controlling them tightly. Her proposals for small acts of repair in our interactions with the land include a recipe for a fresco wall that requires some months or years to make. Finally, the first resonance closes with a photo essay by the collective of artists and scientists Brishty Alam, Valerie Deifel, Chloë Lalonde, and Lindsey Nicholson. They report on their attempt to dwell in the Suldenferner glacier in Austria through various interventions; some poetic, some scientific, some in between glossaries. Instead of representing this living glacier, they critically examine their own impact on the land.

DANCING AND DIRTING: CLOSE-SENSING IMAGES

Miklós (Miki) Ambrózy and Risk Hazekamp

The first threads of our collaboration were spun in Helsinki, where Miki attended Risk's talk on the vulnerabilities that come about while one is listening to Cyanobacteria. Risk's concerns and revelations echoed with Miki's ongoing attempt to sow seeds that would de-grow his film practice. After an initial conversation across a luscious lunch table, we felt that our sensibilities are in a comfortable proximity. We share a serious yet playful engagement with an obsolete medium, photochemical emulsions, through a long-term association with photography (Risk) and film (Miki). We are both engaged in a deeper ethical inquiry of our media environments, through their ties with toxicity, colonialism, and what critical theorist and filmmaker Elizabeth Povinelli calls "late liberalism" (2016/2021). Our conversation quickly reached the inevitable contradiction in which we—trapped-in-the-contemporary humans—exist: our very own habits of accumulation, curiosity, and the instrumental use of material are a force to reckon with. Ecologically-minded or not, we're obviously part of this persistent pollution-able problem.

THE RESEARCH — FACING THE DIRT

In the context of dominant art practices, techniques are cultivated—as taught—to see, record, trace, map, master, control and so on. How to continue your practice after such an acknowledgement? As philosopher and ecologist Timothy Morton puts it succinctly, once you can understand that you're a person, you also must take it that you're deeply entangled with "an entity that is now a geophysical force on a planetary scale" (2016). Facing our own research dirt involves unlearning and degrowing habits, practices, ways of doing and making, through opening our daily actions into something attentive and response-able to all forms of life





and non-life. Without claiming to have any grand solutions, we, Risk and Miki, set out to run an experimental micro-lab (Spatz, 2017).

ESSAYING – COMING TO VOICE

In the spirit of this issue of *Landing*, we are interested in *noticing*. The lab is designed to keep us observant to the clumsy and uncertain space of not-knowing, which happens as we proceed day-to-day within our respective inquiries. Surely, we stutter, stumble, and slip. We agree to construct a series of joyful actions to reveal pluralities, expand already failed potential, and confront the hazy figure of *ecopoetics*. Over a dedicated period of time, consisting of the duration of setting up, implementing, and processing the micro-lab, we seek to openly embrace any possible dissensus and allow the other to affect our thinking and making. We rely on both living and non-living entities in our research, and each other's ability to invite insecurity to this dance that is as fluttering as it is faltering. For it is at this precarious point between flying and falling that we try to meet as researchers. This sense of stasis loops itself in our attempts at (im)possible (mis)communication nearby the needs, habits, and ways of our other-than-human collaborators within our micro-lab.

