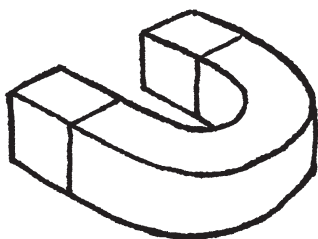


# ART ON THE UNDERGROUND



## *Timepieces*

Julia Calver

Patrick Coyle

Cressida Kocienski

Claire Nichols

Tamarin Norwood

Gemma Sharpe

New writing from  
Goldsmiths MFA Art Writing  
inspired by the Jubilee line  
[tfl.gov.uk/art](http://tfl.gov.uk/art)

MAYOR  
OF LONDON

Transport  
for London



*Timepieces* is a collection of new writing by six artists and writers who were invited by Art on the Underground to make works in response to the Jubilee line. Each participant is currently studying on the MFA Art Writing postgraduate programme at Goldsmiths, University of London, which debates and enacts the diverse intersections between contemporary writing and art.

The works presented in this booklet are the outcome of a series of discussions between Maria Fusco, Director of MFA Art Writing, and Art on the Underground about how contemporary art writing might be explored in the context of London Underground. Its six contributors set about looking for new ways of seeing their daily travels and of imagining time passing on the Jubilee line. This led them underground and overground, homing in on details of the people, places and conversations they encountered.

**Julia Calver** looked over passengers' shoulders and read lines from their books. She imagined the objects from these passages speeding along the Jubilee line as though it were a wormhole for time travel through outer space.

**Patrick Coyle** scrambled familiar London Underground announcements and instructions, spelling out improbable stories and making surprising associations.

**Cressida Kocienski** traced the route of the Jubilee line above ground on foot, photographing the objects she found along the way, which she has described as imaginary instruments for measuring time.

**Claire Nichols** focused on architectural details and signs at London Bridge Underground station. Her drawings transfer these shapes in space into shapes on paper.

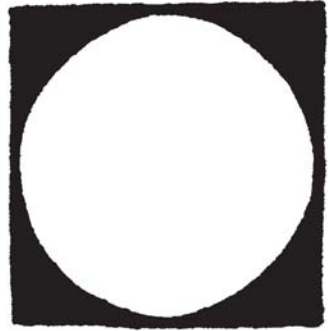
**Tamarin Norwood** watched passengers passing time on their journeys and rewrote their actions as suggestions for other commuters.

**Gemma Sharpe** made a number of night-time journeys from London Bridge station after the last Tube. Her text takes the form of a correspondence in which she meditates on the images, thoughts, movements and sounds evoked through such journeys.

*Timepieces* is one of a series of projects commissioned by Art on the Underground for the Jubilee line, exploring time and its value.

**For further information and to leave a comment**  
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V I D E O



# Ways to Keep Time on the Jubilee line

- You can be looking up from your book
- You can kick your leg slowly twice to straighten a fold in your trousers
- You can have a side parting
- Your pushchair can have the wheel lock on
- You can unfurl a sandwich from foil and press the corners of it without looking up
- You can sometimes sniff
- You can be in your teens and keep your eyes almost closed but still sometimes blink
- Your eyebrows can be raised
- You can put your papers back in their plastic file
- You can try out positions for your lips around a sweet in your mouth
- Some of your shopping can roll out of your bag
- You can have a black parka on, with the bottom of it crumpled up to the right
- You can pivot your foot
- Your head can nod up and down while you sleep
- You can be sharing a bunch of closed lilies and holding hands
- You can have earphones on
- You can close your eyes
- You can have grey stripes on your scarf and yawn in the shape of a star
- You can breathe out through your nose
- Your suitcase can sometimes lean against the backs of your knees
- You can suddenly check for something in your plastic bag
- You can be a cellophane wrapper and slide the length of the platform floor in the breeze
- You can tap a rhythm on your pocket with your little finger
- You can rub your left eye
- You can make popping sounds with your lips, and then after a while you can yawn
- You can look to the right with a blue baseball cap on
- You can wear leather boots with sensible heels and look straight ahead
- You can furrow your brow and check your fingernails
- You can fold over the corners of your crisp packet one by one
- You can bunch up your lips
- You can make an oval yawn and scratch the side of your nose with your little finger
- You can have upright hair and keep an eye on your bag
- The lace in your shoe can come undone

