

An aerial photograph of a dry riverbed. The riverbed is characterized by a winding, light-colored path of sand and silt, which contrasts sharply with the surrounding dark, textured soil. The overall appearance is one of extreme aridity and erosion.

THE DROUGHT BIGERT & BERGSTRÖM

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INTRODUCTION  
SEA THIRST AND FEAR  
BY D. GRAHAM BURNETT

**1 – The paté of salt**

The *Comedian as the Letter C* (1923) is a narrative poem in six cantos by the great American modernist Wallace Stevens. It tells the story of an anti-heroic sea transit by a somewhat dandyish character named Crispin, who experiences characterological vertigo as he abandons the familiar environs of his old world home to reckon with the wider wonders of oceanic nature – and the penetrating strangeness of the new world. It is an extravagant poem, linguistically showy, and by turns arch, archaic, and coltish. Throughout, however, it displays a ruthless precision concerning our tragi-comic condition. On putting the book down, once, I felt a totally irrational desire to check my body with my hands and eyes – to see if I was bleeding. It was as if I had just gotten clear of a surprise engagement with a debonair and unscrupulous rapier-wielding wizard.

The second stanza of this demanding work finds the protagonist peering out upon the boundless Atlantic from the deck of his westbound ship. He is unnerved by the unfamiliar expanse, by the absence of terrestrial references, and he lets his gaze wander across the sea surface, across the waves and wavelets streaming in all directions, “Inscrutable hair in an inscrutable world.” To the best of my knowledge, no one has ever made any notable sense of the next line, which I take as my text upon the occasion of this exhibition by Bigert & Bergström:

One eats one paté, even of salt, quotha.

The line stands alone, semantically speaking. It does not directly relate, in any obvious way, to what comes before or after. It is charged with the ponderous force of proverbial wisdom, though I have been unable to source any apothegm in any relevant language upon which this bon mot could be said to draw or comment. The self-mocking, self-undermining, self-aggrandizing “quotha” gives this pseudo-adage its air of fusty grandeur – and in that air it seems to hover between flatulence and dandyism. And yet, however close the line comes to mannered jabberwocky, it is (language is funny this way) clear enough what it “means.” It means something along the lines of “you play the hand you are dealt” or “you dance with the one that brung you,” or “life sucks, and then you die.” In fact, let’s say it means something in the triangle defined by those three demotic-fatalic maxims.

**2 – Life sucks, and then you die**

I caught the rabbit in a long handled landing net – aluminum in frame, and made complete by a neatly knotted cotton mesh *filet* ample enough to boat an eight pound bass. The rabbit was a juvenile, no larger than a grapefruit, and I have the clearest memory of the swipe that took him: pursued, he had, for some reason, frozen atop an oak stump, which the net easily encompassed – with the effect that the net came down on him hard and tight, the webbing pressing his small body flat to the concentric rings, and momentarily cutting his soft fur into polygonal tufts. In the hand he vibrated, less like an animal than like an electric toothbrush.

Boys catch things. I kept him on the screened-in porch, where he hid behind the glider and nibbled bundles of flat-leaf parsley down the rubber bands that bound the stems, leaving little turds on the astroturf. He seemed anxious.

The solution? A salt lick. Or so it seemed to me – who knows why? A salt lick was secured: a white puck, centrally pierced, like a gargantuan wint-o-green lifesaver. It had some of the archaic charisma of a primitive jadeite ring or Aztec artifact. I licked it myself, gave it a suck. This was in Indiana, before I had seen the sea. Salt.

I placed it on a dish, and put it out for the rabbit, which escaped that night.

### **3 – You dance with the one that brung you**

In November of 1977 a woman by the name of Willa Mayes, together with a friend named Trula Bush, gave more than forty glasses of concentrated saltwater to the six children with whom they lived – Mayes was grandmother to three of them, and Bush mother to the others. Shortly after thanksgiving of that year, both women were arrested for the death of Daniel Bush, aged 6, who was found emaciated and unresponsive, the victim of acute, fatal *hypernatremia* (salt poisoning). High concentrations of salt in the body create osmotic disturbances that lead to hemorrhaging; brain cells are particularly sensitive to electrolytic fluctuations, and massive cerebral damage is an inevitable consequence of sustained serum sodium levels significantly beyond the normal range. The subsequent investigation revealed evidence strongly suggesting that Willa Mayes moved through periods of believing herself to be inhabited by (or closely associated with) Jesus Christ – and that the consumption of the saline solutions was part of a sequence of rituals aimed at spiritual cleansing and/or full-bore exorcism. Various traditions, some of them quite old (all of them of dubious provenance), link salty cocktails to daimonic possession. Mayes, clearly a disturbed person, but manifestly possessed of considerable mojo, was found sufficiently *compos mentis* to stand trial, and she was convicted on a homicide charge; she went to jail.

The case unrolled in the spring of 1978, in Indianapolis, Indiana, where the crimes occurred – and where I then lived, an eight-year-old boy, in a white clapboard house at the edge of a large cornfield on the outskirts of town. I recall a very vivid dream from that year: out of the darkness, a single blade, quick to the chest; a fatal tingle throughout my body, a vibration; the closing darkness.

I asked my mother about the killing, which I saw reported in the newspaper that lay on the breakfast table. “Why would a mother do that?” I think I asked. “People can be crazy, can do strange things.” I think she replied. But the truth is, I do not really remember what we said. I know I was worried about the whole thing. I know she tried to reassure me. But our exchange, in my memory, is neither linguistic nor properly visual. My dream is perhaps more vivid.

### **4 – You play the hand you are dealt**

Is there a maharaja of Indore? Sure, sort of. Or there was twenty years ago. I have not kept up with the family. Awkward business, royalty – even in the capitals of old Europe, where at least there are Chanel shows to attend. In the global south, the frisson of tropical exoticism cannot quite shake the legacy of colonial violence. But these are things one can mostly disregard as a young man. And so, in the spring of 1992, I immersed myself most languorously, most gratefully, and with suitably eye-averted deference in the Raj-era splendor of the maharaja’s summer palace at Maheshwar, on the banks of the Narmada River. I had been recommended. After dinner, while the servants cleared the plates, the prince, as kind and elegant a man as could be wanted, showed me the satellites of Jupiter in his telescope, erected on the verandah.

The magnificent sprite of the crenelated castle was his daughter, a girl of perhaps seven or eight, who went by Sabrina. She was wicked and fair and brimming with forceful life. One afternoon, when my travelling companion and I returned to the palace from a long walk under the cruel sun of Madhya Pradesh, Sabrina greeted us with a silver tray upon which were set two tall glasses of icy lemonade, dewily dripping with the cold sweat of condensation. Magical.

I took my glass and tipped it up, drinking deep – and reflexively gagged, spraying spit upon the painted tiles. Salt. She had made the lemonade with salt, not sugar.

And off she ran, giggling like a little goddess to whom right and wrong do not apply.

### **5 – Quotha**

Onè eats one paté, even of salt.” So we are told. So it is intoned, vatically, by the poet-sage. But there is, of course, no such thing as a “paté” of salt. The very notion of a paté implies an unstably homogenized aggregation of diverse and tender bits – liver and loin, pork and duck – congealed beneath an unctuous tuck of caul fat. Salt crunches. It is white, unmixed, and less like a meat pie than most anything I can think of. So perhaps it is really not a paté “of” salt to which the strange saying alludes, but rather a salty paté. This would be a funny use of the word “of” in English. But Stevens regularly bends his prepositions in peculiar ways, creating indeterminacy through strategic misuse of these familiar particles. So perhaps this is it: “one eats – one must eat – a salty portion, if that is the portion one receives; since one receives but one portion.” It might be too salty to be tasty. It might even be indigestibly salty. Could it be *fatally* salty?

Crispin on the ship deck. The paté of salt. One takes it into the mouth, and eats it, this thing. Whatever it is. However salt.

