

[un]inhabited initials [*after Holbein*]



from *Alphabet with Dance of Death*, Hans Holbein the Younger

Chronically cash-strapped, the Emperor [Maximilian I] stimulated contemporary local artists [...] to try out new techniques and formats to systematically glorify his rule, to achieve the monumental through cheap woodcut prints, rather than through permanent structures in stone.

from *Hans Holbein: The Dance of Death* (Penguin Classics), Ulinka Rublack

it's interesting to see that the Irish government only ever focussed (sic) on ghost housing estates while forgoing similar identification and record keeping of apartments and commercial units. For example, that map doesn't list the _____, a hotel and apartment building in _____, and the commercial development in _____ / _____. It lists _____ as substantially complete when it was in reality about ten percent complete. It also doesn't correctly list the state of the 'ghost' segment of the Development (_____).

from *Re: Ghost Estates* (email), Nicholas Grundy to Eoghan Carrick



15th April 2020

Pages Fragment (no date available):

Moving some text from rough work to here I managed to delete a whole section. By the time I it (sic) was too late to edit undo. Lost even the possible parse back of layers and traces in the previous saves. Copied from another, cut and lost in the layers of unsaved pastes. I tried to reconstruct it from what I could remember. Fragments of phrases and rhythms. The move or the shape. The cut of it on the page.



12th July 2013



3rd April 2013



25th April 2021

write through Holbein's *Alphabet of Death* /

in each letter reflect / yourself / in conversation / with the hierarchy of society / dancing cradle to
cradle / with sureness and economy / with richness and purity of line /

penetrate the character / drawing the curl of a lip / caught / too close to the bone / and tease from
each a life /



2nd April 2021



20th April 2020



27th March 2020

a cold hand lining details / an alphabet of losses levelling all to the depth of a page / wounding /
meaning / each / meaningless loss / distilled to a point and a line /

with interferences by design /

in wood and thrust and fibres and ink / woven together with as much consistency as the quality of
the materials allow / the inked wood worked / stamped and rolled / crushed into / causing /

fixity / fixing for eternity / it /

stronger than marble or stone / a blueprint of disintegrating whispers /



28th June 2018



11th June 2019



22nd February 2021

after Corinthians 15:22

From us and in the form of us
Is the birth of us

Grown among us and root alive to us
Its presence in us is the death of us

Drawn to the apple-sight seed in us
Once tasted known in and out of us

This original and rational us
Is us becoming us

Casting us among us
And making us aware of us

Leaving us alive to us
And forcing us to live as us

For us

after Revelation 8:13

This permanent ephemerality of us
Always and already within us

At the bone core of us
Scaffold support of us

Producer and store of us
Connecting and holding us

After the flesh of us
Now falls away from us

This left to speak for us
From this semi-rigid organ of us

Sings us our song of us
Our *woe woe woe to the inhabitants*

of us



5th June 2020



7th June 2017



3rd April 2013

Pages Fragment (no date available):

I (sic)

At this point, I don't know which parts are remembered and which parts are new. An amalgam. Cut and pasted texts. Memories from different documents edited and reedited revised fleshed out stripped back deleted lost and pieced together from fragments.

Reduced and reused it is I am (sic) many threads attempting convergence



20th April 2020



30th May 2016



no date available

An old proscenium stage or the bones of it.

The dust of the dead unsettled in the air. It's yesterday or the day before, maybe tomorrow. Certainly before the end but after the beginning.

The lights are already on. They have probably always been so.

The pop of bone on drum and the din of horn and fife might find their way here.

Two skeletons sit looking out at an absent audience; around them, the ends and beginnings of things.

Skeleton 1: He begins with death, of course. His mother's.

Silence. Both laugh.

Skeleton 2: The one that bore him and the other that raised him.

Skeleton 1: His two mothers, both dead, by his sixth year.

Silence.

Not unlucky, careless.

Both laugh.

Skeleton 2: A grief shared with a brother and a father.

Skeleton 1: But not the lighter for it.

Silence.

Skeleton 2: When the second died, they all lost a mother that day.

Both laugh.

It goes on for too long.

The stage boards creak and grown. A dusty red curtain lowers slowly.

The laughing continues.



