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Abstract

The essay offers an account of the *Walking Library for Women Walking* (2016-17), an edition of the authors' ongoing project, *The Walking Library*. Launched in 2012, this creative research project explores the multiple relationships between walking, literature and environment. *The Walking Library for Women Walking* (WLFWW) strategically takes its place against a background of walking art in which women have been rendered largely invisible. This edition challenges the persistence of masculinist norms of walking that have established walking as a male domain of artistic practice. First inspired by the repeated references we noted throughout the late-eighteenth and nineteenth centuries to books carried on long (pleasure) walks predominantly undertaken by men, *The Walking Library* has rewritten this walking canon as two women artists bringing together books suggested as good to give to a woman walking and then inviting people to walk with them. By doing so we seek to make walking women unavoidably manifest. We might think of WLFWW as a feminist walking movement. This account follows each of the walks taken as part of this edition of the project and the ways in which they bring together women, walking, books and environment as another step towards the inscription and re-inscription of women's practices of walking into history.

The Walking Library for Women Walking, Deirdre Heddon & Misha Myers

Introduction

But, you may say, we asked you to speak about women and fiction -- what has that got to do with a room of one's own?

Virginia Woolf¹

Responding to the editors' invitation to contribute an essay that explores women, walking and landscape, we offer an account of the *Walking Library for Women Walking* (2016-17), a recent edition of the authors' ongoing project, *The Walking Library*. *The Walking Library for Women Walking* strategically takes its place against a background of walking art in which women have been rendered largely invisible. Our library, bringing together books suggested as good to give to a woman walking, and then inviting people to walk with them, seeks to make walking women unavoidably manifest. We might think of *The Walking Library for Women Walking* as a feminist walking movement.

Walking Women

The Walking Library for Women Walking -- hereafter abbreviated as *WLFWW* -- is the ninth edition of *The Walking Library*. *The Walking Library*, launched in 2012, is an ongoing creative research project, which explores the multiple relationships between walking, literature and environment. Inspired by repeated references throughout the late-eighteenth and nineteenth centuries to books carried on long (pleasure) walks, *The Walking Library* asks variations on the question 'What book would you take on a walk?' to curate collections of books and then walk with them.

We initiated *The Walking Library* to accompany a month-long peripatetic arts festival, Sideways. Sideways travelled the disused, slow pathways of the Flanders region of Belgium, aiming to inspire local publics to walk more and drive less. We purchased a stock of nearly 100 books, each of them suggested as good to take on this ecologically-inspired walk and we walked and read books for some 300km, offering a mobile library service for other artists.² *The Walking Library* project was orientated at its outset towards environmental matters: its mode of transport is foot; its pedagogy is civic, collective and horizontally distributed, with knowledge donated and circulated through the gifting and sharing of selected books; it takes place in the open; and the environments of its taking place, in combination with the materials it carries, prompt a renewed attention to and engagement with places and to our complex and mobile inter-dependencies.³

We created the *WLFWW* in 2016 for *WALKING WOMEN*, a series of events curated by London-based artists Amy Sharrocks and Clare Qualmann who sought to celebrate the work of women artists using walking in their arts practice. Sharrocks and Qualmann conceived *WALKING WOMEN* as a response to their

growing concern that walking is perceived as a male domain of practice. Over a period of a year we had each experienced talks, seminars, and panel discussions in which the invisibility of women was being announced as a

feature of walking -- even when we pointed out that this is not the case. The *WALKING WOMEN* events [...] were designed to counter this imbalance.⁴

Publicity material for *WALKING WOMEN* drew explicitly on earlier research published by scholars and artists Deirdre Heddon and Cathy Turner.⁵ Heddon and Turner had identified a cultural landscape of walking which, they suggested, was exhausted due to the repeated recitation of certain writers and artists (including Daniel Defoe, Jean Jacques Rousseau, Henry David Thoreau, André Breton, Guy Debord, Hamish Fulton, Richard Long and Iain Sinclair). In their view, an orthodoxy had emerged which positioned walking as almost always individualist, heroic, epic and transgressive, qualities understood predominantly in relation to a historically masculinist set of norms and challenges. Their review of existing literature revealed that walking as an aesthetic practice was framed by two enduring historical discourses: the Romantics, tramping through rural locations; and the avant-gardists, drifting through the spectacular urban streets of capitalism. Though ostensibly different 'stories', these narratives of walking shared two recurring imperatives: walking was a means to seek out adventure, danger and the new; and, through walking one could release oneself from the relations of everyday life.

