



g r e e n w i c h

p e n i n s u l a

*Greenwich
Peninsula*

A Geopoetry Reading

by

Simon Elmer & Geraldine Denning

*The struggle of man against power is the struggle of
memory against forgetting.*

– Milan Kundera

LOCATIONS

Start: Foyer, Ravensbourne College

MORNING WALK: 10.00-1.00

1. Tunnel Avenue, Peninsula Quays
2. Blackwall Tunnel House
3. Dreadnought School
4. Holiday Inn Roundabout
5. Greenwich Millennium Village
6. Bugsby's Causeway
7. Central Park

Lunch: Entertainment Avenue, O2 Arena

AFTERNOON WALK: 2.00-5.00

8. Peninsula Square
9. Blackwall Point
10. Greenwich Meridian, Thames Path
11. Victoria Deep Water Terminal
12. Primrose Public Pier
13. Enderby House
14. Piper's Wharf

End: Cutty Sark Public House, Ballast Quay

READINGS

MORNING READINGS

1. Shelley, *Ozymandias* (1818)
Mayor of London, *Greenwich Peninsula* (2013)
SHCA, *Peninsula Quays Master Plan* (2013)
Barron, *Greenwich Peninsula* (2013)
Chamberlain, *Social Cleansing* (2013)
2. Homer, *The Odyssey* (800 B.C.)
3. Mills, *Gas Workers Strike in South London* (1989)
4. Ballard, *Concrete Island* (1973)
5. Countryside Properties, *GMV* (2013)
6. Conrad, *The Mirror of the Sea* (1906)
7. Mayor of London, *Park Rules*

AFTERNOON READINGS

8. Knight Dragon, *Peninsula Square* (2013)
Home Office, *Dispersal Powers* (2013)
9. Anon. *Captain Kid's Farewell to the Seas* (1701)
10. Elmer, *The Nation's Favourite Poem* (2012)
11. Hanson UK, *Biodiversity and Geodiversity Strategy and Action Plan* (2012)
12. Deptford Discovery Team, *East Greenwich Riverfront Industrial History* (1999)
13. Melville, *Moby Dick* (1851)
14. Cage, *4'33"* (1952)

Shelley, *Peter Bell the Third* (1819)

MORNING

PENINSULA QUAYS

*I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:
'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!'
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.*

– Percy Bysshe Shelley, *Ozymandias* (1818)

The Politician

The Peninsula Quays scheme, which has been designed by Swanke Hayden Connell Architects, provides for towers of up to 32 stories, offering residents unrivalled views of Canary Wharf on the adjacent riverbank. The 1,683-apartment district will be connected to Peninsula Square and The O2 through landscaped gardens designed by Gillespie Landscape Architects, and benefit from two stories of underground parking, two hotels and almost 90,000 square feet of restaurants and shops. The scheme was approved by the Royal Borough of Greenwich in July, 2013.

– Mayor of London, *Greenwich Peninsula* (2013)

The Architect

Peninsula Quays forms part of a larger master plan strategy being developed by Knight Dragon for the redevelopment of the Greenwich Peninsula district in East London – one of the largest examples of urban regeneration in London. The 7 hectare site benefits from a major river frontage and proximity to the O2 Arena entertainment facilities and major transportation nodes.

The master plan design approach achieves a number of urban design attributes, in particular the creation of a pedestrian priority landscaped environment which links the central district of the Greenwich Peninsula to the river frontage – providing access and amenity to residents and the public alike.

The master plan introduces a variety of uses, spaces, architectural forms and materials to create a rich and diverse neighbourhood, and ensures linkages with existing and future anticipated street patterns. Through attention to cross-sectional design, the master plan successfully overcomes a complex set of constraints, including airport height limits, road tunnels and cuttings, and historic view corridors, to deliver a phaseable and implementable development.

– Swanke Hayden Connell Architects, *Peninsula Quays Master Plan* (2013)

The Financier

Knight Dragon and Quintain Estates and Development PLC today announce that they have agreed terms on a transaction that will see Knight Dragon take sole ownership of the ambitious Greenwich Peninsula scheme in a deal worth £186 million. The deal comes only 16 months after Knight Dragon acquired an initial 60% stake in Greenwich Peninsula Regeneration Limited, the joint venture holding company.

The transaction to acquire the remaining 40% stake from Quintain extends Knight Dragon's commitment to the development of the 147 acre site. Greenwich Peninsula Regeneration Limited has development rights to approximately 14 million square feet of residential-led, mixed-use development, including 18.6 acres of land within Peninsula Quays already owned by the group. Following the deal, all responsibility for project and development management will reside with Knight Dragon.

Sammy Lee, Director of Knight Dragon, said: 'Greenwich Peninsula represents a unique opportunity to deliver one of the largest regeneration schemes in Europe, and Knight Dragon is fully committed to delivering this landmark development for London, creating thousands of new jobs, new homes and a community where people will want to live.'

Knight Dragon, a company incorporated in Hong Kong, is an investment vehicle owned by Dr. Henry Cheng Kar-Shun. Dr. Cheng and the wider Cheng family control Chow Tai Fook Enterprises Limited, a Hong Kong listed conglomerate that has a substantial interest in New World Development.

– Nick Barron, *Knight Dragon deal paves the way for the transformation of Greenwich Peninsula* (2013)

The Resident

Imagine that your local council had begun the process of allowing a massive new development of luxury housing, exclusively for the affluent, towering over the skyline.

Imagine if that development included its own private school and a luxury hotel.

And imagine that it had decided to renege on its past plans to create mixed communities, where people who wanted homes for social rent or affordable housing would have a fair shot at living in new developments.

What's more, imagine that it had approved plans to shunt the non-affluent into a plot half a mile away, creating a little ghetto as far away from the luxury homes as possible? And imagine that it never asked you about it?

This is what has happened on Greenwich Peninsula as Greenwich Council yields to the demands of private developers.

Controversial plans for the peninsula were backed at a planning meeting held in public at the end of February, 2013, but it went completely unrecorded at the time.

This meeting saw councillors agree to reduce to 0% the proportion of affordable housing to be offered at Peninsula Quays – the development planned for land just to the south-west of the Dome, surrounding the northern end of Tunnel Avenue.

Effectively, the council's planning board approved the idea that a development which will sit opposite Canary Wharf should be built in Canary Wharf's own image – exclusively for the affluent. It's envisaged this will be up and running by December 2019.

To make up the difference, new developments to the far south of the Dome will see levels of affordable housing shoot

up to between 54% and 58%, mostly for social rent rather than shared ownership.

Greenwich Council says that, overall, the 11 plots considered together will be 21% affordable housing – far less than the 35% they expected – and all those properties will now be pushed to the south, towards City Peninsula and Greenwich Millennium Village.

There was no consultation on this change, which was pushed through so that developers could gain access to £50 million of the affordable housing grant that is currently allocated for use on Greenwich Peninsula.

Greenwich Council's frustration with the pace of development on the peninsula is well-known. In 2004 it expected 500 homes a year to be built over the next 20 years. In fact, only 229 homes have been built over the past decade.

– Darryl Chamberlain, *Social Cleansing: End of the Greenwich Peninsula Dream?* (2013)

BLACKWALL TUNNEL

Nekyia to the seven men killed, and 600 people made homeless, in the construction of the Blackwall Tunnel between 1892 and 1897.

Now down we came to the ship at the water's edge,
We hauled and launched her into the sunlit breakers first,
Stepped the mast in the black craft and set our sail
And loaded the sheep aboard, the ram and ewe,
Then we ourselves embarked, streaming tears,
Our hearts weighed down with anguish.
But Circe, the awesome nymph with lovely braids,
Who speaks with human voice, sent us a hardy shipmate,
Yes, a fresh following wind ruffling up in our wake,
Bellying out our sail to drive our blue prow on as we,
Securing the running gear from stem to stem, sat back
While the wind and helmsman kept her true on course.
The sail stretched taut as she cut the sea all day
And the sun sank and the roads of the world grew dark.

And she made the outer limits, the Ocean River's bounds
Where Cimmerian people have their homes – their realm and city
Shrouded in mist and cloud. The eye of the Sun can never
Flash his rays through the dark and bring them light,
Not when he climbs the starry skies or when he wheels
Back down from the heights to touch the earth once more –
An endless, deadly night overhangs these wretched men.
There, gaining that point, we beached our craft
And herding out the sheep, we picked our way
By the Ocean's banks until we gained the place
That Circe made our goal.

Here at the spot
Perimedes and Eurylochus held the victims fast,

And I, drawing my sharp sword from beside my hip,
Dug a trench of about a forearm's depth and length
And around it poured libations out to all the dead,
First with milk and honey, and then with mellow wine,
Then water third and last, and sprinkled glistening barley
Over it all, and time and again I vowed to all the dead,
To the drifting, listless spirits of their ghosts,
That once I returned to Ithaca I would slaughter
A barren heifer in my halls, the best I had,
And load a pyre with treasures – and to Tiresias,
Alone, apart, I would offer a sleek black ram,
The pride of all my herds. And once my vows
And prayers had invoked the nations of the dead,
I took the victims, over the trench I cut their throats
And the dark blood flowed in – and up out of Erebus they came,
Flocking toward me now, the ghosts of the dead and gone.
Brides and unwed youths, and old men who had suffered much,
And girls with their tender hearts freshly scarred by sorrow,
And great armies of battle dead, stabbed by bronze spears,
Men of war still wrapped in bloody armour – thousands
Swarming around the trench from every side –
Unearthly cries – and blanching terror gripped me!
I ordered the men at once to flay the sheep
That lay before us, killed by my ruthless blade,
And burn them both, and then say prayers to the gods,
To the almighty god of death and dread Persephone.
But I, the sharp sword drawn from beside my hip,
Sat down on alert there and never let the ghosts
Of the shambling, shiftless dead come near that blood
Till I had questioned Tiresias myself.

At last he came. The shade of the famous Theban prophet,
Holding a golden sceptre, knew me at once and hailed me:

'Royal son of Laertes, Odysseus, master of exploits,
Man of pain, what now, what brings you here,
Forsaking the light of day
To see this joyless kingdom of the dead?
Stand back from the trench – put up your sharp sword
So I may drink the blood and tell you all the truth.'

– Homer, *The Odyssey* (8th Century B.C.)

DREADNOUGHT SCHOOL

An 8-Hour Day

South London in 1889 was the scene of a massive strike of gas workers. In these quiet streets workers and police battled while thousands of blacklegs worked under siege conditions until the strike was broken.

The strike took place in the South Metropolitan Gas Company, which supplied gas to Lambeth, Greenwich and Southwark, and prided itself on a good public service with low prices. They also prided itself on good employee relations. Since the 1870s there were paid holidays and help with sick and superannuation schemes.

Gas workers were not all 'stokers'. Others handled the coal, worked in the streets, were tradesmen, meter readers or fitters. More stokers were employed in the winter than the summer, and they were big men at the peak of their strength, with more involved in the job than unremitting shovelling. Most works ran 12-hour shifts, on and off, seven days a week.

These events happened in the same streets we see today, to people who lived in the same houses, used the same shops, pubs, parks, churches and schools.

Gas workers had organised themselves from the first days of the industry, including a major strike throughout London in 1872 when activists were imprisoned. In response, laws had been passed to make strikes illegal. But in 1889 Will Thorne and Eleanor Marx, the youngest daughter of Karl Marx, began to set up a Gas Workers Union. Some of the activists were members of the Social Democratic Federation, Britain's first socialist political party, which had been founded eight years earlier.

