

### **Prelude: Welcome**

*Hello... I would like to welcome you to our disrupted landscape ...There is a sense of place, of topography, and identity, but through the passage of time, through the iterant nature of our experiences, we have all arrived here to this time and space. Present and absent we tell to you only an essence of our experience, of the traces we have engraved on the landscape and the traces the environment has impressed upon this body, our bodies, the body of a collective. It was a long journey, and still we are here and you are there. Along this path we have collected, re-patterned and re-organised forgotten memories. Attempting to translate these experiences into...into something else. We bring to you a few elements of our progress. An assemblage of thoughts and reflections. We don't pretend to present to you a completed history, simply we share an archive of memories... I will leave it up to you to create your own integral terrain ...*

(Davies, 2010, p.3)

### **Mads**

Tracing the Pathway is assemblage. We explore questions relating to live performance and the archive through studio and site-based workshop exercises and independent research. Examining the relationships between memory, site, body and documentation, our work is underpinned by notions of the archive as encapsulating experience, where, through embodied interaction, paradigms of performance aid the re-presentation of documents.

Since we formed in the summer of 2011 we have tried and consistently failed to capture the essence of our interaction and readings on and of sites, attempting to document this experience and re-embody it in new contexts. But a consistent thread is our celebration of the ways personal histories and memories enter into dialogue with different times, sites and events.

Our work attempts to broaden definitions of performance beyond notions of ephemerality, disappearance, vanishment and destruction, by attending to the live's processual nature. We do this by examining the ways the past continues to 'play out' in the experiential present through the treatments upon its remains, and how those remains can be activated to initiate new performance practices.

We examine what remains, what stays with us, what etches itself onto our consciousness and the landscape around us. We ask: how can we save this experience? And once it has been saved, what can we then ‘do’ with these resultant traces?

To ask what can be ‘done’ to a document may be an arbitrary question, as prescribing a function to a document within an archival context may limit its potential to offer new insights for future generations. There may be no necessity to *do* anything to a document in the relative present, as its purpose – according to Derrida – is only realised in the future, with the ‘promise’ that proceeding generations will contribute to the knowledge-generating machine of a subject.

Eugenio Barba claims that a performance’s legacy should be the primary concern for practitioners, stating ‘what really matters is what will be said afterwards when we who worked at the task are gone’ (1992, p.77).

Spectators watch, observe, encounter and absorb what occurs in the specific time and place of a performance. They are the ones who then have the potential to determine how future generations read and encounter the past performance by transmitting the memory of their experiences to those who were not present at the original enactment. Thus, as living, interactive beings, spectators function as enunciators of a message through their ability to retrieve the past from their memories (see Foucault, 1972, p.129). In this way, past performances remain outside of the archive.

So, how can performance practice the past?

## **Joe**

When I try and recall my past, I am always astonished of how little of it feels ‘real’, real in the sense that this *actually* happened: I *was* born in 1985; the sun *was* shining on my first day at school; I *used* to imagine icicles were spears and sword; I *was* scared of my aunt; I convinced my friends I *was* happy at university; I lied and said I didn’t miss my father after he died.

Perhaps I struggle because memory is the only available guide I can use to navigate myself towards the past, yet it is a guide equipped with a map I am constantly writing over again and again and again and again and again...until the original – if it ever existed – is unrecognisable, and instead of a map I am now left with a palimpsest of lived experience that has to be deciphered, not just read, if it is to yield any meaning.

If I could temporarily halt this process – just for a second – then perhaps I'd gain some kind of perspective on my past. But from what possible position could I consider my existence 'now' without accounting for how it was 'then'? This, surely, is impossible. Even unthinkable. We are all tied to our experiential present. Our lives never stop, they are always in motion. As I am talking to you now my memory is simultaneously storing traces of these acts and adding them to my existing storehouse of experiential knowledge.

Memories, however, are not compartmentalised into easily retrievable parts; memory is not the organiser of living experience, but instead is the anchor by which we orientate ourselves to experiential reality through a recording of impressions that inform our interactions with the world. These impressions give us a sense of our lives, and aid in the composition of our present identity. Without a sense of the past, our identities would become skewed and meaningless, devoid of any sense of stability or permanence.

