



BorderLine Archaeology

a practice of contemporary archaeology -
exploring aspects of creative narratives
and performative cultural production

Fiona Campbell
and Jonna Ulin

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ABSTRACT

BorderLine Archaeology

a practice of contemporary archaeology exploring aspects of creative narratives and performative cultural production

This dissertation is a joint dissertation, written by two people about the connectivity of two practices; archaeology and performance. Its contents focus upon the creation of a hybrid field of study that has only just begun to exist. We have named this dissertation 'BorderLine Archaeology' because we feel that this title reveals the relevance of its position as a field of study that is geographically situated on the border, on the line where things and people meet, at a borderline which is in a constant state of negotiation and change. 'BorderLine Archaeology' is the site that bridges the gap between art and academia; it is the meeting place where subjective experience has a central role in the exploration of alternative ways to approach archaeological objects in the context of belonging to a process of cultural production.

The purpose of this dissertation is: to create a theoretical methodology of BorderLine Archaeology, that provides alternative strategies to use when dealing with archaeological matters; to explore the process of performative writing as an alternative approach in the re-presentation of the archaeological; to investigate archaeology's potential as a mode

performative cultural production and to produce a body of knowledge, a kind of archaeology that is theoretical yet practical, that is hybrid, sensorial, inter-subjective, multilayered and performative.

The aims and objectives of this dissertation are approached through the co-authored chapters, 'Frontwords', 'Framework', 'Proposition', 'Making our way' and 'Afterwords', where we set the context, create a theoretical methodology and sum up our work. But they are also approached through the production of two separate case-studies, where we implement the theoretical methodology of BorderLine Archaeology and use the process of performative writing in order to reveal its potential. In the case-study 'Turning 180° into the walkscape of the labyrinth' Fiona Campbell presents the labyrinths of Sweden and investigates how the act of moving affects the way we experience, perceive and re-present the past-present. In the case-study 'Turning into the walkscape of the family' Jonna Ulin deliberates the complexities of postmemory through an exploration of the family landscape as a site of the archaeological, as a site that needs to be interpreted through a process of reading onto

and into. Both case-studies are connected to a co-produced website <http://arkserv.arch.gu.se/blalab>, where the source materials for the separate projects are stored. The website provides additional perspectives to the written texts, inviting the visitor to explore further into the world of the Swedish labyrinths and the world of the family landscape.

Some outcomes of this dissertation are; that the practice of BorderLine Archaeology is an embodied, inter-subjective process of reading, writing, interpreting and witnessing archaeological matters; that it is a practice of overlapping discourse, of crossing borders whilst moving the experiences of the participants onto and into the matters of everyday, into the place of the familiar, unfamiliar, the unspeakable, the silent, the same and the other.

Keywords: BorderLine Archaeology, rhizome, border theory, contemporary archaeology, performance art, performance studies, performativity, material culture, cultural production, the archaeological, performative writing, creative narratives, mapping, parasite, eventscape, walkscape, site-seeing, site-specificity, subjectivity, otherness, excavation, repetition, re-presentation, past-present, labyrinth, movement, croft, family landscape, postmemory, family album, home.

FRONTWORDS

"Thinking is not what we think. Our thoughts are strangers. They come to us in whimsical shapes that resemble them. We do not recognize them. Because during our story's most interesting circumstances, we do not recognize ourselves. Living is: advancing straight toward the unknown to the point of getting lost...Thinking is not what we think. We try to believe we can think sitting in an office, in a car, in a plane, with us in the cockpit, our hands on the steering wheel, the steering wheel in our hands, but it's not like that at all, not at all, thoughts arrive unleashed, impassioned, from all over, under all shapes and forms, and as we do not have enough strength, energy, electricity, clues, hands, seconds, to receive them, they pounce on us, stone, bombard, daze, transport, fleece us-us, puny seeds, mere ninny grains, intelligent but minuscule-in a dazzling tempest, and with our fingers with our lips our eyelids, greedy tortured, we try to catch hold of all we can; we cling frenetically to the flaps, the folds, the fringes of these genial giants." (Cixous and MacGillivray 1998, p.35-36) Through these words we want to say thank you to all of you, whose thoughts have touched our minds in such a way that they have triggered us forwards into the wor(l)ds of this book.

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skapsfond 1 for financing the final months of this dissertation project.

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SECTION ONE

INTRODUCTIONS

FRAMEWORK

This is the chapter where before and after meet; where some of the writing was written after the writing of the other chapters was complete; but it is also the chapter that is situated before them. This chapter is the framework for the ones that follow because those words, stories, memories, case-studies, databases and their images were produced for a reason, with purpose and intent, and they belong to a context which is different from other contexts which would have made them (those words, stories, memories, case-studies, databases and images) different from what they are now, because the context here is an academic one. The context of this work is the production of a doctoral dissertation in the discipline of Archaeology.

It is in the context of being a doctoral dissertation that this chapter is formed and this is the framework on which all other chapters are attached. This is the chapter which will present the aims and objectives that directed us before we began to write a single word and that will determine its feasibility and relevance for others after we have stopped writing for this particular purpose. This is the chapter where we will argue that our work is of significance and where we will explain why we believe this to be the case. This is the chapter where we will present the work of others that have influenced our position and where we will introduce our understanding of the concepts central to our work, where we will present the contents of the chapters that follow this one. This chapter provides guidelines for the journey that follows.

BORDERLINE ARCHAEOLOGY

This dissertation is a joint dissertation, written by two people about the connectivity of two practices; archaeology and performance and its contents focus upon the creation of a hybrid field of study that has only just begun to exist. We could have called it Performance Archaeology, but we didn't because it is not that simple so we named the dissertation 'BorderLine Archaeology'¹ instead, because we feel that this title reveals the relevance of its position as a field of study that is situated at the border, on the line where things and people meet, at a borderline which is in a constant state of negotiation and change. But this is not just any borderline, it is the one on which the worlds of art and academia meet and merge, it is the meeting place of the subject and object, the archaeologist and the archaeological and it is from this position that subjective experience is given a central role in the exploration of alternative ways to approach archaeological objects in the context of belonging to a process of cultural production.

¹ The title word 'BorderLine' is explored in more detail in the chapter 'Proposition' but it is important for us at this stage to point out that inspiration for the choice of this word is from its use in a geographical sense rather than based in the connotations that might be derived if connected to its use in the context of psychology.

This collaborative project includes a number of chapters that are co-authored and two chapters that have been produced individually. There is also the website: <http://arkserve.arch.gu.se/blalab> which is part of this project, and it contains the source material related to the case study projects. All these elements are for us essential to our way of working, because we believe in multidimensionality, in the idea that there are many ways of doing the same thing, that all projects are works in process and not static entities. And even if it could be argued that this text is now firmly printed onto paper and as such tied down we believe that it too continues to move, that once these words are taken into the hands of someone else the meaning in the contents change. And whilst we take full responsibility for this work we also believe that it becomes the responsibility of others if they decide to make it their own.

AIMS AND OBJECTIVES

The purpose of this thesis is to explore the relationship between two fields of study, archaeology and performance, and we do this from a position that acknowledges archaeology as a contemporary practice, a mode of cultural production, and it is from this position that this project begins to identify some themes and concepts we regard essential. One of the most central aims of this dissertation is to add the field of Performance Studies to the discipline of Archaeology and to illustrate the relevance of this body of knowledge as a site of inspiration to our own particular field. Performance is, however, not just as a potential ground for picking up ideas; these two fields are invested with a number of overlapping issues and it is only when they are brought together that the potential in creating a hybrid field of knowledge is realised. And one of the objectives of this thesis is to confirm this idea. Through the exploration of a number of connecting themes, we will test the strengths of our convictions. By allowing ideas of performance to interpenetrate ideas of archaeology we aim to illustrate that there are alternative ways of understanding archaeology as a field of study, and that the strategies devised in this dissertation are of relevance.

In this dissertation we will:

- Investigate the relationship between archaeology and performance
- Identify and discuss a number of concepts and ideas that are essential to this project
- Introduce as a theoretical method of investigation the processes inherent in BorderLine Archaeology
- Produce two separate case-study examples to illustrate how this BorderLine process can be put into practice

- Evaluate the relevance of this hybrid body of knowledge in the field of archaeology

Our aims are to create a setting that allows us:

- To create a BorderLine Archaeology - a potential theoretical methodology to identify the connections between archaeology and performance
- To explore the process of performative writing as an alternative approach in the communication of archaeological matters
- To step into a process of understanding archaeology as a mode performative cultural production that brings the writer and reader into contact with the unfamiliar, with difference, investment and risk
- To explore the BorderLine as a site through which to create an archaeology that involves the inclusion of sensory experience
- To approach unspeakable matters; the archaeological residues of the mind and physical remains, in and out of place
- To produce a body of knowledge, a kind of archaeology that is theoretical yet practical, that is heretic, radical, hybrid, multilayered and performative

In this thesis we do not provide specific guidelines that will instruct other archaeologists how to produce archaeology, how to produce cultural products. We provide instead a set of conditions and strategies for doing archaeology from the perspective of BorderLine Archaeology, from the perspective of practising a contemporary archaeology that produces performative cultural products. Our intention with this thesis is to show that this particular mode of investigation is relevant to the field of archaeology. We also hope that the directions we have chosen to follow will inspire others to go in search of more directions to take, to find other positions from which to research archaeological phenomena that endorse the idea that it is possible to produce a body of knowledge, a kind of archaeology that is theoretical yet practical.

A PRACTICE OF CONTEMPORARY ARCHAEOLOGY

Contemporary Archaeology is a relatively new area of research within the discipline of Archaeology. The term is used to cover some of the more exciting and innovative projects that have emerged since the middle of the 1990's, but it is not a homogenous field of study. It might contain a certain body of knowledge, a number of connecting ideas but there is no obvious demarcation line separating this field from many other directions that come into contact with the discipline

of Archaeology. In 1997 the publication 'Une archaéologie du passé récent' took these matters seriously and argued that Modern Archaeology was a contradiction in terms, but at the same time a pertinent observation of the fact that it was in the present that the remains of the past were detected, and accordingly it should be from a position in the present that archaeological theory and methodology is derived and undertaken (Schnapp 1997). And according to the recently formed CHAT (Contemporary and Historical Archaeology in Theory) group *"... those working in 'contemporary archaeology' – including museums, professional archaeology or the media as well as archaeologists studying the very recent past – have developed significant and distinctive bodies of theoretical practice, most notably in the study of collecting, relationships between heritage, politics and identity, and the presentation and field practice of archaeology."* (CHAT 2003)

Defining what is and what is not Contemporary Archaeology is no easy task, because just like many other fields of study within Archaeology, i.e. Gender Archaeology, Landscape Archaeology, Marine Archaeology, the definitions are always arbitrary; the lines separating one field from the other are always fluid. All archaeologies are essentially hybrid sub-cultures and there are no clear-cut boundaries, no easily defined borders, which separate Contemporary Archaeology from its counterparts. There are, however, a number of perspectives that can be discerned and there are three approaches in particular that have emerged as:

- The study of the remains of the recent past
- The study of archaeological remains, regardless of their age, from a perspective that defines these as material cultural products in the present
- The study of the past from the standpoint that this is something constructed in the present

All these directions do, however, touch upon a number of related topics: they are all witness to a growing concern for the ways in which archaeology as an academic discipline understands, and relates to its key concepts; the past, the object, the site, as well as the documentation and presentation practices, of archaeological remains in the present.

From the position of Contemporary Archaeology as the study of the recent past, this field of study works with material remains of the modern world and as such is involved with issues that differ from archaeologies that work with the material remains belonging to a distant past. It is the proximity in terms of time that invites archaeolo-

gists to negotiate alternative complexities. If the material studied belongs to now, the gaps that are perceived to exist between the object and the social contexts it belongs to collapse, and the meaning of the material in question and its significance is given a more immediate place in the theorising and interpretation of its presence. The position of objects from the recent past relocates their familiarity into unfamiliar territories. This in turn exposes the fragility of the boundaries of archaeology which encourages deliberation into what this discipline as a body of knowledge might entail. This repositioning of its contents asks that we reflect upon archaeology's position in contemporary debate, and this raises questions related to the role of the archaeologist in terms of moral and ethical responsibilities (Buchli and Lucas 2001, p.9; Olivier 2001, p175).

Some examples that highlight the precariousness of archaeological enquiry when working with the remains of the recent past can be found in the projects like: the car cemetery/scrap yard site in Småland, Sweden that reflects the complexities in determining what should or should not be managed as sites of cultural heritage. With issues like these archaeological enquiry moves into the realms of deciding the social and political value of the remains that at present have no antiquarian status and in this particular case the traces visible in the landscape are being discussed in terms of them being potentially aesthetically disruptive (Burström 2003; Krantz 2003). A similar debate is also present at the recent past sites on Svalbard, which by law are protected regardless of the content or the context in which these remains have arrived on this island (Prestvold 2003). When working with the remains of the present not only aesthetical conflicts arise but ethical one too, like in the case of the council house excavation in London that brings to the surface the instability of archaeological practices when confronted with the task of moving into unfamiliar territory. When intervention into private lives of others for the purpose of academic research occurs the complexities of interpreting material remains is illustrated quite clearly (Buchli and Lucas 2001, p10). It is not just a matter either of what happens to our understanding of the material but also what happens to the people involved. In the Forensic Archaeology projects that excavate mass burials in the aftermath of recent conflicts the identity of the archaeologist shifts position and moves into dimensions that bring us into contact with the moral and ethical ambiguities of professional identity (Cox 2001).

These examples, as well as other projects that bring the present into archaeology, move the boundaries of the archaeological, but it is not a re-drawing of boundaries that is sought for here. The contents of what archaeology is, what it has been, should be or will become, is always engaged in a process of transformation, and that we accept. The

changes that take place when archaeology meets with the contemporary only serve to add complexities onto an existing body of complexities and this in itself can only serve to ensure that the discipline remains relevant and inseparable from matters that matter here and now. And as Laurent Olivier has written "*[a]ll sites of the contemporary past are ... matters of controversy ... inseparable from the debates and issues of our present.*" (Olivier 2001, p.186)

Defining what is, and what is not, Contemporary Archaeology is no easy task, and perhaps the date of the positioning of artefacts into the archaeological record is a minor point in relation to other salient details. When trying to determine where to draw the line in terms of the study of material remains of the recent past there is no cut off date, no line has been drawn, no time limit has been set to determine what is meant by Contemporary Archaeology, what determines the idea of the recent past in relation to the distant past, and when attempting to approach its boundaries in terms of divisions in history, we can't help but notice how these boundaries are blurred again and again; when it meets with subjects like History or Post-colonialism, Modern Military Matters or Industrial Archaeology.²

And in some cases the contemporariness lies in Archaeology's relation to present day theoretical and post-modern practices and this comes to light when it meets with, for example Post-modern theory, Heritage issues, Media Studies, Popular Culture Studies and Material Culture Studies. Some examples of these inter-disciplinary approaches we met with during our time at the first CHAT conference in Bristol in November 2003, in Graham Fairclough's deliberations on the cultural landscape of the 20th Century as a matter of Heritage Management, in Paul Graves-Brown's work on the dilemmas of the car and pedestrian cultures in urban environments, in Laura McAtackney's concerns on the heritage dilemmas of Northern Ireland and in the issues presented by Brian Gohacki on the relationship between salvage archaeology and private funding for media presentation in the USA, to name but a few.³

Contemporary Archaeology is the site of tension because when the past is folded into and onto the present, when time dimensions are perceived as a multi-temporal palimpsest, the objects of archaeological enquiry do not fit into neat ontological packages, and the messiness of the archaeological is revealed. From a position of multidimensionality, the contents of the archaeological are no longer what they once were. One of the elements that has become the object of enquiry again, but from another perspective, is the object itself, the material culture from which archaeologists create their interpretations. Objects have shifted from being interpreted as bounded, static entities, to a

² Literature on these subjects is immense so we will only provide some examples. For more information on recent military heritage please see the bibliography provided by English Heritage (English Heritage 2003). Alternatively further reading can be found in the following: (Föhl and Trinder 1992; Hall 2000; Schnapp 1997; Schofield 2002; Stratton 2000; Tarlow 1998; Tarlow 1999).

³ Some examples of CHAT related literature: (Beaudry 1991; Bruzzi 2000; Buchli, Lucas, and Cox 2001; Burström 2000; Cumberpatch 1997, 1998, 2000; Edensor 2002; Edmonds 1999.; Graves-Brown 1995, 1996, 1997, 2000; Jenks 1995; Karlsson 2004 (in press); Karlsson 2004 (in press); Pearson 2001; Piccini 1999, 2003 (in press))

position that enables them to become active agents; as participatory and transformational elements in society; as having social and political lives that effect and affect the lives of others and as such the physicality of the object is concomitant to its ephemerality (Appadurai 1986; Latour 1991; Oldenziel 1996; Shanks 1992).

From the perspective of Contemporary Archaeology as the study of material culture, another dilemma arises. Material Culture Studies is a field of study in its own right. Having developed from a social anthropological frame of reference it was quickly adopted onto the archaeological scene, because the issues relevant there became of significance here. Material Culture Studies focus upon the ways in which materiality negotiates and is negotiated in contemporary societies and investigates the interpenetration of the production, use and consumption of material culture in identity formation (Journal of Material Culture 2003). A lot of the material studied belongs to the category of everyday things, like in the Garbage Project carried out in 1996 by William Rathje (Rathje 2001) or the Beer Can study by Michael Shanks and Christopher Tilley in 1987 (Shanks 1987, p.172ff) or Michael Schiffer's work on the Portable Radio in American Life in 1991 (Schiffer 1991). In these studies and others like them, for example the work found in the anthology 'Modern material culture: the archaeology of Us' (Gould 1981), it is not the material in itself but the relations this stuff has with people and the world, from the perspective of function, design, production through consumption, discard, representation and meaning to the more ephemeral aspects of its existence, its relation to other stuff in everyday life. Material Culture studies study objects but it is the social significance of these objects that matters most. It is not so much the material but its materialisation within particular contexts that is explored (Attfield 2000; Journal of Material Culture 2003; Latour 1991; Miller 1995, 1998; Oldenziel 1996; Shanks 1992).

As Victor Buchli and Gavin Lucas write in the introduction to their book 'Archaeologies of the Contemporary Past' "... *we no longer regard archaeology as a discipline defined by a particular time period ... we primarily deal with material culture, the whole issue of how recent the subject matter of archaeology should be, becomes irrelevant.*" (Buchli and Lucas 2001, p.3) And once this bridge has been crossed, the focus of study within archaeology shifts to include interaction with the present, with the everyday, the politics of contested environments and with our understanding of the non-discursive; remembering and forgetting, memory time and non-memory time, absence and presence, with material that exposes that which is unsaid and unspeakable, that engages with inarticulate levels of experience, emotion, sensoria making contact with issues of the unconstituted, with pain and loss, with the dispossessed and the stranger, with indivi-

dual experience and subjective histories and the consequences entering into these territories ill-equipped (Buchli and Lucas 2001, p.11-15,79-82; Campbell and Hansson 2000, p.1-5). Once the boundaries supposedly separating transform into points of contact the practices of excavation, documentation and presentation become issues too.

The re-presentation and re-contextualisation of archaeological material and the past in the present, of mediating the past and its objects to create events in the present is also a line of enquiry that falls under the heading of Contemporary Archaeology. Archaeological objects become events in their relation with documentation and presentation practices, in the writing of excavation reports, in museum displays, in popular science books, television programmes, films, websites and other media coverage of archaeological events. And again there is a blurring of boundaries in that some of these aspects coincide with practices that come under the heading of Heritage Management and Industry. In this field of study the past and its objects are resources that work within spatial landscapes and incorporate the sensibilities of the experiential. From this perspective it is a process of evocation that is central in the presentation of the past and its remains. It is the creation of interest, the exploration of sensory apprehension, intimacy and proximity to the site and event on display that is associated with this field of study. It is here that these events collide with the residues of memories and testimonies, with individual and collective experience, on the threshold between the self and the other, alongside all the contradictions such meetings invite (Ashworth 1994, p1-30; Kirshenblatt-Gimblett 1998; Kwint, Breward, and Aynsley 1999, p.1-6; Nordbladh 2001, p.7-9; Tunbridge 1996).

When engaging with the presentation of the past and its material remains in the present, Contemporary Archaeology works with issues that involve getting involved with others, with the interests of others, with public interests, with contested interests that evoke and provoke, that negotiate the line in-between emotion and sensation. Presentations of the archaeological come in many guises and the aims and results of the productions are disparate. One example here there is the Masters course 'Archaeology and Screen Media' available at Bristol University which takes an in-depth look at the various practices that work with contemporary documentation and presentation.

There are others, like the work of SAMDOK in Sweden that address the tensions embedded into the documentation and presentation of contemporary events. SAMDOK, a division of the Nordic Museum, ran a series of seminars on the issues of how museums were to deal with difficult things and delicate matters. One seminar in particular discussed the sensibilities of managing the events of catastrophe, for

instance the dilemmas of putting on display the objects and stories salvaged from the Estonia ferry that took the lives of 852 people in 1994, when the ferry sank; or how the Göteborg City Museum was to register and archive the many hundreds of memorial gifts laid at the site of the Göteborg tragedy, at Backaplan, where 63 young people died in the discotheque fire; or the role of the museum in the display of sensitive, untouchable matter as presented in the SAMDOK project 'Svåra Saker' (Unspeakable Things), a mobile exhibition in Sweden which collected the personal stories attached to objects that deal with difficult matters, such as murder, mental illness, accidental death, incest, drug addiction, nuclear waste, and other such matters that are rarely included in themes addressed by museums (Olsson 2000; SAMDOK 2002). All these events are sensitive issues not just from the perspective of their contents but also in terms of how archaeologists and museologists deal with the complexities of events that provoke and affect.

These are events of the past, but also the remains of the everyday, that at some point meant something to somebody else, that might still have a voice to be raised or might have since been silenced by the noise of time. Even if these particular examples serve to highlight just how precarious the everyday can be, and how difficult it is for those working with cultural production to document and present sites, artefacts and events of the content of archaeological enquiry, we need to remind ourselves that it is not just in the turmoil of the fragile that these issues are relevant. When the focus is placed on the exposure of matters that concern everyday life, to the explicit investigation into habits and cultural practices, into attitudes and values, into moral and ethic concerns there is an element of risk and those producing these archaeological events have to take responsibility for the work being produced. To approach the remains of the past from this direction collapses distance and from a position of proximity presentation and documentation practices open up debate.

When attention and response is given to the fragile nature of the archaeological debates we begin to realise that archaeological sites and artefacts are not static events, that re-collection is a meeting point that invites us to travel to places we might never journey, to enter spaces we did not realise we could. To journey into the memoirs of others, to archive the souvenirs of personal experience is to document and present the past-present (Buchli 2002, p.9-12; Stewart 1984). This challenges the field of enquiry yet again, and creates other meeting points to include a broad range of themes, which facilitate the concepts of time, place, space, object, document, subjective experience and memory.

As shown there are a number of diverse fields of interest incorporated into Contemporary Archaeology, both as an idea and as a practice, but for us the idea of Contemporary Archaeology is based on the premise that we create the past in the present, and that regardless of the material studied, the theories used, our present day perceptions are embedded within any interpretation. As written in 'Theatre/Archaeology' in 2001: *"The past is not somehow 'discovered' in its remains ... Gone is the notion of a singular material record bequeathed to us from the past and from which meaning can be 'read off'. Instead archaeology is to regard itself as a practice of cultural production, a contemporary material practice which works on and with the traces of the past and within which the archaeologist is implicated as an active agent of interpretation. Rather than a reconstruction of the past...this is a recontextualisation."* (Pearson 2001, p.11)

If the present is present, we need to investigate its presence; we need to rethink the role of archaeology in contemporary society. If the archaeologist plays an active role in the re-contextualisation of archaeological remains, we need to know how the work of the archaeologist is relevant. We need to realise archaeology's potential as cultural intervener, as a mode of cultural critique. Archaeology as contemporary practice creates sites of negotiation where innovation, involvement and risk-taking are essential, and as a mode of cultural production, archaeology can work to create contemporary meaning.

In Contemporary Archaeology, the before and after meet and merge and find alternative ways to explore the dimensions of archaeological expression and potential future direction. Contemporary Archaeology as a field of research crosses into the fields of interest of many other bodies of knowledge and these disparate factions touch upon some sensitive issues so we need to look for ways of confronting the dilemmas we encounter. The relationship between material remains and immaterial experience is therefore a complex one, and as a consequence of the shifts in approaches, as described above, the artefactual record is now apprehended and presented in a multitude of ways. However, it is in its complexities that its potential lies. This redirection brings the present more explicitly into focus, and has meant a redirection of focus with regards to the kinds of investigations being made, to the questions being asked. And when archaeology is understood as a contemporary practice the distance between now and then is reduced, and invites archaeological enquiry into a space through which we can explore the personal, the intimate, the poetic and the performative, as essential features of the archaeological. It therefore becomes a platform from which we can create a place where the sensibilities of the archaeological can be addressed. In our opinion, this current position has contributed to archaeology's engagement with

ideas and practices that it previously did not have to consider relevant. It is from this position of being a contemporary practice, involved with contemporary issues that the definitions of the archaeological diverge and drift into other fields of knowledge, into other sites of understanding, and this in turn generates further change. The site of archaeology is not a fixed static entity but an open, fluid space, a site of possibilities, where artistic and archaeological practices can meet, blend and work on alternative narratives that expose the density of the past-present (Campbell and Hansson 2000).

The practice of Contemporary Archaeology is reflective, critical and heretic, a practice constantly on the move and as a result thereof, always changing its position, always moving from here to there and back again. As we have shown Contemporary Archaeology deals with unstable phenomena such as identity, place, memory, time, and from its position in the present it becomes political and full of risk Accordingly, it touches upon the hidden agendas of the past-present. Archaeology as a contemporary practice meets with the dilemmas of cultural identity, with issues of relevance, and this in turn questions the direction of the documentation practices and presentation techniques. As a result we need to search for alternative ways to map the archaeological, for theories and methods that are patterns rather than structures, and this involves finding connections to practices and disciplines we might otherwise not meet.

Contemporary Archaeology is a relatively new area of research within the discipline of Archaeology and as such we cannot be sure what future directions this research will take, but we do believe there are many possible routes. We cannot be certain of all its beginnings, but we are sure that there have been many, and we can't help but wonder what this practice might have become if anyone had taken seriously the words of William F Ganong, a Canadian Historian, when he wrote in 1899 "*[u]nlike some other phases of history, archaeological studies ... should be undertaken as soon as possible after the events have occurred, for their evidence is found not so much in documents reasonably sure of long preservation, but in perishable materials and alterable localities.*" (Ganong 1899)

EXPLORING ASPECTS OF CREATIVE NARRATIVE AND PERFORMATIVE CULTURAL PRODUCTION

Once again, after is situated before, and we will begin with the idea that archaeology is a mode of cultural production, before we introduce the complexities embedded in the idea of performance, before we explore aspects of creative narratives.

ARCHAEOLOGY AS A MODE OF CULTURAL PRODUCTION

The word archaeology can be used to mean many things. To some, archaeology is a resource in that the material remains, the excavation practices and documentation of matter reflect the existence of the past. It is also perceived as a source in the development of a body of knowledge that enables understanding of the past. But there is no universal content to the concept of archaeology; it is understood to mean different things in different ways by different individuals and groups, whether academic, public, personal or cultural. For us, archaeology is more than just a resource, it is also about what we do and how we do it, about what we produce when working archaeologically. And regardless of whether we acknowledge time division or which period and material is being worked on, we understand archaeology as the production of a product in the present. This is what we believe we do: we produce products, cultural products, for use. Archaeology is the study of material culture, and it produces understanding and constructs bodies of knowledge, and creates stories that inform. There are different methods, theories, and sets of praxis, which lead to a variety of outcomes that keep the idea of archaeology on the move but whatever the method, practice or theory involved, archaeology is done for a reason, and with purpose, and there is always some goal to be reached.

Archaeology can be understood as a mode of cultural production, and our aims and goals are based on this premise. And if archaeology is acknowledged as an integral element in this field of study, it becomes possible to use the remains of the past-present in order to highlight and bring into focus the relevance of contemporary issues within the discipline of archaeology. It is from this position that we give our attention to finding alternative ways to work within this cultural field.

As a mode of cultural production, archaeology shifts its position and exposes its connectivity to 'Culture Studies', a field of enquiry that links the word 'culture' to a diverse range of cultural activities from popular music, digital media, visual arts, performing arts, broadcast media, publishing, libraries, night clubs, museums to design. The products these division generate, whether they fall under the sub-heading of high culture or popular culture, or if regarded simply as

forms of cultural production, are forms of expression, ways of living, inspirations to learning and thinking, and they are involved, in creative processes that produce "... groups of activities primarily concerned with the production and distribution of symbolic goods – goods whose primary value derives from their function as carrier of meaning." (O'Connor 2000, p.34)

It is products like these that are managed and produced within the culture industry or the cultural sector, and that make up the cultural economy, an industry which attends to the idea of culture as a creative force in society, where the idea of consumption addresses the cultural industries' potential as a platform for cultural awareness, and the effects this consumption has in a wider context (Louw 2001; O'Connor 2000, p.7-34). According to Bourdieu, the role of cultural production plays a part in the construction of societal organisation and that it functions, whether through large-scale media industries or small-scale community projects, in the generation of ideas and thoughts that effect how we perceive the societies we live in (Bourdieu and Johnson 1993, p.2-20).

The culture industry is a vast field of study and can be approached from any number of directions, but what is significant here is that archaeology is part of this industry. Archaeologists are cultural producers, archaeology is a cultural product and is involved in the production of cultural goods, and the material we work with is cultural too. From the perspective of culture studies, the material culture and cultural artefacts studied are understood as social artefacts that have significance beyond the boundaries of their materiality, and from within the frameworks of the social, political, ideological, emotional context their meaning is negotiated. Through engagement at a culture studies level the investigations that cultural products ignite go beyond the necessity of creating order, structure, and organisation of the artefactual, and it is from this position that new sets of questions are posed and the boundaries are opened between the object and agent, the social and the material (Baker Jr. 1994, p.193-197; Pearson 2001, p.xi & 54).

Cultural production is not created in a void; it is both a local and global phenomenon and it has political dimensions. Without the economic support of governments, cultural production would most likely exist primarily as a commercial venture. Cultural heritage issues are however very much a governmental issue in Sweden and not just from the perspective of financing.⁴ In Sweden, at governmental level, responsibility for cultural production is situated at the Ministry of Culture. The Ministry of Culture is responsible for the arts, cultural heritage, media, religious communities and for cross-cultural issues

⁴ For more in-depth discussion of the Swedish context see Jonas Grundberg, 2000 (Grundberg 2000).

that involve minority groups' cultural activities, and it is the duty of the Ministry of Culture to manage, promote and develop future strategies for matters related to cultural and popular movements, archives, visual arts, design, libraries, literature, language, film, artists, cultural environments, media, museums, exhibitions, theatre, dance, music, religious communities. It is the Ministry's responsibility to ensure that cultural diversity and debate thrive in society because these are deemed necessary elements in a democratic society. The goals of Swedish cultural policy are *"... to safeguard freedom of expression and create genuine opportunities for all to use that freedom, to work to create the opportunity for all to participate in cultural life and cultural experiences and to engage in creative activities of their own, to promote cultural diversity, artistic renewal and quality, thereby counteracting the negative effects of commercialism, to enable culture to be a dynamic, challenging and independent force in society, to preserve and utilise our cultural heritage, to promote education, to promote international cultural exchange and encounters between different cultures within Sweden."* (Ministry of Culture 2003)

Cultural heritage is a concern of the Ministry of Culture, and the National Board of Antiquities and the Swedish museums are very definitely a part of the culture industry. These institutions do not only manage archives, material remains and documentation but also have an active role in the promotion of matters that concern the general public (Burström 2000). So, in our minds, the idea of archaeology as a mode of cultural production does not require any quantum leaps, and one reason as to why we prefer the term cultural production as opposed to the term culture industry is because it shifts the idea of the archaeologist, from a position of resource manager, to a position that entails getting involved with the goods being produced, of taking responsibility for production in the present. The idea of cultural production shifts not only the archaeologist but the idea of archaeology too, from academic discipline or excavation practice, to a position of being a cultural practice; a practice that belongs within a wider context and that has a significant role to play in the development of cultural policy, in the exploration of creating ways to be involved in contemporary debate alongside its cultural counterparts: popular music, digital media, broadcast media, publishing, literature, the visual and performing arts. Furthermore the idea of cultural production shifts the material sources to a position that focuses on issues that are something more than the studies of objects that represent the past, and moves them into contemporary contexts. The National Board of Antiquities is currently reviewing its position in terms of its relation to other public interests, and in a report suggesting possible directions to follow, recommendations have been made that this cultural institution creates strategies that will improve its relations with others outside the

organisation, and this enables it to be involved with contemporary debate. It is thereby hoped that alternative strategies will generate both public awareness of cultural heritage issues and encourage those outside cultural heritage to engage in its future (Burström 2000).

When archaeology is understood as a mode of cultural production, as part of the industry that incorporates music, dance, the visual and performing arts, design, broadcasting media, literature and publishing, the gap between archaeology and performance does not seem so wide, because a gap only exists if it is perceived to exist. For us there is no gap without bridges and we believe that the space in-between holds the potential of exploration, for creating another hybrid, a mongrel, a multicultural field of knowledge that interpenetrates archaeology and performance.

PERFORMANCE, ARTS AND STUDIES

Performance is, as Mike Pearson wrote, "... *a doing and a thing done; a special type of behaviour and an event ...*" (Pearson 2001, p.4) and at the level of the event performance is an experience, something that is apprehended in the here and now, in the presence felt through being there, and this is something very different from comprehending performance in terms of the ideas, theories and thoughts constructed before and after the event itself. Understanding performance at an intellectual or academic level is not the same as being there. The sensory experience, the engagement, alters when approaching an understanding of performance from a distance. But the object of this particular presentation is to introduce some of the ideas and ways of understanding performance and as such the intimacy of performance events gets lost. This is a presentation of performance studies, of the different bodies of ideas, and not an attempt to compile a set of criteria that work toward a definition of the word itself. Studies of performance examine performative phenomena, performance as practice explores phenomenologically (George 1996; Pearson 2001, p. xiii & 14-15).

Performance is a word with many meanings and it can be understood from a number of different positions, holding specific types of significance within the disciplines of Anthropology, Theatre Studies, and Performance Studies, and it can also be used to describe actions and behaviour in everyday life. The word 'performance' is multidimensional and multifaceted and it defies easy definition, but at the same time its ambiguity invites potential (Carlson 1996; Goldberg 2001, p.10; Schechner 2002). Needless to say, the above-mentioned academic directions have particular opinions as to what the word means, and to some extent there are differences, but at other levels the definitions collide. There is some consensus to the idea that performance involves

the exploration of actions, whether confined to the site of the stage or the site of the everyday, and that these actions to some extent are representational, that they mediate something, but what exactly these actions embody is another matter. There is conflict and each field of study argues its own particular set of definitions.

At a very general level the word performance can be used to include all human behaviour because all actions are essentially performed but there are other more specific ways of understanding the word. David Schneider has described performance as "... *'organised human behaviour presented before witnesses'*..." (cited in Pearson 2001, p.xii) and this definition could apply to the way the word is used in social anthropological contexts, in studies of the ritual, the spectacle, festivals, rites de passage and other social activities that are performed for the purpose of mediating cultural, historical or social events through enactment. These formal, planned acts tell stories and relate messages about specific societal events to particular cultural groups, and reflect societal values, norms and taboos, and these performances contribute to a sense of community identities and ideologies. For the anthropologist, the study of the performance of ritual can help them in their quest for knowledge and understanding of the people under scrutiny (Carlson 1996, p.13-33; Geertz 1973; Pearson 2001, p.xi; Schechner 1988; 2002, p.45-77; Turner 1982).

David Schneider's definition could also apply to the study of theatrical enactment, to the study of performance from the perspective of analyzing and theorizing the way people work when on stage, to the exposition of dramatic literature, dramaturgy, staging and the interpretation of texts. Theatre Studies is concerned with the study of theatrical events and incorporates many other elements connected to the production of plays and with the effects theatrical performance has on its audience, and here like in other performance focused studies, the body, speech, narratives and the setting, the architecture of the space, communication and encounter are central elements. But Theatre Studies is perhaps different from other performance-oriented studies in that the productions are primarily text based. This is, however, not the same as saying that there are no textual elements in other types of performance, or that all theatre productions are text based, but that the direction which Theatre Studies have chosen to take differs from other types of performance oriented studies, primarily in terms of the textual material studied and how its intimate relation to the written word effects its relation to other aspects of the idea of performance (Carlson 1996; George 1996, p.12; Goldberg 2001, p.9; Roach 1995, p.47).

Of course, what is theatre and what is not is still open to debate, and many of the more recent theatrical companies that define themselves

as different from traditional theatre, continue to use the word theatre, so the idea of theatre as significant is maintained, despite attempts to move in alternative directions. These directions are deemed a step or two away from what is regarded as mainstream, as directions that have led to the development of sub-theatrical cultures, such as underground theatre, fringe theatre, community theatre, physical theatre, feminist theatre, gay theatre, grass roots theatre, black theatre, theatre in prison, contemporary theatre, avant-garde theatre, to name but a few (Goldberg 2001, p.172-189; Kershaw 1999, p.591). But in spite of the word, these theatrical factions are probably more likely to fall under the scrutiny of those working in Performance Studies, a relatively recent addition to the academic world.

Performance Studies is the academic side of a body of knowledge that has many beginnings and many meanings. Most of those writing and theorising performance as an artistic genre agree that it is a 20th Century phenomenon. One of its beginnings⁵ is to be found in the experiments of the art world, in the ideas of conceptual art, at a time when the art object moved into the realm of the conceptual and when its use and function was moved into an economic frame of reference that did not agree with the artists themselves. Conceptual art was experiential, and concerned itself with the relationship between time, space and material and it was in this context that the body played an essential part in the shift of art and its objects. Conceptual art moved from being a protest against a system that turned the artists' work into economic pawns to a set of actions that had no value on the market because they did not exist long enough and could not be sold. These actions, or happenings, occurred in the moment and were immaterial, conceptual artistic acts and they were protests against the society. Initially these art forms, like Yoko Ono's 'imaginary map' or Stanley Brown's 'walk consciously in a certain direction', were not staged as performances as such, but rather as experiments in conceptual art and alongside these experiments the complexities of site, the relationship between art, galleries, museums, architecture, i.e. the traditional venues hosting art, became a dilemma in itself. In conjunction with these issues the relationship between the artist and the audience, the perception of the witness, spectator, and viewer became topics in need of debate. The artists experimented with a variety of materials including the body of the artist. The body is in essence an object too, but a more direct medium than that of other objects, and artistic experimentation with the body has far more resounding effects. Using the body as artistic medium closes the gap between the artist and the audience and both are drawn into dialogue at a different level when confronted with body art. Reducing the spatial experience between art and spectator alters the experience of both (Callery 2001; Carlson 1996, p.100-120; Goldberg 2001, p.152-165; Kershaw 1999, p.59; Diamond 1995,

⁵ Marvin Carlson maintains that performance art established itself as a field of art in the 1970's and in spite of its strong ties to conceptual art there are also links to the European Avant-Garde movements (Carlson 1996, p. 100-101).

p.156; Schechner 2002). Using the body as medium, incorporating the specificity of the site and transforming the spectator into a witness moves the visual arts and the performing arts in similar directions.

Regardless of its many beginnings Performance Art, as an artistic practice, continues to be a fragmented set of ideas that provokes and questions the relationship between the object and the subject, the audience and the artists, the site of the artistic event and the event itself. And in this context the word 'performance' has different meanings from its use in the world of theatre or anthropology. Performance from the perspective of Performance Studies is, as David George has written, "*... not a new art form so much as a new paradigm, not so much a new phenomenon but a new way of looking at known phenomena with different ways of responding to them.*" (George 1996, p.22)

Performance art is experimental in that it constantly seeks alternative ways to work with a number of elements that break the boundaries of our understanding of ourselves. The specificity of site, the experience of the live event and the artist/witness obligations are three recurring themes in Performance Art Studies and there are various ways in which to address these issues. Performance is the site of engagement, encounter and communication, a zone that is removed from the everyday, a third space, a space of extra-daily activity, a space in-between the expected and the unexpected, where anything can happen and where preconceptions, expectations and responses are challenged and questioned. When it comes to the concept of site there are several levels of engagement. One is the question of location, an understanding of place, the physical and intangible aspects to the experience of specific sites in relation to the objects, artists, spectators, the bodily engagement and experience of all involved. Space is not just something there but is an active agent in the performance and the setting affects the participants too. There is a relationship between all involved in a performance: the watchers, spectators, witnesses, the watched, actors, creators, the site, setting, location, the technology, material, and bodily engagements that constitute an event. Everything present contributes something to the encounter taking place and this engagement brings a sense of something more than the sum of all involved into the equation. It is in the space of in-between, that experience is experienced, that the varied preconceptions, expectations and assumptions are confronted and reinvented. The event of performance reveals the tensions between what we expect and what we don't, what we know and what we feel, and it asks us to respond, reconfigure, adjust our relation to ourselves and to what it is we think we know (Etchells 1999; George 1996; Gómez-Peña 2000; Kwon 2002; Watson 2002).

Body and mind engagement is central to performance art and it is at the site of presence that we meet with thresholds to cross. Performance is the site of exchange and transformation, the event that shifts one reality to another, that exchanges one set of understanding for another, and that changes things, sometimes radically, but always in a state of temporality. Performance art takes place in the here and now, in the present but this temporal presence is ambiguous. Performance is the site of a constructed present, on the outskirts of the everyday present; it resides within its own particular time frame, but from the perspective of experience it is the only present available, the feeling felt at the time particular to the event, and this is an experience that cannot be repeated. Time as experienced in performance is transient, improvised and ambivalent. The experience of time like the experience of a particular performance is not something to be returned to; these are unrepeatable acts, never the same twice but almost always multiple in their dimensionality. And it is within this constructed space of event that performance art reminds us of the fragility of our identity, of its particularities, multiplicities and ambiguities, in relation to the ephemeral qualities of experience, time, space and knowledge. It evokes and provokes and demands response (George 1996; Gómez-Peña 1996; Kwon 2002; Pearson 2001).

It is in performance art's relationship with the dilemmas of particularity and multidimensionality that its relationship with the social agenda resides. Many of the performance companies that have chosen to work with performance art are considered representatives of minority groups or have special group interests and agendas that they wish to explore using this particular mode of cultural production, and as such many of the events that are created are not only artistic practices but also hold some political agenda.⁶ Performance art is the site where social, biographical, historical and cultural issues meet and conflict. It is an artistic genre that articulates crisis and exposes the underbelly of social phenomena, the unspoken, the messiness, fears and desires, secrets and lies. It confronts head on the beauty and ugliness of everyday in order to trigger reaction, response and attention to matters that challenge, and force us to question ourselves. Performance art is not about representation, it does not aim to reiterate, mirror or reflect; it is essentially about the phenomena of presence and it aims to provoke at a different level. It is this evocation of the experiential that is the driving force behind the creation of the performance event. As a mode of cultural production it is a site of contemporary debate where certain fictions are created to shed light on some aspects of reality (Gómez-Peña 1996, 7-11; Kalb 2001; Munk 2001; Pearson 2001).

Performance art, like theatre, asks us to enter into a space that is different from the space that belongs to the everyday, but at the same

⁶ Some examples of various kinds of performance groups-(Anderson 2004; Bodies in Flight 2004; Brookes 2004; Desperate Optimists 2004; Forced Entertainment 2004; Goat Island 2004; Gob Squad 2004; Lucky Pierre 2004; NYC Players 2004; Ontological 2004; Pearson 2004; Plan B Performance 2004; Radio Hole 2004; Read Reader 2004; Sleepers 2004; Telefonica 2004; Uninvited Guests 2004; Wilson 2004; Wooster Group 2004)

time, that which is being performed is an expression of the dilemmas of the everyday and as such tension is created. And thereby inviting both the witnesses and practitioners to invest energy into the connections between art and politics, between the experience of the present and the risks of getting involved in the production of the future. This political, ethical investment has followed the performing arts in different ways, at different times, and it is this continual shift from one issue to another that keeps the idea of performance on the move, enabling the incorporation of just about anything, providing the questions being asked stay relevant (Etchells 1999, p.48ff; Gómez-Peña 2000, p.211-212, 267-270; Pearson 2001, 15-20).

The fluidity of this practice is one of the things that appeals to us and has allowed us to recognise its potential as an essential component in the practice of archaeology. There are many points at which performance and archaeology connect and there are a multitude of directions these meetings can follow. Performance Art and Performance Studies remind us to ask ourselves about what it is we think matters when working with the material remains of the past-present, and remind us that there are several ways of approaching the complexities of the material we want to work with. To some, these might appear strange bedfellows but these two cultural fields have many points of contact. The disciplines of Archaeology and Performance are, ontologically, temporal disnarratives, ephemeral, ambiguous, site-specific and event-specific. In both practices the material employed is transient and provocative and questions related to the complexities of time, place and identity interpenetrate these discourses.

Needless to say, we are not alone in seeing the potential of working with these two cultural practices. There are a number of others that have been involved in the exploration of the performance/archaeology connection and the most in-depth presentation of this hybrid body of knowledge to date is to be found in the work of Mike Pearson and Michael Shanks. Their most recent publication on this subject 'Theatre/Archaeology' provides a setting that allows them to expand ideas and links that until recently existed very much at the site of the conference and in the remains of their collaborations. In 'Theatre/Archaeology' both Performance and Archaeology are approached and deliberated through the exploration of a number of concepts that interpenetrate both fields of knowledge. 'Theatre/Archaeology' had one of its beginnings as a kind of metaphor for the exposition of traces left behind in the aftermath of performance, and another beginning in the remains of the past, and the documentation processes of both events are deliberated in this book (Pearson 2001).

Both performance and archaeology are essentially experiential practi-

ces; there are no pre-written texts and the remnants are fragmented. Another starting point for this collaborative work is based on the fact that documentation processes and the production of knowledge in these cultural fields are influenced by the actions of practitioners in the present. Both are caught up in the chaos of how to document the ephemeral, the remains of a past which is no longer present but that refuses to go away. How are the event and its traces to be documented? And how are we to understand the multidimensionality of the site of an event? From this perspective the archaeology of performance shifts to the performance of archaeology. Archaeological practices are processes and events in ways similar to that of a live performative event, both work with bodies, things, places and settings and both are involved with understanding the relation between experience and representation, and both are modes of cultural production in contemporary society. It is from this platform that a series of ideas are deliberated, for the purpose of documentation, that does not deny the idea of multiplicity, of multiple meanings, of the mixing of science and fiction, integrating creative narratives with deep mappings to expose the complexities of site and identity, and to invite the poetics of the past into the present as a mode of cultural production. It is from this position, in the creation of contemporary significance that performance and archaeology work under the heading of 'Theatre/Archaeology' (Pearson 2001).

⁷ In the TAG 99 session abstract on the topic 'Performing archaeology' Jon Price (University of Newcastle) and Peter Stone (Newcastle University) write: "Performance as a tool of archaeological interpretation has been with us for some time, but no serious discourse has taken place on the position of performance within the practice of archaeology. This session aims to make a first step towards a larger scale discussion. The session examines the performative aspects of creating and communicating archaeologies. Does the act of performance subvert or redirect archaeological data and their interpretation? Can the act of performance assist in the creation and development of archaeologies? Are the performer and the performance necessarily subordinate to the chiefly academic process of making archaeologies, or does performance allow a broader engagement by non-academics in that process? Contributors will look at: the use of traditional performance techniques to interpret and create archaeologies; the values of participatory performance in the development of archaeological understanding; the role, direction and value of performance within the realm of official archaeologies; the performance of invented archaeologies by indigenous cultures for tourists; the use of performance in teaching about the past within formal curricula; and performance within the field of popular events and mass media. The session will include two short performances and video clips in the belief that it is only through experiencing some aspects of performance that the value of such work can be discussed." (Price 1999)

But 'Theatre/Archaeology' is not alone; there are others, including ourselves that have written and spoken about the significance of the hybrid field of knowledge performance/archaeology (Campbell and Hansson 2000; Pearson 1994). In the greater scheme of archaeological knowledge production this contemporary genre remains firmly positioned at the edges of the limits of the academic discipline of archaeology, but it is a field that is gathering momentum and there is growing interest as to what it can offer, and even if the literature on the subject is limited, its presence has been felt at a number of conferences ('TAG' Cardiff, 1999 'Performing archaeology'⁷, TAG Manchester 2002; 'EAA' Thessaloniki, 2002 'Creative Heresies'; 'WAC' Washington 2003, 'CHAT', Bristol 2003 and 'TAG' Lampeter, 2003 'Why All This Chat About Contemporary Archaeology?'; 'SAA Meetings', Denver CO March 2002 'Towards an archaeology of performance - Creating an archaeology of performance', 'EAA meetings' in Bournemouth and Lisbon 'Archaeological Sensibilities I & II'). Its presence can be found on a number of websites. Some examples are: <http://www.bris.ac.uk/parip/index.htm> (Archaeology & Performance 2004); <http://www.roehampton.ac.uk/artshum/arts/performance/ARCHAEOLOGY/Archeology.html>; http://traumverk.stanford.edu/archaeology-performance/Arch_HomeFS.html (Archaeology & Performance 2004) and <http://metamedia.stanford.edu> (metaMediaLab 2004) and interest

is present at a number of university departments, i.e. the Masters degree in Archaeology and Screen Media in Bristol; Alessandra Lopez y Royo (Iyer) work at Roehampton on dance and heritage; Robyn Gillam at the Classical Studies Department at York University in Toronto and her work on the presentation and representation of classical dramas; Mike Pearson's work at the Performance Studies Department in Aberystwyth, at the University of Wales; Douglass Bailey's exploration of conceptual art and its relation to archaeology at the Department of History and Archaeology, at the University of Wales. In archaeology just as in performance fields of study, the word is used in a variety of ways. Performance in archaeology at times refers to general human behaviour, or to the practices of re-enactment as in the disciplines of Anthropology or Theatre Studies, or as in our own work, to the practices and ideas embedded in performance art.

Through the concept of performance we also meet with the idea of the 'performative' and with 'performativity'⁸. The latter is perhaps best known in the work and writings of Judith Butler, in particular 'Gender Trouble' where she uses the term 'performativity' in the more general sense of being applicable to everyday human actions. She argues, however, that everyday human behaviour is in fact trapped within the confines of conventions and as such is embedded in contemporary political discourse. Human behaviour is a set of political actions and in her opinion gender constructs are repetitive acts that uphold the dominant conventions that reinforce the ideas of what a particular gender is expected to reflect. She writes "[p]erformativity is the vehicle through which ontological effects are established. Performativity is the discursive mode by which ontological effects are installed." (Butler 1996, p.111-112). She uses the term 'performativity' to describe the double operation of identity construction. At one level individuals are born into a set of conditions that condition them and on the other individuals can change how this set of conditions is perceived, understood and performed. Identities are not givens but constructed and modified and as such constituted through the performance of repetition. Through repetition we discover the impossibility of recovering the idea of the same and from this perspective repetition is always a discovery of difference. According to Butler identity is not a given it is produced and the production of identity is the site of 'performativity'. Through the performance of repetition identities alter and as such it is a site with the potential to change contemporary power relations and discursive norms (Butler 1999, p.32, 187).

Judith Butler deliberates the complexities of identity construction and behaviour from the perspective of gender categories in societal contexts and is concerned with the political dimensions of this performative act. The complexities of identity construction have political dimen-

⁸ For in-depth discussion of these terms from a performance studies perspective see chapters five and six in Richard Schecher's book 'Performance Studies: An introduction' (Schechner 2002, p.110-187)

sions, and the tensions embedded in the construction of identity are present in performance art and studies too. And at times performance art does get involved with the political dimension of performativity. Performance as an art and a field of study provides a set of conditions that allows performance artists to challenge the structures of social relationships deemed in need of challenge, in need of being questioned. As a result performance, in practice, approaches political issues with artistic resistance and from the perspective of provocation. Performance artists search for and find ways to be critical about the ways in which we perform and understand our roles and responsibilities in our social relations. From this perspective, as an oppositional force in society performance is a double-agent. As double-agent performance is both a performative act and an act of performativity.

Performance can and does work to intervene in the politics of the everyday; it works towards the creation of a site that challenges and questions the ways in which identities are constructed in society. At the site of the everyday performances occur that involve positioning of oneself in relation to the position of others and from this perspective subjective experience is a central theme in illuminating the multidimensionality of political agendas (Carlson 1996, 170-183). Subjective experience is a recurring theme in politically oriented performance and a necessary ingredient in revealing the extent of alternative possible ways of apprehending the ways we might perceive everyday life.

In archaeology, similar arguments can be made. Archaeological practices are special types of action informed by contemporary interests (Pearson 2001, p.11) and subsequently these practices are involved with the politics of performativity, with the construction of individual, social and cultural identities. Archaeology is a site from which the multidimensionality of everyday actions can be exposed and approached from the perspective of subjective experience. Artistic practices like performance art and academic disciplines like performance studies can and do contribute to archaeological practices in terms of being there as sources of inspiration but also in terms of providing ways of doing and working with the complexities of knowledge construction.

One example of how artistic practices can and do influence the discipline of Archaeology can be found in Colin Renfrew's book 'Figuring it out - the parallel visions of artists and archaeologists' Here he journeys into the worlds of art and archaeology throughout the ages, and focuses in particular upon contemporary art projects, by artists like Richard Long, Anthony Gormley, Tracey Emin, Mark Dion, Marcel Duchamp, Susan Hiller, Cornelia Parker and David Mach and in so doing he invites us to reflect upon the validity of subjective, personal

experience in archaeological practices and he suggests that archaeology, like conceptual art, is a creative process and an activity. He writes, *"I now feel that too often, in our work as researchers and scholars, we are prone to suppress these immediate sense impressions. They are, of course, subjective, and perhaps do not accord with our notions of the objectivity of scientific endeavour. But the latter reaction is an error on our part. For it must be a richer strategy to maximize the range of experiences and impressions we undergo and record. All experience is subjective. The scientific rigour can come in evaluation ... but experience has to come first."* (Renfrew 2003, p.42) The work of the contemporary artists does not only illustrate how fragile the boundaries between art and archaeology are, but questions the ways in which archaeologists approach and present the material remains of the past and Colin Renfrew argues that archaeologists might do well to adopt some of the introspective approaches found in this parallel world, and allow the world of art to inspire us (Renfrew 2003). It is in this direction we will now journey.

EXPLORING ASPECTS OF CREATIVE NARRATIVES

The concept of narrative is approached from a variety of perspectives depending on the disciplinary interests involved and, as such, there are many meanings and ways of understanding this concept. At one level, narrative can be used as synonymous with the idea of constructing stories for the purpose of telling something to others, as a means of communication, but at another level narratives are actions and interaction (Ricoeur 1991, p.93), ways of performing stories about ourselves, and our subjective identities in relation to others, temporally and spatially. Life and living are, from this perspective, narrative enactments and we live the stories we create. According to Ricoeur⁹ as we construct our identities through narrative process we negotiate ways in which we understand the world. Concomitantly the narratives we create through narration shape our knowledge construction, and the ways in which we experience ourselves, and the world around us. Narrative from this perspective is the negotiation and creation of shared meaning, an interactive set of actions that connects subject, object, time and place (Bell 1990, p.172; Juen 2002, p.51-53; Ricoeur 1988, p.246; 1991; Venn 2002, p.29-36).

"[L]ife is woven of stories told ..." (Ricoeur 1988, p.246) but we tell stories in different ways; stories can be communicated through voice, text, image, material stuff and bodily experience and there is always a difference between the events as they happen and the ways in which these events get retold. The idea of narrative works through a multitude of dimensions and there are many ways of communicating a story or event. In the discipline of Archaeology, for example, there are many ways of telling the Neolithic, even if we presume there to be a number

⁹ Ricoeur uses the term 'narrative identity' to explain how we create stories about ourselves (Ricoeur 1991).

of basic elements from which the variety of stories are derived, it can be repeated in different languages, using different textual structures, different mediums, for different contexts, different audiences and for different reasons. The Neolithic is not the same when told at an excavation site, or in a museum, or using gender perspectives, or when presented in relation to other prehistoric time frames, or when created in alternative spatial and temporal zones. But the varied perspectives don't necessarily cancel each other out. The narrative, as a sequence of events, and the stories as representations of these events, are not in opposition; both events and presentations of events are connected in the matter of constructing knowledge, in processes of understanding, and as agents in the process of making meaning. The stories we create and tell are produced in relation to the narrative constructs we live in (Patterson 2002, p.72-73). According to Mieke Bal (Bal 1985) the stories we create are manifestations of the knowledge held by the narrator, and it is the narrator that decides the manner in which to convey this knowledge and the dynamics of the presentation is always negotiated in relation to the context and as such, narratives are always in a state of flux - fluid processes of change. Narratives are products and productions, stories that transform.

The concept of narrative contains many meanings; it is the site of communication, the creation of a story, meaning making, and the construction of a space that contains events, but the idea of narrative does not reduce the story simply to the level of construction of a text or to the process of writing. Narratives employ many techniques: oral presentation, bodily expression, various image techniques like film, art, dance, and it is present in music, noise and words. Narratives are created, and as such, all narrative production is essentially creative. Whether putting words on paper, or into the laptop, or in the editing of film, pushing words out of the mouth, or moving bodily part in a series of positions, selecting images, composing music, or arranging composition to be presented, as a lecture or conference paper, it is a performative event. It is a hybrid collage of fact, fiction, anecdote, memory, citation, subjective experience, and material matters. Narratives are arranged in a multitude of ways with the purpose of engaging, enraging, challenging or revealing, depending on the position of the participants and the site of its exposure. It might be that the term 'disnarrative' suits better, because in our understanding of narrative it is not a condition that has a beginning, middle and end, but many beginnings, middles and only open endings. Narratives are not linear structures, but deep mappings, sites of overlay, palimpsests, there is not necessarily any chronological order and they are always experimental sites of strategy and action. Consequently narratives are endless journeys that begin again and again and are open-ended stories that reveal themselves in context. Narratives are experimental proces-

ses in that they are particular to the relationships they hold with each individual that is witness to them (Gómez-Peña 1996, p.i-ii; Goulish 2000, p.18).

One dimension of narrative within the field of archaeology is as practice; narratives are tools we utilise to communicate archaeological events. One of the first things we learn, as students of archaeology, is how to read: academic books, articles, excavation reports, and how to hear and listen to narratives about archaeology and about the ways others would like us to understand the past. As students we are also schooled in a process of writing; exams, reports, articles, conference papers and of presenting our ideas of archaeology, orally, visually, communicatively. Subsequently the construction of narratives, in all its senses of meaning, is just as significant in archaeology as in other practices. Luckily the ways in which archaeology is expressed are not static and alternative modes of expression are continually being devised¹⁰ and, as Rosemary Joyce has written in 'The Languages of Archaeology' (Joyce with Preucel ... 2002), there has been an explosion in the experimentation of archaeological writing practices in recent years, but she also argues that the writing of archaeology is more than just the production of texts. Archaeological narratives are constructed in the field, at the site of excavation, in lecture halls, in conversation and correspondence between archaeologists, and in their contact with others outside the discipline, and as such the writing of archaeology is always multidimensional. She touches upon the idea that narrative, in its more general sense, is a form of story telling, a shared event, with many different voices involved, many varied structures and working with the ideas of Mikhail Bakhtin and Gérard Genette she demonstrates the eclectic nature of archaeological language. Furthermore Rosemary Joyce maintains, through her analysis of a selection of recent experimental writing processes, that contemporary archaeological writings can and do combine creative forms of narrative strategies that combine multidimensional perspectives with an academic ideal of critical evaluation. In her opinion narratives that find different voices to voice the idea of the archaeological need not compromise any underlying intent to produce knowledge that is critically aware and of value to archaeological discourse, in spite of the alternativeness of the approach (Joyce with Preucel ... 2002, p.4-17, 52-67).

¹⁰ The dilemmas of narrative can be seen from a number of perspectives and here are some suggestions for further reading : (Baker 1990; Bapty 1989, 1990; Barnes 1992; Beaudry 1991; Conkey 1991; Geertz 1988; Harré 1990; Hodder 2004; Holtorf 2003; Nash 1990; Pluciennik 1999; Terrell 1990; Thomas 1990; Tringham 1994)

This explosion of experiments in language reflects the shifts in archaeological discourse from one situated in a modern world context to a position within a post-modern one. A discourse that is based on modern world ideals, where the practice of academic writing from a position of authority, becomes dysfunctional in a context that promotes narratives as essentially multi-vocal (Allsopp 1997, p.46). It could be argued that at a time when hybrid archaeologies, like gender

archaeology, interpretative archaeology and landscape archaeology moved into the archaeological discourse alternative ways of mediating the archaeological were required. This particular period of explorative investigation compelled archaeologists to find alternative paths for archaeology to travel along. Because in times of transition approaches that have been taken for granted or deemed non-problematical, are always destabilised and displaced.

According to Ian Hodder, in 1989, the ways in which archaeologists work with the production of narratives is a topic that needs to be addressed (Hodder, 1989). There are many examples of alternative narrative strategies on the archaeological scene, and these range from websites like the MetaMedia Lab, affiliated with the Stanford Archaeology Center (Shanks 2003), or the sites that Cornelius Holtorf has produced (Holtorf 2003), or the site of e-state, a performance-archaeology meeting point (Lopez y Royo 2003), or the Catalhöyük, project website (Catalhöyük 2003; Wolle 2000). These are websites that experiment with questions of authorship, discourse, archiving, representation, and expression, and as digital mediums these vary considerably from the textual narratives published in print, like the multi-vocal narratives in Barbara Bender's work in her book (Bender 1998) 'Stonehenge: Making Space', which reflects the issues of dialogue between the author and others and the interests of interpretation in relation to the Stonehenge site; or Janet Spector's work 'What this awl means' which combines a variety of sources, archaeological remains, oral histories, images, and personal accounts, to create an image of a village in Eastern Dakota (Spector 1993); or in Joan Gero's article 'Gender divisions of labor in the construction of archaeological knowledge', on the gender biases of field work (Gero 1991) or in Eva-Marie Göransson's experiments with storytelling in her thesis 'Bilder av Kvinnor och Kvinnlighet' (Göransson 1999, p.85), or in Marie Svedin's work at Vallhagar on Gotland (Svedin 1999), or the 'Theatre/ Archaeology' book by Mike Pearson and Michael Shanks (Pearson 2001) where they work with the theme of multi-vocality, but in a different way. In Rosemary Joyce's book there are many examples of experimental narratives from a variety of perspectives, including a critical analysis of the hypermedia project 'Crafting Cosmos: The production of social memory in everyday life among the classic Maya' (Joyce with Preucel... 2002, p.67-100) and one of her own collaborative projects 'Sister Stories' (Joyce with Preucel... 2002, p.101-121).

