

**Temporary  
Contact Zone**



These places are created by animals, across human borders. Re-programmed according to their own desires.

They have squeezed their bodies through small gaps in fences, which have become bigger and bigger over time.



The fox observes me a few meters away.  
It disappears through a narrow hole.  
Without reflecting, I follow.

We use the same entrances at the same  
time of the day. The foxes help me  
trespassing the closed area.

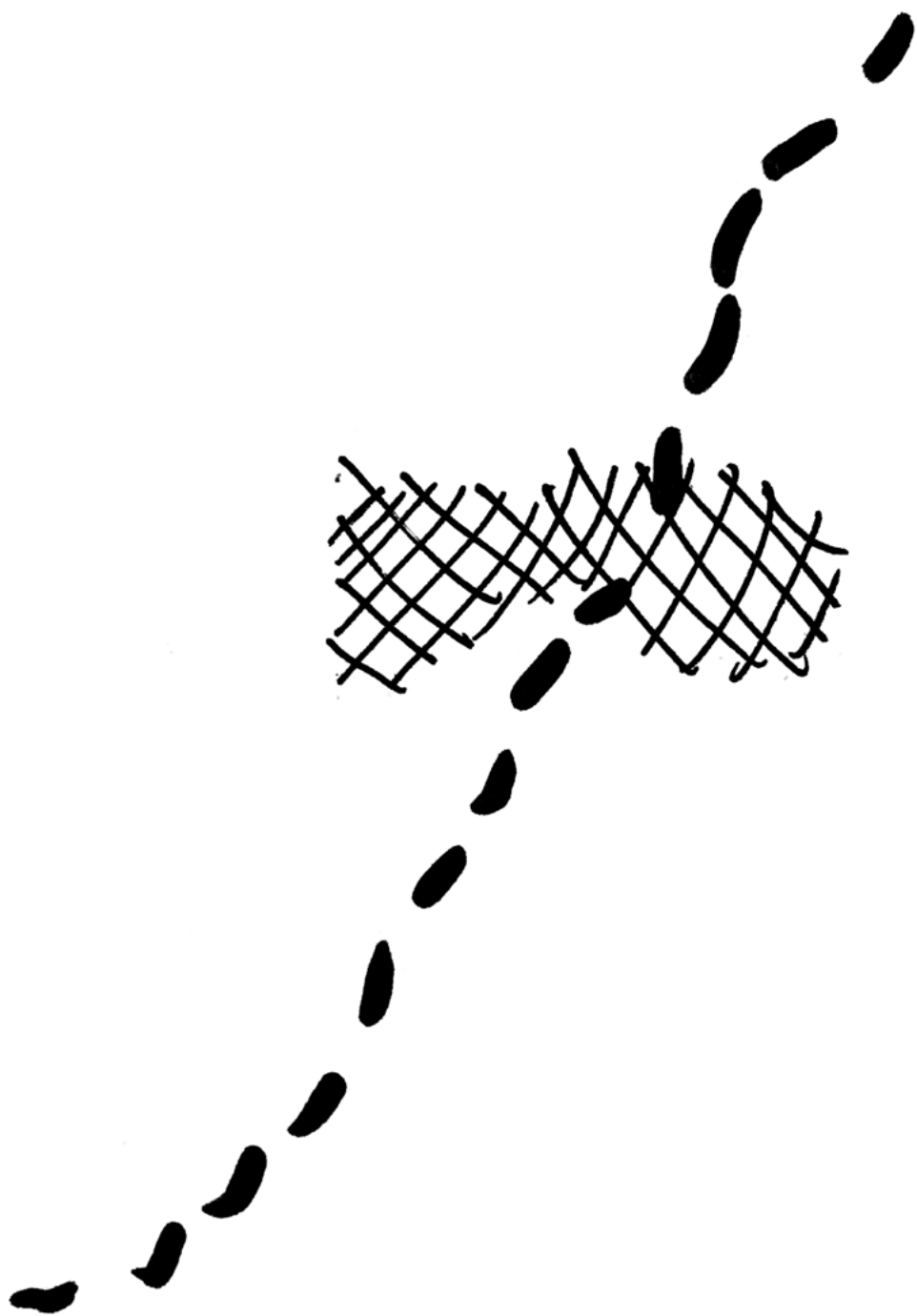


I use the system this fox has developed. But the holes are not only created by foxes - many of them are cut up by bolt cutters. We have created these places together. Both me and the fox have to walk through the same narrow passage to get further from here. It leads to upside-down encounters. We are parasitizing on the same system.



The hole becomes the point on a boundary where two different spatial, perceptual and social worlds are mixed. A limited space which brings us together. Channeling our movement. Forcing us into close contact with each others. An alternative phenomenon in an urban environment which otherwise consists of separated homogeneous islands.

The things we can't understand turn into nature. Patterns of the unplanned.



