## **DISPLAY**

## Will Krauland

The Expanding Domain

**Curated by Ilaria Monti** 

25.10.2025 - 08.12.2025

Sometimes, in Piazza Duomo the bells sound like spectral presences. Other times, they get lost in the noise of Sunday crowds. Are they tolling for the dead, calling to prayer, just marking the hours? Who really cares. Yet always, there is a moment when their voice bends back on itself: the curve of the sound as the chime fades. It is there that time changes its shape, it stretches, it vibrates, it hangs suspended. In certain cities, bells ring too often, too much. Who truly hears them? When our organs grow accustomed, we stop perceiving both difference and repetition. Reality becomes habit, and what remains is only the vibration of what once was. Try, from a single chime, to create a new form of duration: an impulse that stretches, that expands, that turns into a sea of waves. No longer event, but state. No longer time, but field, extended body. When sound becomes body, it claims an expanded domain — space no longer contains anything; it lets everything pass through.

Imagine a camera lingering on a block of metal as it heats up, burns, then bends and is struck. As heat travels through it like a thought held for too long, the surface begins to writhe, and a sound is born from within the matter as it shifts. Now sound is the only form still responding to itself — but for how long? Every blow and impulse is a question thrown into the void, an act of aggression. Deformation turns into dis-formation; matter was once voice, then noise, then residue.

We never think to set sound aside, to save it for days of silence. Do you ever think about how sound wears out, how its memory fades quickly, how you have to keep insisting, rebuilding the image of sound so it can survive in your mind? Spaces that welcome sound distort it, send it back altered, until it becomes echo, clamour, or deep silence. What echoes, what resounds, survives.

Echo is the distance between you and me.

Resonance measures bodies as they live.

This room now becomes a resonance chamber, the body a vibrating surface. This room feels liquid, made of sound, memory, and matter: seconds stretch into minutes, minutes into hours. Here we search for a sound that carries the taste of the eternal, the bell that remembers home, things undone, continuously rewritten.

Time passes time does not pass. Time all but passes. Time usually passes. Time passing and gazing. Time has no gaze<sup>1</sup>.

Sound and sculpture share this: they are not time passed but time and volume accumulated, manipulated like reverberation whose source we do not know or recognize; we can only witness its mutation. The metal, the body, the city, all are residues of sound.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Anne Carson, Red Doc. 2013

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Will Krauland (b. 1995, Washington, D.C., USA) is an interdisciplinary artist working on a strictly need-to-know basis. Utilizing intuitive processes employing traditional and digital production methods, he generates speculative structures that model divergent forms for engaging with temporal, spatial and psychological containers. Recent exhibitions include Delta, Fabrica (Catena di Villorba, IT), dismantling dreams, disrupted seams, Lelija (Vilnius, LT), and I feel like a bootlegger's wife. Look!, Apparatus Projects (Chicago, IL, USA). Recent performances include Meshes, Interdisciplinary Institute (Urbana, IL, USA), Krama Entries Ep. 11, Stegi Radio (Athens, GR), and 11.12.22, Dust of NYC (Brooklyn, NY, USA).

https://willkrauland.com

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**WORKS:** 2 Will Krauland The Expanding Domain, 2025 Sound installation, 2 channel digital audio system 60:00 1. Will Krauland Domain 1, 2025 Waxed steel, neodymium magnets Dimensions variable 2. Will Krauland Domain 2, 2025 Waxed steel, neodymium magnets Dimensions variable 1