



TEATTERIKORKEAKOULU
TEATERHÖGSKOLAN

2011

OPINNÄYTETYÖ

Imagining Some Space

TUULI TUBIN

MA DEGREE PROGRAMME IN LIVE ART AND PERFORMANCE
STUDIES



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<p>Imagining Some Space</p> <p>Some texts and a performance story. All motivated by the author's interest in space, in this that surrounds, and that interest, in turn, originating from the author's earlier studies in cultural anthropology, in observing and experiencing the surrounding animate and inanimate world. The texts in this thesis are alternating between academic and creative writing. They are texts written on a specific site on Suomenlinna island in Helsinki, Finland, as part of the performance "Beyond the Wind in Front of Me / A Space Ship Journey" story or prologues to that, and the more academic ones supporting them or growing out of them, being accompanied also by the thoughts and practices of others.</p> <p>The main research questions and themes being How to perceive this that surrounds me? What is space, what does it consist of? Is it something that simply surrounds me? Am I a part of it or is it a part of me? How can a space be researched? How to activate a space? What kind of mental images do spaces/places create/uncover/open up in us? How to animate/make alive those images?</p> <p>Body giving meaning to space via actions created by the body. Physical environment contra emotional, imaginary, visionary one. Presence in a space/place. Physical and mental presence. Presence in memories.</p>			
ASIASANAT Site-specific performance, space, sense-perception, performance.			

Sisällysluettelo

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Introducing
Imagining Some Space

Some texts and a performance story. All motivated by my interest in space, in this that surrounds, and that interest, in turn, originating from my closeness to anthropology, to observing and experiencing the world, animate and inanimate, around me. This work consisting of some fragments of space, of fragments mediated through written words, and of the ones brought to life via performance. The following texts being an assemblage of thoughts and descriptions of experiences, the main purpose of which is “[i]nspiration, not information” (Man Ray in Svenungsson 2007, 11).

Thoughts that have inspired questions. How to perceive this that surrounds me? What is space, what does it consist of? Is it something that simply surrounds me? Am I a part of it or is it a part of me? How can a space be researched? How to activate a space? What kind of mental images do spaces/places create/uncover/open up in us? How to animate/make alive those images?

Questions that have inspired thoughts and themes. Body giving meaning to space via actions created by the body. Physical environment contra emotional, imaginary, visionary one. Presence in a space/place. Physical and mental presence. Presence in memories.

Performance as a link between the thoughts, questions and themes. A tool for researching and making visible space and the sense of it. The behaviour/performance of space and my own behaviour/performance in space, “the crossing of the body and the world” (Morris 2004, 33).

One more starting point for me besides these questions and themes having been how to create a research tool/method for creation, for performance, based on a specific space/site? My tool has become writing. Writing on a site that interests me, and writing about that very site. Writing in a usual way, but practising also automatic writing and controlled freewriting, that is writing in an automatic way, not censoring anything that comes up; in the case of controlled freewriting just keeping a specific site as a theme on my mind. Ways for searching and bringing up the sources of poetic imagination, images, that can then, later, be processed into more elaborated texts, actions, live images. Something that can be regarded similar to “placewrite”, a term proposed by the poet William Barnes and discussed by the scholar Simon Trezise as a

way of approaching a territory that we can touch and see, and which we respond to in our minds (Trezise 2000, 13). Adding of auditory and olfactory experiences also to the visual and tactile ones; the whole process of sense perception; a phenomenological approach, the study of things as they appear and experiencing of this appearing. Converging of phenomenology and ethnography; grasping of experience and experiencing, “making sense of experience”, as the anthropologist Dell Hymes describes ethnography (Hymes 1986, 407). Researching, trying to find and experience, the *genius loci*, “spirit of place” that, according to the architect and theorist Christian Norberg-Schulz has since the ancient times been recognized as “the concrete reality man has to face and come to terms with in his daily life” (Schulz 1980, 5). Writing as the main tool for anthropologists, ethnographers; remnants of which I still carry with me from my background studying cultural anthropology. Something that the scholar James Redfield names as ethnographer’s poetry, talking about ethnographers as poets and poets as ethnographers (Redfield 1986, 351-354). Also something that can be named *autotopography*, “writing place through self (and simultaneously writing self through place)”, “a creative act of seeing, interpretation and invention” (Heddon 2008, 91). For me, a performance site is a “field” where I do my fieldwork; where I gather material and where I in the end perform the material. A movement between observing, experiencing, describing, transforming the experiences into written words (in case they are transformable; if not, leaving them in the whatever form they are in), then constructing new experiences out of all this, for myself and for others.

The following texts will be alternating between academic and creative writing. They are texts written on a specific site on Suomenlinna island in Helsinki, Finland, as part of my performance story or prologues to that, and the more academic ones supporting them or growing out of them, being accompanied also by the thoughts and practices of others.

Thank you, my supervisors Annette Arlander and Lotta Svinhufvud-Lockett.

Discussing space, place, site, site-specificity

Space. Place. Site. Environment. Words, the meanings of which partly overlap each other. Locations that partly contain each other. Place as “a part of space which a body takes up” (Newton in Casey 1996, 37). In place space and time come together (Casey 1996, 36). Place as a space “in which the process of remembrance continues to activate the past” (Dean and Millar 2005, 14). Space becoming a somehow bounded place, when something happens there and creates a memory of this something. Place imagined as something closed, secure, stable, fixed, etc., and space as open, mobile, free, and risky (Heddon 2008, 94). Place and site as locations; space and environment as something more abstract around them. Environment as something that surrounds, envelops, sustains, contains and nests, but is also participatory and active, a “concatenation of living systems“ (Schechner 1994, x). The same would apply to space, too. Space containing and overlapping with environment, place and site.

Space as if spellbinding for me because of the inability to mark clearly, where it begins and where it ends; because of its not totally perceptible essence, but at the same time its importance in holding everything together and creating, or being, the connection(s) between things in the world; because of its archival quality, housing the tangible and intangible, real and imaginary, present, past and future.

Interaction. With space, via performance. Performances connected to specific sites, inspired of, grown out of, meant for, performed in these very sites.

If one accepts the proposition that the meanings of utterances, actions and events are affected by their ‘local position’, by the *situation* of which they are a part, then a work of art, too, will be defined in relation to its place and position (Kaye 2000, 1).

My approach being a mixture of site-specific, site-particular and site-responsive; also of parts of something named with other terms a bit later here. Site-specific described by Ilya Noé as work determined by and physically bound to its environmental context with *site* defined merely as “the actual material location” (Noé 2009, 149); this as just one of the possible definitions of the term site-specific. Site-particular explained by Noé as an approach considering *site* not as something that pre-exists either conceptually, formally or ideologically, but that is constructed performatively out of the exchanges between artist, environment and audience (ibid,

150). Site-responsive as an approach using site as a resource for the performance material. The artist and performance studies scholar Mike Pearson, in his book *Site-Specific Performance*, mentions even more terms (without further explanations) relating to the connections between an artwork and a specific site: site-determined, site-oriented, site-conscious, site-referenced and site-related (Pearson 2010, 1). He refers also to Fiona Wilkie who identifies besides site-specific also site-sympathetic (an existing performance text physicalized in a selected site) and site-generic (performance generated for a series of like sites) (Pearson 2010, 8). A broad spectrum of terms between which to operate and choose. An impulse to actually not define the exact type; to leave it more open.

