



Th-Sa 12-6pm

## Bollard Odyssey

I can't remember what I was actually doing there before. But it was evening and I was central – close to the Thames. I was south. I decided to walk along the Thames until Tower Bridge. From there I was confident to cycle. I also wanted to slow down a bit – so I walked my bike. There is a short piece of the Thames path where you can't walk along the river and that leads you through a narrow street and across a church. Next to the church are bollards, quite a lot of them. They have two glass dots on one side. I have no idea what they are for. I can't think of a function, but neither are they very decorative. Each bollard has had a face drawn on it with marker. The two glass dots work as eyes and most of them have a stroke for a nose and a smiling mouth. I wanted to take a video. I kneeled down and weaved through the bollards. I made a little portrait of each bollard face. While doing these close-ups I laughed in the way I imagined the face on the bollard would laugh if it could. Loads of tourists passed me by. I felt very embarrassed but at the same time I was sure the video could be very funny; people could observe me walking, half bent, laughing at these bollards while filming them with my little borrowed compact camera. When I finished this, I walked further in the direction of Tower Bridge.

I passed a newly renovated area. There was something like a small amphitheatre. They were showing the Odyssey. It was free to watch. Part of some festival. The way the play was made reminded me of how you might do this kind of thing at school. The scenery was a map of Greece and the actors wore stereotypical Greek costumes. At particular moments there was dramatic background music. I watched the play from the back, trying to record some bits of it. I think the material is very boring but, in a way, I find this type of acting touching. Also how serious the audience was. While walking further I was thinking about the Odyssey. I thought I could hike along the Thames with the Odyssey in my mind and film scenes which I could use as my symbolic interpretation of the story. I thought that

this was a very stupid idea, yet liked it at the same time. As I assumed there must have been so many works made on this story, and, as it's definitely not very original or a new idea, there is also nothing to lose. I like that a lot. That it's neither original or new. I thought I could use the scene with the bollards as an analogy of the scene with the sirens. I liked the idea of the weird laughing sounds I made as the captivating singing of the sirens.

A couple of days later I went on my Odyssey trip along the Thames. I took the train to Pimlico. I wanted to start my walk at Tate Britain. I thought I might find a painting of an antique scene there, but I couldn't find a single one. I hadn't done any research about that before. Afterwards I crossed a bridge which lead me to a building that looked like it has been built in the 90s. I really like that building. I think I remember someone telling me it hosts the secret service. But maybe I'm making that up. It has very high fences though. It looks protected. On my walk I didn't really experience any Odyssey-like scenes. I also realised I didn't really know what I was looking for. I enjoyed that in a way. I felt like I should be extremely attentive and observe carefully so I wouldn't miss if anything happened which could lead me somewhere. Nothing really came across me which gave me that feeling though. I was surprised how exhausting the walk was. I wanted to walk to Greenwich as I thought that was a good symbol for the beginning. After that, I had planned on crossing the Greenwich footpath tunnel since this tunnel could work well as a metaphor for something. I was really not very fit that day. When coming closer to Greenwich and already seeing Canary Wharf on the other side of the Thames I felt really tired. I wanted to find out how much distance was left as I sensed I was quite close and I needed proof for motivation. I realised my map, which is very used, was missing the part I was walking on. I got out my laptop where I had planned the route before. I knew the Google-Maps tab was still open so I could at least

guess where I was now. A man with three children passed me. He looked at me, we exchanged a glance. I put my laptop back into my backpack, I was finished with it. He asked me if I was frightened. I said I wasn't frightened. I felt very weird about that question. I thought he must have thought that since I packed my laptop exactly when he passed me. I came along him a second time and smiled at him. He asked me if I was from Russia. The children looked very sweet. I walked a little further and then realised I already had reached an area I knew quite well. I felt really tired at that moment. I had been living near that area and I decided I wouldn't make it to the tunnel as I felt too exhausted. I thought I'd like to go to the place I had been living. I walked to Lewisham though. I had dinner at an amazing Indian place I once discovered when I lived there. Afterwards I felt much better and decided to go for a little sentimental trip. I wanted to have Kulfi ice cream from the corner shop I used to go to and afterwards sit in the park next door. Unfortunately they didn't sell that ice-cream anymore but I could still enjoy my Malteser choice. In the park there were several community activities going on. There was a football team exercising and lots of people playing basketball. It was a very peaceful atmosphere.

I went down the hill to catch a bus back to where I was living now. I felt like in the end I went the same distance as if I had followed my path through the foot tunnel. But I also knew I would have needed to do this journey at some point anyway.

Another day I tried to edit the bollard video. I couldn't manage to import the original sound in my Premiere. So I recorded it again with my computer. It turned out to sound quite good, it had an echo effect which I really liked. I felt a little stupid for embarrassing myself in public for nothing so I decided I had to at least write it down as I thought it was quite a funny scene.

## Roses Camera

I wanted to shoot some photos of roses. There is a little park next to my studio which hosts something like a rose area. It has a lot of benches, because of this I had ate lunch here already a couple of times. I like the place, the roses have grown quite high so that, when sat, you can't really see far which makes it a bit private. I enjoy that while having lunch in public. I wanted to make portraits of all the roses I had access to from the path around the four beds. The roses grown in each bed were monochrome. There was a white, a yellow, a pink and a red one. Not being able to concentrate in the studio I went off to take the photos. There were loads of people sitting on the benches. Nearly every bench was taken. There were several groups of males. The group I got closest to was having a discussion. It sounded like a fight. I didn't listen carefully but there was something about training dogs, I could understand. I was worried to disturb people by taking photos, and, as the place appeared more and more as if it was a kind of meeting point where things happened that weren't meant to be observed, I was hesitant to take out my camera. I decided to come back later. Whilst leaving I thought about the weather. I thought about how cold it was and that the rose garden was still crowded. I was a little surprised about that.

I came back maybe two hours later. Again, it was quite busy, but, as it was still cloudy the light was really good and I decided to ignore the other people. When starting to take photos I realised nobody was even interested in me handling the camera. Still there were some tense discussions going on between a couple of men but they didn't seem bothered at all. I am sure they noticed me though. Nobody cared – it turned out that my worries had been completely unnecessary. I had highly overestimated the effect of the presence of a camera.

A group of women passed me and one woman watched me taking photos of roses, said it was lovely what I did. I smiled.

When leaving the park I saw a sign stating 'thoughtless dog owners WE'RE WATCHING YOU! 9 out of 10 dog owners clean up after their dog. Are you the one who doesn't?'