

# EIGHT TIMES FOLDED

*For my mother and my father; for Carlos and Ita; for my brothers Josh, Matty and Tom. For my friends.*

*Of course,*

*Of course.*

*All of which I have the pleasure of being alike.*

*By Andrew Allen-Oliver*

*11•03•2022*

*Master's thesis in Fine Art*

*Konstfack University of Arts, Crafts and Design*

*Supervisor - Michele Masucci*

*‘...Pero pues estamos hablando de su cuerpo y no de la Alma....  
Por supuesto’<sup>1</sup>*

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<sup>1</sup> *‘...But well we are talking about their body and not the Soul....Of course’*

Whatsapp voicemail received 14:50:31 GMT+1 time, sent 10:50:31 local time from Dora Olivar – as an afterthought.

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## PROLOGUE

My parents were very social parents – always having dinner parties with their friends. Floating higher and higher with music and dancing and drinks, lulling me to sink into their lap into an unavoidable sleep with their laughter and the stories that crept into my dreams. Talk of pseudo-philosophical drunk ideas and stories of family members and friends and their family members. Looking back on moments like this always gives me a sense of longing and warmth, a tingling phenomenon. A feeling that isn't really able to pinpoint exactly what it is longing for, and comes fleetingly with smells and tastes of the past, or pasts that somehow rhyme with them that are not necessarily my own. A sense of belonging and being part of a great ocean. An idea that I feel is very present in my work, and try to recreate in viewers and myself, so I can sit in that feeling a little while longer.

## INTRODUCTION

This essay wishes to present the reader with a series of scenes presented in a film script. These scenes are written in tandem with my master's thesis project exhibiting in Galleri Konstfack of the same title. The exhibition consists of interchangeable lightboxes of varying size and dimension – each containing various arrangements of archival photos, found photos, stolen photos, photos taken by the artist, collected objects, gifts, photocopies, tearsheets, material hidden from sight, and text. While I feel seeing both together gives the reader a more complete image of the landscape I am trying to convey their understanding is not contingent on the other. Perhaps it is enough to understand that I am trying to explore and convey a place. How does this place hold memories and a collective memory to those in it. Through its history, language, traditions, traces, rituals and anecdotes. These scenes holistically speak of this place, but still something is missing, and the thing that is missing is the thing that defines it. A negation and a feeling of loss, absence and insufficiency as a foundation of a place that doesn't really and cannot really exist.

SCENE ON THE NINTH OF JULY (OR SOMETIME AROUND THEN)

Exterior - Dark. So dark even flashlights don't do the job. Warm or warm enough. Sounds of cicadas in the background in the distance in your ear-thoughts-unnoticed.

Interior - Restless.

Why do you hang out with them? // Because they are funny // They're not that funny // Because they know the area // Of course they know the area they've been here forever // Well maybe that's what I like about them // that they've been here forever? // Yeah. They're not trying to fit in, they just fit in. The town was shaped for them. They sit on rocks moulded by glaciers millions of years ago and it's like it was made for them. Everything I do is just an imitation of it. An imitation of trying to blend in. // You don't even understand what they are saying. They just go around looking for trouble, losing limbs on the way // They pick them up later, it's not like anyone's going to steal them // You just hang around them laughing when they laugh // I am their guest and they have invited me in. I'm tired of being alone. I'm so bad at it // I am your family aren't I? Isn't that enough? // Yes but you are not here. Or you decided to leave and then regretted it and now are some sort of half thing I don't even know what the fuck to call you. But you are not here at least that is for sure. // That's not true // Pick up this glass and I will believe you // Ok ok ok maybe I am in passing or not in passing but not here at least. I can see that. ~~But just so you know it's not so great for me either~~ // What did you say? // Nothing. Nothing. [A pause is followed by a change in the air pressure • She lies her head on the table. Her hair is tight on her scalp, pulled by a braid that flops onto the surface – sinks through it a little.]

