



CJ Mahony

***these restless
objects***

Cover image:

Only now do we understand the war against boredom
2016

Augmented reality work

To activate, search for *restless objects* in your App store, download,
hold phone over cover image and follow instructions.



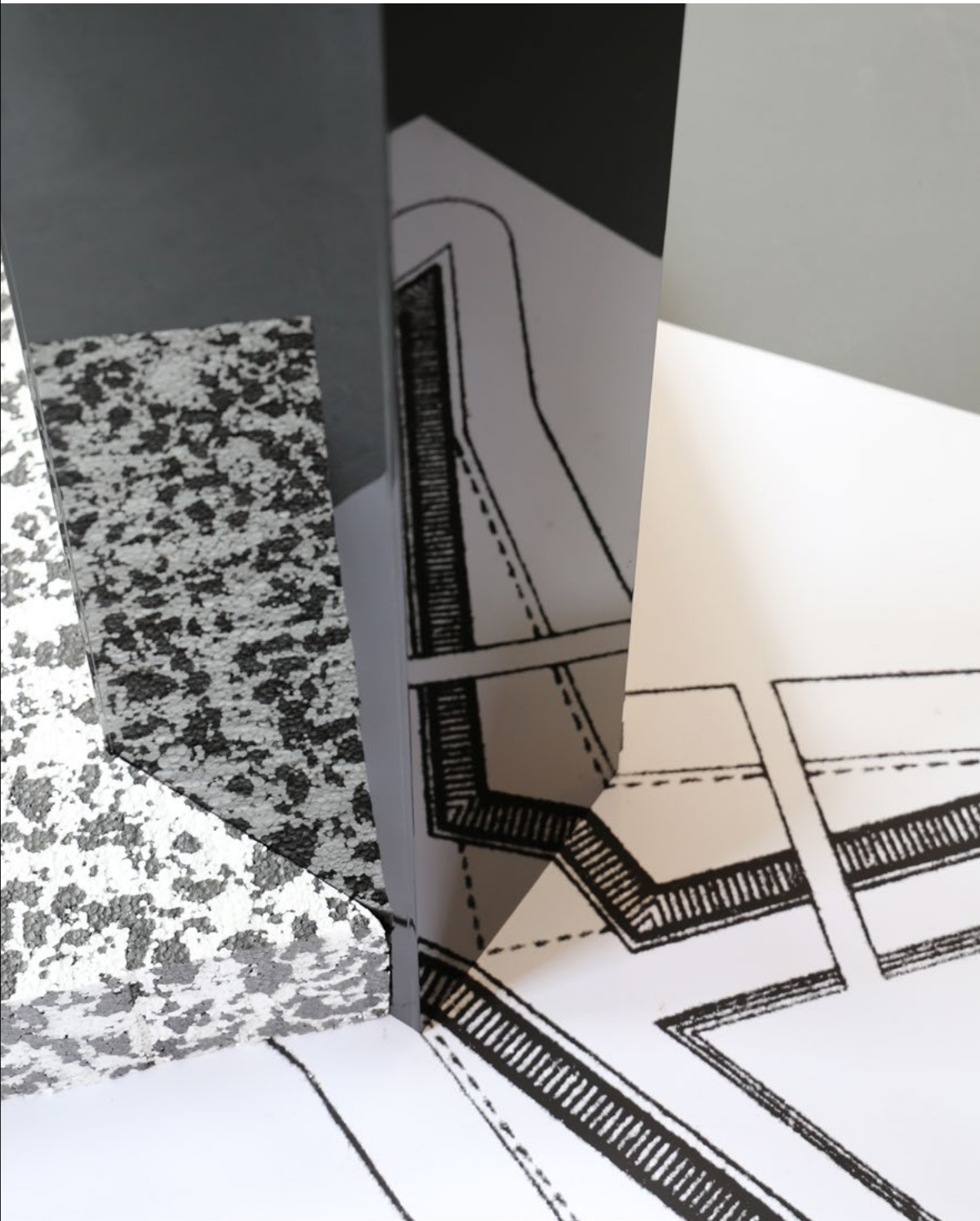
"Things are never just inert objects, passive items, or lifeless shucks, but consist of tensions, forces, hidden powers, all being constantly exchanged. While this opinion borders on magical thought, according to which things are invested with supernatural powers, it is also a classical materialist take. Because the commodity, too, is understood not as a simple object, but a condensation of social forces."

Hito Steyerl

A Thing Like You and Me

Are you given to wondering whether others are happy?
2016







Language is leaving me (I)
2014

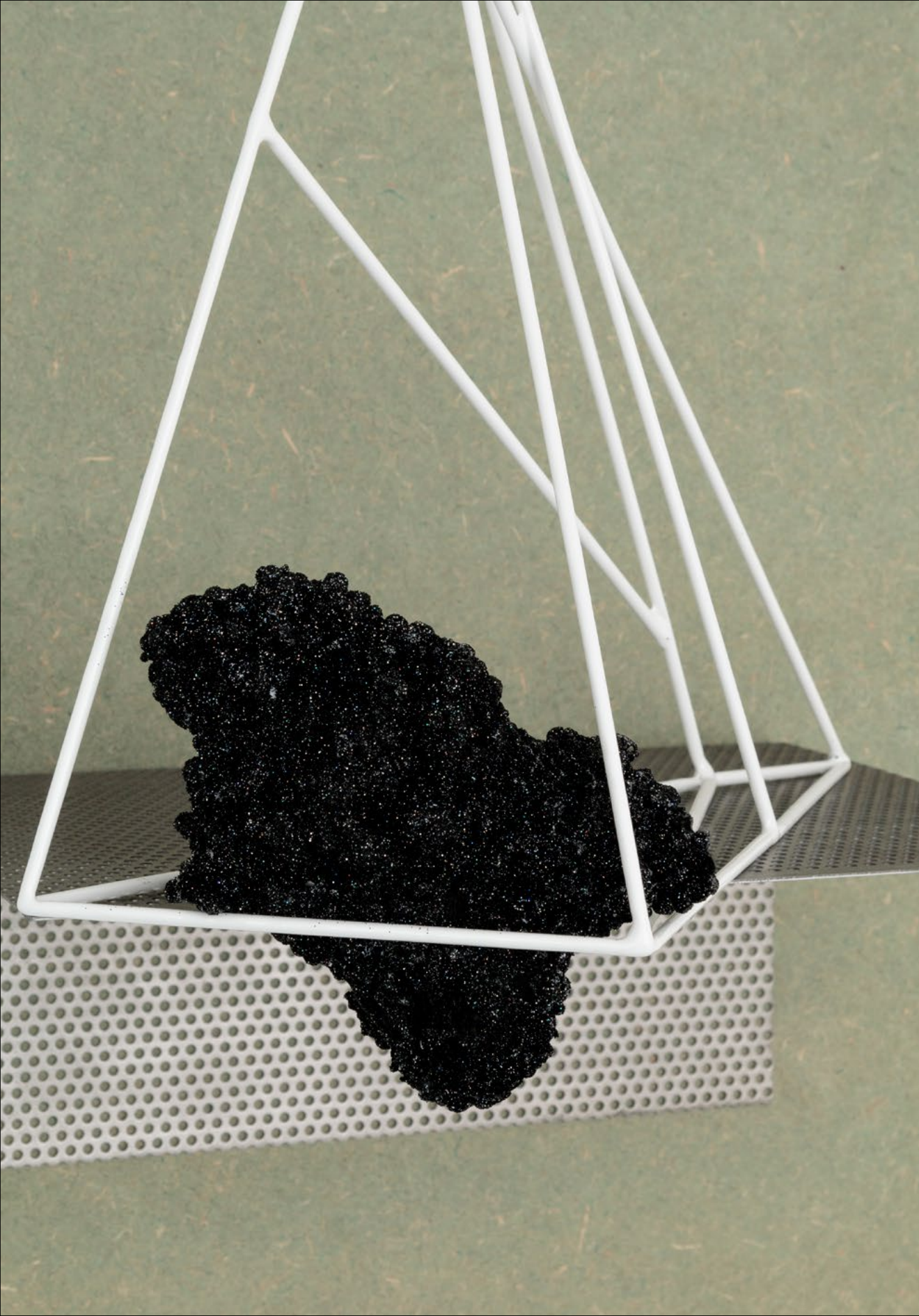


Language is leaving me (V)
2014

Glitter archaeology and folded menace: the restless world of CJ Mahony

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The Irish modernist poet Trevor Joyce has, across his entire career, questioned how we relate to materials, to processes, and to differing ways of measuring time. Thinking hard about what physical elements can unleash, when understood from the right angle, or over the right duration, recur again and again in his works – perhaps most powerfully in his collection *stone floods* (1995). One of the most extraordinary poems within this is 'The Drift', a long fragmentary arrangement of episodes from an unspecified catastrophe – or moment of metamorphosis. This is the first section, which begins in medias res:

*and then there is this sound
that starts with a scarcely audible
rustling inside gold the whisper
echoing within the diamond
grows to take in snatches
from high stars from elsewhere
the disintegrating actions
of clocks so that eventually
you attend to the infinities
of numbers shattering¹*

Joyce traces here a transient moment of physicality shattering and rupturing, a single sound kick-starting a vast and cataclysmic process; a process which ends up bringing both a 'shattering shriek' into an awareness of the physical, but also a different way of apprehending the relationship between such physical substances – the 'gold' and the 'diamonds' – and time itself. Such models taken from this poet – and from others – have helped me understand the significance and power in the recent work of CJ Mahony.

