

ENSEMBLE PIECE
FLORENCE WILD



MASTERS IN FINE ARTS
KONSTFAK
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Proteus – the god of the sea, a minor and marginal god, nonetheless a god of the first water, a god whose name stands at the beginning – is the shepherd who tends the oceanic flocks in the prairies of Poseidon. He dwells in the waters round the isle of Pharos, near the mouth of the Nile, Pharos, bearer of the first Beacon, Pharos, the fire that sheds light, standing out against a misty background, yet whose name means canvas, sail, veil: revealing, re-veiling.

For instance, it is the pharos that Penelope weaves and unweaves. In these places of truth, Proteus undergoes metamorphoses: he is animal, he can be element, water, or fire. He's inert, he's alive. He's under the beam of the beacon, he's under the veil. He knows. He's a prophet, he possesses the gift of prophecy, but refuses to answer questions. He contains all information, admits no information. He's the possible, he's chaos, he's cloud, he's background noise. He hides his answers under the endlessness of information.

When, for instance, his daughter consults him: he becomes a lion, he becomes a snake, he becomes a panther, a boar, water, a tree, and I don't know what all. The chain that steadies the phenomenal must be found. Chained, motionless, Proteus speaks, answers his daughter.

Crafty, but not a trickster. At last he has found his master in physics. Physics is Proteus chained. Background noise is this Proteus badly bound. The sea breaking free. Behold a myth, barely a myth, which grants us an epistemology that is globally accurate, locally rich and detailed. It doesn't grant it in a language all rigour-worn, but through a channel full of noise, murmurings and images.

What the narrative of Proteus does not tell is the relationship between chaos and form. Who is Proteus when he is no longer water and not yet a panther or a boar? What the narrative says, on the contrary, is that each metamorphosis or phenomenon is an answer to questions, an answer and the absence of an answer to the questioning. Locally responsive and globally *sub rosa*. Each appearance – each experience – is a lighthouse-pharos and a pharos-veil, a flash of illumination and a black-out of occultation. Proteus conceals information under the vast abundance of information, a straw in a haystack full of straw. He has an answer to everything; he says nothing. And it is this nothingness that matters.¹

- Michel Serres

¹ Extract from *Genèse* (Paris: Grasset, 1982); trans. Geneviève James and James Nielson, *Genesis* (Michigan: University of Michigan Press, 1995); cited in *Sound* (London: Whitechapel and MIT Press, 2011), edited by Caleb Kelly, p94-95.

I have read this passage through numerous times, and am constantly drawn to the imagery Michel Serres depicts with the elegant swaths of his literary brush: of the beacon as a projected light, of the shrouding and uncovering, the woven, cloud-like, the transmutation. Its symbolism and language swirls around the works and ideas I put forth here like a pungent scent. Like a looping melody, it is something to keep in the back of your mind, a myth that runs through my practice like the chorus of a pop song stuck in one's head.

The works mentioned in this text make up the installation *Silver Tea*. A contemplation of forms that kaleidoscopically revolve around each other, whose imagery, methodologies and forms reflect and morph into one another, a looping, repetitious rhythm that is not, however, confined to a circuitous nature. *Silver Tea* rests in a space and timeframe between suggestion, intention, and intuition, where gestures and their traces have taken on a life of their own.

Silver Tea, a literal translation of the Swedish word *silverte*, is a misleading phrase. Silverte is, in its essence, simply a cup of hot water, therefore being neither silver, nor in fact, tea. But sometimes language can imbue in an object a sensation more magical than the sum of its parts.

Later, thinking back on my early years in Sweden, I will remember that I spent a good part of my leisure and working time in solitude, painstakingly knitting metre after metre of fishing line. To say it aloud sounds like a form of punishment. But nourishment is perhaps a better word.

I once read that dreams are calisthenics for your memory. Your mind performing star jumps, squats, lunges. Working up a sweat while the body rests.

In *Wanderlust – a history of walking*, Rebecca Solnit muses on walking as a physical act of thinking: that aimless meandering allows thoughts to flow freely between pasts, presents and futures. That we simultaneously reflect on the events around us, sift through memories and plan for things to come on both the mundane minutiae of everyday life, and the grand arms-outstretched fantastical proclamations of our wildest dreams. These thoughts hold the same weight. They are kneaded like dough through the rhythmic curve of our step, stretching, expanding.

