

*Walking Home: The path as transect in an 800km
autoethnographic enquiry.*

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Abstract:

This practice-based project articulates the notion of an autoethnographic transect using *Walking Home*, a particular journey that I made in 2009, as its foundation. Borrowing key terms from the fields of ethnography and ecology, the project articulates a new contribution to knowledge by expanding the notion of a transect and using methods appropriated from autoethnography to generate visual arts practice in the wake of a long distance walk. Walking from London, England to St. Gallen, Switzerland the journey was undertaken in the wake of my father's death.

The key principle this project takes from autoethnography is that the position of the emotive self, as researcher and researched, can offer unique insights into a given field. Methods borrowed from autoethnography and ecology are re-employed throughout a transdisciplinary practice and body of research that, through the development of an ecological form of subjectivity, articulates an autoethnographic transect. The project expands the scale of a transect, from a line drawn across a field, to a journey taken across Europe; one that is drawn, walked and talked into being.

Walking Home is presented in a holistic form whereby contextual and critical work is interwoven with and within practice: writing, image making, performance and installation. This interwoven process, whereby the practice and research become an inherent part of each other, is exemplified through a body of work called *Fondue*, a performance, taking place as a dinner party, which has evolved out of my engagement with autoethnography. An exhibition took place in Spring 2015, the outcomes of which are folded into this thesis. Articulating the notion of an autoethnographic transect as a new method within the field of visual arts practice this thesis will be of interest to performance practitioners, artists and writers engaged with the field of walking as a form of practice or process.

Author's note.

Walking Home: the path as transect in an 800km autoethnographic enquiry, is a thesis that uses as its foundation a journey I once made from London, England to St. Gallen in Switzerland. The practice that emerges from this singular journey necessarily causes material to be revisited from multiple angles over a period of years through numerous practice-based methods. As such the reader should be aware that material will be (re)-encountered over the course of these pages, arrived at from a different angle, or at a different time, through an alternative lens or a secondary register. This multi-vocalisation is an intentional element of this thesis and of the processes of memory, interpretation, forgetting and recall that my practice grapples with. It is hoped that the reader will experience these (re)-views as opportunities rather than obstacles.

Bram Thomas Arnold. 2016.

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Indented titles here pertain to a secondary style of writing pointed to in the Introduction and first encountered by the reader in Part Two.

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To William John Arnold, 1944 – 2006.

To the endless everyone of my family and friends,
Many of whom you will meet within these pages,
Without whom this work would have been impossible.

& For my mother,
Who started the whole thing off,
By telling me to go for a walk,
Once upon a time.

Acknowledgements.

Walking Home has been a project years in the making, a work whose processes predate its inception as part of a PhD thesis and whose work will continue long after the thesis itself has gathered its own rim of dust in some forgotten corner of Cornwall.

People who know me may have heard me by now recount the tale of how I ended up walking to Switzerland, and how it began as an idea, whilst doing a performance on the 08:44 from London to Peterborough in 2006. To which end I owe Ben Connors more than a passing mention. His encouragement into the world of performance was this project's instrumental first step; without his advice I would have often been lost. At the other end of this journey I am forever indebted to Erica, Tunc, Miriam, Laura and David, without whose warm invitation and open hearted welcome this walk would have had no end.

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Introduction

“When did our walk begin? When will it ever end? We cannot remember, and will never know.”

(Ingold and Vergunst 2008: 1)

i. *Walking Home*.

Walking Home existed as an idea, then a proposal before it becoming a reality, a journey from London to Switzerland made predominantly alone and on foot in 2009, prior to my undertaking this practice-based research project. Its position here in italics at the beginning of things then, is to suggest that all that is to follow takes place after an event known by the title *Walking Home*.

Walking Home was an idea, to set off to walk from the place I called home at the time, a flat in Hackney Central, back to the place of my birth in St. Gallen, Switzerland, in the wake of my estranged father's death. I last saw my father in 1994 and he passed away in 2006, some 2 days before my 24th birthday, and two months prior to my enrolment on an MA in Arts & Ecology at Dartington College of Arts. Over two years of MA study my practice, and my experience of grief began to mingle; this process culminated in *Walking Home*, a performance installation that explored the possibility of walking back to Switzerland. The journey itself took place in 2009 after a reprisal of my MA show was shown at Shed & a Half Gallery in London.

In 2009 I arrived back from Switzerland and after spending some time in Wales compiling notes, going through photographs and material collected along the way I found myself struggling to come to terms with these events, and quite what to do with all these things. All these things amounted to about 18,000 words in notes, nearly a thousand photographs, marginalia, proposals, places to revisit and experiences to articulate. I needed a way to compose work from this material, to understand and then to devise methods for sharing these experiences through my practice. It was through this process that I turned to examine *autoethnography*, a method that was briefly discussed during my MA. *Autoethnography*, the ethnography of the self, is a key field of enquiry that I examine in Part One of this thesis. This in turn led me to the pursuit of an autoethnographic transect that this thesis, and the practice it unveils is an account of.

This thesis is an account of a practice-based research project that interprets autoethnography as a methodological tool for developing visual, performance and written practices: practice that

articulates, not the precise experience of a walk, nor the emotional sensation of a journey, but works that create spaces in which an audience may be drawn into undertaking a journey of their own. This thesis both presents elements of the practice-based outcomes that this research has produced whilst also outlining autoethnography and its potential use to arts based practitioners and researchers. The practice and research are intimately bound up with my personal encounter with grief, and with seeking to find ways of hinting at this shadow that can never be truly articulated from one to another. The autoethnographic transect and the practice-based work I have produced from it became a way of finding particular events and places out in the world that echo this sense of very personal loss.

Upon my return from Switzerland in 2009 I invited a number of friends to join me for a dinner, a round-table conversation about what had taken place and what it could become. That first *Fondue* became the foundation for a series of iterations that are articulated throughout this thesis, and a performance installation that formed the centre of an exhibition of this work's practice-based outcomes in 2015. Throughout this thesis I develop a number of contextual frames of reference for this research that are encountered as they become relevant, the work moving through a series of modes of practice that interweave, overlap and become transdisciplinary by destabilizing the boundaries between these modes (Kershaw & Nicholson 2011: 7). Below I set out a number of terms that arise through the coming thesis to give the reader some parameters for this work. Through these definitions the key fields this thesis draws from will be identified.

ii. Path.

At the time my submission for confirmation was registered¹ I was still using *footpath* within my title whose simplicity is clearly set out by the Oxford English Dictionary (OED 2015) as a path that is for foot passengers only. Switching to use the word *path* occurred due to the glaring dissonance between the route I walked between London and St. Gallen and this definition of footpath. Upon the journey to Switzerland I was frequently walking along the side of a main road, or on a back lane or bridleway. All of these pathways are for multiple users and so I have switched to using *path*, in a particular definition outlined by the OED online in point 5 as "the course along which a person or thing moves or passes; an imaginary line representing this" (ibid). I would draw the reader's attention here to the second section of this definition, as the imaginary line representing this path is, in the case of this research study going to be referred to as a transect. The route of *Walking Home* that has

¹ "Registration is the process in the first year of your degree when you develop your research degree proposal for approval by the College Research Degrees Subcommittee" (UAL 2015: 23).

become the focus of my methodology through the developing notion of an autoethnographic transect was initially a line drawn in permanent marker onto an atlas of Europe. This line was then used to build a step-by-step approximation to be taken, from city to town, woodland to coast, plain to mountain range.

iii. Transect.

The term transect is a fieldwork method in Ecology, a term I first encountered during my undergraduate study at Oxford Brookes University, to which I did not return until studying under Dr. Christian Taylor, a mycologist, as part of the MA at Dartington. Within the field of Ecology the term is defined as "a line used in ecological surveys to provide a means of measuring and representing graphically the distribution of organisms" (Allaby 2004: 409). A line is drawn across a field in order to study the organisms, generally flora, using one of two systems: a belt transect or a line transect. A belt transect uses a quadrat, a square of wire used to demarcate a particular area of a given size, anywhere from a square foot to several square metres, to count the species within the square along the line that spans the field, and the line transect is used to count any organisms that are in direct contact with the line. Williams explains that "transects are useful for recording changes in the species composition of plant communities where some sort of transition exists, e.g. from water to land or from one type of soil to another" (Williams 1987: 17).

I first thought of expanding this definition by scaling it up in a project entitled 'Door To Moor' (Arnold 2007a) in which I walked the same path from my house to the edge of Dartmoor National Park multiple times, examining it through different processes each time; methods from this project have been built upon throughout this PhD and will be highlighted as and when required. In a piece of free-writing from the time, first presented in an installation at The Gallery, Dartington, I wrote:

If a transect could be 9 miles long and still function as such, what would you be sampling along a 9 mile line? People, place, ecology, specimens, land use, land ownership, a culture, country, or would the space created by the footsteps become an opportunity to sample that which is truly [mine] and [mine] alone, to stroll through [my] own perception, to let go of the mind and see where it went [...] to explore the labyrinth of my own thought, and use the footsteps as a rhythm for the mind and the landscape as a canvas for the imagination (Arnold 2007b).

This quote is the foundation of my use of the word *transect* in this research project, and that act of drawing a line upon a map mentioned above was the first step taken towards *Walking Home*. This act in itself led me to encounter a problem that is explored elsewhere in a work made by Francis Alys entitled 'The Green Line' (Dillon 2010: 140-141). He set out to follow the supposed line of the 1967 armistice between Israel and Palestine, a line that had been in dispute due to its being drawn on a map of a certain scale with a pencil of a certain thickness. The dispute on the ground focused upon the key question of who owned the thickness of the line, the thickness of which in reality covers significant tracts of land in a slender country.

So the *path* and the *transect* under examination through this practice-based research are the particular route taken between two places, and the treatments or methods used to interpret the path as a transect. The thickness of the line became finer by degrees during the reality of the walk, before broadening once more in the wake of the walk that forms this thesis. Before taking the next step into defining autoethnography, to which the first chapter of this thesis is broadly dedicated, I want to linger over this borrowing of terminologies from ecology a little longer.

iv. Ecology.

Ecology is composed of *eco*, derived from the ancient Greek term *oikos*, meaning 'home' (Guattari 2000: 4), to which the suffix *ology* is attached, denoting its status as a branch of knowledge. First coined by Ernst Haeckel in his *Generelle Morphologie* (1866), although Bramwell (1989: 253-254) offers a more in-depth consideration of the first coining that may also have arisen in the work of Thoreau. Ecology, a relatively young branch of science, became the study "of the interrelationships among organisms and between organisms, and between them and all aspects, living and non-living of their environment" (Allaby 2004: 136). The phrasing of this definition, its particular use of 'them' and 'their', suggests that humans are beyond the scope of this study, conductors, rather than participants (Bramwell 1989: 39-63). With the emergence of the green movement in Western society, (Carson 1963, Devall & Sessions 1985, Schumacher 1974) the framework of Ecology was expanded to include us in the picture of the 'them' and the 'their': this expansion of the scope of ecology led to the coining of *ecosophy*, or 'ecological philosophy'. On the one hand through the work of Norwegian thinker Arne Naess, Deep Ecology, in short a philosophy which promotes the idea of *living as if nature mattered*, "a way of developing a new balance and harmony between individuals, communities and all of Nature" (Devall & Sessions 1985: 7) a holistic vision that sidestepped the looming position of an increasingly dominant global form of capitalism. On the other hand, the work

of Felix Guattari, whose short work *The Three Ecologies* (2005) added a third branch to ecology. Creating a subject that had evolved from being environmental in focus, to a folding in of the social sphere, to add a third layer that focused upon the mental sphere and the role of the self within an ecological perspective, by suggesting that “human subjectivity, in all its uniqueness is as endangered as those rare species that are disappearing from the planet every day” (ibid 2005: 6).

This autoethnographic transect encounters the world through this third layer, it is a prospective form for navigating ones ecological environment, wherein “ecology must stop being associated with the image of a small nature-loving minority or qualified specialists” (ibid 2005: 52), but expand to engage and involve each of us and all our interconnections². The pursuit of the transect is the pursuit of ones own position, using unexpected events and discoveries made along the way to outline the position of the *self*, which is drawn from memory and constructed by our own recollections, amidst the constantly shifting sands of our social, political and historical contexts. Guattari’s turn towards aesthetic paradigms, rather than traditional scientific terms of knowledge production, is picked up by Nicolas Bourriaud whose work in *The Radicant* (Bourriaud 2009) can be viewed as a critical attempt to outline artworks that consist of a journey-form to be taken “in a human space [...] completely surveyed and saturated, [wherein] all geography [has] become psycho-geography” (ibid: 120). The work of Bourriaud and Guattari will be revisited throughout the forthcoming chapters.

v. Performance.

This thesis builds towards a conclusion that is based on a presentation of practice-based research, a significant element of which takes place as a series of live events hosted round a dinner table. By setting out my working definition of Performance here the parameters for interpreting this work are laid out.

It is initially to be noted that my practice has its roots in the fields of Fine and Visual Arts, arriving at performance and live works very much to my surprise. The foundations of my critical thinking around the field of performance, are to be found in Carlson’s *Performance: A Critical Introduction* (2004). Carlson sites the foundations of performance studies within the fields of sociology and anthropology, working back towards the work of Goffman (1966: 18) whose notions of the *gathering* and the

² In the depths of my thinking about this evolution in the definition of Ecology a debt is owed to my time at Dartington College of Arts and the work of Alan Boldon undertaken there. At the time I was reading Max Oelschlaeger’s work *The Idea of Wilderness*, whose conclusions draw close to both the thinking of Guattari and Jean-Luc Nancy to whom this thesis will return: thoughts that underpin my practice “a convergence of scientific research and reflective thought on the premise that the human and cultural are linked with the material and organic. [...] for what is known to exist is known only in relation to something else.” (Oelschlaeger 1991: 320-321).

situation are of particular relevance to the performance of *Fondue*. Goffman outlines that a *gathering* occurs when two or more people find themselves in a *situation* that necessarily takes place in a public place – a theatre, park, bar or gallery for example. The arrival of a second person into any of these spaces creates a situation in which individuals begin to *perform* a situated activity, “the newcomer, in effect, transforms the solitary individual and himself into a gathering” (ibid: 21).

This position however is contradicted by a notion put forward by John MacAloon who states that “there is no performance without pre-performance” (MacAloon 1984: 9), suggesting that performance is pre-meditated behaviour being enacted for an audience of some form or other. A performance in this sense is something that is done knowingly, or with an intention, whereas the situated behaviour noted by Goffman takes place throughout the day-to-day experiences of living.

I would like to hold on to MacAloon’s notion of pre-performance as the defining factor of performance for a moment and counterbalance it with what Conquergood refers to as *dialogical performance* (1985). Dialogical performance proffers a route out of what Conquergood refers to as the “moral morass and ethical minefield” (ibid 9) of performance, into a space of uncertainty through dialogue, a space where the self and the other are thrown together into a platform of debate, a world of shifting sands that acts to keep “the dialogue between performer and text open and ongoing” (ibid 9). Holding gently onto these two positions then I would suggest that the performance that takes place within *Fondue*, to which Parts 5 and 6 of this thesis attend, is a dialogic form that exists within a pre-formed world.

vi. Towards a map of the thesis.

Part One: On Autoethnography will set out the field of Autoethnography from which I have borrowed a number of methodological devices and subsequently applied them to an 800km long transect through a number of forms of practice. It begins with a historical context for the evolution of the field of autoethnography that coincides with the progression of the environmental movement from the 1970s onwards, before tackling more contemporary developments of the field and taking in a case study of the work of Marc Augé to which my thinking owes a considerable debt. Through this chapter I look at questions of validity in relation to practice-based research and forms of knowledge production.

With the conclusion of this theory-driven Chapter the thesis steps into a practice-driven mode that is denoted by a secondary font that opens **Part Two: How To Walk**. This reflective writing, set in Goudy Old Style 10 Pt, is indented from the main text and left aligned. These journal entries are edited from and composed of a handwritten body of reflective work that has been kept in a series of 9 notebooks over the past four years. Each journal entry is given a heading that gives the entry a geographic locus and a date. They are encountered throughout the thesis in a non-linear form, sometimes skipping ahead and sometimes dropping into the past, the first entry going back to Totnes High Street, early 2007. The journal entries are given with endnote numbers rather than embedded references so as not to interrupt the flow of the text; these endnotes can be found on page 177.

Part Two also introduces and contextualises a second key element of this thesis and its practice-based outcomes. Interleaved between the pages of this work are 9 fold-out images that together comprise a series entitled *How To Walk*, nine drawings that each measure 76 x 55cm. These reproductions are forms of practice that can be read before, after or during a reading of this thesis, or as Guattari posits in *Chaosmosis*, "I invite those who read me to take or reject my concepts freely" (1995: 12).

Through **Part Three: Setting off with outlines, equipment and foundations** I introduce the context of the Walking Artists Network (WAN) that was founded in 2011 as a resource and network for "everyone who defines themselves as a walking artist, and everyone who is interested in walking as a mode of art practice" (WAN 2011), before stepping back into the processes developed during my MA research that led to the development of the term *transecting* as a research tool for long distance walking and arts practice. The 'Setting Off' of the title mirrors the title of the third part of *How To Walk* that is encountered here and thus makes apparent the links between this nine-part drawing and this thesis which begin to drive each other, thus Part Three deals with the context of walking as arts practice through both the Walking Artists Network and an exhibition that took place in 2013 called the Walking Encyclopaedia in which a work of mine was featured entitled *Walking Home: Infinite Edition*. The relationship between my practice and a number of key works featured in the Walking Encyclopaedia are the main contextualising focus of this section, which concludes with the text piece at the heart of *Walking Home: Infinite Edition* and a series of stills taken from *Walking Home (Again)*.

Part Four: Technology, collaboration and failure draws its main focus from a paper published in *Digital Creativity* (Arnold et al 2015) which is included in full in the appendix. The paper discusses a

collaborative project entitled *A Belgian Transect* produced by myself and Eleanor Wynne Davis in 2012 as part of *Sideways*, a festival in Belgium that, over the course of a month, traversed the country from West to East. Eleanor Wynne Davis is an artist and musician with whom I had previously worked whilst studying at Dartington. The technology under discussion is moving image work with a focus upon live broadcast performances via a process called Field Broadcast developed by Birch & Smith (www.fieldbroadcast.org). The collaboration is my work with Davis in Belgium and Wiltshire where we produced an installation from *A Belgian Transect* and the influence this work had on the forthcoming process of producing *Fondue* as part of *Walking Home (Again)*. The failure is to be outlined therein, but points away from the production of moving image works and to a more critical focus upon performance, presence and the emotional heart of *Walking Home*, a dinner that took place shortly after arriving in Switzerland, and then again shortly after arriving back in London in 2009.

To turn towards **Part Five: *Fondue and the place of performance*** is the next task of this thesis. *Fondue* has evolved, over a number of years, into an event that is particular to each occurrence, its recurrent mode is that of a dinner table and a number of guests. Through its focused introduction here I seek to contextualise my practice in relation to two other key terms, that of place, and performance, by citing key theoretical works and a number of contemporary practitioners with whom I share a kinship, including the work of Rebecca Birch, Mark Fisher & Justin Barton amongst others.

Part Six: *Walking Home Again, from conversation to practice*, once again brings a temporal shift to proceedings, moving back from the conclusion of Part Five that sits in 2013 to a conversation I had along the Regent's Canal in London in 2010. The thesis turns again towards autoethnography and a particular focus on its influence upon a method, a series of walks and conversations referred to collectively as *Walking Home Again*. The absence of parentheses around *Again* are to be noted as this *Again* is a physical process, marked out in miles on the streets of London, the fields of Kent and the hillsides of Germany. Within Part Six Macfarlane's significance is rendered through a consideration of what is commonly referred to in literature as New Nature Writing, the writing of Rebecca Solnit rises again and Chang's *Autoethnography as Method* (Chang 2008) is a key tool for developing the practice that is evidenced in Part Seven, which is to be seen as the critical interpretation of the practice-based conclusion of this thesis.

Part Seven: *Towards an exhibition* opens with a journal-based account of the exhibition *Walking Home (Again)* that took place at Fish Factory Arts Space in Falmouth from March 27th – April

19th in 2015 and concludes with the presentation of five fugues that formed the focal point of *Fondue*, a performative installation that took place within the installation space of the gallery. In between this act of opening with a journal and closing with a script that is to be recalled as opposed to memorised, *Towards an Exhibition*, utilizes the definition of performance as set out above to develop the use of the term *fugue* to describe a script that is not intended to be read aloud nor committed to memory, but is written so as to be reconstructed in the space between memory and forgetting: or to borrow a metaphor from Marc Augé, in the space between the oblivion of the ocean, and the ever changing shoreline of memory (Augé 2004: 20).

In 2010, in a co-authored article Ellis et al state; "a researcher uses tenets of autobiography and ethnography to do and write autoethnography. Thus, as a method, autoethnography is both process and product" (Ellis et al 2010). This thesis is to be considered a form of practice, a practice-based outcome of an autoethnographic transect that is the performance, and the writing, and the drawing of a path into being that was first walked in 2009, a path that now exists as a shadow in the mind of the writer and the reader, the artist and the audience, rather than as a physical place to which any one of us could go.

Part One. On Autoethnography.

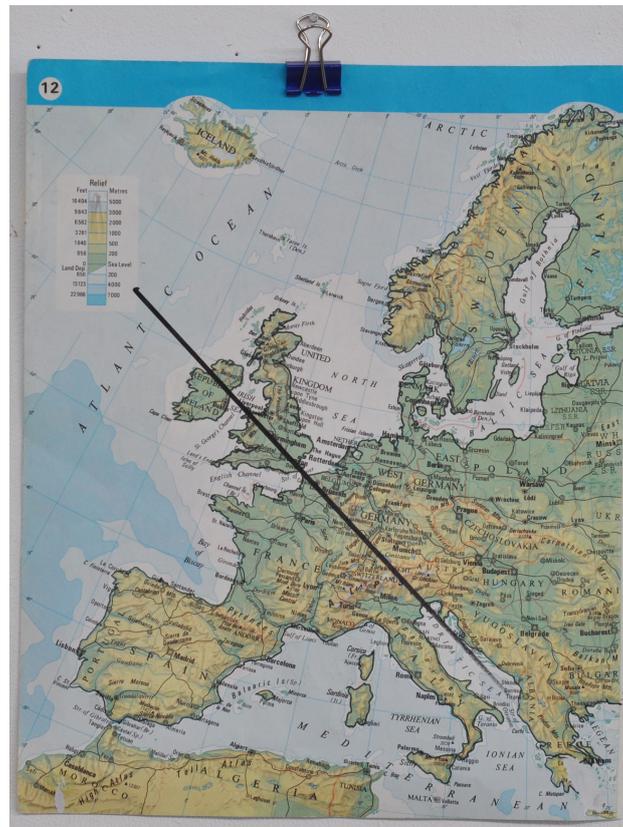


Fig. 1. *Telegraph Map*. A line drawn onto a map, to be walked, talked and performed into being.

1.1 Autoethnography, an introduction.

Autoethnography is an approach to research and writing that has developed as a distinct methodology within the field of ethnography. Within this practice-based research I use the term as a source to generate and enhance methods in order to develop a body of practical work and theoretical research that uses a path across Europe as a transect. Through an interpretation of the qualitative research method outlined in this chapter, a reflexively adjusted process has evolved to generate practice research data that will introduce the notion of an autoethnographic transect, through borrowing and reconfiguring methods from autoethnography and contemporary performance, whilst contextually siting the project in the realm of Fine Art. This section will lead the reader through the development of autoethnography within the field of ethnography and subsequently how my interpretation of it has been reconfigured reflexively through the process of this research project.

1.2 A historical introduction to the term Autoethnography

Autoethnography is a methodology that has developed during the past two decades as a branch of ethnography, where ethnography can be defined as the objective study of a defined social group other to that of the observer (Denzin and Lincoln 2000: 37-41). In 1995 Hammersley & Atkinson were able to state that:

In its most characteristic form [ethnography] involves the ethnographer participating, overtly or covertly, in people's daily lives for an extended period of time, watching what happens, listening to what is said, asking questions - in fact, collecting whatever data are available to throw light on the issues that are the focus of the research (Hammersley and Atkinson 1995: 1).

The 2007 edition of the same book has had to make room for autoethnography, stating "in fact, there is no sharp distinction even between ethnography and the study of individual life histories, as the example of 'auto/ethnography' shows" (Hammersley and Atkinson 2007: 1).

For Hammersley and Atkinson the "fuzzy semantic boundary" (ibid: 1) between ethnography and autoethnography can be stated thus: where ethnography is the study of a social group, through observation, participation and the collection and interpretation of visual materials, by an objective observer who is not a member of that social group (Delamont et al. 2001),³ autoethnography is the study of a social group from an active member of the social group under study, where the "autoethnographer is both the researcher and the researched" (Muncey 2010: 3).

Autoethnography then is the process of turning the ethnographic eye not on cultures dotted throughout the Pacific or Indonesia or Africa, but rather focusing one's research on one's own culture and the presence and position of the self within it (Bochner and Ellis 2002; Chang 2008; Ellis et al. 2010; Short et al 2013). As with ethnography, this research can include exploring political, historical, personal, religious or community processes, but in the case of autoethnography the research specifically focuses on a particular aspect of the self in context, and how it is affected, changed, and formed within that context (Short et al 2013: 2).

³ Brunt particularly states: "Ethnographers were sent on expedition to faraway places to describe the daily lives of unknown tribes and primitive peoples or were busy probing communities in their own societies" (Cited in Delamont et al. 2001: 87).

The first instance of autoethnography being used as a key term was in the context of a study entitled 'What do people do? Dani-autoethnography' (Heider 1975), in which Heider interviewed 50 Indonesian school children in an attempt to discover their perceptions of their own culture, asking the very simple question 'What do people do?'. The process that led Heider to use the term autoethnography was getting the social group under study to consider themselves, from their own perspective; it was their position as members of the social group under question that granted them a privileged perspective. Heider writes:

"Auto" for autochthonous, since it is the Dani's own account of "what people do"; and "auto" for automatic, since it is the simplest routine-eliciting technique imaginable (ibid: 3).

Mary Louise Pratt went on to develop these ideas in her work *Imperial Eyes: Travel writing and transculturation*, where she defines her use of the words 'autoethnography' and 'autoethnographic expression' idiosyncratically:

I use these terms to refer to instances in which colonized subjects undertake to represent themselves in ways that engage with the colonizer's own terms. If ethnographic texts are a means by which Europeans represent to themselves their (usually subjugated) others, autoethnographic texts are those the others construct in response to or in dialogue with those metropolitan representations (Pratt 1992: 7).

These early constructions of autoethnography, in the era of post-modernism – Heider (1975), Hayano (1979) and Pratt (1992) – created a gap in the social sciences, whose predilection for qualitative data had already opened them to more subjective perspectives (Denzin and Lincoln 2000: 1-4). I have mentioned postmodernism here, as it is integral to the nature of autoethnography. Richardson writes that "the core of postmodernism is the doubt that any method or theory, discourse or genre, tradition or novelty, has a universal claim as the 'right' or the privileged form of authoritative knowledge" (Richardson in Denzin and Lincoln 2000: 928). Autoethnography has grown out of postmodernism by giving the tools of exploration to the people who are being explored, thereby questioning the role and pedestal of the external observer.

In the year following Pratt's publication of *Imperial Eyes*, an article was published in *The Sociological Quarterly* by Carolyn Ellis that was later reprinted in *Revision: Autoethnographic Reflections on Life*

and Work (Ellis 2009a). This work is the first published text by Ellis who has established an approach to the word autoethnography that defines it as:

An approach to research and writing that seeks to describe and systematically analyze personal experience in order to understand cultural experience. This approach challenges canonical ways of doing research and representing others and treats research as a political, socially just and socially conscious act. A researcher uses tenets of autobiography and ethnography to do and write autoethnography. Thus, as a method, autoethnography is both process and product. (Ellis et al. 2010)

This definition is taken from *Autoethnography: An Overview*, which offers an extensive history of autoethnography as Ellis et al interpret it. This definition of autoethnography is also flanked by the work of Chang (Chang 2008), Spry (Spry 2001), Muncey (Muncey 2010) and Short (Short et al 2013). *Autoethnography as Method* (Chang 2008) provides a list compiled from an essay by Ellis and Bochner (in Denzin 2000: 739-40), which they preface with the declaration that “the meanings and applications of autoethnography have evolved in a manner that makes precise definition and application difficult” (ibid: 739). The extensive list of methods, detailing some 39 separate forms includes only five that could be interpreted as anything but written forms of research:

complete-member research
first-person accounts
lived experience
opportunistic research
radical empiricism
(Chang 2008: 47-48)

This list therefore gives an insight into the diverse practices that could be used within autoethnographic research, methods which are in Ellis and Bochner’s words “similarly situated terms” (Ellis and Bochner in Denzin 2000: 739), but the list, in both its sheer breadth and its lacunas invites contribution. The five methods sited above could go beyond the written word, and it is my contention that the methods I have developed within my practice can be added to such a list. The list above also draws a link through to reading I have been undertaking into notions of the romantic, to which this study will later turn.

Ellis, Adams, & Bochner (2010) go on to discuss the importance of autoethnography to “ways of producing meaningful, accessible, and evocative research grounded in personal experience...[of]

experiences shrouded in silence" (Ellis et al. 2010). It is this interpretation of autoethnography to which I was initially drawn, and it is the definition provided by this essay that I seek to use as the foundation for an adaptation of autoethnography, functioning as I do as a transdisciplinary practitioner⁴ of contemporary art.

Before moving on, it needs to be clarified that the underpinning factor within autoethnography is the self, for as Chang eloquently puts it:

autoethnography benefits greatly from the thought that the self is an extension of community rather than that it is an independent, self-sufficient being, because the possibility of cultural self-analysis rests on an understanding that self is part of a cultural community (Chang 2008: 26).

This notion of self, a concept that has seen an increasing amount of literature devoted to it since Descartes (Elliott 2007: 15), is further built upon the foundations provided by the work of George Herbert Mead (Mead 1934), Erving Goffman (Goffman 1971) and Anthony Giddens (Giddens 1991). According to Elliot, "Mead develops an interpretation of the social nature of the constitution of the self [...in which...] he places great emphasis upon the social self; each of us, as individuals, fashions a sense of our own selfhood through engagement with other selves" (Elliott 2007: 31). The self as defined above by Chang is formed by its surroundings and the interactions that occur in the everyday flow between the self and its social, cultural, and personal surroundings; it is upon this definition that this project rests.

By its use of the self as a generative focus, autoethnography allows for interpretation in its application and though there are schools and methods within it, there is no one path to be followed; each structural application of autoethnography within a research project will be generated using "a mix of artistic representation, scientific enquiry, self-narration and ethnography" (Ngunjiri et al. 2010). It is my contention that producing an autoethnographic study of walking practice, using the transect I walked in the wake of my father's death as the underlying structure, would be a useful contribution to the field of walking arts practices, of interest to both practitioners and researchers. I propose to do this using a set of core methods outlined below in section 4 where autoethnography is being used to develop key elements within my practice-based research.

⁴ The particulars of defining this world will be dealt with in Chapter 3, but here, suffice to say that a transdisciplinary practice is one that, through the multiplicity of practices present, destabilizes traditional distinctions between these practices. (Kershaw and Nicholson, 2011: 7)

1.3 Potential pitfalls of autoethnography

Autoethnography is not without its critics. The main charge is generally noted as being the risk of self-indulgence (Buzard 2003: 75). Andrew C. Sparkes confronts this issue thus:

The universal charge of self-indulgence so often levelled against autoethnography is based largely on a misunderstanding of the genre in terms of what it is, what it does, and how it works in a multiplicity of contexts. Autoethnographies can encourage acts of witnessing, empathy, and connection that extend beyond the self of the author and thereby contribute to sociological understanding in ways that, among others, are self-knowing, self-respectful, self-sacrificing and self-luminous. (Sparkes in Bochner and Ellis 2002: 222)

Of the three key issues highlighted in the authoritative account by Buzard, two are confined to the realm of anthropology, as this is the position from which Buzard approaches it:

First, as the concept has been sketched out so far, it seems to involve us in forms of "essentialism" or "identity politics" that we would prefer to believe we had overcome long ago. These pitfalls, sufficiently evident to anthropologists back in the 1960's and 70's when some of their number began espousing varieties of "native anthropology," still lie in our path: some theorists believe they can invoke the concept of autoethnography without stepping into them, while others may be reluctant to embrace the term because they suspect such pitfalls cannot be avoided. Second, while we possess familiar metaphors and narratives capable of explaining to us the process by which an ethnographer goes about acquiring authoritative knowledge of a culture that is not his own, we have no such equipment when it comes to autoethnography, largely because of the persistent ("essentialist") assumption that one doesn't really need to explain how one acquires authoritative knowledge of "one's own culture" (Buzard 2003: 61-62).

The first pitfall can be here dismissed, as I am not looking to contribute directly to the field of autoethnography, but to borrow from it. The second, whereby anthropologists struggle for equipment with which to authoritatively acquire information, as an arts practitioner I am able to draw on the reservoir of methods within the arts that I have been developing through my practice since

2001. His third criticism is that the conflicting approaches within autoethnography are part of the reason it is yet to establish itself as the predominant form of discourse within contemporary ethnography. Muncey's riposte to this would be that "autoethnographers reside comfortably within these edgelands and relish the interface between the different landscapes" (Muncey 2010: 29), and as an artist whose work resides in the liminal space between many practices I have to align myself with this position. My contention is that in order to define my position as a walking artist in the 21st century by utilizing the path as a transect, an autoethnographic methodology is not only a useful tool, but a necessary and as yet unexplored one.

Autoethnography is a young field of enquiry, a similar example to the Hammersley & Atkinson 2nd edition mentioned above can be found in the absence of autoethnography in the *Handbook of Methods in Cultural Anthropology* (Bernard 1998) and its subsequent appearance in the *Handbook of Ethnography* (Atkinson 2001). The issue of essentialism glimpsed in this quote from Buzard, that is prevalent within autoethnography as a method bears a kinship to the uneasy, and therefore exciting, ground that research projects within the field of arts find themselves (Press in Gray and Malins 2004, x – xiii). Buzard's unease with "essentialism" is that of an ethnographer, the unease of a social scientist stepping into the realm of the autoethnographic where, according to the editors of *Contemporary British Autoethnography*, "grand theorizing, the facade of objectivity, the decontextualising of research participant and the search for single truths are all rejected" (Short et al 2013: 4).

This research project has been devised in the full awareness of this unease, and addresses that unease with an excitement at the uncertainty that lies within arts practice and therefore in arts research (see Freeman 2003: xxi – xlvi). This research project is reaching into autoethnography to draw from its methods and take them into the realm of Fine Arts practice. The issue of "essentialism" however, is also frequently levelled at arts research and its validity: the recalling of a conversation by Press, "'Pretty work', I heard a social scientist say to a PhD student in jewellery, 'but I fail to see how this extends our knowledge of human communication'" (Press in Gray and Malins 2004, x – xiii). This quote highlights a difficulty arts' practitioners are likely to encounter whilst undertaking practice-based research, the key is to not give up for "if we lose that sense of wonder – that relentless [and one could say endless] search for truth and beauty – then the whole enterprise becomes pointless" (ibid).

Autoethnography has stepped on regardless of this uncertainty – as indeed has practice-based research in the arts – becoming increasingly more prevalent, spawning conferences such as the 3rd International Congress of Qualitative Inquiry in May 2007 (CQI 2007), an Annual conference of British Autoethnography, journal articles (Alexenburg 2008, 231 - 246; O’Byrne 2007, 1381 – 1391) and special issues (Smith-Shank and Keifer-Boyd, 2007) and within these developments new subdivisions and further realms of enquiry open up.

1.4 Evocative and Analytic autoethnography.

Within autoethnography there are two main camps of practice that are known as evocative and analytical. According to Muncey, "the current discourse of autoethnography refers almost exclusively to evocative autoethnography" (Muncey 2010: 36). How writers consider their position can be considered in terms of how much weight is given to an etymological breakdown of the word itself. Auto (on the self) Ethno (on the cultural) and Graphy (on the written method or process). There are degrees of the practice that variously draw their focus closer to the self, the cultural or the methodological (Ellis & Bochner in Denzin & Lincoln 2000: 740). Ellis can be seen to be at the more emotive end of the spectrum, or at the beginning of the word, where she can be found arguing for the evocative and more emotionally engaging or subjective autoethnography. The work of Anderson however, can be seen to be at the more methodological end of the spectrum, or end of the word.

In 2006 Anderson’s article gave 5 points that a piece of autoethnographic writing must adhere to lest it fall by the wayside. The researcher must be:

1. 1- ‘A complete member in the social world under study’
2. 2- Engage reflexivity to analyse data on the self.
3. 3- Be visibly and actively present in the text.
4. 4- Include other informants in similar situations in data collection.
5. 5- Be committed to theoretical analysis. (Anderson 2006: 373-395)

In a review by Ellis of Chang’s book *Autoethnography as Method* Ellis states: "From my perspective, you can’t have autoethnography without heart and soul: caring, feeling, passion, and vulnerability are at its center" (Ellis 2009b: 362). It is this perspective that drew me to autoethnography, for at the time I first encountered the field I was developing new work based on my estranged father’s recent

death; that work went on to become a project called *Walking Home* which is the foundation of this project.

1.5 On *Casablanca*, a key study.

Casablanca is an essay in book form by Marc Augé, that “intercuts autobiography, anthropology, philosophy, and film criticism in a manner both lucid and richly suggestive” according to a review printed on its rear cover (Kehr in Augé 2009). Nowhere however, in its text, in its reviews, nor in the contextualizing essay by Tom Conley (Conley in Augé 2009: 79 – 104) is the word autoethnography invoked. By using the five points offered by Anderson in 3.3 it is possible to digest this absence and the reasons for it.

But first to the book and its significance here: it opens with an epigraph by the author “This text is not an autobiography, but more likely the “montage” of a few memories. I could have chosen other memories – or another montage” (Augé 2009). It is then, a piece of memory, a personal account told through the film *Casablanca*: what it becomes is an exquisite act of personal remembering through the cultural siting of an iconic film. Augé was born in Paris, living there during the Nazi regime as a child. He then leaves Paris by train with his mother, and becomes an exile just as Rick and Ilsa do in the film. So Augé is a *complete member in the social world under study* (Anderson 2006: 373), the world in this case is that of, as the subtitle suggests, ‘Movies and Memory’, he is also *visibly and actively present in the text* (ibid) and yet the text fails the other three of Anderson’s criteria. As a work it slips between the boundaries of classification: it is not just an autobiography, it is not just a work of film criticism and it is not a piece of autoethnography. It does however borrow from all three of these fields in order to create a text that, by talking about the film and the self in the same breath, the same typeface and the same work, gives the reader the tools to unlock this experience as personal and cultural, as evidence of how something really was for a particular person. I, as the reader of this text become involved in it, because I too, have seen *Casablanca*. The text begins with Augé walking through Paris, making for the cinema in which he has watched the film before, and will watch the film again:

Walking by the Lycée Fénelon, I hasten my pace for fear that the waiting line in front of the Action Christine is already forming. It’s never very long, but I want to have my seat in the last row. The woman behind the box-office window, with whom I like to think I share a tacit complicity, usually welcomes me with a happy smile when I stand before the window. The usherette, when I slip a coin into her hand, gratifies me with a

“merci,” uttered in a personal tone, expressing more than familiarity, a kind of immemorial intimacy. In truth, it seems as if I’ve always known her, even though she is still young, forty at most. The ushers in the Rue des Écoles take part in the same timelessness. Especially the lady of the Champo, whose first duty is to sell tickets but who sometimes leaves her glass cage to gossip with old clients about the weather or passing time. (Augé 2009: 1)

It ends 75 pages later, with Augé once more, rushing along the Lycée Fénelon to ensure his same seat. In between these two trips we are taken on a journey, a trip through Augé’s memory, and ours, of seeing Casablanca in its wider significance, that of leaving home, the uncertainty of this event, whose only seeming certainty is that it will happen to all of us at some point or other in our lives.

I turned to Augé at this point, not only to underline that what I am setting about here, is not, nor is it aiming to be a work of autoethnography, but that it does relate to it, that it may in fact be said to have grown out of my (mis)-remembering of it, but also as shortly this thesis will divide into two paths that weave through each other to its conclusion. One will borrow a sensibility from Augé offered above, a sensibility addressed to the reader via a second font, as yet unencountered. The other path will continue in this Avenir Book 10pt, and carry with it the academic formalities of a research project. And so to continue along this trajectory I must now look over my shoulder at the issue of essentialism, that is levelled by Buzard in 1.3.

1.6 Essentialism, autoethnography and arts practice.

The essence of autoethnographic research is that there is something immeasurable at the heart of it: that of the subjective position wherein autoethnography “allows researchers to insert their personal and subjective interpretation into the research process” (Chang 2008: 45), and by its very nature, the subjective can never be rationally verified in an objective manner, the two positions are a binary set out by Cartesian science: it is my excitement at the interplay which occurs within autoethnography – a subjective form in a field primarily rooted in the objective sciences – that drew my research towards autoethnography (Roth 2005: 7).

Autoethnography posits that there is a depth to the experience that an individual can bring to the subject they are studying, that is not offered nor available from traditional forms of objective social

science enquiry (Short et al 2013: 4-5). The same could be said for practice-based research by artists who embark upon projects that inherently and necessarily involve the self as part of the research *and* part of the thing being researched, where the generation and application of idiosyncratic methods and uncertainties are not only inherent, but essential, of the essence of the thing (Kershaw and Nicholson 2011: 1-15; Smith-Shank and Keifer-Boyd 2007: 3). I am not seeking to become an autoethnographer through the process of this project, but I am seeking out, from within the realm of autoethnography, methods that may be of use to the artist, the performer, the generator of new forms of practice in which the self, its memories and emotions are integral.

1.7 On validity.

The issue inherently encountered in both these forms of research then is one of validity and verification. How can the value of a piece of research be verified by a third party if so much of that which is to be verified is internal, is phenomenological and particular. This issue recurs in many settings and brings the debate to phenomenology but before I discuss this I want to outline my position on the notion of validity, whereby in the arts field to which this research project is subject, a projects validity can mainly be verified in its usefulness and interest to other practitioners. In *Visualizing Research* Gray posits five factors that should sit in the foreground of ones mind at the outset of a PhD:

[1] Why is your research needed and *what* evidence is there to support this?

(Rationale)

[2] Who else in the field has addressed significant aspects of your research question?

(Competitors, contributors, co-operators)

[3] When (and possibly where) was the research carried out (Currency, cultural context)

[4] How has the research been carried out, and *what* are the implications of this for your methodology and specific methods?

[5] What gaps are left. ('Gaps' in knowledge, new ground.)

(Gray & Malins 2004, 35).

These five points were reiterated to me whilst on a residency, run by the European League for Innovation in the Arts at Nida, Lithuania in 2012. This residency, and my presence upon it, at that particular time, was instrumental and therefore demands some time investing in it and that time will

come. In answering these questions in brief now, I will be taking the first steps away from this outlining of autoethnography, taking the next turn along this thesis that is really a particular path, created between its writing and reading, through the past 6 years of my life.

1: Autoethnography is a rapidly evolving form of enquiry devised within the social sciences that may offer the artist key tools to interpret a rapidly changing cultural climate. One that is being accelerated daily by advances in all fields of culture and technology to which the artist, through the grace of his/her role as an interlocutor between fields, is inherently party.

2: This question demands a number of sections in the forthcoming thesis that will be encountered as the practice, that is transdisciplinary in nature, is laid out. It suffices to say here that some of the key theorists the thesis will encounter include Marc Augé, whose works *Oblivion* and *Casablanca* will be of particular interest. Later we will turn to the Walking Artists Network and the work of Nicolas Bourriaud to discuss the presence of performance and installation in the research.

3: This is intrinsically tied to point 2, so answering it will occur throughout the thesis. To at this stage put the readers mind at ease, due to my proactive presence in coordinating and attending a recent conference on the future of walking in arts practice as part of the Walking Artists Network, I am actively present in current discussions around the topic (see also Arnold et al 2015; Arnold in and Qualmann and Hind 2015; Arnold in Gilchrist et al 2015).

4: Other artists and PhD researchers, each with their own essentialist practices and methods will be encountered throughout this thesis.

5: Through the above four points the clear ground that will be outlined as 'new' is the adaptation of a set of methods from autoethnography and their use within the context of Fine Art that would be re-useable by other practitioners across Fine Art and performance studies, as the meandering paths of *Walking Home* draw to their conclusions in *Fondue*.

At this stage I would like to move the thesis beyond autoethnography for now and step out into the field, one last over-the-shoulder glance at Ellis is reiterated for "you can't have autoethnography without heart and soul: caring, feeling, passion, and vulnerability are at its center" (Ellis 2009b: 362). Autoethnography will crop up again further on in the thesis, approached from a different angle, and

through a different lens for “the creative process is a matter of being lost one minute and suddenly finding yourself 'in the clearing' the next: and that's about it” (Edwards B. in Freeman, 2010: 180).

The heart of my PhD project is a walk I made three years after the death of my estranged father, from the house I lived in to the house I was born: the practice is heavily imbued with emotion and vulnerability as I will show when later discussing such elements of my practice as *Fondue*.⁵ It was this personal basis for the practice that drew me to autoethnography as a methodology that aims to contextualize personal traumas in such a way that the perspective of the self in context offers a research method of interest to practitioners and researchers alike. I referred the reader above (p6) to a piece of free writing in which I question what would a transect be sampling if it were 9 miles long. In this research I am proposing to uncover what a transect 800 kilometres long can sample, using the contextualized self as a lens and the notions of autoethnography as an underpinning method. To do this I have adapted methods from analytical and evocative autoethnography, in order to bind a practice that is trans-disciplinary, but with its feet grounded in a Fine Arts practice that began with walking.

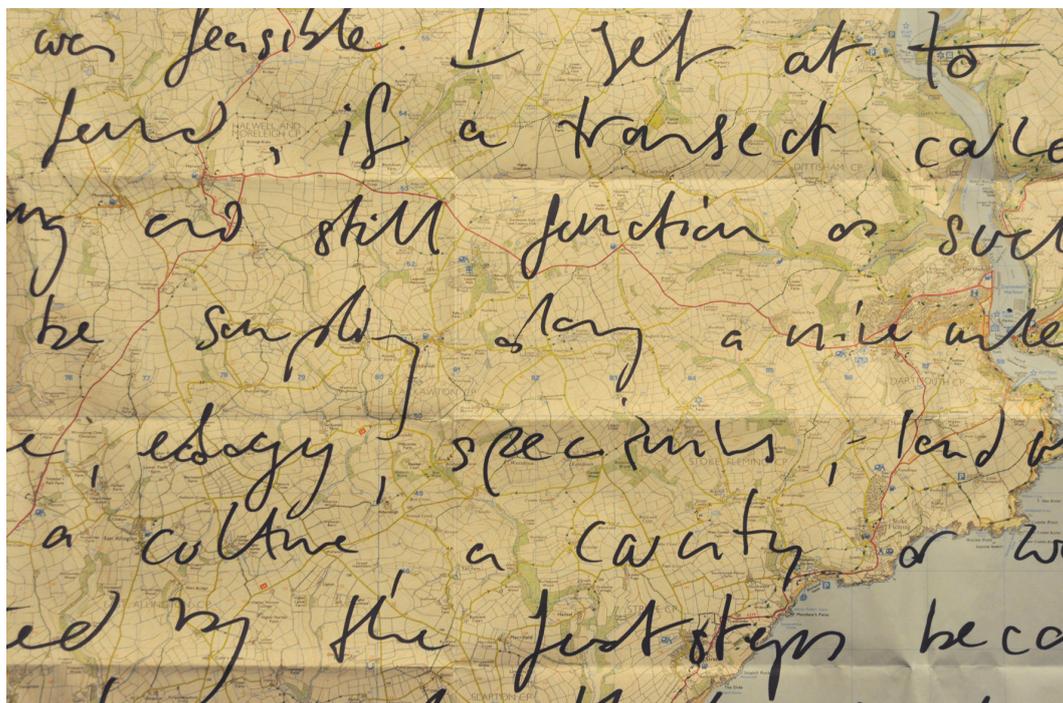


Fig. 2. Detail of a hand written map, part of *Door To Moor* (Arnold 2007a).

⁵ *Fondue* is a performance installation that is being developed through this research. See Part Five on pages 107-122 for the development of *Fondue*, and Part Seven on pages 138-167 for its progression.

Part two. How To Walk.

2.1 How to walk into writing, installation and performance.

Totnes High Street, early 2007.

The sky was a slate grey shade of Victorian oppression as we were walking up Totnes High Street¹, as my steps began to slow, I could feel my voice faltering in the half light and knew it was setting on again, that slow, retching tide of incomprehension at my current situation. Before I could manage to speak the words “I don’t think I can be around people right now” or “I don’t think I’m going to make it tonight” or, the more truthful “You go on ahead, I’ll catch you up”, spoken with the full knowledge that I would not catch her up, El² had already registered that I would not make it any further that evening, that I had to go home. El consented, almost silently, and left me there, standing in the loneliness of a summer holiday destination on a winters evening, she went on ahead. I turned around, and wept. I turned around and let my self fall out. I wept at the incomprehension of it all, I wept at the guilt of it, and the anger, and the isolating nature of it, but mainly I wept with incomprehension, without control or consolation.

My father had died, probably six months ago at this point, I had received his ashes by courier in the post, perhaps a few weeks ago, and I had recently moved house with them, carried them upstairs again into another new place to call home. That evening, I had been invited out *god knows where, with god knows whom*, and I was reading already, Duncan Minshull’s *Vintage compendium*.³ So that evening I went home, and I sat at my desk, and I opened the urn that contained my fathers’ ashes. I peeled off the brown parcel tape the crematorium staff had thought would suffice for keeping them all locked in there, and I unscrewed the lid of the matt green plastic urn. My father fell out in particular matter, sprang from the thread and tumbled onto the deep pile carpet and was lost forever.

It is amidst the context of this evening, that *Why Walk* the first of what have become nine text/drawings was written or begun.⁴ I had for weeks by then been walking a nondescript and unofficial path, from my front door to the edge of Dartmoor National Park⁵, writing upon my return and then clipping through my own writings, seeking out elements that could be of interest, I picked out short phrases, uncertain as to why, for their malleability, for their lack of particular detail, for their porosity, and inviting latitude, for their open horizon. I treated the authors presented within Minshull with the same intuitive manner with which I treated my own work.

Walking Home was a rule I set whilst embarking upon another performance: prior to my father’s death, whilst undertaking a work called *Walking To Peterborough* (Arnold 2006), I stated, silently and only to myself, that I could not, would not return to Switzerland, unless I was to walk there. It is with

this rule in mind that I set about my masters' degree in Arts & Ecology at Dartington. The walk itself was not a work of art, neither a performance nor an event, it was an act that I owed to myself and to my father, and to a household of strangers who had replied to my letter with an invitation, that of course, if I were to walk to Switzerland I would be welcome to stay, that they looked forward to meeting me.

Walking to Peterborough was a performance, a trite joke, to walk from London to Peterborough up and down all 7 carriages of the 8.44am from Kings Cross, in full hiking gear. Its significance here is to set the background for a book I bought off Amazon for a penny in early 2007. For it led me to the question, *Why Walk?* For "books radiate imagination. Marked and creased, buckled by the heat of the sun, fluted by damp, they gather associations and furnish our intimate lives" (Finlay 2001: 13), in my reading of *The Vintage Book of Walking* something came to be that was not there before, something arose out of the space between a reader and a text, something flew.

The Vintage Book of Walking promised to offer some answers to this and other questions but it was in its final descriptive tagline that I found fascination and here as there "on the road ahead the reader will be moved, amused, and surprised by over two hundred voices – each *attempting* to say why, how, and where they have made their tracks" (Minshull 2000). It is that *attempting* that is so alluring for, as Solnit puts it in *A Field Guide to Getting Lost*, one of my key companions on the 800km transect, "failure is what we learn from mostly" (Solnit 2006: 107), and to admit what you are undertaking is an attempt, is to concede that it may not work, that it may fail, but primarily that its outcome is uncertain. *Why Walk?* For the uncertainty of it, for the unknown and for the unknowable, for "there are things we will never see, unless we walk to them" (Clark 2001: 16), for the illusion of the self and the illusion of home that we each carry, for walking is the simplest way of connecting oneself to the world to move from the idea of something to its creation, "to turn a vague notion into a particular narrative" (Holmes in Minshull 2000: xi).

Thus stated, this project is into and enveloped in the period 'after' a walk, it is not about 'before' nor does it have much to contribute to the debates surrounding the 'during' of a walk, though everything that takes place 'after' a walk does necessarily pay some homage to that 'during'. This project then is about memory and interpretation, what comes 'after' the event and uses autoethnographic methods to expand the realm of these interpretations. In order to fully furnish the reader with the necessary contextual parameters however, I will continue by opening out some methods that were generated during my study at Dartington College of Art, the 'before' of the walk.

2.2 Why Walk.

The search for the beginning of walking in creative practice is heavily trodden territory, akin to the mire of muck that builds up by a stile in the corner of a sodden Cornish field. The mire, of course, is created by the passage of many from one place to another, and passing through it leads out into the open, where new blades of grass may be turned, narrated or described; the autoethnographic transect here under construction is a toolkit for traversing the mire, but it remains impossible not to get mud on one's boots in the process.



Fig. 3. Still from *Walking to Work*, a series of recorded solo-walks 2013-2015.

The foundation of the text/drawings is an anthology compiled by Minshull (Minshull 2000), recently republished under the title *While Wandering: A Walking Companion* (Minshull 2014) with an introduction by Robert Macfarlane. It is through my choice of Minshull's anthology that I engage with many noted key figures such as Rousseau who is, according to Solnit's now canonical *Wanderlust* (Solnit 2001), one of the first instigators of the necessary relationship between walking and writing, for as he states in his *Confessions* "I can only meditate when I am walking. When I stop, I cease to think; my mind only works with my legs" (Rousseau 1953: 382). In his text on the history of Western Civilization, Maleuvre notes the work of Petrarch whose letters from Mt Ventoux were written in 1336 stating that "[t]his was surely not the first time someone had scaled a mountain to catch the scenery; but it was the first time someone bothered to write an epistle on the subject" (Maleuvre 2011: 144). Coverley's 2012 study *The Art of Wandering* (Coverley 2012) pinpoints William Hazlitt, a friend to

Coleridge and Wordsworth as one of the key writers who turned to walking with his essay 'On Going A Journey' that is "perhaps the best known essay in the entire walking canon" (ibid: 90).

Dee Heddon seconds Coverley's position in the April 2012 edition of *Performance Research Journal* entitled *On Foot* (Heddon 2012: 67). Her essay discusses her project 40 Walks, whose archived blog begins "On the 3 December 2009, I turned 40. To mark this occasion, I invited 40 people to invite me on a walk of their choice; a short walk or a long one; familiar or unknown..." (Heddon 2009). Another perspective is offered by Amato who points out that "however fast and far we travel, we return to walking to understand our own natural speed and movement" (Amato 2005: 277) and that in the early 21st century, in the time of slow travel, slow food, transition town movements, divestment strategies, forest schools and paleo-dieting "walking [has] gathered sufficient mass to attract its own genealogical traditions into orbits about itself [...] and to survive happily with its prophets, Long and Fulton, in the wilderness" (Smith in Mock 2009: 88). The task of this autoethnographic transect is to develop a way of coping with this available everything, and devise a new method for negotiating it, traversing it and describing it.

Why Walk was written and printed in 2008, the year before I walked to Switzerland. Its writing style is intuitive and light, to the extent of being naïve, intentionally contradicting the physical, documentary and formal nature of printing, the commitment involved in creating a document (Verwoert in Neurer 2003: 9). As can be seen in Fig 4, an A3 fold out of *Why Walk*; a text is constructed from snippets extracted from Minshull's anthology, from writers who may or may not be famous for writing about walking but have done so, these snippets are then interspersed with a narrative of my own. The extracts and half sentences are sourced from Duncan Minshull's compendium for Vintage, the source for the nine text/drawings that make up the series *How To Walk*. Minshull's text is a compendium of occurrences of walking throughout the history of literature, going back as far as Petrarch's 1336 account of his scaling of Mount Ventoux and coming as far forward as Herzog's eccentric 1976 pilgrimage entitled *Of Walking In Ice* (Herzog 1991). Minshull's original text is broken into chapters, the titles for which I have borrowed as the individual titles of a series of drawings that lead the reader/viewer along the journey from London to Switzerland, whilst binding my practice to that of some of the originators of the development of walking as a practice and in particular its relationship to writing, whereby Wallace suggests the peripatetic practitioner aims "toward the re-creation of the self, reconnection with nature and so with the divine, continuity of sense, mind and spirit, community and connection with a communal past" (1994: 17). These texts are multi-layered with several ways of reading them offered to the audience; they engage emotionally with the personal experience and

memory of the walk, whilst locating the practice culturally, by placing the text drawings playfully amongst the canon of Romantic and peripatetic writers.

The text *Why Walk*, though it could easily have been re-written over the course of my PhD, has been kept in its original state in order to better explore the influence of autoethnography upon my practice. *Why Walk*, like the question itself, offers up a myriad of answers and meanders through the text with little seeming direction; it is a work that is working itself out through process. There are perceptible moments where the forthcoming quote forces a turn in focus on my part: “to the sense and eyes of an observant walker”, taken from Robert Walser’s *The Walk* (Walser 1992), is preceded by a sentence where I write, “outside in the sunlight I see their eyes glimmer at the trees above...” it is my knowing that I next need to write towards the Walser quote that forces the text in a particular direction and this perpetuates the meandering stream of the text.

A similar incident can be found just a few lines later in the relationship between Søren Kierkegaard’s “...conversation...” and the switch in play of my writing that precedes it: “like that of a small bird at the conversations that flit around the ears.” In both these cases it is the forthcoming quote that dictates the play of the text and that pulls the writing along. During the production of *Why Walk*, I was unaware of this pulling, too busy being pulled, nor was I conscious of the potential within the practice, to use it as an autoethnographic process to site my writing and walking practice amongst the 200 authors offered by Minshull. The full series of nine drawings is distributed throughout this thesis as *Why Walk* has already been encountered. As with the texts themselves their inclusion in this way pushes or pulls the thesis along, moving the reader through phases of practice and contextual study traversing the transect.

2.3 Door To Moor.

Why Walk was written during a period of exploration on my part during an MA in Arts & Ecology, an MA that explicitly invited the role of the amateur into one’s practice. Amateur is a word whose Latin origins tie it to that of love, originating in *amator* lover, and *amare* to love; it is therefore based upon a passionate devotion to, and exploration of, an idea. The idea I explored as part of a project called *Door To Moor* was at its root a simple one, to borrow the notion of a transect from ecology and apply it, on a much larger scale, to a walk (Arnold 2007a). I had by then a practice that was rooted in walking, set in motion by it and taken from it, all the while being a practice that was digested and reconstituted for re-presentation ‘after’ the walk.

John Ruskin, *The Path*, 1856

Here one could imagine a mule, or an ass, doggedly carrying its ill-odored shipment over the Atlas mountains and down, into Morocco.

With this word I am 14 years old, again in South Wales, reading the lyrics of Lizzy Talbot.

To those foolish questions I always tried to respond that if I were to be a saint, I would be a wren.

"You can't phone again." The last line from *The Web & the Lark*.

Lain Finkel, *Lights Out for the Territory*, 1997.

Werner Herzog, *Of Walking in Ice*, 1978.

Jean-Jacques Rousseau, *Confessions*, 1781.

Paul Bailey, *Immaculate Mistake*, 1990.

Henry David Thoreau, *Walking: Excursions*, 1848.

Trying to do it not. Why walk.

Definitely, defining walking as nothing exciting, little more than a technical detail of our being here, on earth.

Robert Walser, *The Walk*, 1917.

Of the few immutable truths the most melancholic one: We are all, inevitably and inevitably, alone.

"I do not know whether I was then a man, dreaming I was a butterfly, or whether I am now a butterfly dreaming I was a man."

Entropy being either a dream science has constructed to defend its fictions or the highly important atom of the 2nd law of thermodynamics.

Wore second hand & just all. We have been over 2000m and together as well as lost in northern France, didn't walking home.

Are not what they were. Perhaps memory can create apparitions that never existed in my time.

Ivan Turgenev, *First Love*, 1860.

How would you go about writing 10 miles? A pick at every fence post along the way? A catalogue of observations as a 10 mile fax roll? A word made long?

John Steinbeck, *Hurry on Down*, 1958.

It is probable you already are here, you may just not have noticed.

Like the art of travel there seems to be a collective forgetting of the majesty of the journey besides the paperwork of arrival.

And here I certainly do not lay claim to my superior size.

Samuel Johnson.

I must walk somewhere, and the post office is an object I have visited before. The people there are grey, they shudder in there, but outside in the sunlight I see their eyes glimmer at the trees above for to the sense and eyes of an observant walker the birds whistle and twittering they cry. (walk not with downcast eyes) but open and unclouded minds. We left there then, all alone, strolling our strides in our each impassioned ways that were likely as different as all our dreams are to all our realities and though I should concede to the no bullshit materialist that this sounds suspiciously like decadence, I do not, a poetic entropy perhaps but the born again walker is a stubborn creature more interested in noticing everything other than himself. Drifting along, eyes switched on, neck and head twitching eagerly like that of a small bird at the conversations that flit around the cars, comments here and there in distemper and then, after the conversation had ended, there was only one thing left for me to do; instead of going home, to go walking again. Up the hill in dawn mist, four pheasant cocks and a horse cracked path, wet stone and the braying of domesticated bovines drifting down the vale. My boots were so strong and new I had confidence in them. And striding along I dreamt and hoped that perhaps a walk would dissipate my sorrows. It did. Sometimes. Sometimes. It did not. Sometimes too I remembered walking with her through the woods along the banks of the Isis, holding these memories now like fragile egg shells she came back to me. I recall (she didn't like it when people went off God knows where with God knows whom.) But I was sat for a moment when that thought returned and I found myself stuck in the rut of it and momentarily I was troubled for when I stay in one place I can hardly think at all. I get stuck in memories like that until the crows fly over and the gaps in my memory recede. (More walking. More writing.) One always leads again to the other the pen strolls across its white field till dry and then leads me out of the door and into the lane or the street, the field or the mountain depending on the door. If muscular fatigue is what I need then I am gone, boots on. I shall walk at least ten miles then write this evening, at least ten more. When I walked again through that memory of earlier I noticed something new, as I often do, (I was never approached by strangers, perhaps because I wore the mad look of a determined solitary. (You should take a man outdoors and walk him about) I was once told by my mother though, also being told not to talk to strangers I resolved to wait until I became a man so that I could walk myself about. I have since found this to be excellent advice and henceforth pass it on to all and sundry and not just men. (It requires a direct dispensation from heaven to become a walker) and though I hold no claim to such divinity I now proffer you my dispensation such as it is, though I warn you, very few men know how to take a walk.

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though I warn you, very few men know how to take a walk.

though I hold no claim to such divinity I now proffer you my dispensation such as it is, though I warn you, very few men know how to take a walk.

Summer 2006.

My father died just two days before my 24th birthday, I found out over the phone whilst sat at home in London.⁶ I had been living in London for a year and a half by now, walking my way around the city, partly out of economy and partly out of a wilful form of self-preservation, isolation being easiest to find on the backstreets of the city, in perpetual motion.⁷

Two months later, the funeral a month past, I moved to a small village in Devon to start an MA in Arts & Ecology. The initial shock of the village shops opening hours receded after a few weeks and I found myself being able to step out into the countryside into almost immediate and pristine isolation, I was in love with it, the melancholy of the falling leaves, and I was frustrated with it. Walking was my only way of getting around and the edge of Dartmoor National Park was nine miles away, a nine-mile walk before I could go for a walk.⁸

My love for walking, for nature and for reading was re-cast under the shadows of melancholy and grief that were to continue throughout the next two years.⁹ I spent a considerable amount of time in the post office sending letters by express or special delivery, and I'm not sure whether the people there were really grey, or whether I forced that upon them, but it was certainly a place I went often.

Door to Moor was my di-gestation of three months worth of walking back and forth along a set path, 9 miles long, from my front door to the edge of Dartmoor National Park. This inherently set subjectivity at the top of this path's agenda, as the title *Walking Home*, once again set subjectivity in motion here. The course at Dartington took as one of its key nodal points Guattari's *The Three Ecologies* but as Guattari in *The Three Ecologies* sets out instead of speaking of the 'subject' as an individual being "we should perhaps speak of *components of subjectification*, each working more or less on its own" (his emphasis 2005: 36); by this he goes on to outline, that the subject, the one who is having experiences in and of the world, has those experiences in and amongst other things, beings and timelines. The self then, emerges always at a crossroads between things, in context. The multiple approaches taken to the transect of *Door to Moor* were experiments taken upon these crossroads, and this exposition of *Walking Home* sets in motion further experiments. Guattari himself then goes on to concede that "it remains difficult to get people to listen to such arguments" (ibid: 36). It is indeed interesting that this doubt has a similar feel to the uncertainty to which autoethnography is frequently faced (see Part One pages 26-33)⁶.

⁶ See the extensive notes to *The Three Ecologies* (2005) and chapters 1 and 3 from Genusko's *An Aberrant Introduction* (2002) for a more detailed analysis of Guattari's notion of subjectification.

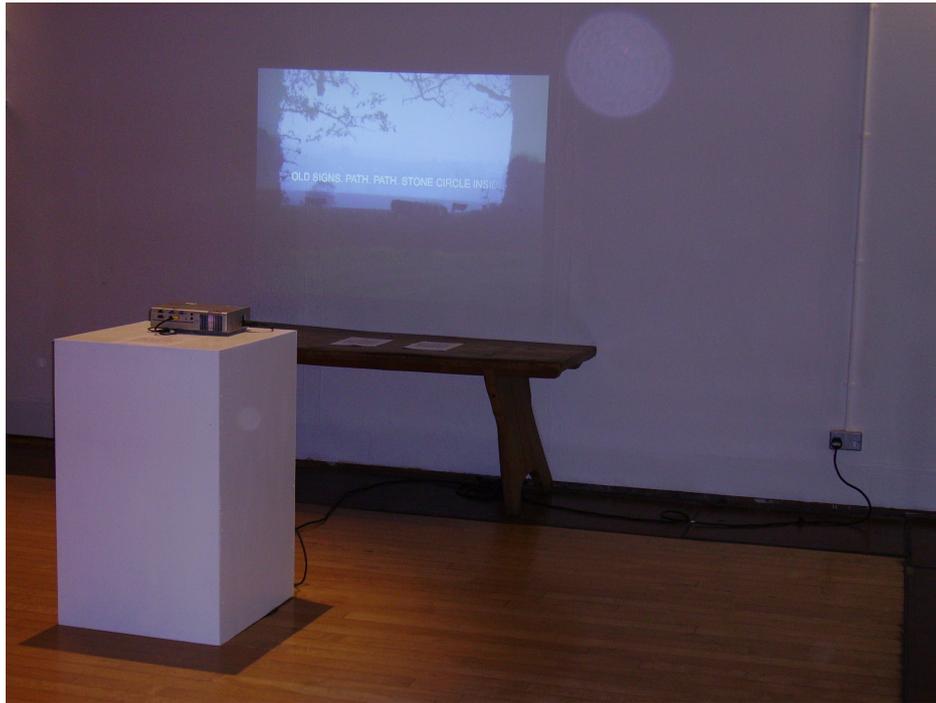


Fig. 5. *Door To Moor* (Arnold 2007a) installation detail.

The transect in *Door To Moor* was explored or cut through a multitude of experimental lenses, taking the form of experiments. These included: photography, with numerous sets of photographs taken facing north and south along the route of the transect, a restriction upon aesthetic decision making on my part as photographer; one un-edited set of digital photographs taken intuitively on the first walk; a single walk solely documented through one colour slide film found amongst my fathers possessions; idiosyncratic mathematics through which I calculated the distance of the path based upon the length of my own stride that was measured on a number of various inclines along the transect; biological collections procured in line with the photographs, taken at junctures both north and south of the transect; memorial texts as writings from memory of as much as one could recall from the first footstep to the last. These components of subjectification, each approach a new way of meeting the crossroads between the self and its environments are, taken individually, seemingly impersonal and incoherent; when placed together as they were in Figure 6, for an early performance lecture these components, inevitably become subjective, a construction of and by the self composed of an assemblage of different mediums and processes. Each of these ideas in *Door To Moor* has reemerged within either the process of the walk in *Walking Home* or in the process of re-interpreting it after the fact.



Fig. 6. *Door to Moor* still from a performance lecture, Dartington, 2007.

Why Walk was written prior to my commencing this research project or the journey upon which it is founded. As such it is of interest to this discussion in relation to how it functions differently in comparison with the eight other works in this series. And so I turn the reader's attention to *How To Walk*, the second work in the series that takes Chapter 2 from Minshull's work as its foundation (A3 fold out after page 45). Through the comparison of these two works, writing, and its foundations within conceptual art, will be drawn into the discussion, as will the influence of autoethnography upon this series of text/drawings.

How To Walk directly addresses a particular experience, a particular event, though it retains a sense of distance in the process. The first three sentences meander in a similar way to *Why Walk*, highlighting in the process, the air of uncertainty, doubt and intuition that circulates through this autoethnographic practice, until allusion to something particular occurs with the statement as in Figure 7.

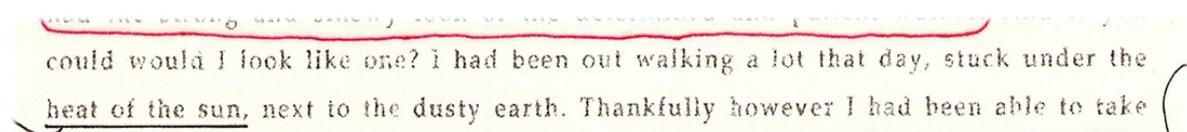


Fig. 7 *How To Walk*. (Arnold 2015) Detail.

The sentence is knowingly vague, designed to draw a reader/viewer in and onward, along the path of the text. These texts were written with a sensibility that is both conscious and unconscious, from a position of conscious awareness of an intuitive process (Bannerman 2006: 14-22).

As with much of my work the process of production is driven by self-imposed rules. A codified sequence of instructions is followed in the production of the works: A leads to B, which leads to C which leads to D. Where A is an initial process of reading a text, B is re-reading the same text with a highlighter or pen, alighting on elements of text that are of interest, C is a handwritten process to unite these various forms of text into a single unit of text, and D is re-writing this text by typing it into a computer, a form of refining process that seeks to direct the text. Here the intuitive processes B and C are bracketed by the conscious processes of A and D, giving the outcome of the work a degree of control, mixed knowingly with, and in contradiction to, intuitive process.

A similar set of processes are then used in the annotation-stage of the text/drawings construction. A2 is a close reading of the overall text, B2 alights on elements of the text I am drawn to, or feel the need, or see a potentiality in the text, C2 is a writing of this annotation in draft form and D2 is the compilation of these annotations into a final setting. In Fig. 8 *How To Walk* is shown in the A2-D2 phase of the works development, whereby the primary text composed of Minshull's anthology and my own work, is then treated in a similar fashion generating the layering of annotation.

That zone was full of the kind of heat that inhibits ones purpose, so as to make you wish for Riv.

Fig. 9. *How To Walk* (Arnold 2015). Detail.

And at some point in LOB I broke them. Planta fasciatis is an injury with an 18 month long trail and I have not thought clearly upon a walk since.

Fig. 10. *How To Walk* (Arnold 2015). Detail.

As shown in figures 9 and 10 the autoethnographic influence underlying *How To Walk* is also displayed through its annotations. These two particular annotations are chosen for the particular way in which they function temporally, expanding the time-period of the work both backwards, to a period 'during' the walk, and forward to a period 'after' the walk thereby breaking out from linearity to non-linear processes that push the reader to question their role and presence in completing the final form of the text. By giving these texts multiple voices, multiple authors even, opens the writing up, to invite its own interpretation, to undermine "the 'message' of the Author-God" and seek a unity in the destination of a text, that destination being a reader, as opposed to that unity being found in its author (Barthes 1977: 146-147). I am both present and absent in these texts, they are both particularly about something I did whilst simultaneously clearly not just about something I did, for the initial direction in *How To Walk* is from someone else's hand: "for everyone knows what a difference there is between walking with an object and without one, so I always choose a goal like

Rome, or the Paris exhibition, or Stonehenge, or as it turned out to be in this case, my intention was to walk back to a house I lived in once, on a hillside above a lake in Switzerland". An annotation to this last quote further illuminates this multi-voiced presence:

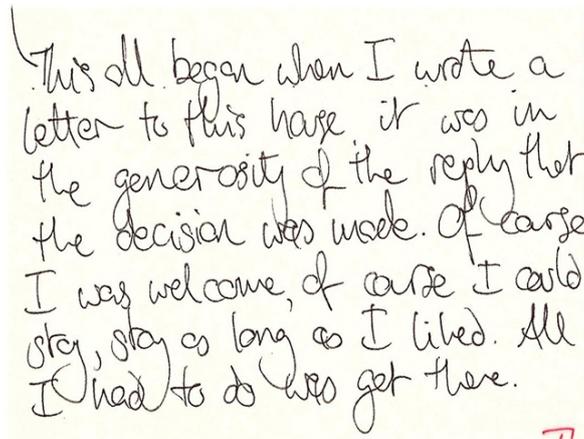
A photograph of a yellow sticky note with handwritten text in black ink. The text is written in a cursive, slightly slanted script. The note is placed on a white background. The text reads: "This all began when I wrote a letter to this house, it was in the generosity of the reply that the decision was made. Of course I was welcome, of course I could stay, stay as long as I liked. All I had to do was get there." There is a small red mark at the bottom right corner of the sticky note.

