

Caroline Wendling, *Hypoteinousa*

(Text Version)

Bold text = script for Hypoteinousa, read aloud by Caroline Wendling

[Text in square brackets] = description of soundscape

Make your way towards the door leading to the car park, turn right and walk up the steps.

[Birdsong can be heard in the background and continues frequently throughout the sound walk]

On 24th May 1863, which was a Sunday, my uncle, Professor Lidenbrock, came rushing back towards his little house, No 19 Konigstrasse, one of the oldest streets in the old quarter of Hamburg.

He was a miser

On your right presides a walnut tree. Every year I look forward to eating fresh walnuts and every year the squirrels harvest them before me.

[The sound of tyres on a rough surface, and a soft humming]

You can never get away from the sound of cars, sometimes in the distance sometimes really close.

Keep on the track straight ahead.

Notice the teeth marks low down on the line of trees on your left

Opposite, a cluster of birch trees

[Birdsong continues]

I was told that the very young leaves of birch trees could be eaten; they are full of nutrients and have a nutty taste. In Italy there is a tradition in picking fresh young leaves of all sorts of wild plants for salad.

‘This work, is the Heims Kringla of Snorro Turleson, the famous Icelandic writer of the twelfth century.’

‘It’s a manuscript, a runic manuscript’

[Overlapping voice tracks]

‘Arne Saknussemm’

mm.rnlls

unteief

oseibo

[Birdsong continues]

At this point you might see one of the many, many rabbits living here. They run around openly and silent.

In 2011, hand constructed billboards by Laure Provost and Francesco Pedraglio sat in the car park as a warning to artists and visitors that: None is the department for passion; we are all here out of necessity. It's the procedure. You shut up and dig!

Rabbits like artists shut up and dig.

[Overlapping voice tracks]

lomyr, luudta ovcetü vehalb, er,ree yymlgm

The hundred and thirty-two letters seemed to flutter around me.

Amphis, on your left, a dream house of many parts built by 60 volunteers under the watchful eyes of Folke Kobberling and Martin Kaltwasser in 2008.

Step on the grass and walk twice round the house. Take your time.

Sneffells has several craters, and it was therefore necessary to indicate the one which leads to the centre of the earth.

Once children had discovered a huge fish tank at the back that contained some of the most exotic species. The lean on empty green house disappeared over night.

Grauben was an accomplished mineralogist.

[Birdsong continues]

Spot the Wagtails

How often I had envied the lot of those insensible stones, which she handled with her charming fingers.

Craterem

Terrestre

She had a volcanic imagination

**Descent into the crater of Sneffells Yokul,
Over which the shadow of Scartaris falls
Before the kalends of July, bold traveller,**

**And you will reach the centre of the earth.
I have done this. Arne Saknussemm**

[Birdsong continues]

Oh, how hard it is to understand the hearts of girls and women. When they are not the most timid of creatures, they are the bravest.

If we were to go only twenty- five miles down, we should have reached the limit of the earth's crust for the temperature there is over thirteen- hundred degrees.

Nothing is less certain than the existence of that internal heat.

Wysing has a large collection of apple trees unfortunately many died. The one I used to wait for impatiently was the champagne apple; a small heart shaped golden apple with an effervescence effect.

Martha and Grauben waved a final farewell.

An open mind

Yes Axel to the centre of the earth!

**An Eigel Centigrade thermometer A computer reading up to 150degrees
a note book**

**A chronometer an open mind made by the younger Boissonas of Geneva, a recording device set to the meridian of Hamburg.
a book or two**

Two compasses might fit in a small backpack one for inclination.

A cat or a dog the other for declination and sometimes a child or two

A night glass accompany the artist

Two Ruhmkorff coils

Artist materials of various types

Provisions including alcohol will be purchased in the supermarket nearby

The Provisions contained enough meat extract and biscuits to last us six months. Gin was the only liquid.

I had a terrible nightmare that night, in which I was in the depths of the volcano, from which I was shot into interplanetary space in the shape of an eruptive rock.

[A machine-like whirring is heard]

I dreamed I had created my own burrow. It was in the shape of a room with windows looking out to the site. From there I observed a charming weasel making rounds, a wren busying himself and higher up a muntjac deer feasting on the bark of a line of trees. On the verge, I watched the wild orchids grow.

[The whirring stops abruptly]

Now make your way back to the concrete path and stop on the bridge. Stand still

[Birdsong continues]

Such was the succession of phenomena which created Iceland; all of them arose from the action of the internal fires, and to suppose that the mass inside did not still exist in a permanent state of liquid incandescence was folly.

I raised my head and saw above me the upper aperture of the cone, framing a greatly reduced but almost perfectly circular patch of sky.

