

# One or Eight Walks

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Kaeti and John had not met before, but arrangements had been made for them to meet on the bench outside Tiffany and Co in Collins Street in Melbourne at 11am on Wednesday 4 June 2008. But Kaeti's Connex train was late, so she needed to phone Ai at the City of Melbourne, who she had already met as one of the go-betweens, to pass on a message to John to let him know about the delay. For some reason she hadn't been given a mobile number for John.

That may have been my error, as I am also one of the go-betweens. But I am located in another city, and trying to follow the progress of this art project from a distance, using phone and email. This is such a new job that I am still working out how to proceed, and John is reluctant to give too much direction, wanting to keep the rules to a minimum but to follow those few rules strictly. These rules are that he meets Kaeti at a time worked out between Kaeti and I, spending the next hour or so together on a walk that spontaneously develops between them. Then attempt to repeat all aspects of this walk as exactly as possible the following week, and for each subsequent week after this for a total of eight weeks. My job is to keep in contact with Kaeti so as to document these walks by writing about them based on her reports.

As it turned out, this walk was to be John's first in this project. He is doing seven other sets of walks as well, at other times during these same weeks. I hope he was not anxious about Kaeti arriving as the minutes ticked on. It was the 4th of June and forecast to be 11 degrees centigrade, which is typical in Melbourne winters as I remember, but it was also forecast to be sunny. Kaeti told me later that Tiffany's bench is located so that it gets any sunshine that's around. John had already had a bad start to the project because a week before his jaw had been fractured in two places in a football match. He had spent all day in the emergency department of St Vincent's hospital, and preparations were being made to wire his jaw to hold it together. Luckily or otherwise, the surgeon had a late change of mind and John was due to return on that same Wednesday to see if an operation was necessary. He must have been feeling a bit delicate, even a week later.

When I had read his email regarding his injury, I was a little shocked that he had been subject to such violence, but also that I had to expand my notion of John as not only a performance artist but also someone who played football, which I understood as an entirely different sort of performance. As well, I also felt suspicious that an art project that would be discussed in terms of the relationship between walking and talking (as walking-art tends to be), should just coincidentally begin with a jaw broken in a game of high skill kicking. If I were around to witness it first hand, I would know whether to express sympathy at the injury or appreciation of the art-fabrication. But I was not, so I emailed John, expressing sympathy but also asking for 'proof' that it was real. Then I rang St Vincent's and asked if he was still there so that I could visit him (doing a little fabrication myself). After an appropriate pause as they checked their records, I was told that he had been discharged the previous day, just as John had said. Later John himself rang, and, while his voice did not seem very affected to me, he explained that in fact he did have the fractures but that he was getting along OK and hoped all would be well.

Kaeti also has no control over the lateness of the Connex train, yet her lateness for that first meeting also seems to reflect her own slight anxiety about meeting a stranger with whom she was voluntarily committing to spend an hour every week for eight weeks. I would probably manage to be late too. Kaeti

reports that she was better able to remember the details of later walks than the first one, as she was both excited and anxious, worried about how she and John would get along. When I asked her which was harder to do—to go walking with a stranger or write it all down for me later, she said they were both difficult: *The walk [was hard] as it was meeting a new person and not knowing what to expect or if we would get along, and also because I have only recently overcome a slight social disorder I had in regards to strangers. [However,] John was so warm and friendly that any fears were soon laid to rest. These questions were hard too, due to trying to explain our walk route to someone who does not know Melbourne, and because in general it needs more thought whereas the walk and talk just flowed.*