# Temporary Contact Zones

## Rauma

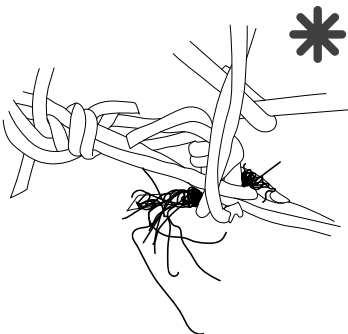
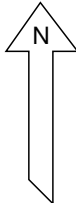
— Human GPS tracking  
between May - July  
2018

⋯ Non-human path

⋈ Fence

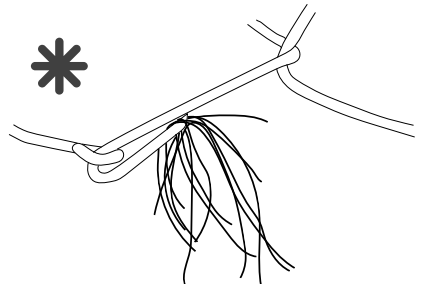
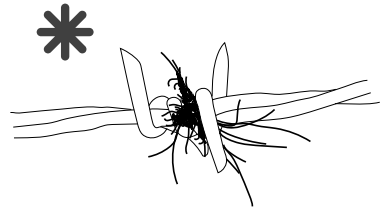
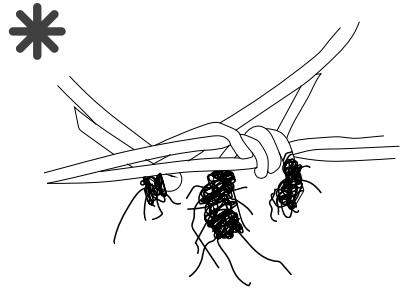
\* Holes in fence in use  
by animals May - July  
2018

■ Unesco  
info board



0 1 km







I choose to ally with the foxes. We do not belong to the same species but we unite in each others' territorial agendas.

In the moment I get caught, another situation occur.

We are staring at each others.

Trying to understand.

Waiting for a reaction.

I am quiet and still.

We run away in separate directions without really understanding.



Using these holes is a transgression of physical borders, but also of social positions. Who is parasitizing on whom?

Someone has cut up this hole.

Someone has left a piece of fur on the barbed wire.

We have spent nights in these areas.

We become one with the landscape.

The city becomes more than human.

More than control.

More than familiar.

We find ourselves far away from the image that is official.

The city has never been human.



The fox does not seem angry, but maybe not particularly positive either.  
Surprised.

And maybe that is good enough for now.  
Both of us know nothing about what this meeting will lead to.

We are in an unsecure stage.

The irrational behavior may establish an opening.

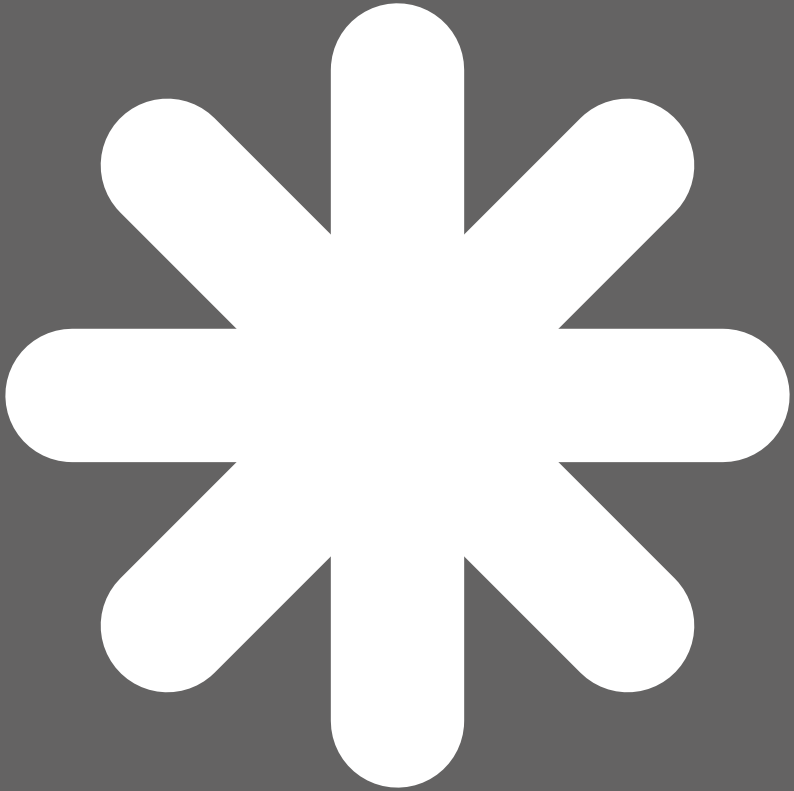
But we never become one, we remain two different individuals.

Keeping our integrity.





Film



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