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**24/9/2012**

The dripping plane ascends from a wet runway through the low Swedish autumn clouds. The small water droplets on the windows try hard to withstand the crush of air, but are smeared away as we push up through the last layer of white vapor. We're on our way towards Apulia in Italy to visit and document the largest and oldest saltpans of Europe: Santa Margherita di Savoia. (01)

The idea is to spend several days in the blistering heat and follow the seawater as it seeps through the basins and is slowly reduced into dense red brine. Concentrated sunshine. It's unusually hot in Italy for late September and of course everyone blames global warming. Reading in today's *Herald Tribune* about the galloping meltdown of the glaciers and inland ice of Greenland only strengthens these claims. The average temperature has shot up 4°C in the past fifteen years, creating new challenges for the Inuit population as they can no longer continue their old tradition of fishing and hunting from the ice. As Greenland turns green again, new business opportunities are revealed. And foreign mining companies are expropriating large land areas where rare minerals, gold and uranium see the light of day. Probably the only thing that could save the polar ice cap is a gigantic Styrofoam Bucky Dome.

**29/9/2012**

Grand Hotel Terme, Margherita di Savoia. At the breakfast table we witness the crowd of retired Italians cleaning their plates like a school of piranhas. After this, they will roll down the stairs to the basement to experience the spa's famed inhalation treatments. They hook up to nozzles that spout hot steam straight down their throats. The steam is produced from water that has passed through twenty-year-old layers of clay underneath the salt in the pans outside the city. It is believed to cure a wide range of respiratory ailments. It is interesting to see these people connected to machines, like rows of one-armed bandits in a casino. The chances of being cured are probably equally unlikely. Maybe we should try it?

In the last couple of days we've been around the saltpans taking photos that will be used to create a new batch of works to be included in this project, which will revolve around drought and water scarcity. The heat is intense, and the computer fan pants as it processes the images, stitching them into panoramas of the different areas of the saltpans. (03)

We learned a lot today. One likes to think that making salt is something simple and easy to pull off. Just add some heat and let the water evaporate. Nothing could be more wrong. The process of salt making involves a four-year period of salt water being transported between different basins where the sun, wind and heat collaborate in the mutual task of concentrating the liquid. As the water becomes successively concentrated, the minerals begin to precipitate in a sequence in which salt is the last. The final destination is the basin where only pink NaCl salt crystals break the light with their faceted vibration. (04)

**30/9/2012**

How can we visualize this site into a sculptural representation that reflects all of its aspects? The initial idea was to make a new spherical photo sculpture, but the flatness and sharp corners of the basins led us to a new association: the crystal. (37–38)

If we enlarge crystals and print the panoramic images on them, we can display them as pins in an imaginary map. When we study the satellite image of the salt pans, a pixelated man-made landscape emerges. The once-natural basins are trimmed into a geometric pattern designed solely to perform one process – salt production. So both a ground-based perspective and an aerial view show a flat surface that needs to be unfolded. The multifaceted reflection that a group of crystal-line photo sculptures would offer could serve as the central mirrors on top of a flat anamorphic image – projecting it right again. (39–46)

Thinking of Robert Smithson's Spiral Jetty, which from above looks like a sleeping baby fern plant ready to uncoil. (05)

**4/12/2012**

Back at the studio in Stockholm. We're going through the images we took in Italy and discussing how we can use these quite ordinary vistas of horizontality.

For our previous project, "The Storm," we experimented with the method of UV printing photographs on the back of thin glass. A development of the glass sketches we've done by hand over the years by creating stacked images with transparent areas. The new glass montages combine the latest printing technology with *Hinterglasmalerei*, a medieval method used to paint Byzantine icons. After a while, these two different temporal dimensions also appear in the pictures from Margherita. Salt as preservation of time <-> the constant flux of ephemeral vapor. This will form the framework for a new series of works we decide to develop for the exhibition: the atmosphere, horizon and salty ground dissolved by the weather. Meteorological signs and symbols will punctuate the images and separate the air, moisture and salt into clouds of new particles. The focus on an atmosphere in transformation will attempt to stretch the image of the "landscape" into a scientific discourse centered on climate change and geoengineering. Like old transparencies in anatomical encyclopedias, the scenery will be dissected in slices of fundamental elements. A decapitation of the motif in order to resurrect it. (25–32)

**7/12/2012**

The Drought. We decide to continue our research into various climatic extremes and to use the salt pans in Italy as a vantage point for a broader investigation of heat, evaporation and salt. This need to annihilate water in order to produce salt gave us the title of the exhibition – "The Drought," a title that broadens the perspective of an atmosphere in transition. As we rise with the hot air from Margherita di Savoia, we zoom out over a Mediterranean region struggling with heat waves and suffering from a scarcity of freshwater. Whether or not these problems

will escalate in the near future due to global warming is a question that no one can answer with one-hundred percent certainty. But many factors point in this direction. What is certain, though, is that the salt and the water will remain long after we are gone. One a conservative constant, the other a fluid agent in motion. (06)

**18/1/2013**

If salt represents the body, then steam and dampness are the spirit. The hard, cubic, crystalline structure of salt, chained to the surface of the soil for millions of years, contrasts with the soft, flowing form of H<sub>2</sub>O molecules. Invisible, they surround us in the air and penetrate every cell of our bodies. We ourselves are 50% water; we die if we lose 15% of our fluids. (08)

Inconstant and ephemeral is the cloud that drifts by, constantly changing. A cascade of images morph into one another as we lie on our backs projecting our imaginations into these passing bundles of malleable thought. We drift along with it up there, rotating on all three axes inside the cloud. But our shoulder blades chafe against the reminder of our bodies' solid contact with the earth.

A tiny grain of salt suddenly makes itself intensely felt in our shoe and all of our sensory attention is focused on this existential point. The Romans used to sacrifice just such a grain to Salus, the god of health, as a symbol of the spirit's link to eternity.

**23/1/2013**

In the studio in Stockholm. We decide to make a human-sized endless hourglass. This sculpture will form the centerpiece of the exhibition and reflect the *deus ex machina* everyone hopes will suddenly materialize and give a moment's respite. Our fading time postponed indefinitely. (33–35)

At the heart of the hourglass, where the salt slips from the top to the bottom, is where we are. The sharp breaking point lies embedded like the macula of an all-seeing eye. A highly polished, stainless-steel sphere that takes in and reflects a 360° view of its surroundings, like a fish eye. Perhaps it is the same eye that the ancient Norse god Odin gave up in payment for a drink from the well of wisdom? Now that eye lies at the bottom of Mimir's well under the tree Yggdrasil, taking in all that happens in the world. The event horizon in the top of the hourglass lies unchanging. The cone that extrapolates all future possibilities from the central point of now. A common perception is that we are traveling forward in time, like a projectile shot out of a rifle, from left to right. But the hourglass reflects a different model, one in which we are surrounded by a constant shower of dust and particles from the future. History collects at our feet while the salt of life is composted in sedimentary layers of memory that change under pressure. They crystallize, develop facets and gradually present a kaleidoscope of possible images of our past. (9)

When we visited the LHC particle accelerator at CERN in 2009, the detector located at the point where protons are smashed

into each other at the speed of light, looked like an hourglass lying on its side. The future is a mad centrifuge, and the now is a violent collision. History becomes a sandstorm of fizzing quarks and bosons, in which the search for a grandiose unified theory can be compared to searching for a needle in a thousand million haystacks. (10)

### **27/2 2013**

Sitting on the train on the way to the desalination plant in El Prat de Llobregat outside Barcelona, which we plan to document with spherical panorama shots. When we were researching salt and water, we came across a picture of the interior of this plant – a rainbow inferno of pipes and valves. It was such a sharp contrast to the layers of salt in Margherita, both visually and functionally. This giant machine, whose only task is to extract salt from water, is as far as you can get from an endless white horizon of salt. It should work as a counterpoint in the linear spectrum we're painting along the coasts of the Mediterranean, where drought is a growing problem. (11)

Summer 2008 was a record year for dry spells in Spain – the driest since measurements began 60 years ago. In Barcelona, the city's freshwater reservoirs dropped so dramatically that emergency measures were put in place. By the end of the summer, the city was forced to buy tankers filled with millions of liters of freshwater, which were stocked outside of Barcelona. They became a symbol of the city's failed water supply, leading to the decision to build the desalination plant by the mouth of the river Llobregat in the Mediterranean. (12)

It's absurd how trade in freshwater has spread across the globe. With escalating population growth and global warming, some hydrologists believe that by 2025 some 3.5 billion people will live in areas with water shortages. Currently that figure is 500 million. Already, Turkey exports water to Jordan, Israel and Syria. France sends tankers to Algeria, and Malaysia provides all of Singapore's drinking water. Conflicts are also flaring up as drought creates desperation. In the future, wars may be fought over freshwater rather than oil wells. Considering that fresh groundwater, rivers and lakes only make up 0.77% of the total amount of water on the earth, perhaps that isn't so strange.