Site-specific works, according to Miwon Kwon, first emerged in the late 1960s, early 1970s, in the wake of minimalism when the space of art became no more perceived as a blank slate, a *tabula rasa*, but a real place where the art object or event was to be experienced in the here and now through the bodily presence of the viewing subject (Kwon 2002, 11). Vanguardist works of sculpture were followed through the 1970s by the ones in land/earth art, process art, installation art, performance/body art, conceptual art, and various forms of institutional critique (ibid, 12-13).

Kwon schematizes three paradigms of site-specificity – phenomenological, social/institutional, and discursive; although presented chronologically, they are not stages in a linear trajectory of historical development, but rather competing definitions, overlapping with each other and operating simultaneously in different cultural practices today, or even within a single artist's single project (Kwon 2002, 30). Initially, site-specific art was based in a phenomenological or experiential understanding of the site, "defined primarily as an agglomeration of the actual physical attributes of a particular location" (ibid, 3).

The phenomenological site-specificity being closest to me, perhaps because of its similarity to ethnography, as phenomenology and ethnography are both descriptive disciplines and converge in a lot. My approach to site being mainly phenomenological, and the following chapters here will be starting off from this.

Influential and inspiring artists and artworks dealing with the themes of space and site-specificity, and my own site-specific work

Mike Pearson. His works and research being mainly in and about performance and landscape, performance and archaeology; biography, personal narrative and memory in performance. *Carrlands* (an ongoing project), a work conceived and written by Pearson, composed by John Hardy, co-composed by Hugh Fowler. A series of sound compositions combining spoken word, music and effects inspired by and set at three locations in the agricultural landscape of North Lincolnshire, UK. A site-specific performance with downloadable MP3 files that people can take to the site and play while walking there, becoming both listeners and participants.¹

Site-specific performance is employed here as a radical address to landscape, that itself constitutes the latest occupation of a location within which other occupations are apparent and cognitively active: a conflation of that which pre-exists the work and that which is of the work, the friction of what is *of* the place and what is brought *to* the place².

Red Earth. An international environmental arts group lead by artists Caitlin Easterby and Simon Pascoe. Site-specific installations and performances created in response to the landscape³. Their latest work *Chalk* (2011) consisting of installations, performance journeys and experiential walks on the South Downs, UK, dealing with the questions

How do we really get to know a place? We can drive to it; take a bus, walk, cycle, ride or run. But how would it feel to travel through layers of geological and archaeological time, to feel and taste the ecology of the land, uncover its hidden worlds through sound and performance? What would it feel like to be truly immersed in the landscape?⁴

revenant : sound. An ongoing project with open membership, focusing on site-specific acoustic actions; all sounds originating from materials found in-situ, and from

¹ Carrlands Project webpage: <http://www.carrlands.org.uk/default.asp>, accessed 9. 7. 2011

² Mike Pearson in the Carrlands Project description, p. 5. Available at: <http://www.carrlands.org.uk/images/carrlands.pdf>, accessed 28. 8. 2010

³ Red Earth webpage: <http://www.redearth.co.uk/home2a.html>, accessed 13. 3. 2010

⁴ Red Earth webpage: <http://www.redearth.co.uk/>, accessed 9. 7. 2011

interactions with the space itself⁵. Some excerpts from a description of a workshop integrated into the revenant frame, led by Patrick McGinley, John Grzinich and Maksims Shentelevs:

sound as transmitter of nonverbal information, whether as a tool for communication or as a description of physical or imaginary space. [...] sound's ability to define/describe space, and [...] our ability to resonate, alter or create space by using sound.⁶

Ann Hamilton. A visual artist, using in some of her works an intriguing, quite an intangible form of space, the one inside herself, that she creates a connection with via the mouth as an opening to the whole inner space of a body. In the video works *Linings*, *Aleph*, *Salic*, and photo series *Commute I* and *Commute II* her mouth is filled with something (water, stone marbles, a ball of yarn, horsehair), creating an image of this something, the matter, either entering or exiting her inner space through the mouth. In the photo series *Portal 1 – 20* and *Face to Face 1 – 67* she has a self-made pinhole-camera in her mouth that takes photographs when she opens her mouth, facing either her own reflection on a mirror held in front of her face, other people or landscapes. A shift between the functions of a mouth and an eye, as the mouth with a camera inside becomes as an eye. Hamilton herself describing it as “the site of language becoming a place of image” (Hamilton in Simon and Hamilton 2006, 195).

My own works dealing with the themes of space and site-specificity, preceding the performance *Beyond the Wind in Front of Me / A Space Ship Journey*, are *Activated Spaces* and *Traces of Spaces*, both made during my studies in the Theatre Academy Helsinki. *Activated Spaces* consisting of four video works filmed outside in four different sites in the open air, and small performances in a blackbox, all growing out of the very sites themselves that I had found, using the material, both physical and non-physical, of these sites. *Traces of Spaces* starting off as a tracing of traces in the rooms and on the territory of the old Pori cotton factory in the town of Pori in

⁵ revenant : sound webpage: <http://maaheli.ee/revenant/about>, accessed 9. 7. 2011

⁶ revenant : sound webpage: <http://maaheli.ee/revenant/archives/category/revenant-workshops>, accessed 9. 7. 2011

Finland. The result being an installation and performances based on/inspired by these traces. The main questions and themes on my mind, while working with both of these works, having been how to activate a space; what kind of mental images do spaces/places create/uncover/open up in us; how to make these images alive; memory of actions inscribed on a place; picking up traces and leaving traces. All these being continued and carried over also to the work *Beyond the Wind in Front of Me / A Space Ship Journey*, discussed later.

Space

to
explore
imagine
experience
characterize
involve with
reveal
animate
represent
question
answer
read
become
change
write
feel
touch
become touched by
search
find
recall
forget
fill
listen to
make
play with
simply journey to and through
become lost in
different spaces

A few thoughts to start off with.

Space. This that surrounds; this that I find surrounding me and this that I create in order to surround me, or others, or me together with others. This that I add to the found that surrounds, and this that the found adds to what I create. A sometimes barely and sometimes strongly visible or in other ways perceptible joint operation. And not only what surrounds, but also what is within. Also this that surrounds, is within something, that is again within something and so on and so on. Within me, within others; in beings and things animate and inanimate. Visible and invisible space. Something with clear boundaries and something that extends far out of reach. Something fixed to a place and something taken or carried along, planted to another place and left there, or then taken along again, in a transmuted form, influenced by the touchdown. Or then just carried along all the (life)time, being conscious or making oneself conscious of it, or then not.

Space. Tangibility. Living beings and inanimate objects in space; structure, material and surfaces of these beings and objects; walls or other architectural elements giving space a very certain form; space filled for example with trees or growing grass.

