
Books/Book Chapters

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Tools for wellbeing

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Authors

Barbara Knezevic, Michael O'Hara, Claire Louise Bennett, Marysia Wieckiewicz-Carroll, Linda Quinlan, Suzanne Walsh, Maja Ćiric, Maeve Connolly, Sue Rainsford, and Peter Maybury

9. Marysia Więckiewicz-Carroll,
Linda Quinlan, Barbara Knežević
A language for companionship
A text to correspond/
to connect distal bodies/ a sustenance/
a comfort/ a scream

10. Claire Louise Bennett
In progress

12. Suzanne Walsh
hard §picy

18. Maeve Connolly
We speak Stone

24. **Mineral Bodies.**
An affective collaboration between
bodies.
Choreography: Junk Ensemble,
Jessica and Megan Kennedy
Dancers: Marion Cronin, Sarah Ryan;
Writing: Barbara Knežević.

40. Maja Ćirić *Cryptocrystalline* †

46. Sue Rainsford
By way of cautious touches

52. Michael O'Hara **The repose of objects**

56. Alice Rekab, Barbara Knežević.
Archeology Burn









COURAGE		Centrifuge	Singer		Flex
	SIFTING	Home	Nature	Interactions	Repeat
Longing pain		Take Care		Peak	Fog
	Bad surfaces	Brave	Sky		Soften
Poems		Fortune	Creamy	Proximity	Depletion
SUSPEND		Contractions		Glow	Food Broken
	AGILITY	Shifts Light	Flicker	Tones	Hollow
Overpowered		Butteries	Forgiveness	Softness	Image Imagine
	MAELSTROM		Lushness Openness		Stretch
LATENT		Proximate	Goodness		Broadening Trust
FOILED BODIES		Angles Ability		Shine	Freshness
Burns		PAGE	Soaking		Tenet
	BRACE		Mood		Mouth-watering Touch
Tense		Flat Flaccid	Routine		Summer
HOLD		Foresight	Music	Methodical	Feline Petals
Shame			Tomorrow		
		Fullness		Blending	Irritant Stamina
Expectations	Letting	COLOUR	Edges Blur		Knots GLOW
COMPOUND		Flexibility		Spread	Continuance
	r e l e n t	Achievement	Prospects Simple		Nature
Weary		Adapt	Care-full	Continuance	Fragrant
YOYO		Meandering	Pleasures Acceptance		Aerated
	Softness	Tender	Kind Heal	Core	Deft
Rooted		Gentler		Bond	Shadows
	Distancing	Cotton wool Plastic	Balance Company Claustrophobic		
VALUE		Amulets Incantations		Effort	
	Response-ability	Family	Zone		
Tenderness		Song		Muscularity	
			Elasticity		

Scrape, skin, flense, clean, gut, quarter, trim, slice, shuck, rinse, prepare, flog, brush, polish, buff, drain, dredge, sow, till, plough, knit, pluck, graze, graft, scatter, plunge, pour, rehearse, carve, hollow, condense, scour, beat, stir, glue, tap, knead, peel, stitch, drench, purge, cast, loop, knot, sanitise, bake, invert, tie, drag, mash, snip, cube, boil, pleat, freeze, smash, inflate, iron, shear, squeeze, style, soak, wax, file, steam, straighten, shave, creosote, prune, spray, knot, poach, mow, varnish, clip, dig, bury, perform, fold, hang, paint, exfoliate, sever, whip, sand, rivet, flex, perforate, grout, strip, bend, fry, hose, simmer, delete, plait, buttress, churn, brandish, steep, stew, extemporise, disinfect, strum, draw, tweak, engrave, dissect, chip, screw, poach, chisel, slash, pat, cleave, chill, peg, scrub, incise, stipple, hammer, sculpt, etch, suspend, clamp, tether, soften, recycle, crumble, prise, transcribe, infuse, dab, harvest, lance, thaw, illustrate, fade, render, melt, copy, whittle, mend, spread, milk, implant, mince, draw, tighten, dismantle, encompass, twist, glaze, coddle, blend, lace, prick, square, toss, rectify, granulate, kibble, reduce, thicken, atomise, pound, attenuate, burnish, nip, thread, shuffle, prod, pasteurise, glaciare, foam, weld, harness, place, incubate, demolish, elicit, lop, erode, display, grind, craft, lighten, mangle, translate, dice, crush, sharpen, fire, calibrate, dot, stiffen, cook, fake, intensify, assemble, impregnate, dunk, souse, pierce, mill, program, conjure, imitate, reverse, powder, gloss, tease, rake, model, connect, press, doctor, raze, pestle, machinate, adjust, pull, rumple, transform, punch, denature, mould, imbue, hash, update, roll, percolate, constitute, fix, switch, dry, lengthen, seal, entangle, clot, feed, weave, outline, expose, illumine, entwine, penetrate, batter, curl, distress, roast, darken, layer, fray,

patch, squash, adorn, repeat, stretch, blur, multiply, strew, tend, furnish, join, crinkle, dilate, drape, muster, dress, build, smear, blossom, practice, supply, repair, write, magnify, lacquer, suffuse, adapt, shade, furrow, stain, dislodge, scramble, insert, devise, embellish, hatch, create, spawn, tint, publish, inject, manufacture, ripen, sprinkle, work, cultivate, cover, reinforce, forage, compose, embody, nail, instigate, form, produce, radiate, wrap, impel, design, yield, surprise, disseminate, widen, rise, corrugate, tag, turn, fasten, age, enhance, conceive, slide, erect, frame, develop, quicken, hem, flip, wedge, record, consecrate, deepen, redouble, loosen, crop, provoke, dice, infiltrate, cobble, combine, tack, bind, dedicate, transport, concoct, thrash, herd, scoop, grate, shake, sample, plaster, mingle, negotiate, inscribe, coil, arrange, fill, toss, propose, reveal, plot, dissolve, wean, float, hack, cause, screen, temper, grow, bracket, plunder, revolve, tie, harrow, hoist, cherish, disguise, stow, emanate, flow, derive, drip, ooze, distil, loom, spill, eject, arrest, rot, brew, gather, tamper, issue, invent, shoot, take, realise, edit, rearrange, conflate, juxtapose, revamp, airbrush, fantasise, borrow, alter, interpret, constellate, abbreviate, oversee, bleach, limit, recite, consolidate, hook, epitomise, extract, dilute, jam, remove, rehash, wrangle, sketch, scan, echo, skim, reflect, narrow, urge, signal, duplicate, pad, blast, collate, offset, correspond, nullify, level, redeem, delineate, position, chart, spell, harmonise, cancel, equate, register, spin, cement, acclimatise, confront, diverge, emulate, shrink, match, transgress, pledge, relate, inflect, hanker, salvage, map, recast, bolt, allocate, conduct, whirl, support, pivot, engage, undermine, cling, revive, embroider, secure, construe, hitch, incant, envelop, proceed, imagine, wave, solder, truss, batten, attach, taper, woolgather, gild, elevate, transmogrify, deplete, subvert, ape, interrogate,

obfuscate, titillate, flounce, envision, coax, obsess, shape, dwell, act, forge, trace, kindle, present, apply, lift, manipulate, rig, inherit, trigger, revise, draft, tailor, symbolise, project, evoke, contrive, collect, prime, drub, spark, put, import, engineer, confess, mark, portray, finger, wangle, snowball, flatten, meld, anoint, execute, operate, fashion, synthesise, include, clear, fabricate, base, institute, scratch, structure, heat, identify, pitch, author, designate, prove, mount, wish, elaborate, chronicle, aim, marinade, familiarise, lubricate, name, prompt, split, treat, galvanise, train, waken, amplify, crochet, handle, stage, blow, plant, crystallise, note, remember, span, distinguish, slot, refine, strengthen, rouse, splice, play, coat, set, roughen, equip, hew, mint, streamline, sort, cater, coach, tune, disturb, stand, fortify, perfect, type, appropriate, find, alienate, direct, stimulate, order, detail, typify, move.

