

Fig. 1—left to right: the mapping of the body unto the cave, the cave unto the body, the 1-to-1 mapping of the cave and historical memory and unto itself, takes place on the backdrop of a video from 3D scanning, and poetic soundscape. If between in front and behind is the *ego* (Koffka) then between above and below there is *memory* (exposition).

In the exposition *[re] mapping of being—landscape/cavescape/humanscape* Nataliia Korotkova and Nina Tsy/bolskaia are inviting the viewer to a [re] reading. I spent some time ponder on how my re-reading involved my knowledge of history and performance could tap into the liveness, that readily comes through the material they share on SAR's research catalogue platform, with an architecture that can be called out from the top left of view, to guide the reader through the labyrinthine views of an exposition, that was published by [VIS Nordic Journal for Artistic research](#).

I also pondered on why my [re] readings always tend to result in a [re] arrangement of the materials that I at hand. As though [re] reading too is [re] mapping. An exposition is a non-linear media. Accordingly it invites non-linear reading, with an rearrangement as a logical consequence: on the opening page a poem appears; click the play icon and a voice reads the poem; click the hyperlink in the poem and a 3D scanning starts to play on an online video: the sound continues. I look that the scanning-video till the sound is finished. And then move unto the *contents*.

But where have we been? The cavescape and voice together is a *container* that invites us to inhabit it: the reader is received with chill, moist and a rock-like voice saying: *here time did not occur, this body touched the stone, people lived inside the grey rock, the time-interval remained a constant time-interval, the day continued to be a constant day, the fabric became drenched, the water stopped trickling, this body touched the body, the fabric took the salt, the grey rock became part of the body, this body became part of the rock, the rock took the salt, the rock took the body.*

I felt I had to take time to listen to this voice—and the sound that followed—while watching the video of the 3D scan from the Kvithellehula in Hasvik on Sørøya. As the Second World War was slowly coming to an end, the Nazis had promised the Finnmark and North Troms to destruction: so the Russians would get their hands on nothing, when they came. The tiny population on Sørøya refused to evacuate the island: instead of leaving they moved further into the island. Into the rock, mud-houses, overturned boats and sheds that would be unseen from above by the bombers.

Many people thought the Russians would come swiftly. *But time stopped:* through a long winter,

from November 1944 till May 1945. The objective of the exposition I do not read as an attempt at reliving historical events, but at mapping them in a time-space which is the *same, similar, different* and *other* (telescoping back and forth between these). And invites the [re] reader *to do* the same, similar, different or other... The exposition offers an architecture of sorts. A container with multiple provisional

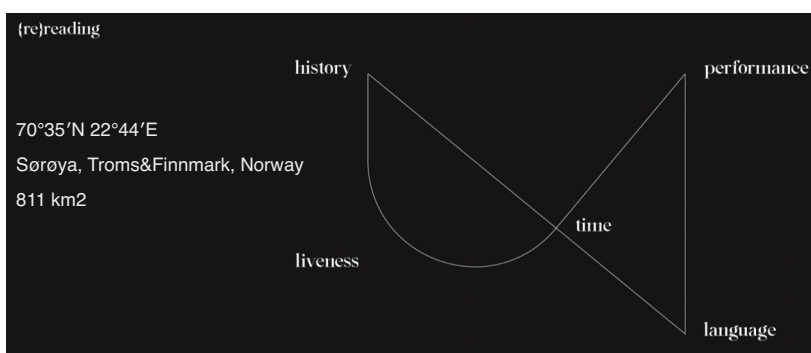


Fig. 2—What is time when the problem is a numbness, or a standstill? Will it be deconstructed as above?

lemmas ranging from embodiment, inhabitation, exploration and *remembrance*: the piecing together member-by-member of memories that are not one's own. So—what will it be [re] reading?

In the exposition, the reader is presented with a range of alternatives—shall we say alternating—*mapping*-propositions: the cave mapping one-to-one (*isomorphism*) with an historical experience of living and hiding that we take it upon ourselves to decrypt; the cave mapping one-to-one with itself (*automorphism*); the human body mapped unto the cave (*endomorphism*) as Mother Earth, and the cave mapped unto the human body (*exomorphism*) as a radio-signal from afar. The exposition is not sentimental, or nostalgic, from 1944/44. A crazy experiment in immersive mathematics?