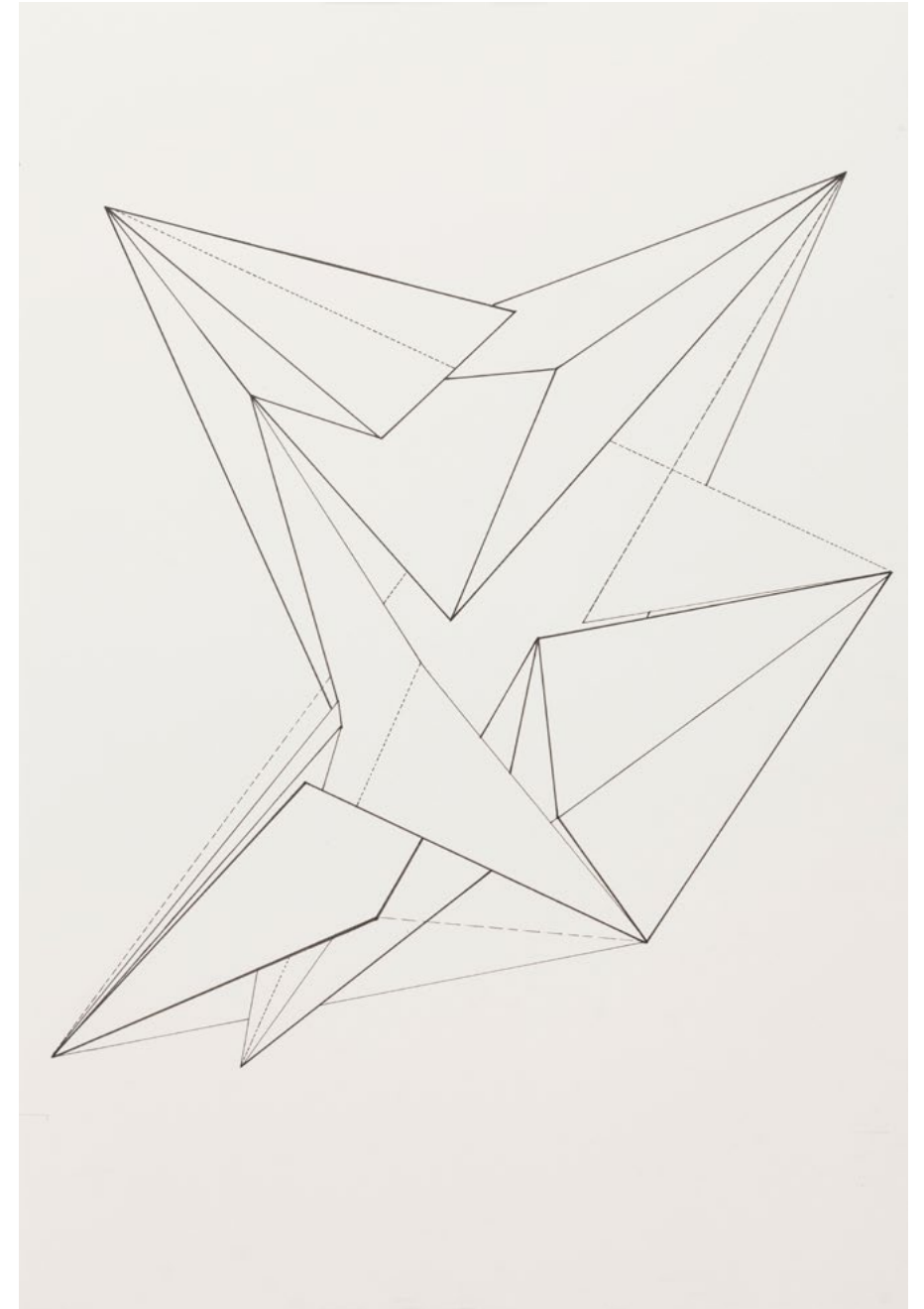


Mahony's exhibition, *these restless objects*, ran at Murray Edwards College in Cambridge for five months in 2016-7. It was one of the most successful exhibitions in the College's history; and its success can be measured not only in foot-fall but in how it provoked profound engagement and multiple questions from Fellows, students, and visitors. Among all the responses, Mahony's central conundrum again and again animated those who came to look and wonder – for what might it mean for an object to be restless? What kinds of disquiet might be inherent within her collection of very different sculptures and installations? And, equally, what kinds of restlessness might these works provoke in those who view these objects?

Yet in this essay I am concerned not just with how the College and artist framed such 'restlessness', but also with how the energy of the exhibition remained with the visitors, myself included, in the days and weeks after it had been seen. The aftermath of any initial moment of restlessness becomes a penumbra to the works themselves, a tangible mode of being unsettled, which would wax and wane. Thus some of the intractability of the exhibition was because of the multiple ways in which, in such an aftermath, it resisted explanations; but also because, in lieu of logical or linear 'explanations', Mahony's work instead made me seek analogies and contrasts across other artforms. Such restlessness, where an encounter leads to thoughts which spring across genres and forms, thoughts which made me, among others, keep on returning to see the works, show that acts of restless unsettling are also marks of vivid significance.

To start from some physical facts and the display conditions of the exhibition. The works themselves were arranged on the left-hand wall of a long, white painted corridor on a lower ground-floor. The right-hand side had floor to ceiling windows interspersed with thin concrete column; these windows looked out over a pool and fountains, allowing in not only light but the movement of reflections, to play and change across the different facets of Mahony's works. Environment, or at least setting, here intensified and shaped 'restlessness' as being weather and time-dependent, transient as well as inherent within the objects. Then there is another intriguing aspect of the setting, for a corridor is an appropriate and resonant space for Mahony to display her works, indeed a gargantuan but progressively more claustrophobically crumpled passageway made up her installation *The Trouble with Time* (2013). Such architectural features as templates for sculptures – with their combination of quotidian practicality, theatricality and essential transience – have been a recurring motif in her works as both subjects and modes of display.

Along this corridor in Murray Edwards were arranged the following: a work where a high-tech 'etch-a-sketch' was shuttling in perpetual motion, moving an angular geometrical form; a series of works on paper featuring crystalline forms; some small scale installations – in two groups, each a triptych; and, at the farthest end of the corridor, some works on the floor which combined lead and concrete in coils and rolls.





these restless objects (installation view)
2016



The trouble with time
2013







The small scale installations were wall-mounted, and their grouping of divergent objects together on small Perspex platforms was reminiscent of various traditions in British non-figurative art, notably to my mind the assemblages of Eileen Agar in the late 1930s – her ‘seaside surrealism’ phase. Yet while Agar worked mainly with found objects, such as starfish, shells and driftwood, Mahony *makes* all of her objects herself, despite the fact that they look as if they too were washed ashore amid flotsam and jetsam. Mahony’s works are poised and presented: grey and black crystal mounted on translucent cylinders, grouped and arrayed as if in silent dialogue. Crystals and crystalline structures dominate Mahony’s work: they are there in the fractal repetitions, the repeated drawings of surfaces as planes and facets, the glitter and the colour-palate of reds, greens and blues; and – quite often – as actual crystals themselves, whether mounted or embedded. But these crystals are not just gnomonic forms held up to the light and the passage of time; they also act as a link to the other repeated motifs which hold Mahony’s oeuvre together: her drawings of starkly geometrical architectural forms; her frequent, if oblique, references to sci-fi as a way of imagining the future; and finally her playfulness with scale, in that some of the works seem to be only the models for impossibly gargantuan versions of themselves. In Mahony’s large works on paper the markings of these asymmetrical crystal forms could be interpreted as star charts, maps of bombed cities, or annotated guides to how thoughts settle in the psyche.