Fig. 11. *How To Walk* (Arnold 2015). Detail.

That the reader/viewer is in total control of how he/she takes in these text/drawings is a certainty that I am both aware of and intrinsically unable to control. The position taken is one that offers a text through which a reader can meander, a text that functions as a journey taken by each individually, and at the same time, by each, never the same again, the "reader is without history, biography, psychology; he/[she] is simply that someone who holds together in a single field all the traces by which the written text is constituted" (Barthes 1977: 148).

2.4 On conceptual aesthetics and romantic vision.

Aesthetic considerations are also at play in the series *How To Walk*. Alongside the more direct confrontation with the canon of writers (who walk, and are gathered by Minshull), the aesthetic dimension holds a presence that aligns the work with the canonical body of work most generally referred to as Conceptual Art. This alignment is intentional as it sets into play two schools of thinking that are seemingly disparate: that of the conceptualist and that of the romantic. These two issues will be dealt with in turn, before being combined in a radical realignment of art history undertaken by Jorg Heiser in his work with the curator and critic Jan Verwoert that coins the phrase "Romantic-Conceptualism" (Heiser 2007).

It has been said that conceptual art has always had a significant relationship with writing, and this can be clearly seen in the output of some of its major proponents such as Jenny Holzer, Douglas Huebler, Bas Jan Ader, On Kawara (See fig 13 – 16 below). Tony Godfrey sets out the use of language as one of the four key forms of Conceptual Art wherein “the concept, proposition or investigation is presented in the form of language” (Godfrey, 1998: 7). Simon Morley also discusses writing’s role as art, as opposed to writing’s role in art, which he ties to a piece by Robert Barry from 1969, a sign that read ‘During the exhibition the gallery will be closed’, stating that it thus “became possible to speak not simply of words in art, but of words as art” (Morley 2003: 139). Each of the above mentioned artists is noted for their use of text that is either formulaic, in the case of Holzer (Joselit et al 1998) and Kawara (Watkins and Denizot 2002), or the use of hand-written font as in the case of Ader (Ader 2006).

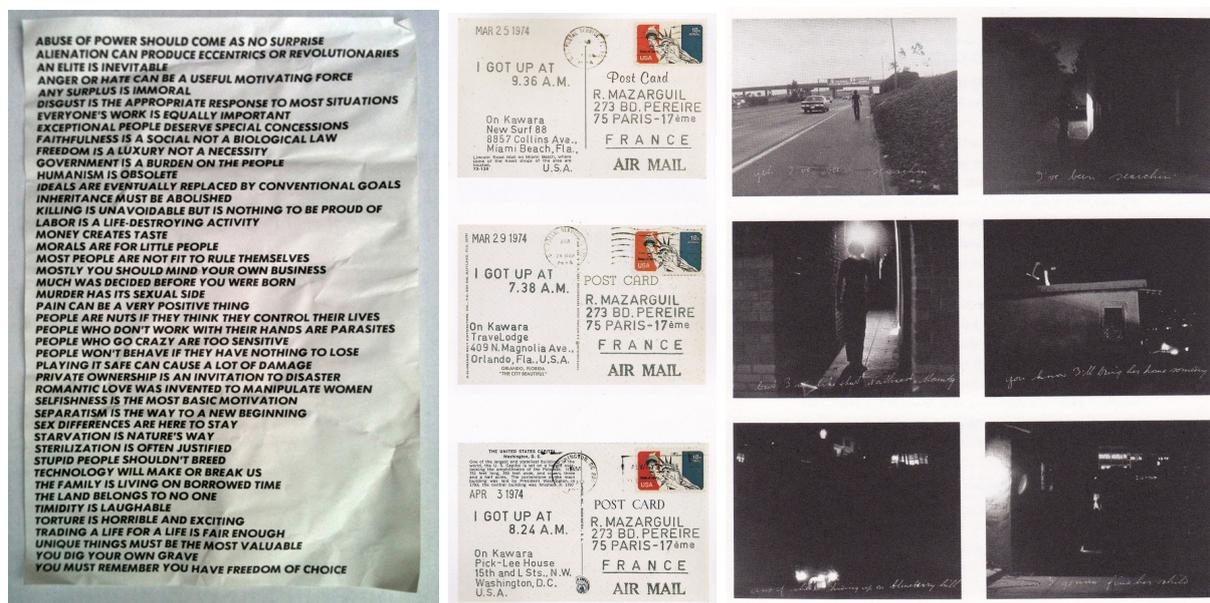


Fig 13. *Truisms*. Jenny Holzer.

Fig 14. *I got up*. On Kawara. 1974 -.

Fig 15. *Searchin'*. Bas Jan Ader.

The series *How To Walk* straddles the bridge between the two approaches to text evidenced in these four works: hand-written annotations surround a printed form of text instigated in a particular way via a process I refer to as hand-finished toner printing: the use of an inverted photocopy as source for each print, transferred by hand directly onto handmade paper; a particularly flexible form of printing that I have been developing throughout the course of this project, and in particular in relation to the development of the graphic score (see figures 16 – 21 below) for *Fondue* that forms a key focus for discussion in Parts 6 and 7 (pages 123 – 167).

Jocelyn Chastain, *The Songlines*. 1987.

And at some point in 2013 I broke them. Plantar fasciitis is an injury with an 18 month long trail and I have not thought clearly upon it well since.

As with anything there is this constant nagging fear that over-analyzing something will destroy ones ability to do it. The same way one struggles to run upstairs if you think about it too much.

How to walk

Apes, have flat feet. I noticed this just the other day in a zoo, and then I looked at mice, skinny and crooked, arched to high heaven, tiny little toes and I wondered whether you could look at someone's feet and be able to say with confidence that he had the strong and sinewy look of the determined and patient walker. And if you could would I look like one? I had been out walking a lot that day, stuck under the heat of the sun, next to the dusty earth. Thankfully however I had been able to take the advice of a friend and I tell you now with confidence, sponge your feet with cold vinegar, change your socks every ten miles and show me blisters after that if you can. It was nice out there, comfortable. There were no other footsteps and no other people, just the regular click of my own against the soft hot tar or dusted path. There are many things to think about whilst walking, if things are made in factories with things what makes the things you need to make the things, and then what makes those things and those things and those things? Or whether quantitative thinking could ultimately produce some sort of determination of the footwear most likely to be suitable to the average man in the average country. Science invades my mind in all its ridiculousness as I find myself feeling proud that I was born into the world and I have seen something of it, with just me and my feet. Sometimes with maps and sometimes without, its more fun that way but when tramping across forest and mountain it is as well to carry with you sections of the government survey, by the aid of which you can often locate yourself when otherwise hopelessly lost. And then you are back, after a long tramp, into the city where you live and you stay there for so long, too long and in these dark moments, (the darkest hours of urban depression I will sometimes take out the dog's-eared map and dream awhile of more spacious days.) And you can sit there in the dark candlelit night surrounded by friends, perhaps at a party and remember one of the pleasantest things in the world is going on a journey; but I like to go by myself. We are social animals yes I concede but never the less a walking tour should be gone on alone, because freedom is of the essence and when I am out there alone in the world, with no one knowing where I stand bent upon pleasure and anxious that my employment should be unalloyed I always have a smile on my face and a nostalgic tear in my eye. You walk alone and you carry all you need and you smile and you cry because you have to go home again but in case of heavy rain, you plan, and I proposed to make myself a little tent, or tentlet, with my waterproof coat, three stones, and a bent branch and hide there at night until the sun comes back again. Anything can happen out there for you are never the only walker and every now and then things happen and I once sat and witnessed a succession of events, a parade of faces, which bewildered me and made me forget my own troubles, in all the bright lights and colourful patterns. And the walker has social duties too, and has laws thrust upon him and trespassers will be prosecuted though I know not how. So you avoid that field and you turn towards the next destination or the next attraction for everyone knows what a difference there is between walking with an object and without one, so I always choose a goal like Rome, or the Paris exhibition or Stone Henge, or as it turned out to be, in this case, my intention was to walk back to a house I lived in once, on a hillside above a lake in Switzerland.

That bone was full of the kind of heat that inhibits ones purpose, so as to make you wish for rain.

Have you ever played that game on a train platform where you try and guess where and why people are going places?

Ernest Delahaye on Arthur Rimbaud. 1925

Sorry to proffer a felsenhood here but this sounds ridiculous. I have never gone for a walk with some vinegar & a sponge.

G.K. Chesterton, *The Queer Feet*. 1910.

This flower is really about the pursuit of beginnings, the endless pursuit of beginnings. About tracing the disciplinary influences back through the clutter of culture.

Stephen Graham, *The Gentle Art of Tramping*. 1926.

For if one swallows Quorum Theory whole, all of Sciences certainties become questionable.

Walter Collins, *Rambler's Railway*. 1888.

Memory is a rag-pinned thing indeed. For the weight of the pack, the heat of the road, the length of the day... None of them were comfortable.

Stephen Graham, *The Gentle Art of Tramping*. 1926.

A project by Vikaly Kumar & Alex Melamed once tried to discern the "ideal landscape" and countries, as disparate as Iceland & Kenya produced surprisingly similar results.

A.H. Siddiqui, *Walking Essays* 1912.

Some government surveys are better than those for in the wake of which the victors denied the losers the right to produce their own crepuscular surveys.

R.L. Stevenson, *Walking bus*. 1876.

Deep in the night of France a German bohemian walked past me making for Paris. We shared a kilometre together.

William Hazlitt, *On going a journey*. 1822.

Petrarch, *The Ascent of Mont Ventoux*. 1336.

R.L. Stevenson, *Travels with a Donkey*. 1879.

This nostalgic tear is in the knowing that you have to go back one day, to look upon the shadows of your past in your present.

George Trevelyan, *Chis: A course & other essays*. 1913.

Arthur Wainwright, *A Pennine Journey*. 1926.

This comment is the equivalent of a dog in a Constable painting, for if Constable erred he would put a dog in. And here I have trespassed upon the writing of Andrew Young, Private Jan 17, to whom I owe this debt.

This all began when I wrote a letter to this house, it was in the generosity of the reply that the decision was made. Of course I was welcome, of course I could stay, stay as long as I liked. All I had to do was get there.

The Reverend A.N. Cooper, MA, Vicar of Fyfe, Yorks. *Tramps of the 'walking person'*. 1902.

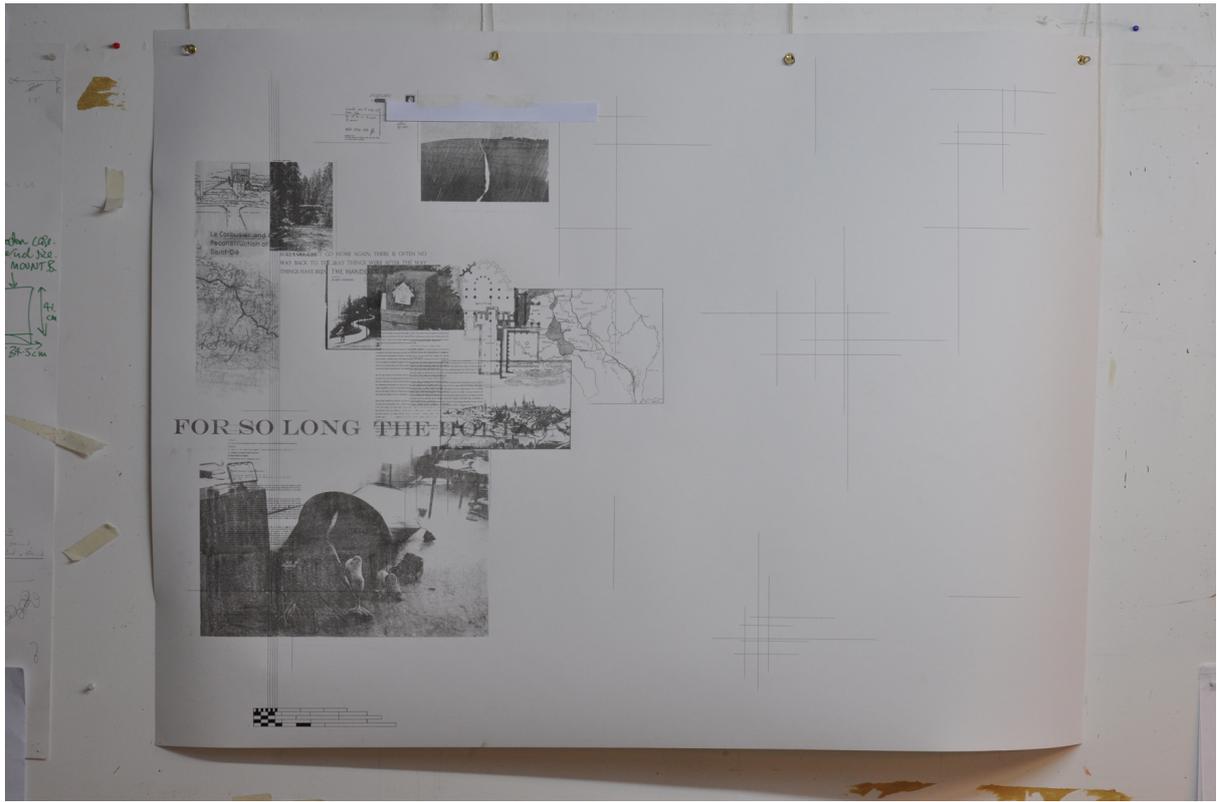


Fig. 16. *Fondue: A Graphic Score*. Process shot from studio. 2015



Fig. 17. *Fondue: A Graphic Score*. Process shot from studio. 2015

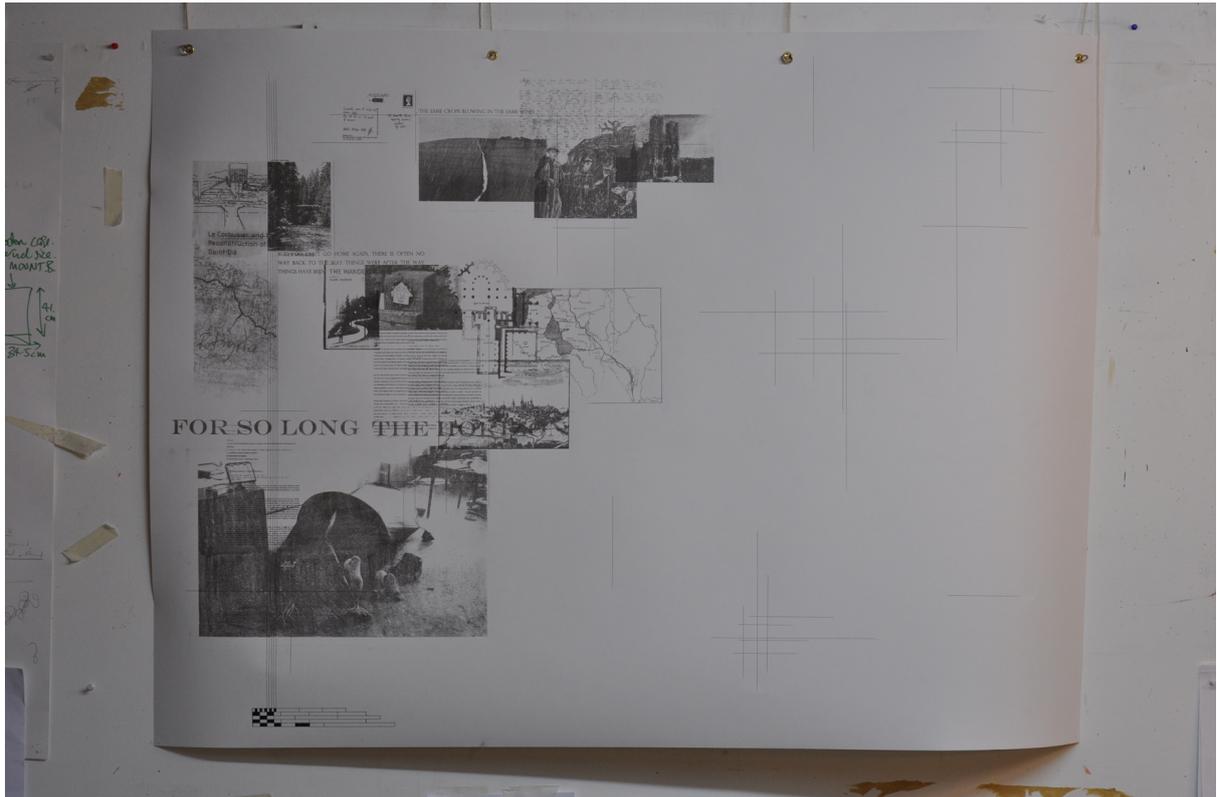


Fig. 18. *Fondue: A Graphic Score*. Process shot from studio. 2015

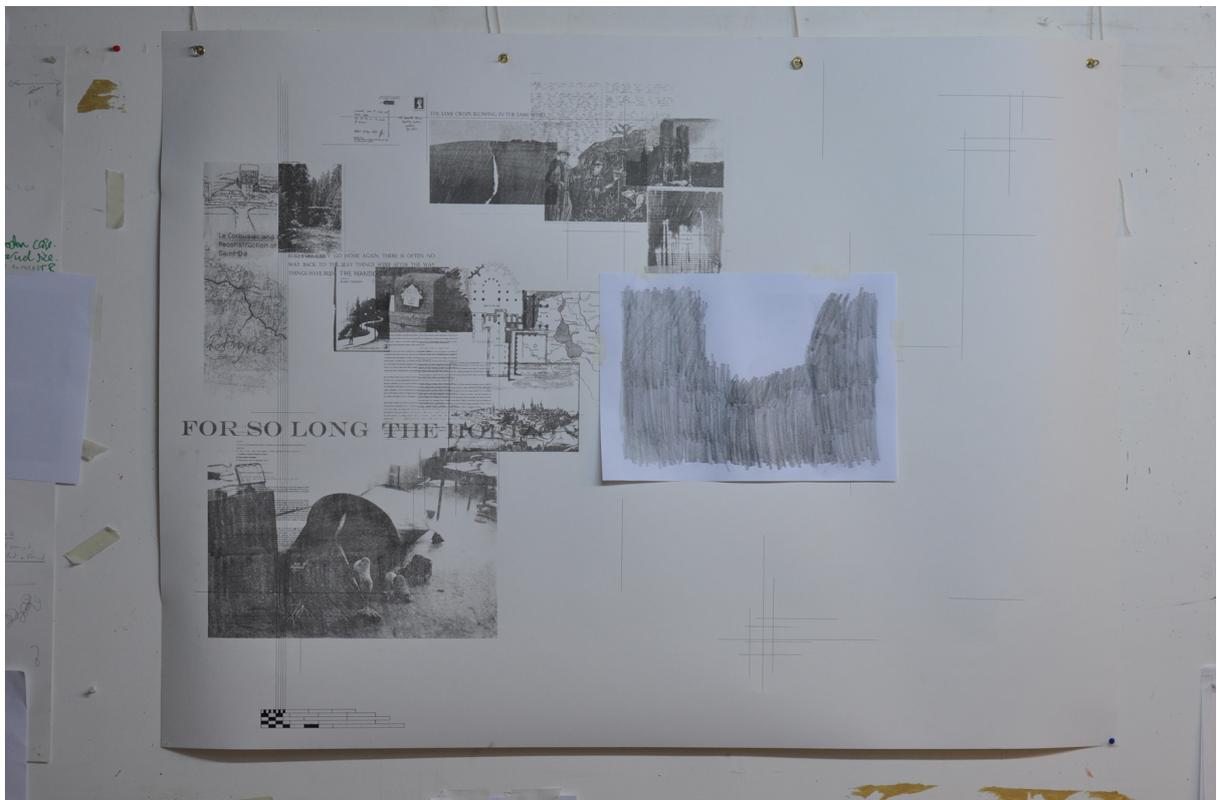


Fig. 19. *Fondue: A Graphic Score*. Process shot from studio. 2015



Fig. 20. *Fondue: A Graphic Score*. Process shot from studio. 2015



Fig. 21. *Fondue: A Graphic Score*. Process shot from studio. 2015

Vauclair Abbey, late 2014.

The second time I arrived at Vauclair Abbey¹⁰ it was an arrival to a different place altogether.

The first time I arrived there I had come upon it in the middle of a sunny weekday, the fields of spinach and beans blowing in the summer wind, red poppies growing out of their hedgeless verges. I sat down with exhaustion and rested for little more than 15 minutes before I had to move on. The walk itself was done in such a rush, to such a time constraint, that it forced my hand and drove my desire to revisit certain places upon it.

But when I arrived there for the second time I discovered that places we revisit after a long absence remind us not of the place we were planning to visit, but they remind us that we do not matter, that we are of no consequence to the passing of time, the turning of the seasons, the lie of the land.¹¹ For in my returning I discovered that Vauclair, as a place, had carried on without me, that it had not noticed my passing, that it had not noticed I was there or that I had left.

In revisiting this one place I discovered that the material I was attempting to deal with was not a place, but a memory and that there are other memories to attend to as well, for it forced my acknowledgement that it was not Vauclair that was significant to me, but the way it reminded me of Tintern Abbey that was of significance: of taking that walk from my home in Devauden, down the Angiddy river valley and out onto the Wye at Tintern.¹² For what I walked into at Tintern, was into a version of landscape appreciation that was Romantic¹³ and Victorian, and particularly British, and that I had carried this particularity with me into my arts practice, and into those French fields that spread out from Vauclair, criss-crossed with the shadows of Trench warfare.¹⁴

Setting out to walk from London to Switzerland in the 21st century is an inherently romantic notion as “the walker is in defiance of the petroleum imperative. The refusal to drive or be driven is a wilful, arrogant, romantic, backward glancing nod to the past” (Smith 2002: 6). It is an impractical decision, foolhardy, and intrinsically romantic. The term Romantic is a highly contentious one but it needs to be confronted here for its position in the development of my practice, that of my desire to step out on long solitary walks in general, and of the notion of ‘Walking Home’ in particular, when surely in this day and age there are many more sensible ways to get from London to Switzerland than on foot. According to Williams, though Romantic is now used predominantly to refer to the period of literature that commenced around the 1770s:

[It] has remained difficult to separate from the earlier general uses. The existing sense of a free or liberated imagination was greatly strengthened. An extended

sense of liberation from rules and conventional forms was also powerfully developed, not only in art and literature and music but also in feeling and behaviour (Williams 1976: 275).

And due to its liberating stance, offering itself up for interpretation, the phrase has developed almost as many meanings as it has practitioners, a list compiled by Furst (Furst 1976: 2-4) offers 26 different definitions ranging from the derogatory position of Goethe's "Romanticism is a disease, Classicism is health" (ibid: 2) to the complimentary stance of Victor Hugo: "Liberalism in literature. Mingling the grotesque with the tragic or sublime (forbidden by classicism); the complete truth of life" (ibid: 3). This list however strays into the territory of defining Romanticism, which is not a field in which I wish to lose myself, for as Isaiah Berlin puts it "the literature on Romanticism is larger than romanticism itself, and the literature defining what it is that the literature on romanticism is concerned with is quite large in its turn [...] It is a dangerous and a confused subject in which many have lost [...] their sense of direction" (Berlin 1999: 1).

I prefer to hold instead to the word romantic, for as Robinson states in his autobiographical meditation *The Walk: Notes on a Romantic Image*, "the Romantic walk is inevitably about 'the self'" (Robinson 1989: 17) and *Walking Home* was set out as a romantic notion from its beginning. It is through a series of text drawings, collectively called *How To Walk* that I initiate an engagement with the notion of Romantic, and the presence of writing within my practice, thus contributing to my understanding of it through an autoethnographic lens. The underlying sense of melancholy that is associated with the Romantic, as pointed to by a 2007 special issue of *Texte Zur Kunst* (Rottmann and Thomann 2007), is also prevalent throughout *Walking Home* due to the underlying presence of my father's death.

Writing, as it is present in *How To Walk*, straddles the border between art and literature: the large scale drawings have been presented in gallery contexts; the distinct challenge they propose to the reader, who has to question how to read the texts due to the multiple layers of annotation, ties the practice to conceptual art's historical interest in writing and language. The boundaries between the two disciplines of writing and conceptual art are porous. This predisposition has recently been re-evaluated in a large scale survey exhibition at the Museum of Contemporary Art in Denver, Colorado, which set out to re-examine "works of appropriated text in which literature appears as art and art as literature" (Wright 2013: 170). In an interview, published online in 2012, the exhibitions co-curator explains "how Conceptual Writing is a field of both artists and writers; that they share a

similar history, and that, though the work of these two disciplines of art and literature might look similar, the works do in fact signify differently" (Twerdy 2012).

There is considerable overlap in disposition between this exhibition and the works outlined in Heiser's previously mentioned collection for *Romantic Conceptualism* wherein it is stated that "conceptualism has always had a strong connection to writing, and the written text as an artistic medium" (Heiser 2007: 118). Romantic Conceptualism was initially outlined by Heiser in a 2002 article in *Frieze* where, after briefly instigating his study with reference to Andy Warhol's *The Kiss* (Warhol 1963), Heiser quickly switches his main focus to the body of work produced by the late Bas Jan Ader whose "entire, if small, body of work invests the Conceptual with what appears to be its antithesis: romanticism" (Heiser 2002: 72). Heiser goes on to discuss the unreal fable of Ader's death during his 1975 attempt to undertake a work that would have concluded a series entitled *In Search of The Miraculous*: Ader became the pitch-perfect example of the romantic trope when the wreck of his boat was found off the Irish coast after Ader's attempt at a solo crossing from America back to his native Europe (ibid).

Ader's work is awash with the simple gestures and instructions that form the context for the previously outlined definition of Romantic Conceptualism. I contend that the notion behind *Walking Home* aligns itself to this simple instructional method: draw a line on a map joining the house one lives in and the house into which one was born, attempt to walk the route between them. The written accounts and visual practices generated from this simple instruction form the basis of this practice-based research project and can thereby be seen as the next step along the path drawn from Wordsworth's lines written above Tintern Abbey⁷ through to the work of Ader and other key conceptual practitioners and those two figures that stand tall in any account of walking as an arts practice, Richard Long and Hamish Fulton, where Fulton has stated "if I do not walk, I cannot make a work of art".⁸

⁷ This is a reference to Wordsworth's *Lines written a few miles above Tintern Abbey, July 13, 1798*, noted here due to the autoethnographic nature of my study. In 2001 I set off on a short walk along the Angiddy River that flows into the Wye at Tintern, and it was the outcome of this short walk that first saw my practice turn to walking as a source for its generation. The resultant installation was shown as part of my BA degree at Oxford Brookes University, and an account of this occurrence is introduced into the conversational interviews that take place as part of *Walking Home Again*. It has also been mentioned in a conference paper given as part of Sensing Site presented at the Parasol Unit in London in April 2013.

⁸ Here quoting from a talk given by Hamish Fulton at Falmouth University, October 17th 2013.

London, Millbank, 2009.

Before stepping back out from those air conditioned rooms into the blistering heat of a London at the height of summer, its streets all littered with the heavy pollen deposits of a thousand Plane trees, I lingered for a some time in the shop. Unemployed at the time, I had only recently returned from Switzerland, stumbling out of a six week period of almost monastic isolation and into the bustling metropolis of London I found the streets and their glut of people hard to bear. I sought out the white spaces, the silent halls of contemporary meditation, and I found myself in Heaven & Earth, an epic retrospective of the work of Richard Long.¹⁵

I bought, much to my financial dismay, two books and a postcard, the latter being a reprint of a work that was displayed in the last room of the exhibition, and occupied a wall that must have been at least 30ft wide, and 20ft high. Its clear sky blue colour broken only by the white clouds of a text, in Long's traditionally non committal serif font: 'A walk from the mouth of the Loire to the first cloud'. Having just spent six weeks walking across extensive sections of Europe I questioned its ability to remain cloudless for any length of time that might be capable of generating a walk of significance, but I bought the postcard anyway, the colour was pleasing after all.

Of the other two books, one I had previously tried to read albeit unsuccessfully, the other being the catalogue that accompanied the exhibition. I had previously borrowed the former from the library at Dartington but had made little headway at the time, being particularly infuriated by its lack of reasonable page breaks, paragraphs or places to reasonably pause; off put by its seemingly random insertion of poor quality black and white original or found photographs and generally perplexed by the effort involved in holding it down.

But as with the act of attempting to walk home itself, there is nothing like a bit of financial investment in something to inspire one to achieve or accomplish, overcome. So much like the moment earlier that year when I strode into Stanford's on Long Lane in Covent Garden and procured a copy of OS Explorer number 162 - Greenwich & Gravesend, alongside a copy of Generalkarte Der Schweiz / Carte Générale de la Suisse¹⁶, this financial investment in W. G. Sebald became a form of commitment. I would once again try and read *The Rings of Saturn*.¹⁷

2.5 On Sebaldian form.

It turns out I am not the only one who has struggled with Sebald, grappled with the astronomic motions of the Dog star, and laboured in the wake of this fictionalized account of a factual journey through Suffolk. Mythogeographer Phil Smith avoided Sebald as long as he could before setting off to Orford Ness in search of him, and Stewart Home played the role of the antagonistic author with

psychogeographic tendencies, whilst Matthew Collings weighed in with the dismissive waving finger of the successful art critic (Smith 2014: 20-21).

The antagonisms of Home and Collings – “he’s a bourgeois bigot”, “Lugubriously interchangeable winsome reflections”, respectively – spurred Smith on though, and his account of Sebald became a structural tool for *On Walking* (Smith 2014). Smiths’ earlier work *Mythogeography* (2010) is a tool kit for drifting, a guide to walking sideways, and offers a list of tactics for such activities in the tradition of De Certeau’s *The Practice of Everyday Life*, whereby “a tactic is a calculated action determined by the absence of a proper locus” (De Certeau 1984: 36-37), and this lack of a *proper locus*, is exactly that which is set about by Smith in his “Five steps to the beginning of a great walk”. Step 2, *Knowing Where*, outlines that one can drift anywhere but one of the key steps towards a mythogeographic walk or undertaking is that “there is no set destination. It is all about the journey” (Smith 2014: 53). This positioning sets the underlying framework of the autoethnographic transect apart from the pursuits of mythogeography, whose theatrical foundations are outlined early on:

Before I began to walk, to walk in the way I do now, I had twenty years writing plays for the theatre. I did other things of course [...] but mostly I wrote, co-wrote or devised plays (over a hundred of them) (Ibid: 11).

Smith goes on to discuss the notion of pilgrimage, asking for a reappraisal of the notion under the burden of postmodernism. He suggests that contemporary travel has undermined the significance of the arrival, in favour of “changing oneself along the way” (Smith 2014: 65), leaving those who undertake a pilgrimage or journey on foot encumbered with the accusation of self-indulgence. Smith asks “What if you make a pilgrimage without a destination?” (ibid); I would answer that upon ending a journey that has a distinct destination one comes to realise that this end point is best described as a beginning rather than an end. As Reader & Walter outline, pilgrimage now plays a role in secular lives as well as religious and is best defined as “seeking something that lies outside the accustomed patterns of everyday life, and that hence requires a process of movement [away] from the everyday”(1993: 9). Pilgrimage, both in its historic and contemporary roles as penance and homage, is encountered and undertaken along the transect of *Walking Home*.

Walking Home is the known pursuit of the unattainable; it is the outcome of setting out upon a road where the destination is both known, in the sense of a geographic location, and unknown in the sense of a psychological attachment to a place that is beyond the power of memory to recall. It is the

construction of something new through the pursuit of something old. Endless days of walking towards a horizon that one will never overcome because "it's easy to forget that it is our eye that makes the horizon" (Verwoert in Bangma et al 2005: 257).

The Rings of Saturn has been chewed over extensively elsewhere: Smith puts himself in the queue behind "Grant Gee, Iain Sinclair, Tacita Dean and all" (Smith 2014: 24). To burrow into this queue, Iain Sinclair states in *Patience (After Sebald)*, a film by Grant Gee that "the countryside is black with people, going for walks to write books" (Gee 2011: 1h.34m: 36sec) as though this were a new phenomenon, a new problem. When it is to be found earlier such as in *The Suffering Traveller and The Romantic Imagination* (Thompson 2007), which cites an issue of 'The Monthly Review' from 1779:

Trips and tours and excursions, and sentimental journeys, are become so much the tonne, that every rambler who can write, (tolerably or intolerably), assumes the pen, and gives the public a journal of the occurrences and remarks to which his peregrinations have given birth (Thompson 2007: 31).

The crowded waters that surround *The Rings of Saturn* are then, perhaps not the best place to find a useful position from which to constructively define Sebaldian form and function situated as it is "at the confluence of numerous discourses, contexts and debates" (Long and Whitehead 2004: 5). The 2013 publication of *A Place in The Country* sets out much more clearly my interest in Sebaldian form for it is from the outset that Sebald notes that "I have always tried in my own works, to mark my respect for those writers with whom I felt an affinity, to raise my hat to them, so to speak, by borrowing an attractive image or a few expressions" (Sebald 2013: xii and 128). *A Place in The Country* is a series of six prose essays on six writers and artists to whom Sebald personally feels he owes a significant debt.

One of the overriding features of Sebald's writing style is the presence of images embedded within the text, their presence either setting the scene for a forthcoming event in the prose or the creation of an unsettling reverberation between one image and the next, such as in the sequence of images that Dean highlights in Gee's film (Sebald 2002: 54-62). With *A Place in the Country* "the book is not a mere collection of texts but appears to be envisaged as an aesthetic object in its own right, blurring not only the boundaries of the critical and the creative, but also those of the verbal and the visual" (Sebald 2013: xvi). It is this blurring of form that is of interest to the processes at work in the

multiple layers of this autoethnographic transect, the approaches I will return to in Part 6 and 7 on *Fondue* and notions of the performance installation will expand upon this glance at Sebald. For now it suffices to say that within *Fondue* and the experimental iterations that lead up to it I sought to exploit the trick Sebald plays within all his writing, that blurring of the boundaries between critical and creative, between visual and verbal. For Sebald categories were a frustration, in *Patience (After Sebald)* his publisher recounts a conversation about the three genres that were to be printed on the back of *The Rings of Saturn* in order for shops to shelve the work: Sebald demands “all the genres” (in Gee 2011), exasperated that his search for the transience in all things human could be restricted to having three fields of relevance. This thesis is a product of that exasperation, a construct of practice as critique, critique as a form of practice and a thesis that should be considered as an integral element of that practice.

Here Chapters 3 & 4 of
Muir's Vintage Book
of Walking are joined
together, and so we begin.

A. H. Huxley, Oregon.

This line is taken from
one of far too postcards
sent in duplicate whilst
on the journey. To the
house I came from and
the horse to which I
was going.

Setting Off With Nature

There was only one way to start that day. Get up, get ready, get going, it was one of those days that had started at night, tense waking during the night faded into pre-dawn preparation. All this air the smell of summer, the heat of dust in the nostrils, it was a bright Sunday morning in early June, the right time to be out walking, to be leaving home, or to be leaving for home. Just getting the mind ready to be outside the tent again, dashing it from this private snook of woodland just above the North Downs way (and now I was on my journey, in a pair of thick boots and with a hazel stick in my hand) I needed it, for leaning. The passage up to Bluebell Hill had been ferocious without one. I am alarmed when it happens that I have walked a mile into the woods bedily without getting there in spirit, when I find that my head is still clouded with the chaos of previous days. It took time again after that, the haze of June spread out over all England's orchards, for me to catch up with my body, somewhere in a high hay meadow near a viaduct cutting through, the rolling landscape occasionally embanking the railway. (It will never become quite familiar to you, the bridge, with the road and the rail, a castle on some distant horizon, and the other side another switch back, turns my back on the river. Behind me, those monstrous heaps of stone grew gradually smaller in my eyes. The pilgrim's way lay before me, as the sun at length rises through the distant woods, as if with the faint clashing, swinging sound of cymbals and piping of woodwind hidden amongst the poplar leaves. It is willfully beautiful out here even, so near in many ways, to London, Maidstone, Rochester, everyone should walk, maybe not so far, maybe not to Switzerland. But just a little out beyond your door, a little further than need to that place where once again nature was very successfully striving to make beautiful what art had deformed, the trace of silver weaving through a landscape as caught at dusk, through to the silt heavy mire of a gushing stream at midday, so that certainly there is no more fascinating pastime than to keep company with a river from its source to the sea. How still the trees were, with their crinkly innumerable twigs against the sky, suffering in the dust of it all. High on the hill I poke about, looking for some sort of camping spot, of course I was not really lost: if I had walked a straight quarter-of-a-mile in any direction I could not have failed to strike a road. Whilst setting down for camp, do I hear Ravens? Yes, and dogs as well, and teenagers, lined up, waiting for sunset. For the touch of darkness, a sense of permission to open their alcohol tins and carnal dreams. The Medway in this sunset distance begs the question of us observers (which the water? Which the land? And which the sky?) The confusing illusion makes the whole world seem like a mirage and I retreat under a crop of birches, their world of dense air inviting the torments of mosquitos. A piercing gag inside my sock, I left it in there, put it straight back in the shoe come morning. I am now in the hot gardens of the sun, high amongst the chalk, and the dust blowing up from the high-speed rail line, rattles the walls of this woodland every now and then.

Wild Camping still brings at
this tense working in me.
I just know how long it takes
to fade, or if it ever will.

Rising at sunrise in the sunless
gaps up several hours of quiet
isolation ever in heart!

Leone Lee. As I Walked Alone.
Midsummer Morning. 1969.

In the early stages of
the journey this took some
considerable time. By the
end I could be back on the
road inside 30 minutes.

Sticks look pointless until
you carry a heavy pack
uphill with one.

Henrich Klein. Memoir. 1825.

Or perhaps when this
journey was about was slowing
my body down, so that my mind
could catch up.

'The Pilgrim's Way' is a romantic myth of a
path that was first set out on a
map by the Victorians. It does not
really exist.

A. H. Huxley. Foot in England.

1993. This was the beginning
of everything for me. I walk
from the source of the Angoult
River down to the sea (1800).

Richard Mabey. The
Unofficial Canty-side, 1978.

For we are never lost, but
are instead slips between
two places we know well.
One we come from, and one
we are going to.

I left London in the
hottest week of June,
littering my feet with
blisters.

Rabindranath Tagore. Chimpes of Bengal. 1921

Henry David Thoreau, 'Walking'. 1863

The previous days' involved the death of my
father and everything after. Grief is
a void that seeks to be filled.

Henry David Thoreau. A Winter Walk. 1863.

For this is a ridiculous proposition,
a romantic notion, a stupid idea. I
still can't believe no one tried to
stop me.

Dorothy Wordsworth, Affixes Journal. 1798.

J. H. Lawrence. Lady Chatterley's Lover. 1928.

With the aid of a hedgehog
nipping at the leaf litter
in a swamp.

Werner Herzog. Of Walking in Ice. 1985

This was the first battle that
lasted for the whole journey.
The insect kingdom will always
win in the end.

Shards of Mutton Wood,
Parsons Wood, Farminghouse Wood,
Norwood Grove, Wardslow Common,
Boxley Wood, Monk Wood, Nine Trees
Wood.

John Muir. A Thousand Mile Walk to the Gulf. 1916.

Part Three. Setting off with outlines, equipment and foundations.

3.1 The Walking Artists Network.

The Walking Artists Network (WAN) was convened in 2011 by Clare Qualmann⁹ of the arts collective WalkWalkWalk and Mark Hunter¹⁰, and the networks website now lists well over 300 members. The network first met in Chelsea Theatre Space for a symposium of “scratch walks and peripatetic perambulations [allowing] artists who use walking in their practice to come together and think and talk and walk” (Sacred 2011) and most recently reconvened in Cornwall for a conference entitled *Where To? The Future of Walking Arts Practice*, on which I took a role as a peer reviewer for conference papers and also was included in the programme with the exhibition *Walking Home (Again)* that took place at the Fish Factory in Falmouth. The sheer explosion of texts, books and exhibitions on and around walking that have taken place between these two events is wide reaching and seemingly endless. Ranging from the more populist titles such as *The Art of Walking: A Field Guide* (Evans 2013), to the more literary *The Art of Wandering* (Coverley 2012), or the particularly psychogeographic *Walking Inside Out* (Richardson 2015) which features Phil Smith whose work was encountered in Part Two (Smith 2014, 2015). These books have fluttered out from conferences and exhibitions such as *The Walking Encyclopaedia* (Airspace 2013) to which this thesis will turn later, and *Walk On* (Morrison-Bell & Robinson 2013), an exhibition that opened in London before touring the UK through to 2014. At this point then I would like to return to the Chelsea Theatre Space utilizing it as a divining point from which to navigate the Walking Artists Network, these events and publications.

The symposium took place as part of an event called SACRED in TRANSIT “a daylong extravaganza of walking, movement and art” (Alexander in Sacred 2011). So at this first step, both the venue, being a Theatre space, and the Director, had positioned themselves in relation to walking arts practice as something that inherently involved walking, which was therefore neither ‘before’ nor ‘after’ but ‘during’ the event of the walk, a practice that was participatory, experiential and communal in nature. This thesis, and the work that is a fundamental part of it, took place ‘after’ a walk, the autoethnographic transect is a theoretical construct that I am setting

⁹ Clare Qualmann is an artist and founder member of the collective WalkWalkWalk, she also teaches at the Institute for Performing Arts Development at the University of East London. I first met her in Exeter in 2006 where I participated in their walking project at Spacex Gallery, see www.walkwalkwalk.org.uk for further details.

¹⁰ Mark Hunter is an academic working in the fields of performing arts and music. He is currently Head of Studies at The Institute of Contemporary Music Performance in London. www.walkingartistsnetwork.org

out to take place in the wake of a walk. In this sense then, the work of *Walking Home* falls somewhat to the periphery of the Walking Artists Network and pursues instead a line that runs from Richard Long through to the *The Walking Encyclopaedia*, whose archival processes are further explored later in this chapter. In the process of this setting out, there is a setting off, a leaving home, for home, carrying with me all the tools I had developed during my time at Dartington College of Art.

Whilst upon the journey I had an extensive list of equipment; this collection of long distance walking equipment had evolved through my practice research at Dartington on such projects as *Power Walk* (Arnold & Davis 2007) and *Door To Moor* (Arnold 2007a)¹¹. *Power Walk* was a collaborative attempt by Eleanor Wynne Davis and myself, to walk along two power lines that traverse Wales, exploring multiple meanings of power and its presence in the politics of collaboration along the way: we took exactly the same equipment on two separate journeys that took place simultaneously across north and south Wales. Davis and I revisited our collaborative practice and this notion of transecting that I set out below as part of Sideways Festival in 2012 (See Part Four of this thesis). It is unnecessary to examine the whole list of items carried to Switzerland here but worth pointing to some of the key tools I had taken with me, many of which were, as Smith notes in *On Walking*, kept “in my head as resources” (Smith 2014: 29). The fundamental tool I carried with me, as both divining rod and conceptual framing device was the notion of transecting, that was published as part of *Ways to Wander* (Qualmann and Hind 2015), itself an outcome of the Walking Artists Network’s promiscuity.

3.2 Transecting.

Transecting is a gerund, a noun becoming a verb through being enacted, that I have coined as part of this research project into the development of an autoethnographic transect; to open this a little further one needs to start with the noun (see Hall 2013: 146-50). Transecting emerged during my experimentation upon the word transect, being a noun to denote a line or a belt of land along which a survey is made of the plant or animal life or some other feature (Williams 1987: 17). This definition is commonplace upon any undergraduate course in Ecology. A line is drawn across a field with a string: students’ then progress forth into that field to analyze the biodiversity of that which touches line, and by expansion, the field in which they are stood. To emphasise a quote from the introduction I quote again the following words written across a map of South Devon:

¹¹ A Full list of the equipment, books and supplies I carried with me during *Walking Home* can be found in Appendix 1 on page 190.

If a transect could be 9 miles long and still function as such, what would you be sampling along a 9 mile line? People, place, ecology, specimens, land use, land ownership, a culture, country, or would the space created by the footsteps become an opportunity to sample that which is truly [mine] and [mine] alone, to stroll through [my] own perception [...], to explore the labyrinth of my own thought, and use the footsteps as a rhythm for the mind and the landscape as a canvas for the imagination (Arnold 2007a).

This thought became transecting. I drew a line between my front door and the edge of Dartmoor National Park, some 9 miles away, and walked it repeatedly over a period of weeks, generating through the process transecting as a gerund. A line drawn between two points on a map and the subsequent attempt to articulate that place through walking, talking and writing it into being. At its core this notion of a transect is an issue of scale, and requires only simple tools: a map, a permanent marker and some comfortable footwear. By drawing a line between my front door and the edge of Dartmoor National Park I had created a transect that was arbitrary, that would become the foundation of a body of experiments that sought to analyse this 9 mile transect, whilst also analysing and attempting to divine what could be analysed at such a scale. A number of simple starting points for transecting that I undertook in Devon on a path that formed the core of *Door To Moor*.

1. *North/South divide*. Walking your transect with a camera and a compass, take a photograph facing north and south every 5 minutes. Collate photographs.
2. *Sky to Soil*. With a camera record a photograph of the ground beneath your feet and the sky above your head every 5 minutes. Collate photographs.
3. *Signs of life*. Armed with a notebook and a pencil, every 10 minutes write down every sign you can read within sight of the naked eye (no binoculars). Make sure to record nothing if there is nothing.
4. *Tell me about it*. Armed with a notebook and a pencil, every 10 minutes write down two words that describe your current experience. Afterwards you can abuse and enlighten this list with a thesaurus.

5. *I think it went like this.* Walk your transect without equipment, no camera, no pencil, no notebook, no dictaphone, no smartphone, no map. Upon returning home try and remember your first step and how that felt: write a description from then on of your walk. This can be in list form or narrative, it can be done using free-association, or strict attempts to recall just the things you saw whilst transecting.

During these experimental journeys towards and beyond the horizon I worked towards ways of interpreting an individual journey that were a mixture of intuitive process and the objective perspective of the scientific method. These processes became another form of what I refer to as editorial practice, at the heart of which is an intuitive process within a structural framework. This framework is coded in the following of a drawn transect, and the subsequent procedures in the examples above. Intuitive process is then applied to that transect as it transmutes stages, from being drawn, walked, written and talked into being.

In *Door To Moor* (ibid), a body of text is offered to an audience for editing, stating that these edits will in turn be added as subtitles to a looped sequence of still photographs taken from the same journey. The body of text is an unedited transcript of an attempt by me, to remember the journey from its first step at 6am to its conclusion on the edge of Dartmoor some three hours later.

Door To Moor was painstakingly constructed out of individual jpeg images and subtitles in Final Cut Pro, and, for a version shown at Alytus Biennial in Lithuania transferred to video. Intrinsic to the work is the audience's engagement with an original hardcopy of the text, a printed, paper copy. The movement between the real worlds of the physical text and its editing to the representational worlds of photography and language are at the heart of this work. *Door To Moor* plays in the space created by the narrative form of the text and the invitation to the audience to edit that narrative. In the space between the world and the work, the artist and the audience, *Door To Moor* "not only organises remembered experiences but it creates new meaning that did not exist before" (Hecht 1982: 25).



Fig. 23. *Walking Home: Infinite Edition* (Arnold 2015). As installed at Fish Factory, Falmouth.

The approach undertaken in *Door To Moor* was developed as part of this research process and exhibited at *Walking Home (Again)*, an exhibition that this thesis will return to. Notes from the original journey were compiled and, together with a collection of still images taken from the transect, reconstituted into *Walking Home: Infinite Edition* subtitled, *a work in progress in perpetuity*. The presentation of the work evolved through collaboration with a programmer to build a website that looped both the images and the text files, enabling edited texts to be added through the HTML back door of the website whilst the project was perpetually available to view online¹². The website is programmed to loop a sequence of images at a particular speed whilst simultaneously looping a text file at speeds that have been designed to phase in counterpoint to each other, the next image arriving as the previous text fades. The intentional consequence of this phasing is that when installed in a gallery the work is positioned to force an audience to

¹² *Walking Home: Infinite Edition* ran online for 1 year hosted by Jowan Parker who also helped in writing the code for the site. It is no longer online due to a lack of funding to cover the costs of hosting. My thanks are due to Jowan though for his efforts and generosity in putting the work together.

consider their role: as reader or viewer, collaborator or audience member. The text and images phase at such a rate as to make it problematic to both view an image and read the text simultaneously.

3.3. The Walking Encyclopaedia.

The work was included in *The Walking Encyclopaedia* (Airspace Gallery 2013) that took place in Stoke-on-Trent, where the work was presented amidst a host of works that pertain to walking in some way or other. The work was more recently shown in accordance with my intentions as part of *Walking Home (Again)*. *The Walking Encyclopaedia* was one of a number of events that have emerged since the founding of the Walking Artists Network in 2011. In a commissioned essay for the exhibition at Airspace artist Bill Aitchison had this to say on the *walking artist* moniker:

I should admit that when I first heard of the notion of a walking artist, it sounded somewhat arbitrary since I also happen to cycle a great deal, drive very occasionally, and take all manner of public transport (Aitchison in Airspace Gallery 2013).

Walking has been used throughout my practice as a starting point, as opposed to the main focus of the work. *Walking Home* is a body of work that explores the interpretation of an experience, as opposed to the experience itself, the 'after', rather than the 'during', of walking. Whilst I also concede that the 'after' is merely another place in which 'during' happens the distinction here is between practices that are walking-based through either the audience's encounter with the work and the artist's focus upon the walk itself, or, such as with the work of *Walking Home*, as being produced and developed through the interpretation of an experience, the 'after'. My main interest in *Walking Home: Infinite Edition*, lies not in its capacity to represent an experience of a walk well, but in its capacity to question, and to highlight, that *representation* of a walk is all that can happen here, to pay attention to that which Anne D. Wallace once suggested vanishes, "because [walking] is too common to notice" (Wallace 1994: 3). A walk is simply the most everyday experience one can find as a biped, or as Clark so neatly puts it, "walking is the human way of getting about" (Clark 2001: 15). For that reason it is the primer of my practice, the beginning, not the end. Hamish Fulton once stated that "a walk must be experienced, it cannot be imagined" (Fulton 2002: 21) and here I would contend then, that the walk is not the work in the case of *Walking Home*. The work must therefore come after the walk, out from it, and a given

form that emerges from experience into a state of being necessarily relies upon representation, interpretation and memory.

The Walking Encyclopaedia will occupy our attention here a little longer, though I will not offer a comprehensive dissection of it; an encyclopaedia is after all, intrinsically, a reference material to be explored as required. I have however, picked a number of artists from the encyclopaedia whose practice takes us further along this autoethnographic transect. The encyclopaedia gave each artist a number and, in order to hint at its extent, I have, when referring to artists retained their given number within the encyclopaedia in parenthesis¹³.

The artist Matthew Mayhew (#67) has also experimented with the act of repetition that was fundamental to the generation of *Door To Moor* in his work *To ArT a WaLk* (Mayhew 2013). He too employs simple rules and structures in order to seek an answer to the question "Could the habitual drudgery become a creative act?" (Mayhew in Airspace Gallery 2013). His entry in the encyclopaedia includes an equipment list and expressly describes the limited means of the project: "none of the images' have been treated in anyway, used directly as low resolution images and dropped into I-movie" (ibid). His walk is a form of transect, cutting across Manchester from his home to his studio, the inclusion of the film is accompanied by a set of instructions that seem to suggest we could follow them precisely in order to replicate Mayhew's personal experience:

Open door / step out / swivel 90 degrees right / close door / insert key / lock / swivel 30 degrees left / walk to the end of the short avenue / right down alleyway / (ibid).

Though these instructions then rapidly descend into an account of the particular, which is always an admission of presence, thereby idiosyncratic and perspectival:

Press the button / wait for the green man / cross / right / first left / silver birches drape the sky / fragile . . . always fragile / walk forwards / nod at the guy wearing the camouflage you see daily standing at the gate of his house / "alright" / past the black cat (ibid).

¹³ The full Walking Encyclopaedia is archived at www.walkingencyclopaedia.blogspot.co.uk

An accompanying soundtrack denotes a live recording made from the journey or perhaps several versions of the journey, as we assume it is one taken often, being from home to studio. And herein lies a distinction between the purposeful walking of Mayhew and the romantic whimsy at the root of *Door To Moor*, some of which continues to reverberate within *Walking Home*. The destination in both these acts of transecting is to some degree an unknown, a purposeful shot into the dark, one route led to the edge of Dartmoor National Park, the edge and then a turn for home, the other route aimed for *Home*, thick with the knowledge that *You Can't Go Home Again* (Wolfe 2011). It is the weight of emotion, and personal investment in the notion of home, combined with distance and grief that are present within *Walking Home*, that distinguishes it from Mayhew's walking to work. The distance involved in *Walking Home* gives impracticality to the suggestion of repetition of such a walk, as does the singular nature of the work as a form of pilgrimage, to walk it again would be to walk a different path.

The walking to work of Mayhew's journeying alludes to another artist who has used the phrase for the publication of a collection of his work. Simon Whitehead's *Walking To Work* (Whitehead 2006) in which a period of working through walking is collected. From 1993 – 2006 Whitehead undertook numerous experiments into place and walking through a practice that pursued answers to the inherently personal question: "how can we express (and share) the infinite complexity of a place, a place that we can never fully know, and our physical and sensual relationship with it?" (Roms in Whitehead 2006: 4). The personal and phenomenological pursuit of walking is highlighted in four short texts by Roms, each taking the guise, through title alone, of a walk. "To walk is to pay attention" (ibid: 5). Walking is as simple as that, a reaction against the complications of mediation and technology, the pursuit of a desire to simply be in and of the world, that has created this new wave of walking practice as exemplified by the encyclopaedia in *Airspace*.

In her third walk with Whitehead, Roms posits that "to walk is to remember" (ibid), but what if, in a reversal of this semantic binary, remembering was a way of walking: to walk as it were, through the memory of a journey, finding therein coincidences, uncanny moments. It would be akin to coming across an erratic boulder, abandoned on moorland by glacial retreat, the geological strata of an experience, re-evaluated from this new angle of memory, becomes something new and unknown. Where talking in the wake of a journey might open up new fissures of experience, where walking through these memories may be the only way to arrive at new ground, to find the shadows of oneself in the re-creation of an initial encounter that took place in some irretrievably

distant place, a place now lost to time and geography. The autoethnographic transect exists in the suggestion that the emotion of an experience is recoverable, whilst the place, the walk itself, is not.

To return to the encyclopaedia, the work of Tom Baskeyfield (#97) opens the discussion from another position. It is the distinction between the subjective individual at the heart of Guattari's *The Three Ecologies* (2005) and, in Baskeyfield's work, the artist as objective observer that is to be outlined here. In *Of Time in a Field* the artist spends considerable time walking from his home to a particular field over and over again, his research has been compiled in a self-published bookwork (Baskeyfield 2011) in which his time is documented through black and white photography and text that takes the form of poetry and prose. The project is pragmatic about the physical forms of the field, its function as a generative space for the production of barley or potatoes, and its presence as part of a bigger event, that of *Nature*, which, for Baskeyfield, is very much *out there*, in the mud and the rain, where Baskeyfield states "I wanted to feel what the field was made of" (ibid: 89). In a similar approach to the works of Long, Fulton and myself, Baskeyfield restricts himself to text and image as the two tools to explore a given place. Long and Fulton's words are cold, selfless, and minimal, whereas Baskeyfield and I are involved in the presence of the self within the exploration. However, where Baskeyfield commits to certainty in the form of a published book the constant evolution of text and image in *Walking Home: Infinite Edition* draws an individual awareness of self into the play of the work and the construction of its place in the world as it is being shown, seen and reinterpreted once more.

Through the work of Lucy Harrison's (#63) project *Mapping Your Manor* the encyclopaedia envelops the audio walk, in which a series of sound pieces that are to function as audio recordings for specific sites: they are then also made available through her website after the fact. The project was produced in conjunction with a work by Ackroyd & Harvey *Mapping the Park* (2016), which planted ten trees within the Olympic Park site in London. Harrison's audio extracts are recordings of people who live within the vicinity of the park and take as their span the period from planning the park to its construction, they are designed to be listened to in situ, yet their perpetual accessibility through her website undermines this position. The issue here is a wider one caused primarily through the proliferation of the artists' website and the need to produce outcomes in accordance with public arts funding, the scope of which falls outside of this current

study. But the work of Harrison brings us to the audio walk as a key format under the umbrella of walking arts practice.

In 2005 I took part in Deptford X festival in South London for which I developed a guided audio tour through the recording and re-recording of sound, field recording and speech through an analogue Sony Dictaphone. It was to be my only foray into the recorded audio work as artwork. The audio walk has perhaps as its pinnacle the works produced by Janet Cardiff (McGinley 2006: 53), who between 1991 and 2005 produced a series of audio walks compiled and digested in *The Walk Book* (Cardiff 2006), a piece of work in its own right that adds its own layers of intricacy to a body of work into which “words and stories, [...] past, present, and future collapse into a dense, expanding field of possibilities” (ibid: 12). The book itself was included in *Walk On*, the national touring exhibition mentioned previously. The book has its own audio soundtrack that offers another route through its labyrinthine pages, it is a work in the face of whose elaborate ecosystem I realised the audio walk was complete: that there was nothing that my Dictaphone and I could add to these intricacies. The route ahead lay in simplicity, in the dialogic and the spoken, the shared around a table and the perpetual processes of editing, annotating, and transecting that are being undertaken here. In 2007 Emma Leach¹⁴ and I undertook Janet Cardiff’s 1999 walk *The Missing Voice* (Cardiff and Miller 2015), and within minutes of leaving the gallery side by side, listening to the same instructions, we had wandered off in different directions. London was busy rebuilding itself anew and in the chaos of construction we were lost, and so was *The Missing Voice*, Cardiff’s work had become a museum piece, one that could no longer survive in the real world. Cardiff herself discovered that her process is one that creates distance, between herself and the other immediately, and this distance – “how this voice became another woman” (Cardiff 2006: 283) - lingers in field recordings in general. Recordings can be heard elsewhere, dragged from their contexts and reconstituted, de-constituted, remixed and remade but they have a tendency to point at one particular thing. That they are not from this time, they are not of this place, they are from another time, another place, is both their strength and their weakness. Walking Cardiff’s piece across London today, or to attempt such a thing, is to distance yourself from your place in the world and yet, by somehow stepping into the cinematic creations of Cardiff, to notice the world more clearly. By taking yourself away from *here*, no longer fully immersed in the present, instead being absorbed into the multiple layers of *The Missing Voice*, yet never being fully in the world Cardiff creates either, is to never end up *there*.

¹⁴ Emma Leach will be more fully introduced at a later stage within this thesis. Suffice to say here that she is an artist and writer with whom I have been friends since 2007 when we met upon a residency in a forest in Derbyshire.

This in-between position of Cardiff's is perhaps intentional, an action that leaves you hovering between two versions of the world, and in that hovering one is made to attend more closely to that which is definitely present (Carlson 2006: 402). Cardiff's walks out into the landscape are notable for her absence; Cardiff is perhaps a voice in your head, but it might be the voice of another.

The next stepping-stone through the encyclopaedia is the entry dedicated to Louise Ann Wilson (#61), whose work *Fissure* was featured. *Fissure* was a two-day epic across the North Yorkshire Moors on which participants journeyed amidst the artists and scientists who were involved in the project. *Fissure* was "Louise's response to the illness and death, aged 29, of her sister due to a brain tumour and the grief caused by her loss. The shape of the piece was informed by key moments of her sister's illness, death and the ensuing grief" (Wilson 2015). Its epic nature restricted its audience to those who were physically capable. Some 180 people attended *Fissure* of which Kate Bassett reported, "[t]his was not performance art for the timid [...]. Clinging to boulders, I asked myself whether a theatre critic being literally blown away by a show could be considered an artistic triumph" (Bassett cited in Wilson 2015). What's brought to the fore in this quote is the neat juxtaposition that walking arts practice introduces, where does it sit on the scale that runs from performance art to theatre, perhaps as an idiosyncratic act the position taken by a practitioner will always be different, even from project to project. I was unable to attend *Fissure* at the time but have since been fortunate enough to attend *The Gathering* (Wilson 2014), Wilson's second foray into large-scale outdoor perambulation.

Hafod Y Llan, Snowdonia, Wales. 2014. After Louise Ann Wilson's *The Gathering*.

Upon arrival in the car park that sits at the base of the Watkin track up Wales' tallest mountain my mother and I, as audience members of *The Gathering*, were greeted by two distinct interventions. One was a series of large orange pennants announcing the presence of National Theatre Wales in this unexpected location. The other was on a distant hillside, inviting your gaze up into the hills, a streak of deep blood red fabric that coated an old tramway, cut into the mountain by the Victorians to ease the passage of slate quarried higher up the mountain. These two flashes of colour spoke of different forms. One proclaimed theatre, and the other demanded to be recognized as Wilson's background as a Fine Art practitioner rather than one of theatre. The gash was reminiscent of the work of Christo & Jean-Claude¹⁸ but also winked at Constable and the great tradition of British landscape painting where red flashes in the countryside are used to draw the eye deeper into *The Haywain*.¹⁹

So was it art we were witnessing, or theatre, how were we to read these signs? There is a poet involved, the texts being written on the high sides of Snowdon were written by Gillian Clarke, and there is a horn being blown; down in the valley a lone member of a brass band who is but a taster of what is to come. As audience, we arrive and are gathered together in a small not quite field by the roadside. We are assigned a number and packaged off to group leaders who are armed with beautiful woollen flags, each branded in a different way in the same series of patterns that are cut into sheep ears to aid their identification on the high slopes.²⁰

There are about 120 of us, and we set off in groups of 12 or so, clumping and clustering our way up the mountain. This is performance for the fit and able bodied only. We set off through the Sessile Oak laden forests following the first performer, who welcomes us to the hill with the blowing of a conch shell, before spritely disappearing ahead possessed by a bright red hunting coat. The forest is dotted with archive photographs, and the trees occasionally drip with sculptural interventions. Here a performer climbs and re-climbs a rock wall as the horn blower notates the loop. Conversation in the group flits nervously about, we are all together in the uncertainty of this, and as the valley opens out, men who appear as shepherds seem to coax us on, or gather us up into the mountain.

Snowdonia is awash with abandoned shepherds' crofts, farms and stone buildings that have become ghosts on the hillsides. Snowdon is no different and as we come across a humble dwelling, roofless and tumbling we find it stuffed with rolled balls of wool, each individually cut from a single sheep and bundled as has been done for centuries. But placed in piles like this, where life used to be lived they seem to swell, rise and fall like a chest full of breath, they are a disturbing collection of bodies to look at. Amidst all this a lone woman performs a poem on a loop before collapsing into the seething pile of woollen bodies. Cyclic patterns are hinted at in both language and movement. Shepherds point up the valley and we continue, passing beneath the old tramway, now blood red, as another performer strides up and over the mountain, silently calling us on.

Passing a quarry master's ruin of a house its vacant windows bear down on us, pine trees springing out of its back yard add to the mystery. We walk on, splashing water on our faces from a nearby stream. Slate is used as a simple fencing material and the group is split in two, one half herded off up a hill towards red rocks, cloth wrapped and pouring from a wall built for the tramway. In the distance a great bulwarking flank of Snowdon has been chalked up with a poem, a cleft in the rock is stuffed with wool, hidden speakers bleat at the audience as snatches of the poem are read aloud amongst the whispering groups.

We feel it now, the pressure of being herded together, the other group and ours are coming back together, drawn in by dogs and men high on the hills above: pointing us in to the heart of the old quarry where large piles of slag are dressed with brass instruments. The hillside around is dotted with other players surrounding another ruin where we are all gathered together, around an empty bed in which an old man lies, seemingly asleep. Sandwiches are eaten and water drunk, children are glad of the rest as a play breaks out in the midst of all this, the brass band announcing it as they coagulate here amongst the blood red fabrics and the talk of life and death, those cyclic partners on the hillsides, whose annual story is then played out by five players, tossing around the maternal bed.

The groups divide to descend, each our other ways, as new perspectives are offered on these scenes, more poems creep from the stones and red rocks are seen close up, wrapped in red cloth. The brass band stand in a circle and we see them in the distance, playing us off the hill, along with a flock of real, live sheep, who are still wearing their coats and who must be finding it very confusing, being gathered off the mountain four days in a row, players in a play whose fluid movements are a joy to watch as we pass them down into the farmyard.

Inside the yard and its crumbling outbuildings, each in different stages of a layered form of decay, we are once more lead this time by our own senses, a desire to follow the herd or escape it as each sees fit. A sheep is shorn, the old way, by hand before being tossed into a particularly well kept croft – this is a national trust farm after all. Inside the decrepit farm house a lady sings, more rolled balls of sheep hide, oddly alive still, as these vignettes are played out to an audience looking for a place to rest. It feels like the end already, like it should be over but still there are more rooms, more skulls, more films, but our energy has been drained on the hills and for this the installation does not get the time or energy it deserves. Our feet drag and the bored faces of school children, drafted in to hold up archive photographs of the farm in bloodier and more resplendent days, betray our true feelings.

We drift past the last installations, a bloody, stomach churning number involving dressing up one lamb in the skin of another, and we finally come to the flat land, the pleasant field where our solitary horn blower once stood. And we lie down or sit, only to be told we have to be off now, away, over by there, take the path, along the stream, to the next field, only a little further, there's tea! My mother is relieved.

So Wilson's *The Gathering* treads a curious line between theatre, performance and installation, from various angles it can be said to definitely be one or the other, or yet another. Whilst sat in the circle of the abandoned slate mine, a play being enacted around a bed in the middle, one was reminded of plays in the round, the ancient *plen an gwarry* (playing places) of Cornwall, or

the circular arches of Shakespeare's Globe Theatre in London. The story itself, a retelling of a year in the life of a sheep on the mountain, told in quite a perfunctory way: when my mother relayed her experience to her partner, a sheep farmer in North Wales, he promptly stripped the story down to ten or so words and asked what happened next. The moments of most intrigue to me, were the captured snippets of conversation that one caught on the air, other audience members opinions or transcriptions of what they thought was going on, or had gone on, or was about to come. The piece concluded its journey with a wandering through a series of installations, a number of films: a second intervention from the female lead felt clunky and somehow token, tacked on to the end of a larger scale event whose glory and power was drained by this farmyard finale. Comprised of rusting farm machinery, archive photographs, skulls and straw bales it felt like the installation element of this performance had given way to a theatre that had won this particular battle, if only because of the epic backdrop of Snowdon, against which a spider-webbed barn or two could do little.

At the heart of *The Gathering* was a mythic form of story-telling that exposed Wilson's drafted-in position as a commissioned artist. She was commissioned by the National Theatre of Wales (NTW) to undertake *The Gathering* but unlike *Fissure*, and her more recent work *Warnscale* (Wilson 2015) there was no personal driver behind the piece, and so the piece became a work of found stories, other peoples' places: the personal strength of *Fissure* was missing. Even the poetic contributions of Gillian Clarke, whilst beautiful, soured in the wake of the news that they were not as easy to wash off the slate walls of Snowdon as NTW had lead the National Trust to believe.

The work of Baskeyfield and Mayhew, viewed as transects, lead to places the artists knew well or came to know well, the audio recordings of Harrison and Cardiff play with places through representational form. The work of Louise Ann Wilson gets closer to the prospect of an autoethnographic transect through her personal engagement with a place and its relationship to herself. The autoethnographic transect is a simple idea: draw a line on a map between two places of personal resonance, and attempt to walk that line; the body of work this thesis documents is the personal and emotive product of this seemingly simple idea undertaken. The tools of an individual undertaking an autoethnographic transect are simple tools used in a transdisciplinary way: a pen and a map, a camera and a note book or two, a place that is of personal resonance, and the time to explore those places the transect cuts through in retrospect. The main tool at

work in an autoethnographic transect is the memory of personal experience, subsequent research into one's place in the world, and the use of a transect to draw out social, cultural and historical links between oneself and the world. This process necessarily leans on arts practice, autoethnography and an understanding of ecology drawn out from Guattari's approach to the transdisciplinary (Guattari 2005, Genosko 2002): a staging post that is beyond interdisciplinary, which by its own etymology is subservient to the disciplines it operates *between*. *Transdisciplinary* denotes a way of working that *transcends* disciplines, becomes relevant to and acknowledges the relevance of other fields. It is an ecological practice within which all things are delicately interconnected and each is responsive to and responsible for the other.

Walking as a process, lends itself to this form of interpretation, for one can walk into anything. *Walking Home: Infinite Edition* is a work that is both a piece of writing and a website, but each of these things is in a constant state of flux, between being one thing and the other, and in offering the text for editing and the website for watching, the work is offered up for exposure to the unknown and unknowable predispositions of an audience. The following pages are comprised of a copy of the original text as it was displayed in the gallery, followed by full page images of a number of edited texts that were pinned to the gallery wall by audience members during *Walking Home (Again)*, the practice-based exposition of this autoethnographic transect that took place as an exhibition in 2015, to which Part Seven of this thesis is dedicated.

3.4 *Walking Home: Infinite Edition*.

The next few pages are dedicated to the textual elements of *Walking Home: Infinite Edition*, beginning with a facsimile copy of the original text as it was presented to audience members in a gallery setting. Subsequent images document its installation and audience contributions.

Walking Home : Infinite Edition

Fish Factory : Spring 2015

A work in progress in perpetuity

Dear reader,

This document is a copy of a text taken from notes made whilst walking home in 2009. You are invited to read and edit this text in any way you choose; to underline, cut out, rearrange or otherwise highlight any phrase or moment that you enjoy, that you deem worth remembering. Edited texts can be pinned to the wall when finished, or returned at a later date.

The edited texts will then be added to the project website and displayed here throughout the period of this exhibition. After the close of the show the website will be published and made available through www.bramthomasarnold.com. A work in progress in perpetuity.

Thank you kindly,

Bram Thomas Arnold.

Please leave your edited texts here or return to:

Fish Factory, North Parade, Falmouth, Cornwall TR11 2TR

E-mail bramthomasarnold@gmail.com

A story I have carried with me my whole life. Home was a question mark. St. Gallus, an Irish monk, set up camp in the 6th century. Asleep in Farningham woods, I sat there amidst the large mosquitoes. I am not an expert at this, this is not a holiday. It is hard work. I woke up alive and reasonably well. I pointed myself out of the forest and down the hill. London seemed a distant memory.

I wake in the campsite cold. I wake in the campsite nervous. The steep slope south out of town, towards the woodlands on the horizon: my direction being south, southeast. An old lady speaks to me for some time even though I've explained that I do not understand her.

There are no hedgerows here dividing the grains, just differing bands of colour and texture. I stare at a herd of hairy cattle who are staring at me. The sky above seems to stretch out forever like watching armies march over a plain. The cavalry charge in before nightfall and spots of rain patter down. This is the wilderness of Northern France.

Along the canal and into a downpour, my pedometer ticking away, I walked off with 3 hardboiled eggs in my pocket and a large lump on my back. Large helicopters swooped low to the ground, beneath the horizon that barely existed. At 3pm the rain swept across me, my general direction still presently being roughly a quarter of the horizon 'that way'. Pristine country that promised tiny tracks and days of fields. In a pine wood, not 40 metres square I slept that night, safe from everything.

This really was nowhere, tiny towns, fields of wheat, clouds and the occasional barn. All day. I found myself lounging in the heavily decorated graveyards of these small French Villages, Somme Vesle, Poix, Moivre, Charmont.

The first day after a rest is always a painful measure of ones abilities. Baking myself along the banks of the canal, a little nap after 7km. Adjusting my boots at another stone slab trees with swooping swallows, I rest awhile perched on the corner of my coat on the moss of years that clings to the rock. Walking does not feel like travelling in the same way airports and train stations do. It feels more deliberate or more free, you are perpetually just going for a walk, not crossing a country, that seems too incomprehensible for a footstep to understand. The landscapes arrive in manageable chunks here.

