

just movement, and not deliberate travel with an aim. **Osip Mandelstam** said this about wandering the city: “I led myself by the hand through the streets.” Similarly, we go into the forest to be alone. For **Victor Hugo** a crowd in the city is the walker’s element as he sees a crowd as the hero of the modern epic. **Charles Baudelaire** sees the hero as a *flâneur* (walker, one who wanders), as a fugitive from the crowd. For **Walter Benjamin** the heroism of the *flâneur* in modernity, be he a poet or not, is in the maladjustment to be a part of the crowd.

The rhythm of walking is determined by the rhythm of thought. Slow walking is like daydreaming, brisk walking circulates ideas quickly. Our mood intertwines the content of internal and external experiences of landscape. Forest *flâneurs* search for the same as city ones. When **Dorothy Wordsworth** writes in her diaries in March 1798: “Walked I know not where”, she is writing about the state that represents an alibi for the wandering of thoughts. For **Robert Burton**, author of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, walking is a cure for melancholy. Reflection is usually considered to be unproductive in cultures that are materially oriented. Thinking therefore literally represents nothing to do, a privilege that is often necessary to hide, to disguise by walking and wandering. Walking can sometimes be an undesirable state. Being with oneself is an experience for which not everyone is ready. The highlight of the philosophy of individualism after Hölderlin, Goethe, Novalis is based on extreme subjectivism in which things wear characteristics of longing and soon after become boring, in which value and meaning is lost, where everything becomes equally interesting and equally boring. Boredom is tied to thinking and in every thought there is the tendency towards separation from the world.

Photo-essay

Where are we headed today? is the question that Tomislav, Aleksander and I mutually asked ourselves every weekend turning the different access routes to Mt. Medvednica approach in mind. We always went there by public transit, often on foot to the first slopes of the mountains. We often go to the forest to be alone. We can also say that we are alone when we are somewhere with close friends. **Wandel Berry** believes that one who does not enter the forest on foot cannot be considered as having entered the forest at all. Berry also finds that one who walks in nature is always naked. This is true. Nothing makes us feel more unprotected such as when lost in the woods we come to realize that we have a few hours of walking to reach town and that we are surrounded only by dusk, empty hands and nocturnal animals. Each walk is a provoking of the unpredictable, but we walk unknown paths hoping that we will be able to control the unpredictable. It is not expected to see something unpredictable in walking because we see strange things in everyday life, writes **Robert Walser**. Walser is a lonely snow-walker who, towards the end of his life, wrote in miniscule hand so that only he could read what he wrote on his lonely paths.

Our taking of photographs in the forest happened more spontaneously rather than planned. In that regard it calls on photographer **Edward Weston’s** idea who states that consulting with the rules of composition before an actual photo is taken is the same as consulting with the laws of gravity before walking even takes place. Many of the photos from Weekend Art

came about as direct references to individual scenes from the history of photography or as references to film scenes – almost always as improvisations in the place itself. Our walks continuously called up various images. Snow evoked the winter landscapes of Hokusai and Hiroshige, sunsets Watteau, forests in the twilight were similar to that of Grünewald’s oils, rainbows after the rain on Sijeme’s slopes to Turner’s scenes, and the Medvednica panorama around the place called French mines with its high oaks evoked Fragonard.

Weekend Art is divided into photos that materialized according to the change of seasons: spring, summer, autumn, winter. But they could also be divided according to categories such as “the period of water” or “fog season”, as Thoreau replaces the traditional division of seasons in his diaries. This spatial (phenomenological) characterization of time can be considered as subcategories of time but they do not necessarily derive from the seasons. Rather, they are the result of the direct, physical, current experience of weather conditions. An extremely humid day in mid-summer, namely, carries in itself a potential rainy day in late autumn.