This is, at least, my interpretation of a few sparse lines in Solnit's collection of essays on the subject of walking.

Using the technique of the small repeated gesture, I explore the relationships between activity and passivity and evaluate and transform our perceptions of time. Physical time-consuming activities such as walking become conduits for ideas and creative production.

Walking is any simple, repetitive task, a collection of movements which through practice and use become second nature. One foot after the other. Activities to encourage the wandering of the mind. Vision becomes secondary, regressing to a blurry limbo where both foreground and distance are out of focus. Time and action move in harmony.

I let my fingers do the walking.

Active and passive roles constantly shift and transform, in tandem with my own of position of agent or observer, a means to navigate foreign terrain (both internal and external) through contemplative physical acts. This accumulation of time made visible through repetition and labour is reflected most prominently in the over six-metre long sculpture of hand-knitted fishing line, as exhibited in the installation *Silver Tea*. It hangs inches off the ground, cascadingly draped over a suspended aluminium tent pole. The tent pole dips under the collective weight of the material, tenuously negating its perceived lightness through the undeniable presence of endeavour.

I titled the piece *Abulon (Avalon)*. Abulon after the brand of fishing line, and Avalon after the mystical isle of Arthurian legend. I wanted the title to contain both the mundanity of the material, and the incalculable mythical qualities in the hours of activity, 'the weight' of the intertwined stitches and loops, elevating a simple action to a perceived timelessness. While knitting I thought of the Swedish word *mytomspunnen*, to be literally spun in myth: surrounded, entangled, woven, shaped through language.

It is a startling thing, having a tangible, physical manifestation of years of daydreaming, wandering, disjointed thoughts, associations, ideas and emotions intertwined as if crystallized and extracted through my fingertips: a snail's trail of personal history, the residue now taking on a life of its own. These small moments without focus, compressing and expanding time through repeated conditioned movement. Duration is measured by the speed of my fingers, dexterity, nimbleness; counted in rolls of fishing line, 100 metres at a time; and in the innumerable moments of 'non-work' interlaced in the process: the hand stretches, the closing of eyes, tilting of head, letting the body go limp; gazes out windows, nose scratchings, sneezes, music selections. Checking the time on my watch. What remains is an accumulation of a four-year meditation on action as thought, and the residue or physical trace of the mythical.



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TO TOIL AT MANY JOBS - A brief history of repetitive tasks I have been paid for

I have always gravitated towards tasks where I can do the same thing over and over again.

As a teenager I spent summer holidays in the employ of my neighbour. She was in Sales & Marketing at an insulation company, and needed ring binders with samples of all their different products made up to send to clients. I would spend seven hours a day in the company's cafeteria sticking labels on hundreds of samples of fire retardant paper, my fingertips becoming pink and raw from the strength of the adhesive, but the sensation of a seamless configuration of movement repeated ad nauseam, perfected to its most efficient was alluring and addictive.

Libraries are a safe-haven of menial tasks. I started shelving books at age 17 and never looked back.

It was perhaps the summers of 2005 and 2006 I worked fulltime putting a new type of ID tag in the form of a sticker in hundreds of thousands of books. The sticker was placed on the inside cover then connected to the book by scanning the books' barcode. This went on for many weeks. To combat the tedium, day-long quizzes took place; new lyrics pertaining to the job at hand were made to Kenny Rogers' *The Gambler*.

At the beginning of 2008 I was spending my early mornings strolling through the six floors of the General Library, equipped with a list of books to be interloaned to other libraries within New Zealand and overseas. I would take a trolley and collect up the books then leave them for someone else, someone who knew what to do, to actually send the books away. I remember the library virtually empty of patrons, the morning sun low behind the Auckland museum and the Waitemata Harbour; my grandmother passed away that February.

For a couple of weeks during a particularly warm summer, a dehumidifier in the stacks of the University of Auckland's Special Collections stopped working. For the remainder of the summer break I vacuumed and dusted each individual book to remove the signs of mould damage which had quickly spread in the warm, moist air, clad in a blue lab coat and white gloves.

Printing out and applying shelf labels to book spines. Covering books in plastic. Erasing pages of pencil marks and underlining. Putting journals in boxes. Placing rubber bands around books. Folding pieces of A4 into thirds and placing them in envelopes. Peeling stickers off books. These various duties were performed daily as part of my position as library assistant at Malmö University library. It was during this time I started to knit.

