THE COMING SHALL

DET KOMMANDE SKALLET
is a selection of
cross-readings
of
Västerbotten’s and New England’s
histories and literatures
through texts by poet and
literary theorist
Susan Howe,
with specific regard
to
translational writing
across English and Swedish
and
the sound and
performance
of text
as well as the act of
writing,
whereby hopes to
unsettle seemingly settled
colonial historical and current
languages and narratives
arise

By
Imri Sandström
DET KOMMANDE SKALLET

THE COMING SHALL
är ett urval korsläsningar av Västerbottens och New Englands historier och litteraturer genom texter av poeten och litteraturteoretikern Susan Howe, med särskild hänsyn till översättande skrivande genom engelska och svenska och textens liksom skrivandets ljud och performance, varvid hopp om att oroa till synes stillnade koloniala historiska och nutida språk och berättelser uppkommer

Av Imri Sandström
CONTENTS

1 KOM SKALL BARK TALL
COME BARK BARK PINE
The Introductory Book /
Introduktionsboken..........................

2 SHIFTS SHIFTS
SKIFten SKIFTNINGAR............

3 KRONOTROPEN
THE CROWN TROPE..............

4 SOM IS BRYTER
AS ICE DIFFRACTS..................
Reflexivity’s Preoccupation as a
Problem for the Whole Lake
Is (Winter/Vinter)
I is or I as

5 S NO W ........................................

6 AND AGAIN SHIFTS
OCH IGEN SKIFten..................

7 ARCHIVAL NOTES
ARKIVANTECKNINGAR..............
New Haven Listening
 Att lyssna i New Haven
A So Called Noise
 Ett så kallat oväsen
The Opposite of Noise
Oljudets motsats

8 COLOR FORMS.............................

9 PERFORMING ACROSS AND
HOW ACROSS TRAVELS..............

10 O YOU BANNER, FLAPPING,
FLAPPING, FLAPPING, FLAPPING

11 AND AGAIN THIS
OCH DET HÄR IGEN.................
Det kommande skallet

The Coming Shall

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ISBN 978-91-984037-0-1

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Grafisk form
Graphic design: Sara Kaaman

Tryckeri
Printed by: Printografen, Halmstad. Beast Studio,
Malmö. Norrbacka tryckeri, Stockholm

Låda
Box: Profilskaparen, Stockholm

Ideella föreningen Autor (www.autor.se)

Med stöd av

SUPPORTED BY:

Vetenskapsrådet och Göteborgs
universitet * The Swedish Research
Council and Gothenburg University

Det kommande skallet /
The Coming Shall är en del av
forskningsprojektet Howe Across Reading:
Performing the Past som bedrivs inom
fältet litterär gestaltning vid Akademin
Valand, Göteborgs universitet.

Det kommande skallet /
The Coming Shall is a part of
the research project Howe Across Reading:
Performing the Past, conducted within the
field of literary composition at the Valand
Academy of Fine Arts, University of
Gothenburg.
KOM
SKALL
Come Bark Bark Fine Bark Bark Tall
The Introductory Book

Introduktionsboken
Everything must be said at once, but there isn’t time. Poet and philosopher Édouard Glissant writes this in his work *Poetics of Relation* and I think about it often. As I move sections of writing within and between texts, changing places of phrases and specific words, it keeps coming to me. All is related and all has to do with this very moment. It must be written all at once and can’t be. All aspects of this work, be they historical, poetic, or political, are not just connected, but deeply and intricately entangled. The what cannot separate from the how, as the where cannot separate from the when. So the writing hovers, turns and re-turns.

The coming shall come bark bark
pine another beginning come
pine tract pronounce pine
say it again


Det kommande skallet kom skall bark
tall en till begynnelse kom
tall traktat uttala tall
säg det igen
I was 21 years old and about to make a documentary for the first (and as of yet the only) time in my life. The film was to be about my grandparents, Paul and Inga-Lisen Sandström, and Falträsk, a small village in the south of Lapland, 30 km from Lycksele. Before I started, in my confusion I—as I tend to—turned to the library. I remember walking through the rows of familiar, yellowishly lit wooden shelves. On the lowest shelf were the books on the subject of documentaries. Two books in total. One about animals—beavers or otters. And one was Susan Howe’s Spinnaker, a lyrical essay in translation by the Swedish poet Marie Silkeberg. The book begins with a poem from Howe’s text Pythagorean Silence:

For another version of this recollection, visit: www.howeacrossreading.imrisandstrom.com/wethatwere/findinghowe.html


Howe, 2000.

"vi som var skog
när det en vidsträckt skog fanns
I ett fysiskt universum lekande med
ord

Bark var mina lemmar mitt här var löv
Brud var min båge min lyra mitt koger”
And in English:

“we that were wood
when that a wide wood was

In a physical Universe playing with

words

Bark be my limbs my hair be leaf
Bride be my bow my lyre my quiver”

That Västerbotten not only rings, but resounds, within these short lines was a realization that came gradually, through years of continued reading of Howe’s poetry and essays. As time went by it became clear that one of the reasons that Howe’s work touched me in such a painful and beautiful, at once both unfamiliar and familiar way, had to do with how the history of Västerbotten chimed in—how it started to vibrate and make itself heard within my reading of this North American poet. Howe has never been to Västerbotten. She doesn’t, so to speak, write about the place. Västerbotten is known as “The county of storytellers”, it is the birthplace of many writers


Och på engelska:

Howe, Susan.
The Europe of Trusts.
New Directions, 2002.

Att Västerbotten inte bara klingar, men genljuder, i dessa korta rader var en insikt som skedde gradvis, under år av fortsatt läsande av Howes poesi och essäer. Det blev efterhand tydligt att en anledning till att Howes arbeten slog an för mig på ett så smärtsamt och vackert, samtidigt både obekant och bekant sätt, hade att göra med hur Västerbottens historia slog an – vibrerade och gjorde sig hörd – inuti läsningen av denna nordamerikanska poet. Howe har själv aldrig varit i Västerbotten. Hon skriver, så att säga, inte om platsen. Länet är känt som ”Berättarnas län”, härifrån kommer många författare och berättare och flera av dem har skrivit just om områdets historia och dess

and storytellers and several of them have written about the area’s history and its aftershocks. Yet, for me, it was through Howe that this history really began to emerge.

Howe’s writing isn’t about Västerbotten, but in the reading of it the area arises, it is touched. This says something important about the generative and pluralistic possibilities of reading. Howe’s texts do not cease to be about the literary history of New England, the Puritans, or Emily Dickinson’s writing because the history of northern Sweden resonates within the reading of it. Rather, the histories meddle with each other; their texts, events, and languages diffract. It is important for me to distinguish between what the text says and what is read while at the same time emphasizing how, in the reading, it becomes apparent that these historical densities always already had to do with one another, that they would never let each other be.

In the English version of the poem that Spinnaker begins with, the forests are heard alliteratively: we tha wuh wo whe thata wa wo wa. They sound of the wuh of the past. And, in a continued listening-reading—“Bark be my limbs my hair belief / Bride be my bow my liar my quiver”—faith and falsehood and trust and lies enter into these textual woods.

efterskalv. Ändå var det just hos Howe som denne historia, för mig, riktigt började röra på sig.


I den engelska versionen av dikten som inleder Spinnaker, hörs skogarna allitterativt: we tha wó wo whe thata wa wo wa. De ljuder av det svunnas wöh. Och, i ett fortsatt lyssnande läsande – ”Bark be my limbs my hair belief / Bride be my bow my liar my quiver” – tar sig tro och tilltro och bedrägeri och lögn in i dessa textuella skogar.
Shells rattle
a seemingly simple so
called exterior a de-
defined region’s past firm
though vibrating ever-
green

So green say green
ever new trees old
prospects again this word
again sow red

This box contains a selection of cross-read-
ings of aspects of Västerbotten’s and New Eng-
land’s histories and literatures. What is read, as
well as how it is read, is fundamentally affected
by the reading of Howe. These readings give ways
of navigating through a complex and tangled
plurality of written times and places. The box is
part of the artistic research project whose work-
ing title is Howe Across Reading: Performing the
Past, which I have been working on since Jan-
uary 2014, and which is funded by the Swedish
Research Council. The work has also come to

Skal rasslar
en till synes enkel så
kallad utsida ett de-
finierat områdes förflytta fast
fast vibrerande barr-
träd

Så träd säg träd
ständigt nya träd gamla
prospekt igen detta ord
igen så rött

Den här lådan innehåller ett urval korsläsningar
av aspekter av Västerbottens och New Englands
historier och litteraturer. Vad som läses, liksom
hur detta läses, påverkas på ett grundläggande sätt
av läsningen av Howe. Dessa läsningar ger sätt att
navigera i och genom ett komplex och trassligt
plural av skrivna tider och platser. Lådan är en
del av det konstnärliga forskningsprojektet vars
arbetsövernamn lyder Howe Across Reading: Performing
the Past, som jag har arbetat med sedan januari
2014 och som är finansierat av Vetenskapsrådet.
Arbetet har också kommit att ta formen av ett
take the shape of a **PhD project** which, as I write this text, I am in the middle of.

The writing is about the specific areas’ cross-read histories but, since the very beginning, it has been equally about possible ways of performing and writing those histories. This also has to do with the possibilities to continue writing — the possibilities to continue that specific continuations create.

Material is published continuously online at *The Pages* — a website created specifically for the project. The pages that make up *The Pages* are performed — I do readings of them (short or long, in smaller or larger venues, in English or Swedish, in artistic or academic contexts, etc.) Aspects of these performances — conversations that follow, responses, resonances of rooms — feed back into the continued writing. Parts of, versions of, or continuations of these performed or online-published materials also take printed form (like this publication, for example).

It is about how history is communicated and performed — the **very stuff of history**, and how these histories re-emerge in and through the next version. It’s about being careful regarding archival material publiceras kontinuerligt online på *The Pages* – en websida skapad specifikt för projektet. De sidor som utgör *The Pages* framförs – jag gör läsningar av dem (kortare eller längre, i mindre eller i större sammanhang, på svenska eller engelska, i konstnärliga eller akademiska rum et cetera). Dessa framföranden, aspekter av dem, samtal som följer, respons, rummets klang, allt detta lägger sig i det fortsatta skrivandet. Delar av, versioner av, eller vidareskrivanden av dessa framförda eller online-publicerade material tar också tryckt form (som till exempel den här publikationen).

Det handlar om hur historia förmedlas och framförs – **historiens själva stoff**, och hur dessa historier återupptäckar sig och genom nästa version. Det handlar om att vara noggrann vad gäller arkivens utställningen *And Again Shifts / Och igen skiften* fungerade som en tid och plats att tänka på de möjligheter som finns i arbetet med att mediera historians materia. Utställningen blev ett tillfälle att, på ett påtagligt fysiskt sätt, tänka igenom själva stoffet som denna
materialities and mediations, to try to read what is there, to look at and listen to what these flickering or rumbling or speaking or un-speaking ongoings actually do. And to, at the same time, try to be as attentive to the mediations of the act of writing. It has to do with how written history not only is about relationships, bodies, and matter, but is relationships, bodies, and matter.