As I mentioned, many of the Weekend Art scenes are reminiscences of films such as those by the Mekas brothers, Ozu, Kurosawa or Hitchcock and for this reason the project is also called a film realized in slides, or a photo-essay which will later result in performances in which we juxtapose poetics and the practice of our experience of walking and film movement recorded in *frames*. Often the scenes that we encountered prompted us to record in increments, or to create small photo-novels. The situations in which we found ourselves provoked motifs from film genres featuring two men and one woman, a love triangle, one older man and two young actors, three lost characters, three found ones. Thus we found ourselves in the imaginary films of John Ford and Miklós Jancsó, Robert Bresson and Ingmar Bergman. Our scenes were adapted to the landscape. Because in the end, as documentary filmmaker **Errol Morris** concludes in an interview with Werner Herzog, about the attractiveness of a landscape that is already occupied by someone’s camera: “For you to steal a character or a story isn’t real theft. But to steal a landscape, that is a very, very serious crime.”

We go into nature, as **Thoreau** wrote in his essay “Walking”, to be a part of nature, to be a part of the absolute freedom and wildness, before members of the community do. Everyone who walks seeks a dismissal of emotions, states, problems. The expression *solvitur ambulando* is attributed to **Augustine** and translates as “solved by walking”. The Japanese term “gyoja” means a stroller, a person who does not live anywhere, who inhabits the void. We have to walk for many reasons, one of them being, according to Lao-tzu, that “Anything that can be said by words is not worth telling.” For this reason, it is sometimes important with those dearest to us to just walk and be silent, and the best place for that is the mountain. Let’s resolve it, unravel it with walking until further notice, as Augustine says, only that what we have brought with us that day. Therefore, when you have finished reading this, get up and enjoy the walk.

Selection from walking bibliography:

Jean Mottet, L’Arbre dans le paysage, 2001
Xavier de Maistre, *Voyage autour de ma chambre*, 1794
Horace Walpole, Essai sur l’art des jardins modernes, 1780
Ralph Waldo Emerson, Society and Solitude, 1870
Henry David Thoreau, Walden, 1854
Henry David Thoreau, Walking, 1861
Dorothy Wordsworth, Grasmere Journal, 1897
Martin Heidegger, Der Feldweg, 1949
Rebecca Solnit, Wanderlust, A History of Walking, 2001
Jean-Jacques Rousseau, Les Rêveries du promeneur solitaire, 1782
Marc Auge, Non-Lieux, 1992
Edward Abbey: Walking, 1977
Wandel Berry: An Entrance to the Woods, 1981
Geoff Nicholson, The Lost Art of Walking, 2008
Werner Herzog, Of Walking in Ice, 1978
Robert Walser, Der Spaziergang, 1917

Weekend Art: Hallelujah the Hill is a project by Aleksandar Battista Ilić in collaboration with Ivana Keser and Tomislav Gotovac (Antonio Lauer) which took place exclusively on weekends from 1995–2005 on Medvednica Mountain near Zagreb, Croatia. Weekend Art is based on a continuous performance without an audience, documented with a self-timer on slides. This is a project about Zagreb, about dialogue with nature, friendship, living space and artistic situations.

Weekend Art: Hallelujah the Hill THINKING AND WALKING

Text by Ivana Keser

We are so fond of being out among Nature, for it has no opinions about us.
F. Nietzsche

We can call a real walk an unusable walk even though there is no such thing just as there are no unusable words. Only unusability allows a walk to completely be what a walk should be. The similarity between walking and art is in that for both one can say that they are unnecessary, and that means useless. It seems that enjoying useless activities today is the greatest privilege of the overworked fugitive from social practices saturated with boredom. In fact, when we encounter an acquaintance, it is quite unpopular to say that we are bored or how we wish we were bored, how we have no serious plans for which it would be worthy to decimate our inbuilt impulse for leisure. Encounters with acquaintances need to pass in accenting the state of wantedness, busyness and burdenness, and only in this way will our character gain respect from its milieu. This means that as individuals we need to be continuously socialized in the meaningful entirety of competition for a general contribution of growth of production in all areas of human activity. Because, in the end, most people do not like extreme forms of freedom nor wanderings in nature because as a status of freedom it always carries critical moments with itself, or the message that encountered situations or states are deeply unsatisfactory. It is precisely because of this one state that Aleksandar, Tomislav and I started our obsessive walks on Medvednica Mt. in Zagreb’s environs. The times, to the contrary, were not boring. The war had ended, and a kind of climate similar to what the Greeks called *acedia* reigned across the land: a state of spiritual listlessness and apathy towards life.

