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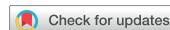
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The Haunting Cliffs: Some Notes on Silence

Hugo Reinert

The following is about a space defined by the absence of birds. It is an attempt to examine certain aspects of silence—both the idea of it, and the experience—in the context of catastrophic species collapse and, more broadly, the unfolding planetary processes that some call the Sixth Extinction.¹ Specifically, I am interested in experiences of silence that follow the disappearance or extinction of a species in a landscape. What happens when species disappear?² What is to be done in (and with) the silence that they leave behind? What is the shape of such a silence and how is it to be approached, conceptualised, described, analysed? What might it have to say (so to speak) about issues such as climate change, biospheric collapse or the epochal geological ruptures of the Anthropocene: phenomena that unfold on scales defying those of human life or the human body,³ that make themselves available to experience primarily in fragmentary, mediated or speculative forms? I come to this by way of an ongoing interest in the effort to name and analyse the various affects, many of them emergent, that are associated with life in a collapsing biosphere during a period of cataclysmic planetary change.⁴ I am thinking here of studies such as Norgaard's ethnography of life and climate change denial in a small Norwegian village, *Living in Denial*—⁵ but also projects such as Robert MacFarlane's 'desecration phrasebook',⁶ or the UK-based Bureau of Linguistical Reality,⁷ both of which develop glossaries to capture (and create) the new linguistic and conceptual forms demanded by the altered realities of a rapidly shifting present.

The argument in the following begins and ends with me standing in a field, in the shadow of a cliff without birds: two moments that are not as identical as they seem at first glance. In the space between them, I begin by sketching out some background. I then present a series of (re)descriptive takes, which help bring some of my central concerns and questions into focus. Finally, I offer up some more general observations. The material, interpretations, and analysis are preliminary, in the sense that they precede what I would normally call fieldwork (at least within my home discipline of anthropology). The essay is intended as a preparatory exercise, a focused speculation that tries to open up and move out—into the field, so to speak—some of the reflexive, conceptual work that precedes the thickening mesh of fieldwork proper. It stakes out some coordinates, and assembles some preparatory materials—observations, informants, literature, experiences, affects, and predispositions—that address themselves, in an open-ended way, to the questions I am after. As a letter between disciplines, it is also an essay in the sense of an attempt, a gambit, an experiment. It opts for a relatively vernacular tone, and a style that makes limited use of references and technical terms.

In a Field

Let me begin. I am standing in a grassy, uneven field, under a dark cliff, inside the perimeter of what used to be a house—one of several, now reduced to a ghostly outline of foundation stones in the grass.⁸ Further down the beach, on either side, overgrown stone fences divide the area into quadratic enclosures. There used to be sheep here, not so long ago, they used to graze, but now there is nothing. No sheep, no people, no birds. Overhead, the cliffs are silent. The silence feels strange, even ominous, but nothing about this is unexpected. I am standing in the ruins of an abandoned village on Vaerøy, an island in the archipelago of Lofoten, in the Norwegian Arctic—some three hours west, by ferry, from the mainland city of Bodø. The islands out here are staggeringly beautiful, a rich habitat for marine life and home to some of the largest seabird colonies in Europe. For centuries, visitors have marvelled at the roaring multitudes of puffins, kittiwakes, guillemots and razorbills, terns, gulls, sea eagles, and petrels that take over the archipelago during the annual breeding season—timing their arrival to coincide with the vast shoals of fish that return every year in spring, to spawn. The local bird colonies form part of a network of nonhuman habitation that spans the length of the national coastline, long predating the human presence. A solid quarter of European seabirds—some 5.5 million birds in total—live in Norway and the Norwegian island territories of Svalbard and Jan Mayen.

In 2015 however, a major Norwegian research project reported that just over the last ten years, since 2005, national seabird populations had declined by almost a third.⁹ Pelagic seabirds—that is, the various species that spend most of their life at sea, often only coming ashore for the breeding season—had seen their populations reduced by half or more. Of 28 seabird species being monitored, 16 were now red-listed—including common birds like seagulls whose iconic calls are, for many Norwegians, an intrinsic part of the coastal landscape. As seabird populations along the coast have dropped, so too the bird-cliffs here in Lofoten have declined and fallen silent. On the neighbouring island group of Røst, for example, the nesting population of Atlantic Puffins has plunged from some 1.5 million pairs in 1979 to around 300,000 in 2017. Ornithologists estimate that not a single successful breeding season has taken place there since 2006.¹⁰ The drivers for this decline are complex, a mixture of local and global factors that varies from site to site and species to species: accidental by-catch from fisheries, overfishing that depletes fish stocks, hunting and poaching, nest disturbance, noise pollution, infrastructure developments, shifting patterns of land use, ocean acidification, lethal oil spills, bioaccumulated toxins that disrupt reproduction, changing ocean temperatures that drive shifts in food species distribution ... the list goes on. The problem is composite but many of the changes are, directly or indirectly, anthropogenic. In more ways than one, the seabirds that nest on these islands are an indicator species. Their failure or success speaks not only to the health of their own populations but also to changes in the vast systems of marine life out there. At my back: swirls and gyres of interlocking life that move in

