

# **C A V E S 1 . E S C A P E**

**D M B**

The ecstasy of St. Teresa by Gian Lorenzo Bernini (1647-1652) Lindsay Lohan passed out after a night of partying 2007



## CAVES 1. ESCAPE

September 2009. Beirut, Lebanon. We are walking the streets with a local artist who is part the group we are working with. Later he will take us up to the hillside above Lebanon, we will meet his parents, have lunch, and then sit in a nearby bombed-out house overlooking the city and the ocean. We will smoke, and drift, and talk.

For now, we are down below. At some point he gestures towards a parked car underneath its protective cover. There weren't so many private spaces when we were teenagers, he explains, you know, look-outs in American films, places you go to hang out, make out, away from the eyes. We used to park the cars and put covers over them, stay inside. Then you could be with your girlfriend, your boyfriend, your crew, in the middle of the street.

It is broad daylight, a nice bright dry September light, and I have the improbable image of kids under there, making out. Smoking. Playing music from their phones. The image fills my body with delight.

I am grateful for teenagers. For their incomprehensible energy, which becomes more foreign the older I get, and more recognisable, like the country of my childhood that I eventually leave, like the time of my childhood that I eventually leave. And to which I return, a stranger.

In Beirut I take a photo of a tarpaulin covering some objects up against a wall. It becomes a practise. Every now and again I see a car cover, a motorcycle cover, an object covered. I take a photo, a video. I imagine something alive under there.

And as I keep imagining, the concept of aliveness becomes distorted, and I see more or other than teenage kicks.



In writing about the paintings in the Lascaux cave, Georges Bataille uses the word *délié* to describe us, humans—unfettered, literally ‘un-bound,’ with its Promethean overtones, but also unhinged, loose. A bit mad. For the gesture.

For the gesture of going into the cave, for the gesture of making something that doesn’t feed or clothe or shelter us. We begin in a flash of energy that separates us from animals.

For Bataille, the energy that makes us human is inexorably linked to prohibitions—to culture. To how we treat our dead, and death itself. That death still lives, beyond us. As it becomes sacred, it also becomes other, and moves elsewhere. The energy is still there, and it speaks, makes demands upon us. As we are unbound, we become re-tethered, doubly-bound.

Escape from the thermodynamics of everyday life. From the necessities of clothing and being clothed, of feeding and being fed, of producing and being productive, of shelter, resources, politics. Affective labour, reproductive labour, reparative labour. All the labours, all the efforts, everything practical in the world.

Escape into the uncountable. The metaphors grow and change and stay the same. Simone Weil asks us to become “a chlorophyll conferring the faculty of feeding on light.” To become plant. To descend in ascending.

To become chemical, geological, geometrical. To become historical, mythological, mineral. To become dung and diamond. Mycorrhizal, metaphorical. LLLLLLlanguage. And its escape.

- Georges Bataille, *Lascaux or The Birth of Art* (1955)
- Simone Weil, *Gravity and Grace* (1947)



5 seats in the front.  
7 seats in the middle.  
5 seats in the back.



**HAIKUBARU**

It's poetry in motion.

## SSSICK SUMAC SHORTBREAD

then you spoke to me all at once you  
hissed a sound so much like a hiss that

i could hear in it all words

ssss s s s s s s s s s s

sss s

ssssome amaranth flour  
ssssome millet flour  
good amount wholemeal/multigrain flour

sssstax of beurre

that crumbly moist brown sssssugar that is hard to find in EU

sssssumac purple royal so beautiful  
cinnamon  
allspice

just play babesss  
just play around  
make a dough  
get your hands greassssy  
you want the texture to be like moisst and moveable  
but not sso ssticky u can't pat it into a ball  
pat it and if it cracks dry it needs more moisst  
beurre @ room temp  
pat it and if it ssssticks it needs more dry  
flour  
pat it and if it patsss nice like ssskin  
after itsss been dancccccing  
make the dough into cookies  
fat is better, fat and lil'  
—they will ssssink so keep 'em tight  
ssssprinkle some more ssspice on top  
4 me cinnamon sssugar a bit of sssalt  
just in the centre  
just a tassste of NaCl like  
the neck of your lover  
cook for like 30 minsss in a low oven (150° ish)  
will crissp up once cool  
sso take 'em out  
u want it crissp on the outssside  
and gentle af on the inssside  
obv