All that passes by me are tractors and birds. Another village comes, and goes. A farmhand, a fork in the road. An elderly lady at her door, two cats. Everything else is breeze and rain droplets, I creep towards the horizon in the rains wake. I am so tired. I am so tired of the rain. I am so tired of walking, in the rain. What are the dreams of the people, who live out here I wonder, in these tiny villages. And nowhere arrives. In heavy fog ones world shrinks, on the edge of mine a hut in the midst of the forest appeared. Eating bread and cheese. It was 8pm, I just wanted somewhere safe to sleep. I camped in the forest, anxiously, the rain still coming down.

The pockets made by leaves are already a deep azure, a sky blue of the most welcome shade. The 10am bells to chime me back to civilization, dotted with churches which all keep their own time. The further through France I walk, the more it seems to stretch itself before me. At Sepvigny I rest in the welcome shade of two oaks and the company of the Virgin Mary. Today is long, time shrinks when you least want it to and has the ability to draw out forever when you need it the least.

The road turns to switchbacks as we climb the hill together, the tarmac and I, the cacophonous tones of the valleys midday bells which seem to clang in no particular order, for no particular time, merely for the sheer pleasure of ringing. A botanist walking the trail of St. Jacques de Compostelle, is out there still. He told me about the velvet dragonflies that flew round-about or of which plants in the hedgerows one could consume.

Virgin Mary's and fading chugging tractors. The odd cow. My feet shed their skins like snakes. A short train ride to St. Die des Vosges carried the weight of disappointment, enhanced the loneliness of it all. It rained all night. In my mind my failure to not walk all the way to Switzerland but I am too interested in failure, because failure is deeper than success. Failure is what we learn from mostly, the loneliness kicking in already.

I woke up that morning in a forest whose floor was scattered with the bright orange slugs. The first village of the day was further than I thought it and this was the way of it all day. Everything stretched. Eat a bit of chocolate.

Lift up pack again. I scrambled from scrap of shade to scrap of shade. I had passed a signpost for Charmes and blood trickled out of my heel.

Rain rolled in upon the mountain town, crisp flat riverbed rolled through the middle. Corbusier's only factory is still, only a factory. I escape at midday and walk off the depression. Curves I have to climb. One can't imagine that you'll ever be able to get anywhere by doing it. You do not visit heavily visited places. You drift through forgotten fields and empty villages. The river running off to my right, with the railway line and road tied to it by the tight valleys and mountain architecture. My road clambers over a little lip that leads us into another valley, a sudden gash of space, deep cut, split with a gushing fast little stream down the middle. Steep hillsides painted in pine forest green.

Highways forced into position by mountain fissures. A fleet of children poured out of one end on the lunch bell, and scampered round to the playground behind. And then, after lunch, the gentle sounds of communal singing. So sudden, so brashly steep. The shared silence of a picnic bench with a girl. She used a grass blade for a bookmark, picked wild strawberries. I just sat there. Col du Mandray will forever be that girl, that silence. Waiting for the strawberries to fruit again.

Odd ripples form on the lake. I sat there for the usual hour ritual, listening to the forest, a deep bed of pine needles. The path switch backed through farmyards still discovering Saturday morning. Boughs heavy with crimson whilst looking up. Solitary jet-black beetles, line the path the size of butter beans, the electricity of their underbellies all the way to Germany. Tourists spill from tour buses and I join them for coffee.

The path moved me back into the forest, deep pines. naturally formed and all over the place, with life beneath them, other plants and mosses, deep spongy objects. All the waters begin to flow east to the Rhine and the German border rather than into the Meuthe and France. My shoes occasionally vanish into deep piles. Here are vast epics.

Above a precipice, staring at Germany through the haze. Realise you are as inconsequential as the last human, as important as the first. Realise there are so many people doing so many things, that everything comes to matter as much as everything else. Or as little.

I had to be prepared for this journey to be completely inconsequential. For it not to matter at all, for it not to change anything, for it not to be noticed. When you have discovered that everything you thought mattered so much matters not at all you obtain a kind of peace usually only offered by the grave, or the open sky, the blue of distance, the joy of presence, that the moment you are in is everything. So easy to recall, so impossible to describe. I slept in a pine forest, steep and rooted. I ate soup, pinecones digging into shoulder blades, roots wrapped around hips.

I press on and nibble precious items from a cherry tree. High boughs cast in deep shades of purple. My map confuses me here, and so many cherry trees. I have reached the final peak of the Vosges and they have built houses all over it. The paths multiply under beautiful canopies of woodland, tempting pine beds and open stretches of broadleaf. I sit on a bench here for a while, perpetually glad to let the floor carry my rucksack for a while, text England to let it know I am ok.

Trying to figure out whether the hills in the distance were part of Germany or part of France. A hazy celebratory zeal, there is something about traversing a mountain range that entirely trumps walking across a plain all day. Yet this was a long way. Too far it turned out in the end, one of those errors of scale and confidence. Yesterday I walked from France to Germany. I was the only pedestrian in the whole place. Flat heat here, dead breeze. He grunts a bit and smiles, just points east. Neuf Brisach is the border town with Germany. I just walked in. Across the Rhine, the border, no borders anymore. I climb through Vineyards in the heights and lose myself in its veins. I find Friburg and sleep there for three days.

The mind stuttered and stumbled like my feet. The compound adjectives that stretch like the paths that trace off to the left and right, I sit down for a spot of shade and listen to woodpeckers crack their way through the forest. Little baby grapes so eager under the sun. French bread, German soil. The hills climbing off to the south and east, steep and cloud topped. Overlooking the Black forest, with French bread. A fork of lightning and

immediately every remembered fork of lightening I have ever seen, I walk the medieval streets and lose myself blissfully among a dusty pile of vinyl. I do not take any photographs at all; I buy a pair of vintage shoes.

Fork lightening strikes the streets, the heavy rains cause the shallow river to take on swift personality changes I soak myself in the warm storm. I just want to do it for a while, without having to think how I will later account for every second. There is no documentation of my shirt, slick and dripping, or the bike I rode around on, no evidence of my attempts at speaking German, no documentation of a conversation I had with an elderly lady in the forest the day I walked out of town.

I am tired of living with the insect kingdom. The weather becomes clockwork. A rush of sun till 12pm, a rumble of thunder by 1pm and a full storm by 3pm. Bright sun again by 6pm. A ruin in the forest, a giant thunderstorm, and by 5pm I can see Switzerland for the first time in 22 years, fork lightening striking its distant hills.

The weather spent the day being fairly threatening, I spent the day wondering how far I would get and where I would sleep. The clouds rolled up and down the hills occasionally enveloping everything in a dense fog, the air was thick with bells resonating off the hills. The first moments of uneasiness above the rapidly moving cloud line. Swathes of dead trees mingle with the living down the valley and the ghost of Caspar David Friedrich is everywhere. The run of peaks off to the southwest from here, incomprehensible, atmospheric, deep with riches, no thunder today, too high for that humidity to climb. The path is lined by poles three metres high, painted bright colours, I try and imagine the depths of winter snow. Empty and silent. Morning rose clear blue, and at 10am I warmed myself on an alpine bench like a lizard. Day-trippers vanished into the hills here and there. I ate yoghurts.

The clockwork weather is winding up again, heavy clouds rumble darkly over the way. Descending off the obvious routes down into sections of forest that feel primeval, that feel like they are just mine. I am so alone, I am so happy here. The heat is gentle under the shade. I sing out scraps of songs that hang in my head. The stream beside me increases its size, I have followed it from its source, the first raindrops fall, the first thunders crack. The borderline of a thousand thousand acres of solid forest, the first field for days, I eat wild strawberries looking out across to a horizon that must surely stretch to Switzerland.

I sort of just walk over the border. I just walk in. I walk into Switzerland. The sky is bluer here, the water clearer, the fish in the water look happier, the farmers smile, the dogs don't bark, the shade seems cooler, the cherries more scarlet. And the hills, steeper. But for this thundery haze from this small peak I would be able to see the highest peaks in three countries. I sit down and I sit down and I sit down, and I sit. Walking flattens nations, disempowers them. I just walk in.

I eat handfuls of cherries bursting with juice. I watch an eagle circle the sky from here across to Germany. Back and forth, it rises up through broadleaf, birches and beeches, oaks, the dappled light glints off my sweat-drenched forearms. I have to down tools several times, using my rucksack as a seat. The peak of the hill is still crowned with trees, no breaks for a view. This forest track turns into a road and this road turns into Schaffhausen, I pass through its outskirts, little kids with uniform rucksacks make their way home from school, it is that time of day, it has not rained a drop. Throughout the process of this walk I have been in communication with a family I have never met, the family who currently live at the house I was born into in Engelburg on the outskirts of St. Gallen, named for St. Gallus. I have been walking home.



Fig. 24. *Walking Home: Infinite Edition*. (Arnold 2015).



Fig. 25. *Walking Home: Infinite Edition*. (Arnold 2015) Detail.

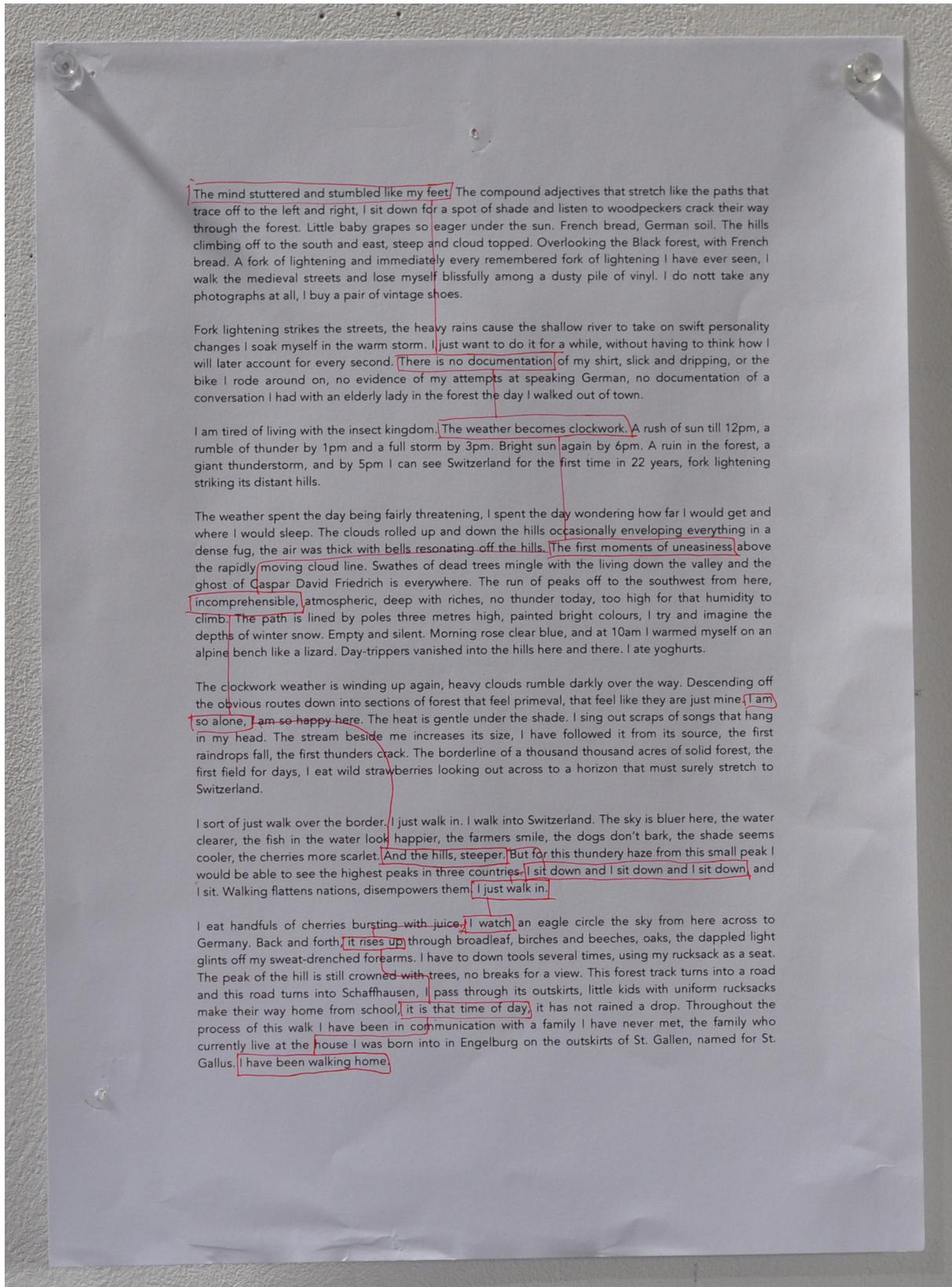


Fig. 26. Edit from *Walking Home: Infinite Edition*, installed at the Fish Factory, Falmouth, 2015.

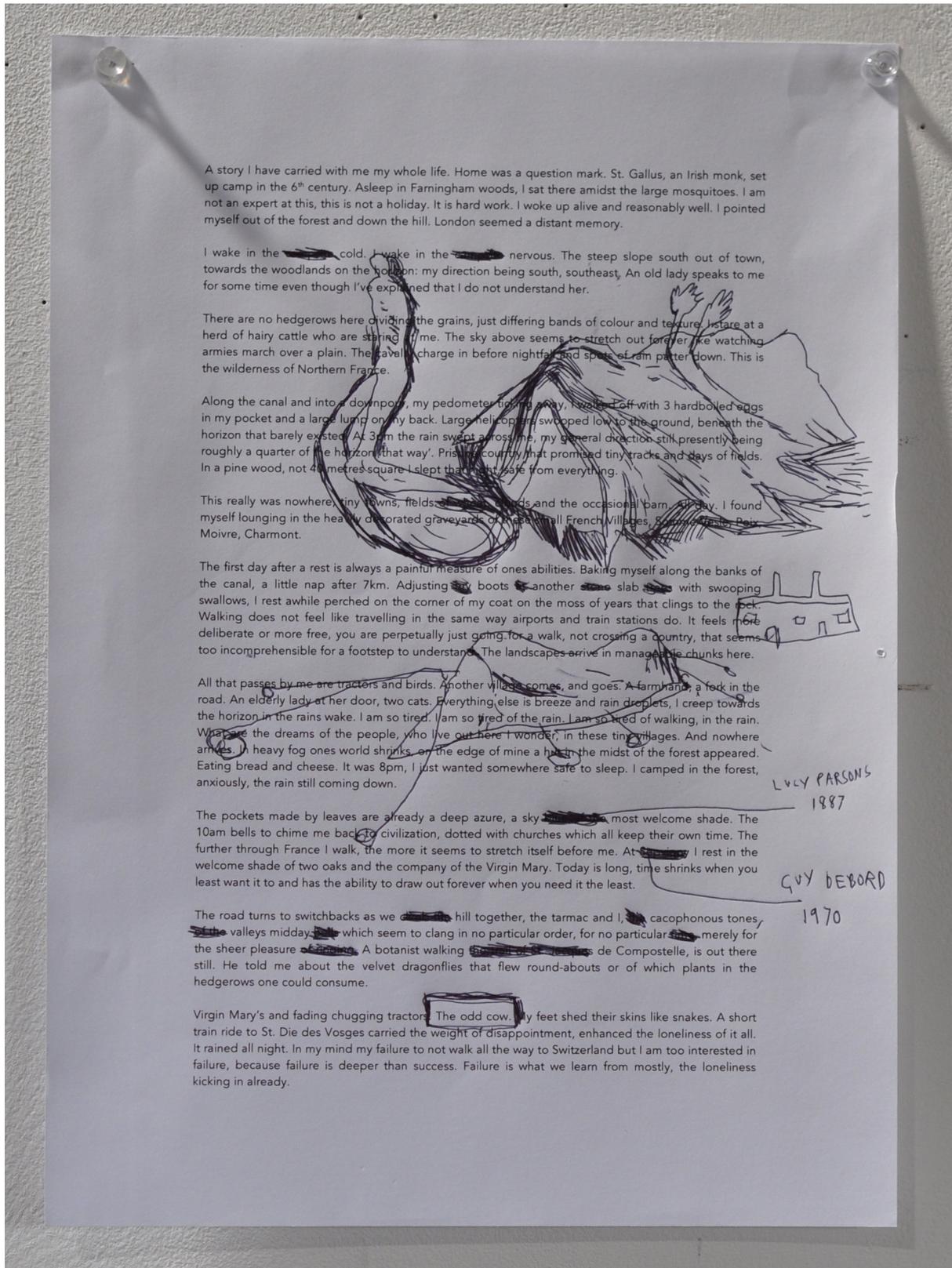


Fig. 27. Edit from *Walking Home: Infinite Edition*, installed at the Fish Factory, Falmouth, 2015.

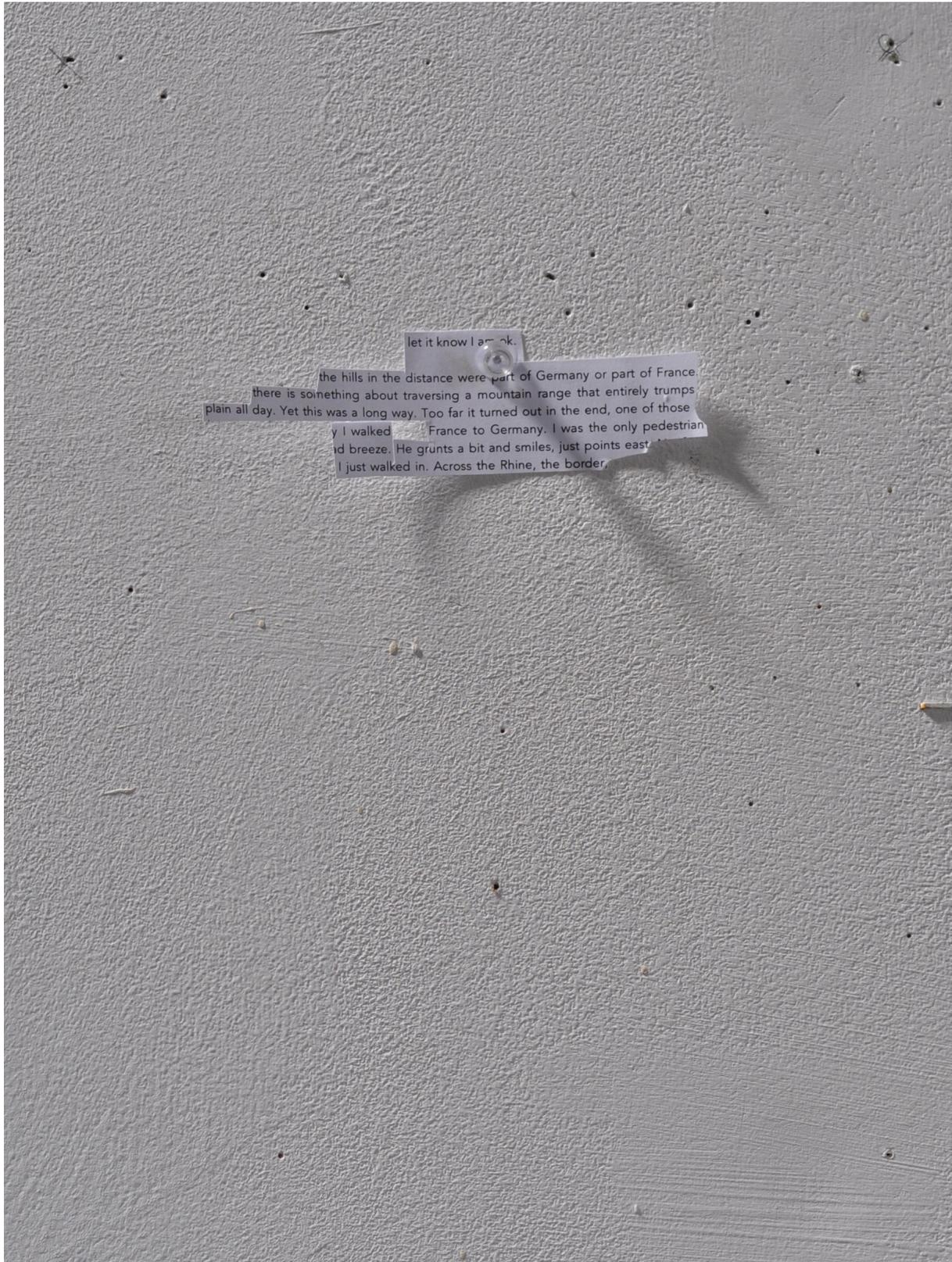
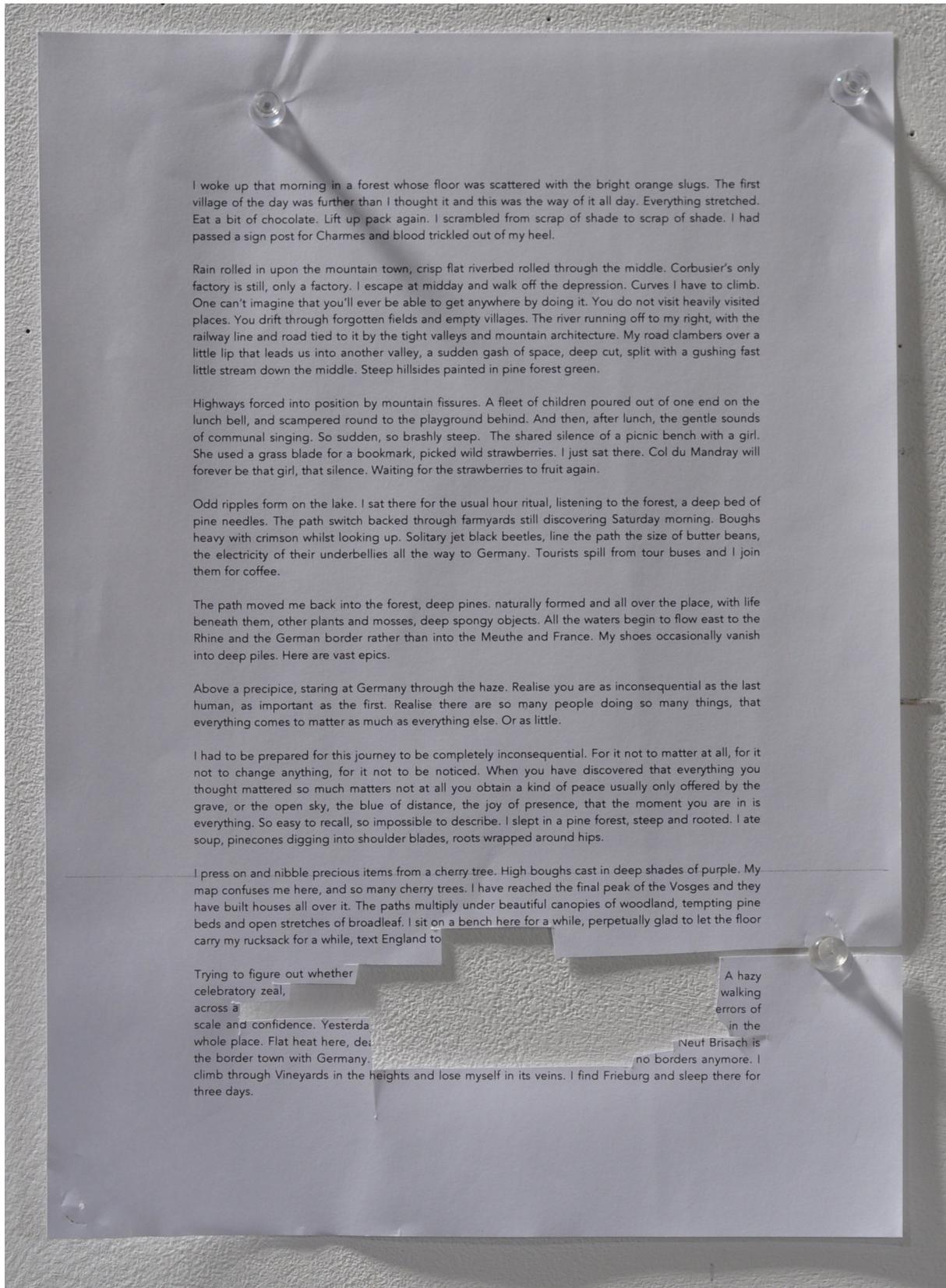


Fig. 28. Edit from *Walking Home: Infinite Edition*, installed at the Fish Factory, Falmouth, 2015.



I woke up that morning in a forest whose floor was scattered with the bright orange slugs. The first village of the day was further than I thought it and this was the way of it all day. Everything stretched. Eat a bit of chocolate. Lift up pack again. I scrambled from scrap of shade to scrap of shade. I had passed a sign post for Charmes and blood trickled out of my heel.

Rain rolled in upon the mountain town, crisp flat riverbed rolled through the middle. Corbusier's only factory is still, only a factory. I escape at midday and walk off the depression. Curves I have to climb. One can't imagine that you'll ever be able to get anywhere by doing it. You do not visit heavily visited places. You drift through forgotten fields and empty villages. The river running off to my right, with the railway line and road tied to it by the tight valleys and mountain architecture. My road clambers over a little lip that leads us into another valley, a sudden gash of space, deep cut, split with a gushing fast little stream down the middle. Steep hillsides painted in pine forest green.

Highways forced into position by mountain fissures. A fleet of children poured out of one end on the lunch bell, and scampered round to the playground behind. And then, after lunch, the gentle sounds of communal singing. So sudden, so brashly steep. The shared silence of a picnic bench with a girl. She used a grass blade for a bookmark, picked wild strawberries. I just sat there. Col du Mandray will forever be that girl, that silence. Waiting for the strawberries to fruit again.

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The path moved me back into the forest, deep pines, naturally formed and all over the place, with life beneath them, other plants and mosses, deep spongy objects. All the waters begin to flow east to the Rhine and the German border rather than into the Meuthe and France. My shoes occasionally vanish into deep piles. Here are vast epics.

Above a precipice, staring at Germany through the haze. Realise you are as inconsequential as the last human, as important as the first. Realise there are so many people doing so many things, that everything comes to matter as much as everything else. Or as little.

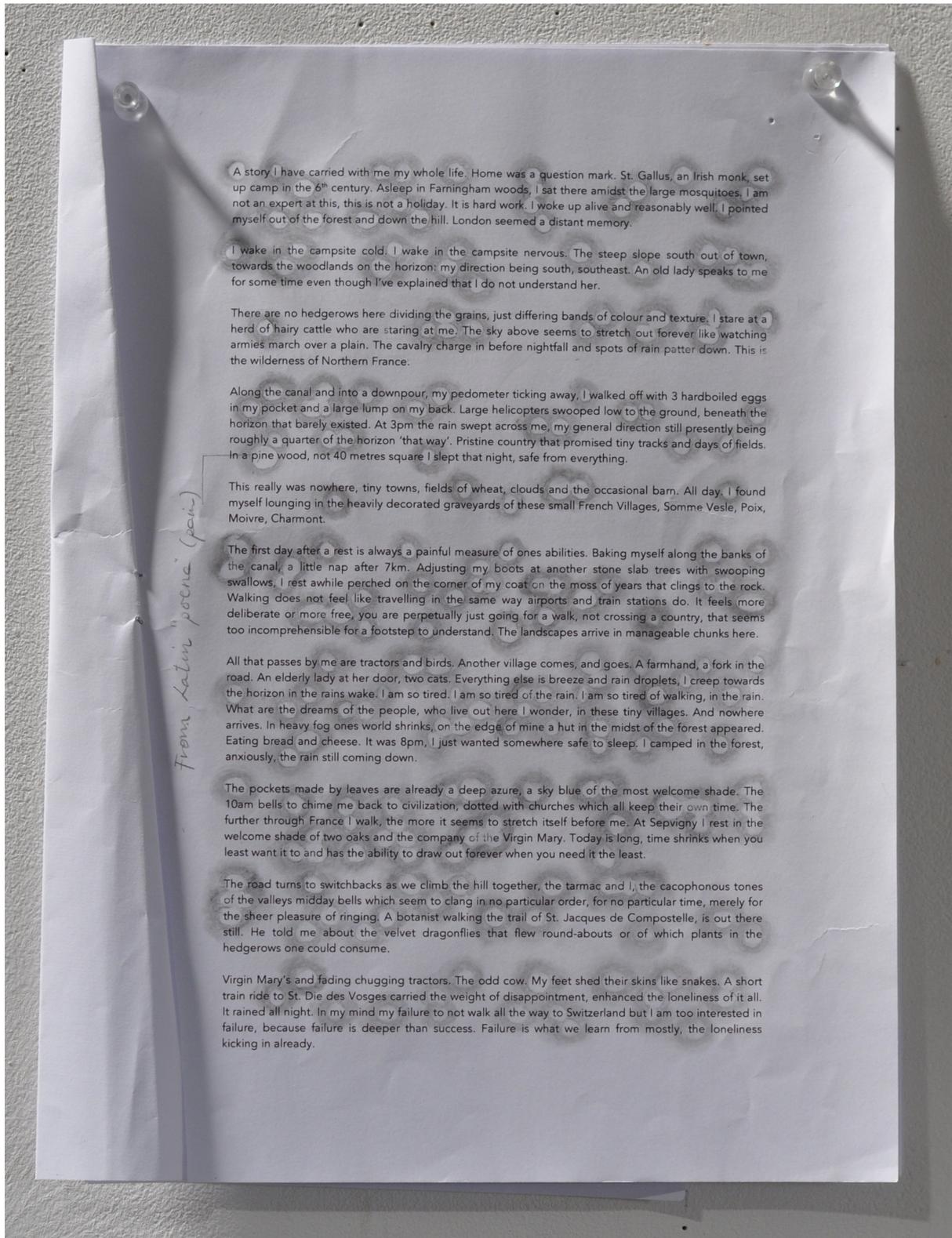
I had to be prepared for this journey to be completely inconsequential. For it not to matter at all, for it not to change anything, for it not to be noticed. When you have discovered that everything you thought mattered so much matters not at all you obtain a kind of peace usually only offered by the grave, or the open sky, the blue of distance, the joy of presence, that the moment you are in is everything. So easy to recall, so impossible to describe. I slept in a pine forest, steep and rooted. I ate soup, pinecones digging into shoulder blades, roots wrapped around hips.

I press on and nibble precious items from a cherry tree. High boughs cast in deep shades of purple. My map confuses me here, and so many cherry trees. I have reached the final peak of the Vosges and they have built houses all over it. The paths multiply under beautiful canopies of woodland, tempting pine beds and open stretches of broadleaf. I sit on a bench here for a while, perpetually glad to let the floor carry my rucksack for a while, text England to

Trying to figure out whether celebratory zeal, across a scale and confidence. Yesterday whole place. Flat heat here, de the border town with Germany. I climb through Vineyards in the heights and lose myself in its veins. I find Friburg and sleep there for three days.

A hazy walking errors of in the Neuf Brisach is no borders anymore. I

Fig. 29. Edit taken from *Walking Home: Infinite Edition*, installed at the Fish Factory, Falmouth, 2015.



A story I have carried with me my whole life. Home was a question mark. St. Gallus, an Irish monk, set up camp in the 6th century. Asleep in Farningham woods, I sat there amidst the large mosquitoes. I am not an expert at this, this is not a holiday. It is hard work. I woke up alive and reasonably well. I pointed myself out of the forest and down the hill. London seemed a distant memory.

I wake in the campsite cold, I wake in the campsite nervous. The steep slope south out of town, towards the woodlands on the horizon: my direction being south, southeast. An old lady speaks to me for some time even though I've explained that I do not understand her.

There are no hedgerows here dividing the grains, just differing bands of colour and texture. I stare at a herd of hairy cattle who are staring at me. The sky above seems to stretch out forever like watching armies march over a plain. The cavalry charge in before nightfall and spots of rain patter down. This is the wilderness of Northern France.

Along the canal and into a downpour, my pedometer ticking away. I walked off with 3 hardboiled eggs in my pocket and a large lump on my back. Large helicopters swooped low to the ground, beneath the horizon that barely existed. At 3pm the rain swept across me, my general direction still presently being roughly a quarter of the horizon 'that way'. Pristine country that promised tiny tracks and days of fields. In a pine wood, not 40 metres square I slept that night, safe from everything.

This really was nowhere, tiny towns, fields of wheat, clouds and the occasional barn. All day, I found myself lounging in the heavily decorated graveyards of these small French Villages, Somme Vesle, Poix, Moivre, Charmont.

The first day after a rest is always a painful measure of ones abilities. Baking myself along the banks of the canal, a little nap after 7km. Adjusting my boots at another stone slab trees with swooping swallows, I rest awhile perched on the corner of my coat on the moss of years that clings to the rock. Walking does not feel like travelling in the same way airports and train stations do. It feels more deliberate or more free, you are perpetually just going for a walk, not crossing a country, that seems too incomprehensible for a footstep to understand. The landscapes arrive in manageable chunks here.

All that passes by me are tractors and birds. Another village comes, and goes. A farmhand, a fork in the road. An elderly lady at her door, two cats. Everything else is breeze and rain droplets, I creep towards the horizon in the rains wake. I am so tired. I am so tired of the rain. I am so tired of walking, in the rain. What are the dreams of the people, who live out here I wonder, in these tiny villages. And nowhere arrives. In heavy fog ones world shrinks, on the edge of mine a hut in the midst of the forest appeared. Eating bread and cheese. It was 8pm, I just wanted somewhere safe to sleep. I camped in the forest, anxiously, the rain still coming down.

The pockets made by leaves are already a deep azure, a sky blue of the most welcome shade. The 10am bells to chime me back to civilization, dotted with churches which all keep their own time. The further through France I walk, the more it seems to stretch itself before me. At Sepvigny I rest in the welcome shade of two oaks and the company of the Virgin Mary. Today is long, time shrinks when you least want it to and has the ability to draw out forever when you need it the least.

The road turns to switchbacks as we climb the hill together, the tarmac and I, the cacophonous tones of the valleys midday bells which seem to clang in no particular order, for no particular time, merely for the sheer pleasure of ringing. A botanist walking the trail of St. Jacques de Compostelle, is out there still. He told me about the velvet dragonflies that flew roundabouts or of which plants in the hedgerows one could consume.

Virgin Mary's and fading chugging tractors. The odd cow. My feet shed their skins like snakes. A short train ride to St. Die des Vosges carried the weight of disappointment, enhanced the loneliness of it all. It rained all night. In my mind my failure to not walk all the way to Switzerland but I am too interested in failure, because failure is deeper than success. Failure is what we learn from mostly, the loneliness kicking in already.

From Kalini's poem (pain)

Fig. 30. Edit taken from *Walking Home: Infinite Edition*, installed at the Fish Factory, Falmouth, 2015.

1. A life on the ocean wave, A home on the
rolling deep, where the scattered waters
2. Once more on the deck I stand of my own
swift gliding craft, Set sail! Farewell to
the rare, and the wind their revels keep!
Like an eagle caged, I pine on this dull,

unchanging land, the gale follows far a-batt;
we shoot through the sparkling foam, like an

ocean bird set shore; Oh, gives me the flashing
bane, the spray and the tempest roar!

A life on the ocean free; like the ocean birds,
our home we will find far out on the sea!

A life on the ocean wave, A home on the
rolling deep! where the scattered waters
rare, and the winds their revels keep!

The winds, the winds, the winds their revels
keep, the winds, the winds, the winds their
revels keep.

Fig. 31. Edit taken from *Walking Home: Infinite Edition*, installed at the Fish Factory, Falmouth, 2015.



Fig. 32. *Walking Home: Infinite Edition* Install shot, Sensing Site, The Parasol Unit, London 2013.

John Cowper Powys

Roads are a constant source of fascination for Edward Thomas, much quoted here, who died on duty, in a shell blast at 7.30am on 9th April 1917.

On The Road

Either side of the channel the roads seem to run on. I could follow those long, straight, flat monotonous roads for miles and miles, north, south, east, and west, in a world where geology begets geography begets farming and this landscape. The long brown path before me, leading wherever I choose, but the route I choose is always the horizon and roughly South East, and every horizon I look at for the coming weeks, is but no way near far enough, it is just a tease, an inkling. My path across the south east of England, (though long and steep, and dreary, winds on forever) through the broad grass lanes of the low country, relics of medieval wayfaring - and out into Europe, the path continues into its endless horizons. The roads of south London were sequenced by bus stops and destination names, temptations of the known, at the Medway the invitation to return to London was a silver line of shining traffic. In France the slow change of monocultures each passing another, spinach here, then mange tout for days, the air thick with its distinctive sweet tang and I am content with bread, raw onion, and a bottle of wine, though I do not drink often whilst walking. (There is an old proverb which says that the other side of the road always looks best, and I often test this by changing from one side to the other) on these quiet French back roads aching with space. Adjusting my boots atop another rustic stone slab, I set off again, my increasingly manageable pack hoisted, the damp filtering in through avenues offered by my diminishing coat. A road is a connection between two points, which only exist when the traveller is upon it, and I was upon mine, and I forgot everything but the way ahead. I once read somewhere that there is not a village in all of France that did not lose a son at Verdun, and with every village I go through so I find a war memorial, conspicuous largely by its size, freshly decorated with a floral tribute for the most part. The war, that war, was everywhere to begin with then it hit me anew, at a place called Vauclair, I rested in the gardens of an Abbey whose grounds had been completely lost in the war, whose ruins were ruined again and lost. I have to mention this now: an abbey the size of Tintern, was lost to the world after the war. The other side of this forest I am about to walk through a village lies beneath the new creep of trees, they burst through its graveyard and walk its streets; a new version of the village is just some miles on. Some roads creep, some continue merely, some advance with majesty, some mount a hill in curves like a soaring seagull, my road crept with majesty under the eaves, slowly, for I do not understand, and I never shall understand, how it can be a pleasure to hurtle past all the images and objects which our beautiful earth displays. Sat in the quiet shelter of the abbey grounds, I took my boots off, I poked a poppy into the hole in my cap, I sat there and for a while my thoughts would flit and drift, hold a frantic meeting in the corner and then again, they would lapse into silence, fade into the background. The forest is as empty as the fields, just closer, it comes closer, the senses are alive, and rather like a wasp, sidling up to a jam jar, I make it to the crest of this horizon. My track leads me down the hill the other side, nearing the end of this day with the sorrow of the lost village of Craonne. I had been a month on the road, and the suburbs were long and empty.

Didier Malouin points that the horizon can be a metaphor for the grand sweep of Western Civilization, an endless pursuit of progress that is always, just a little further over there.

Walt Whitman, *Drum of the Far Road*, 1860

George Trevelyan, *Chic: Aims & other essays*, 1913

Oh to give up! Oh to sit down! Oh to turn back! But journeys such as this are a debt that must be repaid.

Frank Tatchell, *The Happy Traveller*, 1923

My ongoing pursuit of this connection is in this ongoing attempt to walk, talk, write and perform this path into being, journeys or stories and stories become myths and we tell ourselves stories, in order to live.

I seem to have lost any trace of any found source for this line, so that if you google it, all you get is me.

Edward Thomas, *The (Lancet) Way*, 1916

The loss of Craonne & seven other villages along the Chemin des Dames was the turning point of popular opinion against the war in France, summarised in the anonymously authored song 'La Chanson De Craonne.'

...Mais c'est bien fini, on en assez
Personne ne veut plus marcher
Et le cœur bien gros, comme dans un sanglot
On dit adieu aux civ'lots
Même sans tambours, même sans trompettes
On s'en va là-haut en baissant la tête
Adieu la vie, adieu l'amour...

Laurie Lee, *As I walked at one midsummer morning*, 1929

Late Cretaceous chalkland joins the crest of West and West swallows of Picardy.

Edward Thomas, *Roads*, 1917.

Europe ripples with these medieval pilgrim trails. They underpin all of our conversations and all of our conversations.

Edward Thomas, *The (Lancet) Way*, 1916

Twelve hours of walking in the pouring rain is beyond the capacity of the average water-proof, of which I wear, until then, the proud crew.

Robert Wilson, *The Walk*, 1917.

I revisited this place in 2014 with a grandiose plan which was shattered by the reality of camping in no-man's-land in the North of France. The horror of it passed in through the pitch-dark canvas of my tent.

Though it sounds absurd I do think it's possible to rush a walk and I did rush this one. Indeed it's probably why I'm still going on about it.

Part Four. Technology, collaboration and failure.

4.1 A Belgian Transect.

Below is an extract from a paper I wrote in collaboration with Rebecca Birch and Rob Smith of Field Broadcast. It is an account of my experiences in the field with Eleanor Wynne Davis as part of *Sideways Festival*, a walking arts festival that took place in Belgium in 2012. The full paper, published in *Digital Creativity* (Arnold et al 2015) can be found in the appendix.

Technical ineptitude in the field was the first hurdle we had to surmount, and it was our lack of understanding of the technology here that failed us. The flash media live encoder (FMLE) sends a signal to a server to enable the broadcasts: we had, in our eagerness to stream before we had to leave the area, failed to account for this simple detail. A broadcast is not something to be rushed and the intricacy of broadcasting combined with our aesthetic disposition forced our hand in Polygon Wood, causing the error. The performance, of Davis' violin-playing shadow falling on a cenotaph was lost in the digital ether, FMLE unable to communicate with the wider world: fortunately the event was captured on DV tape.

"Failure is what we learn from mostly" (Solnit 2006, 107) and that evening we stripped everything from our second broadcast other than the broadcast itself, easing the technology into this new realm of long distance walking and foreign lands. Introducing ourselves to the viewer through a broadcast in which we sat, directly eyeing the camera, and faced our audience, breathing gently in the evening sun, a day's worth of dust on our faces. The scene was set, and it was the two of us in and with Belgium, and with the limited facts we knew, or thought we knew, about it (Arnold et al 2015).

The we of this article is myself and long-term collaborator Eleanor Wynne Davis. Davis is an artist and a musician whom I studied alongside at Dartington College of Arts. *Sideways* was a festival that, over the course of a month, traversed Belgium on foot from west to east, carving a form of transect through the Belgian countryside, and each weekend when the party halted, forming a different node in a different town: a sequence of mini-festivals united by a line of nomadic artists, writers, readers and performers, and a donkey.

Field Broadcast, as Birch and Smith state in the article is:

[A]n artist-run live broadcast project, commissioning artists to work with live broadcast as a medium, using our bespoke software. The Field Broadcast software delivers live broadcasts direct to the viewer's desktops outside of a web browser. Times of the broadcasts are not announced, offering the potential for audience members to encounter live broadcast artworks as unexpected interruptions to other activities. The broadcasts are not transmissions of live events that also take place offline, they are artworks devised specifically for broadcast (Arnold et al 2015).

Davis and I set out for two weeks of walking across Belgium in an attempt to explore *A Belgian Transect*, devising a series of broadcasts whilst walking across Belgium in a company of artists, projects and pedestrians. The 13 broadcasts that came out of the project were later revisited by Davis and me for *Flint* (Flint 2012), a micro-festival of contemporary performance and installation, presented at the Pound Arts Centre, Corsham, in Wiltshire in November 2012. Through an examination of these two works I will now set out how the failures therein fuelled the research process involved in this autoethnographic transect.

On the road towards Ypres, summer 2012.

In the blistering heat of a continent in full summer swing El and I had spent an hour dashing around Brussels in search of a dongle, a portable Wi-Fi device that would work on a Belgian sim-card. At the time we set out we were not 100% sure such a thing existed. By the time we staggered off a train at the border town of Menen we were finally in possession of everything necessary to undertake a series of Field Broadcasts whilst walking 200km back towards Brussels.

After an evening spent under the stars, in the same field as a donkey who was to be the Sideways companion, cocooned in bivvy bags El and I set out to discover where exactly we were. The festival officially started in two days time in the border town of Menen where one could walk across the river into France with little trouble, nor noticeable change. Ypres²¹ is a name that lingers in cultural memory, we both recognised it, but neither of us could quite say why. According to the map it was about 7km away, its sizeable cathedral piercing the horizon to the west. We set off into the heat of the day planning to walk there and back as some sort of warm up for what was to come, seeking also to find out something about where we were, or why we were, seeking either way, some sort of purpose, or reason for being.

We took the broadcast equipment with us on a trial run. Meticulously laying out and photographing our equipment beforehand as we had once done on Power Walk²²: identical rucksacks, identical notebooks, identical knives, identical other books (in this case Merlin Coverley's recent *The Art of Wandering*²³ and Simon Armitage's *Walking Home*²⁴). Belgium was hot, it was frantic, stifling, we regularly hid from the sun in catholic shrines on roadsides and in the end we hitched back from Ypres to our camping spot just outside Zonnebeke.

On the day we were due to leave with the group, to set off eastward from Menen towards Brussels El and I made for Polygon Wood²⁵ at dawn to attempt our first broadcast. It became apparent then that what we really had to work with, was our own history, the space between us, and so we took as our starting place our last collaboration, the outcome of a walk we made separately, following two key powerlines through Wales in the pouring rain. That original piece was called *Notating Despair*²⁶, a piece for violin and voice crafted in response to a walk in Wales found resonance in the cemetery of Polygon Wood. Where technology failed us prior to a 16km walk.

This initial failure was due to a level of understanding of the software that was somewhat below that of someone who specializes in programming. Our lack of understanding of the Flash Media Live Encoder (FMLE) meant we had not given the program the correct address for Field Broadcasts server and so it was unable to transmit the data.

This project was the first time Field Broadcast had been used in this way, by two individual artists to generate a series of broadcasts that were conceptually united, in this case by walking. Until this point Field Broadcast had been used for two other projects involving multiple artists each producing one work for one broadcast. For Wysing Arts Centre (Birch and Smith 2016), forty artists, myself included, were invited to develop a one-off broadcast from anywhere in the UK, to be broadcast via the online software. In *Field Broadcast: West* (Birch and Smith 2016) 7 artists from globally disparate locations – Italy, USA, Canada as well as the UK – were asked to devise a broadcast to take place at sunset in their given location, thereby exposing the temporal nature of the work on a global scale. Broadcasts streamed of a sunset live from Canada were received in the middle of the night were one viewing them in the UK. The Field Broadcast project is one that engages with what Bourriaud points at in his text *The Radicant*, namely that “today's artists, whatever latitudes they live in, have the task of envisaging what would be the first truly worldwide culture” (Bourriaud 2009: 17). I wanted to use Field Broadcast under the guise of a transecting tool in Belgium to expose the fact that there are few such geographies as heavily surveyed and saturated as Belgium, wherein all geography becomes psychogeography (ibid: 120).

A Field Broadcast is designed to be an inherently transient thing though, a fleeting work that is either witnessed live or lost forever to the ether; this is, at least, the intention of Birch and Smith. However through pursuing *A Belgian Transect* it became apparent that a narrative of sorts was unfolding, was being walked out in the spaces between the broadcasts, in the places between the nodes on the transect. The experiment of *A Belgian Transect* was an attempt to see whether a series of broadcasts made from a given path, would offer audience members some insight into the sense of a journey undertaken. The fundamental flaw was that no individual audience member was able to see all 13 broadcasts as far as Davis & I were aware. This unpredictability is built into the nature of a Broadcast, being an unannounced interjection onto ones desktop, or a broadcast sent into the ether of the internet and received by no one. The loneliness of technology was an unexpected companion on this journey. It would take up to 3 hours to prepare a broadcast after which Davis and I would collapse, alone together in a field somewhere in Belgium amidst the technology, that though offering to bring us into contact with all these people, actually isolated us from our audience, who were somewhere the other side of a distant screen that may or may not have been turned on.

A Belgian Transect was an opportunity to explore certain autoethnographic notions, or look into how autoethnography could be inflected in the work. In the sixth broadcast from Belgium Davis and I were positioned in an attic room of a medieval farmhouse by the light of a window, in such a way that only my face was visible in a square of mirror leaning against a portable amp for Davis' violin. I was artificially lit from a source that was out of shot from the broadcast. This meticulous set-up was intended to refer to the precision of Dutch and Flemish painting of the 17th Century, and involve the static position of a camera within a broadcast as the static position of the painter of a portrait scene typical of Vermeer (See figures 34 and 35).



Fig 34. Technical set up of a broadcast in Belgium showing the Flash Media Live Encoder on screen. 2012.



Fig 35. Production still from the sixth broadcast of *A Belgian Transect* (Arnold & Davis 2012).

A Belgian Transect as a whole was littered with technical issues and failings. The broadcast pictured in figures 34 and 35 was not recorded onto DV tape in its entirety, but does exist as a low resolution file captured by the FMLE; the remnants of the first broadcast are similarly partial. A DVD I compiled for Performing Site, a day symposium I organised in collaboration with Katrina

Brown of Falmouth University and Sensingsite¹⁵, presented all the broadcasts on one disc, but this is not how Field Broadcast intend them to be experienced; as such this DVD and the presentation was a form of documentation, not the work itself. Included in the appendix is a document that is a typed and annotated version of my notebook that I took across Belgium on page two of which I have noted:

El and I separated here for an afternoons walk in the hope that we would find time to focus on both our own main forms of practice: writing/photography/violin, yet this remained an ongoing problem. There was simply not enough time to walk the walk and reflect on it, simultaneously. Writing and walking are synonymous, but they are not simultaneous (Arnold and Davis 2012).

What has been taken from this failing in *A Belgian Transect* is that though there is the potential to generate a body of broadcasts that when displayed together may make for an interesting contribution to a body of work in the pursuit of an autoethnographic transect, the individual broadcasts inherently give a context to each other that only materialises if they are presented together. Thereby the notion of a broadcast is undermined in the process of pursuing a transect with such a tool. To make a comparison to the basic transect in its original scientific context: broadcasting is likened to coming across an interesting specimen every now and then but only showing it to one or two colleagues before flinging it into the wind. I will return to this thought after an examination of the second part of my collaboration with Davis, a performance installation for Flint Microfest, that also took place in 2012.

4.2 On Graphic Scores, the rehearsal and an introduction to *Fondue*.

Once again I found myself more intrigued by the 'after' of a walk, for positioning the 'work' of it. What to do with all this detritus, these photographs, and F4V files, mini DV tapes and memories, half-read Merlin Coverley books and the odd emotional taste that was left in the mouth after

¹⁵ From their blog: "Sensingsite is a platform for researchers and artists to present work exploring issues of place, space and site across diverse media and approaches. Sensingsite provides an open and constructive environment within which participants and audience can interact to provide feedback and peer review. Sensingsite is organised by Susan Trangmar, Steven Ball, and Duncan White for Fine Art Research, Central Saint Martins, University of the Arts London." I have presented three elements of this research at two symposiums in London in 2013 and 2014, as well as co-organising and presenting at the Performing Site symposium at Falmouth University. See www.sensingsite.blogspot.co.uk for a full archive of abstracts dating back to 2012.

spending two weeks walking through a country and place that Davis and I had no attachment to. *A Belgian Transect* became an examination of my working relationship with Davis, and through a performance installation presented at the Pound Arts Centre in Corsham, was an experience that tested the boundaries of our collaborative relationship.

Davis is a classically trained musician. One of the transdisciplinary aspects of the practice of transecting is to be evidenced here through a performance installation called *A Belgian Transect* (Arnold & Davis 2012). In this section I will elaborate on how the graphic score entered my practice and in particular the research into and presentation of *Fondue* that has taken place in the wake of this performance at Flint. A graphic score is a term developed through contemporary classical music to denote a score that is drawn visually, inviting interpretation, as opposed to one written in musical note form.

The graphic score also found a basis for crossover into the conceptual art world through the work of Fujiko Nakaya whose early presentations of *Fog Piece* 1970 (Nakaya 2015) were accompanied by music, recordings and light, the combined elements of which were coordinated through a version of a graphic score devised by the artist. The most recent incarnation of her work took place in Bristol in 2015 as part of In Between Times annual festival and was accompanied in the Arnolfini by an exhibition of video documentation of older installations. The exhibition included a graphic score written for one of her Fog Sculpture performances.

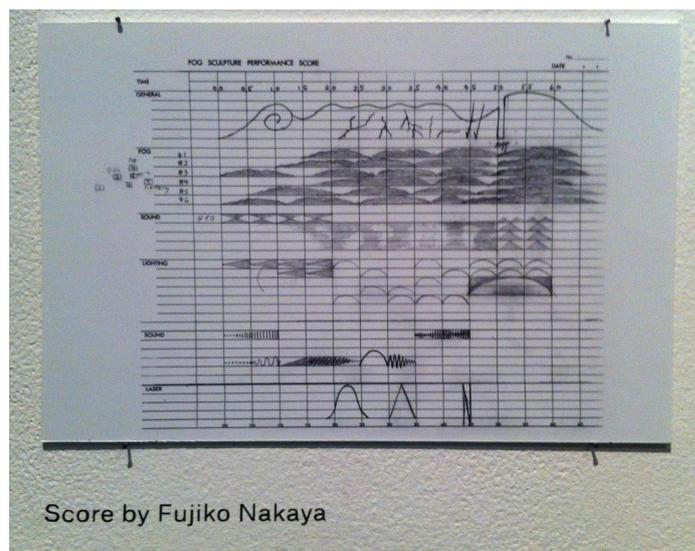


Fig 36. Score by Fujiko Nakaya. Taken by myself at Arnolfini, 2015.

This particular example shows how various disciplines can be represented within the same score and enables an artist to move across the forms in a transdisciplinary way by tying all the forms to the sole arbiter of space, that of time. The graphic score technique that I developed and utilized through the devising of *Fondue* began whilst collaborating with Davis, was a way of negotiating our different perspectives and abilities, enabling us to navigate between the various forms that were presented at Flint. The original pencil drawing of the graphic score for Flint is on a sheet of paper 5 foot x 4 foot; for ease I have taken two images (see Fig. 37 and 38 below), and tinted them so as to make them legible here. On the score 8 stations are listed on the left, with time running from left to right across the page. Two of these stations are myself and El, who are mobile within the piece, the subsequent six stations are physical entities within the space such as projectors, laptops, a violin, a record player, books and so on. Each physical entity is drawn into play by our movement and interaction during the performance. The score enabled us as performers to track their function in relation to ourselves and each other across the 45 minute time line of the performance.

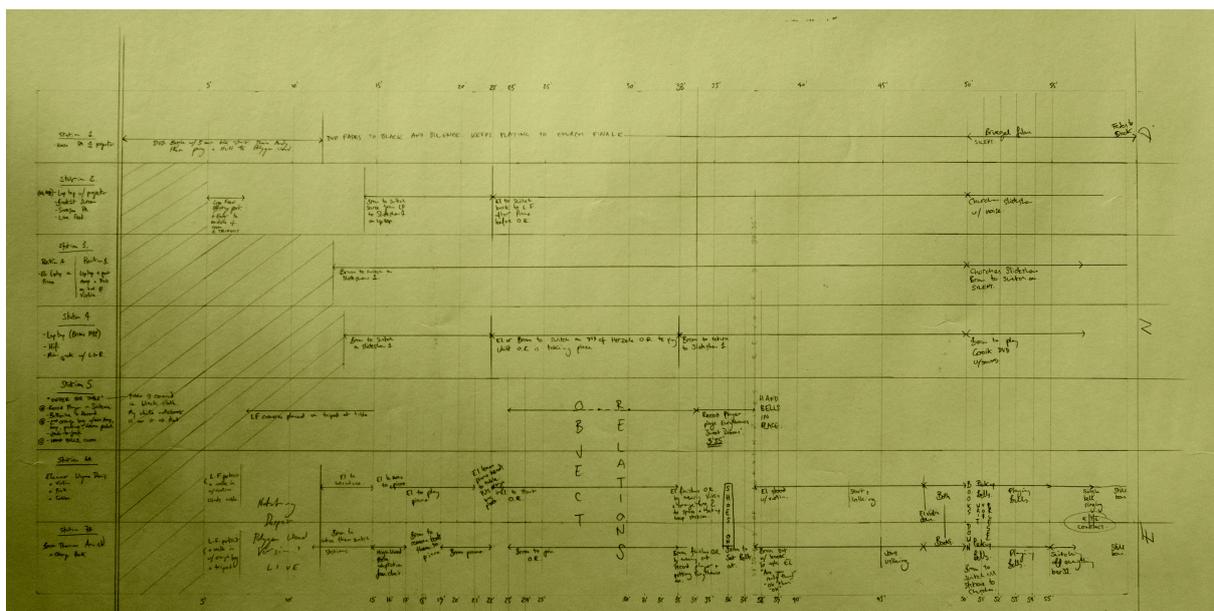


Fig 37. A Belgian Transect. (Arnold & Davis 2012) Graphic score for Flint microfest. Detail.

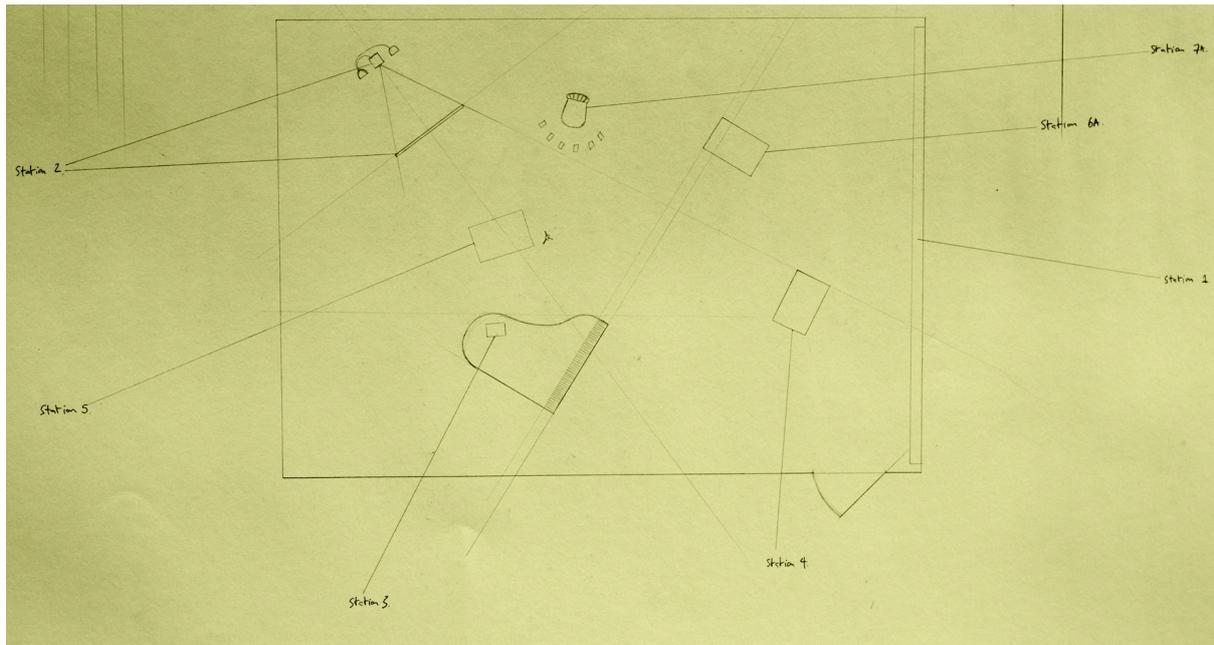


Fig 38. *A Belgian Transect*. (Arnold & Davis 2012) Graphic score for Flint microfest. Detail.

The graphic score devised by Davis and me for use as part of *A Belgian Transect* at Flint was a progression of this idea whereby a series of linear paths are represented across a page each denoting some form of activity in some form of space. Each line, rather than being a note, is representing a particular *station* within a given space, each *station* is then explained on the left and then notations are made as the line passes from left to right. The score is to be read, by Davis and me, prior to the performance but exists as a tangible record of the event as well as being a form of technical drawing or schematic of a live event. By its nature the score also gives latitude and porosity to the performers: there is room for manoeuvre between performers within a live space, the framework is not set in stone and a flexibility exists in the sequencing thus enabling it to be played out within the context of a live, and unpredictable audience. The production of this score influenced the development of my work in a positive light, both upon diagrams of my thesis that I was drafting at the time and also upon the performance installation entitled *Fondue*. In a paper given at Falmouth University entitled 'The PhD as a strange organism', I outlined *A Belgian Transect* thus:

The installation, took place in a room in which there were many things going on: several sites of performance, several sites of installed film work, several sites of still photography and several positioned objects. I needed a way of keeping track of this, a visual graphical representation of the piece to help me hold it in my mind, and I

came up with this. [...] Initially it has an aesthetic lineage that ties it to my drawing practice but within this it has a multi-track approach to the objects or venues within the site of the performance, a schematic of which is included as a key in the bottom right hand corner. It is a pencil drawing [...] that tells you not only the sound content, but details the film, the performance and the objects that are an integral part of the work and how and when they are being used. It is a graphic score for a performative installation. And I realized this is what I need, this is what I desperately needed to understand another line of enquiry I have been pursuing in this venture. (Arnold 2013).

The pursuit of a graphic score for *Fondue* that grew out of this presentation is where this project will now turn, and through this encounter I will return to the presence of films within the installation as a progression from the failure of *Field Broadcast* as it took place within *A Belgian Transect*. Further consideration will be given through the next two sections of this thesis to the place of film in walking and arts practice as well as autobiographic and autoethnographic performance.

Falmouth, early 2013. On introducing *Fondue* to Cornwall.

Fondue is a performance, taking the guise of a dinner party, that I have been developing since returning from a walk I made to St. Gallen in 2009: a walk from the house I lived in at the time, to the house I was born into, in a village on a hillside above the city of St. Gallen. In order to explain its enduring presence within *Walking Home*, to get at its roots, I need to take a short walk through my memory.

I was born in St. Gallen but the house in which I lived, the *Home* of the title, was in a small village just north of the city, some ten miles into the hills or so. The path leading out of the town was well marked and it took me past some of the first monuments of urban decay I had seen in Switzerland, rusted fragments of graffiti covered metal.

The trail lead me to the Sitter river and an iron bridge that passed over it, steep slopes down into the forest, and just the other side of the wide, gentle brown stream, a kennels, a field full of dogs all uncertain of their place in the world.

I climbed up through a gully of hedgerows to an open field that led to the edge of Engelburg; a park bench with the name of the village on its breast greeted me. I sat down for a moment, and

reflected on the events in progress, I was about to walk to a house I could not even picture, with whom my connection was so seemingly slim and yet had become so pivotal, a place to which I had latched a sense of home through the process of this journey. Through the irregular sending of postcards from the journey I had written myself into the lives of the people who lived there, made their home part of mine, and made myself part of their home, part of their story.

And I was lost. For the first time dear reader, I was lost. For the first time the rules of my journeying had changed. No longer was the horizon and its beyond the destination, but my destination was somewhere within this realm of the visible, it was between myself and the horizon. And yet it occurred to me, that though I had spent weeks sending postcards to 5A Tannenstrasse, I had no idea precisely where that might be.

Swiss villages are sprawling affairs, built amongst and around fields and woods and farms. Sat on a bench on the main street I had to concede I had no means to discover the direction to my destination. I plucked my phone from my pocket and rang my mother to ask her for directions to a property to which she had not been for 26 years. She mentioned a bakery, and a track opposite, a lane cutting innocuously between two houses that cuts across several fields and a small stream, before leading up to an estate of houses. All these things were still present in the landscape, the bakery still existed, the track opposite, further up the hill the church tower and a block of flats with geraniums lined up in the window boxes.

From a path between two fields I waved at a young couple stood in their back garden. Stood in our back garden. I had to pass through a narrow cut between gardens to get to the front of the house and was greeted by a glut of children from the village who followed me as though I were the piper, to the front door. The man of the house opened the door and greeted me with the words 'Welcome Home' orated with a heavy Germanic accent. I had arrived in mid afternoon and after a certain amount of unpacking and tentative looking at photographs and touring the house we sat down to a lunch of melted cheese, and amidst this atmosphere, warm, stumbling and slightly awkward, and excited, between tense and relaxed and in a stilted broken English that was frequently translated through the party, I told them the story of myself and how I ended up at their dining table. And from this act of extreme generosity and warmth, given by a Swiss family to myself, has come the current research into *Fondue* as a performance.

Fondue is a slowly gestating work whose function is to attempt to share the experience of the walk; and by this I mean the intricacies of both the route and the emotion experienced, the events that occurred, the sense of the mundane and the sublime²⁷ that was born out of walking 800km. *Fondue* was instigated at the home of Emma Leach in Tower Hamlets, London in 2009.

Walt Whitman, 'Song of the Open Road' 1868

Ashford, Devon, Feins.
Colmar, Freiburg.
In the City

Vaucluse, St. Etienne des Vignes.

But what I needed mostly
was cake and coffee,
and a comfortable seat...

Espresso and midday beer
Football & smoke in cinema.

...for you can get used to
sleeping in a tent by the
roadside, but it's never a
refreshing night's sleep.

I would appear disheveled and dusty, or soaked through to sodden, into towns
yelling "You Pavements! You Trodden Crossings!" you exhaust me spiritually but I
need refreshing, I need a decent night's sleep, and maybe a sense of social cohesion,
a reminder that there is a society I am walking through where all matters of life
discussed and discussable under the fly blown light of a two-bit bar filled with
mid-afternoon drinkers in a dusty corner of a French summer. For ease and for

dispatch the morning's best croissants are to be found in the centre of any
reasonable French town procured before disappearing out across the plains of this
forgotten corner of France. I went into the city for a walk on my day off. An
exhibition reminded me of my owl that is not mine, but that I carried from Devon
to London, a symbolic talisman that has kept watch over my failed attempts to find
out where it is I am walking through. A gallery was hidden in a museum, the
exhibits displayed amongst piles of armour, and lavish red wallpaper. I forgot
myself in its calm but I remember walking into town alongside the canal the day
before. I am very careful in these sorts of things. Bar-le-Duc was home to some of
those French boulevards where the face of everyone that passes me by is a mystery,
in a place that stretches its parameters, warping with the changing horizon. I first

had this thought (not long ago, about the closing in of an evening in autumn) whilst
walking in Cornwall: that the place of a path shrinks and expands to accommodate
its user, but I gave up at length, all care of things and became absorbed in the
contemplation of the scene and all those scenes it reminded me of; the dying of the
light under the eaves of a forest, on the crest of a rise near where the dirty Thames
does flow. For no one knows where the places are, or is sure of their existence, the

country is wild, trackless, unbridged, uninhabited, desolate, and I am very far
from home, and I have done this to myself. To my left one day there was shabby
gentility mixed with unobtrusive ruin. I kept walking but it made me think again
of the novel I had in my bag, and how responsible such whimsical romantic notions
are for my present situation, setting up camp in a wood about twenty metres from
a road, somewhere in northern France. I think I may have invented it myself.

certainly I have been doing it for years but this type of writing, I still struggle to
describe it, this drawing with which I am trying to articulate to you an experience
that will forever remain abstract, lost in the ether between you and I, but the trick
is to walk forward, slowly, and try and notice everything you can, the problem
being, (it all depends on the things you like) I like walking, writing, reading, the
overlapping and layering that happens as you think between the three, a postcard
sent in duplicate from a postbox in Ashford in Kent, the first of many that would
prick the path across Europe like a transect, though under such restriction there is
no encouragement to look up at the sky. Walking is often the most important thing,
a transient presence in an otherwise static place, that wields a power over the
woods and roads, buildings and people, rain, sun, clouds that march like armies
over the plain, their shadows commandeering beauty or dappling light, the sun
dropping suddenly over the horizon from whence you came, it's a great final scene,
sat on the edge of a forest, 23km under your feet.

Jonathan Swift
Jurnal to Stella, 1710.

As remarkable, but they
really are everywhere, even
those towns where it feels
like there's none. There will
be someone, selling cabbages

Edgar Allan Poe.
The Man of the Crowd 1841.

William Blake. London 1793

On the inside cover of
this novel 'The Wanderer'
I noted my feet and shack
that I had done this to myself.
And that people had let me.

Bernard Lonin. Enthusiasms, 1985.

Walking is the way we see
the world. Walking is the
way we digest and being in
the world. Walking is the way
we come to understand ourselves.

Louis Ferdinand Collin. L'Amour, 1934.

2km was a pretty average
distance. Comfortably achieved
by the average walker willing
to get out of town and walk
until dusk in the long days of
summer.

William Boyd. Not yet Juliette, 1982.

John Goggin. Trivia; or The Art of Walking
The Streets of London, 1716.

John Goggin. The Trivia Club, symbol
of wisdom and mystery, whistler in
his sleep. Taxidermy. The increasingly
accepted representation of death
in a society that cannot say it.

William Wordsworth. The Prelude, 1850.

And is as wide as the domed sky one
can see from it, so that the place
of the path tunnels and stretches its
way through the world. The region of
the world and the closeness of the world's.

Anthony Trollope. North America, 1862.

Ril Thoreau. The Kingdom by the Sea, 1983.

For this is a type of writing
in which you are engaged,
trying to construct a way of
reading.

Christopher Pease. The Home, 1998.

Not that the problem is really a
problem. The problem is really the
interesting thing. Infinite possibility.

Kim Sinder. Lights at the Territory, 1997.

A number of iterations have taken place in other people's home, the performance organically growing out of personal invites from previous attendees of the work. *Fondue*, V5.1²⁸ as I refer to it, was recently rendered for a solo show at a gallery in Falmouth, Cornwall. Over 4 weeks in Spring 2015, some 40 people or so were welcomed home, into a space that was warm, stumbling and slightly awkward, to a performance that was made in the wake of an 800km walk in the company of my father's ashes, a performance that was about grief, pilgrimage and plans, a performance about the distance between here and there, and the distance between you and me.

4.3 *Fondue* before Flint.

Fondue as a performance has evolved through five significant phases over the five years between the journey and the performance installation that took place in Falmouth. The first two phases of this development separate themselves from the latter three phases in a distinct way that necessitates a brief discussion on the definition of performance and its various uses through which we will arrive at how the word is to be understood in this thesis.

Fondue version one and version two involved no pre-formed construction or plan of an event, so here they fall outside the parameters of a performance as discussed by MacAloon whereby there can be no performance without pre-formance (previously referenced on page 17) (MacAloon 1984: 16): for MacAloon the notion of a performance exists in the preconception of a plan. The events, to which I am referring, are two meals that took place shortly after the journey. One took place in the house in Switzerland into which I arrived at the end of *Walking Home*: I was invited into the house, to a table laid with melted cheese for lunch with a family I had never met, only one of whom spoke some English. The second event took place in London upon my return at a friend's house in East London to an invited audience of friend's, all of whom were artists whose opinions I valued: neither of these events were 'performances' in the preconceived sense of the word, I did not have lines to remember, or particular approaches I wished to undertake. They are however the foundational events upon which the performance installation now titled *Fondue* is built.

4.4 Quantum performance.

To open up these performances to a more critical analysis I need to define my thinking that has led to my pursuit of the *Fondue* as a line of enquiry. The move towards performance in my work took place at Dartington during which time I was introduced to an array of methods from

numerous diverse subjects across the arts and sciences. At the heart of my practice is a fascination with the double slits experiment in Quantum Physics, an experiment that undermines the stability of everything and anything, whereby at an atomic level there is no longer any certainty about the state of a physical object. The double slits experiment, as it is known led the renowned physicist Richard Feynman to say, “[i]n reality it contains the *only* mystery. We cannot make the mystery go away by ‘explaining’ how it works. We will just tell you how it works” (in Polkinghorne 2002: 22). The double slits experiment involves the passage of atomic particles through a screen with only two holes in: these individual particles then arrive upon a detector plate beyond the screen. The individual particles over time generate a wavelike pattern on the detector plate, centred directly between the two holes, whilst also individually passing through one or other of the holes in the screen. This outcome suggests that each particle behaves simultaneously as a wave or/and a particle: all matter is made up of particles that both *are* and *are not*, depending on when you look at them.

This uncertainty that underlines quantum theory has also been picked out by John Freeman who states “science has taught us that perception is not absolute; [...] Quantum Theory, [argues] that reality is not fixed and logical but disjointed and in a state of perceptual change” (Freeman 2003: xxix). In the wake of this concession from science, that certainty is itself uncertain, how then do we navigate ideas around performance, representation, interpretation and memory, in a world where I have never seen anything you have seen, and you have never seen anything I have seen. This baby step towards quantum performance is all I have time for within the confines of this thesis for now I need to turn towards the original blog that was compiled during *Walking Home*. The potential uses of mingling quantum approaches and performance studies have been examined more thoroughly by Dr. Paul Johnson whose PhD was titled *Quantum Performance: Scientific discourse in the analysis of the work of contemporary British Theatre Practitioners* (2006).