### **28/2/2013**

For two days now we've been in and out through the different sections of the plant, taking photos, following the food chain of the salt water coming in from the ocean via pipelines, through layers of filtration and pump stations. Only the main hall left now, the room that first drew our attention to this place. It starts to rain and we realize that our hectic schedule made us forget our own intake of liquids. Thirst in the midst of the oasis. Outside the main entrance we're invited to drink from the holy siphon where the newly desalinated water awaits. We quench our thirst with the water, which has an acrid taste of chlorine. (13)

The last stage of the desalination process occurs in the reverse osmosis building. Entering this large hall with all

its pipes, valves and filters is like being swallowed by an enormous predator. Consumed by color-coded intestines, our attention is caught like nutrients being taken up into the machine. Bright colors and soft sweeping shapes mimic the surreal experience of moving around inside a huge neoplastic sculpture. The noise of the high-pressure pumps, which inject up to 2m<sup>3</sup> of salt water into the osmotic filters per second, is so loud that earplugs are an imperative. Every day the plant process 200 million liters of salt water, from which half is extracted as freshwater. The other half, the brine, is pumped back into the ocean after being mixed with filtered wastewater from the city. It is an energy-intensive procedure consuming up to 35 MW. The solar power panels covering all the rooftops of the plant only account for 1.3 MW. The scientific hope for the future is pinned on the ingenious material called graphene, from which they hope to construct more efficient nanofilters to separate salt from water. The desalination plant evokes a feeling that technology will be able to keep the ravaging beast of global warming at bay. Maybe we don't have to change our way of life and adapt to more eco-friendly lifestyles? Maybe we should put our trust in the human spirit of quick-tech-fix ingenuity? Other more utopian ideas of global scale also suggest this development: solar mirrors in space are imagined to redirect incoming solar rays, and Stephen Salter, a British marine engineer, believes that it is possible to boost the atmosphere's albedo (amount of covering clouds) by spraying fine droplets of seawater up into the air, creating artificial clouds. A fluffy protective airbag against Helios's runaway carriage. (15–18)

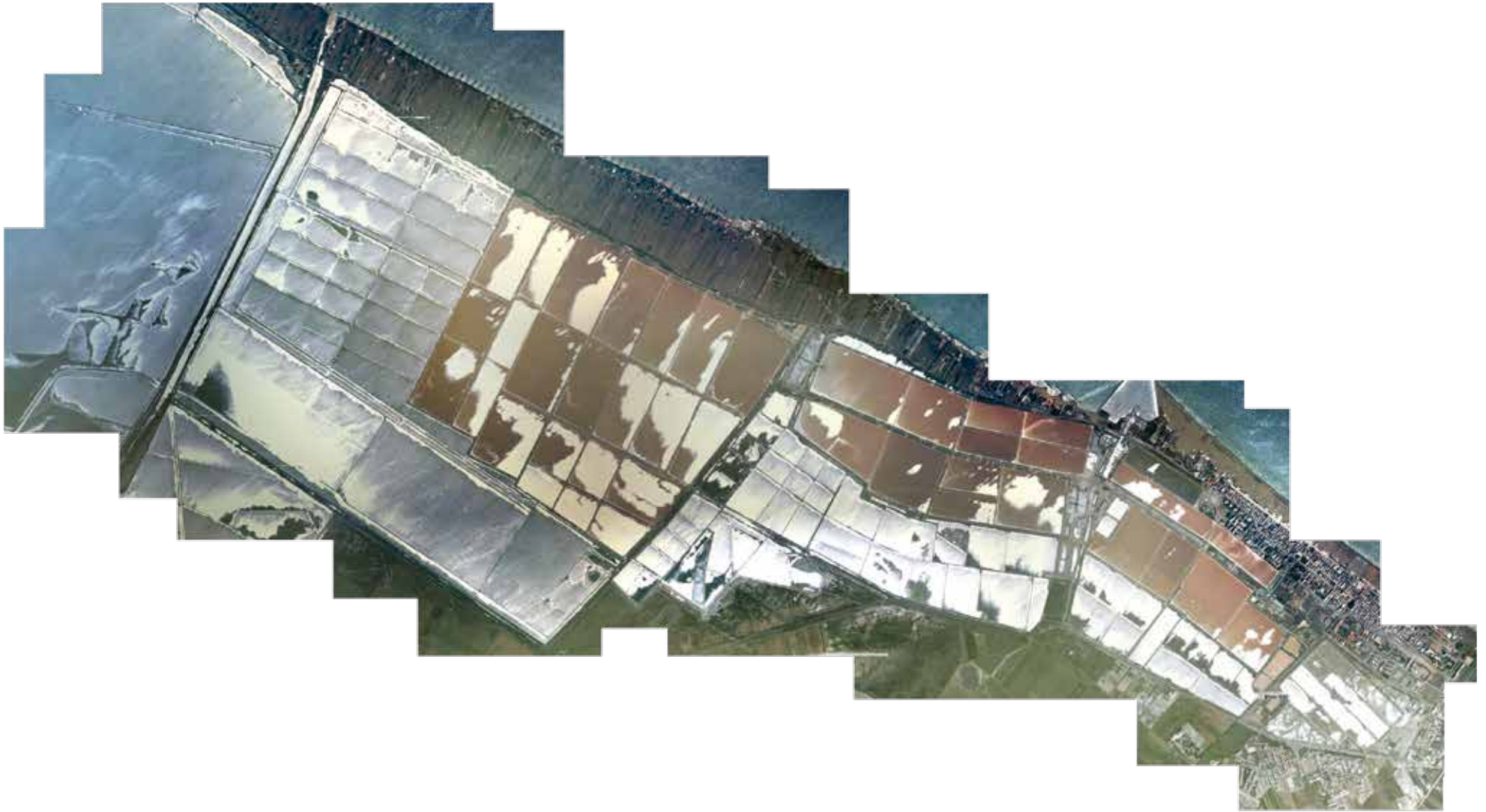
### **29/2/2013**

At MACBA in Barcelona, Hans Haacke's condensation cube is on display – a transparent acrylic cube filled with a small amount of water that keeps its own cycle as it responds to the interior climate of the museum and its different phases. (19)

Haacke made it in 1965 and it was initially interpreted as a comment on the cyclic and contained system of the art world and its institutions. Today, its connotations have seeped out into the climate discussion and it's inevitable that we would read it in relation to our own wafer-thin atmosphere. How one day it may just ooze away. Like on Venus, our neighbor planet that once had a substantial atmosphere containing both water and oxygen. But at some point the greenhouse effect went haywire and escalated into a cataclysmic event. Now the planet is the hottest place in our solar system.