## **TERESA IN THE CAVE 4759**

<https://soundcloud.com/dtp-dtp/teresa-in-the-cave-4759>

on Radio Triton, Cinema OFFoff, Kunsthal Ghent  
curated by Sven Dehens

## **JÜRIG FREY/DMB**

streichquartett ii (1998-2000)/Teresa in the Cave (2018)

## **SCHACKE**

A Future Not Materialized (2017)

## **SUBJECTED**

5.7 (Developer Remix) (2013)

## **YVES TUMOR/DMB**

Perdition (2016)/Teresa in Tears (2018)

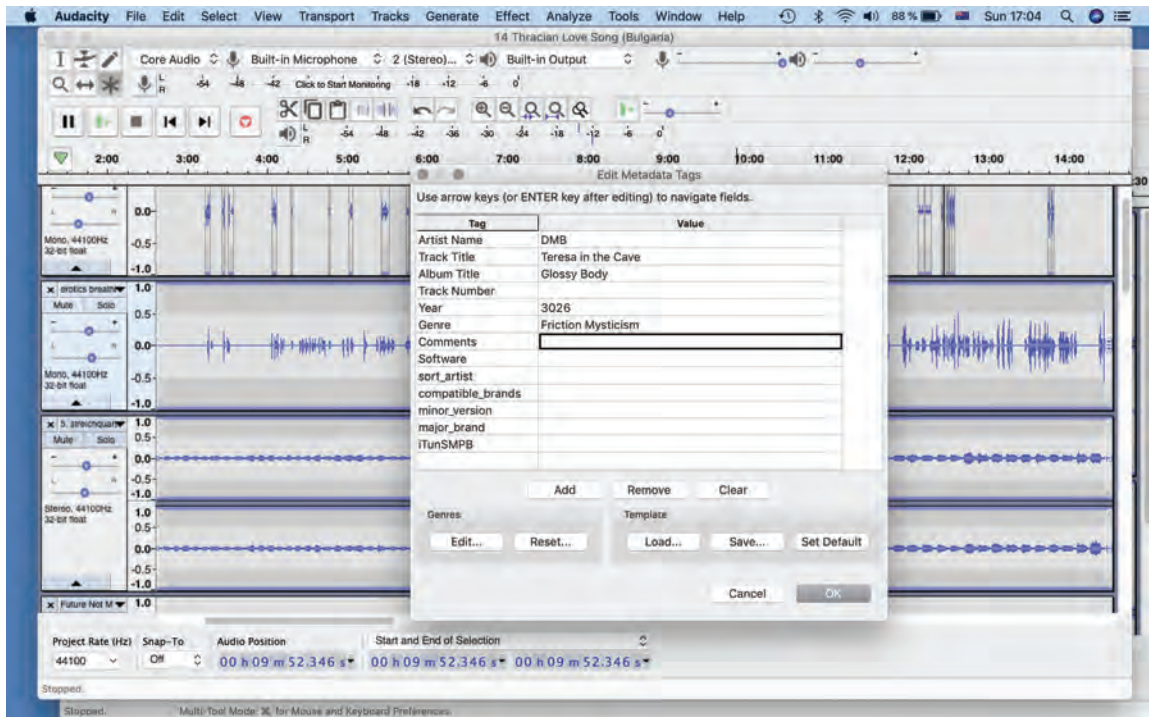
## **SANDWELL DISTRICT**

Immolare (First) (2010)

Immolare (Main) (2010)

## **RHIANNA**

Work (The Theorist Piano Cover) (2016)



