

THE CONTEMPORARY FLANEUSE

EXPLORING STRATEGIES FOR THE DRIFTER IN A FEMININE MODE

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Practitioners of the city...are walkers ...where bodies follow the thicks and thins of an urban 'text'
they write without being able to read it

These practitioners make use of spaces that cannot be seen; their knowledge of them is as blind
as that of lovers in each others' arms

Michel De Certeau, *The Practice Of Everyday Life*ⁱ

It's about a constant struggle to find a place, a place which is not marked by the longitude/
latitude of power/knowledge

Steve Pile, *The Body And The City*ⁱⁱ

I make visual representations. I live and work in London and I'm interested in representing the
experience of urban space, the streets I move through.

This paper is entitled *The Contemporary Flaneuse* but it could just as well be called *The Counter-Flaneuse*. This is because my starting point for the whole piece is in my fraught sense of the absolute contradictions raised by the title - a fraught sense of the abyss that must separate my activity of city walking from historical masculine flanerie. Janet Woolf famously argued in her article 'The Invisible Flaneuse', that as a result of the well-nigh separation of the genders into different spheres in the nineteenth century, there was no possibility of such a person as a flaneuse. But can there in the London of the early twenty first century, be such a person? If we empty the term out from its mid nineteenth century connotations to mean just, woman city drifter, is it still such an absolute contradiction in terms? It's a difficult question, depending on what agenda informs this only apparently purposeless activity. And, even were the role of flaneuse possible to invent, its desirability is another question still.

Flaneuse: woman drifter. What might the term mean or imply? In this piece I'm trying to move towards an understanding of its complexity. The fraught nature of the contradiction still lurking at the heart of the notion of flaneuserie, is my subject; perhaps in every walk I take - or make - (a significant distinction).

What am I looking for? Why do I go on these walks? -as a woman who walks the street but isn't a street walker... No one reason and many knotty ones. This is so different from the easy enjoyment of going out with friends or family. I'm trying to find, or perhaps more accurately, to build something: a space, a path. I'm looking for the possibility of new meanings in the very awkwardness of the situation, being the solitary woman walking. For in London the woman who strolls alone is still either a street walker or a stupidly naive victim who is just asking to be robbed.

There's desire in this walking, of course. I'm going to talk briefly about the erotics of one kind of masculine walking - in order to raise the question, is it possible to speak of an erotics of walking in the feminine? What that phrase might mean?.

So far I've referred to the woman walker only, but not every woman walks all the time in the feminine. Neither is this 'feminine' to be limited only to the biological female. That would damagingly limit the implications of what I want to explore - an area of human experience whose open possibilities cross the boundaries of biological sexuality.

I also want to avoid essentialism in speaking about gender. Women occupy diverse positions so I am not going to generalise; I'm going to talk of specific experiences of my own. But I'm speaking out of an understanding that I am not alone in finding difficult the experience of walking in the city, finding space there - and not just physical space.

To walk, says Steve Pile, always involves a lack of place - *not* being somewhere. I turn this to my advantage, however, because I cannot easily stand in the city street -so walking is what enables me to look round, while precisely, not occupying any space. I'll come back to this because it has the surface obviousness that sometimes conceals things worth another look. Though I may give myself permission to walk in London, this can't mean a stroll or a saunter either.

The term 'flanerie' has become a portmanteau word, gaining and shedding meanings as the century has gone on. Perhaps now, long after Baudelaire, Poe, Benjamin, it's become diluted to mean any kind of leisured and appreciative city wandering. Obviously 'flanerie' can't possibly

mean for me what it did for Baudelaire's male flaneur, who, gentlemanly, rich, leisured, haughty, a poet or artist of his time, could stroll out in his sovereign space and view 'the crowd' or 'the masses' as a screen onto which he could project his fantasies.

In the first place I have no sovereign space in the street. I walk on a margin.