## REFERENCES

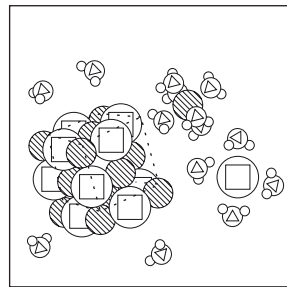
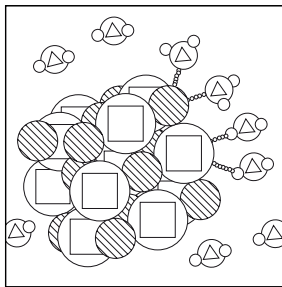




02  
Salt piles up during production in Santa Margherita di Savoia.

03  
Bergström documenting brine outside pump station house, Santa Margherita di Savoia, 2012

04  
Salt crystal dissolving. Salt after dissolving.



□ Chloride    ● Sodium    △ H<sub>2</sub>O

05  
Robert Smithson's monumental earthwork Spiral Jetty (1970) is located in the Great Salt Lake in Utah. Using black basalt rocks and earth from the site, the artist created a coil 1500 feet long and 15 feet wide that stretches out counterclockwise into the translucent red water. At the time of its construction, the water level of the lake was unusually low because of a drought. Within a few years, the water level returned to normal and submerged the jetty for the next three decades. When water levels dropped in 1999 the jetty re-emerged. Originally black rock against ruddy water, it is now largely white against pink due to salt encrustation and lower water levels. Photo: George Steinmetz

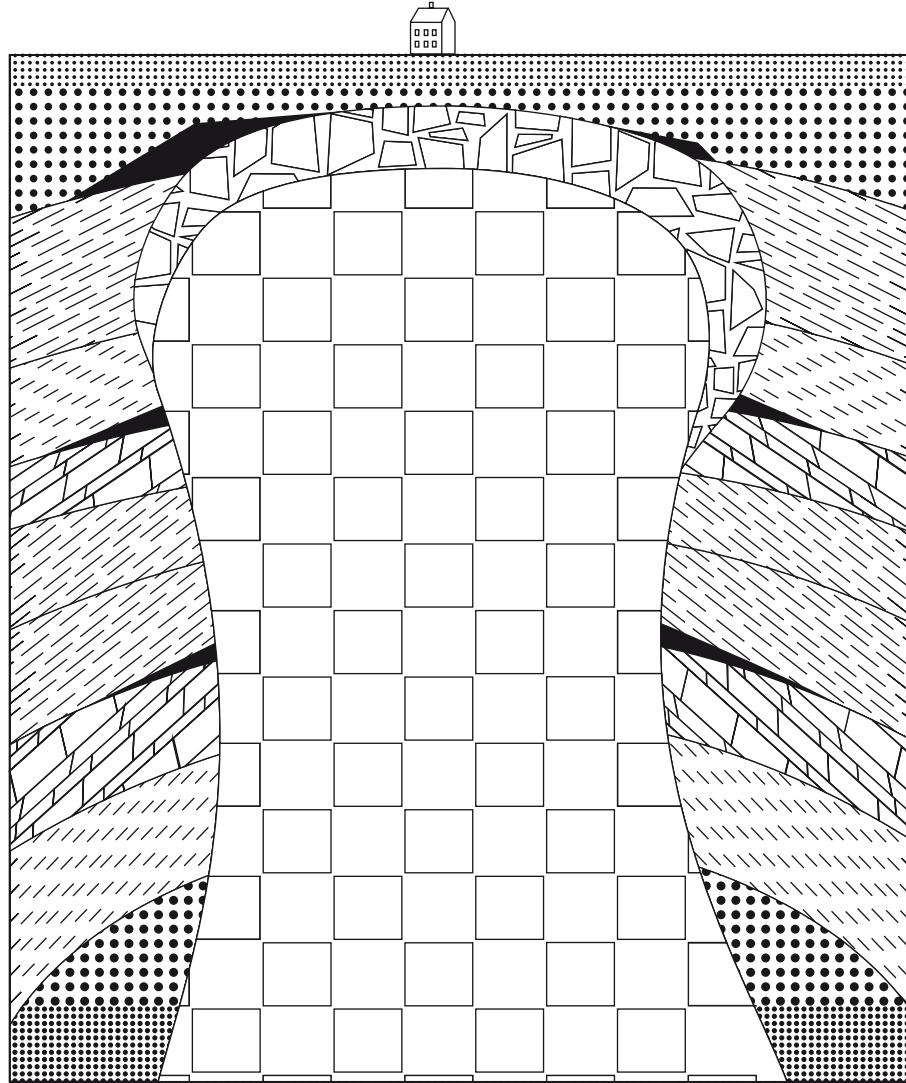


People gather to get water from a huge well in the village of Natwarghad in the western Indian state of Gujarat. The monsoon failed to deliver more than 20 cm rain and summer temperatures reach 46° Celsius. June 1, 2003.  
Photo: Amit Dave



07

Example of a salt dome found underground on Jutland, Denmark in 1960. Salt domes are gigantic invisible geological deposits of salt, sometimes measuring up to 1 km in diameter and 10 km in depth. This deposit has the capacity to deliver 600,000 tons of salt every year for 16,000 years.



Salt
  Oil
  Cap rock
 


 Earth layers

08

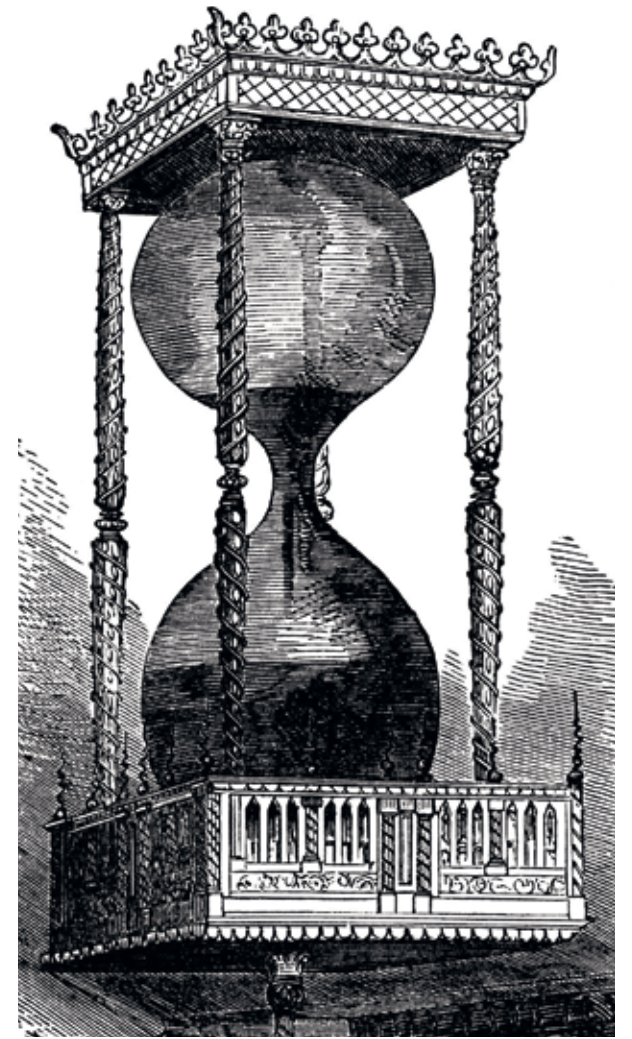
The PET activations of the average of 10 subjects' brains, comparing an initial resting, non-thirsty state with maximum thirst (Top), 5 min after wetting the mouth (Middle), and 3 min after drinking to satiation (Bottom).



