

we are opposite like that (2017-2022)

An ongoing series of interdisciplinary works that comprises mythologies for the poles, told from the non-human perspective of an elder that has witnessed deep time: the ice. It beckons the ghosts hidden in landscapes and turns them into echoes, listening in on the resonances of potential futures.

BOOK, 2020

An almanac, a messy collection of missing paraphernalia from archives, false philosophies, unreliable observations from the ship, love letters, ekphrastic poems, made-up maps, theories, recipes and small resistances. It has a beautiful canvas cover and screen-printed title. The spine is an outline of a receding glacier, the glitchy + denoting the error on a ship's GPS.

Offset lithography print, canvas cover, screen printed title with a bookmark made of silver space blanket, wax sealed.

VIDEO, 2019

Pairing poetry and archival material, the video recounts the tale of the omnipresent anxiety in Victorian England of an imminent glacial epoch. The disorienting fear of an invasive periphery sent shudders through the colonial enterprise, the tremors of which can be felt in contemporary times. Here, an alien figure traverses the blank, oblivious whiteness, and undergoes an Ovidian transformation into glimmering ice.

This imagery floats above an endangered, soon to be mythical, soundscape: Inspired by field recordings, an original score for string quartet makes audible the sheets of Pancake Ice smashing into each other, the long drone of a boat, the hard timbre of the wind. The tempo is controlled by her shifting latitudes, the dynamics by the temperature variances between the late nineteenth century and her recent expedition. Melodic fragments of Victorian composer Edward Elgar's *The Snow* (1895) encroach upon the image. The string quartet becomes a chamber of resonances, playing the polarity of a potential, post-human future, sounding an un-orientable, topological alarm.

INVERTED MAP: PRINTS ON ALUMINIUM

A series of 5 prints tracing the myth of an equatorial being in an extraterrestrial landscape. An intuitional cosmology in a world governed by arbitrary rules of reason.

SOUNDWORK

CHAPTER 1: SUBCONTINENTMENT

Subcontinentment is a manifesto that stems from my fieldwork in the polar circles, where I was confronted with my alienness as a brown body in a landscape commonly used for outer-space simulation experiments. As part of a series of fictional ice archives, south asian futurism, renamed subcontinentment, anti-chronicles the geopoetic links between the poles and the subcontinent.

In transforming the text into a soundscape, David and I began finding correspondences and intersections between my polar recordings and the hyper, denuded aural environment of Delhi under lockdown. Crows cawing, a static in the ether of the polyphonous city, intertwined with screeching skuas, lone reminders of life in the expansive nothingness of the 'white' continent. A fan that points to the circulation of air, capital, contagion, compassion. The extra-terrestrial echoes of stones skimming on frozen lakes sound like firecrackers, blackening the air with their celebratory overzealousness. گھنگرو, ghungroos, the metallic ankle bells of the temple-dancer-by-day, sex-wroker-by-night or ice in a frozen river. The pressure of stretching the word, 'rest' builds, it is released as if sounds of government-mandated clangings of pots and pans could avert a pandemic, substitute a virus for a communal agenda. Rhizomatic root structures of melting, frozen lily pads. Lily pads that open at dawn and close at dusk just like the Na'at, poetry sung in praise of Allah, heard in the depths of a tomb.

CHAPTER 3: ANTARCTICA WAS A QUEER RAVE BEFORE IT GOT BUSTED BY COLONIAL WHITE FARTS

Antarctica was a queer rave... traces the history of conjecture and how Antarctica was hypothesized to exist. It recounts, in a non-linear fashion, the western imagination of the savage underworld, an imagination largely based on projection and fear. It turns this same imagination into a utopian desire: a place not populated by horrific freaks with malformed bodies and exquisite tentacles, but free from the normative conditioning of convention and straightness, free from the grids of the map as it dissolves into mists and fog. The music is analogue and recorded rogue, an acoustic rendering of EDM and 90's rave beats. By recording single-track, on an acoustic drum set, David Soin Tappeser subverts, emulates and pays homage to contemporary queer party culture.