Secondly, Baudelaire's flaneur famously constructs and consumes 'Woman' as the object of one kind of masculine gaze; not a particular woman who is herself a seeing subject. Probably a prostitute, this woman was the victim counterpart of nineteenth century masculine flanerie. This ground is too well trodden to need rehearsing except that it still bears edgily on how I position myself as a contemporary woman who walks as a seeing subject.

Thirdly, a propos Baudelaire's flaneur and his distancing view of the crowd which he consumes voyeuristically as spectacle: my view of 'crowds' is necessarily different. I recognise the possibility of reciprocity in people I pass in the street: as I am a seeing subject, so are they seeing subjects. I must be particularly alert to the need to *respect* passers-by, precisely because I'm concerned with my own relationship with the space of the street.

I don't find people in the street to be 'crowd' or 'spectacle'. Seeking *to create a space for looking*, and voyeurism, are surely very different activities.

The Baudelaireian flaneur, an isolated and even alienated figure, looks to assuage a sense of lack, by *losing himself*, (interesting phrase), in the crowd's larger life. But for the female stroller, whose marginalisation is not freely chosen but a given of the situation, the creation of the path, a space to walk *at all*, is what matters. I start from a position which is a long way from either losing or finding myself in the crowd. In any case such phrases suggest far more community or homogeneity than exists in the polyglot divided London of my walks. Already it seems to me that I'm necessarily practising something which runs absolutely counter to any of the meanings we usually attach to the word 'flanerie'.

Before I can start this walk, I have one or two more remarks to make concerning some other 'practitioners of the city' in the dominant masculine mode - notably, the situationists.

Simon Sadler in **The Situationist City** speaks of the situationists 'overwhelmingly male-dominated group's penchant for girly illustrations which gave its architectural commentary an especially odd cast.' He writes:

A page of Debord and Jorn's *Memoires* drew upon the old metaphor of the landscape as a female body. The chunks of female bodies, disarmingly chopped up were moving accidents - accidents like the rolls and dips of landscape...another of Debord's metaphors, in distinctly poor taste, suggested that the drifter could rape the night streets of London's East End - 'Jack the Ripper is probably psychogeographic in love'ⁱⁱⁱ.

Sadler adds:

The linkage of sexual prowess to the city and to revolution was completed by a famous piece of situationist May 1968 graffiti: "I came in the cobblestones".^{iv}

This graffiti helps to complete the metamorphosis of the gentle word 'drift' into something sexually predatory. The situationist city was a submissive tissue to be fetishised, penetrated. The group read the city apparently spread out for them, as passive. And there were pitifully few women in that movement, as Simon Sadler also records in *The Situationist City*.

But Situationism belonged to the nineteenfifties and sixties; - so have the intervening years of feminist thought since then not changed perceptions of the city? Yes, in some cases, sometimes found in the academies, some of whose discourses are themselves increasingly recognised as intensely gendered spatial practices. But if I look at the first few pages of a topographic work from 1997, by an enormously popular writer outside the academy, Iain Sinclair, I feel a sigh. 'Lights Out For The Territory' opens like this:

The notion was to cut a crude V into the sprawl of the city, to vandalise dormant energies by an act of ambulant sign making.^v

Not 'listen to' dormant energies or 'respond' to them but vandalise them - and the V is specifically, 'crude'.

But why do *I* walk? Not going out for a breath of air not shopping not visiting a friend not going out to post a letter. It's an apparently purposeless activity, this walking, or it has a number of purposes which are hard to specify; easier to say what it isn't, than what it is.

I want to see what I can see. But I also want to see what, in the city, acknowledges me. So I'm looking for a place in the city.

Now it's time to embark on this walk, or perhaps just a section of it. The complexity of it may only emerge on the way. Like my walk, this text will loop and digress.

This is a narration where I can give to objects which catch my attention as much time as it takes me to walk past them, while struggling, juggling, moving through my various personae, my multiple subject positions. It's a handheld camera necessarily moving bumpily, chasing things on the periphery of my vision.

