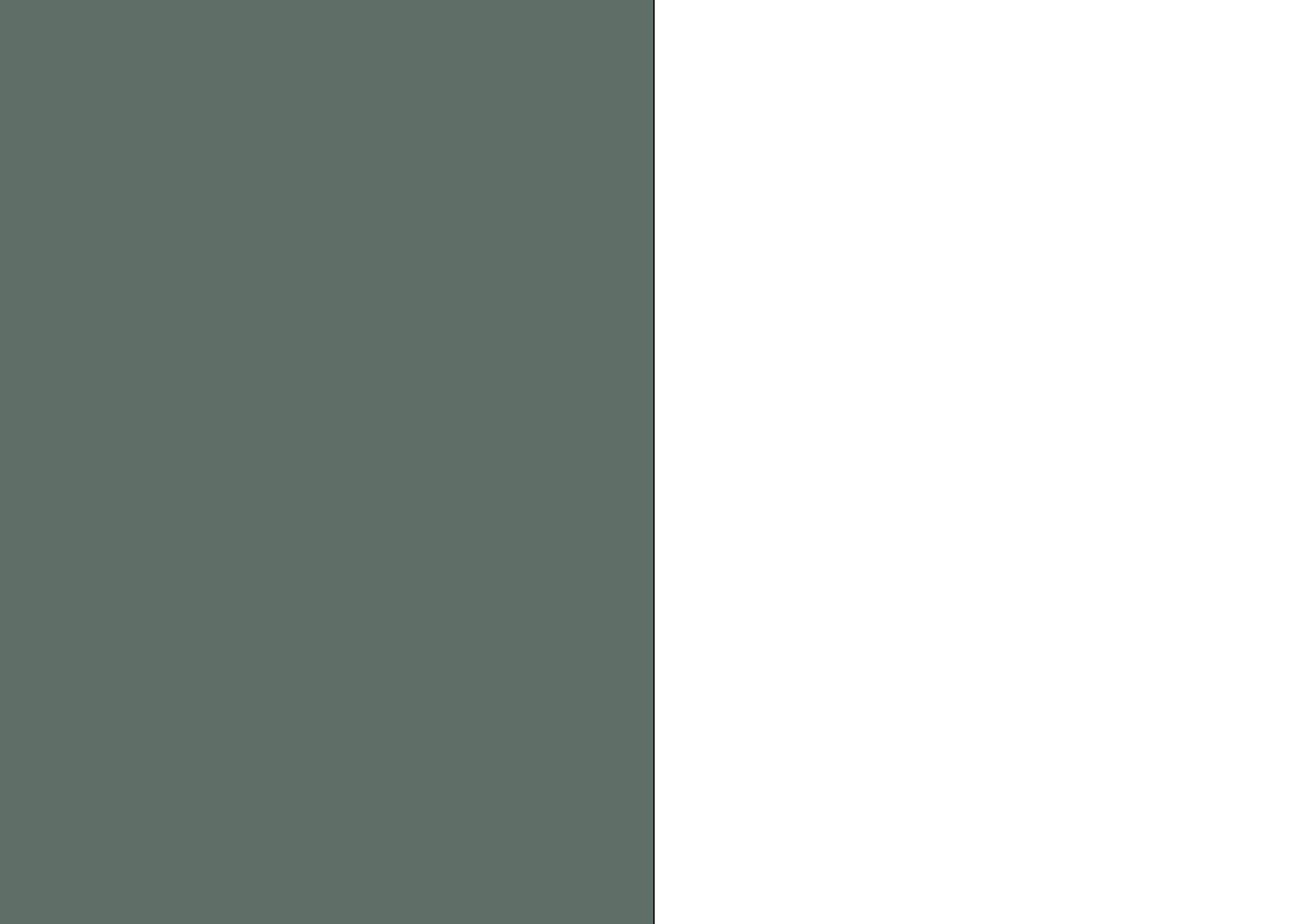


## Fluid Territories



## Fluid Territories

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University of Bergen  
Faculty of Fine Art,  
Music and Design

The focus on artistic research is one of the key aims of the Faculty of Fine Art, Music and Design at the University of Bergen. Through a series of internationally peer reviewed publications the Faculty contributes to the contemporary debate and development of education and research in the Arts.

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## **Introduction**

Creative Centre for Fluid Territories (CCFT), is a peripatetic international research group that contributes to discussions about interdisciplinary practices and how they articulate critical insights about place making, belonging and occupation. The core participants in CCFT are a group of researchers – artists, architects, designers and cultural theorists – from England, Scotland, Norway and Cyprus whose practices, individually and collectively, seek to consider the role of creative research in shaping narratives of place. The Centre’s approach is both theoretical, focused on such topics as the aesthetics, cultural archaeology and representation (historical and current) of space and place, and practical in the consideration of how public and marginal spaces might actually be represented and transformed through human engagement and interaction.

We are interested in how creative practices can play a significant part in constructing, questioning and negotiating ideas of cultural and social memory, modes of understanding and the representation of place identity. Our working process builds on mutual respect and shared insights, rooted in an ongoing collaborative relationship that has emerged through trust and dialogue. We focus on practice-based research methods, exploiting the creative intersection between image and text, presented as performance, publication, exhibition, architectural and design interventions, and socially engaged practices. We believe that culture (whether defined in the terms of community, place or landscape) should not be reduced to a state of homogeneity, but should be allowed to express difference as a dynamic aspect of positive exchange.

We have adopted a methodological practice that involves a combination of fieldwork, empirical research, phenomenological and, ultimately, auto-ethnographic methods, underpinned by theoretical understanding and practice-led processes. We use two key qualitative methods in our meetings: *Travelling Colloquia* and *Nomadic Dialogues*. *Travelling Colloquia* provide a means of

exploring the meaning(s) of 'place' from different locations and perspectives. The research identifies this as a dialectic method – a place for knowledge to be expanded and the tension between conflicting ideas and investigations to be explored through formal discussion. The dialogical nature of the *Travelling Colloquia* is further enhanced by the fluidity of the concept of *Nomadic Dialogues* to explore exhibitions, meetings, journeys and conversational walks in process and between points and places.

A key element in each colloquium, is the introduction of new voices which is managed by the host CCFT member, folding into the discussion individuals with local and specialist knowledge. This gives rise to knowledge exchange and transfer between participating individuals; amongst creative practitioners and between everyone involved. The colloquia therefore become a **formal** mechanism by which CCFT can be party to expertise about the particular places in which we undertake research. In addition to this, activities such as related exhibitions and interventions provide an arena for valuable **informal** exchanges with audiences and local people that, in turn, bring new insights and new voices to those places. The more *informal* and discursive nature of *Nomadic dialogues* borrows from the *trope* of the nomad in European thinking, and acknowledges both the fluidity of ideas flowing between places and the itinerant nature of the art object and its own state of liminality and exile (in the case of non-site-specific works) from its place of origin<sup>1</sup>. Both of these forms of dialogic encounter – *Travelling Colloquia* and *Nomadic Dialogues* – with other place(s) nuance our cultural, philosophical and political understanding of them through situated knowledge.<sup>2</sup>

To date, the extended studies in relation to place identity involving repeated site visits have focused on locations with difficult histories, whether hidden or overt, that CCFT members have direct relationship with. For example, sites in the divided island Cyprus, Western Norway, and locations with inter-related European histories. Each site raises both particular and generic questions about how the complex histories and the palimpsest of memories held in the landscapes of such

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<sup>1</sup> Papastergiadis, Nikos. *Spatial Aesthetics: Art, place and the everyday*, London: Rivers Oram Press, 2006, p9.

<sup>2</sup> Haraway, Donna. "Situated Knowledges: The Science Question in Feminism and the Privilege of Partial Perspective", *Feminist Studies* 14 (3), 575-599, 1988.

places might be voiced and represented, and how authoritative histories might be contested.

Rather than recording in detail the socially engaged projects that the group have initiated and taken part in from 2016-2020, which are documented elsewhere<sup>3</sup>, *'Fluid Territories'* captures, through the creative practices that are at the heart of our research, the expertise and approaches that the individual practitioners have brought to the overall project of CCF. *'Fluid Territories'* presents here work made by 9 members of the group to specifically form a *'nomadic dialogue'* as an expression and collective interwoven discussion in the form of a book as a container of dialectic thoughts. Our intention is that *'Fluid Territories'* is presented without any fixed thematic, rather that the book is read as a series of inter-related ideas, critical positions and visual relationships intended to be considered as an ongoing responsive proposition exploring CCFT's aims.