The final act with a piece of knitting is to cast off. A decisive action with no going back. By casting off, all stitches are removed from the knitting needles; to do this, each stitch is effectively looped over the previous stitch, forming a tight and secure edge: knotting, closing, sealing itself. Creating a self-contained entity from one material. To cast off is to set free, cut loose, reveal: unmooring a boat from its berth and sailing out across the water, relinquishing a connection to stability; safety. To remove something constraining or restricting in a gesture of defiance and celebration. To enter the unknown or uncharted.

To cast (v): definitions of the verb as actions pertaining to my practice

Throw (*something*) forcefully in a specified direction. Throw the hooked and baited end of (*a fishing line*) out into the water. Let down (*an anchor or sounding line*). Cause (*light or shadow*) to appear on a surface. Direct (*one's eyes or a look*) at something. Cause (*uncertainty or disparagement*) to be associated with something. Discard. Shape (*metal or other material*) by pouring it into a mould while molten. Arrange and present in a specified form or style. Calculate and record details of (*a horoscope*). Cause (*a magic spell*) to take effect.

I think about these connections between the phrase 'cast off' as I near the inevitable. I think of water and floating, of repetition, of the fact that by completing this labourious gesture of collected movement I must start to think of *Abulon (Avalon)* as an object, not just a process, methodology or action. Titling the work suspends and transmutes its motion, an evolution from verb to noun.

The phrase 'casting off' has always contained a sense of anticipation; a transition from a fixed state to fluid, or vice versa. From land to water or process to object, the act of casting off allows one to enter a new state: afloat, unbound.

As I cast off, my hands, which were so rhythmic and steady for every stitch, cannot stop shaking.



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Later, thinking back on my early years in Sweden, I will remember marvelling at the lack of tidal waters. The sea was constantly present, always close at hand. New Zealand is an outline of beaches and coast; the incoming and receding tides a natural observance of the passage of time. A navigational tool. With the loss of the tide, I turned to the sky, where the light was deceptive and elastic: an expansion or compression of time that ebbs and flows throughout the year as the tide does across the day.

In a number of languages, ranging from French and Spanish to Bulgarian and Tagalog, the word for 'weather' and 'time' is one and the same. From a fixed position, weather can be seen as a duration, with a beginning and end, as in a snow storm or a monsoon season or a heat wave; but also a distorted, fluid perception of time. Constantly changing, in multiple places at once, unpredictable and contradictory. Weather is a cycle, a loop; a build-up of time or time lapses. 'To weather' something is to outlast, to go beyond the duration; to be described as 'weathered' implies the passing of an extended period of time, an existence alongside the elements.

To watch the skies is to use weather patterns as a device to measure and navigate time itself, to observe and chronicle external and internal changes. This repeated action of observation fragments and compartmentalises weather's looping, circuitous nature; transforming the elements into a collection of constructed moments captured like the frenetic seconds hand on a wristwatch.

Often, I find myself susceptible to sudden sensory moments, where I observe something unexpected; a lapse within the rhythmic and repetitive time-consuming activities I often engage with. The short spells that rouse us from the reverie of our wandering minds and bring one's surroundings back to the fore. This is the joining of the peripheral and the micro; a duration of weather and a construct of a minute.

