

Handbook for the Itinerant

Brandon LaBelle

Produced as part of Sideways, a festival in Belgium exploring issues of journeying and environmental praxis, Handbook for the Itinerant acts as a device for conditioning the steps of the reader. The book is developed as a writing-journey, full of associative texts and documents that together uncover the step as a feverish and complex event. Comprised of reflections and meditations on the poetics of walking, daily encounters, foreignness, the politics of mobility, mythologies of the road, histories of tramps and global migration, LaBelle's work opens up multiple perspectives on what it means to go from place to place.

Brandon LaBelle is an artist, writer and theorist. His work addresses questions of sociality, subjectivity and informal articulations of agency, using sound, performance, text and sited constructions. He is the author of *Diary of an Imaginary Egyptian* (2012), *Acoustic Territories: Sound Culture and Everyday Life* (2010), and *Background Noise: Perspectives on Sound Art* (2006).

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www.sideways2012.be

**I am caught.
I cannot get away.**

**There is no place to hide.
I am trapped.
By you.
For you.
You have me.
I cannot escape.
To hide.
To flee.
To remain peripheral.
On the edge of this city.
I am taken.
I am captured.
I am now on the map.
I have a name.
What is it?
Do you know?
I will not tell you.**

Already, I am searching.

Amidst the rhythms of the day, to find a point, en route, that is, a step *toward*. To mark the step with a particular energy, one that travels from up under the foot to trail across the hip, on its way to the heart, or maybe, just behind the breath, but finally, as a point of departure, onto the tongue. What we might think of as the step *toward voice*.

Both together.

The step, and the voice.

Might the step already announce an articulation? An expressiveness, capturing the lingering imagination of you and I?

That is to say, once the foot steps forward, onto the concrete plane of the real, the imagination follows, which is to say: the real and the fictional weave through each other. The step, and the voice, as well as the text: this writing.

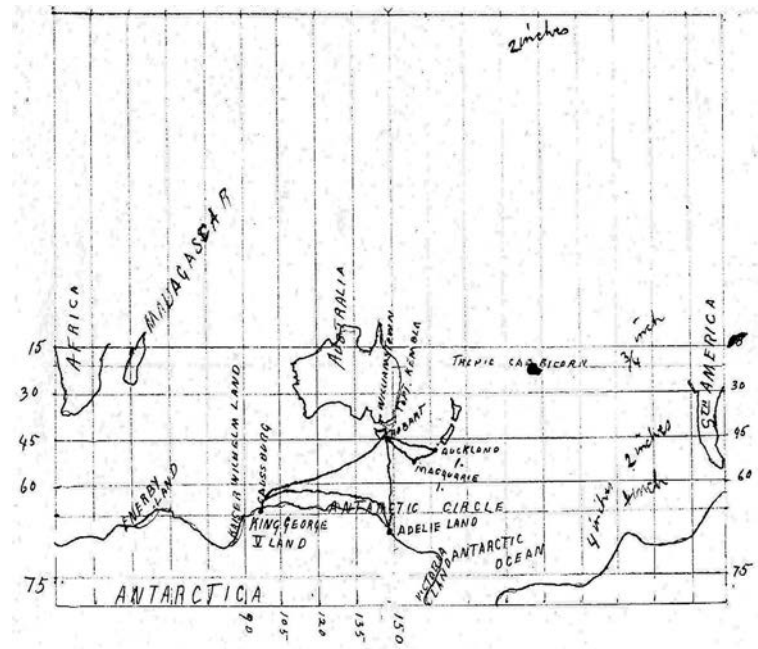
The space of the imagination follows and contours the space of the city; both together, as a conversation, and that unfolds into what Steve Pile terms “the phantasmic real” of urban life. This imagination, this searching is thus filled with the urban experience, its sociality, its vitality, its excess and its loneliness, while also beating back, lending its fantasies and its hopes to the street: the real and the fictional, You and I.

This is what I’m searching for; or what the street delivers: the promise of meeting. The city brings me out; it opens the horizon for finding connection, the other. I cannot leave its spatial character, its geography of intensity, of breaks and cuts, as well as linkages and networks. It has me, according to the particular dynamics of the step.

To step is to dream.

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Board last -
in shoe construction, the upper is attached to the bottom of a flexible board on top of the midsole. It makes the shoe more rigid and stable and suitable for those who under or overpronate.

Bum -
somebody regarded as irresponsible or worthless; useless; a beggar.

Center of gravity -
imaginary point that would exist if you crushed your body down to a single, centrally located point. In humans, this point lies behind, and just below, the navel. The right posture for easy and efficient walking depends on keeping your center of gravity over your feet.

Combination lasted -
in shoe construction, the board method is used in the heel and the slip method in the forefoot.

Creeping -
racewalking without straightening the knee from the moment of heel contact to the vertical support phase.

Curved last -
the shape of the shoe. A curved last curves inward at the insole. It is good for those with a high, rigid arch.

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Rhythm O: the performance by Marina Abramovic where she submits herself to the whims and fantasies of the audience who are allowed to prod and poke her, to write on her body, and even, in the end, to hold a gun to her. I take the rhythm of this encounter, as a zero degree, a base line upon which body is met with body; fantasy is invited onto the identity of the one, before; a primary contact: face to face. Rhythm O as the temporal spacing of the Other: an O in front of the I. Zeros and Ones; the fundamental binary by which variation proceeds: that is, all Rhythm. On / Off. In and Out: to step up, and then down, out and around, all the faces of the crowd passing, as breaths against my body. That propel and complement the step, the rhythm-O by which I encounter the Other, and the Other invades the I.

I and O.

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You step in, leaving behind while passing forward, the line of the horizon an ever-receding future, that is: the promise of movement. You project forward, yourself onto the scene, against this future that already includes you. You once said “I feel as if I’m always catching up with myself...” The horizon which is you, and which echoes with your steps. Steps that announce to yourself who you might become.

You step into yourself.

To beat out a rhythm against the line of the horizon. The step breaks the horizon with its echo; to set holes into it; to perforate it with a syncopation of beats searching for themselves, a *you* catching up with *you*. To find affiliation with yourself.

The tender map of the step charts out this line of the horizon, and the subsequent beats that mark it; and which further echoes with a self always behind and ahead, a body whose two feet step forward while still touching the past. The ontology of the step is defined by the two: one, stepping in as the beat that aims for the horizon, ahead, and the other, the second, as a receding back, an echo that slips into memory while shadowing the first, the one ahead. Such is the rhythm of this geography, and this diary – of searching forward, for the *Other*, while feeling the *I* always already behind.

I and O.

In and Out.

Precisely, a decentering that leaves one open, frail and

adrift; that is, a contemporary subjectivity resonating with the multitude and the multiplicity, a thousand plateaus by which to investigate where and what and how, equally a thousand steps to take and to leave behind.

Itinerant.

You once said “I love walking at night...” *The shadows.* The shift in perspectives, where all dimensions bend, flex. The horizon and the sky easing into one; the reflections breaking one from the other; and the dissolution of certain separations. “The night” you continued, “is a space for other imaginings, other meetings...”

