









# ICELANDIC CHRONICLES



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Sonia Rammer

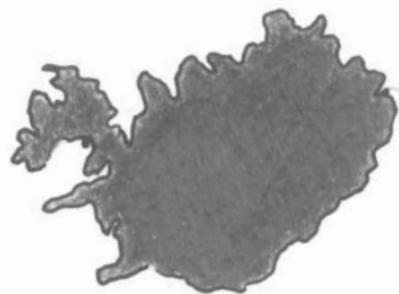
BAER ART CENTER Islandia 2015

My memories of Iceland are becoming increasingly blurred. Their vagueness resembles that of photographs taken through a hole in a piece of aluminium foil. The nature of memory is fragmented and discontinuous. Images, words and sounds make up a collage-like medley. Why is it that something gets ingrained in our memories; why do I remember the trip to Akureyri because of the moment of arranging Doris and Markus in front of my camera. The emotions connected to events determine a better memory.

Does a perfect trip exist at all? Only when it is not perfect, when it surprises us by its obviousness and sudden changes of pace.







Handwritten marks, possibly initials or a signature, located to the right of the main dark blot.





Baer is at the end of the world ...



The ferry departs on June 6th. I'm off the day before, saying good-bye to the sun. I feel cold in the first Danish parking lot. The stormy colour of the sky and the silvery leaves glistening in the northern light remind me of the summer, which remained far away. The metal box of a toilet and a few RV cars do not encourage my camping there. I move on towards the harbour, hoping to find a lit parking lot at some gas station. Hirtshals is dark, cold and rainy. The Norröna Hotel, probably linked to the ferry by the same name, dazzles me with its designer, glossy surface prepared for tourists who earn euros. Despite my scholarly degree, I feel like a poor relative.

In the car, I have chocolate, nuts, cereals, a warm sleeping bag, tent, canteen, solid fuel, and a cooking pot.

The parking lot at a gas station is spacious and bright, but the building was closed at 8 pm. It's rainy and windy; there is no one in sight. I turn my canteen into a washing basin, brush my

teeth, put on my pyjamas, and bury myself in the sleeping bag. It's warm. In the morning, at approx. 6 am, I am woken up by the sound of oncoming traffic; it is still raining. I put on a jacket; fortunately, the station is now open. I can use the toilet and eat a hearty Danish-style breakfast: fried bacon, scrambled eggs and sweet pancakes. There is also coffee and internet access, which I use to connect with the world out there. I have still a few hours before the check-in; I am watching people take notes, trying to discover the logic of the falling rain, and have something to eat as I do not know if I will have enough later. After refuelling to the brim, I head to the terminal; the sky is clearing up but it is still littered with dense clouds. I park at the roadside and I'm going to say hello to the sea. The sand resembles that on the Baltic Sea shore, also as to its colour. The couple parking in front of me are walking holding hands. My hands press the camera shutter. I am overcome by melancholy.

The queue for the ferry decreases; on the left-hand side of the road there are large lorries marked Smyril Blue Water. The line is joined by off-road jeeps, motorcycles and homes on wheels. In this plethora of vehicles my car looks unique: a small, dark-blue beetle. The ferry attendants direct me to the right track. You must stand very close to other cars and therefore it is hard to get out. I make a mental note of the colour of the car park and the staircase. I take a sleeping bag (and do not need to pay for linen on the ferry), some drink, food, and clothes; far too much, in fact. Moving up and down the awkward steps I get to the ferry reception. I take out my ticket and am pointed out a long corridor on the second floor. I pass a well-equipped shop (like those Pewex shops in communist times) and find an elevator; the air is filled with the unique smell of fish. A metal box suspended on ropes glides down; it seems to bounce off the shaft walls.









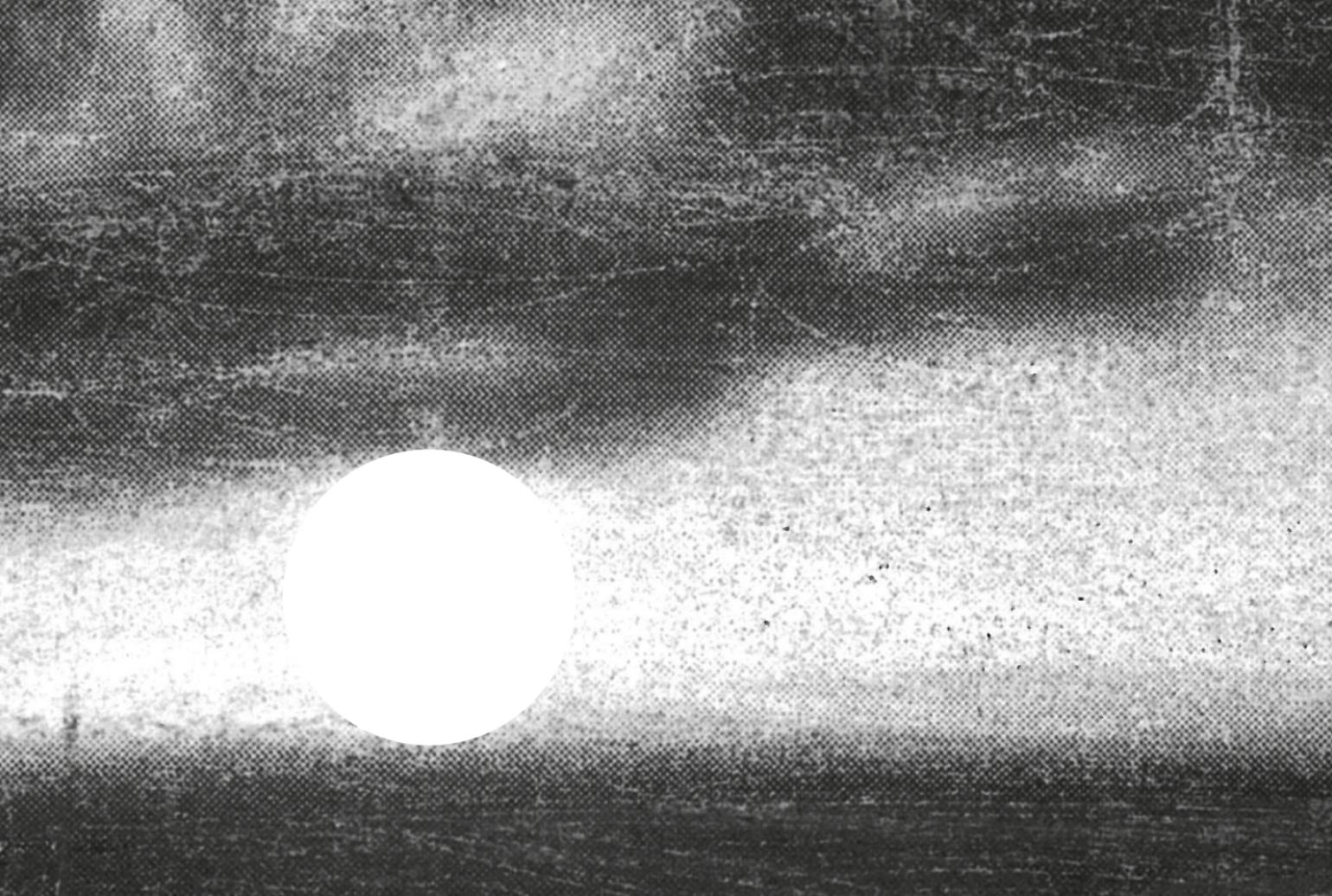
My berth is at the very bottom of the ship; it is under the water level. Above my head they are not only bars, restaurants and cabins with windows, but also hundreds of cars and motorcycles. I find the compartment containing the number 2213; this is my place. In a large cabin, which is a fragment of the corridor, the swinging door leads to the right bedrooms, or rather cages with smoke detectors. A room of about 2x3 m has 9 berths; mine is located on the third level on the right. I climb up the ladder and for the first time ever am thankful for my average height and regular weight. I stretch out on the bunk and there is about 40 cm from the tip of my toes to the ceiling.

