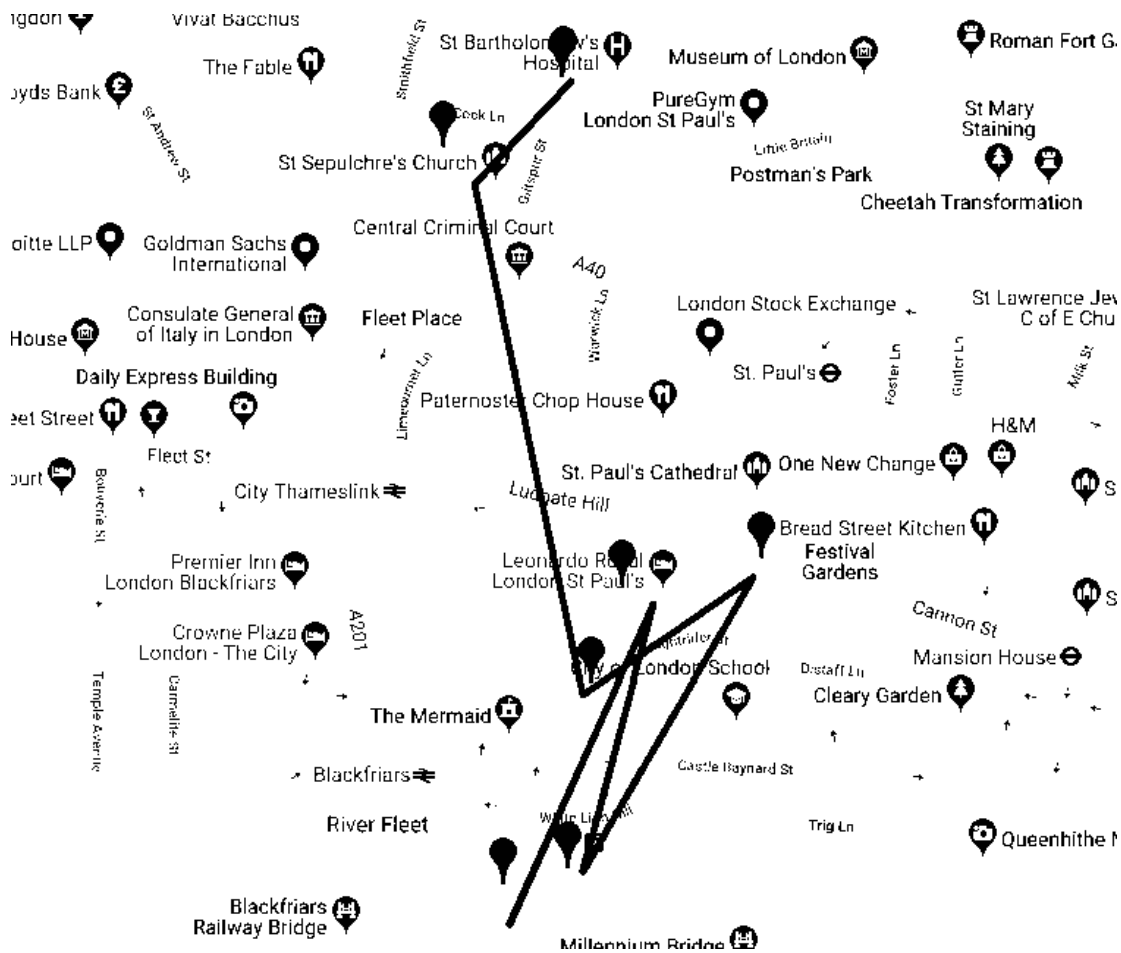


Our Mutual Friends

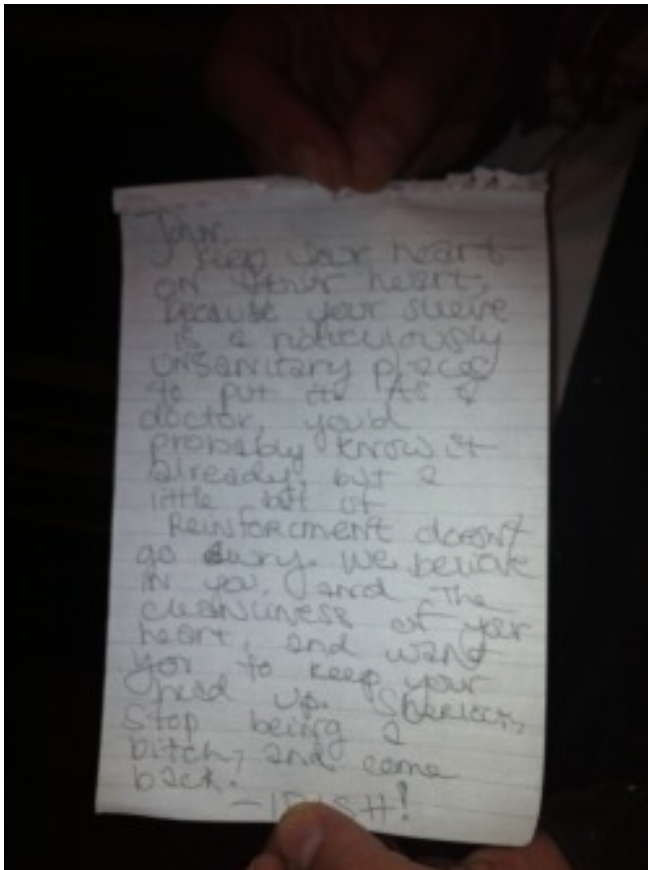
Dickens Walk #4: City & Clerkenwell with James Bridle



*Five walks that highlighted Dickensian landmarks in London, including places that Dickens frequented and the areas that featured in his books. Compiled by Andrew Pitcairn-Hill, these walks provide a frame of reference for *Our Mutual Friends* as a whole, and were walked by five well-known writers, who each produced a record, on Tumblr and Google Maps, of what they saw on the day, and what the journey called to mind.*