There is no neutral way of doing things, which makes the way we do things crucial.

History is present at the moment of writing, and it is also always coming. It is its formats and contexts, the trees and processes that make its sheets of paper. The blackness of the ink. The pixels of the screen. What is written becomes again when it is uttered and it becomes anew — new. And also: to listen to what is spoken but seems to have fallen silent, to what is unsaid, and the ongoing un-saying.

After a year or so, well into the work, I was asked the question what is at stake? That was when I realized that I have to state it as bluntly and clearly as possible. There is in Sweden an ongoing catastrophe: the colonization of the north. The northern parts of this country have historically been, and materialiteter och medieringar, om att föröka läsa det som står – att titta på och lyssna till vad dessa flimrande eller mullrande eller talande eller o-talande pågåenden faktiskt gör. Och att i samma stund försöka vara lika uppmärksam vad gäller det egna skrivandets medieringar. Det har att göra med hur skriven historia inte bara handlar om relationer, kroppar och materia, utan också är relationer, kroppar och materia.

Det finns inte något neutrat sätt att göra saker på, vilket gör sätten avgörande.


Ungefär ett år in i arbetet, fick jag frågan: Vad står på spel? Det var först då jag på riktigt förstod att detta måste skrivas ut, och i så tydliga ordalag som möjligt. Sveriges kolonisering av landets norra delar är en pågående katastrof. Övre Norrland har historiskt använts, och används fortfarande, som resurs och arbetskraft för
still are, used as resource and labor for the building of the nation (be it the war-machine of the 17th century or the welfare of the 20th century).

I have grown up with historical narratives regarding the hard labor in the forest, the poverty of the settlers and their descendants, and the numbing cold. How the money travelled south to build Sweden — The Crown, and later, its welfare. How promises were made but few kept. Those are narratives regarding injustice, labor, and exploitation — historical and current — that still rarely are brought up nationally and that Swedes in general (depending on who you are and where you live) still know too little of. The narratives I grew up with are, mainly, from the perspective of the settler workforce — the settlers — the means by which the state claimed Sápmi for Sweden, forced a system of ownership onto the land, divided it into sections of Swedish government and attempted to control the indigenous Sami population. It might go without saying that Sami perspectives on this, in a general Swedish discourse, (still) are even rarer.

The county of Västerbotten was founded in 1638, after silver ore had been found in Nasafjäll, at the mountain-back to Norway. In order to administer the mining and transport of this potential byggandet av nationen (ovsett om det gäller 1600-talets krigsapparat eller 1900-talets välfärd).


Länet Västerbotten grundades 1638, efter att silvermalm hade hittats i Nasafjäll, vid fjällryggen mot Norge. För att kunna administrera brytning och forslande av denna potentiella rikedom, blev en ny länsindelning en nödvändighet. Vid den här tiden löpte länet från Umeå och Umeå lappmark.
wealth, a new county-division became a necessity. At this time the county’s borders ran from Umeå and Umeå Lap-land and all the way north to the not yet fully defined northern, northwestern, and northeastern borders. 1638 was also the same year that the colony New Sweden was founded in what is now called Delaware, on the North American east coast. This is no coincidence. The establishment of these areas are integral parts of Sweden’s colonial history. The Crown, in the late 1700s, also bought a colony in the Caribbean, Saint-Barthélemy. Neither Swedish Saint-Barthélemy nor New Sweden generated any proper wealth for the nation, and were therefore pretty short-term businesses. The mine in Nasafjäll didn’t prove to be particularly economically fruitful either. But other aspects of northern Sweden have been more profitable. Regardless of the duration of the colony, or the existence of a sea between colony and central power, it is important to see how these historical events are different parts of a larger Swedish colonial movement.

When the silver deposits were found in Nasafjäll, Privy Councilor Carl Bonde wrote to statesman Axel Oxenstierna that Sweden now had found its own “Caribbean”. This often quoted statement clearly shows not only the colonial intentions, but also the specific type of colonization that Sweden was aiming for.

For further reading/meditation on Northern Sweden as resource, see writer David Vikgren’s poetic work: Skogen Malmen Vättenkraften. Black Island Books, 2013.
that was planned for these northern parts. This area would not only be secured—unified under the Swedish flag, occupied by settlers, and cultivated—it would also, like a West Indian colonized island, remain distant and subordinate. New England’s—i.e. North America’s—colonial history differs significantly from Sweden's. The north of Sweden was never called a “new world”, it had always been there, a separate though not separated region.

There are many differences, more or less obvious, between Västerbotten's and New England's histories. And there are similarities. But this work is not a comparison, it is a cross-reading. When the areas’ histories are read together, with and through each other, European thought traditions and processes reverberate, as do forests, as well as notions of religious separatism, Christianizations, and indigenous peoples’ struggles for rights.

The ongoing reality of Northern Sweden as raw material and resource is a slow violence. The traces of the past grow. And the history of New England chimes in. In the resonances there is snow and snow, repentance and conflict, reactions, followings and resistance. Loud taciturnities.

Snow is dealt with in ch. "S NO W".
Everything must be written at the same time and everything can’t be written at the same time. Glissant writes that the pace of the world encloses us.

The general picture defaults. The aftershocks continue to come.

As I set out on this project, it was with the hopeful intent that as New England and Västerbotten

Trees and trees young trees
archaic regimen read-anew
there is a new lack of birds
in these cutting areas here are
stems and stems there is no
twitter no light light

Träd och träd unga träd
föråldrad regimen återläst
det råder en ny fågelbrist
på dessa hyggen här finns
stammar och stammar det finns inget
kvitter inget lätt ljus

Glissant, 2011.

In the spring of 2016, I met the artist Minia Biabiany, who at the time was in Malmö for an Iaspis residence at Signal — Center for Contemporary Art. Together we read Glissant’s Poetics of Relation — she the French version and I the Swedish. The conversations that took place between us, which had to do with translation, diffrac-

Allting måste skrivas samtidigt och allting kan inte skrivas samtidigt. Glissant skriver att ”värl-
dens hastighet omsluter oss”.

Helhetsbilden uteblir. Efterskalven fortsätter att komma.

När jag inledde det här arbetet, var det med den förhoppningsfulla avsikten att, medan New England och Västerbotten korslästes, skulle det uppenbara sig ett slags ”mittemellan” mellan

Träd och träd unga träd
föråldrad regimen återläst
det råder en ny fågelbrist
på dessa hyggen här finns
stammar och stammar det finns inget
kvitter inget lätt ljus

Glissant, 2011.

Våren 2016 träffade jag konstnären Minia Biabiany, som då var Iaspis-stipendiat på Signal – Center för samtidskonst i Malmö. Tillsammans läste vi Glissants Relationens filosofi – hon den franska versionen och jag den svenska. De samtal som utspelade sig mellan oss, vilka rörde översättning, diffraktioner, kolonialt våld, profetiska spår, opacitet och skrivande, har haft ett stort inflytande över hur jag tänker på
were to be cross-read, there would emerge an “in-between”, of sorts, of the region’s languages and histories. I thought of this in-between as resonances that would serve as a bridge, a way to traverse separation—a form of third space. I saw the process as an alternative to more traditional ways of reading, writing, and performing history. This, then, would make for a much needed pluralistic way of historical reading, and at the same time, writing. That was the idea. But quite early on, while researching, in and through the writing practice, I realized one major flaw in this intent: there was no need for a bridge to traverse separation. No third place was to appear, as there was no proper separation to begin with.

This realization first came from the practice of translational writing and punning, and it changed the whole project—its trajectories and hopes regarding what it might do in the world.


Denna insikt kom till mig först genom arbetet med översättande skrivande och ordvitsande, och det förändrade hela projektet—dess riktningar liksom förhoppningarna om vad det skulle kunna tänkas göra i världen.
across translates to genom across translates to tvärsöver a cross ett kors ett kryss across across across across across across across across across across across across across across across across across across across across across across across a krossa krossa krossa krossa krossa krossa a krossa krossa krossa krossa krossa krossa krossa krossa krossa krossa krossa krossa krossa krossa krossa krossa krossa krossa krossa krossa krossa krossa krossa krossa crush crush crush crush crush translates to förälskelse to Love, a slight shift in the R makes across cross language borders, national belonging, and turn into crush, re-turn into love, dislocations letter slippages, we flesh and letters Are words Our words
In the work I do not translate Howe or any other author. Rather, the writing goes on in a constant translating of and alternating between English and Swedish. In this way, the writing isn't based in any “first” language which is then translated, but the writing itself is translational. Literary theorist Roman Jakobson writes that words that are similar aurally are drawn to each other semantically. That is, they approach each other, but will not become same. Puns, like language-crossing homonyms, have to do with precisely this, with the continued distance—how words, sounds or meanings, both move towards, and at the same time resist, each other.

Västerbotten is Sweden’s second northernmost county, but a historical Västerbotten also includes what is now called Norrbotten. Västerbotten is located inside Sápmi, the Sami nation. The county is part of Sápmi, which both relates to the borders of the nation states and—with an immemorial topicality—negates them. Sápmi stretches over the northern parts of Sweden, Norway, Finland, and Russia, and Sami literature is written, spoken, and sung in Sami (which itself is diverse) as well as Swedish, Finnish, Norwegian, and Russian. All these languages have to do with Västerbotten and its history. The county is called the
storytellers’ county, but the story, with its hovering promise of narrative and possible chronology, seems to me hardly able to deal with the myriad textualities and linguistic peculiarities that are going on in the area. Reading Västerbotten across historic sites and times disqualifies any hope of a reasonable continuity and fixed line. The text has no beginning and no end. Events flicker. And at the same time, the contradiction: how the border becomes most apparent where it vibrates, the sharpest where it is contradicted. The dividing line is silhouetted as it is transgressed.

Since the beginning of the work, I have tried to verbalize the role that the reading of Howe’s texts has within the research. It has to do with navigation—that much is clear—with locating and directions, with what and where to face, and how and when to turn. With little success, I have turned to various navigational tools in the search of a suitable metaphor. The map, though close at hand, is a picture. Already this—in its reliance on image and representation, is difficult in relation to Howe’s multi-sensory work. Not to mention the map’s colonial history. As the tool with which the “Distant monarchs of Europe” placed their “European grid on the Forest”, the map has already been made an actor in countless colonial events and narratives. Governor Johan Graan’s survey of

the Lap-lands in the 1600s was to create an overview, which would allow for a more widespread colonization of northern Sweden. This is what it is about, the overview. And how the one who moves around in the landscape, holding the map, must rely on a conformity between image and terrain. But what if the world does not stay put? The place is inevitable, but impossible to encircle.