"Neuroimaging of genesis and satiation of thirst and an interoceptor-driven theory of origins of primary consciousness," Derek Denton, PNAS, vol. 96, no. 9, 1999  
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09

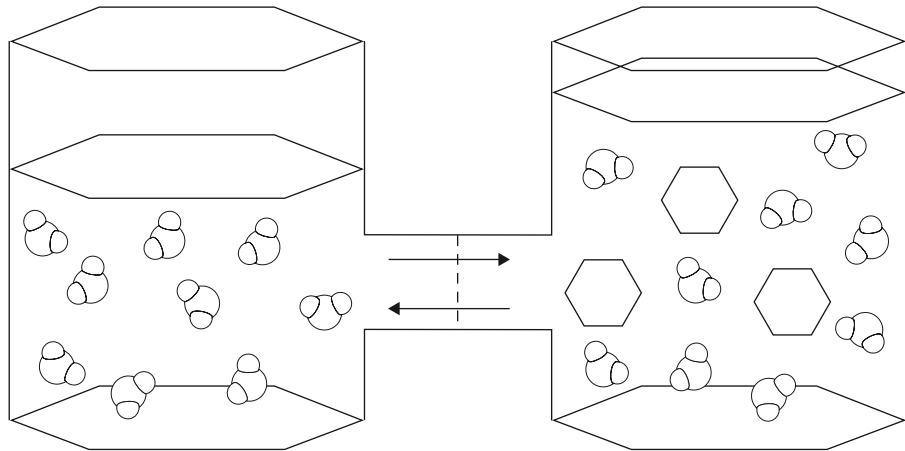
Giant hourglasses were used in churches to time the length of the sermon; long sermons were especially popular in the 17th century, and could easily stretch to three hours or more. Church of St. Alban's, Wood Street, London.



10  
Road salt container  
CERN, Geneva  
Bigert & Bergström 2009



11  
*Osmosis*  
A physical process in which any solvent moves, without input of energy, across a semipermeable membrane (permeable to the solvent, but not the solute) separating two solutions of different concentrations.



12  
May 13, 2008. The tanker ship *Sichem Defender* arrives at the port of Barcelona carrying 23 million liters of drinking water – enough to secure the daily needs of 180,000 people.



13  
Bigert drinking fresh desalinated water, El Prat de Llobregat desalination plant, Barcelona 2013

14  
The potassium salt mountain of Cogullo is a prominent peak in Catalonia, Spain. It is the fastest-growing mountain in the world and every year the mining company Iberpotash disposes of approximately 2 million tons of waste salt there. The salt leaks out in the ground water and the salination of the river Llobregat is one of the region's main ecological disasters.  
Photo: Jordi Badia, Montsalat





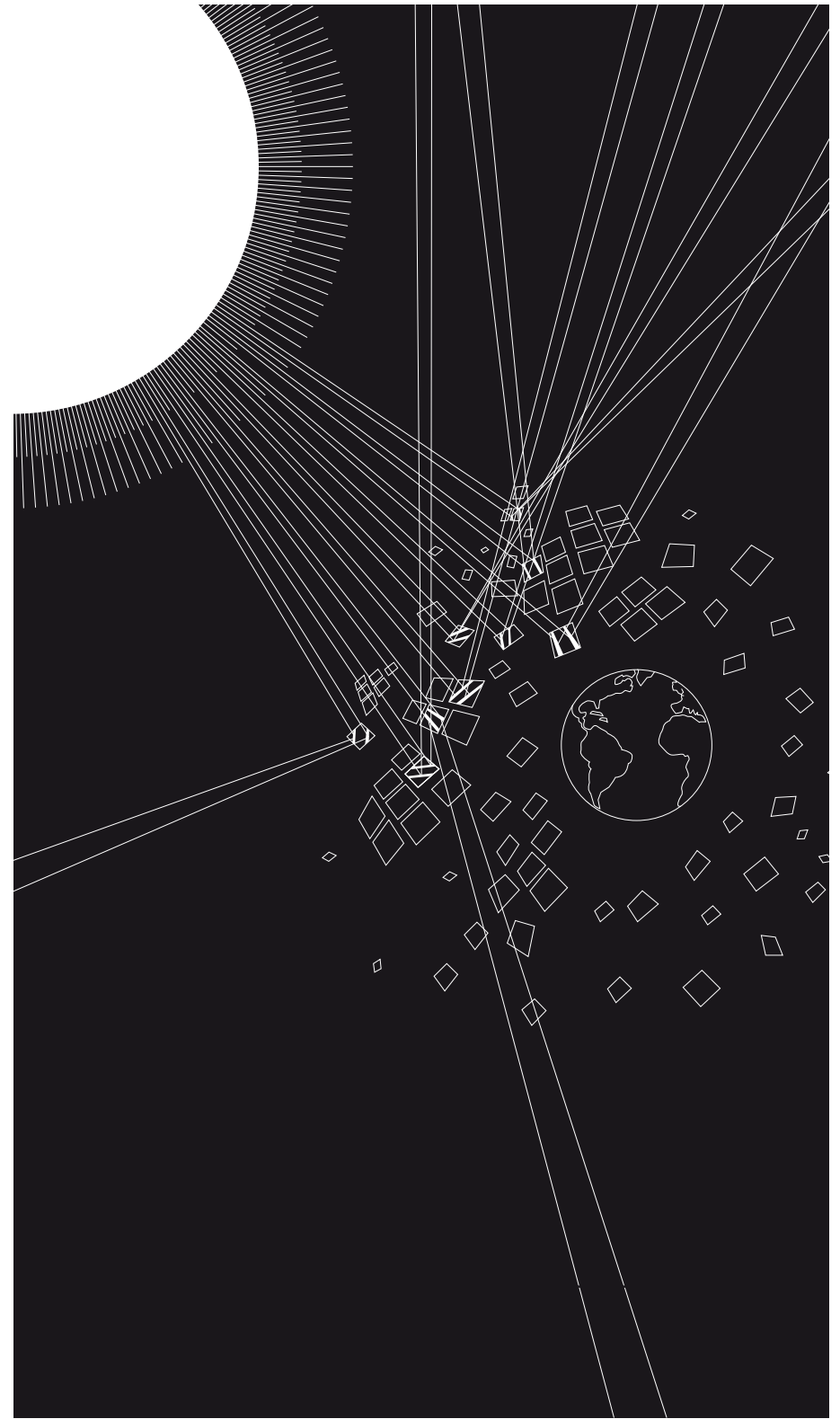
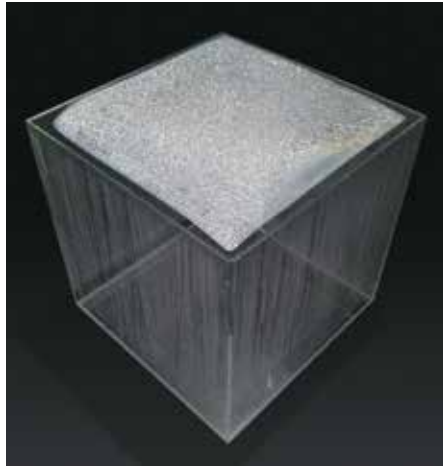
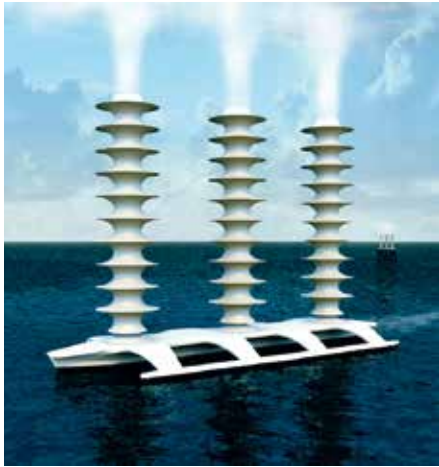
16, 17  
Solar space mirrors as measure to reflect incoming sun rays and reduce global warming.

The aim of solar geo-engineering using a space sunshade is to divert some sunlight away from the Earth. Some scientists suggest using metal disks to reflect sunlight back into space – these mirror-like disks could be manufactured in space using metals from asteroids.

Another proposal is to use a mesh of very thin aluminum threads, which would also reflect sunlight. Other scientists suggest using glass lenses, which refract light passing through them, causing some of the incoming sunlight to change direction and veer away from the Earth. One proposal is to use 16 trillion extremely thin glass lenses, each 60 cm across and weighing just 1 gram – less than a paperclip.

18  
Stephen Salter's "Albedo ship" is intended to stir up water vapor in order to add to the albedo effect. This is the level of white clouds reflecting solar inflow, which if multiplied, will decrease global warming.

