

CROSSINGS_A REVIEW PART ONE



Here I am. A packstone embedded in buildings, host to lenticular traces now climbing hillsides – scattered through sedimentary layers, compacted and freed. I am considering my position carefully, from the lower contours – through a meeting of waterways navigating fortified channels. All together, we are walking and talking.

This evening and for the next two days my lineation premise is set, and fluid – parallel and meandering threads – joining in familiar journey and uncertain movement. The café opens, inviting a loose array of connections, intersections and overlapping – a panel, assembled, give insights and signals of the days ahead scheduled. Music is described and ascribed, not played out but played with as the evening opens – here, sound order follows line (unless decided otherwise), all whilst moving along (with score edited after). In this space, fieldwork and field works are voiced in the geographies of art, whilst mappings unfold spaces of encounter and narrative – elsewhere, in a Society, colonial challenge is needed. And cartographies of the body, moving independently and together through punctuated landscape, is shaped by its journey of nine years in the making. Answers follow questions before closing. To the side, fast portraits appear – assembled in the inked pages of aide-memoire and housing of a camera.

The cloister reveals a room opening in to hinged seats linked – facing deep stone platform and broad lectern framed by pitted rock blocks. introductions to the faculties of learning and new purchase on display set a tone for letters and tourism, intertwined as they are in the speakers with commerce (the microphone behaving too well, up close). And poetic others introduce hospitality and nature – coming and being (this is an event made by you), we walk with the whole body. A footprint is seen – a primary artifact and weight is acknowledged by all those who witness the impression. Multiple steps pressed into clay, studied and catalogued then covered with sand is the preserve of history in climate's unmaking (the dune appears again). The only way to keep something, is to bury it. An island book reveals a single tread, a dread in the reader of this mark and Friday becomes trapped forever in a text and circle of power. Elsewhere, shadows and nomads track the travelling, illustrations repeat marks in a tale of worry, and rabbits and elephants observe the moon in a lake. Meanwhile, the earth and the moon are drifting apart. Sentinel species recount the performing body as system of measurement, and a coal mine canary is translated to fabric, mobilised through habitats reserved for wildlife – situations of the social. A walking ethnography with mobile methods – a walking with – recorded in video, fotografía y documenta. Reference points to walking texts, while testaments show impact on participation in health – 'to take care of life' in collective knowledge. A brook becomes reference point in somatic and embodied practice, and asks, what happens when everything starts to drift? – while bodies of water engage in translanguaging activity. Workshop gestures place yellow frames on graffiti marks of sexuality on display, and stickers for individual action are dispersed through the talking. We move outside, barefoot, in and out of tree-shade as we trace a forest of the imagination – circling, in articulation and in relation. Intention is key, fascia is viscous and elastic. Questions give rise to the individual and the group – cohesion can be experienced in both cases, it's only perspective that decides and divides. Whereas, within an embrace of dance, to 'encompass' is to feel community. A robe supports ideas of 'otherness' – a fiction, or fluid becoming, creating conditions to transform. Where the walk fails, material disorder requires users to have agency of their own in temporary shelter

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[continued]



(a tent) – especially in the midst of a violent vortex, where camera-shake becomes record for the hand of the player absorbed in the reality of a game. Terrestrial movement explores residency and art space – an encounter, incidentally (and) by design. Photographic montage sequences time and scale, there is a perceived need to leave traces of places visited and travelled – here, landscape is constructed. Now we witness the house from Paradise tumble from a cliff – Scarborough, a place of frivolity and desolation. Thinking about the perimeter – hands over ears, hands over heart – sound bounces back as montage in body-work practice. Listen, we are silent. Projected elsewhere, a film follows in the long walk-work of climate actions.