Then finally, on the short wall which formed the end of the corridor, Mahony's Augmented Reality (AR) work *Only now do we understand the war against boredom* was displayed. It initially appeared insignificant – but, when viewed through a special downloadable app for smartphones, it came alive. The image on the wall, an uneven dark space surrounded with photographic-quality greenish and reddish crystalline forms, suddenly became animated: crystals grew and fell from it, pirouetting down and out of the viewer's screen.

Yet this work did not presage a plunge into the virtual – how could it be as the weight of the exhibition is on the physical and tactile? Rather it was, as Mahony noted in the title, a work of 'augmented' reality. For the computer generated crystals that flutter and plunge came from actual drawings, and they are only realised and appreciated in the act of *translation* from the physical world through the optic of a mobile phone held at the right (if slightly awkward) angle. If there is to be, as the title of the piece suggests a 'war against boredom', it might only be won in an understanding that the self, especially the self which is making an aesthetic leap to understand something near-abstract, has to be present in the physical act of viewing. Even the emergence of computer-generated images from a newly animated picture on the wall cannot elide the physicality of a viewer, especially one whose haptic urge is still to reach out and touch.

For collectively these artworks, while attracting the eye through differing sights and glittering aspects, did not privilege sight above other senses. Rather the sensuousness of the exhibition showed in its love of materials, and a fierce attraction to the potential of industrial modernity and its substances. This was not a melancholic collection wishing for a prelapsarian world where paper was paper – and rock was rock. There is here a play of shadows and light, and of that which is less perceivable – the making light things look heavy, such as in Mahony's apparently solid fragments of quartz-like rock which are, actually, constructed from coated polystyrene. This is not then a po-faced idea of a truthfulness to materials; rather it is, in the carefully staged arrangements, something more akin to a performance; or, as Mahony has said: 'Trickery as a [guiding] principle ... [the] artwork is a performance as much as a fixed and knowable entity'. Such theatricality is visible firstly as an integral part of the display arrangements: such as the backing boards which were angled into the corridor; or the small glass lenses placed at eye-height as part of one installation.

Such ways of shaping how the works are viewed leads onwards to the disconcerting potency of the spaces within the works opening up. Partly this is due to the materials, the continual repetition – across the very differing mediums of paper, rock and electronic projection – of the same crystalline forms, multi-faceted, jagged, beautiful – and alien from any plant or animal life. Instead they signal aspects of harshness: mica glint and apparent sharpness, a sharpness of potential paper-cuts and the suddenly-stilled folds of lead upon the floor. In doing this these works do not just demand a different quality of attention; they rather reorder how attention might be conceived of – and felt. Sensuous plumes of pleasure, the slowing down enough needed for letting the eye follow the folds and lines. Then the eye slows on the line of a fold, and then – in a sudden beat – a reflective question forms, why does Mahony give such attention to that moment when a flat plate or plane of material crumples? What might such shifts be trying to tell us? There are no easy answers. But amid the huge variety of textures and mediums (paper, rock, plastic, card, and plaster) on display there are stark contrasts and diametrically opposed pairings. These range from opposites of weight and solidity, or between the different varieties of paper and the lead sheets or slanted rock samples (even if the latter's apparent solidity is itself fictive). So then questions are raised by how such materials might change, what they might become – and this is then art of *potentiality* from seemingly fixed substances.



Yet there is also menace, or at least the delicately poised potential for menace, in Mahony's works. Part of this comes through their unrelenting otherness, their silent reproach to a desire for narrative, for explicatory stories. These works contain no texts, no knowing nods to the world of language or human sign-making. Rather they test the limits of what we may wish to project onto objects – and what hidden forces which they may contain within them. Here there are, again, some useful literary analogies. Ghost stories, especially those of M.R. James, concern themselves with haunting and unease, but such uncanny presences are often unlocked or unleashed not through demonic entities but rather from apparently innocuous objects – books, whistles, dolls-houses, or pictures. Yet, even with the most terrifying parts of James' texts, experience can still be framed, in retrospect, in literary forms; the objects might be portals but the worlds they allow glimpses into, while terrifying, can still be rendered into language.