Even though it may be harder, recording an experience in words rather than pictures means that a different aspect of the walk is recorded. Kaeti had intended to bring her camera to help her remember the walk so that she could re-enact it as exactly as possible the next time. (I remember being slightly concerned at reading this, knowing how a camera is a barricade between you and the people or place you are photographing—I thought that the intrusion of the camera might limit the nature of the walk.) But as fate would have it, Kaeti forgot her camera, so had to rely on her memory instead, which means that we have a different record of their experience, and probably a different experience to record anyway. It meant that she later re-enacted the first walk through drawing on her memory of the conversation rather than on pictures of the streets they walked through, as she explained in her week two report: *I do find it more difficult to remember the walk and conversation because I don't have the photos as a reference point... so I am forced to rely firstly on picturing John, a very captivating and charismatic face. His eyes that first walk were amazing, chocolate brown around the edge and emerald green towards the pupil, he was animated and excited and it could be felt on the air around him. I felt as though I stepped into a little bubble for the hour, then I can go through what I felt while walking and see the streets in my mind then that will trigger the memory of the conversation. This is easier to do again once we were actually on the second walk.*

The decision about where to walk that first time evolved spontaneously between them. Kaeti reported that they just started walking without specific direction and then discussed where they wanted to go. They ended up both picking one place each, and concluded the walk with a mutual decision. It took me a while to visualise the route, as it is many years since I spent much time in Melbourne. My problem is that I was visualising Tiffany and Co on the Russell Street side of Swanston Street, whereas it is actually between Swanston and Elizabeth Streets. Once Kaeti arrived, they started walking along Collins Street away from Swanston Street, then turned left into Elizabeth Street, and walked the two blocks until Flinders Street. Then they turned left into Flinders Street, and walked up to Swanston Street. There they stopped and asked directions from the City of Melbourne visitor information guide, dressed in red and standing on the corner with pamphlets ready to give out. They debated whether or not to include this person in their shared experience by (un-necessarily) asking for directions to City Lights, an outdoor art exhibition space of light boxes in Hosier Lane. They decided they would, though they ended up being told about another event that the guide had just been briefed on that morning, The Light in Winter, which was planned for Federation Square just across the road. With this in mind, they crossed Swanston Street, but continued along Flinders Street, heading for Hosier Lane, which is on the left just before Russell Street.

As I have not been to Melbourne for such a long time, and probably also because of my generation, I did not know about Hosier Lane. I thought it might be partly the absence of cars in the lane, its greater friendliness to foot traffic, that attracted Kaeti to it. But I can get a sense of why Kaeti likes it so much when I look at it through YouTube, which shows the lane as a collective open-air work-space for the free exchange of energy and ideas expressed in a particular sort of image making—with no rent to pay and no mess to clean up, and no 'product' to have to try to sell or store at the end. What a dream for artists. Other people will come along and paint over what you do, not to limit you to what Andy Warhol called your 'fifteen minutes of fame', but to incorporate you into a collective generational history. Art historians might categorise it as a type of 'outsider art', but it looks like it has the kind of hothouse energy that most 'insider artists' only experience while at art school, if they are lucky. What I also liked about what I saw on YouTube is that it is a public space that appears to belong to girls as much as to boys.

But in the beginning I did not realise all this, so asked Kaeti what it was that attracted her to it and she said: *The reason I love Hosier Lane is that the art down there is so varied and often imparts some thought to be pondered, you are also immersed in layers of history and thought and people in just one small space. There are so many varied styles from stencil art, to traditional spray work to sticker art and cover so many topics from cultural jamming to personal philosophies to random images and demons that haunt the artists. Also for being in the heart of the CBD it is quite a peaceful spot. I always go to that laneway as a stop on my gallery hopping excursions. Best thing is that it is free. Free to view, free of censorship, free of limitations.*

On that first walk, they chatted to a young graffiti artist, Trevor, working on a piece with two letters, which Kaeti thought were an S and a D, in hot pink and black. Kaeti introduced herself and asked if he minded if they watched for a bit, she found out his name and that he had been doing graffiti work for two years and that he mainly did pieces with text of some description such as he was doing then. She looked forward to seeing him again the following week on their second walk, and to see more of his work. Kaeti is not a graffiti or stencil artist herself—she describes herself as an artist who is a *jack of all trades who uses the medium that will best convey my idea*—but the versatility of her art practice suggests a broad interest and in particular she is attracted to the commitment and independence evident in the Hosier Lane work.