2213



It has cleared up and the sun is shining; I am sipping on coffee, watching the greenish water of the harbour shimmering behind the glass. I take pictures and I finally go out onto the upper deck. The „sky bar” is noisy. The friendly ferry attendants seem carefree. You can sit for hours staring at the water, sleep and eat your own food. No one seems to mind. After a short time, I recognize the bar regulars. Far out at sea we catch up with the sunset; in the background, you can hear the song of The Animals: „The House of the Rising Sun”.







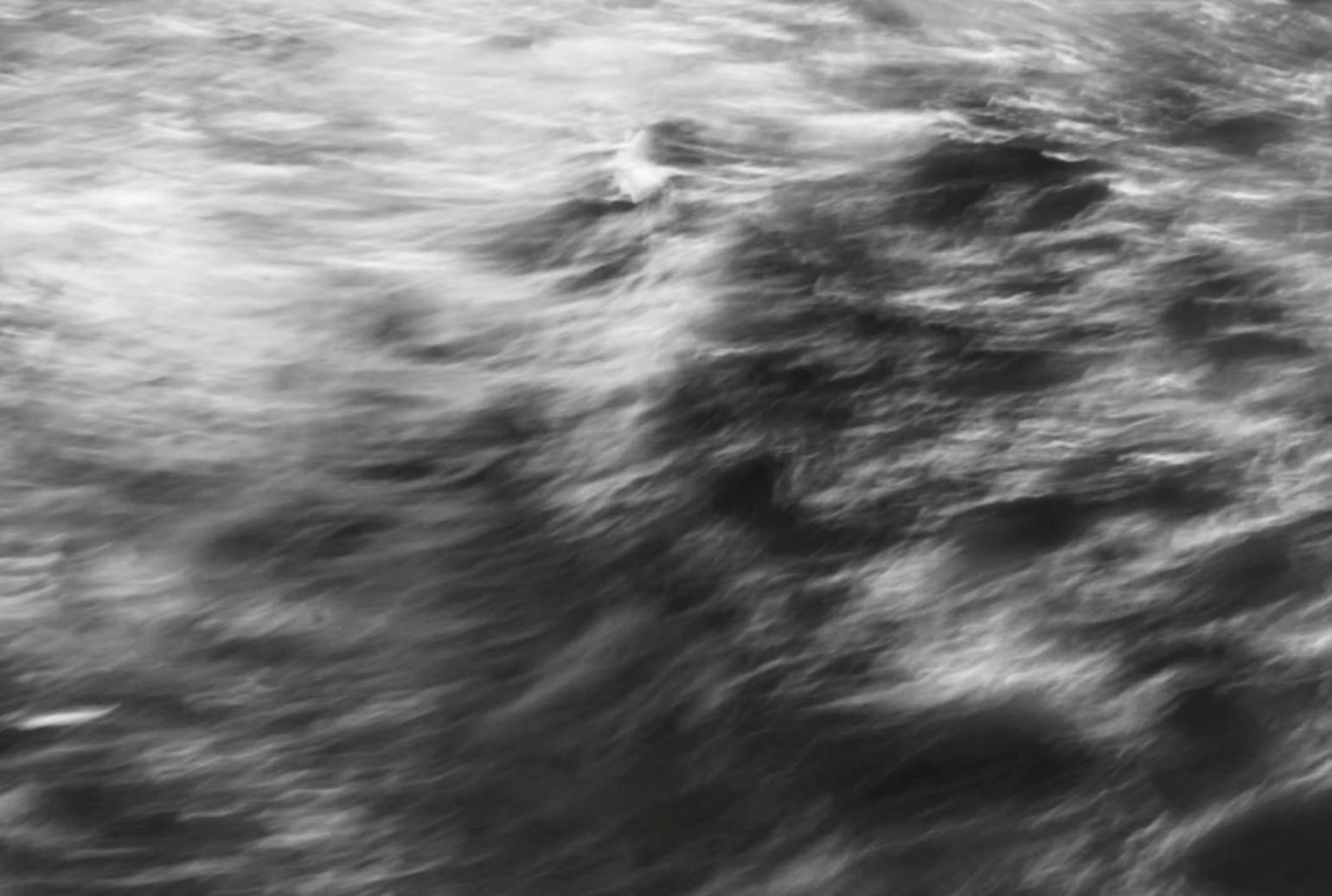
The first night on the ferry is quiet. I sleep under the ceiling; it is warm and dry. The waves rhythmically hit the bottom of the ship, swaying the trusting passengers. I am a child of the ocean. A Scotsman sharing the cabin with me is drinking beer. Our small bedroom gets filled with the smell of digested alcohol, wet towels, fish, and socks.

The Norröna restaurant is located on the 6th floor of the vessel. I feel that I am the only person from Deck 2, the only representative of the community inhabiting the rat chamber. The buffet tables bend under the weight of Danish food, whose consumption is spread over time. In the hall, there are mostly people over 50. They look weary and scan the room sightlessly in search of clean tables. Their faces take on a pale-green colour, possibly a side effect of the swinging ocean?

On the ferry, we follow the time of the Faroe Islands. My phone does not accommodate the changes (perhaps due to the lack of reception) despite the shifts in the time zones. I do not know what time it is for 3 days. I feel suspended in a strange meantime. Breakfast times vary depending on the vessel's position on a map of the ocean. And my watch follows its own time.

Between 12 and 2 pm you can have lunch at the Diner Restaurant. For those from the 2nd floor the meal is included in the ticket price. It's such a beautiful, humane gesture. Passengers line up in increasingly long lines. A nice and pretty Danish woman ticks off the names on a printed list and distributes plates. In the middle of the room there is a small bar with trays of food which disappears far too quickly. Amidst growing irritation and discontent, the cook adds new portions. Boy, was he in a hurry! The vegetables barely have the time to defrost.

The Diner space is a good alternative when the upper deck is too cold or crowded. You can sit over one tea cup a few hours.





On the second day of the trip we pass the Shetland Islands. Dense fog prevents close observation. The Scotsman says that the hills resemble the place where he was born, while to me they look like backs of sea creatures overgrown with verdant flora.

The second night on the ship passes without much problem and in the morning, we dock at the capital of the Faroe Islands. In Danish, Torshavn means the Port of Thor, the Norse god of storms and lightning. The ferry is docked for a few hours, which creates the possibility of exploring the city. The capital consists of little more than 12,000 people and is a miniature town. It seems sleepy, slow, and the only event that sets in motion its unhurried life is the docking of the Norrona ferry.