Space. Intangibility. Images that come into being in space. Images that are there, that one can really see with one's own eyes; and images that come up in one's imagination, but that are still based on or inspired of the very space. Connections, visible and invisible, that come into being between all that there is in a certain space in a certain time. Memories that are already existing somewhere, for example in someone's head or in a specific space, and memories that can be consciously created, in order to start remembering a specific space.

Space. All this that does not entirely belong to either the tangible or the intangible; this that is somewhere in between. Words, written on paper, uttered into the air or thought in one's mind, while being in, or thinking about, or dreaming of a space. Such words forming stories. Stories about what has been, who has been and how has been; what, who and how is and will be or might be; or about whatever else, either in fiction or reality. Light. I can see it, but I cannot touch it, or I can touch it, actually I am in it and I just do not feel the touch or have become so used to this feeling of touch between me and the light, that I am not able to notice it any more. Sounds. They are somehow material, because I can hear them, but again, I cannot touch them. Or

actually I touch them, or they touch me; I just cannot see them. They as if somehow invisibly enter me and resonate inside me for a while, then leave; an invisible journey.

Space. Myself. As a space. Tangibility inside me: different organs, skeleton. Intangibility inside me: images, memories, thoughts and ideas sometimes formed into words and stories, sometimes not.

Spaces that make me stop on my way, come closer, think and imagine in and about them, perhaps make these imaginations alive, observe what happens with my own behaviour and thoughts in them, then leave and go on in search for the next one. I experience myself moving somewhere between these tangible and intangible spaces, taking something from each of them with me, and leaving something behind. Sometimes realizing clearly, where one space ends and another begins, as if following a chain of spaces linked to each other, and sometimes moving just in one huge space. All this as a journey, a lifelong journey, or as a lifelong rite of passage, sometimes transforming me in real and sometimes only temporally and sometimes not at all.

Sensing

The look. Seeing. What is it that I am seeing around me and how am I seeing it? This something transparent between my eyes and the things I see. The objects of sight - colour and something besides it; the transparent that can be described, but has no name. This transparent a medium, a natural attribute, one time darkness and another time light (Aristotle 1907, 77-79). “What is at stake in vision is not the optical reconstruction of the surround, but a way of inhabiting a world at a distance“ (Morris 2004, 41). Inhabiting this something transparent with objects animate and inanimate. But not only with objects, tangibility; also with something more abstract, with something that cannot be properly described and grasped. Thoughts, dreams, unsaid words, sounds and smells. In order to notice, to become aware of them, we have to look, listen, touch; “things themselves teach us how to look at them [---] to see one thing, to see or feel the properties of a thing, is to engage in a particular style of moving with things, even of looking 'with' things” (Morris 2004, 42). Things that I think I see somewhere around me right here and right now. But at the same time also other things from somewhere else and somewhen else that I see in these things right here right now. Things with similar properties. Thoughts that I have thought somewhere else, but that now match with the surroundings here too. How I look at things and how things interact with me viewing them, evoking different reactions and meanings, and how these meanings change over time and in different contexts (Schechner 2007, 2).

Not only looking and seeing, but other ways of perceiving the surroundings as well - “perception arises in the crossing of body and world” (Morris 2004, 52). The different ways in which this crossing takes place and the different parts of the body and the world that cross. Parts that cross directly and parts that cross indirectly, through a medium, for example through the same transparent medium talked about earlier. “For no sound or scent produces sensation by contact with the sense-organ: it is the intervening medium which is excited by sound and odour and the respective sense-organs by the medium” (Aristotle 1907, 81). The intervening medium, for example this something transparent, the air, as space, or the most important

component of space, into which objects, animate and inanimate, sights, smells, sounds, thoughts, words and so on and so on are placed. Placed per se and placed intentionally. But, as the philosopher Maurice Merleau-Ponty says:

Space is not the setting (real or logical) in which things are arranged, but the means whereby the position of things becomes possible. This means that instead of imagining it as a sort of ether in which all things float, or conceiving it abstractly as a characteristic that they have in common, we must think of it as the universal power enabling them to be connected. (Merleau-Ponty 2002, 284.)

Space as the connecting medium. Something invisible in itself; yet becoming visible in other things and in connections between other things. Something that cannot be grasped, but still is present. Being invisible in itself and therefore having also invisible boundaries; if having them at all. Something extending either from somewhere unknown to somewhere unknown, or then simply filling all this there is without any clear start and end. Is it one whole space, or is there a countless amount of them? A countless amount of spaces hooked up to each other, so that where one ends, another one begins, or a countless amount of spaces overlapping each other? Can this countless amount of them be set apart from each other for example with walls, and by doing this become captured for example in a building, in a place?

And then myself. Is there one space or several of them also inside me, my body? My body as a container for something. Organs, firstly, but what is more intriguing is something immaterial besides that. The invisible connecting medium inside me, probably connecting me also with the one(s) outside of me and the ones inside other animate, or also inanimate, beings. The sense of me, the space of me. How to make this perceivable, to myself and others?

Can space be thought of as something alive in itself, or does it become alive through all that inhabits it? Is it something moving, or is it standing still? Is it constantly changing? Changing in time and never being the same as it was a while ago? “Space

has time/times within it. [---] You can't hold places and things still. What you *can* do is meet up with them." (Massey 2003.)⁷

To speak of space-time is to speak [---] of *event*. For an event is at once spatial and temporal, indeed indissolubly both: its spatial qualities and relations happen at a particular time. But the happening itself occurs in a place that is equally particular. (Casey 1996, 37.)

What if the world can be said to be composed of discrete events? (Olkowski 2010, 89.) Of events inhabiting coincidentally both space and time. Simultaneity of these events.

[T]he meaning of space as a simultaneity of stories; that sense of 'right now'. *Right now* there is someone growing manges-tout for your table; *right now* there is chaos on the streets of Baghdad; *right now* it is just about noon on the West Coast of the Americas (while it is already evening here in London). [---] [T]ravelling not across space-as-surface but across a multitude of stories. [---] Every train journey (and that would be the least of it) would become a nightmare of guilty admission of all the stories the fullness of whose coeval existence you did not manage to recognise. (Massey 2003.)

The process of sense perception. Perception giving presences of feeling and perceiving bodies; sensations being always experienced presences (Merleau-Ponty in Feld 1996, 92). Through presences getting to know space, inside and around. Perception giving presences of myself, awareness of myself, and of everything else. This everything else becoming as if born, discovered, caught, via feeling and perceiving bodies. "As soon as we have the thing before our eyes, and in our hearts an ear for the word, thinking prospers" (Heidegger in Basso 1996, 72). But not only having the thing before our eyes; perceiving it in other ways too, and not only having an ear for the word, but openness for example for images, real and imaginary ones,

⁷ A quotation from Doreen Massey's text "Some times of space" in Olafur Eliasson's *The Weather Project* exhibition catalogue. Available at: http://www.olafureliasson.net/publications/download_texts/Some_times_of_space.pdf, accessed 15. 9. 2010.

sound-, and smell-scapes etc.; something that not always necessarily transforms or needs to be transformed into words, uttered explanations. “Every sort of sense perception ends up in the form of phantasm in memory. [---] This phantasm is the final product of the entire process of sense perception, whether its origin be visual or auditory, tactile or olfactory.” (Carruthers 1990, 19.) “[T]he real beginnings of images, if we study them phenomenologically, will give concrete evidence of the values of inhabited space” (Bachelard 1969, 5). Our body *inhabits* space, and is not *in* space (Merleau-Ponty 2002, 161); “to look at an object is to inhabit it” (ibid, 79).