# Afterwards

**Reviewing your recent letter to *The Editor*, I felt compelled to express my concerns with your argument.** [1<sup>st</sup>: I had thought that at this time of night London would be quietened, but tonight it was not so. The last trains with their consignments of commuters were now moving outwards from the city's middle, retiring into the furthest and quietest zones of the metropolis until tomorrow. But the streets were not ready to sleep. Pedestrians were still walking over London Bridge with animation and conviction and that Wednesday night did not hold the energy of weary journeying] **You suggest that the recent financial report and the curtailment of your former privileges will discourage other women from seeking nomination.** [2<sup>nd</sup>: A businessman was fixing his bike on the bridge. It lay distorted with its wheels pointing skyward as he rearranged its essential mechanics. He was performing a kind of secretive surgery that was no doubt tiresome for both. It was late and without such delicate operations conducted halfway across London Bridge, one of the two would have been left chained to a post for the night as the other climbed lonely onto a night bus, conspicuous in lycra] **You outline the shift-based nature of your routine and the necessary hours expected from your post. You describe the late journeys that you would now be making.** [3<sup>rd</sup>: The evening's conversation remained audible like a tinnitus. I had been reading ghost stories in the day and there was a sallow agitation in the air, perhaps due to the forceful energy of the Thames that evening, raging at its high-tide dilation]

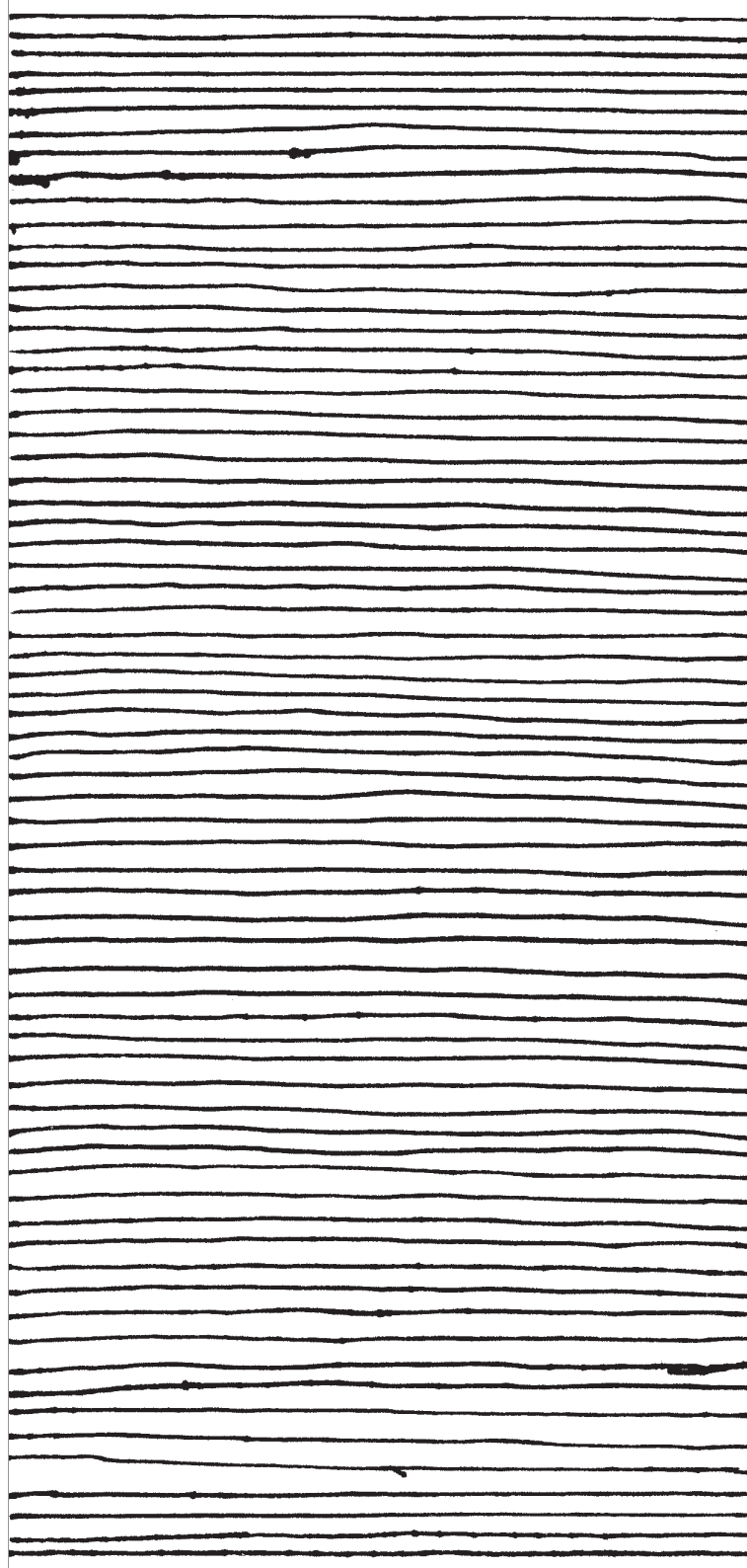
**I suggest that tomorrow you miss your last train home and make that journey anyway.** [4<sup>th</sup>: Getting onto the bus having walked again over London Bridge after the last Jubilee Line train had passed on its way east, there was an uneasy sense of mutual co-option taking place among the bodies on that vehicle. They were a daunting assembly without even realising it] **I would be very interested to hear about the assorted discoveries that you make.** [5<sup>th</sup>: I had thought that this late journey after deliberately missing the last train would be a haul, but with a few steps over the bridge there is an eight-wheeled route that takes me directly home. And so it seems that this residency at London Bridge station has more to do with London Bridge the Thames-straddler after which the station is named, than the station itself. Coming above ground to make my way train-less home, it is the habitual crossing of this monument towards Monument that has moved the pattern of my words] **Yours, exasperated, etc.,**