patterns of inordinate complexity—difficult to apprehend, but legible through their traces.

Silence is one such trace—but silence is a diffuse indicator: shapeless and slow, vague, difficult to pinpoint. Here, in the shadow of the cliff, it manifests as a sort of background unease: a nagging and unclear affect, both there and not-there; a sense of something missing. The silence here has haunted me since before I heard it. Chasing it I have hiked miles around the roadless edges of the island to this abandoned ghost village, nestled at the base of this cliff, inaccessible by road. Chasing it I find myself here, alone in an unfamiliar landscape, listening for the sound of nothing—for an absence of birds I never heard, presences I never felt.

Memory of a Village

In the following I am going to sketch out three points of approach to this silence. First, let me pause for a moment and reflect on what is missing here, on the absences that the silence holds: for one, that of the birds themselves—and specifically, that of the puffins. Across their entire species range, Atlantic Puffin populations have dwindled sharply in recent years. The IUCN currently classifies the species as globally vulnerable (VU),¹¹ and endangered (EN) in Europe—but living colonies are still not so hard to find.¹² Some 1500 kilometers to the east-northeast, for example, lies Hornøya: an uninhabited Arctic island on the Norwegian border to Russia where the puffin colonies seem to be thriving.¹³ Other colonies dot the Atlantic rim, in Iceland, Greenland, Scotland, the northeastern US, but here, in Lofoten, they are declining. What did the colonies here sound like, in their day? A brief search online provides enough material to hazard a guess—but more is missing here than puffins.

The ruins I am standing in were once a living village called Måstad. For centuries, some 150 villagers scraped an inhospitable living here, at the edge of the sea—until the second half of the 20th century, when the small remote community was gradually abandoned and people moved over to the other side of the island, where life was easier and connections to the mainland ensured a steady flow of goods and amenities like electricity. Until then, however, the people of Måstad lived primarily off the sea and the birds—particularly the puffins that returned, year after year, to mate and nest in the cliffs overhead. Villagers harvested their eggs and hunted the adult birds, salting and pickling them. Through the long dark winter, most households in the village kept a barrel of pickled puffin by the entrance, ready to eat. In their isolation, the villagers built their lives around the periodic return of the birds. To prevent over-taxing, the annual harvest from the bird-cliff was managed through a carefully calibrated system of sequential management. The cliff was divided into sections, and each section was managed by a household, for a set period, in a rotational sequence.¹⁴ Over time, every household in the village thus came to steward—and live off—every part of the cliff-face.

So important were the birds that over the centuries, the villagers reared a special breed of dogs to hunt them. This was the Lundehund, or Norwegian Puffin Dog—a breed of loose-boned and agile mutants, double-jointed, with flexible skeletons and extra toes on each paw.¹⁵ They were natural climbers, and their uncanny bendiness allowed them to compress into the narrow tunnels and burrows where the puffins made their nests.¹⁶ The breed has a long history in the region. Some speculate that they evolved soon after the last ice age and that as the glaciers withdrew, they became a sort of deep-time companion species to the humans settling along the coast; their history might go back ten thousand years. Whether or not that is true, the Puffin Dog is a highly specialised predator, adapted with superlative grace to the life of its prey. Today the puffin hunt is disallowed but the dogs survive, if only by a thread. Two epidemics of canine distemper in the 1940s almost extinguished the entire breed, reducing it to a handful of survivors that were shuttled anxiously between their island home and a kennel on the mainland.¹⁷ Since then, however, decades of careful management have paid off. Today the breed has official recognition, handbooks and competition standards: there are around 650 Puffin Dogs in Norway, maybe 1400 in the world at large.¹⁸ Puffin dogs from Måstad live as far afield as Switzerland and the US—but not here. Not in Måstad.