The compass, as well, requires that the world is where it is. But there is nothing within these times and places, and nothing in the works of Howe, for that matter, that is set. Nothing stays the same. And the line of history is neither whole nor one. Maybe it is—or they are—both broken and bent. Maybe no navigational metaphor is needed. The work becomes more understandable through the verbs: to read, to write, to perform, to translate.

In reading. In writing. Differences create rips or ripples. Within the detail there is the vast (un-separated). If areas touch (make). If the place is specifically literary (material). If un-settling. The history that is thick may seem decidedly fixed. But the texts are always already in motion. Nothing is set.

In Susan Howe’s collection of essays *The Birth-Mark: unsettling the wilderness in American
literary history, the book’s intentions to unsettle are pronounced immediately, in the title. The word unsettling is, of course, a pun on worrying and un-settling, the un-doing of a settler colonization. In this way, the word is not only tied to colonization, but specifically settler colonization. It locates itself in a literary sphere, where the unsettling also, and perhaps specifically, has to do with the text itself. This is as much about a worrying /stirring /destabilizing /un-settling of the textual landscapes and histories that are and have been written, as it is about the page itself and its letters, that which is set.

In The Birth-Mark, the unsettling refers to a North American colonial history, more specifically, to the early English Puritans’ colonization of New England, its literary expressions and ever coming aftershocks. The New England that I read, its boundaries, times, lines, points, is this New England—the one that arises through the reading of Howe. What an unsettling might mean, and how it might act, in relation to the history and literary languages of Västerbotten, is not the same. There it is again, the starting point. The history, the present, the languages, are different. But they will not leave each other untouched.

unsettling the wilderness in American literary history, är bokens avsikter att oroa uttalade redan i titeln. Ordet unsettling är, naturligtvis, en ordvits på att oroa/destabilisera och att o-nybygga, att o-göra en nybyggarkoloniserande. På så sätt är ordet knutet inte bara till kolonisation, utan specifikt nybyggarkolonisation. Det placerar sig också i en litterär sfär, där the unsettling också, och kanske framförallt, har med själva texten att göra. Detta rör lika mycket ett oroande/upprörande/destabiliserande/onbyggande av de textuella landskapen och historierna som skrivs och skrivits fram, som själva sidan och bokstäverna, den ”satta” texten, that which is set.

So say some the coming
bark of a dog or a tree
time is perverse and
echoes shall
repeat nothing is set

Nothing is set
the hush of lips of
worlds
and volumes of worlds where
said and unsaid gather

Så säg en del det kommande
skallet hundens eller trädets
tiden är vrång och
ekron skall
upprepa ingenting är fast

Ingenting är fast
hyssjet av läppar av
världar
och volymer av världar där
sagt och osagt samlas
This book is a part of
_Det kommande skallet / The Coming Shall_
by Imri Sandström.
_Autor, Gothenburg, 2017._

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av Imri Sandström.
_Autor, Göteborg, 2017._
Skiften
SHIFTS
skiftningar
SHIFTS
The Swedish word *skifte* translates both to *shift* and to *forest parcel*. The large woods that cover the literary histories of Västerbotten and New England are wilderness, text and timber. Clearings and timbre.

“*We go through the word Forest*”

(Susan Howe)

Ordet *skifte* kan översättas både till engelskans *shift* (förflyttning, byte, skifte) och till *forest parcel* (skogsskifte). De stora skogar som täcker Västerbottens och New Englands litterära historier är vildmark, text och timmer. Hyggen och klangfärg.
Wrath is living’s route
rot that which is not
not living

Tail yes trail
into past futurity spilled
shade of sacred time

Vreden är livets rutt
ruttnad det som inte
inte lever

Spår ja spå
in i förfluten framtida spilld
helig tids skugga
Skifte becomes shift. In the translation a split, albeit an unstable one, is created between the shift and the shift, between the slight change in position or direction, and the forest. Boundaries—word edges—make themselves known. A word with (at least) two meanings becomes a third. Now, language becomes—again. Here is difference, as it emerges, within the very same.

The “first” word stays on. *Skifte* hasn’t gone anywhere. It is simply becoming (even) more language.

I consider translational writing and punning to be generative boundary-making motions. It isn’t about the absence or transgression of language boundaries but, rather, the trembling specificities of boundaries as they set up. In a translational writing practice it is noticeable how these languages weren’t separated in the first place, and do not intend to remain so.


Jag tänker på det översättande skrivandet och ordvitsandet som generativa gränsskapande rörelser. Det handlar inte om en frånvaro eller ett överskridande av språkliga gränser, utan gränser som upprättas och när de upprättas, darrande detaljer. I det översättande skrivandet är det märkbart hur de här språken varken var tydligt sepererade i första taget, eller ämnar förbli.
As Susanne Jill Levine writes, in *The Subversive Scribe*:

“[…] we all speak imported languages”

Pine roots are steeped in prospects colon
the forest is neither still nor still but moments again
and again shift ground
frost shift

Som Susanne Jill Levine skriver, i *The Subversive Scribe*:

Tallrötterna är genomdränkta av utsikter kolon
skogen är varken stilla eller fortfarande men ögonblick igen
och igen skifte
tjäle skifte
This book is a part of

_Det kommande skallet /
The Coming Shall_

by Imri Sandström.
Autor, Gothenburg, 2017.

Den här boken är en del av

_Det kommande skallet /
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av Imri Sandström.
The Crown
Kronotropen
Trope
THE COLONIZATION OF THE NORTH
CAPITAL
THE COLONIZATION OF THE NORTH
a measure decreed by the Swedish state, Kronan

The Crown
raise and uphold national borders
(In that savage north)
unite the religion

(Protestantism)
control the Sami population

(Churches were built, drums burnt)
handle unemployment and collect taxes

(Kapital)
Capital
a simple figure vertical
I
a black line against the white surface,

an expanse

en vidd

a snow-covered clear-cut

ett snötäckt kalhygge

“I”
constantly performs a capitalized being,
amongst words
a forgotten trunk (torraka)
dead-
wood burnt black silhouetted against

THE COLONIZATION OF THE NORTH
— the page — this

I
Always
I
Again
I
That same line
but if I-
ce Is
infinite
I översätts till svenskans in
The Swedish word i means in
I skogen

In the woods

I skogen

I the woods
The English I is pronounced AJ
Jag, I uttalat aj, in Swedish
this is an expression of pain:

"AJ, det gör ont!"
"I, it hurts!"
KRONOTROPEN

KRONOTROPEN THE CROWN TROPE

KRONOTORP
The Swedish Crown instituted small wooden crofts called *Kronotorp*.
KRONOTROPEN

KRONOTROPEN: THE CROWN TROPE

KRONOTOP

[Image of a house surrounded by cleared land and trees]

44
The literary theorist Mikhail Bakhtin established a term called *Chronotope*.
*Kronotorpen* were set up to ensure labor for the maintenance and harvest of the remote forest areas of the north.

The *Chronotope* is described by Bakhtin as “the intrinsic connectedness of temporal and spatial relationships that are artistically expressed in literature.”1
"Time, as it were, thickens, takes on flesh, becomes artistically visible; likewise, space becomes charged and responsive to the movements of time, plot and history."\(^3\)

"Kronan som ägde det mesta av all risig och blöt mark i norra Västerbotten, hade länge hävdat att det slumrade miljoner i myrarna och erbjöd överblivet folk att väcka opp dem."\(^2\)
*Kronotørpen* attracted poor people from all over the country with promises (un-kept) that one day they would be able to buy off their ramshackle haven

The *Chronotope* appeals to scholars from all over the world, it is used as a tool to look at and analyze literary narratives, events, worlds
The reading doubles: lived experience + imagined actuality + historical time-space, collapse into

Kronotorpet är fallfärdigt. Kronotorpet har kollapsat in i en historisk parentes. Kronotorpet – now a parenthesis of the past, bracket a chronotope of turns bracket bracket pine, conversions the crown of an old aspen igen vänd bracket bracket Salis Kelis still is bracket
The Crown Trope
is crowned by

The Crown of Creation
Kronotropen
kröns av

Skapelsens Krona

“Human [authoritative] human!”

and

Chronos as personified
Time, holding a scythe

och

Kronos som personifierad
Tid, håller en lie

The Tope is place (inevitable)
The Trope is:
Crown as in the Coin
Crown as in the State
Crown as in the Top of a Tree
Cut

Krona som i Myntet
Krona som i Staten
Krona som i Toppen av ett Träd
Kapat
The tree trunks felled
become the logs
De fällda trädstammarna blir
det timmer som flottas och bygger
that build a kingdom
ett rike
— unified

Trembling leaf, northern land,
organized resource
1) Bakhtin, Mikhail. *The Dialogic Imagination*.
3) Bakhtin, Mikhail. *The Dialogic Imagination*.

*Photographs / Fotografier*
Nordiska museet/Riksarkivet.
Image p. 9 and 65: A. Holmgren. 1921-08-08.
Nordiska museet/Riksarkivet.
Image p. 43 and 47: A. Holmgren. 1921-10-05.
Nordiska museet/Riksarkivet.
All images are scanned from the book
*Kronotorparlandet* by Bo Malmberg.
Bjästa: Ceweförlaget, 1980.
This book is a part of
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As Ice Som is Diffracts Dryer
I AS OR I IS
AS ICE DIFRACTS
I AS ICE DIFFRACTS

I 13
I AS OR I IS

read is could be read as
the one who writes
the one who reads, or
is Imri Sandström
am a carrier of the inherited experience of settlers in poverty and
in the hands of the State
as born in a secular time, or
as a sinner in the hands of an angry God
am a carrier of the inherited experience of settlers who settled into
stolen land the land continues to be stolen
carry the experience of stealing
carry the inherited experience of being stolen from
carry the experience of owning, the
relates to owning
am a mark of the author
authorize
is authorized
read is could be read as
the one who writes
the one who reads, or
is Imri Sandström
am a carrier of the inherited experience of settlers in poverty
and in the hands of the State
as born in a secular time, or
as a sinner in the hands of an angry God
am a carrier of the inherited experience of settlers who settled
into stolen land the land continues to be stolen
carry the experience of stealing
carry the inherited experience of being stolen from
carry the experience of owning, the
relates to owning
am a mark of the author
authorize
is authorized
as ink, is ink, here
upon
form a line to the right, here
is ones-and-zeros, spoken
is sound, written
is visual
a line or sound—what separation—what
flagpole
read is could be read as
the one who writes
the one who reads, or
is Imri Sandström
am a carrier of the inherited experience of settlers in poverty and
in the hands of the State
as born in a secular time, or
as a sinner in the hands of an angry God
am a carrier of the inherited experience of settlers who settled into
stolen land the land continues to be stolen
carry the experience of stealing
carry the inherited experience of being stolen from
relates to owning
am a mark of the author
authorize
quote Susan Howe:
I want my own house I'm / you and you're the author

“I have retained Emily Dickinson's eccentricities of spelling and punctuation”, writes Howe, and later cites:

“I saw no Way—the Heavens were stitched—/ I felt the Columns close—/ The Earth reversed her Hemispheres—/ I touched the Universe—”

“I is, itself, infinite layers”, writes Trin T. Min-Ha

I have taken the liberty to change line breaks to make the citations form the pattern

I want them to form

“I... I... I... I... I... I... I... I...”

