpy corpses strewn metres high. Once inside the belly of these mobile metal beasts the bodies would be broken down by a special blend of digestive acids, where after some secret recipe stir-in sauce would be added; and then whole thing was boiled down until all nutritional value was removed. It was subsequently put into tins and sent back to the frontlines to sustain the troops. Supplies also left the frontlines and made it the shelves 'back home'. Show your support for Our Boys, by buying them back.

The Corner Shop Militia were a rag-tag bunch of fighters who could only ever aspire to the High Street at best, and had no hope of reaching the out-of-town-Megastore. This rang truer as each day the out-of-town slowly became The Town. When put to battle, these rogue units, the small and ineffectual last bastion of independent trading, were almost instantly disposed of by the forces of the Great Chains. The war machines chewed them up and processed them along with the rest of the dead.

The bloodbath continued and the death toll began reading like an old Lottery winning of yore; when it involved winning cash, not conscription. People could no longer remember a world that was any different. No one turned their head, or batted an eyelid as their kids went off to the workhouses, or as their Loved Ones entered the battlefield. The war seemed like it would never end, but to people who couldn't distinguish between



a beginning, a middle and an end, that would never be a source of concern.

I, however, not only knew how this age of de-humanisation came about but I could also see an end in sight. This was because I would engineer it. I was a member of the faceless upper echelons of the Walmart clan and my superior technical skills meant I maintained a position of some authority. Perhaps it was simply a genetic defect that enabled me to think differently to others I worked alongside, but my position in the Chain meant I had extensive knowledge of its weak points, and how best to exploit them.

The process of elimination had started in the early days of the Chains, back in the 20th Century. As the mergers and hostile takeovers went on, the world was left with a diminishing number of corporations. Fewer oppressors - fewer targets. It was a matter of biding time until there was one reigning champion of the war. Let the Great Chains slay each other out of existence by cutting the throat of the competition. When the dust over the senseless slaughter had settled, it would be the moment to strike. In a supremely computerised and commoditised world it would be easy to pull the plug. It was one thing that was never implemented into the design - human discord, rebellion from within, a spanner in the works. Irreversible damage to the one victorious Chain would mean that we could be free again; even though I only had a slender grasp on the notion of freedom, as I lived in a world without any point of reference. It would be an opportunity to reclaim the means of production and begin to replenish the soil.

However, I had skimmed over a glaring flaw in my own plan; that one day, I myself, would win the Loyalty Lottery and be forced to demonstrate my loyalty by joining the fray at the frontlines. And so it transpired: My Loyalty Card number was one of this week's winners and I was immediately ordered to leave work before I could engineer a single discrepancy. Although I still believed in a life beyond the supermarkets, I was not to be a catalyst for their demise.