The Weekend Art: Hallelujah the Hill project began in 1995, lasted ten years, and the walkers were Aleksandar Battista Ilić, Tomislav Gotovac and myself. Our desire for mutual socializing was what brought us to the forest paths, and this resulted in over four thousand photos. Our first outing to Medvednica Mt. was to visit the former sanatorium Brestovac for the treatment of tuberculosis. It is believed that the idea for building the sanatorium was first initiated by Milivoj Dežman, physician and novelist, because of his love for actress Ljerka Šram. The sanatorium, finished in 1909, had over 2000 staff members in its busiest years. After the emergence of new ways for treating tuberculosis, the sanatorium closed its doors in 1968.

Medvednica Mt. is a ritual place for Zagreb residents. In our personal histories it was trips to Medvednica that had a special place in our memories. One

of the first joint destinations of Weekend Art was the Horvat steps. It is said that **Vladimir Horvat**, journalist and enthusiast, who built the 500 stairs by hand on inaccessible terrain of the northern slope of Medvednica Mt., climbed Medvednica 1375 times. Horvat worked on building the stairs from 1946 to 1956. In 2005, a mountain climber discussing the renovation of the Horvat stairs in a popular hiking magazine wrote that the stairs needed to be renovated but warned that “the reconstruction should not be a transitory action but a continuous process where every trip by climbers to that mountain should be one stone in the renovation”. This is how we hiked and descended Medvednica Mt., considering our walking, movement on the mountain as a binding process. We did this trying to find refuge in the forest, on the so-called fringes, on territory that is not marked on maps, because we felt like members of the omnipresent, of the same sun for which there is no province. In its history Mt. Medvednica was always the subject and place for campaigning of contemporary tendencies in art. Nurturing processuality, the members of the Gorgon Group left a painting on Mt. Medvednica in 1965 and came back a year later to see what had happened to it. While John Cage was a guest at the Music Biennale in 1985, he spent the day picking mushrooms on Mt. Medvednica.

Even though the term ‘to do nothing’ is rooted in human nature, acts that do not result in anything bring about a sense of guilt, so that any longer walk seeks to justify itself with some common purpose. To move means to head towards something, towards some goal, at least until the first opportunity for improvisation. While it is important to know what we want at every moment, for walking to be complete this does not apply. A walk can be a quest for structure, but also an escape from structure. Walking brings us to unstructured experiences. Walking favours thoughtful inconsistency when we choose pandemonium, disorder, confusion, over simple answers. Walking involves the whole being, is unique, it happens, it takes place. With each new step, walking becomes an externalisation of the internal search. Walking in itself contains a kind of ambiguity, or impurity of intent. With walks it is usually something else that is the theme rather than the walk alone: the character of the stroller or meeting, the nature or achievement, writes **Rebecca Solnit** in her book *Wanderlust: A History of Walking*.

Most people will agree that going up is not the same as coming down. In fact, it is not unnatural to hate climbing, especially if we are not in shape. Descending, in contrast, carries the experience of

attainment, winning, achievement; an awareness of the fact that such a positive experience can be repeated again. But climbing can be painful, writes **Edward Abbey**, who believes that there is something unnatural in the mountains, especially when it comes to walking uphill, which is not only unnatural, but also “unnecessary”. The first organized walk with the American guards left a lasting mark on Abbey which he calls a blister on the soul. His take on walking is filled with more rage than pain. Climbing under pressure, he states, is the only way that some of us even practice climbing. His fondest memories are the so-called impromptu strolls as unpredictable consequences to shortcuts. In spite of everything, Abbey can still say a few nice things about walking – not many but a few: walking is slower than any other way of moving except for crawling, it stretches our notion of time and prolongs life. Abbey believes that life is short enough anyway to waste it on speed “because he who rushes never gets anywhere and to be everywhere actually means to be nowhere.” What’s best about walking is movement, just travelling. It’s not important whether or not we arrive where we intended, because we will get there sometime anyway, concludes Abbey.

