

Goodnight Noises Everywhere

by

Christopher O'Connor

B.A., Temple University, 1998

PROJECT SUBMITTED IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF THE
REQUIREMENT FOR THE DEGREE OF
MASTER OF FINE ARTS

In the
School for the
Contemporary Arts

© Christopher O'Connor 2006

SIMON FRASER UNIVERSITY

Fall 2006

All rights reserved. This work may not be reproduced
in whole or in part, by photocopy or other means, without
permission of the author.

APPROVAL

Name: Christopher Peter O'Connor
Degree: Master of Fine Arts - Interdisciplinary Studies
Title of Project: Goodnight Noises Everywhere

Examining Committee:

Chair: David MacIntyre
Professor, School for the Contemporary Arts

Allyson Clay
Senior Supervisor
Professor, School for the Contemporary Arts.

Rob Kitsos
Supervisor
Assistant Professor, School for the Contemporary Arts

Celeste Snober
External Examiner
Associate Professor, Faculty of Education
Simon Fraser University

Date Defended/Approved:

September 29, 2006



**SIMON FRASER
UNIVERSITY library**

DECLARATION OF PARTIAL COPYRIGHT LICENCE

The author, whose copyright is declared on the title page of this work, has granted to Simon Fraser University the right to lend this thesis, project or extended essay to users of the Simon Fraser University Library, and to make partial or single copies only for such users or in response to a request from the library of any other university, or other educational institution, on its own behalf or for one of its users.

The author has further granted permission to Simon Fraser University to keep or make a digital copy for use in its circulating collection (currently available to the public at the "Institutional Repository" link of the SFU Library website <www.lib.sfu.ca> at: <<http://ir.lib.sfu.ca/handle/1892/112>>) and, without changing the content, to translate the thesis/project or extended essays, if technically possible, to any medium or format for the purpose of preservation of the digital work.

The author has further agreed that permission for multiple copying of this work for scholarly purposes may be granted by either the author or the Dean of Graduate Studies.

It is understood that copying or publication of this work for financial gain shall not be allowed without the author's written permission.

Permission for public performance, or limited permission for private scholarly use, of any multimedia materials forming part of this work, may have been granted by the author. This information may be found on the separately catalogued multimedia material and in the signed Partial Copyright Licence.

The original Partial Copyright Licence attesting to these terms, and signed by this author, may be found in the original bound copy of this work, retained in the Simon Fraser University Archive.

Simon Fraser University Library
Burnaby, BC, Canada



**SIMON FRASER
UNIVERSITY library**

STATEMENT OF ETHICS APPROVAL

The author, whose name appears on the title page of this work, has obtained, for the research described in this work, either:

(a) Human research ethics approval from the Simon Fraser University Office of Research Ethics,

or

(b) Advance approval of the animal care protocol from the University Animal Care Committee of Simon Fraser University;

or has conducted the research

(c) as a co-investigator, in a research project approved in advance,

or

(d) as a member of a course approved in advance for minimal risk human research, by the Office of Research Ethics.

A copy of the approval letter has been filed at the Theses Office of the University Library at the time of submission of this thesis or project.

The original application for approval and letter of approval are filed with the relevant offices. Inquiries may be directed to those authorities.

Simon Fraser University Library
Burnaby, BC, Canada

Abstract

Goodnight Noises Everywhere consists of several performative soundwalks around Vancouver's Commercial Drive neighbourhood, exploring the question: how can vulnerability, experienced through the intersection of public space and private life, be used as a creative resource? Vulnerability is examined through bodily response to uncertain environments and circumstances: sites in the midst of change and unexpected events unfolding in public space. Tracing influence from interventionists, post-modern dance and relational aesthetics, the project connects to a lineage committed to contesting the line between art and life. By creating an unexpected dissolve between art event and life event, the soundwalks invoke a sense of vulnerability in both audience and performers that in turn creates immediacy and intimacy of experience that is unique, temporal, and, hopefully, gives rise to further creativity. This is vulnerability as creative resource, the art in the project.

Acknowledgements

I am grateful to be living in a relatively safe space in the world to be doing this thing called art. I am grateful that I was able to have spent so much time making art with Aretha and Lori. I am grateful to Jacky for being a nurturing bridge between art maker (collaborator) and outside eye (sounding board) before, during and after the process. I am grateful to have had the support and patience and insight and humour of Allyson and Rob. I am grateful to the postcard senders for their permission in letting me use their creative and thoughtful responses as part of this thesis document. I am also grateful to Jacky for her permission in letting me use images gathered from her documentation of the project. All photographs in this document were taken by Jacky Sawatzky during the July 29th performance soundwalk.

Finally, I am grateful to Jenny and Asa for, well, everything.

Table of contents

| | |
|---|-----|
| Approval..... | ii |
| Abstract..... | iii |
| Acknowledgements..... | iv |
| Table of Contents..... | v |
| Introduction..... | 1 |
| Context..... | 11 |
| Directions (so as not to get lost)..... | 24 |
| Falling..... | 33 |
| Postcards and Pictures (a remembering interlude)..... | 47 |
| Folding..... | 62 |
| Epilogue (echo walk)..... | 80 |
| Works Cited..... | 84 |

Introduction

a beginning

I invite you to listen.

Years ago I moved to Vancouver to start the graduate program connected to the words I am writing now. A few days after arriving in the city it was clear to my partner Jenny and I that we needed to live somewhere near the Commercial Drive area. A few months after living in our apartment on 2nd and Commercial it was clear to me that I needed to base my thesis project around the neighbourhood. I was not sure of the what, but I was sure of the where.

AND THEN

After being inspired by a soundwalk (a simple structure of group walking through an environment while engaging a heightened awareness of the sounds within that environment) led by Hildegard Westerkamp during my first year in the city, I decided to investigate the form of soundwalks in conjunction with site-specific dance.

AND THEN

I started to craft various walks through the neighbourhood that would reflect the dynamic sound and site landscape of the people and architecture that I had grown to love. I was interested in the loud of the main street against the quiet of the alleyways just off the main street. I was interested in the visual splendor of bodies negotiating sidewalk space against the visual splendor of flowers negotiating creatively designed gardens along the alleyways.

AND THEN

Jenny got pregnant.

AND THEN

I invited dancers Aretha, Lori and Rob to meet every week at the McSpadden Park playground to create movement vocabulary on and around the play structures. My idea was to create movement that relied on physical structures and then remove the structures and re-imagine the movement around the neighbourhood. I was doing theoretical research at the time on *falling in public and public vulnerability* which was the jumping off point for asking the dancers to jump off the monkey bars (and then try to jump off the monkey bars without there being monkey bars).

AND THEN

A few months before the April performance dates in 2005, I asked 10 more dancers to be involved. I started gathering soundscape recordings from the neighbourhood as well as record interviews with people walking and talking about the instability of architecture and community. This sound was to be compiled into a soundtrack broadcast over radios set up throughout the route of the soundwalk. I decided on a structure of three different approaches to soundwalks over three separate performance dates. One walk was to have the dancers throughout the route of the walk as the audience passed by the various events along the way. Another walk was to have the audience separated and stationary throughout the route while the dancers interacted and passed by them. The third walk was to be a straightforward soundwalk, without performative elements. I was furthering my theoretical research at the time by exploring fold spaces within the neighbourhood. I was considering sites that had a receding quality to them, barely visible and barely accessible, as fold spaces. Alleyways, doorways, windows into private homes would be examples of this kind of site exploration. Like tripping, I saw these architectural spaces as a connection to vulnerability,

display and fascination. I was starting to make up flyers and think about food for the reception.

AND THEN

Jenny was having complication with her pregnancy towards the end and the midwife suggested that we go to the hospital to have an ultrasound and the technician suggested that Jenny be induced so we thought about it and decided that it made sense and we got settled in a room and I went home and got clothes and some food to bring back while my hands were shaking and I went back to the hospital and called friends and family and Jenny was poked with a large needle under the light in a dark room and I couldn't believe this was happening like this and it was painful for her and it continued to be painful for her and it was eventful and uneventful as the time passed and the nurses changed and the new nurse said get the doctor right away and the baby was coming and things were not going well and there was concern and Jenny said she was going to pass out and the midwife said to Jenny she was doing great and the baby came out and the baby had odd breathing and they gave me a hat to put on her head and said congratulations and then asked me to follow as they took our baby down hallways deep down hallways into a room with other babies and other stunned parents and they started putting things on and in our baby and I was going to be sick and I needed to find out how Jenny was doing and our baby had a major surgery and we decided to name her Asa and she had four more surgeries and a tracheotomy and a gastrostomy and invasive after invasive after invasive procedure by the time they let us leave five months after we entered and we went home with this baby that we felt we had adopted because what we had just lived through couldn't have really happened.

AND THEN

I go back to my project about neighbourhood and vulnerability.

a continuation

End of story. But not end of stories. My thesis project has been consumed by overlapping stories. Some of long duration, some that end before they begin. All connected to a simple assertion: that vulnerability occupies not only a site of weakness and defeat, but rather has the potential to provide avenues to creative response. So rather than avoid situations and emotions of the vulnerable one can, instead, creatively live in and transform states of being such as uncertainty, failure and exposure. For the purpose of articulating my thesis, I will sift the wide range of notions of vulnerability into three main spheres: gesture and space, arts dissolve into life, and meaning-making through conversation. But I am getting ahead of myself. I want to first explain the story of the event so that a theory of creativity and vulnerability has some room to maneuver.

a recap

After returning from the hospital, I continued to work on my thesis project but I realized I needed to scale down the overall vision. I asked Lori and Aretha to meet with me once a week at Grandview Park so that I could return to my dancing body and choreographic mind. We tried to remember the movement we had made previously and fully embraced the forgetting. Out of the forgetting came new movement that had history. When it rained we went into Britannia Library and made dance without anyone in the library knowing. It was through this experience that helped refocus my project around events that are both performative and everyday, a coexisting reality. Another angle on vulnerability in

that the lines of distinction between art and life become blurry and, potentially, unnerving.

Eventually I got to a point in the process where I felt that the project needed to take a turn. I had been working with Aretha and Lori without a clear end vision of the walk. We were just making material. We were just rediscovering the neighbourhood. Though after coming back to the complicated landscape of the neighbourhood and reflecting back on the horribly disorienting experience in the hospital, I realized that the project needed to incorporate multiple walks at one time. An event that was fragmented to better reflect the fragmented reality under my nose. This echoed the approach to art making that I had already employed in many of my other projects during my studies in the graduate program. So in many ways this structure of multiple perspectives was an organic continuation of my previous work.

I asked Jason, Stephanie, Julie, Igor, Mark and Emily to enter into the project. An actor, a filmmaker, a visual artist, two sound artists. I was genuinely interested in how other people from other disciplines would interpret my structure of how to explore the neighbourhood. The rules were simple...It needed to be a soundwalk, it needed to be an hour long, it needed to start at Grandview Park and end at my house and it needed to incorporate some performative element. At the same time I gave these parameters to the invited artists, I was working within those parameters for my trio. I decided that Lori, Aretha and I would each lead a section of our walk, rotating the leadership role. I also decided that the library and a site a couple blocks away from the library would be the two areas of 'performance', where dance would unfold. These dances served as a counterpoint to the walking.

In weeks preceding the April event date (a year after when I intended to show my

project), I went on the walks that each of the artists created. This was a chance for us to have a conversation about the path and intentions which helped shape the eventual walks each artist would lead. I also was able to make suggestions about how a certain walk, if shifted slightly, would provide an interesting juxtaposition against another walk. This was primarily through the use of space (walks passing by each other or in close proximity). In this way, I was choreographing a performance that spanned multiple moving sites throughout the neighbourhood.

I invited Jacky Sawatsky to lead a soundwalk in Toronto on the same April day, at the same time, under the same time frame of the Vancouver walks. Since I did not want to document the walks in Vancouver (I wanted them to just be a lived experience that either got remembered or forgotten) my concept was that Jacky's soundwalk would be all about documenting. She had a group of 7 participants and no audience. The participants did sound recording, video recording and still photography of their experience along the walk. This documentation will be for a project that Jacky and I develop beyond the scope of my graduate thesis project.

In addition to the daytime event of the various soundwalks, I also planned a nighttime walk in Vancouver during that same day. The nighttime walk was devised as a kind of 'echo' of each of the walks done during the day. Aspects of the walks would be extracted and composited together to piece together a kind of record of the daytime event, an expanded definition of documentation that would affect and revise the overall project. I was also interested in incorporating an improvisational approach to the project since improvisation has been such an integral part of my life as a dancer.

So, the April date came. People came. Walks happened. Sound happened. Each

group made it to my house around the same time. Food that was bought during some of the walks was cooked in my kitchen to add to the soundscape and feed the audience. A bell was rung to announce the ending. I offered the space to talk about the experience so that people could share what they heard, saw and felt. The beginnings of another angle on vulnerability, vulnerable as defined through incomplete knowledge and the need to gather and share information from others to more fully understand an event. I gave out self addressed stamped postcards for audience to send to me if they had any reflections. Later that evening I gathered with most of the participating artists and we pieced together an echo walk. At 9pm an audience arrived and the walk happened. In the summer Aretha, Lori and I did a revised walk for a small audience on a sunny day.

a structure

And here I am and here you are. Writing and reading about a project that was about walking and listening. A flow between practice and theory that is intentionally messy in order to reflect the ordered chaos of being and listening and seeing and living in public space. I have approached this thesis document as a creative exercise, both properly explaining and contextualizing the project but also leaving enough gaps to let the mind wander. So we can consider the outline of this document as a kind of walk. You are in the introduction and about to enter the context section. You are on the street corner. This is a time to think back to where you have been and think forward to where you are going. In the context section I will investigate the three primary spheres of vulnerability that the soundwalks engage with. Each sphere I will couple with a contemporary artist whose work I consider formative in my creative process. Added to this I will link that artist with a larger artistic movement that seems to be resonant for both the artists' work as well as my own.