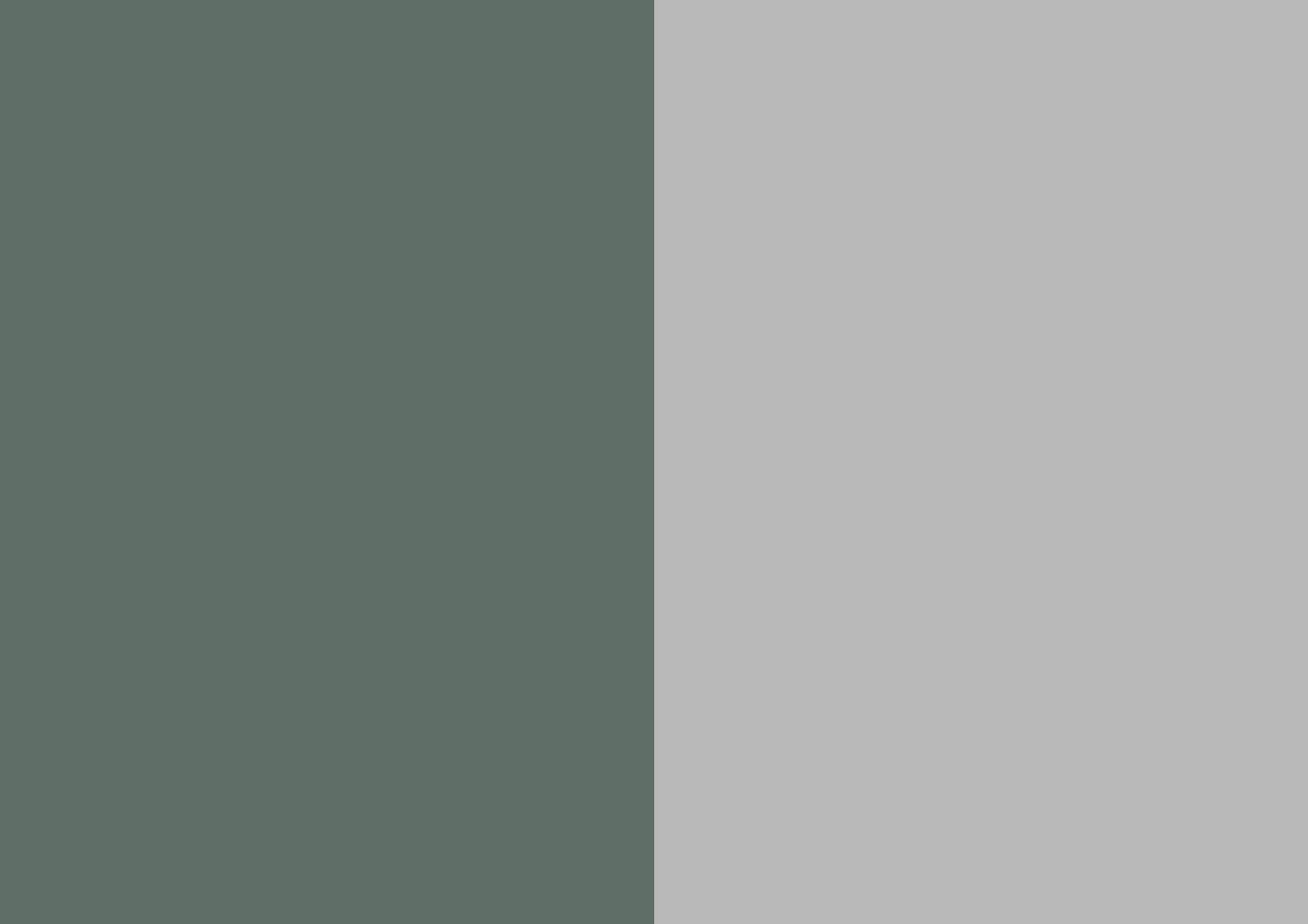
People - places – processes

belonging and occupation.

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<sup>3</sup> Research Catalogue; <https://www.researchcatalogue.net/view/380422/380423>

Nomadic Dialogue - **the works**



Shauna McMullan

*SITTING - Televåg:* Norway 60° 15'46"N 04°59'11"E 9.30am - 4.30pm 14 November 2018

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*SITTING - Ayios Sozomenos:* Cyprus 33° 3'57"N 33°26'18"E 10am - 5pm 25 March 2018

*The SITTING Series* is an ongoing series of actions created for and in response to specific locations on the edges of Europe; places with complicated historical, geographic and political landscape identities.

#### **SITTING – Ayios Sozomenos, Cyprus**

33°3'57"N 33°26'18"E

25 March 2018 (10am – 5pm)

Photo credit: Duncan Higgins

The deserted village of Ayios Sozomenos is 30km east of Nicosia in Cyprus. Until 1964, the village was mixed, inhabited by Greek and Turkish Cypriots, but the last residents fled during the 1974 conflict and were displaced to nearby villages. The UN controlled Green Line, which divides the north and south of the island, runs along the side of the village and a UN look out post situated on this line was my point of focus throughout.

#### **SITTING – Telavag, Norway**

60°15'46"N 04°59'11"E

14 November 2018 (9.30am – 4.30pm)

Photo credit: Jane Sverdrupsen

Telavag is a fishing village situated on the very west coast of Norway. The village was deleted from maps during World War II by German occupation forces and subsequently rebuilt by surviving families who returned following the end of the war. Looking west is the North Sea and Shetland, to the east is Bergen, central Norway and Sweden. The small hill from where villagers were taken, on 30th April 1942, to watch the burning of their homes was my point of focus throughout.

**Andy Lock**

Between our words,  
I will trace your presence.

A text performed in the UN Buffer Zone  
Nicosia, Cyprus.  
October 2019



*New York, 1991: the composer sits by an open window, in an apartment overlooking a busy thoroughfare. He speaks to an interviewer as traffic rolls-by, below. 'Noise,' he says 'is always different. When we overlook the noise around us we mistake it for silence and we neglect to understand that no two "silences" are the same. What we think of as silence is always full of noise.'*

The son arrives at his father's house in the early afternoon, noticing that the garden is beginning to run to weeds. The house as he enters it, is quiet, but he senses his father is there, inside. He will talk to the old man, today. Will tell him, at last, that instead of a recollected childhood of words exchanged, it is all the words withheld, that he now remembers: the frequent spells when he, the father, withdrew and would not speak either to the son or to his wife.

Living as he does these days amid other, ever-growing gaps, it is doubtful whether the father can remember those earlier interruptions in the discourse of family life, but as a child, the son had lived amongst the silences his father had created, had inhabited the gaps produced by the father's withdrawal.

He will ask now, "Why had his father behaved this way?" The old man now will not, cannot answer and will only look at him questioningly. It is safe to ask now, because there will be no answer. Only further silences.

Between our words, you and I are becoming.



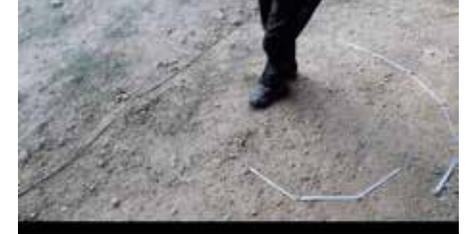
*Germany, 1955. A young producer working at a Berlin radio station runs his hand over the surface of a studio console, salvaging small clippings of audio tape. Each fragment contains a pause, a breath, the shape of a thought. Each represents a hesitation, a withholding; a lacuna, edited out from some or other speaker's utterances.*

*He sweeps the clippings into a small tin. Pockets it. Later, he will splice these fragments together, to create a recording composed not from words, but the gaps between them. Now, he sits alone, reflecting that he has covertly become a collector of silences, in a country and at a time where every silence is like an unexploded bomb, peopled not by absence, but by presences denied.*

Growing to adulthood, the son found himself compelled by encounters, which somehow spoke to his own memories of earlier, incomprehensible silences; discovering their echo in other, unexpected places; experiencing a frisson of recognition each time he did so.

He too became a connoisseur of gaps, of intervals; all the while, drawn to discover what might be found therein. His compulsion leading him to recently vacated rooms, where absences hung quietly like over-coats, expectant, waiting to be claimed.

*An image surfaces; a 4x3 window of grainy black and white; a movie playing in the mind's eye. The image flickers into life. A domestic interior, post-war Japan, framed in wide-shot by a movie-camera's lens, revealing a bride-to-be on the verge of leaving her family home. She exits, but instead of following her story, her narrative, the camera unexpectedly chooses to return, lingering in the unoccupied rooms of the house. Contemplating, each in-turn, mirrors and the forms of empty chairs.*



*ISBN 0956569218, circa 2010.*

*The author has embarked on an act of calculated violence; an act of destruction which he hopes will also prove revealing. Taking the leaves of a book he loves, taking up a scalpel, he begins to cut into the skin of each successive page. Gaps in the text proliferate, the Street of Crocodiles becomes a Tree of Codes. He continues to cut, neatly excising words, so that not even their ghosts remain, creating a multitude of carious gaps, which cannot be spoken and cannot be named.*

*Meanwhile, in a land that is not his own, a poet, deafened himself as a child, writes at night about a subjugated country that becomes deaf, because to hear is to be complicit. An act of defiance. A deafness of denial, comprised not of silence, but of what must not be heard.*



Where once the son had perceived only absence, only silence, he now found that both had form; that the silences between lovers were not equivalent: superficially identical, but capable of signifying both deep contentment or separation and loss.

He understood that conversation was created as much from the pauses between words as by the words themselves and if a conversation, then why not a text... if a conversation, then why not a human life?

Home: the template for all the silences, all the gaps that followed. He, the son, has come home, to a site that for all its familiarity, is nonetheless the hardest to perceive.

Even as he sits with his father, unspeaking, holding the old man's hand, father and son both drifting back to their respective childhoods, fresh silences begin to emerge between them – an ever-growing, untraversed terrain – and the son reflects that far from framing absence, these silences are freighted with all that remains unsaid, all that is now unutterable between the two.

**Linda Lien**

‘ Looking for layers ’ and ‘ Finding fragments ’



“There is a scarf from Dale in the restaurant. My place becomes your place. You have been walking in the streets, breathing the air, the place belongs to you. I hear stories about Nicosia, my finger tip follows the lines on the map, stops at the border, I walk through the place by using Google Maps. By knowing you, I begin to feel an ownership of the place. I´m not a stranger”.

