

apr 2014  
walk w/ Mie

It's the hottest day of the year. Unrest is in the air. Yesterday there is a building on fire many miles away but it filled up this block with smoke. People walking by speculated and maybe even hoped a little that it was landlord arson so that we could feel certain and clear that our evictor enemies were for sure definitely very bad people. Today the sky is clear and the news about the building is that it was a new development, a machine sparked just after closing time. What if an angry citizen finally took a stand? Everything is kind of charged like that.

I meet with Mie and we start our walk. Mie tells me about economically tiered architectures in Copenhagen. We look at a building, being retrofitted or re-facaded. This one has been under construction for over a year - longer than it would have taken to demolish and construct a totally new building from scratch. Mie talks about how its cheaper and easier to start over than to incorporate and work around what is already in place. This for me becomes an accidentally profound rumination on a quickly gentrifying neighborhood. Maybe I project to much though?

We move on to the part where we walk in the alley way behind the new Twitter HQ. There in that alley it is pretty simple - I read a story to a friend and do a short dance and that is all. Today, before I started reading we looked up into the sky to imagine a planet. This planet, I prompt, is one of limitless possibility, of space open and un-pioneered potential. Today as we stood there in wonder of our imaginary possibility-planet a security guard from twitter approached. He said we were not allowed to stand on the sidewalk. We could pass through, but not loiter (unless we had workeres badges). The sidewalk is private property in San Francisco, he said. He was helpful though. He showed us the place in the street that is public space and so we stood there instead and I read and did dance for when I feel like a tourist.

He checked back up on us from the end of the alley, maybe to make sure we moved along or maybe he really likes site-specific performance art. It's always so hard to know what the middle men are thinking/hoping/dreaming/imagining/secretly advocating for. He didn't come up with the idea to ban sidewalk standing, but the need to survive, the need to have work, and this being his work, might breed an unexpected pragmatism.

Pragmat or idealisticrat? Idealism is not be affordable for everyone?

I like the street better than my safe sidewalk spot anyway. There is more passing me by - more energy, more being there - a man pushing a huge sandwich board on wheels, 3 men moving dumpsters, a car, right as i'm finishing up the dance...an ability to see airplanes and pigeons in the clear sky parallel with the flat ground of the street. I feel more connected to the place here in really plain site. More vulnerable in a site of transit and passage. That seems to be an important feeling to feel.