You learn to look at the vast expanse of sky. You focus on the shape of the clouds and the atmosphere. You might find yourself so close to nature or in nature that you produce work addressing the political and the social. You might possibly choose to return to nature? No one has done this to my knowledge as an outcome from visiting the site.

[Water flowing]

I derived a certain pleasure from studying the countless little waterfalls running down the side of the cone, amplified by each and every stone.

I could hear that same sound this winter as the water was dashing down the slope of Wysing ditch. It runs from the top of the site down to the window room, down, down into invisible channels.

Stay on the bridge

**Chronometer Computer: 8.17am. disk almost full
Barometer: Recording device 29 inches 7 lines not used yet
Thermometer Phone: 6C switched off
Direction: East South East
General state: restless and kept awake at night by silence**

The lava, which was porous at certain points, had formed little round blisters; crystals of opaque quartz, studded with limpid tears of glass and hanging from the ceiling like chandeliers, seemed to light up as we passed.

It was eight in the evening, and there was still no sign of water.

By eight in the evening you might sit at the farmhouse kitchen table. You might be lost on a rural lane somewhere between Hayley Wood and Wysing. You might have defected altogether.

[Water flowing, increasing in volume]

The torrent, which for some time had been over our heads, was now roaring and leaping along inside the left-hand wall.

[The water ceases]

Now leave the bridge, turn right immediately follow the concrete path.

[A distant echo is heard, as though within a vast chamber]

Pass the yellow door of Imagination House by Idit Nathan and Helen Stratford on your right.

Peep through the glass inside the house.

A large blackboard might give you a clue on how families played the site.

[Echo sound recedes]

Back on the concrete path walk as slowly as you can

The guide, was calm and self-possessed

Our route seemed to be stretching away into infinity, and instead of sliding down the terrestrial radius, as he put it, we were travelling along the hypotenuse.

I hardly gave thought now of sun, stars and moon, trees, houses and towns...Living as fossils, we did not give a jot for these useless wonders.

There is a point of total abandon. You might even consider leaving behind your known ways of making art and try new avenues. At this point you might cling to a specific book. Or, you might become obsessed with forming clay in the pottery studio.

I still clung to the theory of central heat, even through I could not feel the effects of that heat.

Follow the curved path

[A dripping sound is heard within a damp, echoey space]

By 7 August our successive descents had brought us to a depth of seventy-five miles; In other words we had seventy-five miles of rock, ocean, continents, and towns over our heads.

By 7 August the plums were ripe my friend asked me if I could take her some as they make the most delicious jam.

After the second curve, turn left through the little opening in between two hedges. Stay exactly there and listen

I put my ear to the wall, and as soon as the name 'Axel' reached me, I immediately replied: 'Axel' then waited.

[A mezzo-soprano range voice holds a single note, with vibrato, gradually dying away]

'Forty seconds' said my uncle.

[A slightly higher-pitched resonance is heard, overlapping with a deeper, sung note. A higher note and birdsong follow]

There are a good many examples of this propagation of sounds that cannot be heard in the intervening space. The Whispering Gallery at St Paul's in London, and especially in those curious caves near Syracuse in Sicily, of which the most remarkable in this respect is called the Ear of Dionysius.

Now slowly walk forward

[A gentle tide lapping]

The sea! I cried. It was a real sea, with the capricious contour of earthly shores, but utterly deserted and horribly wild in appearance.

Walk until you can feel a change in terrain through the soles of your feet. You have entered Wysing woodland; you are standing at the Solway Firth at low tide. Rupert Norfolk casted an area of sand at low tide. Close your eyes and make contact through your feet with Solway Firth and imagine the sea slowly waving to your toes.

Stop

and imagine

your ankles

under sudden

seawater

stay there for a while.

[The tide stops]

Open your eyes and walk straight in the direction of the green light.

If my eyes could range far out over this sea, it was because a very special kind of light.. It was like an aurora borealis, a continuous cosmic phenomenon, filling a cavern big enough to contain an ocean. It is a hot house, but you might add that it may be a menagerie too. Bones? ...these are bones of antediluvian animals.

As you reach the clearing in the wood turn your head to the right. In the distance a woman frozen in time is carrying a jug on her head, her feet in first position.

Walk towards the green opening pass Christine Fox Double Spiral starting point, straight out of the wood

Where did the sea end? Where did it lead? Could we ever hope to reach its opposite shores?

**The tide is rising...
'You mean that the influence of the moon and sun can be felt down here?'**

[Birdsong continues]

Who could ever imagined that inside the earth's crust there was a real ocean, with ebbing and flowing tides, winds and storms?

Pose once more in between the two tall birch trees. Take your breath in and release. Take the landscape in.

[A French Horn plays in the distance. The piece of music is Benjamin Britten's Serenade for Tenor, Horn & Strings, Prologue (horn solo). The notes of the solo overlap with one another]

You are standing on Wysing's highest point.