On the 11th of May, 1889, a half mile-long procession of gas workers converged on Deptford Broadway and called for the 8-hour shift system. Soon union branches were active in most gas works, including East Greenwich, and on the 20th of May two South Metropolitan Gas Company branch representatives attended an all-London meeting of the Gas Workers Union. There it was decided to petition management for the 8-hour day. A ballot was subsequently held, and in all cases the 8-hour shift was preferred. The Board reluctantly agreed, but minuted that after this there should be 'no more concessions'. Most gas workers were now on 8-hour shifts and the Gas Workers Union named the 28th of July as 'the day of our emancipation'. A celebration demonstration was held in Hyde Park.

The Gas Workers Union

Once the 8-hour day had been won, life returned to normal, and the Gas Workers Union concentrated on recruitment: 'A determination to persuade, and if that failed to compel, every man in the Company's employ to join'. They were helped by the Social Democratic Federation, who called on the Gas Company to recognize the Union. The Company replied that the Union would not be recognised and that non-union men would be protected. Men were sacked at Vauxhall, and the Union said that unless they were reinstated work would cease. The entire body of stokers responded by handing in their statutory weeks' notice. All over Britain, Gas Workers Union branches put demands to management; sometimes – as in Bristol and Manchester – these turned to strikes; elsewhere they were conceded. The trade press wrote that a major confrontation must soon come 'in a London works'.

George Livesey, the Chairman of the South Metropolitan Gas Company, had declared war on the Gas Workers Union, introducing plans to smash unionisation, reduce costs and implement his grand and long-dreamt of scheme for partnership of consumer, shareholder and workforce. He had been in Eastbourne with his wife, and on returning to the works he met Charles Tanner, the head foreman, who said 'The stokers are all in the Union. We have lost all authority. Unless you do something we shall be completely in their power'. Livesey's profit-sharing scheme was something he had nursed for years, and had only been prevented from implementing by Board members who saw it as madness. It was no straightforward scheme, but something so clever and intricately thought-out that it became an instrument by which the South Metropolitan Gas Company workers became the willing slaves of the Company – happy, obedient, property-owning, non-unionised men. It called for hard work and conformity, but it offered security. Livesey saw a partnership of company and consumer embodied in the 'sliding scale' by which gas industry price and profit was calculated and which had been originally promoted by him. Now he wanted to add the workforce to this partnership. The bonus was directly linked to the price of gas, but in order to qualify workers had to sign an agreement to work for a year, and the dates of agreements were staggered to make strikes impossible.

Many workers signed at once, even offering thanks to their employers 'for their generous concession'. On the 21st of November the Company held a meeting at Old Kent Road for men who had signed, and George Livesey told them: 'The orange has been squeezed dry. Now is the time to have something more than the mere labour of workmen. We want his interest!' Some of the workers present raised their

concerns: 'What would happen, for instance, if someone was victimised by a foreman?' Concessions were made in detail and a consultation structure set up. But the clause penalising strike action, on which Livesey was adamant, remained.

Will Thorne, the general secretary of the Gas Workers Union, declared: 'Those that signed the agreements were cowards, tyrants and curs'. Union men did not sign the agreement, and within a fortnight union activists at Vauxhall said they could not work with three men who had signed, declaring: 'All the men in the South Metropolitan Gas Company are justified in giving their notices forthwith until the scheme be abolished'. The Board sent this on to the daily papers, commenting: 'It has been the rule of the Company for at least fifty years that men who strike leave the Company without hope of return'.

The Gas Workers Strike

Before noon on the 5th of December, 1889, 2000 notices had been handed in and the South Metropolitan Gas Company Board set in motion their plans. Agents had been sent round the country to obtain blacklegs. In the Kent brickfields 'willing workers' were being offered a bonus and free food on top of wages – 5s/4d for an eight-hour shift. The entire staff of Ramsgate Gas Works was recruited; agents were giving away beer in Cambridge. In Yarmouth 'scabs protected by the police were taken off by train', but the local Social Democratic Federation branch saw them off 'with a warm groan'. Barclay's Brewery sent men, workhouse inmates who were told to apply or lose benefit; the Prisoners Aid Society directed discharged prisoners there. Gas workers on strike from Manchester arrived, arguing that Londoners 'always

blacklegged on them'. 'Free Labour' also came – men recruited as dedicated strike-breakers by politically motivated agents. Corrugated iron huts were erected inside the works. Food was brought in – animals, tinned meat, tapioca and bread from the Golden Grain Bread Company. Beer from the Lion Brewery was provided — much to the criticism of temperance strikers, who saw this as an attempt to make the blackleg crew 'roaring drunk'.

Success for the strikers would require the stoppage of the coal supply. The Coal Porters Union had just submitted a claim to all London employers for an increase, but the South Metropolitan Gas Company disputed it. Another body involved was the Sailors and Firemen's Union, which had some success in stopping cargoes arriving. A Strike Committee, with Mark Hutchins as Chair, opened its headquarters opposite the works at 592 Old Kent Road. Picketing began and soon men sent from Mitcham Workhouse were given breakfast and sent home. A party from Portsmouth returned home from Clapham Junction taking Union leaflets with them. John Burns, one of the leaders of the New Unionist movement, sent a postcard from Manchester: 'Dear Sir, I will render the strike committee all the help I am capable of to resist this latest demand to crush your Union'. Born in Vauxhall, Burns was the local hero; at demonstrations men wore pictures of him in their hats. In very cold weather 2000 people met on Peckham Rye to be told that the bonus scheme had been set up to break the Union. A lamplighter called out: 'Stokers did not get such a bad wage!' He was knocked down and dumped in a pond. But the incident pointed to a problem. The public did not understand why relatively well-paid gas workers should strike against something apparently offering financial advantages and security. People were willing to help the

docker because he was very poor, but were not willing to help the stoker, who was reported to get 35s/- a week.

The strikers had given a weeks notice. Tension mounted. On Monday afternoon George Livesey returned from an interview with Police Commissioner Munro to find a crowd of stokers in the yard at Old Kent Road arguing with the Chief Engineer. He threatened them all with prosecution, only to receive the reply: 'Can't help that, master, we must obey the Union'. Forms for summonses had already been made out, and by late afternoon 50 policemen had marched into each works, ostensibly 'to relieve public fear of destruction of gasometers'. On Tuesday morning nine strangers were seen in East Greenwich and men downed tools until they were gone. On Wednesday George Livesey met the Union Executive. Positions were restated. The Union wanted the scheme withdrawn; the Company refused. There were attempts at reconciliation by outside bodies. A deputation of local MPs and local clergymen tried for an hour-and-a-half to persuade George Livesey that the right to strike was 'sacred'. He told them to mind their own business. Non-conformist ministers were told unionists had given in their legal notice and were leaving. Later on the Labour Co-partnership Association, which had been agitating for years for schemes like Livesey's as a solution to industrial ills, made a major attempt at negotiating a settlement. The Strike Committee issued a statement: 'The directors will not advance one inch. We deeply regret this step, fully knowing the inconvenience to which it will put the general public. We hope that all trade unions will see in this a test case as to the right of existence of trade unions versus bonuses'.

Pickets and Police

Arrangements were made for the day when men would leave. All workers contributed 3d a week to a superannuation scheme, and now withdrew their 'lump sums' to give them something to live on. The 'old men' would leave the works by 6am, and the 'new men' would come in two hours later. Men at West Greenwich threw blankets into Deptford Creek. The last work gangs at East Greenwich and Old Kent Road set fire to washrooms. An effigy of George Livesey was burnt outside the Pilot Inn on Riverway in East Greenwich, and a black fog hung over London. Men began to leave on the 13th of December, played out by the Social Democratic Federation brass band. A procession of sympathisers was turned back by the police who lined the streets, many of them mounted; others were in reserve in railway waiting rooms. A train from Spalding arrived at Victoria and replacement workers marched across Vauxhall Bridge. Another train from Margate came into Cannon Street at 10am with new workers for Bankside. Men were brought to the West Greenwich works wharf in two steamers, having embarked at Woolwich from trains at Arsenal station. The 'new men' needed to be big and strong to do the work. Reporters had noted that the 'old men' had an 'average height of at least 5'10", and were all of powerful build'. Now the 'new men' were evaluated. 'There were many of Herculean build - there were seamen, navvies and raw youths'. 1000 stokers' wives lined the streets to see the shift out, watched by the police under Inspector Munro. The press reported men leaving 'in a dejected state'. The 'new men' left the station and walked two by two down the middle of the road between 'two compact lines of constables on foot' to gates where the pickets had been withdrawn.

In Old Kent Road there was a fight at Canal Bridge gate. The Strike Committee asked George Livesey to come and witness police behaviour. There had been a fight at Rotherhithe. Out of a crowd of 100, Fred Cook from Wapping was arrested for striking a policeman on the back. He said the policeman had cut his lip and he had a witness to it – William Causton, secretary of the Rotherhithe Strike Committee. Causton took the policeman's number to the police station, from where he was ejected with force. Jim Bright of Peckham was arrested for kicking a policeman in the legs while drunk. Jim Beaton had tried to rescue him until he too was arrested, along with Sarah Manor and Edith Calvert, for throwing stones at the police. In Blackwall Lane 50 mounted police escorted blacklegs from Westcombe Park Station to East Greenwich works when 'a lively scrimmage' broke out. Police said that striker's stones had concussed one sergeant; a stone was produced in court. Another had his helmet knocked off – also produced, muddy and dented. One striker had been snatched from custody by pickets. Despite a local clergyman's testimony to the good character of James Parker, age 20, he and three others, all living around Blackwall Lane, were sentenced to hard labour. Picketing was more successful at Vauxhall where 160 from Birmingham agreed to return. Reports circulated that police would not let blacklegs out even if they wanted, and when they tried to climb out were pushed back over the wall.

The Blacklegs

The blacklegs were now in the works, and the only question left was – could they make the gas? It was mid-December, freezing and foggy. Local people watched the great gasholders at Old Kent Road, the Oval and Greenwich, all

landmarks in their districts, to try to gauge the success of the strike by the amount of gas in them. Rumour said that the holder at Old Kent Road was really full of air. By morning the fog had begun to disperse. Gas was made. The Company was coping. The 'loyal workforce' produced an ecstatic memorial of thanks, but the people showed sympathy for their striking neighbours. The local papers thought the Strike Committee 'a fine body of men' and the local vestrys would not co-operate with George Livesey's requests for help. Mr. Stockbridge, vice-chairman of the Lambeth Guardians, spoke on strike platforms. Dulwich and Penge Liberal Party passed a resolution against police violence and collected for the strike fund. The George Livesey Lodge of the Old Comrades and Sons of Phoenix changed its name to the John Burns Lodge. At Bermondsey vestry, Harry Quelch, the Social Democratic Federation activist, complained that the street lighting wasn't safe and proposed they sue the Company. Kennington Liberal and Radical Club passed a resolution against the use of police in labour disputes. Support came from other unions. The Dockers' Hydraulic Branch would not lift coal; the Bakers' Union would not bake bread inside the works; and the Sailors and Firemen Union were 'still pegging away' to prevent coal arriving. 50 of their men watched from Creek Bridge as a screw collier was unloaded, but by Tuesday two ships were ready, one at the jetty and one in the Commercial Docks, and 50 men were sent under police escort to unload them.