The journey starts with clothes. Because the first thing is to decide what to wear. It's always tricky because there will be moments when I shall want to be invisible, moments when I'll be invisible whether I want it or not and moments when I might want to be - never conspicuous: but at least, present. For my speechless purposes today that means to be a chameleon... interchangeable layers of garments...disguises. I even pause over the possibilities of bags that fold inside each other and can be popped round to encase each other. Duffel, plastic carrier, glossy leather. It's already quite a performance, and I'm not even out of the door.

If this were Naples or New York the narrative would be very different. In Los Angeles, they say, no one walks. In Venice, everyone must.

But every walk is a particular one. I happen to live in north west London between Paddington and Kilburn on the sixth floor of a council block. Flaneurie takes place in city centres, however. In trying to create my counter-version of it I often set out towards the centre, which for me somehow means within Zone One, within the gold of the yellow Circle Line. The pleasure centre, cinemas, parks, cafes, shops, markets, museums, *monuments*.

Getting into the centre on foot is part of the experience, however, and presents obstacles which are themselves revealing.

I step out alone onto the street and turn south. It's a mile to Marble Arch and the West End and I can go straight down the Edgware Road. Or, as I don't like Oxford Street I may wander through quieter streets to get to Notting Hill.

Before I get there I must negotiate the street much closer to home. Aggressively fast boy cyclists on the pavements. - and all the *stopped* people: unemployed youths, claiming space by their demeanour - probably because they have no space anywhere, really; all the homeless, the beggars, the drugged, drunk, deranged, predatory; other victims of care in the community.

In my turn I avert my eyes from our familiar local beggar - to see him would be to allow a very complex obstacle to form in my mental path - and set off down the street.

Progress is easy down the relatively quiet residential road at the times of day I choose -; often early evening, the hour of the mediterranean *passagiata*; I just have to keep moving. To stop, even here, would be to invite risky attentions, but it could also make me appear one of the outsiders I've just been talking about. I ponder this position.

Outsider/insider is a border the would-be flaneuse must skirmish on constantly, if only with herself. Could I make use of the disguise of beggary to increase my understanding? To see more? Or is it at bottom a kind of exploitation of the position of those genuinely on the street, who unlike me, cannot go home? The position of the vagrant is in any case one of unequivocal exclusion and it's actually too extreme for what I'm up to; which is a threading between the ill defined edges of more ambivalent territories of belonging and not belonging. Being critical of what belonging entails; yet needing to belong; and being unable fully to do so.

In any case standing still when the street is crowded is really hard to do. To become an obstacle in a path designed for circulation; to hang around not even looking as though you are waiting for someone ... I can never keep it up for long. Some invisible mental muscle feels just too much stress.

Without having a reason to be stationary, one becomes a *loiterer*. What a word. So I have to have a watch to look at, or a map to unfold. Acting props.

For me it's an effect of embarrassment. I'm sure this crosses the boundaries of gender. Embarrassment is interesting To stand still in the street is, among other things, to risk looking mad. It's relevant to my attempt to analyse my experience of trying to *create a flaneurie in the feminine*, to note that I'm still, after a lot of London walking, sensitive about appearances. Inconspicuousness is safety, it still carries a real charge for me; it still means belonging at home among the clean and neat - that is among the respectable; those who are of fixed abode. That brings with it overtones of mores I know I tend not to question: *decency, hard workingness* and *honesty*, a complex of attitudes which perhaps I don't want to escape, underpinning and

guaranteeing so much of my unconscious life. To take refuge in appearances of either *eccentricity* or *cool*, or becoming a character, is irrelevant; dishonest, just not useful. I must pathbuild for the more inward people I am. There are clearly class as well as gender issues here. Clearly the nineteenth century flaneur, a kind of aristocrat, leisured, moneyed, with his literary pretensions, his self construction as poet, loner, possibly *genius*, occupied a quite different psychological space. It's a lofty alienation which is neither desirable nor possible for me as a woman strolling.