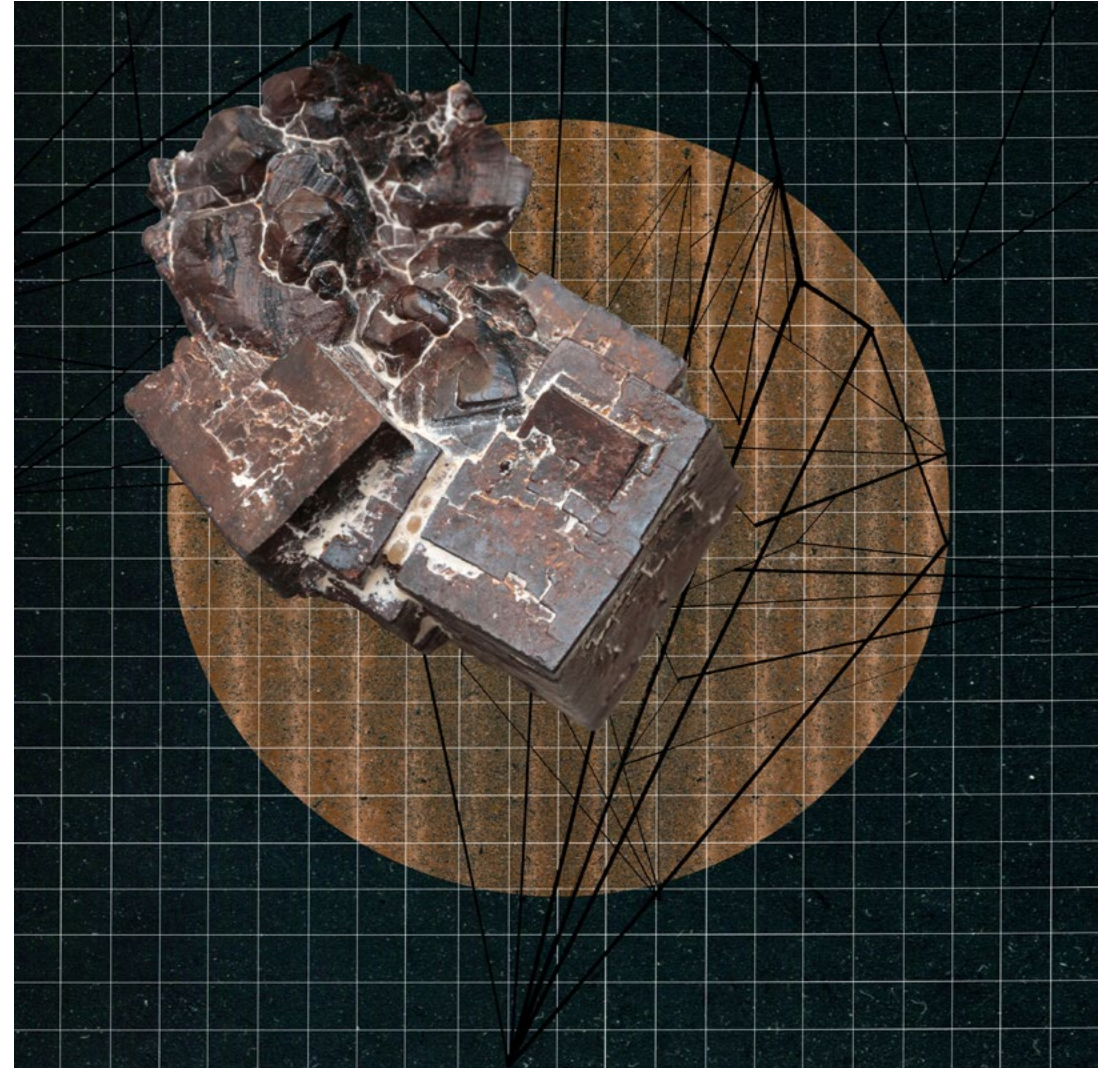
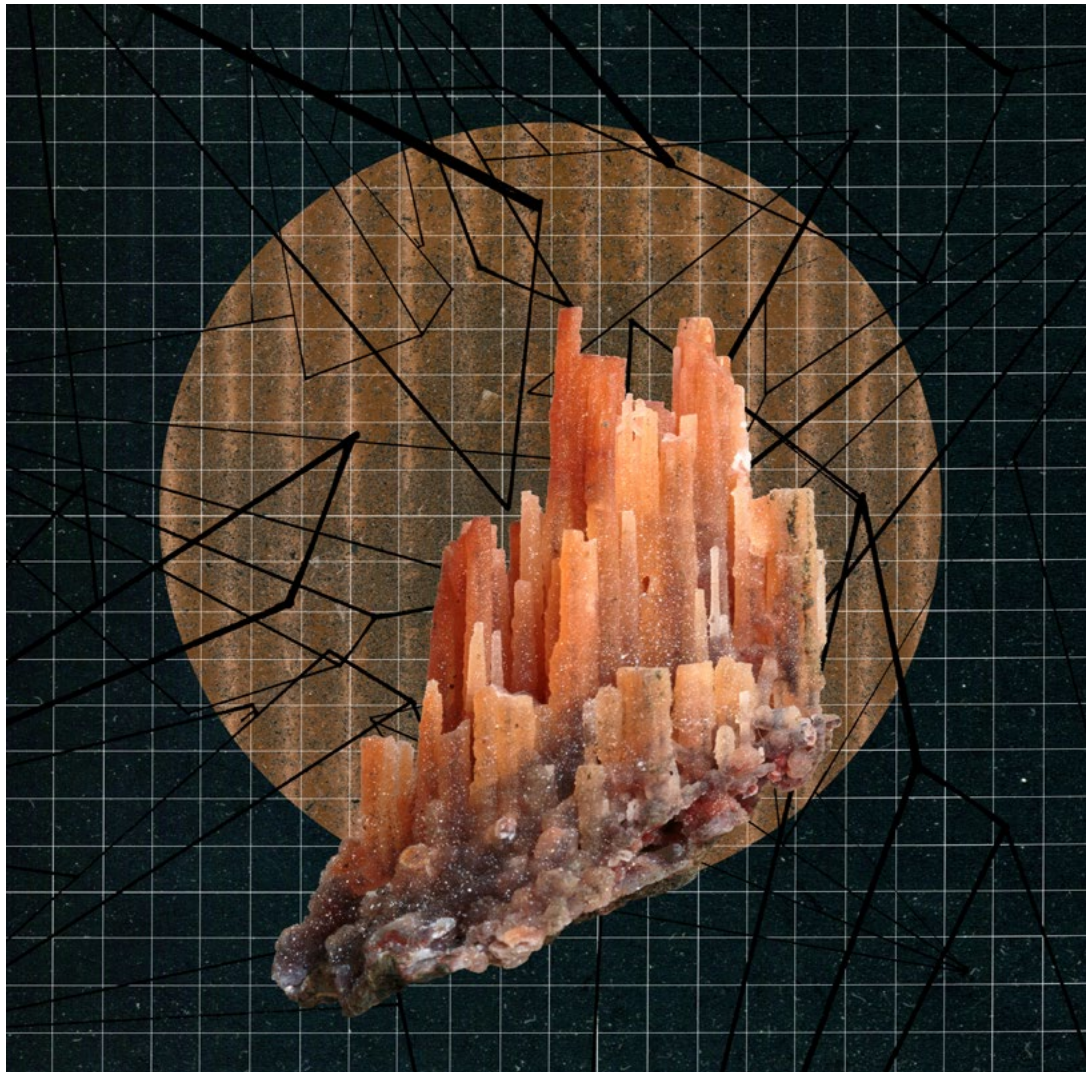
Looking at objects beyond the narratable takes us to some rather different places. The literary critic Kitty Hauser has coined a useful phrase, 'the archaeological imagination', as a way of understanding the obsessions of 1930s British culture in discerning traces, tracks and pathways. Such an imagination is still in operation today – albeit more disguised and played out through techniques of augmented reality rather than primitive aerial photographs². To understand the power of Mahony's works it is useful to see them within this tradition, their non-human antecedents and (apparent) contingency.

One of my students, gazing at the smaller objects, remarked: 'they look as if they were carried here on a flood'. This insight is useful – for the obliqueness with which Mahony presents these works (no gaudy titles, no inclusion of anything identifiable to a human or even from organic life) means that the desire in interpretation is to interpolate in natural, non-human, processes as causal factors: we want to believe that, when confronted with the strangeness, that a flood might have carried all the disparate parts to here.



Such a way of thinking is attractive. For to think of the objects and traces as debris also offered a shadowy glimpse of the artist as herself more a curator than a maker, arranging what could (apparently) be found. But this is an initial response, and one that cannot last. As what fills the exhibition is not just debris, for the work – such as those which comprise lozenges of striated cement cradled by dark metal folds and armatures of lead – showed something akin to an organic form subjected to ripples of pressure, and then flash-frozen to a shatter-worthy state of brittle fragility. Something has happened here, something has been caught in the midst of a process of change and shifts as forces, especially forces of time and water, have apparently worked *upon* objects. There is of course a longer history of trying to write, and think, what alluvial layered deposits might mean – and how artforms could produce varieties of the cross-cut, the trench which would reveal multiple layers.





In David Jones' long poem *In Parenthesis* (1937), the animistic landscape is riven by the violence of the First World War, and by his attempts to incorporate multiple idioms, dictions and mythologies. Even this is exceeded in his other works, composed throughout the 1930s-40s, which combine palimpsestic images with the genealogy of language in an ever expanding whole – especially *The Anathemata* (1952). This book-length poem acts as a mythopoetic account of the British landmass and cultural landscape; and it derives meanings from the accretion of etymology as well as topology, the plurality of voices being tracked on each page with a substrata of footnotes, and with illustrations embedded in. An example of the referential density requiring such apparatus – and yet showing the urgency of the language – comes in this passage which situates the human (and human-culture) as merely one of the 'life-layers' in geology – and it does so mimetically by laying out the layers in the mise-en-page:

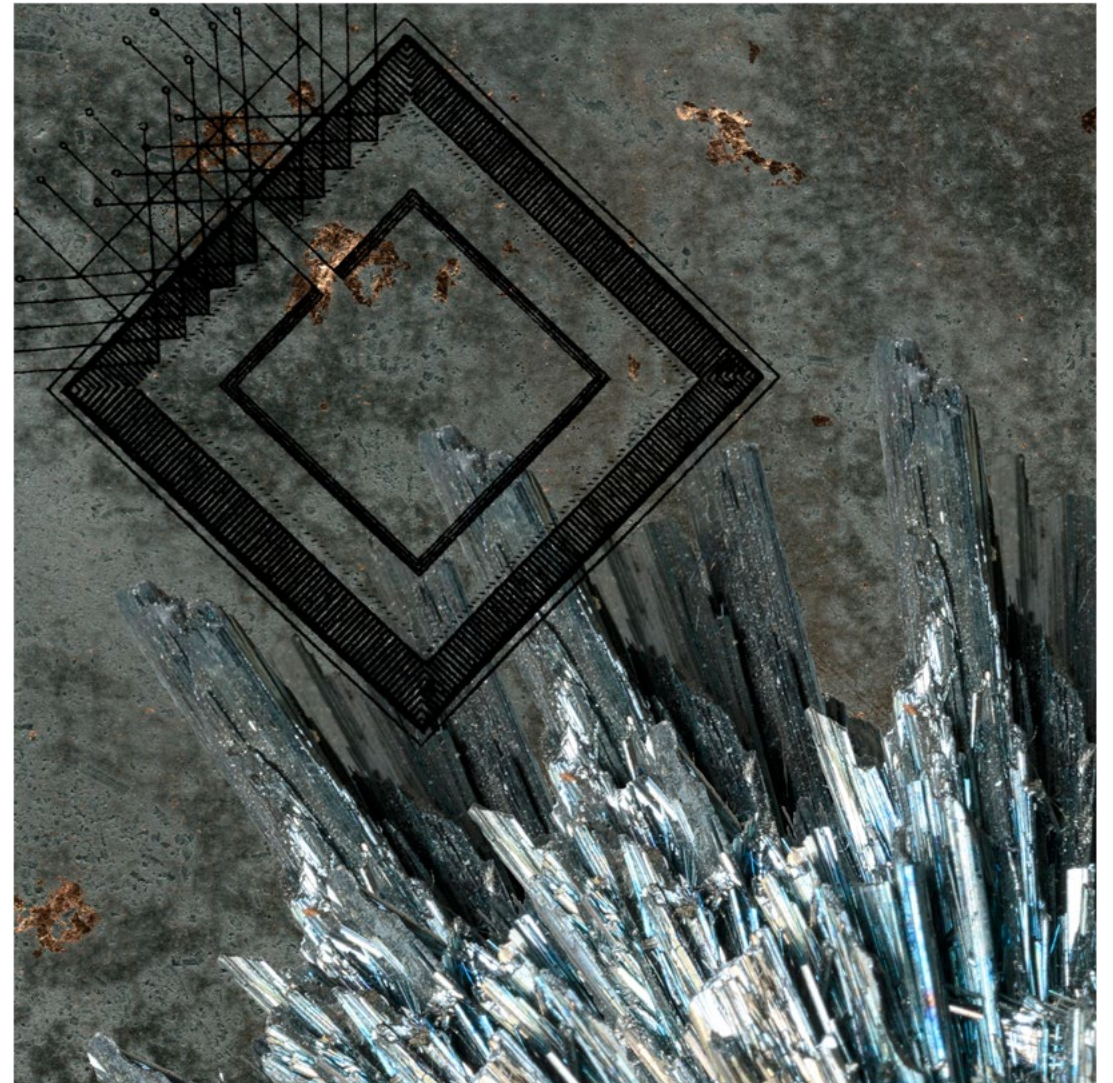
*From before all time
the New Light beams for them
and with eternal clarities
infulsit and athwart
the fore-times:
era, period, epoch, hemera.
Through all orogeny:
group, system, series, zone.
Brighting at the five life-layers
species, sub-species, genera, families, order.
Piercing the eskered silt, discovering every stria, each score and
macula, lighting all the fragile laminae of the shales.³*

In this long poem Jones wants to use language, when considering materials and the strata, to identify and name – and thus the reader can place themselves within a continuum. Yet these possibilities in language, a sign-system which requires mediation, are eclipsed by the terrifying directness of encounter which the visual and plastic arts can elicit. One of Mahony's key contexts and European parallels is Franka Hörnschemeyer, the German artist and sculptor. A recent essay elucidated some of Hörnschemeyer's practices:

The artist initially relies on her intuition (in Bergson's sense) a kind of sympathy with which she places herself inside an object or a space in order to get close to its particular qualities and aspects that cannot be formulated in language. She also uses analysis, which takes the object concerned back to familiar elements or examines it for things it might have in common.⁴

In Mahony's case the desire to experience not just the crust or surface of a material but also the experience of interiority is one which she attempts to share with the viewer. And then an awareness of what this might mean for the viewer, or visitor, is perhaps though most acute in Mahony's largest work on display at Murray Edwards – the installation *Fleeting*. This is a set of large (over 2 meters tall) and interlocking wooden structures which sit in the base of a large circular concrete stairwell with a spiral stair. As a viewer walks down and looks in they can see incomplete geometric shapes cut into the wood – and, equally mysterious tethering points. Within the structure its acoustics mean that the viewer suddenly becomes aware of their own presence, their own sounds, even their own breathing. The abstract and intriguing forms offer a counterpoint to the feelings of enclosure and hyper self-awareness.

This is not the kind of immersive installation typified by, for example, Mike Nelson's *The Coral Reef* (2000) with its confusing warren of empty plywood rooms, all near Marie-Celeste-like in their apparently deserted forms and littered with human texts and divergent bits of debris. Rather what Mahony has achieved in *Fleeting* is to take the unease generated by gnomonic materials, so typical of her smaller works, and use them to immerse the viewer. Then even when enclosed, the viewer has to work with the materials themselves, and take from them whatever terrors and pleasures they can unleash.



Nan Shepherd's *The Living Mountain* (1977) is a non-fictional account of her time living and walking in the Cairngorm Mountains of Scotland. It is part natural history of crag, moor and creature; part phenomenological enquiry into how the world is apprehended; and part radical lyric hymn to how the body – rather than the mind – is vital to knowing the world. Written in the late 1940s, and only published much later, it has become talismanic over recent years for writers and artists who want to find models for the difficulty of description, and then – when that difficulty is acknowledged, the pleasures of the attempt. Shepherd writes about the life of the senses, with their differing and particular acuteness but also of their limitations, when understanding the material world around her:

So there I lie on the plateau, under me the central core of the fire, from which was thrust this grumbling, grinding mass of plutonic rock, over me the blue air, and between the fire of the rock and the fire of the sun, scree, soil and water, moss, grass, flower and tree, insect, bird and beast, rain and snow – the total mountain. Slowly I have found my way in. If I had other senses there are other things I should know.⁵

Such a positioning of the vulnerable, and relatively short-lived, corporeal body of the writer in relation to the geological time of the mountains, makes this book luminously transcendent. It unsettles with a kind of vertigo-in-realisation, the sudden apprehension (in both senses of that word) of a place in the world – and a Keatsian negative capability, a profound equanimity that there are other things about the material world that she cannot know because they require a very different concept of time itself. Such a form of thinking is helpful to a consideration of why Mahony's works are memorable and troubling. For what might then be the essence of the object that is not found in its original form? What might art have to do (in terms of transformation) to unlock a quality that was implicit or only just latent, one which might have been quite literally beneath the surface? If these works unsettle it might well be because, as Mahony herself phrases it, the 'state of unrest = presentness'.





Notes

¹ Trevor Joyce, *With the First Dream of Fire They Hunt the Cold: a body of work 66/00* (Bristol: Shearsman, 2001), p. 136.

² Kitty Hauser, *Shadow Sites Photography, Archaeology, and the British Landscape 1927-1955* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2007).

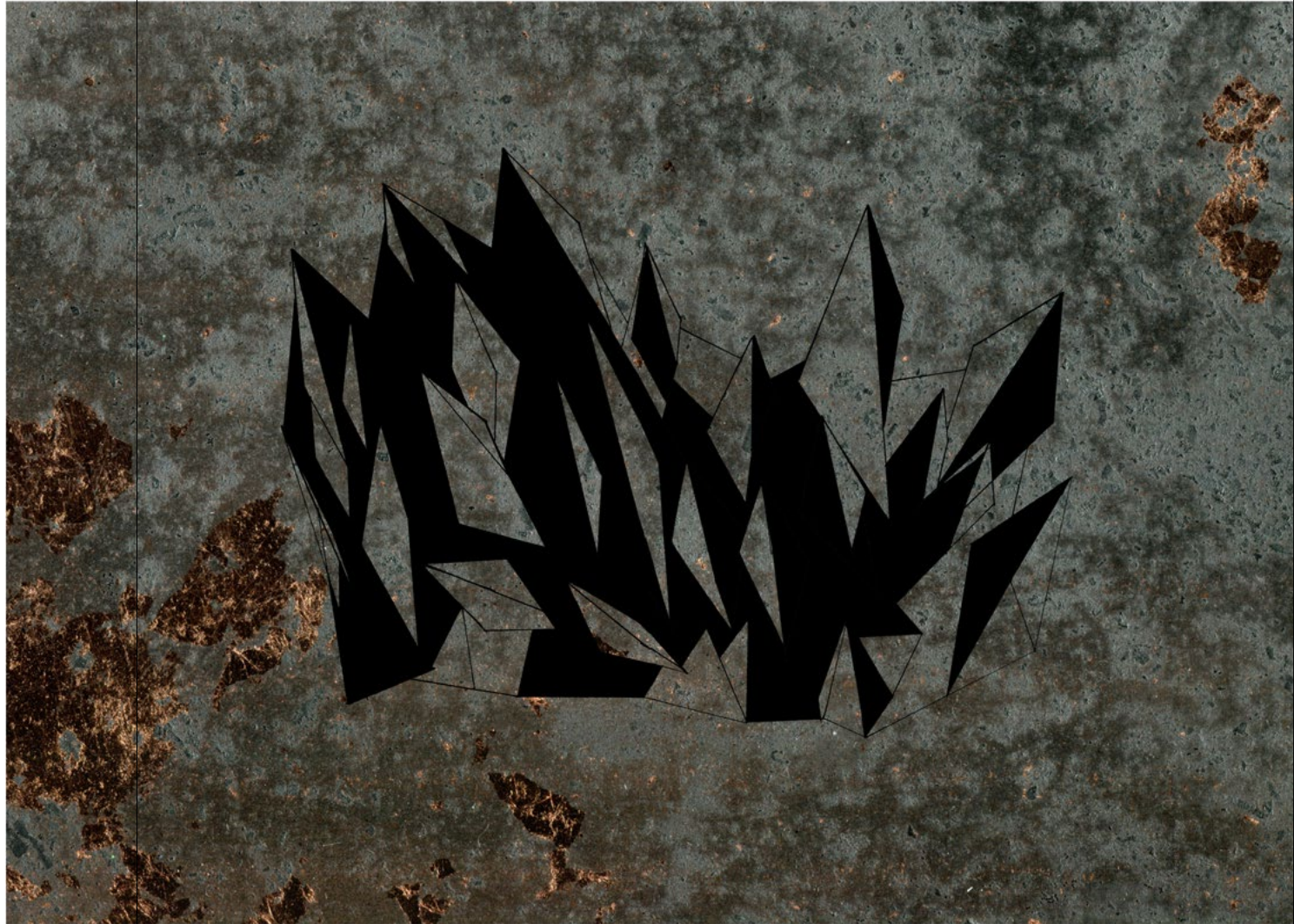
³ David Jones, *The Anthemata* (London: Faber, 1972), pp. 73-74.

