



*(LAYERED PARK STONES SINGING STONES WATER DRY)*

*(I’m here)* That’s an active word, a doing word, Being petrified so that, you, on a molecular level, turn into something else. You are... re-remembered as something new. This new you, this other you, this new other you this calcified or resistant solid spectre has its own type of time. You’re gazed at, inspected, silent, apart from the microscopic shots, aurora jags and changes where the last micro molecules of your old self clings onto the cell walls of once turgid ‘rectangular’ self your

‘mitochondrial business’

‘mitochondrial business’

‘mitochondrial business’

*(PARK / FIZZY / WET / DRY crescendo)*

Snakes burrow underground as several decapitated Medusae heads face blunts up. \*\*\*\*The blunt under facing upper, the spectral missing trunk keeps growing or has shape in your mind and you give it shape, stretched and morphic in empty space. How deep the attached snakes petrify I don’t know but they *have* gotten bigger. What started off as a porcelain Annie Boleyn snap now look like felled elephant ends with taught, entwined, busy boas.

*(EXTEND THE INTAKE OF BREATH - LONG AND WEIRD SNAKEY FIZZY PROGRESSIVELY GLASSY BECOMING MEDUSE)*

I wish I could talk to you from there, I even wish i could talk to you from here. I want to see what it sounds like. What the weight and opaque connectedness looks like. There would be a lightness to it I think, because I’d just be passing, not past. The heads are locked up just now so I can only stand above and beside, nearish, looking at the peeling paint sun but I know they  
underground, buried chandeliers

*(ANNOUNCER)*

I thought about ordering some petrified wood, an “amulet for those feeling stuck, stilted stalted, stuttered, stayed, stasis, stifled, splintered” past life healing regression designed to extend lifespan or prolong or suggest enjoyment of one’s current life used to recall past incarnations - also carried as a gem against drowning.

Petrified wood can assist anyone who is feeling stuck or experiencing being frozen in time. It helps to create balance and offers a foundation from which to launch new goals or undertake a different path. Petrified wood is also a wonderful grounding stone. It helps to calm scattered energies. Grounds energy. Offers mental stability Promotes concentration // encourages goal setting.

I don’t understand moving without... going, so much. I wonder do their roots feel their path or is it more like your hair growing horns or new or new bone. I’ve been walking more, in the same routes, desire lines and governed walkways and off’s and in’s. It’s good for me - to have my feet there. Building solids, being definitively in the place where your body is most,

Fossil Grove’s bodies have been there in life and in other - in growth and now as these Medusé. These hyper-objects just aren’t soo hyper anymore -

they're here. Out of submersion and into dry bone calcified land, turning into solid and staring, opal eyed and opaque at us now. Like semi-sentient don't carer's. (UNDERWATER FROM HERE) I wonder do they just want to go back and rejoin up with their dissolved fleshy in to the sea or rain.) The rain tickles and teases and coaxes back into life but it's never enough, too far away now. Too close... Ca. petrivor - the closest re-animate, but we'll talk about that ...later

*(RAIN WATER BLURRED LAND)*

Water the sea as seaweed or nod back to water. I've been reading that red seaweed can cut beasts emissions on land by up to 80% from just a 0.1-0.2 percent inclusion in their diet. A suggesting land to the sea to...collaborate or perhaps a past depth, now beached. We found mussel and clam shells inside a cattle water tank 4 miles from any sea. Dropped there by seagulls they brought the sea to them and they drank. Whales beach themselves as they know they won't drown on land, cattle move back to aquatic submersion, swimming between Scottish islands. There's resistance now, confusion over ecosystem and caregivers and bovines and the life choices of cetaceans.

Echolocation occurs from within objects and fills out all the gaps. A happy coincidence of dryness, wetness water and time at 30 metres in height, their reptilian, scaled trunks (caused by leaf scars) were exhibited at fairgrounds as giant fossil snakes. Primitive amphibians were even mistaken for them, the trees.

These stump blunts are beached, and landlocked, but swim slinking below avoiding the surface'. Petrified wood is an amulet against drowning, even though it in itself breathed in water to the height and changed into itself. Underwater the language is more fluid and connectivity more precise and felt. Medusa as Caravaggio part rendered hadn't snakes at all- her slithers are water snakes.

*(HINTS OF MEDUSE VOICE)*

The beasts own little 'Medusae' don't exist as frequently anymore - most have been bred 'polled' or without horn. I've been there with a few, felt the small beginning nub stumps. The horn or root silhouette describes identity, amplifies mastication and are... sculptural expressions built out and into new space. Like the absent necks of the felled trees - we mind-build them ourselves, with our eyes, in empty space. We make them into being as we cannot fully accept that they just aren't really there. Phantom shapes emerge as expectants.

