

5th - 6th August 2022

Béal na Scairte,
Co. Corcaigh,
Éire.

We present *Opening Distance* as an act of moving away.
Movement into spaces outside supposed centres.
In doing this, we aim to share and listen in more considered ways.
This new space is for us to share as we wish.

Then if asked, what if no one comes? Our response is simple,

This is for us.

The seven Artists taking part in this show come from Ireland, Iran, Germany, The Netherlands, and Poland. During the show's opening, video work was projected within the community hall in Béal na Scairte. Now within this envelope, each artist has been given one page to further the spaces their research can travel to.

We hope this finds you well,

Aleksandra Komsta, Brianna Ní Léanacháin, Ghazale Moqanaki,
Kayleigh Maimaran, Maitiú Mac Cárthaigh, Marieke Peeters & Rachel Daly.

□□

This is a good bye letter to April
April says: time is round
Ghazal's Mother says: it is a fern's wheel
I have never been to any, but
I agree. At least from the outside
it looks like a clock.

other April

there are few things that need
deification. I'm waiting for the noisy
bumblebee to fly away.

I try to capture time, thinking it is so
beautiful and noble. I have been lying
down for 15 minutes and looking
at the house. I didn't notice it is inscribed
in a gentle hillside.
Sun warms my back. The cold enters from
feet.

What can be shown without a language?
~~Anyway~~ Memory works on its own terms
anyway. I will never know how much
I remember, or which memories belong to
to me. Much depends on the question
that is asked. And by the right person
maybe. It is so easy to miss an important
question. Sentences can be crossed out.
I can bury a diary or throw it
away.

I can long for a thought that
is lost. Until it becomes quiet. □□

A Bó, A Chara,

I am picturing what it would be like if you were to gore me. If you still had your horns, you could thrust your head upwards into my abdomen – my stomach like jelly scooped from a bowl.

I can see my blood oozing slowly across your face, spreading in gentle waves as it pulses from me to the rhythm of my heart's beat. The deep red colour contrasts against your soft white coat. It smells of iron, you smell sweet.

It is stinging your eyes as your lids try to blink it away
like a squeegee
like windshield wipers
like a spatula cleaning the mix from a bowl
what a scene

Our haggard breathing has synced.

How long would it take? For the 5 litres of blood swirling around my body to drain? How long would it take? For the 40 litres of blood to drain from yours? Would we be cold to the touch? Or would our flesh stay warm? As though the life embedded in it yearned to linger for a few extra moments?

My skin would tear like paper.

You could toss my fragile frame aside, quite a distance I imagine. I can feel your rope-like muscles tensing as you strain to uproot me. Relaxing as my body gives way to your force, unfettered.

I wonder, do you know you're supposed to have horns? I didn't – a fact I only learned recently.

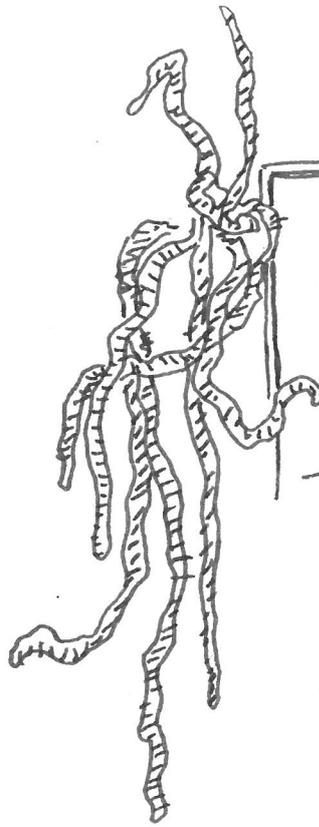
Do you remember?

An early morning rise,
the farmer's strong hands
the smell of burnt flesh, yours
the sound of your little body banging against the cold, steel bars
hold her steady

Would you use them, if you had them? Would you make an incision and drain my veins of their fluid? Would you drink my blood, lap it from the pools at your feet?

your teeth are stained crimson

Le Gach Dea-Mhéin
Brianna



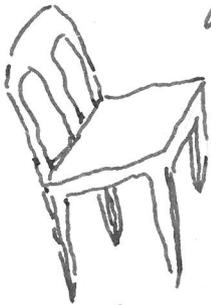
Dear Hag,

This morning while cycling, I found a piece of wool in my mouth.