Phantasms, images, poetic images. Tracing of the sources of them. Collaboration between the one searching for them and the location where the searcher/perceiver is and where they are searched for. Perceiving through one’s body; body as a tool. And this body leading, influencing the whole process of perceiving.

For the self-conscious experience of place is inevitably a product and expression of the self whose experience it is, and therefore, unavoidably, the nature of that experience (its intentional thrust, its substantive content, its affective tones and colorings) is shaped at every turn by the personal and social biography of the one who sustains it. [---] Animated by the thoughts and feelings of persons who attend to them, places express only what their animators allow them to say. (Basso 1996, 55.)

Poetic image primarily as an imagined image, coming up all at once, in itself, not forced, not intentionally searched for; something that suddenly just is there, “a sudden salience on the surface of the psyche” (Bachelard 1969, xi), constituting a short-lived event (ibid, xiv). Triggers for such saliencies in sense perception. Poetic images telling about something concrete, or then not; creating meanings, or not; making sense, or not; being triggers for new images, actions, thoughts, relations. Images coming up while being in a certain space, motivated and brought forth by the very same space, through perception of that space and the one perceiving it.

Remembering

Space and memory. Memory imprinted upon space and people, objects. Space as an archive. Of events and actions having happened in it, and of things and people having been in it, inhabited it. Traces, marks; visible and invisible. Of these events, actions, things and people. Traces that can be seen, heard, smelled. Traces that can be imagined. Thoughts, dreams, uttered or sung words, trajectories, movements, air breathed in and out, footsteps on the ground; all having happened in this space. They cannot be seen, they have perhaps never been visible or perceivable in any other concrete ways, yet they have existed, they have been here, and in a way they still are, in a form of traces, memory. Perhaps they are inscribed in the air. But the air, is it the same here now as it was some time ago? Is air something stable and fixed? Is it not moving, floating; can it be blown away for example by wind? Perhaps the air that was here some time ago has floated or been blown away from here for a long time ago already; now floating in a different place, blending into traces inscribed into the air in another place. And at the same time here now is perhaps the air from a whatever else place from a whatever else time. Will the air that was here once ever arrive back here, to the exactly same place where it once was?

Trace and aura. The trace is appearance of a nearness, however far removed the thing that left it behind may be. The aura is appearance of a distance, however close the thing that calls it forth. In the trace, we gain possession of the thing; in the aura, it takes possession of us. (Benjamin in Pearson 2006, 41.)

Something having happened and been present here may be far away by now, but its onetime presence here can still be somehow felt. Perhaps it is the aura of this something that can be felt and that takes possession of us, enters our imagination and constructs either a mental image or an imagined sound or smell or touch of it in us. Something that can have nothing or much to do with the actual reality, veracity.

Traces, visible and invisible ones, being left into the air right now right here. Picking up traces and leaving traces. The memory of actions imprinted upon a place, and the actions to be added to the memory of a place. Site-specific memory; memory born on a specific site, of a specific site, attached to a specific site, stored in that site, and awoken again in that site. Places housing site-specific memory, but also people as carriers of it. Things once seen, heard, felt, thought, talked about, happened on a specific site, then archived in the memoryspaces of the mind together with the site, and awoken when visiting the very site again, or hearing about it. People as archives of places, carrying them inside; every place, every memory of it being different in different people, as every person having had a different connection and relation to it and storing different parts of it, different images, sounds, smells, actions, thoughts, dreams in it.

“Places of memory” (Augé 1995, 78) - people and places. One remembering the other. Remembering in a natural, unconscious way; memory having been born in a natural, unconscious way; and remembering, creating a memory in a conscious way. The art of memory. One possible way of practicing it taught by the Greek poet Simonides and based on a technique of impressing places and images on memory (Yates 1999, xi). Selecting places and forming mental images of the things wished to be remembered and storing these images in the places; the latter ones as wax writing-tablets and images as if becoming written on them (Cicero in Yates 1999, 2)⁸. The most complete images being formed in mind of things that have been conveyed to it and imprinted on it by the senses; the sense of sight being the strongest; even perceptions received by ears or reflexion can be retained most easily when conveyed to the mind by the mediation of the eyes (ibid, 4). Something heard, a sound being invisible in itself, but while heard, creating a mental image either of a thing, animate or inanimate, that can be seen or imagined of bringing about that sound, or of something that may have nothing to do with the actual creator of the sound, something that just connects to that sound in imagination. That sound heard attached to the site where it is heard, and later, in order to recall that sound, the site and the image of the sound stored in that site can be recalled; or in order to recall the site, the

⁸ Cicero describing the art of memory of Simonides

sound and image can be recalled. The same with the image – in order to recall it, the site and sound can be recalled first, helping then to recall the image itself. Site as a recording and recalling mechanism – as soon as it is visited or talked about, things having been present there once come forth again, this time as imagined ones, as memory. And immediately new ones will become recorded and added to the already existing ones.

Memory. “[T]he treasure-house of inventions” (the unknown author of *Ad Herennium*⁹ in Yates 1999, 5). Memory as something invented, imagined, constructed, although perhaps with roots in something having happened or been present once in real. Something having been present – how to tell, where exactly something, the presence of something, ends, or where it begins? How to delimit a memory? Does this, when a thing, animate or inanimate, ceases to exist, end also immediately its presence? Is memory only connected with things being present and then suddenly ceasing to be present? That after the ceasing of being present, memory takes over. Memory also as a presence of something; a thing having been obviously (in some ways perceivably; for instance visibly, audibly, touchably) present, but then losing its visible, audible, touchable qualities, transforming into presence in imagination, becoming possible to be recalled in/through imagination. Perhaps memory is a transformation; a thing existing in real, then ceasing to exist in real, yet not losing its presence, just transforming into a different presence, into a not totally perceptible one, into an imagined one. Memory as an imagined presence of something. Of something from the past. But also from the present and future. One distinction possible to be made, of something imagined from the future, is that it is fictional, yet having a chance to become true. The something imagined from the future, this something fictional, transforming also into memory, as the thought of it and its presence through the thought has once been present. Fictionality. Also something imagined present from the past can be fictional, and probably every memory is, more or less, fictional.

⁹ *Ad Herennium* – a book on rhetoric, compiled circa 86-82 B.C. by an unknown teacher in Rome (Yates 1999, 4)

“Every man carries within him a world which is composed of all that he has seen and loved, and to which he constantly returns, even when he is traveling through, and seems to be living in, some different world” (Chateaubriand in Kahn 1996, 195).

Discussing performance

Turning into performance, taking from performance, analysing as performance. Natural and constructed performance.

