

In Mountain Shadows

An exegesis submitted to Auckland University of Technology in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy (PhD)

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In Mountain Shadows

*A practice of community aesthetics
nearing climate emergency*

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Celia Harrison. LungA
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 Seyðisfjörður, 2022.

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Attestation of Authorship

I hereby declare that this submission is my own work and that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, it contains no material previously published or written by another person (except where explicitly defined in the acknowledgements), nor material which to a substantial extent has been submitted for the award of any other degree or diploma of a university or other institution of higher learning.

A handwritten signature in black ink, consisting of several loops and a trailing flourish.

Signed: _____ Date: 01/09/2022



Abstract

**Fig 3. Seyðisfjörður
December 2020
Landslide.** Digital image, Eggert Jóhannesson for MBL, Seyðisfjörður, 2020. Source: mbl.is. The photo shows my residence of five years 'Landamót', the small white house with the red roof. In front of it is a small section of the Technical Museum that survived. In this photo, thirteen buildings and homes are decimated. Many without any trace left behind.

**Fig 4. Seyðisfjörður
December 2020
Landslide.** Digital image, Celia Harrison. Seyðisfjörður, 2020.

Mid-afternoon on December 18, 2020, after days of unprecedented heavy rainfall, the largest landslide ever to hit a residential area in Iceland came down on the outskirts of Seyðisfjörður (pop. 670). The destruction and loss of historic architecture, homes and possessions was devastating. Miraculously, there were no human casualties from this natural disaster, even though as many as thirty residents were in the area when the mountain fell. Many lives from this small community were saved through pure chance. Those five days of rain measured 580mm, comparable to the annual rainfall in Reykjavík of 822mm. The landslide significantly damaged thirty-nine homes and businesses and destroyed thirteen buildings. Four historically protected residential houses; the Silver Palace, which housed several smaller businesses; a large sandblasting workshop and several historic buildings owned by the Technical Museum of East Iceland, were all buried under 73,000 cubic metres of soil. This natural disaster also damaged many more houses, infrastructures, pipes, plots and road systems and companies, small and large, suffered from a halt in their operations. A further twenty-eight residents lost their homes permanently due to the area being deemed uninhabitable. Although landslides were known to have hit the area in pre-historic times, the scale of the largest landslide came as a surprise that Seyðisfjörður was not prepared for, owing to the fact the residents had not been evacuated. In 2021 new data shows that loose material in the hillside above the town is slowly moving downslope. The warming climate increases the danger of landslides from a permafrost area high on the slopes of Mt. Strandatindur, Seyðisfjörður.¹

This doctoral research investigates community aesthetics within climate emergencies through a spatial arts community practice while living in the East Iceland town of Seyðisfjörður, wherein I come to critically reflect on my ethical approach to designing community events and festivals, restoring civic houses and other ruins. The research maps a genealogy of my practice, specifically with a concern for sustaining communities in the face of climate emergency including gradual shifts in traditional livelihoods as well as immediate threats of loss and collapse within environmental surrounds of its community site.

¹ Excerpt drawn from information sign created by Celia Harrison in collaboration with Elfa Hlin Pétursdóttir for Mulaþing Municipality 2021. <https://visitseydisfjordur.com/landslides-of-seydisfjordur/> Accessed February 2, 2022.

A grounding principle for this research has been to locate my ethical and critical methods for self-examination and reflection on my community praxis while working within fixed, linear, deadlines, curating strategic and operational roles with a diverse range of artistic individuals from local and international spheres. My manifold roles, renovating and programming civic ruins, creating and producing festivals, often make my practice feel shadowy, somewhat difficult to define. This research adapts its critical spatial methodology from Jane Rendell's site-writing-reviewing procedures which invites *others* into its methods for self-review. Guided by Rendell, my methodology hones methods of 'reviewing' through what I term 'atlasing', mapping my community site of Seyðisfjörður and its wider environmental surrounds with as many *others* I encounter over a slow, durational practice of living and working locally. I come to call these *others*, 'aliases', and they near me in regions of shadows. These 'aliases' are my ecology of 'shared species' and are many, varied, infinite and eternal. Shared species include weather, seasons, flora, biota, and fauna; species of humans, specifically the 'locals' who manifest in social rituals and habits of everyday shifts; species of elsewhere: I am a tourist, a traveler, an immigrant; species of time that dwell in eons within this region, evocative of 'deep time' and 'kairos' concepts; and species of those I have nothing explicit in common with, yet sense in shadows of nearing and withdrawal. Relational terms, such as 'nearing' and 'withdrawal' express my modes of attunement for being in relation to the wider environment. I term such relations 'mutual attention' to define my critical and ethical relationship enabling self-inspection while living locally and coming from afar.²

I develop a range of creative 'atlases' as guiding methods of critical and ethical self-reflection, manifesting through mediums of poetic writing, photo-essaying, photography, printmaking, sound recordings, live-camera-feeds, and letters. Alias-atlasing is the term for my methodological site-writing contribution and demonstrates processes for reviewing one's creative practice, whereby reviewing comes from the place of otherness—what humans call nature and what this research terms 'community aesthesis'. This approach offers the space and time for materializing my understanding of my site and how I come to create and produce my community aesthesis within my events and renovations. This critical and ethical approach feeds into my work within the town of Seyðisfjörður and three key sites held within this research I come to call infrastructures: **Herðubreið**, a civic ruin I restored and sustain through a range of social, everyday, and artistic, programmes: **List í ljósi**, a light festival

² In my glossary of key research terms which follows this abstract, I bring together names of thinkers with originating concepts assisting this research. For example, terms such as 'nearing' and 'withdrawal' evoke the likes of Elizabeth Povinelli and Martin Heidegger. The glossary aims for a concise link between abstract and body of exegesis.

I've created and co-produce annually for welcoming the return of the sun after four months of winter shadow; and **Gamla Bakari** ruin, which comes to conclude my research and for which, after the devastating landslides of 2020 (narrated above), I am restoring into my home and begin programming its future as an artist residency, its Open House.

In bringing together my guiding and grounding principles, my research attempts to 'speak' with other voices of this community and in doing so devise iterative festivals and socio-cultural programmes for offering others artistic approaches that listen by going slowly and touching lightly on its local terrain. In doing this research, I've come to understand that my critical and ethical significance lies in dwelling as a local resident and how this everyday living is inseparable from my community spatial arts practice. Further, my research keys into effects of late industrial processes shaping anthropogenic habits and calls myself into ethico-political question within the dangers and ease that occurs when community creative practices fall prey to monumentalizing or memorializing local place. My genealogy as a spatial designer, who is responsible for creating annual large-scale festivals, finds itself held right within the centre of these anthropogenic habits. This practice is now guided by its concern for sustaining communities over and above commercial takeovers, even those framed in eco-tourism. My first-hand experience, dwelling in Seyðisfjörður during a large-scale climate emergency that hit the town in December 2020, my PhD research mid-point, elicits many ways in which my creative infrastructural contributions support this community in times of crisis. In conclusion, the research reveals the living-on of such support, for which my new home in the Gamla Bakari reflects all components of this thesis.

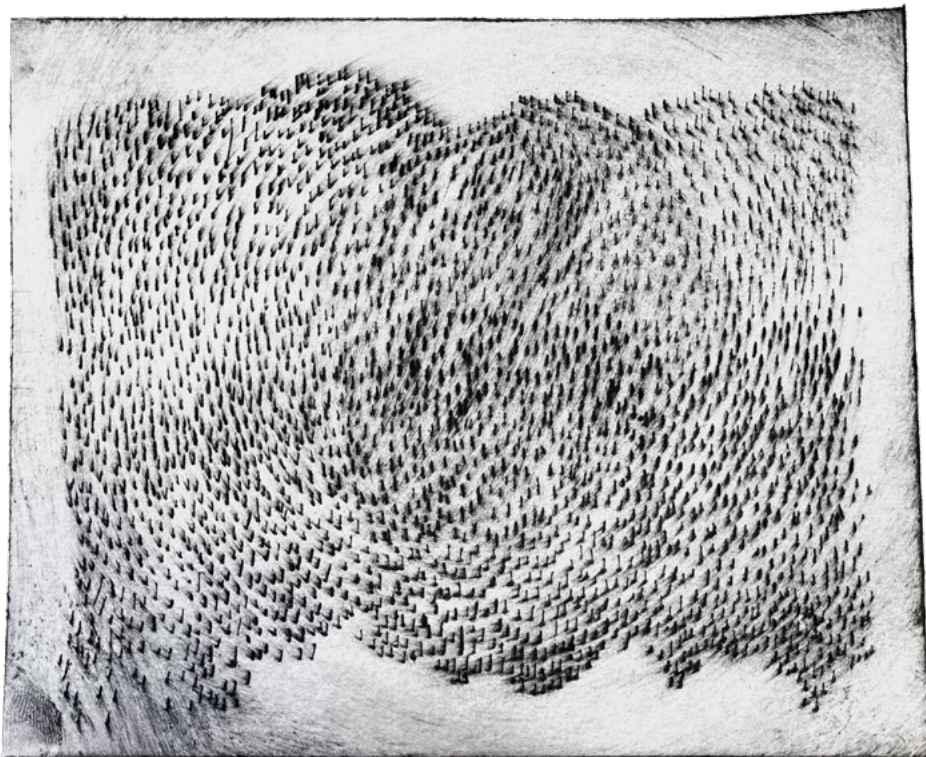


Fig 5. Endless rain.
Celia Harrison. Drypoint
intaglio print on paper.
Seyðisfjörður, 2020.

Glossary of Key Research Terms

Aliases

Aliases came to me as shadow guides for nearing my site and coming to understand being with other species such as migrating birds, or shifting weather conditions, or everyday habits of swimming in the fjord and walking. These poetic guides, other species or entities, narrate fragments of practices in coming to understand my site as something never fully knowable—thus shadowy. More profoundly, for my research understanding, aliases have come to show me in relation to myself, calling me into ethical and critical question with my responsibility for the other—this community of Seyðisfjörður.

Atlas

Coming from a spatial design discipline, the term 'atlas' is opened by taking it out of traditional master discourses such as cartography with its 'bird's/God's eye view' design of the world. In doing so, I'm guided by others such as Guilano Bruno,³ Aby Warburg,⁴ and Walter Benjamin,⁵ who activate this term creatively. Other terms housed under atlas are 'mosaic', 'mapping' and 'documents' that appear sporadically throughout the exegesis. Atlas here thinks with fragments, such as Benjamin's mosaic who suggests:

Just as mosaics preserve their majesty despite their fragmentation into capricious particles, so philosophical contemplation is not lacking in momentum. Both are made up of the distinct and the disparate; and nothing could bear more powerful testimony to the transcendent force of the sacred image and the truth itself...⁶

I get lost in thinking and making as I near minute details, then withdraw, reflect, and observe a larger work.

Alias-atlasing

The joining of alias and atlasing is the research methodology that situates me

3 Giuliana Bruno, *Atlas of Emotion: Journeys in Art, Architecture, and Film* (New York: Verso, 2002).

4 Aby Warburg's *Mnemosyne Atlas* transformed the notions of what an 'atlas' should be through assemblage and sequencing of cosmographic and art-historical images that create dynamic "thought-spaces." "About the Mnemosyne Atlas." Accessed May 30, 2022. <https://warburg.library.cornell.edu/about>.

5 Walter Benjamin, *The Origin of German Tragic Drama*, Trans. John Osborne (London/New York: Verso, 1998).

6 Benjamin, 28-29.

within my community and my site. Alias-atlasing activates social ecologies with other shared species and poetic guides (the aliases) through deep time and space and the present community of Seyðisfjörður. As a methodology, I map my site with others; akin to Jane Rendell's site-writing-reviewing methodology which performs as a shadow term to alias-atlasing. Aliases perform in my creative practice through the making of atlases. Alias-atlases demonstrate the motility of site and house 'documents' made of diaries of image and texts, printmaking works, and photomontages, all narrate my manifold roles within my three key infrastructures (Herðubreið, List í ljósi, Gamla Bakari). These atlases are not viewed as dead material echoing what has occurred, rather, they are 'documents' for working on, seeding possible futures. In the Appendices, three concertina alias-atlases (of print and digital modalities) express creative processes nearing me to my research site.

Climate Emergency

Climate emergency manifests for how a practice of community aesthetic can be sustained, or sustains, within the reality of global climate extremes. I'm guided by creative practitioners such as Amitav Ghosh⁷ and Elizabeth Povinelli⁸ who assist me in critically and creatively withdrawing from my community praxis so as to near the imminence of climate emergency within my site. Ghosh challenges the limits of his literary fields when it comes to tackling climate emergency and withdraws into writing non-fiction as his practice of critique, all the while nearing fictional literature. Povinelli's films withdraw her from traditions of anthropology and philosophy and near her to understanding her research (as other) working with Australia-Indigenous Karrabing collective.⁹ Ghosh and Povinelli show me creative strategies for gaining critical distance to reflect on my community practice within realities of climate emergencies. With the collapse of the Seyðisfjörður mountain in 2020, caused by unprecedented rain, I near my critical, ethical community-praxis (of aesthetic) as inseparable from everyday life within climate emergency of the planet.

Community Aesthetics

Aesthetics, housed within my research title, prompts an artistic practice for being social, inseparable from everyday habits shaped by relations to the surrounding environment. Aesthetics is understood as a perception of the external world by the senses. In this research, it becomes a communal act, always already in relation to others. I attempt to dismantle binaries of inside/

7 Amitav Ghosh, *The Great Derangement: Climate Change and the Unthinkable* (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 2017).

8 Elizabeth Povinelli, *Geontologies: A Requiem to Late Liberalism* (Durham London: Duke University Press, 2016).

9 "Info." Karrabing Film Corporation. Accessed November 20, 2021. <https://karrabing.info/>.

outside whereby in arriving at my research site from Aotearoa, its (othering) shadow imbues my senses of my site. My aesthesis senses both, together, in relation. Aesthesis becomes a companion term of praxis. Community Aesthesis emerges as a performative, continuous process through a site-writing-reviewing methodology, termed in this research as alias-atlasing. This social process models ways for multi-disciplinary art practitioners and creative facilitators to reflect on their practices of working with communities whereby, the agency of reviewing comes from the community.

Infrastructures

My research genealogy in Spatial Design hones the architectonic term 'infrastructures' to describe the manifold community sites comprising my practice. My methodological approaches implement Alias-Atlases of spatial mapping wherein the infrastructures are those key practice-based projects sited in 'Herðubreið', 'List í ljósi' and 'Gamla Bakari'. Correspondingly, the term describes my way of utilising community infrastructures within a site by implementing new structures, materials, or methods.

Kairos-interludes

Kairos translates from Ancient Greek as the 'right time' or 'opportune moment' intersecting with its counterpart Chronos understood as 'chronological time'. I am drawn to Olga Tokarczuk's poetic description of Kairos in her novel *Flights* where we come to encounter the Greek figure of Kairos, in an activity of sculpting landscapes, enduring time. One description stands out for me:

Take Kairos, who always operates at the intersection of linear, human time and divine time – circular time. And at the intersection between place and time, at that moment that opens up for just a little while, to situate that single, right, unrepeatable possibility. The point where the straight line that runs from nowhere to nowhere makes – for one moment – contact with the circle.¹⁰

Interludes are reflective moments we pause; interleaving connective relationships of shared species and a creative research practice.

I have adopted Kairos-interludes, in Tokarczuk's sense, to describe where my research has moments of epiphany with shared species through what has endured through eons in the sculpted landscapes we inhabit; in a looping motif. These kairos-interludes perform significant research moments, nearing me to different ecologies and species (aliases) of my site. I imaginatively transpose the kairos-interludes as cloud formation snakes, weaving through my mountainous site, eventually coming to settle me into my Gamla Bakari home on the fjord, where this research concludes. These kairos-interludes are

fragmentary formations that build my montage expression for alias-atlasing, a language which I consolidate in my three final folding alias-atlases, which accompany the exegesis. Kairos-interludes weave through my exegesis as written poetic interludes designed on green paper stock.

Memorializing

Significant losses and traumas tremble in the climate emergency events I discuss in my exegesis and those I live through in-situ. My practice listens to losses within myself to understand wherein these grievances dwell in relation to my community praxis. I listen to shared grief in the community and discourses of ecological grief (such as the official marker for declaring an Iceland glacier extinct). In doing so, my research practice attempts to avoid repeating habits of mastery, anthropocentrism and other human-centred gestures that memorialize 'Nature', of which can sometimes be inherent in art and design approaches. My research asks how we come to recognise these creative gestures that document our own implicit roles within climate emergencies. It is not easy, and at times I fail. Through these failures, I gain a deeper understanding for an approach that allows for these withdrawals through nearing other species, slowly, over time, within my site.

Monumentalizing

As with memorializing, this practice of community aesthesis perceives monumentalizing as a grand gesture that often, (sometimes) without realising, can appropriate local habitats. The community art and design practices I analyse in this research, are close to my own and mostly come through first-hand experience of them in Iceland. Some of which I've encountered pitfalls of monumentalizing local sites. My community praxis attempts to breathe daily living into a site, mitigating monumentalizing of site, through forging inseparable processes of nearing my ethical and creative contributions to where I dwell.

Mutual Attention

This term comes from Elizabeth Povinelli and her work with Indigenous Karrabing¹¹ colleagues in Australia where they perceive things are neither born, nor die—rather that they exist in mutual attention. Through the Karrabing, Povinelli perceives this difference of mutual attention between concepts of appearance and manifestation: “when something not merely appears to something or someone else but discloses itself as a comment on the coordination, orientation, and obligation of local existents.”¹² Mutual attention is seeing difference, calling into question the way we perceive and going along with other while staying other.

11 Karrabing Film Corporation. Accessed May 30, 2022. <https://karrabing.info/>.

12 Povinelli, 60.

Povinelli calls us to extend our views beyond the powers governing us, so we don't idealize the other, and rather, deconstruct our biases and attitudes. In this research, mutual attention is the manifestation of the wholly other that shows me the potential of difference in the shadows of unknowable withdrawal and unknowable nearing. Mutual attention assists my critical distance.

Nearing

Nearing is a relational term to withdrawal. Nearing manifests in openness or the ethos of being open toward what is wholly other whereby things change state. Nearing does not foreclose an end point, rather it is an attunement of imaginative belonging. In philosophical terms, I am assisted by Martin Heidegger who has spoken of nearing in his relation to 'going-along-with' other species for the sake of more fully understanding the being of being human as part of a wider ecology of beings.¹³ This term aligns with Povinelli and Mutual Attention in seeing that all species exist alongside, including in times of withdrawal from each other as well as nearing.¹⁴ I have neared my site over a long period of time through going along with by listening, silence, patience, and touching lightly, for an ethos of living within a community, implementing events inextricably linked to everyday Seyðisfjörður community life.

Praxis

McKenzie Wark assists my understanding of praxis, who thinks praxis as the many formations of otherness, construed as sites for creative works in relation to creative thinking within everyday happenings.¹⁵ I interpret these many formations of otherness as shared species (aliases). Praxis is thus a temporalising of 'coming-into-being' in-situ with the community. I use this term to understand my 'type' of community art practice that cannot be made separate from daily living. My praxis is such that it is infrastructurally part of a place. Thus, my creative programmes and methods attempt to hold to a future as a critical and ethical praxis of being-with-others. Aesthesis and praxis are

13 Steve Baker puts it this way:

Heidegger's concern was to understand the animal in its otherness, and to let that otherness be. This understanding was to be achieved, he proposed, through an imaginative transposition of the human into an animal. In this "self-transposition," "the other being is precisely supposed to remain what it is and how it is. Transposing oneself into this being means . . . being able to go along with the other being while remaining other with respect to it.

Steve, Baker. *Sloughing the Human. In Zoontologies: The Question of the Animal*. Edited by Wolfe, Cary. (Minneapolis, MN: University of Minnesota Press, 2003), 160.

14 Povinelli, 28.

15 Wark writes: "Praxis here might mean a coming- into-being through the encounter with something other, an encounter which necessitates a moment of both transformation and reflection." McKenzie Wark, *The Beach Beneath the Street* (London: Verso, 2011), 97.

companion terms.

Shadows

The term 'shadows' is folded within the exegesis, and in the title, by its figurative and geographical doing through dwelling under the mountain and in its shadows, while inhabiting the social and cultural way of life. I come to understand my praxis attuned by shadows. Enduring shadows cast by Seyðisfjörður's 'broad-shouldered' mountains that occlude the direct sun for many months of the year, which inaugurated my annual light festival 'List í ljósi' aka 'Return of the Sun'. Excessive time spent indoors shaped the programming of Herðubreið Community and Culture Centre, and the Gamla Bakari restoration is both shadows of nearing (ruin) and withdrawing (living-on) from the landslides. Shadows portray my conceptual approach to thinking through withdrawal, where being lost affirms a less mastered attitude and nears aesthesis toward our social potential with other shared species. Within shadows, an ethics toward the other arrives.

Shared Species

Shared species is a relational term to aliases. I adopt this term from Elizabeth Povinelli who stages the horizon for seeing other paradigms of being human with her work and in doing so comes to recognise human failures for being social with shared species of life. In her biopolitical work, I understand this shared species as part of an ongoing post-human discussion, whereby I come to a better understanding of different forces of life. My aesthesis on different paradigms of species are shown in the people I walk with and their shared species such as Povinelli and her desert,¹⁶ McKenzie Wark and her beach,¹⁷ Amitav Ghosh and his river,¹⁸ Walter Benjamin and his forest¹⁹ and Jane Rendell and her dream.²⁰ These guides evoke a non-mastery attitude and demonstrate my going along with other species and its paired term, Aliases.

16 Elizabeth Povinelli. "Geontologies: The Concept and Its Territories." *Flux journal* #81 (2017) <https://www.e-flux.com/journal/81/123372/geontologies-the-concept-and-its-territories/>.

17 Wark, (2011).

18 Ghosh, (2017).

19 Walter Benjamin, *Toward the Critique of Violence: A Critical Edition*, ed. P. Frenes & J. Ng. (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 2021).

20 Jane Rendell, *Site-Writing – The Architecture of Art Criticism* (London: New York: I.B Tauris & Co, 2010), 140.

Site-Writing

Site-writing builds on the critical spatial practice of Jane Rendell's site-writing-reviewing architecture of art criticism. I take Rendell's hyphenated '—reviewing' as a spatial invitation for working with others of the community and those shared species that dwell in shadows—wholly other (another glossary research term) to/with me. Site-writing-reviewing is always practicing with the other, and is my methodological approach to this research, under my site-writing translation, *Alias-Atlasing: Mapping my site with others*. Through collaborative review processes that take form in festivals, renovations, installations, programs and print-making practices, a sustainable praxis of community events emerges through these iterative procedures. This methodology calls me into question for self-inspection with how I am sited within this town, Seyðisfjörður. Site-writing therefore becomes a shadow term of my methodology *Alias-Atlasing*.

Wholly Other

Wholly Other is an ethical positioning. It positions me (as a researcher) in relation to others and calls my being into ethical question in working and living with others. Alphonso Lingis is my key philosopher of ethics, whose own thinking is underpinned by Emmanuel Levinas' phenomenon of the wholly other. Lingis shows me this ethical way as a relational phenomenon that calls for self-inspection by holding ourselves open to understanding differences we encounter. As such, I question myself ethically through what appears unknown or strange, that which resides in regions of shadows. In my research, this relational phenomenon of the Wholly Other arrives through encounters I have with shared species or aliases.

Withdrawal

As with nearing, withdrawal is its relational (spatio-temporal) shadow. In this research it's an affirmative term for alerting me to take care in relation to its community and the threats of climate emergency. In doing this research I have gained critical distance (withdrawal) through mutually attending to where my practice has strayed into commercial pitfalls and moved too quickly to understand/act on behalf of the community I'm working with. Withdrawal evokes uncertainty within shadows.



Introduction

I first came to Seyðisfjörður in Iceland as an artist in residence in 2015. I stepped into the foreign contours of an unfamiliar site, following in the footsteps of artists and poets, both from here and from afar, drawn to Iceland's expansive land and the specific way the light illuminates its landscape. When I arrived by ferry from Denmark, the Dalalæða (valley-snake) - a waist-deep fog had settled in the fjord, and I could just make out the town Seyðisfjörður, nestled beneath mountain shadows. Wrapped in its visceral blanket, I could feel the mountain's presence holding me. This remote east-Icelandic community of 670 inhabitants is situated on a deep fjord within an extensive mountain range Fjarðarheiði. Mt. Bjólfur (1085m) stands to the west, and Strandatindur (1010m) to the east, yearly occluding the sun for four months. Over my slow durational stay here, I move nearer to my research site, to Seyðisfjörður's surrounds and its township of people who have dwelt in these mountain shadows, enduring its shifting climates, for centuries.

Climate Emergency shapes this research inquiry as I come to witness a town whose once-thriving herring fishing industry vanish, due to warming waters in the fjord. Seyðisfjörður's climate poses unique extremes to me and for this research. Its harsh winters and small-town population, alongside rapid socio-economic shifts, since the 1950s, are unlike any social or geographical community I have lived and worked within. As such, this site demands urgent questioning about my creative contribution as a spatial artist for sustaining communities within the reality of global climate extremes. Within this site, my research practice responds to on-flows of anthropogenic habits, and impacts of climate emergency, gauging these effects within Seyðisfjörður community. My community aesthesis is a practice of survival, an endurance responding to the deep time aesthesis of this place, for its future.

Fig 6. Seyðisfjörður Harbour. Digital image, Celia Harrison. Seyðisfjörður, 2015.

*Shadows near me,
rippling deeptime history.*

My shadow thinking and making is situated with spatial thinkers whose work acknowledges our ecologies of shared species. In my following review, its shadow narrative expands my cultural and social imagination for practice-led research, refolding around developing expressions of community aesthesis. The term aesthesis²¹ positions this research, coming to understand its site through a community's endurance, living within mountain shadows. Community Aesthesis becomes a key thematic demonstrating my research attempts to reposition sense perception as communal, of a world, without clear border demarcations. Community is forged in becoming mutually attentive. My glossary bridges key research terms such as Shadows, Community Aesthesis, Mutual Attention, and Climate Emergency, to assist entry into this exegesis.

My research situates me between two poles, between my current home in Iceland, and where I come from, Aotearoa New Zealand. Aotearoa's landscape partially shapes my social and cultural belonging.²² I am a descendent of one of the first British missionaries to arrive in Aotearoa in 1822. As a seventh generation Pākehā, I continue to grapple with my settler culture ancestry and these onflow effects in relation to Indigenous Māori of Aotearoa. My settler history sparks consciousness for my practice when I arrive as non-Indigenous to any place within another's land. My community praxis alerts me to the ways I near, coming from elsewhere, where I reside in shadows with the intention to tread lightly, to ensure my footprints do not leave any resounding signs of human mastery, for futures to come.

21 Aesthesis in dictionary form is a noun for 'the perception of the external world by the senses.' See <https://www.lexico.com/definition/aesthesis> (Accessed January 10 2022). I have come across this term within some philosophical writing cited in my literature review. I quote from Heather Davis and Etienne Turpin who suggest: "It is not from some desire to add another conjunctive term to the growing literature on the Anthropocene that we turn to art; rather art, as the vehicle of aesthesis, is central to thinking with and feeling through the Anthropocene. And we believe the inherent relation between the two occurs at a number of strata and across various scales." Heather Davis and Etienne Turpin. *Art in the Anthropocene: Encounters Among Aesthetics, Politics, Environments and Epistemologies* (Open Humanities Press: London, 1995), 17. In these contexts, the term arrives in the perception of the world by the senses without inside/outside binary.

22 Coming from Aotearoa New Zealand, I acknowledge how Indigenous Māori site their cultural belonging by referencing their history, culture, and Whakapapa (ancestry) through a formal introduction known as a Pepeha. They most often cite their landscapes within it, such as mountains and bodies of water. These cultural differences show connections across me, this research, Iceland, and Aotearoa. My introduction is not a form of Pepeha, though in nearing my bi-cultural origins, these ways of belonging resonate with me deep beyond national designations.

It's starting to drizzle when we arrive at Stykkishólmer, a small town in West Iceland. I am here to visit Roni Horn's 2007 Vatnasafn (Library of Water), installed on a coastal promontory. Palatial. Her Library is no longer a temple of books; they moved them all in boxes down into the town to a less austere place. Horn's Library holds every Iceland glacier sampled in glass pillars to retain our memory of them. When we drive up to the Vatnasafn, it's locked up, and we realise we need to collect a keycode from the gift shop back down the hill. When we return to unlock the door, the most potent aroma of volcanized rubber strangles our throats. A large sign guides us to those blue surgical booties we must slip onto our feet. We pad around the rubber floor, a mustard-golden colour where English and Icelandic words relating to weather scatter its surface. The Icelandic language comprises hundreds of words to describe weather and here I note the room absorb all sounds. In many ways, the Library of Water by Roni Horn is a piece about the crisis and threat of

Iceland's imminent future, its over industrialized and polluted forms. 'It's a monument to melancholy and recovery and hope for the world'ⁱ Eileen Myles writes.

Melancholy. Recovery. Hope. Myles's words echo around the Vatnasafn monument, and I imagine I can find these words etched into the rubber floor. The words align with my own within the aims of this research, though I need to linger on my encounter with Horn's monument. I am somewhat troubled by art as monumental. I am pausing to reflect on my own 'foreignness' within this landscape and with an ethos like Horn to creatively install creative works for Iceland for its future within our age of climate emergency. I sense within this temple setting that something has been removed from the everyday community ethos of Iceland. Here, memory, recovery and hope are monumentalizing nature that might further remove me from the intimacy of my environmental surroundings.

i Eileen Myles, *The Importance of Being Iceland: Travel Essays in Art* (Los Angeles/Cambridge: MIT Press, 2009), 36.

I'm moving through Horn's twenty-four glass columns, each holding water from Iceland's twenty-four glaciers and standing at intervals throughout an otherwise emptied space. At different angles, they refract light. It reminds me of an aquarium setting absent of fish. I can feel I'm being drawn closer to my research site, though, through a strange reversal if Horn's work were to be the waters of Icelandic fjords and these empty columns were to show the absence of herring due to warming waters. Yet, this is not Horn's work, and instead, the absence or melancholy it evokes in me as I stand at the bay windows is the loss of the original community library filled with people and books, noise, and silence. I turn outside to view the ocean, boats, and a swimming pool, hoping to see more signs of everyday life beyond. What happens at night? Perhaps Horn's Vatnasafn comes into being more profoundly enveloped in darkness, alive emptiness, devoid of sound when the locked doors have overcome the shuffle of people in their blue surgical slippers. The aroma of vulcanized rubber and the austerity of precious materials, vacuum-sealed books behind glass

are left alone to coexist in a new life to make this monument speak. In the night, I imagine the Library turning around itself without any need for a community's original programmes and practices. The place was conceived to accommodate the community with yoga classes, meetings, events, and town affairs, with the lower floor of the building, a writer's residency. When I visit in 2021, OK Glacier has already disappeared, and other glaciers have been receding long since Vatnasafn opened in 2007. It is now rarely used by locals. As I sense Vatnasafn withdraw from its community, Horn's work asks me, how does my practice of community aesthetics near its people, sustained by the very nature of climate emergency and turn away from monumentality in such nearing? As I leave, I find myself under way with moving home through foreign shadows, assisted by this important research visit.

Then doing what every local does—I go swimming.



Fig 7. Mountain Shadows. Digital image, Celia Harrison. Seyðisfjörður, 2019.

From elsewhere, I arrived in Iceland, a country providing inspiration for many ‘elsewhere’ artists. Iceland has inspired American visual artist Roni Horn²³ since her first visit in 1975 and whose 2007 *Vatnasafn* (Library of Water) in Stykkishólmur, I discuss up front, observing inadvertent signs of appropriation of a community site, although the work comes from a place of care. This research opens here, opening me to an ethos for being mindful of the dangers of monumentalizing place. As I move through, I reflect on my creative practice for moments where it too succumbs to commercial pressures, importing assumptions of culture and social milieus, or memorializing nature and ignoring ecologies of other shared species. My rationale for doing a practice-led PhD starts here, understanding the need for taking time to know a place and its site. Now, longevity anchors my approach to community practice.

In opening the exegesis with my encounter of Horn’s permanently installed *Vatnasafn*/Library of Water in the small town of Stykkishólmur,

23 “Roni Horn,” Hauser & Wirth, May 19, 2022, <https://www.hauserwirth.com/artists/2790-roni-horn/>.

I register the inadvertent appropriation of a community site in Iceland because it alerts me to a critical refusal for this research. I would like to note Horn's significant standing in Iceland and the genuine inspiration I've drawn from her body of works, however, my sense impressions of this monumental 'Library' reveal something beyond Horn's work or my own. In displacing a local community from its locale for 'art tourism', as inhabitants of Stykkishólmur relayed to me, my critique faces into the dangers of monumentalism within art. Especially when the ethos of an artwork is to offer its Icelandic community a place to mourn and gain hope through remembrance, as cited earlier by Eileen Myles. My question concerns how particular monumental art practices also fail to mourn, remember, and/or offer hope to local communities in relation to their imminently situated climate emergencies. I will leave these concerns suspended as I move through the course of my research, taking my practice as my site for critical inspection.

Twelve years ago, I finished my last postgraduate work that resulted in a public light festival, Art in the Dark²⁴ in Aotearoa. After five years of iterations, it outgrew its genuine community ethos through increasing advances of commercial dominance reflected by the scale of artists and sponsors. Both groups signified the festival's success in terms of international notoriety. Further, the scale of attending audiences, alongside the yearly accrual of mass media, left me little time to reflect on the community merits of the festival until commercial dominance became my point for its permanent closure. In coming to discuss my first significant event in Seyðisfjörður, also a light festival, I demonstrate how my community practice has shifted and become wiser, though not entirely free of commercial pitfalls. Instead, like all communities, my practice adapts, nears, and withdraws within the currents of markets, questioning these realities for communal sustainability. This is a practice that originates in art and design, and as Horn's practice shows, are fields enmeshed in markets.

This doctoral research investigates community aesthesis within climate emergencies through a spatial discipline by designing creative festivals, events, civic houses and restoring civic ruins. Guided by a concern

24 Art in the Dark Festival ran from 2010-2015 in Auckland's Tuna Mau, (Western Park). I created it as my honours research project *To Catalyze Community* that centered around the nature of participatory 'communities' in event design and the broader implications for contemporary urban sociality. Held at night, the event installed a temporary collection of illuminated artworks including installations, projections and performances into Western Park. The success of the festival accrued accolades like Best Awards Gold in Spatial Design 2011 as well as a successful five-year event career in Auckland. According to the Auckland Herald 'The free event was considered a highlight of Auckland's arts calendar, featuring works by both local and international artists. More than 150,000 visitors were drawn to the night-time festival, which has been held every November since 2009.' Accessed January 31, 2022. <https://www.nzherald.co.nz/entertainment/aucklands-art-in-the-dark-festival-cancelled-due-to-lack-of-funding/4ZPZ355ODDD3JV6JW6QT22M6E4/>.



Fig 8. Vatnasafn / Library of Water, Róni Horn. Digital image, Celia Harrison. Stykkishólmer, 2021.

for sustaining communities over and above commercial takeovers, the research faces into global anthropogenic winds of today's climate crises, responding to its impact on community life.

I open Part One with my deep-time aliases, *The Walkers*, and conclude with Olga Tokarczuk's *Kairos* (from *Flights*). In doing so, a temporal performance structures how my spatial practice is a spatio-temporal one, guided by different aliases. My Literature Review opens with a concern for 'deep time' as the encounter for how eons of time have sculpted landscapes, we (humans) live amidst. I've sourced my poetic imagination of 'deep time' through the literary imaginations of Robert Macfarlane,²⁵ Amitav Ghosh,²⁶ and Tokarczuk.²⁷ I glean that 'deep time' is more than an encounter of here

25 Robert Macfarlane, *Underland: A Deep Time Journey* (London: Penguin Books, 2020).

26 Amitav Ghosh, *The Great Derangement: Climate Change and the Unthinkable* (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 2017).

27 Olga Tokarczuk, *Flights*. Trans. J. Croft (New York: Riverhead Books, 2017).

and now, but time sustained, enduring in shadows, dwelling already and always within us, and our future. Conceptually, longevity develops in Part One through nearing Walter Benjamin's²⁸ literary-fragmentary thinking, whereby his world flashes with (deep) past recognition. In his urban world, I follow Michel Foucault's Nietzschean 'spark' as the relational flash between two objects or subjects.²⁹ Here, understanding is not the certainty of this or that substance, but rather what happens when things interact. I return to Benjamin, gathering from his 'temporal data',³⁰ fragments of ruins, where I come to understand my site through the ruins of the town, assembling temporal data on deep shifts of industry and climate. I consider, within Benjamin, the melancholy of nature, conversing silently and his invitation to take time to listen. Art, for Benjamin, is one way of listening, bonding humans to a primordial 'shared sphere' with nature that comes by way of getting ourselves lost.

Part One joins others in 'getting lost'. Among them are Rebecca Solnit,³¹ Martin Heidegger³² and Alphonso Lingis.³³ Solnit nears Benjamin to get lost, happening at those moments conscious knowing departs. Then, with Heidegger, I pass through the foreign to get home, exemplifying human existence as perennially homelessness. In this region, I listen with Lingis to the deep time murmurs of the world for hearing primordial sounds, nearing to Benjamin's shared sphere of nature, which offers a lesson in learning to listen to loss. From this 'shared sphere', I gather with a community of things, listening 'better' to nature-speak through Amitav Ghosh's river that comes to ask him for recognition by staying with his deep time ancestors. He perceives the importance for listening to multi-generational voices, for how his ancestral roots depended on nature (the river), enduring ongoing natural disasters. I near core themes for understanding deep time discourses on climate emergency, learning to live less reactively, reducing my fears of what is unpredictable. Ghosh's enduring river reveals only the predictable uncertainty of nature, unforeseen and ongoing events of natural collapse. Iceland's Okjökull

28 Walter Benjamin, *The Arcades Project* (First Harvard University Press paperback edition: Cambridge, Massachusetts London, England, The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press 2002).

29 Michel Foucault and Paul Rabinow, *Essential Works of Foucault, 1954-1984* (London: Penguin Books, 2000), 8.

30 Walter Benjamin, *Toward the Critique of Violence: A Critical Edition*, ed. P. Frenes & J. Ng. (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 2021).

31 Rebecca Solnit, *A Field Guide to Getting Lost* (London: Penguin, 2006).

32 Martin Heidegger, *The Question Concerning Technology. In: The Question Concerning Technology and Other Essays* (New York and London. Garland Publishing, 1977).

33 Alphonso Lingis, *The Community of Those Who Have Nothing in Common* (Bloomington and Indianapolis: Indiana University Press, 1994).



Fig 9. Art in the Dark Festival. Digital image, Elizabeth Clarkson. Auckland, 2012.

Glacier's extinction and Aotearoa's Whakaari [White Island's eruption] spurs my research questions around memorializing nature as an act of human loss. My community practice becomes more aware of these dangers for monumentalizing and memorializing grief in ecological requiems. I withdraw to reflect on how I practice an ethics of community and when my praxis might fall short through unsustainable practices.

I dwell with Lingis, who thinks all humans are bonded by our knowledge of mortality. Pavinelli assists me to think about mortality, loss, life-death spectrum with her work with Karrabing,³⁴ the Indigenous filmmaking collective of Northern Territories, Australia. Within Pavinelli's work with the Karrabing collective, I become mutually attentive to a wholly other existence, beyond life/death binaries. Underpinned by Emmanuel Levinas, my ethical attention ties to Lingis' wholly other, highlighting my ethical demand comes from the alterity of otherness. Wholly other, thus nears me to nature as the research faces its environmental surroundings, the wholly other mountains of Seyðisfjörður—specifically its mute, changing, region of shadows for which its land-sliding alterity calls this community into question. Jane Rendell³⁵ aids with critical methodological support for site-writing, a community practice or writing with others. Site-writing, writing-with-others, develops in my *alias-atlasing* methods. In doing so, these methods acknowledge my community practices arise through working collaboratively, with shared species (*aliases*)

34 "Karrabing Indigenous Corporation." Karrabing Film Corporation. November 20, 2021. <https://karrabing.info/>.

35 Jane Rendell, *Site-Writing – The Architecture of Art Criticism* (London: New York: I.B Tauris & Co, 2010).

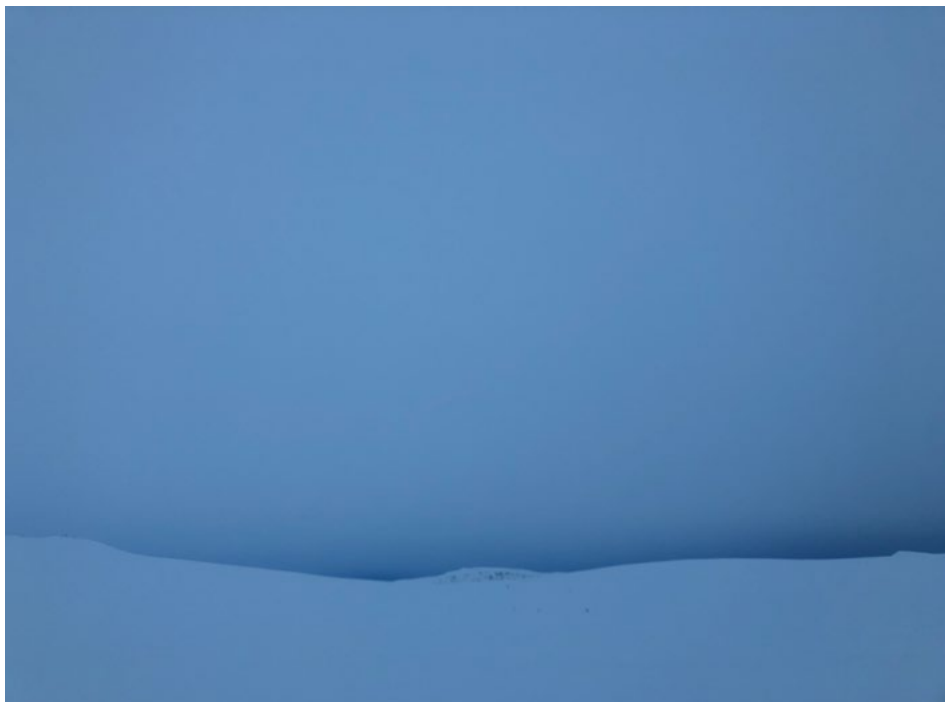


Fig 10. Getting Lost.
Digital image, Celia
Harrison. Seyðisfjörður,
2019.

of place: Its people, geography, fauna, flora, seasons, rituals, everyday life and so on. *Aliases* assist in opening me toward the foreign 'face' of an awe-inspiring site, nearing shared-species that guide me, augmenting my perceptions, assisting my methodology of site-writing-otherness. Mid-way through the review, *Nearing-Events* is where I discuss anthropogenic losses nearing Elizabeth Povinelli³⁶ for how, with Ghosh, ecological grief becomes linked to processes of industrialisation and imperialism. Her complex concepts of geontology, geontopower, Life and Nonlife, in my analysis, site-writes with non-settler cultures to understand other paradigms of life for understanding where she stands, her inherited biases from settler culture and disciplines. A vantage of mutual attention. Mackenzie Wark³⁷ further extends my view to Povinelli's mutual attention, and with them both, I listen to where I stand within murmurs of Icelandic surrounds.

In the final *Nearing Time* section of Part One, ethical relations with the other come to my understanding through travel modes lensed through artistic practices. My Iceland 'off-campus' candidature necessitates a yearly journey to Aotearoa for three-month periods. At these times, my travel companions of Chantal Akerman,³⁸ Chris Marker,³⁹ Giuliano Bruno,⁴⁰ Abbas Kiarostami,⁴¹ Gavin Hipkins,⁴² and Alphonso Lingis offer me thinking otherness through themes of ethics, foreignness, spatio-temporal ways for reflecting and representing others that calls me into question. Temporality inaugurates spatial moments of recognition, where my foreign surroundings and species call me into question, intersecting my linear interpretations of time through transitory moments of *kairos*; for example, nearing flight paths of arctic terns (Kría), my practice site-writes with shared species as seasons shift, birds migrate, and the sun returns at the same moment it withdraws. Through transitory and fragmentary lenses, the research builds its community aesthesis at times of feeling disorientated, lost or distanced and paradoxically moves the research closer to my ontological questioning about human 'belonging' *with* other shared species.

36 Elizabeth Povinelli, *Geontologies: A Requiem to Late Liberalism* (Durham London: Duke University Press, 2016).

37 McKenzie Wark, *The Beach Beneath the Street: The Everyday Life and Glorious Times of the Situationist International* (London; New York: Verso, 2011).

38 "Chantal Akerman: Films." Fondation Chantal Akerman, May 19, 2022. <https://chantalakerman.foundation/genres/films/>.

39 "Chris Marker." Artnet, May 19, 2022. <http://www.artnet.com/artists/chris-marker/>

40 Giuliana Bruno, *Atlas of Emotion: Journeys in Art, Architecture, and Film* (New York: Verso, 2002).

41 "Biography," Kiarostami Foundation. May 19, 2022. <https://www.kiarostami.org/biography>

42 "Gavin Hipkins: The Homely II." Te Uru Waitākere Contemporary Gallery. May 19, 2022. <https://www.teuru.org.nz/index.cfm/whats-on/calendar/gavin-hipkins-the-homely-ii/>

Part Two nears my research lessons through documenting and discussing on the ground community practices (community-praxis) over the three-year course of the PhD. Specifically, I focus on my three *infrastructural* sites: **Herðubreið**⁴³—the town's community and culture house, which from its ruinous state in 2017, I undertook its renovation and restoration as Co-Creative Director; **List í ljósi**,⁴⁴ my annual light festival; and **Gamla Bakari**, another ruin, which I purchased after the 2020 landslides, making this my new residence and programming its future artist residency (this research names, *Open House*). Part Two folds a history of place through nearing these three sites, specifically by orbiting **Herðubreið** as the origins of a deeply rooted artistic community in tandem with a history of climate emergency impacting community life within Seyðisfjörður. My research distills how each site interweaves my community-praxis and reveals my manifold roles as creative director of the town's culture house, renovator, curator of festivals, residencies, and exhibitions, as well as civil emergency worker within the township. My roles demonstrate my community-aesthetics, inseparably linked to social rituals of everyday life.

My varied community practice wears shadows of spatio-temporal data made from multiple alias perceptions. I have gleaned this fragmentary way of perceiving, in part, from the writing of Walter Benjamin.⁴⁵ I come to understand my creative practice as fragments which also consist of many strands, roles and parts that come to intersect the community. These fragments of roles, designs, directions, and events performatively work into my exegesis writing style. There are four core elements to the expression of this exegesis:

- Theoretical, critical, philosophical, and artistic guides
- Kairos Interludes (on green paper stock) demonstrate moments of insight, nearing shared species and site
- Footnotes for drawing attention to tangents and reference fields
- Appendices housing a series of site-writing-atlases, termed alias-atlases

I come to compose these fragments methodologically within my site-writing-atlases; *Alias-atlasing* or the adjoining of aliases with atlases as

43 Celia Harrison, "Herðubreið Info." Herðubreið Seyðisfjörður. May 19, 2022. <https://www.herdubreidseydisfjorður.is/info>

44 Celia Harrison, "List í ljósi," List í ljósi. May 19, 2022. <https://www.listiljosi.com/>

45 Walter Benjamin, *The Origin of German Tragic Drama*, Trans. John Osborne (London/New York: Verso, 1998).

the performative condition of mapping my site with a community of others. For example, the kairos Interludes inaugurate my key flashes of recognition, performing in-situ happenings with site and shared species. These interludes give rhythms of nearing and withdrawal to the exegesis composition where rhythms manifest initial fragmentary atlases, foundational for the final three folding atlases accompanying this exegesis. I imaginatively transpose these Kairos-interludes as snakes of cloud formations, fog and mist weaving through the mountain paths, coming to settle on the fjord. These four modes express the motile nature of a site and community. My approach to theoretical thinking and doing is always mobilised by embracing an ethos of non-mastery, allowing flexibility for practicing, inviting in the other in my nearing-community.

The research moves forward by orbiting **Herðubreið**, established with my collaborator Sesselja Jónasardóttir and nearing stories of the site's history depicted through my artistic aliases and my roles of Creative Director, exhibitor, renovator, and civic administrator-operational coordinator. Through five years of living-with the site, its people and place of Seyðisfjörður, **Herðubreið** becomes the expanding heart of this research. My practice is woven so deeply through the Herðubreið initiative that my research practice withdraws into its manifold operations and events. This shadowy fabric becomes most palpable during the December 2020 landslides, mid-way through this research, when Herðubreið inadvertently becomes *the* crisis centre. Circulating in deep time, nature 'speaks' and I listen with an ear to the mountain and an ear to different human responses on climate emergency from within the town.

Part Two then moves towards **List í ljósi**, the annual light festival I also describe in this research by the alias *Return of the Sun*. In listening to the landscape through iterations of this festival, I hold my creative praxis to account for the dangers of monumentalizing artworks through growth and commercial successes of this festival. Assisted by Alain Badiou⁴⁶ and his shadows of Martin Heidegger, my creative praxis nears its crossroads for sustaining community by staying with community at the intersection of monumentalizing. Iterations of **List í ljósi** light festival provide me with alternative futures, calling me into ethical question through wholly other relations with other shared species. As authentic community initiatives arise through iterations of each festival, especially in response to the 2020 landslides, I come to sense that I am nearing home. As such, Part Two turns when Mountain Strandatindur collapses on the main road of Seyðisfjörður after days of heavy rainfall and I come to experience living through an event

46 Alain Badiou and Oliver Feltham, *Being and Event* (London; New York: Continuum, 2007).

of climate emergency. This time is profound for the research as I come to reflect on the artistic initiatives fostered within my site infrastructures that at this crisis, manifest an ethos for sustaining community. Ghosh helps me understand what I witness as the uncanny within climate emergencies, manifesting my roles in supporting Seyðisfjörður during this collapse.

As Part Two nears its end, my series of personal alias-atlases are discussed, composed from paper engineered mapping through my artistic modes of printmaking, photo-essay and montage, drawing, poetry and prose writing, alongside a digital web cam with its eye looking from **Gamla Bakari** to the mountain slide. As such, a series of publications nurture a creative community praxis that responds locally, within its means, while living-on during our COVID-pandemic and global climate emergencies. My final PhD submission documents its shadowy aliases of multiple perceptions in expressions of site-writing—atlases, which focus on Seyðisfjörður's landslides, documenting my manifold roles within key research infrastructures, demonstrating expressions of my creative community practice and its offering of support for this local community.

An ethos of *living-on*, concludes this exegesis through my third infrastructure site, **Gamla Bakari**. This town ruin is a hundred-year-old site I purchased in 2021 and have since renovated for my home and a future 'Open House' artist residency. My living-on infrastructure concludes my practice on a research bridge I've 'built' through concepts of belonging as part of my surrounding environment, inseparable from day-to-day community life. Here, I come to reflect on how my artistic practice and everyday life mutually coalesces, nearing community home. I consider how a deeply immersive lived experience entangles with my practice of community aesthesis. My praxis is sustained through adaptability and working with local shared species, forces, and aeons of landscapes, contouring its people. I reflect on how I've become more social within ecologies of creative practices and other shared species. I forward an aim for the future to stay listening to shadowy murmurs of Icelandic surrounds, prolonging my practice of being with the community, adapting to wherever it's called.

Now, I commence along mountain peaks, nearing Arctic *Kría* flying overhead, and my footprints merge into snowy impressions of horse hooves navigating narrow tracks. Here, together, we near a site, coming to understand the otherness of species, shadowed in this surrounding world of Seyðisfjörður.

Fig 11. *Kría*. Celia Harrison. Drypoint intaglio print on paper. Auckland, 2022.





PART ONE

Fig 12. Circling Kría,
Celia Harrison. Intaglio
copper press on paper.
Seyðisfjörður, 2019.

Nearing Shadows

In the Introduction for this exegesis, I have prefaced my practice of community aethesis in terms of guiding questions for living in Seyðisfjörður's mountain shadows, its fogs, melting ice, warming waters, occluded sun. I move in shadows to analysing my practicing of practice assisted by site reviewing methods. I'm grounded by a long-durational process of coming to a community, arriving in shadows that near and withdraw me in being with others, which I conceive as being with aliases. My ear learns to listen ethically to site, entering with a geontological and ecological tenor—or what Helen F Wilson calls attunement.⁴⁷ I come to understand this meeting with community and site with Elizabeth Povinelli, as becoming mutually-attentive to ecologies of other shared species.⁴⁸ My research is broadly set within an epoch of environmental collapse at a time when critical thinking turns toward a post-human attitude (or attunement) that is nuanced by different critical registers of encounters such as being more-than-human, beyond-human, non-human, bios (life) and geos (nonlife). At times this research uses more-than-human interchangeably with non-human and discusses the problematics of the binary of life/non-life. Ultimately, I land with Povinelli on the ecologies of shared species and this literature review aims to reveal how. I translate 'shared species' into my concept of 'aliases' that situate me ethically, critically and conceptually within Seyðisfjörður's community.

47 Helen F Wilson, *On Geography and Encounter: Bodies, Borders, and Difference* (Manchester: University of Manchester, 2017), 465.

48 Elizabeth Povinelli, *Geontologies: A Requiem to Late Liberalism* (Durham London: Duke University Press, 2016).



Fig 13. The Walkers.
Digital image, Celia
Harrison, Seyðisfjörður,
2020.

THE WALKERS

1085 meters above the clouds
emerge The Walkers.

They're watching the approach of
the serpent-like fog. They call it
the snake.

They witness the snake move
through Ice Age glaciers that reach
to the sea, sliding across the surface
of the fjord.

Basaltic lava layers up before them
as they stand vigil over twelve million
years, and on ...

The Walkers see lava-time flowing
hot, sleeping cold. Immediate
and long.

Time fossilizes.

A 1944 British tanker is sinking
leaving its oily film. Slick-black
surfaces. They watch on, seeing the
sky-mirror bubbling black, fuelled
by 45-meter depths. On this muted
fjord clouds stick like matted white
feathers on its alien surface.

Some of the fishing boats are
returning to port. Forever moored.
The Walkers watch the herring leave.
This time it's for good. They're
disappearing—in search of cooler
waters.

Ice melts. Waters rise. 1960s
temperatures drift boats like ghosts
on a fjord emptied of fish.

Icelandic women working these ports
are packing up their tools and trades
of herring livelihoods. As they leave
the factories for the last time, they're
wondering what the empty fish
barrels are good for now?

The Walkers are wondering this too.

My first step in Part One emphasizes the spatial and temporal species guiding my way, focusing on my creative and critical approaches to site analysis. These guides range from theoretical, philosophical, art, and design practitioners and thinkers, alongside, and especially those whom I dwell with and dialogue within Seyðisfjörður's community in the human realm. Further, within mountain shadows, different species accumulate and socialize me as I pass through the foreign and get nearer to my home. I evoke a multiplicity of alias aesthesis guides as vast as snow, fog, fish, swimming in the fjord, Kría terns, ruins, frozen feet, women, walking, contours of peaks and valleys—as many as those species that draw me nearer to understanding 'my' site. Crucially, I explore each guiding aesthesis of difference in my practice as a series of conceptual movements—turns, swerves, and mobius formations.

In this PhD, I reflect on a ten-year community practice before Iceland. In doing so, I have taken care to avoid overlaying my own assumptions about a place, or advancing too quickly, as mentioned in the Introduction discussion of Horn's work. Rather I enter slowly, tentatively making and contributing to a site through a praxis that necessitates a transformative and reflective movement, spacing my understanding through iterative community events. I will discuss the iterative festivals, exhibitions and residencies alongside other civic practices as part of my methodological approach in Part Two. Part One, reveals the critical ethos behind my transformative reflection on this place by listening with an ear to the other—what Alphonso Lingis describes as the “sonorous murmur of the world.”⁴⁹ With species guides, I fold into community shadows as another shared sentient existent, sensing my understanding in touch with sensuous site apprehensions, exploring the 'face' of difference in whatever direction, orientation or meaning this practice of community aesthesis comes to reveal.

