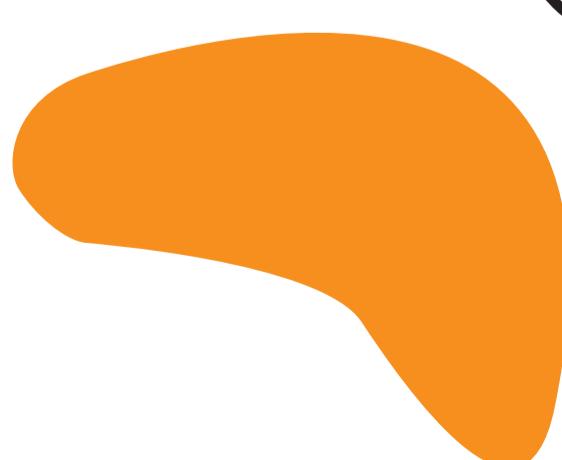


FIL(L)
WOOD

FULL
OF
ALTERNATIVES



FIL(L)WOOD FULL OF ALTERNATIVES

This book is a collection of stories, written by Graphic Designers, that explore the current and future possibilities for Filwood Community Centre.

As a response to the gradual decline in funding for the building, and a likely cut of all government funding next year, we have come up with wild, radical and fanciful ideas to re-imagine the space, and address the needs of the community now and in the future.

This project is built around speculative fiction – creating utopian proposals for imaginary futures. The aim was to use the power of such fiction to break out of our everyday reality, and help us imagine ways of living which might currently be invisible. This wasn't without resistance – often, we wanted to create immediate practical solutions – but we hope we've proven that, as a thought experiment, speculative thinking is just as useful as more mundane ideas.

Each page of the book explores a separate idea for the centre, through writing and images. The texts describe a futuristic scenario that sets the scene, whilst the images are a mixture of literal depictions and abstract representations of the stories. Some of them are linked to other ideas throughout the book, some are totally standalone. Collectively, we hope they will act as sparks for real life projects and initiatives in Filwood.

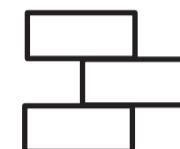
Given the political decisions that are cutting our communities, the people who run Filwood Community Centre are obliged to focus all of their efforts on how they will open the centre next week. We hope that this book will prove useful as a tool to think about how the centre evolves in the next month, year, decade or century.

Mei Davidson & Tom James

Walking Lessons

One by one, crowds emerge from beneath sea level, keeping to their weekly schedule of walking sessions. Ever since the “sudden rise”, families and individuals have been surviving under water. 90% of the world’s land is now submerged, which has lead to the evolution of gills in humans. The great Fillwood Centre is one of very few places that still provide walking lesson for those who wish to reminisce. What’s the use, walking will soon be a thing of the past...

FIL(L)W00D FULL OF ALTERNATIVES

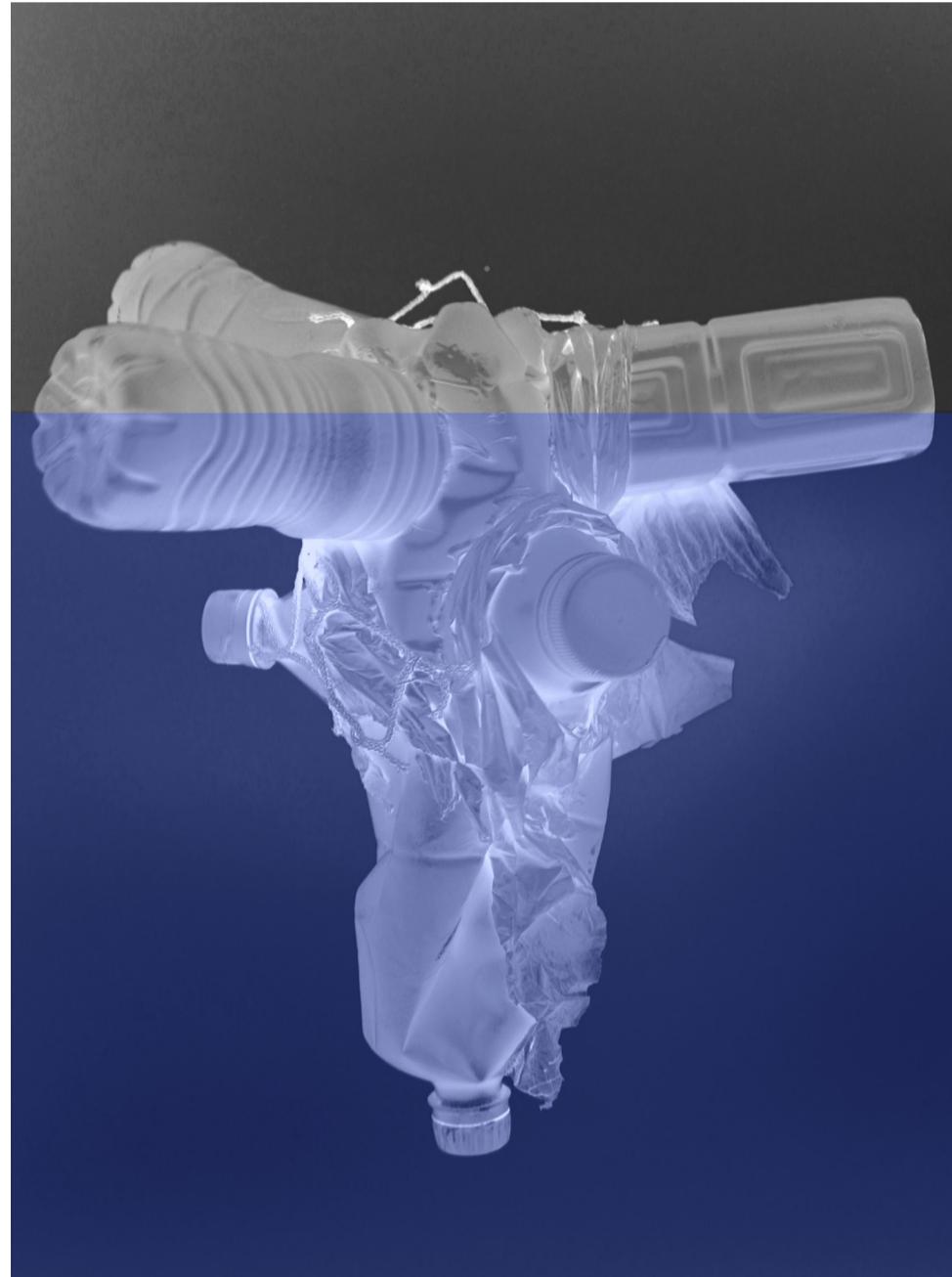


First Steps

Waste-Land

FIL(L)WOOD FULL OF ALTERNATIVES

Global warming has overtaken the world, and planet Earth is submerged. Humans are struggling to survive and keep their collective heads above water. Scientists are using Filwood Community Centre as a venue to develop a solution: a filter which can suck in all of the surrounding debris from the ruined civilisation, and combine this rubbish to form a revolutionary landmass for the desperate human race to live on. The scientists of Filwood are saving lives across the world (and also sorting out the litter problem).



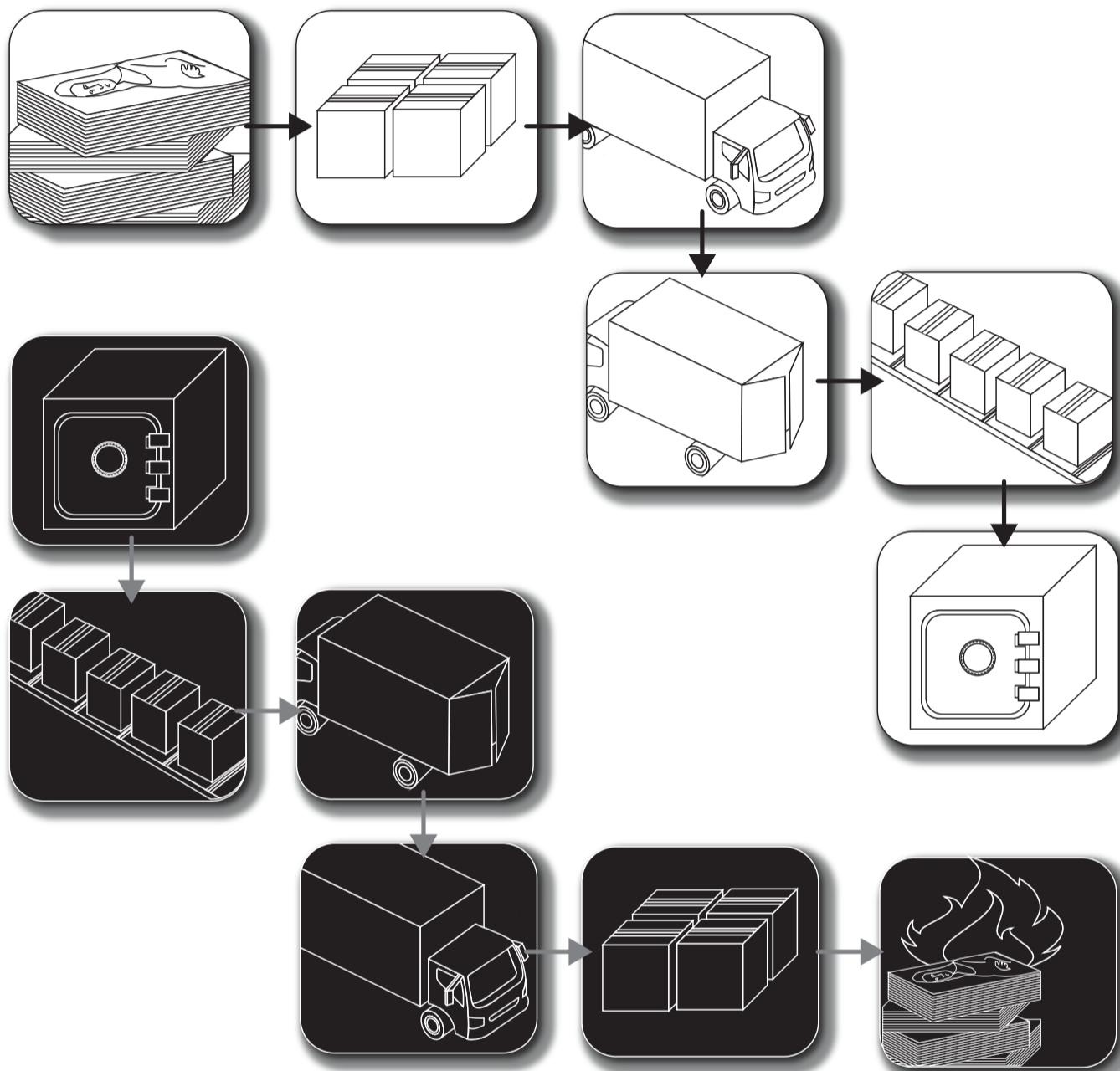
Plastic Plot

Classified



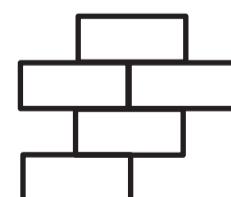
FIL(L)WOOD FULL OF ALTERNATIVES

Dan, Dylan, Harry, Oliver



The centre used to be controlled by the regime. They used it to destroy our culture, burn it to nothing, make us forget about it. They bought it all there, the art, books music. Everything. They just fucking destroyed it! Well we fought back, this was our part in the war. When we took Filwood back we stopped the destruction of our history. It is now used to archive our culture, save what makes us human and show our freedoms. It is kept here, safe, away from the government. Would they think to look at the place they once used to dismantle and destroy? Hopefully not. But if they do we will do everything we can to protect it, once more.

