



*Cinerum*

New Works by Jarrod Beck  
March 16–21, 2012  
Hudson D. Walker Gallery  
Fine Arts Work Center  
24 Pearl Street  
Provincetown, Massachusetts 02657

# Cinerum

*cinis cineris* masculine noun

[cf. Gk *κόνις*] the residue from a fire, ashes; (in medicine) ashes of various materials; *cinis Cyprius* oxide of copper; *cinis lixiva* lye; the extinct or apparently extinct ashes of a fire; hot ember by which food is cooked; the spent or smouldering 'fires' of love or enmity; ashes regarded as the result of waste or destruction, ashes; *Troia virum et noctium acerba cinis* Troy, bitter ash of men and nights; ashes as a condition of the body after death (whether cremated or not) (as a stage in existence) 'the grave'; (in sepulchral inscriptions) *cinis hic docta puella fuit* this ash was a scholarly girl.\*

*Friday, March 16*

## 3pm Walk

Starting at New Beach, we will make a procession from the collapsed revetments at Herring Cove, along the beach, across the breakwater, and through town ending at the Fine Arts Work Center. We will pull a sculpture as we walk, leaving a trace along the water's edge.

The walk will take about 3 hours, so bring water and sturdy shoes. Park in the northern lot and join the group near the Herring Cove Bathhouse. A shuttle will be provided back to the parking lot at the end of the evening. There will also be a carpool leaving Fine Arts Work Center promptly at 2:45 pm. Please RSVP: [cinerum@gmail.com](mailto:cinerum@gmail.com).

## 6pm Opening

Hudson D. Walker Gallery, Fine Arts Work Center.  
An installation of performance and new works on paper, three-dimensional prints, 16mm film and video.

*The opening will be followed by refreshments and a slide talk with the artist Oliver Herring in the Fine Arts Work Center Stanley Kunitz Common Room at 8pm.*

*Sunday, March 18*

## 1pm Talk

Join Jarrod Beck, Artist/Cartographer Mark Adams, and a few special guests in a conversation about geology, the Cape, human intervention in the landscape and the spiritual body.

Jarrod Beck is a 2011–2012 Visual Arts Fellow at the Fine Arts Work Center.  
For more information, please visit:  
[www.fawc.org](http://www.fawc.org)  
[www.jarrodcharlesbeck.com](http://www.jarrodcharlesbeck.com)  
or email: [cinerum@gmail.com](mailto:cinerum@gmail.com)

\* Anne Carson. *Nox*. New York: New Directions, 2010.

Have you seen?  
Have you seen?  
Have you seen?  
Have you seen?  
Have you seen?  
Have you seen?  
Have you seen?  
Have you seen?  
Have you seen?  
Have you seen?  
Have you seen?  
Have you seen?  
How do you see? All I want for you now  
How have you seen?  
I have a stirring. Lying on a bed  
I have a string. Cock Ammonia sheets  
I fisting. Ball Watched by a crucifix  
I'm visiting. Wire Bathed in Seventh  
Vista. Fur Avenue colliding with the  
Have you seen? Belly Grid  
Sea Odyssey. Lost and Greenwich  
Hard to see. Four Three Cabs one-twenty-five.  
Artist, he Two I know.  
Stewardess One You're there.  
distorted cee Ribcage Sensed you.  
Start us. Whirring and dull  
Tourist. your chest lithe  
Stardust. Alive.  
sssssssss Electric  
Sergeant. fingertips.  
Seer, us. Hot crook of arm  
Search. Your bicep apple  
Start a search. Armpit  
Archer. oregano.  
Start a church. Burning chest.  
Surge. Muscle stretch.  
Insurgent. To close a bible, our  
Sister has left.  
All I want is some sort of Grace.  
Dizzy, I haven't eaten today.  
Your body, my brother  
a wrist. What are we going to do with  
White strings that?  
spreading over your chin Came here to die.  
Holding your mouth Didn't come here to die.  
open my shape Grisaille. So are you.  
in wet air On the tideline  
I see him. deciding No more  
Sense him. toes flexing in beyond.  
A handkerchief stuffed receding water sand  
in my throat pulled out through working themselves in. Solid.  
my nostrils, being watched  
Wiped on my shirtfront the gale  
Are you? pushing you forward  
There. to the ridge, over the ridge  
What is the tool? making room  
for more material.  
Stay?

Are you  
infusoria?  
He opened his arms  
took some time  
surveyed the ruin  
densified veils of water  
began the climb.  
Lover.  
Hug them  
with  
Drag the absolute abandon  
Aqueous Agent, throw beside.  
the stranger, incomplete  
rusted hope Our promiscuity,  
deceived our delta, moraine.  
chain-cables of faith windlassed  
aboard. You, me, our enormous  
A great Pile of debris.  
thickness Terminal.  
from the accumulation  
of dust, I busy myself  
a single strand with a process of distancing  
naked, binding, myself from you  
pining and others  
twisting between my environment  
two bodies.  
Treasure? Brace our joints  
for the grief rattle.  
It is for us  
to seek what  
no other  
should find.

Borrow my shoulders  
hands wrapped  
around thighs  
shoulders, yes.