Images formed by sense perception, images transformed into memory ones, poetic images - as triggers and sources for actions, performances, natural, unconscious ones, and constructed, conscious ones. Performance meaning here mainly *involving* and *doing* by a performer. A step towards what Mike Pearson calls for *performance-as-taskscape*, performance as a landscape that is brought into being by the activities of a performer for whom it exists as a pattern of tasks and a series of places to be (Pearson 2006, 220). The notion of *performance-as-taskscape* referring to the anthropologist Timothy Ingold's characterization of landscape as taskscape, where the inhabitants know their environs as participants, not as spectators (Ingold in Pearson 2006, 219). Performer as a participant, engaging with the environment, working with and in it, activating and animating it. Place being more an event than a thing, and not only being, but also happening (Casey 1996, 26-27). Performer contributing to this event/happening, making it more obvious, perceivable, directing attention to things that may otherwise remain unnoticed, at the same time also influencing it a lot, twisting it through oneself. Performance-as-taskscape not as something neutral, just found, but being mediated or created entirely by the performer.

Doubling. Performance as a landscape, brought into being by the activities of a performer, and a landscape in/into which a performance landscape is created. Two landscapes or sites or spaces or however one decides to call them, considered when performance is discussed. One that already exists, and the other one being formed in/into it by the actions of a performer in interaction with a specific place/site/space/landscape and the audience. One inside the other, one influencing and evoking the other.

A link to some ways of understanding the surrounding space by people having inhabited it hundreds of years before us: the uninhabited space existing as an unknown, chaotic one, and the inhabited one as a cosmos, an organized space,

converted into it from the chaotic one through the help of correspondent rituals (Lang 1999, 66). Actions of a performer in a performance landscape also regardable as some kind of inhabiting rituals, creating a space of one's own into the already existing one, in liasion with it, with its own order and rules. And creating this for a temporary time, a performance time differing from the "ordinary", daily one. Cosmos, organized space, superimposing with cosmic/mythic/consecrated time (ibid, 67). Performance as a kind of liminal or liminoid¹⁰ zone with liminal or liminoid time, and the performer inhabiting them, either alone or together with the audience, or creating ways for the audience to inhabit them on their own. Performer setting off with his/her own images, memories, meanings, whatever else starting points, performing them, and creating springboards for the minds of the listener¹¹, spectator, potential participant.

Cultural performance and artistic performance. My own arrival in performance studies and creating artistic performances having come from an interest in cultural performance, the theory of which having been set forth by the anthropologist Milton Singer, based on his fieldwork in India. Cultural performances, according to him, include what

we in the West usually call by that name – for example, plays, concerts, and lectures. But they include also prayers, ritual readings and recitations, rites and ceremonies, festivals, and all those things which we usually classify under religion and ritual rather than with the cultural and artistic. (Singer in Turner 1988, 23.)

¹⁰ The terms *liminal* and *liminoid* deriving from the anthropologist Victor Turner's theory influenced by the ethnographer and anthropologist Arnold van Gennep's theory of liminal phase of rites of passage. Turner talks about the liminal phase "being dominantly in the 'subjunctive' mood of culture, the mood of maybe, might-be, as-if, hypothesis, fantasy, conjecture, desire, depending on which of the trinity, cognition, affect, and conation (thought, feeling, or intention) is situationally dominant" (Turner 1990, 11-12), with ritual subjects being neither here nor there, but "betwixt and between the positions assigned and arrayed by law, custom, convention, and ceremonial" (Turner 2007, 89). The word *liminal* Turner uses while talking about the ritual behaviour in societies that he calls tribal ones, and the word *liminoid* while talking about the ritual like symbolic actions or leisure activities in industrial and postindustrial societies. Richard Schechner adds to this that liminal rituals are transformations, changing this who people are, permanently, whereas liminoid rituals are transportations, changing people temporarily (Schechner 2007, 72).

¹¹ Inspired of the words said by André Breton: "[t]he words, the images are only so many springboards for the mind of the listener". Available at: <http://www.tcf.ua.edu/Classes/Jbutler/T340/SurManifesto/ManifestoOfSurrealism.htm>, accessed 13. 2. 2011.

Singer found that cultural performances are composed of what he called “cultural media”, modes of communication including also non-linguistic media besides spoken language, such as song, dance, acting out, graphic and plastic arts combined to express and communicate the content of a specific culture (ibid). The impulse for me having been the interest in old rituals and rites of passage of different cultures, especially the ones having to do with very consciously creating, organising and inhabiting very certain space and time; the ritual, performance space and time. But my idea having not been in copying, or just stealing interesting ideas from these different cultures. My interest being, via studying them, in understanding, or trying to understand, and learn about, some different types of performances, their constitution, nature and meaning, and also about what such events can actually do, cause, bring forth; what influence they can have on other people, whether participants or simply onlookers, and of course the performer oneself. A process of this studying still going on for me. A process, during which I have at this point arrived at creating my own rituals for making artistic performances; my own rituals for creating, organising and inhabiting the space and time of these performances. With the term ‘artistic performance’ here I mean to draw a line between performances carrying very specific cultural media, expressing the content of a specific culture, for example rituals and rites of passage, changing something in the lives of the people of that culture permanently, and performances without these certain aims and nature. The distinction similar to the one between *liminal* and *liminoid*, mentioned earlier here in this same chapter.

Texts written on the Site – one corner of the island of Suomenlinna in Helsinki, Finland; the site to become later the actual site of the performance

Land. A piece of land. In the middle of water. One specific segment of this piece of land, surrounded by walls. Walls made of stones. Stones in the walls, on the ground, almost everywhere. Stones behind the wind in front of me. Different colours, different shapes. Stones forming walls while put together, glued together. Something in the walls holding the stones attached to each other. The motionlessness of the stones and the walls made out of these stones. Countless amounts of water moving behind the walls. Air floating through and around the walls. But they are standing still, have been standing still for hundreds of years already.

Two rows of walls located parallel. A void between them. A void flowing in and out through the holes, openings in the walls, filling the in-betweenness among the walls and all there is around them. The void and walls forming small rooms, chambers, between the two parallel walls. A cannon in one of the rooms, being directed towards the other side of the walls. Passages. Paths. In the void between the walls, from one room to the other. Passages starting from somewhere and ending somewhere. Passages flowing criss-cross over each other. Walking on these passages. In reality and in imagination. Being present with/in the body and wandering far away in thoughts, dreams, imagination, to awoken archives of memories in my body, my brain. Yet coming back to the physical body and to this specific place here. This as a centre point. Trajectories in the passages. Trajectories that can be created between these walls. Trajectories of someone, of something. Of everything. All these crossing here with each other. Here, because my body is here at this very moment and experiences this. My body, my trajectory crossing with other trajectories. Intentional trajectories with an aim to reach a certain point. Unintentional trajectories without an aim to reach a certain point. Directing the trajectories oneself and letting oneself be directed on the trajectories. Decisive meeting points between the different trajectories. Stones, earth, water, air. The first three as something tangible. The latter one as if tangible too, but in different ways. Stones, earth and water having certain form that can for example be touched with one's hand. The air can be touched with one's hand too, actually one's hands touch and are touched by the air all the time, but this

crossing of the hands and the air does not give any specific sensation or recognition of a sensation. Perhaps there is a specific sensation(s), but one just does not recognise it, because it has become so familiar and because it is present all the time, without any breaks, as we are living in and of the air. Perhaps the only way of really sensing the air is while breathing. Something entering the nose, making a circle somewhere inside us, and then exiting. The smell of air. Different here than in any other place.