These sensitivities go right to the heart of the matter, they are central to the difficulties inherent in the impossible role of flaneuse. The experience is relevant; it touches some of the difficulties many women might feel at some level once they cast themselves as idle strollers in the city.

The edgy path of sensitivities and potential for embarrassment in the street, lying as it does between the psychological territories of acceptable and unacceptable behaviours and appearances, is one of the most revealing of all the paths I'm talking about. I could spend a long time trying to map the street A-Z of potential embarrassment on the pavements, my own and other peoples'.

For women, anyone may observe, and theoreticians of the city often do, don't usually walk in an obviously purposeless way. They are everywhere, going about their business; their badge of respectability (which is actually vital to their safety), is that they are nearly always either carrying something or pushing something. This pushchair, bag, case, letter, may aid the necessary self permission for the idle, pleasurable intention, of going for a walk. To stop safely, I have to buy space (in a cafe, or cinema), or look as though I'm at least a potential purchaser in a shop, or possess a pass to gain admission to a library, museum, club, et c.

Before I can gain access to the most exciting of the city centre amenities, before I ever reach the space of flaneurie, - I have to pass under Westway: one of the great roads into London, the city end of the M40.

Where will the city speak for me? Where will the city *speak* me as more than a mere consumer? It's unpromising. Here are the twee houseboats of Little Venice and three seconds away is the first glimpse of the great barrier of Westway bisecting the world, the nineteen sixties roaring concrete flyover with the nineteenth century railway line into Paddington beyond - all structures created by engineers and technicians in times marked by extreme macho confidence in

construction. Every north south road in this part of London must go under Westway. At this point it's still the A40; westward beyond London it passes right through an airport - R.A.F. Northolt -where its intention of speed and power reach an apotheosis in military flight. A significant point of return for the body of the princess who died in a high speed crash.

On maps these great traffic trajectories are straight, linear geometries of unimpeded perspectives; embodying apparently 'rational', actually brutal logic in concrete. In them, power is invested. Up above on the concrete road you can see nothing of the undersurface. The upper space forces one to share its view which is both dominating but also very incomplete. I connect this to an inflexible and domineering stance in its planners. Westway is an intensely gendered space. Its underneath is more interesting than its top.

I want to pass under Westway. I'm immediately offered a subway, a hellmouth which I would voluntarily never enter.

So I walk round the long way instead. This involves doubling back on myself, the first of a number of weavings my route must take if I'm to thread through to the other side, in contrast to the straight hurtling trajectory above.

Like all hells or Hades this one has its fascination. Of course you have to walk/weave really fast through it. Up above, the drivers' eyes must be fixed as drivers' eyes are, ahead, on the road. Down here the view is more complex, involving for a start the view from the eyes in the back of the head, peripheral vision, the view immediately around within bagsnatching radius, and a constant and more distant reckoning of possible escape routes.

Also along this stretch is the enormous Westminster police car pound; I've heard tell of a caravan store further on, and tennis courts under the roar.

These spaces too evidently represent no-one. Their officially assigned uses are unconvincing; there's something halfhearted about all of them, like the occasions when not having one decent excuse, one makes too many excuses. Like many spaces that are still open and ambiguous, they have been colonised by young men, often those marginalised themselves. I must negotiate this also.

Where the Portobello Road has to pass beneath Westway, that chichi tourist street of antique dealers transmutes itself into a squalid alter ego, the Portobello Green Arcade. There's a second hand clothes shop there owned by a middleaged woman who wears a series of unplaceable, vaguely period disguises from her shop, shifting identities within one outfit and between outfits

along a gamut of looks from old leather to old lace. She is the most convincing inhabitant of this ambivalent space just because she's a shapeshifter.

I come to the railway bridge whose corrugated iron sides have been bashed out every two steps. I check who else is on it - for the bridge is caged in under thick wire mesh (imprisoning? protecting?), and start across it, the worst part of this walk for there are no escapes; once on the bridge there's no way but a narrow fast forward. Ah, the barriers between myself and the spaces of flaneurie...