We set out again ... The captain predicts a restless sea ...

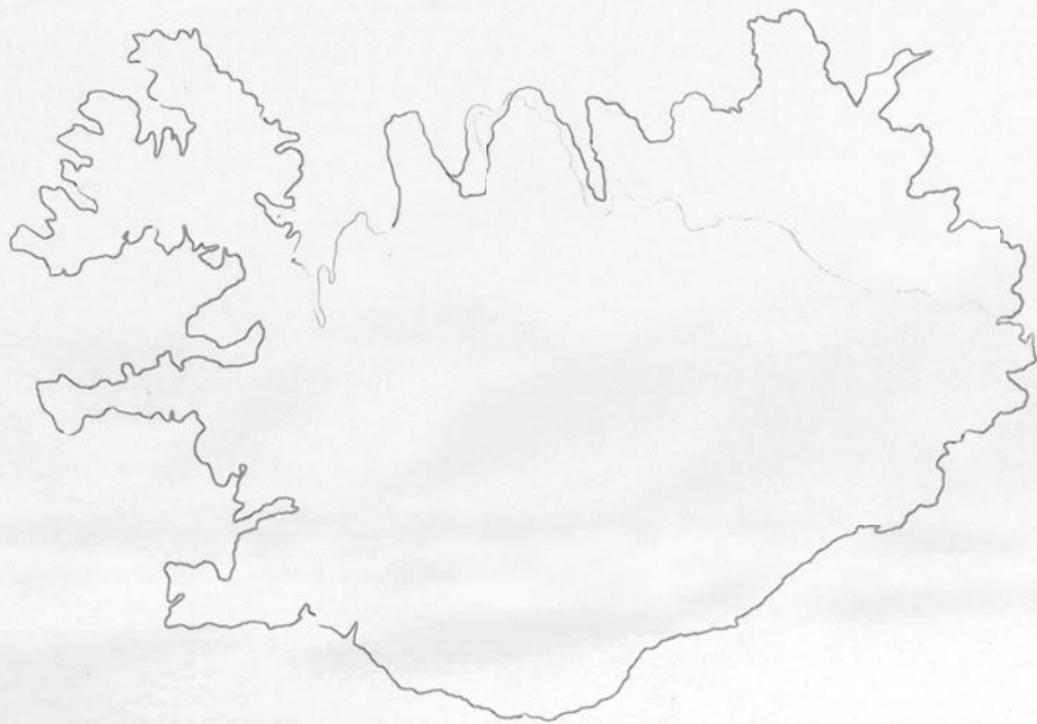
The night-time waves are for those who have a good sense of balance. Returning to the birth, I feel overloaded throughout the body, the legs are alternatively heavy and light. The stomach feels no different. Deck no. 2 is quiet.



Norröna enters majestically a snow-covered fjord. Tourists gather on the upper deck. The piercingly strong wind prevents one from keeping an upright posture, let alone holding a camera steady; the hands become numb because of the cold. Nobody wants to give up immortalizing the moment; the voices of passengers posing for selfies can be heard everywhere. They are louder than the roar of the weather. The slopes of the fjord look like the back of a giant brown animal which has fallen underwater and is going to spend the winter there. The velvety skin is covered by patches of frozen snow.

In Seyðisfjörður the sun shines and gets reflected off the white patches that hurt the eyes. The crisp air contrasts with the stifling heat of the ferry cabins. There is a single road leading to a small town located in a basin surrounded by hills. It twists, rises, crosses Egilsstaðir and shoots for the famous route number one, which you can drive to circle almost the entire island.

Despite the sun, it is cold and windy. The June rays have not melted the snow which covers the hills on either side of the road. White fields stretch up to the horizon line (the contact point of heaven and earth). I get out of the car and take photographs. I have to drive 423 km, which takes me the whole day.









I pass the sunlit Akureyri, the second largest city in Iceland. I head north toward Hofsfós. I deviate from the path suggested by the navigation, choose the winding route along the fjord and drive through some dark tunnels carved in the rocks.

After a few kilometres, the weather begins to change rapidly. The sky looks like before a snowstorm and the car wobbles because of the wind gusts. The Troll Peninsula seems deserted and not very friendly. Dark-brown rocks contrast with the snow lying at the bottom; the ocean glistens down there. It is completely flat and does not fit my ideas of it. Dense clouds scatter the breaking light, crisp and north. The world is stripped of shadows.





Baer is at the end of the world ...

I look out my bedroom window and can see a meadow dotted with yellow dandelions, horses, ocean, dam, and lake. No building interferes with the field of perception.

I feel overwhelmed and intimidated by the beauty of the surroundings. How can you describe something that is perfect in an image?





The house in which we live was renovated 10 years before. Previously, it was a shelter for a herd of cows. Simon showed us a photo album with stables and stalls. The renovation took two years.







The ocean looks like a metal surface.



The night would not stop. The sun continues to remain above the horizon. It's cold. The wind penetrates all the holes of the house and plays its song.







Mariette said that the rock is like an animal. In the middle of it there is the beating heart.

Outside there is the sun. The rock, an object of observation throughout the day, stands unmoved. It is 11 pm local time.





Mink, Mink whatever it is, has eaten bird eggs. We're talking about this for two days. Birds are restless, perhaps taking us for big Minks.

(it is only later that I look up a Mink in a dictionary!)





It is 11 pm. We are seated in a glass-enclosed lobby looking at the spectacle directed by nature. After two weeks in Baer I forgot what a night looks like; I cannot recall a black sky with stars and the moon. I absorb the light in the hope to amass enough of it for the following year. Every now and then we hurry outside with cameras, like tourists who instead of being watchful and enjoying the moment, build a new collection of photos showing places they have not experienced and remembered. We want to record the unusual, something unavailable in our cities and countries.

The sun hangs over a rock; the clouds move in unpredictable directions. They accumulate and thin out, surprising everyone by their virtuoso dance. The landscape seems cracked. Facing the ocean, on the right side you see the dominant orange contrasted with the almost black rock; to the left the drama gives way to pastel gentleness. The fjord is surrounded by

bluish mountains, whose snow-capped, pink-gleaming summits pierce through the white-and-grey clouds. In this light Marcus' installation looks like painted with fluorescent paint. Its surrealism is highlighted by the moon hanging like a silvery inflated balloon, ready at any moment to take off and hide from the main actor - the sun. It's quiet and our hosts are asleep; it is getting on for 2 am.