That was when I figured out you were real. I was awake but my eyes couldn't open. Your weight on my chest blocked my breathe but I was sure we can compromise into a symbiosis.



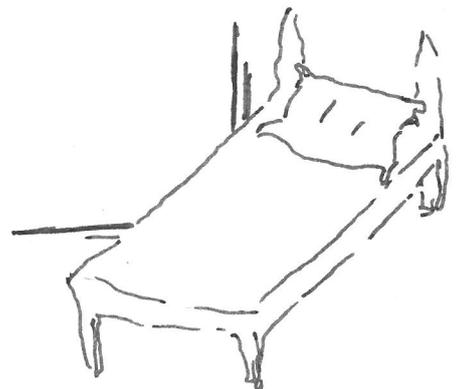
You don't know how grateful I am for things you left in my body. Seeking a way to live with them brings excitement to my life.



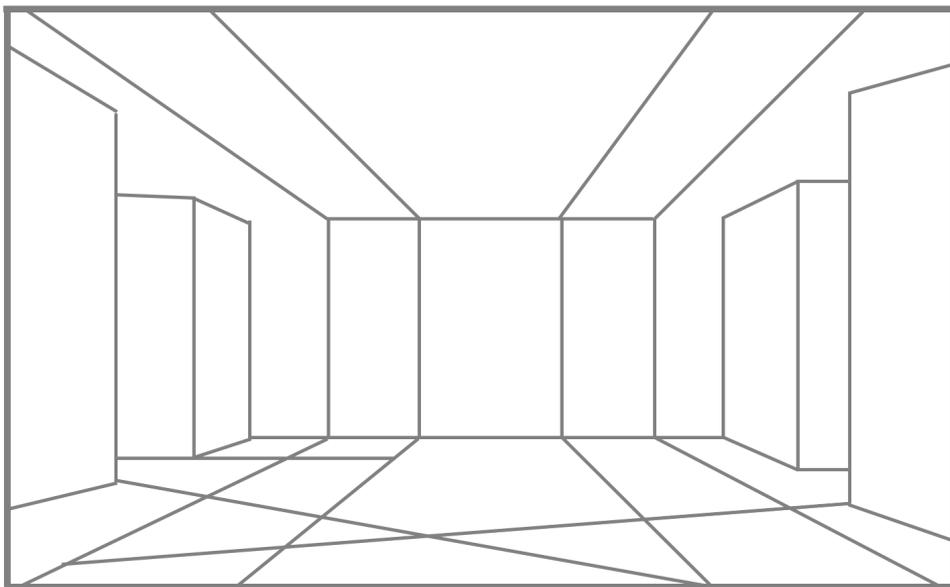
At the end, wish to see you again not on my chest thoughts. A chair is now prepared for you in front of my bed. Then we can spend time and talk easier.