I emerge on the far side, the Notting Hill Gate side inside the Circle Line. We all know how fashionable it's become; it used to be a suburb; but then everywhere in London used to be a suburb.

I'm looking for a place, places, where the city will speak for me: speak me, indeed. *Utter me.*

The walk eventually brings me out in a busy shopping streets - Queensway, abuzz in the evening; past Whiteley's, an old and august department store.

In the nineteenth century, such a place would have been one of the few territories designed for the pleasure of the woman browser (drifter, walker). Her pleasure, that is, as a consumer, and in a fashion store, she consumes her own image. Perhaps all desire seeks its own image across a space; the narcissism of fashion, however, collapses that space to the few curtained inches around the woman and her reflection in the mirrored trying-on cubicle. This cubicle isn't big enough - that is - interesting enough. It's too reductive. Woolf remarks that one of the many reasons why even in the department store, the space of female pleasure, the role of nineteenth century flaneuse was still impossible, was that here they were consumers: that is, they entered into negotiation, transaction, and hence into more engagement with the human environment than did the flaneur. But I find that even refusing the role of contemporary consumer makes no difference. I don't want clothes today or the tourist toys on sale in the other shops and the role of flaneuse is still difficult.

If the nineteenth century flaneur was a literary narrative device, he was constructed in a particular way concerning class and gender. Even if I empty out the word 'flaneur' - as it is so often emptied - to mean merely 'stroller', 'urban walker', 'city drifter', I am still hopelessly distanced from it by what I increasingly realise is an agenda I had all along and which is only surfacing gradually into my consciousness.

For I'm still looking for the place in the city that lets me take up a wider range of positions beyond the diad of threatened walker/seduced shopper. A place that embodies a fuller *citizenship*. But for me, to walk down Queensway, like other streets - whether their character is shopping or business or whatever - is like inhabiting someone else's dream. I'm reduced to someone else's idea of what I should be - clothes shopper, target for advertisements. Once I refuse Whitely's retail 'therapy' with its endless offer to compensate an unassuageable lack, I become an unauthorised, transgressive, profoundly displaced person.

Other kinds of London buildings give meanings to other streets. Restaurants you do not enter alone. Banks, financial institutions, museums, monuments. These embody dreams - overwhelmingly in the masculine - uttering in brick, stone and glass, the ideas, desires, meanings of successive generations of clients who could command or negotiate built expressions of their power and desire.

This produces for me, a disconcerting sensation. Looking to find the complexity of my being represented - looking for a symbol with which to identify - I find none. It might be like looking in a mirror and finding that I cast no reflection. Indeed, too long in some parts of London can leave me feeling ghostlike; not just disembodied, but actually, more dangerously, not entitled to a body.

My question then as a walker is not how can I possess the city as an occupying force, but *how can I be in it at all?* What would it really mean to be *at home* in this city where I was born and where I work, full of private memories, yet lacking public meanings for me? The experience of a woman who was, for example, a fundmanager in the City's financial square mile, might be different - but such a woman might have a great many other questions about her occupation of that particular intensely gendered space.

The question endlessly reiterated, *how can I be here?* - is what this walking is about. The fact that there are no easy answers to these questions is why the walks - miming the insistent return of the question - are again and again repeated.

But in trying to construct a city within the city which is full of meaning and significance for myself, something else often happens. My gaze, like everyone's, is full of fantasy and of denial; I find myself pausing over the nature of my own looking.