For Tracing the Pathway, memory is not a singular or unitary entity. Memory is not a 'perfect' record of the past, nor is it a definitive history of one's life. Our life's narrative is not a story. We may be able to recall parts of the past and distil the salient points, yet our memories are not wholly complete and inalterable. Experientially, memory can feel like a repository of lived moments rather than complete events, stored so present, living reality becomes comprehensible to us by recalling moments from the past. This recall creates an esoteric narrative of our lives so we feel truly present to reality, allowing us to forge a strong identity which becomes distinct through our relations with those around us. Without our memories, one's identity would fall into crisis. Without memory, the repertoire of our living experience cannot actualise itself in the present, making life perpetually transient, and ultimately meaningless. As Joan Gibbons says: 'The claims that are made

and the stories that are told in the name of memory can alter people's understanding of the world and, of course, alter the ways in which they act or upon that world' (2012, p.1).

The faculty of memory to 'play out' in the world connects personal experience to a wider audience, so has a creative capacity by inviting responses from others to share in the experience of remembrance, resulting in a plethora of viewpoints upon a person's personal narrative (and even their identity).

## **Cara**

In celebrating the absence of the body I feel we, as either citizens or artists, are celebrating the traces others and ourselves leave behind. Whether consciously, or not, the body translates aspects of its social, political and cultural identity into the landscapes it inhabits. As time passes, those who have made a mark continue on their iterant passage, allowing the environment to become an untapped palimpsest of information. Rich in the presence of an absented past the landscape bestows a fertile stratification of trace, encapsulating the destinations of previous generations. In turn these traces, when combined, construct the frame of the landscape(s) we live in today. They combine a wealth of historical and geographical data into a contextual framework that not only determines how our bodies interact with other bodies, but also how we each perceive, interpret and experience these bodies (Davies, 2010: 9).

## **Mads**

Joe speaks of memory as a way of carrying our experiences with us – by accessing our memory we can use them as a catapult for making work in the present. To glance back and bring it forward, by the turn of the head: a change of perception.

This form of approach is exceptionally difficult to map, due to its non-linear structure, and partially fictional element. A memory might have been built of two memories, or another person's story might have infiltrated the memory and altered it, although we do not worry too much about this. Rather, we invite this mixture or assemblage of memories, fiction, forgetfulness and/or lies into our work. For as they all tell a story, they all take up their own place, especially after being brought into motion, through thoughts, words and/or

speech – and thereby their traces are ‘left on us and in us’ (Pearson, 2013). So to trace this path could be seen as an impossible task, since it is difficult to determine from where it originated and what is the middle or even the end (there is no end).

But since Joe has already spoken about memory, I will instead focus on another path, which demands its presence in the working and process of Tracing the Pathway.

This type of journey can be seen as a much more linear journey – a journey which is created as we walk along. It is built up from one point to another in a developing line. I will attempt to present to you a tracing of Tracing the Pathway’s short life – a small outline of our journey.

Firstly, I have to correct Joe. Tracing the Pathway did not begin in 2011, but in November 2010, before I stepped onto its path. In fact it started with Cara and Joe holding a workshop under the name Tracing the Pathway; the first seed of a journey that is still unfolding as we speak. Secondly, I have decided to boil this mapping of our journey down to three knots on our path.

## **Joe**

We always carry some sense of what once was, retaining something of a constant of what is relative to us, all the while having histories written upon us which spin a complex web of threads throughout reality; sometimes intersecting, sometimes unravelling into other narratives, but never remaining static: a wonderful quality of what it is to be human. No matter how faint a trace the past may etch on our psyche, it is nevertheless there in some form or other. It does remain. What, then, is the key to accessing and transmitting these remains, the remains of living experience? How do past, lived, embodied experiences manifest themselves in the present? Or, as the neurologist Oliver Sack’s pointedly asks:

What, we may ask, *could* be played in such a way as to reconstitute an experience? Is it something akin to a film or record, played on the brain’s film projector or phonograph? Or something analogous but logically anterior – such as a script or score? What is the final form, the natural form, of our life’s repertoire? (Sacks, 2011, p.154).