Through a three-year long artistic research fellowship project, completed in 2011, I explored identity design and branding of places. The project resulted in an anarchistic and alternative identity program for a place, and made me interested in the opposite of simplification. I started to look for all the different layers – from natural sounds to human made installations – and small fragments that make a place, and I began to investigate how place identity changes from hour to hour, from day to day, from season to season and from year to year. Impressions and reflections are collected in the two process books; ‘Looking for layers’ and ‘Finding fragments’.



Layers, missing

Air.



Expectations

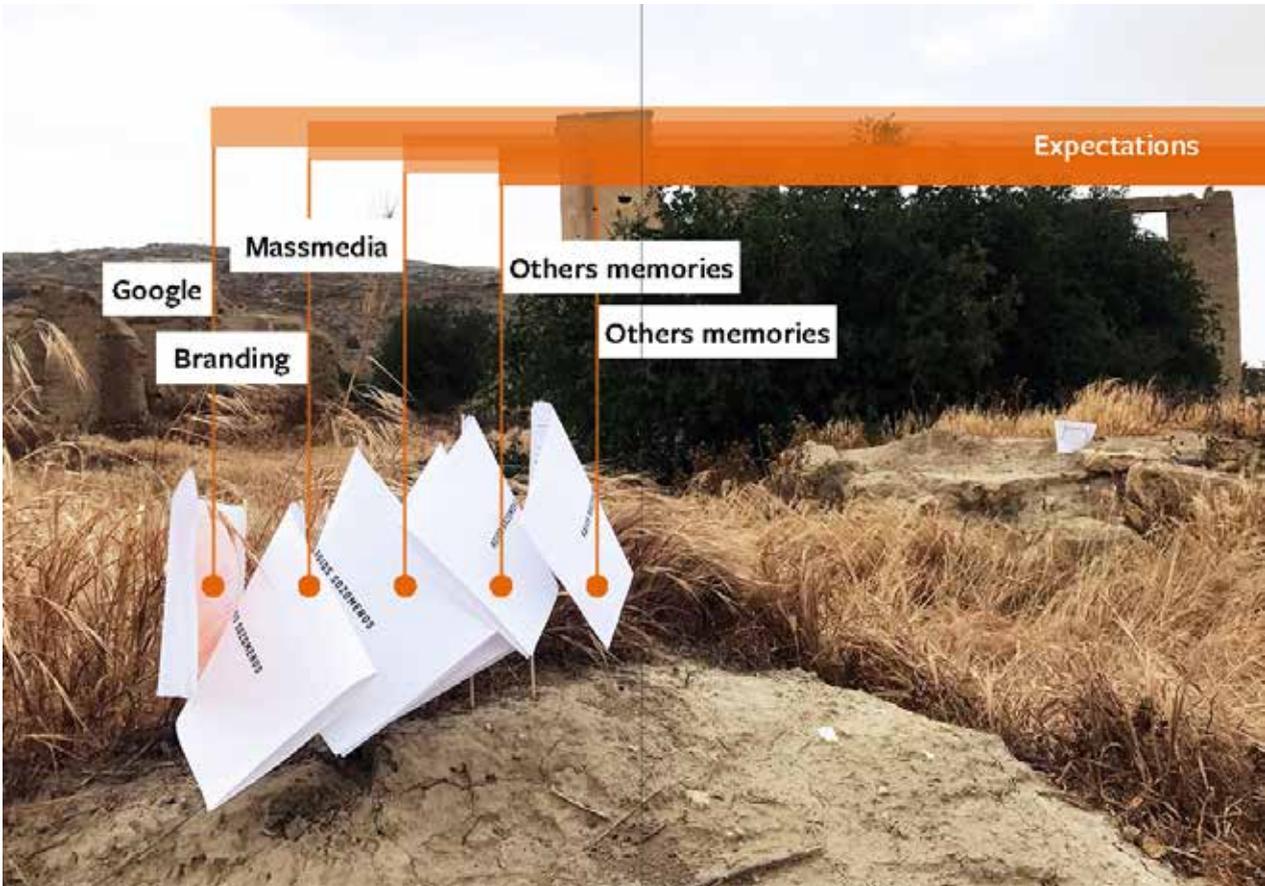
Google

Massmedia

Others memories

Branding

Others memories



Unfolding unfolding un-  
folding unfolding layers  
layers layers layers  
layers layers layers layers  
layers layers layers layers  
fold fold fold elements  
elements elements ele-  
ments layers fragments  
fragments fragments frag-  
ments

fragments?



**Yiorgos Hadjichristou**

Reverberations in the Dormant Lands ...  
Living Along the Dead Zones

Between Architecture, Academy,  
Activism and everyday life

Born in the ghost city of Famagusta  
Living along the Buffer Zone- the divided neighbourhood, capital Nicosia  
and island Cyprus  
Searching through Lines and Borders  
Looking for porosities and unheard voices  
Tangled among Multiple Layers and Unfathomed Depths  
Weaving stories and spaces for PLACES to be  
Scripting scenarios where Immaterial Matters  
Dreaming about Human topographies of emerging identities  
For the everyday ritual  
For The Human

## Architecture: The 'Smalto Dental Clinic'

2018

The building is raised high up freeing the ground floor, so the city is reconnected with the linear green park of the torrent Pediaios. This urban gesture activates a hybrid environment that attracts both humans and also the inhabitants of the adjacent biodiversity. The building is further punctuated by a rich network of moments triggering informal encounters and socializing.



## Timeless Encounters\_ Ayios Sozomenos\_ place of barley'

Curator: Yiorgos Hadjichristou

24,25.03.2018

The abandoned, ruined Turkish Cypriot village Ayios Sozomenos, its surroundings and the neighboring village Potamia, places redolent of complex histories were filled with new stories for the length of the two days events.

A collaborative energy, creative interventions, Exhibitions, installations, presentations, screenings, poetry, dance, sounds, by 30 participants flooded the spaces writing new stories, engraving new memories.



**'I Am Where You Are'** Venice Architecture Biennale 2018 \_Cyprus Pavilion

Curators of the Cyprus Pavilion- V. Atnoniou, Y. Hadjichristou, A. Swiny  
Assistant Curator: Despo Pasia  
26.05- 25.11.2018

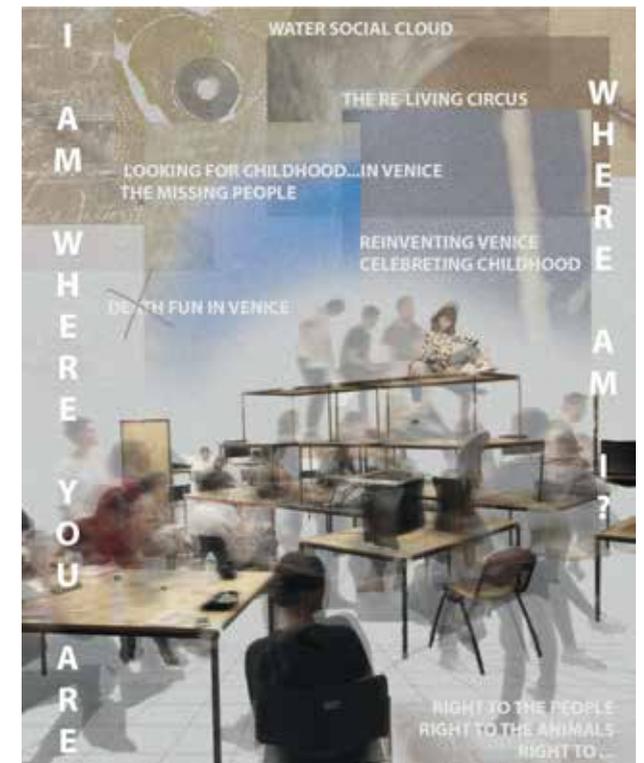


“We call upon voices of resistance. We challenge the globalization of the built environment. We accentuate the crafting of humanitarian constructed fragments. We augment the simplicities of everyday rituals. We note the synergy of the untouched and the harnessed environment. We record an interwoven scenography of nature and the human condition”.

**I am Where You Are. Where Am I?** 15-22.2018

Workshop run Yiorgos Hadjichristou at Iuav-Cotonificio/ Venice University of Architecture  
DACC Fall WS18: AWW- A week with... urban Gorillas & Yiorgos Hadjichristou  
Organizer- Professor Esther Gianni, Collaborator- Maria Luna Nobile,  
Assistants and credits of the image: tutors W. De Marchi, D. Scomparin, G. Miotto, A Zaramella and M .Trevisan

Through the workshop, students regenerated the space of the class into a Place- Home: they turned everything upside, appropriating the environment into an arena of new ways of being, living, working, talking, eating, resting... That triggered the pursuing of ideas of finding social spaces in the water body (the squares are filled with expensive restaurants), creating a Venice for children too (almost no playgrounds), inviting animals into the city (kicked out by humans), facilitating environments for local professions (erased by the overwhelming presence of tourists) and a Different Fun Venice (...not Death in Venice)



## Telavaag meets 'I Am Where You Are'

12-16.11.2018

### I am HERE. You are HERE. Where are we?

Telavaag, a bleeding trauma in 'North Way' \_ Norway

Filled with Paths\_ serving as a (healing) process forward?

Bus stops \_ keep us moving. Next stop: 'I Am Where You Are'.

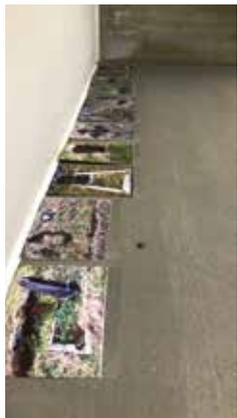
Old Televaag was 'cleared'... New Telavaag emerged.