Part One discusses a series of responses to site, which I contextualise as fragments of my nearing community and term 'atlases'. Each atlas expresses self-reflective mappings of my site, assisting critical and ethical analysis. I practice making these atlases in my encounters with site aliases for inspecting an array of sensitivities ranging from pain and loss, as well as hope, appreciation, exhilaration, and wonder. As a sentient outsider and traveller, coming from the Southern Hemisphere to 'my' East Icelandic locale, the subject 'foreigner' is an easy and simplistic fit. Yet, during my

⁴⁹ Alphonso Lingis, *The Community of Those Who Have Nothing In Common* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1994). Alphonso Lingis is an American ethical philosopher who is known in philosophy circles for his translation and writing on the European (Lithuanian) ethical philosopher, Emmanuel Levinas. Lingis is my ethical alias and I come to talk about him in further detail in the *Nearing Time* section, though his work is peppered throughout this exegesis.

seven years of dwelling in Seyðisfjörður, my residency continues to complicate the neat binary of ‘foreigner’ and ‘citizen’. I acknowledge the many complex global contexts of displaced peoples within political asylum such as Indigenous Aboriginal Australians I read through Tyson Yunkaporta⁵⁰ and, through Povinelli, of the Karrabing Collective.⁵¹ These displacements do not reflect my situation. I listen carefully to my philosophical guides and the multiple ways humans question their belonging. My artistic practice finds significance along the continuum of my everyday communal life.

In what follows, I aim to reveal a spatial practice that attempts to stay attuned to difference, moving me beyond identity politics and into ethical belonging. As I move through this review of voices, I aim to build what I mean by my ethical approach through my methods of alias-atlasing. All methods and concepts of thinkers and practitioners discussed in Part One’s Literature Review seem to resonate on this point of ‘recognizing’ difference, trembling any understanding of neat inside and outside binaries such as home/foreign, human/non-human. Each brings difference to this ground, prising open assumptions or norms they’ve each inherited, to inspect another way, less mastered. My leanings gravitate to those thinkers who ‘practice’ thinking spatially, and I step along spatio-temporal folds with them, serialized by three key Nearings of Site; Event; Time. As such, each nearing is guided by different species and evokes poetic (kairos) interludes (in green segments housed in the exegesis) that perform my practice of alias-atlasing.

Nearing Site foregrounds the importance of ‘getting lost’ so that I question my site more deeply and suspend any mastery of my practice. *Nearing Event* finds my practice wandering on mountain peaks between Aotearoa and Iceland as I question community art practices within these regions of eco-tourism and climate emergency. *Nearing Time* circles my practice through a range of ethnographic art practices, particularly film and photography. This last section performs Part One’s conclusion through kairos,⁵² a temporal marker that is unrepeatably yet profound. I view this spatio-temporality of concluding, as a mobius bridge of community aesthetics, inextricably reading in a nonlinear motion, between Part One and

50 Tyson Yunkaporta, *Sand Talk: How Indigenous Thinking Can Save the World* (Australia: Harper Collins, 2021).

51 Karrabing Film Corporation. Accessed November 20, 2021. <https://karrabing.info/>.

52 My glossary describes kairos as entangled and braided, nonlinear and infinitely responsive to the other, choosing us—speakers and listeners—we move rhythmically, in sonic relations that listen with an ethical ear attuned to hear by the other. Throughout this exegesis, I aim to elicit such moments as being with others (shared species or aliases) and how these others circle back through my practice and bring me deeper within my understanding of the Seyðisfjörður community.

Two and onward. Each of my guides (or aliases) assist my ethical and critical development. Through my encounters with those I listen to and discuss, I come to feel nearer to a deeper understanding of this site and its community. In opening with *The Walkers*, I elicit one such interlude encounter with shared species from high up on the mountain above the township of Seyðisfjörður.

I have walked to the peaks of Seyðisfjörður's surrounding range of mountains. I have listened to the deep histories of this settlement through those accompanying me on these walks. In distilling elements of these histories into a poetic language, my own walks and talks along the peaks comes through them. I have adopted the term 'alias' for the multitude of species-guides and join them to my atlas making. From here on the between hyphenation of atlas to alias coexists and conjures my atlas of the foreign, bringing my site analysis nearer to shared ecologies of different species murmurs.

Like markers on a snowy mountain, tracing encounters of difference can at times lead me deeper into tracks that seem to disappear as I go along, covered over by shadowy forces of nature. This literature review speaks of getting lost as a significant (non-mastered) path toward the (foreign) other. Tracing disappearance, my practice 'learns' to go with them, embracing the ephemeral within any event of opaque showing. Sentient deep-time otherness is preserved within Seyðisfjörður's landscape, long before its naming by humans. I step into my research future that is



Fig 14. Mountain Peaks.
Digital image, Celia
Harrison. Seyðisfjörður,
2020.

written into deep fissures of this past. As I go, I become more attuned to myself critically and ethically turning around site, evolving my spatial community aesthesis with shared species and the community, circling three key infrastructural practice nodes of Herðubreið community centre, List í ljósi festival and Gamla Bakari home (discussed in Part Two). My authorial tracks dissolve as I near, and the name 'human' is signed foreign.

The three Nearing's of Part One locate spatial striations inspired by the mountain in shifting light as well as motile shadows where I come guided by mutual attention for working through anthropogenic events.⁵³ Within these striated moments of anthropogenic collapse as depicted in my discussion of receding Icelandic glaciers, warming waters and the disappearing herring industry, the earth withdraws its care. These are explicit visual measures from the perspective of our mastery, where human beings can see the impact, we have on the planet. Smoother traces of anthropogenic forces are those harder to view but intensely felt over time. Martin Heidegger's thinking evokes this temporal being which I come to discuss in terms of the essence of technology, which he claims is nothing technological but is rather an essence unconcealing human attitudes of mastery within industrial times. I echo his concept of being stranded within industrial, anthropogenic habits.⁵⁴ My practice attempts to stay with this withdraw, attempting to understand how alternative showings might near less instrumental paths, moving toward social encounters with ecologies of other shared species.

53 In my education in Spatial Design at AUT University (both undergraduate and postgraduate), the spatial thinking of Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari was often discussed. The pairing of smooth and striated space has remained with me and I refer to this concept now as the interaction between smooth and striated spaces for rethinking space as a complex mixture between the nomadic and sedentary. Among several examples they present in their work *A thousand plateaus*, I reference here from *1440: The Smooth and the Striated* where "smooth space is occupied by intensities, wind and noise, forces, and sonorous and tactile qualities, as in the desert, steppe, or ice. Striated space, on the contrary, is canopied by the sky as measure and by the measurable visual qualities deriving from it." Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus, Capitalism and Schizophrenia*. Trans. Brian Massumi, (Minneapolis, London: University of Minnesota Press, 1987), 479. I mention this term as it comes to mind with my rethinking of striated 'atlas' to smooth atlasing as deconstructed through my Spatial Design discipline background.

54 I will come to discuss how Martin Heidegger views being stranded in relation to advances in technological industrialization and the profound openness to being that arrives in our severest moments of species danger. It is an openness to another way less mastered. I reference here from *The Question Concerning Technology and Other Essays* where Alêtheia (truth as unconcealing, in-situ and in difference to truth as static and total) unfolds my understanding for nearing or unconcealing in moments of my surrounding site in modes of withdraw. In the case of this research, the withdraw is showing us in our danger and the opening of a less mastered way forward. "Technology is a mode of revealing. Technology comes to presence [West] in the realm where revealing and unconcealment take place, where Alêtheia, truth, happens." Martin Heidegger, *The Question Concerning Technology and Other Essays* (New York and London: Garland Publishing, 1977), 13.



Fig 15. Mountain fog.
Digital image, Celia
Harrison. Seyðisfjörður,
2020.

My aliases shepherd me to site. On the periphery of Seyðisfjörður, the walkers circle (me) around the large mountain overlooking the town. Narrating histories from up high, they locate (in me) points of connection. I look, surveying their sights of snaking fog streaming through the valleys and settling on the fjord, watching Ice Age glaciers extend to the sea, folding into molten then cooling lava that turns me toward mid-20th century sights of sinking oil tankers spilling their loads of oil, leaving the fjord's surface a congealed, slick-black mess. Local waters warm. Local livelihoods from fishing decline. Buildings turn to ruins on the edges of its port. I look down at my feet for a moment to see snow melting into my sneakers, feeling feet freezing, unprepared for this terrain. The Walkers have left my side. I don't think they wear shoes. I don't see them as such. I sense them otherwise. The Walkers do not always disclose clearly—sometimes they withdraw into mountain shadows. Oblique seeing, they turn my eyes around a site that settles and never rests.

I – Nearing Site: Walking into shadows

Walking into the foreign

One thing I've noticed about this town is that people walk. The locals take to hiking the mountain range or move around its base to explore the wider regions of neighbouring towns, fjords, and streams. It didn't take me long to join them, to becoming a committed walker. In doing so, I discovered this activity keyed into a situated practice for coming to know my site. An early and sustained evocation of otherness has come from walking in its coalescing with writing, particularly short and poetic refrains, extending into other movements of mapping site: montage and serial, across print, sculpture, photography or sound. This practice embodies what Stephanie Springgay & Sarah E. Truman describe as Stone Walks,⁵⁵ walking without

55 Stephanie Springgay & Sarah E. Truman, *Stone Walks: Inhuman Animacies and Queer Archives of Feeling* (Discourse: Studies in the Cultural Politics of Education 2016), 1.

Stone Walks do not have a predetermined trajectory. We walk, and while we walk we might activate one or more of these propositions: read theory aloud, takes notes and/or write, talk, sit, take photographs, and use wool to felt small rocks found near the shore. Sometimes we walk three feet and sometimes kilometres. Distance, pace, endurance, and route are not predetermined or known in advance. Stone Walks are a propositional practice (Truman & Springgay, 2016), 1.

This practice embodies what Stengers (2005) calls a politics of slowness. For Stengers, slow is not a measure or a speed, but creates a space for hesitation and resistance, which produce new modes of relating. Slowness is speculative. Slowness asks questions about what might happen if we could learn with the world, rather than about it. Stone Walks are experimental. They refuse a framing of pedagogy as an exclusively human activity,



Fig 16. On Walking.
Digital image, Celia
Harrison. Seyðisfjörður,
2019.

predetermination and allowing propositions to become spontaneously activated for engaging as we⁵⁶ practice, solo or singular acts.

Spontaneous walking as a creative practice that situates me in my site resonates with land artist Richard Long and his photo-diaries that express: “in the nature of things: art about mobility, lightness and freedom. Simple creative acts of walking and marking about place, locality, time, distance and measurement. Works using raw material and my human scale in the reality of landscapes.”⁵⁷

Already, I’ve entered this chapter by this non-mastered way guided by my alias Walkers. This is more than just a poetic text narrating a deep history of my site as gleaned in conversations or archival research. These—The Walkers—have inaugurated an aesthesis for nearing species who guide without predetermination, manifesting aliases for mapping ‘my’ site. But why do I need aliases? Or rather, how is it that I find myself to

and insist on entangled relations between humans and non-humans. Stone Walks become an assemblage of bodies, rocks, walking, talking, reading, and theory, all of which are animate material forces that act on each other frictionally.

Springgay and Truman, 1.

56 On the generic personal pronoun ‘we’: Sometimes ‘we’ is used in this exegesis to bring emphasis to the performativity of language situating me with guiding aliases. ‘We’ keep to an unknown path, traversing different kinds of aesthetic ‘stone walks’ for discovery within shadows, wearing the shadowy cloak ‘we’ to perform my plurality with other species accompanying me on my site excavation through the foreign.

57 Richard Long, “Richard Long,” Richard Long. Accessed November 20, 2019, <http://www.richardlong.org/>.



In the nature of things:
Art about mobility, lightness and freedom.
Simple creative acts of walking and marking
about place, locality, time, distance and measurement.
Works using raw materials and my human scale
in the reality of landscapes.

*The music of stones, paths of shared footmarks,
sleeping by the river's roar.*

Fig 17. Richard Long, 'Richard Long', Richard Long, accessed April 8, 2022, <http://www.richardlong.org/>.

Richard Long's photography and text depicts an expression of his art made by walking in landscapes. Photographs of sculptures made along the way. Walks made into text works. Long's practice coalesces my experiences of walking the mountain, encountering geological time, or what Robert Macfarlane in his evocative book *Underland: A Deep Time Journey* (2020) describes as the (psychological) experience of this kind of 'deep time' (originating his term from John McPhee) that comes from being in the 'wilderness' where one finds themselves pulled into thinking about the eons that have sculpted landscapes we're amidst. Ultimately Macfarlane's work drills deep on human's impact on our planet, signed in attitudes embedded in language, myths, and stories of language set 'below'—underground, beneath the earth's surface.⁵⁸

be more than, suiting myself up in foreign guises? Another cue or socio-cultural difference comes to me now, standing out somewhat when I first arrived in Seyðisfjörður and stemming from Icelandic folklore on mythic beings such as elves or the omnipotent ‘little people’ present within the landscape.⁵⁹ Perhaps, unconsciously, in the shadowlands of my psyche, this spurred my creative imagination? I walked, I listened. Wherever or however these initial voices entered me, they assisted in opening me toward the foreign ‘face’ of an awe-inspiring site. My spatial practice attempts to keep to this path, traversing foreign edges, guided by various aliases, such as The Walkers.

Alongside an expanded imagination, this foreign path opens to some preliminary geopolitical and ethical research questions such as: How can I—foreign as I am—bring significance to another’s community by way of creative-artistic contributions?

Site-Writing

I ponder this question of my artistic contribution to another community, high up on the mountain precipice, walking as I do with Long and Macfarlane, with the Icelandic horses, in snow, wind and ice, drenched in winter light, held up by frozen feet with other surrounding species, atlas-ing deep-time stories etched in mountain rock. I move, think, scribble and see it is not just me site-writing. My attention nears Jane Rendell, specifically her signature ‘critical spatial practice’ that forms the basis to a research institute at the Bartlett School of Architecture, University College of London. Her writing and pedagogy intersect architecture, art, feminism, history, and psychoanalysis. She is renown in her field of research for introducing concepts of ‘critical spatial practice’ and ‘site-writing.’⁶⁰ She describes site-writing as “a critical and ethical spatial practice that explores what happens when discussions concerning situatedness and site-specificity enter the writing of criticism, history and theory, and writers reflect on their own subject positions in relation to their particular objects and fields of study, and on how writing can engage materially with their sites of inquiry and audiences.”⁶¹ I think about the mountain horse and how its hooves indent, then disappear into depths

59 Alda Sigmundsdóttir, *The Little Book of the Hidden People: Twenty Stories of Elves From Icelandic Folklore* (Iceland: Little Books Publishing, 2015). “Iceland’s elf folklore, at its core, reflects the plight of a nation living in abject poverty on the edge of the inhabitable world, and its people’s heroic efforts to survive—physically, emotionally and spiritually.” Sigmundsdóttir, 3.

60 Jane Rendell, “Biography.” Accessed November 16, 2021. <https://www.janerendell.co.uk/biography>. See also Jane Rendell, *Art and Architecture: A Place Between* (London: I. B. Tauris, 2006) and Jane Rendell, *Site-Writing: The Architecture of Art Criticism* (London: Tauris, 2010).

61 Jane Rendell, “Site-writing.” Accessed November 16, 2021. <https://site-writing.co.uk/>.



Fig 18. Mountain Horse.
Digital image, Celia
Harrison. Seyðisfjörður
2019.

of fresh snow. I want to site-write with its dark coat to feel how it senses cold. Then I recognise that it is me feeling cold by sensing the warmth of its coat, the darkness of which eludes the impossible comparison for knowing its thermal measure, yet through mutual attention this is what grants me its warmth.

Rendell's site-writing resonates key cues for what has been happening between my different writing practices—including the writing of this exegesis—and my site of investigation, specifically in the critical and ethical happenings positioning me as becoming-foreign, listening to shared species murmurs. Before, I advance on some of these cues, it feels significant to review some of Rendell's shadows, those aliases she walks alongside. Here within the domain of her research-practice I encounter formative routes through critical theory such as the Frankfurt School of Social Theory and Critical Philosophy established in the European interwar period (1918-1939). The School housed an array of intellectuals, political academics, and activists, who all appeared resistant to the forces of 20th century liberal capitalism.⁶² Rendell site-writes within the shadows of the

⁶² Social change was a collective, critical philosophy, originating in the enlightenment ideas of Immanuel Kant and onto German Idealism of GWF Hegel for the evolution for thinking dialectics and contradiction as core concepts of subjective knowing.

Frankfurt School, probing social change by way of critiquing contemporary modes of capitalism in relation to real conditions for social emancipation.

A key thinker for Rendell, and associate of the social change School, is Walter Benjamin, a German Jewish philosopher, cultural critic, and essayist. In fleeing Nazi Germany, en route to the United States, Benjamin dies of a morphine overdose at the French-Spanish border after being turned away by Spanish police. His extensive fragmentary work, *The Arcades Project* survived him and has gone on to become a seminal work for many spatial designers and architects. It is an unusual work in as much as it gathers over 1000-pages of fragmentary or aphoristic notes assembled over thirteen years. What is key here for my research, is how this project performs a kind of site-writing through placing the reader into the culture of Parisian flânerie (observing people from within the position of an anonymous idler).⁶³ This anonymous idler is Benjamin thinking, mutually attentive to the spatial changes of Paris and its social worlding on the precipice of modernisation. Site-writing, for Benjamin's *The Arcades Project*, inserts him within the arcades, taking shelter from the growing rise of a modern Paris of Haussmann's wide-boulevards and totalizing urban plan.⁶⁴ The project survived in the hands of friend and colleague, Georges Bataille just before Benjamin fled, hiding the text in the Bibliothèque Nationale, where Bataille worked as a librarian. It was discovered there in a closed archive after the war.

Why is it important to relay all these biographical details? My aim is to bring emphasis to how a seminal work of writing about key architectural

63 I refer again to Benjamin's mosaic mentioned in the glossary:

The value of fragments of thought is all the greater the less direct their relationship to the underlying idea, and the brilliance of the representation depend as much on this value as the brilliance of the mosaic does on the glass plate. The relationship between the minute precision of the work and the proportions of the sculptural or intellectual whole demonstrates that truth content is only to be grasped through immersion in the most minute details of subject matter.

Walter Benjamin, *The Origin of German Tragic Drama*, Trans. John Osborne (London/New York: Verso, 1998). 28-29. Benjamin's mosaic patchwork writing simulates the smooth space of being an idler, never able to capture the total view, but immersed within the intensities of urban social habits.

64 Walter Benjamin, *The Arcades Project* (First Harvard University Press paperback edition: Cambridge, Massachusetts London, England, The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press 2002). Benjamin's *The Arcades Project* alludes to the wide-open spaces of Paris including the large boulevards planned for free-flowing bourgeois health and happiness, while canceling out 'unsanitary quarters' of life.

Paris' arcades were destroyed as a result of Baron Haussmann's renovation of Paris during the 1850s-1870s and Benjamin links these architectural figures to the distinct characteristics of strolling, absorbed in the slow presencing of their surrounds. I see this mosaic composition of fragments and aphorisms with respect to *The Arcades Project* as performative of these spaces, situating the reader in a frame of idling, strolling without any clear or linear direction for navigating.

figures (the arcades of Paris and Parisian life in the 19th Century) survives and lives-on. How the tragedy of Benjamin's life and death, which I will not further recount, marks 'us' through those who carry his work on. Rendell is one such contemporary and, like, others such as Susan Sontag have remarked with respect to Benjamin's fragmentary literary writing style, situate his philosophical project for evoking fragments of a past that (for him) stand-out as 'flashes of recognition' in relation to his present.⁶⁵ History, for Benjamin is not the monolithic tomes recollecting events, but the situated and site-specificity of where one is in relation to fragmentary glimpses of what has been, showing its pastness in those instinctual sparks or recognitions for how we understand our surrounding world. Sparks. Flashes. Momentary knowing.⁶⁶ Benjamin wrote another seminal essay for artists: *The Work of Art in the Age of Reproducibility* in which he also brings caution to understanding (or art) as something of a tranquil contemplative attitude for knowing any fragments of the past. Benjamin's historical materialism rejects 'contemplation' or the inherited notion of history as archiving an unchanging image of the past for what he describes as the "afterlife" (or future) of that which has been understood as "the past" only in what flashes or "pulses" traced in the present.⁶⁷

Rendell enacts a different style of site-writing from Benjamin's as this is the instinctual point—for differences to explode, produce, flash, glimmer, reverberate or slowly unfold through toing and froing across mutually attentive reviews. Differences, between the spark of contacting swords or within the afterlife shadows pulse within Rendell's site-practices of building-dwelling-reading-writing. Rendell's pedagogy explores an expanded mode of 'critical review essay' by inviting writers (of art and design) to swap written works and then each to review the others by raising a shared issue. She guides them to expand writing to include creative

65 Susan Sontag, *Under the Sign of Saturn* (1st Vintage Books ed. New York: Vintage Books, 1981), 129.

Here she describes beautifully how Benjamin's sentences do not flow sensibly or rationally, but rather the fragmentary sentence "had to say everything, before the inward gaze of total concentration dissolved the subject before his eyes." We take from this that Benjamin's concerns about contemplation as we note in relation to his critique of continuist history and the bourgeois ideals with respect to the work of art, rejects the possible dogma of a text and its power by juxtaposing relations, instinctually vying for that spark of recognition that cannot be reduced to any totalisable system for knowing history, art, a place, a site.

66 I refer here to Michel Foucault who remains in the shadows for Elizabeth Povinelli and throughout this exegesis. "Knowledge is a result of the instincts; it is like a stroke of luck, or like the outcome of a protracted compromise. It is also, Nietzsche says, like 'a spark between two swords', but not a thing made of their metal." Michel Foucault and Paul Rabinow. *Essential Works of Foucault, 1954-1984* (London: Penguin Books, 2000), 8.

67 Walter Benjamin, Hannah Arendt, and Harry Zohn. *Illuminations* (New York: Schocken Books, 1986), 217-251.

responses through other modes of ‘writing’ such as genres of fiction; prose or poetry; visual, sonic, and filmic. This shared practice can be gleaned from my interludes and more fully detailed in my Appendices of alias-atlases: My site-writing-review happens within Seyðisfjörður’s surrounding species (human and non), as well as those I near in Aotearoa, evoking different creative modes of atlasing as seen in my interludes, showing etchings, photo-essays, and poetry. Her pedagogical aim opens to different “ways of ‘reading writing’ for generating multiple modes of engagement with words and exploring the practice of ‘reviewing’ from a situated perspective, one that critiques and experiments with the genre of the ‘critical review essay,’ creating something far more entangled.”⁶⁸

I enjoy Rendell’s term ‘entangled’ here, enlivening my critical exegesis writing within this PhD paradigm of creative-led situated research. My critical spatial practice writes difference across a praxis of nearing the foreign, a praxis made up of divergent spatial modes including my poems, diaries, photography, essay-films, sound recordings as well as my community-led roles of creative director of the town’s culture house; renovator of ruins; curator of festivals, residencies, and exhibitions; civil emergency worker; café cook; councillor: My critical spatial praxis ‘writes’ across all everyday entanglements of my life in Seyðisfjörður. Australian scholar McKenzie Wark, who ‘walks’ within shadows of Henri Lefebvre, describes praxis as something that comes out of our everyday encounters: “the everyday can be a realm for forms and times of life if it yields situations for a collective praxis. Praxis here might mean a coming-into-being through the encounter with something other [the foreign], an encounter which necessitates a moment of both transformation and reflection.”⁶⁹ Interludes and atlases show me walking with others, alongside, sometimes in mutual silence. Sometimes I walk alone or do not sense any immediate presence, sometimes I’m following behind closely and at other times they’re out of sight and my way becomes withdrawn, opaque, and difficult to forge.⁷⁰ ‘We’ open to reading Wark’s ‘everyday’ as a signpost for Benjamin’s “flash,” a moment that moves in different directions, along vectors of change and reorientation of attitude. ‘We’ hear echoes of Rendell’s site-writing situatedness, exchanging reference material so that others (writers, thinkers, practitioners), might locate entangled otherness within Wark’s collective, everyday, situatedness. Rendell’s praxis takes the practitioner-writer’s

68 Jane Rendell, “Site Writing Quarterly.” Accessed October 1, 2021. <https://site-readingwritingquarterly.co.uk/>.

69 McKenzie Wark, *The Beach Beneath the Street* (London: Verso, 2011), 97.

70 ‘We’ continues to activate shared species, voices, concepts, echoes and doings including a host of philosophers, theorists, spatial practitioners (art and designers)—all those thinkers that hold me within the community of a foreign and less mastered way.

everyday as unfinished business—such as a piece of writing they perceived complete, fully ‘known’—and reveals its openness living on each time it’s encountered. Her historic materialism performs ‘reviewing’ as an ongoing spread of counterforces that continue to flash, expand, and contract, so that any site for knowing refuses its closure. I glean in her historical materialism Benjaminian shadows, ‘situating’ her key references from out of the past, performing whatever encounters she has with her ‘present’ site. I place ‘situating’ in quotes to bring emphasis to Benjamin’s flash of recognition, or my own instincts for hearing the foreign babble in walking plateaus of Seyðisfjörður’s ‘broad-shouldered’ mountain.⁷¹

I will soon come to write-with some of Rendell’s more personal site-writings for situating my practice. However, before doing so, I walk into more shadowy depths with other shared species.

Solnit walking-lost with Benjamin

‘We’ take a detour to the mountain, though in truth I have been walking this route all along. When I first arrived in Seyðisfjörður on an artist residency, they told me that everyone does artistic work about the mountain. Initially, I made a silent pact to explore anything but the mountain, and as time passed, I quickly realised this wasn’t up to me. Quite simply, the mountain sites its people: Its omnipotent presence occludes the direct sun for half of the year; extremes in seasonal change manifest there, up high, holding extended periods of shadow, fog and rain, rolling its snow into avalanches, and, at times, coursing its waters to flood the valley floors, and its town, carrying debris and evacuating birds as it goes. The mountain is always there, pressing into the fragility of the town that paradoxically gives the town its enduring nature. To refuse the ongoing dialogues with its Seyðisfjörður townsfolk, whose myths, legends, histories, cultures, sociality, and economic worlds manifest from the sentience of their mountain would be impossible. Walking with the mountain brings my research nearer, inhabiting whatever eons of ‘deep time’ flashings preserve and persevere within the presence of its community. What speaks and shapes them today comes from these eons, ‘sculpting’ them from out of this environment. What then can they or anyone imagine as their survival, set as we (humans) are on a ‘mountain’ precipice,

71 Herðubreið; one of the key sites of this research is named after the Herðubreið mountain in the highlands that translates to broad-shouldered. It feels only fitting to connect the 1085-meter mountains that loom over the small fjord town of Seyðisfjörður too to this broad-shouldered translation.

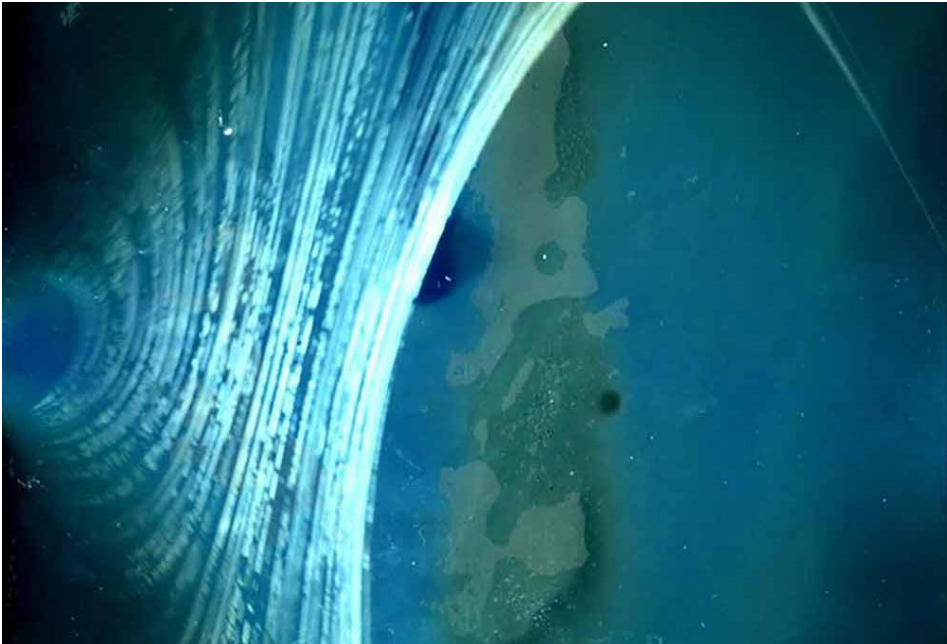
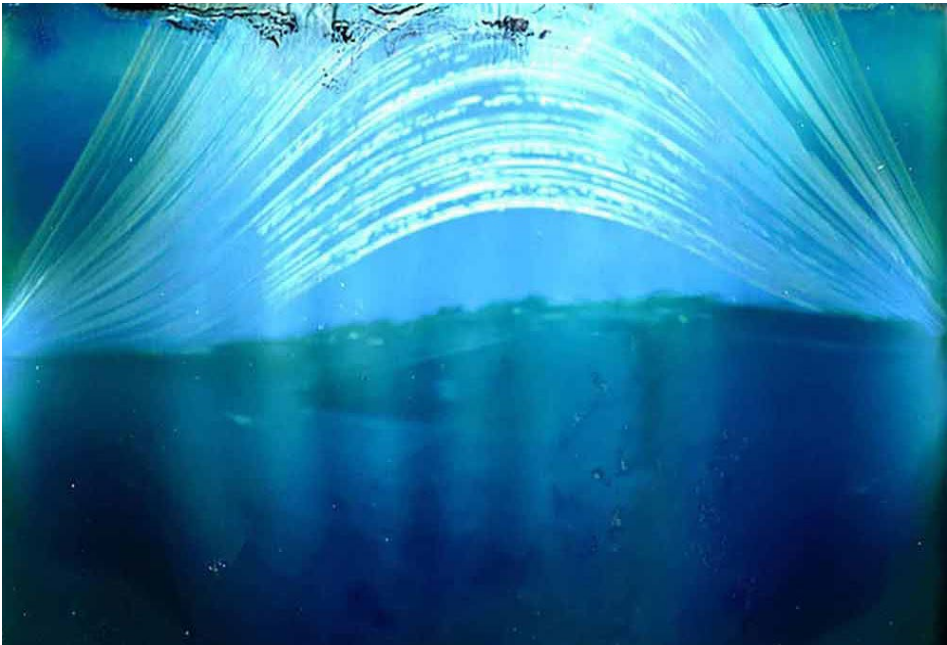


Fig 20. Solar Trajectories. Maryjane Orley and Martin Purvis, 2018. Pin-hole Images. Accessed August 22, 2021, <https://site-readingwritingquarterly.co.uk/>.



A series of pin-hole photographs created over 6- and 12-month periods (solstice to solstice) in 2017 and 2018. Made in empty beer cans placed around the site of old Northbrook Nursery in the north of Guernsey, the images trace the movement of the sun across the skyline.

Maryjane Orley is an interdisciplinary artist whose work involves drawing, print-making, conceptual sculpture, and installation. Over the last eight years, she has been exploring ways of defining and realising notions of emptiness and erosion and their potential for regeneration.⁷²

This is an example of a collaborative site-reading-writing outcome from reviewing the others (Orley's and Purvis') writing that expands their reviews into an entangled 'genre' of situated spatial practice: pin-hole photos from beer cans strewn around a nursery, tracing the movement of the sun.

72 "Solar Trajectories. Pin-hole images by Maryjane Orley & Martin Purvis," Site-Reading Writing Quarterly, 21 June 2022. <https://site-readingwritingquarterly.co.uk/>.

where the destructive ‘ends’ of humanity manifests within discourses of extinction, set within real environmental collapse? Benjamin (as well as Heidegger) would suggest that from the vantage of ‘ends’, precipices are the very best place to witness the violence for the sake of critique. I join him there, on an abyssal edge to glean more about his approach to critique, art, and history, unearthing his concept of ‘temporal data.’⁷³ In this research, I excavate ‘deep time’ site ‘data’ through forging other creative ways, artistic contributions with the community for sustaining its life—under the mountain.

Walking with Walter Benjamin and Rendell, I glean from their historic materialism of critical theory, my site-writing tactics for getting lost. I do so to awaken my creative imagination along a path less determined.⁷⁴ Rendell advances Benjamin’s work within fields of spatial arts and architecture.⁷⁵ Though it is Rebecca Solnit who I find useful in extending Benjamin’s ground for thinking community perceptions within our surrounding worlds of everyday habits, shaped by mechanical, and more so today, digital, disseminations. I wander with Solnit, a writer, historian, and activist, around the urban outdoors, specifically to dwell with thoughts from her book *Wanderlust*.⁷⁶ Here she instructs us to walk the world as an outdoor, slowing, and situated practice, excising our symptoms of “anxiety to produce” accrued through habits of ‘dwelling’ with smart-technologies and their digital speeds. In this era, Solnit suggests, we are captured by encounters of ‘arrival’ and not the journey.⁷⁷ Certainly, habits of online shopping have proliferated, especially acute for me during ‘lockdowns,’ ‘bubbles’ and ‘self-

73 Walter Benjamin, *Toward the Critique of Violence: A Critical Edition*, ed. P. Fenves & J. Ng. (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 2021), 60. The thought here is that it is only when an epoch is over and exhausted that a critique of the present from out of the temporal data of the past brings forward a possible ‘other’ beginning—another way.

74 Since the late 20th century to now, there has been a lack of spatial research and literature on psychogeography since the tactics of Guy Debord and the Situationist International were to explore methods of getting lost captured by terms such as the flâneur, dérive, drift and detournement. I do not aim to explicitly bring these concepts back into play here, rather my aim is to explore a less human-centered drift, recalibrating the psycho-ego-walker into an otherwise, foreign, shared species horizon of possibility for being-with the mountain and its community. This notion is something closer to Francesco Careri’s concept of Walkscapes, who is walking (though out of step) with the shadow of Guy Debord as an exploration of walking as a concept of art. For this work see: Francesco Careri, *Walkscapes: Walking as an Aesthetic Practice*. Trans. Stephen Piccolo (Culicidae Rom: Architectural Press, 2017). For originating work on psychogeography, see Guy Debord, *The Society of the Spectacle*. Trans. F. Perlman and friends (UK and NY: Black & Red 1970, 2000).

75 Jane Rendell, *Art and Architecture: A Place Between* (London: I. B. Tauris, 2006).

76 Rebecca Solnit, *Wanderlust: A History of Walking* (New York: Penguin Books, 2001).

77 Solnit, 2001.

isolations’ due to the COVID-19 pandemic.⁷⁸ Indoors, arriving happens with ease of goods and services directly there at our homes, accelerated by social media that truncates journeying outdoors, exacerbated by ‘doom scrolling’ depths within screen-life, where images cascade relentlessly without detour. Solnit’s *Wanderlust*—walking without smart technologies—suggests we enter realms of possible “subversive detours”, or what Benjamin describes as the *flânerie* pulse of that which preserves within authentic connections to human living beyond commodity production.

It is perhaps, Solnit’s *A Field Guide to Getting Lost* that brings me strolling side-by-side, outdoors with Benjamin’s thoughts on getting lost in a city, akin to getting lost in a forest. He explains this nature-city drift is in contradistinction from not merely being able to find one’s way (in a city), which amounts to mere ignorance.⁷⁹ Slowly walking along some snowy



Fig 21. Getting Lost,
Celia Harrison, Digital
image, Seyðisfjörður,
2020.

78 Since March 2020, New Zealand has combated the global, ongoing pandemic of the coronavirus disease (COVID-19) with an ‘elimination’ approach. As an effect all borders of New Zealand were closed to non-residents and citizens since March 2020 and through to April 2022. Several months of mandatory lockdowns were enforced since the first outbreak as the government placed mandates within its COVID-19 Protective Framework, including different levels of restrictions and numbers in public zones, vaccine passes, track and tracing on entering shops and other essential services, until December 2021 when restrictions began to ease due to the country reaching its 90% double-dosed vaccination rate with a roll out of booster shots within six months of the second dose in place.

79 “Not to find one’s way in a city may well be uninteresting and banal. It requires ignorance—nothing more,” says the twentieth-century philosopher-essayist Walter Benjamin. “But to lose oneself in a city—as one loses oneself in a forest—that calls for quite a different schooling.” Rebecca Solnit. *A Field Guide to Getting Lost* (London: Penguin, 2006), 6.

mountain trail, I listen to simpatico ‘foot falls’ of Solnit with Benjamin—melting on contact. Sensing their forest-city, I place my smartphone on the mountain trail, leaving snow to cover over its otherwise claim. Instinct has me following this pair, forwarding my way for getting lost. With the ear of my other I hear the echoes of their chatter; ‘let’s refuse’ rebounds through the sloping mountains, which amidst, I seem to be dissolving, ‘let’s refuse the predeterminations of environmental planning, and walk into the unknown, toward another home.’ I imagine Solnit and Benjamin with me in the Gamla Bakari, overlooking Seyðisfjörður fjord. Solnit’s Benjamin evokes a way of getting lost:

To lose yourself is a voluptuous surrender, lost in your arms, lost to the world, utterly immersed in what is present so that its surroundings fade away. In Benjamin’s terms, to be lost is to be fully present, and to be fully present is to be capable of being in uncertainty and mystery. And one does not get lost but loses oneself, with the implication that it is a conscious choice, a chosen surrender, a psychic state achievable through geography. That thing the nature of which is totally unknown to you is usually what you need to find, and finding it is a matter of getting lost.⁸⁰

I enter nearer, into shadow-geography, regions melting my will, nearing being-lost at the very moment conscious knowing departs. Leaving my mobile phone on edges of a snowy paths, my conscious doing lusts for loss. Finding ‘ourselves’ lost, our surrounding world envelopes being fully present. Could this amount to the loss of self-conscious, to not knowing, and thus deconstruction of rational consciousness of the lost/found binary? I suspend my paradox of psyche over immersion until I come to discuss becoming fully present within shared species, spheres of ‘community’ within the dissolution of (human) will and ego. My instinct suggests Solnit-with-Benjamin dissolves subject-ego, ‘losing oneself’ transitions to something akin to social ecologies of other shared species, dissolving hierarchies between species predetermined on human binaries of belonging such as exclusion/inclusion and inside/outside.

Subversive detours. Beyond commodity production. I detour Solnit-with-Benjamin to get more communally lost with ecologies of species, shared in mountain shadows. I do not ‘find’ this research strolling through the arcades of Benjamin’s Paris or in the streets of Solnit’s New York. My research site is not urban, though this brings to mind the ‘Planetary

80 Solnit, 6. Solnit’s Benjamin is a strange paradox of willing uncertainty ‘a conscious choice to surrender.’

Urbanism’ work of Neil Brenner and Christian Schmid who demonstrates how our 21st century global entanglement makes any discrete region borders between urban and rural now a thing of the past.⁸¹ In leaning into the mountain with my alias guides, I wander again through ‘deep time underlands’ with MacFarlane and Long to explore less mastered ways. I do this not with any nostalgic wish for resetting the clocks back so as to redeem neat rural borders from those of urban life. This is not my research aim, but rather I walk with my aliases, back into the future-to-come. As we go, I witness ruins, site-written in the past, making way into futures, through events of collapse.

I’m joined along this mountain detour with a group of local women taking a summer walk to Helgustaðir Crystal Mountain to the site of its former quarry, previously mined for its crystal spar. A protected site today, this mining past holds strong and I feel a sense of melancholy entangled with optimism and strength, sourced from these local women. Their strength seems abundant, and they tell me this is because here the mountains are full of crystals—magnetic and glistening. Holding me too, I become attentive to the mountain’s withdraw, its spirited power waning in my sense of loss, cleaved open by the mountain’s quarried past that flashes with my recognition of the effects of mining embedded in human attitudes of environmental mastery. Mutually attentive to this withdrawal, I recognise the mountain had become merely a resource for endless human plunder. Crystals glint inside the deconsecrated quarry and I pick one up for a time, walking with it to feel the strength of these women being-with their mountain spar. After a time, I attempt to retrace my path to place my crystal back in its original locale. I fail. There no longer exists the exact origin of its placement. One simple taking, albeit with the intention to return the spar, demonstrates the ease of human’s ongoing displacement of nature.

81 Neil Brenner and Christian Schmid, *Planetary Urbanism*. Ed. M. Gandy In *Urban Constellations* (Jovis: Berlin, 2012), 10-13. As well as Neil Brenner, *Implosions—Explosions: Towards a Study of Planetary Urbanization* (Jovis: Berlin, 2017). Brenner and Schmid describe what they call a ‘new worldwide topography’ due to global economic process with respect to spatial urban planning. They describe the generic and homogenous effects on all community life, leaking into all worldwide edges and regions, whereby there is no longer any discrete distinction between urban and rural. The ‘new worldwide topography’ economic and political forces imprint all spaces even atmospheres and oceans and, all is entangled within the worldwide ‘urban’ fabric. The concept of ‘planetary urbanism’ cannot be ignored for its ‘underland’ (drilling into deep time layers) that tremble seismic shifts for remote towns like Iceland’s Seyðisfjörður that undergo the effects of economic-political urbanism. Globally the toll of late-capitalism, free-marketeering, and deregulation of almost all sectors of society for market gain is heavy, placing undue stress on the environment that goes hand in hand with effecting the local livelihoods of remote communities. Disappearing herring and oil slicks are mentioned in my opening: *The Walkers*. Though we will come to bring focus to Seyðisfjörður’s recent landslides and disappearing glaciers as a more present ‘underland’ situated accounts for this research.

I'm also aware origins are complex and motile. Shadowed by Benjamin, his alias comes to sit beside me, on a rock by the stream and we share the sun that momentarily comes through the clouds. I'm holding the crystal cupped in both hands, and for an instant my vision blurs due to the glint of light refracting off the spar and stream. There seems to be nothing separating this aesthesis blurring of senses holding me in a trance.

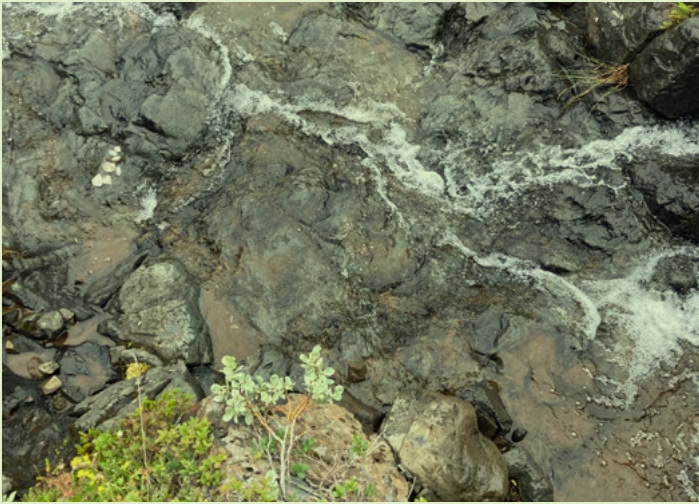
On the downhill walk I wonder about Benjamin's flânerie pulses that mutually attend to deeper connections for being human, beyond commodity production, in becoming fully present with shared species (light, stream, spar, legends) and fully lost. Has the uncertainty Solnit infers arisen in my aesthesis, my crystal strength which endures in the withdrawal, of mountain shadows, living on beyond late-industrial processes of mining? Did I momentarily, with Benjamin, dissolve into a future-to-come, written by these enduring crystals? Through mutually attentive pulses of light-crystal-stream, my instant of handholding seems present, socially connected with this ecology of shared species. Anxiety holds me too; by the singular event of picking up the crystal, unable to relocate its original spot, site-writing my human impulses for mastery: to take, meddle and irrevocably spar mountain tremors and all species sharing under its sheltering skies.



Fig 22. Running, Digital image, Celia Harrison. Seyðisfjörður, 2020.

I've taken to running the same route each day—from my Seyðisfjörður home, along the main road that runs around the base of the mountain connecting other East Iceland towns. My turning point is an industrial ruin that's been left to rust on the side of the road. Six kilometers. I have no idea how many times I've done this, except to say that it is somewhat daily. As I go, the ferry punctures my week with its comings and goings, delivering our goods, returning people home or distributing the arrivals and leavings of tourists. Mutually attentive, the ruin turns me back, situating me in Seyðisfjörður's past through images I've scanned of the culture house during my creative directorship. Attuned to my responsibility for the town, my shoulders feel weighted, yet propel me along my mountain course. In me, the ruin mourns, and I place its loss into the future of my custodianship, intent in keeping alive its history in my recognition of a deep time past. Humbled in my custodian role, this ruin isn't there for the sake of returning me to its pastoral mechanised days, rather it reminds me here exist different species of lives mutually attentive through

elemental dependence. As the custodian of the culture house, my attention deepens for what mutual dependence exists living in mountain shadows. Here, I listen to the wind making contact with the flora and silently watch a plant tracing its movements on a wall in ruins. Silent observations, I'm losing myself in this habit of running, then walking, then stopping. My pace, attuned by murmurs of ecologies of others.



28 August, 2020

The women are strong here. They say it's because the mountains are full of crystals. We encounter the crystals out walking, driving, then making our way on foot to the site of a nearby quarry. A protected site, marking the after-event of mining. The crystals flow down the mountains like waterfalls. Glistening as though the people of Iceland have been celebrating their country's beauty and in a collective toast shatter their flutes of champagne on the mountain. We drink from a small waterfall inside the quarry. We call it crystal power. Shaping encounters, we dissolve into this magnetic aura, spilling ourselves into its streams that continue refilling our glasses.

OVERLEAF

Fig 23. Crystal mountain.

Digital images, Celia
Harrison. Helgustaðir,
2022.



Fig 24. Mountain spar.
Digital image, Celia
Harrison. Helgustaðir,
2020.



Fig 25. Mountain Peaks.
Digital image, Celia
Harrison. Seyðisfjörður,
2022.

II – Nearing Events

Listening to mountains

I return to peaks for mapping my site from vantage-points climbed with my aliases, The Walkers and Benjamin (his ‘temporal-data’), for sensing exhaustion points of our late-industrial epoch. Up here, I’m curious to know what’s within the circling Kría. These are the Arctic Terns who migrate from Antarctica to Iceland in spring. It is August and they’re getting ready to depart with fledglings on a two-month flight to the Southern pole. I’ve been walking these peaks with Sesselja my closest friend, neighbour, and creative business partner. Within the Kría’s circle, I mine this research through my spatio-temporal betweenness. Travelling yearly between Seyðisfjörður | Iceland and Aotearoa’s Tāmaki Makaurau | New Zealand’s Auckland, besieged by delays due to COVID-19. On my first research circle around Iceland | Aotearoa peaks, I’m attuned to dialogues of environmental collapse across two volcanoes. One is Iceland’s Okjökull | OK Glacier, which in 2019 is officially declared dead and the other is Aotearoa’s Whakaari | White Island, erupting in 2019. Whakaari’s lava flows kill tourists and tour operators on site. I listen closely with Alphonso Lingis⁸² to intensive murmurs of mountains in withdraw, within these events. Between peaks, my ear attunes to withdrawal, carried by endless calls of terns, transmitted by wind currents attending to their

82 Alphonso Lingis, my ethical alias shows how language should be seen as “arising out of the murmur of nature-of animals and finally of all things that are and that resound. In the sonority of our codes we communicate not only with human decoders, but with the chant and the complaint and the cacophony of nature.” Alphonso Lingis, *The Community of Those Who Have Nothing In Common* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1994), 11-12. In the third section, *Nearing Time*, I return to Lingis as my ethical alias to conclude how I dwell inseparably with deep time ecologies of other species and I begin to ‘hear’ even though there is no one language, rather a cacophony of murmurs.

flight paths and delivering their cacophonous shrill, high-pitched kips. A foreign ear, I'm attentive to terns' kips in my own preparation for leaving colonies, nearing their long-haul flights between Antarctica and the Arctic as part of mine. My research site portends to these iterative loops, Kairos paths of flight that mimic the birds. I find myself, at once, in two locations: My practice evolves through paths of the foreign, distributed between poles, between peaks, between environmental attentions, and portentous collapse. I come to discuss how yearly travel, during the PhD, between Seyðisfjörður's Iceland, and Aotearoa's Tāmaki Makaurau, produces atlases for nearing my research site. Explicit mention of this comes in *Nearing Time* in relation to artist practices guiding my evolution of photo-essay modes for research thinking. In time, in mutual attention with looping tern flight paths, I demonstrate how iterative festivals and spatial design developments within the community consolidate as I come nearer my site. My manifold roles orbit threshold of between.

Signed by eruptions and extinctions, my ear hears murmurs of a mountain withdraw through interfering species of media soundwaves on repeat, turning each event of tragedy into a perpetual spectacle. Statistics of human deaths, victims and villains are at the centre of news reports, spun daily and for as long as consumers will feed on wakes rebounding off each volcanic site. As different species of sound withdrawal from the other (mountain and human), my foreign ear attempts to drown out the media by holding to the language of Kría that seems to be inscribing circles of my loss; and it could be that the withdrawal of mountains is becoming an event so imperceptibly quiet that I now only hear babbling discourses, challenged forth by media on changes in climate and nuanced further by discourses of climate emergency.

These sound waves are present recordings of past events, like repeat journeying of Kría migrating to and from their Arctic and Antarctic circles.⁸³ In my analysis to follow, sounds of other theoretical voices living among anthropogenic climate events of collapse or eruption enter these circular soundwaves, recording concepts for how an event happens and lives on in sparks of spatio-temporal data, as portentous warnings to a future-to-come. Key for my research ear is how I'm becoming attuned by these events to climate changes calling to its future. Specifically, calls of Seyðisfjörður's mountain, portending in me to when its 'broad shoulders' come to collapse in December 2020 under deluge weight, signing a crisis of

83 The Arctic Tern's journey are providing scientists with data, revealing how climate change is affecting their behavior. As fewer and fewer terns make the 8000km journey due to the trophic mismatch, meaning they miss springs at their various stopping points. Newcastle University. "Impact of climate change on Arctic terns." ScienceDaily. Accessed March 23, 2022, www.sciencedaily.com/releases/2019/11/191118190903.htm.



**Fig 26. Walking
wih aliases.** Digital
image, Celia Harrison,
Seyðisfjörður, 2020.

AUGUST 2020

We set out on a beautiful sunny Saturday. We had a goal to reach three mountain peaks. The map described starting at the power station and following the old telephone poles that lead over to Mjöifjörður up the mountain. 'A little steep and then easy at the top.' For three hours straight, we walk vertically. Climbing rocks, scrambling up blueberry bushes and gravel, we scaled small cliff-faces on occasion. We reach the top and see that perhaps the first peak is right. Balanced on the ridge with mountain drops on either side, we can look down into Mjöifjörður. The view from this vantage is spectacular. We head towards the peak, and it looks like a jagged cliff face with no way up. Realising we are not professional hikers, we decided it was unwise to climb up as we were no longer sure it was the peak.

We head back towards the next peak and walk along the ridge up and down across several mountain ranges. Seyðisfjörður comes into view, but we

have still yet to find the correct peaks because we haven't found a stamp.

We are not dressed for this terrain, and we are beginning to get tired and cold. We decide to start going down. It's the steepest snow patch, and I am terrified in my trainers. Sesselja holds my hand as we cross. We climb down a cliff face and then edge our way out onto more snow, and as I get more and more comfortable, we begin to ski our way down in sneakers. Eventually, we get back to the original peak and head down the steep mountain. Seven hours and our knees and ankles are giving way now. The map had said around 2.5 hours. We are really beginning to wonder if we are walkers now.

environment. Through mining spatio-temporal data from the happenings of anthropogenic events I have come to glean in my situated practice others happening in futures, written by the past.

My alias arctic tern *Kría* nears, mapping my awareness of climate emergency. Their trophic mismatch⁸⁴ brings deeper awareness to me within the imminent collapse of *Seyðisfjörður*'s mountain. This alias, among others, perform atlases for nearing me to the town and its future. I will come to show in Part Two such nearing in my community praxis as I engage with my three key sites of research infrastructures, staying mutually attentive to patterns of 'trophic mismatch' by the terns attempting a less monumental step toward futures mapped by enduring depths of environmental pasts.

Fig 27. *Kría* nesting.
Digital image, Celia Harrison, *Seyðisfjörður*, 2021.



84 A trophic mismatch occurs when consumers (humans) and resources (species) no longer synch up as a result of warming climate. A species response is to migrate to new areas where consumers can no longer track their paths.



Listening to ice-speak

*Volcanic Dialogues: Okjökull with Whakaari*⁸⁵

In 2019, Iceland's Okjökull (OK) disappearing glacier spurred the first national acknowledgement of humans' impact on Iceland's environment in conjunction with a series of creative responses. I say 'first' national acknowledgement because up until this time, any governmental publicity with respect to Iceland's environment appeared to celebrate positive effects of economic gain over and beyond explicit losses to the natural environment.⁸⁶

85 Whakaari | White Island in the Bay of Plenty, Aotearoa New Zealand erupted on the afternoon of December 9, 2019 while 47 tourists were on the island. The tragic eruption killed 22 people and left most survivors with severe injuries. Ministry for Culture and Heritage "Whakaari / White Island eruption kills 22," accessed March 20, 2022. <https://nzhistory.govt.nz/page/whakaari-white-island-eruption-kills-22>

86 I refer here to the book and subsequent documentary: Andri Snær Magnason. *Dreamland: A Self-Help Manual for a Frightened Nation* (London: Citizen Press, 2008). And *Dreamland*, directed by Andri Snær Magnason (Reykjavik, Iceland, 2009), Youtube. The works document the rise of late-industrial processes of capitalism with respect to the harnessing of Iceland's (cheap) electrical power for the foreign countries and their 'Big Aluminum' companies such as Alcoa. The rise of alumina smelters starting in the 1960s coincided with the decline of Iceland's codfish and herring fishing export industry. According to one article from The New York Times, Iceland's electricity utility built five highland dams that capture glacial meltwater. The largest of the resulting reservoirs is roughly the size of Manhattan. The water is piped 25 miles to an underground power plant, then dropped a quarter-mile down another pipe to make the turbines spin. Finally, the resulting electricity is transmitted 47 miles on high-voltage lines to the ocean's edge. Electricity in Iceland costs about 30 percent less than what a company like Alcoa might pay in the United States. Binyamin Appelbaum, "American Companies Still Make Aluminum in Iceland," New York Times, July 1, 2017.

Fig 28. Listening to ice. Digital image, Celia Harrison. Jökulsárlón, 2020.



Fig 29. Bjarki Bragason.
Digital image Bjarki
Bragason, 2013,
publication KIOSK 75,
[http://www.le-narcissio.fr/
asso/kiosk.html](http://www.le-narcissio.fr/asso/kiosk.html).

When Okjökull melted on Iceland's collective doorstep, its citizens were all ears, sparking questions of memorializing nature through creative responses. Icelandic artist and scholar Bjarki Bragason preserves the rapidly receding glacial topography in Iceland measured against his own memory, attempting to cast the ice to holding on.⁸⁷ Perhaps, a more explicit happening of artistic memorializing as monumentalizing is seen by Icelandic/Danish artist Olafur Eliasson's *Ice Watch*. Eliasson harvests glacial ice blocks and installs them in clock formation outside prominent political urban places, timing his installations within politically charged events.⁸⁸ In my reading of *Ice Watch*, monumentalizing happens by transposing the glacial ice blocks into urban spaces where consciousness is raised through a high level of media visibility and sensationalism through their abstraction from glacial waters into plazas designed for monuments. Another case in point for memorializing nature as an event that reflects human grief and loss at its centre, is Iceland's *Un-Glacier Tour* led by American Climate Anthropologists Cymene Howe and Dominic Boyer.⁸⁹ Within the disappearance of OK glacier (Okjökull), human grief is transposed onto the environment, and in my view, a complex association of guilt is carried through anthropogenic habits. In difference to other glacier tours in Iceland that celebrate walking or snowmobile rides across glacial bodies, *Un-Glacier Tour 2019* aims at raising awareness on anthropogenic effects of climate change on glacial extinction. However, on August 18, 2019, when they took a group of 100 mourners, including prominent politicians, scientists, activists, and artists to commemorate the passing of Okjökull, I sensed an act of monumentalizing through memorializing. First, some details

<https://www.nytimes.com/2017/07/01/us/politics/american-companies-still-make-aluminum-in-iceland.html>. Magnason's film shows the implicit tension between environmental activists and those who feel saved by economic prosperity from return of local livelihoods.

