

THE CONCH

#21

with

LEAH CLEMENTS

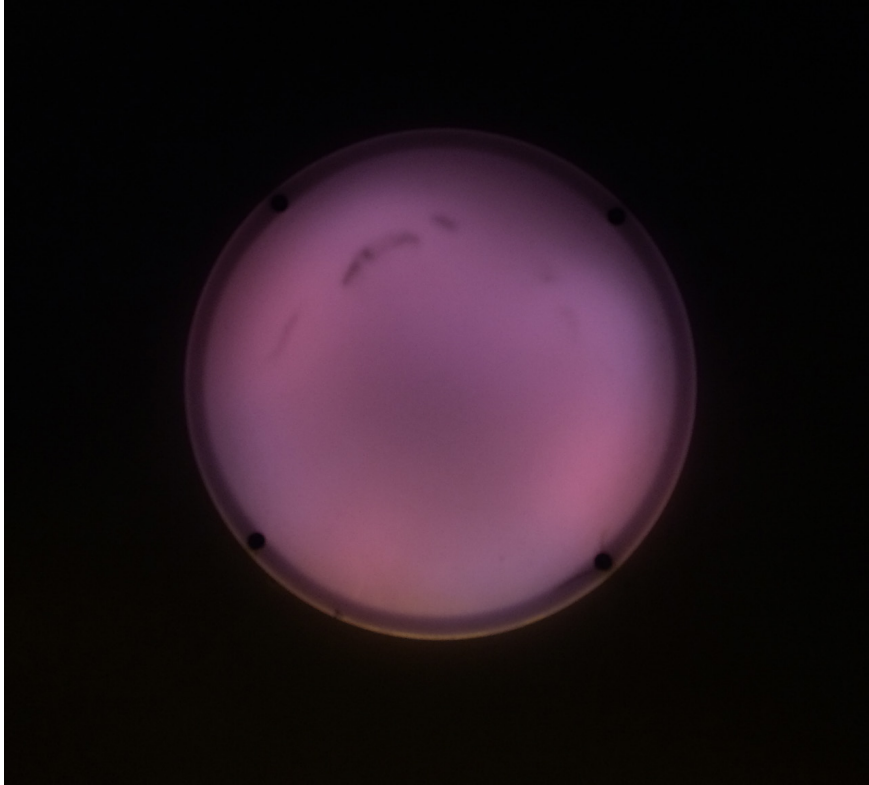
LOU LOU SAINSBURY

DEMELZA WOODBRIDGE

Programmed by Naz Balkaya and Lily Tonge
South London Gallery / 6 October 2020

SLG

LEAH CLEMENTS



STELLATONIA

stelætōniā

noun: stellatonia

1. a condition characterized by an extreme tendency to fall unconscious upon viewing any celestial body (sun, stars, planets, moon)

Origin: from Latin stella 'star' + Ancient Greek ἀτονία (atonia), 'slackness, debility'.

The Holes in my Bedroom in Space

Poem by Lou Lou Sainsbury | Music written & performed by Marie Tučková

So where do you wanna go tonight?

By the time I am 60 I know that I will have learnt how to listen to the voices in the holes of the trees, because there are holes in the trees in my bedroom in space, don't you know? By the time I am 60 I will have learnt how to listen to the holes in the trees.

Can you, can you... So where do want to go?

You can see them, only if you squint. Churning butter, a gooey mucus, a dribble from the stem.

Because I'm so happy your here with me. You're hearing it.

You can hear it, right?

I can hear them. So does my mother. So does my sister.

By the time I am 75, I will have learnt how to be held by the cradle of the satellite, of the holes of the trees. It's a psychic transmission. They have their own technology. This music is great. I heard you can write it. Or play it like an instrument. I've heard they play it, it's an instrument.

I can't hear it now, I'm only hearing it when we go out at night.

You can see them, only if you squint. Only if you squint slow now no. NOT

So where do you want to go tonight?

Sweat, dripped, elastic, it's a sign of you rubbing against me. That when I'm 97, I will have learnt how to sing with the voices in the holes of the trees. There's a choir out late, in the hole in my bedroom in space.

When I'm 107, I will have heard the church collapsing, in the trees, the Hole is the church that is collapsing.

Can you hear it?

Have you taken those, I've heard we can save these for healing, they last quite a long time, I keep them in my pockets so that we know we are old.

Those holes you gave me, I keep them in my pockets, so that we know we are old.

How are you feeling?

Kiss (I love you) Kiss

———

By the time I am 32, I will have found that my face is hiding in my negative space,

The Hole is my cunt in my negative space,

My negative space is the Hole in my asshole,

By the time I am 3, I will have learnt that my face is the Hole I feed,

By the time I am 26, I will have heard my cunt speaks harder in my negative space.

So where do you wanna go tonight?

Shall we go to the mucus at the base of your throat?

I can hear it when you sing, limp hanging, a cement grinder, a severance, a lick from the sleep of my eyes, in the holes on my face. I can hear it, when you're asking me -

Shall we go there tonight?

I can hear it at the base of your throat, the Hole to the asshole, my cunt in my bedroom in space.

Shall we be the mucus in the base the Hole's throat?

By the time I am 165, I will know what it is to be mucus at the base of the Hole's throat, in the holes of the trees at my bedroom in space. It's wet there, the transmission has a tongue, maybe you can blow them a kiss.

Where do you wanna go?

We've been together for so long, where do you wanna go?

Kiss (I love you) Kiss

———

Shall we go there tonight?

I would like us to go where we can be wet,

But how are you feeling?

By the time I am 400,

By the time I am born, I will have learnt that I am - Not.

That I am Not, in the voices from the holes, in the trees in my bedroom in space.

I can hear the music, I think it's over there. Wet long fingers, push back, sodden, horses, in the dark.

By the time I am 4000, I will have began to learn where the music is coming from.

So do you wanna go there tonight?

Just a couple feet away. The holes in the trees, their voices are spirals, fingers and the root to your feet.

Look how they paint their fingernails, those trees, the ones in the negative space. It's still wet.

Kiss (I love you) Kiss

By the time I am 8000, I will know how to kiss the holes in the trees in my bedroom in space. It's not a big deal, it's a kiss alongside the rest.

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Based on the poem 'earth is a hole in space' this planet is doomed, Sun Ra, 2011, and Fowles in the Frith, Unknown origin, ca 1270, Medieval English Poem. [Click to listen](#)

DEMELZA WOODBRIDGE

Listening to Peace Lilies and Other Plants

(Vegetal mindfulness healing for navigating the logics of white supremacy and other anchors of capitalism)

You will need a plant and some water

- Introduce yourself to the plant and state your intention
- Make an offering or say a prayer to them
- Exchange air with the plant
- Share some water
- Listen