Reading Telavaag... Through windows: they open (or close) stories

Stories that link us to old stories\_ survived: 19th century graves

The 'I Am Where You Are' 'opens up and invites in its layers and depths Telavaag windows They open up also to the old stories...

Stories in a nomadic dialogue... to CCFT- Creative Center for Fluid Territories



## 'Adopt an Artist' by the NGO Urban Gorillas

01.07.2019

Curators: Veronika Antoniou and Tereza Tourvas,  
Assistant curator: Yiorgos Hadjichristou

The 2018 Pame Kaimakli festival, organized by the NGO Urban Gorillas turned ephemerally the silent neighborhood, set along the Green Line, into a vibrant urban hub. In juxtaposition to the High Status of Museums, where the immigrants, old and very young generation, and other minorities cannot be found, it invited art and artists to the houses and forgotten built and unbuilt moments. The residents acted as the curators and the event as a festive catalyst for disparate groups of people to meet.



## Open Kitchens by the NGO Urban Gorillas 21.07.2019

Curators: Veronika Antoniou, Tereza Tourvas, Yiorgos Hadjichristou  
Photos by Nafsika Hadjichristou

The 2019 Pame Kaimakli festival invited immigrants to become the chefs of a cooking and dining workshop, hosted by the owners of seven houses of the neighbourhood.

The act of eating became a catalyst that brought together people of different nationalities, ages, backgrounds, status while gave a voice to immigrants that are usually unheard, unnoticed and not integrated in the society.



## The Urban Glenti

26.10.2019

Curator: Yiorgos Hadjichristou

The 'Urban Glenti' looked into this liminal zone not merely as a negative repercussion of war or other detrimental human activities, but rather as an opportunity to think of an emergent festive urban realm.

Behind a mobile grove of plants and trees, a stage of a courtyard emerged between two tents and the venetian walls along the moat of the Home of Cooperation.

The tents accommodated exhibition of the participants work either as a hanging garden or as tables for Feast in dialogue with the mobile forest that surrounded them. Students, Academics, artists and the NGO "Urban Gorillas" uttered their VOICES for a FUTURE in the BUFFERS.





**Duncan Higgins**

**Forgive and remember**

*A room without walls*

I saw the colour  
here where the daylight searches,  
the colour that speaks  
far away.

A human gesture.

Tonight, on the edge  
the light has teeth  
on the  
periphery  
the eyes never see

*And the light goes on*

Good morning light,  
light morning,  
morning light  
here  
in the dark.

They stand in fever tonight

“A quite room”

I lost something back then, darkness is no excuse.  
Down,  
deep  
so graceful here  
smooth and warm.











### **Forgive and remember**

Their bodies a way to see.

### **Everywhere the eyes never see**

I have no shadow here.

They asked:  
Where are you from?  
And: what is that?  
And: What do you feel?  
And: What do you think?

All they heard was:

What is there to know?  
Acting being?  
So, what do you fear?  
So, pay attention.  
Listen.

Well I don't remember how you got away  
And the sky and the trees were falling out of place  
If I thought you had laughed and knew just what to say  
And they were pulling everyone apart  
And the good and the bad were coming to a halt.

I am I

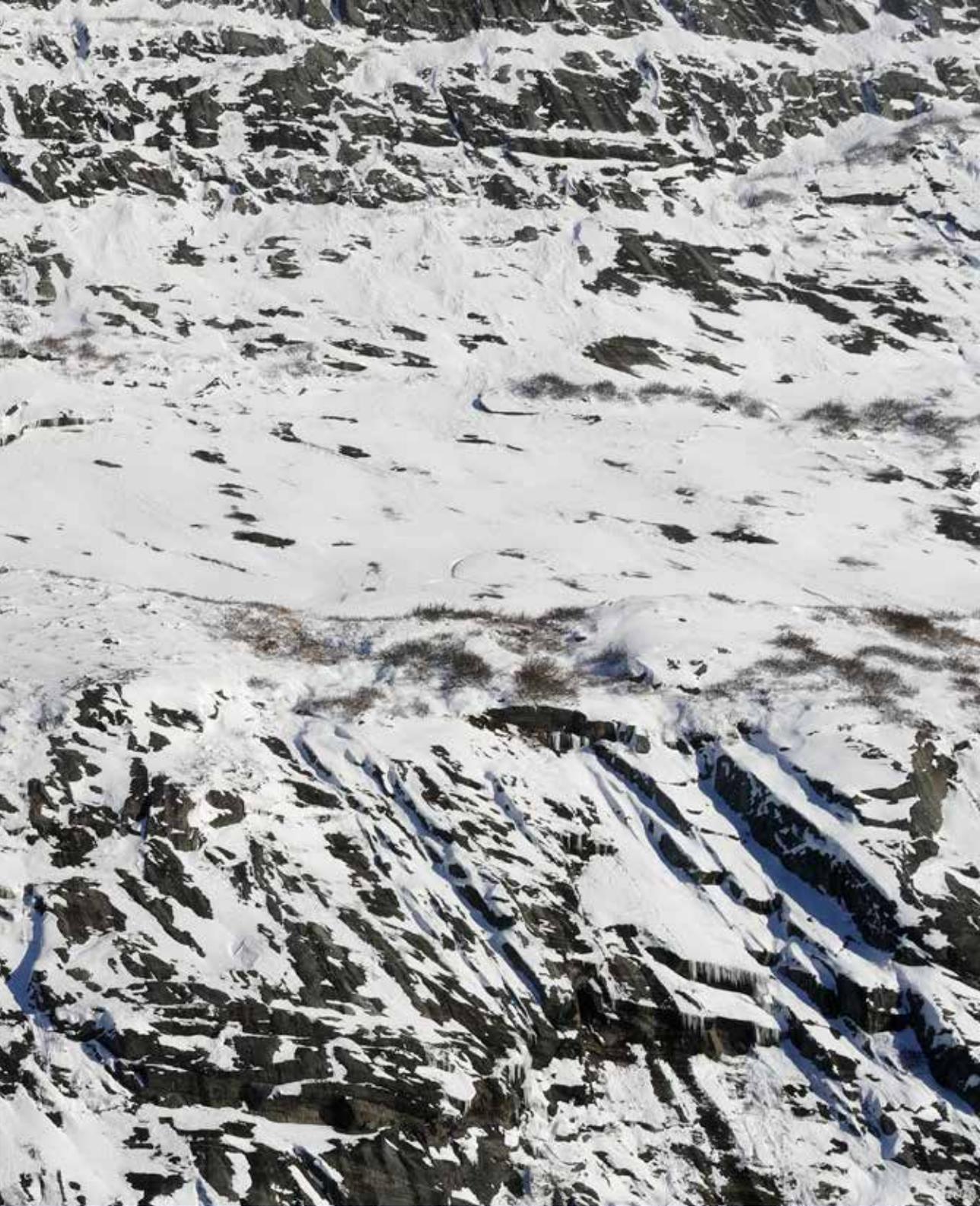
**Johan Sandborg**

RE-memory

trying to get some gravity  
I think I might have lost a dream  
it went adrift on passing light  
from the edge of a dark sea  
far from everywhere I know and recall  
might well be on the fringe of holly ground  
standing on the shores of a recollection  
and throwing stones at the sun  
watching as the day pass through  
what if I stopped remembering  
and all the memories washed away  
along with the faces that belong to all the places  
the waters disguising their stories  
would you grieve for all that is displaced  
wiped out, dismantled  
how do I then belong  
when belonging is everywhere  
footsteps coming down the hall  
I hear the echoes of holly ground  
they come from a place I once resided  
form which I have since forgotten









ΔΗΜ  
ΔΗΜ



**Ana Souto**

Architecture encaged – engaged Architecture

My practice aims to further the discussion around place making and the built environment, reflecting on issues around identity, sense of belonging, authorship, as well as the selection of memory, a topic which I have been investigating since 2000 mostly published as journal articles, but also explored through exhibitions (Photography Dialogues, Bonington Gallery, Nottingham 2015; Mapping Nottingham's Identity, Nottingham 2016-2019).