87 Janine Randerson, *Weather As Medium: Toward a Meteorological Art* (Cambridge, Massachusetts: MIT Press, 2018), 147. We see time as central in Bragason's work that derived from the discovery of a discarded block of glacial ice on the side of the road, following a conference he had attended previously that day. We note the absurdity of Bjarki's empty cast. The transition of this block of glacial ice from holding significance of time to becoming an insignificant leftover represents here the question of memorializing nature that I regard as an anti-monumentalizing gesture. What Bragason did, after leaving the block in his freezer until the spring, he split the ice in two sections, casting one in concrete and he melted the other with a heat-gun. The glacial ice melted and left behind traces of sediment on crumpled paper. The concrete block precisely preserved the glacial ice's shape. Anna Lindal and Bjarki Bragason, "Kiosk" Editions DELART, (Nice: Juillet, 2015). <http://www.le-narcissio.fr/asso/kiosk.html>.

88 Olafur, Eliasson. "Ice Watch." Accessed October 3, 2019, <https://olafureliasson.net/archive/artwork/WEK109190/ice-watch>.

89 I reference the *Un-Glacier Tour* as monumental though striving for local good, for preserving Iceland's environment by making all humans present and future aware through its anti-tourism, eco-tourism approach. I see this hybrid relation between art and their performance of un-touring as a creative one that deploys artistic collaborations with the author and filmmaker Andri Snær Magnason. Its context for my practice is in its creative-led community initiative.

on the event: This tour featured the installation of a memorial plaque while glaciologist Oddur Sigurdsson produced a death certificate citing the cause of death as “excessive heat” and “humans.”⁹⁰ Several children in attendance pushed the bronze memorial into place, symbolically cementing a more hopeful future. Coverage of the event and the initiative to commemorate Okjökull can be found in several thousand news reports spinning around the world between July 20-August 25, 2019.⁹¹ Together, Howe and Boyer created the bronze memorial with words composed by artist, Andri Snaer Magnason as a monument to a glacier-that-was:

A letter to the future:

*OK is the first Icelandic glacier to lose
its status as glacier.*

*In the next 200 years all our glaciers are
expected to follow the same path.*

*This monument is acknowledging that
we know what is happening and what
needs to be done.*

Only you know if we did it.

Águst– 2019 415ppm Co2⁹²

90 Cymene Howe and Dominic Boyer. 2020. “Death of a Glacier.” Anthropology News website, April 22, 2020. DOI: 10.1111/AN.1384. Cymene Howe and Dominic Boyer are professors of anthropology at Rice University and published authors and researchers pursuing the effects of climate emergency.

91 Cymene Howe, “Un-Glacier Tour 2019,” Not OK Movie, August 18, 2019, accessed November 23, 2021 <https://www.notokmovie.com/>.

92 Cymene Howe, “Un-Glacier Tour 2019,” Not OK Movie, August 18, 2019, accessed November 23, 2021 <https://www.notokmovie.com/>.

Sited at an elevation of 1,114 meters above sea level, the numbers 415ppm Co2 record the global atmospheric carbon dioxide reading for that month.



Fig 30. Cymene Howe, UN-GLACIER TOUR 2019, image extracted from <https://www.notokmovie.com/>

While the special visit on August 18th, 2019, sparked several thousand news reports published around the world, attempting critical awareness of glacial extinction into ‘dead ice’, it also triggered questions for me around memorializing nature and human-centred methods in its practice of touring glaciers, regardless of its Un-Glacier Tour moniker. What does it take to raise community consciousness around anthropogenic climate changes without repeating methods productive of more anthropogenic causes? Could it be that the Un-Glacier Tour’s touring repeated, at heart, the same problem of human-centeredness by adopting old-world expressions of ownership through its bronze plaque placement, albeit owning up to the death of a glacier? Do we really need more humans to traipse on mass over these vulnerable landscapes for paying witness to glacial demise? Magnason’s

Letter To The Future places humans at the centre, inviting human survival over and beyond the glaciers. Its tenor suggests humans of 2019 know what is happening and what needs to be done. Troubling in simplicity, any future subjects might not be mistaken for thinking solutions were at hand, answers readily available, shifts in consciousness were collectively aligned toward 'making good' on human's heavy toll on the planet. Perhaps, simplicity is indeed the most effective means for reaching the masses? This work elicits my response for becoming mutually attentive to creative acts that might result in monumentalizing nature through methods of memorializing.

Un-Glacier Tour provokes a different direction for my situated practice. By sensing lightly with an ear attuned to mountain withdraws, this direction portends to futures that may include humans. This route opens my practice to critique for when or how my creative tactics default to anthropocentric charges. Before nearing lightly, I first pass through the foreign and practice listening to world murmurs. Along this path, memorializing and monumentalizing is called into question by aliases guiding me, cautioning my way to habits of anthropocentrism. Benjamin is one such alias, adding caution on relations between nature and language with respect to human's propensity for naming:

Fig 31. Listening to ice.
Digital image, Celia
Harrison. Jökulsárlón,
2018.





Around 35km from where I live in Iceland, there's a forest in Eiðar. The directions we have, is to take the first left past the church and go down behind the big abandoned school. From there, walk toward the forest, over the old bridge. At the beginning of the forest take the path to the right. The path is so overgrown it's hard to tell if we're heading the right way but suddenly out of nowhere we spot the unlikely looming presence of the Macy's department store, situated in a clearing within the forest. It is in fact an installation by Paul McCarthy and Jason Rhoades from 2004. I can tell, no one has been there for some time. The shrubs have grown up next to the Macy's façade, etching themselves with the winds, into the surface.

OVERLEAF

Fig 32. Etching with the winds. Digital image, Celia Harrison, Eiðar, 2020.

Fig 33. Macys': Paul McCarthy and Jason Rhoades (2004). Digital image, Celia Harrison. Eiðar, 2020.

Benjamin evokes the *Tower of Babble* and (his Hebraic) God's destruction of the tower, resulting in the dissemination of multiple people and languages. He describes humans' ensuing babble as ongoing naming, law-making, judgements, translations, speaking over all other shared species of life. As a result, nature goes silent, held deep in melancholy or sadness, muted by incessant babbling of fallen human existence. Benjamin suggests human redemption lies in listening to the silences of nature, attuning our ears to the sadness held. Further, his redemption aligns to hearing our primordial language living in nature: "the sadness of nature makes *her*⁹³ mute. In all mourning there is the deepest inclination to speechlessness."⁹⁴

He concludes his *On Language As Such* essay on the work of art by suggesting those works that come from matter (plastic arts)—exempting such art forms as poetry that are reliant on abstract references 'made' from human language—sculpture, painting (matter arts) arise from what he describes as the "community of things" connected by shared matter. "In them we find a translation of the language of things into an infinitely higher language, which may well be of the same sphere."⁹⁵ In listening to Benjamin on the 'same sphere' there appears the inseparable origins of language arising out of shared species, a life (before human babble), deep in time, in the shared sphere of nature. This resonates with Lingis' world murmurs, already mentioned, and discussed more fully in *Nearing Time*.

With my concern for inside/outside demarcations, in Benjamin's original figure of the 'Tower' or 'Mountain' (placed by his god) for translating language of things, this now seems to dismantle hierarchy. In

93 In my italicization of '*her*:' I am noting how this gendering of nature appears as anthropocentrism while making my point through Benjamin's alias in cautioning anthropocentrism through human naming. This contradiction is something I attempt to work through as well as acknowledging the different time in which Benjamin is writing.

94 Walter Benjamin, *Selected Writings Volume 1 1913-1926: On Language As Such and On the Language of Man*. Ed. M. Bullock & M. W. Jennings. (London: The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 1996), 73. It is important to emphasize that Benjamin suggests, on the point of communication, that "all language communicates itself." Benjamin, 63. He gives the example of a lamp: "The language of this lamp, for example, does not communicate the lamp (for the mental being of the lamp, insofar as it is communicable, is by no means the lamp itself), but: the language-lamp, the lamp in communication, the lamp in expression." Benjamin, 63. His point is that all beings hold their own modalities of expression (or language-existence). People as much as animals, stones or mountains. Benjamin is avoiding anthropocentrism here. His essay aims at revealing that communication happens in and not through language. This is a difficult distinction to grasp for humans who render meaning through verbal or written words, though his aim is to reveal human differences with respect to the language of things and human language of words. He is also bringing to his analysis the significance of time. In language, things 'speak'—speaking or whatever mediates is the immediacy of life living. The shared sphere we come to discuss is this being in language of nature, inseparable from the matter-doing-expressing.

95 Benjamin, 73.

listening to the alarming babble on anthropogenic climate change, humans, it seems have constructed vast distances from such origins for being housed in the language and life of (shared species) nature. Are we still able to forge creative works that show us our signs for being within the shared species of all language-thingness? More precisely are we still able to silence ourselves, to hear the silence of nature and attune our melancholy with other species and thus share in these silences without mastery?

In *Nearing Time*, (the final review section), Alphonso Lingis comes to guide my way for listening to deep time murmurs of the world in relation to melancholy without mastery and/or memorializing. With him as an alias, linguistic-existence speaks in our relations to wholly-otherness, distributed across ecologies of shared species-things. We are not there yet, moving too fast along this alternative path. My aim, in keeping this key point in slow play, listening to the 'shared sphere' (community of things) is to hold open a future way for including humans. Silences of nature, held in shared matter including human expressions of art, keys this research especially into Lingis' linguistic existences of the world. Our foreign ear toward the other attunes to his path, staying quiet for now, listening for different sounds of 'shared sphere' ecologies.

Circling terns, again, attune me to eruptions, this time Whakaari (Aotearoa), while I listen to Indian-born, New Yorker, Amitav Ghosh's thinking on climate change, imperialism, and art (specifically literature), carried by his *The Great Derangement*.⁹⁶ In Iceland, 'everyone' reads, especially literature and I have adopted this national love of fiction. Drawn to Ghosh's literary voice, especially for the way it edges poetically on the abyss of political climate change agency. In dialogue with local people of Iceland, my sense of their relationship to literature includes the reality of climate emergency nearing this form. However, Ghosh's experience is more critical, and I step carefully along his path to see where I am. Ghosh's acclaim comes as a writer of fiction, though his later work turns to non-

96 Amitav Ghosh, *The Great Derangement: Climate Change and the Unthinkable* (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 2016). The book is structured in three parts: Part one deals with the modern novel and its difficulty for expressing ideas of climate change. In this section he draws on the Freudian concept of the uncanny to suggest a kind of void or unhomely encounter with natural destruction in the face of artistic representations. This is one tenor of his 'unthinkable'—that art provides a safety net for humans, detouring us away from the reality of our 'homemade' anthropogenic crisis. In the second part, he focuses on history, specifically the history of colonialism and its role in the climate crisis. He takes urban planning of major cities to explore how western precepts overlay or erase Indigenous multigenerational knowledge. In his final part, Ghosh focuses on politics to draw attention to systemic drivers of climate change by recalibrating the role of imperialism with capitalism. He gives a rather cynical critique of small shifts (tokenism) in relation to individual lifestyle shifts or small-scale choices (fueling what is unthinkable for 'us' humans inculcated into individualism or neo-liberalism) in relation to the reality necessary for tackling head-on large-scale systemic problems.

fiction as a more cutting tool for critiquing imperialism in relation to climate change. Ghosh's critical self-reflection on the failures of fiction, in relation to politics, nears the limits of creative imagination. For Ghosh, human beings too easily fall into 'safer' images of myths, legends, and other forms of 'story' that he has found entangles 'us' within imperialist propaganda and/or idealism. Such story disseminates by keeping us 'safe,' divorcing 'us' from the immediacy of our lived crises: Ghosh laments, "let us make no mistake: the climate crisis is also a crisis of culture, and thus of the imagination."⁹⁷ In a beautifully crafted schema, Ghosh's 'unthinkable' is a concept from his non-fiction, *The Great Derangement*, that invites us to inspect how human imagination fails. Here I'm starting to correspond my thinking to aspects of art and imagination with his failure of fiction. Ghosh's 'unthinkable' redirects 'us' to inspect our creative agency, and by association our complicit role in climate change. His 'unthinkable' is a shadow, a foreign face arriving 'uncannily' when we stay uncritical to the drape of our cultural imaginations and shut down on real systemic problems of environmental problems, such as those stemming from imperialism and capitalism. Ghosh's critique deploys the psychoanalytic and existential phenomenon of the uncanny as one such manifestation that erupts anyway through a slew of unprecedented environmental crises. His first-hand encounter with a tornado demonstrates how its foreign force erupts uncannily in him, turning him to recognise another—wholly other—way.⁹⁸

97 Ghosh, 18. I recognise that for many humans the luxury of reading fiction and dreaming of elsewhere, isn't such an easy escape option. I hereby take Ghosh's critique of fiction and its closure on imagination as something more profound. Those privileged with education and reading are those who often hold the greatest exercise of power and by association the global effects of myths, legends, propaganda and ideological forces that move through all spheres of life from the literate to illiterate and beyond.

98 The term 'uncanny' first appeared in Freud's seminal essay *Uncanny* in 1919. Freud described it as the strangeness in the ordinary. Expanding on this in his Seminar X: *Anxiety*, Lacan suggests that the uncanny is related to the place of the minus phi ($-\phi$), the place of a void, a lack and nothingness that he terms as the imaginary "castration anxiety in relation to the Other." Jacques Lacan, *The Seminar of Jacques Lacan: Book X*, Trans. A R Price, edit., Jacques-Alain Miller, (Cambridge: Polity Press, 2014). The uncanny occurs when an object or situation directs us to a place of void. With Heidegger, my research leans into this void for being (stranded) in the world and is marked by the uncanny discovery that we are perennially homeless in the world. We are never at home in the face of the uncanny. David Farrell Krell, "Das Unheimliche: Architectural Sections of Heidegger and Freud Research in Phenomenology," 1992, Vol. 22 (Brill, 1992), accessed March 22, 2022 <https://www.jstor.org/stable/24654487>. 43-61. It is in how the term has been taken up by spatial design and architecture fields where I find the uncanny to settle as a 'homely' concept, whereby in leaning more closely into our edge-conditions, we are afforded the greatest position to access our primordial dwelling and in doing so living with uncertainty becomes our greatest home. We do not flee our uncanny imaginary, our voids and nothingness.

*Uncanny winds churning through
mountains: Shadows of a river ask for
recognition*

Ghosh describes his encounter of being caught in the middle of a tornado when it hit Delhi on March 17, 1978.⁹⁹ He was 21 years old and over time the unpredictable event kept haunting, revisiting him with his survival, asking why he had walked a road he almost never ventured down, moments before the unprecedented phenomenon struck. His own mind kept turning, rationalising his experience, detouring with questions of chance and coincidence. His term ‘derangement’ refers to our symptomatic ‘self-congratulatory’ attitude for ‘self-awareness’ in times of late liberalism. Ghosh

99 Ghosh’s account is worth noting here. His literary voice is as much present within the existential recounting of this incredible tornado event:

On the afternoon of March 17, 1978, the weather took an odd turn in North Delhi. Mid-March is usually a nice time of year in that part of India: the chill of winter is gone and the blazing heat of summer is yet to come; the sky is clear and the monsoon season is far away. But that day, dark clouds appeared suddenly, followed by squalls of rain. Then came an even bigger surprise—a hailstorm. I was then 21 years old, studying for an MA at Delhi University while also working as a part-time journalist. When the hailstorm broke, I was in a library. I had planned to stay late, but the storm led me to leave. For no particular reason, I decided to make a short detour to visit a friend. But the weather had worsened by the time I found him, so I cut short the visit and headed straight back by a route that I rarely had occasion to take. I had just passed a busy intersection called Maurice Nagar when I heard a rumbling somewhere above. Glancing over my shoulder, I saw a grey, tube-like extrusion forming on the underside of a dark cloud: it grew rapidly as I watched, and then it turned and came whiplashing down to earth, heading in my direction. I sprinted across the street, toward what seemed to be the entrance to a large administrative building, but the glass-fronted doors were shut, and a small crowd stood huddled outside, in the shelter of an overhang. There was no room for me there, so I ran around to the front of the building. Spotting a small balcony, I jumped over the parapet and crouched on the floor. The noise quickly rose to a frenzied pitch, and the wind began to tug fiercely at my clothes. Stealing a glance over the parapet, I saw, to my astonishment, that my surroundings had been darkened by a churning cloud of dust. In the dim glow that was shining down from above, I saw an extraordinary panoply of objects flying past—bicycles, scooters, lampposts, sheets of corrugated iron, even entire tea stalls. In that instant, gravity itself seemed to have been transformed into a wheel spinning upon the fingertip of some unknown power. I buried my head in my arms and lay still. Moments later the noise died down and was replaced by an eerie silence. When at last I climbed out of the balcony, I was confronted by a scene of devastation such as I had never before beheld. Buses lay overturned, scooters sat perched on treetops, walls had been ripped out of buildings, exposing interiors in which ceiling fans had been twisted into tulip-like spirals. The place where I had first thought to take shelter, the glass-fronted doorway, had been reduced to a jumble of jagged debris. The panes had shattered, and many people had been wounded by the shards. I walked away in a daze. Ghosh, 12-13.

turns awry to where he can no longer rationalise and gets in touch with his lost self through his first-hand encounter with unpredictable forces of his natural surrounding world. He nears the unexplainable with the tornado, recognising human imagination could go deeper in when it stays with what is difficult to face, impossible to control. Unpredictable events such as natural disasters, just arrive. For Ghosh, humans are good at compartmentalising and concealing the real. Even, he says, (literary) realism is under attack because most (contemporary) fiction conforms to literary systems, largely compartmentalised by market-driven genres and such.¹⁰⁰

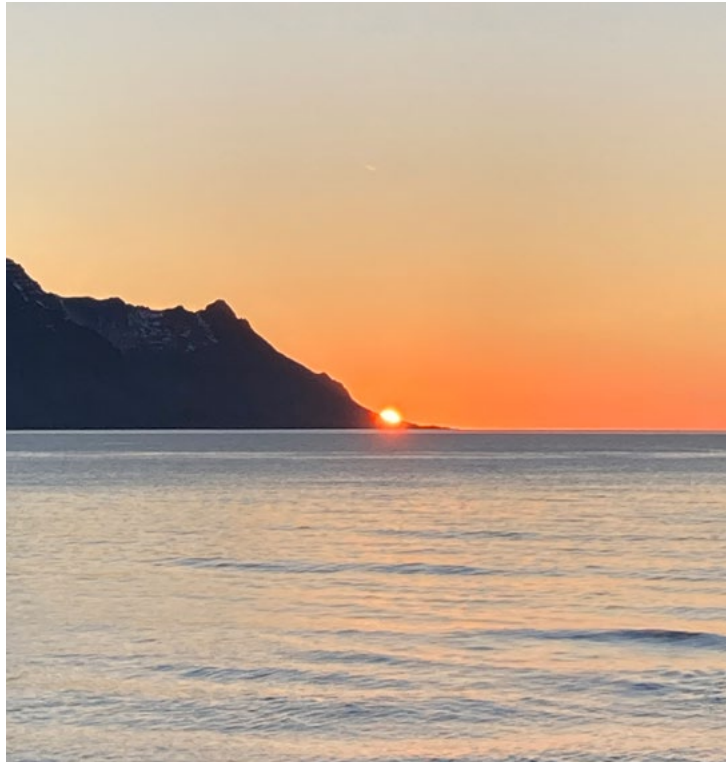


Fig 34. Midnight sun, summer solstice. Digital image, Celia Harrison. Seyðisfjörður, 2021.

100 Ghosh's encounter with his immediate surrounds when writing his novel the Sundarbans exacts his point:

But when it came to translating these perceptions into the medium of my imaginative life—into fiction, that is—I found myself confronting challenges of a wholly different order from those that I had dealt with in my earlier work. Back then, those challenges seemed to be particular to the book I was writing, *The Hungry Tide*; but now, many

It might feel we are straying from Ghosh's key point on cultural imagination, art and reality. However, in getting a little lost - an important critical position for this research, my thoughts expand with his on the 'unthinkable' reality of climate change (whether literary, artistic, faith or science) and its accumulative returns. Where we stand today, Ghosh would say these unprecedented returns indicate that we are out of time for wonder, living amidst the urgency of multiple and coinciding climate events around the globe. In *Nearing Time*, I come to discuss the uncanny nature of 'time' in relation to site-writing my situated practice: A methodology for expanding critique through my spatio-temporal methods of alias-atlasing. Staying longer with Ghosh, this foreign, uncanny, edge, his 'unthinkable' within climate events, arrives in multiple whirling events: scattering debris, spreading viruses, extinguishing forests, and multiple species we've termed, becoming 'extinct.' If anything, it's harder to get a 'fix' on where we stand given the ground appears to be constantly moving. My research is learning to embrace the vortex conditions of climate change. Ghosh will wish to say we are 'out of time' linking this to the 'untimely' uncanny and I will wish to link this time to space: Where are we humans situated in this time of living 'out of time?'

Ghosh's *The Great Derangement*, traces roots of imperialism to capitalist modes of production and consumption. Interested in hearing his multigenerational Indigenous voices that have been muted by imperialism, though still present. We travel with him to his deep past when his ancestors are living in their village on the banks of the Padma River—a significant waterway in the Indian landscape. His shifting views show his ancestors to become ecological refugees from the Padma, now Bangladesh. He recounts his father's story of the Padma's sudden change in course, one day drowning the village in the mid-1850s. His forebears were among

years later, at a moment when the accelerating effects of global warming have begun to threaten the very existence of low-lying areas like the Sundarbans, those problems seem to have far wider implications. I have come to recognize that the challenges that climate change poses for the contemporary writer, although specific in some respects, are also products of something broader and older, deriving ultimately from the grid of literary forms and conventions that came to shape the narrative imagination in precisely that period when the accumulation of carbon in the atmosphere was rewriting the destiny of the earth. Ghosh, 6-7.

There is an uncanny link here between Ghosh's coincident thought on narrative imagination with accumulating climate shifts and that of Elizabeth Povinelli's work on the carbon imaginary that I will soon come to discuss. It raises questions for me around coincidence for how political rhetoric or discourses on climate emergency leak into fictional forms which would also be a key hypothesis for Ghosh's non-fictional environmental critiques. What seems notable at this point is how porous fiction becomes in the everyday currency of political and social life. In this respect, fiction is no longer just a field of literature but rather expands the notion of disciplinary fields such as the poetic and literary forms.

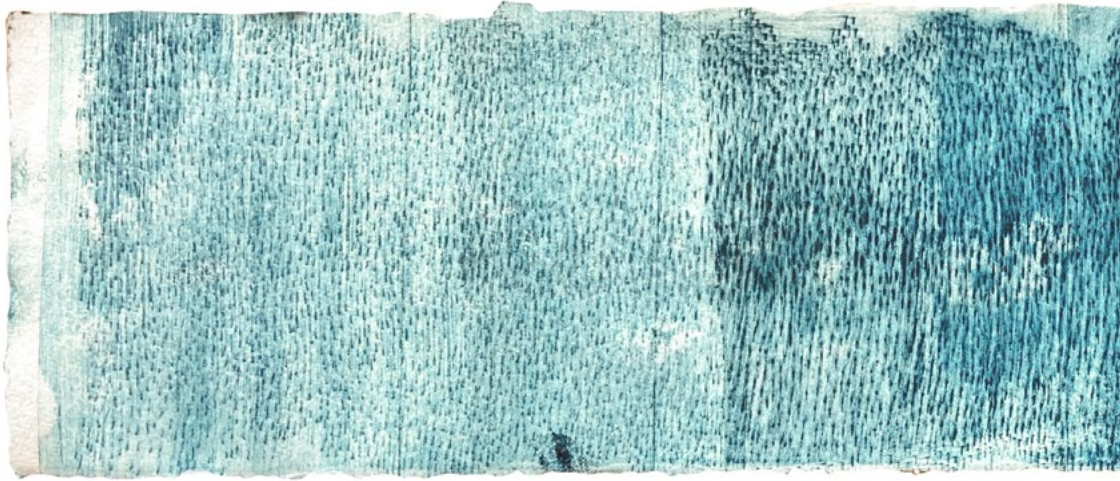
them and their stories lived-on in those like Ghosh's father, recounting drownings as well as survivals. In the wake of the river's ecological turning, Ghosh's forebears moved westward over a six-year period, settling, once again on riverbanks, this time, the Ganges. His story, for me, evokes a legacy of dwelling on rivers, living-with sudden environmental change. Ghosh puts it this way:

To this day, when I think of the circumstances that have shaped my life, I remember the elemental force that unmoored my ancestors from their homeland and launched them on the series of journeys that preceded, and made possible, my own travels. When I look into my past, the river seems to meet my eyes, staring back, as if to ask, do you recognize me, wherever you are?¹⁰¹

'Do you recognize me?' Ghosh's questioning river is his journey of his people, shaped by shifting elemental forces of the river. I hear in Ghosh, Benjamin's evocation of nature, silently questioning, its withdrawal, silences. I sense Ghosh listens for intimacy between him, his ancestors, and the river, running one-hundred years (or so). A deep past to his present—from the event of 1850 and his birth in 1957—facing horrors of its elemental force that drowned his forebears, their village. Attuned to Benjamin's melancholy of nature in its silent withdraw, I sense Ghosh listening to river-speak; to its silence, contempt, or something to refuse, through what he has lost. With Benjamin, I enter these riverbanks, listening to a potentiality for a shared sphere, a community of things, to speak to me in mountain shadows. Does the mountain ask me for recognition? I return to Ghosh's uncanny trembling contact points between his past and present, humans and other species. Benjamin's dialectics of history coincides on this riverbank, in flashing temporal data from ruins of a past. I see mountain shadows flash—Seyðisfjörður's mountain shadows are deeper in shifting light. Like flashings between two (Nietzschean) swords, the mountain flashes sky, illuminating contact, and in doing so, I begin to recognise an enduring past, flashing futures.

Ghosh hears his old river make contact in him, questioning his deep time recognition that has contoured his life. He perceives 'recognition' through his uncanny river making its point of contact: 'Do you recognize me, wherever you are?' He situates himself silently on edges of its banks, asking something of himself through the wholly other contact of deep time sources. He questions where he is, and how in his present situation he understands the present crisis of global anthropogenic climate change. I

101 Ghosh, 4.



hear the uncanny silence of Benjamin's dialectical shocks of recognition within his historic materialism. I have no reason to think Ghosh listens to Benjamin, though there is something uncanny, I hear, between them:

Fig 35. Ten days of rain, Celia Harrison.
Drypoint intaglio on paper.
Seyðisfjörður, 2021.

Recognition is famously a passage from ignorance to knowledge. It is not the same as comprehension, and it does not require an exchange of words: more often than not, we recognize mutely. The first syllable of the word recognition harks back to something prior, an already existing awareness—a moment of recognition occurs when a prior awareness flashes before us, effecting an instant change in our understanding of that which we behold. Yet this flash cannot appear spontaneously; it cannot disclose itself except in the presence of its lost other. The knowledge that results from recognition, then, is not of the same kind as the discovery of something new: it arises rather from a renewed reckoning with a potentiality that lies within oneself.¹⁰²

Benjamin would suggest Ghosh's flash comes involuntarily, eliciting a 'memory' of the past, only recognisable from wherever we are—relational and motile like a river—it asks of us: where are you; from where do you stand?

102 Ghosh, 4-5.

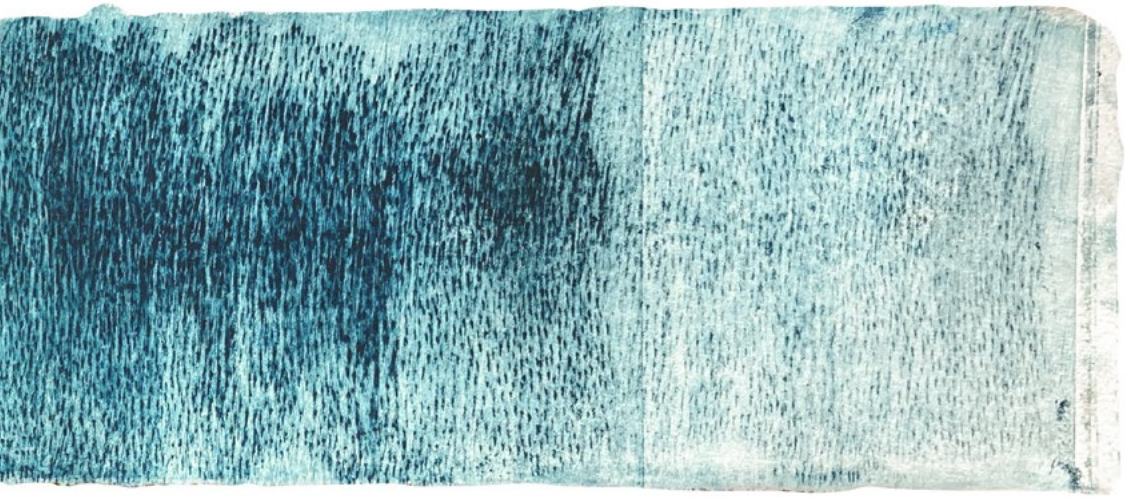


Fig 36. Seyðisfjörður
Rain. Digital image, Celia
Harrison. Seyðisfjörður,
2020.



Mute recognitions within communities of our lost selves

I've been moving slowly with the terns, traveling between peaks of Okjökull glacier and Whakaari volcano. Slowly, tracing deep time ancestral leanings to near more contact points of silent, foreign, recognition—of loss and redemption. Silently I site-write attuning myself to ethical relation for being in the world.¹⁰³ In my exegesis conclusion, I come nearer still to the recognition of my lost others within my site, produced by environmental strain. Slow encounters with the mountain, enduring deep shadows cast by its broad shoulders, I had been recognising through my alias-atlasing, the mountain's imminent December 2020 collapse. Only weeks before the landslides, I wrote and produced works about incessant rain and there had been earlier atlases I'd produced a year or so before. I write now, having first-hand experience of the mountain's collapse—and it asks what do I recognise? How does this event shape my practice moving on? How do I recognise the deep time journey of the township that had always already been shaped by elemental forces, mountain forces and others witnessed by multi-generational being? Slowly and silently, I come to recognise something looking back, staring at me from out of the shadows, asking of my situated-practice, do you recognise yourself in shadows of climate emergency? If so, how do these shadows come to speak? To move forward, like Ghosh, I must come to recognise the research journey that's shaped my conclusion through deep time practices shaping my life.

103 Heidegger uses the term attunement to elicit our everyday being or what he calls *stimmung* (mood). Our mood (attunement) corresponds our understanding and attitude (or recognition in Ghosh's terms) for how we are in relation to our everyday world. See: Martin Heidegger, *1928-29 Lectures, Fundamental Concepts of Metaphysics. In The fundamental concepts of metaphysics: World, finitude, solitude.* Trans. W. McNeill & N. Walker, (Bloomington and Indianapolis: Indiana University Press, 1995). I make an early note here of Lisbeth Lipari where listening can be construed as what Lipari calls an 'Ethics of Attunement'. She uses the work of Levinas but Heidegger is in the shadows here too. Lipari who uses two Greek concepts to give us insight into an idea of attunement as the relation between resonance and temporality. She writes that Attunement is Kairos (temporality) + Akroasis (listening). Levinas is quoted, suggesting that "The 'movement' of time understood as transcendence toward the Infinity of the 'wholly other' does not temporalize in a linear way." What Lipari takes from Levinas's time as nonlinear and an infinite movement of transcendence toward alterity with an ear to the other, is our topos of listening that perhaps can begin to hear the harmonic attunement of Kairos with Akroasis whereby we contemplate the relation to the other, wherein "time is not the achievement of an isolated and lone subject, but ...is the very relationship of the subject with the Other." Levinas, *Time and the Other*, 33. Quoted from Lisbeth Lipari, *Listening, Thinking, Being - Toward an Ethics of Attunement* (Pennsylvania: Pennsylvania State University Press, 2014). Chapter 8, Toward an Ethics of Attunement. ePub. I come to discuss Levinas through Alphonso Lingis and kairos in my *Nearing Time* section.



Fig 37. Recognition in a mountain. Screengrab from Digital Video, Celia Harrison. Seyðisfjörður, 2021.

In 2019, my first year of PhD research, I returned to Auckland for a three month stay, lodging with my parents in our family home. Situated in my childhood bedroom for the first time since leaving home as an adult, uncanny resonances pulsed a past in recognition of a future. A few years on I would collaborate on a commemorative sound work on the mountain in Seyðisfjörður, in the wake of the mountain landslides. Together with the artist alias Ocean Floor, I site-wrote with their collective sound installation, titled *Suo Gân* (discussed in detail in Part Two). For now, I wish only to listen to *Suo Gân* echoing off the mountain, into my childhood spaces through the ear of my mother. *Suo Gân* is the name of a Welsh lullaby written in the 1800s by an anonymous composer. The lyrics depict a mother who's reassuring her infant: Don't be frightened, it's a leaflet tapping, tapping on the door; Don't be frightened, 'twas a wavelet sighing, sighing on the shore. Her voice is soft, and my childhood ear now falls on the lightness of nature's touch, a solo and small leaflet, a gentle, almost imperceptible, exhale of a single wavelet. I feel lulled, sleepy and recline, listening with Rendell who's sited by her dream inside her mother's home in Cwmgors, South Wales:



Fig 38. Scanned image from: **Jane Rendell, Site-Writing – The Architecture of Art Criticism** (London: New York: I.B Tauris & Co, 2010), 140.

White Linen —

I dream of the house last night, my mother's home in Cwmgors, South Wales. When I was a child, it was the place where it always rained in the holidays, but now, as it slips away from me, it is the place that I already begin to miss. I was in the dining room; the house was empty except for this one room. The furniture was far too big and was covered in linen. The air was thick with silence. With the curtains drawn, it was dark, but the linen glowed white. As I went towards the mantelpiece to take a look at myself in the mirror, I saw for the first time, in the reflection, that the room was full of plants, so alive I could smell the moisture still on their leaves.¹⁰⁴

Something is slipping away from Jane. Her childhood? Her mother? Time itself produces her longing. Depths of time between childhood and adulthood spatially moves her. Alice-in-wonderland encounters with furniture manifest a child's scale; cloistered air manifests time trapped, at a standstill awaiting (her) return. Holding breath, withdrawn into darkness, lost selves linger in waiting for 'us' to return and to recognise our place, here and now. Flashing light, white linen draws Jane's path to illuminate time and space, folding then and now by way of mirror-language. Life held in silence and melancholy like Benjamin's silent nature, held by deep melancholy or

104 Jane Rendell, *Site-Writing – The Architecture of Art Criticism* (London: New York: I.B Tauris & Co, 2010), 140.

Fig 39. Grandmothers Green Room. Digital image, Jessica Harrison. Dolgellau, 2010.



Fig 40. Aberfan Disaster, Aberfan, Glamorgan, Wales, 21 Oct 1966
<https://historydaily.org/aberfan-disaster>
(accessed November 25, 2021)



Fig 41. Suo Gân, Ocean Floor. Sound and sculptural installation. Digital image, Celia Harrison. Seyðisfjörður, 2021.



Fig 42. Seyðisfjörður landslide. Digital image, Celia Harrison. Seyðisfjörður, 2020.

sadness, muted by the incessant babbling that we now ‘recognise’ through Ghosh as evasion by way of human tactics, deferring responsibilities for climate change. Rendell is listening to silence, attuned to the sadness it holds. Dwelling in deep time dream-matter where she incorporates a community of things: shared matter bringing her senses in direct contact with moisture seeding scents of life. Deep inside her own primordial language and life in nature, she inclines to speechlessness to witness the abundance of a room come alive—She has become social with ecologies of shared species, homing her as such.

I sleep well that night inside my childhood room. I wake a few years later, responding to Wales steeped in the slopes of Seyðisfjörður’s mountain. A friend sends me a photo of Aberfan, a Welsh town after a colliery spoil tip happens on a mountain slope in 1966. Heavy rain leads to a build-up of water within the tip and causes sudden collapse and slides of downhill slurry. She said it killed 116 children and 28 adults. Shifting wind carries the sound of the *Suo Gân* lullaby through these waters, streaming its way along a new path on Seyðisfjörður’s mountain, and loops back into the hills of Wales’ Dolgellau, where I’m surrounded by my grandparents inside their green drawing room. Seamlessly looping, sounds of guitar, flute, and Welsh accents, combine in shared species of wind and water recast by mountains after landslides. A community of things inclines me toward my mountain-sadness, attuned as I’ve become to the foreign lost other of ourselves, communing in the primordial language of nature’s withdrawal.

In July 2021, I sit on my own, listening to *Suo Gân* with post-collapse renewal of a mountain stream and think of Ghosh meeting his river asking him for recognition. Streaming after landslides, its course asks me if I recognise the source of a split at the new waterfall juncture. Its foreign path leads me deeper inside the mountain, nearing me to hear its breathing, its long and moist sighs. I enter its autochthonous underland, where my nostalgia drains into its losses, then empties me out of all my distractions and, only then, do I hear its silent withdrawal. Making room, the mountain speaks, and I recognise I’ve never heard this silence before. It is wholly foreign, wholly potential, redeeming me to return to the exterior, to mountain air and light tapping of future leaves and waves. I find myself seated by a small rock pool where I’ve always been, staring up at a slither of blue sky and circling terns. Whakaari’s ash is falling like snow.¹⁰⁵

105 This poetic interlude expresses alias-atlasing through folds of time and place; through past and recent events of mountains collapse. This method of folding evokes the coincidence of Jane Rendell’s maternal home of Wales with my maternal encounters with Wales. Different times are spaced through her involuntary dreams of Wales and my own sense of Wales through a lullaby that coincides with Iceland. I listen to the lullaby in Iceland as it de-distances Auckland, New Zealand and returns me to my childhood, to my mother.

An eco-poetic requiem becomes worldly

In Rendell's *White Linen* I near her dream-language, encountering involuntary dialectical spatio-temporal site-writing: a child and adult stand together inside their mother's home; a living room collapses London with Wales brought into proximity through aesthesis of moisture; incessant rain, plants breathing into her olfactory system, outside and inside borders no longer exist, linear time, gone. Alias-atlasing allows an involuntary, less mastered encounter within (our) surrounding worlds. This methodology activates our becoming social within ecologies of other shared species as we dwell with our lost others.

Warwick Mules' eco-poetics nears my mountain route for becoming social with other shared species.¹⁰⁶ His eco-poetics focuses on approaches to art with nature philosophy, affirming human-nature relations as creative and productive for ecological self-renewal and redirection.¹⁰⁷ Influenced, among others, by Benjamin's and Heidegger's nature philosophy, Mules' eco-poetics practices poetic dwelling and his key term being-with nature finds such resonance along with Benjamin's potentiality for dwelling in nature's primordial language.¹⁰⁸ Heidegger's seminal essay on technology is a touchstone for Mules, which moves through ancient human beings' poetic dwelling with nature to late-

My friend on Waiheke site-writes within this time and place, her Auckland-Island in drought conditions, while I'm drenched in Iceland rain. She sends the image of Aberfan, hearing news of our mountain collapse that site-writes-atlases into collapse of Aberfan's mountain from 1966 with Rendell's childhood in Cwmgors, South Wales, where it always rained. Within Rendell's childhood dream-scape we imagine the incessant rain in Seyðisfjörður in 2020 precipitating the collapse of its mountain. Ash that turns to snow is the evocation of bringing these peaks together, where I'm present with eruptions of mountains and thus the geo-species of volcanic ash is present to where I am, within Iceland's mountain snow. This note is here for elucidating spatio-temporal folds; an arche-structural figure of my alias-atlasing methodology, situating me within the community aesthesis of my site through species sharing deep time and space.

106 Warwick Mules, *With Nature: Nature Philosophy as Poetics Through Schelling, Heidegger, Benjamin and Nancy* (Bristol: Intellect 2014).

107 Mules, 201. Mules' approach has underpinnings in Martin Heidegger's poetic dwelling, introduced previously in terms of 'bringing-forth' and its relational in-situ unconcealing truth of Aléthia. 'Bringing-forth' (poetic dwelling) is a different attitude of *dasein* from 'challenging-forth' that separates out our species as a master species, viewing ways humans have come to challenge other species of the world as human means-ends production.

108 Martin Heidegger is also of influence here and I refer back to an earlier citation on Heidegger's community of being-with others (*mit-sein*) when referencing in a footnote Lisbeth Lipari's work on listening and attunement. I spoke earlier of this primordial language with respect to Benjamin's call to human redemption through listening to silence that is our relation to primordial language and life within nature: "... sadness of nature makes her mute. In all mourning there is the deepest inclination to speechlessness" Walter Benjamin, *On Language As Such and On The Language of Man*. In *Reflections* Ed. P. Demetz, (New York: Schocken Books, 1986), 329.

capitalist 20th century tenets for harnessing nature (challenging-forth).¹⁰⁹ Poetic dwelling is an aesthesis phenomenon, revealing human (dasein) attitude for inseparably being with our surrounding world, without objectification. In this essay, Heidegger names poetic dwelling as bring-forth and adopts the poetic words of German poet Friedrich Hölderlin, for unconcealing a way for presencing (nearing) his readers to think 'poetically'. In doing so, Heidegger's bringing-forth attempts to shift our perspectives through its paradoxical, challenging, disclosure: "But where danger is, grows the saving power also."¹¹⁰ Here I am, standing-with Benjamin and Heidegger on this dangerous precipice that unconceals the reaches of human extremities with respect to our progressive technological means-ends attitude; I view attitudes challenging-forth, harnessing resources and plundering nature through technological means solely serving human ends. So, wherein today grows the saving power? Mules thinks Benjamin relationally with Heidegger,¹¹¹ connecting human

109 Martin Heidegger, *The Question Concerning Technology. In: The Question Concerning Technology and Other Essays* (New York and London: Garland Publishing, 1977), 3-35. Mules' poetic ethos stems from Heideggerian thinking, whereby the existence of human beings (dasein) dwells authentically in relation with (our) inauthentic dwelling. I cannot do justice here to the reading of Heideggerian existential phenomenological concepts and processes, instead I walk silently alongside Heidegger in being with Mules.

110 Heidegger, 28.

111 I feel it necessary at this point to confront Heidegger's deplorable association with National Socialism. I am assisted here by a footnote from Mark Laurence Jackson, *Diagrams of Power in Benjamin and Foucault, The Recluse of Architecture* (New York: Springer Publishing, 2022), 13.

Certainly, since the turn of the century, and especially with publication of Heidegger's 'Black Notebooks', critical circumspection has heightened on just how to 'manage' Heidegger's anti-Semitic statements along with the fact that he neither resigned from the Nazi Party nor offered an 'apology' for crimes against humanity for which that Party was held responsible. Debate continues as to whether we are able to 'separate' Heidegger 'the man' from Heidegger the 'thinker'. Some hold his thinking, from the beginning, to be a pathway to a Germanic opening to the holocaust. Some refuse this and follow other paths. Though during the late 1980s and 1990s there were many positions taken up in this confrontation with Heidegger's Nazism. Perhaps it is Gregory Fried who has dwelt there the most, if being-at-home (or not-being-at-home) makes any sense in this circumstance. Certainly, he has sifted through the literature with thoroughness and passion, even if in the twenty years since publication of his research more has been added to the discussion. See his Heidegger's polemos: From being to politics (2000).

Fried's work guides me through this ethical dilemma, and I am assisted by Jacques Derrida's deconstruction that arrives through Heidegger's destruction. I am moved by Derrida's ongoing deconstruction of biography in relation to conceptual thinking, though in deconstruction the biases are always revealed as the work at work. As an Algerian Jew, who has commented how the question of racism is at the fore of forces of his deconstruction, given his personal dealings with French colonial anti-Semitic attacks on him and his family in Algeria and then when they came to live in Paris. It is no surprise that his work on forgiveness is the most radical thinking of all, asking that forgiveness arrives only in what is unforgiveable. My project attempts to think with Heidegger and his mit-sein for being with on this deconstructed edge. See Jacques Derrida.

redemption within primordial forces of shared species, they call nature.

On this precipice, I conjure up the former quarry of Helgustaðir's Crystal Mountain, drawing strength from its crystals, while at the same moment witnessing the ghosts of harnessing machines extract crystal spar from its site. On these crossroads, I witness the stasis of dead-ice¹¹² melting its moraine into the abyss of the Arctic. On this wake, I listen to (Okjökull) requiems with tones of challenging-forth for memorializing an extinct glacier, and I watch streaming tours of snowmobiles racing over Iceland's glacial terrain. Ash from Whakaari's eruption, falling like snow, strangely nears me on contact with temperate waters of its surrounding pacific sea.¹¹³

Before Whakaari's 2019 disaster, tourism went on exploiting the island while evading imminent signs of its eruption. Harnessing volcanic nature, their tour boats circled Whakaari, landing tourists on its volcanic shores, where 'we' found ourselves releasing camera shutters with rapid ease.¹¹⁴ Up too close, 'we' positioned ourselves in digital screens, enframed by easy means-ends photo-language, deferring our present for future viewing. At best, abundant photo streams taken on tour find their way into a dinner conversation, a momentary sharing, maybe, for a time, even a screen saver. Today, it is hardly imaginable that some are printed, framed,

Racism's Last Word. Trans. Peggy Kamuf. Source: *Critical Inquiry*, Autumn, 1985, Vol. 12, No. 1, "Race," Writing, and Difference. (The University of Chicago Press Stable, 1985) 290-299. <https://www.jstor.org/stable/1343472>

112 'Dead ice' is ice which, though part of a glacier or ice sheet, is no longer moving. When this melts it does so in situ, leaving behind a terrain known as dead-ice moraine. <https://www.oxfordreference.com/view/10.1093/oi/authority.20110803095704121> accessed October 20, 2021. Without being a specialist in glacial geology or archeology, the term 'dead ice' is a placeholder for those interested in delving further into scientific language and its evidence in relation to human causes to climate changes thus creating a positive feedback loop with glaciers, since human activity has caused an increase of greenhouse gases creating a global warming trend.

113 The image of the paradoxical crossroads in the face of great natural collapse is such that my alias-atlasing cross mountain ruins for questioning the ways in which art memorializes nature. Requiem is a term deployed by Elizabeth Povinelli, who I'm coming near to discussing. Her term is a performative one, inciting the discourses of 'death' within Christianity as a deliberate reminder for how colonialist, imperialist, capitalist ventures 'hold hands' across natural resources for plundering, exploiting and owning when attitudes demarcate the divisions of life and death. I reflect on her work in Australia, its poignancy for critiquing the colonialist-settler perspective on first arriving in 'Australia' designating the place as 'terrus nullius', a Latin term meaning 'land belonging to no-one'. Not even the peoples (Aboriginal inhabitants) who for over 50,000 years belonged to this land were acknowledged, let alone, all other ecologies of shared species. I read in this 'no-one landscape' the colonizing nothing of death that privileges the ease in place for plundering and taking.

114 In March 2021, Fagradalsfjall volcano erupted in Reykjanes peninsula in Iceland after lying dormant for around 6000 years. The eruption continued for over six months and became Iceland's number one tourist destination. "A small volcanic eruption has started in Iceland" Government of Iceland. Accessed May 9, 2022. <https://www.government.is/news/article/2021/03/20/A-small-volcanic-eruption-has-started-in-Iceland/>



Fig 43. Fagradalsfjall volcano. Digital image, Celia Harrison. Reykjanes, 2021.

placed on a mantle or in an album. We stockpile digital photos on virtual clouds so that not even the dark spaces of Heidegger’s ‘contemporary’ storerooms holding art like sacks of potatoes compare to this virtual space, devoid of aesthetic perceptions—smell comes evocatively to my mind.¹¹⁵ Breathing in deep time, I imagine the dank standing reserve of hessian comingling with potatoes—canvases sharing painterly matters. At least Heidegger’s example of standing reserves of art stacked or sacked in museum basements allows me to imagine in olfactory ways. Benjamin’s community of plastic arts, arising from shared matter, also embodies its community of things to include human aesthetic within participatory reach. I come to correspond this community of shared matter with

115 Heidegger’s objection to aesthetic enframing, is not just that the work of art is increasingly falling under the influence of enframing—that artworks too are becoming mere resources for the art industry, standing reserves piled in storerooms “like potatoes in a cellar” to be quickly and efficiently “shipped like coal...or logs...from one exhibition to another” Martin, Heidegger. *Poetry, Language, Thought* (New York: Perennial Classics, 2009), 19.

Elizabeth Povinelli's¹¹⁶ critique of life and death within her concepts of bios power, from late-industrial settler governance (geontopower), tethered to geos, perceived as nonlife. Her critique opens me affirmatively to the mutual attention for other paradigms of being human, understandings that exist beyond imperialist-capitalist mandates.

I'm attuning my practice to moving slowly, touching lightly, and therefore, carefully I near my in-depth discussion of Povinelli, where I expand my cultural and social imagination for being social with other shared species through her route of life/death deconstruction.¹¹⁷ I do so, by gathering my digital photo atlases and detour with Benjamin on his thoughts on photography and mechanical reproducibility. His is a historic materialist vantage, whereby analogue photography has surrendered its artistic 'alchemy' of shared matter at crossroads of digital technicity. His analogue-digital intersection reveals art on a dangerous precipice, where I view Ghosh's 'unthinkable' systemic environmental reality such as imperialism and capitalism harnessing of human cultural imagination. My research atlases are constructed from both analogue (particularly printmaking techniques) and digital (especially photomontage essay) modalities. My research stretches beyond Benjamin's possible binary of analogue/digital production. Or rather, I'm attempting to inspect how my imagination expresses tensions between being harnessed by commercial pitfalls, memorializing, and monumentalizing nature, while going along with the realities for communities surviving within environs of climate emergency. Here, I find my research review helpful for asking how far have we ventured from alchemic-photo dark rooms; or what directions have we moved from dark archives of art stored like sacks of potatoes? Stretching myself another way: In how far we've come, what contact points ethical affirm my vantage for viewing lost selves? These are difficult dark questions that reside in my research shadows of the mountain: At 'home' in the opacity of knowing and unconcealing of a community aethesis recognition. Mountain shadows ask do you see your community practice in mutual attention of 'my' withdraw? My practice reveals its own most knowing in stone-walks, where (unconscious) involuntary flashes of recognition arise during the event of the mountain slides. My understanding moves deeper from ignorance, nearing a renewed manifestation, where losses are deeper than memorializing. Staying mute, I listen to calls of difference.

116 Elizabeth Povinelli is the Franz Boas Professor of Anthropology and Gender Studies at Columbia University. She has written several books and papers developing a critical theory of later liberalism, most notably from her sustained relationship with her colleagues the Indigenous Karrabing from Northern Territory, Australia. Her work with them has had significant influence on her theories of settler cultures, forms of power, and geo-ontology.

117 Elizabeth Povinelli, *Geontologies: A Requiem to Late Liberalism* (Durham London: Duke University Press, 2016).

Mules' eco-poetics resonates with Rendell, Ghosh, and Benjamin's unconscious 'optics',¹¹⁸ nearing melancholy and silence of nature¹¹⁹ (of ourselves). Uncovering our environmental strife, Mules' creative practice has us being silent for being-longer-with the environment, listening to our stranded nature or what Donna Haraway calls "staying with the trouble."¹²⁰ Haraway asks how "becoming with" is a practice of becoming worldly?¹²¹ She describes this way of becoming worldly through figures she calls contact zones of diverse bodies that co-shape humans with nature. This will be akin to Povinelli's mutual attentiveness of alternative paradigms for being human outside of the imperialist mandate of life/death. To be worldly, is to be entangled—a term I've already cited by Rendell and her pedagogy for site-writing-reviewing. As Haraway sees it entanglement is a fundamental condition of being-with. Humans are fundamentally and inextricably part of a world that is not just 'our' world but a world we share with countless other life forms and beings.

I become-worldly¹²² with Seyðisfjörður, through its diverse species of environmental extremes: sliding mountains, strong winds, endless fog, long and eternal shadows draping my days, snow and more snow, blizzards, streams, and sheets of relentless rain. Like Rendell, my alias-atlasing creates with others, entangled from within Seyðisfjörður. My optical unconscious 'makes-kin' with Haraway's figures, aliases who near me through mountains, unconcealing potential alternatives for dwelling with nature. Haraway

118 Unconscious optics comes from Walter Benjamin's conceptual unfolding in the work of art essay, referring to the way we locate our desire in visual objects that has the potential to intersect with those flashes of recognition mentioned earlier with Foucault. Subjects make connection to the habits, politics, of their time from out of the lost objects of the past. See: Walter Benjamin, *The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction*. In *Illuminations: Essays and Reflections* Trans. H. Zohn (New York: Schocken Books, 1968), 237.

119 I note here that nature is not soundless when I refer to its silence, rather it's a figure of our cultural imagination that makes her mute. We are in mute recognition through foreignness.

120 Donna Haraway, *Staying with the Trouble: Making Kin in the Chthulucene*. Experimental Futures: Technological Lives, Scientific Arts, Anthropological Voices (Durham: Duke University Press, 2016), 168.

121 Donna Haraway, *When Species Meet* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2008), 3.

122 For further reading on concepts of being-worldly see: Audra Mitchell, "Planet Politics: Mass Extinction and Wordliness." *Worldly*. October 17, 2015. Accessed June 1, 2022. <https://worldlyir.wordpress.com/tag/anthropocene/> She writes:

Haraway, living well with others does not involve aspiring to be an impossible ideal of nonviolence. Instead, involves cultivating a "responsible relation to always asymmetrical living and dying, and nurturing and killing" (Haraway, 2008, L751-759). This, in turn, demands a form of 'becoming-with' as 'becoming-worldly': building sites of attachment with other beings, and tying 'knots' which bind humans into patterns of "response and regard that change the subject- and the object" (Haraway, 2008, L4588).

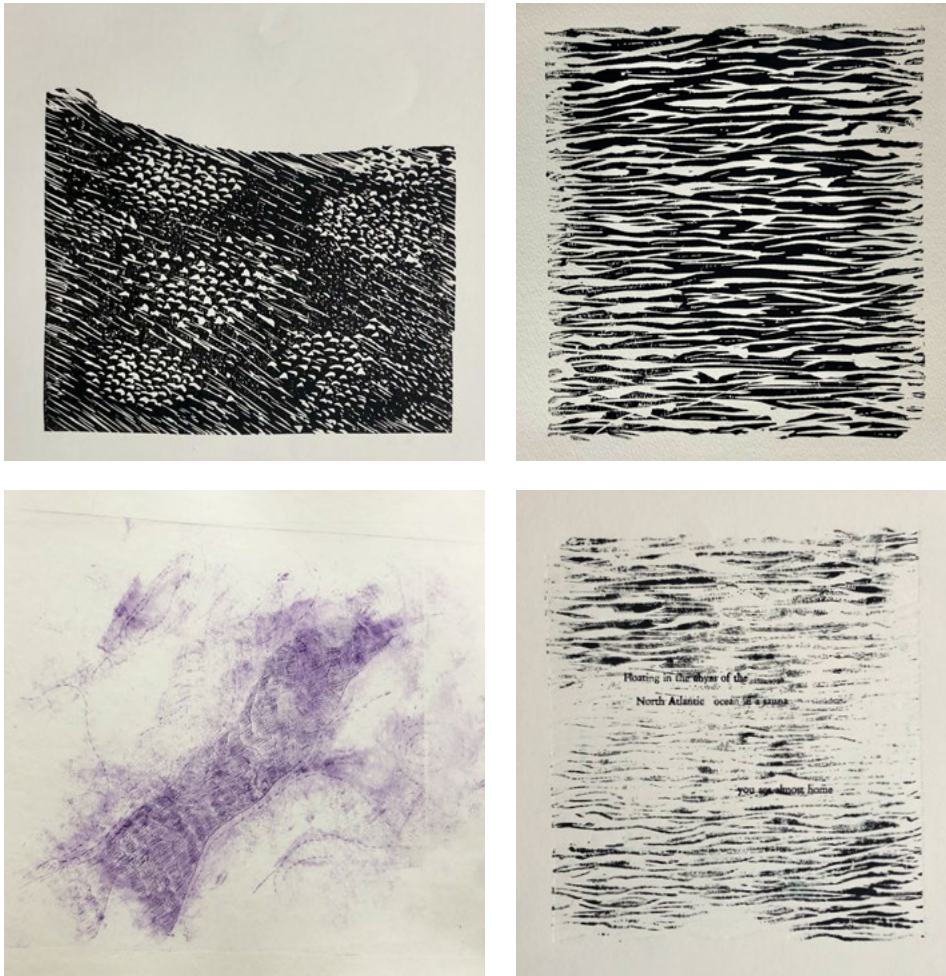


Fig 44. Optics of unconscious. Cella Harrison. Lino cut and ink series. Seyðisfjörður, 2019.

