

Can material be considered a methodology in aesthetics? And if so, hypothetically speaking, could this methodology have a way of performing in the world, recomposing itself to offer alternatives for the sensorial and the faculties? Could the methodology take a processual-sculptural form?

Materials such as cheese, pharmaceutical terra-sigillata clay, and mud (recent research axes of mine) become something else in the building of an exhibition or an essay. Like epistemological selves or fadders withholding other meanings and functions, they become precarious traces, absorbents, displaced bodies, or emblems, and within their movement, they come into being, transitioning towards materiality and entity.

Ingestion, as we know it, is the consumption of a substance by an organism. Organism, though, is a hybrid concept, located from the outset within different kinds of practices—metaphysical, ideological, and biological. Ingestion offers one route to discuss a politics of nature, a way to gain insight into the perceived tensions between nature and culture, in the sense of a consumable body. It is the corridor to embodiment (of thought and matter), a kind of tunnel or metonym for thinking about the self/collectivity in aesthetics and, hence, sculpture's theoretical and absolute frame.

Metamorphs. Oozy, silky, slimy goo. A couple of years ago, I took a group of artists to participate in a collective mud bath at a medical health spa in Druskininkai, Lithuania, near the border with Belarus. This was a preamble to a life writing exercise on mud as a methodology—a time-based sludge revelry of physiological speculations and absurd pathologies. Dipping into the gunk, we asked ourselves, where did the black earth come from, and where would it return to? Deeming it a "ceramics without the fire", we later precipitated different ways of tracing the sinking, hindered and entrapped in writing on time (as a direct influence from the bath). The hows of getting down in the mire to sculpt the muck of that which tends to fall. One artist wrote, "Mud does things with memory. It isn't like a lens to previousness." If not previousness, then what is to come? Could mud be a kind of transportation toward bodily metamorphosis? An allegory of the contingency of systems?