



Box 1—above: the main principal house at Hauge, sheep-farm in Lærdal. It is built in the Swiss style which is common around the Sognefjord. To the left, storage for vintage items, before the sheep-pen. At the right hand the house for the retired farmer (currently the farmer's mother). In the past the main road was passing through the farm.

In [Corps pour corps: enquête sur la sorcellerie dans le bocage \(1981\)](#), Jeanne Favret-Saada used the French word *cerner* to indicate the practice of circling an ill causing a trouble: whether the trouble has no obvious cause, or is caused by an unknown intention—i.e., whether it is by accident or design; by good or ill will—the act of closing a full circle, by walking around the trouble, and avoiding the centre as a way of containing *whatever it might be*, and to let it *play out* in the series of situations and choices that follow. If you walk up to a circle, don't go into it, walk around: you [henge it!](#)

The context: while the author was going through psychoanalysis in Paris, she did a fieldwork on sorcery/witchcraft in Normandy (in the [bocage-district](#) [bocage are hedged fields against erosion]). What is rather interesting with fact of publishing a diary about a *two-tiered* process like this, is that it in practice entails a form of comparison *between* the two (rather than e.g. using psychoanalysis to *theorise* over sorcery). What is common to them is that neither feature problems with a solution, but being stuck and in trouble. The point being to *clear* oneself of that stuckness/or, that trouble.

So, the resemblances between the two processes—going on *alongside* one another—were in some aspects the *same*, other aspect only *similar*, certainly *different* on some points and just plainly *other* (notably in the relation to the other). Resemblances can be attractive and rewarding, but they can also be confusing and troubling. So, what is it that we do that will affect/change that? The genius, if I may say so, of Favret-Saada's work resides in her producing a type of situation similar to what she was studying as an ethnographer, in her two-tiered process of her investigation.



Box 2—Destroying a fake cairn that led to nowhere, or the danger/adventure of getting lost. It was placed within the proximal space of a route marked for safety of hiking/trekking in terrain which is partly demanding, partly exposed to quickly shifting weather. A congregation of events not causally linked, yet available to one another in the *proximal zone*. Photo: ThB.

The word *henge* is close to that of *bocage*: in Norwegian, *innhengning*. Elements that are placed in a circle—like a stone circle—that does *not* necessarily block entry/exit. It is a demarcation: be it a *content* articulating an *intent* beyond the circle (like most sacred places), or a way of containing such designs by the simple act of drawing a circle by walking around it. Favret-Saada may have been inadvertently doing so by walking the trails of *sorcery* in Normandy, as she was walking up her *own* trail through in psychoanalysis. She became knowledgeable without knowing.

So, at some point, she tumbled over to the other side as she was hid in a closet on a farm at the approach of the local veterinary, and afterwards was rewarded with two chickens for her “services” (much to her own surprise). In her hedging around in the bocage, she had been *henging* (for lack of a better term) for quite a while. This may be hard to comprehend without firsthand experience. But at

some level it is an experience many have had as *fieldworkers*: that a sudden *shift* in relating to others (people, informants, actors) occurs as the fieldworker realises that limitations/short-comings in these relationships—standing in the way for a proper/desired fieldwork—reflect what is going on *between* people and is only partly/accidentally/narcissistically directed to a frustrated fieldworker.

From that point on—which I am tempted to call the point of *henging*—things play out otherwise, both at the level of occurrences and relationships. When it doesn't involve people directly, the inquiry may verge unto archaeology: contemporary archaeology, or forensic anthropology; depending on whether the time-zone is remote/perennial, or proximal. Henging substitutes an involvement of the personal time-zone, for a personal involvement of a different kind (where the point is to level with whatever is/has been going on there). A detailed study of these *turns* will yield novel insights.

An example. Walking in the rainy weather up from Eidsbugarden—July 10th 2024 in my *second day* at Tynholmen—I followed the lead of well-built cairn; looking for a trail that was to start after a river-crossing: however, it brought me out in an open terrain of moss, lichen, willow thickets and marshes, before entering the scree terrain that routinely comes before the rock and summit. On my way I spotted a naked patch/clearing with a stone-circle with a man's hat placed in the centre. I carefully identified the perimeter of the “henge” and walked around it, not wishing to be involved.

Afterwards the terrain was marshy. My mobile phone must have rubbed against the pocked of my raincoat: suddenly, music started to play. I recognised it as an album I had acquired by the Belize group called the [Garifuna Collective](#). Under the circumstances it was—in all aspects—uninvited. As the music was playing I approached the summit: a fog was gradually descending on the peaks. I pictured myself lost in the fog, with batteries drained by the music, with a newly operated hip, unable to find the way. So, I turned back on the marked trail I *found* down to Eidsbugarden again.

I eventually found a way to stop the music—which I never use my iPhone to play—and got down while the fog was sinking ever deeper into the valley. The cairn I had followed was unmarked by the red T or white V used to mark the cairns on real trails. I decided it was fake and [kicked it over](#). What exactly did I take away from that day? I made the decision not to photograph the henge, since the photo likely attracts the viewer into the centre, which I had made a point of henging: a small henge locally, and a large henge/signifier from the subsequent walk down to Eidsbugarden.

July 13th—*second day* in Lærdal—I became involved in a *new* henging-situation. One linked to recent losses/sadness. The other a stone circle marking the perimeter of church yard, cut through by the local main road. The latter I photographed as it was explained to me by my guide Bente



Øien. The others featured still unfinished business of mourning broken friendships. These I would *not* photograph/show/keep. But contemplating for an hour, or so, it helped me establish the perimeter/proximal zone of the Hauge farm where Bente and her husband Jens Hauge (artist photographer) are living. The two experiences from Tyn and Lærdal were point and counterpoint: or, if you will, *sequence* and *consequence*.

The outcome was a deeper insight on *perspective* in art: perspective ([Renaissance](#)) and inverted perspective ([Mediaeval](#)) discussing with PhD candidate Bjørn Blikstad, and the elimination of *both* perspectives in Jens Hauge's [photographs](#)—*from* celebrating surfaces verging unto Lee Krazner's [abstraction](#), to procedures with a narrative close to Fuller and Weizman's [investigative aesthetics](#). Using techniques approaching David Hockney ([multi-photographs](#)) and [visual ethnography](#).

Box 3—The perimeter of the Church previously located at Hauge (on the road behind the main house). The current main road—previously running through the farm at Hauge—was later moved, and presently cuts through the old church ground (18th century). I was guided to place uphill of the church, still in the Hauge farm's *proximal zone*. Cf. Øien Hauge. (2017). Kyrkjestaden p[å] Hauge. *Are tie 1 Sogeskrift frå Lærdal*. Photo: ThB