To enter into ambiguity; a vague terrain: the night could become a platform for supporting new languages – a criminality made from trespassing, to arrive closer: closer to a mode of exchange. The night as a special economy: an itinerant economy made from the step, *a step into ambiguity.*

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In *Adjunct Dislocations I* the artist Valie Export mounted a film camera to her chest, and another to her back. She walks, from her apartment in the center of Vienna, and outward, to the suburbs, capturing what is in front, and what is behind. Her walk becomes a travelogue, registering the body as an extensive singularity. A body always already in front of itself, as well as behind.

I haven't seen you for a while. I thought to call, but then, as time does, things get busy. But still, I wonder, now and again, where you are, and what you might be doing. My thoughts circle here and there, full of names, voices, an array of figures that come forward, recede, break in and then soften, into shadows I reach for, now and again, here and there. Night made from this crowd of the interior life – a collectivity inside; that echo and resound, to make contact with the outside, life on the street, and in the world. A double-life, not of the self, but of the crowd: *the self and the crowd*. A crowded self. That is, a self full of ambiguity. A night-self.

A night-step.

Searching for another geography – a night-time geography for encountering more than meets the eye. Where the visibility of the city disappears, into the smooth darkness that throws shadows into new perspectives. The night has no map, only the passion and longing of the step; of meeting the other.

The night displaces the centrality of the gaze in favor of embodied sensuality, orienting speech and word, and the power of the look, toward nocturnal languages: one of laughter and tiredness, dreamy utterance and dreamy

steps – *the step and the voice.*

A speech-step, or what Peggy Phelan calls “flesh-speech”. A fleshy wording touched by the mysterious drive that takes this hand and puts it out, upheld and searching; that stirs the body, prolongs this writing as the trace of an encounter already found, here and there, in and out, day and then night.

Strangers.

“Like I said, I dig this song”

“But still, you don’t wanna dance?”

“Another time.”

“Ah come on! I won’t bite.”

“Yeah, but my feet feel better right here.”

“Ok baby, but don’t be shy, the night is for love...”

Love, and loneliness: the emptiness of the night takes over, tossing us into the mysterious quiet. Such quiet though, is where new friendships are made: in this space of emptiness, under the shadowy drapes of night your words pierce me – to find their way under the skin. A whisper that breaks down not only the city, as a functional construction, but this body: in other words, *we drift.*

Like when Kevin and I used to wander the darkness, across fields of dry earth, the moisture of the ocean catching itself on our skin. The roughness of the ground softened by the salty air. Rubbed by the air, and the murmuring of the dry brush. There is no absolute perspective in such a scene, no outside reference by which to organize our words, our steps. *Pure restlessness; pure*

night. And those speech-steps drumming out their own pattern: like when we’d lie back in the grass, not knowing exactly, but sensing in the pull of the wind that more would come. To dream. Might this be the production of the night – to set the heart beating, to unsettle the patterns of the day and let loose other thoughts, other words? And which someone, somewhere, may suddenly hear: in those hourless, shadowless landscapes of the night Kevin would stare wildly into the empty expanse, caring for nothing but desiring something.

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As I said, I'm searching: I take this step as the making of a new body, one poked precisely by the possibility of a new night.

Affiliation.

Which is a one becoming a more. I and O plus X. An X that promises the future: found on the missing horizon of the night. X is precisely the moment when we cannot see clearly, when, in the thick of the black curtain of the loneliest hour we lose our eyes and suddenly touch the one that is there – *to drift, to be restless*. And to search. Again.

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International legal protection of refugees center on a person meeting the criteria for refugee status as laid down in the 1951 Refugee Convention. Under Article 1(A)2, the term “refugee” shall apply to any person who:

“...owing to well-founded fear of being persecuted for reasons of race, religion, nationality, membership of a particular social group or political opinion, is outside the country of his nationality and is unable or, owing to such fear, is unwilling to avail himself of the protection of that country; or who, not having a nationality and being outside the country of his former habitual residence as a result of such events, is unable or, owing to such fear, is unwilling to return to it.”

Thus, according to this provision, refugees are defined by three basic characteristics:

1. they are outside their country of origin or outside the country of their former habitual residence;
2. they are unable or unwilling to avail themselves of the protection of that country owing to a well-founded fear of being persecuted; and
3. the persecution feared is based on at least one of five grounds: race, religion, nationality, membership of a particular social group, or political opinion.

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36° 50' N and 3° 00' E

*Can we go together?
To journey, like never before?
You and I.
With the cry of the heart stilled by the delicate timing
Of so many daydreams:
You say, "Never to be torn apart..."
Of the word, and the city,
Under the feet.*

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There is no one watching, here. There is no chance of being caught, now, with the sound of the ocean breaking out there, and the dripping light of the moon giving glow to the hills and the dry grass; the dirt on my hands, and Kevin, telling stories and laughing, getting tired. I think I drift off, for a moment. My eyes lazy with the deep hour. To sleep in the open, shadowed by the dark, the dark-caress, the dark-wetness of the air, the dark-breath of night-time, and the dark-promise sounding in your speech: those flesh-words like spiders, across the skin, sending shivers: dark-whispers that excite, and tremble the flesh. To make the air vibrate, between and around: that is, to find place, suddenly, in this no-place, this dark-place of night-steps and night-speech. I tell you my dreams; I tell you what I'll do tomorrow; I tell you about the raw energy hiding in my body; I tell you nothing, and then something; I let it spill, with no particular direction – a shadow-flow of shadow-speech, precisely, as the soft formless emptiness of being one with the other, and not leaving.

Won't you come with me?

A new city. Today. Everything arrives with confusion, and small points of recognition. To find familiarity in the surroundings; or looks of openness, hospitality. The city is a landscape of strangers: faces that appear as if from a different time. All these expressions, all this individuality flows in unexpected rhythms. From within a different fever – the local dynamics that find personality by those who carry them forward, like a mark or a reflection, a *sensibility*. And that confronts me on this day, in this city.

I try and read the signs. To match what I know with what

I see, sense, touch and intuit. To find alignment inside the sudden structures and movements, the forces barely perceived yet felt against the skin, under the step. An ambience full of history. Culture. To feel the difference, and to also carry this forward: that is, to be a foreigner. I walk into the room, and it feels unclear which table to take, where to place myself, how to behave: everything topples over in minute movements of hesitation, pause, embarrassment. Not knowing. To be *out of place* – disjointed; disjoined; displaced.

I am far away from those nights long ago. I am far away from the quiet darkness, with the night on my eyes and in the voices of friends, Kevin, and the brush of the wind all around. Yet all such memories locate themselves as deep structures by which new imaginings take shape, and which also meet the forces of the present: a kind of weave, not only of present and past but of longing and its expressions. Friendships and their emotional landscape.

The city and the page together.

The snow falls today. Outside all the water freezes. Grey sky. A sudden quiet falls over. The city, a fallen murmur. Stillness, except the flurry of snow caught in grey wind. The coldness, taking hold of the still boats, the spires that dot the horizon, the breath of those passing by.

"I work at the art academy across the way."

"What do you do there?"

"I'm a researcher."

"That must be interesting."

"It's a fantastic opportunity."

"Yes. I imagine."

Chit-chat poking the day, with small exclamations: that is, the slow unfurling of time as a process of being amongst others, brushing against, suddenly. Dedicated to those beside, suddenly, while at a café, or on the corner. A movement that announces and recedes in the same instant: to negotiate *what is possible here*. A new voice. A new nature. A new architecture. Presence, and then absence. Gone.

