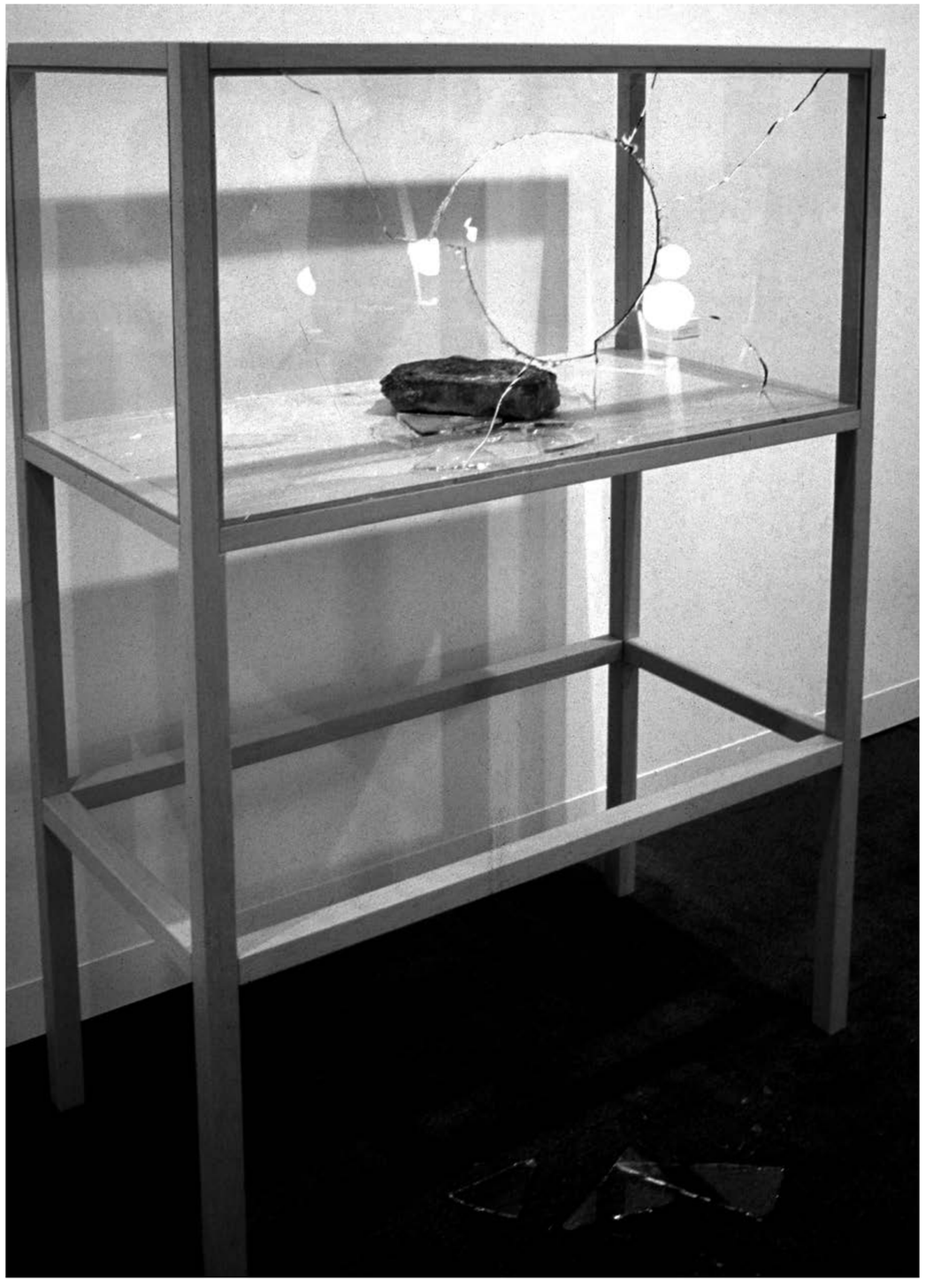

KENDELL GEERS
THE SECOND COMING
(DO WHAT THOU WILT)



Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and
e v e r y w h e r e
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.

Surely some revelation is at hand;
Surely the Second Coming is at hand.
The Second Coming! Hardly are those words
o u t
When a vast image out of Spiritus Mundi
Troubles my sight: somewhere in sands of the
d e s e r t
A shape with lion body and the head of a man,
A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,
Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it
Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.
The darkness drops again; but now I know
That twenty centuries of stony sleep
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,
And what rough beast, its hour come round at
l a s t ,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

LIVE SLACK MATTER



ON LIGHT AND SILENCE

SILENCE IS SACRED

Spirituality is often associated with silence and light. This alliance slips into the public imagination and manifests itself in the contemporaneity where the galleries and museums remain, next to churches, the privileged spaces of quietude and spiritual enlightenment. Both are the places where the *sacrum* and *profanum* meet. At the church, the rites aim to purify our souls and bodies from the sins murmured in the quiet corners of the confessionals; whereas the white walls of a gallery have the power to elevate what is placed between them, to the status of art. The maintenance of silence in both spaces allows strict codes of behaviour and pushes the inappropriate to the sphere of imagination and whisper.

Kendell Geers introduces himself on the exhibition poster as *Harpokrates,* 2016, the Hellenistic god of silence, secrets and confidentiality. He sets up at Rua Red a temple, *Temenos,* a sacred space ruled by one ambiguous phrase: "Do What Thou Wilt". It is a space of confrontation, a place to listen and reflect on hushed truths about the sacred and the fear of the profane. The patrons of this temple are rebels against gods, Lucifer himself, the most beautiful of angels whose name translates into "brightness", and Prometheus, a Titan, who dared to steal the fire from Olympus and offered it to humans. About both reminds a single candle burning at the very heart of the show.