4.5 The original blog.

The original blog that I compiled after returning home from the journey has very little to say about that meal in Switzerland. It is written with a naïve enthusiasm that I recall undertaking with a heightened form of anxiety due to the thought that the family, who had welcomed me into their home, may well read the text. An extract below speaks to this enthusiasm, the bounding electricity of the moment:

As I walked into the driveway Tunc (pronounced Tunch), the man of the house as it were, said "Welcome Home". I can't remember how I reacted, I think I laughed a great deal, or smiled on the edge of laughter. I think we were all as nervous as each other. They showed me to my room, which was the room my brother and I had occupied as children. [...] This whole situation was the most surreal, the most amazing experience I had ever constructed for myself. The family made up of Erika, Tunc & Mirium and their two children, Lara and David became the most amazing experience I think I've ever enjoyed as a member of the human race. [...] Piles of melted cheese and grilled vegetables. Birthday cake for pudding. That evening we went through photo albums and talked in broken English translated between us by Tunc (Arnold 2009).

Evidenced here is an account of a situation that even at the time of writing I had little ability to recall. The only memories that linger exist as a series of dispersed scenes as Augé suggests, so that a desire is formed to "'mount' or 'make a montage' of our memories, these rushes of memory, in order to recompose a continuity, to turn it into a story" (Augé 2009: 17). This desire for narrative is given reason by Solnit and Didion who have both suggested, "we tell ourselves stories in order to live" (Didion 2006; Solnit 2013: 1). It is this desire to make sense of the experience of the journey that has driven this project. The adaptation of methods from autoethnography is a way of developing strategies to generate work that is founded upon a lost experience. *Fondue* has become the narration of a journey through physical places in the world in which are found geographical features, or historical events that metaphorically capture a sense of self in place, the personal in the particular other.

To bracket this original event in Switzerland then, with a second definition of performance, after that set out by MacAloon above the *performance* of *Fondue* is that of Peggy Phelan's position whereby: "performance's only life is in the present. Performance cannot be saved, recorded, documented, or otherwise participate in the circulation of representations of representations: once it does so it becomes something other than performance" (Phelan in Farr 2012: 112). There are elements of *Fondue* then, that will always be lost, even unto myself, for I have never witnessed *Fondue*, I have only ever performed it. This last point is important to note because it points to that fact that *Fondue* is not an act, a presentation of a scripted play, it is the presentation of a memory that is intrinsically mine alone. Were it to be performed by an actor or (an)other, it would be lost because periods of the performance depend upon the dialogic

interaction between myself and an audience who are invited to question my experience and the event. Loss is an inherent part of this research project, it is founded upon the romantic pursuit of an unattainable past, whilst the weight of my father's ashes permeate this project's every fibre. *Fondue* will be returned to and elaborated upon in the next chapter but for now it is necessary to return to the fields of Flanders and the Field Broadcasts therein.

4.6 To return to film, and to walking, and to failure.

A field broadcast is, as previously stated by Birch and Smith, a distinct form of practice, a different type of work to film or video, though they may share both technical and physical aspects. The flatness of a screen is present, the functioning of the lens as an eye, but the forms of reception are incongruous and in direct opposition to the cinematic, full screen visions of film, video and other forms of filmic practice. There is no editing of a broadcast, all decisions are taken live and relayed direct to the viewer/non-viewer through in-camera recording. The experiment of *A Belgian Transect* was an attempt to convey a journey within the period of its duration; its flawed delivery leaves a contradictory position. If broadcasts, through their uncertain reception, problematize the transmission of a narrative that is built up between individual films, perhaps stepping away from the broadcast back into the world of filmic practice is more suitable. How then to go about making a series of films along an 800 mile transect that distil something of its autoethnographic nature. It is to this question I will now tend and in so doing I will address a number of key practitioners within this field.

4.7 Editing as cultural product.

"The artwork is no longer an end point but a simple moment in an infinite chain of contributions" (Bourriaud: 2010: 20).

To start from this point offered by Bourriaud in *Post-Production*, I would like to elaborate on the distinction between a Field Broadcast and a film, in order to move away from both notions and get closer to the fine grain of the performance installation *Walking Home (Again)* in which the outputs of this autoethnographic transect were exhibited.

A broadcast is a technologically distinct work that relies on numerous technologies to both create and disseminate the work. One must enter a given field with a host of equipment and one's

audience must have a complementary array of technology to view or receive such a work. Within this framework there is an amount of uncertainty, the broadcasting artist is able to play with bit-rate and frame-rate to alter the output of the work, complete control is taken over the camera and any in-camera affects applied to it. In one particular example the artist Dan Coopey developed a broadcast, as part of Field Broadcast West that used a looping device to layer in-camera footage over captured footage until the point at which the image of the broadcast decayed into oblivion¹⁶. The decaying image is compounded exponentially by the frame rate that causes the broadcast to fade to white over the course of the broadcast. It is an entropic work that is a poetic rendering of the failure of technology in the face of nature and pure experience. The viewer is given a glimpse of Dan's experience, somewhere on a hillside, the light fading on a field of flowers; Dan's hand claps giving the piece a sense of dilapidated rhythm, cut up and deconstructed.

However, I was unable to experience this piece live, as I was not at my computer at the time, this dilapidated rhythm and poetic entropy was only revealed to me through the Field Broadcast archive, which is itself, no longer available. To experiment with the idea of navigating a transect through filmic form then, what of stepping back into a series of video works? What might be lost through this, what might be gained?

Initial losses include the personal space of a broadcast, the way it opens up a portal directly between an artist in the field, on the earth, in the *right now* of there, into the *right now* of here, on my desktop, where I was moments ago, trying to get something done. In Fig. 40 below is a screen grab from the reception of a Field Broadcast that Birch sent me whilst writing up a paper for Digital Creativity Journal (Arnold et al 2015). Another loss is in some ways perhaps also a gain, the distinction is between being able to reshoot something, capture it from another angle and then compile these moments in the edit suite, or to have to use the in-camera perspective, to concede that the representation must be direct, unedited and raw. This rawness is lost when stepping back from making a broadcast, as I was doing in *A Belgian Transect*, to a film I made in Kent in 2014 that was later edited, rendered, given a title and an ending, and called *A Line Made by Walking (Again)*. The moment editing becomes possible, almost anything becomes possible, the availability of digital footage, the sheer weight of YouTube and a thousand hours of everything comes into play. The moment editing is introduced in this way the artist ends up in a

¹⁶ The online record of Field Broadcast's project West can be found at www.fieldbroadcast.org/projects/west.html though, as per the nature of the project, there are no films to watch. Dan Coopey's website can be viewed at <http://dancoopey.weebly.com/>.

world where as Bourriaud puts it, "[t]he artistic question is no longer: "what can we make that is new?" but "how can we produce singularity and meaning from this chaotic mass of objects, names and references that constitute our daily life?" (Bourriaud 2010: 17). The moment editing steps in to the process where previously, as in the pursuit of *A Belgian Transect*, it did not exist, it complicates the matter, expanding potential but also undermining the raw, emotional presence of the artist in the work.

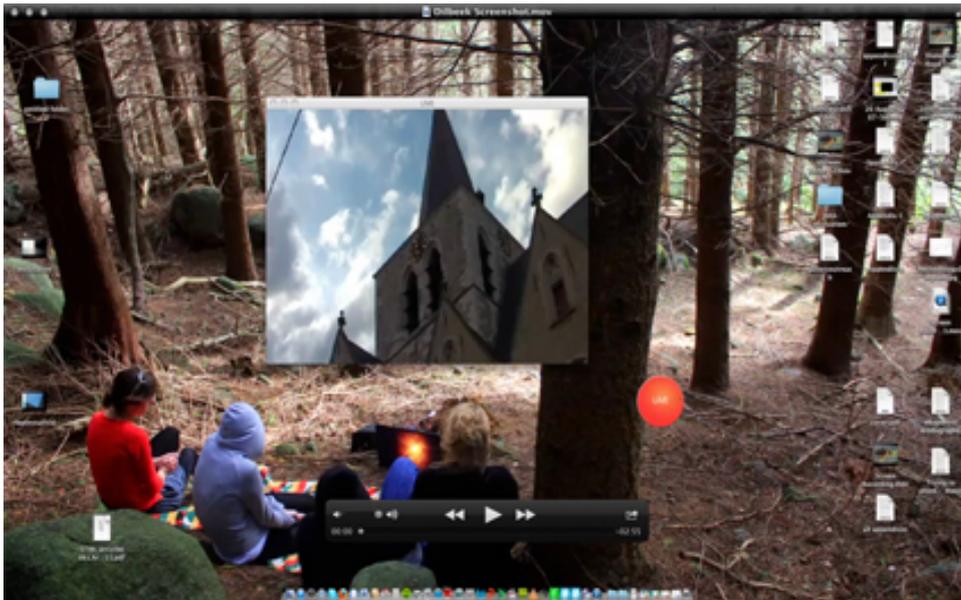


Fig. 40. Screen Grab of a broadcast being received on Rebecca Birch's screen (image courtesy of the artist).

As part of this research project I undertook the production of three films that were experiments into this form. Each of them in turn became progressively more complicated, a process which ultimately undermined the aims of each film. The intention behind each film, each to be made at a particular node on the transect, was to reinterpret one particular experience of one particular place at a particular time. In *Walking Home (Again)* only one of these films was represented, the other two failing to emerge from the edit suite (production stills of these two non-works can be seen in figures 43 and 44). Even within the context of the exhibition as a whole the film was only shown as part of a 2hour durational performance (see fig 41 below), it was not explicitly available and did not form part of the general presentation of the installation.

A line made by walking (again) was shot in a field in Kent just the other side of the M25; near the place I first camped whilst *Walking Home*. It was filmed in direct confrontation with Richard Long's most famous early work titled *A Line Made by Walking* (see Roelstraete 2010) after watching an interview he did for the BBC programme *Omnibus* in 1983 (Baker 1983). For the

programme the BBC set out to reconstruct Long's artwork, a form perhaps of questioning its validity; however instead of showing the figure doing the walking the editors chose to crossfade from a screen shot of the field untouched to a shot of it with a line walked into it in a similar fashion to Long's line. In the short documentary the film is also in colour and depicted as landscape. *A Line Made By Walking (Again)* (Arnold 2015) seeks to expose the *line's* method of production, putting the figure back into Long's work from which the self, the individual, has long been absented.



Fig. 41. *A Line Made by Walking (Again)* Installation still, 2015.

4.8 The work of Patrick Keiller and Matthew Buckingham.

In 2010, after I had walked to Switzerland but prior to the undertaking of this thesis, Patrick Keiller reopened his trilogy of works based upon the fictional and absent character Robinson with the concluding film *Robinson In Ruins* (Keiller 2011). In 2012 this work was given a reimagining through an exhibition at the Tate Britain entitled *The Robinson Institute* (Keiller 2012). The exhibition was the outcome of Keiller's hope that he would one day be able to arrange the material that comprises the film from other angles and in other ways (Keiller 2012: 3). The exhibition was accompanied by a book which further layers these forms of after-the-fact constructions, eradicating in the process the distinctions between production and consumption, creation and copy, that Bourriaud proposes within the realm of post-production (Bourriaud 2010:

13). Keiller's trilogy of works are attributed to psychogeographic renderings of a tradition that is tied to Rimbaud, Baudelaire and Edgar Allen Poe (Keiller 2012: 8): the films suggest that the fictional character Robinson goes for a series of walks in order to explore a perceived problem "[...] by making picturesque views on journeys to sites of scientific and historic interest." (Keiller 2011). The films are a blurring of fiction and reality through the representation and exploration of landscape, but they cannot be said to be autoethnographic due to Keiller's absence, his hiding place behind Robinson making these narrative constructions psychogeographic fictions that "'play around' with qualities, looking for patterns and relationships upon which [Keiller] can develop and elaborate meaning" (Hecht 1982: 34).

The pursuit of the broadcast as a medium is a desire to be present, to make ones stand before the hand of editing comes into play. The introduction of editing as it functions within the production of a film undermines the immediacy of the presence that is offered by a broadcast, and it forces the consideration of narrative structure to come into play, and in that moment of narrative construction the autoethnographic transect is lost: the emotive presence of being becomes a contrived construct and in that moment negates itself. That is not to say that the pursuit of such a narrative form is invalid: indeed it is the foundation of the work of Cardiff as previously discussed, it is present in the formations of the Robinson films of Keiller and it is exemplified in the work of the artist Matthew Buckingham which is to follow. It is simply to say that the moment an emotional experience, that is, the experience at the heart of an autoethnographic transect, is edited and then presented in a finalised form such as a film, that emotional experience is negated by its constructed and contrived nature.

In Matthew Buckingham's film *Muhheakantuck – Everything Has a Name* (2003), a 45minute exploration of the Hudson River through social, historic and cartographic lenses, an anonymous narrator announces towards the end of the film that, "stories condense time the way maps miniaturise space" (ibid). The same anonymous narrator has just taken us on a very particular version of a journey up and then down the Hudson River, intermingling with Buckingham's particular narrative of the history of the Lenape, the indigenous tribe who came into contact with the corporate entity of the Dutch West India Company, statements such as "it is easy to forget that it is the eye that makes the horizon" (ibid). The narrative constructed is definitely about some thing, a thing *external to us as a viewer*, to which we may react and respond but neither control nor change. This approach is intrinsic to the construction of a film and this realisation lead me to abandon an attempt to construct a series of films along the transect of *Walking Home*, whose

purpose is pursuing a more fragile and engaged form of interpretation. In the performance installation of *Walking Home (Again)*, and in this thesis, the work of it is conceived and presented as an experience that is to be undertaken, a labyrinth of interwoven connections that “[a]re subject to the viewers’ own investigations” (Verwoert in Neuerer 2003: 14).



Fig. 42. *Concrete Turns to Chalk Dust* (Arnold 2015). Still from *Walking Home*. 2009.

4.9 On looking for a field in Kent.

The construction of a series of films along an 800km transect also produces its own pragmatic issues, the most pressing of which was exposed by my second attempt at this form. *On Looking For A Field in Kent* was an attempt to find a particular field I had taken a photograph of during the original journey. The image, of a chalk path cut through a field of wheat in the crisp June sunlight was subsequently used by Robert Macfarlane in *The Old Ways* (Macfarlane 2013: 36) as a chapter heading. This presented a problem different to that of the first film, in which I only needed to find a field that bore a resemblance to Richard Long’s 1967 field in which *A Line Made by Walking* took place. In this instance a precise field was sought, and though I had some sense of where it might be, in this case somewhere on the third day of walking from London to Dover, more precisely after Rochester but before Ashford, this still left me with some 20 miles of possible location. The logistics of this issue are both beside the point and precisely the point, the title of the work pinpoints the absurdity of the event: a 13 mile walk from Rochester to where I finally

found the field, each step an attempt to regain something of the mental, physical and emotional state I was in when I first made the journey, at the end of which I expected to unpack the equipment from my bag, execute a filmed performance, before packing up and catching the last train back to London from a small rural train station.



Fig. 43. *On Looking For a field in Kent*. Production Still. 2013.

On Looking For A Field In Kent, May 2014.

I am still spending the first 20 minutes of every day stretching: working on the sole of my right foot, the injury to my *planta fasciata* that I incurred in December 2013 is ongoing²⁹. Today I find myself doing this stretching in the book infested study of Rebecca Birch's house in Hackney. I am up early, aiming to get out of central London and into the fields of Kent by 10am. I am going in search of a field and I am not entirely sure where it is. I have tied it down in my memory to somewhere between Rochester and Ashford, this still leaves me with a vast swath of Kent to walk through before finding this field. I have a small hand held digital video camera, a tripod and my Nikon D60 that accompanied me in 2009, alongside the OS map of Maidstone and the Medway towns.

It is that same high heat again, late May dry and dusty. The walk begins differently as I start at the train station in the heart of Rochester and I spend too much time finding my way out of town, the accidental charity shop visit, the unexpected wrong turn, before finding the M20 as it cuts across the river Medway and crossing under it and up onto the cut chalk downs above Maidstone. To visit a place again, to attempt to find a particular field, as though you may find something of yourself there is asking too much of the world. Many hours of the day are lost simply to getting to the field. This is the folly of this idea. This undertaking, this series of films would be a whole new work, a whole new approach and it does not fall under the remit of this

project to undertake them. But I walk on. Past the Robin Hood³⁰ and over Bluebell Hill, capturing this time the names of woodlands, the shoulder of mutton, monks wood, parsons wood, the tiny scraps left between heavily cultivated lands.

It is 15 miles before I find the field: it is 6 hours of high heat walking with an increasingly problematic foot and the desire to make a film, decreasing. The back lanes of Kent are as lonely as I remember them, no people populate these fields at this hour, this midweek scene, Bluebell hill is empty and I am the only Pilgrim³¹ cutting under the motorway, over the Eurostar line and over the pedestrian footbridge, alongside the Holloway³² and past Kit's Coty³³.

The field still stands but the path that cuts so distinctly through my memory and through the image, is no more. The planting is different this year, and the path is besmirched accordingly, fading off half way up the hill, into grass. I set down the tripod, set down the rucksack and attempt to muster some energy to enact some part of a plan, which was half formed upon my getting to this place. I wanted to play the horizon, to appear from behind it and introduce myself to the camera in a slow procession from there to here, but this very contrivance deadened the footage and left the film numb, pixelated, as the low grade digital camera undermined the crispness of the original image.³⁴ I held up to the camera a neckerchief filled, not with my father's ashes this time, but with chalk, whose crumbling presence signified the inevitable sense of dissatisfaction with the outcome of a walk I had long planned to make.

What I went looking for in Kent was no longer there. The autoethnographic transect does not exist in the world, it is a construct for understanding a world where "all geography has become psychogeography" (Bourriaud 2009: 120), a world that is so heavily occupied and mapped, that the only uncertainty we have left to play with is our memory of it. For as Dylan Trigg puts it "experience shows us repeatedly when returning to a place from our past, the effect is invariably alienating rather than reassuring" (Trigg 2013: 35-36). The play of the autoethnographic transect is to be found in the present moment, in the shared experience, in the setting constructed by an ongoing performance work entitled *Fondue*. It is not to be found on film, or DVD, or mini DV, or F4V files, or AVI files or any of the other numerous digital formats I naïvely encountered during this period of field broadcasting and fieldwork. In the following still, taken from an unfinished film entitled *From a French Field* (Fig 44), I can be seen standing in the ruins of Vauclair Abbey reading from a book. The lines I spoke were from Edward Thomas's notebook that he was carrying the day he died in 1917:

Where any turn may lead to Heaven
Or any corner may hide Hell
Roads shining like river up hill after rain. (Thomas 2004: xv)



Fig. 44. *From a French Field*. Production Still, 2014.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Tough Tracks

Two weeks on the peaks of France banding up the mountains was the electrifying anticipation of a view. The device for a distant blue horizon, folding layer upon layer. The electric blue of distance.

For sale from a van on the side of the road I still can't believe I passed on here. Too busy banding up.

I choose to walk at all risks. I was sat on a high ridge in the Vosges, looking out across a hazy valley wide and flat, the Rhine somewhere in the hot murk below, the German hills on the far horizon were draped in high thunder clouds above dense forest. Mulberry tarts and geography lessons, pine in its natural state, the road was through a forest of fir-trees; at its entrance the trees stood at distances from each other, and the path was broad, and I realized I had never seen this before, that here, the pines soared and ecologies bloomed beneath them. Piles of moss, bounded between with grasses and wild orchids, tiny strawberries, bilberries and mulberries. My insignificance rung home, for today's horizon was another country and rising from my rest this thought was to make me move with more than ordinary celerity as I plumed the thought some more one morning, a grasshopper resting on the tent above me, beech trees groaning in the morning breeze, a friend had told me that I had to be prepared for this all to not matter at all, for this journey to be completely inconsequential. These were the days I was climbing, up out of the depression of St. Die, with its ghosts of promise, Corbusier dreams, the long straight roads up into the mountains but I have nothing remarkable to tell of the ascent. I soon got into a cloud and never got out of it. The architecture had changed again, and the cows had bells on for the first time. I shared a bench one evening with a young fresh girl, who kept the table well supplied with fruits whilst reading a novel, unaware we were near anywhere anyone would call home, as these days wore on, and mountain after mountain came into view, grimly majestic, the consciousness of my insignificance seemed to grow upon me. I looked for a camp amidst the pines and I especially advanced along the rocky way with a more deliberate step, concerned that camping would be less than comfortable, and finally, at rest, I struggled to recall the medical term for exceptionally fast walking? Festination! Was it a symptom of good health or neurosis? Probably the latter. I concluded as I stumbled once more down the hillside into town; no longer despair at that darkness, where there was no longer anyone, where there were beasts, where there were spectres, where there were pine martins in the tree tops in the night, sharing their frog like calls with me and the dark. The forest was dark, and under the pines not a leaf was moving; there was none of the vague fresh gleams of summertime. I had received at breakfast, over the crest of the hill, the ground before me was littered with electric blue flashes, rolling over dung heaps, I was alone with the beetles but nevertheless, I am enjoying myself now, for traversing a mountain range is incomparably more satisfying than walking across a plain. As I sat there, on a high ridge above Lac Blanc, I realized the strangest part of my pilgrimage was over, for something visible had emerged the day before. I had talked to a cyclist and told her I was walking to Switzerland, for it no longer seemed an absurdity. Waking once more in the Vosges I had to tilt my body eastward and climb another hill, it was still early, the sky still earthy and by the time I settled for breakfast on a wall half way up the days climb it was still the time that the trees claimed as their own as they whispered secrets against the sky. some boughs full of cherries, some paths littered with pips.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge. The Wanderings of Cain. 1797.

I have a long-herbarised list for the pine plantations of South Wales. There are dark, dark tracks of Chepstow Park and Westwood. Trees like armies marching over the hills.

John Dundas Cochrane. Narrative of a Pedestrian Journey. 1824.

This journey became a meditation through which you have to concede that this matters as little as anything else, and therefore as much. What could be more important than now?

Anthony Trollope. The West Indies & The Spanish Main. 1871.

Corbusier was invited to redesign the entire town but the council rejected it. They wanted St. Die rebuilt just the way it was; but you can't go home again.

Ernest Shackleton. Heart of the Antarctic. 1919. She declared in English and French "I stumbled down the novel and vanished off in search of more wild strawberries."

Ketrach. The Tower of Mt. Ventoux. 1532.

Victor Hugo. Les Misérables. 1877.

John Hillyar. Journey to the Jökullá. 1861.

Pines however with their deep decaying beds of needles fence the plateau for the most comfortable camps.

One particular conversation with a pair of policemen near Joux-Vedé elicited laughter when I suggested I was walking to Switzerland. As well as I desired to see my passport.

Virginia Woolf. The Waves. 1931.

The slow trudge from church spire to church spire, desperately seeking shade or shelter or the respite wet source of the graveyard top.

Cherries a deep fleshy burgundy, the likes of which I can't get to come soon again. Flocks like birthmarks on the pavements of the village.

Morte Collins. The Will. 1993.

Part five. *Fondue* and the place of performance.

5.1 Early iterations of *Fondue*.

As earlier stated *Fondue* evolved out of two events shortly after the journey in 2009. I will now outline how it has progressed from these first two events into the form that was presented at the Fish Factory, an arts space in Falmouth, in March and April 2015.

Bristol logistics. November 2011.

Having set out to walk back to Switzerland in the light of a self imposed rule the only fitting way to continue the project of *Fondue* was to apply further rules. After that initial dinner in East London the rule set was that only previous attendees of the event now referred to as *Fondue* could invite me to present a version of *Fondue* in their home (Rule 1), we would then collaborate on the guest list together, each time therefore expanding the circle of potential hosts for *Fondue*. Thus the third iteration of *Fondue* was held at the home of Eleanor Wynne Davis in Bristol. Invites were sent by post accompanied by a pre-stamped postcard to operate as an RSVP, this process itself was devised for that first dinner in London born out of the postcards I sent from the original journey to the house in Switzerland.³⁵

For this third iteration the invitees were Philip Jones³⁶, Deborah Jones³⁷, Tracey Warr³⁸, Robert Macfarlane³⁹, Stephen Cornford⁴⁰, Rebecca Birch⁴¹ and Darren Fleetwood⁴². Of these people only the last three were able to attend. But as it had taken Eleanor and me months to arrange this event it was deemed sensible to proceed.

Deep down I knew I still didn't know what *Fondue* was, I was still probing my way into the performance, through the process of doing it, and also through the process of not doing it. *Fondue* is a situation that still, even in the now of 2015, strikes terror into my heart: to host a dinner party, themed around a journey that was itself an act of mourning for my father that involved his ashes, in a context that invites the audience to question me directly. It all feels on the brink of being self-indulgent and could perhaps be seen as such were it not for the fact that I took no pleasure in the event at all. The entire situation was stressful, exhausting and unrealistic: a journal entry written shortly after the Bristol iteration reads: "[...] and I was exhausted. This became an overpowering factor. I need next time to make sure I am fresh and ready. For hosting a three-hour conversation is something that is on the very edge of my capability. This is where we live."⁴³

I arrived in Bristol from London with Rebecca and a rucksack full of an eclectic assortment of items that included a cast iron fondue set, a portable record player, the 14 postcards I had sent myself from the journey and some alcohol (Kirsch, Wine, Kentish Ale and Picon), and no real sense of how these things would combine as part of the evening. I could not

escape from the feeling of self-indulgence at this stage, even though in the aftermath I wrote: "Some positive things were to be taken from this event though. One of the most important being that people found it vastly interesting and worthwhile."⁴⁴ *Fondue* was bound up with grief, and my fear of exposing that grief to the scrutiny of performance and art was embedded in the way *Fondue* has developed slowly since this event in 2011. I would not step back into the performance until 2012, by which time I had moved to Falmouth, further complicating the logistical problems encountered in this third iteration. *Fondue* required a new audience and a new perspective for a new town.⁴⁵

In the time that elapsed between its third iteration and its fourth iteration in Falmouth I read, and I walked and I reflected. I sought a context for *Fondue* to exist in, to find a way for myself to understand it. This necessitates a further step into the world of performance in order to come back to *Fondue* from a more widely informed angle. In the following section I will introduce autobiography and autotopography in their relation to performance, key texts upon which have been set out by Dee Heddon (2002, 2008). Grant Kester has stated: "If the artist under industrial production had the 'job' of creating complex or well-crafted objects as an antidote to mass-produced dreck, then the 'post-industrial' artist must now create alternative models of sociality to challenge the instrumentalizing of human social interaction characteristic of a post-industrial economic system" (Kester 2011: 30). *Fondue* exists in the realm pointed towards by Kester, a challenge to situations of social interaction and the move towards what Bourriaud has entitled the "journey-form": a form of production whereby the excess of information available to the viewer encourages them to navigate their own route through the work (Bourriaud 2009: 118).

Fondue can be interpreted as relational (Bourriaud 2002: 14), for the moment one serves food in a gallery as part of an art form the link back to Rirkrit Tiravanija's piece *Untitled (Free)* 1992 becomes inevitable. *Untitled* saw Tiravanija create a Thai restaurant in the gallery space where people could come and eat curry and rice for free, simultaneously enjoying and becoming a work of art. It was first presented at 303 Gallery in New York in 1992, more recently being reconstructed as part of MOMA's *Contemporary Galleries* collection (Stokes 2012),

Fondue is, however, primarily an outcome of my engagement with the idea of an autoethnographic transect. After those first iterations of *Fondue* I abandoned an attempt to script a series of stories that would narrate my particular experience of a journey, and instead began to undertake research into how the places or events of the journey might be able to narrate the emotion of experience embracing the "subjectivist stance in autoethnography [that] is predicated

on [the notion] that culture flows through self and vice versa" (Short et al 2013: 4). The purpose of the autoethnographic transect at the heart of this project is to function as a tool across which culture and self can interweave. Events that took place as personal experiences in the act of walking, become bound up with wider cultural events and issues when the transect is used as a divining rod for the processing of memory into narrative.

Fondue's next iteration after Bristol took place in Falmouth at the home of Ruth Cross, who at the time was a producer based at the Performance Centre at Falmouth University. This fourth iteration is the first event that was recorded via audio in its entirety and for the purposes of this section I will be referring to an annotated description of that recording that can be found in full in the appendix: for ease quotes used will be referred to by their page number on the document in the appendix. Through this exploration of this *Fondue* I will also refer back to the third iteration of *Fondue* that took place in Bristol as required.

Near Ruth Cross's⁴⁶ house, Falmouth, 2012.

It was by now late spring 2012. I had recently moved to one of the terraces in Falmouth, a shared student house, from a flat in Hackney. I was to an extent still in shock at the sudden, rural setting, and besides, as far as I could tell Ruth had forgotten we had talked about doing a *Fondue* at her house in April. I was still getting used to the seemingly perpetual mizzling sea fog that had, for my first four days in town, barely exposed the horizon.

But no, apparently Ruth had not forgotten and could we do a *Fondue* in a couple of weeks' time? I failed to formulate an excuse quick enough and so a lax agreement stumbled out of my mouth, and I was off again, scrabbling around, trying to figure out exactly what this performance-as-a-dinner party was. I gathered together some objects, the postcards, the rucksack, the tent, a trench coat, the brogues from Friburg, and some of my father's ashes wrapped in a polka-dotted handkerchief. Could 9 people come, Ruth asked? My defences thoroughly drenched, I acquiesced, *of course 9 strangers could come along to a really intimate performance that I, as yet, have no real grasp of.*

I had plans this time of course, little things I wanted to try out, but no overall scheme, no beginning, no middle nor end in sight, no particular soundtrack, nothing set. The only thing that I knew for certain was that I wanted to bring my father's ashes, and the presence of grief in all this, to the fore during this iteration.

The plan for this iteration of *Fondue* was minimal, and scrawled across two pages of a sketchbook in red pen (Fig 46). The soundtrack for this iteration was merely a playlist, plugged into a hi-fi, that may

at some point play two songs that I had ear-marked for their significance, which was at this stage, still uncertain. Through the following section I will include a number of stills from this performance alongside extracts from the transcription in the appendix. These notes will speak to the development of the work and also act as leads out to contextual practices, which will be woven into this discussion.

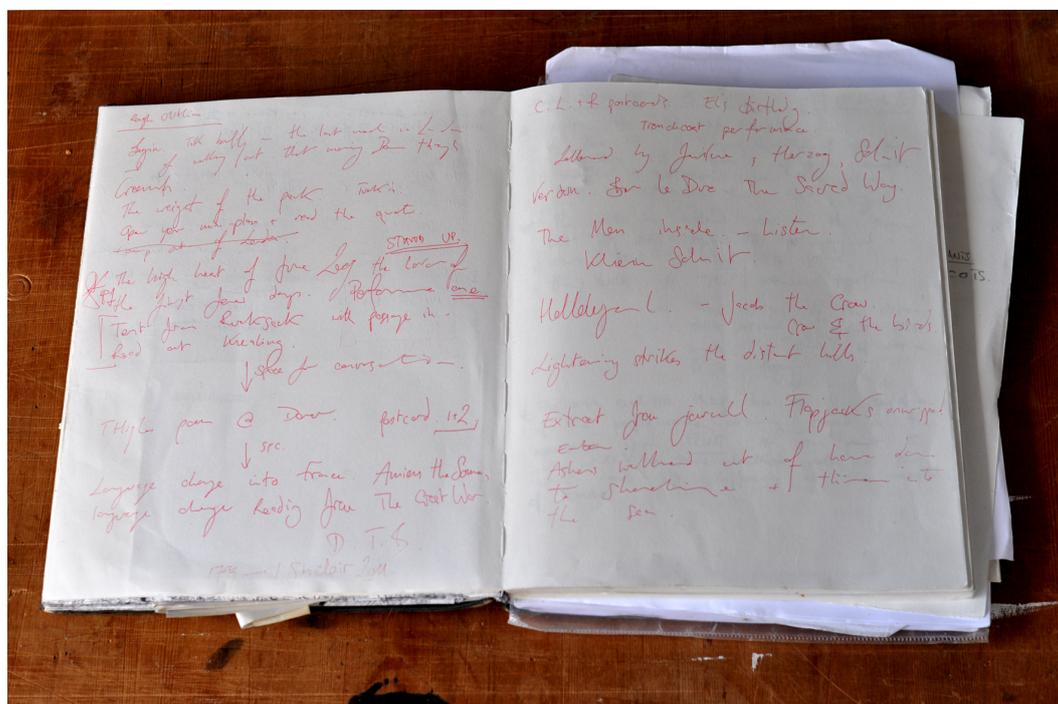


Fig. 46. A rough plan of *Fondue* Version 4, performed at Ruth Cross’s house in 2012.

5.2 Examples from a transcript.

On page 1 of *Fondue: Third Iteration*, the transcript of which can be found in its entirety in the appendix, I highlight two significant works that are present at the opening of the evening:

0: 01

Opened the performance with a reading from Thomas A. Clark’s *In Praise of Walking* “there are things we will never see, unless we walk to them”

Around the table each place was set with a small piece of paper folded in the style of *The Plan of St. Gall*, a medieval document that survived as a sheet of parchment folded into a book of 16 pages, on each piece of paper was a different line from Clark’s poem.

Steve Reich’s *Music for 18 Musicians* is playing in the background.

Its existence on the cusp between modernism and post-modernism is of interest to me here. The way it functions as a piece of classical music whilst sounding electronic and utilizing methods from the native music of Ghana. The soundtrack for *Fondue* is something that I want to develop and need to use as a tool for pacing the piece – some songs become relevant to particular events or performances, some music gives atmosphere and as later when we collectively listen to a song, the music acts to unify the group. Michael Nyman writes on experimental music of this era with regard to its variable processes which determine the structure of the piece: “process determined by the performers (people processes): the development of the process depends on the individuality of each one to direct the process” (Bronson, 1979). By referencing this style of music

early on I am founding a context for the piece as a whole, the audience in this Fondue function as performers and they author the event as much as I do. (See Appendix 5: 209)

Fondue then, is an attempt at an act of co-creation, each iteration flexes between performance and dialogue that depends upon audience contribution and presence for if they were not present there would be no performance. One of the reasons I was so reticent to plan *Fondue*, that is, to script it fully, is that I wanted the event to retain, or recover, that emotion held within the first *Fondue* event. Each performance, though embedded with elements of pre-formance, breaks out from this scripted straight jacket into an undefined space, a place of memory and interpretation. The quote from Bronson in the above note is explaining how within the precision of *Music for 18 Musicians* there is space that is to be filled by a performer as some of the instructions within Reich's score state that a player should hold the note for as long as their breath allows (Reich 2000). This latitude creates a piece that breathes, that is alive in its being performed, whilst retaining its overarching structure.

The transcript from Ruth's performance also highlights an issue that, though I had previously had to manage in a live situation, I had not previously reflected upon as a solo-performer:

Before the recording commences there is a period of milling about that I need to seek to control as the 'artist' through framing. I plan to do this on the next occasion of Fondue by inviting all the audience members to meet me at a venue prior to dinner and walk with them to the venue. The unifying process of forming the audience into a group before they are at the table can be found in other performance events such as Living Room Opera (Zierle & Carter 2013) (See Appendix 5: 209)

Living Room Opera (Zierle & Carter 2013) is a performance that the duo have developed after a period of time spent in Australia collecting stories about people's memories of their homeland. The piece is to be performed in a *home*, but the location changes with every presentation, adapting to its new surroundings. Zierle and Carter are a silent presence in a series of actions that take place throughout the home, which is embedded with a multiplicity of audio tracks: field recordings of interviews with individuals in Australia. Each action is imbued with a metaphoric potential that speaks to the individual stories that can be caught from the speakers as one is roaming the house throughout the performance.

5.3 House to home. Space to Place.

The home-house binary, and its distinction, needs to be addressed here. The home-house binary has a significance exposed by the umbrella title of the practice element of this research project:

Walking Home was not called *Walking back to a house* for reasons that extend beyond the mere generation of a catchy title. The distinction lies in the particular, the fine-grained detail of a space that is morphed into a particular place through engagement, through its being inhabited, or owned. The root of the home-house binary then, is really the distinction between space and place that has its own philosophical history (Casey 1997; De Certeau 1984; Lefebvre 1991; Massey 1995, 2005; Tuan 1977).

As a recent *Frieze* issue noted, "'Place' and 'space' are terms that have recently made a comeback in artspeak" (Vermeulen 2015: 201). Taking this 2015 quote as a starting point may seem like an incongruous position but the two terms have such a muddled history that their description here, as making a comeback in 'artspeak' is a beneficial reminder that this discussion about defining particular terms or phrases is as much to do with culturally locating one's own position as it is about defining a word. 'Artspeak' is itself a pejorative term for the mistreatment of words by those in particular circles within the contemporary art world who are speaking in such a way as to seem on trend, on the cultural pulse. In my interpretation of the term *place*, a home is a place, whereas a house is a space; this distinction aligns itself with the work of Yu Fi Tuan who states "when space feels thoroughly familiar to us it has become place" (Tuan 1977: 73), thereby standing in contradiction to the more commonly cited definition as posed by De Certeau in *The Practice of Everyday Life* whereby "space is a practiced place" (De Certeau 1984: 117). Vermeulen offers an array of metaphors from a number of sources for defining the distinction between space and place building on De Certeau's suggestion that place is to space "'like the word when it is spoken'", or what solid is to fluid, or form to process (Vermeulen 2015: 201-203). To this metaphoric list for consideration I would reiterate that a house can be understood as a space, whereas a home is the formation of that space into a place through personal, involved engagement.

To complicate matters Edward Casey once stated the obvious by saying that "'To be at all - to exist in any way - is to be somewhere, and to be somewhere is to be in some kind of place... Nothing we do is unplaced.'" (Casey cited in Neuerer 2003: 91). That is to say, the moment we exist we occupy space and through that process turn that space into a place: from this then, we have to accept that space is a concept, an idea that represents the modern pursuit of the globalized and anonymous (See Agnew 2005: 81-96). *Walking Home* was a pursuit of the particular, the generation of places through engagement with the particular: to a building that I occupied only very briefly as a very young infant, and subsequently to those places through which

I walked en route. The function of the title *Walking Home* then, is to stake one's position in the place/space binary, whereby this project is particular, personal and engaged with physical and emotional notions of place, in a world where places seem to be getting smaller and smaller (Massey 1995: 88), more particular, a world where, due to the filling in of the map, the obliteration of *terra incognita* "all geography becomes psychogeography" (Bourriaud 2009: 120).

Home is also a nostalgic concept as Leslie Hill and Helen Paris discovered whilst making *On the Scent* (Hill et al 2003), a performance that sought to use the olfactory sense as the key dimension of the work. After spending time exploring the scientific and quantitative world of smell in collaboration with a laboratory, Paris & Hill turned towards the personal and subjective experience at the heart of the olfactory experience. The performance became a trilogy of autobiographic works that were presented in homes, which "seemed to provide the ideal combination of a space [...] laden with personal memories and a sense of place" (Hill in Freeman 2010: 48). Nostalgic in the sense that smell can permeate the everyday and is fundamentally tied to memory layering moments from our past into our experience of the present (ibid: 44-48): where nostalgia can be defined by deconstructing it into its linguistic foundations; *nostos*, meaning the return home and *algia* the painful act of longing for it (see Boym 2001: xiii - 3). Hill goes on to discuss homesickness, in all its permutations, as being the theme of the piece, luring small intimate audiences into olfactory arenas that would expose the deep trench of memories that are so often awoken by the smells of toast, or cigarette smoke, whose odours are fleeting but whose memories, once ignited can trigger other times, other places and other homes. By referencing home in this way Hill and Paris are using its particular nature – each to their own home – as "a demonstration of imaginary primitive elements [...] based upon the entity that is most firmly fixed in our memories: the childhood home" (Bachelard 1994: 30). Bachelard goes on to point out that memory of one's childhood home is based upon a blending of memory and legend (ibid: 33): the home of *Walking Home* is a legend concocted by myself throughout my life in the persistent answering of the question 'where are you from?' with which I am frequently addressed upon being introduced to someone new, this conversation seemingly spilling out from my name, that is unusual to encounter with an English accent.

The Australian accents that flickered out of the corners of 12 Bassett Terrace whilst I watched Zierle & Carter perform *Living Room Opera* in 2012 distanced the emotional engagement in a way that held colonial reverberations. The piece was an ethnographic work of collation and reflection whereby Zierle and Carter were vessels for the emotional narratives of others and the

home within which the performance took place became a home once more. By stripping the home of its own narratives and using it instead as a canvas upon which the artists placed a series of metaphoric stories, they risked very little of their own selves, remaining silent presences throughout the event, a home became once more a house.

In a very different use of a home in relation to arts practice, Jeremy Deller's 1993 piece *Open Bedroom* (Deller 2012: 24-31), Deller took over his parent's home when they went on holiday and opened the space up as a gallery, slipping art objects amongst his parents possessions. This piece was reconstructed – doors, walls and all – for Deller's retrospective at the Hayward in 2011. Very few people saw the original work, whose status exists closer to the mythic than to the real, whereas the re-presentation in the gallery space was necessarily viewed in a very different way. In Hill & Paris' piece discussed above audience members were given the key and let themselves into the house, whereas in the Hayward the entrance to Deller's old house was an act of surprise, stepping through a black curtain upon entering the gallery, as though into the backstage arena of the artists mind. For Zierle & Carter's piece the audience were instructed to meet in a nearby pub where a volunteer would collect us at an appointed time and take us to the garden gate of number 12. Each of these acts of arrival played their part in the final formation of *Fondue* as it was presented in the Fish Factory. In the act of arrival at Ruth's house the milling about was a period of unsettling, for both the audience and myself, and it distracted from the focus of the evening, a focus which was itself as yet undefined.



Fig. 47. Performance still from *Fondue Version 4*, performed at Ruth Cross's house in 2012.

To return to Ruth's house then, another particular event that I focused on was the act of getting a group of people sat round a table in a social situation to collectively join me in a period of silence in order to listen to a particular song. In the case of this iteration of *Fondue* the song was David Thomas Broughton's *Unmarked Grave*¹⁷ (Broughton 2005: Track 3).

0: 35

Played a song as an event. Collective act of listening to *Unmarked Grave* by David Thomas Broughton.

This playing of a song was first used in the second iteration of Fondue at Eleanor Davis's house in Bristol and this changed the mood of the evening dramatically; it focused the group through it being a different form of listening, inviting a different type of attention. The act of listening to a song during a performance has since been utilized by Rebecca Birch an audience member at Fondue 2, in a walk she made for Camden Arts Centre in 2012; a piece called 'And the days run away'. (See Appendix 5: 212)

This act of repose, this expectant waiting, to borrow a term from Rosemary Lee¹⁸ that takes place as we listen, was instigated to allow the group to collectively share an individual moment, to cohere. This is undertaken in order to get closer to a place where it can be alluded to, but not directly addressed, that any given personal narrative can only take place in the context of "a zillion other stories going on at the same time right now, always right now" (Massey 2005), that to take one path through a story is to dismiss others, but also to mark their passing: that loss is an inherent part of the retelling of any experience.

This act of collectively listening to a song has remained a keystone within the performance as it has developed from its third iteration in Bristol. Listening is an invitation for a collective pause, a break in the proceedings of what is, by its nature, an intense experience: close proximity, level playing field, pointed subject matter, the uncertainty of these three processes in play. The song is pointed, weighted with grief, Broughton's lyrics speak not only to general nature of grief but to the particular loss of a soldier in the trenches "my body lies in an unmarked grave, heart remains with the one I love, my body rots... and I remain forever sleeping... on a far off shore"¹⁹. It was

¹⁷ David Thomas Broughton is a musician whom I have known for some years. In 2014 I performed a live version of my radio show at End of The Road Festival, for which I invited David to join me on stage to perform a number of songs including *Unmarked Grave*, the show was broadcast on Source FM in Cornwall and is archived here <https://www.mixcloud.com/Trailmixsource/end-of-the-road-festival-special-2014/>

¹⁸ Rosemary Lee is a choreographer, performer and director now based in Copenhagen. Expectant waiting is a phrase she uses in *Navigating the Unknown* (Bannerman et al 2006: 179), the book itself is an outcome of a five year NESTA funded research program bringing together researchers from several fields to explore the creative process across the fields of dance, performance, live art and music.

¹⁹ For *Walking home (Again)* and *Fondue* I produced two audio tracks. For the installation a permanent 2-hour loop played an instrumental soundtrack mixed by myself and composed of an improvisation on piano and violin by Eleanor Wynne Davis in response to a recording of *Resting Places*, a paper I gave in Paris, 2014 and mixed with field recordings made by myself on location in England, France, Germany and Switzerland: mixing and editing was done by myself in Cornwall 2015. The second audio track for *Fondue* was a version of this loop with added material including David Thomas Broughton's track *Unmarked Grave* taken from his album *The Complete Guide to Insufficiency* (Broughton 2003). Other songs include *The Mess Inside* by *The Mountain Goats* from *All Hail West Texas* (2013) and Max Richter's *Autumn Music 2* (2014).

chosen for this iteration of *Fondue* to draw out the presence of the loss of my father in all this, which was drawn out by subtle mentions of ashes throughout the performance:

“Quietly realise I did this to myself, that this whole foolish quest is my fault, the sweet flapjack turns to ash in my mouth, my body demands sleep. Farningham Woods, 2009.” Here I introduce the word ash as a forebear of what is to come; the presence of my father’s ashes in the room and the walk, and this approach is the appropriation of a method from within Sebald’s *The Rings of Saturn* whereby he introduces silk early on, before coming back to it several times before it becomes the focus of the conclusion of the story.

(See Appendix 5: 210)

This song of Broughton’s and the small parcel of ashes in the room, the trench coat, all of these symbolic presences speak of loss. This is a borrowed motif from *The Rings of Saturn* where Sebald first introduces silk on page 26 (Sebald 2002: 26) before making it a significant presence in the grand sweep of the narrative. In the above note I mention ash very early on, and this symbol recurs throughout an event that concludes with me inviting interested guests to join me in a short walk down to the shoreline of the River Fal to scatter the small portion of my fathers ashes, that have been in the room the whole time, into the water.

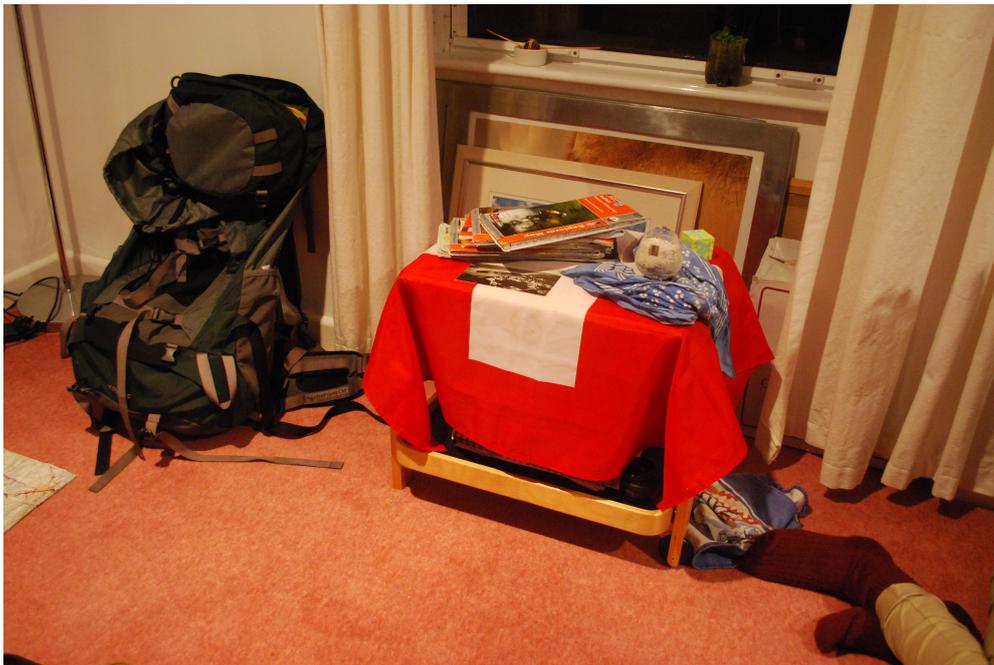


Fig. 48. Performance still from *Fondue* Version 4, my father’s ashes exposed in a crystal glass that spent the evening wrapped in a handkerchief. Performed at Ruth Cross’s house in 2012.

Listening is another sense, alongside smell, that is redolent within *Fondue*. This act of collective listening, where even the storyteller is silent, acts to introduce the environment, the whole room into the performance. This idea has its roots in John Cage’s work, whose *4’33”* was originally

composed for an outdoor amphitheatre, and though any space it may have been performed in since will have its own particular form of active silence, the environment of the amphitheatre is what is really intended to take centre stage in Cage's work (Morton 2010: 108). The sound of a place, the acknowledgement within that idea, that everything that takes place in that *here* is actively involved. As Morton notes, 4'33" is an ecological work that crosses disciplinary boundaries and corporeal modes of being, demanding that the listener note that the silence of a space is not a silence at all, it is a presence. Translated into *Fondue* this is taken to intend that in this listening to a song, everything in that given space is to be noted, to be given time. Music and song have ritual capacities that hark back through our evolution, and the act of listening to a song in *Fondue* is harking back to those moments upon the original journey where I would turn my phone on solely to listen to a song, one song, before turning the phone off in order to save the battery.

5. 4. *Junction*. Four urban journeys.

Later in 2012 I would attend an exhibition at Camden Arts Centre that featured the work of four artists founded upon journeys. *Junction* was a collaboration set to unite a number of North London cultural centres through a coordinated programme of events, the centres included Camden Arts Centre, Cubitt, The Place, The Wellcome Trust, Central Saint Martins School of Art and Slade School of Art. In order to physically link these spaces the curators looked to walking and the commission of four artworks, devised walks linking these spaces.

The walks took a variety of forms, and a map was available so that one could undertake any element of all four walks in one's own time. Two of these journeys took their cues from lost historical or geographic features of London, tying themselves to psychogeographical forms of exploration. Tanya Loi dug up the story of Thomas Percival Harefield who "experienced a revelatory vision of the Golden Rectangle which encloses the King's Cross/St. Pancras area" (Roberts 2012) whilst reading *Jerusalem* by William Blake in Old St. Pancras Church Yard: a walk and a work that carries an air of *Rodinsky's Room* about it (Lichtenstein & Sinclair: 2000). Whilst Kathereine Midgley found traces of the lost river Fleet now channelled under the tarmac of King's Cross, leaking out into the palimpsest of metropolitan London in both the layout of the city's streets and its place names. Simon Faithful offered a book work as a walk, an unreliable pictorial guide to London, mocking the genre from the position of conceding that every moment of perception is different, every personal experience an alteration: the work included a drawing of

an Islington back alley where a work by Adam Chodzko once stood. This referential technique undertaken by Faithful can be read as an act of mockery of the artist's walk itself. Other drawings suggest there may be a crow in a particular tree: realistically the crow will be absent when you look, asking the viewer therefore to consider, 'what do you see'. Asking the viewer to engage with the world as it really is.

In the fourth walk/work artist Rebecca Birch has made a film that is shown in full in the Camden Arts Centre, traces of which can be found in the places walked though on a journey from Cubitt to Primrose Hill. Birch's film *And the days run away* (Birch 2012) – the title itself speaking of the search for lost time – is a collection of moments, everyday occurrences in the rehearsal spaces of The Place, in the installation of works at Cubitt: moments that take place behind closed doors. The film is re-walked into the places of its making on a number of walks offered by the artist, who takes us on a journey through the film as it were: upon one of these walks in which I partook, the group was brought together by Birch for an act of listening in the foyer of Central St. Martins School of Art. We were gathered round and invited to listen to Nina Simone sing *Don't let me be misunderstood* from an I-pad, during which Birch also played us an extract from her film in situ.

And the days run away can be read then as an autoethnographic transect where the guided walk acts not only as an exploration of place but of place as Birch has experienced it. The walk is a stroll through a series of nodes with interventions presented in the form of films, songs and stories contextualizing a work that was at the time, available to view at the Camden Arts Centre. The film functions without the walk, but the walk enhances the film and suggests there are other paths that could have been taken; it is an invitation into the process of production and a journey-form that is co-created between the audience and the artist in the walking of the work.

5.5 The *journey-form*.

This notion of the journey-form has been alighted on before in this thesis, and it is at this juncture I would like to expand on it a little further. The idea is coined by Nicolas Bourriaud, in his text *The Relational Aesthetic*, stating that:

A journey-form may refer to one or more absent elements, which may be physically distant, past, or yet to come. It may be composed of an installation with connections to future events or other places. Conversely, it may bring

together in a single space-time the dispersed coordinates of a path. In both cases, the artwork takes the form of an unfolding, an arrangement of sequences that place its objective presence in doubt and cause its "aura" to flicker. (Bourriaud 2009: 118)

The idea of the journey-form as outlined above can be used to analyze works that take the form of a journey but what Bourriaud is getting at is the uncertainty the notion provides. The 'journey' of the journey-form is to be taken by the audience, not lead solely by the artist. It is a way of interpreting the complex position constructed by the performance installation: a situation that takes place in a gallery setting whose status is not fixed, whose fibres are constructed in such a way as to flex and change throughout their presentation, where each individual audience member may find their own path through the work presented.

Bourriaud has appropriated the word *radicant* from plant biology where it is a term given to plants that roam from a given rooted point and set down new roots as they grow or journey across a terrain, he goes on:

The *radicant* develops in accord with its host soil. It conforms to the latter's twists and turns and adapts to its surfaces and geological features. It translates itself into the terms of the space in which it moves. With its at once dynamic and dialogical signification, the adjective "*radicant*" captures this contemporary subject, caught between the need for a connection with its environment and the forces of uprooting, between globalization and singularity, between identity and opening to the other. It defines the subject as an object of negotiation (Bourriaud 2009: 51).

In the last sentence of this quote is caught the crux of the matter. In the journey-form artwork the object of art is a negotiation between a viewer and an art form, an audience member and a performance, a walker and a guide. The journey-form to be taken by an audience member is always beyond the control of the artist and that is inherently its purpose, to highlight that the world itself is an uncertain place flickering with doubt.

The Showroom⁴⁷, Northwest London. Spring 2013.

The first time I visited the Showroom it was buried deep in East London. Coming across The Showroom in its new North West London location was unexpected. The East London gallery exodus had been going on for a while now, Modern Art, Vilma Gold and others all abandoned Vyner Street but The Showroom had struck its own path out into the hinterlands north of Edgware Road, its nearest gallery neighbour the aloof and well fed Lisson Gallery.⁴⁸ I associated The Showroom with the progressive ideals of inclusive, socially engaged practice through which I had been introduced to it, and so coming across it there on a spring day, blossom falling upon an ethnically diverse market street just a few blocks away, it felt like a fitting relocation. I had come to see an exhibition by Mark Fisher and Justin Barton called 'On Vanishing Land'⁴⁹ before attending the third London meeting of the Walking Reading Group convened by Ania Bas and Simone Mair.⁵⁰

'On Vanishing Land' was a dark room and some chairs, an OS map of the Suffolk coastline on the wall somewhere, an audio track playing and an intermittent series of still images playing as a slideshow occasionally unveiling the room and its silent listeners with a ghostly glow. There is an unease to the piece that reflects back at you the sense of being on the brink of something, the vanishing land of the title perhaps, the audio intermittently tells you something of the place or places of a walk, its people and its loss. I am due to be upstairs though, and though I plan to return to the exhibition, this never quite takes place. So yet another sense of loss is piled on top of this vanished land as I set off as a participant in the Walking Reading Group, on a two-hour walk set to focus on participation.

Prior to the walk we had each been sent four texts to act as a guide and outline to our conversations that took place in pairs weaving through London like an overgrown school group en route to a museum. Grant Kester⁵¹, Claire Bishop⁵², Michel de Certeau and a journal article from Engage by Pethick, Shelley and Smith⁵³, guided us through a series of twists and turns that slowly looped us from Edgware Road to Camden town over two hours whilst conversation partners switched every 20 minutes or so. A series of statements were scrawled on A4 sheets that were to function as jumping off points for discussion between partners 'submissive citizens' being one that sticks in the mind. On the train home I reread a series of quotes in the small booklet provided by the Walking Reading Group and hovered over a moment posed by Claire Bishop: "artists devising social situations as a dematerialized, anti-market, politically engaged project to carry on the avant-garde call to make art a more vital part of life."⁵⁴

Fisher and Barton kept their hand hidden in *On Vanishing Land* (Barton and Fisher 2013); if they were concerned about how their individual soul searching might play out in the grander scheme of things, the work seemed unwilling to show it directly, hiding instead in the dark shadows of Eno's 1982 album *On Land*, and a reinterpreting of a series of ghost stories set along the Suffolk

coast by M.R. James. In his book *Ghosts of my life* Fisher tackles Sebald somewhat aggressively, almost taking personally Sebald's dismissive approach to the Suffolk countryside that Fisher discerns within *The Rings of Saturn*: "The landscape in *The Rings of Saturn* functions as a thin conceit, the places operating as triggers for a literary ramble which reads less like a travelogue than a librarian's listless daydream" (Fisher 2014: 202), which is an odd attack to make towards the end of a 200 page collection of writing that draws together a deep array of cultural references through which Fisher pursues the ghosts of hauntology, or as Barton puts it "to go into the past so as to get to the future" (Barton 2015: 1). What *The Rings of Saturn* perhaps gives us is the notion that every landscape is imbued with so many possible pasts that its future becomes clogged, a dusty needle popping a groove ceaselessly, unable to progress: Sebald's "supposed walk" (Smith 2015: 11) offers us a way out, a way of navigating the mess so that, as Bourriaud suggests in *The Radicant*, the artist can become a creator of pathways through a landscape so completely tarnished by signs as to become illegible (see Bourriaud 2009: 102).

As Smith suggests, and as was not clear in *The Showroom* that day, Fisher, Barton and indeed Sebald may not even have gone on a particular walk, the works, conglomerations of events, constructed in the wake of a particular journey that may or may not have happened. In the reading of a book the writer is absent, in the audio-essay of an installation the scriptwriters have made their play, taken their move. In the presence of a performance, the action is live, and the direction is uncertain.

5.6 Back to Ruth's house.

A third method I was exploring during the *Fondue* at Ruth's house was an elaboration on the traditional forfeit that is set to take place in a standard dinner party whenever an individual loses their bread in the cheese. For Ruth's *Fondue* the participants had two choices: to open the small folded paper that greeted them upon their arrival and read aloud to the group, or to tell the group a story of when they felt most at home.

0: 44

Terry's *Fondue* forfeit. And an introduction to Picon.

There is an enjoyable elusiveness to Picon. It is available in only a handful of shops in the UK and the bulk of my stock is procured by getting friends to buy me a bottle whenever they travel to France, the internet is awash with similar stories of people struggling to find it. It is however, available from the off licence in Constantine, Cornwall.

0: 48

Terry's forfeit during which he discusses being in Rotterdam and living with Dance students. "I spent er, my last year of education over in Rotterdam and I lived in this lovely house with a load of people and they were all dance students and they'd come home after a day of hard work and I'd be there after a long day of no work with a long lie in and a long lunch and every time I asked them how they were one of them would say 'oh I'm in so much pain' and I really liked that, because I was the only heterosexual in the house, they were all girls with girls and the boys with boys and they would all call me 'Daddy' and I would quite often cook for them all and so it really felt like a family, I really felt at home there."

Coming now to the second forfeit of the evening I am going to use both these stories in the next Fondue maybe rewriting them a little, this builds on the method mentioned in the note to 1:03 the flowing from conversation to script. (See Appendix 5: 212)

Within my pursuit of *Fondue* there is a desire to find a way to layer different periods of time in one particular space, thereby highlighting the precarious notion of the sharing of an experience between one person and another. At this stage, the idea, as noted in the above quote, was to use these forfeit stories as a way of accumulating a range of personal experiences of the experience of *home*, with a plan to weave these stories into later iterations of *Fondue*. By revisiting methods from autoethnography and adapting them through the practice of *Fondue* I was able to develop this layering of different times, through the progression of one particular method I refer to as *Walking Home Again* to which I will turn in the next section.

Albert Speer, Spandau: The Secret Diaries. 1975.

You Walked?

Monthly. But I must confess I did not make it all the way. This journey is now of itself a memory.

This project is a training of the will, a battle against the endless boredom: but it is also an expression of the lost remnants of my urge towards status and activity. By now I was invigorated by my own exhaustion, the peaks of the Vosges turned the point, they made the venture feasible, the distant horizon was now Germany and it was not so distant. I sat overlooking Lac Blanc and befriended a strangers' Collie. Perched on a wall I read in the sun, the last pages of A Heart of Darkness. I stumbled and fell, my stick splitting my lip as I came down an Eastern slope, some children laughed, the village sleepy, when they first saw me walking for the pleasure of walking they thought, he must be mad, some children laughed. Traversing a mountain range is a fools hobby but I can remember still being stuck on the plains of France, trapped by the thought, I loathe the country and everything that relates to it, its silence, its sleepy villages those delicate streams amidst the military encampments, all those crosses, all that rain: I have already undergone so many hardships as a pedestrian that I am undecided whether to continue in this manner or not. In Germany the temptation of a cable car becomes too much and I readily signed myself up, boarding the small car with a rucksack the weight of a small child we swayed and swung, my legs free to tap. In this off-season-mid-week quiet: grassy ski-runs along, up and down which I went, I paced, I tripped, I marched, I held, I skelped, I slipped, I pushed, I panted, swung, dashed and slowly sauntered, roundly I strode through the Black Forest, pines and mountain huts, the rapidly falling valleys thick with the ghosts of Caspar David Friedrich. In the late afternoon I would be back on the road or footpath, satisfied to go slow, then slower still, until all the shadows of the Feldberg were beneath me and I was here, amongst the clouds and the weather ordnance, overlooking an absent view, hidden in drifts of cumulous. People seem to think there is something inherently noble and virtuous in the desire to go for a walk but this is not really the case, a solitary walk, call it a pilgrimage if you will, is a task, it is to be worked at and exhausted by. An oft romanticized but realistically problematic venture: for when the wind picks up, or the cloud moves in, or motorways collide with rivers and push you into suburban acres, it must be noticed, you are totally alone, abandoned with your fathers ashes by your own activity, on the side of a mountain, in a dusty field, on waste ground, your voice alone for company. It has also been noted that I am rather a dull man to go for a walk with. When you occasionally arrive into a town via some odd backwater route it often turned out that the street was silent and long and empty, interrupting the life of a city in this irregular fashion is a lonesome risk, because all people ever note is that you are walking, just walking, walking? Well, that was the idea. However, it was raining hard the next day - too wet for walking - I was no adventurer, so a dull trudge, under the endless slate grey it was. The occasional hedgerow harboured me if the weather peaked, and the horizon drifted closer, before vanishing again as the valley widened behind the perpetual damp.

I was, for the first time, amongst other walkers other rucksacks and I mingled amongst them quite happily.

One of those cigarette-pocket sized editions; high-weighted and tiny. Strabo III.

They laughed when my staff snapped beneath me and I tumbled downhill, blood spitting from my chin.

Not since the 1980s has I been on a cable car. They're fucking brilliant. Karl Philipp Moritz, journey of a German in England. 1783.

Alain Bellac, The Path to Rome. 1992.

Max Fritholm, Going out for a walk. 1918.

And often I would speak or sing, babbling my way into town like a woodpecker.

But as France stretched on I could not make it a whole reality as I boarded the occasional train.

Paul Theroux, The Kingdom by the Sea. 1985.

You're either going to be damp from the rain or drenched in sweat beneath the weight of the pack, the length of the day.

The horizon is a constant fascination on a long-distance walk. How far is it? When will you pass it? When will it become your destination's edge? Are we nearly there yet?

What I mean by this is that I discovered at the very limits of my capabilities and that they were much further and more fascinating than I expected them to be.

This is one of the few sections of the journey I found in a walking guide book before leaving, something about this act of planning strayed it in my memory.

William Congreve, The Way of the World. 1700.

The hostel I found in the shadow of the Feldberg had the uncanny emptiness of the hotel in The Shining, no-one at breakfast but me.

D.H. Hudson, Afoot in England. 1905.

Walking through France with a sickle-wind and are flying to usury people. The pilgrimage to Santiago des Compostelle, the pilgrim of St James. The scallop shell. A ribbon of pathways across the country.

Ray Bradbury, The Pedestrian 1953.

Already isolated by grief I was rarely in the mood to attempt to explain my situation in broken French or flailing German.

You're either going to be damp from the rain or drenched in sweat beneath the weight of the pack, the length of the day.

The horizon is a constant fascination on a long-distance walk. How far is it? When will you pass it? When will it become your destination's edge? Are we nearly there yet?

Part 6. Walking Home Again, from conversation to practice.

London, Spring, 2010.

It had been sometime since I had taken the opportunity to admire the peculiarity of bulrushes. Streams of early morning commuters, cyclists and runners passed by me north and south as I stood outside the ponds of the Mile End Ecology Pavilion⁵⁵ on the Regent's canal, waiting for Robert Macfarlane.

Robert and I were due to go for a walk, to re-walk that first day out of London that I had taken the previous summer. To walk again back towards Switzerland, southwards out of London towards the M25, and Farningham Woods just beyond, hugging the first ridge of chalk overlooking the garden of England. This was before I was formally enrolled on a PhD course, it was an embryonic beginning, an unknown. It was just a walk, I had not expected Robert to come. I remember we saw a Tern flying down the canal near to where Matt's Gallery is, and his casual simile, of it looking like a pencil-sharpened Seagull. I remember we passed a run of Whitebeam, a small native tree also known as the Pilgrims tree, for its branches that grow keen and straight, perfect for staffs. I remember the moment he introduced Patrick Leigh Fermor to the conversation, and that I did not know who this was.⁵⁶ I remember how much I felt at that time, that there was so much that I did not know, that I was so unprepared for this conversation and for this walk. And then there is so much of it I do not remember at all. I do not remember the long passages through Lewisham or Sidcup, the echo in the tunnel under the Thames. I do not remember passing through so many of the places that we must have passed through, in order to arrive at the Village Shop in Hextable, where a year before I had bought two bottles of water, and this year Robert bought two cans of coke. So much of this journey was lost. I finally got out my camera in an Inn called the Lamb & Flag, and took a photograph on a camera I had borrowed from a friend, some deference to the thought that perhaps this should be documented.

We both slept on the train back to Victoria station, after 8 hours, 26miles or more between those footsteps. I gave the camera back to my friend, he took it to India and left it, with the photograph still on it, in a café in Mumbai. So much of this journey was lost, forgotten.

6.1 Rebecca Solnit, Robert Macfarlane and Walking Home Again.

Failure is what we learn from mostly again, echoes of Solnit reverberating once more throughout my practice, this journey and its root in my feelings towards the situation that surrounded my father's death (Solnit 2006: 119). Failure, and this idea that it is a device for learning and for moving on from, is also a key generative force in all this. After walking 26 miles with Robert I

returned to my normal day-to-day existence, I let the experience pass me by. It is now only documented by a paragraph in Macfarlane's *The Old Ways* where he states:

One day I walked twenty-five miles with a young man called Bram Thomas Arnold who, after the death of his father, had set out from London and walked to St Gallen in Switzerland (where he had lived as a child), carrying his father's ashes with him, sleeping in a small tent by the sides of vast alfalfa prairies and crop fields in northern France, making camp after dark and striking camp before first light in order to avoid farmers and police (Macfarlane 2013: 237).

Out of the walk Robert and I went on came a method I have titled *Walking Home Again*. *Walking Home Again* refers to a body of walks that I have undertaken that are born out of my reading into autoethnography. In this section I will introduce a number of conversations I have had over the past 4 years and how I arrived at those conversations due to autoethnography. These conversations will draw in another layer of contextual research defining elements of my practice in relation to New Nature Writing, a phrase that has been coined in literary circles to describe the work of Robert Macfarlane amongst many others.

In the wake of that walk with Robert Macfarlane I wanted to find a way to develop the scenario into a research method: the scenario being a walk with one other person along a section of the route I originally walked in 2009, walking the research back into the places of the research through conversation. In order to do this I turned to autoethnography and Chang in particular (2008) exposing how, in this instance, my practice has borrowed ideas from autoethnography and adapted them into the notion of an autoethnographic transect.

Chang states that "memory is not always a friend to autoethnography [that...] memory selects, shapes, limits and distorts the past" (ibid: 72); before introducing a series of writing exercises that are designed to function as catalysts for further elaboration. I would like to hold as a counterweight to Chang's thought above, Augé's position on memory and forgetting taken from *Oblivion* where he states "memories are crafted by oblivion as the outlines of the shore are created by the sea" (Augé 2004: 20). Forgetting is then, an intrinsic part of remembering, of memory.

Walking Home Again, a series of conversations along different sections of the walk from London to Switzerland, was an attempt to recover something of those lost elements; of a walk with my father's ashes, and a walk with Robert Macfarlane, elements that I knew were unrecoverable. This seemingly futile act set out to use Solnit's quote as a generative resource, this failure would be something I would attempt to learn from. The issue to be addressed was what exactly could I set out to learn through such an activity?

As discussed in Part One autoethnography is disputed territory and so, in the wake of the walk I undertook with Robert Macfarlane I turned to Chang's *Autoethnography as Method* which, whilst Ellis claims she "can't find the heart and soul of autoethnography in this book" (Ellis 2009b: 362) she does suggest it "is especially helpful for those who desire a methods cookbook to guide them" (ibid). At the time this is what I was looking to autoethnography for: methods that were adaptable to the needs of this enquiry so I set upon Chang's book as something to be worked through. From the writing exercises (see appendix 9 for original outcomes of these exercises) offered I set upon inviting five people, to include the walk with Macfarlane, to join me for 5 walks along various sections of the original journey. Ellis, as her futile search for the heart and soul of autoethnography within it, suggests that Chang's text sits at the analytic end of the autoethnographic spectrum, (ibid) and so the exercises deliver somewhat cold and short texts, lacking in emotive investment. In writing exercise 5.5 Chang proposes: "List five mentors, in order of importance, who have made significant impacts on your life and briefly describe who each person is. Select one and explain how this person has influenced you" (Chang 2008: 80). The terseness of the instruction leads one to write short, stunted answers, on my mother I wrote:

5. My mother always encouraged me to go into that which interested me. She challenged us as children to walk out into the world and see what would happen, staying at home was not an option; to the forests, to the fields, the park or round the walls again. And her passion for walking, for stepping out, for boldly going, has provoked in us, Dan, Heather and me, the desire to keep pushing the boundaries, finding the edges of things and tugging at them. (See Appendix 6: 217).

And of Robert Macfarlane I wrote:

4. Robert Macfarlane is significant for a number of reasons. Initially it was his book *The Wild Places* (2007) that convinced me that wild camping was feasible, necessary and interesting. As part of my MA research I set off to walk to a childhood place of mine and slept on the beach there near Start Point in Devon. Later, half way through walking to Switzerland I posted him a letter asking after the prospects for a PhD within the work/walk I had made. We have since walked together and developed a professional relationship (See Appendix 6: 217).

The writing exercise alone identified these people, and others, as of significance, but it did not really give any more. Something further felt like it was required: in the light of the walk with Macfarlane a logical means of attaining further engagement, generating emotive autoethnographic research. By inviting these individuals to join me in walking and talking, along the original route of *Walking Home*, a path that both participants know the significance of, would be worthwhile.

6.2 New Nature Writing.

Before stepping on with *Walking Home Again* it seems necessary here to expand on the presence of Macfarlane with whom comes the term New Nature Writing and its associates. As Mark Cocker, author of several books that fall into said category, pointed out in a recent article “no writer working in the field seems to care for the ‘new nature’ tag” (Cocker 2015), a position, which is reminiscent of Bill Aitchison’s discomfort with the term ‘walking artist’ (see also Part Three, 3.3 The Walking Encyclopaedia). The prefix *New* is added to the phrase Nature Writing which more loosely speaks of a type of writing that goes as far back as Gilbert White’s classic *Selborne* (White 1947) first published in 1789, spanning a period that reaches to Richard Mabey, author of both *Flora Britannica* (Mabey et al 1996) and other shorter works such as *Common Ground* (1980) and *The Unofficial Countryside* (1973), Jaquetta Hawkes’ *A Land* (1951) Roger Deakin who wrote *Waterlog* (2000) and *Wildwood* (2008). I must confess to a personal enjoyment of both generations and the writing of Mabey, Deakin and White have as much influence over my practice and my pursuit of walking as a practice as do the writings of the supposed New Nature Writers of whom MacFarlane is beyond doubt the most prominent (Cocker 2015).