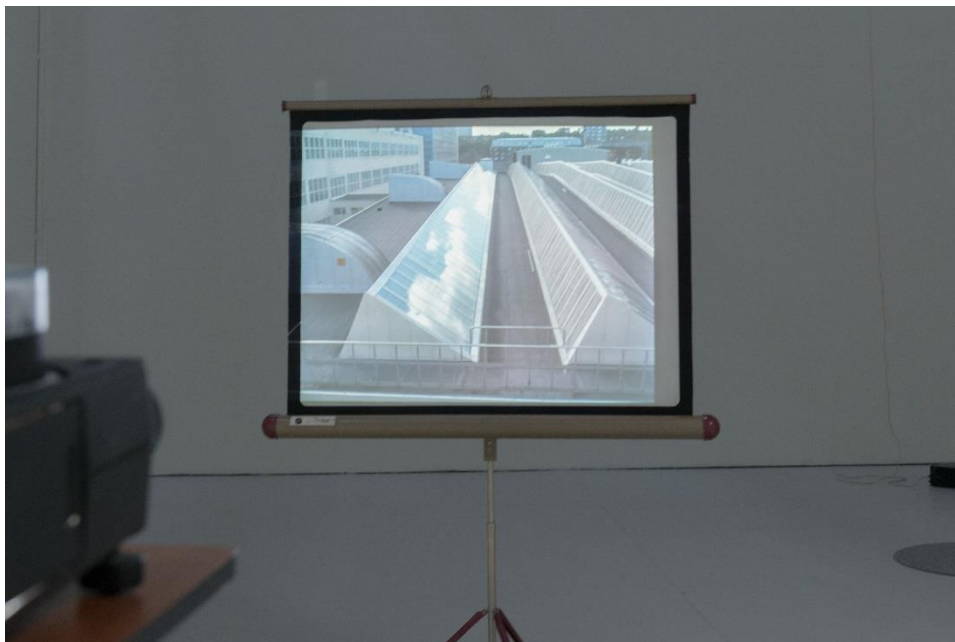
I recall working on *Abulon (Avalon)*. Knitting in a new studio, a strange environment, a different chair, an unfamiliar view. Figuring out my working rhythm, re-orientating myself. Every new stitch signifying the gradual accumulation of time, and steadily transforming the space to one familiar and welcome. Resting my hands, I lay the knitting needles on the chair as I get up and, stretching my arms above my head, arch my back and slowly rotate my wrists. I gaze blankly out the window, focusing only on the sensations of movements through my body. The act of looking through windows is relaxing: it denotes the acknowledgement of adjacent speeds of existence. I see an imprint of myself faintly on the glass.

Outside, triangular rows of skylights stretch like a graphic mountain range across the expanse of roof. Clouds are frozen on the panes of glass like film frames; a source of light capturing a reflected image. The clouds are flattened and skewed, denser in some way, more tangible. As if the skylights have managed to catch and encase the clouds, and I feel I am witnessing some bizarre phenomena never before seen.

Observation can happen by chance, unwittingly. It can hardly be called observation. To observe suggests a pointed, considered way of looking, whereas I interpret observation as an act of existing in the present, an acknowledgement of perception and a marking of time. An unforced sensory experience as the world unfolds around you: a brief glance up; a sound penetrates the white noise; a scent wafts past.

These fleeting moments of recognition can become the triggers of ideas. Moments of clarity, the one-off, and the thereafter conscious decision to replicate, re-enact, repeat, transforming a singularity into a process; the shift in focus between the fragmentation of the second or split-second and the ceaseless cycle of the seasons. They are the constant transitions between the dualities of labour and leisure, action and passivity, static and motion, evolving into an interdependent circuit. Weather patterns. One cannot be present without the other.

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At the same time each day throughout the autumn, I photograph the skylights' sleek surfaces and the imagery of the sky reflected upon it, a re-enactment of that initial moment of recognition, while the skies imperceptibly darken as winter draws near. Continuous shifts occur between the skylights as a focal point and the skies themselves as the days pass by; a constant changing in speeds as the frozen and fluid states of the reflected images and the sky begin to blur.

Cloud Skylight Mural (as the work is called) constructs a new cycle of fragmented time through the 81 35mm colour slides that present these images captured on the skylights as an endless rotation through the projector. The gaze is steady, repetitive, but the timeframe is deceptive: reflecting the contradictory natures of constructed and natural times, gradually rendering both into a contemplative obsolescence. Duration and materiality blur and morph into each other, as temporal as weather; light becomes time becomes material becomes technology, by way of sunlight, reflection, camera and projection.

*I am attracted to mirrors and I am attracted to windows. I am attracted to reflections but more specifically to reflections that dissolve. I think about mirrors as a kind of weird, dissolving structure, whereas the window is a way to divert, to displace the structure.*²

- Rirkrit Tiravanija interviewed by Chantal Pontbriand

While Tiravanija differentiates between reflective and transparent surfaces, I am intrigued by moments when both properties can be found in one object. Windows can act as de facto mirrors where reflections dissolve through external conditions of light, focus, angle, before reverting back to its original purpose. Functioning as such for only short moments of time, they result in a sense of intimacy, a direct link between oneself and the surface.

