

**UTILITY**

**MARK**

**MY**

**by Amanda Lydért**

**MIND**

**WAYS:**

slap, hit, lick, embellish, (dis)dolour, scratch, dress,  
swing at, stamp, kick, modulate, smudge, contam-  
inate, blemish, enrich, trash, fall into, brush, use,  
touch, graze, shake, grease, steal from, apply to,  
brand, rub, feel, shoot, hurt, ruin, ornament, trim,  
exaggerate, decorate, enhance, push, trace, squeeze,  
kiss, ruin,

# CRASH (INTO YOU)

**A THOUSAND SPONTANEOUS CRASH TESTS BECAUSE:**

**BEHIND MY TWO BLUES ARE STROBE WITH NO RHYTHM;  
RESTLESS, FLASHING DATA COMING AT ME FROM  
3 DIMENSIONS IN ORIGINAL SHAPES EVERY TIME.  
AS THE STAR I HAVE TO ATTEND THEM ALL AT ONCE.  
CRASH TESTS BECAUSE:  
THE MESSED UP WIRES BEHIND MY TWO BLUES.**

**THIS IS ME FALLING FROM SKY TO CONCRETE.  
THESE ARE SCORES FOR CRASHING.  
ENJOY THE SOUND OF IT ECHOING BEHIND YOUR MISSING  
FRONT TEETH.  
STARS ARE FALLING. INTO YOU.**

**mark the world**

**for it to mark my mind**

TOOL: MOOD TRACKS  
silicone, cotton ribbon  
Size 39  
weight: 0.3 kg approx.

