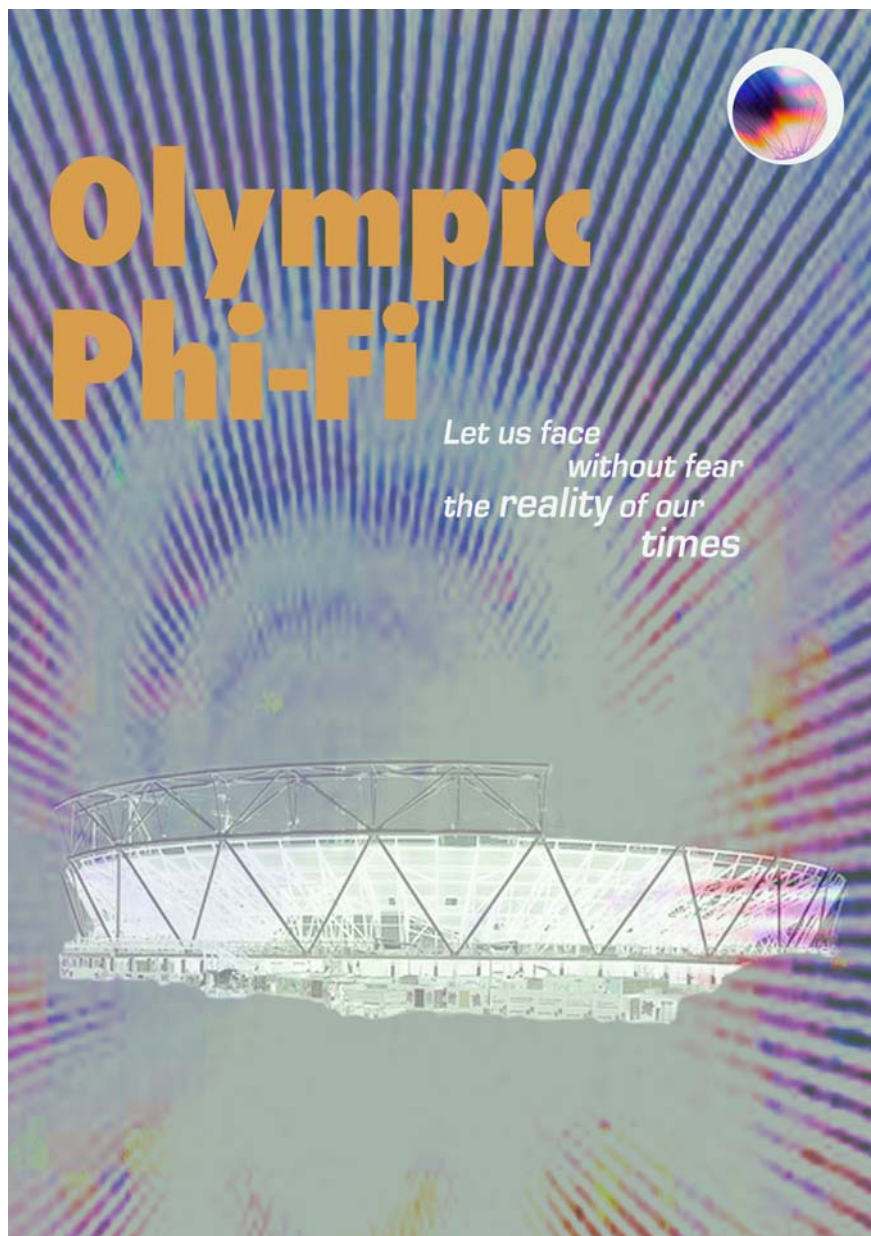

Society of Molecules: Olympic Phi-Fi

May 1-7 2009, London, UK

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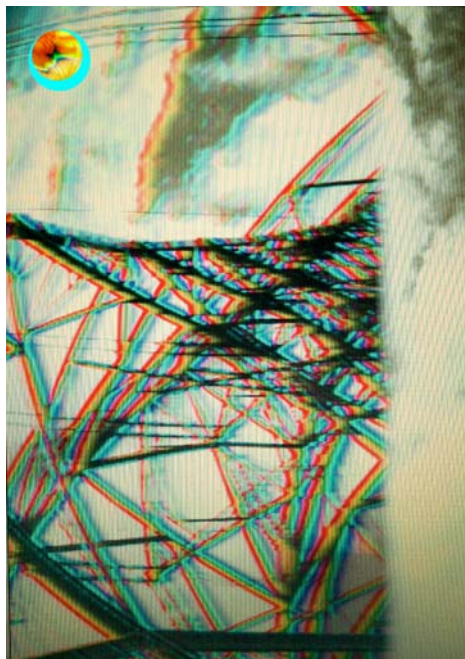
Olympic Phi-Fi is the investigation of a site specific place – the 2012 Olympics site in East London. We chose this particular area because it allowed us to tackle the dialectic of urban regeneration, exploring the ideological rhetoric of utopian and dystopian

constructions used to alter the urban environment. Stepping sideways, we create a speculative fiction, a practical philosophy, that enables a re-conceptualisation and subsequent altered use of this metropolitan ecology.