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Office of the United Nations High Commissioner for Human Rights:

International Convention on the Protection of the Rights of All Migrant Workers and Members of Their Families

Article 2

For the purposes of the present Convention:

1. The term “migrant worker” refers to a person who is to be engaged, is engaged or has been engaged in a remunerated activity in a State of which he or she is not a national.

2.

(a) The term “frontier worker” refers to a migrant worker who retains his or her habitual residence in a neighboring State to which he or she normally returns every day or at least once a week;

(b) The term “seasonal worker” refers to a migrant worker whose work by its character is dependent on seasonal conditions and is performed only during part of the year;

(c) The term “seafarer”, which includes a fisherman, refers to a migrant worker employed on board a vessel registered in a State of which he or she is not a national;

(d) The term “worker on an offshore installation” refers to a migrant worker employed on an offshore installation that is under the jurisdiction of a State of which he

or she is not a national;

(e) The term “itinerant worker” refers to a migrant worker who, having his or her habitual residence in one State, has to travel to another State or States for short periods, owing to the nature of his or her occupation;

(f) The term “project-tied worker” refers to a migrant worker admitted to a State of employment for a defined period to work solely on a specific project being carried out in that State by his or her employer;

(g) The term “specified-employment worker” refers to a migrant worker:

(i) Who has been sent by his or her employer for a restricted and defined period of time to a State of employment to undertake a specific assignment or duty; or

(ii) Who engages for a restricted and defined period of time in work that requires professional, commercial, technical or other highly specialized skill; or

(iii) Who, upon the request of his or her employer in the State of employment, engages for a restricted and defined period of time in work whose nature is transitory or brief; and who is required to depart from the State of employment either at the expiration of his or her authorized period of stay, or earlier if he or she no longer undertakes that specific assignment or duty or engages in that work;

(h) The term “self-employed worker” refers to a migrant worker who is engaged in a remunerated activity otherwise than under a contract of employment and who earns his or her living through this activity normally working alone or together with members of his or her family, and to any other migrant worker recognized as self-employed by applicable legislation of the State of employment or bilateral or multilateral agreements.

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I meet someone. A new face, before me. Eyes full of quiet. Blue-grey. Hair brushed up, and back, suspended slightly above, like a shaft of wind held. Sandy-blond. Everything comes forward: the animated gestures, the finger that points, a body separate from my own, yet up close, next to. The face moves, and then, pauses: to listen, to wait, to hover. And speech flows, dancing over particular wording, telling, recounting, asking. I respond, as one does, as time and space nurture, dictate: to meet, to speak, to weave together the conversation. That is, back and forth. An entire history begins to surface on the person – each expression pronouncing an entire set of experiences that I can only glimpse, and guess at. But nonetheless, that appear and flow along in the moment: the inflections that punctuate certain words; the relation of softness to sharpness; the textures of the skin. And especially, the form of the body as it holds itself up – posture, and gait, as vocabularies by which a person moves through the world. It says: I am a body full of ideas, desires, and uncertainties. I am *here*.

And there.

Strangers.

An itinerary of soft passions; confusions.

Hesitations, and possibilities.

To be outside, while also inside. In and out.

I and O.

Someone sits beside me. They occupy the room; I sense

their presence, their glow. It breaks the shadows, the steadiness of the quiet. Though nothing passes between us, it's as if I can hear their thoughts. The questions, the doubts. Wondering. The room changes shape, with me here and they there – suddenly there is a relation, a new configuration. It resituates the lines of perspective, to draw new connections even in the silence. The stillness of the room shifts, to take on new weight. Shall I speak? To pick up the particular pattern usual to the situation. I hesitate, and think, instead, to enjoy the emptiness between as it shudders. To become full of the morning light, the frozen water outside, the cars passing by. I could fall asleep to such gentle rhythms. Even the foot-steps that animate the wooden floorboards, suddenly, in the background, contribute to the lazy moment.

What does the stranger dream about?

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He loses his tongue. It falls out. He can't find it, that wagging object. Slippery muscle. He knows he'll never find it again, not here, not at this moment. It all started with the question – from another's mouth, from the movements of another's tongue. Itself a terrifying and beautiful entity: what authority the tongue can have. It takes his own away. Pries it out of his mouth, to let it fall out, and disappear. Is it under the table? Or has it slithered into the kitchen? It's nowhere to be found. It searches for another body, to disappear.

To become an assemblage: that is, one with the other, and more. An associated network, a confederation of parts. What Jane Bennett refers to as the "distributed agency" of vibrant matter. With my tongue here and there, an object on the run. It becomes its own body; a part in search of a whole. *Another*.

This then is a diary of a tongue in search of a new language, a new body. To be found in the movements that rhythm the day: traversals, superimpositions, echoes. All the small agitations that come to animate this room, that bench, the sidewalk, as material life. A culture of transmissions by which matter and energy continually interweave, disrupt separations, to become a vibrant body. Under the spell of such assembly the tongue wavers, stammers, to rebound within the cave of the mouth, as a loose figure. Something broken free, let loose, glistening with a new vitality.

She knows he's exaggerating.

He always plays the fool at such moments.

But still, she humors him, let's him have his way.

The night enters the mouth. A shadow of the language soon to arrive.

To speak through the night.

To swallow the darkness.

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Already, I am searching. For a new itinerary, a new traversal. To leave behind the frame of this reference, this fixity. That is, to find a new pattern. A geometry of the night, trajectories that disappear, however momentarily, in shadow, and that echo, as the pattering of steps across uncertain surfaces, to disorient and invite. I know this may not be the right direction; I may have to go back, turn around, and retrace my steps. There's always that possibility, of failure, or of error. The risk is always there, locked in time with the beating of this walk, this search. But I feel I have been here before, at least to some degree. The grey of that particular curtain, and the orange glow from the streetlight. These things seem as reminders of a past visit. And yet, everything is different: the sound of the fan from the bathroom, and the smell of the room, flecked with deodorant. Sharp.

You said once how memories also recall other memories, that is, moments of remembering particular events, spaces, in turn become memorable, contributing to an accumulation of details overlaid; memories that in fact produce their own memories. Phantasm. A recurring melody that begins to take on a life of its own, that echoes until the original soon dissipates, unfixed by a repeating continuation. Such echoes become their own body: a body ahead of and behind this one; steps that suddenly haunt my own, and that dislocate and displace the certainty of being here.

There.

Nowhere.

A new itinerary.

The labor of the move. The work of mobility. The itinerant worker.

Which hovers around this walk, to pick up the place of the shadow, as another beat to these steps. The economy of here and there carries great weight; memories of lost origins, songs dislocated and to be sung again, in far territories. The echo of displacement.

The step is not only a freedom.

I pause here because there is another itinerary to take; because the body ahead of me and behind me speaks another language; to remember to remember – the shimmering night is a zone of the political.

For escape.
For border crossings.
For exile.

The search that I am describing is also a search for asylum.

Do you hear it?
He thinks yes, though there is so much silence.
The winds seem to stop here, at this point, on this line.
Do you hear it?
He keeps trying, to strain his listening.

The nation state.