“I... I... I... I... I... I... I... I...”

“I... I... I... I... I... I... I... I...”

“[...] all eyes, including our own organic ones, are active perceptual systems, building on translations and specific ways of seeing, that is, ways of life.”

“In the struggle against an old and still widely prevailing notion of objectivity, that is, what historian of science Donna Haraway calls “the god trick”—the idea of the researcher as an omniscient observer, detached from what she studies—there are a variety of strategies. Instead of giving up on objectivity, Haraway, in the game-changing essay “Situated Knowledges”, proposes a feminist objectivity. This one, in sharp contrast to the old version, is all about “limited location and situated knowledge.”1 Objectivity, she writes, can only be achieved through a partial perspective.2 There is not a single solid viewpoint, objectivity is embodied and views are always partial. While sticking to the metaphor of vision (“viewpoints”, “perspectives” etc.), she writes:

“...all eyes, including our own organic ones, are active perceptual systems, building on translations and specific ways of seeing, that is, ways of life.”5”

“I... I... I... I... I... I... I... I...”

“In the struggle against an old and still widely prevailing notion of objectivity, that is, what historian of science Donna Haraway calls “the god trick”—the idea of the researcher as an omniscient observer, detached from what she studies—there are a variety of strategies. Instead of giving up on objectivity, Haraway, in the game-changing essay “Situated Knowledges”, proposes a feminist objectivity. This one, in sharp contrast to the old version, is all about “limited location and situated knowledge.”1 Objectivity, she writes, can only be achieved through a partial perspective.2 There is not a single solid viewpoint, objectivity is embodied and views are always partial. While sticking to the metaphor of vision (“viewpoints”, “perspectives” etc.), she writes:

“[...] all eyes, including our own organic ones, are active perceptual systems, building on translations and specific ways of seeing, that is, ways of life.”5”
Everyone lives within limits and contradictions and any viewpoint is in itself plural. Haraway writes:

“Feminism is about the sciences of the (at least) double vision.”

I believe in the importance of knowing that as a researcher and artist we live and work within limits and contradictions and that, if we keep to the metaphor of seeing, our vision (that is already at least double) resides in ever pluralizing processes.

As a researcher, and as an artist, you are often asked to offer a reflection on your work and your process. In fact, the metaphor of reflection—which in a very concrete way relates to mirroring and vision—is so built into the linguistic contexts that it has come to mean any kind of critical or analytical behavior. It has bothered me. Within the ideas regarding this so often requested reflection, there lurks an expected separation between the work and the analytical, or thinking, aspects. The reflection as a metaphor comes with this ballast—to see something in a mirror a certain distance is required. But, what are these reflective aspects that could hold their distance to “the work itself”? And when, and how, would this “other” mode of writing—that allows you to magically, with a sudden gesture, take a step back, separate yourself from the work/the world, and reflect—set in?

In the book *Time and the Other*, anthropologist Johannes Fabian brings up the recurring turn to reflectivity within anthropology:

“...there lurks an expected separation between the work and the analytical, or thinking, aspects. The reflection as a metaphor comes with this ballast—to see something in a mirror a certain distance is required. But, what are these reflective aspects that could hold their distance to “the work itself”? And when, and how, would this “other” mode of writing—that allows you to magically, with a sudden gesture, take a step back, separate yourself from the work/the world, and reflect—set in? In the book *Time and the Other*, anthropologist Johannes Fabian brings up the recurring turn to reflectivity within anthropology:...”
Playing further with the thought of these mirrors, he points out that, placed at propitious angles, they have the power to miraculously make real objects vanish. In the picture Fabian paints the reflecting researcher takes on the role of an illusionist. In charge of and playing with mirrors, these researchers create whole sets of reflective image-spectacles to their own liking. While Fabian writes that reflexivity might be a better option, Haraway does not agree:

“Reflexivity has been recommended as a critical practice, but my suspicion is that reflexivity, like reflection, only displaces the same elsewhere, setting up worries about copy and original and the search for the authentic and really real. […] What we need is to make a difference in material-semiotic apparatuses, to diffract the rays of technoscience so that we get more promising interference patterns on the recording films of our lives and bodies.”
As ice diffracts

Is

the whole lake

hela sjön är

is winter mirroring mirroring

speglar vinter att spegla

and then another

och sen igen en

depth-surface mirroring

djup ytas spegling

where some angles slip

där några vinklar försvinner

altogether only a few

sammanlagt endast ett fåtal

or

eller

or

eller

or

eller

or

eller

or

eller

or

eller

Is

Is

Is

Is

Is

Is

Is

Is

the frozen surface

den frusna ytan

bent while broken

drän samtidigt bruten

yet another deviant

ännu en eljest

wave the I's heard

våg de hörda isarna

where this voice isn't

där den här rösten inte är

den här eller ens den
Reflexivity is always also self-reflexivity and its preoccupations in plain sight. In its lingering quest for the “really real”, it turns to vision, to the mirror image, and to the I.

Bouncing back at the artist/researcher is the figure and the process of the artist/researcher: This is an artist/researcher aware of the importance of examining her own positions and behavior. She has set up the mirrors and therein sees herself and herself and herself and her actions. Since the work she does is self-reflexive, she is doing good good good work and oh how she likes what she sees she sees she sees:

There is a problem here, it concerns the whole lake. det rör hela sjön.

Literary theorist Harald Gaski gave a talk at the Sami cultural center Tráhppie, in Umeå. Parts of the talk concerned the yoik “Irene”, by Sami musician Sofia Jannok. The yoik, explains Gaski, portrays a woman named Irene. It starts with the place name “Sarevuomi”—describing where the reindeer of a group of families (a clan) are. It continues with “Guobir”, an earmark that tells which family is the reindeer keeper.
And then, only well into the yoik, appears the name of the person: “Ante Nils Duommá Ber-Ánte Irene”. And this name, Gaski explains, states a succession of ancestors, until it—only at the very end—states the first name of the one portrayed. The point that Gaski makes is that a person’s identity does not necessarily reside in her name, and might be carried poorly by pronouns. It may be more relevant to come at a human being by way of her relations to places/landscapes and people/communities.

What that might mean differs not only in regard to a specific person, but to a people, a history, etc. In a settler-colonial state such as Sweden, one of the important aspects of the colonial project is to make that which was—and those who were (are)—there before invisible, to in some way make these disappear. A resistance to that kind of colonial practice means surviving. It means keeping on living and keeping the histories, practices and ideas of that life visible and audible. When Gaski speaks of Jannok’s yoik, it becomes apparent how it depicts Irene and, at the same time, works as a historical and geographic record. Furthermore, through the very way “Irene” is performed, the yoik performs ways of relating to identity and its connectedness to the rest of the world. Mountains, trails, or fire, relationships to people, to whole villages or cities, might say more than any name walks through writings through—lakes, trees, moss, grass might draw contours the place is, again inevitable—impossible to encircle (someone or someone s). If ice diffracts. If steps—identification or just so no w
During the talk, Gaski made a point regarding the recurring I. This ever-returning I (be it in art, news-media or research) is a self-proclaiming chant that vibrates with individualist colonial thinking. In this the I is both considered inevitably separated from, and of a higher status than any other creature or organism, any matter, of this world. The human, though, is not separated, cannot separate. She is—like all things in and of this world—infinity entangled.

Karen Barad writes:

“Humans are neither pure cause nor pure effect but part of the world in its open-ended becoming.”

But reflexivity, she argues, holds the world at a distance. In an attempt to disrupt the widespread reliance on the reflection-metaphor—presupposing distance, mirroring and sameness—she instead turns to diffraction.

Haraway writes:

“Diffraction is an optical metaphor for the effort to make a difference in the world.”

Hence, the diffraction is not only about entanglement and difference, but how differences make difference.

Barad writes:

“Small details can make profound differences.”

Thus, attention and regard to detail is key. Barad also states that diffraction is more than a metaphor.

She writes:

Men reflexivitet, hävdar hon, håller världen på avstånd. I ett försök att bryta upp den utbredda tilliten till reflektonen som metafor — vilken förutsätter speglingar, likhet och avstånd — vänder hon sig istället till diffractionen.14

Haraway skriver:

“Diffraction is an optical metaphor for the effort to make a difference in the world.”15

Hence, the diffraction is not only about entanglement and difference, but how differences make difference.

Barad skriver:

“Small details can make profound differences.”16

Thus, attention and regard to detail is key. Barad also states that diffraction is more than a metaphor.

She writes:

Hon skriver:
“As a physicist, I am taken in by the beauty and depth of this physical phenomenon that I can’t help but see nearly everywhere I look in the world. In fact […] there is a deep sense in which we can understand diffraction patterns—as patterns of difference that make a difference—to be the fundamental constituents that make up the world.”17

My work is thick with emphasis on vision; sight is pivotal in Howe Across Reading in many ways (reading being one of them). And I also believe that the reclaiming, that is redefining, of vision as a metaphor is crucial, as Haraway writes:

“we need it to make our ways through all the visualizing tricks and powers of sciences and technologies that transformed the objectivity debates.”18

But sound vibrates through every part of this work. It is because soundwaves diffract that we can hear them around a corner. Sound does not go well with separation. It is hard to even try to think it. For me, aurality is also a reason why I find the turn to diffraction (as model and as reality) so appealing. It seems to me an opportunity to think about the work as artist and researcher as a diffractive work that in every moment involves multiple senses.

I like to think of the diffraction, not only by way of seeing, and not only by way of hearing, but as a practice involving intricately connected senses. As Susan Howe keeps reminding us, the senses are not separated in the first place. Writing specifically about the space of the written poem, she holds that:

“Letters are sounds we see. Sounds leap to the eye.”19
In this way, the act of reading is simultaneously an act of seeing and an act of listening. There is no clear sight. And Edward Glissant:

“The eye is tethered to the depths of the earth, and from there hears the variations: that is the entire science.”20

På så sätt handlar att läsa samtidigt om att se och att höra. Det finns ingen ren syn. Och Edward Glissant:

”Ögat är fastnaglat vid jordens djup, och hör därifrån variationerna: det är hela vetenskapen.”21

2) Ibid.

3) Ibid.

4) Ibid., 581.

5) Ibid., 583.