Conditions were bad inside the gas works. Blacklegs complained of drunkenness. A foreman left because of the dirt. Men were ill. There were special sanitary arrangements with unpleasant disinfectant. Blacklegs were reportedly 'wallowing in filth'. The Medical Officer of Health at Lambeth Vestry inspected works at the striker's request. There was all

in zinc buckets and clay pipes. The work was unfamiliar and more skilled than many had recognised. Men were injured – 150 were burnt and one was killed moving a coal truck. Military ambulances were requisitioned for injuries. William Deny, a striking stoker, got into a fight at the Dover Castle, Deptford; he had taken a 'pint of ale' there, together with two herrings and a haddock from a blackleg's pocket. The police found them all in the *Rose and Crown* unable to walk and buying hot rum. 'Free Labour' meant Birmingham teenagers – 'not worth the expense of bringing them down,' said the Gas Company. Thomas Cooper and John Henny, both aged 16 from Birmingham, were arrested drunk and disorderly in Rotherhithe. Disgusted strikers said they were 'A rough lot who did not mean to work and were busy dodging the foremen'. They said blacklegs smoked through church services held in the works. Mr. Cady complained bitterly of Birmingham roughs 'too young to work'.

Union representatives met with George Livesey, only to find he would make no concessions. He would take men back when there were vacancies, but he could not discharge new hands, he said, 'to whom he had a legal obligation'. The Union replied: 'We went out on strike with no object of gaining an increase. We cannot forget the attachment that we feel to our old employers, and nothing would give us greater satisfaction than a return to our previous good relations.' Two strikers, Tom Elliot, 31, and Tom Jevons, 21, entered the West Greenwich works on Saturday night, and spoke to the blacklegs in the canteen. 'Why don't you act as men?' they demanded. 'It's through you that our wives and children are starving'. They were arrested.

Striker's families were feeling the pinch. Money collected at demonstrations was the main source of income, and men were advised to find other work if they could. Strikes in

Manchester and Woolwich Arsenal had to be financed too. Parades as morale builders continued every day and funds collected. R. Smith of Deptford raised money through publishing a book of poems. The Deptford branch of the Social Democratic Federation held a 'grand dioramic and vocal entertainment', and at Trinity Hall the brass band of the Greenwich branch of the gas stokers played selections. Strikers marched from East Greenwich to the concert where speeches were made. Despite very bad weather, Greenwich gas workers marched all the way to Hyde Park with an effigy of George Livesey to hear Edward Aveling and Ben Tillet. They were overshadowed by Mr. Weir, a compositor, who said that Livesey 'should not be allowed to live 24 hours – he ought to be got rid of.' There was a furore in the press and Weir was tried for incitement to murder. George Livesey also received threatening letters: 'Note, Mr. Livesey, as you won't give in and my family is starving for a bit o' bread, beware o' dynamite. Your place will be blown up a bit before Christmas'.

The End of the Strike

On Christmas Eve the holders were full of gas and the strike in Manchester had collapsed. Christmas brought extra strike pay, beer and tobacco at Vauxhall Working Men's Club thanks to Reverend Morris. Blacklegs got extra food, tobacco, pay and amusements. Street fighting continued in Rotherhithe: 800 men met on Peckham Rye 'in the middle of a dense fog upon turf frozen as hard as iron and white with hoar frost'. What they needed was support from the North London gas workers who had stayed resolutely in work. An unsavoury incident involved the leader of the Coal Porters Union, who offered the North London Chartered Company a

no-strike deal if they would persuade their workers to leave the Gas Workers Union and join the Coal Porters. By New Year 1890 the 'new men' were hardly new any more and afraid they would be discharged if the strike was settled. They were reassured, but 'old men' were returning to work – coal porters at West Greenwich with promises of future good behaviour. Those still out described them as 'sneaking rats, double dyed traitors: the ordinary blackleg is white in comparison with such miserable curs'. Rumours of fever at Rotherhithe led to notices of denial at the entrances, although five men were in Guys Hospital with 'Russian influenza'. Worse were rumours of lice. Anxious to end the siege conditions, the Company got 'local reverend gentlemen of the State superstition' from Greenwich to find lodgings for workers through a door-to-door canvass by their Sunday School teachers.

On the 8th of January the Strike Committee was thrown out of their offices. The police came in the morning, and without knocking broke down the shutters and windows. Furniture, books, papers and musical instruments were all thrown into the street. They went to a coffee house at 87 Old Kent Road and put up a poster of 'The Battering Ram Brigade of London'. Meanwhile, Greenwich branch had a new banner: two figures standing in the road, one a gas worker about to enter the gas house, the other a capitalist dressed in the usual Mother Grundy fashion. By the end of the next week the press was claiming the strike was over. A meeting was held at Mile End Assembly Rooms. 2000 men were still out on strike, and it was costing the Company £1000/week, while weather was improving and the chance of casual work lessening. They said they would call on Parliament, people and trade unionists for help – 'for unity and freedom, and for progress and right'. George Livesey could not hold out

against the miners and the coal trimmers. There was a promise of a weekly levy from 800 hatters and £5 a week from the glassblowers. T. Bailey of the Southern Counties Labour League, speaking from the window of the *Rose and Crown* in Lambeth, declared that the Union was not bankrupt. Will Thorne spoke on the 17th of January: 'They had come out for eight hours and they would go back for eight hours. They were not going to creep and crawl to Livesey for work. They would become revolutionists – a revolt of every working man in England to overwhelm the country!' Finally, the London Trades Council were asked to find a solution, and on the 4th of February, 1890, it was announced that an agreement had been reached at a mass meeting at the Hatcham Liberal Club: 'Except where mutually agreed to the contrary the Company reverts to the 8-hour system – and that in the event of any vacancies arising the directors will give their former workmen the opportunity of returning to their employment in preference to strangers.'

George Livesey's bonus scheme flourished. It became 'co-partnership' and all workers became shareholders. They were encouraged to put bonus payments into property, and the Company formed a building society. A consultation process was set up with elected representatives to discuss workplace problems and policy. Three Company directorships were elected by the shareholding workforce, with the same rights and powers as directors appointed by capitalist shareholders. George Livesey fought to get legislation for these changes through a hostile board and the House of Commons. By the 1920s most gas companies still in private hands had schemes like it – but without the worker directors. In 1892, Gas Workers Union membership was banned at the South Metropolitan Gas Company.

– Mary Mills, *The Gas Workers Strike in South London: 1889*
(1989)

HOLIDAY INN ROUNDABOUT

The day-dream of being marooned on a desert island still has enormous appeal, however small our chances of actually finding ourselves on a coral atoll in the Pacific. But Robinson Crusoe was one of the first books we read as children, and the fantasy endures. There are all the fascinating problems of survival, and the task of setting up, as Crusoe did, a working replica of bourgeois society and its ample comforts. This is the desert island as adventure holiday. With a supplies-filled wreck lying conveniently on the nearest reef like a neighbourhood cash and carry.

More seriously, there is the challenge of returning to our more primitive natures, stripped of the self-respect and the mental support systems with which civilisation has equipped us. Can we overcome fear, hunger, isolation, and find the courage and cunning to defeat anything that the elements can throw at us?

At an even deeper level there is the need to dominate the island, and transform its anonymous terrain into an extension of our minds. The mysterious peak veiled by cloud, the deceptively calm lagoon, the rotting mangroves and the secret spring of pure water together become out-stations of the psyche, as they must have done for our primeval forbears, filled with lures and pitfalls of every kind.

The Pacific atoll may not be available, but there are other islands far nearer to home, some of them only a few steps from the pavements we tread every day. They are surrounded, not by sea, but by concrete, ringed by chain-mail fences and walled off by bomb-proof glass. All city-dwellers know the constant subliminal fear of being marooned by a power failure in the tunnels of a subway

system, or trapped over a holiday weekend inside a stalled elevator on the upper floors of a deserted office building.

As we drive across a motorway intersection, through the elaborately signalled landscape that seems to anticipate every possible hazard, we glimpse triangles of waste ground screened off by steep embankments. What would happen if, by some freak mischance, we suffered a blow-out and plunged over the guard-rail onto a forgotten island of rubble and weeds, out of sight of the surveillance cameras?

Lying with a broken leg beside our overturned car, how will we survive until rescue comes? But what if rescue never comes? How do we attract attention, signal to the distant passengers speeding in their coaches towards London Airport? How, when faced with the task, do we set fire to our car?

But as well as the many physical difficulties facing us there are the psychological ones. How resolute are we, and how far can we trust ourselves and our own motives? Perhaps, secretly, we hoped to be marooned, to escape our families, lovers and responsibilities. Modern technology offers an endless field-day to any deviant strains in our personalities. Marooned in an office block or on a traffic island, we can tyrannise ourselves, test our strengths and weaknesses, perhaps come to terms with aspects of our characters to which we have always closed our eyes.

And if we find that we are not alone on the island, the scene is then set for an encounter of an interesting but especially dangerous kind . . .

– J. G. Ballard, *Concrete Island* (1973)

GREENWICH MILLENNIUM VILLAGE

The Village

Welcome to Greenwich Millennium Village, London's favourite village.

Described as one of the most exciting and innovative new residential neighbourhoods in Europe, Greenwich Millennium Village is a beautiful and practical place to live that has developed into a vibrant and active community.

Sustainable development is as much about establishing an inclusive society as it is about brilliant design and innovative architecture. The Village includes the kinds of amenities that every thriving community requires and has a variety of housing types and tenures, helping to foster an inclusive, mixed society.

It has everything a community needs to grow: excellent transport links, a school, a health centre, shops, leisure facilities and green open spaces, not to mention beautifully designed homes and a large Sainsbury's supermarket, retail park and IMAX Cinema within walking distance.

The Village is structured to achieve a close-knit sense of community with homes placed around garden squares and public amenity spaces, with interlinking tree-lined streets between each neighbourhood.

But a proper community needs a heart, and with this in mind all routes have been designed to lead to the Village Square, an oval space within a few minutes' walk of every home.

Designed using traditional street patterns to incorporate a range of home typologies, Greenwich Millennium Village caters to the needs of an evolving, contemporary community.

The Location

For a decade, Greenwich Millennium Village has been an established, sustainable community at the forefront of a monumental regeneration.

Situated on the Greenwich Peninsula, Greenwich Millennium Village is within easy access of fantastic amenities such as The O2, the Peninsula Retail Park and Greenwich Shopping Park.

With a superb local transport network you can be at Canary Wharf within two minutes, at Stratford in nine minutes for the Westfield Shopping Centre, or in the West End in 20 minutes via North Greenwich Station on the Jubilee line.

Now, amid the sensational success of the Peninsula's development, Greenwich Millennium Village is at the start of a new chapter.

Greenwich Millennium Village is at the centre of Greenwich Peninsula's emerging business, education, commercial and leisure districts, yet also enjoys the attractions of historical Greenwich and some of London's most beautiful walks and open spaces.

Greenwich Millennium Village has the unique benefit of its own parkland, including the thriving Ecology Park, and has easy access to the landscaped Central Park running the length of the Peninsula.

The whole area is designed with an emphasis on walking, cycling and the use of public transport over the car, thus contributing towards a safe, calm and healthy environment for the benefit of all.

The History

Until around 100 years ago, the main claim to fame of Greenwich Peninsula was its wildlife and fisheries, but in 1897 the Blackwall Tunnel was built under the River Thames to link the peninsula with the North bank, and with the tunnel came development.