## SCENE BEHIND THE HOUSE

Three boys are walking on a flat field. It is a field with uneven ground and the ground is shiny from recent rain. There are many puddles dotted around everywhere. They jump into the puddles with their shorts and their boots, attempting to splash each other. After a few splashes one of the boys jumps into the middle of a larger one, and disappears completely under the puddle and doesn't come up. We are far away watching this, seeing them but not being able to hear them.

## SCENE WITH WET ASHES HELD CLOSE

I read about Achilles recently. Not the bit about his heels that is more commonly known, but the bit about his very close relationship to Patroclus. Achilles, generally arrogant and a dick to everyone else, is not so with Patroclus – showing tenderness and love. Achilles is asked to fight in the Trojan War, but refuses out of anger and Patroclus asks if he can lead Achilles's soldiers into battle, wearing Achilles's armour. He wins the battle, but is killed by Hector. Achilles is thrown into a spiral of depression of course. Of course of course. Stops eating and when he is presented with Patroclus's ashes, touches them and smears them on his cheeks, neck, eyelids. He requests that when he dies, that their ashes be mixed together. Shortly after this I dreamt that my brother had died. It was a matter of truth that dreams manage to get to without much explanation. I was holding a wet bundle of his ashes in my arms that felt more like slippery clay, baby sized. The ashes were wet enough that they would ooze between my fingertips, and I struggled to keep them together, to hold him close. Not let any bit of him fall to the ground. I awoke in the middle of the night crying of course. Of course of course. I thought about calling him but felt embarrassed and ashamed and instead wrote to him, asking him how he was? That I was sorry I hadn't called him in a while, and that I loved him very much. He replied in the morning:

“HAhaha how drunk were/are you? Love you too x”

[11:53AM - 09•08•2020]

## SCENE WITH OBJECTS IN TIME

It's funny with objects. Particularly the relationship with Persons and Objects. Objects from the past, if they survive, lose and accrue meaning over time. Their original human associations and contacts, their given purposes and original attractions, dissolve and are replaced by others, which might be replaced again, and again, and again. Eventually, some of these objects become 'historical'. By virtue of being old, it is given a new value, despite what it represents or the circumstances of its existence or even what it actually is. Other, and most objects, don't go through the process of abstraction to detach itself from these other factors. They are still trapped in a process of possession. They are simply stored without many instances of reflection by a Person. Or they are trapped in a process of time. They have been forgotten or lost, in basements, in attics, in mud. Waiting for someone to find them and give them meaning, putting them in a context. Now this view is one I am not so favourable towards. Biocentrism gives the impression that these objects are at a loss without someone to hold them, examine them and give them some importance. They are waiting, flaking in sunlight or deteriorating in dampness and dust until then when they can wipe us down and see some kind of ephemeral shine. The quick in the pursuit of the dead.

Exercise of the imagination as fundamental to our experience and understanding of history. To mentally exreapolate from objects and photos to the people and environments that produced them. To produce meaning out of oddments. Fill in the gaps. We must remember that the past is more unknown than known, that the vast majority of lived experience is penetrable only to the guided imagination. If we pursue the dead, it is because they have left so many clues behind, and because we can't help being curious as to what they looked like before they turned their backs.

## SCENE OF PERPETUAL PREGNANCY

Her hairs grew thick. She developed aches in her ears and in her collar bone. The smell of sweetcorn made her eyes water and she baked with more bicarbonate of soda than normal. Liked the acidity of it.

Clumsier than usual. Became more tender to the fish and hated the alcoholics more, thinking them useless. She once caught them sneaking sips of beer to the dogs, brown glass glowing on their throats. She didn't say anything but instead just walked over the tower of glass beer crates they had just had delivered and pushed it over, cutting everyones ankles including her own in the explosions of alcohol and glass. Nothing more – leaving them to try and find unharmed bottles among the foam.