6) Ibid., 195.


8) Ibid., 45.


11) Ibid.


14) Ibid.


17) Ibid., 72.


21) Ibid.
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Autor, Gothenburg, 2017.

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AND
AGAIN
SHIFTS

Och
igen
skiften
Read reads red
or might
might turns to force

Läste läses rött
eller kanske
rött blir till rötter
How to not believe in fear as prophesy when heritage is
Read and done
indisputable cipher
influence will not be left
unsaid that is

Läst och gjort
odiskutabelt skiffer
inflytande kommer inte att lämnas
osagt vill säga
Read reads red
or blood blueberries
cover the tracks the snow
is now pink

Läste läses rött
eller blod blåbär
täck spåren snön
är nu rosa
Old interpretations which parts or whole regions color Stensele Blatnicksele Salem

Gamla tolkningar vilka delar eller hela regioner färgar Stensele Blatnicksele Salem
Sober materialist thinking rejects magic in accordance with what ever reason but here

Sobert materialistiskt tänkande avfärdar magi i enlighet med vilket förnuft som helst men här
Wrath is living’s route
rot that which is not
not living

Vreden är livets rutt
ruttnad det som inte
inte lever
Tail yes trail
into past futurity spilled
shade of sacred time

Spår ja spå
in i förfluten framtida spilld
helig tids skugga
“Prophesie is historie Antedated;
And History is Postdated Prophesie”

"Profetia är historia på förhand;
Och historia är profetia i efterhand"
Color colony
colon closing in on colonial
history isn’t past times
but that which was written
below the tree line

Kolon kolonat
markeringen närmar sig markerna
historia är inte förfluten tid
utan det som har nedtecknats
nedanför trädgränsen
Pine roots are steeped in
prospects colon
the forest is neither still nor
still but moments again
and again shift ground
frost shift

Tallrötterna är genomdränkta av
utsikter kolon
skogen är varken stilla eller
fortfarande men ögonblick igen
och igen skifte
tjäle skifte
Ownerships separated by tracks
raw cuts run across the clear
the cultivation limit a vertical
within the area no map
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New Haven Listening
Att lyssna i New Haven..........................3

A So Called Noise
Ett så kallat oväsen................................17

The Opposite of Noise
Oljudets motsats..................................45
ATT LYSSNA I NEW HAVEN

New Haven Listening
New Haven is a relatively small city in the southern part of New England and one of the oldest in the United States. The Europeans bought the land from the Quinnipiac tribe, who during the 17th century lived in the Wampanoak region, an area that includes what is now called Connecticut. A center was set and organized in a 4 by 4 grid pattern, known as The 9 square plan. The city is the home of the famous Yale University. Following Susan Howe’s texts and references, I went there to work at The Yale Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, specifically to look at Howe’s own archive and Reverend Jonathan Edwards’ notes. Howe writes:

“The Beinecke was constructed from Vermont marble and granite, bronze and glass, during the early 1960’s.

The structure displays and contains acquisitive violence, the rapacious ‘fetching’ involved in collecting — on the other hand — it radiates a sense of peace. Downstairs, in the Modernist reading room I hear the purr of the air filtration system, the rippling sound of pages turning, singular out of tune melodies of computers re-booting.”

In Swedish the word for this pen is överstrykningspenna. A pen that strokes across something, making it appear clearer. The phrase to “stryka över” at the same time also harbors the meaning “to cross out”. The very word seems, in itself, to capture a crucial aspect of the stroking across — by highlighting something, something else
något annat att glida in i bakgrunden. Dessa skarpt gula kroppar, utplacerade för att skydda Yale-området, får intentionen att stryka över New Havens andra, dess skuggsida, att framtråda allt tydligare. Staden är, dessa ansträngningar till trots, känd för sin fattigdom, sin våldsamma kriminalitet och den stora klyftan mellan de som har och de som inte har.

När jag går till Beinecke en morgon passerar jag en skylt, där det står:

"College

Will

NOT

Get

You

To

Heaven"

en teckning av ett ledset ansikte som gråter röda tårar

"(Only Jesus

Can Do That

Amen)"

Ordet Amen är understruket två gånger.

The apartment I stay in is borrowed from an art student and is situated at the edge of downtown— one street from where the Blood's turf begins, and not far from the city hospital. For the purpose of recording the Beinecke, I have brought a sound recorder. At home, in

I have the sense that it—she—is watching over me as I look at, and touch, these remnants. The yellowing, crumbling leaves, letters and notes—one stems and crowns—are neither history nor the past. Passed between hands, not pieces of a prior time, but here now, guarded for the future, they are intense material presences. It generates a sense of anachronistic possibility. A thick almost. It isn't the past that is touched, but the passed and how it passes. Here are the vibrant scribbles and scraps that make history grow.

When she leaves. Within this marble block of historical weight, there is no unpleasantness needed, there is no threat — only awe.

Having checked out Jonathan Edwards' Efficacious Grace, three of his many notebooks that Howe keeps returning to, I am struck by how the sensation of these brittle stitched-together material intensities before me is so deeply entangled with the many hours I have spent listening to the recorded voice of Howe, reading her "Originality and Quotation".

Carefully flicking through notebook three. On almost every page there is the word definition. It is often somewhat larger than the rest of the text, or in some other way marked as of particular importance. As I look at these pages I hear Howe’s voice as she reads:

Carefully flicking through notebook three. On almost every page there is the word definition. It is often somewhat larger than the rest of the text, or in some other way marked as of particular importance. As I look at these pages I hear Howe’s voice as she reads:

“This Calvinist minister, who spent his life in the eighteenth-century Connecticut River Valley — and didn’t write in verse — had the imagination of a poet. Because he was prepared to stake his life on the assumption that words, when disciplined into becoming naked embodiments of ideas, would become the source, or the occasion, of ideational discovery.”

Sirens are meant to be heard, really heard. They are intended to break into any activity — to alarm. Here they run alongside, but do not cease to cut through days, puncture nights.
Att, här i New Haven, förhålla sig till läsandet och lyssnandets ömsesidighet, blir att förhålla sig till stick och skåror – snitt som förbindrar och separerar verkligheter, liksom tider.

Att läsa med genljuddande omgivningar, nu – det som är det som är (nej, det är inte det) liksom alla

förtydligar:

läsandet som handling – läsarens fysiska placeringar, positioner i rummet, staden, texten, inom maktordningar och privilegiesystem. Om vi lyssnar efter det. Den ljuddande förgrunden – liksom alla

Haphazard, but only seemingly. Moral inability, through digitally regulated unregulated performance, couples with

oral inability, all the while, beautifully arranged, as matters of relation to the

oral inability, all the while, beautifully arranged, as matters of relation to the

oförmåga, alltmedan de, vackert arrangerade, är saker som har med

oral inability, all the while, beautifully arranged, as matters of relation to the

oförmåga, alltmedan de, vackert arrangerade, är saker som har med

as any foreground — demands its background.

It might seem to ring (slightly)

Tung och Svalg som Hot och oh! Enda Möjlighet

Det konstateras ofta att de utan makt inte kan tala – att oprivilegerade saknar röst. Dessa ofta slarvigt använda metaforer, har en förmåga att dölja faktumet att det kan finnas röster och det kan finnas tal.

What it does say How it does sound

(Det kan tyckas ringa) Vad

Det går Hur

Simultaneously I follow a transcript of Edward’s text, a printed version available to read online. As I copy selections of writing and paste them into my work document, the text arranges itself according to webpage code and document presets. A new text-organization appears:

M oral inability.

I mpossibility.

N ecessity.

D efinition.5

To consider, at Yale and in New Haven, relations between reading and listening, inevitably entails a consideration of punctures and cuts — incisions binding and separating realities, as well as times.

Reading with resounding surroundings, now — what is enters (no doesn’t!) into what was and clarifies:

the act of reading — the reader’s physical placements, positions within the room, the city, the text, within systems of power and privilege.

If we listen for it. The sonic foreground —

It is frequently stated that the powerless cannot speak — that the unprivileged lack a voice. These often carelessly used metaphors seem to do little but to hide the fact that there might be voices and there might be speech.
Det finns definitivt ljud. Edwards writes, in *Images or Shadows of Divine Things:*

And also, at the same time, Howe’s voice quoting his *Personal Narrative:*

Howe skriver:

"Tongue. God hath fixed to it a natural bridle and fenced it in with a strong wall, as it were, even the double row of teeth, to intimate how it ought to be restrained and strongly guarded."6

"It always seemed natural to me, to sing or chant forth my meditations; to speak my thoughts in soliloquies, and speak with a singing voice."7

"[...] it is more crucial to scandalize the inability of the 'dominant' to listen or their 'selective hearing' and 'strategic deafness'."8

There is silence. It just isn't silent. To listen closely, just like reading closely, inevitably means to try to differentiate between the expected and what is actually there. And to listen to listening — to what is listening as well as to how that listening listens. That is, What instantaneous how. Attention to detail (fraction of a detail) might make the differences that make the difference.

Postcolonial theorist Nikita Dahwan, referring to academic and poet Abena Busia’s work, writes:

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Och se hur
Akademierna likt
strukturer i dimman
strukturerar

Call number YCAL MSS 338. BOX 12, SUSAN HOWE, in one of the spiral notebooks I find this note, this calculation:

Many + Many + Many
LOVE

Om och om igen
punkteringen
nålen som
syr lagar bergs-
ryggar fläckar områden i text
och utav
naturens andra formationer
Pietister Settlers
Historiska fartyg och snäckor
som valuta i byteshandel
deras högfrekventa skramlan-
de, havets dån, bebor dessa
blad
som vänder och
Sirener
Sirenerna,
ventilationssystemet i

Definitions upon definitions, a definitive nondescript, the slightest noise, the slight within these authoritarian calls for clarity beyond dispute, hopeless, hopeless the hiss and again as the soundscape of that which is being edited out of the city makes its way into the text, so does the chatter of birds
The archives, deep and

Definitioner ovanpå defi-
nitioner ett definitivt obe-
stämbart, ett ringa brus, det
ringa inom dessa auktoritär-
uppmaningar till obestrid-
lig klärhet, hopplöst, bruset
hopplöst och igen ljudbilden
av
det
som redigeras ut ur
staden tar sig in i
texten, i samma
andetag,
också
fågelkvittret
Arkiven
djupa och

Again and again the puncture of the needle stitching mending ridges patches of land in text and out of other formations of Nature Pilgrims Nybyggare Historical ships and shells used as medium of exchange their high pitched rattle, the thundering of the ocean, inhabit these leaves turning and the Sirens the Sirens,

still — guarded past (past as in förflutet — what was — and past as in förbi)

Sirenen, slutaren som fångar,
fångandet
om det hörs
vändandet av dessa
1700-tallsidor,
själv saken — ett passerande
faktum, historia som blir
till faller samman
sömmarna rämnar,
vändandet
och när
det avtar det som
ringar

läsösalen, om den hörs —
Sirenen, slutaren som fångar,
fångandet
om det hörs
vändandet av dessa
1700-talsidor,
själv saken — ett passerande
faktum, historia som blir
till faller samman
sömmarna rämnar,
vändandet
och när
det avtar det som
ringar

And behold / the Academies like structures in a mist.\(^\text{10}\)


9) Wallace Stevens cited in ibid., 2.


