

FROM THE INSIDE

KNOWING

Imaginations
Interiors
Surfaces

Edited by E.A. Hodson

An Exhibition of Artefacts

Edited by E.A Hodson

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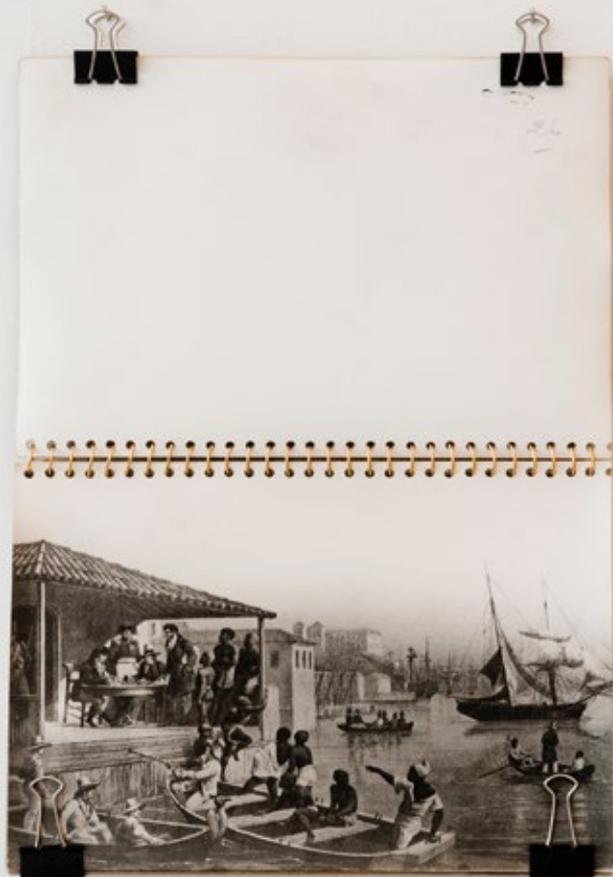
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Imaginations

























LAURENT



Random more lines in white space, there is often an inherent lagging to the drawing.

Each method, or step of a drawing can be deconstructed conceptually in order to build the larger work.



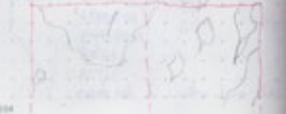
One is that the fluidity is lost, its more like with a '2' coordinate to the 2-D plane.

① FRAME

For 10 groups with an A5 ready board frame.

Walk 20 paces from the craft and drop the frame without pause.

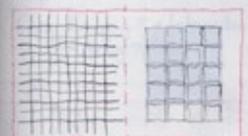
Draw a detailed 1:1 plan of what you find in your frame. REPEAT.



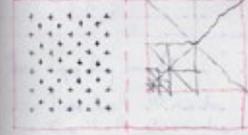
② SKETCHBOOK EXERCISES

Individual exercises in the sketchbook - why much the individual situation.

① GRIDS

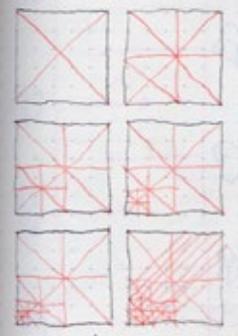


Using 'dots' for measurement, but not drawing, produce grids of 3 types or more.



PROPORTIONS

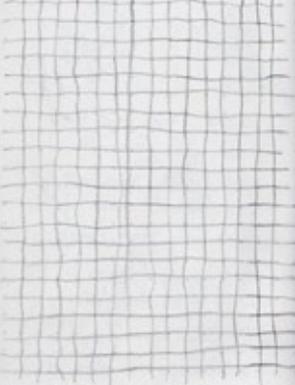
Take a square - and then remove out approximately. Connecting the corners of a rectangle from given up the centre.



Accuracy not crucial as long as we are able according to our other.

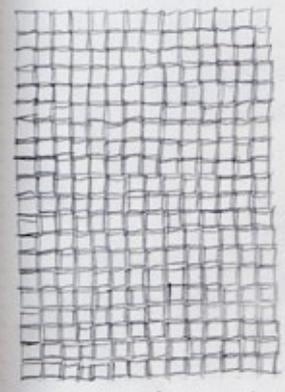
GRIDS + TOLERANCE

The most obvious way into lines



The grid is a self-correcting mechanism as lines do not allow us to repeat.

drawing each cell produces a texture rather than a pattern



It is a drawing of an order/system and the intention is clear if someone executed. 1120 LINES

Paul Klee famously took his lines for walks - suggesting further rules, or taking the metaphor too far, the lines are readily understood on plan or map. The figures which we used to constitute more or less abstract and stable images. The walk might be undertaken with company, at varying paces, and different physical abilities or constraints.

CONSTRAINTS [1]

Rules are lay-hold to encourage a creative response by taking some decisions out of the artist's hands.

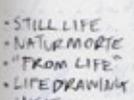


using a restrictive set of forms a la Coenrae



THE NINE SQUARE PROBLEM used by Heidegger at the Copys Union, a composition challenge.

THE COPY what small errors reveal the hand of the copyist?



- STILL LIFE
- NATURE MORTÉ
- FROM LIFE
- LIFE DRAWING



of course the language of 'life' drawing is white uncertainty. A significant challenge is to experiment site or context - there is a longstanding preference for 'source'.

Each square has a unique relationship to the others, the 9 squares have multiple symmetries and a defined centre, conditions of inside/outside.



