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TO THE SEA

Hollister, 80 George Street, & The Northern Lighthouse Board, 84 George Street

A twinned monument and public artwork of Hollister's video wall shop front and its neighbour, the National Lighthouse Board. Please take note of the blinking lighthouse above the door of the N.L.B. On the pavement in between the buildings we have inscribed the following passage:

Some years ago—never mind how long precisely—having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world. It is a way I have of driving off the spleen and regulating the circulation. Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before coffin warehouses, and bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet; and especially whenever my hypos get such an upper hand of me, that it requires a strong moral principle to prevent me from deliberately stepping into the street, and methodically knocking people's hats off—then, I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can. This is my substitute for pistol and ball. With a philosophical flourish Cato throws himself upon his sword; I quietly take to the ship. There is nothing surprising in this. If they but knew it, almost all men in their degree, some time or other, cherish very nearly the same feelings towards the ocean with me.

Herman Melville, *Moby Dick* or *The Whale*, 1851.

We installed this artwork in 2012. It is switched off at 11pm each night.

TO ALIGNMENT & TO THE CITY AS AN ISLAND & TO BLOATED SYMMETRY

The view from the feet of King George IV, where Hanover Street crosses George Street

With your back to his front you will see a monument to alignment.

With your back to his back you will see the city as an island.

TO JÚLIUS KOLLER & TO JACK KEROUAC (U. F. O.)

Scott's Monument, Princes Street

A monument to the Slovakian artist Július Koller. More temporary than it can appear to the layman, the structure is part of a network of dormant U. F. O.s ready for our ascent once human enlightenment is achieved. We maintain that encoded in the work of Koller is a key to that goal.

This is also a dedication to the American author Jack Kerouac.

TO THE POISE OF CARYATIDS

Everywhere

Look up at the buildings (especially in the city's New Town) and recognise a support system, an architectural infrastructure, represented as unnamed women. From close up they probably resemble those closest to the stone carvers who cut them.

TO CIRCULAR REASONING (U. F. O.)

Omni Centre Roundabout



NO LONGER TO SHERLOCK HOLMES (DECOMMISSIONED)

Formerly a statue of Sherlock Holmes, Picardy Place

Statue decommissioned in consideration of its insensitive positioning. Holmes was forced to spend his days facing the Omni Centre Roundabout, a monument to circular reasoning, with its perpetual, stuttering, periphrastic, snaking logic. We first became aware of Holmes' uncontrollable agitation on noticing the paths in the opposite verge, undoubtedly worn by his fevered pacing. The statue no longer represents Sherlock Holmes.

TO EXOTIC DESTINATIONS IMAGINED IN DREAMS

The view through the gap between the Glasshouse Hotel and Edinburgh Playhouse, Leith Walk

A monument to our dreams, in which we step from the familiar into an exotic green wilderness.

TO THE POTENTIALITY OF CORRIDORS & TO THE MOMENTARY OR FLEETING & TO TELEPORTATION & TO THE CORRIDOR AS DREAM SPACE

Back door of Passage to India restaurant, Broughton Street Lane

(Only operational when the door is firmly shut.)

TO WILLIAM EGGLESTON

Picture Framer, Antigua Street, Leith Walk

A shop front tribute to the photography of William Eggleston. (Viewing is weather dependant. Please view on a day with blue sky and intermittent cumulus clouds.)

A BASS ROCK ON DRY LAND

Arthur's Seat

Few places, if any, offer a more barbaric display of contrasts to the eye. In the very midst, one of the most satisfactory crags in nature - a Bass Rock upon dry land.

Robert Louis Stevenson, *Edinburgh: Picturesque Notes*, 1878.

TO LOUIS DAGUERRE

Holyrood Abbey

To Louis Daguerre (inventor of the diorama and an early pioneer of photography) who completed a painting of Holyrood Abbey in 1824 and later went on to make the Abbey the subject of one of his dioramas. He shows the Abbey in moonlight (as was a popular sight for tourists at the time) and warped its proportions to fit into the shape of the canvas.