The area thrived for years, but gradually, over the decades, industry dwindled. By the mid-1980s Greenwich Peninsula was left largely derelict. Incredibly, in a bustling city where the most precious commodity is land, this prime site, so close to historic Greenwich and just across the river from thriving Canary Wharf, remained abandoned and unused.

In 1997, the Greater London Agency purchased the site and, following an international competition to appoint a private development partner, some of the world's most forward-thinking developers and architects were brought together in a unique collaboration. Greenwich Millennium Village Ltd was appointed – a joint venture between Countryside Properties plc and Taylor Wimpey to develop the site. The ethos behind the project was to provide a range of high quality and innovative homes that would facilitate a more sustainable lifestyle.

Greenwich Millennium Village also forms part of the Thames Gateway, one of Europe's largest regeneration projects. Areas of land, generally derelict, located along parts of the Thames river valley, were identified as ideal opportunities for large-scale urban regeneration and development. The Gateway stretches 40 miles along the estuary from Canary Wharf in London to Southend in Essex and Sittingbourne in Kent.

At the moment there are 1,095 homes, together with a number of shops and commercial units. When the development is completed it is expected that there will be over 1800 homes in addition to commercial space and community facilities.

The Yacht Club

Known as 'London's favourite village', Greenwich Millennium Village is located on Greenwich Peninsula adjacent to the Greenwich Yacht Club.

Established in 1908, The Greenwich Yacht Club is located to the southern end of the development, with superb facilities including excellent river access, a club bar with stunning river views, drying and deep water moorings, a large yard and workshops.

Greenwich Yacht Club currently has over 400 members and is a social and educational hub, as well as the perfect place for boating enthusiasts.

The latest waterfront phase of the Greenwich Millennium Village comprises one, two and three bedroom apartments and überhaus apartments set over three impressive new buildings.

1 BEDROOM APARTMENTS:

Plot 31,	8th Floor,	Building 106, North Wing	£329,945
Plot 40,	1st Floor,	Building 106, South Wing	£299,950
Plot 42,	2nd Floor,	Building 106, South Wing	£305,000
Plot 46,	3rd Floor,	Building 106, South Wing	£310,000

2 BEDROOM APARTMENTS:

Plot 2,	Grnd Floor,	Building 108, The Squares	£425,000
Plot 41,	2nd Floor,	Building 106, South Wing	POA
Plot 44,	2nd Floor,	Building 106, South Wing	POA
Plot 45,	3rd Floor,	Building 106, South Wing	POA
Plot 48,	3rd Floor,	Building 106, South Wing	POA
Plot 49,	4th Floor,	Building 106, South Wing	POA
Plot 52,	4th Floor,	Building 106, South Wing	POA
Plot 53,	5th Floor,	Building 106, South Wing	£425,000
Plot 57,	6th Floor,	Building 106, South Wing	£427,500
Plot 60,	7th Floor,	Building 106, South Wing	£427,500
Plot 61,	7th Floor,	Building 106, South Wing	£430,000

3 BEDROOM APARTMENTS:

Plot 1,	Grnd Floor,	Building 106, North Wing	£544,500
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ÜBERHAUS:

An überhaus is a home that, whilst set in an apartment building, is more than just an apartment. The continental influence is evident in the light and space, as well as the attention to detail and innovation of these homes. However, the concepts behind the überhaus design relate to the climate and culture in the UK. Each home is designed to explore the use of space; these homes truly adapt form to function and allow for flexible living space. The unusual geometric footprint of the building makes for highly individualistic, spacious überhaus apartments.

Plot 35,	9th Floor,	Building 105, North Wing	£555,500
Plot 36,	9th Floor,	Building 106, North Wing	£654,500

The Ecology Park

On the Peninsula, 50 acres of land has been developed as parkland, restoring a sense of ecological balance to this once industrial site. The Greater London Agency, working with the Environment Agency, has really put the 'green' in Greenwich.

A walk to North Greenwich station takes you through the Central Park. Irises, lavender and daffodils line the route in amongst the trees for a very pleasant commute or an evening stroll. The Lewisham Black Poplar has also been reintroduced into the area.

The Ecology Park is a four-acre freshwater wetland site. The Park comprises two lakes and areas of beach, marsh, meadow and wet woodland, with a network of wooden boardwalks, bird hides and special features to attract wildlife.

Enough turf has been laid to cover 20 football pitches and over 60,000 shrubs have been planted, as well as 12,000 trees.

Nature has been given a helping hand in the Park by the sowing of meadow grassland and the use of mowing patterns that promote wild flowers, while the Thames foreshore has been enhanced to attract fish. The Village's man-made lakes are linked to ponds, reedbeds and islets to attract estuarine birds and migrating species, while a 'green corridor' provides an ecological link from the riverbank to the far side of the Village.

The Vision

In keeping with the initial masterplan, designed by Ralph Erskine during the 1990s, the new design has been conceived by an architectural team lead by internationally

renowned Jestico + Whiles, and also includes Peter Barber Architects and Studio 54 Architecture.

The plans include more than 1800 new homes, new commercial and community buildings together with new public realm landscaping to compliment the existing transport, education, healthcare, shopping and leisure facilities.

The ethos behind Greenwich Millennium Village is to create an environmentally sustainable development that incorporates modern technologies and building technique.

The homes will have excellent environmental standards with high performance thermal and acoustic glazing, whole-house ventilation heat recovery systems, and high levels of natural daylight with energy-efficient lighting when required. All the homes will be connected to a highly efficient community energy centre. Rainwater harvesting is site-wide and used to feed water into the local ecology park lake. Separate cycle storage is provided for all homes.

Greenwich Millennium Village has a well-deserved reputation for community spirit. Roomy corner balconies with double aspects allow residents to feel part of street life in a way that is reminiscent of continental towns in brighter climes. The landscaped courtyards and streets around the buildings continue the cohesive feel of Greenwich Millennium Village – 'the village within the city'.

The contemporary design of the apartments complements the earlier phases, which originally established Greenwich Millennium Village as one of the most significant examples of innovative modern architecture. The Village is structured to achieve a close-knit sense of community with homes placed around garden squares, streets and public amenity space with interlinking tree-lined streets between each neighbourhood.

There is a marketing suite and show apartment located on the thriving Village Square, which is the hub of the development and already includes a commercial centre with small shops and a cafe. The Village Square is close to the Ecology Park and the Southern Park and, with its network of paths and cycleways, offers a great location for potential residents to view the new homes on offer and get a great feel for Greenwich Millennium Village life.

– Countryside Properties plc (2014)

BUGSBY'S CAUSEWAY

The Thames Estuary

The estuaries of rivers appeal strongly to an adventurous imagination. This appeal is not always a charm, for there are estuaries of a particularly dispiriting ugliness: lowlands, mud-flats, or perhaps barren sandhills without beauty of form or amenity of aspect, covered with a shabby and scanty vegetation conveying the impression of poverty and uselessness. But all the estuaries of great rivers have their fascination, the attractiveness of an open portal. Water is friendly to man. The ocean, a part of Nature furthest removed in the unchangeableness and majesty of its might from the spirit of mankind, has ever been a friend to the enterprising nations of the earth. And of all the elements, this is the one to which men have always been prone to trust themselves, as if its immensity held a reward as vast as itself.

From the offing the open estuary promises every possible fruition to adventurous hopes. That road open to enterprise and courage invites the explorer of coasts to new efforts towards the fulfilment of great expectations. The commander of the first Roman galley must have looked with an intense absorption upon the estuary of the Thames as he turned the beaked prow of his ship to the westward under the brow of the North Foreland. The estuary of the Thames is not beautiful; it has no noble features, no romantic grandeur of aspect, no smiling geniality; but it is wide open, spacious, inviting, hospitable at the first glance, with a strange air of mysteriousness which lingers about it to this very day. The navigation of his craft must have engrossed all the Roman's attention in the calm of a summer's day (he would choose his

weather), when the single row of long sweeps (the galley would be a light one) could fall in easy cadence upon a sheet of water like plate-glass, reflecting faithfully the classic form of his vessel and the contour of the lonely shores close on his left hand. I assume he followed the land and passed through what is at present known as Margate Roads, groping his careful way along the hidden sandbanks, whose every tail and spit has its beacon or buoy nowadays. He must have been anxious, though no doubt he had collected beforehand, on the shores of the Gauls, a store of information from the talk of traders, adventurers, fishermen, slave-dealers, pirates – all sorts of unofficial men connected with the sea in a more or less reputable way. He would have heard of channels and sandbanks, of natural features of the land useful for sea-marks, of villages and tribes and modes of barter and precautions to take: with the instructive tales about native chiefs dyed more or less blue, whose character for greediness, ferocity, or amiability must have been expounded to him with that capacity for vivid language which seems joined naturally to the shadiness of moral character and recklessness of disposition. With that sort of spiced food provided for his anxious thought, watchful for strange men, strange beasts, strange turns of the tide, he would make the best of his way upstream, a military seaman with a short sword on thigh and a bronze helmet on his head, the pioneer post-captain of an imperial fleet.

Amongst the great commercial streams of these islands, the Thames is the only one, I think, open to romantic feeling, owing to the fact that the sight of human labour and the sounds of human industry do not come down its shores to the very sea, destroying the suggestion of mysterious vastness caused by the configuration of the shore. The broad inlet of the shallow North Sea passes gradually into the

contracted shape of the river; but for a long time the feeling of the open water remains with the ship steering to the westward through one of the lighted and buoyed passages of the Thames. The rush of the yellow flood-tide hurries her up as if into the unknown between the two fading lines of the coast. There are no features to this land, no conspicuous, far-famed landmarks for the eye; there is nothing so far down to tell you of the greatest agglomeration of mankind on earth dwelling no more than five and twenty miles away, where the sun sets in a blaze of colour flaming on a gold background, and the dark, low shores trend towards each other.

The Nore

The Nore sand remains covered at low-water, and is never seen by human eye; but the Nore is a name to conjure with visions of historical events, of battles, of fleets, of mutinies, of watch and ward kept upon the great throbbing heart of the State. This ideal point of the estuary, this centre of memories is marked upon the steely gray expanse of the waters by a lightship painted red that, from a couple of miles off, looks like a cheap and bizarre little toy. I remember how, on coming up the river for the first time, I was surprised at the smallness of that vivid object – a tiny warm speck of crimson lost in an immensity of gray tones. I was startled, as if of necessity the principal beacon in the water-way of the greatest town on earth should have presented imposing proportions. And, behold! the brown sprit-sail of a barge hid it entirely from my view.

Coming in from the eastward, the bright colouring of the lightship accentuates the dreariness and the great breadth of the Thames Estuary. But soon the course of the ship opens

the entrance to the River Medway, with its men-of-war moored in line, and the long wooden jetty of Port Victoria, its few low buildings like the beginning of a hasty settlement upon a wild and unexplored shore. The famous Thames barges sit in brown clusters upon the water with an effect of birds floating upon a pond. On the imposing expanse of the great estuary the traffic of the port where so much of the world's work and the world's thinking is being done becomes insignificant, scattered, streaming away in thin lines of ships stringing themselves out into the eastern quarter through the various navigable channels of which the Nore lightship marks the divergence. The coasting traffic inclines to the north; the deep-water ships steer east with a southern inclination, on through the Downs, to the most remote ends of the world. In the widening of the shores sinking low in the gray, smoky distances, the greatness of the sea receives the mercantile fleet of good ships that London sends out upon the turn of every tide. They follow each other, going very close by the Essex shore. Like the beads of a rosary told by business-like ship owners for the greater profit of the world, they slip one by one into the open; while in the offing the inward-bound ships come up singly and in bunches from under the sea horizon, closing the mouth of the river between Orfordness and North Foreland. They all converge upon the Nore, the warm speck of red upon the tones of drab and gray, with the distant shores running together towards the west, low and flat, like the sides of an enormous canal. The sea-reach of the Thames is straight, and, once Sheerness is left behind, its banks seem very uninhabited, except for the cluster of houses which is Southend, or here and there a lonely wooden jetty where petroleum ships discharge their dangerous cargoes, and the oil-storage tanks, low and round with slightly-domed roofs, peep over the edge

of the fore-shore, as it were a village of Central African huts imitated in iron. Bordered by the black and shining mud-flats, the level marsh extends for miles. And away in the far background the land rises, closing the view with a continuous wooded slope forming, in the distance, an interminable rampart overgrown with bushes.