A SET-UP – SENSING IMAGES

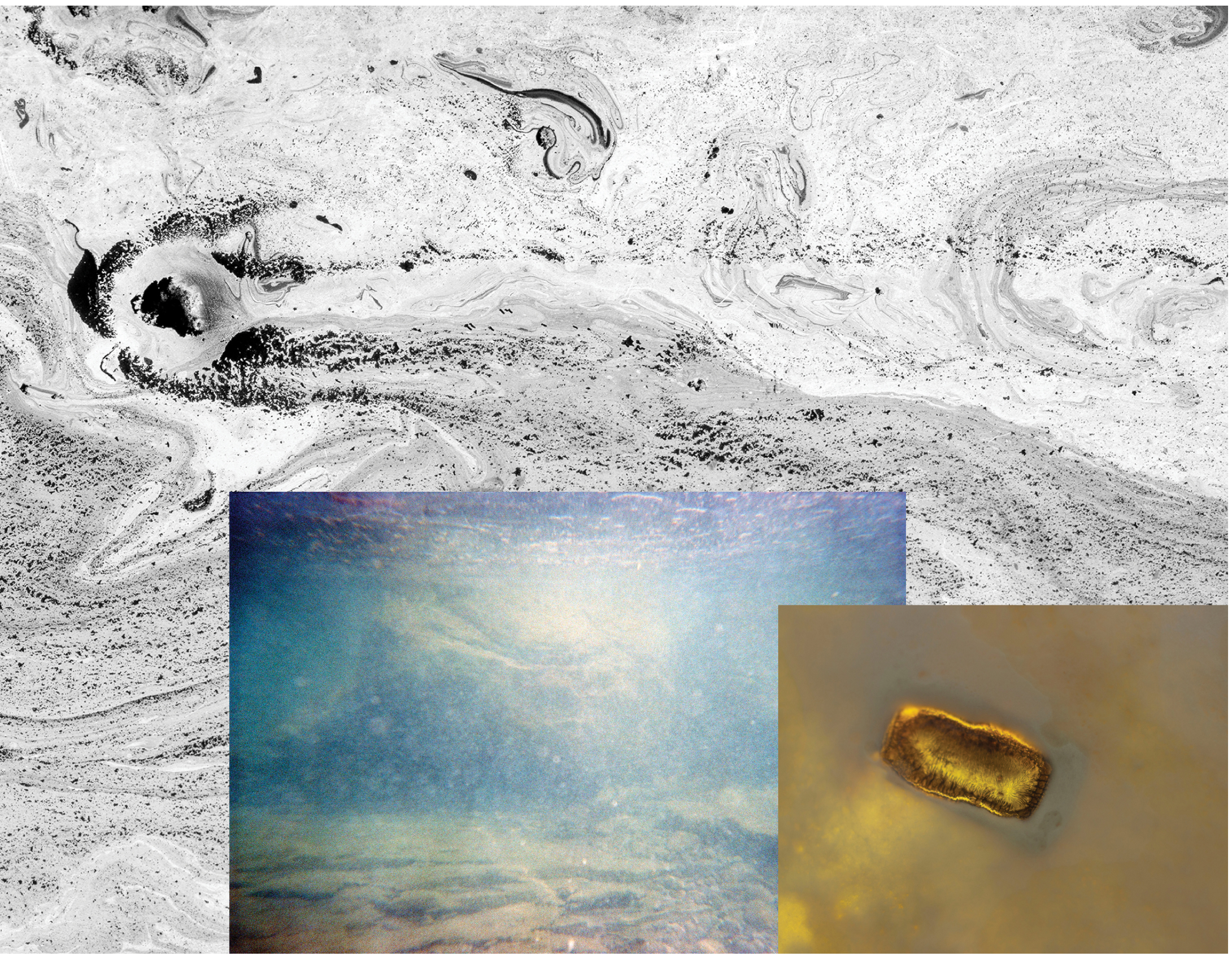
Unbeknownst to each other, we, Risk and Miki, have both been working for several years with experimental set-ups where different non-conventional means and entities are brought into contact with our long beloved media (analogue photography and 16mm film). Risk facilitates different configurations between Cyanobacteria and photographic material, while Miki is engaged in feeding his moving images to microbiological agents, such as Aspergillus Fumigatus and Rhizopus Oryzae, with the help of human colleagues trained in microbiology.

When making the guidelines of our micro-laboratory set-up, we relied on the model of two cuts for creating an artistic research laboratory (Spatz, 2017). The opening cut was an agreement on the parameters of the experiment itself, its scope, its media, its development in time, and our roles as researchers. The closing cut would be the point where we would stop the gathering, sharing, or opening up of material. Between the cuts resides a potential archive. We agreed to exchange still images of our ongoing processes. The condition was to find images or set-ups that were created previously but had not yet been resolved in the research. Working with emulsion-based images and situated microbiomes means that we often observe periods of latency where both images and thoughts are forming, but which are not yet graspable for us as human researchers. As such, we committed to sharing material from this liminal space, where something is merely opening, puzzling, ongoing, and rather raw to our human understanding and sensing.[1]

Next, we responded to each other's images through expressive writing with an exposure time of sixteen minutes. Sixteen being a reference to both the medium and material of both film and photography, which concretely meant fully attuning to the image of the other, while composing text in creative writing mode. We looked and looked a little longer, we felt, touched, smelled, tasted, and listened as we wrote for sixteen minutes (or sometimes more if we lost our sense of human time). One might call it 'long(ing) sensing images' or 'close-sensing images'.