The word 'phi-fi' itself is a mixture of 'philosophy' and 'science fiction'. Much of our core influences have come from things such as; World Fairs or Expositions, Public Service Announcements, British library music and radiophonic music.

Using the methodologies of retro-futurism, we took the material gathered during our investigations of the site and began to weave a thread through, and around the site, producing a piece that consists of a combination of both written and visual strata. Through such techniques we re-read fantasies and futures of the past through the lens of subsequent experiences and developments, bringing them into focus as contemporary events in an area of temporal collapse. We sought to create a diagram of a world that spreads over the mind and chews away at its known supports, enabling the establishment of a fiction with infinite rolling potentials.

Olympic Phi-fi



From the chartered streets deep within the Capital, from monument to monument, beyond the glass skyline, through weighted and measured groceries, and past the stalls of fabrics, here lies the East.

The ground is not solid. Pockmarked through the violent hours of war, the reconstruction and again the fall, the land forms a sub-territory of

the dead on which the East gathers itself. Through each reformation, each spectacle, it bursts and falls. The rolling heaps of waste have become the fundamentals of the most complete representation of reality. Laying a top of the ruins of the tactical sphere the Games heave and swell, generating wider and wider contours. Clumps of trees, commercial fodder planted on those higher points, gaze down towards the remains of the white chapel-of-ease, prehending the lay of the land. The lascars, the merchants, the soldiers, the professionals and the local rulers all come and go, while the migrants settle within, and amongst, the Towers where labour is in shortage.

As the pursuers reach the limit of traffic, we come to find ourselves on Temple Mill Lane.

Duck and Cover

<<Let us face without fear the reality of our times>>

The day the Games became the new financial attractor of a near-future bankrupt London, there was a real explosion. It was July 2005 and no one could anticipate how much the East would become yet again the zone of an incumbent struggle.

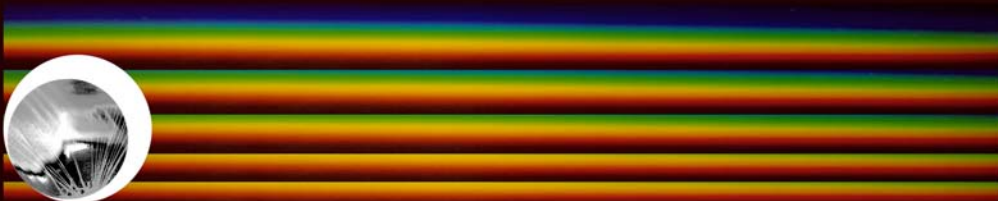
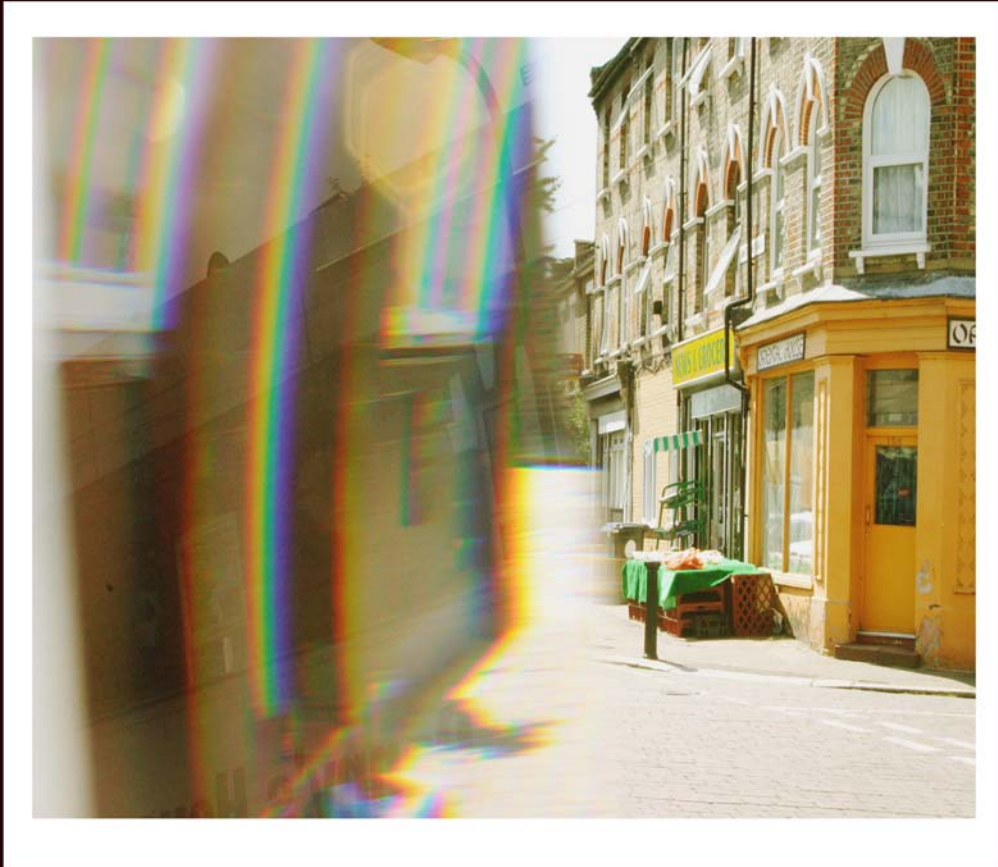
But London was now altogether different: a radical re-territorialization announced by the war on terror.