New Nature Writing, as a term, was born out of Granta's *The Magazine of New Writing*, which did a special issue called *The New Nature Writing* in 2008, stating in the editorial that "when we began to commission articles for this issue we were interested less in what might be called old nature writing [...] than in writers who approached their subject in heterodox and experimental ways" (Cowley 2008), going on to state that what they were actively seeking in this new nature writing were narratives told in the first person, for the writer to be present in the story. There is a wealth of new works that aim to engage places with writing via a means of walking in them, to them, amongst them, but of these Macfarlane was somehow the first to emerge: his book *The Mountains of the Mind* won the Guardian First Book Award in 2003 (Macfarlane 2008). A significant number of these works are also overshadowed by a personal bereavement suffered by the author: most notably *H is For Hawk* by Helen MacDonald (2014), but there is also *60 Degrees North* (Tallack 2015), *West: A Journey Through the Landscapes of Loss* (Perrin 2011) and *The Plot* (Bunting 2010). A second compendium I would suggest the reader look to is *Towards Re-enchantment* (Evans & Robson 2010), which was published by ArtEvents, who were also involved in the production of the film *Patience: After Sebald* (Gee 2011) and *Fissure* (Wilson 2011) both of which have been touched on in Part 2 (see page 55) and Part 3 respectively (see page 67).

Whilst undertaking my MA and thinking towards the act of walking to Switzerland it was a copy of *The Wild Places* (Macfarlane 2006) that I carried with me to Start Point in South Devon, whose spine I cracked whilst walking through the village of South Pool where I spent my childhood summers. It was *The Wild Places* that unleashed in me the wild camper, and thus enabled walking to Switzerland to become a shadowy future possibility. Indeed, the project of the autoethnographic transect bears resemblance to a phrase coined in John Crace's satirical digested read of Macfarlane's most recent work *Landmarks* (2015): the neologism "Macfarlish: the process of praising other authors to make your own book better by association" (Crace 2015). A satirical remark to be quickly countenanced by Bourriaud's interpretation to be found in both *The Radicant* (Bourriaud 2009: 117-125) and *Post-Production* (Bourriaud 2010: 45), that the process of re-fashioning existing cultural forms is not only a valid methodology but an essential task of the artist.

Both new and old Nature writing has its place in my sphere of influences, yet the outcomes of the autoethnographic transect that are being outlined through this thesis are forms of writing that are to be encountered in ways other than between the covers of a book, and it is this distinct approach that sets them apart. The writings of *How To Walk* that are distributed throughout this thesis were

composed to be encountered in a gallery setting, in order to lean on the reverence afforded such encounters; this reverence is then contravened by the handwritten annotations to the printed text. They are texts about being certain that one is not certain.



Fig. 50. *How To Walk*. Installation shot from Plymouth Contemporary Open. 2015.

6.3 Towards two questions.

This binding of the research interview to the route being researched offers a unique layering of past and present and presence of the previous journey within the interview, and draws the work of others into the walk. Jones et al state: “the power relations between interviewer and interviewee can have a significant effect on the kinds of data that are generated” (Jones et al. 2008) and the intimacy offered by the invitation to join me for a walk over several hours, along a route I once walked whilst walking towards the place of my birth in the wake of my father’s death, generates an intimacy between myself and the participant that could not be gained from more traditional methods of obtaining answers to interview questions. This position is corroborated by Chang who notes that “separate encounter[s] with each interviewee, in the absence of others, makes it easier for you to preserve confidentiality of information and for the interviewee to become free from peer-pressure” (Chang 2008).

The function of these walks has been to discern the answer to two simple questions buried amongst the myriad narratives of a two-hour walking conversation. The two questions to which I

Wilkie Collins, The Woman in White, 1860.

This was tucked under a tree, almost buried by the undergrowth, a small antechamber almost forgotten.

Walk with me

In Freiburg, Germany I took two days just to rest and keep about in the afternoon dampers, free from the reek.

The heat had been painfully oppressive all day, and it was now a close and sultry night. Finding a path off the road I turned on the instant, and my fingers tightening round the handle of my stick bore witness to the oddity of a war memorial in Germany, its rarity. The thunderstorm struck again like clockwork earlier in the day. Round the 3pm mark, each day here ran the same but today apparently, an addition, five dead cows, sleeping under an oak tree in a field. I was sat in a campsite with a Belgian man who witnessed their deaths, he met me eagerly, whilst I was quiet, and self-controlled, a little melancholy, and a little touched by suspicion. Shared sorrows, and a bitter spirit, and the mournful tones of Jeff Buckley from out the back of his car, and out the sides too, even at that suspiciously late hour, and in that suspiciously lonely place. I had come down from the Feldburg that day, through all the lonely paths, watching the weather build in its own heat. The climax of the weather came as I was singing my way through a field again. I picked my pace and found the porch of a chalet to shelter in, itself littered with the graffiti of past visitors, and I watched the rain burn itself out. It functioned it seemed as a self contained system, bubbling up, then bursting out and then, in the aftermath, the fields were fresh now, as a succession of April showers and gleams followed by a lovely spring morning, could make them. I rejoined the world outside my shelter and headed for the lakeshore. It could have been Bala lake all over again but we were higher than all that. And it was here I met Jacob, on the shores of the Schluchsee, the first person I had spoken to since Oliver, a botanist who I met on the road in the middle of Northern France, he was walking to Spain, and we shared a mile or two, and parted with an apple before at the parting of the roads each went different ways, he on south to Spain and I on East to Switzerland, where I would eventually find myself walking about on short silky grass under sparsely growing old birches, for once, I was, myself. It could have been up a sheeptrack in the rain but at the time, it was up a road in the sun, the hot June sun, where and when, my mind wandered through the previous summers of my life because I've been thinking of the past, I've been thinking of my father and of his death, and the peripatetic beginnings of this venture, of how the self is constructed by its context, unable to be held alone in imagination and yet ultimately isolated, trapped inside its own senses. And I would cry out from isolation again, come walk with me, come, walk with me, we were once not so few, but death has stolen our company, as sunshine steals the dew. I was alone, with some ashes, Jacob was alone, without his wife, as Oliver was alone with his dragonflies, I was alone with the sun and the fields, and everything I had ever known, lost in the web of it all, overwhelmed in my lack of isolation, for isolation is impossible.

Spiking hestatal 1pm. A crack of thunder to rent the sky at 2pm. Downpour at 3pm. Then clear, calm and cool once more by 5pm. Every day.

For some reason it was quite frequently the soundtrack to the Wicker Man I find myself singing, the rhythm of folk music, banded to the feet. Corn rigs & barley rigs...

Charlotte Brontë, Jane Eyre, 1847.

Wilkie Collins, The Woman in White, 1860.

Oliver was a pilgrim of St James, that I met whilst drying my tent at on the roadside. We shared notes and tips as our tiny paths crossed in the middle of nowhere.

Richard Jefferies, The Open Air, 1885.

Schluchsee is nestled at 900m asl. The surrounding hills are higher than the Centre Snowdon range in North Wales.

Jean Jacques Rousseau, Confessions, 1789.

Leo Tolstoy, Anna Karenina, 1877.

Virginia Woolf, Waves, 1931.

When I think of a walk upon which I feel most myself, most at home it is when frequently on a Welsh hillside I find myself up a sheeptrack in the rain.

It wandered as it wandered, getting thoroughly lost in the winding of memory, the overlaps and wrong turnings.

In my early experiments of working with walking I would attempt to distill a journey's thoughts down into a single statement. This thought is from a 2005 walk in Gwent.

Emily Brontë, Come Walk with Me, 1844.

am seeking an answer during these walks are: When did walking start for you as a practice? Speaking in Art-historical terms what was it that first made you aware that walking had a place in practice?

The conversational nature of these walks allows for these questions to be adapted in their asking to suit the particular mood of each event. The participants are invited with the knowledge that they will be walking a short section of what was a larger journey I made in 2009. In several of the interviews the link between my father's death and the journey has been quickly made and the intimacy offered by a long walk in the company of a single other has opened up the participant to expose their emotional selves more freely. In this sense the walking interview follows in the footsteps of the work of Hall *et al* whereby the interview can and should be seen as a three-way conversation between two people and the place through which they are walking, where "place in this local, lived sense...is a hybrid product of biography and location, the one informing the other in a constant round of influence and interpretation" (Hall *et al* 2006: 2). I also follow in the footsteps of Hall *et al* in concluding that the method, despite the advice of qualitative researchers such as Denscombe (Denscombe 2007) and Wengraf (Wengraf 2001), who advise that interviews should be conducted in quiet and away from distraction, offers more benefits than problems.

Dee Heddon's project *Turning 40: 40 turns* (Heddon 2009) demands attention here, as her writing on autotopography, autobiography and performance (2002, 2007) leave *Walking Home Again* distinctly in her wake.

40 Walks exists as an online blog documenting 40 walks Heddon undertook in order to celebrate her 40th birthday. They were instigated as "a birthday present to myself" (Heddon 2009) but became research, or subsequently found their way into the pages of *Performance Research Journal* (Heddon 2012: 67-75), as the process weaves the autobiographical into the academic. Heddon eloquently discusses notions of walking alone and walking together, beginning with the solitudes of Hazlitt, "the solo walkers early spokesman" (ibid: 67) and Stevenson whose key texts she picks out here are woven into the fabric of this transect through *How To Walk* (see figure 52 on following page). She then moves on from this solitary pursuit to the "art of companionship" (ibid: 67).

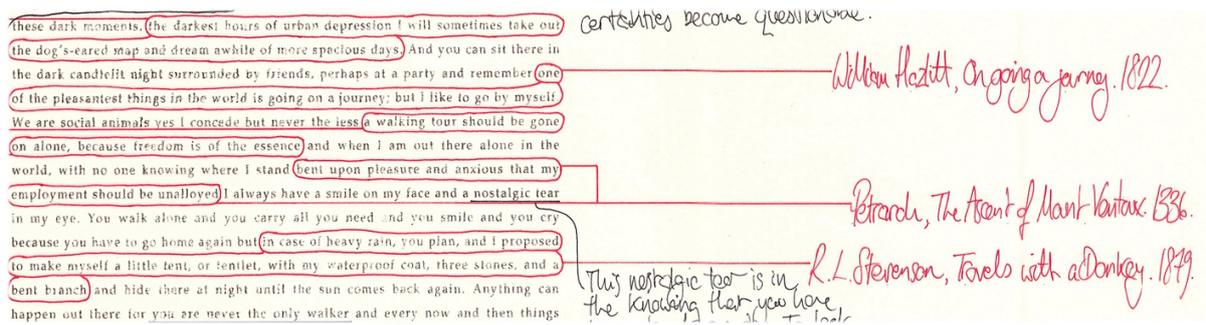


Fig. 52. Detail from *How To Walk* featuring Hazlitt and Stevenson.

I was unaware of Heddon’s project at the commencement of *Walking Home Again*, and in that stepping out with Robert Macfarlane, moving away from what Lavery has referred to as a “technique of solitude” (Lavery in Mock: 2009: 32) and into that of walking *with*, a state I find quite unnatural but that which, after coming across the work of Nancy in Heddon’s paper, have to concede to; that the notion of being, or walking, existence itself, is predicated on the notion of being *with*, or as Nancy puts it “existence *is with*: otherwise nothing exists” (Nancy 2000: 4). On that first journey upon which this research is founded I was together alone with my father, and on the subsequent journeys of *Walking Home Again* I was with a particular individual but also with all of that which they brought with them, their memories, their ideas, their perspectives. So I set out to gather a little of this through conversation between us, and the layers of the place, and the strata of our selves with which we walked.

6.4 Walking Home Again, and again and again.

Five walks were made with these five key mentors: Clare Qualmann (coordinator of Walking Artists Network)²⁰, Darren Fleetwood (International Aid worker and my oldest friend), Elizabeth Butler (my mother), Simone Kenyon (Artist and co-curator of the Walking Institute at Devoran Arts), and Emma Leach (Artist and Writer). A transcript from each of these walks appears in the appendix and any quotes made below are taken from this source.

It became apparent from that first walk with Clare that the process would be a personal and intimate one, and a new way of using the notion of an autoethnographic transect to generate

²⁰ The Walking Artists Network (WAN) was established in 2011 by Clare Quallman and Mark Hunter: it is an AHRC funded project that links over 300 practitioners and academics with an interest in peripatetic arts practice. <http://www.walkingartistsnetwork.org/>

work. The significance of the path, and the original walk and its context, became a subtext for each conversation, and each journey opened conversations that were about sharing personal experiences of grief as well as personal experiences of walking and practice. One participant spoke of a walk they wish to make in honour of their father, another spoke of the loss of a child and another of her performance work she made in the wake of her father's death. All this whilst knowingly walking a path that leads not just along the Regents Canal or under the Greenwich foot tunnel, through an orchard in Kent, but eventually, to a house in which I lived with a father I did not know and whose ashes I carried with me. Into the conversations, that upon average took an hour or so, I wove the two questions stated previously.

The first walk after that taken with Macfarlane, was with Clare Qualmann, whose work I knew of through a project at Spacex in Exeter in 2007. She was also instrumental in coordinating the Walking Artists Network event at Chelsea Theatre Space in 2011 from which I already had a sense of her answer to the question of art history. At the Walking Artists network event in 2011 as part of an open space session, Andrew Stuck²¹ had asked the group to suggest their historical suggestions for the genesis of walking as a presence in arts practice and names flew round the room, awkwardly at first, before settling in clouds and participants forming small groups around Richard Long or whoever and moving on. The question was received with some awkwardness and not properly addressed at the time, there was a tension in the room, as though such a public declaration, and such a simple statement were not possible. It was in this air that I spoke to Clare and suggested we go on a walk sometime.

The conversations were about generating a form that was beyond a standard qualitative interview overlaying the ideas of Chang (2008) and Hall et al (2006) onto the notion of an autoethnographic transect, walking the research back into the practice. Holding the imagined path, that had previously been walked into being by me in 2009, as a subtext for each interview, each conversation became an act of talking that path into being.

So on a grey and raining April day, an hour or so into a walk and a conversation, I asked Clare "How did you start walking, as an artist, what happened? Have you got a story?":

²¹ Andrew Stuck is a writer, critic and friend who runs a blog called *Talking Walking*, a catalogue of interviews with people whose practices intersect through walking. He participated in Sideways where I met him in 2012. In Brussels Eleanor Wynne Davis and I were interviewed for the website: See www.talking-walking.net

I think when I first moved to London, which was when I left art school in 1999, maybe even before that, when I was a student I came down from Liverpool for a couple of summers I worked a bit at temp jobs as my partner was at Goldsmiths.

I had this experience of London with very little money and trying to get to all these agency jobs, hopping the train from New Cross to Charing Cross and then striking out on foot, finding the way, a sort of creative, interesting and exciting way to be. A few years after graduating: living in London and doing a part time job and trying to be an artist as well and really having quite an extreme frugality of never spending any money on transport, like walking everywhere, and this routine that involved an awful lot of walking. (See Appendix 7: 219)

A transcript of the larger conversation can be found in the appendix. Clare goes on to mention a conference called *Locating Design*, convened by London MET University in 2005 and featured a key note by Professor Paul Carter whose 2004 work *Material Thinking* outlines the significant role practice can play as a valuable form of research, enabling “us to think differently about our human situation, and, by displaying in a tangible but non-reductive form its inevitable complexity” (Carter 2004: xii). There is a pleasing symmetry here between Qualmann’s first walk-as-artwork, and my own, both of which were in some way thrust upon us by an other, Qualmann through her collaborative walk for the conference and myself through a peer’s project during my BA at Oxford Brookes (See Journal entry Vauclair Abbey in 2.4 on page 50).

Subsequent walks with Emma Leach and Simone Kenyon were taken individually whilst the issue of ensuring the interview should be an individual encounter was underlined when I undertook an interview with two participants together. A walk in Germany was undertaken with Butler and Fleetwood simultaneously due to practical limitations – we were together in Germany for only a few days without time to undertake separate walks – but it made for a very different approach that was as useful for its failures as much as for its outcomes. This walk that took the form of a short journey in the black forest followed by a recorded interview whilst sitting, drew the focus upon the notion of ‘home’ as opposed to that of ‘walking’. This may have been due to the fact

that Butler and Fleetwood are not of the art world; they are people of significance from my personal circle, drawing the conversation to a field we shared in common, the idea of home. Listening back to the recording is an awkward process: the silences are extensive and tense, whereas during interviews that were undertaken in motion, conversation flows perhaps because as Solnit states “the mind is also a landscape of sorts and that walking is one way to traverse it” (Solnit 2001: 5).



Fig. 53. Taken from *Walking Home Again*, Fleetwood and Butler in the Black Forest. 2012.

The Black Forest, Summer 2012.

Just as it had done after I first walked through the Black Forest, the light of the place lingered in my memory; there is a weight to it, a density to the blueness that hangs in the depths of the folds of the densely forested, steep slopes that make up the Schwarzwald. This time I found myself stepping out of the cable car with both my mother and my oldest friend, an odd trio on an oddly pointed holiday together, one of our purposes being to step out here together, re-walking the path that I took in 2009, and to have a conversation. The light however, remained as I remembered it, casting the forested hills in a painterly light, reminding me at once of both the photographs I took as I passed through and the paintings of Caspar David Friedrich.⁵⁷

I read aloud an extract from Rebecca Solnit’s *A Field Guide to Getting Lost*⁵⁸ that spoke of the blue of distance, and the conversation turned to colour, and from colour to childhood and from childhood to memory and from memory to home. Darren’s parents still live in the house that he grew up in, in the house that our friendship grew up in; it is a unique fragment of

my childhood as well as his. After this static, and rather stumbling conversation we moved on to walking and drifting around the hillsides and I became lost in my sense of frustration at having suggested we walk together, or try and do this talking together.

At some point Darren and I part ways with my mother, who finds her own way back to the cable car. Darren and I make a longer walk back to Freiburg through the forest but our conversation does not turn back towards my PhD and the walk becomes just a walk⁵⁹ – a gloriously simple act of passing through a given location, the pines gripping the rocks as we descend the edge of a valley, giving way to broadleaf woodland, a path that naturally widens into a road and eventually, through the trees, the red roof tops of Freiburg emerge.

6.5 From Leach to Kenyon to Long.

Walking Home Again was instigated to allow me more time to engage with the path and its particular places, hence the return to Germany. Similarly whilst walking with Leach in 2013, re-walking a section of the transect in Kent, more time on the path enabled a more thorough engagement with its places. In figure 55 below Leach can be seen in front of the Darnley Mausoleum which was constructed by the 4th Earl of Darnley in 1798 but was never consecrated and so remains a blank façade and an empty tomb, fenced off from the outside world, awash with masonic symbolism. This nugget is one of several, including the notions of the horizon and Solnit's "blue of distance" that have found their way into *Fondue* and the final installation *Walking Home (Again)* which will be the focus of part 7 of this thesis.



Fig. 54. Taken from *Walking Home Again*, Leach at the Darnley Mausoleum, Kent. 2013

The final participant of *Walking Home Again* at this stage was Simone Kenyon whom I first met at an event called ROAM hosted by RADAR at Loughborough University in March 2008. Kenyon was presenting research from a project called *The Pennine Way: The Legs That Make Us* (2006), a walk which Kenyon made alongside her collaborator Tamara Ashley. The work of the walk came to document the tensions caused by a long distance, collaborative walk: Heddon quotes, “walk together, in close proximity and far apart. [As] emotional distances open, tiny cracks in a friendship” (Ashley & Kenyon in Heddon 2012: 72).

It was an extract from this conversation with Kenyon that had the most impactful outcome in my practice and it is these loops between research and practice with which, to borrow a phrase from Hall et al, I am seeking to create a rhythm whereby “the one inform[s] the other in a constant round of influence and interpretation” (Hall et al 2006: 2). Kenyon and I spoke about Trisha Brown whose work as a choreographer was an early walking influence on her practice, Simone’s background being in dance and choreography. Brown featured in an exhibition that reprised her 1971 work *Walking Up The Walls* at the Barbican in 2011 that also featured the work of Laurie Anderson and Gordon Matta-Clarke (Yee 2011). To quote from Kenyon during the walk:

Yeah there was one where they walk, that was that group piece where they walk around the edges of the room, but there were a couple of pieces that she did in New York in the seventies, where – there must have been a photograph of it there’s a guy walking down a wall and she’s walking down one of those old 70’s water towers – there’s just something about that, seeing a body in a [unexpected] position that I just got quite excited about. It’s such a visual image as well, I was totally seduced by that, a bit like when I first saw Richard Long’s [*A Line Made by Walking*, 1967], the whole thing around durational performance explained in a photograph. I’m in awe of people who can do that. (see Appendix 7: 219)

Long’s figure stretches over key elements of my practice, and here in Kenyon’s mentioning of his work *A Line Made By Walking* (1967) I felt I had found permission to confront the work overtly through the process of this autoethnographic transect. In the wake of this conversation I set out to re-construct Long’s production of his 1967 piece, making a film previously discussed in Part 4 (see page 98-101).

in New York that they didn't accept, but he turned up and did it anyway. And the proposal was to turn up at the gallery on the Private view night, with an air rifle, and shoot at any bird he could see from standing in the doorway of the gallery. And so Gordon Matta Clark says it happened, but there's no way of really verifying this and it sort of sounds feasible, that something like that might happen in New York in the 70s, being a pretty lawless place back then, who knows whether it actually did. Kenyon also referred to Richard Long's *A Line Made By Walking* from around the same time. (See Appendix 9 from page 231 for a full transcript of this iteration.)

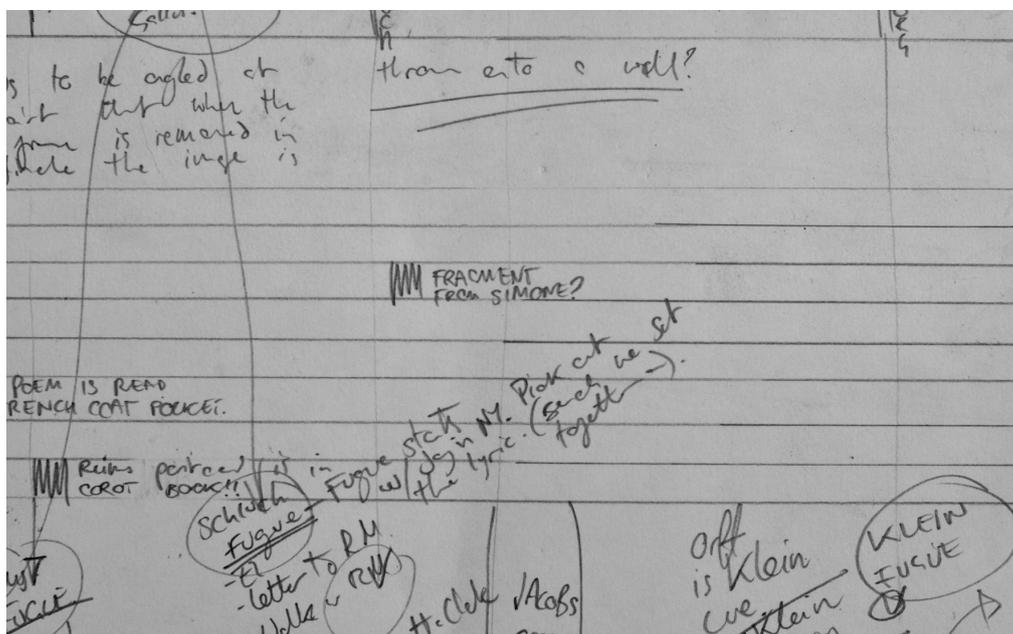


Fig. 56. Detail of graphic score for *Fondue* showing Simone Kenyon's name.

How these fugues and the graphic score were developed towards and through the final exhibition of work will be where my focus will now turn.

Kalahari Bushmen

Jacob, a lone Belgian man whose wife had left him to become a Buddhist. We drank together and wept into our own silences.

Final Steps

I left Jacob at Schluchsee, and after our tears I stepped on turning southwards now. The last sorrow of my departure was a baby bird, fallen from its nest and swarmed by ants, I gave it its reprieve noting that when we die, the wind blows away our

footprints, and that is the end of us. I want to go wandering, but I have places to be, a destination now, that is clear, Switzerland is a mere few horizons away, some

30km home, 70km of black forest beneath my feet and now the wind, playing upon the edifice, produced a booming tune, like the note of some gigantic one stringed harp, we were heading for 3pm thunder again as I twisted my way through another

small mountain village, before coming across a watering hole surrounded by bathing nudists, skin, the deep colour of caramel. Somewhat shocked by this sudden rush of flesh I felt the need to lie down somewhere, and since a friendly, cosy little place by the lakeside was nearby, I made myself comfortable, somewhat

tired as I was, on the soft ground under the artless branches of a tree and rested. The journey was nearing its excitable conclusion, the storm clouds rode high above the horizoned alps and a golf course lay near a castle as the forest broke to fields at its finality. CH became destinations on signposts made for walkers and I was one of them. It has been noted that tourism is a mortal sin, but walking on foot is a

virtue, and that whatever's gone wrong, and makes our civilization something doomed, the departure from the nomadic life is at its root. Lightning struck again, but the distant horizon this time was Switzerland and the fields were full of fresh

beans and spinach and all the number plates had turned eclectic. Though the journey has been long and isolated, exhausting and defining I am not spent, no

will I go out of my way to avoid such things, when avoidable, no, I simply will not go out of my way, though I have never in my life been on my way anywhere, but simply on my way. In the last drags of Germany there was no sun or hint of sun

though there was not a cloud in the sky. It was a clear day, and yet there seemed an intangible pall over the face of things, an unsettled haze between the horizon

and I, that did not fade until dusk. As I cross the border an eagle overhead rides the thermals, making a mockery of the foolishness of boundaries and our pursuit of their definition. Under a cherry tree I eat a yoghurt here in Switzerland, where the sky is bluer, the water clearer, the fish in the water look happier, the farmers smile

and the dogs don't bark, the shade seems cooler, the cherries more scarlet and the hills, steeper. For weeks I was always hungry and thirsty and dog-tired and walking all the time, and now I was calm, yet slick with sweat up a steep forest

slope, atop the hill was a spiraled viewing platform and through the haze of heat the mountains were lost but the hills were here, no birds in the air here, and I walked on along the path without turning back, deeper into Switzerland and closer to Engelburg. Amongst the Swiss fields, who caught Robert Walser when he fell, I

remembered he wrote everything, everything, all this rich life, the friendly, thoughtful colours, this delight, this joy and pleasure in life, all these human meanings, family, friend, and beloved, this bright tender air full of fathers, houses

of mothers, and dear gentle roads, must one day pass away and die, the high sun the moon, and the hearts and eyes of men. On the bank of the river Sitter, I plucked the ashes from my pack one final time, and cast them into the stream, before walking up the final hill, before walking home.

Robert Walser. The Walk. 1917.

For the majority of the journey my destination was roughly a quarter of the horizon "that way". It became more particular & problematic as destination began to override direction.

Vladimir Lindqvist. I want to go Andersing 1904.

I remember a day in South Devon at the start of all this, muddy & sodden reading Frost's "So The Wind Waited for it all way". But it will.

Robert Walser. The Walk. 1917.

Upon arrival at 5A Turenstrasse, I was followed down the street by a group of children and welcomed home, slung into my room and invited to stay for the week and taken upon holiday by a family I had only just met.

A seeming glut of French, German and Swiss Adol players it seems?

Samuel Beckett. From an abandoned work. 1968.

The horizon had become an obsession on the walk that has not abated. Our perpetual pursuit of the unattainable is buried deep.

Roberto Calasso. KA. 1997.

A friend told me the story of his passing once, but the details escape me now.

This private ritual, which I thought would forever be just mine, has been mentioned in more than just passing several times now.

Thomas Hardy. Ten of the D'Orberville. 1891.

A days weather in the mountains, changes at the pace of a weeks elsewhere. Three weeks in Schluchsee (1.34pm 30 June 2017)

How terribly British I felt all of a sudden. In what sense am I walking home?

Nicholas Shakespeare. Bruce Chatwin. 1999.

Confederation Helvetica, the foundation of modern day Switzerland founded in Latin that commenced on August 1st 1291.

Jack London. To build a fire. 1910.

This section is taken from the original blog of the journey; 1910 notes of experience.

Richard Middleton. The Brighton Road. 1912.

This particular viewing spot claimed to offer all the peaks from the Feldberg to the Mother-horn, from the Grand Sillon to Mont Storie. Yet at the time, nothing, here.

Part Seven: Towards five iterations, an exhibition.



Fig. 58. *Walking Home (Again)* (Arnold 2015). Gallery installation shot from Fish Factory, Falmouth, 2015.

Falmouth, spring, 2015.

On the floor in the gallery space there are a series of chalk marks that correlate with five sheets of paper pinned to the wall. They outline the five rooms wherein previous iterations of *Fondue* have taken place.⁶⁰ I did not expect to find them so useful.

Several audience members were late, and this was the first *Fondue* I had undertaken in some time. I had walked through the score in situ, the cheese was bubbling on the table, I had both spilt some meths' from the burner onto the table and had time to mop it up again, so I took to pacing the outline of one of those previous rooms, walking a square in a gallery space. I suddenly found myself reminded of Bruce Nauman, wondering what on earth an artist should do now, pacing a square line traced on a gallery floor.⁶¹

I found myself unable to believe that I was putting myself through this again, as in the performance where I narrate a series of lines I wrote on the inside cover of Alain Fournier's *The Wanderer*.⁶² I stagger in disbelief at what is about to take place once I open the door and welcome those people home. The clatter of a Belfast accent stumbles into the building echoing across the inside of the roof and I relax with the knowledge that Jude⁶³ has arrived, whilst tensing in response to what this means for the evening ahead. It means that this is real, this is happening, that *Fondue* is about to take place again.

A flare of tension as an extra audience member is announced, though that is the last time I will refer to them as audience members, they are simply guests. Do we even have another plate? Another napkin? Another chair? Another fondue fork? Yes, it seems. A place is laid, and even still then, my calculations are wrong, I have not counted myself, another chair, another plate, another napkin and another fork. There is chaos in my memory here, then dust settles. I turn over a postcard from St. Die Des Vosges and I read: *The loneliness seeps in in St. Die, Like the water, Gently dripping through the roof of my tent*, and we are off tracing a path through my memory that is a path through Europe, and through culture and through history, through places that can tell something personal, through something universal.

There is a tension in all this planning and preparation that stretches from a month before the show opened, until the morning after the last performance. Holding that tension has obliterated a lot of these memories from me, the heightened state that I spend the duration of a performance in, vanishes in a 3am shadow where I sit, wired and alone, still wide awake, not digesting, but merely rebalancing.

For weeks I wake at 5am, 4am, like a light bulb, with a to-do list, with a list of things I have forgotten to do, or a list of things I could do better, could do differently. But sentences with *could* in are to be abandoned, performance and its digestion is about dealing with what you have got, as Thomas A. Clark suggests of walking *of the many ways through a landscape, we can choose, on each occasion, only one, and the project of the walk will be to remain responsive, adequate, to the consequences of the choice we have made, to confirm the chosen way rather than refuse the others.*⁶⁴

That first evening, that first *Fondue* so many things were unknown, so many uncertainties piled up against reality. I realise even that I have been lying to myself, that the only way to prepare for this event is to do it. I realise afterwards that the ending is not *finished* but that it somehow went wrong at the same time, and that these two statements contradict each other. I realise that long before that first *Fondue* finished I was exhausted, that I lost control of myself, that I became lost in the memories of the performance, and that I felt I had still not pointed out the significance of death in all this, of mourning in all this.

Fondue fell out of sequence on the 28th. In retrospect I can see in the event that I thought I had shied away from concluding it how I wanted to, and then I threw myself over the line and too far. I had already handed out the happy cubes, and then I tried to talk about my father's ashes, and the jolt was too much. This was out of sequence with the plan, out of sequence with what I had run through prior to opening the door. And it was wrong, all wrong.

I suggested to the audience that I was going to go outside and fling a small amount of my father's ashes into the river, as I had previously done in *Fondue* version 4, held at the home of Ruth Cross. The jolt of this suggestion led to a break down of the event as a performance in my eyes. I felt attacked, and I felt like I had failed, myself as an artist, and them as guests. It forced a revision of the ending, just a subtle tweak really, but it felt monumental to me. Listening through the audio recording a week and a half later, the event did not match my

memory of it, and I realized then, how significant memory is in all this, and interpretation and how when Martha Wilson suggested *that no one person's view is the same as another person's*, it can even refer to ones own view of ones own perspective.⁶⁵

There was so much to learn from this first event, from dull logistics, to the event itself, from spare chairs to plans and sequencing. Yet it was already gone, already over, done. It would never happen again. And by that I do not mean *Fondue*, I mean *that Fondue*. Those people, those moments, that weather and light even. If the same 9 people were to come again even that would not be *that Fondue*. The clocks changed the next day, and *Fondue* at the Fish Factory would never be performed in the same darkness again. Would never be that blunt or that raw again, but that it would always have the ability to suddenly find something blunt, or stumble across something raw. It is a performance, a conversation, it is, ongoing.

7.1 *Walking Home Again*, an exhibition with iterations.

Working towards an exhibition was always to be a part of this process. In this chapter I will outline the iterative changes that took place between a version of *Fondue* undertaken at my own home in 2014 and the five iterations that took place in a gallery space in Falmouth called the Fish Factory²². The exhibition *Walking Home (Again)* opened on 27th March 2015 and ran until 19th April presenting 5 live iterations of *Fondue* in a gallery setting over this period.

The fourth iteration of *Fondue* took place in my own home in 2014. The space between an iteration of *Fondue* that took place in the home of Ruth Cross, and the iteration that took place in my own home in 2014 was a period of development and reflection on the previous work that also allowed methods taken from my 2012 collaboration with Eleanor Wynne Davis as part of Sideways Festival into consideration. Methods for developing a score for *Fondue* as a performance were explored: a set duration, a soundtrack, and a series of *fugues* within the piece, which exist in the form of performed stories, were put in place. These stories that emerge from the generative method of an autoethnographic transect and the key driving forces of the project, grief and the presence of loss, conclude section 7 below. Before this I will first attend to that seemingly out of place word: Fugue.

²² Fish Factory Art Space lays claim to being the largest artists run gallery space on the South Coast of Cornwall. It was instigated in 2011 by Rose Hatcher and plays a significant role in the creative community of West Cornwall and without their open-minded support *Walking Home (Again)* would not have been possible. www.fishfactoryarts.com

7.2 On *Fugue*.

I cannot recall when I first started referring to elements within the performance of *Fondue* as fugues. I do know I kept it secret for a while, unwritten, as if unsure as to why I was calling them fugues at all. The Oxford English Dictionary Online edition sets out two definitions of a fugue, and it is the interplay between the two that that makes my use of the word prudent in relation to my practice.

In musicology the root of the word is settled in 1597 as a compositional device wherein "one part beginneth and the other singeth the same, for some number of notes (which the first did sing)" (OED Online 2015). To follow this definition further into the field of music is not something this project requires, that there is some form of repeated pattern or idea over a period of time is sufficient for my purposes here. The other field in which the word *fugue* holds territory is that of psychiatry whereby a fugue is "a flight from one's own identity, often involving travel to some unconsciously desired locality" (ibid). A definition that is closer to the rub of its presence here is from 1965: "A fugue is a combination of amnesia and physical fright. The individual flees from his customary surroundings; what he is really trying to escape is his own fear" (ibid). In both, the etymology of the word binds it to flight and to fleeing. The fugue's place in the scoring of *Fondue* as a performance was a flight from uncertainty, a flight from everywhere to somewhere, or as noted in the above journal entry, the fugue was generated as that which Thomas A. Clark sets out, as a confirmation of the chosen way (Clark 2001: 20).

So, this chosen way was what exactly? In simple terms, *Fondue* is to be considered a performative installation, more on which I will attend to below, whereby there are certain things that I want to say, but there are also things I am happy to talk about, and then there are things that come to light through the event itself, things drawn up from memory by the process itself. The method devised for managing this as a space of performance necessitates a series of fugues that have between them spaces, spaces within which actions take place, but spaces within which also, a meal is shared, and an event, in all its uncertainties, emerges. To be clear *Fondue* is not a performance I either aim to, or want to perfect, its devising is an act of allowing latitude and porosity into the performance space to give those experiences and emotions that are inarticulate room to emerge.

7.3 On the whole scene, performance and installation.

First I wish to step back and describe the whole scene. *Fondue* was only one element of an exhibition entitled *Walking Home (Again)* that took place at the Fish Factory in March and April 2015. The other elements were made up of the nine-part drawing *How To Walk* which has been previously discussed and is threaded throughout this thesis: *Walking Home: Infinite Edition* a stand-alone installation piece which includes a web-based work to which the audience are invited to contribute; *Score* which was a large work on paper which evolved over the course of the exhibition in direct relation to the fugues performed within *Fondue*; and a second, framed work on paper called *For so long, the horizon*. Appendix 12 is the published guide to the exhibition for how these works were placed within the space. On the exhibition floor plan *number 9* is listed as “(Again): Found objects, false wall and door, framed c-type print”. The parenthesis refers to the iterative use of *Walking Home* as a title. First used in 2008 for my MA show, the phrase *Walking Home* was transferred onto the door of a shed at Dartington College of Arts that was an installation in which works towards the idea of *Walking Home* were shown. At the Fish Factory a false wall was constructed creating both a reference back to this previous incarnation of the work, whilst also creating an enclosed space within the gallery, suggesting that a world was being entered within which everything was part of the work.

To that term then, performative installation, and a brief outline of its history in order to outline its role here. It is worth initially separating the two words before outlining how they conjoin, though to do so risks opening the discussion to a very wide realm of practices. By delineating a path through these definitions I will arrive at a position from which *Fondue* can be considered in relation to the notion of an autoethnographic transect as a method of production.

If the performance of *Fondue* – and here I use the term performance as it has been outlined in the introduction – is a dialogic form that exists in a pre-formed world, that of the gallery, it is necessary to briefly turn to the history of the installation as arts practice. For when stepping into *Walking Home (Again)* the whole room, and everything in it, including the individual audience members, became part of the world of the work. Installation has its roots in formality, in positioning and stationing, the word itself holds echoes of industry and institution, function and construction²³. It is this formality that

²³ The etymology of the word *installation* ties it to the ceremonial procedures of institutions, such as ecclesiastical inductions, and also to mechanical and practical constructions prior to its appropriation by the art world. (OED Online 2015).

the art world borrowed when installation art first began to emerge as it did in the late 1960s and early 1970s via a process that Rosalind Krauss entitled *Sculpture in the expanded field* (Krauss 1979). Installation art became the term that sought to deal with the motley collection of works that sculpture as a phrase had lost the ability to contain. Art works such as “narrow corridors with TV monitors at the ends; large photographs documenting country hikes; mirrors placed at strange angles in ordinary rooms; temporary lines cut into the floor of the desert” (Krauss 1979: 30) did not fit in the current parameters through which art was critiqued. Krauss notably picks out the work of Richard Long (country hikes) and Michael Heizer here (desert floor): the latter’s installation *City* has been under construction in Garden Valley, Nevada since the early 1970s. If this suggests that installation art exists predominantly outside the gallery that may well be the case for how it began. By the time Claire Bishop authored *Installation Art: a critical history* (2005), the title had firmly reclaimed the gallery space as its natural home, finding the blank space of the gallery a form that was malleable due to its totality, a space completely open to the creation of self-contained worlds such as the labyrinthine works of Mike Nelson or James Turrell’s light installations.

What happens when these two terms, performance and installation meet, is the construction of what Goffman termed a *social occasion*; that an audience member can then catch in one of two modes of being. An audience member may arrive to an empty room, an installation, a static space filled with objects, paraphernalia and artworks, prior to or after a performance event has occurred. Or they may arrive in the moment of performance, whereby they are either witnessing or engaged with the space via an intervention directed by the artist, who in this situation is “responsible for getting the affair under way, guiding the main activity, terminating the event and sustaining order” (Goffman 1966: 18).

Before moving onto the work of *Fondue* in its final iterations there is one final muddy puddle I wish to traverse. The term performance installation is often used indiscriminately with performative installation, but as *Performative Installation* (Nollert 2003) suggests, it is distinguishable. Nollert’s five points towards defining a performative installation as such suggest that the performative installation is less certain of itself than a performance would be: “the extent of the performativity of an installation in terms of its appearance and intensity cannot be completely predicted or controlled” (ibid: 13). MacAloon’s *pre-formance*, though not cast aside in the performative installation, is exposed to an uncertainty with regard to the audience and their interaction with the work, that more conventional forms of performance are not.

The fugues are not written to be read out, as from a script; the act of their writing is to enable them to be recalled from memory during *Fondue*, or to echo Nollert, their appearance and intensity cannot be completely predicted or controlled, nor is it of interest to do so. *Fondue* is not a thing to be perfected, each iteration is a development of and yet distinct from the previous, and as such the audience is unaware of the fugue's existence. Their documentation in this thesis is minimal as I wish to restrict consideration to their relationship to the notion of the autoethnographic transect and not get drawn into the sprawling debate around performance and documentation. In regard to the live nature of *Fondue* I reiterate an earlier quote from Peggy Phelan upon performance: that it "cannot be saved, recorded, documented, or otherwise participate in the representations of representations: once it does so, it becomes something other than performance" (Phelan 1993: 146). What I can do is present the fugues in their written form alongside documentation of the arena that *Fondue* took place in, and objects that exist within it. The fugues and a series of images conclude section 7.²⁴

Fondue is a performative installation that involves participation as a form of production with an active audience. *Fondue* has grown out of the notion of an autoethnographic transect, a notion that is not fully conceptualized in the realm of autoethnography but that is generated by its basic principles. *Fondue*, and *Walking Home* more generally, are about constructing ways to discuss loss, grief and death through an arts practice that uses a journey from London to Switzerland, and the notes, photographs, and memories of the event, as its source materials.

By borrowing autoethnography's approach to the social, historical and cultural location of the self, and turning the path of *Walking Home* into a transect through which to locate this approach, *Fondue* and the exhibition *Walking Home (Again)* became the outcomes of this autoethnographic transect that is the method underpinning this practice-based research.

²⁴ See *Live: Art and Performance* (Heathfield ed 2004), *Perform Repeat Record* (Heathfield & Jones 2012), *Performativity in the Gallery* (Remes et al 2014) and *The Ends of Performance* (Phelan & Lane 1998) *Performance by Artists* (Bronson 1979) and *Performance Theatre and the Poetics of Failure* (Bailes 2011) for further discussion on performance, its documentation and issues that spiral out from the paradox here noted by Phelan.

7.4 A quadrat of other practices.

Below I examine 4 other works to which *Fondue* bears a kinship in order to offer a triangulation of the practice.

The first work I would like to turn to is perhaps in some ways the closest to that of *Fondue*. *Only Wolves and Lions* is a work by Unfinished Business, a theatre company directed by Leo Kay (Kay and Unfinished Business 2015). I have not attended a performance of *Only Wolves and Lions*, and therefore have limited resources from which to describe the event. It was most recently performed at the Southbank Centre in August 2015. It is a performance for a limited number of people and each must bring with them a raw ingredient that will then be used in the collective production of a meal, lead by Kay and his co-director, Unai Lopez de Armentia. From these pointers we are able to deduce that audience members will be expected to actively participate in the production of an event, and that without them there would be little beyond *Unfinished Business* waiting in a venue. There is though a soundtrack, and seating, and equipment: the paraphernalia of performance laid out in such a way that it commands the status of an installation in a situation that UB describe as a “performance provocation” (ibid). The construction of the meal, that takes place collaboratively, forms the key element of UB’s performance.

The Museum of Water by Amy Sharrocks is a sprawling project that started with a simple request that is best explained by Sharrocks’ own subtitle: “a collection of publicly donated water and accompanying stories accumulating over two years” (Sharrocks 2013). So the public are invited in a particular manner by Sharrocks, to donate water and stories, meaning they are involved in the material production of the work but only prior to its being displayed, the nominal interactions of new donations during exhibition periods exempted. The exhibited work is to be explored by the gallery viewer, but is not constructed by them in the act of exploring. *The Museum of Water* is also an on-going project that is continuing to expand in multi-faceted and unexpected ways, aligning itself with Bourriaud’s notion of the journey-form in the process.

I would like to turn back towards this notion of the journey form to examine two final works both of which involve journeys and fathers. *In the wake of a deadad* by Andrew Kötting was exhibited in 2006 before becoming a film and a book-work (Kötting 2006). The exhibition included a series of collages made up of Kötting’s father’s collection of pornography, two large inflatable figures in the image of Kötting’s father and grandfather, and a film work that documents Kötting’s journey to visit a

number of places across the UK and Europe that were of personal significance to his relationship with his father. The work is both a journey undertaken by the artist and an opportunity to take a journey as the viewer of the work, meandering between book, film and exhibition documentation. Kötting also sought responses from 65 people, one for each year of his father's life, to four photographs of his father and these responses are catalogued in the bookwork, an idea that bears a kinship to my series of conversations, *Walking Home Again*.

Another journey-form I would like to approach for similar reasons is *All roads lead to Rome* by Chris Dobrowolski (2014). It is a performance lecture that takes place within theatre spaces and community centres as well as galleries and other settings. Dobrowolski had been touring the project since 2013 and the work follows in the wake of a journey he undertook in his father's old Triumph Herald that he began reviving in 2012. He set out to drive the vehicle back to Turin where the Herald was first designed, and in the process of the performance lecture takes in his father's time serving in the Second World War. The car had previously featured in a gallery exhibition in 2002, so once again as with Sharrocks there is this sense of a project that sprawls into different incarnations. This autobiographical performance work is of interest here because Dobrowolski's background is as a visual artist, who in the wake of a journey through Europe stepped into the realms of performance to deal with the outcomes.

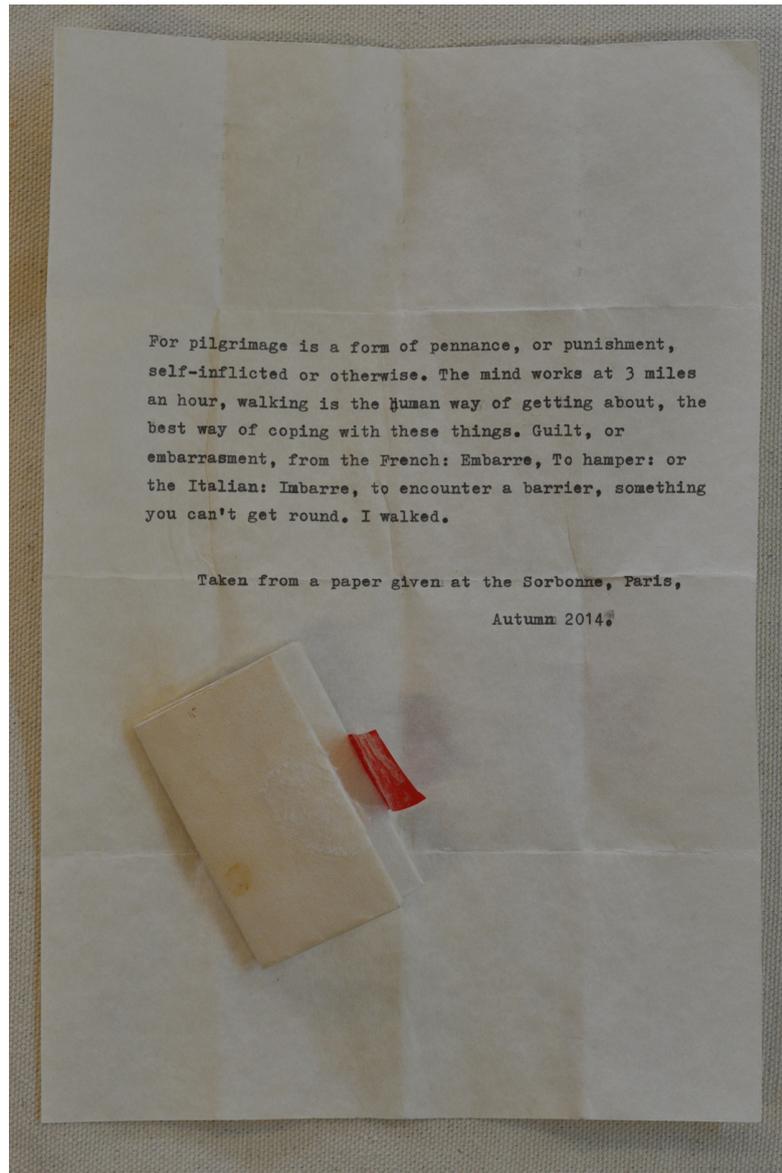


Fig. 59. *Fondue*. A Forfeit as laid out on the table during *Fondue*.

The five fugues are presented below in the sequence in which they occur during *Fondue*. I would also like to refer the reader to a paper that is included in the appendix (pages 74-80), that was presented at *Story's Place in Our Lives*, an inter-disciplinary conference at Oxford University in September 2015. The paper entitled *Walking Home (Again): Autoethnography in the white-walled gallery space* presents simply my ideas of autoethnography, the transect, and the fugue alongside a version of the final fugue from *Fondue* with images and footnotes. These footnotes and references were added after the performance of the work and are not considered a part of *Fondue*, as such the fugues presented stand as forms of practice, they remain unreferenced so as to not disrupt the flow of the work.

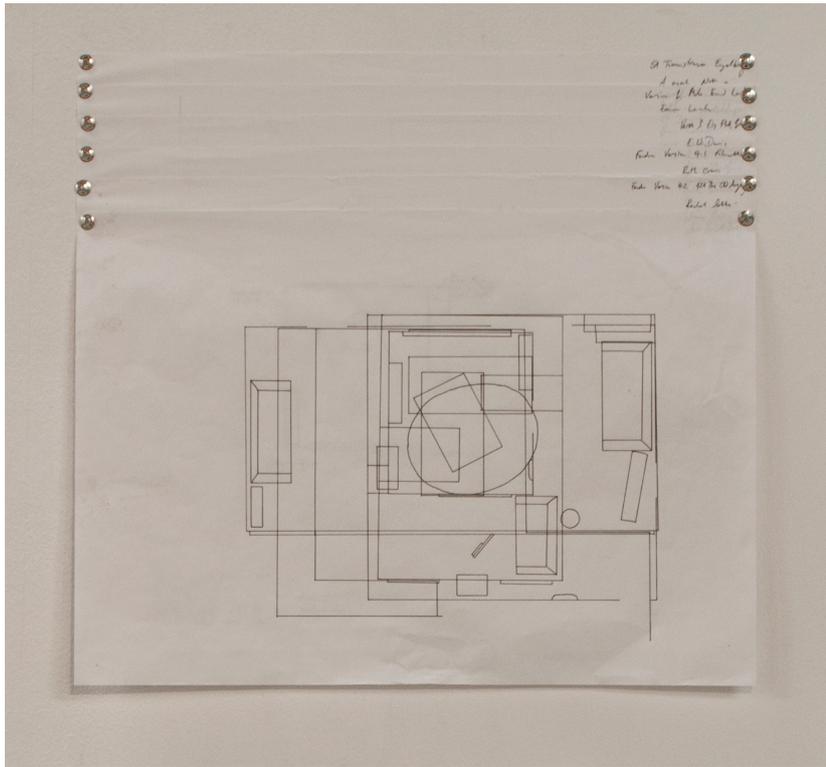


Fig. 60. *Walking Home (Again)*. Installation detail.

7.5 Five fugues.

Font key for five fugues:

S: Script to be articulated from memory, to change in that ebb and flow between remembering and forgetting.

T: Text to be read from object located within installation.

L: Location / source of text to be read.

D: Description of action.

S: Soundtrack key to starting a fugue.

(1) St. Die Des Vosges Fugue. *Fondue* V5.1.



Fig. 61. *Fondue*. (Arnold 2015) Installation detail after a performance.

Overarching themes of Fugue: Architecture, Loss, Belonging.

S: A subtle change in the piano soundtrack caused by the addition of decay effects.

L: Postcard placed by my plate on the table.

The loneliness seeped in in St. Die,

Like the water,

gently dripping through the roof of my tent.

20th June 2009.

S: St. Die Des Vosges is a small French town that is nestled on the western edge of the Vosges mountain range. A range that announces the edge of France where the Alsace

region falls away into the Rhine, a range where I had a conversation with a cyclist in which walking to Switzerland became a reasonable proposition.

It was also the scene of my failure, though; my lonely arrival at St. Die occurred at the train station: defeated and exhausted I had skipped a long day's walk from Charmes, through Rambervilliers, to St. Die: My feet in tatters, with a schedule to keep. And the loneliness sank in, in that move back towards normality, the train platforms and a miscalculation on my part. Time spent in the maps room at the British Library proving ineffective on the ground, like my notes on the previous town, which were limited to the phrase "research the area more thoroughly though". I searched for consolation from philosophy and found a line in a book that suggested that failure is what we learn from mostly. And so I set out to learn from this loss. I walked into town along the river, one of those wide shallow mountain streams that threatens to gush any time the rain descends. Which it was threatening to do at the time I found the campsite. My tent later gave way to the rain, as I stumbled round town, looking in through pub windows, at the laughter within, sharpening the loneliness without.

St. Die Des Vosges spent the Second World War under Nazi occupation, in 1944. As the soldiers retreated, they razed the town to its foundations. So it bore the potential of a blank slate for reinvention after the war and France's finest architects were invited to reimagine this place and Le Corbusier, amongst them, was brought in to imagine a future – Le Corbusier, the Swiss born Frenchman whose ideas and ideals have been so misused and misunderstood by anyone who ever built a tower block since. He created an idea and an ideal for St. Die that never came to pass. In a last ditch attempt to have his plans adopted a vote was put out to the whole town and Corbusier's dream was voted down by the people of St. Die, for all anyone from the town wanted was the way things used to be. That yearning for a past you cannot recover, such a fundamental part of being human, the rose tinted lens of coming up for air: there is often no way back to the way things were after the way things have been.

A town plan was constructed, a modernist vision of order and form, and the model put on display in MOMA in New York. St. Die was however re-built instead in the shadow of its

former self, with the mere addition of a small factory designed by Le Corbusier. A factory that is still just a factory, in a town that is still, just a town.

Le Corbusier never built anything in Britain, but in the light of his ideas Britain was rebuilt: bomb-holes in major cities filled in with streets in the sky, a machine for living as Corbusier put it. The Robin Hood Gardens estate in East London I had walked past four weeks earlier, being a particularly brutal interpretation of the dream.

In 2006 I found myself stood in the unforgiving living room of a 1960s council block in Southampton. The summer outside was scolding the glass and the dust was caught in streams of light. I was going through the possessions of my father in the room he died in, an NHS wardened flat for the mentally ill. I picked Freud off the floor, chess pieces scattered a table, garlic died in pots on the windowsill. The block was not for living, it was for getting by, not belonging, a filling in of a Southampton bomb-site, with a cheap interpretation of Corbusier's vision.

Fleeing war in the opposite direction, a single Russian family vanished into the Taiga forest. Equipped with only what they could carry they fled the communist campaign against the saints of the old religion, and the family retreated further and further into Siberia. A third of all the trees on the earth grow in the Taiga forests of Siberia and in these woods the family disappeared, building a series of increasingly basic shelters in a life that became increasingly elemental until 1978 when a team of geologists spotted their shelter from a helicopter. In sixty years the family had lived alone, with no contact from the outside world, no knowledge of all that happened in those intervening years, lost from civilization yet surviving. Building their own homes, amidst the trees, a shelter, a home, a scrap of canvas, a burnt out shell, a husk of what once was, built out of what you could remember and what you couldn't forget.

By the time I woke up in that tent in St. Die, I could go from being asleep inside, to having it all packed and on my back, in twenty minutes. But the first time I set up the tent in Kent, really was the first time: a day's walking from London gets you to just outside the M25, to a small forest called Farningham Woods where I set out to sleep in this coffin of a tent, for the first time.

D: As this first fugue moves towards its conclusion, rise from the table, and move towards the tent. Inside the tent is a speaker unit with a microphone, crawl deep inside the tent and read aloud from the inside cover of *The Wanderer*:

T: After putting the tent up for the first time I was left with one piece whose reason for being was unclear to me. A 10cm long aluminium tube somewhat wider than the tent poles. I put it away and tried not to think about it, instead listening to the sound of the forest and wondering whether I could be seen from anywhere nearby. A small family walk along a nearby path, their blonde crowns bobbing through the trees. I consider myself invisible. Dry leaf matter is piled everywhere, a deep layer of flammable mulch that will substitute my mattress but I do not risk using the stove upon it. I eat a bundle of flapjack freshly made the day before and realise that this is all my fault, this whole foolish enterprise, my idea, my endeavour, my pilgrimage, my penance, my punishment, my pleasure, my pain. This is all my fault.

L: Postcard inside tent

D: To be read whilst standing just outside the tent.

Straight roads and the plains of France

Huge skies, heavy with rain

And 29km of nothing today.

Moivre. 12:00pm. 11 June 2009.

D: End of Fugue, return to table.

(2) Chalk Fugue 2015. *Fondue* V5.1.

Overarching themes of Fugue: Religion, geology, myth.

S: David Thomas Broughton's track *Unmarked Grave* begins to play, the fugue is commenced at some point during this 8 minute window.

L: Postcard placed by my plate on the table.



Fig. 62. *Fondue*. (Arnold 2015) Installation detail after a performance.

Concrete turns to chalk dust,
London fades,
and all this air the smell of summer.

3rd June 2009.

Chalk is not kind to the camper: its dusty waste billows up into the face, it invades your person and your clothes with a fine billowing powder, smudging itself into the sweat on your brow, crusting over your face. I spent several days after leaving London like this, camping amongst the stiff chalk farmland. Tent pegs do not go kindly into chalk and one is driven into the scraps of ancient beech woods that abound on the North Downs Way, where the mosquitos hold sway.

I settled once again amongst them, the mosquitos dancing lightly under the breezeless canopy. South of the river Medway I sat on Bluebell Hill, a sharp ridge of chalk its sides, ribboned with ancient trackways, holloways, paths, and now roads, and a burrowing high-

speed train line scooping beneath it on a summery Friday night. Small gaggles of teenagers joined me, beers in hands. I had just traversed the Eastern bank of the Medway up onto Bluebell Hill rolling past a series of barrows and copses that litter this down-land like memories lost in corners, overturned in fields, carved onto trees, peculiarities of history hinted at by strange titles and names that carry the burden of ages; Snodland, Parson's Wood, Shoulder of Mutton Wood, South Darenth, Charing, Detling, Cobham, Thurnham, Lenham.

These are old places, South Darenth linguistically ties itself to Anglo-Saxon and traces of the lands mythic and Neolithic past are hidden amongst the brambles. At Kit's Coty a dolmen stands exposed in a field, fenced in, protected, an ancient burial chamber exposed by the eroding dust, and the never ending rattle of the nearby A229. I sweat in the sudden appearance of summer, through little rivers and beech groves, archetypal dreams of England made of more ancient stuff.

Geology ties this land to the continent, the rising waters wiped out a tract of Europe now known as Doggerland some 8000 years ago and trawling the North Sea has, for hundreds of years, dredged up mementoes from this forgotten Atlantis, a jawbone here, an old spear head there. Dogger, the shipping forecast belies. Standing there, and walking through, and sleeping, camping, from Kent to Picardy, the dust of the fields ties the places together, the same crops growing in the same breeze, the fields feel the same. That same air of mystery hangs over them at night, and even though the stars are dimmed by the light of London and Calais, they feel closer, more significant, out there, holding sway above The Pilgrims Way.

But The Pilgrims Way is just another romantic myth. Listed on the Ordnance Survey for the first time in the 1870's it is more an agglomeration of paths than any one set route towards the tomb of Thomas A Beckett or wherever. It is cut out of the Neolithic chalk that ribbons through south east England taking in the cathedrals of Winchester and Canterbury at its poles, but there was historically not one path, but many, tracing through the land. These stories we weave though, we need, to unify us somehow, to care for a land that cares for us not at all. A 1944 film called A Canterbury Tale traces the route of The Pilgrims Way at its beginning and includes archive footage of the fields when hedgerows were higher and wilder, in a green and pleasant land, whose duty it was then ours to protect.

Shortly after Canterbury Cathedral was rebuilt by the Normans in 1070 a wave of monasticism swept through Britain settling first in Cumbria and then, in 1131, the founding of Tintern Abbey was undertaken in the Wye Valley, just a few miles from where I grew up. The backdrop to such key artworks as Wordsworth's Lines above Tintern Abbey, Turner's The Transept, and Iron Maidens' 1988 video 'Can I play with madness', the Abbey is wrought out of Devonian Sandstone, locally quarried and in 1134 another Abbey was founded south of Laon in the chalk dust of France, but history was not so kind to Vauclair Abbey.

I rested in the herb gardens of Vauclair, replanted in the 1960s to a plan taken from The Plan of St.Gall. I rested in the shade with a poppy in my hair; they dot the chalk byways from Mile End to the Chemin Des Dames and beyond. Vauclair is even more a ruin now, the vaguest outlines of a monastery, it was destroyed so completely during the artillery battles of 1917 that no one found it again until 1966, its restoration initiated by Father Thomas, a Jesuit priest from Flanders. Up the hill and across the field, and over there lie 7 vanished villages, and a statue of Napoleon, signs of war, in a landscape shaped by 1917, by 1814. Forests have grown up where the Abbey and Craonne were torn down, twisting Pines, drooping, mournful Beeches. I camped on the banks of a tributary of the River Marne, and silently slept in tears amidst the trenches. A tie in my pack that I had bought in Dover, and thoughts of a whole army, wearing ties and trench coats as they futilely attempted to reclaim a ridge they had lost. Outside the fields looked much the same as those that still dress the roadsides of Kent today, the same crops blowing in the same wind as that which wrinkled the clothes of Thomas Burberry in 1879.

The trench coat is made of Gabardine, a material invented and patented by Thomas Burberry in 1879, its invention inspired by Thomas' time in the fields of southern England, laboring in all weathers on the land. After the war the British government had so much excess stock of these coats that they distributed amongst the depressed population of the 1920s.

Trench Coat performance. Step up from table. Cross room. Put on Trench Coat and Tie, read poem in coat pocket. Ivor Gurney's To England, A Note.

I revisited Vauclair last year, as part of this project, but to revisit a single point on a line turned out to not be the same place. It was an experiment to step back in time to that place where I was once, for the briefest of moments some 5 years ago.

L: Stuck on paper inside Tintern Book on bookshelf/gallery floor.

For places we revisit after a long absence remind us that we do not matter. That we are of no consequence to the passing of time. To the turning of the seasons. To the lie of the land. It carried on without us while we were away. It noticed our passing not at all. It did not notice we were there, it did not notice we had left. And then we have to carry that feeling back, into the places we currently inhabit, and it inverts our version of the world, it is disquieting.

(3) Reims Fugue. *Fondue* Version 5.1.

Overarching themes of Fugue: Military and Religious landscapes.

S: Fugue commences after a song is listened to in collective silence².

L: Postcard displayed on the table beyond my reach, near a member of the audience.



Fig. 63. *Walking Home (Again)*. (Arnold 2015) Installation detail.

Two days across the battle lines and wrath of wars.

Armies of children battle with wooden swords,

After the rains came down.

Reims, 10th June 2009.

“The grey sky was vast and real cryptic above me”. This line, from a song by a band called The Mountain Goats, played out in my head often as I walked across France, and once, as I hid from the weather under a copse of trees at the side of the road, at the site of an earthwork called Camp D’Atilla, I was again bowled over by how much of the land that surrounded me, that surrounds us, was shaped by man and by war.

Wars dating as far back as the invasion of Atilla the Hun in the 1st Century BC. And though his presence at this particular roadside-resting-place-come-Neolithic-staging-post, may have as much to do with myth as reality there was no less, a low round barrow, that was

sheltered by a now ancient circle of Beech forest: the ancient civilisations of Kent finding their echo amidst the fields of France.

Myth is present too, at the beginning of all this, if there is a beginning. Myths endure, because they continue to bear relevance to the people who bear them, we tell each other stories in order to live.

And so there is another line in that song that spirals off into another tributary of this story. It goes "I took the train out of Manhattan to the Grand Army stop, found that bench we'd sat together on a thousand years ago". For I have been to that bench, or those benches that surround the Grand Army Plaza in Brooklyn New York. It's a classic plaza, grand victory arch, war memorial, library on the corner, museum just down the way. I met an old family friend there whom my mother had taught alongside in St. Gallen. He told me the story of St. Gallus: It's one of those stories that links myth with reality in healthy doses, and manages to be both strangely precise and suspiciously vague all at once. An Irish monk who set out for a pilgrimage to Rome in 618AD (strangely precise), fell in the valley of the River Steinach injuring himself. Taking this as a sign from God that he was meant to stay where he was, rather than attempt to continue his pilgrimage to Rome, he set about building a small cell there, a hermitage in which he spent the rest of his days (suspiciously vague). A bear emerges from the forest nearby, and instead of eating the monk, brings him wood to help the monk complete his hermitage (suspiciously unlikely). The hermitage he founded, though no trace of it remains (suspiciously vague), went on to become the city of St. Gallen (Precise). The City, complete with monastery, cathedral, and library came later, complete with frescos on ceilings of bears, delivering sticks to monks. The library is now one of the most significant medieval libraries in the world.

France is littered with pilgrimage trails, many of which end up becoming part of the St. Jacques de Compostelle that weaves across the Pyrenees to Compostella in Spain. Before they get there many go through Reims, where the kings of old France were crowned before returning to Paris. Alone in the landscape I had been taken for a St. Jacques pilgrim many times, much to my monolingual confusion – French people would approach my staff and me, confidently rattle off some rapid-fire French, the only elements of which I would comprehend would be "St. Jacques?", before I could disappoint and bewilder them with

my GCSE French remnants and vague Swiss allusions. In Reims I was joined by a friend; together, we were just friends on a walk, not pilgrims on a journey, and we made our way across the countryside accompanied by a bottle of Champagne in Champagne. We walked along 16km of canal out of Reims and into a countryside scattered with spires in the distance, and cemeteries in the foreground.

Whilst together I wrote a letter, which El later delivered in the UK on my behalf. The letter to Robert Macfarlane at Cambridge University was an attempt to discover whether there was a PhD somewhere amongst all this activity: This letter led to a whole series of conversations, places and encounters, journeys and galleries and eventually to this very page, to this very table, this gallery. It was a letter that changed things significantly, written out there, amongst the cemeteries of Northern France, the ghosting trenches and the collapsed abbeys.

It also led to me inviting Robert to join me on a re-walking, to revisit the route of my walk, that first day out of London, and begin to explore how to use this experience, this material. This walk led to other walks and other walks and recently a walk with Simone Kenyon where we talked about how she first came across walking as arts practice. And so it was that I found myself on the banks of the Thames recently, talking about the myths of Gordon Matta-Clark who once said that artists are the generators of their own mythology, that they must be, for to endure beyond their presence and their time they must pass into myth. We talked about how walking started as a practice, where its root was for her, and she had this to say on the matter:

Pick cassette player off the floor and, placing it on the table, press play.

“...there's just something about that, seeing a body in a [unexpected] position that I just got quite excited about. It's such a visual image as well, I was totally seduced by that, a bit like when I first saw Richard Long's *A Line Made by Walking*, 1967, the whole thing around durational performance explained in a photograph. I'm in awe of people who can do that.”

Pass around a photograph of *A Line Made by Walking*.

I, however, am not convinced that the photograph is enough. So I set out to do a bit more re-walking, and made for Kent, out from London on the train to the fields just past Farningham with a video camera, and some walking boots in Spring, and made a short film.

Move DVD player/monitor into position. Continue talking whilst moving around the room.

El and I parted ways at a junction outside a village called Courmelon. I had spent the night sleeping in a bivvy bag, in a campsite full of luxurious campervans bound for the south of France, just a flimsy scrap of plastic between myself and the world, a head full of champagne. Whilst in Reims, though, El introduced me to a beverage very popular on the streets of Paris at the time called Bierre Picon.

Press Play on film and move to book shelf to make Bierre Picon, pass these round as the short film plays.

Rest: drink Bierre Picon.

(4) Klein Fugue. *Fondue* V5.1.

Overarching themes of Fugue: Yves Klein / Rebecca Solnit, towards the horizon.

S: Recording of a rookery that begins at the end of Jeff Buckley track.

L: Postcard is inside a pair of shoes next to *Walking Home: Infinite Edition*.



Fig. 64. *Fondue*. (Arnold 2015) Installation detail during a performance.

30/06/2009

A day's weather in the mountains,
Changes at the pace of a weeks elsewhere.

Three weeks in.

By now I had crossed into Germany, and I took a few days, for sleep and, well, I must confess, record shopping. A bit of down time, I also went swimming in a swimming pool, for the first time in nearly a decade, and cycling, as though I was desperate to engage with forms of motion other than walking. There was lightening, and pouring rain, and black forest gateau. I bought this pair of shoes from a vintage shop as well, snakeskin brogues.

Walk across room and put shoes on for the first time in the evening.

In the shop I only tried one of them on because they had a big security tag in the other shoe that meant I was unable to put it on. They fitted, they were cheap, compared to London, so I bought them immediately posting them home. When I put them on in London a few weeks later I jumped on my bike and cycled off for a night out in the warehouses and galleries of Hackney Wick: it was only when I arrived at where I was going that I, stumbling, noticed that one shoe had been orthopedically altered for someone with one leg noticeably shorter than the other. I spent the evening hobbling around in rather a lot of pain.

Walk from shoes to Record Player, stumbling.

I also, whilst in Freiburg, was secretly, with increasing excitement and desperation, looking for *the* record shop. I wasn't going to buy anything, I said to myself, as tomorrow I am setting off into the Black Forest towards Switzerland. I am just going to look. Upon finding said shop, half an hour before closing time on a Saturday afternoon, I dived in, skipping the prog-rock section, spending far too long in the kraut-rock section, getting lost amongst the vintage hi-fi equipment, before briefly checking the bargain bins before leaving. Where I came across this:

It is, plain blue, a double LP, no markings on the back, or the front, or the spine. I opened it out to find this:

A hand-numbered recording of only 500 copies of a conference speech Yves Klein gave in Paris in 1959. Immaculate. €2. Sold. I would carry it to Switzerland. I have since written this text based on this experience.

Read from beside the record player upon which you have placed Side A of Record 2.

When I think of the artist Yves Klein my mind is now split, like two paths in a wood, or a tree, in which there are two blackbirds, one travels back to the early days of my perception, when International Klein Blue bewildered me within the pages of 'The A-Z of Art', those eager journeys into an ongoing education; the other bird twitters of Freiburg in Southern Germany, of June 2009, and Paris, 1959; of an event that occurred whilst exploring a desire to make over the world as it should be, an event on that path from the present to the past to the beginning, an event whilst 'Walking Home'. The idea that chased a dream of disappearances, and in those disappearances was the desire to live as though life

had been made over, that whilst Walking Home I would find this chapter, I would find this book, and I would find this record, and in this moment I would attempt to fashion myself into a hero who disappeared into myth, into the history of pilgrimage and path, a monastic journey into the landscape of a post-modern Romantic. I found myself alongside Klein, camped in a wood, seeking to disappear not only into the sky, the sea, the wilderness, but into a conception of self, into legend, into the heights of possibility. I dreamt that evening before the Feldburg, of Klein's balloons, drifting over a Parisian sky and up into this, intervening into this land, laid thick with the ghost of Caspar David Freidrich, the ghosts of Romantic landscapes mingled with the most grandiose ambitions and the most mystical tendencies. The weather spent the next day being fairly threatening. I spent the next day wondering where I would sleep, where the record and I would end up, its mysterious gold label suggesting a realm where those pure enough to enter its presence do not return, but are instead forever changed, like the clouds that rolled up and down the hills, occasionally enveloping everything. For Klein, form and matter were limitations and obstacles to the freedom and unity of pure spirit, the clouds a hindrance to the sky, the deep pure gushing swathe of blue that ran over the earth, the same depth above Hextable, Longfield, Cobham, Laon, Turkheim, Colmar, Opfingen, Horben, Feldburg, Schaffhausen and here and now, Schluchsee: the highest camp of the journey where swathes of dead trees mingle with the living beneath the rapidly moving cloud line. Something happened, some confluence of moments, in this place, that town that first appeared on the horizon nestled between the eaves of the wood, little towers and green tramlines. I did not take any photographs at all, not of the town, not of the book, not of myself, not of the record, not of the conversation I had with an elderly lady the day I walked out of town. Restless, energetic, insomniac, prolific, unpredictable and grandiose my notions of Klein rose like the peaks before me. On a clear day from here, the peak of the Feldburg, I could see the full sweep of the Alps, and the Vosges under a sky that represents the spirit and the water, the immaterial and the remote but for today it was dilute, its deep vibrant intensity hidden, as though looking down was looking up. The walk became a world without divisions, between countries, between land and water, between dreams and waking, between home and absence, loss and a sense of the found in the space of isolation. So with the void, full powers, a ferocious act of mysticism and the creation of a myth. I left Freiburg on a Sunday morning, with sunlight, and a double LP squashed into my rucksack, a complete trajectory, a finished work of art. Six more days of walking where we fly: we dream in darkness: we devour heaven in bites too small to be measured. Where we live as we dream, alone, and lightning strikes the distant hillsides.

Return to Table.