Hosier Lane has two parts to it—the lane itself, and the loop that goes off it and joins it again later—which means that the walk goes up Hosier Lane, circles around the loop and comes back out onto Flinders Street where they entered, enabling the walkers to then cross Flinders Street in the direction of one of the main entrances for the arcade within Federation Square. They cross the road right between two pedestrian crossings, which is a bit naughty, as Kaeti says, but as it is a long stretch of road and has tramlines to limit the lanes, there is time and space to judge traffic.

The contrast in approaches to art in Hosier Lane and in Federation Square is one of the things that attracts Kaeti to the area. As she said in her week three report: *In one location you have contemporary mediums and ideas and images displayed on buildings and bluestone laneways that have been there since the city began I imagine, and in the other you have old masterpieces displayed in a award-winning designed contemporary building. The contrast and layers and diversity of such a small geographical location has always interested me*

*and inspires me to realise that art does not have to be for the audience or the money but purely for the sharing of a message or idea or simply a beautiful image, that art can be for the sake of art.*

But they do not actually go to the Ian Potter Centre where the 'old masters' are located. The walk takes them instead to the BMW Edge, the large amphitheatre on the far side of the Federation Square. As Hosier Lane was Kaeti's choice, the BMW Edge was John's choice, and its performance and spatial emphasis probably reflects John's own art interests.

In pairing Hosier Lane and BMW Edge as different types of art locations on either side of a divide represented by Flinders Street, the walk invites comparisons and contrasts between them. The comparison draws attention to the performance side of Hosier's image making, which is as publicly accessible and temporal as its end product. They both also have an open-air character—Hosier Lane actually open to the weather, while the BMW Edge simulates a wide open-air location via the suggestion of multiple light rays in the great expanse of 'shattered glass'. It gives visitors the hint of a sublime experience of being open to and even in the sky. It is a simulation that makes the BMW Edge itself a type of image in which visitors and performers alike are immersed. It encourages a type of spatial unity between audience and performers because of the greater contrast between the timber ground in which both are located, and the light, or night, of the sky above. This spatial merging of audience and performers has been an important concern of twentieth century performance, and thus appropriate for the design of the BMW Edge. In contrast, the image plays a different role in Hosier Lane because the wall keeps the image and image-maker spatially separate but in a more active interaction. Hosier Lane and the BMW Edge are thus similar in having a focus on art, but very different in their conception of the image and of their conception of the relationship between artworks and their locations.

The walk itself does not go into the amphitheatre, but travels along the walkway behind the stage, taking you around from where you came. Just out of the Edge to the left is a set of stairs, which take you up and out into the open air. The walk then continues across the courtyard towards Flinders Street Station, to the Federation Square Visitor's Centre near the corner of Flinders and Swanston Street, diagonally across from where they had spoken to the visitor information guide dressed in red. There it ended and Kaeti headed off to Spotswood to meet her girlfriend Shelley for lunch, while John then went off to prepare for the other walks he had that day.

The walk itself is also distinct from these locations and even to some extent from their sequence. These locations constitute the places across and through which the walks occur. They are the fixed elements of the walk—relative to the mobility of the walkers—enabling the walks to be seen as enacting the relationship we live between space and time, one being relatively constant while the other changes. The differences between the eight walks that constitute this part of the artwork, *Time and Again*, can then be understood as temporal, and their commonalities as spatial. An in-between area is created by the attempt to re-enact each walk identically, to minimise these differences, knowing that many will escape nevertheless. Those that 'escape' are evidence of this artwork's integration of 'art and life', the result of a century or so of art practices that sought to break with the convention of spatial autonomy that twentieth century art inherited

(and that may still function well for many other contemporary art practices). Each time they repeat the walk that they established in week one, Kaeti and John are inviting 'life' into the work, to be negotiated as and where it occurs.