⁴ Sabine Maria Schmidt, *A Labyrinthine Passage through intrusions and excursions* [Ein labyrinthischer Parcours durch Aus und Einrücke], in Franka Hörnschemeyer: *LaSound 1206*, Ausst. Kat. Städtische Galerie Nordhorn 2007.

⁵ Nan Shepherd, *The Living Mountain*, ed. and intro. Robert Macfarlane (Edinburgh: Cannongate, 2011), p. 105.

Remarks from CJ Mahony taken from a conversation with Dr Leo Mellor in December 2016.

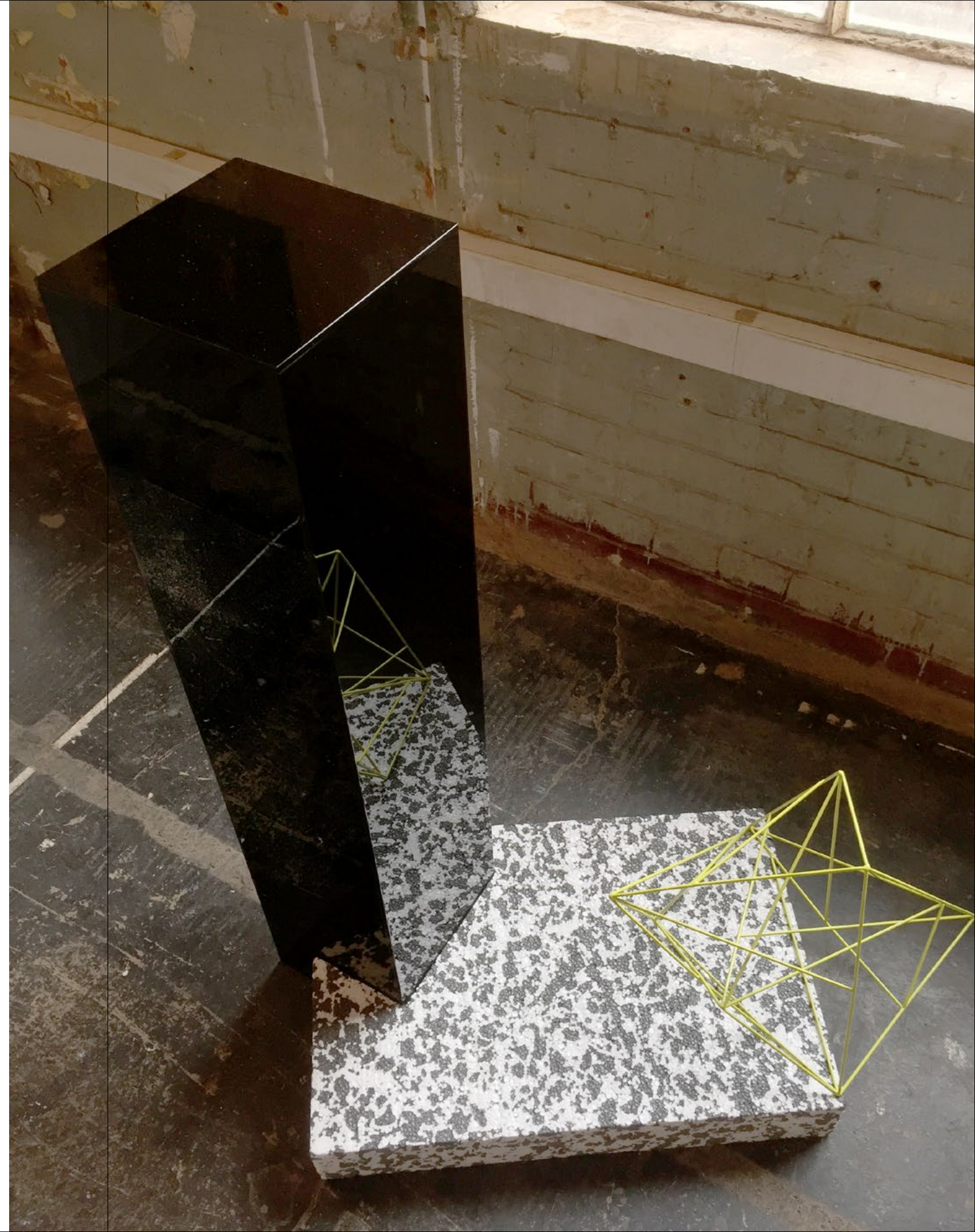








We stepped into the shadows and did not fight against it
2015



To the graphite, the diamond is wrong

Metu Atature, professor of physics, St. Johns College, Cambridge

CJ Mahony, artist

Alastair Meikle, gemmologist

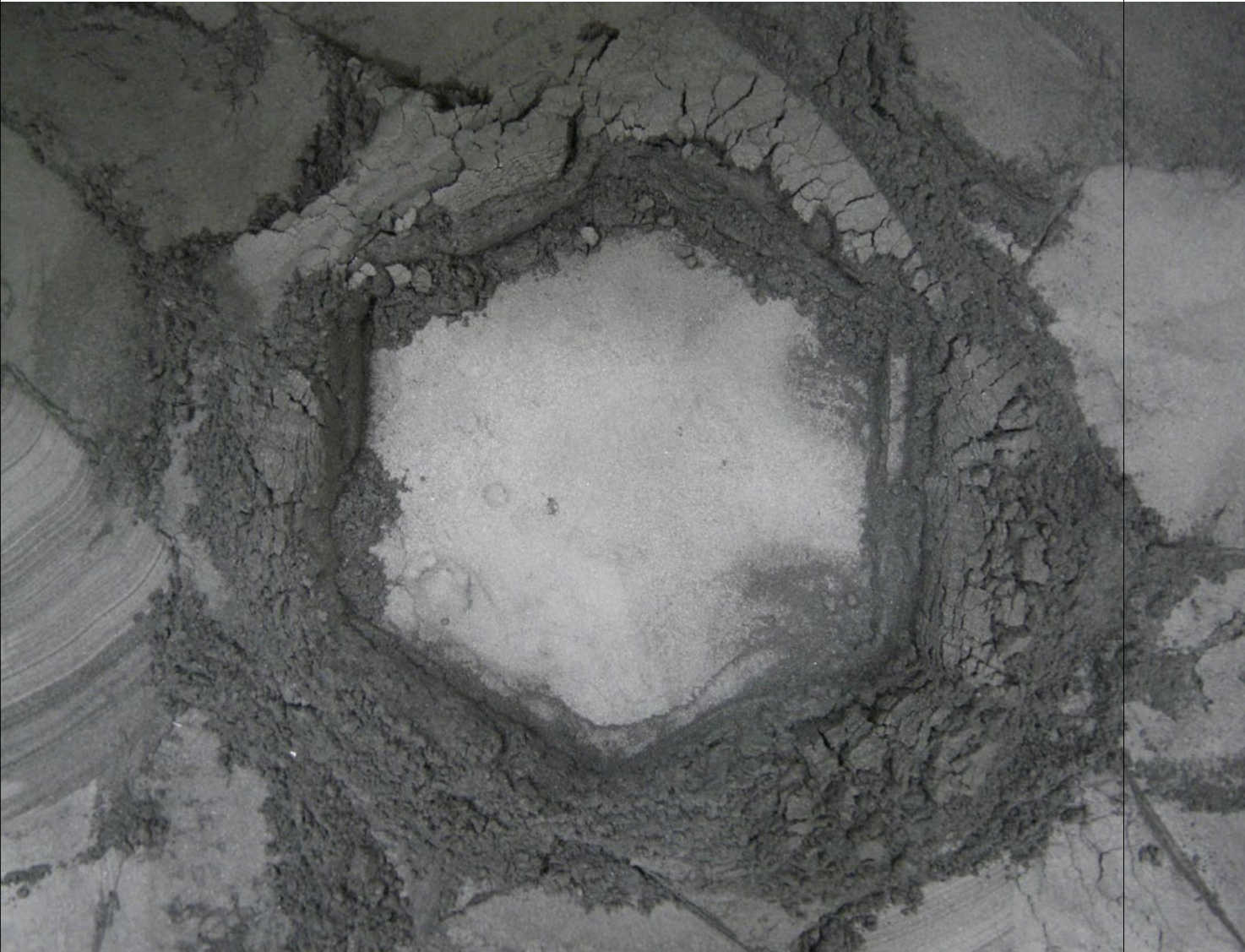
Sarah Wood, artist film maker and curator