So I was at the time, coincidentally, reading a chapter from this book by Rebecca Solnit, and in it there is this chapter on the artist Yves Klein that completely changed my opinion on the matter. I had until then just thought him a pretentious and unnecessary figure in 20th Century Art, an arrogant misfit who patented his own version of the colour blue, commissioned string quartets and covered naked women in blue paint. And whilst doing this, and walking round Frieburg I found that blue record in the bargain bin of a record

shop, and having missed the Saturday post, had to stuff it in my rucksack and carry it the 100 or so kilometres, over the highest mountain in Southern Germany, to Switzerland. After pursuing the horizon for so many days, to come across a piece of the distant blue, hidden in a record shop, I set out to then carry it over the nearest mountain.

(5) Horizon Fugue 2015. *Fondue* V5.1.

Overarching themes of Fugue: Landscape, horizon, arrival, departure (death).

S: Soundtrack begins to play *Autumn Music 2* by Max Richter.

L: Postcard displayed on walking boots next to ashes on Galley wall.

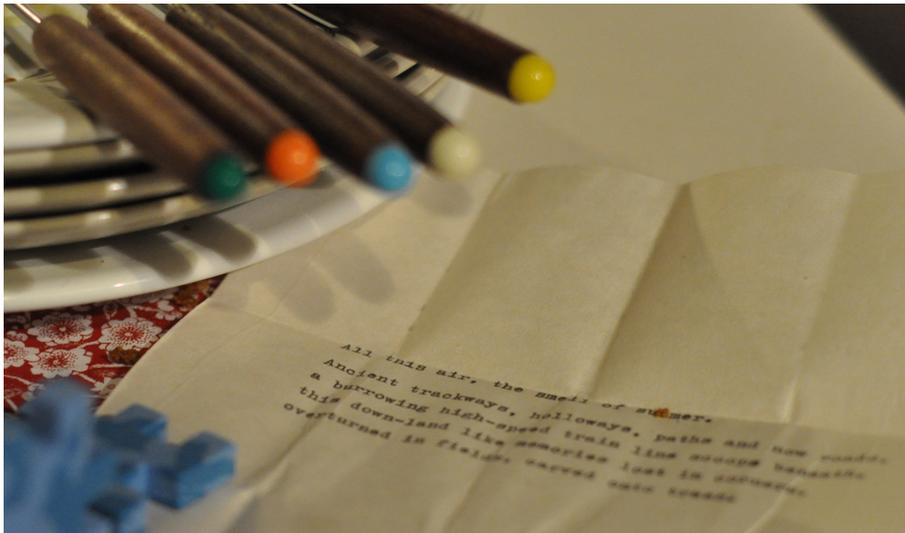


Fig. 65. *Fondue*. (Arnold 2015) Installation detail after a performance.

You pass through landscape
Changing with the peaks of the hills,
At one rise the horizon turns to nothing.

For so long the horizon, about a quarter of it in a south south easterly direction, was the goal. A pilgrimage to a place that will knowingly never be reached for you can't go home again.

I set out to walk a transect from London, my home at the time, to St. Gallen and then to the house I was born into in a village up the hill, in the wake of my estranged father's death. A pilgrimage of sorts, a form of penance, or punishment, self-inflicted. The mind works at three miles an hour and so walking is the best way to cope with these things. Guilt perhaps, or the more subtly misunderstood emotion embarrassment, that is perhaps best understood through its etymology, through its translation, through its roots.

From the French, *embarre*; meaning to hamper, and the Italian, *imbarre*; to encounter a barrier, something you can't get round. I walked. This is the emotion I pursued into the distant folds of blue, I walked and I slept and I camped.

And at each place my rucksack would explode, for this was not a holiday, this was not fun. And everything would fall out of my pack and I would be left with this pouch, a small amount of my father's ashes. Where do I put them, in this coffin of a tent? Near my face? Too close. Near my feet? Too disrespectful. In those neat little pockets tent manufacturers construct for valuables?

In the mornings they were the first thing I packed and in the evenings the last thing I placed, this scrap of blue that I carried towards the horizon welling into the blue line of the Vosges mountains before me, and I rose with it into the clouds where I walked and I slept and I camped until Germany emerged in its distance, a blue shadow beyond the Rhine.

At some point my destination appeared before the horizon. For the first time in some time, I was not aiming to cross the horizon, but rather, my destination lay somewhere between here and there. I crossed into Swiss sunlight to find, or at least imagine, that the sky was bluer, the water clearer, the fish in the water – happier; the farmers smiled, the dogs didn't bark, the shade seemed cooler, the cherries more scarlet and the hills, steeper.

It is so hard to find the beginning, or rather, it is difficult to find the beginning and try not to go further back.

Perhaps the beginning of all this was a reply to a letter I wrote to a family who live in a house I had never seen with adult eyes. Who invited me in, who invited me to stay, who welcomed me home to a house in a village above a city beyond a river, the river next to which St.Gallus fell ill and founded the monastery, where the Plan of St. Gall was copied and lost, and found and then kept.

The plan that formed the foundation of every abbey built in Europe, an ideal for living; a plan whose proportions were lost and then found and yet never quite taken up, never quite enacted in the world. But despite failure and disappointment the quest for a more nearly perfect order, expressed by hand, mind and spirit, continues to address a need deeply felt

in human affairs. Walking home was a dream, a vision, a necessary myth and a foretold failure.

They welcomed me home, this new family, with melted cheese and a dinner that was warm, and stumbling, and slightly awkward, lost in translation. I spent a week with them and the shoreline of this memory is now a bruised and battered victim of the sea of forgetting that continues to wash over it.

They did however, definitely take me on holiday, and we travelled to the Alps with me in the back of their car. And in this silence of language they gave me, and their two children each one of these small puzzles, and so I'd like to end now at that beginning with a Happy Cube for each of you to attempt.

The last postcard I sent, was an image of the abbey library in St. Gallen, a library that houses one of the most significant collections of medieval literature in Europe, home of a plan that is as significant to the history of measurement as it is to the history of Europe, monasticism, literature and life.

Towards (always and only ever, towards) a conclusion.

"It is so difficult to find the beginning. Or better: it is difficult to begin at the beginning. And not try to go further back." (Wittgenstein in Casey 2000: 20)

As with beginnings so perhaps with endings, perhaps it is because we cannot recall being born, nor acknowledge our own death that certainties are so hard to come by. The five scripted fugues that preceded this beginning, this juncture that footsteps towards a conclusion, are not written with the intent of being read live in a situation. They are written with the intent of being recalled within the unexpected presences that are drawn up in a live performance setting, and to take on and adapt to the unexpected events of their setting. To lean once more on an analogy from Augé (2004: 20), each performance of these fugues is akin to a tide resetting the relationship between the shoreline of memory and the oceanic nature of forgetting.

Each *Fondue* is unto itself, a performance in which there is both pre-formance and failure, the concession that the present is never perfect and that the past cannot be recalled. The purpose of the fugues, and the construction of a graphic score (See figures 16–21 on pages 42-44), is to offer waymarkers toward the evocation of the unrepresentable. The personal and isolating nature of grief is a very particular example of an experience that is always unique in perspective. Grief is a void, an inarticulate experience; the walking after, and the talking thereafter, and the writing thereof, that this thesis documents, are attempts to fill the void of not knowing with something tangible. The autoethnographic transect under examination here, is the pursuit of the loci of the self through the presences extant out in the world beyond the self. A process of subjectification, to borrow a term from the ecosophy of Guattari: What conclusions then can be drawn from this pursuit of something so seemingly personal?

This conclusion will break down the outcomes of this thesis, to refine these contributions, and in the process will highlight the already public life of some of this work. To turn towards the practice-based outcomes of this work would be to turn toward that problematic arena of how one improves, or better produces artwork. This is not something I have set out to do with this PhD; the practice stands as it does, and can be read and viewed throughout this thesis and its appendix. To step forward once more then I would like to return once more to autoethnography, and my adaptations drawn from it, after which I will tend to the inherent feedback loop, whereby adapting methods from autoethnography intrinsically suggests one is also contributing to the field of autoethnography.

The Autoethnographic Transect.

As previously stated in the introduction, Ellis et al describe autoethnography both as process and product; thereby one significant outcome is this document's very being (Ellis et al 2010). This thesis is the outcome of an autoethnographic enquiry into my position as an artist through the production of visual and written art forms. Taken from a holistic perspective this thesis is a new construct and as such retains an inherent value, contributing a body of practice to the fields of walking, writing and performance, as well as to autoethnography. Through the Walking Artist's Network the practice this thesis has surveyed had a public exhibition in Spring 2015, as part of the Network's third national conference *Where to? Steps Towards The Future of Walking Arts Practice* (Myers et al 2015). From amongst the various tributaries of this document however, it is also possible to needle out processes and methods that could become of use to others, in the pursuit of their own interpretations of autoethnographic arts based research.

My engagement with autoethnography as a notion and a method has produced several outcomes that would not have come to fruition otherwise. These methods are the transferable forms or processes that underlie the production of the work outlined in this thesis.

The first of these is the simplest form of stating this work's most significant new contribution to knowledge: the notion of an autoethnographic transect. An autoethnographic transect can be hypothesized thus in order for it to be undertaken by others: a line drawn upon a map, between two poles of personal significance and then walked, travelled or journeyed into physical being. Subsequently the practitioner would then intuitively approach this transect, in the before, after and during of it, alighting upon nodes, events, coincidences, and unknowns to which he or she felt drawn, then to devise practice in a given medium that triangulated the position of the self in relation to its historical, social and political conditions as encountered in the world. This thesis and the body of practice it articulates is to be seen as only the first step towards constructing a place for the autoethnographic transect within arts practice.

A simplification of this process, that of *transecting*, has been published in *Ways To Wander* (Qualmann and Hind 2015), and can be seen as a subsidiary outcome of this research. The act of *transecting* without the autoethnographic addition is a method for looking out onto a given section of the world, ignoring the complication of where one is looking out from. This process itself emerged out of a two-day workshop I devised and ran at the ICIA at Bath University in 2013 entitled *The*

Ecology of Footpaths, during which participants were encouraged to walk from their home to the ICIA on each day of the workshop and undertake numerous experiments that treated each path taken as a transect. This workshop is to be revisited in the future, through collaboration with the artist Paul Chaney, as part of a project entitled *End Of The World Garden* and as such plays no further part in this thesis; it is a future in the process of becoming beyond these pages.

The most overt appearance of autoethnography within this thesis comes from the work of Chang (2008) from which I developed the method of *Walking Home Again*. By actively inviting five mentors to join me on a number of walks along the original route of *Walking Home* in order to have a conversation about walking, arts practice, home and belonging, I have developed a new process of practice research, that has also been folded into elements of my practice as part of this work: a method that, were it to be undertaken by others, would provide tangential and unexpected material that may not emerge otherwise. This methodological step carries over its adaptability back into the realm of autoethnography and as such forms part of a feedback loop that has taken place through my engagement with autoethnography.

What I can proffer here then, is a consideration of how my understanding of autoethnography has influenced the work produced through this enquiry, and how that work in turn feeds back to autoethnography. I will attend next to this inevitable looping process, how my interpretation of autoethnography feeds back into that field.

What this thesis offers to the reader who has found their way here from autoethnography, from ethnography, from the human sciences, is a product, a reading and a writing of contemporary art that has hitherto not entered that realm. By borrowing from autoethnography I am also inevitably bound to be offering something to autoethnography, for one cannot take something from a table without leaving a trace of one's presence in the room, however subtle. Autoethnography, or the autoethnographic, has developed an increasing presence at practice-based symposia and conferences that I have attended during the past five years, mentioned in passing or caught in a methodological frame, uttered across a crowded room in Plymouth or London, picked up on a blog or spotted on a Facebook status update. In the pursuit of critical and reflective writing processes that the practice-based PhD demands, perhaps all artists are, to an extent, involving themselves in autoethnographic procedures. This thesis began with an introduction to autoethnography from an artist's perspective, from my perspective, before going on to build a practice-based enquiry out of that interpretation of autoethnography and may be of use to artists as such. It is an introduction

compiled from an investigation of the field of autoethnography, undertaken from an artist's perspective, a field that is littered with questions and concerns over its own legitimacy seeking to exist within the broader domain of social science as it does.

This concern brings to mind something I came across in a book I bought at the beginning of my research. In Chapter 10 of *The Horizon*, Didier Maleuvre begins to talk about myths, and how "a cultural form such as a myth tends to endure when it tends to bolster the institutions and beliefs of its society. Stories [...] that promote communal permanence grow into myths" (2011: 116). It is not that I am suggesting autoethnography is a myth, but that it is another cultural form that flourishes through use. Artists are turning increasingly towards practice-based PhD's to engender their forms of visual philosophy with an academic legitimacy, and they in turn are appropriating autoethnographic writing as a valid form of research. Autoethnography is a legitimate way of utilizing story telling within academia and it is given its legitimacy through its increasing use in the same way that Maleuvre suggests that stories, over time, become myths: because they are useful to a group's communal permanence. We tell each other stories in order to live (Dideon 2006; Solnit 2013: 1), and in this globalized age we are increasingly aware that we live together, and so we need stories more than ever, stories acknowledging that individuals can transcend extant and historically entrenched notions of nationhood, borders and boundaries, whereby the strength of stories lies in their ability to counteract what Guattari refers to as "the reductionism that accompanies the primacy of information" (2005: 67). Stories step beyond the realm of mere data and this should be interpreted as strength, not weakness. *Fondue*, and each of the forms of practice encountered above are forms of story telling amidst the realm of visual arts practice, and each of them required the development of an interpretation of autoethnography to come into being.

This thesis also can be seen as a stepping beyond just using autoethnographic forms of reflective writing within a thesis, in order to document something other, that happened during the process of ones practice. As discussed in the introduction, by etymologically breaking down the term auto/ethno/graphy (self/cultural/written process) it is possible to suggest another avenue through which this thesis can be seen as a new contribution to the field of autoethnography. It simultaneously offers a personal account of an ethnos, a group of people for whom walking offers a distinct position from which to consider a sense of place, ideas of home and notions of loss, whilst approaching autoethnography through an array of mediums – writing, editing, film, digital media, image making and performance – thereby expanding the scope of the *graphy*, or process, of what an autoethnographic enquiry can entail. There is certainly writing within and amongst my practice but

Walking Home folds into an autoethnographic enquiry streams of visual culture, from conceptual art to notions of performance in the gallery, that lie beyond the conventions of a traditional written form of enquiry.

This thesis both borrows from autoethnography but has also constructed a new way of doing autoethnography through a transdisciplinary arts practice, approaches which are open to reinterpretation from other artists and ethnographers. It is this doubling, this immersion in both fields that exposes the transdisciplinary nature of the work undertaken.

This thesis is an outcome of engaging with autoethnographic ideas across the timeframes of conceptualizing, making and developing visual arts practice, and in that process it expands both fields towards each other. I am neither an artist playing with autoethnography nor an autoethnographer playing with art; this thesis has constructed a space within contemporary visual arts practice for autoethnographic methods and ideas, whilst creating an arts practice that can be considered from within the realm of autoethnography.

How To Walk.

How To Walk, the nine-part text/drawing, that is spliced through this thesis, began its life prior to both my walk to Switzerland and my engagement with autoethnography. It is only through my engagement with the idea at the heart of autoethnography though, that parts 2 – 9 came into being. *Why Walk* then, is an experimental improvisation between my own writing and the texts within Minshull's anthology (Minshull 2000). Parts 2 – 9 are the knowing outcomes of trying to do something in a certain way, conducted with the intention of narrating elements of the journey from London to Switzerland whilst engaging directly with the historic field of walking's intimate relationship with writing.

The text/drawings are an attempt to narrate an experience that I know to be beyond sharing: in order to traverse this paradox I have employed multiple voices within the works in an autoethnographic fashion. Throughout parts 1-9 the red, hand-written text exposes the source material from *The Vintage Book of Walking* and the black, hand-written text contradicts or undermines or is tangential to the printed font of the original body text. As a spectator attempts to read these works, there is an opportunity to read not only what I have evidenced of a particular walk, but that which numerous historical figures have evidenced of either their own walking, or fictional

accounts thereof. Their status as autoethnographic forms of visual arts practice is borne by more than their inclusion in the programme at *Where to? Steps Towards The Future of Walking Arts* (Myers et al 2015).²⁵

On classification: the nature of the problem.

From those *Steps Towards* let's momentarily take a step back to that process of classification – a process intrinsic to such events as academic conferences aimed at discussing certain parts of a given realm – that is bound up with Enlightenment processes of natural history and taxonomy. Evolution is an ongoing process: one cannot cut oneself out of history in order to catch a definite moment when something was certain; the procedures of taxonomical classification, as natural history has portrayed them, generally involve the death of the thing being classified. Our place in the scheme of things is less certain than this, for *the scheme of things* is always drawn up from a non-existent outside, an impossible objective position, for “no discourse is truly objective” (Morton 2013: 4), primarily because discourse is a live, active process. Under the terms of an ecological subjectivity which this practice has stepped towards we are all inside the picture frame, there is no outside from which to take an objective position.

The term *Walking Artist*, puts the word walking first, a problematic step towards the classification of a dead thing, a form of limitation in the same way one could be prescribed a painter, from the outside, as though said painter never drew, nor wrote, nor slept, nor did anything else. This defining, or process of distilling, that the term *Walking Artist* sets out to achieve is something I find problematic for the same light-hearted reasons Bill Aitchison pointed at (see page 62) – I too sometimes cycle, take the bus or even fly – but also because there is never a point at which a living individual can be gathered up and extracted from their surroundings and said to be categorically something particular. If they, as live beings, are in constant contact with their lived surroundings, which they most certainly are, then they too are in constant flux, along with the wind and the weather, the news and the gossip. Today I may go for a walk, tomorrow I may set pen to paper, the next day I will most likely do something completely other to this and so the taxonomic purpose of constraining oneself to being a *walking artist* falls down. I am simply an artist who started with walking and kept going, down the lane and into the field, or into performance, drawing and writing.

²⁵ *How To Walk (Parts 1 – 9)* were also exhibited as part of the inaugural Plymouth Contemporary Open in 2015 where they won the Audience Choice Award (artsculture 2015).

And yet the Walking Artists Network is useful, connections and collections are useful: it is the supposition that they are terminal that is problematic. Categories are an attempt to create walls and borderlines in situations where only yet to be noted connections exist, a thickening web of tracery and fine lines. Through my pursuit of the autoethnographic transect I have found shadows of my *self* in unexpected places, places to which I would never have come were it not for the pursuit of this idea, this leads me to believe that one could find these connections anywhere, that each of our selves, seemingly so definite and certain, could be reconstructed out of material as yet unknown to us. *Walking Home* developed within me a sense of humility in light of this discovery that I have attempted to pass over to you, dear reader, through this thesis. The *transdisciplinary* nature of this practice-based research, as opposed to *interdisciplinary*, emerges through the supposition that *inter* processes submit to disciplinary boundaries, whereas *transdisciplinary* processes transcend those walls and borderlines.

Fondue itself, and the fugues, soundtrack and graphic score which comprise it, is neither complete nor intended to be. It is an iterative construction that I expect to return to in the future, expanding the scope of the autoethnographic transect and the life of this research. *Walking Home: Infinite Edition*, for which I no longer have funds to sustain as a website, is biding its time, awaiting a situation where the written element will be translated into German and French, to be exhibited in Switzerland. Including this signpost, to a future that may not come to pass, is perhaps tangential to the purpose of a conclusion but I include it here to reiterate the point that there is no end to either of these forms of practice. I would argue that each new installation of work breathes new life and new definition into a body of practice: with each performance, each reading, each exhibition or publication, something is always lost, just as something is always found.

On ecological subjectivity.

There takes place within this thesis a shift, from a beginning that was a stepping into an autoethnographic realm where the *auto* element, the self, was taken as a set form with relationships to its social, historical and political setting, toward a more Guattarian interpretation of self that is interdependent with and constructed by these multiple scenarios. In this latter form, where self morphs into subjectivity, there is a constant form of revision and evolution ongoing: our mistake is to presume too often that our *selves* are constant. In *The Three Ecologies* Guattari argues, with some sense of the desperate nature of the task, the urgency of it, that “ecology must stop being associated with the image of a small nature-loving minority or with qualified specialists” (2005: 52):

that the etymological root of *eco* (see part iv. Ecology, on page 15) must be redrawn in our contemporary world.

Walking Home is the banner title under which all this has taken place, but I am sure it will not have escaped the reader's attention that there is little time spent discussing the *Home* to which I walked. This is perhaps because upon my arrival at the house in Switzerland I realized that I had not reached an end point, but another beginning, another juncture on the path towards an ecological form of subjectivity. The self through Guattari's definition is necessarily in a state of constant change and subject to the terms of ecology, for *eco*, derived from the ancient Greek word *oikos*, meaning house or dwelling, is a useful analogy for understanding the self under the terms of an ecological subjectivity. A dwelling, or home, is composed of things we need, things we really wanted once, cluttered with things we like, or at least used to like, mingled with new bits and pieces; there's a bin in the corner, sunlight dripping through the dust, cutting a new pattern upon the patina of our lives: all the while that light, that dust and those things, subtly changes on a daily basis.

The *Home* toward which I spent a number of weeks travelling in the summer of 2009 was not made of bricks and mortar, piled on a Swiss hillside, but was instead the flesh and blood that carried those ashes over a physical transect. The autoethnographic processes subsequently undertaken and recomposed in the preceding work, the walking, the talking, the conversations, the reading and revisiting, have constructed an ecologic form of the self, a home rattled by the wind, remade by the constantly changing climate and the memories in the loft, stacked upon its shelves, amidst the guests around the dining table and the conversation taking place. In this process they have contributed a small step towards the ethico-aesthetic paradigm that Guattari strives towards through *The Three Ecologies* in which he concludes that individuals "must become both more united and increasingly different" (2005: 69): in pursuing this autoethnographic transect throughout this thesis a method, whose prospective outcomes enable us to navigate this seeming contradiction in a fruitful and relevant manner, has emerged.

* * *

If, as Bourriaud states in *The Radicant*, we have come to be "in a world that records as quickly as it produces", the notion of the autoethnographic transect offers artists and others a position from which to construct ways of navigating a world bereft of *terra incognita*, a world where everything is mapped, recorded and accounted for, apart from ones own particular position within it (2009: 88 –

120). Thomas A Clark wrote in 1988: "There are walks on which we tread in the footsteps of others, walks on which we strike out entirely for ourselves. [...] There are things we will never see, unless we walk to them" (Clark 2001: 16). It is in this contradictory state that the work of this thesis sits, tackling the problem of what to do when, and whilst knowing I want to tell you something, conceding it is something that cannot be told. The autoethnographic transect suggests that, in the same way one has to look at the Magellan Cloud, the self can only really be defined by that which surrounds it: the Magellan Cloud being an object in the sky of the southern hemisphere, that on a clear night can only be seen if you do not look directly at it. It is a deep space object whose darkness in the sky is too heavy for the eye to see, but look just beside it, and the eye can make out this form, darker than the darkness. The best way to talk about one's self is to look just beside it, to see what it touches, to see where the edges shimmer and to thus arrive at some form of definition of the thing, catching it in each moment anew.

I cannot tell you how it felt to experience my father dying, I cannot tell you how it felt to walk across Europe with his ashes in my pack, or to finally fling them into a river near a house I never knew: but neither am I the only person ever to lose anyone, and to go for a walk to get over it. By clustering the forms of loss I discovered around the transect I walked; from the trenches of the first world war, to a Cistercian abbey that vanished for 60 years, to a modernist masterpiece, that never came to light for the sake of a townspeople who just wanted to go home again: by approaching my memories, amidst this research, I can perhaps outline the space, darker than the darkness, that could be called the self, that is constructed by that which surrounds it. A position that is always retraced by the shifting sands of a tideline being reformulated in the wash of utterance and recall, the space between planning to say, and saying, between planning to perform, and performing.

Endnotes to the Journal entries:

1. Totnes is a small town in the South Hams district of Devon, England. It is increasingly synonymous with the Transition Town movement in the UK and widely known as an epicentre of alternative living. It was my home for two years whilst studying for an MA at Dartington College of Arts.
2. Eleanor Wynne Davis is an artist, musician and producer whom I met whilst studying at Dartington with whom I intermittently collaborate. We bonded over Fish & Chips and a conversation about Joy Division and the songs of Jonathan Richman by the River Dart in 2006.
3. *The Vintage Book of Walking*, (Minshull 2000).
4. *Why Walk* was first written during my MA at home in Totnes. It has been shown prior to my PhD in a number of exhibitions but has undergone minor alterations to appear in the form here presented.
5. Dartmoor National Park covers 368sq miles of moorland, woodland and farmland in the South West of England. -
6. A telephone call from my mother, that tone of voice that announces its own significance before any message has been conveyed. A burnt memory.
7. Living in West Hampstead, working in Stoke Newington, I slowly expanded my knowledge of the city, regularly walking the 5 miles between the two after work. At weekends I would walk to galleries, piecing together the puzzle of London in my head, each time expanding the scope of a walk.
8. It was this between-space that became a source of fascination, the distance between a *here* and a *there*. At one edge my home and all of its intricacies, at the other the 368sq miles of potential: each time I merely looked and turned away, setting off for home again.
9. My father died without a will, this complicating the process enormously. Lines drawn between Southampton, Sheffield and Devon were trod and re-trod, solicitors employed and dismissed and it was two years before the estate was mostly settled, the process only drawn to a close in 2012 when the final letter arrived at my home in Falmouth.
10. Vauclair Abbey, a Cistercian Monastery situated in Aisne some 20km from Laon, was founded in 1134. It was heavily bombed during the First World War, compounding its ruination.
11. This sentence is adapted from a text written for the conference, *Performing Grief*, held at the Sorbonné, Paris in October 2014. After giving the paper I headed back to Vauclair Abbey with a tent for two nights “to revisit a ruined Cistercian monastery near Laon. Re-walking my memory into the place and introducing my research into the environment there. To return to a place I was in once, 5 years ago, is an experiment that may go horribly wrong. For as Dylan Trigg puts it: ‘experience shows us repeatedly, that when returning to a place from our past the effect is invariably alienating rather than reassuring’ (Trigg 2013: 35-36).” (Arnold 2014).
12. This walk was undertaken in the wake of an instruction given to me by Sam Priddle and Jane Ricketts, two fellow students on my BA course at Oxford Brookes University. In 2001 I was given the instruction in a sealed brown envelope to find a river and follow it from its source. The Angiddy springs up in Chepstow Park Woods in South Wales and winds down a narrow valley to its conclusion some 3 miles away where it falls into the Wye at Tintern.
13. The aristocratic pursuit of The Grand Tour became problematic during the Napoleonic wars. In its place, the tour of the River Wye was popularized by such works as William Gilpin’s *Observations* (Gilpin 1991). In the decade following Wordsworth’s *Lines written a few miles above Tintern Abbey* published in the *Lyrical Ballads* (1798) (Wordsworth & Coleridge 2007) taking a steamer down the river became a popular pursuit and The Wye Tour became as fixed a notion as The Grand Tour had done before it (Mitchell 2010). Growing up in Chepstow, learning to draw in the grounds of Tintern Abbey, and walking the Wye Valley throughout my childhood, this British disposition for looking at landscapes, for being in landscape, became second nature.
14. Vauclair Abbey is situated on the north edge of a line of hills known as the Chemin Des Dames, a line of hills that became a key target for German and Allied forces during the First World War. The Abbey and its surrounding villages were swallowed up by artillery fire over the four years and Vauclair itself was not found again until 1966 (Dimier 1966).
15. *Heaven & Earth* a major retrospective of Long’s work was on show at Tate Britain, London, from June 3rd to September 6th 2009. A catalogue was published (Long 2009).
16. This map at 1:300,000 scale is completely useless for walking but is a very beautiful thing that is good for getting a sense of the towns one may pass through to get from Germany to St. Gallen (Swisstopo 2015).
17. *The Rings of Saturn* (Sebald 2002).
18. See *Christo & Jeanne Claude* (Baal-Teshuva 1995) for an introduction to the work of a couple who have over 50 years of working together wrapped the Reichstag in Berlin, the Pont Neuf in Paris and the Gold Coast of Australia.
19. Whilst studying for my A-levels I attended a trip to the National Gallery in London and on a tour with one of the archivists we were introduced to Constable’s work and his particular use of red to draw the viewer into his paintings. Alongside this we were also shown how he added dogs to his paintings to cover up mistakes, most particularly in the foreground of *The Haywain* (Constable 1971).
20. I only know of this relationship between the flags and the clipping of sheep ears because I attended this performance with my mother who was herself a hill farmer in North Wales for a time. It was neither announced nor explained to the company in general and as such I imagine it is a detail that passed many by.
21. In Ypres the cultural resonance of the place was exposed, a hundred thousand names carved in stone on the gates, the last post sounded out across Flanders Fields, calling a thousand unknown soldiers home. The city, Britain’s main staging post on the Western front for the four years of the First World War by the end of which the city was unrecognizable was, in 1947, meticulously rebuilt so that it now stands as a strangely immaculate version of a medieval Flemish town, adorned with the names of allied troops lost in battle.
22. *Power Walk* was the first time I collaborated with Davis whilst studying on the MA in Arts & Ecology at Dartington. This collaboration with a musician led to a series of works that were my first spoken-word performance pieces, this project therefore having a large part to play in the development of my practice as it moved into the lacuna between walking, writing and performance.
23. (Coverley 2012).
24. (Armitage 2012).
25. Polygon Wood is a small fragment of woodland that now stands as a memorial to the mainly New Zealand and Australian men that fought and died in that part of Belgium. Large fragments of concrete from bunkers and trenches can still be found amongst the woodland and at its Northern end a large cenotaph has been constructed along with a field of named and unnamed graves.
26. *Notating Despair* was first performed at Dartington College of Arts and then at the Centre for Contemporary Art and the Natural World in Haldon Forest, Exeter in 2007.
27. This phrase “the mundane and the sublime” emerged during the process of putting together a presentation coordinated by the Cornwall Autonomous Zone and presented at The Exchange, Penzance in 2013. I was invited by Dr. Andy Whall to present something that responded to the theme ‘Being IN [Landscape]’. The paper I gave was an early attempt to digest the practice elements produced during *A Belgian Transect*. In the paper I noted that “for all [Field Broadcast’s] live-ness, for all its presence in the place and the moment, the notions of intimacy given

from one location to another, from field to desktop, the moment you stop walking to broadcast or film, or take a photograph, or write a note, something is lost, that sense of rhythm is broken and the senses are disturbed, you are no longer walking. You are momentarily lost, between the mundane and the sublime.” (Arnold 2013).

28. V5.1. This sense of progression, given to *Fondue* through these version numbers is borrowed from the digital culture we are now all bound up in. It is borrowed in this way to enable each version to be seen as building on previous work. Each *Fondue* then is a new iteration wherein a new Version number suggests significant structural alterations have been made to the work.

29. The *planta fasciata* is a collection of tendons that joins the heel of the foot to the toes, running along the sole of the foot. In *planta fasciitis* the tendon gets torn away from the heel. The injury was sustained whilst undertaking a performance called *The Machiavellian Transect*, see <http://tourofalltours.blogspot.co.uk/2013/12/the-machiavelli-tour.html> for Bill Aitchison’s account of this performance. The injury has had a significant effect upon my ability to walk in comfort over the 2 year period my physiotherapist suggested it would take to heal.

30. The Robin Hood Inn lies just off the route I had chosen to take from Rochester towards Ashford, noted here because it was the only place I had a hot meal between London and Dover on the original journey.

31. Elements of The Pilgrims Way are to be found across the chalk down lands of Kent, tracing a series of pathways that snake across southern England from Canterbury to Winchester though the Pilgrims Way itself is only first recorded during the Victorian Era and it is just after passing Kit’s Coty that a sign post announces that you are upon the Pilgrims Way.

32. As Macfarlane puts it a Holloway is a landmark that speaks of habit, rather than suddenness (Macfarlane et al 2013: 3). They are ancient byways that litter the British countryside in places where the porous rock causes centuries of use to erode the paths into the landscape. The Pilgrim’s Way in Kent is frequently formed of and intersected by such pathways.

33. Kit’s Coty is an ancient burial site, a dolmen made up of three side stones and a capstone whose origins are unknown. See <http://www.english-heritage.org.uk/visit/places/kits-coty-house-and-little-kits-coty-house/> for further details.

34. This image of a path cut through a field of wheat in high summer was used in Robert Macfarlane’s *The Old Ways* as the chapter image for the chapter that explored *Chalk* (Macfarlane 2012: 36). It was used as the invite image to an early *Fondue* that I invited Macfarlane to attend.

35. These 15 postcards sent in duplicate, one to the house I had walked from, the other to my destination. They play a significant role as nodes along the transect that are explored through *Fondue* and the *How to Walk* series.

36. Philip Jones, husband to Eleanor Wynne Davis, a mathematician and programmer.

37. Deborah Jones is an artist with whom Davis collaborates as a duo called Davis&Jones.

38. Dr. Tracey Warr, writer and curator, was a tutor on both my BA at Oxford Brookes and my MA at Dartington.

39. Robert Macfarlane is a writer based in Cambridge. He won the Guardian first book award in 2003 for *Mountains of The Mind* and went on to write *The Wild Places* (2007) and *The Old Ways* in which I am featured in relation to *Walking Home* (Macfarlane 2013: 237).

40. Stephen Cornford is an artist based in London. I shared a house with him in Dartington during my MA.

41. Rebecca Birch is an artist and Lecturer in Fine Art at Lancaster University; she is a close friend and co-founder of the Field Broadcast project.

42. Darren Fleetwood works for Oxfam and has been a close friend since primary school.

43. These journal entries as evidenced throughout this thesis are composed from writing I did at the times they refer to, mingled with memories of those times. This quote is a direct word for word transcription taken from a journal entry written in the immediate aftermath of the *Fondue* in Bristol.

44. In a recent reference she composed for me Rebecca Birch wrote of this event that it “was one of the most complicated and moving performances I’ve ever experienced, where a dinner party crossed into slideshow recollections, performance, and narrated journey.” (Birch 2015).

45. My relocation to Falmouth unsettled the early rules implicated in the performance of *Fondue*. These rules, becoming at this stage a hindrance to the performances presentation, were abandoned and *Fondue* was performed afresh in a new version at Ruth Cross’s house in 2012.

46. Ruth Cross is an artist and producer with whom I became close friends over a number of years in Cornwall. She has subsequently moved to Spain to set up an artist’s residency and research space at Eroles. See <http://www.erolesproject.org/> for further details. Were it not for Ruth’s resolute faith in the idea at this stage it is unlikely that this version of *Fondue* would have taken place, so for that I would like to say thank you to her here.

47. The Showroom is an art gallery and project space in London whose mission is to “commission and produce art and discourse; providing an engaging, collaborative program that challenges what art can be and do for a wide range of audiences, including art professionals and our local community.” (The Showroom 2016).

48. Lisson Gallery represents artists such as Richard Long, Marina Abramovich and Ai Weiwei, amongst others describing itself as “one of the most influential and longest-running international contemporary art galleries in the world.” (Lisson Gallery 2016).

49. *On Vanishing Land* is a collaborative installation in which Mark Fisher, a cultural theorist and author, and Justin Barton, a philosopher, develop a work that performs “a kind of occult cartography [...], mapping the hidden and sinister presences within the Suffolk coastline” (Fox 2013), an installation that seeks to share something of the eerie nature of a particular place through which the two protagonists walked.

50. Ania Bas and Simone Mair conceived of the Walking Reading Group whilst collaborating on a commission in Cardiff. It became a more formal affair in 2013 and this session at The Showroom Gallery was one of their first in London. Subsequently the group has reconvened for walks setting out from Gasworks, The Photographers Gallery and The Whitechapel Gallery amongst others. Each walk sets a group off in pairs to discuss a previously published group of writings that deal in some way with place, performance and participation. Lydia Ashman has subsequently joined Bas and Mair in the ongoing coordination of The Walking Reading Group.

51. Grant Kester is author of a number of key works in the discussion around participatory performance including *Conversation Pieces* (2004) and *Groundworks* (2005). Whilst on the train home from this reading group I reread the text given from Kester and highlighted the following: “If the artist under industrial production had the ‘job’ of creating complex or well-crafted objects as an antidote to mass-produced dreck, then the ‘postindustrial’ artist must now create alternative models of sociality to challenge the instrumentalizing of human social interaction characteristic of a postindustrial economic system”. What I took this to mean is that in the current climate artists must repurpose their practice so that it tackles traditional forms of social behaviour, by reintroducing *Fondue* into a gallery setting as in *Walking Home (Again)*, I created a setting whereby a communal meal and its contents, were given the status of an art object, thereby opening to question an individual’s awareness of their everyday behavior.

52. Claire Bishop is author of *Installation Art: A critical history* (2005) and *Artificial Hells* (2012). Her role as author of these two works is of interest as *Fondue* in its final form sits between performance and installation. In *Installation Art* she explores how installation art drew the entire contents of the gallery into the context of the artwork, and in *Artificial Hells* she creates a history of arts practices that pushed the artist beyond the confines of the gallery and outward, embedding their practice into the entire fabric of social process, best surmised perhaps by the Artists Placement Group’s *modus operandi* that “the context is half the work” (Bishop 2012: 166).

53. In this article Pethick, Shelley and Smith discuss The Showroom gallery's pursuit of localism as a methodology during its relocation to a larger space in West London with particular focus upon a project called Communal Knowledge, a series of commissions and residencies directly seeking to develop new links between the gallery and its new location. (Pethick et al 2011).
54. Bishop quoted in a booklet produced for the 'On Participation' edition of the Walking Reading Group, held on 28th May 2013 at The Showroom Gallery, London (Bas & Mair 2013).
55. The Mile End Ecology pavilion is set within the grounds of Mile End Park. A council owned space available for bookings for private parties and exhibitions, it is, disappointingly, generally empty.
56. Robert went on to gently point out that the work of Fermor might be of interest to someone who has set out to walk across a particular section of a given country or continent. Patrick Leigh Fermor is a travel writer best known for his trilogy of works that depict his journey at the age of 18 when he set out to walk from the Hook of Holland to Jerusalem, two of these were published during his lifetime *A Time of Gifts* (2004a) and *Between the Woods and the Water* (2004b). The trilogy was only completed with the posthumous publication of *The Broken Road* (2014) that Fermor had not completed by the time of his death at the age of 96 in 2011.
57. A painter whose practice I have always been drawn to, one that played a significant role in the German Romantic movement whose practice can be said to be "a celebration of subjectivity bordering on solipsism, often coupled with a morbid desire that the self be lost in nature's various infinities; an infatuation with death; [...] and a melancholy, sentimental longing or nostalgia which can border on kitsch." (Koerner 1990: 23).
58. (Solnit 2006).
59. This is an ongoing issue within my practice, that of the border between work and life, an issue in which I am sure I am not alone, but when one's main source of inspiration or process of practice is also the way one gets to the shops, or attempts to relax, or get to the doctors, the issue seems compounded somehow.
60. These five rooms are the kitchen/diner of the house in Engelburg, Switzerland, a room in a now demolished block of flats in Bow, East London, a room in a converted tobacco factory in Bristol, the living room of a holiday let over looking Falmouth harbour and the old surgery room of a grade two listed timber framed town house that I used to call home.
61. *Walking in an Exaggerated Manner Around the Perimeter of a Square* is a 10 minute black and white silent film by Bruce Nauman 1967-68. (Biesenbach et al 2002).
62. Fournier (1953). Whilst more commonly known as *Les Grand Meales*, Fournier's only novel, published prior to his death in the First World War, was published in America under the anglicised title *The Wanderer*. It is a copy of this 1953 (Fournier 1953) version that I came across in Oxfam in Dalston in 2005 that started my relationship with this work and which I carried to Switzerland. Noted on the inner page of the novel in pencil is some text written on the first evening I set up camp whilst walking home, in Farningham Woods in Kent where I wrote: "...this is all my fault, I did this to myself". I donated a copy of the Penguin Classics edition titled *Les Grand Meales* to the Walking Library during Sideways in 2012.
63. Jude Bennett is a curator and producer who currently works for G39 in Cardiff. I first met her whilst working on a project at Glastonbury Festival in 2012.
64. This is taken from Thomas A. Clark's poem *In Praise of Walking*. (Clark 2001: 20).
65. This is a quote taken from the film *The history of performance art according to me, Martha Wilson* (2005).

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Appendix.

Included in the appendix are a number of papers presented at conferences throughout the process of my PhD. They are included here as they point towards foundational texts involved in my thinking. Also included are a number of transcripts of conversations and performances, these are referenced where necessary in the main text and as such are provided here as no more than further reading should one wish for elaboration or further context. The final paper in Appendix number 12 is included here to show the direction in which my practice and thinking is now moving and the reflexive way the processes within my PhD have escaped into the world.

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1. *Walking Home*. Packing List.

The list below was compiled in Dover. 5th June 2009. See www.walkinghomebta.wordpress.com for original notes, and a blog of the journey including images and the original letter I wrote to a house in Switzerland that was once a home.

- 1 x Jack Wolfskin Gossamer tent
- 1 x HawkBivi bag
- 1 x Sleeping bag in Dry bag
- 1 x Berghaus RG1 jacket
- 1 x Mini Tranger
- 1 x Shetland wool tank-top
- 1 x HH base layer
- 1 x HH Long johns
- 3 x pr Smartwool thick socks.
- 1 x pr Smartwool thin socks.
- 1 x pr Blk Merino socks.
- 1 x pr Shorts
- 1 x pr Trousers
- 1 x pr Midways
- 2 x Base layer T-shirts
- 1 x Polartec Fleece
- 1 x pr Meindl Borneo boots
- 1 x pr Trainers
- 1 x Cotton T-shirt
- 3 x pants
- 1 x Bottle Meths
- 1 x Bottle Suncream
- 1 x Bottle Insect Repellant
- 2 x Pack tissues
- 1 x Head Torch
- 1 x GPS system
- 1 x Deoderent
- 1 x Nikon D40
- 1 x Pencil Case
- 1 x Medical Pack
- 1 x Box Matches
- 2 x Days worth Flapjack ration
- 1 x Bar Dark Chocolate
- 1 x 500g risotto rice
- 1 x Dried mushrooms pack
- 1 x Dry bag with plugs/chargers
- 1 x Phone
- 1 x French phrasebook
- 1 x German phrasebook
- 1 x Map of France
- 1 x Map of Germany
- 1 x Map of Switzerland
- 1 copy J. Conrad's Heart of Darkness
- 1 copy E. A. Poe's The Journal of Julius Rodman
- 1 copy F. Neitzsche's Ecce Homo
- 1 copy T. A. Clark's Distance & Proximity
- 1 copy R. Solnit's A Field Guide to Getting Lost
- 1 copy A. Fournier's The Wanderer
- 1 x Notebook
- 1 x Sketchbook
- 1 x Polkadot Handkerchief containing some of my fathers ashes

2. A Belgian Transect. Annotated notebook taken from Sideways Festival. 2012.

The field notes compiled here in the left hand column are annotated by myself after the fact as a process for analyzing A Belgian Transect as a project during the devising of a performance installation for Flint Microfest. This process is an autoethnographic tactic for reinterpretation of ones own process.

Annotated notebook from *A Belgian Transect*.
Bram Thomas Arnold & Eleanor Wynne Davis.

"A gateway for all those who come in search of the past"
This sentence is engraved on the white stone arch that forms the East gate of the rebuilt city of Ypres, called the Menen gate. Ypres was one of the key battles of the first world war and one of the main British stations on mainland Europe at that time. Over 50,000 names are engraved on the gate representing all the souls whose bodies could not be found, all those who could not be given a proper burial. At 8pm in the evening, every evening, every evening since armistice day, 1918, a bugle horn call has been saluted from the gate to honour the dead.

A reprisal of Notating Despair was performed at the ANZAC war memorial in Polygon Wood.

"I care, I care, I care that I have failed in this intention"

Cold Church Steps.

We walked together under shadowed flames of sun,
Through Flanders' fields to a gateway, for all those
Who come in search of the past.
At the end of a dog-eared day, we wait
For the sugar rush to come, and lead the way.

On stone cold church steps we flare the maps of the day.

Upon arrival in Menen El and I silently set out our approach to our presence in the group. We were separate in the sense that we had sourced our own funding and as such were our own entities in an otherwise amorphous group of commissioned artists. We walked 7km to Ypres for the evening Bugle call to test FB and warm up our walking legs, we slept outside in bivvy bags with the donkey.

Notating Despair was our starting point, being the outcome of our last walking project together. The layers of melancholy fitted well with the war memorials of Flanders.

It was also our first broadcast though the technology failed us, the broadcast did not transmit. We broadcast only blackness.

The line "for all those who come in search of the past" is lifted from a memorial stone on the gate itself. This technique of weaving others text into my own is ongoing.

The cold church steps in question are those of the church in Russignies, site of a broadcast performance in which we burnt our paper maps.

Notes, On being alone in a field.

The sun is heating my jaw with the care of a personal gesture, a gentle stroke, my lips, gently melting together. To my left the poplars rustle like the paper pages of a living library, the castles keep themselves and their owners inside, and I only gain a peek at the moat.

Lightened footsteps after lunch and Leffe, I take the first absent path I find and down into the graffiti-splattered alleys of Appleterre I go. LOVE on the walls and we're all getting high, each in our own private ways.

The alleyway is reminiscent of a catalogue for fencing materials, as indeed has been the whole day, the wholeness of Belgium overcome by this overwhelming desire to privatize itself but privately. Each plot its own personality, each a window on another's world, wrapped in its own formal proclivities.

Notes, On being alone in a room.

Hints of memories of past performances here, the clutter of Liverpool, its same dank reproduced. The layers of wallpaper and crumbling plaster, the gaps in the flooring, odd moments of graffiti mixed with strangers in the hall. Find your home near the church, a blue van you challenge Anica and she shows up somewhere as the bell tolls the end of a frustrating little afternoon.

Someone booms up the stairs and a little plaster falls off the ceiling.

I left El outside the bar, outside the church and walked away, leaving her to pay, the head of the bar lady slowly turned as I walked away, I did not quite catch her eye. I imagined her catching a glimpse of my bright orange pack and then I forgot her, turned my face to the blue of the sky and dived off the path, relieved to at last be alone in my minds eye, looking into a new version of the world.

A goat bleats out of its stillness and an attracted boxer barks. The vibrations of these sounds are filtered up the

"Notes on" is an example of a recurring theme in my work whereby I reuse a phrase in titles thereby giving them a weight and tying together seemingly disparate pieces of text. 'Notes on' could become such a phrase in my expanded project.

Another frequent tactic of mine is to reflect back on previous works in my past. This I would argue is a borrowing from Autoethnographic methodology whereby you build a web around the self, referring to significant events and people in your own past.

These three pieces of text 'Notes on' were used as sources of text and also sources off which to ad-lib text in spoken word performances with El along the way. In the attic where we broadcast a performance I used these texts as a starting point before weaving in more recent events and observations on the room and moment itself. This notion is something I would like to develop.

El and I separated here for an afternoons walk in the hope that we would find time to focus on both our own main forms of practice writing/photography/violin yet this remained an ongoing problem, that there was simply not enough time to walk the walk and reflect on it, simultaneously. I think this is something I noted during 'Walking Home' as one of the reasons I wanted to return to and develop the project. Writing and walking are synonymous, but they are not simultaneous.

street and round the corner, into the resonant shade of the building I have found for the end of the day.

I passed between these fences, eclectic and high, a shrine told me of the road, its door forced shut by a fencepost. I turned my nose to the trainline, and paused, another closed hairdressers as the milkman pulled up.

Notes, On sharing a sofa in silence.

The wooden floor of a communal hall, a large, grotesque painting of a lion family, framed in faux bamboo and the backlogged trail of emails skirting my digital world, the twin site or multiple potential sites of presence in this world. I am here and there and there it is also acknowledged that I am here.

This journey was probably one of the most intense periods in my life in terms of constantly being with someone else, El and I were together pretty much 24 hours a day, for two weeks. Frequently in silence. Rarely were voices raised in anger.

An absent presence was the sort of thing I felt all afternoon, the absence of El, the presence of my self in my isolation, looking out on my world, the twin train tracks of Appleterre and the dream country beyond, slipping down towards the canal, runs of poplar trees, a billy goat, a horse, a pony and a donkey charging up to me at the roadside chasing their bitter disappointment as they realise I am not food, nor do I have any.

I catch a glimpse of a tiny shrine and in that moment imagine the life of a wanderer and how it must have been or could have been, to be welcomed in to be invited to rest. To be aided and respected as a pilgrim, the tiny shrines in the walls, notes of a more welcoming past. Lost here in a glistening and crumbling suburbia, a rural hinterland awash with contradictions, polished stone, the dormitory town, new builds and half builds, self-commissioned architectural experimentation. And another unfriendly passerby. At Zandberg the station has a gothic edge, its proportions stretched to skywards porticos of Psycho-tic proportions, and just one man waiting.

Titles from Magritte:

The Saleswoman of Oblivion. 1936.
The Fidelity of Images. 1935.
The Central Story. 1928.
The Dark Suspicion. 1928.
Attempting the Impossible. 1928.
The Use of Speech. 1929.
An object is not so attached to its name that one cannot find for it another one which is more suitable. 1954.
The Treachery of Images. 1952.
Forbidden Literature. 1936.
The Delights of Landscape. 1928.
The Companions of Fear. 1942.
The Natural Encounters. 1945.
The Explanation. 1952.
When the Hour Strikes. 1965.
Memory of a Journey. 1961.
Blood Will Tell. 1961.
The Unforeseen Reply. 1932.
The Music Lesson. 1965.

Notes written in the shadow of the aftermath.

This morning the donkey was bareback and the demands were hollow, I did not want to have to wake for once. We skipped a lift and time slipped, I chased a kitten across the yard. Documentation of events mingles with their current reality, one moment a real cart, the next a recording played through tinny speakers of a distant dirt track, intermingled with this a piano tune plays as Belgian faces drift around the room.

So I, stood in only sleeping clothes, stood in the bathroom doorway gave a brief synopsis of the previous days activities to our host, the director of Arpia: Landschaft fur Kunst.

And this is the story that I tried to tell, one that no words will ever fully explain; we restrict our capabilities if we bind ourselves to mediums.

A brief bullet point on situation:

- 1) We arrived at Arpia at 10am, late for a breakfast that was late itself.
- 2) Time stretched.

In Brussels I took some time to visit the Magritte museum and the collection in the national gallery including their collection of Brughel's works. But it was Magritte's titles that made their way into my notebooks and subsequently into performances. Something about this collection of titles feels like a story in its own right, the creation of a disposition towards a place.

We did a number of impromptu live performances along the route that were improvised or variations of performances that had been or would be broadcast. In Brussels we made our most over elaborate attempt at a performance involving a loop pedal El had only just bought. It went badly wrong as we were just far too uncertain of the technology.

- 3) We rehearsed the bookgame broadcast.
- 4) A briefing took place, we spoke some of our thoughts and packed up.
- 5) We met Filip in town at a venue we were supposedly performing at.
- 6) We discussed and departed, heading back to Arpia, signal hunting.
- 7) We planned to reinterpret 'A Line Made By Walking' but the light died and a storm whipped up.
- 8) Relocation chaos reigned.

In the dying light of a Friday night we switched venues from a field, to a living room in a strangers house to which we had never before been. 12 hours of preparation up in smoke under the dying light of a stormy day.

Remembering Object Relations.

Forget the tech, and the failure, remember that first motion, the melancholic rhythm from the piano and slowly walking into shot, the zoom set to frame the table. The weight of the bag, objects settling amongst each other, the first rustling search, plucking at Walking Home, setting it square and centre stage. (Sweet Dreams by The Eurythmics.

At some point El improvised a piece of violin music that very very slowly, replicated the opening bars of Sweet Dreams by The Eurythmics. Once we realized this I began to play with integrating the lyrics into my text contributions.

3. *A Belgian Transect: Field Broadcast in the expanded field of Ecology.* Published in *Digital Creativity* 26: 1. 2015. Co-authored paper with Birch and Smith.

26:1 *Digital Creativity, Arts & Ecology* special issue.

A Belgian Transect: Field Broadcast in the expanded field of ecology.

Bram Thomas Arnold, Rebecca Birch and Rob Smith.

Field Broadcast is an artist-run live broadcast project, commissioning artists to work with live broadcast as a medium, using our bespoke software. The Field Broadcast software delivers live broadcasts direct to the viewer's desktops outside of a web browser. Times of the broadcasts are not announced, offering the potential for audience members to encounter live broadcast artworks as unexpected interruptions to other activities. The broadcasts are not transmissions of live events that also take place offline¹, they are artworks devised specifically for broadcast, live events that occur at the point of reception, rather than at the site of transmission. Each viewer receives a slightly different version of the work, depending upon their specific surroundings. To explain how the software of Field Broadcast works, it is easier to begin with a story. A story told from the point of view of Ana, an imaginary Field Broadcast viewer:

Ana is sitting at her desk. It faces the wall. A window is to her right. Focused on the laptop screen she maintains a consistent awareness of the presence of the window, aligned directly with an ignorance of the events outside of it. In the corner of her laptop screen a dormant black circle displays the words 'NOT LIVE'. (She isn't really sure what this circle will do, but her friend, an artist involved in the project sent her the link to download the software and assures her that it 'will be good').

She is writing an invoice, adding up several receipts for replacement batteries, taxi fares and cables and trying to remember purchases she may have forgotten. It's 8.47 pm, but she is not aware of this, and isn't intending on moving, a cooling cup of coffee beside her and a long evening of admin ahead.

A ping.

A window opens on her screen, obscuring cursor and most of the invoice.

She is momentarily confused but realises that the grey button is orange and this is a field broadcast.

She looks directly through the screen, framed by her own invoice, to green grass against a petrol blue sky. It's dark in the image, and she realises it is dark in her room. An off-camera light illuminates image, screen and reflects back to her face.

This light is exploring this grassy green space (which we know, but Ana doesn't, is a field in Dorset) whilst illuminating a portion of Ana's screen, and her darkened room, her face. A field in Dorset and a room in London are compressed together in this newly created digital light-space. The computer screen and its associated terminology- 'window', 'view', suggests a transparency, and this window that has opened certainly seems to encourage Ana to look through it. It could be described as a portal, a portal that bridges the gap between field and room, between audience and the artist, between the domestic and the remote.

And through this portal Dan, the artist.

No need to imagine him, he is real, I invited him to make the broadcast, as part of Field Broadcast West: Seven Sunsets (2011) where seven artists² made broadcasts that were transmitted at sunset on different days across a two-week period.

Dan is in a field with a 3-G dongle, video camera, firewire, and a mic picking up a tape recording of bird song. (Field Broadcast works with the contingencies of the field, broadcasts can be rained off, interrupted by policemen, parties of schoolchildren and made less beautiful by a lack of birdsong- Dan Walwin protects against this by supplying his own)(OR (he was worried that the actual birdsong would not deliver- within the Field Broadcasts, the natural surroundings become an active agent in the work, there is of course a contingency in this, and Dan protects against it). So this is a low-tech portal, the software that opens it developed through Adobe Air, and the video streamed using Flash Media Live Encoder and a rented Wowza Media Server. This technological lightness is an important element of the project- it allows the emphasis to be upon the development of the artworks, on experimenting and playing with live digital broadcast as a medium. For some artists, Field Broadcast has offered a way of working that opens new potentials within their practice, for example, a walk across Belgium with live broadcasts sent on the way.

A Field Report from Sideways Festival.



Fig 1. Still from a broadcast near Ronse, Belgium, 2012. © 2014 Bram Thomas Arnold.

A *Belgian Transect* was a series of Field Broadcasts produced by Eleanor Wynne Davis and myself in 2012 as part Sideways Festival³. Over the period of a month commissioned artists and members of the public traversed a 400km line from West to East across Belgium. The thirteen broadcasts were the first time this technology had been used over a given period in this manner. This field report aims to introduce what we learnt through that process, and through this set out the technologies potential to arts practices that are of an ecological disposition.

Davis and I met whilst studying for an MA in Arts & Ecology run collaboratively by Dartington College of Arts and Schumacher School of Holistic Science⁴. In his work *The three ecologies* Guattari (2005), a core text on the MA, expands the scope of ecology to encompass the whole breadth of human endeavor, and so by ecological in the above paragraph I do not intend to refer to arts that deal with the 'land & environment' as set out by Kastner&Wallis (1998), but to practice that is open to the notion "no discourse is truly objective" (Morton 2013, 4). Here the term "ecology must stop being associated with the image of a small nature-loving minority or with qualified specialists" (Guattari 2005, 52), for here I intend ecology to be "a vast, sprawling mesh of interconnection without a definite center [sp] or edge" of which we are all a part (Morton 2012, 8). Ecology is the study of a natural system and what is humanity but a natural system fuelled by hidden connections, immense in its complexity. It is from ecology, that I have built upon the notion of a transect, where 'transect' is taken to mean: "A line used [...] to provide a means of measuring and representing graphically the distribution of organisms" (Allaby 2004, 409). In this paper, the scale of the line is expanded to that of a distance walked across a given area, in this case Belgium, the samples then taken in this transect measure a culture and the interplay between two selves, Davis and I, within that culture. Thereby constructing a transect, a line "in a sense that is more visionary or metaphysical" than the physical presence of a length of string across a field in as in ecology fieldwork (Ingold 2007, 47). It is a line drawn first on a map, then walked, talked and performed into being by, in this case, the participants, coordinators and audience members of Sideways festival.

So to the field guide: Firstly, an equipment list, for no true field guide is complete without its technical specifications.

In order to undertake a Field Broadcast one will need the following, though these particulars may vary for each Field Broadcast they formed the core of the experience at Sideways festival upon which this field report is based:

1. Laptop equipped with appropriate software.
2. 3G Dongle (on the same network as your phone).
3. Video Camera with Firewire/thunderbolt capability.
4. Tripod.
5. Smartphone with Speedtest app.
6. Zoom H1 or equivalent portable audio recording device x 2, long mini-jack cables.
7. Still Camera with remote control.

1. Laptop equipped with Flash Media Live Encoder and the Field Broadcast Live Pinger application.

The broadcasts produced during Sideways were undertaken at various times throughout a 200km journey that was made on foot. All equipment was carried alongside the standard equipment one may require on a 30-mile walk through variable terrain: food, water, maps, clothing etc. It is essential to have all the equipment charged to full capacity, with back up batteries if possible. Items were eventually packed, with all their leads, in dry-bags within our rucksacks.

These last two points were learnt the hard way, stood under the baking sun in a high Belgian summer, whilst trying to find a particular lead that had fallen to the bottom of a bag, whilst all the batteries are

fading fast, and time is running out to make it to camp. I was able to negotiate the use of the software for this project having previously worked with Field Broadcast in 2010 and 2011⁵. Davis and I arrived in Belgium with two laptops enabled with Field Broadcast software.

2. 3G Dongle (on the same network as your phone).

On arrival in Belgium we sped through the centre of Brussels attempting to obtain a wireless dongle before being transported by train and minibus to the western edge of the country where we were finally deposited in a farmyard near Polygon Wood just outside Menen, a provincial town. This displacement, left us in a situation whereby the only certainties we were left with were each other, causing us to turn in on our relationship in the first instance, before being able to confront the place and places we found ourselves in. As Trigg posits in his treatise *The memory of place* “places are defined in their relationship with the particular subject who experiences them” (2013, 5): as Davis and I were bound up together in this it was back into our togetherness that we originally retreated whilst in Belgium. A previous collaboration of ours saw us set out to walk across Wales in the shadow of two power lines that traverse the country. We returned to this work in Polygon Wood, enabling us to reconnect with each other whilst forging a direct link with this new place we found ourselves broadcasting from.

Polygon Wood was a significant battleground in the First World War and it was here that we commenced our transecting. *Notating Despair*⁶, a performance for violin and voice that set out to annotate our previous failed attempts to traverse Wales, became in this new place, something altogether different. The place around us, a military cemetery in a small triangle of woodland, seeped into the performance through its presence in and around us.

3. Video Camera with Firewire/thunderbolt capability.

As it happened this first broadcast failed to broadcast. Technical ineptitude in the field was the first hurdle we had to surmount, and it was our lack of understanding of the technology here that failed us. The flash media live encoder (FMLE) sends a signal to a server to enable the broadcasts: we had, in our eagerness to stream before we had to leave the area, failed to account for this simple detail. A broadcast is not something to be rushed and the intricacy of broadcasting combined with our aesthetic disposition forced our hand in Polygon Wood, causing the error. The performance, of Davis’ violin-playing shadow falling on a cenotaph was lost in the digital ether, FMLE unable to communicate with the wider world, fortunately the event was captured on DV tape.

“Failure is what we learn from mostly” (Solnit 2006, 107) and that evening we stripped everything from our second broadcast other than the broadcast itself, easing the technology into this new realm of long distance walking and foreign lands. Introducing ourselves to the viewer through a broadcast in which we sat, directly eyeing the camera, and faced our audience, breathing gently in the evening sun, a days worth of dust on our faces. The scene was set, and it was the two of us in and with Belgium, and with the limited facts we knew, or thought we knew, about it.

4. Tripod.

As I type this I am being interrupted, for I have become an audience member in a current Field Broadcast project⁷. I am sat at my desk in Cornwall, and through the technology sat dormant on my

desktop I am connected suddenly to a precise location in Suffolk, to a concurrent now (see Fig. 2). I know that on the other end of this broadcast, behind the tripod nestled amongst the equipment are Rebecca and Rob, coordinating with an artist on location somewhere in Constable country. In Belgium it was somewhat different. El and I, after closing the Field Broadcast software collapsed in a heap in a foreign field, together alone in the wake of a performance, with no audience to acknowledge us, nor company to keep us.



Fig 2. Screenshot of broadcast by Rory Macbeth July 9th 2014. © 2014 Bram Thomas Arnold.

Field Broadcast in this sense is a logical progression from Richard Long's *A Line Made by Walking*. As with Long's work whereby "scarcely any material was removed...and none was added" nothing is made during a Field Broadcast, the broadcasts exist between place and time, but if you miss the moment of their broadcasting, there is no way of retrieving this 'work', all that can remain is a recording of a live performance, and this is an altogether different prospect (Ingold 2007, 43).

5. Smartphone with Speedtest app⁸.

According to the United Nations, as shown on the website of its Department of Social and Economic Affairs, Belgium is one of the most urbanized countries in Europe, and its rural pockets have been constructed by centuries of agriculture, war and civilization. Taking the notion of the *journey-form* discussed in *The Radicant* (Bourriaud 2009), where he posits that we now live in a world that is so over-mapped that all geography has become psycho-geography, Davis and I were able to open up the multi-faceted places that Belgium has to offer, and seek to find our selves amongst them. For individuals bring structure to places just as places bring structure to individuals, and this cycle (see Entrikin 1991, 6-23) is highlighted in the methodology of Field Broadcast by its presence between several places, that of the broadcaster and those of the multiple and unknown viewers. Place is neither realist, it does not exist purely without us, nor idealist, it does not reside solely with us, but is formed between these two in a state of constant flux (Trigg 2013, 6). Probing places and thereby the notion of place itself with Field Broadcast enables artists to add another layer of complexity on top of an already slippery concept, that in the internet age has, along with our concepts of time and space, been both undermined and simultaneously expanded by a new and seemingly endless web of connections. The flat climes of Belgium, engulfed by a 3G wireless network, meant we were able to use the SpeedTest app before

switching on the bulk of our equipment. The 3G network offers the opportunity to map a country in yet another way and through the experiences of Field Broadcast the best coverage outside urban centres has been found along motorway corridors and waterways, coastal and mountainous parts of the country proving more problematic.

6. Zoom H1 or equivalent portable digital recording device x 2, long mini-jack cables.

The Flemish Landscape was wholly new to me as a reality although I inevitably arrived carrying my own baggage, a baggage from an arts education distilled through my self: half-remembered art history, trips to the National Galleries in Cardiff. Walking across Belgium the depth of landscape painting is apparent in the sky, minor scenes appear from forgotten paintings in the courtyards of farm houses, cows languish under the shade of grand trees, dusty clutter pokes out from barns. I saw Constable, and those he had seen before him, Ruysdael key amongst them (Clark 1961, 86-91).

“Sounds lend intricate texture to experience” (Lorimer & Wylie 2010, 7) and our third broadcast released the potential of carrying multiple high quality portable digital recorders. One was kept on record from the start to the end of a broadcast recording our conversations and ideas, the other, in combination with a mini-jack-to-mini-jack cable was used as an external microphone to enable high quality audio broadcasting via the laptop. For a broadcast from a field near Ronse (See Fig. 1) we were able to capture not only “shadows cast by clouds in a large windy sky” (Clark 1961, 87) but also the wind itself, rustling through the papery Poplar leaves and the sound of the nearby church, chiming an hour out of sync with the majority of our audience.

7. Still Camera with remote control.

Alongside Ruysdael and Constable, Brueghel was an enduring presence on the path across Belgium, transecting past the only extant church that appears in a Breughel painting, that of Sint-Anna Church west of Brussels. At 4pm Belgian time, after broadcasts at 11am, and 2pm from previous churches we broadcast the live countdown to a silent 4pm, ourselves as yet uncertain as to whether the bells would chime. Through the correct application of a remote control we captured a number of stills whilst broadcasting from in front of the spire and clock face, finally capturing still documentation of a broadcast as it was happening. The church appears in Breughel the Elders’ *The Blind Leading The Blind* and its appearance was a fitting conclusion to a body of broadcasts that were an experiment. I had previously been into the field with the Field Broadcast technology but the scale of the project increased the problematic nature of taking such equipment for a walk and this report came to fruition in the wake of *A Belgian Transect*, a work born of practice and research, experiment and failure. Davis and I learned from each other whilst trying not to stumble blindly into the myriad waterways before us.

End Notes.

1. Such as the Royal Opera House live transmissions to nationwide cinemas.
2. Field Broadcast West took place in 2011 with artists Bram Thomas Arnold (live from Devon, UK), Sarah Bowker-Jones (Somerset, UK), Dan Coopey (Gloucestershire, UK), Hamilton & St. Amand, (Quebec, Canada) Steve Rowell (Washington DC, USA), Matthew Tickle (London, UK) and Dan Walwin (Somerset, UK).
3. Sideways Festival took place 17th August - 17th September across Belgium walking from Menen to Zutendaal, see <http://www.tragewegen.be/nl/about> for more details.
4. The MA in Arts & Ecology ran at Dartington College of Arts, Devon, England from 2006 - 2009. A new version of the course is accepting applications from autumn 2014.
5. In 2010 Field Broadcast first undertook a project at Wysing Arts Centre with 40 commissioned artists. In 2011 a project called Field Broadcast West took place internationally. For more on both of these projects see www.fieldbroadcast.org and www.bramthomasarnold.com.

6. *Notating Despair* was first performed at 'Desire Lines: The Ecologies of Language' held at Dartington Hall in 2007, a joint venture by Dartington Arts, Dartington College of Arts and Schumacher College.
7. *Scene On a Navigable River*, with live broadcasts from Dedham Vale ran from 9th to 15th July 2014.
8. Visit www.speedtest.net for more details, other apps are available.

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4. *Between the Mundane and the Sublime*. Paper presented as part of Being [In] Landscape. Penzance. 2013.

This paper covers some similar ground to Appendix 3. However it includes extensive reference to the work of Tim Ingold that is not covered elsewhere but whose work *Lines* (Ingold 2007) in particular was something I returned to often during my MA whilst devising of the notion of transecting.

Between the mundane and the sublime.

On 13 Field Broadcasts presented during Sideways Festival 2012.

Forget the tech, and the failure, remember that first motion, that roll of the step. The sun heating my jaw with the care of a personal gesture. Poplars rustle like paper leaves and the castles keep themselves whilst the church bell tolls.



A Belgian transect 2012. Bram Thomas Arnold.

Today I'd like to talk to you about the notion of Field Broadcast as a way of being in landscape, and try and articulate some experiments I have undertaken in using this method to explore the notion of the footpath as place. This presentation and this research are very much live and ongoing and therefore somewhat rough and ready so I would like to thank Andy and CAZ for giving me this opportunity to explore what I'm doing, and attempt to explain it, as John Baldessari once put it "Art comes out of failure. You can't sit around, terrified of being incorrect" (cited in La Feuvre, 2010) I'm particularly going to talk about a project I undertook in Belgium last summer with Eleanor Wynne Davis, an artist and musician with whom I have previously collaborated. The project entitled *A Belgian Transect* took place as part of Sideways 2012, a festival that traversed Belgium via a series of nodes where public presentations of work were made. We had been invited to produce a series of Field Broadcasts live from

the path, which wove west to east across Belgium from the border town of Menen to Brussels. I want to start by reading a relatively long quote from Bourriauds' *The Radicant*, to see if the thought can gestate at all in the afternoons' climate, Radicant is a word Bourriaud has appropriated from plant biology, and refers to plants that set out new roots as they grow across a territory:

The radicant develops in accord with its host soil. It conforms to the latter's twists and turns and adapts to its surfaces and geological features. It translates itself into the terms of the space in which it moves. With its at once dynamic and dialogical signification, the adjective "radicant" captures this contemporary subject, caught between the need for a connection with its environment and the forces of uprooting, between globalization and singularity, between identity and opening to the other. It defines the subject as an object of negotiation (Bourriaud, 2009: 51).

I have been working with *walking*, the movement through place, as a means of being in the landscape and the translation of that experience is the main focus of my research is based around a route I walked from London to St. Gallen, Switzerland in 2009. Daniels and Cosgrove outline landscape as being "a cultural image, a pictorial way of representing, structuring or symbolizing surroundings"(Cosgrove and Daniels, 1988: 1). However, Michael Pearson, in the introduction to *In Comes I* highlights the position of archaeologist Julian Thomas to expand the more problematic notions of landscape, existing as it does simultaneously as "object, experience and representation"(Pearson, 2009: 11). I am fascinated by this paradoxical problem, inherent within my practice of exploring walking and place, for as at the moment you begin to move, walk across a place, you are no longer merely within it, but passing through it, *wayfaring* as Ingold calls it (Ingold, 2007: 75). My contention is that by going into the seemingly futile business of attempting to give a sense of an experience to someone who has not had that particular experience, with an awareness of its inherent problematic nature lies a value, a worth, a cause to uphold. It is the problem buried within this attempt, to translate the journey into the place and the place from one to another, that holds me, like the moth flapping helplessly at the light, bewitched.

Bourriaud underscores in *The Radicant* that there is: "a paradox in the fact that this obsession with the journey coincides with the disappearance of any terra incognita from the surface of the earth"(Bourriaud, 2009: 107). He goes on to note that in a world where *terra incognita* has been wiped from the face of the earth all geography becomes psycho-geography (ibid: 120). And it is in this world that *place* has come to the fore, and as Doreen Massey states "we also live in a world that every day seems to be fragmenting into smaller and smaller places"(Massey, 1995: 88). In *Being Alive* Tim Ingold talks of how Jeff Malpas suggests a Russian Doll effect with places, where at the centre of each doll is the

self enshrined in an ever expanding ring, the bedroom inside the home, the home inside the village, the village inside the county, the county and so on out and out, he overlays this notion with a sliding scale from particular place in the inner circle to abstracted space at the outer circle. Ingold goes on to say that “human existence is not fundamentally place-bound. It unfolds not in places but along paths” (Ingold, 2011).

First a quick note on the notion of a Field Broadcast as it is a methodological development pioneered by artists Rob Smith and Rebecca Birch. Quoting from the website www.fieldbroadcast.org it is an online art platform examining the simultaneous experience of remoteness and proximity through live broadcasting. Artists are equipped with laptops, video cameras and a dongle (mobile internet connection) to enable them to make live broadcasts from the field. Each broadcast is received by a viewer via software downloaded from the website and each broadcast opens a screen on the viewers desktop, interrupting their private present with a live broadcast from another place, from another version of the present. The Field Broadcast project began in 2010 as a series of broadcasts by 40 artists from Britain and beyond, each producing a one off broadcast from an array of *fields* or *places*, these were frequently, but not always from landscapes – the project addressing this notion of working in the field, of being in a place and offering it up for dissemination via the internet. An important point of note here would be that Field Broadcasts, in the sense of how Rob and Rebecca intend it, and how the software functions, is that they are live, and that they are only, live, perhaps in an affront to what Baudrillard calls the *ecstasy of communication* our world in which “today there is a whole pornography of information and communication” (Foster, 1983: 130).