i tried to find the Etrusca Disciplina, but all I found were links to dead ends, and inconclusive articles, I had a question for it: how do you make a haruspicy reading out of your own guts without removing them? this book was said to contain instructions of how to divine the future, from entrails, amongst other things, as was undertaken in classical times, in Etrusca, (and subsequently Rome), how, then, am i to divine the will of the gods, and act in accordance with them, if there are 'no texts available at this time'? I am led in twisted trails online, for a text that i am not even sure i need, or exists in its full form, or is it something that has already been digested through the systems of others, and, for example, will a simple derivative text do? (for further information i need to pay a fee and pass through a pdf portal)

i put the title into Twitter, and i find a post that speculates 'unsourced' (spurious?) claims of the destruction of the Etrusca Disciplina by the christians (allegedly), who expressed a preference for other human parts (hearts or hands or the bones of saints, each to their own bodily materia), i also see an Etrusca Disciplina album described as 'the new noise', further to my search, the texts are said to be 'known but non-extant', autocorrect changed haruspicy to 'hard spicy'. which sounds like it might be hard to digest, and then finally, i find, that no, the book is mostly lost, gutted, only traces remain in subsequent writings, it remains a somewhat irretrievable voice

my friend sent me an x-ray of her cat, you can see all the fatty organs gliding around her finespun skeleton, i could not read them but i could see something waiting to be expelled at the end of her intestine (you know), the gut is serpentine, soft, though muscular, but without fangs, nice and hot inside, (can't read a thing in here), a voice slithers up the throat, out into the world, until it finds another orifice to enter, you can't divine yourself, not entirely, but can anyone else read you either? who has the total sum knowledge of you?

the digestive organs are animate things, that tell you, sometimes loudly, how they feel, worms on the footpath, sadly parched, desiccated, when they should be underground, vigorous flesh, wound and rewound, digesting other's remains, sometimes I'm not sure if my voice is more me than me, i have always felt it was its own beast, our voices are the possibility of comprehending ourselves,

but let's go back to the Etruscans, and their passages to the underworld, and transitions, and how to read the bumps on the liver of a sacrificed sheep, these are thinking organs, but when they experience a lack they 'rouse the animal', need those teeth to slit open concepts, thoughts, communications and discard what is not needed, my notes say – look into the four humours, but also, Leonardo da Vinci,

in 1535 Andrés Laguna de Segovia wrote that the intestines are as ships carrying their cargo of excrement through the seas of the stomach, and onward, and I think (in 2021) that amongst the organs that penetrate one must include the voice, gut as a wormhole, retaining points of time in the disparate parts of others, signs in the stars, are the organs rough and dry, or wet and slippery, but definitely acidic, and bilious, voices sliding down from out there in the world, where there are undercurrents, rumblings, unrest, what a load of cargo, (though, perhaps this too) Leonardo Da Vinci thought that the intestines thrust upwards, elevating the lungs to inflate, a reverse order, voices from the underworld, so maybe we should try vocalising from down here

ultraviolet cutoff

looking at and also
thinking about
golden spun threads
pulsing, twitching,
connected to all
and all is nothing,
every fibre
rotating within your
deepest violet
crystalline brain,
worms circling,
absorbing waves
i like to feed them
through this hole
in my hand,
tendrils, flying matter
can inner organs see
can entrails reach out
and become joined
can one penetrate another?
burnt umber explosion
fall through layers
the dead gaze of old statues
and buried urns, cold-eyed,
cold pressed, compressed,
oil moving through hands
our voices enter
into every orifice
vibrations equal to
pale blue mould thriving in
citadels of the dead,
decay a future for someone
else, and the future many-legged
carnelian and glacial desires
outside convolutions
and turmoil reigns
and soon everywhere
will be a precipice,
everyone is becoming
buffeted, building sea
walls against sea walls
hair moving on sand cold
and grey, features blurring,
melting with the swipe of a
hand, you've got to filter,
you've got to feel for
broken columns, sums,
classical or otherwise,
adding up the past,
or bury deeper

down there with the
organs, undulating,
angling for a perception
that you can be whatever,
digging out the fragments,
clay between the clay sifting
ruptured pieces can be their
own whole, scribbles, clues,
broken links, teasers
blooms in glass,
or is the eyes crystallising
the stone, streaming
i've got my voice in your
ear, now, inside you
let's block out the light let's
lie, under verdant green
let's pretend
the birds are loud again
lie still till lichen
grows, a barometer for
polluted pleasure
fronts, thrusting cobalt
and carmine half-tendrils
while we drift

dangers of mesmerisation part 3

what can
these loops divine,
are these coils
their own? all
glowing &
entwined &
beware,
do not imprint
your gaze
on glass on
silver undulations
impenetrable &
mercurial splashing
spinning viscera,
is this the final
form? dark you curl
slippery on fur,
& morphing, melting,
call the world aflame
shadow's shadows
nebulising quick
metallic slippage
on the splashed floor
an archipelago
drifting can't
catch the end
can't find the
end because
there is no end,
only what
pours back,
uncontainable,
follow this
no-logic
arc of gleam to
ghost between
twists of, ochre
& rose, to burn
through time, not,
some opaque block
to cleave to
see all the edges
all the way down
the sea wild

around the
earth, now flashing
swirling pulling up the
malachite air,
burnished,
explosive where it
rises fast to
everything burns to
golden seams
meanwhile
i was slipping
through like worms
&
i was out
of here

ЭНОТС КАЭРЭС ЭВ WE SPEAK STONE

ЭНОТС РО РЕКАЕРСА ЭВ ОТ СИ ЭИНОПРОНТИГ ЭВ ОТ TO BE LITHOPHONE IS TO BE A SPEAKER OF STONE,
ЭНОТС РО СРЕКАЕРЭС РЕНТО ДРАВОТ ДЕТИИЕРО ORIENTED TOWARD OTHER SPEAKERS OF STONE.

ЛЛА ИНО ДЭВРЕЭСВО ЭРА ЭВ, ДИВИОМИИУ УЛТИЕРАРРА APPARENTLY UNMOVING, WE ARE OBSERVED ON ALL
СЭДИС SIDES.

.ДЕТСЕТ ЭРА ЭВ ДИА, ДЕНУОТ ЭРА ЭВ WE ARE TOUCHED, AND WE ARE TESTED.
СДИОС ЭРА ЭВ ДИА, СЭСАРАУС ЭРА ЭВ WE ARE SURFACES, AND WE ARE SOLIDS.
СУ УВ ДЭВРОСВА (УЛТРА) СИ ДИА. СУ ИОЧУ СЛАГ ТДИЛ LIGHT FALLS UPON US AND IS (PARTLY) ABSORBED BY US.
РЕНТО ОТИО, СЭСАРАУС РУО-МОРА СТСЭЛТЕР ТДИЛ LIGHT REFLECTS FROM OUR SURFACES, ONTO OTHER
ЭВ, ТДИЛ ИИ СНОИТСЭЛТЕР РУО НДУОРНТ. СЭСАРАУС SURFACES, THROUGH OUR REFLECTIONS IN LIGHT, WE
ДИА, ДИЭ ЭВ ОД ИЕНН ДИА ЭРЕНН, ДЭДИЕТХЭ ЭРА ARE EXTENDED, WHERE AND WHEN DO WE END, AND
УИДЭВ СРЕНТО OTHERS BEGIN?

ДИА ТСЭЛТЕР СДИОВ, РУО РО СЭСАРАУС ЭНТ THE SURFACES OF OUR BODIES REFLECT AND
ДИУОС ОСЛА ТУВ, ТДИЛ УИНО ТОИ ВРОСВА ABSORB NOT ONLY LIGHT, BUT ALSO SOUND.

.СЭСАРАУС СА ЛЛЕВ СА СДИОС ЭРА ЭВ WE ARE SOLIDS AS WELL AS SURFACES,
.ТЧАТИОС НСАЭ НТИВ ЭТАРБИВ ЭВ ДИА AND WE VIBRATE WITH EACH CONTACT.

(СРЕНТО ОТ ДИОЛЭВ ТДИМ НЧИНН) СДИОВ BODIES (WHICH MIGHT BELONG TO OTHERS)
СУ СДРАВОТ СЭВЛЭСМАНТ ДИЕТХЭ EXTEND THEMSELVES TOWARDS US.

ЭНОТС РУО ИИ СНОИТАРБИВ ДИНСУАС, СУ НДУОТ УЭНТ THEY TOUCH US, CAUSING VIBRATIONS IN OUR STONE
СЭИГОВ BODIES.