With additional texts from:

1/ 3/ 4 – *A Thing Like You and Me* by Hito Steyerl. Journal 15 e-flux, April 2010

2 – *Mimicry and Legendary Psychasthenia* by Roger Caillois, October 1935

Dust
2014



“Things are never just inert objects, passive items, or lifeless shucks, but consist of tensions, forces, hidden powers, all being constantly exchanged.”¹

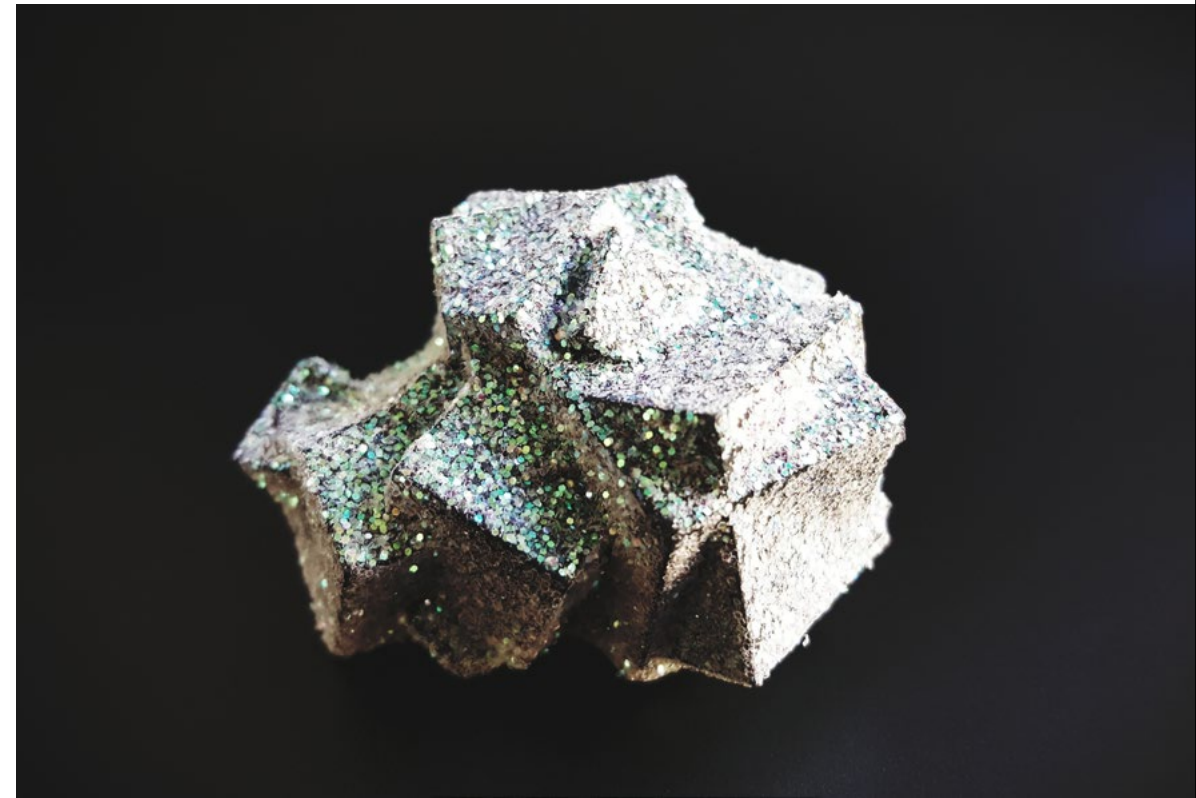
CJ MAHONY [CJ]: The act of making is what keeps the object alive and active, but at the same time the making process can feel like a slow killing: the object can die on completion. Tricks can be used to enliven; glitter, reflective surfaces etc. but, then that is light, it's the light that makes the object *seem* alive. In the last stages of the exhibition-making process you light the work. The light acts as a brief moment of life, being forced back into the object. Like the light on a stage on a performer or set, light demands observation – objects perform – tension is created and makes objects mobile.

ALASTAIR MEIKLE [AM]: Nothing is truly still. Even things we perceive as static are nevertheless moving through the universe at incredible speed on a macro scale. On a micro scale even what we perceive as solid and ordered isn't, it is a mass of vibrational atoms being orbited by electrons giving the illusion of mass, which again is relative.

METE ATATURE [MA]: The concept of solids and liquids exist at macroscopic level – what we are more used to. In the micro (or nano) world of atoms, even the densest of materials are almost completely made up of the empty space we call vacuum. Yet, from the perspective of quantum physics, even that emptiness is brimming with energy fluctuations.

CJ: All things are alive with the force of the universe. Even dead things are alive. Is anything ever dead?

What role does light play in rocks, crystals and minerals? Is it ever present in their creation? It affects these objects once they are created – surfaces of diamonds cut to make the most of the object, drawing people into the light play. The object itself is just as dead, its life is sold on false pretences.



SARAH WOOD [SW]: This conversation makes me think of the times when I've been with people at the moment of death. It's a hard moment to see (and understand that you've seen it) in the moment. The living person turns from subject to object. Even physically they change from fluidity to solidity. In a sense they are made into an art object. At the moment of death, the living person is complete. The irony is, that as the bystander, you witness the dying person's completion and lose their wholeness in exactly the same moment. Death is a conjuring trick. Now you see it, now you don't. Death is the slippage, the sleight of hand, between fulfilment and negation. Death for me is about this exchange, and takes place in the realm of consciousness.

MA: The concept of a lifeless, inert, idle object is nothing short of, say, an artist's imagination of a world in which we do not live. Ironically, when you feel the warm welcoming touch of your lover, it is only due to the electrostatic repulsion of the electron clouds – you never 'touch' anything in your life.

CJ: Touch is a form of repulsion? Then we seem to misunderstand the relationship between space, objects, and touch. This brings to mind a passage from *Mimicry and Legendary Psychasthenia* by Roger Caillois:

"To these dispossessed souls, space seems to be a devouring force. Space pursues them, encircles them, digests them – it ends by replacing them.

Then the body separates itself from thought, the individual breaks the boundary of her skin and occupies the other side of her senses.

She tries to look at herself from any point wherever in space.

*She feels herself becoming space,
dark space where things cannot be put.*

*She is similar,
not similar to something,
but just similar.*

*She invents spaces of which
she is the convulsive possession."*²

A point in time where space replaces you.

sw: Visual art is one place where we can expand our vision. Like science, it can suggest states beyond the literal and enable us to articulate phenomena like death, which on many levels, for our own psychic survival, we are programmed not to comprehend.





What happens when it all goes wrong?

