

Petrichor

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Introduction

Not too far from my home lies Svartdalsparken, a park through which the Alna River winds its way down towards the Oslofjord. Here there's a dense wood of broad-leaved trees: willow, linden, ash, elm, sycamore, oak and blackthorn.ⁱ

I put on *Aerial* by Kate Bushⁱⁱ just loud enough in my ear buds that the music starts to bite, like tannins in muscle tissue. I run up to the suspension bridge, which bounces with the weight of every step. Spring water surges beneath the bridge, almost inundating the banks. It's as if the river roars even louder because I can't hear it. All I hear is *Aerial* (existing / happening in the air). There's a maturity to Bush's voice that suits my physical state. We become a triangular entity,

the music, nature, and me, and I feel it as a pang, because it marks an ephemeral moment of life.

I dwell on the thought – the normality of it all. It's an everyday situation, a self-induced sense of holism brought on by jogging shoes, the thundering water, sounds that touch my connective tissue for a few minutes on the clock. I share it with everyone, like I share the loneliness of it. When talking about all the inner spaces that life is made up of, I'm never sure we're talking about the same thing. We also share the loneliness of our inner spaces.

Petrichor is a collection of processual texts from my artistic research project *Responsive*

Space – Sounding into Materiality. The texts are personal and probing. Written as mutually interactive reflections, they have been an important part of the process of circumscribing the plane of possibility of my research.ⁱⁱⁱ In the artistic part of the project I have sought to open up spaces that are largely situated in what is individual, in the hope of finding a potential for encounters within something elementary. These texts give voice to a variety of registers. They emancipate doubt and emotion, expose the entire effort to scrutiny, thereby enabling the processual to nurture reflection. If there's one thing I believe we need in the current political climate, it is accounts of doubt, the desire for dialogue and insights that are allowed to grow

over time. I believe that knowledge is process, an active doing. I believe that knowledge involves the continuous nurturing of an ability we all possess.

Petrichor should not be read as a continuous, linear work. The texts are more like loose pages in a diary, shuffled and rearranged to create a context that makes sense.^{iv} New insights nourish new questions. It is the outcome of many fumbling experiments, which at last have brought forth something new. In “Begivenhetsfeltet” (The Plane of Possibility) in the book *Den levende kroppen* (The Living Body), Drude von der Fehr argues that all the chapters in her book unfold in what she calls a *plane of possibility* or *plane of immanence* (a term taken from Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari’s *What is Philosophy?*).^v I understand the concept of the *plane of possibility* as related to the idea of

how Deleuze and Guattari’s text functions like a rhizome, but with a greater focus on what occurs in the in-between spaces. Whereas a rhizome grows outwards from a core, my impression of the texts in von der Fehr’s plane of possibility is that they come into effect, encircle, and create potential in the spaces that lie in between. This concept has been central for me in the work of assembling this collection of texts and in the process of understanding the relationship between the different parts of the research project, in the following spirit:

The field I am researching is the plane of possibilities that the collected reflections, taken as a whole, seek to encircle. In this, the artistic works are also considered as reflections. The artistic works are therefore neither research objects nor answers to the research questions, but rather part of the research work.

The texts in *Petrichor* attempt to encircle the plane of possibilities of the research as processual elements. But as the reader will see, they do not work their way through to some truth. They discuss things, back and forth, change their mind, fluctuate and engage in dialogue with the artistic works, sometimes disagreeing with them. They fade into one another, repeat and touch on connections that they share and which recur throughout the chapters. To borrow Tim Ingold’s succinct formulation:

To tell in short, is not to explicate the world, to provide the information that would amount to a complete specification, obviating the need for would-be practitioners to inquire for themselves. It is rather to trace a path that others can follow.^{vi}

Petrichor’s chapter structure is intended as a map to guide the reader through what I perceive to be the main themes within the research work. The structure is also devised so that, broadly speaking, the order of the texts reflects the evolution of the research process over time. The same structure may also throw light on the processual development of an artistic work from beginning to end.

The text begins with a fumbling, almost poetic section that seeks to circumscribe the thematic element; most of these texts were written at the very beginning of the project. I have given this section the title “Mirages”. For me, the start of an artistic work is a dawning interest, a faint mental outline, almost like a mirage at the waterline. The chapter consists of texts I have used to get closer to the essence of the research idea; they

represent the first tentative attempts to circumscribe the research’s plane of possibilities. The texts in this chapter also follow the outward-oriented gaze in the search for inspiration and contextualisation.

I have entitled the second chapter “A Language of One’s Own”. The texts in this chapter revolve around the process of finding a language for the artistic research and understanding the relationship in the research between speech, text and artistic work. The texts also touch on the realm of personal experience and how it manifests itself in the various formats of the research.

The texts in the chapter “In the Studio” bring us into the realm of the practical work. The aim here is not so much to map the technical aspects, but rather to find words to articulate the *philosophy of the hand*, the creative and

philosophical work that can only be carried out in dialogue with the material. These texts also circumscribe the methods I use in my artistic practice and the relational process between myself and the materials in the studio.

“Embracing Synaesthesia – Mode, Materiality and Composition” deals with strategy and method. The texts in this chapter describe active engagement with and approaches to materiality when working with cross-disciplinary composition.

“Time and Truth” is about our being in the world and the experience thereof. What are time and truth when our perceptions are inseparable from the experience of the world?

The texts in the chapter “Circular / Singular” continue the work on the embodied memory of the plane of possibility that was initiated

in “Embracing Synaesthesia” and “Time and Truth”. Do these memories offer new insights that I can actively use in my artistic work? During work on the composition, new insights into the circular and the singular crystallise.

With the title “Assemblage”, the next chapter deals with the immersive and with listening in an extended sense. Further, the texts circumscribe the question of what constitutes an individual. What is the calibration of the I? Am I at all times part of a relational interweaving of matter, time and perception?

In “Conclusion”, I extend the line of inquiry and ask: where does *the work* situate itself within my artistic production? How are my artistic works orientated in relation to discipline? And what place does the research work occupy in relation to the outside world?

Petrichor is part of a larger collection of material entitled *Responsive Space – Sounding into Materiality* that has been made available on *Research Catalogue*, an international online platform for artistic research. In order to understand the texts in *Petrichor*, it is necessary to familiarise oneself with the other material I have published on *Research Catalogue* beforehand. Here you will find work descriptions, pictures, audio and video of the works, together with further discursive material from the various exhibition events. The catalogue *Sounding Matter, Gunhild Mathea Olaussen, Galleri F15* contains two texts, one by curator Maria C. Havstam, the other by art critic Bjørn Hatterud, that discuss the works and place them in an art historical context. Also the current text collection is formatted to be read online on the Research Catalogue website.^{vii}

I try to avoid using the term *work documentation* when referring to material that shows artistic work. In working with time-based art, where work is relationally situated, any presentation of the work will be one of many possible reflections; it will be a subjective interpretation through a new medium (text/ video/ photo/ stereo mix). Accordingly, I believe that everything in this exposition is a reflection, a diffraction of the artistic work. I have sought to encompass this interpretive level in the documentation of the works by engaging other artists who have contributed with regard to interpretation and dissemination. What is true and false? A documentary image will always lie when compared with an encounter with the work, although an art photograph can come close to a narrative about the photographer’s *experience* of such an encounter.

A poetic score and a composition for percussion and voice can capture something about a work that remains elusive to an analytical text.

During the research project, I adopted a starting point that places the work – in my artistic practice – in the experiential situation of the individual viewer. Towards the end of the project, I started wondering whether it was more a case of the work rather finding a place *in a relational interweaving and as an active agent in the three-dimensional memory of time*.

Ultimately, the situating of the work is of less concern to me than an emancipation of the works and texts that allows them to be recalibrated as unique interweavings in the encounter with the viewer. Refracted, light can shine through something as a single

beam, illuminating an area that is known only to that one beam.

I hope you will take the liberty to experience the works in your own way.

Good reading!

Mirages

1]

I seek a language of presence,
like a body in the dark,
with warmth, breath, pulse.

I seek words that listen,
as much as they talk,
or more.

Perhaps I want
nothing but listening words.
Words that respond
the way a response should be.

The way I recognise
a waft of winter on the wind.
The way the tone of sounds
changes with the seasons.

Fixed meanings
feel like foreign objects
in my hands.

The hands are rough from work.
Made of muscle, tendon, bone,^{viii}
they know how materials move.

2]

Isn't it in the spaces
between the specific that we link
presence with entities like silence,
vibration, implementation and mass?

Aren't space and time dependent on
separating space, just as sound depends
on silence?

Isn't it in the air around
objects that space unfolds?

Isn't it in the time between
actions that decisions lie?

Isn't it in the time between
decisions that the real happens?

Isn't it in untruth that truth
reveals itself?

3]

The open space between
the brain's two halves.
Did this gap close?

Does my writing change?
Does my personality change?
Do views, or the world, change?

4]

It isn't poetry,
it's physics,
attraction.

Tuning one sound
to another.
Salt and sweet.

5]

The fingers are eager to stroke sharp edges
to know a second of existence.

6]

It smells like flint,
like fire, salt and anchovies on the tongue

Stone, rough paper, thin bronze lines
Astrology, alchemy, architecture
Soil somewhere where the earth warms

7]

The organic
is hyperstructured
never emotional
related only to reason

Sunlight impinging from the side
darkness is light

green verdigris
black mica
dark blue

8]

Pigments

Petrichor (Store Norske Leksikon)

Known as *petrichor*, the smell that follows rain, or the smell of soil, occurs when types of actinobacteria release the organic compound geosmin. Plant material can also produce the same smell when moistened by rain after a period of hot, dry weather. (...)

The term *petrichor* is derived from the Greek words *petra*, meaning stone, and *ichor*, the ethereal fluid which, according to Greek mythology, flows in the veins of the gods. *Geosmin* comes from the Greek words for soil and smell. (...)