## SCENE WITH THE TROUT

The trout don't perceive themselves as having one sun, but three. The first is the one we are perhaps more familiar with. Its hardness softened at the edges through the water – easier on the eyes. The second is constantly changing size and shape and is harder to notice, sometimes growing big enough to fill the whole sky, sometimes barely visible, an eclipsical speck in front of the first. With this sun it is much more apparent that the sun is a gas, flicking from positive to negative. It has no weight, only mass. It moves around the sky quickly and fluidly and is always still. This sun is also unstuck, so all these perceptions happen at the same time. In this way we would perceive this sun to be many, but to the trout they know it to be only one. The third sun is kind and only comes out at night. While we learn about these suns, we see what can perhaps most closely be described as the image of the sun burned red and black and purple and white into the back of your eyelids.

## SCENE WITH BRASS

In this scene we are presented with a series of brass plaques in an exhibition. They may be familiar to you, or maybe not. Where they are from, you see them on park benches, nailed to the center of the wood. It denotes a dedication. Someone has died, and someone has decided that that person should be remembered in this bench – commissioned its making and all.

As you enter the gallery, you are told the story of the artist whose father was a carpenter and gardener, working in the area they were from to make these benches and the neat plaque on them. What isn't so well known about these benches, is that they are temporary. Like cemetery crypts, you only get so long before your rental period is over, and your ashes are swept up for the next tenant. These benches, likewise, last until they rot in the rain, and are then replaced and a new dedication is made.

Dedicated to \_\_\_\_\_, who sat on this spot every day.

This bench is here to remember \_\_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_, avid lover of nature and a whiskey too many.

For \_\_\_\_\_, always in our hearts.

The story goes that the father of the artist collected the old bits o' bench and, rather than throwing them away as is custom, would collect the plaques – feeling too guilty to dispose of them so blazée-like, without really knowing what to do with them. So I kept them. Then of course I die and my daughter, who left home long ago as soon as she was old enough, is left to deal with them. She didn't know of my habit, a career I began after her departure. She sees a pure sense of melancholy in them – replacing the names of the people with my own name, and sees if it fits. Pictures me as a father of 4 and imagines what her siblings would be like. As someone who died 'too soon', and wonders for her when that would have been. As a cat lover, which makes her laugh. As a loving husband, which makes her laugh even more.

So she decided to make an exhibition for them, in my honour, she says. Has it in the place we grew up, or she rather. She writes it into the local paper to invite the whole town. She names it 'Dedications from a nice view' and gives a brief description, hoping at least the dog-walkers of the town will be interested.

A few days later she gets a letter in the post which I read over her shoulder:

Dear \_\_\_\_\_, daughter of \_\_\_\_\_

We have heard that you are having an exhibition concerning the plaques from old benches. It seems you have been misinformed about their acquisition. These plaques have in fact been a matter of a serial criminal, who has been prying them off benches,

and replacing them with another. Please come into the station at your soonest convenience so we can hash this out.

Best wishes,

Police department of \_\_\_\_\_.

This letter is pinned up at the end of the exhibition on an A4 piece of paper

Next to this is a brass plaque with a small label that indicates 'evidence of the police department of \_\_\_\_\_, lent to the artist'.

The plaque is cut not so neatly with metal shears and embossed not so neatly with skewed letters that read:

I harbour this soul.

I carry it with me.

While this story is being told, we are presented with a montage of close ups of the parts of bronze statues that people tend to touch. Their patina of lichen and ochre burnished away to a dull warm gold at the bellies, breasts, snouts, fingertips. The shots have a slight handheld shake, about ten seconds each.

## SCENE OF THE TIMES BEFORE TARMAc

Driving to the farm. The roads are filled with potholes and no tarmac. It is shaky. We see the vegetation around and the mountains through the muddy windshield – a crack to the left stopping in the middle. She is driving and she stops every now and again to ask people how they are. If they think it will rain. And how to get to the farm. If they know who Adriana is. About the boy who drowned recently. We see the ground up close in a blur as the car drives, stops, allowing us to notice the different tire tracks and road kill of dead dogs and the sand of crushed glass sparkling.