A trip to the forest is just another trip if we return home tired and full of impressions to evening routines. If we should get lost in the forest, what will remain with us forever is the memory of a fear unlike any we can recognize on the streets. Once I felt such a fear when returning home via a wide, muddy road used by lumberjack trucks transporting logs. After four hours of walking this winding southbound road, that is, towards the city, my companion and I were sure that our forest road worn down by truck tracks would lead us to the city, but we were wrong. The road suddenly disappeared, or better yet, ended up in a thicket. After that the only thing left for us was to reach the city by going through that brush. We progressed slowly, almost meter by meter, and thorns with all their force tried to detain us in that valley. How nice it was to finally break away from the thorns and reach a clearing. What we search for in the forest we sometimes get with unexpected additions. The forest, unlike the city, evokes my respect. We have reasons for feeling crazy when seeking a trail. And the trail, when we steady ourselves, is found sooner or later. And when we’re in the city, we reside in permanent confusion. **Ezra Pound** summarized this well in the poem *N. Y.*:

Now do I know that I am mad,
For here are a million people surly with traffic;
This is no maid.
Neither could I play upon any reed if I had one.

Two types of strollers walk through forests; well-meaning nature lovers and silent misanthropes. When and to which of these two groups we belong, we cannot determine ourselves. The well-meaning ones are easy to recognize, they come into the forest to socialize. They hike Medvednica marked by a timeless fashion, in full mountain gear, even if they are only climbing up to the nearest mountain hut far two or three hours walk away. They climb the mountain at dawn and return at noon. In their backpacks they carry bacon and bread, as a rule, they know all about mushrooms, if they are in company they sing, if they are alone they sometimes follow the soccer game or news on a transistor radio. Nature is often just a background for routines brought from the

city. The well-intentioned often greet everyone they meet on the trail. They are followers of the unwritten rule where those who are climbing greet those who are descending, who have already reached the top that day. The silent ones, on the other hand, do not get up early. They don't like large groups; they are known to go into the mountains at any time of the day, especially at twilight. They don't carry anything with them, they leave the impression that they have wandered into the forest from the street, they do not greet those coming down from the mountain, even more so, they disdain their showy exchange of glances with passers-by.

‘Uselessness’ of walking and art

Whether in thought or body, roaming always threatens the question of boundaries. Passing along the same path through the forest can be boring or it can be radical depending on how we handle the freedom and time at our disposal. We can juxtapose the forest with a garden and can say how all of nature is one big garden. We can also, in contrasting geometry and nature, call on the words of **Horace Walpole**, who in his “Essay on Modern Gardening” claims how “nature abhors a straight line”. We are therefore prone to making deflections and moving in non-straight lines. Socrates and Plato’s view of the world was marked by unity and harmony. Aristotle introduced distribution, atomization, identification by definitions, what we call the classification approach to the world. Euclidean geometry is based on atomization, separation, clear thinking through logical categories which derive from rules, axioms, theorems, rigorous definitions that would later develop into the triumph of Western thinking.

Euclid emphasizes the importance of the point and direction, in the case of the garden – what the Chinese or Japanese garden seeks to avoid and what the European one stresses. This is where the classic European formal garden stems from, with its style originating from the Greek and even Arab garden through Roman architecture to modern Italian and French landscape design, which embodies everything that Henry David Thoreau so despises, who selected a swamp for his front yard rather than landscape geometry. Although we can rarely find a straight line in nature, geometry dominates our lives. We live in symmetrically shaped spaces, we subject our life to symmetrically shaped street blocks, we comply with symmetrically shaped trails across green surfaces. Often, walkers themselves are known to stamp out shortcuts bypassing the rectangular and linear paths which some urbanist designed while holed up in his office. Cultivated landscapes are a reflection of the time: dominant personalities, laws, politics and, in the end, aesthetics. Vital structures are the product of its milieu. For this reason French gardens, for example, are a reflection of Cartesian logic and Euclidean geometry.