The window as sometime mirror reflects (pun intended) the shifts in perception and the contemplations around observation and gaze that emerge through the materiality and processes within *Cloud Skylight Mural*. The framed slides and portable screen become proxy windows, as does the repeated mechanical action of the projector itself, the bulb un-veiling or revealing the image like a drawing back of curtains or a raising of blinds. Interiors and exteriors become mirage-like, almost corridors of transition. Through the looped and fragmented time frame the representation of the window as a fixed point of observation, the stoic stance of the camera and tripod, transforms the window into 'the weird, dissolving structure' of the mirror.

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² *Practicable : from participation to interaction in contemporary art*, (Cambridge, MA : The MIT Press, 2016), edited by Samuel Bianchini and Erik Verhagen, p659.

Ingen på expeditionen har kunskaper i det enda ämne som nu behövs: hur man håller sig vid liv under arktiska förhållanden. De kan inte heller någonting om glaciologi, marinbiologi eller marin kemi. Redan på landningsplatsen börjar de trots det att samla prover ur isen på måfå, utan urskiljning.

Alger från isblock och smältvattensjöar lindas in i gasbinda och paketeras. De samlar lera och pinnar. Lerkornens storlek mäts och diarieförs. De mäter och skissar. Omsorgsfullt skrivs mängder av siffror ner i långa raka rader i anteckningsböcker. De räknar och räknar om. De håller sig fast i detaljer, till synes meningslösa. Oerhört noggrann forskning. På riktigt, och ändå på låtsas.

Isen är faktiskt inte alls vit. För varje breddgrad vi passerar på vår väg norrut förändras isens färg med ljuset. Varje morgon när jag tittat ut genom mitt hytt fönster bestämmer jag mig för vilken som får bli dagens färg. Jag väljer ut en färgprov som matchar färgen på isen så exakt som möjligt och skriver ut på min skrivare.

Jag väljer färgen noga. Jämför med vad jag har utanför fönstret. Jag håller min skrivare i famnen när A3-arken rasslar ut på golvet och tapetserar väggarna, dag efter dag, med alla mina färgprover. Jag ändrar och förbättrar. Jag håller mig fast i detaljer, till synes meningslösa. Oerhört noggrann forskning. På riktigt, och ändå på låtsas.³

- From *Expeditionen* by Bea Uusma, which chronicles the fateful journey of the Andrée Expedition to reach the North Pole by helium balloon, and her own efforts to uncover the mystery of what happened to the three members of the party.

Like Bea Uusma and the members of the Andrée Expedition party before her, I collect and accumulate as a means of observing, and as an impulse. It is an initial and integral method of art-making within my practice. This is a process of subtraction through the amassing of time, material, notes and experiences; sifting through my surrounds like a prospector panning for gold. The kernels that remain are then deconstructed and reformed via the repeated gesture, the act of transformation, into new constellations and interpretations; collating movement and mutation with an organic, fluid materiality. To lose oneself in details until they become seemingly without meaning. Where meaning, forms and symbols shift between objects and senses: waves of fishing line cascade like a falling river, waves of light washing over you as small specks of floating dust are caught in the slide projector's warm beam, and audio waves swirl and thrum while standing under a directional 'sound shower' speaker, doused in sound.

³ Uusma, Bea, *Expeditionen : min kärlekshistoria* (Stockholm, Norstedts, 2014, pocket edition), p68-69.

The story of *Expeditionen* is, at its core, a murder mystery, and like all classic whodunits, characters' powers of observation are key to the unravelling of the mystery, to the creating of suspense, propulsion of the narrative. To notice irregularities, anomalies and disrupted patterns, the gathering of information and then siphoning off superfluous matter. To fasten onto details. I used to say that I approached art-making like a detective, a projection of a childhood fancy towards the Poirots, Marlowes, Alleyns, Holmes' and Marples of my bookshelves, those with the ability to piece together, to solve. That art-making was a manner of investigation that would result in an artistic statement fully formed and resolved.

But a detective (if they are a detective worth their salt) aims to crack the case and get the bad guy in the end; finite conclusions are drawn even if repercussions linger. This is the divergence that has emerged through this current vein of artistic research: that I am not conducting an investigation; the results do not contain the answers to a puzzle, and the loose ends are not elegantly tied up and presented as a denouement in the well-furnished drawing room of an English country house.

