

THE WALKIE TALKIE PROJECT - DOORSTEP INTERVIEW

Artist Michelle Baharier is creating some digital art work inspired by our experience's of bus journeys/routes and our connection to them. The work is inspired by a poem written by David Morris called Routemaster race (featured below), David was a wheelchair user and therefore unable to access the buses until access become a legal requirement.

As part of this project she'd love to talk with anyone who fancies a chat about their experience on the buses (good or bad), Michelle is looking for stories about your journeys whether that be on your way to work, sightseeing out with your friends or whatever your connection is to riding on a double-decker London bus. These will be made into are collages released online and archived at the London transport Museum, and anyone who takes part will receive their own copy. Michelle will come to you and conduct a short interview/informal doorstep interview outside your residence (or she can meet you somewhere outdoors nearby if you prefer). We will be following Covid guidelines; using recording equipment with long reach for 2m distance (cleaned in between use) and will provide masks, individual hand sanitiser and antibacterial wipes.

If you'd like to chat with Michelle we'd love to hear from you, please select at least 3 options from the list (next page) by ticking the box next to the dates you are free. We will only need one session and this won't take more than 1hr, probably much less. Thank you and we look forward to meeting you soon!

PLEASE LET US KNOW WHEN YOU'D LIKE TO CHAT BY SIGNING UP HERE:

<https://forms.gle/1Yar2xPq6WkiJr498>

Routemaster race, a poem by David Morris

I once fell off a routemaster bus
on Barnett Hill in the snow I am told
I was young and walking just
with tired legs knock-kneed
running fast out of usefulness

Not an urban surfer baby
you will soon know your place
a London bus not for me
you'll not be part of the root of my race

segregated tail gated transported apart
sometimes it felt like we were going to
market
tied down in rows waving to the real world
sent away jolting and crying
in the back of a mini not a master bus

not an urban pole dancer baby
we don't want you in our face's
stay on the urban sunshine bus
you're not part of the route race

Away from London away from life
bust to our separation by ambulance
at least that's what it said backwards
so they could see our difference
hopeless helpless kids apart

you're not an urban person baby
you should know your place
go stay in the institution
not part of the route race

Waiting for the 142
basking in late autumn sun
and a small commuter crowd complaining
about Metroline
the red Easter size doors open and I board
welcome for the first time
part of London part of life

I'm free from transport irony baby
and on your flocking case
don't get full by your urban myth
it's over the routemaster race.