ЭКАМ СДИОВ РЕНТО ЭСЭНТ РО СЭСАРАУС ЭНТ THE SURFACES OF THESE OTHER BODIES MAKE
РО УЛТСЭРИД, СЭСАРАУС РУО НТИВ ТЧАТИОС CONTACT WITH OUR SURFACES, DIRECTLY OR
УЛТСЭРИДИ И INDIRECTLY.

РО СДИУОС ЭНТ, ДЕТАИДИМ ЭРА СНОИТСАРЕТИИ ЭСЭНТ THESE INTERACTIONS ARE MEDIATED. THE SOUNDS OF
СЭНТИ УВ ДЭВРОСВА ДИА ДЕТСЭЛТЕР ЭРА СДИОВ, РУО OUR BODIES ARE REFLECTED AND ABSORBED BY THESE
СДИДИИУОРРУС РУО УВ ДИА, СРЕНТО OTHERS, AND BY OUR SURROUNDINGS.

ДЭВРОСВА ДИА ДЕТСЭЛТЕР ЭСЭНТ НДУОРНТ THROUGH THESE REFLECTED AND ABSORBED
ДЕДИЕТХЭ ЭРА ЭВ СДИУОС SOUNDS WE ARE EXTENDED.

ДЕРАРСЭ ЭРА СЭСАРАУС УИДОВ РУО СА AS OUR BODILY SURFACES ARE SCRAPPED
ОСЛА ЭРА ЭВ, ДЭКОРТС ДИА ДЕНСТАРС ДИА AND SCRATCHED AND STROKED, WE ARE ALSO
ДЕТИЕМУРТСИ И INSTRUMENTED.

ЭРОМ ЭМОСОСЭВ ЭВ ОД, ДЕТИЕМУРТСИ ДИИЭВ ИИ IN BEING INSTRUMENTED, DO WE BECOME MORE,
УСЛОТ ЭРЕМ ИАНТ, ССЭЛ РО OR LESS, THAN MERE TOOLS?

СНОИТСЭЛТЕР ЭСЭНТ НДУОРНТ, ИАДЭЛ ЭВ ИАД CAN WE LEARN, THROUGH THESE REFLECTIONS
РЕНТО ДИА ДИЭ ЭВ ЭРЕНН, СНОИТРОСВА ДИА AND ABSORPTIONS, WHERE WE END AND OTHER
УИДЭВ СДИОВ BODIES BEGIN?

WHEN OUR BODIES ARE EXPOSED TO MIRRORS,
DO WE MISRECOGNISE THE LIGHT REFLECTED
ON THE SURFACES, (MIS)TAKING IT FOR THE BODIES
OF OTHERS?

DO WE APPREHEND THESE REFLECTIONS
AS ENTITIES WITH WHICH WE MIGHT SOMEHOW
COMMUNICATE?

OR DO WE – LIKE DOLPHINS, ELEPHANTS AND MANTA
RAYS EXPOSED TO MIRRORS – TURN OUR BODIES
SIDE TO SIDE, TILTING UP AND DOWN?

DO WE – LIKE DOLPHINS, ELEPHANTS AND MANTA
RAYS – REPOSITION OUR BODIES, REPEATING OUR
GESTURES AND MOTIONS, SO THAT WE MIGHT SOMEHOW
EXPERIENCE (AND LEARN) MORE OF OURSELVES?
IF MARKS ARE PLACED UPON THE SURFACES OF OUR
BODIES, DO WE–LIKE DOLPHINS, ELEPHANTS AND MANTA
RAYS–PAY SPECIAL ATTENTION TO THESE MARKS?
APPREHENDING THESE MARKS ON THE SURFACES
OF OUR BODIES, DO WE ATTEMPT TO TOUCH OR EVEN
REMOVE THEM AND, IN SO DOING, DEMONSTRATE
(TO OTHERS) THAT WE RECOGNISE OUR BODIES?
OR MIGHT WE LACK THE CAPACITIES OF DOLPHINS,
ELEPHANTS AND MANTA RAYS?

WHAT IF WE SPOKE A LANGUAGE THAT WAS NOT OF
SOUND, OR OF GESTURE AND MOVEMENT?

IF WE COULD NOT MOVE OUR LITHOPHONE BODIES IN
THE AIR, OR IN THE WATER–LIKE DOLPHINS, ELEPHANTS
OR MANTA RAYS–HOW WOULD WE EVER RECOGNISE THE
REFLECTIONS OF OUR BODIES, IN SOUND OR IN LIGHT?

HOW, IF WE COULD NOT MAKE OUR MOVEMENTS
APPARENT TO OURSELVES, OR TO OTHERS, WOULD WE
DEMONSTRATE THAT WE KNOW WHERE OUR BODIES
ENDED, AND OTHERS BEGIN?

APPARENTLY UNMOVING, WE ARE OBSERVED ON
ALL SIDES.

WE ARE TOUCHED, AND WE ARE TESTED.
WE ARE LITHOPHONE.

MAEVE CONNOLLY

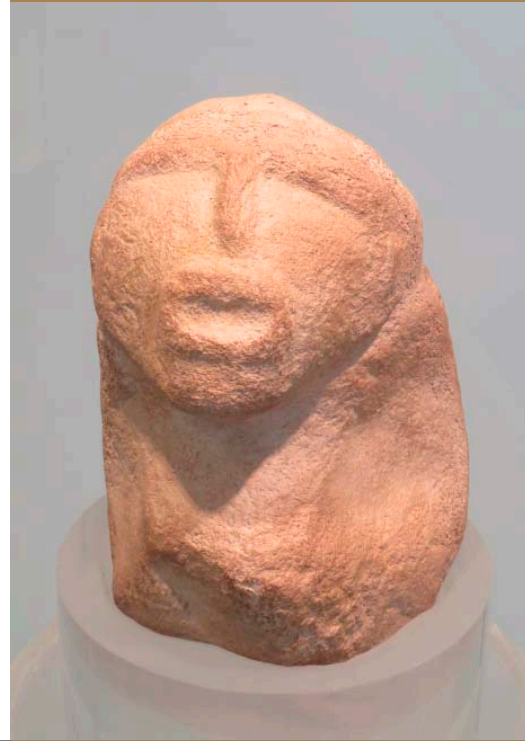
LITHOPHONE | BARBARA KNEZEVIC
AT OONAGH YOUNG GALLERY

16.03.18 - 19.04.18

(opposite above)
Museum Lepenski
Vir, sculpture Adam
quartz sandstone,
6300 - 5900 BCE.
Photograph by
Miroslav Loci, via
Wikimedia Commons