There is of course a natural geometry, but it is not founded on trends but on the forms found in nature: circular, spiral, round, oval, cylindrical, irregular, asymmetric, amorphous. Returning to the woods is returning to an unstructured environment. In his book *The Golden Bough* **James George Frazer** writes about sacred forests that have enjoyed this status since Paleolithic times. In these forests “one cannot place an axe on wood, break branches, collect wood for fire, light a fire, and animals that find refuge in

it should not be abused.” In classical Greece and then in Rome, such sacred groves and forests were usually surrounded by stone walls. In Greece, such places were called *temenos* – sacred, enclosed land. Such marked grounds in Latin are called *templum*, which derives from the root word of what we today call the temple. These original temples in the open were later transformed into monumental cathedrals. Today only oases of national parks and green belts call to mind these original shrines. If such places were not protected by the law they would no longer exist. There would be no getting lost, seeking, finding and being happy to be found. For every wandering of nature is a microcosm of our choosing. It is strange that when we finally climb one hill, we always regret not being on the second one we see. **Robert Frost** expressed this well in his poem:

The Road Not Taken

*Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;*

*Then took the other, as just as fair
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that, the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,*

*And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden back
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.*

*I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
two roads diverged in a wood, and I --
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.*

Frost dedicated this poem to his friend who, when they were on their joint forest walks in London’s environs after choosing which path they would take together, always worried about what they would miss out from the path they didn’t take.

Walking can be equated with practicing art according to the way in which it is valued in the milieu in which it appears and develops. Objects of art are the only things which have no utility. Because they are unique, objects of art are not exchangeable and thus resist being equalized through a joint denominator like money, as **Hannah Arendt** writes. For **Theodore Adorno** art is not just without utility but radically unnecessary and thus a subversive force in the world of ever present utilitarian logic. The same goes for walking even when walking in a circle. The thought process on its own does not produce tangible items but seemingly useless activities can be platforms for the thought process. Something so primal and everyday such as walking is often used as a carrier of meaning. Millions of people walk, but it is not unusual for mindful walkers to proclaim their walk from one part of the continent to the other as a public act, enveloping it with media attention and dedication to the targeted problem in their community. Anonymous walkers often walk for humanitarian purposes.

Power is always related to the space of appearance. The best space for appearances is media space. It is a protected and controlled area, and different strategies are required to break into it. The voice of the powerless becomes audible when it is united. Ang San Suu Kyi, one of the most well-known of political prisoners, spent more than fourteen years in Myanmar sentenced to house arrest or non-movement. She accepted the offer to leave the country after stopping her hunger strike on the condition that her country’s generals release all political prisoners and permit her to walk from her home-detention to the airport. The act of walking here becomes similar to language, it takes place along a road that cannot be perceived and summarized as a whole without taking place in time. Walking and writing are similar activities, what is one step in the journey is one letter in the manuscript. In writing as in walking one can quickly conclude that we do not always progress in the direction we intended, as **Geoff Nicholson** writes in the book *The Lost Art of Walking*. **Paul Auster** however, a great stroller of New York wrote in *The Book of Memory*: “Just as one step will inevitably lead one to the next step, so it is that one thought inevitably follows from the previous thought...”

In considering **Guy Debord’s** term psychogeography, Nicholson notes that psychogeography does not have much in common with the actual experience of walking. Debord’s notion of *dérive* (deviation from the course, relinquishment) refers to the ability of moving without a goal. The term is characteristic for group activities. Psychogeography that is based on experiments and improvisations appears in new forms today: in technological, or more precisely in virtual form. Describing his personal experience of waiting for his lectures, confined in the seats of a full lecture hall of the festival dedicated to movement through space or psychogeography, Nicholson presents his walker’s nervousness and escape impulse from a place that makes you feel imprisoned. Nicholson writes that when leaving the lecture hall he realized ‘walking away somewhere’ is one of the greatest pleasures of life, whether it’s walking away from a bad work place, from a bad relationship, from a poor lecture or from a bad festival. Nicholson concludes that walking in its essence is analogous and how any attempts to display it differently do not make walking a more intimate experience of what we have. One who walks, he concludes further, is a lonely walker each time. Walking is, we might add, the first thing a child wants to learn and the last thing that elderly people wish to give up.

Even in walking there are nuances and conventions. Thoughts on walking are experienced differently by someone from the Carpathian Mountains, Bavaria, or from Graz, Los Angeles, New York or Zagreb. My attempt to walk in the cities of California was considered a reckless act. It’s okay to jog there but not to walk with or without a goal. New York, in contrast, is a city of walkers. One goes into nature to flee from artificial concerns as **Henry David Thoreau** calls the concerns of modern man. Departing for the mountains was an escape from the rituals of the city for Aleksander, Tomislav and me, in this case, a ritual of forgetting. The search for friends never stops. People stop being interesting to us only when we find their limitations. **Ralph Waldo Emerson** writes when this happens: “When someone was infinitely alluring and attractive to us yesterday, a great hope, a sea to swim in, and when we find their shores and

find them to be a pond and we care not if we ever see them again.” This is how Emerson writes about solitude and society.