I try to not let my anger about the documents being in the middle part of Sweden overshadow the work. (How did the Umeå parish papers end up down here? I am here now. All of this matters. These large rooms in the south of Sweden and what built them. On whose and what’s expense — people, lands, woods, etc.). It is beautiful here.

Howe brought me to Grubb, but Grubb is neither a Cotton Mather nor a Jonathan Edwards. It isn’t about a perfect correspondence, but rather a perfect same that differs. It is the very same post reformation zeal, the same tone—the sound of the beginning of the end—the blast of Revelation’s seventh trumpet that vibrates through old Europe and whose tremors ripple through the so called New World. It is the exact same certainty and at the same time, of course, entirely different. No clear lines can be drawn. (Maybe the line is altogether the wrong shape to be speaking about.)

That Howe, for some time now, has been working with a sound artist named David Grubbs is a somewhat telling mysterious coincidence. In a passage of the dissertation Hur låter dikten? Att bli ved II, author Fredrik Nyberg writes about the collaboration between Howe and Grubbs. Nyberg writes that Howe’s way of working with the violent colonial pasts of Europe and America moves out into yet another scene with Grubbs’ involvement. And it is, according to Nyberg, because Grubbs does not attempt to make any direct translation of visual noise into sonorous, that voice and speech avoid becoming antagonists to visual poetry. It would seem unlikely that Howe (again and again she repeats Wallace Stevens’ words “the tongue is an eye”) would be working so close to any form proclaiming the separation and opposition of
ljuddet är hos Howe, även i ljudkompositionerna, ofrånkomligt sammanblandade. Dessutom, även om hennes klippa och klisterade dikter har refererats till som visuellt oljud, tvekar jag vid denna referens. (Detta har så klart med själva definitionen av oljud att göra. Om dessa dikter skulle kunna sägas vara eller bära på ”oljud” måste det vara ett oljud som aldrig står i motsats till – till och med i varje ögonblick också kan innefatta – såväl signal som tystnad.)

Det oljud Nils Grubb åtalades för 1719 har att göra med de konventiklar, oficiella religiösa möten, som han sades ha tillåtit (troligtvis både tillät och uppmuntrade) i sitt eget hem. Det svenska konventikelplakatet som skulle komma att förbuda sådana, trädde inte i kraft förrän 1726 (i England dock långt tidigare, 1664). Men de möten med pietistiska overtones som Grubb anklagades för sades skapa en raketrande oreda i religionen. The noise Nils Grubb was accused of in 1719 has to do with the conventicles, the unofficial religious meetings, that were said to be held in his own home (and that he probably both allowed and encouraged). The Swedish conventicle act that would forbid such meetings did not come into force until 1726 (in England though much earlier, 1664). But the meetings with pietistic overtones that Grubb was accused of, were said to create a racketing disorder within the religion. This so called noise has everything to do with speech and voice. Also, and not least, it has to do with the written texts that were read aloud and sang from. One mustn’t forget that “läseri” (readership/readeri) also is a term used for the type of religious awakening that spread over Sweden, specifically its northern parts, during the 18th and 19th centuries.

The defense is called:

En Sanfärdig och på bewisliga skähl sig grundande BERÄTTELSE

Om Det så kallade owäsendet i Religion och Kyrckio=Disciplin,

För hwilcket Denna Uhmo Församling/igenom någras/dehls argsinnades/dehls oförståndigas falska tidningar kommit i förklenligt rychte.

Utgiven Af NILLS GRUBB, Probst och Kyrckio=Herde i Uhmo.
The Rumble of the Constantly Temporary

The same afternoon I arrived in Skara, I passed by the research library and left a note for the archivist. The next day it was all checked out. The books lay on the table. There were no guards. No video cameras. Nothing. (Is the faith and trust that strong, or are the books not considered valuable? That’s probably it, so few are interested that no supervision is needed. What’s here is simply regarded as too peripheral.)

The light in here is dim. Outside the window, Skara Cathedral. I sit at a large oblong table, in front of me runs a vaulted corridor, books cover floor to ceiling. The building consists of wood and stone. It lives, but slowly. The room is an ongoing creaking, a lingering wailing. Its sonorous ongoing filters through the high-frequency whizz of the heater next to me. Behind me, muffled voices from the room next door. This and more (always more) sounds. But when I look up all other presence is drowned out by the mass of spines that cover the walls. Sight stirs sound (the eye, also an ear). These books are shut but do not shut up. Their proximity generates a loudly pent-up throng of tones.

Diocese of Skara. Here the priest’s ink resounds through centuries. Upbraided croaks teem and flap. The spines rumble, they promise, quarrel and threaten. But they don’t do anything, so it doesn’t seem to do anything. This disused old power lacks urgency.

That’s just it, urgencies are met. These are left unchecked.

Hence that ominous rumble. See, this peripheral is deceptive. A specific book of course only remains peripheral as long as the book isn’t needed. This means that its power isn’t forgotten, but saved. It is laid aside for later use. A specific spine is just an irrelevant part of a mass as long as its text is not asked for to confirm, challenge or amend. When a certain probate, sermon, or a court order is needed, the book will be separated from the mass, and put to service. The works that cover the walls here are not the clear voice of History, its path and goal. They are the rest of the forest — that which makes a path at all possible. These dead men’s practices and processes are constantly temporarily sidelined. They are not inactive, rather they are highly active—in the form of the promises and threats of the incalculable secondary mass. They are vibrating material parts of the very skeleton of the idea of the past. This is not History. It is the reverberating notes and tones—written observations—that, rarely or never visited, make History possible.


From the left: The manuscript, Erik Nordberg’s transcription of the printed book, the printed book as digital version.
Den fortfarande ljudande malmen


The still sounding ore

The manuscript: a yellowed notebook. Jagged leaves, thin but rough. I browse through it. The text is small, a squiggly handwriting, at times minimal.

Each t is a cross. The letter stands out in its simplicity. Aged ink, the text runs in several shades of brown. The pages have pressed against each other for centuries and that which is recorded lies inverted—like rust colored mirror-images—on the opposite leaves.

There is something about the pace of the text. Its meticulous style, its few typos, few crossovers, and still that agitation—the many underlinings, the frequent use of the acronym NB (Nota Bene). Affect but and precision. Perhaps not restraint—perhaps an eagerness but a slower and more cautious kind. What does that mean? No what does that do? The text performs it, no matter what the author felt or experienced.
Varje t är ett kors, ett tillfälle att minnas. Den öppna antekningsboken en fyrkant och texten en fyrkant däri. Varje gång jag vänder blad finns där en ny perfekt form. Den här textens perfekt avseende mot oreda och argumenterar mot oreda och ovanligar och argumenterar i istället. Han skriver:

Grubb ragers with visual perfection against “the vile” who speak about the repentance-of-sin of his followers as extraordinary. He himself uses the formulation “sin-con-fession” (which also translates to “sin-is-affect”) and cites Luther: “Repentance of sin is no minor thing but a sorrow such as that/those pierce through the heart and crushes the bones/which is brought about by the affect of sin/the law is at

Grubb's Swedish version of the bible reference would translate to “sounding one, and a jingling bell”. These words appear more harmonious—less like noise, if you will—and seem pretty far from the English shrill brass and cymbal. I chose to use the King James Bible for the English version, which was the one that would have been read by priests during the early 1700s in English-speaking areas. The Swedish translation is probably from King Karl XII's Bible, which was published in 1703 and most likely was the one Grubb relied on. In the most recent Swedish Bible translation from 2000, it reads “echoing brass” and “jarring cymbal”. The Swedish here has closed in on both the English and a rite conception of noise.

"SÅsom läsa och intet förstå är så fäfångt som plöja och intet så/och åter/den som förstår och intet gör der ef ter/är såsom en liuand malm och en klingande bjällra.”


Grubb's verse rhymes and sings and at the same time his argument draws force from an idea of the inherent vanity of that which sings. The sounds are considered to be garish effects, meaningless temporary consequenc-
ljud som ingenting annat än grälla effekter, meningslösa tillfälliga konsekvenser, måhända attraktiva men både övergående och skenverk, kortvariga skal/skall. Dessa få rader kallar på ljudens kraft genom att samtidigt förkasta den.


Silver was found in the Nasafjäll mountains in 1634. At the time of Grubb’s written defense, Västerbotten had been an official governed region svar, haft den administrativa beteckningen och funktionen lån i drygt 80 år. Länet sträcker sig från Umeå och Umeå lappmark i söder upp till de fortfarande osäkra riksgränserna i norr, nordväst, nordöst. ”Malm” låter mjukt. M och L, smeksamma konsonanter. Ordet kan sjunga i text men hur det lät 1720 berodde på vilken verklighet du och din historia var en del av. Silververket i Nasafjäll stängde 1659, men ”den ljudande malmen” skorrar fortfarande av dittkommenderades lågavlönade arbete i gruvan, den ”förgiftiga blyröken”, de tunga transporterna som samar led till och tortyren av de som vägrade eller flydde. Sveriges mer brutal kolonialpolitik kan tyckas ung 1720, men hade redan satt djupa spår i området. Historiens ljud, som vatten på hett järn. Wollmar Söderholm skriver i sin bok Om tider som svunnit: historiska glimtar från Lappmarken och Lycksele: ”It was a despised place this Nasa-mountain for over 80 years. The county stretches from Umeå and Umeå Lap-land in the south up to the still shaky national borders in the north, northwest, and northeast. ”Malm” (ore) sounds soft. M and L, caressing consonants. The word might sing in text but how it sounded in 1720 depended on which reality you and/or your history were part of. The silver mine in the Na-sa-mountains closed in 1659, but “the sounding ore” still jars of the low-paid work in the mine, the “poisonous lead-smoke”, the heavy transports of forcibly recruited Sami herders and their reindeer and the torture of those who refused. Sweden’s more brutal colonial politics may seem young in 1720, but they had already left deep traces in the area. The sound of history, like water on hot iron. Wollmar Söderholm writes in his book Om tider som svunnit: historiska glimtar från Lappmarken och Lycksele: “It was a despised place this Nasa-mountain
och det var sannolikt också en av många förbannad malm som därför fraktades. I de färdiga silvertackorna som så småningom landsvägen skickades från Piteå till huvudstaden låg, av flera uttalanden att döma, många människors "blod, svett och tårar".

