

On Cecilie Fang's 'Currencies'

Tangents x SYB: Artists & Writers in Dialogue

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[Salt]

Sel. Saline. Sa ligne. Ligne. Line.

Serpentine. Grain de sel. Corrosif.

Corrosive. Erosion. Eros.

Fusion of lines. Into the retina.

Forming on the tip of the tongue.

The words we are speaking.

Language. Meaning. Translation.

Lost in translation. - What do you mean?

Language. Langage. Langue.

What do you mean?

What do you take from it?

What does it lose?

What does it gain?

How does it transform?

How does it expand?

How does it resonate,

in the space,

in us,

in you,

in me.

Aérien. Aerial. Airial.

There is something of the air in Cecilie's work.

Volatile, fragile, yet insistently present.

Something that passes through, that penetrates.

A tantalizing tissue of traces.

Salt that could be blown away,

yet instead resists, imposing its condition on the material.

It morphs, merges, fuses with it.

And eventually, it erodes;

like the thin, fragile words we blow toward each other.

Those fine lines.

Those sentences that slowly erode one another.

The ones we:

miss-

understood,

communicate,

; reconfigure.

Cecilie writes in her work:

"Forgetting a word's beginning is usually the result of linguistic erosion."

Do we ever truly remember what it was about;

before the thinning, the wearing away?
Before meaning frayed at the edges?
Her work expands through the walls,
shares space with my installation *Excess*.
It communicates.
It resonates through its materiality;
through the metal.
This *is* an encounter.
It makes me think,
makes me wonder.
Intersection
Of form, of language, of meaning.
Of erosion and excess.
A contact zone
of the possibilities of where language can take us;
into situations, socio-political or intimate,
collective or domestic.