Darkness and light. Depending on where exactly one is. Sunlight flowing in through the holes in the walls, painting bright rectangular figures on the ground inside the rooms between the walls. Colours, visible only in light; in darkness becoming just one dark colour with different shades. Is the colour of the object really changing several times during day and night, or is light a kind of filter in the air, mutilating the colour of things indirectly; a filter that, no matter where one looks from, always stays between the eyes of the looker and the objects looked at.

Nature, and an environment built into it by humans of elements of nature, of stones. Stones, taken away from their natural way of being, set tightly aside other similar stones in order to form walls. To separate, to mark, to own, to build boundaries. Behind the walls, a big open space is floating. A space that is difficult to measure, to realize how big it is, where it reaches, where it starts and where it ends. Me, standing here among the walls, looking at the glimpses of the space on the other side through the holes in the walls every once in a while, wishing to reach out, to extend in the same way as that space there. Or is there “here” and “there”; is not all this one?

Blowing, of the wind. From different directions. Light. The light is changing, being once brighter and once more faded. How is it that the wind does not blow the light away? Or does the wind blow the light away by the end of a day and return it by the beginning of a next one? Light and air in collaboration. In places where sunlight flows in from the openings in the walls, the air becomes warmer. So is light something warm, or is warmth something totally separate from light and air? Sounds. Ice is covering the water, so there are no sounds of water at the moment. But the presence of water all around is so important, that it seems totally necessary for me to bring it out. Voices of talking people, sometimes closer, sometimes further away. Sounds of footsteps on the ground. Birds; their sounds blending often into the sounds of engines

of airplanes up above in the air. Both are flying, birds and airplanes, the former ones with natural engines, their own bodies, the latter ones with engines constructed by human beings for carrying amounts of human beings through the air in one vehicle. Humans imitating birds.

Surfaces, matter. This, how they seem to be from afar and near. Surfaces and matter when simply looked at and when touched. Stones, snow, leaves, grass, gravel. Glossiness, roughness, surfaces cold and warm. Surfaces of the one being touched on, and the one touching. Consistency of matter. Fluids, solids, something in-between. Shapes. Of the walls and other objects, of the space on one side of the walls and on the other, and of space as one whole, without the distinctions between here and there. The shape of myself and other people in that space; of birds, airplanes and ferries. That space between the walls. An assemblage of objects and matter, natural and artificial. Life happening here, without the presence and interference of people, and in the presence and interference of people. Me and other people in that space. Me, coming here often during two and a half months, doing fieldwork, a participant observation, but not so much among a specific group of people, but among this certain space with that space itself as the main object of observation. That observation, of course, including also people who come to this space and become part of it; including also myself, my own being, behaviour and interacting with and in that space and the different parts of it.

Performance, of space. What performs? Who performs? Why performs? In what order? Performs for who, for what? If for something or somebody at all. How does a space perform? Or do I perform the space performing? Do I imagine the space performing? Light, wind, air, natural sounds are performing. Me performing listening, watching, touching them. Being among and inside them. Being surrounded by them. Or then me just making this all up right now. Imagining that it is like that. I in that space, but also that space in me. What do I give the space and what does it give me? Or is there such a separation, that me and space, as two different things? Or is it one entity? Just one whole space. Or is all this just inside me? Can I set myself out of space? Probably not.

That space as an archive. An archive of memories and all there is in memories. Of what has happened, who has happened. What and who has been, or still is, here, in

that space. And why has been. Something that can never be confirmed for certain. People and things having come and gone. People walking here, running, jumping, building, travelling by in ferries, flying over in airplanes. That space archiving all this, visibly and invisibly. These actions having made marks on that space; on the walls, on the stones in the walls, on the ground, in the air. Marks that weather has left on that space. Amounts of water having leached into the earth. Water coming from rain, from melting snow or from somebody pouring a bottle of water on the ground. Paths. On the ground, made by people walking the same direction on the same place over and over again. Visible marks, the visible part of the archive. But also the other part, the invisible one. Are there left traces for example of thoughts that some people have thought while being here? Thought of things in that space and perhaps also somewhere in a totally different space. In their thoughts as if creating a bridge between this space here and the one somewhere else, mixing up archives. Space as an archive of events having happened here and of things and people having been here. But also people as archives of that space, as experienced on very certain unrepeatable, never once more occurring moments.

Actions that I see, hear, smell or just feel in some other ways; actions that I myself create, consciously and unconsciously. Blowing, fading, growing, melting, walking, following the light, snowing, filling, being a part of, running, wandering, flying, digging, hiding, feeling the coldness and warmth, discovering, writing, shouting, leaving, turning back, running against, thinking, looking, building, investigating, performing writing, grasping, counting, hibernating, bowing, flowing around, standing, covering, lifting one's legs, greeting, breathing, waving, shadowing, freezing, touching the stones, sitting, dripping, singing, looking in and through, asking, escaping, talking, measuring, reacting, going through, dreaming.

Actions that I imagine or wish to be seeing, hearing, smelling or just feeling in some other ways; actions that I imagine creating myself. Walking through stones, laying down, stretching myself out of the openings, screaming out with no voice, expanding, becoming one with the walls, axing, floating as clouds, disjuncting of every single stone in the walls, presence of people who were here on the 18th of February in 1811, gathering, eating supper with two hundred people, catching light into glass containers,

embracing, moving of the walls, seeing a totally different world behind the openings in the walls, taking flight, conquering the wind, cultivating plants, growing so tall that I could look over the walls, dancing with everyone entering that space, boiling of snow, hitch-hiking the passing ferries and airplanes and birds, fishing of stars, playing ball with the sun, ticking; packing that space together, putting it into a bag, transporting it into a different place and packing it out there...