The second walk occurred on 11th of June. From the very beginning there was a difference, as the Connex train was not late, Kaeti did not have to contact John via Ai to explain the delay—but John did text Kaeti as he had done in the first week, in reply to her message through Ai. They waited 10 minutes on the bench outside Tiffany and Co out of respect for the delay of the first week. The weather was also slightly more sunny and pleasant. When they got to Swanston Street, however, there was a different person, a man this time, acting as the City of Melbourne information guide. However, he too gave them the same pamphlet and information about the different but similar sounding event, just as the woman had done in the previous week. Kaeti was also feeling very different, as the anxiety about meeting a new person had gone, and she reported that she was more able to concentrate on the details of the walk itself, and on getting into the rhythm of the initial encounter. However there was a disappointment at Hosier Lane, as not only was Trevor not there but his work had been completely painted over. Similarly at the BMW Edge—it was blocked off for a free Alfred Deakin lecture.

In the third walk, on June 18, Kaeti's Connex train was on time again, and she again found John already waiting for her on Tiffany's bench. However the weather was not so good this time, Kaeti describing it as very chilly with icy winds although still some sporadic sunshine. Her mood was also not so good, not because of any anxiety about meeting a new person, but because she had had an argument with a close friend that resulted in her not being quite so sure of herself. She said she would have been a bit more low key compared to the previous week. As well as this, in the previous week she had been told that her mother needed another operation soon, and that she herself would need to go to Tasmania where her mother lived to help her convalesce afterwards. This meant that her walks with John would need to end after week four. When I later heard about this I began making plans for Kaeti to walk in Tasmania during the hour of 11am to 12pm every Wednesday until the 23rd of July, and asked John if he would be interested in continuing the walks himself through Melbourne, even without Kaeti. That way the integrity of the artwork would be maintained, even though in making these suggestions I was probably overstepping my responsibility as a documenter.

The rest of the third walk couldn't help but be an anticlimax after that news, but it happened nevertheless. There was the surprising repetition in the interaction with the visitor information guide, who, though a different person again—a woman—once again gave information about The Light in Winter event rather than the City Lights that they had asked about. They did however get additional information on what is happening for the winter solstice, and though they got the same pamphlet, this one had notes scribbled over it.

The walk also had its high points—especially what they found in Hosier Lane. Kaeti reported that there were many changes to the graffiti this time. *We believe Trevor had been there again to re-do his piece. It was a very similar design although not executed as well and he used a red instead of a hot pink. Quite a lot had changed this time and some of the pieces had seemed to be covered over twice or even three times since the previous week. One wall was mainly covered in an awesome metallic silver, we would talk about the way the light hit the paint with*

*the different textures of the wall. It had been covered over at least twice. Whilst down the loop we also discuss a large bird sculpture on a balcony about three or four floors up. John asks what I think it is and I tell him a heron or stork, but that whatever it is it should be painted hot pink. Then talk about flamingoes for a bit.*

*Kaeti also said they discussed how often the work would be replaced, and over the course of this project we are getting a better idea of what it is like for this area. Most larger pieces tend to be up for a couple of weeks. The other smaller stuff, like stickers and some of the stencil art can last for months depending on its location. The nature of where we walk and what we discuss has restricted our ability to recreate the walk in an identical fashion. Graffiti is such a fluid transient art form, that expecting a space like that to be the same for eight weeks is futile.*

When they crossed Flinders Street and arrived at the BMW Edge, again it was inaccessible, this time because there was a free social arts program for refugees and children from schools that cannot afford to offer arts, with singing and dancing and performance. This meant they did not walk around the walkway, and their discussion of the space and its design changed as well. Previously the conversation had been about the floor boards and sliding around in socks, but on this occasion they discussed the conductive acoustic nature of wood. Once again, they concluded the walk at the Visitor Centre and went their separate ways.