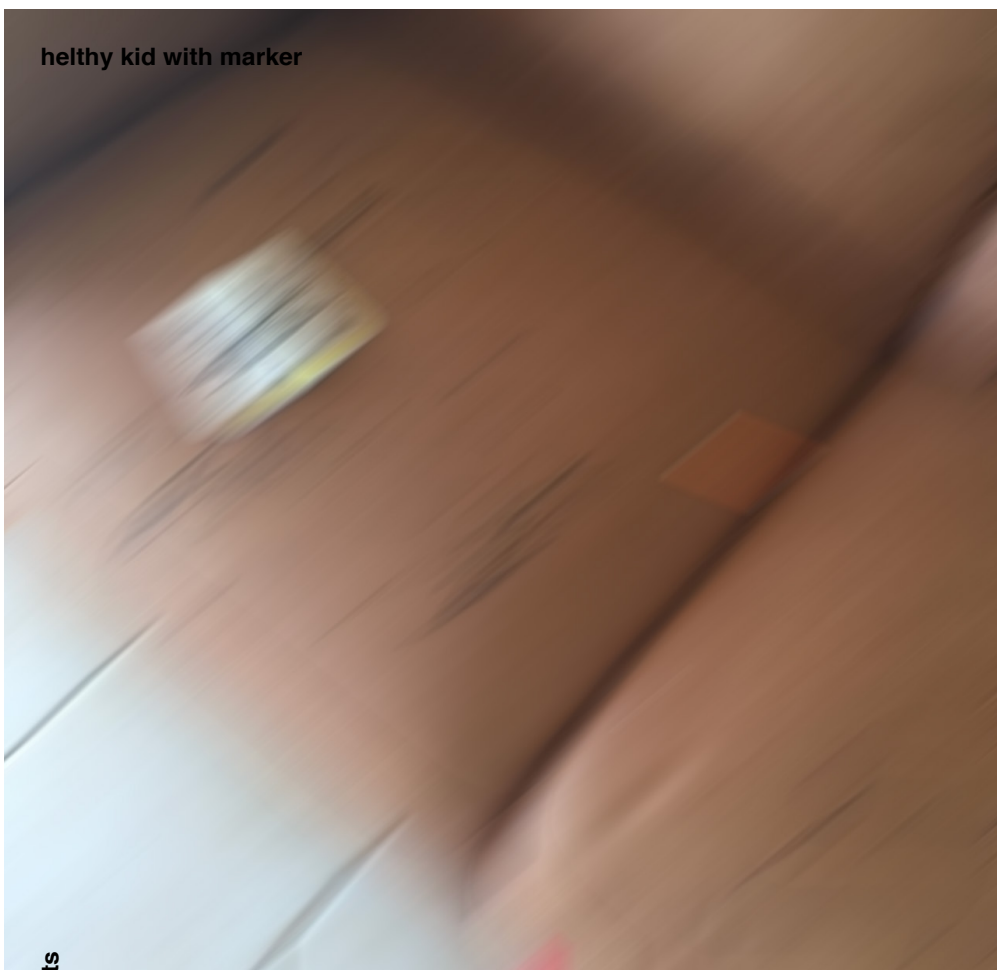


**ANIMAL TRACKS IN FAKE  
LANDSCAPES  
AND FLOWER PETALS  
PILING IN CRATERS.  
THIS FLOW CHART  
HAS NO BEGINNING  
AND NO END.  
IT'S A MOODBOARD.  
SECONDS ARE MOVING  
VERTICALLY. UP.  
DOWN  
FALL.  
I AM THE CHEETAH IN  
YOUR TELLY.**

*(CUT TO WHITEBOARD IN SPORTS BREAK.)*

**EATING YOU UP IN THE  
ASICS COMMERCIAL.**

helthy kid with marker



world records: big stadium, big promises, big hearts



NOTE:

**SHAKE THE WORLD BECAUSE:**

It happens that Bunny can't feel the ground underneath her feet. Bunny feels an urge to touch stuff on her way to feel reassured.

NOTE:

Bunny is airy.

**LICK THE WORLD BECAUSE: ???**

**SEE MY HANDS AS LILIES.  
MOLEST YOUR  
FOUNDATION;  
OR YOUR VIEW.  
MY PALMS FOREVER  
IMMORTALISED.  
LIKE BRONZE STALLIONS  
TURNING MATTE  
IN THE CENTRE OF YOUR  
CAPITAL.  
SET THE STALLIONS FREE  
FOR ME TO OUTRUN  
THEM AGAIN.  
BEFORE AN OCEAN OF  
PUPILS SHAPESHIFTING  
TO H<sub>2</sub>O.**



TOOL: ANGEL DOZER  
Satinless Steel  
135 x 55 x 45 cm  
weight: approx. 4 kg.



CONCLUSION:

Bunny does not recognise herself in the description of DWST65.9 or FQH66.0, and does not either fulfil the criteria for DKL103. It is agreed that X will discuss the diagnosis with X before final termination and that Bunny naturally will be notified.

**SLAP THE WORLD BECAUSE: ???**

**HUG THE WORLD BECAUSE: ???**

IMPRESSION: good eye contact



**BUNNY IS  
WEARING  
AIRPODS.**



slushy spill in new car. sugar and fresh leather scents meeting for the first time

## REFLECTION:

Talk about leaving a mark. Fuck the end of your breath as you count my mental score.

You've got no nuances but tramp stamps given for free at entrance and exit. keep reading wiki-how. I read joke and cry. I am ready to laugh about it tomorrow.

(call me by my name). My dad calls me champion... I remembered yesterday, as I was sitting in the waiting room, hoping to be prescribed a different title again.

## DANCING MAIN STAGES. BUNNY IS SWEATING.

Bunny's head is spinning. Wondering why I would make this about that. Why I would link my mark making mission to the fact that some white walls assigned me a diagnosis I don't agree with. Why I would ever link anything or my attention to that.

## AIR IS AT HIGHEST VOLUME.

Crash test this:

This Bunny's mission is a bi-product of humid white walls because: Once absorbed by the clinical debugging culture, I acquired an excessive awareness for why's. A strong suspicion of being misfiled means I can't let it go.

Walking away from clinical debugging, feeling unresolved with no fixed joints or answers, to your own why's; I turned to advanced techniques for neglecting the mere existence of a why. I simply cancelled a high number of white chapters to write new explosive once for the future. I am my own coach now. Never let me go.

It is expensive living as a smiling fugitive.

I remind myself today, as I am about to split the waiting room again.



bunny: in good mood, tracking in fresh snow





vulcano crater, bomb crater

or stain by popsicle just where the heart beats green

**MADE TO PUNCTURE  
THE MEMBRANE OF  
PRECIOUS METALS. ICE  
CUBES FOR MY  
SLINGSHOT.**

**EMBELLISH THEIR  
SOLIDS WITH DOUBTS  
OR JOKES.**

**IMAGINE THE SENSATION  
OF CLOVERING  
ROCKS OF ICE  
OR ICE ROCKS CLOVER-  
ING GREEN CARS.**

**AND HOLES DUG TO  
GIVE SPACE TO CHERRY  
TREES.**



TOOL: ALU CHARM  
Aluminium  
Bigger than average baton  
weight: approx. 1 kg.