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There were many times when I thought about him, and they. Especially in the summer, when the days were slow and they would go out back to play football in the alley. They were always separate; I was never a part of their work, their leisure, their laughter. Though there are moments that stay with me – those sudden instances in the afternoon when we'd talk, about land, history, today. Something would pass between us, and our differences would take shape around quiet words. They told me about how they came to the US. How they ran from El Salvador, teenagers escaping the bloodshed, the chaos. To come North. How on one afternoon all their friends had been shot, and how they, one by one, had to flee. One hanging on to the back of a bus, and the other locked in the trunk of a car. The hot sun crashing into the stiff darkness. They would say these things, and I'd wonder what it all meant, inside. Outside the words. I knew I could never know, and still, I sense the trembling.

The body behind and ahead of me.

The echo of the other that follows me.

The night which shadows my steps, and theirs, drawing them together.

Michel de Certeau theorizes the ability for walking to enact forms of resistance, breakage, a certain freeing up of the individual body within its location. To place the step down is to already begin a process of new figuration of body and space; the city flexes and pulses under the step, to reveal hidden points of modulation, new rhythm, that may slip through the particular grid of the urban system. The poetics of the step, following de

Certeau, may radically inform this body on the move, to suggest routes for other imaginings, other contacts with place, and with each other. The walk in other words may rewrite, or overwrite, the inscriptions that keep one in place, or that script one's narrative from above. The walk is that very move unfurling a different textual formation: one of *rhythmed* vocabulary, of beating energy, of free passage.

This vocabulary though tenses under the particular logic of the refugee, the itinerant worker, the body in the midst of forced migration. Where might we locate the poetics of the step within such itineraries? May the pulse of the walk grant such difficult passages with potential release? Or lock it within the grip of a terrible power structure?

The phrase comes to mind: "To walk in another's shoes." Walking in this sense is a practice that educates us on the challenges of being in the world; it lessons us on the confrontations as well as the openings found in mobility – to take a step is already to break into the world, and to search for direction. It is to bump against those who are already present, all that is situated in the spaces that surround. The pedagogy of walking is then both a physical experience, a sensation of being on the ground, as well as an unfolding of conscience: to walk is to learn of the other, found on the road; the step may teach us to also empathize with those that fall behind, or that lie down in the streets. It is to empathize, through a knowledge of the rhythmed self, with those who fall into another beat. Or that are beaten down by a particular force.

Where do you go at night?

*Where do your steps lead you?
To get lost, or to search for the right address?
The night wind in the trees, brushing the dry branches with
its salty air...*

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Dérive -

“In a dérive one or more persons during a certain period drop their usual motives for movement and action, their relations, their work and leisure activities, and let themselves be drawn by the attractions of the terrain and the encounters they find there... But the dérive includes both this letting go and its necessary contradiction: the domination of psychogeographical variations by the knowledge and calculation of their possibilities.” (Guy Debord, 1958)

Double support -

the part of a stride when both feet are in contact with the ground.

Drift -

to be carried along by the flow of water or air; to go from one place to another, never staying anywhere for very long and seeming to have little purpose.

Driving phase -

the component of a racewalker's stride that occurs between the point when the back foot leaves the ground, and when the heel of that foot makes contact with the ground in front of the body.

Exile -

unwilling absence from a home country or place of residence, whether enforced by a government or court as a punishment, or self-imposed for political or religious reasons; a citizen of one country who is forced or chooses to live in another.

Flâneur -
an idler, or loafer; a literary type from nineteenth-century France, essential to any picture of the streets of Paris. It carried a set of rich associations: the man of leisure, the idler, the urban explorer, the connoisseur of the street.

Flight phase -
the short period of the stride where both of a walker's feet are off the ground. A flight phase increases a walker's effective stride length, but slows down stride frequency.

Gypsy -
somebody who has a nomadic or unconventional life-style.

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Kevin was a dedicated walker. It didn't matter how far or how long it would take, walking was the only means to get there; and it became a certain statement, of being free or outside the structures of time and space: the walk was a sign of being connected to the forces of the night. It was a form of independence.

It was also a form of collaboration. I'd meet Kevin somewhere in between where we both lived, and we'd spend the day outside, drifting through fields, watching the sun expand against the deep blue. To walk together. These were occasions for deepening conversation, as well as for small talks; we'd jump over fences, climb down along the cliffs, forage in the rocks. It was precisely a time for discovering, amidst the long hours of adolescence, something for ourselves. And walking enabled such a process; it immediately set us adrift, and from there we fashioned the necessary gait – to time ourselves to the forces that seemed to suggest another route. One to the side, or away from all that held us; to gravitate away from the pull of the center.

To take such steps was to enact a form of rebellion.

I follow you.

I disappear into the path.

I sleep in the shrubs.

I feel the dry earth on my hands.

I think of the artist André Cadere. In the early 1970s André appeared as an itinerant figure carrying a wooden stick. Poles consisting of different sections each colored: red, blue, green, yellow. A sort of staff for conducting forms of intervention; magic. A conversation rod stand-

ing as another body, in the room. André carried these around with him, entering into shops, taking the train, attending art openings. A figure accompanied by another figure, where the stick takes on personality. His *Barres de bois rond*. They do not necessarily speak, but they stand; and they lie down, at times. Left in corners, or placed in a row, equally distant, a series, or a collection of parts to an ever-modulated whole. Each stick a system of dimensions, of color and their composition.

I think of André as a walker whose steps were never alone; a body preceded and echoed by an addition, a supplement.

As with Richard Long – another walking artist, whose journeys across landscapes, mountain ranges, deserts were recorded by interventions, adjustments, poetical expressions left behind. Gathering rocks from the landscape, a collection of elements found there, or trails marked out by his steps – that is, *traces*. A body left behind, but no longer there; left to echo, and to suggest future steps. His photographic documentations all speak from a particular silence. Silent, private and distant steps. Presented, marked and reverberant.

Silent and sounded.

I and O.

And X.

Long may be appreciated as not only an exemplary poetical walker, but also as forming a discipline aimed at learning the steps of migration; a rehearsal echoing the

itinerary of the refugee whose paths often lead through landscapes of loneliness, disconnection, uncertainty. And who might have to make due with found elements. I wonder if Long thinks of the Sudanese mother lost in the treacherous landscape dried up by the terrible winds of the political? What does Long dream about at night, while sleeping out in the middle of nowhere during his walks over the Andes? Of the disappeared? Of the nomadic tribes of Iran, or of the workers in Dubai far from Pakistan?

Poetical steps, and political speechlessness; the cultural project and the steps of survival.

The step and the voice, intertwined. Interlocked.

A geography of difficult freedom.

Such geographies can also be found in the walks of Raja Shehaden. His walks over Palestine become stories of an ever-diminishing landscape, one constrained and contorted by the developments of the Israeli state, as it seizes land, carves up space, demarcates and fences, through a politics of geography, the hills Raja once walked freely. Through the narrative of the step, he chronicles the intensification of a geography under threat; a walk turning into political statement. For Raja, to step out of his house and into the hills is to already brush up against national policy: it is to touch the police state, there under the foot. Each step searches for the night, but ends confined to the day; a step of survival remembering the poetry of earlier drifts.