So, we are in the introduction and heading into the context section, looking at the landscape, deciding where to go. The following section, after we decide where to go and we are standing on the street corner, is to ask for directions. In this section, I will sketch out each of the eight walks that took place. This will give some sense of a map of the terrain. The descriptions of the walks are from my own memory of going on the walks with each of the participants.

So we are standing on the corner, we ask a stranger how to get somewhere, we get the directions. The next section is to step off the curb; and in doing so we trip and fall onto the pavement. This section, an essay on falling, is one of two essays in this thesis document crafted during the process of the project. The essay was written when I was just beginning. I am keeping it mostly untouched so as to treat it as a message in a bottle. However, it also has added relevance in that I wrote the essay as a way to conceptualize the practiced fall as a precursor to when we actually fall, when our lives actually fall apart, positing that we can creatively prepare ourselves for the vulnerable act of falling so that we fall well. Not long after writing this essay my life did in fact fall apart. Whether I was able to fall well I am not sure but my falling and finding my way home became very present in the project.

So, we started on the street corner, asked directions from a stranger, walked off the curb and fell and picked ourselves up. The next section is a memory interlude. As we are wiping ourselves off and nursing our wounds we remember back to another time and another space. This section is a composited collage of photos and postcards from the project. The postcards were sent to me over the course of a couple months by audience and participants. The photos were taken surveillance style by Jacky during the summer soundwalk. The photos, as well as the postcards, provide a kind of disorienting memory, as

well as a creative resource.

So, we are standing on the corner, asking for directions, stepping off, falling, picking ourselves up, remembering another time and place, and when we are ready to move again we duck into a side alley for protection from the vulnerable street. This next section is the other writing done during the process, closer to the here and now though still history. Where falling is about being exposed and put on display, the section on folding is the companion piece. This essay looks at the folds in public space, the just barely hidden sites and the effects of this kind of architecture on the body and mind. We gain comfort as we enter the side alley but we are also fearful of this hidden recess.

So, we are standing on the corner, asking for directions, stepping off, falling, picking ourselves up, remembering another time and place, ducking into a side alley, and ultimately making our way home. The last section is a retelling of the April 30th, nighttime echo walk. Five months living in the hospital made it seem like home was an impossible journey. The overall project was a way of making going home a little simpler.

Context

But back to vulnerability. In this section I will look into the three main spheres of vulnerability that I engage with in my project. In order to contextualize the overall project I will address the work of an artist and an art movement that will help shape an understanding of each of these spheres. To start off with, I will explore the sphere of body and architecture as vulnerable gesture and vulnerable space, by way of soundwalks and changing landscape, by way of Janet Cardiff, by way of Interventionist art practice.

The ideas of this section are present in the artifact essays on falling (gesture) and folding (space). Though the project had some intentional and unintentional falls on many of the walks, the primary manifestation of a gesture of vulnerability was embedded in the form of soundwalking itself. A soundwalk is a method of being acutely aware of the surrounding sound by traveling through space as a group in silence. There is a leader and followers and in this arrangement there is an enormous amount of trust. The early development of the soundwalk was born out of the Vancouver Soundscape Project as a way of being more conscious of the affects of noise pollution in and around the city. From these experiments in the 1970's, as well as work by composers like John Cage who elevated the awareness of the sound around us as potentially interesting, soundwalks shifted from a pragmatic function to a compositional one. Though the leader of a soundwalk can spend much time mapping out a route to follow, what gets heard is largely left to chance. The leader needs to trust that the space will perform just fine, and that the audience will engage their listening to a point where they are ultimately piecing together a composition. And the audience needs to trust they are being led safely and with consideration. But more importantly, in terms of vulnerability of gesture, the soundwalking group becomes a kind of spectacle to the larger public. A group in silence is a radically altering gesture in an environment that values words to take up the time and space in order to sell in a larger capitalist model or in order not to feel awkward in a

smaller interpersonal model. A group of soundwalkers often gets stared at, and this is part of the experience. My daughter, with her tracheotomy, often makes loud breathing sounds that are odd and disconcerting to many people. Or at least this is my perception, and though often she can pass as a normal kid, if she gets heard in a certain way she becomes spectacle. Of course this is not a vulnerable event for her since she doesn't know any differently and can't distinguish the glances, however I see the vulnerability and it has often put me on a kind of defensive. I reassure the onlooker that she will get the tube out sometime in the next few years and that she is perfectly normal besides the tube. This can be quite tiring and quite exposing. Sound has been a concrete theme over the last year and a half, life and art indistinguishable. But more on that later.

Soundwalks.

And while the attention is on the hearing sense, soundwalks have the potential to break open a larger sense of being in space. As John Bentley Mays writes, "Excavated mindfully, the city, at both centre and edge, and in its vast catchments outside the official boundaries, reveals itself to be something beyond the merely visual: a sensuous field of smells, sensations on skin, feet, and fingertips, tatters of memories, swatches of textures; collisions of desire, territories contaminated by toxic wastes and stories, by use and misuse, by reuse forbidden by the authorities, but happening anyway."¹

In this way, the various soundwalks of my project touch on a myriad of sensuous fields that is tentatively situated on the streets of the city and in the perception of the audience. Space in this project is defined through the maps of the walks. The soundwalks go in and out of buildings and down alleyways and through crowded sidewalks. And most

¹ John Bentley Mays, "Walking Off the Map: Hymns to the Unknown City Beneath Our Feet" *Walrus* vol.3, issue 3 (May 2006) p.86-87

importantly in terms of the project, the soundwalks traverse an environment that is continually changing. Some of the walks go through a foundation of a house that will be an actual house by next year. One of the walks went through a construction site of a house that is now a fully functioning house. Some of the walks went through grocery stores and cafes that very well might not be there in the near future. One of the walks went through a garden that is set to be developed. These uncertain sites cast a general uncertainty over the whole of the neighbourhood, a neighbourhood that is indeed in a kind of identity crisis of sorts as a result of sweeping gentrification. To frame the space as vulnerable is to invite a fresh analysis. If we return to Bentley Mays we might even consider the project as if we were a therapist listening: “The city must be engaged on foot, in intimate, indiscreet encounters disrespectful of traditional itineraries, with curiosity about what lies behind locked gates, under manhole covers, down disreputable alleys; psychoanalysis with the city on the couch, an interpretation of the city's dreams.”²

This leads me to Janet Cardiff. Cardiff primarily utilizes a form of art making, a distant cousin of soundwalks, called audio walks. In these walks, Cardiff has created a soundtrack to be listened to over headphones as the listener travels through space. A park, a library, whatever the site she chooses, Cardiff layers her own voice to construct an unfolding narrative. She merges fact and fiction within the audio and visual interplay. And though I am inspired by this work, I find her project *Eyes of Laura* as more resonant with the kind of vulnerability present in my own work. *Eyes of Laura* was a web project funded and sited at the Vancouver Art Gallery in 2004-2005. The website chronicles the adventures of a surveillance security guard, Laura, as she looks at the public spaces around the gallery by way of screens. The story goes that she is bored and wants to share what she sees with the larger

² Ibid, p.87

internet community. She posts the video feeds and comments on what is happening around her. The first page states “Sometimes I wonder if more happens because I am watching.”³ This is the basic premise of soundwalks in that more does happen, or rather if we become more conscious of our environment, our environment becomes more expansive. Laura witnesses vulnerable gestures (a woman falls, a briefcase is stolen, a wallet is left behind) and is witness to vulnerable space. Everyone is being seen without knowing they are being seen. Laura is risking her job by posting these images and, at the same time, is quite revealing of her own thoughts and desires directed at an anonymous audience. She also plays detective, composing the elements, by what she sees and hears. Like the followers of a soundwalk playing detective with the soundscape by piecing together the ambient sound into a composition.

Janet Cardiff presents images in the project that are both staged and unstaged. A dance happens in a window, people walk by, we keep seeing certain characters so we make the assumption that they are actors within this story, other people walk by and we are sure that they are just people walking by. It is a process to come to these conclusions, just like it is a process to come to the conclusion in many of the walks of my project about what is intentional and what is ambient.

I would consider Cardiff's work under the umbrella term of Interventionist art practice. During the same time period of *Eyes of Laura*, Nato Thompson was curating a show at Mass Moca in Massachusetts that investigated Interventionist artists in a survey glance of contemporary work. Though dance and choreography is rarely placed within this predominately visual art field, I find an affinity to the kind of tactics and strategies used by

³ The website address for this project is www.eyesoflaura.org

many of these artists. I see a clear crossover into the kind of work I engage with. Thompson places Interventionist practice as a method to engage with the social without delusions of a grand political narrative. Thompson charts a dissatisfaction for many of the artists with political art and, instead of representing politics or a political stand, they instead decide to “enter physically; that is, they place their work into the heart of the political situation itself.”⁴ These artists enter a terrain that is already in motion with the intent to present rather than represent. Thompson considers this tactic as a byproduct of our over-saturated visual public space. It is impossible to represent in an environment that is all about representing, advertising being the most grossly obvious example of this reality. Interventionists seep into the landscape in order to illuminate not a recipe for social change but as ingredients in a recipe for social insight.

Nicolas Bourriaud, an important theorist for me all along the path of this thesis project, echoes this sentiment. “The role of artworks is no longer to form imaginary and utopian realities, but to actually be ways of living and models of action within the existing real, whatever the scale chosen by the artist.”⁵ Janet Cardiff work doesn’t neatly fit into the definition of Interventionist practice because of her use of constructed narrative that layers onto the existing real. However, with *Eyes of Laura* and other of her works, I feel she very much infiltrates a social subtext and presents a way of hearing and seeing that creatively disrupts our conditioned perception of public space and interaction.

Thompson further defines Interventionist artists as being “informed both by art and

⁴ Nato Thompson, “Trespassing Relevance” in *The Interventionists: User Manual for the Creative Disruption of Everyday Life* (eds) Nato Thompson and Gregory Sholette (North Adams: MASS MoCA Publications, 2004) p.13

⁵ Nicolas Bourriaud, *Relational Aesthetics* (trans) Simon Pleasance and Fronza Woods (Paris: Les Presses du Reel, 2002) p.13

(more importantly) by a broad range of visual, spatial and cultural experiences.”⁶ This is where I can find some clarity within my own art practice. Dance and soundwalks are only a portion of my interest. I do not value the art anymore than I value the neighbourhood and the interactions that occur within the neighbourhood. I am intervening into the neighbourhood in order to present the vulnerable aspects of its gestures and spaces and art is a useful tool to this kind of social listening.

The second sphere of vulnerability in the larger scope of my project is the dissolution of art into life, by way of Lee Walton, by way of the Situationists. I have already begun to plot out this vulnerable site. And it is vulnerable precisely because we gain comfort through objects and events being clearly defined. I choreograph a dance in a theatre with music in a time frame of seven minutes that utilizes all of the recognizable dance vocabulary, and what I am clearly doing is making dance. I take comfort in this and invite people to watch. I am sitting at my table in the morning eating cereal and I call this breakfast. I take comfort in this and chew. But if I am walking down the street in my neighbourhood listening to sound and wondering if the person across the street sitting on the ground with her head in her hands is a dancer or just someone in distress, this occupies a site of discomfort; a vulnerable in-between that is neither art nor life. The soundwalks in my project edged themselves into the space of this in-between. The creative potential is that once one looks out from this perspective, with enough patience and consideration, one perhaps can never fully go back into art or life. Art becomes fundamentally informed by life and vice versa.

This art and life interplay has a history. An important mid 20th Century beginning

⁶ Nato Thompson, “Trespassing Relevance”, p.14

point for me (an earlier reference being Dada and Surrealism) is the relatively small collection of thinkers in the late 1950's and 1960's who formed the "Situationist International" movement. Headed by Guy Debord and casting its influence far into the present with many artists and theorists, they wanted the utopian vision of complete social and political change which the Interventionists, previously mentioned in this introduction, are cynical of. Using tactics such as "detournement" and "derive", the Situationists engaged directly with the city and its images and planning. They wanted to analyze the psychological impact of space on individuals. "Derives", the wandering through city space outside of the oppressively prescribed shopping and commuter trajectories, has been an especially formative inspiration to this project. My soundwalks are designed as a way to rethink how to move in my neighbourhood, and spanning the project over eight concurrent soundwalks was a borrowed Situationist tactic, a game to spread out and disrupt the organizing grid of the neighbourhood.

My project though is not a series of derives, the walks are intentional and composed and, therefore, don't quite fit under this general heading. However, I have been significantly influenced by the Situationist perspective and consider it part of the context of my work. I have also been influenced by other movements that took hold during this period and which fully explored and challenged the line between art and life. Movements such as Happenings, Conceptual Art and Fluxus were all negotiating this line of distinction and, in some cases, advocating for its complete dissolve. Allan Kaprow said that he was "aiming for an art experience that could only be perceived through active participation, looking forward to a

time when art as such is no longer a separate category of experience.”⁷

In a more contemporary context, Michael Sherringham writes that work that skirts the line between life and art “allows for the everyday by suspending abstract definition and creating a breathing space, a gap or hiatus that enables it to be apprehended as a medium in which we are immersed, rather than as a category to be analyzed.”⁸ From the perspective of art and social aesthetics, Arnold Berleant presents a similar view when he states aesthetic “appreciation involves an openness to experience while judgment is suspended. It takes deliberate effort to set aside selective, restricted attention, the tunnel vision of ordinary life, which centers on specific objects and particular goals.”⁹ It is the sensibility of breathing space and openness that enthusiastically enters into the work of someone like Lee Walton, a contemporary artist that traces his lineage through the Situationists and is active in doing psycho-geography as a current practice. Walton does, for the most part, video pieces that ride this vulnerable line between art and life. Some of his most recent work in fact places himself in a most vulnerable position such as standing without a jacket in the cold and waiting for someone to call him on the phone so he can have permission to put his jacket on. This project is implicating the internet as a tool for potential compassion. He sends out a message that he needs help and he waits for it. A simple gesture with a complicated subtext.