Geers looks at the dense fabric of religious and mystic heritage and weaves a story that dares to challenge the binarity of good and evil, and instead emphasises their fluidity. "Do What Thou Wilt", the motto behind the show encourages us to explore and redefine both terms for ourselves. The origins of the phrase take us back to the 16th century and quiet of a Franciscan convent. In this setting, François Rabelais wrote a series of five satirical novels, titled *Gargantua* and *Pantagruel*. This is where the sentence has first appeared. The writing of Rabelais, a Franciscan friar, later a Benedictine monk, finally a medical doctor, was a voice of rebellion against the institutionalisation of Christianity. His idea to follow one's moral compass was a counter-proposition to the worship governed by the church, a sparkle of trust in the individual rather than the establishment. To manifest his idea, Rabelais painted a picture of an imaginary abbey of Thelemites whose sole rule was "Do What Thou Wilt" and argued:

> Because men that are free, well-born, well-bred, and conversant in honest companies, have naturally an instinct and spur that prompeth them unto virtuous actions, and withdraws from vice, which is called honour. Those same men, when by base subjection and constraint they are brought under and kept down, turn aside from that noble disposition by which they formerly were inclined to virtue, to shake off and break that bond of servitude wherein they are so tyrannously enslaved; for it is agreeable with the nature of a man to long after things are forbidden and to desire what is denied us.
>
> (Rabelais, 249)

Rabelais' writing emphasised the natural predisposition of people to do good. His idea was based on the human right to use free will. The concept was expressed by Paul the Apostle, himself a convert from a prosecutor of Christians to a firm believer, in a letter to the Galatians: "You, my brothers and sisters, were called to be free. But do not use your freedom to indulge the flesh; rather, serve one another humbly in love." (5:13)

Rabelais' calling was followed by other rebels against the establishment. Amongst them was Aleister Crowley, who decided to open an Abbey of Thelema in Cefalù, Sicily in 1920, and the popular British band Led Zeppelin which in 1971 inscribed the famous phrase on their *Led Zeppelin III* album vinyl. All of them were preceded by The Hell Fire Club, formed in Dublin and London in the first half of the 18th century. The Hell Fire Club was a private organisation raised by a group of aristocrats who indulged in notoriously loud gatherings. In Dublin, those took place at the city's Eagle Tavern on Cork Hill; however, it's the Montpelier Hill's hunting lodge overlooking the city that is most often associated with the group. The conduct of the club embraced the dark side of the human will. A mixture of privilege by birth, drinking and hate for bigotry led to a series of murders committed by the members, a record of disrupted masses and numerous urban legends describing their collusion with Lucifer himself. The records of court rulings give some insight into the performance of the group, but also leave intriguingly lot to the imagination.

SILENCE IS THE NEW BEGINNING

The title of the exhibition announces the second coming of the Hell Fire Club, a sign of both the apocalypse and the arrival of Spiritus Mundi, in William Butler Yeats' words:

"Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosened upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;"

The sphere of sacred at every step of the exhibition intricately linked with what we are most scared of. The gift of a quiet temple arranged by Geers pushes for the relationship between the sacrum and the fear to be explored. The silence here serves as a matchstick igniting our curiosity and a natural desire for knowledge.

Fears fed by the Christian take on good and evil must be faced headstrong. King of Hell is present, announces Geers. Teased for centuries by Rabelais himself and his followers, he materialised, for the second time, or the hundred. His company opens the door to a different interpretation of spirituality, an alternative understanding of good and evil, the one that requires reading between the lines of the scriptures of our religious and cultural upbringing, the one that emphasises the light in this perceived king of darkness. The one that also points to the dark side of our very existence. LIVE when read backwards, spells EVIL, a fact captured by Geers in a mural. This knowledge brings a sense of fear and a thrill of a blasphemy. God himself used writing on the wall to warn kings of their imminent collapse when they dared to act against his will:

> Suddenly the fingers of a human hand appeared and wrote on the plaster of the wall, near the lampstand in the royal palace. The king watched the hand as it wrote. His face turned pale, and he was so frightened that his legs became weak and his knees were knocking. The king summoned the enchanters, astrologers and diviners. Then he said to these wise men of Babylon, "Whoever reads this writing and tells me what it means will be clothed in purple and have a gold chain placed around his neck, and he will be made the third highest ruler in the kingdom." (Daniel, 5:5-6)

Geers warns, after the Exodus, that God is jealous:
"Because I
The Lord
Thy God
Am a Jealous God" (20:5)