And how deep down are we?

[French Horn continues]

Structures at times erected for a day, a week, a month and some times longer linger in my mind.

[Silence]

Beehive Skyscraper, 2010 placed on site one autumn night by artist Bedwyr Williams in a gale, a heroic action in many ways.

[French Horn returns and grows louder, reaching a peak before dying away]

Williams stacked white painted specially designed bee houses based on the hive design of William Broughton Carr, a design sadly fallen out of fashion with beekeepers because of its complexity of its construction.

[Distant sound of bees, gradually growing closer, and birdsong]

A tall crane was at hand, one hive above the other under the protective eyes of the director, Donna. It might have been an attempt to house vertically Wysing's decreasing bee population leaving more space for other species to flourish, it might have been a wink to city life in an attempt to bringing closer human ways of social behaviour to our co-habitant the insects. The kind of solutions architects devised to house as many people as possible on the smallest area possible. The sculpture was believed to be the tallest beehives in the world.

[The buzzing of the bees ceases, and is replaced by a whirring similar to a helicopter or distant plane]

I liked the way it moved in the wind taking flight, reaching the greater heights of the blue space up, up above our heads. It was first shortened and then disappeared altogether. You still see a hole in the ground where it stood, made safe with a rope.

Start walking again, the wood on your right.

[Birdsong continues]

Enter the wood at the first opportunity. Go and sit on the bench for a while.

I had a prehistoric dream. I fancied I could see floating on the water some huge chersites, antediluvian tortoises like floating islands.

The whole of the fossil world came to life again in my imagination. My body was volatilized in its turn and mingled like an imponderable atom with these vast vapours tracing their flaming orbits through infinity.

By now you are sitting in front of Wysing's ruin. The 1993 Tree Keep by Ben Wilson. When first built it sat in a bare treeless landscape. Nearly thirty years later it belongs to the young wood. It was a house once played in by children, they would run around it and enter through its entrances varying in height. Their small hands and bodies perfectly happy in this fairytale structure. I myself went into it. On a sunny day you could experience the effects of the sun piercing through the open wooden structure just like the sun shining through a wood, creating strange and wonderful shadows. Look for the fish that escaped the water.

The raft rose into the air and bounced forward... Hans' long hair blown forward by the hurricane over his motionless features, gave him an old appearance, for the end of every hair was tipped with little luminous plumes. This frightening mask reminded me of the face of antediluvian man, the contemporary of the ichthyosaurus and the megatherium.

[Footsteps over leaves and twigs. Birdsong continues]

Now walk into the wood leaving the tree keep on your right

On your left in between two trees an orator raised from the ground with his hollow face and three-fingered hand. A horse looking away to the field beyond, you might even glance at the throne leaning east, half sunk in the earth. Rumour has it that there are plans to restore the keep.

Where are we? [echoes]

Where are we going? [echoes]

Will this never end? [echoes]

... a ball of fire appeared on board of the raft. The mast and the sail vanished together, and I saw them rising to a prodigious height, looking like the pterodactyl, that fantastic bird of prehistoric times.

Turn back and make your way out of the wood.

David Blandy generously gave Wysing the replica plantation shack made for his 2009 “crossroad installation’ for Spike Island. It was constructed as a means to project the film, with the sound reverberating from within. The film followed Robert Johnson, a bluesman with three gravestones, 29 recorded songs and only two known photographs, who reputedly sold his soul to the devil at the crossroads.

During the exhibition, it was not possible to see inside the shack, the curtains were closed with a light shining behind them. Viewers could sit on the back porch, on a rocking chair, to watch the film. I often sit on the front porch watching and hearing Wysing wilding.

We have passed under England, under the Channel, under France, perhaps under the whole of Europe.

[Birdsong continues]

On a high shelf, in the Replica Plantation shack sits a small painted face with dark circled eyes and a clown like shaped painted mouth just like Blandy’s painted face in the film. I like the white blossom of the blackthorn bushes in the spring creating a halo of light around the wooden shack.

I could almost imagine that we were in the house in the Konigstrasse, that I was coming down to breakfast, and that I was going to marry poor Grauben that very day.

We were separated by barely a hundred miles! But they were a hundred vertical miles of solid granite, and in reality we were more than two thousand miles apart.

Carry on walking down the slope of the field close to the hedge on the right that separates the site from the cultivated land.

Look into the wild edges and touch the long grasses on your left. Notice the pheasants chasing each other and the blue tits chatting up in the trees.

[A repeating knocking or hammering sound]

[Loud birdsong]

Spot the black and white winged chaffinch delivering its song. Smile at the peacock butterflies. Rabbits are moving fast.