19  
Condensation Cube  
Acrylic glass, water  
Hans Haacke 1965



20  
*Cafeomania II*  
Coffee ground on linen canvas  
56 x 46 cm  
Photo: Anna Kleberg  
Bigert & Bergström 2010





Examples of weather control rituals as described by James George Frazer in Golden Bough: A Study in Magic and Religion 1890.

21  
Stones are often believed to possess the property of bringing on rain, provided they are dipped in or sprinkled with water, or treated in some other appropriate manner. In one Samoan village a certain stone was carefully

housed as the representative of the rain-making god, and in times of drought his priests carried the stone in procession and dipped it in a stream. Among the Ta-ta-thi tribe of New South Wales, the rain-maker breaks off a piece of quartz crystal and spits it towards the sky; the rest of the crystal he wraps in emu feathers, soaks both crystal and feathers in water, and carefully hides them.



22

In New Caledonia, when a wizard desires to make sunshine, he takes some plants and corals to the burial ground and fashions them into a bundle, adding two locks of hair cut from a living child of his family and two teeth or an entire jawbone from the skeleton of an ancestor. He then climbs a mountain whose peak catches the first rays of the morning sun. Here he deposits three sorts of plants on a flat stone, places a branch of dry coral beside them,

and hangs the bundle of charms over the stone. The next morning he returns to the spot and sets fire to the bundle at the moment when the sun rises from the sea. As the smoke curls up, he rubs the stone with the dry coral, invokes his ancestors and says: "Sun! I do this that you may be burning hot, and eat up all the clouds in the sky."



23

Salt and water have prominent roles in early creation myths.

In Babylonian mythology, Tiamat is a chaos monster, a primordial goddess of the salt ocean. Mating with Abzû, the god of fresh water, she produced younger gods through a "sacred marriage" between salt and fresh water, peacefully creating the cosmos through successive generations.

In Norse mythology the great void of "Ginnungagap" was located between the glowing hot Muspelheim in the south and freezing cold Niefelheim in the north.

One day the cold winds of Niefelheim collided with hot air from Muspelheim and water evaporated into drops of rain. From these drops the giant Ymer was born. Ymer fed on milk from the

cow Audhumbla, who also came from the drops. The cow started to lick the salty hoar-frost stones and suddenly the shape of a man's head appeared. A couple of days later a whole human materialized; Buri was born.

24

Salt rock sculpture made by the licking of a goat.  
Photo: Ahmad Nadalian







26  
*Salt Life Tooth Time*  
UV-printed photo on three-layer glass  
and aluminum  
160 x 100 x 6 cm  
Photo: Jean-Baptiste Beranger  
Bigert & Bergström 2013





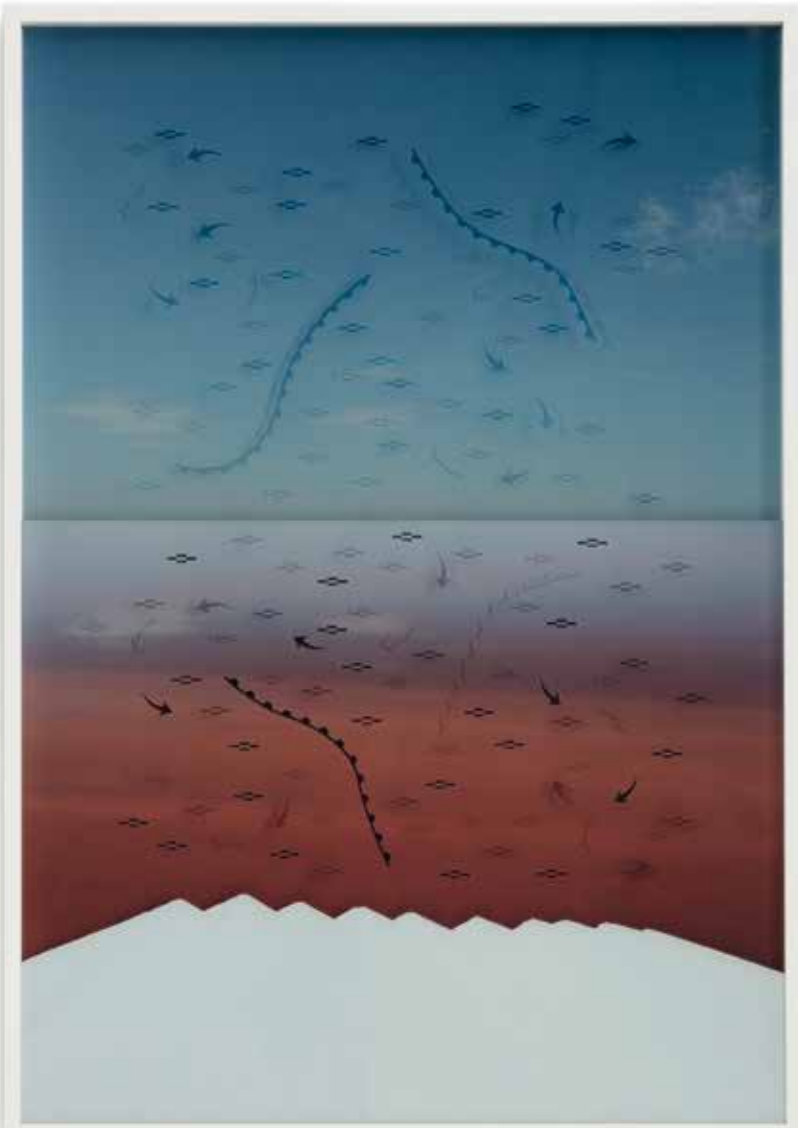






30

*Evaporated Landscape Synoptic Mist*  
UV-printed photo on glass and  
aluminum  
70 x 100 x 6 cm  
Photo: Jean-Baptiste Beranger  
Bigert & Bergström 2013