When the fourth week came around, on June 25, I was still waiting for the reply from the previous week. As it turned out, Internet difficulties had meant it was just sitting on Kaeti's computer unsent. So I didn't know at that point that the walks were being cut short by the need for Kaeti to go to Tasmania. I sent off my set of questions for the fourth walk on June 26, much briefer this time, thinking that my previous long list may have caused the delay in Kaeti replying. This probably was partly true, as Kaeti said that writing up the walks continued to be more time consuming than the walk itself, though she also said she enjoyed having to think about them and translate what she could from them into words.

Then I got an email from John on 29 June saying Kaeti suddenly had to go to Tasmania, and that the fifth walk would be their last one together, prompting my suggested re-planning of their schedule so that the walks could continue, even though on either side of Bass Strait. I rang Kaeti on 30 June and we planned the future walks. Her half of the sixth walk might need to be done as a thought-walk as she might still be travelling at 11am on 9 July. She thought though, that the seventh and eight walks could be done in the country town where her mother lived. We also talked about the communication limitations of where she would be staying with her mother. There is no mobile coverage and the only land line is a pay-phone. I also emailed John asking how he felt about continuing the last three walks on his own, and he said yes, maybe he should do that.

I was imagining Kaeti doing her final walk with John in Melbourne on 2 July, before she left for Tasmania, and then wrote to John on 9 July asking if he did the next walk on his own, and what it was like. He wrote back that Kaeti's mother's surgery had been put back a couple of weeks and that they had actually done the sixth walk together, and would probably do the next two as well as the latest date for the operation was 25 July, two days after the last planned walk. There was another phone call to Kaeti after which she found a way to get all her replies to week three questions onto a computer with Internet access. But all I have

regarding the week four walk was that the day was very sunny with little to no wind but not overly warm in temperature. I know that the later walks happened, but I have no information about them to date.

I also know from Kaeti's housemates that her mother's operation is reported as successful, and that Kaeti is staying on the outskirts of a little town in the vicinity of Launceston, and occasionally rings. I have asked them to get a landline number so I can speak to Kaeti, but there are not many days left before the printing deadline. I am imagining what it may be like for Kaeti at the moment, as she has told me that she spent most of last year with her mother when she was quite ill, that she does not drive and found the isolation quite difficult. There is one bus that heads to Launceston and back every day. Both she and John had discovered that they had grown up in small towns and had discussed its effect, even now as adults. She said that her views of small towns were quite negative before she started this walking project and that John had helped her see the good, reminding her what she also loves about small communities. *It will help me get through those 3 - 6 months in Tasmania*, she said.

Consequently, the last half of the walking project needs to be imagined while we wait to see if Kaeti can find a way into the information network and, then, if she is able to pass on her record of the last walks. This open-ended conclusion is acceptable once it is seen as the consequence and reflection of the vulnerability of the documentary side of the project to the exigencies of 'the world'—to the actual events that occur outside of the walks themselves, and that have the potential to reach through the porous boundaries of 'the artwork' in unpredictable ways. In reflecting this vulnerability, it also documents it in a different way, by prioritising the disruptions to the plans that constitute the artwork. It acknowledges the agency of 'the world' that is built into the artwork, through the contradiction between requiring each walk to be repeated exactly, on the one hand, and the risk that the world may not be sufficiently predictable and co-operative to enable that to happen, on the other. In building this contradiction or vulnerability into the work, it mimics the concerns of economists and technicians who seek to perfect systems that both interact with the world and produce certainty for investors and other 'stake holders'. The contradiction of the system in *Time and Again* is that it is also a self-contained, regularising system that is deliberately exposed to the irregularities of the world. In the particular enactment I have attempted to document here, the uncertainties of the world placed strain on the system, making the failure of my method of documentation simultaneously a small measure of the work's success.