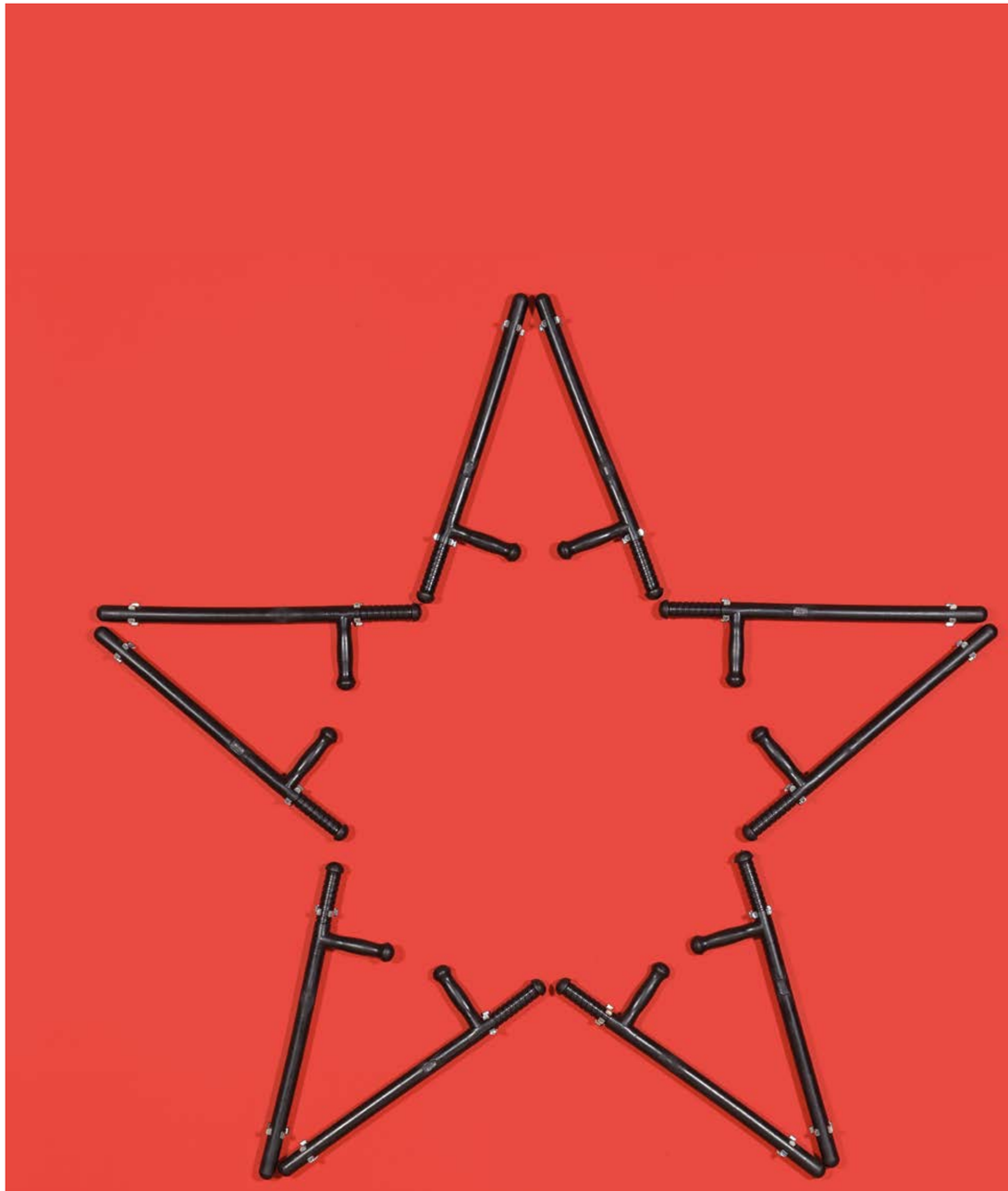
His brightness blinds those who dare to look straight in his face. But Geers offers a single candle, an initiation into the universe of knowledge. When looking at a bright, naked flame are we facing a god, a damned angel, or our sparkle of light? *The Second Coming* requires the courage to question. As we put aside the teachings and chose the path steered by will, there is no one to perform the purifying ritual on our behalf. The stage, the temple is ours. "Do What Thou Wilt". Reinvent spirituality for yourself.

