

On the outskirts of Nikel, Russia, there are private garages. These workshop and storage sites constitute a subdued, rich, and masculinized space where people meet and socialize. Commune, wasteland, camp, artist colony. Neat and ramshackle single story dens arranged in long single-file lines, row after row. Freezing trash in great mounds, yet the area is well tended. Both cozy and repellent in the grey-sun morning. Each garage separately painted, many with thin metal smokestacks growing organically out the roof; a few billowing dark smoke the day we tread through earth alleys to a garage housing Signe Lidén's installation **krysning/пересечение/conflux**. A campfire burns outside the wooden door we all duck into. The workshop is taken up with long wood benches, tools, a metal car door. It's a cube of wood and cement filled with warm bodies and we, sitting there, vibrating with cold and keenness, become part of the medium, the speakers, for this sound art installation. Lidén uses transducers instead of speakers so that the material space of performance becomes the medium through which her recordings are played. The sounds emerge through you and you are amplified in chorus with the material space. We become an object among objects being spoken. Little wooden boxes placed throughout the garage, the metal door, the old tools and tin cans as well as bodies huddled together in coats are the field for replicating and feeling her field recordings. Surrounding this remote arctic town are vast areas pocked with mines and her sound recordings were made on fells at their edge. She wandered them with a bow and arrow. Her arrow carried a small flute-microphone and, when shot, it whistled in flight landing with a pleasingly profound pluck beginning to hum capturing fields of air and mine machinery. A weather balloon attached to her backpack floated above and collected video. This aerial footage was projected on the den's white wall. When the screen blacked-out, I felt myself become sleepy with a sensation of falling—as I do when entering a dream. This is a work of mourning, bookended with illness and death. The work was begun at the same moment a friend—a Sami shaman who taught Lidén, as a child, how to make dream travel—fell sick with cancer. The day before showing the work, he was buried. In the video footage from the weather balloon we see a divided landscape: Lidén is sitting on the border between a black-grey mine and a green-stone fell. The borders between death/life; mine/wilds; mineral/human; mourning/joy; dream/waking loop visibly and audibly and palpably in this space. The den opened us up to it. Here inside liminal extremes it becomes vivid how a-semantic landscapes speak and inhabit us. Here is an ancient/future polis made of listening upside down through strange-bodied mediums alert to dream and sorrow. A time-based workshop of the intimate and unknown.