Instead, I present scenarios intended as contemplations or suggestions, installations where answers are in fact red herrings, dead ends and MacGuffins. Offering potential solutions not to the question of '*who done it*', but perhaps '*how could it be done?*'



Later, thinking back on my early years in Sweden, I will remember the sensation of living between languages, a sort of bleak wilderness where the ability to express myself was stifled then reformed through the simultaneous loss and gain of words. Meanings that were familiar lost potency and structure, and through that gained a fluidity with greater associative properties. Translation became a method to shift between identities, to be as water into steam into ice, languages were materials with tangible qualities to be manipulated, contorted or removed.

Language, transitory and fragmented, functions like a timepiece, documenting a chronology of histories. Phrases fall in and out of use, local dialects and languages are made extinct, and loan words populate and infiltrate. Language is a process of the tracing and retracing of movements, or a lack thereof.

Access to two languages created potential for even greater fragmentation and collage; grammar provided a system, or methodology, which I looped and encircled and bolstered by words foreign and familiar. A vocabulary was gradually accumulated, the act of translation was a desire to understand, and be understood; resulting in a collection of repetitions or doubling of words, a search for dry land, a terrain with firm footing.

But I still turned outwards, towards the island, to the act of casting off: setting sail and embracing the unfamiliar. To 'translate' became a process within art-making that traversed medium and materiality and geography, with its implied movement and ephemerality. I was reminded of Shakespeare's licences with words, constructing verbs and adjectives out of nouns and thin air; that the predetermined physical and temporal qualities of objects, and words of objects could disintegrate, and could then be shaped, moulded and cast from interpretation.

*Bara själva ordet ö eller bokstaven är ju rent grafiskt speciell
En rund ring med två prickar
En ö med två som simmar dit
Eller därifrån
En ö med en båt som kommer och en som går
Eller två små öar utanför en stor*⁴

- Maj Sjöwall on the island as embodied by the letter and the word Ö.

Swedish crime writer and island-dweller Maj Sjöwall succinctly elucidates the transformative qualities of words and their meanings, comparing the Swedish word for island to the imagery inherent in the letter representing it. Ö is one of the few one letter words in the Swedish language, and along with å (a body of water larger than a brook or creek but smaller than a river) the only two nouns, both pertaining to nature and water. There is a connection here, a meeting of bodies: bodies of water and bodies of words, that mutate and reflect meanings through sound and form and representation.

Michel Serres often ruminates over the relationship between language and water and sound; the origin of the word *noise* emerging from the flux of the ocean. He writes of the divergence of noise from its raging, uproarious origins in Old French, and the subsequent adoption of the word by English; adaptation is a recurring motif as languages journey across the seas. The language of water is oral; murmurings, mutterings, whisperings and roars.

This word noise crosses the seas. Across the Channel or the Saint Laurence seaway, behold how the noise divides itself. In Old French it used to mean: noise, uproar, and wrangling; English borrowed the sound from us; we keep only the fury.

*It is true, we have forgotten noise. I am trying to remember it; mending for a moment the tear between the two tongues, the deep sea one and the one from the frost-covered lake. I mean to make a ruckus (chercher noise) in the midst of these dividing waters.*⁵

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⁴ Sommarprat on P1, Maj Sjöwall
<http://sverigesradio.se/sida/avsnitt/747790?programid=2071>

⁵ Extract from *Genèse* (Paris: Grasset, 1982); trans. Geneviève James and James Nielson, *Genesis* (Michigan: University of Michigan Press, 1995); discovered via *Sound* (London: Whitechapel and MIT Press, 2011), edited by Caleb Kelly, p93.

CROSSING THE SEA – a field trip to Ven

Like a Venn diagram, the island of Ven lay at the centre of multiple ongoing strands of inquiry encircling my practice during the summer of 2016. Modes of navigation through the skies, acts of observation and documentation, instruments musical and mathematical, and constellations as a form of installation; islands as spaces and as metaphors, a body surrounded by another body, an existence in water. I went looking for moments of collision – where these thoughts would reflect and morph into each other.