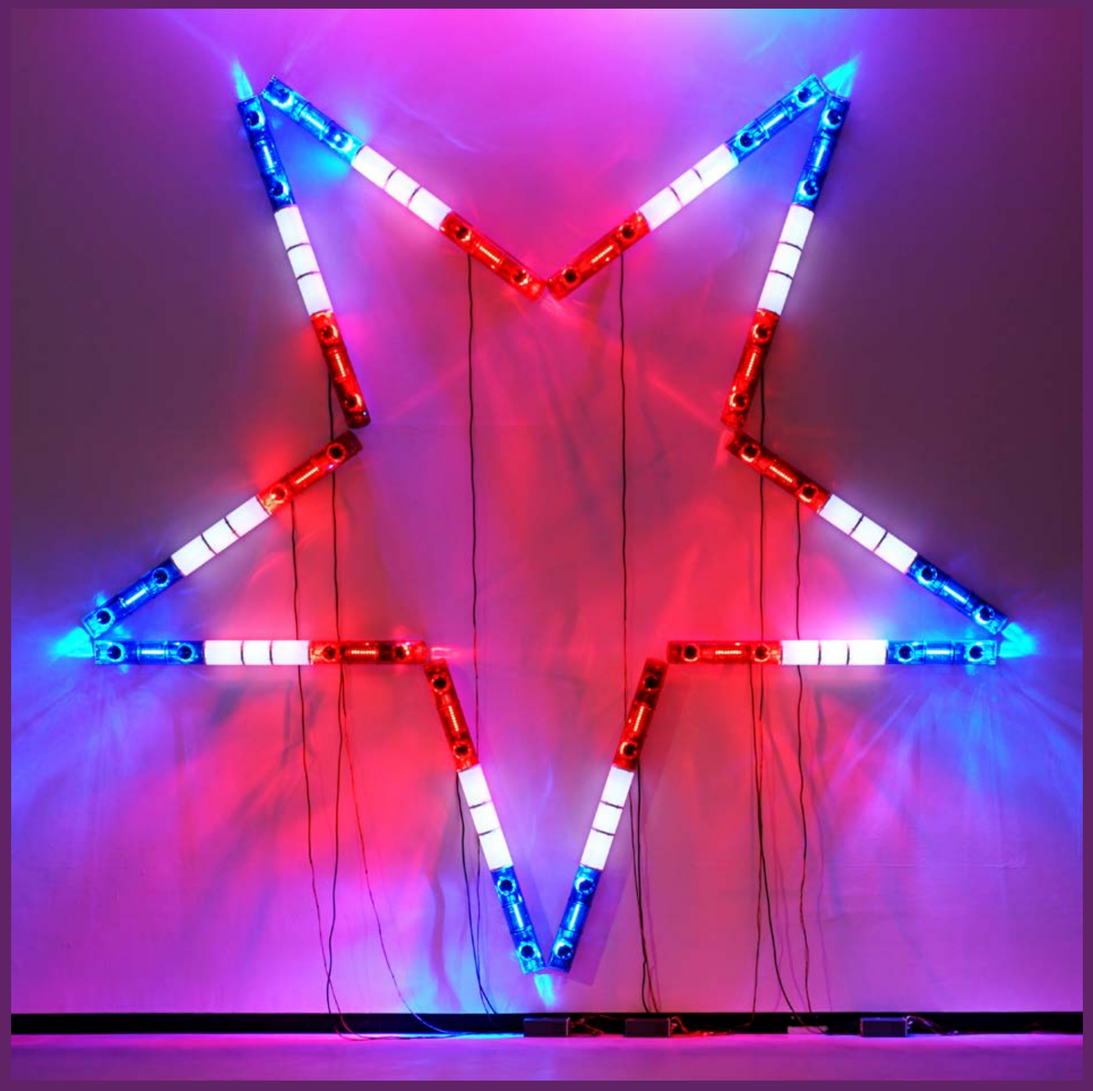
Sylwia Serafinowicz




F U C
KING
HELL


#iPROtest





FIRE & BRIMSTONE IN THE YEAR OF OUR LADIES AND LORDS 2019

"ENTER NOT HERE, VILE HYPOCRITES AND BIGOTS, PIOUS OLD APES, AND PUFFED-UP SNIVELLERS… WOEBEGONE SCOUNDRELS, MOCK-GODLY SANDAL-WEARERS, BEGGARS IN BLANKETS, FLAGELLATING CANTERS…"

We are walking on the hallowed ground today. Breathing in the air of creative tradition. Smelling the fire and brimstone of those daredevils who lay the foundations for our impervious prometheanism. Reflecting rigid and reactionary patterns back at the dusty, mouldy Brit rump huggers; provoking the pious by an exaggeration of themselves. Flaunting terrifying mirror images of their unconscious righteous chaos. But right here and right now spewed out in blissful and health-inducing orgies of both body and soul.

There have been many precursors. They are now active cursors, setting the stage for a future that discards whatever is not life-enhancing. Nature rules supreme! That French guy: "Nature's single precept is to enjoy oneself, at the expense of no matter whom." And we're all crying out in the night: "Babalon is a fucking formula, goddamit!" Have another swig of Scaltheen, our sacred Infernal Punch, and mock the irreverent reverent and all those dumbed-down fundamentalist occultniks. Our Pope (the real one: Alexander) cries out louder than any of them:

"All Nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good;
And, spite of pride, In erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right."

So come join our nocturnal revels at the secret Devil's Tavern, somewhere in-between the Eagle Tower at Cork Hill and Daly's on College Green. (Myself, I found my thrill on Strawberry Hill.) We never went away, we're always right here, and here we'll remain, pissing on the pious pontiffs and penitents. By the way and when in Rome… Darling Dashwood, beloved, actually flogged the penitents. When they realized the mockery was for real they cried out in Angst: "Il Diavolo!" Francis laughed so loudly we could hear it all the way to Ireland, inspiring us before, during and after any facts or petit-bourgeois timelines. Then we all laughed together when solid spaces were constructed for all our actions and pleasures. "Faye ce que voudras, motherfuckers!" engraved forever in the stained glass windows of our minds.

Whispering "Carymary, carymara…" Our Lady burns, so let's piss on the smoky rubble. Are you surprised? Blame any technical or human error as much as you want or need to be able to function… This is magic at work. No more, no less. Magic in revenge of our brothers who burned; in revenge of our many sisters who burned. We're not in any rush though, because we know that mock rituals are rituals too, and amorality is certainly a morality too. Blessed Margaret, Holy Mary… Diligently fucked on Montpelier Hill; orchestrated by Lady Gomorrah and Lord Sodom: the literal party poopers in the dark night of the Irish Soul. Tom Jones and Fanny Hill are for the others, secretly reading and nervously masturbating under covers. But not us. We celebrate life because we can. The privileges of privilege are a sacred duty! We will never uphold any sanctimonious structures for the sake of someone else's moribund morals.

Although our Scaltheen tastes revolting in its fad buttery sting, we swig it passionately to celebrate life. If brimstone is feared by the monotheistic mongrels, let's gulp it down to the very last drop and carouse with the ladies and gentlemen of the night until we can make out no difference between the falling stars of the night sky and our ejaculations of deep-rooted resistance. It is our gods-given right. Even Saint Fornicating Augustine: "Love, and do what you will."

Our Eternal Castle of Iniquity is an Invisible Hexagonal Space. No matter what you do or where you are, you are always right in the middle of it. Therefore, back to the proverbial roots, ladies and gentlemen: Rabble Eh spells it out… Gargan Tu As Una Bazzio die TELE MA. Formulas and spells are created in the spur of the moment; ingenious constructions of universes, ass-ociations linked in sticky resi-dew, teaching and touching holy ground in the Dublin of Re Joyce and other luminaries of the letters; the first of which in this context is not the Alpha but the Omega. Spin the wheel of reverted chance; give chance a chance, and do it in the spirit of PENI TENTO NON PENITENTI.

