

I pushed you so far down, and I let you sink through.

line installation

drawing looking down line making reference points public space Surveying device

Throughout Fort Lane on Auckland's reclaimed foreshore, *Tide Line* installations reside underfoot. They are leading gestures formed between tiles. The question is, leading to or from where? Up close, what forms the lines are silver and salt cast *memorial stones*. The materials suggest a flux between permanence and impermanence, surrendering to weather, chance and circumstance. Salt evaporated from Waitematā Harbour gestures to the reclaimed shoreline, washing away in rain and crystallising elsewhere in a new self. In addition, a silver *Plumb Line* is reflected in a puddle of rainwater. Each line gives evidence to an unfixed volcanic topology we inhabit, constructed from the exploded Pt Britomart. Viewers can trace lines to ground level or a central drain where they slip away. The line interventions are an invitation to attend to the small, unseen and *infrathin*, in a geology that is no longer looked at or can no longer be seen. 'The gaps are the thing. The gaps are the spirit's one home'.¹

Details

Materials Silver, salt, clay, rainwater

¹ Annie Dillard, *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek*, HarperCollins, New York, 2007 [orig. 1974], p. 274.

The Story

A silver dividing bar lies at the cusp of Auckland's Fort Lane. The original foreshore is drawn out: the line separating a natural and reclaimed stratum. A line becomes a threshold. Former Point Britomart is disseminated underfoot. Matter is never still. Consider silver, an element created from the explosion of a star: molecular alchemy resulting in precious metal and human existence. This work ties a mountain and a star together in their exploded fate. Collision and force are explicit.

How can a process led practise incorporate drawing methodologies to extract literal and conceptual lines from Salt and Silver to reveal historical narratives on Auckland City's original shoreline, and connect geology to divine alchemy? This question focused my research, which aims to redefine drawing methods limited to pencil on paper, expanding it to a spatial breadth. ***The form of a line is this work's muse.***

Infrathin, a term coined by Marcel Duchamp describes liminal situations that produce minimal changes. Duchamp's theories influenced the quiet nature of my *Tide Lines* that mirror the silver dividing bars form. The silver stones cast in the same molds differ from each other in infrathin amounts. They can be seen as *recast* stardust - silver cast back into forms of rock that supernova created.

This work not only deals with physical interruptions between gaps, but ones of time as well. *Tide*, from old English *tīd* (point or portion of time) embodies duration. The perpetual ebb of the moon's tide is signalled here by contrasting permanent and ephemeral materials. They draw their *Tide Lines* - a marking lost on the erased shoreline.

The Poetic

I walk through a moonlit Fort Lane and imagine how it would all look a million years from now. Would these buildings still stand? And what about the colour of their bricks? Would it be the same? Would the tectonic plates have shifted and caused a range of height mountains to pile up here? or would the sea reclaim its foreshore, removing all reason to use the word 'place' amid the idle motion of the waves.

To *notice* something small in the Lane, city or life can instigate a personal revelation. These solitary moments may be so fleeting it cannot be shared, but that's what makes something your own. I share my desire to initiate change in ways of being, in conversation with a place, to which this work affords its attention and care. The minimal spirituality I work in instills liminal moments in an overlooked landscape. Like life, the works' many amorphous meanings are not meant to be deciphered, but felt.

Seeing all in the world in relation to each other is a hallmark of cosmological thought, thus my *Tide* and *Plumb Lines*. If cosmology implicates exploding stars in forming the iron in my blood, and salt within every one of my cells, these *Lines* are simply *drawing* out my being. What kind of place is earth? What is our relation to it? Questions my methods propose aren't easily answered, but it's my hope that in the act of becoming aware of something, our relationship to it changes.

Divine influences in *salt circles* and *Witches' Ladders* imbued my work. These acts of *line-making* inspire my tying of geology to cosmological alchemy.

This drawing installation consists of three parts:

_____ TIDE LINES

ix line silver cast scoria *memorial stones* (permanent). 1 x line salt evaporated from Waitemata Harbour (ephemeral). Collectively, these *Tide Lines* travel the width of Fort Lane between tiles. They lead to a central gutter, allowing the Lane to draw water down itself. Rainwater will cause overlap between the materials and suggest the lap of the tide. (*Tide Line* series to begin at cusp of Fort lane - marking original shoreline - and are repeated intermittently between drains.)

_____ PERPETUAL PUDDLE

Rainwater leaks from a forged *Silver Conduite* (imitating the form of Fort Lanes' many drainpipe heads). Rivulets form, guided in thin silver-lined channels. Salt crystals evaporate within. Following the inclination of the ground, the rainwater puddles in hollowed clay tiles in the lanes dip, then spills down a drain. Its presence in the lane is activated by rain: either filled and reflecting a *Plumb Line* above, or an evaporated trace of salt. It was crucial to suggest flux in the installation through these momentary activations. It's expressive, the quiet spirituality that suggests something is *happening* in the Lane. There are invisible forces at play, and to passerbys what's *happening* is not meant to be decoded, but instinctively felt. All this simply suggests a magical act of *revealing* the *Plumb Line*, slowly - then all at once.

_____ PLUMB LINE

Plumb Lines were once used to locate *True north* by charting star paths on vertically hung string. This Plumb Line is an entropic surveying device, consisting of salt rocks knotted into a silver chain. It takes inspiration from *Witches Ladders* - rope rungs tied with 'mystic intent'. It draws out the vertical height of the Lanes' sinking ground. (First) revealed in reflection, the surface of the puddle mirrors a crisp line of silver (catching light). An entropic surveying device knotted with salt and a silver cast scoria weighing (drawing) it down. (look up) see time. This moment of noticing (magic) yours, and yours alone. Ground level is drawn out - its datum line marked by the silver stone.

