**Manifesto for Metropolis**

From time to time I would take it out and read it again. The Manifesto was handwritten on an old piece of paper that had been tucked between the back pages of a book of maps.

*Manifesto for Metropolis*

We regard the following as incontrovertible:

1. All places not in private ownership are public places. All places that that are privately owned by public bodies are public places. All highways, byways, waterways and parklands not within the boundaries of private residences are public places. If there is any doubt about the status of a space it is a public place.
2. Citizens have access to all public places at all times, without hindrances or restrictions. Except to enhance public safety or security, no unnecessary barriers or walls are expected on public places.
3. We, the citizens of Metropolis, make the city what it is and, at the same time, the city makes its citizens what they are. Within the very infrastructure of the city there operates a framework of meanings that is only partially of our own making. It is our right, even our civic duty, to explore, understand, and influence this half-hidden framework: How it works and how it might be adapted. In our valid explorations we reserve the right to challenge , by any peaceful and legitimate means, any attempts at counter-authority.
4. This Manifesto will be passed quietly between citizens until all understand their rights.

I still can’t remember where I bought the book. Most likely I picked it up from a street stall in Madrid or Paris. The maps were street plans of various cities across the world. The text, sparse as it was, was in English.

Maybe it doesn’t matter exactly where I got it from because it felt as if the book had found me. I felt as if I had been given an obligation to understand the Manifesto and test it out in honour of the unknown person who had taken such care in thinking about it, writing it down in clear careful handwriting and hiding it at the back of the book of maps.

I read and reread the four points. I was able to write it out from memory in my own less-careful handwriting. When I was sure of myself I carefully placed the original paper between the end pages of the book of maps which I then left on the seat of a cross-city bus for the next person to stumble across.

The Manifesto worked away inside my brain. The more I thought about it the more I realised how shut out the public were from places in the Metropolis. The city had ceased to be ours in any meaningful way. We milled and thronged in our thousands but we were able to stroll about only when and where some rules or system allowed it. Other than that we were supposed to stay in our allocated places. The Manifesto challenged me to begin to redress the balance, to act as if the public parts of the city actually were owned by its citizens to visit whenever and however we chose.

I started with the city buildings that were most clearly public. City Hall felt the obvious place to begin. It was one of those buildings that had always been with us. I remembered it as a large rambling building in the civic quarter just off behind the market.

You used to be able to just wander in and saunter along the maze of corridors getting more and more lost, passing through libraries and concert halls, squeezing along between piles of binders and files stacked box upon box, twisting this way then that way before stumbling out into bright sunshine at some far corner of the market. There must have been as much of the building in layers below ground as there were storeys rising ornately upwards above the large old entranceways. That was then, when I was a young woman. My mother used to take me. We would spend the whole day simply wandering through the labyrinths that smelled of dust and of shuffled papers.

Now it has been modernised. Now it is all reception staff, security passes, swipe cards and entry codes. Now you are lucky to get just one foot in the door. I learnt to push the odds in my favour by carrying a folder and by tucking myself behind someone flourishing their pass as they got near to the door. I would start talking as if we were both together. By the time Security had taken in the other person’s pass we would already be several steps into the building and about to climb the stairs. It was usually too much bother for Security to call me back and demand some authorisation. On the rare occasions when they did I simply patted my pocket, shrugged, said that my pass must be back in the other office and agreed to sign in on a temporary basis. I almost always got in one way or another.

As I got bolder I would even go into rooms full of people getting ready for a meeting. If queried I would come up with some line such as ‘I am on that temporary transfer scheme from a government department: You probably know all about it.’ No-one liked to admit being ignorant so that was usually the end of it. At the end of the meeting there was an agreement about where and when to meet next. I even ended up chairing a subgroup for a couple of meetings. It was fun and I wasn’t doing any harm.

Hospitals were even easier in a way. There were so many people milling about. You only had to put on a white coat and anyone would take you for a doctor. There are stories of people going on to examine patients or even performing small operations. I would never go that far. If I have ever put anyone in danger it was only myself. Schools were off-limits to me. I wouldn’t want to scare children. That was part of the code I worked to.

The University was a favourite of mine. I sat in on lectures. I never went to seminars or tutorials – nothing where I might have to answer questions (although after a few lectures I think I could probably give more coherent answers than some of the students I met). I started off hesitantly but soon I found myself assuming the right to be there.