Other absences crowd in here, and I could go on listing them. Take the children of Måstad, for example. Lighter in build than the adults, they were often better climbers, and were brought into the egg hunt from an early age. Historical photographs show them scrambling across the vertical cliff-sides over the village, lowered perilously on swinging ropes, dangling over the abyss.¹⁹ Squint and you can almost see them, discern their calls mingled into the raucous, squawking cacophony of the colony. Birds, dogs, children; sheep and cattle too, men and women; later, for a while, the chug of the first motorboats, whose arrival disrupted the fisheries and began the inexorable exodus from the village. I tell you about these absences because now that you know about them, they too might begin to fold into the silence I am conjuring, along with that of the puffins. Absence after absence enters the field, and the space I am standing in begins to echo—not so much with the lack of one thing or another as with a chorus of silence, a tangled mesh of absence. As the negative texture of the silence thickens, the space around me becomes a haunted ruin and the more I know, the more it haunts me. The lack, compounded, eludes summary—acquiring thickness as (and only if) I equip myself to hear it. Where do I draw the line?

Crisis of Presence

This leads me to my second line of approach. Standing there, gazing up at the dark mountain overhead, the unsettling, haunted quality of its silence takes on a more definite shape. I imagine the cliffs teeming with life, echoing with squawks and roars, the sheer dense mass of cries and sonic signals that expresses the life of a colony. Even only knowing they were here once, the

absence of the birds becomes something spectral, disquieting. Birds have a way of weaving themselves into space, with their calls and their cries: a quotidian givenness that can make their disappearance shocking, difficult to absorb, unthinkable. At the end of the nineteenth century, for example, when the American passenger pigeon collapsed and their vast flocks disappeared, in the span of a few decades, the event echoed like an invisible detonation. For decades the extinction was denied, refused, considered impossible, unimaginable. Bizarre theories were advanced. Some claimed the birds had migrated en masse to remote places like Chile, where they were seen supposedly in their billions, still alive, nesting and flocking. Henry Ford argued that the birds had all drowned in the Pacific.²⁰ And so on. Critic Jonathan Rosen put it aptly when he described the extinct pigeons as ‘phantom limbs that the country kept on feeling’.²¹ Phantom limbs: image of haunting in an almost-corporeal mode, a near-physical sense of something missing, of something that should be there.

As I mentioned, the factors that drive the seabird decline are complex, and multiple. Toxins choke the seas, bioaccumulate, disrupting fertility. Plastics block digestive tracts. Greenhouse gases heat the atmosphere, sinking heat into the oceans, displacing food species and with them, their predators. Carbon settles in water and binds, forming carbonic acid that dissolves the shells of the species that serve as food to the species that serve as food to the species that are gone now—and so on, and on. As I said, the vast majority of these changes are anthropogenic—and with that observation, the silence I am standing begins to take on the shape of a human footprint. I, myself, am implicated; not just in the dissipated sense of some collective belonging to a species that suddenly recognises itself as a geological agent but more specifically, and more intimately—as a high-consuming westerner, plastic user, car driver, plane traveller, “citizen of nowhere”; most saliently, perhaps, as a white European, heir to an entangled legacy of violence that is woven into the very fabric of me, sedimented in the who and what of me since before I was born. The silence here is a silence that you and I and we have brought forth, collectively, in the countless tiny micro-aggressions of an undeclared species war. With this, it seems to me, the collapse of the birds also risks signalling an impasse: a collapse of analysis, and of speech itself, short circuiting in the abyssal enormity of an anthropocenic *mea culpa*—a recursive and inescapable flagellation by which haunting continuously resolves itself into helpless guilt, analysis into melancholic pathos and solitary reverie. Something else is required: some other mode, some other key of reckoning.

Consider this then, as one thought experiment. In a short book published in December 2016, just weeks before his suicide, the cultural critic and activist Mark Fisher analysed the uncanny affect of eeriness as the effect of a ‘crisis of presence’ that could manifest in one of two ways. It could arise from a failure of absence, as in the experience of something where there should be nothing: a cry in the middle of the night, a shape at the window, footsteps in an empty room. Equally it could also arise from a failure of presence—in the