As part of their research, Heddon and Turner undertook ten walking interviews with women artists. In doing so, they revealed walking art to be much more diverse and complex than dominant discussions of it proposed. Concepts of freedom, heroism and scale were seen to be relative and contextual, or mobile, and the spatial was determined to be fully relational. Perhaps the most significant finding of their research, though, was the extent of walking work made by women, most of it unacknowledged. As they wrote in 2012,

the invisibility of women in what appears as a canon of walking is conspicuous; where they are included, it is often as an 'exception' to an unstated norm, represented by a single chapter in a book or even a footnote.⁶

Sharrocks and Qualmann reproduced this very statement in their *WALKING WOMEN* publicity and extended it by asking:

How do we re-write a canon? How do we re-balance the perception of art, artists, and the use of walking as a creative practice? Can we not only imagine a future in which gender bias and skewed vision is destroyed, but actively build the pathway there?⁷

Like Heddon and Turner before them, Sharrocks and Qualmann insisted on the presence and diverse artistic practices of women in this landscape. More than 90 women, including the authors, shared their walking work at *WALKING WOMEN*.⁸

The Walking Library for Women Walking

As with all *Walking Library* iterations, we started this one with a question, asking:

What book would you recommend to a woman going for a walk; a book that might provide excellent company, inspiration, solace, advice, humour, information...?

By the date of the first walk, 16 July 2016, we had received over 75 donations and at the time of writing have a permanent collection of 119 books and 118 suggestions. All those donating or suggesting a book were invited to give a reason for their choice, contributing to a collective 'autobibliography'. Though our library stock is rich in its diversity, a taxonomy does emerge:

- artists' books, most often donated by the artist (e.g. *Iorg-coise footprint* by Gill Russell and *Please Watch U R Your Head* by Idit Nathan);
- factual and scholarly books about walking, many by women (e.g. *A Field Guide to Getting Lost* by Rebecca Solnit and *Why Loiter? Women & Risk on Mumbai Streets*, by Shilpa Phadke, Sameera Khan and Shilpa Ranade);
- environmental writing, most of it written by women (e.g. *Silent Spring* by Rachel Carson and *H is for Hawk* by Helen Macdonald);
- published letters and journals of significant women who have some connection with walking or journeying (e.g. *Letters written in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark* by Mary Wollstonecraft);
- memoirs of women deemed inspirational, many of them related to walking (e.g. *Eight Feet in the Andes* by Dervla Murphy) but others not at all (e.g. Grace Jones' *I'll Never Write My Memoirs*);
- novels by women which feature walking (e.g. Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*) alongside favourite novels (e.g. *Sacred Country* by Rose Tremain);
- books which have autobiographical significance for the donator (e.g. Simone de Beauvoir's *The Blood of Others* -- 'This was almost the first feminist novel I ever read');
- books or texts which seem to need to be walked to come fully into their own (e.g. Caryl Churchill's play *Blue Heart*: 'I wanted to find a non-naturalistic performance text, something that needed to be discovered and understood through rhythm. I think [this] needs the SPACE to work through the text in both head and body. So a combination of reading and walking seemed right.')

The WLFWW completed three walks as part of the *WALKING WOMEN* events, two in London and one in Edinburgh. It was also walked in Bristol, Glasgow and Newcastle, and from 22 July - 3 September 2017 was installed in the exhibition, *The House that Heals the Soul* (Centre for Contemporary Art, Glasgow). A temporary library was created for 'Moving Out of Door', an event held in Geelong, Australia in November 2017. The number of people who walked with us -- mostly women -- ranged from 15 to 30. The walks were free. Each walk responded to the specific combinations of place, people and books and so was unique, though a shared structure held them together as a series. Acknowledging that space is a political matter and unevenly distributed and occupied, our walks retraced suffragette marches and actions, following in the footsteps of those who walked before us and who used space to make visible their collective power as well as their right to take up public space. Where there were no such traces to follow, we actively sought to locate women in the landscape, looking out for statues and monuments to women, or streets named after them. As the suffragettes did before us, we made place for women through our collective action and presence in space. Before each walk we displayed the full library, allowing time for browsing and then inviting participants to select a book to carry. We asked participants to stop and share a reading wherever they felt a resonance between the place and their selected book, facilitating dynamic exchanges between environments and texts. At the end of the walk, participants wrote or sketched a reflection on their experience and left suggestions for additional

books we should hold. Below, we recite fragments from across some of the walks, aiming to reveal the *WLFWW*'s various textures, performativities and shifting relationships, alongside the interventions it conjures. References we use are taken only from library books donated.

