

1 The evening of becoming geological

PRE-BOIL WATER

Welcome to the evening of becoming geological. We invite you to become metal, to become earth and to become cosmic.

I'd like to thank Florian, Michel, Joke, Boris, Wilco, Richard, Marieke, Dineke, Steffan and everyone at v2 and the artists and authors involved, for this wonderful opportunity to collectively explore and enter into the realms and foci of the multiple and diverse becomings provoked by the becoming of the geological, that being.

Becoming metal: hosted by myself, Martin Howse (artist, curator with Florian, editor of the book)

Becoming earth: Elaine Tam and Arthur Gouillart first encountered in the compilation Subtexts in part edited by Elaine, their own text Conduit therein - helping to ill define this new ahuman current of the becoming geological. text Filth in publication.

Becoming cosmic: Patricia MacCormack. Author of the ahuman manifesto. Invited to contribute text Becoming Geological: powerful From (im-moral) Anthropos to ethical geostratum:

To quote ... two worlds/strata in her world words:

It is as if two Earths overlay their strata. The one is the Earth as it is, a dying modality of individual emergences and diminishments which humans accelerate, the Earth where the human abides. The second is the human geostrata of Earth made of use value and exploitation, the Earth for the human. [patricia]

I'd like to begin with a list of becomings which we can hopefully embrace:

becoming geological, becoming metal, becoming earth, becoming cosmic, becoming resource, becoming contaminated, becoming dirt, becoming mineral, becoming filth, becoming ethical geo-stratum, becoming vulnerable, becoming dust, becoming turbulent, becoming multi-plateaued nourishment for the earth, becoming resource for unknown life, becoming historical, becoming colloidal

Important to recognise that is is both ourselves (whatever that might mean) becoming geological, and the geological becoming us! ... that these multiple becomings are also becomings into ourselves, transforming ourselves materially and hesitantly spiritually, that we invite or invoke them, wilfully or unwillfully ingest them, always take them inside us.

To say thankyou and welcome.

2 Becoming metal

Frozen true to her wont she seems turned to stone. Face to the further confines the eye closes in vain to see. At last they appear an instant. North where she passes them always. Shroud of radiant haze. Where to melt into paradise. [Beckett. Ill seen Ill said - mention about quotes]

2.1 This inside and the outside

Geology and its double, the inside and the outside, both are places:

This is reality and its counterpoison, its pharmakon (poison and cure).

If only all could be pure figment.

Already all confusion. Things and imaginings. As of always. Confusion amounting to nothing. Despite precautions. If only she could be pure figment. Unalloyed. This old so dying woman. So dead. In the madhouse of the skull and nowhere else. Where no more precautions to be taken. No precautions possible. Cooped up there with the rest. Hovel and stones. The lot. And the eye. How simple all then. If only all could be pure figment. Neither be nor been nor by any shift to be. Gently gently. On. Careful.

interior/inferior geology and exterior - exo-geology, below and above
the double: myself and my mined self, as a resource for others.

my body as both mine and as mined...

Perhaps the geological implies the very figure of the tiny, filleted double, against the day, the figures of reason and the unconscious; this strange twin of the becoming geological and the anti-geological, it cannot be anything but double in not being able to bear a full light, a full realisation of death always, of what this life stands against.

The Tiny Miner coils inwardly on her own little mined depths, ouroboros worm-like, doubling back, an involuted mirror, on her own interior, but to one side, a greened dwelling-gut which is elsewhere, strangely, an oozing and lacking dream inside a dream. One is doubled but not as a human of light and phosphorescence, and of darkness, the alien, the pagan, the nomad, this final, odd symmetry. We are both material shades.

"I contain my outside"

[...] and this wrong side out will be her real place [artaud!]