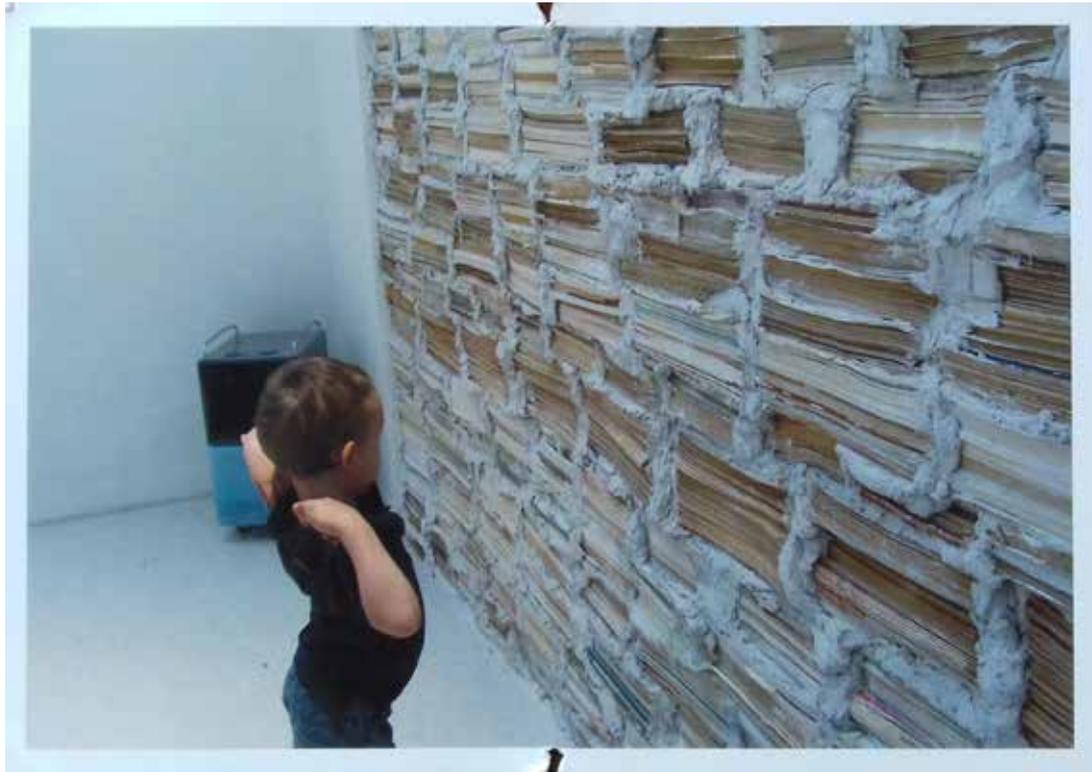
Architecture engaged – engaged architecture is a collection of postcards which were designed using photographs from my personal archive (2000-2016), complemented with a short text on the back, where I reflect on the photograph, on what it means to me within the context of the built environment. Does this building, structure or space promote engagement; or does it act as a cage, reinforcing boundaries and dissolving connections?

These postcards were firstly conceived as part of the group exhibition 'Clash', which took place in the Bag Factory, Johannesburg (South Africa,

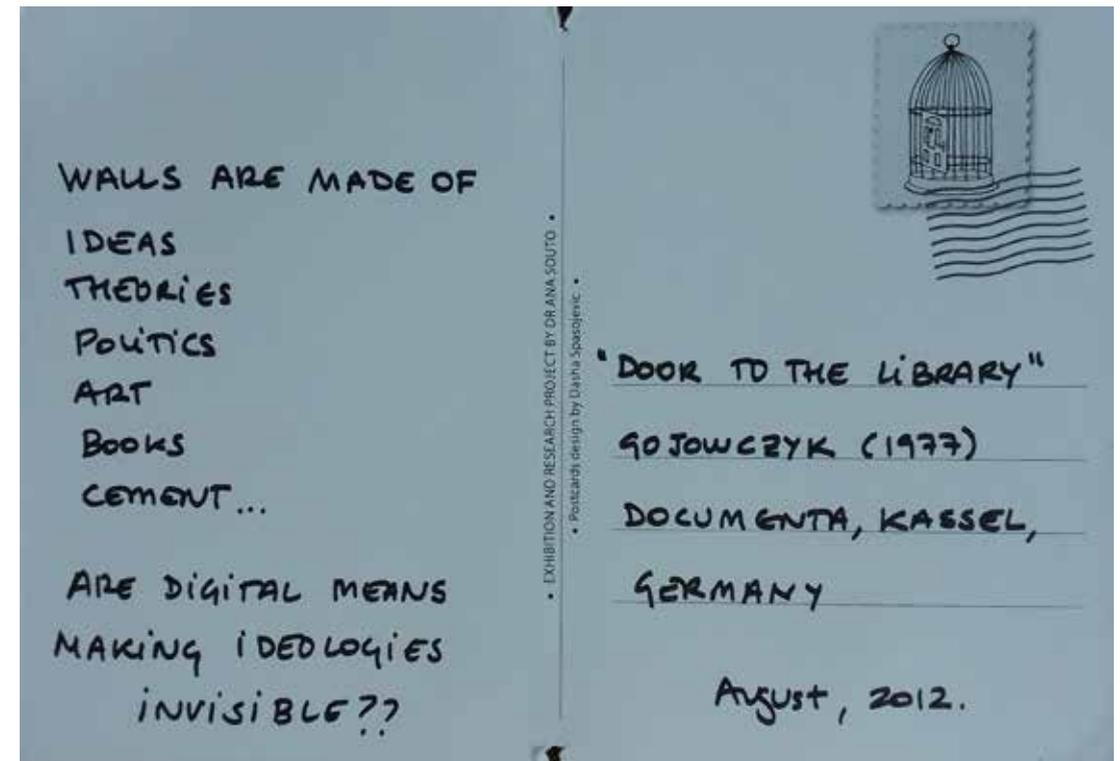
September 2016). The postcards were presented at conferences and other group exhibitions with members of CCFT, reinforcing the idea of travelling reflections which can start dialogues in different places and territories.

This practice based on reflection and dissemination was applied to a wider research project, Mapping Nottingham's Identity, where I am exploring the potential of drawing, co-creation of knowledge and the process of enhancing a sense of belonging by sharing postcards of Nottingham at different venues and sites (for example in Ayios Sozomenos or the Nicosia Buffer Zone, in Cyprus).

At the core of this project remains the concept of fluidity, exchange, reflection and sharing the collective knowledge that emanates from the creation and exhibition of postcards: an individual account of personal memories and stories.



"Facing a wall", Kassel Documenta XIII, 2012. Picture of postcard's front. Souto 2019.



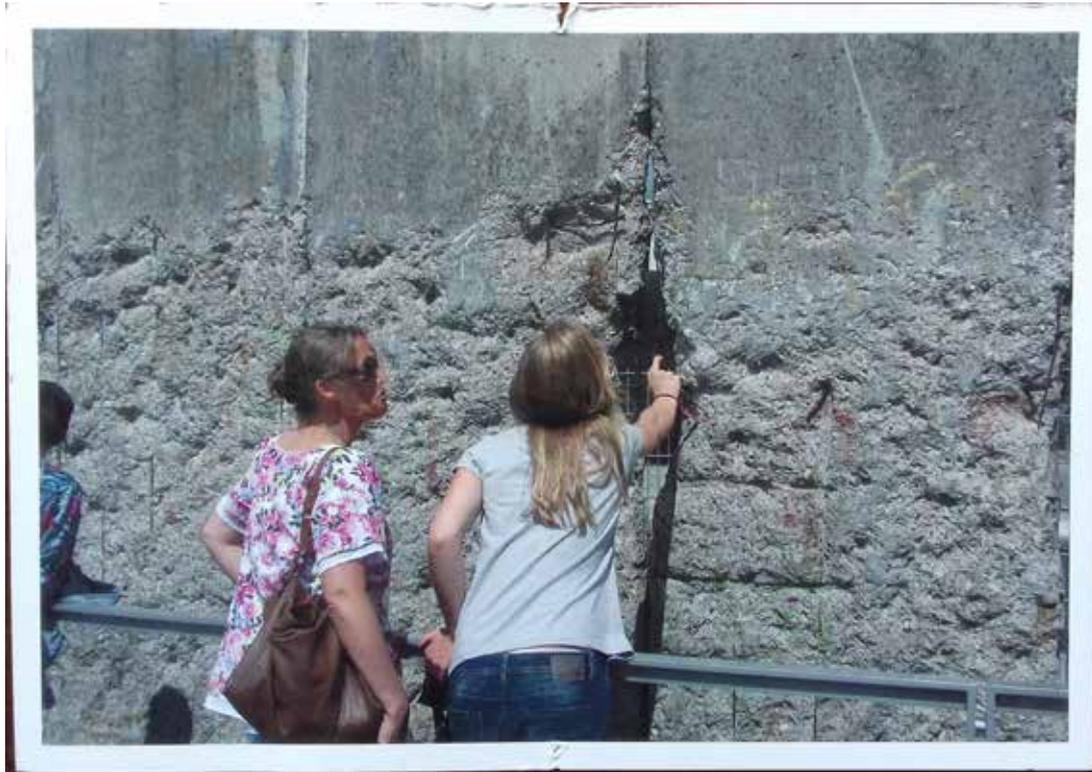
WALLS ARE MADE OF  
IDEAS  
THEORIES  
POLITICS  
ART  
BOOKS  
CEMENT...  
  
ARE DIGITAL MEANS  
MAKING IDEOLOGIES  
INVISIBLE??

