

B E AT P E ACE, lovely, lovely

accompanying exhibition text by Spencer Lai and Jake Swinson

I

-
A star is a ball of gaseous elements. Compositionally, a star is part hydrogen, part helium. Larger and thereby older stars can often contain trace amounts of other elements such as carbon, nitrous, boron, neon, oxygen and iron. These elements entwine, burst, explode, react and reformulate regularly. This self-perpetuating cycle achieves many things including an established self-nourishing system giving an appearance of a shining or a twinkling effect to the human eye. Upon their death, it is told by the ancients that an amber explosion takes place, if viewed in the light of a setting sun.

Meanwhile, frozen foodstuffs thaw silently in a freezer, having been left open overnight. The perpetrator, a slim woman named 'Nicki,' scuttles around the kitchen in a crab-style on noticing her mistake, her hands snapping like little pincers. A crude five-pointed star in canary yellow construction paper is fastened to the refrigerator door with a small rectangular shaped vinyl magnet featuring the word "TRUST" in flowery, cursive writing.

A gold and yellow amber ray of light appears in a quick flash from behind the window, reflecting across the kitchen tiles, across the tea jars.

hands groping at ... Handbag (fendi) slung over shoulder, selected, from an immaculate vitrine. The handbag features a solid amber Fendi insignia (FF), a peculiar detail for the fashion house placing the accessory from a particular collection that some may know about.

In another city, people are reading books, talking and laughing in a room. They occupy the centre of the room, forming the *INNER PERIMETER*. Others less inclined to participate in the event (reasons may include: fatigue, hunger, boredom etc) line the walls of the space, creating the *OUTER PERIMETER*. Some have their backs turned to others, alone, without company. Some choose to use their energies to speak to others, forming *DISCUSSION*. The *OUTER PERIMETER* speak in a pointed yet languid manner, preferencing dialogue relating to *CUISINE, ADMINISTRATION DUTIES, FUTURE PLANS FOR TRAVEL*. Inflammatory comments, punctuated by *SNICKERING, NODDING* and *LAUGHER* are made, in relation to others, are formulated by the *INNER PERIMETER*.

Their table shape; an equilateral triangle.

Lining the walls of the room are a series of technical drawings depicting WHITE DOVES in various states of restful, gentle repose. The series comprises of a dozen or so drawings, hung evenly in a straight line. The DOVES, at least in this particular geographical region and immediate neighbouring towns, are said to be symbols of peace and unity. The drawings are rendered in coloured Derwent pencils – it is clear that the hand which has drawn the doves is highly skilled. This mastery is noted in the creator’s ability to produce renditions of the feathered mammals in a realistic manner, through a combination of techniques such as shading, value and contrast. It is said that the drawings were meticulously worked over during what is called ‘a difficult time’ for the creator.

II

Forty thousand years ago, a figure, indistinct and partially obscured by peppercorn trees, unearths large amounts of soil in a large, open field. The land is uneven; a series of large excavations pockmark the dry, arid landscape. The figure toils the earth’s furtive surface with a provisional tool; an intricately bound series of bamboo pieces, clay, woven reeds and a sharpened crescent-shaped rock, filed to a incisive edge. The tool is menacing in its appearance, yet gracefully constructed. Noted: it is adorned with an interesting application of organic matter (kelp, shamrocks, ginger root etc.) elevating its objecthood from pure functionality, flirting with the realm of design.

The tool is raised in the air and with a swift arc is driven down into the earth’s damp surface, wet with summer rain. A note: this is years before controlled flooding, agricultural systemic formations of grid, too. The figure ceases, their mind entering a state of rest, weary from the day’s activities. Resting under a peppercorn tree, the figure could be said to have the series of thoughts:

FOOD SHELTER REST

From their village, they could hear the children playing and a babbling brook several meters into the nearby forest. Curiously, the figure suddenly stood and walked into the forest from the clearing and the peppercorn tree towards the forest river. As they resumed foraging for what are now called ‘wild cranberries’ and setting traps for what are now called ‘small mammals’, a shard of yellow gold light caught the glint of their eye. On sharper investigation the figure saw a PENTAGON PRIMARY SHAPE emerging from the earth. On excavation and subsequent reveal to the entire village, the amber fragment starts wars, is held as collateral, balances the scales of international trade deals, inspired thousands of artists and is the subject of thought for a thousand more philosophers.

From this marking of time, seventy thousand years into the future, an elderly couple marvel at a large amber chunk in a vitrine at a small museum on the outskirts of a forgotten industrial town. They spend approximately three minutes before it, read it's allocated didactic and walk back outside to their car. Having parked in the west side of the carpark, they bear witness to a spectacular sunset which casts red and gold light over their white Honda. Before strapping on their anti-gravitational boots and adjusting their clasps on their G-Force resisters, the older of the two pauses and looks into the sunset, deeply.

“What's that, over there?” They asked their companion.

“Oh! Don't strain your eyes! You've only just had them genetically engineered again!”

“Just look quickly!” They rushed back.

And with that, the two watched a ball of Amber gasses implode just behind the sunset.

“That's beautiful.” One said to the other. “Yes it is, I love you.” Replied the other.

“I've loved you since the first moment I saw you.” Replied the first.