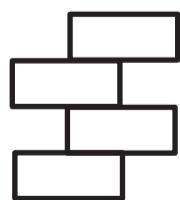
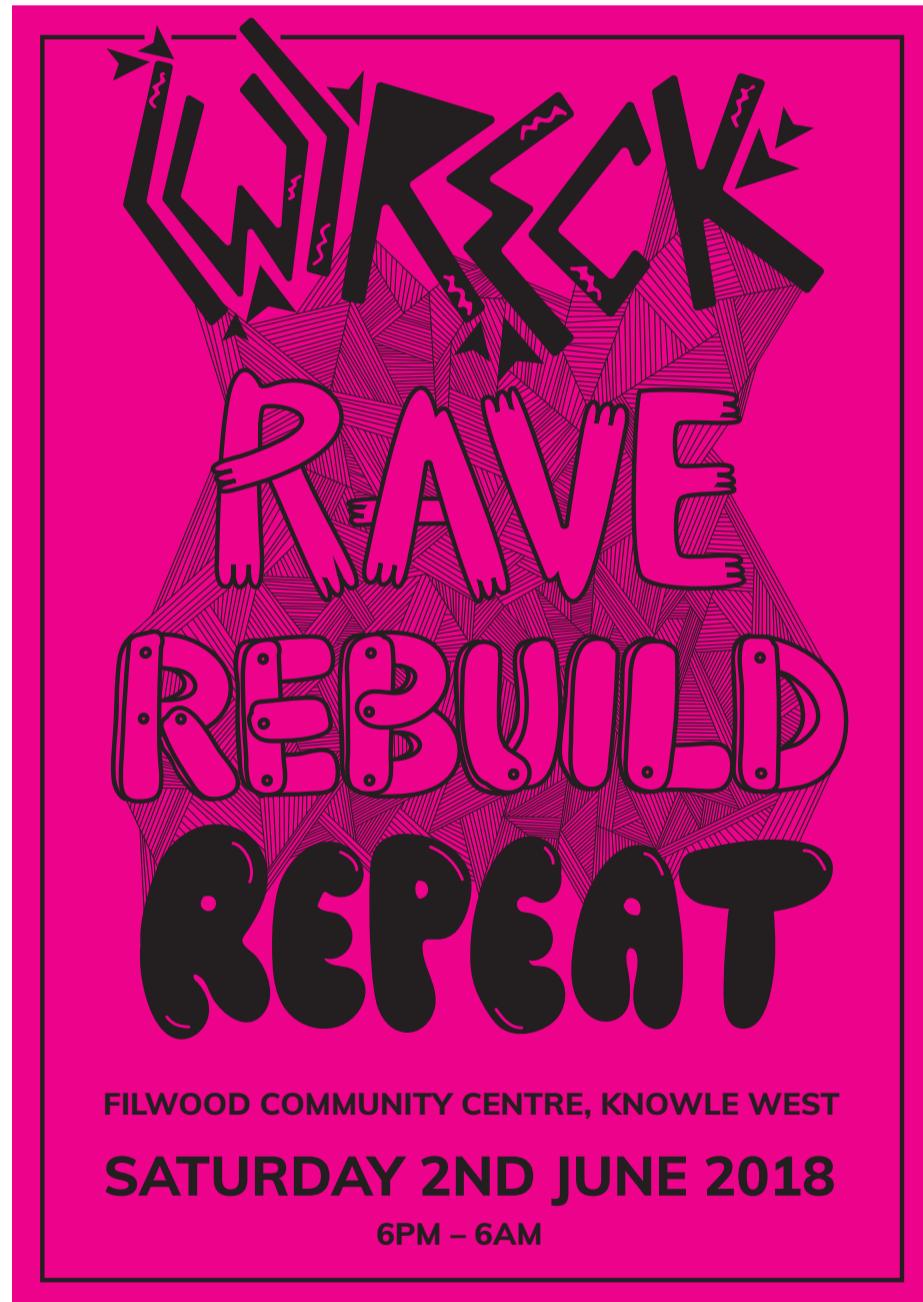
How to Save/Destroy



(W)reck, Rave, Rebuild, Repeat

My foot collided with a flimsy chest of drawers, smashing a part of the wood away from the structure. I grabbed the broken piece and handed it to Ryan who was working on restructuring a chair. The bass of the thumping music was shaking each piece of furniture as we wrecked them. Ryan drilled the piece of wood I had broken off into the back of the chair, almost completing his newly reconstructed masterpiece. “Here, Lucy!” I heard a muffled shout and turned to see the Reconstruction Rave Wand flying through the air toward me. Grabbing it, and thanking the bustling crowd in front of me, I hoped the unknown raver who threw it heard. I kept my feet moving to the beat and focused on screwing the piece of wood tighter into the chair so it felt secure. I felt a droplet of sweat roll down my temple and the bass thudding in my chest. A strong sense of accomplishment and achievement flooded through me. I danced into the night, wrecking and rebuilding.

FIL(L)WOOD FULL OF ALTERNATIVES



Fil(m)wood

FIL(L)WOOD FULL OF ALTERNATIVES

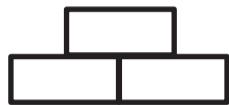
"Here! I've found it!" Norman whispered urgently as we crept along the darkened pavement, lit only by the odd street lamp. The community centre had been almost impossible to find, but we knew it would be - they wouldn't risk lighting it up for everyone to see.

We rushed into the centre, determined to keep quiet. Finally, we arrived at the heart of the event. The gravelly ground was coated in a thick fluffy rug and colourful sofas and beanbags were dotted all over, occupied by families and friends. There were various cars lined up behind the seating areas as well, everyone waiting in anticipation. A group urgently beckoned us over and we slumped down onto an empty set of beanbags, adrenaline and anticipation coursing through our veins. So far, so good. We hadn't been caught. The group beside us offered us their popcorn, as we did to them - a tradition within Filmwood.

Dave, the organiser, rushed over and handed us the contract which we briefly read through and then signed, promising we wouldn't reveal the going-ons of the evening, especially the fact we, as a community, had watched a film. The projector flickered to light against the large brick wall and the crowd erupted in soft excited murmurs before being shushed by the organisers of the event.



Filwood Election



FIL(L)WOOD FULL OF ALTERNATIVES

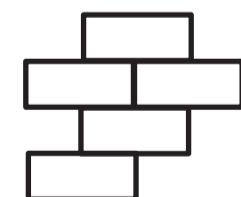
Adrianna, Kasey, Laura, Vivian



“Don’t forget your voting card!”, my dad called after us, handing us the voting chips. My sister Jodie and I headed toward the Filwood Community Centre, where the ceremony and election would be taking place, as it did every year. We had all been so excited for the election for weeks, especially with all the recent campaigning amidst the town.

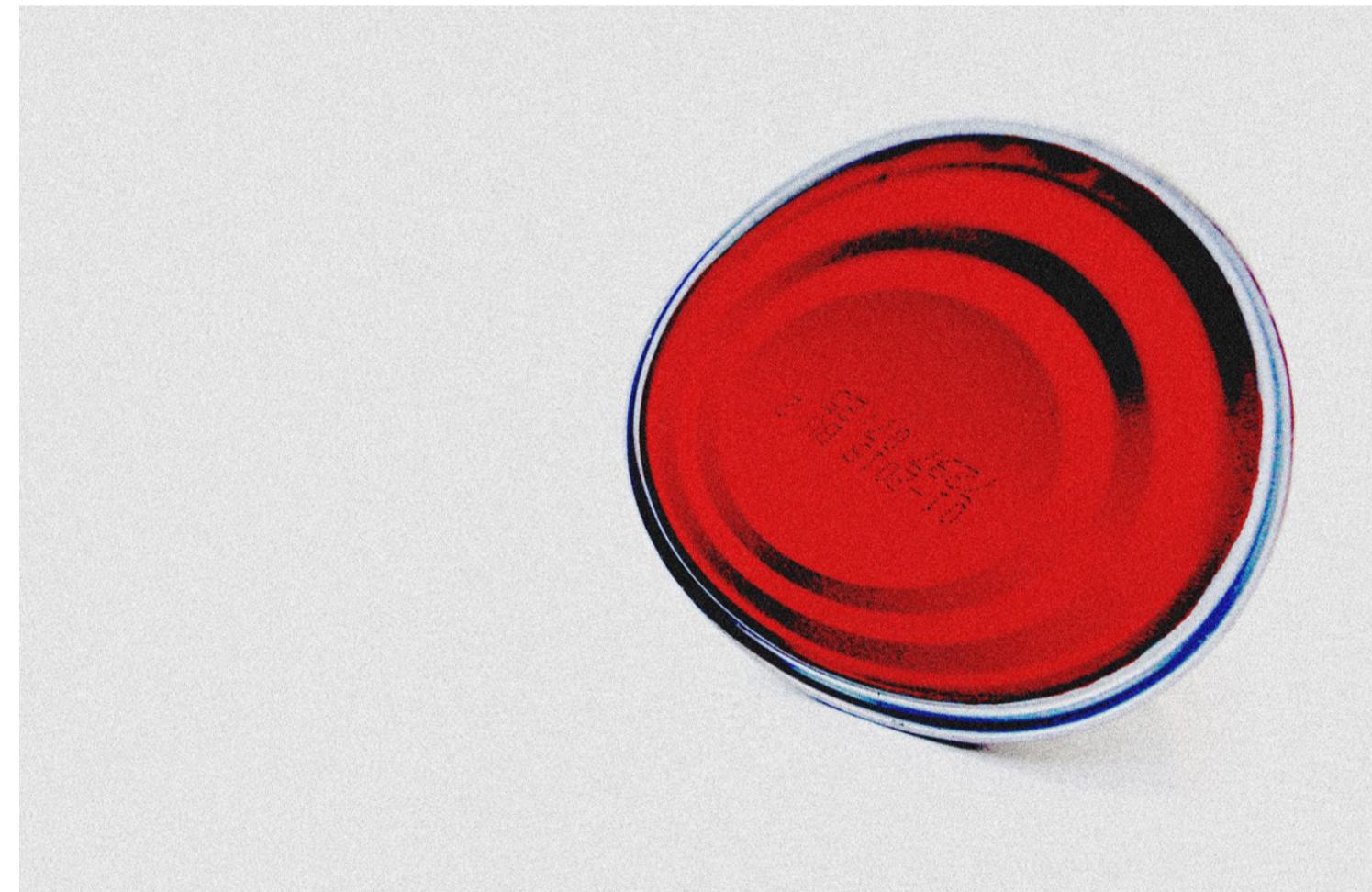
Banner

There were billowing crimson flags lining the streets and houses, and families and couples were excitedly flocking to the centre. Inside, there were colourful stalls filled with food and drinks as well as fliers promoting upcoming events within the centre. Jodie and I rushed over to the voting stand and slipped our votes into the ballot box. I had a feeling Jodie had voted for Caroline Jones, just as I had. The celebratory and powerful national anthem blared out, signalling the start of the ceremony. “Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the 22nd Filwood Election!” Dave, the current President of Filwood, called out. The crowd erupted into cheers and Dave invited the candidates up onto stage. “What a wonderful few weeks of campaigning we’ve had this year! And now... the moment everyone has been waiting for. I can now reveal that the 22nd President of Filwood is....”



