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INTO THE WILD

Elementals;
water so clear cannot be imagined;
life of the rivers;
seen at their sources;
tumult;
gazing into its depths;
wild enchantment.

INTO THE URBAN

Foot of the playground;
eye it vertically; and plant flags;
new to making;
micro-crystalline; inflammable; swick.

INTO THE FOLK

Ethical; offset lips; couldn't speak right; and forgot to love;
fleur-de-lys; white in the gills; the mind cannot carry away; gloweric folk;

Field Note

Sifting charcoal in oversized clothes, the BBQ is lit. Cranking air, adding the coke for the fire to gain its white heat.

Grinding air with irons in the fire, they are drawn out. Getting to the point, fire sparks where the iron burns.

The novice lightly taps as the expert brings down the hammer from great height. The anvil resists as it rings a methodical tune. The drone of the air pump like bag pipes.

Heat permeates through the rod. The black crust is chipped away to reveal the lava that lies beneath its cooler crust.

And still the air pump drones beneath the hammered notes.

Gathered around the forge fire Colin and her hammer wielding chums gaze. Dressed in shades of red and orange and blue, matching the colours of the fire, their white reflective stripes become choreographed around the fire moving from forge to anvil and back again. A tap dance expertly forged in the space. Tap, tappity tapping, a footnote in trying.

Surrounding the forge, set in the rural landscape of home, sheep graze.

The cooling breeze is scented with the soapiness of broom and gorse and shakes the fresh green leaves of spring.

Birch, Ash, and Sycamore, Alder, Beech and Rowan.

Willowherb mingles with the flag irises, buttercups and cow parsley, nettle, goose grass and forget-me-not. The live green contrasting with the dead and burning coals. The sun burns high against the clarity of a cloudless sky perfection giving a sensation of heat from above and below; celestial fire and hell fire.

Field Note

Stick by stick, spinning, speeding up and slowly down, smoke filling, slow down, good speed, put on the coke, charcoal, bonfire, fills the air even outside, get the fire going, steam, mist, firing line, billowing, smoking, blowing, blue haze, grey like death, then cool blue, then warm blue, buzz, hummmmm, turn, turn, turn, drop drop drop more coke, bucket fills, pour more coke, sparkles, flow of fire.

Irons in the fire, two sticks of steel in out the steel comes, malleable when it's the right temperature.

Rhythm, chime, chime, ding, glow.

An ancient sound, a sound familiar to this landscape, dating back before this workshop, before the workshop was a workshop.

Recording the sounds of SSW, winding like a motor, powered by a hand, the hum and the thud. The concentration and the will, the will to bend, the will to make, will to transform.

Mutual.

Frustration, calm, impatience, satisfaction, patience and guidance.

Draw it out, push it away, losing interest, losing momentum.

Winding faster, pure joy in one face. Then in another, chip, chip, spark and thud!

THUD! CHING! Fucked it!

I inherited a warm pair of gloves. Then passed them on to another before participating.

Intimate conversations of the body and health in a heavy process based activity and environment. With intimacy then reflecting in the process, the physicality of the action.

Intimacy in the will to shape. Intimacy in the relationship between person and material.

Support with the turning, facilitation of tending the fire, of the fire. Support with the passing of knowledge, experience and advise.

Out of energy.

Start again.

Intimacy in the grouping of people, in this new process, in this exercise, in the moments in-between where we talk about our conditions and relationships, human to metal, human to human, human to body.

Drawing out.

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Untapped Resources

Feasibility

as unpredictable as wind or snow

Forecasts

Dropped through the air

One cannot know the rivers until one has seen their source

Accountability

a byword for clarify

Excellence

outstanding transparency

Journey to the sources

pure and terrible streams

Resilience

Longevity

Investing in staff

diversify local streams

Object/Character Profile



She is meticulously attentive to detail. She executes plans faithfully and diligently. She likes to be certain despite the unruly nature of her materials. She forecasts, plans ahead, foreseeing every potential eventuality. She makes progress with small but assured steps. She acknowledges and anticipates volatility and plans accordingly. Risk is understood but not tolerated. She meets expectations - sure-footed, a safe pair of hands. Dependable, reliable, a heuristic measure.