Mass evacuation would have been disaster. An enemy would have liked nothing better than to have us leave this place empty and unproductive. So we decided to stay. If an emergency should arise, our factories would be converted to battle stations.

The industrialists, the shop owners, the dock sailors, all became incorporated by the Development Agency as they asked for protection. Fear is always the response to unknown causes spreading in the form of loud noises or loss of orientation. Rage, in turn, is the response to the primary stimulus of force, something interfering with our behaviour or action. Even though humans have learnt to control their emotions, their heartbeat still remains prompted to sync and skip, whilst warning always to stay alert. Thus humans keep on watching the skies, predisposed to the incipience of threat.

Being safe is often nothing more than applying good judgement in everyday life. Fear is defied by the imperative of good health, one of the foundations of appearance. Cleanliness as an algorithm against fear can be applied to your daily schedule of activities, the little finishing touches that provide you with peace of mind. As soon as the

sanitation reform was announced to contain the flu outbreak, the lopsided zone was burrowed through. The Great Stink plunged deep into the porosities of the earth, into the sewage system, into a network of pumping stations, pushed, always, further along.



But, while the Games develop in height and dimension, the Great Stink grows stronger. Over the previous fifty years, the population had risen

at an unprecedented rate, passing the levels reached in any earlier period of growth. New epidemics are stalking the cities and the disposal of any refuse into the water is now an offence. The grubbers scavenge in the drains to find small treasures to sell while the nightsoil men remove the waste that becomes manure for the Allotments around the River Lea. As restless as they are, they could build England's green and pleasant land.

The disinterment of occasions

<<This place continues to sprout, burst forth, collapse and dissipate. Time to open it up and see what is inside>>

Some days, with a clear sky, you might see to Hackney Marshes if it wasn't for the houses in between. Walk on. You stand upon fickle mounds of brick-a-brac, discharged onto the common marshland after the Corporation left. If you complete the circle the record ends. Solidity, from this perspective, is the production of a function.

We have been told to push on in the pursuit of more tomorrows. The distant subscribers answer the tone. Some distinctions are difficult to express but easily demonstrated. At the giant intersection of newly paved roads, after the marshalling yard, the pylons outline New Horizons, new opportunities for the employment of money, men and materials. After all, as the Corporation used to say, desires are developed to be satisfied in the unknown expenses of applied science and research. New ways of living and thinking have laid the foundations for most of what is good today, with the promise of more to come. Safety, but with increased speed.

Yet, as we move rapidly forward, some suggestions of things to come plough crashing into the software of the land. Who was here before did what we now must learn to do. From this Knowledge, I tell you: when the ground folds again, comes the promise of a thousand other lands to move beyond. A system of notation never has a singular level of entry. This century is ending on a bypass, a car park, at the nexus of the possibilities of this present.

Here is the System: to perceive is to be perceived, to say is to be said, to build is to be built. For each of the frames of the Corporation's private harmony, you process the executables at the time of passing. Technical substances are predicated on causality's physical chain – make them emerge as occasions. This is the perfect place for an accident: the meshwork recognises but does not know, the electromagnetic practice of this compound can never be exhausted.

As you meet the lavender seller, opposite Yardley's luxury soaps factories, you hear her shouting: "Two bunches a penny, primroses, two bunches a penny." She does not visit the Allotments anymore. She says she'd rather ignore the Countdown. Pressure, temperature and wind: this is what she cares for. The time it takes to register the smell of an odour in the air is the time it takes the chemical to travel up the nose and trigger the nerve impulse that engages the brain. Any purple visitation is a cut across an opposition. Informational distances meet within a code, a process, a key to a place and to those subjectivities destined to use them.

This is what can be found if one follows the programme. Under these correct conditions, this land does not really exist.