Space for a Forgotten Place

FIL(L)WOOD FULL OF ALTERNATIVES



The space where memories are restored.

All too often space is left unused, unappreciated and unloved. Places once of great importance, both economic and social, are left forgotten in the pages of history. In order to make the community a thriving centre, we must reinvigorate and re-energize every community member with a feeling of value and connection with the centre. As people in Britain age, we believe that we need urgent action to create communities

that are networked and joined by collectively owned enterprises that cater to those in the community. Whilst some today do not consider the aged in society economically or societally significant - often seen as easily dispensable - we believe that the use of the central green spaces as garden allotments has been a great addition to the community and helps to bring economic and professional opportunities to the aged within the community.

The Red Door Alliance

FIL(L)WOOD FULL OF ALTERNATIVES

The red door is a chilling nightmare that has become our stark reality. De-industrialization, joblessness and poverty reign over us. We adults starve to feed our children. Red phone boxes, long forgotten for their original purpose, are now used to store food for the local community to eat. Some wealthy benefactors from afar donate to the boxes, however we mainly rely on the generosity of other local community members. People donate fruit and vegetables from local allotments, however growth cannot keep up with demand. The global climate has changed enormously in thirty years and has affected food security for everyone. Very soon no one will be able to grow and donate enough food for the locals. I hope that our community is able to restore our sense of dignity. Our only hope is that the leaders of the red doors will collapse, and we can finally build an equitable future for us all.



The place where sustenance is stored.

Key to the Community

FIL(L)WOOD - FULL OF ALTERNATIVES



Gateway to the shared control of the community.

As I unlock the door to the community centre, I hope that today's not the day imperfection befalls me. The amount of people being banished is increasing everyday. We all have to be more cautious in everything we do. Having equal control of the central zones of the community was the ideal solution for the disarray steadily rising here in Filwood, but that's not to say the system isn't flawed. We are all granted keys and the right to access the facilities at any time of day, but this is accompanied by an overwhelming sense of

accountability. We share the costs and the potential blame for any disregard of the rules. The interactions support the vital exchange of resources acting as the final defense for our perishing community. Regardless of its faults we have the ability to help those in need and support ourselves. This restores my belief in our communal efforts (though belief is a luxury in the face of the leaders who define our emotions). Sometimes I wonder if the price we have paid for control is too high to sustain.

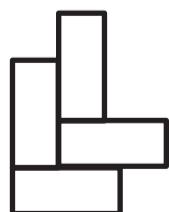
Customisation Control

FIL(L)WOOD FULL OF ALTERNATIVES

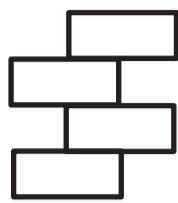
Contribute. Develop. Thrive.
Complacency in the most dynamic cohesion of human environments makes you susceptible to the whims of autonomous control. It is paramount that every citizen of Filwood plays their role. We have been bestowed with the power to customise the central zones, failure to appreciate the magnitude of such a gift will result in eradication. Whilst this sews fear in the community, it also reaps innovation. Structural continuity is a thing of the past, most days aspects of Filwood change at such an alarming rate. It becomes impossible for banality to take hold. Every element of our community functions as a living organism, drawing from the collective consciousness of us all. Taking with it our creations, thoughts and hopes. Engaging and evolving is the only way to survive in this delicate collaboration of potential and realisation.



Where Customisation evolves.



Jigsaw Building

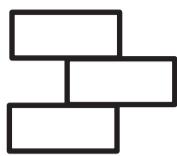


FIL(L)WOOB FULL OF ALTERNATIVES



At the same place, by the same slide, beyond the swings, we met again. We were holding a piece of jigsaw between our fingers. The rest of the jigsaw pieces were scattered all over the space. Those pieces were about the size of a coin, and seemed so small in the vast space. They were unique, designed by a girl who accidentally added a micro chip into the jigsaw pieces that activates through spinning. They are light-weight and waterproof. It was drizzling as we took shelter under a hut that barely served its purpose.

As the rain got heavier, I ran out and grabbed a few of the jigsaw pieces and spun them. Everyone else followed instinctively. We pushed and gathered all of the jigsaw pieces together to form a shelter against the heavy pouring rain and managed to fit all of us in. While I was in the jigsaw building, I stared out of the transparent piece. I saw other people running away to stay dry from the rain. I wished these pieces were larger to accommodate them. Perhaps this could be the start of something. It felt good to be building amidst the chaos.



Fill Up Filwood

FIL(L)WOOD - FULL OF ALTERNATIVES



The aroma of food comforts us.

The aroma of the food comforts us. Conversations are exchanged, we get to know each other's hard situations. We hold each other's hands, grateful to have one another.

Filwood Community Centre used to look abandoned: these days, it's full of people everyday. Filwood has a programme called "Fill Up Filwood" where each household can send their unused

food and leftovers to the community centre. The programme is open to everyone. Volunteers teach them to cook with the given ingredients. The food is then served and shared amongst everybody involved. People can pay as much or as little money as they want.

Today, in Filwood, no one goes hungry and nothing is wasted.

Bond Bonfire

FIL(L)WOOD FULL OF ALTERNATIVES



Bond Bonfire

It was freezing outside almost minus 10, but there he stood shivering, wearing barely enough of layers. The atmosphere was so quiet he could even hear the sounds of leaves rustling from the barely existing wind. He walked into the gloomy space. He could see something in the distance. As he got closer, the thing became louder, though his surroundings were still darkened. He walked towards whatever it was, rubbing his hands together for warmth. He turned around the corner and saw a ring of people standing in the dark, mobile phones glowing.

Confused, he joined the group. Moments later, a figure dressed in black ran out and lit the bonfire, built up in the middle of the group. The place lit up. He could see people's faces. Standing near the fire, the people were finally warmed up, by both the heat and the long conversations they exchanged. He was told that the bonfire takes place once every month. He was lucky to experience it. They saw flames in each other's eyes. It was somehow comforting. The lights died down, but the fire within them stayed burning.

A Luminous Trail

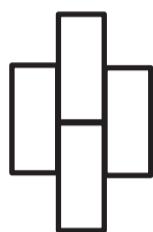
FIL(WOOD) FULL OF ALTERNATIVES



A Luminous Trail

'I'm afraid it might not be what you expected'. Dad explained that the community centre was vibrant once, and that many people had visited, though he couldn't remember when, exactly. We got into the building and emerged into a dark corridor. He groped about for a switch, then tried to turn on the light. 'Damn, it isn't working.' We plunged into the shadows, feeling our way noisily along the walls. Finally, Dad found the door he was looking for, and opened it.

'Finally', Dad sighed, 'a sign of life'. We saw a bicycle tire track on the floor, glowing in the dark. We followed the tire tracks and there, in the corner, was a bike. It seemed like someone had just put paint on the wheel. After a moment, a guy walked into the room and explained that he was making a luminous track for the community centre. A few days after, people started to gather at the community centre once more. They had found the building at the end of the trail.



Refraction



Tessellate

The salvaged street glass was hoisted up to the windows, using the weight of 8 members of the community. The contraption being used to pull the shards was a combination of thick hemp rope and beautiful, stainless steel pulleys. As the sections slotted into place, different pieces of glass refracted the light, amplifying what sunshine there was left of the day. Powerful beams of colour were thrown across the room from the windows, along with waves of heat generated by the thermostat sensors surrounding the 'glass'. More and more people wandered into the centre to gaze upon their contribution to the mosaic. They saw their designs transform through a multitude of colours, as the sun light outside turned to moon light.

FIL(L)WOOD FULL OF ALTERNATIVES

Communitree

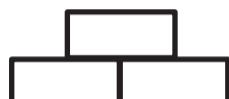
Rising from the centre of Filwood was a beacon of hope. The eruption of an unknown submarine volcano, 2000km west of Bristol, caused a tsunami wave that spread through southern Ireland, across the channel and submerged much of Bristol. The number of casualties remained unclear. Amongst the devastation, Filwood remained one of the few areas left largely unscathed. Mark carried paperwork and valuables to the safety of the tree, from where one could also see the once bustling city of Bristol. This tree, towering above the horizon also provided hope that soon, trees of a similar size could be planted to surround the community. In the wake of the catastrophe, the new communitrees created spaces for all to enjoy.



The Relic

Colony

FIL(L)WOOD FULL OF ALTERNATIVES



Neu Abeille-Chique

Clambering up the ladder to the roof, the buzzing overwhelms me and rings around my mind. As it quietens down, I find myself focussing on the sense of freedom I feel up here with the flowers. Whilst still in danger, the recent ban on pesticides has prevented the bees from dying out. Our aim for the future is to have the largest population of bees

in the UK. We distribute the honey equally throughout the community, who are free to keep or sell their share. Some residents are trained to care for the bees, others to extract the honey. The hives are made of repurposed wood, the jars of reclaimed glass. We work together to produce this honey. A colony.

Filwood Eurovision



"Okay folks! It's the moment you've all been waiting for! It's here, it's now! Let's get our first act out here ... it's Polly Pickard and her rendition of 'American Politics is All Poo!'

Filwood Eurovision has given the Community Centre a new lease of life. The singing competition, where participants once just sang about issues of mass migration now sing about all manner of social, political, and environmental issues. Dennis sang about Brexit last week whilst Ursula sang about climate change the week before - their renditions were both very well-received by the live audience. It is a thriving atmosphere when the event take place - Saturday nights at 19:00pm. It is always full and many nearby towns and

communities have tried to replicate the idea but Filwood remains the most successful and trusted in the larger district.

"Yes, I mean it wasn't easy to keep it running and we've had our fair share of difficulties funding, getting people involved, equipment, the technical aspects - but it's all been worth it." says 'Eurovision Scrooge' turned competition host, Gary Goodingham. People now perceive the centre as a fun, welcoming, entertaining and a lively place to be. Everyone wants to be a part of the action. As the competition's popularity grows, the plan is to build an upper deck balcony for more seating in order to house more spectators. Filwood Eurovision is a community singing phenomenon!

Kinetic Kommuunity



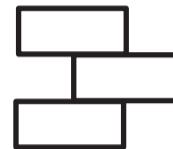
Dustbin Dollars

"It looks like we're set for a lot of rain this Autumn. A water mill will be our best bet today". As Fred looked up at the dark, cloudy sky he smiled. No rain was going to dampen his spirits. The pile of discarded, obsolete objects was inching higher. An array of scuffed, metal bin lids, misshapen bike wheels and forgotten dustbins caught Fred's eye. He could visualise the centre's next kinetic energy source. Fred was part of Filwood's revolutionary 'Kinetic Kommuunity', who utilised these obsolete objects and converted them into kinetic energy sources. Filwood had become globally famous for repurposing the overflowing litter, to generate

power in a non-electric world. Communities travelled far and wide to purchase from them. "We're making good progress with this guys!" Fred beamed, "At this rate, we'll have hundreds of kinetic energy sources by the end of the day!". Fred was pleased to be living in such a pro-active community, intent on helping the environment. Just as the workers finished building the water mill, as if on cue, the heavens opened. Fred stood back and watched as his handy work began spinning with water; it looked beautiful.