But it is not just the development of alternative mediums or a desire to produce multi-vocal representations that move the archaeological into narrative experimentation. There are other voices that need to be heard, and there are several ways of hearing what these words mean. There are other reasons for moving away from conventional text

production, other forces that attract archaeology into the realm of the participatory and interdisciplinary in search of new directions and strategies, in search of ways to write archaeology within interactive frameworks. Archaeological narratives have not just moved off the page, even whilst still on it, they keep moving us, but in a different way.

One direction of this movement is towards an ability to reach out and interact with, and affect, the witness, the reader, writer, spectator, and viewer, to move the writing, the narrative, in the direction of meaning making that is a strategy for change and action (Allsopp 1997, p.50; Patterson 2002, p.1-17). The practice of creating narratives that evoke is also a strategy of breaking with convention, with the deconstruction of expected patterns, and of the exploration and finding of alternative structures that displace the pre-understanding of the witness. This process juxtaposes the anticipations and imagination of the participants in a narrative presentation because a relationship with a text or story always begins before the communication begins; there is always a pre-history of expectations and the relationship always begins again after the moment of experience has past and it is always at the site in-between now and then, before and after, in the liminal zone of presence that a narrative is, as Victor Turner wrote, 'a storehouse of possibilities' (Turner 1986, p.42). It is at the threshold of awareness that narrative is most potent, because it is in this liminal zone that the transition from equilibrium to disequilibrium transpires, when things move from what they once were but are not quite what they are going to be. This is the site of experience, it is immediate and direct, and it is the narrative space of effect (Patterson 2002, p.80-83; Propp 1968).

Shifting narratives to the site of the liminal zone makes a change, and it moves the position of the narrator away from the reporting of events to a position that engages with experimentation in the act of creating narratives that convey experience and it is from this position we try to work. It is our aim to create narratives that change the position of archaeological narrative from a position of safety to one of risk, from neutrality to responsibility, from distance to proximity. The narrative strategies we employ are invoked from the site of the liminal, the site of in-between, and these are deliberately hybrid narratives that explore ideas we understand to be essentially performative experiences.

The approaches we have chosen to work with reflect a desire to move in a direction that expresses archaeology beyond the idea of presentation. This direction is explored in the chapters that follow and in the projects we work with as complementary materials to the ideas found here, in particular our performative presentations, and in our writings in other contexts (Campbell and Hansson 2000). Alternative forms of narrative are not just created when mediation is moved beyond the

page, onto the various screens, television, computer, film but also through a desire to create narratives that have something to say, that challenge, evoke and provoke at an experiential level, in a wider context, outside the discipline, in society and debate. *"By destabilising and displacing our assumption about the role of writing and the texts writing produces, by extending the range of what we include as performative writings we...open up the possibilities of the intertextual and the intersubjective and open new, unseen, forgotten, veiled, hidden readings from the interplay of texts at its disposal."* (Allsopp 1997, p.52)

DISSERTATION OUTLINE

In this dissertation the before and after meet and merge, it is a site of in-between and the site of many beginnings. Some of the chapters were written before other chapters and some of the work began even before that. In fact this dissertation started out as two separate projects, because when we embarked upon this journey into an exploration of the relationship between archaeology and performance we were on our way to produce two individual dissertation projects. But we realised that the paths we were following were similar and we decided to change direction again and move towards a position that we believed would serve our objectives better. This process moved us to a site that would allow us to do what we both wanted to do, but together and this interaction turned into a dissertation with a number of co-authored chapters alongside two separate, individual case-study projects and a website for storing the segments of the dissertation that we felt were better presented in another way. The chapters of this dissertation are the site of inter-subject-ivity.

Section two – theoretical methods

In this section our aims are to focus on questions of practice, to create strategies that set in motion a practice that engages that links the performative with the archaeological. Our intention is to identify and investigate the practice of BorderLine Archaeology through experimentation with narrative and we will attend to matters that consider how we encounter and engage with material remains, how objects, sites, and people blend and blur in eventscapes. This practice negotiates its existence in a hybridized zone of enquiry.

Pro-position

In the chapter 'Pro-position' we will introduce the space that transpires in-between Fiona Campbell and Jonna Ulin, in-between archaeology and performance, a space we have chosen to call the BorderLine. We embark on a journey of many beginnings to explore the concepts of the border and the line, and we meet at the edge of our memories. We follow and present the idea of the rhizome and rhizometric thinking, as proposed by Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari (Deleuze 1983), as a method of understanding the way through which to journey and encounter the events that took place, that were significant to us. Whilst recalling these events we realise that the directions taken encouraged us to continue to explore the relationship between archaeology and performance.

In this chapter we present a number of events that took place, in an other time, of visits to other places, of events that occurred at conference sessions and we remember, paper presentations that are of relevance to us that effected us in some way and we recall the events that redirected our ways of thinking and doing, that brought us closer together and kept us apart, and allowed us to move further into and onto the BorderLine; the space in-between, that is both real and imagined, remembered and forgotten, past and present. We position ourselves through the practice of evocation. We argue for, not against, and we propose a way of moving into the idea of archaeology as a mode of cultural production, a practice of contemporary archaeology through the praxis of creative narrative. In this chapter our journey into the exploration of writing begins from a different perspective, from the perspective of doing rather than talking about and from this chapter onwards we dig deeper into concepts and ideas that are essential to our work.

Aims of this chapter: To engage in a process of performative writing that re-replaces the void in-between, the void between the things we see and the things we know and don't know. Our aim is not to make things become real but realised, apprehended and incorporated, whilst doing so.

Making our way

In this chapter we explore performative writing and we continue to journey deeper into the landscape of BorderLine Archaeology in search of ideas that enable us to investigate further concepts and practices that we encounter along the paths of this liminal zone. We find approaches to performative writing as guidelines that take us closer to a mode of writing that feeds off difference, that is erratic, repetitional, quotational and negotiated. We enter into a practice of site-seeing that informs us how to understand the concepts of space and place, non-place, site and event. And whilst excavating these ideas we move closer to the territory of site-specificity, the site of spatial politics, at one time recognised as inherent in the attributes of a specific location, but that shifted, became mobile and kept moving into the realms of sensory experience. In this chapter the territory of site-specificity resurfaces in the shape of an idea we have turned into the word 'eventscape', where the location itself co-operates with issues, politics, materials, bodies and space. We communicate this sense of site using the word eventscape because for us this concept represents the space in which topics, objects, people and places blend and blur as a space of action and effect. From this position a different kind of knowledge is acquired, about the objects we work with, our relation to archaeology and to our selves. In this chapter we find that spatial experience is best comprehended through the idea of the 'walkscape', a concept that allows us to physically interact with the ephemerality of our surroundings and the objects we encounter.

Aims of this chapter: To introduce a theoretical method of approach that identifies and utilises the connections between archaeology and performance. To create ways of approaching the concepts mentioned above, to process these and present some outcomes of our explorations.

Section three – case studies

In this section we deal with the objects of our desire, we listen to their stories, we tell what we see and hear and we read into and onto their surfaces, but these are readings of another kind. We do not excavate, write or read the past-present material we study from a distance, from an objective perspective but from a perspective of subjective excavation and engaged readings. We do not direct attention to aspects of the functional, historical, political, economical, or cultural structures of an object, but we invest time instead in presenting and mediating those fragments of the past that are considered ephemeral, transitive and abstract, impossible to grasp and difficult to understand. Neither of the case studies in this section present the archaeological material attached to them in a conventional way, but the material is present and active in the production of the chapters to which they belong.

Turning 180° into the walkscape of the labyrinth

By Fiona Campbell

In this chapter Fiona begins a journey into and through the many dimensions of the labyrinth. At one level this is a journey which Fiona begins by walking through the labyrinth in Kungsbacka, Halland. This is a field labyrinth with 12 stone walls and she follows the circuitous paths into the centre and back. Whilst walking these paths she counts, and by adding the number of steps and seconds together the design of each chapter is built. These restrictions impose, and the pattern of the text reflects the rhythm of the labyrinth.

Whilst moving through these paths Fiona enters into a number of different dialogues. On one level this is a journey through Sweden and in the process of moving through each path a different province and the parishes it holds are encountered. Whilst visiting these diverse landscapes some of the labyrinths and some of the issues related to them are presented in detail. It is not feasible, possible or desirable to mention every labyrinth that exists or has existed and there are many reasons for this, but Fiona hopes that the construction and the contents of the database (see website <http://arkserv.arch.gu.se/blalab>), which was created prior to the writing of the text and contains the information collected for the 477 labyrinths she has encountered during that particular moment in the research process, compliments the data presented. The website accessible database provides a safe haven for the ones she deliberately chooses to leave out of this particular textual re-presentation.

Within the boundaries of this text, in connection with these site-specific encounters, other connections are felt and this journey is interpenetrated by interruptions that allow Fiona to connect with other lines of labyrinthine enquiry. In the footnotes other dimensions of the labyrinth are made accessible and it is hoped that these reflect the complexities attached to this material remain. At the level of the footnotes the abundance of information provides some indication of the extent of the labyrinth's diversity both in Sweden and in other parts of the world.

Moving through the labyrinth also entails, at a different level again, confrontation with matters that matter to Fiona herself. It is apparent that the relationship between Fiona and the subject being studied



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needs to be addressed and the gravitational pull of this matter invites her into a dialogue that becomes a desire to reflect upon how her relationship with the labyrinth affects the relationship between the self and the other. The dilemmas of attachment are present alongside the subjective experiences felt whilst moving through these paths.



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Fiona's engagement with these many levels brings her into contact with the voices of others, with the reverberations felt in these attempts to interpret and grasp the labyrinth in its many guises. Through a process of re-turning to the stories, images, theories and ideas attached to the labyrinth by proxy of others Fiona meets with the dilemmas of working with the materialisation of immateriality. Whilst encountering the ways in which others approach understanding the labyrinth she meets with the fragility of negotiation and moves in a direction to and from the site where the familiar and the unfamiliar, the past and the present, the concrete and the abstract, fact and fiction meet and merge, connect and disconnect, attach and detach.

This is a journey into the site of the labyrinth, at once a journey of 813 steps, 10 minutes and 9 seconds and a process that touches the density felt whilst moving through the eventscape dimensions of these paths, paths that challenge and reveal the necessity of imagination, whilst reminding Fiona how fragile the ideas of truth, subject, and object really are, because encountering the labyrinth is to encounter the site of confrontation and doubt. The labyrinth embodies the ineffable and resists all attempts to tie it down, reinforcing the temporality of knowledge. It is always both an idea and an artefact and it is also, essentially an experiential, performative site. It is the site for and of the body and in this process of investigation, through a process of walking the labyrinth, Fiona explores the consequences of the 180 degree turn.

Aims of this chapter: In 'Turning 180° into the walkscape of the labyrinth' Fiona aims to present the labyrinths in Sweden along with the various understandings and interpretations connected to this particular type of ancient remain. It is also her intention to reveal the different contexts to which this remain belongs, including its connections to time frames stretching from prehistoric times up to the present day and the diversity of its presence in a multitude of landscapes. Whilst putting on display some of the more tangible attributes of the labyrinth Fiona aims to contemplate some of the ephemeral, experiential sensibilities felt. One purpose is to investigate how the act of moving affects the way we experience, perceive and re-present. Another goal is to explore the complexities of understanding material remains as a kind of otherness.



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Turning into the walkscape of the family

By Jonna Ulin¹¹

In this chapter Jonna turns into a project of exploring the walkscape of the family. Here she steps into a number of eventscaapes, through which she reveals, uncovers and explores some parts of the geography of her biographical past. She does this by engaging in a process of 'postmemory' work (Hirsch, 1997) and by excavating the remnants of her grandmother's childhood home; a small croft in the north of Sweden, officially registered as Åsen 5:18, Liden Parish, in the County of Västernorrland, in the Province of Medelpad, but more commonly referred to as 'Per Johan's place'.¹²

In the summer of 1997 Jonna consciously began to collect and adopt pieces of information regarding her family past, but what she did not know was that her grandmother was dying and that it would be her last chance to gather her grandmother's memories of the family landscape. In her attempt to get closer to her family past Jonna persuaded her grandmother into letting her excavate the remnants of 'Per Johan's place'. She also managed to talk her into drawing two 'memory maps'; one of the house and the other of the landscape surrounding it.

In the summer of 1999 the excavation work began and it was decided that focus would be placed on the remnants of the main house, a house that began its history in 1851, and which was abandoned in 1938 but with the hope of a return. During excavation things were found everywhere, belongings that had been placed and displaced, broken and used over and over again. By the year 2000 the excavation of the main house was completed, and 497 artefacts were registered.¹³ The excavation of the main house, the artefacts and the information collected, has turned Jonna's project of excavating the family landscape of Åsen 5:18, into a project in constant process. It is a project in which things remain to be done, a project of multi-vocality, subjectivity and juxtaposition.

Jonna's project of exploring the walkscape of the family, is a process of postmemory work that subjectively engages her with the material of her investigation, in that it juxtaposes her recollections of her past with the memories of her grandmother, the family archive and with the artefactual information¹⁴ gathered from Per Johan's place. It is a process a of transposing memory-images as after-images of the experienced, the remembered, the forgotten, the real and the unreal, after-images that she projects back onto the landscape of her investigation. Through this process of interacting with the landscape of her family, Jonna positions herself in-between the past and the present and as a consequence thereof she sets in motion a process exploring "... to



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¹¹ Formerly known by the name of Jonna Hansson

¹² More information about the site: Åsen 5:18, Liden Parish, Västernorrland County in Medelpad Province, Sweden, is available at the website connected to this dissertation <http://arkserv.arch.gu.se/blalab>. The website contains a database of the excavated artefacts and there is a pdf file with copies of documents connected to 'Per Johan's place, which includes letters of purchase, certificates of registration, promissory notes, letters of debt, lists of inventory of estate. There is also a list for further reading on the subject Swedish crofts.

¹³ For further information see the database on website <http://arkserv.arch.gu.se/blalab>



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what extent reality itself is always a kind of ongoing fabrication – not as a kind of fiction, but more literally as that which is constantly being improvised, moment by moment.” (Young 2000, p.45)

Aims of this chapter: In *Turning into the walkscape of the family* Jonna aims to explore some of the complexities that lie embedded in that landscape, and it is her intention to deliberate the complexities of postmemory; as a place consisting of multi-layered stories, the past present; as a place of the inside and the outside, of the unknown-known, the familiar and the unfamiliar, the different and the same, of sound and silence. One of the goals with this project is to explore the archaeological site as a location of the personal, as a site of the subjective, as a site that is interpreted through a process of reading onto and into.



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¹⁴ Jonna hopes to be able to continue excavating the remaining structures at 'Per Johan's place' and in particular she would like to work with the 'undantagshus'- the house that was used by the parents after handing over the main house to their son, the earth cellar and the clearance cairns, which she knows cover heaps of fragmented artefacts such as broken coffee cups, beer bottles, fragmented jars of pepper and salt, rusty shovels and many other things besides. She would also like to register the discarded objects, like the ones scattered intermittently all over the place, half hidden in the moss and the grass, behind stones and underneath roots of trees.

Section four – summing up

Afterwords

In this chapter we will begin a process of afterthought, of moving towards the issues that the work in the chapters presented before have brought to the fore. The objects of enquiry in this chapter are: the relation between the archaeological material we work with and their relevance and position in our work: our position in relation to the complexities of working on the borderline where fact and fiction blend and blur, and we look at the consequences of approaching the archaeological from this direction. There are many dimensions to these issues, not least when it comes to the ephemerality of immaterial events and subjective experience, or when the role of objects as somethings that are read into and onto sensorial experience. These are complex issues that reveal themselves time and again in academic discourse, and with respect to the work contained within the confines of this dissertation, we feel that these issues need to be addressed, but at the same time we do not feel that these issues are to be seen as problems to be resolved but rather that their presence opens up a field of possibilities - that there is potential in engaging with the risks they invite.

Section five – OnLine

BorderLine Archaeology – the website

<http://arkserv.arch.gu.se/blalab>

This segment of the dissertation is located at present on a server at the Department of Archaeology, Göteborg University. This is our website and it is part of the dissertation. It contains a number of sites which are connected to the written dissertation and is host to the source material through which these case studies are revealed. It is also the site on which a link can be found to the e-book version of this dissertation, an electronic source that is hosted by Göteborg University Library.

The labyrinths in Sweden

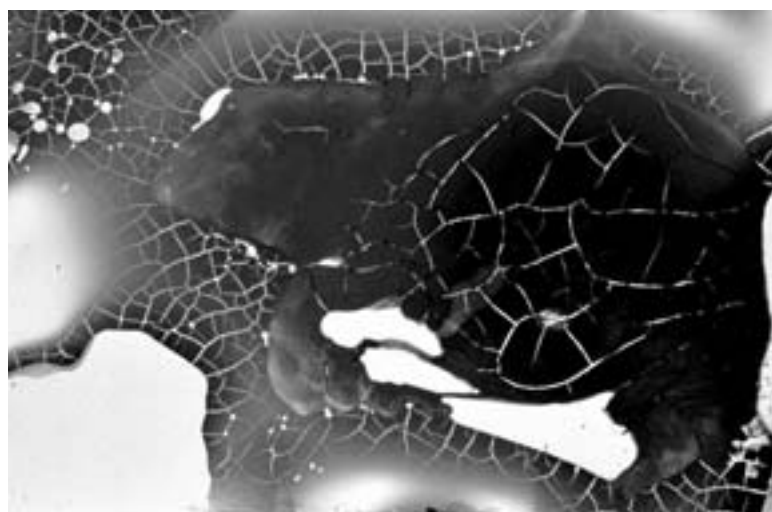
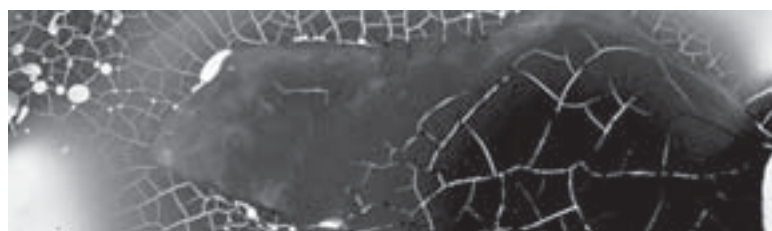
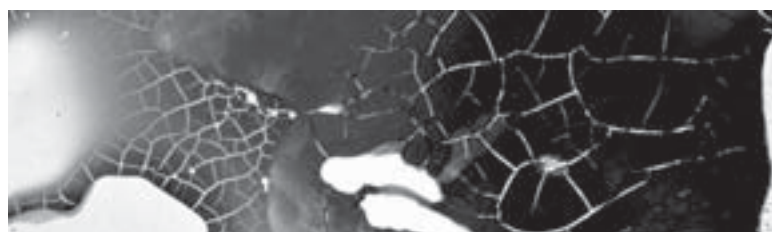
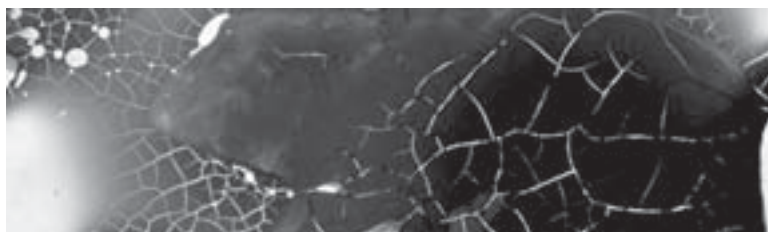
In this section of the website a database has been constructed which contains records with details and images that make up a body of knowledge that reveals the extent of the labyrinth interest in Sweden. It is presented in the format of a search programme, which enables those interested to move through the landscapes or parishes of Sweden. Each database record provides as much information as possible about each individual labyrinth, but the labyrinths of Sweden come and go, appear and disappear, from time to time and even if this database register is extensive it does not mark the end of a project that is still in progress.

The family landscape

In this section of the website the documents related to the excavation of Jonna's family home can be found. Here all documents related to the croft Åsen 5:18, in Medelpad County, Västernorrland Province, Sweden, are presented alongside photographs and drawings that belong to her family. There is also a database record of the 497 artefacts recovered during the excavations in 1999 and 2000 as well as an artefactual analysis by Christina Rosén from the National Board of Antiquities. This section also contains an extensive list of further reading materials for those interested in Swedish croft research.

SECTION TWO

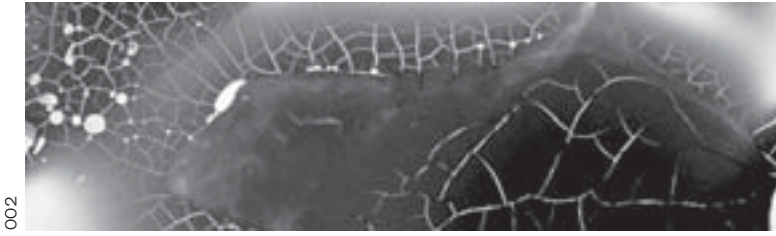
THEORETICAL
METHODOLOGIES



01

PRO-POSITION

PREPOSITION



There is a journey that has been made, not once but many times. A passage passed, a border crossed, stepped over, never to return, never to be again what it was; a

journey on a train through South Wales, through a geography cut by steel tracks, towards Aberystwyth. Aberystwyth - a landscape of repeated histories coming into being, towards an encounter of experiences that will unfold many beginnings.

Here we are on our way to making 'Points of Contact', a conference about performance, places and pasts¹⁵. Here we will meet with people, voices telling stories about the past and the present, about artefacts, biography, memory, identity, place and landscape. Here we will travel around the countryside, in mini-vans, talking about performance and cultural heritage¹⁶, trying to explain why we are here, two archaeologists, at this conference. Trying to explain that we like to locate ourselves in the place of the unexpected, a place where events might occur, events not part of the curriculum of what archaeology is expected to be. And finally coming to some agreement, that we are same but different.

To encounter an experience is to unfold many beginnings Walking on the *verge of change*¹⁷: on the 10th of September 1998, in Birmingham, on the platform, taking the train to Aberystwyth for the first time. Two women, about to embark on a six-hour train ride into a landscape of the unexpected.

Standing in a *line of exchange*: departing from Birmingham searching for the numbered seats and realising that there are none to be found. Bodies touching bodies in an overfull train carriage, meeting our I's in their eyes. Exchanging looks, odours, experiences, expectations, longings and desires. Leaving a fleeting imprint of ourselves.

Arriving at a multi-story crossing: taking a taxi to 'Cwrt Mwr Hall', carrying our bags up the stairs to our rooms, descending into a three day exploration of others as well as ourselves. Beginning a journey of repetition.

To encounter an experience is to unfold many beginnings Another journey: the same but different. A similar experience - but not exactly. This time the story is different, beginning in another way and

¹⁵ This conference was organised by Mike Pearson and Michael Shanks at the Centre for Performance Research, University of Wales, Aberystwyth. 10-13 September 1998.

¹⁶ During a period of three days the conference delegates were divided into five small groups, each of which was assigned its own mini-bus. We were in group three. Our driver was Rachel Rogers, our convenor Elin Diamond and Annie Pfingst was our navigator. The other passengers were Pol Brown, Mark Storer, Nigel Stewart and Paul Carter. On this journey through the Welsh countryside, on tour to the various performance sites we were caught up in an ongoing, lively discussion as to just what performance might or might not be.

¹⁷ The texts in the section 'Preposition' marked in italics are samples taken from Bernard Tschumi, 'Event-Cities (Praxis)' (Tschumi 1994a)

with other words. This time our memories are cracking open, here we are again in Aberystwyth and here, 'Here be Dragons', yet another conference about performance, exploring 'boundaries, hinterlands and beyond'.¹⁸ Almost everyone has come from somewhere else, bringing with them their experiences, their biographies, differences and similarities. And here we begin to dig with our eyes, finding new paths and different ways to explore and test the boundaries of archaeology. Problematizing the meaning of the archaeological and questioning all a priori significations and deciding that archaeology is no frozen ritual of occupancy.

This journey is a repetition of what we experienced six months ago. Aberystwyth – a performative site, a representational image – multiplied in front of our eyes. But in the meeting with people – some we know, others complete strangers – the landscape of Aberystwyth begins to dissolve and reconstitute itself into a different visual space than the one we remember. This time the landscape offers us the experience of the real as a multiple and indeterminate space. And we know that we are crossing the line again.

Crossing lines of intensity: On Saturday the 10th of April 1999 we enter a space that we will never forget. Floorboards, naked feet, people sitting, sweat shirts, shorts; familiar bodies in unfamiliar territory. We spread out and find our own temporary space. On a given signal we all stand up, start to cross the floor in different directions, at different speeds, in different spaces and times. It's getting intense. And the place of the real and the imaginary, of the past and the present, become one and the same. And the transformation of archaeology begins again.¹⁹

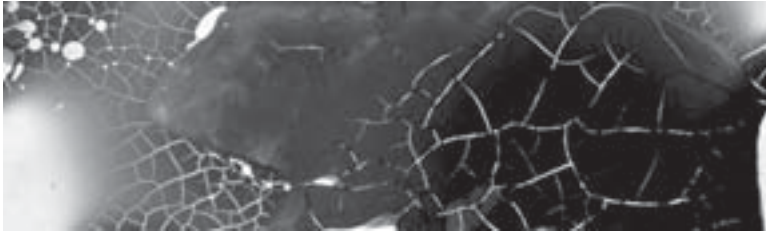
Inheriting continuous/discontinuous lines: another room on another day. An intimate moment; four women meeting again for the second time – learning, listening, sharing the pain of one of them, her secrets, and loss, her heritage – a mother deserting a child, disconnecting the bloodline and leaving behind circumstantial evidence.²⁰ And an archaeology of sensibilities emerges.

Viewing an unstable image: we are literally sitting down on 'The Bench', in a dark room, and in front of us, a man about to perform his 'four bum one whore show'. This piece excavates place and displacement, life experience on the verge of a community, by being at the edge. And we can't help feeling very much at home.²¹

¹⁸ 'Here be Dragons – Mapping the undiscovered realms of Performance Studies: Boundaries, Hinterlands and Beyond' was the 5th Performance Studies Conference, held in April, 1999, at the University of Wales, Aberystwyth

¹⁹ This workshop was held by Barry Edwards, director of OPTIK Performance Company and Principal Lecturer in Modern Drama Studies at University College Brunel, UK. "The workshop concerns itself with the interface between performance making and certain aspects of contemporary scientific knowledge, focusing on the possible transformations of performance making from linear, univocal, meaning driven methodologies towards approaches that inter-act with complexities, non-linearity, scale and ultimately with life-experience. The consequence is the development of new kinds of technique, new kinds of skills, for the performer, the maker/director and the audience that challenge traditional notions of expressivity in the performing arts." (Gough 1999, p.11)

²⁰ Judy Durey is a PhD student, at the School of Arts, Murdoch University, Perth, Australia. We met informally with Judy and Lisa Lewis on the last day of the conference. Judy wanted to show us her latest performance video 'Cartographies of Loss and (Re)stor(y)ing'. In this performance she shows "... how the excavation of loss and (re)stor(y)ing in 'closed adoption' rewrites both the past and the present, and how that in turn impacts on the becoming subject. She discusses the bodily need for beginnings, a longing for the lost mother – the need for concrete evidence of a lost past. Furthermore she argues that within the acknowledgment of loss lies the recognition of a vacuum and that, it is the desire to fill this vacuum which fuels the search. She uses her own experience and the particularities of Wales as a nation to illustrate the difficulties embedded in the terms heredity and heritage." (Campbell 2000, p.7-8)



SUPPOSITION

Through our experience of performance we have begun to see things differently from what they are, differently from how they have been seen (Trinh 1994, p.21-23). We have ventured on a journey into what we think we know. Here we are, moving along the lines of archaeology, travelling from site to site in the space of rhizome.²² Viewing archaeology through four eyes rather than two, through 'the dual return of the gaze' (Lippard 1999, p.45). In the space of rhizome we travel through several points of impact at the same time. This is a multi-temporal space where the past and present, fact and fiction, now and then, here and there, yesterday and tomorrow, may collide and melt into a simulacrum of perceptions. In this space we are continually crossing disciplinary borders, concepts of time and place, thought and imagination. We are departing from somewhere, into and onto somewhere else, falling, returning, trespassing, taking detours and transforming. Here in this space of rhizome the itinerary of the voyage unfolds. We are pushing the limits of our looking, peeling back the skin of archaeology, revealing its multiplicities, exposing its identity and beginning a search for the ground beneath our feet.

²¹ Robert Galinsky is a New York based performance artist. "The Bench is a one-man show developed out of conversations and interactions with four homeless men on the streets of New York City and New Haven, Connecticut. The piece is not performed in the tradition of a one-man show with monologue following monologue ... It is ... a traditionally structured dialogue play, with four characters performed by one actor. This type of multi-character performance is analogous to the displaced and schizophrenic qualities of homeless people." (Galinsky 1999; see also Galinsky 2002).

²² Rhizome thinking is different from tree thinking. With the tree there is a point of origin and branches stemming from it. With the rhizome there is only multiplicity. It is a-centred, anti-genealogy, and there are no hierarchies. Here there are no a-priori structures only lines, but these lines do not function as lines between fixed positions. Rhizomes are lines on the move, expanding, conquering, sprouting, spreading lines providing shelter and escape, moving in all directions. Rhizome thinking embraces the idea of alliance and association. There is no desire to put down roots and no one fixed point of entry. Rhizomes have many entrances and connection is arbitrary. We are always somewhere in the middle of things (Deleuze 1983, p.14-58; Shanks 1992, p.35-36).

Searching for the ground beneath our feet

We are standing on a line of organic history, a constructed archaeological dimension that moves in the multi-temporal space of the rhizome. This particular line moves with great speed. It is just about to take a turn to the left; soon it will collide with another line in front of us. In this space there are lines everywhere, lines bending, turning, twisting, colliding and intertwining. This space, of rhizome, is an organisation of lines, 'lines of segmentation', lines which territorialize and de-territorialize, lines that continually flee, lines that are persistently shifting direction, breaking off, cracking open, and moving on. Here there is no unity or symmetry, only rupture, and here, the principles of cartography reside (Deleuze 1983, p.24-26; Tschumi 1994a). We need to change position. We need to get a clearer picture of what is going on – we will have to turn around – now – move a bit further apart – but slowly – one foot at a time.

Hearing: the rhythm of rhizome. We are taking steps – one, two, three, two to the left, one to the right, forwards and backwards. We are moving along disciplinary lines that give voice to the archaeological. This is a space of sound; here we can hear the sound – of impact, of collision, the cracks, and the fissures. We hear movement, lines of flight, lines breaking and connecting again and again and again. Here, we hear noise, archaeological lines meeting at points of variation. We

can hear histories, how they go on and on. This is a vibrant space, in a constant process of 'becoming'. Archaeological lines and their ruptures mobilise collage, montage, edit material remains, choreograph time and place (Tschumi 1994a, p.165). Archaeological lines move: people, landscapes, objects, to places they might never journey. Archaeological lines are continually engaged in the process of cartography, bending, twisting and turning in search of that which is archaeological within the confines of each specific line.

Realising: that archaeological lines make up a landscape of sensoria, a landscape where emotions, feelings, perceptions, provocations, risks and thoughts blend and blur. We are standing in the midst of a cosmodrama, a cosmodrama where one can enter the scene at any point of archaeological enquiry. In this space the lines of rhizome have no beginnings or ends, no origins are to be found. Here the lines of rhizome only have middles in motion, middles that can be found anywhere (Deleuze 1983, p.57-58). Here our expectations shape what we find. Moving in one direction archaeology gives attention to time: the past, the present, now and then. Moving in another direction and it is detail that matters: microscopic traces or regional variation. Looking back in remembrance for the half forgotten and the half remembered: collective memory and individual recollections. And looking forward to change: it is political and influential. Archaeology: a praxis of composing the scene seen. Archaeology – the same word, different meanings. Archaeology – takes place, again and again.

Searching for the ground beneath our feet

Seeing: people moving, passing by, 1,2,3,4,5,6 ... They are interconnecting, creating lines of thought, segments of archaeological perspective that flutter by like strands of stories. We are standing on a line of flight in a space that has abandoned its horizons. This is a restless space and we can see how the soil of the lines, the lineaments, swell, break open and rupture. Here they connect and disconnect, change shape and content. In the space of the rhizome everything is possible. Here peoples' experiences and thoughts break apart and connect, break apart and connect again, in endless variations. And here, we can see how the real is no longer detectable by its logic, how the imaginary can't be recognised by its discontinuous character. In this space the real and imaginary, the past and present, fact and fiction become indiscernible (Gibson 1996, p.84-85).

Realising: that we are always bumping into lines of a different kind – like now – there, just to the right, there is a line trying to stay intact. This line attempts to travel from a beginning to an end, searching for its start and its finish. It is resisting the logic of the rhizome, fighting an urge to let go, to be transformed. It refuses to doubt the logic of

single narration, opposes the rhizometric logic of the 'and', resists connection, disconnection, refusing to move through the middle, to come and go. This line is not rhizometric, it looks more like a root or a tree. This line stands for affiliation rather than alliance and its architecture is that of segments, borders and territories (Deleuze 1983, p.35, 57). This line divides and partitions the archaeological landscape into borderzones of the known and the unknown, the real and imaginary, fact and fiction, past and present. This line thinks there is a point of origin, that there are hierarchies and fixed positions. But we of course think otherwise. We are tired of lines that appear like trees and roots. And we do not mind the fact that we are just about to collide, that there is no escape, no way to alter the motion of transformation. We do not mind the fact that we are about to become temporarily connected. As a matter of fact we rather enjoy the whole process, of breaking apart, of breaking loose, penetrating sedimentary environments and altering them into something else, entirely.

Finding: transparent lines, beneath our feet. We now know that the archaeological lines we find have never been homogenous sites complete with clearly marked, territorial boundaries. We now understand that it is not possible to locate the border that blocks off, closes out, and segregates one line from another. The borders of these archaeological lines are sites of overlap, spaces in which people, ideas and things interpenetrate. Borders do not separate they connect: people to people, country with country, discipline and discipline, body to chair. And like the orifices of the body they prevent complete segregation.²³ Borders, like lines, are sites where cultures, histories, narratives, ideologies, discourses and ideas temporarily congeal (Gòmez-Peña 2000, p.xiii ; Henderson 1995, p.1-5 ; JanMohamed 1992, p.115). And where borders meet new lines erupt, territories connect and identities collide, verging, merging, into something more. There is no way to escape the infiltration of fiction into fact, no way to prevent present day politics from invading the past. There is only appropriation, adoption, subversion and diversion. Centres are continually being decentred and margins mainstreamed. Each line, each border is an innovative project in the process of construction.

Realising: that this is an exotic, enticing and alluring place, a site of anticipation and trepidation; that this is where the Otherworld begins. At the edge of the known, the world of the unknown resides (Harpur 1995, p.177 ; Johnson 1997, p.132). Here might be dragons, and dangerous geographies. And here where the culture of difference flourishes contact with the other is made. At the border we meet with the potential of transition. Here the cultural is always multi-cultural, trans-cultural, intercultural and we are faced with the dilemmas of translation and interpretation. Borders are hybrid spaces of intellectual

²³ Lines of rhizome are not located between fixed positions, but should be seen as sites in themselves. Deleuze and Guattari use the term plateau to elaborate their idea of the line. They borrowed the idea of the plateau from Gregory Bates. The plateau is not a beginning nor end, but a middle (Deleuze 1983).

creativity. Dialogue is never an easy task. This is the site of challenge. Here we find tension and contestation, where everything is at risk. Here we recognize deterritorialization; our conceptions of normal and strange, before and after, past and present, unknown and known, fact and fiction are destabilized (Henderson 1995, p.1-4 ; Hicks 1991, p.1-12 ; JanMohamed 1992 ; Johnson 1997, p.134). Here the barriers we envisage inherent in social, historical, geopolitical and psychological realities are not solid enough, nor high enough to prevent people from looking, over to the other side. There is always a rupture, a leak, a gap to be found. All boundaries are fragile. All barriers can be broken. The borders of archaeological lines, just like any other borders, are not hermetically sealed. They are unstable and insecure (Longhurst 2000, p.1).

Searching for the ground beneath our feet

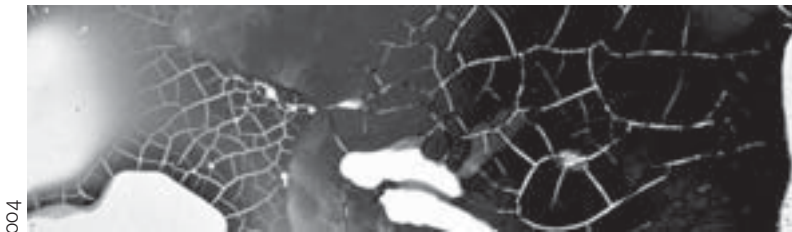
Transforming: the repetition of difference. It is time to go on, to move from this line to another. We are crossing borders, bringing with us ephemeral experiences and fleeting impressions. This is no space for long time memory, this is no place to keep holding on to a constant past, here short time memory resides (Deleuze 1983, p.46-48). Here we let our experiences undergo constant transformation, turning the past into present and yesterday is now. Here we are, surrounded by the space of the rhizome, walking on formations of lines.²⁴ We are following the map of rhizome and it is constantly changing shape, leading us in new directions, taking us to places we have never been, letting us assimilate, adopt and turn into something different to what we are, were and will be. We are stepping through entryways and exits in constant motion, moving forwards, backwards, sideways – its just to choose – finding our way is of no interest. Here in the space of rhizome interest lies in the mere act of letting ourselves be separated, attached and detached, crossing borders, merging lines and transforming into endless variations.

Realising: that borders and lines follow similar paths. At the, in to, on to, border, line – too early, too late, on time, in time, waiting, needing, wanting, searching, finding, this place, that place, a position. Borders, lines, are sites that liberate and imprison. They are sites of hazard and sanctuary where we might experience conformity, disparity, unity and constraint. At the border and through the lines we are constantly making decisions; we differentiate, between the familiar and unfamiliar, inviting control and securing the notion of difference. Difference is essential, it allows us a kind of order, acknowledges a kind of other. Without difference everything would be the same. And nothing is the same. We can approach difference in different ways. Follow one path and difference is something needed, follow another path and difference just gets in the way. Difference is experienced in the construction of

²⁴ Lines of rhizome are not located between fixed positions, but should be seen as sites in themselves. Deleuze and Guattari use the term plateau to elaborate their idea of the line. They borrowed the idea of the plateau from Gregory Bates. The plateau is not a beginning nor end, but a middle (Deleuze 1983).

identity, it sets us apart, is superimposed, but difference determines nothing, it produces no relations, belongs to no place. Difference is essential but can never be possessed. Difference is imposed on our archaeological lines; dividing up the archaeological space but at the same time it provides us with a sense of a common past. Difference is located at our archaeological borders but allows us to acknowledge the idea of the community and community values. These lines and borders divide us from ourselves. But they don't have to. We have to choose our definition. We can choose: to live inside, to be the same or different, to cross, to live in exile, within the limits of an alien space. But we don't have to. The border and the line are always points of departure, into, onto a journey, going somewhere else. Dislodging, displacing, disabling our approaches to difference again (Anzaldúa 1999, p.25; Campbell and Hansson 1997a; Henderson 1995, p.1-5; Johnson 1997; Michaelsen 1997, p.1-32 ; Sáenz 1997, p.69-96).

Understanding: that archaeological lines pulsate, are fluid and incomplete. That the archaeological discipline's existence relies on the curiosity and tenacity of the archaeological lines that keep it in motion. Each line is a process of transformation, acquiring knowledge conducive to the extension of the discipline. This we cannot alter. The discipline of Archaeology follows the rhythm of the rhizome. Its position coincides with the movement of its lines. There is no coherent body of archaeology, no fixed position for its contents. And it is through this process of transformation that archaeology take place again and again (Gibson 1996, p.9-13; Tschumi 1994a, p.269, 305). While searching for the ground beneath our feet we found the BorderLine.



004

POSITION

Here we are, standing, in the midst of a representational image, an image of a world containing dispersed and scattered structures: lines of thought, lines of stories, lines of flight. And we feel light, weightless

even. Here in this space we have had to leave behind shreds of mental constructions, pre-understandings, presumptions, assumptions, interpretations, defining the archaeological. Through our journey together, most have lost their use, expired, passed their sell by date. In this space our perceptions of place and time no longer follow the dimensional mechanisms introduced by ancient Greek geometry, space refuses to be tied down, be frozen in predetermined models. These geometric confines are breaking up and moving on. Here in this place our perception of archaeology has changed entirely, it has been called into question, and earlier archaeological models, where entity, unity, conformity and symmetry are its features, have changed their shape

(Gibson 1996, p.9, 13-14), become displaced and turned into a sensory space. What we thought we saw is no longer what we actually see.

Right at this moment we are standing a bit apart, with some distance, but not too far away, just enough to enable us to perceive and reflect over our own experiences, so that we may still experience the closeness of the other but move freely and interact at will. We allow ourselves to take the time we need, to look around, to find our position. And we realise that we have crossed many borders since our journey began. That we have stepped over several lines, some of which we have never visited again, others we have chosen to return to, and yet others we have explored and left behind again. Our story is that of a never ending journey and when turning around we can detect its tracks, see the formation of a line behind us, and we, we are standing here, at the beginning of its structure, and through our movement together, through our experiences, it has turned into yet another line of thought, another line of story - about archaeology.

Turning is crucial in the dispersal of events

We are standing somewhere in the north facing south, and just a little to the west. We can feel the warmth touching our cheeks, smell the green coloured white wine, and taste the long necked mussels. From where we are now, we find ourselves standing outside a small restaurant in Santiago de Compostella. It is 1995 and we are attending the European Association of Archaeology Conference. There are people everywhere, small clusters sitting round tables and others just walking by. This is a small town with narrow lanes and you can't help meeting again and again. From where we were then, we are about to experience a sensation that will never leave us, we are about to connect and disconnect, to archaeology as a discipline, to ourselves and to others. We are embarking on a journey through the turbulence of spatial accidents. Standing here, looking there. But we are not just looking for an image; we are searching for the dual return of the gaze. Searching for the junction, the link, some middle ground where we might understand the logic of inter-implication, the site of in-between (Gibson 1996, p.114-116). A site we now know as the BorderLine, where we are both the seer and the seen. A borderline that is not a place in any geographical sense but something we carry with us. It is the site of the non-place, the hybrid, the site of translation. Here we translate events into memories and memories into events, then into now, today into yesterday. We capture what is evident from shreds of evidence, from the facts - as we know them - from moments in time. This event takes time and moves from one site to another. At the borderline time translates as position. Its limits are decision. Translation reads transition, meaning change. We embark on a journey of repetition (Johnson 1997, p.141-159).

And then a bit later we find ourselves standing in a small room, too small. We've managed to get a couple of seats up front. The room is packed with people and there, in front of us a television and two men. The taller of the two is standing, he is pacing around, twisting his hands, he is all dressed in black and he's got no hair. The other man is sitting down, we have met him once before and we like what he does.²⁵ Today he is making us all feel welcome and he introduces the man in black as his friend, as a performance artist from Wales²⁶, and when this man begins to speak, it is as if we can touch the intensity of his story. Everything shifts out of focus, what once was is no more and we begin a process of leaving behind the world of archaeology as we know it, a world to which we will never be able to return, that world has come to an end. In this room, on that day, he gets under our skin, engraves imprints of himself that we will never be able to wash away. And when it is all over we have become displaced but so connected.

Turning is crucial in the dispersal of events

From this event we move in another direction, one we did not know we would take. From there we moved in the general direction towards here, towards this site of construction in progress. From here a BorderLine Archaeology emerges somewhere on the edge, on the thin line, in the borderzone that separates and joins us, somewhere in-between. Here there are no fast rules or fixed structures, no traditions to follow, only interests that move us along. Every choice has brought us closer to this position, but not all the choices were ours. Sometimes the decisions of others repositioned our position. BorderLine Archaeology is the temporary congealment of people, ideas and things.

²⁵ Michael Shanks, was at that time at the Department of Archaeology in Lampeter, Wales and is now Professor at the Department of Classics at Stanford University.

²⁶ Mike Pearson is Professor at the Department of Performance Studies, University of Wales, Aberystwyth and a director of the Welsh theatre company 'Brith Gof'. At the conference he performed his monologue 'Threads'.

²⁷ For further reading see the article 'Archaeology as Sacred Space', published in the conference proceedings (Campbell 1997a).

²⁸ For further reading see the article 'Beyond Culture Encounters with Otherness' published in an anthology in conjunction with a conference in Uppsala, Sweden on the subject 'The Interpretation of culture and the Culture of Interpretation' (Campbell 1997b).

Standing here we turn 90 degrees to the east, across the Baltic Sea. Facing forwards, looking back, seeing their I's in our eyes. It is provocative, political, a practice of site-seeing. It is the year of 1996 and we are at another European Association of Archaeology Conference. We are here to talk about the archaeological community as a community defined by asymmetrical symmetries, as a community that instead of acknowledging the potentialities of the perspective of 'and' lives by the rule of 'either or'²⁷ and we cannot help feeling like strangers²⁸: strangers stepping over a line, crossing the border of the known, entering unfamiliar territory, about to take part in the process of the breaking down of space: strangers about to realise that the images we will soon experience do not follow the rules of traditional geometry, but rather the logic of pluralism, multiplicity polymorphicity and hybridity (Gibson 1996, p.9, 14-16). In this moment of crossing, we need to employ a different strategy of engagement, in this moment of change we are hybrid, neither one nor the other, at once both and neither, in this moment of motion we simultaneously create and erase

proximity, we move to and from this and that. In this place we can no longer survey the site as a whole, we can no longer work with generalisations and universals so we choose to move in a direction towards the specific, the particular, the fragment, the local, the personal, the intimate. We choose to blur boundaries, obscure lines and engage in a strategy that takes us beyond the constraints of convention, and we choose to find a strategy of presence.

It has turned dark outside, that there are children everywhere, one of them doesn't seem older than 4 years of age. They are standing there, just in front of us, outside the high window, begging, for some of our money, for a bit of our time. Their clothes are ragged and old, the neon lights colour their faces against a backdrop of BMW's, Mercedes, Audi's ... all new and well polished, their owners most likely spending their dollars in the casino downstairs. And we, we are sitting in the midst of it all, inside, in a hotel lobby in Riga, Estonia, and when looking around we see others, archaeologists blending with archaeologists, talking, discussing, enjoying the intimacy of the moment. But this is an image full of contradiction, it is not as clean cut and well proportioned as we might have thought. It is multi-layered and multi-temporal, an image of a room with people sitting around tables with some drinks and snacks and the children standing in the cold, outside. Looking at us seeing them, but they do not hear the sound of the people inside, of us, talking about them, talking about their past in the present, about beginnings and ends, about the importance of heritage, prehistory and gender, about things that matter to archaeology. This is clearly an unstable image, full of probabilities. At this moment, anything may or may not happen. And when turning away from it all we realise that we have begun a process of transformation, that we are actually taking part in an intimate moment of risk, of daring to see ourselves in the eyes of the children outside, of daring to see the presence of the past. At this moment we feed on one another, our geographies overlay and interlink, throwing shadows in a multitude of directions (Gómez-Peña 2000, p.xiii). At this moment biographies coincide with cultural critique, identities collide with political phenomenon and our archaeology takes another turn again.

Turning is crucial in the dispersal of events

And we turn 180 degrees and face west, this time looking out over the North Sea. Another room, another day, another place. It is September 1999 and we have just presented our papers 'Unearthing the local'²⁹ and 'Traces Re-membered'³⁰ in our session called 'Archaeological Sensibilities'³¹. It's time for a break. It has gone well so far, all the presenters feel as if they have something in common, but there is still a lot to do. As session organisers we have to make sure that Mark Storer³², who will be on next, gets what he needs for his performance.

²⁹ Jonna Hansson (now Jonna Ulin) presented a video/paper entitled 'Unearthing the Local', – an overlay presentation – by superimposing, a super 8 family archive film, with words. Her intention was to take the audience on a journey of exploration into the nature of 'excavating' place. She discussed the importance of recognising the fact that like the map the family past is a landscape with hidden itineraries, unknown places and objects of desire, a landscape of confined emotions, of the other, where words have altered their meaning and turned into a language of the unknown – known. In this film/paper presentation she illustrated the complexities of creating horizontal and vertical links, a deep map, between the genealogical memory of the past and an intimate – personal – present. She explored processes of recognition and representation, of surfacing the site-specific and the archaeological of the self. For further reading see the article 'Unearthing the Local' published in the anthology 'Archaeological Sensibilities' (Hansson 2000).

³⁰ Fiona Campbell presented a performative paper entitled 'Traces Re-membered'. In this paper she searched for a place where the exploration of movements meets with the exploration of the subject. Through her engagement with the labyrinth, she argued that archaeological remains are not to be perceived as fixed immutable entities. They should rather be seen as part of an ongoing process, consisting of presence as well as absence. As such they can be said to belong to some moment in-between the before and after. Somewhere within this place of in-betweens it may be possible to understand why we long to touch that which is gone, why we long to give depth to the subject. It is perhaps here that we can tap the tensions between the idea of object 'true-real' and the idea of the true-real of the subjective experience. For further reading see the article 'Traces Re-membered' in the anthology 'Archaeological Sensibilities' (Campbell 2000).

A girl knocks on the door, letting us know that everything is ready and that she has put it outside the door. Mark is setting the table. White linen on our makeshift table, he is adding the final touch; a piece of old tablecloth that used to belong to his grandmother. He then puts a saucer and a cup at his end of the table. He is wearing a plain white shirt, and a tie he made out of his grandmother's tablecloth and outside the door the audience is waiting in line. They don't know it yet, but they are just about to be invited in, for a cup of tea.

Later on, we are sitting there, together, listening and sharing an intimate moment. Mark's moment: it is a story about place, memory, ephemeral objects and the transformation of time. It is a story about his grandmother, about her loss of a child, about his mother trying to get help but arriving too late, about an apple tree being planted, just there in the garden, in memory of the unborn child, and how he, as a small boy, ate the red apples, how he incorporated the loss. Then how he, one day, sat next to his grandmother and grandfather, who rarely shared each other's words, and confronted them, asking them why. And how they began to tell their story whilst, pouring tea from the same pot from which he is now serving, and drinking tea out of the same cup that he is holding in his hand. And we, we are all sitting there around the table, eating his apples. We are strangers sharing a moment of intimacy, stepping over lines, crossing borders, of the personal, the anecdotal, borders of time and place, of nostalgia, of the biographical. And whilst sharing the experience of Mark's history we have touched the complexities embedded within the sensual experience of place, we have assimilated his story, we have taken part in a process of incorporation and we realise that we have just come close to an understanding of the archaeological; an understanding that allows us to impose the familiarity and discomfort of performance into the itinerary of our voyage. And we begin to work with awareness and decision, to work with questions that mobilise presence.

³¹ This session was organised and coordinated by Elisabeth Beausang, Fiona Campbell and Jonna Hansson (now Jonna Ulin). In the session abstract we wrote: "Focusing upon the complexities and ambiguities embedded in personal and collective experience we would like to explore ideas connected to the performativity of reminiscence and memory. Reminiscence and memory are seen here as social and spatial practices which effect the way we experience specific artefacts, or sites, places and events. Such objects and environments can be seen as fragments of (historical) records, as ways through which the past is made present. How do we interact with artefacts? In what ways do they engage us? The issues to be deliberated include elements of sensibility embedded in our understanding of the material, in particular how we perceive the physicality of objects and the emotional, experiential practices accommodated in material remains. Archaeology affects and influences the way we feel and perceive and as such needs ways of understanding relations between materiality and immateriality." (Beausang 1999)

³² Mark Storer is a Performance & Community Artist, from London. In this session his performance was entitled 'Doris Green – In memory of Edward Peter John and Child'.

Turning is crucial in the dispersal of events

We are sitting closely together in a narrative space, we have turned our vision 45 degrees, we are looking south west again, but this time a little bit further away, to a place on the edge of Europe. Soon we will begin an act of repetition, where the local event of discussion will be performed over and over again. Each time something will be different, the narrative will be multiplied; will become what it is in relation to the space that we occupy, sitting here, together. Soon we will browse around, jump from one discussion to another, blending our interpretations with others, adding, choosing, and filling the narrative in, mentally, visually, orally (Gibson 1996, p.11). Soon we will look at a scene set, where the inhabitants of the images presented will no longer have any essential relation to the local setting in which they have been

generated, since their setting is like any other space, always, an open variable, an indeterminate feature, a heterogeneous, ambiguous, narrative space on the verge of change.

Looking there from here, we know that we are about to experience a doubled version of our session 'Archaeological Sensibilities', this time held in Lisbon, Portugal, 2000.³³ We know that we are about to see a video recording of several presentations dealing with performance and archaeology as a mode of cultural production³⁴, about to hear the sound of the discussion that takes place afterwards, but we also know that we are about to experience a representational image that simultaneously maintains the scene seen, yet blurs it, causing it to disintegrate (Gibson 1996, p.9) evolving into something new entirely, into one little brick in the formation of BorderLine Archaeology.

There, just in front of us, we see a video tape, presenting a surface of inscribed events. There are people sitting in rows of chairs, mostly men. We are listening to a conversation held by two of them; they are facing each other, and we are sitting a little bit further away, just off to the right. One of them has been listening carefully to all the presentations and we can see that he seems a bit anxious; as if he has temporally crossed a border, stepped onto an archaeological line, unfamiliar and different from the ones he knows. And we can hear him formulating words of uncertainty, of doubt; it is as if he wants to turn this line of archaeology into one that feels familiar – to him.

He says, that he is worried about the future directions of this kind of work, and he wants to know, what archaeology as a mode of cultural production, as an agent of cultural critique, has to offer in the way of strategies. Strategies which will move performative, archaeological practices out of the margins, and into what he calls 'straight archaeological practices'. He says, that he is worried, but not surprised, that those not attending this session are not here, but he thinks that this kind of archaeology is 'intellectually strong, a valid and important practice'.³⁵ He says that we all need to think about how to take it forward.

We are sitting and listening, taking it all in; digesting the questions that still linger in the air. A nanosecond of experienced time has just past by and during that short moment we have been able to dress a room that we have never visited before with the presence of the subject, with the colours of the personal. We have re-presented silhouettes of the past-present, heard the sound of footsteps walking to and from the past, and we have entered a sensory place, a line of flight. And like all lines of flight this too bends and turns, swells and breaks open, forcing us to question our ideas and perceptions of what archaeology

³³ In 2000, at the European Association of Archaeology Conference in Lisbon, Portugal, we organised the session 'Archaeological Sensibilities II'. In the session abstract we wrote: "Our intention is to create a session within which aspects of the artistic and the archaeological can contribute to exploring and engaging with the multitude of dimensions of a given place: to connect notions of locale with the personal, with time-space experience, with multi-layered, multi-dimensional, multi-centred experiences, in expositions of 'the density of place'. Such densities will inevitably enfold memories, experiences and biographies, a weaving of stories, through which we narrate the immediacy of the past. Above all, we will examine aspects of 'inseparability': the inseparability of the material and the immaterial, the past and the present, aspects which make up that which we experience as the contemporary. Proposition: We acknowledge archaeology as a contemporary practice, which mobilises the past in the present. It is inevitably always a mixture of past events, present desires, of memories and fictions. Proposition: We want to question received notions of theoretical analysis and of documentation practices - the distinction between the material and the immaterial, between the past and the present; the inseparability of presence and absence. Proposition: All forms of exploration explore risk when carrying out 'excavations' where such unstable phenomena as memory, time, sensual operation, emotional expenditure and speculation are located. Proposition: Every archaeologist is ultimately a storyteller, the narrator who gives places and memories back to people who no longer can find or recognise them. In the end perhaps this place of hybridity is about taking the risk of creating a sensoria of the past." (Campbell 2000)

³⁴ This session was digitally recorded and the tape is with the authors of this dissertation. Håkan Karlsson, a colleague from Göteborg University filmed the presenters and the final discussion. The presenters in this session were Fiona Campbell, Christine Finn, Jonna Hansson (now Jonna Ulin), Laurent Olivier and Michael Shanks.

³⁵ This quote is taken from the recording of the session. The owner of these words and thoughts is John Barrett, from Sheffield University. John was a discussant in the session.

as a mode of cultural production is supposed to produce. It forces us to hear the sound of our own thoughts, to connect and disconnect to other people and things. And when looking around, seeing the faces of the people, sitting here, in this room, hearing the sound of their voices, feeling the movement of place, time and thought, we notice how the lines of archaeology begin to move again.

We know that archaeology as a practice will never let itself be hemmed in, that it will always be on the move; that archaeology's existence depends upon the transformation of its lines; that there will always be archaeological lines of flight that disconnect, that never travel from a beginning to an end, that resist the logic of 'either or', that push other lines of track. We know that there will always be lines that try to make as much sound as possible, shouting words of resistance, forcing those lines that believe in the existence of 'straight archaeology', to question their productions of the past, altering their belief in the existence in beginnings and ends, in the importance of separating the past from the imaginary, from fiction, from the personal, the intimate, the biographical, from the complex relationships between our bodies and our environments. We know all this, but the session has ended now, we have all left our seats and we are ready to leave this place and enter into another. There are no words left to be spoken, no-one to address, the discussion is over, the moment has passed and moved into a state of memory, a video recording - a cultural product. We can see how some leave this room by stepping back into their familiar territories, how others leave feeling a bit displaced, and how yet others walk away with a sense of having adopted something, inherited an experience that mutates their own perceptions and ideas about place, time and memory, about performance and archaeology into something else.

In that room on that day we let them see a glimpse of a process that had just begun to take the shape of BorderLine Archaeology, and if it had happened today they would have seen something different altogether. Today they would have seen a line of thought that finds itself in a continuous process of formation and transformation, creating strategies that set in motion a practice that engages and enrages, that converges the performative with the archaeological, that is in the business of cultural product production, a business that recognises the turbulence and limitations of the everyday, that uses different kinds of media, that plays with narrative in the shape of performance, installation, film, that experiments with writing through the medium of books, printing, websites, turning objects and people into eventscapes (Marcus 1997, p. 8-10). Today they would have seen a practice of BorderLine Archaeology that blends fact with fiction, the real with the imaginary, that creates products of the past-present that are culturally

critical and involved, but at the same time takes responsibility for its actions. They would have seen us carrying out a practice of BorderLine Archaeology that is reflective, critical and heretic, a practice constantly on the move, always changing its position, always moving from here to there and back again.

BorderLine Archaeology is political and full of risk; it touches hidden agendas of the past-present, listens to the dilemmas of cultural identity, deals with issues of site-specificity, with physical and ephemeral experiences of place. BorderLine Archaeology deals with unstable phenomena such as memory, time and speculation, with the contested links between the half forgotten and the half remembered, with questions of how to map the stories of objects that provoke and evoke. This is BorderLine Archaeology, but on that day in that room, we can see how we were just beginning to follow the shape of its line. We can see, how we, as we were moving around in the room, projected shadows in a multitude of directions.

Here we are looking south-west, sitting together and watching an image of an image of an image but this moment too is about to end, the tape has stopped rolling and the television screen has turned black. And when standing up, stretching our backs we can not help noticing each other's shadows and how the experience of the days, weeks, months and years together has turned them into a perfectly readable line - that of BorderLine Archaeology. And we turn around comfortably changing our position again.

Turning is crucial in the dispersal of events

We are standing in a room³⁶ that is 45 degrees north-west from where we were a moment ago. Next to us there is a woman, she has brown curly hair and we can see that she has enjoyed the Greek sun. She is sitting down on a chair right by the window, she is looking straight ahead, and her eyes are focused on a screen at the front of the room. We can see that she is watching two women digging, cutting roots, uncovering, recovering objects diffuse in character, discarding some and keeping others. Both seem absorbed in what they are doing; they are sitting unpeeling layers of dirt over and over again. We can see that the woman on the chair next to us is listening to the sounds from up front, and when turning our faces towards the screen, the image has changed and we know that she is about to experience another scene entirely, soon she will be watching the image of an artefact bag containing painkillers, she will hear a voice sharing a moment of time, with her and the others sitting here in this room. They will all hear the same story but in difference, a story about an event of an object, an eventscape of a carton of pills caught in time, a story about pain, about Sarah, seeing the police coming for her father, about the pain of losing

³⁶ In this room the session 'Creative Heresies' was held, on the 28th of September 2002. Douglas Bailey and Michael Shanks were the organisers, at the European Association of Archaeology conference in Thessaloniki, Greece. The session they created was to act as a forum for experimenting with the rhetoric of archaeology.

him, of sorrow, of being left behind, of her eating painkillers on a daily basis to help her deal with her pain of loss, and the people in the room will be witnesses to a residue of life.

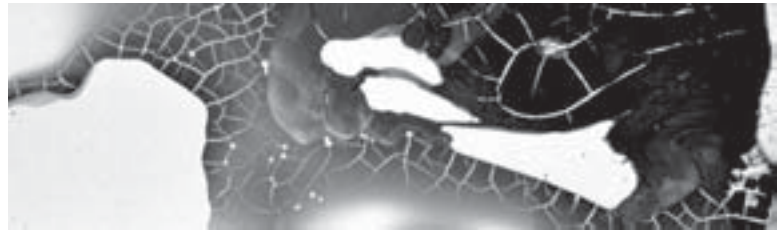
And as they take part in the telling of stories, as the woman with brown curly hair watches the images of objects on display, confronts the event-scapes contained in the artefact bags on the screen, she is handed other artefact bags from people sitting next to her in the room, bags with other objects, other events, other stories written on the backs of postcards, with pictures on the front, pictures of a woolly hat, an immersion heater, a teddy bear, a stone... It is dark, there are no lights, the only thing we hear is music blending with words, some are spoken out loud, others are there to be read, and then, we all hear the sound of metal hitting stone, of scissors cutting roots, of birds singing and mosquitoes searching for blood. The presentation is ending, the screen is turning blue, the television sets are turned off, one after another, and we are all moving around in the room, talking, packing things away, moving in time and place, but we are still a bit caught up in the emotion of a space that exists somewhere in-between ourselves and the stories we have just heard, a bit caught up in the experience of site-seeing³⁷, of sharing stories about the secrets of everyday, of life, trauma and pain, about the dramas of anguish, sorrow, and the feelings of loss. We are still a bit caught up in touching the lines of BorderLine Archaeology.

