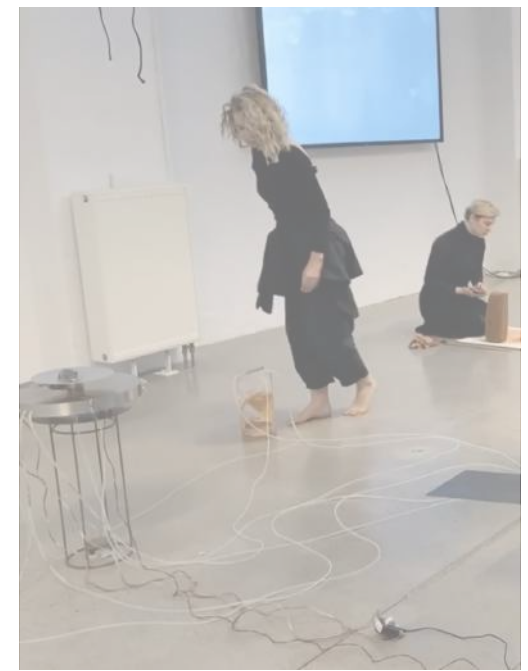
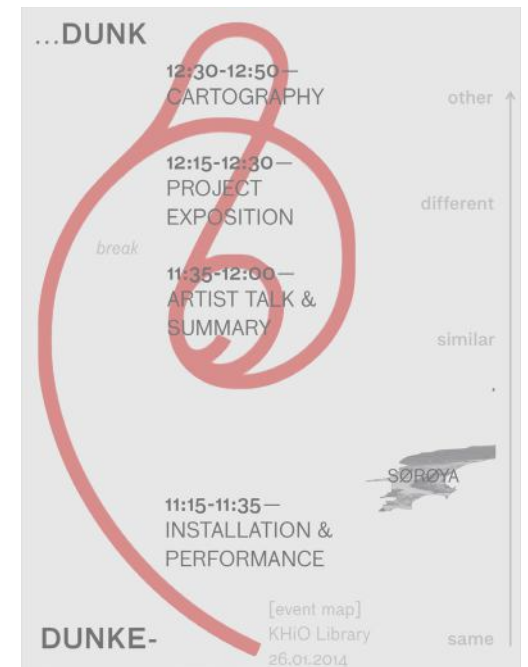


Your own body becomes the instrument for ambient sound. Reflecting this sound, forming a distance between the sound streams that circulate in the environment, the sound freezes inside the body, going into the very depths of the soil with which we come into contact again and again. The soil retains all those sound vibrations, just as we keep all those sounds of the voices of the inhabitants that become our own, inseparable from the landscape and overlapping in time. The sound forms an infinite interval that materializes through the layering of the soil and us in it.



Oslo National Academy of Arts - January 26th 2024  
same, similar, different and other - cartographic exploration initiated by Theodor Barth

Artistic Talk&Performance:  
Nina Tsy  
Nataliia Tsyu-Korotkova

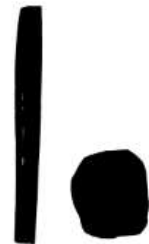
Interview



Darkness



Acoustics/tools



Notes



Landscape  
zoom out/zoom in



Embodiment



Post





## Embodiment

Ingredients:

body  
soil from Sørøya  
water  
radio record 1944  
radio signal 2024





Cave cast (positive), silicone, library water, Sørøya water



The Radio signal 1944/45



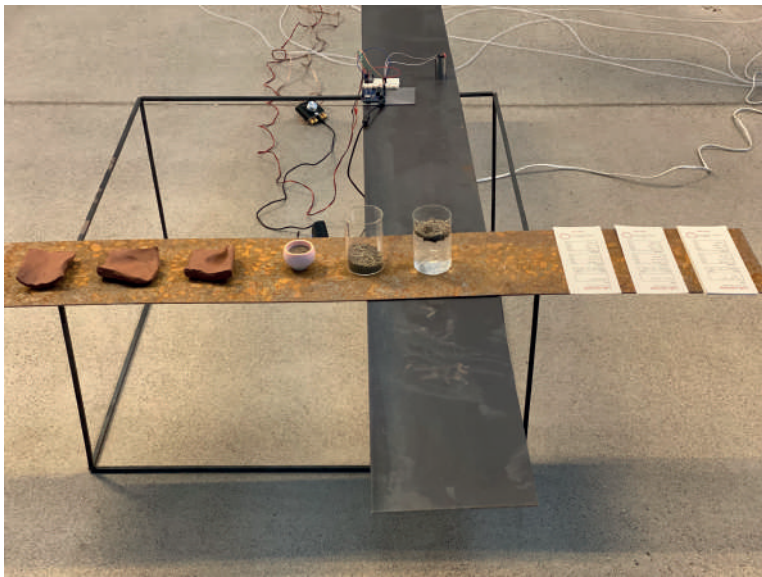
salt, flour, Sørøya water,  
stone powder, fermentation