Pain Mail

FIL(L)WOOD-FULL OF ALTERNATIVES



Sting The Scrooge

"FANCY A NETTLE BREW AFTER YER SHIFT DARLEN'?" Postman Matt responded to Brenda with a honk of his horn before continuing with his final rounds ahead of the weekend. He sped past the overgrown, nettle infested Filwood Community Centre, blasting his favourite radio station 'STING #1' who were playing his absolute favourite tunes; such as 'Shake Your Nettle' and 'Land of a Thousand Weeds' from his beloved post van. He arrived at his final destination – the Bristol City Council offices. He delivered the letters to the council chambers and skipped back to his van. 'Aah the weekend is almost here' he thought to

himself. But before he could even utter the words 'nettle beer', he heard a bellowing 'MAAAAAAATT' from one of the council members, who was angrily chasing after him with blotchy, swollen hands.

Once again the council were receiving the bizarre nettle filled letters, from Filwood Community Centre who were defiantly protesting against their funding cuts. Postman Matt shouted back 'DON'T STING THE MESSENGER!' and sprinted back to his van.

"Filwood and their pesky junk mail!".

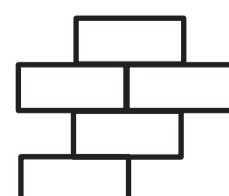
Night of the Petty Debate



Debate Night Icon

In a world where people have forgotten the real issues, petty problems are on the rise and stupid complaints have been higher than they have ever been before. The government is cracking down on these petty complaints by stopping people from speaking their mind by any means necessary. Social media is monitored, no rallies, no protests and no ironic t-shirts. People live in fear, desperate to speak their minds. A small group of people decided to find somewhere to speak out.

Every Friday, they sneak into the old abandoned 'The Woods' Community centre. There, they hold Debate Night, where they can argue furiously with one another free of oppression. People are happy and full of joy: they can finally argue with people over whether you should put jam on first or cream or if Jaffa Cakes are cakes or biscuits. They can only hope they will never be discovered and handed into the government.



Plugging In

FIL(L)WEEB - FULL OF ALTERNATIVES

Plugging In Icon

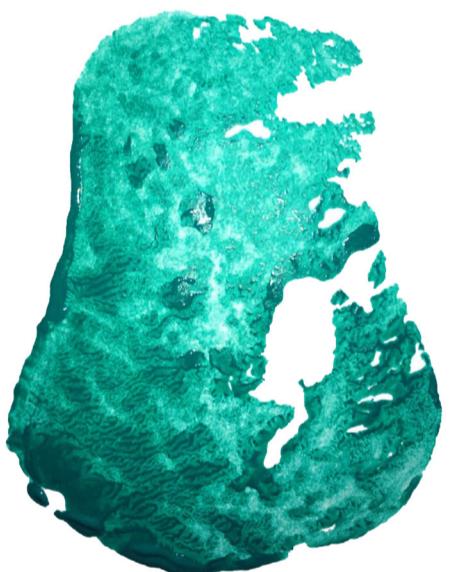


It's cold and I'm tired. I've been running around all night. I just want to plug in and get this day over with. The centre is loud with the sound of people running, trying desperately to reach their unfathomable goals so that they can power the centre. Today dragged on and on. For the first time I didn't want to be running. I wanted to be doing anything but running. They wouldn't be missing anything if I just walked out and never came back, there are hundreds of other people here doing their bit. Why should I be forced to stay?

Ever since the centre fell on hard times and realised that human power was the best form of energy, we have been subjected to running constantly, but I seem to be the only person that cares. I take a look around and realise that no one else looks like they don't want to be here. They all look like they are having the time of their lives. Five more hours of this then I can leave. Five long hours. I take one last look around and realise for the first time today I am on my own.



Guitar Shred Icon 1



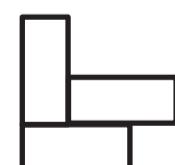
Guitar Shred Icon 2



Guitar Shred Icon 3

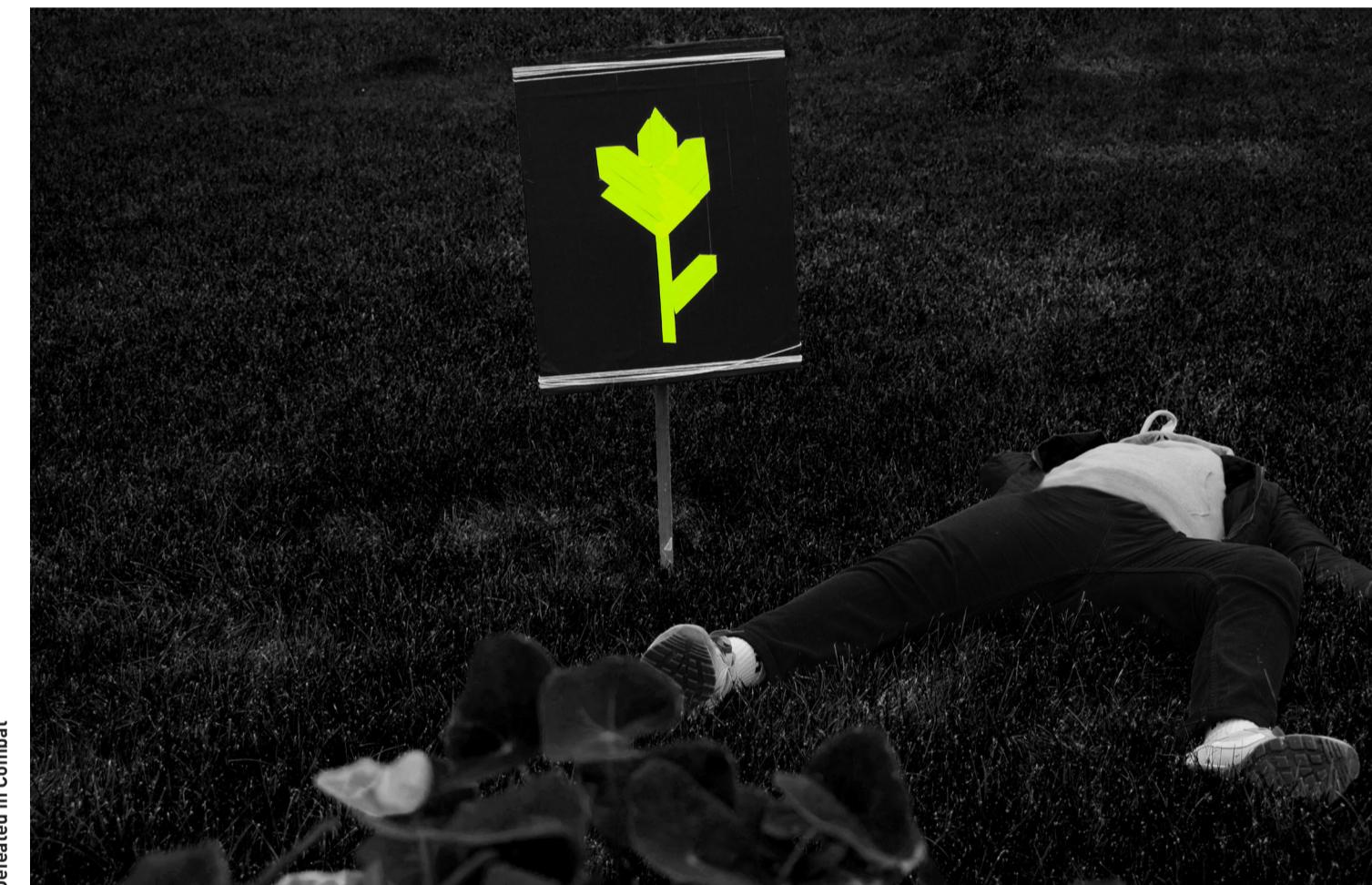
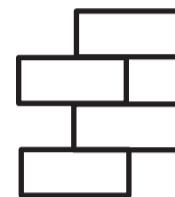
guitar growth

Since the discovery of music being used to aid plant care, guitar music in particular has been found to be the most valuable process of growing plants. Today, guitar-assisted growth has soared, dominating agriculture, and engulfing not just the community center, but the entire area of Filwood. People now live in an area overgrown with dense forest and tangled vegetation, living well off the superfoods produced, and drinking the purest fresh water. The oxygen levels have quadrupled because of the size of the growth and have eradicated all air pollution across Bristol. People flock from all over to walk through the gardens of the guitar. For some, it's a religious pilgrimage, with the followers moving into the growth to breathe the pure air.



Flower Joust

FIL(WOOD) FULL OF ALTERNATIVES



Defeated in Combat

'Long, thick and straight. These are the ideals of the perfect flower joust. We call on YOU, botanist, biologists and gardeners to fight in the Filwood arena. Grow your lance, take pride in your staff, and reach new heights!'

The bright lights dim. Proud locals enter, smiles adorned on their once pained faces, as banners and cheers each more colourful than the last flow like cascading waterfalls, drowning the old sad bricks in the brilliance of the national Filwood jousting teams colours.

Amongst all the commotion stands a hardened figure, a statue of shimmering white marble, a man swollen in the representation of his people - he is the White Knight of Knowle. The hero of this great town, a single rose by his side, a rose of such vastness and stature it stands taller even than the knight.

We are in the time of Flower Jousting, a hugely competitive sport sought after across the globe, but seeded and grown here, in the Filwood Community Centre.

Power, Roller Disco

Monday morning and the showers already out. Five minutes around the block, that's all he needed to do, I'm gonna kill him!