## **CAVES 1. ESCAPE. CAVES 2. RE-ENTRY. CAVES 3. TRANSPORT.**

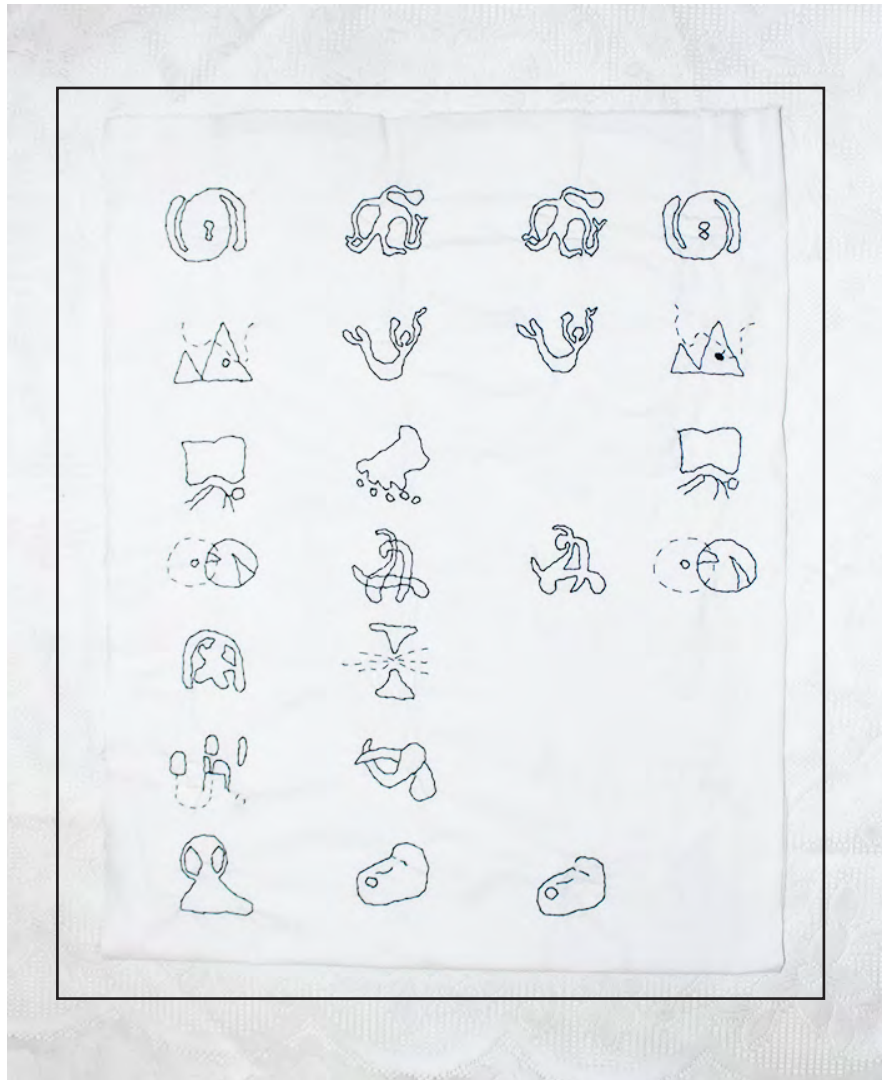
Caves 1 explores the metaphors for these escapes from the thermodynamics of everyday life. Before Caves 2 and Caves 3—where going in and out of the world becomes a specific practise that must decide how to perform the hermetic action of shuttling objects between one world and the other (intellectual objects, physical objects, energetic objects, political objects)—Caves 1 experiments with escapes and their translations.

Caves 1 wants to find caves everywhere, up and down to infinity. To perceive teenagers making out and getting high under all car covers. To find the unhinged spark, the fire, the energy under every covered surface, in the mineral and the biological, in the microcosm and the macrocosm.

Caves 1 ascends by descending, and by sidewinding. It is transcendence into the mineral (the taste of salt on the skin, the ecstasy and horror of tears, the slick of sweat on the dancing body), into eros, into communion. It is the triangulation of language and desire that Anne Carson calls “a reach for the unknown,” a promise of “something not yet grasped.” It makes us realise our edges.

It is thus a series of insides and a series of outsides. Not just the gesture of escaping into and escaping from, but also the chthonic daylight we seek in there—a “revelation of the unexpected, the unhoped-for”—and what remains of that interior light when we reemerge into the bright day. What we do with it.

– Anne Carson, *Eros the Bittersweet* (1986)



## CAVES 1. CAR

'um so ur supposed to choose a symbol and we talk'  
'this is starting to feel a bit like a fordist factory'  
'i feel like a cigarette'  
'do u have a lighter?'  
'hi'  
'have a cookie'  
'yeah they're sick'  
'um so cybernetics'  
'here u see the needle broke'  
'this is FALLING THRU CHAOS'  
'it's about pain'  
'mm the group b4 u also chose this'  
'it's called AS ABOVE SO BELOW'  
'it's about hermeticism'  
'i feel the pressure to perform 4 u'  
'which makes me want 2 escape'  
'it's a very aggressive feeling'