AM: Wrong doesn't exist. Wrong is simply a matter of perspective. In the mineral world take one perfect chemically composed mineral of a name we have chosen....a change in one chemical element and to us it is now wrong....in reality it is a new mineral. In gemmology it is referred to as an isomorph e.g. carbon is both graphite and diamond – very different minerals but identical chemically. The difference is the ordering of the atoms. To the graphite, the diamond is “wrong” and vice versa. We appreciate these two minerals for their unique qualities. To call them wrong.....is just wrong!

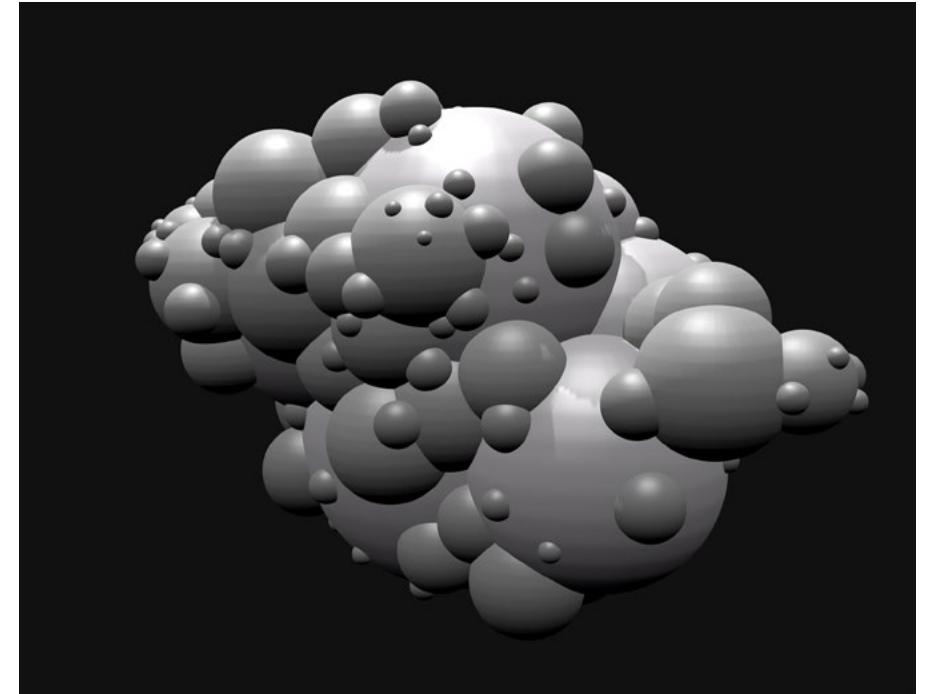
CJ: So it is about purity? Purity and therefore rarity makes something right or I should say better and more desirable?

AM: The concept of wrong in behaviour or existence implies a set of reference frames that are superior to alternatives. But, we know that all reference frames are equivalent and there is not one that is preferred over others. So, perhaps it all does not go “wrong”, but it all goes “different”.

SW: Good art suggests nothing is as binary and as simple as right and wrong. The concepts of right and wrong are just tools that enable social relations.

AM: [repeat] To the graphite, the diamond is “wrong” and vice versa.

CJ: Then what about failure? Doing something wrong or getting something wrong, is that failing? Failure's relationship to success in the act of making is indisputable. The failure opens up the possibilities for an alternative view or perspective into something. The wrong or right disappear, the process continues and carries on and moves into something else.



What do you see?

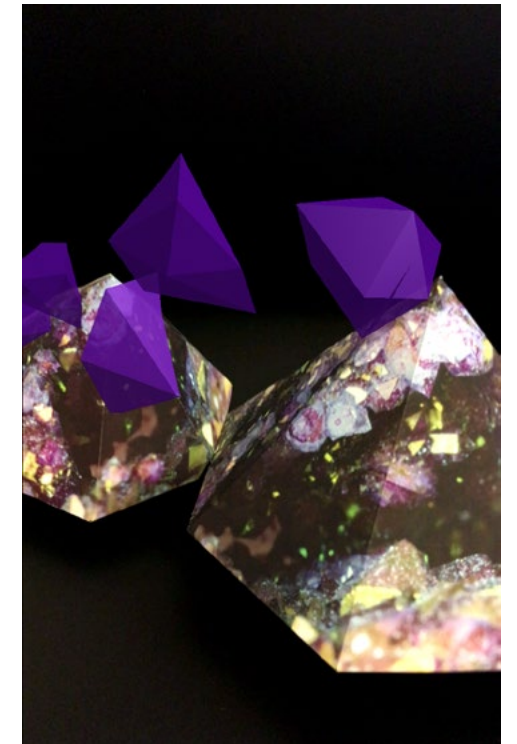
AM: I see a human 3D visualisation attempting to illustrate the inner-workings and configurations of an abstract concept of crystallisation. A brave and somewhat successful illustration at that.

MA: I see what is no longer there. We see things in the past, the further we look the older they are. Seeing the colours of a distant star lets us know what it was made of many light years in the past – a distant star that may have already collapsed. Seeing an object means it was there, one never sees or knows now.

CJ: Every day when I went to the studio, I'd move everything around again, in an attempt to keep things alive, to assist the objects in their restlessness, which was perhaps my restlessness. Because sculpture is fixed and installation is always restless – the movement of people through it is a constant stream of shifting perceptions, digesting the work into a multitude of memories. What we see looks final but in reality it's decomposing, and slowly and gradually undoing itself. What is the relationship between decay and collectability, which is commodification? Now I am thinking of the Herculean efforts to maintain Joseph Beuys' *Tallow*, casts of 'dead' space made in 1977. Forty years later they still exist in the collection of the Staatliche Museen Berlin, accumulating repairs and being kept at controlled temperatures, unable to finally melt or collapse. Dead spaces that can never die.

*'While this opinion [that things are never just inert objects] borders on magical thought, according to which things are invested with supernatural powers, it is also a classical materialist take. Because the commodity, too, is understood not as a simple object, but a condensation of social forces.'*³

These social forces intervene in the death of the art object. Like an installation, turned on for 5 minutes on the hour "to preserve it" when it should be left to die. It's like having it on a life support machine. If you want to own something then you have to accept that it dies. If you buy my work, buy it with the acceptance that it will be used by its environment and then it will die.



What is the potential?

AM: As with all things in the natural world, the potential is infinite.

CJ: But some things are done already, are they not? No more naturally occurring diamonds? Now we must create them synthetically. But we can also create them by compressing the ashes of a cremated person, albeit at great expense. A living person becomes a precious object.

MA: Potential is energy, energy being stored in keeping the order that makes a solid.

CJ: Potential is what has not happened yet. Value inheres in what we can fix.

*'The commodity, too, is understood not as a simple object, but a condensation of social forces.'*⁴

CJ: So is death in the modern world the point where the memory of us can be sold back to our loved ones as an eternal object?



How will we explain this back to ourselves 50 years from now?

AM: We would note that we had aged, and they had not.

CJ: The people turned to diamonds would not have aged at all. In the far future the distinction between diamonds made naturally over billions of years and diamonds made from people will be lost. You've made your beloved into a diamond and then your memory of what diamond they're in has gone.

MA: With more knowledge, and hopefully with more coherent understanding of it all.

CJ: I wonder if we will think that was significant, or yet another regressive thing that happened.

Matter or Antimatter

AM: Two sides of the same coin.

CJ: I think that was my worst question, a wasted question.

MA: Matter won the fight in the midst of blinding energy when it all began.

CJ: I wonder what blinding energy would feel like. I imagine it would feel like being inside the sun, or being turned into a diamond.

Everything in this room has been in stars. Nothing in this room comes from the sun.

AM: The forces at work in the universe are unfathomable. Everything in the room, including us, has been in the stars. However, the sun is a star as well. We perceive our objects as solid but this is not the whole story. The sun creates the energy and the gravity to hold our planet in space, and the geological process that occur over eons of time require that transference of energy to drive them. Whilst the solid elements have come from a star, the energy required to make them has come from the sun. We cannot see or touch that, but without it nothing would be in this room. There is a symbiotic relationship between them both – they cannot exist without the other. Our crystals are a fortunate end product.

MA: Hence, nothing really 'lives' or 'dies': we all coexist as part of the metamorphosis of the universe.

If they could speak what would they say?

AM: They would remind us of their age and that we are nothing.





Quote references:

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these restless objects

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