I do think that I even grew taller by around an inch as I held my head high and straightened my back. I walked tall instead of slouching down. I was no longer trying to be as inconspicuous as possible. I wanted to be noticed but not challenged. I wanted people to see me as having every right to be there. I took on an air of authority. My self-confidence grew and grew.

Testing out those public spaces gave me a good start. The ‘rules’ quickly became obvious:

* Pick your target carefully
* Dress to fit; carry the right tools of the trade
* Know the routines and rhythms of the place
* Smile at people as if you already know them
* Hold your head high
* Believe you have every right to be there

It was a formula that worked for me every time.

It soon ceased to be a challenge, however. It became routine, normal. Even Security chatted and nodded me through. I had been into the buildings so frequently that it would be presumptuous to ask for identification. They knew who I was: I was that very nice young woman with the folder; the one that comes every Tuesday; always speaks ….

At home in my small flat, or on the trolleybus around the city, I began to feel that I had the approach all wrong. Yes, I was getting into public places where I wasn’t supposed to be but it was all by playing a role. The whole thing was a charade. I wasn’t being myself. I was this endless cast of other characters: student, City Hall official, hospital assistant, temporary archivist. I was beginning to feel that my real self was being crowded out by all the impostoring. That wasn’t really what the unknown Manifesto writer had in mind for me. This wasn’t challenging the system. It was pretence.

I was also getting very tired of spending so much time in places that were full of public workers and public visitors. I wanted emptier spaces. I sought out places that I could have all to myself; places where I didn’t have to keep doing things. I wanted places where I could simply be.

I became interested by abandoned buildings: Unused churches, boarded up factories, empty office blocks, redundant stores. I went in search of half-dead buildings into which I could breathe a bit of life. This was Phase Two.

For these buildings I wore black: Partly to be less visible, partly in mourning for the bustling lives the buildings once had. This was my Manifesto Outfit: Trainers, black combat trousers (deep pockets for phone, camera, notebook), black zip up jacket. I used a small backpack for my bottle of water, torch, spare batteries, map of the city, compass, small multitool knife, ball of string, sewing kit, short length of rope. I was prepared. I was ready to take on the city.

After a few trips I swapped the jacket for a longer, fleecier one. It was able to muffle sound, it was warmer now that Autumn was coming, and I had sewn a set of small pockets and tabs into the lining. This is where I put a selection of cutters, hacksaw, pliers. Now I really was ready for anything.

The tools were rarely needed. I was amazed by how many of the buildings were left almost open: just some flimsy lock on the door. I didn’t need to worry about being discovered once inside. There was no surveillance; no cameras. If there had once been security this had been decommissioned when the buildings were shut down. There was no need to keep them going. There was no need to keep on watching because there would be nothing to see. After all, no-one was going to go there.

Occasionally the building had been left with an old-fashioned but functioning alarm but there were always ways round those. I never had to smash anything. A bit of wire and a couple of clips were usually all that was needed.

I read up on psychogeography: on derives and flaneurs. I got my own ideas sorted out. I had no intention of being a drifter. I was the kind of person who sought things out rather than the kind that left them to chance. I was prepared. ‘Being Prepared’ was a good enough motto. It had got me through school, through university and a first job.

The one thing I wasn’t prepared for was the depression after Mother died. Initially I was busy arranging the funeral and clearing the house. The depression hit me about a year later, when all that was passed. It came suddenly. The way I pulled myself out of it was to use the bit of inherited money to travel. Somewhere along the way I picked up the map book.

So she started it all, or rather her death did. Maybe that’s why I now needed to be alone with just my thoughts and memories. It could be that I wanted time to take stock: A time to put myself back in order, to build up a reason for going on.

Maybe that’s why it was churches and hospitals – the last two places that linked me to her. The places associated with her shrinking away in a hospital bed; her being carried away through a church service. Me being left a bit adrift, cast off on my own. Motherless.

I visited several churches and a couple of mothballed hospitals, stirring old dust, sending a tremor through the once-still air. After a while the feelings they evoked began to merge. An empty hospital – cavernous wards that once held row upon row of geriatric patients now felt more like a cathedral or a monastery; a place of solitude and silence; a place to heal the soul. An empty church with its high small windows, its metal cross still dominating, felt for all the world like some discarded prison, its imprisoned souls released on parole. Each one admonished with a parting blessing: ‘Be good or I’ll have you back in here before your wings miss a beat.’