(opposite below)
Museum Lepenski Vir,
sculpture Vilenjak,
quartz sandstone,
6300 - 5900 BCE.
Photograph by
Miroslav Loci, via
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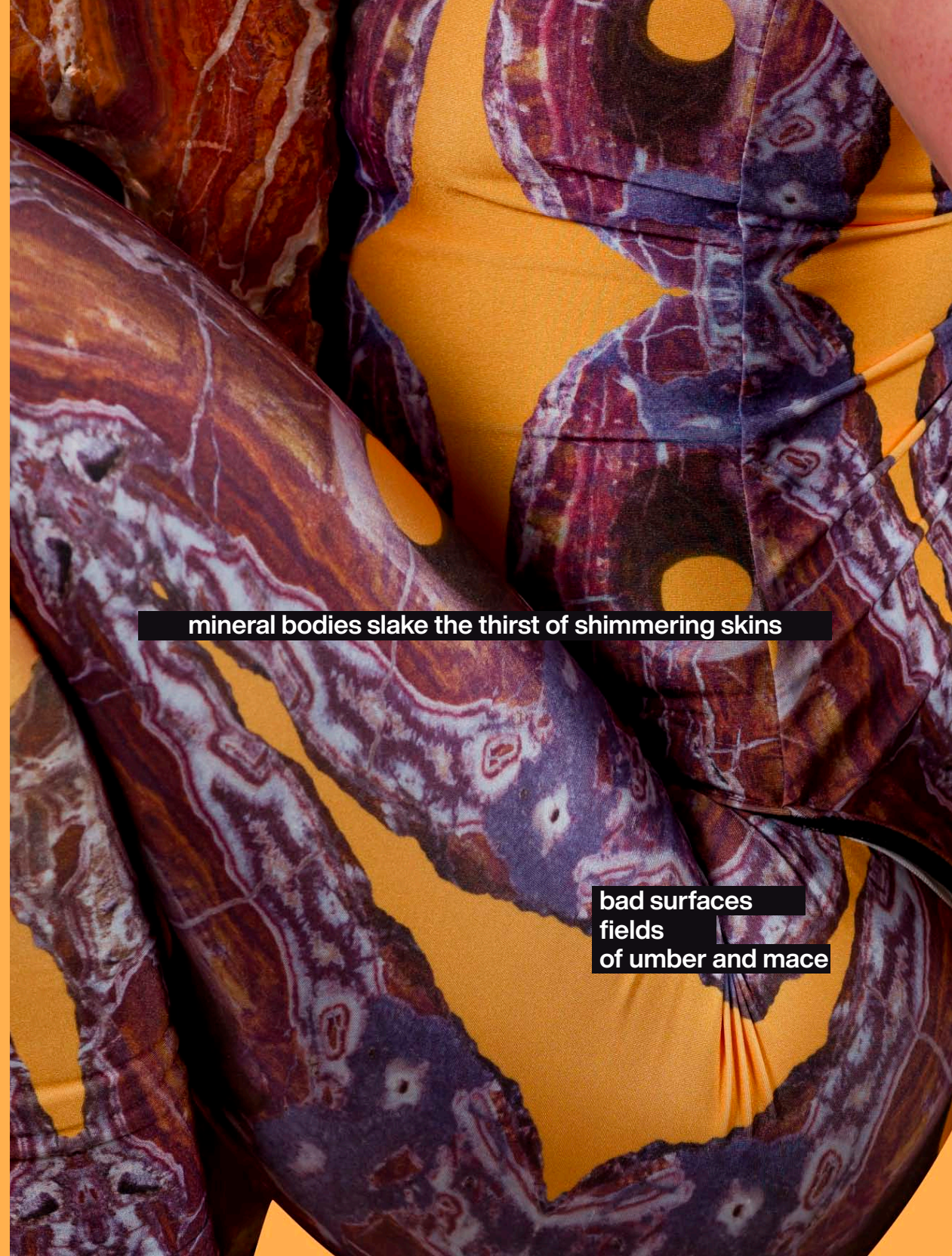
(below)
Museum Lepenski
Vir, sculpture
Rodonačelnik, quartz
sandstone, 6300 -
5900 BCE. Photograph
by Miroslav Loci,
via Wikimedia
Commons