Interiors

























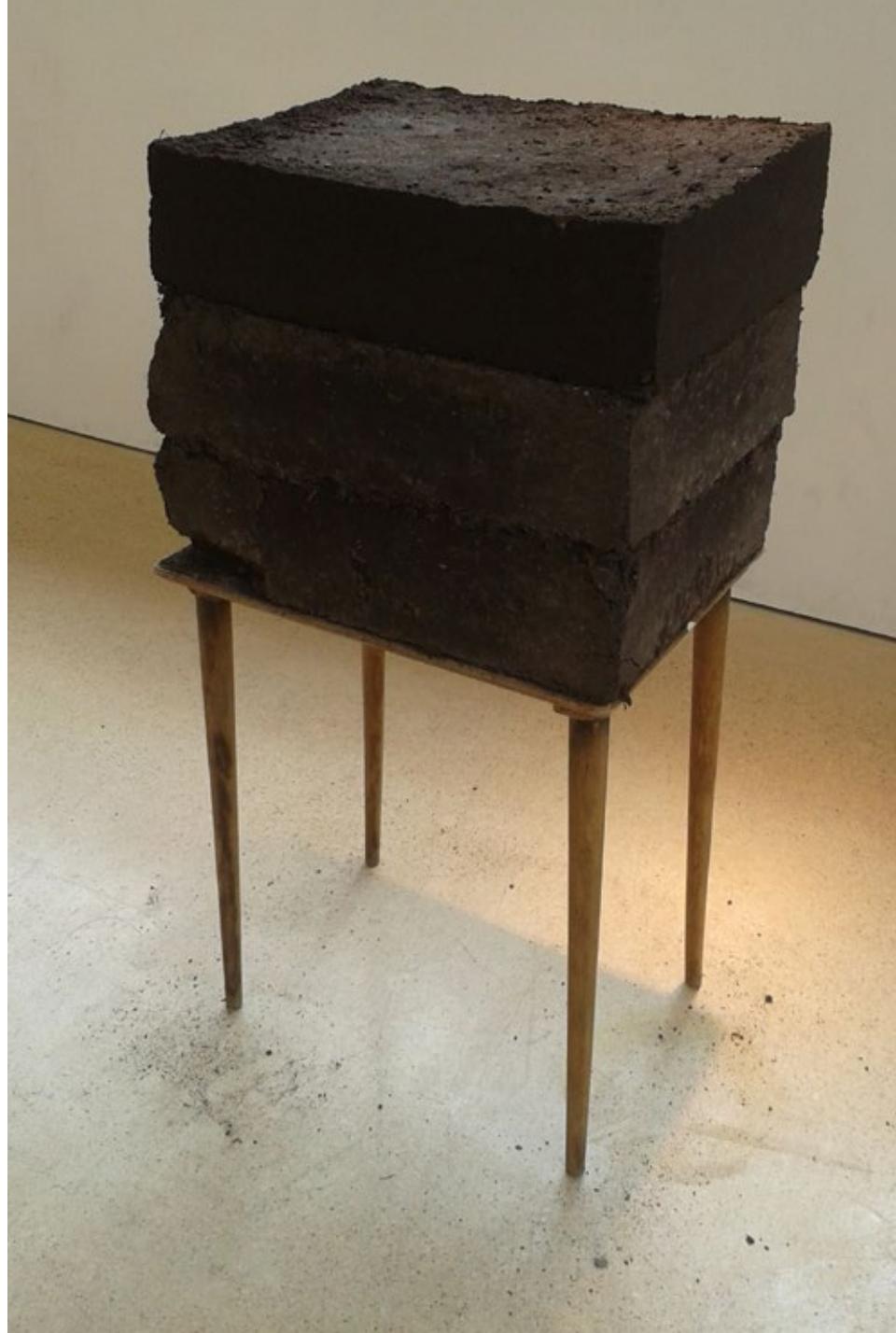


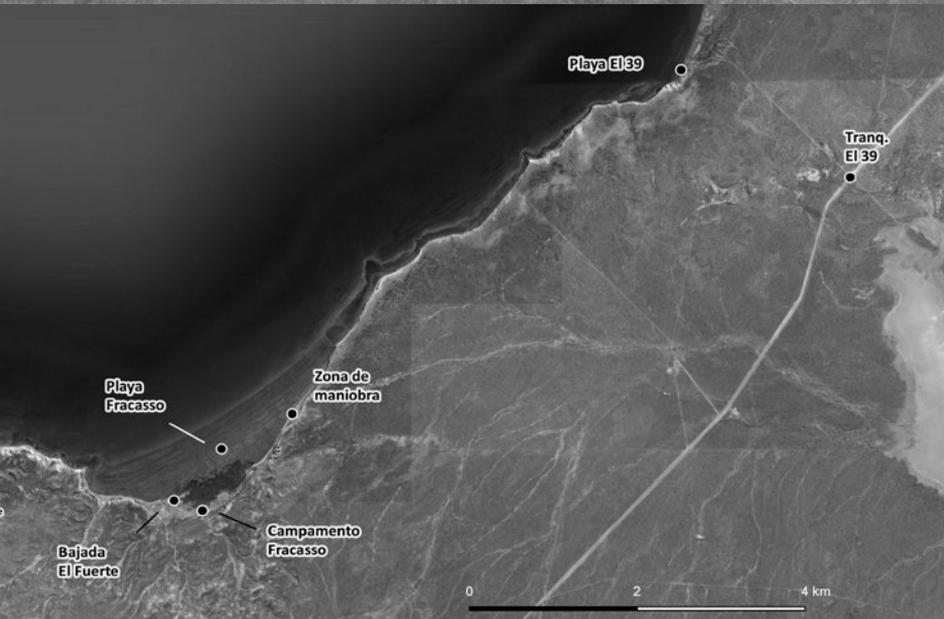
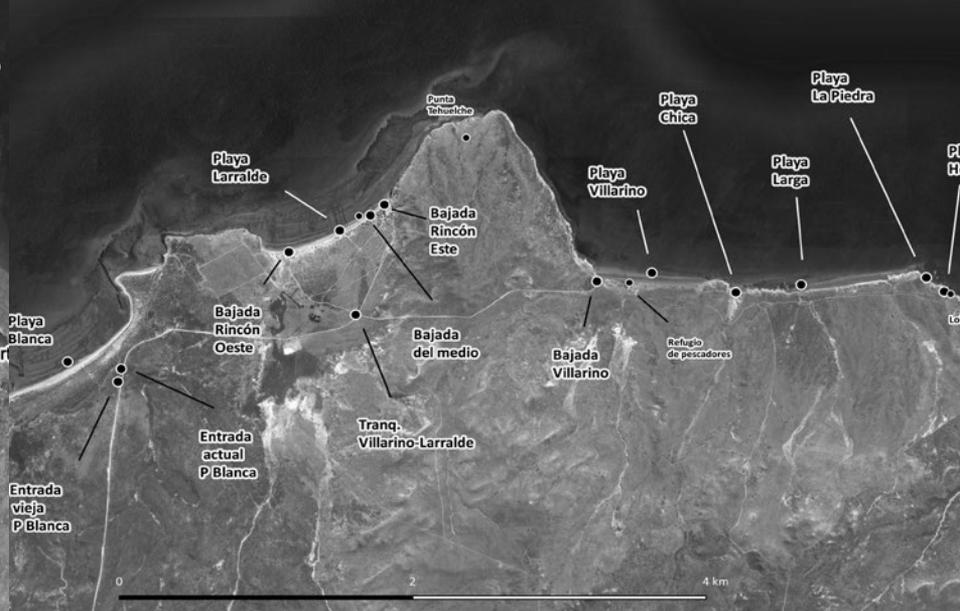
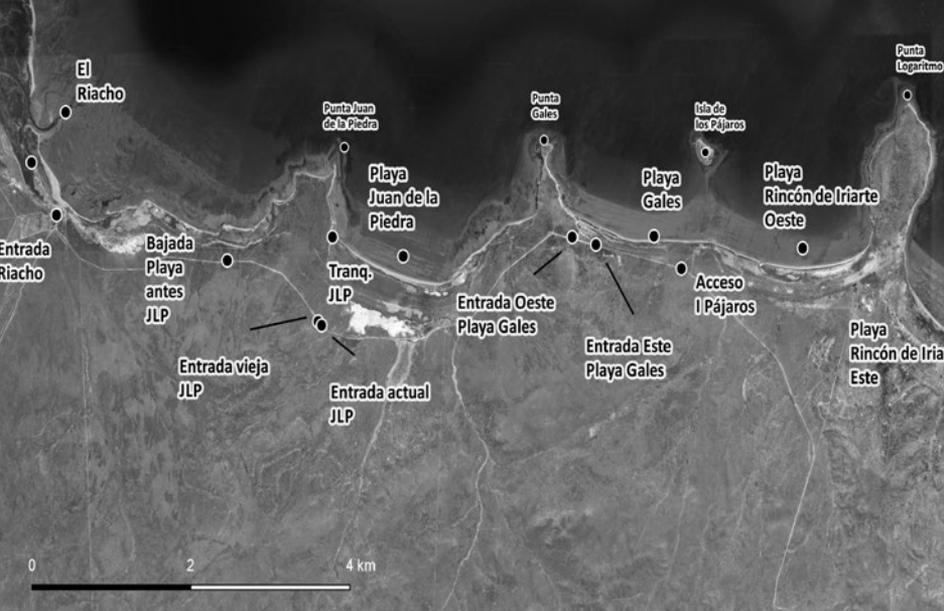


the sheet of paper to the ... it. Stand i ... paper and plant. Looking at the plant roots
by slightly squinting eyes (easier if short sighted) and ... nt form to flatten to pattern of positive and negative
areas. ... on outer left hand side of roots and ... lack biro on paper is. ... place. Start to
move eyes ... around the ... of root mass and ... with biro. Continue around outer edge of root mass
and stems. S ... to fill in ... of root pattern looking as ... at the roots not the drawing. ... the
drawing is looked at to the point of the drawn outline ... from the ... root pattern ... the drawn area with
correction fluid.