SCENE WITH DRAWING THE PERFECT CIRCLE

'It's like whistling'  
she says.

'It's only once you  
can do it that you  
understand how to  
do it every time.'

She says this with  
the framed poster  
that reached up to  
the top of the wall.  
The poster is a face  
that is a close up  
from a painting  
from Paris from  
that one time she  
went to Europe.

Its eyes watch over  
her shoulders as  
she draws  
Three  
Perfect  
Circles.  
Each  
encompassing the  
previous one,  
albeit a little  
skewed in  
composition, but  
with the essence of  
being perfect.

## SCENE WITH QUICKSILVER

[During this scene, the performer opens the rosary box containing mercury. While they speak, they decanter the mercury into a Snifter glass<sup>2</sup>, and hand it to the guests to pass around]

Daedalus from stories of the Greeks, is someone who is more commonly known as being the inventive father of Icarus the Fallen. Another story about him tells of how he was also an excellent sculptor, known to make statues that were so beautiful and realistic, that they had to be chained down out of fear that they would walk away in the night. Which seemed to happen from time to time. Daedalus devised a technique in which his statues would sing when mercury was poured down their throats.

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<sup>2</sup> Those glasses that are commonly used for drinking whiskey. Wide at the bottom, narrow at the top and good for swishing.

## SCENE WITH MUD

They called the tree by the river the caterpillar tree because in the spring, out of its dark branch tips came caterpillars bright as limes and dusted in silver hanging from single strings of spider webs, wiggling when a breeze came. They were at the age where the names of trees didn't matter, so we are unsure what kind of tree it was. They crouched in the cold sun with oversized jumper sleeves over their hands and wet shoes from the dew of the long grass – tadpoles wriggling in between their toes. The tree's trunk and branches covered itself in a soft layer of blonde hair in the summer that perfumed their climbs. They tried to do so carefully so as to avoid their grandmother's bottles around the base – hanging on strings just below pipes hammered into the trunk to catch the liquid dripping from them. The pipes were always covered in ants that fell into the trees' milk and we're part of it's flavour. The leaves on the branches were dense silver strings that they would hide in and store things in too. Of course not be careful enough – spilling the bottles and falling often. They would run inside for their aunts to inspect their scrapes and pull their wounds to less inconvenient locations on their bodies. They kept a jar of the trees' hair in the fridge for burns that was used as a glue with fish skin to form plasters.

Every winter the tree became so bare and brittle that anyone who didn't know it would think it dead. But those in the area came to recognise it as just a cycle of the tree, and if ever they felt any doubt, could place their hands on the trunk and feel a slight warmth at night. It gave off fruit sporadically, nested among the clumps of old matted leaves in the nooks of the branches close to the trunk. The fruit was also covered in a blonde fuzz and by itself was too acrid to eat on its own, but comforting when made warm into a juice mixed with lime and sugar. Its fragrance ran through the mezzanines of the house and was a smell that could not quite be placed.

In their adolescence they used its branches as a place to bring girls to lie in the blonde mulch of autumn as they had seen in films and considered themselves romantic. Returning to the house to their parents doing the dishes who would chuckle between themselves with wet hands at the wet backs and the moist smell of the tree. Long silver hairs caught in their clothes-shyness, lingering long after.

Many times friends and people passing through asked for a cutting or a seed from the fruit to try and grow their own but to no success. Their uncle read in an old school text book that there was a trick with certain trees – it is to tie a piece of moss around a branch angled upwards in spring and to keep it humid for roots to grow in. It worked and the sons each got one with matching pots for the spring equinox. Of course they neglected them, treated them roughly and even sabotaged each other to make sure no plant was more beautiful than the others.