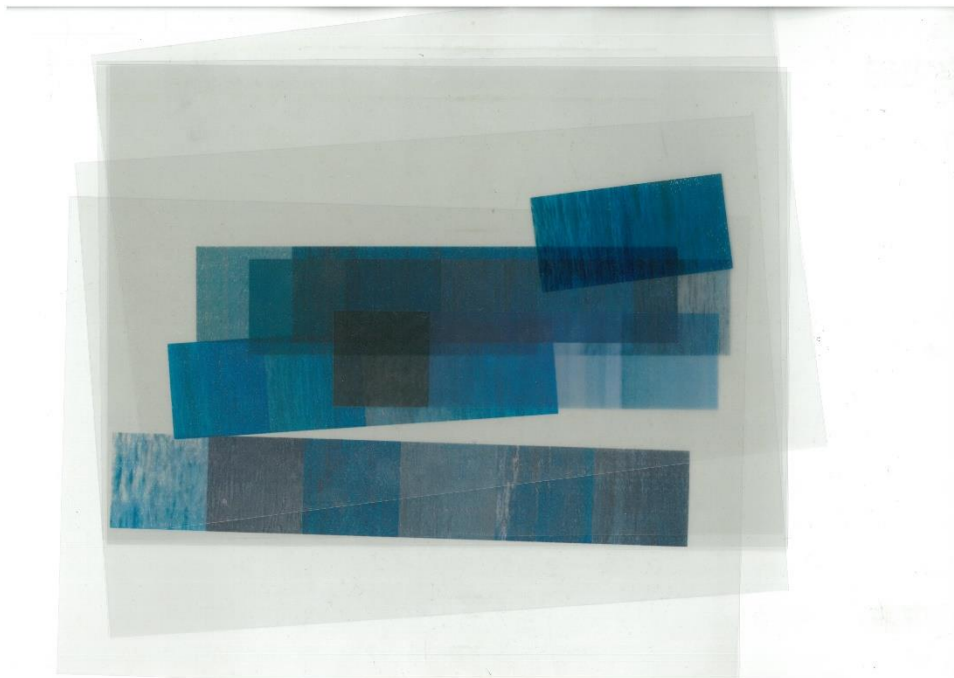
I came back with a found mosaic tile with a celestial-like pattern, and a line in an unfinished word document, underlined:

I want my texts to be instrumental.

We visited the Tycho Brahe Museum, poring over the replica steel and wooden instruments that populated his observatories, wandering through the replanted medicinal gardens of Uraniborg and indulged in the light show inside the ruins of Stjerneborg.

Cycling around the island, we began a quest to try to locate Maj Sjöwall's cottage, she had recently relocated to Ven. But with no address, and a disinclination to locate her via the internet, the search took on an aimless, imaginary tone: a motivation to explore with no destination. We never found her house, and it didn't matter.

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*Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them—Ding-dong, bell.*⁶

- Stanza II of *Ariel's Song*, from Scene ii of Act 1 of Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, in which the spirit Ariel sings of the death by drowning of Ferdinand's father. It is the first use of the phrase 'sea change'.

A metamorphosis, or a profound or notable transformation, can often be referred to as a sea change. Changes that are sometimes not sudden, but gradual, as the tidal waters marking the passing of time. Water inspires unnatural transformations; it is one of the few substances lighter in its solid, frozen form, and heavier when liquid.

January of 2016 was spent in New Zealand; a relative got married, and Kjell and I switched four weeks of darkness for a month of summer. The water was there; I was in it, on it, surrounded by it. I wanted to translate it without words; image into sound, wave into wave.

Kjell is a guitarist, and this translation was to course through our bodies; an interpretation, to move between image and sound, to be on the same wavelength. I likened it to a duet. Our experiences and intuitions became material; a question of how one reads, a gesture of trust; of unspoken, unwritten understanding. I compiled a collection of images of New Zealand waters, those teal, grey and aqua hues; the sea is as blue as ice is white. A surface reflecting the weather like clouds on a skylight.

The photographs were condensed into swatches of colour, arranged as a series of visual notations, translated as a musical score. Kjell read this score and created a piece of music, a textural, layered, looping refrain; the multiple guitar tracks sighing and shimmering and swaying, coursing forward and drawing back. A continuous squall.

When we are young, we are told that the sound of the sea can be picked up and whispered in our ears through seashells scavenged on the shoreline. An expanse exuding from an object, a suggestion of a sound ferried forth by itself. The captured residue of motions and time, weather and duration. A filled cavity, a vessel.