31

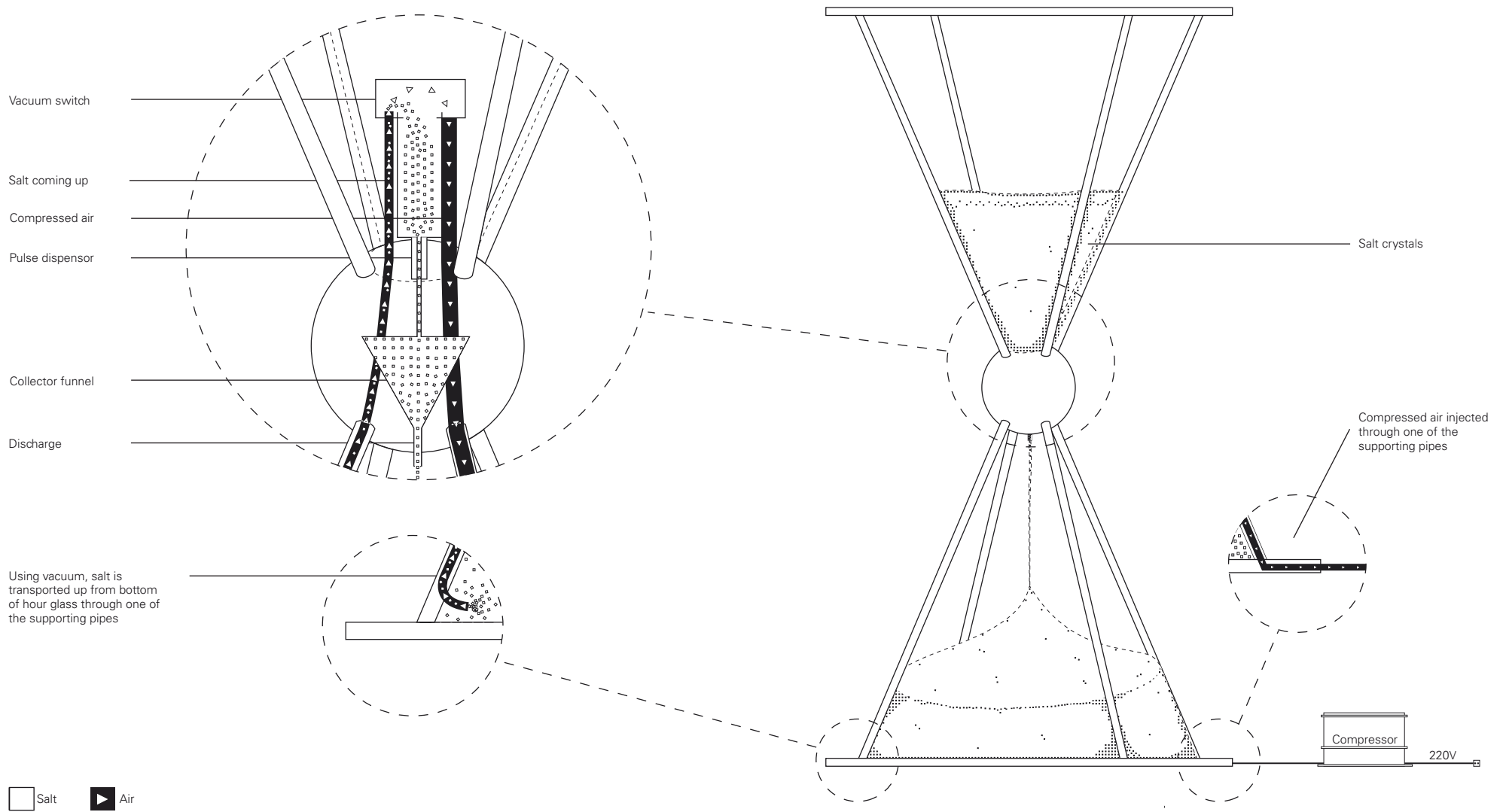
*No Fair Weather*  
UV-printed photo on glass and  
aluminum  
70 x 100 x 6 cm  
Photo: Jean-Baptiste Beranger  
Bigert & Bergström 2013

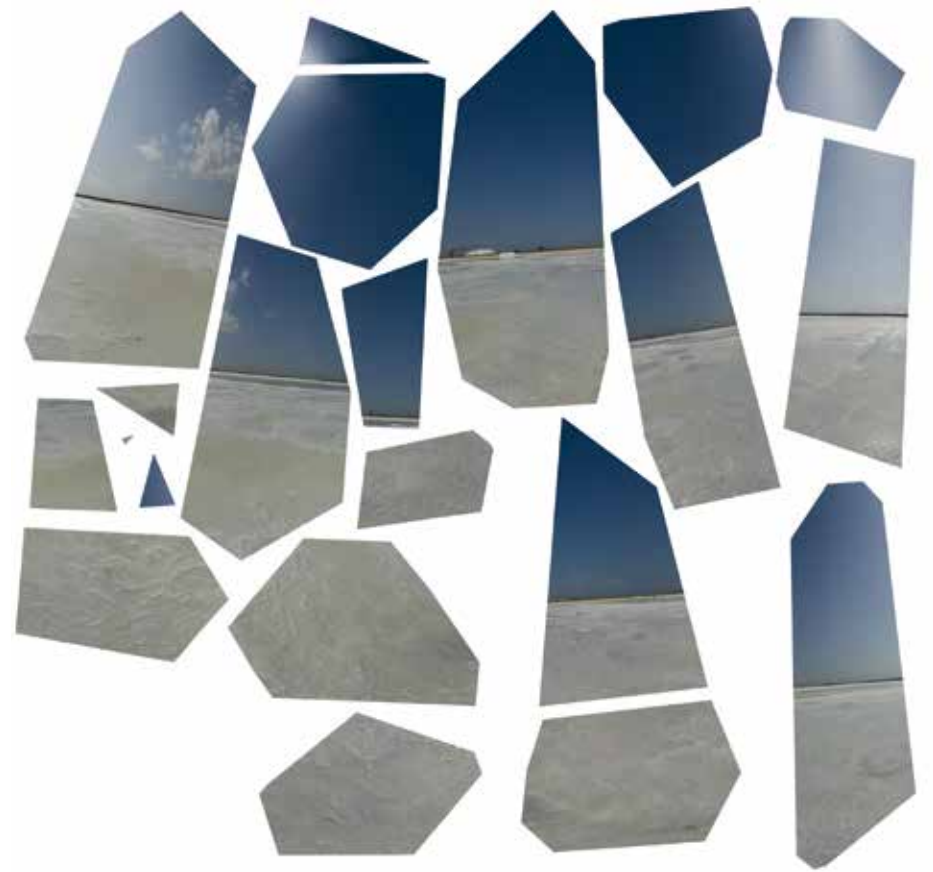
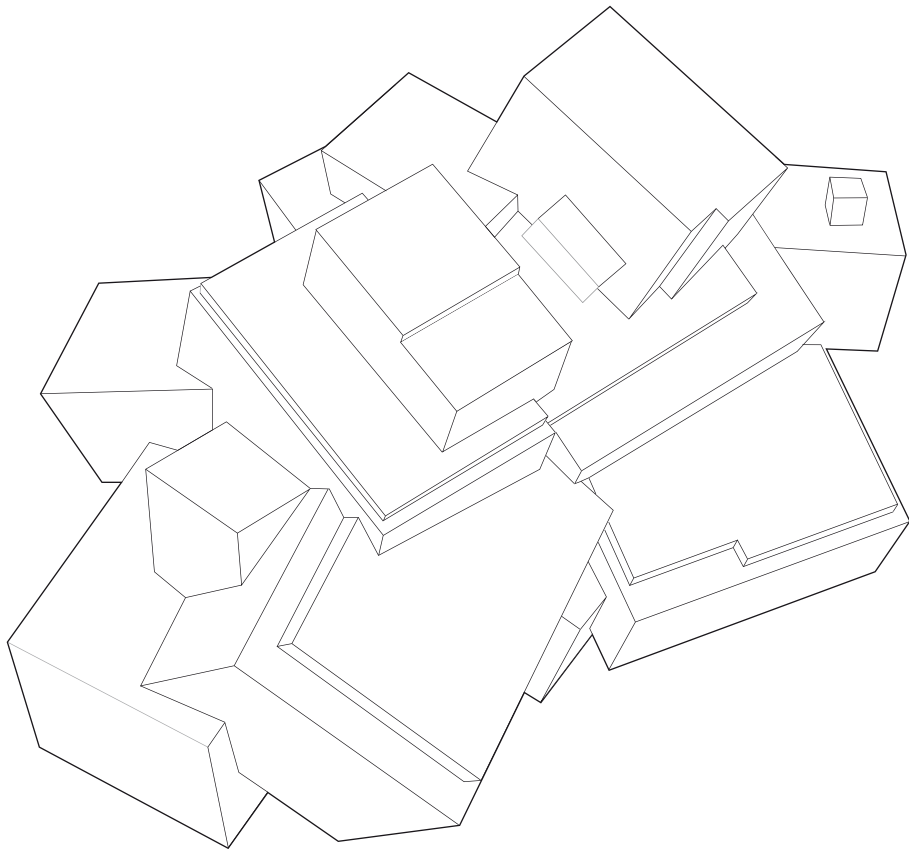