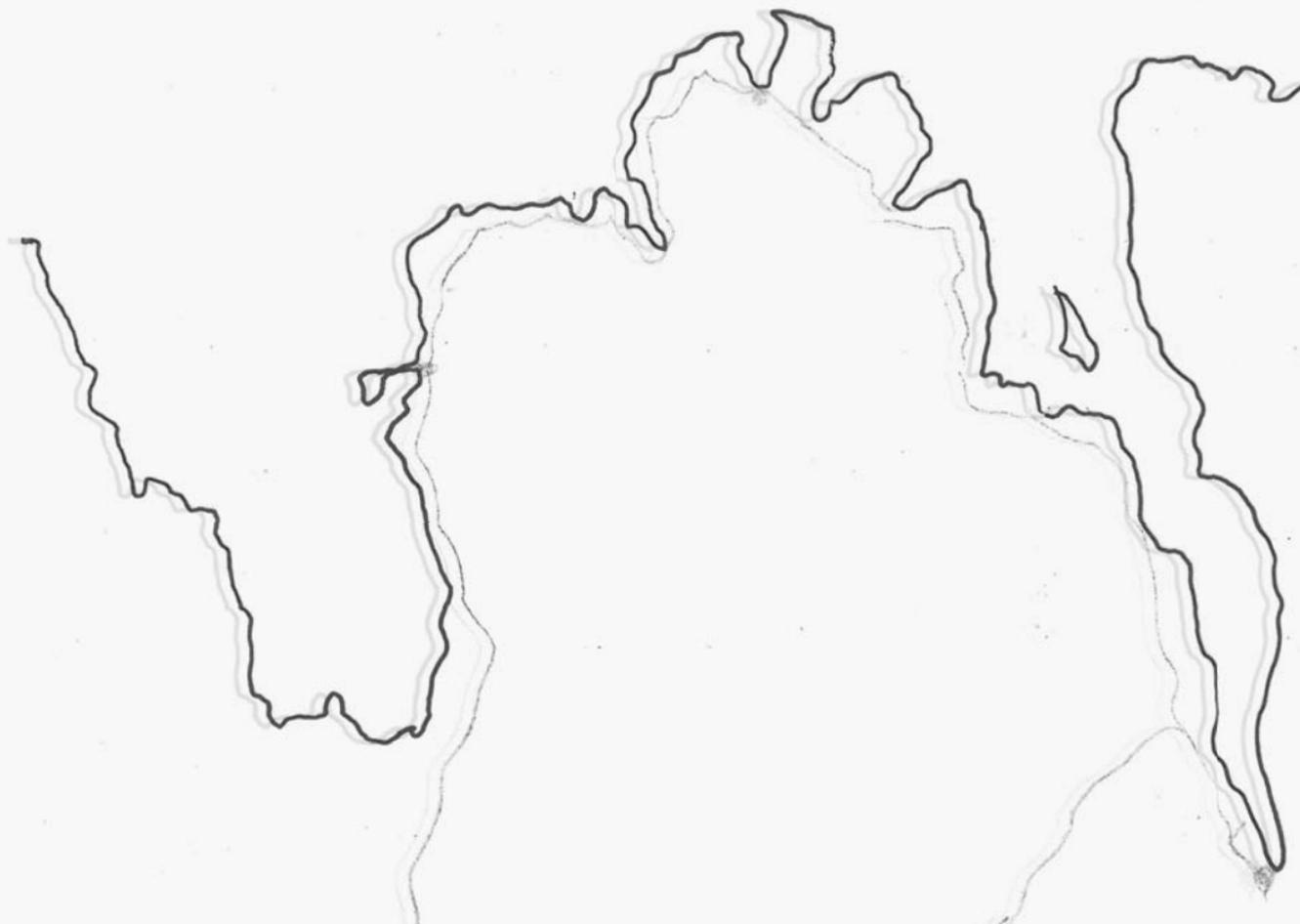


We are in an open-air museum Glaumbær

It was inhabited until 1947.

I lift my head and I see a small window,

light pouring in through it ...











A peat house is not very sturdy and you need to take care of it as you do of something alive. A roof covered with sod must have an appropriate slope. If it's too steep, the water flows fast, the turf dries up and cracks and holes appear. If the angle is too obtuse, the water is retained and seeps inside. I walk into the room and despite the good weather feel dampness and the smell of the earth in the interior. I imagine winter without the sun, spent knitting sweaters and underwear out of sheep's wool in the night. I am imagining ... or perhaps this is only some dim impression?







On a sunny day, the Baer windows offer a view of a stretch of landscape resembling layers of a cake. First there is the green grass, then a strip of a silvery ocean and mountains growing out of it, and at the far end there is the sky - capricious and unpredictable. Yellow dandelions are stuck into these strips like raisins in a gateau. Dark cliffs emerge from the water, reminiscent from a distance of pieces of molten chocolate of fanciful shapes. The mountains surrounding the fjord assume a bluish hue. Sprinkled with powdery snow, they drown in clouds of cotton candy.







The capricious shoals of herring came and went from Iceland's northern waters. Without any reason and warning, they led the economy into recession and the inhabitants of Siglufjörður were having nightmares. The Síldarminjasafn (Herring Museum) clearly shows the dependence of the island on nature, which cannot be harnessed in any way. In the second half of the 1970s, due to a sudden drop in fish shoals, the population of the local community decreased from 3,000 to a mere 1,000. Although the relation of the city citizens to the herring borders on ambivalence, the coat of arms still features 3 fish.







You can reach Hofsóss from the Baer Art Center by an asphalt road or a gravel one along the fjord coast. Doris often borrows a bicycle and swims in one of the most beautiful Icelandic swimming pools, overlooking the ocean and the Island of Drangey. Mariette runs, Marcus, as befits an Austrian, climbs the surrounding hills. Our shared dream is to touch the glacier. However, the closer we get, the farther away the glacier seems to be. By the end of our stay it becomes a mirage, an essence of dreams, which, by definition, cease to exist once you have fulfilled them.