**ways**

**to touch the world**



TOOL: NO FEAR GEAR  
mixed media  
variable dimensions  
light weight



hickeys worn like medals. proffesional note to self.

**PRESS PLAY TO  
SEE ME GRIND.  
CORE IS  
SMOOTH,  
EDGES ARE  
BURNING.  
FADING WAVE  
OF MASCARA.  
BURN AND  
DANCE.  
CHANCES ARE:**

# UTILITY

# MARK

# MY

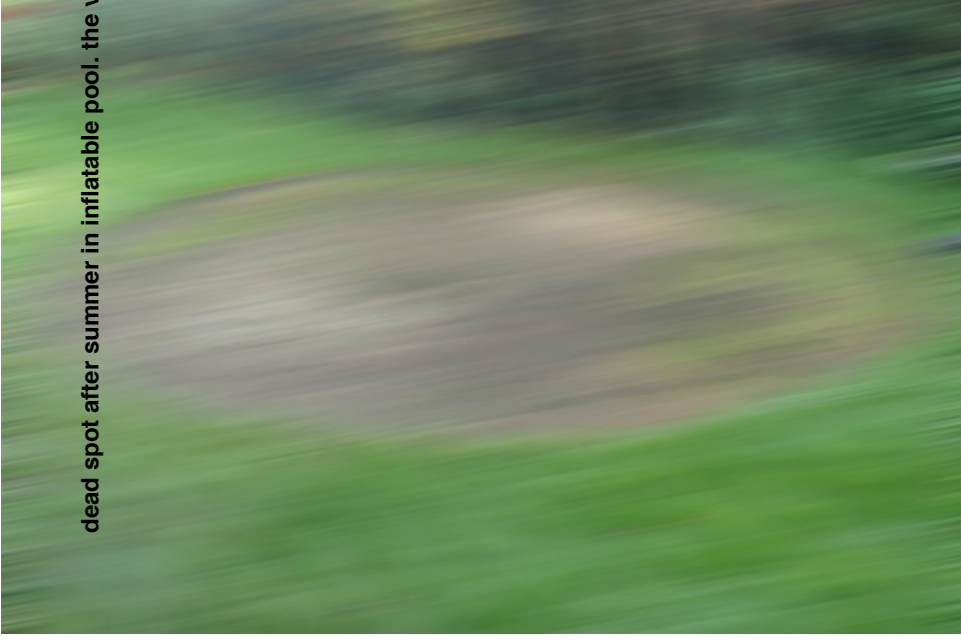
# MIND

**Utility; the state of being useful, profitable, or beneficial.**

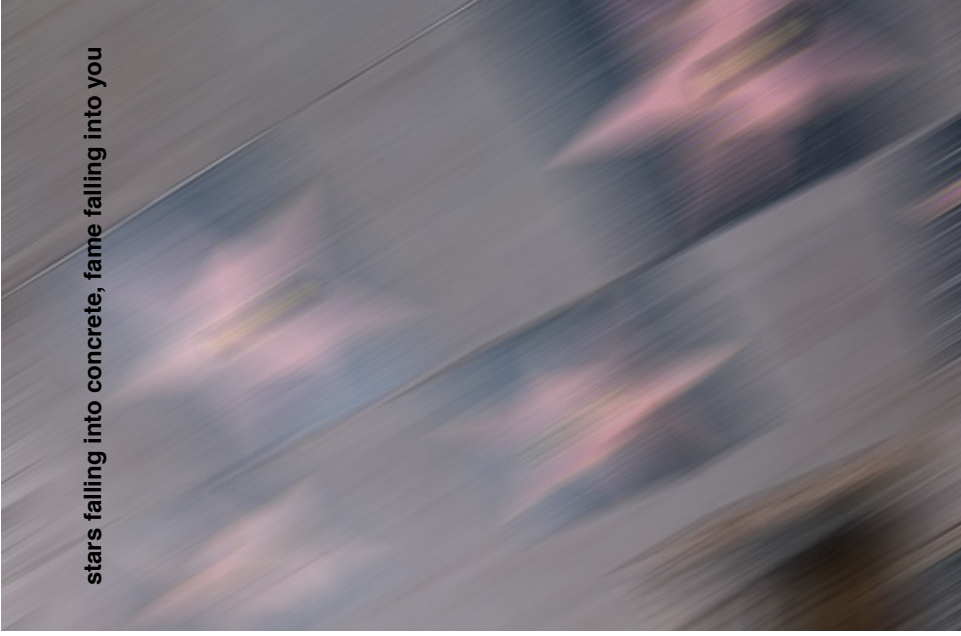
**Now look to economics to find the concept of utility described as a marker for value; a measure of pleasure or happiness. Understand that usefulness is not to be weighted in numbers and that love is the only useful word in this world.**