2.2 this will all be told as a series of dreams and as a divination, an encouragement or spur for future dreams

For . . . A dream which eludes your recollection – like a rock in which some enchantress dwells which every now and then assumes the appearance of a portal machicolated and then again is barren rock. [Thomas Beddoes]

If the descent into the mine, into the earth, a hole to hidden and forgotten hells, is viewed as a journey towards a dark interior, into the unconscious, into and as a disturbed dream, or inside that old fossil, the profound soul, then what does it mean when that interior is mine, a fantastic voyage, into and by myself? And when both this dream descent, and its becoming interior, folding, are historically provoked by the excavation and opening of the earth, by extraction for technological extension of those guts and intestines.

I'd like to present a series of mundane dreams for you to excavate and mine, to finally ingest and to digest: dreams of gold, of silver and of copper. These are also recipes, or protocols, algorithms to be followed or undertaken now or in the future

We will ingest and dream futures of gold, silver and copper in the following three sections. . .

3 1- The dream of gold - becoming colloidal

A man emerges from a bog or swamp, being welcomed by a winged angel bearing a red or purple coat. The man is black, his outstretched arm is white, his foremost arm is red, and his head is enveloped in a ruby red glass bubble - some kind of apparatus. These colours describe three stages in the alchemical process, three colours of the philosopher's stone. The first, black stage which the figure and his emergence describe is fermentation, putrefaction, darkness or decay. This stage can also refer to the Prima Materia, the first matter of this material or exo-spiritual action. This is the Crow's head. The second stage is white and is called Albedo. It is associated with purification and perhaps with a separation of elements.

The final stage is called rubedo, a reddening or purpling perhaps of a dawn. The red powder multiplies all gold, all dawns, and the purple robe allows ascendance to eternal life.

3.1 The process

We begin by trying to make colloidal gold, a nano particle suspension of gold, for us to drink.

3.1.1 explain colloidal process step by step:

what is a colloidal suspension - connection of colloidal gold with glass making

The electrolytic process (electrolysis) consists of placing two electrodes in a solution containing an electrolyte, and passing electrical current through the electrodes and solution.

In this process, gold will be removed from the anode (the positive electrode made of gold) and enter the solution as gold chloride, and then be converted to gold particles by a reducing agent.

1. electrolyte - pre-prepare sodium chloride solution (NaCl - pure salt) 0.3g in 100ml distilled water
2. reducing agent - sodium citrate 1.47g in 100ml distilled water (pre-prep?)
3. Bring 500ml distilled water to boil with stirrer and electrodes in/ 500mL beaker. no power. already done... STIR
4. Add 30ml stock NaCl
5. Add 10ml stock sodium citrate + drop of agave or corn syrup with chopstick
6. Power on. We should see bubbles - more on the cathode
7. Observe till we have red tint.
8. Maintain 500ml level.

3.2 Gold is freed from other metals. freed, liberated from its fixed forms. seperated to become the counter-poison

Historically within the production of ruby red glass, or of aurum potable, drinkable gold.

Gold is dissolved in aqua regia, a mixture of hydrochloric and nitric acids, then precipitated from gold chloride as metallic gold nanoparticles by a mixture of stannic and stannous chloride.

These were secret procedures - Werner Herzog's film from 1976, Heart of Glass (in German: Herz aus Glas): in a Bavarian village in the late eighteenth century, a glassmaker dies and takes to his grave the secret of his ruby glass. The glass factory owner goes mad trying to unearth the formula. As he goes mad, so does the village.

A fragment of seventeenth-century ruby red glass found in the remains of Johannes Kunckel's factory at Peacock island/Pfaueninsel) was studied - the Gold concentration was 160 ppm, that of tin oxide was 525 ppm, and the gold particles displayed a cubo-octahedral morphology and had the right sizes (40 nm) to provoke the proper red colour through the phenomenon of surface plasmon resonance.

Gold nanoparticles were used to make the beautiful red and purple colors in stained glass found in the Medieval Churches. According to Professor Zhu Huai Yong of Queensland University, gold stained glass windows are able to purify the air as well as look pleasing to the eye.