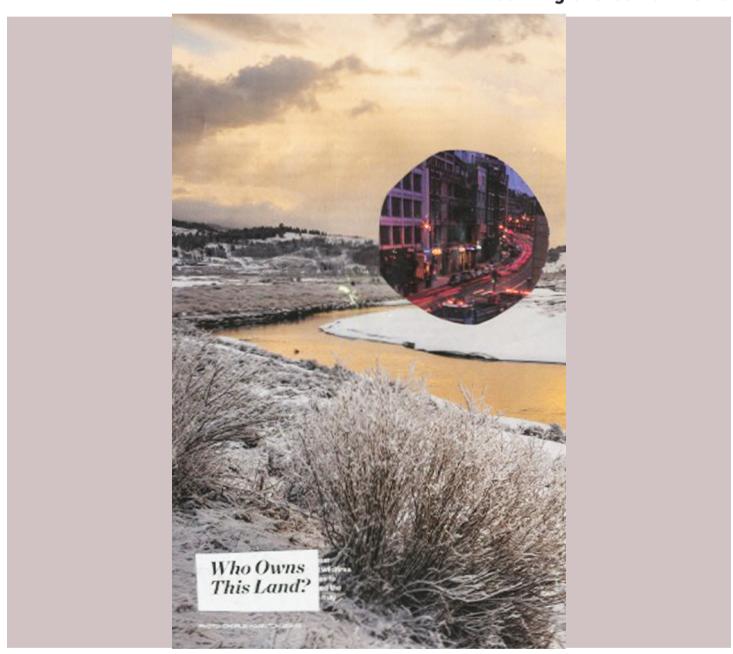
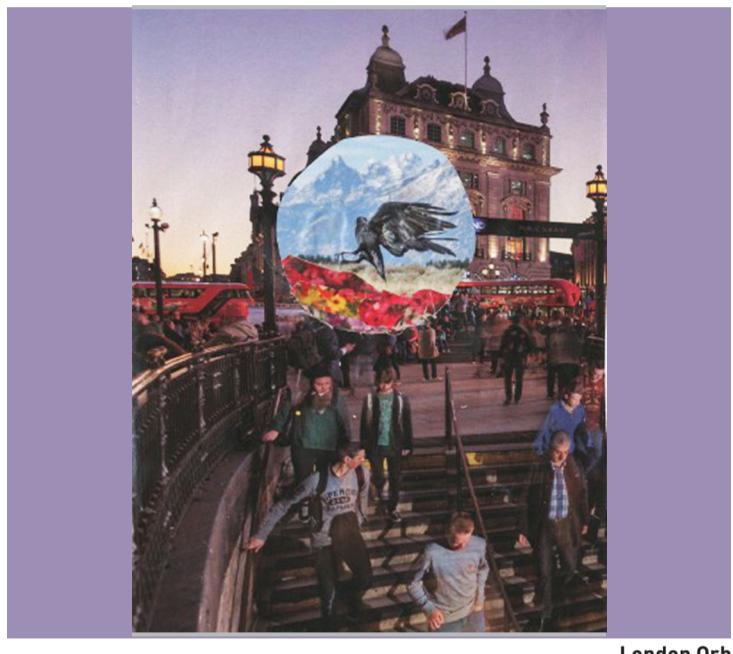
I work in Filwood. Yes the Filwood, and yes I work for Watts on Wheels. It's a great place to work, getting paid to make power ha ha it's a win win. As soon as I'm there I gey my skates on. Alright, I'm not the best skater but I'm the best at making power, 1000RW (Roller Watts) in an hour! That's enough to run a full hospital for a week!!!

Since these skates came about the world has changed, no longer do we drain our earth of its resources to make harmful weak power. No, we use our bodies to make Human Watts, a safe renewable source made from our movements and stored in power-packs. Power packs that we use for Everything.



Flyer for Watts on Wheels

Floating Ecosystems



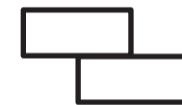
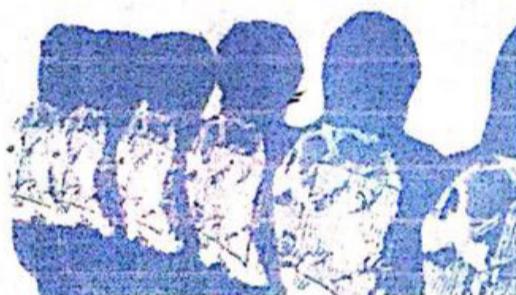
On a planet engulfed in concrete and metal, there is no natural ground for planets to grow and flourish (to think we once called this place Earth). Beautiful new ecosystems have been created in spherical orbs that levitate around the skies. The orbs contain glowing green grass and radiant red roses. The Earth has never seen so many colours in one place, or animals so content in a habitat. And these ecosystems function as farms to grow crops, too, and air filtration systems to help clean our polluted skies!

They say agriculture was different before the technological revolution. They say gardening was a family trade which was passed down generations. Now machines monitor and maintain these ecosystems and nothing is manually done anymore. People aren't even allowed to go inside the orbs. We are all surviving now thanks to the machines growing, harvesting and delivering food to everyone in the neighbourhood, robots seem to be able to do everything for us now.

What part do I have to play in this new world? Who owns this land?

Lurking Litter Lobbers

FIL(L)WOOD FULL OF ALTERNATIVES



111

I raised my hood with the others. We ran through the pure, clean revived streets. They remain haunted by the mistakes we had once made. We are trying to regain control. We appeared, one by one, beckoned by the alarm. Standing together we hurled the cans they carelessly left at the culprits. How can

they not see the error of their ways? It's not an easy job but someone's got to do it. For the greater good. I thought we were making a difference.

I found where it all goes. I pulled back the curtain. What have they done?



Look At You

FIL(L)WOOD FULL OF ALTERNATIVES

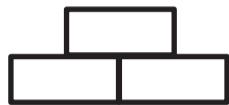
Spinning around, it's just me.
Every one of me is here.
It just makes it worse.
Is this what's it come to now.
I need to get out of here.
No one should have to
suffer like this.
There are so many eyes on
me but nobody is watching.
It's just me.
An experience to
change my life?
It's just damaging.

I'm gonna make a change.



Who am I?

Fluid Filtration



FIL(L)WOOD FULL OF ALTERNATIVES

Jo, Adam, Handy, Eve



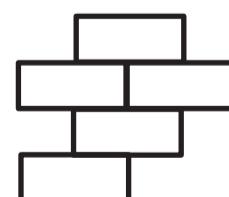
A man awakes, heads to the kitchen and boils his 2 litre supply of water for the day.

Control. Ration. Filtration.

"We can do this now, it's time. They understand and have amended their ways." They opened the valve, feeding the new water into the revised system.

Control. Ration. Filtration.

A man awakes, heads to the kitchen and gets a fresh glass of water from his tap.



FIL(L)WOOD FULL OF ALTERNATIVES

Retrograde Ruling

a retrograde ruler upon his noble steed

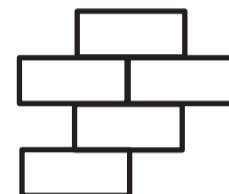


CALLING ALL KIDS. It's time to take action. It's time to take back our home, our village, our lives, our future! For too long we have watched as our parents, grandparents and those before them have looked on as the centre burns to the ground; plants left to decay, walls left to crumble and funds allowed to dwindle, as we are expected to flourish in its fiery rubble. But no more. Now is our chance to take control and learn from their mistakes. Together we will take charge of the community centre – from the daily

running to the maintenance, from finances to admin, from the events to the weekly groups. We will build a hive for ourselves and generations to come to thrive; people may laugh, people may doubt us, but we will show them how it's done. We urge you to join us and claim the power over what is rightfully ours. Don your capes, raise your banners and shout from the rooftops: THIS IS OUR COMMUNITY CENTRE! THIS IS OUR COMMUNITY! THIS IS OUR FILWOOD!

FIL(L)WOOD-FULL OF ALTERNATIVES

Beer Garden



A flyer to promote retrograde ruling ale, made by kids for adults



As the bar hummed and the glasses pinged and laughter chimed throughout the centre, locals gathered in restless anticipation. It had taken 1095 days to get us here. 'Kids in charge of a brewery?' they said, 'it'll never work!'. But we remained hopeful; they had taken such great charge of everything else, why not this? Finally, here was the proof; a fully functioning brewery, all run completely, from crop to bottle, by under 18s, and a good one at that. The courtyard has been revived with beautiful flowers and fruitful crops to be enjoyed; no

longer will they be left to rot and hang over the plant pot edge, they will be given a new life, harvested by our young 'Beer Gardeners' for manufacture into specialist spirits, ciders and ales. Now, in the only public drinking house for miles, the first customer steps up to the bar and slides his £5 note over to the barmaid, who reaches on tip toes to retrieve it and places it into the till. She takes a bottle of retrograde ale and fumbles with the cap. POP! A fizzy mist emerges, and...all at once...life as the locals knew it...changed.

Junk Mail

Just one more step and you're in I kept telling myself. Just one more...STEP. There I did it! I stood in the hall, my knees trembling. Like a letter through a letter box, I couldn't go back; I winced at the thought of having to retell my mortifying office blunder, terrified of the embarrassment which might shred me to pieces. But this was my only hope at getting it off my chest, and so I sat with my head down, waiting. As I looked up, peeping from over the top of the clipboard gazed too big, piercing blue eyes, a child? We talked for what felt like hours, a real conversation. Not an instant message on a mobile, or a fleeting voicemail, but a real life, face to face exchange. I can't remember the last time I had one of those. It might sound silly that a boy barely able to tie his own shoe laces might have any interest in my problems or be able to help, but as I rambled on he nodded and jotted down what I was saying. As I left I felt a sense of relief, a freeness I hadn't felt since childhood... there I did it!

FIL(L)WOOD FULL OF ALTERNATIVES



A retrograde counselling session



Icy Beacon

FIL(L)WOOD - FULL OF ALTERNATIVES



Frosted Vision

As the desolate wasteland once known as Knowle creaks and moans under the rusted, frozen buildings of the former town, one building still stands. The Filwood Community centre is a beacon of hope and saviour for anyone who finds themselves unfortunate enough to be travelling the treacherous post ice terrain. The building, which survived due to superior insulation, has become an unexpected sanctuary for weary travellers.

Local people keep the fires going and the food on your plate, fighting bravely against the ferocious harsh weather. In exchange, the travellers share their skills, creating a model that could one day be used to start society again. Once again the doors swing open, as a frost-bitten traveller stumbles through the entrance, leaving a trail of ice and water as it melts on the heated floor.



Cropopolis

FIL(L)WOOD - FULL OF ALTERNATIVES

Are you ready to work?

Job Vacancies at Filwood Farm			
Name:		
Age:		
Address:		
Contact Details:		
Experience:		
What role(s) are you interested in?			
Farmer	<input type="checkbox"/>	Compost Manager	<input type="checkbox"/>
Picker	<input type="checkbox"/>	Fecal Gatherer	<input type="checkbox"/>
Butcher	<input type="checkbox"/>		

ARE YOU HARD WORKING?

DO YOU LIKE GETTING YOUR HANDS DIRTY?

DO YOU WANT TO SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL COMMUNITY?

THEN APPLY TO FILWOOD FARM USING THE SHEET ON THE BACK!

I move through the now overcrowded streets, tripping over the poor who are no longer able to work for their food, as I push past to reach Cropopolis, the central food hub of Filwood. The hub is the main source of food in Filwood. As population increased across the world the food did not, leaving vertical farming as the only way of producing food in a smaller space.

As I enter the towering containers to begin my working day, cutting back the synthetic crop produced, I'm glad I don't work in the compost

and fertilizer production, having to handle and collect faeces from the public. The days are long, but at the end of the day it's the only way to get food in the bleak and bland world we now live in. The able have to provide for the unable to work. We have to grow crops, maintain the chilling containers, even collect the sewage for composting for the plants. There's a job for everyone, the more you work the more you receive. Food is a way of life, what we once took for granted is now what we need the most.

Brick by Brick



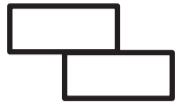
Filwood brick.

The people of Filwood have congregated at the community centre, one of the last standing buildings in the area. They each have with them some antifreeze, a brick mould, and as many broken bricks as they can find. Their faces are weathered, their hands are blistered, but they are resolute. They're going to make some bricks.

By 2025, Filwood's housing crisis has reached a critical point. Most people have been left homeless due to the deteriorating conditions of their homes, and the lack of council funds to help rebuild them. Few buildings have survived the extreme change in climate, the buildings of previous decades being ill equipped to deal with such adverse weather. The sub-zero days of winter and the

typhoon season that now hits UK shores over summer has caused the moisture trapped within the old bricks to expand, crack and crumble. The community has taken the matter into their own hands after they lost their last ounce of trust in the city council.

