

Artist Research

Alice Anderson was born 1972. She is a graduated from the Beaux-Arts de Paris and London Goldsmiths College. She is a currently performance artist based in London and has developed her own weaving technique based on repetitive dance movements while using copper wire, to symbolize both physical intelligence and technological connections.

Her artwork crosses the mediums of dance, paint, and sculpture. Her copper wire wrapping art installations are dance performances while threading copper wire around found objects. They are exercises in in keeping memory. Anderson states that she does not wrap objects rather she records objects with thread as her personal method of memorizing objects in 3D.

Originally, she started with threading her copper hair around object to record them to memory but switched to copper wire after she found a bobbin of copper wire whilst dismantling an alarm clock in her studio. This discovery triggered her to investigate and explore recording objects with copper wire. She learned that the copper sends out positive vibrations through its properties of conductivity which enables connection. And its luminosity gives off hypnotic reflective waves.

She started her copper wire recording of memory process in 2010 as a coping rection to people's personal memories, their physical data, being uploaded to digital memory. She chooses objects and items to record when she feels them fading from her memory. The more her everyday existence fills up with digital data the greater she feels the need to get to grips with their material physical data. To her the selection is a strong commitment as she never wants to undo what she has done nor replace it with another object. As some may be irreplaceable or too expensive to replace. For example, her video camera was the most difficult thing for her to record.

She says she works to live digital transformation and has developed her own way of learning and memorizing with thread.





<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=S5tibuxeOy4>

<https://www.alminerech.com/artists/8565-alice-anderson>

<https://www.studiointernational.com/index.php/alice-anderson-interview-i-dont-refuse-this-world-champagne-life-saatchi-gallery-london>

<http://introarttechniques.blogspot.com/2015/09/artists-who-wrap-and-bind.html>

BOUND

BOUND, was for me a creative journey in exploring memory, sadness, remorse, transitioning and rebirth. When something is bound it is set in place meant to stay as is. With curiosity I explored the parts of my being that I have put away like precious objects on a shelf not to be touched. I wrapped objects that physically represent this part of me then set out on a creative journey of psychologically unwrapping the objects as I drew them. All my adult life it has been with great remorse that chose not follow the path of my creative journey. With this exercise I have been able to unravel the memories, unwrap the bound, and embrace myself in all my worried and wonderful creative sparks.

Bound; being held unable to change, develop, move. This BOUND defines the part of me that I have kept buried for far too long. My creative spark, I have kept inside, wrapped close to my heart never truly allowing it to shine. It is with great sadness that I have continued to live without it.

The unravelling journey: My creative process

Wrapping an object shrouds and conceals its features. There are many reasons why we would wrap things; Perhaps to intently conceal from view; hide away; maybe to keep the contents safe, under wraps; to store away; for cleaning purposes; fumigation; perhaps out of respect: privacy; funerary: for growth; Whatever the reason shrouding, wrapping represents a kind of armor or cover in our minds. I wrapped objects in cloth. On paper I drew with charcoal, chalk and pencil crayons the shrouded objects. I used charcoal and black, brown, and gray pencil crayon to produce shadow effects. I used blue, grey and silver pencil crayons to draw the wire that bound the wrapped books and chains that bound the wrapped braziers, implying the cold, harsh bindings of a masculinity. I used red chalk, red and brown pencil crayons to imply the organic nature of the objects and represent the life force that was bound within the objects themselves. The red also represents the blood, the life force, of these bound objects weeping through the cloth seeping its way out.

I wrapped my mandolin in a blanket shrouded a favored memory in cloth. I used a large sheet that is soft and implies warmth. However, I have bound the sheet with ties that create an “X” across the body as if to say do not enter, not allowed, hands off. The blanket covers the mandolin though the shape is familiar the object is out of sight and now out of mind pushed back to the subconscious while other things like daily life of being a parent and having to work take dominance. As the blanket hides away my mandolin, keeping my memory safe, my happiness safe it also muffles the sound. Not played, the melody unheard the sheet dampens the music pushing the object to the back of my subconscious mind.

I often hear the phrase “In another life”, this applies to my piano. I have not played her for years and I wonder if I still can. I’m not sure I remember how. When I moved into Courtenay, I moved the piano with me. It stands in the living room against a wall and has settled into being a what not shelf. Plants, books, paintings, papers a calculator pill bottles, and a Kleenex box adorn it. My piano is another part of me that I put away while be responsible. So, for the purpose of this exercise I covered it with a bed sheet and drew what I saw.

This got me to thinking about hiding under a blanket. When I was a child, in our cold house, I would lay in bed under covers keeping warm. Head tucked in; I would stay there as long as possible before breathing was too difficult.

I tried an experiment one night in bed. I lay with my knees bent upward holding the blanket away from my face. There, under the covers I opened my eyes and waited for my sight to adjust. I think it did. The room was dark, so no light filtered through the layers of blankets. But I believe I could see a faint opaque shadow cross before my eyes as I waved my hand. I stayed there and just looked around in the dark viewing the interior of my blanket cocoon. Interesting. There was variations of darkness and my eyes kept focusing on a bright spot that I knew was not there. But my mind's eye wanted to see it, a small flash. It was interesting.

I wrapped my paintbrushes in cloth. Without the tools to implement my ideas my creative voice is muted.

I wrapped my books in cloth and bound them with wire implying the cold, harsh bindings of a masculinity. My books, the gateways to my creative self.

Influenced in a patriarchal dominated society I was conditioned to behave, to be responsible, bind my feminine creativity and perform appropriately. Bras are so uncomfortable and for me represent the confines of that conditioning. I put a sheet around my bra's then wrapped them in chain and drew them.

All these objects have me bonded to them in some way. The musical, piano and mandolin, instruments of a passion of mine, but I have put them away kept them safe while I be responsible. A record. The books and paint brushes are a moment of contemplation and memory. A record. Investigations under the sheets a warm memory shrouded in darkness. A record. The bras wired and binding, wrapped and tangled amongst themselves remind me of my responsibilities a memory that I have cast off. A record. Kept as memories gnawing at me with sadness. Implied responsibility has driven me far from my true self. These discoveries that unraveled throughout this exploration were very Cathartic. While wrapping things that are precious to me indicating the putting away for safe keeping, I realized my creative originality.