24th June 2018



24th June 2018



24th June 2018

how it begins /

beginning with the bones of all / of us / as the rest is / implied / in it all is all / death is death /
levelled and flattened / and singular / it is a / and alone and all / and all /

in this first /

this initial / inhabited by / us and / I am / drawn more / stuck / struck by the / the body on body of
it / bone on body of / each panel / its flesh / paper deep flailing / and willing /



4th March 2013

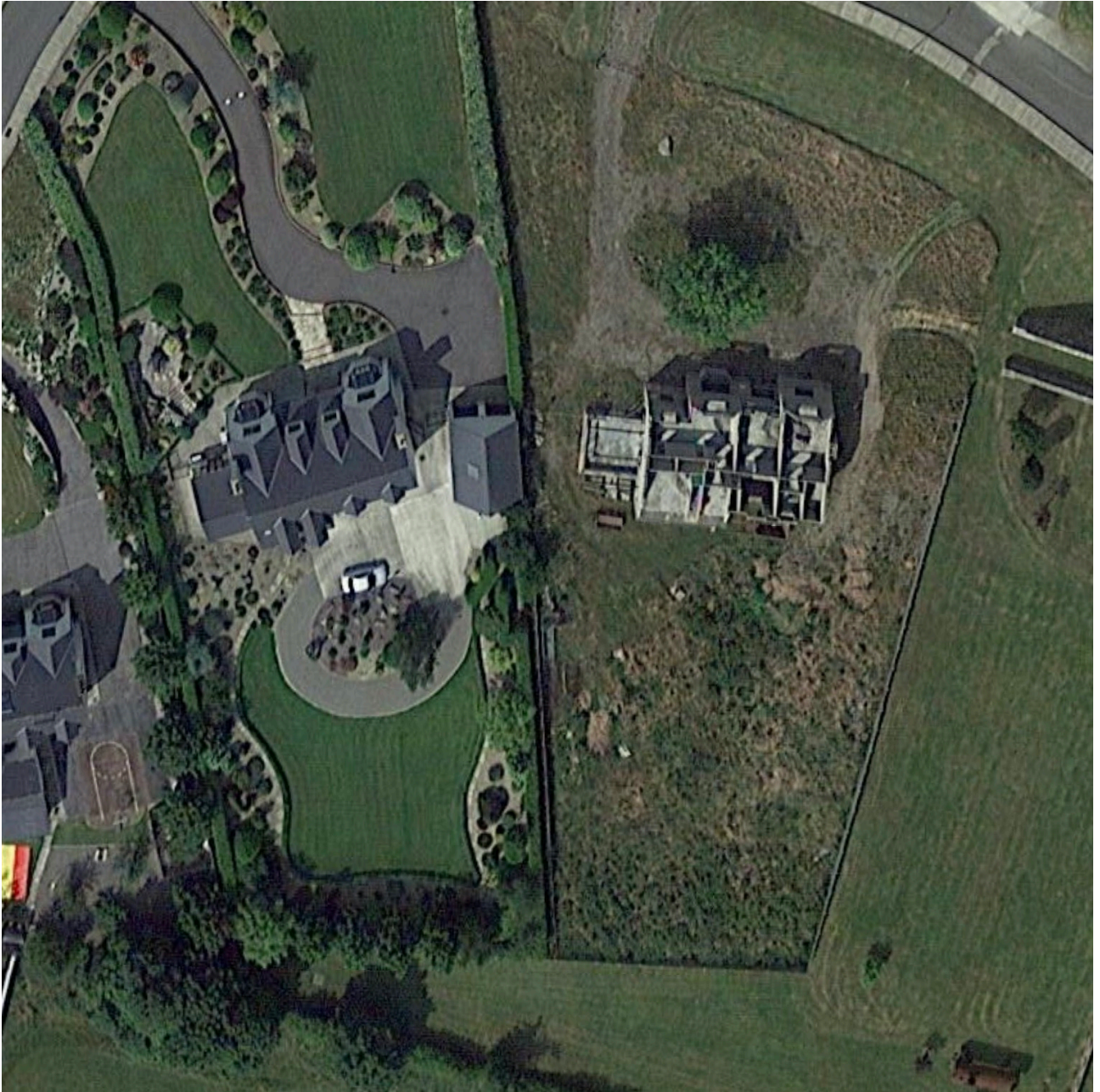


4th March 2013



26th April 2021

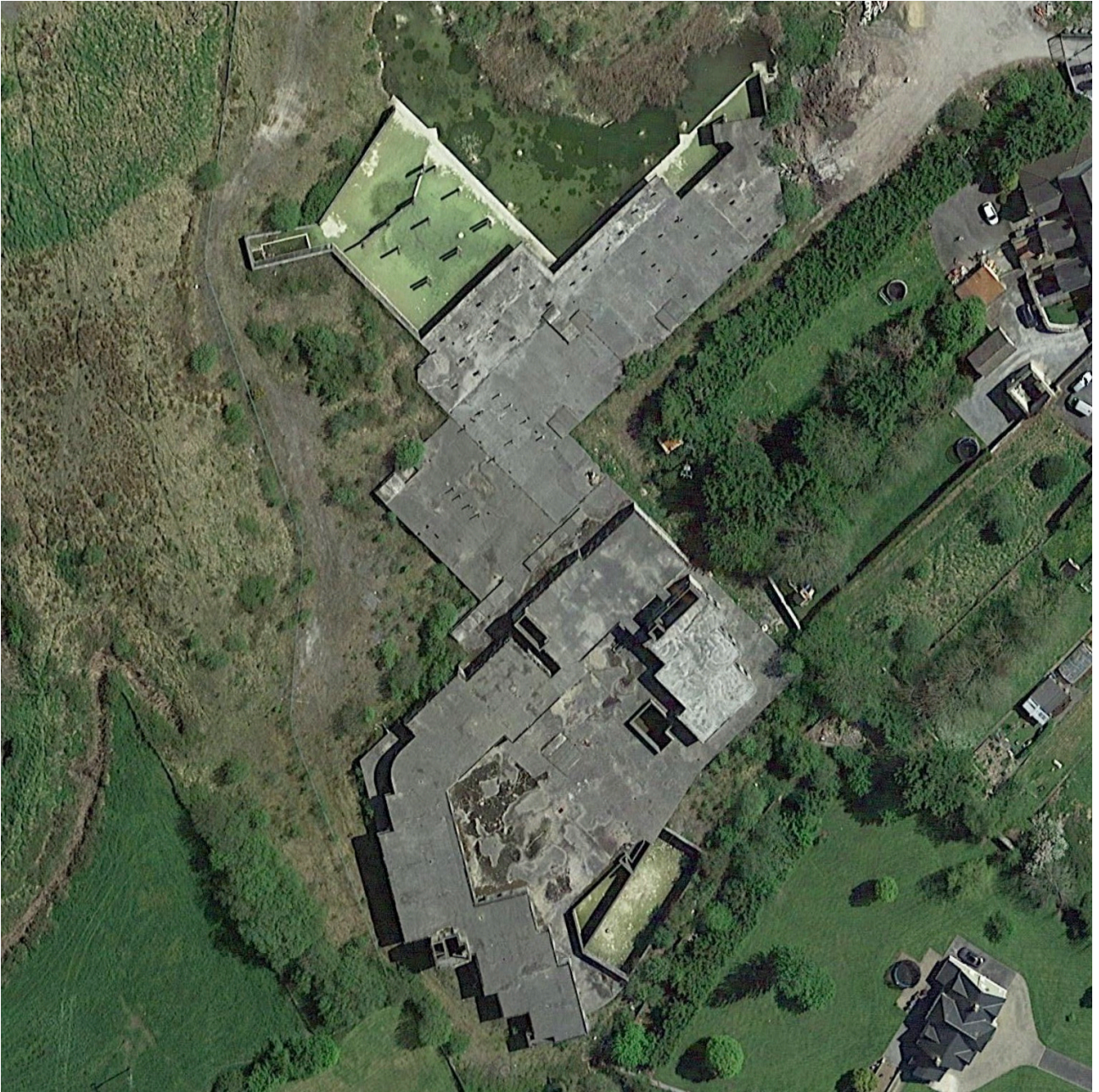
return / returning / returning eternally / to the beginning the / begin again / begin



12th July 2013



5th May 2020



25th April 2021

Email Fragment to Terry O'Connor (6th May 2021):

I was trying to look at the the (sic) absence in both pictures; the absence in the dance of death photos being the letter and the absence in the ghost estate photos being something else. Also the alphabet, increased trade, sharing of ideas, the ghost estates and the plague monuments.



20th April 2020

Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend the air
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell
Is there scarce asked for who; and good mens lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.

from *Macbeth*, William Shakespeare

And on the pedestal, these words appear

from *Ozymandias*, Percy Bysshe Shelly

the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

from *Venus and Adonis*, William Shakespeare