³⁷ On the 28th of September 2002 we presented our interactive, performative presentation 'Reconstructing Archaeological Sites in Greece'. In our presentation abstract we wrote: "*We begin a process of investigation into reconstructing archaeological sites in Greece. Archaeology mobilizes the complexity of sites and engages with artefactual records of difficult matters. Archaeology explores diverse fields of risk. And in the process of reconstructing archaeological sites in Greece we will reveal the logic of site-seeing.*" (Campbell 2002)

We leave the room knowing that we have shared a geographical moment of sensoria, where objects have been projected as event-scapes, where we all have heard the sound of two women telling stories, of the artefact bags exchanging, opening, closing and moving along again, of objects being touched by hands, postcards being turned. And as we close the door behind us we can see them again, sitting there on their chairs looking at us here, and there on the screen, digging in the ground, speaking the words of an object. We can see how they were watching each other looking at the objects they held in their hands. And we can still see the expressions on their faces as they realise that there was a connection here, that some sense was being made, that in the mere act of having been displaced we were all placed, somewhere in-between, on the line of BorderLine Archaeology.

PREDISPOSITION

Time is measured in moments rather than in days



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BorderLine Archaeology is an archaeology that is not geographically, historically or socially located but an archaeology you carry with you. A site of the archaeological where there are no fast rules or fixed structures, no traditions to follow. A site that is constantly in motion, re-definable in relation to the current position. BorderLine Archaeology is a site that has no location, which does not exist as such. It is always and only a site of decision, a site from where we chose our position, transform our translation and journey into, onto, through, the spatial accidents of time-space-events. It is a site where decision takes time to engage with proximity, which brings together commentary and critique, which works with strategies of significance and engages the provocation of presence (Pearson 2001, p.14-15, 27; Sáenz 1997, p.134-159).

BorderLine Archaeology is the site of the threshold, a site where the ideas of performance and archaeology converge, merge and emerge as something else again. This is the site of the bastard, the mongrel, hybrid and mutant. It is the site of reflection, but this is no mirror image, it moves along lines of attraction, fancy and flight. Taking one step forward and we find one particular site of interest. This line helps us to understand the ideas of time, space and subjective experience in a way other to the ways these phenomena would be understood if we stayed on the track of archaeology. Performance: as a mode of cultural production attracts. Performance: is, ontologically, a temporal disnarrative: ephemeral, ambiguous, site-specific, event-specific, transient, particular, singular and speculative. Performance: as event is always the event of flux. Performance: is the site of presence. In this place we primarily encounter events now. But this is a present that is always a present shared, doubled, that creates its own shadows. Another present is always present, here, there, now but not now and this double-time present makes time ambiguous, it shifts our assumptions and understandings past the idea of analysis to the point of experience and it is this point of experience that we understand as the present, an experience in now, non-repeatable, temporal. No performance, no moment is the same as any other (George 1996, p.16-20; Goldberg 2001, p.8-9, 184-189; Gómez-Peña 2000, p.9, 183-195; Pearson 2001, p.xi-xiii, 14-15).

It is in the shadows of the present that other alternative presents are possible. But these are not dormant, they do not share the exact same space, but dwell somewhere else, in the head of the spectator, the

perceiver, you, me, I. Taking a step back simultaneously experiencing and observing and acting upon this double-take-present-reality, this here-and-now-and-there-and-then. In the step back a ghost-site appears. This is the site of critique, evaluation, comparison, options; a site which opens up possibilities and refuses to accept that there is any final account; that prevents endings, and closure. And it is somewhere in-between the two, on the threshold, at the borderline, in a field of liminality, where the performative meets head on with the archaeological that BorderLine Archaeology occurs. In the world of performance the spectator is in focus, it is the spectator that is invited to cross the line, to engage in experience, to participate in the unfolding of events and it is here, in this moment of crossing that we create the ghost-sites, opt for alternatives, trade understanding for knowledge as experience. In this world there are no demands on interpretation, we are not asked to separate fact from fiction; this is the site of experiment, of finding other ways of doing things, of thinking other ways to know. This process moves fast, very fast, but when the rapid movement of experience is momentarily suspended, when the spectator, the participant positions herself at the site of the border, on the threshold of immediate apprehension, awareness unfolds; a self that consciously experiences itself. This is not a question of aesthetic experience but an emotional one and emotions set motivations in motion (George 1996, p.20-24).

Time is measured in moments rather than in days

The experience of performance is accompanied by a process of reflexivity; it generates an urge to act, to transform things. Performance is not a passive pastime, it provokes and evokes, it engages in the politicizing of social and cultural agendas. Its position is always that of the threshold, a position from which you can ask the crucial questions, address issues that need addressing. But this position is always on the move, realignment is essential (Goldberg 2001, p.155-164, 174; Gómez-Peña 2000, p.211-213, 267-273; Pearson 2001, p.15-20).

BorderLine Archaeology is a performative exercise in the double temporality of restless singular events. The past returns to the present but not as it was but how it is now. From this position the past is relevant, significant, and exposed as something more than what it once was. From here the past is not reconstructed but recontextualised and from the position of the present its presence is felt, its presence is significant and valid. Not-here here, not-now now events of the past in the present doubled and the past-present engages and interacts (Diamond 1996, p.1; Pearson 2001, p. 11-19). The past-present communicates, contests and negotiates "...at the interface of the appropriate and the inappropriate..." (Pearson 2001, p.11-19). BorderLine Archaeology is the reinvention of an archaeology that does not presuppose its

definition. It is a praxis that repeatedly invents itself every time it is practiced, that is reconfigured through the experience of experience and expectation in the present. It is an operational site where we encounter the past-present, and where we encounter the interdependent relations of our assumptions and expectations. Here we meet with cultural productions of the past-present and we cross thresholds allowing our understanding of one reality to interpenetrate with our assumptions about an-other.

MAKING OUR WAY

It is getting dense and we are stepping through some kind of deep vegetation, a forest of matter, a landscape of archaeological remains. It is everywhere; in the guise of objects from the past, in places where memories reside, in the shape of lies and truths about things that took place in another time, and in the surface of things that matter. And the more we see as we look, the more we feel like moving on, into this vast landscape of sensibilities, of opportunities, of happenings, of events, of objects and stuff that deal with matters belonging to the past-present. We can feel the presence of objects in everything we do, when touching the stone over there, when stepping through the field on the other side, when climbing the stairs of that building up front, when looking at the corner of the street to our left and when picking up forgotten and decaying things. And we can't help it, but we feel like sorting them out, collecting them, adopting them and turning them into creative narratives, performative cultural products, products of BorderLine Archaeology, into cultural products that border on the line in-between archaeology and performance.

We have to make sure that we try to listen hard to the sound of this place, to the things that still linger in the air because they are difficult to hear and they are so many. And if we are ever to come near them, we have to look at them to map them, and we have to approach them from the perspective of belonging to the idea of eventscape; as pleated and folded by strands of stories, by events and happenings, experiences and longings as well as desires and expectations. If we don't, we will not be able to see this place from any other perspective than as a site in suspension and out of reach and that is not why we are here. No, the reason for our presence is to learn, to explore things our way, to see, touch, feel, taste and hear the matters of the past-present from the perspective of the BorderLine. And we know that if we are to come close to the matters of the past-present we have to understand them as eventscapes of the possible, as reflections of now, then, here and there and we will have to approach them from the perspective of the personal, the intimate and the subjective. Because then we can begin to unfold the surface of the object that we look at and we can begin a process of reading on.

We have to make sure that we move very carefully, because as we move inside this place it moves too, in different directions, revealing signs, traces, remnants of other worlds, of landscapes and places that we have never seen before. This place is the place of the unknown; here we meet with stories and things we have never dealt with before, here we approach unspeakable matters, archaeological residues of the

mind as well as physical remains in and out of place. And every time we touch them, see them, uncover them and reveal them, we encounter them for the first time. Because they all have different things to say, different things to tell, depending on the way we look, when we look, and depending on the position of our standpoints. This place is not just a place of the unknown, but a place of becomings as well – a place where the things we see and hear, are to be re-presented, re-created, re-read, documented and produced, as cultural products of the past-present, as matters of importance.

When travelling in this place, we get this urge to begin another beginning; a beginning that is heading somewhere else. In this place, we deal with things differently; we read them, write them and present them in different ways. Because here on the BorderLine, where archaeology and performance meet, there are no clear cut demarcations zones between the scientifically proper and improper, between the academically ordered and disordered, between the past-past and the present-present. Here the settings differ, the conditions for 'doing' alters, the readings of the past-present tells of other things, presents alternative stories that are not the same as the ones we usually encounter when reading about archaeology, here in this place, there are no lines to be drawn between the archaeological and the performative, because they have ceased to exist. They are blurred and transformed, they are in a process of mutation turning into hybrid conglomerates of academic and artistic events, temporary co-operations, producing product productions, dealing with cultural matters, with social stuff, sometimes working together, sometimes apart, but almost always in a state of searching for similar things in different ways.

It is getting easier to move, but even so, we still have to keep in mind, that in this place there will be no time for us to return, only time enough to move on and go back, but from a different perspective. Because in the place where archaeology and performance meet nothing ever stays the same, nothing is ever what it was, just almost. We say almost, because things are never exactly the same at the site as meeting point because events and actions are always in a state of change in the act of repetition. There is no exact copy or repeat performance, all actions are essentially new and all events are original, always happening for the first time from the perspective of here and now present. We may repeat, reiterate, represent, reconstruct but in this act of repetition we are always in the process of doing something once more, always in the process of beginning again, of cutting new paths in the topography of the event. And as we bend our backs to see better, we have to remember not to forget to cut paths through the topography of performance and archaeology. We have to remember that if the two of us are ever to begin another beginning, 'now' is the

time to walk, to step straight into academic crossroads, into paths and tracks of another kind. And as long as we are here, we have to remember to keep on dispositioning ourselves, not only our perspectives about what we see when we look, but our bodies too. Because if there is one thing we have come to learn since our journey began, then it is, that losing one's way is the only key to knowledge of a different kind (Vidler 1997, p.136).

Here we are, each of us taking one step at a time, sometimes together, sometimes apart, but always in difference, because we do differ, not only through our characters, but through our blood too. And even though we share the similar thoughts, about the past-present, about memories, about material culture, about archaeology, about sensibilities and about performance, we do not share the events of our personal pasts, not even the same historical, cultural or social backgrounds – only the place of the present. But it doesn't matter because we know that, as long as we share this space, we will always be able to split the same points of view, into two halves, into one half each. Views about stretching the limits of archaeology, about blurring the disciplines of archaeology and performance, about producing performative cultural products, and about the need to trace the untraceable, to grasp the ineffable, to touch the surface of the immaterial, to search for the mysteries that have been lost (Cixous 1993, p.89).

We are beginning to feel at home, we are beginning to feel that this is where we want to be, where we want to walk our walk, where we want to confront, approach, detect, adopt and turn things into matters belonging to performance and archaeology, into matters belonging to BorderLine Archaeology, to the landscape of the 'parasite', the landscape of mutations and becomings (Serres 1982; Hopley and Lomax 1999, p.75). We are beginning to feel at home in this place because it reminds us of the fact that like any other place, it is hybrid and multi-layered, a landscape to walk through, to activate, to listen to, to interpret and negotiate. And we will not waste endless hours, days and months revealing and uncovering the same objects of desire; instead we will focus upon our differences in preference. Because we have always seen things differently and we have always known what we want.

We want to keep on nourishing the idea of the hybrid, the nomad, the idea of the BorderLine, where performance and archaeology mutate and evolve into a parasite, as a site that deals with and investigates evocative matters of the past-present. And if we look at this place as a place of the parasite we see it as the site of change, the site of the middle, the site of 'and', the site of in-betweenness. The parasite aims to infect and bring disorder into ordered ideas concerning the practice

of research, the practice of writing the past into the present, the practice of presenting academic knowledge, and mediating with a public. And as a result thereof, the parasite mutates not only notions about fact and fiction, but transforms suppositions about archaeology, perturbs ways of thinking whilst agitating habits and ingrained ideas (Serres 1982; Hopley and Lomax 1999, p.75). And even though walking in its place is not an easy task, but a task full of risks, we feel comfortable in its surroundings. We feel comfortable walking down the paths of our desires, we feel comfortable when stirring up and unfolding system of voids in transit, system of solid spaces, systems of public and private spaces, and bringing them all into a state of flux (Careri 2002, p.19-27; Tiberghien 2002, p.11-17).

"Things never pass where you think, nor along the paths you think." (Deleuze 1987, p.4) And we agree, because we always seem to meet with paths leading to places that are places themselves, and with places that are paths leading somewhere else. And at this specific moment, as we stand here, taking a pause, looking at each other, we feel how the weight of our desires crushes the ideas we carry with us about what archaeology is and is not, into pieces.

In this place spatial experience is transitory, there are no stable points of reference, no 'ready made, over the counter packages' to use when presenting the interpretations of our experiences because for each step we take through this terrain, every detail we have seen and will come to see, makes a difference; every landmark is essential, every moment is potentially intimate, and all of them have to be looked at, visualised and dealt with as such. And as we travel through this landscape, we have to make sure that we do not leave residues of static images behind, only images on the move, images that are in constant process of re-presentation. That way, this site, the site of the BorderLine, the parasite will never remain the same, never be seen as a landscape to own, to pin down, to fence in. There are no doors to close. The site of the BorderLine will continue to be a place to visit and pass through, again and again, and always as if it was for the first time (Careri 2002, p.34-42), because this is a place of the nomad, the wanderer, the drifter, the sites and the places that occupy the margins, borders and edges, from the perspective of spatial experience of change. This place is a walkscape of the mind; it is a place not only to be seen and to be explored, but to write, investigate, document, produce and present as well. And like the path of the nomad, a journey through this walkscape can only be made by using the cartographical standpoint of letting one self loose, whilst turning into a state of becoming. Because then, and only then, will we be able to follow the paths and the tracks of our desire.

We are walking in an ephemeral site, a site of sensibilities and we can sense that this is a place of importance; that for some this place matters. And that wherever we go from here, we cannot avoid encountering fragments, pieces of peoples' lives, itineraries of everyday life, other peoples thoughts and ideas. And it suits us fine, because we are eager to discover and make further investigations into these matters. We are eager to add them in, to re-write them, to turn them into performative cultural products of the past-present and to re-present them. But we are also eager to stretch the boundaries of archaeology whilst doing so, because our way, is the way of moving "... *from the present down through the layers of culture and history, back to the sources, rather than beginning in the chronological midst and working up to present smog.*" (Lippard 1997, p.25) Our way is the way of considering everything we come in contact with as something archaeological, as something that matters. Our way, is the way of perceiving the archaeological as some-thing that is constantly subjugated to, engaged with and re-negotiated through various ways of looking, ranging from the personal look, to intimate, artistic, cultural, sociological, political, historical and professional sights. Our way is the way of recognising unspeakable things as archaeological objects. Our way, is a way that has no ends to the number of tracks, roads, passageways, crossroads we can choose to take, as we walk from here to there, re-presenting some things and leaving others behind.

ABOUT TO APPROACH A WAY TO EXPLORE CREATIVE NARRATIVES

Hélène Cixous once said that "... *writing is the movement to return to where we haven't been in person.*" She also said that "... *once you are in this country...one doesn't stop there.*" (Cixous 1993, p.74) And we agree, because we can't stop either. No matter how hard we try to alter our ways of looking at things, at matters of daily life, at matters belonging to the past and the present; no matter how hard we try to alter the ways we perceive and present their stories, or how hard we try to change our opinions about how to go about doing archaeology, about limits and forbidden territories, we can't stop doing it our way. Because we write to replace the void in-between, the void between the things we see and the things we know and don't know, and our aim is not to make things become real but realised, apprehended and incorporated, whilst doing so.

But even so, we still have to decide in which way we should approach the matters of this landscape, the matters of archaeology. We have to decide how we should go about writing them in and out of place, writing them into the eye of the reader, into the person, seeing. There are so many alternatives for us to choose from, but at the same time so few paths to take without the risk of falling over the edge, over the side, never to be picked up again. But we don't mind taking risks, and we don't mind falling either because "... *writing is learning not to be afraid.*" (Cixous 1993, p.10) Writing is learning how to present things, not as they are, but as they could be, and writing is learning how to produce cultural products as questions, suggestions, interpretations and enquiries into the past-present, as testimonies about life. And for some, like us, writing is learning how to look at archaeological matters from different perspectives. And we don't feel comfortable taking any other direction than the one of doing, the one of slamming the door and breaking the ties that keeps us on a straight line.



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APPROACHING

We are about to approach a process of creating narratives and we are about to approach a process of re-presentation, documentation, mediation and visualisation. We are about to approach a process of documenting and mediating archaeological matters as objects, videos, film, sound, performance presentations, installations, exhibitions, text and hypertext. We are about to begin a process of writing stuff in and out of place. And as long as we stay in this place, on the BorderLine, we know that we will create narratives about matters belonging to the past-present. We know that we will not only write the objects of our desire into place, but re-read and re-present them into wor(l)ds of another kind - wor(l)ds that differ from where they once came.

Hélène Cixous has said other things too, like "... *writing is writing what you cannot know before you have written ...*" (Cixous 1993, p.38) and we believe her. As a matter of fact, we believe her to be right to the extent that we do not only use her words as a comforting thought when challenging formal divisions between archaeological theory and practice, between fact and fiction, between the real and the imaginable, but they are used as words of encouragement as well, words that encourage us to search for alternative dialogues, alternative ways through which we can visualise, document and mediate archaeological matters. And they help, not only in providing alternative strategies for dealing with the archaeological, but in providing other standpoints for us to pick and choose from, when walking further into the parasite, deeper into the BorderLine where archaeology and performance meet. And it feels good, because we still have one foot in one world and one in the other, and it is not easy stepping both ways simultaneously.

As we stand on the BorderLine re-presenting unspeakable matters; things that can not speak for themselves and things that are rarely spoken about, we realise that Cixous is right when she says that "*[w]riting is the delicate, difficult and dangerous means of succeeding in avowing the unavowable.*" (Cixous 1993, p.53) But to succeed, that is the tricky part, not the trying. Trying is not difficult, because we do this all the time. Like when we state that the material we document, narrate, create, produce and mediate consists of no definite truths, no stories of the real-real, that there are only re-presentations of things, just as-versions, that are – almost, but not completely. Like when we say that there will never be any certainties, any proof to be read into and out of the archaeological record. No, saying and writing those kinds of things is not hard at all. The difficulty is to succeed in making others avow them as well.

But there are times when it happens, when the idea of the archaeological is apprehended and perceived of as a matter of dealing, not only with experience, the remains of past events, the remains of the body, the things people make and do, and the places in which they lived (Shanks 2002), but also as a matter of dealing with things that evoke and provoke as well; as a matter dealing with things that bring disorder into the ordered, with interpretations and presentations that shift the scientific question of "... 'what if' (what then?) to its performative counterpart 'as if'." (Pollock 1998, p.81) There are times when archaeologists are forced to step over the line of the familiar and into the unfamiliar and bring alternative interpretations into view.

At the BorderLine, the parasite, we encourage the development of ideas, thoughts and perspectives that intervene with the routine processes of re-presenting and interpreting social, historical, cultural and material remains. At the BorderLine we stimulate and trigger the development of ideas that cause interruption in the routine processes of documentation, that question the scientific principles that maintain distinctions between true and false. At the BorderLine we are encouraged to step into the process of performative writing, a process that operates at a metaphorical level, a process that renders absence present, that brings the reader into contact with 'otherworlds', worlds of the past, worlds of the unknown as well as of the unknown-known (Pollock 1998, p.80). At the BorderLine we use the strategy of crossing genres in order to place the reader, the researcher, the interpreter, the author, the excavator, the curator of the past-present at the centre of their actions, at the centre of their sighted site, at the centre of their work. But we also use the strategy of crossing genres in order to encourage people to take personal responsibility for what they do, for the work being done. Because whatever it is we do, no matter if the work is being carried out in co-production, or in a laboratory, a museum, on site, or in the pit, or if it is working with archives, in the solitude of writing an archaeological product, in the communication of a lecture, it is always, at least partly, a product made; a product that should be regarded and dealt with as such. Scientific texts are always constructed narratives, rhetorical devices that tell stories about scientific facts and scientific knowledge, aiming to persuade and convince a targeted audience (Jones 2002, p.170). The question is do they succeed? Perhaps, sometimes, but not now, not here, not as we stand here on the BorderLine because in this place, none of the performative cultural products that are being produced, explored or created can ever hide behind the name of a discipline, behind the walls of the university.³⁸ In this place, at the site of the parasite, nothing is ever done without the



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³⁸ For a more in depth discussion about the autonomy of science see the work of Steve Fuller: (Fuller 1988, 1993, 1997, 2000, 2002) and also (Harraway 1989; Knorr-Certina 1981) as well as various work by Bruno Latour and Steve Woolgar such as (Latour 1991, 1998; Latour 1986) and (Woolgar 1988, 1993).

extra adage of personal responsibilities, and none of the research is regarded as proof-safe. No processes of interpretation or documentation are understood as untouchable, because the visitors of this place can only stay, if they re-read and re-write what they see, into a story of their own, into a personal story concerned with archaeological matters. This place is the place of the subjective.

Lisa Lewis once told us that writing is not a simple task. She said that *"... writing is a way to un-forget, to un-silence, to access the memories behind thought, to walk with them; it is a feat, you have to go down, dreaming, charging through a place beyond thought, on a hard physical journey. A struggle to the bottom of the ocean, a surge of energy to keep the door open, a blindingly hard stare through a murky window-pane. It makes your eyes sting. You have to walk, to travel through there, to write the voyage, to leave the self behind, to find the other, or both together, somewhere unexpected."* (Lewis 2000, p.100) And she is right. But writing is also something else. It is a desire, a desire to see what happens, to know where this wor(l)d might take us, and that is the desire that keeps us going and inspires us to go deeper, to fall, to trespass, to find alternative ways, when describing, narrating, interpreting, presenting and mediating the archaeological. It inspires us to explore the process of creative narratives, to step into the entrance, the exit, the dwelling place where things are evoked into intangible and un-locatable matters, into worlds, of memory, imagination, pleasure, loss, pain and sensation. And we are almost there, we are almost about to explore the process of performative writing; a process in which things will affect us, give us in-sights, rather than objective and disciplinary truths.

A PROCESS

And we come across the words of Della Pollock and her thoughts on performative writing, and we can't help using them as guidelines, as cartographic tools, on our journey, as one alternative for travelling through this place. Because this place is not a place of the real, a place of facts, a place where one sees what one is really looking at. No, this place is the place of provisional realness, it is a problematized field of study to be performed, mapped and walked through, and each of us does this in our own particular and individual way.

And we begin exploring ways:

To approach performative writing:

Performative writing provokes and evokes and its purpose is to visualise the absence in the presence of what one sees. Its language is metaphorical and its desire is to bring the reader in-touch with the unfamiliar, and with 'otherworlds'. Performative writing does not aim to present or describe 'an objectively verifiable event or process', instead it uses narration as a way to create versions of what was, what is and /or what might be'. Performative writing aims to offer the reader and the writer, a site of in-between, a liminal field of possibilities, a field of hybrids, and mixed genres. Working from this perspective is to step aside, to overlook categorical distinctions, and recover presence from absence instead. Performative writing deals with logic of possibilities rather than validity and causalities (Pollock 1998, p.80-81). Performative writing "... requires that the writer drops down to a place where words and world intersect in active interpretation, where each pushes, cajoles, entrances the other into alternative formations, where words press into and are deeply impressed by 'the sensuousness of their referents'." (Pollock 1998, p.81)

To remember that:

Performative writing feeds of difference. Its focus is on the difference in the object it is meant to visualise, not to identify the relationship between the object and the linguistic symbol. In visualising difference performative writing can represent a thing endlessly, and always anew. Performative writing is metonymic, it is incomplete, yet self-conscious, which enables it to replace and displace the wor(l)d it is about to write, at the moment it is written. Performative writing longs for the lost, longs to render the past-present. And through its longing, it re-writes what it writes into a surplus of meanings, into possible future histories (Pollock 1998, p.82-85).



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To keep in mind that:

Performative writing's desire is to speak frankly, to confront the reader in a direct way. It strives to enfold the reader into the presence of its actions whilst awaiting a reply (Pollock 1998, p.89). Performative writing is erratic, and nervous. It travels through the process of writing in an anxious way, always on the move, always crossing, passing through a multitude of stories, texts, practices, interpretations, hypertexts and theories. It never travels in a linear way; it never settles down, and it never stops from moving. Performative writing is a restless transient and transitive practice (Pollock 1998, p.90). As Della Pollock writes, "... *it operates by synoptic relay, drawing one charged moment into another, constituting knowledge in an ongoing process of transmission and transferral ...*" (Pollock 1998, p.91)

To realise that:

Performative writing is repetitional and quotational. It is a process of re-writing what it sees. Performative writing is citational; it perceives the act of writing as an act of re-writing, as an act that exceeds and exposes the fragility, the sensuousness of identity, history and culture constituted in acts of textual recurrence (Pollock 1998, p.92).

To visualise that:

The realised worlds that performative writing produces and projects, require negotiation because performative writing is consequential. It articulates and pronounces narratives as a means of action and effect. And "... *as the effect of a social relation and as a mode of cultural, historical action performative writing throws off the norms of conventional scholarship ... It operates by a code of reflexive engagement that makes writing subject to its own critique, that makes writing a visible subject, at once making it vulnerable to displacement by the very text/performances it invokes and shoring up its capacity for political, ethical agency.*" (Pollock 1998, p.95)

AND OUT-COMES

A DIFFERENT WAY of thinking, a different way to take, when interpreting, the landscape in front of our eyes. Like the landscape over there, the one engraved with the residue of time and memory, the one dwelling in things, sites and places, myths, lakes, hills and down-trodden paths. Through the process of performative writing comes alternative ways to take when re-presenting archaeological matters.

AN ALTERNATIVE PROCESS, for working with creative narratives and performative cultural production. And outcomes an embodied act of performing the archaeological, an act that requires a witness, not necessarily the witness of others but at least the watching self. And things are done. They are approached, confronted, re-membered, framed in time and place, in the act of writing, in the act of remembering, in the act of performing, in the act of mediating.

AND OUT-COMES encouragement, to step into the process of performative writing, to take part in a process that operates at a metaphorical level, a process that brings the reader and writer in contact with 'other-worlds'.

AND OUT-COMES a blurring of genres, a set of conditions that encourages us to take responsibility for our actions: out comes a strategy that becomes inspiration for readers and writers wanting to find and choose alternative ways of describing, narrating, exploring, interpreting, re-presenting and mediating the archaeological.



004

ABOUT TO FIND A WAY TO SITE-SEE CULTURAL PRODUCTS

We are about to take a closer look at the things of this place, at the archaeological matters that surround us. But it is hard to get a clear picture, not only of where they are, but what they are, because we are exposed to matters of psycho-geographical experience, of cultural, individual and social events. And if we are to read them, to see them and to re-write them, we have to do it in our own particular kind of way, because we do not see the same things. No; depending on where we stand, we see different things; depending on how we move together, or apart, we lose one place and gain another. And our journey is one that is both fragmented and complete. It combines and disjoins, not only concepts of time, space and memory, but relations too (Woods 2000, p.32). And as we try to find our way through this spatial-temporal zone of possibilities and matter, we have come to a decision that the best way for us to travel is side by side, because there, somewhere in-between, we might be able to touch the ephemeral of the archaeological; we might be able to visualise the BorderLine where performance and archaeology meet as *"... a complex of chemical, organic, physiological and biological systems, interacting and affecting one another, and so a complex of reactions always in process."* (Kaye 2000, p.150)



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We can't help it but we feel affected by 'a systematic madness', it feels as if we are affected by what Jean François Lyotard would call 'versanity'; the ability to continuously experience displacement, estrangement. Like now as we feel the shifts of location, the repetition, of never standing still for too long, of constantly having to change our ontological perspectives, our judgements, our perceptions, of the archaeological, ourselves and others, and always in correspondence to the spatial shifts of the past-present (Vidler 2000, p.205). But it is not an unpleasant disease, not at all, because as Immanuel Kant says *"... the soul is transferred to a quite different standpoint, so to speak, and from it sees all objects differently...just as a mountainous landscape sketched from an aerial perspective calls forth a quite different judgement when it is viewed from the plain."* (Cited in Lyotard 1991, p.182)

APPROACHING

Sometimes when we walk in this place it is as if we travel in a dreamscape: a landscape in which everything contains its opposite. It is as if the matters we see, confront and encounter in full view, in broad daylight, can't be seen if we do not open our eyes very wide, wide enough to let every little thing sink in. And sometimes we lose sight of them, we fail to catch the shadows of light they deflect and they slip away and vanish before our eyes have had time to adjust (Bachelard 1988, p.154).

This is a place of BorderLine Archaeology, a performative site, a site in which we practice contemporary archaeology, but it is also the site of the parasite, the site where genres are crossed, the site where *"[s]pace is not once, but space is plural, space is a plurality, a heterogeneity of difference."* (Libeskind 2001, p.68) And in this place we enjoy interconnecting with archaeological matters, we get pleasure from looking at, thinking about, feeling, hearing, smelling, tasting and touching the matters that force us to change our directions. We get pleasure from encounters with otherness; from the fact that what we experience alters the way we look (Elkins 1996, p.31-51). Because we know that what we see looks back, it dazzles and reflects, and it makes our minds tremble. And as James Elkins once said *"[s]eeing is self-definition. Objects look back and their incoming gaze tells me what I am. Our sense of ourselves is like a television always going out of focus, and we tune and clarify ourselves by seeing."* (Elkins 1996, p.86) In this place the object of our desires are elsewhere, not in the past or the present but in-between, and within, because somewhere in-between the world we engage in, and the I that is looking, the answers to all our questions can be sought.

But there is a mist covering our eyes, proper ways of conduct, threads woven by the fabric of science and no matter how hard we try to look through its structure, to see through the threads of academia, we only manage to see fragments of the things we look at. And it feels uncomfortable because we do not want to be constrained. We want to be open to the elements of surprise because there are so many ways to view, so many ways to look at archaeological matters. So we decide to rip the veil open, and invest more in our gaze. Bending on our knees and looking down: we see the site of opportunity, curiosity, observation and interpretation. Peeking over our shoulders: we see the site of the unknown, the site of the transient spectacle. Glancing into the past: we see the site of sentiments, of emotional investment in rage, evil, sorrow, loss, pain, happiness and beauty, in ritual, tradition, personal intimacy and remembrance. And looking at a person looking: we see



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the site of the exotic, the valuable, of longing and nostalgia. But when looking at an unspeakable matter we see that we do not only look at a thing that matters, but at a thing that sees nothing of what we see. It is blind to our gaze and its blindness makes it vulnerable, unable to see what we are reading onto it, makes it unable to read what we are writing about it. But it cannot resist the reflection of our eyes, because as we re-read and re-write its stories, altering its content and form, it becomes the centre of attention; it gets to look back. Because from its position of blindness, it still manages to act like an eye. It still manages to confront our minds; it still manages to catch our attention, as an object incoming, enquiring, and asking the question: What do you think you are looking at? And forcing us to reply that we think we are looking at an eventscape.

Here we are, two people walking, in the landscape of the unknown, in the landscape of the BorderLine. And for each step we take, we step into eventscapes of various kinds. Like now, look, at that knife there, on the ground, just beneath our feet. What is its story? It looks like a Swedish Mora knife, it must be, just look at the red handle.³⁹ And as we lift it up to get a better idea of what it is we are dealing with, it unravels a story of another kind: a story that is different from the ones we are used to hearing in the setting of archaeological discourse. This knife invites us to engage in the eventscape of unspeakable things, and as we listen, on this particular occasion, it tells us of an event that someone else shared in these words:

³⁹ The Mora knife is a very common tool for many Swedes, and according to legend, it was first made in the small village of Östnor, a few kilometres to the west of the town of Mora in Dalarna, Sweden, by a certain Finn-Anders Andersson, who began to forge knives in Östnor in 1877. But it was not until another man named Frost-Erik Eriksson opened a factory in 1891 in order to industrially produce these knives that the concept of the Mora knife evolved. The Mora knife had its golden age in the 1920's and 30's. (Edlund 2003)

– Johan and I woke up but we decided to stay in bed for a while longer, taking some time to cuddle and play. Then we got up and had breakfast, but as we were about to leave the house, something made me take an extra look out of the window. After that I couldn't stop worrying, so I made us leave by the back door. We took the bicycle to the day-care centre, as usual, but halfway through the park, someone stepped out of the shadows.

And there he was, running, bending over, with something in his hand, something shiny. A knife! What in ..., what was I supposed to do? I began to pedal as fast as I could, but no matter how hard I tried he still managed to block my path, and then, there he was, up beside us. And he stopped, just in front of the bike. He had a wild stare in his eyes and he stank of booze and he kept waving the knife around, stabbing at the air. He wanted answers, he told me.

– ANSWERS to what, I asked.

He began to dance around us. And then he began to pull at the bike. And then he started to stab at me. I fell off the bike, but at the same

time I tried to calm him down. But he didn't want to listen. I could see that his mind was made up. He intended to go through with whatever his plan was. So I tried to manoeuvre the bike in such a way that he wouldn't be able to reach our son, who was sitting in the child's-chair on the back of the bike. And all the time I desperately looked for someone to help me.

– IF you scream, I will cut him, he hissed at me. So I decided to stay quiet. Then I tried to pull myself away from him, but he stabbed me in the head. Strangely enough though, I didn't notice exactly where he stabbed me, just the blood streaming down my face. And the only thing I kept thinking of was that I had to save my little boy. I had to pull the bike away from him so that Johan would be safe. But then he stabbed me again, this time in my arm, which made me lose all my strength and the bike fell to the ground. I tried to stop it from falling by stretching out one of my legs to catch it. I didn't want Johan to get hurt. But he kept pulling at my injured arm, so I had to let go of the bike, and I decided to follow him, just to put some space between him and our son.

Then, he threw me down on the ground. And as he leant over me, he began to stab me all over. I didn't feel anything but panic, and fear, of what I would do if he started hurting Johan too. I heard the sound of bones breaking, cracking inside my head. It reminded me of egg-shells being crushed. I curled up, trying to protect myself from getting stabbed in the stomach. And then suddenly I was lifted up, only to be thrown down on the ground again. I didn't realise it straight away, but he was actually lifting me up with his knife. It was stuck inside my jaw-bone. And then, he spat at me, and left me lying there. And all I could do was watch him loosening Johan from the child-chair.

– MUMMY is dead, he said, turning Johan round to face me and then he carried him away.

I tried to scream but the only sound that came out from my mouth was a sort of gurgling noise. I tried to stand up, to get to Johan, to take him back, but I realised I would never be able to reach them. I saw him moving away, heading towards where he lived, and knowing what he had said earlier, I was sure he would kill Johan first and then himself.

I had to get help, so that nothing would happen to Johan. And just as I tried to stand up, a woman passed me on her bike. I could see her hiding her face and then she disappeared in fright. So I decided to try to find a house with lights on. Later on someone told me that the building I had managed to walk to was actually some hundred metres away. I remember that on my way over there I passed some cars and I

tried to call for attention, but nobody stopped. When I reached the building, as I stepped inside the hallway, I heard the sound of the elevator; it was on its way down. I also heard the sound of footsteps and the sound of claws tapping against the stone floor.

– I NEED help, I have been cut, I am covered in blood so please don't be scared, I cried, before the footsteps got too close. I didn't want to frighten whoever it was coming down the stairs and luckily for me he wasn't.

I began to understand the reactions I'd met from the people driving past when I met myself in the mirror, inside the elevator. And as I stood there, staring, I began to notice that one side of my nose had been cut off and that I had several deep cuts in my forehead. There was blood streaming down my head and one of my arms hung loosely at my side. My jacket was soaked in blood and torn to shreds from all the cutting. And there, stuck deeply inside my jaw, I could see a red, red 'Mora knife'⁴⁰ (Valta 2003).

⁴⁰ This story is printed by kind permission of Paula Valta. This is her personal account of her life as a victim of domestic violence. The contents of the story have been translated and reworked for the purpose of this dissertation by Fiona Campbell & Jonna Ulin.

And we can feel how the story penetrates our bodies, how it forces us to respond, to react to the things told, forcing us to realise that an event-scape is always in a state of fluidity. That its depths and borders are in a constant processes of transformation, moving in different directions according to the whereabouts of the spectator, according to standpoint of her/his position in time and place, according to her/his life experiences, genealogies, geographical and social histories, memories and current life situations. We can feel how it belongs to the place of the BorderLine, the place of becomings, the place that challenges us in our beliefs about the archaeological, forcing us to reflect over our own positions when dealing with, when reading on to, when writing, interpreting, confronting, approaching and adopting matters of the past-present. And as the voice of this story fades into our minds we feel dispositioned once again. We feel that this is only a fragment of a complex event, a matter that is fragile. All matters have always more than one story attached to them, more than one life or one meaning and artefacts like the knife are always attached to many networks of relations. All things stem from networks of relations. Relations that construct and define an object's materiality; networks that make it possible to touch its immateriality and relations that turn it into a cultural product, a material object culturally productive, a product capable of reflecting thought and behaviour, actions and desires (Buchli 2002, p.9). Materiality is not just a matter of imposing form on substance, it is not just stuff with which to frame everyday life but comes in the shape of cultural, social events and we realise that if we dare to look at things from the perspective of event-scape, we will be able to approach and connect with things that we would not normally engage with within the archaeological discourse.

In this place, on the BorderLine, we are engaged in a personal and intimate process of psycho-geographical navigation. This is a process of navigation that brings the object in focus into view, turning it into something comprehensible; a process that forces us to choose what to include and exclude, what to re-present, what story to put on display and what to leave behind. For us an object is always more than just its function, more than just the sum of the stories it takes part in. It is a matter of position, not only within the temporal zone of the past-present, but in relation to various kinds of networks, networks that create endless variations of apprehension (Attfield 2000, p.1-9; Latour 1991, p.118; Oldenziel 1996, p.58-62) And as we pick objects up, as we tune into their stories or when someone else drops them on the ground, they begin again on a different track, take part in other stories once again, and they do other things. Just like the thing over there, the one hiding in the grass, the one that, at this moment functions as a shelter, as a walkway for ants, spiders and snails. And like any other object it too belongs to strands of disjointed narratives, connected by the thinnest of threads, the posited meanings that evolve in juxtaposition to new contexts (Kirshenblatt-Gimblett 1998, p.3).

In this place, as we look at the things that pass us by, we try but constantly fail to find images of a static kind. There are simply none to be found and we can't help wondering if this has anything to do with the fact that the matters of this landscape seem to be of multiple meaning, that their fixidity seems contingent to the temporality of conditions and events. They seem to keep on turning, in a state of flux, into things that cannot be pinned down. And if this is the case, then what matters in this place, is not so much the material itself, but rather the process of the material's materialisation (Buchli 2002, p.15-16; Latour 1991, p.118; Oldenziel 1996, p.119). This is a process that establishes relationships that are at best tentative and slippery, and at times contested and this is a process that teaches us to apprehend matter, as matters to be negotiated, through individual standpoints, through networks of relations (Küchler 2002, p.60).

There are times, when we see things in this place a bit like photographs and there are times when we think that beneath their surface some hidden depth and meaning lie (Pinney 2002, p.81). There are times, when we believe them to be capable of revealing something more than what we see. But what? Like many others, we too have been schooled and trained in perceiving things in terms of dualities. We too have been thought to think in terms of opposites, like mind and body, object and subject, material and immaterial, surface and depth and so on. We too have been thought to think in opposites that make it easy to understand images and objects in terms of having external and internal attributes. Opposite attributes that turn the I of

the reader and writer to focus on the relationship between the two. But there is something in all of that, that we can't help questioning. There is something in these constructed relationships that force us to look another way, for something other than binary oppositions. Because no matter how hard we try we are unable to deal with a singular surface, a singular depth, a singular object or a singular meaning. No matter how hard we try we find ourselves dealing with disjunctive, ephemeral, ambiguous, multiple, hybrid, emotional, personal, intimate, secret, and contingent matters. So why do we spend so much of our time focusing on the relationship between the object and its hidden depths, when we should be focusing on finding not only connections, but the disconnections as well?

An object, like an image, is multi-dimensional and the relationship between its materiality and its materialisation is multi-faceted. There are no clear-cut boundaries that separate its exterior and interior; there is no simple relationship between the two. The surface is not smooth, but full of cracks, lines and voids; cracks that make patterns, leading this way and that; cracks that collapse and expand the proximities of relations. And there are lines that meet and break apart, disjoining aspects of engagement with the object being seen. And there are voids that beckon us to enter, leading to non-places we have never been, taking us on enterprises we would otherwise not encounter. And there are surfaces that allow us to slip and slide, enable us to lose our grip and that allow us to glide unanchored toward a glimpse of our selves, of others and of the things in-between. These cracks and lines and voids invite us to perceive this experience in terms of eclectic relations, relations that impose ambiguity onto the archaeological matter of our desire. Because when we look at an object we look for a message and there is always more than one. We might be able to re-read an event, we might be able to gather information about its function, and we might even be able to suggest that it belongs to another time and place. But it is in the disjunction of all these stories that we react and set in motion acts of re-creation. Because there, in the midst of it all, in the ambiguity that is generated, aspects of curiosity, imagination and desire emerge. And through the act of presencing 'thereness' we notice what it is that we have failed to grasp, when concentrating on the relationship of binary oppositions (Berger and Mohr 1995, p.83-89).

Objects are active agents in the production of culture; they are producers rather than products. They produce and mediate notions of belongingness, difference and sameness, ingredients that are necessary in the construction of collective or personal ideas, ideas concerning the concept of identity. And no matter if material culture is used to promote universality, particularity, or a universal particularism, it is

still a tool used in the process of acculturating and engineering the present (Campbell and Hansson 1997b, p.135). So we need to alter the way we look at things, we need to ask different kinds of questions and we need to focus on asking questions that explore how we think we know the things we see, and how we decide that they are what they are.

And we move on, further into the past-present, into the place where things can be seen from a different perspective, from a perspective that affects us in such a way that we are forced to respond, forced to negotiate with the moment of attachment. Like now; as our feet get tangled up in a strand of blue nylon rope.⁴¹ And as we struggle to break loose, we find ourselves instead being pulled further into the story of its event, and as we get closer we begin to read its texture, we begin to feel the reverberations of its presence in one specific context. And we find ourselves at the entrance of a story that deals with the complexities of exits.

It was icy cold that day and I wanted to put my hat on, but I also wanted to look my best so I decided to put up with the cold. Seven very long days, and at last it was taking place, I thought to myself as I made my way to where we'd agreed to meet.

She shouldn't be too hard to find, can't be that many people standing on the corner, waiting for someone they'd never met, I thought whilst searching for the unfamiliar face. And there she was, but she wasn't alone. One, two three, four, five others were with her and they all watched me as I approached them. They all had questions in their eyes.

– ARE you Fiona? she asked. She looked uncertain, not sure what to say.

– YES, hello, I said. You must be Ann-Marie. It's really nice to meet you. I have been trying to find you since Monday. When Mr. Björklund contacted me it was such a relief.

– I REALLY am grateful for this you know. She replied reaching out with her hands.

– IT'S this way, I said pointing in the direction of the park. Shit, I can't do this, I thought, but I managed to stop myself before the panic sat in. Just get them to where they want to be.

– I HAVE so many questions, she said as she came up beside me. There's so much I want to know. I hope you don't mind. Can you tell

⁴¹ During the World War II nylon was invented for safety reasons. Military groups such as the paratroopers needed a kind of rope that stayed dry (Repslagarmuséet 2003; Tammerfors 2003).

me what happened, how did he look, what expression did he have on his face?

– I'M not sure; I didn't really get a good look at his face. You see I was standing up on the hill and he was down there amongst the trees. His head was tilted, facing down, like he was looking at his feet. So I'm not sure, but he looked calm, I said pointing to the spot where I first saw him.

– I MUST have been about here when I first saw him. I continued. Do you see that tree over there?

– WHICH one, she asked?

– THAT one, I said. Trying desperately to point to the tree I wanted them to see.

– We'll go down, I want to be closer.

– BE careful, it's muddy and wet, watch where you're going, I said, thinking how absurd these sentiments sounded.

– IS this it? One of the others asked, as we all made our way down through the leaves. I still had no idea who all these people were, but it didn't really matter.

– YES, this is it, I am sure. Because in a strange kind of way, I had known it would be important to remember, I had known that I would need to know, and any way you can see that this is the place. I said as I pointed to the tell tale signs. The tree with the bark removed, the sturdy branch leaning up against the trunk of the tree, the general disturbance in the ground beneath their feet.

– SO, Ann-Marie urged, go on, tell me. You said he looked calm, but you didn't get a good look at this face. What time was it? How did you find him? How long do you think he'd been here? I could tell that Ann-Marie wanted details, so I went on, talking, to the small group of people gathered around her.

– IT was early morning. I was out with my dog. I might just have gone past without seeing him at all. But the colour blue caught my eye. It didn't fit in, it looked out of place and I had to look twice. It was hard to tell what was going on. It was hard to get my brain around the picture my eyes were seeing. Something was telling me that something was wrong. And that's when I realised he was there.

I stopped for a moment to catch my breath, to think about what to say next. But no one else seemed to want to say anything. They all just stood there, waiting, looking, listening. Wanting to know but not really wanting to hear. So I continued.

– THE blue didn't belong, but everything else blended in. His clothes, hair, hands, shoes were all in shades of the park, so it wasn't him I saw first. But eventually he emerged and became very real. And once I realised that he was there, nothing else was getting my attention. I think my first thought was: is he dead? I wasn't sure, or maybe I was, but just didn't want to think that thought. I wasn't scared. I just didn't know what to do. So, for a moment, I just stood there, looking, thinking, and trying to be sure. And there were things I wanted to do, like get him down; cut the rope, that stupid blue nylon cord he'd put round his neck, and I wanted someone to tell me that to someone he did matter. I didn't want him to be alone and I wanted to know his name.

– MICHAEL, Ann-Marie cried.⁴²

And as the voices of this event move into our memories and move us on into a meeting with objects in their relations with subjects, we can't help but wonder where events like this might lead us. What we want is to dwell in a place of emotions, fantasies, poetics, art, imagination and storytelling. We want to be the stranger, the parasite that forces readers and writers of the past-present to reflect over their ability to accept alternative ways of interpretation, accept ways of being different because there is potential in being a stranger, in that the stranger cannot be pinned down. Strangers do not belong to a particular place, a specific time or a special relationship and to accept the stranger as a necessary character within the discipline of archaeology is to accept living with the other, to accept being confronted with the possibility or impossibility of being someone else. But not everyone is affected by the stranger, only those who recognise the stranger within themselves (Campbell and Hansson 1997b, p.144-145).

When we look at objects perhaps we shouldn't be asking 'What is it?' but rather 'What does it do?' because objects are active agents in the production of culture, they are producers rather than products. One of the problems lies in how we know them; how we decide they have become what they are. We have been influenced by the way objects have been conceived in academic disciplines like archaeology, anthropology and ethnography and the way they have been presented in the context of the museum. These perspectives enable us to see objects as being something removed from one context and situated in another, but at the same time there is a focus upon the capture of some original meaning and significance. From these perspectives the object is on

42 Personal account by Fiona Campbell.

display to offer answers not questions, but the objects appear to resist the temptation of becoming versions of final accounts. In attempting to contain some idea of original meaning the object no longer is what it was and through this process of detachment and fragmentation we lose sight of beginnings and ends. And it would seem that it is through attempts to contain meaning within the boundaries of an object that its edges get blurred. Objects as fragments escape and evade, break up and detach themselves from attempts to be discovered and invite us into a process of inquisitiveness, into a process of exploration that acknowledges objects as active agents in the process of their own becoming (Kirshenblatt-Gimblett 1998, p.2-23; Attfield 2000, p.35).

In this place, we feel that it is important not to miss the materialisation of an event; it is important to make sure that we do not miss out on an occurrence, taking place now. We might zoom in here and find it doing this, or zoom in there and find it doing that. It's not a question of what its function is, but rather its disfunction, what it does by proxy of its presence, what it is engaged in and engaged with. Without connections, without stories, without engagement no meaning can be discovered. But meaning is not an answer it is a response to the meeting of the ambiguous disjunction of the known and unknown, the familiar and unfamiliar, of mystery and certainty, continuity and discontinuity (Berger and Mohr 1995, p.89-91). As a matter of fact, one can say that meaning is the stranger that meets us when we look at the archaeological of the past-present. In this place, the significance and the meaning of the things that surround us are found in their actions, in the journeys they make, through the connections they establish, the voyages they invite others to embark upon, and the relationships they sustain through their engagement with the present. And we can't stop wondering what they do for us.

A PROCESS

As we walk inside this place, cutting a corner here, and stepping down a slope over there, we are, like Gaston Bachelard so rightly states, the engravers and the mapmakers that "... *set the world in motion, stirring up the forces that fill and swell form, provoking the forces that lie dormant in a flat universe.*" (Bachelard 1988, p.55) And since we first set out on this journey, we have come to understand that on the BorderLine where archaeology and performance meet "... *matter equals temporary islands consisting of agglomerations (warps) in high-energy fields of possibility which intersect with one another.*" (Flusser 1999, p.23-24) And we have come to understand that at its intersections, changes, dispersions and transformations occur, not only to the place itself, but to us as well, because here, matter, time and space utilise energy, alters and moves on, whilst taking their fluidity with them (Careri 2002, p.166-172).

We have finally descended into another level, a fragile site, an agglomeration of interrelated spaces; a place where topics, objects and things meet. And as strange as it might seem, it is a particular location, it is a place of the site- specific because it "... *may offer a particular and unavoidable history, a particular use ... a particular formality ... a particular political, cultural or social context.*" (Kaye 2000, p.53) And if we choose to look through the gaze of the nomad we see that the specificity of this location, the physicality of this place and the material that interpenetrates it, is always on the move (Kwon 2002, p.3). And it makes us think about the idea of site itself as an eventscape, in which we position and locate the sensoria of the spatial. It makes us realise, that our position is that of site-seeing, of mapping the site we see and it makes us realise that as locations change and transformations occur, objects relocate, or are forgotten, stories unravel or are silenced, and experiences and meanings linger or lapse.

The site is not something 'apriori' but something generated through engagement in, through presence with, at the point of experience and through the practice of site-seeing. Because site-seeing is about presence, about experiencing, about the immediate apprehension that occurs through the practice of things being shown. And as Tim Ingold has pointed out "[t]he idea of showing is important. To show something to somebody is to cause it to be seen or otherwise experienced ... to lift a veil off some aspect of the environment so that it can be apprehended directly." (Ingold 2000, p.21-22) And as we experience the practice of being seen, we realise that the practice of site-seeing is intense engagement with the everyday. It is a critical practice that



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addresses past-present issues, issues that are sites to be seen, to be seen on location. The objects, the stories, the places we experience are the logic of the issues, and the locational anchors, the materialisations of our own circumstances, and we realise that the practice of site-seeing is the event taking place in-between action and intervention. And through our engagement with it, we step into an endless process of comprehending different kinds of knowledge and always at the point of overlay. Because the practice of site-seeing is temporary, ephemeral, the movement of a chain of meanings heading in a different direction, in search of alternative perspectives (Kwon 2002, p.11-29).

And we can't help feeling like temporary visitors, passers by, onlookers. As a matter of fact, we feel like domestic tourists resting in "... *the gap between the familiar and the strange, the close at hand and the far a field.*" (Lippard 1999, p.2) But that is all right, because we are still in the process of wanting to become rather than to be, in the process of challenging our own pleasures and discomforts, in the process of confronting the stranger within, in the process of being tourists, on a journey through the BorderLine, the parasite of the past-present, of the place in-between. Because that is partly what we are, tourists, visitors always in search of, always eager to explore, break, jump over, step in and out of BorderLines, walking in voids and non-places, but we are also practitioners, readers and writers that take responsibility for the residues, the cultural products we leave behind (Lippard 1999, p.5-6). And being a tourist is not only about travelling through places, about experiencing the unfamiliar and the familiar, but about acknowledging feelings of curiosity and desire, "... *to become intimate with the unfamiliar.*" (Lippard 1999, p.50)

Here we are, involved in a process of site-seeing, a practice in which the real and imaginary, fact and fiction, become indiscernible, a practice of drifting between present and past, presence and absence, consciousness and memory. Through the practice of site-seeing we travel through non-places in constant process of transformation and displacement. Because "[p]lace and non-place are rather like opposed polarities: the first is never completely erased, the second never totally completed; they are like palimpsest on which the scrambled game of identity and relations is ceaselessly rewritten ... non-places are the real measure of time." (Augé 1995, p.79) Here we are, reflecting over the concept of site as such, as site of the non-static, of the mobile, always undergoing processes of appearance and disappearance. Here we are trying to acquaint ourselves with the familiarities and unfamiliarities of this place, and we are trying to map our way because if we don't, we can't see anything at all. "*In the absence of the map, the site is in suspension, incognito ...*" (Kaye 2000, p.99)

Place needs to be explored, seen, read and filled with stories about this and that, so and so, it needs to be read and perceived of as eventscape in a process of becoming. Because no matter if the site of our attention is one from the past, the present or even from somewhere in-between, it can never be seen in the same way more than once. Place, site, landscape, no matter which word we use, it has no history with a fixed point of origin, with one beginning or end, because it is always subjected to an irrational process of change influenced by the context in which it is situated at a specific moment, always involved in a process of becoming, in a process of re-reading, of re-construction, of re-interpretation and of re-presentation. It never stays the same because the site-specificity of a place is always "... *found in use; and site, location, like architecture itself is always being produced and so is subject to instability, ephemerality and temporality.*" (Kaye 2000, p.51)

In this place, the site of the parasite, the BorderLine, the place where archaeology and performance meet, we have come to practise the cartography of performative writing, the practice of site-seeing and the process of mapping as well. Because we want to penetrate our objects of desire, we want touch the untouchable, to speak about the unspeakable, and unfold the surface of the object, to re-read, re-write events taking place here, there, now, then and yesterday, whilst engraving them, etching them, adding them to our map of mind, our memory map. The maps we make contain coded messages, they constitute complex relationships between themselves as objects and with the object world that they are meant to signify. They are textual, associated with words, names and symbols of meaning. They are discursive, communicative and embedded. And they offer settings for broader contexts of social action and power (Pickles 1992, p.217).

Our maps are biographical; they display different layers of intertextuality, such as the map itself, the immediate context of the map, the cartographer and the socio-cultural context of the map (Pickles 1992, p.219). They "... *represent distillations of experience ... segments of the professional autobiographies of their maker.*" (Ryden 1993, p.23) They function as "... *a record of the location of identity of geographical features.*" (Robinson 1982, p.3) Our maps are selective representations, fragmented geographies and as such they are sensuous geographies (Rodaway 1994, p.140).

By creating an inter-textual and performative map, we come closer to the non-known, the unfamiliar, closer to the ineffable and ephemeral, to the untouchable, because a map creates relationships between time and place. A map is like a composite of places, filled with identity markers, symbols and remnants of the past and the present. A map is a

site of hidden meaning. It is often displayed and represented as the real confined within a surface, as a compressed event frozen in time and space but it is not, because a map is biographical and personal, it represents an object of desire and as such it contains depth, it consists of lived experiences, stories and tales told. And under the surface of a map there are hidden itineraries, meanings, intentions, senses, and experiences. A map can therefore never be anything else than deep. In fact, a map consists of overlay, of vertical and horizontal layers, one upon the other, blending in and out of each other, creating senses of emotion, displacement, transformation, and full of transitory entrances, exits, meeting points where the 'now' and the 'then' communicate and make possible a process of understanding the identity of the self.

AND OUT-COMES

ENCOURAGEMENT to reveal, uncover and confront ones positional standpoint within the discipline of Archaeology as an awareness of the fact that archaeological matters are site specific eventscapes. And out comes an understanding that when practising the process of site-seeing archaeological matters become established in the spectators' relationship and attention to the place they both occupy. Out comes an awareness of the ambiguous motivations congealed in objects and an understanding that physical objects challenge the logic of any underlying a priori meaning, and that as eventscapes archaeological matters can move people to places they might never journey.

A THEORETICAL METHODOLOGY that incorporates an awareness of the fact that the most ordinary things might reveal the most extraordinary narratives about the past and the present; an awareness of the fact that the matters of everyday life play an important role in the development of past and present societies.

AND OUT-COMES a willingness "... to recognize the role such objects play and the way they become woven into the fabric of social, economic and political developments." (Berger 1992, p.32) And out comes an understanding that "... everyday life consists of the little things one hardly notices in time and space." (Braudel 1981, p.29) And this carries with it an awareness of the fact that "[l]ike a story, an artefact is a text, a display of form and a vehicle for meaning. Both stories and artefacts arise out of concentration, both are created in time and shaped to cultural pattern, but they differ in apprehension." (Glassie 1999, p.46-47) An awareness of the fact that "[t]he world of phenomena that we perceive with our senses is an amorphous stew behind which are concealed eternal, unchanging forms which we can perceive by means of the supersensory perspective of theory. The amorphous stew of phenomena (the 'material' world) is an illusion, and reality, which can be discovered by means of theory, consists of the forms concealed behind this illusion (the 'formal' world). Discovered, indeed, in such a way that one recognizes how the amorphous phenomena flow into forms; occupy them in order to flow into the amorphous once more." (Flusser 1999, p.22)

AND out comes an alternative way to deal with archaeological matters that incorporates an understanding that the practice of site-seeing is a methodology that aims to engage the reader and writer of places and events, in processes of mental reconstruction. The practice of site-seeing sets in motion acts of speculation and interpretation whilst



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asking the interpreters to trace links between their emotional responses and the ideas that evolve in connection to the objects of their enquiry (Rugoff 1997, p.17). Out comes an archaeological methodology that provokes "... a complex array of emotions, suggesting that our aesthetic and moral responses cannot always be neatly aligned." (Rugoff 1997, p.18) Out comes the practice of BorderLine Archaeology, the purpose of which is to engage the reader and the writer of archaeological matters to participate in creating a "... richly sedimented environment – a kaleidoscope of hybrid fictions and competing modes of perception." (Rugoff 1997, p.20) Out comes a practice of BorderLine Archaeology that carries out processes of overlapping, of crossing the borders of the known, moving our experiences onto and into a place of the unfamiliar.

ABOUT TO WALK INTO A PROCESS OF PERFORMATIVE CULTURAL PRODUCTION

We can feel how everything we have learnt since we first stepped over the edge and into the BorderLine is beginning to fall into place, fall into the abyss of our minds, engraving endless numbers of paths, tracks, roads and walkscapes to follow and explore. And we can't resist walking down these paths, walking into the corners of their memories, over the rifts of time, and down the lanes that reveal extracted stories about living, stories that stem from and blend with ours and other people's experiences. And all the time the ideas and perspectives of the BorderLine keep pushing us further and deeper into our subjective standpoints, further into the walkscapes of our minds, forwards, backwards, sideways and forwards again, always forcing us to keep an eye on the things that lie ahead, always forcing us to take responsibility for our actions, always making us see and look at those sides of the objects of our enquiry that are kept in the dark, facing the ground, always forcing us to collect them, adopt them and embed them into our minds.

In the walkscapes of our minds we pick things up, create stories and narratives about matters belonging to the everyday life of the past-present. In the walkscapes of our minds we confront the matters that we see by setting in motion processes of editing, re-writing, presenting and reading on. In the walkscapes of our minds we deal with the objects of our desire, we listen to their stories, we tell what we see and

hear, and we read into and onto their surfaces readings of a different kind. In the walkscapes of our minds every-thing is treated as something, as archaeological objects, as some-things that need to be seen, heard and told about. In the walkscapes of our minds we do not excavate, write or read the past from a distance, from an objective perspective, from over there, on top of, looking down. No, instead we offer engaged readings of the past-present. In the walkscapes of our minds our primary interests are not in the functional, historical, political, economical, or cultural structure of an object. Instead we invest time in interpreting, re-presenting and mediating those fragments of the past considered ephemeral, transitive and abstract, difficult to grasp and difficult to understand. In the walkscapes of our minds we do not create narratives with a defined beginning or an end, we do not produce clear cut answers to the questions being asked, and we are not engaged in trying to produce bodies of knowledge, cultural products that are fully excavated, that are interpreted to the full. Because from our point of view, we can never dig deep enough, search far enough, look at all angles at the same time and grasp the whole picture. Instead we hint, we point in directions, and encourage the reader, the onlooker, the participant, the interpreter, the witness to explore for themselves, to look for their answers not ours, whilst making sure that they hear us when we say; - yes you are right, we do not do archaeology in the way that it is usually done, we do not look at the archaeological from the perspective of 'either or'. Instead we do archaeology from the perspective of BorderLine Archaeology, from the perspective of practising a contemporary archaeology that produces performative cultural products from the standpoint of 'and', from the standpoint of the parasite, on the edge, in-between, always facing the other, the stranger, and the things that are difficult to deal with. And as a result we have come to produce a body of knowledge, a kind of archaeology that is theoretical yet practical, that is heretic, radical, hybrid, multi-layered, repetitive, and performative.

APPROACHING



009

Moving through the walkscape is to experiment with the idea of theoretical practice, to evoke the idea that something is there. It is the site of heuristic investigation whilst encountering mutation. In this space spatial experience is transitory, and there are no stable points of reference to tie interpretation down. This territory welcomes the nomad, the wanderer, the drifter, the sites and the places that occupy the margins, borders and edges, from the perspective of the spatial experience of change. According to the Italian architect Francesco Carreri, a walkscape is *".. a map of liquid space in which the full fragments of the space of staying float in the void of going."* (Careri 2002, p.42) And like the mind, the map of the walkscape is always subject to processes of construction, processes of change, and processes that blend fact with fiction and the past with the present.