Sveriges gruvpolitik är heller inget avslutat kapitel. Hur ordet malm låter har fortfarande att göra med hur dess språkliga liksom materiella verkligheter drabbade och drabbar. Just detta ögonblick, en utsikt ett tjockt nu, ett träd eller en malm ordet malm på en sida den består av vilka träd vilken utsikt vilken hård erfarenhet av ordet prospekt kommer med de konstant kommande potentiella utförsäljningarna av en levd plats med andra ord framtid of many cursed ore that was transported from there. In the finished silver ingots that eventually were sent by land from Piteå to the capital there was, judging by several statements, many peoples’ "blood, sweat and tears".

The mining politics of Sweden is unfinished business. How the word ore sounds still has to do with how its linguistic as well as material realities did jar and jars. This very moment, a prospect a thick now, a tree or an ore the word ore on a page made from what trees what view what harsh experience of the word prospect comes with the constant coming potential disposal of a lived place in other words future

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Förnimmelsen av snittytan (eller Arkivets intervaller)

The manuscript of the defense lies in front of me on the table. The opened computer’s screen shows a digital version of the printed book. Next to it, a print-out of the priest Erik Nordberg’s transcription of the print. All this language—versions of versions. For the sake of simplicity they are usually referred to as the “same” text.

Howe skriver om arkivets mystiskt dokumentära telepati. Den har både med platsen, ett specifikt här – det synligas yta – och med tid att göra. Hon skriver:

"If you are lucky you may experience a moment before.”

Sensation of the Kerf (or The Intervals of the Archive)

Howe writes about the mystic documentary telepathy of archives. It has to do with place, a specific here—the surface of the visible—and with time. She writes:

“If you are lucky you may experience a moment before.”
Also and importantly, the work in archives and research libraries (looking and touching, reading) is not just linked to listening, but its intensity, this mystic telepathic sensation, vibrates with sound.

"Each collected object or manuscript is a pre-articulate empty theater where a thought may surprise itself at the instant of seeing. Where a thought may hear itself see."\(^5\)

Bläddrar också, parallellt, i en utskrift av artikeln ”Erik Nordberg: en norrlandsforskare av rang” ur tidskriften Oknytt från 1988. Forskningsbibliotekarie Karin Snellman skriver att Nordberg ”[…] ville veta, hur denna bygd en gång hade kristnats och hur kristendomen hade spritts bland befolkningen under seklernas lopp.”\(^6\) Nordberg har ägnat Grubb särskilt mycket tid och Snellman har i sin tur ägnat Nordberg särskilt mycket tid, då det föll på hennes lott att ta hand om det stora arkiv han lämnade efter sig.

Also, at the same time, I am flicking through a print-out of the article “Erik Nordberg: A Dignified Norrlands-researcher”, in the magazine Oknytt, from 1988. The research librarian Karin Snellman writes that Nordberg “[…] wanted to know how this district once had been Christianized and how Christianity had spread among the population over the centuries.”\(^7\) Nordberg had devoted a lot of time to Grubb specifically and Snellman, in turn, had devoted a lot of time to Nordberg specifically, as it was up to her to take care of the vast archive he left behind.

Närbilder på Grubb-transkriptioner från Handskrift 25. Kyrkoherde Erik Nordbergs arkiv.\(^8\)

Close-ups of Grubb-transcriptions from Manuscript 25. Vicar Erik Nordberg’s archive.\(^9\)
Snellman's archiving and cataloging of Nordberg's posthumous documents during the mid-80s is the reason that Umeå University's research library contains such a rich material on and by Grubb. Also, it was these transcriptions of Nordberg's that I first found and fell for. The style of the typewritten, its direct simplicity, contrasts with and rattles Grubb's 17th century tongue. It is beautiful. Part of this drama is the recurring ink blots and smudges, the continuously fluctuating intensity of the blackness, handwritten numberings and odd notes, painstakingly noted line breaks and the many corrections—brackets added by hand and crossed out letters with additions. Sometimes these added letters are put directly above the word, and in this way become one with them, like bickering humps. Sometimes they hover in the margin.


Rummet som redan var skumt blir gradvis skummare som eftermiddagen går över i kväll. Ljuset har börjat lägga sig. Ljudet kommer inte att göra det. Att läsa betyder, här inne, att (låta) höra intervallerna skölja och att förhålla sig till sidans faktiska, alltså, vad som är där vad som verkligen (låter) står att läsa Om ögonblick skår, har att läsa att göra med förnimmelsen av snittytan.

Howe skriver: 

“In research libraries and special collections words and objects come into their own and have their place again. This known world. This exact moment — a little afterwards — not quite —”10

”Quite” kan med enkelhet också läsas ”quiet”. Ett kvickt platsbyte av t och e och ordet dubbleras. Inte varken eller, utan både och. Inte helt är just inte helt och i samma

The room that was already dim gradually gets dimmer as afternoon turns to evening. The light has begun to settle. The sound will not. Reading in here means to (let) hear the intervals wash and tend to the page’s actual, that is, what is there how it really (sounds) reads If instants cut, reading has to do with the sensation of the kerf.

“Howe writes:

“In research libraries and special collections words and objects come into their own and have their place again. This known world. This exact moment — a little afterwards — not quite —”10

“Quite” can easily also read “quiet”. A quick swap of the t and the e and the word doubles. Not either or, but both. That is, not quite is precisely not quite and at the same
stund också inte tyst. Tungan är ett öga som också är ett öra.


(det är inte att det nästan hör s utan det är nästan som hör s)

(malmen eller bronsen eller det som uppstår mellan intervallerna, brus eller muller, den så kallade tystnaden den höga till synes ringa)

time not quiet. The tongue is an eye that also is an ear.

Nils Grubb wrote his defense scripture, but died before he was finally acquitted of the charges for religious noise in 1724. When I ask the archivist why Grubb’s documents ended up down here, he laughs and says that it would be possible to find out, if it were important. I agree, it isn’t. A part of the work is to distinguish between its conditions and its questions.

(it isn’t that it’s not quite heard but it is quite that is heard)

the ore or brass or that which arises between the intervals, hum or rumble, the so called silence the loud seemingly slight)

2) Ibid. My translation.
5) Ibid., 24.
7) Ibid. My translation.
9) Ibid.
The Opposite of Noise
the opened notebook is a square and the text a square therein. Every t is a cross, and so is The Actual every letter a possibility to remember The Cross the square is NB furious not restrained but a fury steeped in careful gravity it is as much a matter of intent as pace tracing the lack of corrections and cross-outs squares written in affect but NB not far too not overpowered by in effect passionate moderation a relation of perfect shape that isperforming an opposite movement through of noise
This book is a part of
*Det kommande skallet/ The Coming Shall*
by Imri Sandström.
Autor, Gothenburg, 2017.

Den här boken är en del av
*Det kommande skallet/ The Coming Shall*
av Imri Sandström.
COLOR FORMS
Color isn’t applied to the work, it is already there and becoming. Read, performed. Read–again. Color, as text or some other matter, forms and forms

The word read can, but does not necessarily, read red. There is no given. Present or past (color). Perceiving is a matter of making. There is no neutral way

Smudge or leakage
born–digital brushwood

RGB–scanned black–and–white images contain color information. A bright grid pushes further into the foreground as the image is compressed, as a detail is stretched, as loss is

Resolution resolution

So blood is red, but shades and darker shades, so black
Wood and feld
all covered with ise
seem world anew
Only step
as surveyor of the Wood
only Step
An I in the middle of the word world
is red-becoming-pink smudges on the sides of black (green)
getting greener

"Only step"

These squares are of a landscape, meddle the crown-crofts

"all covered with ise"

There is a cross of green and pink touching gray
in the midst of the branches
"as surveyor of the Wood"

Ett istäckt fält, titta:

The word Wood, as if unaffected by the process, is black as ink. Se means see, look:
this white is a faint yellow, or sand

"seem world anew"

Shades, it is all already here
in the constant constant it is
loss less less
or unforeseeable
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Det kommande skallet/
The Coming Shall
av Imri Sandström.
Performing Across and How Across Travels

across translates to: genom
(mouseover)

(click)

across translates to: tvärsöver
(mouseover)

(click)

a cross
(mouseover)

(click)

ett kors
(mouseover)

(click)

ett kryss
(mouseover)
krossa
(click)
crush
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krossa
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crush
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krossa
(mouseover)
crush
(click)

translates to
förälskelse
(click)

to
love
(mouseover)

a slight shift in the

makes across cross language borders, national belonging, and turn into crush, re-turn into love dislocations letter slippages, we

flesh and letters Are

words Our

always other words

(click)
This book is a part of
*Det kommande skallet*/
*The Coming Shall*
by Imri Sandström.
Autor, Gothenburg, 2017.

Den här boken är en del av
*Det kommande skallet*/
*The Coming Shall*
av Imri Sandström.
O YOU BANNER, FLAPPING, FLAPPING, FLAPPING, FLAPPING
“Doubles are counteracted one must draw still. ‘Come up here soul soul.’
Two desires. Thrift. Thrift. Near the surface I’ll twine them and put in life.
They are not the one. Flapping flapping flapping flapping.”

(Susan Howe, “Submarginalia”)

“Poet.
O A new song, a free song,
Flapping, flapping, flapping, flapping,
by sounds, by voices clearer,”

(Walt Whitman, “Song of the Banner at Daybreak”)
The image on the previous spread, *Flapping, Flapping, Flapping, Flapping*, is a photograph of the lower left corner of a page in a print-on-demand version of a scanned version of *Magnalia Christiana Americana: or, the ecclesiastical history of New-England, from its first planting in the year 1620. unto the year of our Lord, 1698.* In seven books... By... Cotton Mather,...

The photograph consists of three main parts, three rectangular fields. To the left we see the fore-edge of the book, in the middle we see the margin, and to the right, the text. The depicted passage has the title “His Piety”.

*Biden på det föregående uppslaget, Flapping, Flapping, Flapping, Flapping, är ett fotografi av nedre vänstra hörnet av ett uppslag i en print-on-demand-version av en skannad version av Magnalia Christi Americana: or, the ecclesiastical history of New-England, from its first planting in the year 1620. unto the year of our Lord, 1698. In seven books... By... Cotton Mather,....*

Cotton Mather was a Puritan priest active in 17th century New England. His *Magnalia* consists of seven books totaling 804 pages. In the first sentence, 15 lines long, he lays the foundation for the rest of the work. With an authoritative voice he delivers his version of how the colonists got to the “New” world. The passage depicts how thousands of servants of God, adherents of an undefiled religion, were able to subdue the wilderness (where only paganism and devil-worship existed before), and plant colonies, build towns and churches.