Alberta's Edit

ATTENTIVE TO DETAIL [loud]

PLANS FAITHFULLY

unruly nature [soft] she forecasts, plans ahead, foreseeing every potential eventuality [soft]

She makes progress with small but assured steps assured steps [fast]

ANTICIPATES VOLATILITY [loud]

PLANS ACCORDINGLY

risk is understood [soft] BUT NOT TOLERATED [loud]

Sure-footed sure-footed sure-footed

Field note

...lords of hellfire...

faster, slower, rhythm of knowing

The rattle of a crank turned by hand billows air into the fire-pit. Rattle is disrupted, punctuated by the tuneless clatter of metal striking metal. Hum of the vacuum modulates from low drones to piercing high notes. On first listen it seems consistent, but the longer I listen the more the sound fluctuates.

Protective measures result in a loss of dexterity, a loss of confidence. Someone else's (or no one's in particular) leather gloves, too big for my hands. Safety glasses clouded by marks, scuffs, and scratches both protect and limit my vision - adjusting to these new faculties of perception. Hearing is impaired by background noise - feel my senses are most compromised when I need them most - dulled when I need them to be sharp

A rhythm, setting a pace, timing, people settle into a choreography clumsily and encumbered. Each person's hammering strikes a different tone - I become attuned to what sounds correct. There is something intuitive here, something that language cannot quite express - it's known by the body in some way. Eden knows it when he sees it, and knows when you haven't got it quite right. Gravel crunches underfoot - clangs and clatters are the only perceptible tells of gestures absorbed by the body

*...you put it in here and you get a spanner and _____ ...
There's a referent that as an observer you don't quite have access to*

Hammers driving metal - extruding - teasing it further, its a particular movement, it's not like hammering a nail. Some strike with purpose, others with more trepidation, hammering at different pitches - layers of sound. Smoke catches in my throat - chemical transactions transferring energy - fire to steel - making materials malleable. No fixed properties - things can be altered, reshaped, adjusted. Things turning into other things - willed into being - a drawn out process.

...getting a lot of light but not a lot of heat...

Think of the forms of energy required - kinetic, heat, chemical → Carbon Dioxide

Flames lick at leather gloves, cows are visible off in the distance - more material transactions

Spent, exhausted, energy is finite - requires rekindling and replenishing

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PLACE

the Dee

Whisky and biscuits

Carried away

Displayed throughout the building

This may be fun, but it is sterile

Place

Local streams

Loses sense of time

LOVE

passed on to any other technician.

Forgot to love.

Fleur de lys

Not that he listened to advice

Flammable

Partnership

In need of renovation

Coward

She looked

MATERIAL

lips offset to one side,

wax

like a work of art

corrosive

parallel to the handles

MISCELLANEOUS

forecasts

Critical Fabulation

Never Stop Working was on repeat. A record to the anxiety curling round the edges.

He kept subtracting.

Perhaps if he carved back the ornateness it would reduce itself to a singularity, a peanut sized occupation of pure material.

At a certain point he would reach a critical stage in the process where, to any other observer, he would appear to stop moving. Suspended in the event. But by his time he would already have disappeared. Reaching into the pull with a shift of colour.

And in reality he was dead, his head having popped off his shoulders before his body had time to catch up.

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Contact Elementals

- Gawped/ gawked
- Plateaus
- Quarries
- Water Supply
- The English were awful mean
- Microcrystalline

IMPACT (of or on the body)

- Deliver
- Drained away
- Offset lips
- Taper
- Much
- Water so clear
- White in the gills
- Veinings
- Capacities
- Deliver

The Wonder of God

- Blackbird
- Depths
- Fleur de lys
- Forgot to love