During thunderstorms, lightning can cause the release of ozone, which produces a smell that precedes rainfall. (...) The human nose is highly sensitive to the smell of geosmin, which is one of the sources of the smell that follows rain. In chemical terms, geosmin is a bicyclic alcohol with the formula $C_{12}H_{22}O$.

Geosmin is formed in the gram-positive bacteria *Streptomyces*, a genus of actinobacteria. Actinobacteria are found in soil and fresh water, but are especially prevalent in soils with high proportions of organic matter, such as compost. The compound is released under various conditions, including when these microorganisms produce spores.

In fresh water, geosmin is produced by blue-green bacteria and actinobacteria, and together with 2-methylisoborneol it gives drinking water an earthy smell and taste. The same earthy odour can be carried by fish that live in affected water, while the earthy smell in beetroot is also due to geosmin. (...)

The smell of rain after a period of hot, dry weather can also be the outcome of a complex mixture of organic substances deriving from plant material, including lipids and fatty acids. According to one theory,

these substances serve to inhibit growth when there is little water in the soil. (...)

Using high-speed video cameras, researchers at Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) have shown that raindrops capture air bubbles from dry soil, which can then be dispersed as wind-borne aerosols. They believe that this is the mechanism responsible for the propagation of the olfactory components that we associate with rain after a dry period. Light rain propagates the smell better than heavy rain. The researchers have also shown that the same mechanism can spread viruses and bacteria from the soil through the air.^{ix}

9]

I want this text to taste of salt, iron and algae. I want it to flow warmly through you, the way your hands tingle with warmth when you step inside after being outdoors on a cold winter's day.

I want to grip you with both hands. I want to grip the world with both hands. I want to grip what escapes from memory, but which colours me, layer by layer, with temperature and tone.

10]

Inner spaces sit like hidden markers. Small openings in the fence looking onto wide open fields, steep mountains and all the endless starry sky, lying in the lichen, while the wind roars overhead, snugly sheltered there among the heather. Back to back with the earth's warm interior.

11]

I try a thought experiment. Is it a memory?
Or a memory in the making?

I'm walking between two boulders. Or is it between a boulder and a rock face of the mountainside? I'm some way away from the others. The distance and the big rock between us make their sounds sound different here. In my hand I hold a wooden stick, which I scrape across the rock, hard wood made soft by the stone. The other end gets jammed against the opposite wall; wedged fast, it forms a tense arc.

I lean my back and bum against the rock face, there is no flat ground between it and the boulder so I have to stand with my feet pointing down, the small plastic tongues on the tips of my sneakers just peeking up at me from down in the crevice. Stone against stone. It's tiring, but fun to stand like this.

Someone calls my name. I tear myself away from the weight trio we had formed, me, the mountain and the boulder, and run around to pick up the game.

I still remember the sound in there between the rocks. The dampness, the temperature, the wind and the sun that couldn't reach me there, but trembled gently around the openings.

I remember it all for sure. Whether I was part of this particular memory, that I cannot say for sure.

But time is the same.

12]

Some spaces are like magnetic poles,
there are vibrations in the gaps between,
between the materials, between the
relationships.

In practice, it is remarkably concrete, a
sound finds a place in my hand, a string
between two chairs.

I can feel another substance, let's say
sound waves, like a substance in the air,
between sender and receiver. They
become a memory in the body.

I want to lean my forehead against it.

Gravitation (forskning.no)

A force of attraction exists between any two masses, any two objects, or any two particles.

Gravitation is not just the force that pulls objects down towards the Earth, it is an attraction that exists between all objects. (.....)

Not only does gravitation keep the Earth in orbit around the Sun, it also prevents the Earth's atmosphere, oceans and inhabitants from drifting away into space.

Gravitational forces draw rainwater towards rivers and rivers towards the sea. The same forces determine how plants grow and how our bones and muscles work.

Gravitation influences the movement of fluid in the inner ear, which is responsible for our sense of direction and the ability to balance.

The mechanisms in plant and animal cells that are capable of sensing gravity are not fully understood. Neither is the role of gravity in biological functions.^x

13]

Places where the earth warms me

61° 48' 40.67"N, 09° 36' 17.33"Ø

59° 03' 01.96"N, 09° 43' 34.04"Ø

59° 49' 05.09"N, 10° 44' 58.63"Ø

14]

time
in an empty
space
like an organ
that pulsates
independently

A Language of One's Own

1]

I listen to a piece of music. I'm sure there are no ropes in the recording, but I seem to hear rough ropes creaking against damp wood.

I see a boat moored to a jetty, the old hemp ropes, salted and dried over many years, are tugged taut against the dark edge of the jetty before descending into the water and the cold darkness.

The water here is fresh now, not like before. Where the ropes meet the water's surface, they have collars of algae, pale green, velvety smooth. There's a smell of life.

It's as if the sound carries one's consciousness. Concrete thoughts, directed attention relinquish their grip, I become horizontal.

2]

Later I call to mind the red room at Tate Modern,^{xi} thinking of hot sweat beneath the saddle of a horse that has just been galloping. The horse's breath like a pulsating embrace.

3]

When developing an artistic work, I redistribute sensory experiences. I unfurl the materials to expose the general in the specific. Or is it rather that I reach out for something general by specifying and breaking apart experiences that originate in the personal?

When working in the studio, with my hands deep in wet concrete, my ears intertwined with vibrations, it's close to something personal, at least something very close, maybe closer than personal, yet not personal at all? There's a language for what sits deepest inside, a language for what lies *beyond* the self, for what nestles against the body, the way I connect with everything.

The texts in this collection must therefore accommodate everything I want to get beyond, everything I tend to view as private, as personal

experience. They must include the sentimental, the trivial, that which is filled with blood, milk and sweat, with anxiety, with love, with sorrow, indifference, joy, bitterness. The texts will therefore be blood red through and through.

But this is not what my works are like. The experiences I deal with are not emotional. They are a crack in a plate of glass, the tip of the tongue almost touching it, a low D barely vibrating from the other side of the airspace. Tastes and textures that combine in a kaleidoscope of calibrations. They are crafts, creative work, they follow a discipline, they trace a life of countless hours of practice in a specific language. A language I use to reach beyond what I can put into words, a language that takes me further.

My works are not emotional, they are not me, they are something outside, they seek to

reach outside of that. They seek to take hold of time, take hold of the lines that run across time, through the bedrock and the heat ten thousand feet below us. I want them to be razor sharp, ground down to a formal essence, freed from all sentimentality. Thus these texts must be like dry colour pigments, soft metal.

How then should I get a grasp on oscillations, beats, or textures? It's tempting to think of such qualities as operative materials within the text, rather than descriptive words.

Perhaps the texts will be of alternating heat. Perhaps it will be without a temperature of any kind, as logical as a mathematical calculation, cut with a scalpel.

Or all the above.

4]

The explicit, the articulated and elucidated are none of my concern. What interests me more is the introverted – sounding devices, weather gauges, things that listen to other things and find their rhythm by leaning in, without looking forward or backward, without any intention of clarifying, deciding or sorting – I like things that aren't competing for attention, that aren't shouting to be heard and couldn't care for the public gaze, things that sway in the wind, that go with the flow without judging, and without having to go further^{xii} – a patient variable.

5]

In a roomful of shouting people, the one who whispers becomes interesting.^{xiii}

(Peter Schmidt)

At a time when drama is at a premium, reticence and delicacy communicate best.^{xiv}

(Brian Eno)

6]

I prefer action to words. I want to talk about art in a tangible way, in a language that is factual and precise, but which gets up close and personal. The language of the work, the familiar that takes hold of the unfamiliar, the tangible that touches the intangible. When talking about the “artist’s statement” in Norwegian, one frequently uses terms like *kunstnerskap* (artistry), *kunstnerisk virke* (artistic activity) or *kunstnerisk praksis* (artistic practice)^{xv} Focusing on the actual activity, the practice or creative process rather than formulating a *statement* certainly resonates with me. Writing something about one’s own art always feels like taking a cross-section, like placing a stone on every cairn on every peak you will climb in the course of your life. The time you linger up there where the air is clear and the visibility good is very short. Most of your time is spent negotiating winding paths and steep slopes.

7]

At the start of the research period, I struggle to present the project. From time to time I suffer bouts of aphasia, apathy and allergies to the extent that I hardly dare speak at all. The words I use seem to assume too much, I still don't quite know what it is I'm looking for, and showing this doubt is a challenge. I'm searching for technical terminology like a kind of armour to protect the soft body, but the words are all too loose.

Even so, I double down on the doubt. I think that the foundations on which my project must be built are doubt, vulnerability and humility. I must be flexible and willing to change both the work and myself. If I could invoke a precedent for everything I did, I would merely be repeating things that already exist.

8]

After going over it countless times, something changes. The theoretical discussions force me to dissect each and every word, to make sure they're not pointing in more directions than they should. I find words that pinpoint meanings more precisely. Words that help me find relevant literature, that help me in writing applications and texts to be sent to addressees of different kinds. And eventually, after letting the materials lead the search for a while, the words fall into place, they find their rightful places, without needing to be overruled. Materials and words take each other by the hand producing meaning in the intervening spaces. The words generate precision. They specify and formulate what the hands are searching for, showing the hands where they need to go. They crystallise what needs to be retained, or carried over from one work to the next.

9]

But still I often have a sense of having lost my way. The words sit too loose, and in conversations the focus quickly wanders away from the point I wish to touch. I want us to be able to hold what we're talking about in our hands.

Slowly but surely I start to develop a parallel vocabulary. To replace the loose words with spade, hand, head. To find my way back to my own voice, yet now with a precision that wasn't there before.

10]

In the article “Lighting from the Side”, Aslaug Nyrnes describes the dialogue between different languages, media and what I would call modes (the ways of relating to things) in a research field as a topological practice. I imagine the keywords she presents as markers on a map, and that the real work lies in the journey between these reference points.