Susan Howe skriver i *The Birth Mark: unsettling the wilderness in American literary history* att Mathers *Magnalia* might as well have been called *Marginalia Christi Americana*:

“The general style is oddly fixed and declamatory; yet the provincial nonconformist author constantly disrupts the forward trajectory of his written ‘service [...] for the Church of God, not only here but abroad in Europe,’ with blizzards of anecdotes, anagrams, prefatory poems, dedications, epigrams, memories, lists of ministers and magistrates, puns,
paradoxes, ‘antiquities,’ remarks, laments, furious opinions, recollections, exaggerations, fabrications, ‘Examples,’ wonders, spontaneous other versions.”

Mather’s *Magnalia*, which intends—as an important part of the colonial mission—to document, organize and define, has, due to its own performance, a rather loosening and destabilizing effect. And, although the text aims to take on the task of writing the great narrative of New England’s religious history and early colonization, Mather is perhaps best known for his great support of the Salem witch trials.

My copy of *Magnalia Christi Americana* is a printed version of a digital file that is part of Gale ECCO’s Eighteenth Century Collections Online, an archive containing more than 32 million pages and 182,898 titles. On the back of the book it says:

“In a groundbreaking effort, Gale initiated a revolution of its own: digitization of epic proportions to preserve these invaluable works in the largest online archive of its kind. […] Now, for the first time, these high-quality digital scans of original works are available via print-on-demand, making them readily accessible to libraries, students, independent scholars, and readers of all ages.”

Google has likewise made its own scan of the book. From the first page of the PDF-file:

“…This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world’s books discoverable online. […] Google’s mission is to organize the world’s information and to make it universally accessible and useful.”

The two companies share a mission, by way of digitization of epic proportions, to preserve and organize the world’s information to make it accessible and useful.

De två företagen delar en mission om att med hjälp av digitalisering av episka proportioner, bevara och organisera världens information så att den blir tillgänglig och användbar.
The word *preserve* (bevara, bibehålla, konservera, preservera) can be traced to the late 1300s and contains the parts *pre* and *serve*, before and guard/keep safe. The word *episka* (epic) includes the parts *e* and *piska* (which in Swedish means: whip, slash, flog, beat).

Ordet *preserve* – bevara, bibehålla, konservera, preservera – kan härledas till sent 1300-tal och innehåller delarna *pre* och *serve*, före och vaka/hålla säker. Ordet *episka* innehåller bland annat delarna *e* och *piska* – whip, slash, flog, beat.
O you Banner flapping, flapping, flapping, flapping

worship to proceed unto those Degrees, which were proposed and pursued by no small number the Faithful in those Days. Yorkshire was at the least of the Shires in England that afforded Suffering Witnesses thereunto. The churches there gathered were quickly molested with such a raging Persecution, that if the spirit of Separation in them did call them unto a further Extremity than it should have done, one blameable Cause thereof will be found in the Extremity of that Persecution. Their troubles made that Cold Country too Hot for them, so that they were under a necessity to seek a Retreat in the Low Countries; and yet the watchful Malice and Fury of their Adversaries render'd it almost impossible for them to find what they sought. For them to leave their Native Soil, their Lands and their Friends, not into a Strange Place, where they must learn Foreign Language, and live meanly and hardly, and in other Employments than that of Husbandry, wherein they had been Educated, exemplifie those Trials with one short Story. Divers of this People having hired a Dutchman then lying at Hull, to carry them over to Holland, he promised faithfully to take them in between Grimsby and Hull; but they coming to the Place a Day or Two too soon, the appearance of such a Multitude alarmed the Officers of the Town adjoining, who came with a great Body of Soldiers to seize upon them. Now it happened that one Boat full of Men had been carried Aboard, while the Women were yet in a Bark that lay Aground in a Creek at Low-Water. The Dutchman perceiving the Storm that was thus beginning Aboard, swore by the Sacrament that he would stay no longer for any of them; and so taking the Advantage of a Fair Wind then Blowing, he put out to Sea for Zealand. The Women thus left near Grimsby-Common, bereaved of their Husbands, who had been hurried from them, and forsaken of their Neighbours, of whom none durst in this Fright stay with
not aspire to be Preachers, but for Gifts of
Prayer, few Clergy-Men must come near them.
I have known some of them, when they did
keep their Fasts, (as they did often,) they di-
vised the Work of Prayer. This shift begins with
Confessions: the second went on with Petitions
for themselves, the third with Petition for
Church and Kingdom, the fourth with Thanks-
giving: Every one kept his own part, and did
not meddle with another part. Each said
lost Matter, so composed without Theolo-
gies, each of them for a good time, about an
Hour, if not more, apace to the wandering
of those which joined with them. Here was
no reading of Liturgies: These were old Jo-
scan's, they could persuade and prevail with
God.
XL Besides the Ministers concerned in the
tree Cases of our Catalogue, there might a
fourth Case be offered, under the Name of the
Annals of New-England. These have at se-
veral times arrived to this Country, more than a
Score of Ministers from other parts of the World,
who proved either so erroneous in their Princi-
plies, or so scandalous in their Practices, as if
agreedable to the Church Order, for which the
Country was planned, that I cannot well crowd
them into the Company of our Ministers:
the Lord Bishop, but I can't join with you, be-
cause I would not be under the Lord Bishop.
This were some little-while that fall into gross
Alliances, and the Wides of Souls having
locked the Doors of some Persecution Disorder into
those poor Hearts, the whole Flock pulled them
out of their Society. Of these, tho' there were
some to recover, that they became true Per-
sectants, yet, in the end, the Great things
belonging by that Cause, were not in all respects
throughly cured, I will choose rather to forbear
their Names, than write them with any Bi-
order upon them. For the same Cause, tho' I have
his Name in our Catalogue, yet I will not say
which of them it was, that for a while became
such a Worker, and almost a Speaker, and defiled
a great part of his poor People, into his Skimming
Errors: At first the Grace of God recovereth this
Gentleman out of his Errors, and he became a
very good and sound Man, after his Recovery:
But after, it was a perpetual Stag into his peni-
tent Soul, that he could not master it. He wun-
dring Flock, which he had himself-defined into
the most unhappy Aberrations. They wandred
in obstinacy and infatuated in their Errors, and being
unrecoverable, he was forc'd thereby unto a Re-
moval from them, taking the Charge of a more
Orthodox Flock, upon Long Island.
In Google's scan, hard compression and sharp contrasts clarify margin text, transparencies, and various stains. Single words and phrases emerge with a sudden relentlessness through the visual murmur: *Book, Whoredoms, Confession of Faith.*

Enstaka ord och fraser träder fram med plötslig obeveklighet genom det visuella suset: *Book, Whoredoms, Confession of Faith.*
The word *Flap* can mean to *fladdra*—sway with a fluttering or waving motion, and to *flaxa*—move (for example) wings or arms up and down. It can also mean to spank, slap or hit.

In Gale ECCO’s print-on-demand version of *Magnalia*, so much information has disappeared in the treatment that a lot of the pages look like gravelly white-gray fields. The letters are a thicket sticking out of the snow. Thin stems that bend.


The image to the left is a photograph in which I hold a risograph print of *Flapping*, *Flapping*, *Flapping*, *Flapping*. To the right is a photograph of a spread in the magazine *Provins*, showing the same image.

This is a photograph of the top section of a page in the magazine OEI. To the left is the photograph in which I hold a risograph print of Flapping, Flapping, Flapping, Flapping. To the right is the photograph of the spread in the magazine Provins, showing the same image.

Det här är ett fotografi av en övre sektion av en sida i tidskriften OEI. Till vänster är fotografiet på vilket jag håller i ett risografflykt av Flapping, Flapping, Flapping, Flapping. Till höger är fotografiet av uppslaget i tidskriften Provins, som visar samma bild.

Mather’s rigorous voice sprouts. Small twigs and gnarly ink. In Magnalia it is not only the style of the text that destabilizes, but the whole process—which is its existence. Loss of data does not necessarily generate less than, but different than, and again. This is The Historical

Mathers uppfordran- de stämmer skjuter skott. Små kvistar och snå- rig trycksvärta. I Magnalia är det inte bara textens stil som destabiliserar, utan hela den process som är dess existens. Förlusten av data genererar inte nödvändigtvis mindre än, men annat och (åter)igen. Det
Narrative—truth-claims and thicket-language. Ungainly branches, unmanageable doings—always underway. Mather’s intentions to organize and preserve meddle and mix with Google’s and Gale’s. Remediations of remediations create ever new variations of declamatory gibberish. The thicket-language grows.

This is a photograph of *O You Banner*, one of three flags in white knitted polyester with digital print. The print is based on a vectorized high resolution scan of the risograph print of *Flapping, Flapping, Flapping*.
The image above is a closeup of the fore-edge of the book. It now consists of what looks like gray drops, clearly defined against the white background. The margin is unwritten polyester. To the far right, in the text rectangle, a moiré pattern has appeared. It runs its vertical lines across the flag. The thin gray lines recall the pattern a closed book’s pages form.


“Fence blown down in a winter storm
darkened by outstripped possession
Field stretching out of the world
This book is as old as the people
There are traces of blood in a fairy tale”

(Susan Howe, “Thorow”)

O YOU BANNER

FLAPPING, FLAPPING, FLAPPING, FLAPPING
O YOU BANNER
FLAPPING, FLAPPING, FLAPPING, FLAPPING
Bild på det föregående uppslaget är en närbild på *O You Banner*, som har stampats i blåbärsris på hyggen och i skogar i Västerbottens inland, i södra Lappland. Det bruna och gula kommer från mossan och jorden och bären själva har lämnat rosa och lila fläckar på polyesterväven. Rester av rallarros och smuts skapar skarpa skuggor i det klara sommardagsljuset, liksom vecken och fårorna i själva flaggan. Mathers tunga (ännu en version) bebländer sig med det rosa och det skarpa. Slyspråket är en del av vårt tjocka nu.

Field stretching out of the world. This book isn’t as old as the people. I raise the flag in a young fir to see what it looks like. Then pull it down. It seems to me the flag belongs low on the ground, among needles and dirt.

O YOU BANNER
FLAPPING, FLAPPING, FLAPPING, FLAPPING

2) Ibid.


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av Imri Sandström.
And Again
This
Och Det
Här igen
before political theory people have no property. First: before civil order the arm of the church

must extend its reach. First: the Law holds gibberish.
Dublin (double) bleed is a...

INTO THE futurePAST

...has died unexpectedly...
own inhabitants other woods in other woods
"And Again This" consists of photographs from the exhibition *And Again Shifts*, which was curated by *Woodpecker Projects*. There are also close-ups of projected text from a joint writing session with the artists Fia Backström and Malin Arnell.

“First: before political theory people have no property. First: before civil order the arm of the church must extend its reach. First: the Law holds gibberish off. Follow the footprints of justices. Here are unmown fields unknown inhabitants other woods in other words: enigma of gibberish unwritten wife”

(Susan Howe, *The Birth-Mark: unsettling the wilderness in American literary history*)
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