



WILD
LETTERS

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WILD LETTERS



a 'physical chain-letter of sorts',
from Into the Wild's 2020 cohort

Into The Wild is a year long artist development programme for early career artists based in England, organised by Chisenhale Studios in London. Into the Wild 2020 has been funded by Arts Council England, Idlewild Trust, and Chisenhale Studios.

only lost if I was going
somewhere
to begin with



WILD LETTERS was dreamt up & co-produced by the 2020 cohort of Into the Wild (ITW) with nurturing support from Sophie Chapman, the Artist Facilitator. The lovely final edit & design has been made possible by Esther McManus, the Artist Interpreter.

This [slow] project started with an intention to stay connected through the 'cool zone' of 2020 & to make an end of year project that served us. As a way to make space for & develop a process where we could sit with, store & play with the soft knowledge we had accumulated, received & found in ourselves throughout the ITW programme and past year.

We settled on undertaking a physical chain-letter of sorts. Starting small, the first person would send something for the next person to respond to, the only restriction being that it could be no larger than A4 & weigh no more than 500g. The next person would do the same, forwarding all contents to the next in line. And so on. Between October 2020 and March 2021, the wild letters have travelled from London to Sheffield, Leeds, the Outer Hebrides and beyond. Parts were lost to the Royal Mail (apparently therefore now owned by the Queen) and reproduced from memory. It's been torn & protected, wrapped up & passed on.

The following pages are traces of this attempt at making work collaboratively in solitude; of finding each other in the disorganised, unplanned and...wild. It could be read as a game, the leftovers from a party, a call to action, a lament, an artwork, an 'end of year show' or a diary... this bit is up to you, we're not sure ourselves!

Keep it somewhere safe, or pass it forward. Expand on it via notes in the margins, adding your own questions and thoughts.

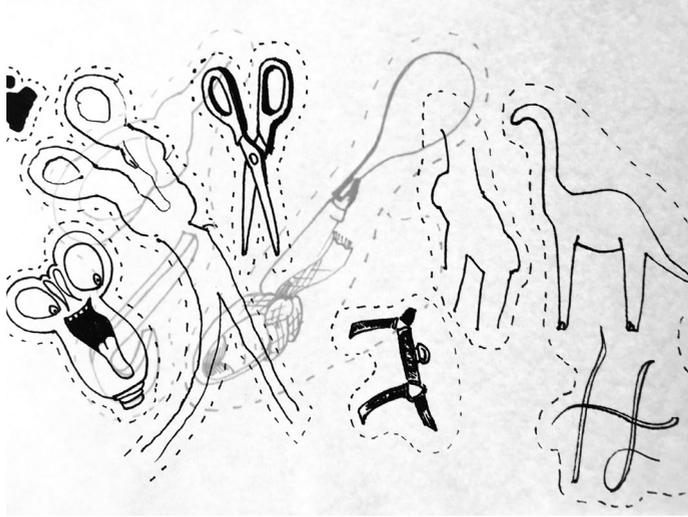
Enjoy!



(LOST)

there is only loss
if you have

we are abundant



“ The cats paw knot
is a knot used for
connecting a rope to
an object ”

Two pieces of rope are connected to each other.
One is thick and strong, it has a mighty knot in
its centre. Its rough surface could scratch the
skin if rubbed against for long enough.
The other one is way thinner and has got many
small knots almost all over its body. It has
crawled onto the thick one and clasped it tightly.

In comes another strand, asserting its place by strangling what's already here. It mangles.



Why does paper beat rock? — Edited

Helvetica Neue Regular 24

0 2 4 6 8 10 12 14 16 18 20 22

I've gotten into the habit of questioning everything. Every question someone asks should be followed by another question. Question why that person is asking you that question in the first place.

An example:

"why does paper beat rock?"

"why would you ask me that?"

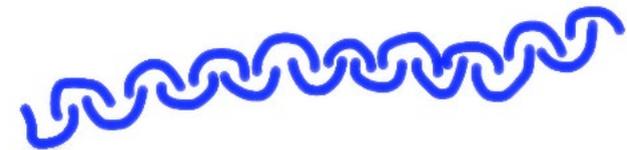
"well I've started to wonder about it"

"why have you started to wonder about it?"

"because it's something I took as a given my whole life and it's only when I stopped to question it that I realised it doesn't really make much sense at all"

"I see."