In fact, different research methods are different ways of using language, both the verbal, and the artistic register. In artistic research the path between the topoi is not a well-worn one. More often it is a question of shaping, reshaping, risking, generating, looping, observing, collecting, adapting, picking, examining, re-examining, digging, excavating, giving up, memorizing, forgetting, repressing, provoking, destroying,

destructing, breaking, adjusting, listening, tuning, experimenting, copying, imitating, noticing, playing, sampling, recycling, repeating, repeating, again and again and again and again – and of testing out different combinations of those actions.^{xvi}

11]

I have collected texts in secret, hoarded them. I harvest what resonates with my artistic work without feeling I need to commit to the whole theory. I use ideas as interlocutors, material to build on, tools that help me to think more deeply. What I collect finds its way into the mirages and the studio work, where they draw nourishment from something different but related. I can't say exactly where they end up, but they are there. Just as every action or mirage finds its way into the studio. Attaches itself along the edge of a cut, seeps beneath a plinth or reveals itself in a breath between two notes. I collect them in bookshelves, drawers and cupboards. The words have a satisfying heft, settle on the retina, become part of the decisions I make in the studio the following day.

12]

In the studio, it's the same thing. I collect materials, weights, movers, pigments, soils, stiffeners, tools, the inside of an adjustable lamp with primary-colour colour mixers. I mix materials in defiance of recommended techniques. Rickard, whom I share a space with, is the same when it comes to collecting. Sometimes I find something in my corner that Rickard has collected, but which he thinks belongs in my collection more than his. Gravity pulls the object over to my side of the studio.

After a while I get a clearer impression of the territory I have circumscribed and begin subtracting and adding things that more obviously belong. It's not that I can clearly explain every aspect of what remains. The plane of possibilities is still complex, and it is precisely in the spaces between things that it

emerges – the thing we call art, which my two- and four-year-old children can identify as easily as *tree* and *car*, but which aesthetic theory never quite manages to define.

But choosing is easy – this one should be included, this one should not.

13]

Every time I have to use the words *art* and *artwork*, I feel uncomfortable. I would rather stick to the word *work* alone. I collect and sift away, a bit like a gold digger. Collect, wash stuff away and look after what remains. Again and again. It's a parallel work, stone on stone, arm in arm. Slowly but surely I move closer to the core of what I have been trying to encircle.

And then a question explodes into new questions that I had no idea were in the material before I started digging.

In the Studio

1]

I head out in search of materials. I'm looking for things I feel have the potential to be calibrated in various directions. When I find something I can believe in, I get all jittery, dream about it.

The materials I work with are almost invariably big. Transporting them back to the studio is always a headache. I drive for miles with heavy loads on top of the car and hands covered in blisters. I heave the materials in through the studio window according to the leverage principle.

Once in the studio, my first response is to feel overwhelmed by the material's stubbornness,

its weight, size, mass, inertia, fragility and rigidity. I just have to start at one end. Measure its size, sketch one side of it on a wall, mount some other material against the first to see how it engages in dialogue with other things, try suspending it, try to cut it, try to paint it, try to bend it, get up close, look at it from a distance, lift it, put it down.

It's like exercises in a relationship. Like the first conversation with a new acquaintance.

I go through periods of nausea, wanting to call it all off. I have to assess my own capacity for the good and the bad. Weigh up my own endurance.

2]

I always want to push materials towards a physical revelation that borders the impossible, towards a kind of maximum performance close to breaking point, towards shuddering, quivering extremes.

It calls for a deep understanding of the material. It's almost like we are connected. Making it into a game. Pushing each others boundaries, doing bridges together.

3]

During the initial period of studio work, before things get too hectic, I keep a log and hang sheets of paper above my work desk. The studio has large windows. The entire short side of the space is a window surface that lets in plenty of daylight. Outside there's a concrete-covered parking lot painted with graffiti and a small strip of trees. Our nearest neighbour is a building supplies store that sits like a dark red cube among the trees.

The foliage changes colour with the seasons and fills the studio with movement when the wind ruffles the branches. This modicum of movement is good company when the working days get long. When I take down the pieces of paper to continue the log, I notice that the sun has bleached out much of the ink. I can read the movement of the sunlight through the room on the sheets, like a score of passing time. Only fragments of text remain.

The notes show how concrete most of the work in the studio is. In among the notes that capture thoughts and objectives lie a dozen lists of components to be purchased, technical drawings jotted down with a marker pen, contact details for a specialist in one or other field, some used work gloves, the wrapper from a sticking plaster, wood and metal shavings, a worn-out drill bit.

Day 1

Weight	Hoard
Temperature	Shuffle
Density	Distribute
Flexibility	Simplify
Mass	Saw
Rotation	Hold
Size	Screw
Gloss	Polish
Texture	Roll
Colour	Prime
Humidity	Sprinkle
Transparency	Lock
Shadow	Engrave
Reflection	Pull
Calibration	Cleave
Orientation	Hang
Resonance	Equilibrate
Resilience	Centre

The rules of the materials are natural,
solvable math problems.

Day 2

I knock together a temporary rack to lift the copper to the right height. It doesn't look great, but the biggest barrier has been overcome.

I try cutting the copper to find the right proportions, but I don't have the tools for the job. I end up marking things with masking tape instead. The lines are better placed, they have a better flow, it looks lighter.

The tape begins to interest me, the horizontal lines look good. Could I integrate them somehow with the materials? I start painting the copper in deep red paint. I like it, but it seems a bit contrived. The lines should come from the material itself. I do some research on verdigris and note down the search terms that give the best results on Google: *Copper corrosion*.

Day 3

The installation is now piled up like a sketch in the room. It's growing on me. I relate to it, make friends with it, accept *its* premises.

Drinking coffee and looking at it, I step closer, squint, touch. I take a picture. It looks different through the lens. There's something about the horizontal line and the weight. The taped-on reduction in height is just right.

Standing face to face with this work, I think that basically it's a question of making choices that I feel are right, look good, that I enjoy developing, that stimulate inspiration. And perhaps this is the essence of practical knowledge: the professionalisation and refinement of intuition. After all, intuition is not pre-semiotic, or something that exists a priori. It's an ability that can be trained, which puts down roots at a central point between: heart, head & hand / theory, method & chance / respect, dialogue & rejection.

Day 4

Research into the materials Jesmonite and Acrylic 1, polyester resin, polymer-modified plaster.

It has potential of the kind I've been looking for. It mixes well with pigment, and after hardening, the colour is more intense than it is in concrete. The material possesses a certain playfulness that I need in order to get closer to the installation. It might just add some contemporaneity and colour that will draw the copper out of the mechanism and bring it into the present, neutralising the unintended references to constructivism,^{xvii} which are a foreseeable risk.

Day 5

I visit Gøril Rostad in her studio. She knows a lot about Jesmonite.^{xviii} We test the material with my needs in mind. What is it capable of? How far can I stretch it? Is it robust? And not least, how demanding is the work process? Would I manage it within my time frame and budget? It looks as if making the mould would be the critical part.

Do I like the material? Does it feel a little too synthetic? I have artists like Hilda Helstrøm in the back of my mind. She uses the material and her works strike me as highly tactile, which sustains my interest.

Here I feel a moment of doubt. My intuition is to step back from the synthetic aspect, but still the interest persists.

Should I follow intuition, or is my intuition in this case just a habit? Is this a moment when it would be appropriate to challenge myself? Will the result achieve larger spaces if I challenge intuition?

I decide it's worth a try. Each and every artistic end result I present carries within it countless trials; what remains is the rootstock, that which weighed heaviest in the scales, which established beyond a doubt that it belongs, which conveys more than the initial idea for the project, and which conveys it exclusively through its materiality and calibration. The essential thing is working time; every trial is time.

Day 6

I go to Clas Ohlson to buy all the stuff I need to work with the plastic material. Scales, silicone sealant, silicone spray, marker pens, boxes, storage equipment and other tools. The equipment for handling materials is always the most expensive bit.

I find some old boards at home that I can use to construct some trial moulds and transport them to the studio.

It takes half the day. Tasks that stress me out.

Day 7

I measure the curve of the installation outdoors, because my studio is too small. It's winter.

I draw a circle in the snow with a rope compass, 5m radius, 10m diameter, and trace the curve on a piece of fabric with a black marker pen. The snow is just wet enough for me to transfer the line drawn with the compass to the fabric by tracing my finger along it and "melting" the snow beneath, leaving a dark streak of melt water. Later I go over the curve with a waterproof marker.

Back in the studio, I hang the textiles over the copper walls to dry. They look like a Japanese screen for changing your clothes. It's a bit extravagant to use such exclusive fabric for this; proper tightly woven canvas with a stable weave that keeps its shape, and which

holds the colour; top quality stuff that I originally bought to paint on. I do so because I anticipate that this curve will be one of the most consequential factors in the construction of the installation. It's a fabric I can trust. It doesn't stretch and the line I have drawn doesn't rub off or fade.

I transfer as much of the arc of the circle as will fit onto the floor of the studio, tracing it with tape. I adjust the curve and distribution of the copper surfaces to the line on the floor and make technical drawings.

Thanks to a robust knowledge of various materials, I find good solutions to problems that arise, and can decide when a quick sketch is enough for the time being and when precision is called for.

Day 8

I have done a lot of research on the notion of the object; art object with a capital O. I have worked in wet concrete with object in mind, with pigments with object in mind, with technology and sound with object in mind.

And suddenly it hits me: materiality interests me exclusively as a perception generator, not as object. What I'm interested in is the way materials make me resonate, like a sound, a tone colour. It's a scenographic approach. A scenographic gaze.

I start working with the materials as if they were sound. With distributions of units, divisions, groupings, rhythm, timbre, tempo, curves, temperament.

Day 7

The worst phase in the development process always comes when the production is nearing completion. I stand there in the studio with an imminent exhibition looming over me and have no idea what the artistic work I am looking at is. *What is it? What is it? What justification for existence does this thing have?*

This doubt is very important. It is only through my frantic attempts at recapture – considering the thing from every possible angle, from the details of the screws to its internal function, from its relationship to the rest of the room to what it reminds me of in terms of extraneous imagery – that I slowly but surely gain an understanding of *what it is* and how it should be formed. This is utterly crucial.