Unable to hold the large scene in a controlling view, not identifying fully with large dominating perspectives and vistas, my gaze often seems to collapse in space into a touching with the eyes,

and with more than the eyes; a visual caress of fragments which interest me. Indeed I'm convinced that if I fully identified with the vista, the large perspective, then I would not actually be able to perceive anything else. In fact my partial exclusion as a subject from the controlling perspective both enjoins on me *and* enables me to seek a much more bodily and complex relationship with my surroundings. My perception is really coming from a different place. It is - it has to be - to do with tacit knowledge. The experience of walking is chaotic and fragmentary. Fragments for me often resolve into the bodily sense of dancing steps changing pace, sense of direction and skilful change of direction, the estimate of a gap to slip through; and then, the details of texture, colour, potential touchability, temperature and smell, foul or fresh. Street flower stalls often represent explosions of sensuality denied elsewhere in the muted northern city, bringing brilliant fresh colour and fragrance. They are longed-for oases representing more than profit.

Suddenly, serendipitously, the street slows down and the space which is for ever squeezing me out, lets me back in - just for an instant.

These sensuous moments -still taken guardedly in the melee of the street - are characterised for me by a slow and pleasurable tactility and physicality involving more senses than sight alone; in which I am neither solely invader nor solely invaded but fluidly occupy both positions simultaneously and points between. My version of counter-flaneurie is occasionally about trying, just for a second, and of course in vain, to slow down the acceleration whereby the time and space of the modern city environment are compressed into less and less. The slowed-down walking, the slow tactility, and a kind of non-privileging of sight may just occasionally resonate in a brief instant of bodily, tacit, complex awareness of the presences of the city before I am caught up again in the dance steps of its pavements.

I associate these sensuous moments with something I mentioned earlier, the attempt to construct paths of significance through places where there are no pre-existing ones for me to follow. Paths made out of scraps, sensory rubble of all sorts. Pointers and markers for private negotiation.

But the scraps and details, though they come from the public space of the street, denote still only a private and guarded existence within it. They are all small and incomplete; private pleasures which exist away from the public meanings of what contained them, often in spite of those public meanings. For myself as a contemporary counter - flaneuse, they cannot - yet - build into

symbols with shared meanings. The idea that a street such as Queensway, which is currently bruisingly hard for the woman who is a seeing subject to negotiate - the idea that this street could be a site for *positive shared meanings* for walkers in the feminine remains largely a dream. It's interesting to me that the scraps and details, the visual rubble, are the opposite of *monuments*, with all that word implies.

Yet - still Queensway offers other possibilities. Its dynamism in the evening, its pavement dance. I think about the manner of my walking. So then how actually, do I walk? It's a *looking for spaces to slip through and round, weaving and threading a path through which opens and closes, darting, dodging and dancing, two-stepping, giving way, persistently returning.*

My passage is not, cannot be, like that of Iain Sinclair's narrator who freely uses words such as *march, stride, slog, swinging out into the main drag, yomp..* The words that come to my mind to describe my movement through the street imply that it's a much more difficult negotiation.

Yet possibly even in the heart of that difficult negotiation, is there a space for resistance on the part of a woman drifter? It depends where; it's not self evident. I sometimes feel as though as a walker I'm squeezed into a narrow path opening and closing between solid bodies and lethal traffic - squeezed into what draughtsmen call *negative space*. Yet I can struggle to turn the phrase, negative space, around, so that it is no longer negative but provisional, still open; to find the path linking a constellation of such provisional spaces whose meanings are still unfixed and where there is still a fluid potential.

Down Queensway, it has to be said, there is precious little space of any kind.

Sometimes I find myself no longer looking at the pavement before my feet, but seeking this unfixed space in odd elsewhere places. Streets in the sky... The inside of a tourist 'snowdome' on sale in one of Queensway's many tourist shops...the strange nowhere yet somewhere of reflected space...Drifting through the city's dreamspaces and nospaces.

Yet still there is pleasure in the street. Pleasure that even unpromising Queensway, like any crowded street, has a life beyond me. The sense of other people weaving their Londons around me. Because I'm always curious about these I talk to anyone when it seems possible: extraordinary, unexpected, rich, uninventable exchanges have resulted. That's the true privilege of the position of counter-flaneuse.