Fragments from *The Walking Library for Women Walking*

The accounts of the various *WLFWW* that follow are intended as 'unfinishable configurations' in the sense proposed by artist Eleanora Fabião in *Actions*;⁹ they do not aim to present a totality, but rather to evoke the provisionality and relationality of each iteration that is the *WLFWW* to date.

i) *16 July 2016 London: Somerset House (Embankment) - Parliament Square - Hyde Park, 6-8pm*

The first walk of the *WLFWW* departed from Somerset House and retraced a Suffragette 'monster march' staged on 21st June 1908, which set off from Embankment and ended in Hyde Park, joining seven other walking tributaries. The 'Women's Sunday' march, the first to be organised by the Women's Social and Political Union (WSPU), sought to visibly demonstrate women's support for the vote, with more than 300,000 women gathering at Hyde Park; the largest mass demonstration London had seen. The Suffragette colour scheme of purple, white and green -- symbolising dignity, purity and hope -- was launched at this event. We borrowed these colours for our Walking Library rucksack patches, a gift given to anyone who donated a book or joined us for a walk.

Our first stop on the walk was just outside Somerset House, on the banks of the River Thames at Cleopatra's Needle, guarded by two large sphinxes. Here, Alison read a random page selected from *The Pennine Way: The Legs that Make Us*, a donation by dance artists Tamara Ashley and Simone Kenyon. The book documents their 2006 performance, an unfolding along the 270 miles of the long-distance Pennine Way trail, described by them as 'a choreographic pathway, a shared journey and investigation of walking as dance and dancer as traveller'.¹⁰

DAY 16: Landgon Beck to Dufton 12 miles

A gap. I am taken by Brian and Pam in their car as last night I cut my foot on a nail in the floor. Kindness. We drive around the hills to Dufton, 26 miles by road. I return to walk this leg the day after we finish the trail. I am quick on my feet this day, without my pack. It pours with rain while I recover this loss of physical distance. The gap remains.

Weather conditions: overcast and humid. **Body Conditions:** T – watery inside and out.¹¹

That our walk in the footsteps of the suffragettes began with a story about walking interrupted, about returning so as to finish what had been started, about resilience in the face of the unexpected, about acts of kindness, about routes and the necessity to reroute and improvise, was dense with metaphorical resonances. This was just the first of such reverberations ignited across histories, geographies, lives, journeys, dreams and emotions.

Embankment was thronged with people enjoying the warm evening and our progress was slow. Anna elected to read from Virginia Woolf's short story, *Street Haunting*:

No one perhaps has ever felt passionately towards a lead pencil. But there are circumstances in which it can become supremely desirable to possess one; moments when we are set upon having an object, an excuse for walking half across London between tea and dinner. [...] As we step out of the house on a fine evening between four and six, we shed the self our friends know us by and become part of that vast republican army of anonymous trampers, whose society is so agreeable after the solitude of one's own room.¹²

Written in 1927, the year before all women over the age of 21 were given the vote in the UK, Woolf's story offered a salient reminder of just how essential the suffragette actions had been; and just how far we have walked, figuratively speaking. But still, passing numerous statues and monuments and looking out in vain for one that might call us to a halt, we felt the overwhelming erasure of women from this teeming public space. Arriving at Parliament Square we turned to face the Houses of Parliament, an impromptu homage to the women who walked here before us to demand the right to participate equally in democratic processes. As a sizeable group of mostly women we did not function as Woolf's anonymous -- invisible -- trampers. Instead, in that moment, we created our own performative memorial and marked this in turn with a monument of books placed on the grass, swapping walking with a sit-in. Looked down on by the statues of 11 statesmen, we spotted, in the far corner of the Square, a temporary, 'people's memorial', honouring the Labour MP for Batley and Spen, Jo Cox. Cox had been fatally stabbed and shot on the 16 June as she arrived at Birstall Library, the venue of her weekly constituency drop-in surgery. Her murder coincided with the UK's referendum on leaving or remaining in the UK. Her attacker -- Thomas Mair -- was heard shouting 'Britain first'.¹³ Idit shared a reading from the book she carried, *i-SPY: RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE* by Sarah Wood:

It was summer in London. I was in a good mood. The sun was shining. I felt expansive. I was on a busy street. Ahead of me two people were posting letters at the the same post box at the same time. One was a prosperous looking white man. One was a young woman wearing a niqāb.