Day 10

I debate back and forth with myself whether the copper panels should be hung from the ceiling or mounted on plinths. Intuition tells me they should hang, and from a technical perspective it would be very challenging to mount the material on feet while preserving its capacity to vibrate freely.

Even so, I feel they ought to stand on cast plinths. I wonder whether the intuitive urge to see them floating is prompted by the ideal of weightlessness. Is it the desire to escape gravity, the earth-bound, the corporeal, is it the notion of the sublime? If it is, then it's seriously at odds with my project, which is all about texture, physicality, sensuality and presence.

I can find no rational explanation for it, but instinct tells me resolutely that they should hang. I feel a bit exasperated, thinking that the only way I can explain it is by saying that I too am only human, and that humans are always yearning to move on, to go further.

This thought, which initially presented itself as a sense of failure, breaks the train of thought. The word *further* shifts the focus of the debate. The reason why the panels have to float has nothing to do with the sublime or with weightlessness and neither is it a dislike for our animality. It's a question of form as movement and of ensuring the possibility of movement.

4]

The process of developing an artistic work is one of give-and-take between intensity and pressure. Between nurturing decisions and easing the pressure to allow the subconscious to play a part in the process.

After a period of intense work on numerous necessary discoveries, on craftsmanship and engineering, it is often some simple structural activity that triggers the creative discoveries and deepest insights. Activities of this kind include tidying up, running, rocking a child to sleep, going for a walk. When the upper layer of the mind is engaged in some simple, undemanding task, the creative and philosophical parts of consciousness find the space they need to process information from the engineering aspects of the studio work in the creative centres of the brain.

5]

It's a question of knowing when to let go. Of clearing away all the tools and materials that are lying around, rigging things up from another perspective, starting from the other end, or taking a break.

It's a question of refining self-knowledge over many years so that you can respond when the need to apply pressure arises, when it's time to give up and start from another angle.

6]

It's important to enjoy whatever you're doing – washing, tidying up every now and then. So that you have a sense of friendliness towards and interest in what you hold in your hand. It's important to like what you're doing, in order to be interested in what it will communicate.

It's important to hate what you're doing, to toss materials about, to wallow in cement on the floor and get blisters on your hands, so that you're always ready to kill an idea and move on to what it's really all about, so that you can test a new idea without it costing too much. It's important to hate an idea so as always to be able to ask what it wants.

Emotionally, it's a ghastly state of limbo.

Embracing Synaesthesia

Mode, Materiality and Composition

1]

My daughter teaches me to play. She sets the conditions. I will be little sister and she big sister and then it's like we're school children. It doesn't come easily. It requires effort to turn my imagination on, to turn myself on to accept the condition, to follow her into the world of the game.

It's the same thing with the dialogue between myself and the materials in the studio. I need patience, to spend time, to inhabit a material realm.

I have to enter into a dialogue with the material, actively touch, taste, feel its body, its weight, will, suppleness. I have to use my imagination to picture what the material can relate to, what it can become. To embrace synaesthesia.

I have to choose to leave automaticity out on the doorstep, to step inside to learn something new about something familiar. To be affected, to try, fail, just do. I have to master the art of limitation. To be at rest, observing.

I have to think with the whole body, so that the body and the thought can coincide. I have to create intimacy with the materials. To strip away all my clumsiness, to be someone who believes, who dares to enter processes that require courage.

On top of that, there are a hundred rounds of trial and error. Eventually, I get to know the material well. I begin to read metal like clay, copper like a fluid, glass like sand.

2]

One of the first books I read during my fellowship is *Sensorium*, edited by Caroline A. Jones. In the chapter “The Mediated Sensorium”, Jones presents a kind of concise historical survey of modernism’s mediation of sensory experience. After describing a traditional focus on sensory experiences as isolated phenomena, she argues for a greater focus on holistic sensing, an approach that takes into account not only what impinges on our senses, but also our surroundings. The term she uses for this sensory space is *sensorium*.

In conjunction with the visuality historians have charted as characteristic of the modern, we should begin to reckon with the auditory, the olfactory, and the tactile as similarly crucial sites of embodied knowledge.^{xix} The resulting set of experi-

ences can be called a *sensorium*: the subject’s way of coordinating all of the body’s perceptual and proprioceptive signals as well as the changing sensory envelope of the self.^{xx}

When working with more traditional scenography, I had generally tended to put visuality firmly in the driver’s seat, an orientation I wanted to put behind me. Consequently, at the start of my fellowship, I looked for methods I could use to get closer to other ways of calibrating materiality. The orientation of Jones’s synoptic review of the habitual sensory hierarchy is primarily historical rather than methodological. Even so, it made me realise the extent to which at the time I was habitually inclined to organize my artistic practice according a historical

hierarchy that prioritised visuality above everything else. I began to enquire from other angles: What if I took vibration as my starting point and deduced my goals and decisions from what that dimension required? What if I started out with temperature and worked out the organisation of the room based on the premises of that property? These are just a couple of the many experiments I made in the attempt to reshuffle the sensory hierarchy, to get closer to an understanding of materials emancipated from aesthetics.

Gradually, these alternative approaches to my materials began to come naturally. I had recalibrated my habits, acquiring a deeper understanding of the *sensorium*. And once it began to feel natural, I could return to the visual aspect without it dominating the material’s rich spectrum of sensory qualities.

3]

I put two materials up against each other. Side by side, not back to back; side by side so that they touch at the waist, like when you're pressed too close to a stranger on the bus.

I stroke my palm along the joint. Feel the two different textures against the skin. The differences in temperature, friction, hardness.

It produces a taste in my mouth. As if it sticks on the tongue and I remember the taste of rust.

People often say that rust tastes like blood. But if anything, it's the blood that tastes like iron; we have iron flowing through our veins.

No wonder these materials evoke recognition in my body.

4]

Perhaps the game I'm playing
is getting to know
how the body is related to any material
in virtue of its physicality

5]

Visiting Thom Johansen in his office at Notam is one of the most inspiring things I can think of. Recently, he has been sharing the space with an old Oberheim OB-Xa synth, which has been opened up so that its electronics can be repaired. The structure of the circuit boards is so beautiful, because, given its age, the components are fairly large and the copper pathways proportionately longer. They have a milky green colour, a shade of green that reminds me of my grandfather's office accessories from the 1950s. The circuit boards look like graphic scores, or like the railway lines at Oslo S when I look down on them with a bird's eye perspective from the Nordenga bridge.

I think about the way structures recur, from the micro- to the macrocosm. The golden ratio, the Fibonacci sequence, Pythagoras's strings, acoustics and ratios, how our cells

resemble planets and the fact that the water in my body right now may have fallen as rain over Huaraz at some point in the past, in another era.

Thom lists the names of the components for me:

- Adjustable potentiometers
- Potentiometers
- Capacitors
- Diodes
- Integrated circuits
- Transistors
- Operational amplifier
- Analog multiplexers
- Polystyrene film capacitor
- Trim potentiometer
- Polyester film capacitors
- Oscillator
- Crystal oscillator
- Bridge rectifiers

6]

Bjørn Løken is a university lecturer in percussion and head of the classical percussion department at the Norwegian Academy of Music. I arrange to meet him, because I know he works with music therapy and healing and I'm interested to hear what he can teach me about sound, vibration and materiality. Our initial meeting is the first of many, during which Bjørn expands my understanding of the body, mentality and vibration in ways that reach far beyond the physical domain of my initial interest. I have had similar experiences on several occasions; once I start looking closely at a small phenomenon relating to the transfer of energy, the conversation quickly takes me out into other universes.

Bjørn has the world's most beautiful collection of crystal triangles and singing bowls. It is their materials that attract me most. I am building my own collection:

Chinese crystal singing bowls
Diameter: 8.0" / Height: 8.0"
Diameter: 8.4" / Height: 9.2"
Diameter: 7.0" / Height: 6.8"

Frosted crystal singing bowl
Diameter: 7.0" / Height: 6.8"

Golden crystal singing bowl
Diameter: 7.0" / Height: 6.5"

The collection of singing bowls forms the basis of the instrumentation for the sound composition *Interference*. I don't learn the technique, but play them as a violinist, as a carpenter and sculptor. I use retrograde, equalisation, overlaps and loop, but I never add to the sound. The composition has its first encounter with space in the materials of the installation and the organisation and architecture of the exhibition venue.

7]

Soprano Silje Aker Johnsen visits me one day in the studio. She sings almost the entire overtone series of the crystal bowls.

Silje is a fantastic performer. I can ask her to sing with a voice that is natural, material. She understands what I'm looking for when I talk to her using terms borrowed from logging and excavation work. In addition to which she contributes infinitely more than I could ever ask for; she adds a unique materiality.

8]

I never got round to seeing Ólafur Eliasson's *The Weather Project* at Tate Modern in 2003. But I did see his *Colour memory and other informal shadows* at the old Astrup Fearnley Museum at Dronningens gate 4 in Oslo in 2004. As a student of aesthetic theory and art history at the University of Oslo, I was asked to write an analysis of the exhibition. It wasn't until I began familiarising myself with Eliasson's work after visiting the exhibition that I first saw pictures of the massive, warm, radiant, artificial sunset in the Turbine Hall at Tate Modern.

The site-specific work *The Weather Project*, which conjured up an enormous glowing sunset, consisted of a semi-circular screen, a multitude of spotlights, artificial fog and mirrors. The ceiling of the Turbine Hall was covered with mirrored surfaces that reflected an optical duplicate of the floor in the hall and the people

moving around on it. Due to the huge dimensions of the space, the reflection in the ceiling effectively granted the visitor a view of the entire floor. The living image high above became a visual representation of the changing formations of the crowd in the context of this extraordinary, yet also fundamentally social and sensory situation.^{xxi}

Photos of the work subtly convey something fundamental about people's relationship to the materiality and social dramaturgy of their surroundings. They capture something essential about human physicality. The images of the people lying on the floor beneath the blazing sun for what seems like eternity are seared into my memory like tactile traces. Despite the fact that I never actually visited the installation, no other work has ever left me with such a physical memory as *The Weather Project*.

