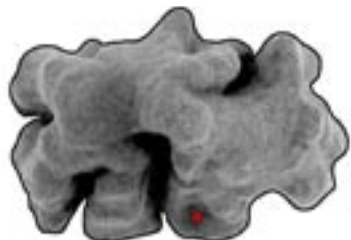


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# The journey of unspoken things

Anne Ooms



The Landing of Age



The Tor Of Natural Causes



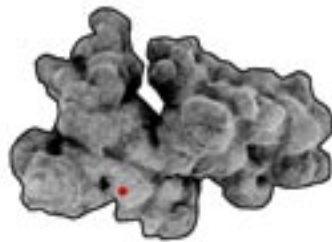
The Seat of Leaving



The Rest of Weepers



The Throne of Unknowing



The Wanderer's Edge



The Ledge of Leaping Faiths

**24HR**Art

Northern Territory  
Centre for Contemporary Art

# Anne Ooms

## The journey of unspoken things

### On Sauntering

"I have met with but one or two persons in the course of my life who understood the art of walking, that is, of taking walks – who had a genius, so to speak, for sauntering, which word is beautifully derived, "from idle people who roved about the country, in the Middle Ages, and asked charity, under pretense of going a la Sainte Terre," to the Holy Land, till the children exclaimed, "There goes a Sainte – Terror", a saunterer, a Holy – Lander. They who never go to the Holy Land in their walks, as they pretend, are indeed mere idlers and vagabonds; but they who do go there are saunterers in the good sense, such as I mean. Some however, would derive the word from sans terre, without land or home, which, therefore in the good sense, will mean, having no particular home, but equally at home everywhere. For this is the secret of successful sauntering. He who sits still in a house all the time may be the greatest vagrant of all; but the saunterer, in the good sense, is no more vagrant than the meandering river, which is all the while sedulously seeking the shortest course to the sea. But I prefer the first, which, indeed is the most probable derivation. For every walk is a sort of crusade, preached by some Peter the Hermit in us, to go forth and reconquer this Holy Land from the Infidels.

It is true, we are but faint-hearted crusaders, even the walkers, nowadays, who undertake no persevering, never-ending enterprises. Our

expeditions are but tours, and come round again at evening to the old hearth-side from which we set out. Half the walk is but retracing our steps. We should go forth on the shortest walk, perchance, in the spirit of undying adventure, never to return, prepared to send back our embalmed hearts only as relics to our desolate kingdoms. If you are ready to leave father and mother, brother and sister, wife and child and friends, and never see them again- if you have paid your debts, and made your will, and settled all your affairs, and are a free man,

then you are ready for a walk..."

**Henry David Thoreau, 1862**

**Anne Ooms is an artist and writer living in Darwin where she lectures at the Charles Darwin University. She worked in theatre and as an art critic before exhibiting her own work in the 1990's. She has been included in numerous national survey exhibitions, including Signs of Life, Melbourne International Biennial (1999) and Terra Mirabilis, Cardiff (2000). Her installations over the last few years, have evoked mystical and mythical sources, influenced by Indigenous art and time spent in Sri Lanka and Cornwall.**

**Many thanks to Tom Halliday (computer graphics), Mark Maguire and everyone at 24HR Art.**



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24HR Art is assisted by the Commonwealth Government through the Australia Council its arts funding and advisory body, by the Northern Territory Government through Arts NT and by the Visual Arts and Craft Strategy, an initiative of the Australian, State and Territory Governments.