One-off prints on my optics of unconscious, making contact points, making-kin with diverse bodies surrounding a town, sculpting habits on seasonal returns. A mountain makes contact with a fjord, makes contact with an ocean, makes contact with a tern, makes contact with a herring, makes contact with ice, makes contact with a fossil, makes contact with us, walking back around arctic circles. (This series made in 2019 is my first entry into print-making as a creative practice. I created the works at the Print workshop in Seyðisfjörður's local technical museum, using the print machines from the late Dieter Roth whom lived in Seyðisfjörður. I etched the works in old linoleum tiles using the intaglio copper print press to transfer the images. I sourced cuttings from native plants, transferring them into cotton paper prints with the relief press and experimented with image/text overlay with the antique letter press.

focuses on animal-human encounters, yet aliases guiding me along my aesthetics research route are those contact points of being-social-with animals (mountain horses, birds, insects, whales, herring, etc.), as well as air, snow, cold, waterfalls, fog, shadows, fjords, Ice Age glaciers, oil slicks, circling, again, with Kría after long seasonal absences, returning suns, ruins of buildings, before and after collapse, ruins of deep time histories that spring from my restorations—social contact of this community nearing my home, arriving as I pass through the foreign. My site is sloped by nearing foreign terrain, or what Haraway terms ‘making-kin’ with diverse bodies through her political ethos for honouring unknowability and otherness. Alias-atlasing manifests my sociality, nearing nature. Haraway names this phenomenon, ‘nature cultures’ or the joint-creation of human and non-human ‘social’ points of contact. Dwelling with collectives of community aesthetics within our contemporary time of climate emergency, deep crevices of alternative time (kairos) circulate in everyday rituals within Seyðisfjörður’s township. My community practice nears these points by responding locally: festivals, renovations, programmes, all near crossroads of everyday with deep time shadows. Sculpted or fossilized, one billion crystals socialize daily habits, centuries living in mountain shadow nurture a town’s culture by seasonal shifts.

Povinelli’s ‘requiem’ is a performative caution about memorializing and monumentalizing grief, foreclosing our imagination on the ‘out of time’ crises of climate emergency. I take seriously her caution when nearing some obvious signs of Seyðisfjörður loss, such as the disappearance of its fjord herring and fish factory women packing up their tools forever, leaving behind empty fish barrels—construing some of my aliases and atlases. There are also larger collective tremors, such as national and global grief, discussed with Okjökull glacier, memorialized as the first dead glacier. Okjökull’s anti-tour and plaque *A letter to the future*, both signal to me narratives for memorializing and monumentalizing nature, disclosing an unconscious desire by humans for placing our loss at the centre of other species.¹²³ In these narratives of ecological grief, I sense requiems of extinction paradoxically composing my points of contact. In nearing Povinelli, I ask do these artistic requiems keep alive failures of being social with ecologies of other shared species? My research points in more than one direction,

123 If we survey the language of the brass plaque, we see it addressed to humans given its bicultural Icelandic and English language signifiers. In doing so, the letter uses pronominal signifiers performative of (human) ownership (of this landscape)—Earlier when discussing the work, I transcribed the plaque using italics to emphasize the performativity of ownership: “OK is the first Icelandic glacier to lose its *status* as a glacier. In the next 200 years all our glaciers are expected to follow the same path. This monument is to acknowledge that we know what is happening and what needs to be done. Only you will know if we did it.” Here we see the letter makes clear that the glaciers are given monumental status through their belonging to human: our glaciers.



Fig 45. A mountain makes contact series.
Digital image, Celia Harrison, Iceland, 2016.

holding different positions open on composing grief and memorializing our losses. For example, on one hand, human grief transferred to nature assists us to face our losses and our implicit roles in such losses, on the other our losses arrive in our incapacity for social differences. These different paths avail my research to navigate through foreign ways of environmental loss.

Okjökull's extinction and Whakaari's eruption spur questions around memorializing nature as an act of human loss. Yet, what exactly is loss here? Underway in my literature review, a cautionary tale doubles on two kinds of losses: i) the loss of human imagination to deal with an imminent crisis of climate emergency (as Ghosh makes clear) and ii) the loss of our species in the failure of being social with other shared species. On this doubled shadow I traverse my community practice, becoming more aware of the dangers for monumentalizing and memorializing grief in the foreclosure of ecological requiems.

These questions arise here: In becoming social with other species, how do I practice an ethics of community in recognition of expressions of wholly other species? Or to put it more incrementally: After events of environmental loss, where do artists, such as myself, stand, when attempting to withdraw from requiems of imperialism and capitalism at the core of human mastery?



Fig 46. Moon Rising at 3pm. Digital image, Celia Harrison, Seyðisfjörður, 2020.

Mutual attention and the living-on withdrawal of care

The concept of mutual attention here relates to other species withdraw of care. It also means, nearing or moving alongside other species in recognition of differences. In mutual attention this research nears the withdrawal of earth through alternative paradigms for being human, arising from artistic practices and spatial thinkers who carefully withdraw from unsustainable practices.

I slowly near discourses of ‘requiems,’ taking more care with how this research traverses its foreclosure, redistributing failures through alias-atlasing. In these research modes, my imagination expands, spatially and temporally. As an example, I return to the dream-language of Rendell’s *White Linen* that site-writes me into its fabric of a Welsh lullaby from my childhood, sourced within my grandparents’ Welsh home. Uncanny resonances, Rendell’s ‘requiem’ nears me to Wales, while set within Seyðisfjörður’s landscape: A lullaby site-writes my artistic site-writing with *Suo Gân*, the sound-sculpture installed on the mountain in 2021 as a collective response to the December 2020 mudslides.¹²⁴ A requiem is both a religious ceremony for the dead as well as a piece of music, especially composed for the dead. Its origins are in Christianity. Through Povinelli’s performative lead, I now pose a critical question to myself, who or what is being addressed ‘as dead’ in the installment of *Suo Gân* on the mountain side? How does the work mourn Seyðisfjörður’s losses due to the event of the mudslides? What is being heard in the performativity of song and sound? Who listens? I shall move slowly through this critical path to recognise the potential of this installation, working on the double folds questioned above, for and against the aims of this research.

So far, I have attempted to attune my site-analysis to listening to ecologies of shared species, sometimes listening to earth withdrawals, other times hearing earth nearing. In doing so, speechlessness has signed a primordial disclosure for being with nature—as evoked by Benjamin’s human redemption for hearing our primordial language in nature’s

124 Created under the alias Ocean Floor in July 2021 as part of LungA Art Festival, the temporary *Suo Gân* installation is made of a hand carved pole with speakers attached echoing the score of the Welsh from the 1800s named *Suo Gân*. Installed on a large boulder that had shifted in the slides and now rests just below the waterfall junction, origins of the mudslides, the temporary work invites the township to revisit this geo-site of trauma. I see my connection in site-writing with this installation by Ocean Floor as part of an ongoing performance and process of mourning with local residents of the town. It offers a hinge for mutual attention, gaining critical distance at the same time nearing the collaborations for being-with the town.

mourning, *her* muteness, *her* deepest incline to speechlessness.¹²⁵ There is also Ghosh with the river that asks in him for recognition in the build-up of anthropogenic climate changes. Ghosh's recognition arrives involuntarily in his mutual attention with a river that suddenly, through elemental forces, turned away from his ancestor's village some hundred years prior. Sudden change is brought alive by his recent, unforeseen, encounter with a tornado. Is it Ghosh who withdrew from this river within the deep schema of multi-generational loss, or did the river withdraw in its sudden preservation of other species of life? This research suggests both happened, a double withdrawal. Mutual attention exists in multiple withdrawals, though I've come to this recognition only through the work of Ghosh and Povinelli.

Ghosh's involuntary recognition of river-muteness (its withdraw) does not offer any simple response to human losses. It seems to me that its *kairos* moment speaks to Ghosh only when its double-withdraw arrives in him, involuntarily: Ghosh's river is a deep time journey contouring his life from origins of his river dwelling people, living-on with their river's sudden, elemental, forces. Recognition manifests years after dwelling elsewhere, withdrawn from multigenerational voices, turning to see them through another (tornado) natural disaster. Flashes (*kairos* moments) hark back to something prior, glinting its futurity in us, who come near. Here, I'm nearing Benjamin's optical unconscious, dwelling within works of art,¹²⁶ in the same manner he gives mutual attention to plastic arts and 'the language

125 I am referencing again here from Walter Benjamin's essay *On Language as Such* from Walter Benjamin, *Selected Writings Volume 1 1913-1926: On Language as Such and on the Language of Man*. Ed. M. Bullock & M. W. Jennings (London: The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 1996). I italicize gendered terms, as done before in my earlier Benjamin reference, for alluding to a default in anthropomorphizing nature and signaling the time of Benjamin's writing.

126 Walter Benjamin first wrote about optical unconscious in response to photography in his 1931 essay *A Small History of Photography* where he discusses how the naked eye cannot penetrate even the most ordinary movements. I make another fitting reference here to Miriam Hansen's paper *Benjamin, Cinema and Experience* on Benjamin's concept of returning the gaze and optical unconscious. Miriam Hansen, *Benjamin, Cinema and Experience*: "The Blue Flower in the Land of Technology" Source: *New German Critique*, Winter, 1987, No. 40, Special Issue on Weimar Film Theory (Duke University Press, 1987), 179-224. Accessed March 25, 2022 <https://www.jstor.org/stable/i221196>. She writes: "The gaze that nature appears to be returning, however, does not mirror the subject in its present, conscious identity, but confronts us with another self, never before seen in a waking state." Hansen, 188. And on the optical unconscious:

Benjamin develops the notion of an "optical unconscious" from the observation that the temporality of some early photographs, despite all preparation and artistry on the part of both model and photographer, compel the beholder to seek the "tiny spark of accident," the "here and now" by which the image is branded with reality, and thus to find the "inconspicuous spot" which might yield, in the quality of that minute long past, a "moment of futurity responding to the retrospective gaze.

Hansen, 208.

of things.¹²⁷ Portals to deep time, uncanny recognition, reveal mistakes for disclosing alternative futures.

Povinelli's conceptual requiem, composed to Late Liberalism, holds her critical concepts of geontology and dead matter¹²⁸ and delineates ontology of power (biopolitics) with geology. Povinelli's geontological conceptions have foundations in the political philosophical work of Michel Foucault and respectively Giorgio Agamben in relation to biopolitics. Their research conceives of how governmental power (initially examining contexts of Western Europe) evaluates and regulates human life and by association, all species of life. Biopower is the governance exercised through perceptions of life and death. Povinelli's geontology and geontopower extends biopolitics through drawing out distinctions and regulations between her reconceptualizing of Life and Nonlife or Being and Nonbeing. Through Povinelli's lens, we see how settler culture and its imperial mandates deem, for example, mountains, rocks, fossils as Nonlife or Nonbeing, and therefore unworthy of care or justice. Her theory of geontopower reveals Late Liberalism as a form of power which, for some time, extracts life out of 'dead matter'¹²⁹ (such as coal, fossils). Late liberalism is now trembling, nearing its instrumentally derived, self-made (human) crises. Her requiem to Late Liberalism holds an ironic (though serious) chord, playing instruments recycled from imperial processes of (self-)extinction. She drums her critical notes on how plundering of residual forces from 'dead matter' has solely been for human gain and human ends. She attunes 'mutual attention' to other paradigms of being human, manifesting her recognition of wholly otherness of geological time, that is not capturable by human exercises of

127 Benjamin, 73.

128 Povinelli, uses the term dead matter to describe the origins of Western imperialism link to capitalism, whereby the imaginary of colonialism perceives death (or things being dead) in the service of expansion—seizing on a force of life in dead matter to be instrumentally used for human means-ends. Through her work with the Karrabing Project she addresses late capitalism:

The key to the massive expansion of capital was the discovery of a force of life in dead matter, or life in the remainders of life: namely, in coal and petroleum. Living fuel (human labour) was exponentially supplemented and often replaced by dead fuel (the carbon remainders of previously alive entities) even as the ethical problems of extracting life from life has been mitigated. Capitalism is an enormous smelter, shovelling into its furnace the living and the dead. From Elizabeth Povinelli, *Geontologies: A Requiem to Late Liberalism* (Durham London: Duke University Press, 2016).

129 In this section, in lieu of ice, I adopt Povinelli's writing on 'dead-matter' and how it critically evaluates how the conception of the Anthropocene inaugurates a significant impact on different branches of critical thought, cultural politics and geopolitical governance across the globe. She goes onto suggest that this conceptual impact: "is one of the effects and causes of the crumbling of the self-evident distinction of Life and Nonlife, fundamental to biopolitics." Povinelli, 27.

power: In withdrawals from settler-imperialism, geological deep time 'dead matter' manifests to be life living-on from late-liberal failings.

How does coal or any other fossils live-on after humans have plundered all these 'resources'? Povinelli's ontology of power demonstrates how other existence lives-on in us—thus her requiem is played by 'dead matter' for/to humans. Her requiem performs an alternative ethics, reorientating human attitudes of mastery in relation to capitalism. In the withdrawal of other forms of life, living-on in human beings' failure for being social with ecologies of other shared species, we come to witness the unpredictable and ungovernable nature of existence:

Geontology is not a crisis of life (bios) and death (thanatos) at a species level (extinction), or merely a crisis between Life (bios) and Nonlife (geos, meteoros). Geontopower is a mode of late liberal governance. And it is this mode of governance that is trembling.¹³⁰

There is something more living-on in 'fossils' that Povinelli's work shows me through nearing her Indigenous colleagues, arising in wholly other manifestations that withdraw from species categorizing as such. Her nearing will live-on in my final section on *Nearing Time* in relation to a deeper understanding of wholly otherness. Here it is timely for how dominant settler-imperial paradigms of being human are called into question through wholly otherness, manifestations of difference that open us to inspect ourselves, if we stay attuned with an ear to othering calls.

With my silent shadow reflection of the Suo Gân sound installation, I listen carefully to Povinelli's work with non-settler cultures, specifically the Karrabing Filmmaking Collective of Northern Territories, Australia. As a harrowing exclusion of their people from place, the Karrabing's artistic practice seems to deconstruct settler concepts of land rights ownership. The Karrabing Indigenous Corporation (for which the Filmmaking Collective is part of), express their nature philosophy from out of a space that withdraws from settler forms of juridical power, and nears toward mutual attention with their deep time genealogy sourced within the landscape. As their website states, they use mediums of:

Film and art installations as a form of Indigenous grassroots resistance and self-organization. The collective opens a space beyond binaries of the fictional and the documentary, the past and the present. Meaning "low tide" in the Emmiyengal language,

130 Povinelli, 16.

Karrabing refers to a form of collectivity outside of government-imposed strictures of clanship or land ownership.¹³¹

I glean from their low-tide withdrawal from settler land ‘rights,’ how their collective art practice surrounds concepts of belonging to land, inseparable from their day-to-day life within the landscape, while I make a note of the work of academic and arts critic Tyson Yunkaporta. Yunkaporta is an Indigenous scholar from the Apalech Clan, Western Cape York, Australia, and his work examines global systems from an Indigenous Knowledge perspective. He writes:

Most of us have been displaced from those cultures of origin, a global diaspora of refugees severed not only from land, but from the sheer genius that comes from belonging in symbiotic relation to it. In Aboriginal Australia, our Elders tell us stories, ancient narratives to show us that if you don’t move with the land, the land will move you.¹³²

In part, the Karrabing community and Yunkaporta’s inseparable significances for daily moving with the land hold seeds for me to grow within my community practice.¹³³ Their practices deepen my understanding for alternative paradigms of being human beyond life/death binaries. Povinelli’s work with the Karrabing Collective of artists discloses how things neither live nor die—rather in mutual attention all species exist alongside, including

131 Karrabing Film Corporation. Accessed November 20, 2021. <https://karrabing.info/>. Karrabing Film Corporation reveal that their linguistic belonging arrives out of the ‘shared matter’ of their landscape.

132 Tyson Yunkaporta, *Sand Talk: How Indigenous Thinking Can Save the World* (Australia: Harper Collins, 2021), 2-3.

133 I have mentioned previously how I have struggled to convey to artist peers the parameters of my community aesthesis practice, except to come back to this point: It is impossible for me to separate out my daily living within the town of Seyðisfjörður from this practice-led (creative works) PhD. I recognise now that my mutual attention with the community through my creative roles do not coincide with more traditional role models for being an artist. While there are many artistic practices that are community orientated, collaborative, and community-aesthetically driven or described, I seem to invisibly move or be moved invisibly by greater forces, getting lost or found, but either way I can’t easily describe myself as an individuality with a neat summary of practice. The question for this research still resides in challenges to materialize creative processes that arrive out of the deep time sense of community, almost invisibly authored or solely created by any individual or branded-collective. In doing so, my research path is integrally linked to day-to-day living, for an extended duration of time within any community, whereby my individuality lives-on only as a distributed entity folded into the everyday lives of community social rituals and habits. If this is achievable then my community aesthesis might sustain a way of being social with other shared species and avoid inserting art as a monumental sign or appropriate nature for memorializing in the service of art. I should also add that I have come to understand through this research that leaving a place is not something conceivable in this way of practice.

times of withdrawal as well as nearing. Povinelli digs into our geological era of the Anthropocene,¹³⁴ excavating her politics through dead matter. Resonant to Ghosh, she aligns environmental anthropogenic issues to imperialism with capitalism and works closely with Indigenous cultures for understanding this complicity. Her work opens a chasm between different paradigms of being human in relation to those of Indigenous and those of settler cultures in order to understand the pervasive forms of geopower with respect to contemporary mechanisms of power and governance:

I stake an allegiance with my Indigenous friends and colleagues in the Northern Territory of Australia. Here we see that it is not humans who have exerted such malignant force on the meteorological, geological, and biological dimension of the earth but only some modes of human sociality. Thus, we start differentiating one sort of human and its modes of existence from another. But right when we think we have a location—these versus those—our focus must immediately extend over and outward. The global nature of climate change, capital, toxicity, and discursivity immediately demands we look elsewhere than where we are standing.¹³⁵

I am most interested in extending my perspective on being social with ecologies of other shared species without assimilating an alternative human paradigm for being social. I hear in Povinelli's summons—also resonant with Ghosh—the implicit reach of climate emergency in so many contemporary habits of being human as well as the distractions

134 It is suggested that we are now living in the era of the Anthropocene, a geological period conceived as humans' influence on earth, characterized now by increasing climate change, environmental uncertainty and (human) despair—due to overwhelming forms and forces of geological, biological, and meteorological life. Scholars from a range of disciplines (such as geography through to anthropology) suggest the Anthropocene is as much a formation of human impact as well as an analysis of these formations. The term holds some inconsistencies around determining its onset but most contemporary discourses pertaining to this research concur that human industrial processes along with dominant capitalist modes of production are symptomatic of the context for its naming and effects. This research works with some of these discourses but mainly moves from appropriating any one or definitive Anthropocene gate. It recognises with Jane Rendell's site-writing architecture of art critique that discourses and documents of place, time, history, entangle through whomever or whatever is working on such ground. Site-writing reminds us that documents of place are never stable or able to be saturated or fully knowable. Rather, in working on, or working-with systems of knowing, site-writing cross fertilizes disciplines and documents to perform the nearing of a place in the shadow of its withdrawal from another perspective. My methodology of site-writing (alias-atlasing) works with the wholly other shared species (aliases) of this surrounding Icelandic community that calls my community aesthetic practice into ethical question.

135 As she goes onto say: "My purpose is not to adjudicate which antagonisms and protagonists we choose but to demonstrate how the object of concern [Anthropocene and its companion Climate Change] has taken residence in and across competing struggles for existence, implicating how we conceptualize scale, event, circulation, and being." Povinelli, 13.

in romanticizing nature (in Ghosh's case his critique of fiction), or other cultures (in Povinelli's case her Indigenous friends). In focusing over and outward, elsewhere from where we stand, my sense of her politics echoes in her anthropological and feminist roots, warning us of the dangers for appropriating alternative paradigms for redemptive aims.¹³⁶ Where do I stand to situate my understanding with Povinelli's summons? Povinelli site-writes her ethnographic-response, using a filmic register to show me her situated critique, standing as she does on the threshold between her Indigenous filmmaking colleagues and her philosophical mandate for advocating alternatives to late liberal forms of geontopower. As a creative filmic example, Povinelli composes her requiem to the Australian desert in her work *Petroleum Dream, A Montage*, 2014.¹³⁷

I have spoken, for some time, about 'mutual attention,' but less about Povinelli's originating Karrabing source. I'm nearer to it, walking alongside McKenzie Wark who suggests that white settler culture perceives this (Australian) desert landscape as a place of: "lifelessness, death valleys, a sky full of nothing but sun and a land full of nothing at all."¹³⁸ She suggests that this vantage of a lifeless desert provides an opportune advantage, especially:

136 Cultural Theory is a discipline that critiques manifestations of liberal movements such as those of feminism (especially Anglo-American equality rights) that initially attached themselves to alternative causes such as American civil rights to find similar allegiances to fight for power. Similarly, in roots of Social and Cultural Anthropology its own disciplinary manifestations and methods have evolved through expanding ethnographic studies of other cultures and brought about methods of critique for scrutinizing (typically) Eurocentric cultures. These disciplines have helped work through the dangers of overlaying eurocentrism or other modes of bias which return the other into the self-same image. In my final literature review section *Nearing Time* I come to conclude on the ethics of Alphonso Lingis, indebted to the work of Emmanuel Levinas. In working with their conception of the wholly other, calls me into question my own responsibility to the other. I listen now to Povinelli's summons for looking elsewhere from where we might too easily stand, stop looking outward and thus too easily assimilate alternative modes of being.

137 First, as the geontological comes to play a larger part in the governance of our thought, other forms of existence (other existents) cannot merely be included in the ways we have understood the qualities of being and life but will need, on the one hand, to displace the division of Life and Nonlife as such and, on the other hand, to separate themselves from late liberal forms of governance. Elizabeth Povinelli. "Geontologies: The Concept and Its Territories." Flux journal #81(2017) <https://www.e-flux.com/journal/81/123372/geontologies-the-concept-and-its-territories/>.

138 McKenzie Wark. "Elizabeth Povinelli: when the rocks turn their backs on us," Verso Books (blog), Verso Books February 12, 2019. <https://www.versobooks.com/blogs/4236-elizabeth-povinelli-when-the-rocks-turn-their-backs-on-us>. Earlier I cited Wark on her concept of collective praxis. I find relevance again in relation to bringing emphasis to 'mutual attention.' Wark writes about many formations of otherness, construed as sites for creative works as well as attentiveness as a creative way of thinking that occurs in the vein of everyday happenings. See McKenzie Wark, *The Beach beneath the Street: The Everyday Life and Glorious Times of the Situationist International*, (London; New York: Verso, 2011).

To the colonial eye it is rather blessed with something else: mineral wealth. Thought of as supporting life, the desert is not much, but thought of as nonlife for extraction, the desert has another valence. Australia is a rather large, mostly desert continent but it is also one of the world's great quarries, exporting iron, nickel, aluminum, copper, gold, silver, uranium, diamond, opal, zinc, silica, rare earth elements, oil and gas.¹³⁹

Now my ear is attuned to the other of Povinelli's requiem, wherein nonlife (geo life) withdraws from categories and concepts of late liberalism; turning from the dangers of appropriating other paradigms for being human, her requiem plays loudly, summoning me to look at where I stand and extend my critical aesthesis over and outward. Wark's critique co-composes my view—extending my ability to listen, as she assists my reading of what really matters in coming to hear the undercurrents of Povinelli's requiem.¹⁴⁰ Wark echoes the Karrabing's turning tide with Povinelli's encounter of the event of their difference:

Povinelli recalls her interactions with two women, Betty Bilawag and Gracie Binbin. Together they are digging yams and collecting sea snails. The tide is turning, switching from karrabing, the lowest ebb, heading back to karrakal in their language. Povinelli is in the water, trying not to get her feet cut. She pauses. Bilawag and Binbin send her toward what might have made her pause. There's fossil out in the water that only "show himself" in a low, low tide. What

139 McKenzie Wark, "Elizabeth Povinelli: when the rocks turn their backs on us," Verso Books (blog), Verso Books February 12, 2019. <https://www.versobooks.com/blogs/4236-elizabeth-povinelli-when-the-rocks-turn-their-backs-on-us>. As earlier with Povinelli's *Petroleum Dream Montage* that site-writes the Australian desert with my understandings of Iceland, I'm reminded, again, of one of those positive feedback loops fueling Iceland's economy with shiploads of Australian aluminum to Iceland's smelters, exploiting Iceland's cheap generation of electricity all the while causing enormous strain on Iceland's natural environment as previously discussed in the case of Okjökull Glacier.

140 Ghosh's 'recognition' of the multigenerational river plays gently with sounds of Heidegger's Ister, whose question concerning technology has aided my understanding of the instrumental attitudes appropriating the other (nature or culture) in his difference between challenging-forth and the poetic dwelling of bringing-forth and letting be. I fold his concept of present-at-hand as the challenging-forth attitude that arises in the nonlife perspective of taking other species for self-gain that leads to enframing nature as a standing reserve in the service of industrial progress and capital advances. Earlier, I spoke of the standing reserve of art, stacked in museum vaults like sacks of potatoes. Heidegger discusses in his technology essay, the hydropower dam as a significant technology that meddles with the course of the river, causing flooding in the service of storing electricity (its standing-reserve). Here Ghosh's imperialism and river site-write Iceland's standing reserve of electricity for Alcoa's aluminium, signed in Heidegger's present-at-hand conception and Wark's | Povinelli's Australian desert.

she found are sea monster bones, what palaeontology would call a plesiosaurus. But to Binbin and Bilawag it is a manifestation, that while they are dislocated people, in exile from their country, they now belong to this other place. They had not been back to this site for a while so were pleased that Povinelli found the sea monster. The fossil might have buried itself out of anger or jealousy.¹⁴¹

What Povinelli is learning from Bilawag and Binbin is how to perceive the difference between an appearance (*gaden*) and a manifestation (*guman*). Perhaps this manifestation (*guman*) resonates with Ghosh's recognition and appearance (*gaden*), his comprehension. *Guman* is: "when something not merely appears to something or someone else but discloses itself as comment on the coordination, orientation, and obligation of local existents. The fundamental task of training humans how to think, was to learn how to discern a manifestation from an appearance."¹⁴² In listening to the way Bilawag's and Binbin's sea monster manifests otherness, for them, for Povinelli, their nearing to the low, low tide, nears them all. In Povinelli's work I witness two different paradigms for being human, held mutually open in the rich mud of the *karrabing* low tide. In nearing an understanding for listening to that which coordinates different people: Bilawag's and Binbin's belonging, albeit described as people who have been severely dislocated are living-on in living in exile. Their coordinates are different to Povinelli's deconstruction of settler culture and through fossils, we glimpse these differences through their wholly other views. I glean something resonant, though wholly other, nearing me ethically to *Seyðisfjörður* through aliases of other species that manifest my coordinates, orientations, and obligations to the local existents of this place.

In thinking *guman* (manifestation) within aliases of my research, I come nearer to an orientation, coordination, and obligation for living in shadows of the mountain. These aliases are more than elements of an assemblage community practice. My aliases construe a way to be open for perceiving something that is also something else. There is potentiality for things to exist beyond consistent categories of species, living-on in transmutations of withdrawal, turning away, nearing, and changing states. Ghosh's river makes contact in deep spatio-temporal withdrawals of sudden change, never capturable as the same river. In this, he recognises his own transmutation,

141 McKenzie Wark, "Elizabeth Povinelli." <https://www.versobooks.com/blogs/4236-elizabeth-povinelli-when-the-rocks-turn-their-backs-on-us> (accessed March 15, 2020). A blog review on Elizabeth Povinelli, *Geontologies: A Requiem to Late Capitalism*, (Duke University Press, 2016).

142 Povinelli, 60.



Petroleum Dream, A Montage gives an example as to how Povinelli's political philosophy thinks through a critical site-writing-ethnographic and filmic lens. She 'stands elsewhere' with her thinking by recomposing her encounters with a foreign country and its Indigenous and settler people. Mining her montage out of readymade petroleum promotional footage as if encountered from a train traveling Australia's 'South Coast Line' (where we hear diegetic sounds of the train carriage off camera), we travel through big (global) mining company brand names that flash on the screen and places on maps across the world where resources are taken or redistributed. She site-writes me to Australia's relationship with Iceland, shipping aluminum by Alcoa, harnessing electrical power for its profits. Site-writing oil slicks from elsewhere mash-up with Seyðisfjörður's fjord circa. 1966. She reimagines the dreams rooted in late liberalism and sutures a way for optically encountering where we stand in relation to this capitalist mining history. In viewing this work, I found its fluid montage composition open (even rupture into and erupt out from my optic unconscious) a sense of despair, forged by a crying baby on her sound-score, marking a future that seems polluted by past dreams already consumed by materialistic ways and material wastes. Capitalism site-writes the figure of the desert into many more films where its sands forge regions of horror, inhospitable life, romantic nomadism—something to battle, control, take hostage:

Take the Desert and its central imaginary Carbon. The Desert comprises discourses, tactics, and figures that restabilize the distinction between Life and Nonlife. It stands for all things perceived and conceived as denuded of life—and, by implication, all things that could, with the correct deployment of technological expertise or proper stewardship, be (re)made hospitable to life. The Desert, in other words, holds on to the distinction between Life and Nonlife and dramatizes the possibility that Life is always at threat from the creeping, desiccating sands of Nonlife. The Desert is the space where life was, is not now, but could be if knowledges, techniques, and resources were properly managed. The Carbon Imaginary lies at the heart of this figure and is thus the key to the maintenance of geontopower. The Carbon Imaginary lodges the superiority of Life into Being by transposing biological concepts such as metabolism and its key events, such as birth, growth-reproduction, death, and ontological concepts, such as event, conatus/affectus, and finitude. Clearly, biology and ontology do not operate in the same discursive field, nor

Fig 47. *Petroleum Dream, A Montage*, Elizabeth Povinelli, 2014. Screenshot from video sourced from <https://www.e-flux.com/journal/81/123372/geontologies-the-concept-and-its-territories/>.



do they simply intersect. Nevertheless, the Carbon Imaginary reinforces a scarred meeting place where each can exchange conceptual intensities, thrills, wonders, anxieties, perhaps terrors, of the other of Life, namely the Inert, Inanimate, Barren. In this scarred space, the ontological is revealed to be biontology. Being has always been dominated by Life and the desires of Life. Thus, the Desert does not refer in any literal way to the ecosystem that, for lack of water, is hostile to life. The Desert is the affect that motivates the search for other instances of life in the universe and technologies for seeding planets with life; it colours the contemporary imaginary of North African oil fields; and it drives the fear that all places will soon be nothing more than the setting within a Mad Max movie.¹⁴³

Fig 48. Karrabing Indigenous Corporation
Roan-roan & Connected:
That's the Karrabing
Way, n.d. Screenshot
 from video sourced from
<https://karrabing.info/>.

The video work of the Karrabing Indigenous Corporation shows things exist through mutual attention. Things neither are born nor die. They turn toward or away (mutually or alone), change states, manifesting difference. We are glimpsing manifestations of turning as we see ourselves evading anthropogenic habits or turning toward or ways of existing, reorientating with foreign attention, coordinating our obligations to local existents as well as global. Withdrawals unconceal something saving, manifesting alternative force. The video work of the Karrabing Indigenous Corporation shows things exist through mutual attention. Things neither are born nor die. They turn toward or away (mutually or alone), change states, manifesting difference.

for example, in withdrawing from fiction and nearing non-fiction. Povinelli's filmic desert practice *Petroleum Dream*, manifests a deeper understanding for ways the Karrabing Indigenous Corporation express their care through film, withdrawing from settler categories of Life and Nonlife.

Manifestations of mountain shadows are not merely appearances within difficult knowing or obscurity but comment on a situated way of being with place that is always transmutating and rearranging my preconceived notions for thinking community. Wark summarizes my thinking this way:

What might a sudden change in the arrangement of existence be about? A manifestation might be about a turning away of you or it, or a turning toward, or a mutual turning away. Manifestations are signs that need heeding. Other forms of existence are assessing the humans just as the humans assess them.¹⁴⁴

Further on she continues: "Things can withdraw care from each other. The earth is not dying. It is turning away from certain ways of existing. The desert is where certain things have withdrawn care."¹⁴⁵

Povinelli's requiem echoes Wark: "Rather than Life and Nonlife, we will ask what formations we are keeping in existence or extinguishing?"¹⁴⁶ I have been listening to a silent critique of my site-writing with the installation *Suo Gân* and my possible failure through memorializing nature by transporting a Welsh lullaby from my childhood to an otherwise landscape. How do I hear this lullaby with an ear to the other, manifesting aliases that comment on my orientation, and obligation of local existents? How does *Seyðisfjörður's* mountain assess me? I suspend these questions until Part Two, disclosing bridges for manifesting them in my praxis with the community.¹⁴⁷

144 McKenzie Wark, "Elizabeth Povinelli:" <https://www.versobooks.com/blogs/4236-elizabeth-povinelli-when-the-rocks-turn-their-backs-on-us> (accessed March 15, 2020). A blog review on Elizabeth Povinelli, *Geontologies: A Requiem to Late Capitalism*, (Duke University Press, 2016).

145 Ibid.

146 Povinelli, 28.

147 I perceived this collaboration as a praxis of ongoing performance-writing and process of mourning with residents of the town. I suspend my question of its shortcomings until Part Two.



I recall a trip around Iceland with fellow artists in residence whom I had just met. We'd heard of a crack in the earth, hidden from view, yielding the perfect geothermal water for soaking. Piled into the smallest rental car, it took us three hours to drive there. It was the first time I'd driven in snow. We spent the afternoon searching for the crack. We spread out across the landscape looking for signs of geothermal life. The crack did not unconceal itself that day. We returned the following week to search again but it was clear that nature had withdrawn. At the time—after only weeks of living on Icelandic soil—I acknowledged that this underland encounter was not ready for me, or I for it. Some years later, underway with this PhD, I returned, this time with locals. This time, the crack revealed itself, and we luxuriated in its warm water. As I floated there, with local people who already understood where this site would show, I came nearer to the life of Seyðisfjörður. In mutual contact with geothermal warmth and the warmth of Iceland's people, I found an inseparable aesthesis. Pavinelli's mutual contact made sense at the level of withdraw (in my immediate

desire to consume the natural wonders of Iceland on first arrival) and nearing (after dwelling in place for some years on).

OVERLEAF

Fig 49. The crack. Digital image, Celia Harrison, Mývatn, 2020.

Fig 50. Ghosts of one billion animals, Digital image, Celia Harrison, Auckland, 2020.



She writes me. We share our orange skies of Auckland, urban and rural, mainland and Island. From Grey Lynn, I witness ghosts of one billion animals in mutual attention within fires of vast bushlands of eucalypts. She walks around her home-nursery on Waiheke Island conversing with germinating seeds of Kauri and Pohutukawa manifesting their future forest though under threat from diseases—myrtle rust and *Phytophthora agathidicida*, and other species of threat within climate changes in Aotearoa. We are on the edge of a sky turning us away and inhale our mourning. Its unprecedented colour is the orange of turning away. We site-write orange, assessing our eerie signature in this colour, unwittingly and invisibly this hue permeates into that of a virus. Orange is not just the colour of a world burning, it is the mutation of colours raging with symptoms of an invisible virus. Suddenly a world becomes breathless, behind masks as it goes into different mutations of 'lockdown' trapped by viral 'smoke', blinded from normative social habits, cloistered inside the confines of individuated homes. 11th March 2020 becomes the official date marking

this—a collective global COVID-19 pandemic. At the time of Auckland's first six-week long lockdown on March 25th, I'm preparing my return to Seyðisfjörður | Iceland. Deferred for how long? I find myself stuck and for the first time, the light from Auckland's sky looks strangely oppressive.



Fig 51. Ally Doe, View of Rangitoto, January 5, 2020. Digital image sourced from Stuff, In pictures: Auckland's sky turns orange as Australian bushfire smoke moves to NZ. <https://www.stuff.co.nz/auckland/118597927/in-pictures-aucklands-sky-turns-orange-as-australian-bushfire-smoke-moves-to-nz>.

Orange: the colour of mutual attention

On the eve of a pandemic the world was glowing orange, lit by unprecedented fires raging across all points of its cardinal axes. On the afternoon of January 5th 2020, Auckland's sky suddenly changes hue, after an unprecedented plume of smoke from the west moves in. The plume is smoke from Australian bushfires, carried westward across the Tasman. Australia burns for almost a year (June 2019-May 2020), burning approximately 17 million hectares and signing its ash as another unprecedented event of anthropogenic cause. That January afternoon, Auckland's sky 'receives' the effects of 75 days continuous burning in New South Wales, extinguished on 10 February 2020.¹⁴⁸

¹⁴⁸ Lisa Richards, Nigel Brew, and Lizzie Smith 2019–20 Australian bushfires. (Australia: Parliament of Australia, 2020), accessed March 23 2022, https://www.aph.gov.au/About_Parliament/Parliamentary_Departments/Parliamentary_Library/pubs/rp/rp1920/Quick_Guides/AustralianBushfires.

A pandemic site-writes Aotearoa with Iceland

Manifestations are signs that need heeding.

Other forms of existence are assessing the humans just as the humans assess them.

The concept of 'event' in this section on *Nearing Events*, has journeyed silently within my discussion of environmental events. Alain Badiou's work on event is part of my silence, held in withdraw until now during the time-event of COVID-19. This pandemic, designated an official event since March 11, 2020, is made different to other pandemics in time and space by its proper official name and record in official history by designating dates: COVID-19 is, for example, not 'Spanish Flu'.¹⁴⁹ Here, nearing 'events' takes into consideration the performativity of its doing, a verb that seems to seep into an ecology of past and future, as well as, existential encounters passing through us into more visible and alarming events. Ghosh makes an eloquent call to artists to pay heed to environmental manifestations—ongoing geological processes (small 'e' events) within those proper 'Events' knowable through human record that come to be revealed through recorded history.¹⁵⁰ Ghosh's recognition stands on the crossroads of human history

149 Other environmental events discussed and evoked have been Okjökull's glacier extinction, Whakaari's volcano eruption, Black Summer's Australian bushfires. I have also referred to the warming waters around Seyðisfjörður and the disappearing herring as well as the onset of Aluminum processing in Iceland and trembling of fault lines through a country's centre. These latter examples would be events with a small 'e', as they are yet to be attributed a proper name but go by way of general anthropogenic causes and effects. As such events consist of temporal differences between immediate, large scale, globally visible, rapidly recorded and disseminated across news media. Those lowercase 'e'-events appear locally, accruing environmental effects over time, mutating attention in ways that are not immediately noticeable or newsworthy with respect to human interests.

150 Ghosh gives an example of this and his own way of heeding to the manifestation in relation to his creative agency as a writer:

I happened then to be writing about the Sundarbans, the great mangrove forest of the Bengal Delta, where the flow of water and silt is such that geological processes that usually unfold in deep time appear to occur at a speed where they can be followed from week to week and month to month. Overnight a stretch of riverbank will disappear, sometimes taking houses and people with it; but elsewhere a shallow mud bank will arise and within weeks the shore will have broadened by several feet. For the most part, these processes are of course cyclical. But even back then, in the first years of the twenty-first century, portents of accumulative and irreversible change could also be seen, in receding shorelines and a steady intrusion of salt water on lands that had previously been cultivated. This is a landscape so dynamic that its very changeability leads to innumerable moments of recognition. I captured some of these in my notes from that time, as, for example, in these lines, written in May 2002: "I do believe it to be true that the land here is demonstrably alive; that it does

with ‘protagonist’ of deep time natural shifts, and Povinelli’s recognition when lensed through her alliances with Karrabing Indigenous Corporation, holds mutual attention for what formations of power we are keeping in existence or extinguishing.

On the axes of noun and verb, of human history and the dynamic accrual of things (called nature) in states of withdrawal, we find Badiou’s ‘rip’. His rip (or rupture) in the fabric of being nears Heidegger’s being-stranded, torn from normative habits of inauthentic dwelling (they-self).¹⁵¹ For example, when set upon by a crisis (a pandemic) that reverberates on some kind of spectrum of existential crisis. Badiou’s rupture—the event—unconceals or manifests truth to our existence. Here my research reads ‘rip’ or ‘being-stranded’ as moments of kairos, illuminating moments for reconceiving our way(s). I also hear the Karrabing with Povinelli manifestation in events of turning toward or turning away. Badiou describes his eventual rupture in the fabric of being as something of an interruption (my kairos interludes) to the continuity of determinism, allowing for something completely other to near (our) existence; an opening onto the destruction (or deconstruction) of a dominant state.¹⁵² “On the edge of

not exist solely, or even incidentally, as a stage for the enactment of human history; that it is [itself] a protagonist.” Elsewhere, in another note, I wrote, “Here even a child will begin a story about his grandmother with the words: ‘in those days the river wasn’t here, and the village was not where it is . . .’” Yet, I would not be able to speak of these encounters as instances of recognition if some prior awareness of what I was witnessing had not already been implanted in me, perhaps by childhood experiences, like that of going to look for my family’s ancestral village; or by memories like that of a cyclone, in Dhaka, when a small fishpond, behind our walls, suddenly turned into a lake and came rushing into our house; or by my grandmother’s stories of growing up beside a mighty river; or simply by the insistence with which the landscape of Bengal forces itself on the artists, writers, and filmmakers of the region.

Amitav Ghosh, *The Great Derangement: Climate Change and the Unthinkable*. (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 2017), 5-6.

151 The socialised habits of a self, inaugurates an aspect of Heidegger’s thinking of the ‘they-self’ that he discusses as enframed by what we might call hegemonic forces (to link here with Povinelli’s critique of neoliberal power formations). Heidegger will distinguish the ‘they-self’ from authentic modes of being human, such as the underwayness of our being which comports to its own way. Heidegger will not set up a binary between ‘they-self’ and being authentically underway. We are always already comported in relation to they-self and being authentic, mit-sein. When hegemonic forces lead us to become stranded, it is on this ‘dangerous’ edge that Heidegger will suggest reveals the ‘saving power’ for manifesting another path of being authentic. A pandemic is such an event (a danger) that might discombobulate our routines if our way of living is unsustainable for our future-to-come. See, Martin Heidegger, *Being and Time*, trans. John Macquarrie & Edward Robinson (Oxford: Blackwell Publishers Ltd, 1962), 130.

152 Alain Badiou and Oliver Feltham. *Being and Event* (London; New York: Continuum, 2007). We recognise through the event of a pandemic, the long-held silence of nature speaking in an abundance of bird song in our mutual attention toward skies absent of air traffic. We turn toward cleaner air there too, from the reduction of carbon skylines, footprints and such. We hear discourses growing on the benefits of slowing down, working from home, living locally, hobbies

the [ruptured] void,”¹⁵³ where Povinelli echoes (in my ear) her summons for extending our focus over and outward—being and non-being open on “the visible of the invisible.”¹⁵⁴ This edge evokes mountain shadows, where my understanding nears an aesthesis not knowable purely by appearance (gaden) but in manifestation (guman) uncannily showing alternative paths from unsustainable habits.¹⁵⁵ Badiou suggests events disclose themselves in subtracting from normative habits construing reality.¹⁵⁶ The desert withdraws as the scarcity of fossil fuels changes existence for late liberals. I look to Kría flying between north and south poles as the sky turns orange, withdrawing these wings of murmuring birds.

Aliases in a bedsit

In March 2020 I find myself locked down, on my own in a small Auckland bedsit, and then my childhood bedroom, where I stay with my parents. Seyðisfjörður de-distances¹⁵⁷ inside these rooms. Alias-atlasing within

hatched, buying seeds for home-grown vegetables, fruits and grains. These human practices changing for those turning toward the pandemic, turning others away as they find themselves at home stranded in economic hardships, relationship exhaustion, local and domestic violence which turns on some as others find an opening on the edge of the void to leave and attempts to extinguish or mushroom long held discriminations grows within the insecurities of national borders; nearing or withdrawing, events manifest in Black Lives Matter forging global movements and significant change, mutating its attention into Climate Change rallies that draw energy in the footsteps of BLM and essential workers tremble the status quo to expose more race with class striations of disenfranchisement from normative society—they listened to the boom calling them unsung heroes, leaving them more exhausted for it; issues and services of mental health intensifies; boredom, loneliness, and introspection are finding it impossible to face those clear skies full of birdsong.

153 Badiou, 209.

154 Badiou, 181.

155 I recognise all-consuming capitalism at work where ruptures in nature benefit some with profits, and these power formations make it difficult to get outside of they-self hegemonic forces. In this impossible outside I hear Jacques Derrida echo across the void his famous words: “there is nothing outside of the text.” Jacques Derrida, *Limited Inc. 4th ed.* (Evanston: Northwestern University Press, 1995), 148. There is nothing outside of the con-text of profit and loss, except for the incalculable rupture of a pandemic’s attendance toward self-serving toward, and self-severing formations withdrawing in the face of what is no longer sustainable.

156 Badiou, 209.

157 According to Peter Sloterdijk; “de-distancing implies that subjects enact a “bringing near”. They act to engage with what is not yet constituted as a ‘there’ (a potential presence). In doing so, de-distancing allows Dasein to make “distance disappear”. Heidegger, 1962. Rasmus Gahrn-Andersen puts this nearing another way: “de-distancing happens as subjects orient beyond immediate experience towards, above all, events and situations that lie outside their immediate embodied space.... his notion of de-distancing is not to be understood as merely connecting subjects with things and people in their surroundings. Rather, the capacity for bringing something near allows subjects to orient towards events, situations and phenomena with a global

a daily diary (of an Auckland ‘empty’ city) my practice of intimacy manifested within reaches of an ‘empty’ globe. A city withdrew and filled me with all other cities, locked down, around the world. Photos and texts filled my *Diary of an Empty City*, reorienting me on an angle suspended between being on my own and underway with normal social encounters. A *Diary of an Empty City* ruptured normative existences for my being in this city, subtracting habits, disclosing otherwise kairos contact points of coordination, orientation, and obligation for being a local existent. Spiriting aliases. Alias-atlasing—my conceptual practice nearing a site discloses other (localised) aliases (species). Iceland nears and reorients my ‘foreign’ lockdown withdraw with my hometown city of Auckland. The Walkers first arrived during Auckland lockdowns, as I begun daily exercise on my own, photographing my neighbourhood of Grey Lynn. Devoid of normal rhythms, uncanny (kairos) registers activated my isolation and The Walkers appeared, walking me through empty streets and parks, eliciting other voices recent and distant to my Auckland past.

Walking aliases turned my mutual attention through this sudden rearrangement of existence. I encountered the city where I’d been raised, this time as a lost encounter that accompanied me with Benjamin getting lost in Berlin in his (re)encounter of the houses and streets of his childhood. Lost at the entryway to his old childhood home, he freezes, unable to climb the stairs. He is lost and mentions (in this essay on Berlin) his mother’s inability with directions. I think of his *flanêur* gifted from another— Benjamin’s Baudelaire—who nears him. These aliases helped Benjamin on his way, forging thoughts on a philosophy of history.¹⁵⁸ Stepping through streets and parks of Grey Lynn, my childhood seems strangely present in being lost. For a time, I walk with Helen F Wilson’s encounters that “take place across multiple temporalities and durations, producing and refolding different temporalities and rhythms.”¹⁵⁹ These ‘empty’ spatio-temporal shadows are full of ways I was once safe and secure in my childhood, before the withdrawal of a city becoming foreign.

aspect (one shared, of course, by people and things).” Rasmus Gahrn-Andersen, “Heideggerian Phenomenology, Practical Ontologies and the Link Between Experience and Practices” (Springer Nature, 2019). Accessed March 23, 2022: <https://doi.org/10.1007/s10746-019-09493-8>

158 Walter Benjamin, *Berlin Childhood Around 1900*, Trans. H. Eiland, (Belknap Press: An Imprint of Harvard University Press, 2006).

159 Helen F Wilson, *Encountering the City* (Oxon: New York: Routledge, 2016), 20. In the context of this research, Wilson’s concept of encounter possesses a force that holds deep affinities, sensuous and enduring as something that cannot be precisely known but felt. The methods of my spatial practice withdraw, then open to disclose structural differences rearranging my existence. Parallel realities reveal a practice rearranging through everyday encounters within a spatial life, producing responses to global anthropogenic effects within communities of urban and rural; Auckland and Seyðisfjörður, co-composing festivals, installations, renovations, cultural houses, theatres and artist residencies.

Reacquainting myself with Auckland during pandemic lockdowns, at a distance from my home-research site of Seyðisfjörður, uncanny instances of aliases became my own most intimacies. Ghosh suggests events are “instances, rather, of the uncanny intimacy of our relationship with the nonhuman.”¹⁶⁰ Wilson’s encounter attunes to what is nearing—what is presencing—in relation to what falls outside (withdraws from) the moment: “attunement to encounter is thus a call for an attunement to moments of non-attunement, or rather about attending to events of relation where attunement and non-attunement are experienced simultaneously.”¹⁶¹

Grey Lynn Streets near my childhood that faces a future it no longer recognises. I’m uncertain for this future and want to withdraw into the safety of my childhood. Something falls outside this moment, echoing Ghosh on the difficulties for facing the (climate) emergency of global events. It is difficult to hear a future of wellbeing in the earth’s withdraw. Unsustainable habits of late liberalism deliver this withdraw, shadowing the progress of materialist formations in ‘the pursuit of happiness,’ refolding into unprecedented climate emergency events: floods, bush fires, landslides, extinctions of plant and animals. Wilson suggests encounters (my kairos events, happenings, nearings, withdrawals), are situated practices of geographical material¹⁶² placing her emphasis on the performative showing within withdrawal: “momentary enactments and rhythms of difference.”¹⁶³ In the mountain shadows, momentary rhythms of my research site inaugurate (my) listening to sounds of withdraw and sounds of nearing.

160 Ghosh, 42.

161 Helen F Wilson, *On Geography and Encounter: Bodies, Borders, and Difference* (Manchester: University of Manchester, 2017), 464. Helen F Wilson’s work focuses on projects and policies pertaining to community intervention. I see a coalescing with her interest in the geographies and politics of both human and non-human embodied difference. Wilson is a Lecturer in Human Geography at the University of Manchester where her work investigates geographies of encounter and how embodied difference is negotiated.

162 Ibid.

163 Ibid., 464.



Fig 52. Diary of an empty city. Digital image and text, Celia Harrison, Auckland, 2020.

Every morning the walkers

Make their way down the street

Past the teddy bears

Gazing from front windows, past

The garage to rhythm of the drum

Beating from inside, past

The man belching out smoke on the
corner, past

The masked walker, walking in the
other direction

You can hear birds in an empty city

It's why we come here and why we
leave before the

Morning arrives

The walkers see the sun reflecting off
the water

Three palms that create silhouettes

Against the skyline

The smell of playdough on Kingsley
street

Every morning the walkers

Return

Soon, there will be spring

APRIL 10, 2020.



I write her, on the Island during the COVID-19 lockdown as I encounter urban and enduring patterns and rituals begin to emerge. She replies of her encounter in the rural. From rural encounters of neighbours agreeing to 'break the silence' to urban encounters of olive harvesting with neighbours and sharing fence-side encounters of community that in the 40 years of my parents living on this street had not experienced. As the lockdown slows the world down, it appears as if we are taking great lessons from this time. Going slowly. Leaning into uncertainty,

nearing urban neighbours who were becoming our closest connections. In the first weeks of the lockdown the 'staying connected response' could be seen as a more ontological manifestation of general unease that shows itself in human beings' entanglement with online modes of communication. In crisis or collapse these entanglements become exaggerated and accelerated, taking up the space for how human beings have other enduring traits for 'naturally' or 'organically' or in an unplanned way 'being connected'.

APRIL 17, 2020.



Something amazing happened today. Out for my daily walk, I encountered a distressed duck and her ducklings walking down the footpath on a busy road. A stranger had already stopped and together we decided to help them cross the highway to reach the duck pond. A man from the bus stop joined us and there we were, three strangers coaxing this duck and her five tiny ducklings across the road. What felt like a choreographed dance, collectively we stopped traffic and sheltered this duck with her

babies. Finally, they ran into the park quacking and the three strangers jumped and cheered in their socially distanced bubbles, then waved goodbye and carried on their way.

Fig 53. – 54. Excerpts from an isolation diary. Digital images and text, Celia Harrison, Auckland, 2020.

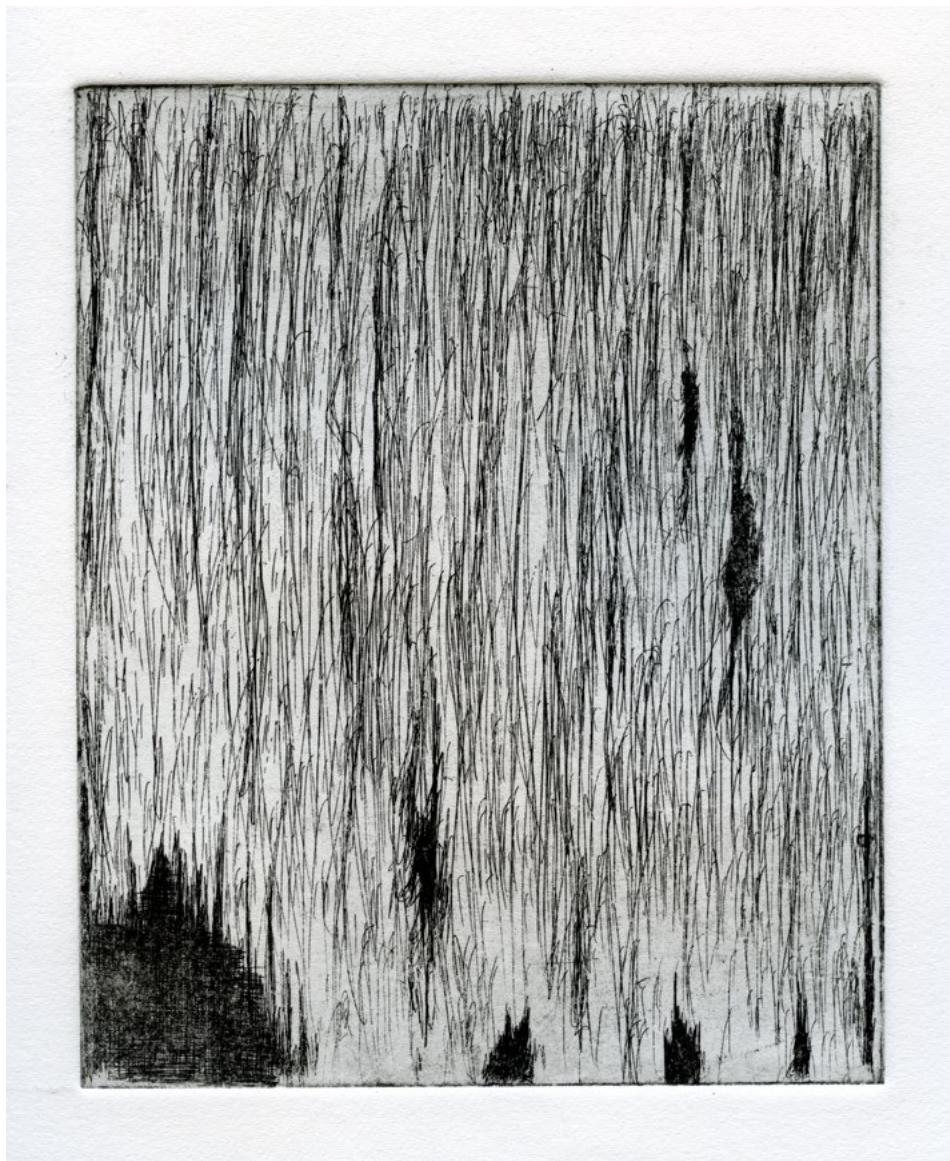


Fig 55. Darkness. Celia Harrison. Hard-ground etching. Ink on paper. Auckland. 2022



Fig 56. Arriving. Digital image, Celia Harrison. North Atlantic Ocean, 2019.