So to give a sense of the context of the Field Broadcasts from Belgium I’ll give just a few examples from other artists working with the program. For a project at Wysing Arts Centre, Cambridge²⁶ Dan Walwin presented a broadcast that was of such a particular place and time that such an occurrence would be unlikely to happen again. Stood in a field in Norfolk with the tide coming in Dan had spent time observing the tide line and coincided his broadcast with the tide enveloping him to the point where he was stood on the only scrap of field left to stand on, the trick slowly unfurling before the audiences eyes. Dan Coopey for *Field Broadcast: West*, more of which later, pushed the technology within the project further through live looping of the video track being broadcast, this layering of reality added another dimension to the piece questioning the perception of places as constant events, and his broadcast eventually washes to whiteout as the multi-layering of shots pixelates further and further inside every loop. Another artist, whose work also frequently engages walking as practice, Simon Faithful, presented

²⁶ See <http://www.fieldbroadcast.org/projects/fieldbroadcast.html> for the archive relating to this first incarnation of Field Broadcast that involved over 40 international artists.

a piece from Berlin for the Wysing project, his broadcast didn't present a view or a landscape at all, however it described, in live scrolling text, the ascent of the highest point in Berlin, a man-made hill the allies built out of the rubble from the city after the second world war, this textual broadcast lasted some 2 hours. For the most part visual broadcasts thus far last on average 5 minutes, some as short as Matthew Tickle's 2:40. The broadcasts we produced from Belgium ranged from around 4 minutes up to 20.

Here I want to say something of the screen and the notion that a Field Broadcast creates a landscape in a very immediate way through its very nature. All editing is done in-camera as the broadcast is live and uncut, that which the camera sees the audience sees: apart from a certain amount of fragmenting of the images quality, that is controllable by playing with the settings within frame rate and bandwidths for uploading data via wireless internet.

Our project was the first to present a series of Broadcasts by one (albeit two) artists, delineating a path across a country over a pedestrian timescale - 100km a week, two weeks of walking, 13 broadcasts made to an uncertain number of viewers via the internet, it was also the first incarnation of Field Broadcast being used by just one artist. Data available from the streaming program shows the numbers of viewers we had per broadcast and in the case of 'A Belgian Transect' numbers ranged from as little as 7 to as many as 92 per broadcast. The act of walking presented us with a series of issues based around simple logistics, the carrying and recharging of equipment, as well as procuring the necessary mobile internet device once on the ground in Belgium. Prior to departure we had done a nominal amount of research into the route, thereby allowing our interests to be piqued purely by that which enveloped us, the landscapes we were in. We slept in a field half way towards the city of Ypres, a name that lingered in our minds for reasons we couldn't quite define.

Whilst researching the route for my project *Walking Home* I had come across Ypres for its significance in the First World War, the allies garrison town that got wiped clean from the map and then rebuilt brick for brick in the aftermath of the war. This was hallowed ground, Flanders fields; the maps of the area are dotted with small cemeteries cutting odd angles through the heavily farmed countryside. The area is a palimpsest where one long shadow is drawn over all. 'The idea of "the trenches" has been assimilated so successfully by metaphor and myth that it is not easy now to recover a feeling for actualities' (Fussell, 2000: 36) and so as we slept on the grass outside the city walls we began to fear our perception of our environment would be overwhelmed by this singular period of time, that the horror of the First World War would be impossible to escape from, for by the end of the war Ypres was flattened to the ground to such an extent that its name became a byword for a city totally destroyed (Fussell, 2000: 37).

So by traversing a particular line across a country what we were doing was creating a transect by intersecting that path with sequential connectors – sites of broadcasts performed – these 13 broadcasts now exist as a series of films that can be brought back together to give something of the sense of the journey taken, the experience of being in that landscape. So whilst each particular location for a performance was distinct from another El and I, were a constant, the presence that tied them together.

In hindsight it is possible to draw the broadcast films into 3 distinct yet intertwined groups. There was a set of broadcasts that we began to refer to as portraits, a set that looked to reference Flemish painting and a set that combined the distinct approaches to practice that El and I have. El and I were together for two weeks, we walked together and slept out under the stars together, generating a unique perspective from which to observe the world. This process led to a series of works, one of which opened this talk, that presented us as figures or faces in the landscape, simple portraits of *being*.

The second theme perhaps was that of Flemish painting, or painting from the low countries in general, where Breughel “descended from the world of the eternal to plunge into the here-and-now(Lassaigne, 1958)”. I was thinking here, of artists such as Vermeer, Brueghel, Brouwer, and Rubens, though I by no means claim to be an expert on the subject, indeed the opposite, however, walking through Flanders’ took me back to that period in my life where art was hung on walls draped in elaborate red wallpaper and frames were gilt, and so here Massey again as “senses of place develop from every aspect of an individual’s life experience and that senses of place pervade everyday life and experience” (Massey, 1995: 88). That this broadcast takes place in a farmhouse particularly in Belgium, not just a farmhouse, that this broadcast takes place in a park in Belgium, near a Brussels high-rise, not just a park.

The third set of issues deals with the relationship between El and I, and our presence and experience of being on the path, of walking it. These are particularly dealt with using the interplay between our two practices, that of musician and artist.

I need now to hypothesize how I want to go on and use this in the future as part of my research project. Tuan states that “an object or place achieves concrete reality when our experience of it is total, that is, through all the senses, as well as with the active and reflective mind”(Tuan, 1977) and it is to the reflective mind that I now need to turn my attention. I want to refer back to a previous Field Broadcast project to highlight a variation in method to which I may look to return. Field Broadcast West was a 7day series with a broadcast happening at sunset each day: this is a notable difference as for any other

project no times of the live broadcasts were announced and though sunset is a variable setting it does have some sense of a constant.

For half that week I was walking through the valleys of South Devon towards Start Point from where I planned to broadcast on sunset of the third day. I produced a series of sequential texts that were transmitted via Field Broadcast as a series of tweets, whilst each evening exploring possibilities for the broadcast. Besides the necessary equipment for a 3-day walk I was carrying a square foot mirror tile. This intuitive act, the idea that having a square mirror tile whilst camping on a headland at sunset might be interesting, as opposed to useful, had something to do with setting up an added layer of intimacy, the symbolism of the mirror, whilst actually using it to create more depth and therefore distance in the frame – in the broadcast the only place I appeared was in a square foot of mirror tile, silhouetted against the sky. In the back of my mind was something of Smithson, whose use of mirrors in the 60's and 70's was an act of some significance.

What is still at issue amongst all this, however, is the problem of the experience of the walk, here is a section of a map of the Vosges mountains' in North East France, the route that I walked noted in black, the places I slept noted as *resting places*.

Because for all its live-ness, for all its presence in the place and the moment, the notions of intimacy given from one location to another, from field to desktop, the moment you stop walking to broadcast or film, or take a photograph, or write a note, something is lost, that sense of rhythm is broken and the senses are disturbed, you are no longer walking. You are momentarily lost, between the mundane and the sublime. It is my hypothesis that Field Broadcast and the subsequent body of film and still work it produces, are only part of what needs to be a multiplicity of interpretations, a web of ideas, that surrounds the audience, envelops the viewer in the idea of that being, in the idea of that place, and that through the journey-form as artwork discussed by Bourriaud in *The Radicant* one can get closer to sharing the experience of a walk with someone who was not there, by utilizing an ethics of translation “to produce itineraries in the landscape of signs by taking on the role of semionauts, inventors of pathways within the cultural landscape, nomadic sign gatherers” (Bourriaud, 2009).

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5. Transcript from *Fondue* April 2012, hosted by Ruth Cross, Falmouth, Cornwall.

The below transcript is analyzed in Part 5 of the thesis and quotes included in the main body of the text can be found in their original contexts below.

Fondue.

Third iteration, hosted by Ruth Cross, Dunstanville Terrace, Falmouth.

A note on these notes:

I will use different fonts to denote forms of writing and their purpose.

The time of the performance will be written in Arial Bold 8pt.

Writing that deals with the actualities of what was discussed at the event will be written in this font, Avenir Book 8pt.

Writing that deals with explanatory issues and reflection will be written in this font, Goudy Old Style, Italic, 8pt.

Before the recording commences there is a period of milling about that I need to seek to control as the 'artist' through framing. I plan to do this on the next occasion of Fondue by inviting all the audience members to meet me at a venue prior to dinner and walk with them to the venue. The unifying process of forming the audience into a group before they are at the table can be found in other performance events such as Living Room Opera (Zierle & Carter: 2013)

0: 01

Opened the performance with a reading from Thomas A. Clark's *In Praise of Walking* "there are things we will never see, unless we walk to them"

Around the table each place was set with a small piece of paper folded in the style of The Plan of St. Gall, a medieval document that survived as a sheet of parchment folded into a book of 16 pages, on each piece of paper was a different line from Clark's poem.

Steve Reich's *Music for 18 Musicians* is playing in the background.

It's existence on the cusp between modernism and post-modernism is of interest to me here. The way it functions as a piece of classical music whilst sounding electronic and utilizing methods from the native music of Ghana. The soundtrack for Fondue is something that I want to develop and need to use as a tool for pacing the piece – some songs become relevant to particular events or performances, some music gives atmosphere and as later when we collectively listen to a song, the music acts to unify the group. Michael Nyman writes on experimental music of this era with regard to its variable processes which determine the structure of the piece: "process determined by the performers (people processes): the development of the process depends on the individuality of each one to direct the process"(Bronson, 1979) By referencing this style of music early on I am founding a context for the piece as a whole, the audience in Fondue function as performers and they author the event as much as I do.

I give an introductory note to the formal obligations of *Fondue*, the nature of forfeits. That for this performance the forfeit for dropping your bread in the fondue is to tell a story of when you felt most 'at home'.

I want to utilize this method again, using the traditional Swiss forfeit as a way of harvesting information from audience members about 'home'.

Discuss how *Walking Home* began as an idea whilst participating in a *Discotheque* (London based Arts Collective 2000-2006) project called 'Walking to Peterborough'

The presence of this story, though of interest does nothing for the project in terms of creating the place of the walk. It has too much of an 'introductory' presence here.

0: 10

A late May morning, Greenwich and the M25.

The 'work' begins properly here as I discuss the act of leaving London, the route through South London and out, under the M25. This section is likely to become the most revisited part of the walk due to the logistics of the act of re-walking – re-walking being the phrase I have used to denote a walk with one other individual along the path whilst talking about notions of walking, art and home.

0: 11

Tent performance piece.

This is the first formal 'action' of the performance, it involves me standing up, moving away from the table and taking a rolled tent from the corner of the room. Inside the tent is a type-written piece of paper that reads: "the first time I set up camp, dry leaf matter underfoot, a deep, highly flammable mulch, I can't bring myself to light the stove. Instead I eat another bundle of flapjack and quietly realise I did this to myself, that this whole foolish quest is my fault, the sweet flapjack turns to ash in my mouth, my body demands sleep. Farningham Woods, 2009" Here I introduce the word ash as a forebear of what is to come; the presence of my father's ashes in the room and the walk, and this approach is the appropriation of a method from within Sebald's *The Rings of Saturn* whereby he introduces silk early on, before coming back to it several times before it becomes the focus of the conclusion of the story (here take a quote from Sebald film.)

0: 13

Greenwich Park, and Dover, the leaving behind of certain possessions, the abandonment of stuff.

Potential for metaphor within this sense of abandonment?

0: 14

Northern France, mention of Picon.

There is a note here about whether there can be any play within the actual room with regard to scale and the orientation of the journey. Whether through placing things in the room along an invisible version of the transect would animate the space and build a sense of coherence amongst the stories told.

0: 15

North Downs Way, Canterbury, Kent. Alongside Northern France, London vegetables.

In between these two themes, these two areas, I am interested in exploring their similarly arable contexts through the lens of my previous position as a greengrocer in London – visiting the fields of Wye Farm in Kent, and walking past fields and fields of French spinach that I was at the time selling in Lower Marsh in London. This layering of the self over place is from Massey. The unity of the two geographies is discussed in Norman Davies *The Isles*, the formation of the English Channel occurring sometime around 8000BC.

0: 16

London → St. Gallen. A straight line drawn on a map as the foundation of the piece. The use of road maps in Northern France.

This mention of the straight line plays into the notion of the transect, borrowed from Ecology as a way of studying a section of land. See also Going Nowhere by Simon Faithful and the essay by Robert Macfarlane. Is there a way of animating in the space the drawing of this line (see note to 0:14).

0: 18

Kent. Discussed the introduction letter and communication I had with the people who live now at my destination in Switzerland. The way the beginning of the project was opened up by a sense of this generosity.

I would like to attempt giving a reading, in German of this letter, hinting at other areas of translation within the project.

0: 19

Ashford Postcard. Reading. Introduced this framing method of the dual postcards.

During the walk I sent 15 postcards in duplicate, one copy on to my destination, the other, back to my departure point. The role these postcards play in Fondue are to pull the conversation back to the journey, to operate as poetic staging points in the journey – their content is just a few sentences long, and poetic and personal in nature. I have in these first three versions read these out in linear order but after feedback from audience members and reflection this is no longer essential, indeed according to a quote from El Davis, host of Fondue 2 "it built into the piece a false rigidity, not allowing for the conversation to flow". I am currently developing a version of a script that takes this into account for the next iteration of Fondue, building a non-linear approach to the path.

0: 21

Sense of failure → rural train in France, deadlines, time. The introduction of the idea of Re-walking as a method.

Within Fondue there is this confession. That I did not manage to walk all the way and after one particularly long hot day I got a train from Charmes to St. Die Des Vosges. This 54km section is to be completed this year as part of a two week research trip to France. It is also a key source of the drive to continue with the project, the sense of the incomplete within it.

0: 23

Billie's Fondue forfeit. "A time or a place at which you felt at home" "Now one Christmas I was at a cousins house and I felt quite at home there, this was in England and we used to spend every Christmas with her, at home I'd spend Christmas with my mums Danish traditions, because Christmas eve is like Christmas day but we were always placed on the childrens table, so there'd always be like the adults table where you know, everyone was sitting around having adult conversations and then there'd be like 'Oh you're 16 now, so where do we put you' so I'd end up on the child's table, because we're quite a big family, maybe 30 of us and I just remember Christmas being hectic, even going for a wee, I'd be like, right, I'm going under, and I'd have to crawl under the table, and you know, I was quite a big 16 year old girl, climbing under the table, giving my little cousins little toe squeezes."

Billie was an audience member who dropped her bread in the Fondue and so recounted the above story of being 16 at her cousins' home for Christmas. I'm interested in how to fold the existence of earlier Fondue renditions into new versions, I'm either looking to quote Billie's story as though it were my own or include a recording of it to be played during the event. Or both by initially recounting it as my own story and then revealing that it's someone else's. What I want this to be doing is to develop in the audience the notion that any sense of certainty about an idea of place, experience or home one may have can just as easily be turned on its head. The foundation of my thinking within this is that of all experiences being personal but that through the experiments of quantum physics at an atomic level there is no certainty, no concrete objects. This theoretical work is something I need help with, and I feel that somewhere in here is the nub of what I find fascinating about the project, how we perceive and hold ideas of place without necessarily being in them or having been in them at all. I need to review this after the next iteration of Fondue and look at the work of Merleau-Ponty and Heidegger.

0: 25

Drawer performance piece. Prior to the evening a book had been placed by me, inside a drawer on the dining table, I asked a guest to remove it from the drawer and pass it to me for the reading. Ted Hughes: *Examination at the Womb-door*

This performance took place away from the table, the book was purchased from a charity shop in Dover along with a tie. Putting the tie on and reading the poem as a performance. I'm intrigued here by the adoption of persona's depending on outfit. The notion of dressing up for the event during it, so that by the end you will be dressed completely differently to how you began.

0: 27

Reading of Dover postcard. Guest asked me about whether I was ever lonely which took the conversation to St. Die des Vosges.

How do you build into any form of script, the unpredictability of conversations, their tangential nature?

0: 30

Bar-le-Duc. WW1 reference to Verdun, Amiens, Somme, "There isn't a town or a village in all of France, who didn't lose a son at Verdun"

This discussion runs into Trench Coat Performance piece. Removing a trench coat from a suitcase in the room with your back to the audience, putting it on and carefully doing it up before turning around. In the pocket is a piece of paper with a poem written by Ivor Gurney entitled 'To England: A note'

This point further speaks to the notion addressed at 0:25 regarding costume or outfits during the performance, how they enhance the theatrical nature of the event and give something to the story that is non-verbalised, that has a physical presence in the room.

0: 32

Through this reading of the poem, and the context of Gurney's life – born in the Forest of Dean, served in the trenches in France, incarcerated in a mental institution in Kent – I introduce the death of my father as an event in the wider context of the project.

Within the wider context of the project the presence of my father's death is related to the search for and journey to 'home'. He exists within the Fondue performance due to me carrying a small parcel of his ashes during the walk, this version of Fondue was focused on the awkwardness of this presence, ashes, death and insanity being introduced through readings, actions and the presence of a small amount of ashes in the room. In

the next versions I do not intend to give them such a large part to play as they are a large distraction from the main focus of the work: the path and the act of walking it, and the attempt to translate that experience from one individual to another.

0: 35

Played a song as an event. Collective act of listening to *Unmarked Grave* by David Thomas Broughton.

This playing of a song was first used in the second iteration of Fondue at Eleanor Davis's house in Bristol and this changed the mood of the evening dramatically, it focused the group through it being a different form of listening, inviting a different type of attention. The act of listening to a song during a performance has since been utilized by Rebecca Birch an audience member at Fondue 2, in a walk she made for Camden Arts Centre in 2012; a piece called 'And the days run away'.

0: 38

Paris, Reims, the introduction of the day spent with El, walking from Reims to Val-de-Vesle. Reims (rance), some notes on French pronunciation. The drinking of Picon. Hard boiled eggs.

Picon is an orange-based aperitif that El introduced me to in Reims. It is a drink I serve as part of Fondue at the given point in time during the performance that Reims is being discussed or referred to. It then remains available for the duration of the event. There are a number of other beverages that have relevance as do the foodstuffs present. See the end of this article for a discussion of all the food elements present within Fondue and their symbolic importance.

0: 41

Conversation turns back to Kent and the North Downs Way. Water issues.

This flitting of conversation across the transect of the walk, is of interest to me and I want to use the next iterations of Fondue to explore how it functions and how it may be better utilized.

0: 42

Terry mentions an 'old law' regarding walkers access to water if they ask it of you as a homeowner.

This is of interest as it was told by Terry under the condition that it was one of those nuggets of knowledge that has no known source, passed down through conversation and filtered into assumed knowledge.

0: 44

Terry's *Fondue* forfeit. And an introduction to Picon.

There is an enjoyable elusiveness to Picon. It is available in only a handful of shops in the UK and the bulk of my stock is procured by getting friends to buy me a bottle whenever they travel to France, the internet is awash with similar stories of people struggling to find it. It is however, available from the off license in Constantine.

0: 48

Terry's forfeit during which he discusses being in Rotterdam and living with Dance students. "I spent er my last year of education over in Rotterdam and I lived in this lovely house with a load of people and they were all dance students and they'd come home after a day of hard work and id be there after a long day of no work with a long lie in and a long lunch and every time I asked them how they were one of them would say 'oh I'm in so much pain' and I really liked that, because I was the only heterosexual in the house, they were all girls with girls and the boys with boys and they would all call me 'Daddy' and I would quite often cook for them all and so it really felt like a family, I really felt at home there"

Coming now to the second forfeit of the evening I am going to use both these stories in the next Fondue maybe rewriting them a little, this builds on the method mentioned in the note to 1:03 the flowing from conversation to script.

0: 52

Postcard reading from Bar-le-Duc. It is here that the postcards have fallen out of sequential order.

The horizon as an idea.

Story of how I was pulled over by police near Somme-Vesle.

This is the point during this Fondue where the postcards fall out of sequence, and using them as a framing method collapses. And so it is out of this experience that the idea of using them in a non-linear way is born and so I am currently researching ways in which various disparate points along the route are tied together. One current example that I am still researching is that of St. Die Des Vosges having been a site of a major town wide plan made by Corbusier that was never enacted, there is one building in St. Die made by him but the rest of the plan was scrapped, I want to find a way of linking this to the housing estates of South and East London that were inspired by Corbusier's work thereby opening the

performance in London but immediately skipping ahead to France before coming full circle and finishing in London again. Research conducted so far has led me to the Robin Hood Estate in tower hamlets that is currently being demolished. Its "streets in the sky" approach becoming infamous in East London as the Heygate Estate has done in South London. Some reference to these social housing projects will be developed.

0: 55

Discussion of the problem of being lost, and how that for a long time the direction I was travelling was roughly a quarter of the horizon wide.

I have done a mind map of this version of Fondue on which I drew a diagram that deals with this issue, and here another idea that comes in from a conversation I had with Steve Cornford, an audience member at Fondue 2, whereby we discussed the idea of using a large sheet of paper as the tablecloth for Fondue. Taking from this in future events I propose to do this and allow that piece of paper to become another way of 'recording' the event, perhaps with a version of the diagram of the horizon on.

0: 56

Discussion of father dying as a key starting point for the project. That they were in the room but not referred to until this point, it broke the performance open a little.

Within each Fondue thus far there has been this point whereby the performance opens out a little, and what I mean by that is that somehow I have relaxed into the role of performer and host of this event. Obviously this needs to be worked on as an hour into the event is too late, and too long to hold the tension for. There are different reasons for each. In this version, where I was seeking to deal with my fathers ashes within the journey I did not relax until I had introduced them and it should have been done sooner, in the second iteration of Fondue I did not relax into my role until I had stood up and moved away from the table, an act that opened the performance up to being in the whole room, so in Fondue 3 I did this very early on (see note at 0:11).

Resting Place as a ritualistic act within the journey.

Resting Place is the title of a photographic series that I instigated whilst on the journey but would need to reshoot if I want to progress with the idea. In it I photographed each camp as it happened and the only object I 'placed' within the photograph were my fathers ashes wrapped in a small handkerchief, they were placed at the centre of each image. Upon reflection of the current focus of my research project, this photographic series does little to create a sense of the path as a place – being as it is a series of stills from points along the route – but it does however connote the physical act of sleeping, the presence of the tent, the rucksack and items necessary for the walk thereby conveying a sense of its happening.

0: 53

Discussion of my MA became a conversation about receiving my fathers ashes in the post, about death, funerals, and briefly owning his sailing boat. Free storage at the crematorium.

Again, though this is of importance to the project it is too much of an aside to get several mentions and its presence will be toned down in future versions.

0: 57

Natalia brings up the possible problems of exhibitionism in terms of using my fathers ashes within my work. I talk about the performance I did at The Agency Gallery in Deptford. "I could imagine it the other way round where people find it quite exhibitionist" – Natalia.

Natalia here points out why I don't want to focus too much on the death of my father in this project, because it does have that edge and that is once again not the main focus of the work.

0: 58

Switzerland and St. Gallen "I don't quite know how to get out of this" - Bram

This quote refers to ending the conversation about my fathers ashes and not quite knowing how to get out of it, and return the conversation to the journey. Needs thought before you start talking about this again during a Fondue.

0: 59

Postcard from Colmar.

Camping stove and a diminishing amount of meth's.

The stripping of the shop windows as a town-wide sale was about to commence.

Here I am intrigued by the potential within this story for metaphor and subtly building the notion of loss into the piece. It was a town wide sale whereby all the shops had bare windows at the same time as they were re-designing their windows for the sales.

1: 02

In the Vosges on the first day, meeting the girl eating wild strawberries and reading a novel on a bench. The stuttering conversation between French and English. A passing cyclist. "waiting for the strawberries to fruit again"

Worth thinking about whether there is a way of re-creating this sense of encounter within the room, perhaps through a film or soundtrack intervention, or some sort of food that would bring this being more into play.

1: 03

Walked to Germany. Then how I walked into Switzerland.

Here I used a method first used during a lecture I gave at Dartington with Emma Leach whereby I went from ad-libbed conversation into reading from a script without a jolt in the sentence. The 'script' being read from in this case is the blog I wrote from the walk at the time. The eagle circling the border back and forth, read until "And I sit down and I sit"

1: 06

Guessing / judging distance in the long stretch between Bar-le-Duc and Charmes. "however far the horizon was, it was always further than that" and the this turns into a particular discussion about the Black Forest in Southern Germany, where during a thunderstorm lightning strikes the distant hill sides, and those hillsides are Swiss.

Again here there is the skipping about from place to place across the route. Also the affirmation of the intrigue of the horizon as a walker.

1: 08

German thunderstorms and the song from the wicker man; the return to arable land on the edge of the forest; the similarity of the crop between here and northern France.

Here the overlaying of places was offered up by the landscapes themselves in the presence of particular crops in the fields.

1: 11

Engelburg, Switzerland. The precision of being lost. The particularity of destination.

This element has the potential to play with ideas from the derive and other methods of urban walking / ways of getting lost. Perhaps revisit elements of Solnit's Field Guide here.

1: 16

Here I introduced the 3D puzzles to the group and they continue in the background.

The 3D puzzles mentioned were given to me and the two children who now live in the 'home' of the projects title. After my arrival in Switzerland the family invited me on holiday and we drove to their sisters house in the Alps, the 3D puzzles were our travelling activity. The role they play in the dinner party is one of entertaining, they are produced towards the end of the piece, I want to explore these objects further – they are rubber cubes cut into shapes and sold in flat pack, the aim is to reform them into a cube. On a tangential note I dream of making a giant cube out of hundreds of little pieces.

1: 17

"I've written myself into their lives". The 'time' of the project.

This philosophical musing on the duration of the project is born out of a number of ideas within the overall act of walking back to the house I was born in to. The project began by me sending an open letter to the house without knowing who lived there or what they may be like, they turned out to be 3 generations of a family the matriarch of which bought the house off my parents and met me when I was a baby. The time of the project mentioned is the notion that at any point in the next 25 years as these children grow up they may well appear in my life again in the way I appeared in theirs.

1: 19

Story told of Erika's largest chicken egg. Lady who bought the house of my mum, and met me when I was a baby narrates a story of how one of her chickens laid the largest hens egg ever recorded in Switzerland.

There used to exist a video clip on a Swiss news website of this finding of the egg being 're-enacted'. I was sorry to discover it is no longer online.

1: 28

Walking is learnt, not taught. "our brains are still a million years old"

This bears a relationship to the Rousseau quote about how the brain works at 3 miles an hour – the average speed of pedestrianism. Requires evidential research though.

Brought out the Evian bottle I used to walk to Switzerland, pour everyone a glass from it.

I enjoy the everydayness of this bottle and the way it has become an artifact, something in Roland Barthes Mythologies here in the sense that it is a normal everyday object, one that for the most part is tossed away and recycled without a second thought, I drank from the same Evian bottle from buying it in a London suburb to carrying it into Switzerland. The power of objects.

1: 32

London. (Ruth's note)

Here Ruth read out her note as mentioned in 0:01 audience/performer lines become blurred.

1: 33

Schaffhaussen. St. Gallus, the story of.

The mythology here of St.Gallus has a bearing on my own walking to St. Gallen as the city was founded in his memory when he built a hermitage in the valley in the 600AD. Need to read more on this as much of what is known of St. Gallus is mythic in form.

1: 34

Jeff Buckley's Hallelujah begins to play.

This is the most definite case of the soundtrack playing a wider part in the piece.

1: 38

Billie talks about her wooden puzzle that she donates to the 3D puzzle collection for future performances.

"one of my cousin's mum's would always give my dad wooden puzzles, and he's really good at them, really good at them, so I got one for this Christmas but I'm rubbish at them so I was like why are you giving it to me? I can't do them so it's just sort of sat there untouched ever since, yeah, just like that."

I still have this 3D wooden puzzle, I am unsure as to whether to include it in the next version or not.

1: 47

The Plan of St. Gall. The story of coming across this three volume work in the British Library.

1: 49

Focusing in on the Jeff Buckley song playing I talked about the Dutchman I met in Schluchsee and told the story of us listening to the song in each our private ways. The weather at the time was humid and predictable, a high storm by 1pm, dead cows under a tree.

Here I need to decide how many times in an evening you can ask an audience to listen to an entire song, to just listen. And then to which song or songs do they listen and why.

1: 58

Sharing of a batch of home-made flapjacks and a discussion of eating them in Kent, eating only them.

See below for flapjack notes. Use actual recipe from the walk.

2: 00

Fiona told a story about her having to bury someone's ashes for the National Trust on Dodman Point:

"It was a horrible cold mizzly rainy day, not long after we had that spell of really hot weather, and it was just absolutely miserable, and freezing cold and suddenly it felt like winter again. Its not far from where I live now, just along the coastal path and round the headland. We were putting in this new bench for someone, a dedication plaque, they loved the view. It was quite strange, she was very removed from the whole experience really, it was his wife and maybe his daughter, they came and they brought this urn, this oak wooden box with his ashes in, and they brought it in a green holdall, and just sort of left it with us and went for a walk, left us to do it all, bury it, put his seat in, make a hole for the box"

"She didn't come back at all, it was just really miserable, the three of us digging."

"she just left us to do it, she wasn't there, wasn't present for it."

I like the fact that this story came out of the ashes focus of the performance and plan to include it in some way in the next iteration of the event.

At this point the event begins to break down and lose its coherence, the recording finishes soon after and the event drawers to a close, people leave at different times and go their separate ways. The closing and opening need to be a focus on the next iteration.

6. *Autoethnography as Method Written Exercises*. Based on methods in Chang (2010: 74 - 81).

Original texts of the 5 writing exercises used as part of the research method *Walking Home Again* discussed in Part Six of the thesis.

Writing Exercise 5.1.

Considering your research focus, select and chronologically list major events or experiences from your life. Include the date and a brief account of each item. Select one event or experience from your timeline that led to significant cultural self-discovery. Describe its circumstances and explain why it is important in your life.

1982. Born in St. Gallen, Switzerland to Elizabeth Mary Arnold and William John Arnold.

1982-84. Moved through Switzerland, Holland, Belgium and England before settling in Caerwent, a small village in Gwent with a historic lineage dating back to its time as a Roman town, Roman walls encircle the old village and remains are prominent throughout.

1984-2000. A rural upbringing in South Wales, attendance at small village schools in Llanfair Discoed and Shirenewton. Parents divorced in 1991, during this period my father was also sectioned under the Mental Health Act a number of times.

2000. Began BA in Fine Art studied alongside Ecology at Oxford Brookes University. Studied under Shelley Sacks and Tracey Warr amongst others.

2001. First walk undertaken with artistic practice in mind, taken in the wake of a fellow students homework assignment. Instructed to find a river and follow it from its source to the sea. Walked along the course of the Angiddy River, a minor tributary of the River Wye, which it meets at Tintern.

2005. Moved to London. Attended regularly for the first time private views, galleries and after parties on the East London art scene. Also forays into West London galleries in Mayfair such as Spruth Magers and the Haunch of Venison. Joined an arts collective called Discotheque with whom I participated in Deptford X festival and the British Art Show 6 and a conference organized by AN magazine in Nottingham called NANANA.

2006-2008. Studied for an MA in Arts & Ecology at Dartington College of Arts in Devon. During which time I met Eleanor Davis, Emma Leach, Tracey Warr and started reading profusely. Solnit, Sinclair, Augé, Macfarlane, Bourriaud, Guattari.

2006. Father died two days before my 24th birthday. Paperwork took two years to process the majority. The final piece of paperwork was tied off in 2012 whilst living in Budock Terrace, Falmouth.

2009. After a reshowing of my final MA show in Shed and a Half gallery in Shoreditch I left for Switzerland on the 30th May in an attempt to walk back to the house I was born into, with a small amount of my fathers ashes tied in a handkerchief.

Almost inevitably, the most significant feature of my life to date is my father's death; and the opening up of the self and my own awareness that has happened since. This has had a bearing on every part of my being including my arts practice and it was this event that opened up conversations in my family that had remained closed since 1991. Conversations regarding the past and in particular the places of the past and the circumstances around our being in Switzerland in the 1980's were reignited by this event. It has an ongoing presence in both my life and practice, both physically through the presence of my father's ashes and the ongoing paperwork that finally concluded in 2012, and also in the sense that his death has entered my practice and therefore my PhD.

Writing Exercise 5.4.

List five personal, familial, or social rituals, in order of importance, in which you have participated. Briefly describe the context of each ritual. Select the most important one and describe it in detail in terms of who, when, where, what and how. Explain why it is important in your life.

1. Family walks. There are shadowy memories of family walks prior to 1991 in South Wales, up Grey Hill and into Wentwood and The Cwm in particular. Post 1991 with the relocation to Devauden and the acquisition of a small Jack Russell called Skipper these walks centred around Chepstow Park Woods, and further afield into the Wye Valley, the Usk Valley and the Forest of Dean.

2. Attending Gallery exhibitions. Cardiff primarily, occasionally Bristol, and Bath, less so. But these were my main cultural centres growing up in South Wales. I can remember looking at a small Constable in the National Museum of Wales and a number of other shows in Cardiff, in particular a Jeremy Dellar exhibition focused upon the Manic Street Preachers, which also featured Jackson Pollock, Francis Bacon and Jenny Saville. First trip to London came through A-level Art & Design with the Royal Forest of Dean College, to visit the Jackson Pollock retrospective at the Tate Britain in 1999.

3. Attending gallery private views. A ritual, which only began to take hold from 2005, onwards when I moved to East London. From outside the White Cube in Hoxton Square and eastwards to Vyner Street, the process of finding galleries tucked down alleyways amongst garages and welding shops was an interesting process. Mixed up with this was the occasional attendance of a private view in Mayfair, accidentally stepping on incredibly expensive shows with my worn out converse. The discovery that the title a Private View, does not mean that it is private, it just means you have to know about it.

4. Fine Art Feedback forum sessions. This was the system instilled at Oxford Brookes University. In any other universities parlance when a crit-session, or feedback forum as I knew them, was taking place no viewer was allowed to question the artist. The role of the viewer was to respond openly, critically and constructively to how a work made them feel, what it made them think, or what associations the work held for them.

5. Solitary Walks. Solitary walks took hold in Devauden, as long as a small dog doesn't count, not that she always came. Deep into the woods, further exploring the edges of many horizons, trying to get lost, finding myself again, hiding, running away, escaping everything but myself. They continued at university and were elaborated on oddly through my frugal disdain for public transport, the refusal to wait for a bus stretching my walks out from the centre of town into the surrounding countryside.

1. A family walk of significance. In particular, though there are many traces here, one always shines out; a walk at low tide on the River Severn somewhere, Black Rock used to be a regular haunt. A family walk with all of my family excluding my father, I do not know whether it was before or after the divorce but it feels like it was before. I argued with someone, or I was not happy with anyone, and my brother generally got most of the blame in this department, and so I spent the rest of the walk at some distance from the group, deeper out onto the tidal mudflats. It was simultaneously a family walk and a solitary one, making it somehow a more isolating experience than either.

Writing Exercise 5.5.

List five mentors, in order of importance, who have made significant impacts on your life and briefly describe who each person is. Select one and explain how this person has influenced you.

1. Eleanor Wynne Davis.
2. Emma Leach.
3. Tracey Warr.
4. Robert Macfarlane.
5. My mum.

1. We met on the MA in Arts & Ecology barely 3 months after my father had died. We bonded one evening over fish and chips, Joy Division, Jonathan Richman and similarly chaotic family histories. I developed a close professional and collaborative relationship with El, which is ongoing, and it was through my practice that I undertook with El that my work moved outwards from the traditional realms of Fine Art and into those arenas or practice more closely labeled performance and socially engaged.

2. Similarly to El I became friend with Emma over the period of my MA though not because she was on it. We met whilst on a residency in Derbyshire and hers became the bedroom floor I could most rely on whenever visiting London whilst doing my MA. An artist and writer I have performed with at Tate Britain, whose opinion I trust and whose disposition I respect and admire above many others.

3. Tracey was a tutor and is a friend. I studied art theory under her at Oxford Brookes between 2000 and 2001 before she relocated to Dartington College of Arts where I caught up with her whilst studying the Arts & Ecology MA there. I then worked with her once more at Oxford Brookes when I briefly enrolled there as a self-funded part time PhD student in 2011.

4. Robert Macfarlane is significant for a number of reasons. Initially it was his book *The Wild Places* that convinced me that wild camping was feasible, necessary and interesting. As part of my MA research I set off to walk to a childhood place of mine and slept on the beach there near Start Point in Devon. Later, half way through walking to Switzerland I posted him a letter asking after the prospects for a PhD within the work/walk I had made. We have since walked together and developed a professional relationship.

5. My mother always encouraged me to go into that which interested me. She challenged us as children to walk out into the world and see what would happen, staying at home was not an option; to the forests, to the fields, the park or round the walls again. And her passion for walking, for stepping out, for boldly going, has provoked in us, Dan, Heather and me, the desire to keep pushing the boundaries, finding the edges of things and tugging at them.

Writing Exercise 5.6.

List five artifacts, in order of importance, that represent your culture and briefly describe what each artifact represents. Select one and expound on the cultural meaning of this artifact.

1. My father's ashes.
2. Meindl Walking boots.
3. A small orange box of slides.
4. A well travelled Evian bottle.
5. Boxes of matches.

1. It is not so much the ashes themselves, but the nature of their becoming and ongoing presence in my life that is noteworthy. They came to me in the 'basic' urn - £6.99 - offered by the Co-operative funeral care in Southampton. A matt green plastic vessel that resembled in size and form a traditional sweet jar, the only identifying thing being a reference number on a simply printed label stuck to the front at a slight angle so that the edge of the label jutted up off the edge of the groove that was designed to house it. They arrived at my house in Devon by courier, with brown parcel tape wrapped around the seal. The first time I took the tape off some of the ashes fell out of the thread of the lid and spilt across my table and into the thick shag pile carpet of the flat I was living in at the time, on Ticklemore Street in Totnes. We, collectively as siblings, have never quite known what to do with them. I have been moving house with them ever since.

2. I obsess somewhat over objects, put them on plinths in my mind, they are in some way, so much more reliable than people. These boots were second hand when I bought them in 2003, from an outdoor shop in Bala, North Wales, just before I left for New Zealand where I would spend a year after my BA and before moving to London. They were £11. They were and are too wide for me, my feet rub in there, but I still used them for the 7 years, which concluded, in *Walking Home*, with a journey back to Switzerland.

3. We have, as a society in the past 12 months taken more photographs than have been taken in the whole history of photography. This box of slides became the only photographic relic from all of my father's ashes that I have managed to keep. This is mainly due to an incident involving the council in Southampton who cleared out his lock up garage without checking with the next of kin. I had placed a lot of memories in this lock up that was already full to overflowing but neglected to consider one simple fact. Dead people don't pay rent any more, cards are cancelled, accounts are closed. Possessions are destroyed. Oblivions are created.

4. The plastic water bottle is an edifying artifact of our stance as a culture: the ridiculousness of the branding of one of life's most basic elements. I eventually invested in a proper refillable water bottle in 2011 but for *Walking Home* I used one Evian bottle for the entire journey, tucked into my rucksacks waistband. I bought it from the Village Shop in Hextable, Kent, at the end of a long days walk from Hackney Central.

5. Some particular boxes of matches I manage to keep for years, others come and go. But it is the box of matches as a potent metaphor that interests me rather than any particular box. Their metaphoric potential for talking about life and death, beginning and end, that makes me keep coming back to them. I have used them in my practice since 2000 when I spent a considerable amount of time during my first term at Oxford Brookes just exploring why I had brought a box of matches to university with me.

7. Walking Home Again. Extracts from 8 walks with 8 individuals.

Clare Qualmann: Walking Home Again



Responses to two questions taken from a two hour long walk, Mile End Ecology Pavillion – Greenwich. April 2012.

43:13 – 49:36 minutes

At 43:13 minutes:

BA: “How did you start walking, as an artist, what happened? Have you got a story?”

CQ: “I think when I first moved to London, which was when I left art school in 1999, maybe even before that, when I was a student I came down from Liverpool for a couple of summers I worked a bit at temp jobs as my partner was at Goldsmiths...”

“I had this experience of London with very little money and trying to get to all these agency jobs, hopping the train from New Cross to Charing Cross and then striking out on foot, finding the way, a sort of creative, interesting and exciting way to be. A few years after graduating: living in London and doing a part time job and trying to be an artist as well and really having quite an extreme frugality of never spending any money on transport, like walking everywhere, and this routine that involved an awful lot of walking.”

“And then I met Gail [of WALKWALKWALK]²⁷ through mutual friends and ended up sharing a studio with her and talking a lot about, well trying to make work that interacted with people, work that wasn't just showing stuff in galleries which I suppose just wasn't really happening for either of us. We did a few sort of things that were exhibiting work in galleries but both were really non-plussed by how expensive it ends up being for you, the whole sort of I don't know, feeling like it wasn't really what we were doing. So we started doing a few little projects together, we did this honesty box where we put drawings in a park with an honesty jar, a few little things like that. And Gail met Serena [the third member of WALKWALKWALK] through an exhibition they were in together at Spacex in Exeter in 2004 or 2005, and so we met some time after that and started talking about doing something about walking, and we were all living in the same area so we started working or doing stuff on each others routine walks, sharing each others routine walks with the idea in the back of our minds that we could construct a kind of self guided walk. And then we were invited to take part in 'Locating Design' organised by London MET an event about place-making, site-specificity and the city, and we did our first public event walk for that. It seemed like such a huge amount of work for one thing that we decided to keep doing it, and an adaptation of this initial walk became our annual walking tour of East London.”

²⁷ <http://www.walkwalkwalk.org.uk/>

Darren Fleetwood and Elizabeth Butler: Walking Home Again



Extracts from a conversation held between myself, Fleetwood and Butler in the Black Forest, Germany, June 2012.

BA: There is quite a lot of this project that is about the unattainable, the horizon, that sense of home.

EB: *But you wouldn't necessarily want to go back to that home would you.*

BA: No, but you spend your adulthood attempting to create a sense of home.

EB: *But then that's no different really from animals, that home is closely linked with reproduction isn't it.*

I have this discussion sometimes with people at work about coming home because a lot of their youngsters come back to the Bala area, or some have never actually been away, girls in their 40's and they say 'Well this is home'. And they'll ask me well what do you really regard as home. And I will always answer – its where I'm living, its where I am. I love going back to Chester [Where she was born and grew up] because I'm familiar with it, but I never regard it as going home.

BA to DF: Is it weird for you going back to Kilgwrwg and the house you grew up in all the time?

DF: *Yeah it is, especially my room, that hasn't changed, I've left it so I've never really changed it... I still refer to it as home but its not where I live.*

At 16:10 minutes:

BA: One of the questions is how did you first come across walking as an arts practice? But I guess you both became aware of it through me...

EB: *Well I did, I would never have regarded it as an arts practice you see.*

DF: *No.*

Simone Kenyon. Walking Home Again



Responses to two questions taken from a walk: Victoria Park – River Thames, East London. Sunday February 24th, 2013. Walk duration: 50 minutes.

14:38 – 16:25minutes

BA: “So when did walking start for you as a practice? How did that come about?”

SK: *As an arts practice?*

BA: “Yeah, or when did it arise as a possibility?”

SK: *“It’s a good question, I think, in a conscious way, it was when I was at university...but it comes from a place, from dance really, and really getting into a lot of new dance choreography that emerged out of the 80’s and 90’s in Britain at least that talked a lot about pedestrian movement and about how pedestrianism was a form of choreography, about how everyone can dance and this kind of utopian idea that everyone’s a dancer. Which I quite like, going back to the romantic thing again. Also just really interested in that on an anatomical level, you know I started to think about choreographies and putting a microscope on it and starting to think oh actually atoms are dancing, molecules are dancing. So it was through that really, and I started looking at choreographies where we’d look at things like Trisha Brown, where you’d have someone walking down a wall in the middle of New York in the seventies. How the act of walking becomes a really different statement.*

31:18 – 32:45minutes

BA: “So to sort of go back to that Trisha Brown piece you mentioned?”

SK: *Yeah there was one where they walk, that was that group piece where they walk around the edges of the room, but there were a couple of pieces that she did in New York in the seventies, where, there must have been a photograph of it [at the Barbican exhibition Matta-Clark, Brown, Anderson] there’s a guy walking down a wall and she’s walking down one of those old 70’s water towers, there’s just something about that, seeing a body in a [unexpected] position that I just got quite excited about. It’s such a visual image as well, I was totally seduced by that, a bit like when I first saw Richard Long’s [A Line Made by Walking, 1967], the whole thing around durational performance explained in a photograph. I’m in awe of people who can do that.*

Emma Leach. Walking Home Again



Responses to two questions taken from a walk: Sole Street – Cuxton, Kent. Wednesday 29th May 2013. Walk Duration: 2 hours 48 minutes. Recorded in two sections over the course of one day, a break for lunch at Cobham, Kent.

Part one:

At 35:12 minutes:

BA: I guess one of the things this is about trying to find out when you first came into contact with walking as an arts practice?

EL: *Walking as practice, I guess I was at university when I was familiar with Land Artists and I was very interested in movement, like getting people to move, to try to understand something, but that wasn't necessarily walking. And then I guess in the early years of living in London then I became much more aware of promenade performance, or taking a group as audience from one place to another where things may or may not happen. But it feels like that's kind of different, because you're talking more about the artist walking than the audience walking.*

BA: Yeah, that's a massive distinction really isn't it... Simone told me about choreography practices and she traces the lineage of walking back through this to a completely different place. And I always remember you talking to me about Gary Stevens' *Flock*²⁸.

EL: *So how that worked was there was a period of two weeks where we did these rehearsals and it was very workshoppy so we had a kind of default way that we would interact with each other, a kind of distance between you and the other people. So that would mean that you couldn't wander off, constantly having to cross back into the group in this swarm movement.*

Part two:

8:19 – 10:26

BA: Going back to the historical reference, when you noticed when walking was allowed to be art, because you mentioned Land Art, whether there's something specific in there for you?

EL: *I don't think there was a kind of epiphany moment for me. It was more, I guess walking was muddled in with that whole process of opening up, you know realizing that all these things could be art, not just painting. I don't think there was a particularly striking moment.*

And I think for me its always been like a means to an end...its been a kind of way of unlocking ideas.

²⁸ "*Flock* is an unstable, nebulous object that consists entirely of people in their own clothes. They are seen at a distance as they drift around a space or up close as they invade a room and threaten to envelop and engulf spectators. They move as a mass with a strict programme governing their collective behaviour" taken from <http://www.artsadmin.co.uk/projects/flock>

Rhiannon Firth. Walking Home Again.



Responses to two questions taken from a walk: Cutty Sark, Greenwich - Blackheath, London.

Friday 1st August 2014. Walk duration: 41 minutes.

Each of this second series was begun with a short reading from one of the texts I originally carried whilst Walking Home. *From Rebecca Solnit, A Field Guide to Getting Lost. p 117-118.*

14:34 - 24:05.

BA: Does walking play a part in your practice or processes of thinking, or writing or walking?

RF: Well, yes, I came to this walking artists network from quite a strange route but my interest is in social movements and radical pedagogies: so what kind of sort of educational or transformative knowledge production practices do social movements use. And then one of the sort of practices that I came across, so I sort of do ethnography about social movement practice and eco villages and intentional communities, sort of have utopian life styles. And one of the practices that seems to play a really prominent part is mapping and drawing. And that comes from the situationists I suppose on the social movements but also through other things, like space is, for example an incredibly important part of setting up a new community so there just seemed to be all these different kinds of maps that they used and then. I recently wrote an article, so I noted it whilst doing my PhD but it wasn't really the subject of my research because I was looking at decision making but then I came back to it later and I started looking at critical mapping practices, and this 56a info shop in south London is like a radical library and they've got zines and you know, they organize radical events, they have bike workshops and stuff, and I think it was in 2005 or 6 they held this festival of mapping and they had a lot of walks as part of that and they've got this archive of maps, so I did some work on that, I've sort of been developing my own popular education practice as well that I've done with anarchist groups like Occupy in Nottingham, and some feminist groups in Nottingham and anarchist studies network and its about imagining a non-oppressive sort of liberatory mapping practice. And so maps serve the interest of power, you know, you can find a supermarket on a map that's only been there six months but you cant find the sort of housing co-op that's been there for twenty years or however long. So it's about a sort of radical mapping process that involves getting people to map spaces sort of do situationsit derives and things like that, drawing and collective map-making with or without walking really. Sometimes I get people to go on a walk and do a map of the space then come back and discuss it, deciding what sort of things they were going to put on the map. So sometimes I ;; get people to map utopia, or map their own utopia spatially and then try and reconcile the different sort of utopias into something they'd all be happy with.

BA: Yeah, I've done a few map[ing] projects that play with memory and attempting to recall and draw a map from memory. So I did a workshop at modern art oxford the gallery there based on inviting member of the public to come and collectively help me draw a map of Oxford from memory throughout the day. So at various times people would turn up and add a bit, or they'd add a bit that's already been added but they thought it was somewhere else so it became this sort of personal map of peoples house in oxford in relation to where things are in town or where they remembered a certain alley was.

RF: I was born in Oxford.

BA: Ah, it's where I did my BA, I've a soft spot for it. Do you have an art history background at all, or sort of what would be your understanding of where walking sits in contemporary arts practice and where do you think it, where did you first come across it., in that realm, or is that not something you've looked into.

RF: Yeah, so I start ethnographically and a lot of social movements are quite influenced by situationist theory, it seems to be one of the bodies of academic theory that is actually taken note of by actual activists ...

BA: So it's transcended from theory. They sort of were activists weren't they the situationists? They were pro-active in constructing self-structured forms of society which is a form of activism.

RF: Yeah, obviously a lot of the theories are quite problematic but I do think its interesting how they've kind of got into [society], you know, they're actually read by people that don't just work at universities. Even though they're really hard going reading. Because there's a lot of discussions in politics and education if you know, you're going to be writing all this left wing stuff, what's the point of it if its not actually going to be read by the working classes, or however you perceive the revolutionary agent, whatever, what's the point in it. So there's a lot of discussion about that, and usually its because people say its in such difficult language but then my counter to that is, why do all these activists read situationism then, that's impossible language, these people aren't stupid. Its just there seems to be some kind of disconnect between how people access it, or maybe it doesn't strike a chord or something.

BA: I'm not sure how much of the original texts by Guy Debord I've actually read, I've read little bits but nothing major.

RF: Yeah, so I think despite not being a situationist I think that's how I would see walking as becoming part of a practice. Part of the thing I research I guess. I'm not sure, is that the question

BA: I think the problem is kind of the question has a presumption in it that you're either part of the art world or that you're an artist, so it'll probably undergo some revision at some point during this phase basically, because generally the people I've been walking with are either artists or somehow have some sort of affiliation with the art world through their own practice somehow. So it was just sort of trying to divine that first moment when you became aware that walking could be a contemporary arts practice?

RF: Yeah, I mean it might have been when I met Clare to be honest, I was doing this mapping stuff and she got in touch with me or I got in touch with her because we had similar interests and we met for a coffee and a chat and she invited me to join the walking artists network. And since then I've got really interested in it and met loads of really interesting people through it and gone on a few walks.

Rachel Gomme. Walking Home Again.



Each of this second series was begun with a short reading from one of the texts I originally carried whilst Walking Home. Reading from *A Field Guide to Getting Lost* p 117-118 "The places in...failure".

Opening with a discussion of the strangeness of stepping back into a place I only visited once, passed through, that those places go on without you. Very significant in relation to the Resting Places presentation in Paris. That the places of Walking Home exist without me as well as with me. We also talked a lot about the Performing Grief conference in Paris that we were both invited to present at.

Responses to two questions taken from a walk: Cutty Sark, Greenwich - Lewisham, London.

Friday 1st August 2014. Walk duration: 1hour 26minutes.

27:01 - 34:29.

BA: So I reread the Dee Heddon article in *Performance Research Journal* (Ref) [in which Rachel Gomme is mentioned], I was initially wondering how walking started for you as a part of your practice, and how that came about?

RG: I think, it all really started probably when I injured my back in 2001. And, it's now a chronic injury that flares up from time to time, its not particularly difficult now but at the time I was really rather shocked and quite devastated because first of all - I was dancing much more at the time - it meant at least that for at least a couple of months I couldn't dance and that was really distressing for me, and it also meant that, as cycling is the way I get round a lot, it meant I couldn't cycle that much, so... I think I ended up going swimming quite a lot. But also I decided that I just needed something that would get me out and be engaging with the world and so I started walking. And I just started by going on Saturday or Sunday walks, with, there's a couple of Time Out books of Country Walks around London where they just take you to a station and you do a 10, 15 mile walk and so I did, some with groups, but I did quite a lot of those on my own and started to kind of really enjoy that as a practice. And then I think maybe around the same time or a little bit after I hooked up with an artist called Christine Q_____ in France.

She came out of body weather, it's a strand of Butoh developed by a guy called _____. But it's a practice that is fundamentally based on walking because what you do is a very intense physical practice for a couple of hours, which is basically the warm up and almost all of that is spent running up and down in lines, up and down the room, doing various things and some of it will be coordination exercises, like having to do 8 different things with your feet and hands whilst walking. Some of it will be strength exercises, large physical lunges with every step. You know, a huge variety of things, but basically the idea is that you're warming up the mind and body, and then you go into sensitivity exercises which might be that you've got partners and one of you has got a thread of cotton tied around the finger and the other is leading you around the room, and the one being lead has got their eyes closed, and they're just trying to keep the thread at the same level. Or you might be leading someone around by the finger and getting them to touch different surfaces and textures. So a lot of perceptual sensitizing and then kind of image based work, which is quite internal, quite often based on walking. Like crossing the room very slowly with this image of smoke slowly rising up the inside of you. So for me, a lot of that practice is based on walking but Christine developed that when she came back from Japan - she was there for 5 years - into more of a walking practice in the landscape.

So I've done a couple of long projects with her, I first met her when we taught a workshop together in France but she did one for example in Brittany that was following a pilgrimage route and we were walking - there was a group of 16 of us - and everyday we were walking in pairs, and walking a part of the route that for each day we had to spend at least 4 hours walking as slowly as possible.

BA: 4 hours (!)

RG: Yeah, it's amazing, so it gets you into a very different place and in silence as well.

BA: so four hours solid or four hours in total.

RG: Yeah four hours solid. And I got to this place in the end where I was walking 250 metres in 4 hours.

BA: And in terms of - because I've variously done some slow walking experiments - do you mean just walking slowly in the sense of completely slowing down the natural action?

RG: Yes, that comes from Body Weather there's a term called _____ which is translated as very slow movement but actually one teacher says its actually very small movement. So its like you're trying to take the smallest increments of the movement that you can at each moment.

BA: Ok, because I've definitely, I was involved, you know, Hamish Fulton these days does this slow walk. Well he does, various walking events nowadays with lots of participants. And so one was, we did it on the beach at St. Michel's Mount and there were two lines of us East-West, about 100 people in each line and the idea was we'd just walk slowly and cross each other like two planes, over a period of time. So really slowly. But there was a lot of, because I saw him when he was at the front of one of the lines, he was doing the shuffle slow walk, so I don't know whether that's the sort of slow-walking you're talking about or does that count?

RG: Well, anything counts, but I think one of the really interesting things is just trying to break down in my body each action that I would be doing if I was walking a normal step and obviously there's an issue of balance and negotiating that is really tricky but it's also a really interesting part of it.

BA: Yes, for me slow walking should just be you're just replicating what you would be doing quickly, slowly, it doesn't count if you're just doing the shuffle thing. It's not quite as....

RG: Yes, because in the shuffle you almost always come to a stop at some point,

BA: There's no flow to it. You have to halt, shuffle the other one. So that was peculiar.

46:39.

BA: And so where does, art historically speaking, where does walking start for you, or where did you first come across arts practice. Because I know you've got a predominantly dance background in a schooling sense.

RG: and I don't have any, beyond anecdotal engagement with art history, you know, So I guess with Richard Long, I encountered his work quite a long time before I ever thought of walking as being part of my practice, but I think probably when I was still in my late teens or early twenties, I was really drawn to the work. I'm such a minimalist at heart.

BA: So did you study choreography or?

RG: Yes, I did a conservatoire style education but quite late, in my thirties, so quite different to had I been in my thirties. We studied choreography but in a kind of like, very programmatic choreography and I never felt like I was any good at it, so when I came to make my own work because I had an idea of an image I would like to see in a dance piece. And somebody to me, 'well you could just do that' and so I did end up just doing that for four hours, and suddenly discovered there was this context called live art where that kind of work fitted much more.

BA: and have you lived in London all the time, are you a Londoner?

RG: No, I didn't grow up here, but I moved when I was 25 so I feel like, as much as I would like to not be in the city and I keep trying to move out, quite a lot of my practice at the moment is about engaging with the city, and especially about nature in the city which includes us. You know, and how we negotiate that, and so I've been on and off doing these guided walks of looking at the unofficial growth.

Daniel Oliver. Walking Home Again.



Responses to two questions taken from a walk: Mile End – Greenwich, London. July 31st, 2014. Walk duration: 1 hour 4 minutes.

(Listening through to this conversation it's apparent that I am more comfortable with my fathers death and its role in the original journey and the ongoing work, elements of this conversation read like sections of the fugues from *Fondue V5.1*)

11:51 – 15:20.

BA: This is sort of the second phase of a series of conversations and in the first phase I knew everyone quite well, and in this phase I've invited those people to suggest some people for me, and so I was sort of wondering whether walking has much of a place in your practice, or your life I guess? I think we're going to go up here now...

DO: I think, I don't it doesn't have I would say a direct place in the final product. I make performances, and those performances tend to be I guess, not always but quite often reasonably traditionally framed, in that they last for about 45 minutes, half an hour or twenty minutes. Yeah, so there's not, they have a kind of relationship to the site or the space, but that's usually more the playfulness with the kinds of infrastructures and the inter-relational networks of the space as opposed to the physical...

BA: So it's not about arriving somewhere, walking around it and engaging with it that way? Its about looking at the...

DO: Exactly. So I mean I find walking, I generally come up with most of my ideas when I'm walking, and

BA: That's interesting, so it still has a place.

DO: Yeah and I work collaboratively with a guy called Luke Ferris, and erm, when we're working together like it all gets very, even though we would never think of what we do as being theatre, or sort of involving those kind of, still I do find like I do lots of walking about 'ah so the we'll go over here' so in that sense there's lots of 'we'll walk over here', and it's the same when I'm kind of, because I don't generally write, or writing things down is usually the last thing I do and so

BA: So you physically walk and talk them out into being.

DO: Walk and talk them out collaboratively and if I'm on my own then I pace and pace, I'm a big pacer. Even with my PhD, it's entirely writing its not practice based at all. I write about practitioners that I've worked with and so that comes through, its not, and I mention my own practice but its not, even with that I find I sometimes sneakily book a big rehearsal space or big studio space but actually just to do writing in. Because I'm not much, I can't really work at the British Library. I always have this Romantic idea that 'yeah just lock me in a room and I'll write', but actually that's not...

BA: When you get there you realize that actually you need a bigger room.

DO: Exactly yeah, so I guess as kind of a bi-product or part of the method of just getting my brain going I guess is walking.

31:39 – 39:45.

BA: So I guess one of the other questions I have buried in this conversation is where you first came across walking as an arts practice, what made you aware, or are you aware of walking as an arts practice and where did that originate?

DO: I wouldn't say its, I'm not very aware really, erm, I was just thinking as you were talking about other things, of things that sprung to mind. On my degree a girl in my year for her final piece, walked all the borders I think of Nottinghamshire, but it was a piece about walking, but also about where those lines lie and how accessible boundaries are.

BA: Do you know what her name was?

DO: Sarah, I think Sarah... I could find out for you.

No, what else. I was thinking, sort of listening to you about on my degree everyone was doing audio tours, everyone was doing art that came on an MP3 player or as a CD, that you'd get, and you'd go to, so you're in Nottingham and you'd walk and you'd listen to them and they'd tell you a story.

That was like 2003 guess, there seemed to be always, probably exaggerating, there were either people doing site specific work, in this way 'I found this really cool site, now I'm going to plonk something in it quick', or it was MP3's. Those are really nice, and in terms of art that involves walking it didn't involve the practitioner walking but it required you to walk.

[Daniel goes on to talk about an activist/artist called Philip Ryder who was a Nottingham based anarchist who was surrounded by a series of myths, and there is perhaps something peripheral to my research interest in this. The artist as myth, the artwork as myth, how these myths endure or are undermined by the digital age?]

BA: "Journey's become myths because you can't have gone on them, that's their natural cultural form."

8. *Walking Home (Again)*. Gallery text and map for exhibition at Fish Factory, Falmouth. March-April 2015.

W a l k i n g H o m e (A g a i n)
B r a m T h o m a s A r n o l d

w w w . b r a m t h o m a s a r n o l d . c o m
0 7 7 9 0 4 0 9 7 2 1

Walking Home (Again) is a solo-show by the artist, pedestrian and writer Bram Thomas Arnold. It is an exhibition of a number of outcomes of research following on from a journey Bram undertook in 2009, setting out to walk from his home at the time in Hackney, East London, back to the house he was born into near the town of St. Gallen in Switzerland.

A significant part of the exhibition is a performance entitled *Fondue*, which takes place during the run of the show within the gallery space. *Fondue* is a performance and a dinner party, it is 1kg of melted cheese and a side order of Bierre Picon that is woven through a series of stories that grew out of the path from London to St. Gallen. Tickets for these events can be bought via the artists website at www.bramthomasarnold.com

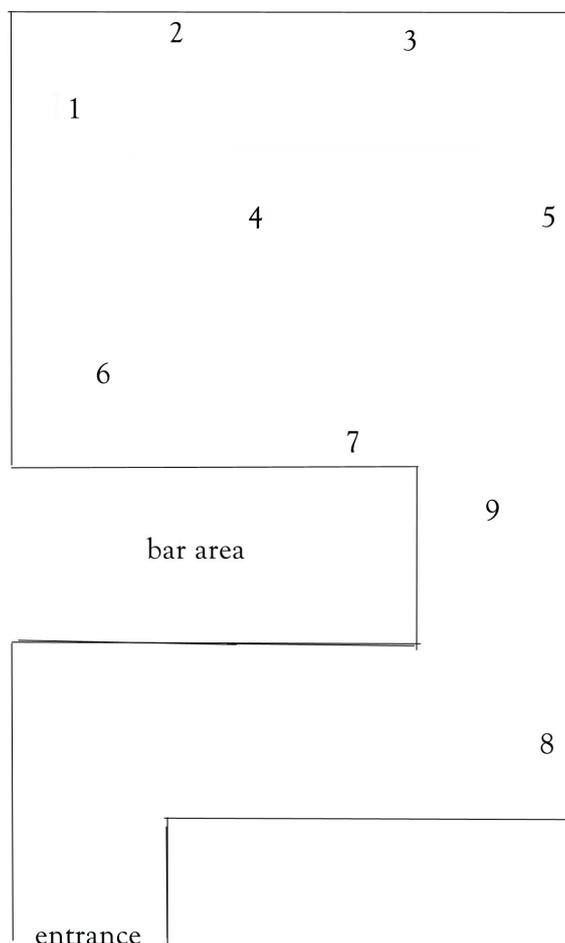
Alongside *Fondue*, *Walking Home (Again)* includes another work that will develop during the period of the exhibition allowing the audience to influence the outcome of the process. *Walking Home: Infinite Edition* is a project as a website comprised of text and image that overlap in a never-ending and increasingly abstract narrative. Audience members are invited to edit a text, available from the Fish Factory and pin these edits to the wall, these texts will then be added to the website during the run of the show.

How To Walk, a series of nine text drawings, that narrate the story of Bram's journey, through the history of walking's very particular presence in literature. From the polite notations of Jane Austen to the aggressive ramblings of Iain Sinclair, via the eccentric pursuits of Werner Herzog and the hardships of Apsley Cherry-Garrard. Fragments of the walk, undertaken in the wake of the death of the artists' father are slowly unveiled, annotated with sly remarks and curious positions.

The gallery space is an invitation to an exploration, dotted with numerous audio recordings, fragments and clues, it asks the viewer to look more closely at the work around them, and more closely at the world around them. Walking is the human way of getting about, our minds slow down; it is from this position that *Walking Home (Again)* has come into being. The exhibition also features newly commissioned music performed and recorded by artist Eleanor Wynne Davis and would not have been possible without the kind support of both the Fish Factory and Falmouth University.



Fish Factory floor plan:



1: *Walking Home: Infinite Edition*. Computer, text on paper, c-type prints, pins.

2: *Score*. Paper, pen, graphite and hand finished toner print. (Ongoing throughout show)

3: *Home*. Display case, record player, glasses, hand made Coptic bound book, chair, lamp.

4: *Fondue*. Table, canvas, flag, Happy Cubes, cassette player.

5: *How To Walk*. Hand finished toner print, pen on paper.

6: *Resting Place*. Tent, audio player, Serpentine stone.

7: *For so long, the horizon*. Hand finished toner print, pen, gold leaf on paper.

8: *Shed & a Half*. 21 various items wrapped in brown paper, ripped open at the private view, March 27, 2015.

9: *(Again)*. Found objects, false wall and door, framed c-type print.

Bram Thomas Arnold is an artist who started with walking and kept going: into performance, drawing, installation, bookbinding and writing. His interdisciplinary approach to study has manifested itself into a practice that does not restrict itself to traditional boundaries of mediums or modes of practice, a practice that is both Romantic and Conceptual in its methods and outcomes.

As an artist he has built a piece of road in a forest, carried 60 English novels to New York, learned to translate Lithuanian and set out to walk from his home in London to the place of his birth in St. Gallen, Switzerland. His ecologically minded practice has been exhibited widely in the UK as well as abroad in exhibitions from New York to St. Petersburg. He is currently studying for a practice-based PhD at Falmouth University, of which this exhibition is a part.

9. Transcript from *Fondue*. Hosted by the Artist, Falmouth, Cornwall, 2014.

Fondue.

Fourth Iteration, hosted by the Artist, Church Street, Falmouth.

5th March, 2014. 7pm.

A note on these notes:

I will use different fonts to denote forms of writing and their purpose.

Time (of the performance from 00:00:00 as the beginning will be written in Arial Bold 8pt.

Transcript of conversation will be written in Avenir Book 8pt.

Writing that deals with explanatory issues and reflection will be written in Goudy Old Style, Italic, 8pt.

Audience members:

Rachel Dobbs.

Henry.

Jacob Woods.

Jessica Scarlett-Dorey.

00:00:17

Bram: Welcome thank you for coming.

So this is kind of as we discussed in the pub a full cheese rehearsal, Jacob actually came to the last one and it's changed quite a bit since then.

And I think I'm going to start by opening this thing. There may be some rules probably traditionally if you drop your bit of bread off the fork then you're meant to do some sort of forfeit. Traditionally the forfeit is a shot of kirsch, there is a bottle of kirsch in the room and there are shot glasses, the alternative is you can take a small piece of paper out of this box and read it out, so I guess it depends on whether you're driving or whether you need to get up in the morning.

"We can walk between two places and in so doing establish a link between them bring them into warmth of contact like introducing two friends."

"A dull walk is not without value." T. A. Clark.

So that's the sort of thing you'll be getting if you go for the non-booze option.

So yeah tuck in, you put the bread on the fork and you dip the fork in the cheese and you try not to lose the piece of bread. There are pickles if you require some sort of dietary variation (laughter) and there is a small amount of white wine if you require a drink. And there will be a couple of other drinks coming on offer throughout the evening. Amongst other things.

After this introductory couple of minutes moments are spent distributing bread, spearing it with forks, broaching the fondue itself. Chatter takes place between the audience and myself. Until...

00:03:05

Bram: The loneliness seeped in in St. Die,
like the water
gently dripping through the roof of my tent.

St Die Des Vosges is a small town on the edge of the Vosges mountain range in Germany where the, no in France rather, sort of the near the German border the Alsace is traditionally the most Germanic part of France and that used to be part of Germany they fought over it for century's. And at the end of the Second World War St. Die Des Vosges was completely razed to the ground by the Nazis as they retreated across France back to Germany and in the wake of that Courbusier was invited to redesign the town in its entirety and it was the first time Courbusier had designed an entire town. And so he built the perfect model of what the perfect modernist town should look like and the town council sort of said "no we don't want those".

Henry: Too Right.

Bram: "Can you just build it like it was please". Put it back like it was. So they let him build us a little factory in it, and so in St. Die there's still a Corbusier factory that is still just a factory in a town that is still just a town. On the edge of the Alsace.

Corbusier never built anything in the UK, but he was wildly copied and misinterpreted on housing estates on the bombed out sections of UK towns such as Sheffield, the Park Hill estate and Glasgow, and Liverpool, and Southampton. And on the first day of walking back to Switzerland I walked past the Robin Hood estate in Tower Hamlets, which is one of the most famous contentious sort of Corbusier-esque estates in the UK. All the sorts of fans of the Barbican want to keep it and all the people who live in it hate it and want it razed to the ground and it was in a similar sort of building in Southampton, a 60s council estate building in 2009, no 2006, where I arrived in the house that my father died in, and there's a photograph of it in the corner, and is just a 60s council block serves those sheet glass windows And not having seen him for 12 years was responsible for clearing out his flat and finding out whether he had will and dealing with all that. And it opened up a conversation about where I was from that we hadn't really talked about as a family for the preceding years, and sort of because I've got this thing where I introduce myself and go "hi I'm Bram" and they go "sorry Graham, Brian," what sorry, and sometimes they'll get it straightaway but sometimes they'll want to know where it's from and I'll go "well it's Dutch but I was born in Switzerland and no my parents weren't Dracula obsessives, I grew up in Wales but I was born in Switzerland, but I lived in Holland, Belgium, England before I grew up in Wales. And then the story always ended because I had nothing else to say I didn't really remember that part of my life, and this story yeah sort of let me directly to ending up thinking it would be a good idea to walk to Switzerland. I was walking as an artist in general anyway, and I was very into rules at the time, sort of restricting myself and I was doing a walking performance on a train from London to Peterborough and accidentally thought "Oh maybe I could walk to Switzerland". And then it immediately became I'm not allowed to go back unless I walk to Switzerland now and it sort of became this idea that took me three years to get my head around and so in 2009 I ended up on just the other side of the M25 with the smallest tent I could find that I'd only used once before on Dartmoor and I wrote this on the inside of the novel I was reading the time:

Reading from The Wanderer by Alain Fournier. Stood by the tent, opposite end of the table.

Missing from the above fugue are two things one is vital and one can be dismissed. I failed to mention in the initial introduction that St. Die was the site of my failure, and also how this draws the room into the performance by mentioning Rebecca Solnit's book and how she states that "failure is what we learn from mostly"

00:09:06.

Conversational section....in the wake of the initial fugue. Through eating Fondue in St.Gallen with pieces of Ham, Jessica interjects with a story of the French smuggling meat into all meals.

Discussion of different types of cheese in Fondue. Fondue recipe books.

David Thomas Broughton plays in the background. Discussion of the house we are in. Potential angle of interest to research the house you're in, to draw the home of the performance into the conversation.

Ask Jacob to pass me a book called The Road by Fay Godwin inside which is the postcard from Ashford which signals the start of the second fugue.

00:14:40

Concrete turns to chalk dust
London fades
And all this air the smell of summer.

And so once you've sort of made it past the M25 and you're in Kent you're up on to the chalky North Downs Way and the pilgrims trails and it's fairly hard to get a tent peg into. And so you kind of have to, and it's all so that Kent's really full, it's not an easy place to go wild camping. There's motorways and the Eurostar line and lots of little chavvy towns, sorry if anyone is from Kent. And on Saturday evening I was sat on Bluebell Hill, next to a bunch of kids that were drinking Stella and I had to go and sneak off and camp in the nearest boggy bits of wood I could find, and spent the evening getting bitten by mosquitoes. But then it's also sort of really strange, because it is riddled with little ancient bits of England, lots of tiny little scraps of woodland, like there's a woodland called shoulder of mutton wood, and it's tiny and it's got a little Barrow in, some 3 m wide and 30 m long between two fields full of arable farmland. And right next to the M20 there is a dolmen, burial mound there called quoits in Cornwall, and is on the corner of a field with a little fence round it, and then the North Downs Way is the main footpath that runs roughly from Winchester to Canterbury from the cathedral to the cathedral. And as an ancient pilgrim trail such as in Chaucer from the 1100s or so

Check two facts here – the name of the motorway/road? M20? And the date of the north downs way as a pilgrim trail?

It's also geologically tied to the north of France and Holland. So those two environments are very similar a few just in the middle of the field, when you get into a town you realise I'm in Kent or I'm in Picardy but the dust feels the same, and there's the same air of mystery over both landscapes, quite strange. The bit in between used to be called doggerland, and used to

be above sealevel and now it's called doggerbank on the shipping forecast. And they occasionally dredge up these archaeological artifacts from the seabed when they're fishing. (Script interlude: sorry I'm just listening to the soundtrack because it's telling me things I'm not sure where I'm supposed to be). So I was walking along this pilgrim trail from where Cistercian monasticism first started in the UK, in Waverley in Hampshire, and then they built the monastery in Tintern in the Wye Valley, which is where I grew up. And there's a weird thing about monasteries, they're built in exactly the same way wherever they are built, they built Tintern Abbey in 1131, and then in 1134 in Vauclair south of Laon, they built a pretty much identical monastery three years later, under the same Benedictine rule, and they were very into setting out how they should be laid out, so Bishops Court here or nave there, the choir. Vauclair Abbey was completely obliterated in the First World War, they lost it in 1917, and they didn't find it again until 1966.