EXHIBITION AND RESEARCH PROJECT BY DR ANA SOUTO  
Postcard design by Dasha Spasojenic

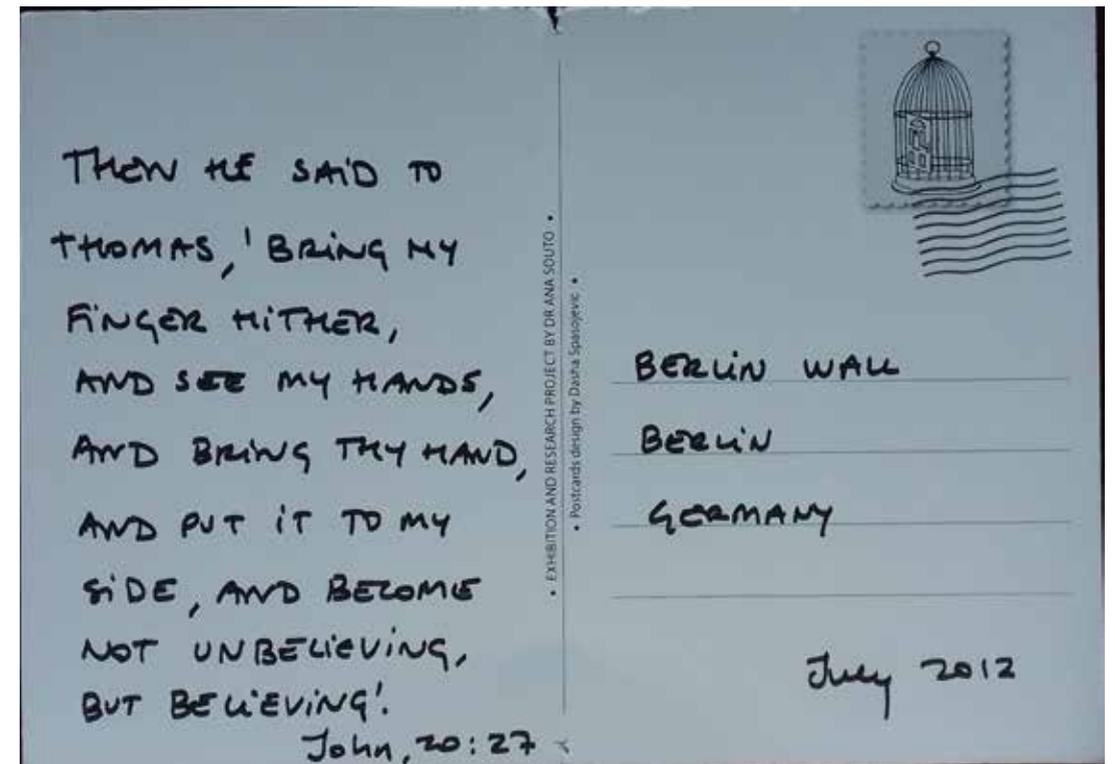
"DOOR TO THE LIBRARY"  
GOJOWCZYK (1977)  
DOCUMENTA, KASSEL,  
GERMANY

AUGUST, 2012.

"Facing a wall", Kassel Documenta XIII, 2012. Picture of postcard's back. Souto 2019.



"Putting the finger in the wound. John 20:25", Berlin Wall 2012. Picture of postcard's front. Souto 2019.



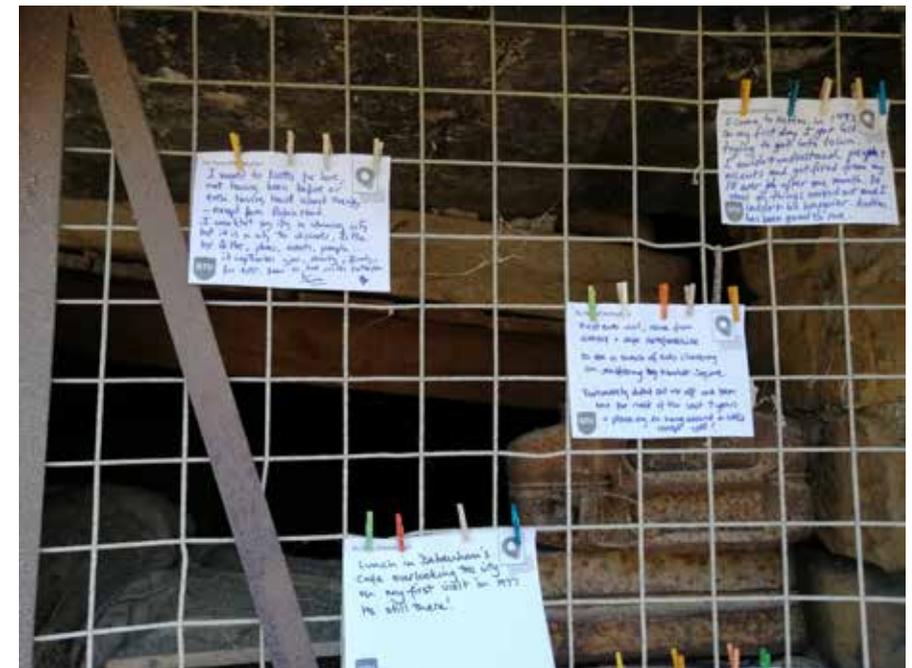
"Putting the finger in the wound. John 20:25", Berlin Wall 2012. Picture of postcard's back. Souto 2019.



Architecture engaged – engaged Architecture. CCFT group exhibition in Ayios Sozomenos, Cyprus. Souto 2018.



Postcard from Mapping Nottingham's Identity. Nottingham Central Library, Mejia 2017.



My story of Nottingham, from Mapping Nottingham's Identity. CCFT group exhibition in the Buffer Fringe Festival, Nicosia, Cyprus. Souto 2019.



Postcards from Mapping Nottingham's Identity. CCFT group exhibition in Ayios Sozomenos, Cyprus. Souto 2018.



Architecture engaged – engaged Architecture. CCFT group exhibition in the Buffer Fringe Festival, Nicosia, Cyprus. Souto 2019.



Intangible Heritage cards from Mapping Nottingham's Identity. CCFT group exhibition in the Buffer Fringe Festival, Nicosia, Cyprus. Souto 2019.



Projection of Postcard from Architecture engaged – engaged Architecture. CCFT group exhibition in the Buffer Fringe Festival, Nicosia, Cyprus. Souto 2019.

**Susan Brind & Jim Harold**

**Beside the Yialias River (2018)**

A propositional work: to plant a grove of trees and copper rods, at Ayios Sozomenos (Arpalik) and Kirkklar (Tymvou), either side of the UN De-militarized Buffer Zone through which the course of the Yialias River lies. The positions of the trees and copper rods is to be plotted from the pattern of bullet marks visible on one of the few remaining ruins in Ayios Sozomenos, once an inter-communal village.

Hundreds of years ago, this was a landscape of open woodland associated with the production of copper. These two places were later sites for spiritual retreat: respectively, a hermitage for Sozomenos of Potamia, an early Christian saint, and a Sufi tekke. So deep is its history, it is said that the blood of Adonis – killed whilst hunting in the forest – lies on the land of Cyprus and that the Mesaoria (Mesarya) plain once lay under the sea.

Susan Brind & Jim Harold

(Composite images of Ayios Sozomenos and Kirkklar realized with the assistance of Emil Lillo.)





*wild woods*

*traces of copper*







*Telavåg, Sotra Island, Norway (13th November 2018)*

*Susan Brind & Jim Harold*

I have spent today

walking the village

its vitality and life

shadowed

by a not so distant past

walking with an artist

whose hands

blackened

as the day went on











## **CCFT Bergen colloquium, July 2017**

Each of the CCFT contributors who took part in the colloquium was asked to produce a reflective response to their days spent in dialogue consisting of:  
A maximum of 500 words and 2 images.

The reflective responses by the contributors are reproduced in the following order:

Susan Brind & Jim Harold  
Johan Sandborg  
Shauna McMullan  
Linda Lien  
Duncan Higgins  
Yiorgos Hadjichristou  
Ana Souto

Much like Henry David Thoreau, shrouded by moist vapours and mist as he climbed through the forests and up the treacherous wilderness slopes of Mount Ktaadn in 1846<sup>1</sup>, we too journeyed through cloud. But where he was subject to and in contact with the very elements that were acting upon him the rocks, tree roots, wild animals, and most of all, the rain, storm clouds and violent winds we sat in a buffered zone of air conditioning and cabin service. Thoreau's descriptions of existential threat and his loss of perspective, his disorientation (both topographic and personal) as the mists enfolded him in a world of drifting greys, however remote, strangely offered a parallel narrative to our own condition. Here among the clouds, with no real sense of an up or a down, let alone a point of orientation with the ground, there was a thusness of things in absentia, of an unknowable and unsayable reality through which we were passing out there in and beyond the clouds. Yet here, Thoreau's words were layered by our imagination onto the soft enveloping world of grey drifting clouds above an invisible North Sea, somewhere between Edinburgh and Stockholm en route for Bergen. As we look downwards two members of the cabin crew served snacks: water and salted Californian almonds, imported from the Carmel area.

On our fourth evening in Bergen, things again felt strangely remote and disorienting. Part of a group of eight people temporary residents (nomads of a sort) in a city flat discoursing on art and place. Our days had been spent navigating a series of meandering thoughts (like Thoreau's struggle up the mountain) that might shape our future nomadic dialogues, here and in Nicosia. Once outside the flat, the art of being in contact with place seemed to be more illusive. As we walked along a heavily wooded mountain ridge that overlooks the city and port of Bergen there was a sense of detachment from the world.

It started from the moment we entered the sealed carriage of the funicular railway, and grew as we climbed 300 metres backwards up the mountain to Floyen past the houses in the neighbourhood and above the tree tops and as we climbed our perspective shifted from the rails, to the city, the sea, the mountain ranges, the whole panorama of islands surrounding Bergen, and the expanse of sky above. The air was clear and the evening was beautiful, but somehow on our arrival at the top the concrete viewing terrace accentuated the sense of detachment. We were surrounded by tourists; in fact became tourists too. A Babel of languages floated through the air as together we viewed the vista; collectively lured into thinking we could perceive the city as an organised whole.

Turning our backs on the view, we walked through the dense trees that covered every part of the mountain. We were lost along a kind of Heideggerian *holzweg*, but something didn't feel right. Nature was everywhere but the forest paths had been manicured. What we believed to be the natural landscape, it transpired, was a fabrication: a false wilderness to be enveloped in, planted in the C19th to make manifest a National Romantic vision. We weren't lost in the forest after all: we were lost in our selves and in an artifice.

<sup>1</sup> In the local Indian language Thoreau noted, *Ktaadn*, the second highest mountain in the region, meant the 'highest land' Thoreau, Henry David, *The Maine Woods*, p.184



It seems that we have come to a place where language is fading, perversely becoming that which cannot be spoken, should not be remembered.