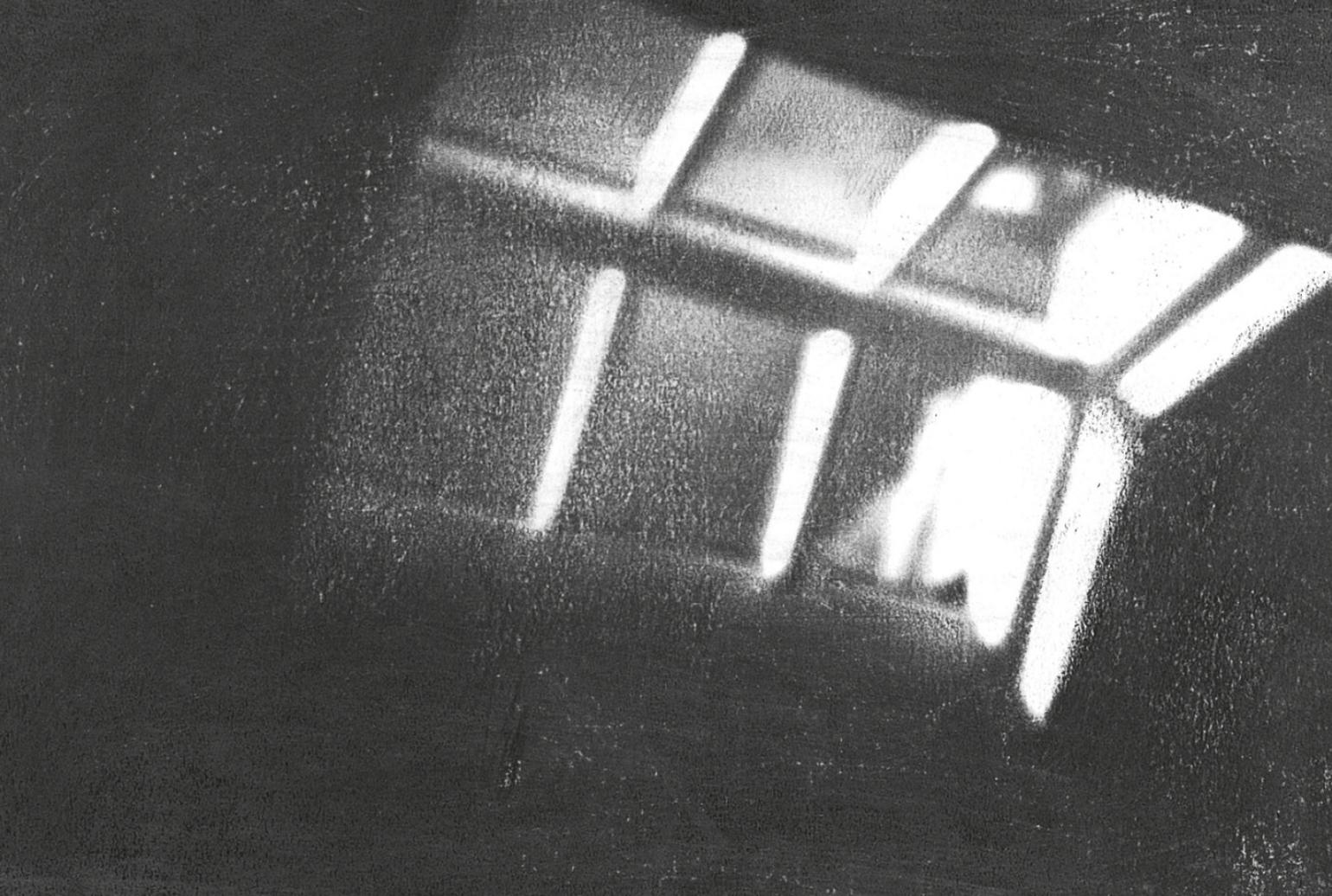


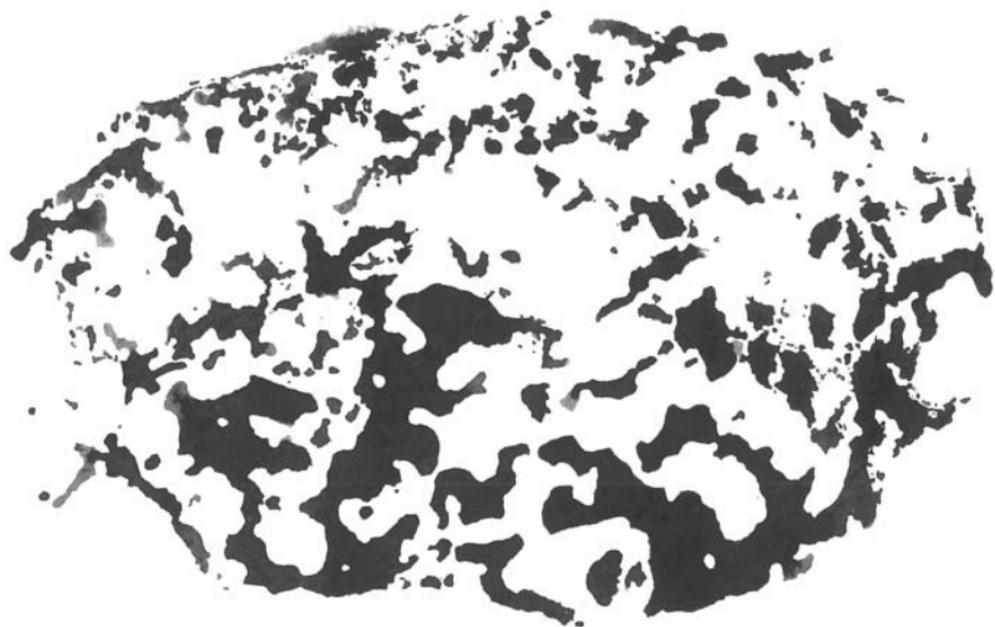
Baer exudes a family atmosphere. At 12:30 pm (13:30 pm in Poland) we sit together for lunch. We are often accompanied by Steinunn, sometimes also her husband, Finnur, Símon and other family members. We do not always talk. This silence is not bothersome. Iceland is full of air which is filled up only with the sounds of birds. After lunch we drink coffee and eat cookies. I treat Símon to the sweets and he answers „takk”, which means „thank you” in Icelandic.





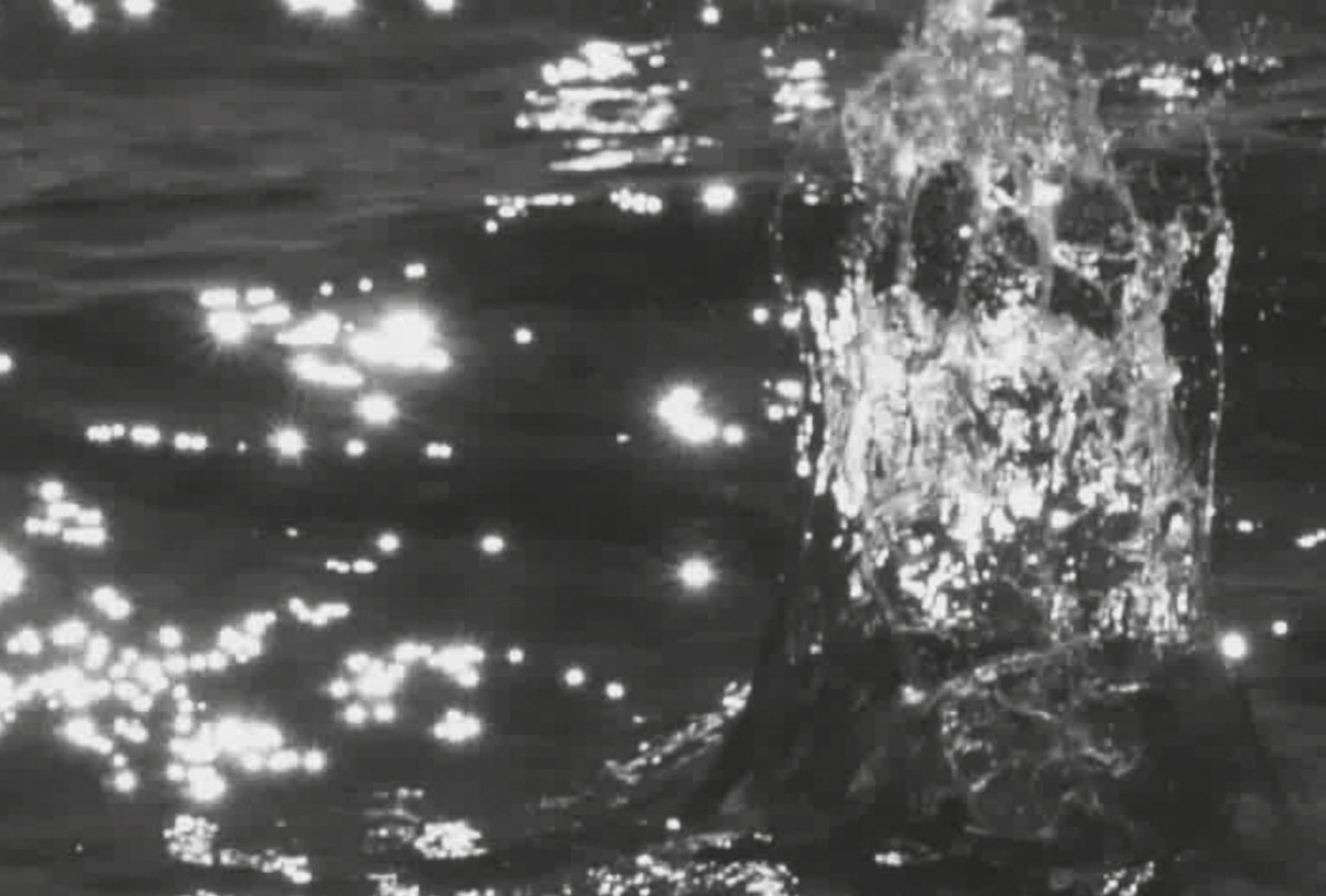
Each of us has their own studio. Mine is the messiest, I guess. In there, I'm dead to the world. Light enters through the roof window, overgrown with tufts of grass here and there. I make pinhole photographs, run out outdoors holding tight a shoe box and expose papers.