Walton also made a series of video pieces that had him slightly change objects around New York City (for example, walking by a store front and moving the sandwich board to face another direction), sitting down next to strangers, asking strangers to walk

⁷ Sally Banes, “Gulliver’ Hamburger” in *Reinventing Dance in the 1960’s: Everything Was Possible* (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 2003) p.16-17

⁸ Michael Sherringham, “The Project and the Everyday: Francois Bon’s Experiments in Attention” in *The Art of the Project: Projects and Experiments in Modern French Culture* (eds) Johnnie Gratton and Michael Sherringham (New York: Berghahn Books, 2005) p.190

⁹ Arnold Berleant, “Ideas for a Social Aesthetic” in *The Aesthetics of Everyday Life* (eds) Andrew Light and Jonathan Smith (New York: Columbia University Press, 2005) p

around trees, etc. These are gentle gestures but disconcertingly unclear whether what he is engaging with is his art or his life. He takes this a step further with his *Life/Theater Project*. On the street in New York at a certain time of day he declared that people should look all around them because for the next 15 minutes there will be some performance and some non-performance. The onlookers had to make sense of this and figure out what was real and what was constructed, much like Janet Cardiff's work. As the 15 minutes progressed, often the most interesting visual display was the compellingly odd real life that just passed by the "audience". Sally Banes posits that the "Children of Cage, Happenings makers and some members of Fluxus seemed concerned not only to make room in art for sounds and actions previously overlooked and discriminated against but also to return their spectators and themselves to life itself with ears, eyes, and consciousness newly attuned to humble details."¹⁰ It is the humble details of the street where Walton wants to refocus the audience's gaze. And this is also true with my project, listening to and viewing the humble details of the neighbourhood, drawing attention "to the conditions of looking rather than the object of the look...enact[ing] a side-step, engendering an oblique angle on things which, by suspending ordinary rules, makes the familiar seem unfamiliar."¹¹ Not quite familiar, not quite unfamiliar. Not quite settled at all.

The final sphere of my interest in vulnerability is meaning making through conversation, by way of Noamie Lafrance, by way of site-specific dance, by way of relational aesthetics. Having eight different simultaneous soundwalks meant having eight different group perspectives on the event. This fragmented audience became then a vulnerable site because of the inherent unknowing, the limited experience. However, this vulnerability was

¹⁰ Sally Banes, "Gulliver' Hamburger", p.10

¹¹ Michael Sheringham, "The Project and the Everyday: Francois Bon's Experiments in Attention", p.192

offered as an opportunity to exchange ideas and share memory in a discussion that took place after the walks concluded. Nicolas Bourriaud, within his framework of relational aesthetics, would categorize this as a “collective elaboration of meaning”¹² In order for anyone to begin to grasp the whole event, a conversation needed to happen. And in this conversation one would be seeking answers and providing answers, an egalitarian interchange. All remembering was valid and would help shape the overall picture of the event.

And in fact the discussion lasted for an hour and a half, longer than it took for the walks to happen. It could be said that the walks were just an excuse to talk. “If a work of art is successful, it will invariably set its sights beyond its mere presence in space; it will be open to dialogue, discussion, and that form of inter-human negotiation that Marcel Duchamp called ‘the coefficient of art’, which is a temporal process, being played out here and now.”¹³ And it's true; I did set my sights beyond the mere presence of bodies in the neighbourhood. I am primarily interested in how people see and hear and experience.

This kind of multiple perspective seeing has great potential in the realm of site-specific dance. Often the audience of site-specific dance is spread out and has various viewing angles to choose from. This diffused perspective grants much agency to the viewer and thus lets them construct their own logic and narrative. Similar to soundwalks, the audience is elevating their own awareness, the very act of which is instructive in understanding a greater sense of self.

In terms of site-specific dance, I am most intrigued by the work of Noemie Lafrance. I

¹² Nicolas Bourriaud, *Relational Aesthetics*, p.11

¹³ Ibid, p.41

especially find resonant with my own practice her latest work *Agora*. This work was performed last year in the McCarren Park swimming pool, a massive and decaying community pool in Brooklyn, New York. Because of the scale of the site, the performers and audience, seated all the way around the outside of the pool, had opportunities to be involved in more intimate events. What was happening in one corner could not be seen from across the big pool, and vice versa. This embrace of non-seeing is integral to Lafrance's choreography. She says "It is how life is. You are dealing with what you can and can't see."¹⁴ In another conversation Lafrance states that "there is a multiplicity of things happening and the audience makes meanings- what is interesting to you might not be interesting to the person next to you. So it is multiplicity on the same stage."¹⁵ With my own project I took this sentiment and carried it through in an intentionally mediated feedback, piecing together meaning by finding out what we all missed in our limited vision and communicating what we all saw in our individual experience.

a closing

And that's it. Story upon story upon story. My project's vulnerabilities as opportunities for transformation, traversing into something more knowing. The vulnerable gesture and space, the vulnerable distinction between art and life, and the vulnerable position of partial viewing. What started out as a love letter to my neighbourhood, turned into an attempt for a simple walk home. Utopia scaled down, put in its place by the unsettling events of the everyday. This is fine with me. Bourriaud agrees, "These days, utopia is being lived on a subjective, everyday basis, in the real time of concrete and intentionally fragmentary

¹⁴ Sally Sommer, "Everybody Into The Pool (and Dance)". *The New York Times* 4 September 2005.

¹⁵ Vanessa Manko, "Noemie Lafrance in Conversation". *The Brooklyn Rail* (July/ August 2005).

experiments. It seems more pressing to invent possible relations with our neighbors in the present than to bet on a happier tomorrow.”¹⁶

¹⁶ Nicolas Bourriaud, Relational Aesthetics, p.45

Directions (so as not to get lost)

#1

- Wait in Grandview Park under the trees by the bathroom.
- Wait.
- When Igor approaches with his sketchbook that says follow me, follow him.
- Walk across the park and exit on the north side.
- Go past the childcare centre, past the bulletin board, past the skating rink.
- Keep going then go left down the alley.
- Stop under a grove of trees.
- Turn left and walk along the wall until you get to the ticking telephone pole.
- wait.
- Go straight, turn left up the alleyway, turn right, turn left and walk through the park past where you began.
- Keep going and exit the park on the NE corner and cross Commercial.
- Go up and turn right into the alley. Make a quick sketch and tape that on the wall.
- Keep walking, turn left, go straight, turn left.
- Walk up the alleyway and when you get to the top, stop.
- Wait.
- Keep going, turn right, turn right down the alley, turn left down the alley.
- Cut through the side path of the last house on the right, and when you get through turn right.
- Turn left, turn right, turn right into the backyard and enter the house.

#2

- Wait in Grandview Park on the stage.
- Wait.
- When Jason approaches with a book that says follow me, follow him.
- Walk down the diagonal path and out the NW corner of the park.
- Keep walking down the street until you get to the track. Follow the path next to the track.
- Enter Britannia School from the back and into the cafeteria, under where the kids are playing basketball.

- Go through the doors into the hallway, turn right and up the stairs.
- Turn left and continue down that hallway past the offices and classrooms.
- When you see a door to the outside, open it and go through.
- Continue along the outside of Britannia, past the pool and into the library.
- Walk through the stacks, pick out books and check them out.
- Exit the library, go straight, and go across Commercial and up the street.
- Keep going.
- Keep going.
- When you come to the church, go around to the side entrance and walk through the backyard.
- Keep walking until you come to the gate.
- Open it and go through.
- Find another gate that travels up the side path of the church.
- Open it and go through.
- Keep going across the main street and enter the side street.
- Go a little ways and turn right, go straight, turn left, turn right, go straight.
- When you get to the stairs leading up to the foundation of a house, walk through.
- Turn right, turn left, walk until you get to the park.
- In the park, sit down and read the books you got from the library.
- Get up and exit from the SE corner of the park and walk up the street.
- Turn left, turn left, turn right into the backyard and enter the house.

#3

- Wait just outside Grandview Park at the bus stop.
- Wait.
- Wait until the bus comes and goes.
- When Stephanie approaches with a bus pass that says follow me, follow her.
- Go through the park and exit on the N side.
- Go past the Library, past the pool.

- Open the door and enter.
- Go down the stairs and out the door.
- Continue down the side of Britannia until you get to the track,
- Walk around the track until you get to the ticking telephone pole.
- Wait.
- Walk down the side stairs, across the street, through the small park and turn left.
- Go straight, turn right, turn left, turn right, turn right onto Commercial.
- Keep going until you get to the traffic light. Cross the street and enter the cafe.
- Order tea and sit down.
- Drink tea.
- Exit cafe and turn left, turn right.
- Go up the driveway, behind the houses, and come back to the street by way of the other driveway.
- Turn left, turn left.
- Walk through the park and up the alleyway.
- Turn left into the backyard and enter the house.

#4

- Wait in Grandview Park by the boulders.
- Wait.
- When Mark approaches with a passport that says follow me, follow him.
- Walk down the pathway out the NW corner of the park.
- Turn right into the playing fields and up the stairs along the library.
- Keep going around, past the pool and through the parking lot.
- Stop under a grove of trees.
- Keep walking straight, turn left.
- Walk past houses and office buildings, turn left up the street.
- Walk faster.
- Turn right, turn left up the alleyway and up into the parking garage just by the gate.

- Wait.
- Come back out onto the alley and turn right, turn left.
- Walk up the pathway to the house, take off your shoes, walk through the house, put your shoes on and exit.
- Continue through the backyard onto the alleyway, turn left.
- Walk into the parking garage.
- Go up the elevator and enter the big grocery store.
- Buy food.
- Exit and walk to Commercial, across Commercial and turn left.
- Enter small grocery store and buy plates and cups.
- Exit and keep walking along Commercial.
- Turn right, turn left, turn right until you get to the stairs leading up to the foundation of a house.
- Go through, turn left up the alleyway.
- Cross the street and enter the house under construction.
- Go through the house and onto the back alley.
- Walk up the alley.
- Turn left, turn right, turn right, turn down the alley, turn right into the backyard and enter the house.

#5

- Wait in Grandview Park on the steps by the tennis courts.
- Wait.
- When Melanie approaches with a key chain that says follow me, follow her.
- Go over to the car on the W side of the park and enter it.
- Put on your seatbelt, start the car and go straight, turn left, turn right, turn left, turn right into the parking lot.
- Get out and enter the store.
- Get a basket and gather food.
- Pay for it and exit.

- Go back to the car, get in and turn right, turn right, turn right, turn right and a quick left.
- Enter the parking garage.
- Park the car.
- Get out and go up the elevator.
- Go into the big grocery store and down the aisles.
- Don't buy anything.
- Exit and walk through the shopping center and out onto Commercial.
- Turn left, keep going until you get to the traffic light.
- Cross the street and turn left.
- Keep going until you get to the small grocery store and enter.
- Buy food.
- Exit and walk back the way you came, enter the parking garage and get in the car.
- Exit the parking garage.
- Turn right, turn left, turn right and keep going.
- Park the car, walk through the front gate and enter the house.

#6

- Wait in Grandview Park by the bathrooms.
- Wait.
- When Julie approaches with her Super 8 camera that says follow me, follow her.
- Walk across the park and exit on the N side.
- Walk past the library.
- Stop by the window above the pool for a moment, then continue.
- Walk around to the other side of the building and stop.
- Continue through the parking lot.
- Keep going straight, turn right, turn left.
- Stop by the big fan.
- Keep going, turn right, turn left, turn right, turn left.

- Go up the ramp of the pedestrian bridge.
- When you are over the tracks look through the camera as it is recording.
- Wait.
- Exit down the other side of the ramp, through the housing project and turn right.
- Keep going until you get to the bus stop.
- Wait.
- Wait.
- Get on the bus.
- The bus will go straight, turn right and continue on.
- Get off after a little while.
- Cross Commercial and walk up the street.
- Turn right, turn left up the alleyway, turn left into the backyard and enter the house.

#7

- Wait in Grandview Park on the bench by Family Place.
- Wait.
- When Emily approaches with a cell phone what says follow me, follow her.
- Exit the park on the N side past the Childcare centre, right at the path, left onto Commercial.
- Go until you get to the red phone booth.
- Enter it and pick up the phone.
- Wait.
- Exit and walk left, and left, and left until you are back on Commercial.
- Cross the street and go right.
- Keep going, then turn left through the restaurant and into the art gallery.
- Wait.
- Exit the gallery and run into a friend.
- Have a short conversation.
- Turn left and keep going.

- Turn left, turn right, turn left and up the alleyway.
- Turn right and go past the park, stop in front of the Buddhist Temple.
- Continue straight, turn right, turn left.
- Enter the pet shop and walk over to the birds.
- Wait.
- Exit the pet shop, turn left and keep going.
- Keep going.
- Keep going.
- Keep going.
- Stop and look up at the mirror.
- Wait.
- Turn around and enter the grocery store and buy food.
- Exit, turn right, go straight, turn right.
- Go through the park, through the playground, past the school.
- Keep going along the side alley, then turn right, turn left, keep going.
- Turn right up the alleyway, turn left into the backyard and enter the house.

#8

- Wait in Grandview Park by the playground.
- Wait.
- When Aretha approaches with a stuffed bear that says on it follow me, follow her.
- Walk across the street on the S side of the park and down the alley.
- Turn right and continue down the alley.
- When you get to the gate by the apartment complex, open it and go through.
- Make a left when you get to the street and continue to the small park.
- Walk through the small park, around the corner and into the house.
- Go to the kitchen and take out food and put it in your bag.
- Exit through the back door and go around the corner, cross the street and walk along the path next

to the track.