I am not looking to cast the city as another of myself or to see it as an index of lives I might have led. Its streets, which can be hellish, many 'Rues d'Enfer', do not present themselves as 'virgin forests' to colonise or territories for either gangs of criminals or of so-called poets to possess. For me their fascination is their power of letting me in on occasion to the realisation of the myriad other ways that there are of seeing the world and of being in the world.

As a visual worker I want to privilege that. In this context there is a richly satisfying relationship for me between the tactility of walking and the tactility of drawing where to create a line or a tone on paper involves great bodily alertness. This is so much to do with sensuality going far beyond the purely visual. It brings me to touch briefly on two last issues each of which is already huge and hugely researched. They concern representation through mapmaking and through photography: large subjects. From time to time I've found it expedient to experiment with them. Yet my experience with both leads me to question the extent of their usefulness for my purposes.

My photographs often show the back, retreating view of passers by because to take a photo without permission is an aggressive act. I'm afraid of the consequences if I snap someone close up and head on. The voyeuristic power involved works absolutely against my motives for doing what I do. To photograph something is to alter it; and to go out to take photographs changes the nature of the walk. I'm well aware also that in my photography I'm actually exploiting my female identity - two different men I photographed have said that they would have been 'punched in the face' if they had tried to take these shots openly. So clearly each gender experiences different freedoms and difficulties in the street.

Secondly, cartography. Maps are fascinating and often very visually seductive. They are also rightly objects of suspicion being so much to do with the aerial view, the edited view from above powerful, controlling. Maps like photographs are for telling lies with. The famous phrase *Botanising the asphalt*, with its suggestion of Linnaean classification, has much to do with cartography and control. Mental maps are intriguing because of the glimpse they offer into other peoples' private navigation systems. But when it comes to the real complexity of tacit knowledges, then cartographic techniques necessarily break down because their devices can never be more than crude codes for what is both transient and experienced as infinitely nuanced.

My project as an artist has been to produce an atlas, a city A/Z of the sensations of walking through London; an A/Z of slippage which would confound the classifications implied within the

notion of the A/Z. But I've had to realise that it needs *more* than even the expressive, fragmented cartography which was what I thought I was trying to produce. My work in progress is to seek - invent? - means of moving away from cartography's dependence on the powerful controlling aerial view and cartography's elision of all the processes of journeying by which maps come into being in the first place, and of which they exist as mere traces. *The tour* as a representational mode offers some possibilities which some artists are exploiting; but verbal language itself with its loadedness and its limitations also crumbles.

Ultimately, then the would-be city drifter in the feminine mode finds herself in a position where flânerie in its inherently territorial and controlling meanings, is neither possible nor desirable. Indeed it is only in developing practices of counter-flânerie that the streets of the multi cultural millennial city may ever hold space for all its users. This is walking which is about negotiation and regard for the Other: the street where relationship is possible: citizenship.

On these kinds of edges both my practices, my practice of the city and my practice as a visual worker, teeter...

Helen Scalway April- June 1999

¹ de Certeau M. (1984) *The Practice of Everyday Life* (transl S. Rendall) London, University of California Press 18

¹ Pile S. (1996) *The Body and the City* London and New York, Routledge 249

¹ Wolff J. (1985) 'The Invisible Flâneuse: Women and the Literature of Modernity' *Theory Culture and Society* vol.2 (3) 45

¹ Pile (1996) 226

¹ Sadler M. (1998) *The Situationist City* MIT Press 80

¹ Sadler (1998) 80

¹ Sinclair I. (1997) *Lights Out For The Territory* London, Granta Books 1

ⁱ de Certeau M. (1984) *The Practice of Everyday Life* (transl S. Rendall) London, University of California Press 18

ⁱⁱ Pile S. (1996) *The Body and the City* London and New York, Routledge 249

ⁱⁱⁱ Sadler (1998) *The Situationist City* MIT Press 80

^{iv} Sadler (1998) 80

^v Sinclair I. (1997) *Lights Out For The Territory* London, Granta Books 1