Friendship was the strongest impetus for our all-day walks and exchange of experiences. What did we talk about? This was the question posed by those who knew us. We talked about what we thought about the whole day: How nothing is coincidental. How to turn one’s apparent lack into wealth? How to brew tea? How did the peasants pay the services of the samurai in the film *Rashomon*? How a person who is twenty-five is both old and young at the same time! How no revolution took place only robbery. How a person with vices is more prone to being blackmailed than one with no vices! How the sky is never so grim when we leave the house as how it looks when seen through a window ... Mt Medvednica was a point outside the circle of our daily lives. From those elevations we could examine our current life and standpoints to help us restart again.

Walking is an amateur act

Our permanent change of routine took place on weekends. It is believed that artists who work weekends are not real artists but amateurs. Alongside amateurism, our trips carried one more ‘unprofessional’ dimension, that of visibility. Our artistic performances took place and were recorded on weekends with casual witnesses, or rather, an audience. Because we did not have a targeted audience, those few who dealt with valorizing artistic work deemed that Weekend Art did not deserve to be called an artistic performance, which caused controversy among those who advocated the opposite opinion.

There is something contradictory in the desire to document and immortalize walking. What can be more transitory than walking? Walking is always therapeutic. Reflecting on truth and fact in documentary film, **Werner Herzog** writes in his manifesto *Minnesota Declaration* how the quest for truth is like tourism, or rather like taking photos in the midst of ruins assembled of facts. For him, facts create rules and truth enlightenment, and from that he concludes that “tourism is a sin and travelling by walking a virtue.” Finding out that his friend Lotte Eisner was dying in Paris, Herzog decided in the winter of 1974 to visit her by walking from Munich to Paris on foot. Herzog spent this three-week-long journey in conditions of extreme loneliness and cold. He believed he could prolong Lotte Eisner’s life by walking which is what happened in the end. Herzog’s walking carries the experience of what Situationists call *dérive*.

We can compare a forest in one extreme with the (in) finiteness of a room and this can serve as a frame for walking thoughts. We walk the forest with the thought of tree to tree as of subject to subject, just as French soldier **Xavier de Maistre** does in his book *Voyage Around My Bedroom*, which he wrote while serving a sentence for a duel, and was held imprisoned in a room for forty-two days. De Maistre begins his forty-two chapter experience of limited movement by remarking how this experience could be summed up as one that did not cost him anything. Travel for this reason, notes de Maistre, may seem appropriate for patients or for those less capable, but he accepted it as a challenge for the experience of being with

yourself. You begin the walking of your mind with marking objects: from the bed to the table, from the etching to the armchair, from the play of light on the curtains to the singing of birds on the roof. De Maistre is absorbed with time in the cramped space. He is not afraid of time and age, but rather the color of their hidden allies: indifference and oblivion, concluding that time is nothing other than punishment of the mind.

Photography stops time and so Weekend Art was a kind of attempt at stopping time. When we consciously don’t stop time with photography we usually say that we are wasting time on something, or even better that we’re killing time when we’re bored. Whether we stop time with a photograph or just kill it with boredom we are irretrievably consuming time but it’s consuming us too. Can we consume time or can time consume us? During the hour-long performance in which we three were the naked carriers of the projection of slides from Weekend Art, a result of our trips to Mt. Medvednica, in Kyoto we encountered a careful and attentive reading. The same projection of slides in a European context was accepted as a kind of information of arbitrary length, to which visitors would return to occasionally, but which most would not have patiently waited for the entire duration of the projection of three hundred slides in a loop.