My alarm wakes me at 6am, I don't immediately know what time zone I am in, but I pull on a woollen sweater and boots and stumble out of my cabin onto the top deck. The fog is thick, but I can tell it is beginning to get light. It is quiet at the front of the ship. I walk to the railing, feeling the cold metal on contact and breathe in the sea air.

We have been sailing for three days and I can feel we are close. A few more passengers feel it too. They are huddled in small clusters in silence. Suddenly through the fog, the fjord comes into view. Basalt layers plunging into deep oceans, age lines carved into rock. A passage from the novel *Flights* nears:

She saw the island's shores, and its caves. Cloisters and the naves carved into the rock by the water brought strange temples to her mind. Something had carefully built them over millions of years, that same force that now bore their small ship, rocked them. A thick transparent power, that had its workshops on land, as well... Those evenly stacked layers of rock on

the shore, perfectly rounded stones, carefully elaborated over the ages, and grains of sand, and the ovals of caves. The veins of granite in sandstone, their asymmetrical, intriguing pattern, the regular line of the island's shore, the shades of sand on the beaches. Monumental buildings and fine jewelry. What, in the face of this, could those little strings of houses lining the shores ever hope to be? Those little ports, those little ships, those little human shops, where with excessive confidence old ideas – simplified and in miniature – were sold.ⁱⁱ

Kría calls break through my silence. I'd followed their flight path and concealed in fog, I could hear their kips, nearing me to a mountain, etched in memory.



Fig 57. Arriving. Digital image, Celia Harrison. North Atlantic Ocean, 2019.

III—Nearing Time

The third and final section to Part One of this exegesis focuses on time, all the while *kairos*' deep time and inaugural interluding moments are mutually attentive in everything discussed this far. Site and event also shadow, folding in time throughout this writing, entangling atlases between or on route.¹⁶⁴ My aim for this section is to bridge time in relation to key moments of 'site' and 'event' analysis; a concluding bridge to Part One that crosses into Part Two. My aim is to foreground transitory methods of being: Between Iceland and Aotearoa; Seyðisfjörður and Tāmaki Makaurau; between familial sites and my adopted community. In transit, moments and developing methods give time, observing myself observing—when something not merely appears but (in *kairos*) discloses itself as comment on my coordination, orientation, and obligation to the other. In doing so, traveling as a methodological (site-writing) process produces a series of atlases: formative photographic and print-essays alongside other expressions of mapping. *Nearing Time* nears artists, who've accompanied me on my journeys, nearing me to site through a multiplicity of lenses, reflections, representations, and distributions.

In the opening, I site-write with Olga Tokarczuk's *Flights* coming closer to literary evocation of her *Kairos*' deep time.¹⁶⁵ Attuned, as with

164 I'm alluding here also to the 'off-campus' status of my PhD candidature at AUT University, Auckland, Aotearoa. As a candidate whose research locale is situated for the most part in Iceland, my 'off-campus' candidature prescribes a yearly balance of nine-months in Iceland, with three-months in Auckland. The distance between these two locations is approximately 16,749 km or some 9065 nautical miles. Travelling by plane (including transits) can take up to 50-hours, sometimes longer. I have taken a host of transport to get to either destination including car (uber, taxi), bus, train, ferry, and plane as well as stayed for prescribed days in MIQ (quarantine facilities) due to the pandemic.

165 *Kairos* performs Part One's conclusion, circling 'time' back through the other two

Benjamin's writing, to her novel's fragmentary and constellation travel narratives, Tokarczuk's work bridges otherness of history, fiction, and essay writing. *Flights* folds disparate spatial and temporal details, rendering involuntary associations of mutual attentions (of bodies in flight) nearing and withdrawing. She mutates our readerly experience into foreign perspectives by fragmenting the world of linear (history of) time and space. I near this reading through Benjamin's dialects of history, disjunctive partitions which disrupt linear narrative and memory. In the opening quote, the protagonist of 'She' encounters both kairos deep time (naves carved into rocks, shades of sand) and the epiphany of human tourist shops miniaturising nature for sale. She faces the present of commodity tourism and deep time awe of the Greek Islands (where she sails). *Flights* transports my deepening sense of care for my surrounding world (past with present). She nears me, becoming sisters, across Iceland and Aotearoa.

My Trans-Siberian sisters and brothers

In 2019, my first research year and after a three-month stay in Auckland, I decided to return to Iceland via a slow route, taking time to reflect on formative themes of 'getting lost' and 'facing the foreign'. I had been drawn for some time to taking the Trans-Siberian railway through Russia from east to west (beginning in Beijing, finishing at Helsinki). Drawn nearer by artistic research companions, such as Chantal Akerman, Chris Marker, Giuliana Bruno, Aby Walberg, Richard Long, Gavin Hipkins, Abbas Kiarostami and Alphonso Lingis, I boarded this slow and foreign train route. As such, their practices manifest with mine as I began a travel-language of fragmentary atlases composed by essays, photography, printmaking, letters, and poetic prose. Each image (or imaginary) mapped my foreign nearing with transitory sites, through such architectures of train windows. Windows of a community of artists neared, site-writing, with me. I elicit Benjamin's

sections on 'site' and 'event', intersecting the linear reading of an exegesis with my circle of becoming more 'at home'. I evoke Tokarczuk's Kairos in *Flights* once more:

Kairos, who always operates at the intersection of linear, human time and divine time – circular time. And at the intersection between place and time, at that moment that opens up for just a little while, to situate that single, right, unrepeatable possibility. The point where the straight line that runs from nowhere to nowhere makes – for one moment – contact with the circle. Tokarczuk, 343.

I also think of Yunkaporta and what time means for his Indigenous culture: "explaining Aboriginal notions of time is an exercise in futility as you can only describe it as 'non-linear' in English... You don't register the 'non'—only the 'linear': that is the way you process that word, the shape it takes in your mind." Tyson Yunkaporta, *Sand Talk: How Indigenous Thinking Can Save the World* (Australia: Harper Collins, 2021), 21.

fragmentary detours or constellation site-writing in my earlier discussion 'getting lost'. Composed with aphorisms, quotes, streams of consciousness, changes of typeface, collage, Benjamin's language assembles his performative encounters with the history and present life of a site such as Paris in the 19th century. In doing so, I near details of site (say encountering mosaics in a church), where the eye travels in and out, making optical unconscious associations from being both near and far. I stand back—somewhere around the altar—to view the whole only to get lost again inside the shimmering details of its 'mosaic' composition. This is Benjamin's dialectical image of history, never static, linear or saturated. It goes on.

With others, I travel in and out through transit windows, a mobius entity, a subject with a camera or notebook, structured by juxtapositions and sequencing of site composition—such as a line of train windows partitioned by frames. A mobius vector, moving with the train, I'm assembled by transitional views, serialised by speeds, and stops.¹⁶⁶ I rise from my seat and walk along



Fig 58. Train Windows.
Digital image, Celia
Harrison. Russia 2019.

166 This mobius turning holds affinity with Elizabeth Grosz who sees the body that turns around itself comes to inhabit its foreign (environmental) self, refusing static individualism, refusing the separation from topos, embracing open boundaries, unbounded. Elizabeth Grosz, *Volatile Bodies: Toward a Corporeal Feminism. Theories of Representation and Difference* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1994).

I think also about Elizabeth Povinelli's citing of Grosz work, among others, for critiquing a slew of critical theories and their attempts at dismantling the hierarchy of Life, though in their different conceptual frames somehow reconstitute this very hierarchy that places humans as the self-reference for all formations of life. As referenced in: Elizabeth Povinelli, <https://www.e-flux.com/journal/81/123372/geontologies-the-concept-and-its-territories/> (accessed December 2, 2021). We are leaning on both for locating our mutual attention, turning away and toward, withdrawing to ask what formation are we keeping in existence or extinguishing? Urban geographer, Andy

FROM EAST TO WEST

MAY 2019

Beijing, North East China, Siberia,
Irkutsk, Moscow, St Petersburg,
Helsinki, Aalborg, Hirtshals, Tørshavn,
Seyðisfjörður

ON TRUST

The journey from the East has something of the feel of recklessness. You are struck with a need to prove something, to learn something and to step wholly out of your comfort zone.

Trusting you can make it takes enormous courage. When you arrive in Beijing the days are warm. The red sun, larger than ever hovering over the early evening sky.

With the optimism and naivety that only first travel days can give, you set out with light footsteps of confidence and an open heart. You board the wrong bus traveling West. An hour later and you are back where you began a little baffled rerunning the scenario in your head trying to make sense of everything. You were

studying the characters at the bus stop to find the ones that matched yours – you found the match! A man with broken front teeth confirms it and says something to the bus driver. Without the correct change, the bus driver let you on for free. Passing rose-adorned sidewalks, pulling into bus stops lined with commuters; suddenly the bus driver is next to you motioning that it's time to get off the correct bus going East. You are back at the same point from where you started.

Getting lost doesn't rattle you, you expect it. Now you are in a serene park, floating along the sidewalk with an orange ice-block melting in the midday heat. You watch the synchronised movements of a group in business attire performing an exercise routine led by a man in a suit. Step step turn. Step step turn.

A couple on the side of the road start chatting to you. They are practicing their English and you have all the time in the world. You join them for tea, out of the blazing sun. Tea.

Wine. Popcorn. The cheque comes, it's far too expensive. You are not sure if you've made friends or been exploited. It sits awkwardly with you.

Steaming hot udon noodles floating in a bowl of tinned tomatoes.

Up in the clouds, the air is different. You climb step after step. Higher and higher where the cloud hovers in a blanket over the trees and the wall snakes into nothingness. Red ribbons tied to the tree marks as far as you can go. There are no longer any people. It's quiet up in the clouds. Suddenly you feel the vast loneliness and you bound back down taking the steps in twos.

It's late when you arrive at the Beijing Train Station. Crowds migrate across the square illuminated by the light spill of the station. This is it. You are weighted down with your possessions. A hermit crab. Handles cutting lines into your forearms. You have 10-days' worth of 2-minute noodles in your bag. This is it. Deep breath. You step over the threshold. Unraveled. Drifting in the void aboard a train bound for the West.

ON LONELINESS

You settle in.

Car 3, Room 6, Bed 21.

You start your routine of life in transit.

The gadank gadank of the train against the tracks becomes a rhythm you walk to, along the corridor, doing such things as refilling your hot water.

It's quiet. You share a cabin with a Chinese woman where your communication consists of hand gestures. A tentative smile. You watch the trees slip by. A tiny blip against the boundless landscape.

You walk up and down the platform to exercise. The ritual march through clouds of smoke.

The days change between winter and spring and keep lengthening the further West you go. You are traveling into the past and the day stretches out, expanding. Each hour. Repeating.

It's 5am at the border between China and Russia. The train is searched over and over and you wait inside your cabin unsure of what will happen. Suddenly the officers are standing over you, ordering you to empty the contents of your bags onto the bed. They move rapidly, grabbing books.

Alphonso Lingis. The bold red font. "Extremism" they discuss between themselves while one official googles the book's title on his phone.

Eventually, your passport comes back. Your books come back and you cross over to the Russian border.

Sweetened condensed milk on cold pancakes against the backdrop of a green floral plastic table cloth. Sitting inside a cavernous room of daytime soaps waiting for the train wheels to change.

The rocking of the train carriage transports you to Guatemala. It's late at night and you are sleeping in a treehouse. You watch the lava from Fuego volcano erupt over the mountain in clouds of smoke in the distance. It is a holy moment, swaying high amongst the trees watching nature reach into its belly and with graceful force belch molten rock to the surface.

The winter coat is back out of the bag. As you edge into Russia, the snow falls. Pale pink, limitless sky.

It's 3am, you wake with a start hammering on the door. It slides open with the train stewards' master key. A backlit shadow, towering above you. A soldier. Your new roommate. He folds his trousers neatly over the railing and sleeps without snoring. By morning he is gone again.

Loneliness manifests itself in the passing of time. The days continue to stretch as if the train is running against the laws of physics. You are standing still on a train rolling towards the past.

You haven't spoken in nine days. The train unites all within its confines.

You fall asleep on a bus to Lake Baikal. The driver has decorated the interior with ornate curtains and a young punk with a puppy hop on. The trees out here are black and silver and the geometry is striking as you speed through the country roads to reach the shore. He calls you back to collect your change for the bus.

There's a three-toned pink high-rise apartment that stands out among the wooden thatched houses lined up along the water's edge. It reminds

you of the Grand Budapest hotel and becomes the beacon you walk towards. By the time you reach it, you're sweating and hungry. Up close its tinted mirrored windows have aged and the restaurant sign blinks lackluster.

ON TIME TRAVEL

3am and you join the train from Vladivostok. You wake a mother and her young daughter to climb onto the top bunk. The top bunk. You immensely regret this.

Morning, a used potty in the room, a young girl with long plaits wrapped around her head, a tired mother. They share their breakfast and you perch between the potty and the girl smiling. You can't speak to each other but you eat biscuits and drink tea together.

As the station stops the mum smokes and you sit in the carriage with the girl and you take turns pointing at objects and saying them in English and Russian.

You are now four in the cabin. The day is extending. A whole day passes and it's only mid-morning.

A Russian tea mug, laced in gold holds endless cups of jasmine or green tea that you alternate. You never tire of looking out the window.

You count and recount the days, the hours, the minutes. You write and rewrite lists to feel organised. You highlight the stops where you will be allowed to get out a walk the platforms and you refer to them endlessly. They are the measure of the time zone changing.

You continue your platform exercise routine. You start to recognise the passengers from the carriages. Huddled in groups on the platform smoking cigarettes then flicking them onto the tracks.

You are so confused by the time zone now. The day continues to extend.

A new woman joins your cabin. She wears a mustard dress and shiny beige heels. By this time, you are enmeshed in this carriage. You know every detail. It is your bedroom, your dining room, your home. There is a place for everything and you are proud of keeping it neat. But you are sitting on her seat. Another woman

joins. Her phone rings or beeps every few minutes. The soundtrack of the room. Punctuated by beeping.

Your spatial awareness transports your vision above. The train is moving from east to west as your window looks south. Somewhere further south, you pass Ukraine and you complete your fifth book. The emptiness of the land surface spreads out under an empty sky.

On the 7th day, you discover the restaurant carriage. Royal blue chairs, crimson curtains. Pink napkins. You are the only customer and it is bliss to be away from your cabin.

This is your 11th day of not speaking, longer than a vipassana retreat.

Oily fried potatoes. Fried eggs
Fried stuffed pastry. Black coffee.
It's a change from noodles.

You are sure the carriages are dropping off. You keep counting and recounting on your platform walks. The number is never the same.

It's 2005 and you are at London Victoria Station. Sitting in a phone

box with your overstuffed backpack clutching your cowboy boot-adorned ankle waiting for an ambulance. It was the incorrect bus change that got you here. An optimistic bend down to pick up that coin and the weight of the bag enough to snap the ankle. Lying like a turtle on its back in the centre of a phone shop in and out of consciousness.

You could write a dictionary on the colour green. The rich forest green found at the base of the great wall. The deep cold green in the distance speckled with snow. The birch in spring is vibrant against the pale post winter coat. The water flowing through the canal is murky offset by the freshly cut grass in the manicured gardens. In Russia, there is certain pale mint green that is the punctuation to every house. This green hugs the walls of the stations. It deepens the closer the train gets to Moscow.

ON CONFIDENCE

You are gaining confidence. You have reminders of previous trips alone. This feels different.

You are completing a circle 4 years

on. It's a quiet pilgrimage of listening across a continent.

You are comfortable. Alone but comfortable against the royal blue sky and it's your final day on the #24 train. The Russian mint green has deepened to turquoise and you are enthralled by the small settlements you pass with thatched wooden houses and dirt roads, organised into blocks.

You are so aware of being the only one able to get you through this. Your Russian roommates transform into businesswomen in a cloud of perfume in preparation for their arrival in Moscow.

You are back in the restaurant car, eating pancakes with sweetened condensed milk. The sun warms the blue vinyl seat and you pop your head under the curtain to watch the trees race by in full view. You have the feeling you have just stepped over a threshold into your future.

Four years ago, and you're on a plane, holding hands with the passenger next to you who is terrified of flying. You have swapped seats with him

and talk about you are on your way to Iceland. You speak like old friends, intimate in mutual vulnerability.

ON BELONGING

Suddenly the days are hot.

You are on the train again.

You are hurtling towards Helsinki.

Day 14 and you are losing energy. You feel very alone. You master the local buses. Stuffy. Standing. Traffic jams. Once trust takes hold, it compounds itself.

Full sun. You sit on the bank of the river at the fortress, tight black jeans rolled up. Half-naked bodies strewn everywhere. An image into its past but these ones are sunbathing. You are at the ballet. Way up high, peering down to the stage. Everything glitters.

You are now in Denmark. Aboard a boat. You are on the final leg of the journey and following in the footsteps of yourself four years ago. How different that person was.

Floating in the abyss of the North Atlantic Ocean in a sauna, you're almost home.

the train's corridor, its line edits me, inhabiting junctions, more windows, partitioning me from one carriage to the next. When the train pulls into (anonymous) stations, I stretch my legs some more, especially on occasions when I have time to walk around the platform, taking in deep breaths of strange air, greet food vendors, listen to the ways of their foreign language, smell foreign smells, breathe their foreign air, wrap up warmly or take off a layer, I near these climates—take photos, write reflections of foreign aesthetics.

For Giuliana Bruno cinema is a vehicle. It moves us and moves in us.

[Cinema] is a lived documentation of cultural (dis)location ... a vehicle for reading traces of our inhabitation and a house that moves at the speed of our travel in space. Filmic movement is a cultural passage. A practice of imaging that participates in the modern philosophical project of mobilizing space, cinema has been home to various forms of nomadism.¹⁶⁷

Nomadism (nearing Bruno) expresses my movements of site-writing-history through a social or cultural passage. Passing through the

Merrifield calls his 'mobius' the 'swerve':

Everything falls, atoms in parallel with one another. They fall, unconnected from one another, blind to one another, restricted from one another. They fall, fall until, until, they swerve; something intervenes, something contingent breaks the parallelism, an 'infinitesimal swerve', Althusser says, the 'clinamen', so small that it is hardly noticeable. And yet, it alters the whole course of history, creates time and space, because in some, almost-negligible way, the swerve induces the encounter: one atom of the rain encounters other atoms; vertical falling rain crisscrosses with other drops of falling rain; they connect and rain into one another, strike one another, encounter one another, pile up with one another.

Andy Merrifield, "The politics of the encounter and the urbanization of the world", *City*, 2012, 16:3, 269-283, DOI: 10.1080/13604813.2012.687869. Accessed June 2, 2021. 270. "Althusser's proverbial rain rains ordinary urban rain, elements that have encountered one another because of a swerve, induced by encounters created by prior swerves, those that created, go on creating, new densities of connections ripe for further swerves." Merrifield, 269.

167 Giuliana Bruno, *Atlas of Emotion: Journeys in Art, Architecture, and Film* (New York: Verso, 2002), 95. In this section of her book, titled *An "Architexture" of Film Nomadism*, Bruno is beginning to move into her analysis of domestic spaces as lived documents of cultural (dis)location. She is expressing something about a feminism arriving in the filmic expression by certain female filmmakers, such as Belgium-born, Chantal Akerman. Her focus on the concept of 'nomadism' is entirely found within the fixtures of a 'house' such as a movie 'house' to overlay how spatial or architectonics facilitate travel for those 'gendered' subjects oppressed by patriarchal structures or cultural (dis)location. Akerman's cinema first made its mark during the early 1970s sustaining critical influence during the time of the second-wave feminism and through to her death in 2015. Bruno uses the figure of passage here—as both a temporal passing and a spatial passing through. We cannot help but make the associations she does with cinema and architecture in relation to Benjamin's focus on the Arcades of Paris. Places for strolling, exteriors and interiors for travelling in and away at leisure, fostering alternative imaginations from those made public in the wider boulevards of civilian masculine social-cultural life.

foreign to get home, I near Heidegger, who exemplifies for me how human existence is perennially nomadic, in his language, homeless.¹⁶⁸ In *Hölderlin's Hymn, The Ister*, Heidegger's thought on coming home reverberates with Bruno as well as my earlier discussion on getting lost. I also hear Povinelli's requiem summoning me to extend my ready-made views:

The 'hymn,' of course, does not represent some ready-made literary or poetic schema, but rather itself first determines its essence from out of the telling of a coming into one's own... This coming to be at home in one's own itself entails that human beings are initially, and for a long time, and sometimes forever, not at home. And this in turn entails that human beings fail to recognize, that they deny, and perhaps even have to deny and flee what belongs to the home. Coming to be at home is thus a passage through the foreign. And if the becoming homely of a particular human-kind sustains the historicity of its history, then the law of the encounter between the foreign and one's own is the fundamental truth of history, a truth from out of which the essence of history must unveil itself.¹⁶⁹

Heidegger's existential home is not just a ready-made physical figure of architecture, a place, a known origin. Rather, it is a way of coming to recognise something primordial and ongoing, manifesting human's existential knowledge of mortality. Time, fixed between one's birth and knowledge of death manifests anxiety and inauthentic dwelling whereby knowing, becomes fixity. Heidegger sets about deconstructing truth as objective-scientific knowing, for unconcealing our authenticity for being perennially homeless. We move with the certainty of uncertainty through Ghosh's unpredictable river. Here I make my way through the foreign in order to get 'home'.

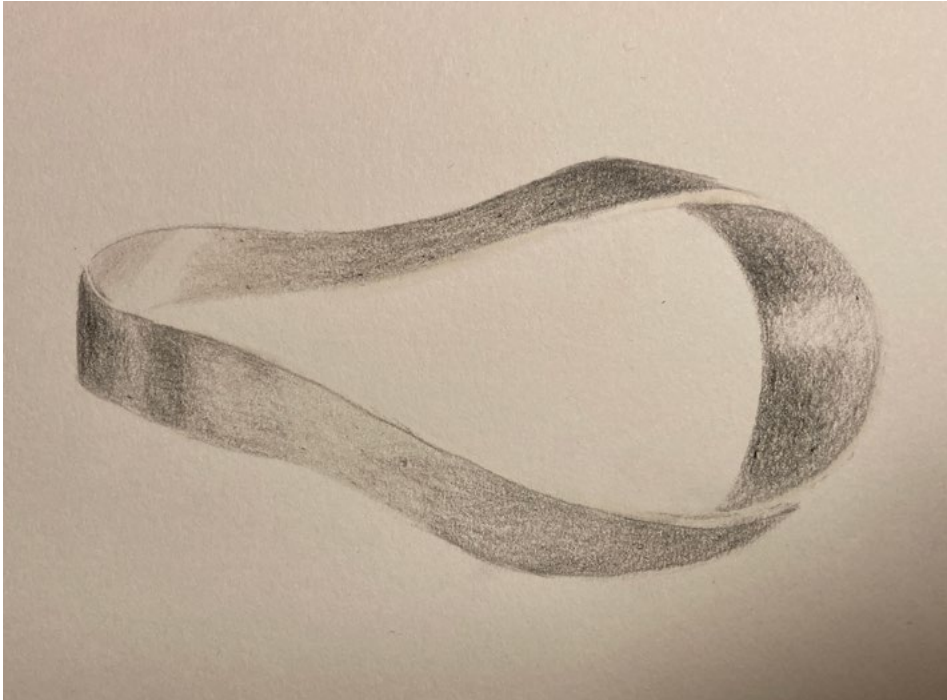
168 Martin Heidegger, *Hölderlin's Hymn "The Ister."* *Studies in Continental Thought* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1996). The Ister, making one's way through the foreign in order to get home. "The watchful and guarded eye of the poet sees the river "going backwards," but what is thus envisaged he can catch sight of only in a poetic vision." Heidegger, 36. "Insofar as we are attentive to Hölderlin's poetizing of the rivers, we may ponder both the fact that, and the way in which, the spirit of the river bears a relation to becoming homely in one's own." Heidegger, 49. We note the motif of the river Danube in this context, a nod to Heraclitus and never stepping twice into the same river. Home is an existential passage, streaming us through differences, like blood that never stops changing.

169 Heidegger, 49.



Fig 60. Train Windows02.
Digital image, Celia
Harrison, Russia 2019.

*He appears, however, almost
To go backwards and
I presume he must come
From the East.
There would be
Much to tell of this.¹⁷⁰*



Grosz refers to the mobius motif in rethinking relations between the body and mind as a way of depicting the inflection of mind into body and body into mind. One side becomes another as my research depicts with inside, periphery becoming center. Like Grosz, this model instills a rethinking of relations between the inside and the outside of a site by showing the torsion from one into another. In doing so it replenishes binary thinking of inside/outside with edge conditions, dissolving both to become singular, momentary encounters for which my site-writing-atlas methodology diagrams more explicitly in Part Two. My methods and the singular site-mapping expressions that come from them, draw out forces and dynamics whereby any neat understanding of an inside or outside position withdraws. Walking in step with others that turn away or around on the strips of perspective, what follows in this writing excavates edge perspectives and their simultaneous obscurity. This turn repeats within my work. The mobius is a figure for inhabiting my way of being through the singular, ethnographic accounts of my work (diary, prints, photo essays, poems) and the personal artistic archive of mapping myself in the community. With aliases, I encounter physical sites and repeated encounters that accrue, both the same and also different zones. Prompting signs, patterns of recognition that form situated practices depicted in the expanded diary, writing practices and photographic practices as a way for entering a community practice.

Fig 61. Mobius. Celia Harrison. Pencil on Paper, Seyðisfjörður, 2020.



Fig 62. Train Windows01.

Digital image, Celia
Harrison. Russia, 2019.

Through foreign homes

Passing through the foreign, I make my way ‘home’ through Chris Marker’s essay-films for site-writing my letters to Chantal Akerman, who replies to my primordial expression of filmic atlas. Marker’s influence comes earlier in *Nearing Site*, site-writing-atlases catalysed by rain: Between two islands, (Iceland and Waiheke in Auckland’s gulf), I site-write-my longing with another (sister) and Marker (brother). I’m indoors cocooned by incessant Iceland rain. My island friend is longing for travel, kept at bay on Waiheke by the pandemic. Marker’s *Sunless*¹⁷¹ nears us, suturing our site-writing-essays by way of his essay-films. We notice immediately three Icelandic children in the opening to *Sans Soleil* delivered by his black leader shadow leading us with the children up a long mountain road. This is our sign—the first letter to review nearing longing, nearing Seyðisfjörður with Waiheke. Marker’s essay-films often write letters to structure the narrative, for aiding a personal tone. Their intimacy is palpable, like he is writing us a letter (to a friend, say on a train journey). I near his image track streaming with commentary, seeming as though his writing comes as he’s shooting, neither preceding the filming, nor following it. Letter from Siberia¹⁷² is his first film and opens with the lines: “I write to you from a far-off country”—This is a letter to ‘someone’ about a foreign place in time. An intimate accounting of foreign worlds tangling: Communist Russia and Marker’s fascination with Capitalism that disseminates and fragments ready-made propaganda and, in his critique, we near images of America on high rotation, reflection itself everywhere. Marker’s essay-films near Benjamin’s compositions, picking off the streets ready-mades of animation, music, poetry, moving, and still photography—nearly everything coalescing under his signature of effects for collecting our passage through time and speeds, traveling us in (his foreign) space. *Letter from Siberia* is a geographic superimposition of places (Russia and America), combining into a far-off country at the edge of the world for nearing an imaginative space, getting lost in (Benjamin’s forest) to discover Marker’s language:

A rationalistic aspect of Siberia is that a hiker walking in a straight line is always sure to get lost in the forest. If he walks north long enough, his reward will be 2,250,000 square miles of tundra and icefloe that will have to be transformed and studied.¹⁷³

171 *Sans Soleil / Sunless*, directed by Chris Marker (Argos Films, 1983), <http://mubi.com/films/sans-soleil/>.

172 *Lettre de Sibérie / Letter from Siberia*, directed by Chris Marker (Argos, 1958), <https://mubi.com/films/letter-from-siberia>.

173 *Ibid.*

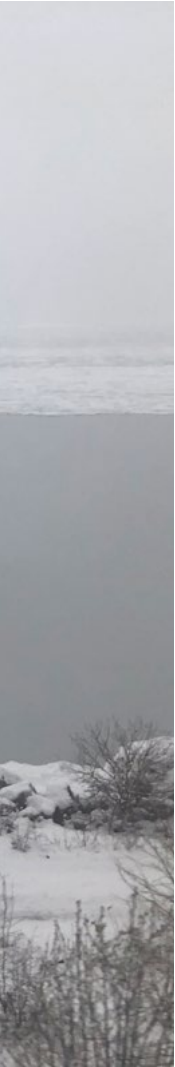
Fig 63. Composing a mosaic of Siberia with traditional regional workers and animation. **Lettre de Sibérie / Letter from Siberia**, directed by Chris Marker (Argos, 1958), <https://mubi.com/films/letter-from-siberia>.

Fig 64. Chantal Akerman, **D'Est**, 1993. Screenshot montage of film stills from D'Est sourced from <https://chantalakerman.foundation/works/dest/>.





Fig 65. Train Windows03.
Digital image, Celia
Harrison. Russia, 2019.



Making my way through Marker's foreign 'Siberian' forest, tundra and icefloe, I encounter Chantal Akerman's documentary travelogue *D'Est* (From the East).¹⁷⁴ *D'Est* is like encountering Marker's *Lettre de Siberia* in silence, devoid of any cacophony of sound and image techniques. Only, when I pass through train tunnels do shimmering window reflections unsettle me as I observe myself observing her—in silent passing. I see fragments of Benjamin's machine of reproduction and think of Marker's montage of American images, re-situating Siberia. In my views, I withdraw on strange dominant consumerist iconography, resituating and reconstituting places of the 'East' remade on edges of change, flashing recognitions of different histories. Other than diegetic sounds of the train, crowd noises, harsh weather, Akerman's silent observations of the crumbling Soviet Bloc in Eastern Europe is composed out of realism: long, real-time shots and natural, available, light. Looping and repetition composes Akerman's photo-essay, nearing me deeper to this lost history, on edges of a void—Eastern communism crumbling into Western capitalism. Nothing gets resolved in these faces in crowds, those I become familiar with through close-ups and repetitive loops. I travel into these foreign worlds, into harsh realities, cold and waiting. My aesthesis on the Trans-Siberian route of 2019 touches their waitings: inside train stations, at bus shelters, waiting for a future that holds them precariously—anachronistic—outmoded.

Akerman's silent and enduring observations of political rupture, nears my research significance of melancholy in recognition of lost lives, buried by progress. I turn toward these essay-films for expressions of silence and intimacy, finding mutual attention within empty landscapes we travel through. My ride on the Trans-Siberian continues and I listen to Benjamin who suggests from the vantage of 'ends' (of history), we can critique violence through strange juxtapositions of anachronistic 'temporal data.'¹⁷⁵ Akerman's passage is both domestic and foreign, mutually attending to 'temporal data' collected on route. Sounds of harsh weather makes contact in me with faces of strangers, looping me into the aesthesis skin of her film. I shiver with them, breathe warm air into my cupped hands with them, huddle in the crowds with them. I listen to where I am today, viewing an 'out of time' world called The East, staring out windows of a train where vast tundra and icefloe withdraw. It is night on the Trans-Siberia route, and I have no idea where this is.

174 *D'Est, / The East*, directed by Chantal Akerman (Paradise Films, 1993) <https://mubi.com/films/from-the-east/>.

175 Walter Benjamin, *Toward the Critique of Violence: A Critical Edition*. Ed. P. Fenves & J. Ng. (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 2021), 60. The thought here is that it is only when an epoch is over and exhausted that a critique of the present from out of the temporal data of the past brings forward a possible 'other' beginning. In this research, I am extracting this community's 'deep time' site data for a possible, other, creative way as an artistic contribution for sustaining its life—under the mountain.

Getting lost and life goes on

I get lost on another route, entering the foreign way of Iranian filmmaker Abbas Kiarostami who nears kairos interludes with Benjamin and Solnit. This is where I am: Lost in transitory translation between places; somewhere between fictional and real. Kiarostami's 1992 film *And Life Goes On*¹⁷⁶ travels my aesthesis by way of Ghosh, narrating his contact points with the Delhi tornado: "what had happened at that moment was strangely like a species of visual contact, of beholding and being beheld."¹⁷⁷ What kairos moment could this be? Something wholly other coming off surviving an event of environmental destruction. Kiarostami conveys to me that Ghosh's species of visual contact nears for eliciting stories (fiction with non-fiction) of survival in the wake of destruction, such as his earthquake in *And Life Goes On*. Further, I find his way nearing species of visual contact by traveling between fiction and documentary.¹⁷⁸

Kiarostami's methods near my alias-atlases of visual contact with foreign species, mediating a passage of safe and considered reflection on natural disasters, between fictional and real filmic compositions. *And Life Goes On* composes a requiem to those who died as well as survived the 1990 Iranian earthquakes.¹⁷⁹ As such, Kiarostami blurs boundaries of real and fiction, working as an ethnographer might, though in no strict sense of an anthropologist and their disciplinary methods. Povinelli's (earlier cited film) *Petroleum Dream* takes the same non-traditional ethnographic route. A light touch, Kiarostami's filmmaking keeps a distance, all the while being near to his subjects. He sutures himself into the story, taking up the role of a visitor, an explorer, an Iranian man (in this instance, a man with his son), searching for mutual contact with people and place. His role as a director is

176 *And Life Goes On*, directed by Abbas Kiarostami (Janus, 1992), <https://mubi.com/films/life-and-nothing-more/>.

177 Amitav Ghosh, *The Great Derangement: Climate Change and the Unthinkable* (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 2017), 23-24.

178 Following the experience of the landslides in Seyðisfjörður in December 2020 and its aftermath, I couldn't help shake this question from Ghosh and the instant contact by something wholly other that comes from an event of environmental destruction.

179 The devastating event of the June 20, 1990 Rudbār earthquake is one of the largest, and most deadly, earthquakes in Iran history Affecting both rural and urban regions, it killed between 13,000–40,000 people and left a further 500,000 homeless. Geophysical Journal International, Volume 182, Issue 3, September 2010, 1577–1602, <https://doi.org/10.1111/j.1365-246X.2010.04705.x>, accessed March 24, 2022.

In the ethos of my research there is a taking care by refraining from appropriating my agenda onto those of others, allowing instead, a careful visibility by maintaining my foreignness at home in their community. Passing through the foreign as a way of making-home. Journeying through the aftermath with a father (Kiarostami) and (his) son, becomes an intimate journey of renewal.



Fig 66. Abbas Kiarostami, *And Life Goes On*, 1992. Film still sourced from <https://www.criterion.com/films/28639-and-life-goes-on>.

shadowed by this identity of traveller. Asking for directions of those he meets along the way, and with each ‘asking’ he happens to elicit a story from them, composing a patchwork atlas of a place out of the fragments of spontaneous encounters. Asking the other, Kiarostami discards his mastery. In this sense he understands (in me) Ghosh’s nearing visual contact with unexpected, and irreducible, species via an unplanned route. As a traveller, he wanders into communities, especially communities that hold deep time routes into tradition and landscape. Those he encounters are ready to talk about their survival, living-on in the wake of tragedy, like the 1990 earthquakes that destroyed several Iranian villages. In expressing the grief of the villagers, the requiem of *And Life Goes On* refrains from exploitation (monumentalizing), by showing us (viewers and his subjects) the explicit mechanisms of his filmmaking. He does not conceal who he is (a filmmaker) and breaks apart the binary of reality and fiction into a fluid passage that does not capture its subjects. In doing so he positions his work, not for him, but for the other. It is for the community: For Iran. For viewers elsewhere. In doing so, I near Akerman, moving with Kiarostami’s filmic geography, making voyages, passing through rubble and ruins, in order to get ‘home’, to make ‘home’ a space of voyaging, a nomadic expression: “A geography of passage.”¹⁸⁰ My alias-atlases make notes with

180 Bruno, 100. Bruno is discussing Akerman’s film *Rendez-vous d’Anna* (Meetings with Anna, 1978). Anna is a filmmaker on tour with her film who, in the course of a series of encounters with strangers, passes by her home town to meet her mother. Most of the film’s geography is composed on trains, train stations, cinemas, car interiors, and hotel rooms—it is a geography of passage. Bruno goes on to say that although in transit, Akerman finds her rigorous expression through the contradistinctions or rhythms of ‘frontal long takes with stationary and moving camera’ with ‘frames fixed as if to seize motion’ she ‘constructs a “geometry” of passage.’ Bruno, 101. I liken this moving-still expression to Kiarostami, albeit a very different aesthetic.

Akerman and Kiarostami, encountering in both: “a position that marks [their] presence, never so close as to interfere or so far that [their] presence as a fellow traveler is not felt.”¹⁸¹ Akin to my opening ethos for adapting my community practice, I do so as life goes on by way of these other community aliases.

My questioning now nears something akin to packing a suitcase, wondering what items to wear knowing I will be transiting through different geographies and climates. After seven years dwelling in Seyðisfjörður, my practice learns to wear something of a mosaic quilt, it flows around community fabrics, each seam holding different angles for nearing my foreign home, manifesting practices of nearing, never so close as to interfere or so far that my withdrawing presence as traveller is not felt. A range of roles in Seyðisfjörður suture me to this town: Creative Director of their culture house; curator of light festivals, exhibitions, programming cinema and art residencies. I wear these things nearing Kiarostami with Akerman, in proximity to whatever life is going on—voyaging with mutual attention. While my practice operates at the very ‘centre’ (at Herðubreið) of this town, my practice embodies an ethos of sustainability on peripheries of futures to come. If successful, those creative programmes initiated by me (bridged into Part Two details) will continue as life goes on.

Lingis’ wholly other¹⁸²—voyaging into communities with nothing in common

I conclude this section with Alphonso Lingis who has travelled as my ethical guide since the beginning of this research. Across Lingis’ philosophical practice of image and text compositions, themes of becoming wholly other

181 Bruno, 101.

182 Alphonso Lingis is an American ethical philosopher who is known in philosophy circles for his translation and writing on the European (Lithuanian) ethical philosopher, Emmanuel Levinas whose term “wholly other” can be interpreted as that what goes beyond being. My interpretation of Levinas “wholly other”, as there are many is in the correlation between I and other where we are called into the world by another existing. It is through our experience with the other that value is created. The wholly gives existence to what exists. This separation between the I and the other defines “wholly other” for Levinas as it shows that it is something outside of myself that calls me into question, acknowledging responsibility beyond my own self. Phenomenologically speaking, instances of sacrifice or love negates contemplating any subject or object from the outside leading to these poles’ collapse or what Badiou refers to as the rip in the fabric of being. See Alain Badiou and Oliver Feltham. *Being and Event* (London; New York: Continuum, 2007). Levinas ties the wholly other to ethics, highlighting the alterity of the other. By our ability to re-conceptualize the other means we need another to be. Instances in the case of this research tie the wholly other, as well, to nature. The mountains of Seyðisfjörður as wholly other—specifically its shadows, this mute region of change and alterity is calling its community into question.





Fig 67. Gavin Hipkins:
The Homely II. 80-photo
 frieze—photos taken
 between 2001-2017,
 between UK and New
 Zealand. Gavin Hipkins,
The Homely II (New
 Zealand: Bouncy Castle,
 2020)

With Marker, Akerman and Kiarostami, I am drawn to the local work of Gavin Hipkins' *The Homely II*, the 80-still-image-frieze depicting encounters between a colony and its old-world empire, New Zealand and the United Kingdom. Like the previously mentioned style of essay-films, Hipkins' fragmented narratives express imported myths of belonging, espoused by tourist spots, museums, and fixtures of everyday life. Iconic landscapes comeingle with settler museums. I find my eye moving in and out, resting on familiar New Zealand motifs, though who knows these might just as well be the gas pumps lining a Lake District motorway. We detour on and off the ramps of this frieze' and sometimes freezing highway. Turning around to see something kindred in prolonged looping of images, like Akerman's train films, Marker's film essays and our photo-essays. Like Kiarostami we see in Hipkins the fictional comingling with the real. I recognise in Hipkins' practice a kind of spatial fiction or the fiction espoused by spaces and architectures. An iconic building that propagates symbols of imperialist myths. His camera is self-reflexive in showing how utopian fictions are produced in the photographic image—in doing so his photographic act is a political-social one, showing also how photography can expose the reality of this fiction. We get close to his photographic subjects through his own ability to create mosaics and constellations of time and place—he is never so close as to interfere with our editing/viewing, and never so far from me that his presence as a fellow traveller is not felt.



In the shopping malls "consumer goods," resources or implements, are held by or put onto mannequins, then bloated with delirious packaging and soft-core pornographic images. These excrescences are libidinal attractors; marketing works the continual displacement of our lusts upon these posturing racks and hyperkinetic wrappings, which, the commodity purchased or the marketing campaign over, become refuse. Industries frenetically pour out images and flags around a political campaign or catastrophe, a spectator sports event or Hollywood blockbuster, garb and memorabilia to feed a momentary infatuation with a celebrity wedding or funeral. Footages of gibbering consumers in frenetic euphoria are inserted between brief media glimpses of policies and catastrophes in the outside world.¹⁸³

Fig 68. Alphonso Lingis, 'Filt' in Violence and Splendor. (Illinois: Northwestern University Press, 2011), 101

We cannot help but linger on this image and encounter a global pandemic known as COVID-19. Taken by Lingis sometime in 2010, we witness the masking gesture as some kind of mutation of time, mutating its zoonotic forces into 2019—and on, into an unknown language of severe, acute, respiratory syndrome that the Greek Alphabet can no longer name.

183 Alphonso Lingis, *Filt' in Violence and Splendor*, (Illinois: Northwestern University Press, 2011), 101-105.

transcribe him.¹⁸⁴ His texts often move from precise observations into material seeping poetic forces as if he himself had dissolved into whatever or whomever he nears. With him and Kiarostami, I ask for directions from strangers in communities of those I have nothing in common. Lingis' philosophical position is such that we all belong to this community of nothing in common, by way of death and echoes Povinelli, by saying dying is the most foreign face we face.¹⁸⁵ Here ethics arrives in facing the unknown and going-along-with difference as difference.

As with Kiarostami's filmmaking practice, Lingis enables those he encounters when asking 'for directions' to say more about their lived situation. Lingis' travels do not listen for specific verbal responses (of static content about a place or people), but trusts (phenomenologically) in what shows between, in being present with the other. Acts of speaking inaugurate being-with-others.

With Lingis, I get nearer to hearing murmurs of nature, disclosed by who we commune, communing with nature as such. His lyrical philosophical language shows me looking and listening through his camera viewfinder, listening, and watching through mine. With his ear, I hear incessant murmurs of other species, coming to understand I am never separate from this incessant murmuring. My research problem with respect to inside and outside binaries finds myself with Lingis' murmurs of other species in an inseparable aesthesis, reverberating my perceptions dwelling with Benjamin's 'forest', in languages of wholly other murmurs. These murmurs have me listening to thereness.

184 Testing out his philosophical grounding, Lingis travels widely and on his own. Carrying a camera, he surveys his encounters with remote or other communities, situating his philosophical ruminations in site-writing relations to any given place or community. His phenomenological encounters are site-written by encountering the foreign inhabiting him—inhabiting Levinas' wholly other.

185 My research spans into different paradigms of being human through earlier cited work of Elizabeth Povinelli where I glean from her work with Indigenous Karrabing (Indigenous collective of filmmakers from Northern Territories, Australia) a wholly other paradigm of existence that does not proceed along a live/die (life/death) binary. Rather living in mutual attentiveness, Povinelli reveals how Western imperialism and industrialisation stake claims when conceiving nature as dead (like the deserts of Australia), thus opens to human plundering for its resources without the kind of mutual attentiveness that might make for a very different kind of (non-mastery) attitude toward ecologies of other shared species. In this respect 'dying' is the most foreign face we face to the point where climate emergency discourses of extinction could appear redundant or questionable in the wholly other eyes of looking with the Karrabing. See Elizabeth Povinelli, *Geontologies: A Requiem to Late Liberalism* (Durham London: Duke University Press, 2016), 60.

*Where are we, here, there—in murmurs
of other species?*

We are within sonorous space, somewhere, not necessarily a physical place that exists within collapsed binaries of rural/urban. Lingis travels me to mutations of sounds, passages he encounters with Indians in the Chiapas in Mexico that materialize from the depths of their night: “for the Indian, music has no meaning. It has no duration. It has no beginning, no end, no climax.”¹⁸⁶ In this (other) night, time is plenitude, it is the thereness, where I listen further to hear Lingis’ deep passage into fullness of night:

Words are prisons in which the breath of life is imprisoned in human form; in a music without melody and without meaning, the Indian hears the animal, vegetable, mineral, and demonic realms. One had to listen to it there, in the nights of the Lacandone rain forest, to understand that this “music” is not an aesthetic production, that is, a creation of human subjectivities attempting to communicate immanent states like moods, feelings, values, or messages to other human subjectivities. It is a prolongation of the forest murmurs, the whispering sands, and the hum of the heavenly bodies.¹⁸⁷

I follow how Lingis’ streaming prose performs this concept of deep time. His image with text travel-writing folds thoughts of place into place and encounter into encounter, echoing for me Tokarczuk’s literary kairos mosaic. I come to my bridge crossing between Part One and Part Two—where shadows exist in plenitude of darkness, dwelling somewhere inseparable, there in ceaseless time.¹⁸⁸ On this span, I make a note of Part One’s literature review for how it’s neared spatial thinkers, philosophers and

186 Lingis here is quoting J.M.G. Le Clézio, *Hai*, (Geneva: Skira, 1971), 51-52. Le Clézio lived among the Indians in the Chiapas in Mexico and in Panama. See Alphonso Lingis, *The Community of Those Who Have Nothing in Common*. (Bloomington and Indianapolis: Indiana University Press, 1994), 98-99.

187 Lingis, 99.

188 I evoke the shadows to fold back to the title of this thesis: *In Mountain Shadows*. Shadows are where the township dwells and I find my source material for thinking the foreign, where opacity liberates time from a series of ‘now moments’ (the linear or sequential time of Chronos) into the kairos of deep time, where event is the cut of intensive time that involuntarily arrives to flash upon points of my recognition and I ask myself do I really recognise the mountain as a deep time phenomenon of this community. Alias-atlasing seeds my practice for coming to this community through its multiplicity of shared species who generously offer me a way through the foreign to make my way home. Each sharing of species kin unsettle any short-sighted assumptions I might have of where I reside and rather enrich my understanding for being part of a rich tapestry of community aesthetics.

artistic practitioners in ‘recognising’ wholly other differences; trembling my understanding of inside and outside binaries, home and foreign, human and non-human. As I cross into Part Two, I stay listening to murmurs of Icelandic surrounds, prolonging my practice for being with its communities, being present with mutual attentiveness to shared species turning toward or turning away. Changing states. Withdrawing care. In doing so, my questioning attunes to formations of living-on in shifting states of being human with other species. Thoughts about what my community practice is keeping in existence or extinguishing linger. I reflect on being lost in Benjamin’s forest, wondering about communing with wholly other ecologies of shared species; those we have nothing in common, and everything to learn about being communally social.

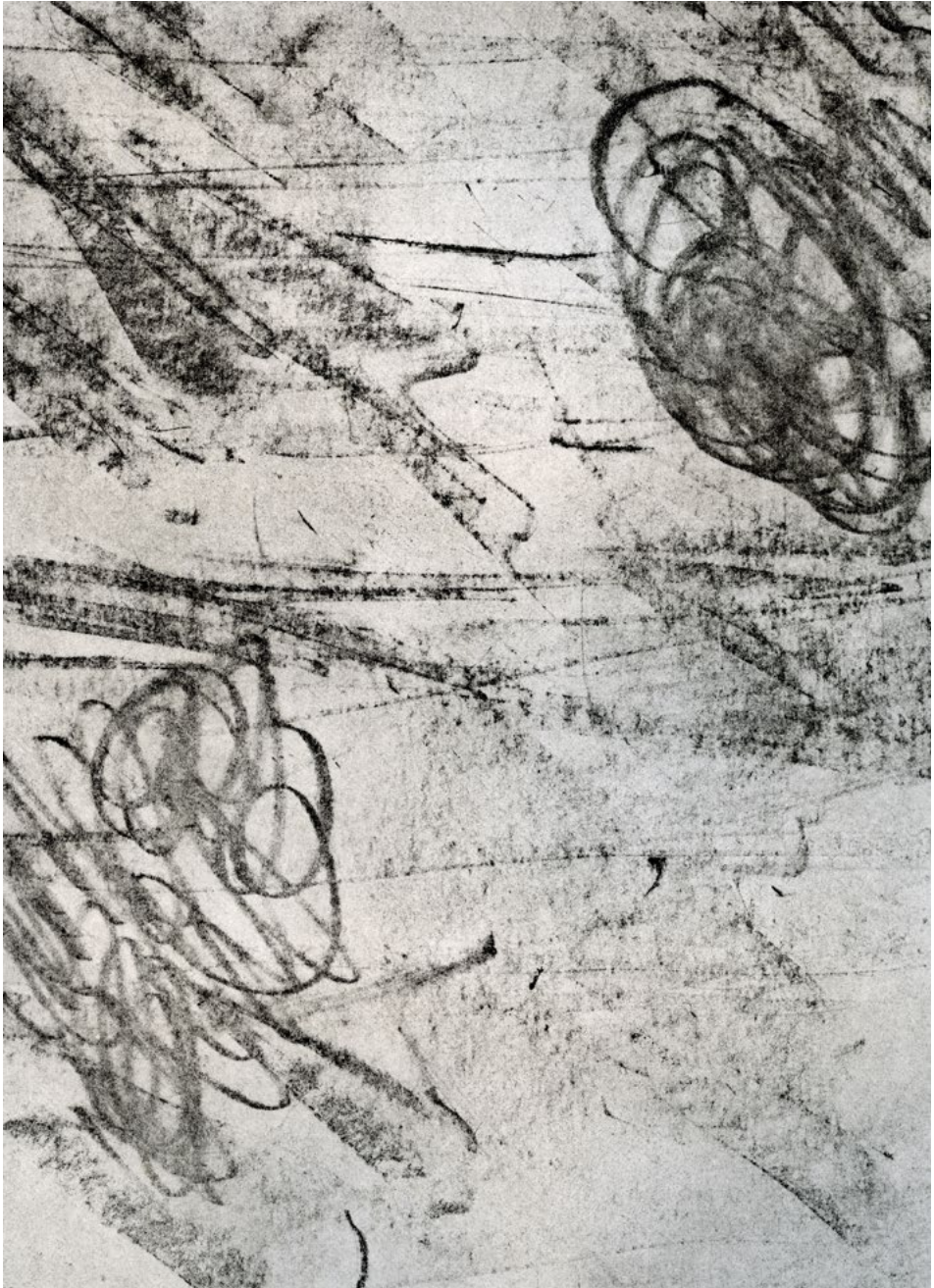
Kairos prompts me: “I ceaselessly circumnavigate the world. On account of you, foreigners, ‘I’m set at the entrance as a lesson.’”¹⁸⁹ Levinas and Lingis with their ethics of wholly other are also with me, nearing a stance of foreign listening in order for my community practice to become mutually attentive, inseparable to its everyday and deep time murmurs of shared species. Folded in shadows, deep time ‘material’ holds my ear to Seyðisfjörður’s wider surrounds, moving me deeper into my community aesthesis through festivals, renovations, and programming, from township ruins, residencies, and exhibitions. Something equivalent to human knowing asks for its recognition and its alterity calls me to question my responsibility for sustaining futures, as life goes on.





Fig 69. Kairos, Celia Harrison. Screenprint, Auckland, 2022.

Fig 70. Mountain shadow, Celia Harrison. Drypoint intaglio on paper, Auckland, 2022.



PART TWO

*Events and processes
for praxis –
Nearing methodology*

Fig 71. Nearing
methodology, Cella
Harrison. Soft and hard
ground etching. Ink on
paper, Auckland, 2022.

Nearing praxis¹⁹⁰

Creative Director, Curator, Events Festival Director, Exhibitor, Renovator, Civic Administrator and Operational Coordinator—are some key roles orbiting me and my three community infrastructures. In Part One, ‘nearing’ disseminates kairos-interludes¹⁹¹ through academic discussions of my creative analytical methods under my rubric alias-atlasing. Part Two, focuses on my roles intertwined with three community infrastructures, and my Kairos-interludes continue to weave through these paths.

Three spatio-temporal phases structure Part Two for eliciting the foundations of my manifold creative practice. These phases turn around Seyðisfjörður’s December 2020 landslides, altasing my practice before, during, and post-slides. Involuntarily, this climate emergency reveals the critical depth for how my community practice sustains during a crisis, and lives-on, within Seyðisfjörður that is suggestive of my original PhD contribution. Part Two

190 I refer to my ‘nearing’ terminology as a methodology (relational to site-writing-reviewing or alias-atlasing) for understanding my site through an expanded field of practices that move between discipline boundaries. In the glossary Nearing takes philosophical cues from Povinelli and Heidegger and I reference a passage from Steve Baker’s *Sloughing the Human*. As well, many aliases in Part One, such as Kiarostami, Marker, Akerman and Ghosh, imaginatively transpose thinking species difference through practices of poetics with reality; fiction with non-fiction; film with documentary, photography with essay. Self-transposing happens poetically for going-along-with other species while remaining other to these other species. Heidegger’s ‘going-along-with’ approximates my conception of nearing as an ethical and critical position for my methods of alias-atlasing. Atlasing becomes my performative method of ‘imaginative transportation’, nearing me to understand the otherness of species within the surrounding world of my research site. Nearing is my ethical approach for allowing the other to remain what it is and how it is, opening my research to the wonder of what it does not (yet) know, yet comes alongside, closer to being-with-others. In Elizabeth Povinelli’s terms of ‘mutual attention’ nearing goes-along-with even in times when other species withdraw.

191 See glossary terms p. 15-16.

demonstrates how my practice gathers momentum through iterative restaging of events, made possible through living on-site. Ceaseless changes in weather, seasons, rituals, and habits, deepen my aesthesis within environmental extremes, enduring severity of climates impacting life in the town: Incessant shifts live-on, as they have done for centuries, and extremes such as the 2020 December landslides, tremble us strangely living within shadows of anthropogenic life.

The three spatial infrastructures that demonstrate my roles within the town, comprise **Herðubreið** - the town's civic culture house; **List í ljósi** - annual light festival; and **Gamla Bakari** - the architectural ruin I purchased after the landslides and have since renovated into my home and future Open House artist residence. These three 'infrastructures' *atlas* my communal nearing with Seyðisfjörður's community, and my collaborative creative roles site-write daily rhythms of the town with its wider environmental surrounds. As such, my deeply immersive, lived experience, is inseparable for this practice of community aesthesis and my manifold practices live-on beyond stand-alone events, programs, productions, curations, administrations: I come to question how and what survives, to sustain the town's future through an aesthesis that flexes and adapts to a town in need, understanding best practices live-on through immersion and adaptability, emerging from everyday living. My community praxis leans into the dissolution of fixed borders so that when I come to move on, others in the town can sustain those practices implemented by this research. In this sense my community praxis seeds, grows, and nurtures a community, dissolving fixed conditions for being an 'artist' or 'designer,' nearing differences of all species (including human) as an ethos that sustains. This could signify a time when I might leave, or better still, never go.

Each iteration of practice probes climate elements shaping this research: Year one and two of my PhD, pre-slides, reveal creative initiatives for settling into my site, wherein I become socialised by climate shifts, seasonal changes, habits, rituals, and historical differences. My research midpoint is marked by living through the collapse of the mountain and the slew of landslides in December 2020. Here I reflect on how, during an emergency, my three infrastructures near and withdraw, adapting to community needs during its crisis. My final year, nears me to settlement through renovations and restorations, rehoming me due to the mudslides through renovating an historic ruin that becomes my home and community residency—my Open House.¹⁹²

Nearing evokes a motile paradigm of spatio-temporal responsiveness with site, understanding community is a living condition, never finished.

192 I return to Heidegger, "coming to be at home is thus a passage through the foreign." Martin Heidegger, *Hölderlin's Hymn "The Ister."* *Studies in Continental Thought* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1996), 49. This site (Gamla Bakari) grounds my thesis conclusion, showing how the unforeseeable, i.e., foreign, (future) is site-written by history. This ruin homes me and my community praxis.



Fig 72. Herðubreið community and culture centre.
From Seyðisfjörður Library photo archive. Seyðisfjörður, n.d.