Might the step be heard as a rhythm modulated by such

politics of geography? A beat continually searching for time signatures to support its own particular gait, yet one always already in conversation with forces that determine the limits of their expression. An echo searching for a body that was, and a body that could be.

For the steps it once tread, and those it may yet take.

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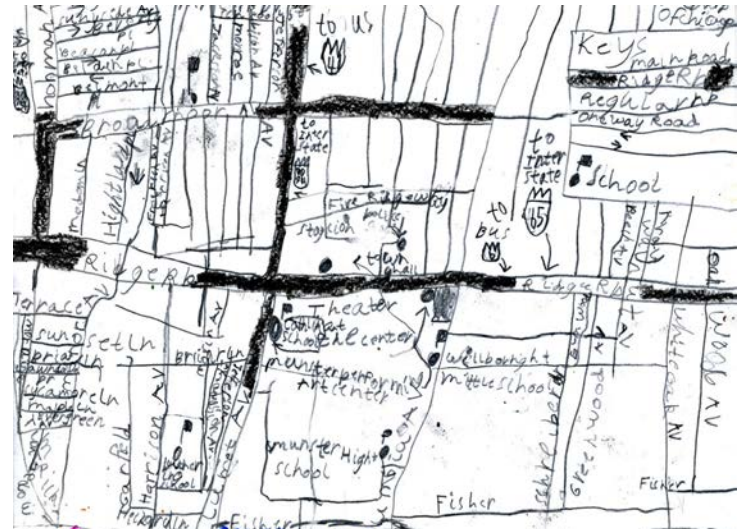
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Where are you taking me?
What do you want from me?
I live here.
I have always lived here.
Leave me here.
No, take me with you.
I want to come with you. I want to live inside your
dreams.
Life can be lonely.
Without each other.
Without feeling the touch of another.
Like that night in Spain, under the stars.
Like that morning, with the breeze and the ocean.
Can you feel me, inside your ear?
Up against your dreams?
I am part of you now.
You carry me along.
I have no choice.
You have me in your grasp.
Is the sky dark now?
Do the birds sing here?
Tell me something.
Tell me something you have never told another.
Whisper it to me, here, now.
Let it fly away, to take root, here.
This could be a garden of secrets.



Article 11

1. No migrant worker or member of his or her family shall be held in slavery or servitude.

2. No migrant worker or member of his or her family shall be required to perform forced or compulsory labour.

3. Paragraph 2 of the present article shall not be held to preclude, in States where imprisonment with hard labour may be imposed as a punishment for a crime, the performance of hard labour in pursuance of a sentence to such punishment by a competent court.

4. For the purpose of the present article the term “forced or compulsory labour” shall not include:

(a) Any work or service not referred to in paragraph 3 of the present article normally required of a person who is under detention in consequence of a lawful order of a court or of a person during conditional release from such detention;

(b) Any service exacted in cases of emergency or calamity threatening the life or well-being of the community;

(c) Any work or service that forms part of normal civil obligations so far as it is imposed also on citizens of the State concerned.

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Everything murmurs. A slow creeping sound. To slip through, and unfold further: one, two, three... Something unclear, and evocative. The formation of an uncertain voice. Mumbling. To invite the ear into discovery, ambiguity. It captures the imagination, with the breaking of clouds overhead, and the warm air on the skin. I listen. In anticipation. To wait – the ear in waiting. To stop, or pause the step from its direction, alter its progressive disposition: to stand still.

This becomes the position of the listener. The one who does not walk, who instead hesitates, to linger over the everyday so as to hear, finally, what is always already there. The step then might be thought of as a movement that attempts to follow the inertia around, to integrate or cut into the ebb and flow of forces surrounding, while the wait is a hesitation, a body still or without. A body in anticipation.

As a counter-weight to the flights of the step, I want to consider the wait, stillness, the immobile figure; the pause that might be found within the mobility of the one on the go. To pause is to register that one is in fact somewhere; to linger is to take notice, to sense the detailed texture of place. To hear the voices that speak, or to collapse, exhausted, unable to move.

There is a photo: a group of men gathered around in the midst of trees, a small forest. Some are seated, while others stand, each holding a plate, a cup, or staring into the distance. It is a camp of tramps. A collective of men whose conditions texture the black and white surface of the photograph. They stare at me, to convey their mobility, their continual migrating step, through this instant

of stillness. It covers them, this pause. To pause then is to be caught: it is to allow others to come closer. How to know someone who is always on the move? The pause then is a moment of recognition: it is where the eyes meet, and the one stands before the other, face to face. It is in this instant also that the photograph is taken, when the fleeting moment is held to texture our eyes with this stillness.

The step in contrast can only be a blur.

The step might be what cuts into the scene, to disrupt, to shatter, to stir the air around, but the pause, the hesitation, registers the effect of such displacement: with the body still, we might feel the presence of the one who does not belong. To feel it as a step that has crossed the line, to stand, suddenly, in front. Or this instant, to occupy an area of land, as bodies covered in the dust of the road.

The camp.

The step is thus conditioned both by the promise of mobility, as a productive extension of the body, as well as the sudden recognition that to go somewhere may be to also go nowhere: that often as one steps forward, into the gleaming horizon of future possibility, when the foot finds itself on foreign ground, the path taken may circle upon itself, to ultimately lock one into an endless trajectory of always going further; of being without.

The step is then connected to the making of the foreign.

Richard Sennett, in his publication on foreignness, ar-

gues for the jarring presence of the one who is out of place. The figure that speaks another tongue, or awkwardly stands in the room, the body at odds with its surroundings, may create a productive instant of negotiation – this figure provides opportunity for extending the local, and elaborating a horizon of possible meeting, of new language. Thus the foreigner is necessary, for he or she promotes a differentiating structure by which we may realize a world greater than ourselves. A society full of multiplicity.

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She says, "I love to travel... To become someone else."

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To become lost.

Losing place.

It's hard to keep it in my hands. It slips through my fingers as I walk – the rhythm of the body hitting the pavement, in time to the rhythm of the heart, each step in between breaths. And the pulse of one meeting the pulse of the other. I and O. To search for what lies beyond is to place the heart in the step. To believe that what waits just around the bend, or down this street, may reveal a new situation: a condition for new thought, encounter, freedom.

Love.

It is to gain, and it is to lose, in the same moment. Place is thus a series of rhythms drummed out by so many steps, each picking up or leaving behind, hesitating or pausing and moving ahead, imagining the distance as a promised land, for a moment, or more.

Otto Friedrich Bollnow describes this as a fundamental spatiality for the human figure: a dynamic between leaving and returning, between going somewhere and coming back. The rhythm of this dynamic operates as a primary structure, a time signature giving definition to a body in space. From a central point, a zero degree, and outward, into town or through the world; one balanced in relation to the other – the making of a home, as a stable reference, is thus brought into relief through its relation to what lies outside: a workplace, a neighborhood, and the ties that bind one to this greater environment. Home might be a contrast to the deep intensities

of travel, or a complement: but always, and mostly, a private one. A space withdrawn; for withdrawing.

The body on the move thus carries home-life in the step, as a structure, as a memory, as a vocabulary for making place; to carry this forward, into the world, as Bachelard says, to act as an image for more public habitat. The step is full of such memory, such imaginary traces; it senses the world as it passes underfoot, in the hard hits of urban contact, or the softer drifts through village lanes – to draw this up into the leg, and deeper, into the center of the body, as a vibration meeting all the primary matter of home-life, and the house found in the heart. The two speak to each other, interweave, grate, rub one against the other, and in whose friction something emerges: a sense of self.