experience of an unexplained nothing where there should be something: a ship at sea without its crew, say; an abandoned city, streets unexpectedly empty; a coastline without birds, perhaps, or a cliff-face full of abandoned nests. To Fisher, the eerie operated through the ‘enigma’ of agency: a sense that some unknown force or causative entity was at work, disturbing the order of things, creating strange effects. Who, or what? Why? How? Eeriness lived and died by its sense of mystery—an unresolved quality, a puzzle, unanswered questions, inscrutable circumstances. As soon as the mystery was explained, or explained away (‘oh, it’s just branches against the window’), eeriness would dissipate—and with that, its affective charge. As long as the mystery was preserved, however, the eerie sustained an indeterminate, heightened, and powerful state: a space within which reality seemed underdetermined, explanations insufficient, in which interpretations could proliferate. Thus framed, eeriness describes the transient coordinates (and properties) of a space that is rich, haunted to overflowing, and generative.²² This seems to me like a useful juncture—a point where this hermetic, solitary experience of silence might be folded out into something else: a starting point for something, an analytic opening, a set of tracks leading somewhere.

Consider this then, too. Normally, as an anthropologist, my principal access to the silence(s) I have described here would come through others. Trailing scientists, tour guides, artists, or birdwatchers, I would learn from them about their experiences of silence, their descriptions, their interpretations; the way they moved through silence and inhabited it, how they listened and heard, what they did with the silence; what it did to them. Their leads would take me to other stories: stories perhaps about the history, politics, and meaning of particular silences, the sorts of bodies and subjects who experienced them, the kinds of effects (and interpretations) they elicited. The questions this raises here, for me, are about disciplinarity. A large and vibrant body of work exists in anthropology that speaks to the potential of its disciplinary interfaces, and convergences, with philosophy.²³ Much of this work is deeply technical, even esoteric: as inaccessible as it may be brilliant, provocative or fierce. Other points of contact are possible, other conversations that open for joint modes of thought: smaller ones perhaps—informal, quotidian, experiential, convivial. One of my aims here is precisely to explore one such point of contact: opening up the space that comes before what I would normally think of as ‘fieldwork’—and with this, some of the conceptual and reflexive work that happens in this preliminary space. By shifting that work narratively into a literal field, one that is not quite yet the ‘field’ of fieldwork, I am playing with the unspoken normative boundaries that organize ideas of research and fieldwork in my own discipline—and also, with the idea of the field itself: with the possibility of assembling, from its multiple significations, a concept that might serve as neutral ground. If philosophy comes ‘out’ to the field, we can certainly try to meet it halfway—by moving ‘the field’.

A year or two after my first visit to Måstad, on another trip to the islands, I find myself on the near-empty upper deck of the outbound ferry from Bodø,

seated near some older fishermen. Leaning against the front-facing windows, watching the light play across the waters ahead, their conversation drifts—trailing landmarks and features as they come and pass on the horizon, commenting on the light and the wind and the temperatures, recent weather patterns, market fluctuations, the shifting luck of fishermen they know, conditions at this fishing spot or that, why some fish shoal might have moved on or where they may have gone to, where they can be found now and so on. Inevitably, I find myself tuning to the threaded patter of their conversation—and gradually, in the weave of the comments and questions, the observations, interjections and elaborations, I begin to discern a narrative pulse, lilting and slow, that trails the unseen fish—their unexpected absences, the unexplained returns. Calibrated by the silence under the cliffs, I hear that pulse through Fisher and his ‘crisis of presence’, the haunted generativity of the eerie. Might there be some link here, some idiom to relate the danger and uncertainty of Arctic fisheries to the haunted absent-presence of the birds, the empty nests that dot the cliffs? My sense is that there is.

Transformation

Let me draw some of the threads together. Standing there at the foot of the cliff, faced with the silence, my first impulse was to populate it, conjuring the absences it indexed: an imaginative reconstruction, oriented by disciplined speculation. Having conjured up its absences—inviting them in, so to speak, in an effort to understand—I found myself haunted by a sharper strangeness in the landscape; an affect mixed of grief, guilt, anger and nostalgia. Rooting myself in this experience, and the work of Mark Fisher, my second approach tried to sketch an analytic of eeriness as a ‘crisis of presence’—a transient state charged with unease and disquiet, even danger, but also with a kind of generative uncertainty. In hindsight, it seems to me now that there was also a kind of exposure in this move—that in populating the silence, I also gave it a foothold and return purchase: a capacity to act, to affect, to reorganize, even to transform. From this sense of being affected, in a non-trivial way, I think I can derive a third line of approach that builds on the first two. Let me concretize this.