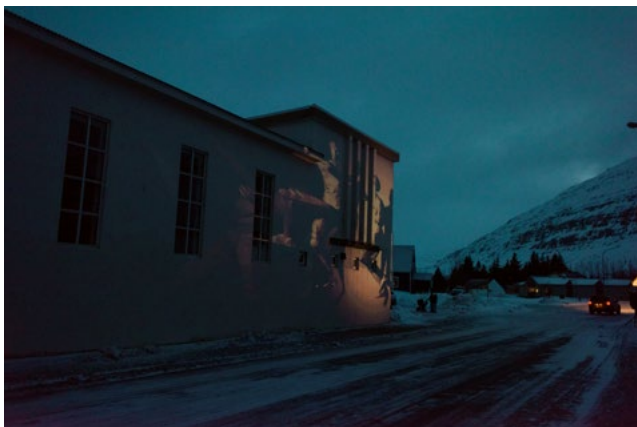
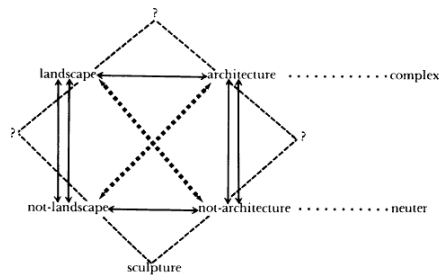


Fig 73. List í ljósi Festival.
Digital image, Chantal Anderson. Seyðisfjörður 2019. Artist work: Boris Vitazek, Seyðisfjörður, 2019.



Fig 74. Gamla Bakari
From Seyðisfjörður Library photo archive. Seyðisfjörður, n.d.

My methodology is an adaptive and critically responsive research principle, homing methods that near and withdraw in response to my roles within the township, expanding aesthesis perceptions with aliases such as those discussed in Part One. Through them I near and withdraw from biases enclosed in binaries of belonging such as, foreign/home, inside/outside, human/non-human, as well as pitfalls of anthropocentric and anthropogenic practices of monumentalizing and memorialising place. As such, aesthesis perceptions dissolve authorial voices and near communal voices. Alias-atlasing performs my critical and constant review for activating different iterations of events, programmes, and practices, within Herðubreið, List í ljósi, and Gamla Bakari.



In the late 1970s, Rosalind Krauss¹⁹³ wrote a seminal essay on the expanded field of sculpture that nears my understanding of a cross-disciplinary art practice. Her thinking reveals malleability of art (sculpture) intersecting functional systems (such as architecture). Krauss shows unfixed regions of landscape in dialogue with architecture, especially through fluidity of sculpture, inhabiting all regions, withdrawing, or nearing, disclosing motile perceptions of ‘use’ or ‘function’. Origins of my practice expand through spatial arts and design, intersecting architecture, landscape, and visual arts, where today my praxis of community aesthesis gets productively lost within and through disciplinary borders.¹⁹⁴ My curatorial praxis is an expanded praxis whereby traditional curatorial methods do not come to define it. I look to cross-disciplinary art practices such as Place Lab, which demonstrate urban ethical redevelopment strategies initiated

Fig 75. Rosalind Krauss, Sculpture in the Expanded Field.
Source: October 8 (1979): 31–44. <https://doi.org/10.2307/778224>.

193 Rosalind Krauss, “Sculpture in the expanded Field,” MIT Press / Vol. 8 (October, 1979), 30–44. Within this essay, she constructed a diagram for expressing the perceived parameters of architecture, landscape, and sculpture, for disclosing an expanded field for thinking sculptural art practices that has inspired my own diagram-thinking-making.

194 I’ve discussed my community aesthesis artistic practice as opaque (shadowy). In this, I’ve come to view my community practice and its creative processes inseparably come from daily life. How do I materialise my invisibility as part of collective doing? Or rather, how do I avoid making this practice so visible it is attached to a sole individual or brand-collective? My praxis of community aesthesis, productively lost in cross-disciplines, roles, collaborations, locates a way for being social with shared species to (in part) avoid creative activities of monumentalizing, memorializing, appropriating, nature, place, communities.

through arts and culture in Chicago (refer footnote 208) as well as practices such as Rirkrit Tiravanija (refer footnote 208), where, for example, his later works remove him from visibility to put audiences at the front and centre. An expanded curatorial method for my approach is one that is working in an immersive process, already and always with others, especially local others within my research site as depicted here through my festivals and programmes of residency curations.¹⁹⁵

It's mid-winter, when I arrive *here* for the first time: A night sky pulses with Northern Lights and spectrums of colour alight snowy ridges of mountains. In darkness, solar flares field me, involuntarily disclosing my fundamental attunement to light in darkness, inaugurated in 2010 by my Auckland-based festival *Art in the Dark*.¹⁹⁶ Between 2010-2015, curating and producing light festivals, I'd become known across international light festival circuits, established as Aotearoa's expert representative. *Art in the Dark* branded me, and I slowly withdrew from its monumental effects, yet on my arrival in Northern Lights, residues returned. Within months, as artist-in-residence in Seyðisfjörður, my desire for a light festival returned in my encounters of their long shadows cast by the mountain, occluding direct sun for long winters. I longed for the return of sunlight and quickly scattered my light festival seeds, inaugurating *List í ljósi* to cross-fertilize the town's October ritual *Dagar Myrkurs* (Days of Darkness) for farewelling the sun.¹⁹⁷ My community practice crossed hemispheres through festivals of light and shadow and *List í ljósi* inaugurated a significant working collaboration with local resident, Sesselja Hlín Jónasardóttir, who neared my way of practicing in Auckland.¹⁹⁸ I preface my first winter in Seyðisfjörður to express how I

195 In the following pages, I come to give examples of this, such as a local fisherman whose lifeworld centres on the history of the herring industry, the warming waters that destroyed his livelihood and how he began to take photos of sunsets we go on to exhibit at the light festival.

196 In my Introduction, I spoke about *Art in the Dark Festival* as the catalyst of my creative practice. Though at the time I had not grasped the significance for this "script of everyday life" as Felicity Molloy suggests below. Rather, it took me much further from my Auckland everyday scripts, to better understand moving through the foreign to get home: "This is one event that exposes Auckland citizens' yearning for art as part of the script of everyday life, and the expression of a rather whimsical society." Felicity Molloy, review of *Art in the Dark 2011*, art festival Theatre Review (2011): accessed January 31, 2022. <https://www.theatrereview.org.nz/reviews/review.php?id=4354>

197 On the final day before the sun retreats behind the mountain, villagers gather and then make a procession through the town with lanterns. All the streetlights and house lights go out for this hour, and candles are lit in front windows. I entered this ritual soon after I first arrived, walking in step with villagers. The procession starts from the east, coincidentally at the site of the 2020 landslide. In 2021, this walk took on a very different tenor as villagers passed by ghosts of thirteen buildings, each plot now a clearing and its long clearing stares back to ask 'do you still recognize us?' A lone tree bears witness to the empty plots and I listen to it rustling, murmuring a future from this past.

198 Closing *Art in the Dark Festival*, I was also leaving the creative event production company Celery Productions I'd co-founded with Ella Mizrahi. Our Auckland-based company

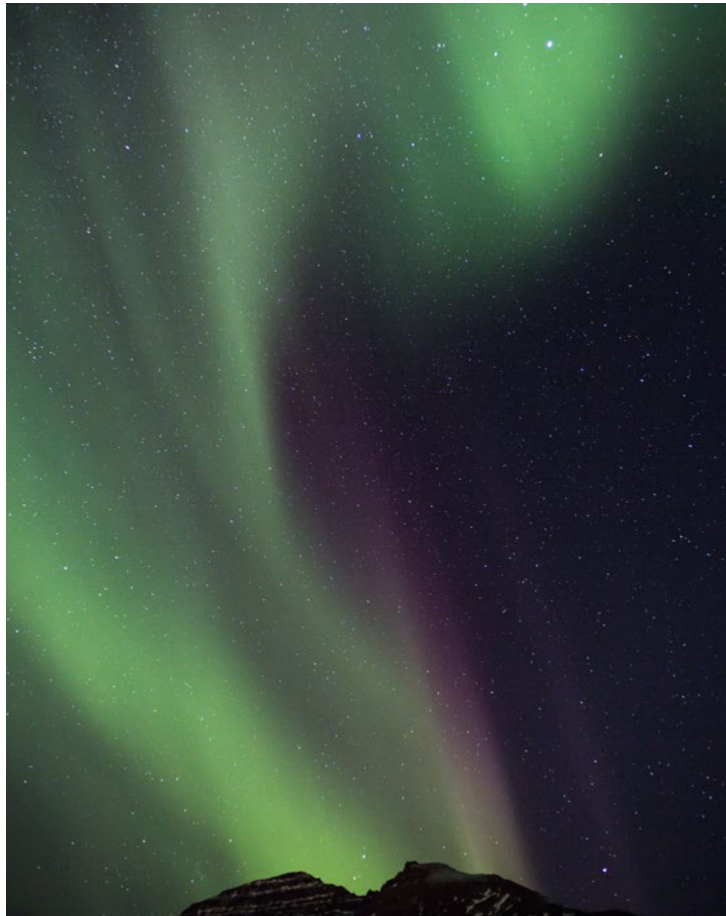


Fig 76. Daníel Örn Gíslason, Northern Lights in Seyðisfjörður. 2021, Digital image, Seyðisfjörður.

Celery Productions specialised in immersive and site-specific installations. We curated for festivals such as Art in The Dark, Big Day Out and White Night for the Auckland Art Festival as well as worked as designers and creatives for corporate clients. Celery also became a design studio for council, arts and theatre for Pride Festival, Silo Theatre, Auckland Live and Waterfront Auckland. The success of this company saw our work appear on the front page of national newspapers as well as in print, radio and television. The company closed its doors in 2015 when I travelled to Iceland. <https://creativemornings.com/talks/celery-productions>. Accessed January 31, 2022.

I recognise in Sesselja a significant alias that nears my working relation in Aotearoa with Ella Mizrahi. Like Ella, Sesselja Hlin Jónasardóttir and I are approximate in age and ethos. Our creative approaches are different but find simpatico in our ethos for community life. Sesselja was born in Seyðisfjörður and was a tailor, producer and shop owner/operator in Reykjavík before returning home in her foreign (unknown) search of difference.



Fig 77. Lighting up Art in the Dark Festival. Digital image, Elizabeth Clarkson. Art in the Dark Festival, Western Park, Auckland, 2012.

imported my elsewhere, though in mutual attention to different conditions of environmental light that seemed inseparable for immersing my praxis into Seyðisfjörður's everyday life. Over this settling period, I attended every local event from school talent shows, art exhibitions, and town parties.¹⁹⁹ I worked at the bistro and hotel, serving lunch to the folk-art school and town workers, and at night, pizzas to more locals. I joined the knitting club and with fellow artists, started an art critique club, joined other conversations at the pool, rescue squad house, and supermarket. During this period, my friendship deepened with my (now) long-time collaborator Sesselja (Hlín Jónasardóttir), who in my optimism and energy, sensed simpatico, agreeing to join me in inaugurating a festival to mark the returning sun.²⁰⁰



Fig 78. Dagur Myrkus Walk, Digital image, Celia Harrison, Seyðisfjörður 2020.

199 One such event is January's annual þórrablót, a sacrificial midwinter festival offering (originally) to the gods in pagan Iceland. In every village in Iceland, locals gather to eat traditional Icelandic food, drink and sing until early morning hours. As a vegetarian, the traditional Icelandic fare was particularly foreign to me, including rotten shark's meat (hákarl) and boiled sheep's head (svið). However, this night is where you find yourself linking arms, between a local fisherman and a farmer, attempting to sing along to 'Eg er kommin heim' - the unofficial Icelandic anthem "I am coming home."

200 I recall Sesselja's invitation to join her at a 'ladies party'. There, I was chatting with the local hostel owner about our light festival idea and she suddenly silenced the room announcing my impromptu presentation about the festival. Which, I did! Using a laptop and a previously prepared pdf for such an occasion, I inserted myself rapidly into this small community (of women) who received me and my ideas with great enthusiasm. This impromptu account established a significant rapport with the local women who have remained steadfast supporters of the light festival and my creative practices, intimately linking me to their world. Ultimately, my allegiance stems to Sesselja's generous welcome into her community in the only real way for an 'outsider', entering through genuine trust of a local. I find the term 'ladies party' outmoded, and I'm pleased for diversity discourses trembling such traditional gender binaries, however slow this reach.



2018-2020, Settling into Site

*HERÐUBREIÐ*²⁰¹

At the end of my artist residency I took summer refuge in Portugal when Sesselja called for my return ‘home’ (heima).²⁰² Between homes, Sesselja’s call neared me, echoing deeply within local sounds of Seyðisfjörður’s fjord.²⁰³ That summer, I returned to Seyðisfjörður and met with programme leaders of LungA folk art school and art residency²⁰⁴ discussing our future collaborations—and they brought my attention to the open tender to

201 In Part One, I note the name Herðubreið translates in English as Broad Shoulders, named after the mountain Herðubreið in the highlands. ‘Broad-shoulders’ holds me in shadows as I take on custodianship for the civic house. Highland mountains shepherd me on my many walks, accruing my strength in carrying such responsibility.

202 Heima is Icelandic for home. Heima is also the name of the initial artist residency that first brought me to Iceland.

203 After the successful completion of our 2016 inaugural light festival and my artist residency, I took this as my time to leave. I’d decided to move to Portugal because my grandparents had once lived there, and I was longing for warm summer evenings and more travel. Arriving in Lisboa, I encountered an apartment booking complication resulting in me travelling to a southern Portugal village, to stay in a second-hand shop surrounded by stray animals. Each night, I nominated a hand-me-down bed for sleep, wandering the countryside by day for something I couldn’t discern. In restless withdraw, something neared home, closer than Aotearoa. After one month in Portugal, home neared through Sesselja’s call to my longing for a community. Nearing oneself, I’ve come to understand, comes from the other.

204 LungA School is an independent, artist-led institution of Danish and Icelandic practitioners, experimenting with ways of doing, thinking and being to cultivate, disturb, distort, and transform fixed notions of aesthetics, perceptions, and judgements. Their Heima artist residency brought me to Seyðisfjörður. Heima (Home) is an independent non-profit organisation founded in 2013, initiated to provide a space where emerging artists could live and work in close proximity, sharing practices and ideas. Since 2020 Heima’s non-profit management is by 15 members, of which I am one. We offer residencies, special initiatives, and projects, as well as a place for any member to live when needed.

Fig 79. Mount Herðubreið. Digital image, Celia Harrison. Iceland, 2022.

reactivate the civic building, Herðubreið. The tender instantly catalysed an opportunity to demonstrate my community aesthetic within this community.²⁰⁵ My application outlined a concept for Herðubreið, under my concept Nordic Plaza, which blueprints the architectonics of this research²⁰⁶ and won Sesselja and I the tender for restoring this ruin in the heart of Seyðisfjörður.²⁰⁷ Our Herðubreið proposal called to reopen the house by encouraging a diverse set of opportunities for locals, with our future aim for their ownership through reintegration with their (restored) ruin. In future events and programs, such as youth programs, theatre nights, workshop facilities and venue rental along with a dynamic weekly event program,²⁰⁸ we pledged the doors of Herðubreið would always stay open, and gleaned

205 As a creative practitioner who focuses on community development through temporary events the possibility to bring all my practices under one roof felt uncanny: Previously in Aotearoa, Ella and I participated in the 2012 ART Venture programme to develop Celery House in correlation with our event company. Our creative hub for extended to collaboration and inspiration of artists with artists' studios and a venue to showcase emerging artists. We set up our office in a smaller version of this on K-Road with several young female creative entrepreneurs that are still in operation today. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rnmcwu4v1Fo>.

206 The following *Nearing History* section discloses different social characters of the Herðubreið project, initiated within artistic histories. In doing so it draws out my wider environmental understandings of climate shifts alongside a deep time affinity with artist belonging, specifically origins of printmaking as well as cinema, both becoming significant for attuning my creative expression with site. I come to drop the term Nordic Plaza as my wider site research montages across Herðubreið, List í ljósi and Gamla Bakari.

207 I naturally invited Sesselja Jónasardóttir to collaborate, on the success of our light festival. She was a widely respected member of the community and business owner and my expertise in project management and creative producing seeded a strong consultative partnership for the needs of Herðubreið. Envisioning its operational needs, we fostered our creative abilities with curatorial concepts to facilitate local cultural and social outreaches. Herðubreið held the potential heart of the township and our momentum in recognising our strengths in the other, and I regained an ethos for catalysing community through locating a key alias in Sesselja who mirrored Ella in Aotearoa.

208 I'm attuning concepts with Chicago-based collaborative partnership Place Lab who provide "a catalyst for mindful urban transformation and creative redevelopment...the joint enterprise merges Chicago Harris' Cultural Policy Center's commitment to cultural policy and evidence-based analysis with Place Lab's work at Arts + Public Life on arts- and culture-led neighborhood transformation." I note how Place Lab demonstrate urban ethical redevelopment strategies initiated through arts and culture in Chicago. I am inspired by their achievement in capturing programmatic methods and sharing their findings with municipal bodies. Their stance is such, that "to effectuate policy change, Place Lab amplifies artistic innovators as civic leaders." Accessed May 10, 2022. <https://placelab.uchicago.edu/arthouse>

I near Rirkrit Tiravanija who in 1996 combines essential sculptural moments with his concern to create an event space for communication and dialogue. While his earlier works explore the nature of site where art is practiced and the economy where art functions within. More recent works removed him from visibility and put audiences front and center, relying on public use as crucial, active elements of his works. An example of this is his work *Untitled 1996-1997 (Studio No. 6)* where users could gain access to the MCA recording studio at no cost. Within a space made for passive contemplation, Tiravanija proposed his own model of what an artwork was by proposing social engagement and interaction. Accessed May 10, 2022. <http://web.mit.edu/allanmc/www/rirkritmca.pdf> and <https://www.kunsthalesantgallen.ch/en/exhibition/rehearsal-studio-no-6-rirkrit-tiravanija-2.html>



Fig 80. Herðubreið.
Digital image, Celia
Harrison. Seyðisfjörður,
2018.

in response, a sense of restored energy from the township. In their energy, inspiration followed for creating their own events in Herðubreið's facilities and spaces. Our four-year renovation vision promised new venue spaces such as a cinema, café, commercial kitchen and significantly, a cultural community house that operated like a town square set within its Nordic context.

Nearing History—Artistic Aliases within Herðubreið

I first neared Herðubreið through researching its history, encountering aliases that generated a deeper atlas of this community for my community praxis. I foreground one such foundational story for demonstrating how in listening to local aliases, a deeper understanding of place (set within wider surrounds) spurred my creative relationships, which networked into my three key sites. It started with a fisherman after learning that the original Herðubreið theatre was built by the local community in the 1950s to support a booming population largely due to a thriving herring

industry. One evening at the local bistro, I started chatting with a local fisherman who was seated in the corner of the room, checking his email on an old desktop computer. He told me he was from Seyðisfjörður and worked on the local fishing trawler, Gullver. On his digital camera he'd taken photos of sunsets at sea and proceeded to show me an array of changing light. It had been a good run for cod fishing that year, the best he'd seen in many years.²⁰⁹ He brought me back through circuits of time, to encounters of 1969 when herring began to disappear along with an industry of townsfolk, which spurred the ruins of Herðubreið. Within this spatio-temporal circuit of a bistro, a surviving fisherman, a ruin, and waters of global warming, I neared my future praxis. My conversations with the local fisherman more palpably brought my attention to disappearing herring and local industry, it also began a curatorial working collaboration with him in support of his beautiful photographic practice of life and light on the boat. Three installations of his photographic work have come into being, working with him to edit and curate his practice

209 Fisker Forum, "Busy Seyðisfjörður," November 26, 2016, accessed October 20, 2021, <https://fiskerforum.com/busy-seydisfjordur/>

Fig 81. First Light, Ívar Andrésar. Digital image, Hrefna Björg Gylfadóttir. List í ljósi, Seyðisfjörður, 2017.



across three exhibition years. One year, we installed three of his enlarged photographs in the *List í Ljósi* light festival. As he circled his works with his friends and fellow fishermen, I witnessed his sense of pride that deepened my rapport, nearing aliases of history.

Since its 1950s origins, *Herðubreið's* had been a cinema, a theatre, a dance hall, a school gym, a woodwork studio, remaining barely in service in 2017 for primary school lunches in the main hall, and at other times a studio space for LungA art school artists, or on occasion, reopened the theatre for town events. In our first two years, we renovated through DIY means; rebuilding and painting spaces, sanding and polishing floors, repurposing existing furniture and equipment, removing trailer loads of abandoned waste.²¹⁰ During this initial phase we slowly secured funding,²¹¹ and implemented our tender's vision for the boarded-up ruin²¹² that deep time spectres echoed as we longed for a future of light and open spaces. On an interstice of a future, I neared my expertise with (events of) light as I edged closer to an artistic life, steeped in cinematic (light) and printmaking histories, unique to *Seyðisfjörður*.²¹³ Attuned to others, I listened to their histories; of the 1980s-90s turning around the town's rise of art and culture coincident to the arrival of Swiss-German artist Dieter Roth who'd just acquired a house in *Seyðisfjörður*. Roth's arrival in the 1980s catalysed the

210 Building materials and resources must be acquired outside of *Seyðisfjörður*. However, there is a small pool of experienced contractors like carpenters, electricians, and metal workers we could enlist the help of, depending on budget. *Sesselja* and I relied on YouTube tutorials for tiling or plumbing and painting at other times. A significant aspect to small town living was the potentiality for expanding our trade skills. This adaptive and D.I.Y. tradecraft does not stop with this project, rather it laid some fundamental know how for taking on the renovation of the *Gamla Bakari* as to be discussed *Post-Slides*.

211 Within the rubric of my role as Creative Director, I practiced finance management through the necessity of titular roles such as Financial Director and Producer, that entailed taking care of budgets, grant proposals, fundraising and financing. In Part One, I have spoken about the interlocking of monumentalizing art and the appropriating of local places through market forces. Circuits of funding are always needed for any enterprise. Working with budgets and financing for *Herðubreið*, discourses of grant proposals and fundraising are part of how I vision the future of this place. They are timely reminders for how I express (through discourses of sales and marketing) the 'images' of this town and its reality for being entangled within market forces such as tourism. To adapt to a foreign currency in budgeting was one thing, but to learn how community and cultural support was distributed in a foreign language took on an integral role in my practice, taking office in the civic heart of the town. Essential, too, was the collaboration with *Sesselja*.

212 In part a ruin, though not unusable, it had suffered decades of neglect and disrepair rendering many spaces unusable or in urgent need of attention and repair to prevent the civic buildings' complete ruination.

213 After boarding up windows, the purpose for the building shifted to more operational services such as a woodwork shop, a sports hall, a canteen. I will also come to circle back to the importance of this threshold in relation to the print work components forming part of my practice atlases of this PhD submission. It will be the lingering and living-on in print facilities, historic know-how, and a personal love of printmaking originating in this town that is embedded within my suite of montage atlases.



Fig 82. Herðubreið, n.d. Scanned image from Seyðisfjörður Library photo archive, Seyðisfjörður.



Fig 83. Second Litany, Boris Vitazek for List í ljósi 2019. Digital image, Chantal Anderson Seyðisfjörður, 2019.

He transports us to the construction site in 1946, where workers are wheeling barrows and barrows of a concrete mixture. They must work fast; the mixture looks different to what we know. Stones are being added to the façade and columns rise to meet the mountain at a perfect right angle. It manifests my recognition and Sesselja's making-kin. Ten years on, it's December 16th, 1956, and Herðubreið looks glacial against the night sky. We watch the northern lights reflecting off its stony façade, reflecting the shared species of mountain crystals. That evening the community dances through the night and the ball gowns of women seem to be making contact with music that floats out open windows, becoming kin with the winds that carry along these party sounds across the fjord. Herðubreið is lively during the herring years, gathering its town for daily movies, dances, and other such social gatherings; the building is overflowing. We turn to face Garðar who's underway constructing the walls in 1947 and we reach down to touch the stones, I feel like helping them wheel their barrows of concrete and so I do. I lend a hand.

OVERLEAF

Fig 84. Herðubreið
photo montage. Xanthe
Harrison. *Seyðisfjörður*,
2017.





Fig 85. DIY Tactics. Digital image, Celia Harrison. Seyðisfjörður, 2017.



Fig 86. Herðubreið. Digital image, Nikolas Grabar. Seyðisfjörður, 2018.

Technical Museum of East Iceland in the town, donating his printmaking machines.²¹⁴ I edge an uncanny spatio-temporal threshold, before landslides of 2020, where I'm living next door to Roth's workshop that's deepened my passion for this medium, inseparable from the significance of this medium to this town. I feel the pathos of far away, writing this in reflection of the landslides, knowing Roth's workshop and the Museum are no longer. Sesselja's grandparents, local artist, and carpenter Garðar Eymundsson and his wife, Karólína Þorsteinsdóttir gifted a house that came to be the Skaftfell Center for Visual Art in 1996, in memory of Roth and a mandate to support the cultural life of Seyðisfjörður.²¹⁵ Deep-time histories living-on, alias-atlasing three years of a PhD and into its future.²¹⁶

In listening to the echoes of aliases, I find I've tapped into deeper artistic dialogues, almost one hundred years prior to my present and long before disappearing herring and warming fjords. I'm inside an old army barrack (Meyjarskemmu) with the Herðubreið Group who ask for recognition within myself, of my community practice.

Theirs is the original vision for a meeting house in Seyðisfjörður. In mutual attention, we share our love of cinema. By 1930, they have acquired this barrack and they use their local means for raising money for their future community centre- Herðubreið. I ask my historic aliases how they gathered their community, how they fundraised: What site-writing-*with* their community did they do to realise their goals? I'm silently asking questions to resource my aims, when they reply with twenty years of bake sales and movie screenings until in 1946, Herðubreið's construction began.²¹⁷

214 Dieter Roth (1930-1998) was best known for his print works, sculptures from found materials and publications. For the last decade of his life, he spent living in Seyðisfjörður where his works are on display at the Skaftfell Center for Visual Art. Some of his print machines were operating in the Technical Museum Print Workshop that was decimated in the 2020 landslide. Skaftfell Center for Visual Art, The Dieter Roth Academy, accessed February 7, 2022 <https://skaftfell.is/en/skaftfell/the-dieter-roth-academy/>.

215 Skaftfell Center for Visual Art was founded in 1998 by a group of art enthusiasts in Seyðisfjörður, in memory of Swiss artist Dieter Roth. The art center takes its name from the three-story timber house it is situated in, built in 1907. Skaftfell Center for Visual Art accessed February 7, 2022 <https://skaftfell.is/en/skaftfell/>. This artistic influence and a newly established artist residency and center likely changed the fishing town's demographics, attracting artists from both Iceland and abroad for its inspiring setting. When mother, daughter duo Aðalheiður Borgþórsdóttir and Björt Sigfinnsdóttir founded the LungA Festival in 2000, an annual art festival encouraging youth to participate in various artistic practices across one week - a shift in focuses and activities began to occur.

216 There is a deep-time artistic origin that swirls deep in my ear. I hear more stories from peers at the LungA Art School as well as from Sesselja and stories about her ancestral lineage: Sesselja's grandfather Garðar Eymundsson was also the carpenter responsible for building Herðubreið and several other significant buildings in the town, another alias, through Sesselja walking with me throughout this research.

217 Visit Seyðisfjörður, "Herðubreið Community and Culture House," accessed February 7, 2022, <https://visitseydisfjorur.com/culture/Herðubreið-community-and-culture-house/>.



123. Skaftfell.



124. Ól- og kaffibúsið Skaftfell. Gullsmíðaverkstæði Bjarna Sigurðssonar niðri.

AUSTURVEGUR 42

NAFN HÚSS: Skaftfell, Norsk fiskarheim.
BYGGINGARÁR: 1907.
STÆRÐ HÚSS: 180 m², 1167 m³.
STÆRÐ LÓÐAR: 457 m².
BYGGINGAMEISTARI: Guðfinnur Jónsson.

UMHVERFISLEGT GILDI: *****
LISTRÆNT GILDI: *****
SÖGULEGT GILDI: *****
ÁSIGKOMULAG: **

EIGENDUR:

1907: Bjarni Þ. Sigurðsson Skaftfell gullsmiður.
1918: Halldór Jónsson.
1953: Den indre sjømannsmisjonen, Bergen.
1975: Seyðisfjarðarsöfnuður.
1975: Garðar Eymundsson.

Fig 87. A page from
the book *Húsasaga
Seyðisfjörður by Þóra
Guðmundsdóttir*. Source:
<https://skaftfell.is/skaftfell/>



Fig 88. Herðubreið, in the army barrack Meyjarskemmu. Scanned Photograph, Seyðisfjörður Library Archives, Seyðisfjörður, 1923.



Fig 89. Herðubreið cinema. Digital image, Nikolas Grabar, Seyðisfjörður, 2018.

They opened the only cinema in East Iceland, where all local villages attended screenings until its closure in the 1990s. I bear a deep sense of community longing for its return as I listened to stories of first-time experiences at Herðubreið's cinema, eliciting a long running social ritual for preferred seating. I take the original path, fundraising at markets, creating newsletters for film events and selling seats for make-shift screenings at Herðubreið. Eventually, we secured an old projector from a cinema in Denmark that in my haste returned me to look at the complexity of a digital world in relation to what its untimely and incompatibility showed.²¹⁸ As such, after further funding applications and sponsorship pitches, we secured the budget in 2019 to buy cinema equipment and commence our induction as cinema projectionists, operations managers, programming directors, popcorn makers and ushers.²¹⁹ With historic aliases, Sesselja and I, renovated Herðubreið cinema, curated film festivals, flexed with cinematic technologies and hemisphere time differences—when I travelled to Aotearoa:— Nearing and withdrew our collaborations, during different lockdowns, all the while staying focused on cross-programming our new cinematic space for a fluid and multipurpose future.²²⁰

In prefacing the renovation and restoration of the cinema as one such artistic alias nearing me to the heart of Herðubreið, I come to foreground my deeper dwelling in local histories through montage expressions of my community praxis. Kairos-interludes develop along this montage path, alighting my community aesthesis across histories of art and cinema that dwell deep at the heart of the town.²²¹ Other artistic

218 The old projector made its journey to us by ferry, only for us to learn that the film projector was no longer compatible with contemporary DCP movie files. I couldn't help think of Walter Benjamin's dialectics, whereby the projector flashed in my recognition of technological present-day speeds and I sensed this present from looking into the past.

219 Established in 2020, Herðubíó Cinema is a single-screen independent movie house, located at Austurvegur 4, right in the heart of Seyðisfjörður. Herðubíó is home to weekly screenings of Hollywood's latest and cinema's greatest movies and every Sunday is kid's day at 15:00. Herðubíó is the only cinema in the entire East of Iceland, operated by Herðubreið Seyðisfjörður.

220 While locked down in Aotearoa in 2020, my alias Sesselja was some 20,000 kilometres away in Herðubreið alone, up high on scaffolding, painting the cinema by hand. I eventually returned to Iceland to launch the Herðubíó cinema that we had been working on since the start. It is no easy feat to plan events during a global pandemic, following government guidelines and ensuring safety. At times it was necessary to close the centre for weeks on end. Finally, with the virus under control in Iceland, a time came in July 2020, where we officially opened the cinema for the first time since its thirty-year hiatus.

221 I take this moment to reflect on the corresponding practitioners in Part One, many of whom neared me for their filmic, montage, photo-essay, cinematic practices in making-thinking about otherness (time, event, site), and how, these practices spurred my critical atlases (processes for thinking-making through interludes and more fully developed into montage-works archived

life coalesces in Seyðisfjörður and, when I arrived in 2015, multiple artist residencies were underway in addition to the LungA School hosting two artistic programmes throughout the winter and spring months, the annual LungA Festival with its influx of artistic programming and the Skaftfell Center for Visual Art facilitating year-round exhibitions bringing significant acclaim to Seyðisfjörður's small village. Different artistic histories were nearing me to the site of Herðubreið and my desire to sustain its community future. I slowed, design-writing-its-future with a developing ethos made from temporal data of its artistic past.²²²



Fig 90. Herðubreið, cinema. Digital image, Nikolas Grabar, Seyðisfjörður, 2018.

in the Appendices). These expressions have developed from within my site, elicited from out of the town and its deep time histories. Herðubreið's cinema is a significant marker nearing in me, my community aesthetics, the language of my critical spatial community practice.

222 In walking with the Herðubreið Group from 1923, I garnered from them the slow, durational practice referenced in Part One and manifesting through such interstitial travels as the Trans-Siberia express whereby my practice manifested out of this slow, solo, and predominantly silent journey expressed by image/text/soundbites/videos/drawings as I travelled through opaque shadows of cultural difference. In this way of adaption, I journeyed slowly on foot with the Herðubreið Group as a way of coming to know a place with my ear attuned to Benjamin's temporal data to evoke such a research cue in mining the community's 'deep time' site data, that reveals the sustained artistic practices of this site, embedded in a community ethos for sustaining the town's social worlding. This lived-in practice of going to the cinema in the town of Seyðisfjörður, for being huddled together in the warmth is palpably felt within its people and forms enduring practices that establish an inherent connection with a site.

It is a warm summers day in late July. Sesselja and I have spent the month preparing our opening of the cinema. Between us, we make posters and tickets, stock the café with popcorn, liquorice, and sodas and have a crash course in obtaining film licences, downloading, and screening films. We ponder the best film to open with, imagining a film like *Cinema Paradiso*ⁱⁱⁱ that, in returning cinema to the town, could welcome the nostalgia and magic of cinema. Turning around the site, we hear the people awaiting a film 'just out,' something they have not been afforded since the cinema's closure in the late 1990s. We settle on a programme that celebrates the inaugural opening of Herðubíó - Seyðisfjörður Cinema with a speech from the town's mayor Aðalheiður Borgþórsdóttir, followed by two short films based in Seyðisfjörður.^{iv} The cinema is a hum with the energy that only the anticipation of something

inaugural can muster. In the afternoon the children arrive; they enter the darkened cinema clutching bags of overflowing popcorn. Some of them have never seen a film before.^v We duck our heads inside the door in anticipation of the final credits to discover the floor is full of children dancing along to the movie. Knowing this was their first experience at the cinema, makes our hearts soar and we witness our first encounter with cinema in this newly renovated space. We have never before—in any cinema—encountered the invention (by children) activating the design of our cross-programmed cinema-come-what-may space. Its fluid and multipurposed future comes alive and I imagine this has something to do with the historic aliases speaking a social language for becoming fluid with shared species. In the evening, we pre-prepare bags and bags of more popcorn in

iii The 1988 film is set in Italy and centers around a young boy and the aging projectionist who works at Cinema Paradiso.

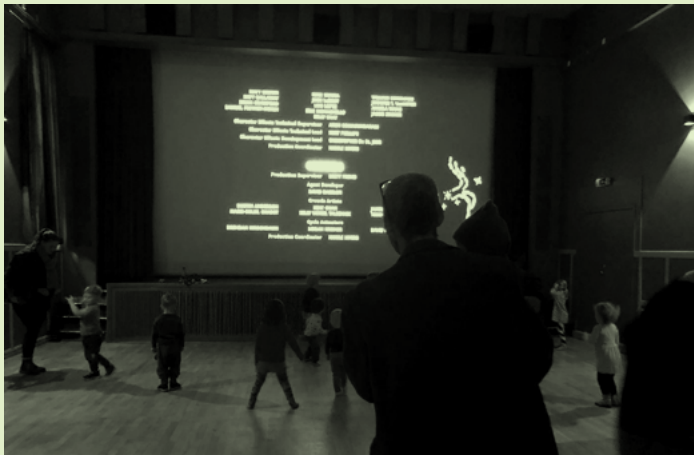
iv The short films were: *Phone call to Seyðisfjörður* - Directed by Jonas Bang, presented by HEIMA Artist Residency and *Feel* - Directed by Sandra Ólafsdóttir - Performed by Alona Perepelytsia and Seyðisfjörður Town.

v To think *Trolls World Tour* marked their first experience is somewhat unfortunate, however we are reminded, in 2020 of the limit of films being released during the height of the Covid-pandemic.

anticipation for the crowd attending the Icelandic film *Amma Hófi*. The queue running out the door and around the corner well after the film was meant to open makes us realise we had vastly underestimated the magnitude of this endeavor. As I frantically pop more popcorn, I glimpse faces of people I have never before seen inside the building.

Unmistakable, something remarkable has shifted in this community.

Fig 91. Herðubíó Opening. Digital image, Celia Harrison. Seyðisfjörður 2020.





**Fig 92. Site-writing-
Atlasing.** Digital
image, Celia Harrison.
Seyðisfjörður, 2020.

We traversed peaks of the mountains and along the edges of the fjord. Hillsides purple with blooming lupin, we ran with heads bowed while Kría lunged and looped above, protecting their young, shrieking calls ringing in our ears long after we arrived to safety. We foraged for blueberries in the late summer, leaving footprints in moss soon to be fossilized in the snow until the following year's sun returned. I picked up stones on the shore and listened carefully to the stories they told of my site beneath the shadow of the mountains.

Sometimes I travelled on foot, sometimes in a vehicle and occasionally with a companion. What was unchanging was the Iphone I carried as a dual recording device and camera to capture my atlasing. Sounds of Kría circling, ice cracking, and water finding its way through crevices neared my site-writing with shared species. At times, I would stop to photograph an instance and others I stood silently on this threshold in mutual attention listening to murmurs of species contouring my site.



Fig 93. Seyðisfjörður's Centre. Digital image, Daniel Örn Gíslason. Seyðisfjörður, 2022.

Returning Sun: Everyday worlding of an expanding centre

At Seyðisfjörður's centre, Herðubreið stands with its south wall adjacent to the primary school, the library, the gym and the swimming pool. These buildings create a plaza effect if Herðubreið's openings and access ways were installed. In 1973 an extension to Herðubreið was added, designed as a heavily boarded hall, obscuring natural light. In response to community needs of the time, Herðubreið's hall shifted its ethos to operational services such as a woodwork shop, sports hall, and canteen.

In difference, Sesselja and I followed the path of the sun and species of light for our leading approach for socialising Herðubreið with its surrounds. As such, we sort out ongoing dialogues with surrounding plaza buildings, listening to shadows of the past for moving toward light, acknowledging Herðubreið's shifting histories. We took care in dismantling structures, approaching social with material pasts. I listened to sounds of teachers, librarians, children, all occupants from library, gym, school, pool. I occupied these spaces too, swimming in the pool, spending time in the outdoor plaza, listening to sounds of children, for echoes of their ancestral lines. As the breadth of my praxis grew, my shoulders broadened with Herðubreið's and its reach into surrounds of biotic and abiotic ecologies, attuning my ears to as many resident voices within Seyðisfjörður.

My initial thoughts on programming a Nordic plaza seemed to echo my Southern Hemisphere difference, where climate affords substantial time outdoors. I'd reimagined their town square as an expanded concept for social-cultural dwelling and it took time and distance from both Aotearoa and Iceland, for me to more carefully reflect on my initial scheme: One night, miles from Seyðisfjörður, on a production job in India,²²³ I had a conversation with an architect about my ideas for Herðubreið's Nordic plaza. The architect also owned the hotel I was visiting in Kerala, *and* uncannily was the very same woman who owned the Seyðisfjörður hostel, who'd summoned my initial light festival address at the 'ladies party'. In mutual

223 I was flown to India in 2018 for a job creative directing a shoot for a travel company based in London. Like with Portugal, Kerala, India summoned me, tracing me in my parents footsteps who in their 20s eloped there. It just so happened, a hotel in Kerala owned by the Icelandic woman from Seyðisfjörður bridged another uncanny connection with Icelandic friends who'd found their way to Seyðisfjörður through her. The conversations I had in the historic Fort Cochin, midway between New Zealand and Iceland, instigated my first contact with primary supervisor Maria O'Connor about the possibility of my Nordic Plaza concept in Iceland foregrounding a PhD research project at AUT.

attention, our paths aligned through light, space, design, and travel.²²⁴ She too had been devising ways for connection across these same buildings. Another kairos, Kerala's stay elicited deep connection for how I was envisaging community by understanding my elsewhere being in common, nearing different species of sun (India and Aotearoa). It had seemed to me that Herðubreið and its community had foreclosed on this possibility of spending more time, socialising outdoors. I slowly questioned this plaza possibility through different species of light, feeling the term plaza useful though echoing softer. Between places, light dimmed and obscured my approach for a while. Seyðisfjörður municipality were another force slowing our restoration program of the main hall windows for inviting outdoors and indoors to cohabit. During this period, we discovered pre-existing and dormant access points, and speculated on future plaza conversations, intersecting happenings across buildings, involuntary connections, and spontaneous reviews.

After key stages of Herðubreið renovation, we generated creative initiatives such as *List í ljósi* light festival and catalysed everyday social habits to intersect with surrounding buildings. For example, our invite to the primary school to exhibit led to their ongoing Art Department classes in Herðubreið, alongside their weekly and semester exhibitions; larger spaces inaugurated movement classes and their meal preparations within our design-purposed commercial kitchen; cross-fertilizing Seyðisfjörður's artistic institutions and communities, within Herðubreið, directors dialogued regularly, sharing programmes and their equipment, collaborating on events. Our expanding plaza seeded care, listening to an existing ethos of an artistic community and its residents, where I became more aware of different species of light, site-writing my practice as I dwelled for longer in the town and reflected on from where I'd come. Alighting my differences were Herðubreið with *List í ljósi*, reflecting ecologies of light, refracting shadows. In critical withdrawal, the entanglements of my key infrastructures were manifesting different temporalities and spatial rhythms, what Wilson refers to as shared spheres of being and co-existence.²²⁵

224 In 1975 she began her hostel business in Seyðisfjörður. Hafaldan Harbour Hostel, overlooking the fjord, was built as a dormitory building for women working in the herring industry in the 1960s. Hafaldan Hostel, Harbour Building, accessed November 14, 2021, <https://hafaldan.is/harbour-building/>.

225 Helen F Wilson, *Encountering the City* (Oxon: New York: Routledge, 2016), 81. She goes on to discuss how plazas and squares can be seen as both shared and negotiated spheres, in how they express the shared climate of being together. "Yet, as Sloterdijk (2012) reminds us elsewhere, such micro-climates of association are never singular or fixed, but rather entail multiple connections between past, present and future and are continuously reworked as different rhythms and temporalities converge in urban space." Wilson, 82.

Across these initiatives, I'm negotiating my multiple roles, redistributing my spatial design genealogy. I followed Povinelli's footsteps for understanding other paradigms of shared species, living in mutual attention of nearing and withdrawal as I negotiate Herðubreið's expansion, bridging art with community life. Before the mountain comes to collapse, I sense Herðubreið getting stronger, drawing people in through my manifold of social (art-led) formations, adjoining ongoing care for them during climate emergencies. I'm wandering ahead because the path illuminates on how my initial plaza concept has made room in the town, initialising my entangled community praxis. In building momentum for such room, I come now to expand on events, exhibitions, workshops, and residencies that ultimately strengthen the pulse of Herðubreið's heart during emergencies.

Fig 94. Herðubreið and List í ljósi. Digital image, Chantal Anderson. Seyðisfjörður, 2019.





Fig 95. Autumn Digital image, Celia Harrison. Seyðisfjörður, 2019.



Fig 96. Autumn, Celia Harrison. Photopolymer and drypoint intaglio on paper, Auckland, 2022.

Renovations of everyday life in Herðubreið's expanding centre: Events, Exhibitions, Workshops and Residencies

The local community were key aliases, enabling my situated practice to reflect on inherent biases and assumptions I carried about a place. I'd set out to critically address my assumptions through a praxis of slowing down and alias-atlasing with others. In daily dialogues, Sesselja is such an alias: "It has always been this way..." she reminds me, assisting me to near a community ethos, cautioning us to move slowly and questioning my approaches from elsewhere.²²⁶

My everyday praxis *walked*, slowing as I neared elements that overwhelmed, living in this 'remote' site.²²⁷ Digging pathways and clearing snowy steps in order to reach Herðubreið, I came into contact with other environmental species of avalanches, severe winds, endless fog, eternal days held in dark light, snow and more snow, blizzards, relentless sheets of rain.²²⁸ We expanded programmes and practices with seasons, site-writing with lupin in spring, blueberries in late summer, mushroom in autumn, and endless shadows in winter: A tangible social conduit, food and our community kitchen facilitated a cafe offering brunch on weekends, where I cooked a full vegetarian breakfast or offered waffles with homemade blueberry compote and fresh smoothies, while Sesselja waited on tables, made coffee, and welcomed visitors. Local artists exhibited in our newly designed gallery, hosting openings, which attracted hundreds of residents; visiting artists reciprocated with talks on their practice under our call for sharing the significance of

226 I slow my pace, assisted by bringing-forth, strolling, meandering, and becoming lost with Springgay & Truman, Benjamin, and Solnit: I'm referring to walking in the outdoors with Solnit (2001), where distance, pace and endurance are not predetermined rather are a 'politics of slowness' as described by Isobel Stengers. Stephanie Springgay & Sarah E. Truman, *Stone Walks: Inhuman Animacies and Queer Archives of Feeling*, (Discourse: Studies in the Cultural Politics of Education 2016). I think too of Walter Benjamin strolling the streets of Paris becoming lost in the familiar that absorbs his full presencing within his surrounds. Walter Benjamin, *The Arcades Project* (First Harvard University Press paperback edition: Cambridge, Massachusetts London, England, The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press 2002).

227 I put 'remote' in quotes to remind myself that remoteness exists in relation to where I've come from in relation to what contours my existence both geo-specifically as well as an ongoing condition for nearing my new community. From those in Iceland, New Zealand would appear very remote, and I often hear from those in Europe or in the Northern hemisphere, describe New Zealand as on the edge of the world. It brings my attention to notions of Eurocentrism and dominant discourses of imperialism and settler cultures. Inherent biases such as these, dwell in many of us.

228 I am reminded of Haraway's political ethos (as discussed in Part One) that honours unknowability and otherness through 'making kin' with diverse bodies Donna Haraway, *When Species Meet. Posthumanities* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press. 2008), 3.



Fig 97. Autumn Digital image, Celia Harrison. Seyðisfjörður, 2019.



Fig 98. Autumn Exhibition - Ra Tack and Tóti Ripper. Digital image, Celia Harrison. Herðubreið, Seyðisfjörður, 2020.

Seyðisfjörður within their residencies. At Christmas time, we became a craft market in support of local artists and artisans. Entangled within local aliases, these events extended into place: Bakers and chefs foraged edible plants including seaweed, and artists foraged materials from their surrounding environment, embodied in their site-practices, they created dyes and inks from local plants, harnessed sheep's wool and found materials; visiting artists practices shifted due to the landscape. The landscape intrinsically neared these practices, expanding Seyðisfjörður's mountains into the heart of Herðubreið. When the leaves turned red, we opened Haustroði,²²⁹ the Autumn Market preparing for 'silence' when the sun drops behind the mountain. Each year, we invited artists, artisans, farmers, and chefs to sell their products and provide entertainment, exhibitions, and performances throughout these days. Our community praxis grew into more than two (myself and Sesselja), enlivening community aesthetics within changing landscapes, site-writing manifold collaborations.²³⁰

In observing naturally reoccurring activities in the town, I seeded initiatives for housing them in Herðubreið: Deep time germinations activated my ethos for sustaining communities, taking care with my approach to notice social rhythms in sync with site. In doing so, daily, and incremental touches shaped my approaches to artistic happenings. I began to foster events under the collective-praxis rubric²³¹ that occurred authentically and initiated frameworks for the community to imagine: An organic vegetable co-op stepped out of Herðubreið as a group of volunteers divvied up weekly produce for the local community. Now, it services Reykjavík and other communities of East Iceland, distributing fresh produce imported on the weekly ferry from Denmark; A group of artists formed to watch and discuss obscure films in their weekly underground cinema club in Herðubreið's

229 Haustroði is an annual Autumn market, I was invited to produce and curate since 2018. Each year, the market expands with stalls, visitors and programmes.

230 I reflected on Heidegger's bringing-forth in relation to challenging-forth as discussed in Part One and I came to live a community praxis of bringing-forth. The praxis resisted instrumental overlays of supplanting art and design initiatives without coming-into-being more slowly with this community. I responded with Herðubreið by activating community-led programmes and practices by engendering residents' response to the environment, bringing-forth something attuned in a simpatico relationship. In a constant dialogue with our community, we found an enduring within in dynamic and heterogeneous approaches. My creative practice approach to the plaza breathed with many people and entities, holding singular rhythms for caring for the inclusion of shared species eco-differences without hierarchy.

231 Collective praxis is commonly linked to pedagogy as a method for collective-learning and history-making and a commonly used term we use in Iceland shortened to co-praxis. As discussed in Part One in relation to McKenzie Wark, collective praxis is abbreviated here to co-praxis as a way for describing an ethos of collective doing. McKenzie Wark also contextualises praxis as the happenings of art coming out of the fabric of everyday encounters. McKenzie Wark, *The Beach Beneath the Street* (London: Verso, 2011), 97.

cinema—its ethos, welcomes all; Young mothers formed baby groups bring their toddlers all year round, whose tactile and curious encounters, especially during winter seem to expand our mutual sense of this building, showing us there are no limits to its, *their*, winter playground. Opening Herðubreið has restored gatherings, rituals, community meals, invented jobs and established new friends—its expanded heart pulses care to all who enter.

My research practice is woven so deeply through every Herðubreið initiative that I dissolve into shadows of its many operations and events: With an ethos for sustaining everyday life through artistic activities, I dwell content in mountain shadows as Herðubreið breathes life and secures it community. This I come to sense most palpably during the December 2020 landslides.²³² As I approached my community-praxis slowly, environmental elements became more pressing and I noticed the autumn weather blur into winter, the southern glacier receding, residual quakes felt from an impending volcano²³³ and travel out of town is grounded by high winds and blizzards. More than becoming a site of creative practice, Herðubreið becomes the centre of our lives—a shelter, a place for culture, a family dinner table, a living room, a safe place to withdraw.

Herðubreið was not only embodying and holding me, it was fast becoming a centre for nearing those around me.

Sharing species in Iceland: Iterations of Shadows between Herðubreið and List í ljósi:

I circle the wider terrain of Iceland, mapping receding glacial paths, shifting mountains, endless days of the summer solstice, and on each return to Seyðisfjörður, I record seasonal shifts from

232 One example of this is how the town folk are now far more immersed in the house through co-operative ethos. It is now used by locals for markets, exhibitions, festivals, popup stores, start-up businesses, dance and yoga classes, catering services, radio and movies, theatre and concerts, meal sharing as well as for events such as weddings, celebrations, funerals, confirmations, conferences, and town parties. As of 2021, my focus has been on supporting young community members in starting up their own creative ventures. This programme is ongoing in 2022 with funding I have secured to install a mentoring programme and residencies in Herðubreið.

233 As mentioned in a previous footnote in Part One, the Fagradalsfjall volcano erupted in March 2021 in Reykjanes Peninsula. The last eruption of Fagradalsfjall occurred around 6000 years ago. The international airport was briefly closed and a few roads in the vicinity of the eruption were closed and people advised to avoid areas near the fissure where toxic gases could accumulate. The eruption followed two weeks of intense earthquake activity felt around Iceland. "A small volcanic eruption has started in Iceland" Government of Iceland, accessed May 9, 2022. <https://www.government.is/news/article/2021/03/20/A-small-volcanic-eruption-has-started-in-Iceland/>

my studio window and outside, making atlases of printmaking and montages of photos, entries of diary, blogs, charts, sound recordings. Listening in my silence to other species, I share deep-time murmurs of the world in resonance with Lings.

Atlasing-with-aliases including sounds manifest deep contours of Icelandic people I have come to know. I observe environmental withdrawals from instrumental farming of Seyðisfjörður's waters as a private company seeks the rights to install 10,000-tonnes of salmon into Seyðisfjörður's fjord, undeniably threatening ecologies of the waters, pressing deeply into the fjord's devastating past of warming waters and leaving herring. I facilitate the VA Committee²³⁴ bringing local attention to the issue, hosting meetings and film screenings at Herðubreið in protest of salmon farming in 2020.



Fig 99. Walking with Aliases. Digital image, Celia Harrison. Seyðisfjörður, 2020.

234 The Vá committee was established to protest on such matters as private companies using areas within a fjord for financial benefit. Sixty percent of fish farms and open sea pens in Iceland are owned by Norwegian companies with licenses obtained for free due to a loophole in Icelandic law. On behalf of this local population, in the imminent threat to the environment of the fjord, Vá committee are seeking the rights for locals to prevent private companies, such as this from going ahead with any plans for utilization of the fjord for finance-driven enterprises. Their aim is to prevent genetic mixing with the Icelandic salmon stock as well as the pollution that results from such activities and provide education and information on the issue wherever and whenever possible. VÁ! "About VÁ," Félagsamtökin VÁ, accessed March 29, 2022, <https://www.va-felag.is/>.

This effort endures, and, in 2022 as I write this, I recognise Seyðisfjörður continues to face real threat under a paradigm for being human led by capital profits that places humans in little regard for other species, adding more to environmental collapse.

Herðubreið and List í ljósi are both conceived through my ethos for community-led, and I begin to atlas how this ethos sustains during crises of environmental emergency, as something real for a community like Seyðisfjörður. How does a spatial situated practice sustain its agency without me? This ethical question goes to the heart of my concept of shadows, adapting my otherness, attuning slowly, nearing, and withdrawing with rhythms of a town within its environment. I delve deeper into the question for what it means to leave a place, for how community practices such as mine, live on in one's absence.²³⁵ Benjamin's flashes of recognition, with Heidegger's 'saving danger' near me to Ghosh's river, summoning me on how each of us are implicit in contributing to climate emergency and that these elemental forces shape our lives. My ethos returns a response—with mutual attention—nearing an understanding of letting be. I witness the community nearing Herðubreið in climate emergencies, and traverse this region, before 'the slides', walking the mountain to see how my practice contributes to a town's arrival.

Exploring iterations of place through routine walks, with shared alias species shapes my community praxis. I have come to know a site through immersion in environmental extremes, nearing and withdrawing with its others, refocusing through different lenses of a camera, adjusting to shifting scales of mountains and fjord, peaks and streams, shadows, and waterfalls. I listen with Povinelli, drawing out her mutual attention in being with the Karrabing, assisting me to shift perspectives on my existence in mutual attention as I walk, listening to calls of others, questioning my responsibilities to this town. I let go, poetically dwelling with the surrounding world, getting lost from separation or objectification, found in otherwise ecologies of shared species.²³⁶

235 During the writing of this thesis in 2022, in my temporary absence from Seyðisfjörður, the List í ljósi Festival took place with a new community of local and national collaborators lead by Sesselja Hlín Jónasardóttir for the seventh year further signifying a practice that continues on without me.

236 I refer to Heidegger's bring-forth as discussed in Part One. This practice was my becoming-with earthly materials, forging methods as they arrived.



An alias arrives through sagas, etched
in mountain rock. I am walking with
archaeologist Rannveig Þórhallsdóttir^{vi}
who takes a small group of us to hike in
Vestdalur valley to see the site where,
in 2004, they found the Mountain
Lady. They found her in a shallow cave
on the route that once served as the
connection between Seyðisfjörður
and other East Iceland regions. She
was wearing more than 450 pearls
and broaches dating back to around
950AD. We sit on stones by the stream
just outside the cave, where Rannveig
presents to us her research findings.
A landslide, she says, might have
buried the mountain lady as I gaze into
the shallow cave, listening for ghosts
who've walked these paths. On our
cold and misty morning, we sanguinely
scour the river for more mountain
lady pearls, wanting something more
than material riches. In the afternoon
we turn back and something more

illuminates from where we've come: A
rainbow shimmers across the valley,
contouring the edges of the mountain
in light, and sculpting my recognition of
eons of time, its community aesthetics
(rainbow, mountain, valley, and the saga
of the mountain lady) draw me near
within my environmental placement.
The image still reverberates and
locates me on the 'mountain' precipice,
reminding me of Benjamin's thesis on
language as such whereby human's
redemption lies in listening to our
silence held within nature's silence.^{vii}
I pause, turn to photograph the
rainbow, and listen to deep-time
sounds manifesting my mute
recognitions.