I studied maps, hunting down buildings. I traced the line of a disused railway line to an abandoned station. The building itself was locked securely but a few yards away the wire fencing had partly fallen over. I found several such overlooked suburban stations, abandoned in favour of car travel. They almost always disappointed in their smallnesss and bareness.

It was a different matter at the city’s Central Station where I spotted a set of tracks disappearing behind an old bit of wall at the far end of the least-used platform. Ignoring the ‘Passengers are forbidden to walk on the tracks’ sign, it was a quick hop around the wall and I was in an older closed-off world of rusted tracks with weeds growing undisturbed between heavy wooden sleepers. This was the original bit of the station, boarded up and left as the new soaring arches of glass and chrome were put up next to it. Here the pace of travel would have been slower. Here people queued at marble-fronted ticket windows and asked a real person for a ticket. Here things were more sedate and more human compared to the jostlings for machine tickets in the new part of the station. Behind the marble facades there were offices with floor to ceiling storage holes for old leaflets and never-to-be-used-again tickets. One leaflet was for a special excursion. It was dated forty years ago.

This old part of the original station, tucked out of the way, unused, had a grandeur about it. There was a gothic emptiness hanging over the place. Everything was larger than it needed to be. This was a place to impress newcomers to the city (Look what you have come to) and to remain in the memory of people leaving (You can travel as far as you like but the memory of this place will always draw you back). Now there were no arrivals or departures, except for me creeping into its solitude. There were no whistles or flag-wavings. No ghost trains came steaming through. Dust lay undisturbed on window ledges except where I ran my finger along just to watch past ages tumble through sunlight onto mosaic floor-tiles. It was a place I liked to return to. No matter how many times I went back I never met anyone else there. Not like in the Asylum

I had read accounts of the old Welfare Hostel being converted into a Maternity Hospital and finally crumbling out its years as a small asylum for people too troubled to cope in the real world. Getting in wasn’t difficult. One window rattled just a bit more than it should when I leant a hand on it. It was pushed to, held in place by the warped frame but not bolted shut. I levered it open with my knife and was straight into the warren of corridors, each the same as the last. Being here must have been like living in a maze. You would go mad if you stayed here too long. In places like these the past had a weighty presence of its own. You felt history seeping out of the walls and pressing down on you.

I was so used to exploring alone that it was a shock when I first stumbled onto others. It was my third visit to the upper floor of the Asylum. This was the most frightening bit of the building. When I had first seen it I had rushed back down to the ground floor and was so panicked that I ended up getting lost in the jumble of corridors. I had to sit and let my heartbeat calm itself.

On the next visit I was more prepared. I crept up the final spiral of stairs into the large upper hall and forced myself to stay. I edged myself into a corner and looked round the equipment. After a few minutes I was able to move out and take a closer look. There were benches and tables. There were chairs positioned under contraptions with wires running off into the dimness. There were handles connected to dials. There were screens that picked up my own reflection so that I might imagine myself held in this place, subject to whatever it was that was done here. I made myself go round it all but then left rapidly, scurrying away and straight out into the fresh air.

The third visit was my longest. I wandered the corridors, in and out of what once might have been small offices, or bedrooms or consultation rooms. I knew the twists and turns well enough by now. I knew that the second floor was mostly service areas: laundry, kitchen, storerooms and a large empty area that might once have been the dining room. I knew what to expect at the top of the staircase. I only stayed up there for a few minutes. Even so, none of it held any fears for me, even when the early evening light started to fade and I was coming back down the corridors by torchlight. What did terrify me was the sudden flash of another light across the end of the corridor. I ducked into a small room and watched through the crack in the doorway.

They moved quickly. Within seconds they were round the corner and heading up towards where I was hiding. There were three of them. Two men and a woman. Their torches beamed straight ahead and they moved quietly past the door and off into the darkness. I waited until there was no sound of them at all; until I guessed that they were on one of the upper floors. I sprinted down the corridor to the window, and away. I never went back.

I liked to think of the places I visited as my places. They were known only by me. They were places I could be alone.

Only once had I ever wished that someone else was with me and that was in one of the factories. It had the usual rubble across the floor and slicks of oily water leaked from rusted radiators. I had to be careful how I put my foot down. One bad step and I might go over, twisting an ankle. I can picture that factory even now. It had two huge concrete blocks that once had supported the boilers that gave power to it all.

It was the same factory where I came across a safe stretching from floor to ceiling. Vault was probably a better word. Whatever it was called it was huge, open-mouthed, unsafe to enter. We all have our irrational fears: Mine is a heavy metal door clanking shut behind me; my shouts echoing, sealed in there with me forever.