Alongside organic memory, the archive is perhaps the ultimate proof of the past’s capacity to persist.

Consignable forms of documentation give the past a degree of existence in the present, so have a certain allure

for one who wishes to touch the past as documents provide physical evidence of its existence. As Terry Cook says, archival materials are

...mere trace[s] of missing universes, as a kind of trick mirror distorting facts and past realities, reflecting the narrative intentions of its author and the receptivity of its contemporary audience as much as its information content (Cook, 2001, p.27).

The ability to preserve a document ensures its content does not remain static, as each time it is read its message is transmitted to new audiences who, after receiving this message, allow the past to participate in the ongoing production of knowledge outside the archive. Here, we can see the necessity of the living human to resuscitate the past from its slumber, as without their interpretive faculties it remains indefinitely silent.

Yet these material remains cannot adequately record experiential knowledge which are formulated through embodied acts which, to quote Diana Taylor, 'requires presence: people participate in the production and reproduction of knowledge' (2005, pp. 19-20). This form of knowledge generation and transmission – what Taylor describes as 'the repertoire' – preserves the past by enacting the residues of embodied knowledge via repeatable, body-to-body acts of transmission.

Describing embodied experiences as a 'repertoire' is indicative of how we experience the past as a series of performed moments that, although lacking definitive representative forms, nevertheless possess the ability of their own repetition. Repetition is not, however, a process of reproduction. Repetition depends on the existence of an original that remains forever absent through its inability to be preserved in an unalterable form, but assumes new manifestations for itself through the living human's ability to respond to the present.

Discussing the past in the singular then becomes highly problematic, as one's experience of it ultimately produces new versions that transform the past into a component of contemporary reality. Through interpretive acts upon its material and ephemeral traces, the past acquires new and alternative forms which invite new forms of expression.

It is the form of these treatments we wish to discuss here, looking at how we deliberately attempt to avoid creating final, complete performances. Put another way, we do not want to create spectacles, but rather

initiate processes which have no definite outcomes, instead functioning as a means to generate material to be used in future contexts. In this way we are attempting, in some way, to emulate the archivist's process of consigning material to the archive, where material is preserved so the knowledge it contains is not lost to times ephemerality. This is nicely explicated by Derrida in *Archive Fever* (1996), when he says the archive is a

...question of the future, the question of the future itself, the question of a response, of a promise and a responsibility for tomorrow. The archive: if we want to know what that will have meant, we only know in time to come. Perhaps. Now tomorrow but in time to come, later on or perhaps never (p.36).

For the past to respond to the future, it must persist – in some form – beyond the ever-changing moment of the present.

## **Mads**

### **Knot 1: Encounter: Met in London**

When my path joined with Tracing the Pathway, it was at a little café in London. From there we drifted, as good Situationists, through the city, responding to the maps found on the streets around Bloomsbury. The names of streets were arranged numerically in columns underneath the maps. In an attempt to drift through the city, we found a number in the cityscape – on houses or buses, letterboxes or restaurant menus – and then walked to the corresponding street. This process was repeated for several hours, whilst we discussed how walking through a city might be considered as a method of retrieving the past.

### **Knot 2: Mobility and Site**

We like to walk, or at least it seems to be that way. Walking is not a consciously manifested method or activity, but it is a medium which we tend to use and keep returning to. Richard Long speaks of a walk being another layer to the surface of the earth, so within our own desire of excavation and topography, walking seems to fit as a method within our work, though we could also call it mobility.

Here I am thinking of two forms of mobility: To be mobile and to work in many different places, to drag, push and pull a filing cabinet across Belgium (at least in our minds) to travel across landscapes and journeying through the streets.

The other form of mobility is to work with what is already there – a sensitivity of responding to what is around us. This mobility refers to the ability to shift and open up for interruptions, and not just keeping to one path. It is a flexibility to be in dialogue with an environment, of which we do not overcoat with material or thoughts (other than our own being), but to engage with site, where a conversation of material arises.

Cara and I are following handprints through the city. I made the prints two months earlier by coating my hand with mud from the river Avon (one of which is situated on the wooden containing outside the Arnolfini). I am partially glancing back, trying to remember my previous path. Cara is facing forward, scanning the cityscape for prints.