I should quickly make you aware of the ghosts in the trees, they linger like lights attaching themselves to the edges of memories from a place that is just recognisable.

I too have travelled here to see what it was that I have forgotten, only to find that I have no memories from this place and all I can recognise are photographs of ghosts that used to live here. Language was once everything, and might still be for a short while. Although I fear the battle is lost, along with our memories, even the ghosts are growing dimmer. Of all the promises, dreams and hopes that are lost or transcended, this remains that artifice, floating on the peripheral of perception, that I least understand.

The one I can least surrender to.

Instead of resigning, giving in or just accepting, resistance might be needed against those new masters of narratives who insist on celebrating the end of yearning, striving to extinguish the forces of becoming and enacting the denial of the embodied.

To you I say we will find other adequate ways of unfading, but for now I offer you gladly this, observe - here I give you this forest, it should keep you content for that fraction of a moment where you might remember.

And.

You might consider going there;

I think you should.



I've visited Bergen twice, but it's a place that has always been mixed up with other places and other stories of places. I've never been quite able to separate it out and think about it in its own terms. When I think about Bergen I also think about Majdal Shams and Famagusta.

During a CCFT Colloquium on Tue.11th July 2018, in a bedroom, in a shared flat used by visiting staff at The University of Bergen, I talked about a drawing Fahed El Halaby, a painter from the Syrian Golan Heights, made for me during a workshop in La Corbiere, Switzerland in 2007. Fahed comes from Majdal Shams in the southern foothills of Mt. Hermon, the largest of Golan's four Arabic Druze towns. Since the June 1967 Six-Day War, Majdal Shams has been under Israeli control. It's a drawing made with a HB pencil on A4 paper showing where Majdal Shams lies in relation to Syria, Israel, Palestine, Egypt, Jordan and Lebanon. Tel Aviv, Jaffa, Haifa, the Dead Sea, Aman and Jerusalem are all noted but the focus of the drawing centres around Majdal Shams. Where the majority of the image is free and open, the weight, tone, intensity and concentration of the line changes at the point where the Golan Heights are represented. In this area the line is darker from having been drawn over and over again. If you look closely you can see how it digs deep into the paper making an indentation that is clear, exact and precise. It's a drawing made by someone who knows the place deeply.

On my first visit to Nicosia, Cyprus in November 2016, architect and fellow CCFT colleague, Yiorgos Hadjichristou told me a story of his family's exile from his mother's village Engomi, in the north of Cyprus, on 15th August 1974 and their subsequent move to Famagusta. This relocation was a consequence of the Cypriot coup d'etat and Turkish military invasion that followed. During my second visit to Bergen, on the 13th July 2018, I recorded Yiorgios make a drawing of Famagusta, again with a yellow and black Staedtler HB pencil on A3 cartridge paper. The most noticeable thing about the making of this drawing, and in looking back over the video of its making, is the amount of time Yiorgios's hand hovers over the page compared to the time the pencil actually touches the page. One inch from the surface of the paper, the pencil rolls in the hand; back and forward, round and round. His hand rests, glides, rises, falls, hesitates, tests, calculates and choreographs where the next line will fall. It's a delicate, careful, detailed, lightly drawn map of a divided city, where most of the time taken to make it was spent getting a feel for the edges of the page, and for the edges of the story.



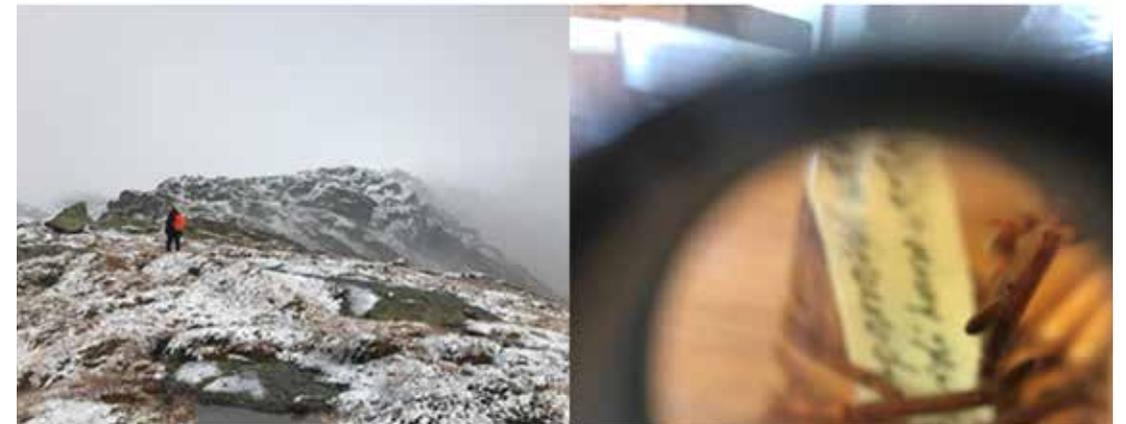
Periodically I am thinking of the text I am going to write. 300-500 words.

While the text has been stored on the Mac Book Pro, much has changed. I am going in three funerals. I'm waiting for a family member to get a diagnosis. My job ends. I am preparing for leaving, getting ready for loss. Place, in the form of a geographic point on earth, means more than before. When everything is unstable, on wait, unclear, incongruous, fragile; then every stone; all the solid forms; becomes what creates safety, which brings me peace, which makes me stand steady.

I expect Johan to be annoyed that the text has stopped, but I have to let the text rest on my computer, let it mature, and periodically formulate sentences before I get ready. It is becoming increasingly clear to me that without the places I go to or can go to, it would be difficult to hold on right now. I constantly go back to the same places, to the few places, I experience that I do not need many places, but I need to experience the same places over and over again, and I need to know that they are unchanged, when everything else changes.

I read other people's reflections on places and how places influences us, and I wish that more people should get access to the texts, the knowledge; become aware of seven modes of insiderness and outsiderness, and that it is by scaling down your view that ugly places can become beautiful I find it hard to put words on the value of CCFT, Creative Centre for Fluid Territories, to verbalize the meaning, to be exact about what we really do, and I particularly strive to explain why the community brings me so much; contribute keeping me sharpened.

*I can't think of Bergen, without thinking of Scotland, and I can't think of Scotland, without thinking of Cyprus, and then I see the spiders, the containers with formalin (or was it something else?), the crippled insects, the enthusiastic owner, the text at the windows, the silent performance and the man with the freshly harvested oranges.*



A real ladies road, binding you, those people just look at that beautiful street, I can count 1,2,3,4 lights and 1,2, 3 further away down the road, great, just great.

Such a beautiful street.....

Time slips, or slipped melts and someplace over there.... or other, the past future now.....not that nostalgic future, the future some place past.....now

I hear bells, rhyme, rhythm, and a song in my head.  
Also there where constant sounds that you only really hear inside or at least can recognize from the inside.

Her ears heard it and his ears wanted to hear it.

“Perhaps once the glory of every people arises from its pictures”, how can you be able to picture this? Here? Right now? To think about making something with an image that is permanent not transitory or ephemeral? I sit and organise pictures, I love images, I even agonise over images, and I try to pay absolute attention to the world....Its serious.....I try not to be cynical however this doesn't preclude being funny.....walking and looking are we trying to create through acts of imagination, images that feel inevitable, vivid forms, a new world, a world that is unique, individual and responds to the world, the world I share with you and other people.....know and yet miss-known by still more people who are confined in their worlds, cultures, histories and societies...is knowledge at its greatest an imperfection, like all knowledge.

Perhaps I feel images that evoke a common humanity even if it is remote from our own. Stimulates imagination, envelopes it, complicates even confuses us, however it improves or develops the capacity for thinking.

Like falling in love, why this one, forgetting the start and end but knowing makes something go where it is not.

Is it possible with this story we can tell many stories, a necessity in it?



**... Story within a story within a story within a...**

Images, sounds, odours and tastes, textures, light, all of them and many others can and they do craft story telling. The story begins...

The Hand, my and your presence overwrite on it another new story.

The drifting of the breeze, the tapping of the rainwater alter this new story.

This happens incessantly, anytime and everywhere... the stories flow, flow next to each other within one other.

I carried to Bergen my stories: from my city Nicosia- the only divided capital, from my home town Famagusta- the ghost city or the sleepy beauty. I added to this load more stories of the radiating Kiev and the eternally enchanting Kyoto.

My stories met with my co-travellers' stories. Then they all met with the stories of Bergen and created new stories. Not one. But an abundance of them. The Bergen story inevitably- not due to necessities - gave birth to so many stories: emerging out of the froth of the ocean's wave, vanishing as expected, and still leaving traces like the footsteps, like carving the stones.

Nature and us, and the new 'natures' produced by us keep the eternal construction of narratives: Weaving the stories together and then taking them away with us to different destinations and letting them grow and give birth to new ones  
Time, different modes of speed facilitate the interconnecting mechanism of the stories' realm. The harnessed and the natural elements, interwoven in such an almost convincing way, they trigger our minds for co-existence.

Somewhere outside Bergen, (and inside Bergen) the manmade sculpted stone accommodates the fluid and hurrying presence of the water. The water again leaves its unnoticeable sculpting traces. I take this view with me and meet with it again back home: the water connects us?

The timber geometrically arranged paving will absorb the human footsteps and start narrate their stories by the left behind traces.  
I leave my Cypriot footsteps in Bergen- do I?