Gold fibres dissolved in the lake are set to colour it blood-red as a sunset

Each instruction when it is executed results in the weaving of one golden thread, woven in gold like locks or ropes of hair, connecting the vessels.

Gold threads are in a false body, they weave Alan's life.

Each instruction is signified and encoded by a woven thread or knot, a coil, pre-forming a chain of instructions. On testy execution, these threads are dissolved in the lake. Alan asks me if I know the composition, or constitution of the waters, and of the movement, and the growth, and the removal and restitution of corporeal nature. There is gold drowned in the lake.

And even as he said these things to me and I forced him to speak, it was as if his eyes turned to blood and he vomited up all his flesh. And I saw him as a mutilated image of a little man and he was tearing at his flesh and falling away. Blood crusts down his t-shirt from the corners of his eyes. I pick him up and place him awkwardly in the bed, scratching his forehead and it also starts to bleed. Blood is also on his collar now. I am not sure if he is mine, this Alan.

He always calls it a two-phase system comprising discrete tiny particles of sunny excited metallic gold which are dispersed in a silicate glass matrix or skull.

And his red skull signals every day as a day of the dead, nulling that this process is psychic, of the mind and of words. The red skull enlarges until it breaks and shatters the glass container, and breaks the earth. Black fumes break out first, white powders, red smokes emerge from the plastic pipes, deferring angry flies and wasps to shed out across the servered lawns.

Gold is thus freed from its constraints - and this is how it is freed alchemically - according to Basil Valentine - by way of mercury, lead and antimony

If you would operate by means of our bodies, take a fierce grey wolf, which, though on account of its name it be subject to the sway of warlike Mars, is by birth the offspring of ancient Saturn, and is found in the valleys and mountains of the world, where he roams about savage with hunger. Cast

to him the body of the King, and when he has devoured it, burn him entirely to ashes in a great fire. By this process the King will be liberated; and when it has been performed thrice the Lion has overcome the wolf, and will find nothing more to devour in him. Thus our Body has been rendered fit for the first stage of our work.

Know that this is the only right and legitimate way of purifying our substance: for the Lion purifies himself with the blood of the wolf, and the tincture of its blood agrees most wonderfully with the tincture of the Lion, seeing that the two liquids are closely akin to each other. When the Lion's hunger is appeased, his spirit becomes more powerful than before, and his eyes glitter like the Sun. His internal essence is now of inestimable value for the removing of all defects, and the healing of all diseases. He is pursued by the ten lepers, who desire to drink his blood; and all that are tormented with any kind of sickness are refreshed with this blood.

For whoever drinks of this golden fountain, experiences a renovation of his whole nature, a vanishing of all unhealthy matter, a fresh supply of blood, a strengthening of the heart and of all the vitals, and a permanent bracing of every limb. For it opens all the pores, and through them bears away all that prevents the perfect health of the body, but allows all that is beneficial to remain therein unmolested. [basil valentine - first key in twelve keys]

3.3 we drink (but it will be very hot, can be diluted?)

4 2- dream of silver - drink from pre-bought silver colloid. full moon tommorrow evening/ the landscape/the place.the words/ill seen ill said/kolisko protocol

green glass. . .

I have only seen this place in dreams but now I am there, at the cross-roads, in the rain. The priest, all grey with frozen dew, leads us from his house crammed with artefacts from a burnt-out church, crisped altar paintings, out into the yard. Uncooped chickens, run wildly at our feet, slyly drenched in the thunder storm. Opens a stout metal gate set into the knolled hillside one corner of the muddy hill, inside the enclosure, and takes us into the narrow, dully shining adit, leading us with the light from one phone into the confined irregularity of the ancient, hewn walls. for silver.

A stage-set wooden museum mine, the geologist in stout boots, tells us that the main ore vein is cursed, that all of the evil over so many years exist-

ing in the mountain mining town comes from this ore body. He translates its glowing name as drift or drifting. Geschiebe, It is always moving. He says that the one who lives in this sort of disorder, mined like a sewer, spreads it around them like an infectious disease, a nebulous miasma.