Saying ‘no’ to the quick consumption of art, an open format responds and dissolves audience and participants into a tour of approaches to art. Off-grid, high and remote, exhibition opportunities open up a space in the mountain for walking as research. The absence of an edifying body of work returns a possibility for failure and fragility – circles drawn in sand soon erased by wind. Never alone – we are in dialogue, in proximity as the video plays, we anticipate The Unexpected to frame a viewpoint. A joint story formed of personal experience, is to join at night to search the city – we are in performance but also in real life. Experiencia única – walking and drifting, a guide on the ground. A felt fabric passed with ceramic enclosed; and earth pigments pressed with thumb. It all starts with a bundle – the clothed body carries worth and Material Remains find gravity. Are boundaries always barricades? – a connection is not to hold or keep. Do you see the wasps in the figs? The image of *tor* marks a place – here, we are immersed in inhospitable worlds (hostile spaces) where sites of burned forest appear from satellite data, circled in orange. Spirit, where are you going? A decayed whale is navigated in the sand; and asks, what makes life worth living? – while technology shifts attention as the queue grows to enter (be absorbed) into VR and other realities. The act of being on a stage already a fiction. Why make objects? – a sculpture exists in a photograph, of course. Walking in a straight line is impossible when making a circle, flags are no help – but passage becomes evidenced in the night desert (at last), and a book is formed after. In a/r/topography, environment is a living space and walking is recorded in moments of practice – archaeological settings shown in portraits of seasons. Videos show us ‘blind’ drawing with voice companion as guide – how can the landscape be translated in words? – images are always revealed to those who can see (meanwhile, water takes letters). Where are we walking now? – getting lost gives anxiety to others. Here I am again – slab above, soil below.

CROSSINGS_A REVIEW PART TWO



Here I am. A karstic feature rising and dipping, dissolved to basin springing buildings at borders – holds water for encircling, racing and bracing. I am considering my position carefully, from sub-aquatic layers – carbonate-rich deposits under distal sediments. All together, we are talking and walking.

These next two days my lacustrine premise is set, and fluid – layered and littoral – coming together in an on-lapping of loose forms. The café-bar is now full under tree cover, groups still forming under shared interests relate stories – the traverse of land on foot is on the tongues of all those who linked city to city. A large vestibule opens from metal and glass – contains staircase to exhibits, museum information panels to navigate, and a discreet door opens to an expandable room where rows of chairs stretch back from the stage. Lighting dim for an air of calm, the room is set for a poem in voice and photography – images to be heard and seen. A peregrination of material unfolds, the pace unhurried. A city shows survivors of footfall and cleansing arranged in groups and separate; precipitation moves slow and fast through gravity in mountain system cycles; traces and fragments circle an island remote and connected; north/south flits cross-country on a peninsular of worked and unworked spaces; evidence of trails present themselves on the chequerboard of an/other capital. Meanwhile, some closed eyes to the visual. Red flags and longings, catharsis and cure links irrational with earth – madness and healing held in magic, map, nature, tool. Unthinkable geometries – la sel / el cel – runs barefoot toward a mountain sterile, digs crust with a pick and reverses. A name reveals 'the one most walked'. What is a storm? Neither unique, nor unseen – like the dolmen space of memory recorded in/audible, acoustics wild and unfixed. Mapping and healing are connected, the shaman and guide – cuerpo, a person cannot be separate from land. Grasshopper silence and questions, singing and talking, a guitar (electric) voices, and steam or water, with kids and river; metal clangs and rings, echoes (reverb) and fire (or rain), and phones before a zip zips with owl hoot; cockles and mussels, alive, alive-oh; metal strings tapping and horn with chorus sing; and French (pourquoi) / Spanish (poner, suelo); a crackling song and cowbells walking with cicadas, the gravel, breathing, and cacophony loud, laughs (speak if you need to); vale vale, hoy; gaggles and clucking with clapping and (old) piano, talking; noisy chirping and car door. A drone in underbelly form throughout makes shape – all, the sound of an internal document. A candle pointed out escaped attention from some. A mosaic of works is heard as the air-conditioning comes on, a lonely activity becomes shared. The walking body networks discussed – a being together. While in menú and retracing, a fragment is missed ... elsewhere, city mingled with atlas(ae) only imagined (most know why), whereas an eye in memory mapped now reversing leads four others to discussions unknown – river people are urged to visualise their data, that's all (recorded). After, those who gather by the far door are given bookmarks and colour cards while visual archives are introduced before a walk in the universe.

The circle takes time, but is more-or-less fashioned in an ellipse of responses created from inside a group, at scale, a very rare gathering, less sitting; encounter, that's the right word, feels seen, put in motion in the moment a circle is broken into pieces; who's not here?; collaborate and exchange the knowledge; sometimes the good energy in culture goes, singing the landscape; a feeling of one place to another; necessita molta; all are carried whether inside or out; create a reservoir – a model is voiced (later to work on). Here I am again – forest above, sediment below.