9]

I always find it more rewarding to look at visual art when I'm working with sound, to listen to music when working dramaturgically, to nature when working with visual art. What interests me most is materiality. My approach to sound is the same as to a piece of iron, to iron as to light, to light as to space.

I work like an engineer. I like a well designed house frame. If your house frame is good, other elements can be made to seem weightless. With a good house frame, something big and heavy can alight on your retina and stroke the subconscious like a piece of velvet. I seek to build structures in ways that let me highlight the material with a capital M.

10]

On Phaidon's website I find a short interview with the artist Carl Andre in connection with the publication *Carl Andre - Things in Their Elements*.^{xxii} I feel an affinity for the thoughts about materiality that Andre expresses in the interview.

Q: What's important to you as an artist?

Carl Andre: The attempt to create material conditions I have not experienced before. Matter mattering.

(...)

Q: Can you describe the importance of materials in feeding your inspiration for sculptures?

Carl Andre: My sculptures are specimens of matter.^{xxiii}

As I understand Carl Andre, the primary characteristics of minimalism revolve around the phenomenological aspect of the material, whereby the focus is on the material's function, its affect on the human being.^{xxiv} In the seventies, practitioners of the Japanese Mono-ha direction also explored minimalist material-oriented art. They attempted to extract a form of artistic expression by engaging in direct perception of the material, of *its being* (ari-yō) and its relations.^{xxv} This sensitivity to the material as *being*, in combination with the minimalists' phenomenological orientation is consistent with my own approach to materiality.

In their ways of relating to pure materials and existing objects, minimalism and Mono-ha have also cultivated an agenda to shift the focus away from the creative artist and onto

perception and the material itself. This attempt to step back from the work as an artist in order to allow the materiality and perception to take the focus is also something I can identify with strongly in my own work. And this is particularly evident when I'm designing spaces for movement or exhibition dramaturgy, or in my use of interactive elements and aleatory compositions.^{xxvi}

My artistic works are attempts to facilitate situations, or they constitute different *sensoria*, to use Jones's term, which, like Eliasson's *Weather Project*, touch on something fundamental in the way people relate to their surroundings. In addition, I want them to touch on areas that facilitate the reconfiguration of ourselves and the autonomy of our surroundings.

Time and Truth

1]

I'm sitting in Oslo Concert Hall waiting for Janine Jansen and the Oslo Philharmonic to begin their performance of Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto in D Major, Opus 35. Jansen touches her bow to the strings. It's as if a collective sigh passes through the audience. After just four seconds, three of us in my row alone are crying our eyes out.

The runs babble and surge like rivulets rushing down a mountainside, at a speed that only a technical virtuoso can manage. But at the same time, she dwells on every note, inhabiting it with her entire body, with all her life wisdom and sound. She plays simultaneously in two different tempi! It's alchemy, time magic.

The world stops, and for a brief moment I catch a glimpse of something universal.

I make a mental note – *find the fullness of time, grow, repeat.*

2]

I think of Karen Barad and her description of time as a constant dialogue between past, present and future, not as an isolated phenomenon, but as the unfolding of space, time and matter.

Past, present and future, not in the relation of linear unfolding, but threaded through one another in a nonlinear end folding of space time mattering.^{xxvii}

3]

With Barad in mind, I think of myself as the sum of my experiences, always recalibrating to the situation here and now, and whose future is shaped by what is happening in the present. I too am part of a larger configuration of time, matter and space.

I am interested in *the experience* per se; what is an experience?

4]

In her book *Poetisk Partitur* (Poetic Score)^{xxviii}, Janne-Camilla Lyster writes about “reality”. She describes a double exposure photograph with the title *Postcard Self-Portrait, Black Mountain (I)*, taken by Robert Rauschenberg in 1952. The image shows a cherry tree and a young man. The double exposure creates the impression of the cherry blossom emerging through the young man. Lyster writes:

The picture is letting the viewer experience the world as if time and place do not represent any distance, resembling a human mind, all the moments laid on top of each other, touching one another, somewhat translucent. This is how we shape the world through ourselves; by mind, by memory. And so the world shapes us. Every moment bleeds into other moments, radiates into another moment’s shadow.^{xxix}

5]

Each of us listens at their own tempo. The various sensory impressions overlay each other like double-exposed images, like sedimented experiences, like annual rings. True and false intermingle internally between the layers. What are mirages, what are events, and what are stories? Everything I experience is filtered through me as a sensory apparatus and interpreter; truth and untruth lie stratified in the bedrock of experience. In her book *Sensorium*, Caroline A. Jones writes:

Our bodies do not allow us to “escape” from technological mediation – they are themselves mediating apparatuses, without which there can be no knowledge of the world.^{xxx}

6]

In an email exchange between me and my supervisor Trond Lossius, Trond describes his perception of the work *Resonance* at Henie Onstad Art Centre in 2019:

The light reflections on the floor from the copper plates were reminiscent of the last rays of sunlight before sunset. There was something exquisite about the way they trembled in the room, alluding to a different, parallel situation at a different time of day from the one when you are there in the space (the experience of sunlight entering a window that isn't there, the experience of sunset in the middle of the day).^{xxxi}

7]

Could it be that the situation of experiencing what is in effect an untrue physical circumstance might leave us the impression of a kind of outline of an experience in isolation, and its inextricable connection to matter and the circular nature of time?

Perhaps the neural mechanism for reasoning about the tangible and reasoning about the intangible are similar. Perhaps the brain's systems for thinking about space are also the brain's systems for simply *thinking*.^{xxxii}

(Jennifer M. Groh.)

Circular / Singular

1]

Katrine Køster Holst is talking about minerals and natural phenomena.^{xxxiii} She speaks with passion. A fusion takes place – I too am interested in minerals, but it is in the encounter with Køster Holst's narrative that minerals blossom into an entire field that holds so much more. On thinking about it, I almost believe that for me the narrative lies in the speed of her speech, in the passion of her delivery. The words come out almost simultaneously, like a spoken duet.

Later, when I get to see Køster Holt's artistic works, I discover the same narrative, only this time conveyed in clay and glaze rather than words, and what's more, the materials hold the potential for communication on multiple levels at the same time. Where her words formed a duet, here there is layer upon layer of clay, time and process. These works speak to something deeply fundamental in me. It has to do with the body and it has to do with my understanding of what it means to be human. I don't know exactly how, but these works extend my understanding towards something very important.

Perhaps my understanding of Køster Holst's simultaneity is merely an interpretation. But it is precisely this kind of interpretation that gets carried over into my work, because they render something visible that hitherto I have been unable to define in my own work. In this case, how, in one room, I can bring together all my materiality in a circular form, without beginning and end, while at the same time keeping it so minimal that everything remains simultaneously accessible and clear.

2]

When I work in the studio, my work is circular. Having drawn an outline, I do not build out, but rather fill out, laying down layers of sediment, adding layers of information and properties within a predefined outline. I use the same approach when working with the dramaturgy in the works; they are circular in space, time, body and materiality.

The performance may start at any point of the perimeter no matter clockwise or counterclockwise.^{xxxiv}
(Toru Takemitsu)

3]

If we draw the floor plan of the installation *Resonance*, which I showed at Henie Onstad Art Centre during the Ultima Festival in 2019,^{xxxv} it bears a resemblance to the graphic score *Corona for Pianists* (1962) by Toru Takemitsu: The perimeter of the installation traces a permeable membrane on the plane of the floor, which people in the room move around within, across and on the outside of. The string columns describe wedge-like forms, radiating out from the centre of the space, projecting further back and out of the circle. Further, the people in the room, regardless of whether audience or actors, determine which sound waves are activated within the space, as a result of their presence and movement patterns, processed by sensor-controlled equipment.

The people also function as resonant materials, by standing in the way of and absorbing sound waves and thus altering the direction and intensity of the sound.

If we add to the ground plan of the installation the pattern of people's movements, the sound waves and their changes over time, the similarity between this notation and a graphic score becomes striking. The floor plan plays the role of a score for the event, where time, action, physics and instrumentation inscribe themselves into the composition.

4]

Circular simultaneity should not be confused with fusion or abstraction. In using the circular, I work actively with fission, isolation and distribution. The particular is more than sufficiently abstract. Only when I add separations between the parts does the work achieve the entirety that allows each component to emerge in its elementary form (ari-yō).

5]

I wander around for a whole week
Searching for meaning in these pockets of time

6]

I close the door behind me
Shutting out everything that disturbs
everything that agitates, leads
In here what remains
is light hitting the dust
is what is.
Here I am calm
Here there is space for other directions
than those that repeat out there.

7]

We're in this world together, but even so it's always a separate experience of it that settles in each of us. By taking hold of experiences, splitting, separating and exposing them as singular elements, I seek to render visible aspects of being alive that each bears alone, yet we share. I distribute the resources, the various functions and needs, across the available media. It's almost like breaking a music project down into separate recording tracks.

Although my works come across as holistic, they are created almost through negation of unity. Precisely because they dissociate and emphasise components without summing up how they should be interpreted. These particulate components cast fleeting flashes of light on something universal that cannot be captured in a focused image.

8]

Where waves wash the shore, they leave a thin boundary of sand, slightly coarser-grained than the sand that forms the bulk of the beach. A line of a faintly darker shade than the paler sand, a fine border, like the small soft hairs that grow darker at the temples. It's my daughter who makes me aware of this; where I was looking for the fine homogenous sand, the idea, she sees the specific.

I collect this fine intimate boundary between water and land. Mix it in the mould.

9]

A door stands ajar, sunlight slants into the room, a speck of dust floating through the beam. This second must never end. It's as if my time is synchronous with the journey of that particle.