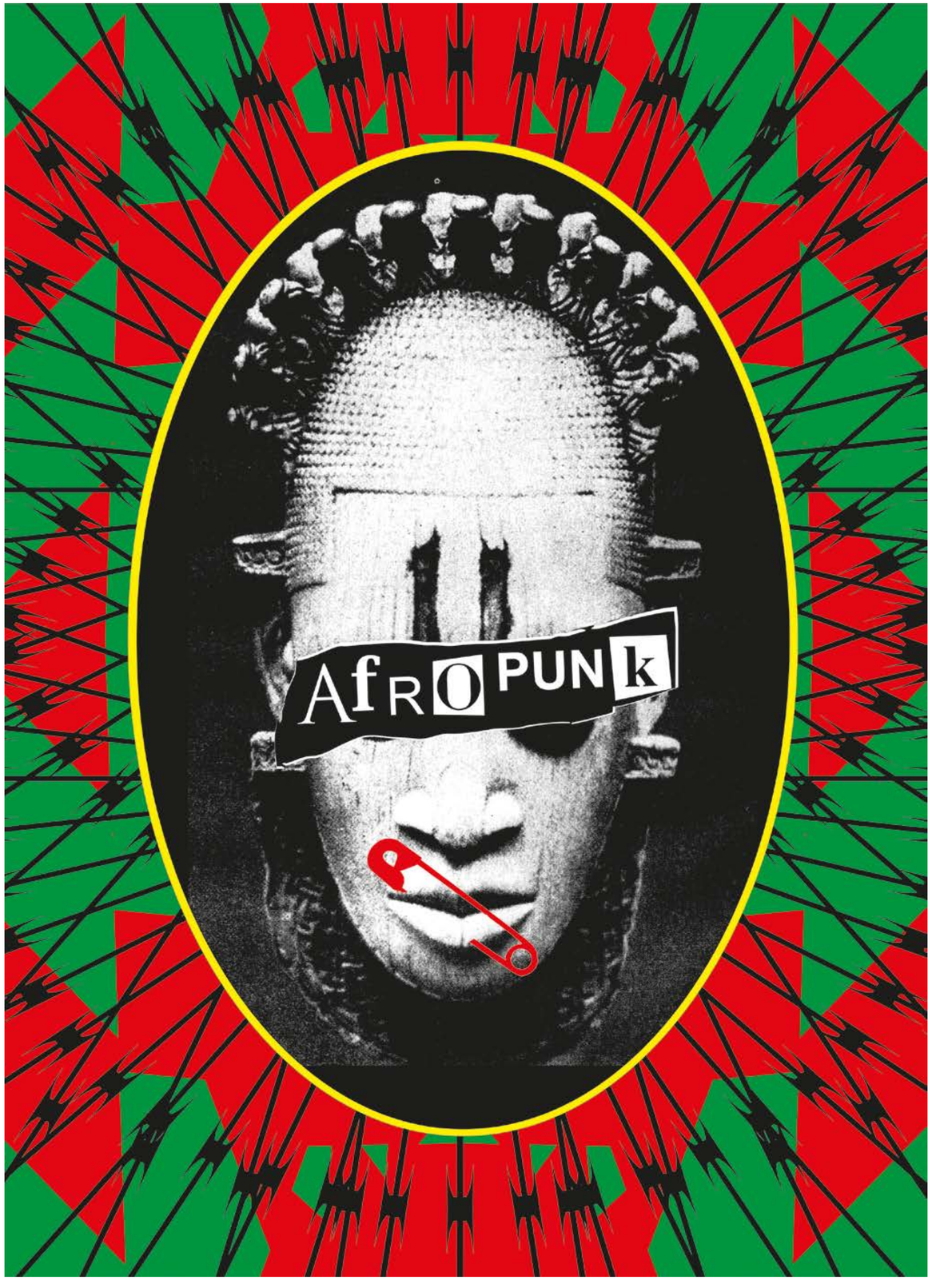
Our Brother Ben Franklin now spins in the reverted chance of his tomb. Peter Lens, are you listening? And our beloved Hogarth's dog was named Trump. Irony of ironies, hundreds of years later!

Cheers to the defiant, Cheers to the living spirit of this sacred Hell Fire Club, and, most importantly, Cheers to us!