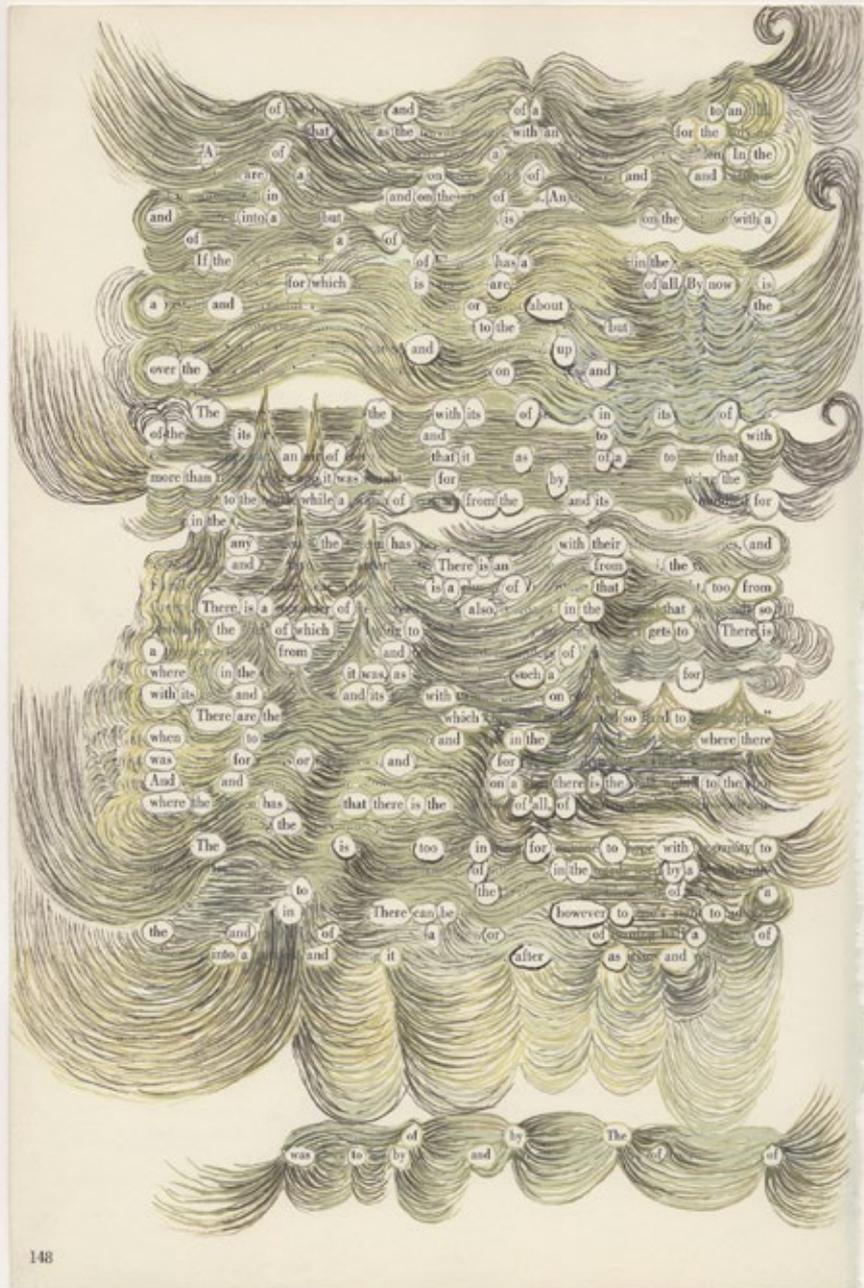
9b

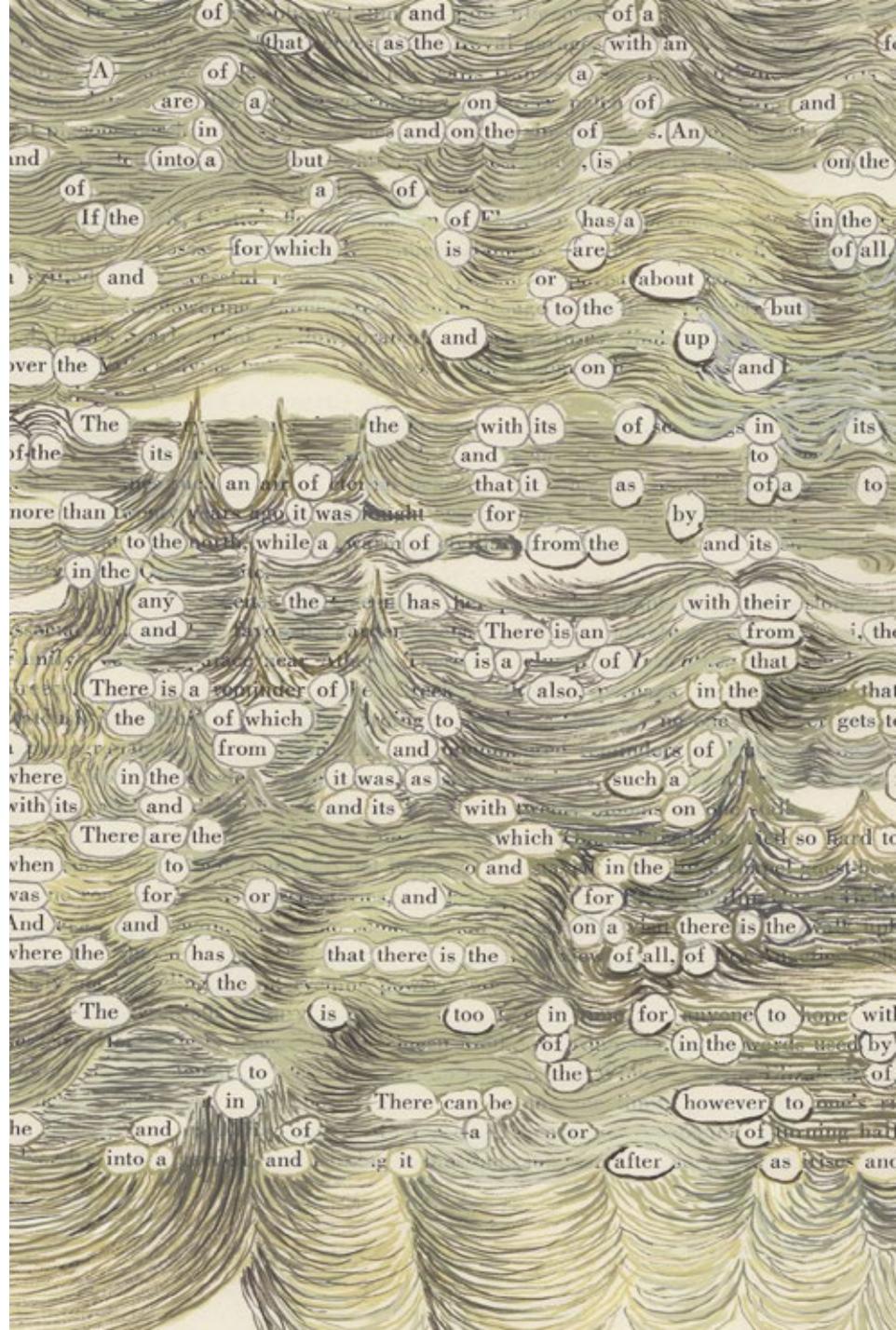






Surfaces

















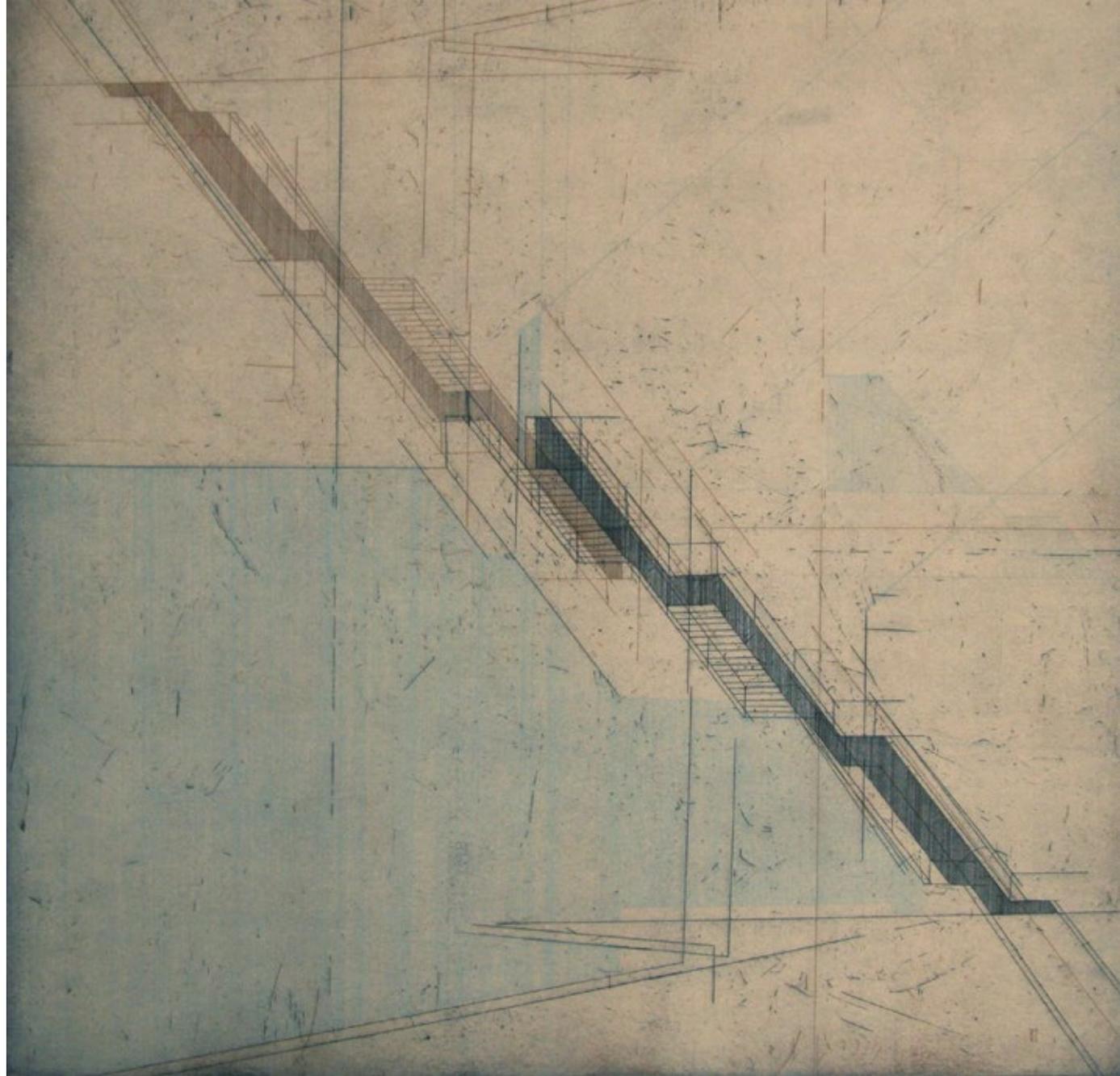


















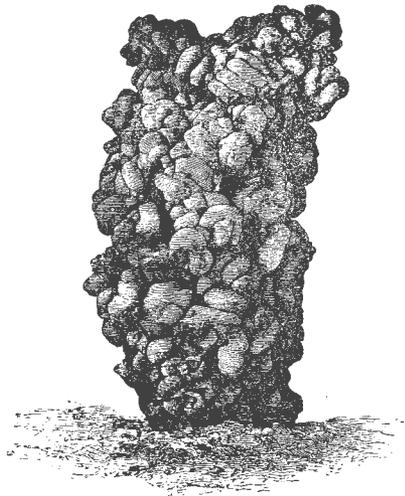


Fig. 2.

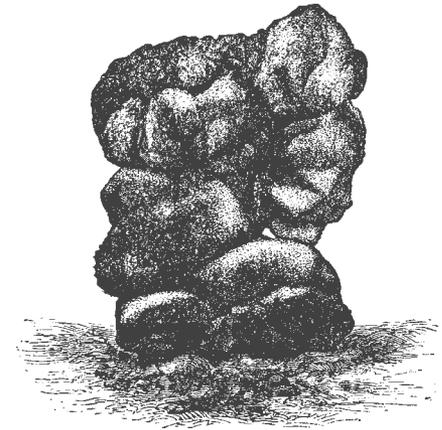


Fig. 4.