## SCENE THAT PLAYS WITH GRAVITY

- Stairs, Nails, Magnetic fields.
- Hammocks, Smoke, Buoyancy.

## SCENE WITH THE NEW KID

He tries to keep up and you can tell he's a good guy and he's really trying to be like us. We go down to the river and that yappy fucking dog of the priest bit off Tomas's big toe so now hes all moody on account of his affinity to flip flops and how it turns out a big toe is kind of necessary. Essential even, he keeps repeating. We tell him just to shift down to the next toes but he's in a strop and none of us care all that much anyway. The new guy is telling us how he came here once as a kid and that he took one of his mums gold rings with a nice emerald on it and it must have fallen out of his pocket while swimming. We all know it's all bullshit since we know he never came here before but he's a good guy and he's really trying to be like us so we try and make him think we are impressed – small nods and the like. We've been going at it two days straight and you can tell he's dying for a lie down – see it in the way he blinks real slow and gravity is all heavy for him. Fair enough – poor bastard he's probably getting used to the new heavy metals in his gut from all the fish and the shit they use to blow up the mine upstream. Gets in the water like – all silvery and mystic blue when the light hits it right. Gets you real affiliated to the magnetic field of the place too. Here in particular, which is why I don't blame him. But he's trying anyway and he's a good guy and he's really trying to be like us. Then music starts playing and we kind of look around trying to work out the source or reason of it. Only the new kid doesn't take any notice of it, just looking into the water all sleepy like. We all look at each other and back to him, figuring out and conversing with our eyebrows that he must be some sort of protagonist or something – respect him a little more.

## SCENE WITH HIM

Indifference is a fish's inheritance. He likes changes in temperature. Likes to collect gold flakes from the waterbed. Likes it especially when he catches them midcurrent. Excuse me, please. His splashes summon me.

Let me start again. True, his speech is gurgle-music – more percussive most of the time. I've gotten used to living in a house constantly under a foot of water. Enjoy the sparkling of scales when the sun comes through the windows. Got good with waders and always humorous to have new guests. He likes it when I snorkel with him and he shows me his discoveries washed down the river, or spots he finds particularly soothing. Sometimes he gets carried away on his expeditions and is away overnight. Always apologetic for making me worry. He got fished out of the water once – luckily it was someone who knew of him, a cousin of a neighbour, and put him back. Told him to be more careful. It's easier on my back to float around the house now that I have become heavy with his roe in my belly. Better at holding my breath than before. It's difficult to hear the story of his sea years with dry eyes. He always snuffs damply at my hand before kissing it. My fingers tingle at the thought of those sensitive, mobile whiskers. I like the vermilion of his cheeks. It's a myth that they smell, only when they get old. Always funny to see him try to smile. Coy to ask questions. You've no idea how long his tongue is. At night, when we are in bed, my skin becomes white and wrinkled on the parts he rests against while we sleep. Or rather while I sleep, and he just lies there, splashing in and out of the water for air.

## SCENE OF THE MINE

There is an illegal gold mine up the river. They use dynamite to dig into the mountain and use mercury to extract gold from the mud. We suspect that it is why the water is looking blue-grey lately. We try to speak to the police. The two same ones as always with the same missing teeth. We tell them its not good for the water, and they leave with fish in their pockets. Flapping. But of course they don't do anything. Like the time with the roof tiles.<sup>3</sup> And then my parents were away and it was my aunts turn to be in charge of the farm. And so but she was warning in her job in the city. The worker of the farm called the building she was working in, without knowing the extension number, asking for a 'Doctora' Aura Maria, even though she wasn't a doctor. Without the extension number, the worker had no choice but to try and call every floor from the ground up. By the time they got to extension 5 on the 5th floor, the whole building was already announcing it like an echo of ghosts to her.