Which is not to say that the method in the earlier part of this text is entirely unjustifiable, either, as reliable records of events are important when significant transactions and events occur elsewhere than in one's own locale, as is characteristic of contemporary society. Sociologist, Anthony Giddens, discusses the nature of the trust required in modernity as *related to absence in time and space. There would be no need to trust anyone whose activities were continually visible and whose thought processes were transparent, or to trust any system whose workings were wholly known and understood.*<sup>1</sup> Given the importance of spatial and temporal distancing in modernity, the absence of credible documentary records is an invitation for their invention and fabrication, distancing the increasingly *phantasmagoric* nature of places even further.<sup>2</sup> Artist, Allan Kaprow, who is reputedly responsible for the experiential and temporal Happenings of the 1950's and 60's,

claims to have resigned himself to this process later in his life when he said: *I shouldn't really mind, for as the new myth grows on its own, without reference to anything in particular, the artist may achieve a beautiful privacy, famed for something purely imaginary while free to explore something nobody will notice.* The 'something' he was talking about here is his own life. As the editor of his writings, Jeff Kelley implied, in the absence of any remaining objects left from the 'careers' of artists such as Kaprow, it is the mythical nature of the artists that tends to be remembered, not what their artwork achieved.<sup>3</sup>

However, while there may therefore be good reasons for careful documentation, there are also other reasons why artists have struggled to come to terms with the problem of documentation. This occurs because, while it may record 'facts' and thus be useful for the historian, it also contradicts and devalues the literal transitoriness and place of an event or artwork. The dilemma of if and how to document artwork grew out of the temporal and spatial 'site-specific' art that is part of the twentieth century—and ongoing—challenge to the spatial autonomy that art inherited from modernity. In such artwork, the purpose that autonomy serves is partly displaced onto its documentation, as artists use it to construct a bridge between the new spatial (and temporal) values they propose in their artwork, and the old spatial values of which they intend to be critical, but in which they also need to survive by such things as establishing a record of their work. The potential fluidity and contradictions of this relationship are not easily resolved.

Most artists simply overlook it and document their work photographically and with text, as appropriate to the work and their career. But it was taken up as an important issue for artists in the 1960's and 70's in particular. Richard Serra is an example of an artist who always took a pragmatic approach by limiting the way he deals with the question to discussions in interviews and in his own texts. For example, in a 1980 interview with Douglas Crimp he explains how he understands the problem of photographic documentation: *If you reduce a sculpture to the flat plane of the photograph, you're passing on only a residue of your concerns. You're denying the temporal experience ... [and] the real content of the work.*<sup>4</sup> Nevertheless, he produces and widely distributes photographs and other documentation of his spatial artwork, in the expectation that it will get more people to go to see the work and therefore experience it in the way he intends.

An artist who is famous for taking a less pragmatic position in the 1970's is Maria Nordman, who is known instead for insisting that her space and light installations not be photographed or written about. She took this position for a similar reason given by Serra—that the reductive nature of documentation deletes and thus implicitly denies the value of the literal space, time and light that are the key materials of her work.<sup>5</sup> In practice, her position is less extreme than it sounds. She explains it as having *often asked that what is published without [her] collaboration at the time that a work is there, would be writing, floor plans, or images of the outside context only.*<sup>6</sup> She spends her energy instead on getting people to come and see the actual works while they are installed, ensuring that the documentation of the work is primarily in the memory of those who know it through experiencing it, rather than second hand through someone else's experience. Memory is a form of documentation of 'the visual world' in which all senses, as well as personal and cultural frameworks, are necessarily integrated, in contrast to 'the visual field' that images select out for

recording and thus priority.<sup>7</sup> But it tends to be superseded by other forms of documentation in a post-traditional society because of their greater spatial value and their greater ease of transferability between widely distanced times and places.

The question of how to document spatial artwork may have occupied the minds and art practices of artists more in the 1970s than now, but it is at least as relevant today as then, because of increasing concerns about threats to the inhabitability of the planet. The question for artists is how to document temporal, spatial and site-related artwork in which the occupiability of the actual place in which the artwork is located is just as important as what the artwork (and its place) looks like. There is the risk that when it is documented as a photograph only, the latter is recorded at the expense of the former. (Text also distances experience, though it encourages a less visually dominated record of it.) Yet spatial artwork is often made with the intention of asserting the value of actual, live space, the very thing that drops out of photographic images and even out of written text to some extent. In having to leave 'the temporal experience' of *Time and Again* documented only by the memories of John and Kaeti, I hope that I will avoid a little of what philosopher and activist, Henri Lefebvre, claims would happen to the 'lived space' of their walks when translated into documentation: *no sooner is it conceptualized than its significance wanes and vanishes.*<sup>8</sup>