Standing at Holyrood, look up to the north and you'll see the steep incline of Calton Hill, birthplace of the pan-orama, patented in 1787 by painter, Robert Baker - a precursor to Daguerre's subsequent and respective inventions of both Diorama and Daguerreotype (the first practicable photographic process). Now read these words from Walter Benjamin's *Arcades Project*:

When in 1822 he visits the diorama run by Daguerre, he enthusiastically calls it one of the miracles of the century - 'a thousand problems are resolved.' ... Daguerre refined the illusory art of the panorama and invented the diorama ... This inventor and entrepreneur ... was dubbed a knight in the Legion of Honour, Midnight Mass, the Temple of Solomon, Edinburgh in the sinister glow of a conflagration, and Napoleon's Tomb transfigured naturally by the aureole of a rosy sunset; such are the wanderers that were shown here ... The spectator sits in a small amphitheatre; the stage seems to him covered by a curtain which is still bathed in darkness. Gradually, however, this darkness yields to twilight ... a landscape or prospect emerges more clearly; the dawn is beginning' ... The entrance to the temporal factor into the panoramas is brought about through the succession of times of day (with well-known lighting tricks). In this way, the panorama transcends painting and anticipates photography.

The suffix -orama comes from the Ancient Greek ὄραμα (horáma, sight, spectacle) and ultimately Proto-Indo-European *wer-, meaning to perceive or look out for.

Edinburgh is and was a picture. A city consumed by spectators and the spectacle: it is ripe for the suffix -orama, and we encourage you to suffix this to all place names. You are now stood at Holyroodoramas.

TO TIME TRAVEL & TO ANALEPSIS

Dunbar Close Gardens (also known as the Mushroom Garden), off the Royal Mile

Time travel necessitates a crossing, a moment (however long) of *no time, out of time*: this garden is a monument to that stasis, which is not delivered, but practised. Analepsis is backward time travel (flashbacks) within narrative: this is time travel delivered, not practised. The garden is a narrative, a construct, established as a flashback, but embodying not the arrival at another time, but the moment of being out of time.

TO THE ABJECT BOREDOM OF CAGED ANIMALS & TO WALTER BENJAMIN

Outside Royal Mile Primary School, 88 Canongate

This pendicular bear is designed to make bins fun. A yawning monument, it also reminds us of that more abject form of boredom, perhaps not consistent to Benjamin's hopeful conclusions, experienced by caged animals (see To Walter Benjamin).

TO BRIGADOON

The numerous Scottish shops that populate the Royal Mile and Princes Street - often piping Scottish music through blaring speakers from their tartan kilt swathed shop fronts, which display clan name and highland cow postcards, tam o'shanter, hip flasks, shortbread, socks and Scottie dogs - make up this monument to Brigadoon.

In the early 1950s, Forsyth Hardy, then newly-appointed director of the Films of Scotland Committee, received a visit from Arthur Freed, the Hollywood producer, who had come to Scotland on a location scout in order to make Brigadoon actually in Scotland. So Forsyth Hardy took Arthur Freed to Culross, Dunkeld, Comrie, because of the humpback bridge at Comrie, which is an essential part of Brigadoon. He took him to Braemar, Inveraray and Freed himself insisted on seeing the Brig o' Doon, even though it's not in the Highlands. Arthur Freed then went back to Hollywood and said "I went to Scotland, but I could find nothing that looked like Scotland." (Jim Dunnigan, 2013.)

And so Brigadoon is more Scottish than Scotland, built in a studio in roasting L.A. with mounds of blooming heather and imported Highland Cows.

According to the script, the story would take place on two main sites: the hills of Scotland and the village of Brigadoon. These were to be constructed on three separate sound stages, until Preston Ames came up with the ingenious idea of combining everything on one stage, creating a vast panorama. He presented his idea to Minnelli. 'I think you're crazy,' said Minnelli, 'but do it! But remember, I want lots of heather!'