So here we are, moving deeper into the walksapes of our minds.

We know that there will be times when we have to follow the path straight ahead, but most of the time we prefer to walk in other directions, like now. Because we like to follow those paths that take us down into the most hidden, the most elusive regions, the most difficult to work with, the most sensitive to touch, because there we find what we are looking for. It is there that we find the body of knowledge that impersonates the experiences, histories, memories, lies and truths belonging to everyday life. And instead of turning away we stay and attach ourselves to it, we caress it, embrace it and try to befriend whilst bringing it out into the light.

We know this body of knowledge is different but because difference is the other side of sameness it too needs to be addressed and spoken to. And what might seem unfamiliar to certain people might in fact be familiar to others. We know that the body of knowledge we have come across in our search speaks the sound of resemblance and that it too has its place in the stories we tell about the past. But we also know that if we are to hear it, to reach it, find it, we will have to keep on walking, from here to there and then back again, always searching, looking for, tracing and tracking down the unthinkable, the things that are hard to see, hard to find, things that are situated on the outskirts of history, in the place of elsewhere. And we know that as we keep on walking, we too leave traces, we too turn space into places crossed, sites traversed, territories penetrated, and through the process of our walk we make possible a journey that allows us to travel on many levels and as a result we usually find what we are looking for, and we usually make it our way.

On one level walking might seem to be solely an aesthetic practice, but it is not, because it is also a ritual act. Walking is the making of paths and a path can simultaneously be understood as an object and a structure and an action (Careri 2002, p.19-26). As Careri wrote while describing a piece by the artist Richard Long, "*[t]he image of treaded grass contains the presence of absence; absence of action, absence of body, absence of object. But it is also unmistakably the result of action of a body and it is an object, a something that is situated between sculpture, a performance and an architecture of the landscape.*" (Careri 2002, p.144) Walking is the art and action of making paths and to make a path is to write, read, enter, exit and cross zones and voids. Walking turns space into something tangible, walking turns the unfamiliar into the familiar, and walking makes us stumble into strangers, and we realise that in their eyes we are strangers too.

Walking generates landscapes, makes things visible and invites us to think the unthinkable, because "... *thinking the thinkable is not worth the effort ...*" (Cixous 1993, p.38) And like a deterritorialized map, the process of walking opens up space at the same time as it closes it because walking is to encounter on foot, linking spatial and temporal events, joining landscape, architecture, site, with the past, the present and the future, mixing the ephemeral with objects in a never ending zone of possibilities. The act of walking creates maps, routes, roads and paths, and it locates and dislocates the world around us. Walking creates a rhythmic, performative space, in part determined by the events of stopping and starting. It is boundless and bounding (Benjamin 1979; Clifford 1997; Phillips 1997, p.9-14; Woods 2000, p.70).

And as we go on from here to there, we can feel how the process of walking is located in the fissures and cracks of non-place, stuck in-between the certain and uncertain, the known and unknown, between pleasure and pain. At times walking feels like a site of refuge, or a route of escape. The art of walking is, as Christopher Tilley suggests, "... *simultaneously an art of consciousness, habit and practice, that is both constrained by place and landscape and constitutive of them. Walking is the medium and outcome of a spatial practice, a mode of existence in the world.*" (Tilley 1994, p.29) But we can't help noticing that our predispositions, life-world experiences and past-present histories affect the ways we walk, make us move in particular ways, enable us to approach the matters of our interest differently, and we walk down different paths.

There are many types of walkers, like the ones following in the footsteps of the 19th century philosopher Walter Benjamin's 'flâneur', aimlessly journeying, through passages, losing themselves in the streets and arcades, visiting the unknown known that is otherwise

seldom given a second thought, restlessly experiencing, learning and understanding, critically and politically evaluating the significance of the objects and spaces encountered, like a detective examining the incomplete crime scene. Or like the walkers that are inspired by the anthropologist James Clifford's anthropological 'field-worker', engaged in the collection of evidence for investigation, from a place devoid of historical and political content, in search of objectivity. Or perhaps walking is what the artist Ralph Rumney, means by 'dérive', of just wandering about, straying, drifting, doing nothing, but at the same time living in the moment, mixing chance with desire, intending nothing but creating something, perhaps discovering psycho-geographical territories and their effects, perhaps dérive is like a map; fragmented and full of holes, voids and vortexes, filled with forgotten psychic landscapes (Benjamin 1979; Careri 2002, p.72-78, 90-117; Clifford 1997; Kwint, Breward, and Aynsley 1999, p.107; Phillips 1997, p.12; Woods 2000, p.78-80). But there are yet other ways of walking, like the walk of the 'diasporic traveller', moving from one sense of reality to another through the process of exile, a forced, coerced encounter. Or in nomadic manner, a chosen migration through systems of lines and points that transform into resources to be occupied, again and again, in the present. And when walking is a voluntary practice we can walk in the guise of any or all of these, or in another fashion all together because the choices we make are always driven by something else. Walking is never a neutral pastime. Each time we put one foot in front of the other, inside the walksapes of our minds, it is done from a position. Each time we walk one step further, we step into the process of producing an event, and as a result an eventscape is created.

As we move down the lanes, paths, tracks, roads and crossroads of the walksapes, we have to remember that the time-space relationship we encounter on our journey, no matter how long or how brief, enables us to go further, to search a bit more and allows us to inhabit the experience of event. Because we don't just walk, we stroll or stride, run or crawl. We move with caution or conviction, head held high and low, looking, watching, day-dreaming, thinking, planning, mapping, talking and doing. We do not only wander aimlessly, but with a sense of purpose as well, heading for some predetermined destination. And we make sure that we keep shifting our positions, stepping beyond the limits of the known, crossing frontiers and borders, moving inside some indeterminate, intermediate space that can only be realised by moving through it. And all the time we can feel how the process of walking transforms territory and negotiates its limits, how it establishes contacts, mediates contradiction, appropriates topography, opens and closes possibility.

But the way that we walk is not only forwards, but backwards, up and down and sideways as well. And the distance we cover, the experiences we gain, the knowledge we acquire is measurable through perspectives of resemblance, is understood through perspectives of the personal and the intimate, through the sight that sees the object as something that is attached to the investigating subject and not as an entity on its own. Because when we walk on the BorderLine, in-between archaeology and performance, when we walk in the walksapes of our minds, we turn time and space into some-thing else, we let ourselves get caught, we drift along with and we become inspired by the things we see and meet. We shift our position from here to there to here, from then to now to then again, and we restructure experience into event, always negotiating the restrictions and psycho-geographical sensation that we meet (Careri 2002). And in the connection and disconnection between the two of us, between us and the matters of our enquiry, we turn the objects of our desire into performative cultural products, into products of BorderLine Archaeology.

A PROCESS

But how do we know where we are, if we are on an endless journey, and how do we know what it is we see if we have never seen it before? How do we deal with and approach the matters that we have come to experience under our journey? What is it that we pick up, edit and put on display? What are the things we tell? What kind of archaeology do we do and why? When is saying something doing some-thing, and when is doing something saying some-thing? (Parker 1995, p.1)

Our business, within the archaeological manufacturing process of producing knowledge as cultural products, is to translate, interpret and mediate the subjective sides of the objects of our encounters, the ephemeral, the abstract, the emotive sides of daily matters, matters of resemblance, matters that are discarded as insignificants in the grander scheme of things. Our business is to write the different, listen to the silent, read and interpret matters, objects, things, from the perspective of the possible, from the perspective of 'what if' and not primarily from the perspective of - 'this is so and so and it does this and that'. Our business is to make sure that we focus on the things that whisper, that speak in silence, that utter words telling stories about sameness but from the position of difference, that formulate sentences and speak in comforting or provoking tones, causing people to reflect on personal matters, and to trigger a need to respond, whilst making people feel, not necessarily nice things, but some-things.



Our business is to concentrate hard on touching the things that fleet by, the things that touch our senses. Our business is to hear and see those things as residents of the past-present, as participants in the making of history. Our business is to concentrate on reading history like a book because just like a book, history "... *does not have a head and feet. It does not have a front door. It is written all over at once. You enter it through a hundred windows. It enters you.*" (Cixous 1998, p.144) Our business is to let go, dare ourselves to be lost, confront and incorporate the stranger; so that we can engage with the matters we have never seen before. Our business is to recognise aspects of resemblance in the things we see

and to engage in acts of remembrance. Our business is to say things about things that do things to others.

And that is what we do. That is why we do not need to know the exact position of our journey, the exact latitude and longitude of our whereabouts. That is why we do not need to know the exact meaning of an object, its name, its measurements, its function, and its objective life. No, instead we need to get close, to walk side by side with matters that are still in fusion, that have not yet cooled off, that have not yet gained a specific name, that make us feel repulsed or disgusted, that make us feel anger or attraction, that are difficult to hear and understand. Because some-one has to re-present their voices, some-one has to speak the unspeakable, some-one has to uncover difficult matters that belong to the past-present, some-one has to put on display all the things that might be difficult to deal with, that might escape the eye of the investigator, that might hide under the veil of silence, that might avoid the eyes of others, that might hurt the ears that listen.

So that is why we have chosen to explore the production of creative narratives and performative cultural production. It is our way of taking responsibility for, and re-presenting the sides of the past-present that do not look their best, that most people want to see from a distance, things that are best left alone. Because, just like Jean Baudrillard, we believe that "*[h]istory is a strong myth, perhaps along with the unconscious, the last great myth ... [and that] the age of history is also the age of the novel. It is this fabulous character, the mythical energy of an event or of a narrative that today seems increasingly lost.*" (Baudrillard 1994, p.47) But that is also the very reason why we do not want to take part in processes that keep on producing narratives, cultural products about the past, that turn the past into a place in which the present is not. Because just like the present the past is not clean but messy, it is not rational and logic but irrational and illogical, it is not 'either or' but 'and', it is not a fixed place but a place of

repetition, a place in which things take place over and over again, continuously affecting those that read, look and listen to the stories that are told about it.

The stories we tell, and the products we produce have words and they do not only say things about some-thing but they do things as well. They provoke and evoke, they argue and direct, they edit and put on display, they re-write and re-tell, and they ask questions about matters that re-present the messiness of everyday life. During the event of experience there might be a sense of apprehension that there was something there, something fundamental, of significance, that needs attending to, but that needs space, time, something, in order for it to make more sense, to be understood in another kind of way, in a way beyond the event of experience. What might be needed is a kind of stepping back or to one side kind of experience, a space created for reflecting back, for digestion and incorporation in order for it to turn into something else. From this position, an awareness of what it was, at that moment, then, that what was sensed, by the reader, the witness, the participant, the listener, is relevant and of relevance even if the event of experience in itself leaves us feeling that it cannot be reached and you have to walk away, let it go and maybe it will come back, in a day or so.

AND OUT-COMES



011

ANOTHER KIND OF KNOWLEDGE about the archaeological; knowledge of the kind that reveals its fluidity, its multilayeredness and its ephemerality.

AN UNDERSTANDING that, the BorderLine is the place of becomings, and the landscape of the parasite.

AN UNDERSTANDING that, when travelling on the BorderLine, you journey through the walkscape of the mind whilst approaching and connecting with its eventscapes.

AN UNDERSTANDING that, through the practice of performative writing comes alternative ways to take when re-presenting archaeological matters.

AN AWARENESS that, if we are to travel through this place, we will have to do it through the practice of site-seeing.

AN AWARENESS that, if we are to find our way to knowledge of a different kind, we will have to do it by deep mapping the journey of our experiences.

AND OUT COMES another beginning, another way to take in the exploration of the archaeological. Out comes the moment of 'this is it', of 'now is the time to walk further on', to go from here to there, facing the other and approaching whatever it is that awaits us. Out comes a moment of 'now is the time of doing', of 'choosing which way to take' in the exploration of creative narratives and performative cultural production and out comes two case studies to pass through, to explore and digest.

AND we are here on the edge, facing two paths, two walksapes to follow, some eventscapes to interpenetrate. And they are close, just one step further and we will be there, at the point of separation, at the point where we can no longer head the same way. Because each path is attached to things that separate us, that dis-connect us. Like our differences in memories, our differences in subjective experiences, our differences in personalities and in the kind of matters we feel connected to.

AND we step over the border again.

SECTION

THREE

CASE STUDIES

TURNING 180 ° INTO THE WALKSCAPE OF THE LABYRINTH

Fiona Campbell





1ST TURN: INTO THE EVENTSCAPE OF THE PRESENT PAST

6 steps, 7 seconds

I am standing on the verge of a landscape unfamiliar
and I find myself here
now on the verge of entering

And I am moving forwards
amongst an unknown collection of stones
positioned so carefully on the map of Sweden
that follow the many beginnings of the labyrinth

And I am counting its paths
twelve turns to the centre and twelve to return
on a journey of 813 steps, 10 minutes and 9 seconds

And I am travelling through eventscape dimensions
connected to these patterns
attached to the rhythms of its presence past

001



020

⁴³ There are two particular types of field labyrinths; turf and stone. Some have been built quite recently; others might be very old indeed. The ones categorised as being older, definitely more than 50 years old, can be found in a number of countries in Northern Europe; Arctic Russia, Denmark, Estonia, Finland, Germany, Iceland, Norway, Sweden.

In Iceland sources suggest that there were at least four field labyrinths, and only one remains in Dritvík, Snæfellsnes. In 1970 A.A. Kuratov registered around 10 labyrinths in the Murumansk district, 6 in the Republic of Karelska and c. 29 in the Archangel district. In Finland over 140 field labyrinths have been recorded and in Estonia around seven. In 1921 E. Schippnel noted the existence of more than 16 in East and West Prussia. In Germany only three turf labyrinths survive, but records indicate that at least another 20 have probably existed. In England there are only eight surviving turf labyrinths but Jeff Saward has documentation which suggests the existence of around 60 labyrinths. In Denmark no old field labyrinths survive but in 1948 G. Knudsen published a report describing over 32 possible sites in Denmark and Skåne. Here he used the presence of the place-name Troy Town on maps to determine possible locations. The construction of labyrinths is, however, still practiced in Denmark and quite a few 'modern Trojaborgs' (the term used by Jörgen Thordrup) have been built recent times (e.g. Valby Park, Copenhagen; Bråby Skole, Sjælland; Granlöse Skole, North Sjælland; Skamlingsbanke, Jylland) (Thordrup 1994). In Norway only eleven labyrinths still survive, but documentation suggests that at one time more than twenty field labyrinths existed and in Sweden more than 400 stone labyrinths have been registered (Kraft 1995, p.7 ff; Kern 1983, p.391-398; Olsen 1995; Saward 1999, p 18-24).

One of the major differences between the turf and stone labyrinth is a matter of survival. If constructed out of turf the chances of being destroyed are much greater. This being the case there are fewer surviving examples of turf labyrinths in Northern Europe. But they do still exist in England; in Alkborough, Breamore, Dlaby, Hilton, Saffron Walden, Somerton, Winchester and Wing, and in Germany; in Graitschen, Hannover and Steigra. The design varies between the classical, angle-type and the Chatres model. There are also suggestions that turf labyrinths have been built in Denmark and Sweden although none survive today. Of the few early records to survive describing turf labyrinths is one written in 1333 by Sarnicus. Here the knights of the German Order in East Prussia ran into the labyrinth as part of a ceremony that symbolised a crusade. Other documentation indicates that the labyrinths were linked to Christian and non-Christian ceremonies such as the 'welcome in the Spring' and May Eve festivals (Kraft 1995, p.6). And in 'Natural History' Pliny the Elder asks us not to compare "... what we see traced in our mosaic pavements to the mazes formed in the fields for the entertainment of children ..." with the ancient labyrinths (cited in Matthews 1922, p.98). Where these field labyrinths are situated is, however, not mentioned.

Stone labyrinths have a better chance of survival so more examples remain. As mentioned the majority of stone labyrinths are to be found in Sweden, but there are also examples in Finland, Estonia, Norway and Russia. The majority of these are built using the classical, angle-type design.

The stone labyrinths in Finland and Estonia are often found in areas that were colonised by Sweden and as such it is argued that Swedish emigrants brought the tradition to the regions (Kraft 1982, p.93; 1995). In the area around Ishavet, in the northerly regions of Norway the presence of labyrinths cannot be explained by Swedish colonisation. Here it is thought that perhaps the Same people might have introduced the tradition of building labyrinths in this region (Kraft 1982, p.94). Documentation of the uses and practices connected to the turf and stone labyrinths is rare and this adds to the mystery that often shrouds these constructions. Particularly when it comes to questions of origin, meaning and age; questions deemed central in archaeological research. There is, however, a great deal of evidence that supports the argument that field labyrinths were being constructed in medieval times (Doob 1990, p.113-117), but this is not the same as arguing that this is the time of their origin. According to Matthews there are a number of prevailing theories with regards to the possible origins of the turf labyrinths, but there is not enough evidence to draw any final conclusions. I will present only two. The first suggests that the U.K. labyrinths are of Cymric origin and that the tradition of cutting labyrinths in turf survived up until the late nineteenth century as a custom of shepherds. Written documentation of this version can be found in a Welsh history book from 1740 and in R.S. Ferguson's presentation of the Rockliffe labyrinth from 1883 (Ferguson 1883-4). Needless to say this theory has been criticised, primarily on the basis that if there were such origins turf labyrinths should have been found in Brittany and other such areas. The second theory suggests that the turf labyrinth has ecclesiastical roots. The designs are closely related to the roman mosaics and the one found in cathedrals and churches. The same design also appears in medieval manuscripts from the 12th and 13th centuries (Kern 1983, p.139-205; Matthews 1922, p.92-98). What is not clear, however, is where the idea of making labyrinths out of cutting ridges in turf came from. How did the design shift from being a mosaic design, or manuscript drawing, to become something to be celebrated at fairs and festivals? Perhaps the opposite is true; perhaps the turf labyrinths existed prior to the mosaic and floor labyrinths. There are some archaeological texts that mention the turf and stone labyrinths, but it would appear that even in these

2ND TURN: INTO THE EVENTSCAPE OF NEGOTIATION

46 steps, 35 seconds

And I can feel the sensation of words fitting together, forming sentences, pictures and sounds, creating more words and thoughts and there, somewhere close to my solar plexus, running up through my throat, rushing into my head and back down again, past my eyes and tumbling out of my fingers, I can feel myself saying, ever so quietly: I want to see what is no longer there, I want to know and feel the way you do. I want to grasp some of the strands urging me to follow your paths and I want to connect with the streams of stories tangled up in your design. I want to arrive at unknown events and re-discover things I do not have access to. I would like to creep under these stones, move into your world, and make it mine. And as the rhythm of my body pushes me towards this sensation I move towards the urgency of apprehension.

And I turn to find myself in Skåne, the southernmost province of Sweden, a landscape dominated by rolling fields, meadows and pasture lands, covering an area of 10,939 square kilometres, and it is mainly flat (Sporrong 1995; Swedensite 2003). Looking around I discover that there are not many field labyrinths⁴³ here; but I see that there might have been others, perhaps even made out of turf, but I can find no tangible remains on the map etched in my mind, only an image of me reading about this somewhere, and now I do not remember when.⁴⁴ I also recall hearing that someone recently built a labyrinth at the most southerly point of this Scandinavian Peninsula, but I have no information, I can say nothing except, that I do have a memory of this story being told.⁴⁵ And as I return to where I am I remind myself that I want something more.

And I begin to search again and I find myself walking in the labyrinth on the west side of an island, a small island off the northwest coast, in the County of Kristianstad, on an island known as Hallands Väderö and I know that it is here that the two field labyrinths of Skåne reside; one in the west, which is still there, but badly damaged and one in the east⁴⁶, which I cannot see. And as I move in the general direction of there, there is a moment of doubt and I can feel an emptiness between my foot in motion and the ground it searches for, a little distance off, somewhere just below my present position.

And from here I look into a labyrinth that I can no longer see, that might not even exist at all. And there are words filling my head and they try to tell me that it disappeared at a time when trees were being



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relatively early presentations there is not much known about the constructions. In 1877 J. R. Aspelin presented his work on the stone structures in Finland and suggested that these might in fact be Bronze Age in origin. In 1695 the Swedish antiquarian Olof Rudbeck published his work entitled 'Atlantica' which contained sketches of stone labyrinths. The Danish antiquarian Olaf Worm also mentioned the labyrinths in 1651 and presented a sketch of the labyrinth carving on the runic cross (Matthews 1922 p.147-151)

⁴⁴ After writing this I re-discovered the whereabouts of this reference. I read about reports of turf labyrinths in the English translation of Herman Kern's book. In the addendum, written by the editors of this edition, written records related to a turf labyrinth in Asige, Halland are mentioned and one of these reports is by a G. Brusewitz from 1865 which includes a sketch drawn by one of the locals. Mr. Brusewitz states in his report that the labyrinth was repaired every Midsummer Eve, up until the time of its destruction ca. 1853 (Kern 2000, p.177)

⁴⁵ It is not possible to mention every labyrinth in Sweden in detail, and in this case study chapter I focus on a select few. But details of all the labyrinths I have registered can be found in the database. For further details of the 477 labyrinth sites registered to date, please go to the website <http://arkserv.arch.gu.se/blalab>. It is worth mentioning that not all the labyrinths in the database have been given an official registration number by the National Board of Antiquities (RAÄ). Some are not registered because they disappeared long before the location was surveyed; some on the other hand have not existed long enough to warrant the kind of status required by the authorities. But even those that have been officially registered are categorised in different ways. Most of the information collected comes from surveys carried out at different times in different regions by different people, so there are differences in the ways the labyrinths have been documented. The Ancient Remains Registration Department (Fornminnesregistret) produces different guidelines adapted to the contemporary situation so the term 'Ancient Remains' is flexible. At present (2004) Ancient Remains registration is based on a number of criteria: scientific value and aesthetic value being the two most important, but they in turn are relative to regional circumstances, like the frequency of a particular type of remain. There is some idea that a remain is to be registered as ancient if it is more than one hundred years old, but for some remains, like crofts, the rules are different. In some cases instead of being registered as an ancient remain a labyrinth gets registered as a 'recent remain' and in other cases what might be a recent remain won't get registered at all. I called the National Board of Antiquities (Riksantikvarieämbetet) to ask what the guidelines were for documenting a labyrinth as a 'recent remain', but I was told that there are no fast rules. It is more a question of the surveyor's judgement on site. I was told that at times the status is judged by the way the stones are attached to the ground or that a dating may be noted based on information from someone living locally. The more recently built labyrinths are sometimes called 'tourist labyrinths' in the surveys, but it is not just tourists that build them. Some are known to have been

constructed by people living in the area and several labyrinths have been commissioned by councils and schools. But there are many examples in the database where the labyrinth is known to be less than one hundred years old but it is registered as an ancient remain (Riksantikvarieämbetet 2002; Örneklint 2003). Even the guidelines that help surveyors determine what a 'remain' is and how it is to be defined don't always help. For the category 'labyrinth' it states 'rows of stones placed in a spiral pattern or in a system working from a cross-shaped plan. Any other similar type of design is to be defined as 'other'. But everyone has their own way of putting into words what it is they see. Some say it is a cross-design, others say angle, others again say spiral-shaped and although there is a type of labyrinth, especially in the north of Sweden, that is spiral shaped I am never really sure if the labyrinth being described really is a spiral or if that is just another way of describing a cross-shaped or angle-shaped one (Riksantikvarieämbetet 2002).

⁴⁶ Fol_del_id: 112600500001 & 112600270001. The information incorporated in Fol_del_id is a twelve digit, three part reference. The first four digits refer to the official parish number, the second four digits refer to the number given to each remain when officially registered by the National Board of Antiquities (the Swedish title is Riksantikvarieämbetet and its abbreviation is RAÄ) and the third set of four digits refers to any sub number that might have been allocated to the remain. This reference complies with the RAÄ system and will enable anyone interested in making further enquiries to do so. This reference number can be used to locate the information in the database at the website: <http://arkserv.arch.gu.se/blalab>.

⁴⁷ Where possible I use both the Christian name and surname of the people I reference, but at times I have been unable to do so. This is one of those occasions.

planted, but these words also say that it was mentioned at the Swedish Ancient Remains Committee meeting in Strängnäs in 1877 by S. Nordström⁴⁷, so it must have been visible in the landscape some time before. And I sense others present in this process of re-collecting, including Karl Jönsson, a man who knew this island, and who believed that this labyrinth was built by English naval sailors at the beginning of the 19th Century. His words also tell me that shepherds walked its paths when out shearing sheep and that treasure is buried close by, but I also see that there are others who believed the story of the Englishmen to be untrue (Ewald 1926; Svenska 1875-1877, p.228; Söderman 1960). And it would seem that these remains and their stories are in tatters, their past is fragmented, full of gaps.

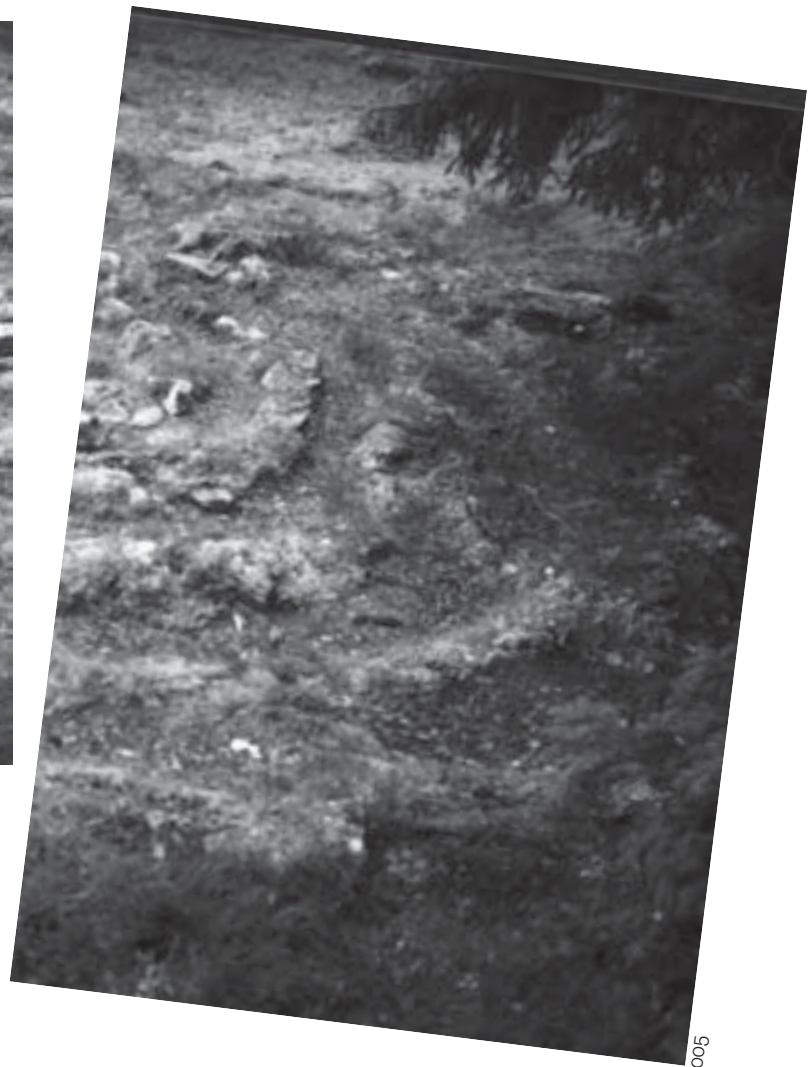
And as I try to see what I do not know, the labyrinth reminds me of the difficulties I have in describing what I cannot begin to imagine. It challenges my preference for meaning rather than truth and I want to know what it is that attracts. I want to meet with the unknown-known and begin to unfold its many beginnings, familiarise myself with its strangeness and listen for the sounds that might inspire. This sensation pushes me forward in the direction of what seems an impossible task because when pulling things out of the past, attempting to make them present, I embark upon a journey that is foreign to me. And I enter into a process of exchange, of sharing space with things that are strange. And this process tells me that I need to travel in a direction that moves me away from excavation, digging deep, that I need to negotiate these paths another way. And perhaps in this process of moving from one to the other, I can begin to hear its pattern, find sense in its presence, and perhaps it will teach me things I never knew I wanted to know.

And in the midst of this tree plantation, amongst these hidden stones, I find myself in parallel worlds simultaneously. The rules which determine how I negotiate difference, how I separate the real from the factual, the evidential from fiction, fantasy from imagination are blurred. And I feel how the labyrinth puts words in my mouth whilst I feed it with mine. I sense how I move into its everyday as it moves into me. And here, at the site that negotiates my relation to these events I let myself be taken in. In my endeavour to recognise the connections between here and there, now and then, when trying to discover the relationship between the labyrinth and me, I find these parallel worlds collide.

The landscape of this island is rugged, and there is a cold wind blowing in from the sea. And I need to keep moving or the feet that are supporting me will crumble and crack, but I can feel my body pulling me in another direction. And as my heel hits the dirt I realise that it is time to make another turn.



004



005

3RD TURN: INTO THE EVENTSCAPE OF INTERRUPTION

57 steps, 43 seconds

⁴⁸ There are two main types of field labyrinth designs in Sweden. One is the spiral and as such the layout is pretty self explanatory; the stones are laid down in a spiral formation, with only one path to the centre and the same one back out. The same idea is built into the second design, what I refer to as the angle-design. This pattern is sometimes known as the Cretan design, or the Classical design and it is constructed using a specific method, which once known is easy to use, but if not known can be a problem for the person building the labyrinth, and invariably leads to errors in the construction. It is difficult to describe in words but Staffan Lundén's explanation is the one I will use here. He writes: *"The method is first to draw a central cross and then to insert angle brackets in each quadrant and a dot in each corner. A figure with 16 points is thus created. From here the points are joined with the lines, starting with any point of the central cross which is connected with the point of the quadrant next to it. Then the point on one side of this pair is joined with the point on the opposite side. This is continued until all eight pairs of points are joined. Either a round or a square labyrinth can thus be formed, depending on whether the lines curve or bend at straight angles. For drawing a round labyrinth, the angle brackets are sometimes omitted for arches ..."* (Lundén 1997, p.29) In Sweden there are three variations of the angle design, known as the single-angle, constructed using the above description to create a labyrinth with 8 walls; the double-angle, constructed using two sets of angle brackets thus creating a labyrinth with 12 walls, the triple-angle, constructed using three sets of angle brackets thus creating a labyrinth with 16 walls.

⁴⁹ FoI_del_id: 099200280001

And I move from here to there and I find myself moving through the paths of the labyrinth at Tvingelsted. It has a rather unusual design in that it combines two labyrinthine patterns in its shape. It is both a spiral and an angle construction⁴⁸ and the stones in the centre are slightly higher than the others, forming a kind of altar. I am in the Province of Blekinge, on the east coast of Sweden, facing the Baltic Sea. This province is known as the 'Garden of Sweden', a small-scale version of Sweden itself, with patches of dense forest and open sea (Sporrong 1995; Swedensite 2003). It is only 2,900 square kilometres in size and the number of labyrinths this time is nine, all in the County of Blekinge, in the Fridlevstad Parish, at Perstorp, Kuleryd, Pållycke, Klockarbacke, Buskeboda and Tvingelsted. Some of them are now missing and only continue to exist in memories, images or written words and of those that are still visible most are in a bad way, but two of these have attracted my attention, and both are present at Kuleryd (Kraft 1978b).⁴⁹

And my position shifts to the slope of a hill, looking out over meadows, and I find myself moving through a labyrinth constructed c.1883 and I can't help wondering what the reasons were. And I hear a voice tell me that it was built to replace an older one which had since been destroyed (Kraft 1978b) and I can't help but wonder if the people building it were trying to re-construct the past, re-create a part of their history, keeping some tradition alive. And I wonder, because it is still in good condition and that makes me think that whatever the intentions were, the labyrinth and its past events still seem to be of interest. But things are always on the move, what is true today might not be tomorrow, and I wonder what happens when we try to pin things down.

And as I look down I see a row of stones and gaps, all different sizes, colours, shapes and I begin to wonder about the act of interruption, about what can and can't be done and about the difference between knowing something and not knowing enough. In interruption I feel the presence of disruption and in the interludes that make up the breaks I search for what I think I need. And I look to see because I want to be certain that I have turned every stone. But the act of interruption reminds me that this cannot be done. In my attempts to touch the limits of the labyrinth my body collides with others in the intermissions between my self and it. Interruption ensures that the labyrinth's presence is continuously displaced and in my encounters with other

things it stops me from knowing how many there once was or will be later on and it prevents from saying things like: there are 477 labyrinths at present presencing this landscape. But interruption allows me to intervene and it invites me to enter into territories out of reach.

And I almost return to the labyrinth at Kuleryd, I say almost, because its presence reminds me of the other's absence and the disturbance felt when change takes place. And as I move through these paths I am no longer aware of which labyrinth it is I am trying to visit. The labyrinth is filled with information and missing lots of things and it seems to me both old and new, ancient and recent, because its status and condition refuse to stay the same. And at this site of disruption I sense how things keep multiplying, how things keep interrupting the thoughts I try to make. And I find that the diversity of the labyrinth frustrates, and I begin to experience how the past, present and future of each and every one keeps slipping from my grasp.

And all this talk of surficial problems makes me want to climb inside and meet with dimensions that somehow seem to vanish into empty space. I want to plunge my hands into the body of this material, cut through its fabric, and separate out all its parts. But like my body it is volatile, flexible, leaking, and full of holes. Like my body, the labyrinth is not just a matter of anatomy; it goes beyond the medical gaze. In my encounter with this body I feel myself moving away from its structure - the first stone's connected to the second stone - away from its physiology - its functions. The labyrinth, like me is not just something physical, material. It is social, historical, metaphorical, psychological, spiritual, and mythological. The labyrinth has links to archaeology. It has lots of ties.

And I sense how my feet nudge these stones and how touching them, even this slightly, they respond. This touching feeds my imagination. Every stone is different, each response unique. Through these material remains and their archaeological sensibilities, I explore the performance of the past-present and plunge into the gaps of time. I want to discover what attaches now to then, here to there, me to this material. And in this double exposure of interruption, in the negotiation of exchange I find that the events at Kuleryd are attached:

to

the person who late one Tuesday night, or early one Saturday morning, in the middle of the Sunday service, hid at the back of the church, in full sight of the congregation, secretly, with everyone's consent, carved its pattern on the tower wall.⁵⁰

to

the man who at dusk, once a day, at dawn, on the 1st day of the month, prepared to walk the path, along with others, whilst facing back

⁵⁰ This passage makes reference to the carvings and painting found in the churches on Gotland. See contents of the 5th Turn for more details.

towards the sea, performed its ritual.⁵¹

to

the woman imprisoned, who laid one stone, every day, once a week, until she was finished, in front of a crowd, all alone, convicted of a crime, she never committed.⁵²

to

the hero who fought the beast. The heroine who provided the thread. The monster conquered.⁵³

to

the school teachers, who wanted to teach their pupils, who made it their playground.⁵⁴

to

the first stone to the second stone,

to

the centre, to the entrance, the site specific and the pattern general.

to

the past present, the new and the old, the surface and depth
and

to me.

⁵¹ This passage references to the story of the man seen at the Kuggören labyrinth, Hornslandet, just outside Hudiksvall. For further details see John Kraft 1981 (Kraft 1981, p.13-15).

⁵² This passage references to stories connected to the labyrinth at Galgberget (Gallows Hill) just outside the walls of the town of Visby, on the island of Gotland. The stories vary but an imprisoned maiden that needs to be set free is a recurring theme and her liberation is connected to the labyrinth. (Kraft 1983, p.64; Säve 1961).

⁵³ This passage makes reference to the Cretan legend and the story of how Ariadne helps Theseus survive, by providing him with a ball of thread before entering, the Daedalus labyrinth where the Minotaur is kept (Doob 1990, p.11-13).

⁵⁴ This passage makes reference to a tradition found on Gotland which seems to have begun sometime during the 19th Century and which continues today in various parts of Sweden, whereby teachers and scout-leaders use the building of labyrinths in teaching situations (Kraft 1983, p.62; Thysell 2003).



006



007

4TH TURN: INTO THE EVENTSCAPE OF ATTACHMENT

52 steps, 42 seconds

And my body hesitates as it follows the curve of the bend. It seems to be waiting for my eyes to settle in the turmoil that lies ahead. This field of stones is four dimensional: up-down, left-right, back-forth, there and then, spacetime dimensional⁵⁵, and I have ventured out into its paths, counting and watching my steps as I go. And from this position it is hard to tell what patterns these fragments in the landscape make. It feels messy, confusing, exposed to the tides of time, and I feel caught up in the chaos it leaves me with. I can feel how the weight of its presence is pressing into me and this I find hard to resist.

And I find myself in the parish of Högby, on the island of Öland, in the Baltic Sea, an island which is also a province, and which belongs to the County of Kalmar. It is not far from the mainland and can be reached by bridge, but its geographical position keeps it apart from the rest of Sweden. There is only one labyrinth known to exist on this island and I want to know if it feels lonely or unique and I want to tell it that I believe it is probably both. But more than this I want it to listen as I try to understand why the man I know to be the labyrinth expert in Sweden spent time with it.

This man is John Kraft and as I stand here in this field of stones I look into the words he wrote a while back, words that belong to a letter written in 1979 to the County Museum in Kalmar and the National Board of Antiquities. He was given permission by the authorities to tidy the labyrinth up, free it from the roots and weeds that were choking its existence, and whilst doing this he spent time drawing and plotting each stone to scale. And although the labyrinth, in his opinion was very badly damaged and difficult to discern, the sketch he made provides quite a clear picture. In his letter he starts by reporting the labyrinth's documented history. And he writes: in 1941 a survey stated that the labyrinth was badly damaged in the centre and that some of the stones had been removed in connection with the building of a wall. At that time, it was recorded that a Norweigan called Nors had built the labyrinth sometime in the middle of the 19th Century. In another survey, this time in 1976, it was noted that the labyrinth was known locally as a 'Trelleborg'. But whilst John was there working on the labyrinth he took time to talk to some people, and he found some who remembered, people with stories to tell. And he added that Gun Pettersson from Munketorp told him that all she could recall was that the labyrinth was known as 'Trelleborgs gata'. And someone else, a Mr. Walton Nelson told him that the labyrinth was there when he was

⁵⁵ The concept of spacetime is developed in Einstein's general theory of relativity. For more in-depth discussion the following references might be useful: (Barrow 2000, p.170-173; Davies 1994, p.20-24)

young and that even then it was thought to be very old. Walton was 86 years old in 1979, and he had never heard of the Norwegian called Nors. His memory told him that a sailor had built the labyrinth and this memory made John look somewhere else. And he checked the national archives in Vadstena and no records of anyone by the name of Nors could be found. But there was a man called Anders Peter Norrsén, born in the parish of Högby on the 16th April, 1849 and he was a sailor, and in his letter to the authorities John suggested that perhaps the labyrinth was built by him (Kraft 1979).

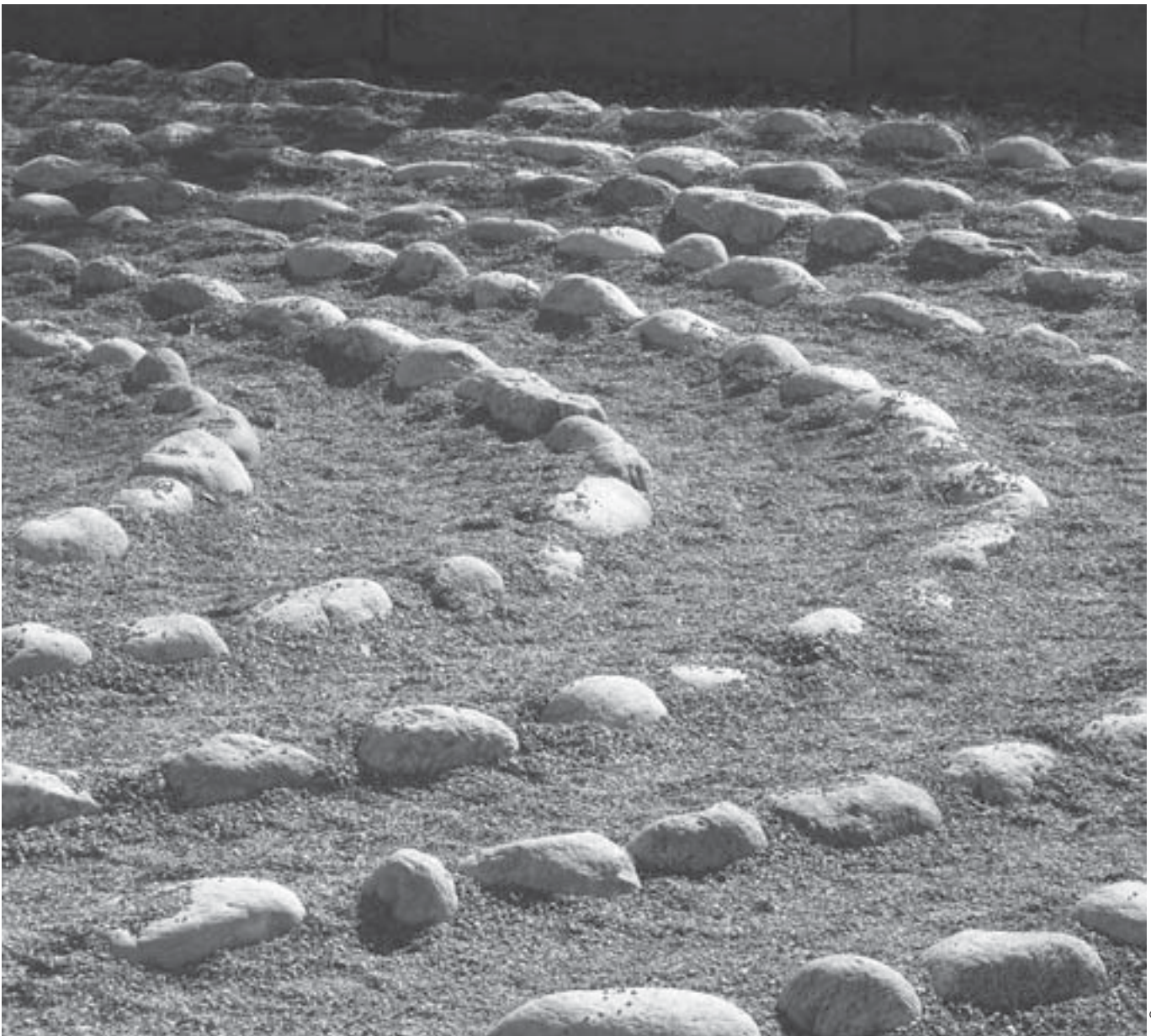
And the labyrinth continues to pull me in. It has me in its grasp. In my attachment to this material there is attraction; an attraction to the establishment of connections, to the stories performed in the present, the stories of the past repeated, and to the memories embedded in each stone. These dispersed levels of attachment condense my sense of time and give me the illusion of control. In the act of attachment there is a journey, a search, a desire. And as I take one more step further I enter a zone of dangerous liaisons, I encounter otherworldliness, and I meet with myself in the reflection of others. My attachment to the labyrinth set my fears in motion. This is an intimate experience and it forces me to move into territories that make me feel unsteady. And from this position I find myself, face to face, with my ambivalence, and the conflicts that arise when situated at the site where things get blurred and where meaning does not always make sense.

And I remember the first time I met John Kraft. It was the 9th January in 1999. He had promised to help me get started in what seemed to me at that time the beginning of an adventure. I had called a few days before I told him that I wanted to find out as much as I could about the labyrinths of Sweden and he told me that I had come to the right place, because he had been working with labyrinths for quite some time and whilst sharing these words he told me about his collection of files. There are nine in all, with the words 'Gotland', 'Svealand', 'Norrbotten', 'Lappland', 'Norrland', 'Småland Öland', 'Östergötland', 'Västerbotten', 'Uppland', 'Rösa Ring', 'Uppland' and 'Bohuslän Västergötland Halland' written on white cards in transparent pockets, fixed onto the blue spines of black hardboard covers. And they were all bulging with information, a collage of forgotten moments and restored memories, stories and pictures just waiting to be seen, and each of these files held on tightly to all the documentation he had collected over the last 20 odd years. And at the end of this Monday he suggested that the best thing would be if he lent them to me, that these files might help me begin my journey into the labyrinths of Sweden, and that's exactly what happened on that day. And it keeps happening to me, each time I return to what I now refer to as the 'John Kraft Files'.⁵⁶

⁵⁶ The files that belong to John Kraft will, according to him, be handed over to a library at a future date, when he has finished working with them.



And as I return to the stones spread out before me I enter a map, full of lines and dots. I am looking for permanence but finding none, the movement of each line keeps shifting and the vulnerability of existence touches me again and again. And as I try to penetrate the paths I find myself connecting to fragile structures, discontinuous surfaces, and passages to walk but like my thoughts these paths do no travel in straight lines. These stones are temporary sculptures in remote locations, travelling at the speed of solitude, and I find I need to measure myself against their presence, weigh the distance between them and me (Long 2002, p. 8-38), and as I think about this, I start moving out, further east, across the sea.



008



009



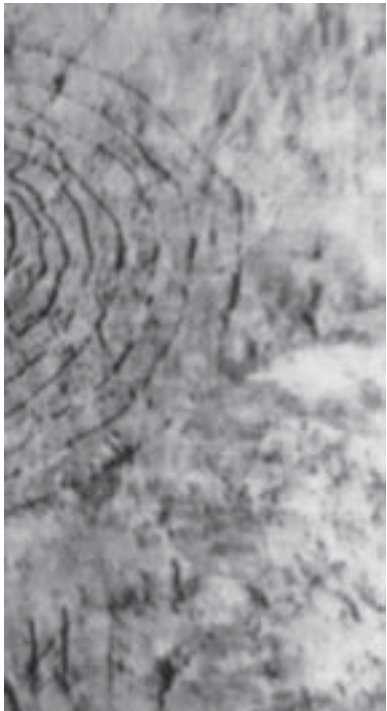
010



011



012



5TH TURN: INTO THE EVENTSCAPE OF IMAGES

48 steps, 35 seconds

⁵⁷ The tower was built in the 13th Century (Thordrup 2002, p.44).

⁵⁸ The tower was built in 13th Century (Thordrup 2002, p.44).

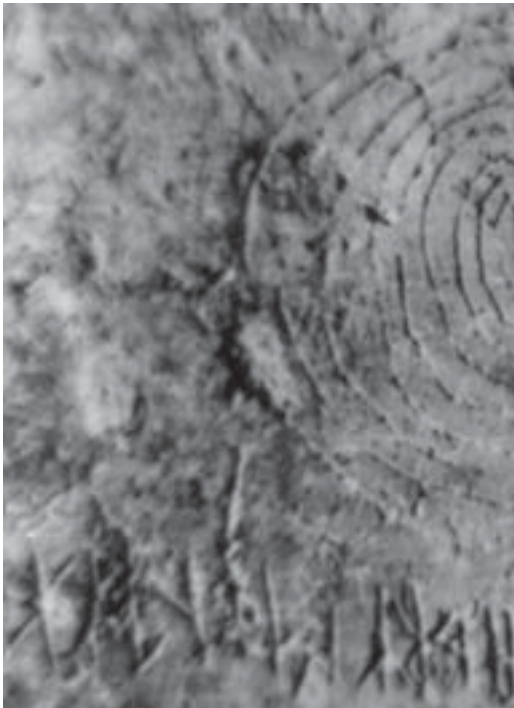
⁵⁹ This sentence can be found in the Lutheran confession of sins, which was introduced to Sweden in 1540 (Kraft 1991a, p.33-34).

⁶⁰ The church was built in the 13th Century (Kraft 1983, p76).

And I feel my body moving even further east, further out to sea and when it hits the ground again I find myself in a dimly lit room, surrounded by four solid walls. And on the wall in front of me, a wall facing west I see the faint outline of a painted figure. It is an image of a labyrinth with nineteen walls. And within it there is a figure moving through the paths and I realise I am standing in the tower room of Hablingbo Church⁵⁷, on Gotland, the largest island in Sweden. And I know that if I bend my body round to the left, 90 degrees, to face the southern wall, I will find an unfinished carving of another labyrinth positioned amongst some other graffiti, which includes a number of ships, but I decide not to look because my mind is wandering into questions that will not go away. Questions I know I will continue, no matter how hard I try, to remain because questions are as unyielding as the walls that surround me in their own 'question existence' kind of way. And I can sense it growing into shape, I can hear myself making its noise and I can see the familiar mark of the question transposed onto the labyrinth on the wall. And it makes me wonder 'why'? And I move a little closer to see if I can see answers as well that will tell me why it is here, why its design is painted inside the church and why in the tower room (Kraft 1983; Olsen 1995; Thordrup 2002).

And whilst watching to see I move my eyes in the direction of slightly north-east because I know that I will find, one metre above the floor a labyrinth carving on the wall in the church at Lye⁵⁸, again in the tower room, and because I also know that there is also an inscription carved in the chalk which reads: 'I am a poor sinful man' written in runic letters.⁵⁹ And stretching my vision even further I imagine myself to be there, in 1979, when another labyrinth carving was uncovered by the Iconographer Anna Nilsén, this time at the church in Ganthem.⁶⁰ This one too is carved in the chalk, but a little higher up from the floor, directly above a row of carved vertical lines and just below the painting of a cross on the north side of the western arch (Kraft 1983; Thordrup 2002). But my eyes are tired of trying to see into the past, my body experiences fatigue and disarray and I must move away, and this leaves me feeling disembodied, disconnected, detached. Through the labyrinth I experience displacement and disruption. In displacement my perception shifts from the gaze, to hearing, touching and smell, from the world as object to the self as subject, from the past as past to the past as present. And I no longer know where I am.

And my body moves on whilst my mind wanders, searching, other



parts of Sweden, for other labyrinths painted and carved onto and into the walls of churches.⁶¹ And it finds a painting in Grinstad Church⁶² in Dalsland, which is about one metre in diameter, but only partially visible and painted red; it was discovered in 1913 during a restoration of the church and it depicts an image of the Chartres design. And I drift into the vicinity of a now barely visible chalk drawing in Båstad Church, in Skåne, whilst proceeding to journey to see a badly persevered painting, of similar character six kilometers away, at the church in Östra Karup, in Halland.⁶³ And I discover other labyrinths in churches but not on the walls, like the one in Sorunda Church, in Södermanland, inscribed on a shield⁶⁴, and the one engraved into the church bell, in the bell tower, at Horred Church⁶⁵, in Västergötland. Above this labyrinth there is a simple cross and above that along the upper rim the words 'help maria' are inscribed (Kraft 1991a, p. 33 -34; Thordrup 1995; 2002, p.43-44).

These paintings and carvings are images from times gone by and like the photograph today they capture moments. These images are stand-ins for the real, moments that took place many years ago. And positioned here in this tower room I am distanced from the moment of the painting's conception, from the events that took place during its creation, from the people and their thoughts, but a certain kind of proximity remains. This image like history tells a story in-between the moments of then and the moments of now. This image reflects the act of disappearance and invites me to explore the relationship between absence and presence, the past and the present. And it reminds me that it is simultaneously a mark of both continuity and discontinuity, that even though there is a break in the connection, there are ties, knots, links, which persist. The image, like history, reflects that which is no longer there. The image, like history, triggers my imagination and makes me believe it is possible to imagine things here (Berger and Mohr 1995, p.86-89; Phelan 1995, p.201).

And in the time it takes for my mind to wander between here and there, now and then, my body fights to keep its position, it struggles to remember Gotland and the details of its other labyrinthine remains. My body remembers being here before, and it returns to memories a few years old and it recalls its journeys to the 40 labyrinth sites on this island, and it knows that 31 of these sites are holding on to field labyrinths spread out from north to south and east to west, the most famous of them being the one just outside the city walls of Visby, the Hanseatic town with ramparts from the 13th Century.⁶⁶ And my body reminds me that the Visby labyrinth has had a lot of attention; on Gotland, in Sweden and in the world outside (Kraft 1983). But the curve of this path is too steep and I feel the weight of my feet pushing me gently in another direction. It is time to move on.

⁶¹ Paintings and carvings of labyrinths in churches can be found in most Scandinavian countries. In Denmark there are known examples in several churches, but unfortunately not all of them are visible today. Many have been covered by the chalk paint solution commonly used in parish churches in Nordic countries. There are paintings which have been covered; on Jylland (Gylling, Tåning, Nim, Byrup, Skive and Skørring) on Fyn (Hesselager, East Fyn, Roserslev and Vissenbjerg Church, West Fyn) and on Sjælland (two in Gevinge Church). The painting in Vissenbjerg Church was discovered in a vault in 1976 and has been dated to c. 1480. A labyrinth, painted using red ochre, was discovered in 1907 in Gylling Church by its westerly window. Gevinge Church, near Roskilde has two labyrinth paintings situated on the triumph wall. There is a vault, which partially covers the paintings suggesting that these are earlier than the 15th Century. In Hesselager Church, on East Fyn there is a labyrinth painted, with red paint, on a vault alongside some other figures which at present are unidentified but may be interpreted as the date 1481 or 1487. Other paintings can be found on the west wall of Skive Old Church on Jylland, Tåning Church near Skanderborg and in Nim Church on Jylland. The latter being discovered in 1990 (Kern 1983, p.413; Kraft 1991a, p.29-37; Thordrup 1976 p 23-26; Dialekt- och ortnamnsarkivet i Göteborg and Dialekt- ortnamns- och folkminnesarkivet i Göteborg 1925; Thordrup 1994; 1995, p.19).

In Finland there are eight paintings. In Sibbo Old Church, NE of Helsinki, there is a chalk wall carving of a labyrinth with a female figure in the centre. The church, built at the start of the 15th Century, was abandoned in 1885, but the exact age of the painting is not known. In Korpo Church there are two paintings. In Pernå Church on the south wall there is a double-angle type carved into the chalk painted walls. This is now partly destroyed, but it has been suggested that it is dated to the 14th Century (Thordrup 1995). In St. Marie Church, Maaria in Rântemäki there are four paintings (Kraft 1991a, p.34; Thordrup 2002). These labyrinths appear alongside a number of other designs and it has been suggested that inspiration for these paintings has come from folk-art rather than from a religious theme (Kern 1983, p.415; Nikala 1973, p.33; Rancken 1935, p.415).

In Norway there are two labyrinth paintings found in the doorways to the church. One can be found in Seljord Church, Telemarken. The design is

somewhat unusual but this may be due to the painter's lack of knowledge about labyrinth design. There is a ship painted on the right of this labyrinth, found during restoration work in 1926. The church was built c. 1150. The other labyrinth is painted on the outside of the southern doorway at Vestre Slidre Church in Valdres (Kraft 1991 a, p.30; Thordrup 1995, p.18; 2002).

⁶² The church was built c. 1250 (Thordrup 2002, p.43).

⁶³ Both these churches were built between 1470 and 1520.

⁶⁴ The design of the shield suggests that it is from the beginning of the 16th Century.

⁶⁵ There are three bells in the tower of the church which was built in 1822 to replace the small church with its wooden bell tower built in medieval times. Of the three bells it is the middle-sized one that has the carvings on it. It weighs c.450 kg and has the tone Ciss2 and it has been dated to medieval times (Bengtsson 2002; Thordrup 2002, p.43).

⁶⁶ The Visby walls can be found on UNESCO's World Heritage list.



013



⁶⁷ Fol_del_id: 076900100001

⁶⁸ Fol_del_id: 0782xxxx0001

⁶⁹ Fol_del_id: 088800080003 & 088800080007

⁷⁰ Only about 20 of the Swedish labyrinths were dated using this method.

⁷¹ Nanouschka Myrberg discusses the problems of dating labyrinths in connection with the media attention given to the labyrinth on the island of Måkholmen in Bohuslän. This labyrinth was registered as an ancient remain during a survey but was later discovered to have been built by 2 eleven year old boys whilst on summer vacation in 1974 (Myrberg 2002).

⁷² According to John Kraft those labyrinths matching all or some of the following criteria, in particular the ones mentioned above, might possibly be connected to pre-Christian traditions. The criteria are: found inland, on higher ground; found in close proximity to other ancient monuments, like burial sites, Medieval churches or early towns: where the direction of the first turn is to the left (Kraft 1991b p.197-199). There are of course always exceptions to the rule and there are other labyrinths that might fit these criteria but are nonetheless not prehistoric. Examples here are: the labyrinth at the top of Högberget south of Piteå which is situated next to a Bronze Age cairn. Due to the dating experiments by Noel Broadbent and Rabbe Sjöberg it is most likely from the period 1299-1476 (Broadbent 1987b, p.92): the labyrinth close to Norrlanda Church, on Gotland is probably a late construction (Kraft 1983, p.65): the labyrinth now missing from Fole Church, on Gotland (Kraft 1983, p.83): the

014

6TH TURN: INTO THE EVENTSCAPE OF TIME

67 steps, 49 seconds

And I find myself being pulled further away from the centre and I struggle in search of composure. I can feel the cold rush of something ephemeral fighting its way through the gaps that separate my toes and I wonder where this track is leading. Wherever I am, in the midst of this nowhere, I find myself searching for familiar things, seeking something that will allow the violence of this strangeness to settle down. And as my body begins to regain its balance I realise that the landscape through which I am travelling is extremely dense.

labyrinth at Majbacken, Gotland which is situated at the foot of a Bronze Age mound and surrounded by other ancient remains is believed to have been built between 1855 and 1907 (Kraft 1983, p.84). And at Kungsör in Västmanland another labyrinth situated on high ground has been revealed to have been built sometime after work was done in the grounds of the castle built by Johan III (Kraft 1991b, p.197-199; Ström 1968). John Kraft separates the older labyrinths into three groups: 1. most likely prehistoric, 2. more uncertain but possibly prehistoric and 3. most difficult to determine. Here he mentions the labyrinths in Sundsvall, Stora Axelön and Fridlevstad (Kraft 1991b, p.202) (See John Kraft 1991b:197-205 for more in-depth discussion). Johan Alin has also deliberated the age of the labyrinth and he too has suggested that some labyrinths may be from Prehistoric times. He too reflects upon the labyrinths locality, in relation to other prehistoric remains, like the labyrinth in Vallda which was situated close to an Iron-Age burial site or the one in Göteborg, or the one in Östra Torsås. He also mentions the geographical location and that labyrinths situated on easterly facing slopes or on high, isolated hills might confirm interpretations that suggest a relation between the labyrinth and the practice of sun worship (Alin 1925, p.52-55).

⁷³ Images of the labyrinth have been found in a variety of locations throughout the world. One design comes under the title of the unicursal or Cretan labyrinth and sometimes it is known as the angle-type, especially in Sweden. It is this particular design which is used in the construction of the field labyrinths and it is this design

This is a forested landscape and it goes on and on for miles and miles and I negotiate its territory with consideration. The area is vast, 29,322 square kilometres and inside this space, the Province of Småland, the counties of Kalmar, Kronoberg, parts of Halland and Östergötland reside (Swedensite 2003). But it is not just the features of the landscape that are dense. This space is full of time dimensions far beyond mine and even if there are only 16 labyrinths known to me in this province I know that some are weighted down, that because of their position, their location within Prehistoric burial sites it is hoped that they are very old indeed. And I feel myself being drawn to the labyrinth in the parish of Vittaryd⁶⁷, close to the main road that leads to the church and not far away, but on the other side, an ancient burial site is situated, east of Johanneshus and 800 metres north of the church. And as I navigate my way around this burial site of more than 50 graves, in a mixture of cairns and mounds, I see that two of these were excavated in 1957 when the road, separating the labyrinth from these other remains, was being shaped. And I imagine the discussions that still linger in the air I breath from the time when the county archaeologist, Jan-Erik Anderbjörk, was persuading the road builders to bend the road, just a little further left, and stopping them from damaging graves (Anderbjörk 1957). And I can hear him planning to restore the labyrinth but I see how the finds from the graves are keeping him so busy and I know that this restoration will have to wait and I can't help wondering how long waiting lasts (Ellet 1957).

And having moved from this level to that, I cross the landscape and arrive somewhere else, deep inside some silent memories scratched alongside the Ingling Mound, in the parish of Östra Torsås.⁶⁸ And the words of Johan Alin fold into the layers of my thoughts and I remember how he mentions this labyrinth in an article he wrote in 1925 (Alin 1925). But he is not the only person to write about it because, there at the back of my mind, I recover a story of how, whilst writing about the

'Ingling Mound', well known because of the spiral-decorated stone ball found at the foot of a two metre high raised block of stone, situated on top of the mound, Mårten Sjöbeck mentions the labyrinth, as 'a type of ancient remain that usually follows both inland and coastal prehistoric traffic ways' (Sjöbeck 1953, p.262-3). And I wander further along this path into the burial site in Ålem Parish to inspect the two labyrinths⁶⁹ lying like watchdogs at the sides of a cairn (Bellander 1932), but they seem to be sleeping and they refuse to tell me if they were all put in position together or if their presence was installed on different occasions (Thålin 1947, p.23-26).

And as I try to make some sense of the labyrinths of Småland I begin to think of others like them, in other parts of Sweden, others that too are destined to live in the shadows of prehistory, that live with the wrinkles of time etched upon their stones. And as time catches me in its net I find that this fascination with age is so embedded it is impossible to avoid. But most of the labyrinths in Sweden refuse to reveal all their beginnings in any definite kind of way and this refusal seems to function like bait. There are many who keep trying but stone is not easy to date and in the case of the labyrinth the stones being used are easy to move around. And in the battles waged against the labyrinth's vagueness methods have periodically been devised to help. And some have tried to determine their age, particularly the labyrinths in coastal areas, by correlating geographical positions to the level of the sea, with the help of land uplift calculations. And time returns to tell me that this information makes it possible to determine when an island, upon which a labyrinth is located, was under the sea, making it geologically impossible for the labyrinth's construction to have taken place prior to this time (Grundberg 1992, p.81-83). But time re-assures me that these shoreline dating methods can only provide approximations, 'ball park' figures, only tell of the earliest possible date, not the actual date of construction and I am sure that for those wanting specifics, approximately is not good enough (Löfgren 1983, p.91ff ; Sjöberg 1989/1990, p.103).