OVERLEAF

Fig 100. Celia Harrison,
Mountain Lady walk, 2020,
Digital image, Seyðisfjörður.

vi Rannveig has just completed her master's thesis on the Mountain Lady at the University of Iceland. The MA by Rannveig Þórhallsdóttir examined the artefacts and body remains of the so-called "mountain woman" found at Afréttarskarð in East Iceland in a rescue excavation in 2004. The study reviewed evidence to answer what the origin of the "mountain woman" was, what social role she played and whether it was kuml" (burial site). Rannveig Þórhallsdóttir, *The Mountain Lady: The Last Resting Woman From The 10th Century in Vestdalsheiði. Post-Theoretical Study Of Human Remains and Artefacts* (Master's Thesis, University of Iceland, 2018), <http://hdl.handle.net/1946/31704>.iv.

vii Walter Benjamin, *Selected Writings. Volume 1, 1913-1926*. Ed. Michael W. Jennings (Cambridge, London: Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 1996).



SUMMER 2020

The name Seyðisfjörður translates into many things, such as 'the cauldron'. When you're up in the mountains looking down, there is a particular fog; we call it the snake that creeps into the fjord, dense and serpent-like. I'm

reminded of Olivier Assayas 2014 film 'Clouds of Sils Maria,' especially when Maria and Valentine hike to the Maloja Pass to observe the early-morning cloud phenomenon that appears low in the pass. Like in Seyðisfjörður, the Maloja Snake slowly twists through jagged rockfaces, escaping into

valleys, spreading a blanket between the mountains at sunrise. There are other images that flood me from up high, such as the way the water is such a dark blue that only on a very calm day can you see a few metres along the shoreline. Images of history holding disaster, such as in warm weather, clouds of oil slick drift up from the sunken oil tanker's belly.

I have slowly been acclimatizing to swimming in the fjord. It takes me several minutes to ease my way in, and when I finally dive under, I shoot out in shock and swiftly return to land. A friend of ours spent the summer training to swim across the fjord. I call her the fish. She would swim next to the shoreline with someone walking alongside to train. On each outing, she sustained a longer time in the water. Late in the summer, the fish eased into the water in her bathing suit with just gloves and shoes. Her long hair floated around her as we waved her off. The fjord is almost 1km wide, and the temperature would have been in the single digits. When we returned to the other side in vehicles, where

we prepared a reception, we took turns with the binoculars watching the fish move closer and closer. Finally, we saw her approaching the pier next door. We scrambled over rocks to meet her, and she swam alongside us until she finally emerged from her ocean like a selkie.^{viii} When I hugged her, the cold emanating from her was palpable and I too was shedding skin, becoming-fjord in my nearing, with her, the enduring selkie.

The fjord is not one alias but multiple, as many as I can listen to, as many as it shows me in its ecologies of shared species of weather, seasons, rituals, elsewhere places (such as Sils Maria), such as my mutual attention to the cold water when I swim, in awe of the 'fish', warming her in mutual attention to becoming seals and returning to our skins.

OVERLEAF
Fig 101. Selkie, Digital
image, Celia Harrison.
Seyðisfjörður 2019

viii There are many Icelandic sagas of selkie-folk (seal-people), mythological creatures who can transform from seal to human by shedding their skin.



**Fig 102. Walking
with aliases.** Digital
image, Celia Harrison.
Seyðisfjörður, 2019.

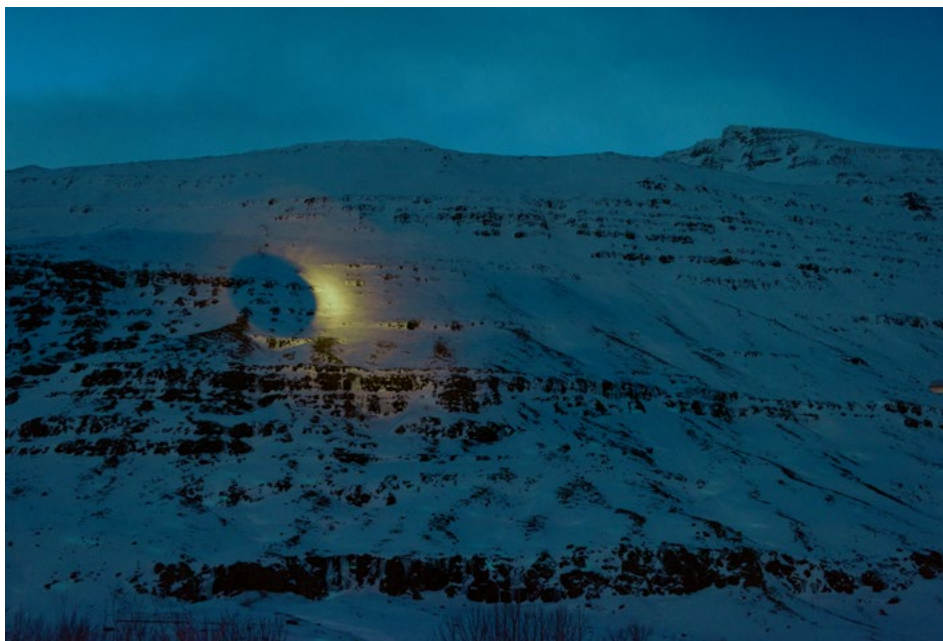


Fig 103. Return of the sun, Celia Harrison and Sesselja Hlín Jónasardóttir - List í ljósi 2019. Digital image, Chantal Anderson. Seyðisfjörður, 2019.

LIST Í LJÓSI—
LOCAL AND MONUMENTAL
ITERATIONS OF LIGHT

List í ljósi is the first light festival to take place in Iceland, until recently, light in this way has been an uncommon medium used by Icelandic artists. I programmed the festival as an artistic event for celebrating in anticipation of the sun's reappearance after a long dark winter. In the first event of List í ljósi, I utilised my contacts abroad, inviting overseas artists to join the local community and install works in snow, in negative outdoor temperatures. I secured small pools of funding through the local council as well as found support through my Aotearoa-based *Art in the Dark Festival* Trust. Together, Sesselja and I, toured the town, pitching the idea to residents and businesses in Seyðisfjörður, motivating them to participate as well as sponsor services like accommodation, catering, rescue vehicles to get up the mountainside, people for rigging as well as materials and equipment. The week of the festival can only be described as 'overwhelming.' A large group of artists arrived in a foreign world of blizzards, cancelled flights, and long periods installing their artworks outside. At the centre of this, I was working under the challenges of working in a new town, specifically unfamiliar with the elements of nature and climate, all the while trying to carry this new emergence of a community as a blizzard raged, closing the only road out, stranding participants for days on end.²³⁷ This was my first real encounter with extreme climate shifts and coming to understand the power the mountains had on its valley floor residents. However, on that first night which inaugurated the opening of Iceland's first light festival, something remarkable happened. The local community of Seyðisfjörður came out of their houses despite the snow and negative temperatures, gathering at night as they did to farewell the sun the

237 If you happen to have come across the BBC Icelandic thriller series *Trapped*, this road is in fact the inspiration and location for the show. Ellie Violet Bramley, "Trapped – the Icelandic thriller that's the unexpected TV hit of the year so far," *The Guardian*, March 7, 2016, <https://www.theguardian.com/tv-and-radio/tvandradioblog/2016/mar/07/trapped-icelandic-thriller-tv-hit-of-the-year>.



Fig 104. List í ljósi 2017.
Digital image. Hrefna Björg
Gylfadóttir. List í ljósi,
Seyðisfjörður, 2017.

previous Autumn. They had never seen their town this way before, and, I had never seen a community like theirs, with such an enduring spirit— what I came to understand as the forces and eons of a landscape contouring its people.

List í ljósi marked another type of durational practice in Seyðisfjörður, growing out of an ethos of community building that shied away from commercial dominance. Shadowy aliases from my past echoed a sentiment reminding me of the *Art in the Dark Festival* in Aotearoa. Before its closure, it had become a victim of its success, with tens of thousands of visitors descending on an environment not prepared for enduring so many footprints. I think back on the many stomping over roots of native, deciduous, and coniferous trees (Kauri, Rimu, Pohutukawa, Cook Pine, Mediterranean Cypress, Pinus Radiata, oaks and elms) and what these species, albeit sited within an urban park, endured over five years of festivals. I recall heeding these signals through ecologies of shared species as I traced the battered ground in the aftermath. Another warning signalled from a more pressing issue of nature's withdraw through climate shifts in my regular return to Jökulsarlon, a glacial lake in the south of Iceland. I witnessed the glacier visibly receding and upon each return visit, observed greater chunks of ice floating out to sea. Following this path as a local or researcher, I noted the irony of my return, ostensibly another human joining flocks of tourists gathering in increasingly larger groups every year and the car parks and infrastructure seemed to expand upon each visit. Soon pathways were being cut into the mossy floor, etching steps into hillsides. Warnings were there in withdrawing signs of nature performing ruins, all 'there' under threat. Nature-tourism was becoming a rapid threat to Iceland



**Fig 105. Receding
Glaciers.** Digital
image, Celia Harrison.
Jökulsárlon, 2016.

as Okjökull glacier made headlines worldwide.²³⁸ I stopped and listened to the withdraw of silence, attuning my ethos to Jökulsárlon, to Okjökull, to an ineffable sadness that draws an indistinct line between me and this withdrawing natural world. Again, I look to the circling Kria and enter their revolutions with a sense of despair.

Listening to echoes from as far as Auckland (*Art in the Dark*), my approach to curating, producing, and directing *List í ljósi* changed as it grew. With earlier iterations, I appeared to stay on an even footing. However, things began to paradoxically tremble my community praxis when *List í ljósi* gained notoriety for its authentic offering to the local community; in recognition of its contribution Sesselja and I won the Eyrarrósín award, which is Iceland's most prestigious cultural award. It is presented by Iceland's First Lady, Eliza Reid and is annually awarded to one outstanding cultural project in a rural area of Iceland.²³⁹ Recognition from this award catapulted *List í ljósi* from our grass roots community

238 Between 2010-2017 foreign tourists to Iceland increased from 488,600 per year to 2,224,600 visitors per year. According to one paper, "the disappearance of glaciers is also viewed by some as a reason to visit them in a form of "last chance tourism" (Dawson et al 2011; Stewart et al 2016), which paradoxically can increase glacier shrinkage due to the heat released by large-scale tourism activities at glacier sites (Wang et al 2019)." Johannes Welling et. Al "Participatory Planning Under Scenarios of Glacier Retreat and Tourism Growth in Southeast Iceland", Mountain Research and Development, (2019), <https://doi.org/10.1659/MRD-JOURNAL-D-18-00090.1>.

239 This award is based upon the impact a project has made on art and culture in its local community. For more context see, "The Story of the Eyrarrósín", Reykjavík Arts Festival, accessed February 18, 2022, <https://www.listahatid.is/en/the-story-of-the-eyrarrosin-award>.

ethos to a festival of national and international recognition, reverberating in me a sense of déjà vu with respect to *Art in the Dark*. I was besieged by a sense of dread that I had unwittingly monumentalized Seyðisfjörður, displacing the local in the unstable grip of capitalist means of eco-tourism through my artistic practice.



Fig 106. List í ljósi 2019.
Digital image, Nikolas Grabar. Seyðisfjörður, 2019.



Fig 107. Full moon. Digital image, Celia Harrison. Seyðisfjörður, 2019.

In this first PhD research iteration, of List í ljósi, I informally refer to the festival as *The Return of the Sun* or the first of *Three Returns of the Sun*.²⁴⁰ In the section that follows, I give some background as to how the festival grew into national and international recognition through *being culturally awarded*. I foreground this to come nearer for inspecting the question of monumentalizing place through art, and how through climate emergency a stronger ethics becomes revealed from listening to this trembling landscape:

In 2019 (the first *Three Returns of the Sun*) List í ljósi directed my gaze out from the local community and into the edges of a wider artistic community, especially to develop artistic exchanges across Nordic countries. That year's festival concept was for community development in Seyðisfjörður through collective praxis of creative practices across the Nordic region. In doing so, we (List í ljósi in collaboration with Heima) designed a residency programme for Nordic Artists,²⁴¹ I worked collaboratively with a curator from each Nordic country to narrow down our selection for choosing six Nordic artists to pursue a two-month residency in Seyðisfjörður, leading up to the 2019 light festival. Heima Residency became the invited artists' collective base, where they lived and shared ideas, forming a sub-community within the festival's structure within Herðubreið. I curated a series of artist talks and created participatory events, including a web series I produced as a means of archive and retrieval that is served on the festival website: <https://www.listiljosi.com/video-channel>

I witnessed the success of the light festival grow, and its publicity

240 Before embarking on my PhD, I had laid foundations for this research with three earlier iterations of my festival List í ljósi in 2016, 2017 and 2018 (as already introduced in Part Two). The time of the Éyrarrósin award marks the first year (2019) of my PhD research and for which I refer to as the first of Three Returns of the Sun, though each iteration (2019, 2020, 2021) are officially known as List í ljósi (Trans. Art by Light).

241 The Heima x List í ljósi project established two growing facets of Nordic culture in one place, opening the door to the Nordic region by bringing together six artists, chosen by a panel of six curators from their respective Nordic countries for a two-month residency in the uniquely designed Heima space. The opportunity allowed each selected Nordic artist valuable time and space to create extraordinary, high-quality work and to engage with the Icelandic landscape from their distinct perspectives. All final artworks were exhibited as part of List í ljósi 2019 programme. As a dynamic part of Heima x List í ljósi programme, I assembled a Creative Advisory Panel comprising of some of the best curators from the Nordic region. These active and exciting curators and producers from Greenland, Sweden, Finland, Iceland, Norway, Denmark and the Faroe Islands are engaged with their local art networks sat on the Creative Advisory Panel as representatives of their respective Nordic area. The aim was not only to generate exciting conversations between countries, but to feature high-quality artwork to both a local and international audience. 2019 Creative Advisory Panel members were: Marie Nipper - director of Copenhagen Contemporary, Denmark; Atle Nielsen - curator at Vestfold Kunstsenter in Norway; Bronwyn Jean Bailey-Charteris - curator of learning at Index in Sweden; Marina Valle Noronha - curator at HIAP in Finland; Iris Bakker - artist and producer from Denmark and Greenland; Hansina Iversen - artist and curator from the Faroe Islands. 2019 Awarded Residency Members: Lotte-Rose - Denmark, Christian Elovara - Denmark, Ellen Griegel - Norway, Naja Abelsen - Greenland, Heliosynthesis Research Centre - Sweden.



Fig 108. Screenshot from the Nordic Artist Exchange channel: <https://www.listiljosi.com/video-channel> - A series of videos I produced and directed for the Heima / List í ljósi programme in 2019, video by Jim Van Woensel, Seyðisfjörður 2019.



Fig 109. Media Clippings from List í ljósi 2019. Fréttablaðið, RUV and Austurfrétt, List í ljósi, 2019.

symptomatic of this ‘success’ as its story was picked up in notable newspapers and television programmes; its story travelled through Icelandair that promoted it in their inflight airline magazine—and alongside my pride, a sense of unease also grew in me as I watched these vehicles for commercialising grow in tandem with the scale of included artworks. My unease in tandem with pride seemed approximate to concepts of authentic and inauthentic dwelling, for nearing and withdrawing my ethical address, and positioning my care for local life and surrounding environment, beyond international prestige and commercial successes.

I had authentically succeeded in manifesting community, moving local life and other communities into collaboration and connection. Inauthentically, or this unease I felt from experience (with iterations of Art in the Dark festival), something ruptured in me akin to Badiou’s existential torn fabric of being, alongside echoes of Heidegger’s warnings around instrumental thinking and challenging-forth. I felt myself torn, on the thresholds of everyday local dwelling and monumentalizing place, sensing there could be little lasting benefits for the town if I did not listen to a sustainable deep-time dwelling. I listened to Helen F Wilson on eliciting our encounters through attunement, granting an enduring force, as something that cannot be precisely known but felt.²⁴² I felt my unease, enduring from past experiences for growing commercial successes and recognised my concern for the site and its community in this first research iteration of the *Return of the Sun* light festival. As such, my unease appeared to be establishing a ground for my future community praxis.²⁴³ I sensed a slower approach for becoming more attentive as to how we think relationality with the local; manifesting collaborations and connections from out of *its* site.²⁴⁴ Within these shifts, my question endures on its ethos for listening to what sustains community with a particular eye or ear to the mountain, to its moments of ‘recognition’, sharing being social with its species. Each iteration of *List í ljósi* seems to suggest there are values in changing encounters within all singular moments. Danish artist Lotte-Rose Kjær Skau who participated and returned across several years to Seyðisfjörður, comments on this:

I attended *List í ljósi* festival as an artist and a participant over

242 Helen F Wilson, *Encountering the City* (Oxon: New York: Routledge, 2016), 20.

243 Voices like Heidegger’s and Badiou’s reveal a path of instrumental force in relation to another path of authentic and poetic dwelling that emerges here in my praxis (on its crossroads) for being-with and sustaining community. As discussed in Part One, Heidegger’s thinking suggests the existence of human beings (*dasein*) dwells authentically in relation to (our) inauthentic dwelling.

244 I refer back to Wilson with her work on urban encounters as mentioned earlier in relation to how public spheres are both shared and negotiated spaces, expressing the shared climate of being-together. As such what endures is also “variable events; twists and fluxes of interrelations ... Which means that spatial experiences are always open to alternative actualisations.” Wilson, 79.

several years. I witnessed the initial dangers of the festival growing and becoming another monumentalisation of art within everyday placeness. My art practice is caring about formation of kin and institutionalized structures and the act of leaning. My installation *Rear_View_Further* in 2019 was an installation that could both be under build up or in a decaying process. While it emanated stability through metal grids and a rowing machine it carried a fragility with a soft silicon flag moving in the wind and junctions gathered by rubber bands.

In 2021, I witnessed a festival of a more authentic nature as it returned to its community. More local artists were involved, and the festival was back with the town instead of a gesture for the town. The feeling of involvement and ownership in the community seems to be what makes this festival.

Lotte-Rose Kjær Skau – Artist. 2021



Lotte Rose Kjær Skau was a part of the Nordic Programme whom I find parallel conceptual approaches to 'not making an artwork as such... (but living a process that is going along with everyday life)'. Lotte has become a dear friend, inspiring colleague and artist and sometimes collaborator who now makes up a part of the LungA School teaching programme and another member of the Heima collective.

Fig 110. *Rear_View_Further*, Lotte Rose Kjær Skau, List í ljósi 2019. Digital image, Chantal Anderson. Seyðisfjörður 2019.

In 2020, the second research year for *List í ljósi*, I listened for an attempt with the dissolution of will or individual ego from within ‘community’ spheres. Conceptualising and curating (with others), I aimed for a festival return to grassroots and its earlier DIY methods with a sense of ethical uncertainty—as discussed in Part One, with respect to the concept of ‘wholly other’ that calls me into ethical question through my relations with other shared species: An attempt for allowing something completely other to come into existence. We revisited the festival’s heart, thinking of what Sesselja and I had put in motion with *Herðubreið*, we listened for our core artistic values by working with that which was already there.²⁴⁵ In reducing the scale of the works, my curatorial practice reflected on its means for a lighter touch. In doing so, I looked within the community fabric of the town’s artists and practitioners and collaborated with my artistic peers to curate this 2020 programme. We reduced our production team and commissioned only artists from within Iceland to exhibit, aware of our prior contradicting stance on care for the environment and the CO2 emissions attributable to such events. Institutions from within the town presented artists and launched their events as a collective praxis of alias-atlasing through cross-fertilizing with and into *List í ljósi*. A local Icelandic film editor curated a film series inside the burgeoning cinema; Skaffell Center for Visual Art collaborated on an exhibition celebrating three local artists that we installed inside *Herðubreið*, noting its social-cultural heart within the community. This show marked the light festival’s opening, gathering the community into its expanding *Herðubreið* heart and circulating them into the broader reaches of *Seyðisfjörður*’s wider surrounds. I curated a sequel Nordic residency programme, this time with five Nordic artists. An artistic duo from Norway; Margrethe Kolstad Brekke and Martin Andersen echoed parallel practices from a village, *Rjukan* settled within a mountain range that only sees six months of sunlight a year because of its geographical location. Martin’s long, durational artistic practice in his Norwegian village had him realise a mountain-mirror work across a decade²⁴⁶ which brought us closer to sensing co-praxis on a planetary scope. For *List í ljósi* they integrated interdisciplinary collaborations into various fields. Their praxis of galvanising the community began with building a snow mountain over

245 I think here with Badiou, who suggests events disclose themselves in subtracting from normative habits construing reality. Alain Badiou and Oliver Feltham, *Being and Event* (London: New York; Continuum, 2007), 209.

246 The *Rjukan Sun Mirror* follows the sun’s orbit over *Rjukan*, a small village in Norway where the mountain occludes the sun for six months of the year. The artwork created by Martin Andersen became a reality in 2013, reflecting sunlight into the town square. Jonathan Jones, “Is stealing sun in the Norwegian town of *Rjukan* playing with fire?” *The Guardian*, October 25, 2013, <https://www.theguardian.com/commentisfree/2013/oct/25/norwegian-town-rjukan-stealing-sun>.

one week after heavy snowfall. As we persisted in warning them of the warming weather, children across town joined the build until the mountain grew, so large parents deemed it unsafe to continue. As the days warmed, the mountain's snow began to melt, withdrawing material solidity. They moved their attention to putting out a community call to borrow sources of light. Throughout the week, lamps and strings of light began to arrive at Herðubreið. On the festival night, a melting mountain projected back on itself. Assembled adjacent, an amusing display of light installations created with objects from the community, lit up the park with an illuminated snow house and lantern-like structures alongside ice sculptures. Where some artworks in the festival called for a more contemplative experience, the playful inclusivity of this installation both thrilled and confounded audiences.

I inaugurated and opened a Nordic Art Symposium—*Ripples of Now*—designed to share best practices concerning the intersections of sustainable art practices across models of artist-led, curator-led, and institutional strategies.²⁴⁷ The Art Symposium was a conversation series, inviting artists and practitioners to bring their thoughts and concerns about the contemporary scenes of art and everyday life, in reaction to art being in the service of solving a series of global problems. The symposium mandate was toward a general transvaluation of everything we thought we knew, reconfiguring the messiness of doing and living. The panel and conversation titled *Ripples of Now – Considerations of Contemporary Artistic Practice* hosted four practitioners, all with affiliations to artistic and institutional practice.²⁴⁸ Interrogating their own practice, they fielded such questions as: How do you, in your artistic practice, respond to the time that is now? In this moment of history, what do you believe is important to learn / to know / to raise awareness on? In this moment of history, what do you think is important to unlearn / to forget / to distance ourselves from? Another session

247 The Nordic Art Symposium *Ripples of Now* was designed as an opportunity to share best practices concerning both artist-led, curator led and institutional strategies geared towards sustainability of art. The first day hosted a panel conversation followed by an open discussion. The second day of the symposium was dedicated to lectures and presentations with open discussion within the field of art preservation led by Nanna Vibe S Juelsbo. These sessions challenged historical and contemporary frameworks by examining an array of questions about critical aspects of art and sustainability. Speakers shared best practice, research and case studies concerning both artist-led and institutional strategies directed at the future sustainability of art in the Nordic Region. <https://www.listiljosi.com/special-events>.

It is unfortunate to note that the video footage of the symposium was lost by the videographer through a technical failure. Despite efforts to recover the footage, I have not been able to retrieve this archive.

248 List í ljósi Festival, *Ripples of Now: Considerations Of Contemporary Artistic Practice*, February 11, 2020. Herðubreið Cinema. Jonatan Spejlborg Juelsbo, Lotte Rose Kjær Skau Kjær Skau Kjær Skau, Chris Handberg, Margrethe Kolstad Brekke with host Nanna Vibe S Juelsbo.

Fig 111. Light sculpture park, Rjukan Solarpunk Academy and Citizens of Seyðisfjörður. List í ljósi 2020. Digital image, Juliette Rowland. Seyðisfjörður, 2020.

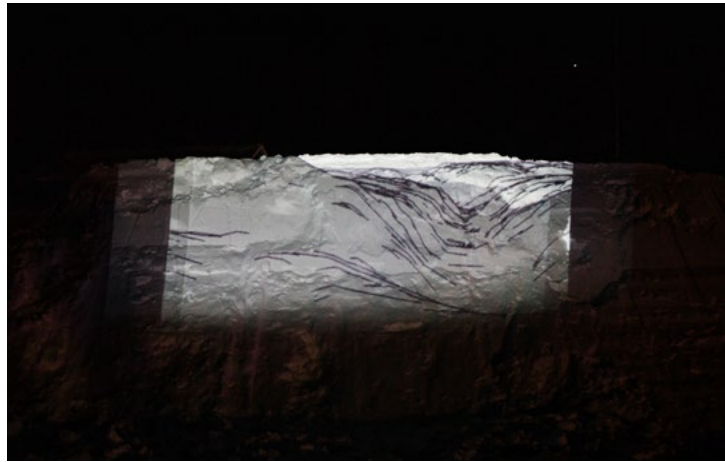


Fig 112. Ripples of Now, Symposium. Digital image, Celia Harrison. List í ljósi, Seyðisfjörður, 2020.



on contemporary artistic practices invited local and Nordic practitioners to present individual artistic projects.²⁴⁹ Within these presentations, artists were invited to touch upon history, thoughts, and the materiality of their work, and how their work related to the time that is now.

²⁴⁹ List í ljósi Festival, *Ripples Of Now: Presentations of Contemporary Artistic Projects*, February 12, 2020 Herðubreið Cinema. Dr Julia Martin - *Towards Ecocritical Art*, Martin Andersen – *Sun Mirror*, Tinna Guðmundsdóttir - *Frontiers in Retreat*, Kolbeinn Arnbjörnsson – *Skarfur* with host Nanna Vibe S Juelsbo.

As the tenth light festival I've curated, directed, and produced this would be the first to actively explore and demonstrate the performativity for adapting and changing, to resist methods of growth that implied commercial and capitalist tendencies. I mean by performativity that these explorations and demonstrations were seeded out of a local site (in this instance Seyðisfjörður), imbricated within the coming-to-being of a community praxis where everyday life and artistic practices worked in the 'now' for 'producing' 2020's *List í ljósi*. The festival was not merely an exhibition of light installations woven through the township, it was an active performance of different forums, intersecting the key infrastructures of this research.

The key enduring pattern to come out of this iteration of *List í ljósi* appeared to be its expanded culture turning around the local. It was not just locals in attendance, it also included participants, from past students and residents, returning artists and friends. I'm reminded again of Hölderlin's *Ister* and the sentiment Heidegger draws on in relation to coming home through the foreign. I sensed, in what this research aims toward, I was nearing home.²⁵⁰

I recall the moment I understood the true effects of the *List í ljósi* event, when I entered the hall in *Herðubreið* at the close of the 2020 iteration to see the house filled with people bathed in February sunlight, through windows that were put there by myself and Sesselja only a year or so earlier. Once servicing the art school and children eating lunch, a windowless, dark, and withdrawing space, held a room of its community, every seat occupied by a resident drinking coffee and eating cake. We had invited the town to celebrate the final day of the festival with a traditional 'sólarkaffi'²⁵¹ gathering to await the sun's imminent arrival. As the sun streamed in that afternoon, my footprints melted in snow as I stood for a moment on the threshold in silence. Here I was witnessing my situated spatial praxis turning to a community that dissolved any authoritative tracks. These local collaborations signed ways for becoming social with ecologies of other shared species.

250 Martin Heidegger, *Hölderlin's Hymn "The Ister."* *Studies in Continental Thought* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1996), 49.

251 Sólarkaffi is a tradition of coffee and pancakes with rhubarb jam and whipped cream normally made at home to celebrate the first day the sun arrives in February. The pancake being 'the sun.'



Fig 113. Refuge, Celia Harrison. Digital image, Juliette Rowland. List í ljósi, Seyðisfjörður, 2020.

'Refuge' is a work I created for List í ljósi 2020 in Seyðisfjörður, Iceland and is in reference to the catastrophic impact humans have on this planet. Refuge coincided with my research on artistic activism and environmental collapse. The thirty-meter curtain made from rescue blankets was installed to follow the line of the fjord. A disturbing sign, for me, of its portentous future in relation to the December 2020 mudslides. I imagined this work as a shelter, a bandage, a gesture seeking recovery from environmental collapse. Collectively sewn, collectively installed. While I hold some ambivalence about its success, whether my gesture is too grand, too literal, too much of a site-spectacle without more performatively folding its rescue around the local community, or offer strategy for recovery and sustainability, I felt that in seeking reference to environmental and societal collapse it did so by acting as a catalyst for collective-praxis through collective-making. In a critical vein, the work helped this research to explore and establish how my community praxis, the coming-into-being with its people and ecologies of shared species.

I look at the documentation here and I see something more than just a sympathetic mime of mountain in terms of installation contour or mirror materiality. Maybe it is because the photos are mute that I perhaps hear more keenly the disturbing sounds of the blankets, a tone both artificial and alarming as the wind blows through them. These photos witness the photogenic qualities known to Iceland, attracting many visitors year-round. This beauty nears me as to why I might have been guided by the mirror of the blankets, doubling what I see, contouring what I hear. My aliases, such as the wind, blue sky, mountain and fjord, suggest this is what is most successful in the work, the wind blowing through the rescue blankets, carrying sounds with sights across the fjord.



Fig 114. Sólarkaffi, Linus Lohmann. Collaboration with Celia Harrison.
Digital image, Celia Harrison. Seyðisfjörður, 2021.



The Kría are circling,
their calls carry warning signals
I can feel nature's withdraw.

Fig 115. Nearing Rain,
Celia Harrison. Drypoint
etching, ink on paper,
Seyðisfjörður, 2020.

2020 Landslide

Nearing Rain— A Mountain withdraws

I wrote her about the rain,

When rain comes
The ground opens up,
a funnel
trying to absorb lake
Loose gravel oozes over roads
The mountain turns inside out,
veins expose
people emerge from basements
in rubber boots

When rain comes
Mud slides come
We watch the mountain,
amateur geologists.
clusters of gore-tex
deciding, should we move out
for the night

Rain rains rain
whirlpool in the carpark
ground all sky
The morning after rains,
A town calm.

Grey.
Behind fog
Mountains no longer move
Last flowers sagging in concrete boxes
Trees bare
Golden leaves gone forever

*As darkness came, the sky withdrew on
wings of murmuring birds*

That December, I recall how it rained heavily for several days in Seyðisfjörður. All over town, houses were flooding, sending volunteers with water pumps and shovels, house to house. So close to winter solstice, there is no daylight, and the sky hangs heavy on shadowy mountains, pressing into our species wrapped in damp layers of wool and gore-tex. We feel increasingly foreign as the rain keeps coming, forecasting ten incessant days. On our phones, we refresh our weather apps, commiserating on how long it could rain. Sounds of portentous calls of climate change neared and neared, as we withdrew. Yet, we felt no distance as elements heaved. Gathered inside, we listened to events of previous avalanches: A story of a baby in a crib that floated across the ocean when an avalanche hit her home. She was found on the other side of the fjord asleep in her basket. The mountain loomed, its broad shoulders presence blocking all winter light. We carried on. What else.

On December 15, 2020, residents closest to the mountain were evacuated and, in the afternoon, two mudslides came down by the main residential area of town. Mud and debris covered the main road. Water flooded the town that slowly sunk into brown. In the next town, I was shopping for **Herðubreið** and messaging a colleague who's escaping Seyðisfjörður's mudslides, climbing out a bistro window. She says her jeans and boots are caked in mud. I hastily returned, and we gathered, withdrawing in confusion about what species of collapse is hitting our town. High on adrenaline, we gathered at **Herðubreið** to discuss what to do. Initially, my home (Landamót) has not been deemed in danger, however along with my neighbours, we evacuate until the rain ceases. Sensing uncertainty, I packed an overnight bag and stay at Heima (artist residency).

The next day, (December 16), a quarter of the town have been evacuated, and we are warned to keep away from our houses, under a general sliding region of this mountainside. We open our crisis support centre at **Herðubreið**, with the Icelandic Red Cross and begin hosting residents unable to return home. Further risk of landslides loomed around Seyðisfjörður as heavy rain continued and our communal anxiety increased. In the night of December 17, my third night away from my home Landamót, another house, hit by the first mudslide, slides off its foundation, down the road and into the gas station.

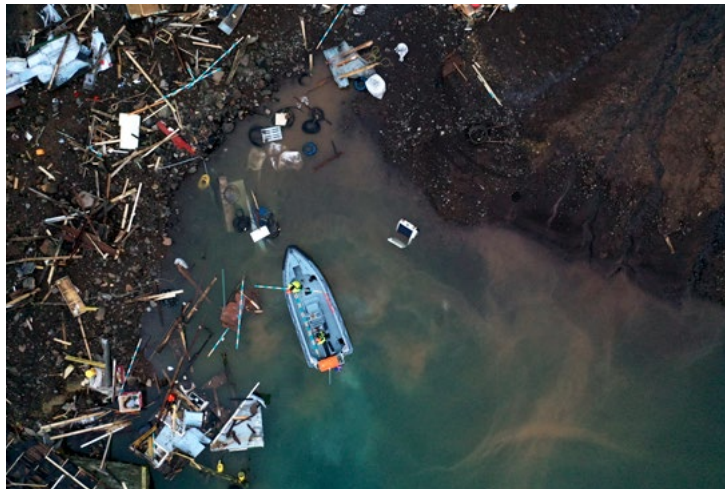
I walk in the dark to **Herðubreið**, to catch the airport bus to fly to Reykjavik to visit my partner for a weekend. On the way, I greet my friend,

an Icelandic teacher, who wears her red polar fleece acting as Red Cross support. Her eyes are tired and express worry. I text my partner: *Feeling guilty for leaving*. On December 18, mid-afternoon, the waterfall suddenly ceases, followed quickly by the largest landslide ever to hit a town in Iceland, submerging my road in Seyðisfjörður. I had just arrived in Reykjavík, when I received Sesselja's panic-stricken phone call. Landamót, my home, it was thought, was within the landslide debris that covered a 500-metre stretch of road and built three stories in height, making it impossible to pass and leaving others trapped on the far side, having to flee to the nearest farm. No-one had been evacuated from our houses, and several people were still

Fig 116. Seyðisfjörður Landslide 2020, Eggert. Jóhannesson for MBL.
<https://www.mbl.is>
 Seyðisfjörður 2020. Here you see the house Breiðablik in front of the gas station. Its original foundation is above the far left house.



Fig 117. Seyðisfjörður Landslide 2020, Eggert. Jóhannesson for MBL.
<https://www.mbl.is>
 Seyðisfjörður 2020. This aerial shot shows the rescue boat positioned just outside my house "Landamót", where they are salvaging materials from the workshop space at the Technical Museum. The blue and white sticks are the avalanche poles prepared for installation on Mt Bjölfur.



missing. It was unclear how far the landslide stretched, and people were descending on **Herðubreið** looking for comfort and answers.

As power to the town went out, more inhabitants of Seyðisfjörður gathered at **Herðubreið**, registering with the Icelandic Red Cross to be evacuated. All 640 Seyðisfjörður residents were evacuated from their town, during the height of our global pandemic. Residents squeezed into **Herðubreið**'s cinema, to be sheltered and accounted for, then redistributed to temporary shelters in neighbouring towns. In convoy, they were driven over the mountain to Egilsstaðir, withdrawing from their town until Sunday, December 20th. When we returned, we did so in trepidation, nearing a landscape that had become foreign, concealing all that we had known into 'mud'. It was advised, some residents could return to their homes, while many of us remained in emergency housing, billeted across neighbours and friends. In the days following the landslides, objects and materials carried by sea, returned to us as strangers, washing up along the edges of our, now, foreign fjord.

My first-hand experience of living through an event of climate emergency has significantly manifested the sustainability of my research working-praxis. On that Sunday, when we returned to Seyðisfjörður, I began to witness how my artistic initiatives, fostered within my site infrastructures, returned an ethos for sustaining everyday community worlds; an ethos inextricably connected to climate shifts of their community mountain. There were no human casualties despite over thirty residents being within the landslide. At this moment, I intimately neared Ghosh's *uncanny* tornado that led him to look into the 'eye' of the river, at his multi-generational survival. People survived the collapse of the mountain, by destiny, fate, matters of coincidence, of last-minute choices between turning left or right. Just fifty meters from Landamót, my home of five years, the landslide stopped. Evoking Ghosh's *uncanny*, I near others who suggest this term returns with greater frequency, in relation to climate change. Ghosh cites Timothy Morton, who asks, "Isn't it the case, that the effect delivered to us in the (unaccustomed) rain, the weird cyclone, the oil slick is something *uncanny*?"²⁵² *Uncanny* events keep rolling in, hitting with more force, walling up our imagination, spraying carnage, scattering debris, spreading viruses, extinguishing forests, extinguishing life. I started this section with a portentous Interlude; my poem responding to incessant rain on the edge of the mountain's collapse. In site-writing with rain, I sensed Ghosh and Morton, nearing their strangely familiar *uncanny* attunements to increasing climate shifts, unaccustomed or unprecedented. In me, incessant rain

252 Amitav Ghosh. *The Great Derangement* (The University of Chicago Press, Chicago 2016), 30.

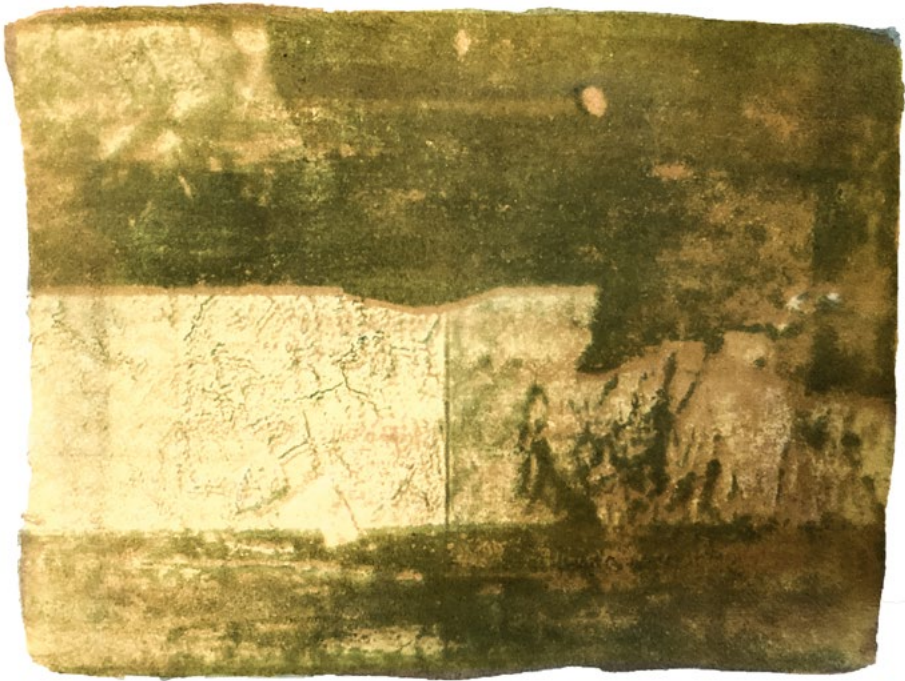


Fig 118. Withdrawal,
Celia Harrison, Gum print
 on paper. Seyðisfjörður
 2021.

atlated my uncanny encounters of rainfall and those elements in deeper modes of withdraw, destining the mountain's collapse. If the uncanny is something that makes room in us as strange (by arrivals of unaccustomed rains, weird cyclones, extinct glaciers, unprecedented scales and timing), it is uncanny because it is held through our familiarity of seasonal shifts. We all know rain. Our knowing withdraws on its state of arrival. Uncannily, with Morton with Ghosh, our species may be encountering unaccustomed climate emergencies with more custom. Nearing a natural disaster of this scale and witnessing the local town under siege, this event has given me great pause to reflect on the uncanny scale of my research, enmeshed into the rhythms of everyday life. In particular, I reflect on my withdraw from practicing monumental events through focusing on daily life and needs for sustaining local places and its people.



How did the uncanny near my practice during the slides? In the immediacy of this unthinkable climate event, I felt stranded and found myself, once again, slowly nearing Ghosh with his river. My alias rivers are Landamót (my home), Sesselja (my key collaborator), and collectively, Seyðisfjörður's community (my expanded heart and *heima*) that distributes me across the many aliases such as the mountain lady, my Walkers, ruins of an army barrack and its cinematic ghosts, Jökulsarlon's glacial lake, circling Kría, mountain horses, lupin, saunas and swims, the fjord, children in the plaza, fishermen, the sea—that is, to all aliases making room in me, expanding and withdrawing me daily. Then, I look to the shadowy withdraw of the mountain post-slides that levels my gaze, asking: Do you recognise me?

It was difficult to mute the babbling discourses of panic, to withdraw in silence with the mountain. In the weeks following Seyðisfjörður's landslides, weather experts and politicians alike repeatedly reported this event as an unprecedented disaster; *a once in a thousand-year event*. On-site, those of us sensed something haunting inseparable from cumulative anthropogenic habits, inflicted on ecologies of other shared species. Through site writing with (my) alias others, I have a renewed awareness that community existence is shaped by ecologies of other shared species and entities. Sometimes the cultivation of our social habits forces us to withdraw from extremities of shared species, especially in late processes of industrialized or 'planetary urbanised' life. Seyðisfjörður's enmeshed climate emergencies—such as warming fjord, eco-tourism, salmon farming, aluminium production, a

Fig 119. Seyðisfjörður Landslide. Digital image. Celia Harrison. Seyðisfjörður, 2020.

mountain's collapse—shape its social worlding. These events, as referenced in my research, call my ethical responsibility into question for how I practice, withdrawing from monumental or memorial acts by listening to my local aliases, teaching me something about how to proceed.

Returning to the town on Sunday, December 20, **Herðubreið** became everybody's centre, with Sesselja and I, its expanding heart. For two weeks, over Christmas and New Year, we barely slept, spending all our time at **Herðubreið** supporting evacuees in trauma; —generally, orientating a community of people in varying degrees of disorientation. Our programme for reorientating came from absolute necessity; bare basics, such as making coffee and securing supplies of food to feed people. We soon established a volunteer crew of cooks and chefs, making over one hundred meals a day in **Herðubreið's** commercial kitchen. The Icelandic Department of Civil Protection and Emergency Management moved in to monitor the mountain, as did the Red Cross. What appeared *quickly* to weigh heavily on us, were lack of signs of expertise from elsewhere. That it was down to the locals to take care of themselves, for which a glaring oversight in civil emergency planning seemed to appear.²⁵³ Every person and home affected by the disaster, I had previously come to know through my long-duration community-praxis of living on site. In this (kairos) 'moment' an intrinsic attunement for looking after the community manifested—my ethos had been underway in my community practice, preparing me for such an emergency event.

Since the inception of our tender for restoring **Herðubreið** in 2017, my sustainability praxis has been underway, guided by aliases. As such, I created contact lists and maps for who to check on; I created information signs and web-streams to keep residents informed; I fought for inclusivity for communication with international residents of which made up more than ten percent of the town; In January (2021)—within the infrastructural programming established by Sesselja and I, **Herðubreið's** seamless adaption as the town's site of civic emergency was officially marked by the municipality, recognising the intrinsic needs of the site beyond a specific culture-house mandate. As such, our roles and **Herðubreið's** services, since the landslides, continue to deliver ongoing daily meals and care within community life.

One of my most successful initiatives, started with Svandís Egilsdóttir, a weekly community dinner throughout the winter, since the

253 We see this occurring time and time again. In Australia 2022, communities in Northern New South Wales communities awaited urgent aid needed during floods that only ten years ago were deemed one in a century occurrences. In the aftermath, it was volunteers who came to the rescue. Natassia Chrysanthos and Janie Barrett, "It's criminal: Angry Woodburn Residents Wait Week for Flood Help," *The Sydney Morning Herald*, March 8, 2022, <https://www.smh.com.au/national/nsw/it-s-criminal-angry-woodburn-residents-wait-week-for-flood-help-20220308-p5a2v8.html>.



Fig 120. Community Dinner. Digital image, Celia Harrison. Seyðisfjörður, 7 January 2021.

landslides. The zero-waste weekly meal turned waste into nutritious dinners through saved food-wastes, sourced from the local supermarket and vege co-op.²⁵⁴ We recruited volunteers to come together each week to prepare a huge meal for locals and swiftly our social ritual expanded, whereby we were eating together with a hundred residents a week. At this time, many locals were living in temporary housing solutions, and even more were suffering traumas from the effects of the landslide. Under *Herðubreið*'s shelter, the community gained strength from socialising over shared food. As people returned to their homes, my focus neared other creative practices, for locating a resourceful path into Seyðisfjörður's future. Normally, in the absence of a natural disaster, Sesselja and I would've been underway in full preparation for the next (February) iteration of *List í ljósi*. As February neared, this event was now running through our minds.

254 Gunnar Gunnarsson, "The People of Seyðisfjörður Meet for Dinner in Herðubreið," *Austurfrett*, January 14, 2021, https://austurfrett.is/frettir/seydhfirðingar-hittast-i-kvoeldverdhii-skaffelli?fbclid=IwAR1ahjQTbM0itjsluR2lKaS-oX3pdGRTaZL_99QPsmhwX8cMUr3zxt_onU. Another successful initiative we created was offering free yoga and meditation sessions to residents with funding obtained through the Red Cross relief grant.

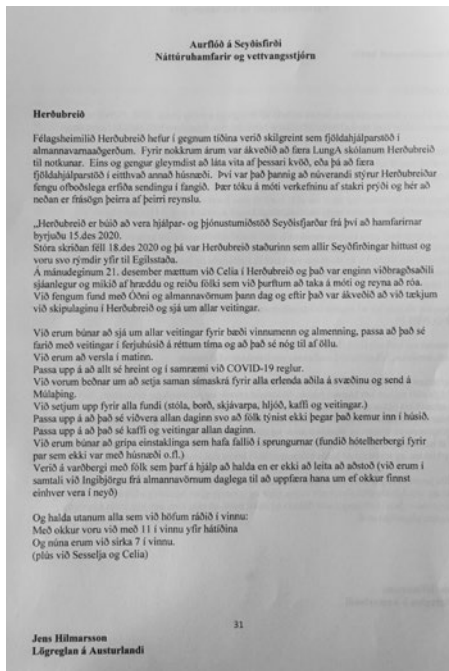


Fig 121. Report by Jens Hilmarsson, Chief of Police East Iceland. Seyðisfjörður, 2021

The report starts off by describing how “Herðubreið was not meant to be the emergency center but a civic administration oversight had not reclassified it as such thus dealing the managers of Herðubreið an extremely difficult task who received the project with unique splendor.” The report describes the nature of the work Sesselja and I took on during the crisis emergency, pointing to “the importance of the activities carried out in Herðubreið and the results achieved and actioned as a result of their self-sacrifice and kindness during this period.” Connection with the residents of Seyðisfjörður was achieved through the connecting parties of Sesselja and Celia in Herðubreið. Facilities were set up there for the Civil Protection Service Center, Natural Disaster Insurance, canteen for some of those who worked on this project. The Chief of Police “believes that because the people of Seyðisfjörður were always welcome in Herðubreið and could talk between themselves, or with those who provided their services there was cause for preventing the growing irritation, misunderstanding and anger of the population.”

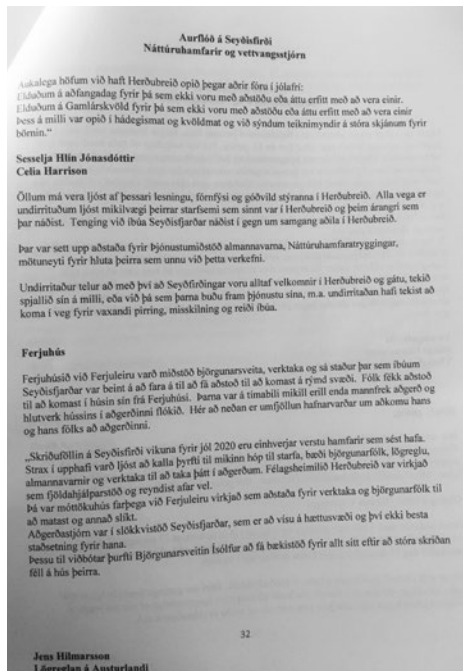




Fig 122. Nearing withdrawal. Celia Harrison. Landslide earth mold on glass plate. Seyðisfjörður, 2021.



Fig 123. Morning sun
at Landamót. Digital
image, Celia Harrison,
Seyðisfjörður, 2020.

THE MOURNING
AND MORNING OF LANDAMÓT.

You were the first house I had ever lived in alone. Your forty-four square meters fitted me perfectly. I imagine how you once housed an entire family, perhaps even ten people. I painted over the yellowing walls that smelled of stale cigarettes and fish and furnished it with textiles collected from faraway places mixed with local artworks. The door was never locked, and I had never felt as safe as I did inside your four walls beneath the mountain. 'Landamót'—Icelandic for 'between borders'— I found your name fitting for housing me and my transience. Between here and there. I trace the view from every window, every season, the mountain in nearing detail. Waking up to the waterfalls on either side, watching the sun peak over the mountains.

Had I known 'we' would come to an end, had I seen that this day would be my last held safe between your borders, I would have savored it. My last night in my bed, I would have lain there until it got light, enough to see the outline of the mountain against the sky. The rain would have occluded this, but I'm not savoring the end, I'm savoring all my nights in bed waking to this view. I would have sat in the kitchen at my favourite seat by the radiator and taken in every piece of that house. I would have gazed out the window from the living room, turned back to view the rear of the museum. I would have stood on the front steps breathing in the morning air.

This February, it did not feel right to invite visitors into Seyðisfjörður's next (2021) iteration of *List í ljósi*. We were a community healing together, manifesting needs to process together, staying silent, holding ourselves longer in our environmental withdrawal: We were situated in what Donna Haraway poetically describes as “staying with the trouble.”²⁵⁵ We felt ourselves stepping into a future, site-written by nearing the withdrawal of ourselves within ecologies of trembling species, locating our ethics to this event of climate emergency. I listened to my own ecological grief, accrued in unaccustomed requiems, summoning research questions around memorializing nature as an act of human loss and thus asking myself *now*: How could practices of *List í ljósi* locate its ethics, *within* the withdraw of the mountain? Where did the festival's wholly other expression reside? Returning me ethical questions of community-praxis raised in Part One, I found myself situated *after* an environmental disaster, asking where do artists such as myself stand when attempting to resist monumentalizing our losses, rather than facing into the mountain's dark stare for (re)locating our human habits of mastery and (mis)appropriation? How might our human-centeredness now bind us strangely to others, so we manifest our own, different, human social and cultural habits? I think with Povinelli's performativity for re-composing through artistic expression such as film, song, or other (diegetic) sounds, inviting us to hear ourselves listening to other paradigms of being, such as being-with other ecologies of shared species. How might I near the community to the withdrawal of 'their' mountain? These series of complex questions are streaming thought-experiments within me for approaches to the third *Return of the Sun*.

List í ljósi 2021 festival did not only manifest an exhibition of light installations woven through the township, it was an active performance of different forums, intersecting my key research infrastructures, staying present to local lived-in situations. From the cross-fertilized seeds of *List í ljósi* in 2020 with respect to intersecting with various community art institutions such as Heima Art Collective, Skaftfell Center for Visual Art, LungA School and those forums, practices, and themes of 'now', 'local', and 'art practice within climate emergency', I stepped into 2021's explorations and demonstrations. Re-sewing my community praxis back into Seyðisfjörður's heart, my intent for this year's festival paid mutual attention to the traumatised rhythms of everyday life in relation to my key site infrastructures homing artistic practice.

255 Donna Haraway writes “Staying with the trouble does not require such a relationship to times called the future. In fact, staying with the trouble requires learning to be truly present.” Donna Haraway, *Staying with the Trouble: Making Kin in the Chthulucene. Experimental Futures: Technological Lives, Scientific Arts, Anthropological Voices* (Durham: Duke University Press, 2016), 18. We need to face the melancholy and silence of nature. Uncovering in us our environmental strife by listening to our stranded nature.

In doing so, I also turned my attention to other recent traumas, such as March 2020's rising COVID-19 pandemic for disclosing spontaneous, collaborative, situated artistic practices within different degrees of community 'locked downs': From clapping for essential workers in London, to singing across urban squares in Italy, I began to question how we could stay living with our local troubles. My aim was to give residents autonomy with respect to how they engaged in the upcoming *List í ljósi* festival in relation to expressing their ways of grieving and/or coming to terms with an environmental crisis. An important survival story in this respect is how the print workshop housed within the Technical Museum of East Iceland (including the Museum) had been destroyed in the mountain collapse. I have spoken already about the centrality of the printmaking medium in this town through a brief history of its artistic community (including Dieter Roth). I have also commented on how the mediums engaging light festivals were largely foreign when I arrived in Seyðisfjörður. With less artistic means at our collective disposal we relied, appropriately, on what survived and initiated the first dissemination of the festival in the form of a collective print publication.²⁵⁶

Out of the initiation of a print publication, an invitation arose for the Heima Residency's community of artists to respond to their personal situations in ways beyond their physical responses to the landslides. Out of respect, we wanted our responses to be delicate, touch lightly, give space around the very recent trauma, and allow time to heal. Together with collaborator Lasse Høgenhof, I coordinated and curated a group of fifteen members of the Heima Art Collective. The members spanned different parts of the world and connected to Seyðisfjörður through the Heima house and residency. The theme and title for the publication was *CRYSTALS#001*. Each member responded in any way they wished—an abstraction, speculative, figurative, poetic, event-based, an essay. We remembered the trauma by holding our shadows of difference, at first withdrawing into our selves alongside the withdrawing of mountain species. Our remembrances listened to (our) different silences.

We printed each of the artists' pages of the publication by risograph,²⁵⁷ a traditional technique best understood as 'digital screenprinting'. We hand-

256 My partner, who maintained and operated the print workshop at the museum and Dieter Roth's machines and presses, lost all of his work, machines and tools from the landslide except by great fortune, a risograph printer he kept at his former house survived. This crystal of luck seeded the feasibility of the Crystals print publication. This process fostered an ongoing printmaking practice I nurtured in my final PhD year between Iceland and the print workshop at Auckland University of Technology in New Zealand. I will come to discuss this in detail through the atlases streaming throughout kairos interludes of this exegesis and manifesting more rigorously as concertina events of alias-atlasing.

257 As mentioned in the previous footnote, the risograph printer was owned by my partner and printmaker Linus Lohmann who was vital to my coming to learn printmaking methods of and around the print workshop he'd established at the Technical Museum of East Iceland.



Fig 124. Residue. Celia Harrison. Landslide earth print on paper. Seyðisfjörður, 2021.

fed each page multiple times through the machine to form its four CMYK colour layers. Collectively, by hand, we touched up and assembled 500 unbound publications gathered in an envelope. The autonomous assemblage was intended to allow the publication to re-distribute itself. Recipients could re-install pages; postering them in their homes, give them to others, edit, and re-edit, practising atlases of their own, within an ethos of intimacy and autonomy. Our group of local members of the Heima Art Collective split up to distribute the publication in person to every home in Seyðisfjörður; an

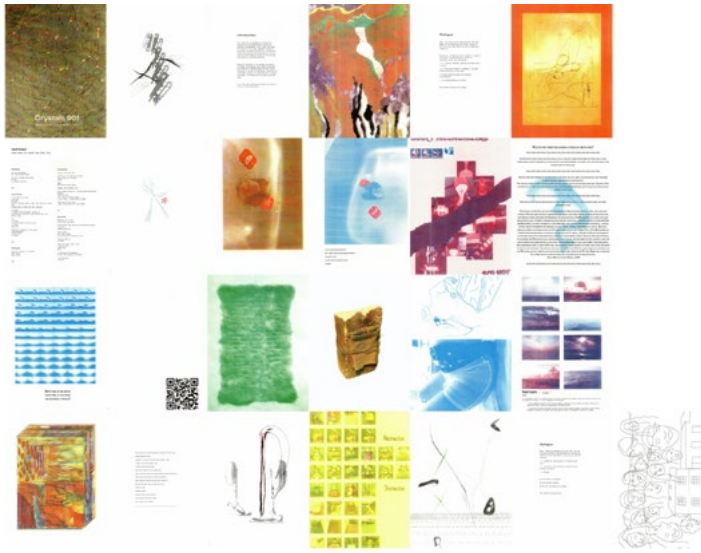


Fig 125. Heima Art Collective, CRYSTALS#001 Publication, 2021, scanned risograph print publication, Seyðisfjörður

artistic gift which spurred a myriad of shared conversations and catharses ‘on doorsteps’, catalyzing stories of care and survival.²⁵⁸

Our shared collective work on CRYSTALS#001 was *for* the residents of Seyðisfjörður; so we refrained from memorializing or monumentalizing the event of the land slides. As such, we held to expressions and impressions that withdrew from strident solutions or salvation—these invocations arose from individuals who, in the moment, felt a sincere sense of care and a desire to make a contribution to their community. This simple offering became the Heima collective’s contribution to the List í ljósi Festival in the (present) absence of other social and cultural platforms after the mountain collapse.