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The walk then is a difficult public. It breaks particular borders, to draw out the complexity of being within and being without. A dialogue of the step occurs between the itinerant body and those that stand by to witness, where two orders meet, to flex, to fluctuate, to rhythm the particular dynamics of here and there.

The step is primary rhythm precisely by bringing different orders into contact.

The human rights activist Chen Guangcheng scales a wall to stumble through the night, escaping the authorities and seeking refuge in the US embassy in Beijing. His flight gives announcement to greater national relations, a politics hovering between economic trade and the question of rights, between governments and citizenry. Chen runs into the night, blind to the pitfalls and low branches, the roadways and the rabbit holes that await – all the borders that break the body and that give definition to what we might touch, hold, and construct. Chen's itinerant journey forces dialogue across national borders; it pushes forward presidents and journalists, police and diplomats – to consider the privacy of a single individual as he intrudes upon the balance, garners global attention, to actualize a space between, to hover in an open space tensed with force.

Chen's walk in other words spirits a discourse of the transnational.

As found also in the tramp scare that swept the US in the late 19th century. Following the emergence of the transcontinental railroad, possibilities for mobility were dramatically intensified. Suddenly, crossing the coun-

try became a dynamic reality, leading to new routes for trade, business, as well as for migrant labor and general drifting. The tramp as a figure is radically intertwined with this new mobile possibility, aligned with the new railroad as transport infrastructure and the subsequent flows of business that soon flourished. Yet the tramp exerted a parasitic relation to all these forms of productivity, hopping on trains, drifting from town to town, and scavenging together sustenance where he could find it. The tramp scare turned into such a wave of unease precisely due to the tramp's disordering presence: a lawless figure, the tramp came to occupy the new structures of society with aimless wandering. While American mythologies of progress and lifestyle are based on such images of mobility, of freedom, of having the ability to wander at will, once embodied by the tramp such narratives were deeply unsettled. Turned problematic.

The itinerant thus moves in and out of the law, appearing as a figure occupying the periphery that also may appear or cut into the center: in moments of wandering, or escape, in destitution as well as through instances of fleeing.

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Article 16

1. Migrant workers and members of their families shall have the right to liberty and security of person.

2. Migrant workers and members of their families shall be entitled to effective protection by the State against violence, physical injury, threats and intimidation, whether by public officials or by private individuals, groups or institutions.

3. Any verification by law enforcement officials of the identity of migrant workers or members of their families shall be carried out in accordance with procedure established by law.

4. Migrant workers and members of their families shall not be subjected individually or collectively to arbitrary arrest or detention; they shall not be deprived of their liberty except on such grounds and in accordance with such procedures as are established by law.

5. Migrant workers and members of their families who are arrested shall be informed at the time of arrest as far as possible in a language they understand of the reasons for their arrest and they shall be promptly informed in a language they understand of any charges against them.

6. Migrant workers and members of their families who are arrested or detained on a criminal charge shall be brought promptly before a judge or other officer authorized by law to exercise judicial power and shall be entitled to trial within a reasonable time or to release.

It shall not be the general rule that while awaiting trial they shall be detained in custody, but release may be subject to guarantees to appear for trial, at any other stage of the judicial proceedings and, should the occasion arise, for the execution of the judgement.

7. When a migrant worker or a member of his or her family is arrested or committed to prison or custody pending trial or is detained in any other manner:

(a) The consular or diplomatic authorities of his or her State of origin or of a State representing the interests of that State shall, if he or she so requests, be informed without delay of his or her arrest or detention and of the reasons therefor;

(b) The person concerned shall have the right to communicate with the said authorities. Any communication by the person concerned to the said authorities shall be forwarded without delay, and he or she shall also have the right to receive communications sent by the said authorities without delay;

(c) The person concerned shall be informed without delay of this right and of rights deriving from relevant treaties, if any, applicable between the States concerned, to correspond and to meet with representatives of the said authorities and to make arrangements with them for his or her legal representation.

8. Migrant workers and members of their families who are deprived of their liberty by arrest or detention shall be entitled to take proceedings before a court, in order that that court may decide without delay on the

lawfulness of their detention and order their release if the detention is not lawful. When they attend such proceedings, they shall have the assistance, if necessary without cost to them, of an interpreter, if they cannot understand or speak the language used.

9. Migrant workers and members of their families who have been victims of unlawful arrest or detention shall have an enforceable right to compensation.

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Heel counter -
the rear-most part of the shoe, at the back of the heel above the sole. It is rigid and provides support.

Heel notch -
the slight depression at the top of a shoe's heel counter. It prevents or reduces irritation of the Achilles tendon and provides a more secure heel fit.

Heel spur -
painful foot condition caused by inflammation and injury of the plantar fascia (the thick ligamentous connective tissue that runs from the heel to the ball of the foot); a heel spur develops when the injury is severe enough that the plantar fascia becomes partially detached from the heel and may form a calcification. Recovery takes several weeks, aided by icing and taping of the foot and anti-inflammatory medication.

Hobo -
a poor and homeless person, especially somebody who traveled around the United States looking for work in the 1920s and 1930s.

Itinerant -
traveling from place to place, especially to find work or as part of your work.

Last -
the form on which a shoe is constructed resulting in the inside shape of the shoe. Lasts may be straight, curved or semi-curved. In construction, shoes may be board lasted, slip lasted or combi-lasted.

Lifting -
the failure to maintain contact with the ground at all times while racewalking.

Midsole -
shoe sole between the outer sole (which contacts the ground) and the shoe upper. It is made of a variety of materials to give the shoe various characteristics of cushioning, support, and flexibility. Different colors of materials show the different densities – usually the denser and more supportive polyurethane is in gray, with the lighter and cushier EVA in white. The more gray, the more support. The more white, the more flexible and cushioned.

Migration -
the act or process of moving from one region or country to another; a group of people, birds, or other animals that are moving together from one region or country to another.

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To be on the run.

The mythology of the walker, and the related road system, gains resonance through such instances of criminal usage, where, for instance, the likes of Bonnie and Clyde race down roadways while being pursued by the cops. Or when groups such as the Weather Underground is forever finding refuge in marginal spaces, always already close to the road, the secret passage, the alternative route in support of escape. Wandering is thus conditioned by the fevers of criminality, lining the step with degrees of transgression and trespass.

Yet the walk, and the wanderer, may also operate precisely as means for returning home, for reunification, for seeking the lost other, the memory: to walk is not only to search for escape, for an alternative path, but also, a route toward love, family, shared memories. The walk may lead us precisely to a center, a space of plenitude and contact, joy. In this regard, every step signifies according to a rich ambiguity, where it's hard to know if one is coming or going, transgressing or mending, breaking the law or being bound to it. The body is always occupied by such unsteady conditions – by such biopolitics. The step might be precisely an expenditure aimed at negotiating these oscillations, for it is by moving that we may discover who we are, where we come from, and what might lurk just beyond: to step is to register the very possibility of multiple directions, as well as to feel the sudden constraints which are always already there, present.