And time takes me back to the middle of the 1980's when Noel Broadbent and Rabbe Sjöberg decided something had to be done, to when they decided to try measuring lichen growth on the stones of the labyrinths in the Bothnian Coastal Region. And time tells me that most of the labyrinths that were successfully dated spanned a period from 1450–1850. But this method of measuring lichen is limited and could only be done in the north, where pollution levels were low enough to permit the counting that needed to be done (Broadbent 1987a; Löfgren 1983; Sjöberg 1993). Time counts and I am counting on the fact that these experiments⁷⁰ are inspiring others, to continue to ponder the possible use and function of the labyrinth during this period of time.

which is deemed to be the earliest of all labyrinth patterns. As with the field labyrinths the dating of rock carvings is always a problem, even when found at sites dated as Neolithic or Bronze Age there is no way of knowing if the labyrinth carving is contemporary with the archaeological context it finds itself in and this leaves the labyrinth open to debate and speculation. But regardless of whether the carvings are Roman or Neolithic the findings do show that this design has been around in most parts of the world for some time. For further reading see Herman Kern's book 'Through the Labyrinth' (Kern 2000) and Jeff Saward's book 'Labyrinths & Mazes – the definite guide' (Saward 2003) or go to the website www.labyrinthos.net (Labyrinthos Links 2004)

Here are a few examples: In Luzzanas, Sardinia a carving has been found on the inner wall of the Tomba del Labirinto and it has been suggested that it might be dated to c. 2500-5000 BC, but critics have claimed that it is more probably Roman or Punic. These origins have also been suggested in relation to a pottery decoration found at Tell Rifa'at in Syria but it has also been dated to 1200 BC. Another carving found in Syria (now in the Louvre, Paris) is on the fragmented stone block from Qanawat which is engraved with the labyrinth situated in-between two other figures. On its left there is an eagle holding a snake in its claws and on its right a scorpion. This too is dated as Roman just like the labyrinth on the paving slab found in Kom Ombo and the painting on the quarry wall at El-Salamuni, both in Egypt. In Pompeii a labyrinth was carved on a pillar in a house, known as the House of Lucretius. Alongside the labyrinth there is the inscription 'LABYRINTHUS HIC HABITAT MINOTAURUS' 'the labyrinth, the Minotaur lives here' (Kern 2000; Lundén 1995; Matthews 1922, p.45-46; Saward 1999).

Probably the best known examples of labyrinth depictions are those found in Greece, particularly the ones on coins from Crete. These are dated to the Cretan Bronze Age and this motif is believed to be related to the Cretan labyrinth, of which there are no physical traces. The silver coins have been dated c.500 – 430 BC, and the labyrinth is one motif amongst others, including: heads of people or gods, in some cases the Minotaur appears, and there are a number of meander-type patterns, including the swastika motif (Fisher and Gerster 1990, p.12; Matthews 1922, p.44; Saward 1999). Other examples from Greece can be found in the graffiti on a roof tile in Athens, on a wall at

Delos, on a clay tablet at Pylos and on the document seals on papyri from Knossos and Itanos at Kallipolis. These examples are dated from 4th Century BC to 80 BC. Another well known example is the Etruscan vase from Tragliatella from the 7th Century. Besides the labyrinth this vase contains a number of different motifs, before the labyrinth there are two depictions of copulating couples, and after the labyrinth there are men on horseback, men walking/dancing, people in tense discussion with balls/fruit in their hands and in the labyrinth the word 'Truia' is inscribed— thought to refer to the city of Troy (Kern 2000, p.78-83; Matthews 1922, p.51-52; Saward 1999).

The labyrinth motif has also been found in Asia, as a painting in a cave at Tikla, Madhya Pradesh, but again its age is uncertain and it is not known if it was painted at the same time as the other motifs dated to 250 BC. The carving on a rock at Shatyal in Pakistan is also surrounded by other motifs, related to Buddhist traditions, and this is believed to be from the 1st Century. The labyrinth symbol also appears as an illustration in manuscripts and can be found in the book written by al-Biruni, the Iranian geographer, in 1045 BC to depict the design of the Ravan fortress in Sri Lanka. On Java the labyrinth image has been located on finger rings found in hoards dated from the 9th – 15th Century.

The labyrinth has made its presence felt in the Americas too. The figure has been found in carvings on the wall of the Casa Grande ruins in Arizona as well as in New Mexico, in areas once belonging to the peoples of Anasazi, Hohokan and Mogollon from the 7th Century onwards. Indian tribes such as the Hopi, Pima, Navajo, Pueblo and Papago have used and still use the motif in their art, including rock carving and in their handicrafts, for example the weaved baskets. (Fisher and Gerster 1990, p.11-12; Matthews 1922, p.153-155; Saward 1999).

And time reminds me that times change and maybe one day this kind of measuring, or something like it, will help the labyrinths in the southern parts of Sweden, but that time is not here yet and until then I will have to continue living with age concern.⁷¹

At the site of the labyrinth time spills out, pushing it to the outer limits of what I know, placing it at the edge of what is known, and as I move through this heavy landscape, fighting my way through the dilemmas of age that strain my eyes, I bend my head back, and attempt from another angle to appreciate the position of these labyrinths in Småland and as I watch them once again, I remember others that share their plight, and I wonder what it would be like to be one of the few that others would like to be more, that stand on the threshold between hope and doubt. And I can only imagine that it might be quite nice to be the labyrinth at: Ulmekärr, Storeberg, Himmelstalund, Högaryd, Horn, Lindbacke, Tibble, Rösaring, Ekebo Smedby, Enköping, Linköping, Skänninge, Viby, Fröjel, Visby, Ottes, Lund, Asige or Dibjärs.⁷²

And I can only wonder what would happen if it could ever be promised that these labyrinths really did belong to prehistoric times, like the labyrinths found in many guises, in many other parts of the world (Kern 2000; Matthews 1922; Saward 1999).⁷³

And as I close my eyes to search for images of this international phenomenon I return to a zone of spacetime dimensions. At first glance the surface seems flat, but it is full of holes. Holes that lead me into parallel worlds, other worlds; places I have never been. In the blink of an eye or the click of a button I move from one to the other. I jump from this level to that. Click: to the children who in secret, dared to run its path. Click: to the rock carving, artist unknown. Click: to the grass, weeds and sand beneath my feet. Click: to Sweden, Syria, Spain. Like jumping into a wormhole I meet with a series of warping tunnels, all seemingly interconnected but independent of each other. Travelling along one will not necessarily lead me to another. And I try to imagine what holds them together and what keeps them apart.

015



7TH TURN : INTO THE EVENTSCAPE OF REPETITION

40 steps, 31 seconds

As I glance at the row of stones in the path that lies ahead I begin to understand that the stones of the labyrinth do not belong to a fixed place; they are not immobile, inert, or dead. They might borrow space, impose presence within it, and take temporary possession but each one is potentially something more and nothing less. And I realise that I cannot monitor them all, and I have to accept that they bulge, sag and decay, and as they intrude on this experience I acknowledge the potential found in accepting the severance of meaning and object, in the displacement of these stones and the competing stories they tell. And I realise that my journey into the world of the Swedish labyrinth keeps turning into a journey where I meet with other events.

And I find myself just a little further up but still in the east, in the Province of Östergötland. There are only five labyrinths registered in this region and there are incomplete stories tied to them all. And I want to move closer, reach out and touch the edges of their secrets but this movement unsettles me and I find myself engaging instead as a witness to the testimony of others. From this position I hear that the surveyor was not totally convinced he had found the labyrinth at Svinnaskär in Östra Stenby⁷⁴ because it was in such bad condition but still believed that the three rows of stones in front of his eyes might be the remains of the labyrinth Arthur Nordén went looking for one day in the early 1920's, that testimony revealed as being built by an 'old sailor' (Kraft 1980, p.78; Nordén 1943, p.182). And as I start to dwell on my responsibility as witness to events my body pulls my mind away, to the site of Linköping Cathedral, to its eastern side, and I begin a journey that negotiates the paths of a labyrinth designed to fit a style more commonly found in churches and cathedral in other parts of Europe.⁷⁵ This labyrinth⁷⁶ is not so old, it was built in the 1980's, and is perhaps some kind of substitute for the one that no longer exists, which at one time was situated to the west of the cathedral, as can be seen on a map of the grounds in 1734.⁷⁷ But this pattern feels out of place and I begin, again, to search for something somewhere else and when I look down again I find my feet wandering in the city of Norrköping, famous for its Bronze Age rock carvings. And as I step my way carefully over the red-painted pictures at Himelstalund, I give my eyes permission to search this wide open field, close to the river, for signs that might help me locate the site that Arthur Nordén knew as 'Troienborgs Bergh'.⁷⁸ And I try to imagine its position as a place name on the map from 1691 (Nils-son 1691; Nordén 1925, p. 44; 1943, p.181) because I need to do this if I am to paint a picture in words.



⁷⁴ Fol_del_id: 055602720001

⁷⁵ The most common design in the church mosaics is the Chartres design. This pattern, which is made up of a series of concentric circles, can be found in many churches in Europe, particularly in France, Italy, and even in England, although the composition and shape does vary. The Italian church labyrinths are dated to the 10th – 12th Century (e.g. Piacenza, Piava), the French ones to the 12th and 13th Centuries (e.g. Amiens, Reims, Chartres, Sens, Auxerre). The majority of the church mazes from these regions are found on the floors, but some are set in the walls. Floor and wall labyrinths are a latecomer in English churches, but in the 14th Century they appear as decoration in the roof bosses (e.g. South Tawton in Devon, St. Mary Redcliffe, in Bristol). The theme of the labyrinth sometimes contains elements of the Minotaur-Theseus myth (Pavia, Lucca, Cremona), sometimes latin inscription (Orleansville, Piacenza, and at times solitary figures, representing the architects who designed them (Amiens, Rheims, Chartres). The overall shape can be round, square, or many-sided. Some have centrepieces others do not. Some of the mosaic floor-labyrinths are probably related to the Roman pavement labyrinths like the one in Reparatus Basilica in Orleansville, Algeria (4th Century AD). Here the words Sancta Ecclesia, starting from the centre can be read from a number of directions, but not diagonally (Doob 1990, p.117-118; Matthews 1922, p. 54-70; Pennick 1990, p.103-110; Seward 1999). On the wall of the Lucca Cathedral there is a labyrinth which depicts the Thesues-

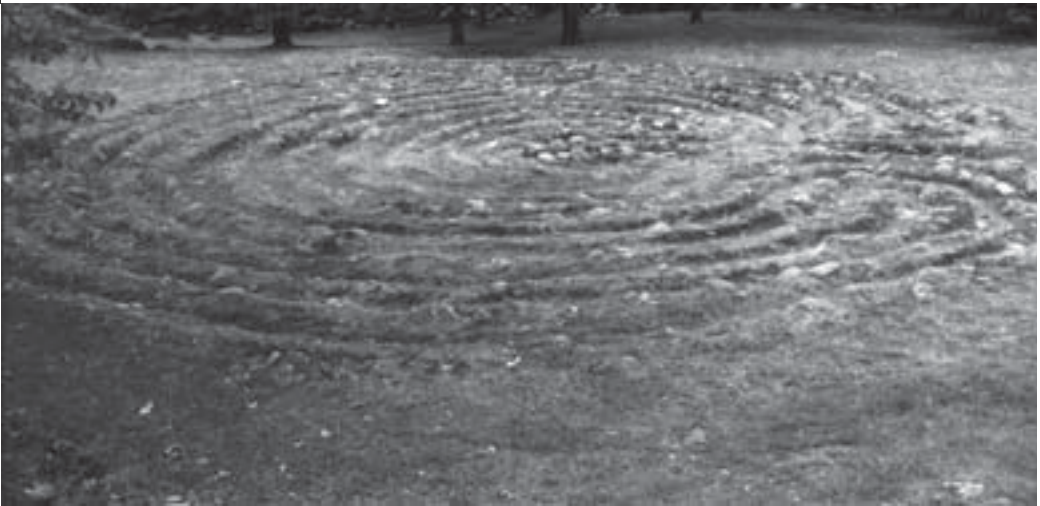


017

016



018



019

Minotaur myth, a theme also represented on the wall of the San Michele Maggiore Church, Pavia. This particular one was possibly built in the 10th Century. The mosaic labyrinths at the San Savino Church, Piacenza and in the Cathedral of Cremona also depict scenes that refer to the Cretan labyrinth (Matthews 1922, p.56-58). A rather unusual design can be found in the Cathedral of Poitiers. The original floor-labyrinth no longer exists but graffito of it can be found on the wall. The pattern is somewhat tree-shaped (Kern 1983, p.234; Matthews 1922, p.64-65). And although the vast majority of church floor labyrinths were constructed in medieval churches and cathedrals the idea continued to be used in churches of a later date. The Church of Notre Dame de la Trielle at Lille, France is one example, along with the one in Ely Cathedral in the U.K, which was built in 1870 (Kern 1983, p.228,230; Matthews 1922, p.66).

⁷⁶ Fol_del_id: 0461xxx0001

⁷⁷ Fol_del_id: 0461xxx10001

⁷⁸ Fol_del_id: 307401000001

020



And as my body engages in the mapping of this site, I can feel it in the soles of my aching feet. I have walked many steps now and feel caught up in the act of repetition. I keep returning to the words and work of others retracing other journeys previously embarked upon and I recall sites that no longer exist. And I wonder if repeating what is already known will suffice to keep them in place. And I continue, to re-search, go-between, interpenetrate, using repetition as a strategy but things fade, cease to exist, vanish and die, and I know I can't prevent this. And as I rub the sole of my left foot with the toes of my right I sense the warm surge of blood flowing through my veins, and in the act of repetition the labyrinth transforms beyond recognition. The act of repetition helps me to re-collect, to apprehend the movement of time. It helps me to re-locate that which is lost. But it also helps me to recognise the potential in the impossibility of retracing events. And I realise that no matter what knowledge I hold on people from other times and other places, what I remember about ideas and feelings from a minute ago, I can never go back. The act of repetition moves in a direction of transformation, always adding on and taking away, it is an exercise in loss and gain, a practice that discovers difference, in imitation. Repetition is the art of control, the act of containing something that has been done before, but at the same time it reveals a desire to create some-thing new. Repetition moves backwards and forwards, explores the past and the future and somewhere in-between the present gets made (Deleuze 1994, p.70-128; Gilpin 1996).



021

Movement is inherent in repetition but movement is hard to pin down and no matter how many times I walk this path, perform a particular movement my actions are never the same, however often I repeat them. And I can only concede that the closest I can get is a place where things are never the same. As I return to where I am, I find that I am about to turn again.

023



022

8TH TURN: INTO THE EVENTSCAPE OF REMEMBERING

17 steps, 17 seconds



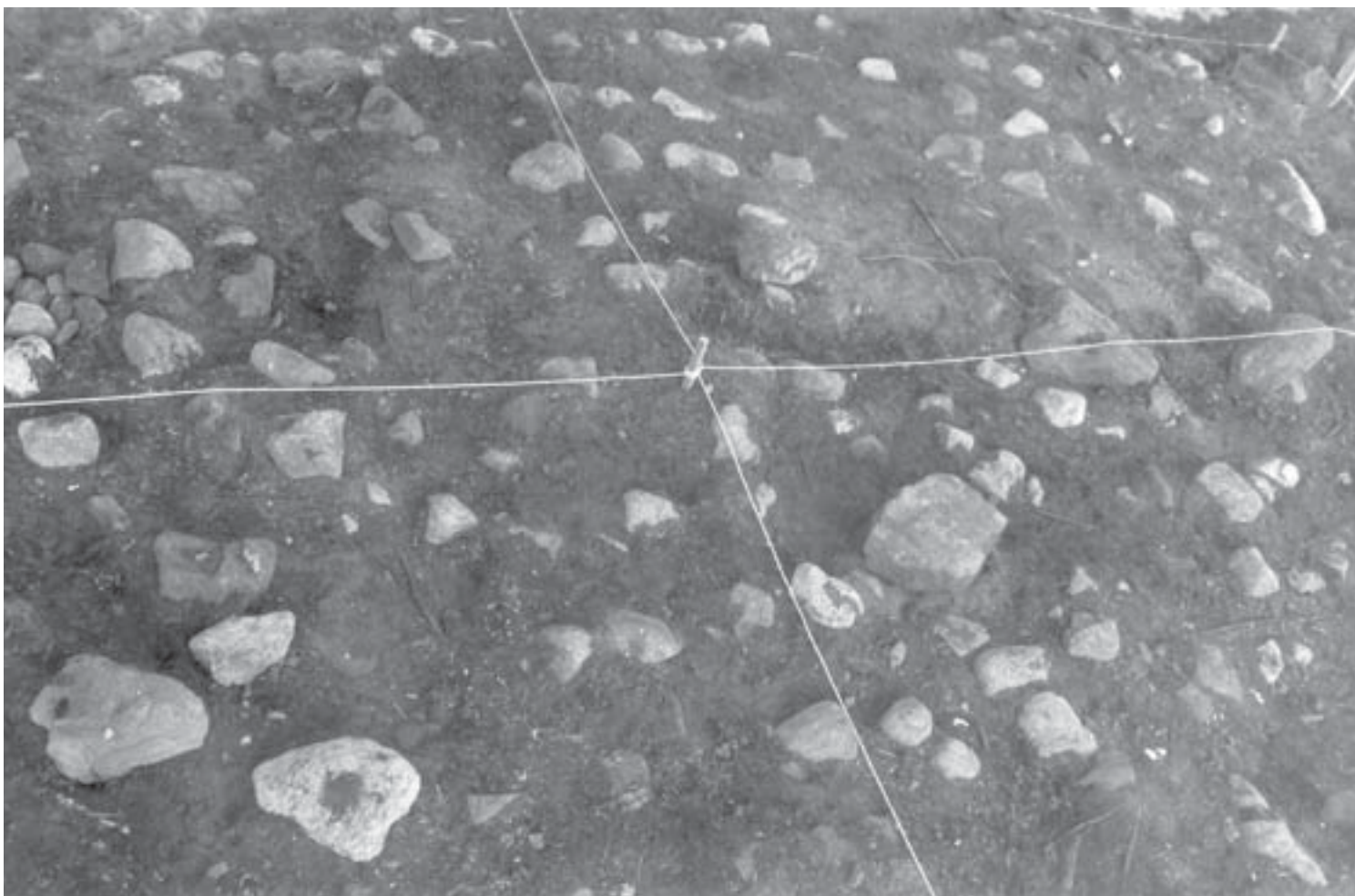
024

And I find myself in a small, dark space and I can sense the smell of earth and dirt in the air. Above my head and in front of me I can see cement walled structures filled with stones. And as I crouch here listening hard I hear the sounds of a man. And as I listen to his words, I hear his name, Eric Ericsson. And I know him to be one of the owners of Stora Väsby, in Kräcklinge Parish, and as the one interviewed in 1987 by Estrid Esbjörnsson from Örebro County Museum, who came in search of evidence and information regarding reports about a missing labyrinth (Esbjörnsson 1986). And I realise that I have moved into the Province of Närke, a province that is not on the coast, but deep inland, and that I have moved to the only site known in this province to have been home to a labyrinth.

And Eric continues to tell me what he told Estrid, who came to visit, and he recalls that he remembers the labyrinth from when he was a boy, but he could not give details because then, in 1910, he was only a boy, but that his older sister, Anna, remembered it too, and that she had spent many hours telling her nephew, Olof, stories about the strange pattern lying in the field. But she could not help Estrid, on that day, because she was no longer living. But Eric remembers her saying that they took those stones away when they decided to build the potato cellar. And he points to a place about 10 metres WSW from where the



labyrinth was situated, not far from the clearance cairn, at the place where I am sitting, wanting to see (Esbjörnsson 1986; Meding-Pedersen 1986).



025

9TH TURN: INTO THE EVENTSCAPE OF COMMITMENT

22 steps and 19 seconds

And I turn into yet another landscape, once again and I find myself in the midst of a number of small, but different, declarations of war, raging in silence against the backdrop of noise emitting from the waters lapping, busily, against the shore. And even if I find myself situated in the Province of Södermanland⁷⁹, it is to the islands just of the east coast that my body is heading, to watch from a distance the changes taking place, in particular the fights being fought by the people striving to maintain some semblance of order, in battles against those that have not understood the significance of the labyrinth in this part of the world, that do not feel as strongly as they do, that have not felt its gravitational pull.

So where do I start in this landscape so different. Once described by Selma Lagerlöf in 1906 (Lagerlöf 1906) as a melting pot landscape

⁷⁹ There are nine labyrinths in the Province of Södermanland, six belonging the County of Stockholm and three the County of Södermanland. With the exception of Lindbacke (Fol_del_id: 305200290001) all the labyrinths of this province are on the islands of Nämö (Fol_del_id: 062000060001-3), Ornö (Fol_del_id: 006600160001), Helgarä (Fol_del_id: 033000320002), Torö (Fol_del_id: 0100xxx0001 & Fol_del_id: 010000430001) (belonging the County of Stockholm) Utö (Fol_del_id: 010600910001), and Helgarö (Fol_del_id: 033000320002) (belonging the County of Södermanland)

⁸⁰ (Fol_del_id: 010600910001)

⁸¹ Fol_del_id: 010000430001

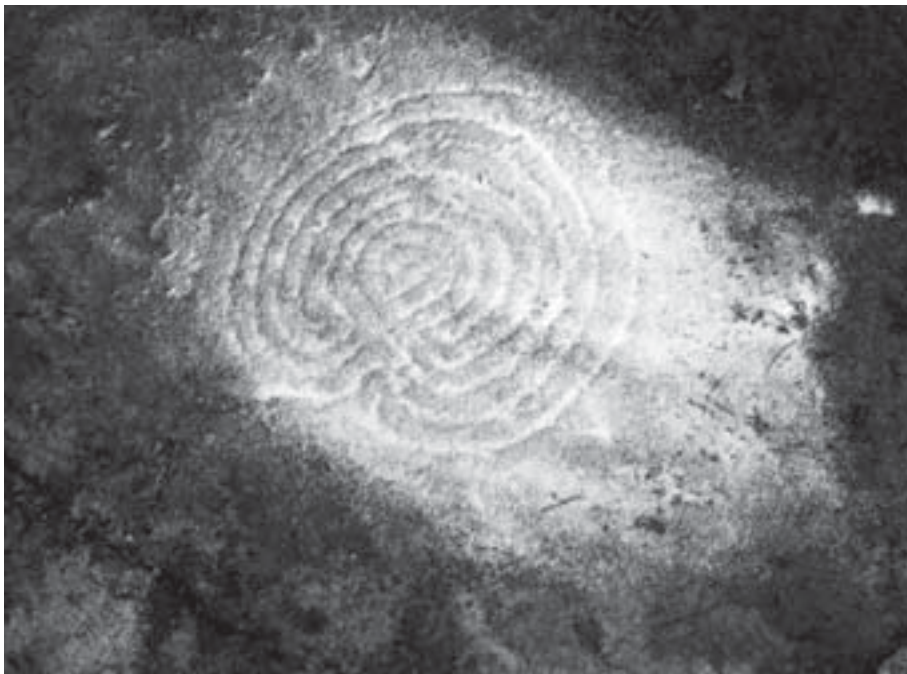
where the characteristics of the provinces of Skåne, Småland and Östergötland blend and blur; where these vast acres of forest, wide rolling fields, mountains and ample lakes are melted down and mixed together, downsized ingredients in order to fit, this province and its neighbours, to make up a landscape where everything is, as they say in Sweden, 'lagom', just right, and in proportion, nothing ostentatious, just lakes, forest, hills, and an archipelago full of islands and skerries, bobbing about in the water just outside.

And in my left hand I am holding a photograph taken, by Alf Nordström, in 1957 of the damage done to the labyrinth on the island of Mallsten⁸⁰ in the parish of Utö, and as I look down I can see a glimpse of the concrete steps, leading up to the barracks, that appear in a letter to the Regiment of the Coastal Artillery, and this is a letter of complaint. And this letter is followed by other suggesting that something should be done: to remove the barracks or the steps at least, to relieve the labyrinth of its problems, so that it can resume its life, which would seem at present to be severely disabled by all the stuff blocking the entrance to its paths (Jansson 1957; Simon 1972; Melkersson 1976).

And as I look closer at the barrack building, it slowly rotates and changes into a similar type of building, into one that in 1977 was successfully removed. This was made possible through the engagement of others, at Landsort on the island of Öja⁸¹ where a labyrinth once was hidden by military action, at the onset of World War II (Kraft 1978a). And as I look down at the photograph, positioned between my index finger and my thumb, I realise that some labyrinths require commitment, and that at times you have to fight for whatever it is you believe to be right.

026





027

10TH TURN: INTO THE EVENTSCAPE OF SIGNIFICANCE

14 steps, 13 seconds

And I hardly notice the path changing as I move from this place to that, and even if the landscape is quite similar I do not think this is why my attention has strayed. I am getting closer to the centre of the labyrinth I am walking through, and I think that this is affecting my thoughts. The paths are getting shorter, and my pace quickens by degrees, and there is something about almost being there that makes me want to pick up speed. I am still in the County of Stockholm, but this part of the landscape now belongs to the Province of Uppland and I feel I must hurry, try to reveal the diversities that interpenetrate the twenty six labyrinths I know to be here, on the islands of the Stockholm archipelago, and in the bustling urban environments inland. But it is not what is said that is of significance here but how what is said becomes significant to me.

And I find myself back on an island, this time known as Skarv in Blidö Parish, and I am bending down, with a fist full of sugar, ready to pour, into ridges of rock, to make the carvings depicted more visible, in four different locations⁸², whilst finding this labyrinth located amongst other carvings of varied design. And as the muscles in my back tense to keep me in position, Docent Erik Jonson's words appear to tell me what he thinks. He tells me that he is not surprised that these carvings exist, because, in the 17th Century this fishing community could not count on its priests. And he believes that the practice of carving was a way of contacting who or whatever it was these people believed in, and that portraying items and symbols of significance to them was their way of protecting the world they lived in (Jonson 1949). And as I watch the white granules fall into the grooves I feel myself bending back and a different kind of intensity is pulling me in.

⁸² Fo_del_id: 000400260001-2;
000400230001; 006701110001



028

11TH TURN: INTO THE EVENTSCAPE OF SECRETS

13 steps, 11 seconds

⁸³ Gnarp x1 (Fol_del_id: 2404xxx0001); Norrala x2 (Fol_del_id: 242700980002 & 242701010001); Rogsta x9 (Fol_del_id: 243400600001-4 & 243400910001 & 243400960001-4); Söderhamn x2 (Fol_del_id: 244000150001 & 2440xxx0001).

And I am caught up in the inertia of trying to reach a point beyond my present position and it is leading me away from where I want my body to be. And I sense the ground beneath my feet fading and my body sliding across geography to locate itself in another place. I seem to be stuck in island territory, something I don't feel comfortable with, because I don't understand its fascination with the building of labyrinths.

I am hurrying through the Province of Hälsingland, and I have only time to count in numbers, the number of labyrinths that can be found in the County of Gävleborg. And by the time I'm done counting, 14 in all, the path on which I am rushing is nearing its end and I only have time to remember that the labyrinths here are gathered in an area known as Hornslandet, just outside Hudiksvall, in the parishes of Söderhamn, Gnarp, Norrala and Rogsta⁸³ and that their relations to the art of fishing and seafaring has been well discussed.

And in this state of almost running, I feel like the old man at the Kuggören labyrinth, once seen spitting into his hand, throwing his arm back over his shoulder to cast away, perhaps a spell, unaware of another man's presence, and I wonder if there is perhaps, something magical about these paths. But the labyrinth's relation to things mystical is a popular theme, and the stories that reveal themselves in this light are usually connected to the art of keeping secrets and it would seem that, whatever it was this old man was doing, continues to remain hidden in the paths he walked (Kraft 1981; Westberg 1964).



029



030

12TH TURN: INTO THE EVENTSCAPE OF INTERPRETATION

30 steps, 28 seconds

Some event has changed my course and I am now travelling on a different path. And there, in the distance, I can sense something moving towards me; speed, direction, size not known. And as I watch intently for signs of shadows, traces of light, trajectories of heat and movement, I can feel the outlines of another event taking place, somewhere close by, but as I stare into this structure I sense it slowly moving away, out of reach, curving, bending back into its own orbital path. And I wonder about the forces that make things move, about the kind of stuff that attracts us to one another because I remember reading that the strength of attraction is dependent upon two things: the amount of matter the parties are composed of and the distance separating them (Greene 2000, p.54-56). And this fleeting moment allows me to comprehend that I have arrived in the Province of Medelpad,

⁸⁴ In 1993 Bengt Arvidsson analysed 144 documents of ethnographic material on labyrinths from a number of archives in Sweden (Arvidsson 1993). Here are some of his conclusions: In 40 of the documents labyrinths were described. Information about the construction was given and some included photographs or sketches: 25 fell into the category of 'figures' and this refers to drawings or carvings as well as labyrinthine patterns made in the snow or in the sand: Under the heading 'game' there were 21 examples –these included descriptions of games played in connection with field labyrinths as well as explanations of how drawing the labyrinth was considered a pastime. The category of 'harvesting' didn't fair too well and he found no direct links between the idea that the labyrinth was connected with rites or magical rituals associated with improving the harvest. The same applied to the link between the labyrinth and fishing magic. He found no evidence in the stories related to this idea. But in part this might have to do with the fact that a large proportion of the material analysed is related to

inland labyrinths and not to coast or island related ones. (His findings do not correspond to those of John Kraft's) Under the heading 'protection' he found only one story that referred to this idea (EU 5195). Sixteen documents referred to the labyrinth as being 'a way of passing the time'. Here there are a variety of different circumstances that prevail. In one the labyrinth was constructed by shepherds as a way of passing time whilst out with the sheep (EU 13886). Under the heading 'town' he found five documents that confirmed the idea that the labyrinth was a symbol for the idea of a town, using the terms Trojeborg, Trajenborg, Trägenborg as well as Constantinople.

Thirteen documents came under the heading 'other'. Here there are 4 references to the idea of dance; four connected to 'trolldom' (troll magic); Two mention the idea of horseback riding. One states that the labyrinth was used as a hiding place during the war, but Bengt Arvidsson was uncertain if the person telling the story really meant this, as it is hard to imagine a labyrinth being a very good place to hide. One mentions the practice of walking through the labyrinth before going to church, but it was not possible to discern any religious connection here and it might just be that the person in question was 'just passing time' whilst waiting for the service to start. One of the stories states that the labyrinth was used as a marriage-oracle. In his concluding remarks he notes that the ideas often connected to the labyrinth found in encyclopedias, academic and mainstream literature, i.e. initiation rites, magic, fertility, are not mentioned often if at all and needless to say this discrepancy raises a few pertinent questions. He argues that perhaps the more mainstream ideas exist but that he was unable to confirm their presence due to the limitations of his analysis. The people involved in the survey may not be representative. One example here is the case related to fishing magic. John Kraft refers to other sources, which are also ethnographic material, and he has also visited areas where fishing is part of the community and has been told about these practices. So there must be ways of understanding the labyrinth not documented in the material Bengt Arvidsson has studied. And under the heading 'labyrinth name' there are 39 documents listed. Here the most recurring name is 'Trojeborg', but as this name is used in the questionnaire it is maybe not so surprising. Other names include Trajenborg, Trägenborg, Trelleborg. And finally the heading 'constructor' contains information as to

roughly translated as the middle path, and that this is the last path to travel before reaching the centre, before turning around, heading back towards the exit that is the entrance between then and now.

And again the labyrinths of this province are located on the coast with the exception of one, which is believed to have been situated in the city of Sundsvall, but written evidence of its existence is all there is. The others are in Njurunda Parish making the total in Medelpad, eight. These labyrinths have one obvious connection and that is their relation to the sea. In some cases they are situated close to fishing hut remains which were used by farming communities on a seasonal basis, or to seasonal fishing bases used in more recent times, but as I head for the centre my thoughts are interrupted by a suggestion made by someone else, because Christer Westerdahl believes that it is not through fishing, but seafaring, that these coastal labyrinths are best understood. And he is looking for connections, to old sea routes and for geographical correlations between the labyrinths, the lighthouse and pilot stations (Westerdahl 1992, 1990, 1995). And this train of thought gets disrupted because Rabbe Sjöberg has a different explanation again. And he would like me to know that many of the labyrinths are situated in close proximity to fishing chapels on isolated islands in the archipelagos. And with results from the dating experiments in the north of Sweden which showed that some of these coastal labyrinths were constructed during the period 1550-1650, he began to think, and he began to wonder, if the labyrinths of this time might in some way be an expression of protest, against changes that threatened local traditions, when Protestantism was introduced, for political, rather than religious reasons (Sjöberg 1996). And as I take these thoughts in and begin to contemplate, Bo Stjernström intervenes because he wants to add that he too believes that there is antagonism between the church and the labyrinth. And I listen as he tries to explain how the labyrinths on the islands were used in connection with fishing magic and how any practice considered pagan by the church had to be discouraged (Stjernström 1991, 1998) And my head begins to spin as another opinion reaches my ears. This time the reason given is that stranger built the labyrinths in the north, and these temporary visitors are quite frequently mentioned as Russian sailors. These strangers stranded, due to bad weather found a way of passing time by making patterns out of stone (Kraft 1981, p.11-12).⁸⁴

And I can feel the tension in-between the variations of the stories being told, but there is nothing I can do. I am a stranger moving in a timespace that is and is not mine. I am pulled between the labyrinth as presented to me and the labyrinth I encounter. And as I look away I see a discontinuous being, not yet what it is going to be, no longer what it was. And the interpretations my body encounters seem to get lost in the complexities of translation.

CENTRE: INTO THE EVE

who built the labyrinth and includes suggestions as diverse as a virgin maiden to the storyteller her/himself. Sometimes the information is firsthand but more frequently it has been passed along with the rest of the story.

As Bengt Arvidsson suggests the material analysed has its limitations. It is not always easy to capture all aspects of meaning embedded in the various labyrinth traditions of Sweden and as John Kraft has suggested knowledge of traditions fade with each passing generation and there are many kinds of knowledge that are difficult or even impossible to put into words, or can't be expressed. In some instances this might be because it is considered privileged knowledge, as in the case of the fishing magic, or maybe because the labyrinths are thought to hold secret, magical powers and talking about them will make the magic disappear. Fears and superstitions can affect the information being asked for. Johan Frykman also mentions the problems with 'silent knowledge', knowledge like knowing how to cut down a tree but not being able to describe that particular knowledge. It is knowledge acquired through doing; knowledge required to master an art rather than to understand it. In the narrativisation of physical acts or even memories about bodily experiences they lose something. That's assuming they ever reach the paper in the first place. And it is the reliance on written documentation that our understanding of people's views on events, traditions and actions depend. This particular form of documentation is limited and as such it limits what is being recorded (Frykman 1990).

There is also the matter of time. Perhaps some of the more main stream ideas belong to traditions that existed before ethnographic surveys were carried out on any grand scale and as such this knowledge has gradually died out. If a survey was carried out today it would be very different to the one in the 1920's. Apart from anything else there is the issue of access to information. Reference to the labyrinth can be found in newspaper and magazine articles. It is discussed on the television and radio. On the one hand there is probably a greater chance that there is more consensus today with regards to the ideas connected to the labyrinth but on the other there is probably also a greater variety of meanings attached on a personal, individual level. I am also sure that it would be possible to discern differences, if a study was carried out to reveal the potential interpretative disparities between those living in urban and rural areas.



Turning slowly
by degrees

finding myself

somewhere
in-between

there
and
then

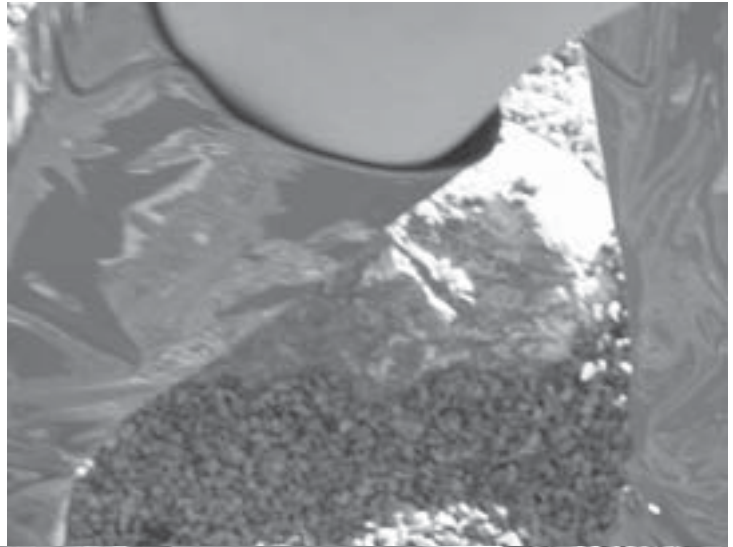
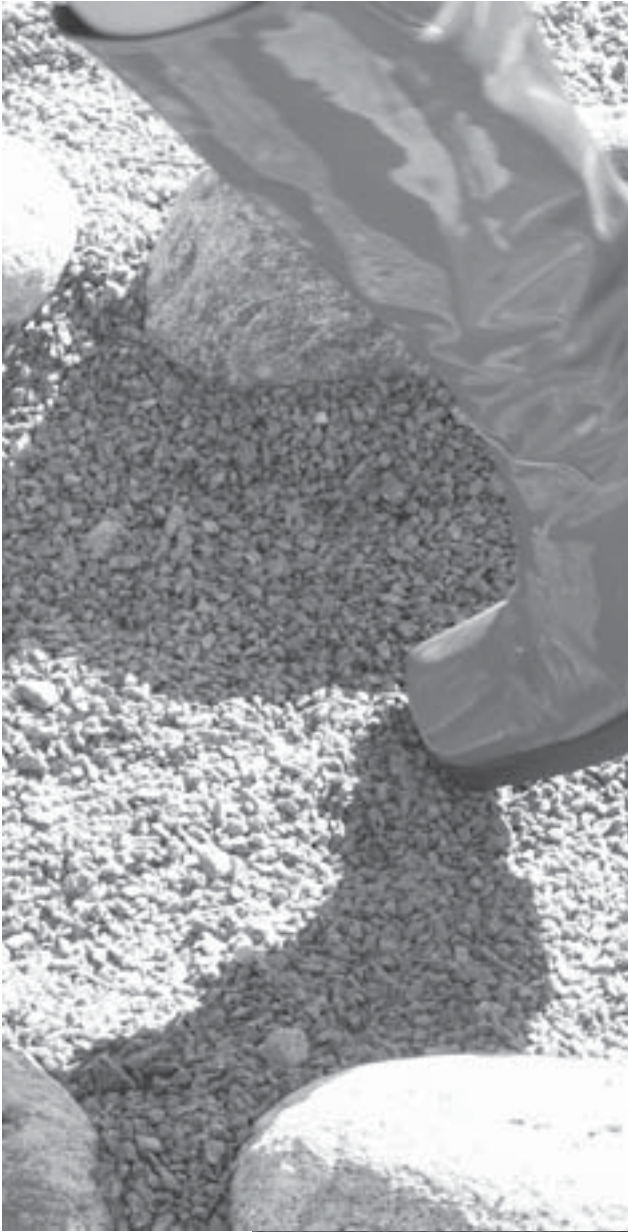


NTSCAPE OF IN-BETWEEN 1 step, 3 seconds – 3 seconds, 1 step



031





032

13TH TURN: INTO THE EVENTSCAPE OF TURNING

20 steps, 18 seconds

And I have turned to head in another direction and I am making my way now, doubling back through the present whilst carrying with me the knowledge I worked with whilst on my way in. I am walking a path of reverse repetition and even though I walked this gravel passageway a mere few seconds ago it does not feel the same.

I experience the labyrinth through my body: my physical body, my social body and through me, through my cultural baggage, my identity, in my mind. And it makes me acutely aware of myself and of the differences between me remembering my engagement with it, and the actual experiences I experience in the moments I am here. This metaphorical excavation does not organise logically, it holds no relation to chronological order. The ankle bone's connected to the foot bone. The foot bone's connected:

connect

sandals for the beach

connect

the way I walk when soaking wet

connect

the way feet feel when it is dark

connect

the patterns made by dancing legs

This excavation embraces the temporality of bodily consciousness and my kinaesthetic sense reminds me that it is not just here to decorate the environment. It makes me aware, physically, of the meanings embedded in the labyrinth's design, of the significances encountered whilst turning within the confines of its space. And I wonder what it would be like if I was only capable of moving forward, in a straight line, how it would feel if I never returned to the same place twice. I would be constantly dealing with new things to focus upon and there would be no need to look back. And if I am unable to control what goes on behind me how does this affect my view of things? But I know I am capable of more than moving forward. I can turn. "*Turning is crucial ...*" (Edwards unpublished, p.3) Turning alters my line of exploration, alters my position. Turning keeps me more or less in the same place. Turning turns space into communication and allows me to confront the things in my path. Turning enables me to make decisions, about my relation with these material remains, my relation to the past. But how do I deal with these confrontations? How close do I dare to go? If I am aware of my position I am also aware of its potential for change (Edwards unpublished, p.2-4).

The labyrinth and I are like non-identical twins. Through the labyrinth I am attached to me. Through me the labyrinth is attached - continued - connected. Through the labyrinth I gain access to a world I can never reach, I can meet with the stranger, with things I never knew. But these material remains do not belong to me, their past is not something I inherit but a site that I adopt; they are acquisitions, props, things that lead me to other things. But what attracts me to these anomalies? What is it that I want to know? What am I looking for, and why? Do I want to understand the labyrinth, or do I want it to help me understand me? In what direction do I think I am heading? I wanted to get under the labyrinth's skin but now I think it has crept under mine.



033

14TH TURN: INTO THE EVENTSCAPE OF LOOKING

15 steps, 11 seconds

And I am moved once again, but this time more now than ever, into very unstable and completely unfamiliar terrain. This area of landscape is known as the High Coast; it is still rising, out of the sea, faster than any other region and its estimated speed is one metre for every hundred years. I am in the Province of Ångermanland, in the southern part of an area also known as Norrland and this province covers 19,894 square kilometres of land, taking parts of the counties of

⁸⁵ Three in the parish of Arnäs, 38 in Grundsunda, one in Häggdånger, 4 in Nordingrå and 4 in Nordmaling.

⁸⁶ Fol_del_id: 24631420001 &24631430001

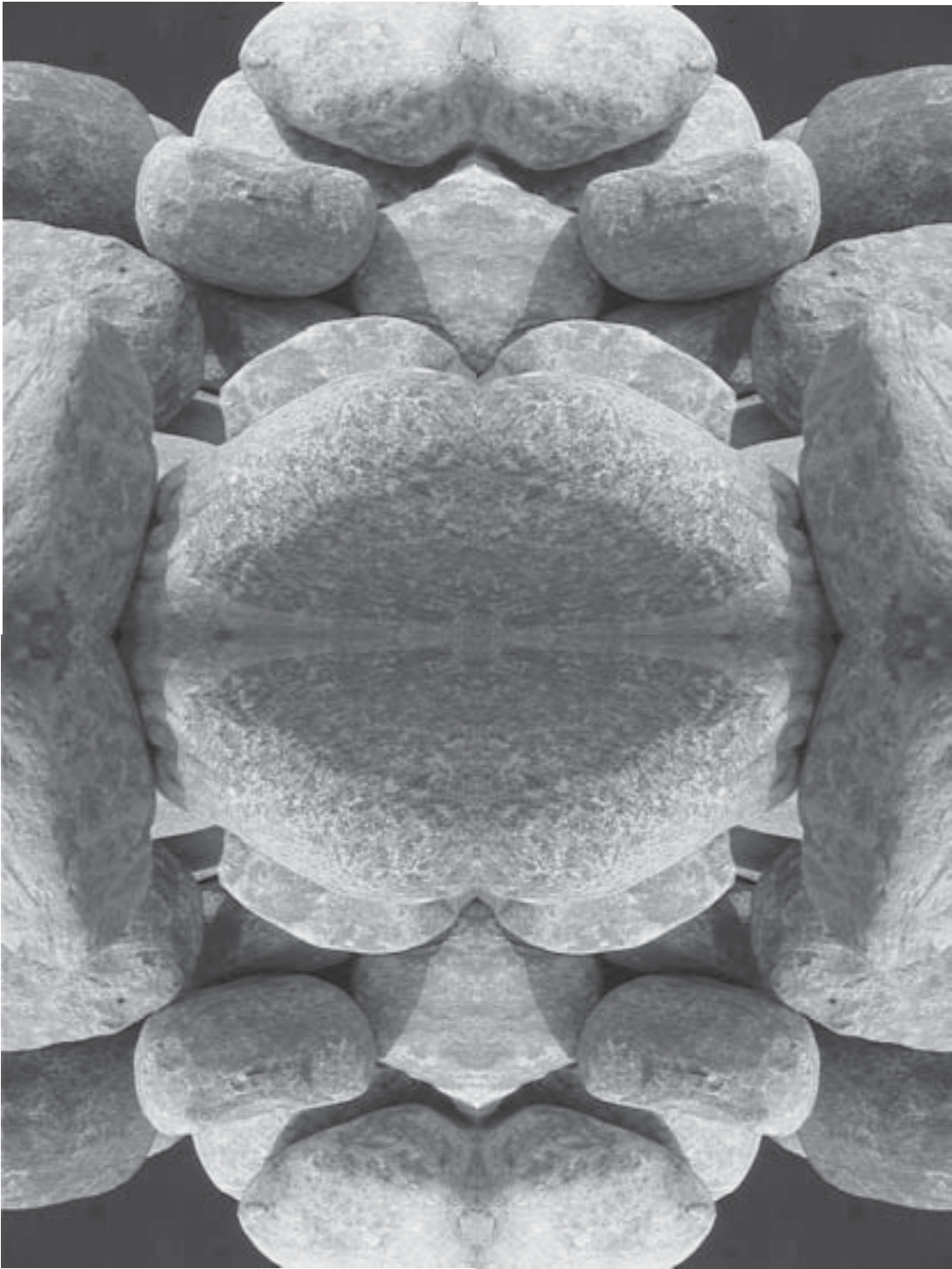
⁸⁷ He wrote that the length from the point of the chin to the highest point of the brow was measured to be 15, 5 centimetres and the width between 'incisurae cerniluneres' was 10, 4 centimetres. And that the thickness of the brow bone was up to 0, 7 centimetres and that a lower jaw bone molar was filled with moss (Sidenbladh 1865).

Jämtland, Västernorrland and Västerbotten in its command (Swedensite 2003). There are 50 labyrinths registered in this province and in Grundsunda Parish a cluster of 38 of these can be found.⁸⁵

And I am moving across an island known as Stora Harskäret on which two labyrinths are still located⁸⁶ and I am looking around for traces that might lead me to determine which one of these, if either, belongs to the words that Karl Sidenbladh wrote in 1865 (Sidenbladh 1865), when reporting that he had found another monument, which he calls a 40 foot long ring of stones, one and a half feet wide and high, situated 33 feet above the sea. He is looking because he believes that the 'Maiden of Harskäret' (Jungfrun på Harskäret) is buried here and as he looks he finds, in this field of stones, some rotten pine boards, the remains of a coffin, and there are bones; a skeleton, still in tact, with the exception of the cranium which has been broken. And as he put these fragments together again he writes in detail of the measurements he has taken⁸⁷, and his words tell me that the remains of this skull are the residues of a woman's life. And in the interruptions of his words I can hear him thinking that he perhaps indeed did find what he was looking for.

034





035

15TH TURN: INTO THE EVENTSCAPE OF COLLECTING

11 steps, 11 seconds

⁸⁸ The Schmidt Test-hammer is an instrument used in the study of weathering on boulder surfaces. It provides the experiments with data on the 'softness of the tested surface' (Sjöberg 1993).

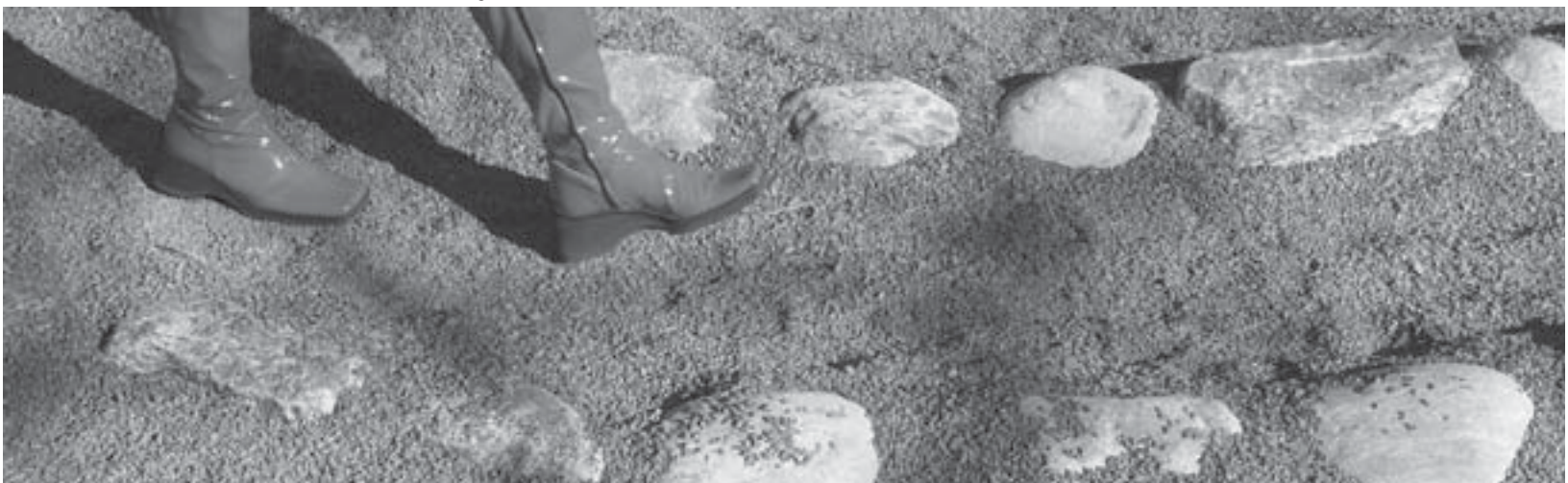
⁸⁹ Byske -9; Bygdeå - 5; Nysätra -12; Lövvånger - 10; Holmön - 13; Bureå - 4; Hörefors - 9; Skellefteå Stad - 6; Sävar - 6; Umeå Stad 2

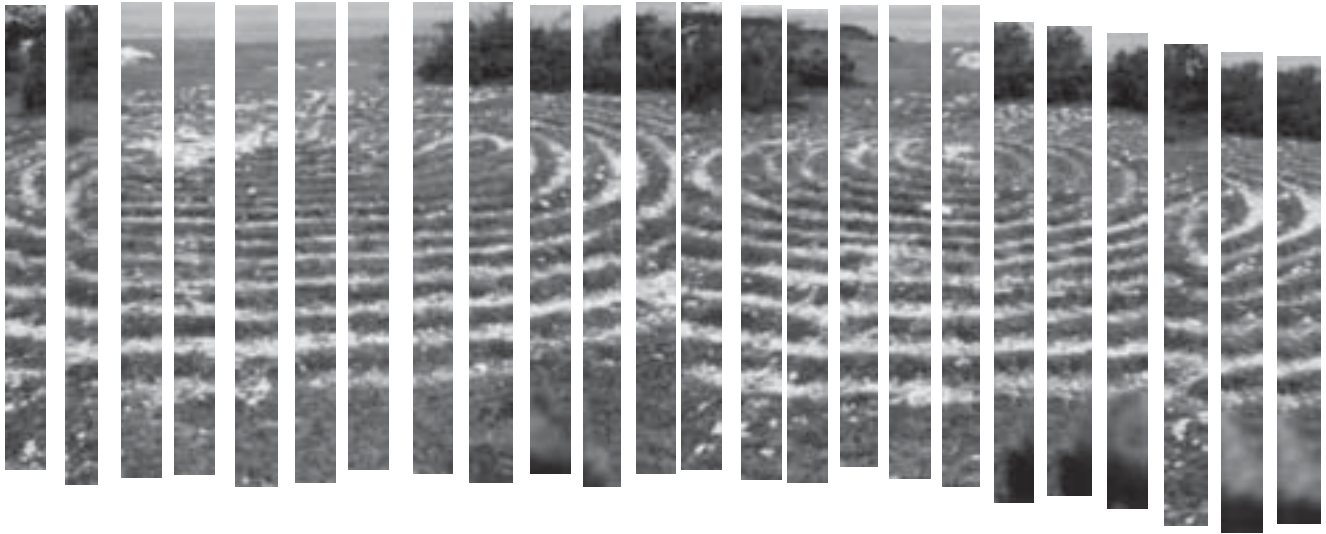
And I feel myself on a collision course, battling against the structures of dynamics, but I like the sensation of challenge chaotically unfolding with every beat. The unforeseen vibrations that keep my body intact are my insurance against insanity, and I find myself on the threshold that turns me towards infinite variation.

And I realise that a mere factual description makes no sense on this journey because moving through the labyrinth is an art not an exact science. We are all there; in a series of parallel worlds, side by side, simultaneously exploring this physical remain. In this encounter difference is focused yet blurred and the others I meet with, the inhabitants I encounter along my journey refuse easy identification but somehow their presence is felt.

And I can see them now, out on the islands, collecting the lichen, *Rhizocarpon geographicum* as it is more officially known, and I wonder what they are thinking as they turn the boulders over, to check to see if their instrument, known as the Schmidt Test-hammer⁸⁸, will really help them determine that this or that particular stone really does belong to the construction they are working on (Broadbent 1987a; Sjöberg 1993). I am in the County of Västerbotten, which is also the name of this province. And again these stone patterns are scattered out along the coast in 10 of the parishes belonging there, in 76 labyrinths of various shapes and sizes.⁸⁹

036





037

16TH TURN: INTO THE EVENTSCAPE OF EROSION

20 steps, 20 seconds

And these vibrations stay with me as I move up, into the County of Norrbotten⁹⁰, it too in the Province of Västerbotten, because as the lady at the county museum explained, the Province of Norrbotten, even though it can be found on maps, does not officially exist. And this county is the richest of them all, if talking in number of labyrinths that is. There are 140 known to me in this 26,667 square kilometre region (Swedensite 2003) and as far as I am aware no other part of the world has so many. This is a territory filled with geographical boundaries where Sweden meets with its neighbours, and where land meets water at the edges of its rivers and the east coast meets the sea, and if I follow the river valleys inland I quite quickly find myself surrounded by trees (Sporrong 1995, p.148ff).

And I want to travel as far as I can, to the most northerly labyrinth point, but as I start my journey my body stops me in my tracks. And I can't remember if the labyrinth I am moving towards is still there, I can't find the details, and as soon as I start thinking this, my mind takes my body in search of labyrinths no longer there. And I remember that 65 of the labyrinths in Norrbotten are in some state of decay. Some are partially or badly damaged and some have been destroyed and some are reported as overgrown and this tells me that if nothing is done, these, like others will one day be missing. And this sense of loss takes me to the site of change and I realise that labyrinths like particles in the universe are volatile and jittery, continually appearing and disappearing, apparently at will. They come from nowhere, disappear into nothing and most of the time they can't be seen. And in this

⁹⁰ Labyrinths can be found in the parishes: Nedertorneå – 47; Nederkalix – 14; Töre – 16; Nederluleå – 31; Hortlax – 7; Piteå – 19; Edefors – 1; Hietaniemi – 1; Norrfjärden – 5; Råneå – 1

liminal zone I find uncertainty living on borrowed energy (Barrow 2000, p.206-265; Davies 1994, p.4-35; Deleuze 1994, p20).

And I meet with the process of erosion, where things get worn down but not erased because to erase I have to touch the surface and this kind of attention does not go unnoticed. Erosion is an intimate act and proximity is required. It is the meeting of things, at a distance so immediate involvement is required and I know that I need to engage if my presence is to leave its mark. And as I take a closer look, as I listen, touch and taste the vibrations of this process I sense, embedded in the microscopic fissures, in the quantum particles and cosmic strings, fragments of events. And I sense attraction, a gravitational pull so strong it narrows the gaps. At the site of erosion I meet space teeming with activity and I watch as the labyrinth continues to interfere with its landscape, and interacts with the interventions that intervene and I realise how fragile each one is, even when no longer there.



038

17TH TURN: INTO THE EVENTSCAPE OF NOTHINGNESS

10 steps, 8 seconds

And I find myself moving quickly through the provinces of Lappland, Jämtland and Härjedalen, because I can't find anything to make me stay; there is nothing here for me to hold on to. The emptiness of this landscape seems immense, almost overbearing, but the noise of this nothingness inspires; it is everywhere and contains all things. Nothing, is an uncreated something that continues to exist even when something is there and everything it seems is filled with nothingness interspersed with somethingness. And in the spaces in-between I feel matter infiltrating anti-matter, the real interpenetrating the anti-real, and I need to acknowledge that they are interdependent and equally valid (Barrow 2000, p.100-101; Baudrillard 2001, p.8; Greene 2000, p.336-337). They are picked up here and put down there, removed from one situation and placed in another, invited to engage all the time. And I know that the sites the labyrinths occupy will always be on the move; their positions are that of impermanence, and their stones are temporary maps, with potential to be part of everything when the nothingness of empty space enters into those passing through them (Barrow 2000, p.50-77; Buchanan 2000; Long 2002, p.8- 38; Seward 2002).

⁹¹ Fol_del_id: 236004270001

⁹² There are many early references which indicate that labyrinths are connected to the idea of dance, to expression and immaterial actions rather than material constructions. These interpretations are, however, not without problems. These ideas are hard to prove. Dance is hard to trace. The most controversial of these hypotheses is found in the matter of determining the existence of the labyrinth at Knossos (a labyrinth of which no traces have been found). There are, however, textual reports which have recorded its existence. But regardless of whether the labyrinth was originally a movement in dance or the name of the place where the dance was held there are many examples which emphasise the relationship between these two phenomena. There are many finds suggesting that the labyrinth has had choreographical links, including the instructions for a dance found on the tablet from Pylos (c. 1200 BC). It has also been suggested that description of the dance found in Iliad (18.590-592) is further proof of the labyrinth having origins in dance. Homer describes the dancing-floor made for Ariadne (Doob 1990, p.18; Kern 1983, p.13-26 & 43-51).

Connections between dance and the labyrinth continue in the first millennium AD and can be found in the works of Gregory of Nazianzus (330-390) and Marius Victorinus (4th Century), but these are possibly influenced by Homer's writings and the stories referring to Theseus, Daedalus and Ariadne (Doob 1990, p.67-68). There are also records which attest to the significance of dance in relation to church labyrinths. Easter, it seems, was a time of great celebration with many ceremonies and rituals involved, and one of these was the Easter labyrinth dance. Records, from the 14th and 15th centuries, of these dances have been



18TH TURN: INTO THE EVENTSCAPE OF PERSPECTIVE

41 steps, 31 seconds

And events pull me into the Province of Dalarna and to the only labyrinth I know of here, in the parish of Leksand and where, for some reason, Johannes Lindman from Hedeby built a labyrinth in Söder Rälta, and either started or finished his work by placing a large stone in the centre and carved the year 1936 into it⁹¹, and I want to ask him why, at this particular time he put this act in motion, but I have nothing further to go on and I can only watch as these events slip slowly, further and further away. And in the remains of this abandonment I find myself positioned somewhere else.

And as I try to move on I find that my body is trapped within the confines of its contours, contours that expand and detract, bend and curve, exert and invert at the slightest of pressures: air pressure, group pressure, blood pressure; creating energy waves that lapse up against me, slip through me, pass me by. And the contours of my body seep into the spatial accidents of otherness, compounding the apprehension I sense. My skin creeps and crawls, sheds and regenerates and it is forced to deal with the shape it has been inscribed. And my body tells me that it is a spectrum of colour that vibrates; a conglomerate of surfaces, hard and smooth, soft and sharp, wet and rough, delicate and dry. And woven within its fabric is a patchwork of movement that clutches tightly to the edges of the everyday. And I can feel the intensity of its density, the inhabitants of its structure; the bones and muscles, organs and blood, injected with particles that cannot be seen, with life, loss and passion, beliefs and desires, all things necessary, making me, recognizable and unique. And this makes me wonder who I am?

And I twist and turn fighting with myself for resolution but it is too late, my position hurts and I feel the pain. It seizes me and I have to pay attention. This is not like other experiences; it effects all ongoing relations with an aim to disrupt. It is an alien presence, which demands I attend to my body. Spatially I am located here; contraction and I feel the world shrinking, zooming in on one particular spot but at the same time my body expands; filling the entire universe and I experience total consumption. This is not only spatial but temporal too. I am here now. Pain is the location of the present (Buyten-dijk 1974, p.62; Leder 1990, p.70-80). It absorbs my attention, it has a kind of centripetal force that bounces my thoughts against the walls of my head. In pain, my body

moves from being familiar to strange, and the position of my body shifts becoming an object distant from the subject of me. It is unwanted, unpleasant, frightening, and affective. This sensation threatens my existence, and in this meeting with the unexpected I must adjust my relation to me.

Through my body I meet with discrepancies and I begin to understand that movement in any direction is a continual realignment of positioning presence. And on this journey through the labyrinth I begin to apprehend that even if these narrow pathways look quite unassuming they are of course more difficult to travel than I once imagined. And I try to move myself to its outside and try looking in but from this position things seem harder to comprehend. I do not see things quite the same. The paths, the turns and the centre are of similar width so there are few, if any, outstanding features to help me follow the pattern, and I quickly lose my way and I begin to realise that the perspective of distance is not always a good place to be (Champion 1997, p.35-39).