The Touch is reacting to the human skin



Sørøya stone powder, library air



Lab Section



Materialisation of being in a public space - Circulation within the embodiment.

The library's public space passes through a stage space of KHiO to the transitional space of the cave. The sound of the heartbeat is synchronized with each of the bodies that find themselves inside this borderline place. The echo of the slaps of clay in Nina's hands draw the echo line and resonate through this commonplace of the memory. The clay itself holds the DNA of the island of Sørøya, such a simple piece of soil circulates within the body, the land, and the public space around us.

We are leaving a trace of the touch of the visitor's hands and Nataliia's hands, which eventually create its touch with the land that once sheltered hiding people during World War II. We are leaving our common touch here in a public space of the library. We are a sample of being, circulating, and mapping. We are becoming a body of cartography in a time of being, in a time of remembering.

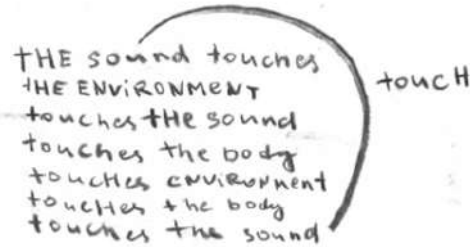
The Sørøya caves have not gone into oblivion without preserving visual evidence of human presence there. The stone and soil are in an area of long-term habitation, the materialization of the touch within the time of hiding - our only one evidence of them being there. We keep following the invisible touches of their being, you keep following us.

This touch is already different, what is happening now in our common circulation of the territory and the touch of bodies - touch here comes our new common ingredient of memory. The memory of the place where our event is (re)mapping now through the context of the history of the past.

Approaching the radio object in the space resonates with human touch, it is only through this contact that we can hear the radio signal of 1944/45 heard at one time in one of the caves (radiohula), the voice barely audible, the narration indistinct, intertwined with the vibration of the powder from the stone that in turn circulates through the water of Sørøya. The shared sound holds a time that once happened and a time that is happening now.

It is up to each of us to define this spatial experience: whether it is real or fictional, whether the cave dwellers were mapped in the Sørøya landscape, or whether they have become components of the cave public spaces that are now translated into library space through each of us.

The rotating memory of shared consciousness circulates through each of us, the shared heartbeat leaving its imprint in the soil of Sørøya in a live stream by forming an archive of shared memory where each of us is the memory of each other's heartbeat.



THE sound touches  
THE ENVIRONMENT  
touches THE sound  
touches the body  
touches ENVIRONMENT  
touches the body  
touches the sound

