

2HB

# 2HB *vol.9*

## *Contents*

2

### **Span**

ALEX IMPEY

4

### **Carrell**

BEN STARKY

6

### **The Naive Speaker**

ANNIE WU

12

### **The Treasure Act: Volume I**

KATE MORRELL

[GRAPHIC DESIGN RAY O'MEARA]

18

### **Press**

#### **Snow Tense**

MICK PETER

20

### **After**

LAURA SMITH

22

### **/Welcome to [www.girlkarl.com/](http://www.girlkarl.com/)**

KARL HOLMQVIST

Had we only one word we would have to refine its supports.

You or an effect of delay.

Not toward this send tense.

Fullness. Stops.

## Carell

BEN STARKY

*So, in the power station's down time, eight untrained singers visit the waterfall to practice their singing at a suitable vantage point. On such a day the water is at its highest and loudest. During the exercise my voice becomes tired, falters and is defeated; I stop. The din of the water rings around and at a point I found it difficult to tell us apart. Some of us thought that the exercise had failed.*

No one has said anything and no one seems to mind. They don't ask questions, they are just there to play squash. And no, I have never seen or heard them play, but I like to think of the squeak of their squash shoes when I sit, hands poised.

In the winter the cold is too much for us to exercise by Clyde Falls so the group agreed that it was best to practice against another sound source, one where the cold would not strain our voices. With our fingers contorted into shapes that we think will produce interesting sounds, Samantha and myself use the sustaining pedal on the piano. It is a good enough waterfall for us to practice our singing against.

Some of the group use nature recordings but I'm pretty much against that kind of thing. I did try it once, but the recording had sounds of horses galloping superimposed throughout and the sound of 'sea-spirits' calling in the middle distance. New-Age, awful.

*I have just begun to sing. And although I cannot play piano I like to sit at its bench, each of my hands poised,*

She likes to play at the time of the shortest shadow, when the sun is at its highest; we use exactly half the keyboard each and I can tell you that I like to play for that evening when my friend plays squash, for the screech of the plimsoll on the sports hall floor and the sound of the ball compressing on the white wooden wall.

You'd think her voice would falter, fail around the forty-five minute mark, but it is a surprisingly resilient croak, paper thin like her skin. A sound always on the brink of being lost that files away at the body of the piano; a tired but never tiring undertow that keeps pace with the sustain.

Still, it is always on the brink of being lost.

*but usually I'm kept in silence by a sound I love to hear.*

[Manchester Piccadilly, Upper Concourse: 12.49pm]

An action, a soft sound is needed to disturb the bird but not the milieu of travellers. The pigeon has got herself between the net and the roof. All that is needed is for him to shift back and forth under the bird, and then he could get it to fly that way.

He claps his hand on his plastic bag, the bird stays put; he whistles awkwardly almost under his breath and the bird stays put. He cannot disturb the travellers; he waves his dirty brush, she sits in-between. These sounds sit above a fifty-pence piece that drops to the concourse floor; a five pence follows, it rolls a distance, it lands heads up. There are pigeons walking single file down the left arm of the track. If you want to get a train to Sheffield, you will now have to travel to Leeds.

It's midday, my time of the shortest shadow. We have scrambled a short way onto some rocks that get covered by the tide; there are some deep rock pools here. Greg and I are crabbing in one of the deeper pools when he pulls a crab up on the end of his line. It refused to let go and we all admired its pirouetting, but it wouldn't let go. In one swift move, Greg managed to whip the crab over his head and smash it against the rocks. The white crab meat stuck to the rock like a snow ball to a red brick wall.

*I have lost my concentration, my poise and shapes, I absent-mindedly caress my stomach and listen. In the next carrell along someone is singing something that sounds like an aria, so I get my tape player out of my shopping bag, sit it on the piano and press record. It is not the sound of her voice that attracts me, it's far too polished, but it's the point where her song breaks down into everyday speech, that point, here*

After our hour we leave the carrell together. The silence of the main library settles on me immediately; I notice the many states of study scattered around the desks - leather bound books, newspapers, cheap biros, notebooks, the juxtaposition, the disruption. The bleed of our sounds into this space of silent concentration embarrasses me, I always assume that our environment is temporarily sealed. I ask Samantha to return the key to the librarian and we leave.

Whilst we were playing, I noticed that she had a tooth mark shaped scar on her wrist.

The Naive Speaker Practicing Syntax  
A short play by Annie Wu

ENTER SPEECH:

tongue 1

I didn't realise there were so many holes in my font book. Amongst a bunch of preferred typefaces I could barely find any that were equipped with all 4 *italic*, **bold** and *italic bold* functions.

tongue 2

Did you know about Xenoglossia?

tongue 1

No.

tongue 2

Apparently it's a paranormal phenomenon whereby a person is able to speak an entirely foreign language without any prior exposure to the language itself in any form.