There is also a simpler way in which *Time and Again* has an inbuilt form of documentation, which may tend to make my method redundant anyway. Instead of having to be reduced to another medium, such as image or text, to be known outside its initial performance, it can be re-enacted, subject to whatever other 'temporal experiences'—such as needing to go interstate to look after a sick relative—that intrude. Thus it resembles a musical score to the extent that it can live again each time it is played, to be different each time as it is subject to the situation in which it is performed. It also has even more echoes of the rebuilding of the Ise Shrine in Japan every twenty years, because of the emphasis on the careful rebuilding and less emphasis on variation through interpretation. It even reminds me of the curatorial basis of the 2008 Sydney Biennale (that I have been visiting while John and Kaeti have been walking) in which revolution is defined by the idea of going backwards in order to go forwards—each time a walk is re-enacted, it goes back to an 'original' pattern and re-establishes it within the new context of the new present, establishing links between the past and the future that, if they caught on generally, have the potential to create a stronger sense of temporal continuity.

In this repetition it is unlike that characteristic of reproduction in the visual arts, in which non-temporal means such as casting, printing, photography etc have been designed to minimise variation in the production of multiples. It is different because of its inbuilt potential for random disturbance and its design therefore to demonstrate variation. Instead *Time and Again* mirrors the everyday—the walks that the rest of the city-population re-enact to go to work or to school, or to the shops or even the walk up the passageway to go to bed at night. These walks are also subject to random disturbance. But in the temporal and spatial containment of the system of eight walks, the *Time and Again* walks maintain some of the relative autonomy of art as a distinct social form. The *Time and Again* walkers walk with a less defined and more open intent than other city walkers, even though this would not be evident to others. It is not

subsumed as a means to a known end—to move from one location to another—and neither is it the aimless walking of the flâneur. The walking and the relationship that develops between walkers and the locations they cross is framed loosely as an ‘art-walk’, made mysterious because it is not without purpose but its purpose is unknown or undecided. In mirroring the everyday therefore, it is also distinct from it, inviting reflection on walking as a type of art-material as well as a mode of transport integrated and subsumed into the wider experience of ‘life’.<sup>9</sup>

#### References

<sup>1</sup> Anthony Giddens, (1991) *The Consequences of Modernity*, Cambridge, UK: Polity Press p 33

<sup>2</sup> *ibid* p 19

<sup>3</sup> Jeff Kelley (ed) (1993) *Allan Kaprow: The Blurring of Art and Life Berkely and Los Angeles: University of California Press* p ix

<sup>4</sup> Richard Serra, (1994) *Writings and Interviews*, Chicago and London: The University of Chicago Press, p129

<sup>5</sup> San Diego MCA (1997) *Blurring the Boundaries*, catalogue p153

<sup>6</sup> Nordman Maria (1986) *De Sculptura Works in the City. Some Ongoing Questions* Munich, Schirmer/Mosel, p6

<sup>7</sup> See discussion of the ‘visual field’ and the ‘visual world’ in Jay, Martin (1993), *Downcast Eyes. The Denigration of Vision in Twentieth-Century French Thought*, Berkeley Los Angeles London: University of California Press, p4

<sup>8</sup> Henri Lefebvre, (1991) *The Production of Space*, (1974) Oxford: Blackwell p236

<sup>9</sup> *At the 11th hour, I heard from Kaeti. Her mother has just come home from hospital, she herself has had to get over an illness that developed while travelling—necrotising gingivitis—and the Internet connection works. We have now had a phone conversation and she has been able to read and approve the final version, except for one funny misunderstanding in the route (I had confused the customer service information guide with the InformationVisitor Centre) which I have corrected.*