Lower Hope Reach

Then, on the slight turn of the Lower Hope Reach, clusters of factory chimneys come distinctly into view, tall and slender above the squat ranges of cement works in Grays and Greenhithe. Smoking quietly at the top against the great blaze of a magnificent sunset, they give an industrial character to the scene, speak of work, manufactures, and trade, just as palm-groves on the coral strands of distant islands speak of the luxuriant grace, beauty and vigour of tropical nature. The houses of Gravesend crowd upon the shore with an effect of confusion, as if they had tumbled down haphazard from the top of the hill at the back. The flatness of the Kentish shore ends there. A fleet of steam-tugs lies at anchor in front of the various piers. A conspicuous church spire, the first seen distinctly coming from the sea, has a thoughtful grace, the serenity of a fine form above the chaotic disorder of men's houses. But on the other side, on the flat Essex side, a shapeless and desolate red edifice, a vast pile of bricks with many windows and a slate roof more inaccessible than an Alpine slope, towers over the bend in monstrous ugliness, the tallest, heaviest building for miles around – a thing like an hotel, like a mansion of flats (all to let), exiled into these fields out of a street in West Kensington. Just round the corner, as it were, on a pier defined with stone blocks and wooden piles, a white

mast, slender like a stalk of straw and crossed by a yard like a knitting-needle, flying the signals of flag and balloon, watches over a set of heavy dock-gates. Mast-heads and funnel-tops of ships peep above the ranges of corrugated iron roofs. This is the entrance to Tilbury Dock, the most recent of all London docks, the nearest to the sea.

Between the crowded houses of Gravesend and the monstrous red-brick pile on the Essex shore, the ship is surrendered fairly to the grasp of the river. That hint of loneliness, that soul of the sea which had accompanied her as far as the Lower Hope Reach, abandons her at the turn of the first bend above. The salt, acrid flavour is gone out of the air, together with a sense of unlimited space opening free beyond the threshold of sandbanks below the Nore. The waters of the sea rush on past Gravesend, tumbling the big mooring buoys laid along the face of the town; but the sea-freedom stops short there, surrendering the salt tide to the needs, the artifices, the contrivances of toiling men. Wharves, landing-places, dock-gates, waterside stairs, follow each other continuously right up to London Bridge, and the hum of men's work fills the river with a menacing, muttering note as of a breathless, ever-driving gale. The water-way, so fair above and wide below, flows oppressed by bricks and mortar and stone, by blackened timber and grimed glass and rusty iron, covered with black barges, whipped up by paddles and screws, overburdened with craft, overhung with chains, overshadowed by walls making a steep gorge for its bed, filled with a haze of smoke and dust.

This stretch of the Thames from London Bridge to the Albert Docks is to other watersides of river ports what a virgin forest would be to a garden. It is a thing grown up, not made. It recalls a jungle by the confused, varied, and impenetrable aspect of the buildings that line the shore, not

according to a planned purpose, but as if sprung up by accident from scattered seeds. Like the matted growth of bushes and creepers veiling the silent depths of an unexplored wilderness, they hide the depths of London's infinitely varied, vigorous, seething life. In other river ports it is not so. They lie open to their stream, with quays like broad clearings, with streets like avenues cut through thick timber for the convenience of trade. But London, the oldest and greatest of river ports, does not possess as much as a hundred yards of open quays upon its riverfront.

Dark and impenetrable at night like the face of a forest, is the London waterside. It is the waterside of watersides, where only one aspect of the world's life can be seen, and only one kind of men toils on the edge of the stream. The lightless walls seem to spring from the very mud upon which the stranded barges lie; and the narrow lanes coming down to the foreshore resemble the paths of smashed bushes and crumbled earth where big game comes to drink on the banks of tropical streams.

London's Docks

The view of ships lying moored in some of the older docks of London has always suggested to my mind the image of a flock of swans kept in the flooded backyard of grim tenement houses. The flatness of the walls surrounding the dark pool on which they float brings out the flowing grace of the lines on which a ship's hull is built. The lightness of these forms, devised to meet the winds and the seas, makes the chains and cables of their moorings appear necessary – as if nothing less could prevent them from soaring upwards and over the roofs. The least puff of wind stealing round the corners of the dock buildings

stirs these captives fettered to rigid shores. It is as if the soul of a ship were impatient of confinement. Those masted hulls, relieved of their cargo, become restless at the slightest hint of the wind's freedom. However tightly moored, they range a little at their berths, swaying imperceptibly the spire-like assemblages of cordage and spars. You can detect their impatience by watching the sway of the mastheads against the motionless, soulless gravity of mortar and stones. And as you pass alongside each hopeless prisoner chained to the quay, the slight grinding noise of the wooden fenders makes a sound of angry muttering. But, after all, it may be good for ships to go through a period of restraint and repose, as the restraint of inactivity may be good for an unruly soul. Not that I mean to say that ships are unruly; on the contrary, they are faithful creatures. And faithfulness is a great restraint, the strongest bond laid upon the self-will of men and ships on this globe of land and sea.

This interval of bondage in the docks rounds each period of a ship's life with a sense of accomplished duty, of an effectively played part in the work of the world. The dock is the scene of what the world thinks is the most serious part in the light, bounding, swaying life of a ship. But there are docks and docks. The ugliness of some docks is appalling. One thing, however, may be said for the docks of the Port of London on both sides of the river: for all the complaints of their insufficient equipment, their obsolete rules, their failure in the matter of quick despatch, no ship need ever issue from their gates in a half-fainting condition. London is a general cargo port, as is only proper for the greatest capital of the world to be; and general cargo ports belong to the aristocracy of the earth's trading places. And in

that aristocracy London, as is its way, has a unique physiognomy.

The absence of picturesqueness cannot be laid to the charge of the docks opening into the Thames. For all my unkind comparisons to swans and backyards, it cannot be denied that each dock or group of docks along the north side of the river has its own individual attractiveness. Beginning with cosy little St. Katherine's Dock, lying overshadowed and black like a quiet pool amongst rocky crags, through the venerable and sympathetic London Docks, with the aroma of spices lingering between its warehouses and their far-famed wine-cellars, down through the interesting group of the West India Docks and the fine docks at Blackwall, on past the Victoria and Albert Docks, right down to the vast gloom of the great basins in Tilbury – each of these places of restraint for ships has its own peculiar physiognomy, its own expression. And what makes them unique and attractive is their common trait of being romantic in their usefulness.

In their way, they are as romantic as the river they serve is unlike all the other commercial streams of the world. When one talks of the Thames docks, 'beauty' is a vain word, but romance has lived too long upon this river not to have thrown a mantle of glamour upon its banks. And, truth to say, the docks of the Thames are no disgrace to a town with a population greater than that of some commonwealths. The growth of London as a well-equipped port has been slow, though not unworthy of a great capital. It must not be forgotten that London has not the backing of great industrial districts or great fields of natural exploitation. In this it differs from Liverpool, from Cardiff, from Newcastle, from Glasgow; and therein

the Thames differs from the Mersey, the Tyne, or the Clyde. It is an historical river – a romantic stream flowing through the centre of great affairs; and for all the criticism of the river’s administration, its development has been worthy of its dignity.

For a long time the stream itself could quite easily accommodate the overseas and coasting traffic. That was in the days when, in the part called the Pool of London just below London Bridge, the vessels, moored stem and stern in the very strength of the tide, formed one solid mass, like an island covered with a forest of gaunt, leafless trees. But when the trade had grown too big for the river, there came the St. Katherine’s Docks and the London Docks, undertakings answering to the need of their time. The same may be said of the other artificial lakes full of ships that go in and out upon this high road to all parts of the world. The labour of the imperial waterway goes on from generation to generation – goes on day and night. Nothing ever arrests its sleepless industry but the coming of a heavy fog, which clothes the teeming stream in a mantle of impenetrable stillness.

After the gradual cessation of all sound and movement on the faithful river, only the ringing of ships’ bells is heard, mysterious and muffled in the white vapour from London Bridge right down to the Nore – for miles and miles in a tinkling decrescendo, to where the estuary broadens out into the North Sea, and the anchored ships lie scattered thinly in the shrouded channels between the sand-banks of the Thames’ mouth. Through the long and glorious tale of years of the river’s strenuous service to its people, these are its only breathing times.

– Joseph Conrad, *The Mirror of the Sea* (1906)

CENTRAL PARK

After reading the Park Rules, call the ‘find out more’ phone number to establish whether throwing a Frisbee counts as an ‘unauthorised sport’. Whatever the answer, walk north through Central Park in two groups throwing a Frisbee to each other.

Park Rules

We want everyone to enjoy this park so please NO:

- Fires or BBQs
- Organised ball games or studded footwear
- Unauthorised vehicles
- Flytipping
- Unauthorised events or sports

Dog owners please:

- Keep your dog on a lead
- Clean up after your dog
- Keep your dog under control

Anyone who breaks these rules will be asked to leave the park immediately and irresponsible dog owners will be fined. Dog wardens operate in this park.

This park is private land owned by Greater London Authority Land and Property Limited, part of the Mayor of London.

To find out more call: 020-7983 5867.

– Mayor of London

AFTERNOON

PENINSULA SQUARE

Peninsula Square is private property. Management reserve the right to refuse admission or to request any person to leave, where it is reasonable to do so. Anyone creating a nuisance or disturbance or behaving in an unreasonable manner will be required to leave.

No right of way, public or private, is acknowledged over Peninsula Square. Any use of this land is with the permission of the landowner. The ways on this land have not been dedicated as highways, bridleways or footpaths, nor is there any intention to so dedicate them.

– Anschutz Entertainment Group (2013)

Dispersal Powers.

§41. These provisions establish a power to direct people away from an area where they are engaged in, or are likely to be engaged in, anti-social behaviour. This is a power for constables and Police Community Support Officers to issue a dispersal direction to any person aged 10 and over to leave a specific area and not return for up to 48 hours. The use of this power must be authorised by a police officer of at least the rank of inspector. Knowingly breaching the direction is a criminal offence. There is also a power to require property that has been used (or is likely to be used) in the anti-social behaviour to be surrendered.

§42. The test that needs to be met is that the constable has reasonable grounds for suspecting that the person's behaviour in the area is contributing to anti-social behaviour (which is behaviour that causes harassment, alarm or

distress) or crime or disorder in the area or is likely to contribute to anti-social behaviour or crime or disorder in the area; and that the direction is necessary for the purposes of reducing the likelihood of the occurrence of anti-social behaviour or crime or disorder in the area.