His tannery dog, middle aged, crowned hat, vomits old silver coins and terse liquid on his boots. He brought it up again, this colloidal and dewy morning.

This dream of silver is a place in the zone of stones. There was a time when she did not appear in the zone of stones. A long time.

Of striking effect in the light of the moon these millions of little sepulchres.

And from it as from an evil core that the what is the wrong word the evil spread.

Stones increasingly abound. Ever scarier even the rankest weed. Meagre pastures hem it round on which it slowly gains. With none to gainsay. To have gainsaid. As if doomed to spread. How come a cabin in such a place? How came? Careful. Before replying that in the far past at the time of its building there was clover growing to its very walls. Implying furthermore that it the culprit. And from it as from an evil core that the what is the wrong word the evil spread. And none to urge – none to have urged its demolition. As if doomed to endure. Question answered. Chalkstones of striking effect in the light of the moon. Let it be in opposition when the skies are clear. Quick then still under the spell of Venus quick to the other window to see the other marvel rise. How whiter and whiter as it climbs it whitens more and more the stones. Rigid with face and hands against the pane she stands and marvels long.

She is drawn to a certain spot. At times. There stands a stone. It it is draws her. Rounded rectangular block three times as high as wide. Four. Her stature now. Her lowly stature. When it draws she must to it. She cannot see it from her door. Blindfold she could find her way. With herself she has no more converse. Never had much. Now none. As had she the misfortune to be still of this world. But when the stone draws then to her feet the prayer, Take her. Especially at night when the skies are clear. With moon or without. They take her and halt her before it. There she too as if of stone. But black. Sometimes in the light of the moon. Mostly of the stars alone. Does she envy it?

A protocol for tomorrow's full moon - Lili Kolisko process: examining the influence of the moon on silver, and of other planets on solutions of other metals

Handle silver nitrate and solutions with plastic gloves provided

Dissolve 1g of silver nitrate in 100mL of distilled water

Add solutions of other metals, or urine (during and after chelation) or sweat samples

Pour 30mL into a glass dish (preferably 6cm high and 8cm diameter)

Either roll up filter paper or suspend flat paper and place as deep as possible into the dish

Choose to leave this paper in the dish either in a dark room or a room with daylight for 12 hours.

Photograph, scan or otherwise record the results

Repeat this process with the same solution the following day...

On the other hand, if we think of the experiments with filter paper we see that silver is a metal which has in itself a hidden power of formative force which we do not find in any of the other metals in the same strength.

Each day produces another picture, full moon and new moon have specific characteristic expressions and if the experiments are extended over many years, we find that even the years are different in their effect on the silver solution.

If we bring together the immense amount of material we gathered through many years of incessant study day and night, all the constellations of Sun and moon, Mars and moon, Saturn and moon, Jupiter and moon, Venus and moon, Mercury and moon and all the other qualities of this metal which we mentioned above, then perhaps we might be allowed to say: the silver acts in such a way that it represents what lives in the light, it produces pictures of what acts in the light.

And if we find that this is connected especially with the moon, it may be justified to say: the silver behaves like the moon in the cosmos. The moon itself has the strange quality that it continually reflects the light which comes from the sun and all the other planets. The moon is the great photographer of the universe, it continually brings us back pictures.

5 3- dream of copper - home made... Visions of Zosimos - the first vision/ venus // experiment with copper substrating text generation

```
cd notes_and_projectsNOW/GEO/incantation
```

```
python3 incant.py
```

“The composition of the Waters – the dance, the growth, the flowering and decay of the corporeal, the separation and the conjunction of spirit and

body, these are not the result of discrete natures but of a single nature acting upon itself, a uniform quality such as the solidity of metals or the moisture of plants. Within this single system of many colors, the quest, shimmering and myriad, is preserved. In accord with time's measured rhythm, it synchronizes with the waxing and waning of the moon as Nature flows through itself in cycles of contraction and expansion."