When I first came out to the islands, I was looking not just for the silence of the birds but also for the artist who had made themselves a spokesperson, so to speak, for that silence.²⁴ Elin Már Øyen Vister is a sound artist, performer and DJ who arrived in Lofoten initially in 2009, to work as field assistant to an ornithologist who was recording local birdlife. Afterwards they remained in Lofoten, settling on the nearby island of Røst in order to continue developing their multimedia art practice—creating, among other things, a series of soundscapes based on bird recordings from the archipelago.²⁵ My interest in Elin’s work was connected initially to the archive their work was forming over time, as a living record of a growing silence. As it turned out however, sitting across from them at the kitchen table in their small blue house on Røst, what Elin offered to me was not so much their archive as another, third

entrance to the silence: a route that began precisely from that experience of being affected—because in all those years of waiting, stalking the birds and hiding among the rocks, deep in the silence, something had begun to happen to Elin. In their own words, ‘I found myself slowly transforming into a hybrid between a human body and [an] Atlantic Puffin’.²⁶

From their immersion in the silence, Elin describes the progressive theriomorphic emergence of their new, hybrid body as a change of skin—using the old Norse *hamingja*, a kind of spiritual animal transformation or shape-shifting that is also associated with inherited luck.²⁷ Working from a deep-felt ‘wish to embody birdlike features’ Elin began collaborating with a friend, a textile artist, to develop its physical form.²⁸ The result was an entity called the ‘Puffinhood’: a kind of shamanic emissary—half bird, half human—sent ‘by the Great Auk family’ to mediate and translate between human worlds and bird-worlds.²⁹ In an ongoing performance called ‘listening to coexistence’, the Puffinhood now travels through Norway, on ferries and trains, talking to members of the public and holding events at various venues and regional art centers—³⁰ always in the name of a ‘non-hierarchical’, ‘horizontal interspecies listening’; an ethical intervention, animated by accountability to the silence that the Puffinhood itself came out of, the growing silence of the islands.³¹ In this sense, the Puffinhood embodies listening as a kind of sustained praxis: a learning-to-be-affected that demands preparation and work, that is catalysed by intent, focused in attentive absorption and tuned, finally, with a kind of species-agnostic sensitivity. Its practice is transformational, and mimetic;³² a rendering-susceptible that turns the ‘arts of noticing’ back on themselves, unfolding their effect inward.³³ With this, I think, the Puffinhood also expresses the mimetic risks of attention: the capacity to deterritorialise, to engender disorienting and transformative losses of self.³⁴ In this sense it stands, I think, as a vivid cypher for the many ways in which the unfolding catastrophic realities of the present can intrude, with inordinate and disordering force—not just into daily life or experience, but into the very architecture of the subject.

Returning to that field under the cliff—deep already in the catastrophic planetary mass extinction that is also the Anthropocene—what the Puffinhood brings to life most vividly for me is precisely this position of the transformed witness: the observer transformed by their observation. Compelled, I pay attention; paying attention, the material acts on me and I am undone, remade, restructured. As an emergent form of life, the Puffinhood seems entirely at home in the imaginal future-present E. O. Wilson dubs the Eremocene: a coming age of loneliness and biotic devastation in which the human subject stands alone, bereft, in a solitude of its own making.³⁵ Already the contours of that world-enfolding silence are discernible, a weak but pervasive signal—and still the stakes escalate. Wave after wave of disappearance forces urgent but unclear demands. My third line of approach here, then, might be to trace the footsteps of the Puffinhood back into the growing silence that it came from; a route of transformation through exposure, rooted in the experience of being affected. Generalising from this,

I might advocate for modes of attention that lose themselves in their object, allowing themselves to be undone in the movement of a controlled unravelling that they also accelerate.³⁶ I would enter this plea only with caution, however. Realities like mass extinction, climate change or the collapse of the oceanic food-webs are extreme, destabilising, difficult. Their encompassing intensity requires unfamiliar rigor, invites subtle forms of possession. Ultimately there is more here, much more—and there are traps. Be careful.

Let me outline one such trap, in closing. To show you what I mean. Come back to where I started, standing in the shadow of the cliff with its absent birds—because what I did not tell you, back then, is that where I am standing it is winter. It is late in the year, and the puffins are pelagic: they may be gone but not because they have died out, not yet anyway. Right now they are out at sea: hunting, swimming, training their young. They come ashore again in the spring, to mate, and the cliffs will wake again—not as lively as they used to be, perhaps, but certainly livelier than I described them, livelier than they seemed as I stood there for the first time, pondering their silence.³⁷ That silence is real, the populations plunge and the colonies are collapsing—but its absoluteness was a trick of the light, one I almost played on myself. Standing there you see, in the shadow of the mountain, I did know that the birds come back, that they return (still) from year to year. I knew from conversations and reading that the birds are not extinct here, not yet—and yet, still, I nearly convinced myself that this was the silence I had come for: an absolute silence, echoing with the absence of dead birds in the aftermath of some all-encompassing catastrophe; a simplified caricature, terminal and abstract.