**Useful is:**

dead spot after summer in inflatable pool. the void of green



stars falling into concrete, fame falling into you



**I'LL RIDE NATURAL  
RUBBER.**

**LET JAWS BITE INTO  
SEMI-ORGANIC SUBSTANCE.  
ABUSE**

**WHILE FRESH MUSCLES  
ENGRAVE DRIED OUT  
BEACHES.**

**WAVE  
AND ENDURANCE SMILE AS  
THE SUN SETS TWO TIMES  
IN AN HOUR.**

**RISE  
WITH THE DIRTY CON-  
STRUCTION WORKER  
EATING UP**

**A VETIVER SOAP BAR.  
LEAVE MY NERVE TISSUE  
WAVY.**





TOOL: MAGNOLIA CARVER (tripod not included)  
steel, construction plywood  
60 x 60 approx.  
heavy enough for muscles activation



TOOL: SILVER SOLAR  
martial arts chest protection, silver leaf  
small size M  
super light

**LIV(F)E PRESS.  
FALL ON MY KNEES TO KISS  
WHATEVER.  
FALL INTO WATERBED,  
ALUMINIUM SPILL.  
FALL AGAIN AND  
BOUNCE TO FALL AGAIN  
AND  
LOOP MY HEAVY ACTIONS IN  
SLOW MOTION.  
SEE MEMORY FOAM MELT  
MY WAY.  
SMELL THE GRASS STAINS  
ON MY JEANS,  
WORKED FOR THROUGH 12  
SUN SALUTATIONS.  
LIV(F)E KISS MY CLOSED  
FISTS, OPEN HEART.**

**DISCLAIMER:**

What if this is really just about me not being into meditation and deep controlled breaths, but swearing and grass stains on my knees from tackling shit. Or bruises on my scapula looking like lovebites. Because it makes me trust I am made out of clay.

**TAG THE WORLD BECAUSE: ???**

IMPRESSION: friendly.

**Fuck the why onward and upwards?!**

**I grind to feel my skin slip across the surface of the world and my muscles fight against the tension from it's core. Because I am into concrete reality. I grind to ground. Endurance is powered by will.**

**And I wonder - whether every fresh, ancient and every future mark is motivated by the same thing. To feel reassured of one's physical presence in a shared reality. To trust one's own weight and make sure the world notices. And remember.**

**Is my why this basic?**

**sign the sky**  
**touch my busy heart**

***UTILITY MARK MY MIND, 2022***

**by Amanda Lydért**

**PART 03**

(complete version available online via [amandalydert.com](http://amandalydert.com))