- Turn right and go up the steps, keep going and go up more steps.
- Walk along the side of the library and then enter.
- Walk to the back of the library and dance.
- Finish and exit.
- Walk straight, turn left, turn right.
- Cross the street at Commercial, meet Lori and give her the bear.
- Walk down Commercial and enter small grocery store, buy food and exit through the back.
- Turn right, turn left.
- Enter garden.
- Wait.
- Go through garden and turn right, then go straight.
- Turn left until you get to the stairs leading to the foundation of a house.
- Dance.
- Finish and go to alleyway, turn right and go down the alley.
- Turn left, turn right, turn left.
- Go down Commercial and cross at the light.
- Turn left and enter hardware store. Buy Coffee maker.
- Exit and continue down Commercial to intersection.
- Cross street, turn left.
- Cross Street, turn left.
- Cross Street, meet Chris and give him the bear.
- Continue down Commercial, turn right, go through the park, turn left.
- Go up the alleyway, turn left into the backyard and enter the house.

Falling

The questions I have are these: how do the shifting terms of embodiment in this age of accelerated globalization and technological advance impact dance and performance art both in practice and perception?¹⁷ What are strategies to both embrace these changes in a movement arts practice while still connecting oneself to a phenomenological bodied consciousness? And, more importantly, how does this reconfiguration of embodiment impact the socio-cultural foundation of everyday actions and interactions. As the body is less and less needed in order to create action (spanning the continuum from computer programs that 'perform' choreography, to traveling by vehicle, to pushing a button to wash dishes) the question emerges: who are we becoming? How central is the body to ones sense of self? Victor Burgin states "subjectivity takes place in corporeal space."¹⁸ If this is the case then what are the spaces and what are the bodies that are defining the terms of this subjectivity?

Given that the body-centered act of walking, and of tripping and falling while walking, are still daily occurrences in an increasingly disembodied cultural context, a creative and critical reinvestigation of such movements provides a possible point of access into examining subjectivity and inter-subjectivity. While walking through public space, both successfully and with mishaps, each subject engages with others in a movement practice that is a little more, and a little less than dance. Tripping and falling can be seen as accidental gestures, ephemeral in nature because the movement (usually) is one that is momentary, while at the same time leaving unseen traces of embarrassment, fear, concern, ridicule, humour, etc. By causing a spectacle it is a departure from the social performance of walking

¹⁷ I am defining embodiment as related to the lived experience of the body not abstracted from consciousness and not relegated solely to vision as a mode of exploration. Maurice Merleau-Ponty's Phenomenology of Perception has been valuable source material in this regard.

¹⁸ Victor Burgin, "Paranoiac Space" in Visualizing Theory: Selected Essays from V.A.R. (ed) Lucien Taylor (New York: Routledge, 1994) p.236

normally, and, like theatrical performance, exists predominately through its aftereffect. When one casually trips, the feelings of that moment extend much further than the initial shock of the fall. Similarly, in performance the condensed time frame of the performed event is infinitely lengthened through memory, provided the participants were at least somewhat moved by the experience. This trace element is a crucial site of inquiry precisely because it has much to say of loss and disappearance. Being that western culture for the most part prefers to ignore loss rather than pay attention to it, an individual's experience of deep personal loss is often accompanied by a loss of control, falling out of step with the rest of society. The denial of the recognition of loss disembodies the loss from the subject. However, since loss is inevitable, the question then becomes how to fully embody this experience, or rather, how to learn to fall well.

Structurally, this chapter will navigate two sections. The first section, "while walking", will explore the act of walking in post-modern dance and performance art as material for engaging the city and human interaction. The second section, "and tripping", will examine the act of falling as both a momentary spectacle of display and as a 'performance' to be remembered and forgotten. By extension, this section will also address the potential surrender, of not stopping the fall, both metaphorically and literally as a strategy for greater understanding of the self.

while walking

Our search for the human takes us too far, too 'deep', we seek it in the clouds or in mysteries, where it is waiting for us besieging us on all sides...all we need to do is open our eyes, to leave the dark world of metaphysics and the false depths of the 'inner life' behind, and we will discover the immense human wealth that the humblest facts of everyday life contain.

Henri Lefebvre¹⁹

It is hard to imagine a society that denied the body in the way that the soul has been more and more denied- and yet, that is what we are heading towards.

Paul Virillo²⁰

The predominate shift in dance choreographic development over the last half of the 20th century has been from a formalistic Modernism (personified by Martha Graham and Mary Wigman, as a response in opposition to the verticality and constrictive tendencies of classical ballet) to a more eclectic and quirky Postmodernism. Postmodern dance during this transitory stage took many forms through many figures, though a defining characteristic can be identified as paired-down, non-presentational movement that shifted focus away from the 'skilled' dance towards an exploration of the everyday. The everyday gesture most extensively explored was walking, translated in the vernacular as pedestrian movement. From Steve Paxton's experiments with simple walking across the stage to Trisha Brown's exploration (with the help of harnesses and ropes) of walking on the sides of building and gallery walls, the body in motion framed as performance was, during the late 1960's and into the early 1970's, in intense contestation.

¹⁹ Henri Lefebvre, *Critique of Everyday Life. Volume 1.* (trans) John Moore (London: Verso, 1991) p.131

²⁰ Paul Virillio, *Polar Inertia.* (trans) Patrick Camiller (London: Sage Publications, 2000) p.83

What this swing in movement exploration did was begin to directly address the connection between dance and everyday movement. As a result, the performing of dance became much more accessible as the necessity for advanced technique lessened. But, perhaps more importantly, it allowed for a transfer of theatrical witnessing onto the streets. Susan Leigh Foster describes movement in the street as incorporating “the subtle rhythms of limbs, the non-uniformity of pace, the intricate melding of posture with gait.”²¹ This shift in awareness was and continues to be a foundational concept of imagining the interstitial space between art and life as it relates to movement and the body, and ultimately embodiment. With the use of walking structures in performance and exploring site-specific dance in and around the city, the experience of watching movement was fundamentally resituated as a “satisfaction for all viewers in the theatricalization of the world.”²²

Walking has often been a site of creative and political engagement with the city landscape. German sociologist Georg Simmel wrote that “the psychological foundation, upon which the metropolitan individuality is erected, is the intensification of emotional life due to the swift and continuous shift of external and internal stimuli.”²³ Guy Debord and the Situationist International extended the potential of this psychological foundation with the development of psycho-geography, whereas the critique of everyday life was intimately taken on through the action of “derives”, or drifts. These purposeful wanderings were varied actions, sometimes games that engaged walking in the city in order to re-imagine the city. This was a project of existing spatially in the present in order to imagine what was

²¹ Susan Leigh Foster, “Walking and Other Choreographic Tactics: Danced Inventions of Theatricality and Performativity”, *SubStance* 31 (2002) p.125

²² *Ibid*, p.131

²³ Georg Simmel, “The Metropolis and Mental Life” in *Rethinking Architecture: A Reader in Cultural Theory*. (ed) Neil Leach (New York: Routledge, 1997) p.70

possible for the future, a “final push towards the transformation of everyday life from a bland consumption to free creation.”²⁴

The Situationist International followed in the walking traditions of the flaneur and the “wandervogel”, the writings of Walter Benjamin and Charles Baudelaire, and of Dada and Surrealist practices of purposeful aimlessness as well as an intense engagement with the city. The movement also emerged out of the investigation of the politics of the everyday.

Both the Situationist International movement and post-modern dance experiments in walking were, within an historical framework, relatively short lived. However, many of the principles connected to these socially grounded embodiment practices have sifted down and have been integrated into much contemporary art. My own exploration will be of two artists, Soo-Ja Kim and Francis Alys, that have situated walking and the city within the fabric of their work, both through process and product.

Soo-Ja Kim was born in Korea but currently lives and works in New York City. Her video installation *A Needle Woman* (1999-2001) eloquently speaks to walking and cities by, ironically, using her own motionless figure in a sea of bodies on the move. On multiple screens there are silent projections of Kim amongst walking traffic (as well as nature settings) in some of the most out of control urban mega-cities. In Tokyo, New York, Delhi, London, Shanghai, Lagos and Mexico City she is shown from behind in a grayish dress, almost monastic seeming. The title evokes the act of sewing (Soo-Ja Kim has done many art works with clothing) but there is the needle in a compass that seems to be equally relevant. With an eye towards globalization and ear firmly planted in issues of subjectivity, Soo-Ja Kim comments on place and locality as well as radical displacement, both situations “evoked by

²⁴ Sadie Plant, *The Most Radical Gesture: The Situationist International in a Postmodern Age*. (New York: Routledge, 1992) p.5

her immobile position.”²⁵ In Tokyo no one notices her, in New York an occasional tourist, in Mexico City she gets a fair amount of double takes, and in Lagos everyone stops to stare and comment. These responses say as much about the embodied state of each of the cities as they do about what it means to be of Korean descent in Tokyo, in New York, in Mexico City and in Lagos. Gregory Folk writes: “Always visually lush, these videos tap into the uneasy relationship between the individual and mass society, the dislocation of being a foreigner engulfed by another culture, and questions of how to maintain one’s own equilibrium in a swirling, destabilizing world.”²⁶

Soo-Ja Kim’s work begins to address what it means to be embodied both as a solitary subject in a rapidly paced world as well as for that elusive collective mass that emerges and disappears from the screen. As the viewer of *The Needle Woman*, one is able to witness whether people that pass Soo-Ja Kim acknowledge her in their space, whether they respond to her embodiment by engaging their own. In this way, her work serves as a mirror into the heart of the matter, which has to do with space and bodies and time and empathy and ethics. And, as Folk mentions, it is also about equilibrium. The subject of Soo-Ja Kim’s body is precariously centered in the frame waiting to fall or be pushed over, daring the act to happen in order to say as she is getting up and dusting herself off: see what we have become?

Francis Alys was born in Belgium, now living and working in Mexico City. Like Soo-Ja Kim, Alys engages a certain degree of nomadism both in his life and in his art. His work often incorporates walking into the process if not always the product of his art making. Alys has done performance pieces where he has walked around the city with a thin line of paint coming off of his back, he has walked pushing a huge block of ice until it has melted, he has walked with a 9mm gun in his hand to see how long it took to get arrested, and he did a

²⁵ Paul Ardenne, “Soo-Ja Kim: InterCommunication Center (ICC)”, *ArtPress* no.261 (October 2000) p.65

²⁶ Gregory Folk, “Kim Sooja at P.S. 1”, *Art in America* 89 no.12 (December 2001) p.117

piece where he walked through the city as his sweater was slowly unraveling. However, like much of his work, what was shown in the gallery was only fragmented documentation of the event. For the last piece mentioned, he displayed a few paintings he made after the walk and made postcards that referenced the walk and the sweater. This trace element of the presentation led art critic Carlos Barualdo to write: "Had the action actually taken place? Or better, is it beside the point whether it took place or not? For Alys' paseo is a fable- a journey that is also already a story of a journey- and fables are nothing but a curious mix of reality and fiction, a truth told in a world of half truths, that questions the truthfulness of reality itself."²⁷ This question of disappearance and actuality opens up another line of questioning: what part of the process is the art? If Alys does a series of walks with creative intention and does not document it, does that still constitute artistic practice? Is the embodiment addressed through the work only the suggestion of the act? This is significant when considering the realm of embodiment as existing beyond just vision, and instead incorporating the corporeal of other senses and imagination.

Through out much of the history of performance art practice there has been a tendency and a pragmatic need to let the experience of the event be remembered primarily through verbal exchange. Events get documented but where the real exchange of information plays out is through the description. For example: Vito Acconci's *Following Piece*, Marina Abramovic and Ulay's *Great Wall Walk* and Hamish Fulton's group walking projects are all works that are not intended to be seen necessarily but, rather, described (passed down through/ as memory). There is documentation but it is of a limited scale because it is an experience that can't easily get captured through standard media means. Perhaps though, this is precisely the reason for the medium (performance art, dance, theatre,

²⁷ Carlos Barualdo, "Heads to Toes: Francis Alys' Path of Resistance", *Artforum* vol.37 no.8 (April 1999) p.105

etc.); an excuse to talk to one another, to relay information and to connect through the art of exchange about the immateriality of the thing (event, performance, activity) that happened. This ultimately is what is embedded in the walking of Francis Alys. His walking through Mexico City, New York, Copenhagen is about art making, but it is also about the meeting that can happen and the particularities that can occur along the way. In addressing the politics of walking, Jeff Ferrel writes that in public one must, “with humble give and take, negotiate among others, within intersection patterns of social movement, cultural meaning, and certain surprise.”²⁸

It is this element of surprise that can begin to address what Helen Liggett calls the “uncelebrated spatial practices of daily life.”²⁹ This surprise in public can take many forms but for the purpose of this essay the surprise is quite specific, tripping and falling. A gesture that takes walking one step further, the edge that Soo-Ja Kim seems on the cusp of being consumed by and material that Francis Alys is narrowly escaping. Francisco Varela writes: “We have a readiness-for-action proper for every lived situation. Moreover, we are constantly moving from one readiness-for-action to another. Often these transitions or punctuations are slight and virtually imperceptible. Sometimes they are overwhelming, as when we experience a sudden shock or come face to face with unexpected danger.”³⁰ Tripping offers both a site for shock and danger and, as such, brings the body into sharper focus. Embodiment, like a child’s cast aside worn out doll, is the grabbed for toy when in need of comfort. Or perhaps not. That’s what the question is shaping up as: if our sense of embodiment is transitioning so radically because of the shifting terms of modernity and

²⁸ Jeff Ferrel, Tearing Down the Streets: Adventures in Urban Anarchy. (New York: Palgrave, 2001) p.245

²⁹ Helen Liggett, “Out For a Walk” in The Politics of Moralizing. (eds) Jane Bennett and Michael Shapiro (New York: Routledge, 2002) p.161

³⁰ Francisco Varela, Ethical Know-How: Action, Wisdom, and Recognition. (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1999) p.9

globalization, can our bodies deal with this change? I am neither advocating a nostalgic return to a past sense of embodiment, nor am I fully embracing the new technologies that are making full-bodied response more and more obsolete. What I am trying to make sense of is a third way around this divide.

and falling

We fall in slow motion, out of step, out of touch, out of time, until finally, of course, we topple into the grave. We have, at least, a notion of a ground upon which to fall, a bottom to hit. A bottom can be a welcome thing, a springboard, cornerstone, some foundation in order to make amends.