To execute this enormous undertaking, the construction department built hillsides and valleys, a village with many cottages and a bridge spanning a brook; there were livestock and all the trappings of the outdoors. One man was responsible for creating the visual illusion of the Scottish countryside: George Gibson [see To George Gibson and The Emerald City], the same man who so masterfully executed the backdrops for the 'American in Paris' ballet. His backing for the 'Brigadoon' set was 600 feet wide and 60 feet high. Gibson's painting was so realistic that even the birds were attracted by 'their natural habitat' and flew through the open stage doors straight into the backdrop.

Hugh Fordin, *M-G-M's Greatest Musicals: The Arthur Freed Unit*, 1996.

To a Scotland of the imagination.



TO WALTER BENJAMIN

Former wellhead outside John Knox House, Royal Mile

Two more examples of the yawning monuments through the city. Dedicated to Walter Benjamin due to his preoccupation with boredom and his optimistic conclusion that *Boredom is the dream bird that hatches the egg of experience. A rustling in the leaves drives him away.* (Benjamin, *The Storyteller*, 1936)

TO THE IMPROBABILITY OF SOUND CONTAINED WITHIN A GIVEN SPACE

Cowgate, in the north wall of the arch of South Bridge

A circular outlet cut into the stone emanates ambient noise mixed with distorted music from bars occupying the concealed arches of the rest of this bridge. Put your ear close. We would ask, is this the resonance of a small tube or the large space from which the noise originates? And can they hear me if I whisper back? The sensation is somewhat vertiginous.

TO THE LOYALTY OF DOGS

Argos, various locations

A nationwide network of 737 monuments to the loyalty of dogs, head-quartered in Milton Keynes.

On returning to Ithaca, many years after the Battle of Troy, Odysseus approaches his old home, disguised as a beggar. He is recognised by none but his ancient dog, Argos, who is lying waiting for his master, flea ridden and wasted on a manure heap.

'Eumaeus, what a noble hound that is over yonder on the manure heap: his build is splendid; is he as fine a fellow as he looks, or is he only one of those dogs that come begging about a table, and are kept merely for show?' 'This dog,' answered Eumaeus, 'belonged to him who has died in a far country. If he were what he was when Odysseus left for Troy, he would soon show you what he could do. There was not a wild beast in the forest that could get away from him when he was once on its tracks. But now he has fallen on evil times, for his master is dead and gone, and the women take no care of him. Servants never do their work when their master's hand is no longer over them, for Zeus takes half the goodness out of a man when he makes a slave of him.' So saying he entered the well-built mansion, and made straight for the riotous pretenders in the hall. But Argos passed into the darkness of death, now that he had fulfilled his destiny of faith and seen his master once more after twenty years.

Homer, *Odyssey*.

The Home Retail Group PLC who maintain the monuments have refused all our attempts to have this passage presented at the threshold of every store. Instead we have memorised Homer's words and recite them outside all Argos stores we visit. We invite you to do the same.

41 SPACES FOR MONUMENTS

Regent Road

42 spaces were created in the walls either side of the foot of Regent Road, awaiting something worthwhile to commemorate. One has since been converted into a window for a restaurant, the remaining 41 are still waiting.

TO RELATIVITY AND TO THE CORPOREAL

Royal Mile

This mile is a Scottish mile, notably longer than the mile we now recognise. Medieval kings defined length by measures like the distance from their nose to the tip of their middle finger on an outstretched arm - with every new king, so a new length measure. In ancient Egypt measurements were relative to the size of the measurer's body part (I short cubit equalled 6 palms which equalled 24 fingers). Ghengis Khan created maps according to the length of time it took to get somewhere, not the distance, so mountains were essentially flattened out and valleys shortened to inform the best tactical approach, a rare example of maps reflecting the experience that bore them, and possibly the only example of sensitivity associated with Khan.

Hold your hand up to your face and pinch a building between your fingers.

TO ARGOS

Greyfriar's Bobby, George IV Bridge

A monument to Argos.

TO THE OPIUM DREAMS OF THOMAS DE QUINCEY

The Museum of Scotland, Chambers Street

The Museum of Scotland is a monument to the re-ordered inventory of Thomas De Quincey's opium induced dreams.

Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sunlights, I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Indostan. From kindred feelings I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law. I was stared at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by parakeets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas: and was fixed, for centuries, at the summit, or in secret rooms; I was the idol, I was the priest; I was worshipped, I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brahma through all the forests of Asia; Vishnu hated me: Sesse laid wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris: I had done a deed, they said, which the Isis and the crocodile trembled at. I was buried, for a thousand years, in stone coffins, with mummies and sphynxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed, with canorous kisses, by crocodiles; and laid, confounded with all unutterable slimy things, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud.

Thomas De Quincey, *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*, 1821.

TO HERMAN MELVILLE & THE WHALE

Melville Drive

A monument to Herman Melville and his white sperm whale, Moby Dick. Melville based Captain Ahab's nemesis on a real life male albino sperm whale called Mocha Dick, who allegedly evaded the hunters on over 100 whaling ships and by the time he was eventually killed, had over 20 harpoons impaled in his back.

We think of Melville's albino whale as being as long as the length of Melville Drive. A colossus. A leviathan.

The green space surrounding Melville Drive has been designed by the town planners of the day in the shape of a whale, with Brunsfield Links the tail and The Meadows the body, in an homage to Mocha Dick.

TO GEORGE GIBSON & THE EMERALD CITY

The blue door (in lieu of a blue plaque), 6 Spittal Street

If you stand with your back to George Gibson's childhood front door and look up to your right you will have a view of the castle towering above you atop the dolerite rock. Now close your eyes and think back to the view of Emerald City in *The Wizard of Oz*, as seen just before Dorothy, Scarecrow, Lion, Tin Man and Toto attempt to walk across the field of poppies.

Gibson grew up to become head of the scenic design department with MGM Studios during the Golden Era of American film, and designed Emerald City to look as it does: a towering, glimmering green castle of emerald basalt.

It was also Gibson who was responsible for making Scotland look more like Scotland than Scotland does in Brigadoon. (See Brigadoon)

TO CHAPLIN'S TRAMP (DECOMMISSIONED)

Green man signal at the junction of Lothian Road and Morrison Street

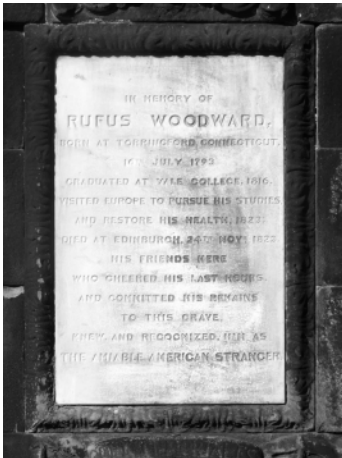
In 2011 the city Council's Traffic Signal Team saw fit to decommission this monument by returning it to an upright position, where it had hitherto occupied a 45 degree angle in homage to Chaplin's Tramp. We in turn would adopt the position when using the crossing. Our love for Chaplin's Tramp stems from his film Modern Times, which opens with the Tramp performing painfully mechanistic operations on a factory production line. Soon this mechanistic automaton dance becomes a chaotic, effeminate and subversive ballet as he reprogrammes the space into one of engagement and agency: his spanners becoming donkey's ears, tongue protruding in an up-yours to his line manager.

We invite you to adopt this position when crossing the road at these or any other lights. Make road-crossing a city-wide ballet. (For a balletic example, see the film *Frances Ha*.)

TO LONELINESS

The Kyo cow, Kyo, 1-3 Rutland Street

It speaks for itself (but no-one can hear it).



TO THE KINDNESS OF STRANGERS

The grave of Rufus Woodward, St Cuthbert's Kirkyard



TO MADAME TUSSAUD

28 Thistle Street

Tussaud lived at this address for a time around 1803, teaching dance lessons and working on an exhibition of her waxworks which became a must see for Edinburgh society. In secret she also began her architectural waxwork of the city, returning at several points throughout the rest of her life to continue this mammoth task. On one of these occasions it is rumoured she also took the death mask of William Hare (the notorious body snatcher), after his public execution in 1829.