When the man came face to face with the woman he suddenly looked furious. He said something to her that I didn't hear. I wondered if he knew her. Then he turned and looked at me and smiled. His mood seemed to have switched instantly. He looked like he was trying now to be charming. He wasn't. He turned back to the woman and with the same sudden switch of mood, thrust the letter in his hand into the space in her veil that revealed her eyes.¹⁴

At Wellington Arch, Amy read from the introduction to *Women Adventurers: the lives of Madame Velazquez, Hannah Snell, Mary Anne Talbot and Mrs Christian Davies*. Amy had temporarily loaned this book to the library. Published in 1893, the book's editor is Mérie Muriel Dowie, Amy's great grandmother and author of *A Girl in the Carpathians*, a chronicle of Dowie's own adventures on horseback published two years earlier. Amy was walking not only in the footsteps of the suffragettes but of her remarkable forebear. In 1893, Mérie Muriel Dowie wrote:

Among the hoary, white old questions that go tottering down the avenue of time, is one of an intermittent vitality truly surprising. The Independence of Woman -- is it right or wrong? -- that is the tremulous, doddering head of it. Is a woman the equal of a man? May a woman engage in all that men may?¹⁵

The gap between then and now in this avenue of extended time seemed to us not entirely closed over yet; but in our movement and reading together, in our pulling of space and text around us into something that felt almost tangibly like a new iteration of presentness and place, there was an optimism. Sitting in Hyde Park, our destination reached, we wrote some words to add to those we had shared:

In all this talk of walking, of what you walk on and in and who has walked before, it was wonderful to walk in the steps of hundreds of thousands of women who paved the way for our rights today.

Hearing women's voices; reading women's voices; walking in women's footsteps; pausing. Marching, walking, talking, thinking, making, writing in the street.

ii) 11 August 2016, Edinburgh: Drill Hall - Leith Walk - Leith Links - Drill Hall, 12-1.30pm

In Leith there were no suffragette paths to be followed. There was rain. Hand-picked and hand-carried books were tucked proprietorially under coats from the very start. The size of our group -- about 30 -- buoyed us up and put a spring in our step. Serendipity beckoned. At the Podiatry Hospital Catriona placed a perfect extract from Nan Shepherd's *The Living Mountain*:

Walking barefoot has gone out of fashion since Jeanie Deans trudged to London, but no country child grows up without its benediction. Sensible people are revising the habit. [...] Dried mud flats, sunwarmed, have a delicious touch, cushioned and smooth; so has long grass at morning, hot in the sun, but still cool and wet when the foot sinks into it, like food melting to a new flavour in the mouth. And a flower caught by the stalk between the toes is a small enchantment.¹⁶

Further down Leith Walk Louise recognised in the wind blowing across a large, muddy puddle at the side of the road, the ripples on a lake described by Dorothy Wordsworth in her *Grasmere and Alfoxden Journals*. She shared the diary entry from Wordsworth's journal for the 11 August 1800:

Monday afternoon [11th]: Walked to Windy Brow.¹⁷

We were now on the Windy Brow of Leith Walk. Louise also carried her own artist's book, *Warnscale*, an evocative landmark-walk acknowledging infertility. *Warnscale* functions as both walking guide of an area of the Lake District and an evocative art work, made by Wilson to support rituals or rites of passage for women who have experienced involuntary childlessness. It draws on and maps a rich, literal landscape to support the mapping of an emotional one. Wilson opened her book at the photograph of Black Beck Tarn, the wind's passage marked on the surface of that water too. Her reading took us beneath the surface:

Black Beck (oligotrophic tarn typical in cold regions) scarce in nutrients but supports aquatic flora and oligotroph organisms such as diatom flora (unicellular algae) and micro fauna.¹⁸

Mesmerised by the wind rippling the muddy puddle beside us, and the ripples of writing crossing time and space, we pondered what the dark water might hold, host and support; literally and symbolically.

