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;" - Henry David Thoreau, Walking

Society shouts, "The Future is Now!" and duration crumples ahead of us. Without Futurity we are losing control of the Next. That's why you're here. The majority of Americans seldom delve into the time of the city. Beneath the facades swirls an invisible city of temporalities. To enter into this realm requires the eyes of a /f/_laneur, but eyes alone lack vision. Only in the mind may the /f/_laneur take a passage through. Trapped by time, what is real and what is virtual become indistinguishable. The world of man decays to make way for spectacular novelty. Faced with confusing contradictions, the mind offers escape. From without, perhaps a solution will appear before we are all trapped in the Now.