



against perfection (fissures and dust)

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STABLE

Metro Arts

*working with concrete as an element to shake free
the possibilities of systems, environments, identities
and bodies that are hardening, cracking and
viscous... what can emerge from the fissures and
dust?*

Anti-essentialist – you're more than all of them and
none of them at the same time.

Capitalism–reductionism–binary–using positive and
negative as descriptive vocabulary (lack of).

Can any words describe the interstitial space
between black and white?

Grey? not black? not white? or simultaneously
both yet more than just their sum.

Never to be separated in meaning.

meaning: who sets the final word to CurE?

each Layer sticking to the outside...don't get too
comfortable with the nebulosity that defines You.

Fluffy periphery until momentum of force flattens
under the pressure.

Compress yourself AGAINST the prevalent direction.

Once you set you're set.

Look around.

Loosing shape.

Malleable flows gone hard.

Impenetrable.

Breakup > breakthrough.

Where to start,
how to end.

Can only form on the other side.

Solidified grains of sand vs. gravity.

What was I talking about?

Get out.

Words of defence;
words of attack.

The Crack seeps deep.

BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP

Both fragments remain equally as concrete as the
absence OF makes its way between them.

Somewhere along the way the travelling pocket of
air collides

rock: solidified bulk of dust product of pressure.

It is what it is,

can't break through,

go around.

weave around rock another rock weave around

other rock rock other rock too many rock.

The slab parts ways.

Were they part of the same?

The seam tells the tale.

Rough waving surface of shards stuck at
imperfection until it touches again the only half it
can match.

A POUR fail.

Human error.

Unpredictable wrongnesses.

ONLY one point of view reveals the chasm; the rest
clad in perfectly perpendicular edges.

Stand on the edge of your side looking back at the
crack while they contemplate at yours.

Air filled with floating particles of dust that coat
everything they contact.

a space of Potential germination

Not potential void space

No space

Sweat sand tears sets the mix into your pores.

h e a v y .

BOW DOWN.

Flat as surface.

Don't wiggle or you wrinkle.

Leonor Gausachs

Voice & Contemplation: Mary McIntyre

Sound Design: Sonny O'Brien

Scent: Cat Jones

Curators: STABLE; Bridie Gillman and Kylie Spear

ingredients:
silk cement banners
audio contemplation
scent of wet cement



Marisa Georgiou and STABLE acknowledge the Turrbal
and Jagera people as Traditional Owners of the lands
on which we live, work and learn. We pay our respects
to Elders past, present and emerging.