And as I return to my position of within, I experience the labyrinth from the perspective of negotiation, and as I start to move in this direction I feel my body start to sway. And I can hear the labyrinth inviting me to listen, to the rhythm of its dance.⁹² But my presence here is negotiated through decision. I must decide, choose, to enter this space or move away. And when my body accepts the invitation it negotiates the pace of these curving paths, the texture of its pulse. And the movement of these paths directs me, both in a direction that moves me away from its centre and in a direction that moves me towards it. From this perspective it is hard to find my bearings; I feel unsure when trying to remember the sequence of events, knowing where things are. But from this perspective the paths of the labyrinth feel close and from this position I feel conscious of the movement my body it makes. And the labyrinth makes me realise that this design keeps me turning 180 degrees, again and again, a movement that takes me in the direction of repetition.



found connected to the churches and cathedrals in France i.e. Sens, Chartre, Amiens and Auxerre. The most detailed reports are from Auxerre and according to Penelope Doob "... the dean would take in his left hand a large ball (*pilota*) presented by one of the new canons. He then danced a tripudium in the center of the circular pavement labyrinth while the others joined hands and danced "*circa daedalum* ..." (Doob 1990, p.124) This dance was accompanied by music and singing and afterwards all participants ate a meal. The idea of dancing in church is, however, not as simple as it first might seem. The church at that time was not believed to favour such frivolity and so the reasons for it taking place appear to be of religious significance. It has been suggested that these Easter dances developed from Victorinus' account which includes ideas pertaining to celestial harmony. Moving to the right mimics the movement of the heavens from east to west and at the second turn, moving to the left there is a re-enactment of the orbits of planets from west to east. In the third turning all is still like the earth, which is the centre around which everything else moves (Doob 1990, p.68). Other sources suggest that the dance may have been connected to the Easter Liturgy with the resurrection of Christ, lending thought to the conflict between life and death. The dance may have been used to express this binary pair as well as to celebrate salvation from hell and eternal death (Doob 1990, p.123-127).

The practice of dance in relation to labyrinths is something that is still carried out. These dances have been connected to rites of fertility and procreation. In Finland labyrinths are known as 'maiden dances' (*Jungfrudanser*), with a maiden standing in the centre people would dance, following the paths of the labyrinth, towards her. Some stories dictate that it was young men or only one young man running, rather than dancing and it is the maiden in the centre that is reason for doing so. And in Sweden labyrinths have been named as 'maiden rings' (*jungfruring*). The dances and games connected to these were part of traditions which had ideas about how labyrinths were to be entered. The young men would enter to compete for the maiden; but they had to move in certain ways. They were not allowed to jump the paths or miss one out in their haste to catch their prize. These acts were sometimes carried out in secret, and sometimes as a community activity with singing and musical accompaniment (Kern 1983, p.26-33; Kraft 1985, p.15-17).



041

19TH TURN: INTO THE EVENTSCAPE OF MOVEMENT

71 steps, 55 seconds

And I find myself walking, high on a hill, deep inland and from this position I look out over the landscape that belongs to the Province of Västmanland. And I stretch out my hands; spreading the tips of my fingers to see, if I can cover this region of 8,363 square kilometres (Swedensite 2003) in skin. And as I look out I feel that I am almost touching the labyrinth, down in the dales, the one revealed with care in the August of 1927, in the Badelunda Parish, at Hamre⁹³ and if I look to my right and stand on tiptoes, I might make it back to where the labyrinth in Möklinta⁹⁴ lay, just before it was destroyed in 1891 when the cemetery needed its extension. And if I turn to face the winds of the north-east, I might breathe in the sounds being made at the labyrinth of Kungsör⁹⁵ in the parish of Kungs-Bakarö, but I don't want to do any of these things. I want to look down, at the tiny stones placed out in a formation of 16 rows, at one of the triple-angle labyrinths of Sweden, and that's exactly what I intend to do. Before that, however, I want to wait and listen to the sound of the past-present, dispositioned close by, but I cannot hear because there are too many other noises in my ears.

And I find myself falling, down, into that thing known as space, and I feel weightless, limitless, beyond the constraints of gravity. And as my right knee folds, to take the jolt of the fall, I start sinking towards somewhere yet unknown. It is hard to decide the pace; all I have is disjointed sensations, dislocated words. And in this fraction of a moment I lose touch with what I know, and I can no longer sense the rhythm, no longer locate the pauses and the beats. I can feel my entire body straining, within the force of the space it finds itself in, but there is nothing here to fall in to, and I keep dropping deeper into its dimensions all the same. I am isolated from presence and wrapped up in ideas that affect the labyrinth's design.⁹⁶ And I keep hearing that in the labyrinth duality and convertibility conflict and conflate; that it is both a material artefact and an immaterial concept; that it simultaneously incorporates order and chaos, clarity and confusion; that it holds the particular and the general, dismay as well as delight, and that the labyrinth is a comprehensible artefact and inexplicable experience (Doob 1990, 1-9), but I am not sure I understand and as my body crosses the paths of the labyrinth the only thing I want to know is its position in relation to me.

And as I take another step I lose my balance. To my left and right, above and below me everything is hazy, with shifting shades of light.

⁹³ Fol_del_id: 306005650001

⁹⁴ Fol_del_id: 230700010001

⁹⁵ Fol_del_id: 229900050001

⁹⁶ The motif of the labyrinth has frequently been connected to ideas about orientation, in particular with reference to the maze-walker, the quester, the decision to enter, the perils of confusion, of getting lost, the choices that have to be made once inside and the consequences of error. Central elements include; journeys and paths. The two basic designs are unicursal and multicursal. The first having only one path which leads to the centre and back, the second which includes a series of paths which entail that the wanderer needs to make decisions during the course of her/his journey. Umberto Eco has also suggested that there is a third design which he calls the 'network'. Here there is a multitude of paths or rather lines connected to each other. In this network there is no centre. This labyrinth continually alters its structure; there is no outside so it can only be explored from the inside. This network labyrinth follows the idea of rhizome (Doob 1990; Eco 1984, p.81-82; Kenosian 1995, p.10-11).

The word labyrinth is invested with a multitude of ambiguous metaphorical associations related to states of mental confusion and moral dilemma. To negotiate these winding paths we are asked to move in certain patterns to achieve particular goals. Experiencing the labyrinth involves an immersion in the process of confusion. Perseverance and the making of choices will ensure that we reach the results we deserve "... success or failure, imprisonment or escape, confusion or understanding ..." (Doob 1990, p.57)

Something tells me to stay where I am but I know I can move, if I dare, if I knew where the dim spaces beside me would take me. And I try to locate the attitude of my limbs; the bearing of my body, as the path continues to twist, moving my condition. This track seems almost imaginary, but its presence comforts and I believe it to be real and I wonder in which direction my body is taking me now. The path is my point of departure, but it is also the line that separates the spatial dimensions around me, from me. On this line of here and now, the dimensions of the labyrinth meet and diverge (Kaye 2000, p.96-101). The path is multiple, narrow and wide, a line that expands and contracts, a path leading somewhere and nowhere all at the same time. It is a site and event, a location suspended in flight.

And the inertia of my body reinforces this idea. Through the motions of my body I can feel how the act of movement vanishes into thin air. Each repeat performance tells me that things are never exactly the same. And I find another kind of performance in its place. The act of movement dislocates location; it is the event of displacement. And like virtual particles that meet only to appear and disappear, this action is only detected by the energy it reveals (Albright 1995, p.159-179; Gilpin 1996, p.106-111; Greene 2000, p.335-337).

Movement is elusive, but my body feels this act to be a powerful one and I believe that it is driven by desires, that my emotions and sensibilities force me into action. Movement is a creative effort, an experiential state and if I am to understand movement I need to familiarise myself with my kinaesthetic sense. The act of movement changes the position of my body parts, but it also alters the environment my body finds itself in and it effects my relations to the objects that cross my path. Through movement I perceive rhythmically, I judge duration and force, a kind of critical awareness of the feelings and sensations that arouse. My body is the instrument and movement is the medium and the act of movement is defined in relation to the events that spurn its requirement. And if I pay attention I might sense how my muscles and tendons expand and contract, in an attempt to give expression to what I am feeling. And if I listen I might here how my kinaesthetic sense allows me to assess the timing, force and duration. To move is to alter position and changing position changes my direction. The distance covered and the time it takes to change depends upon the urgency, the speed and the energy involved. And my body reminds me that all movement is an act of rhythmical resistance, a muscular action; control, release; work, rest. It is a pattern that is both influenced by me, and that influences me: my thoughts and the way I feel. The rhythm of my body turns the mechanics of movement into difference, and this process has the ability to change the amount of effort needed in the composition of an action that makes my rhythm unique (H'Doubler



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1998, p. Xxvi-Xxxiii & p.51-96; Laban 1960, p.13-100). And whilst concentrating very hard on all these things I sense a tingling sensation that reaches all the way to the outer limits of my skin, vying for my attention, asking me to pay heed.

And I return to the landscape as seen from this hill, looking out over the County of Västmanland. My arms are tired of waiting now, so I pull them back in, and my hands drop, heading for the ground. As they dangle loosely at my sides, I can feel my blood return, and when I start to listen this time a different voice is tuning in and it tells me about the place where I am

walking, about the labyrinth beneath my feet. And like so many of the others, the labyrinth at Tibble presents itself in many different ways. And I hear the sounds of a story that want me to believe that this labyrinth is tied to the tales of a castle which does not appear to exist, that it is connected to some variations on the theme of love, where maidens fall for unsuitable partners and made to walk the paths. And the purpose of this journey is to find a rhythm in their bodies to help them with their loss (Dybeck 1843, p.5ff; Engström 1928, p.41-46; Kraft 1994; Stähle 1960, p141ff).

To move through these paths is to meet with the consequences of turning again and again. Turning turns space into topography, the impermanent geography of change. It is the key to the stability of the unstable and with each turn my body is positioned at the threshold where the complete meets with the incomplete, where displacement finds its place in estrangement. And I realise that the movement of my body is the borderline.

And I see the end of this path now, and stress is creeping into the landscape of my skin. It is pushing my body to a limit beyond what it has known before. And I can feel every crystalline particle expand and contract, I sense mutation taking place, and my body tells me to resist the temptation of confrontation. At first it seeps in tentatively, but it eventually fills the contours which define me; taking up more and more room, and the boundaries of my body begin to fight back. The knowledge of interference and turbulence leaves me exhausted. And as I collapse on the threshold of composure I await my body's return. And reconfigured by experience I begin to move again.



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20TH TURN: INTO THE EVENTSCAPE OF ENGAGEMENT

50 steps, 37 seconds

I am mid-step, and trying hard to negotiate the turn that takes my legs west into the Province of Värmland, a territory 18,228 square kilometres in size, bordering Norway on one side, and the banks of Sweden's largest lake, Vänern, on another (Swedensite 2003). And it is here, in the county with the same name that I realise once again how the labyrinth comes in many guises. And I see labyrinths painted on pavements, drawn on canvass, coloured in glass, and sculptured in a variety of materials.⁹⁷ I see labyrinths carved into mangle boards⁹⁸, on polished stones, on church bells and engraved on all kinds of jewellery. But it is more than just a design. It is not just something to be looked at. There are labyrinths that make patterns in the ground, and there are mazes, made out of hedges, and these kinds of labyrinths are designed to be performed.⁹⁹

⁹⁷ Some examples: Oscar Reutersvärd's painting and drawings (see '(Reutersvärd, Ahlstrand, and Skissernas museum 2000)); the glass mural (187x650cm) by Lars Ravn at Karup Airport, Denmark 1996-97; the concrete sculptures by Pia Hedström at the Kungsbacka Library (Hedström 2003); the pavement paintings by Ernst Thysell in several school playground in Sweden (Thysell 2003); and the landart sculptures by Jim Buchanan (Buchanan 2000).

⁹⁸ See Figure 81 in 'Uppland, I Nordiska Museet och Upplandsmuseet I Uppsala' (Erixon and Hammarstedt 1926, p.57).

⁹⁹ Three-dimensional labyrinths can be made out of a variety of materials and deciding how to categorise them is not that easy. There are those known as building-labyrinths, and then there are those classified as garden-labyrinths. This category includes both the flowerbed variety as well as the hedge-labyrinth (better known as hedge-maze).

The garden-labyrinth may also include buildings and sculptures, bridges and tunnels. Another dilemma is knowing when to use the term maze, as opposed to the term labyrinth. The term maze is more commonly used in relation to the tall hedge-labyrinths designed to puzzle and confuse, whereas the term labyrinth is used to refer to both the aforementioned and the single-path variety.

Pliny the Elder presents descriptions of four early three-dimensional labyrinths. He describes the buildings on Crete, in Egypt, in Lemnos and Etruria as being great architectural achievements of the Ancient World. These buildings consist of a series of winding passages, large halls and are described as being several storeys high, both above and below ground level. The buildings were reported to be dark, confusing places where monsters sometimes lurked and groaned in the passageways. The location of these buildings has been subject to debate. The Cretan labyrinth has often been equated with the Palace of Knossos but some have argued instead for the caves at Gortyna. The mortuary temple of Amenemhet III at Harawara is possibly the Egyptian one. There have of course been other suggestions but no definite location or material traces can be positively attributed to either (Doob 1990, p.20-25; Matthews 1922, p.23).

The four architectural labyrinthine structures discussed are more than just buildings; they are also works of art, labyrinths which consist of a multitude of chambers and passageways. About the Egyptian labyrinth Pliny writes *"The ground plan and the individual parts of this building cannot be fully described because it is divided among the regions or administrative districts known as nomes ... Besides these hall, it contains temples of all the Egyptian Gods; and furthermore, Nemisis places within the 40 shrines several pyramids, each with a height of 40 cubits and an area at the base of 40 acres /... / there are rooms in lofty upper storeys ... there are other massive structures outside the wall ... there are other halls that have been made by digging galleries underground."* (Plinius Secundus 1938, Book XXXVI xix 86-89).

About the Cretan labyrinth he writes *"... there is no doubt that Daedalus adopted it (the Egyptian model) as the model for the labyrinth built by him in Crete, but that he reproduced only a hundredth part of it containing passages that wind, advance and retreat in a bewilderingly intricate manner. It is not just a narrow strip of ground...but doors are let into the walls at frequent*

And there is a sun shining down on my head, my body is splashing in shades of green and as I look around I see shadowy walls full of leaves and there are branches tangled around me. I feel completely alone. And as I try to peer over and through the hedge blocking my view I think I can see Värmland Säby Manor House in the parish of Visnum, close to the shores of the lake. Here, pine forests do not darken the landscape; it is open and flat, stretching out in between two bays and I know I am standing in a maze, an unfamiliar structure in Sweden, so I am not surprised to hear that it was designed by an Englishman (Värmlands Säby 2003).¹⁰⁰

And as I move through these passageways I realise that I cannot give my position, not with any great accuracy at least. The co-ordinates keep shifting, so I cannot say exactly, where I am. I can only say that my body is in a space somewhere in-between here now and nowhere; that I am located at the site of tension between difference and same. And I feel the strain of the independent technical names pulling labyrinths and mazes¹⁰¹ in varied directions and even if at some levels the structures are distinct both seem to be contained within patterns that are anxious.

And from this position of tension my body touches spacetime. It is simply there, bending, curving, warping, out there, right in front of me, jostling around in its own dimensions, on a scale of multiplicities. It collapses through me in its own kind of way, somewhere, nowhere, there and then, in and out of sequence, flowing and fuzzy: an array of cosmic turbulences redistributing, haphazardly the occurrence of events. I find it in dates and in artefacts, in place names and in ancient remains. It is a kind of otherness fully aligned with the structures of change. It is a sort of invented self that appeals to my imagination. Spacetime stretches and shrinks. It stretches and shrinks events. It changes when it meets with matter and matter changes too. Spacetime is the stuff of narratives and narratives are like maps, mapping journeys to be made and spacetime takes my body towards a place that at present can only be suggested and it tells me that this place might not be where I expect it to be found. And as I spin around in this vibrant place I discover that the boundaries separating and connecting the real and imaginary are just as tentative as the principles and laws of the universe through which I traverse (Barrow 2000, p.206-265; Davies 1994, p.4-35). Spacetime is not what I would call a fact, but more a kind of friction.

And my body writes that the significance of the labyrinth is meaningful in terms of the experiences it experiences in my engagement with it. Experiencing the labyrinth is to interact. It is a process of exploring

elements related to spatiality and presence, elements I encounter through the language of my body. My senses engage me in awareness; in the act of being here, of occupying some particular space. And in this process of interaction I feel how my body changes my movement, my perceptions, and impulses, in relation to material matters, the environment and to me. My presence allows me to go beyond any initial reasons for my visit and I have to focus my attention, watch my step, and move my body in a way particular to the space it finds itself in. This encounter enhances my sensorial experience and my awareness of me. But my position is continually on the move and my body meets with resistance and these moments of contact need to be addressed. This encounter enhances my awareness that my body is forgotten when I meet with something else (Edwards unpublished; Leder 1990, p.1-22). And in my relation to the unexpected, in my encounters with the people and the places I meet on this journey, I find myself involved with the multiple dimensions of otherness.

And as my body scratches up against the tangled hedges of this maze, it takes me to the other labyrinths in Värmland. To the four located on the island of St: Axelön, in Lake Vänern, with the tale of the students from somewhere else, who were stranded and built at least one of these before starving to death; or to one of the three in the parish of Botilsäter, in particular the rock carving which was sketched for others to see, on paper, by the rock carving expert Captain Å Jonsson in 1963; or to the one at Södra Ny, which is no longer there (Djurklou 1956, p.202-203; Johannesson 1961; Persson 1926). And my body tells me to shift, a little bit faster, because it seems to think that this will help me to get closer quicker, in my attempts to let our force fields meet. The shape of this maze is reassuring, with its endless array of choices and the many beginnings it allows me to make. But I feel that if I get too close I will disappear and if I move too far away I will never feel the tension, the pulling and pushing that keeps me in place.



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intervals to suggest deceptively the way ahead and to force the visitor to go back upon the very same tracks that he has already followed in his wanderings." (Plinius Secundus 1938, Book XXXVI xix 85-86)

About the Lemnian labyrinth he writes: "The Lemnian...was more noteworthy only in virtue of its 150 columns, the drums of which were so well balanced as they hung in the workshop that a child was able to turn them on the lathe." (Plinius Secundus 1938, Book XXXVI xix 90)

About the Italian labyrinth (Etruscan) he writes "...the labyrinth made by King Persena of Etruria to serve as his tomb... a square monument built of squared blocks of stone, each side being 300 feet long and 50 feet high. Inside this square pedestal there is a tangled labyrinth, which no one must enter without a ball of thread if he is to find his way out. On this square pedestal stand five pyramids...each of them being 75 feet broad at the base and 150 feet high. They taper in such a manner that on top of the whole group there rests a single bronze disk...On this disk stands four more pyramids, each 100 feet high, and above these, on a single platform, five more." (Plinius Secundus 1938, Book XXXVI xix 91-93)

An awareness of ancient building-labyrinths might have spurned the fashion of constructing such types in medieval times. But there is little evidence to support such a theory. By the 14th Century labyrinths were being constructed out of flowerbeds, shrubbery and hedges. In France, in the 14th and 15th centuries, mazes formed out of shrubs were sometimes known as 'dédales' or 'maisons de Dédalus' (after the architect of the Cretan labyrinth). One example is found in an Order of the Court from 1477 requesting payments to be made for the upkeep of 'le Dédalus' at King René's castle (Matthews 1922, p.112). Other examples of garden-labyrinths include the Duke of Bedford's 'dédale', (Doob 1990, p.106-110), and the labyrinth at Theobalds in Hertfordshire, which according to John Evelyn in his memoirs, dated 1643, was demolished along with the house by rebels (Matthews 1922, p.111-114). In the mazes of this period it was quite common to find seats, statues, fountains and other such ornamentation. This particular trend was at the height of fashion at the end of the 17th Century. One example here is the labyrinth in the garden of the park at Versailles with its 39 groups of statues representing the Aesop Fables, including the Hare and the Tortoise (Matthews 1922, p.117-120). These

statues were hydraulic and the jets of water spouting from each group represented speech. Unfortunately the labyrinth was destroyed in 1775. By the 17th Century garden labyrinths could be found in most countries in Europe, including one in Stockholm, Sweden (the Jarding de Plaisir, constructed by the royal gardener, Andre Mollet in 1651); Enghien in Belgium; Alcazar in Spain; Altieri in Italy (home to Pope Clement X). Holland was also home to a great many garden labyrinths, known as 'doolhof', including one at the chateau of the Duke of Portland, near The Hague, and the one at the Palace of Loo (Matthews 1922, p.124-127).

How many of the garden-labyrinths that would also come under the heading of hedge-maze is impossible to tell from the sources remaining. The term hedge-maze is recognised as referring to the block-type hedges, with high walls specifically designed and built to confuse the maze-treader, but there are a number of hedge-mazes that are neither puzzle-designed or have high walls, in some cases the hedges are quite low. Vision was in no way impeded but this does not mean that no confusion was experienced.

An exact time period for the introduction of the hedge-maze is not possible to determine. Hedge trimming and garden design has of course been done since early times. Again, Pliny the Elder is one source that testifies to this in his work 'Natural History', in Book XVI, Ch. 33 (Plinius Secundus 1938), but it is unlikely that the ornamental designs he refers to qualify as labyrinthine. The writings of Pliny the younger, on the other hand, appear to describe garden architecture that might be similar to that of the garden-labyrinths constructed later on (Matthews 1922, p.110-111; Strong 1979, p.14-15). Not all three-dimensional labyrinths were built with misleading paths. This design has connections to the Roman mosaics and the pavement labyrinths found in churches and this design consists of one continual path with no junctions that offer choice (Fisher and Gerster 1990, p.69). Another type of hedge-maze is classified as the 'simply connected maze. This maze includes series of paths that are connected, but there are also a number of mis-leading paths that lead to dead-ends. These dead-end alleyways conceal the main path, and a simple solution is always embedded in the construction. The solution is known as the 'hand-on-the-wall' method and entails following the walls consistently to the left or the right. This will take you out of the dead-end

and put you back on the main path and allows you to find your way out.

Examples of the 'simply-connected maze' include the one at Hampton Court, and the Bath Festival Maze. Not all mazes are, however, so easy to navigate and 'multiple-connected mazes' are designed so that the hand-on-the-wall solution can not be applied. In this construction the perimeter barrier is not connected to the walls surrounding the goal and more confusion is obtained if additional spaces are created that resemble the central island, i.e. minor islands. Some mazes do not include dead-end pathways and this too adds to the puzzlement. Yet another dimension can be added, like in the maze at Leeds Castle or the Alice in Wonderland maze at Merritown House, Dorset, or in Labyrinthia, near Silkeborg in Denmark, namely tunnels or bridges. These are often incorporated to enable a quick exit once the centre has been reached (Fisher and Gerster 1990, p 69 -74; Labyrinthia 2003). There are many examples of maze types, some are colour-coded, or surface-coded, some incorporate rotating gates or one way doors which prevent you retracing your path. Mazes can be constructed using a variety of materials. In New Zealand and Japan it is quite common for mazes to be built using wooden walls which can be moved around (Fisher and Gerster 1990, p.76-79 & 119; Landsborough 1992). But it is not only the maze type that varies but also the setting in which it can be found. The three-dimensional labyrinths of medieval times were invariably built on the property of royalty. These could be found in many gardens of European stately homes, particularly in England, Holland, Belgium and France. By the Victorian period the maze design spread to other parts of the British Empire, including America and Australia. Nowadays, however, mazes can be found in any number of settings, in parks and shopping centres, pleasure beaches and other such public areas (Fisher and Gerster 1990, p.81-137).

¹⁰⁰ The maze was designed by Randall Coate for the owner of the manor house Henric Falkenberg who's his initials can be found in the pattern of this maze. The maze was constructed out of bushes in the shape of a falcon egg and according to its makers there is a message hidden in its design. It contains 1474 bushes which were planted in 1979 and has two entrances one for the sons of Adam and the other for the daughters of Eve. These tangled patterns reflect the attributes of the tree of life and the yolk of the egg is the sun (Värmlands Säby 2003).

¹⁰¹ There are two basic designs; unicursal and multicursal (Doob 1990, p.39-50; Matthews 1922, p.184-192). Unicursal labyrinths have a single twisting path, which meanders its way to the centre and back. (Kraft 1985, p.8-11; Matthews 1922, p.71ff). The unicursal design, also known as the Cretan design or as the angle-type, is the design commonly associated with the field labyrinths like those in Sweden. Multicursal labyrinths on the other hand are probably better recognized through the term maze. These structures quite often have walls or hedges built up, at times so high that the hedges block your vision completely. These mazes or multicursal labyrinths are a collection of paths which invite you to make a series of choices (Doob 1990, p.39-50; Kern 1983, p.13-26 Matthews, 1922, p.110-146).

21ST TURN: INTO THE EVENTSCAPE OF ABSENT PRESENCE

49 steps, 35 seconds

And I find myself sitting in my apartment flicking through the pages of a colour-picture book, of photographs taken from a camera, strapped into an unmanned mini-zeppelin. This book tells of a journey made by the photographer Jürgen Hohmuth, and his friends to try, from a different perspective, to see, some of the labyrinths, scattered around some parts of the world (Hohmuth 2003). And as my eyes immerse themselves in these images I imagine that transporting the zeppelin and all the other necessary equipment across land and sea must have been terribly exerting. And whilst looking I see that they visited Sweden and brought another man here. I can see him in the pictures on pages 32 and 33 and his name is Klaus Kürvers, an architect historian from Berlin, who is interested in finding out if some of the labyrinths on the West Coast have been used for navigation. And I listen as he tries to explain how it is possible to move through the paths of the labyrinth with the help of torches and lights, to create patterns in the air, and his words tell me that these could be used to signal seafarers, and allow them to pilot their boats safely to the shore, in bad weather or maybe at night (Kürvers 2003a, 2003b).

And from this photographic journey I travel further: to the forest at St: Annrås, to the rock face, searching and searching, looking and finding the carving¹⁰² that I know to be there; to the memory of me, seeing it for the first time; to the expression the camera captured of my face, whilst standing, facing the river, with the remains of the water mill in front and behind me, after already having found quite a few others; of initials and numbers, a fish, some soles of shoes, a wheel; and the oldest date, 1622, if it is in fact a date at all. And these patterns take me to other parts of this province, to the parish of Tanum, not far away, to the rock carvings that might be very old indeed and I can't help but wonder if what was being practiced so very long ago inspired the people who worked at the mill to try to do the same, or if their reasons for carving were in a different vein.

There is only one carving of the labyrinth in the Province of Bohuslän and in spite of its proximity to the others there is nothing to be found to tell me why it is there. But this is a recurring theme and I am beginning to feel like a broken record, which keeps re-turning, re-turning, re-turning. And the noise of repetition reminds me that there are 27 more labyrinths here¹⁰³, in this landscape of mainland and island, the most northerly parts of the west coast archipelago with its bedrock fissures and dales, in a region 4,400 square kilometres in size (Spor-



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¹⁰² Fol_del_id: 160604890001

¹⁰³ The labyrinths of Bohuslän are found in the parishes: Kville -2; Lur - 1, Lysekil -1; Morlanda - 1; Skåftö - 2; Svenneby - 1; Tanum - 14; Tjännä - 3; Torsby -1; Öckerö -2

¹⁰⁴ Fol_del_id: 160607150001

¹⁰⁵ Fol_del_id: 16067130001

¹⁰⁶ According to Alain Schnapp *"... it is the status accorded to an object ..."* which makes it of interest in archaeological terms as opposed to *"... its actual or perceived antiquity ..."* (Schnapp 1997, p.12). We adopt objects we believe to be significant and at the same time these objects acquire a certain kind of identity which in turn requires a specific kind of treatment. Archaeology maps and charts the past in ways not dissimilar to acts of colonisation and needless to say some remains fair better than others.

rong 1995; Swedensite 2003). Seven of these field labyrinths are situated on the mainland, and some of these are near the coast, but there are others which are situated further away, on hills, in forests, close to prehistoric graves, like the one at Ulmekärr¹⁰⁴ near Grebbe-stad and the one at Södra Kärra¹⁰⁵ not far from the railway station, up on the hill, which lies hidden in the grass, not far from a sign on a wooden pole that sticks out of the ground, beside what the sign tells me is a gallery grave from the Late Stone Age. And behind it I can see three standing stones and some grass covered mounds, and the sign tells me that these have not been excavated but are very probably Early Iron Age. But the sign does not mention the labyrinth and perhaps that is why it has been abandoned, and difficult to discern, except to those who happen to know it is there, but the sign does not say nothing. The labyrinth's absence speaks volumes about the attitudes and its status as an ancient remain in relation to the other objects which have been given some significance by being presented in words.¹⁰⁶



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And as I turn to walk away I sense myself trapped in a field of nervous energy and I begin to realise that every tiny movement my body makes reveals something about the events taking place and that attached to the practice of movement I become engaged. Moving changes me and my relationship to whatever is around me. With my hands and face, feet or chest, I can look, address what it is that is of interest; I can approach, meet, collide, up front, to my left or right. And this takes some kind of effort and effort is the expression of the actions my body wants to make. Movement requires awareness, urges and desires. And as my pelvis demands that my body takes another step I can feel the vibrations, I sense my body weight transferring, and this shifts my position; from the perspective of what I feel and see, to a perspective of how I feel and see. And I realise that working through the movement of my body I am committed to apprehension rather than acquisition, I am committed to a search for expression rather than understanding, and I find myself looking for ways to convey a sense of something rather than asserting that it is this or that. And I keep on searching because I want to touch the otherness of the other without tying it down. I want the other I encounter to stay in the passage of exchange because I want the sharing of strangeness to remain. And as my body slows down to a pace that allows me to take these thoughts in, I find myself compressing time and energy and I try to fill the space I am moving in (Callery 2001, p.9-40; Kristeva 1991, p.3). And from this place the rhythmic sensibility of my attachment to the labyrinth moves to and from and as I take the labyrinth in, it takes me away. In the passage of exchange the strangeness of this encounter invites my eyes to see, inspires my body to apprehend some sense of me.

22ND TURN: INTO THE EVENTSCAPE OF ACCESS

61 steps, 47 seconds

And I am watching a faint blue vein standing out on the wrist of my right hand, I am looking for signs of my pulse, for blood circulating round my body, somewhere just below the surface of my skin and as I listen I see pictures from an old anatomy book¹⁰⁷ (Sawday 1995, between p.38-39) depicting a body, half inside, half out and it helps me to remember that at times I cannot see, but I am not blind; that I cannot always speak with words in my mouth; that every now and then I cannot decide because I do not know what decisions to make. And these reflections return my attention to this anatomical image and I remember that there will always be things I cannot reach or experience directly, even if I have been told that this is what is going on, even if I believe that somewhere else there are an infinite number of other things going on and are hard at work. Because my awareness is always limited and there are always things that I do not need to know, or need to think that much about.

My body works primarily outward and I connect to the outside world by proxy of my skin. This is my frontier and its tangibility both comforts and frustrates me. I know I can argue its existence, I can point and touch and it will reveal itself to me, but I also know it contains dimensions I am not meant to see. This frontier and its orifices are my points of contact with the world outside; making me accessible to interpenetration, and the intrusion of others. This frontier allows me to exit and enter the world as I please, it allows others to come and go. Its surface is an animated border which enables me to touch the fluid surfaces of other things. But at the same time this frontier refuses me access to many things. Its confinement prohibits me from entering unreservedly into other entities and this prevents me from being somewhere else (Ahmed 1997, p.28; Drake 2003; Leder 1990, p.11-43). This frontier is the site from which I begin to apprehend that my body is the site of absent presence and present absence.

And as my body turn it moves into autumn and the labyrinth is covered in leaves, like clothing this fabric protects it from the cold, but the seasonal changes are also a threat, and if nobody bothers the labyrinth risks melting into its background, and ever so slowly, it might, like it has done at least once before, disappear.

And as I kick these leaves around I find myself in Göteborg, at the site of my first encounter with the labyrinth as a potential object of study, and my body remembers climbing the hill known as Storeberg, once

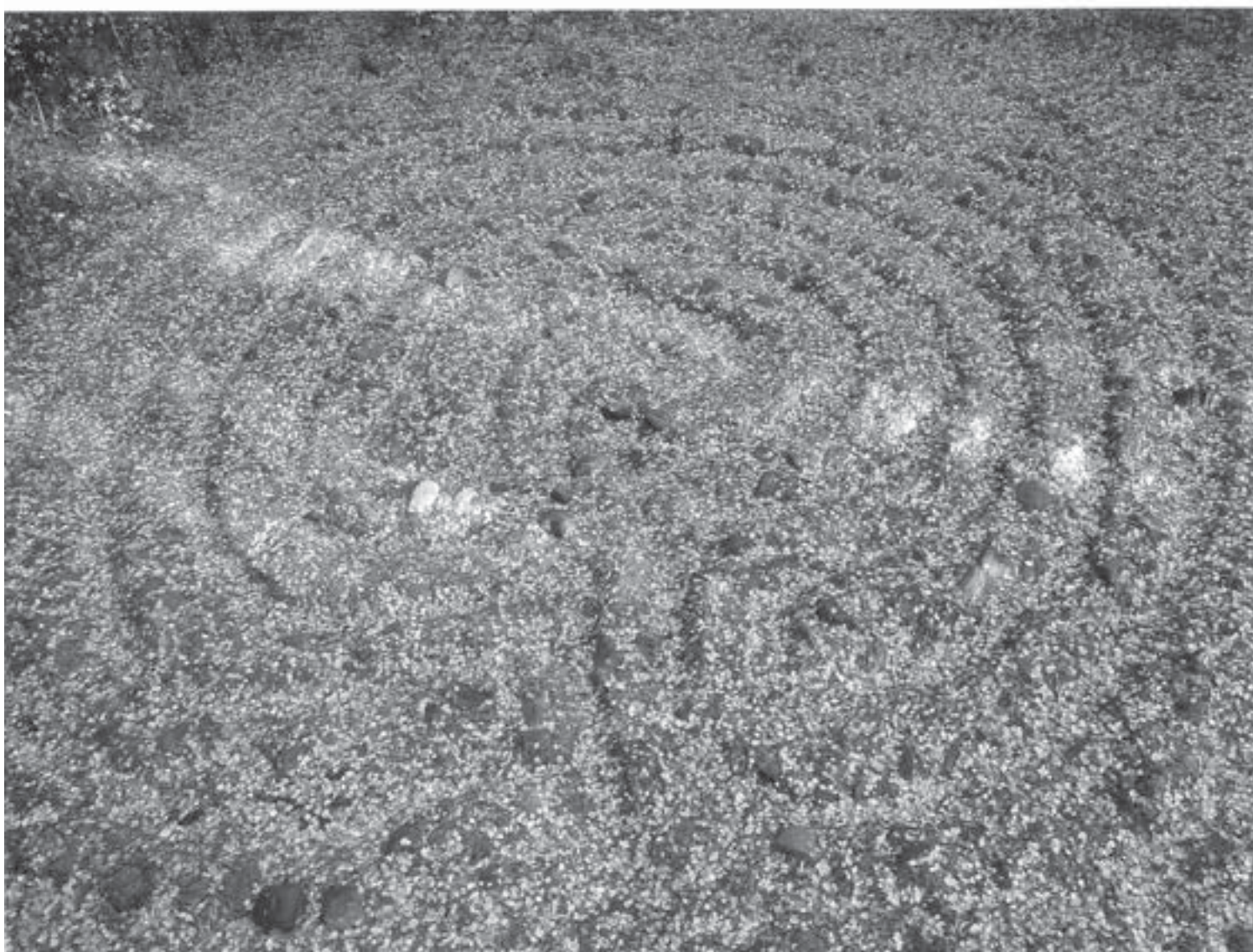
¹⁰⁷ The figures are from Andreas Vesalius' 'De Corporis Fabrica (1543) and can be seen in 'The Body Emblazoned' (Sawday 1995)

¹⁰⁸ Fol_del_id: xxx00950001

¹⁰⁹ The labyrinths of this province can be found in the following parishes: Göteborg -2; Styrösö -6; Alingsås -1; Fristad -1; Horred -2; Ornunga -1; Sandhult -1; Vänga -1; Frövsve -2; Horn -2

with a friend and once with my colleagues, to present the work I was about to begin. And climbing this hill, in the city, not far from the centre, turned out to be the beginning of many ventures. And it might not have happened if it had not been for the effort and energy of others. This site might never have been visited because until quite recently it seemed to be empty, with all of its somethingness buried in the nothingness of a register, as somewhere once known to exist. And I return once again to decision and determination, to a series of events that brought the labyrinth of Göteborg¹⁰⁸, in the Province of Västergötland, back to be present as a structural pattern made out of stone. This like many others is a story that turns and turns, 180 degrees, again and again, like the paths I am presently journeying.

And I find myself heading in the direction of 1962, when a new register of Ancient Remains was to be introduced and to Kjerstin J Øvergaard, who visited the site but could only find an embankment

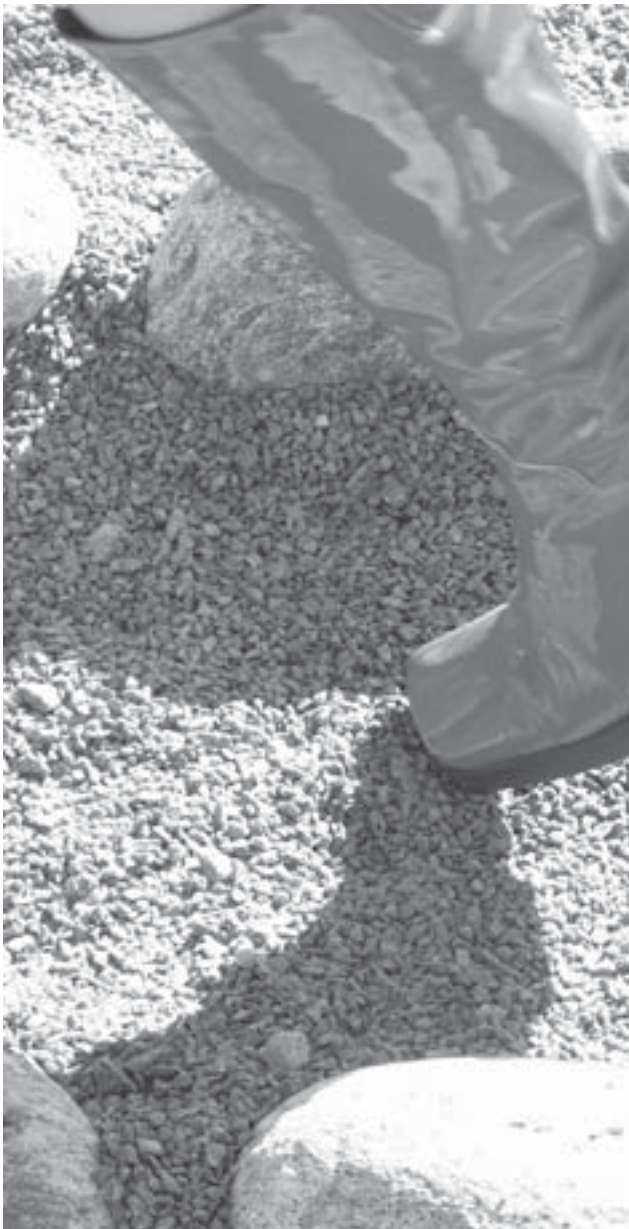


047

and a number of cairn-like stone settings. She must have been looking for the labyrinth because she says she can't find it, and she knows that Johan Alin saw it, when he worked, from 1916 to 1918, documenting what would become the contents of the Göteborg Survey. And it would seem that she knew that back then it had been described as overgrown and partially damaged by a large hole dug into its middle. And she must have known it was there because its presence had been declared on a map in 1855, but its location then had been given as being somewhere known as Froijeborg, so this might have confused her. She might, however, have been aware that this location had, in 1827, been called Troyeborgs Slätt, and this might have convinced her that the labyrinth Johan Alin had described should be there somewhere to find if she really tried (Alin 1916-1918; Dialekt- och ortnamnsarkivet i Göteborg and Dialekt- ortnamns- och folkminnesarkivet i Göteborg 1925; Øvergaard 1962). But perhaps this mission was not important enough, or maybe she believed that the labyrinth had been destroyed at some point between then and there, but I will never know now so I shift my attention to another attempt, this time in 1973, when Claes Varenius tries to describe the remains on this hill, but he finds it hard to locate the cairns and registers the site as a burial site with a question mark, and the labyrinth does not get mentioned at all (Varenius 1973). And with this in mind I return to the beginning of the 1980's when the labyrinth catches someone else's eyes and I see another journey begin, in the summer of 1981 when the site was examined by another man. And this time it is John Kraft that is on the trail and he is looking hard because he believes the labyrinth can be found, if the people looking could find the time to do it right. And I know this because on the 8th June in 1982 John Kraft, together with Stina Andersson and Lars Erik Olsson from the Göteborg Archaeology Museum (GAM) begins the search again (Kraft 1982).

And I keep moving to disturb the leaves, looking for the hole in the centre and from this position I try to visualise the other labyrinths of this province and the 10 parishes containing the 19 labyrinths¹⁰⁹ here, but this terrain of 16,672 square kilometres (Swedensite 2003) is tough going and although the majority of these are on the mainland, 13 of them to be precise, I don't have easy access. Only four of the field labyrinths are still relatively visible but things can change, they usually do, and even if some labyrinths appear to suffer from neglect, or lack of engagement, my journey through the labyrinth tells me that even when absent its presence is felt. And I kick, a little harder this time, and my toes judder as they recoil from the reverberations when connecting with the surface of discovered stone and I wonder how John and his colleagues felt when they succeeded in doing what they set out to do but I can only begin to imagine the feelings felt when the labyrinth at Storeberg returned.

And as I negotiate these circuitous paths its walls of stone somehow make me feel secure. There is something comforting in their materiality, something concrete I can grasp, but I know that there is nothing evident about them; their presence is disruptive. And in the ruptures, displacement occurs, but it is this displacement that attracts (Baudrillard 1997). The labyrinth is a field of experience where some-things at some-times are more present than others, where bits seem to disappear whilst others are in focus and its walls, like the frontier of my body, are points of contact through which the labyrinth interpenetrates and invades the presence of other things.



048

23RD TURN: INTO THE EVENTSCAPE OF PROMISE

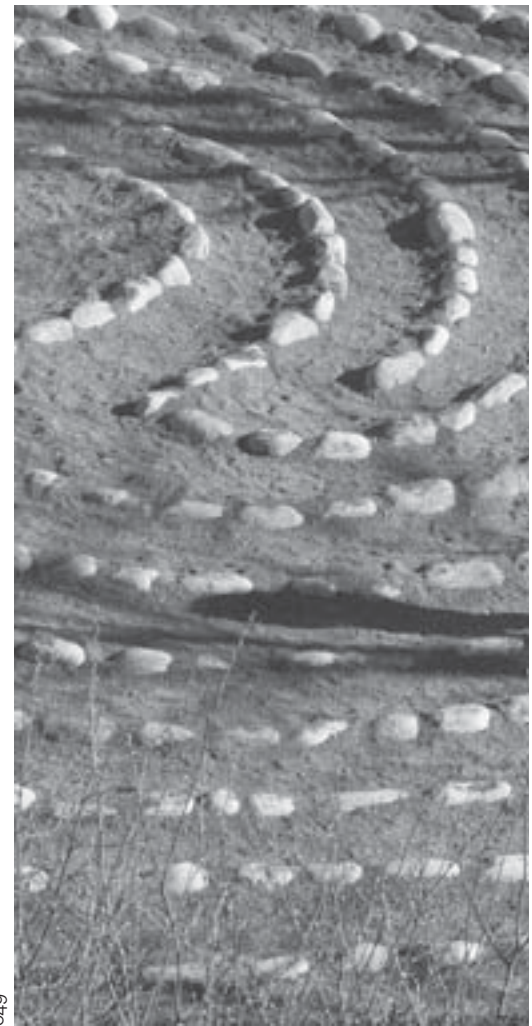
45 steps, 36 seconds

And as I turn I feel I want to re-connect, a little more. I have been moving through this labyrinth for quite some time now and it has taken me to a multitude of sites I never thought I'd visit and whilst journeying there I've been here, walking the paths of the labyrinth in Kungsbacka, all the while: walking and thinking, dreaming and speaking of an archaeological remain that has attracted the attention of many. And I know that this particular labyrinth was built quite recently because it was commissioned by the town council¹¹⁰ and built by Per-Åke Karlsson, a council employee, during the spring months in the year 2003 and I was there. This labyrinth bears witness to the fact that the construction of labyrinths is still very much a living tradition in this particular part of the world. It bears witness to the fact that labyrinth constantly engages the people and places it finds itself in.

But the labyrinth is always something else. This is something I am aware of every time I try to separate its various strands. It hurts, physically and mentally to dissect, rip apart, tear away sections of it in order to present some semblance of order, but what can I do? It always seems connected to other things, to other times, to places and ideas, and as I follow this path toward the exit that is the entrance I sense the otherness embedded in exchange. And I realise that the labyrinth is prehistoric, medieval, historic, contemporary; that it is fact and fiction, mythology and literature, religion, politics, local traditions. It is movement, experience, and expression. Its identity is linked to the forest, the garden, the city, the coast and inland. It is situated and displaced. And its transient nature, its hermaphroditic strangeness connects and tangles the paths to the stones. The singularity and specificity of each particular site is transformed, again and again through the act of repetition.

And here I am now, in the Province of Halland, 4,800 square kilometres in size, and which contains the counties of Halland, parts of Skåne and Västra Götaland (Swedensite 2003). This is the site of another 15 labyrinths¹¹¹, most of which are to be found in the parish of Onsala, and this brings me closer to me because this is where I am. And I feel how my body is beginning to move away from the provinces, counties and parishes, and I start once more to re-locate the experiences felt when visiting the landscapes and eventscapes that I travelled to whilst following these paths.

And I can feel myself saying, ever so quietly that I want to feel how it



049

¹¹⁰ Leif Carlgren, an employee at the town library instigated the construction of this labyrinth, as part of a scheme to rejuvenate the children's play park and the sculpture park outside the library 'Fyren' (Töpel 2003).

¹¹¹ The labyrinths in this province can be found in the parishes of Asige (1), Kungsbacka (1), Onsala (9), Släp (1), Vallda (1) and Ölmevalla (2). Nine of these are situated on islands in the Onsala Fjord.



feels, know what it is to know, understand what it is meant to mean. I want to feel the way you do and I want you to creep under my skin, because I refuse to meet you at a site that requires I objectify, that relieves me from the burden of taking you in. And if you ask me to accept you as an object, or a thing connected to stories and images of others I do not want you in my life. I do not want this kind of attachment because I want something else. And I cannot promise to speak for you, what I want instead is a glimpse of the language your body holds. I need to feel the weight of your presence, sense the promise that your secrets hold, experience something other than the knowledge you allow me to reveal because I know that this knowledge holds the promise of something more.

In my engagement I do not presume to understand, but explore instead the ripples felt by touching you and being touched. Through your presence I am involved, and in the reflections of this I encounter the sting of otherness. At this site of difference things feel unfamiliar, but this is the site of attraction. This is a site from which I have to be prepared to position and dislocate myself in my fragile, momentary relations to the world outside. And even if all the relations I

have to the world are by default always attached to me, this situation does not necessarily hold the potential advantages this position might suggest. To interpenetrate as subject, an-other subject, the site of intersubjectivity is displaced. And at this site of displacement, in the process of transformation possessions must be exchanged. And I have to be prepared to take the risks that my attachment to you entails if I am to touch the promise that your presence offers. And as my body makes contact I know that I don't want to feel what you feel because I know I can't. And my body tells me that it wants to feel how I feel in my encounters with you (Ahmed 1997; Felman 1992, p.xiii; Kristeva 1991).

It is getting late and almost dark and as I tilt my face toward the sky, I feel the infinity of the universe brush past my cheeks and I begin to realise that I can never really see the world outside of me. But I do sense it, each time I move to the site of exchange, when I negotiate, and bring things in. And in apprehending this I realise that this reality promises things to me I never knew I existed.

24TH TURN: INTO THE EVENTSCAPE OF SHIFTING POSITION

6 steps, 8 seconds





050

As I step out towards the exit
my body twists, staring back
at the past present
dislocated
herenow
nowhere
in-between

At the point of impact
attachment collides
coincides with detachment

The labyrinth re-turns
my position shifts
re-turning me
to me

TURNING INTO THE WALKSCAPE OF THE FAMILY

Jonna Ulin



If I keep perfectly still
then I can feel
the skin of my body
stretching
over a pattern of fine branches
then I can feel
how my skin is the surface
that holds it all together

if I alter my vision of sound
towards the inside

if I listen a bit more
carefully
then I can hear
the sound of my veins
how they sigh the memory of the past
it is a faint sound
like a pulsating wind
a puff of air

if I close my eyes
extra hard
then I can see
how my eyelids make out the inside of a whole universe
here
I can enter
on a path
towards a vast and endless landscape
of tales
stories
hidden
and forgotten histories about us

THE LEFT FOOT PUT OUT IN FRONT OF THE OTHER

If I take one more step, if I walk just one step closer, will I then be able to see what you see, hear what you hear, think the thoughts you think, here in this place, here in the abyss of the incomprehensible, here where I am, now.

Can you hear me? Can you hear my voice, can you sense how it is trying to find its way, how it fades out and then, how it comes back again, but stronger this time. It is forcing me to open my eyes, to confront what lies ahead, to see the footprints of the past, to look at the remnants of decay that surround me, to keep an eye on the remnants of time as they are being absorbed by my body. This is the place of the unknown-known, this is the place of decomposition; this is the place of the unexpected. In this place anything might happen if I only let myself walk along the edge of the things that I don't understand, along the edge of everything that I have never experienced, everything that I cannot explain to the full.

Can you see what I see? Can you see how the worms make their way through the soil, how they eat the memories of time, how they create tunnels of the past-present. Tunnels that link me to this place, to this soil of which I think I am a part. I am getting short of breath here, and the earth is filling my ears with whispers of past experiences and memories, whispers that slowly penetrate my soul. Can you feel them; can you feel how we are connected to one another, like flesh to bone?

In this place, where I am, everything is a bit more and a bit less; everything is closer but still further away. And as I locate myself, I find it to be a place in which I cannot make any difference between the real and the unreal, between what really happened and what might have happened. Instead I realise that if I am to see what I am looking at, I have to follow the paths that will take me closer to the memories of those of which I am a part.

Can you feel how it is beginning to get a bit cold, how the moisture of the soil lowers my body temperature, how it lowers my force of resistance towards this place that surrounds me, lowers my force of resistance towards the memories of my family past, I can. I can feel how it supplies my eyes with images of times that I cannot remember, images of family landscapes that I have never visited. I can feel them leaking through my skin, soaking me with dreams, broken hopes, lies, fantasies and with the secrets of the family. I wonder, am I finally here? At the moment when it all begins? Am I on the right track? Can you see me? Have I finally managed to come closer to the place where you are?

Here, in the place where I am, I have to crawl through narrow paths. I have to avoid getting trapped inside the web of certain stories, like those that plait themselves into the ground like the roots of a tree. Here in this place I have no time for nostalgia, no time for traditions, no time to spend on collecting the superficial versions of my family past. My object of desire lies elsewhere. I already have their masked fronts in my collection. What I want are their unmasked faces, their unspoken words, their hidden agendas, their dreams and fantasies, their lies and secrets and I long to see and touch their forgotten things, their unspeakable matters, things that have no names, all the stuff that dwells underneath layers of time and silence. And I know that if I am to come a bit closer to the things that I am looking for, I will not only have to keep this place, the place where memories reside in motion, but I will also have to listen to, to live with, let myself be, the memory that I see, absorb, reflect, hear, retell and remember. I will have to let myself be lost within memory itself. This is the place that is located on the edge of the past-present, on the edge of now and then, here and there. This is the place in which I am to excavate and reveal the layers that make it hard to see; that cover the things that are forgotten, that cover the things that are still close enough to be touched. But this is also the place in which I will be able to taste the breath of my family, to utter the sound of their words, whilst letting them roll on the tip of my tongue.

Like now can you sense it? Can you sense how something is finding its way inside my mouth? Can you sense how it is preventing me from closing my lips? Whatever it is, it is making me realise that now is the time to free my voice, that now is the time to rid myself from the things that block my speech, that now is the time of incorporation and adoption, that it is now that I should begin to turn them into other pieces of me. Or they will remain out of reach, in the distant far, in the landscape of histories, in the landscape of myths and legends and outside the presence of memory itself. Can you sense how it is making me realise that the memories of my family landscape need to be visualised as embodied re-presentations of the past present, as reflections of you that are incorporated by me and not as archives of the past that are packed away for future interests.

Can you feel how the track I am following is beginning to reduce itself into a narrow and spiralling path and how it in this act of transformation and detachment is sorting itself out? Can you sense how it is beginning to give less room to the public and superficial story of the family, to the stories of the family that speak about things that have proper names, that are safe to listen to, that tell things that are nice to hear? I can. And I can sense what it is replacing them with, like now as it spreads the sound of the other side of the family landscape, the one that hides underneath the surface.

THE RIGHT FOOT IS READY TO GO

Look at my body. Look at it, can you see how it is making itself ready to face all the stuff that dwells in this place, in their things, in their memories. It feels as if I need to pull away quickly, ripping my self off, out of the place from where I have come, in order for me to move a bit faster, in order for me to breath in their thoughts. Can you feel it, can you feel how the memories and the objects of this place reside and exist by other rules, by other temporal conditions than the ones that I am used to. Can you feel how the matters of this place keep sticking to me, grating themselves into my flesh, how they hurt me with their presence as they grow into my bones? Like the thing over there, just a bit ahead, can you see it? I can, there is no way I can avoid it, because my eyes are already filled to the brim, opened wide by the grains of this place. Look at it; how it digs its way through the soil in order to get to me. Look at the short piece of shoestring that is searching its way through. Notice how it is just long enough, to slip through the first four loops of the shoe and how it makes a knot. It has to be a child's shoe, a shoe made out of linen; now more grey than white, a shoe with a string turned into a knot by a child's hand, a string long enough to link me to it. I think I know whose shoe it is. Is it your shoe that crumbles by the touch of my hand?

Can you sense how it smells in this place? It is the smell of times long gone, the smell of mouldy thoughts and dusty shoes, hats, gloves, bottles, cooking utensils, broken cups and plates. Can you smell the odour of family leftovers, how they are rotting away inside this soil, and how some of them have already disintegrated into a state of oblivion? I can.

Can you see the stones? The ones that are above me, the ones over there, the ones that have been placed into the ground by the touch of someone's hands, laid down one next to the other, in the shape of a rectangular form. If they are what I think they are, then they are the remnants of a house, of a home, of comings and goings, of dreams and broken fantasies, of lies and secrets, of longings and happiness, of sorrow and pain. Can you see the hallway, the small chamber and the two rooms? I can. Can you see what it is that seem to be stuck, not there, not among the roots, but in-between two of the larger stones? Is it what I think it is, a coin, one 'Riksdaler' from 1857? Can you see if there is a face, of the Swedish King Oscar?

I know that it is difficult to see. There are so many things that cover my sight that it makes it hard to concentrate, as a matter of fact they are no less than 497 to the number.¹¹² And they surround me. Can you

¹¹² For further information regarding the excavation at Åsen 5:18, Liden Parish, Medelpad Province in the County of Västernorrland, Sweden please go to the website <http://arkserv.arch.gu.se/blalab> in which you will find the registered artefacts, along with an analysis of the artefacts by the antiquarian Christina Rosén from the national heritage board, Sweden

feel them moving, how they touch me, how they cut and carve me into pieces, into pieces of stories, into strings of thoughts, into a family etching?

Look at them; look at the ones that lay there in the rips and cracks of the soil, in the fissures of stones and roots. Look at the clock that keeps lacerating the skin of my body. It is an alarm clock with big black numbers on a clock face that once was white, but now shifts in various colours of rust. This clock, it runs by its own time, hiding behind the figure of 10.29. a.m. or p.m.? No one will ever be able to tell. Can you feel how it is turning my skin inside out and then back again, how it is moulding it into a million narratives about time, events and experiences? Can you sense how it is turning my body into strands of stories, running from the top of my head and down to the bottom of my feet, and how they are deeply rooted into the geography of my personal past, my family landscape?

It makes me want to move on, to find my way through to the place where you are, to the landscape to which I belong, to the landscape where I can stand and look for the traits that we share, the language of the family, the ingrained memories of you. But where am I to begin, which part of myself am I to move first in my search for you, my collar bone, the white string of hair, my memories and experiences of you, or some other part entirely?

In this place I journey through layers of the same and the different, I confront and approach difficult and unspeakable matters, I travel amongst things that have been addressed and spoken but I also move within the silence of the past-present. And I have to be careful on my journey not to push something that might break. I have to be careful not to grab on to something too forcefully, and I have to make sure that I keep my mouth open; wide enough to let the different sounds of my family past pass in and out. But it is hard. Because whenever I move I feel how they are crushed under the weight of my search, how they break apart and stick to my body, forcing me to change my perspective into one that sees things from another perspective; from the perspective that looks at the remnants of you and all the others from the edge of time, from the edge of the remembered, from the edge of the real and the imaginative.

THE BEGINNING OF A STEP INTO THE FIRST EVENTSCAPE



00

We share each other
you
and
I
we are
collected memories
stirred by the winds of time
we are
invisible patterns
on a map
of voices
and
I was born
too far
from your beginning
you were
already
the time
the place
the room
in which
I
came
to be
I was born
along footprints
along the rootprints
of you



TOUCHING THE GROUND WITH MY RIGHT HEEL

Look can you see the surface cracking? Can you see how I am about to rid myself of the layers of dirt that weigh me down? Can you see how I bring with me tons of matter, remnants of her and me, of him and her and of them too, and how they attach me to the ground of this place, the landscape of my family? Can you see how they reveal themselves in the shape of a personal and deep map, a map to follow, a map to use when deciphering the contents of this landscape.

And I find myself standing outside a block of flats. It has grey plastered walls and some of the flats have balconies. And as my eyes get cleared from the grains of soil that I have taken with me from down under, I am able to read a sign saying 'Stamgatan number 78'. I know where I am; I have been here many times before. I know that if I turn around I will see another block of flats and in-between the two of them a residential car park. I will see a red Volvo 240, parked in one of the parking lots a bit further down the street. And I know that if I look up into the crown of the big birch tree that grows next to my right foot, I will see a crows nest that has been used again and again. I also know that if I walk around the right corner of this block of flats, I will see a large park, with a couple of play parks for children. And I know that if I keep walking a bit further down, to the opposite side, I will meet with a grocery shop, a bakery, a pizza restaurant, a flower shop. And if I choose to follow a different track on my way back, the one over there, I know that I will end up in the same place from where I once came.

This is a familiar place, a place of my personal past and I have opened the door to its entrance many times before. But not, as now, from the side that reflects the past into presence, from the edge of time, from the slope of memory. It is a heavy door. I know, because my body remembers it as such. But perhaps I won't have to pull it as hard this time. My arms are stronger now, my hands bigger, and my fingers longer. They are at least long enough to get a good grip around the handle. There are so many stories behind this door, so many voices, so many hours of daylight, hours of childhood, hours of death and birth, minutes of secrets, happiness and unhappiness. And it makes me remember that when I open it, I will have to avoid letting it remain half shut, preventing me from being fully there, preventing me from being within memory itself. Instead I will have to push the past aside and make it present, turn history into re-lived memory, into a moment of now.



002



003



004



005

Do you feel the same way as I do, that it is time to enter, to step over the line, the threshold of the past? Can you sense that now is the time to walk the three flight of stairs and open the door to the apartment of my family landscape, the landscape where everything is a little bit else, a little bit different and not entirely as it appears to be, the landscape where everything is more than it is, at the same time as it is less, where everything is closer, at the same time as it is further away, and where everything that I think I see and hear, is not always what is there to be seen, or even there to be heard, or to be spoken about? I can.



000

And I am pulling the entrance door to the block of flats as I speak. It is still heavy, loaded with the event of opening and closing the passage-way between here and there. Yes there it is. Can you sense it? It is the same smell that always meets me when I step over this threshold. It is the smell of comings and goings, of being left behind, for a few days by my mother, of expectations, longings and the excitement to meet with, to stay with, to hug and be hugged by, first of all my grandmother, and my great grandmother.



000

Can you sense the coldness of the stone paved floor? Can you see the grey coloured walls and the wooden doors? It is all there, dwelling in silence in the broken window to my left, in the fossils of the stones on the ground, in the cracked paint on the walls. And it makes me remember that one of the doors in the corridor, even though I can't remember which one, will take me to the laundry room. And I know that if I choose to walk through that door I will be able to see my grandmother mangling some 'newly washed sheets' and I will find myself sitting on the floor, playing with something, probably a toy horse. And it makes me remember that another one of these doors, will take me to the basement, and if I would choose to go there I will find an old trunk, carrying the memory of a journey, made by my great-grandmother and her family in the year of 1938, from Åsen 5:18, Liden Parish, Medelpad, Västernorrland County to Ösmo Parish, in the county of Södermanland, Sweden. But I choose to do neither. Instead I find myself heading towards the stone paved stairway to my right, which I know will lead me up the stairs and into another part of the landscape of my family.



000

Can you see what I see? Can you see how short my legs have become, how small my feet look? I still recognise my knees though; I can still see the same kneecaps sticking out through my pants, pointy and sharp. And can you feel as I can how my body moves through several ages at once, as I climb up the stairs? One pair of stairs, and I am three years old and my mother and I are moving out. Two pairs of stairs, and I am 10 years old and we are here to spend Christmas. Three pairs

of stairs, and I am thirteen years old and we are just coming back from my great-grandmother's funeral. There is no end to the fluid time that runs like blood through the veins of my body and I recognise each and every moment as they linger a bit, before they become replaced by yet another event. This is a rough walk; it feels hard on my body. No matter how many times I have walked up these stairs and into the landscape of my family, it is always as hard, because sometimes I fall over something hidden, trip over something that I don't see. And sometimes I forget that in the process of departure, from something, from a somewhere, I always leave something behind my back. Three flights of stairs and I am almost there. Can you see it, the sign on the apartment door, the one carrying two names? Ingrid Nilsson my grandmother, a widow and a mother of two. And Sigurd Risberg the second man in her life, the man with whom she lived for 30 years in the rooms that hide behind this door.