Bia Lowe³¹

Stopping and seeing are very close. As soon as you stop, the words on the page become clear.

Thich Nhat Hanh³²

A dancer (or a clown, martial artist or a toddler for that matter) knows that the only way to safely fall is to fully fall, to spread ones weight out into the floor by surrendering. However, when tripping on the street, the intention often is to stop the descent as quickly as possible and cover up the fact that it even happened. Of course this is understandable since often a trip is witnessed by others in an environment saturated with judgment and prone to ridicule. Ones ability to complete a simple task, place one foot in front of the other and repeat is put into question. The raw emotionality of messing up and feeling deficient or inadequate makes many want to simply disappear. The intense public display, in that momentary event, can feel like an agonizingly drawn out freak show. Rachael Adams writes that being a “freak is not an inherent quality but an identity realized through gesture,

³¹ Bia Lowe, “Falling”, *The Kenyon Review* no.24 (Summer/Fall, 2002) p.160

³² Thich Nhat Hanh, *The Wisdom of Thich Nhat Hanh*. (New York: One Spirit, 2000) p.259

costume, and staging.”³³ The trip and fall in public is very much like a theatrical performance and, within that ‘stage’, has the potential to be quite informative about the subject/subjects involved.

Therefore, tripping might be most usefully defused within the context of the freak, or as Rosi Braidotti might say the “fantastic, that mixture of aberration and adoration, loathing and attraction, which for centuries has escorted the existence of strange and difficult bodies.”³⁴ What is escorted as well into this scene is laughter that directly surfaces from the fear of the situation. Mikhail Bakhtin correlated laughter to an overcoming of fear within the medieval carnival, stating, “People play with terror and laugh at it.”³⁵ When one trips in public the laughter, either externally or internally, on some level is a coping mechanism of the intense fear of the physicality and the weighted air of vulnerability.

Writer Nancy Mairs, who has been living with Multiple Sclerosis for many years writes: “When I trip and sprawl in public, when I wet myself, when my front teeth fly out, I feel horribly embarrassed, but, like the pain of childbirth, the sensation blurs and dissolves in time.”³⁶ Perhaps falling can be seen as a pain that helps to define who we are; a more integrated and cohesive subjectivity emerging out from the bruises and scrapes.

Falling in dance is so common it’s not considered worth writing much about, and performance artists tend to stick to the more stable ground of walking, with some exceptions, such as Bas Yan Ader, Martin Kersels, and Cathy Sisler. Brad Spense writes that Bas Yan Ader “staged momentary glimpses of a subjectivity threatened by failure and

³³ Rachael Adams, *Sideshow U.S.A.: Freaks and the Cultural Imagination*. (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2001) p.6

³⁴ Rosi Braidotti, “Mothers, Monsters, and Machines” in *Writing on the Body*. (eds) Katie Conboy, Nadia Madina and Sarah Stanbury (New York: Columbia University Press, 1997) p.75

³⁵ Mikhail Bakhtin, *The Bakhtin Reader*. (ed) Pam Morris (London: Edward Arnold, 1994) p.209

³⁶ Nancy Mairs, “Carnal Acts” in *Writing on the Body*. (eds) Katie Conboy, Nadia Madina and Sarah Stanbury (New York: Columbia University Press, 1997) p.302

dissolution, a plight he repeatedly played out in the act of falling.”³⁷ Whether he was falling on the street, out of a tree, or into a canal, Bas Yan Ader continually skirted a delicate line of appearance (through spectacle) and disappearance (through the act of fading away). Amelia Jones speaks to this by saying that “body art, through its very performativity and its unveiling of the body of the artist, surfaces the insufficiency and incoherence of the body/self (or the body as subject) and its inability to deliver itself fully (whether to the subject-in-performance herself or himself or to the one who engages with this body).”³⁸

Sociologist Drew Leder uses the term dys-appearance (dys from the Greek prefix meaning bad, hard or ill) to characterize the moment when the body reappears into the mind of the subject. Leder says that normally “the properly functioning body recedes from our consciousness, however, that pain, illness or the embarrassment caused by slips can make the body reappear with a vengeance.”³⁹ The term dys-appearance is useful when considering tripping and falling in public because one is fully seen through the mishap but, since the act is fleeting, what is resonant of the gesture is often a trace. There is often the condition of appearance and disappearance occurring simultaneously, or if not simultaneous, then the act of falling is quickly followed by the emotionally layered aftereffect, a co-existence. So in addition to the project of learning how to fall well there is the project of learning how to disappear gracefully and with full awareness.

In this regard Peggy Phelan argues that the currency of theatrical performance rests in its ability to “rehearse for loss, and especially death” precisely because the materiality of the performance disappears when the show is over. She extends this idea by arguing that there should be a certain level of letting go of the actual object performance and, rather,

³⁷ Brad Spense, “Painfully Ironic” in *Bas Yan Ader*. Curated by Brad Spense (The Art Gallery, University of California, 1999) p.35

³⁸ Amelia Jones, *Body Art: Performing the Subject*. (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota, 1998) p.34

³⁹ Drew Leder, *The Absent Body*. (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1990) p.86

learn from the absence, the “outline left after the body disappears.”⁴⁰ Donna Haraway, from a different angle though related sentiment posits that “we must always struggle to grasp our own partiality, so that our understanding of situated-ness of our knowledge is itself partial, incomplete, ambiguous and vulnerable.”⁴¹

What I am suggesting is that tripping and falling, especially for able-bodies (though perhaps also for sick and injured bodies), can be an instructive gesture to know oneself as well as learn to accept less than perfection, to accept partiality. By treating the event as instructive one can then celebrate event, or at the very least to fully acknowledge that mishaps happen and that loss and disappearance are inevitable. We can utilize the everyday as a means to rehearse for times when pain and grief and suffering surface as reality. It is learning how to fall well in order to be prepared to fall when it is least expected.

by way of conclusion

The everyday is a kind of phenomenological intoxication in which details come into focus, textures are heightened, and sounds become disassociative but somehow meaningful.

Peter Halley⁴²

This chapter has attempted to begin a process of charting the potential use of dance and performance art as a framing mechanism in order to see the nuanced intricacies of everyday movement. And, by extension, everyday movement used as a model to analyze where society might be heading in regard to the slippery realm of embodiment. And, by further extension, how to theorize and utilize the means of performance (both theatrical and

⁴⁰ Peggy Phelan, *Mourning Sex: Performing Public Memories*. (New York: Routledge, 1997) p.3

⁴¹ Donna Haraway, “The Persistence of Vision” in *Writing on the Body*. (eds) Katie Conboy, Nadia Medina and Sarah Stanbury (New York: Columbia University Press, 1997) p.286

⁴² Peter Halley, “The Everyday Today: Experiences and Ideology” in *Architecture of the Everyday*. (eds) Steven Harris and Deborah Berke (New York: Princeton Architectural Press, 1997) p.192

everyday gestures such as tripping) to address and prepare for concepts and realities of loss and disappearance. But mostly this chapter is about the act of picking oneself up and walking and walking and walking and noticing and noticing and talking and walking and tripping and falling and stopping and breathing and noticing and noticing and remembering and sharing.

POSTCARDS AND PICTURES (a remembering interlude)

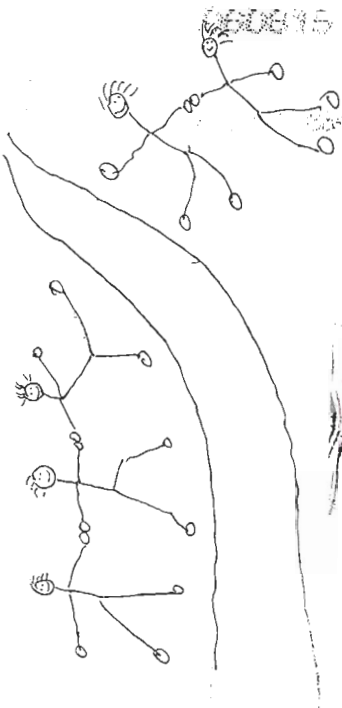
Good Night Noises Every Where



- with.....
- aretha aoki
 - stephanie lovely
 - melanie kuxdorf
 - lori macdonald
 - so-young park
 - chris o'connor
 - julie saragosa
 - jason leslie
 - igor santizo
 - emily fiddy
 - jacky sawatsky
 - mark brady

SOUND WALKS FROM PARK TO HOME

060815 02:06 Y8B 3AD DB2 1111
www.canadapost.ca 1111
Canada Post International 1111



Asa
2030 Kitchener St.
Vancouver, BC
V5L 2W8



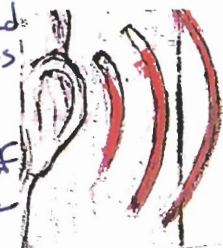
1st sounds: Tennis ball, voice, sand, kicking plastic, motor bike
 Muffler children

- Warm/cool - in fast & shade
- Lots of memory of childhood. My whole world was the hood - the ally - the gardens - fences. etc. - the rest of the world was too big to understand.



• John Dewey - Recognition/Perception (Perceiving takes so much energy!)

- The way Chris danced and with clear focus left the library directly.
- The last moment of a lift and walk in the street
- Poised to cross (Chris + Aretha)



Asa
 2030 Kitchener St.
 Vancouver, BC
 V5L 2W8

↳ The boy dressed as a warrior watching the dance in the courtyard

↳ Lori dancing at the top of the ally while flower petals floated down from the trees in the sun and all the people merged

The people who came and ended up in the house. All members of a kind of sensibility as people - a culture - a type?
 ♥ Rob



rainbow structures, rainy days, remembering/returning & re-birth.
 repetition to learn unfamiliar movements & ways of engaging with architecture, environment & each other, then moving on to something else but with new information beginning somewhere then going somewhere else, returning there but in a different way, like an outward spiral. Feeling like I could fail & be safe, be encouraged to play & be curious. The birth of -Asa-
 A shift, a gradual stripping of layers of movement, characterization becoming more Asa subtle & nuanced.

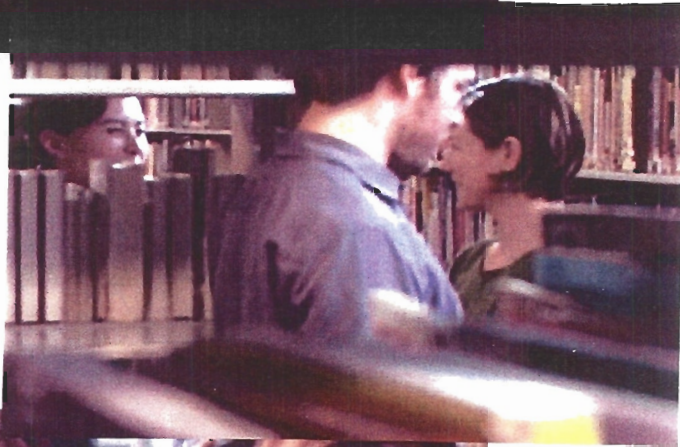


The performance is an extension of the process. 2030 Kitchener St
 unfamiliar territory, not quite set choreography, not quite improv. Vancouver, BC
 anything could happen yet there is no doubt the 3 of us will be where we need to be VSL ZW8

The audience was small, the dance was short, our message felt honest & precise. The echo is a sense of abandonment, empowerment, community play.
 Everything flowed. I didn't want it to end. The sound of our bodies on the pavement in the after at night, the stillness of the audience/participants in contrast to our dance (my friend's part!) Thank You!



Asa
 2030 Kitchener St.
 Vancouver, BC
 VSL ZW8





When we stopped talking, I became very aware of the great variety of sounds around us. In the library, I was surprised by how many small sounds were present there, since I think of a library as a quiet place. Outside, the airplane sounds seemed out of place and intrusive - unlike the traffic sounds, which seemed to be part of the neighborhood environment.

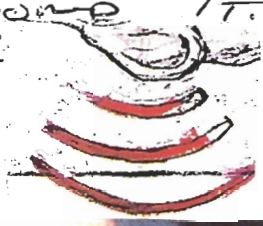


Asa
 2030 Kitchener St.
 Vancouver, BC
 V5L 2W8

Overall, I was impressed by the large number of different sounds that could be heard.

Some THE AMAZING THING TO ME IS TO EXPERIENCE HOW ARCHITECTURE SHAPES SOUND AND HOW SPACE IS DEFINED BY THE SOUNDS THAT MOVE THROUGH AND AROUND IT.

"GEE WIZ"
 GREG.



030921 20:56



Dear Chris, thoughts on my sound walk.

- I started the walk that day with a loose plan of my route, open to intuitive changes - yet not feeling so steady in my mind - nervous about my performance and creative jitters. The first unplanned thing happened right away. I picked up two participants with other colored sashes, which was exciting cuz there'd only have been two otherwise - that made 4! They were smiling, happy to follow. I walked the route, paying attention to those following, not able to enjoy the sounds myself, but leading and caring. My route → buildings, bridges and buses. Found a little pink button along the way, in that strange abandoned parking lot where Chris and I saw someone shooting up when we did the practice walk. I imagined, that the guy turned into the button cuz that was the only difference in the location. When we arrived at the bus stop, we had to wait and wait - the schedule of course being off & my patience wearing → we were going to be late! A #16 or a #10 came by, and one of the participants gestured to get on, but I shook my head 'no'. Little communications like these had been occurring, but nothing that felt so much like talking so far. I was enjoying the excuse not to have to explain. It's comfortable in the quiet, listening state. Then finally, #20 arrives and we get on an overcrowded and very talkative bus - the irony! We seemed strange, all of us not talking, the bus driver quipping some comment which I've forgotten. The driver was excited and chatty. As we approached Commercial Drive, he calls out the stop and the joys of Value Village. Two people standing next to me make moves to get off, so I pull my hand away from the bar... just as the bus rounds the corner... the momentum of each combines and I am flung across the aisle, landing flat on my ass - shocked and embarrassed slightly, I giggle. But, it felt so right for this to happen. People look over "are you okay?", I nod and smile. One participant (who turns out to be Hildegard her very self) says "well, I'm not going to follow that." I just smile - other followers look on, I send a psychic facial gesture "I'm ok". Flustered and confused, I almost miss the stop for Chris' place - but we get there safely and not too late. Then I remember later that I was supposed to forget a trip somewhere along the way, which I'd totally forgotten - but alas, fate intervened and I fell instead. Thinking also something about caring for my own safety, versus others first - cuz without that, how can I care for others? I'll fall before letting them - not so bad really, I wasn't hurt at all - in fact! →

I thoroughly enjoyed the attention it brought me - and the break of silence was warm and caring - I was not alone. Thanks for the awesome experience! Hope it all goes well from here.