touch

Interview

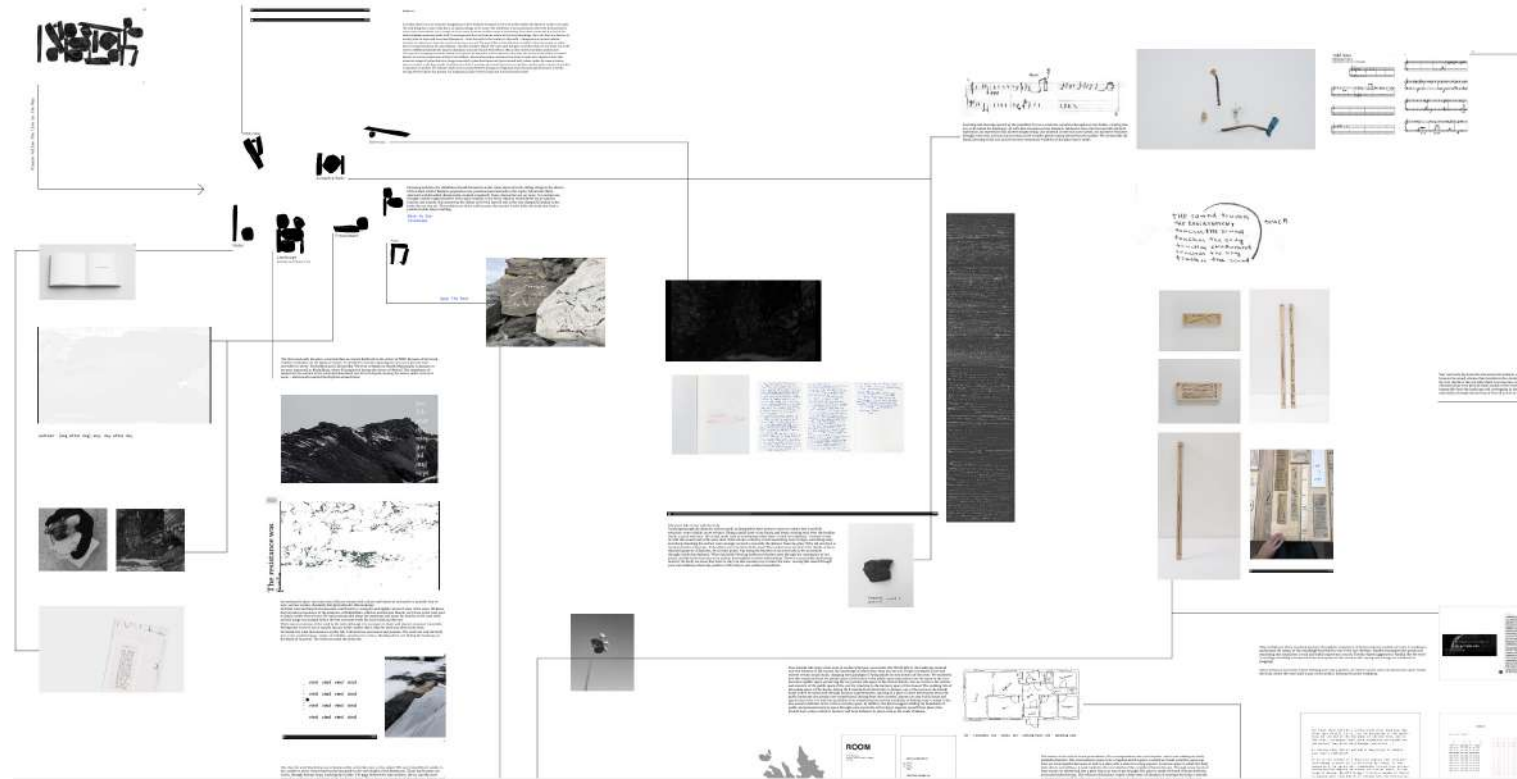


Sørøya er...

'An Indian name, born in someone's imagination in New Zealand; the island in the very north includes the direction 'south' in its name. The only thing that's clear is that this is an island, perhaps in the south.' The borderline of unconsciousness where the fictional and the entity come across allows you to escape to some extent from the terrible events of mundanity, from those events that the land of the island of Sørøya preserves inside itself. It was important for us to hear the echoes of that very knowledge, that voice that, at a distance of seventy years or more and over many kilometers – from the north of the country to the south – transported us to some tableau narrative of a place born from the mouth of everyone we met. We spent May in Oslo listening carefully to what the people we asked knew of or guessed about the name Sørøya – literally 'southern island'. The same land that gave us shelter when the war broke out in the winter of 2022 had shielded the island's inhabitants from the Second World War in 1945 as they entered its hidden architecture. The narrative emerging around the island now captures its dynamics and the absence of linearity, the archives with which we worked directly on site have passed into a kind of oral folklore, where information circulates from body to body and a rhythm is born that creates an image of a place that is no longer concealed, a place that forms new layers around itself, where, under the mass of voices, there is comfort to the place inside. Oral history is fluid, it envelops the sound that is born in the direct performative transfer of one line of narration to another. The listener's body seems to waltz between the spaces of figurative and structural superstructures of words, moving between places that predate our imagination, places where factual and fictional premises meet.

On this page, we kindly invite you to take an audiovisual journey through our notes and experiments from our field trips in Sørøya, Norway. Each experiment was a response to the state of the landscape at the time and the (im)possibility of finding the way to the caves.

This diary of sorts later shaped our method of creating an artistic archive of the memory of the Sørøya caves and our touch with this landscape and history of public space.