It was in that factory that I realised the isolation that came with that freedom to roam. It was there that I looked up hoping to see the high-up red blink of a surveillance camera. I would happily have given a frantic wave in black-and-white to the man in the chair, the man who had been watching me all along. It was there that I had an image of being constantly watched, unknowingly; of the world as a huge one-way screen.

It was there that I could understand why some people explored in groups of two or three. I couldn’t do groups though. I could only explore alone. But if I explored unseen then how was that matching with the Manifesto. There was something Zen about it: If a person liberated a public space back from oblivion but no-one noticed then what was the point? By then, in any case, I had had enough of the solitariness.

I also wanted to have a different view on things. Up to now I had taken on the world on its own terms. I was taking it on the level. The time had come to get above it all or to think of attacking its soft underbelly. I climbed up and tunnelled down and all in full view of those who cared to see.

I squatted on ledges. I looked down from rooftops. I inched down cold metal rungs of sewer entrances, my careful steps clanging slightly as their echoes came back off the sides. I did it slowly, not minding who noticed. I would choose a manhole in the middle of a stretch of wasteland and go down until just my head was sticking out at ground level. I no longer wanted to be totally hidden away. I wanted, even fleetingly, to be seen.

In this last phase, Phase Three, I started to get to the heart of things. I went to places that were directly being watched. I chose sites that had surveillance cameras sweeping across them – wanting to test the boundaries; trying to get inside that framework of understandings that held Metropolis together. Would that neat-handwriting one-time owner of a book of maps be proud of me now?

I clambered up lampposts and traffic lights at busy intersections. I perched as still as I could on the small yellow box of the Walk/Don’t Walk sign. People waiting at the kerbside looked up then looked away again. I was just another mad person in the city. They came across people like me every day. I tried not to attract attention but it was less than twenty minutes before a police car drew up. It was a couple of traffic cops. The older one stayed in the warmth of the car. The younger one came across and looked up at me.

‘So what’s the action here then?’

I looked down as nonchalantly as I could. ‘No action, officer. A distinct non-action if anything. I am just standing as still as I can, doing nothing, causing no disturbance to anyone.’

I could see his brain flipping through his list of potential scenarios: Suicide attempt? (No. Even if she threw herself off, the Suspect might break a leg at most. Also Suspect doesn’t seem distressed or depressed); Criminal? (No robbery, no assault. No real crime. Not even Obstruction, perched up there tidily out of the way). Public Nuisance? That will have to do.

‘You are causing a Public Nuisance. Can you come down please?’

‘Causing or being?’

‘Pardon me?’

‘Am I the cause of some nuisance? In which case can you point to the nuisance I am causing. Or do you mean that I am being a nuisance? Am I keeping you and your nice warm friend in the car away from your lunches or something? I think that being a nuisance is not a misdemeanour in law. So it needs to be causing, don’t you think? So help me out here by pointing to the nuisance I have caused or am in the process of causing.’

‘Look. Just come down. Sit in the car and tell us why you are squatting up on a traffic sign …..’ His voice faded.

‘You really, really wanted to end that sentence with something like “.. in violation of Traffic Code 23z” didn’t you, officer? Only there isn’t any traffic code that covers this situation. So you are left a bit bereft of reason I think.’

I was beginning to feel a bit sorry for him but was enjoying it too much to relent. ‘And if I come and sit in the car then I won’t be up here so I will no longer be causing anything at all, so you will have nothing to consider charging me with. All in all, I think I had better stay here so that you can more easily work out what it is that I am causing – if indeed I am causing anything. I will just rest up here quietly whilst you work it out.’

‘Traffic code or not we can’t have people standing up on the top of road signs.’

This was the opening I wanted. ‘Up here, with my feet on this bit of metropolitan property, I am in a public place. I am a member of the public. So, logically this is my place. It is just like if I were standing down there on the sidewalk. A public place again; with my feet resting on some metropolitan property – but you wouldn’t be claiming that anyone standing on a sidewalk is creating a nuisance. That’s a bit like saying that people shouldn’t be out and about; that your job protecting this city would be a lot easier if there were no public wandering around.’ I smiled at him.

He went back to the car, presumably to draw on the ancient wisdom of the older officer. After a few minutes he came back and looked up at me.