After I uttered these words, I fell into a trance and saw before me a sacrificial hierophant perched atop a broad, bowl-shaped altar. A ladder of fifteen steps climbed to its top. The hierophant arose and a voice from above addressed me: "I have accomplished the descent of the fifteen steps of night and have ascended the fifteen steps of illumination. The one who sacrifices me also revives me through casting aside the heavy sediment of the body. And since by the will of necessity I am an initiated hierophant, I become spirit."

I listened to the words of the one atop the bowl-shaped altar then asked him who he was. He answered me in a quavering voice: "I am Ion, hierophant of the innermost sanctuary and I have endured unbearable violence. At dawn, I was overtaken and dismembered by one wielding a sword. He chopped me apart according to the strictures of harmony. He gripped his blade, scalped me, and gathered together my bones and flesh. Then he burned them in the numinous fire until I learned to become spirit through transformation of the body."

I compelled him and after he spoke these words his eyes turned blood-red and he vomited up all of his flesh. I saw him as a deformed, tiny homunculus, gnashing at himself with his own teeth while he disintegrated.

And even as he said these things to me and I forced him to speak, it was as if his eyes turned to blood and he vomited up all his flesh. And I saw him as a mutilated image of a little man and he was tearing at his flesh and falling away. Blood crusts down his t-shirt from the corners of his eyes. I pick him up and place him awkwardly in the bed, scratching his forehead and it also starts to bleed. Blood is also on his collar now. I am not sure if he is mine, this Alan.

I awoke in terror and wondered if this was the composition of the Waters. I thought I had understood it well and fell back into a trance. I saw the same bowl-shaped altar filled with boiling water. There were many people, infinite in number, within it, but there was no one outside of the altar that I could question. I moved in closer for a better look at this sight and noticed an aged homunculus barber, who questioned me about what I saw. I said that I was astounded by the boiling water and the people in it who were cooking and yet still alive. He answered: "This is where the act of preservation takes

place. Those who hope to master the Art arrive here and, through shedding the body, become spirit.” So I said: “Are you a spirit?” And he answered: “A spirit and a guardian of spirits.”

As we spoke, the water continued to boil and the people screamed. I saw a man made of copper who held a lead tablet in his hand. He stared at the tablet and proclaimed: “I command all those who suffer to be calm, to take up a tablet and write with their own hand. Turn your face to the sky and keep your mouth open till your uvula is swollen.” The act followed the word and the lord of the house said to me: “You have seen. Craning your neck upwards, you have seen what is accomplished. This man of copper is the sacrificial hierophant and the sacred offering. It is he who vomited his own flesh. The power over this Water and those who suffer was given to him.” After experiencing this vision, I awoke again and asked myself: “How to interpret this? Is this the white and yellow water, boiling and divine?”

I found that I understood it correctly and I said that it was beautiful to speak and lovely to hear. Beautiful to give and to receive, lovely to be rich and to be poor. How does Nature learn to give and to receive? The man of copper gives and the water-stone receives. Metals give and plants receive. The stars give and flowers receive. The sky gives and the earth receives. Thunder yields flashing fire. All things are interwoven and unravel. All things mingle and fuse. All things mingle and disperse. All things moisten and dry. All things flower and bloom in the bowl-shaped altar. For each, the conjunction and separation of all occurs through method, measure and the weight of the four elements. There is no chain of being without this method. Inhalation and exhalation are the method of Nature. The order of the method is preserved through expansion and contraction. Simply, when all things unite and separate in harmony and no part of the method is neglected, then Nature is transformed. Nature rotates and cycles back upon itself. This is the chain of being and the nature of the Art for the whole cosmos.

Light. In one treacherous word. Dazzling haze. Light in its might at last. Where no more to be seen. To be said. Gently gently.