After the great fire of 1824, a section of Tussaud's waxwork was used to replace the original buildings that were lost in the High Street area. Several hundred people were re-housed into these architectural waxworks, and other buildings around Edinburgh have since been replaced in the same way, indistinguishable from the originals.

TO THE AEOLIAN HARP & TO FLORA THOMPSON'S TELEGRAPH WIRES

The underside of the Military Tattoo bleachers from Johnstone Terrace

(This is weather and wind direction dependent and is best listened for late at night when the city is hushed.)

Named after the Greek, Aeolus, Keeper of the Winds, the Aeolian Harp is a long wooden box with strings strung from end to end. When placed on a window-sill or exposed ledge, the wind plays across the tuned strings and the instrument sings in harmony with itself. Richard Mabey calls this weather music.

Richard Mabey also writes about Flora Thompson, author of *Lark Rise to Candleford*, who when:

...working as a post office telegraph operator loved to listen to the wind singing in the telegraph wires, hee wires; and in their busy metallic hum she liked to imagine their role as 'a golden highway for ... messages to traverse from friend to absent friend.'

Richard Mabey, *Turned Out Nice Again - On Living With The Weather*, 2013.

If you are there at the right time you can hear the underside of the metal bleachers singing with the wind.

TO THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR

From Costkea Way (Straiton Business Park), follow your instincts.

TO THE OLD WEST

Springvalley Gardens (off Morningside Road)

With particular reference to the filmic trope of arriving (through portals, time-travel, virtual reality and other modes of displacement) in the Old West. Examples include Back to the Future Part III (1990), Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure (1989) and Gunmen of the Apocalypse (from season 6 of the science fiction sitcom Red Dwarf).

TO A TIME WHEN STONES WERE STILL CONCERNED WITH THE FATE OF MEN

Craigleith Retail Park

Opened in 1993 on the site of the quarry which supplied the majority of the stone for the building of the city's New Town.

Arriving at the retail park we invite you to read the following passage. You may want to read out loud for the benefit of the shoppers and pedestrians around you. Take your time to choose your spot - you may want to stand at the entrance to the car park, or perhaps in the household goods aisle of Sainsbury's supermarket.

That old time when the stones in the womb of the earth and planets at celestial heights were still concerned with the fate of men, and, not today when both in the heavens and beneath the earth everything has grown indifferent to the fates of the sons of men and no voice speaks to them from anywhere, let alone does their bidding. None of the undiscovered planets play any part in horoscopes anymore, and there are a lot of new stones, all measured and weighed and examined for their specific weight and their density, but they no longer proclaim anything to us, nor do they bring us any benefit. Their time for speaking with men is past.

Nikolai Leskov, from *Alexandrite*, 1884

Now await a response from the rocks, or any passers-by.



TO BASS ROCK

All statues in the city

The guano on the heads of statues is left by gulls in a monument to the rock, which is annually whitewashed by colonies of their brethren. For a fine example, see Livingstone at the east end of Princes Street.

TO DANIEL DEFOE

Cramond Island

On 26th January 2011 a man was rescued by the coastguard from Cramond Island where he had been caught by the tide. He seemed sheepish about giving his name to the coastguard which he eventually confessed to be Daniel Defoe. Since that time Cramond Island has been a monument to Daniel Defoe.

Incidentally Defoe (author of *Robinson Crusoe* and *Treasure Island*) was resident for a time in 1706 at Moubray House (next door to what is now known as John Knox House on High Street). He was posted to the city as a pro-union spy.

TO TINTINNABULOUS PROPENSITIES

Metal railings surrounding Queen Street Gardens.

tintinnabular or *tintinnabulary*, adj, *Of or relating to bells or the ringing of bells.*

Good, percussive sticks should be available nearby.