Beyond the Wind in Front of Me / A Space Ship Journey

Introduction to the performance

The oldest roots of this performance lying in my interest in anthropology; in old rituals and rites of passage from different cultures, in how they are built up and how a specific performance environment is being used or a special one brought into being and how. The interest in constructing experience, living something through, journeying through something. While composing this performance, I did not base my work on any certain rituals or rites of passage from any certain culture, but used the structure of rites of passage (separation, liminal period, reaggregation)¹² as a starting point and inspiration for building up the structure of the performance. This performance as a journey, a passing through, of fragments, of space, images, memories, the ones already existing and the ones to be created. Sharing of something of myself and the space I had found. A ship journey with a small ferry to the island, and back, a performance part on the island in between. The musician Pastacas (Ramo Teder) playing different instruments on the ferry, creating a special atmosphere. The trip in the beginning and end as an introduction to the performance part on the island, a separation from “ordinary” life, a trip during which people would perhaps, with the help of the texts in the booklets that I had written, start paying attention to what is surrounding them, start thinking and dreaming their own thoughts and dreams, but at the same time also become concentrated and receptive to what would be waiting for them in the performance place on the island. The trip in the end as a reaggregation, a period of time necessary for people to come back to “ordinary” life; to separate them from this that had just happened on the island. The performance part on the island as a

¹² According to the ethnographer and folklorist Arnold van Gennep, rites of passage are rites that accompany every change of social position, state, place and age. The anthropologist Victor Turner’s clarification about such rites based on van Gennep’s theory is as follows: “[t]he first phase (of separation) comprises symbolic behaviour signifying the detachment of the individual or group either from an earlier fixed point in the social structure, from a set of cultural conditions (a ‘state’), or from both. During the intervening ‘liminal’ period, the characteristics of the ritual subject (the ‘passenger’) are ambiguous; he passes through a cultural realm that has few or none of the attributes of the past or coming state. In the third phase (reaggregation or reincorporation), the passage is consummated.” (Turner 2007, 89.)

kind of liminal zone, something in between, something familiar, something unfamiliar.

The performance site on the island. One end of the island by the sea, surrounded by two rows of stone walls. Inside the walls small chambers and small openings, as windows, towards the sea. The choice of five chambers for the performance, constituting five fragments of space, images, memories, stories. The ones found on that very site and the ones coming from inside me, awoken by that very site, having been born largely through the “fieldwork”, being and writing on the site. Playing out of my internal images, memories, stories as a performance; moments of sharing. Hopefully also awaking or creating images, stories of their own in the audience members. Hours and days spent on that site before the performance; observing, writing, dreaming, experiencing. Doing fieldwork, a kind of participant observation, not so much among a specific group of people, but among this certain space with that space itself as the main object of observation.

Every image/memory/story/fragment of space in the performance becoming accompanied by a piece of music coming from an mp3-player and small portable loudspeakers hidden in my pockets. These pieces of music serving several purposes. For the first, as if expressing my inner space, following me all the time, or me following them, expressing something that I bring to that space with me; something more intangible as the actions created during the performance. Something expressing my inner moods in accordance with that space. Pieces that had just come to my mind/started playing for me in connection with that space and the mental images coming up in it. Although not composed by me, still matching with my inner world while in collaboration with that space. These pieces of music also giving additional layers, meanings to my actions, live images, serving also as indicators for the audience to know where to find and follow me in that space. The music also as a means for timing, a guide for myself for meeting the length I had decided for the performance. Timing being especially important this time, as the audience had to catch the ferry back to Helsinki.

Run of the performance

The start in a harbour in Helsinki. People step onto a small ferry and are taken to the island of Suomenlinna. The musician Pastacas (Ramo Teder) is playing on board of the ferry and guides people after the arrival to the performance site by walking in front of them and playing two flutes. The performance site is situated by the sea and surrounded by stone walls. In front of these walls I with the two documenters (a photographer and a cameraman) am waiting. Waiting for people to arrive, waiting for moments of sharing something with them. The musician comes to me and gives over his flutes as a baton that I'll keep until the end of my performance part; a sign that I will be guiding the actions from now on. At the moment when I am receiving the flutes, I press the play-button of the MP3-player I have in my pocket, so that the music I will be carrying with me starts playing. The first piece is Like Hearts Swelling by Polmo Polpo, going over to Conch by Stuart Dempster; these two accompanying the first fragment/image/action.

I have been standing with a transparent cosmonaut's helmet filled with some head lamps and a folded flag on the ground in front of me. The helmet as a slightly ironic comment on my own interest in space and researching it. I attach the lamps around my head, arms and legs, switch on the ones around my head, put on the helmet, take up the flag and walk through an opening towards the sea in one of the walls. The audience follows me. I go to a rock close to the sea and unfold the flag. At the same moment a big Viking Line ship appears from behind the walls and passes by very near. I stand here a while with the flag, facing the ship, establishing a connection with it and the people on board of it. I let it pass by, then fold up the flag, take off the helmet, switch off the lamps and go back. I wait until all the audience members have also come back and then continue my actions in the rooms between the walls.

I switch on the lamps attached to my shoulders and wrists and move to a room with a cannon. Kirkuna by Kimmo Pohjonen, a piece composed of screams, starts playing. I kneel down in front of the cannon, and stare for a while into its tampion, into the opening from where big balls of iron are shot out. I stare into it, as if waiting for

something to fly out and hit me. I imagine the sound that this cannon can make when something is being flown out of it. Thinking of the sounds, I make one scream into the cannon as a reverse action; instead of a piercing sound coming out the cannon, I let a scream from my inside enter it. Then I pull a doll with a long body of white cloth out of it and start dancing with it. After the dance I leave the doll on the cannon and move on to a long dark room between the walls; a room that looks like a cave or a tunnel, with one hole as a doorway in the middle of one of the walls, opening towards the last glimpses of sunlight. Darkness, except this little light still left from the daytime entering the doorway. The smell of earth and feeling of coldness. This place as a shelter, but also as a grave. I have an image of burying something here on my mind. I am followed by the song *Cold, Cold Ground* by Tom Waits & Kronos Quartet with the words “til we bury every dream in the cold, cold ground” cropping out among the other words. I go to the doorway, kneel down, and start pulling a transparent string to which a bunch of white fresh flowers has been attached. I pull them slowly a long way from the outside into this dark room. When they reach me, I take them into my hands, go to a small hole in the wall where the remains of an old bird nest are, put and leave them there.

In the next room I go to the opening in the wall and look out of it for a long time. I am caught by the view that opens up from here. This view. It catches all my attention. It is so powerful, taking me along, carrying me away. Out of here, out of these walls. Letting me free; making me as if into a fluid; changing me into the air too, making me one with the surrounding, the space. I stand here and dream about this freeing moment, this becoming one with the space, dissolving. Letting go of something. In the background, there is *Guitar Solo 5* by Neil Young, a piece from the Jim Jarmusch’s film *Dead Man* soundtrack, a link to the last image of the film, where a man is put into a boat and sent dying to the sea. A link that I am not definitely expecting the audience members to recognize; either they do recognize it and put it together with my image, or then not; in the latter case this piece of music hopefully mediating a yearning feeling inside me, perhaps also awaking it in some of the audience members, while seeing this view. The horizon. It is so clearly seen. It is there. But it is unreachable. Every time I reach out my hand, it is still so far away. When I go closer, it goes the same distance further. I can never reach it, grasp it. But I

can always try to fly, strive towards it. And then the island. There, somewhere on the horizon. A small island with a twinkling lighthouse on it, inviting one closer with its every single twinkle. A moving landscape. I am standing still, but the surrounding out there is moving. The waves in the sea are moving, the lighthouses of different sizes are twinkling, big and small boats are coming and going. But I am standing still, here, behind the wall, wishing to reach out, to create a connection with this that is out there. There, far away, beyond the wind in front of me.

So I take out a letter that I have written. A letter that consists of the following words:

Whoever you are, wherever you are, and whenever you are, when you find this letter.

I am here, now, whoever I am, when I write this letter.

I write this letter to frame a moment.