'Doctora Aura Maria, the fish are drawing! The fish are drowning!'<sup>4</sup>

So begins the abattoir. A word that when I was young would often confuse in the place of albatross and vice versa. My parents were called back and my aunts and uncles and friends and neighbours and whoever was passing by at that moment. It was due to the illegal gold mine of course. Their explosions had caused a gradual sedimentary dam to the stream that fed the fish tanks with fresh water. The stream had finally dried up over the past few days and the worker, who did not know that fish need fresh water, simply thought that the fish were fine since their tanks were still full. Then began his panic at seeing the fish begin to asphyxiate and the subsequent 'Doctora Aura Maria!' call. So the water turned pink.<sup>5</sup> And of course the police came to see what all the commotion was about, leaving again with fish in their pockets. Still.

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<sup>3</sup> While sleeping in the car, the tiles planned for the roof that are temporarily stored at the bottom of the road go missing. My dad, attuned to hearing sick engines, recounts hearing being woken by the sound of the neighbour down the road's car failing to start last night, but thinking nothing of it in his sleep except for a dream where the fish make the same sound.

- You need to go over there and tell him to bring them back.

He does but comes back saying that the neighbour of course denies it, but there is an obvious suspicious new tile-stack-shape under tarpaulin on his land. They call the police to go over, who does and comes back with the same response, that the neighbour has no idea what they are talking about. So my mum goes over herself and asks again. Same response. She goes to the car and gets out their rifle.

- Oh sorry yes yes I know what you mean now! They were tiles? I thought they were bricks that you didn't want. Yes I took them, they are here, do you want them back? But you have to take them yourself. They were so heavy.

She stands there not saying anything. Until he gets the point and begins loading his truck.

<sup>4</sup> It should be noted that this is not as abstract and incorrect as it sounds. Fish, while water-breathing creatures, breathe the oxygen in water. When the oxygen in water is used up, or absent or somehow unable to be absorbed for some biological reasons, they can no longer breathe in said oxygen. Then for death to come as the result of the inhalation and submersion of water, it is quite correctly defined as drowning.

<sup>5</sup> It is probably worth noting why the massacre occurred. Fish meat, while delicious, can often have the problem of the small bones. When a fish dies from drowning, or more accurately asphyxiation, the meat doesn't fall so easily off the bone when cooked, and the taste is compromised, giving it a muddier taste. While the meat is still usable, this is commonly mixed up with the idea that the fish is bad, making it almost impossible to sell. So it is better to kill a fish quickly while you have the chance, rather than let the meat go to waste.

## SCENE WITH GLORIA THE HOUSESITTER AND HER SONS

The guerilla was reported to be approaching the area in search of new recruitments.

She decided to bury her sons with the help of the dogs. When they asked her for proof of their death she showed them the mounds among the dry trout tanks, by the river that had drowned them. Suspicious by their freshness, the soldiers began to dig until one hit something hard and bent down to see a small hand with its index finger and middle finger severed by the spade. They left with the sun passing between their legs just as the finger began to move like a worm. Gloria brushed the dry mud off their lips and spent a week rubbing dust and small bugs out of their eyes. For Damien, who was the last to be unburied, he was never able to wash away a muddy stain on his ear, that if unattended would grow small roots in his ear. From that day they felt that the house had become theirs. They had been buried there once, so they would be buried there in their ends.

## SCENE WITH THE RUNNER

The Runner's mother had twins but on the day of their birth only he came out and the other seemed to have disappeared. It was assumed to have been a mistake of the doctor.

The runner ran for everything. He ran to the top of the mountain and back and as he passed the alcoholics at their edges they thought him funny. He liked to line up lizards he found on his arms and show them excitedly to the children and raced with their five great danes in the midday sun. Wherever he ran he left an infrequent trail of coins not worth anyone worrying about. Only enough to amuse the birds and those dining in the restaurant to find shining pesos in their chowders from those that had slipped into the fish tanks, gulped by gilled gullets. He was fascinated with the trouts and often took one out of the water just to examine it in the sun. He would tuck it under his armpit and pinch the side of his mouth with his one free hand to impersonate their small mouths and talk to them. Good with his hands. He would travel for work and come back with strange inventions like digital watches. The workers laughed secretly at his inability to speak Spanish when describing his travels, using wrong words.