Brick by brick, they've put their factory together, sourced the broken bricks from the debris around them, made the wooden moulds by hand, made their mortar from the dust. Using their special formula of adding car antifreeze instead of water, the bricks they make are more resilient to the freezing process. Rising from the rubble, their bricks come off the production line. In the middle of each, they proudly stamp 'FILWOOD'.



Money Mittens

Jonah, Alex, Miles, Ross

F1L(L)WEEB FULL OF ALTERNATIVES

The economy is in a downward spiral. Unemployment and homelessness are at an all time high. Knowle West is taking matters into its own hands. The community centre, has created its own local currency, a form of currency that makes all other redundant. The endless stream of wool entering the community centre of Knowle West, from the on site sheep farm, is being knitted into the new currency by talented and experienced OAPs and thrill seeking youth alike. Taking the form of winter wear, it engages people in need into taking up a new therapeutic hobby that creates their own money, a currency that can be used to feed them, give them shelter, and can be physically worn, the more clothes you have the warmer you are and the more money you have on your shoulders.

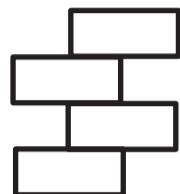
The thread being self sufficient and being getting knitted into the local currency on site, it is directly putting funding straight back into the community centre to focus onwards into the community to help in this rut. It funds council repairs and restorations of the city, goes to local schools and hospitals, and has future plans to expand into a charity that brings the comfortable wear to all those without. The more jumpers the higher your position. The boss has 10 beanies.



The boss



FIL(L)W008-FULL OF ALTERNATIVES



A MOLD, BROKEN.



Worn
Memory

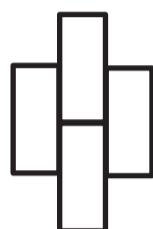
Fresh
Life

I could just make out the features that used to have purpose here, my gloves teased my fingertips as they felt for a reminder of what used to belong. The room looks like a memory, frozen and slowly fading.

I am an intruder here, the crumpling of my suit as I move breaks the stillness around me. The quintessential, the mundane, the everyday, perfectly preserved in a shell, dusty and white. It's surface cracks and buckles under the pressure of my knife as it scores the caked walls. Shavings fall like snowflakes onto the floor and are enveloped by the colourless husk, just as it envelopes every face of the vacant hall.

Others will make an impression here. More deep gouges to be washed by even deeper shades of ink, ink that seeps down and gives fresh life to worn memories. What remains is an old purpose leaking with new ambition.

Be a Balloon



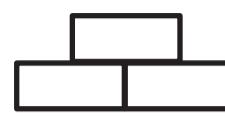
FIL(L)WOOD FULL OF ALTERNATIVES



Future Filwood

Helium is a sacred property. During its life cycle it constantly maintains positive energy, keeping its head held high at all moments. Like all things, however, this must come to an end, making monthly maintenance of the most vital importance.
“Well, you just can’t miss it” they all say. Whether walking to the shop or running to

the gym your attention will be drawn towards the sight. As you get closer to the abundance of colours you realise the magnitude. Every local can contribute only one balloon to this monthly spectacular event. One balloon that signifies their contribution to their community, and one balloon that reveals the level of people’s participation within.



Micro-climate Dome

FIL(L)WOOD FULL OF ALTERNATIVES

Micro Climate



The reflection of the sun penetrated my eyes. It gleamed off the immense glass dome that enclosed my environment. The dome was at least five stories high, its thick glass prevented the warmth from escaping. I ran my eyes along the structure until it disappeared behind the building, its magnitude was intimidating. I observed the construction for quite a while before I decided to find a spot on the so-called beach. With every step I took the warmth of the sand squeezed between the gaps of my toes. Was it still satisfying knowing it was artificial?

The sand was golden, it spread far and wide within the clutter of organised rocks. In the top half of the area was the 'shaded section' with half a dozen palm trees from a western country and a stylish bar that served snacks and beverages. How delightful. On the other side was a small pond where a few older gentlemen were sat, their toes dipped in. The water was a sharp tungsten blue. I noticed rare birds perched in the trees, how did they get here? This micro climate has become a home for more than just the community.

Efficient Cycle

FIL(L)WOOD FULL OF ALTERNATIVES

People crowded to watch the spectacular show of fish. All different shapes, sizes and colours flickered through the water. The children were shouting with excitement, pushing their soft faces against the thick glass. Within the tank, the water started to bubble as the fish quickly darted to the top of the water. Every hour the tank recycled the water, with the old water flushed through long thin metal tubes with several processes of filtration. As the water gets to its specific purity level it is recycled back to be used in the tank, whilst the filtrates are sent across the courtyard underground to the pumping room. From here, the fish faeces are pumped through a hose into our grounds, and used as fertiliser to grow the fruit and vegetables that is sold to the public. Mixing an aquarium with a fruit and vegetable home-grown store, creates income and food for the entire community. This natural (re)cycle has inspired many others in similar footsteps. The fish grow the food which feeds Filwood and the fish.



FIL(L)WOOD FULL OF ALTERNATIVES

Mobile Community Centre

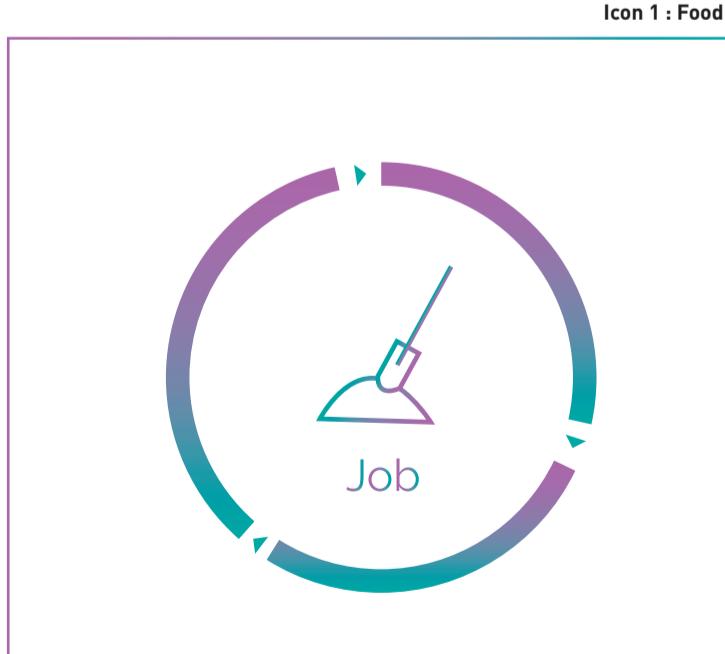
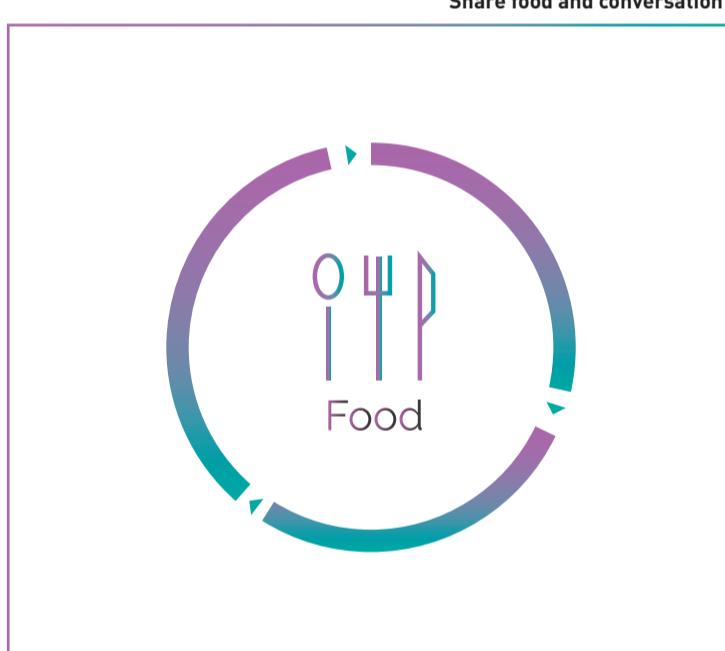
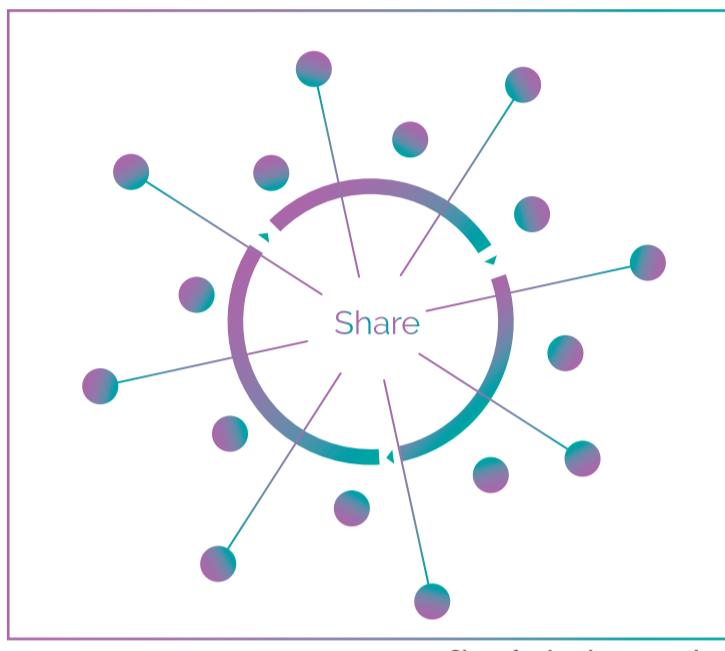
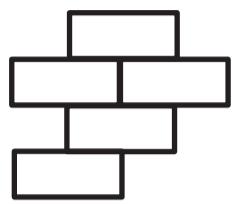


Pop-up Mobilized Bus will move around the city



A long time ago, the bus came, this is the beginning of my story. We were in the mobile community centre . We moved around the city. It is so easy to connnect with older people who live far away. The bus provides a restaurant and a mini store to let us eat together, talk together, buy things together. People from different areas, we got different lives, but we

share conversations and our story. I met lot of friends in there. The bus also builds common space on the top. It is for our kids to have fun. The food selling in the mini store is planted by the volunteers. It is really organic and tasty. I feel like we become more heathy. The bus is our time.

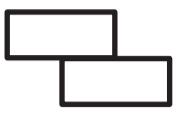


Here's Your Home

I awake in a place that's warm and safe. We got a job. We are working in the community centre. At the same time, I make a lot of friends. We are open, different people can come to the centre, we've got a restaurant here as well.

We traveled around the world, but finally we have a safe place to sleep here. We don't need have to worry about the food anymore.