Writings

The term contemporary art is so highly saturated that the majority of such exhibitions in large public institutions bear more resemblance to retrospectives than to the actual, the immediate, or the now. Indeed, the artistic field's relentless desire to categorise and therefore curate points to the temporal dimensions at play in its search for the imminent (García Canclini) with projects offered cleaving from the experimental, to the ambitious: Artie Vierkant and Cory Arcangel have respectively termed and realised 'post-internet' art, Etan Ilfeld has published a cartographical take on how to 'go beyond' the contemporary, and Armen Avanessian has put forward a theorisation of 'post-contemporary art', part of the wider *Spekulative Poetik* intellectual platform. Avanessian's platform highlights how contemporary art has become a highly systematised industry, deliberately seeking to fold aesthetic production into the fields of marketing and branding. Given such a degree of insertion, he questions how transformation can be brought about from within these interstices and moreover from within an altered temporal scheme: his vision of the post-contemporary assumes that the future happens before the present, and that time therefore arrives from the future.

Is it inevitable however that visions of the post-contemporary must be defined in such a traditional manner, through reification and categorisation, through eurocentric notions and labels that belong to an art history of the 19th Century? Or can any given 'post-contemporary' instead be defined from within its own practice, by its own practitioners, through an immanent sense of becoming and meaning? The delineation of this new field is already under way, and can be characterised by a degree of flux between vectors of contradistinction: the horizontal and the vertical, the aesthetic and the activist, the utopian and the ephemeral, the mercantile and the post-material. The preoccupations of such a practice with an explicit focus on sociality create pathways for anthropologists to work in new ways, explore new fields, and redefine a discipline that as Keith Hart comments, is in need of a 'new story about what anthropologists have done and might do, based on what we really do and why'. These potential interstices go beyond anthropologists simply employing artists' methods, or overcoming their iconophobia when presenting their scientific knowledge. Rather, a post-contemporary art that seeks to engage directly with issues of sociality presents an opportunity to think through anthropology as a vehicle to generate theories relating

to different social and expressive contexts that establish connections beyond the obvious. Such a vehicle departs from the premise that the people with whom we work are theorising agents and it is up to anthropology to find ways to mediate these expressive forms, thus building the necessary components of a different politics of thought. Reaching across multiple ontologies, anthropology's invitation to participate in the aesthetic formation of the post-contemporary is one that must not be refused.

In this brief piece of experimental text, Ícaro Lira and I suggest possible interstices of such collaboration in an open-ended manner, signalling the lack of narrative that will characterise these moments in flux.

Reflecting on the talk that Ícaro Lira gave at the II Colóquio Cidades, immediately before her own:

'The form that my work takes has no charm. I write a text which is dull. I use figures and captions. I lose out in how I present my work. I am much more to do with the verbal. Ícaro has to do with image, freedom, free association. Mine is more argumentative and rational. I want to organise everything to make sense, in line with my thoughts, to bring my reader to the conclusions, which I already know. For Ícaro, he puts things in any order, Some things are interesting, some not, and he has no need to make explicit and verbalise the connections between these things.' ILANA GOLDSTEIN

Iconophobia

'Visuality itself becomes merely ancillary, illustrative rather than constitutive of anthropological knowledge' LUCIEN TAYLOR

My first impressions

'I'm not sure how successful it is, because to be honest, it's difficult to tell exactly what the artist is researching. If it was a PhD project it would perhaps be dismissed as being too diffuse: many ideas linked to the conditions and history of Brazil but with little depth to each of those separate points. Aesthetically it is beautiful and reminds one of exactly what it is, a research process that has been transplanted from its original context. It is like an office that has been decontextualised, but at the same time, what distinguishes it, is that all the research processes have been visualised.' FIELDNOTES, 7TH OCT 2015

A critique

What are the ethical implications of such a project? Who are the people the artist is engaging with and how do they feel about his portrayal of their reality? Is the artist engaging with people at all? I don't see anyone appearing in his exhibition, so in fact is the process more of an historical research project than anything else? Looking at the exhibition, where are the voices of the people the artist talked to? The anthropologist wants to see what these people from Ceará are like, and what they have to say for themselves, as opposed to being merely represented by the artifacts collected and curated by the artist.

FIELDNOTES, 8TH OCT 2015

Possibilities

What is harder to understand is the value that [visualising] the research process brings to the enquiry. I wonder what the importance of visualising these processes is - whether this aesthetic component really brings something to the process which for example, an anthropologist's text would miss out. I guess this is a big question. But it also opens possibilities.

FIELDNOTES, 8TH OCT 2015

A group of anthropologists visits the exhibition FIELDNOTES, 7TH OCT 2015

What is this exhibition for? Did you always have this format in mind when you were travelling around?

How do you support yourself, who pays for this? How do you do your fieldwork? How long do you spend in places? Who do you interview? What can you sell here?

In the end, what is all this for?

DESPINA NISSIRIOU

Electric Muse

I prey upon cultural fragments
and I commit the crime, the crime of creation
as a woman-as a child-as a man, in a foreign land.

Once upon a time, there was a sleeping muse that woke up with a headache,
a hundred year old sculpture on the patient list,
a genizah¹ of ideas.

Five wise virgins awaiting to conceive,
five charioteers to deliver without hands,
channelling a parable for the woman-for the child-for the man

Oh stranger, rejoice in the sight of this energy flow
and be the current, be the glue, let work be done!
And take these loose ends to weave a fabric to cover your feet.

1 ¹A genizah (Judaism) is a repository in the synagogue for worn-out religious books and papers awaiting proper burial.

An Emerging Theatre Anthropology

Niftakarha ta	I remember her you know
Qisu l-bierah	As if it were yesterday
Kul tifikira demgħa	Each memory a tear drop
U demgħa	And drop
Wara demagħa	After drop
Nista nibkilek barmil shih	I can fill a bucketful for you
U bih insaqqi l-art immelha ta' qalbi	To water the salted ground of my heart with
Fejn jikbru biss	Where grow only
Fjuri tal-kristall tal-blat	Rock crystal flowers
Fil-petalli jleqqu	In their glinting petals
L-uċuħ ikangu tal-familja tiegħi	The changeable, opalescent faces of my family

An excerpt of spoken word from Gatt's ongoing performance enquiry that emerged during the Sourcing Within Session, Barcelona, January 2014

In our collaboration anthropological imagining and planning is a shared endeavour. In one of our very first meetings discussing our collaboration, Ang made a suggestion that was keenly anthropological. She suggested that to achieve the sort of collaboration I was interested in, she (Ang) could be the anthropologist, and observe my theatre work that resulted from working with Ang in her Sourcing Within worksessions. Depending on the way I engaged in their joint theatre work, the group improvisations or her individual creations, Ang would be able to tell whether I had, as an anthropologist, understood something about Ang and the 'tradition' she carried with her. She

would evaluate whether my anthropological interpretations had grasped something that resonated with her, not only through the conventional texts I produced, but also through my theatre work, that was after all where Ang's expertise lay. Here is a key reason for including ongoing theatre work as an integral part of my daily enquiry, whether in the studio kindly provided by the University of Aberdeen Interfaith center, or singing at home and in the office. Creating anthropological artefacts beyond text, such as performance material in this case, are an essential way for joint enquiries to become collaborative ones.

Since 2013, Gatt and I have undertaken a collective journey. In my view, our collaboration is built, developed, and informed by Gatt's anthropological and performative knowledge. Our joint investigation finds a natural stream surging between us, through our differences in disciplines and as persons. The visual images bring forth our collaborative *work* moments as well as our *living instances* as human beings. The opportunity for me to be able to participate in Gatt's project has brought me back to my interest in anthropology – something which I associate as 'livingness'. However, my experience alongside Gatt has opened up new territories for me; transcending any scholastic and disciplinary concern. Our shared explorations, venture between the boundaries of our differences, challenge the way(s) we measure and re-evaluate this collaboration. Stemming from a professional level, this cross-disciplinary research has expanded onto cultural and lingual horizons as well. These shared human experiences thus demand from us a renewed mode of doing research, adapting to each other's methodologies has proven to be nourishing. While we measure one's existence through years of achievements in life, these shared moments serve to be unusual and special. I treasure this research experience with Gatt that nurtures human interaction, and ceaseless growth and evolution in each of us.

MARSHALL DE'ATH

Briefly

*Where does the process start
Before the making -
In thoughts,
About surfaces, boundaries and separations,
About containment and time,
About the integrity of bodies
And their permeability to meaning?*

*Can I dance along the surface,
Along the edge,
Along the boundary between something and nothing,
On a plane of tension, of display,
Of constructed realities and interpretation,
Or is it extrapolation?*

*So many breaths, so many bodies
Of latex rubbing latex, gently jostling for attention,
Fragile in the memory of their inevitable destruction,
Seeking purpose demandingly -
Dumbly, needy.*

I never ordinarily play with balloons. They're too visceral, too human, too close.

Fresh, pneumatic latex is too uncannily smooth and tepid to the touch. Trapped in the bright new skin, the volumes of human puff orally disgorged in an animal effort from one body to another are too intimately laced with aspirated spittle and odours of incomplete digestion. This is birth by resuscitation concluded with a looped knot in a taught umbilical and with an inevitable end no less visceral and familiar. Heralded, prematurely, by the unexpected, swift and sharp, or slowly, by the passage of time, with an atrophy of form and puckering of flaccid skin - limp, tiny, the string still attached.

