



In *Les plages d'Agnès 2008* (The Beaches of Agnès) an autobiographical essay by Agnes Varda, there is a scene where water crashes and rolls on the sand dunes. Varda speaks in French so the subtitles read “*if we opened up people we’d find landscapes, if we opened me up we’d find beaches*”. I think if we opened up people we find landscapes and rock n roll, but that’s just me.



Sand is always moving, changed by wind or water or foot steps. Can shells carry with it the sound of where they are from? Like a way of finding its way back or a way of taking its place with it? A memory or an echo. The sound of the ocean against the sand, its falling over and washing away, the murmur of sand crisping under the sun? If you hold one to your ear you can hear the sound of the ocean. The ostrich foot shell (*Takai / Struthiolaria papulosa*) is where I first met the ocean inside a shell, miles from the sea. Different shells have different sounds because inside are landscapes belonging within them.