The shape amplifies the beasts own internal processes - she has a, micro awareness of self. All day, chewing, hearing the grinding on and on and on over and over and over and over, building her insides bit by bit by bit. I envy their ability to hear and think 'process' as it happens - building themselves from the inside.

Medusa could hear her own triumphant petrification. Medusa's snakes were sibilant thoughts - entwining and hissing and moving at such pace that no distinct shape was determinable, the spectres own spectre. Hissing and spitting and slithering

*(SNAKE HISS WORDS WHISPERS INSIDE SOUND GURGLE - SOUND LIKE MOVING UP AND OUT - SOUND BECOMES NARROWER)*

Horns slither at a micro pace - out and up - horn coral, horn coral...do that or 'did' that. They grow in a long conical, tapering shape. The coral animal build these horn cones from Calcium Carbonate CA from the seawater. The underside of petrification or evidence of shapes stolen and spectral in the

water body. Here she is, Ca again. The animal lived at the top of the cone and added additional material to the structure as it outgrows it. Making your shadow solid so you can stand on it, make a home from it, sleep in it. This is how you move. Trees rings and roots rooting. This one was built by turning water to solid. I think about this - a remembering of state that feels inevitable - the CA in you. This under water image of the cattle horn or bovine Medusa are close - you can put your hand through the mirror surface and extract one. Millions scattered and sea- bleached in their soaked and full bone state, snakes and ready and static and charged and still. In miniature, they appear full sized,

You are what you eat eats too.

*(DEMI-ANNOUNCER)*

Petrified Wood Calms Fears: 'Keep Calm and Petrify Wood' Petrified wood can be used to calm down survival-based fears. It helps to make one feel safe and secure and helps one feel ageless.

Petrified wood helps you to set a pace and stay with that pace all day long because you are not hurried or moving too slowly, but moving forward in a good, steady way. It helps you to feel all will be all right. It connects one to their spirit in such a way that they know that time is not really what it appears for there is no such thing, there is only \_\_\_\_\_

*(SOUND OF PART CHIME OF CLOCK REVERSED)*

Near the Glasgow 11 Medusae Fossil Grove Victoria Parks a four faced clock  
*(sung - ALIEN HIGH OTHER)*

Now is the accepted time  
Now is the accepted time

Time accepted, is the now  
Time accepted, is the now

*(MEDUSE SSSS VOICE BECOMES EVER MORE PRESENT-SNAKING IN AND AROUND)*

The time faces follow you in the park, as a time site within your geography. What is the future of fossil grove? The sibilant sssss are quieted and eating earth cud contemplating this. the spectral absent body or trunk body could maybe also be thought of as a flexible one. One that can be imagined or reimagined not tied to a now or to a then. we haven't been now before or tomorrow so perhaps they are the best way to 'see' how to think about it. You can see trunks and move them as you walk.

This 330-million-year standing was surfaced by a group of men employed to be 'dry' in Victorian Glasgow. 'Sobriety and prohibition and dryness exhume body changed absolutely and completely by wetness.' Some of these snakes are broken and look like bone but I have a feeling we are not looking at the most relevant part, the verb of the object.

*(\*ANNOUNCEMENT ALIEN SINGING REVERSE CRESCENDO)*

FOUR TIME LAPSE CAMERAS HAVE BEEN INSTALLED TO  
MONITOR WATER INGRESS  
NEWS AND EVENTS  
ELECTRICIANS FIX THE LIGHTS!  
WW2 BOMB DAMAGES ONE OF THE 11

In memory remembered e, one has the all-important starting-place of the ordering scheme and the contents firmly in their places within it, then it is possible to move back and forth from one distinct composition to another without losing one's place or becoming confused. Into this order is placed

the components of what wishes to be memorised and recalled. Like the coral building material from the sea water around it, you exist at the top of your memory until the shapes falls.

Each memory phantasm is a combination not only of the neutral form of the perception, but of our response to it or intention concerning whether it is helpful or hurtful,

*(DEEP OTHER)*

PATH GRASS TREES SKY MEDUSA GATE SWING COUNCIL BIN

Technically they were carnivores, but prey-size was so small they are often referred to as microcarnivores. Back on this micro scale, I think again about the petrification exchange, micro micro micro level, at this small scale change is complete but at the most imperceptible and absolute.

you are what YOU EAT eats you too //

the water swells, the minerals micro, and the last part of trees exists and becomes a petrified Medusé

*(ANOTHER PLACE OUTSIDE CARS KIDS SKY)*

Main St Lamar, Colorado - The Petrified Wood Gas Station, 1932, has walls and floors constructed from pieces of petrified wood. So much that you don't notice the petrified wood for the trees. The structure has since been converted to office space and a used car dealership. At one time fossil fuels were dished out within 'fossils', flammables. Now office workers shift information and communicate from a spatial position behind their screens. The sign reads 'BELIEVE IT OR NOT petrified wood building built of wood and turned to stone, 175,000,000 years old, Stagier Inc'.