Assemblage

1]

I want to be one with physics, to be carried away, held, to be in a place where time is not time, time is physics, physics that passes in waves through the body, like electricity, like sensations, like overtones, like endorphins, like mathematics. I want to get right up close to the sound, to let it envelop me like a big body that closes around me, to rest my spine against the very vibration in the material.

But therein lies the paradox; the moment I touch the vibration, it stops or finds new paths. The physical hand that wanted to hold it, absorbs the quiver.

2]

I want to listen with my whole being, listen with my ears, listen with my eyes, listen with my body, listen with my intellect.

Are we able to listen intellectually? Is it possible to listen intellectually to microscopic changes such as ripples on the ocean's surface?

Can the intellect sense, the way the hare senses the wind? Are we able to place the intellect in a sensing position? Are we able to seek without touching down?

3]

When I listen to a space, there are various potentials in that space. Properties that are prominent or that suggest a story about a specific rhythmic.

Two windows that face each other with a slight offset affect me somehow both physically and mentally. It's as if I can feel what it is to peer around the corner at the body. The back leans to the side, the left ear opens wider to hear what's happening over there in the asymmetric.

4]

In the text collection *Sounding the Margins*, Pauline Oliveros uses the term *sonosphere*, which she defines as the total sum of Earth's sonic activity.^{xxxvi} In the essay "Improvisation in the Sonosphere", she writes:

Humans sense the sonosphere according to the bandwidth, resonant frequencies, and mechanics of the ear, skin, bones, meridians, fluids, and other organs and tissues of the body, which are coupled to the Earth and its many layers – from the core out to the magnetic fields. All cells and molecules of the Earth and body vibrate, and these vibrations are transmitted through this complex network to the auditory cortex and nervous system, where they become sound.^{xxxvii}

Pauline Oliveros also discusses different forms of listening: *primary listening* is a kind of immediate relationship to the environment that starts at birth and continues to unfold throughout life; *secondary listening* is linked to memory; *focused listening* is associated with communication and learning; while *global listening* describes a kind of listening in which we open ourselves to a field of undifferentiated, variegated sounds.^{xxxviii}

This elucidation of the different modes of listening, and the varying degrees of awareness as we shift between them, is applicable, I feel, to the entire sensory apparatus. These various modes can also describe how we see, feel, taste, smell. They could also describe how we register our surroundings and events, and how experiences get stored as memories: as layers

of perception we can actively retrieve and consider from these various perspectives.

Oliveros also traces connections between time, listening and associated attitudes as actively evolving in ways that resonate in future memories.

I remind myself to listen so that I may be here now even though now has already gone.^{xxxix}

5]

I practise listening, depth searching, echo sounding in all directions.

Once in a while I become semipermeable. I experience the world through entangled perception, enter into symbiosis with my surroundings, nothing is merely itself, but an interwoven whole.

What is this assemblage I call me, my *I*? In some situations, it also includes space, others who are present. Does it also include time?

Experiences are burned onto the retina of the body. They become physical imprints in memory. My surroundings and my I undergo reciprocal transformative changes along the way, leaving traces over time. As sedimented events.

6]

I enter a deep green forest.
It smells of damp, earth, roots,
moss, stone, iron. Here much is
alive, many are alive.

The will to live has a thousand-year perspective. I sense the rhizomes beneath the ground. They pay no heed to my movements. I am temporary, a passing second. It frightens me intellectually, but calms my body (or is it the other way round?), reminds me of belonging.

The two of us, the body and the mind, are part of this will, all the tempi that together make up the tempo of the score.

7]

**Matter has immanent powers
of morphogenesis.^{xl}**

(Manuel DeLanda)

8]

In 2008, I took a job as a ranger at Lomseggen. I was alone in the mountains for five weeks, apart from a weekly trip down to the valley to pick up provisions. The path up the mountain was steep, so there was no one else up there.

When I think back, the landscape seems almost arranged. At the foot of Lomseggen there was a small hunting lodge. There I hung up a cured ham that lasted until the summer, with boiled potatoes for dinner every day. The cabin satisfied my basic needs. There was a bunkbed, a gas hob, a wood-burning stove and a small reading lamp powered from a solar panel that gave me half an hour of light every evening. From the cabin, I had views up towards the razor-sharp ridge, and straight down into a ravine. Deep down in the valley lay the centre of Lom, which twinkled in the evenings from the

lights people turned on in their living rooms. Towards autumn, the ravine began to behave like a witch's cauldron. Each morning, fog would float up from below, making the mountain impassable.

One of my tasks as a ranger was to head up onto the higher slopes each day to check on the animals that graze there freely and to look for any carcasses. Wolverines keep their distance when they smell human proximity, but dead sheep entitle the farmer to a hunting licence and compensation. The paths are long, but the mountain is divided into two sectors. I covered one of them while an experienced ranger called Tom covered the other. I had a mobile phone, which, to save power, I never used except for my one daily contact with another human being – an SMS between me and Tom to make sure that the other had made it home safely after the daily round.

After five weeks of hardly seeing myself, at least, not through another person's eyes, I discovered that I had reorganised my perceptions of what I am. I was no longer primarily face, eyes, speech. First and foremost, I was feet that walked, hands that grasped and hunger that needed satisfying. This recalibration came as a surprise. The feet that walked, hands that grasped, thirst and hunger knew a lot which, for a long time, the face, eyes and speech had barely bothered to think about. And the feet that walked, the hands that grasped, the thirst and the hunger also had wills of their own that were sometimes capable of giving the face, eyes and speech a fright.

9]

Do we calibrate ourselves to our surroundings, am I me, or am I a collection of qualities?

I can hold a stone and feel that to some extent I become stone and the stone becomes me. The same thing happens in ecological, social structures, political structures, economic structures, architectural structures. They shape me, I become part of them and they become part of me.

10]

Tim Ingold touches on this theme in his book *Lines*. I understand Ingold's use of the term *line* as an image for a way of reading the world as an interweaving of matter, distance, time and social entities. In the foreword he wrote for a new edition of the book in 2016, he poses a highly interesting question in a line that passes from the nature of fungi, through the definition of an organism, to the human individual, and on to social structures. First, he describes fungi as organisms that cannot be defined in terms of an inside and outside; they exist as part of a network that interacts with the environment without a clearly identifiable outer boundary, as entities that consist exclusively of fibres or lines.^{xli} This he follows with the rhetorical question of what implications it would have for biology if that discipline had adopted fungi as a paradigm for understanding of an

organism. From there, he draws the line further to the social sciences:

And so, too, would the science of society be different, were every person to be considered – like the mycelium – as a thing of lines, and the social as the domain of their entanglement?^{xlii}

I recall what Barad said about time,^{xliii} and think that perhaps time could also be viewed in the same way – as lacking a defined inside and outside, as an element in a network of interactions with the environment that cannot be defined in terms of an outer boundary. The time within me and in what surrounds me is calibrated together with the past, future and present.

11]

In her MA thesis *Konfetti og krystaller – en nymaterialistisk undersøkelse av kunst som kunnskapsproduksjon* (Confetti and Crystals. A New-materialist Investigation of Art as Knowledge Production), Stephanie S. Sundby uses neo-materialist theory to analyse the dance production *The Artificial Nature Project* (2012) by Mette Ingvarsten and the installation *Seizure* (2008) by Roger Hiorns. This is not the place to consider either the artistic works or the MA project in detail, but in her analyses, Sundby uses two new-materialist concepts that can help to explain how I too relate to the performative in my works.

In the section “Material performativity”, Sundby explains how in new materialism matter is treated as active in itself, not just in the context of the subject, but as an independent and active agent. New-materialist theory, she explains, eschews the traditional dichotomy between

“nature and culture, mind and body, human and non-human”.^{xliv} in favour of the idea that all matter is “inherently acting, transformative and selfproducing”.^{xlvi} She also references Bruno Latour’s actor-network theory, which maintains that the world is profoundly relational and “that entities only have qualities, attributes or form as a result of their relationships with other entities”.^{xlvi} With this material performativity as her foundation, Sundby takes a closer look at the dramaturgical model in Ingvarsten’s *The Artificial Nature Project*.

The Artificial Nature Project is a dance theatre work that uses confetti, safety blankets, wind machines, dancers, sound and light to create moving forms of porous and nonfigurative sculptures. These are evoked in the interrelational nexus between human

and material on stage, which further creates associations with weather and natural formations.^{xlvi}

Sundby describes how the dancers impinge on the materials and the materials impinge on the dancers in sequences that endlessly unfold what is inherent in the materiality of the performance. This in turn creates a continuous movement without beginning or end.^{xlvi} Further, Sundby invokes Gerko Egert’s analysis of the performance in *The Drama Review Vol. 60*, entitled “Choreographing the Weather – Weathering Choreography”. Alluding to Ingold’s theory of weather-worlds, Egert describes the choreography in *The Artificial Nature Project* as weather-choreography. According to Egert, Sundby tells us, Ingvarsten captures an “assemblage of forces”,^{xlix} whereby the choreography “is driven neither by the dancers

nor the physical objects in the performance space, but rather by an interwoven process of unfolding that emerges from between the various events”.ⁱ This is a thought that finds a counterpart in the words of Roger Hiorns, which Sundby quotes, where he sums up his work on the installation *Seizure* as:

“put[ting] together some kind of basic structure which would then grow into something else, the unanticipated other”^{li}

On the issue of the installation format and the inherent dramaturgy of the material, Sundby refers again to Ingold’s theory of weather-worlds. She points out that a weather system consists entirely of material processes that unfold over time. Elaborating on this, she cites the example of a stone eroding over thousands of years and turning to sand. The terms material *performativity* and *weather*

choreography are helpful keys when seeking to understand the dramaturgical aspect of my own artistic works. In my works, the dramatic event lies precisely in the overall process of unfolding that occurs between the various actors in an assemblage, “in a continuous movement without beginning or end”.^{lii} It is in the interweaving of material and space, mind and body, air, light, sound, time, energy, perception, action, and social relations, and further in memory and the sedimentation of experience within us, that the dramaturgy lies. I also see my artistic works as assemblages or compositions of structure which, to paraphrase Hiorns, “will then grow into something else, an unanticipated other”.^{liii}

In my works, this *other* is situated in part in the material, as we see, for example, in the case of *Resonance*, where the musical

progression amounts to an aleatoric composition determined by the movements of the audience.^{liv} It is situated in part in the sensory interpretation of the surroundings, as in the work *Interference*, where the placing of the audience in the room determines the interference patterns and hence the combination of sounds that occur in the individual listening.^{lv} And in part, this other is situated in the interpretational space (or the experiential space, as I would prefer to call it), because the structure or assemblage circumscribes the experience itself, whereas *the way in which* the experience is laid down in the audience’s understanding is in itself a relational process of unfolding between matter.