It looks more like scissors to me



They both come from different places...



The letter. The package arrived last week. I had expected it and it hadn't arrived. Now it had arrived and I hadn't. My mind elsewhere, now wasn't a good time. Opening the parcel and looking through the contributions passing from each of the others to me and, in a week or so, onward. Distant from the content and the context I packed it neatly away in my desk to return to later. Don't forget. Remember. What to make? What have I got to say? Remembering that the paper wallet. The creased brown paper wallet wasn't the first. The contents passing along every time losing its shell to be replaced by a fresh other from within. The contents had not always been the same. This was intact. The second of its kind, with numerous additions added in at every interval. Which leads me to why I'm writing this at all. What I'm trying to get at but needed some kind of a warm up. Saying it without saying *it*. Or trying to. Where is the first? The original. And why wasn't it here? A replication in its place. Not a replication, more of a... After reading an article in the Liverpool Echo from two years ago, I learned what happens to the un-claimed, un-deliverable and un-returnable mail. The National Return Centre. The Dead Letter Office. In Belfast. After vanishing from our collective-mind's eye in, I think, Manchester. To presumably a local sorting depo. Then so on. Somewhere in the Dead Letter Office our package. "Our". Was it mine? At this point I'd never received or seen inside, nor contributed a thing. Now I've received it, well its replacement. So it is now mine and the first would have become mine before its disappearance. Reappeared, in a way, it looks as though we've found it. Uncertain but at least in our minds we can locate it. I am trying to locate it, now. How? In fiction? It may well be true. Truly it may be there. In Belfast. A dead letter in the Office for or of Dead Letters. It maybe have been there before but not now. They only keep them for a month, longer if valuable and auctioned off to sustain the Office, the Centre. Of it all. A speculation then. It was likely there at some stage and now likely not. Not valuable to sell for sure. Not valuable in material, I imagine. What was in there? I remember talk of some rope with drawings on plastic shrinkies. Can't remember any more. If not sold or kept, destroyed after a month. Over a month now. It's not there as I write this. Trying to place it and in a way gone more than ever. Gone for sure. For sure in this text and because of this writing.

Keep something smooth like a pebble or a button in your pocket for uncomfortable conversation.

Georgia Twigg, from the podcast "how to talk to people you disagree with" by Keep it Complex



A Stone to ground you.

...it is urgent to invent a new grammar that allows us to imagine another social organisation of forms...

Paul B Preciado

A piece of rope to
 replace what was
 there, and a pebble
 like the one hidden
 but is to touch +
 calm you down.
 There was also a
 piece of paper, like
 this, but I can't
 remember what
 it said!

HELLO,
 FOR A ROCK I've been thinking a lot lately. about time, about
 being stuck in time, whether I move through it, or it moves
 through me.

What sinew binds each moment? some tender thread reaching
 across infinity, like a bigbit of spiggy caught between the
 bus seat and a long departed trouser leg?

It all seems too rigid, too unswerving. Rock time is more
 of a loop de loop eee

I'm more like an ant, crawling along a mobius strip, slowly
 traversing one eternal now. I'm always learning
 to take things slow and enjoy myself.



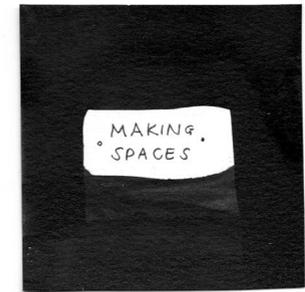
Valuing the softness

Somewhere to share the soft things

“To survive, know the past. Let it touch you. Then let the past go”
Octavia Butler



objects for survival



ART SCHOOL FACILITIES: (if you are lucky)
 WORKSHOPS: WOOD, METAL, GLASS, CASTING, CERAMICS, TEXTILES, PHOTOGRAPHY, PRINTMAKING ...
 POST-ART SCHOOL:
 A DESK?

HOW DOES THE ARTIST WITH A MATERIAL PRACTICE KEEP MAKING AFTER ART SCHOOL?

PLAY THE GAME TO FIND THE RIGHT MAKING SPACE FOR YOU! OR NOT...