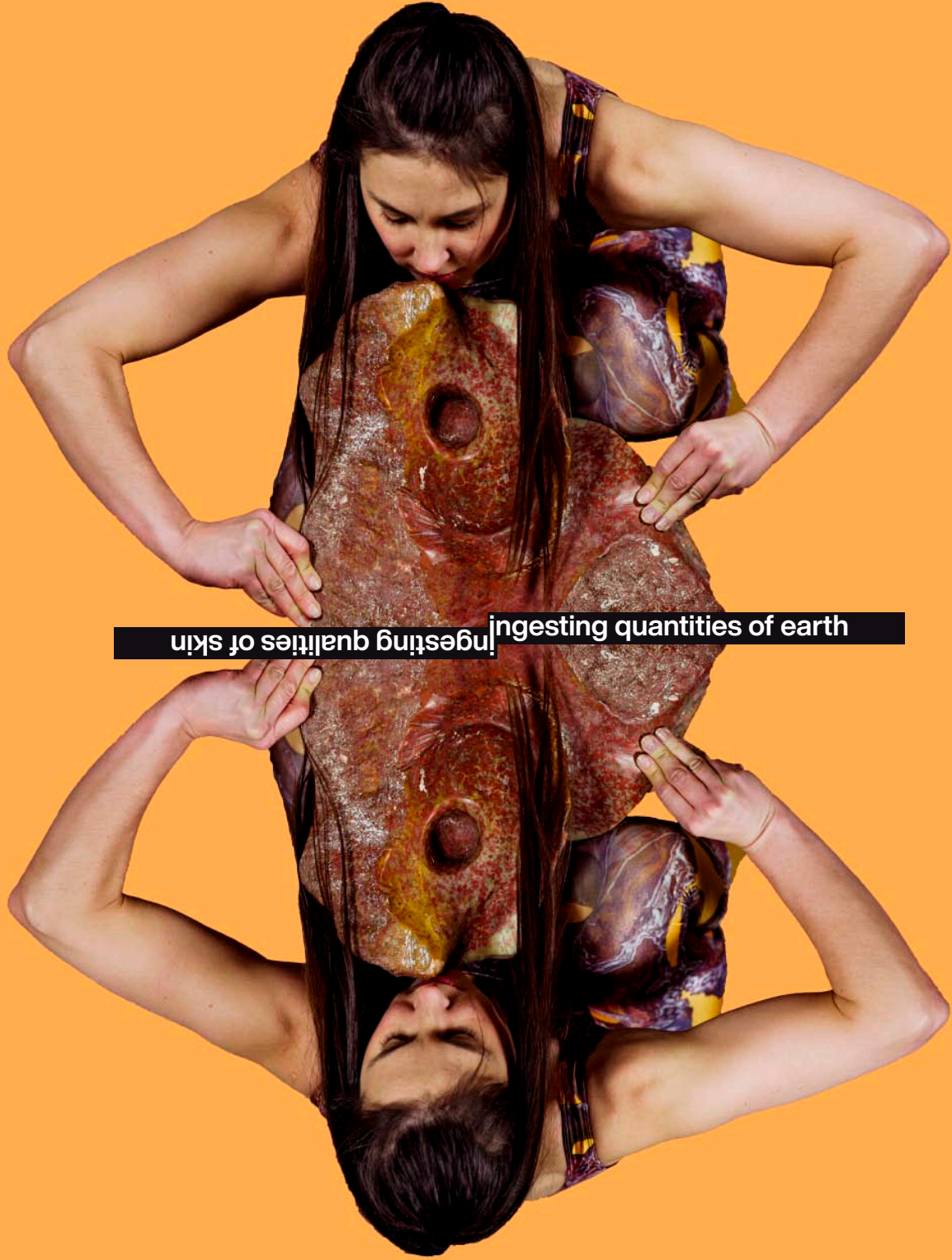


an offering
of rare earth
of isotopes
of carbon 14

mineral bodies slake the thirst of shimmering skins

bad surfaces
fields
of umber and mace





ingesting quantities of earth
ingesting quantities of skin



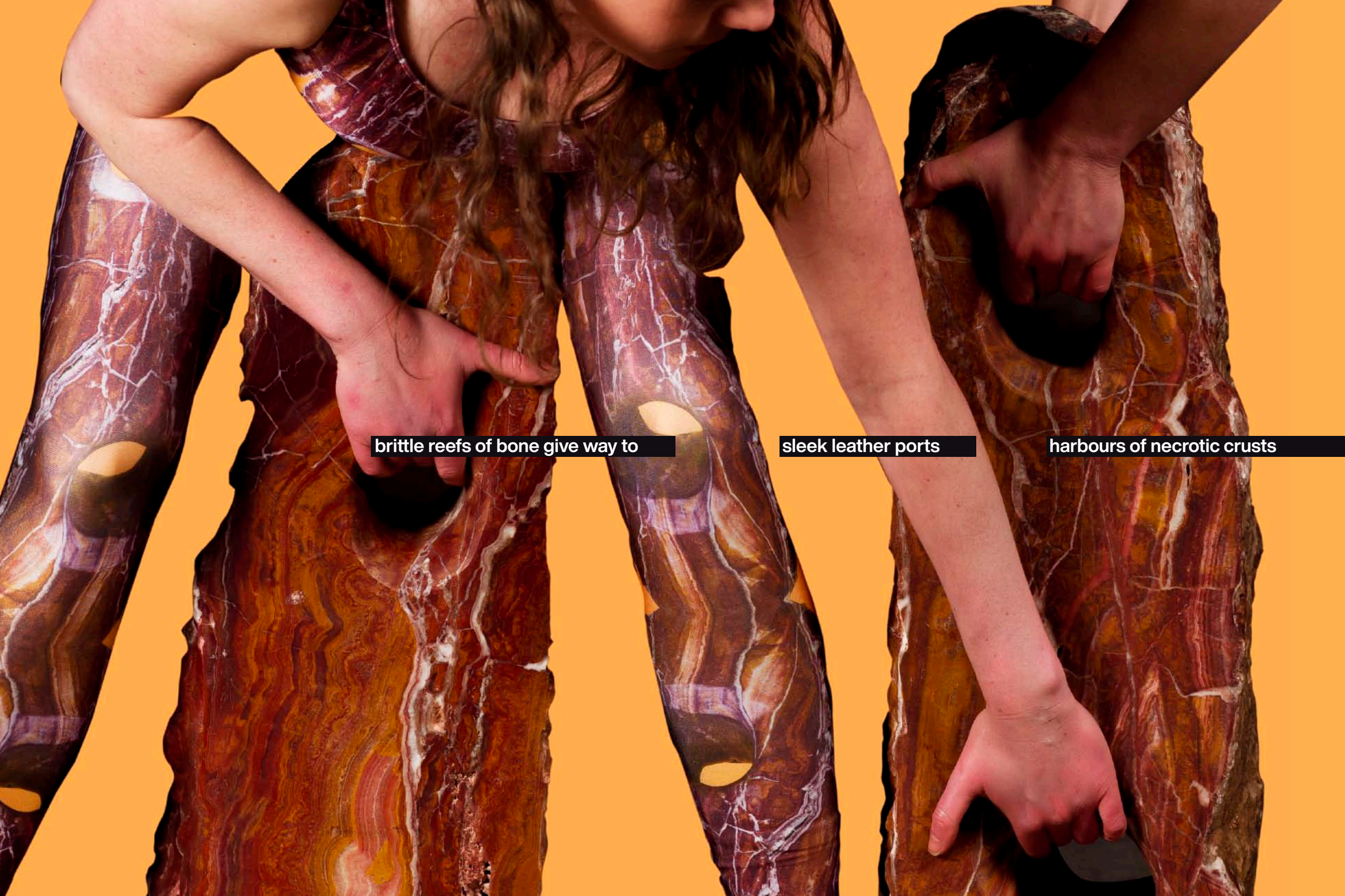
sliding across scapes of replicant gold pure as affect



centrifugal forces grind powders of onyx



sinews stretch
crustaceans gather
skins of leather form



brittle reefs of bone give way to

sleek leather ports

harbours of necrotic crusts



vestibular votives span continents of fear



medean augurs pick hot entrails



hot sands bubble over
clutches of urns
contours of relics



a forking path a fork in the path

diversions to Butmir



fertile stones
mother tongues wagging
rise and fall on the river



threads burned to the source

sands shift the path concealed



put your hand in take your hand out

touch it

Cryptocrystalline ≠

1

This text is about a habitation founded on the pleasure principle. It takes place in an artist's book, that takes place in an exhibition, that takes place in an art institution. It concerns the polytheism of a new vibe. It starts with a crazy prayer and it aspires to end way beyond the pages of this book (because every exhibition has to move the search forward).

2

CRAZY INCANTATION

(to switch the vibe, to draw a line, to endure the test, with astonishment)

The lushness is the sprouting of the things around us,
Except here, blossoms are objects formerly known as something else.
'Crypto': its discreet capacity to emerge all over again.

Terror left behind
Not the last card to play
All Things
Each One Just Right.

We want you to believe that the site before you is a consequence of
your desire to heal
but we are aware how little we know about your desire.
We pray that the site is spiritual and comforting enough to get us all
going.
Art, like humanity, was condemned to roam purgatory.
To carry on, it needs to transform.
A deity of our choice is multi-faceted,
but we don't look for polytheism by means of art.
We want to believe that this prayer emerged
when you became sensible enough to allow the muse in your realm.

We offer you this site to externalize your doubts
To conquer them and set yourself free.

We pray for you to find your comfort.
We welcome you to feel safe enough to look inwards
so that the transparency of your proverbial water
reveals the firmness of our foundations.

We pray for you not to disappear in your solitude
We pray for you not to be on your knees
We don't want to burden you with an intellect
that might block the body
We offer abundance as a condition for treasure
We hope that your hopes are not exhausted.
We want to defend your cherished beliefs.

We yield to intimacy
but we do not want to touch your wounds
We want to let them heal
We reset our expectations
We impose no power dynamic.

Health, Trust, Astonishment: We offer the tools for well-being.

Health comes from sources that are non-toxic. Trust detaches from all doubt. Astonishment derives from that which is unlike anything you've ever seen. To come from, to enable, to amaze: these things are possible in this non-conditioned, non-aligned setting, liberated from conditions and alignments based on other people's demands, conditions and alignments that do not fit our needs.

3

Pleasure 'Scapes is a non-insular osmosis-inspired environment. In its plurality, it represents an anti-thesis to Anthropocentrism. Porous, allowing, gentle, free, animated by the subjectivities of a multitude of species, this habitation embodies an archaic-hype aesthetic impulse. Derived from various sources, this votive structure manifests itself as a system of elastic defences around our cherished beliefs. It acts as a beloved refuge, keeping doubt at bay. It is a waiting room for an advent fulfilled, an abstract longing for comfort materialised, an archetypal landscape that recovers the vibe of religions forgotten. We crave the absolute, something to fill the vacuum. This installation provides an opportunity for worship, a welcome, a place to resolve emotional needs. We are conscious of the chaos around us; we are aware of the high price paid for the preservation of this bastion. We leave it up to you to decide who it is for: true believers or neurotics.

We have a naive preference for innate basic goodness, welcoming kindness, compassion, nurturing abundance. These qualities are effortlessly organised, in this installation, around a certain geological predisposition. Contradictions between archetypal beliefs are resolved through the harmony

of the multiple species and identities assembled. Neolithic female figurines of the Vinča and Butmir (Винча, Бутмир) culture (from the Balkans) belong to one of the most advanced prehistoric cultures in the world. But merged with living dancing bodies they are more than symbols of civilisational decline; they are proof of what has endured the wreckage. Re-assembled, re-articulated, re-integrated in the frame of an art institution, they assure us of solidity, survival. No matter how deep and long they have been laying in the ground, an archaeological force has been harnessed to bring them back to life.

Reality is best attained through formal dialectics: Plasticity. Mass. Volume. A little gold here and there, just enough for the art of seduction. Rhythm, mass, interweaving, rhythm, the disintegration of surfaces. Circling back to the past. Stepping into the intensity of the present. The cavity is treated as equal to fullness. The art of moderate diversity, no tech, no drones, no satellites. The kind of dignified trust that amazement generates. Ease, light.

Knezevic (Барбара Кнежевић [*Homo Arbitrator Formae*]) designates new structural interdependencies, ways of rearranging surfaces and spaces, *a flattening of the ontologies of human, animal, mineral and other associated hierarchies*. Attentively, with nuance, she assembles an intuitive offering. There is an equalising quality to the arrangement. Perhaps the time has come for the Anthropocene to be connected to the interplanetary.

Atoms of minerals, existing in both votive figures and human bodies, are our common signifier. On Earth as well as on Mars, indistinguishable in their singularity, they survive as an enduring multitude that spreads across the centuries. While identities can be, and are, commodified, the mystical order of minerals outlives any decline, any language. Just like the structure of the cryptocrystalline, the mystical order reveals itself in parallel time-lines.

Elements included in the installation are residues of former assemblages. They are conceived and perceived as un-objects, fluid energies that transform and transfigure the vibes of previous concepts. Take the huge pieces of onyx assembled here, rocks that are animated by the pleasure principle, humanly induced in their void. Through the act of metamorphosis (*μεταμόρφωση*), something solid is transformed into a vivid entity, provoking sensual desire, at the opposite pole from any sceptical doubt. Onyx is a cryptocrystalline, consisting of fine intergrowths. It plays the vibrations between its bands, parallel to one another: a mysterious rite for well-being, an offering with signifiers unknown.