Glancing back, a double take, a remembering, a savoring, a saving, a confirmation or explanation, to be nosy, to be reassured, to see once more, to view from behind.

## **Cara**

Don't forget me, remember me. Through a sea faces, backs, and landscapes. A vivid picture arises through an opaque mist, like a sail boat emerging from a deep sea fog in the hallows of winter. It is in this very moment, it was only earlier today! It was months ago, years ago, a lifetime ago. I glance back to you; I glance back to times gone by; to the setting of the sun and the rising of the moon; the ebbing tide and the pounding of my heart. It is quiet now, I can look again, and again, with a clear head: but, yet, I have always stolen that glance, a peek at the near distant past and the far distant past, at the distance and in the distance. I am lost and I do this now so I can find what I am looking for, I can maybe find myself, yourself. Whatever you and I are.

I cannot recall like an encyclopaedia. It is my right to forget but oh to the joy of being able to activate a search, to uncover ones meaning once again. So I glance back to time, through memory, knowledge,



encounters. It can be a whispering on the winds, or the flash of light that brings it flooding back. Illuminate the past and I feel content.

Contentment produces a deep seated sense of satisfaction that freezes you to that moment, hinting that all those past moments and all those to come can never be equal to this one right here and now. I will always take a glimpse at the past and to the future but here is where I am and here is where I will always remain (no matter where my feet take me).

I am forever indebted to this time and space and I can only thank those past experiences for bringing me to the now. However, I will enjoy watching life grow into a series of future nows, where upon I can think back to this now and know it was 100% worth it. It makes me me and has earned its right to be another chapter in the archive.

## **Mads**

We only walked part of the original journey.

We got tired... and maybe lost, I can't really remember...

This tracing of an old path produced a new walk – not just in a philosophical sense, but in the fundamental difference of our sensitivity and awareness of our path. When I walk the original walk, I just walked. No objective or concern to the environment I walked through – just walking. When we traced the path, we were constantly searching for traces in the landscape, looking for clues of the ‘old’ journey, which gave us a completely different relationship to our environment – we noticed it. It was a different and more exhausting engagement with our journey than the original walk. Maybe we did get tired. Tired from the looking, searching, stopping and starting. We noticed that it was impossible for us to keep up with my ghost.

## **Cara**

I am reminded of a winter's morning, two days have passed since Christmas and the ground is freshly covered in snow. It is the first time I remember it being a white Christmas (or well at least as near as possible to a white Christmas – you have to give or take a few days).

It is crisp clean fresh and freezing!

I was at my dad's house and he and my step-mother had a cat called Jess. Jess was very old and wasn't very well, actually he was about to die, and was rushed to the vets the day after Boxing Day to be operated on. Unfortunately the kindest thing to do was to put him to sleep. A decision that passed me by at the age of 12 staying at home in the warmth of my Dads house, watching T.V, waiting for the cat and the parents to come home.

They did but he didn't.

My lasting memory of this Postman Pat carbon-copy cat was seeing him pad gently across the snowy lawn – or is it?! I remember my face pressed against the cold panes of my transitory bedroom observing a series of tiny footprints impressed on the snow. I remember my body encapsulated in the frame of the window, his in the squareness of the white lawn and the depth of the powdery snow. But was it his actual body I saw crossing the lawn? Or just a reflection of the gravitational pull on his body mass, pertaining to a form that was once there?

Inflicting a light indentation in the density of the snow it was a trace of his delicate dance across the white lawn.

Without the memory of the snow I don't think I would remember the cat quite so assuredly. The beautiful excited sensation of a white Christmas makes this surreal occasion the more real. His city, his domain, was the garden, I was merely a spectator to his beloved haunt. But through years of experience, understanding and learning about his habits produced a knowing that led me to perceive his final act, even if I did not actually see it as it took place.

Jess was the first to walk across this scene, he made his mark upon it and in its ephemerality it resonated with my body. Just a few hours before he departed from its boundaries forever he was present in that place, but once he had left he still remained. The presence of his footprints left a lasting presence of his being that has stayed with me for longer than any memory of

when he was alive and physically present. It was a trace that vanished from the earth's memory, but it was a trace that performed his presence, marking and qualifying the space he moved through, and in turn produced a trace that has marked my body. It is a performative fragment, highlighting the presence of the absent body (Davies, 2010, p.18).