TO THE FACES OF BUILDINGS & TO PAREIDOLIA

6 Beaverhall Road

Mostly inactive, once daily (when conditions allow) the reflections of two windows that stand opposite, conspire with the door of this building to reveal a face. The building consumes and spits out employees and visitors.

Pareidolia is the term for a psychological phenomenon involving the perception of significance or order in a vague or random stimulus, such as faces in clouds or the man in the moon. We consider this paranoid phenomenon an instrumental practice in remaining attentive toward the city's signs.

Appropo: *Dark Side of the Rainbow* – also known as *Dark Side of Oz* or *The Wizard of Floyd* – refers to the pairing of the 1973 Pink Floyd album *The Dark Side of the Moon* with the visual portion of the 1939 film *The Wizard of Oz*. This produces moments where the film and the album appear to correspond with each other. Band members and others involved in the making of the album state that any relationship between the two works of art is merely a coincidence.



TO LOOKING

Optician's swinging shop sign, 20 Great Junction Street

Looking, as we have already established, is what this city has done to it.

TO DOUGLAS ADAMS & THE WHALE IN SPACE

Biuro PL and Duke Barbers, Duke Street

(Only visible after business hours.)

A paired monument of two wrought iron gates: one that gets closed over the door to Biuro PL and has a plate metal depiction of Saturn at the top of it; the other in front of the door to Duke Barbers, which has a sperm whale. Both Saturn and the whale are split in half when the gates are opened and as such, they don't live for long, much like Douglas Adams' sperm whale who suddenly finds itself.

... called into existence several miles above the surface of an alien planet. And since this is not a naturally tenable position for a whale, this poor innocent creature had very little time to come to terms with its identity as a whale before it then had to come to terms with not being a whale any more. This is a complete record of its thoughts from the moment it began its life all the moment it ended it. Ah ... ! What's happening? it thought. Er, excuse me, who am I? Hello? Why am I here? What's my purpose in life? What do I mean by who am I? Calm down, get a grip now ... oh! this is an interesting sensation, what is it? It's a sort of ... yawning, tingling sensation in my ... my ... well I suppose I'd better start finding names for things if I want to make any headway in what for the sake of what I shall call an argument I shall call the world, so let's call it my stomach. Good. Oooh, it's getting quite strong. And hey, what's about this whistling roaring sound going past what I'm suddenly going to call my head? Perhaps I can call that ... wind! Is that a good name? It'll do ... perhaps I can find a better name for it later when I've found out what it's for. It must be something very important because there certainly seems to be a hell of a lot of it. Hey! What's this thing? This ... let's call it a tail ... yeah, tail. Hey! I can can really thrash it about pretty good can't I? Wow! Wow! That feels great! Doesn't seem to achieve very much but I'll probably find out what it's for later on. Now – have I built up any coherent picture of things yet? No. Never mind, hey, this is really exciting, so much to find out about, so much to look forward to, I'm quite dizzy with anticipation ... Or is it the wind? There really is a lot of that now isn't it? And wow! Hey! What's this thing suddenly coming towards me very fast? Very very fast. So big and flat and round, it needs a big wide sounding name like ... ow ... ound ... round ... ground! That's it! That's a good name – ground! I wonder if it will be friends with me? And the rest, after a sudden wet thud, was silence.

Douglas Adams, *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, 1979.

TO MARK TWAIN & LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI

Lochend Park, off London Road

This loch is an unacknowledged tributary of the Mississippi River.

TO ODYSSEUS' RETURN (PERIPATETIC)

Everywhere

You need but think of him and Odysseus will appear, with his long hair flowing behind him as he moves through the city. He is always moving, has been moving for years now.

SELECTED MONUMENTS OF EDINBURGH

A guide and aid to the self-declared, subjective monuments of the city. These spaces form departure points, portals: they are thin places, open to fluctuation in meaning and purpose. They are radically open to mis-, re-, and un- interpretation.

Please feel free to navigate your own way through them.

Tom Nolan and Catherine Payton
Tourists in Residence for Edinburgh Art Festival, August 2013.

Commissioned by Edinburgh Art Festival and kindly supported by Arts Trust Scotland.