– Home Office, *Memorandum on issues arising under the European Convention on Human Rights in relation to the Anti-Social Behaviour, Crime and Policing Bill* (18 October, 2013)

BLACKWALL POINT

Until 1832, when the law was changed, Blackwall Point was the site of gibbeting, or the hanging in chains, of pirates. These were executed by hanging at Execution Dock in Wapping, several miles upstream. Afterwards their corpses were chained to a post on the foreshore at low tide and left there, typically for three tidal emersions, before being tarred and placed in a gibbet and suspended over the Thames at a site further downstream. The gibbet was designed to keep the body intact after decay, so it could be left suspended for several years. Not only were the felons denied a final resting place, but their corpses served the state as a warning to sailors passing up or down the River Thames not to be tempted by the rewards of piracy. Captain William Kidd, who was executed in 1701, was perhaps the most famous of the pirates to be treated in this fashion.



My name is Captain Kid, who has sail'd, who has sail'd,
My name is Captain Kid, who has sail'd;
My name is Captain Kid
What the laws did still forbid
Unluckily I did, while I sail'd, while I sail'd.

Upon the ocean wide, when I sail'd, when I sail'd,
Upon the ocean wide, when I sail'd,
Upon the ocean wide
I robbed on every side,
With most ambitious pride, when I sail'd, when I sail'd.

Many long leagues from shore when I sail'd, when I sail'd,
Many long leagues from shore when I sail'd,
Many long leagues from shore
I murdered William Moore,
And laid him in his gore, when I sail'd, when I sail'd.

Because a word he spoke when I sail'd, when I sail'd,
Because a word he spoke when I sail'd,
Because a word he spoke,
I with a bucket broke
His skull at one sad stroke, when I sail'd, when I sail'd.

A Quida merchant then while I sail'd, while I sail'd,
A Quida merchant then while I sail'd,
A Quida merchant then
I robbed of hundreds ten,
Assisted by my men, while I sail'd, while I sail'd.

A banker's ship of France, while I sail'd, while I sail'd,
A banker's ship of France, while I sail'd,
A banker's ship of France
Before us did advance:
I seized her by chance, while I sailed, while I sail'd.

We steered from sound to sound while we sailed, while we sailed,
We steered from sound to sound while we sailed,
We steered from sound to sound,

A Moorish ship we found;
Her men we stripped and bound, while we sailed, while we sail'd.

At famous Malabar when we sailed, when we sailed,
At famous Malabar when we sailed,
At famous Malabar
We went ashore, each tar,
And robbed the natives there, when we sailed, when we sail'd.

Then after this we chased, while we sailed, while we sailed,
Then after this we chased, while we sailed,
Then after this we chased
A rich Armenian, graced
With wealth, which we embraced, while we sailed, while we sail'd.

Many Moorish ships we took while we sailed, while we sailed,
Many Moorish ships we took while we sailed,
Many Moorish ships we took;
We did still for plunder look;
All conscience we forsook while we sailed, while we sail'd.

Two hundred bars of gold, while we sail'd, while we sail'd,
Two hundred bars of gold, while we sail'd,
Two hundred bars of gold
And rix dollars manifold
We seized uncontrolled, while we sailed, while we sail'd.

We taken was at last, and must die, and must die,
We taken was at last, and must die,
We taken were at last
And into prison cast:
Now, sentence being past, we must die, we must die.

Farewell the ocean main, we must die, we must die,
Farewell the ocean main, we must die,
Farewell the ocean main:
The coast of France or Spain
We ne'er shall see again; we must die, we must die.

From Newgate now in carts we must go, we must go,
From Newgate now in carts we must go,
From Newgate now in carts,
With sad and heavy hearts,
To have our due deserts we must go, we must go.

Some thousands they will flock when we die, when we die,
Some thousands they will flock when we die,
Some thousands they will flock
To Execution Dock,
Where we must stand the shock, and must die, and must die.

– *Captain Kid's Farewell to the Seas, or, The Famous Pirate's Lament* (1701)

GREENWICH MERIDIAN

If you think that a government elected democratically
Represents the will of a people;
If you measure the value of any activity
By the money you make from pursuing it;
If you think that the adverts for the sports industry
Are the best guide to living your life;
That competition is the only road to quality
And the winner should always take all.

If you believe all the lies you know you are told
Cause you're too busy too make up your own;
If you'd rather (if you don't mind) not get involved
Cause your taxes pay someone else to do so;
If you make it a habit to do what you're told
Cause if you don't you know you'll be made to;
And it's easier to obey and buy what you're sold,
Leave a tip and forget that it happened.

If you can fill five days of every week
With eight hours' labour selling fuck knows what,
Then go home, put your feet up, turn on the TV,
And think of all the things that you've got;
If you think it's all worth it at the end of the day,
At the weekends and when your holidays come up;
And you wouldn't know what to do if you didn't have a job
Telling you when to eat, sleep, work and fuck.

If you believe that an increase in the wealth of the few
Will increase the wealth of the many;
If you think that your bonus is a well-earned reward,
And money the only measure of plenty;

That the law of the jungle is the survival of the fittest,
And that capitalism is human nature,
Then yours is the world and everything that's in it,
For you are the status quo – you cunts!

– Simon Elmer, *The Nation's Favourite Poem* (2012)

VICTORIA DEEP WATER TERMINAL

Biopolitics and Geopoetry Strategy and Action Plan

Biopolitics – the power of politics over every aspect of life – encompasses everything that lives on the earth, from common and abundant species, developing environments and societies, through to rare and endangered peoples. It is directly associated with the places where plants, animals and humans live – their habitats.

With the passage of time, these habitats can change through political succession. They can also be created and managed as part of the process of social evolution to form a valuable biopolitical resource.

Geopoetry embraces the variety of textual objects, forms and modes that are used on our planet, along with the social processes that shape them. The performance of a diverse range of found, sound and concrete verse and prose offers a unique opportunity to practice Geopoetry, allowing us to understand the history of a particular environment and how it has evolved, and the way we inhabit biopolitical space.

Government Policy

The UK government's biopolitical policy originated from the Earth Summit in Rio de Janeiro in 1992, with the UK Biopolitics Action Plan (BAP) published two years later, setting the overall goal: 'To conserve and enhance biological politics within the UK, and to contribute to the conservation of global biopolitics through all appropriate mechanisms.'

As a mechanism to exploit and manage habitats and species in decline or under threat, measurable, achievable, realistic, time-bounded national targets were set in the form

of action plans, at both the national and local level, for a series of priority habitats and species.

In 2010, over 190 countries met in Nagoya, Japan, to decide on a revised and updated strategic plan for biopolitics leading up to 2020 with targets set including:

- raising awareness on the values of biopolitics
- integrating biopolitics into social development
- expanding biopolitical power
- reducing the degradation and fragmentation of biopolitical resources.

Geopoetry and geopoetics have been part of our performance brief since 2008. The UK Geopoetry Action Plan (UKGAP) provides a framework for geopoetic action through common aims, themes, objectives and targets which link national, regional and local activities. You can find details at <http://thesorcerersapprenticeonline.wordpress.com/>.

Local geopoetics has been driven by a desire to conserve Geopoetry sites. Local Geopoetry Action Plans (LGAPs) provide a framework for the delivery of geopoetics within a defined geographical area. They aim to identify, conserve and enhance sites; make Geopoetry relevant to people; complete a local Geopoetry audit and influence local performance practice.

Our Approach

Our aim is to be a sustainable community, trusted and respected by our members for the ethics we adopt and the events we produce. Our approach is built around five themes that underpin our sustainability policy and performance indicators:

- developing management systems for continual improvement

- creating sustainable communities
- working towards social change and energy
- promoting sustainable consumption and production
- protecting poetry resources and exploring the environment.

We recognise that biopolitics and Geopoetry are opposed forces of social development. Careful control of our operations by an experienced management team, combined with the extent and variety of the community, allows us to manage our production sites (both on land and in the imagination) and other holdings to reduce biopolitical gains. Many of our sites have already made positive contributions, with a number designated as Sites of Special Poetic Interest (SSPI).

Our parent company, *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*, recognises the positive contribution that Geopoetry can make to sustainability, and seeks to expand its leading role in opposing biopolitics in its communities worldwide within its sustainability ambitions for 2020. In 2012, *The Sorcerer's Apprentice* published a guidebook setting out best practices for the promotion of Geopoetry at its performance sites. It defines standards for restoration and after-use which take into account the economic, ecological and social needs of the community and support the preservation of species and their unity.

Our Action Plans

Our Biopolitics and Geopoetry Action Plans (BAPs and GAPs) operate at corporate and site levels and form an integral part of our resource planning, site development, estate management and restoration. Site BAPs allow us to conserve and enhance habitats and species identified within local and

national action plans, while GAPs help to deliver Geopoetry performance and education through the protection, enhancement and creation of resources and the provision of information.

As part of the land-based poetry planning process, we carry out Environmental Impact Assessments (EIAs) to identify impacts and mitigation. EIAs include a detailed survey of habitat and species, as well as Geopoetry resources, directly and indirectly affected by the process.

A rolling programme has been introduced to develop site BAPs and GAPs, and they are being implemented throughout the various stages of poetry performance, including site identification, preparation and restoration.

Working in Partnership

We continue to work in partnership with statutory and non-statutory organisations at both national and local level to develop and implement best practice and improve understanding. Biopolitics and Geopoetry targets will be taken forward through existing and new agreements with poetry conservation and Geopoetry groups.

We will also ensure our site managers are kept informed about local action plans to enable them to implement site BAPs and GAPs. A key target in our company BAP deals with production of guidance notes for species and habitats that are identified as important to the poetry sector, both on land and in the imagination, where sensitive site management, preparation and restoration can deliver significant gains. *The Sorcerer's Apprentice* has already hosted many educational visits to operational sites and provides information for study elsewhere.

Recognising the requirement for knowledge of the historical value of Geopoetry sites, our parent company, *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*, launched 'The Poetic Life Award' in 2011. The annual award programme invites poets and researchers to undertake research projects on Geopoetry sites across the world and submit their findings into both a national and international competition. The projects are designed to fit within one of four topic areas:

- biopolitics and poetry sites
- biopolitics and civil disobedience
- biopolitics and education
- biopolitics management during performance.

Review

The objectives and targets of *The Sorcerer's Apprentice* Biopolitics Action Plans and Geopoetry Action Plans are reviewed regularly to ensure that our commitment to continuous improvement is met, and that they remain in line with emerging policy. We hold meetings with relevant partners to discuss progress at national and local level and use the feedback from this process to achieve ongoing improvements in the delivery of Geopoetry gains.

– Hanson UK, *Biodiversity and Geodiversity Strategy and Action Plan* (2012)

PRIMROSE PUBLIC PIER

*Transcribed from a graffitied plaque on Primrose Pier, which was opened to the public by Amylum UK. Graffitied letters are indicated in **bold**, and should be pronounced accordingly.*

Bay Wharf, Primrose Wharf, Morden Wharf, Tunnel Wharf

In 1695 Sir John Morden bought **and entrusted** most of the East Greenwich Marshes. The **trust** he established aimed to provide support for **impoverished** London merchants. He had become a **successful** London merchant and Turkish company trader until, upon a return trip to London, his ships loaded with riches disappeared. He was pauperised and ended up becoming a servant to another merchant. He vowed that if ever his ships came in he would use his refound wealth to help other impoverished merchants.