## Joe

We see links between the potential of living memory to be accessed by interacting with the one who remembers the event with modes of performance that strive to be 'open' for spectators. Participatory performances arguably evade objective evaluation and critique by requiring the active participation of the audience in the process of its creation, so cannot be repeated as a visual spectacle without the spectator's presence.

Leader of the now defunct Situationist International Guy Debord was highly critical of the spectacle in art, believing it to make the audience mere receivers of images, thereby pacifying their ability to interact with fellow spectators and the artists. He advocated using the 'situation' as a means to emancipate the spectator. Situations, wrote Debord, produce *activity* rather than *receptivity*, where an audience are transformed from spectators into participants of the event. True participation, argued Debord, only occurs if spectators contribute to the construction of an art work through an active engagement with performers inside the live event (in Bishop, 2006, pp. 96-101; in Doherty, 2009, pp.110-114).

Jacques Ranciere has countered this by arguing that a spectator may be physically active inside an art work but still lack the agency of the artist, so are not participating in the strictest sense. Ranciere writes that true participation demands interpretation as well as interactivity. In this way, the event becomes composed through the collaborative relationship between artists and spectators (Ranciere, 2009). As Claire Bishop explains, Ranciere considered receptivity to be a necessary precursor to emancipate the spectator, as the politics of participation might best lie, not in the anti-spectacular staging's of community or in the claim that mere physical activity that would correspond to emancipation, but in putting to work the idea that we are all equally capable of inventing our own translations (Bishop, 2006, p.16).

By embracing the subjective experience of an audience over a singular interpretation, the work transcends the artist's original purpose into a realm of potential manifestations. Any notion of completeness relates less to an individual object or event and more to the audience's pursuit of finding alternative forms of expression beyond their initial encounter with an art work, leading to Umberto Eco's contention that a 'complete' work is 'the end product of an [artist's] effort to arrange a sequence of communicative effects [so that] each individual addressee can refashion the original composition devised by the [artist]'. Reception is considered by Eco to be both 'an *interpretation* and a *performance* of [the work]', because in every reception the work takes on a fresh perspective for itself" (in Bishop, 2006, p.22).

In this formulation, participation in art becomes a process transcending a single art work to facilitate social relations amongst its audience, where the work becomes transformed into a series of interpretations with the potential to manifest themselves in new art works related to, but distinct from, the original.

Tracing the Pathway's work manifests itself in a number of ways. As Mads has already highlighted we walk, we talk and we see what we can encounter. When we in Tracing the Pathway are collaborating, it is in the form of an assemblage of thoughts, ideas, traces, paths, legs, sweat, breakfast, Skype, writing, walking, which are meshed up and swirled around – our three paths become one for a time, before departing again.

We conduct self-initiated residency periods in different cities; we take photographs; we map; we perform; we create and set each tasks; we film and we write. We also craft 'workshops', a word we are not wholly comfortable with but for now it does the job. It is a dedicate time with other people to investigate and activate our research in varying sites. One of the central motifs of Tracing the Pathway's practice is the attempt to produce material which documents participant's experience of the tasks we set them.

The exercises we guide people on therefore provoke a process of sharing, encounters and provocations, gathering and generating remains, a repertoire of experience and an archive of materials.

The materials we produce in our workshops are used to document the participant's process. The variation of their responses is designed to alter workshop outcomes, whilst still relating to a core set of principles, because, although they can be used for performance-making, within the context of the workshop, they are treated more as anchors to conceptual considerations of the archive; objects and embodied responses are concrete formulations of an idea or ideas that do not materialise in their entirety, yet represent some quality or facet of the practice's internal reality. By this, I mean the reality we and the participants attempt to occupy through the exercises. The keystone of the work is memory, as it is from memory all the practice's principles (ultimately) evolve from.