I never ordinarily play with balloons. And now, I hold one, a small, pink balloon, in my hands - a simple party toy, a universal and benign symbol of human hope and happiness. It looks and feels vulnerable, this thing, in my hands with its nakedness and soft, pliable pink skin.

I respond to my inner child, or is it my adult. I dress the chubby torso in little girl's knickers. An act - knowing, wilful and callous - that is without innocence.

I never ordinarily play with balloons. Their presence, like coloured-paper party hats, feels coercive, trivialising, stupefying. They are tiresomely needy and persistent. Every colour is a new mantra of primitive emotional demands, their mass a social control by proxy. I hang the pink balloon on the wall, where it gently rolls side-to-side in the breeze. A headless, limbless blow-up doll pirouetting. It's toddler's knickers - white, adorned with red cherries and edged with lace - reassuringly gendered, reassuringly free of uncertainty.

I make the balloon succumb to gravity. It lies on the floor, smooth as a rugby ball and static as a rock. Latex and air replaced with a frigid slurry of cement, grit and water. This is the real, elemental material of roads and bridges, tower blocks and military bunkers - the 'brut' force behind brutalism. An imprint of wooden shutters replicated in lace.

Why a Drawing is not an Image (and why that might not be a problem)

DISSATISFACTION AS CREATIVITY

Creative projects often have their roots in a deep *dissatisfaction*. This sounds like a negative term: *dissatisfaction*, but it also suggests that the project is in search of satisfaction: a much more warm term.

I remain fascinated by drawing. It is a fundamental practice for architecture, and as such a part of my training in that discipline; a practice I continue to engage in. The fascination with drawing and other inscriptive practices leads me to question it. Why do I continue to draw, what is its role in architecture today with the advent of CAD, BIM, and parametric design; what can drawing bring to other disciplines such as anthropology?

When I draw observationally, I am selecting and editing, focusing on some qualities over others. Sometimes innovating and sometimes following a path, I move from Bergson's *speculative* problems to *creative* ones and back again throughout the course of a drawing. When I am not drawing, I am often thinking about drawing, constructing ideas for drawings I would like to do: dreaming them ahead of time without producing a fixed *image* or *plan* of work.

WHAT IS AN IMAGE?

Image is a notoriously slippery concept to define, and a number of theorists from a wide range of disciplines have used the term to denote a variety of more or less esoteric aspects of pictures, representations, and depictions². As such, it is a discomfort that is difficult to express, but which relies upon a clearer definition of precisely what is being opposed.

This requires some further unpacking for my purposes here, and might at first glance appear to be counter to my purpose of not only

understanding but also celebrating drawing. What is clear to me, however, is that the academic trend to consider the *visual* as critiqued by Ingold³ not only misunderstands the landscape, but also the painting (and by extension drawing) made from that experience.

IMAGE IS ARTIFICIALLY PURIFIED.

IMAGE IS INDIRECT.

When we presume that a drawing is made with an image in mind, transmitted by hand to the paper, we then feel that our task as viewers is to decode and return to the image as an original state.

In my experience, this is one of the greatest blockages experienced by students of architecture: the expectation that an image can be fully formed in the mind before being transmitted onto the surface of the paper resulting in a delay to *practice*. Drawing to find out, drawing as exploration, testing, and the process by which results are manifest.

It is this blockage that is established early in *Making*⁴: that *images* are blockages in the flow of life, of consciousness; their counterpart of *objects* representing the same problematic halting in the flow of materials. We should not seek to arrest the drawing as an image, to resist the steadiness of this mental picture and focus instead on the parameters and intentions behind a practice, allowing that activity to flow at its range of temporal registers, sometimes easy following of an established path, other times forging a fraught but exciting and unexpected adventure. A drawing will move across a range of such conditions during its making and, hopefully, its reception.

Images are like memorials to what was once a drawing: a way of fixing them and halting them, holding them in place.

WHY THAT MIGHT NOT BE A PROBLEM

Defining what drawing *is* or *can be* is a more fruitful way to proceed. Institutions from London's Victoria & Albert Museum to the Drawing Center in New York struggle with pinning this down, of course, veering from the vagueness of 'works on paper' to a wide ranging discussion of the various intentions which lie behind an assemblage of lines.

2 See the following for alternative discussions of what constitutes an image:

Lynch, K. 1960. *The Image of the City*. Cambridge, Massachusetts: MIT Press
Deleuze, G. 1989. *Cinema 2: The Time Image*. London: Athlone Press.

Gell, A. 1996. "Vogel's Net. Traps as Artworks and Artworks as Traps." *Journal of Material Culture*, Vol. 1 (1) 1996: 15-38. London: Sage.

Ranciere, J. 2009. *The Emancipated Spectator*. London: Verso.

3 Ingold, T. 2011. *Being Alive*. London: Routledge, p. 36.

4 Ingold, T. 2013. *Making*. London: Routledge.

An alternative approach is to dealing with a range of *inscriptive practices*⁵. Nelson Goodman⁶ is important in this respect: his clear descriptions of scripts and scores, allographic and autographic marks serves as a model for how to describe a range of practices rather than fixed categories. Any inscription can simultaneously possess a range of qualities, speaking to different audiences according to their knowledge and ability to understand each quality. Thus, an architectural drawing can have a pictorial quality at the same time as it constitutes a set of instructions: a notation for the construction of a building.

PERCEPTION

Bergson tells us that there is ‘No perception that is not full of memories’ (2002:33)⁷.

My contention is that drawing is a mode of perception. Whilst I discuss observational drawing in the main, this argument can and does extend to speculative design drawings, gestural drawings which are observations of ones’ own body, abstract drawings which are spare and edited tightly: but still a mode of perception.

Drawing is perception and drawing as a practice informs my perception even when I am not drawing.

When I draw a section, I am perceiving and describing volumes.
When I draw a plan, I am perceiving spatial relationships.
When I draw an axonometric, I am perceiving a geometry.
When I draw a sketch, I am perceiving character and movement.

Drawing is perception of the world
Drawing is dwelling within an extended moment
Drawing is a practice I engage in

My question is, if you are not to see drawings as images, then what can you *make of them*?

5 Lucas, R. 2006. *Towards a Theory of Notation as a Thinking Tool*. Unpublished PhD Thesis. Aberdeen: University of Aberdeen.

6 Goodman, N. 1976. *Languages of Art*. Hackett Publishing Ltd.

7 Bergson, H. 2002. *Key Writings*. London: Continuum.

JUDITH WINTER

The following text is taken from a lecture on Creative Education, delivered by Josef Albers in Prague, 1928 for the VI International Congress for Drawing, Art Education and Applied Art. A version of the entire lecture is published in German under the title: Werklicher Formunterricht, (*Practical form instruction*) in the journal Bauhaus, Vol 2, No 2/3, 1928: Dessau. The English translation was published in Wingler, H.M (1969) *The Bauhaus*. Cambridge, Massachusetts and London, England: MIT Press pp.142-143

Perhaps the only entirely new and probably the most important aspect of today’s language of forms is the fact that “negative” elements (the remainder, intermediate, and subtractive quantities) are made active...

Discussions of the terms positive and active, negative and passive, provides an opportunity to explain the sociological origins of our form language.

Placing the same value on “positive” and “negative” elements makes it impossible for something to be “left over”... We no longer differentiate essentially between those elements which are “carrying” and those which are “carried” between those “serving” and those “served”.

Every element or component must be one that is “aiding” and “aided” at the same time, it must be both supporting and supported. Thus the frame and the base, which must “raise” an object, become superfluous. We will get rid of the “monument” which, on a big supporting base, carries but a small supported object.

Thrift... is sought by testing the maximum strength of the material (maximum height and width of the construction and highest stress), the maximum resistance to tensile and bending stresses, the closest connections, the smallest and weakest base... Increasing the stress to the point of failure of the material show where the stress limit is and leads us to use related or else opposite materials. Thus arises the wish to combine and mix various materials in order to enhance their properties...

Learning in this way, with emphasis on technical and economical rather than esthetic considerations, results in static and dynamic

attitudes; it demonstrates the links between organic and technical properties, while negating their opposition. Apart from leading to thinking in terms of building and construction, it trains the rarer quality of spatial imagination.

It provides for the friendly and collective interchange of experiences and agreement on general and contemporary principles of form - it counteracts the exaggeration of individualism without hampering real individuality.'

KARLOTTA BLÖNDAL

Innanúr / Within

In the fall of 2013 Karlotta Blöndal packed her body with the most salt she could carry discreetly under her clothing, and still appear normal, before entering the Living Art Museum's exhibition *Embracing Impermanence*⁸. The salt had been sourced from a local factory in Hafnarfjörður where the artist paid visit to, and preserved in the accompanying photograph a tall, impermanent, fragile, and pale mountain leaning in a corner of a stark metal framed house. This image circulated as an invitation to a performance. Although Blöndal would not be present, in person, at the event, the remains of her preceding acts would await her audience.

Salt, in small fragments, occasionally abrasive, shape shifting and stubborn, is conditioned by nature to transform as a reaction to environmental circumstances and often reappears in a different version of itself. Weighed down with meaning⁹ the physical salt spread, collecting some form of history through use in *Innanúr (Within)*. You might say that memory was tested over time as the salt was pulled into an engagement with the audience. The performance allowed the artist's body to develop as a metaphor for the salt house referred to in the photograph, a weighted vessel for distributing the fragments through movement about the museum's space.