Listening to space changes space and changing space changes listening.^{lvi}

(Pauline Oliveros)

Conclusion

In the course of my research project, I have come to think that the work – in my artistic work – constitutes itself on the foundation of the individual viewer's experience. In addition, I have gradually had to ask myself what an individual is, in relation both to social circumstances and to material and our amalgamation with it.

If we read the artistic works through a new-materialist lens, we could possibly relocate the work to the relational interweaving that arises in the viewing experience. With Pauline Olivero's ideas about listening and memory in mind, we could perhaps further say that the work is situated in the immediate and the stored memories of the relational interweaving.

And if we supplement this with Karen Barad's definition of time as “past, present and future, stitched together in a non-linear unfolding in time-space and materialisation”,^{lvii} the work could perhaps be described as *a relational interweaving that constitutes an active agent in four-dimensional time memory*.

The awareness of the world and of one's complementary relations to the world are not separable.^{lviii}

(James J. Gibson)

In my artistic research practice, understanding runs ahead of words. When describing these works today, the practical work with the materials has already uncovered new paths and new questions that beg to be addressed.

The perspective of seeing the works as relative agents in a multidimensional time gives me a freedom to understand the works themselves as resistant to categorisation. If the works constitute active relative agents, then it will always be possible, on the one hand, to calibrate them against other artistic works that follow, and on the other, to understand them in completely different ways in the light of future events. Concepts emerge, not as definitions or steps that cement meaning, but as tools for use in further work, tools of experience that can be applied in the encounter with future events. I hope my works can serve as this kind of memory, works that actively calibrate materiality in the viewer's foundation of experience.

In the same breath, I would like to emphasise that an artistic work is not a theory, and that an analysis of a work is nothing more than an attempt to understand, even if that analysis is carried out by the artist herself.

I also have doubts as to whether the artist can, or should, attempt this type of reading of her own works, regardless of whether they are created as ordinary art practice or as artistic research. This attempt to describe the works is not founded on some metaphysical ethics, and neither does it presuppose romantic ideas about the artistic creation process. On the other hand, I am deeply convinced that there are parallel languages and opportunities for communication available to us, not all of which can be fully explored through words.

Whether or not my works can be defined as scenography is of little concern to me.

Scenography is a broad domain that encompasses many things. The characteristics of scenography include the fusion between space, material and actor/viewer, and an emphasis on time and dramaturgy, all of which define my own work. The ubiquity of tools in the current day and age means that most people can master basic tasks in a wide range of disciplines, which is highly conducive to multidisciplinary. I would go so far as to claim that the present is dissolving old disciplines; their boundaries are being washed away in the age of information. What interests me is the anarchic aspect of what happens when boundaries erode. If I had to choose a discipline, what I would say is precisely this: that my works seek to flow between various categories. I don't want my works to be limited to one specific field of art; I want them to belong to everyone. They attempt to break free from categorisation to

give the viewer the power to define what they are. The degree to which the project succeeds in this anarchic aspect is of little importance. What matters is the experiment. Just as every experiment in the studio eventually gives rise to something new, for me the role of art is the constant attempt to point to something that is as yet unfamiliar to us. Perhaps the real movement is situated on the plane of possibility that all contemporary artistic experiments taken together seek to circumscribe.

It is in the deviations that my work has yielded the most. I have clung to doubt, to a grain of resistance, to escape routes from honesty, which have been useful discussion partners throughout the project. This means that throughout the process I have been renegotiating the boundaries between work, theory, method and lived life. It has been

extremely important for me not to instrumentalise the artistic works in the service of the research questions, and not to identify with a specific artistic genre or theory. It was important that the work in the studio was free to pass through a variety of theories, as if there were permeable membranes around each text and each work.

I see the practical artistic work and the reflection work as two materials in a dialectic relationship and which collectively pursue an investigation of a field. The works are not answers to the reflections, and the reflections are neither questions nor answers that derive from the works. They are active investigations in different media that guide each other through a research process. I like the image of these different aspects roped together like a search party scouring an area called “the research project”.

At the start, the project had the title *Instrumental Scenography*. This I later changed to *Responsive Space – Sounding into Materiality*. Both alternatives were meant to capture the artistic expression I was searching for. But what the research has shown is that the artistic works are research questions in themselves; they run on ahead, in front of me, and the title lags far behind, if one reads it as a title for the artistic work. Approaching it from another angle, however, it can be read as a description of the *research space*. A responsive space that lies between practical work, theory and lived life. An encirclement where ideas, materials and practice resonate back and forth, interfere, assume new forms.

When I look at a material, I know – after a lifetime spent with materials – roughly what temperature it has, how heavy it is, whether it can be suspended, whether it will need a

plinth, whether it is solid or merely a skin around something else, whether it can be held in a cautious grasp, whether it is hefty. I know whether a material attracts moisture, or will hold varnish or pigments. Whether the pigments will diffuse into its fibres to produce a kind of linear watercolour, or whether they will remain where I put them with my brush, and whether the pigments must be dissolved in oil or water. And I know how it sounds, smells, feels to the touch, and – although it surprises me – I know how it tastes. I am attracted to working contrary to these qualities. I always want to make a material that is heavy light, one that is hard soft, one that is cold warm. We all tend to have an instinctive reaction to a material that is differently calibrated from what we are used to – the properties we attribute to the material are both negated and emphasised. When a material presents itself with

properties that deviate from its usual form, we seem to perceive it as in some way even more itself.

By reworking materials usually associated with architecture, engineering and representation into an expressive form that points to us humans as belonging to nature – into a structure that allows relational exchange between man and matter – I expose and tentatively break down the mythical power that we ascribe to materials. The structures tentatively deconstruct certain hierarchies that order materials and people, and empower each individual's relational interactions with their surroundings. While the works are not directly political, they do exemplify a desire to create a situation that empowers the participant in the art event. Further, they entail a desire that this experience of empowerment (and with it also

responsibility) in the relational interaction with one's surroundings can establish itself as an active memory in the viewer's foundation of experience. To quote Karen Barad:

To respond – to be responsible. To take responsibility for that which we inherit. For the entangled relationalities of inheritance that we are. To put oneself at risk. To recognize the dispersion of the self, the diffractions of being in time. To open oneself up to indeterminacy and moving towards what is to come.^{lix}

I seek works that are *like* instruments, that have the power of instruments to reconfigure, recontextualise, change and reinterpret. For me, it is important that my works offer an open space to those who experience them, that the work is a symbiosis

between material and viewer. And it is important to me that this experience is characterised by intimacy, trust and scope for reflection.

To listen, we must let ourselves be led, we must adopt humility. At the same time, we hold responsibility within the situation. It is up to us what we retain from the experience, and we can break it off whenever we want. The listening is entirely our own. I believe that listening is the most important thing we do, and I believe that when we use this ability, much else of importance follows from it.

Endnotes

ⁱ “Svartdalen”. In *Oslo Byleksikon*. <https://oslobyleksikon.no/index.php/Svartdalen> (as accessed 20.07.2020).

ⁱⁱ Kate Bush. *Aerial*. (London: EMI, 2005). CD.

ⁱⁱⁱ The term “plane of possibility” (mulighetsrom) is borrowed from Drude von der Fehr, who uses it in the chapter “Begivenhetsfeltet” in her book *Den levende kroppen* (2016), 19-56.

^{iv} In preparing *Petrichor*, I have been closely accompanied by the following texts: *Closer / Närmare* (2010) by Caroline Slotte, *Koreografisk poesi* (2019) by Janne-Camilla Lyster, *Mineraler og naturfenomener – kunstneriske uttrykk gjennom regelbasert forskning* (2019) by Katrine Køster Holst, and *Intuition: A Conversation* (2017) by Eddi De Wolf and Ludovica Lumer. I have found the form and language of the reflections in these texts particularly relevant to and inspiring for my own search for a language that is close to my art practice.

^v Drude von der Fehr. “Begivenhetsfeltet”. In *Den levende kroppen. Mot en ny forståelse av menneske og natur*, edited by Drude von der Fehr (Oslo: Vidarforlaget, 2016), 19-56.

^{vi} Tim Ingold. *Making. Anthropology, Archaeology, Art and Architecture* (Abingdon: Routledge, 2013), 110.

^{vii} The exposition “Responsive Space – Sounding into Materiality” can be accessed at <https://www.researchcatalogue.net/profile/?person=102262>

^{viii} Written with echoes of the poems “Nærhet” (Presence) and “Emblem” by Hans Børli in mind; from Hans Børli: *Vindharpe* (Oslo: Aschehoug, 1974), 49, and Beathe Børli Karterud (ed.): *Hans Børli – Lys i vindall natt, poems* selected by Beathe Børli Karterud (Oslo: Aschehoug, 2008), 86.

^{ix} Paraphrased from Halvor Aarnes: “Lukten etter regn” (The smell after rain), in *Store norske leksikon*. Last modified 23 June 2019. http://snl.no/lukten_etter_regn (Translated to English by Peter Cripps).

^x Paraphrased from: Kristin Straumsheim Grønli. “Gravitasjon: Et eple falt i hodet på Newton”. <https://forskning.no/fysikk-bakgrunn-forskningens-historie/bakgrunngravitasjon-et-eple-falt-i-hodet-pa-newton/1081366> (as accessed 30.07.2020). (Translated to English by Peter Cripps).