One's subjective memory is our first point of departure in determining how the past may be harnessed for performance practice. Organic memory is arguably the most fallible and least useful way to access knowledge of the past due to its transformative nature. It does not provide a perfect record of past events for the researcher to access, nor is it as accessible as a physical archive. Yet it is the very inability of memory to become a permanent record which allows it to retain an *essence* of living experience whose significance is not subject to empirical debate, as this can only be determined by the individual. True, as time progresses certain facts may be lost, and so may become irretrievable. Indeed, it is almost impossible to discuss the passing of time without discussing loss, yet what we think of as lost is so often defined within very narrow parameters.

What follows are some examples of our attempts to translate our conceptualisations of memory into workshop exercises, and how seemingly lost or invisible moments of the past may be retrieved. These exercises are taken from a workshop we held at Bristol University in February 2013.

### **The Invisible Archive**

Sitting on chairs with their eyes closed the group were instructed to imagine they were surrounded by a transparent dome, called the invisible archive. This dome was to be a place of storage, a repository of the group's memories, and a space of consignment for the material the group were generating during the course of the workshop. As the dome became more solidified, they drew a chalk circle on the floor around their chair.

This acted as a physical reminder of the invisible archive's barriers, creating a space of potential for future work to be generated from.

**Mads**

### **Knot 3: Collaborating, Assemblage, Body**

People started to draw their domes onto the floor. Some were big, others were small, square, round. Some were overlapping, some were overlapping two domes. All except one. He didn't leave his chair. He just sat there, very decisive. After the drawing, he was asked why he didn't draw one, to which he answered, 'the dome I had in mind was too big for this room'. His dome contained all of the other domes, as well as the building and some of the streets outside. His dome contained the entire assemblage of the other domes.

**Joe**

This was a relatively straightforward way to symbolise the archive, and later the archiving process, within a performance model. It's debateable whether anything labelled invisible could be described as an archive, as one of the archive's primary allures is its promise of a physical trace of an opaque past which – through the consignment of objects to the archive – possesses some physical truth in the present which, to paraphrase Derrida, promises a future for the past.

Yet our archives very immateriality was what made it the most suitable repository of living memories the group retrieved from their own repertoire of lived experience. By resisting the urge to create a physical place of consignment – say, for instance, a cabinet or file – the archive was actualised through the group's actions in the studio. Through an embodied approach, we sought to explore how memories can be 'performed' without recourse to presenting them in an overtly historical context. Rather, memories were being treated as living materials for practice.

The group first explored this notion of practicing memories after they had drawn their dome. Returning to their chairs they were instructed to remember a significant place from their past. Then, whilst continuing to remember this place – including what they had done in it and allowing other associations into the

memory – I instructed them to imagine this memory was coursing through their bodies, until they were literally ‘full’ of this memory.

The key feature of this exercise was to experience the sensory modalities of memory, beyond their image qualities, and so was being treated as something to be physically felt rather than ‘just’ thought about or considered.

Now, the relationship between memory and the imagination is the subject of much rich debate, which I don’t have time to sufficiently explore here. But suffice it to say that I consider them to be collaborative partners, even friends. Both allow us to interpret and experience reality as a series of possibilities and potential variations we compose. Thus, our lives are not a flat plane we traverse across, but are rather a continuously unfolding series of moments which we simultaneously experience and interpret into a meaningful narrative. For our purposes, memory harnesses imagination as tool to compose representations of itself in the present.

But I digress. As soon as the group felt they had become ‘full’ of this significant place, they imagined it expanded out into the dome, until the dome became full of their memory. They were instructed to note how the atmosphere of the domes interior had changed, and what was happening to their bodies as they sat inside it. But what was of most significance was to consider how memories could be ‘lifted’ from individual memory into the present space, so could be considered as a place to visit, perhaps even inviting other visitors to so they can also inhabit the remnants of lived experience.

## **Cara**

There is a form; a body; a live, present being. There is a circle; a silhouette; a trace, an outline of a body. There is meeting and parting, transition: how these forms multiple and divide, merge and collide. Weaving in and out of the space to establish a mark, a sense of being. I was once there, and now I am here, trying to encounter what has once past. Can this be relived? Can I aspire to recreate this original form, to embody the quality of this ideal image? Can I thus determine a line, a bond, a connection between one state and another? Who is she? Who am I?