‘OK. You are clearly a very intelligent person. You probably have some very good reason for being up there so why don’t you tell me what it is. We can probably agree that everything is fine and you can come down and me and Officer McCluskey can drive off to stop some really important crime happening somewhere.’

‘That sounds great,’ I said. ‘The explanations are on this little sheet of paper.’ I pulled a copy of the Manifesto out of my pocket and let it float down to him. ‘You or Officer McCluskey just sign to say that you agree with it and I will be down there to take the sheet off your hands and you can go off to patrol traffic.’

He went back to the car. They sat there a while and I perched above them.

It was McCluskey who eased his fat shape out of the car. He waved the Manifesto at me.

‘This is crap. You know that don’t you? I say it again: This is crap. There is nothing to it. So you are not breaking any laws, and so we aren’t going to waste police time on you. We could see it as disturbing something or other but that would mean working out which byelaw you are breaking. Do you think you are breaking the law?’

‘Me, officer? No, officer,’ I was just about to say but then I thought whether that was really being true to the Manifesto and it came out as, ‘Yes, actually, I do. There is probably a whole catalogue of rules that I have broken – but I don’t regard them as legitimate laws. I have broken the law. There, I admit it. Arrest me immediately and let the law have its day in court. We will then see who is right and who is stupid. I am giving myself up. I am not dangerous. I do not expect handcuffs and I certainly don’t expect you to let your hands do a bit of wandering in the name of frisking me for concealed weapons. I will sit quietly in the back of your nice squad car and your very confused young officer can sit there with me just to keep an eye on me.’

Things moved quietly and rapidly from there.

At the station I was charged with wasting police time and was about to be released with just a caution until the young cop chimed in with ‘So don’t go doing anything like that again.’ I saw McCluskey roll his eyes and shake his head. He knew what was coming.

‘But, young officer, that is exactly what I am going to do. I will go straight out and sit there above the nearest traffic junction until you come to try to reason with me again. I will do that simply because I can and simply because I enjoy out little chats.’

McCluskey left the interview room and, after a short time, came back with a man in a grey suit, introduced to me as Doctor someone or other. McCluskey pulled his young partner out behind him as he left.

‘We’ll leave the Doc here to have a good chat with you. We are hoping not to have to drag you in here again.’

The doctor reintroduced himself as Doctor Seingeist and said that he was interested in the Manifesto. He spread out, on the table, the copy I had given the police officers and asked me to talk to him about it. He was a psychiatrist or a psychologist or something: a psycho of some kind or another. He looked harmless to me and seemed genuinely wanting to understand. He took lots of notes. Eventually he smiled and thanked me. I asked if I could go but he simply left the room and the two officers came back in. They were more distant, more bureaucratic. They had paperwork to fill in and I was the cause of it all. They said that I would need to stay there a couple of days until the authorities decided what to do with me.

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Proceedings of the 18th Metropolitan Psychiatric Association Annual Conference

Lecture Session Nine. Doctor James Seingeist:

‘Manifesto for Metropolis: A case study in personality disorder?’

Colleagues, I want in this session to elaborate some of my observations on the Subject whose own account (above) has been circulated to you in advance. Since writing up and circulating the account I have had the opportunity to speak a further twice with the young woman in question. I have to say, at this stage, that she is highly intelligent, charming in her own way, and quite lucid about her beliefs – which have only begun to come out in our last two conversations.

Before we get into all of that, though, what are we to make of the account I sent in advance of this session?

Is it simply a neutral account of events? Is it a fiction in her head but one that she nevertheless believes? Is it a true account of things she has done that were driven by some underlying belief which, although mistaken, was so strongly believed by her that it had real consequences in how she acted?

Bear those questions in mind, if you will, as I describe to you the things she explained to me only yesterday in our final conversation.

She told me that she had been using the City Library to research ideas of ‘place’ and the meaning of ‘public’. She described on-line discussions about cities and the notion of ‘walkability’. Proponents of the idea were arguing strongly that cities needed to cut down on the flow of traffic and create opportunities for citizens to walk freely across areas of the city through pedestrianised zones, through public parks, through public spaces. Taking life at that more leisurely pace they would have time to stop and stare, to stop and talk to neighbours, to linger at local shops or street food carts. People would begin to interact more and those interactions would reconstruct Metropolis along different lines.

Many here might agree that this would be preferable to hurtling around inside our hermetic cars, sealed off from the rest of humanity. We might get nostalgic about days when it was safe to wander freely and to mingle closely with all kinds of other citizens in this great metropolis of ours. Whatever the practicalities of doing so, I suspect that we would be in general theoretical agreement that things like widespread pedestrianisation might be a good thing.