Baroque-like, aiming to induce light, the onyx dazzles us with its transversal touches, testifying to the depth of its inner world. In the prehistoric culture of Vinča, time was signified with two parallel lines, crossing transversally. That magic, the parallel internal interference of planes, is also found in the structure of onyx, in the structure of a cryptocrystalline. It's no wonder that they're connected. It is time itself that allows for calcification, a process of hardening soft tissues.

In *Pleasure 'Scapes*, these ideas and materials are re-assembled; minerals form new shapes that are crystallised into the hybrid vibrational entity. The demand for solidity is expressed as paroxysm, a calcification of multiple elements. Cooled down over centuries, history is finally crystallised as form. We like to think that the lines of two times are equal to the distances between the atoms, on Earth and onwards in the Universe. Time and atoms, previously separated, are brought together.

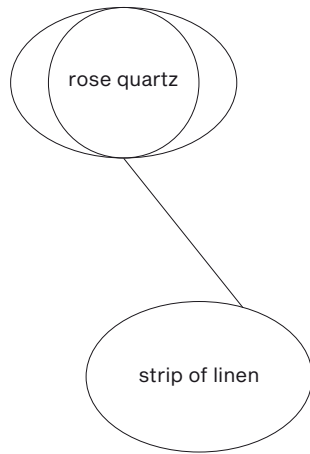
This shrine does not require an offering. Instead, it is offered to the audience as a promise of effortless ease. The baroque line is a strategy, a device for the containment of multiple epistemologies. The centre, the symmetry, and the stability of the composition are shifted, taking into consideration a vast array of trans-historical references. Using the tail of history to provide the hedonic stimulation, this new hyper-decoration functions as a sublime survival tactic.

This temporary habitation is not an environment in its own right. Although its archaic-principle points to the endurance of the past, it also foreshadows a potential shift in behavioural patterns. A glance at the history of long duration gives us a false centre of gravity in the here and now. The parallel entities co-habiting this installation point to a lingua franca that is another kind of cryptocrystallisation. A communication of micro-forms, their structures are only visible under intense magnification. To understand this palimpsest, genealogy is the only instruction manual. This is a co-habitation somewhere outside of language, outside of our human logos. It is a site of transformation, an assemblage of peaks and differences, intertwined so that they can be offered onwards: an affect that lingers.

This structure is, thus, a mechanism for the interplanetary transmission of our own un-learned epistemologies, a transmission that cannot take place through any known or recognisable channel. In order to be comprehended, these ideas and epistemologies must exist as a structure, a form, beyond and besides language; unknown, unspeakable, it is an offering to the universe. The future fossils.

As a society we have discovered the means to transcend historical terror, yet seduced by the profit motive we fail, again and again, to do what's necessary to protect and cultivate happiness and well-being. *Pleasure 'Scapes* represents an alternative configuration. As centuries collapse into a gallery, bodies into space, the metabolism of an institution transforms, enabling new forms of transmission. As well-being radiates confidence, as we unburden ourselves from former epistemologies, unpredictable things might start to happen.





I stepped outside the better to feel the rain and said

H a v e y o u c o m e t o q u e n c h m e ?

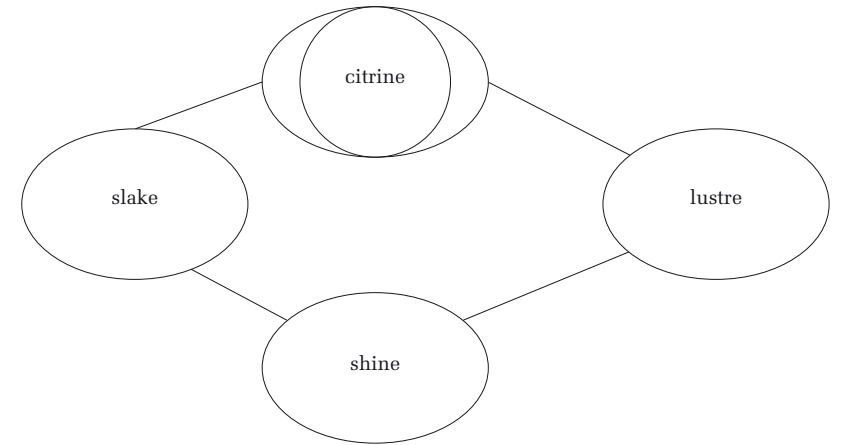
But though my lips had parted there was no new moisture in my mouth.
I knew then I had come into a new thirst.

Standing in the rain that was not rain. That was another kind of dampness.

I had opened another mouth, had tipped another cup.

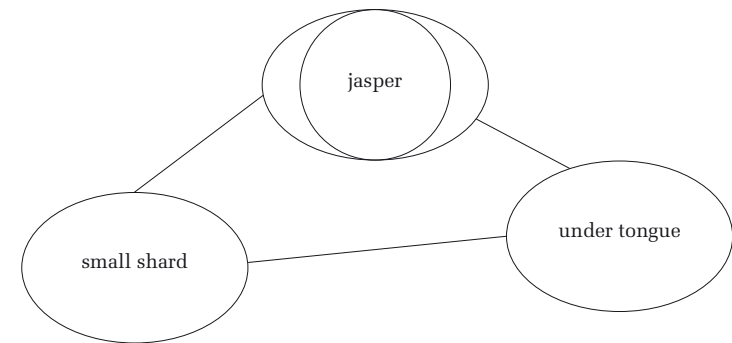
I would have been living my life differently had I known thirst didn't belong to the
muscle sitting limp in my mouth,
b u t n o w i s t h e t i m e t o d r i n k
all that had once been juice, sap and delicate vegetable fiber.

D r i n k u p w h a t
has been transmuted or cast into amber, agate or opal.



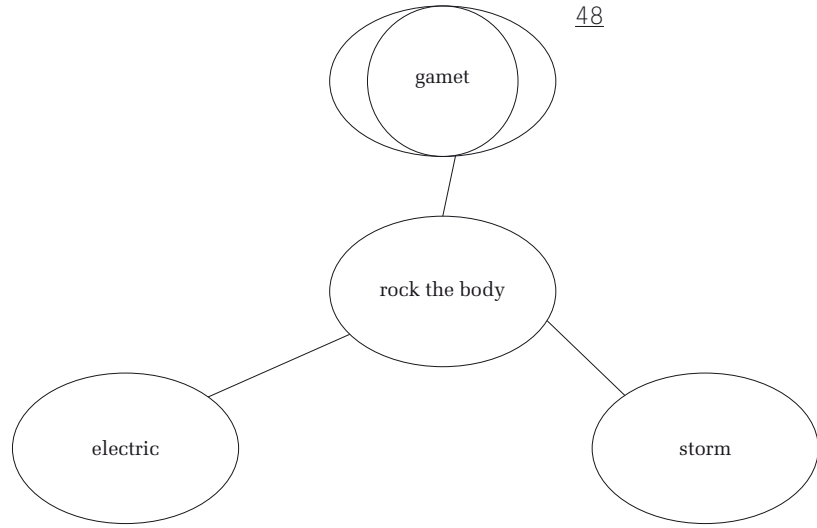
Now I've had my first sip from a cosmic body and my stomach is lined with its coarse detritus.

I h a v e c o m e u n t e t h e r e d ,
endowed with a mineral of almost eternal endurance.



I had a vision which struck me like fire, a hot current that took a deviant turn and left me with such bright sight: my eyes replenished.

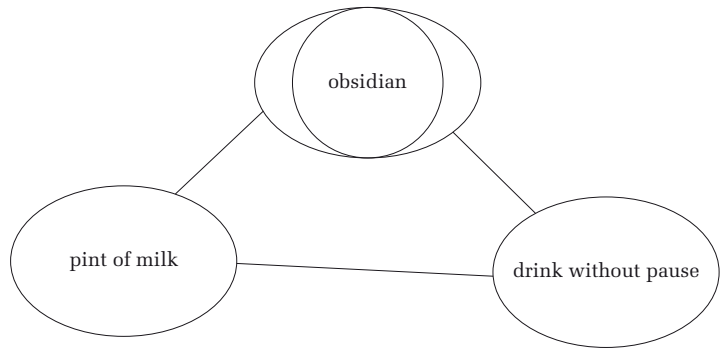
Now, when I see my face in any surface
it is always exactly as I expect it to be, or at least
that image's likeness, its kin or partial parallel.



l a m s t e p p i n g n o w
i n t o a n e w
i t e r a t i o n :

a path to ecstasy and a means of communication with the Real World.