## *Pause*

Is this not solely a trace, a trace of footage, a trace of the body, of a landscape... a broken landscape ... Do I want to create a new trace, or is this just a scar a mark a personal imprint on the anatomy of my muscular and cerebral memory. Together or separately, we find a disjointed pathway fragmented by memory, desire estrangement. It is exposure, searching, vulnerability: consider how wonderful, how empowering, what joy and relief even in the face of uncertainty. There is music, movement colour and beauty: an eternity of incomprehension but satisfaction of leaping into the unknown

## **Archiving Site**

The next phase of the workshop took the group out of the studio into a site, which brings us onto the other key component of our work. For us, site has strong affinities with memory's fragmented and even ruinous nature. Brian Dillon's description of ruins as 'fragments with a future' could just as easily be describing organic memories or archival materials, as it is these forms of detritus which endure after the whole they were part of has passed (2011, p.11). Like archival materials, they hold a promise of a future response.

Perhaps it is time which responds to ruins most clearly through entropic processes, allowing ruins to participate in the living processes by serving as a reminder of the present's eventual fragmentation and decay.

After walking to the site, the participants were asked to write what they imagined to of happened there, and what they felt this place was used for. Then, after taking an object from the site – which could be anything so long as it was portable – we walked back to the studio with the sense we were taking something of the site with us: not just the objects themselves, but something of the site's aura, consigned to the participant's sensorial bodies and memories.

Once we arrived back at the studio the objects were placed inside the invisible archive they had created earlier. Sitting inside the circle the participants studied the object and wrote its biography in the first person on the studio floor. Writing a fictive narrative for a seemingly insignificant fragment was an attempt to



produce a sort of palimpsest on the studio floor; with the site we had just visited acting as the metaphorical surface we were writing over, the objects creating a spectral presence of the site manifested through the text.

The narratives the participant's produced were deliberately designed to produce highly personalised and subjective accounts, without the need to explain what they had written about.

## **Mads**

After several workshops, both in a studio based context and through site responsive exercises, what remains for Tracing the Pathway is an extensive archive of documentation from our practical explorations and research into other archives. Thinking about the notion of individual memory in connection to collective and audience generated memory led us to explore how we can establish a dialogue between the unfolding performance event in the present, and the acts of interpretation which follow from it, beyond simple modes of contextual analysis. We therefore sought to initiate a processual continuum with self made archives as its genesis.

Anthropologist Tim Ingold describes art as a creation created in the joining and knotting of paths. We can imagine three paths – one for each one of us – as well as other paths of materials. All these paths are running in their own direction, but once in a while they join up, collide and get knotted together, and 'move on in another direction' (see Deleuze and Parnet, 1987). At this point of the knot art is created – though in our case it is more appropriate to say the collaborative process is set in motion. And when we depart again, along our own paths, I walk with the leg of Cara and joy of Joe, dust in my eye and a hungry belly of my own.

A similar process occurs in the workshops. The workshop is a knot of paths, of all the people involved, an assemblage, which determines the outcome of that particular workshop/knot. The specific assemblages we create along our paths determine the path that we walk. We therefore consider all of our work as a dome which contains all of the other domes of past and future creative exploration. The specificity of our path becomes an assemblage of knots and domes – a becoming or an affecting of one another, which constitute the path of Tracing the Pathway itself, but also everyone's individual paths.

I have to admit, were it not for Cara and Joe, I would never have been introduced to archives and archiving, and to think of the archive in a critical way. To think of this being a possibility makes my head spin, since the thoughts, ideas and inspiration it has given me have become so ingrained in the thinking and approaches to my work – if it wasn't for them, I wouldn't be here today. To conclude with a quote from Tim Ingold, '[l]ife itself is as much a long walk as it is a long conversation, and the ways along which we walk are those along which we live' (Ingold et al., 2008, p.1).

## References

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## **Biography**

Tracing the Pathway is comprised of Cara Davies, Joseph Dunne and Mads-Floor Andersen. Our work attempts to manifest past narratives found in sites, memory and archives. Through a site-responsive approach, we explore how the past can be practiced through embodied processes, and how this alters conceptualisations of the live in performance.