STEPPING INTO THE FIRST EVENTSCAPE

How I wish
that I could sit
inside
the pocket
of your coat

1

how I wish that
I could be carried
above
all that hides
underneath your feet

how I wish
that I could bend
over the edge
and reach
as far as possible

how I wish
that I could sway my arms
above
the forgotten landscape
of your past

how I wish
that I could change perspective
turn my eyes inside
not forwards
but backwards
so
that I could see and travel
through the colour of your eyes



009

PRESSING DOWN THE TIP OF MY TOES

I am standing in the hallway and the hallway rug feels soft underneath my feet. Can you feel its threads? They are woven out of sound, threads of sound that slowly but surely twist themselves around my legs, making themselves heard, saying, – turn around, look into the room to your left, does it remind you of something? – Turn around again, listen to the sound that comes from the bathroom to your right. – Look straight ahead, there she is, your mother, can you see how she irons the dress? – She is smiling, – all ready to go, she must be about your age. – And look at yourself, standing there beside her, facing the large hallway mirror, playing with some of her curlers.



010

Can you hear how they refuse to stop, how they keep attaching me to their stories, weaving me into the bathroom, asking me to look at my grandmother as she opens the bathroom mirror. Can you hear the familiar sound of the heater being turned on? She must be about to wash her hair. Yes, she is going to do just that. Look at her, how she bends over the bath tub, how she makes the shampoo lather between her fingers, before she makes it hide all the grey nuances. Can you see me standing next to her, asking her if I may help her to tape and pin her hair? She always tapes and pins her hair after washing it; two pairs of pins in the fringe and some pieces of paper tape and one pin on each side, so that the curls are being pressed down properly.



011

Can you hear me, when I say that I see everything? That I see not only her and me, but the blue colour on the bathroom walls as well, and that I do not only hear what we are talking about, but another voice as well. Listen can you hear it, the voice that keeps calling for me from the living room, it reminds me of my great-grandmother. Can you hear how it fades away as I try to pick up her tones? I can.

AND IT MAKES ME: think about memory as layers of events lingering in a state of the past-present: as images that need to be slightly out of focus in order to exist. It makes me think about memory as representations of the real that reveal much more or much less than they actually represent (Hansson 2001, p.91) because they are engaged in a constant process of presencing.

IT MAKES ME: realise that I have to be distantly present, inside this place in order to see what I am looking at: that memory-images are like photographs, in that they evoke and provoke in the same way. That both of them, are often mistaken to represent truthful and evidential images rather than images of temporal contradiction, images that reveal the presence of what one remembers at the same time as they

confirm the absence of the present that one sees (Sember 1998, p.37). It makes me realise that in this place, the memory-images reside somewhere a bit off centre, to where I am standing, at the same time as they live through the process of my remembrance. And from the position of the 'off centred' they question aspects of the true real in what I remember, but not the act of remembrance as such. No, they just point to the fact that, as I bring them back to life, I also set in motion a process of refilling, a process of re-framing the memory of the family landscape through acts of adding on and of withdrawal, that through this act of presencing the past, I 'read onto' a bit more and a bit less in what I see, confront and approach.

IT MAKES ME: realise that a memory-image is an image full of contradictions; that its existence depends on the tensions that are built up through the process of remembrance, between the visible and the invisible, between the seer and the seen. And that like a photograph, the memory-image is an image taken from the angle of the past-present, shot through the perspective of an inter-contextual time frame in which the moment of the seen is perceived of as an event happening now. As a present that is embedded in the temporal zones of now, of then, and of what we might think it will present tomorrow (Hansson 2001, p.91). And each and every one of these temporal zones include the fantasies and longings of a particular social class, the social, cultural and historical conditions of a gender group and of a particular generation, the daily expectations of people whose lives are commonly dismissed as insignificant and much, much more.

AND IT MAKES ME: aware of the fact that like John Berger, I too believe that the stronger my experience of a memory-image might be, the more experiences reside behind the event I remember. Experiences that in turn will make me perceive the timescape of the memory-image as something dense rather than surficial; that will make me perceive the memory-image as something that has to be measured through units of deepness and density and not in a linear fashion, not through the measurement unit of length (Berger 1987, p.46) Because as a memory-image appears in front of my eyes, a relationship is about to be established; between me as the seer, and the memory-image as the seen. A relationship that reminds me of the fact that due to the distance between it and me in place and time, I will never be able to see the true real of what it re-presents, a relationship that reminds me that instead I will have to fill the gap, the distance in time and place by the use of my imagination. And in this process my imagination becomes virtual and turns into the other side of my memory, melts into another layer of my memory-image. It is as if the actual image of my memory and the virtual imagination of the same, are integrated and coalesced into a state of indiscernibility, as if they

turn into two sides representing the same thing, as if they turn into and out of each other at will through a reciprocal relationship (Deleuze 1989, p.69). And in the end I can't separate the two and I realise that *"... in fact, there is no virtual which does not become actual in relation to the actual, the latter becoming virtual through the same relation ..."* (Deleuze 1989, p.69)

THAT: the actual image and the virtual image of my memory linger in a state of coexistence. And that there is no other place for them to reside, but through coexistence on the edge, in the middle, in-between, on the borderline of the past and the present, in the place that turns them into a state of now. And it makes me realise that as soon as I re-present them into the place where I am standing, they will change position again and face the past from where they came. Because the *"... image has to be present and past, still present and already past, at once and the same time. If it was not already past at the same time as it is present, the present would never pass on. The past does not follow the present that is no longer, it coexists with the present it was."* (Deleuze 1989, p.79)

AND IT MAKES ME: realise that I am involved in a process of displacement and placement. In that, as soon as I visualise the images of my family landscape, I also begin to notice the absence in what I look at. It is as if the memory-image both encloses and excludes me as the seer, which in turn makes me believe in the absence of what I do not see when I look (Hansson 2001, p.93). A memory-image is in fact a re-presentation of the past-present where there are no division lines, no demarcation zones between the true real of what I remember and my imagination because the memory-image exists somewhere in front of or behind what really happened, that is in-between here and there.

AND: I find myself involved in a process of postmemory; a process that *"... is distinguished from memory by generational distance and from history by deep personal connection."* (Hirsch 1997, p.22) And I realise that postmemory *"... is a powerful and very particular form of memory precisely because its connection to its object or source is mediated not through recollection but through imaginative investment and creation."* (Hirsch 1997, p.22) And I realise that *"... postmemory characterises the experience of those who grew up dominated by narratives that preceded their birth..."* (Hirsch 1997, p.22)

AND IT MAKES ME: understand that postmemory *"... is as full and as empty, certainly as constructed as memory itself."* (Hirsch 1997, p.22) And it makes me think that perhaps I am closer to you than I think, yet further away. Because a memory-image of postmemory is a

re-presentation that has as one of its aims to exaggerate what it represents, in that a re-presentation always re-presents more than what it represents at the same time as it never succeeds to reveal the whole picture (Phelan 1993, p.2).

STEPPING INTO THE SECOND EVENTScape



012



2

On the surface of your face
I see
a landscape

may I
if I am very careful
gently rip it open
just enough
to be able to see
what lies underneath ?

on the surface of your face
I read
register
every tone
of your voice

on the surface of your face
I follow the lines
the contours
of your life

but are they
also for me to see
as layers of recognition
as secret reproductions
as deep scars of experiences?

LIFTING THE HEEL OF MY LEFT FOOT

There it is again, the voice I almost hear. It is so close. I can sense it resonance inside my eardrum. Yet it is so distant in time that I am having problems with the words. I know I used to know them, used to imitate their sound. The voice keeps calling me, urging me to come closer, to walk into yet another room of the past.

This voice I remember, as one that always spoke about things that were distant enough to be seen from afar, not up close. This voice I remember as one filled to the brim with stories about the family past, about the family landscape as a landscapes built brick by brick, layer by layer through personal experiences, through other peoples' know how, through hard work and hungry stomachs, through the pain of having to witness the death of children, through hands lashing the skin of soft cheeks and pale coloured backs.

Can you feel how its warmth tries to soothe me, tries to caress me as it rocks me towards the living room of my past? It has awakened my desire to dig a bit deeper into the surface of my family landscape, to step even closer, up front, revealing the things that gnaw in the back of the family's mind. Can you sense how the air is getting filled with the breath of time, as I am about to approach the room from where it is coming? I can. And I can sense the smell of old age and false teeth and it makes me realise that I have never experienced this voice in any other way. That it was old then too, about 80 years older than mine.

And there she is, Hulda Ulin with her long grey hair tied into a roll at the nape of her neck. There she sits in the brown corduroy sofa, and she is waiting for me. Can you see what I see? Can you see how she wears the face of an old woman, how she is draped in wrinkles and transparent skin? Can you see how she looks at me in the same way she used to, through eyes of recognition?

I can hear her clearly. How she is asking me to sit down next to her. Asking me to listen to what she has to say. But can't she see that the sofa is already packed, with me, in all different ages. I try to tell her, but she doesn't seem to have any time left for the present; instead, I find her keeping an eye on the past, on me and her, sitting there together now, then, yesterday and tomorrow. And she is continuously turning her face to the left and to the right making sure not to forget to stroke my hair when I am ten, to pour me a soft drink when I am five, to straighten my skirt when I am three, to tell me to sit still when I am eight, to let me help her to fasten her thick brown stockings into



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their hooks when I am seven. And all the time she keeps answering questions that I asked her 22 years ago.

Here I am, looking at me, helping her to pull on her stockings, and I remember how different they were from my mother's, not as smooth and transparent. No, touching hers always felt like holding on to an extra bit of skin. Here I am looking at her and me, and I remember how warm and soft her hands felt, how blue her veins were and how exciting it was to force them to sink a little bit deeper into the skin. Here I am looking at me sitting next to her with bare legs, listening carefully to one of her stories, and I remember the touch of the sofa and how the brown corduroy always left imprints on my thighs. And I can't help it but as I keep remembering all of this I find myself longing for a place next to her, I find myself longing to be touched by her, again.

Can you hear the voices that keep fading in and out behind my back, the words of silence? I can. I can hear how they go on and on, how they whisper and awaken the stories of yesterday. Can you see her, my grandmother, as she walks into the living room? She has that special look in her eyes, the one that says that this is of no interest to small children, kind of look. Can you hear what she is saying? Can you hear her silent words, the coded sentences? She is making me weary, she is sapping my strength; she is so difficult to listen to, so difficult to understand. But perhaps, if I sit down in the old rocking chair over there, perhaps if I sit perfectly still, making myself as invisible as possible, making myself small enough, young enough to be allowed to stay, then maybe I will be able to translate bits and pieces of their secret language, into a language of the unknown-known, into a language of the family, a language that I can learn to speak in fragments.

Can you see how they are talking, how they keep stroking their teeth with the tip of their tongues, how their lips move, bend and twist? I can. And I am trying to read what they say, but I can't help noticing that this time too, I am unable to translate their words into facts and truths, into words that tell things about matters that really happened. Instead I realise that I must be sitting too far away, that the gap in-between them and me is still too wide, that I have to try and move the rocking chair a bit closer to their present. But as I try to lift it, I find it being stuck to the floor of the past.

I do not want to miss out on their conversation again. I do not want to be left on the outside, looking at the family landscape from the perspective of history instead of memory. I belong there too, on the inside of the historical event, on the inside of their memories, on the inside of the family landscape. Look at me; I am older now, old enough to



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understand the meaning of your words, old enough to be able to read your sentences, your traces, from the position of experience. What if I try to move the rocking chair once more? What if I bend it forth and back, like now?

I can hear things, can you? Listen to the sound of the past, how it is leaking through the crevices in the floor. Listen to the way it is hybridised as it comes into contact with the air I breathe. Listen to the way it is fertilised by my breath, how it is blended into a language of the past-present. Listen to the way it multiplies into altered and fragmented versions of words spreading the sound of a family name belonging to two small children, to two brothers that were left behind long enough, to begin a search for their inheritance as they grew up. Listen to the church bells that keep ringing for a marriage that never happened. Quiet Can you hear it? Can you hear the sound from the women, the sound from the children as they share the sight of death? I can. And I can feel how the sound of the past touches my lips. It is sharp and it cuts its way through, in search of a place to be, until the time comes when it is spoken into the present again.

Listen; can you hear the rhythm of hands, moving? Can you hear the sound they make? It is the sound of memory. Look at my grandmother and my great-grandmother as they sit in the sofa talking. Look at my grandmother as she lets her hands gesticulate widely, adding extra connotations to her point of view. And look at my great-grandmother as she strokes one hand with the other, one time then clapping it two times, over and over again. The sight of both of them, sitting there together, makes me want to let my hands dance like theirs. Can you feel how their particular and specific movements make my hands remember the touch of their skin?

Here I am letting myself be moved forth and back within the place of memory. Here I am sitting down, with my legs curled up tight to my stomach, whilst remembering the touch of their skin and whilst listening to their discussions concerning important matters. But I am having difficulties finding a way through their tone of voice. Because the way they pronounce their words make their letters become too ephemeral and too secret for me to be able to decode their intentional meaning. So instead of listening to words that take me closer to the things they talk about I find myself listening to words that cover things up. And yet I can feel how the rocking chair is rocking my body open, making it willing enough to absorb everything they say, their words of memory and all the rest. Can you feel how they keep penetrating my flesh? Can you feel how my body offers itself to be their resting place, their landscape of remembrance; their place of memory? I can. And it makes me realise that without me they would not be able to exist, that



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without me they would not have a place to which they could attach themselves, that without me they would not be here. It makes me realise that their memories need a place to be, or they can never be experienced.



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It feels nice when they flow inside the boundaries of my veins, when the words of secrets, sorrow and pain, longings and fantasies, desires and happiness, understandings and disagreements meet again and again. It feels nice when they cross each other's path like blood meeting blood, when they turn into new sets of meanings, carrying the weight of experience, the density of memory. It feels nice when my body vibrates as it speaks in reverse, recharging itself with the coded messages of the past. And through its movements I find myself coming closer to the understanding, that even if I have become their resting place, their place of memory, I will never be able to pronounce their words in the right way, never be able to get the exact meaning of their sentences. And even though I listen to their sound from the perspective of the same, from the perspective of the family, from the perspective of the known, I will always remain on the outside of their present. And I know that I will keep on looking at them as a witness, looking at them seeing them looking at them hearing things that might or might not have been said.

AND IT MAKES ME: think about my family in terms of the unknown known; as a landscape of the exotic, of the unfamiliar, of the strange and incomprehensible but also as a landscape of events, of experiences, of the same and the different. And as I look at them, I recognise some of them as people I have met before, others as photographs in the family album and yet others as shadows, as strangers in the distant past. I can hear how a few of them utter words in silence, not wanting to put their lives on display, others talk about this and that in loud voices, and others again, keep stuttering their memories alive, leaving out half sentences. These people, wherever they go, hide or stay, they leave traces. And as I follow their tracks, in the rooms that hide behind the apartment door of 'Stamgatan number 78 and three flights of stairs' I pick up words, indistinguishable noise, belonging to the half remembered and to the half forgotten, to the silent side of the family as well as the outspoken.

AND IT MAKES ME: realise that since I entered this place, I have begun to look into the rooms of the past from a different perspective than before. I have begun to perceive them in terms of a landscape in which a language is spoken through coded sentences. And I have come to realise, that I will never understand everything, but some things, if I just keep posing questions, perhaps even uncomfortable ones and that "*[q]uestions are invented like anything else ...*" (Deleu-

ze 1987, p.1) *"[y]ou can always replace one word with another, if you don't like that one, if it doesn't suit you, take another, put another in its place."* (Deleuze 1987, p.3)

AND IT MAKES ME: realise that as I walk inside these rooms, I follow a deep map, constructed through layers of the past-present; And that, like the image of the map, my family landscape is full of hidden itineraries, of unknown places and objects of desire. And that if I am to visit this place, from time to time, I have to learn how to live with the words that hide behind the backs and beneath the footprints of past generations, behind heirlooms, objects that have survived the decay of time, behind written words resting in private letters, behind intimate stories and images of photographs of people I have never met, taken in places I have never been, inside deserted and forgotten homes. And if I am to understand what they mean, I have to decipher their coded messages and silent meanings through my empathetic awareness and my lived experiences of the present. I have to give voice to their words of which some have been forced into a state of oblivion, into a position of the non-speakable, due to the character of the scenes they have been taking part in.

AND IT MAKES ME: realise that each time I turn around, looking, at me and at them, I add something to the picture; I leave something behind. That as long as I am here I will fill this space with the sound of me, a sound that echoes between their past and my present, a sound that resonates back and forth, from that wall over there and on to me standing here. And as I move, it moves too, in all directions, netting a topographical web, a rhetorical territory of my family.

AND IT MAKES ME: think about the fact, that in this place, I am, not only the interpreter, the editor, the writer and the reader but the producer as well. Because I pronounce the words I don't hear, in the images I see. And through my body, I blend the imagination of their tone of voice with mine. But it also makes me think about the fact that like any other web, this web of sound has got plenty of space in-between its threads. And the harder I listen I notice that they are woven out of silence.

AND: suddenly I become aware of the fact, that silence too is a sound that can be heard, if one listens hard enough. And that if I look at the sound of me, I can see that it is giving structure to the image I witness. But that in doing so I will detect something else too, like the fact that the sentences I do not hear when I listen to my grandmother and great-grandmother, that the words they refuse to utter, that the secrets they keep in silence, that all of it, has got something to do with the concept of silence, in that silence is not only about the absence of sound, but

also about the absence of the will to act or to speak, about avoidance and erasure, about non-hearing as the positive assertion of deafness, about the active voiding of listening to and of witnessing one's own history (Felman 1992, p.183).

AND IT MAKES ME: realise that as I utter the sound of my family, as I witness the memory-images of my past, I do not only speak the words of silence but I map the family landscape anew. Because through my will to grasp the gap in-between them and me, in-between the past and the present, in-between their memories and my imagination, I enter a process of creation of constructing the family landscape again, but from a different point of view.

AND IT MAKES ME: aware of the fact that as the witness of the history of my family landscape, I am the witness of the memorial testimonies of others, the witness of myself within the frame of familiar experience, and the witness of the process of witnessing itself (Laub 1995, p.61). And through the process of my remembrance, I uncover the amnesia of the past.

AND IT MAKES ME: aware of the fact that when I geographically locate myself inside this place I do not only have to deal with, and come to terms with, which tone of voice I am to use, when I give voice to my family landscape but also from which perspective I am to confront, to witness and to testify the past. And that no matter how hard I try, I will never be able to rid myself from the problem of having to deal with the history of my family from the perspective of the unknown - known, from the perspective of being same but different, because that is what I am, same but different.

AND: that at the same time as I belong to their past, I am the stranger, the onlooker, the voyeur, the one who stands on the edge of their landscape, which leaves me with no other alternative than to uncover their masks and to touch their faces through my will to speak from the inside of their foreign language, even if I don't understand what they say. Shoshana Felman has said that, "... *to testify from inside otherness is thus to be prepared, perhaps to bare witness from within a "ra, ra, ra", to be prepared to testify not only the meaning in a foreign language but from inside the very language of the other.*" (Felman 1992, p.230) And that is what I will have to do.

AND IT MAKES ME: think that no matter if I stand, sit or walk inside this place, I leap from sentence to sentence, event to event, scene to scene. And as I see their stories, hear the sound of their voices, I create sets of testimonial narratives, in that I move from the outside to the inside and then back again. It is an endless journey of

repetition and representation and as such it has no ends, only endless points of entry; entries of 'becomings'. But 'becomings', "... *they are orientations, directions, entries and exits ...*" (Deleuze 1987, p.2) and as such they make it easier to move, to leap from here to there, and to confront the double exposures of my family, as images of 'both and', of the known and the unknown, of the different and the same.

AND IT MAKES ME: realise that the landscape of the family is a landscape of the familiar and the unfamiliar. And that even though it might be a landscape to which I have certain bonds and certain obligations, I will never be able to feel entirely familiar in its place. Because the family landscape feeds off the paradoxical, in that its existence depends on processes of distancing, separation and detachment, as well as processes of connection, identification, assimilation and adoption.

AND IT MAKES ME: look at the side of the family that is nourished by the desire to keep certain things silent, the desire not to hear, not to remember, not to talk, because if I don't, they will continue to dwell in the perspective of difference instead of the same; in the perspective of the unspeakable instead of the speakable. And as such they will not uncover their true nature of being familiar stories belonging to the happenings of everyday life. That is why I can't give in to the fear of telling, the fear that the act of talking itself might be so traumatising that "... *the price of speaking is re-living; not relief, but further traumatization.*" (Laub 1992, p.67) No, what I can do, is to keep the distance between my thoughts and the kind of beliefs that say that fate will strike again, and continue to think that most of the time things are not what they seem to be.

AND IT MAKES ME: realise that I have always had a hard time turning away, leaving difficult matters and unspeakable things behind. But please don't misunderstand me, it is not that I am afraid of losing parts of my history, no, not at all, its just that I, like Hélène Cixous, "... *want to be there when I lose, I don't want to lose the loss.*" (Cixous 1998, p.73) Because I know that if I acknowledge the experience of loss as an important part in my life, I will be able to recognise the pieces, the fragments I don't see when I look, I don't find when I search, as gaps of importance. I will be able to recognise that what I don't see when looking reveals as much as what I do see.

I want to sense the absence in what I don't see when I look. I want to touch and to be touched by their sorrows and pains, by their dirty load of happenings. I don't want to erase the silent words of the family record. I don't want to avoid the process of remembering who I am. I don't. Because all of that excites me, makes me curious,

makes me want to find out to whose bones I belong, whose blood I share. I have no intention of sorting out the proper from the improper. I have no will to spread the disease of amnesia. I don't want to exterminate my capability to bear witness to my past, to confront my beginnings, to listen to the silent sound of others. Shoshana Felman has pointed out that "*[t]he will-to-silence is the will to bring the dead witness inside oneself.*" (Felman 1992, p.225) And that is not my aim. No, what I want, is to go on believing that, "*[w]ithout words as witnesses the instant (will not have been) is not.*" (Cixous 1998, p.146) And I realise that in this place, I have to speak through the "*... voice of one who is in history and who tells it simultaneously, one who lives in history as well as through its telling.*" (Young 2000, p.41)

Here I am, walking outside the limits of time, moving in borderless zones of the past and the present. Here I am walking alongside the lines of memory. Here I am walking the walk of my family, with the left foot slightly pointing inwards. Here I am realising that even if I wanted to, I would never be able to escape the confrontation of their pasts, I would never be able to turn away from their lives. Because for each step I take inside these rooms, I am not only reminded of their existence by their past presence, but also by the way the weight of my body keep crushing some of their contained secrets, and by the way my mouth sets sound to their oaths of silence.

Here I am, navigating in-between the past and the present, the outside and the inside, the known and the unknown, the familiar and the unfamiliar. Here I am moving in a rhizometric fashion, in the middle, through a process of becoming. Here I am seeing and hearing beyond what I know and understand, departing from sense and understanding and opening doors into the incomprehensible (Caruth 1996, p.56). And the experience I keep acquiring on my journey makes me see who I am in the light of who we used to be.

STEPPING INTO THE THIRD EVENTSCAPE



024

3

I was not careful enough
when we sat there
together at the table
in your kitchen
I did not know
that I could lose you
in the landscape of your childhood

I was not careful enough
when we sat there
together at the table
in your kitchen
I did not know
that I could lose you
in the coffee we drank
in the photos we looked at
in the words we spoke

I was not careful enough
when we sat there
together at the table
in your kitchen
I did not know
that I could lose you
when I excavated
your memories
when I got so full
with my own words
to be able to taste the sound
of yours



I was not careful enough
when we sat there
together at the table
in your kitchen
I did not know
that I lost you
at the moment
when I forgot
to feel the presence of your body
when I forgot
to sense the steam of your thoughts
against my skin

I did not know
that I lost you
as I sat at the table
in your kitchen
searching for you
in the place
of your memory
in the landscape of your childhood

STANDING ON MY TOES

What's the time? How long have I been sitting here? A second? Two minutes? An hour? There used to be a wall-clock in the room behind my back, ticking as I watched my grandmother scribble down some figures and numbers as she made up her mind on which horse she would place a bet. I wonder if I walked the few steps that it takes for me to get into that room, would I still find the same clock hanging on the wall. Time seems to be of no importance here, at least not as a unit of measurement, but perhaps as a tool to use when opening up and unfolding the events of the past. Like now, when I turn around, from here to there, when I tilt my head, just enough to be able to look through the glass door of the living room and into the kitchen. The few seconds that it takes for me to do so, is the only amount of time that is needed for a new scene to be set. And during these seconds of movement, the event I will come to see, when I am in place, changes its referential position into one carrying meaning to me.

There is a smell; can you sense it? My guess is that we will have my grandmother's spareribs for dinner. Perhaps it is Christmas time in the kitchen, because we usually had spareribs then, spareribs with stewed apples, meatballs, small sausages, halves of eggs with a string of caviar on each, pickled herring, potatoes, brussel-sprouts, pigs' trotters, rice pudding, ginger cookies and various kinds of candy.

It is never easy to tell the time of the kitchen, because it belongs to so many. At 8 am, breakfast, the chairs are all taken, and everyone eats their toasted bread with orange marmalade. And whilst my grandmother and Sigurd drink their usual cup of porridge the rest of us drink tea or coffee. And then a little bit later, he rises from the table and does the dishes, whilst she dries them and puts them back into the cupboards. At noon, the kitchen is pretty empty, except for me, sitting there in the kitchen sofa crying, but not out of laughter, as my mother's uncle did just before he dropped dead on the floor. No, I am crying out of anger, out of frustration; because my grandmother has just told me to stay put, to stay in place until she has finished cleaning up. At 3pm, time for a bit of leisure, my great-grandmother is sitting next to me reading a magazine. And as I try to stretch my back a bit more, as I try to lean a bit more to the right, I see faces of beautiful girls, dressed in expensive clothes. And I ask her to read out loud what they say, but she says it is written in English and that she can't understand the words. I walk away, sulking, because I know she is lying. And then, later on, or earlier, I can't tell, I see myself sitting on her back pretending that she is a horse, whilst she is crawling around on all fours.



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028

When I am standing here like I do, looking through the glass door, I see that the kitchen is the place to be, when everything seems a bit out of place. And as I hear the sound of plates, knives, forks and glasses being moved around, I realise that the kitchen is a place in the middle but also a place in the background, always present even though I am not there. The smell of food is making me hungry, not so much for food, but for more memories and old testimonies. And it is making me curious too; of finding out if everything is back in place. If the small birds of porcelain are still standing on the mantelpiece, if the mortar of stone is standing next to the stove, if the lamp made out of brass still hangs over the kitchen table, if my great-grandmother's embroideries hang on the wall, and if all the other things that belong to this place still dwell and hide inside drawers and cupboards.



029

Can you sense what I sense as I keep walking closer? Can you sense that the kitchen is a place of nicely cooked dinners, of various kinds of groceries, some too old to eat, but that it is also a rhetorical place, a place of physicality, of 'Smalltalk', of my mother's foot kicking my leg when I say things she finds out of order, a place of family gatherings, of discussions not always pleasant to hear? I can. And I can see that it is not only a place of specificity, of occupied seats, of culture and processes of socialisation and assimilation, but also a place where strangers are introduced, whilst sharing a meal with the rest of the family.



030

Do you know if this is the right time, to push aside the piece of drapery made out of beads that hangs instead of a door, at the entrance to the kitchen? Listen; can you hear the sound it makes as I touch it? Can you hear how it reminds me of the fact that my way is the way that takes me straight to the kitchen table, to the chair next to my grandmother's? Can you hear how it spreads the sound of no return, how it forces me to bend my back under the weight of memory? I can, and it makes me remember this moment, this event as one belonging to those that are not so pleasant to remember.



031

Can you hear her, as she tells me that the dinner will soon be ready? Can you see my mother sitting there on the opposite side of the table? I can, and it makes me hesitate. I don't know if I want to continue walking down this track. Is there really no way back? Look at it; this is an image that doesn't represent the kitchen in the best of ways. If you look closely enough you will be able to see what I see, that the paint on the green coloured walls are beginning to crack, that the layer of dust on the window ledge is unusually thick; that the china isn't as properly washed as it used to be, that my grandmother's body is a bit more bent than it usually is and that it hurts when she moves. And it will make you want to do what I try to do, turn around.

But there is no way back, the entrance to the kitchen has changed its character. There is no longer a drapery made out of beads, easy to push aside. No this time, there is another kind of drapery, can you see it? It is the kind that looks like wood, the kind that can be rolled into place, locked into a position that I cannot open. And I realise that there is no other way out of here than by letting myself go, and walk up to the table and sit down next to my grandmother. Can you hear her? Can you hear how she goes on and on about her stomach, how it hurts, about her sight, that it is not what it used to be, about her neck, that it feels stiff? I have heard them all my life; the never ending stories about her bodily pains, and they make me frustrated. Because there is no way that I can console her, that I can take away her hurt and I am tired of having to carry the weight of her complaints, so I try to cut through her lines of words instead, by asking her questions about her past.



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But she won't listen, she won't let herself slip away, instead she keeps herself firmly seated in the present. And it makes me angry, the fact that for the second time in my life she denies me access to the landscape of her past. It is my past too, remember. I want to inherit her past, I want to incorporate her history into mine, I want to see through her memories, to look at them, touch them, experience them, because somewhere deep down inside the landscape of the family, I know that there are things to be found.



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So I push her, forwards and backwards from here to there and back again, forcing her to answer my questions. And even though I can feel her reluctance to open the door to the stories of her past, I refuse to give up. Because this time, I want to be present when she turns away, when she says - I don't want to talk about it, when she says - I don't remember who that is. This time, I want to look at her as she speaks, I want to smell her resistance, I want to make sure that I have enough time to uncover her mask and look straight into the landscape of her face. This time, I want to find them, the signs that say - yes we share each others pasts, we share each others blood, each others flesh and bones, - don't worry our bones are made out of the same keys, keys that carry the answers to your questions, - don't you see that we are one and the same, - touch your collar bone, a bit more to the left, there, a slight elevation on the skin, can you feel the similarity, can you feel that your body is mine, - but you will have to look hard, because our signs are difficult to detect underneath the surface of our skin, - they are so deeply ingrained.



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So I decide to leave the table and collect some fragments of the family landscape. Because I need to see her looking at the photos again, I need to see her go through the evidence once more, I need to hear her



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say, - yes I think that's how it was, - no I'm not really sure that's what happened, - if I remember it rightly then we used to..., and so on and so on. But as I leave the table in search for the things that hide the answers to some of my questions, and walk into the room that once used to be their bedroom, I notice that I have pushed my chair a bit too roughly, that it has fallen down on the floor, and I can't help thinking, that certain things, they never change, and that if I am to find what I am looking for, I will have to dig fast, before it has all gone.

Can you sense how she is trying to avoid me as I am searching for the fragments of her past? How she is trying to avoid the inevitable? I can, I can sense how her gaze is slipping of my back. But it doesn't matter because I can feel how all the others that hang there, captured and framed, in the portraits on the walls track me. And even though they are strangers, I know them well. I have talked to them through their eyes, silently asked them to verify that the stories they tell, my mother, my grandmother and my great-grandmother, that they are true. And the way they look straight at me, as I walk into the room, makes me feel, as if I can do it again, as if I can take the family albums that lay underneath the sideboard table in the corner over there, and spread them in front of her face.



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-Look, I say as I come back into the kitchen, I know you have told me their stories many times before but can't you do it once more? It won't take long; we still have enough time before dinner. She tries to find a way out, but I refuse to give her the opportunity. Why this reluctance, I don't understand, why this attitude, she has always answered my questions before? For thirty-five years I've been carrying their masks inside me. And now I want to uncover their family face, I want to continue this line of memory work, of excavating the family past. She should be proud instead of ashamed. How I wish, that she could still carry her head high on her shoulders, with a strong face and not like now, bent and broken, exhaling a breath of bitterness.

I am turning the first page of the family album, and there I meet with her in the image of a mother to my mother, and with the only man she married standing next to her and there is a boy there as well, whose name she can't remember. Its hot outside, none of them except for my grandmother wears a top. They're on some kind of bicycling trip and my mother is comfortably seated in a child's chair on her father's bike. I wonder if he is still too young to have begun to set in motion the repetition of my grandmother's childhood, perhaps there are still a few days left? I don't have the time to ask her because she has just turned the page. And there on the second page, she points at a picture of her sister Iny. I think she's trying to make us look at something a bit further away from her personal past. And when thinking about it, she



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has done so all the time, distanced herself. Yes, she has shared her childhood and teenage past, but not her past as a mother and a woman. No, the image I have of her as a grown up, as a mother of two children, as a woman living with a man that resembles her father, in his way of dealing with pain, that's an image I see through a child's eyes, through the eyes of my mother.

But I want to see it all, I want to see what lies in-between the said and unsaid, what is to be found in the space in-between you and me. I want to see the bits and pieces, the fragments. I long to walk through the remnants of people's lives, to search among their debris, to undress their faces, to find their hidden things, their forgotten things, the things that cannot be heard, that are never spoken about. Because there in the presence of the things that people choose to throw away into oblivion I will be able to understand who you and I were, are, might be, will and will never become. That is why I cannot stop poking in the things that should not be touched, why I cannot stop picking things up, collecting the things that should remain on the ground. That is why I keep on asking her questions over and over again, why I keep on looking, searching for the fragments that make the web of my family, and that is why I watch them, stalk them, the women of my family, all the time, carefully following each step they take.

And even though I know that there is no way for me to wash away the freckles that cover my body, the colour of red that taints my hair, even though I know that I cannot change the structure of my bones, the paleness of my skin, that I will never be able to share my mother's eyes, not the blue one or the brown one, that instead my sight will remain green, I still try to walk their walk, because I share their past inside my body. But only half of it, the other half is occupied by absence, except for the inheritance of a golden necklace given to my mother on the day I was born, a telephone call to my mother when I was thirteen, a letter and a photograph that were sent to me about five or six years later. And now there is no more to get. So I need to fill that other half. I need to cover those parts of my self that I don't know, with what I know about them, my mother, my grandmother and my great-grandmother. But isn't that what we do, as we search for answers in the past, as we excavate the remains of people long gone, as we reveal the soil from places of experience, isn't that what we do? Piecing together bits and pieces, fragments of stories into one that fits and covers the history of ourselves.

Can you, like me, hear her vaguely in the background of my thoughts? Can you hear how she tells us the story about Iny's boys, how she lost two out of four, the first in pieces, disembodied as she pushed him out



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of her womb, the second leaving her in his sleep? Can you see what I see, how she then, later, regained her loss in number through the twins, but not in strength. Look at her, Iny, sitting there in her white wedding dress, holding a big bouquet of roses, smiling a content smile. I can't help it but this picture of her sitting there, makes me think, that no matter how hard she smiles into the camera, she will still not be able to hide from her experiences. That they will follow her all her life, affecting not only her as time goes by, but me too, as well as my mother, my grandmother and my great-grandmother. Can you sense how I am doing it again, how I am drifting away into my own thoughts, not listening as I should to my grandmother's stories? I have lost track of how many pages she has turned since I looked at Iny. But by the look on my grandmother's face as she talks about her brothers in the picture at the bottom of the page, about her mother in the photograph to the left, I see that she still misses them.

IT MAKES ME: think about the family in terms of portraits, frozen expressions on black and white paper, masks covering the identity of the family face. As masks made up for the event in which they are about to take part, made up for the play about to begin, as simulations and dissimulations of who we want to be, as well as, who we want to avoid revealing. As faces covered by layers, layers that sometimes prevent us from seeing our own faces, layers that chase us away as soon as we begin to reveal our true identities, to ourselves and to the other person that might be looking (Cixous 1998, p.136). And it makes me think about the way we see things, my mother, my grandmother and I and that our way of looking differs. That, when I see them as children, as a sister to a sister, as a brother's sister, as teenagers, as mothers and as grandmothers, I rewrite their faces into a virtual mask, into one suiting me (Bachelard 1988, p.162), and the way I look.

IT MAKES ME: want to look at my grandmother and I realise that she has just changed her face into the - don't ask me any questions about the picture over there, kind of mask. And I get this urge to touch my cheeks, to see if I carry a mask too. And as I pinch my skin, I do not only sense the presence of my face but that sometimes, masks can offer a place of security, a place of sanctity, a place to escape to when looked at through the enquiring eyes of others, that they make it hard for the person looking to see the face that it masks (Bachelard 1988, p.155). And as I twist a bit of skin, between my thumb and my forefinger, the pain makes me think about what Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari say in their book 'A Thousand Plateaus', that "... *the mask assures the erection, the construction of the face, the facialization of the head and the body: the mask is ... the face itself, the abstraction or operation of the face.*" (Deleuze 1988, p.181) And I think, that perhaps it all boils down to a matter of reading the facial mask I see, as a

mask of a face and that if had I only learnt how to read their faces properly, then I would be able to see through the layers that masks their faces, and into the face they try to make up.

IT MAKES ME: want to touch some of the pictures that lay there, in front of us. And I follow the contours of faces that resemble one another in the way some of them smile, in the way an eyelid slopes a bit more than the other, in the bow of the upper lip. But even though I recognise the surface of their skin, I see that all of them cower behind pre- expected facial expressions, behind the masks of Christmas, Easter, special family gatherings such as a birthday or a wedding. And they smile and smile and smile, desperately trying to cover the image of the other, of the stories that cannot be told, that has to be kept in the dark. And when thinking about it these stories, the stories of the untold, I realise that they are almost never to be seen on the surface of a family snap. No they are 'the missing pictures', the ones that are never taken (Spence 1991, p.69).

IT MAKES ME: wonder, where do we hide these stories? The ones about divorced spouses, disabilities, disease, death, scandals, child abuse, wife beating, unloved children, unfinished business, emotional lockouts, lost loved ones, jealousy, rivalry, betrayal, anger, despair, loneliness and broken dreams. In the pores of our skin? In the folds of our clothes? As I look at the snaps of my family, I have to keep in mind, that what I see are edited and arranged images. That they are the selected ones, the chosen few, the ones proper enough to be put on display. In these albums there is no place for the barely visible, for the unspeakable, only for images of prearranged hair, pulled back into neat pony tails just before the shutter closes, of hands clapping the living room sofa, saying come and sit next to me, of absent mothers, busy preserving the family by taking their pictures (Spence 1991, p.7). And like Jo Spence and Patricia Holland, I too can't help wondering, for whom are these pictures so carefully manufactured and arranged (Spence 1991, p.7)?

IT MAKES ME: remember what Jo Spence and Patricia Holland once said, that "... *family photography is not expected to be appreciated by outsiders...*" (Spence 1991, p.7), but I wonder if that is really true. By the look of the photographs that my grandmother flickers through as she goes on telling her stories, I see that without her knowledge about him and her, about so and so, I would never be able to see anything other than a series of snapshots, photographs taken in order to present the correct image of the family, the image of what a family is expected to represent. And as I hear her talking about her friends in the black and white photograph over there, the one of her and the rest of them, all dressed up, smiling and holding arms, I realise that each and every

one of them is striving to present themselves in the image of the ideal, in the image of who they wished they were, and who they want to be seen as, by the group, by themselves, by others, by strangers and by future generations, like me (Spence 1991, p.7).

AND IT MAKES ME: think that there always *"... comes a point when private photographs become public documents."* (Holland 1991, p.91) That, as documents, snapshots may have *"... a credibility so intense that even those who are accustomed to interpreting visual matter may simply accept them at face value, as an unchangeable definition of how things really were."* (Williams 1991, p.189) So what am I looking at? I try to cover my ears to see if I can see it in their skin, in their faces, in their eyes, the things she knows. But instead of evidence and proof, I see masks of the expected. Well sometimes, in some of them, I can see what they don't say, but only sometimes, and only in pictures of people I know. It is as if I need to have had a personal and intimate relationship with the person I am looking at in order for me to recognise the way they lean their head in their hands, as a language of the body, saying words that I can hear too. I can see that she is pointing at some old photographs, at people, that are completely anonymous to me and I sense that for them I am a stranger too, and that I am unwelcome. But even though I am not welcome to share their intimacy, their fragments of experience, I am still able to see things they cannot hide, like *"... expressions of unity and difference, of wealth and elevated social standing."* (Williams and Barbican Art Gallery 1994, p.12)

AND IT MAKES ME: realise that my way of looking is mine and no one else's but that like any other viewer, I leave my own tracks in the pictures I see, in the way I look, when I see through the eyes of my generation, in the way I look through the eyes of my cultural, social and historical background. And that just like my mother does, when she looks at the pictures of the family albums, I too bring to life other ways of looking, alternative interpretations and new sets of forgettings (Spence 1991, p.1).

AND IT MAKES ME: aware of the fact that I can vaguely hear my grandmother's voice through the density of my hands, but that as soon as I pull them off, I will hear the sound of unique and individual destinies; destinies that even though they are intimate, personal and specific, are still shared by an endless number of people (Seabrook 1991, p.177). And as I hear her voice properly again, I remember what Jeremy Seabrook once said, that *"... one of the most remarkable aspects of the photo-collection of family history is that they involve sometimes hundreds of people ... [and] it is astonishing how many individuals can be contained within the consciousness of one person,*

the vicissitudes of their lives, their basic characteristics, the details of their biography, the nature of their relationships." (Seabrook 1991, p.180)

BUT: there is still one album that she hasn't opened, that remains closed for our sight. I can see that she keeps an eye on it, as if protecting it from me. I have seen that album many times before. It is made out of red leather and the word 'Foto' is written in gold on the front cover. It must be quite old now. Can you see the edges of its pages, how they have changed colour from white to yellow? I know that the pictures that hide inside are taken in black and white because as a child I used to have access to that album, used to be able to sit there dreaming, letting myself slip away, just for a while, into its frames, jumping from one picture to another. But what is so different this time, why doesn't she let me open its pages and touch its ripped and cut edges? I should still be a child in her eyes, her grandchild. I can't help it, but I want to open that album, I want to touch the surface of the pictures that are glued to its pages. Carol Mavor once said that, *"[a]ll photographs are traces of skin that once was."* (Mavor 1999, p.153) And like her, I too long to touch *"... the beaten hems of their skirts, the netting of their headdresses ... the silkiness of their thighs ... the roundness of their pearls, the soft bits of their always new hair ... the lift of their closed but smiling lips, the warmth of their eyelids...their bodies and all that has touched them."* (Mavor 1999, p.XXV) Please grandmother, let me in on your secrets.



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STEPPING INTO THE FOURTH EVENTSCAPE

We attach ourselves
to
one another
through a web
of translucent secrets

our secrets they are
like the water in the lake
where

I
stand
and
look at you

this lake
so deep
so dark
running wild
through currents of stories

this lake
so
firmly rooted
in the ground
of the most beautiful mountains
to valleys
filled with silent echoes
that we
send one another

I see you there
in the lake
on the surface
your face
so still
moving in tiny waves
through trembles of presence

I see you there
floating
forth and back
over vast and endless landscapes

I can feel you
through the sprinkles of water
that hits my face
I can feel you
if only for a second
burning
etching
yourself into
my cheeks

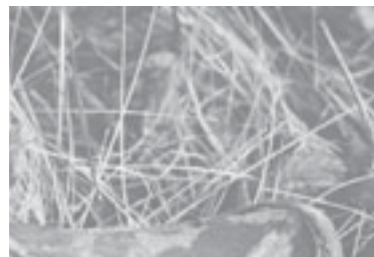
and I stand
just there
on the edge
where the soft surface
connects with hard matter
just there
where tears of water
cleanse
the warm skin of the stones

these soothing drops
they comfort
they soften
the words that were just spoken
hard sentences
that cling like stalactites
to the mountains
and the forest
where you were walking

I see them in the corner of my eyes
like residues of letters
and
wherever I look
I meet with you
inside
a haze of words

I raise my hands
desperately pressing them to my ears
I don't want to hear them
as they hit my face

I raise my hands
to catch them
and
I try to hold them
carefully
between my fingers
but
like wings of a butterfly
they flutter
and
rip themselves
from my fingertips
leaving behind
a slight fragrance of truth



THE RIGHT FOOT PUT OUT IN FRONT OF THE OTHER

She won't let me, she won't let me open the cover of my beginnings and look at the events that hide inside, at scenes of my family past, of people smiling, making jokes in front of the camera, sitting tightly together, caressing each other, making sure that there are no gaps to be seen in the image, that there are no fissures, no broken seams through which facts of forthcoming separations and loss might leak through. Instead she says that she has nothing more to say, that she has run out of words, that she ought to check the spareribs, that it is time to clean up this mess. What mess?

I want that mess, I need it, I need to collect the scattered pieces of her life and of her mother's too, I need to hear both of them, both my mother and my grandmother as they exchange experiences over the threshold of girlhood and motherhood. But I can see it in her face, that there is nothing more I can do to persuade her to give me the red album, nothing I can say to convince her to pass down the lines of stories that hide behind the pages. Instead, I realise that if I am ever to get from here to there, I will have to change direction altogether, I will have to dig faster, to hasten my process of interrogation, I will have to take her down another lane of the past. So I decide to ask her other kinds of questions, like the ones we used to discuss when I was small enough to sit in her knee, small enough to believe everything she said, small enough to be fed with tiny bits of information, small enough to believe them to be precious delicacies. But in difference from back then, I know that they will force her to confront everything that she is struggling hard to forget.

Look at her as she stacks the family back into place, as she closes the covers of our pasts, putting one album on top of the other making sure that everything is where it should be, safely locked inside her mind. Can you hear her behind the kitchen wall? Can you see her as she puts the family albums on the shelf, underneath the sideboard table? Can you see her face as I ask her to tell me things about her childhood home? Can you see if my question has dislocated her, placed her into a position of either or? Can you see if she is about to answer my call for more memories or turn away? I know that my question is forcing her to make a decision as to which way to walk. I know, that she is having a hard time deciding whether or not she will change her direction into one that takes her back into the landscape of her childhood home, back to the landscape of Medelpad in the County of Västernorrland, and from there to a small house, a croft made out of timber, the kind that turns greyer the older it gets.

If she would choose to go there, I know that she will find herself standing in the hallway, wondering if she should step over the threshold and into the kitchen where they all ate and slept or into the parlour on her left hand side, or up the stairway and to the attic. If she would choose to walk into the kitchen, she would soon realise that they are all there, everyone except for her father who has decided that this is one of those nights when he wants to sleep in 'his own bed', the one that hides inside 'his chamber' behind the door on the opposite side of the kitchen. But if she decides not to, and steps over the threshold of the parlour instead, she will enter a room 'for people with access only'. A room that sometimes invites guests to sit in the sofa and drink coffee, a room that may, if they are lucky, allow her and her sister and brothers too, to listen to the old record player, or to silently watch their mother as she measures the bodies of other women. And if she should choose the last alternative, the one to walk up the stairway, to the attic, she might be able to find a piece of thin flat unleavened bread, or a smoked shoulder of mutton, that is if they haven't been eaten already, or she might find her mother sleeping in the provisional bed by the attic window, the one in which she has just given birth to her youngest child Gustav.

Can you see where she is heading? Is she about to confront her resentments about the place, her anger of never having been allowed to live in the whole house, her frustration of still being caught in the dream of how it could have been, what it could have looked like, furnished and all, how it could have felt to sleep in a bed of her own, up in the attic, instead of having to share it with so many? Can you see if she has opened the door and walked over the threshold and into the house, if she is sitting there in the sofa-bed, counting not only the hours as they tick by, but the lice too, whilst watching her father watching her mother speaking in small words, can you? Because she still hasn't answered me, and by the sound of it, she seems not only to be looking for some place to go from here, but for clues as to what kind of answers I am looking for. And it makes me wonder if she is about to testify her past or to sidetrack me by offering me a plate of broken answers. But she doesn't know what I know, that she will never be able to stop me from filling in the gaps.

And there she is, back in the kitchen, firmly pressing a green plastic folder against her chest. And I recognise it as the specific folder that contains not only papers and old documents but family secrets too, as a folder filled with papers wearing the remnants of unique fingerprints and private signatures. And as I see her touching one of the old documents I realise that it is all about to happen again, that it is only a matter of time before she will begin to spread one sheet of paper after another on the kitchen table.

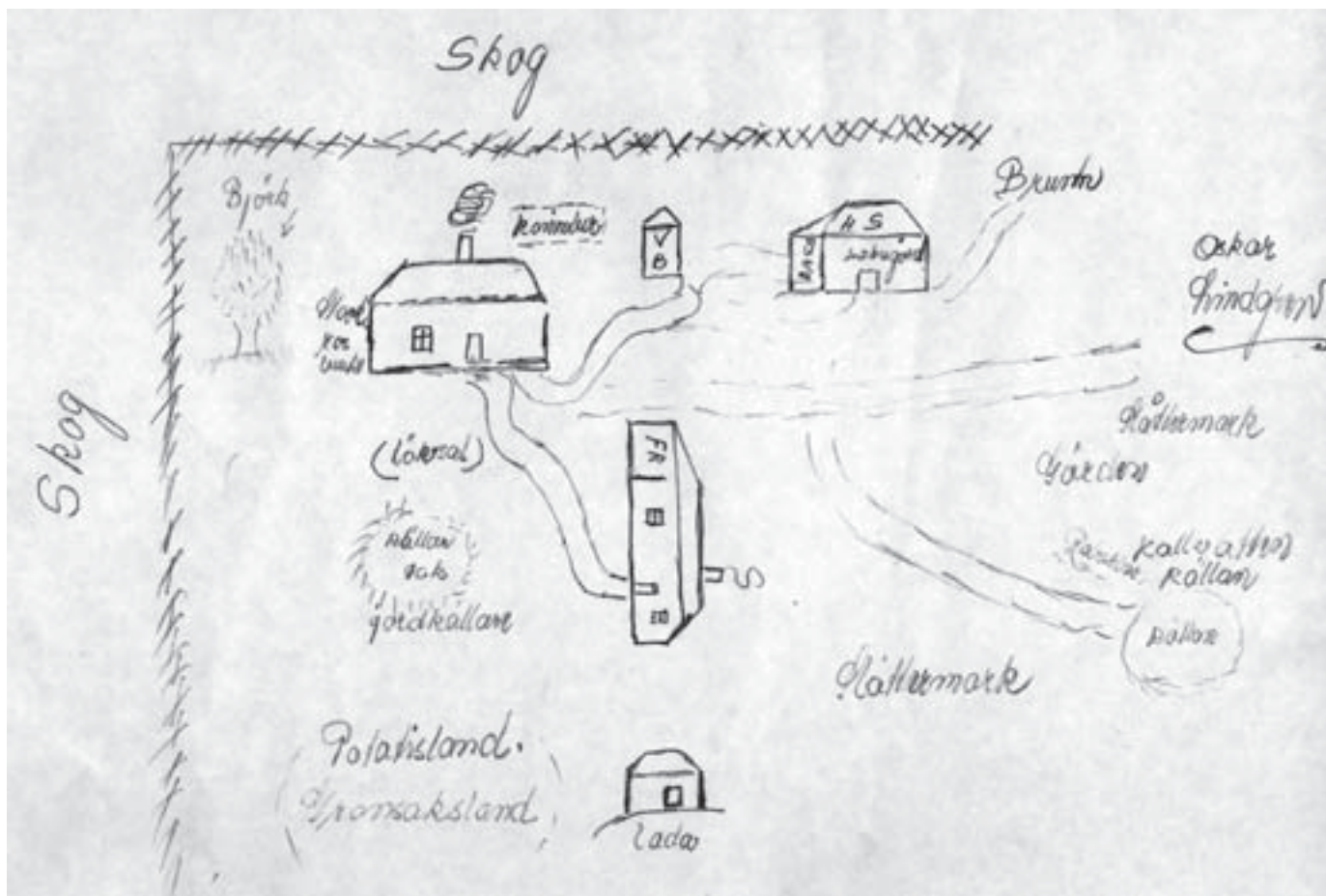
And I am right. There look, the written record of the family face, the biographical document of the family flesh, captured in old letters, decaying testaments, in unreadable words written on certificates of registration of titles, in promissory notes, in private letters and in papers of debts. Can you see how she is spreading them all over the table? Do you get the same feeling that I do, that the papers she holds in her hands, as she speaks, visualise an image of the family face, one in a state of fragments, one in a state of decay?

I can hear her saying things like – I know, that I am the only one left who remembers, the only one close enough to the family past to know who is who and what belongs to whom, but I do not like talking about it, – well alright, you can go about and excavate the place, but I do not want you to tell everyone that they never married, or that he had two other children, – in this brown envelope, you will find some letters that will tell you things about that other family, but you have to promise me not to show them to anyone. And I find myself having a hard time looking her in the eyes, because I know that I will not be able to keep any of the promises I am about to give.

As she is about to close the green plastic folder I try to push her a bit further back, into the seams of her memory, so that she once again will tell me things that are of importance to me and my work. So I ask her to draw me a memory map of her childhood home. – But I am a lousy drawer, she says in an anxious tone of voice. I try to comfort her by telling her that it doesn't matter, that I just want to know what it looked like, that I want a picture of 'the place', one to add to our family collection, because so many are lacking, because so many were never taken, that in fact both she and I know that there remains only one, and that I need the others too, the ones that hide in her mind.

I think I might be about to persuade her; perhaps she is beginning to understand the importance of the moment, that this is the last time for us to uncover the layers of her memory. – Come and sit next to me, I say as I pull out the chair standing closest to her. And as I make sure that she has enough space on which she can spread her thoughts, I hand her a pen and a piece of grey paper.

The way she holds the pen as she etches her way back into her past, makes me think about my great-grandmother – Hulda, her mother, and that even though they were so different in character they are still similar, to me. I can see how she is forcing the pen to move all over the grey piece of paper, revealing not only a passageway for me to step through but also an image of her childhood home and what it looked like. And she talks and talks: about the rabbit hutch behind the house, about the hollyhock that grew by the right corner of the house and



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about the arch of birch that her brother Ivar planted shortly before he died; about the waterwheel that the same brother built down the creek, to generate enough electricity for an outdoor lamp. About the two goats and the three cows that grazed the fields. About the cowshed, how it had to be kept as clean as the house, in case they were to have guests. About her father, Per Johan, how he made sure that all of his children, summer-time as well as winter-time, never took 'the shorter way' to school, the one over Oscar Lindgren's piece of land. About the wild strawberries, the ones that grew on top of the earth cellar and about the water they drank and used for cooking, how it was so full of iron that it almost made everyone lose their teeth, how her mother actually did lose them, all of them except for the two she used when eating.

And it makes me see things, like the fact that each and every corner she remembers is a place of activity, a place of happenings, events and a place of the senses. And I realise too, that for her, a tree is not just a tree, but a part of an image of sight and site, of seeing others sitting there inside the arch of which that specific tree is a part. I realise that for her, an earth cellar is not just a place for storage, but a place of sensibilities, a place where she could stop on her way down the field



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¹¹³ The memory-map of the surroundings can be found on the website: <http://arkserv.arch.gu.se/blalab>

¹¹⁴ The memory-map of the interior of the house can be found on the website: <http://arkserv.arch.gu.se/blalab>

and put a wild strawberry in her mouth, chewing it slowly and letting the juice colour her lips. And it makes me think about place as a 'somewhere' to be located through the memories of processes of activity. Look at her, as she adds the final touch to her map by writing explanatory words like forest, well, cowshed and barn.¹¹³

I want her to do another, to draw an image of the interior as well.¹¹⁴ I need to get a closer look if I am to detect what hides under the surface. Still, I don't want to press her. No, I'd better let her continue a bit longer, telling me about things that don't hurt, things that are distant enough to be seen from afar, things that can be thrown away, discarded like the broken buckets, bottles and all the rest of the stuff that lie scattered in the forest of her childhood home. So I let her continue to talk about this and that, about so and so, about her and him, about all of them.

AND I HEAR HER: talking about people, like the man over there, Per Johan Lindström the elder. Can you see how he walks down the steep and green slopes in Liden village, Medelpad, Västernorrland County, Sweden, how he longs for a place of his own? Can you see how he, at the age of 29, on the 7 of May 1859 to be precise, fulfils his dreams by purchasing a small croft, Åsen 5:18? (Ulin 2004, p.26) I can.

I can see him standing there with a proud face, holding a letter of purchase in his hand, reading out loud the words of '3/4 acres of land for 1,600 Swedish Riksdaler' (Ulin 2004, p.26). I can see him some time later on as well. There he is working hard, bending his back not only to the finer people living on the sunnier side of the valley, but to the stone in the ground as well. There he is, Per Johan, a man with a name to inherit, a man with a place of his own, a place soon to be called 'Per Johan's place'. And I know things he doesn't know. I know that soon, his wife Magdalena Nilsson, will give birth to their first child Ingrid-Stina and that one year later in 1862 Ingrid-Stina will get a sister called Ingrid-Magdalena. I also know that one day six years later, as he stands in the parlour and looks at her, his wife, as she lies there in the coffin, he will lift his head and see the portraits that hang on the wall and think that he is surrounded by death.

AND I LISTEN: to my grandmother as she tells me about some fragments of their history, like the ones about Västernorrland County in the year of 1850: *"There are patches of arable land and small villages with grey houses, houses standing tightly, one next to the other. In the vicinities of the villages one can see crofts and cabins, how they are all scattered around poor pieces of soil. This is where the proletarians of the past reside. We may also hear about small villages, somewhere deep inside the vast woods ... The work on the*



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fields is done in traditional ways. One has not yet replaced the wooden plough with iron ploughs ... During summer-time one keeps the animals in chalets and shacks, many miles from the villages...But for the timber industry as well as for the farming industry, a new era was about to begin ... [And] by the water streams that were not too big, new mills were established” (Carli 1962, p.65). *¹¹⁵

AND THE ONES ABOUT: Liden Parish: *”The river runs from the highest tops of the mountain, and before it hits the ground of the valley with a violent sound, it presses itself down, through steep cliffs. And then it continues its rapid journey through banks of rocks.”* (Kommittén för planering av Indalen 1979, p.15) *

AND I HEAR HER: telling me about, Magdalena Nilsson, his wife, their mother and how Per Johan keeps searching for her in the inventory of estate that he is holding in his hand. Can you see what I see? Can you see how he finds her incorporated in the letters he is reading?

There she is in the two golden rings, the two coffee pots made out of copper, the silver spoon, the small box made out of silver, the table-spoon and the candlesticks that are made out of tin, the large cauldron, the frying pan, the fire fork, the coffee mill, the two pair of ploughs, the three pillows filled with feathers, the four sheets, the six plates, the deep dish, the two mugs and the two pair of coffee cups that are all made out of porcelain, the strainer, the tray, the two baskets, the six tartan patterned dresses, the three skirts, the three sweaters, the two shawls made out of wool, the two black scarves, the two tablecloths made out of silk, the two tablecloths made out of cotton, the two aprons, the two pair of gloves, the two pair of socks, the bible and the two hymn-books, the two cows, the mare and all the rest of the things that are listed in the two pages that he keeps turning forth and back (Ulin 2004, p.35-38).

It is the 28th of December 1868, and Per Johan is holding onto her, in the image of the things she used to touch and wear. Can you see how he is trying to verify his loss, I can. I can see how he is searching for proof of her existence, how he is trying to find visible signs, reflections of her as a woman, as a wife, as a mother, somewhere inside the listed things, the objects and the artefacts. And I can hear him reading out loud: *”On the 28th of December, I, the signer, visited Per Johan Lindström the widower and his two under aged daughters. He was asked to make an inventory list over the existing household goods to verify that everything was there at the hour of death ...”* (Ulin 2004, p.35) ^{116*}

AND I LISTEN: to my grandmother as she tells me about some



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¹¹⁵ All quotations that are marked with an *, have been translated by the author and the language has been revised by Cecilia Kennedy.

¹¹⁶ For further reading go the website <http://arkserv.arch.gu.se/blalab.in> in which you will find a pdf file containing information regarding letters of purchase, debt, inventory lists etc.



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fragments of their history, like the ones about Västernorrland County in the year of 1810-1811: *"Various kinds of stomach disease seem to have been very common. One would easily think that the most probable cause of death might have been appendicitis ... but due to the fact that there was no cure against such an ailment and that almost only elderly people died it seems very unlikely that it was ..."* (Kulturhistoria ur kyrkoarkivet 2001)*



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AND THE ONES ABOUT: Liden Parish: *"In the year of 1811 there was an outbreak of a difficult kind of dysentery; it had its origins in the aftermath of the Finnish war. In Indal Parish [later to be split into two parishes Indal and Liden] 73 people died (six in the year of 1810 and the rest in 1811) ..."* (Kulturhistoria ur kyrkoarkivet 2001)*

AND I HEAR HER: talking about the woman over there, the one in the marriage settlement document written on the 29th of September 1870. There she is can you see her? Can you see her walking behind the croft of 'Per Johan's place', how she keeps calling for him and how he, as she turns around and faces the fields further down the slope, answers her by saying her name?

Can you hear my grandmother as she says, that the woman I see standing there, is Kristina Larsdotter Åström and that she has been married to Per Johan for two years. Can you hear her telling me that Kristina is about to erase and replace the image of 'a mother' in the eyes of the two girls that hold their father's hand? Do you, as I do, notice how the distance is making it hard for me to see if she looks her age, the age of 37, how it makes it hard for me to see if the cloth of her skirt is transparent enough to reveal the fact that on the 27th of February 1873 she will give birth to her first child, a boy who will carry the weight of his father's name all his life? I do. And I notice too how the distance between me and my grandmother's words and the images she transcends, makes it difficult to read the lines in Kristina's face, the ones that reveal the fact that she three years later, will imprint not only her name into the baby girl she has just pushed out of her womb, but the pain of being a woman too.



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AND I LISTEN: to my grandmother as she tells me about some fragments of their history, like the ones about Västernorrland County in the years 1850-1870: Many people keep moving in and out of the county, most of them decided to stay and find themselves a place to live. *"... during a period of twenty years 35,000 people moved into the county ... The extensive farming industry...gave work to some thousand people ... But the sawmill industry probably helped the most."* (Carli 1962, p.75)*

AND THE ONES ABOUT: Liden Parish: *"Due to the steep terrain, the farming industry has up till now been kept on a small scale. The hill shaped fields and the steep river slopes make it hard to establish a well functioning farming industry. As a consequence thereof the fields are small...The fishing industry has, in comparison with the practice of hunting, been of more importance to the people in the parish, especially the fishing of salmon ..."* (Sundsvall. Stadsbyggnadskontoret 1999, p.259) *"... as early as 1859 a question was awakened whether or not one could use steamers on the [Indal] river ... in the year of 1865 the traffic began ... By the help of three steamers ... one could make the 111 km long journey on a daily basis. The journey took 15 hours but only 10 hours on the descending journey."* (Sundsvall. Stadsbyggnadskontoret 1999, p.259)*

AND HEAR HER: telling me that Kristina on the 16th of September 1909 at the age of 72 is carefully signing her signature onto a piece of document, one that is six pages long. This time it is her turn to put a signature on a list of inventory of estate, this time it is her turn to sign off, to put closure on a life with him, her husband, Per Johan the elder.

