

THE RAINMAKER'S FLOOD SELF-GUIDED AUDIO WALK FEBRUARY 14-16, 2015

If you've not downloaded the walk to your phone, drive down to Margaretville. The village has cell coverage. There's wifi at the library (43 Walnut Street). Download the walk at: www.thejanuaryfebruarymarch.com

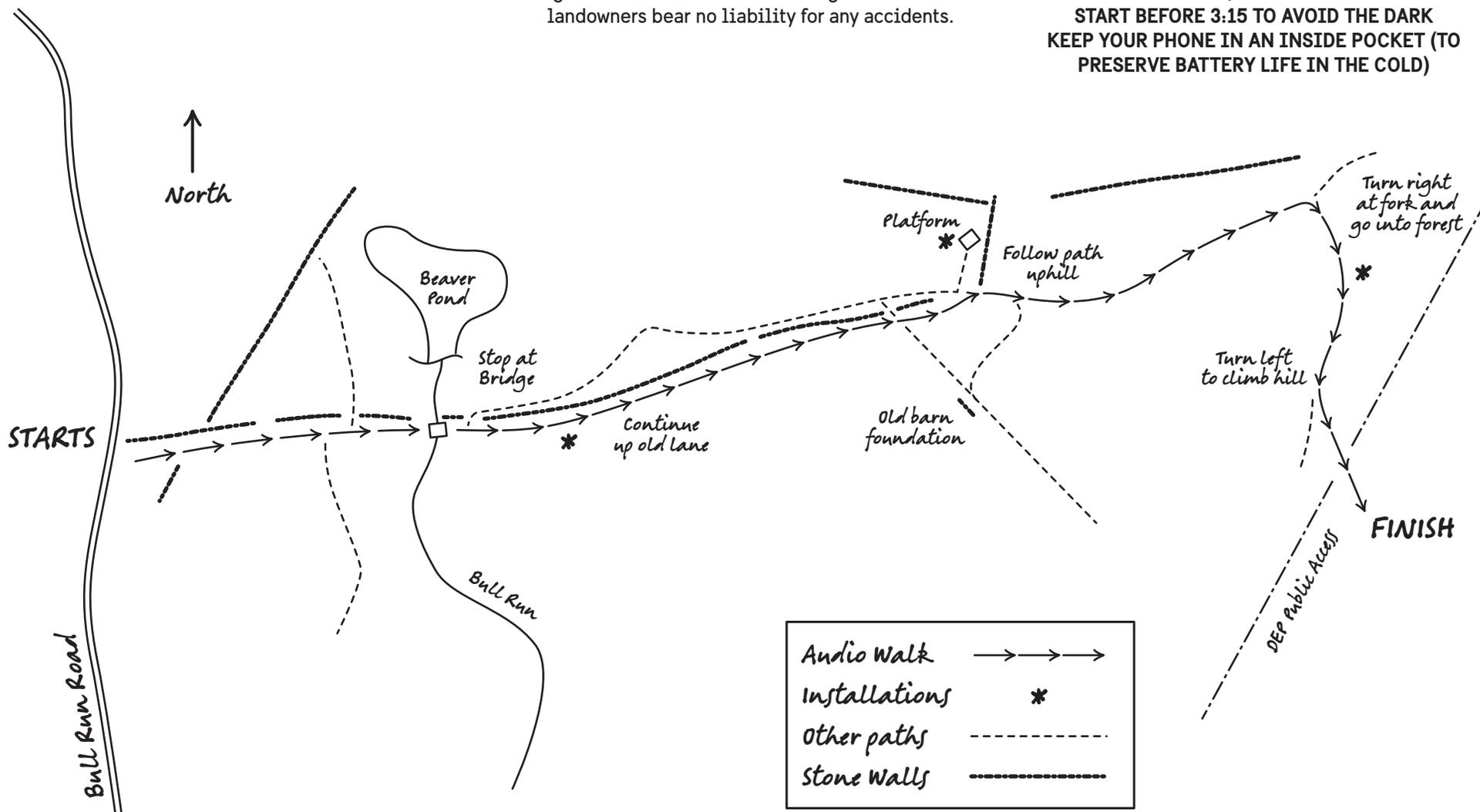
The walk takes about 65 minutes up and back. The audio is approximately 45 minutes and it's 20 minutes back to the start of the walk. You'll be on old paths and in the woods, there can be dangers in trees and on the ground and snow might conceal them. The walk's organizers and the landowners bear no liability for any accidents.

Cell coverage is patchy, so you might not be able to call for help.

The walk goes to public access NYC-owned land. Anyone is free to walk around there, but there are no marked trails.

Our path up for the walk is marked up and back with orange blazes.

**DRESS FOR THE WEATHER
THIS WALK REQUIRES SNOWSHOES
START BEFORE 3:15 TO AVOID THE DARK
KEEP YOUR PHONE IN AN INSIDE POCKET (TO
PRESERVE BATTERY LIFE IN THE COLD)**



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THE WALK

Our walk takes place on what used to be part of the Scott farm and onto NYC Department of Environmental Conservation land that was once the Searles farm. Along the way are 19th century stone walls and a barn foundation.

You'll cross Bull Run, a stream named not for its force but the slaughterhouse once located along it. If you look up from the bridge, there is a new beaver pond and dam erected last year. You'll see animal tracks – deer and coyote among other things.

KATE NEWBY AND WALKING

I walked up here a couple years ago while writing a catalogue essay on Kate Newby. (Walking is central to her work so a walk seemed apt to get my thoughts in order). A hawk screeched and got me thinking of Walt Whitman (also a fan of walking). His line "I am large. I contain multitudes," struck me as a good description for her work. In that same stanza just after the multitudes he wrote:

Who has done his day's work? who will soonest be through
with his supper?

Who wishes to walk with me?

Will you speak before I am gone? will you prove already too
late?

The spotted hawk swoops by and accuses me, he complains
of my gab and my loitering.

Now, her installations are strung through this landscape, on a tent platform and in the trees. Her work, though, can appear radically slight. She asks for a closer attention, an attunement to place whether it's a forest, a frozen sea or a city sidewalk scarred with chewing gum. She has made puddles in the ground on remote Fogo Island, written odes to plastic bags caught in trees and strung rope through the top of a building in Bristol, hoping to draw the eye to a detail seen so frequently it disappeared. She considers the small possibilities for transcendence in the oft overlooked and what might be found there.

Meanwhile, Whitman's champion in the late 19th century (when few approved of his homosexuality and ecstatic voice) was nature writer John Burroughs, who was born and lived in Roxbury, the next town over from where the walk ends. Burroughs' odes to walking and weather, to grit and gravel and observation strike me as the right invocation for our walk now. "I do not propose to attempt to tell my reader how to see things, but only to talk about the art of seeing things as one might any other art..."