I am predisposed to receive the exposition in this way—and working on it from here—because it so happens that I am also reading mathematician Julius Schreider's book [Equality, resemblance and order](#) (1975 Mir publications, Moscow) at the same time as I am inhabiting the exposition, in order to acquire a *deeper* and *applied* understanding of homomorphism: the mapping of a group  $\mathbf{G}$  unto a group  $\mathbf{H}$  by the intermedium of a function  $f$  (isomorphism, automorphism, endomorphism and exomorphism are varieties of homomorphism). *Homomorphism* means: the same *form* (mapping).

It is something about the questions summoned the exposition which simply does *not* subscribe to certain foreseeable alternatives to the extracted from the Kvithellahula as a research problem: for instance, it does *not* invite Peter Sloterdijk's post-Siegfriedian metaphysics—Friedrich Nietzsche's (ctrl+alt+esc) Siegfried—as when he stated that the *body is the world's antenna*, in his [Critique of Cynical Reason](#); in which he seeks to establish a *philosophy with skin and hair (and teeth)*. The kind of rebellious metaphysical activism, that takes off in cyber-anarchism, and alt-right “politics”.

It resonates more with Cornelius Castoriadis' ideas of the [Chora](#) as a locus of radical imaginary *between nature and culture*, where patterns form and dissolve even *before* they are remembered. Alternatively, remembered by tapping into containers only subject to passing embodiment. In transient flickers between intimate, remote, historical, geological mappings in the exposition. Math mapping unto new materialism. Or, the depths of a non-linguistic meaning, delimited by the Danish linguist Louis Hjelmslev (1943), which he assigns to partly to physics and (social) anthropology.

Or *archaeology*, according to the exposition. During WWII, Norwegians did not speak of the Soviet army. They referred to the Soviet army as the “Russians”. Not the Russians as an ethnic/national group, but the Russians as epitome of the uncontained continental depth, to which there is a tiny strip of Norwegian border up North: the *other* in a sense that escapes and constitutes Europe. Not the present Europe, that has gone blank in its 70 year attempt to solve its historical problems with the availability of oil and lard. But the Europe that reverberates what it cannot itself contain.

Perhaps also that I am thinking about this because I just saw the retrospective exhibit on Magdalena Abakanowicz at [HOK](#). In her background it was conveyed that her father Konstanty was of Russian-Tatar descent. In her obituary in the [Guardian](#), the pitch is that she could trace her lineage

back to Genghis Kahn. Myth before history. Her mother Helena was of aristocracy descent (I have just read an interesting article on the post-communist aristocracy in Poland). Her artworks—the so-called Abakans—contains these layers. They reminded me of Nathalia Korotkova and Nina Tsy/bolskaia's work in/with the Kvithellahula.

If their's is a research archive, mine is inevitably scholarly. Which poses the question of what will happen when they are brought together. In Walter Benjamin's theorising imagination the bringing together of two archival indexes of this sort, brings about a kind of [\[re\] readable](#) 3D writing. In the meantime, in Europe, we are talking about the weather... a little amused and ever in shock.

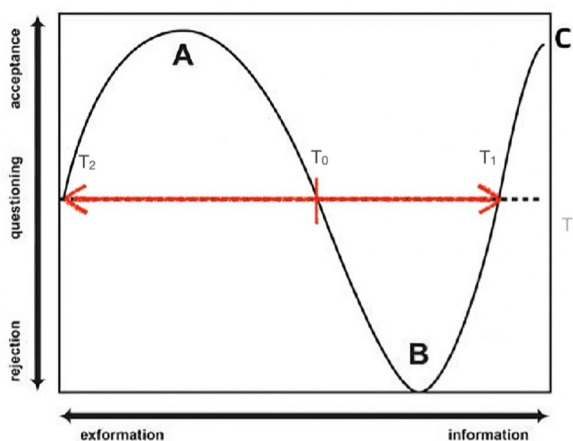


Fig. 3—Conceptually  $T_0$  is moveable and depends on the ratio between information ( $T_1$ ) and exformation ( $T_2$ ). In sum: how do we come up with the right question?