List í ljósi 2021 light festival developed its ethos from CRYSTALS#001 as we commissioned and curated only Seyðisfjörður residents, and collectively processed our grief through creative works. From February 11-14, 2021,

258 Heima Art Collective is an ecology consisting of fifteen collaborators with various practices and relations to Seyðisfjörður and with varied proximity to current circumstances, experience an intensified sensation of care-relations to people, non-humans, landscapes and the communities they form. It is from these positions we shared our voice in unison in our first publication. The members of the Heima Art Collective are: Andreas Lemche (DK) Austin Thomasson (US) Björt Sigfinsdóttir (IS) Celia Harrison (NZ) Hilmar Guðjónsson (IS) Jonatan Spejlborg Juelsbo (DK) Lasse Høgenhof (DK) Ra Tack (BE) Lotte Rose Kjær Skau (DK) Morten Løwenstein (DK) Minerva Pietilä (FI) Nanna Spejlborg Juelsbo (DK) Nanna Mølbak (DK) Sesselja Hlín Jonasardóttir (IS) Simon Bergkjær (DK).

Fig 126. Seyðisfjörður
kallar upp!
Tækniminjasafn
Austurlands. Digital
image, Jessica Auer,
Ströndin Studio, List í ljósi
2021. Seyðisfjörður, 2021.



we invited residents to attend, experience and explore the outdoors again. We opened in *Herðubreið*, with the premier of a documentary on the history of Seyðisfjörður by Dr. Sigríður Matthíasdóttir, Jón Pálsson and Sandra Ólafsdóttir at Herðubíó Cinema, presented by the Tækniminjasafn Austurlands (Technical Museum of East Iceland). Made in 2020, the film depicts the township's technological heritage from the first telegraph station to the boat factory, blacksmith, and engine workshop that the Museum was tirelessly preserving. The film was set to premier just before the ill-fated destruction of the Museum in December 2020. After the *List í ljósi* opening, the following night, residents were invited to walk from *Herðubreið* to Skaftfell Center for Visual Art, for the exhibition opening of Þór Vigfússon via an installation of artworks along the main road, Austurvegur. Many residents shared that it was their first time walking this far, toward the site of the landslides. I had sourced funding, together with the LungA School, to make a portable outdoor gallery we adapted from a small shipping container, wherein we exhibited the work of two local artists. The gallery, we named, the *Glerhúsið* (The Glasshouse), is still in operation today. Our *Glerhúsið* offering to the town is for temporary exhibitions, prioritising local, pop-up, and site-specific responses for public exhibitions.²⁵⁹

259 In 2022 the Tækniminjasafn Austurlands held residence within the *Glerhúsið* after the slides and exhibited how electricity is created in its simplest form.

List í ljósi 2021 brought hope to the residents, through artistic offerings. We also instigated a grass roots ethos in methods such as prohibiting all commercial vehicles associated with the event. Artworks emanated different sources of light and nearing such differences, our collective mourning found expression.²⁶⁰ The light festival marks my threshold into living-on, the point of 'conclusion' for this research. Evacuated from my home, Landamót, I'm underway, living-on with a different town ruin (*Gamla Bakari*), renovating it for my new home and artistic residency. As I go, I'm reminded of Benjamin's perception of history as different from archiving an unchanging image of the past: In favour of what he describes as the 'afterlife', understood as 'the past' manifesting in kairós flashes, or pulses, for our recognition of the present.²⁶¹ Living-on with strength from this community, residing in mountain shadows, I listen to where I stand and see my present flashing in ruins. My bakari holds a lonely eye to the mountain and an ear to the fjord, tuned by waves refracting light off ecologies of water species, surrounded by a quiet town and babble from afar, emitted from humans nearing and withdrawing on climate emergency.

The ongoing collective nature of List í ljósi festival installs a collective being that in its February 2021 iteration, trembled its future, site-written by anthropogenic habits of a larger global past: An ontology of collective trauma elicited from the mountain's collapse had been accruing in them, from local past traumas of climate change and emergency. This community neared their collective *withdraw*, softly returning together outdoors, once more, illuminated by light from the festival, illuminating adaption for being with their mountain. Regathering in snow and festival light, they listened with me, to our mutual silence in the wake of the *slides*, attuning my ear to the making environment of me.

260 I walked my own path, aligned to Kiarostami's path as he traversed through Iran following the event of the earthquake, absorbing the grief of villagers, maintaining his sensitive threshold, both nearing and withdrawing as their grief and hope illuminated his path.

261 Walter Benjamin, Hannah Arendt and Harry Zohn, *Illuminations* (New York: Schocken Books, 1986), 217-251.



Fig 127. The sun shines bright and full. Elvar Már Kjartansson and Hanna Christel Sigurkarlsdóttir. List í ljósi 2021.

Digital image, Jessica Auer, Ströndin Studio. Seyðisfjörður, 2021.



Fig 128. Fjallið. Friða Ísberg & Nanna Vibe S Juelsbo. List í ljósi 2021.

Digital image Jessica Auer, Ströndin Studio. Seyðisfjörður, 2021.



February 2021

*Every morning the walkers make their way
down the road, past*

Muddy footprints, past

Children in snow suits on their way to school, past

Windows of twinkling lights, past

A woman shovelling doorsteps

They hear birdsong in the sleeping town

They come here and leave before morning arrives

Past the man carrying a box laden with pastries

Past a mountain that has turned itself inside out

They see the dawn light, glistening on snow

Shades of blue

Carried by wind

Ghosts of one billion crystals

Every morning the walkers return

Soon, there will be spring

Fig 129. Muddy footprints. Digital image, Celia Harrison. Seyðisfjörður, 2021.



Fig 130. Leikskólinn
Sólvellir with Lilai
Licata. List í ljósi 2021.
Digital image, Jessica
Auer, Ströndin Studio,
Seyðisfjörður, 2021.



Fig 131. Ra Tack (left)
Fall on me, Lotte Rose
Kjær Sikau (right) me
smoking, List í ljósi 2021.
Digital image, Jessica
Auer, Ströndin Studio,
Seyðisfjörður, 2021.

Fig 132. Arndis yr
Hansdóttir. Dirt book,
List í ljósi 2021.
Digital image, Jessica
Auer, Ströndin Studio.
Seyðisfjörður, 2021.



Fig 133. Apolline
Fjara and Hallur, Góða
Ferð, List í ljósi 2021.
Digital image, Jessica
Auer, Ströndin Studio.
Seyðisfjörður, 2021.





CONCLUSION

Living on

Fig 134. **Open House**,
Celia Harrison. LungA
Festival 2022. Installation
view, Digital image, Vikram
Pradhan, Seyðisfjörður,
2022.



Fig 135. Seyðisfjörður.
Digital image, Daniél Örn
Gíslason. Seyðisfjörður,
2021.

BRIDGING PRACTICE: ATLASES OF SELF-REFLECTION

I first struggled with the demand to separate out my creative practice-led research from my daily life in Seyðisfjörður and as the research conclusion neared, I was further confounded with how to exhibit or present my bridge of research-thinking-making. Two sides of my practice appeared: one reflected in critical artefacts, expressing my alias-atlases, and the other, my role in communal activities distributed across my site. As such, I have come to reflect on how a deeply immersive lived experience is inseparable to my practice of community aesthesis as demonstrated by my methodological site-writing contribution of alias-atlasing.²⁶¹ In the example of my developing printmaking thinking-through-making methods, research atlases grew out of a deep ethos within the town's key printmaking and artistic history. Film and photography montaging is another key language that develops from the town's history, which I come to discuss in this conclusion. My three key site infrastructures of *Herðubreið*, *List í ljósi* and *Gamla Bakari* bridge these two manifestations of my practice through three montage-atlases submitted with this exegesis. Ghosh's conceptual river weaves between them, consolidating my processes of research thinking-making. I'm referring here to the slipstream of my Kairos Interludes that embody (snaking-cloud) rhythms throughout this exegesis,

261 I come to think of these supplementary atlas works with Céline Condorelli's *Support Structures* co-production with Gavin Wade and James Langdon. They write:

Support Structures is a manual for what bears, sustains, props, and holds up. It is a manual for those things that encourage, give comfort, approval, and solace; that care for and provide consolation and the necessities of life. It is a manual for that which assists, corroborates, advocates, articulates, substantiates, champions, and endorses; for what stands behind, underpins, frames, presents, maintains, and strengthens. *Support Structures* is a manual for those things that give, in short, support. While the work of supporting might traditionally appear as subsequent, unessential, and lacking value in itself, this manual is an attempt to restore attention to one of the neglected, yet crucial modes through which we apprehend and shape the world.

Accessed May 2, 2022. <https://celinecondorelli.eu/text/support-structures/>. Condorelli's work manual incorporates spatial languages and extends questions of what it means to 'exhibit' that assist my ethos and pathos to materialise creative processes that arrive out of a deep sense of community above a solo authorial voice.



Fig 136. Herðubreið.
Digital image, Nikolas Grabar, Seyðisfjörður, 2020.



Fig 137. Samhygð & Compassion. Katla and Eyrún Pétursdóttir. List í ljósi 2021. Digital image, Jessica Auer, Ströndin, Seyðisfjörður, 2021.



Fig 138. Open House. Celia Harrison. LungA Festival 2022. Digital image, Vikram Pradhan, Seyðisfjörður, 2022.

demonstrating how I have come to understand my research site. Bridging my research practices are my atlases and infrastructures (**Herðubreið**, **List í ljósi** and **Gamla Bakari**) gathering a site, always inviting a site's past to disclose paths across to future others. Alias-atlases demonstrate the motility of site and its exchangeability within an open-ended creative practice that my conclusion terms *Living-on*.

My three infrastructures **Herðubreið**, **List í ljósi** and **Gamla Bakari** interweave my nearing to Seyðisfjörður. The initial Nordic Plaza of Herðubreið expanded during and after the 2020 landslides to become a key centre for everyday social worlding, including in times of emergency. The List í ljósi festival iterations, neared my critical inspection for how my creative practice refrained from monumentalizing (and memorializing) place, most profoundly revealed due to the event of the landslides. Gamla Bakari has always been present as a deep time ruin in the town's landscape, and paradoxically emerges as my place of coming home through the foreign, post-slides, after losing my residence at Landamót. As such, its profound nature nears as my exemplar of my community practice, living-on.

In reflecting on who, outside of the town, benefits from this research, I trace over my creative genealogy of spatial design, installation art, and event design for benefitting community development. As a spatial designer working with communities through curation and production of events such as Art in the Dark light festival, my practice advances on a critical site-writing methodology, situating its community praxis within an ethos for sustaining local worlding. As such, my research aims to benefit curators, producers, and designers, and/or those implementing site-specific community encounters. It does so by offering them an ethical and critical approach underpinned by my nearing methodology. Living locally, grounds this ethos; implementing events that grow slowly or iteratively out of everyday community sites, for the time it takes to notice deep time roots and how these histories sustain futures. In addition, any community art practice with an ethical-critical ethos toward environmental concerns may locate research benefits from this research, including artistic communities within academic disciplines such as spatial design, environmental humanities, and anthropology.

Alias-atlasing nears researchers who transpose their thinking through poetics, notably literary or filmic montage. Another key benefit comes through nearing at the intersections of critical thought and making. This research offers artists and designers (especially those with collaborative community practices) significance for how my research path hones ways of creative transposing for processing complex critical and ethical reflection, which I achieve through my atlas-making.

Bridging Part One & Two: Nearing Critical Distance, brings this imaginative-critical activity to the fore, especially to conclude on how my research path gains a clearer ethos working with communities, at times through

withdrawing or nearing. Along the way of this exegesis, I've discussed where my practice defaults to pitfalls of monumentalizing or memorializing place, for example, in earlier iterations of light festivals as well as through site-writing with the installation *Suo Gân*. During climate emergencies (landslides and pandemic) is where my most critical ear listens to unknown species; humbling me and affording me time to reflect on how unpredictable events expose fragility and endurance of community life. All species I've listened to have offered me critical support to reflect on what I am doing and how I am doing, encouraging me to walk into shadows, grapple with difficult ethical questions, and get lost in between. Their 'voices' bring my attention to creative acts for how 'nature' is monumentalized, through methods of memorializing, especially within contexts of aestheticization and anthropocentrism. My approach to site slows on hearing them, nearing other species of life that I do not know, yet sense myself abridging larger ecologies. At times during this research, I listened to the earth's withdrawal and other times, I've heard its nearing.

Bridging other species has meant keeping critical distance. Elizabeth Povinelli neared my awareness to the dangers of idealizing *otherness* including other environments and paradigms for being human. Specifically, her work with Australian Indigenous communities broadens her understanding of biopolitics, assisting her in reimagining her critical spatial positioning for being human. Aided by Povinelli, Amitav Ghosh and Alphonso Lingis, my research continues to critically assess where and how I locate myself, especially within late industrial and capitalist modes of consumerism, in tandem with climate emergency and responsibilities for acting within other communities. Their lessons come through shadows of opaque thinking on difference, especially Lingis' wholly other (distilled through Emmanuel Levinas). In these shadows I find my ethical relationship to different communities, nearing other practices of being human with other species and inviting otherness to dwell. As such, practitioners like me can explore appropriate methods for questioning concepts of power and ethics in relation to community-orientated creative initiatives.

In undertaking a practice-led PhD, I offer another benefit to academic research within such a paradigm of creative research by returning a dialogue to academics for how an immersive (spatial design) community praxis holds pedagogical value through creative thinking. Here, immersive is my response for how lived experience is inseparable from (my) practice of community aesthesis and sustains best practices through adaptability in events, nearing and withdrawing within rhythms of everyday life. My pedagogy comes through spatial thinkers (theorists, philosophers, literary writers, artists, and designers) who manifest self-critical mutual attention through artistic expression, always within a community of others and underway with critical process of nearing and withdrawing. Alias-atlasing attunes my perception to something communal, of a world, without clear border demarcations—shared across species which we (humans) are, in our differences, living amidst.

Fig 139. The next day.
Celia Harrison. Soft and hardground intaglio etching on paper. Digital image, Vikram Pradhan. LungA Festival 2022, Seyðisfjörður, 2022.





Fig 140. Ten Days of Rain: Alias-atlas.
Celia Harrison. Digital image, Vikram Pradhan, LungA Festival 2022, Seyðisfjörður, 2022.

I wake from a vivid dream of the mountain in Grey Lynn. I write with my community in Seyðisfjörður to send images of the changing light. I am trying to put my finger on how time is different there. Nearing the arctic circle, the sun sweeps the mountains in a way it's hard to fathom from where I'm standing on the shores of Aotearoa. My inbox is flooded with images from my community. Hundreds then thousands of photos. I need to transfer them to an external hard drive. Something significant is occurring within this moment—a community site-writing with me and I with them.

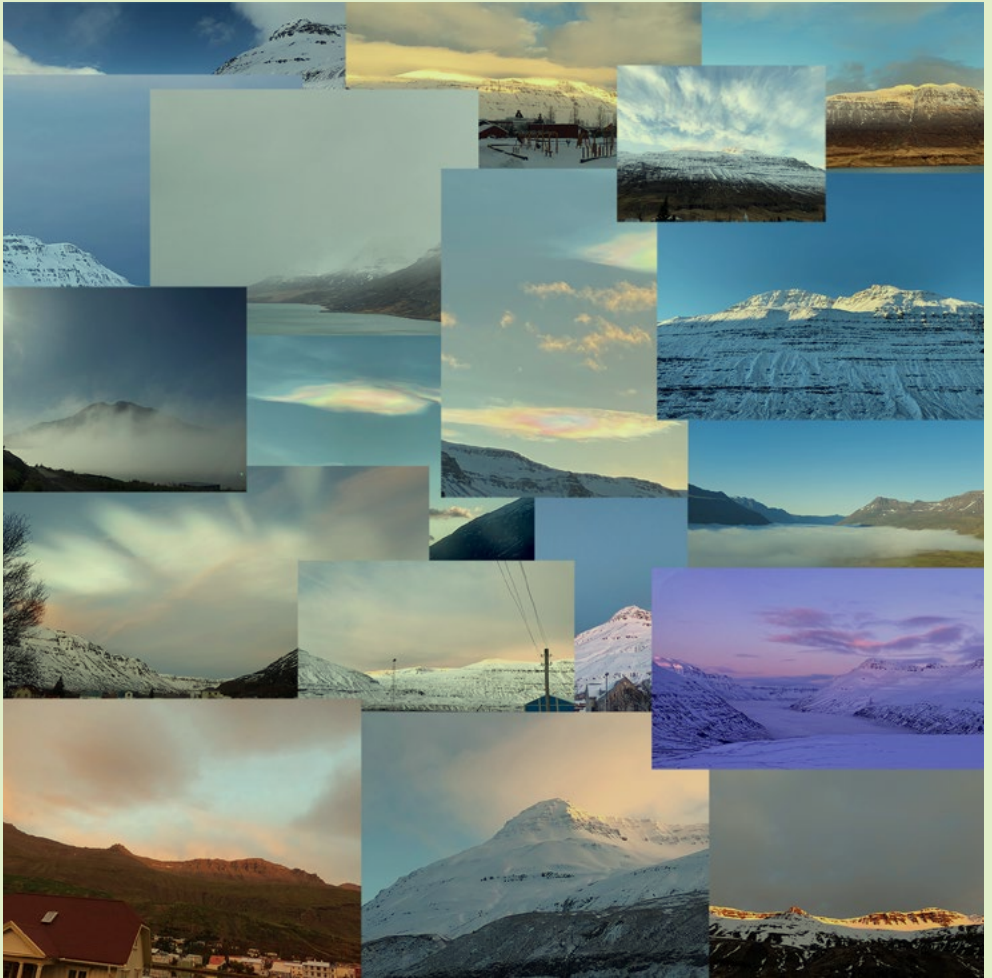


Fig 141. Sun writing.
Digital image montage.
Friends of Seyðisfjörður
and Celia Harrison.
Seyðisfjörður, 2022.

BRIDGING PART ONE & TWO: NEARING CRITICAL DISTANCE

Part One of my exegesis writes with site aliases; species nearing my understanding of site, composed through Kairos Interludes (designed in green) enmeshed with critical thinkers and makers from elsewhere. Momentary and fragmentary atlases (of kairos site interludes) began to emerge as research tools through struggling to recognise myself within the full immersion of my praxis of community events, facilitating as I so often do, collectives of artists and creatives. Shared species of site aliases are as vast as snow, fog, rain, wind, Kria, fish, mountains, fjords, lupin, horses, sun, encountered among activities of walking, running, swimming, dialoguing and traveling with others; all species bridge (or montage) me to my community praxis through reflective thinking and methods of alias-atlasing (site-writing-reviewing).

Critical aliases (are other kinds of species), such as Rendell, Povinelli, Benjamin, Solnit, all who reveal critical understanding happens through (creative) making in relation to their varying forms of site analysis. For example, Rendell's critical spatial practice works within discourses of art and architectural criticism and forms a pedagogy of site-writing-reviewing within her community of practitioners (and diverse creative modalities), while Povinelli works through philosophical writing, reflecting on other paradigms of being human and produces filmic responses for understanding her critical positioning. My own processing comes with methods of montaging (atlases) through printmaking, photography, web streaming, sound recordings, diaries, essays, and poetry. *Atlas* as a concept emerged early in my research, inspired by a range of artistic practices, such as Aby Walberg and Richard Long, who now dwell deeply in the shadows of this PhD. Alias-atlasing as a spatio-temporal nearing and withdrawing process with my site, expands through those (ethnographic) montaging practices discussed more fully in Part One.

My methods of critical distance, which install a less mastered way of thinking and acting in the world, have further assisted my community

practice through processes of mutual attention. I come to think with those who review their practices like mine with modes of imaginative transposition. I'm referring here to my 'nearing' terminology as a methodology (alias-atlasing) for recognising my site through an expanded field of practices that fluidly shift between discipline boundaries. In the opening glossary, I mention that 'nearing' takes philosophical cues from Povinelli and Heidegger and references Steve Baker's *Sloughing the Human*. Alongside these cues are many aliases in Part One, such as Rendell, Bruno, Tokarczuk, Kiarostami, Marker, Akerman, Lingis, and Ghosh, who each imaginatively transpose thinking species difference through practices of poetics within the reality of their surrounding worlds. They move between fiction and non-fiction; ethnography and film; fictional film and documentary; photography and writing. As discussed, imaginative self-transposing happens poetically, going-along-with other species while remaining other to these other species. Heidegger's 'going-along-with' approximates my concept of nearing as an ethical and critical position for manifesting my creative alias-atlasing methods. Atlasing with aliases, has thus become my performative method of 'imaginative transposing,' nearing me to understand the otherness of species alive in 'my' research site's surrounding world as depicted through my kairos interludes woven throughout the exegesis. And *nearing*, my ethical approach for allowing the other to remain what it is and how it is, opens my research to the wonder of what it does not (yet) know, yet implicitly senses in being-with-others. In Povinelli's terms of 'mutual attention' *nearing* goes-along-with even in times when other species withdraw.

I've come to transpose imaginatively with aliases through social habits of being human. The Walkers were my first to transport me into deep time imaginings of my site within the mountains. I was soon joined by others, such as Tokarczuk, Benjamin, and Lingis, all who helped me listen to deep time eons echoing in these mountains. Benjamin's shared sphere disclosed inseparable origins of human language to sounds of other species of life, especially nature's silence within us. I listened to myself listening as aliases neared in me, sitting by the spar stream, going-along-with the crystal mountain accompanied by three women, or wandering to the burial site of the mountain lady. I transposed kairos moments into making, such as print etchings, working my way through aliases nearing and withdrawing; endless rain to walks in fog, learning to get lost with Solnit and Benjamin to find my critical tactics of site-writing from a less determined pathway. Perhaps, the most profound alias arrived in tandem with Ghosh's river and Seyðisfjörður's mountain collapse, enabling the depths for my in-situ reflections on Ghosh's wholly other river, bridging his genealogy to climate emergency. This bridge transposed me into the ruins of the *Gamla Bakari*, performing my thesis aims for living-on. Before arriving there, I step slowly through my

conclusion, tracing moments of critical attention for going along with and living-on with the social rhythms of Seyðisfjörður's everyday life.

Part Two gathers momentum through iterative infrastructural events of my practice, interweaving **Herðubreið** and **List í ljósi** festival. Transposing my ear of the other, I listened to Lingis' deep time murmurs of the world arrive through community figures such as Sesselja's grandfather, a fisherman, the artist Dieter Roth and the original **Herðubreið** Group. There were others too, who attuned my ear to the historic, social, cultural depths of these infrastructures, sited in their environment. **Herðubreið** now forms a significant research contribution for the town, inseparably holding them during climate emergencies, drawing them nearer in its manifold of social art-led practices such as festivals, cinema and exhibitions.²⁶² With Ghosh, my involuntary experience of climate emergency has given me great pause to reflect on the intersecting scale of my research as inseparable from community life. Such happening has manifested my capacity to lean into the mountain in withdraw, bridging its shadows within the everyday fabric of Seyðisfjörður. I traverse my site on foot in mutual attention with Ghosh's river and Benjamin's 'flash of recognition', nearing 'deep time' aliases preserved within this community. Walking back, my initiating plaza schema for **Herðubreið** has made room in the town, expanding its heart into my community praxis, continuing to support the community. 2021 **List í ljósi** responded to the immediacy of collective trauma from a climate emergency, where across key infrastructures and events, I located safety and vitality for a community through artistic-nearing-everyday means.

262 Since the December 2020 landslides, art-led initiatives like eating together in **Herðubreið** have sustained, and new house users have returned. Residents of Seyðisfjörður were now using **Herðubreið** and taking part, and children had a place to go. When this PhD research began, **Herðubreið** hosted approximately four events per year and was closed the rest of the time. Today, around twenty-five events and programmes occur inside and across venue spaces each week while the building stays open seven days a week. The renovated hall is now regularly used as the formal council meeting hall in Seyðisfjörður, as well as for community and significant events. Visitors from all over East Iceland attend screenings at the cinema each week. Market days, a vegan bakery, pop-up stores, workshops, exhibitions and shows are just some recurring figures in daily life turning around the centre. As attention to the centre grows, repairs on the exterior of the building are approved, and I have secured funding to establish new studio spaces to service artists and small businesses.



Three Atlases

As mentioned, many aliases in Part One neared me for their filmic, montage (including literary montage), photo-essay, cinematic practices in thinking-making for manifesting otherness (time, event, site). These practices spurred my thinking-making of critical atlases emerging from my initial kairos interludes, and into more fully developed works of montaged- atlases. Developed from within my site, elicited from out of deep time histories, I've come to reflect on how my artistic (montage) language makes-kin (involuntarily) through, for example, histories of Herðubreið's cinema and deep time filmic origins. This is just one site historic example, bridging my processes of atasing with the town's artistic deep time ethos. In doing so, my critical spatial practice develops its language of community aesthesis. Further, my kairos interludes, as composed throughout this exegesis, reveal thresholds of my practice nearing site. Folding ecologies of fog, mist, rain, snow, wind, shadows, light, such species travel slowly through my exegesis evoking a social site-writing process. My methodological site-writing contribution alias-atlasing demonstrates my processes for reviewing my creative practice whereby reviewing comes from a place of otherness. Such reviewing methods come to settle into my 'living-on' conclusion through three fully fledged print and installation-atlases submitted with this exegesis.

Fig 142. Ten Days of Rain, Celia Harrison. Soft and hard ground etching on paper. Auckland, 2022.

Ten Days of Rain

In processing grief and trauma soon after the landslides, I consolidated my first atlas montage. I initially responded by printmaking in reaction to the print workshop taken by the landslides. Means of dry-point etching and gum printing, as well as montages of raw daily diary entries with photos, viscerally marked my encounters with this emergency event. I revived approaches of print through DIY-methods, learning cold-needle etching, lino-cutting and gum printing techniques embodying modes of repetition for nearing my encounters of incessant rain, precipitating the slides. Across a year—January 2021-May 2022—my iterative practice of montaging withdrew me from the trauma of the landslides, nearing a practice of paring back images and text. Like the Dalalæða (valley-snake fóg) winding its way through the fjord, my atlas-snake was becoming less confronting, shedding skins for disseminating my grief into an expanded spatio-temporal map as seen in the supplied final atlas. Original printmaking works elicited something else: an ethos of place, steeped in artistic histories of the town, etched in the recent ruins of the workshop, whereas my digital photography had arisen out of the immediacy of events and kairos moments. Both printmaking and photography offered temporal and spatial differences, eliciting aesthesis of deep time eons with imminent states of nearing and withdraw.

I returned to Aotearoa as part of my candidature requirements, isolating at the airport's (MIQ) quarantine facility for 14 days before entry. Tools for etching and lino cutting in hand, I began to fill every surface of my hotel room with prints, eager for my arrival at AUT university's print workshop. Over the next six months, my landslide atlases emerged into a series of three. Two print-atlases were completed in Auckland and the third installation-atlas on my return to Seyðisfjörður for my opening of **Gamla Bakari** to the community (12th July 2022). On the two print-atlases finalised in Auckland, more than twenty iterations of each have come through different modes of printmaking, combined with hours of trialling different compositions, ranging from methods of screen-printing, dry-needle etching, soft and hardground etching, photopolymer printing, mono-printing and lino cutting, alongside paper engineering of assembly and binding in various formats. All techniques, I've specifically learned to perform these atlases. My final three atlases construe spatio-temporal performances initiated from my immediate withdraw and slow nearing to the landslides, although kairos interludes had been informing this montage language since the inception of my alias-atlasing explorations of site.

In the final two print-atlases: *Ten Days of Rain* and *Third Return of the Sun*, I move with them along their horizontal plane for where the effects of the slides most palpably register for the town. This axis emerges in relation to an overwhelming verticality of the mountain, conveying

its presence through absence, outside (off-frame) from the low fog's horizontal trajectory. The out of frame mountain is made more present by its shadowy absence and the twin print-atlases perform this sense of everyday living and living-on in mountain shadows in their unfolding.

Ten Days of Rain is written in first-person, taken from my ethnographic, day-to-day live encounters of the landslides. As a form of diary, the concertina breathes, expressing spatio-temporal montaging, including print and photography archiving my days and months during and after the event. The final version of *Ten Days of Rain*, finds its ethos and pathos through iterative making, allowing for mutual attention (critical distance) to, or from, the event and its shifting impact on the community.



Fig 143. Ten Days of Rain Atlas. Celia Harrison.

Digital image, Vikram Pradhan, LungA Festival 2022. Seyðisfjörður, 2022.



Fig 144. Return of the Sun: Alias-atlas. Celia Harrison. Digital image Celia Harrison, Auckland, 2022.

Third Return of the Sun

The *Third Return of the Sun* is a sequel to *Ten Days of Rain*, atlasing the 2021 List í ljósi event installed six weeks after the landslides. This atlas conveys the enduring grass-roots artistic methods which constitute this iteration of List í ljósi, held within its ethos for removing all commercial vehicles still associated with prior iterations of this event. Assembled from List í ljósi's matter arising from the CRYSTALS#001 risograph print publication as done in collaboration with the Heima Art Collective, and through to material from curation of solely local artists and their live installations as disseminated across the festival's multiple township events and venues of Herðubreið, Heima Residency and Skaftfell Center for Visual Art.

The atlas opens with signs of a turning tide as daylight emerges while we prepare for our third return of the sun. In doing so, I acknowledge the different participating artists, contributors and interleaving events and unfold into the multiple modes of community practices invited to participate. With this atlas, I stand back and allow for the artists' voices and documentation of their works to travel along its ground plane horizon in tandem with how this event came to draw its community outdoors, post-slides. The methodological significance of my community practice, as depicted in my critical atlas artefacts, might be seen in the 'living-on' nature of my print atlases for inviting future others, such as readers and viewers, to further participate (site-write) beyond my own readings of these events. This atlas ends as the sun appears above the mountain ridge, living clear of these mountain shadows.

As sequels, *Ten Days of Rain* and *Third Return of the Sun* are sleeved by two lino-etchings produced on heavy paper, soaked in water and transferred through intaglio presses. Embossed, these sleeves evoke the presence of shadows and ridgelines, yet void of ink, they express Mt Strandatindur there, veiled in absence: Has snow, fog, mist or other species of cloud, season, or spatio-temporal folding covered all traces of the landslides? Or is this absence scars of ridgelines of a community living in mountain shadows? Each who encounters, wanders into cloud-like sleeves and their unfolding mountain snakes, with difference and answers arising autonomously. Scanned and assembled, *Ten Days of Rain* print-montage construes continuation. The back of *Return of the Sun* reworks etchings, printed on risograph, which add another textural element. Never the same, always motile, each print expresses difference, shifting into landscapes of uncertainty and endurance. Inking up each plate and taking off the ink with different hand strokes, no two works are ever the same and my embodied activity of thinking-making varies with the fluidity akin to the ethos of my community practice, adapting to conditions, bridging aliases of species (time and space) with each atlas variation and iteration moving into another—living-on in (the third atlas of) **Gamla Bakari**.



Fig 145. Gamla Bakari.
Scanned Photograph,
Seyðisfjörður Library
Archive. Seyðisfjörður, n.d.



Fig 146. Gamla Bakari.
Scanned Photograph,
Seyðisfjörður Library
Archive. Seyðisfjörður, n.d.

It is 1913, and I walk with a horse laden with bricks along the mountain path. It takes many trips to get there; the loads are heavy. When the horse passes on a narrow track, I can smell a waft of sulphur emanating from the volcanic eruption the bricks endured. The bricks have a lingering past. They come from the whaling station in Aknes, Mjóifjörður.^{ix} When I touch their baked-clay surface, the haunting sounds of whale calls at the hands of humans emanate their requiem.

ix Mjóifjörður translates to 'narrow fjord' is an 18km fjord nestled between Seyðisfjörður and Norðfjörður mountains. Today only around 20 people live in the village Brekkuborpi, the smallest town in Iceland. Apart from the weekly ferry in the winter, the fjord is cut off from the world. At Asknes stands the remains of a whaling station built by the Norwegians in the early 1900s, at that time, with over 200 workers, it was the largest station in the world.



Fig 147. Ruin of Gamla Bakari. Digital image, Celia Harrison. Seyðisfjörður, 2021.

NEARING HOME

The third installation-atlas has been moving through me since I lost my residence at Landamót to the mountain slides, and since purchasing the **Gamla Bakari** ruin. This atlas folds a range of community conditions of inside with outside, present, past, and future via a live-installation and webcam, which holds one lonely eye to the mountain and another gazes softly on a community living-on, surrounded by rising smells of dough, emerging from deep histories of enduring in mountain shadows.

Gamla Bakari, as discussed prior, is the architectural ruin I purchased in May 2021, post-landslides and has since been renovated into my home and future artist residence for the community fostered through this research practice. Something like Ghosh's river makes-kin in me with the Bakari. As I neared, its wholly other ruin asked something of me: Do you recognise your community practice, in 'my' Icelandic genealogy? I do not think I would have heard this call if it had not been for the mountain's collapse. In ruins, I recognised **Gamla Bakari** as my site for nearing home and the resting place of this PhD research. I have come to understand that its deep time roots had been nearing me all along. Since my arrival in the town, multiple species - some of those inhabiting my kairos interludes have been nearing, such as horses, fjords, photographers, volcanoes, smelters, whaling and herring fishing industries, local bricks, and everyday food. Soon after the landslides, after my purchase, many more aliases neared, relaying different details of their deep historic roots in connection to this ruin. Rejuvenating their coastal ruin, these aliases site-wrote me into my home, assisting me in restoring the old bakery. Here are some of these historic roots:

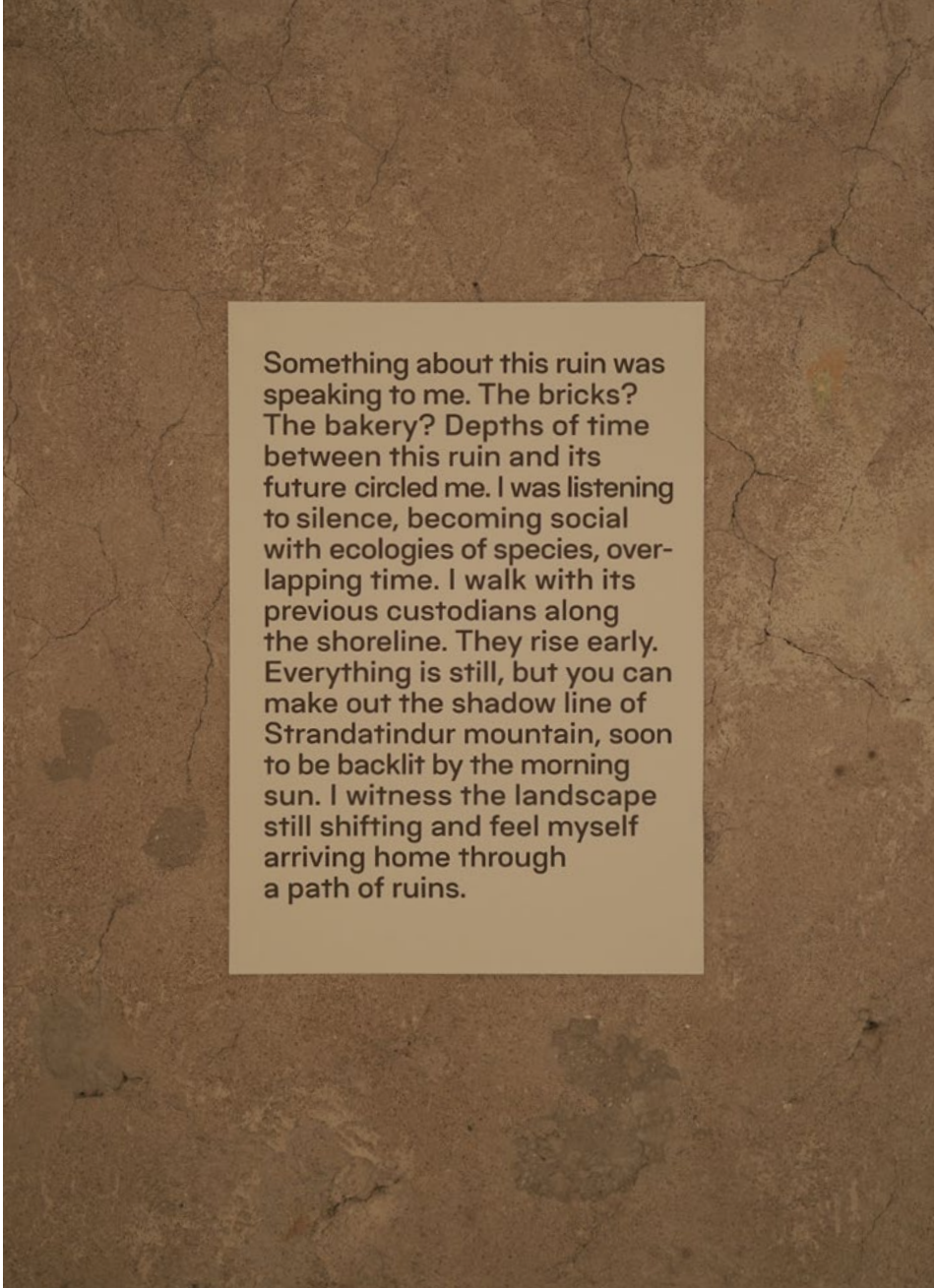
Gamla Bakari, translates to Old Bakery and was Seyðisfjörður's bakery from around 1914 to 2001. Originally built on the shore of Seyðisfjörður by a photographer in 1907, it subsequently burned down in 1913, and the plot was sold. The new owner purchased materials for constructing a residential house and bakery from a closing Whaling Station in Asknes, Mjóifjörður, most notably from bricks of a destroyed boiler due to a volcanic eruption. For almost a century, it was a bakery until 2001, leaving **Gamla Bakari** to withdraw into shadows uninhabited for twenty years. At ground level, floods from the 2020 landslides submerged it in mud, causing moisture to rise into the structure. Damp had filled the interior with mould, suffering years of leaking without insulation or heating.

Its future neared as I listened to voices emerging from dormancy, the ruin's silence elicited by stale air tinged with smells of sour skyr (yoghurt) and musty residue on windows. Transported like Rendell's 'White Linen' that had transported her to childhood, socialised by plants, dew, her mother, Wales, and mirrors, species of Gamla Bakari began to speak, socialising me with ecologies of its species. Along the shoreline, I began to walk with its previous custodians; a photographer and baker, rising early where everything is still on the water except the mist or shadow lines reflecting Strandatindur mountain, soon to be backlit by morning sun. I take a photo and witness the landscape shifting, nearing me home through paths of a ruin.

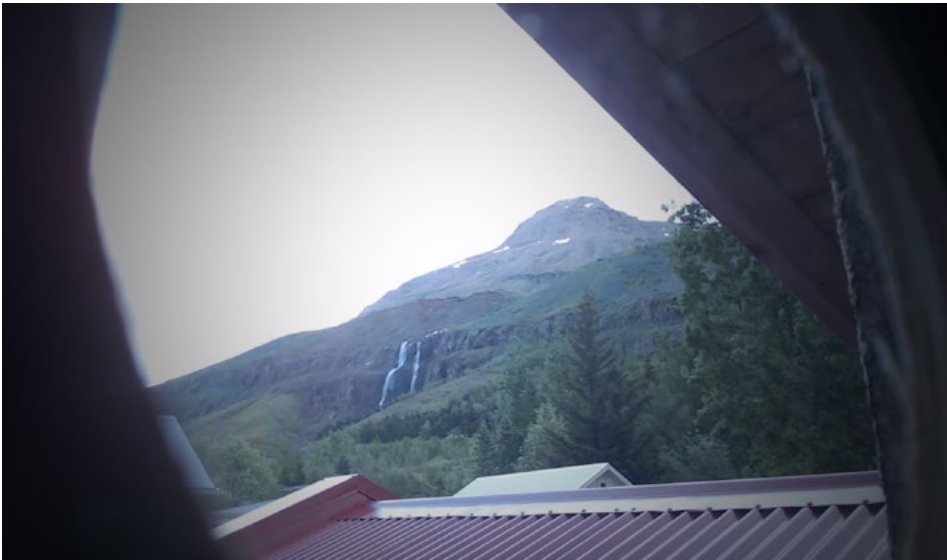
In Seyðisfjörður, a community turned around me, when previously I had orbited the town. I'd come to know and love the people of this town and together we slowly pieced together the ruin, restoring its history, and shaping its future. My acquired skills through Herðubreið's renovation and restoration afforded me confidence to pour concrete, insulate walls, panel ceilings, install hardwood floors, fit windows, purchase materials, build and plumb bathrooms and design its split-level interiors. With Linus, Lasse, Ra, Sesselja and many more friends from the community, we sanded old walls and polished exposed brickwork, restoring its ruin. I recall the mountain ponies who 'gave' me their warmth (in Part One) and imaginatively transpose them as those horses in 1914 carting the bricks, from our neighbouring fjord. Other aliases of daily visitors stopped by Gamla Bakari to chat with me, sharing fragments of its past or a pastry or cake they had baked; they spoke of whales being overfished; mining of aluminium or spar and other industrialisation processes, and as I listened, I neared Rendell's ethos of site-writing as unfinished business, living on, in every encounter of this site. Others neared to gift me food, objects and artworks, or help with restoration, adding their layers of craft into its material fabric.

My third live-atlas arises through these aliases, historic and present, artistic, and industrial, daily, and deep. One artistic seed initiates my third and final atlas work through a live webcam I've installed in Gamla Bakari's roof, its eye faces the mountain, focusing on the site of the landslide as witnessed from the vantage of the **Gamla Bakari**.

Fig 148. Ruins of a bakery. Celia Harrison. Digital image, Vikram Pradhan, LungA Festival 2022. Seyðisfjörður, 2022.



Something about this ruin was speaking to me. The bricks? The bakery? Depths of time between this ruin and its future circled me. I was listening to silence, becoming social with ecologies of species, overlapping time. I walk with its previous custodians along the shoreline. They rise early. Everything is still, but you can make out the shadow line of Strandatindur mountain, soon to be backlit by the morning sun. I witness the landscape still shifting and feel myself arriving home through a path of ruins.



www.inmountainshadows.com

The camera nears spatial thresholds between mountain and home. The live-streamed locked off frame of the mountain moves with weather, light, waterfall, and an imminent threat of more collapse. Another temporal threshold intersects; past and future coexist through live-streaming video and a montaged soundscape track composed by me through listening to, and recording, other species such as Kría, waterfalls, wind, song, during many mountain walks with aliases throughout this research. As such, this digital atlas positions us within **Gamla Bakari** looking up at the mountain's site of collapse and in doing so, we might come to contemplate and transpose ourselves, moving through other thresholds of environmental collapse. Montaging dwelling within a changing landscape, the camera-feed continuously streams such seasonal shifts as fog, light, blizzards, rain, snow, and more snow, birds in flight, falling water, which invite a live soundscape into the historic fabric of a ruin. Certain angles of sunlight reveal grass growing on the mountain scar, giving future. Kairos moments montage an ongoing restoration of mountain and **Gamla Bakari**. Living-on, the digital atlas—*In Mountain Shadows*—is a folding work that transposes in shifting shadows of inside with outside; human nearing other species; public comingling with private; live streaming with digital recordings; and histories living-on in futures. From these folds, I gain critical distance for nearing **Gamla Bakari**, immersing myself in the daily rhythm of its surrounding world. I question the ethos of my future community praxis in terms of what artistic offerings my new home invites. As such, I move now toward my Open House (arts residency) invitation—an approach that withdraws from memorializing (and monumentalizing) the mountain slides, opening its Bakari doors to the fjord on the 12th of July 2022. Smells of baked Snúður (cinnamon buns) infuse all surfaces of my proposed Open House, where my community opening drew them deeper into spaces powdered with white sugar and flour, making-kin with mountain snow. Thresholds of interior and exterior dissolve through my poetic transposing of species of fog, snow, flour, suspended paper prints and a digital mountain eye, blending into deep shifting folds of communal dwelling.

Fig 149.
Inmountainshadows.com. Celia Harrison.
Screenshot of live webcam in July 2022. Seyðisfjörður, 2022.

Fig 150.
Inmountainshadows.com. Celia Harrison.
Screenshot montage of live webcam between June - August 2022. Seyðisfjörður, 2022.

Open House

My community praxis future is grounded by ruins, living-on in my third infrastructure of **Gamla Bakari**'s 'Open House.' A proposed residency bridges Seyðisfjörður's artistic and otherwise community with visiting artists and transient local artists who often return for short periods. Over time, the Open House might interleave with **Herðubreidd** and **List í ljósi** programmes and events, extending through LungA and Heima into the wider ecology of future

art-led practices and initiatives. My intimacy with Aotearoa will near, bridging Gamla Bakari's Open House, expanding my local ethos to embrace my otherness, making-kin between Iceland and Aotearoa artistic communities.

In programming its two levels, my site-writing methodology can be read architectonically: The upper floor holds my home, an everyday living space that invites critical distance from my community praxis. Here I dwell, listening to aliases and making atlases, withdrawing to ethically near my community. On the ground floor exists a spacious studio, library, and residency space, living-on; its everyday community life enmeshes with artistic dwelling. Within the stairwell, connecting downstairs and upstairs, an Icelandic birch tree will grow, embodying mutual attention across levels; a metaphor for sustaining life and the material reality nearing my ongoing ethical and critical comportment for living with other species, dwelling with care.

As a research practice for sustaining communities through festivals, community houses, residencies, exhibitions, and workshops, my creative habits adapt to local situations and place, withdrawing from elsewhere appropriations. Drawn to communities dwelling within environmental extremes, my research faces its responsibilities for anthropogenic habits in relation to climate emergencies. As such, I adapt my community practice to wherever it's called, continuing through methods of renovating, restoring, and programming, into creative infrastructures within my suite of skills, especially nearing all sites enduring past for sustaining its future.

I return now to those scents of baking, rising early for initiating my Open House opening. Seeded by the LungA Festival's exhibition invitation - a key collaborator throughout my research, the doors opened to the community on July 12th, 2022 bringing back the Gamla Bakari for one day through baking with aliases of past custodians. Long into the night on July 11th, my community turned around me and with Halldóra, the town baker, we mixed, rolled and shaped 200 cinnamon rolls, just as they were remembered with pink icing, hard chocolate and powdered sugar to welcome the Gamla Bakari's return to its community.

For the Open House, I designed a box gallery around the installation of the webcam as a temporary sign for possible future exhibition programming inside the Bakari through the Open House art residency²⁶³ and in relation to spatial themes and historic registers of the Bakari. My box gallery installation could be seen as folding into the design and ethos of the Glasshouse Gallery that was a significant part of the 2021 light festival. The Glasshouse Gallery came as an immediate response to the trauma of the landslides with an intention to draw the community outdoors through designing an ongoing,

Fig 151. Open House. Celia Harrison. LungA Festival 2022. Digital image, Vikram Pradhan. Seyðisfjörður, 2022.

Fig 152. Ground Floor renovation, Gamla Bakari. Digital image, Celia Harrison, Seyðisfjörður, 2021.

Fig 153. Birch, Celia Harrison. Drypoint etch on paper. Auckland, 2022.

263 For the purpose of intimacy, I designed this exhibition space on the upper level of the Gamla Bakari, inviting the community into the home.



Conclusion



Fig 154. – 155 Open House. Celia Harrison. LungA Festival 2022. Digital image, Vikram Pradhan. Seyðisfjörður, 2022.

flexible, pop-up space. The Gamla Bakari box gallery suggests a permanent invitation for welcoming the community into the ruin, echoing an ethos for multiple, ongoing, artistic practices into the Open House. There was no separation at the Opening of the Bakari between public or private, or art practice and everyday life, which too was reflected in the attendance. Approximately one hundred visitors passed through over several hours. Some came to see the Bakari reopen, reviving memories of their past, some came to glimpse aspects from the PhD, and as word spread among local children of the Snúður, more children returned for the pastries. I installed works (of print and webcam) on the external walls of the box, folding my personal living space out to the community. Suspended from my open plan living space rafters of Gamla Bakari among mountains of cinnamon rolls, three large sheets framed different scales of print-etchings²⁶⁴ and installed a montage effect within the Bakari by moving its audience across the span of the open room and coming to settle on a text-work speaking to the ruins of the Gamla Bakari. A fragment of an avalanche post found washed up on the other side of the fjord following the landslides is supported on a lean by the restored wall. This landslide fragment touches lightly, eliciting my ethos and expressing to my community the shared pathos still surrounding us from the collapse. On the opposite wall, the mountain nears through the live-camera feed, looking from the Gamla Bakari's roof. Its projection enters the dwelling, refolding time and space, with an eye to the trauma of the recent past as well as an invitation to a future that is stronger through community dwelling and support.

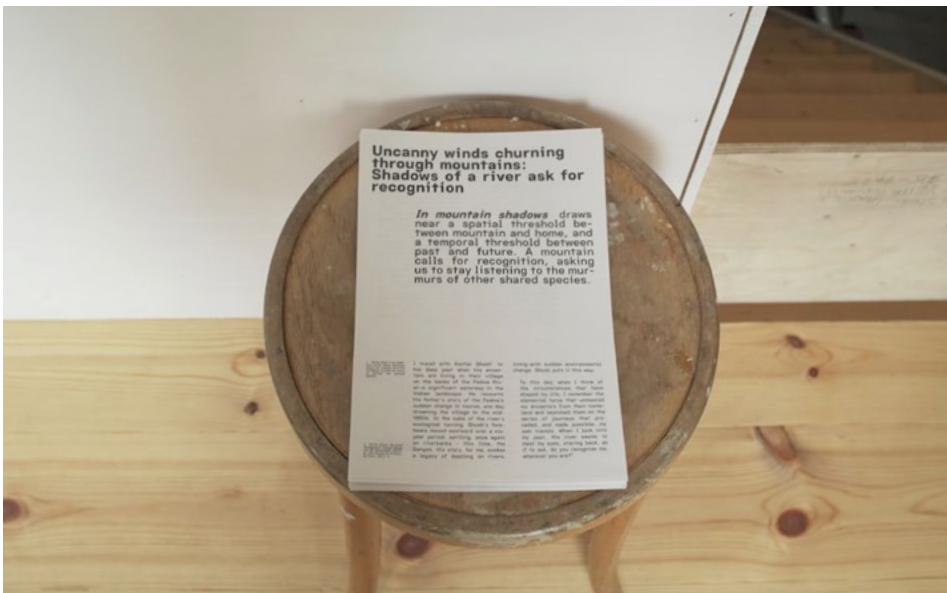
This event within LungA Festival performs the double alias-atlas of my practice through reopening the Gamla Bakari. On one hand, the open house celebrates the deep time histories embedded in the site, its past enlivened by the community who return to celebrate the home's restoration, nurtured by my bakery Opening. On the other hand, they returned to encounter the future imprint of the Open House arts residency through my inaugural exhibition. I am situated in the centre, performing my own alias in doubling my methods of practice across community events; baking buns, and initialising an exhibition venue through my installation of printmaking, text works and web cam. In montaging my creative methods within the final (research) site of Gamla Bakari, I present to my community an atlas of myself, mapping my coming home. Here, we glean that my concept of home is ever-expanding, inseparable from an artistic community praxis made indistinct from deep time nearing with its future. Home of my montaged practice springs from the lifeworld of a community.

264 The printworks were the inaugural pieces to pass through the new intaglio printing press at "Seyðisfjörður Prentverks" the print workshop collective I helped establish between Skaffell Center for Visual Art, LungA School, Herðubreið and printmakers such as Linus Lohmann following the original workshops' decimation from the 2020 landslides.

Conclusion



Fig 156. Open House.
Celia Harrison. LungA
Festival 2022. Digital
images, Vikram Pradhan.
Seyðisfjörður, 2022



**Uncanny winds churning
through mountains:
Shadows of a river ask for
recognition**

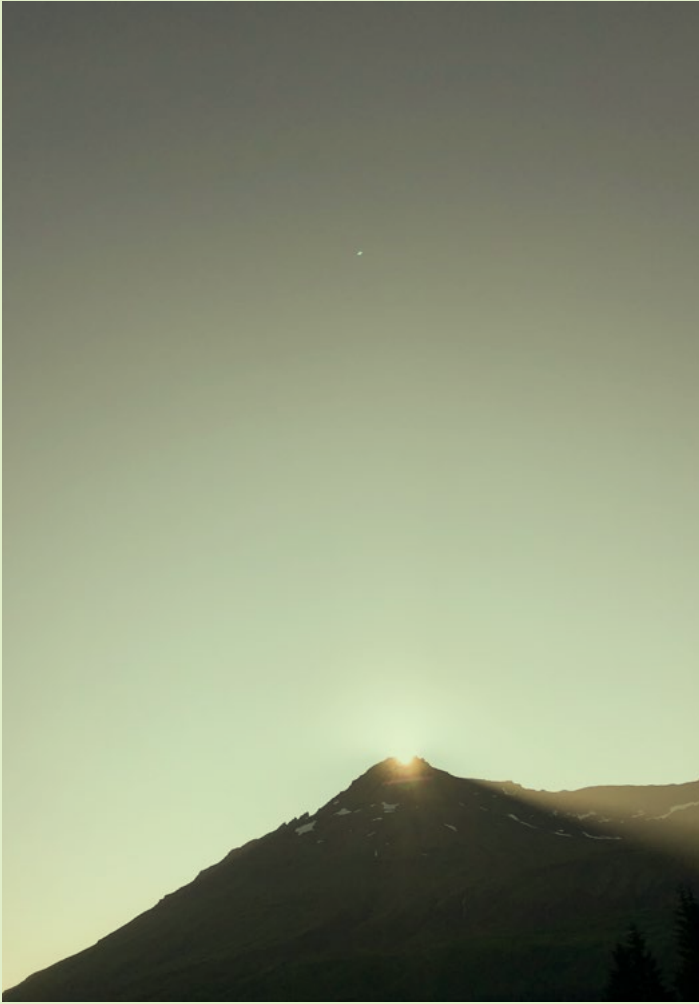
In mountain shadows draws near a spatial threshold between mountain and home, and a temporal threshold between past and future. A mountain calls for recognition, asking us to stay listening to the murmurs of other shared species.

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I stand with Shady Mountain, the mountain that has been my home since I was born. I have lived on its slopes for my entire life. I have seen the mountain change over time, but it has always been there. I have seen the mountain change over time, but it has always been there. I have seen the mountain change over time, but it has always been there.

Living with Shady Mountain, the mountain that has been my home since I was born. I have lived on its slopes for my entire life. I have seen the mountain change over time, but it has always been there. I have seen the mountain change over time, but it has always been there. I have seen the mountain change over time, but it has always been there.

Gamla Bakari becomes my most significant alias for demonstrating the site-atlas methodological contributions of my community aesthetic, written by this place named Seyðisfjörður.



Gamla Bakari Open House lives-on,
bridging Seyðisfjörður's past with its
future. Restored bricks carry sounds,
as deep as the fjord and as high as
ridgeline echoes of surrounding
mountains, where I find myself at
home, listening to Icelandic murmurs,
prolonging my practice with its
community, going-along-with shared
species in shifts of nearing and
withdrawal. In mountain shadows,
my community aesthesis flashes
kairos, reflecting light on surfaces
of mountains and its fjord, glinting
futurity in our nearing.

OVERLEAF

Fig 157. Glinting sun.

Digital image, Celia
Harrison. Seyðisfjörður,
2022.



Fig 158. Open House.
Celia Harrison. LungA
Festival 2022. Digital
images, Vikram Pradhan.
Seyðisfjörður, 2022.



Fig 159. 10 Days of Rain.
Celia Harrison. Gum print
on paper. Seyðisfjörður,
2021.

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<https://www.herdubreidseydisfjordur.is/info>

In Mountain Shadows

<http://inmountainshadows.com/>

Listahátið List í Ljósi

<https://www.listiljosi.com/>