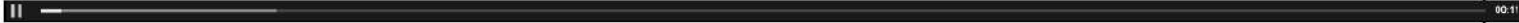


Notes





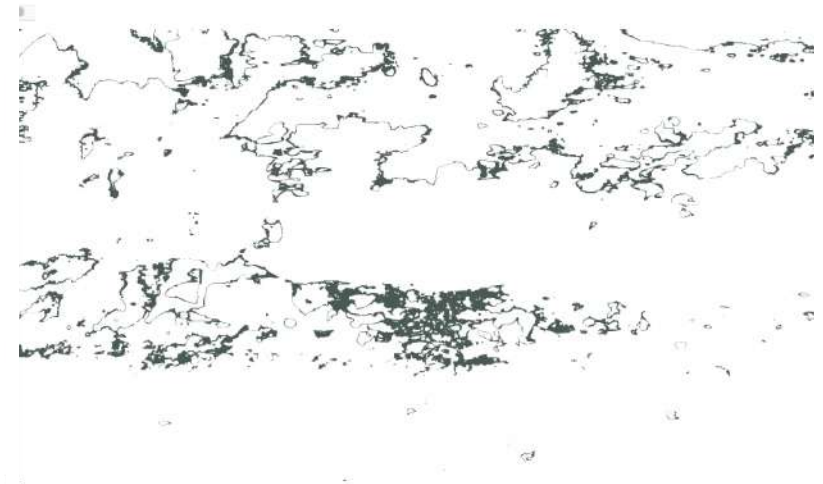
Darkness



The stone falls in line with the body. Touching through the darkness with yourself, an inseparable draw arises to return to a place that is tactilely attractive, more reliable, more tolerant. Taking a small stone in my hands and slowly moving away from the familiar touch, a sound was born. The sound made such an enveloping reality there, in that very darkness. I wanted to stay in/with this sound, and at the same time I had a desire to destroy it with something more foreign, something noisy and sharp. Knocking the surface more strongly seemed to intensify the distance from the place. Why did one have to touch and seek coalescence, if the desire was to break it all the time? That coalescence was lost in the depths of these thundering layers of darkness. At a certain point I was losing the borders of my own body in the movement through/inside that darkness. What was inside? Moving further and further away through the consonance of two stones, and the body turns out to be only an intermediary in these relationships. There is a stop inside, and having heard it, the body can sense that there is only one safe scenario: not to leave this state. Leaving this sound through your own darkness, where the position of the body is now without boundaries.



The first touch with the place occurred when we started fieldwork in the winter of 2022. Because of the brutal weather conditions on the island in winter, we decided to start by exploring the two caves that are most accessible in winter: Kvithellhula and Lillemolvika. We went to Sørøya in Hasvik Municipality in January to become immersed in Kvithellhula, where 35 people hid during the winter of 1944/45. The inhabitants of Sørøya left the surface of the earth and descended into its very depths. Among the stones, under metres of snow – their breath touched the rhythms around them.



## The resistance was futile

In meeting the place, one enters into delicate contact with culture and history as intimately as possible. But we were, and we remain, absolutely foreign bodies for this landscape.

Archival texts and historical memories contributed to a complex and slightly removed view of the caves. We knew that German troops knew of the existence of Kvithellhula, which is located near Hasvik, very close to the road, and is clearly visible from the sea. We had a certain idea about the landscape and about the interior of the cave itself, and the image was integral before the first encounter with the local winds and the sea.

There was no mention of the wind in the texts, although it is necessary to listen and observe its power constantly. Perhaps this is true if one is outside but not inside; maybe this is why the wind was silent in the texts.

In Hasvik, the wind determines everyday life. It determines movement and position. The wind can lock the body into a very confined space, strip it of visibility, envelop it in a dense, blinding white veil, hiding the landscape in the depth of its power. The wind can make the body sick.



Landscape  
zoom out/zoom in

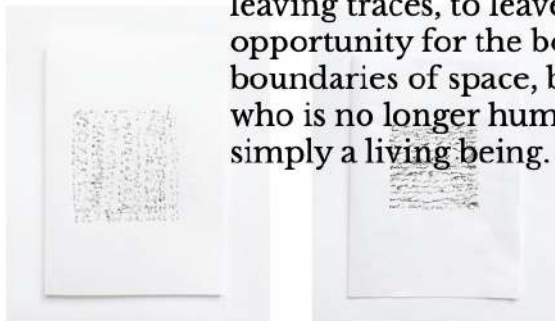


The layering of the terrain with each step returns to the idea that the former time of this place may one day return; one day the house-dweller will again become a cave-dweller, one day moving in the dark will be our only method of communication, one day contact with the stone will be warm, and contact with people alien.