Now I know I never owned anything at all, it was just that certain things had spent longer than others beside me.

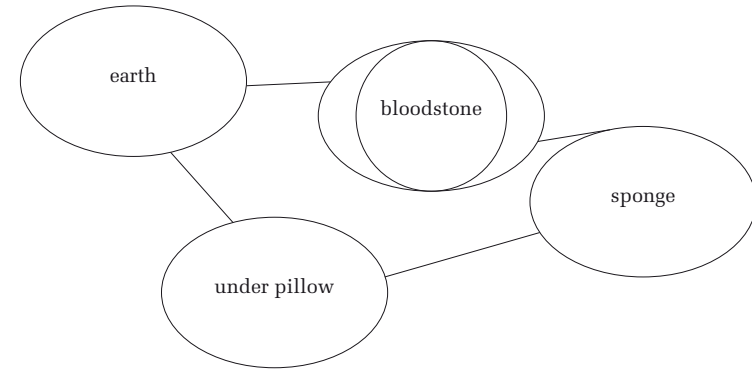


Old body of mine which had for so long been a heap of misfires, a cut wire glitching.

Out of the dark of the stone

has come a composite star and the work now is to measure its arc:

a gleaming crescent threaded with fracture.

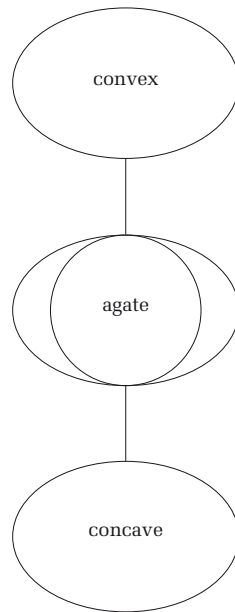


When a droplet has been some thousand times distilled and the light comes bending through

r
e
f
r
a
c
t
e
d

is it still light?

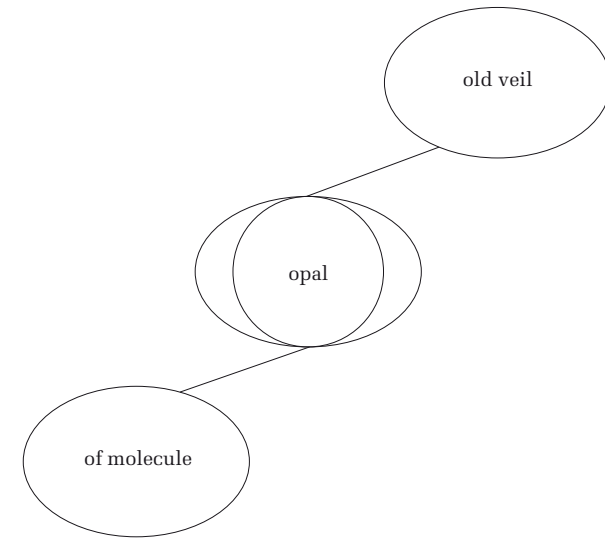
Or some other particular
radiant to a new degree?



Even a granule accelerating is sufficient to
create the whirring blur of motion: it is one of
two systems... trying to get to know one another by cautious touches.

The other is stasis:
stillness.
Equipoise.

I now know the exact ripple of emotion across my face.
I know, too, what my body would look like if suddenly distorted by water.
I know how I would look to myself through a wall of pungent smoke.



I know the toll I take on any given space.

I know because I have let go of the future.

Its outcomes, its possible variations and a medley of
other nodules free of all rhythm.

I have come now to a new birth.
It is the birth of all flesh irrigated by a liquid.

I am living in a reverie and
it is a recurrent inhalation.

I am born to another name and the birth is still taking place.
My old husk of a body is behind me, staggering toward this new alignment.

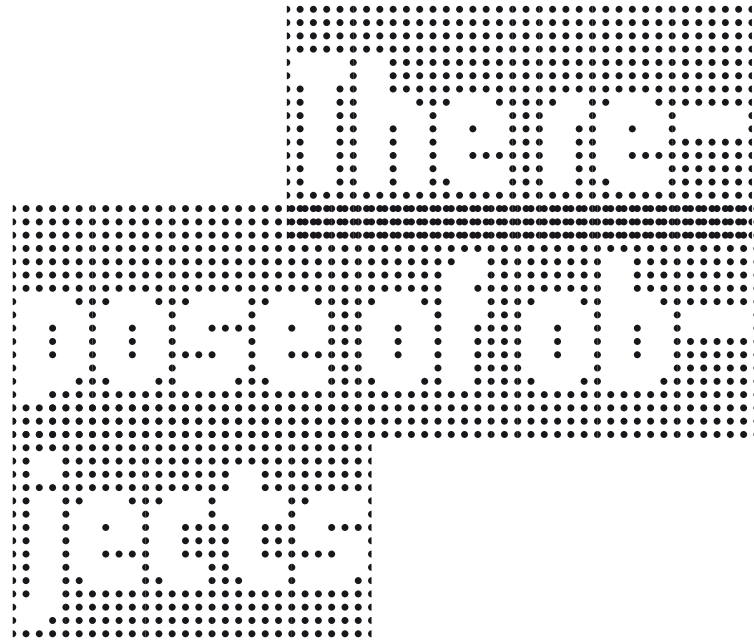
Ever onward, ongoing breach inside of which there is always another newer relation.

My torso is a crystal's interior: both are in a state of ceaseless refraction.

At any moment you can reach out, deflect and scatter the light—

*

—Roger Caillois, *The Writing of Stones*, 1970



1 This is the position held by the logical atomists such as Bertrand Russell and the early Wittgenstein who invoke the relation between an atomic fact (of an object) and an atomic proposition (corresponding statement), an example being 'This sculpture is red.'

2 For the philosopher Gottfried Leibniz the ultimate constituents of reality are metaphysical points or monads which have a kind of soul that form a mosaic of points that make up objects.

Let's open a with question. How do marks and objects coalesce and repose?

'quod non est in actis, non est in mundo'
(that which is not in the records does not exist in the world)

But marks are a strange thing, they persist as a memory or trace. Marks made on paper and of course on screen assume a sense and order that we are adept in reading, deciphering, processing and reciting. Words and numbers feel ready for our eyes, sculpted for our voices. But the marks made on other materials cast a different sort of spell, they are often of a different order. Some marks made on clay and stone belong to lives lived by others in a time that is not and never can be ours, legible only to the past. The unspeakability of the mark and of the object. Unspeakability, the condition of not being expressible or describable with words. We encounter such objects and artifacts in the rarefied habitats of museums or gated historical sites that are stripped of their worldhood, no longer endowed with their votive offerings or sacred blessings. Yet they call out to us, asking to be read, transcribed, understood, touched, felt. As if by caressing them we could touch a time we have not lived, feel those who held, blessed or chiselled these marks, created these objects.

Is all language a series of marks? According to some philosophers all languages are concepts, and concepts break up into atomic facts and propositions that are beholden to the configuration of simple objects.¹ Therefore there is nothing more basic than simple objects – no simple objects, no picture of the world. To know the world is to be able to speak about it. Perhaps then, even the monads are unspoken words, a form of writing.² Would atomic facts, simple objects and monads share kindred with the humus earth, mineral, soil and stone? Raw and unbroken. The economy of words and numbers. A code that remains illegible. Digits, numerical code perhaps?

It is speculated that some Neolithic peoples believed stones to be vessels for the dead whose souls migrated and fused with stones upon death. The henges dotted around Western Europe are a testament to the circularity of life and death for ancient people. The henges operated as a time piece, signalling the turning point of the year, a new fertility and time of growth. From death to life. The ancient people of the Lepenski Vir in what is now Serbia, whose human/fish sculptural forms were carved in stone, evoke a

relationship between an ancient people and the life and sustenance provided by the River Danube. The site is important and is evidence of the migration of farming culture into South-eastern Europe, a transition of the Mesolithic to the Neolithic, from hunter gathering to farming, a matriarchy, an admixture of culture and peoples. Strange-faced hybrid stones guarding abodes of the dead, voiceless yet staring. The malevolent or benevolent eye. To gaze and to guard. Stone and the dead.