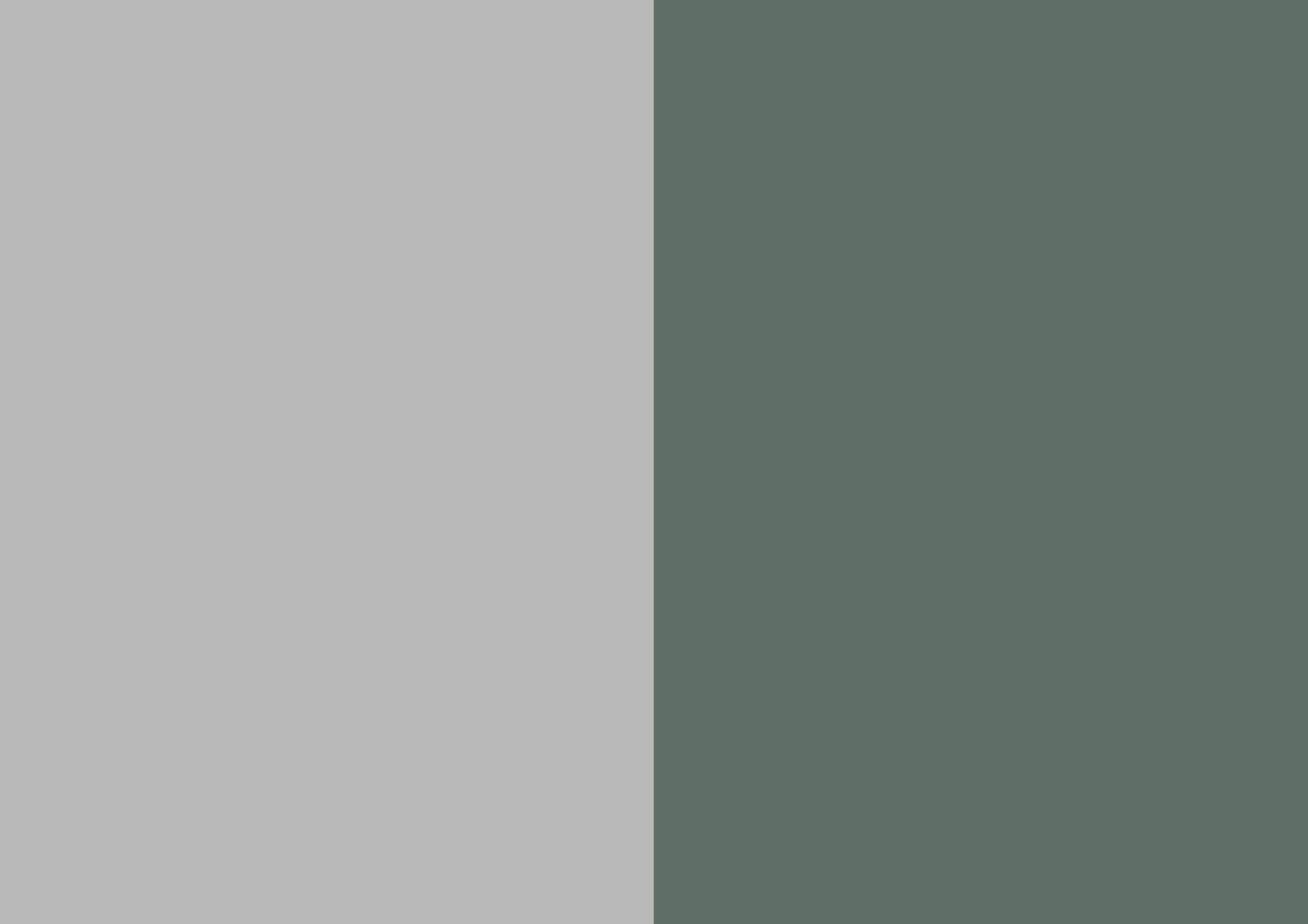
The treated metal with the stones, the pitched roof with the vegetation, the natural and artificial vessels of the water bodies, the timber dining table mingling food and engraved on its surface flower pots echo the continuation and the stories within a story within a story. People may not be present but we read vividly the stories that were told and will be told. I storage them in my memory...was I present there?

The Bergen stories engraved on our personal experience... did you take them away\_ did you find them somewhere else?



But The more I know about the other, the more I understand myself. When walking together, I reflect and learn. I must participate to keep up with us. And the more I know about the other, the more I understand myself.





The book Fluid territories  
**Contributors**

### **Susan Brind**

Glasgow School of Art (GSA)  
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Her sculptural installations have been exhibited widely in Europe and the UK, and her praxis has incorporated collaborative curatorial projects such as The Reading Room (with Jane Rolo of Book Works, London, 1994) and Curious: Artists' Research in Expert Culture (for Visual Art Projects, Glasgow, 1999). Published works include The State of the Real: Aesthetics in the Digital Age (co-edited with Damian Sutton and Ray McKenzie, IB Tauris 2007). She is co-leader (with Dr Nicky Bird) of GSA's Reading Landscape Research Group.

### **Yiorgos Hadjichristou**

University of Nicosia, Cyprus  
Professor of Architecture  
Department of Architecture

As a practicing architect and an active member of the NGO Urban Gorillas, Yiorgos is interested in the notion of place and social and environmental sustainability. He has organised and participated in a wide spectrum of local and international exhibitions and events, including co-curating the Cyprus Pavilion for Venice Architecture Biennale 2018, and the Milan Triennale, 2016. Yiorgos was awarded the Cyprus State Award for Architecture, 2019.

### **Jim Harold**

Independent Artist  
Visiting Lecturer  
School of Fine Art, Glasgow School of Art (GSA)

He has worked extensively as a senior lecturer in a number of Fine Art institutions and has exhibited widely in the UK and Europe. His work is held in public and private collections internationally, including the Arts Council of England and the V&A Museum. His practice focuses upon our understanding of landscape and considers how 'value' is placed on certain types of land or landscape experiences. For example, 'Caesura: Cyprus–Kibris–Kypros' in Interstices, 'The Drouth', Issue 54, Winter/Spring 2016. He has a doctorate from Glasgow University for his research into the comparative analysis of the poetics of the desert and of desert spaces in the literature of Arab and European travelers.

### **Duncan Higgins**

University of Bergen Norway and Nottingham Trent University (NTU), UK.  
Professor in Fine Art  
School of Art and Design

Higgins has been developing and and has exhibited widely nationally and internationally an on-going body of work that collectively utilises painting, photography, video and text to explore how to (re) integrate and focus a questioning of the production of the image, the act of making images and how they perform can communicate or describe moments of erasure or remembering of 'Our image'. 'Our image', Higgins sees as the focus of how we have and are continually constructing our polyphonic ethical positions and social conduct today. This has specific relationships in terms of both historical and personal narratives with direct reference and relationship to our voice/s in the narrative representation/s of our place.

### **Linda Lien**

Independent Designer  
Vaksdal, Norway

As an academic and independent designer, Linda's focus is on identity design and questions of place, loss, community, and belonging, relating to both private experience and public space. She has been developing alternative ways of investigating and communicating municipal or regional visual identity, with a focus on exploring how visualisation can serve as a tool to engender inclusion and dialogue, and to stimulate action. Recent projects include: Methodomania, initiated in 2010 and ongoing; Pictogram-me, ongoing; and Without mountains I am nothing, initiated in 2006 and ongoing.

### **Andy Lock**

University of Bergen (UiB)  
Artist and Research Fellow  
Faculty of Fine Art, Music and Design

Andy's practice-based research utilizes sound, installation, performance and situated writing to create speculative and propositional spaces which explore the experience of inhabiting sites and disclosing the presences repressed or denied therein. His work has been exhibited internationally, including at the V&A in London and at Eastman House, New York; with academic writing being presented at conferences on artistic research in Plymouth, 2018 and De Montfort University, 2019.

### **Shauna McMullan**

Glasgow School of Art  
Lecturer  
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Shauna's main areas of research are in community, mapping and place. She is interested in the relationship between geography and art and wonders if it's possible as an artist to employ the language of cartography to create alternative mappings or counter cartographies. At its core, the work attempts to deal with the collision of these two fields. Artworks that test these ideas in different forms are: I gladly strained my eyes to follow you, Pollok House, Glasgow, 2018; Travelling the Distance, commissioned for the Scottish Parliament, Edinburgh 2006; and Via, Toyota Museum of Modern Art, Japan, 2005.

### **Ana Souto**

Nottingham Trent University (NTU)  
Principal Lecturer  
School of Architecture, Design & the Built Environment

Ana's research interest lies in architecture as a cultural manifestation of national identity. She has investigated this connection in Mexican and Spanish architecture, as well as the associations between memory, identity and architecture, with an especial interest in post-1989 Germany. Ana is currently developing new participatory mapping methods leading to co-production of knowledge, using both local and international case studies. The focus of this research is to explore the notions of Heritage and community heritage assets.

### **Johan Sandborg**

University of Bergen (UiB)  
Professor  
Faculty of Fine Art, Music and Design

Johan's research interests focus on photography, post-photography, landscape and representation. The photographic image is by far one of the most dominant features of Western culture. His work examines our reliance on it to make sense of the world around us and, how, through its surface we experience events that are beyond our immediate surroundings. In many cases we trust the photographic image more than we trust our eyes. Johan is sceptical of this ease of acceptance but, at the same time, is fascinated by the luring powers of the photographic picture. In a place like this publication, 2015 and Crossroads exhibition, 2016, Drammen Museum, Norway are recent examples of how these contradictions are tested through practice.

CCFT's collaborating institutions

## Fluid Territories

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