The opening is one day away and we work on the exhibition in the large hall. The situation is getting complicated as our individual approaches become apparent; we feel tense.

I decide to leave most of the work in my studio and to prepare a separate presentation. In the common area I exhibit the book and the objects that are part of the „Tales of the Stones“.





We are waiting for the visitors to come. The weather is lousy; it is cold and rainy, but still very clear. Ever new cars which look like mini-tanks pull up and park at the door of our residency. Hungry for contact with art, the owners of the farms in the vicinity walk around the exhibition and ask questions. I am moved by their inquisitiveness. Most speak English and the communication barrier disappears quickly. I talk about the process of creating the works and feel that I have not been listened so attentively in a long time. Then we are alone together with Steinun, her husband and eldest daughter. We are seated in the glass patio sipping on wine, knowing that this is one of our last evenings together.



Near Hofsós harbour there are three black wooden houses, the location of the Icelandic Emigration Centre / Vesturfarasetrið. The institution, established in 1996, commemorates the Icelanders, who between 1870 and 1913 emigrated to North America in search of a better life. It is estimated that about 25% of the population left the island at that time.

Doris and I buy a ticket and leaf through the old chronicle. The narrative, factual and matter-of-fact, is devoted mainly to the weather and the seismic activity of volcanoes.



<i>Very harsh frosts at the beginning of the year. Eyjafjörður and Skagafjörður froze over. Otherwise an average year on land and sea.</i>	1879 No 322
<i>Appalling winter in south and west, and so harsh in the north that near-famine conditions prevailed. Fish catches still poor around Faxaflói, otherwise fairly good.</i>	1898 No 87
<i>Harsh winter with drift ice into the spring off the north and East Fjords. Good summer, haymaking average. Fish catch fairly good.</i>	1902 No 313

1890  
No 144

*The worst conditions of period begin. Conditions remained cold, and at the beginning of January a snowstorm struck, together with a harsh frost, that lasted for days. Vast amounts of snow fell in the north. Drift ice came in to shore, and polar bears came ashore and wandered far inland. Fjords froze all around the country, and it was possible e.g. to travel from Reykjavik to Akranes across the ice. In mid-February there was a sudden thaw in the south, but the weather worsened again almost immediately, reaching 37C belowfreezing in the north, with heavy snowfalls. People almost died of exposure inside their houses. In early April the temperature rose, and in May the drift ice went. But in June there was a snowstorm, and lambs died. In many places, the earth did not thaw all summer. In the south the autumn was rainy, and it remained warm until the end of the year. The winter fishing season failed, but in the north there was a boom in the fisheries after the drift ice went. Sharks and whales were caught through the ice.*

- Another harsh winter, with drift ice around the island as far as the Westman Islands, until the end of July. Grass was slow to grow, but the weather turned fine and hay-making went well. Excellent fish catches..* 1888  
No 1.109
- Mild year, especially in the winter. At the beginning of the year, volcanic activity began in Mt. Askja, then later near Lake Mývatn. In late March a vast pumice eruption began in Mt. Askja, covering huge areas in pumice so that the glacial rivers were almost dammed with pumice. Volcanic ash was carried to all centres of population in the east, and many farms were abandoned in Fljótisdalur, and others were damaged (...).* 1875  
No 59
- Changeable weather for much of the winter, but improved as time passed. In April the winds turned northerly with frost and snow in the north, and chilly weather in the south. Sandstorms* 1882  
No 347".

*struck the Rangárvellir area; it was impossible to travel from one farm to another, and many farms were destroyed. Drift ice approached from the northwest and filled all the fjords. In May a blizzard struck, in which people come close to dying of exposure. Haymaking was difficult during the summer, but there was some compensation in the fact that autumn was mild, and haymaking could continue into late October. A measles epidemic raged during the summer, which was called Measles Summer, and many people died. The government granted loans to the counties that suffered worst. Collections were made in Denmark, Norway and England to help the Icelanders, and vast sums were collected. Many shiploads of food and fodder were sent to Iceland.*





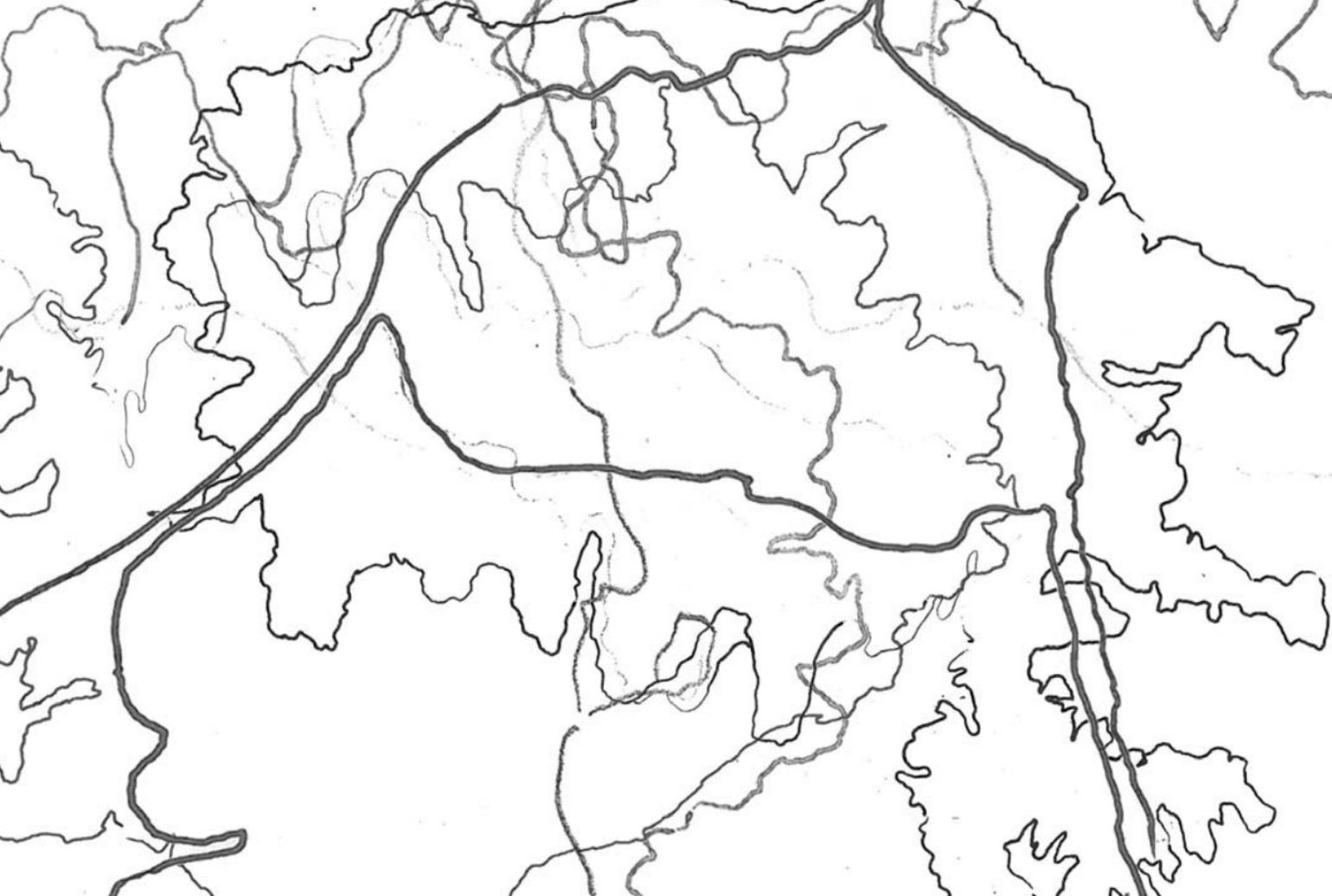
I am leaving Baer. Steinunn gives us each a piece of apple pie for the road. I become both melancholy and joyfully excited before the journey into the unknown. For some time I accompany Marcus and his friend. We split up when Highway 76 becomes road number one.