Abstract or non-physical and/or spatial graphics were employed as memory 'places'. Metrodorus of Scepsis, had the most famous and organized his memory using a system of backgrounds in which he "found three hundred and sixty places in the twelve signs of the zodiac through which the sun moves". You don't remember anything in a petrified wood gas station, believe it or not.

I swallowed petrified wood, like a tablet, or ball. Stones sing.

*(METAL FIZZ - digestsssss - RINGING ROCKS hisssss)*

A bolus (or Latin ball) is swallowed, and travels down the oesophagus to the stomach for digestion-a large time-release tablet that stays in the rumen of some ruminants. The metal bullet bolus sitting in the stomach of beasts, slowly turning from itself back into the cattle - the metal ball disperses and moves into 'other'. The metal hits acid and dissolves, moves into the acid, the acid disperses what it can or eats what is of use and the metal goes....The metal moves into the beasts moves, cyborgs into each others. I like this shared location, swallowing earth.

The ball "falls", into the deeps and stays there - regularly releasing nutrients, or hosting a fixed sensor. Seeing on the inside. This movement of mineral 'in part' is a process that 'suggests' a type of artificial or part-petrification, and has a time frame what is the future of Fossil Grove? The Pacific Northwest National Laboratory successfully petrified wood samples... artificially. infiltrating samples in acidic solutions, diffusing them internally with titanium and carbon and fired in a high-temperature oven in an inert atmosphere, yielding a man-made ceramic matrix composite of titanium carbide and silicon carbide still showing the initial structure of wood. Incomplete

This empty ghost doesn't hold, like grown fakes or polystyrene innards for taxidermy, fruit flavourings, lab grown proteins. They look the same and maybe sound the same but they are true? I can help that the bits in between, the tiny connections that animate and RING in time are absent from these forced mades and mechanisms. Trees roots systems 'hear' and respond to natural water vibrations, ignoring a sound recording spectre of the same they snake towards the source.

*(MEDUSE LAUGHS REVERSE CATTLE COUGH WET SQUISHY)*

The Wet plant - the micro water plant algae - geosmin - 'geo' earth the Greek *petra*, "rock", or *petros*, "stone", and *ichōr* (ἰχὼρ), the fluid that flows in the veins of the gods in Greek mythology. xylem and phloem. The smell of wet earth and stone when it has been rewetted directly after heavy rain - you know it. The nose can detect concentrations as low as 5 parts per trillion - noses are 200,000X more sensitive to geosmin, than a shark is to blood in water. The smell of petrichor wets the lips of Medusa and we can get closer. Trees root snakes are tune into water vibrations,

*(CLOSER, EVER CLOSER)*

These hints are getting stronger now - the spectral body, beasts returning to water, a petrifying process, a bolus dissolve, a reverse evolutionary return to water, horned and de horned, re-wilding or re-remembering like attempts to re-remember and forgets and gone backwards.

Medusa the 'objectifying look or the gaze of the Other which takes away 'self'. the one who looks is the centre of consciousness. The one who looks controls the world or fate of a particular scene or the Other's look 'reveals to me that I am not alone in the world.' IN the Medusa myth, she was mortal, envied, raped, decapitated. An agricultural instrument - a sickle. The horn is off, the stupefying look supposedly conquered, finished. The severed, stolen head now an object in itself - a talisman, used as a weapon in flight.

*(CLOSER MEDUSE EAR, PROGRESSIVELY STRANGE STRANGER)*

The 'Medusa stone' could be read as a fear, not of looking, but of what we see. And if we see it, how do we 'think' it. The myth grows, morphs and shifts the more we see it, in time She sees herself too, as she should, and petrifies This stonier or woodier solid state is not a static, but a feeling one.

In reality, she remains in multiple, together- the talismanic properties are not and cannot be stolen, but are are underground, in-bedded, below, and many. Perseus just doesn't exist.

We think that we can look directly at her without her looking back - but you see - her eyes are out of reach and gazing up, through our feet. Stigmaria. in the open - Medusa stones sing, vibrate, channel and steer. We navigate on and around these burrowed snake roots-routes as we move - not far away or alone, dendrophobic. And she's not deadly,

she's beautiful and ringing.

*(LAYERING MEDUSE ONTOP OF LAST WORD, SPEED UP - A CRESCENDO OF SINGING STONES REVERSED AND BACK AND FORWARD, GETTING CLOSER THEY SOUND LIKE RAIN)*