⁶ Shakespeare, William, *The Tempest*, Scene ii Act 1, <http://www.potw.org/archive/potw190.html>

The resulting sound sculpture *Sea Change* transmutes in waves. The sea has often occupied a position as an instrument, both musically and as a means of measurement. Here, the seashell emerges through the curved dome of a suspended sound shower speaker, directing and containing the music, the listener stands underneath, awash in an endless stream of audio waves, a falling of water.



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The inability to record the sound of wind was brought up in a recent conversation, in relation to 'The sound of air as created by air', the first line of the fourth movement in the text *Cast Movements*. The thought had never occurred to me before, that something so present, the very substance that surrounds us, could be so unobtainable.

Movement #4

The sound of air as created by air. A thunder sheet, no, a sheet of thunder. Its surface dappled like a hail storm, but rumbles ominously. The movement of an entire body. Airwaves, greetings and farewells – a seascape – pirate radio stations and passenger liners. The distinction between movement and stillness is lost at sea. This surface is dappled; but porous.

- excerpt from 'Cast Movements', Florence Wild.

Cast Movements is a further exercise in translation and collaboration, where a text doubles as a musical score and a film script, a series of suggestions and actions to be interpreted as a piece of a music and a video work, by Kjell and myself, respectively.

If *Sea Change* reflected upon a wordless act of translation, where written language was removed in a manner similar to the way repetition strips and denudes words of their meanings, then *Cast Movements* looks upon text as a motley, arbitrary collection of associations; where a words' meaning is ambiguous, interchangeable, or to be triggered in the mind of the reader.

Built around a compilation of different 'movements', the text delves into the aftermath of the act of 'casting off': propositions of scenarios exploring the materiality and associative qualities interwoven in the work of *Abulon (Avalon)*. Here, the moment of sea change is the transition from action to object; verb to noun. The metaphor of the wave as a signifier of transmutation, reflected in the kaleidoscopic components of *Silver Tea*, continues to make itself felt in these new processes of accumulation, an accumulation of possibilities and potentials both practical and fantastical - a fluidity as embodied in the languages of *Cast Movements* and *Silver Tea Suite*, the installation in which the pieces will be presented.

The sound of wind, of air, cannot be captured. Wind, in its very nature, distorts and reacts against the sensitivity of the microphone. All instances of recorded wind are simulations, Foley sounds, using mundane, everyday objects to create a sensation, something more magical than the sum of its parts. It's silver tea. Like the sound of sea swells can be heard in the inside a washed-up shell, the metaphorical and simulated sounds and movements of wind and waves are not so far apart.

Like the tide, waves draw in and pull out, simultaneously gathering up debris, eroding structures and reforming landscapes through continuous movement. Gestures of accumulation and subtraction. My mind wanders back to a tale I heard about hot air balloons. When travelling by balloon, there is a complete absence of wind. You are, in fact, travelling at the speed of wind. An imperceptible continuous motion; a conscious movement occurring but unable to be felt.



Epilogue

To wander- *wonder*? Wander, but the one thing generally leads to the other. An unconscious shift between movement and stillness. To gaze at windows. Not through them, but at them: time passes differently, hands are kept busy. It's a pausing for effect. A short spell, and a thin film falls. At the end of the day, the only thing notable about the time is the feeling of it having been lost. Wanderous. Wonderful. Wanderment. Outside, it is overcast.

Images in order of appearance

1. *Silver Tea*, 2016, Konstfack. Installation view.
2. *Abulon (Avalon)*, 2012-2016, hand-knitted fishing line, aluminium tent poles. Detail.
3. *Abulon (Avalon)*, 2012-2016. Knitting the final row of stitches before casting off, 7 November 2016.
4. *Cloud Skylight Mural*, 2015-2016, 81 35mm colour slides, Kodak Carousel slide projector, portable screen, projector stand. Detail.
5. *Silver Tea*, 2016, Konstfack. Installation view.
6. *Musical Score for Sea Change*, 2016, 6 inkjet prints on transparency paper.
7. *Sea Change*, 2016, mp3 audio, stereo receiver, sound shower speaker, carpet. Music, composed, performed and recorded by Kjell Fredrik Eriksson.
8. Untitled film still from the video work based on *Cast Movements*, 2017.

all works by Florence Wild, photography by Tomas Sinkevicius and Tessa Van Thielen.

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