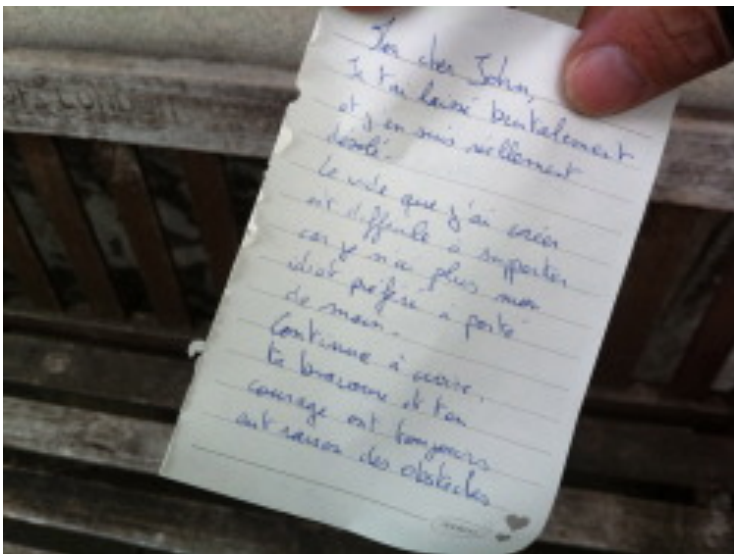
London is my fandom



More Dead Drop notes, courtesy of Steven Bode.



August and September 2012



When we passed St Bart's at the beginning of August, we found the first Sherlock tags.

Passing by again in September, the graffiti had been removed, but the kids had found an intriguing new solution: rolling up their notes, and pushing them into an antique grate beneath the same spot. Dead letter drops for fictional correspondences. On a dusty window above, someone had managed to paste: "Moriarty is real".