As soon as we arrived at Leith Links, a public park with a miniature hill near the entrance, Joyce enacted Shepherd by removing her shoes and running gleefully barefoot across the grass. The books we carried placed one environment over another, here the grass of the city park resonated with the heather on the hill; there, the muddy puddle reflected a Lake District tarn. Some of our books also drew our attention to the overlooked or taken-for-granted, including the details of different clouds and the precise, singular feel of different rains, each evoked by a different atmospheric word (dreich, drizzle, pelting). The textures, colours, scents and sights of the city were heightened, an enriched environment coming into focus through the pages of books that asked us to attend.

At the top of the park's small hill, Emma held up *messidges passing*, an artist's book made and donated by Elspeth Owen (aka 'material woman'). Emma shared with us the book's cover: a photo of a gift box tied with a red thread. Walking through Leith, Emma had traced this thread across the book's pages and invited us now to form a circle on the top of the hill and pass an imagined red thread around it. She set this invisible red thread off on its journey, placing it carefully into the hands of the person on her left, who in turn passed it to the next person and so on, until the magic red thread had passed around the circle fully, threading us together. Though the thread was a fabrication, our actions of joining one to another were real. A group of mostly strangers, we were now bound together, like stitched leaves of a book. This threading action mirrored the artwork documented in *messidges passing*, *Looselink* (2005). For *Looselink* Owen criss-crossed Britain, delivering messages by foot and building new pathways between strangers.¹⁹ Each time a message was delivered and received, the recipient gave Owen a new message to deliver to someone else, and so on. *The Walking Library for Women Walking* is forging its own networks and pathways, treading out new and shared stories as we walk together.

iii) 16 November 2017, Geelong: *The School of Lost Art*, Noble Street – Mayfair Drive – Camden Road – Windmill Street – Noble Street, 12-1.30pm

In Geelong, a city southwest of Melbourne, Australia, we walked and commemorated women's labour to create paths of emancipation for women in the past and present

and reflected on the challenges still to be overcome, not just for women. With every step, Misha recited the names of women from Geelong who were amongst the 33,000 collected by suffrage groups who went door-to-door across Victoria in 1891 to create another indomitable monster: the 260 metre long 'Monster Petition' presented to Parliament to demand the right to vote for women.

Commissioned as the keynote for 'Moving out of Doors', a day long symposium and art event exploring women's artistic labour, this *WLFWW* marked the first *Walking Library* event in the Southern Hemisphere and it followed the announcement made the day before of Australia's vote for same-sex marriage. Lorna, Melbourne inner-city activist and elder, initiated the readings for the walk by simply holding up the spine of *The Selected Writings of Gertrude Stein* and repeating the author's name, suggesting this said it all.

Soon after departing from the walk's starting point at the artist-run studio, The School of Lost Arts, the group halted and gathered at a scenic overlook of the River Barwon winding through the valley below. A group of refuse collection trucks assembled here as well; their drivers (all male) enjoying the view with their lunch. With the river before her, Devinia introduced her reading from *Dark Emu: Black Seeds Agriculture or Accident?* written by Bunurong and Melbourne-born author Bruce Pascoe. She noted its personal and wider significance by emphasising, 'as first people of this nation, although we are moving forward in a lot of ways, there are still a lot of barriers for our people in this country.' She read Pascoe's account of an encounter in 1843 at another river, the Murray, where colonial settlers misinterpreted the meaning of words shouted at them by the Aboriginal people as welcoming them to their land. She concluded with the author's thoughts on the incident:

'You have to work hard to convince yourself, or the governor, that Aboriginal people were delighted to give away their land.'²⁰

The view over the Barwon River enticed the group of women to linger and share an eclectic selection of readings, which continued in a kind of call-and-response to one another, with readings from Heather Rose's *The Museum of Modern Love*, Kathleen Jamie's *The Tree House*, and *The Bhagavad Gita*, which, the reader commented, is a handbook for life. The women continued walking, huddled under umbrellas protecting them from the late spring drizzle of the humid afternoon. When the awning of C. Sphinx Consulting Structural and Civil Engineers, a land development business office, offered shelter from the rain, Fiona prompted the group to assemble again for her reading from Sarah Williams Goldhagen's *Welcome to Your World: How the Built Environment Shapes Our Lives*. Later she summarised the book's compelling argument in her comments: 'it costs no more to build something that relates to people than it does to build something that relates to economics.'

