← On the road after the cider mill, I spot a beautiful twig on the ground. It used to be the top of a branch. The twig has two parts, the lower one appears older based on its texture, while the upper part is newer. It is knobbly, and buds rhythmically alternate protruding from the twig's x- and y-axis, ending with a row of three parallel buds at the top. Below each bud, there is a surface where a leaf stalk used to be attached.
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At the edge of the field, there is a small stream. Water trickles from a pipe. The pond is clear. Green leaves already grow beneath the surface, and a few algae float on top. Otherwise, it's quite calm. Only small ripples and rings disturb the mirror-like surface. But as I look closer, a mosquito larva, two of them, swirling between two parallel leaves resembling the middle section of the Gormley and Chipperfield Tower. They curl spasmodically before stretching out and sinking vertically downward.

A bird has died in a View Finder. It flew into the glass, and its body remains on the floor.

Between the two horizontal concrete blocks in the Gormley and Chipperfield tower, I am sheltered and elevated. Yet another place to look out from. Nevertheless, I gaze downward. The concrete has turned green from algae. The rain has created a suitable environment for lichens to grow.

snårigt

Gert's staircase. A railing prevents me from challenging my fear of heights. Cables keep the elongated beast tethered. Of course, otherwise it would have been stormed away. From here, just two meters in front of the first step, the shape of the staircase becomes unfamiliar. It looks like a creature with thin legs that is in the process of rising. Nah, maybe my imagination is too wild. Standing here is exciting, though, the cheesy quality of Stairway to Heaven becomes complicated. The staircase doesn't reach all the way up to the sky. It ends with a fall. It is a failure, akin to the Tower of Babel. It reminds me of a passage in Rilke's Eighth Duino Elegy:
"We are the essence of it. We construct it. It falls apart. We reconstruct it and fall apart ourselves."

Shortcut to Stairway to Heaven from Refugium. Partially steep, overgrown, and thorny. The thorns penetrate, all kinds are present - acorns, thistles, rose bushes, junipers, and most of all in the blackberry thickets. One must take high steps and tread down the branches to avoid getting stuck.

Kunggraven, a prehistoric monumental earth work. People have moved stones here. I climb over the fence to get closer. A dome rises gently from the ground. A pathway leads into the immense stone circle. The walls grow taller the further one goes inside. It leads to a closed gate. When viewed from above, the pathway creates a negative recess that slightly curves at its end, resembling the beginning of a spiral.

Snail shells hang from the ceiling. The air smells musty, reminiscent of an old air mattress, and the window panes are misty with condensation.

In one of the holes lies a shattered glass bottle from Kivik's Cider Mill.

muddy short cut

The wild boars have rearranged the ground and made a pathway in the yellow-green grass, leading up to Sol LeWitt's Nine Towers.

In several places, my preferred path is obstructed by fences. The metal wire is thin, so I don't notice it until I'm right by it. Then, I have to take a detour around it. I don't remember where they are, and I end up in the same spots multiple times. Sometimes, I crawl underneath them.

Underneath Rainbow, the wood chips are dry, and the ground feels warm. In its shelter, I feel safe as I gaze upon the horizon. I feel small, like someone hiding under a leaf, away from the tinkling rain.

From here the tower isn't visible at all.

Further down are rows of apple trees. Linearly arranged, so the apples will be easy to pick. From above on the maps, they look like abstract paintings framed by the forest. Walking among them is special. The monoculture resembles a form of modernist land art.

Incidents around Stens Lilla Huvud

Evelina Jonsson · Land Arc Residency · Kivik Art Center
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KIVIK ART CENTRE ÖSTERLEN SWEDEN
LUND UNIVERSITY
LTH FACULTY OF ENGINEERING
REGION SKÅNE

The first time I arrive at Lilla Stenshuvud, it's foggy. Trees and bushes disappear into the milky air. The houses atop the hill are surrounded by tall 5G towers that creak in the wind, creating an eerie atmosphere. I leave my suitcase in the cabin I've been allocated and decide to take a walk before darkness falls.

A staircase ascends into the gray sky and seems infinite. On the way down towards David Chipperfield and Anthony Gormley's tower, a startled pheasant flies out of the blackberry bushes, screaming, and surprises me. The tower feels menacing in the unclear February twilight, perhaps due to the iron gate. A bit further down, Amorfea shines in yellow-green on the brown ground, making me happy.

The next morning, the weather is clear and the horizon is visible. I wander around the area again, out through the mud in the southern field to a View Finder. The concrete frames the nature as if it were a landscape painting, giving me a specific viewpoint, directing and locking my gaze onto the scenery.

In the northern field, Sol Lewitt's Nine Towers appear as a peculiar geometric element in the undulating landscape. The artwork is a 5x5x5-meter sculpture with nine towers. This piece also serves to frame the landscape, fields and trees in the foreground and the sea in the background are visible between the towers. But what is even more peculiar is the path of upturned soil that leads to the towers. It's the wild boars; right where you walk, they have been there and rearranged the ground.