[Birdsong continues]

Helen Cammock part of her exhibition They Call It Idlewild, that opened on the 2nd of March 2020, placed a huge billboard outside Wysing for drivers and passengers passing by asking: Can you remember when you last did nothing?

[Birdsong continues]

That same billboard haunted the countryside as cars became more and more sparse during lockdown. Two blackbirds sat on the top daily.

Women and artists across the gender spectrum have made works here, which exist in memory, in the digital realm and which have travelled out into the world. Women, givers of time and care, often create in fleeting moments of freedom.

[Several birds, the wind grows louder]

Nine poles growing to gigantic height as you walk closer make for Wysing's folly, an unrealised project open to interpretations. The artist proposition as a response to the site had never been built. I remember huge sheets of metal rattling in the wind, was there a plan for a sonic structure? I have never seen anyone trying to enter the space.

After walking a mile we reached the edge of a huge forest. For there, less than a quarter of a mile away, leaning against the trunk of an enormous kauris, stood a human being, a Proteus of those subterranean regions, a new son of Neptune, watching over that great herd of mastodons.

At the bottom of the hill please head for the opening to a large field and stop on the concrete bridge.

On the other side of the rock, which had just blown up, there was an abyss. The explosion had caused a sort of earthquake in this much-fissured rock, the abyss had opened up,

[Water flowing, for a few seconds]

and the sea, turning into a torrent, was pouring into it and carrying us with it.

We had, by our imprudence, brought a whole sea along with us.

Notice the white wall of the house on your right. It's Wysing Grange Farmhouse it was built in the early 17th century reputedly from timbers of ships salvaged from the sinking of the Spanish Armada in 1588

[As the main script text continues to be read, the artist is heard faintly, listing past themes and residencies at Wysing:

The Institute of Beyond

The Forest

The Mirror

The Cosmos

Defining Pi

Convention T

The Future Residencies

Futurecamp

The Multiverse

Wysing Polyphonic

Autumn

Summer

Spring

Residencies Part Two (alphabetical M-Z)

Amplify residency

2020 residency

Net/Work Residency 1

Residencies Part One (alphabetical A-M)]

Observe how each window sits at a different level from the other. From those windows wide open in 2015, Leverhulme Arts Scholars Summer School performed A Feminist chorus for Wysing Arts by Lucy Reynolds as spoken words and sung chorus.

[Birdsong continues]

Here the voices were speaking to the landscape and audience from the farmhouse windows, a message from a series of windows. The score was composed of lyrics selected by the scholars from pop songs written by lyricists whose gender challenges the male canon.

Now spot the four tree trunks close together cut a meter off the ground in that same garden. If the vegetation is now hiding them, please picture them in your mind.

[Birdsong continues]

In 2019 Harold Offeh in the same garden focussed on the presence of Black bodies in the British landscape. Addressing our connections from

stereotypes of the labouring or victimised bodies, Offeh offered a connection to the physical environment with glamour, grace and intentions. The performers moved at times in slow motion into exquisite poses and gestures perfectly composed in this man made landscape. We watched the performers from behind looking at the landscape. They unravelled a new living painting at each pose. The landscape had never reached such beauty. You are standing in that same landscape in the gaze of the performers.

We are going up!

Leave the bridge and make your way round and up the hill the farmhouse on your right, the folly on your left

We were still rising fast. Occasionally the air cut our breath short, as it does with aeronauts when they go up too quickly. In the dismal rumblings, which sounded through the rock; I imagined I could hear the noise of the cities of the earth.

[Faint tyres. Birdsong continues]

Soon lurid lights began to appear in the vertical gallery, which was growing wider; on both right and left I noticed deep corridors like huge tunnels from which thick clouds of vapour were pouring, while crackling tongues of flame were licking their walls.

Keep going round.

Our raft rocked about on waves of lava, in the midst of a rain of ashes.

Contrary to all expectations, my uncle, the Icelander, and I were lying half-way down a mountain baked by the rays of a scorching sun. Stromboli! What an effect this unexpected name produced on my imagination!

Make your way in between the orange building on your left and the small white building on your right.

We were in the middle of the Mediterranean, in the heart of the Aeolian archipelago of mythological memory, in that ancient Strongyle where Aeolus kept the winds and storms on a chain!

We had exchanged the region of perpetual snow for that of infinite verdure, and the grey fog of the icy north for the blue skies of Sicily.

[Footsteps on gravel]

Turn left and cross the court in between the new building and the old stables

As you walk on the gravelled surface imagine a shabby low-pitched large building on your right that was once a house for farm animals and later a set of windowless studios for resident artists.

[The footsteps stop. Birdsong continues]

Imagine that you can stay longer and you might well do. Just before you go you might want to say goodbye.

I enjoyed walking along you.