There was no immediate audience per se, as she walked amongst artworks from the collection, except for the museum's current staff who stood witness to the event. The salt escaped from beneath her black clothing leaving temporary paths along the floor. Blöndal's reading of the space was traced in the map laid for those who would come to observe, and unknowingly participate. For a moment, a

8 *Embracing Impermanence: We came into this with a shovel in our hands*, 2013 brought works from the Living Art Museum's collection together under the theme of ephemerality, noting the museum's long and temporal history with its main roles of collecting and exhibiting. Works changed, shuffled, and were updated over the exhibition period, coinciding with impermanence. The performance at hand was one of many and some remains of *Innanúr / Within* live on in the Living Art Museum's *Performance Archive*.

9 Salt has been referenced as a mineral of luxury for early civilization, important to trade, symbolic of friendship and "brotherhood", can be found in metaphors throughout the bible, in popular superstitions, a crystalline mineral, a chemical compound, evaporated seawater, vital to human health and so forth.

waterfall fleetingly revealed itself, forming a salt mound in the place where the artist stood. Once the load had been exhausted, Blöndal left the scene, with only a part of the visible action remaining¹⁰. From then on, the life of the salt was as transient as the coming and going of the soles of audience members' shoes, which carried particles off to new locations, and shuffled through the artist's path. The act was fleeting, but also temporarily immortalized as a fading memory before being forced into another version of itself. By the end of the exhibition, the salt had been worked into corners, found its way into cracks and filled the tile flooring, and was consumed by the museum's architecture. In time the material had become one with the structure and environment itself: one element of the entire whole. Little remained of the salt foundation drawn by Blöndal and the artist's performance certainly had faded as a sidenote to the physical substance that could be identified upon the surfaces.

This quiet but enduring gesture, with life beyond the delivery by the body of the artist, resurfaces as a reference to the traces one leaves behind. The initial action was unwatched in the still space of an audience-less house, yet lived on in real-time with a reliance on the performance of exhibition-goers, who through interrupting the salt, acknowledged the fleetingness of Blöndal's idea. In the persistence of the salt utilized in Karlotta Blöndal's *Innanúr* or *Witbin*, we must consider the artist's role in exhibition making, in history, and note the living nature of the often-complex reality of performance, its documentation and its preservation. As the inevitable intimacy involved in small relational gestures that quietly include unpredictable audiences resonates.

Becky Forsythe

10 A run of photocopied images of Karlotta Blöndal releasing the salt, documented by the museum's employees accompanied the exhibition information, and along with the remaining salt on the floor acted as a memory: the photocopied black and white ephemera already seemed to be fading in that way.

GRIET SCHELDEMAN

Frozen Inside

It is quiet. A different quiet from half an hour ago when together with 12 glaciology students we crawled single file into the manmade igloo which formed the entrance to the ice cave below. In one move we leave the freezing wind howling across the snow-covered glacier and enter this warm shelter. Here we don helmets, head torches and crampons before climbing down a ladder (rather tricky with crampons on booted feet) and then on steps carved into the ice, further down into the cave. Moving carefully, holding onto ropes fixed to the wall, assertively placing our feet to ensure the crampons get a grip, and taking our cue from the wriggles of the person in front to see whether the next step is up or down slope and if the ceiling makes a dive. Clack-clack-clack-aw-scrape-phew. We proceed through the frozen tunnel, head torches darting around like fickle fireflies above, beside and below us. All is frozen in this ice tunnel, yet frozen comes in so many shapes and surfaces. The most spectacular are the ice crystal cathedrals, shimmering chandeliers hanging from the five meter high ceiling meet gleaming pillars. Here we pause, straighten our bodies because we can, and admire this sparkling scene. Then onwards again, ducking our heads so as not to scrape the crystals, and soon we find ourselves bent double again to avoid the low ceiling. Downhill the safest way forward is to slide on our bottoms, in the narrowest horizontal sections we crawl on arms and belly, or vertical, we hold breath and stomach to squeeze between stalagmite and wall. Moving along the tunnel is so physical and exhausting, demanding constant attention. With every surface shiny, angular and curved, there is so much to watch out for and an abundance of information to process. This space demands to be read. We need to respond and adapt, continuously, moving along in intense dialogue, flexible human being and unyielding ice.

We walk, we crawl, we slide, up, down, on hands, knees, bellies, along the twisting tunnel, until we come to a stop. A blue nylon rope stops us from going further. It is put there by the travel operator who makes the cave accessible for tourist groups. Every winter season anew, the tour operator finds the most accessible entry place on the glacier, then builds an igloo, secures a ladder, excavates steps and fastens ropes. As anyone can enter the cave – unlike in previous years when the door of the igloo was padlocked, causing protest by the locals that 'caves belong to everyone' – a sign warns that to do so is at 'one's own risk'. So 180

meters into the cave, the thick rope signals the end of the line. Beyond this point a ten meter drop into a frozen pool. We wind our way back in single file. Yet now is a different quiet. The students are gone and I have stayed behind with two glaciologists to measure and map the cave. With them ahead, this tunnel has so many twists, turns, ups and downs that I quickly find myself completely alone. Quiet. Not so much quiet, more the absence of any sound or movement. It is still. A stillness as a moment in time, before something is about to kick off. I turn off my head torch – total darkness – no sight no sound, this is too eerie. I switch my light back on and crouch down. I don't move, I wait.

I now begin to see the cave in a different way. Though 'seeing' is the wrong word. I start to feel and experience the cave in ways that I could not and did not before, when I clambered through ice caves always in the necessary company of others. Then I was struck by the beauty and variety of so many shapes of ice, in awe at the fact that this cave is unique and different every year, as it melts in summer and may reform on top again next winter, in a different shape and pathway, or may even cave in and disappear completely. That seeing and thinking happens mainly in my head. Yet this is different, rather than some cogwheels turning in my head, now my whole body is feeling. I am enveloped in the womb or the bowels of the glacier. I am a guest. I almost feel the glacier breath or pulse. The glacier is not so much alive, but in process, it 'does'. It is not static. It is a moment in time. I am in a bubble – literally in an air bubble – but also totally cut off from the rest of the world. I feel sheltered. I am dry and warm, protected from the fierce elements raging outside. Jonah and the whale. The ice tunnel with its bends and shiny smooth translucent curved sides and roofs – sometimes there are even ice curtains (they look like ribs) – as if I have been swallowed by the glacier, passed through its esophagus, am now somewhere in the stomach, and if I stay here, in two months when summer comes and the glacier starts to melt, this tunnel will turn into a raging torrent of melt water and I will be flushed further through the system and be spat out – or more correctly excreted – at the other end, wherever that may be. For the moment I stay put, nothing moves, no sound. I feel sheltered, knowing that some twenty meters above me the wind is howling, polar bears are a fact and snow scooters race past. Hang on, did I say sheltered? I am deep inside a glacier, tons of ice above me. An ice cave is not a rock cave: ice can crack or melt. In fact, was it not only last year that a huge block of roof came down while a student group was inside – they were lucky, some experienced cavers among them helped the group to climb the blockage and make it to the exit. This shelter is a potential death trap. Not exactly a spiritual

person, I am surprised to find myself relating to the glacier. I am inside her – no idea why but I think of it as a she – a sheltering mother, who can also be fierce. Grateful for being allowed so close, I will be careful not to outstay my welcome. Though not alive, the glacier is a process, things happen and change; this ice cave is a one off.

When I visited this cave two years ago, in most places I had to crawl as only one meter separated floor from ceiling. Today for long stretches I was able to walk upright, as the floor is cut down by an extra meter every summer melt. At some point in the coming years, maybe even next year, the roof will cave in and this tunnel will be no more. Maybe others will form and be explored. It makes this experience all the more unique. I try to imagine how this cave formed at the start of winter, the water slowing down and finally coming to a frozen halt, and how this space will change again in a few months time. In summer the frozen water will wake up again, slowly at first then gaining momentum and finally raging at full force. Both are processes of magical change with no one here to witness them. All we can see are the traces of what has been and the pattern of what probably is to come. Before and after the spectacular events. The frozen moment in time. I try not to imagine what could happen now, the ceiling could cave in and the frozen floor could crack and give way. Time to make my way back. As I step through the igloo hatch out into the white expanse, I almost smile at the fierce wind and stinging snowflakes hitting my face, as if they are giving me an extra lashing for having been away. While I will hold this moment out of time close to heart for years to come, my immediate feeling is one of relief. Out in the elements again, here is movement, space and sky. I am back in the world I know.

White Skin

Only my hands move. Every part of my open palms move independently of each other, as if I try to put into motion something that is lying on them. A white clayey matter starts to ooze out of my hands. More and more. It is a kind of flat, rolled out dough-like substance, flowing down to the floor. It starts to spread itself out. I now hold the edges of a strange white doughy something in my hands, like a white skin. I lift the side and shift my body in a way that the white skin covers the front of my body and I can move it by moving my body. It is very sensitive. It is alive. Ripples and pleats appear in its surface. It folds and ripples, shrinks and grows. It has its own being. It can shrink into a small ball and then grow to the horizons. I then move on top of it. I am on a wide plane, a skin like surface which can shape itself, which can create folds, gulleys and mountain ridges, changing shape all the time. A surface with its own peculiar nature, the nature of the material of which it consists.