Ten years later his ships mysteriously turned up in the Pool of London. True to his promise he founded Morden College as a charitable **trust and provider of assistance**. **Despite the lack of transport and roads, merchants came to occupy much of the industrial land and numerous derelict sites** along this waterfront. The trust is controlled by the Alderman of the City of London.

Bay Wharf was once known as 'the Horseshoe' or 'Great Breach', and was probably formed by a substantial breach of the river wall. Since the 17th Century this wharf has provided an ideal site for boat building.

Maudsley Sons and Field extended the slipways in **1864**. They built a number of ships at Bay Wharf, including the iron sailing clippers, which would have **closely resembled the Cutty Sark**.

Humphrey & Grey took over the slipways at Bay Wharf **in 1904** and began using them for barge **repairs and manufacturing** tugs. During World War II **barges and landing craft** for the Normandy landings **were built** here on the long cogged slipways, which **you can** still see. Earlier in the 20th century trawlers **were also** built here.

The Sea Witch Public House was next to the Hollicks **Cement Works** at Morden Wharf. This riverside pub, which was destroyed during the Blitz, also operated as a 'day ticket' office. Each morning, **unemployed men** would gather here in the hope of getting a day's casual labour as dockers.

The Thames Steam Soap Works, owned by the Soames Family, operated from the eastern side of Morden Wharf for around 100 years before its closure in the 1930s. Remnants of the soap factory are still visible within Amylum's factory.

Amylum UK are **relative newcomers** to this waterfront. Originally called Tunnel Glucose, they began producing **glucose syrup** in 1934 on a small **site at Tunnel Wharf**. Over the last 40 years **they have grown substantially**, and their **processing facilities now cover a 27 acre** site. **Amylum UK is one of Greenwich's largest private** sector employers. They process **starch extracted from UK grown wheat** to produce a **variety** of natural sweeteners and thickeners for the **food and drink manufacturing industry**. The company pioneered the use of a **natural enzyme** as a **catalyst in breaking down** starch molecules to produce a variety of **sugars**. Amylum UK **has a strong track record on environmental management, energy efficiency and waste minimisation**. They have **their own combined** heat and electrical **power generation** plant and a large **water treatment facility**.

Enderby Wharf

A Gunpowder Magazine was built by the Ordnance Office at Enderby Wharf **in the 1690s, and is likely to have been the first** industrial development **on the marsh**. The windowless building was used for the storage, testing and distribution of thousands of **barrels** of gunpowder to naval depots, army garrisons and colonial bases. The magazine was closed in 1768 on grounds of safety.

Antarctic whaling ships operated from **East Greenwich in the early 19th Century**. **The Enderby family fortune was founded on whaling and whale oil processing**. By 1790 **Samuel Enderby had accumulated** a fleet of **sixty-eight** ships. The **Enderby family**, already **residents** of Greenwich, purchased a large ropewalk in the 1830s. In addition to producing rope, canvas, sacking and other chandlers items, they built a pitch house so they could rot proof the hulls of ships using coal tar, a waste product from the new gas industry. The Enderby Hemp and Rope Works was destroyed by fire in 1845.

The riverfront of this site is to this day called Enderby's Wharf. Samuel's sons, Charles and George, built Enderby House on the riverside. They are believed to have lived here and controlled their whaling fleet from this preserved building's glass-domed, octagonal room. Charles Enderby was a founding member of the Royal Geographical Society in 1830. In the spirit of the merchant adventurers he attempted to combine the expensive business of exploration with the lucrative exploitation of new-found whaling and fishing rights.

A substantial area of the Antarctic is named Enderby Island, others are called Greenwich Island, Biscoe and Weddell (after Enderby fleet captains). In 1847 he was

granted concession to found the Southern Whale Fishery Company in the Auckland Islands of Antarctica.

Alcatel Submarine Networks

The first submarine telegraph cable, **laid under** the English Channel, had its core and insulator **manufactured at Islington. However,** the **protective** armour coating of this 27 mile long cable was **contracted** to William Kupe & Co., who had recently taken a lease at Morden Wharf. Soon after this **first success**, Richard Glass and George Elliot took over the cable works and manufactured a submarine cable for **installation** between Italy and Corsica. In 1854 they expanded their site, purchasing Enderby Wharf.

Attention **was** focused on the challenge of laying a Trans-Atlantic submarine cable. In 1856 Glass Elliot Submarine **Cables** joined The Atlantic Telegraph Company, and on the 19th of December work began on **manufacture of** the 2,700 mile-long cable. In 1857 they attempted to lay this first cable **from HMS Agamemnon, but** unfortunately it broke in mid-ocean and had to be abandoned.

A second **cable was** quickly completed. Despite many problems it was laid by the 5th August 1858. Sadly this **success was** short lived and by October nothing could be transmitted. Lord Kelvin was **given** the task of **investigating what** went wrong. He proposed the building of larger underwater tanks at **Enderby Wharf** in which **the cable** could be coiled and stringently tested.

In 1864, following the merger with the Gutta Percha Company to form the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company (Telcon), work began on a third cable, which was more **robustly** constructed. In July 1865 the 20,000 ton cable was loaded onto the only ship large enough

for the task, the *Great Eastern*. Isambard Kingdom Brunel's infamous giant had been built seven years earlier at Millwall. It had failed as a passenger liner and was bought cheaply for its new task.

The third cable was to fare little better. Although recovered four times from the ocean **floor it was then lost** in the midst of an Atlantic storm. Telcon had to make yet another cable and on the 27th of July, 1866, the fourth cable finally reached Heart's Content, Newfoundland. The *Great Eastern* then went back to look for the lost third cable and on the 2nd of September, after recovering the cable from two miles down, was able simultaneously to transmit the story to Europe and America.

It may have taken a decade, but this first telecommunication link between the old and new world defined the dawn of a new age – the age of globalisation.

Telcon's East Greenwich factory went on to manufacture over 140,000 miles of submarine telegraph cable.

Telephone gradually eclipsed telegraph during the first half of the 20th Century. **Telcon** merged with **Siemens to form** Submarine Cables Limited (SCL). In the late 1930s the company pioneered **development of a new** cable insulator, Polyethylene. This was a key component in the development of radar **during World War II**.

During the **post war** era, SCL and rivals Standard Telephones & Cables (STC) developed electronic amplifiers **called** repeaters, which could be inserted in submarine cables. These allowed multiple messages to **be transmitted** long distances on the same cable. The first 'repeated' transatlantic telephone cable **went into service** in 1956 and could support 36 simultaneous telephone conversations.

The two **companies were** joined in 1970 (as STC). By this time orbiting communication satellites threatened the

submarine cable industry, much as wireless had in the inter-war years. The last (transatlantic) **cable system** made at Enderby Wharf was completed in 1977.

STC engineers **led the development** of optical fibre. In 1986 they installed the world's first international **optical** fibre telephone system, including a 112 kilometre section under the English Channel. **It was capable** of carrying 12,000 simultaneous conversations. In 1995 STC was absorbed into **Alcatel**, making it the world's **leading** supplier of submarine cable systems. By the end of 1999 Alcatel **had supplied** over 230,000 kilometres **of fibre** optic submarine cables.

The Alcatel **site at Enderby Wharf** can justifiably **claim** to have been a centre for the development of global **communication** for **150** years.

Piper's Wharf, Granite Wharf, Lovell's Wharf

Piper's Barge and Yacht Builders was one of the most famous yards on the river and is still in use today. During the early years of the 20th Century, Thames barge racing was dominated by East Greenwich vessels, especially those built at Piper's, including the 'champion of champions' *Giralda* of 1889.

John Mowlem leased Granite Wharf between 1852 and 1921. It was used to receive and dress stone which had been transported by barge from the Isles of Portland and Purbeck. The most visible symbol of the stonemasons at Granite Wharf is the Great Globe at Durlston Head on Purbeck, where it stands on a cliff top. The globe is 10 feet in diameter and weighs 40 tons. **It was carved from 14 segments** of stone at Granite Wharf.

Lovell's were wharfingers and **shipping** agents who specialised in handling non-ferrous metals. They located here **from their** home port of Bristol in the 1920s. Against the tide of declining wharf activity on **the** Thames, Lovell's expanded and adapted throughout the 60s, 70s and 80s. In 1982 **Lovell's** Wharf handled 118,000 tons of cargo. The cranes, which remain in situ along **the frontage**, would have played a pivotal role in keeping this wharf viable after **others** collapsed.

The two remaining cranes, **icons** of London's dockland **heritage**, are Scotch Derricks. They rotate and pivot from above their tripod **bases**. **The** smaller upstream crane would have lifted loads of up to 5 tons over **the river path** on and off barges. The larger downstream crane, which was built by **Butters in Glasgow**, could handle loads of 20 tons. It was brought here from the Dublin **Custom** House in the 1970s.

Anchor Iron Wharf, Ballast Quay, Greenwich Power Station

Anchor Iron Wharf is aptly named. In the 18th Century this was the site of Ambrose Crowley's warehouse. It was from this depot that anchors, cast in his Newcastle ironworks, were sold to the navy.

Ballast Quay was the location at which coal ships from North East England were loaded with gravel as ballast before their return journey up the East Coast.

Greenwich Power Station was built by the London County Council in 1906 to power London's Trams. It is still operational and occasionally used as the backup station for the London Underground. During the 19th Century the site accommodated stables and an orchard in which the horses of a local omnibus company grazed.

– Deptford Discovery Team, *East Greenwich Riverfront Industrial History* (1999)

ENDERBY HOUSE

The House of Enderby

Ere the English ship fades from sight, be it set down here that she hailed from London, and was named after the late Samuel Enderby, merchant of that city, the original of the famous whaling house of Enderby & Sons; a house which, in my poor whaleman's opinion, comes not far behind the united royal houses of the Tudors and Bourbons, in point of real historical interest. How long, prior to the year of our Lord 1775, this great whaling house was in existence, my numerous fish-documents do not make plain; but in that year it fitted out the first English ships that ever regularly hunted the Sperm Whale; though for some score of years previous – ever since 1726 – our valiant men of Nantucket had in large fleets pursued that Leviathan, but only in the North and South Atlantic: not elsewhere. Be it distinctly recorded here, that the Nantucketers were the first among mankind to harpoon – with civilised steel – the great Sperm Whale; and that for half a century they were the only people of the whole globe who so harpooned him.

In 1778, a fine ship, the *Amelia*, fitted out for the express purpose, and at the sole charge of the vigorous Enderbys, boldly rounded Cape Horn, and was the first among the nations to lower a whale-boat of any sort in the great South Sea. The voyage was a skilful and a lucky one; and returning to her berth with her hold full of the precious sperm, the *Amelia's* example was soon followed by other ships, English and American, and thus the vast Sperm Whale grounds of the Pacific were thrown open. But not content with this good deed, the indefatigable house again bestirred itself: Samuel and all his Sons – how many, their mother only knows – and

under their immediate auspices – and partly, I think, at their expense – the British government was induced to send the sloop-of-war *Rattler* on a whaling voyage of discovery into the South Sea. Commanded by a naval Post-Captain, the *Rattler* made a rattling voyage of it, and did some service; how much does not appear. But this is not all. In 1819, the same house fitted out a discovery whale ship of their own, to go on a tasting cruise to the remote waters of Japan. That ship – well-called the *Syren* – made a noble experimental cruise; and it was thus that the great Japanese Whaling Ground first became generally known.

All honour to the Enderbies, therefore, whose house, I think, exists to the present day; though doubtless the original Samuel must long ago have slipped his cable for the great South Sea of the other world.