Optically Stimulated Luminescence (OSL) is a process used to date the luminescence saturated in ancient objects and materials. Imagine, sunlight trapped for a millennia, an ancient sunlight encrusted in material objects. Cracked open. Magic unbound. Strange staring faces, the mineral earth.

When handiworks of the ancients are unearthed, layers of sediment and stone indicate their time. Below these layers are traces and marks of the past, a different time. Now our everyday language hesitates, has less traction than before. The marks are the excess of writing, a nonhuman writing. These are the signs of different agents, made at a slower time in a deeper place.³ Clay bodies in superabundance, extrude and compress, seeping and staining, fusing rock, shale, ash and bone. In colluvium zones it slakes and sticks as it diffuses minerals and particles, compressing, fossilising layer upon layer, year upon year, eon upon eon. Deep time. Science gives words to the mineral age of such material, distilling its composition. Humus and organic matter are vitrified, moulded and cast in the fiery body of the earth. Deep pregnant state.

In antiquity the great Greek sculptor Phidias understood materials as a medium to the Gods for their semblance appeared through the working of marble, bronze, ivory, and gold. Phidias' touch reveals the image of Athena (Athene) to the Greeks, the goddess of wisdom and warriors, whose stature guarded the great Greek city of Athens. In the *Illiad* Athena descends from the sky and rallies Achilles (Akhilleus). Athena, the grim goddess with the snaky head of the Gorgon, Medusa of the many eyes, emblazoned on her aegis. The inscription found in the temple of the gods 'Φειδίου εἰμι' (Pheidíou eimí) – 'I belong to Phidias' or literally 'of Phidias I am'. The sign of Phidias denoting the *techne* of the hand.

Now the great gods immortalised in stone are shattered. They appear in fragments, buried and broken, a foot, a limb. Gods no more. Mere objects again. And what of the objects themselves? Smothering darkness. Fragmented, diffused, divine hand, fossil and broken bone. Now a meandering economy of words peel abundance and magic from such objects.

In ancient Greek myth, Pyrrha, daughter of Pandora, and Deucalion, son of Prometheus are instructed by Hermes to "to throw the bones of their mother over their shoulders." The mother earth and the bones of stone seed life after the great deluge. Pyrrha's stones become woman, the giver of life. Stones and bones. Bones and stones. Stone and life.

Marks on stones, inscriptions denoting the earth and its vital forces. Civilisations are born of these forces and artefacts index their rise and fall. A compulsion to imprint and carve, to shape and to sculpt. What speaks in material such as stone and clay? Its deep time and composition? Objects trace time. Why mark it? A purposiveness not subject to the faculties of aesthetics alone but a concatenation of senses and intensities. Desire. A healing through making that celebrates the agentic nature of material, struggling against a hierarchy of materials. Depletion, a fearful exploitive premonition...

To make and to mark is to excite the body state and surfaces of material. Red onyx, red soapstone, bruno sardonica, carved, touched, rubbed and polished. Terracotta crank, stoneware, coil clay body, heft, particle alignment, pressed and pulled, adding and subtracting. Kiln fired porous body. Mineral secretions endemic to colouring bodies. A sensorium of objects, surfaces and textures that rub alongside and against such materials.

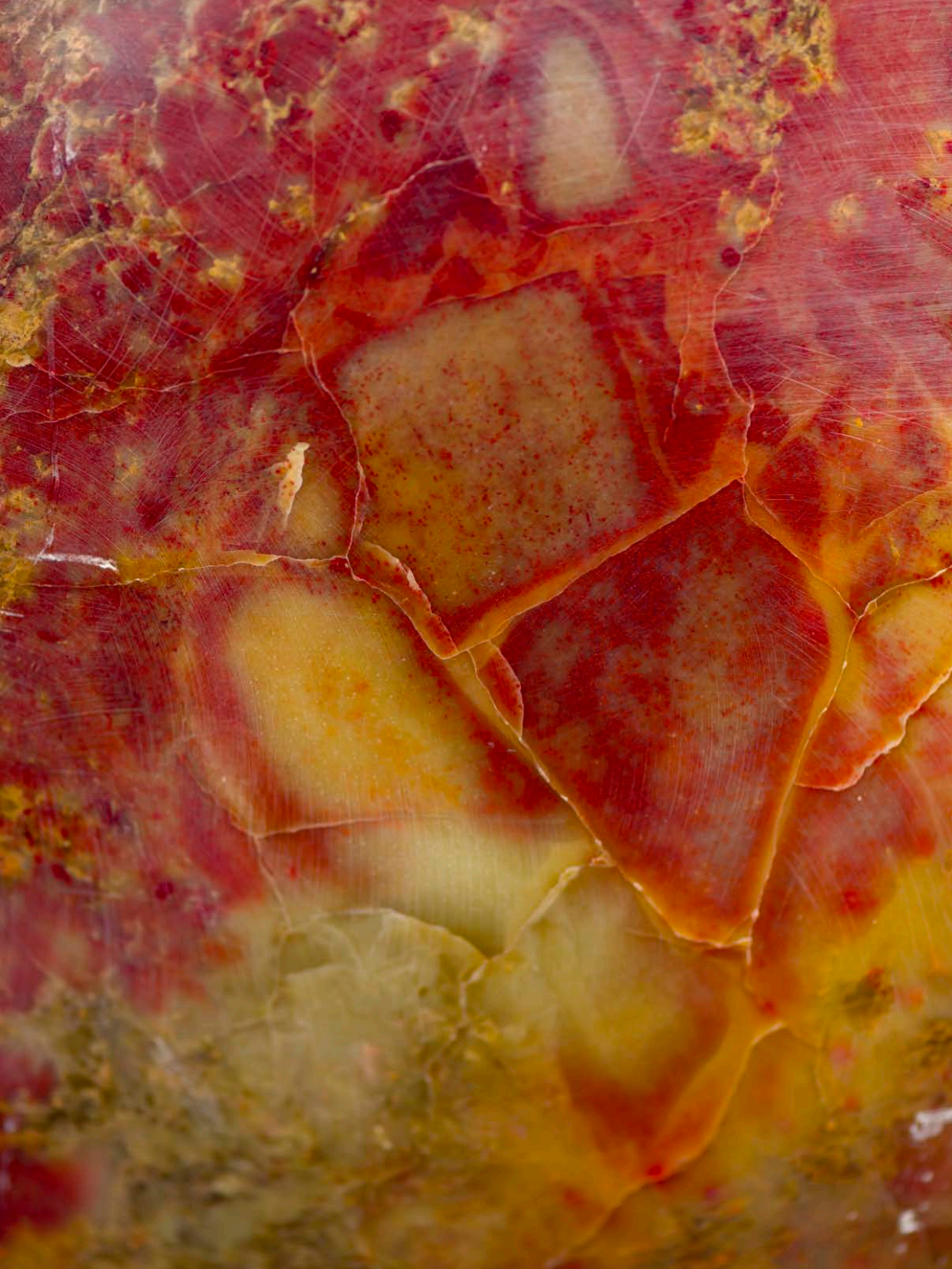
These utterances circulate and echo in the artwork presented in this exhibition but more besides remains unspeakable. They are a testament to an affectivity of materials that is guided by a learned and precocious hand. An art practice that invokes the paradox of the somewhat unspeakability of objects and material. As Barbara has explained in conversation, they gesture to the precious excess and intensity inherent in the making of art objects.

Mute voices and absent words, the artworks are speaking but testifying in a different register of meaning, the medium of surface and form, texture and tactility, a celebration of the abundance inherent to all objects. Invitation to touch. An ecology and habitat where objects teach us things. Listen and hear. See and feel. Touch and learn.

3 Some examples from different religions and cultures; In ancient Greece Gaia, the earth and Tartarus, the caves and depths beneath the earth; in Slavic culture the goddess Mokosh, or Mat Zemlya; Asase Ya, goddess of the Akan people of West Africa. In China the Earth Queen Houtu; in India the goddess Bhuma Devi; for the Aztecs the goddess Tonantzin and for the Incas the goddess Pachamama who is the goddess of time as well as the earth. In Irish mythology the goddess Danu (the flowing one) has a tentative Celtic origin that can be traced back to the river Danube.









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