Fact check required on this information about the design of monasteries.

It was completely overgrown, they couldn't find it, noone bothered to look for it, until a Flemish monk came over and found it, a Flemish Jesuit priest. They restored the herbal gardens as they were meant to be laid out and there's bits of it that were just lost in the middle of this massive forest. And this is on the north side of the hill, and the hill is massively significant, it's the hill they fought over for four years on the Western front, and it's also got a statue of Napoleon Bonaparte on top of it because I think at some point he fought over it as well with someone else. And then you go over the other side of it and you walk through what used to be the village of Craonne and it got completely obliterated, you walk through the graveyard and it's just forest now, and they rebuilt the village at the bottom of the hill. And so I was falling asleep on the riverbank at the bottom the hill, and it was strange just thinking of all the soldiers on the Western front having spent all day walking through little villages with war memorials, all the villages in northern France have massive war memorials, and many of them are quite dilapidated villages now. Strange landscape. I was sat there and I'd bought this tie in a charity shop in Dover, thinking they'd worn ties and shirts to go over the top on the Western front. And trenchcoats, that's where trenchcoats are from, they're not a fashion thing, Thomas Burberry was a farm labourer in southern England, he was working out in the fields all day, and he invented the material Gabardine that they're made out of in 1879 and the British Army had so many trenchcoats leftover after the First World War that they just distributed freely amongst the population, there was nothing else they could do with them they just gave them away. So I'm going to put one on.

From this point I stand up and put the trench coat on, take a small piece of paper out of the pocket and read out, To England, A Note, by Ivor Gurney.

After reading the Ivor Gurney poem I talk about Gurney and how he and Edward Thomas used to sit together and pore over maps going for walks in their heads, whilst sat in a mental institution in Dartford. Source Check on this – I'm fairly sure its in Macfarlane, but The Wild Places of Mountains of the Mind?

00:22:47

Conversation ongoing around the Gurney/Thomas conversations. Jacob leads the inquiry. Fact Check?

Anecdote from Jessica regarding an old man texting his wife about where he was walking, where they had walked together many years previously – relation to Peter Riley's Glacial Stairway.

Pickles in shops. Location issues. Location.

Henry comments on the pacing of the meal – the suitability of Fondue to the conversational performance.

Hospitality of the Swiss family that made me have to do it.

Explain the postcards at this point – duplicate nature. Kids plotting the postcards onto a map of Europe. Societal differences. Discussion of holiday with Swiss family.

Linguistic issues of walking through Europe, French then the bridge into Germany.

3 days not talking to anyone in Germany, and then even the hello in Swiss-German is different.

Fact check – Swiss-French? Or just Swiss-German with French linguistic additions and accent?

Engelberg – Engelburg. Spelling differences causing confusion over place. Engelburg Monastery country fact check?

Talked about the history of fondue... in relation to Full cheese rehearsal. Spend some time with it in my own territory before taking it on tour again.

Rules again. The original rule of Fondue, collaborated guest lists from the first Fondue. Break of the rule from the original route of Fondue.

The Mountain Goats Song starts playing and we all sit in silence to listen. The Mess Inside.

This instigates the third fugue- Reims Fugue.

00:36:41

Thank you. I think that's such a rare thing to just listen to a song with some people.

There used to be clubs in the UK where you could just go and sit and listen to a record and they just play them. Not necessarily talk to anyone, I think there is still one in Mylor which you can go to, they just play records. And it's just in a village hall is mainly old people who go. You just go and sit and listen to songs because you don't have them, something from that pre-digital age where recordings were just rare: you didn't have them. Those classical recordings that are just about being that man, recording that song, orchestrating those people, in that room. But anyway that song was just one of those few songs that took with me I had them on my phone and I'd listen to occasionally, whilst walking home. Just sit on as little tree stump somewhere, to put my bag down and listen to a song. And that became one of those songs that I sang often, while walking and there are a couple of lines in it, there were just quite fitting at the time.

"The grey skies were vast and real cryptic above me" was quite a regular occurrence on the journey. After the English heat wave thing, France was quite damp. And the skies are really sort of vast above northern France, a really Midwest American landscape to it. There's a barn and a silo on the horizon, and there's just fields and fields and fields of arable farmland. Little poppies along the edges. And then occasionally, in the same way you came across a barrow in Kent it come across some earthwork or ancient thing, poking out of the ground. And came across a small hill forts that was called Camp D'Atilla. Which was supposedly where Attila the Hun had a camp there in the first century BC. And there is no historical grounding for this, it's just a local legend that became a myth that somehow became part of history, the local people are just always referred to it as Camp D'Atilla. Because supposedly that's where Attila the Hun hung out, when he tried to attack that bit of... I didn't even know he came that far West, I almost didn't know he was real, its just a name isn't it.

Henry interjects with a fact about Attila the Hun being more southerly generally.

But again, I don't know that it has much historical basis. It just became a local legend that became what they put on the tourist signboard, and is now known as camp D'Atilla.

The other line from the song is "took that train out of Manhattan, to the grand Army stop, found that bench we sat together on 1000 years ago". And the grand army stop is in Brooklyn, New York, and I went there to visit a friend of my mums, who taught at the same school as my mum in St.Gallen Switzerland. He told me the story of St Gallus who is the Irish monk that St. Gallen is founded in the memory of. And that was another thing that I'd never really thought about, that every town that is called St something, was founded in the on all memory of St someone. And St. Gallus was supposedly, and again it is another of those semi-mythical things, that is very particular in some elements. So in 618 A.D., very precise, St. Gallus was on a pilgrimage to Rome and he fell injuring himself, somewhere in the valley where St Gallen now stands. He broke his ankle and took that as a sign from God that he was meant to stay there. So he sets about building a small hermitage there and this is where it gets quite odd because, but there comes out of the forest and sets about helping him by bringing him some wood, instead of eating him. And helps him build the little hermitage, and so the bear is now the symbol of the local region of Switzerland called Appenzell. There is a picture up here although that bear looks a lot more aggressive than the one I imagine the story. So you can go to the really baroque catholic cathedral in St. Gallen, and the frescoes on the ceiling rule of a bear holding a piece of wood, and giving it to a monk, which is really strange as there is nothing too goddy about it, except for the monk of course. Myths, that have somehow become reality.

Walking alone as a man with a stick in France, generally means you're on a pilgrimage, as far as I could tell, I didn't get approached very much by people, but when I did, they'd usually blurt quite a lot of French me quite quickly, because they assumed I was French and could speak fluently. And then somewhere in that sentence they would say St. Jacques Des Compostelle. And I was like "what is this? I don't know what this is? I don't not this means, I haven't done my research." And St. Jacques Des Compostelle is the St that or rather in whose honour the Santiago des Compostelle pilgrimage trail that runs along the Pyrenees is founded upon. But he also walked also France performing miracles as he went and he was from a place I walked very nearby.

Fact Check on St. Jacques Des Compostelle.

He didn't take a very direct route as far as I can tell, he did a lot of weaving and criss-crossing across France performing little miracles along the way I imagine, that's what saints do. So one of the key cities on this route is in English spelt Riems, but it's pronounced Rance in French. And it is home to the original Notre Dame style cathedral, before it was made famous by Notre Dame Cathedral, and Reims is where the kings of France used to get crowned, before returning to Paris, I was joined in Reims by a friend of mine who I did my MA with: she joined me for a day, and we walked for a day across France out of the city. And she introduced me to drink she had discovered in Paris the day before, it was very trendy at the time. Pierre Picon. So anyone would like a small Pierre Picon, I can prepare you one. And I might have one.

Intermission here whilst I prepare Pierre Picon for 5. Henry confesses to dropping some bread into the Fondue, and after contemplating a shot of Kirsche concedes to reading out a text from the forfeit box.

00:45:07

Henry: Reading from Thomas A. Clark.

Of the many ways through a landscape, we can choose, on each occasion, only one. And the project of the walk will be to remain responsive and adequate to the consequences of the choice we have made, to confirm the chosen way rather than refuse the others.

The line of a walk is articulate in itself, a kind of statement.

00:45:28

Rachel: What makes Bierre Picon?

French lager and Picon an aperitif, that is available from the post office in Constantine, France and very few other places.

00:46:50

Better in summer.

Rachel: It's good though, mmm, yeah.

But it is also, if you have a whole one, suspiciously alcoholic.

So El and I walked together for a day, and then parted ways, we boiled up four eggs, and she went left at a crossroads and I went right. She hitched her way back to Reims, and her day-to-day life, and I kept walking to Switzerland. But she took with her a letter I wrote to Robert MacFarlane at Cambridge University, which led to all this all of this in a way. We were talking about the project and the future of it, whether there was anything in it, and what the hell was I doing in the middle of France on my own anyway. And she encouraged me to ask him whether there was a Ph.D. in it. And so on my return to London I got a letter back from Robert MacFarlane, and went for a walk with him. I invited him to re-walk the first day out of London with me, expecting him not to say yes and to say he was too busy. But instead he got back to me and said "yeah, how about April". So I had about months notice, and was like yeah okay, why not. So I went for a 26 mile walk, with a Prof in English literature from Cambridge University, and basically explored how little I knew about things over a 26 mile period. And it was amazing and it was quite intimidating and it was somewhat awkward. And it's become something interesting because I hadn't quite started my Ph.D., so no one told me you should probably record that, or document it somehow, take a photo or something. So I did take a photograph, we had a pint together in a pub in a village called Hextable, very nice village just this side of the M25. So took a photograph of us on a camera I had borrowed from my friend. I gave the camera back to my friend, having forgotten to take the photograph off it, and my friend took the camera to India and left it in a café. And so I don't even have the photograph, and I was really embarrassed to ask to take a photograph of us together in the pub having a pint, I don't even have it.

So it's become a thing that does and doesn't exist, a myth if you like. And its also become part of my Ph.D. methodology, I've been inviting other people to go for walks with me, re-walking sections of the route from London to Switzerland. And I went for a walk with Simone Kenyon sometime last year and we were talking about mythology and arts practice, and where walking came from for her as a practice, and so she was talking about a Trisha Brown show, that had been at the Barbican in London with Laurie Anderson and Gordon Matta Clark. And Gordon Matta Clark had once been quoted as saying artist should be their own mythologizers, they should be in charge of the legacy they leave behind. And he once sent a proposal to a gallery in New York that they didn't accept, but he turned up and did it anyway. And the proposal was to turn up at the gallery on the Private view night, with an air rifle, and shoot at any bird he could see from standing in the doorway of the gallery. And so Gordon Matta Clark says it happened, but there's no way of really verifying this and it sort of sounds feasible, that something like that might happen in New York in the 70s, being a pretty lawless place back then, who knows whether it actually did. Kenyon also referred to Richard Long's A Line Made By Walking from around the same time.

At this point I realise I've been doing lots of embarrassing things with bread on my plate crumbling them into little pieces, and dropping them around.

Rachel: I know, I've been watching.

Falls into discussion around this and that perhaps this technique of crumbling is a professional approach to Fondue.

Henry enquires after the PhD.

I hadn't really considered that someone in the room might not know this.

Discussion of the academic process.

00:54:12

Rachel reads from Thomas A. Clark as a forfeit.

We can take a walk which is a sampling of different airs, the invigorating air of the heights, the filtered air of a pine forest, the rich air over ploughed earth.

For the right understanding of the landscape information must come to the intelligence from all the senses.

Eating.

Relaxed discussion of food, Cornish pasties with pudding in, the idea of chocolate in the bottom of the fondue.

A long period of nervousness here for me. I stab my finger with my fork, causing my finger to bleed.

Perhaps this section needs tightening or clarifying, but also it is necessary to allow the dinner to be a dinner you have to perhaps let this space be? And deal with the nervousness.

Jacob loses some bread to the increasingly thick fondue.

00:58:05

Jacob: Early one morning, any morning, we can set out, with the least possible baggage and discover the world.

Always, everywhere people have walked, veining the earth with paths, visible or invisible, symmetrical or meandering.

00:58:30

Jessica: A stick of ash or blackthorn through long use will adjust itself to the palm.

A rock outcrop, a fallen branch, a hedge, anything that turns us out of our way is an excellent thing on a walk

Jeff Buckley begins to play in the background. And I begin to talk about Jacob and his crows.

Going back to listening to songs, I didn't meet many people whilst on the walk, I don't know whether that was because I was in a sort of personal shutdown space, but then I also find I'm generally the last person people sit next to on a bus or sort of a train I'm generally, quite safe for quite a long time.

Rachel: Do you have a stand-off face?

I don't know whether I have a stand-off face, but definitely motoring across northern France I didn't really meet anyone, I met a couple of people, but when I was camped in the campsite in Germany I met a guy called Jacob who was from Belgium, and really keen to talk. I was in the campsite for two nights, and the night before I spoke to him I lay my tents listening to him get drunk with a pair of Lithuanians, and he had this favourite drink of his that he'd offer around. And so we got talking the next night, and it was quite a strange conversation. And he said he goes on holiday there every year, and I like to think that I could go back there this year or next year and find him at the same place at the same time, in June to the same campsite and he'd probably still be there. So we got talking and he was there on holiday on his own because his wife had left him a few years ago, and she left him to become a Buddhist and move to Nepal, apparently properly became a Buddhist and lived in a cave somewhere, completely vanished, and I told him about my dad and he was sort of a bit drunk by then and he said "D'you know I've got this really nice song in my car I'd like to play you," so he brought his car over, and he opened both the windows, and he played Jeff Buckley's hallelujah really really loudly.

01:00:49

(Laughter)

You know with the boot open and the speakers blaring, it wasn't that late... But it was late enough for it to be... An issue. And we both sat there, sort of slightly weeping to ourselves about our predicaments. And he told me about his local village in Belgium, and where he'd go every year where crows would nest every year, and sometimes a baby Crow would fall down from its nest, and he'd rescue it. He had a few these crows, and he'd go year after year, and he'd be able to call them down out of the churchyard, and they'd feed from his hand and stuff. And the next day when I was walking off after I'd said goodbye to Jacob, walked past a baby bird that fallen onto the footpath, and I didn't quite know what to do, because you can't just put them back the birds refuse them because of the smell of humans, and it was there on the past sort of halfway to being eaten by ants. So I put it out of its misery, and it wasn't a very pleasant experience, and infuriating because I thought I could have given it to Jacob, and he could have taken it back to Belgium, but I didn't. I felt a bit bad about that. The weather in the Black Forest was very particular, it was very clockwork. And I don't know whether they have a stormy season whether this happens all the time, but you'd get up, and it would be blazingly hot sunshine, hot sunshine, until about 1 o'clock, bit cloudy, 2 o'clock Thunder, 3 o'clock pouring with rain and lightning, 4 o'clock sunny. And I did it for four days why was there and, I was like, does it do this all the time In the summer, it was amazing. And on the day's Jacob would go off driving around the Valley, and on the day we listened to hallelujah he had seen three cows die, under a tree struck by lightning. And it was just a bit strange that one of the only people I spoke to my entire journey, was this kind of lonely man, who'd suffered all these things, I was like, right I might just keep going then and not talk to anyone again, until I get to Switzerland. It was just a bit strange, but I gave him my business card when I left, though I've never heard from him. The only other guy I met was a botanist, who was

walking the St. Jacques Des Compostelle through France, and I was sat on the road drying my tent out, on the side of the road and he was walking past and he looked at me and asked "where are you going?", So I replied "Switzerland, where are you going?", "Spain". And so we walked together for a kilometer down the road, and as he was a botanist, he told me about the things in the hedgerows you could eat, and about the little dragonflies fluttering here and there, and I gave him a couple of apples and we parted ways. And we swapped business cards as well as I had a couple of emails of him, and he mainly keeps asking me whether I thought there was something wrong with him as well, he kept walking until October until he got to Spain. But I think he's got something wrong with him, seems to be the suggestion, some sort of mental condition by the sound of it. And I was about it for six weeks on the conversation front, I wasn't used to talking to people.

Henry interjects with a question. "I was kind of curious as to how you coped after you walk with that, that switch from silence to being around people again?"

Well it was strange, because I arrived into a house that were really welcoming but couldn't speak English. So I had to be polite and nice, but I didn't necessarily have to talk to them in a way, because we couldn't really. They were really warm and welcoming, and that's partly where this whole fondue thing has come from, because I arrived and we had melted cheese for dinner, and the man of the house was able to translate to the family, things that I told them or things that we said, and he'd similarly translate back. And there was one story that the mother of the house told me about, she had recently been on the national news in Switzerland, and I can't find it any more it used to be online, but she'd been on the news because her chicken in the garden had recently laid the largest egg that had ever been laid in Switzerland. And so the news people came round, and they got her to recreate the moment when she found the act for film, so they had to go out to the garden and they had brought a dummy egg, because the original didn't exist any more, I don't think they ate it but I don't know. And then when I got back to London, it was just complete overload, I just couldn't cope. I went to a club night that my friend puts on and I just couldn't cope I had to go home. So there was a week of downtime in Switzerland, hanging out with a family I couldn't talk to. And then I went back to London and then back to Wales, to my mums house, and slowly reintroduced myself to society that way.

Jess asks: "Do you think that maybe influenced your desire to come to, the need for a slower pace?"

London happened by accident, I was always looking for a way out. I go on to discuss, my presence in Cornwall, not hilly enough, slightly too far from me. The notion of a tertiary horizon that I keep returning to.

Slightly uncomfortable silence/period for me here.

Mention of flapjacks.

I left London with a stove, and good intentions, but also some flapjack.

Fear of the stove.

Walking through Kent, I kept thinking to myself, can't believe my friends let me do this, I can't believe no one told me this was a bad idea.

Jess; Did it get better...or was it generally?

Here did become amazing it was, it became monastic by nature you wake with a sunrise and go to sleep when the sun set.

I am nervous here, fiddling with my bread again. An uncertain stretch of time where I talked about the direction and the camping, and the monastic sense of the journey.

Getting lost wasn't really an option, you'd arrive somewhere and then deal with it.

The direction of the journey was generally a quarter of the horizon 'that way', and the only time I really got lost, was when I arrived where I was meant to be, when I arrived in the village, I had an address, but I don't know where it is. So I walked into the corner shop, and they didn't know where it was, Swiss villages are quite spread out over a series of hills, so I walked up the main street to the church and rang my mum and asked her, do you know where the house is? And she replied that somewhere opposite the bakery she vaguely remembered a path, and you go down the lane and across a few fields, and they'll go cross a road, and then you arrive at the back of the houses, and you'll probably have to go through little alley or something. And I was okay that sounds okay so I set off, and I found the lane opposite the bakery and walked down and across the fields crossed the road, and they were stood in the back garden. And my mum rang me back, and was like have you found it yet? And I replied, I think they're looking at me I better go. And all the kids from the street, had clustered around the snicket and then followed me to the house, where the man of the house open the door and said "welcome home".

At this point Carl Orff starts on the soundtrack and I announce – somewhat mistakenly, or accidentally that there is one more performance to do and that then we are nearly done. This is bad. And also in the above section I should aim to steer the conversation away from the arrival in Switzerland as it is too soon to discuss it. For there was definitely an air in the room whereby once I had talked about this arrival this was the logical conclusion to the performance. However this is not the way I have designed the performance and the transect should work in another way here.

The forthcoming performance is the text from *When I think of the Artist Yves Klein* read out from the record sleeve. So perhaps the above section – the discussion of the horizon should linger over Germany, and events there, the horizon being chased as a destination.

Arrival in Switzerland should join the discussion of *Happy Cubes* that forms the more formal end of the performance. You definitely should not suggest the performance is nearly finished around this time. This is tied to your anxiety and lack of confidence in the event or yourself. This suggestion contains or exists because you presume people have had enough already, that they would rather leave, when this is not the case at all if you look at responses and feed back at the end.

01:21:05 End of Klein reading.

So I had a few days off in Germany, I hadn't been in a city for a while, and I was in a city called Freiburg, which is one of the greenest cities in Germany, which makes it one of the greenest cities in Europe. It's all tramlines and eco-housing, and a big river in the middle.

Reading of postcard from Freiburg:

They have vineyards opposite McDonald's
And I get lost in the labyrinth
Approaching their first city.

So did lots of things shouldn't of, I went to a vintage shop, accidentally bought a pair of shoes, and then finally around 4 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, I found the record shop. And I knew I couldn't buy anything, the Post Office had closed I was leaving town the next day, but still I went in, and the guy was halfway through closing, so I just had a quick flick through the bargain bin and I came across this weird blue record which is a recording of a conference speech that Yves Klein gave in the 50s, and is number 477 of 500 hands numbered copies. And it was two euros, so I said to myself "I don't care, I know that I'm going to have to carry that to Switzerland, but I'm going to buy it". So I was able to box up the shoes and post them back, and weirdly when I got back to Hackney and put them on, I jumped on my bike and cycled over to my brother's house and took a few steps, and thought that's weird, something's not right here. And it turned out one of the shoes had been orthopedically raised, so that the previous owner had had one leg shorter than the other. So I had to spend the entire night out in Hackney, hobbling slightly, with one leg longer than the other. And the record I had to carry over the Black Forest Mountain range, with the record squashed into my rucksack, thinking, I'm sure that's worth more than two euros, I'm sure I shouldn't be squashing it into my rucksack in quite the way I am.

And at the time I was reading Rebecca Solnit's *A Field guide to getting lost*, in which there's a chapter dedicated to Yves Klein, which, strangely convinced me to like him.

01:24:49

I don't know, I never really liked Yves Klein, I assumed he was a pretentious artist, any sort of was but he was very good at it. So that text that I just read out is an amalgamation of extracts from a chapter by Rebecca Solnit and my own writing about the journey. He was probably one of the best mythologisers' is the world's known. One of his most famous exhibitions was when he spent a week in a gallery in Paris just cleaning it and painting it and meditating on it, and then he had a private view, and this was like 1954, and thousands of people came to the private view where they served blue cocktails and there was nothing in the room at all. The blue cocktails made all the arty people in Paris piss blue for a week, and that was the only outcome of the exhibition. And then he also produced a series of works that he called voids, that you had to pay for in solid gold, and you had to go and meet him by a river to pay for this void, and he made you burn the receipt, and then he threw the gold in the river. You were buying the experience, and he didn't get anything for it and you didn't get anything either.

Jess: How many voids did he sell?

"Several" is the wording used by Rebecca Solnit.

He was a black belt in judo, he was obsessed by judo and horse riding, and he wants to go to Ireland to learn how to horse ride and then he wanted to ride from Paris to Japan to become really good at judo. In the end his aunt bought him a ticket, and he flew to Japan and became really good at judo. And this was before he became an artist or was interested in art, and then when he came back to Paris, he looked at art, and said to himself that looks interesting, I'll give that a go. So he patented the blue colour the record sleeve is printed in, it's called IKB 147. It has its own Pantone number, and he did lots of blue paintings, and he did lots of gold paintings. The other thing is famous for is, he got a string quartet to play in a room, where he'd covered the floor in canvas, and then he'd daub some naked ladies in blue paint, and get them to roll around on the floor whilst listening to Bach. And all this was sort of a really significant step towards Fluxus, performance art, conceptual art, as it was happening around 1950.

Fact check this above date. And all dates around Yves Klein – birth death, age at death etc.

He was dead by the age of 33, and he was addicted to barbiturates. And there was something about reading that chapter and finding a record at the same time, that combined to make me respect him a bit more. And I haven't got the record translated into English yet, but I am intrigued by what he might say.

Eating takes place.

Jacob asks a question that throws the discussion towards the discussion of the geography of Freiburg.

Swimming in Freiburg – reason this is interesting is the notion of moving in a different way. More could be made of this though.

Discussion of Walking Home Again with Darren and Mum.

How was re-walking?

Problematic nature of walking with two people simultaneously.

Discussion of walking in Kent, the trees have grown, a slightly different time of year. The strange idea of revisiting somewhere you walked through once 5 years ago. This shadowy memory of place.

Lord Darnley's mausoleum. (Death again – more could be made of this)

It's never been a mausoleum and it's never been anything else.

Ongoing process of revisiting sections. Rules of 5 other people to go and walk with. Walking Home Again. Taking out of my hands the process of inviting people. Restriction of method.

Question from Rachel about walking with strangers.

The next round of Walking Home Again being mainly strangers.

Logistical issues of this.

Folding the outcomes of WHA into Fondue, and the idea of folding this recording of Fondue into future versions of Fondue, via the soundtrack. Weave previous iterations of an event into the current event, and how to do this, developing some sort of way of doing this.

Permissions. Still need to get the forms back! 19-3-2014.

The idea that this performance will always build on its previous iteration, that it almost always exists as a rehearsal for a performance that never happens.

Rachel recognizes Aphex Twin.

Discussion now turns to discussing the event that is ongoing. Created a conversation that is reflexive.

Rachel: because when I'm listening to the music I'm imagining, when you're telling is about Jacob in the car, the Jeff Buckley, I'm imagining or you were saying also the song you listened to in its entirety that these are songs that you had with you, or a kind of songs that are within the trip, and so the something useful about those being recognizable.

What Rachel is saying here is that it is useful to have songs in the soundtrack that are recognizable, but only if they pertain to the trip. If a song does not pertain to the trip then it should not be recognizable, i.e. in the current soundtrack there is an Aphex Twin song that has no bearing relationship to the trip, yet is recognizable or potentially recognizable by audience members, making it an issue.

At this point I acknowledge that we have started talking as though the performance has ended whilst it is still going on. This leads to the comedic line: so if we can stop talking like this and go back to talking how we were, that would be great, I don't know how that works, don't worry. Laughter.

Discussion of Flint performance with El and the large scale performance installation based on the walk.

The Soundtrack has been for some time running Yves Klein and then Aphex Twin with a bit of The Caretaker thrown in, this section needs more refinement, more rigor, possibly an additional fugue to keep the performance on track.

Ongoing discussion on Sideways falls off the back of Flint.

I return to the table from the Klein performance with A Field Guide to Getting Lost

01:41:10

A reading from Solnit begins with "The world is blue in its edges and in its depths."

The reading continues as part of the soundtrack, the two overlapping, but the overlapping needs to on for longer, be more subtle, become tighter, become a performed thing, that is not presaged by me saying "I'm not sure the next bit is going to work very well".

"The world is blue at its edges and in its depths. This blues the light that got lost. Lighted the blue end of the spectrum and travel whole distance from the sun to others. It disperses among the molecules of the air, it scatters in water. Water is colourless, shallow water appears to be the colour of whatever lies underneath it but deep-water is full of the scattered light, the pure the water the deeper the blue. The sky is blue for the same reason, the blue at the horizon, the blue of land seems to

be dissolving into the sky, is a deeper, dreamy, melancholy blue, the blue the farthest reaches of the places where you see for miles, the blue of distance. This light that does not touch, does not travel the whole distance, the light that gets lost, gives us the beauty of the world, so much of which is in the colour of blue.

For many years, I have been moved by the blue at the far edge of what can be seen, that colour of Horizons, of remote mountain ranges, of anything far away. The colour of that distance is the colour of an emotion, the colour of solitude and of desire, the colour of there seen from here, the colour of where you are not. And the colour of where you can never go. For the blue is not in the place those miles away at the horizon, but in the atmospheric distance between you and the mountains. "Longing," says the poet Robert Hass, "because desire is full of endless distances." Blue is the colour of longing for the distances you never arrive in, the blue world. One soft humid early spring morning driving a winding road across Mount Tamalpais, the 2500 foot mountain just north of the golden gate bridge, a bend reveals a sudden vision of San Francisco in shades of blue, a city in a dream, and I was filled with a tremendous yearning to live in that place of blue hills and blue buildings, so I do live there, I had just left there after breakfast, and the brown coffee and yellow eggs and green traffic lights filled me with no such desire, and besides I was looking forward to going hiking on the mountains west slope.

We treat desire is a problem to be solved, address what desire is for and focus on that something and how to acquire it rather than on the nature and the sensation of desire, though often it is in the distance between us and the object of desire that fills the space in between with the blue of longing. I wonder sometimes whether with a slight adjustment of perspective it could be cherished as a sensation on its own terms, since it is as inherent to the human condition as blue is to distance? If you can look across the distance without wanting to close it up, if you can own your longings in the same way that you own the beauty of that blue that can never be possessed? For something of this longing well, like the blue of distance, only be relocated, not assuaged by acquisition and arrival, just as the mountain ceased to be blue when you arrive among them and the blue instead tints the next beyond. Somewhere in this is the mystery of why tragedies are more beautiful than comedies and why we take at huge pleasure in the sadness of certain songs and stories. Something is always far away.

The mystic Simone Weil wrote to a friend on another continent, "letters love this distance, which is thoroughly woven with friendship, since those who do not love each other not separated." For Weil, love is the atmosphere that fills and colours the distance between herself and her friend. Even when that friend arrives on the doorstep, something remains impossibly remote: when you step forward to embrace them your arms wrapped around mystery, around the unknowable, around that which cannot be possessed. The fast seats in even to the nearest. After all we hardly know our own depths."

This section from page 29 to 31 from a Field guide to getting lost is followed by a discussion of how European painters in the 15th century began to paint the blue of distance. While it is being read out during the performance, I sit and face the audience and flick through a selection of close-up cropped landscape paintings, that cropped in such a way as to draw attention to the blue of distance the blue of the horizon, this fundamental sense of longing hangs behind the work walking home. The perpetual pursuit of a horizon I will never reach, the perpetual pursuit of conversations I will never have, with a man I will never know, that is the void that is seeking to be filled by this auto ethnographic pursuit into transect in that particular part of Western Europe to which I feel I belong.

01:45:50

Reading ends and I explain the source of the recording as a hillside in Germany, where I read the extract to Darren Fleetwood and Elizabeth Butler as part of Walking Home Again.

So that's an extract from a Field guide to getting lost, that I read to my mum and my best friend, whilst in Southern Germany in the Black Forest.

And so I know I said when I arrived, that I went on holiday with the family that lived in the house, I sat in the back of the car with their two kids, they were about this big. I don't know what that is, I think it's about six and eight. And so we couldn't communicate, they didn't speak English, so at least not in that way. So we got given these little travel toys, we got given one of these, and I've got one for each of you now. And so of course [Sat in the back of the car], you have to do them before the six and eight-year-old, because they're six and eight, and you're grown-up.

The performance concludes with ten minutes of this attempting to finish these cubes, it is meant to involve the audience in the type of experience that I had whilst in Switzerland, and whilst walking home, it is not a representation of that experience, but a direct first hand, in the Merleau-Ponty sense of an experience, whereby it arrives at their senses first, their sense of touch and taste, and smell, their emotional experience.

The soundtrack runs out here before the puzzles are completed by anyone and so this needs to be addressed. The soundtrack should have an extension that runs beyond the supposed timeline of the performance.

But also it is noted that the tension of completing the cubes is heightened in a positive fashion by the music and the particular section of Reich's 18 musicians.

Like Sheldrake's Bluetits four of the five people very quickly after each other complete their cubes.

02:01:55

End of the performance is followed by off the record conversation, after which I sit down after the guests have left and write the following four pages of notes in my journal. Immediate reflections.

Initial exhausted notes.

It's okay. It's fine. Don't be nervous, the structure helps and it works, you bury the person and you get it out there to start with and then everything flows. [By this I am referring to my father's death and the fact that it is mentioned very early on in the performance].

There are issues on the soundtrack, periods when it does and doesn't work.

- The birds are good way markers within the soundtrack especially. Add more of these and become familiar with where they are
- It needs to evolve between each playing. By this I mean the soundtrack should reflect the previous fondue not fondue in general. It should generate itself by being performed.
- Delete the Aphex Twin track from the soundtrack, it is too noticeable, whilst also not having any relationship to the actual journey
- Reduce Steve Reich, or rather look to develop your own ambient recordings perhaps using Ableton live, but also start a conversation with El about potential collaboration on a soundtrack.

The happy cubes are great.

When going through the audio for the transcript, pick out the changes that you made to the fugues. Some things were added and others were removed or forgotten. Rewrite these, but loosely, you have them. This bears intense relationship to my current issues with my radio show planning, the semi-scripted plan, the idea that somehow you need to have a vague idea of what's coming, but not so much of an idea that it's an issue if you can't remember what's next.

The room is small but it's not impossible.

Five people max. And even though you move around the room always return to your chair to read or perform, is rude not to otherwise you end up addressing half the rooms backs.

Horizon paintings. You need to expand your knowledge here and thereby improve this selection, it feels empty at the moment somehow I'm not comfortable with it. As it stands I use the paintings of Constable, Corot, and Caspar David Friedrich, I'm sure there are many other painters from these key areas of England France and Germany that could be added to this section.

However the segueing from reading live into the soundtrack is a very interesting device and works well, you should read more live so before letting the recording takeover. This needs to be tweaked to playing with the levels on the soundtrack and rehearsing in a room.

Add a chunk of music to the end of the soundtrack, this to function as wind down from the performance, so that we do not end up just sitting in silence whilst completing the happy cubes.

The performance broke down this time around one hour 45 minutes. This may be because there was too much time between the Reims fugue and Jeff Buckley's crows and then again between Jeff Buckley and Yves Klein. There feels like there is some to a space here for an action perhaps, not sure.

Recordings of audience reading Thomas A Clark may be useful for the next iteration. Is there perhaps a way of using a secondary sound source in the room becoming an action perhaps. By this I suggest moving around the room and pressing play on a tape player at a certain point for example, the cassette being a recording from another fondue performance.

It's kind of a rehearsal, but it's also kind of a rehearsal for something that is always going to be a rehearsal.

Maybe "full cheese rehearsal"[FCR] is the next stage of fondue, or subtitle for it.

Keep the Adobe audition track opened and evolving. Like the graphics core, do not treat it as precious. Export to iTunes after changing and rerun the FCR.

Installation aspects? Invite fine art students/lecturers or people from fine art next time. Felix was a no-show.

I think it's ending will always sprawl off subject and into semi-reflective analysis and I think that's something we have to be open to and fine about. The happy cubes create a light-hearted atmosphere in the room the give the participants space to reflect and think about what's just happened, it is likely that you'll have to accept, that they may here voice their thoughts upon the performance within its wake.

More origami boxes. Made up of toner print on HP, to house various small notes, trinkets mementos objects etc.

Projections? There's no real room in my dining room for the projections to take place. But perhaps still it would be relevant, printed and displayed on the wall, or scattered on the side.

Lots of areas to research more e.g. Edward Thomas and Ivor Gurney; Abbey plans monastery plans; Corbusier, and British 60s brutalism. And whether there is any interest in relationship to be played with between the plans of abbeys and monasteries, and Corbusier and British brutalism. Paper folding, origami boxes and bookbinding should book somehow become more a part of this. The gurney poem. In a book.

Make a book documenting this fondue that is housed in future fondues. Make a visitor book for fondue that becomes a record of it.

Restriction to bread cheese and pickles was potentially bad? Another dish perhaps? Spinach from France? Flapjacks? Hard-boiled eggs?

One other thought those occurred to me since, is that the fondue went over, was overcooked, because I left the house to go and collect the guests. Perhaps what my assistant does in this time, is that my assistant goes to get the guests. And that I, open the door upon their return, and commence the performance with the words "welcome home". This experience is then replayed in the performance during the retelling of my arrival at the house in Switzerland.

10. *Resting Places*. Paper presented as part of 'Performing Grief' conference, Sorbonne, Paris, 2014.

Resting places.

A performed paper given at 'performing grief', Sorbonne University of Paris, October 17th, 2014.

Bram Thomas Arnold.

Slide 1 - camp at Ponteverté.

Introduce yourself casually.

Slide 2 - camp at Ponteverté with title overlaid

"Resting Places. Bram Thomas Arnold"

Introduction.

I was invited by Marie to present a performance that, fatefully perhaps, due to technical issues, of which there have already been many this morning, and the divide within French academies, I am unable to perform for you. There are no white walls at the Sorbonné.

I describe myself most frequently as an artist, a pedestrian and a writer. The sequential order of those phrases is significant, considered.

I do indeed produce writing, indeed I'm reading some now, and am indeed entering the world of academia. But I am doing so very much from the position of a visual practitioner.

I will be presenting fragments of two works from my body of research into a practice-based PhD entitled "walking home: the footpath as transect in an 800km long autoethnographic enquiry."

As a visual practitioner I would hold to the statement that visual language enables us to communicate in a way that cannot be expressed otherwise. The medium through which ideas are visually expressed is the only way their precise meaning can be contrived. And yet, within that precise meaning, there is frequently an intended ambiguity, held within.

Grief is a lonely place. It is an isolating experience & all of this took place in the wake of my father's death.

I lost my father several times before he eventually died, passed away in an NHS wardened institution for the mentally ill.

I received his ashes in the post, by courier from the crematorium.

And on the second anniversary of his death I performed a work called "Portraits of my Father", it was to be re-performed here, but it is perhaps more fitting not to do so for we have never met before.

Slide 3 - film clip, the spoon.

A short clip will now be shown from the original performance, if I can make this technological particularity work.

[stand still, no fidgeting, head bowed, eyes open]

5 minutes.

Slide 4 - transect slide, a map of Europe, a pen mark.

'Walking Home' existed as an idea before my father died. He had already gone anyway, was already an absence. My own beginnings had already been mythologised by myself. For as Solnit, Dideon & Campbell have pointed out "we tell ourselves stories in order to live". We mythologise events to make sense of them, to comprehend and contain them, Ria Hartley, a colleague of mine terms them bio-myths.

I was born in St.Gallen, Switzerland. I have an unusual name. People assume I am foreign. But I grew up in wales. I have no other language. We travelled for my father's job. What did he do? I don't know. He worked for Monsanto. Usually gets a negative response.

I set out to walk a transect from London, my home at the time, to St.Gallen. A pilgrimage of sorts, for pilgrimage is a form of penance, or punishment, self-inflicted or otherwise. The mind works at 3 miles an hour, walking is the best way to cope with these things. Guilt, or embarrassment, from the French: to hamper, embarre, and the Italian, imbarre, to encounter a barrier, something you can't get round. I walked.

Slide 5 - camp, a B&B in Dover, Kent.

51' 7'37.2000" north
1' 18'59.7600" east

And I slept. I slept in towns and in forests. And at each place I had with me a small pouch of these things. These ashes. What, even, are they? What do they burn, the whole coffin? Really? And what of the nails? The screws? The lining, whose colour I had to choose. Is that all here too?

Slide 6 - camp, Val de Vesle.

49' 10'2.9244" north
4' 12'52.6680" east

At each place my rucksack would explode at the relief of being put down. Everything would fall out and I would be left with this pouch. Where do I put it in this coffin of a tent?

Near my face? Near my feet? In those neat little pockets tent manufacturers construct for 'valuables'?

Slide 7 - camp, Col Du Mandray.

48' 12'9.0864" north
7' 0'20.5380" east

Are they valuable? How do we give them meaning? Do they become an object? How do we hold that object?

Slide 8 - Picture of the urn.

Funerals are a rarely attended thing. Even less spoken of - "oh that was a good one, wasn't it" "...I enjoyed that one"..."did you go to that one?".

Grief as Colm Toibin recently put it, is something we're ashamed of, an elephant in the room, something we are embarrassed to be around.

They arrived in this. The lid taped up with gaffer tape. And upon unscrewing the urn, they spilt themselves out of the thread, and vanished into the shag pile carpet of my new flat in a town I had only just moved to. They de-materialised themselves in that one action, they were no longer one, they were no longer whole, they were all over the floor.

Slide 9 - portrait 2.

Grieving for someone you knew, I imagine, is very different from grieving for an absence. During the performance I produced 4 portraits, one for each surviving member of my family. I call them portraits, for they hang, passport photo sized grey squares.

Like miniature landscapes in relief of a country I didn't know well, nor had any idea how to navigate. I got lost in them. The past was a foreign country, and I didn't go there often.

Slide 10 - installation shot 1, audience perspective.

I wore black, and do today, because it feels right somehow. As though it were the only motif I had to cling to, from a time perhaps when mourning was more acknowledged in society. When grief and dying were closer to all involved. When death was ever round the corner.

We have banished death from our late-capitalist world. Where the perpetual now is all that matters. Is all that we are told is really valued.

Death is a far off place that we do not discuss.

We have lost the ability to deal with it when it turns up.

Slide 11 - installation shot 2, post performance.

'Portraits of my Father' was an attempt at reclaiming this sense of ritual.

Invitation was by invite only. Invites were delivered by post only. Responses were accepted by post only. This is perhaps why it makes sense that I am not simply doing this performance again for you now. Perhaps it need never be performed again.

Slide 12 - installation shot 3, post performance.

Afterward the installation stood for 3 days. The ashes that fell on the floor stayed there. The ash that blew back into my face, dried my eyeballs and dusted my mouth, became part of me.

Slide 13 - portrait 2 unframed.

I come here as an artist. I have not yet looked too closely at the academic conversations surrounding grief and performance. I come here to learn from you, and to offer a small morsel from the front lines of grief.

Slide 14 - ashes in a crystal glass.

When I arrived in Switzerland I threw the ashes I had carried with me into the river near where I was born, from a crystal glass I retrieved from my father's attic.

Slide 15 - ashes in midair over the river sitter.

I did not want to carry them into the home where he once lived. I did not want to burden the people who live there now with that weight.

Slide 16 - fondue installation shot 1.

Fondue.

Fondue is something else I am working on also. When I arrived in the house I was born in, in Switzerland, the family welcomed me home, and we had fondue. It exists now as a performance and a place where all the angles of this autoethnography can be displayed and displaced amongst each other.

Slide 17 - fondue installation shot 2.

Invite is by post only, and the event will be performed over a number of evenings in a gallery in the UK next spring. The evening is dispersed along the transect of a journey from London to St.Gallen, both literally and metaphorically through the span of my research and practice.

Slide 18 - still of ashes and resting place, Ponteveté.

On Monday I am going to revisit a ruined Cistercian monastery near Laon. Re-walking my memory into the place and introducing my research into the environment there.

To return to a place I was in once, 5 years ago, is an experiment that may go horribly wrong. For as Dylan Trigg puts it: "experience shows us repeatedly, that when returning to a place from our past the effect is invariably alienating rather than reassuring".

For then we have to carry that feeling back into the places we currently inhabit. And it inverts our vision of the world, it is disquieting.

For places we revisit after a long absence remind us that we do not matter. That we are of no consequence to the passing of time. To the turning of the seasons. To the lie of the land. It carried on without us while we were away. It noticed our passing not at all. It did not notice we were there. It did not notice we had left. And then we have to carry that feeling back, into the places we currently inhabit, and it inverts our vision of the world, it is disquieting.

Slide 19 -

I would like to conclude with another clip from portraits of my father. At the time the work was titled '(ref 183376)', the number, printed on the label, that didn't quite fit, in the groove on the plastic urn, that I continue to move house with, every time I find a new home.

Due to the minor technical issues I now have to go to that part of the room, and do something with this.

film clip 2 is shown.

11. *Walking Home (Again)* autoethnographic performance in the gallery. Paper presented as part of 'Story's place in our lives' conference, Mansfield College, Oxford, 2015.

This paper includes the fifth fugue from *Fondue* with extensive additions of both images and footnotes. It is envisaged this process may be retroactively undertaken upon the other four fugues for a future publication or presentation of this practice-based research.

Walking Home (Again) autoethnographic performance in the gallery.

Bram Thomas Arnold.

Part one.

My practice based research, elements of which shall be presented here, has evolved out of an overlapping of multiple concepts from several fields of practice that are played out in a performance that takes place within the white walled gallery space. To articulate the foundations of this work it is necessary to define the practice of autoethnography and the notion of the journey-form before arriving at what I have come to term the autoethnographic transect that is at the heart of this body of research: a transect that is a geographic divining tool for the construction of narratives that overlay the personal, political, social and geographic strata of the self.

Walking Home is the title of a project that I had already conceived of around the time I first came into contact with the notions of autoethnography whilst studying the fundamental properties of Ecology at Dartington College of Arts. *Walking Home (Again)* is the title of a recent exhibition held in Falmouth as the conclusion of a body of research in the wake of a walk that took place in the wake of my fathers death.

Autoethnography.

The practice of autoethnography evolved out of a post-modern approach to ethnography, first raising its head in those communities that were initially the subjects of colonial ethnographic exploration, turning the ethnographic eye onto their own communities, writing them from their own perspectives (Hayano, 1979; Heider, 1975; Pratt, 1992). This practice was then brought back into western ethnographic practices as a useful method "of producing meaningful, accessible, and evocative research grounded in personal experience...[of] experiences shrouded in silence" (Ellis et al., 2010). It is around the writing of Ellis that a consensus appears to have formed regarding the definition of the practice (Short et al., 2013: 1) where she states autoethnography is "An approach to research and writing that seeks to describe and systematically analyze personal experience in order to understand cultural experience"(Ellis et al., 2010).

In 2000 Ellis and Bochner compiled a list of some 39 distinct methods that autoethnography encompassed but it was their preface to this list that was its primary lure: "[T]he meanings and applications of autoethnography have evolved in a manner that makes precise definition and application difficult" (Ellis and Bochner in Denzin and Lincoln, 2000: 739). The full list can be found in Chang's *Autoethnography as Method* (Chang, 2008: 49) and it is from this work that I have taken a number of methods and adapted them in a reflexive process through my practice. A practice born out of the transdisciplinary status of 'performance writing' examining how "liveness enables us to perceive [...] the ontological and practical limits of performance"(Bailes, 2011: 7).

Journey-form.

The notion of the journey-form is taken from Nicolas Bourriauds *The Radicant* (Bourriaud, 2009). Bourriaud is a critic and curator famed for charting a "contemporary cultural landscape in which artists aimed to move beyond the mere representation of the world in order to construct models for living within it"(Overend, 2013: 367). Moving on from his *Relational Aesthetics* (Bourriaud, 2001) into the rapidly changing climate of the 21st century Bourriaud has stated that the "individual of these early years of the twenty-first century resembles those

plants that do not depend on a single root for their growth but advance in all directions on whatever surfaces present themselves”(Bourriaud, 2009: 51). He is talking here of plants such as Ivy, or Strawberries, a botanical family known as *radicants*, developing their roots as they advance across the soil, and within this work he sets out the notion of radicant aesthetics, the work of artists whose practice is mobile and actively participating in a process that sees the activation of “space by time and time by space, in the symbolic reconstruction of fault lines, divisions, fences, and paths. [...] In short, in working on alternative maps of the contemporary world and processes of filtration”(ibid: 125). The journey-form as artwork has emerged in a world where “all geography becomes psycho-geography”(ibid 120) through the multiplicity of processes that the ever-expanding digital age has constructed, there is no longer any *terra-incognita* left on the surface of the earth, “in a world that records as quickly as it produces art no longer immortalizes but tinkers and arranges” (ibid 88). In this world then, how are artists to form new structures, new versions of the world?

The autoethnographic transect.

"transect A line used in ecological surveys to provide a means of measuring and representing graphically the distribution of organisms, especially when they are arranged in a linear sequence or to investigate an environmental gradient. Recordings are made at intervals along the line. A transect is particularly useful for detecting transitions or distribution patterns"(Allaby, 2004: 409).

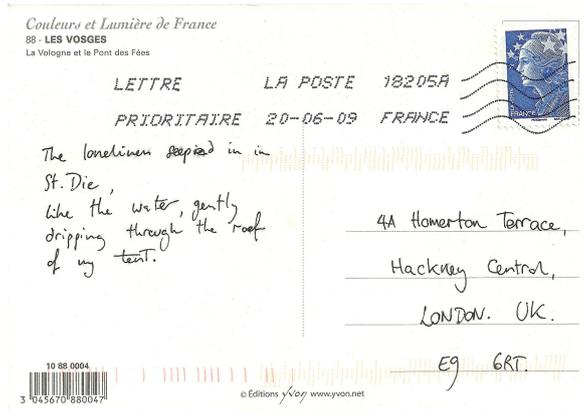
Terminologies are fluid. It is the fluidity within autoethnography and within the journey-form that inebriates my practice and so a final turn to another field is necessary, that of ecology itself; a relatively youthful science that as Timothy Morton has proven is itself in a constant state of flux (Morton, 2012: 1-19). A transect in the conventional sense is defined above, but through my practice I initially sought to ask what if a line were *X* miles long, walked and then talked into being, what stories would you tell, what cultures would you encounter, what discoveries would you make and through which lens would you seek to perceive (see Arnold in Qualmann and Hind, 2015).

The notion of an *autoethnographic transect* is the triangulated outcome of a practice based research project probing these ideas. A line drawn between two places of personal significance, which is then walked, talked and performed into being.

Fondue was a performance installation that took place in a white walled gallery space, a performance that used memory and oblivion as a constructive binary to articulate the fragility of recalling a personal journey through a universal experience: The loss of a parent, articulated through a transect walked and talked into being, from London to St. Gallen. The performance was constructed in such a way that a semi-scripted structure, allowing for latitude and porosity, dialogue and interjection was created in the space between the artist and the audience: A performance as a dinner party where the food, the drink and the soundtrack were intrinsic elements of an ecological whole. Embedded within the performance were five fugues that were articulated from memory, each rendition remaking the piece anew, within which the overlapping presence of loss, home and memory were interrogated from a new angle, a new place upon the transect, a new time in history, another cultural node.

Fugue.

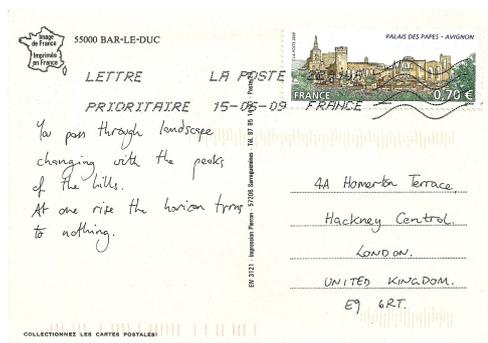
Once more to borrow a term the fugue first occurred in 1597 where it was simply posited as an event in music whereby “one part beginneth and the other singeth the same, for some number of notes (which the first did sing)” (OED online edition 2015). The simplicity of this 16th century definition is enacted during *Fondue* whereby each semi-scripted element of the 2 hour performance repeats the underlying motif of the first fugue which is instigated by reading a postcard I wrote in 2009 in a tent in St. Die Des Vosges in France.



The fugue moves on using the story of the town of St. Die to talk about a series of events that took place both during the journey and around the time of my father's death, but also about events that articulate this feeling of loss through a cultural lens. The fugue takes St. Die and its post-war reconstruction as a starting point before moving through brutalist architecture in the UK, NHS care homes, and a series of hermitages built in the wilderness of Siberia: each story circling the sense of loss that envelops the notion of home, itself a childish notion in an adult world. Between the fugues within *Fondue* conversation takes place and the journey is opened up to new layers of memory and interpretation between the host and the audience. Each subsequent fugue takes a new approach to the refrains of loss, memory and home, plans that do not quite work out, adding layers of ethnographic research into the role of an arts practitioner whose work takes walking as a foundation. These scripted fugues, written in order to be drawn from memory, and to subsequently draw from memory the unexpected, embrace the distortion and glitches this slippery shoreline entails. Each event is unto itself, a performance in which there is both pre-performance and failure, the concession that the present is never perfect and that the past cannot be recalled (Bailes, 2011; Carlson, 2004).

In the fifth fugue the personal encounter with death is finally broached for the first time, my father's ashes that have been in the room for the duration of the event, are drawn onto the stage, and the horizon, itself a metaphor for the unattainable, the ever-distant, is breached.

Part two.



For so long the horizon, about a quarter of it in a south southeasterly direction, was the goal. A pilgrimage to a place that will knowingly never be reached for you can't go home again¹.

I set out to walk a transect from London, my home at the time, to St. Gallen and then to the house I was born into in a village up the hill, in the wake of my estranged father's death². A pilgrimage of sorts, a form of penance, or punishment, self-inflicted. The mind works at three miles an hour and so walking is the best way to cope with these things³. Guilt

perhaps, or the more subtly misunderstood emotion embarrassment, that is perhaps best understood through its etymology, through its translation, through its roots.

From the French, *embarre*; meaning to hamper, and the Italian, *imbarre*; to encounter a barrier, something you can't get round⁴. I walked. This is the emotion I pursued into the distant folds of blue, I walked and I slept and I camped. And I camped here⁵:



And at each place my rucksack would explode, for this was not a holiday, this was not fun⁶. And everything would fall out of my pack and I would be left with this pouch, a small amount of my father's ashes. Where do I put them, in this coffin of a tent? Near my face? Too close. Near my feet? Too disrespectful. In those neat little pockets tent manufacturers construct for valuables?⁷

In the mornings they were the first thing I packed and in the evenings the last thing I placed, this scrap of blue that I carried towards the horizon welling into the blue line of the Vosges mountains before me⁸, and I rose with it into the clouds where I walked and I slept and I camped until Germany emerged in its distance, a blue shadow beyond the Rhine.



9

At some point my destination appeared before the horizon. For the first time in some time, I was not aiming to cross the horizon, but rather, my destination lay somewhere between here and there¹⁰. I crossed into Swiss sunlight to find, or at least imagine, that the sky was bluer, the water clearer, the fish in the water – happier; the farmers smiled, the dogs didn't bark, the shade seemed cooler, the cherries more scarlet and the hills, steeper.



11

It is so hard to find the beginning, or rather, it is difficult to find the beginning and try not to go further back¹².

Perhaps the beginning of all this was a reply to a letter I wrote to a family who live in a house I had never seen with adult eyes. Who invited me in, who invited me to stay, who welcomed me home to a house in a village above a city beyond a river¹³, the river next to which St. Gallus fell ill and founded the monastery, where the Plan of St. Gall was copied and lost, and found and then kept¹⁴.



15

The plan that formed the foundation of every abbey built in Europe, an ideal for living; a plan whose proportions were lost and then found and yet never quite taken up, never quite enacted in the world. But despite failure and disappointment the quest for a more nearly perfect order, expressed by hand, mind and spirit, continues to address a need deeply felt in human affairs¹⁶. Walking home was a dream, a vision, a necessary myth and a foretold failure.

They welcomed me home, this new family, with melted cheese and a dinner that was warm, and stumbling, and slightly awkward, lost in translation. I spent a week with them and the shoreline of this memory is now a bruised and battered victim of the sea of forgetting that continues to wash over it¹⁷.

They did however, definitely take me on holiday, and we travelled to the Alps with me in the back of their car. And in this silence of language they gave me, and their two children each one of these small puzzles, and so I'd like to end now at that beginning with a Happy Cube¹⁸ for each of you to attempt.

The last postcard I sent, was an image of the abbey library in St. Gallen, a library that houses one of the most significant collections of medieval literature in Europe, home of a plan that is as significant to the history of measurement as it is to the history of Europe, monasticism, literature and life.



Footnotes to Part two.

1. "You can't go home again." (Wolfe, 1972) This is the last line from Thomas Wolfe's penultimate novel *The Web and The Rock*, a copy of which I came across amongst my father's possessions in an NHS wardened flat for the mentally ill in Southampton in 2006.

2. I lost my father several times before he passed away in 2006. I last saw him in the travel section of a Waterstones' bookshop in Bath in the nineties, the precise date now lost to memory. I remember also another time, off sick from school when a psychiatrist telephoned our house to ask whether we had seen or heard from him as he had absconded from Southampton; later that year, or the next, we received a postcard from the Ukraine.

3. "Time saved by technology can be lavished on daydreams and meanders, [...] I fear [technologies] false urgency, their call to speed, their insistence that travel is less important than arrival. I like walking because it is slow, and I suspect that the mind, like the feet, works at about three miles an hour. If this is so, then modern life is moving faster than the speed of thought, or thoughtfulness" (Solnit, 2001: 10). Grieving is a process that technology has yet to generate a metaphoric space for, there are few digital metaphors for the process of dying or grief at such a loss, due in part to technologies unrelenting ability to retain information. Facebook and Twitter are both now encountering the issue of what to do with the pages of the deceased for example, and some figures predict that by 2060 there will be more dead people on Facebook than live users (McMullan, 2015).

4. "Perhaps it isn't quite so obvious, though, that the unspeakable is etymologically almost coextensive with the embarrassing. But according to the *American Heritage Dictionary*, our word "embarrassment" is derived from the "French *embarrasser*, to encumber, hamper" and the Italian "*imbarrare*, to block, bar." To be "embarrassed" means to be hindered "with obstacles or difficulties; impede[d]." At least in one sense, then, to be "embarrassed" is to be locked up in a silenced self, a self that can't and perhaps doesn't want to escape the prison of muteness if such an escape means having to confront the literal impossibility of speech about the unspeakable" (Gilbert, 2006: 251). I first presented this element of Fugue 5 at a conference at the Sorbonne, Paris, for which I dutifully attempted a French and an Italian accent.

5. *La Pêche en barque auprès des Saules*. Jean Baptiste Camille Corot. 1796 - 1895. This image is one of the 14 postcards sent in duplicate from *Walking Home*. Rural scenes of Northern France were regular scenes painted by Corot of whom it is written that, "as far as Impressionism is concerned, a picture emerges of Corot having been a major influence in the early years, both in terms of subject-matter and technique"(Clarke, 1991: 121). *Walking Home* was in part a journey through European landscape painting from Constables skies over London out into the grand tour of Europe as instigated frequently by the English aristocracy of the 17th Century, though the first such published adventure dates from 1611, see *Coryat's Crudities* (Coryate, 1978). This postcard was written at midday on the 11th of June, 2009 in the churchyard of Moivr , a small village embedded in the plains of Northern France, the text read:

*Straight roads and the plains of France,
Huge skies, heavy with rain,
And 29km of nothing, today.*

6. On the evening of the first day of my walk from London, I wrote "I am not an expert at this, this is not a holiday, it is hard work. A large dog suddenly raced past and I crashed back to reality, dived into my tent for the first time and attempted to fall asleep, into dreams filled mainly with people retributing me for sleeping in a tent in a nature reserve" (Arnold 2009). *Walking Home* took place prior to the release of a film called *Patience (After Sebald)* (Gee, 2011) in which the psychogeographer Iain Sinclair disdainfully suggested that, "the countryside is black with people, going for walks to write books" (ibid: 1.13:36), yet it also took place a long time after an anonymous writer proclaimed: "Trips and tours and excursions, and sentimental journeys, are become so much the ton, that every rambler who can write, (tolerably or intolerably), assumes the pen, and gives the public a journal of the occurrences and remarks to which his peregrinations have given birth" (Thompson, 2007: 31), a comment published in 1779.

7. Should anyone care for such a piece of advice could I suggest that valuables are most safely stowed in ones boots overnight whilst camping. That way there is no danger of packing them away with your tent in the morning as happened to me one sunny day in Kent, my sunglasses never recovered from this incident, and my fathers ashes were greatly distributed throughout the lining of my tent.

8. The Vosges mountain range spans 180 km from Belfort to Strasbourg and its description as "the blue line of the Vosges" plays a significant role in French colonial history, the description as such being used to turn French colonial attention away from Germanic conquests the far side of the range (Wesseling, 2002: 91-99).

9. *Village Landscape in Morning Light 1822*. Renowned for his pursuit of the sublime Caspar David Friedrich constructed idealized landscapes traces of which can be found as one traverses the Black Mountains of Southern Germany on foot. The prominence in this image of a dying Oak tree, piercing both the blue of distance in the horizon and the sky speaks of the turning point that Romantic painting and literature oversaw during the industrial revolution. "Friedrich's painting is the expression of those experiences that link the self and the external world" (Friedrich et al., 1972).

10. And for the first time I was lost, the sudden presence of a concrete destination, a particular place, after 5 weeks of walking as far as the day would take me saw me sit down on a bench and call my mother to ask: "Do you have any idea where the house is?" By finding the bakery near the church and then a lane opposite which I was to follow down into a valley, then up across a field to a barn, where I would then cross a road onto a footpath, and find myself at the back of some houses with a snicket that lead between them, I would find the house I was born into, and the people who live there now, stood in the back garden waving at me as I was once again on the phone to my mother, recounting my good fortune at having been born in a village that had not changed at all in 27 years.

11. *La Lac de Thoune 1904*. "The concept of receiving restorative powers by means of a rapport with nature is one engendered in German Romantic thought and wholeheartedly adopted by Hodler" (HIRSH, 1982: 40-41). His landscape painting became so synonymous with the Swiss countryside that in 1987 British poet and artist carved Hodler's signature on to a rock in the Furka Pass, Switzerland, a work in homage to the endeavours of Hodler's engagement with a country and its particular places (Finlay Ian Hamilton et al., 1995).

12. This is a paraphrasing of a quote by Ludwig Wittgenstein first published in a volume called *On Certainty* (Ludwig Wittgenstein, 1969) that I came across as the chapter epigram to Edward S Casey's *Remembering: A phenomenological study* (Casey, 2000).

13.



14. The Plan of St. Gall is a historically significant document, being the oldest surviving architectural plan from medieval Europe. It is an architectural plan of how a Benedictine monastery should be laid out from the design of the Cathedral and the particulars of the nave to the placement and size of the fowl and hen houses, where the guests' lodgings should be positioned and so forth. It is drawn onto five sheets of goatskin parchment that are stitched together and only survives today because at some point between the 9th and the 12th centuries a monk folded the parchment through 8 points creating a slim volume of 16 pages using the reverse side of the parchment to transcribe the life of St. Martin, subsequently slipping this volume between other books in the Abbey Library.

15. *Inside of Tintern Abbey, Monmouthshire c. 1794*. J.M.W. Turner. I grew up in South Wales just a few miles from the Wye Valley where Tintern Abbey still stands, less covered in Ivy and more surrounded in reverence than in Turner's time. In 2002 I set upon my first walk as artwork to find the source of a river and follow it to its conclusion, I followed the Angiddy, which is a minor tributary that makes its way into the Wye at Tintern and along whose banks were once forged the first trans-Atlantic telegraph cables.

16. This line is taken from Walter Horn and Ernest Born's three-volume work *The Plan of St. Gall*. Extracts and images from which were included in the graphic score of *Fondue* (Horn, 1979).

17. Paraphrasing from the original by Marc Augé who writes in *Oblivion*: "Memories are crafted by oblivion as the outlines of the shore are created by the sea" (Augé, 2004: 20).

18. Upon arrival at Tannenstrasse in Engelburg I was greeted by three generations of a family who had bought the house off my parents and lived in it ever since. They asked me what it was I wanted to do now I had arrived in Switzerland, and after an extensive period of time sitting down, poring over old photographs and dealing with the logistics of translating conversations through the one English speaking member of the family, it was decided they would take me on holiday to the Alps to visit their sister amongst other destinations. So two Swiss-German speaking children and I were bundled into the back of the family car and we set off for the Alps. Before leaving Mirium handed us each a flat-packed device made of soft, multi-coloured foam: A Happy Cube. The challenge being to construct out of six intricately cut shapes a perfect cube. The children, evidently more familiar with these structures than I had finished constructing their cubes by the time we were zipping past Zurich, I however, was ready to fling my six pieces of foam to the winds long before we reached our destination, so infuriating a task it had become.

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12. *Notes After a Week of Wandering*. Artists' text published in: Remote Performances in Nature & Architecture. (Gilchrist, Joelson & Warr 2015)

This text introduces the thinking of Timothy Morton more clearly into my practice: Thinking that has indirectly influenced the process of *Walking Home, Fondue* and my practice more generally. The publication emerged from a commission by London Fieldworks working alongside Resonance FM, Alec Finlay, Geoff Sample and Benedict Drew amongst others in the remote Scottish Highlands in 2014. It is included here to show the influence of my PhD study on my broader practice and the influence of my broader practice upon my PhD.

Notes After a Week of Wandering

Bram Thomas Arnold

i.

nature /*na-cher*/ *n* (often with *cap*) the power that creates and regulates the world; all the natural phenomena created by this power, including plants, animals, landscape etc as distinct from people; the power of growth; the established order of things; the cosmos; the external world, *esp as untouched by man* [...] (Chambers Dictionary, 2006, p1004) (that last italicization is mine).

ii.

The trouble with language is that it is the first barrier between oneself and the world. One can also however imagine language as a bridge, the only way off the small island of our consciousness and out there, into that swirling mass of world. The trouble is as soon as you label something, as you do with language, you inherently label it as something other, something over there, something not me, something else.

iii.

Actions For And Against Nature, whilst initially conceived as a way of crossing this bridge, is really about pointing at all these labels we have created and screaming 'THERE IS NO GAP BETWIXT US!' It's a part of me, and it's a part of you, and it's a part of that grass blade and it's a part of that tree, a part of that building, and that town hall. The *Actions* are for ecology, and against the term *Nature*, pointing at its problems and the problems it has caused us.

iv.

Nature. The word hangs before us, an immediate separate entity that we then entrench with an almost endless series of synonyms and linguistic pirouettes: countryside, wildness, wilderness, *The Great Outdoors*, we further elaborate and name all the things within it from rocks to books, trees to brooks. Nature, as discussed by Timothy Morton is a great metonymic phrase that we have forgotten we are part of and Morton '... argues that the very idea of "nature" which so many hold dear will have to wither away in an "ecological" state of human society' (2007, 1).¹

When you are physically there with it though, feet touching earth, pinned to mud by gravity, you are part of it, as Pollock once said in answer to a question: '... I am nature' (Seckler, 1964).² The atoms on your fingertips mingle with the feather you're holding, you are entwined and deeply involved, you are together, one, there is no barrier, no bridge. The case for ecology without nature is about trying to make us aware that the bridge off each of our islands was not built by us. It is neither a separate entity nor a separating force, it is more akin to a synaptic cleft that draws us out into the world, it is not there as a separate 'thing' at all. We are part of ecology, it is within us and around us, in our streets and homes, in the cities we've built and the industrial wastelands we've walked away from.



Swearing An Oath To A Scottish Glen, performance still, Glen Nevis, Scotland.

Pic. Credit Bruce Gilchrist. ©2014 Bram Thomas Arnold

v.

My work has burrowed my self into the web of arguments and propositions offered by quantum physics.³ The lack of constancy of things, at the quantum level, has left me with so little certainty that even as an argument is released into the world it is countered and contradicted by my next action, my next phrase, my

next move. As I finished *Swearing an Oath to a Scottish Glen*, a text that promises almost Tibetan levels of tranquility and peaceful presence ...

I hereby undertake not to remove from Glen Nevis, nor to mark, deface, nor bring injury to in any way, any tree, brook, stream, stone or animal: to harm neither sentient being nor physical presence residing therein or belonging to its custody. I undertake not to leave in my wake any foreign body, nor kindle hostile fire nor flame within, and not to smoke within the Glen. I promise to obey all the rules of the Glen, to adhere to pathways, and respect the property and prosperity of others therein, to plan ahead and leave no trace behind.

... I closed the book from which I read the oath and accidentally kill an insect, immediately blackening the oath I have only just finished uttering. Later on I throw rocks at trees, and later on still, a friend asks me, with concern in her voice, 'Do you hit them? Do you harm them?'⁴

vi.

All the while I am shouting from my childhood fear of the dark encroaching pines and their imported, plantation-like presence. Their socio-political cause, the disaster of these pine trees on these hillsides. And yet I know full well, as Thomas Wolfe, author of the American dream, put it, 'you can't go home again' (1939),⁵ that conservation is a flawed project, that it is really a conversation; for to which 'natural state' do you wish to return?⁶



Throwing Rocks At Trees, performance still, Glen Nevis, Scotland.

Pic. Credit Michael Pedersen. ©2014 Bram Thomas Arnold

vii.

'I hate these pine trees, I hate 'em'. And I do, and I don't. They make comfortable, quiet, dry spots for wild camping, a nest of needles in dark nooks, they are most entertaining to cycle through on a mountain bike.

And yet, from a distant hillside, with their deep straight lines, I can't help but be reminded of troops aligned for battle, or of colonial cartographers, divvying up Africa with a ruler and a setsquare.

viii.

Poetry. A way of wrapping the bridge, between the self and the world out there where nature supposedly is, in wry jokes and opaque riddles, and beauty, binding us to it and the beyond in knots of words that drip with incongruous honey. It is the Romantic in me who finally found time after *Reading Poetry to Rocks*, to climb a hill away and alone, to serenade the sky with half remembered lyrics from my favourite obscure pop songs. 'A bird you would have loved brought the sky down, but it was worthless to hear it without you around ...' or 'say what you will, but you should understand there are things in this world, that you can't understand, not in a million years ...'.⁷ All this could only happen after walking, clearing the mind, falling in a bog up to my thighs and dropping my digital recorder in a stream so that of this act, precisely nothing remains.



Reading Particle Physics To a River, performance still, Nevis River, Scotland.

Pic. Credit Louise Emslie. ©2014 Bram Thomas Arnold

ix.

The *Actions* are Romantic, and yet the *Actions* are also conceptual. They are linguistically restrained in their titles: each *Action (A)* having to be followed by a form of *content (C)*, an instruction that is *directive (D)* and a *subject (S)* upon which this sequence can be enacted. But after a walk, and a day and a night on a mountainside at the end of a week spent in the Glen being too busy to look at it, new *Actions* announced themselves and took place, just between me and nature in a series of moments that were filled with contradiction and futility and yet somehow found space for hope. I blew raspberries at the bog which claimed me thigh deep whilst in between shouting profanities at it ('YOU CALL YOURSELF A BOG!! IA'VE SEEN

BOGS THA' COUL' SWALLO' A HOUSE! UPTA MA THIGHS, YOU'RE PATHETIC ... '), and I said hello to the high heather moors, whispering sweet nothings to them and their bees high on the flanks of An Gearanach in the so called *Ring of Steall*.

x.

This melding, of Romantic disposition with Conceptual restriction, has been uncovered by Jorg Heiser in the work of Bas Jan Ader and a collection of other artists brought together in 2007 in an exhibition called *Romantic Conceptualism*. Heiser defines Romantic Conceptualism as holding an 'interesting tension: using particularly few aesthetic interventions or conceptual instructions, it opens up a particularly large number of possibilities for thinking beyond this choice' (2007 p149).⁸ The foundations of *Actions For and Against Nature* are bound up in this quote. The *Actions* that took place in Scotland are the start of a series that is as endless as the metonymic environment we continue to create around us and live in.

Notes

1. All of Timothy Morton's writing can be seen to build on this one footstep at the beginning of his work *Ecology Without Nature* (2007). See also *The Ecological Thought* (2010), and his most recent work *Hyperobjects: Philosophy and Ecology after the End of the World* (2013).
2. The question was 'Why don't you paint more from nature?' It is recalled by his wife Lee Krasner in a conversation (Seckler, 1964).
3. I must confess I have not spent years in a library mulling over the intricacies of Quantum Mechanics, much of my understanding of the subject is provided by John Polkinghorne in his work for Oxford University Press's Very Short Introduction series (2002). It is the role of the amateur attempting to understand a subject from the outside here that is of interest to me, that 'the powerful play goes on, and you may contribute a verse' as Walt Whitman put it (2002).
4. It is a curious thing acknowledging that you are setting out to explicitly do harm to something, even though the very way we live in the world in Western society implicitly require us to do harm to our environment quite a lot of the time. Confronting these unacknowledged discomforts in a quasi-slapstick way is one of the jobs of the *Actions* as I see them.
5. I own a copy of Thomas Wolfe's *The Web and the Rock* (1939) that I have locked inside a sculpture that will only be opened at the final showing of work from my ongoing research project *Walking Home* to take place sometime in 2015. The last line of the novel reads 'You can't go home again' which itself became the title for Wolfe's last novel published posthumously. The last page of this novel, with the rest of the text blacked out was shown at a solo show in London in 2009 before I set out to walk from London to the house I was born into, near St. Gallen in Switzerland.
6. Here I am thinking of certain conservation projects in New Zealand that I explored whilst living there in 2004. The successful eradication of rodent pests on Matiu Island in Wellington Harbour has meant the island has become a refuge for non-native as well as native birds for whom it is a haven, however the more aggressive non-native birds were overpowering the native population forcing the conservationists to eradicate them through injecting their eggs during the breeding season.
7. *Serenading the Sky* is an *Action* that is yet to be fully resolved, these two lyric fragments are from *Raja Vocative* by The Mountain Goats, and *Day* by Tamela Glenn respectively. The lyrics from Tamela Glenn are mis-quoted as I remembered them, or interpreted them for the sky, the actual recording is: 'say what you will, but you should understand, there are things that you say, that she won't understand' (1990). Misinterpretation, what you choose to remember, what you choose to forget are the foundations of my practice, and are nowhere more apparent than in this misremembered song lyric, sung to the sky in the dying light of an August day in 2014.
8. *Romantic Conceptualism* curated by Jorg Heiser was an exhibition at Bawag PSK Gallery in Vienna, 2007. Work included that of Ader, alongside Susan Hiller, Tacita Dean, Douglas Huebler and others. An Exhibition catalogue with extensive essays was also published.

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