A moment that will be far in the past, when you find this letter.

A moment that is nothing more or less than thinking and writing this letter.

A letter that is nothing more or less than a letter. Some thoughts, some words, some paper, some ink, some touch and some connection points between all of them. And some air and wind surrounding them and passing them on.

May they be carried forward to meet you.

I read it out loud, then curl it up, tie a piece of red yarn around it and put it into an empty bottle and throw it out of the opening in the wall, onto the rocks down there, so that it breaks into pieces.

The next room. Changeover to a music piece Taking Flight by Steve Roach & Jeffrey Fayman with Robert Fripp & Momodou Kah. The earth floor covered with many different objects from nature. Branches, stones, stalks, leaves, straws, soil. All these being an essential part of the space here. I lay out a piece of white silk cloth and start carefully placing some of these things onto it. A ritual. Giving meaning to specific things through certain actions, or making visible the meaning of these things through the actions. These things becoming something sacred. In the end I tie the corners of the cloth around the things, so that a bundle is formed, and put the whole

thing into my bag. I leave, taking these meaningful things from a meaningful place with me.

Then I switch on all the lamps attached to me and set off. The music piece that I started with, *Like Hearts Swelling* by Polmo Polpo, starts playing again. I walk until the beginning of one narrow path that runs along the coast. I turn around, take a stone from the ground and draw a line in the sand between me with the documenters and the audience; a sign that the audience should not follow me anymore. Over the line I give the flutes back to the musician and then we part. The musician starts playing again and leads people back to the ferry with what they will be taken back to where they started their journey from, whereas I with the documenters walk away along the coast.

Introduction out of the performance

The theme of documentation and documenting a performance/that particular performance. I have always been troubled, worried and confused about documenting a performance, and the documenters being actively present, part of the performance and its images, very often destroying some essential essence of a performance for me. And also the idea, the urge to capture and save everything; to convert something happening live mainly into the form of photographs and videos, piles of which will be formed during years passing; it is something that I am slightly fighting against inside me, but that I have not yet found a way for how to deal with.

The connection between a live event and its documentation, and the possible sameness of them.

[N]o documented piece is performed solely as an end in itself: the performance is always at one level raw material for documentation, the final product through which it will be circulated and with which it will inevitably become identified (Auslander 2006, 3).

The documentation as the “final product”, the thing that remains. I would more like to think of the performance itself as the only “final product”. This one and only immediate thing, happening in real, in a real space and time, not being afterwards converted into a virtual space and time either on pictures, video- or sound files. An interesting shift now for myself. I, who has otherwise mainly been observing, and in different ways documenting, other people, places, events, etc. as an anthropologist. How do I now want myself, my actions to be documented? Here my answer being clear – just in the multitude of ways experienced inside the people present and witnessing; these people, their bodies and minds as the documenters of me and my actions. Forms of documentation other than pictures, video- or soundfiles. Philip Auslander refers to Don Slater, saying that “the photograph ultimately substitutes for reality” (Auslander 2006, 2). This substitution for reality being problematic for me.

For the first, why to do this, or why to consider this to be so important? And how much has a documentation actually to do with reality, a live event having taken place; to which extent is it actually capable of capturing this event? A documentation never being able to pass on the thing happening live in its entirety. Instead of substituting the reality, it is perhaps more faking it. The main purpose of a documentation being perhaps only the possibility of being able to show, to prove later, after the actual presence of something happening live has ended, that this something has taken place, as if being afraid of letting it go, or not trusting other ways of preserving or recalling it, for instance just talking about it, or just having it as a memory. This something staying somewhere anyway, in the performer, the audience, the site, whether in the form of physical traces or thoughts or something just lived through in some ways; in the form of memory; the things talked about also earlier here in this paper in the section of remembering. As Deirdre Heddon bring out, the passing of a temporal, live performance, does not mean that it is gone, that it is over and done with, that it is not still alive; for in its (literal and metaphorical) place remain deep pulsating resonances¹³; all this staying resonating, at least for a while, also in the people having witnessed or been part of it.

So I am more supporting the idea of keeping these two separate, a live performance, and a performance recorded with some means of technology. That there would be only a performance happening live, with no documenting on pictures, video- or sound files, and a performance made specifically for these recording/documenting means.

These same thoughts having been circling on my mind while composing my own performance. As I was facing the absolute need for documenting this performance, I decided to go with the traditional way of documenting such events, by having a photographer and cameraman present. I was hoping to be able to combine these two things that I have just been talking about; to have the live performance going without so much interference of the question of documentation and the documenters. So in order not to have the documenters totally separate from the performance, as foreign bodies having their own separate tasks, I planned to engage them in the performance,

¹³ Deirdre Heddon's article *Performing the archive: following in the footsteps* in *Performance Research* 7 (4), 64-77. Available at: <http://eprints.gla.ac.uk/6485/1/6485.pdf>, accessed 10. 7. 2011.

so that they would also become a part of it; that they would also have some kind of purpose for being present and doing this they would be doing. So they “stepped onto the stage” together with me; we three (as a group) were waiting for the audience on the island. I was hoping to give, with the first image that the audience would see, and also with the last one when I drew a line on the ground between us three and the audience, a hint that we three are as if one, working on the same thing in that space. But this idea did not work as I was hoping it would. The connection between us remained unclear, especially because I had not planned establishing any further connection or collaboration with them during the performance itself; so they were still just working with their own separate tasks, simply documenting my performance, and not becoming a significant part of it, as I had first thought. So the theme and questions of how to document a performance, or whether to document it in any concrete ways at all, by producing some sort of tangible thing, material out of it, still remains open and confusing for me; something that I hope to address again, and find alternative solutions to in my future works.

Concluding

A body, a space in itself, inhabiting the surrounding external space. Creating, searching for contacts with other inhabitants, animate and inanimate, things and beings with certain, perceivable form, and without it; creating, searching for contact also with this that is being inhabited/the inhabitable itself, although what it exactly is, will probably never become clear; will eternally remain food for imagination. Perceiving, and letting oneself be perceived. “Both our survival and our downfall depend upon this continuous struggle between us and the objects which surround us” (Barrault 1961, 63). This struggle, or searching for contacts, being at times pleasant, at times unpleasant, at times demanding more efforts, at times less.

Performance as one of the possible means for establishing such contacts, or for sharing them. A medium with endless possibilities.

This work here, the thoughts in words, and the performance having happened live, as one search for creating contacts with the surrounding, through myself. Several months of thinking, imagining, dreaming, writing, planning. A wait for the live performance. And then suddenly, just in the passing of one and a half hours, the duration of the performance, everything being past. Past in the sense of the actual tangible presence here and now. Yet haunting me still in different forms and presences after the “actual tangible presence” has ended.

After the performance has taken place, its site on the Suomenlinna island does not feel the same for me anymore. I am not willing to go so much back there any longer. Something has taken place there and has been fixed there. I have taken something of this site, space, with me, and left something, of myself, behind, there. Of phantasms, mental images, the real ones have become, now having taken the form of memory images attached to the sites where they took place in the real. Now it is time for me to leave this site in peace and go on in search for a next one...

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