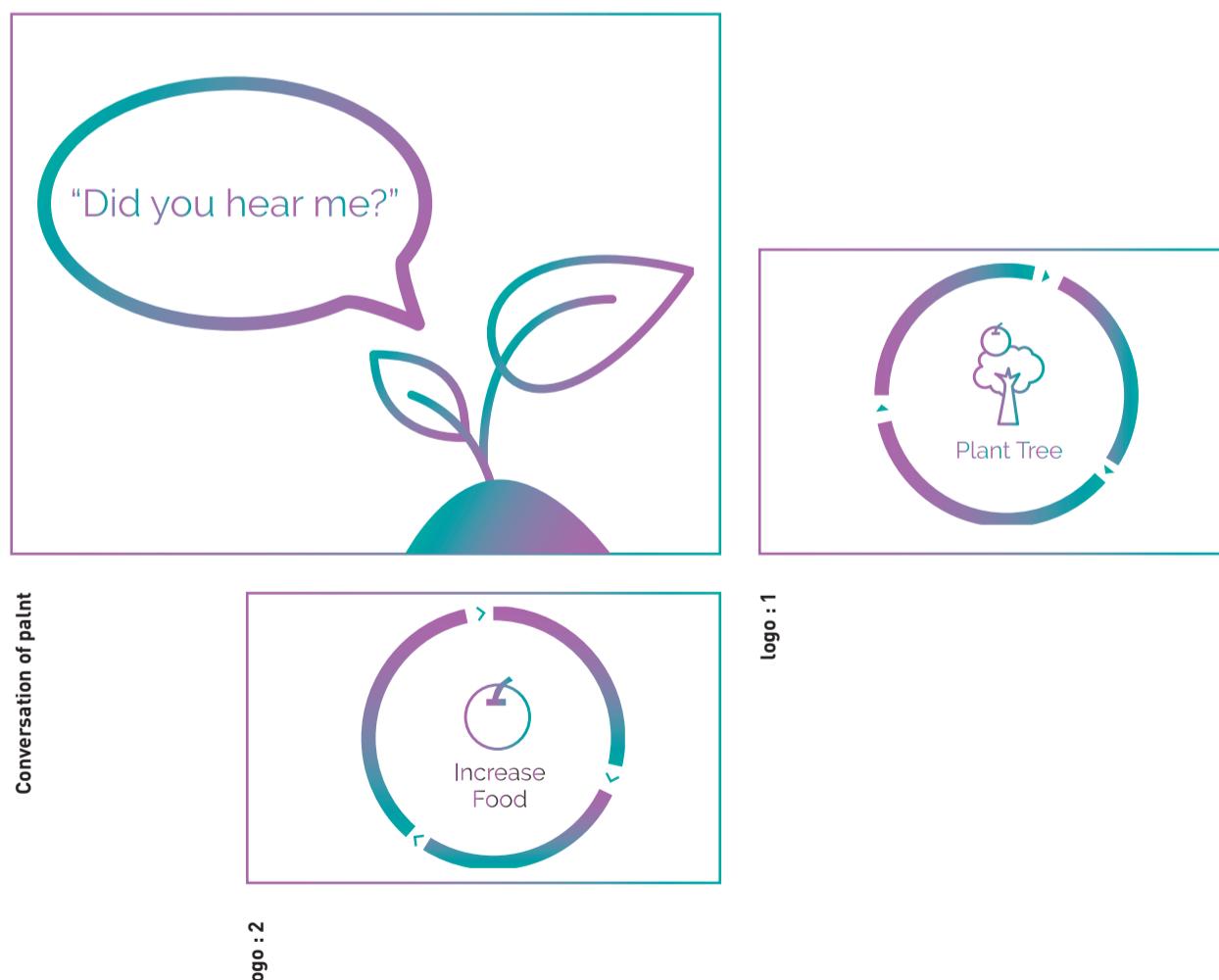


REDUCE POLLUTION INCREASE FOOD

FILL THE EARTH FULL OF ALTERNATIVES

Kar Mun, Felix, Jia Yin

The plant said :"Did you hear me?"
Yes, you are the chosen one! Your mission is to gather a group of unqualified people and volunteer. Bring them to me !!!!!
Bring them to the community centre , I need more me!!!!
You can save the earth. You can save the community centre! It wasn't a dream!



Summer Solstice Shindig

FIL(L)WOOD - FULL OF ALTERNATIVES



Summer Solstice
Shindig

It's the longest, hottest day of the year; the day that everyone's eager to make the very most out of. This day goes by the name of the Summer Solstice. The warm and luminous air that carries on into the late hours has a magical charm. It naturally brings people together, whether in a park, the pub or in someone's garden. But sometimes, a bit of bare, dry land isn't enough. This is where the Summer Solstice Shindig comes in - the yearly event held at Filwood Community Centre that revolves around community and celebration.

Open to all ages and free of charge, the Summer Solstice Shindig provides a spacious pool, a bring-your-own buffet and atmospheric music all day long. This event is be an opportunity for residents of Filwood to unite and bond, and to stay away from technology for the day. The Shindig puts out the request that phone use is kept to a minimum, so that the purpose of this occasion remains authentic and people can truly embrace one another, in the apex of the orbit, at the very top of the year.



Lunar Lights

FIL(L)WOOD FULL OF ALTERNATIVES

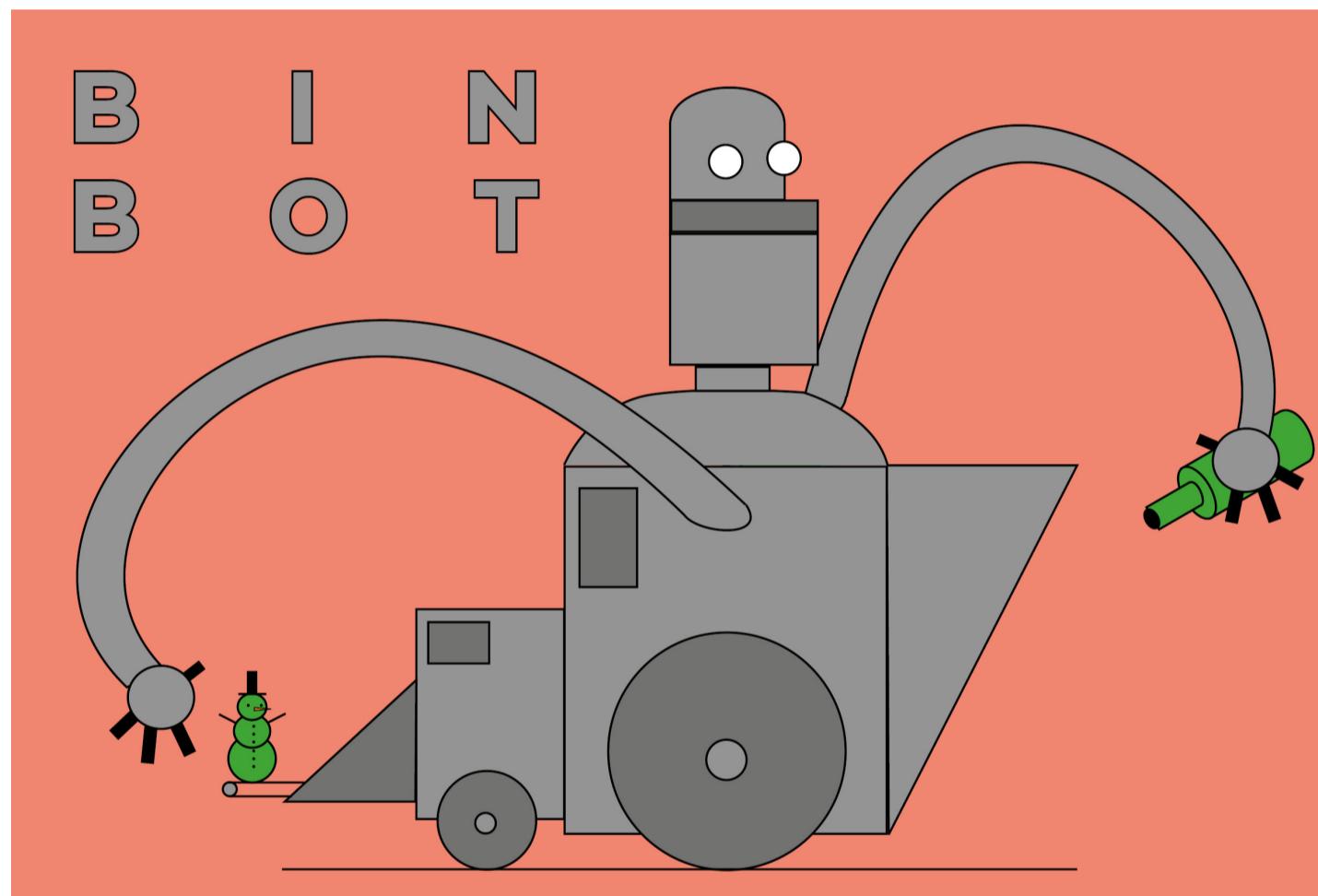
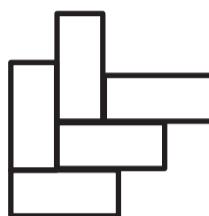
It's dark and eerie out and the Filwood folk make their way to the heart of the community. On every night of the full moon, the people of Filwood come together and celebrate our astounding satellite and its monthly cycle, and shine brightly alongside the moon. As more and more folk join, the centre becomes brighter and brighter, projecting beautiful light displays from the flickers of candles and warming radiance from the fairy lights. Filwood becomes a hearty welcome to all, sending out signals of love and light to the community and beyond. It's time to get merry and brighten up each others day, to feel comfortable and safe, out of the cold and into the warmth.

Spectacular things are known to have happened on the nights of full moons. Perhaps old Filwood tales will come to life. Perhaps it's a chance to share family stories and secrets with one another, a time to shine a light on Filwoods past. This continuing celebration will grow and glow with the Filwood folk, a tradition for all, and an event never to be missed.



BIN-BOT

FIL(L)WOOD FULL OF ALTERNATIVES



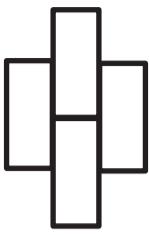
Bin Bot in action.

In the near future, you will walk on streets free of gum; you will feel the crisp clean air on your moustache; you will not have to worry about changing the bins. In this time, our ecosystem will be flourishing with new species of animals and GMO plant life covering every corner of our towns to create cleaner living. All of this is thanks to some young students, who a few years back decided to propose an astonishing idea that would later change the world.

The idea at first was simple. They wanted there to be an easier way to keep Fillwood community center clean, so they dreamt up the "Bin-Bot". The Bin-Bot was a friendly A.I. that helped the people of Fillwood keep on top of their waste and recycling by using its mechanical stomach to decompose, shatter, or melt whatever was put inside, and create something new.

Starting off with simple tasks like recycling paper and card into coffee cups, as technology advanced Bin-Bot moved on to bigger things. It became able to recycle glass, tin and even food waste, creating a different product with each material: little Christmas decorations, notebooks, compost. Because of Bin-Bot, there was a huge shift in the direction of robot engineering across the world. Now multimillion dollar companies all over the world are looking to Filwood, to create a cleaner future.

The people of Earth have only this to say: thanks, students. And thanks, Bin-Bot.



FIL(L)WOOD FULL OF ALTERNATIVES

THE OVERPASS



The wire pulls taut. Suddenly you're transported to a new world. People flood the area now, pushing Filwood to a new height. The Overpass has transformed Filwood into a huge local attraction, boosting the economy and restoring the local area to what it once was. The streets are once again filled with laughter and it feels like a space where

everyone is one. Hidden under the bridge, the house prices have not risen as much as you would expect for such a vibrant and popular area. Keeping the locals at home in the community and leaving little room for newcomers; meaning they pay to travel on The Overpass.