48

REAL Mo Glaze 1250*
turns pink w/chrome
(on porcelain)

Soda Feldspar	47
Calcium Borate Frit	16
Whiting	14
China Clay	5
Quartz	18
Tin Ox.	5

74

EKWC Porcelain Glaze 1200-1230*

(used on Barker's cups)

China Clay	17
in food/cosmetics/paint	
helps to suspend frit	
Neph. Sy.	26

alumina
helps sticking to pot

flux
lower melt temp

Quartz	37
produced synthetically	

silica
melts as glass
1700* appr.

Whiting	20
calcium carbonate	
in → marble	
→ limestone	
→ shells	

flux (?)
melter

(known as 8.13 → Satin Gloss Base Glaze)
1200-1230* ((I fired 1260*)) slimy results

Some Thoughts on Meaning

How do you choose what defines the meaning of an artwork?
 Can a work have a meaning without the artist's intent?
 Is the meaning within the work?
 Can an artwork hold a theory or even possess its own kind of knowledge?
 Is the work autonomous?
 Does the work need explanation?
 Is the meaning perhaps in the process?
 Is the process visible in the finished product?
 Are there always connotations to some meaning?
 Can a work be without any meaning?
 Can anything ever be totally without a meaning?
 Can a lack of meaning be the meaning?
 Can the work carry the intended meaning from the artist to the viewer?
 Does the viewer create the meaning?
 Does the meaning depend on the viewer's creativity?
 Is the meaning based on the viewer's background, luggage, emotions or even day-to-day mood?
 Does an artwork have as many meanings as there are viewers (plus the artist/artists)?
 Can a viewer's insight extend the meaning of an artwork or make it deeper?
 Can an artwork inspire critical thinking?
 Could the viewer's observations give her/him new insights or deeper understanding in other fields or in general?
 Is there some knowledge to be gained from a work of art?
 Is it possible to put the meaning of a visual work of art into words without losing some of its meaning?
 Can a work of visual art capture the meaning of a novel?
 Does the medium control the meaning?
 Does meaning change with time?
 Does meaning depend on time spent looking, interpreting or analyzing a work?
 Does an artwork's meaning change with a second look?
 Does an artwork have a different meaning today than 10 years ago or 10 years from now?
 Is it necessary for a viewer to know the artist's previous works?
 How can the setting of the artwork influence or change its meaning?
 To what extent does a title give meaning?

Earth and Paper. Rammed earth and drawing. Mediums and methods so different that it would seem unlikely they could function in similar ways. Within my practice an excessively physical making, a use of language and conceptual drawing methodologies overlap and intertwine. I have long used earth, text and drawing in parallel, wondering how they come together, how they share a place within a practice and within a philosophy of making. Firstly, these common materials invite a sort of meddling touch. They are low materials; poor materials which ask to be poked and interfered with; materials which invite a sort of interaction that lowers the status of art-work to play-thing. Familiar earth and familiar white paper; cheap photocopies; a biro; correction fluid.

Earth and Paper. One heavy, crumbly, compressible, life-supporting, nutrient rich; a seed bed. The ground beneath our feet, the soil of our bodies.

The other light, flat, white, blank and prepared for the mark that comes. A surface beneath our hands, the ground of our imagination.

When drawing, a line emerges that is not what the eye first saw; imagination and the body intervene. A complex drawing process can attempt to eliminate this intervention, can attempt to remove the play of imagination and the influence of the self. This is a drawing process that is designed to mould a subjective act into an objective methodology only to further reveal the self in all its imaginative fluidity.

When ramming earth, it is compressed into a solid block; matter is compressed through force into a battery of bulging, latent energy. Heavier than the eye can determine. Through the treading of my feet the earth is forced into form and once rammed, the earth blocks further access. My body is blocked; its energy transferred into immovable, unimaginable weight into which I (my self) can no longer enter.

When there is an invitation to others, the multiples selves (the multiple Others) bring their multiple narratives and multiple bodies to form the work. There is an invitation to participate and share a view point, but also an invitation for the Other to correct perceived

inaccuracies. Their corrections mask but do not remove, instead the correction fluid redefines the original line in an act that is simultaneously destructive and creative. Veracity. Accuracy. Failure? The Others join me to both build and erase, but see how their erasure is another way of building? There is addition here – supplementation – that eventually becomes an excess of material, of participants, lines, layers and words.

We tread down the earth and build it up and build it into things; it reminds me of something found filled with earth in a muddy field. Yet this is no gentle sedimentation over time, rather it is a force which fills space with body-beating pressure. My heavy footsteps do not lead anywhere but around and around as the path is beaten into a block. My drawn line also leads into a tangle (of roots), impenetrable and multi-layered. Whilst the plant (whose roots were of the earth and leaves were of the air) now hangs uprooted and inverted, the earth blocks have been forced down, the air forced out and the material deadened. The growth of the plant and the processes of the earth are made static – silenced, blocked, mute – through the weight of the layers of excess.

FRANCESCA MARIN

A group of fishers, anthropologists and biologists gathered and shared their knowledge between August 2015 and February 2016. A series of twenty-four collaborative maps came out. In these maps, past and present coastal net fishing spots appear next to beaches closed for sake of conservation or landowners' decisions. Paved roads are less important than paths that disappear and reappear constantly, due to the impact of wind, rains and human activities. Official nautical cartography names, urban toponyms, old fishers' surnames and words referring to apparently irrelevant and far too ephemeral elements of the flora and the landscape give historical depth to the images.

Teresa, is the wife of Tomás, a fisherman who has been collecting octopuses and bivalve mollusks for all his life. She describes the relation they developed with tides, dirt roads, plants and wild animals of the Valdés peninsula. In her words (here, translated from the Spanish) we perceive how the area has started to change since it was declared protected by the Argentinian government and UNESCO World heritage Convention. Teresa's interview is part of valdesfishing.abdn.ac.uk, a web documentary that explores artisanal fishing in the Valdés Peninsula.'

Puerto Madryn (close to the Valdés peninsula), 20th August 2015

TERESA: Here in Madryn, by then, squids used to come out on the coast. You could go to the beach in the morning, at 7, and gather lots of squids because Aluar [aluminium smelter] had just arrived in Puerto Madryn. Aluar arrived in 1970 - 71. Of course... so you found seafood, you found squids and could eat them without any problem. Under the pier, there were mussels, you could go harvest and eat them. And we used to go to the beach to find crabs and big snails. Because everything was still healthy, clean and you could eat them with no problems. We began to go to El Riacho in 78. We began to go in 1978 and until today, we have been going. We stopped for a while, in winter, when my husband was sick, underwent an operation and all the rest. He got a medical certificate, thus he could not go fishing. But apart from that moment, always. We bought a rowboat... and well, Cristian was a child, when we began to go. The control post was not there either.

FRANCESCA: The entrance of the protected area, right?

TERESA: Yes, it was created afterwards. There, you could pass as you like. It was not a rigid control, like they're doing it nowadays. Now, that they want to create a police station, as they said. We... that tree planted there, it's an elm tree. It was this small, when I put it there. I saw it and it was so cute. I thought: 'Poor tree, it's going to die.'

FRANCESCA: Where was it?

TERESA: I found it abandoned at the roadside edge, the small tree. I picked it up and planted it. I made a well. I dug it with my hands and made a well. And there I planted it. I poured water on it. 'This tree will grow.' 'It will not grow,' said my husband. 'Let's plant it and you will see', I said. It's an elm tree now, and it became tall. Every time I passed by to go to El Riacho, we used to go with our police friend Davia, the Welsh. We used to go with him to collect octopuses. And while passing by, at that time, we could hunt. Davia, the Welshman, used to come and also another friend from the police, Silvita from Juan de la Cruz, retired now. And my brother-in-law used to go with us too, with all his children. He had like twenty children. We built the shack. Well, before we had a tent.

FRANCESCA: Was he also a Hueche [family name]?

TERESA: Yes, he was a Hueche, Modesto he was called. He passed away. His family lives now in Las Heras. They all went there. Huh... we used to go with the tent. We set up the tent during "tide days" and then we came back. And my husband worked in the "artisanal". Let's call it "artisanal", but the artisanal fishing didn't exist yet. [...] We used to go and gather octopuses, we had a boat and a fishing net, everything to catch the fish, there. And later we built the ranch. But before that, we used the tent. I still have my tent. One day we went to El Riacho, the following day to the Isla de los Pájaros. But I tell you the tide was... there were mussels, that big! And full, [the shells] were really full. Same when I used to go with my sister-in-law. We filled a 20 litre bucket with octopuses. You cannot imagine that!

CHRISTINE MODERBACHER

Au-delà de la surface

Cise, Hamuda et moi
chemins de pensées
trop de colombes, trop de bruit
sur un banc
Molenbeek, Bruxelles
peinte par la télé
mots de chaos turbulents
dans *leurs mots*
les échos du passé

*Je suis mort sur un bateau, né au Petit Château¹¹,
j'ai vécu ici toute ma vie. Je pourrais être le maire de cette ville!*

dit Cise
et Hamuda confirme

Ca doit aller!

Ici
chipoter
avancer à petits pas

Moving beyond the surface

Cise, Hamuda and I
walks of thoughts
too many pidgins, too much noise

Molenbeek, Brussels
famously portrayed on TV

on a bench

words of unruly chaos
in *their words*
the lost past surfacing

*I died on a boat, was born in the Petit Chateau¹² and lived here all my life.
I could be the major of this city!*

Cise says
and Hamuda is nodding
*Ca doit aller!*¹³
Here
Tiptoe forward

Patter back

12 reception centre for asylum-seekers

13 It has to be fine!

LOUISE HOPKINS

*A fragment of a conversation between Louise Hopkins and
Elizabeth Hodson 17.6.2016.*

LOUISE HOPKINS (LH): I think what I realised I liked early on with painting, which could equally apply to drawing, is that it is possible to make any illusion. Also it is a way of having a process that has layers, you can see everything at once.

