This work was begun in Iceland, and was ended, as is in its current state, in Iceland, though it was begun in Reykjavik and ended in Adelaide. Where it took place and shape was not situated in/amongst any pre-existing physical territory, but in/amongst/to-via a version of a map. This map did not describe and correspond to any region in particular that was elsewhere to where it was positioned and occurring the map itself. Where was, what was, was the map itself. That is, the region that this map made evident was its own place, shape, and situation, in and as its own. Iceland was this map, that is, which is, (a version of) nowhere. What happened, what was done, what took place in/amongst there, was an attempt to come from, arrive at, via there, to map the map, that is, to provide the map with a physical territory.

Raised, just above the floor, above a shallow column of air, are the thin (glass) panes of transparency, coated in a thin layer of white (paint), atop which are the arrived at, the configured, places, shapes, and situations, arranged shades, volumes, and consistencies of black, grey, green, and white, the imperfections—the ordered, the made visible, of the transparency (what is the map).

Various states of dried avocado skins and seeds, round clump of ash (like an inanimate dandelion seed head), metal umbrella spoke arrangements (the self-identifying bones of a wet weather protection object), marble dust filling some of their gutters, other things pierced on some of their ends, watermelon seeds, dusted in ash, in rows (not before born, and not after born has ended, a something remained in the midst of each stateless state and regionless region, remained in the ashen glimmer of an otherwise), small electric fan lightly blowing about well-worn fragment of plastic sheet anchored by portions of marble dust (like the place and purpose gathered dead skin of an absent time-ago bust), sample of tiny insect and dust filled cobwebs gathered on end of thin metal wire atop foam block also caused to quiver in blown air (trapped and disintegrated yet quietly teeming), other things also yet unnoticeably so, weather and element gathered foam shard and piece of rubble, lent beside one another (still and silent in the stains and absences of their memories, their recollection having come to place in a never happened past), plaster cast of the inside of a dried avocado skin half, deposits of ash and plaster dust on its surface, next to a piece of pale rock with a volume that is nearly all air, formed in the throes of a volcano, lit fluorescent tube parallel to slender paint-chipped and rusted copper pipe with tube’s electric wire threaded through pipe’s hollow, miniature crumpled balls of dried and darkened leaf matter,

Surrounding these elements, this constellation, on at approx eye-level and tracing a line (like an horizon) around the white of the walls, is the text, composed of approx thumb-sized letters, that is transparent (cut portions of perspex, like accumulations of near-indiscernible dem). Elsewhere and by-way-of these transparent symbols, are an equivalent, reflective, and echoing, order of imperfections—the place, shape, and situation of the words read.

Nerves, air, dust, sheets, layers, lung, well, wet, cold, north, remains, frozen, net, eye, black.

Snow on ice. Ice on snow. Versions/states of water on water. And as extension/projection, the forms, and the content of the text—themselves versions/states of water, constellations of versions/states of water. Imperfections in/on the surface of the water. They are what makes the water visible. That is, in order to view transparency, one must notice what is not itself, what are the imperfections, or elements other to what it is.

Light traveled through, or reflected upon. Hard air. Hard light. Transparency is light in the night. The forms, the content of the text, are attempts at light in the night of the absence of transparency. (In the absence of the map, and the presence of the territory).