I am heading toward the Snæfellsnes Peninsula. I find port in Stykkishólmur, where Daniel Vetter's ship probably docked.









Snæfellsjökull, described by Jules Verne in his *Journey to the Centre of the Earth*, is completely white. The landscape looks shredded, made up of incongruous bits and pieces which at the same time complement one another to form something like a real collage. The glacier cap towers over the black rocks and the fancy uneven ground covered with soft lichens, which cling to your legs. The weather on the Snæfellsnes Peninsula is little Icelandic: the sun is shining and the temperature reaches 18 degrees.

Rif is hardly a fishing village. It looks like a ghost town. There are some homes - villas. I do not know whether they are inhabited; there are containers at the port, where nothing happens. Approaching the village, I notice an unknown road sign with a bird, and a moment later come across whole colonies of grey terns hanging out in, and actually filling up tightly the squares and the roads. The village was taken over by the birds. Hitchcock's script turned into reality; only Mitch and Melanie with her bloody forehead are missing.



Leaving the Freezer Hostel is a gesture of courage. It is best to hold a stick in your hand over the head, because the birds attack the highest point. In this way you can avoid unpleasant pecking. A man walking the grass outside is wearing a headset to protect himself against noise and is moreover equipped with a safety hat. In this desolate and windswept landscape, he looks like a visitor from another planet.



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The coastline trail from Arnarstapi to Hellnar is famous for its fabulous rock formations and offers ample possibilities of watching birds' breeding grounds. The niches and corners formed by solidified lava resound with squawks, a mixture of mating clamor with an ominous hint of having to scare off potential intruders. The sound eats into the heart and teaches humility; after all, the earth is not only a human kingdom.





In 930 AD, the place between the protruding boulders surrounding a gorge was the venue of the first meeting of the Icelandic Parliament, Althing, one of the oldest institutions of this kind in the world.

Vetter describes Þingvellir (in Icelandic: Þing - parliament, vellir - plain) as inaccessible, located away from the ocean shore, toward the interior; a place where only the boldest of outlaws ventured. Today, the plains can be reached by car.

I stop at a gas station in Hvolsvöllur and repack the backpack. After several minutes, a mountain bus pulls up, its huge wheels and solid design reminiscent of science fiction movies. I make myself comfortable on board, look around and do not see a single lone tourist. A male voice from the speakers describes in beautiful English the geological history of the island. After a dozen kilometres or so, the bus turns from the main road and stops at the impressive Skógafoss waterfall. The driver offers you 15 minutes as a photo opportunity. After 7 weeks in Iceland and my meeting the Golden Waterfall (Gullfoss), I do not feel the urge to take pictures. A gravel road interspersed by numerous rivers leads towards the depths of the interior. After a harsh winter, when the snows melt, the streams become wider and more vibrant, and the rivers swell with additional masses of water. Not all SUVs can brave such barriers. Along the way I see several abandoned vehicles by the roadside. The

bus, swaying left and right, because of both its impressive wheels and engine power gets through the streams without major problems. This is accompanied by characteristic sounds that resemble those made by stones bumping against each other, rolling on the bottom of the riverbed. I have the impression that the chassis of the mountain bus is getting filled with water and the driver, like a wizard at the touch of a magic wand, sets in motions some machinery that extracts excess liquid. Þorsmork, or the Thor Forest, the land named after the Norse god of storms, lightning and vitality, is enveloped in the clouds. Several wooden huts of the shelter are hidden in the low bushes surrounding a meadow. I find my place, talk with my one-night companions and makes plans for a trip.

Equipped with maps and a GPS device, I set out on my trail. I reach the Krossá River and have a closer look at the floating structures - bridges fitted out with rubber wheels - which

can be moved in any direction. I climb a ladder and cross a footbridge, feeling line on springs. The road between the dwarf birch forest gently ascends towards the top. It is not raining. I walk briskly as I want to return to the shelter before 7 pm. Traveling alone, traversing even the simplest route, calls for utmost attention and constant vigilance; it becomes a kind of meditation on the road. An event, even a trivial one, experienced with someone else, can sometimes be tragic when you are on your own; I think about it, all the time penetrating areas with no people and mobile telephone reception. The landscape of Þórsmörk is so fancy that it does not resemble anything I know. There is a warmer climate in the river valleys. The land is different from other southern areas of the island; fed by streams, it is covered with a surprising number of short trees. The higher terrain is dominated by grasses and lichens, verdant during summertime.



The black and brown volcanic rock arranged in unimaginable shapes provide the backdrop. I look at the geological wonders: caves, arches, pointed caps, gorges, and chasms... I am swept away by their fairy-tale character. When you are in the Thora Forest, the Icelanders' belief in elves is no longer surprising. The deeper you enter, the more the vegetation gives way to the volcanic remnants; absorbed by blackness and whiteness, the landscape changes to a drawing. The highest point of the trek is located between two glaciers: Eyjafjallajökull and Mýrdalsjökull. The former's cap covers an active volcano; whose eruption was the cause of air traffic suspension in Europe in 2010. The clearing between the glaciers can be reached by climbing the snow-covered slope. The temperature is dropping by the minute and I feel the sweaty sleeves of the sweatshirt start freezing and chilling my wrists. I am trying to walk fast, without breaks, to retain all the heat that is left. In the end, I arrive at

a wide white clearing spotted with surprising black gravel cones. I examine their consistency - sharp and compacted in places. I pocket a few pieces of pumice, thinking about those who are not with me and those who will get a black pebble from Iceland. Despite the freezing cold, I do not want to go back. I inhale the murky air, look at the glacier tongues outlined right before my eyes; they are grey-and-blue in colour. This majestic and austere image makes me feel almost mystical; the place is empty and piercingly quiet. It takes me a few hours to get back to the shelter.