XOXO Julie



Dances happen everywhere
On the sidewalks here and there
Dancers dancing everywhere
Holding hands in threes + pairs
Jumping up into the air
Friends are dancing everywhere

To Asa from Allyson



Dear Asa, I hope this reaches you in time.
I am a bit (he!) nervous about this, but I
am ~~not~~ now, in the fear that this will
reach you too late. But anyway, let me
tell you about what a soundwalk
means to me (I think that's what your
dad wanted me to tell you)

The beautiful thing about
a soundwalk is that
even if it all goes
"wrong", you always
learn a lot about yourself
or your environment. Each one is a crystal
moment - a walking meditation.
A time to stop planning (not that
planning is bad, but rather to reap the
rewards of the planning) and to
verify the truth of what a though the
world contains. Much love - mark b.



Asa

2030 Kitchener St.

Vancouver, BC

VSL 2W8



Hi Chris, sorry I didn't get back to you sooner.

As usual, I have been tied up with other things.

I sincerely thank you for being part of the soundwalk.

Being with other people just for the sake of being

together in silence was quite refreshing and almost

meditative. As you might have guessed, I enjoy silence. Perhaps, there

is no real silence, since we are always surrounded by a constant

flow of sound.

qualities of the walk.

hanging around with

other kids on the street.

I realize I've lost all the

wonderment I had when

I was young. All the small

details of what I hear and see.

I always like the bus road from the station to the campus.

I know most of people hates it. The moving trees with the sky

in the background and the shaking movement of the bus. The

beautiful colors and small sounds. Life is still beautiful, as it is.

May 9, 2006 Soyoung.



Asa

2030 Kitchener St.

Vancouver, BC

VSL 2W8







a possible sociality

people with their bass pumping project that is a gift of the wrong priorities

a gesture of generosity

dancing in the moonlight

fluid containers of space

sanctioned-off portions of inside and outside, car motor and swimming pool...

a subjunctive gesture

the horizon line of sound

hearing space as incidents punctuate the distance

Asa

2030 Kitchener St.

Vancouver, BC

VSL 2W8

pieces of my neighbourhood missing

the slice of regular movement (what is the shape of the space we live in)

thank you. from emily

for Chris Edmonton

TORONTO ON M5 1S1 TEL 510 5001 11

www.canadapost.ca



i am taking you - the two of you - away in chris' car.
a car nested with chris' life. taking you with smiles
reassuring and remarking on the strangeness and uncover
of this excursion.

a sound drive, a sound stop. inside sounds of nei
private and nearly public places.
grocery stores, underground parkades,
sidewalks and the car. sounds of exchange
(money and gears). these public places.

a noisy bemused silence - new
to me this reading. they surprised me
by wandering off in the grocery stores.
they helped me with the bags.



Edmonton Convention Centre in foreground and Canada Place.

DESIGNED and PRINTED by
The Postcard Factory, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario L3R 2Y8 (905) 477-9901

Printed in Canada/Imprimé au Canada

(Thank you for trusting me)

DeLain





- months later, I still remember:
- swinging arms and sneakers in the alley
 - green tea and group presence at Fujiya
 - the quiet garden corners that I never stopped to look at before



- the sound of leaves and wind and electric humming
 - the pleasure of hearing my home as art.
- Thank you Chris & co.



Asa
2030 Kitchener St
Vancouver, BC
V5L 2W8

The walk had many special moments: stopping to listen to the buzzing lamp post, a sound I often listened for on my way to Fujiya; stopping outside of the house, well lit from the inside, which brought back memories from when I was a teenager, and I would savour that dangerous moment between being out with my friends at night and coming home; hearing the "Good Night" story read aloud, which brought ^{all} the night's activities together beautifully. The walk also had many haunting moments. Walking through Grandview Park, which is often loud and lively during the day, and sensing the echos of that energy at night; walking the

streets of the Commercial Dr. neighbourhood, unable to speak, which felt as though I was walking alone, and yet we had a significant number of people. The soundwalk was a treat and a challenge for my senses. It made me appreciate the neighbourhood more, and because that night was my last night living on the Drive, it was a beautiful way to say goodbye and remember my time there.

Thank you!



Folding

Gilles Deleuze, as an opening to his book *The Fold: Leibniz and the Baroque*, states that “The Baroque refers not to an essence but rather to an operative function, to a trait.”⁴³ For this chapter, I intend to utilize a variation of Deleuze’s notion of the fold, also not as an essence (pinning down a truthful, historical lineage of the concept) but as an operative function (a lens or surface to reflect) in order to better understand the interplay between bodies and architecture, between our sense of space and our sense of ourselves. I am especially interested in how “fold spaces”, dark space exists on one hand, as a screen/site for creative imaginings and, perhaps on the other side of that same hand, as a screen/ site for feelings of fear and vulnerability. A fold space in this chapter will be defined roughly as a partially hidden/ exposed public space or event that engages the imagination of a passer-by, specifically intervals or openings manifested by neighbourhood architecture; the barely perceptible space between certain houses as symbolizing the fold of fabric that exists both as a coming together of two sides but also a differentiation, the inside of a house, a closed storefront, the inside of a parked car/ passing city bus; each being a barely accessible interior that is finite and infinite. I will argue that these interior spaces within the public realm hold both a sense of curiosity and danger precisely because of their unknowability. This interiority highlights an absence (or at least a limit) of vision, which creates a dynamic and heterogeneous environment that can be said to the basis of a creative and vibrant public sphere.

In this chapter I will travel a path through the field of these conceptual ideas. First I will explore a working definition of the fold within the context of this research. I will then traverse a “walk” through my own neighbourhood to point out the folds among us, the interstitial events of the everyday within our architectural surrounds. In the next section I

⁴³ Gilles Deleuze, *The Fold: Leibniz and the Baroque*. (trans) Tom Conley (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1993) p.3

will set up a subjective notion of stable and unstable architecture and the idea of the event that is inherent in these built structures. With the particulars of these fold spaces in mind and within the context of event, I will investigate the primary response of seduction and fear that provide a kind of spatial dialogue with the architectural substance that we walk and ride through and linger around. My conclusion will be structured as a look inward to my own body as a paralleled site of investigation of the seductive and fearful corporeal folds. This jump in scale, this architectural interior and exterior of a body will be a method of engaging the fold as a concept in my own practice as a dancer and choreographer as well as a way to clearly connect my site-oriented movement work to a deeper substructure of place; where the folds of the body inform the folds of the built environment and vice versa.

all part of the same fabric

Primarily I locate the theoretical application of the fold within its material base. The continuum of materiality from a piece of paper to clothing to architectural structures to skin. The surface of each of these examples has within them closure and openings which fold and unfold and link public and private. However, the alluring aspect of this theoretical model is that the fluid and textured surface speaks to a kind of continuous multiplicity. Alain Badiou states that the fold is “a representation of the multiple as a labyrinthine complexity, directly qualitative and irreducible to any composition whatsoever.”⁴⁴ At the same time that this complex multiplicity of surface is realized, an equally present continuousness ascends through a non-linear material linkage. Deleuze writes that “a flexible or an elastic body still has cohering parts that form a fold, such that they are not separated into parts of parts but are

⁴⁴ Alain Badiou, “Gilles Deleuze, The Fold: Leibniz and the Baroque” in Gilles Deleuze and the Theatre of Philosophy, (eds) Constantin Bounda and Dorthea Olkowski (New York: Routledge, 1994) p.52

rather divided to infinity in smaller and smaller folds that always retain a certain cohesion.”⁴⁵

Or rather, as Anthony Vidler argues, there is “no distinction between the solid and the void, and thence no real division between the inside of the fold and its outside; the matter out of which a fold is constituted is after all the same matter as forms the space in the pleat, under the pleat, and between the pleats.”⁴⁶

Therefore, the inside and outside of the fold can be said to be constituted of the same material, which makes a binary assessment unstable within this spatial configuration. This shifting configuration also illustrates Deleuze’s central notion (or ontology) of becoming. The inside of the fold of a billowing fabric will become the outside and so on. It is precisely this flux of situated being that defines the substance of the surface. Deleuze posits that “the concept of the fold is always something singular, and can only get anywhere by varying, branching out, taking new forms.”⁴⁷

The operative function of the fold also can provide for us a perspective on the interstices of our social environment, specifically how we move through a built environment and what choices are informed by our received ideas of space and place and the potential for creative disruption. Many contemporary architects and new media artists have taken up notions of the fold (as well as a more general collaborative stance with Deleuze) and have applied it directly to their practice. Peter Eisenman is one of the more well known architects that have embraced this curvilinear and interstitial approach to building, design and theory.

⁴⁵ Gilles Deleuze, *The Fold: Leibniz and the Baroque*, p.5

⁴⁶ Anthony Vidler, *Warped Space: Art, Architecture, and Anxiety in Modern Culture* (Cambridge Mass: MIT Press, 2000), p.224

⁴⁷ Gilles Deleuze, *Negotiations: 1972-1990*, (trans) Martin Joughin (New York: Columbia University Press, 1995) p.157

Andrew Benjamin writes that:

Eisenman's formation of the interstitial brings two different elements into play. The first is the disruptive quality. In disrupting what is retained are the functional and programmatic elements. They are, however, retained in their transformation. This brings the second element into play. The interstitial causes terms such as 'interior', 'exterior', 'surface', 'new', 'old', 'void' etc., to break the hold of the literal determined in advance. In addition these two senses of disruption preclude the possibility of reading the building from its surface. It becomes a series of layers opening out, holding, yielding and awaiting. No longer simply between, the interstitial is now concerned with forming the between.⁴⁸

An interstitial awareness is introduced not to conflate it with the fold but rather to add a layer of use to my theoretical research. The seductive and fearful spaces of neighbourhood architecture, while situated within the fold, are also connected to the gaps, the in-between areas of urban planning that have embedded in them a fundamental ambiguity. This ambiguity is the creative material of becoming that asks the witness to make something out of the undefined, the mutable.

In this next section I will "travel" by and through some of these interstitial and folded spaces as a poetic demonstration of my own neighbourhood surround. There is a key point of terminology, landing sites, initiated by architectural theorists Madeline Gins and Arakawa that I will employ by way of this section of imagined observation:

In fielding her surroundings, a person proceeds by registering a "this here" and a "that there" and a "more of this here" and a "more of that there." In fielding her surroundings, she makes use of cues from the environment to assign volume and a host of particulars to world and to body, complying with what comes her way as best she can. Her fielding of her surroundings never ceases, continuing even in sleep. Whatever comes up in the course of this fielding should be considered a landing site.⁴⁹

I will also have as a kind of traveling guide, during this next section, the writings

⁴⁸ Andrew Benjamin, *Architectural Philosophy*. (London: The Athlone Press, 2000) p.40

⁴⁹ Madeline Gins and Arakawa, *Architectural Body*. (Tuscaloosa: The University of Alabama Press, 2002) p.7

of Lisa Robertson. Fragments from a collection of her work will parallel my own observations in a conversation of sorts. Robertson's intimate knowledge of the changing state of Vancouver's architectural modernity and, by extension, identity makes her an ideal guide.

a present day what if (walking within)

The worn cotton sheets of our little beds had the blurred texture of silk crepe and when we lay against them in the evening we'd rub, rhythmically, one foot against the soothing folds of fabric, waiting for sleep. That way we slowly wore through the thinning cloth. Our feet would get tangled in the fretted gap.⁵⁰

I am standing here putting my coat on, my hat, checking for my keys. And down the stairs, dark. I take hold of my front door and pass through it, down more stairs, dark. And there I am, outside. The same me from the inside. I look back and see my bedroom window partially covered by my curtain. The light is on and I can see the top of my bookcase, my lampshade, some of my orange wall. It's warm in there.

Looking west, looking west, looking east by northeast, looking northwest, looking northeast, looking west, loading wool, looking west, looking north, looking east, looking west, looking north, looking northeast, looking northeast, looking west, looking west, looking west, tracks are oldest, looking south, looking north, looking north, looking east, looking west, looking west by southwest; thus, space. And not by means other than the gestural. Pretty eyes. Winds.⁵¹

I walk through the between of my house and my next door neighbour's house, by and beneath the bushes. Through. Emergent. I am standing in the back alley now, now I am standing in the back alley.

Place is accident posing as politics. And vice versa. Therefore it's tragic and big. We recommenders of present action have learned to say "perhaps" our bodies produce space.⁵²

⁵⁰ Lisa Robertson, Occasional Work and Seven Walks From the Office of Soft Architecture. (Astoria: Clear Cut Press, 2003) p.13

⁵¹ Ibid, p.78

⁵² Ibid, p.16

I head up the alley, east toward the dim glow of commercial drive. I pass the wilted garden of a backyard, I can barely see through the vines and the decay. Something is back there. Some space is trying to stretch my eye to where I can't see. Is there more garden, is there a place to sit, is there that cat that I sometimes see in this alleyway waiting behind there for me to pass? I keep walking, looking back from time to time to see this split of neighbourhood, this crevice to pass through.