# Patrick One De

This station is Old St.  
Please stand back from the platform edge  
Change here for Moorfields Eye Hospital  
and mainline suburban rail services  
The next station is Bank  
This train terminates  
Continuing your journey from  
London Bridge  
Lift  
Jubilee line  
PLEASE MIND THE GAP  
Help point  
No smoking  
The next station is Southwark  
Keep clear  
Destination: Stratford  
Fire exits  
STOP push  
Penalty for improper use  
Do not take any risks  
Bermondsey  
In an emergency  
This train terminates at Stanmore  
Passenger emergency alarm  
This train terminates at Stratford  
Jubilee line Eastbound Platform

# Coyle Second lay

This old Saint at the station,  
pleased to be standing back in platform wedges.  
“Change what you hear for more fields, I hope!  
And real sirs mainly sup bourbon on ice.  
The next pirate station of bankers  
that train termites.  
Sea on tin, you win. George’s yearning form  
is falling down.  
Going up, when up is dn.  
Julie, be mine!”  
Please gap the mind.  
He’ll point,  
but no one’s mocking  
the next Saint to walk south of the ark.  
“Key player  
destined for Stratocasters and Fords.”  
Twelve ferets,  
push pots  
and a penchant for being improsperous.  
“Do not take any skis  
to Birmingham-on-Sea!”  
Inanimate, you see.  
This termite trainer can’t stand anymore  
massaging of the regency arm,  
training termites to play guitars and drive cars.  
Julie made a beeline east, bound in platforms.



# Chronometers



A cleanly laid grid of light square paving slabs forms a smooth plane barricaded on one side with low slung railings. Every so often four of the slabs are planned absent in crisp lines, and from the centre of each small square of earth there is a burst of spiky foliage that is desperate to believe in a tropic. Some are tall and cast parallel shadows that move through the same points once a day.

It is the number of times cloud cover is sufficient to obscure this task.



A sandbag is supine, curled to face green chipboards. Its back is wrinkled like a piglet, limbless, headless, but seeding.

Thick sand blooms and clots on the surface through far too many tiny holes at once to form a balanced cone from a line of softly skittling grain. The blooms and clots are finely divided rock and mineral particles *the rate of flow of the sand is independent of the depth in the reservoir and the instrument will not freeze.*

It is the seepage that can be measured if not neatly by a gathering in a crucible, ready to invert with a simple *one two three four*, nor by the degree of shrivel marked out in gulches in the epidermis, then by the pace in which the tiny holes are occluded and cleared, appear and disappear, as binary switches.



# Inside The Wormhole: A Parade Of Assorted Objects

HELMET

Light shooting through the eye-holes

BONE

Spinning

MOLE

Paddling

MOLE

Scrambling over bone  
Scrambling over helmet

BONE

Right side up

HELMET

Upside down

ALL

Lifting up faces

BONE

Floating weightlessly in suspension

BONE

Reflecting light

BONE

Spinning

MOLE

Quivering and vibrating

MOLE

Passing

MOLE

Winking

MOLE'S EYE

Twinkling, saying 'H...E...L...L...O..

.....W...O...R...L...D...!...'

MOLE

Paddling



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Six artists and writers studying on the MFA Art Writing course at Goldsmiths, University of London, were invited by Art on the Underground to develop new work in response to the context of London Bridge Underground station and the Jubilee line. Each contributor set about looking for new ways of seeing and exploring their daily travels. Architectural details, station announcements, public signage and the reading materials of fellow passengers were just some of the starting points for these individual investigations. The result is *Timepieces*, a collection of new writing and drawings brought together in this booklet and circulated to customers on the Jubilee line, so that they can be read underground in the very places where they were first imagined.