'Remember when he talked about that city that floated on water?'

'He still has problems with numbers too. Saying that building had one hundred floors!'

Every gift he received was fish themed and he never failed to be excited by it.

His child was his twin born thirty years later.

EPILOGUE WITH LUNA, INGEBORG & SEBASTIAN IN RJUKAN

OK ok go stand there in the sun. //

But there is no sun dad. //

It's behind that mountain. //

Noooo it's coming, it's coming! //

The sun? But isn't it bad to be so close to the sun? //

Look at the dog! //

But the mirrors will reflect it to you. It's just light. //

Ok but it is for sure bad to look at the sun no? //

Hey Doggo! \*frantic waving with both wrists\*!//

Well don't look at the sun, just look at me and say 'cheeese'. //

You cannot take a photo! //

CHEEE\*gasps\*EEEEEEEEEEEEEE  
EEEEEEEE\*gasps\*EEEESE //

Yess! //

Noo!!! //

Yes because you both look so perfect I must take a photo! //

Noo!!! //

CHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE  
EEEEEEHey You are covered in blonde hairs. //

AHHH look how nice they glow in the sun, blonde worms thick thin thick thin blonde lights. //

You don't want me to take them off? //

No leave them in for the photo. //

Ok so now I can take the photo? //

CHEEEEEEEEESE //

Yes as long as my blonde friends are in it too. //

But this isn't our sun, it's someone else's? //

Can you smile? ///

\*click\*

CHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE\*gasps\*ahEESE //

CHEEEEEEEEEEEEESE //

## POSTSCRIPT

Perhaps it feels necessary to give a bit of context about my work and where this body of work comes from for a better understanding, however I will choose to leave it at the end as a sort of after taste so as not to colour the work too much.

In general I work with film, photography, installation and text. With collections, documentations and speculative stories. His work is dedicated to scientists and hoarders and those who bend their knees to see; to diggers and explorers; to what is written on the back of things, and to what is not; to unelaborated memories, and pasts which somehow rhyme with them; to pasts that are not necessarily one's own; to ventriloquism and to shortcomings; to a place changed over time; to hangovers and jet lag; to constructivist anthropology, parallel presents, slow magic; to the flavour and vividness of trying for a long time; to the thing that is missing and defines what it is missing from; to saving it for later; to the familiar, unconnected, out of reach; to myth; to proof; to knowing how something works, and still be surprised and humbled by it anyway; to hold something up to the light and feel the gravity in your feet. Previously, I worked in the postal industry.

Specifically with text, I am inspired by a few schools in writing. By magical realism, with the likes of Gabriel Garcia Marquez and Jorge Luis Borges – where a portrayal of reality has magic unceremoniously slipped in, as though it was and will always be there. By escaping the temporal linearity of a narrative such as in the writing of Julio Cortázar, Fernando Pessoa and Alejandro Zambra – where the order of things can be mixed and misremembered and repeated, particularly with Zambra with his biographical and meta form of writing . By the combination of academia and fiction of Kevin Breathnach and Anne Carson and how those two worlds can fit together. By the absurdist nonchalance and beuroachatic frustrations of Franz Kafka. By Roberto Bolaño with the portrayals of violence and repetitive iterations of these often South American scenes, where names are repeated and characters reappear as different versions of themselves. By Olga Tokarczuk in piecing together worlds that have no relation to each other together to create a kind of constellation of a world. By David Foster Wallace in his Encyclopaedic and meticulously detailed form of writing. And by Max Porter whose novels use specific characters to each have their own voice in telling the story.

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