

You keep secrets from my eyes / The closer you get the further I become / I'm looking for you looking for me / Will you take me to a distant place I've never seen? is a three part work made during Francis Ruyter's workshop, which I've attended remotely due to Covid restrictions. It was catalysed by Francis' provocations and my daily routine of structured visualisations where I asked my subconscious *What do I know today?*

The emerging imagery and associated experiences became the basis for this series of works, which includes a large picture book, a printed publication featuring an index and automatic writings, and a live audio description of the book.

Importantly, the works co-exist but are not intended to be viewed together. In this instance the publication is gifted to you here in Salzburg, the picture book is hosted by Metal in the UK and the audio description is shared online.

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A yellow glows and emits from what I discover to be a small hexagonal chapel like space with a domed roof. There are small alcoves in all the walls, with little shelves. Perhaps they were windows that have now been blocked? Yellow is everywhere, the floor and ceiling are bright and gleaming. But I have no idea where the light source is, the space just radiates yellow. Being bathed in the colour and light is moving. I resist for as long as possible before leaving.

In a flash it appears - a bejewelled box, floating in infinite space. It lasts a few seconds and then is gone.

I am aware of a wall on my right and then a short corridor. It's a dark corridor but not foreboding. I can see well enough. The dark is due to the spaces deep red colour, which as the corridor opens into a small concave room I realise comes from the velvet curtains that are suspended floor to ceiling. They are beautiful. The fabric folds and buckles hanging from curtain rings on a brass pole. I seek a gap, looking for a way through, I check for light seeping in at the base and ceiling, but there is none. No matter how hard I search I can't find a gap. I become small or the curtains lengthen as I look up. As I search I become aware of how the fabric feels against my hands and now my face, which along with the colour is deeply satisfying. I have a feeling to stop, slow down and take it all in.

Blue all over – everywhere, a beautiful rich azure electric blue.

I tentatively step forward and there it is. A giant view – the Grand Canyon. As I stand on the edge I feel very safe yet overawed by this vast beautiful landscape. I look and look trying to make sense of it. I stand completely still. I have no desire to move or fear that I will fall or jump. I am alone but content. I have a feeling that everything is possible, that opportunities are vast. Yet I don't move. A plane that becomes a bird or a bird that becomes a jet appears on the right. Silently, white, it passes and I try to work it out but its shape shifts. I am disturbed by this machine in this place and feel sad at how many people wouldn't see it as perverse. I want it to be a bird but know it is a plane. I have never visited the Grand Canyon.

A long white table, with black legs, fills an otherwise empty space.

As I turn to leave I see a small tiny door in a huge wall. I wonder if it is really small or just far away. I move towards it and yes its small, too small for me to access. I follow the edge of the building, finding as I reach the corner a space beyond. A tall wall with a cantilever roof or overhang that could shelter me appears. At right angles is a second wall which has a line of continuous narrow, open, windows in it - high up. Light beams in filling the room, illuminating the ceiling but also making dark corners.

I drop, landing, I'm a tiny person who is maybe six inches high. In front is a tunnel entrance. I begin to think I am a mole or this is what a rabbit sees. I have a sense that an enormous tunnel system begins here. I want to enter, but don't. Instead I float up and see the tunnel I imagined transform into a huge trench system that stretches out across a flat landscape. I think of a maze and a rhizome. I have the ability to see this trench network and tunnel system at the same time.

Around a black closed door light forces itself between the cracks.

A huge amphitheatre, ancient, worn and sun-filled spreads out around and below me. I am the only person there. The stage is empty but I think it might be my stage.

A beautiful white piece of crochet appears in another wise black space. I see all the tiny loops and interconnections. It is perfect and small and perhaps not finished. Gone.

Across a undulating landscape is a path, white concrete, maybe 6ft wide, ridged but with smooth edges where the builder has neatly finished it off. All around is low scrubby flowering plants. The path heads into the distance following the contours of the land.

Below me is a circle of grass that is about eight feet in diameter. It's the top of a column; a stack of soil and stone. All around it has been mined or carved out. Beyond that is the land – there is no one to be seen and I know shouting won't help. The gap is about fifteen feet, there is no bridge and I can see no means of reaching the land. The void that surrounds me is dark and deep. I cannot see the bottom. I feel calm and ponder whether a short nap might help so I lay down and curl up. But I do not sleep, instead I think. I come to realise if I want a bridge I can and must imagine one.

At the end of a white corridor there's a door with an obscured glass panel in it. I can tell it is also bright on the other side, but I can't see more details. Beyond the door is an empty square room domestic in scale. It's so bright I am forced to squint. I stand in the centre and wait. Then without warning or noise the walls split from the floor and are lifted off in one piece, leaving me standing on the white floor in an otherwise black space. I remain still and again I wait. Nothing. I feel scared. But then I begin to clap and applaud. The floor and I move upwards enabling me to step off and leave.

While walking in a village late one evening burning ash floats down on a gentle draft. A light, almost not there, light rain follows the ash making the flickering embers die.

An endless landscape spreads out, pock marked with holes. As I explore I understand them as portals, entrances to other lands, and this makes me smile.

Amphitheatre
Applaud
Arches
Ash
Beauty
Bird: Flying
Box: Bejewelled
Bridge
Building: Chapel
Hexagonal
Tall

Burning
Cantilever
Carved
Clap
Cliff
Colour: Azure
Yellow
Deep Red
Electric Blue
Black
White

Column
Concrete
Connection
Corridor
Cracks
Crochet
Curtain
Curtain Rings
Death
Distance
Door: Closed
Small

Domestic
Draft
Edges
Embers
Flash
Floating
Foreboding: Not
Glass
Glimpses
Grand Canyon
Grass
Hole
Interconnections

Landscape: Undulating

Contours
Beautiful

Light:

Dark
Radiate
Day
Beams
Emitting
Illuminating
Glow
Flicker
Changing
Gleaming
Seeping

Looking:

Searching
Around
Up
Take it in
Seeking
Awareness
Down
Imagine
Squint

Loops

Machine

Maze

Nap

Network

Noise

Overhang

Path

Plane: Jet

Plants

Portals

Rhizome

Roof

Room: Ceiling
Circular
Domed
Empty
Opening
Small

Scale

Scared

Seeing

Shadows

Shape shift

Shelter

Shouting

Silently

Sleep

Slow down

Smile

Space: Infinite
Endless
Gap
Void
Small
Empty
Land

Stack

Stage

Standing

Stone

Table

Time

Trench

Tunnel: Entrance
Small
System
Vast

Velvet

View

Village

Wall

Windows: Blocked
Narrow
Open