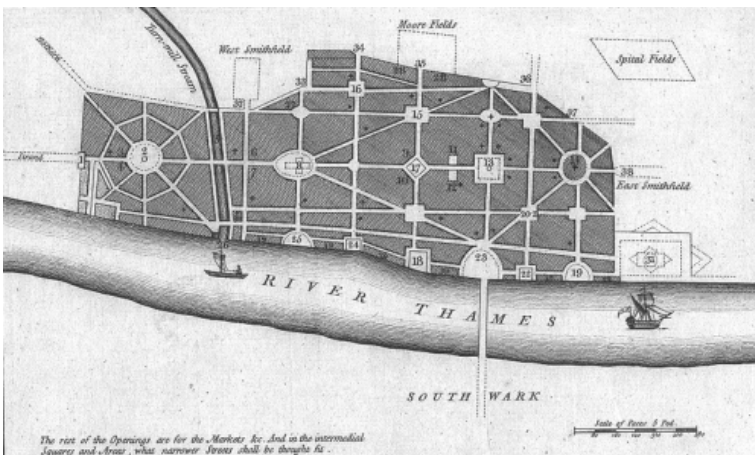
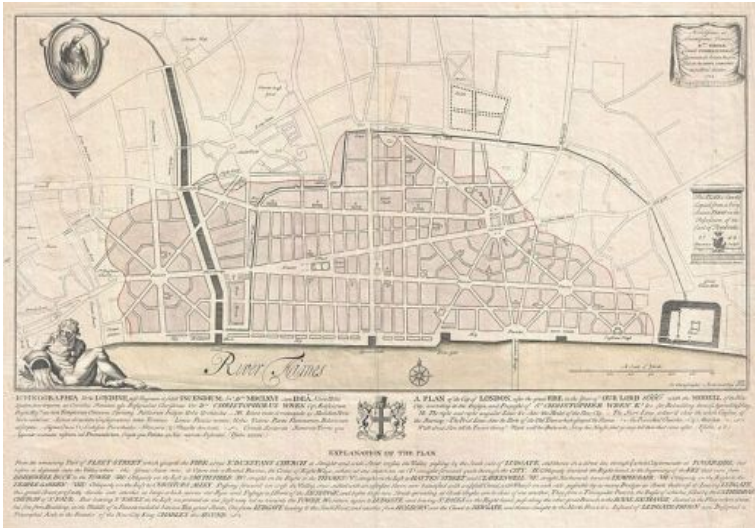
Infinite Scientology



Infinity Bus / Scientologists (by STML (<http://www.flickr.com/photos/stml/7739815608/in/set-72157630970502216>)) - encountered on the walk, strange new forms of religious and sporting iconography.



Wren's plans



Wren and Evelyns' plans for the rebuilding of London after the Great Fire (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Great_Fire_of_London#Aftermath), both rejected. More speculative fictions written on the page of the city.



I love you with all my boobs



love you with all my boobs (by STML

<http://www.flickr.com/photos/stml/7739815976/in/set-72157630970502216>)).

Olympic fanfiction, perhaps: a barber's contribution to the games, to the grand rewriting of London that the project represents. London has been written over in many ways since its inception, the legal documents that constitute the International Olympic Committees particular contribution are just another such intervention.

This was found in one of the strange little streets south of St Paul's - which always make me think of Neil Bartlett's novel *Skin Lane*, which is set in the same area, or a little to the East, around Cannon Street and the Walbrook. Skinner's Lane still exists, set back from Upper Thames Street, dank and cobbled: on a dark night, you could be back among the smell of the furs, in Sherlock's time, or Dickens'.



Torchwood fanfic



new-aesthetic (<http://new-aesthetic.tumblr.com/post/33231176762/memorial-wall-for-a-torchwood-character-covered>):

Memorial wall for a Torchwood character, covered in laminated poems and comics. "An assortment of my fanfic is attached", says one.



Who are you looking at?



Who are you looking at? (by STML

(<http://www.flickr.com/photos/stml/7739816756/in/set-72157630970502216>))

Snow Hill police station. 'Near to the jail, and by consequence near to Smithfield...and on that particular part of Snow Hill where omnibus horses going eastwards seriously think of falling down on purpose, and where horses in hackney cabriolets going westwards not unfrequently fall by accident, is the coach-yard of the Saracen's Head inn, its portal guarded by two Saracens' heads and shoulders...frowning upon you from either side of the gateway, and the inn itself, garnished with another Saracen's Head, frowns upon you from the top of the yard...When you walk up this yard you will see the booking-office on your left, and the tower of St Sepulchre's church darting abruptly up into the sky on your right, and a gallery of bed-rooms on both sides. Just before you, you will observe a long window with the words "coffee room" legibly painted above it.'

- Nicholas Nickleby



Belper, Derbyshire



Belper, Derbyshire. (Note the Kony 2012 flyer also. Lot of Internet in the Midlands.)



End of walk