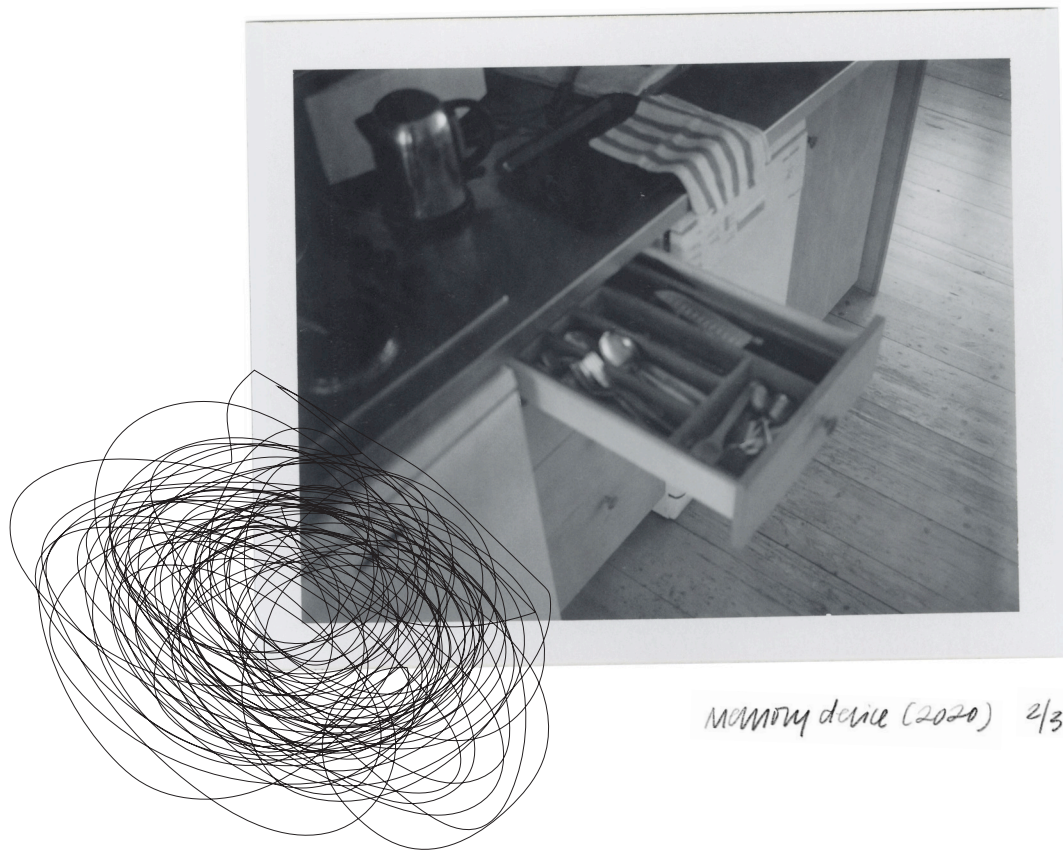


Quarantine is a performance of containment. Place is a container for time. I came to Iceland to be contained in a remote place in order to gain time. I live in a very isolated fjord where the residents are very often trapped, the result of a lone weather-sealed mountain pass. This type of natural quarantine provides freedom. Here, I find myself more free than those back home. The other day, I awoke to the song 'Fortress Around Your Heart' in my head. I started thinking about the oubliette - a place of forgetting. There are many kinds of prisons, and some with walls of air. When one is trapped, one is in many ways, a prisoner. Prisoners are rarely free. I watch on social media, I talk with friends and family; all are trapped, prisoners in their own homes. They are restricted, miserable in their containment. Iceland is a place of forgetting. Moments after arriving, I had already begun to lose clarity on the details of my existence beyond this frozen world. This is a land of outsiders. Many who visit never leave, and those who leave always return.

When a baby is swaddled, they feel safe. When dogs are bundled, they are less anxious. I am sheltered in the fjord, by walls of air and rock, by stretches of light, by strangers who bring me fresh fruit and Moonshine, by satellites and beautiful Aurora, by spikes on my boots, and frozen waterfalls, by cellular service on pause. Everybody's homes are holding them hostage. It feels strange that I am free.





MOMMY DANCE (2020) 2/3

