



THERE'S SIGNIFICANT STREET ACTIVITY → 20 TO 30 PEDESTRIANS AT THIS  
FROM PASSES BY WHO KNOW ME AS IF AHA → WHAT ARE YOU DOING  
HERE WELL I WON'T STOP AND DISTURB YOU NOW KIND OF THING  
CROSSING AT ANY ONE TIME → BETWEEN THE CHURCH AND THE BUS

# THE CHURCH THE SCHOOL THE BEER

CRIS CHEEK

BEGIN OR CONTINUE TO OBSERVE A MAN TALKING TO HIMSELF

### Also by cris cheek

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SAID ALL OF THOSE UNKIND THOUGHTS ABOUT PUBLIC LEISURE SHE SAID



# JUNCTION BOX JOCKEY

Wednesday June 10<sup>th</sup>, 1998

15.00 - 16.00



No it isn't you see, ah it's a different group of people. Somebody can sit on that wooden stool. Are we watching this monitor or are we watching out? Both, I think. All of it. But I mean both ways. There he is. It's started. No

that's the video film. I can't resist the temptation to say Cultural Studies has left the building. So this isn't feedback, this is a completely separate video. It isn't for the moment but it will be. It will be the film of what he's

doing feeding through onto the screen I'm seeing. Will it? No parking in front of building. Hi Hilary. It's a taxi, but it's not for me. Where's that voice coming from? I've been preparing and how now left that, where is he,

preparation and am moving up, away from the school – oh he's up there – and on either side of me a public house, to the left across the road from the approaching pedestrian crossing. Do you think we're supposed to look

through the viewfinder. A complete lack of discipline out here at the public utilities already – as people break away from, in a way what they are 'supposed' to be doing in transit here. This is a junction, a junction

between the church, the school and the beer. There is a party of tourists, being led on a guided yore. They're now passing a public lavatory where I'm told a teapot trade takes place. The teapot trade being a reference to a

form of cottaging and as the tourists walk on away towards the heritage area around Elm Street, somebody who's lagging behind takes a photograph of the church and I turn to look at that church. It has knitted prayer

cushions on most of its pews and the one that I remember most vividly said simply 'aux', which links me directly into the situation here, being a junction. A junction, not just between streets and passageways. But a

junction between underground utilities, because at this site about one month ago, there were Cable & Wireless engineers laying cable so that 'enhanced opportunities offered by fibre-optics, can enable more

information, core communication, more conversation, more bytes to pass below these places where people are still now walking. So, there are at least, at least' – *break in transmission* – two major arterial interactions

taking place here. Data of differing kinds, obviously there is a digital data and in many ways, rather than referring the activity engaged in here with a historical mode such as *stream of consciousness*, which would suggest

a continuity of flow, would suggest something much more akin to analogue here – is digital – or broken into bits of transmission. This is one angle jutting up against the next. One layer, one strata as it were, enjambed, rather than

necessarily, clearly placed in a linear, relation to another. As the yellow post code Royal Mail van, pulls away, up the hill, past Cinema City, where, if I was to step across this junction, here I can give you an idea now that

Cinema City is playing a film called *Nowhere*, only available to be seen by people who are eighteen years or over indicating that only those who have reached that age are considered able to deal with *Nowhere* (dig that

emphatic capital). So, if you want to see *Nowhere* now, then, hi, here's Dave Pullin. How're you doin' Dave? Fine cris. This man's a fine saxophone player and he'll be performing with pedal steel supremo BJ Cole at

Hector's House, just up the paved alleyway from here, on June 21<sup>ST</sup>, that's Midsummer Evening. See you later Dave. In fact Dave's going into the pub. In many ways, providing an opportunistic moment to introduce the pub.

This public house, seems to me to have lettering that has been wilfully removed from its sign. It's not just missing, it's been taken away, to signify something else – the *Fest V House*, I've got to break in here,

because there's a guy across the other side of the road, who's looking at me as if I'm talking into a mobile phone. That's what he's doing. It looks, or it might look, from some distance, as if we could be having a conversation

with each other, almost from one side of the road to the other. Of course we're not. I'm talking to you. But I like the possibilities. It's that situation that that I've come across, when there are two people sitting next to each

other, on a train and, because they've got nothing better to do, and the technology to do it with, they phone each other up and talk to each other, although they might be travelling with differing operators (both trainwise

and phonewise), having a conversation by mobile bone and running up a, mobile bone I just said then. Now here's a *mobile bone*, a mobile bone going past in a buggy (or bone mobile). Well more than one bone, a whole

intersection of bones. The skeletal structure of a growing body, break in transmission the geographic body which we can find here, where there are certainly joins and joiners, if not joints and links, from one route to

another. A lot of people here are moving, from one institutionalised area "is this recording" and institutionalised "yes" behaviour to another. It's a place of passage. It's not really a place where an awful lot of social

interaction occurs, the problem being that one's thumb, on a button, becomes tired. And the problem with continual transmission is one of tiredness. He said an hour. He said an hour, not us! Espoused by some of

the more utopian anarchists in digital arts work, where – well, not even digital arts workers, but a more general technocratic elite, whose ideal would be that everybody is broadcasting and yet if everybody is

broadcasting, at the same time, who is listening? The person, in a blonde coat, who's just walked passed, is actually talking with his colleague about “a programme.” I only caught a little bit of it, have no idea in what

context the word programme was situated. People then, having business conversations as they move through here and it's quite clear that this *crossing* has been established for centuries, as a place where one walks

from a more monastic invitation on the part of the school at the bottom of the hill, or from the monastery that became the school that possibly reinvests itself with certain monastic tendencies, and the business area.

Not that schools and for that matter monasteries weren't and aren't in themselves businesses, in the centre of the city. Now, of course this crossing, which would have started as an informal path, much like those

sheep trails woven through the floor of the Grand Canyon say, or as a duct that begins to be *naturally* formed, and begins to become a, a river bed, by water, forcing itself – being photographed – on the nearest possible

line of passage. That idea of insistent flow has been formalised here into a *proper* legal crossing, through municipal works. We, used advisedly, are expected, to comply with that. But if you watch this crossing long enough,

and it might happen immediately – you'll find that not everybody, uses it, in the *proper* way. For example, there are now two women stepping around the outside of the railings, rather than approaching on the, the line that

has been designed for them. They risk sudden death or at least partial injury, through stepping *beyond the bounds* of more recent urban planning. Comments from – hi Jan, how're you doing? What on earth are you

*doing?* Um, what are *you* doing? I'm listening to this, bit of Beck. I'm talking to those people who are up there in that room looking down. Is it a piece of work? I'm talking, um, it's a piece of work. Have you got anything you

want to say about that? About what? Is this work? Is it the sort of place you'd stop and talk 'normally'? Errm, only when you're here. Have I been here a lot lately? Yes, I've seen you twice. What do you think I'm doing here? I –

don't know. I don't really want to know either. What would you do if you were having to talk here? I am. If you were – having to talk about the – 'hereness' of 'here' – what would you talk about. I'd probably talk about