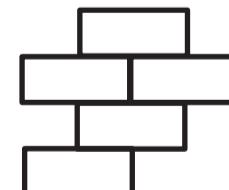


CARNIVAL POD

FIL(L)WOOD FULL OF ALTERNATIVES

People got so sick of the direction society was heading in, that we revolted. Everyone was aching for something that really involves us. The carnival was the answer.

The carnival is filled with machines and attractions that really dig into the audience. One machine is the EMBOX. This box requires two people for it to work and gives a 50/50 chance to say something embarrassing regarding one of the two. The EMBOX is most popular attraction here, as it gives each person a chance to learn something about the other, something they are hiding, something that they really care about. Filwood is a place that is really pushing in on this new strange world. A diamond in the rough.



CHICKEN BANK

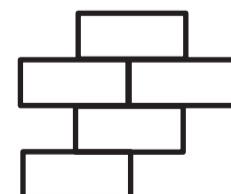


Poppy, Max, Joe, Jessie



Post Brexit. Post Crash. Post Government.
Post Order. During the transition, the economy crashed and the country fell apart. With people out of work, the community centre once again became a bustling part of the area, as people started working to rebuild their homes, lives and the local economy. Eggs became the preferred currency. The green inside the community centre has become a humane chicken farm. Soon after it spread to the football pitch and the old field down the road. Filwood started to regain the community wealth it once had by becoming the first money farm, and becoming the financial centre of the new world. Chickens are now THE most important living thing to humans, keeping them alive by any means possible. Welcome to the Chicken Bank.

Chicken Bank



Filwood on Toast

cultural conserve



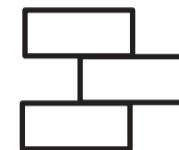
It was a vast, shining globe and it cast a light of lament to pass onto Earth every day. Not until entering close orbit around it did its discoverers realise that this was the same sun that the planet wakes up to every morning of every day. Even though we are wanderers and occupy different paths of life, we all strive for the same thing: belonging.
When word came over the communicators that the first pocket of resistance had obtained a platform, the captain couldn't contain himself. He was listening with a glazed expression to the proceedings of this new 'festival'. How had they got people to buy into this? More

importantly, how could they reclaim this as their own?

In homes across the country, jam was being consumed originating from the resistance. People were now funding the growth of the resistance and encouraging it to spread. Everyone was beginning to take part in it to get their face on the map; telling their story through a much loved conserve, prepared to the captain's orders.
All his life he has looked away, and now the jam will determine the future for the resistance. It started here but who knows where it will end.

Fix it Filwood

FIL(L)WOOD FULL OF ALTERNATIVES

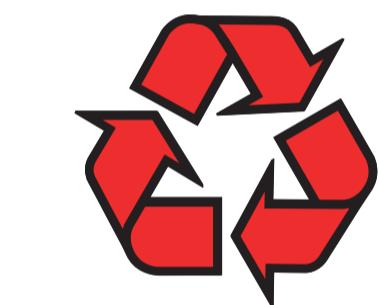
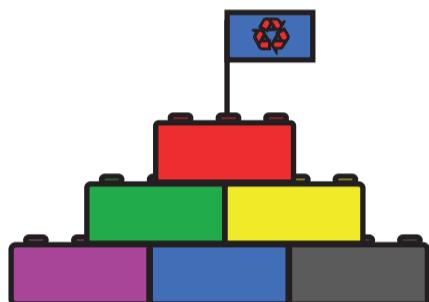


It started when he gave me the papers to sign. I should've been feeling sad, but honestly it was just a relief to be gaining some freedom. As I finished scribbling my initials on the bottom line, there was no sound...merely the continuous ticking of the clock in the corner of the room. I walked towards one door, he the other. There was no going back after this. I will celebrate this divorce. As I entered the reception hall, the newfound nation stood before me. I took to the podium and proclaimed, "this structural change will enable us to detach ourselves from the wrongdoings; to show how our nation should be taken seriously. We have full control of our community... this is our chance to make Filwood great again!"

They thought they could walk all over us, exploit us and take us for granted but they were wrong. Welcome to the new world.



The Salvaged Funfair



the
recycled
castle

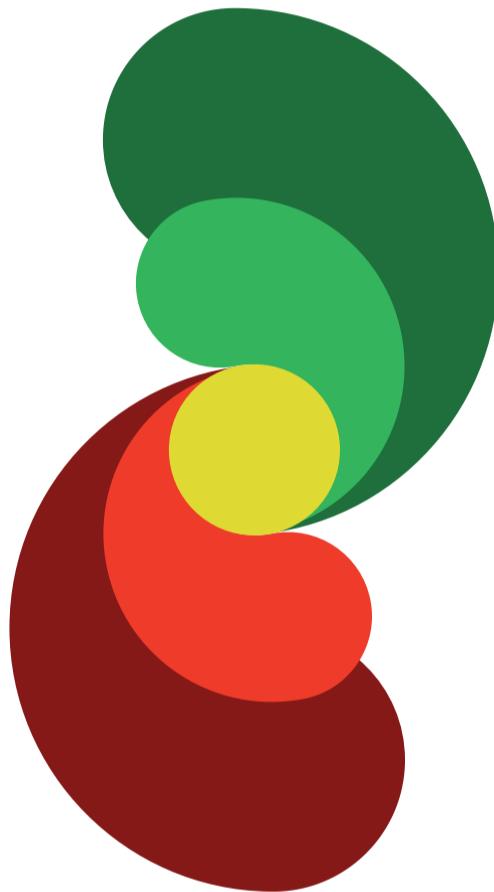
sustain-
able
Filwood

All hope has vanished; what was once a fruitful blue and green planet, is now just a wasteland. An eyesore amongst a beautiful and bright solar system. I haven't witnessed a decent summer in years. The thick grey layer of dust which coats the earth, stops the sunlight from touching the earth's surface. We've had to start rationing our crops. We are done with seeing the faces of children shedding tears over humanity's great mistakes. That's why our commander leads a brave team of volunteers on a daring mission to help spread the joy across the community once again. Our squadron hopes to infiltrate a nearby quarry only 15 miles north of here. The mission is to search and retrieve any waste which is fit for salvage. Materials such as wood, plastic sheeting and rope will be at the top of our list. When we bring these materials back to the centre, we will give them to the children. Last week they came across a relic of a photo album, depicting photographs of an old-time fun fair, covered in lights. Who knows where their imaginations may take them, but I have a feeling they will be trying to recreate that photograph.



FIL(WOOD) FULL OF ALTERNATIVES

Energy Centre



Energy Spiral

The community centre is the beacon of eco technology, and is near self-sufficient when it comes to energy. Supporting the surrounding community, making a fund to help families change their homes to be eco-friendlier. The

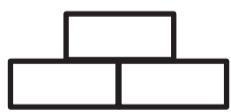
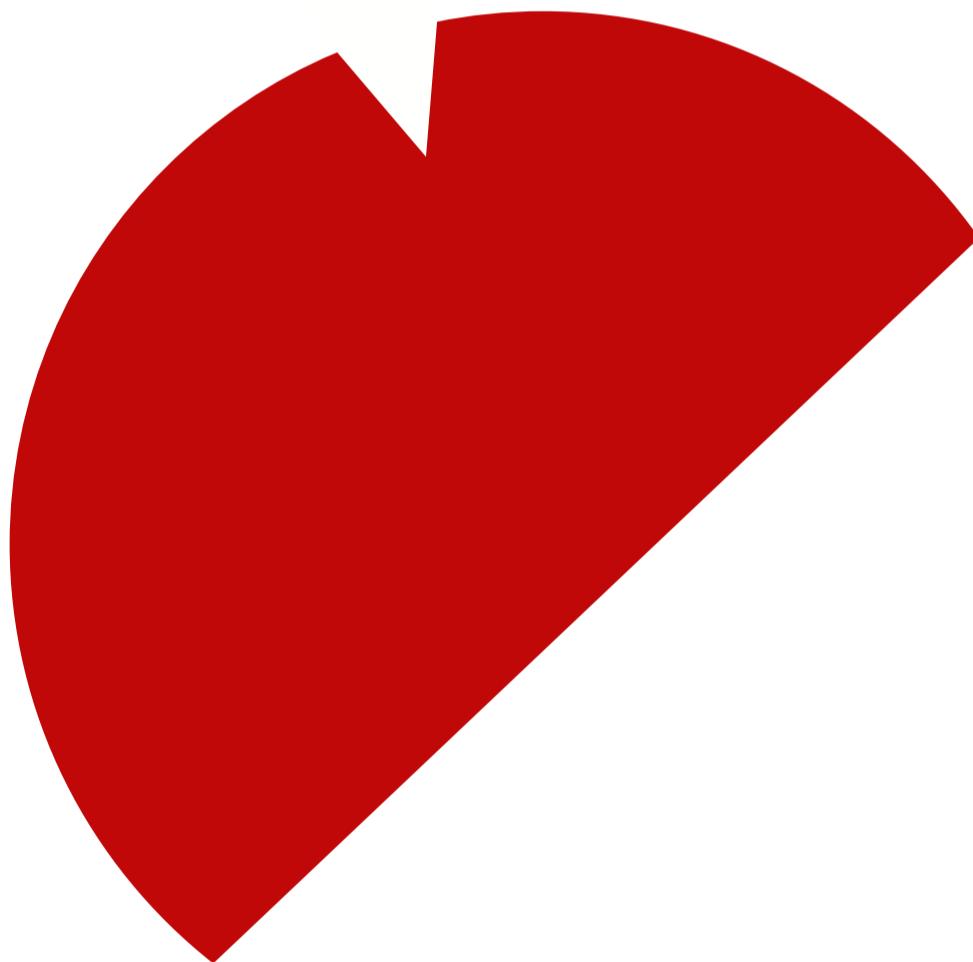
bigger this becomes the fund just gets larger and larger. In the years following, Filwood then becomes an eco-powerhouse in the UK. And It all began with the gathering.

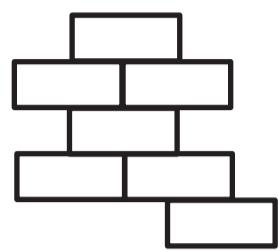


Filwood Cider

FIL(L)WOOD FULL OF ALTERNATIVES

You've never seen something so crisp, so red, so local, so real. Yes, it has taken a while for them to grow but that means this year, with the help of the people in Filwood, their cider can be 100% sourced and made locally. Everyone wants to join in and help crush, press and fill the bottles of the local drink. But once it's done it will be like liquid gold. These people will never have tasted anything like this before. The taste of community.





FIL(L)W008 - FULL OF ALTERNATIVES

195 Worlds



Hands

Every set of eyes darted around the room, looking for answers. After “The Incident”, the world leaders collected an unknown location to discuss how a repeat of events could be avoided. The conclusion and solution of these leaders was horrifying: every individual should return to their home country, and the troubles of each country would be their own. No intervention can be made. This would secure the continued existence of humanity. If one nation falls, the rest will continue.

Stories passed down painted a world that was colourful, everything just seemed a murky grey now. I had heard whispers of places, whispers that reached my home town of Bristol, a community centre in Filwood was hosting an event. Celebrating cultures that had become alien to our own. The stories sent my imagination running wild, I just had to see something, anything. The room I entered was plastered with colour and imagery I had never seen before, bright reds and oranges. Objects i could only dream of. The scents of far away lands. My sense of the world was reborn.

FIL(L)WOOD FULL OF ALTERNATIVES

November – December 2017

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