Richard Long walks the world and maps his journeys – a two-legged with a light touch – leaving nothing but footprints, reminding us perhaps of the fragility of our presence on the planet. And yet the four-leggeds got there first. When I walk in the woods, negotiating tricky terrain, I know I am on the right track when I stumble upon a goat or deer trail. They always seem to find the flow of the hill, the easy path.

My herd of goats in Tennessee at least seem to have a daily routine, one that takes them hither and yon, and then home again. Perhaps the path changes with the season, writing various food-browsing narratives. I will attach a satellite tracking device to my oldest ram, and 24 hrs later download the map of his peregrinations. Using local granular dried goat droppings, I will later transpose this map onto the sand of the Gobi desert. In that desert, I will give the tracking device to a Gobi goat for a day, and on my return to TN, transpose this shape of her travels onto Tennessee pasture.

At the National Mongolian Modern Art Gallery in Ulanbaatar, mud-paint mixed from Gobi and Tennessee soil, and their respective goat droppings, will be used to paint their mirror paths on opposite walls, against a flaming red background, in which a drop of our blood has been stirred.

The goat is here a symbol of the posthuman, a creature that might survive catastrophic climate change. The strategy corresponding to each commonalities, and is intended to introduce an uncanny vibration into the singularity of each place.  

*David Wood*