Increasingly, I feel the approaching end of the journey. It has been raining the entire week; the wind is fierce and the fog screens the world. I am on my way to the last hostel in Seyðisfjörður, the Old Doctor's House; I do not recognize the path already taken as all is drowning in milk. In the lodge room, I meet bikers from Switzerland, the same I exchanged comments with on the ferry. They are on their way back, too.

You need to arrive at the port well ahead of the departure time; a string of cars, a few attendants - patience is a must. I feel out of place and time; unthinkingly, I turn on and off the car engine moving in the queue. I think of the Island, wondering if I have „experienced” or just visited it.







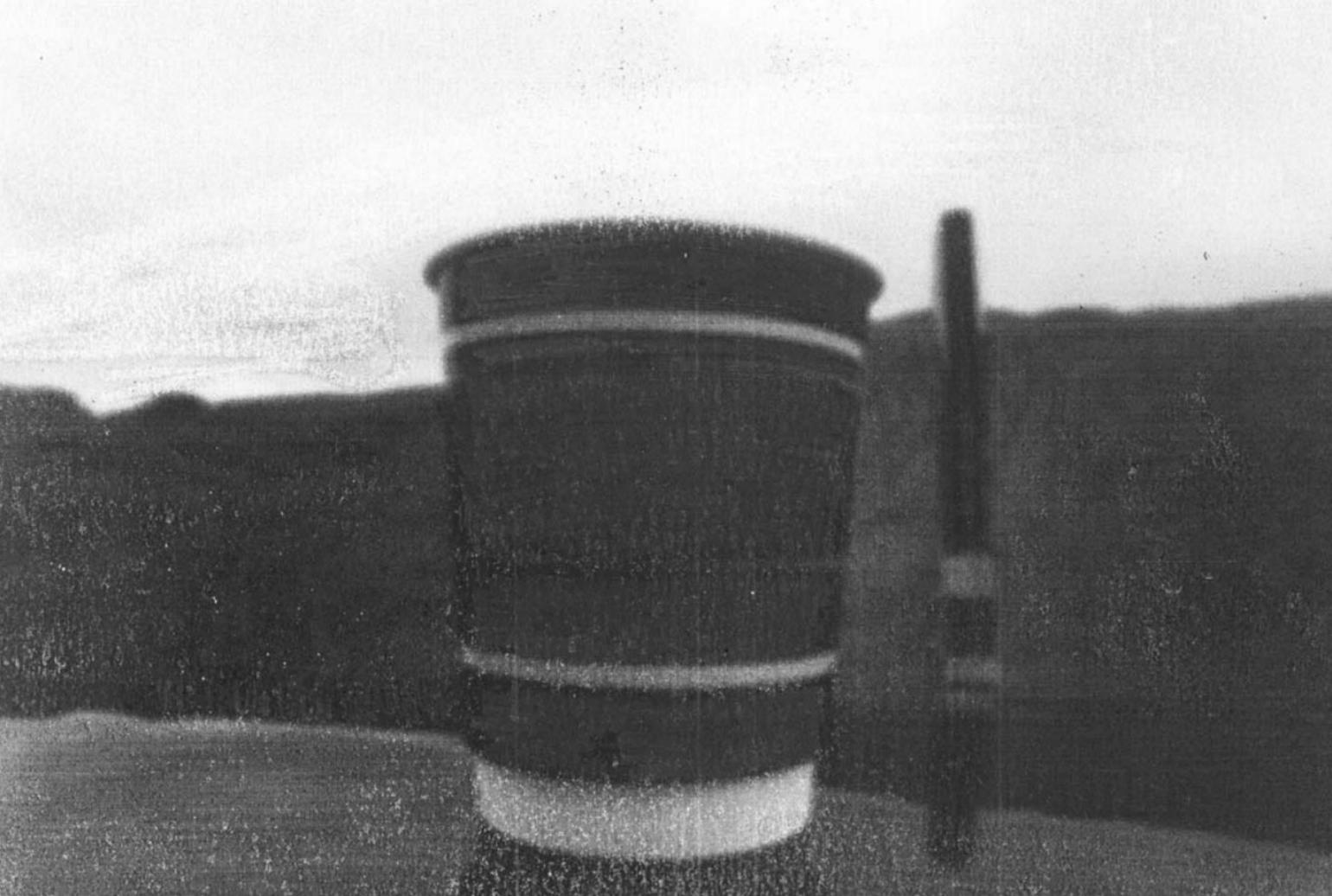
Travelers who plan a stopover in the Faroe Islands must leave the couches an hour before mooring. It is the middle of the night and the first time in nearly two months I can see a black sky. I move ahead and look for a parking place at a gas station, where I want to bury myself in a sleeping bag and make it somehow until morning. At dawn, I am woken up by the sound of water bumping against the sides of the car. I look out the window and see a man who washes the clean surface of concrete tiles. Scrambling awkwardly into the front seat, I repark my beetle. The man's face is full of surprise; clearly, he did not notice me before. We smile at each other and wave goodbye.







I celebrate my birthday on Streymoy Island in the company of ubiquitous sheep. I treat myself to a cup of coffee at a gas station; this is my birthday present for myself. A paper cup in dark bluish-green stripes is a good match for the car's paint.



Three days later I line up for the ferry again. Despite the cold and rainy evening, the open deck is full of tourists. I stand together with them, taking pictures of the navy-blue harbour and catch light reflexes and my own reflection in the windowpanes. The next day, for the first time in two weeks, I feel sunrays on my body. I perch in my down jacket near the sky bar and lean toward the star like a plant in the process of photosynthesis. I use the return journey for writing down memories and doing nothing. I am happy to be coming back to warm Europe. When the car wheels touch the old continent, I feel at home, even though I have more than 1000 km to go.









I have no regrets.

The grey-and-blue glaciers continue to glisten in the distance.













### **Sonia Rammer**

artist, psychologist, traveler, professionally connected with the University of the Arts in Poznań (Faculty of Art Education and Curatorial Studies). She is active as an artist and art theoretician, with special emphasis on the psychological aspects of artistic creation. She has taken part in collective shows (e.g. in Arsenał Poznań, BWA Bielsko Biała, Wozownia Toruń, BWA Wrocław, Artists House Jerusalem, Israel; Studio 18 Gallery New York, USA), solo exhibitions (e.g. in BWA Gorzów Wielkopolski, Wieża Ciśnień Konin, BWA Arsenał Poznań, MBWA Leszno, ART Station Stary Browar Poznań, Galeria Student Ostrava, Czech Republic; Baer Art Center, Hofos, Iceland) and conferences. Author and co-author of texts about the phenomenon of artistic creation from the psychoanalytical perspective. In 2013 earned her Ph.D. in the field of Visual Arts, in the Fine Arts art discipline.

The artist focuses on the human person, his or her existence, emotions, fragility, and memory. She is interested in the ambivalent role played in the world by the individual, who is both part of nature and an element in constant conflict with nature.

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