Our performance in a European context was marked by the acceptance of information, while in Kyoto it was accepted more as a meditation, therefore a continuation of movement. Here our projections on naked bodies could not at any one point be manifested as a social protest so natural on European soil. The projection onto naked bodies was accepted as a logical sequence of events of the seasons, where the body takes on the role of legitimate witnesses of time. Readings of Weekend Art are different depending on the sensibilisation and context. For example, photos from the strolls on Mt. Medvednica are accepted by the public in Stockholm as a hedonistic project, while in Barcelona they are interpreted as an extremely political gesture, as a consequence of the resistance by the clash of politically conditioned culture and nature. Walking on Mt. Medvednica was also an homage to the Lumière brothers and their film *Leaving the Lumière Factory* (1895), in which they didn’t record productivity but what comes after it, walking workers leaving the factory and repeating it several times. Thus walking on Mt. Medvednica represents our emancipatory gesture from implied forms of productivity.

Even when we pass the same route every day, forest walks are never the same. Our spirits, premonitions, expectations, fears or thoughts are never the same. In *The Fieldpath*, **Martin Heidegger** goes back to the forest path of his youth to the bench under the old oak, in the shadow of its treetop, seeking help in resolving thoughts recalled by smells and sounds of childhood, to what would later lead him to reflect on the rootlessness of man. Does Heidegger’s oak belong to those same oak trees that Deleuze and Guattari mention in *A Thousand Plateaus*? They replace Western philosophy structured around verticality and with this the telling hierarchy of the tree with proliferation of the rhizome.

Are we really “tired of the trees” as Deleuze and Guattari state? Does a tree have an exclusive and only one or multiple symbolism? In an era dominated

by dissemination, dislocation and non-places, do we even have the need for the tree as a symbol of stability **Jean Mottet** asks in his book *The Tree in the Landscape* (2002). The tree, he states, has never been as necessary as now, and never as vulnerable as now. Can the tree be separated from its primordial iconography? At the foot of the tree, among the rhizomes, taking in with a glance the colors and forms of plant kingdoms, **Jean Jacques Rousseau** is troubled by the habits in which plants are sought only for “medicines and drugs.” He does not allow his pleasure of walking in groves spoil his awareness of human diseases, in search of the relevance of nature. All these charming and lovely shapes in nature, states Rousseau, are of very little interest to those who just want to pound them in a mortar, and who would certainly not plait herb wreaths for an enema, Rousseau writes in his *Reveries of the Solitary Walker*.

Solvitur ambulando - Resolved by walking

How to describe the scenes that we saw? In such a way so as to verbalize landscape, to reach for a linguistic correction of the apparent unrest prevailing in nature. Forest walks are marked by anonymous places. Places where little or often nothing significant has happened. But the toponymy of elevation, basin, pass and gorges in the hills and mountains is unique in something. These are junctions of idiomatic features, expressions that point to the untranslatable feeling for the character of a place, to a request without an answer. Idioms are not translated, they are interpreted through similar examples. And so on Mt. Medvednica, following route 1A, 1D, 9 or 23 we will encounter names that mark places without a center and content, which say all or nothing. Here begins the uniqueness and originality of our experience, as well as the separation from the mutual. People communicate with opposing goals: to reach unity or difference.

When we talk about wandering the mountain we are not talking about places marked on maps. We are talking about places where roads branch toward the south or east, where three beech trees are located, where hiking marks can be found or not, where wild boar gather, where landslides can be found. In fact, we do not talk about such sites with the usual vocabulary. Such microplaces are broadly similar to what **Marc Augé** calls non-places. Non-places are the opposite of places. It’s nice to escape to urban non-places (airports, train stations, motorways...) because they exist even in the remaining wilderness. **Martin Scorsese** took his film characters in the film *Who’s That Knocking at My Door* (1967) to one such non-place on a mountain near New York. He forced them to climb, to object and complain about the purpose of their climb, to end up speechlessly enjoying the view at the top. **Adolfas Mekas** and his brother **Jonas** used such places in Vermont in the winter for their film *Hallelujah the Hills* (1963), as did **Alfred Hitchcock** in the fall for *The Trouble with Harry* (1955).

We mentioned that the materialization of over three thousand Weekend Art photos was the result of an amateur act. In line with this, walking then is also an amateur act, because it is sooner an improvisational than analytical act. Walking as a metaphor disturbs the territory of anatomy, anthropology, architecture, geography, history, politics and culture. Walking is