*A city is a flat massive thing already. We're out at the end of a lane looking south with normal eyes.*⁵³

I turn left or south to walk a little further to the street passing dark dumpsters, being pushed out of this alley space, curving my way east again yet again until I am standing within the flow of bodies.

*Yet our city is persistently soft.*⁵⁴

I weave my way through going south with buildings close to my left side and buildings not as close to my right.

*We walked through the soft arcade. We became an architect.*⁵⁵

I walk under awnings, around sandwich boards.

*Memory's architecture is neither palatial nor theatrical but soft.*⁵⁶

I stop to get out of the way of a dog on a leash which makes me look into this store selling "I'm sorry, we are closed". The lights are off in this room; I can kind of make out a counter, maybe cheese, no, maybe pastry, office supplies, pharmaceuticals. This is an office, cafe,

⁵³ Ibid, p.77

⁵⁴ Ibid, p.15

⁵⁵ Ibid, p.13

⁵⁶ Ibid, p.13

hardware store. I thought that I just saw someone move in the back and then someone bumps into me. Sorry. That's ok. I keep walking.

Soft architecture will reverse the wrongheaded story of structural deepness. That institution is all doors but no entrances.⁵⁷

I hear a bus before I see a bus that passes quickly by. One older woman, one younger woman, two younger men, one younger woman, one younger man, and it's by. There was more I'm sure of it. A kid trips on the pavement near me but keeps on walking, skipping. I continue walking and pass these pockets of receded space where doors lead to peopled upper levels. Are they looking down at me? Can they see me? What are they thinking? I turn to the left, edging my way around the corner away from bodies and back toward buildings, houses, homes.

Under the pavement, pavement. Hoaxes, failures, porches, archaeological strata spread out on a continuous thin plane.⁵⁸

As I walk down the street one style of design into another into another into montage into montage. Front doors closed and front windows open. Seeing in/ though.

In darkness the scaffold is foliage.⁵⁹

One house under construction.

⁵⁷ Ibid, p.16-17

⁵⁸ Ibid, p.15

⁵⁹ Ibid, p.166

*the scaffold wants to fall away from support. Its vertigo is so lively. The style of fidelity of scaffolding is what we enjoy. It finds its stabilities in the transitions between gesture.*⁶⁰

Blue sheets over scaffolding to protect from the rain, blowing about. And about.

*A scaffold is almost a catastrophe.*⁶¹

I continue down the street past a playground with its hiding spaces, tubes of disappearance. I wonder who is in there. Someone is. I think I hear someone. I walk north now back towards home.

*As for us, we too want something that's neither inside or outside, neither a space nor a site. In an inhabitable surface that recognizes us, we'd like to gently sway. Then we would be happy.*⁶²

There is a car just sitting there, not saying anything.

*The city is a florescence of surface.*⁶³

I can barely see under it, I can barely see through it. I do see the top of a steering wheel. I get closer and I do see two books on the front seat. I get closer and I do see the paint fading on the glove compartment. I do see those things. Then I walk up and through and up and out of and out of and in.

⁶⁰ Ibid, p.163

⁶¹ Ibid, p.165

⁶² Ibid, p.166

⁶³ Ibid, p.15

a retrospective what if (falling from above)

Staying with the imagined realm for another moment let me propose this: In September of 2001, a graduate student reads the essay “Walking in the City” by Michel de Certeau and becomes enchanted. So much so that this student decides to go to New York City and see for herself what the author describes in his text. De Certeau writes:

Seeing Manhattan from the 110th floor of the World Trade Center. Beneath the haze stirred up by the winds, the urban island, a sea in the middle of the sea, lifts up the skyscrapers over Wall Street, sinks down at Greenwich, then rises again to the crests of Midtown, quietly passes over Central Park and finally undulates off into the distance beyond Harlem. A wave of verticals.⁶⁴

This student finds poetic the textured feel of the city as described by De Certeau. “It’s mirrored in my shirt”, she says. The enormous scale of the viewing from above is matched only by the enormous scale of viewing one self. She appreciates being “lifted out of the city’s grasp”, being that viewpoint and nothing more that De Certeau wrote about when she notices in her visibility an airplane. The path of the airplane eventually makes its way into the interior of the building she is standing on, metal folded into metal. Screaming, confusion, heat. Another airplane across the way. Then a collapse.

Must one finally fall back into the dark space where crowds move back and forth, crowds that, though visible from on high, are themselves unable to see down below? An Icarian fall. On the 110th floor, a poster, sphinx-like, addresses an enigmatic message to the pedestrian who is for an instant transformed into a visionary: It’s hard to be down when you’re up.⁶⁵

We trust the stability of the up of architecture, so much so that our very lives hang in the balance of this fundamental trust. However, when buildings implode/ explode the experience of that event informs our relationship to our everyday landing sites. We start to grasp the fragility of built structures. When the World Trade Center buildings collapsed

⁶⁴ Michel De Certeau, *The Practice of Everyday Life*, (trans) Stephan Rendall (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1988) p.91

⁶⁵ Ibid, p.92

what was left in the ground space was not a void (a void was left in the air) but a complex series of foldings of material. Perhaps it is no surprise that Daniel Libeskind, an architect clearly influenced by fold aesthetics, was chosen to design up from the destruction.

Libeskind knows well aspects of curvilinear and monument. Lebbeus Woods, another fold inspired architect, argues that “destruction is factored in, at the very least, to construction. They are inevitably and paradoxically intertwined.”⁶⁶ He further maintains that the achievement of building is an aggressive and violent act. Perhaps this is why we trust the up of architecture, because of architecture’s arrogant posturing of confidence and aggression. Though underneath all that show of conviction we sense on some level that it is just that, a show. A fabrication of immortality. Mark Wigley states that:

Architecture is interesting because it is fragile, much more fragile than television, for example. Television is a very systematic, clearly defined space, which is why it offers so much security. A building, on the other hand, is radically unclear, as children, of course, know perfectly well. We train our students to not think like children; we train them to not see ghosts, to not imagine that the limits of a space are enigmatic and unclear. We give them the sense that architecture is a solid, stable institution and it is not, it just is not.”⁶⁷

Architectural instability it can be said is intricately woven into the fabric, or event of fold spaces. Event defined in such a way that active engagement (the noticeable decay or fall of a structure for example) is an occasional occurrence. And much like the limits of space that are enigmatic and unclear, so too is the defined temporality of event. Deleuze illustrates this concept by noting that:

events always involve periods when nothing happens. It’s not even a matter of these being such periods before and after some events, they’re part of the event itself. You can’t, for example, extract the instant of some terribly brutal accident from the vast

⁶⁶ Lebbeus Woods, “Everyday War” in *Mortal City*, (ed) Peter Lang (New York: Princeton Architectural Press, 1995) p.50

⁶⁷ Mark Wigley, “Fear not...” in *Mortal City*, (ed) Peter Lang (New York: Princeton Architectural Press, 1995) p.80

empty time in which you see it coming, staring at what hasn't yet happened, waiting ages for it to happen.⁶⁸

In this way, the fold spaces of the neighbourhood exist in a continual readiness. Of course these spaces have their moments of shine, or resonance when they are projected upon (with, for example, seduction or fear). However, the interstitial quality of the spatial dynamics is such that, much of the time these sites are getting passed by, unnoticed. The site is still the site though. So when Bernard Tschumi states that “there is no space without event, no architecture without program”⁶⁹ what he is doing is saying that space is defined by its material composition as well as its fluid relationality with active bodies (program). Tschumi is especially interested in the rupture caused by gaps or margins of space, the “space in between the different layers of superimposition, a residual space, a non-formal accidental space between rational systems. Between rational layers, this non-formal irrationality can be described as the place of the event.”⁷⁰ The creative tension is such that an interstitial space is always in danger of collapsing in on itself.

We are gathering terminology as we travel through these pages; the fold, interstitial, landing site, event. In this next section I will explore the two main projected sensibilities that come into collaboration with fold and interstitial spaces. Seduction and fear are the landing sites I see as being most associated with the events of these spaces. However, I will argue that contemporary urban planning has smoothed out the edges of the fold in order to maintain a sense of order and knowing. Anthony Vidler acknowledges the dubious project of public space transparency by stating the intention to “eradicate the domain of myth,

⁶⁸ Gilles Deleuze, *Negotiations: 1972-1990*, p 160.

⁶⁹ Bernard Tschumi, *Architecture and Disjunction* (Cambridge Mass, MIT Press, 1999) p.139

⁷⁰ Bernard Tschumi, “Architecture of the Event” in *Anyway*, (ed) Cynthia Davidson (New York: Rizzoli International, 1994) p.53

suspicion, tyranny, and above all the irrational. The rational grids and hermetic enclosures of institutions from hospitals to prisons; the surgical opening of cities to circulation, light and air.”⁷¹ Under the banner of safety and transparency, societies have built environments that have arrested the creative longings of limited vision.

the seductive and fearful fold

Seeing, and not being seen- vision is complicated in the city. Different fields of perception are opened up by urban forms; different ways of looking coexist and compete. Images pile on top of each other; things are seen- or half seen- quickly, suddenly. The tops of buildings, reflections in store fronts, the spectacle of crossing the street. In the city, simply, there is so much to see. And then, cities offer a kind of invisibility. Blank faces look past you in the street. Falling into step with the flow of bodies, one takes cover, seeing, and not being seen. You can watch the crowd, or melt away inside it.”⁷²

If we are exploring fold and interstitial spaces through a lens of instability, perhaps it is instructive to return to a working idea of becoming. Gaston Bachelard defines a void as being the “raw material of the possibility of being. Without it we are banished from the realm of possibility.”⁷³ It is this possibility that feeds the reactionary tendencies of seduction and fear; something might be exciting, something might be scary.

For Lebbeus Woods the notion is as such:

“becoming” - whether in the form of simple motion or historical transformation- cannot be divided into discrete increments of identity, but flows as a continuum, so that at any one “point” (the concept of which is not more than a logical convenience) a thing is simultaneously what it “is” and what it is “becoming.” Identities are transformational, sliding and shifting in an ongoing complex stream of becoming.”⁷⁴

⁷¹ Anthony Vidler, *The Architectural Uncanny: Essays in the Modern Unhomely*. (Cambridge Mass: MIT Press, 1992) p.168

⁷² Fran Tonkiss, “Views” in *City A-Z*, (eds) Steve Pile and Nigel Thrift (London: Routledge, 2000) p.277

⁷³ Gaston Baschelard, “The Dialectics of Outside and Inside” in *The Continental Aesthetics Reader*. (ed) Clive Cazeaux (London: Routledge, 2000) p.155

⁷⁴ Lebbeus Woods, “Everyday War” in *Mortal City*, p 48-49

In this way, space is what it is but it is also what it is becoming through the projection of intent. And we are in the same predicament. We are what we are but these unstable, slippery spaces help create a path into a becoming. The identity of a space is transformational and the identities connected to bodies traversing that space are equally transformational.

We can look more closely at seduction within this realm. Seduction is being drawn into the event and enticed by the compositional elements. Often these elements involve a missing visual. People slow down in their cars to witness the event of an accident, not necessarily hoping to see a mangled body but to play into the game of not seeing the mangled body. The expectation or the possibility is the seductive component. We are drawn to folds because of the potential for finding, uncovering while on a path to becoming.

Jean Baudrillard connects seduction to secrets. He states, "Seduction can't be programmed, and disappearance, whether of constructed things or generalized ambivalence, can't be officialized. It has to remain secret. The order of secrecy, which is the order of seduction, obviously exists only through provocation"⁷⁵ There is an area within the scope of my neighbourhood that has, running under certain cross streets, a deep cavern of a rail line. This space is enormous though easy to miss, not expected or obvious within the visual field. Only when provoked by the train sound does the secret get revealed, the emergence of this folded space. The event of the space though is beyond the fragmented passing of the train and that is the seduction. How do we get drawn to these spaces? How do we practice our landing sites to incorporate these hidden enclosures? Baudrillard continues:

⁷⁵ Jean Baudrillard and Jean Nouvel, *The Singular Objects of Architecture*, (trans) Robert Bononno (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2002) p.16

the secret obviously becomes increasingly difficult in a world like our own, where everything is given to us totally promiscuously, so that there are no gaps, no voids, no nothingness; nothingness no longer exists, and nothingness is where secrecy happens, the place where things lose their meaning, their identity- not only would they assume all possible meanings here, but they would remain truly unintelligible in some sense....in every building, every street, there is something that creates an event, and whatever creates an event is unintelligible.⁷⁶

The increasingly promiscuous display or transparency of urban space has made fold spaces much more difficult to come upon. Contemporary tendencies of track housing, gated communities, widened streets and freeways, and less contemporary tendencies of grid street mapping and homogenized neighbourhood design have made for a deficiency of creative spatial agency. Though there are pockets of protest. In my neighbourhood for instance, there is an incredible range of garden use. On any given block there are countless variations on how to construct yard. This multiplicity is related to what I am defining as a fold aesthetic, however, this kind of dynamic space use is becoming more and more a cultural oddity because of our cultural tendency to create reliable same-ness.

Mike Greenburg writes about how the seductive interplay of light and shadow within neighbourhood space caused by depth creates a kind of rhythmic dynamic, an architectural melody that is served best by concentrated and varied architecture:

As we move about a city, whether afoot or in a vehicle, we experience the city in time. A sidewalk and its environs are not just spatial features; they are temporal features as well. The linear distance from your office to the public library or the florist's is not traversed instantaneously. The trip, like that from the beginning to the end of a musical composition, takes a number of minutes, which may vary depending on the tempo of your walk. The objects you pass along the way are also temporal features; each occupies the field of vision or the attention for a number of seconds before you reach the next significant object.⁷⁷

⁷⁶ Ibid, p.16-17

⁷⁷ Mike Greenberg, *The Poetics of Cities: Designing Neighborhoods That Work*. (Columbus: Ohio State University Press, 1995) p.88-89

So if a neighbourhood space is homogenized in form and evenly spaced, the musicality of our relationship to the surroundings gets flattened and static. In this way, fold spaces or interstitial spaces can provide a variation, an inflection that defines and frames the overall movement.