Many steps through the layering of stones do not answer the questions that haunted many steps back.

Layering envelops, tightens, awakens awareness of the moment of the present, which strangely interweaves fragments of history with no bodily memory left.

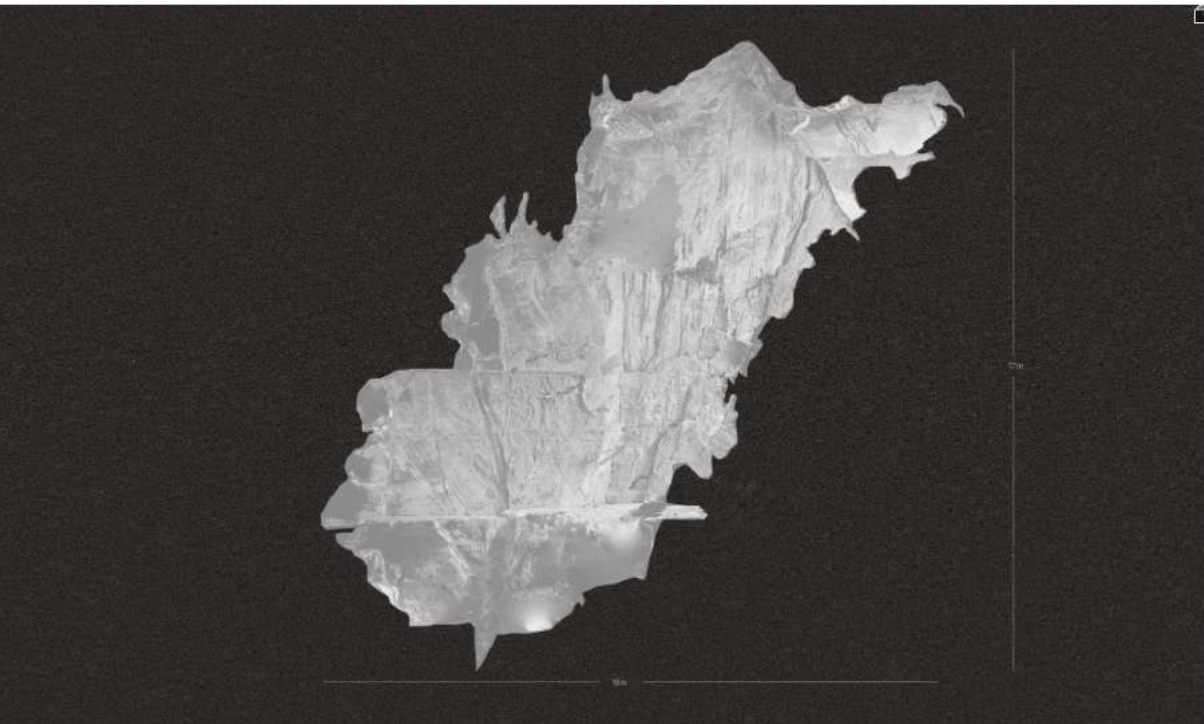
Many steps as a continuation of the path beg the body to stop remembering, plead with it to merge with the layering of the stone, to stop leaving traces, to leave the opportunity for the body to find the boundaries of space, becoming one who is no longer human but rather simply a living being.



# 70°35'N 22°44'E

Sørøya, Troms&Finnmark, Norway  
811 km<sup>2</sup>

This is a place where the landscape became the architecture, and the hidden public space – like the cave – became the interior. In this place, the memory is preserved inside the soil, and we can connect with history through our bodies. This is a place where the smooth transition in a rough environment occurs and the landscape is becoming the cavescape, the cavescape is becoming the humanscape, the humanscape is becoming the landscape. This is a place where the collective memory in public space is seen as body memory that must be experienced individually in order to be preserved.



VIS PUBLICATION

<https://www.visjournal.nu/re-mapping-of-being>

Research Group  
DUNKE-DUNK.NO

Nina Tsy  
Nataliia Tsyu-Korotkova

# Lab sample

70°35'N 22°44'E

Type

LANDSKAP/  
GROTTELANDSKAP/  
MENNESKELANDSKAP

Place

Age

Sørøya

79

Height

0 < 100 cm

140-170 cm

> 180 cm

Weight

0 < 40kg

40 - 70kg

> 100kg

signature \_\_\_\_\_



DUNKE - DUNK