The images were then sent to each other, together with the texts, until the next image and written response was shared. We gave 48 hours for each exchange. There were five images and five responses, making a total archive of ten image-text pairs in ten days. The closing cut of the micro-lab was the last word in the last text response. The last three words were, quite fittingly for time-based beings: "tomorrow and yesterday." We ended on a dot.

1 It should be noted at this point that the design of the micro-lab prioritises human researcher-artists. Perhaps it would be possible to observe an exchange between our co-creating entities, Cyanobacteria and Aspergillus Fumigatus, but this was not the focus of this experiment. As documented in social epistemology, an experimental design both determines and reveals our own system of biases and knowledge(s). Thank you to our peer reviewers who put this point in focus for us!



AN AFTERIMAGE–INVITING OTHERNESSES

As a clear task after the micro-lab and its implications, we found ourselves with the micro-archive. The next round of sense-making started with the proposition to do a read-aloud, where we would record the letters we received. While listening to the voice of the other reading our own words, a centre and a periphery appeared. As an intimate perceptual process of both approaching and distancing, this act of voicing one another gave us lucidity as to which words hold this aforementioned space between flying and falling. Subsequently, we exchanged our findings with each other, in—what might be considered—a more classical role of editors to work out the themes and directions. While language moved back and forth, an associative logic emerged. Our voices began to disperse and blend into a flow text, a prose poem touching upon the relationality and entanglement of the micro-lab, irrespective of chronology or factual elements. Now called exposure text, this element of the archive carries a whisper of narrative ordering, which was only possible in retrospect. This step brought acts of art and acts of research to a temporary completion.[2]

AN EPILOGUE–WHAT THE MICRO-LAB OPENED UP

Let us share a few conclusions whereby 'con' refers to 'jointly' or 'together' rather than 'completely'. Our research praxes set out to learn from each other, allowing resonances and desires to unfold between all collaborators—a multispecies rendezvous. We established early on that as the two researchers involved in this process, we weren't focused on solving problems or finding solutions. Our own reliance on listening to and being with other-than-human forms of life was fundamental for our exchange, whereas the constraints of the micro-lab enabled a concentrated attentiveness and empathy towards one another as humans.

2 The resulting collaboratively written piece called exposure text is part of this submission. It is a text where our collaborative eco-poetics gently effaced the question of who is writing what.

It was via our affinity with images and words that the micro-lab unfolded. We lured the other inside our research and were floating along with the waves of not-knowing. This dance-like exercise made us aware of significant instances, which took the shape of gracefully taking up proposals while continuously moving forward. How does one select the first, following, or last image from a latent archive? Where do we share discursive thoughts—voices of Others we feel close to?[3] How much of our factual research do we disclose, and through which channel of communication? For instance, when responding (eco)poetically to an image with words, how do dominant scientific information and the (eco)poetic-imaginative potential relate to each other?[4] Hence it "matters what matters we use to think other matters with."[5] And so, we entered each other's worlds with an open-hearted gesture that carried the complexity of our research questions, methods, and media. It was difficult not to propose to continue or expand the micro-lab, but to appreciate the guidelines we agreed upon. The very brevity and intensity of the exchange created closeness and intimacy between two humans, two no longer strangers.

The images and text for this contribution are samples drawn from this archive, as we shaped it for *Landing*. Here and now, there and then, *tomorrow and yesterday*.

3 Without any deliberation on this, we both wrote our responses by hand. Yet when we passed this material to each other by email, we simultaneously created a second line of conversation in which an additional layer of reflection on the process revealed itself. Some of the most relevant doubts, issues, and questions emerged in this email exchange. The free flow of creative writing turned into a double reflection quickly formulated in the accompanying email at the time of sending. One could call this a *creactive* working mode, a blend of creative and reactive.

4 Max Liboiron writes in *Pollution is Colonialism*: "I use the term dominant science instead of Western science for two reasons. First, dominant keeps the power relations front and centre (…) The problem is when it becomes dominant to the point that other ways of knowing, doing, and being are deemed illegitimate or are erased. Second, not all Western science is dominant. Midwifery, alchemy, and preventative medicine are part of Western science that suffer at the hands of dominant science."

5 Haraway, Donna. Staying with the Trouble: Making Kin in the Chthulucene. Duke University Press, 2016.



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All images are the work of Miki Ambrózy and Risk Hazekamp, and their respective microbial companions.