It's impossible not to think about geometry when you come here. About Euclidean three-axle geometry, but also about nature's fractal geometries. I see that Euclidean geometry and Cartesian perspectivism are significant for many of the works at the Kivik Art Center: they are often structures that in various ways frame or enable vistas over the landscape. This visual regime is described by Martin Jay in the essay "Scopic Regimes of Vision" as a perspective that emerged during the Renaissance, rationalizing and geometrizing the visual field. With its apex in the objective eye, a pyramid is projected into the world and organizes it within a geometric field. The painter Leon Battista Alberti invented a way to render this three-dimensional field on a two-dimensional surface using a grid within a frame, placing this frame between himself and the object. Similarly, the View Finder is positioned between me and what I see.

It's as if I'm placed in different machines of seeing when I walk among the artworks. The form's task is to enclose, retain, be in relation to my body. Its point is to disappear, to facilitate the encounter with something else: a view, an emptiness. The relationship here is with the horizon. It's a sometimes romantic outlook. From the window in the cabin, I have a panoramic view of the sea in one direction and a staircase that hopefully stretches towards the sky from the bushes in the other. But something disturbs in the foreground, a ladybug crawls on the windowpane. The gaze is urged to rest on the horizon, but the ground calls me; I see the traces of wild boars, the thorns, the acorns. The earth pulls me inward, downward, towards the microscopic abyss, beyond my strictly human perspective.

...

In the cabin, insects come to life as the heating is turned on. Beautiful light green lacewings move around. They seem to enjoy being where I am; in the evening, as I read, they buzz around my face and get too close, so I wave them away. Sometimes they sit under the lamp on the bedside table, showing off their delicate wings and golden eyes.

Before coming here, I had a specific artist in mind – Robert Smithson. It has been many years since I last read him, but I intuitively felt that he could give me something here. Because of the obvious connection to the land art at Kivik Art Center, but also because of my interest in his use of entropy as a co-creator in his art. One morning, while reading "Incidents of Mirror-Travel in the Yucatan", my intuition is fulfilled. During the fifth mirror displacement, Smithson has approached the ground, which he described:

> Each pit contained miniature earthworks—tracks and traces of insects and other sundry small creatures. In some, beetle dung, cobwebs, and nameless slime. In others, cocoons, tiny ant nests, and raw roots. If an artist could see the world through the eyes of a caterpillar, he might be able to make some fascinating art.[2]

I feel a kinship with Smithson as I kneel in the mud at the southern field. At the edge of the field, there is a small stream. Water trickles from a pipe. The pond is clear. Green leaves already grow beneath the surface, and a few algae float on top. Otherwise, it's quite calm. Only small ripples and rings disturb the mirror-like surface. But as I look closer, a mosquito larva, two of them, swirling between two parallel leaves resembling the middle section of the Gormley and Chipperfield Tower. They curl spasmodically before stretching out and sinking vertically downward.

Then I think about the intervention of wild boars in the northern field. Earthworks created by non-human agents. The idea is attractive to me; I'm glad that Smithson has considered it. To think of animals and nature as creators of earth works is exactly what I feel like doing here at the Kivik Art Center.

The artwork that captures my interest the most is Matti Suuronen's Venturo House. A portable orange-white futuristic summer cottage from the 1970s, made of aluminium, fiberglass and polyester, with rounded panoramic windows in three directions. The online advertising images I find show stylish summer vacationers in a vibrant 70s environment. It looks really delightful.

...

Venturo, "designed for your pleasure" (Fotografi: Sepa Sama)

However, the present is different. In the Venturohouse at the Kivik Art Center, the apocalypse has already occurred. It is humid and smells of stale air mattress. One window is cracked, and condensation and dirt between the double panes make some of them semi-opaque. Several tables and chairs are scattered around, and on one of them, the shell of a woodlouse rests on its back. In the pantry, there are vacuum cleaners, thermos flasks, and boxes of old brochures. The ceiling panel has swelled, and as I look around, I see several snail shells hanging from the ceiling here and there. I find a loose floor tile, and as I lift it gently, I see insects scurry away. Behind the posters on the walls, a landscape is revealed, resembling the one Smithson describes—silken threads that have contained metamorphoses, other unidentifiable traces.

Matti Suuronen had grand visions for his Venturo and Futuro houses, but shortly after their launch, the oil crisis hit, and the company went bankrupt as plastic became expensive. About 70 houses were produced, and only a few remain. This particular one served as a gas station in Halland somewhere before it came to the Kivik Art Center in 2009.