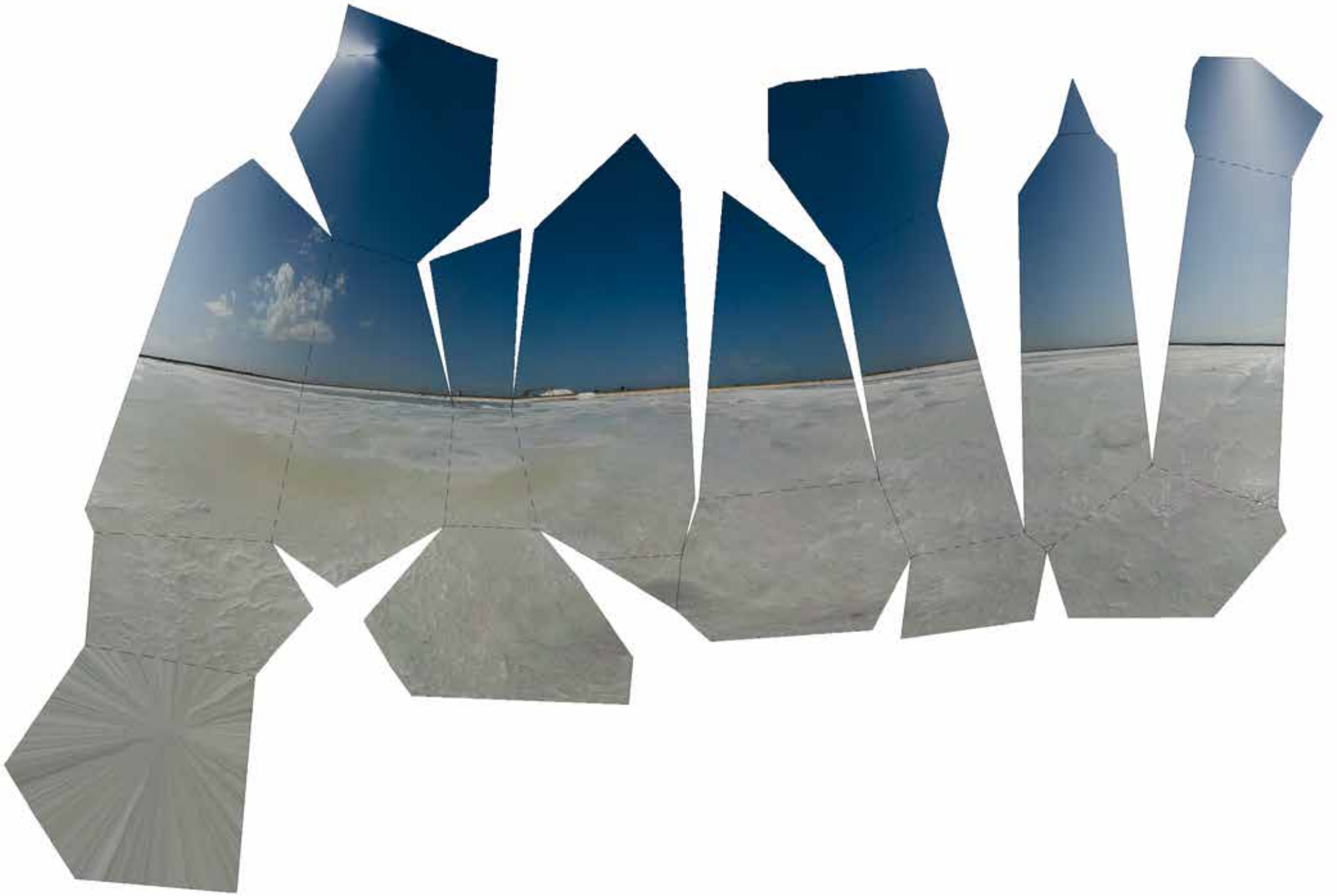


33, 34  
*Hourglass*  
Stainless steel, salt, compressor,  
vacuum system, acrylic glass  
90 x 90 x 190 cm  
Photo: Jean-Baptiste Beranger  
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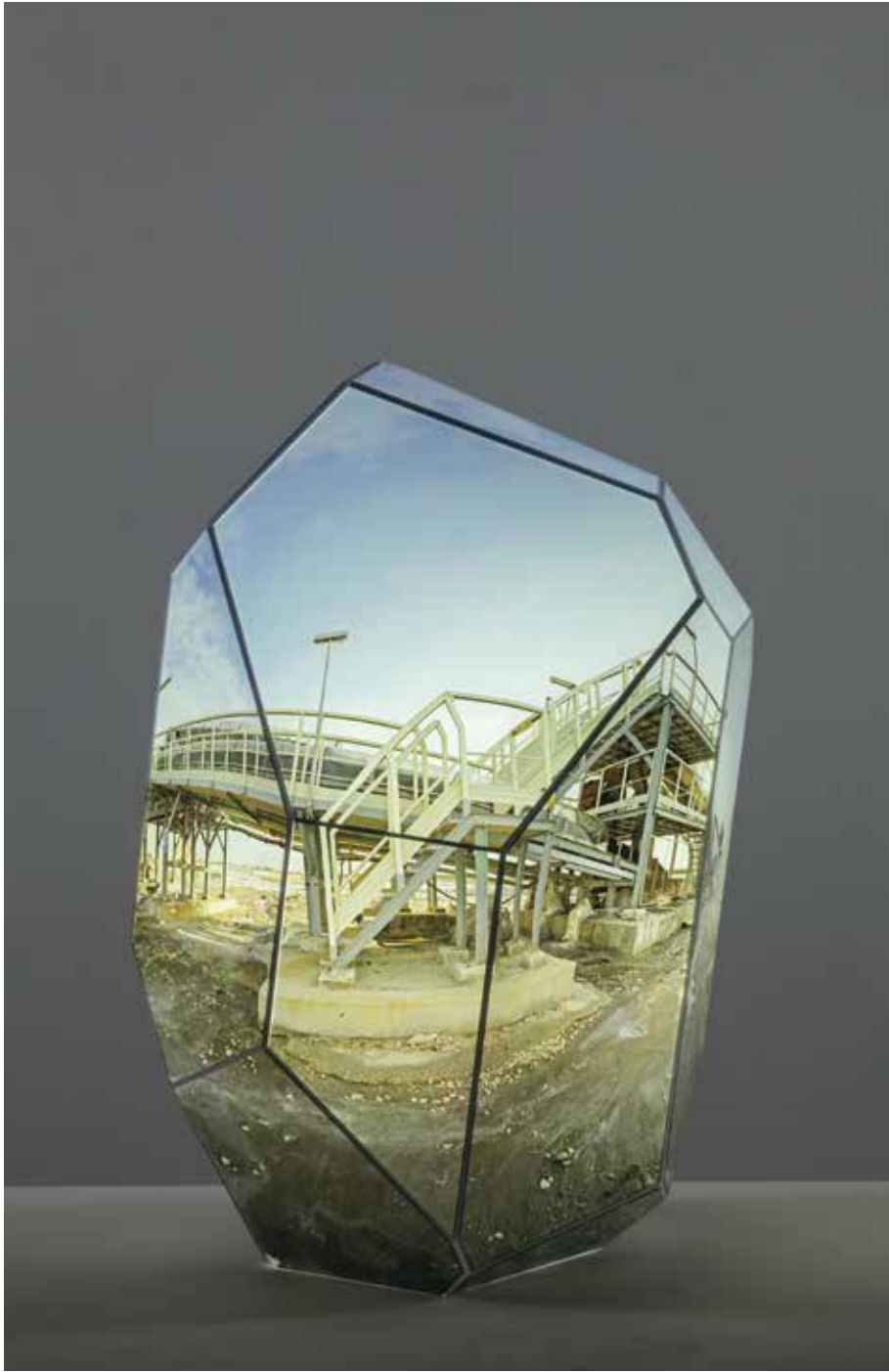


39-46  
*Salt Pan Crystals*  
UV-printed photos on laser-cut acrylic,  
silicon  
various sizes  
Photo: Jean-Baptiste Beranger  
Bigert & Bergström 2013













47-49  
*Reverse Osmosis Plant*  
UV-printed photo on vinyl foil, acrylic  
spheres,  
low energy lights  
140 x 88 x 100 cm  
Bigert & Bergström 2013





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of the exhibition  
*The Drought* Bigert & Bergström

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Cover  
*Cafeomancy I*  
Coffee ground on linen canvas  
56 x 46 cm  
Photo: Charlie Drevstam  
Bigert & Bergström 2010

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