



Repurposed

Susan Currie

I can read some music, but I have absolutely NO idea how to play a violin. Yet this instrument is a longtime friend. Through two decades, it has journeyed with me from one house (or studio) to the next. The violin was purchased years ago at a not so snazzy music center where my daughter had been taking guitar lessons. The center was really a retail store with a few small practice rooms tucked in the back. There was no waiting room, so parents were left to pause for thirty minutes in the clutter of the “show room” amidst a soundtrack of competing scales straining out from the students. One afternoon, from the plastic and packaging and jumble of the shop’s two or three aisles, this treasure leaped at me . . . an emblem of quiet, of analog. The manager offered me a deep discount, disclosing that its body had a defect and was no longer playable. Worked out perfect, as I had little intention of making music with it.

I make my music with a camera. The sound is different from strings being plucked or stroked with a bow. But it’s how I go out and try to make my joyful noise. What I wanted from this fiddle with the hollow wooden body was just its elegant whiff and gesture . . . a reminder of the note in us all. Endlessly, it has delivered, continuing to avoid the edits I make to my tapering stash of allies. Still here, beside me it shines, repurposed, as I write and make my pictures . . . in yet another zip code. ❖