Despite the distance from the joyful promotional images, I like the house in its current state. Today, it stands here as a monument to entropy, to the constant change and transgression of matter, and our constant struggle to organize and tame it. I like the house precisely because it's full of reminders of the others who work here at Österlen. The other organizers. They create forking paths. Small insects moving in a chaotic choreography across the floor. They generate piles of dirt. Dissolving, breaking down, transforming. As soon as we stop being there organizing, they come. The others, who organize according to a different order. A mold fungus that, with its fuzzy character, camouflages a dead fly like a willow bud. Materiality seeps in everywhere. Everything falls apart. Life reproduces itself around plastic and dirties it, while microplastics penetrate all living things.

...

On a hike along the rocky coastline in Stenshuvud National Park, Sepa and I discuss walking as a definition of being human. Sepa references David Graeber and David Wengrow's The Dawn of Everything, while I talk about Vilém Flusser's Vampyrtheutis Infernalis. The book is actually about an archaic species of octopus that lives in the abyss, but it also addresses the human position and existence in the world in relation to the creature's being-in-the-world. When the apes came down from the trees and stood upright, the gaze shifted from the canopy to the horizon. The hands, which had previously been in contact with the ground or branches, became free to grasp the world. A subject-object relation emerged, and suddenly the world could be theorized and manipulated. (Flusser, p.36) We humans navigate a two-dimensional world with horizons, with a Cartesian perspective. Vampyrotheutis Infernalis, on the other hand, lives in a three-dimensional volume, and its vector is not linear but spiral-shaped, "It bores through watery volumes like a screw," Flusser writes. (Flusser, p.42)

Now, I haven't encountered any octopuses in Kivik, but I have come across other mollusks. Spiral-shaped houses hang from the ceiling of Venturo, as the large Houses follow the grid built by Euclid's three axes. The grid makes the world more legible. The grid has organized us, and we have organized the world according to it. The View Finder creates a frame and a limitation. From an aerial perspective, one can see the fields where species are separated in different plots. One sees the straight lines of apple trees lined up. The grid makes it easy to pick apples.

The snails must have fallen asleep last autumn. Their presence in Venturo reminds me that there are other vectors around which the world moves. The spiral seems embedded in the mollusk—it constitutes the shells that the snails retreat into, it constitutes the entire movement of the vampire squid. The mosquito larvae, which also have volume as their habitat, move spasmodically back and forth to navigate. Perhaps for us, the cube or the grid is what comes naturally? I think of LeWitt. Did he choose geometric shapes because only then could he write precise instructions and thus have control over the outcome? To create maximum legibility?

But legibility doesn't always equate to understanding the complex. During a visit to the architecture department at LTH in Lund, I am captivated by a contemporary vision of the future created by Ana Goidea and David Andréen. This vision has embraced the more complex geometries of nature and is perhaps the opposite of Venturo's damp and plasticky atmosphere. Instead of denying the existence of insects, it embraces their abilities to create form. A porous wall based on termite structures becomes a buffer zone that regulates the temperature inside the house. The smaller pathways open up into larger geometries that serve as habitats for various species. It is a complex form that moves in line with the organic, not in opposition to it.

If we take Smithson's thought experiment seriously - what art would he create if he were a catepillar? A snail? An octopus? Or a goldeneye? - what would he or we produce? Perhaps he already saw from the perspective of the mollusk when he made his Spiral Jetty... Or is, perhaps, the speculative porous termite wall the perfect example of such an exercise.

Continuing reading Smithson's exposition on the fifth mirror displacement, I am drawn deeper into the microscopic abyss, into a damp solitude:

> Each one of these secret dens was also the entrance to the abyss. Dungeons that dropped away from the ice into a damp cosmos of fungus and mold—an exhibition of clammy solitude.[2]

I am often drawn there, usually out of curiosity and wonder. But one day in the cabin, I instead tasted this cruel solitude. In a corner below the window, I spotted the ladybug that had previously been wandering around on the windowpane. It was caught in a spider's web. The spider had not reached it yet, and I was faced with a choice of whether to save the insect or not. I looked out towards the water and pondered whether it was my place to intervene. When I looked back, it was already too late, and a sense of disgust filled me as I watched the spider inject its venom into the ladybug.

Later that day, I decided to clean the entire cabin. I vacuumed up the spider's web and the spider in the corner, along with the dead green lacewings hanging from the ceiling. I thought of LeWitt's precise instructions and measurements and felt a sense of joy. When the unfathomable depth and transience of matter create vertigo, the cube can be a tangible consolation. A symbol of our humanity, of our reason. When the snail's spiral shape continues infinitely downward, inward, towards the microscopic abyss, the framing of the landscape by the View Finder becomes a reassuring limitation.

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1. Jay, Martin, "Scopic regimes of Modernity", *Vision and Visuality*, ed. Foster, Hall, Bay Press (1988)

2.Smithson, Robert, "Incidents of Mirror-Travel in the Yucatan", in *Robert Smithson The Collected Writings*, ed. Jack Flam, University of California Press (1996), p. 126

3. Flusser, Vilém & Bec, Louis, *Vampyrotheuthis Infernalis*, University of Minnesota Press, 2012 (1987), p. 36 & 42

Evelina Jonsson, 2023