

EXTRACT: RENE McBREARTY

What happened after that - the 'conversation' - took place on the floor. The woman, surrounded by rocks. The rocks seemed shiny and new, like they had been carefully cleaned...

*Wait. What was about the piece you mentioned earlier? The video?*

The artist or a protagonist of some sort actively pursues and eventually, apparently, enters a tornado.

*Did it have a particular effect on you?*

It had the same effect that only a few artworks have had on me over the years of stopping my breath. It was almost an ecstatic experience, breathless, wordless... The very simple analogy between the figure actively engaging with a system of tumult and an artist's endeavour. But then, very quickly, it made me feel nauseous and deeply suspicious about sublime artwork made to wrestle with the elements themselves. I was thinking about the possibility of artworks occurring in domestic environments, existing furtively, installed beneath teacups or between towels, on top of redundant DVD players, deployed amongst buckets.

*Or on the ground, like this, amongst the dust. Embedded here even, like in Happy Days. Conversations that take place on the floor are usually to be trusted. I interrupted you.*

We are addressed by the woman directly as participants, co-conspirators. She says she has used her voice to focus us, to bring us here, yet we are late. Always late. She says she doesn't even know if we get her messages. She says she will sit here as long as she has to and if she said she was lonely then that wouldn't be a lie, but again, she says, she doesn't often speak. She says an argument unfolded.

Towels were pushed to the floor. Pants got mixed with t-shirts. Buttons were undone. Skin came off.