best,

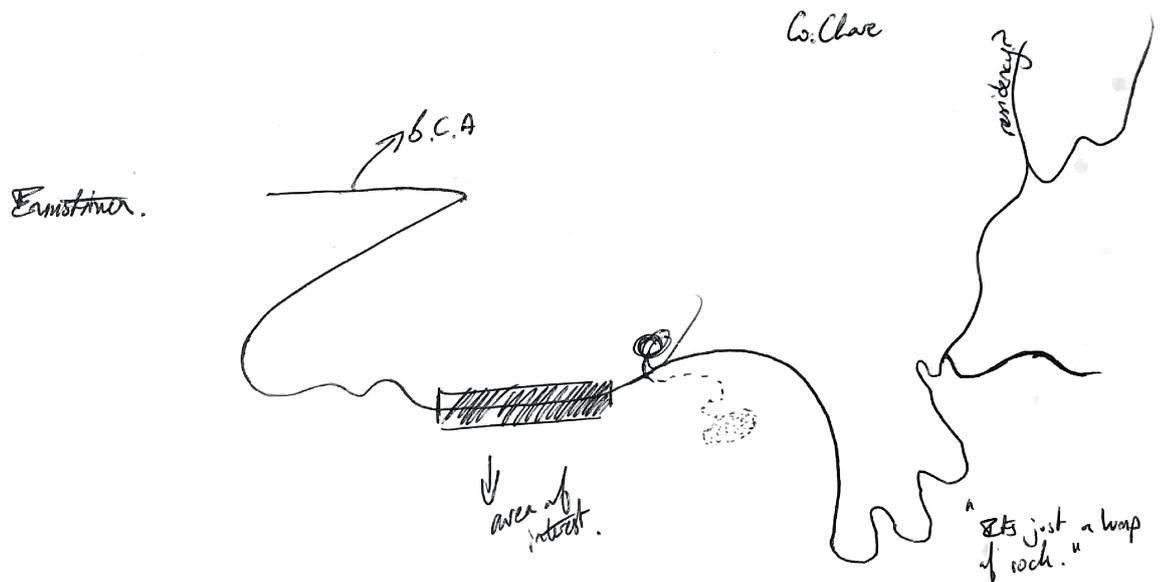
Grind



reaching expansion
a state of being
beyond
the physical
the inner interior
shaped
by light
a luminous place
Internal
yet afar
and
transcending into
stillness
immersion
sensory encounter
bathed on color
distant from day-to-day
beyond liminal



B E Y O N D L I M I N A L



Along the road, I met myself three times.
 The first time I was 13, then 20 and now 25.
 A small road in Co. Clare, protected on both sides with high hedges and stone.
 But it felt like the perfect arena for the ghosts to pass through me

feeling like two cement bricks to the chest.

Passing into the past, it caught around me like passing through mist. Spitting and soaking through to my bones. And we hung there in the car. Made uncomfortable by my own passing over.

Was it a strange unnoticed death I was revisiting
 or was this another moment of a falling through?

Like a jump before sleep where your brain forgets it is somewhere else.
 Except I am awake and in another place.

Usually, it happens when I am moving faster than I should.

As in a car, bus or on the train. And something in the landscape slips and becomes somewhere else. I forget myself and where I should be as I move meters by the second. I end up somewhere else
 and my heart is left racing and my heart a little sore.

I am left aching and cold long after I am dry.

Dear G,

These are the words that start with you and make me begin

Glutton	Groundling	Glare
Grueling	Glamour	Gushing
Gaze	Grapefruit	Gnarling
Gargantuan	Germ	Gingered
Gore	Grit	Gaping
Giant	Governance	Gauge
Girth	Greed	Grunge
Growing	Grandmother	Girdle
Gesticulate	Glaze	Glitch
Ghoul	Grime	Gruel
Geraldine	Gas	Gat
Grim	Gluttonous	Gobble
Gray	Ground	Grubby
Gratuitous	Grief	Grudge
Grotesque	Greeting	Grunt
Growl	Glum	Grange
Gross	Guilt	Greaves
Gate	Growling	Grizzy
Gorging	Grace	Gnawing
Glib	Gorean	Glore
Gleaning	Gay	Gumptious
Gap	Gagging	Galvanis
Guise	Guile	Globular
Gaggle	Game	Grabbing
Ghost	Goth	Glee
Gut	Germinating	Give
Grainy	Graveyard	Gout
Goblet	Garbage	Goop
Grin	Gut	Gorst
Gambit	Granite	Gorguiling
Gloom	Gone	Gaceteer
Goey	Guardian	Gurnit
Goblin	God	Gier
Gall	Gentle	Got
Glaring	Gratuitous	Gurm
Gargoyle	Guerrilla	Groil
Gulp	Grandeur	Girster
Greasy	Gone	Grooticular
Gum	Garden	Gothering
Glimpse	Gilded	Gargualt
Gravitas	Grinding	Geurual
Grand	Gal	Guarsing
Glimmer	Gil	Ghamsy
Gradual	Gift	Granksx
Grave	Gathering	Glimmeratix
Gesture	Guarding	Gunstinger
Ghastly	Goodbye	Gekrier
Guest	Gruesome	Gallowing
Gorgeous	Grotto	Gother

I'll be seeing you

In all those familiar places

Like the wind that shakes the bough
He moves me with a smile
The difficult I'll do right now
The impossible will take a little while

I say I'll care forever
And I mean forever
If I have to hold up the sky

For you, I will.

I'd grab at anything, and I'd forget.

When you lay your hand on my palms,
A kind of lovely quietude surrounds me

Ask Me. Ask Me. Ask Me.

Tell me that it's true,
Tell me you agree,
I was meant for you,
You were meant for me.

Living for you is easy living, it's easy to do

I curl up. My back screams.

It's easy living, it's easy to do

Was it something you said?

When you're in love

Did you say no?

And I'm so in love

Are you sure?

There's nothing in life but you.