Along with seduction we can also explore fear as a response tendency to fold spaces. The back alley at night is a cultural code of fear because of a clearly imagined danger presence lurking. Not an actual danger necessarily but a creative configuration. What we can't see we make up, and fear is an enticing emotion. These fold spaces are container points for the dark spaces within our own psychological makeup. The event of the space serves as a staging ground and the landing site is a form of therapeutic discharge.

We can also say that this fear of the fold has to do with a sense of control. Neighbourhood watch programs, expensive home security systems, surveillance cameras are all methods of trying to define a meaning and construct a safe zone out of these areas that are uncontainable. Richard Sennet has argued that cities are built with a bland, neutral aesthetics because of a fear of exposure, the threatening kind, not stimulating kind, and as a way to remove the threat of social contact.⁷⁸

Of course bland planning out of fear can seriously affect our sense of overall rhythm and placement within the socio-architectural environment. So what are we left with? Aaron Betsky asks this question in a more pointed fashion. "What is left if the boulevard is a formless void, its edges eaten out by parking lots, its presence marked by signs, and its rhythm so attenuated that it is difficult to see the boulevard as belonging to, or making sense out of, any particular community."⁷⁹

⁷⁸ Richard Sennet, *The Conscience of the Eye: The Design and Social Life of Cities*. (New York: Knopf, 1990)

⁷⁹ Betsky, Aaron, "Nothing But Flowers: Against Public Space" in *Slow Space*, (eds) Michael Bell and Sze Tsung Leong (New York: Monacelli Press, 1998), p.459

This brings us back to the World Trade Center. The collapse of the up of those monumental buildings gave a particularity to that site. Where once stood a whole lot of bland architecture in a vertical sense and a seemingly formless iconography of transnational globalization, quickly took shape within its folded debris. Seeing the fall was a seductive and fearful event, and seeing the event was a process. The event still has legs.

chaos is a substitute for the connective tissue. It is not the most comforting kind of order we could imagine. Still, there is comfort in the perception that we are all in this chaos together. Though the world has become fragmented, we are all fragmented equally. A community of chaos is still a community, of a kind. Exploding buildings are this community's landmarks- its inverted arches of triumph, its sinister Taj Mahal's. they provide images of a collective experience that is otherwise elusive. Traditionally, we look to buildings to provide symbols of social cohesion. Exploding buildings now perform an equivalent symbolic role.⁸⁰

the interiority of a conclusion

As I am typing these words where can I place landing sites? Where are my own folds? The most obvious folds are in my hips, behind my knees, between my toes, my inner ears, my nostrils, my armpits. This is just the surface, just some of the folds that lead into countless other folds within my body, constantly unfolding and unfurling. My outer folds are seductive. I place my hands around and in them, feeling the darkness, feeling my limitation of vision. It is curiosity. The inner folds of my body are more anxiety producing. How do I know everything is going alright. Maybe there is some fundamental flaw in my inner landscape. I want to have a feeling of control but it is pointless really. Deleuze writes that matter is "an infinitely porous, spongy, or cavernous texture without emptiness, caverns endlessly contained in other caverns: no matter how small, each body contains a world pierced with irregular passages, surrounded and penetrated by an increasingly vaporous

⁸⁰ Muschamp, Herbert, "Things Generally Wrong in the Universe" in *Mortal City*, (ed) Peter Lang (New York: Princeton Architectural Press, 1995) p.32

fluid.”⁸¹ Andre Lepecki writes that “the body’s surface as an image is experience as a detachable organ, permanently floating between subjectivity, alterity, and the experience of the corporeal, as an ill-fated mask.”⁸² I write that there are folds among us both in the architectural environment of our cities and in the architectural environment of our bodies. When I am dancing in/ on/ around the public stuff of matter, my body folds in/ on/ around that very surface and is imprinted there, causing a fold in response. A delicate back and forth, both seductive and fearful.

⁸¹ Deleuze, Gilles, The Fold: Leibniz and the Baroque, p.5

⁸² Lepecki, Andre, “Still: The Vibratile Microscopy of Dance” in ReMembering The Body, (eds) Gabriele Brandstetter and Hortensia Volckers (New York: Ostfildern-Ruit, 2000) p.336

Epilogue (Echo walk)

The sun recently set and it is dark. We gather by the big tree by the tennis courts.

AND THEN

I say thank you for coming. I say more words and, lastly, I say follow me.

AND THEN

They follow me down the stairs and we gather by the car. I get in and turn it on and turn on the headlights.

AND THEN

Emily takes out of her pocket the scrap of paper from the bread bag that Melanie wrote reflections on earlier in the day. She crouches by the light and reads.

AND THEN

Aretha says follow me.

AND THEN

We follow Aretha down an alleyway as she repeatedly trips and looks back at us. She goes through the gate, through the apartment complex grounds. Igor stops us and says follow me.

AND THEN

We follow him around a corner and up onto the track and down some stairs and then we get to the ticking telephone pole. He stuffs words that he wrote as reflection earlier in the day into the cracks of the pole. We follow him further until we get to a grove of trees. He yells

out "Mark?" and I run off into the darkness. He yells "Mark?" again and Lori is off. "Mark" and Aretha.

AND THEN

Emily says follow me.

AND THEN

They follow up and through and up until they get to the red telephone booth. Lori, Aretha and I are inside. Emily opens the door and we run off. Emily listens into the phone until Jason says follow me. Jason crosses the street to where we are dancing under the light of the bus stop. The bus comes and goes and we still dance.

AND THEN

Jason goes over to the book store window and names titles for all the audience members. Lori puts on her skates and says follow me.

AND THEN

She skates over to the small grocery store and writes a thank you note on a piece of paper. She gets the audience to sign it. She sticks the note under the door.

AND THEN

She skates up the street and over until we get to the stairs leading to the foundation of a house. She says the names of participants and matches them with names from the audience. The audience is led in the dark, up the stairs and into the foundation. Quiet. Quiet. We dance. Quiet.

AND THEN

Soyoung, who earlier recorded my daughter Asa making her odd breathing sounds, takes that out and presses play. After the sound settles she says follow me. She starts walking down and around until we are entering the park. She presses stop.

AND THEN

We go to the middle, under the streetlight, under the moon light. I say follow me and I sit down with a children's book. I open it and read to the group "In the great green room....."

AND THEN

I finish. I close the book. I ring the bell. I say thank you. I walk up the dark alleyway. I enter my house. I say goodnight to Asa. I go to sleep.

Works cited

Adams Rachel, Sideshow U.S.A.: Freaks and the Cultural Imagination (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2001).

Ardenne Paul, "Soo-Ja Kim: InterCommunication Center (ICC)", *ArtPress* no. 261 (October 2000).

Badiou, Alain, "Gilles Deleuze, The Fold: Leibniz and the Baroque" in Gilles Deleuze and the Theatre of Philosophy, (eds) Constantin Bounda and Dorthea Olkowski (New York: Routledge, 1994).

Bakhtin Mikhail, The Bakhtin Reader. (ed) Pam Morris (London: Edward Arnold, 1994).

Banes Sally, "Gulliver's Hamburger" in Reinventing Dance in the 1960s: Everything Was Possible (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 2003).

Barualdo Carlos, "Heads to Toes: Francis Alys' Path of Resistance", *Artforum* vol.37 no.8 (April 1999).

Bascheland, Gaston, "The Dialectics of Outside and Inside" in The Continental Aesthetics Reader, (ed) Clive Cazeaux (London: Routledge, 2000).

Baudrillard, Jean and Jean Nouvel, The Singular Objects of Architecture, (trans) Robert Bononno (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2002).

Benjamin, Andrew, Architectural Philosophy (London: The Athlone Press, 2000).

Bentley Mays John, "Walking off the Map: Hymns to the unknown city beneath our feet" *The Walrus* vol.3 issue 3 (May 2006).

Berleant Arnold, "Ideas for a Social Aesthetic" in The Aesthetics of Everyday Life (eds) Andrew Light and Jonathan Smith (New York: Columbia University Press, 2005).

Betsky, Aaron, "Nothing but Flowers: Against Public Space" in Slow Space, (eds) Michael Bell and Sze Tsung Leong (New York: Monacelli Press, 1998).

Bourriaud Nicolas, Relational Aesthetics (trans) Simon Pleasance and Fronza Woods (Paris: Les Presses du Reel, 2002).

Braidotti Rosi, "Mothers, Monsters, and Machines" in Writing on the Body. (eds) Katie Conboy, Nadia Madina and Sarah Stanbury (New York: Columbia University Press, 1997).

Burgin Victor, "Paranoiac Space" in Visualizing Theory: Selected Essays From V.A.R. (ed) Lucien Taylor (New York: Routledge, 1994).

De Certeau, Michel, The Practice of Everyday Life, (trans) Stephan Rendall (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1988).

Deleuze, Gilles, The Fold: Leibniz and the Baroque (trans) Tom Conley (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1993).

-----, Negotiations: 1972-1990, (trans) Martin Joughin (New York: Columbia University Press, 1995).

Ferrel Jeff, Tearing Down the Streets: Adventures in Urban Anarchy. (New York: Palgrave, 2001).

Folk Gregory, "Kim Sooja at P.S. 1", *Art in America* 89 no.12 (December 2001).

Foster Susan Leigh, "Walking and Other Choreographic Tactics: Danced Inventions of Theatricality and Performativity", *SubStance* 31 (2002).

Gins, Madeline and Arakawa, Architectural Body (Tuscaloosa: The University of Alabama Press, 2002).

Greenberg, Mike, The Poetics of Cities: Designing Neighborhoods That Work (Columbus: Ohio State University Press, 1995).

Hanh Thich Nhat, The Wisdom of Thich Nhat Hanh (New York: One Spirit, 2000).

Halley Peter, "The Everyday Today: Experience and Ideology" in Architecture of the Everyday. (eds) Steven Harris and Deborah Berke (New York: Princeton Architectural Press, 1997).

Haraway Donna, "The Persistence of Vision" in Writing on the Body. (eds) Katie Conboy, Nadia Madina and Sarah Stanbury (New York: Columbia University Press, 1997).

Jones Amelia, The Absent Body. (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1990).

Lefebvre Henri, Critique of Everyday Life, Volume 1. (trans) John Moore (London: Verso, 1991).

Lepecki, Andre, "Still: The Vibratile Microscopy of Dance" in ReMembering The Body, (eds) Gabriele Brandstetter and Hortensia Volckers (New York: Ostfildern-Ruit, 2000).

Liggett Helen, "Out For a Walk" in The Politics of Moralizing. (eds) Jane Bennett and Michael Shapiro (New York: Routledge, 2002).

Lowe Bia, "Falling", *The Kenyon Review* no.24 (Summer/Fall 2002).

Mairs Nancy, "Carnal Acts" in Writing on the Body. (eds) Katie Conboy, Nadia Madina and Sarah Stanbury (New York: Columbia University Press, 1997).

Manko Vanessa, "Noemie Lafrance in Conversation". *The Brooklyn Rail* (July/ August 2005).

Muschamp, Herbert, "Things Generally Wrong in the Universe" in Mortal City, (ed) Peter Lang (New York: Princeton Architectural Press, 1995).

Phelan Peggy, Mourning Sex: Performing Public Memories. (New York: Routledge, 1997).

Plant Sadie, The Most Radical Gesture: The Situationist International in a Postmodern Age. (New York: Routledge, 1992).

Robertson, Lisa, Occasional Work and Seven Walks From the Office of Soft Architecture (Astoria: Clear Cut Press, 2003).

Sheringham Michael, "The Project and the Everyday: Francois Bon's Experiments in Attention" in The Art of the Project: Projects and Experiments in Modern French Culture (eds) Johnnie Gratton and Michael Sheringham (New York: Berghahn Books, 2005).

Sennet, Richard, The Conscience of the Eye: The Design and Social Life of Cities (New York: Knopf, 1990).

Simmel Georg, "The Metropolis and Mental Life" in Rethinking Architecture: A Reader in Cultural Theory (ed) Neil Leach (New York: Routledge, 1997).

Sommer Sally, "Everybody Into The Pool (and Dance)". *The New York Times* 4 September 2005.

Spense Brad, "Painfully Ironic" in Bas Yan Ader. Curated by Brad Spense (The Art Gallery: University of California, 1999).

Thompson Nato, "Trespassing Relevance" in The Interventionists: User Manual for the Creative Disruption of Everyday Life (eds) Nato Thompson and Gregory Sholette (North Adams: MASS MoCA Publications, 2004).

Tonkiss, Fran, "Views" in City A-Z, (eds) Steve Pile and Nigel Thrift (London: Routledge, 2000).

Tschumi, Bernard, Architecture and Disjunction (Cambridge Mass, MIT Press, 1999).

-----, "Architecture of the Event" in Anyway, (ed) Cynthia Davidson (New York: Rizzoli International, 1994).

Varela Francisco, Ethical Know-How: Action, Wisdom, and Recognition. (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1999).

Vidler, Anthony, The Architectural Uncanny: Essays in the Modern Unhomely (Cambridge Mass: MIT Press, 1992).

-----, Warped Space: Art, Architecture, and Anxiety in Modern Culture (Cambridge Mass: MIT Press, 2000).

Virilio Paul, Polar Inertia. (trans) Patrick Camiller (London: Sage Publications, 2000).

Wigley, Mark, "Fear not..." in Mortal City, (ed) Peter Lang (New York: Princeton Architectural Press, 1995).

Woods, Lebbeus, "Everyday War" in Mortal City, (ed) Peter Lang (New York: Princeton Architectural Press, 1995).