^{xi} Tate Modern. “Mark Rothko”. <http://www.tate.org.uk/visit/tate-modern/display/in-the-studio/mark-rothko> (as accessed 06.07.2020). The red room at Tate Modern refers to room 10 of the Studio at Tate Modern in London, which, in the period 23 May 2016 – 22 March 2020 showed works by Mark Rothko, curated by Helen Sainsbury. Here one found a complete series of nine paintings by Rothko exhibited in a dimly lit room. The works are painted in deep maroon and black oils on canvas. Rothko regarded these works as objects for sensitive contemplation.

^{xii} Tone Hødnebo. *Mørkt Kvadrat* (Oslo: Aventura Forlag, 1994), 19. The choice of words in this section is indebted to a poem in the anthology *Mørkt kvadrat* by Tone Hødnebo: “Det er ikke morgen, det er ikke kveld / det er ikke dag, det er ikke natt / det er ikke sommer det er ikke høst / det er ikke vinter og det er ikke vår, / men vinden blåser i trærne og trærne / lar seg rive med. Trærne lar seg rive med” (“It isn’t morning, it isn’t evening / it isn’t day, it isn’t night / it isn’t summer it isn’t autumn / it isn’t winter and it isn’t spring, / but the wind blows in the trees and the trees / let themselves get carried away. The trees let themselves get carried away”)

^{xiii} Opal Ltd. *Opal Information Number 5*. Essex: Opal Ltd, 1987. https://www.moredarkthanshark.org/feature_opal_info_5-1987.html (as accessed 29.07.2020). The Peter Schmidt quote is taken from a text by Brian Eno on page 8.

^{xiv} Brian Eno. “8 days a week”. From *Melody Maker*, 29 January 1977. Reproduced on <http://www.enoweb.co.uk/interviews/melma77b.html> (as accessed 20.07.2020). The quote is from the section with the heading “Wednesday”.

^{xv} Personal communication 23.05.2020, 12.00. Remarks of Ylve Thon paraphrased, from the Facebook discussion forum “Ressursside for kunstnere”. (Translated to English by Peter Cripps).

^{xvi} Aslaug Nyrnes. “Lighting from the side”. In *Sensuous Knowledge. Focus on Artistic Research and Development. No. 3* (Bergen: Bergen National Academy of the Arts, 2006), 19.

^{xvii} Foster, et al., *Art since 1900. Modernism, Antimodernism, Postmodernism*. 2nd edition (London: Thames & Hudson, 2011), 180. When working with technological art and industrial materials, it is easy to integrate components that we associate with early constructivism. Constructivism, which emerged in Russia around 1920, was characterised by, among other things, the use of industrial materials, a focus on mechanical functions, and its view of art as a structure for social situations. While there is much in my own work that relates to constructivism, it is, I feel, the visual references to the Russian origins of this movement that establish the distant relationship for a contemporary viewer, thanks to the specific nostalgic affinity for the mechanical that they offer.

^{xviii} Jesmonite and Acrylic 1 are two relatively similar two-component plastics that can be used for casting.

^{xix} Caroline A. Jones. “Introduction and the Mediated Sensorium”. In *Sensorium. Embodied Experience, Technology, and Contemporary Art*, edited by Caroline A. Jones, 1-49 (Cambridge: MIT Press, 2006), 8. An endnote within the quotation reads: “Key work has been done, of course, as this book’s bibliography and contributors show. Scholars particularly important to my own thinking are Jacques Attali, Constance Classen, Steven Connor, Alain Corbin, Jonathan Crary, and Sara Danus.”

^{xx} Jones, 2006, 8.

^{xxi} Olafur Eliasson. “The Weather Project”. <https://olafureliasson.net/archive/artwork/WEK101003/the-weather-project> (as accessed 07.07.2020).

^{xxii} Alistair Rider. *Carl Andre. Things in Their Elements* (London: Phaidon Press, 2011).

^{xxiii} Phaidon. “What matters to the reclusive artist, Carl Andre”. <https://uk.phaidon.com/agenda/art/articles/2011/may/18/what-matters-to-the-reclusive-artist-carlandre/> (as accessed 15.07.2020).

^{xxiv} Foster, et al. 2011, 536-539

^{xxv} Paraphrased from: Nobuo Sekine. “Mono-ha”. <http://www.nobuosekine.com/mono-ha/> (as accessed 01.07.2020).

^{xxvi} Read about and see documentation of the work *Resonance* in the exposition “Responsive Space – Sounding into Materiality” on *Research Catalogue*.

^{xxvii} My transcription from: Duke Gender, Sexuality & Feminist Studies. “Feminist Theory Workshop Keynote – Karen Barad”. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cS7szDFwXyg> (as accessed 30.07.2020), 17:19.

^{xxviii} Janne-Camilla Lyster. “Koreografisk poesi”. PhD dissertation, Oslo National Academy of the Arts (Oslo: Tiden Norsk Forlag, 2019), 137.

^{xxix} Lyster, 2019, 137

^{xxx} Jones, 2006, 2

^{xxxi} Personal communication 26.09.2019, excerpt from an email written by supervisor Trond Lossius. (Translated to English by Peter Cripps).

^{xxxii} Jennifer M. Groh. *Making Space – How the Brain Knows Where Things Are* (Cambridge/London: Belknap Press, Harvard University Press, 2014), 5.

^{xxxiii} Katrine Køster Holst. “Mineraler og naturfenomener – kunstneriske uttrykk gjennom regelbasert forskning”. PhD dissertation, Oslo National Academy of the Arts, 2019. <https://www.researchcatalogue.net/view/590895/628932> (as accessed 20.07.2020).

^{xxxiv} Toru Takemitsu. “Corona for Pianist(s)”. Graphic score, Paris: Editions Salabert, 2016. First performed in 1962; first printed in 1972.

^{xxxv} Read about and see documentation of the work *Resonance* in the exposition “Responsive Space – Sounding into Materiality” on *Research Catalogue*.

^{xxxvi} Pauline Oliveros. *Sounding the Margins. Collected Writings 1992–2009*. (Kingston: Deep Listening Publications, 2010), 177 and from endnote 1, p. 278.

^{xxxvii} Oliveros, 2010, 177.

^{xxxviii} Oliveros, 2010, 248.

^{xxxix} Oliveros, 2010, 249.

^{xl} My transcription from: European Graduate School Video Lectures. “Manuel DeLanda – The Philosophy of Gilles Deleuze 5/5”. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AEyEAJOHC5c> (as accessed 30.07.2020), 00:04.

^{xli} Paraphrased from: Tim Ingold. “Preface to the Routledge Classics Edition”. In *Lines. A Brief History*, by Tim Ingold, xv–xviii. (Abingdon: Routledge Classics, 2016), xvi.

^{xlii} Ingold, 2016, xvi.

^{xliii} My transcription (of Karen Barad) from: *Duke Gender, Sexuality & Feminist Studies*, 17:19.

^{xliv} Sundby, Stephanie Serrano. “Konfetti og krystaller – en nymaterialistisk undersøkelse av kunst som kunnskapsproduksjon”. MA dissertation. University of Bergen, 2017. <http://bora.uib.no/bitstream/handle/1956/16737/Konfetti-og-krystaller-En-nymaterialistisk-unders-kelse-av-kunst-som-kunnskapsproduksjon-.pdf> (as accessed 30.07.2020), 13. (Translated to English by Peter Cripps).

^{xlvi} Sundby, 2017, 13. Internal reference in Diana Coole and Samantha Frost. *New Materialisms: Ontology, Agency, and Politics* (Durham: Duke University Press, 2010), 9. (Translated to English by Peter Cripps).

^{xlvi} Sundby, 2017, 14. Internal reference from Ilana Gershon (2010): “Bruno Latour (1947–)”. Academia 21.05.2010. https://www.academia.edu/28978416/Bruno_Latour (as accessed 29.02.2016), 161. (Translated to English by Peter Cripps).

^{xlvii} Sundby, 2017, 6. (Translated to English by Peter Cripps.)

^{xlviii} Sundby, 2017, 64. (Translated to English by Peter Cripps).

^{xlix} Sundby, 2017, 63. Internal reference to Gerko Egert (2016): “Choreographing the Weather – Weathering Choreography”. *The Drama Review* 60, (2): 68-82. Accessed from <https://muse-jhu-edu.pva.uib.no/article/619192>, 72. (Translated to English by Peter Cripps).

^l Sundby, 2017, 64. Internal reference to Gerko Egert (2016), 72. (Translated to English by Peter Cripps).

^{li} Sundby, 2017, 79. Internal reference (Sundby paraphrases the statement by Hiorns) to James Lingwood (2008). “The Impregnation of an Object: Roger Hiorns in conversation with James Lingwood”. *Artangel: Extraordinary Art, Unexpected Places*. <https://www.artangel.org.uk/seizure/the-impregnation-of-an-object/> (as accessed 21.03.2016). (Translated to English by Peter Cripps).

^{lii} Paraphrased from: Sundby, 2017, 64.

^{liii} Sundby, 2017, 179. Internal reference; Sundby’s paraphrase of Hiorns from Lingwood, 2008. (Translated to English by Peter Cripps).

^{liv} Read about and see documentation of the work *Resonance* in the exposition “Responsive Space – Sounding into Materiality” on *Research Catalogue*.

^{lv} Read about and see documentation of the work *Interference* in the exposition “Responsive Space – Sounding into Materiality” on *Research Catalogue*.

^{lvi} Oliveros, 2010, 165.

^{lvii} My transcription (of Karen Barad) from: *Duke Gender, Sexuality & Feminist Studies*, 17:19.

^{lviii} Gibson, James J. *The Ecological Approach to Visual Perception* (17th printing). Hove: Psychology Press, 2011. The quote is from the section “The optical information for perceiving affordances”.

^{lix} My transcription (of Karen Barad) from: *Duke Gender, Sexuality & Feminist Studies*, 57:58.

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