



Window Space

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Seden

Ocean Bed Melody

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Preface: a poem by Seden

A house made of everything,
swallowed in by the weight of its possessions,
became too heavy to stay afloat,
and sunk until it met the ocean floor.

From within, colonies and subcultures emerged.

While they were forgotten, a whole city took place...

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The objects we encounter in our lifetime come to us in different ways, often serving as portals to another time or place—whether real or imagined.. As Lidia Yuknavitch writes in her book *Thrust*, “Objects were everything, because they moved backward and forward in time.”¹. One could hypothetically draw an outline of their life from the things they have

¹ Lidia Yuknavitch. *Thrust*. Riverhead Books, 2022, p. 18-19

kept and held. Yet these objects inevitably take on new meanings once we are no longer here. In most cases, with climate change, ocean acidification, sea-level rise, and the associated precarity of life on earth, every object we hold has more permanence on earth than we do.

“Nothing that existed before isn’t something else now”.²

CDs are estimated to take over 1 million years to decompose in a landfill;
Foil helium balloons are estimated to never decompose;
A plastic toothbrush will never break down completely.

Reflecting on human fragility and the permanence of *stuff*, *Ocean Bed Melody* is a snapshot of life as it once was. Artifacts are transformed into delicate sculptures—reconstructing narratives of daily rituals and personal identity, while breathing a renewed intimacy into mass-produced objects and questioning the permanence of memory.

In Seden’s installation, the bottom of the ocean floor becomes our bed moments before we drift asleep, where we lay still between waves of constant motion. Bringing continuous movement into her installation daily scenes cycle by: a dog circles a garden, family laundry is hung to dry, a music box plays the melody of a childhood song, thoughts linger...



- ★ lay your head on the bed of the ocean, how warm it feels to be rocked by the sea.
- ★ i feel like i'm a rock in a river.
- ★ moana and the helpful hand wave that keeps her and her chicken safe.

² Lidia Yunkavitch. *Thrust*. Riverhead Books, 2022, p. 26

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A tiny hand with tiny fingernails grasped onto the swaying seaweed, pulling on it just hard enough that it wouldn't break to use it as an anchor to scrape the sandy bottom. Shards of sand gathered in her fingernails, hues of pink, blue and cream—a mix of microplastics, shell and minute rocks. In her other palm, she held a foiled pink and silver bundle tied with thin, coarse rope with a buffed, quartz stone as a weight—an offering to the sea. As she dove, she noticed something shimmering beneath the sand, an unfamiliar object, something of intuited importance. She heard a melody; it sounded like The Gentle Waltz by Oscar Peterson, which she often practiced on her keyboard at home. The sun was beaming through the gentle wave crests, dappling the ocean bed. She reached for the shimmer, grasped it with her hands, plunged into the tiny portal to see where it would take her.

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- ★ that snow globe in the window of the sally anne on bloor.
 - ★ is devotion an insane idea?
 - ★ un cœur brisé n'est pas un cœur cassé.
-

Scavengers were contracted to dive for CDs in the ocean; landfills had been thoroughly picked over; searching and mining the land for objects became a rich person's endeavour. People had to resort to the sea to shop for objects. Recently, CDs had become a coveted object to ward off pests to grow crops on the square-metres of land owned by smallfolk. Much no longer grew on the now tainted land, it was back to the age of the three sisters for sustenance. A diver suited up to scavenge for days in the deep; there were rest stops and an underwater railroad that, although expensive, would ease the journey. Descending into the sea was like traveling to the moon. She kissed the land goodbye, dedicating three days to the sea. She loved letting her longhair flow free in the water, its buoyancy and the way the light caught the orange and blonde creating a lightness, closing her eyes to lessen the weight of existence.

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- ★ the spoon. rum. bunny. raf. sue in japan.
 - ★ i think i've healed my attachment issues.
 - ★ laying awake thinking about love.
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Sue moved to Tsubame-Sanjo in hopes of becoming a metal artist. She forged half teaspoons with a carved-out star at the end of each spoon's handle. A jewel was delicately placed in the centre of the star. These spoons made their way around the world. Over 10,000 km away, a gentrifier made rum and eggnogs for her guests, one of which had more than its fair share of rum. She decided to spoon-feed her bunny the dense rum and eggnog in hopes that she could one day rove the deep-sea. She called her "my little deep-sea rover". Bunny was evolving past her peers, developing gills, living fast and eventually dying young. She could throw her ass in a perfect circle; the spoon was an emblem of love. Bunny visited the gentrifier's sister in a dream, landing softly on her lap very early in the morning on the first day of the new year. Her gills folded perfectly into her ribcage so she could touchdown on earth one last time. A new figment for our memories.

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- ★ smoothing the sea with your hand as you would a bedsheet.
 - ★ home as a sink / home as a haven (l'ardèche). i go home and become barnacle.
 - ★ i left my lava heart on makalawena beach.
-

California was the last frontier, the mountain dwellers stuck to their mountain tops. Even the Netherlands succumbed to the dramatic sea-level rise. The mountain-top dwellers would contact each other using tin cans and string like children in backyards used to.

Backyards no longer existed; land was scarce and topsoil had completely disappeared. We sucked on rocks to quell our hunger. On anniversaries, special outings were made to the deep. We suited up, filled our oxygen tanks, and dove. We visited cities and towns that no longer existed. My favourite places to visit were the homes of Silver Lake, a drowned neighbourhood in Los Angeles, and the antique shops in Carson, Nevada. I searched for relics, guessed at what an object's purpose used to be, and imagined my life in a house instead of a cave. In the deep, the colours were warped, I wished to see things as they were.

- Jess Beketa