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The step as crime.

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I and O and X.

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Nomad -

a member of a people who move seasonally from place to place to search for food and water or pasture for their livestock.

Outer sole -

the shoe sole where the foot meets the ground. Made of carbon rubber or blown rubber or a combination. Carbon rubber is stiffer and lasts longer and may be used in the high-wear areas of the sole, with the softer blown rubber in other areas.

Path -

a track made by the continual passage of feet.

Plantar fasciitis -

painful foot condition caused by inflammation of the plantar fascia – the thick ligamentous connective tissue that runs from the heel to the ball of the foot. The pain is usually felt on the bottom of the foot near the heel and is worst when getting out of bed first thing in the morning or after sitting for a length of time. It is caused by too much pressure or trauma to the bottom of the foot often resulting from wearing old “dead” shoes or a weight gain. Recovery takes several weeks, aided by icing and taping of the foot.

Pronation -

the natural side-to-side movement of the foot as you walk or run. The foot rolls a bit inward with each step, and with the correct gait should begin to roll outward with the toe-off.

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Article 26

1. States Parties recognize the right of migrant workers and members of their families:

(a) To take part in meetings and activities of trade unions and of any other associations established in accordance with law, with a view to protecting their economic, social, cultural and other interests, subject only to the rules of the organization concerned;

(b) To join freely any trade union and any such association as aforesaid, subject only to the rules of the organization concerned;

(c) To seek the aid and assistance of any trade union and of any such association as aforesaid.

2. No restrictions may be placed on the exercise of these rights other than those that are prescribed by law and which are necessary in a democratic society in the interests of national security, public order (ordre public) or the protection of the rights and freedoms of others.

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To step over, or between. Against or around. Each step pushes against what is already there, to bring forward all the embedded forces preceding this body, this figure. The step brushes the latent energies, to bring them into relief and to confront what lies in wait.

To step, is to step forward, and in doing so, to produce a spatial effect: the emergence of a path, and the horizon in the distance. From the step we learn to imagine what is further, and out of reach; to understand that there is always more, beyond our grasp and apparent to the senses. And that there is always something we leave behind, or that leaves us. The education of the step is thus one that generates a range of fantasy, a belief in possibility and the promise of the path, as well as the emotional bond between a body and its place.

Yet what of the immobile, the locked in, the handicapped? What kind of imaginary horizons appear in their thoughts, or within the body that cannot step? In stepping, I also imagine those who cannot. I think of the prisoner: as a figure which knows the joy of the step, but whose horizon is fully controlled and held in. The step haunts the prisoner, to linger in the muscles and produce a set of longings: an entire network of desire beating in the body.

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A prisoner writes:

“Four walls can never hold me in
They are physical, like bone and skin
The body trapped behind this wall
cannot contain my soul at all
Imagination sets me free
Beyond the fence that surrounds me.
No bricks can ever stop my mind.
No bars can keep my thoughts confined
I can go deep inside myself
Like a dusty book on a shelf
Another world exists inside
My heart is free – I am outside!”

Such words give radical suggestion to the dynamics of the imagination, and importantly, the book as what the writer further calls “a magical object”. “Books are doorways into another dimension and imagination is the key that unlocks them. Sometimes, the ability to leave an intolerable situation, if only for an hour, is the only thing keeping a person sane.”

The book, the text, the space of writing, is precisely an imaginary zone for taking a walk – for flight toward another horizon, the one that the prisoner knows lurks just outside. I take this then as a metaphysics of reading: that the mechanics of the book, its textual rhythms and sensual surfaces, all contribute to an imaginary construction tied to the full dynamics of longing, a cosmology in which words, bodies, and the flows of reading perform. As another kind of itinerary.

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As Michel de Certeau suggests, walking and language are intimately linked: to walk is to write out a particular text, one found under the foot as it meets the city. Text and the step, the beat of the body interweaving with the inscriptions of the social order, oscillating across a horizon of escape, imaginary flight, failed itineraries. Thus the book is a mobile object supporting the negotiations found at the base of the foot – it may be lodged within the small cup of space under the foot, to inform the reader-walker of potential routes, while speaking back, toward the world of possible readers, with inscriptions and languages.

We walk through books while projecting them forward, onto the horizon.

The city, and the page.

The phantasmic real.

Walking-writing.

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Article 29

Each child of a migrant worker shall have the right to a name, to registration of birth and to a nationality.

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In the early part of the 20th century, the city of Chicago served as a hub for migrant workers whose itineraries took them across the country in search of work. Often following the annual harvest seasons, these hobos would center around Chicago, hopping freight trains in and out of the city, and finding shelter in the various missions and flophouses around West Madison Street.

The physician, anarchist and reformer Benjamin Reitman founded the Hobo College during this time, offering lectures and classes on a variety of topics, ranging from vagrancy laws and philosophy to politics. The College became an extremely unique place, fostering solidarity among the traveling men and giving evidence to many academics of the intensities articulated by the new urban conditions of the modern era.

The hobo is thus a figure circulating through the systems of modern production, defining the metropolis above all as a place of mobility and transience, and lending critical energy to the movements of informal and minor agency.

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Woody Guthrie wandered America during the 1920s and 30s, broke and searching for work, as well as playing guitar in towns he'd pass through. His songs are textured by the dust of the road, and that sense of freedom found from being down and out.

"You could see the road ahead shining like a string of tinfoil flattened out, and then you'd lose sight of it again and walk for hours and hours, and more hours, and without ever coming to the part that you'd been looking at ahead for so long. I was always a big hand to walk along and look at the things along the side of the road. Too curious to stand and wait for a ride. Too nervous to set down and rest. Too struck with the traveling fever to wait. While the other long strings of hitch-hikers was taking it easy in the shade back in the town, I'd be tugging and walking myself to death over the curves, wondering what was just around the next bend; walking to see some distant object, which turned out to be just a big rock, or knoll, from which you could see and wonder about other distant objects. Blisters on your feet, shoes hot as a horse's hide. Still tearing along. I covered about fifteen miles of country, and finally got so tired that I walked out to one side of the road, laid down in the sun, and went off to sleep. I woke up every time a car slid down the highway, and listened to the hot tires sing off a song, and wondered if I didn't miss a good, easy, cool ride all of the way into California. I couldn't rest."

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Where are you?

On what road does this find you?

Are you running away, or only meandering along?

To glimpse the sunset, or to get the job done – here to there.

Back to front.

Or, waiting, for what might happen.

For the right moment, to take the plunge.

To disappear, or to reappear, finally.

I wait for you here.

With the last beat, soon to fade.

What I heard once, a lyric caught on the morning sunlight full of the night's wandering, with the moon still wet on my tongue:

"the last beat of my heart..."

That song, what is it?

Do you find it?

Have you heard it, before?

I will tell you the lyrics, again.

So we may sing, together, as everything fades, to lose its balance.

Come.

Carry me.

I'll go wherever you want.

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Article 47

1. Migrant workers shall have the right to transfer their earnings and savings, in particular those funds necessary for the support of their families, from the State of employment to their State of origin or any other State. Such transfers shall be made in conformity with procedures established by applicable legislation of the State concerned and in conformity with applicable international agreements.

2. States concerned shall take appropriate measures to facilitate such transfers.

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To be a step apart.

