

GU MALREADH SITH GU BRATH AIR THALAM

On 28 October, I take the train from Brussels to London. In London, I take the train to Glasgow. In Glasgow, I take the train to Gourock. In Gourock, I take the ferry to Kilcreggan. In Kilcreggan, I take the bus to Peaton Road. Cove Park is further along.

I live in a cube. The cube has a table, a bed, a bathroom, a kitchen and a large window. My table is by the large window.

I find myself in the landscape and see stories everywhere. I see how the distance is preparing to express itself. The landscape, surrogate mother of rumours and narratives.

There is a patch of land with bones and legs. It is a passage of mothers and children from the Bronze Age. Further on, nuclear warheads lie in a deep sleep. They dream of decomposition. The underground threat beckons like the Monster Ness between reefs and seaweed. The monster flirts explosively with existence. The residents are used to the warheads. The dogs have playtime on the beach. Ticks bite stubbornly. The locals get ready. They play bingo in the bar. It's Tuesday. The bingo is an avant-garde concert. The tap goes cheerily up and down. There is no talk of what lies beneath the ground further away. There are protests against the *heads* in another era. There are caravans with inscriptions. Young people today do not live in old lorries. They demonstrate from the bench. The Scottish Highland cattle with fringes bray like donkeys when evening falls. Boats are repaired in the open-air clinic. The boats are given names like the houses. Magic Mood. Crazy Man Michael. They are dragons of boats. The public roads are not designed for bicycles. A fourteen-year-old boy gets on the bus. The boy has exchanged his childhood for a military uniform. The bus driver insists that you say hello. Clothing in the shops is prepared for rain, but the population must reinvent itself for the storm. The climate is changing. No myth has been rolled out for the change. There will be more storms. The library is a living room. There is a puzzle on the table. The drawing is incomplete. William Lawsons emigrated, like the woman who shows the patch of land with the bones and legs. She was born on the road in New York in the 1950s. At the age of twenty-seven, she went to live in the peace camp. It is a miracle that no murders have taken place. The girl is not going back home. She says travelling to America is no fun. The landscape changes its mind every moment of the day. Generations do the same. M. lives in the camp. He is going to renovate the old lorry. Every Sunday, M. travels to the city by train. There, he lets his dog howl for money. His dog is a twelve-year-old Rottweiler. His dog's name is F. He uses the money to buy a bottle. Someone gives him a bag of nuts. He waits for them to become musical notes. The sheep have blue spots on their backs. They take care of M.'s jumper. There is an uprooted tree on the road. The myth has given its words to a storm. The wind carries away the rubbish bags. In the rubbish bags are the eyes of a mackerel that won the prize for best fish. The seller displays the best fish in his mobile van and distributes them together with a bag of breadcrumbs. Everything goes to the stomach. A dolphin plays with the canoeist on the Loch. A little further on, the yellow submarine lies in the water like a whale. Those who are lucky see the northern lights. The night is never dark. The heads are monitored by a camera. The domain has lights. The camera is operated by the fourteen-year-old boy on the bus. He practices exercises. The exercises are not multiplication tables. There is a bench by the Loch. A message is carved into the wood on the bench. **Gu malreadh Sith gu brath air thalam***. There is a head in the water. It's a stone. The stone is the face of King Tut Tut of Egypt. The world walks into the small village. At her leisure. The world has

always wanted to be a musician. She wears an anorak and plays the bagpipes. Who knows where time goes. All Highlanders look up. They moo to the notes. The sound spreads across the sea. Northern Ireland moos along. Iceland moos along. Estonia moos along. Saint Petersburg, Moldova moos along, Berlin, the Balkans, Baghdad moos along, the Sahel moos along, Ukraine, Ingushetia moos along, Nagorno-Karabakh, Darfur moos along, the Middle East moos along, the Little Bear, the blood moon moos along, the Amazon, Antarctica, the Dead Sea moos along, the newborn, the unborn moos along, the vegetation, amoebas, the oldest turtle moos along, the pygmies, the Pyrenees, Palestine moos along, from the living rooms the women's tongues moos along, the Ganges, the Sahara, the Galapagos moos along, the Atlas Mountains, the Andes, Easter Island moos along. Babylon moos along. Atlantis moos along. M. stands up and greets the things. His bottle is empty. The bottle bears the face of Mary Queen of Scots. She lives in the past in a prison. There she turns into a cup. There is a rumour that her voice still lives on.

We are the landscape. The rain. The storm. The sun and rainbows. We are the wind and waterfall. We are dew and thunder. We are the soil. We are manure. We are the freezing fog. We are the cold front. We are the hole in the ozone layer. We are the record number of hot days per year. We are frost. We are creeping stones. We are extreme drought. We are a solar flare. We are meteorites. We are a shadow.

The landscape changes every moment of the day. We walk in the landscape. We walk behind it. We step on its toes. We pick her. We use her. We stumble over her. We fish in her. We piss on her. We decide about her. We stare at her. We steer towards her. We take photos of her. We don't give her her rights. We put the city on her. We chop her down. We burn her. We make her an accomplice. We give her a history as a gift. We lay fate upon her. We pretend not to see her, not her. We are the landscape.

On 12 October, I close the door of the cube. I take the bus to Helensburgh. In Helensburgh, I take the train to Glasgow. In Glasgow, I take the train to London. In London, I take the train to Brussels. I am on social media. I see a headline.

A Police Scotland spokesperson said: Around 4pm on Sunday, 12 October 2025, a body was recovered from the water on Kilcreggan Beach.

****Gu malreadh Sith gu brath air thalam***
May peace prevail on earth

Residency Cove Park
29 September - 13 October 2025
Barbara Claes