Carl "Friar Beefsteak" Abrahamsson, 1739 AD

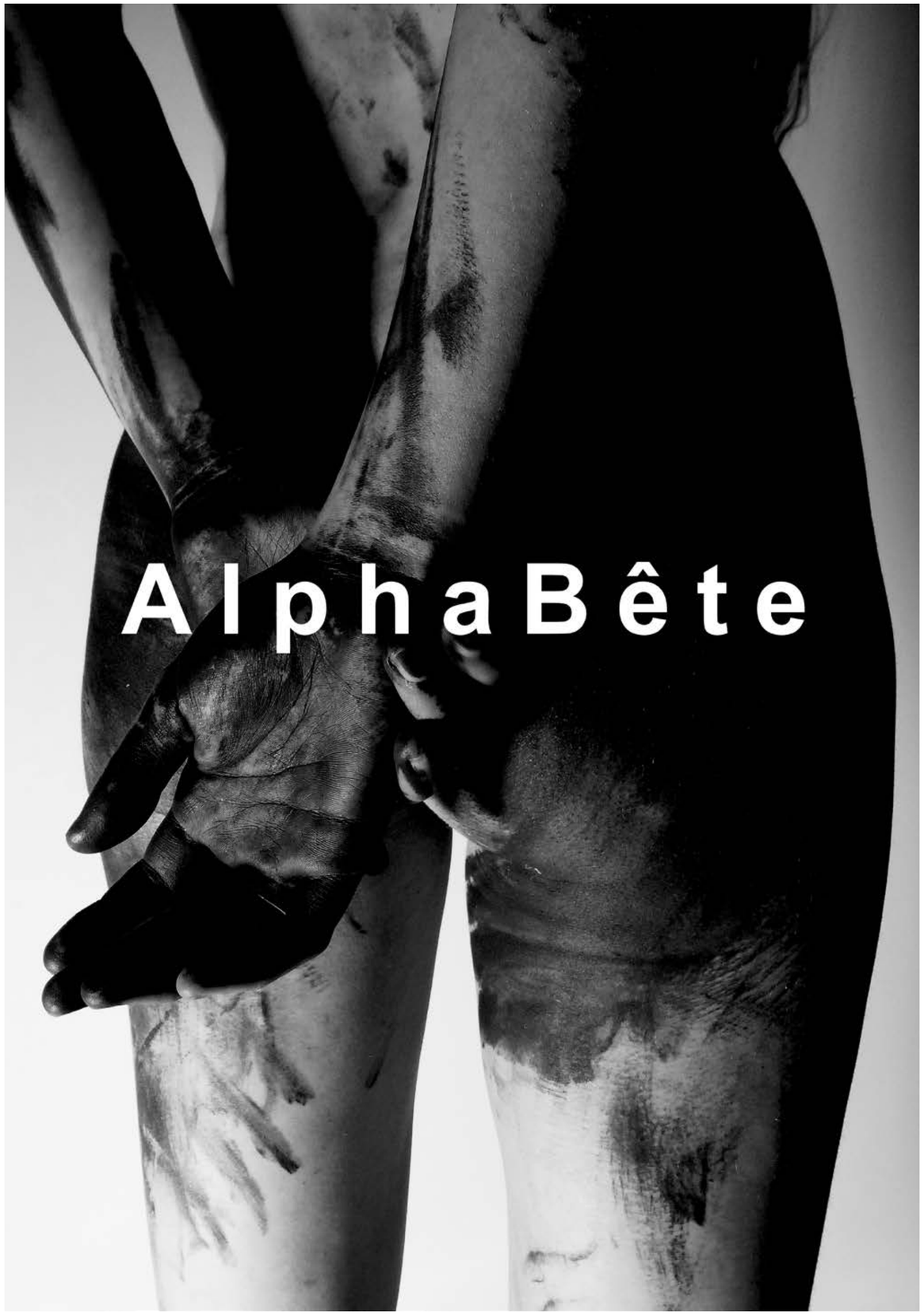




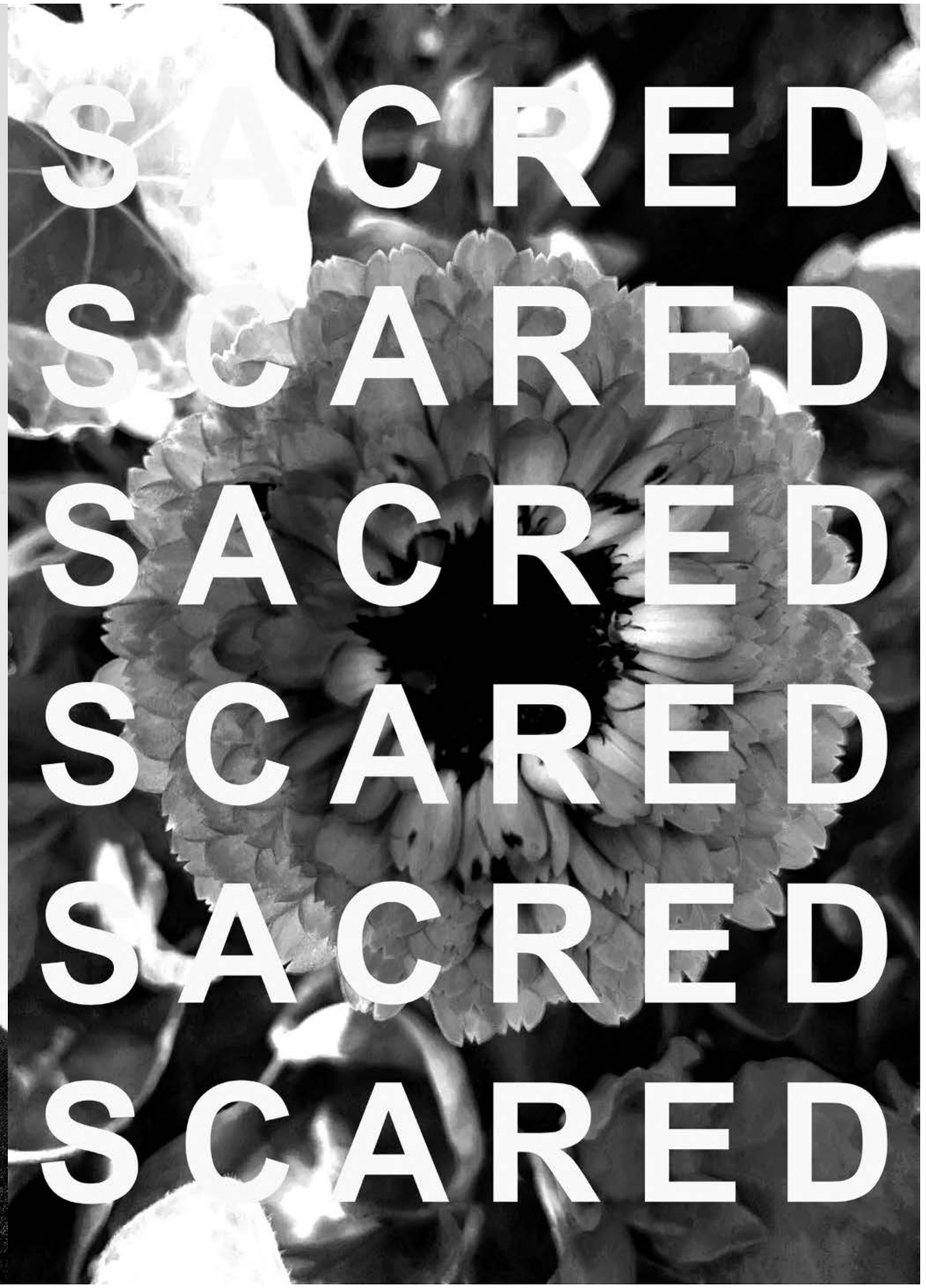

AfROPUNk


FUCK ME
FUCK YOU
WEA
REALL
FUCKED

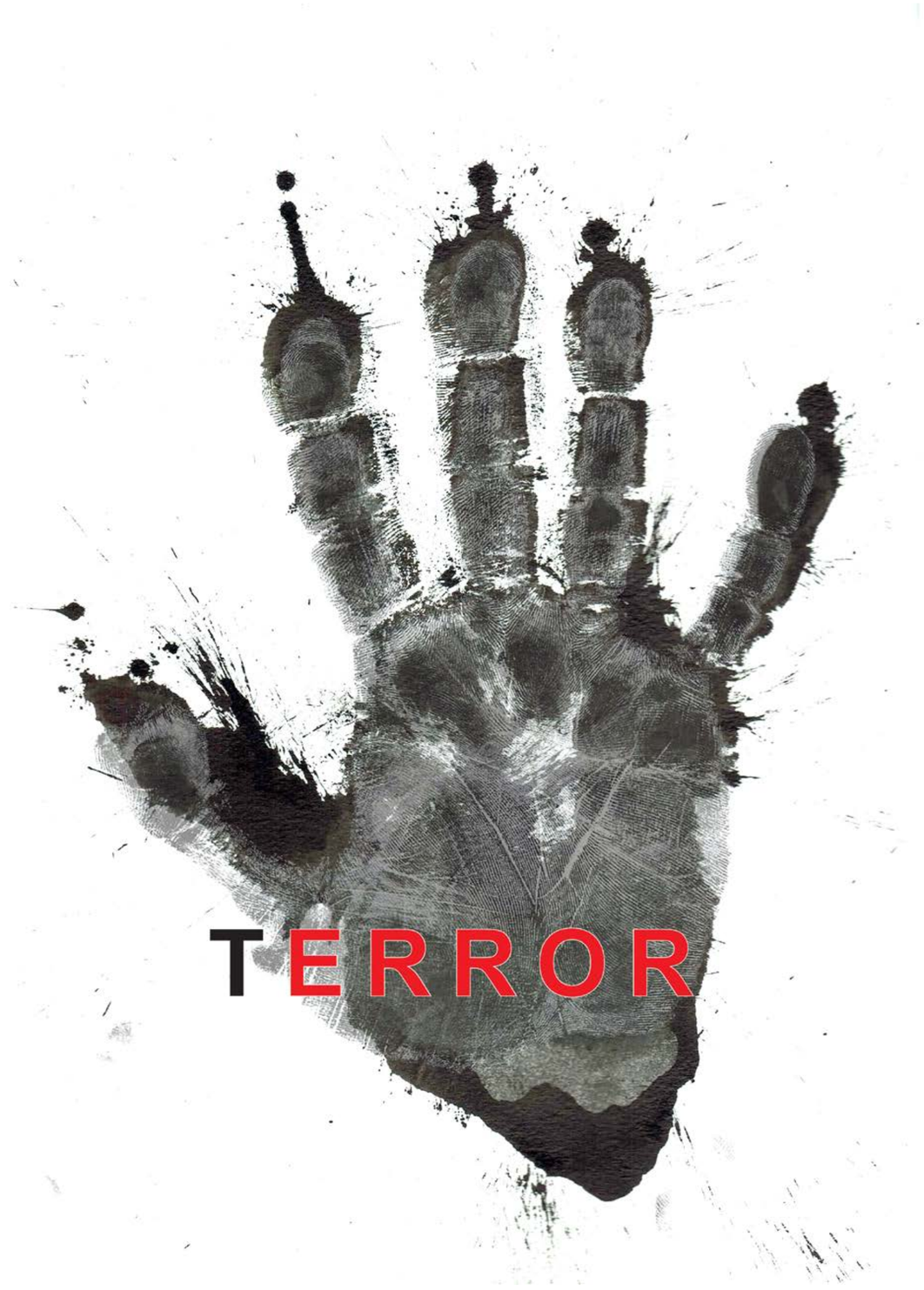



AlphaBête

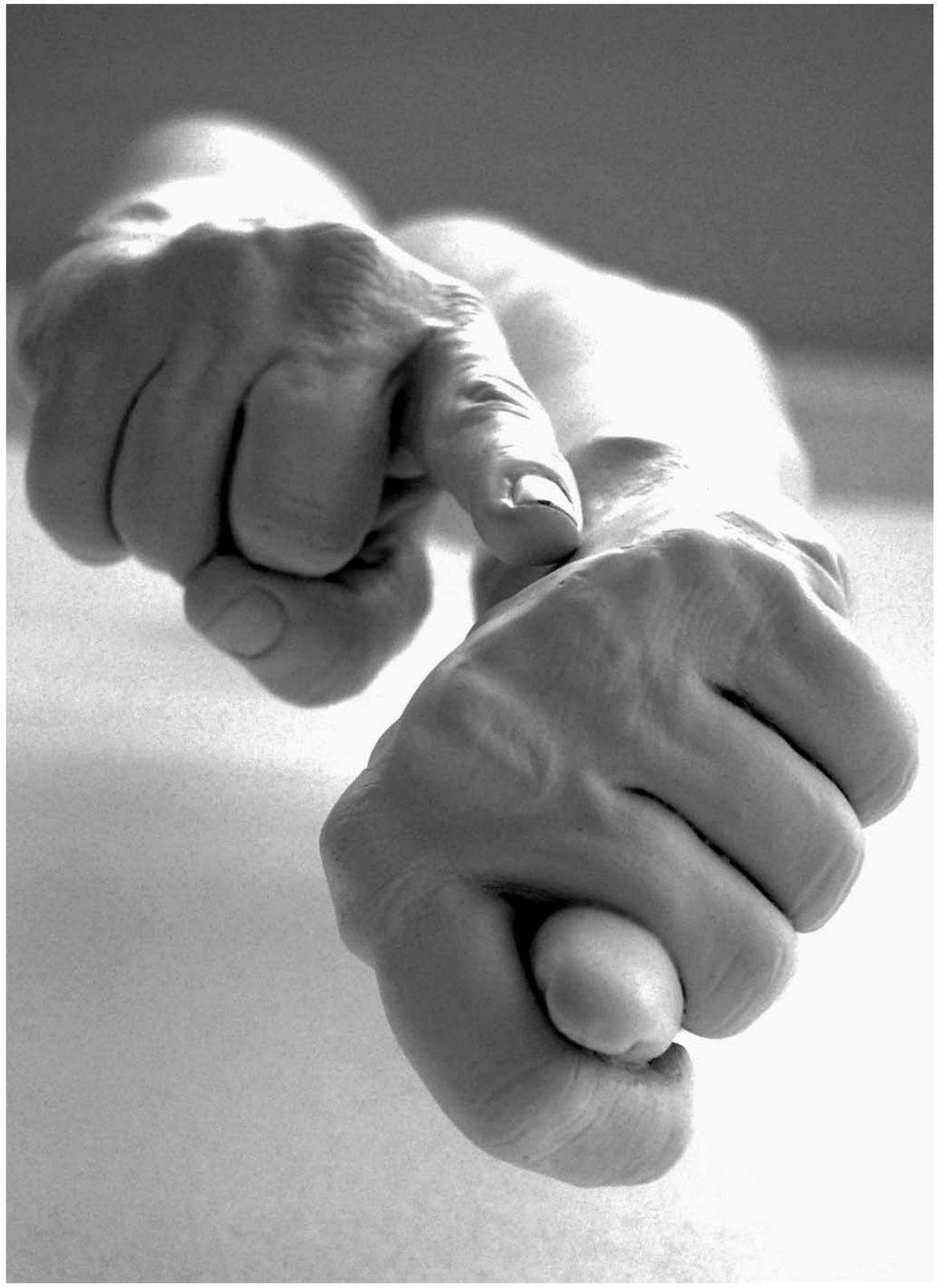


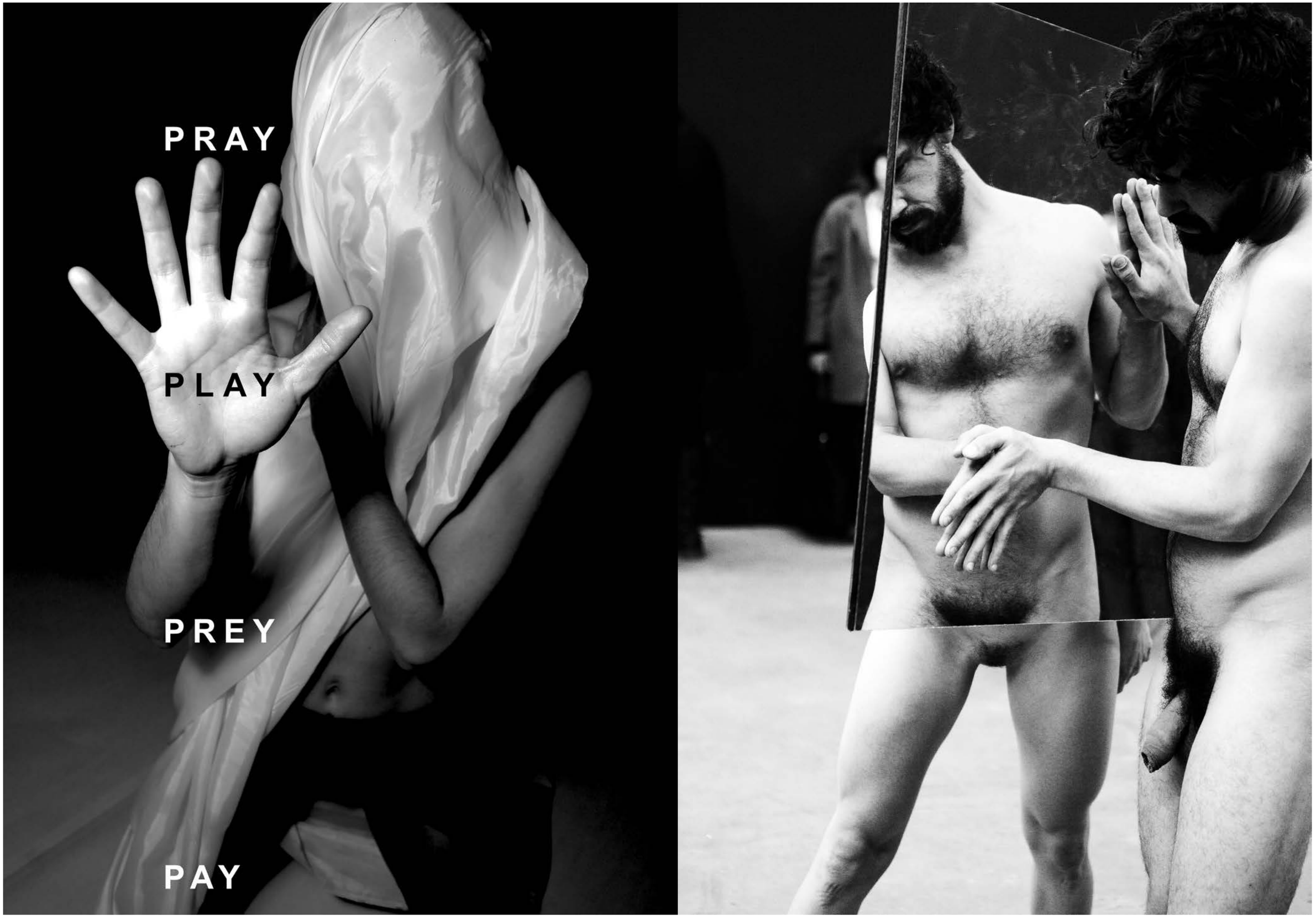

SACRED
SCARED
SACRED
SCARED
SACRED
SCARED




TERROR


HERE
LIES
TRUTH




PRAY
PLAY
PREY
PAY

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I N S E R T

front *Trois Ecoles (After Picabia)*, 1841 - 1920 - 2003
back *Les Fleurs du Mal (evil:live)*, 2002 / 2018

KENDELL GEERS THE SECOИD COMING
(DO WHAT THOU WILT)

marks the fifth collaboration between a/political and RUA RED from their two-year partnership.

C U R A T O R
Sylwia Serafinowicz

P R O D U C T I O N
George Chetwode, Hugh McCarthy

P U B L I C A T I O N B Y
K e n d e l l G e e r s

G R A P H I C D E S I G N
A n t h o n y M a r t i n

T E X T S
Carl Abrahamsson, Author
Sylwia Serafinowicz, Curator, a/political

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p. 11: photo by Luis Do Rosario

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a/political RUA RED Comhairle Contae Átha Cliath Theas South Dublin County Council