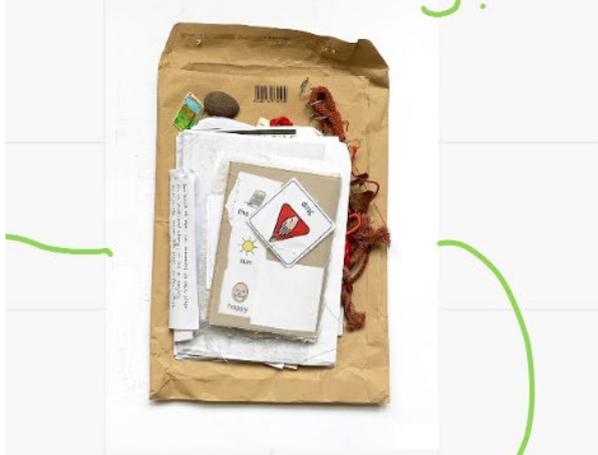
DISCLAIMER:
 NOT ALL 'MAKING SPACES' MAY BE AVAILABLE IN YOUR VICINITY OR PERSONALLY VIABLE OPTIONS.

'MAKING SPACES'

CONTAINS:
 9 MAKING SPACES CARDS
 4 BLANK CARDS

HOW TO PLAY:
 FACE CARDS DOWN. TAKE TURNS TO PICK A CARD.
 CONSIDER THE FOLLOWING ...

- POTENTIAL OF THIS SPACE FOR YOUR MATERIAL PRACTICE
- LIMITATIONS OF THIS SPACE FOR YOUR MATERIAL PRACTICE

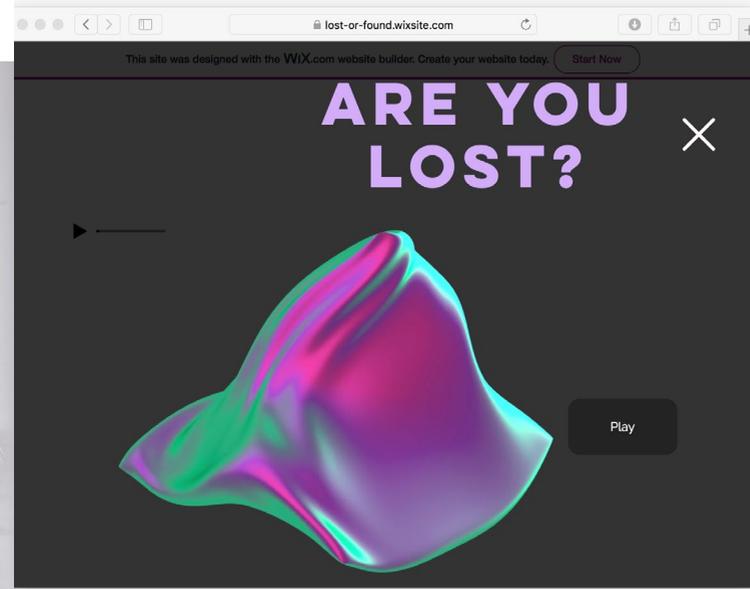


Love that this thing I waited 5 months for came in a tesco bag

Deck
Back-ache
Back-Ache
Back-ache
Back-ache
Back-ache
Back-ache



In the future I will have more time !!
But now I have more questions than when we first begun.



“If there is a way of being together in brokenness, if there is an undercommons, then we must all find our way to it. And it will not be there where the wild things are, it will be a place where refuge is not necessary and you will find that you were already in it all along...”

You are already in it. You are always already in the thing that you call for and that calls you...

It is a wild place that continuously produces its own unregulated wildness.”

The Undercommons: Fugitive Planning and Black Study, Stefano Harney and Fred Moten

WILD LETTERS

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The letters were sent by

Alex Leigh
Charlotte Dawson
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between October 2020
and March 2021

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intothewildchisenhale.co.uk

This year, we have had the
pleasure of learning from

Richard Layzell
Kirsty Harris
Henrietta Armstrong
Raju Rage
Kyla Harris
Rubie Green
Jacob V Joyce
Gilda Williams
Holly Willats
The Right Lube
Karen Russo
Marsha Bradfield
The Other MA
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DACs
Dominique White
Jeremy Hutchison
Black Blossoms
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Annie Jael Kwan
Flora Hunt



Idlewild Trust

chisenhale
studios





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from Into the Wild's 2020 cohort

2021