The moment that I caught myself in this was jarring, disorienting—not least because it made clear that I had been carrying this image of silence with me for a long time, longer than I knew, since long before I first learned of the declining bird colonies. With this, a sudden space opened up between the silence I had imagined and the silence I was standing in: a silence out there that was both simpler and stranger than the one I anticipated. In that space, laid out as if for perusal, lay also the phantasmal cartography of a certain catastrophic sublime: expectation of an absolute and devastated silence that felt, in some sense, like a birthright; a stark-cut hallucination that I did, for a little while, confuse with the world. One trap among many—mistaking one silence for another, yielding to apocalyptic fantasy. The cataclysm may be unfolding but the silences that threaded this space were more complex, richer, and more challenging than what I had equipped myself for. They issued from a place that was reduced but not destroyed—impoverished, perhaps, but also still alive, neither lifeless nor (yet) fully devastated. They opened, in other words, on the myriad entangled possibilities of damage and survival, partial loss, recuperation, mutation, and resurgence; of life continuing but in other forms, under other circumstances. They both were and were not the silence I had come for. Holding my breath, I might yet perhaps

create a space for these other, living silences to act—to flow through, complex and ambiguous, authorising nothing. What could happen then? This remains to be seen.

Notes

¹ Kolbert, *The Sixth Extinction*.

² Reinert, “Face of a Dead Bird”; “The Care of Migrants.”

³ Morton, *Hyperobjects*.

⁴ See, for example: Reinert, “Notes from a Projected Sacrifice Zone.”

⁵ Norgaard, *Living in Denial*.

⁶ Macfarlane, “Desecration Phrasebook,” (accessed June 20, 2018).

⁷ Bureau of Linguistic Reality, (accessed June 20 2018).

⁸ Reinert, “Video segment recorded at the site,” (accessed June 20 2018).

⁹ Yttervik and Naess, “Krise for norske sjøfugler,” (accessed June 20 2018).

¹⁰ Møllevik, “Matmangel rammer lundebarna også i år,” (accessed June 20, 2018).

¹¹ The IUCN Red List of Threatened Species, (accessed June 20, 2018).

¹² Ibid.

¹³ Amundsen, “Puffins on Hornøya,” (accessed June 20, 2018).

¹⁴ Sørli, *Øyfolket*, 180.

¹⁵ Annotated breed compendium for the Lundehund, providing an overview of the main breed characteristics. http://lundehund.no/images/Pdf-er/Breed_Compedium_Lundehund_English_2015_web.pdf, (accessed June 20, 2018).

¹⁶ Espelien, *Lundehundboka*.

¹⁷ Espelien, “The History and Future of the Norwegian Lundehund”, 42-43.

¹⁸ Statistics from the Norwegian Puffin Dog Association, (accessed June 20 2018).

¹⁹ Sørli.

²⁰ Greenberg, *A Feathered River Across the Sky*.

²¹ Jonathan Rosen, “The Birds,” (accessed June 20, 2018).

²² Not unlike the kinds of space that many of us are drawn to in the field, as ethnographers.

²³ See for example, de Castro, *Cannibal Metaphysics*; Holbraad and Pedersen, *The Ontological Turn*.

²⁴ Preferred pronoun.

²⁵ Leynar, *Soundscape Røst*, (accessed June 20, 2018).

²⁶ For further information see: <http://www.childofklang.no/the-puffin/>.

²⁷ Hedeager, “Split Bodies”.

²⁸ Eriksen, artist website, (accessed June 20, 2018).

²⁹ Vister, Child of Klang, (accessed June 20, 2018).

³⁰ Ibid.

³¹ Ibid.

³² Taussig, *Mimesis and Alterity*.

³³ Tsing, *The Mushroom at the End of the World*.

³⁴ Willerslev, *Soul Hunters*.

³⁵ Wilson, “Beware the Age of Loneliness,” (accessed June 20, 2018).

³⁶ Collee, “Why stories shouldn’t always have endings,” (accessed June 20 2018). See also Bhangu et al, “Feeling/ Following.”

³⁷ Vister, “The Puffin,” (accessed June 20, 2018).

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