Not so for the subject of our study today. She sees pedestrianisation as a deliberate means of controlling the flow of citizens as they attempt to walk across areas of the city. Similarly she does not regard traffic lanes, traffic signals, one-way systems and suchlike things as safety mechanisms but as the means by which some high authority regulates traffic flow. In part she is right, of course. It is just that she takes this view further than is normal. She holds extreme views on such matters. In such things she is an extremist.

Is she insane? That is a point that we could debate at length. She argues that she is sane enough and that it is Metropolis itself that has gone insane. She sees classic symptoms of a number of psychiatric conditions in the way the city goes about its daily business. She holds herself to be forced to live in a mad society that she is trying hard to keep herself distanced from. I tried to rationalise that she was part of Metropolis whether she liked it or not. To this she came back that she both was and wasn’t at the same time. She seems quite able to dissociate herself into different fragments. There is a certain incoherence in her views. There is a dissonance that lies unreconciled inside her thinking.

She claims to be conducting some form of social experiment, although it is unclear on what authority she is doing so. She believes that she is testing out ideas that she once stumbled across secreted in a book.

Could it be that she is, in her own account that you have had supplied to you, simply lying? Is any of what she says true? She has not been able to produce the Manifesto she puts so much emphasis on, claiming that she casually discarded it on some cross-city bus. There are no records of her being in any of the places she claims to have regularly visited. She, at times, seems very confused about the extent to which she distinguishes between Public and Private things. She talks a lot about the importance of public spaces yet her descriptions are of someone wanting to have a very private experience of these. On the few times when she could have shared the experiences with other members of the public she fled the scene.

So how do we label her?

Extremist? In a way. In thoughts if not in deeds.

Explorer? Of sorts. On her own terms, not those recognised as ‘normal’ by the rest of society.

Delusional? Clearly so, in that she really does act on the basis of her unusual beliefs.

Dangerous? I don’t think so. In her own account (can we continue to call it an account or do we, by this stage, see it more as a confession?) she stresses that no harm was ever done. The most damage, so far as I can tell, was to occasionally lever apart a flimsy lock. Hardly crime of the century.

So, colleagues, what should the city’s response be to such a Subject? Lock her up? Incarcerate and confine? To be honest, I am not sure she would mind all that much. She would simply invent journeys to undertake. She would imagine visiting and revisiting places. She would wander around in her own head.

My own view, and one that I have just recommended to the Authorities, is that she be free to come and go, within reason, if she wears an electronic tag.

That is the end of my small exposition. I am happy to take one or two questions but since we are already running a bit behind schedule I am sure that the organisers would want us to move on to the next session as rapidly as possible.

Thank you colleagues.

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It wasn’t too bad in the police station. I was held in a room that had good facilities. I didn’t mind. After all it was just another public space for me to be in.

After three days I was told I could go, but only after being fitted with a bracelet thing on my ankle. I went straight to the Conference Centre to try to catch Doctor Seingeist at the end of his meeting.

I asked him how his talk had gone. He seemed surprised that I knew about it but being friendly and chatty with people at the police station had allowed me to find out much, much more about him than he might feel comfortable with.

‘It went well.’

‘I’m pleased for you and, as you can see here I am, at large again in the city. I don’t think we need any more little chats. I think we have said all that needs to be said. I have served your purpose well enough and I think, whether you know it or not, you have been of enormous help to me.’

He nodded graciously although I don’t think he had any idea what I really meant. I smiled at him and turned. I walked slowly away without looking back.

Time to myself in the police station had made me realise that what I needed to do next was to focus on the fourth part of the Manifesto. I decided to get inside the heads of key communicators within the city and let them, by default, spread the Manifesto out through their own networks. The good doctor had put the Manifesto in front of a couple of hundred conference delegates. He would be the first of many to act as my Manifesto transmitters.

This was the new extension of my explorations. It was a new kind of public space. Inside the minds of influential public figures was a place I surely would not normally be allowed to roam. I thought of this as Phase Four.

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Manifesto for Metroplis … was written with reference to the following works in the Metropolis exhibition:

* Klara Liden ‘Monkey’ (2010)
* Klara Liden ‘Down’ (2011)
* Klara Liden ‘Lamp post’ (2011)
* Klara Liden ‘Self Portrait with Keys to the City’ (2005)