**Critical Practice - Contemporary Art Practice**

**ROYAL COLLEGE OF ART GRADUATION SHOW, 2022**

**LET ME TATTOO MY  
SIGNATURE ONTO  
EARTH**

**(TRAMP STAMP)**

**(LOVE BITE)**

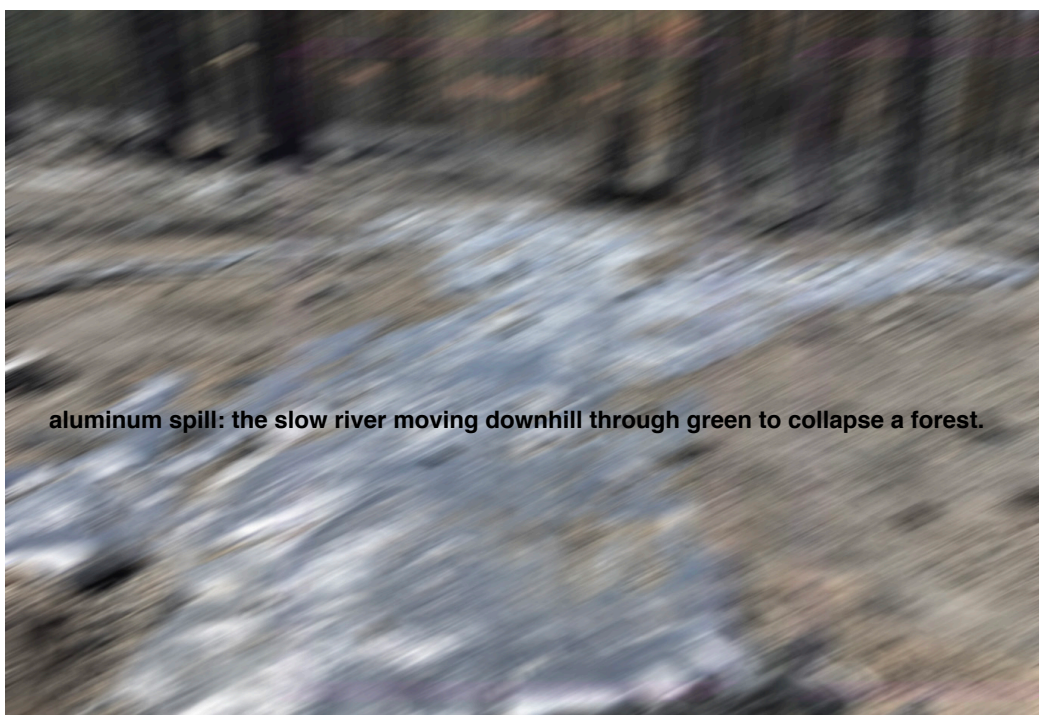
**SEE MY WATERMARKS  
ON IMAGES OF GODS.  
DRIP.**

**LET ME PAY HICKEYS  
TO THE SKIN OF  
EUROPE.**

**I WELCOME THE  
PETROL STAINS ON MY  
MIND. DRIP.**

**CHANCES ARE:**

TOOL: Aqua Marker  
acrylic  
15 x 10 x 7 cm  
110 g approx.



**aluminum spill: the slow river moving downhill through green to collapse a forest.**



TOOL: P.O.B (Push Over Butterfly) (holder not included)  
MDF, acrylic, steel  
10000 times bigger than red admiral  
weight: believable



**THESE ARE HEAVY  
HIPS OF AN ANGEL  
DOZER.**

**AND KNUCKLES PUSH-  
ING TECTONIC TOP  
COAT FORWARD.**

**SAVON DE MARSEILLE  
ON THE BEACH.**

**PICTURE LAZY SNOW  
ANGEL.**

**FEELING HOT.**

**OR THE BUTTERFLY  
PUSH-OVER.**

**TIRED OF IT'S OWN  
SYMMETRY.**

**Regarding airy marks:**

**About the deep and the heavy.**

**When depth is not measured in volume but intensity,  
and heaviness not in weight but in distance.**

**When it is all measured in time. As everything always is.**

**I am more interested in stardom than in legacy.**

**And so, I wonder:**

**What happens when you throw punches  
into air?**

**Can one leave a mark in the transparent  
sky?**

**And if so, where is the echo stored when  
I kick underwater.**

**Open ocean.**

**Wonder about**

**Explosive disappearing marks, heart-puncturing transparent  
gestures. In sky, underwater. On stage.**

**About words, about my body moving for pleasure.**

**and about:**

**What my marks measure in intensity and what they will measure in distance.**

**About what I measure in clay and in power; what I prefer and;**

**about how much you care.**

**I want to sign the sky.**

**Before an ocean of dilated pupils shapeshifting to H2O.**

car embellished by hail



**FRESH INTUITION  
DRAGS PERMANENT  
ACROSS THE  
LEATHER COUCH.  
TO THE BED FRAME,  
THE WINDOW.  
REFLECTION ADDS A  
FLOWER AROUND MY  
BELLY BUTTON.  
(COOL YOUR BODY ON  
MARBLE SURFACES.  
TAG FORZA WITH  
BRIGHT BLUE  
MARKER).**

TOOL: EAGER KNUCKLES (1/3)  
acrylic, wax, cocoa butter  
one size, fits all  
weight: variable



**CRASH**  
**CRASH**

**(INTO YOU)**

**[POWER]**

tool as



**[POWER]**  
tool