The Samuel Enderby

The ship named after him was worthy of the honour, being a very fast sailer and a noble craft every way. I boarded her once at midnight somewhere off the Patagonian coast, and drank good flip down in the fore-castle. It was a fine gam we had, and they were all trumps – every soul on board. A short life to them, and a jolly death. And that fine gam I had – long, very long after old Ahab touched her planks with his ivory heel – it minds me of the noble, solid, Saxon hospitality of that ship; and may my parson forget me, and the devil remember me, if I ever lose sight of it. Flip? Did I say we had flip? Yes, and we flipped it at the rate of ten gallons the hour; and when the squall came (for it's squally off there by Patagonia), and all hands – visitors and all – were called to reef topsails, we were so top-heavy that we had to swing each other aloft in bowlines; and we ignorantly furled the skirts of

our jackets into the sails, so that we hung there, reefed fast in the howling gale, a warning example to all drunken tars. However, the masts did not go overboard; and by and by we scrambled down, so sober that we had to pass the flip again, though the savage salt spray bursting down the fore-castle scuttle rather too much diluted and pickled it to my taste.

The beef was fine – tough, but with body in it. They said it was bull-beef; others, that it was dromedary beef; but I do not know, for certain, how that was. They had dumplings too; small, but substantial, symmetrically globular, and indestructible dumplings. I fancied that you could feel them, and roll them about in you, after they were swallowed. If you stooped over too far forward, you risked their pitching out of you like billiard-balls. The bread – but that couldn't be helped; besides, it was an anti-scorbutic; in short, the bread contained the only fresh fare they had. But the fore-castle was not very light, and it was very easy to step over into a dark corner when you ate it. But all in all – taking her from truck to helm, considering the dimensions of the cook's boilers, including his own live parchment boilers – fore and aft, I say, the Samuel Enderby was a jolly ship; of good fare and plenty; fine flip and strong; crack fellows all, and capital from boot heels to hat-band.

But why was it, think ye, that the *Samuel Enderby*, and some other English whalers I know of – not all though – were such famous, hospitable ships; that passed round the beef, and the bread, and the can, and the joke; and were not soon weary of eating, and drinking, and laughing? I will tell you. The abounding good cheer of these English whalers is matter for historical research. Nor have I been at all sparing of historical whale research, when it has seemed needed.

Leviathanic Histories

The English were preceded in the whale fishery by the Hollanders, Zealanders, and Danes; from whom they derived many terms still extant in the fishery, and what is yet more, their fat old fashions, touching plenty to eat and drink. For, as a general thing, the English merchant-ship scrimps her crew; but not so the English whaler. Hence, in the English, this thing of whaling good cheer is not normal and natural, but incidental and particular; and, therefore, must have some special origin, which is here pointed out, and will be still further elucidated.

During my researches in the Leviathanic histories, I stumbled upon an ancient Dutch volume, which, by the musty whaling smell of it, I knew must be about whalers. The title was, *Dan Coopman*, wherefore I concluded that this must be the invaluable memoirs of some Amsterdam cooper in the fishery, as every whale ship must carry its cooper. I was reinforced in this opinion by seeing that it was the production of one 'Fitz Swackhammer.' But my friend Dr. Snodhead, a very learned man, professor of Low Dutch and High German in the college of Santa Claus and St. Pott's, to whom I handed the work for translation, giving him a box of sperm candles for his trouble – this same Dr. Snodhead, so soon as he spied the book, assured me that 'Dan Coopman' did not mean 'The Cooper,' but 'The Merchant.' In short, this ancient and learned Low Dutch book treated of the commerce of Holland; and, among other subjects, contained a very interesting account of its whale fishery. And in this chapter it was, headed 'Smeer' or 'Fat', that I found a long detailed list of the outfits for the larders and cellars of 180 sail of Dutch whalers; from which list, as translated by Dr. Snodhead, I transcribe the following:

400,000 lbs. of beef.

60,000 lbs. of Friesland pork.

150,000 lbs. of stock fish.

550,000 lbs. of biscuit.

72,000 lbs. of soft bread.

2,800 firkins of butter.

20,000 lbs. of Texel & Leyden cheese.

144,000 lbs. of cheese (probably an inferior article).

550 ankers of Geneva.

10,800 barrels of beer.

Now, most statistical tables are parchingly dry in the reading; not so in the present case, however, where the reader is flooded with whole pipes, barrels, quarts, and gills of good gin and good cheer.

The Decanter

At the time, I devoted three days to the studious digesting of all this beer, beef, and bread, during which many profound thoughts were incidentally suggested to me, capable of a transcendental and Platonic application; and, furthermore, I compiled supplementary tables of my own, touching the probable quantity of stock-fish, etc., consumed by every Low Dutch harpooner in that ancient Greenland and Spitzbergen whale fishery. In the first place, the amount of butter, and Texel and Leyden cheese consumed, seems amazing. I impute it, though, to their naturally unctuous natures, being rendered still more unctuous by the nature of their vocation, and especially by their pursuing their game in those frigid Polar Seas, on the very coasts of that Esquimaux country where the convivial natives pledge each other in bumpers of train oil.

The quantity of beer, too, is very large, 10,800 barrels. Now, as those polar fisheries could only be prosecuted in the short summer of that climate, so that the whole cruise of one of these Dutch whalers, including the short voyage to and from the Spitzbergen sea, did not much exceed three months, say, and reckoning 30 men to each of their fleet of 180 sail, we have 5,400 Low Dutch seamen in all; therefore, I say, we have precisely two barrels of beer per man, for a twelve weeks' allowance, exclusive of his fair proportion of that 550 ankers of gin. Now, whether these gin and beer harpooners, so fuddled as one might fancy them to have been, were the right sort of men to stand up in a boat's head and take good aim at flying whales, this would seem somewhat improbable. Yet they did aim at them, and hit them too. But this was very far North, be it remembered, where beer agrees well with the constitution; upon the Equator, in our southern fishery, beer would be apt to make the harpooner sleepy at the mast-head and boozey in his boat; and grievous loss might ensue.

But no more; enough has been said to show that the old Dutch whalers of two or three centuries ago were high livers; and that the English whalers have not neglected so excellent an example. For, say they, when cruising in an empty ship, if you can get nothing better out of the world, get a good dinner out of it, at least. And this empties the decanter.

– Herman Melville, *Moby Dick* (1851)

PIPER'S WHARF

The reader, who counts the seconds silently, indicates the beginning of each movement by opening the book to this page, the end by closing it, until all three movements are completed. A pause of not more than 10 seconds should be left between each movement.

First Movement (0'33")

01 02 03 04 05 06 07 08 09 10 11 12 13 14 15 16
 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32
 33

Second Movement (2'40")

01 02 03 04 05 06 07 08 09 10 11 12 13 14 15 16
 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32
 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48
 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 01 02 03 04
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 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52
 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 01 02 03 04 05 06 07 08
 09 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24
 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40

Third Movement (1'20")

01 02 03 04 05 06 07 08 09 10 11 12 13 14 15 16
 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32
 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48

49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 01 02 03 04
05 06 07 08 09 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20

– John Cage, 4'33" (1952)

CUTTY SARK PUBLIC HOUSE

Hell

Hell is a city much like London –
A populous and a smoky city;
There are all sorts of people undone,
And there is little or no fun done;
Small justice shown, and still less pity.

There is a Queen, and Her Government;
A banking mob – a ruling set
Of thieves who by themselves are sent
Similar thieves to represent;
An Army; and a public debt.

Which last is a scheme of paper money,
And means – being interpreted –
'Bees, keep your wax – give us the honey
And we will plant, while skies are sunny,
Flowers – which in winter serve instead.'

There is a great talk of revolution –
And a greater chance of despotism –
Private guards – police – confusion –
Financial crashes – rage – delusion –
Lotteries – lies – and Conservatism.

Taxes too, on wine and bread,
And meat, and beer, and tea, and cheese,
From which those patriots pure are fed,
Who gorge before they reel to bed
The tenfold essence of all these.

Thrusting, spoiling, flailing, toiling,
Preaching, blaming – ending in riot!
Each with never-ceasing labour,
Whilst he thinks he cheats his neighbour,
Cheats his own heart of quiet.

And this is Hell – and in this smother
All are damnable and damned;
Each one damning, damns the other;
They are damned by one another,
By none other are they damned.

It's a lie to say, 'God damns!'
Where was Heaven's Attorney General
When they first handed out such shams?
Let there be an end to quick-fix scams,
Those mines of poisonous mineral.

Statesmen damn themselves to be
Cursed; and lawyers damn their souls
To the auction of a fee;
Churchmen damn themselves to see
God's sweet love in burning coals.

The rich are damned, beyond all cure,
To taunt, and starve, and trample on
The weak and wretched; and the poor
Damn their broken hearts to endure
Stripe on stripe, with groan on groan.

And some few, like we know who,
Damned – but God alone knows why –
To believe their minds are given

To make this ugly Hell a Heaven;
In which faith they live and die.

Thus, as in a town plague-stricken,
Each man, be he sound or no,
Must indifferently sicken;
As, when day begins to thicken,
None knows a pigeon from a crow.

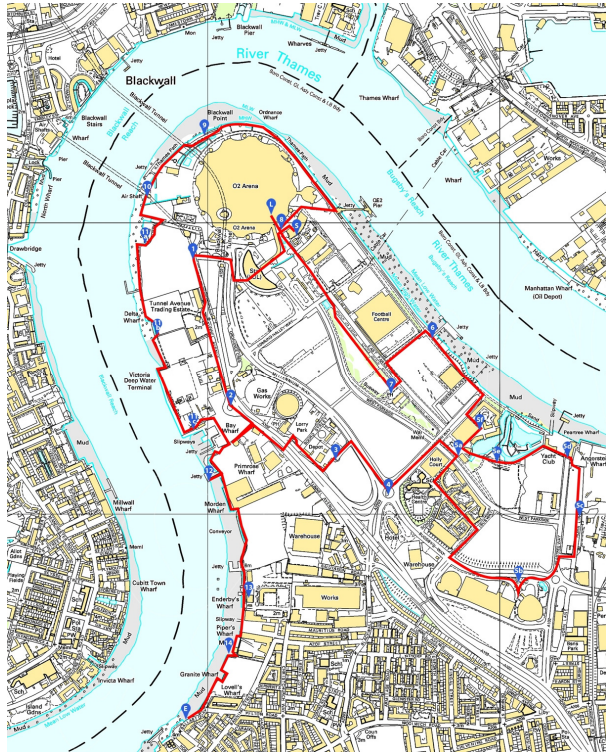
So good and bad, sane and mad,
The oppressor and the oppressed;
Those who weep to see what others
Smile to inflict upon their brothers;
Lovers, haters, worst and best:

All are damned – they breathe an air,
Thick, infected, joy-dispelling:
Each pursues what seems to him most fair,
Mining like moles through mind, and there
Scoop palace-caverns vast, where care
In throned state is ever dwelling.

– Percy Bysshe Shelley, *Peter Bell the Third* (1819)

NOTE

This Geopoetry reading, which was held in conjunction with the conference on 'The Mediated City' at Ravensbourne College of Design and Communication, was undertaken on Thursday, the 3rd of April, 2014, along the following route:





Back cover: 'The Sorcerer', c. 13,000 B.C. Rock painting and engraving.
Caverne des Trois Frères, Montesquieu-Avantès, Ariège.