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Psychogeography -

a subfield of geography, was defined in 1955 by Guy Debord as “the study of the precise laws and specific effects of the geographical environment, consciously organized or not, on the emotions and behavior of individuals.” Another definition is “a toy box full of playful, inventive strategies for exploring cities...anything that takes pedestrians off their predictable paths and jolts them into a new awareness of the urban landscape.”

Right of asylum -

is an ancient juridical notion, under which a person persecuted for political opinions or religious beliefs in his or her own country may be protected by another sovereign authority, a foreign country, or church sanctuaries (as in medieval times).

Sanctuary movement -

a religious and political campaign that began in the early 1980s to provide safe-haven for Central American refugees fleeing civil conflict. It responded to restrictive federal immigration policies that made obtaining asylum difficult for Central Americans in the United States.

Shin splints -

pain in the lower leg caused by overuse of the muscles. The pain is sharp when walking and ceases when you stop moving. The pain may be anterior shin splints in the front of the leg or posterior shin splints in the calf muscles at the back of the leg. Generally goes away as the walker builds strength in the calf muscles. Stretching and strengthening exercises may help. Rarely, the pain may be due to compartment syndrome or stress fracture.

Slip last -

in shoe construction, the shoe upper is pulled over the last and then attached to the midsole. The resulting shoe is lighter and good for those with rigid feet who need more motion.

Straight last -

the shape of the shoe. A straight last shoe is symmetrical relative to a line drawn on the bottom of the shoe from the middle of the heel to the middle of the toe. It is best for neutral walkers who do not overpronate.

Supination -

rolling motion to the outside edge of the foot during a step. The foot naturally supinates during the toe-off stage as the heel first lift off the ground until the end of the step. This provides more leverage and to help roll off the toes. Too much supination places extra stress on the foot and can result in ankle injury.

Tramp -

homeless person who travels on foot, often begging for a living.

Transient -

lasting for only a short time and quickly coming to an end, disappearing, or changing; staying in a place for only a short period of time (transient workers).

Vagabond -

a wanderer who has no permanent place to live; a beggar for food or money.

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You reach.

For what lies outside the frame. For all that glows on the horizon. I know, I have seen you. I have watched as you take that step. As you drum out that rhythm. With so much energy.

For what might appear only in the movement. As a consequence. Community. Association. To find a friend.

You're searching. I know.

To wish.

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I cover this page with the night.

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Article 51

Migrant workers who in the State of employment are not permitted freely to choose their remunerated activity shall neither be regarded as in an irregular situation nor shall they lose their authorization of residence by the mere fact of the termination of their remunerated activity prior to the expiration of their work permit, except where the authorization of residence is expressly dependent upon the specific remunerated activity for which they were admitted. Such migrant workers shall have the right to seek alternative employment, participation in public work schemes and retraining during the remaining period of their authorization to work, subject to such conditions and limitations as are specified in the authorization to work.

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Be Kind To The Boy On The Road

Who is that boy on the white winding highway?
Why does he roam alone?
Is he looking for life on that white winding highway?
For his parents dealt him trouble at home.

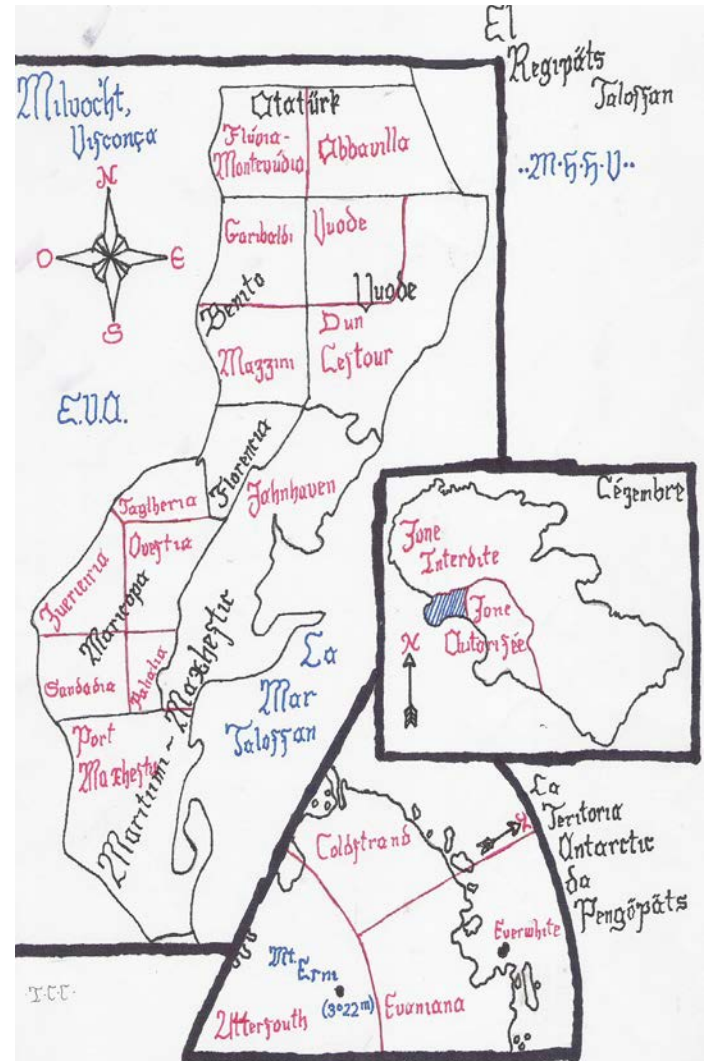
And I think he's wrong standing there on that highway
Oh what a foolish young lad
But you yourself might be standing on that highway
If you had his trouble on your hands.

Don't point your finger at that boy on the highway
As you travel down this road
Either give him your help or pass him with kindness
Cause he's got all the trouble that he wants.

Your policeman discourages that boy on the highway
It's hard everywhere that he goes
But the best way to help that boy on the highway
Is to fix all your troubles there at home.

I've heard it said bout rolling stone boys
Gather no moss in their life
I'll tell you the bee that gets the honey
Ain't the bee that hangs around the hive.

Oh be kind to that boy on that white winding highway
As you travel on there alone
Remember the men that wrote your Bible
Are the ones who gave up their homes.



I once heard a story.
About a woman, and another woman.
One younger than the other.
They were different, separate.
And then, it seems they became close.
As they walked.
They found their steps, side by side.
As two becoming not one, but many all together.
The many becoming more.
The two becoming three.
Or four.
As they walked.
The story, it went like that.
About two women finding each other.
Or, finding oneself in the other.
At least, for a moment.
By walking, side by side.
To find a new rhythm.
By giving one's own step.
To the other.
Walking then is like a gift.
I find this beautiful.
What else is there, really, than this space between
two?
Like you and I.
Here.
Today.
The space between.
What exists here?
What new environment can we make together?
Between you and I.
Between the left and the right.

I can not hear you.
I do not know who you are.
Do you also come from the sea?
Are you here to take me away?
To arrest me?
Are you a cop?
Are you a politician?
Are you a writer?
Are we walking still?
Is the sun shining?
Is it late, or early?
Where do you want to go?
Let us escape.
Now.
No one needs to know.
We could start a secret society.
Or just disappear.
Into nothing.