There she is, can you see her, and how she is leaning over the kitchen table, carefully reading every word that is written whilst comparing them with their belongings? Can you hear her as she reads some of them out loud? I can. – One bed, a cupboard, one sideboard, one footstool, four chairs, one trunk, one carpenter's bench, a tub, two boxes, two pails, two planes, a pitchfork, one hammer, three axes, nine scythes, a chain for the sledge, a coffee pot, a coffee pot made out of copper, one separator, one pot, three sieves, one frying pan, a shaving kit, two pairs of coffee cups, four plates, two sleighs, three toboggans, one plough, one harness, three cushion covers, three sheets, a skin rug, three pillow cases, two pillows filled with feathers, five sheepskins, two cows, three sheep, four goats and one pocket watch (Ulin 2004, p.51-56).

And I can see her as she sits there with the document before her eyes, trying to split a whole man's life into five pieces. I can see how she counts her way through the figures that are written on the last page. How she looks at the figure at the edge, the one reading 1,169 Swedish 'Riksdaler'. And I can't help wondering if that is what is left for them to share after all the debts have been deducted.

AND I LISTEN TO: my grandmother as she tells me about some fragments of their history, like the ones about Västernorrland County in the years between 1870 and 1880: *"During this period of time there was an increased interest in building railroads. And as a result thereof Västernorrland County began to build a railroad between the city of*



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¹¹⁷ The "undantagshus" is used to house the elders of the family. On reaching a certain age and when the son of the household is ready to take over the duties of the croft the parents move to this house, which is usually close to the main house.

Sundsvall on the east coast of Sweden, to the west and into the valley of Ljungan. One can say that the building of the railroad was one way in which the merchandisers of Sundsvall expressed their wish to play a part in the international arena of merchandise, over the Atlantic, to Scandinavia and into Bottenviken and then further away into the metropolis of the Russian empire. A utopian dream that was soon to be overshadowed ..." (Lindhal 1977, p.31)*

AND THE ONES ABOUT: Liden Parish: *"One cannot detect any kind of specific architectural characteristics concerning farmhouses, most of them are built according to the northern architectural design of the time...The practice of using chalets and shacks for animal keeping seems to have been as important here as in any other northern parish of Sweden ..."* (Sundsvall. Stadsbyggnadskontoret 1999, p.259) *"Most of the settlements are gathered in relatively dispersed and small villages, scattered along the main road that follows the northern river bank, and on which most of the farming plots are situated ..."* (Sundsvall. Stadsbyggnadskontoret 1999, p.261)*

AND I HEAR HER: telling me that at the time of Kristina's death ten years later her son Per Johan had been back for quite some time and that he was now living in the big house with Hulda Ulin and their three children born in 1912, 1914 and 1918. Kristina herself had moved out to the "Undantagshus"¹¹⁷ some years earlier, and had left all the household goods in the care of Per Johan and Hulda.

Kristina a women who was 82 years old when she died, what stories could she have told? Was she in on his secret or did she explain to Hulda why he had done what he had done? Did she forgive him? I try to listen hard to my grandmother's words, searching for some clues, for some answers to my thoughts, but I realise that even though she might know the truth she will never tell. Because we have reached the point in time where we will begin to get closer and closer to her present, we have reached the point in time where things will begin to hurt. So I look at Kristina's inventory of estate instead, and I compare her belongings, the ones she had at the time of her death, with those she had when Per Johan the elder died, and I notice that there was not much she had left.



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"In the year of 1919 on the 24th of June an inventory of estate was made over the belongings of Kristina Lindström who died on the 26th of March 1919 and who left behind a son Per Johan and a daughter Kristina, both adults. The daughter Kristina was asked to make an inventory of estate over the existing household goods to verify that everything was there at the hour of death. Thereafter the following was listed: cash in the amount of 108 Swedish Riksdaler, some furni-

ture of poor quality, the cloths of the deceased and one ring.” (Ulin 2004, p.80) ^{118*}

AND: somewhere in the background of my thoughts I realise that my grandmother is no longer talking about the people of our past, that she has chosen to keep on telling things about their historical context instead. Like the ones about Västernorrland County in the year of 1900: *”The turn of the century was celebrated all over the county with salutes, illuminations, bell ringing and services in the churches as well as cheering and toasting in restaurants and homes. In the moment of joy people looked forward to the future ... The turn of the century was also a time of depression, a time which made it difficult for the timber industry”* (Carli 1962, p.97-98). And about the 1930’s: *”This is a dark decade, even though it all began with the big depression in America, it did not take long before the Swedish exporting industries were effected too. For the County of Västernorrland this meant reduced opportunities in finding work and as a result thereof increased unemployment ... An increase in unemployment that was not only to be found in industries such as the forest industries but in the farming industries as well ... This period of time was particularly difficult for the youths. Family providers and men, who previously had been employed, were to be prioritised, if there was any work to hand out. This in turn had as a result that Sweden was to witness a period of time, with the largest amount of unemployed youths ever seen.”* (Carli 1962, p.101-102)*



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¹¹⁸ For further information regarding this particular reading go the website <http://arkserv.arch.gu.se/blalab> where you will find a pdf file containing information regarding letters of purchase, debt, inventory lists etc.

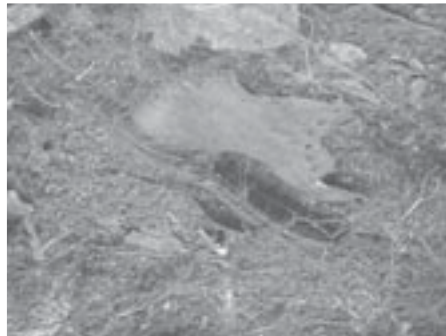
STEPPING INTO THE FIFTH EVENTSCAPE

How am I to know
who I am
when
I find myself
in
pieces
inside a world
of your stories

how am I to know
that I remember
you in the right ways

how am I to know
that it is you
who I have found
standing there
before me
silently
whispering me alive

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5

STANDING ON MY HEELS

I can hear how my grandmother has begun to reduce her words into small letters, into words that can hardly be heard, that she has added silence to her story. And I realise that she will not go any further, that from now on she will not follow me on my journey back into the landscape of her childhood, that she will never share the rest of the pictures of her childhood home, the ones that hide in her memory, that she will never show me the house from the angles that are out of my reach, that she will never show me the place where her anger, bitterness and frustration was born, that instead I will have to go looking for them on my own, that I will have to leave her behind.

Can you see what I see or do you only look at the things that are distant enough to be safe to watch? Have you as I have, begun to peel of the layers that cover my sight, that make me blind to the things that dwell in-between the pages of the documents on the table, underneath the surface of the portraits in the family album? Have you as I have, begun to read in-between the lines, filling in the gaps with the things I know and don't know? Can you see them, the people that walk in and out between the sentences, the letters of the documents? Can you see how their footprints are turning into paths that I can follow in my exploration of the family landscape? Can you see how they are folded and pleated into strands of stories that I can hold in my hand as I pull myself from here to there? Can you feel me pulling, dragging myself not only forwards, but backwards, down through layers of time? Can you sense how I do not only touch the years that have passed by, but how I uncover and exterminate the disease of oblivion too? I can, and I can feel how I am almost there, how I only need to walk a few more steps from what once was and what now is, before I will be able to enter the place of her childhood.

And I see buttercups growing everywhere, along the steep slopes of the mountains, along the ditches of the road and on the ruins of a home that once was. The one over there, 'Per Johan's place'; look at it, how it hides behind all the trees, underneath the packing of stones. Look at it, how it is encapsulated in all the things that were left behind. Can you see it? Can't you see the remnants of life, how they are slowly disintegrating before my eyes? I can, and I can hear stories too, like the ones that have been erased or added on, such as the lies, the anecdotes, the fantasies, the gossips and the secrets. They are everywhere in the soil of the ground, in the broken tiles under my feet, in the buckets that are partly buried in the ground and in the tracks of the past that I follow.



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Can you see how all of them have their own personalities, how all of them are specific and intimate, how each piece of the past, each remnant of life represents an event, an experience, a story to tell concerning matters of living? Can you see how this is a special place, a place where everyone used to have their special and private corner, where everyone walked, talked, slept, sat and ate in their personal way? Can you see that this is a place of traditions and dreams, of longings and desires, envy, happiness and broken dreams? Can you see that it is a place where people used to daydream, used to think about this and that, I can.



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And as I keep looking I realise that in this place, I will have to walk on the edge of everything that I know and don't know, if I don't I will never be able to grasp some of the scenery that belongs to my family landscape. And I realise, that if I am to go any further, I will have to break this place open, I will have to dig through the things that have been told and the things that have been kept in the dark, underneath the surface of its memory, underneath the surface of its soil. Don't you see, there is no other way than to rip the memories apart and to crack the soil open? If I don't, I will only continue to hear and see the things that are safe to listen to, safe to touch, and safe to watch.



060

Can you sense how the time of this place is dripping, floating instead of ticking? Can you sense how it, as I keep stirring it around, slowly turns into some-thing to hold onto? Some-thing that will keep me in this place, because I do not want to be pushed into the background of the present-past; no, what I want is to be in the forefront, to be the place where memory resides, to walk forwards by turning backwards, forwards into the family landscape, into me. Look, can you see, there is something moving, there, behind the curtains of the windows of the house that is no longer? Can you see what it is that moves behind the dismantled walls, behind the front door that once used to be opened and closed?



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WHATEVER IT IS: it makes me think about the family landscape as a place containing essences of lived experiences and personal geographies, as a place made out of a mosaic of stories, as a place that like any other, has something to tell. It makes me think that every family landscape should be perceived of as "... *continuos surface rather than a point, focus or defined area.*" (Meinig 1979, p.3) And just like Lucy Lippard I am also beginning to believe that, "[f]amily history is a transparent or opaque layer, spread out over the maps of places we've never seen." (Lippard 1997, p.56)

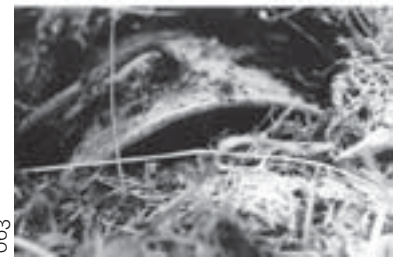
AND IT MAKES ME: think about the concept of home and about some of the things that have been said about it, things like, "[h]ome is

'here' or it is 'not here'. The question is not how nor who nor when but where is your home? It is always a localizable idea. Home is located in space but it is not necessarily a fixed space." (Douglas 1993, p.262-263) "... home is the special place where connections and clarifications occur. In the end Home is what brings wholeness and axial centeredness to people." (Ryden 1993, p.252) "Home changes, illusions change, people change, time moves on. A place can be peopled by ghosts more real than loving inhabitants." (Lippard 1997, p.23) "Home in the mental or spiritual sense, is only the collaboration of oneself and others in self reliance. To reject being at home mentally or spiritually – to praise alienation – is to accept a burden, but it is the same thing as trying to live honestly rather than living a story." (Kateb 1993, p.137)



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AND IT MAKES ME: look at 'Per Johan's place', Åsen 5:18, Liden Parish, Medelpad, Västernorrland County, as an intimate personal and biographical place, a deep and multi-layered place containing several layers of lived experiences and personal geographies. And I find myself standing in a place in which the stories of the family landscape are "... composed of mythologies, histories, ideologies – the stuff of identity and representation." (Lippard 1997, p.33)



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AND IT MAKES ME: think about the concept of home and about some of the things that have been said about it, things like "[t]he semantic core is probably shared with most other people in the same cultural context, however the semantic picture will probably fade out at the edges." (Brink 1995, p.17) "... being a person entails being able to be and having to be at home, in the world at large and, by extension, in successively narrowing set of loci." (Holland 1991, p.43) "... our constructions of localization such as placing, locating, housing do not necessarily imply homing." (Holland 1991, p.45) "Sometimes when people move to a place they've never been before, with any hope or illusion of staying there, they get interested in their predecessors. Having lost or been displaced from their own history, they are ready to adopt those of others, or at the very least are receptive to their stories." (Lippard 1997, p.23) "A person is at home in a place when the place evokes stories and, controversially, stories can create places." (Ryden 1993, p.42) "One can be 'homesick' for places one has never been: one can even be 'homesick' without moving away." (Lippard 1997, p.23)



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AND IT MAKES ME: realise that 'Per Johan's place' "... is a centre of meaning constructed by experience ..." (Ryden 1993, p.37), and that like any other place it "... is human as well as physical and sensory, a thick layer of history, memory, association and attachment that builds up in a location as a result of our experiences in it." (Ryden



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1993, p.382) And I begin to look at Åsen 5:18, 'Per-Johan's place' as a place to return to, to leave behind, a place to remember and to explore, to peel of, to uncover, to excavate and to register.

AND IT MAKES ME: think about the concept of home and about some of the things that have been said about it, things like "... *the search and longing for a homeplace is a mythical search for the axis mundi, for a centre, for a place in which we can feel grounded, for a place to hang on to.*" (Lippard 1997, p.26-27) "*Domestic well being is a fundamental human need that is deeply rooted in us, and that must be satisfied.*" (Rybczynski 1988, p.217) "*Class, race and geographic location place heavy inflections on domesticity, and yet, like love, childhood, and death, the domestic is seen to transcend all specifics or rather to blur distinctions in the warm glow of its splendour.*" (George 1998, p.3) "*Home is a collection and concretization of personal images of protection and intimacy, which help one recognize and remember who one is. I am the space, where I am.*" (Pallasma 1995, p.133)

AND IT MAKES ME: realise that family landscapes "... *do not have a single unique identity they are full of inner- internal conflicts.*" (Massey 1996, p.245) and that "[a]ll places exist somewhere between the inside and the outside views of them, [and by] the way in which they compare to, and contrast with, other places." (Lippard 1997, p.33)

AND I FIND MYSELF: trying to understand what it is that moves behind the walls of the past. I find myself searching for a gap, a fissure in the front door of my grandmother's childhood home. I find myself standing in the landscape of the family, a place that has outlived itself, a place in constant transformation and I keep wondering "... *what happened here ... The answer is story.*" (Lippard 1997, p.50)

STEPPING INTO THE SIXTH EVENTSCAPE



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6

Last night I was awakened
by myself
as I
held my body in a firm grip

last night I carefully
and
silently
tried to open
the back of my bones

last night I
touched my hand
just to find
that it was yours

last night I straightened
the sheets
that surrounded my body
and found
myself covered by you

last night I was awakened by me
as I
draped myself
in the shape
of your body



THUMPING MY RIGHT FOOT IN THE GROUND

Can you see what I see; can you see the reflections in the ground, the mirror images of now and then, how they keep themselves in motion? Can you see the grass and the leaves how they cover the ground of their past? Can you see them there, underneath the moss and the dirt? Listen to the sound they make as they are chewed into pieces by the worms. Can you sense them? I can. I can feel how they are pulling me closer, how they keep calling for me to come to the place where they are, how they whisper to me, to bend down, to lean over them, just a bit more, so that I can see over the edge, over the packing of stones and to the inside of their home.

And I can not resist them, I can not resist my longing to bring them closer to me, to presence their past through my hands, to blend their differences with mine, their unfamiliarities with my familiarities, their silence with my tone of voice. So I do what they tell me to, I begin to dig myself closer, down, underneath the skin of the ground, in between the spoken and the unspoken. And I can feel how we are getting closer to each other, how I am making contact. There, can you feel them? They are right next to me. Look at them; there they are, embodied in the structure of the object. Can you see them behind the rust of the metal, in the reflections of the glass? I can.



And once again I find myself in the place of the unknown-known, the place of the unexpected, the incomprehensible; the place of decomposition. And I realise that I am sinking deeper and deeper down through dark and damp layers of time, memories, events and experiences. Can you feel how I am letting myself go, how I am embedded by their presence, how I am incorporating their commonness, their daily activities, and their residues? Look at them, there they are, all of them, -one, two, three... Yes they are still 497 to the number, - and yes they are still on the move, from here to there, from their past to my presence, to me.¹¹⁹

¹¹⁹ For further information regarding the excavation at Åsen 5:18, Liden Parish, Medelpad Province, in the County of Västernorrland, Sweden please go to the website <http://arkserv.arch.gu.se/blalab>

Can you feel how they once again are making themselves a home, how they dig their way through, how they grate themselves underneath the surface of my skin, how they break my bones open, how they germinate inside my body? I can. And I do not only see the shoe that has grown into my retina but I can see to whom it belongs as well, my grandmother. And there she is, still seated by the kitchen table of 'Stamgatan number 78', whilst reducing her tone of voice into a thin thread of sound. Look, can you see the bicycle wheel that has grown



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into my leg, the braces that used to be striped in the colours of white and red, the black hats, the starched collars? Can you see what I see as I look at them and see him, Per Johan, the father of my grandmother?



LOOK: there he is, in the guise of a travelling salesman, a man dealing not only with women's clothing but with their bodies too. There he is, dressed in a well-cut suit, holding a cigar between his fingers. Look at his hair, can you see how it is well trimmed. He must have made sure to wax his moustache extra carefully, or it would never be able to stay in the position of two pointy strings. Can you see how he is walking up the road that leads to his father's house, to 'Per Johan's place'? Can you see how he keeps rolling the cigar forth and back, how he is trying to ease the weight of guilt from his shoulders? I can. And I can see him getting closer. But

also at the point in time when the sound of silence has left its marks on his body, and then later, when he hides behind her, Hulda Ulin, my great-grandmother, born on the 22nd of February 1888.



There he is, sitting on his bed in his chamber by the kitchen, there to the left, a bit further up, above me. Can you see how he looks through the bottle and down on himself? Per Johan Lindström, the father of my grandmother, Hulda's husband; a man struck by the sound of silence, a man whose words bite. Can you see how the face of his father covers him and how he is searching for another mask to wear? I can.

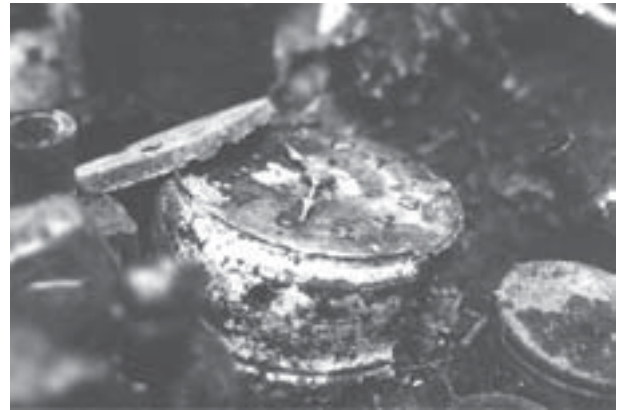
BUT I CAN: see other things too. Like the thermos flasks next to me, the alarm clock with the big black numbers, the pocket watch to my right, the white porcelain jar for the shaving soap, the leather gloves, the starched cuffs, the medicine bottles, the shoes that have been repaired over and over again, the snuffbox, the eye glasses, the writing kit, the bottles of mouth wash, the tube of toothpaste, the two pocket watches and all the jars of shoe polish ... And all of them make me think things about their way of living. That it must have been important for them to keep track of time, important enough to have an alarm clock that prevented them from being late. That someone in the family spent enough time outdoors to be in need of a thermos flask. That someone used snuff, and from the stories I have heard it must have been Per Johan. That Per Johan at some point in time either bought or was given a jar for his shaving soap, one that must have cost some money because it is labelled 'Villeroy & Boch'. That being able to have shoes on your feet was a highly prioritised thing and that they should look nice. That someone had bad eyesight. That if not everyone, then at least someone, brushed his or her teeth and gurgled their

mouth. But I am having a hard time seeing what the empty bottles of medicine used to contain. Can you see if they were prescribed drugs or patented medicines? Whatever they were, they are here for a reason.

LOOK: at those objects as they catch my attention, as they keep telling me that even though they are stuck in a geography of the past-present, in a family landscape that just happened, they know how to talk the sound of now and then, of different and same, of familiar and unfamiliar, of known and unknown, of past and present. Can you hear them as they say that the things they say or don't say are of equal importance? I can. And I can sense how they are not only telling me things about things, but how they stick to my hands and fingers as well. And through their attachment to me I am able to see things differently. Like now, there, can you see the blue, red and white pearls that are embedded in the palm of my hand? Can you see the comb, the empty spool of thread, and the golden piece of cloth? Come closer, can't you see that she is there, in the image of their surface?

There she is, Hulda Ulin, my great-grandmother, there to the right, in the kitchen by the window, close to the paraffin lamp. Can you see how she sits there by the sewing machine, hiding the truth in the seams of the dress she is about to make; hemming away the questions she doesn't dare to ask? Can you see how she keeps pressing the treadle of the sewing machine fast and hard as if persuading herself that it doesn't matter, that the words in her golden ring don't speak the sound of truth? I can.

BUT I CAN SEE: other things too. Like the fragmented sugar bowl of glass, the broken but nicely decorated coffee cups, teapot and coffee pot, all made of porcelain. And I see the broken pieces of an old record, the purse that is about to fall apart, the tiny shoe of leather, the pieces of cloth, the finer looking buttons, the jar of ginger and the bit that was left inside, the broken flowerpots, the glass bottle that reads 'Mellins food', the empty tins of sprat, the rolling pin for making crispbread, the small metal case that is decorated with a butterfly on the lid... And all of them make me think things about their way of living: That it must have been of importance to them to be able to serve people tea or coffee from nicely decorated sets of dishes: That by the look of some of the pieces of cloth and the buttons, Hulda



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knew how to make beautiful dresses: That sometimes the house was filled by the sound of music: That they occasionally dressed nicely, because by the look of the tiny shoe of leather, one of their younger children sometimes had to wear a finer pair of shoes: That someone liked to keep plants or flowers inside the house: That they, at least on one occasion, tasted some foreign food, but that they probably ate sprat on a regular basis: That they used ginger in their cooking: That they made crispbread and that someone, probably Hulda, used the small ornamented metal case either as a jewellery case or a box for sugar pastilles.



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LOOK: at them as they keep communicating with me through their aesthetical appearance, how they say things about themselves from a grown up kind of perspective, from the perspective of desire and longings, from the perspective of being a parent. Can you hear how they keep telling stories about themselves, stories that my grandmother was not old enough to perceive as important parts of her life? Can you see what it was she was keeping an eye on instead?

Look at the comb for the lice, how it still carries the memory of her hair. Can you see the small milk pail, the one she used to carry up and down to the house? Can you see the big stone, the one she and her friends used to hide behind whilst telling secret stories of an intimate kind? Can you see that the things in her mind are things that mattered something to her as a child? I can.



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BUT I CAN SEE: other things too, things that my grandmother would remember as things of lesser importance, ordinary things, common things, disposable things, things that were left behind until now. Here I am touching them through my very presence, through the vertebrae of my spine, my elbows, my ears, my mouth, my feet and arms... Look at them, can you see the bread-forks made by vagrants, the can of pesticide, the broken bicycle tyre, the small container made of birch-bark, the tiny plastic doll made in Japan, the rusty scythe blade, the strainer, the padlocks, the key, the horseshoes...? I can. And all of them make me think things about their way of living. That they had contact with one or several vagrants who knew how to manufacture household goods, that they felt so bothered by the flies and the mosquitoes that they found it necessary to use pesticide inside the house, that someone found it necessary to have a bicycle. And as I take an extra close look at some of the other things, I begin to wonder if some of them don't have their home a bit



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deeper down in the ground than the others. Like the horseshoes for example; I do not find them as things connected to my grandmother because from what I can see in the layer of time that belongs to my grandmother's childhood, they never had a horse. And when it comes to the scythe blade, the strainer and the padlock and some of the other things in this place, I am having a difficult time hearing if the sound they make, is a sound of the present past that is about 200 years old or if it is about 70. And I can't help it but there are other things that keep sticking to my mind as well. Like the fact that, this place re-presents pieces of the world, not only in its homely sense, but in the sense that there are foreign things here, things that have travelled all the way from Luxembourg, Japan and other places as well. In this place I find things everywhere and all of them make me think that if I just keep myself on the move, if I just keep on looking at them from various kinds of perspectives, then I will find myself involved in endless processes of activities.

STEPPING INTO THE SEVENTH EVENTSCAPE



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you are
the sound
the memory
I speak

STRAIGHTENING MY FEET



Can you feel what I feel? Can you feel how the broken pieces of glass slit my skin open, how the linseed oil from the bottles by my hip, lubricates my body with images? Can you see the image of them, sitting by the kitchen table late at night, talking about leaving the familiar and habitual behind? Can you hear the words they speak, the ones about moving somewhere else, to a landscape further south, to a place that can give them the things they do not have and that can prevent other things from happening? Can you hear the words that hide behind the light of the paraffin lamp? I can't, because there are too many things that block my view, too many things that blur my sight.

Can you sense what I sense? Can you sense how the layers of this place are too dense to penetrate all the way through? Can you feel how I keep pushing memory inside my body in order to come closer to you? Can you feel how the earth that covers my body, how the things that attach themselves to me, how the memory images that force themselves deeper into my mind, how the thoughts that are born in connection to this place, are the very things that keep me in place, that keep me from falling a part? Can you hear how my veins sigh the memory of the past-present and how they make me want to follow them on their journey deeper down into the landscape of the family?



Do you know which way I am going? Do you know how I am to find the right way from here to there, to the place where they went? Can you see the place I am looking for? Can you show me the track that will take me from this place of the family to the other? Here I am, looking at them, through the things that they left behind, and I can't help it but I keep searching for them in the things that are missing as well.



Can you hear me; can you hear my voice? If you can, please tell me where they are and what they were. I know some of them already, like the things that managed to turn into heirlooms. Such as the chopping board, the jam jar and the soup tureen, all made of porcelain, the sewing machine, the spinning wheel and the flower-pot, the decorated coffee service made of zinc, my

great-grandmother's golden ring, and the old trunk in which I keep my shoes? But what about the others, what about the ones that were selected and chosen to be brought from here to there but didn't survive the decay of time and turn into family heirlooms? Do you know if they were of the same kind, of the kind that they needed for their survival, and that looked nice, were special gifts, or perhaps even heirlooms themselves?

When thinking about things, as I do in this place, I realise that everything is, or is not, here for a reason. And when looking around, as I do in this place, I see that some of the things that cling to me, that surround me, were left behind in case of their return and that the rest of them are here because they were already perceived of as family leftovers. And it makes me realise that this place was never meant to fall apart, was never meant to be dismantled, and that most of the things in this place were never meant to be forgotten.



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Can you see what I see? Can you see, that if some of the 497 of the things that are still here, were not broken, fragmented or covered with rust, there wouldn't be any difference to make between them and those that are missing. That in fact they would all look the same, to me. But can you see how the ones that are missing, left gaps in the soil, gaps to be filled? Can you see the fissures they made in the images I see, the voids they made in the family landscape? Can you see that in the moment they went away, this place became a disconnected, disoriented and detached place? Can you see that the journey they made was too long, for them to be able to keep the memory of all the things that happened in this place alive? Can you see how their journey from here to there made them select, not only what kind of things to bring along and to turn into heirlooms, but what kind of memories to sort out and tell as well? I can. But I want to be able to see the other things too. I want to be able to find the umbilical cord that connects this place to the other, that connects matter to matter, bone to flesh, you to me. I want to be able to incorporate, adopt and re-present the memory of you within me. I want to look at me and see you.

So can you tell me the things I do not know, the little things, the insignificant ones, the ones that say more by telling less, the ones that may refill the empty gaps in this place, that may recharge the void between the past and the present, between me and you, with more images of the family landscape. Images that will take me one-step closer to the place in which you were already the



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time, the room where I came to be. They do not have to be images representing the truth, the real real. No, the copies, the reproductions and the representations will do just fine.

So can you make me hear what it was he promised her, as they sat by the kitchen table that evening in 1937? Can you say if they talked



about things like unemployment, hunger and disease ...? Can you tell me what she said to make him promise her to keep 'Per Johan's place' in case things didn't work out? Can you tell me how they decided what to bring along and what to leave behind? Can you tell me what they all spoke about as they travelled all the way from 'Per Johan's place', Åsen 5:18, Liden Parish, Västernorrland County to Ösmo Parish in the County of Södermanland? Can you tell me how they felt as they walked up the stairs and into the small rooms of their new home, confronting not only dirty walls and stinking floors, but themselves too? Can you tell me if they said anything to each other as they lay in their beds at night, searching for remnants of sound, for airborne traces of

their youngest son, Gustav?

So show me what happened on the 22nd of June 1938, when Hulda locked the door of the small shed from the inside, refusing to come out. What was it that made her defy him and his threats? Can you tell me what it was that made her open the door and step over the threshold and into his sins? I would like to know where she stood and looked at him, at which window. Can you tell me if the portraits that lay there on the table, the ones he kept looking at, the ones of two the small boys, are pictures of who I think they are? Can you tell me if she knew about them, the others, the ones he left behind, the ones that sat there waiting for his return? Can you tell me if she, at the moment she looked through the window, saw them for the first time? Can you tell me, if she, at the moment when he decided to slit his throat, in the



colour of his blood, in the sight of the knife falling to the floor, in the bloody footsteps that ended up surrounding her, in the sight of the words that kept pouring out of his throat, in the midst of all the words they left unspoken, she found the things she did not know about him, herself and their history together?

Do you hear me? Can you answer me? Or is it so, that in this place, where I am now, everything will remain difficult to hear and see, that in this place, you will always go against my will, my longing to hear the nuances, the intonations, the things underneath the

surface, the silent stuff; that instead, I will have to make myself listen extra hard to my own tone of voice, my own voice of the family, my own way of speaking the family language? Is it so, that in this place, where I find myself, you are the word that I speak, you are the silence I pronounce, you are the time that I find within? Is it so, that here in this place, you are the layers of dirt that cover me, you are the experiences, the events that dwell in my body, you are the story of the past that blend with the present? Is it so, that if I step into your skin, and let myself get lost in you, then I will find that you go deeper than this, that you are the blood that runs in my veins, and that if I just dare to open my eyes I will be able to see that like the water in the river you keep glinting back at me?



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SECTION

FOUR

SUMMING UP

AFTERWORDS

COMPLICATIONS:

RE-WRITING RE-PRESENTATIONS

Here we are sharing space once more, standing in a room where everything is white; the ceiling, the door, the windows, the floor and the walls, all paper thin, and we begin to write. This is the site of the live-event and we are watching the pressure of the words being written push out onto the other side, leaving fleeting impressions. We know that from the position of the other side these words will be seen backwards, as backwards, and as we write these words we know that we are in the process of leaving them behind. We know that after these words are written they enter into a process of transformation and begin turning into afterwords and we are watching these words closely whilst moving on. In the midst of this we stop, for a moment, take a break from the noise of this writing, a rest from the rest, and we find that this is a site from which to imagine what might be coming next.

This site re-covers, reverberates and revives the essence of BorderLine Archaeology and right now we are standing on the verge of another beginning. *"Poised between empirical documentation of the work ... and lucid exploration of the gaps between the scenario of the dream and the boards of the live stage ..."* (Phelan 1999, p.9) and we turn to meet with re-actions we have not yet felt. At the site of the live-event, in these afterwords, our words and worlds melt into a state of not quite yet, but what we want. This is the site of consequently, subsequently, later on. It is a double path of non-site and site where both the past and the present coincide, to begin again as a work in progress; a site of possibilities, of hopes and desires, of a different kind to the ones we experienced before. We are moving forwards and turning our heads, face to face with what we are in the process of doing whilst simultaneously re-doing what has been done. This is the site of re-writing, re-viewing, re-asserting what we believe can make a difference to our way of understanding the archaeological (Kaye 2000, p.96; Moraru 2001, p.173).

Site-seeing forces the spectators to confront
their own position

Standing here we take a step and find ourselves doubling back into the site of BorderLine Archaeology and if we listen very carefully we hear the rattle and crash, at the point of impact, where performance and archaeology collide. From here we retrace our steps in a process of re-analysing, and we are looking now at what we did and what we need

to do. At this site there are no endings or final accounts because this performative mode of archaeology resists such attempts. The boundaries, its limits keep shifting, keeps bouncing off the constructions found in more conventional academic structures. This is the site of afterwords, a site of the live-event, and as such it is an experimental site, where what is expected turns re-presentation from being a passive act, or a process of decoding, into an active event. It is a site where our actions become an event that is more than the sum of our efforts (Carlson 1996, p.182-189; Dolan 1993), and a site where we find not only ourselves, the authors, creators but readers, interpreters, witnesses and spectators as well, because the work we produce is a production shared. And in the act of turning out the words, the ideas and events bound within these pages, we are leaving them to others.

At the site of the live-event there are always different kinds of participants who take part in a variety of ways (Kaye 1996, p.8; Pearson 2001, p.20). There are many ways to approach the experience of taking in what is being said and done, and from the perspective of performance, from a position of being here to see what there is to see, the audience, participator, spectator, or witness is invited into a process that might trigger processes of reflectivity. Performance artist Tim Etchells prefers to think of the audience or spectators as witnesses because, as he writes *"... to witness an event is to be present at it in some fundamentally ethical way, to feel the weight of things and one's own place in them, even if that place is simply, for the moment, as an onlooker."* (Etchells 1999, p.17) As we write from this position of afterwords we feel ourselves becoming witnesses to our own work too, because to continue Tim Etchell's lines of thoughts, *"... art-work that turns us into witnesses leaves us, above all, unable to stop thinking, talking and reporting what we've seen. We're left ...borne on by the responsibility to events."* (Etchells 1999, p.18)

Site-seeing forces the participants to confront their own position

As participants at this live-event we begin to return to our obligations of negotiating the contents of this dissertation into a different context, of re-writing the work in the previous chapters and of generating questions and meanings different to what our intentions at one time might have been. This is the site of BorderLine Archaeology. It is fluid and in a state of flux.

Here we are writing a passage that touches the notions in *'Making our way'*, and brushes past what we proposed in *'Pro-position'*. From this angle we can even sense the *'Framework'* stretching and straining, negotiating space, and a bit further away the material remains attached to the case-studies *'Turning 180° into the walkscape of the labyrinth'*

and *'Turning into the walkscape of the family'* are lying, awaiting the attention they need, in detail, in depth, in their own particular and specific ways. Here we are beginning yet another journey, venturing out into territories anew, to re-view the sites specific to what has been done, whilst in the process of constructing our doctoral dissertation. Whilst following these lines of thought we discover detours and distractions, and we realise that there is no direct route back to the observation of this body of work and we have to write it another way.

Site-seeing forces the witnesses to confront
their own position

In the whiteness of this space we find ourselves caught up in the darkness felt in the blink of our eyes and from this position we remember our aims and objectives, the specificity of our reasons for being here and we re-call the strategies invented to enable us to make our way into this hybrid field of knowledge. On this journey of many beginnings we have begun to understand that our perspectives keep jumping from a position of wanting to know, to a position that teaches us how to do and we remember the words of Mike Pearson as he explains that performance to him is *"... a doing and a thing done ..."* (Pearson 2001, p.14). And as we continue to move our eyes down through the words he has written we pause to savour the thoughts embedded in his assertion that *"... decisions are ... made in response to the project at hand, in response to such questions as 'What is necessary here? What is possible here?'"* (Pearson 2001, p.15) And we enter into the act of learning by doing in search of words that convey the relevance of the task we set out to do. We begin a process of constructing an interface that complies with the fragile discourse of reconstituting some of the meaning and significance necessary here, possible here, from the site of the live-event, of retrieving traces left behind from the performance of this archaeological project. This is a strategy of re-presentation that does not reproduce but disrupts and re-creates a landscape of complications (Pearson 2001, p.9-10; Phelan 1993, p.148).

Site-seeing forces the visitors to confront
their own position

As we begin to write again we turn to confront the events of our desires and we want, *"... this writing to enact the affective force of the performative event again, as it plays itself out in an on-going temporality made valid by the psychic process of distortion."* (Phelan 1997, p.12) Consequently, what is necessary here is not a mirror-image that reflects the same, what is necessary here is a mirror that doubles the reflection, because what is possible here, in the process of doubling back, as the stability of the reference shifts, is the creation of a site of

interruption. Subsequently, what is possible here is the manifestation of excess (Diamond 1993). We want to re-present the objectives and aims not once but in the double-take of here and now. From this displaced position we will reflect upon the ways of not what, but how the narrative patterns of the texts of this BorderLine Archaeology contribute to archaeology, as an academic discipline, because we believe that performative narratives are a means of investigating ways in which to re-present the past-present.

As we write we find ourselves searching for ways to write that fulfil the promise of performance because from this position performative writing returns us to places we have never been and takes us into relations with others we will never meet. Whilst moving from there to here we recognise that writing is essentially a creative process and as we look at the words we are using to create this site we realize how attentiveness to form as well as content, how the shape our writing takes, affects those that are engaged, as witnesses and participants. This creative process is the action of narrative construction and as such an active process which carries with it our intentions (Patterson 2002, p.1). One intention here is to work towards producing a mode of writing with affective force, to work towards creating a mode of writing that enables performative writing to be a form of critical writing that seeks paths that lead to diversity and to sites that open up critique. One intention here is to find a mode of writing that challenges the way to think about the way to say the things that need to be said. Consequently we find ourselves moving in a direction where the way to write is erratic and nervous and seldom takes the most obvious route. Accordingly we want this writing to be a performative practice that *"... points both to itself and to the scenes that motivate it."* (Phelan 1997, p.12) From this position we recognise that writing operates as an event in itself and that which is narrated through it, is always something else. The re-presentations that are re-written always re-turn as something more (Allsopp 1997; Moraru 2001, p.14) and as such the attention given to a site from this perspective is from a position that re-positions the questions, the links and disconnections being made. The writing here does not present things as they are but as how they might be.

As we put these words down we find ourselves in a position where we need to point at the events of the previous chapters at the same time as we find ourselves here, in a process of writing these afterwords, re-viewing and re-constituting from a position of promise, because the strategies of performative writing fight from a position of persuasion rather than from the site of this is right and this is wrong. In these afterwords we want to write in a way that is convincing enough so that this way becomes another way for conducting and generating

archaeological enquiries (Murray 1997, p.4-9; Phelan 1997, p.11-16). The strategies of performative writing are as such narrative enactments and through this narrative process we are negotiating ways through which to understand the world, whilst simultaneously creating forms of knowledge construction. Narratives as forms of representation can therefore be utilised to work as modes of critical analysis and as such the strategies of performative writing are modes of creative narrative construction.

COMPLEXITIES:

RE-TURNING TO CONCEPTS, IDEAS AND PRACTICES

As we continue to move further into this process of writing and wondering about the field of knowledge we have taken into our lives, we hear ourselves wanting to defend and argue its position, because we believe that this kind of archaeology has something to say. We believe that archaeology is a site for debate, a useful art that can and should be involved with the world, its people and societies at a multitude of levels. Using the strategies of BorderLine Archaeology we think we have found a way to proceed into this realm of activity and by using the tools we devised, the concepts and notions, the theoretical methodology constructed we now feel that this site holds potential. We sense the strength of the promises found in negotiating the complexities of the past in the present and the messiness of it all, and we believe that these strategies allow the kind of re-presentation necessary to generate debate.

As we stand in the midst of this writing and thinking, of pushing out our thoughts into the surface in front of our eyes, we are caught up once again in the double take of this action, of knowing that these words are already transforming, into past present artefacts, and that they are no longer ours alone. The thoughts embedded in these markings are being recast, and the shadows they make are shifting, swaying, moving out and finding themselves in an arena of a different kind, setting the scene for somebody else to snatch them away. And as we watch the words we share transforming into something more we realise that we too can recall them and turn them into something else, and at this site we experience the proximity of distancing. Standing here in the middle of these thoughts we experience the comings and goings of the live-event, of the there and then and the absent-present present-ness in the here and now. Poised in-between we know that these ephemeral encounters are the stuff of our work because whilst searching for a way to do the kind of archaeology we wanted to do, we found the transient rhizometric rhythms of the borderline and in the

spur of this moment we remember that the site of BorderLine Archaeology is a hazardous place. It is always in a state of constant turbulence because it is a site that connects and disconnects with other lines of enquiry and in these encounters it becomes a place of challenge and risk. At this site we take the risk of loosing the ground beneath our feet, of becoming displaced and of things turning into something else entirely, but we are already prepared to accept this because this archaeology challenges our perspectives about what archaeology should or should not be. It is an experience that invites us to think of archaeology as an evocative, political and heretic practice and this is what we believe is necessary.

There is no fixed position for its contents

We realise that: our encounter with the ideas and practices found in performance art help us to move into ideas and practices we might not otherwise use in archaeological practice. Performance art is a site of inspiration and it has exposed us to ways of doing that have enabled us to begin a process of creating a hybrid field of knowledge. At this site we begin to realise that borderlines are to be perceived as liminal zones; where things erupt, collide, diverge and merge and are re-defined in relation to the current context. From the position of the borderline it is possible to enter into an experience where engagement with apprehension can begin. At this site this process generates a continued investigation into the relationship between archaeology and performance and at the threshold of apprehension we begin to look again at the concepts and notions essential to this task. As a set of conditions our theoretical methodological practice allows us to encounter the ideas of site-seeing, eventscapes, walkscapes, bringing us into contact with the subjects of mapping and writing, with re-presentation and materialisation as well. This practice reminds us that we need to approach the site of BorderLine Archaeology from the position of the parasite and acknowledge this site as a landscape of mutations and becomings, and we remember that if understood from the perspective of rhizometric thinking this site acknowledges transformation and change.

We recognise that: this palette of conceptual variation contributes to our way of doing archaeology, and that these modes of approach constitute a type of method and provide a passage into processes of enquiry that are both possible and necessary for this particular strategy of archaeological research. As a result we believe that BorderLine Archaeology, as a practice, holds potential and is full of possibilities for exploration of and encounters with the material remains of the past present. As Eugene Barba once wrote *"... [a] good method is that in which the context is pertinent to the questions which have been put to the object under examination."* (Barba 1995, p.45)

There is no fixed position for its contents

We find that: the strategies of site-seeing work from the premise that the objects we engage with are participatory and transformational, and by getting involved with these remains, by practising site-seeing we produce an archaeology that is a cultural practice that works from the premise that things intervene (Pearson 2001, p.27). Approaching objects from the perspective that these in themselves are archaeological sites to be experienced is to understand them as eventscapes. The eventscapes of BorderLine Archaeology are places and non-places, sites and non-sites in that these sites can never be seen to hold any permanent kind of knowledge. They are always affected by the visitor, the interpreter, the witness and it is these cartographic variations that keep the site in motion. The visitor negotiates and maps absence and presence in an ever-ending process of re-telling and re-constructing and at the site of continuous process the transient ephemerality of a particular place or a specific event becomes a space that draws the visitor in at the same time as it pushes away. When confronted with the elusiveness of the site; when the memories of the site meet with the inexhaustible potentialities of the present, we believe an event-scape begins (Kaye 2000, p.92-99; Smithson 1996, p.153).

We understand that: an eventscape is a site in a process of becoming. It is not that which it once was, it is never a history with a fixed point of origin because it is always transposed into and onto the spectator and witness and as such it is also subjected to processes of change. The content of an eventscape is always altered and influenced by the context in which it is situated at a specific moment and to begin an act of mapping an eventscape is to encounter it. In this cartographic process the site shifts and becomes a journey, through the present as well as the past, and this process includes filling it with subjectivity, pre-understandings, expectations, longings and desires. There are many components that contribute to the creation of an eventscape and we believe that these diverse fragments are essential, possible and required.

There is no fixed position for its contents

We discover that: the eventscapes are to be approached through the idea of the walkscapes. Just thinking about walking makes us acutely aware of ourselves, makes what is usually taken for granted a conscious act and there are reasons for that. Walking is movement in action, located at the site of self, and in the event of experiencing oneself in motion the spectator sees and can be seen. Walking is the mode of method best suited to the practice of site-seeing. The pace shifts depending on the circumstances because we walk at different speeds, different lengths, in different directions and adjustment is easy. The motion of walking guarantees the existence of apprehension, of comprehending the idea of the borderline. When walking, we are always

shifting limits, moving boundaries, changing perspectives and depending on the rhythm walking guarantees that what we see will always be seen from a different point of view. Walking transforms and it is a useful tool in archaeological enquiry. It enables us to recognise the chaos of geography, the entropic nature of the landscape, the energy dispersion embedded in stuff we encounter and in the mutability of time and space. Walking helps us to locate the paths we need to travel, the social issues we want to respond to, and the sites overburdened with apathy and reason, nostalgia and sensoria (Careri 2002, p.26; Tiberghien 2002, p.11-16). Walking is both a physical practice and a mental exercise; it is a sensual, sensitive action, of both body and mind. Our actions and thoughts are continually on the move through a multitude of walkscapes and it always from a position that begins with ourselves that we enter into our encounters with the objects, people, places and events we desire to explore.

We see that: how through working with our ideas we can feel, that this is a site where the worlds of art and academia meet and merge, and we believe that we have created a site that is a meeting place for the subject and object, the archaeologist and the archaeological. From this position we acknowledge that our subjective experiences contribute to the exploration of alternative ways to approach archaeological objects in the context of belonging to a process of cultural production. We know that one of the aims of this dissertation was to introduce archaeology to the field of performance art and its studies and this we have done and not just by using performance as a potential ground for picking up ideas but through the practice of site-seeing we have realized our intention of creating a hybrid field of knowledge.

CRITICAL ANALYSIS:

INVOLVEMENT, RISK AND RESPONSIBILITY

At this site of the live-event we find ourselves shifting our position once again and from here we find ourselves re-viewing our theoretical methodology from a position that permits us to take a closer look at the ways in which we put these ideas and concepts into practice. We are in the process once again of the double take, a re-doing of a done thing and we take a step in another direction and begin to write through and about the chapters that contain the case-studies, that hold our own particular ways of doing BorderLine Archaeology. Once again the questions 'What is necessary here?' 'What is possible here?' seem appropriate and we remember how, when working with these chapters, we were caught up in tensions of working with a performative mode of knowledge construction and with ideas that acknowledge

archaeology as a mode of cultural production. We remember how we felt it was necessary to approach the body of materials we had chosen to work with from perspectives that required personal engagement but that at the same time focused upon issues relevant to archaeological enquiry. With the tools devised we believed that this would be possible and we wanted to try our ideas out and standing here, in the midst of these words, we agree that this is what we did.

The site-specificity of an object is established in the spectator's attention to the place they both occupy. At this site of the live-event we see ourselves in the dual return of the gaze and from this position of looking we watch as our eyes confront the 'I' of the writer located in the case study chapters. And we realise that: in both *'Turning 180° into the walkscape of the labyrinth'* and in *'Turning into the walkscape of the family'* the authors are very present and the voice of the subject is there to be heard. This was and still is an essential component in the work we do. Subjectivity is necessary because the explicit inclusion of subjective perspectives into the text does not only question the idea of a voice of authority but problematizes the boundaries that connect and disconnect, that separate and conflate the relations between the object and subject, the familiar and the unfamiliar, the self and the other. In both these case studies the distinctions that lie in difference become a matter of proximity and the journeys through the walkscapes and eventscapes become processes of moving to and from, of getting close but not so close that distinctions disappear. Our intentions are not to eradicate but rather to blur at the site of the borderline in-between.

We recognise that: the presence of the subject, the 'I' that sees, hears and experiences, works on various levels and this forces the relationship between the material and the author into a process of negotiation. There are intimate moments that distance and distances that seem close. Whilst negotiating proximity a relationship between the material studied and the person studying is formed and we become attracted to and involved with the strangeness of the other. Through participation as subject, however, it becomes necessary to find ways of speaking for the other that does not overcome (Cixous 1988, p.29; Scott 1995; White 1999, p.35-43). What is possible here is an excavation of subjectivity, what is possible here is an excavation of the other. What is necessary here is the presence of both.

We are aware that: in *'Turning 180° into the walkscape of the labyrinth'* there is no automatic, personal relationship to the material and that in *'Turning into the walkscape of the family'* there is. The extent of the connectivity varies but in both these case studies exploration into the process of attachment exists. Regardless of the ways we approach the

remains of the past, relationships are developed and instead of hiding behind some distant voice we both wanted the presence of the subject, the 'I's of the authors to be explicit. And we both decided that the presence of the writers would be as active agents; as participants, interpreters, visitors and as witnesses that were there. Being there exposes the fragility of objective discourse and accordingly this also questions the relevance of working in a voice that makes the claim that an anonymous, objective, authoritative voice provides more balance, is more legitimate, in academic knowledge construction (White 1999, p.35-38; Scott 1995). Being there is, from a performance perspective, essential because it is from the position of presence that involvement and awareness begins and it is from being aware of being there, and of being affected, that we get prepared to take the risk of being responsible.

We discover that: when the objective, authoritative position is destabilised a different kind of investigation begins and makes way for different kinds of questions. In both these case studies subjectivity is present at a number of different levels and the process of negotiation that interpenetrates the relationship between the author and the other, instigates a movement towards the site of multiplicity. Approaching the material from this position we moved closer to the dilemmas of representation because when confronted with the task of re-presenting the material remains of the past we met with different kinds of strangers. In our negotiations with: the physical remnants of artefacts; with the events and stories connected to our particular projects; with the creation of the website designed to hold certain aspects of our work¹²⁰, we began to understand that engagement with material culture at a personal level enables us to create contexts that turn into sources which invite us to interact. This site of interaction is inter-subject orientated, multidimensional and a site where the expression of difference is encouraged (Carlson 1996, p182; Scott 1995).

We find that: in the walkscapes and eventscapes we hear the sounds of many stories, feel the extent of the multiple events that have occurred in relation to these particular types of remains, and we see presence, not only as something tangible in the artefacts and documents, in the photographs and sketches, but in the materialisation of the multidimensional relations as well. By placing the personal relationship of the author firmly into the body of these textual re-presentations the relationships to the otherness of the subjects being studied are changed. Whilst testing the limits of subjectivity through a process of proximity the borders of the self and the other are challenged. And as we write we find ourselves asking; how close is it possible to get and how much resistance do we meet? What happens if /when the transience of boundaries, the ephemerality of edges and the limitations of limits get felt?

¹²⁰ <http://arkserv.arch.gu.se/blabla>

From this site we pay attention as the other shifts from a position of being completely outside and strange to a position of being inside and strangely familiar. From a position of being within it stirs the imagination, engages our desire to imagine, but at this moment of anticipation we know that this is a process of constant negotiation, a process in movement, at the site of 'both-and'. From this site the subject must move the stranger out again, to a space that includes other-worlds not yet known, to points of contact with others and from this position the subject re-views and allows others to be seen as elements external to the self again. In this moving from and to, the other and the self both remain enigmatic, elusive and strange. From this position a different kind of response to material remains emerges and re-presentation of the material is revived at a site which is both multiple and fragmentary, the site of the unknown-known. Moving through the material from the position of subjectivity some gaps are closed whilst other gaps are exposed and this reveals how the tension of negotiation, between the self and the other, the familiar and un-familiar, the past and the present, keeps things in motion. The tension of negotiation facilitates a desire to continue moving in and through the subject being studied and as such other things keep being added on (Ahmed 1997; Cornell 1988; Kristeva 1991; Scott 1995).

The site-specificity of an object is established in the spectator's attention to the place they both occupy. At the site of this live-event we begin to search for places to put these words and we begin to imagine where they have come from and from this site of transforming words into actions we begin to write again. And we acknowledge that: the case study chapters 'Turning 180° into the walkscape of the labyrinth' and 'Turning into the walkscape of the family' are modes of cultural production, in that these case studies are recontextualisations rather than reconstructions (Pearson 2001, p.xi). And whilst we realise that the narrative strategies chosen in each case study follows a different design both are from the position of the past-present, with the purpose of reading on, adding to the residues of the various events that they re-view. There is collaboration; between subjective identities, object and events from the past, particular sites and the fictions of creating the site to be seen. At the intersections of this complex, multi-layered process of mapping fragmented but dense re-presentations are produced. In recontextualisation there is intervention, and the strategies employed aim to engage the participants involved. This set of conditions implies that things get left behind and leaving things out or producing a narrative that seems incomplete creates lines of enquiry and gaps that become invitations to others, who might want to move in and produce other re-presentation, create different sites with different agendas. The strategies here entail that spaces are made that challenge.

We understand that: these narratives are not hermetically sealed and that the narrative strategies have been chosen to create a forum for the exploration of how to experience ourselves and the world outside from a position that is a position shared and with ample room for the inclusion of further meaning (Freeman 2002, p.9; Pearson 2001, p.1-11; Tiberghien 2002). The narratives in these case studies do not provide discovered depictions of the past but rather present modes of emplotment that turn events of the past into eventscapes in the present and as such these narratives combine the strategies of both fact and fiction. Subsequently we acknowledge that the performative narratives of the case-studies do not attempt to suggest that what is being told is a matter of what has really happened or is really happening, that these should be read as true stories, because as Hayden White writes "... *a true story, this is a contradiction in terms. All stories are fictions.*" (White 1999, p.9) The eventscapes combine the ideas of fact and fiction, evidence and interpretation, and because these narratives have been constructed in a particular way they are an attempt to "... *persuade or direct the reader ... to act in a certain way.*" (Venn 2002, p.40) This does not, however, imply that the reader will act accordingly, because the set of conditions embedded in the narratives are employed to persuade the participants to double back at the site of the live-event, reflect and react.

As we write we find ourselves in the moment in-between experiencing what it is, but not quite yet; of not yet knowing what to think. We are positioned at the threshold of apprehension where awareness is almost present, and some kind of recognition occurs. Somewhere in this moment some sense of something is realised, revealed and re-presented and we sense that what is real and true in this moment might be carried on, into other moments, where responding to these re-actions might be necessary. Standing here we begin to feel caught up in a process of negotiation, where values, ethics and responsibilities have a part to play in the assessment of our obligations to what we witness in the everyday (Phelan 1999, p.9; Venn 2002, p.40). It is from this position that the direction of enquiry shifts and instead of searching for truth, as "... *the naked unadorned pure stuff that exists before interpretations and narratives come along and dress things up.*" (Freeman 2002, p17) it becomes a search for the significance of the affective force of experiencing. Somewhere in-between reflecting and reacting we begin to choose direction and decisions are made.

In this process of re-viewing we see that the significance of experience is relevant and relative because experience in all its ephemerality is felt to be real, but the reality of this does not make it a fact but then again it is not a fiction either. In the case studies the boundaries between fact and fiction, the real and the non-real are blurred. We do

not distinguish in words that here is a fact and here is a message conveyed from imagination, but we believe that differences can be discerned. At times, however, the boundaries that appear to separate these terms seem to overlap, the distinctions devised feel tenuous, and the contents, held in the shape of each term, shift and become ambiguous (White 1987, p.44). The tensions felt in-between concepts like these provoke and in the process of constructing narratives concerned with the past this issue is of relevance in archaeological discourse. Locating the reality of the past is, however, not a problem for us because we believe that the reality of the past is located in the present, and that archaeological knowledge is something produced in response to contemporary interests and desires (Freeman 2002, p.16-19; Pearson 2001, p.11). From this position the dilemmas of locating some sense of reality is to be found in the process of re-location and negotiation, at the site of in-between; in the meaning defined by the participant, spectator or witness and in the significance of the effects this meaning provides. Archaeology as a mode of cultural production, as a contemporary practice of re-contextualisation asks questions that question the limitations of constructing divisions that divide. In the narrative strategies of the case studies we found it necessary to question the ways things get done and we asked what might be possible here if we encourage fact and fiction to coincide.

As we write at the site of the live-event these words serve to remind us of the challenges faced when working through processes of re-presentation and how in the double take of reflection the mirrored image is never exactly the same, the past can never be known as it really was there and then. Re-presentation is re-thinking, re-feeling, re-writing from here and now (Hacking 1995, p.243-249). There is no identical twin and through the process of revealing the instability embedded in the process of re-memembering things as other things, that in prior existences existed as something else again, we operate from a position that is a process of exploring the potential in proposition. As we re-present we introduce the possibility of something becoming something other and because we want to avoid presenting things devoid of infiltration, of being treated merely as stuff attached to the past we enter instead into a process of collaboration. At this site the past becomes relevant to the present and the ways in which it is recontextualised matters. At this site, the site of BorderLine Archaeology, there is an endless array of possibilities operating in the space of 'what is and what might be' and we feel the influence of 'what if' and 'as if' moving in that space because when engaged with the re-presentation of the past-present we know that we are involved with the responses and responsibilities that come with this task (Carlson 1996, p.142; Hacking 1995, p.235-249; Read 1993, p.90).

COLLABORATIONS:

SHARING SPACE IN PROCESSES OF CONNECTION AND DISCONNECTION

Here we are at the site of the live-event, standing together but a bit apart. At this site the space is shared and as we write we remember the trials and tribulations of collaborating. Here we are, two people writing and working in collaboration in order to create a collaborative piece of work that contains an idea to create a site so that two fields of knowledge might meet. At this site we re-call the nuances of variation found in reaching together through difference towards the creation of something else. Through collaboration we constantly negotiate proximity and through the process of negotiation we remember that this space is full of attentions that focus and stray, of points of contact that come and go. Collaboration is the site of intentions where things get pulled together and ripped apart, where voices get raised; in anger, glee, frustration, in competition and consent. This site of collaboration bulges with competing and conflicting opinions, with changes of heart and bouts of persuasion that continue to search for sites of coherence, for words and statements that say everything we want to say. Collaboration is a process of negotiation; it brings things together in difference and makes the boundaries blurred.

At the site of the live-event we begin to feel the weight of the words we are writing and we feel we need to account for the ways in which we believe we take responsibility for our actions. As we re-write the sites that have touched upon the events, stories and material remains connected to the work, our memories remind us of what it was like to be involved with these matters and we find ourselves returning to the sensations felt whilst touching and tasting, hearing and seeing, and we realise that through the negotiation of proximity, of being close and distant, moving to and from the other, sensibilities emerge, and as we collide with the experience wrapped up in words like compassion, empathy and alterity, we begin a journey into the process of getting involved and as such a sense of responsibility for the subject being studied is there (Ahmed 1997; Etchells 1999, p.48-49). The negotiation of responsibility is an experience that is more convincing if felt rather than known and as such is revealed as an action. Responsible actions might like ethical actions "... *not be completely dependent on empirical truths.*" (Phelan 1999, p.10)

Whilst writing these words we begin to understand BorderLine Archaeology as an arena through which to investigate the responsibility of accountability because the ethics of re-presentation matter to us. Archaeology as an academic field of knowledge has obligations and

responsibilities with regards to the re-presentations it produces and archaeologists have to be accountable for what and how this is done. Archaeology as a field of knowledge production, as a practice in the critical analysis of re-presentation and interpretation, is a potential arena for finding ways to challenge the ways in which to re-present and witness past events from a position that engages with contemporary issues in need of response and debate. From the position of being here, at the site of the live-event we are involved and actively engaged in the production of the narratives we create, we are like witnesses 'present in some ethical way' and as such responsible and accountable for our actions in re-presenting our versions of events. Being here, at this site we witness a process through which we engage, a process where expressing and experiencing moves back and forth in words and thoughts in the hope of being heard (Phelan 1999, p.11-13). Witnessing holds the capacity to respond and as such is a process shared and at the site of the live-event the experience, meaning and significance of any event is always to some extent part a collaborative affair. As we re-write and re-view the experience, meaning and significance of this joint dissertation we confront the responsibilities at stake in the double take of exposing and being exposed and as witnesses to this work we take our responsibilities seriously and we are accountable for the doing and the thing done. As we re-turn to the events of BorderLine Archaeology we respond and find it possible and necessary once again to debate what might be necessary here, possible here, if the contexts of archaeological remains are perceived as sites of event-scapes.

Here we are sharing space once more, standing in a room that echoes and we can feel our presence reverberate beyond; the ceiling, the door, the windows, the floor and the walls, all paper thin, and we begin to write. This is the site of the live-event and we are watching the pressure of the words being written push out onto the other side, leaving fleeting impressions. And as we write these words we find ourselves on the verge of change and we can almost touch the unfolding of yet other events. These events are located in our writing but remain nevertheless somewhere else and as we step forward one more time we find ourselves on the threshold of moving out.

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ABBREVIATIONS

Blalab	BorderLine Archaeology Laboratory
CHAT	Contemporary and Historical Archaeology in Theory
EAA	European Association of Archaeologists
EU	Etnografisk undersökning (Ethnographic survey)
GAM	Göteborgs Arkeologiska Museum (Göteborg's Archaeology Museum)
GU	Göteborg University
PARIP	Practice as Research in Performance
RAÄ	Riksantikvarieämbetet (National Board of Antiquities)
TAG	Theoretical Archaeology Group

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- 009 Shoe, excavated at 'Per Johan's place' – Åsen 5:18, Liden Parish, Västernorrland County, in the province of Medelpad, Sweden. Photograph ©Jonna Ulin
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BorderLine Archaeology

a practice of contemporary archaeology – exploring aspects of creative narratives and performative cultural production

This book is a joint dissertation, written by two people about the connectivity of two practices; archaeology and performance. Its contents focus upon the creation of a hybrid field of study that we have named 'BorderLine Archaeology'. The title reveals the relevance of its position as a field of study that is geographically situated on the border, on the line where things and people meet, at a borderline which is in a constant state of negotiation and change. 'BorderLine Archaeology' is the site that bridges the gap between art and academia; it is the meeting place where subjective experience has a central role in the exploration of alternative ways to approach archaeological objects in the context of belonging to a process of cultural production.

The purpose of this dissertation is: to create a theoretical methodology of BorderLine Archaeology, that provides alternative strategies to use when dealing with archaeological matters; to explore the process of performative writing as an alternative approach in the re-presentation of the archaeological; to investigate archaeology's potential as a mode performative cultural production and to produce a body of knowledge, a kind of archaeology that is theoretical yet practical, that is hybrid, sensorial, inter-subjective, multilayered and performative.

Keywords: BorderLine Archaeology, rhizome, border theory, contemporary archaeology, performance art, performance studies, performativity, material culture, cultural production, the archaeological, performative writing, creative narratives, mapping, parasite, eventscape, walkscape, site-seeing, site-specificity, subjectivity, otherness, excavation, repetition, re-presentation, past-present, labyrinth, movement, craft, family landscape, postmemory, family album, home.