The pattern of the call-and-response continued as the women took advantage of the opportunity for shelter otherwise absent in these streets mostly filled with domestic homes set back by gated front gardens. As we were standing opposite a primary school, Kate found it a befitting place to offer a reading from Marion Moltano's *If You Can Walk, You Can Dance*, a book about a young girl, which she said she had chosen because it is about 'the creative journey and finding a true way to be oneself.'

The selected reading, a description of the sound of the vibrating strings of a cello, was interrupted by the less concordant sound of the refuse collectors honking their horns as their convoy returned to their work and passed us by. Once they had

gone, a woman in the circle commented on how visible we were as a group of women in these streets, her comment reflecting how *The Walking Library* works as a kind of intervention and civic performance, but also how a group of women walking in public elicits unwanted attention from passers-by as much as a woman walking alone (though being in a group reduces feelings of vulnerability). As the circular walk turned left on Windmill Street and joined back onto Noble, this interaction prompted a small cluster of women to reflect on the courage and vulnerability of the suffragette petitioners; they speculated about how those women in the past might have been received, especially if met at the door by 'the man of the house'. This conversation continued back into the inviting doors of The School of Lost Arts where the women wrote their reflections on the walk. Some reflected on how the walk brought the group together: 'when we left the house we were a disparate group, but when we returned we had become a coherent (united!) group.' And others expressed how the walk connected them with 'the land' even amidst the 'busy world around us.' The walk prompted many questions about the complexity of the political matters of space encountered throughout all instances of the *WLFWW*: who has the rights to own it, to be in it and to make it their own and the distance still to go.

Conclusion

The *WLFWW* was inspired by *WALKING WOMEN*. The political motivation which prompted *WALKING WOMEN* is explicit in its curators' aims of revealing as misperception and presumption walking as a male domain of artistic practice. Sharrocks' and Qualmann's tactical approach to re-balancing the perceptions of walking art at this time -- what it is and who makes it -- was to focus singularly on female artists and their work, making them visible and enacting an interruption in the repetition that is so crucial to canon formation and its persistence. At the launch of the event, Sharrocks' and Qualmann suggested that *WALKING WOMEN* would be a success if there was no longer a need for such a singularly gendered platform.

The Walking Library for Women Walking functioned as another tool for rewriting the walking canon. Most obviously, *The Walking Library* is an ongoing walking project created by two women artists. That the *Walking Library for Women Walking* solicited and carried books considered good to give to a *woman walking* offered another means of challenging directly the walking canon. Its invitation explicitly foregrounded women who walk. The Library also held a collection of donated books which moved well beyond Heddon and Turner's cited 'fraternity'. In contrast to the first *Walking Library* (2012), where approximately 85% of the books suggested were written by men, here 77% of the donated books were written by women. Viewed in relation to the first Library, we consider this a radical act of re-balancing. This recent collection is diverse and books *about* women and walking, including those by women artists, predominate. The *Walking Library for Women Walking* literally provides a place for women artists to have their walking work displayed, browsed, circulated, shared and discussed. As this collection will be donated onwards, in its entirety, to another library -- Glasgow Women's Library -- the documented work of these artists is offered a future. The cards attached to each book, recording the personal reason for its donation, diversifies the library's -- and walking's -- stories even further.

As the fragments we have shared here reveal, each iteration of the *WLFWW* is as different as the women, books and places that make it and the complex constellations that emerge from their interrelation. Walking as a group of mostly women, we physically take up space, creating a mobile, gendered place as we move

along city streets, perhaps in our very collectivity standing in for those absent monuments of and to women.²¹ Our *Walking Library*, activated by those who carry and walk it, intervenes in and makes anew a place in the world for women, through sharing authored ideas with those which emerge from our embodied knowledges and memories of place. As we stand together on Embankment listening closely to the words of Virginia Woolf, we add ourselves to her story, seeing ourselves there as, and with, her, just as she now features in the stories we tell of this event. In this, we accompany and make more complex Rebecca Solnit's insight that 'landscapes, urban and rural, gestate the stories, and the stories bring us back to the sites of this history'.²² Sometimes, the stories we carry 'gestate' the landscapes, creating new paths and 'senses of place', 'shaping cities and parks'. We make literal Solnit's reference to 'a vast library of walking stories and poems, of pilgrimages, [...], meanders, and summer picnics'.²³ As we perform a cartography of Suffragettes' labours, we join our bodies and contemporary landscapes to their monstrous geographies, the march and petition, and ensure their efforts persist against those obstacles to human equality that remain. Our *Walking Library*, the stories it holds, relays and conjures, reminds us that sometimes we do not walk in the footsteps of those who went before us, but rather we walk beside them -- and each other -- and must continue to do so.