EXPOSURE TEXT

When I opened your image on my phone, because of sharing the spacetime with Kajus, my son, it flickered for an instant, undergoing a slight animated moment—Kajus is slipping into sleep. I enjoy the image's uncertainty, its fluid noise, the shapes emerging like some creatures slowly crawling towards food. The image also triggers my memory of swimming close to molluscs, which shut tight when approached. How to be good food—for other forms of life? Our living is a steady process of degrowth, of shortening telomeres at the end of our chromosomes. We shrink, quite literally, like a sheet of agar. It is a projection of fables and technique, but of no rationale or purpose. Life is at ease here, getting along with the conditions it has been given.

The background separates from this little line in the middle of the image and—as if I am turning the lens into focus—I now see the strip of film. The perforation rises up front and is impossible to ignore any longer, whereas I did not see it two minutes ago. Here you are again, my dear perforation. Rhythmic like a metronome. But not like an ever-expanding timeline into the past & future. No, you're vertical, from the clouds to the soil. Looking longer, I now see that the line is not really straight, it is not the metronome I thought it was. There is a hesitation, a stutter, a rasp in the voice of the perforation. Its cut-out shape that holds the film in place, both in camera as in projector, grew blurred. A diluted stamp instead of the actual film, a derivative.

My mind whirls off to the composted filmstrip, to the organisms finding this material that maybe even used to be a related organism, but ended up being mined out of the ground, extracted to become an irreversible something else. In 'Pollution is Colonialism', Max Liboiron speaks about the lifeline of plastics, about plastic being a bad relative, this uncle you don't like, but who is family anyway. Did the organisms that encountered your film in their habitat also relate to it as a bad relative? Or are they actually drawn to the film material, like the Cyanobacteria I try to collaborate with. They stick to all plastics, when plastic enters their liquid habitat, they form a glob visible to the human eye.



This map is a territory of a pluriverse where cartography is peacefully undertaken by bacteria, where seeing isn't the dominant way of establishing order, where we follow the weather rather than curse at it. You can almost read it with your fingers, and it emits a sweet smell of another feast. Am I being introduced to an image of the Pluriverse? Lustful, luscious, lush are the words that come first.

This fluffy toxic wonderful unidentified cloudy part of the image touches all my senses. Even more so because of the harsh contrast with the line, where night and day meet. My fingers touch the screen hoping to find some of the texture my mind feels. 16 minutes, 16 mm. Can you be in love with the proportion of 4:3? My eyes refuse the offered information outside the inner frame, I try to remain as stubborn as possible. A frame in a frame in a frame, a world in a world in a world. I need more time. Tempting toxicity. Let's stare it right in the face and deal with it, slow violence.

What other-worldly dance is happening here, mocking a simple and brutal obsession with clarity, order, of the machine of seeing? What direction is the weather moving in? The strong northern winds, the waves crashing against the rocks at Peat Island, just south of the Northern Mountains? What tongue do they speak in these lands and do they have wizards on these islets? I've been clumsily groping in the dark for an answer to the question of time. My subjective time, the bird (seagull?) resting on the rock, the stromatolites that live their evolutionary life on the rock. I glide across the rock, like a particle of salt, becoming cloud, turning into rain, feeding this mineral-microbial mat that you've drawn my curiosity towards. We are swirling multitudes, on either side of water or land.

This is one of my most beloved moments of all moments consciously experienced. Where the eye/body touches and passes through one medium to another, life moves out/into water/air. There's a zone of uncertainty, an area where unknown possibilities rest. I would like to come closer to the "zone of uncertain seeing" in your image with my practice. To be horizon and vertical, to be light and reflection. When I think about it, this image can only be seen inside our conversation, in relation to the other images we have shared. They are all struggling together to "come to voice". I don't trust the "beautiful" I notice, or I have trained myself not to trust the "beautiful".

Rolando Vázquez writes: "Aesthetics denotes the things perceptible by the senses in distinction from the thinkable or immaterial. (...) Aesthesis is not focused on the object, but on the perception of the senses." How to move away from the object, when the object is illuminating, shining, golden? It starts by letting go, through unlearning and accepting precariousness to be a state of being. That is so simple to write down, but how to live it?

I often think about the necessity to be in a state of attentiveness, of tuning in to both the here and now, and there and then. Perhaps this layered presence—of temporal multitudes—is what draws me to photo-chemical starting points. How can we trigger alternative ways of feeling or seeing this crater, this swirling oily field? Knowing what I'm looking at doesn't bring me closer to these bacteria. I feel, on a day like today, that only poetics could resume me from my faulty human-cage.

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