ELIZABETH HODSON (EH): The layers referring to those technically on the surface, or the historical associations?

LH: Those technically on the surface. Within this rectangle of activity, layers can be made, left and revealed and even if all the layers can't be fully seen, there can be a sense of them. So it's a way of having everything, viewing all moments at once, across the surface as well as into the surface. Whereas other forms tend not to be like that; books, words, films.

EH: Drawings maybe are not like that either? Drawing is orientated towards open surfaces.

LH: Yes, with many drawings an amount of untouched, undrawn surface remains. In painting, for me, there is sometimes a distinct moment in the process where every bit of the surface has been covered, or a certain coverage has been reached where there is a feeling of weight or saturation. In that moment it is almost like a curtain being closed. Suddenly there is a change and there isn't quite that same breathing space anymore. It might mean that the painting works, has been taken as far as it needs to go, or it might mean painting in a different way in order to find another breathing space, to make a way through, to find an openness again. But I think this saturation and layering can happen with a certain kind of drawing too.

EH: But a lot of your drawings are made on printed paper?

LH: Yes, exactly. I start with a surface that is already 'full' with information from somewhere else, for instance a map of the world or a photograph of a tree. So in this sense it is like a curtain is already there because there is already activity in the surface before I have worked on it - and my task is to break into and work with the surface

using paint. That might mean obscuring a large part of the surface to leave only a small part of the 'found' surface, in which case it can be like building up the curtain or making another curtain, or it might involve making a small number of marks. But to me they are paintings once I have worked on them - most of my work is made with a liquid medium.

RACHEL JOY HARKNESS

These three works are part of my thinking on ideas of surface and collaging in the built environment. I see them as portraits of some of the places that my fieldwork on architecture and design in Scotland has taken me: the village of Kinghorn in Fife; The Ecology Centre, between Kinghorn and the neighbouring town of Burntisland; and West Ward, an empty industrial complex in Dundee. I am interested in the idea of being able to build a portrait from a collection of surfaces and surfacings. Here, select, juxtaposed images are combined to portray the character of these places, and, hopefully, to do so both convincingly and surprisingly. They are portraits of the each of the places at a particular moment in time (all between 2014 and 2015), but they speak to the wider phenomenon of how we know or get to know a place through its surfaces and the stories they can tell, through their feel, their patina and wear, what they reflect and what they hide or reveal.

Optimist

The essence of optimism is that it takes no account of the present, but it is a source of inspiration, of vitality and hope where others have resigned.

Dietrich Bonhoeffer

Heart, the centre, a fleshy metronome, a pump, plumbing. The beating heart within all of us, switched on when we start and switched off at our end. What we think with when we don't use our brains. The part of us that skips when we find love and breaks when we lose it.

Glass and ice, at first glance they could be brother and sister but on second inspection more akin to distant relatives. Both formed through changing temperature both transformed in changing environments with different levels of tenacity. One we consider to have more permanence and greater value, both owe their beauty to their fragility. Both are ubiquitous and innocuous yet are imbued with great power, both are life saving and life taking.

Optimist, two cast glass hearts immersed in an insulating polystyrene box filled with crushed ice. One pale, transmitting light, one dark, absorbing light. Two hearts cast from one mould, made from one heart, taken from one once living pig. A pig's heart, so close in dimension and performance to a human heart that some parts are interchangeable. Distant relatives, co-habitees.

The first human to human heart transplant happened half a century ago. In 1967, a human heart from one person was transplanted into the body of another by a South African surgeon named Dr. Christian Barnard in Cape Town. In early December, Dr. Barnard's surgical team removed the heart of a 25-year-old woman who had died following a road accident and placed it in the chest of Louis Washkansky, a 55-year-old man dying of heart damage. The patient survived for 18 days.

In 2011 I read a news story of an ambulance on route between two city hospitals transporting the 'living' heart from a person who had died taking it to another person who was dying. On its life saving journey the ambulance was involved in a serious road accident a consequence of which was that the heart never reached its destination. The story did not reveal the fate of the waiting donor.

MARTA MARÍA JÓNSDÓTTIR

ég leita af ljósi, jafnvægi, litatón, réttu andrúmslofti, réttri þögn,
réttum tón, réttu gagnsæi, línum hlið við hlið, hringjum á ákveðnum
stöðum, spennu og óþægindum, upphefjun, látleysi, brotahljóði, golu

snúrum sem stingast inn á rétta staði
mynd sem málast yfir aðra mynd
allt sem er bakvið
bogadregnar línur
hringir sem augasteinar, göt á rörum

searching for light, balance, certain color tone, the right atmosphere,
the right silence, the right tone, the right transparency, lines next to
each other, rings on specific places, tension and comfort, simplicity,
breeze.

cords that go into the right places
painting painted on top of other painting
everything behind
bended lines
rings like eyeballs, holes on cords

SOFFÍA GUÐRÚN KR JÓHANNSDÓTTIR

For me, drawing is a way to overcome obsessions and compulsions.
It is a meditative and effective method to express human emotions
with both empathy and humour. I often draw in order to make order
out of disorder and to articulate certain thoughts stirring within me.
Drawing is also a pure outlet for the motions of mind and hand and
the noise or silence in one's head. While drawing I often repeat the
same shapes and with time and continuous effort a unified visual
world slowly emerges. We are presented with characters whose rule
demeans others, but we also see heroes who blaze forward full of
conviction and are blessed with a strong identity. My drawings might
be presented as sketches for a performance; often there is a strong
link between a drawing and performance. The two artistic mediums
can nourish one another. Fresh and challenging knowledge is created
and surprising connections emerge as I combine my drawing and
performance practice. Writing, poetry and character development
sustain one another, and it is this interaction that is important to me.
Drawing is a movement, dance and a co-operation between the mind
and the hand.

Balnabruaich

print –

1st – blue – 1 p. black, 3 p. p blue, 4 p. ext.2nd – turquoise – op.white, turqu + lemon yellow3rd – pink/brown – tiny amount of (1. red, 2. s.black) with loads of ext.

register –

2nd plate 1mm lower than 1st**To Print LONDON STANSTED**

use blue in tube (can add a little ext)

use pink in tube

registration

blue plate on inside edge – left side

pink plate on outside edge (just covering line) – left side

both plates on inside edge – bottom

On the unfeasibility to record a worm's movements

A human, thinking of movement :

The temporary gap between two points in space

The smooth design of a transport device

As traversed space remains outside

A box transfers to the elsewhere

Just under the surface I shall be, all together at first, then separate and drift. Through all the earth, something of me. I inhabit, but I also move and I thereby transform. I swallow. My pharynx. Its pressure. Forward within my body. The ground yields on all sides. Going about my subterranean life,

I digest my way through soils. Yet, soil forms in the concatenation of particles in my intestine.

The being in the soil of the worm

Pedogenetic in its natural mode of expression

Decomposition oxidation reduction and reaction

Soil is the food, the way, the path eaten out

Eating is moving and architecting

The power of suction. My fluids. Pancreatic secretions. Then, the collapse of the old burrows. On the surface quietly rises a solid eruption, forming a cloud of thick dirt that seems to fossilise instantly. Once collapsed, my aggregate joins with the earth that makes wheat heavy

and rich. The greeks used to call me **ges enteri, the earth intestines**. Could they have recognised their Demeter in me?

On a surface of dark smooth paper

Painted with an emulsion of ashes and water

The worm leaves traces like would a painter or a scribe

Yet, out of his tridimensional element

His might has been flattened

My excretions_There were days_I lied close to the mouths of the hole.

Over my dread of light, **for you I draw**. Your flat world leaves me to my spasmodic twists, for I find no ground here. Even fish and birds do not seem as strange as your human surface-bound lives. How inaccessible can the movements of excavation-ingestion unfolding under the surface seem to you? The worm's journey through the soil, and the soil's journey through the worm?

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‘Tower-like casting from near Nice, constructed of earth, voided probably by a species of Perichaeta’, in Darwin, C. R., 1896, *The Formation of Vegetable Mould Through the Action of Worms, With Observations on Their Habits*. New-York: Appleton & Co, p.107

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‘A casting from the Nilgiri Mountains of South India’, in Darwin, C. R., 1896, *The Formation of Vegetable Mould Through the Action of Worms, With Observations on Their Habits*. New-York: Appleton & Co, p.127

COVER IMAGE:
Alexandra Engelfriet
White Sand IV
Sand, shaped by the body, 1994
Image courtesy of the artist

with, *Gey Pin Ang, Charlotte Barker, Karlotta Blöndal,
Hans K Clausen, Marshall De' Ath, Alexandra Engelfriet, Alex Flynn,
Caroline Gatt, Rachel Foy Harkness, Marc Higgin, Louise Hopkins,
Emily Foy, Soffia Guðrún Kr Jóbannsdóttir, Marta María Fónsdóttir,
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Christine Moderbacher, Despina Nissiriou, Kristbjörg Olsen,
Griet Scheldeman, Bronwen Sleigh, Anaïs Tondeur, Judith Winter*