The Walking Library functions as a convivial and collective space. The books, the women, the environment and the temporal location perform as a call-and-response, in complex but attentive replies and continuations of the conversation. As a feminist walking movement, the *WLFWW* creates a relational and temporary architectural space for women to gather and move together, united and empowered beyond the solitude of the room of one's own or those masculinist norms of walking which Heddon and Turner identified (individualist, heroic, epic). The act of bringing women, walking, books and environment together might be considered transgressive still. This account of the *WLFWW* is offered as another chapter, another step towards the inscription and re-inscription of women's practices of walking into history. Whether it pursues and performs memorial-scapes, crosses paths with or follows in the footsteps of spectral women (suffragettes, scholars, artists, authors), forges new paths or retraces familiar and familial meshworks, the *WLFWW* is a collective and ongoing hunt for Woolf's lead pencil. Where Woolf's pencil offered her 'an excuse for walking half across London between tea and dinner', the *WLFWW* is a stratagem to write a place that is of and for women walking, and that is produced with and by women walking. We are here. We have always been here.

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¹ Virginia Woolf, *A Room of One's Own* (London: Penguin Books 2004 [1928]), 3.

² Deirdre Heddon and Misha Myers, "Stories from the walking library", *Cultural Geographies* 21, no. 4 (2014): 639-55.

³ Deirdre Heddon and Misha Myers, "The walking library: mobilising books, places, readers and reading", *Performance Research* 22, no. 1 (2017): 32-48.

⁴ Amy Sharrocks and Clare Qualmann, *Walking Women: A Study Room Guide on women using walking in their practice* (London: Live Art Development Agency, 2017), 1, <https://www.scribd.com/document/346143517/WALKING-WOMEN-A-Study-Room-Guide-on-women-using-walking-in-their-practice>

⁵ Deirdre Heddon and Cathy Turner, "Walking women: interviews with artists on the move", *Performance Research* 15, no. 4 (2010): 14-22; "Walking women: shifting the tales and scales of mobility", *Contemporary Theatre Review* 22, no. 2 (2012): 224-36.

⁶ Heddon and Turner, "Walking Women: Shifting", 225.

⁷ Amy Sharrocks and Clare Qualmann, "Walking Women", <http://www.thisisliveart.co.uk/whats-on/walking-women/2016>.

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- ⁹ Eleanora Fabião, *Actions* (Rio de Janeiro: Tamanduá, 2015), 5.
- ¹⁰ Tamara Ashley and Simone Kenyon, *The Pennine Way: The Legs that Make Us* (UK: A Brief Magnetics Publication, 2007), n.p.
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- ¹⁴ Sarah Wood, *i-SPY: RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE* (self-published, 2015), 12.
- ¹⁵ Ménie Muriel Dowie, ed., *Women Adventurers: the lives of Madame Valazquez, Hannah Snell, Mary Anne Talbot and Mrs Christian Davies* (London: T.F. Unwin, 1893), v.
- ¹⁶ Nan Shepherd, *The Living Mountain* (Edinburgh: Canongate Books, 2011 [1977]), 103-4.
- ¹⁷ Dorothy Wordsworth, *Grasmere and Alfoxden Journals* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2002), 17.
- ¹⁸ Louise Ann Wilson, *Warnscale: A Land Mark Walk Reflecting on In/Fertility And Childlessness* (Leeds: Louise Ann Wilson Company Ltd, 2015), n.p.
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- ²¹ Though the publicity for *The Walking Library for Walking Women* walks indicated that it was open to all participants, it is unsurprising, given its name, that it was mostly women who joined the walks.
- ²² Rebecca Solnit, *Wanderlust: A History of Walking*. (London: Granta Books, 2014), 4.
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