CUT TO:

*Tongue 1 tries to find the right way to execute a speech pattern. He's reading some words on a page, but when he tries to speak, the words come out wrong. He tries to practice before a mirror.*

tongue 2

I've been reading this book on constructing meaning out of utterances, I think you're simply tongue tied.

tongue 1

Ankyloglossia is a serious oral dysfunctionality! In extreme cases of tongue tie, the mucous membrane bands are completely tethered to the floor of the mouth

*Tongues are thinking out loud*

tongue 1

As long as we're thinking, we're not speaking, it's that same difference between an action and thought.

tongue 2

Some of my greatest ideas arise when i'm reading in a stagnant position and the second I start to move, I am only thinking about the process with which I can execute these thoughts. Like which knife should I use to chop an apple.

tongue 1

To suddenly speak after being passive for days can be quite overwhelming. I wonder if this is the beginning of speech deficiencies – over thinking and under speaking.

tongue 2

I think it was Plato who demonstrated his experience of the case of ecstatic speech referring to those who spoke and uttered while supposedly possessed.

tongue 1

I heard that tongues are often uninterpretable without someone receiving a gift for interpretation.

tongue 2

In the 1954 documentary 'Les Maitres Fous', there is a stark depiction of the religious sect Hauka, wide spread through West Africa, who perform their annual ritual of dance while possessed by the western colonial powers.

tongue 1

I think most of my thought patterns are unintelligible. Although it seems like at some point I stop making sense, in actual fact, the sense stops before I make it.

tongue 2

So a simple strategy would be round up your thoughts, put them on the table, put them in an order and then release them.

tongue 1

strain  
psychological  
of  
language  
theatricality  
release  
and  
invented  
reality  
ambiguous

tongue 2

now give them an order

tongue 1

strain  
1. psychological  
3. of  
7. language  
4. theatricality  
2. release  
5. and  
6. invented  
reality  
ambiguous

What do I do with the other words?

tongue 2

You can just erase them, they are superfluous

tongue 1

~~strain~~  
1. psychological  
3. of  
7. language  
4. theatricality  
2. release  
5. and  
6. invented  
~~reality~~  
~~ambiguous~~

CUT TO:

*tongue 2 glances over at what is coming up*

*tongue 2 looks back at tongue 1*

tongue 2

Now deliver.

...

You just stuttered

tongue 1

I did.

tongue 2

We should listen to the stammerers! After all, this **is** a

PHO•NET•I•CAL  
LEX•I•CAL  
&  
SYN•TAC•TIC  
creation.

All mixing takes place in speech.

tongue 1

Deleuze wrote that “a great writer is always like a foreigner in the language in which he expresses himself, even if this is his native tongue”

tongue 2

crossing from the tongue to the mouth to the black hole and the white wall.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Deleuze on Faciality

tongue 1

That was just on the tip of my tongue, but it was just involuntarily blocked by a short pause.

SHORT PAUSE

LONG PAUSE

tongue 2

In moments of severe stuttering, we experience a speech block. They are usually caused by conflicting intentions resulting in a simultaneous pull in diametrically opposite directions.

tongue 1

A block can also be a moment of intense internal conflict. A typical case of pull the trigger and lose your best friend, or don't pull the trigger and cause your best friend to suffer needlessly. You find yourself frozen.

*tongue 2 reaches over to the book, shuts it abruptly, and makes a loud 'BANG!'.*

tongue 2

LISTEN. You've become too mesmerized.  
Let's get back on track.

*tongue 2 flips open the book at a random page*

tongue 2

Here read this.

tongue 1

But I must finish the chapter I started  
and now I've lost the page.

tongue 2

You never had the page to begin with, you were only ever just observing from a distance. You were simply formulating your ideas, practicing your lines and learning how to speak your thoughts.

tongue 1

not sure if I understand you

tongue 2

It seems that an early case of non religious glossolalia was in a man named Albert Le Baron who was getting messages of "psychic automatism" as he carried on several conversations with himself

tongue 1

Obsessive gibberish inspired by mystical tongues.

tongue 1

Psychic syntax.

tongue 2

Cut!

EXIT SEQUENCE

FADE TO BLACK

THE END

BEHIND THE SCENES

I begin with a parable of sorts about the trauma of the loss of language's direct communicative function - because I am trying to forge a different formal relation between the critical thinker and reader; I am trying to suggest a different way of reading critical commentary. The emphasis throughout is on speech as a political, intellectual, physical and psychic force. The movement of the voices in *The Naive Speaker* are integral to the movement of the argument.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Peggy Phelan



## {II}

NEOLITHIC  
TOOLS

The entire collection contains about four thousand nine hundred specimens. The articles of stone consist of axes, in various conditions of preservation. Some are quite perfect, while many are more or less impaired by modern uses, for which they were not originally intended. In nearly all instances they are grooved, and a few are provided with double splitting or cutting edges; but as a rule these axes were made with one end blunt for pounding or hammering, while the opposite end is provided with an edge.

decorative purposes. Among the articles of stone are about one hundred and fifty hunting and war amulets. These objects present the most interesting features of the collection, and were among the most difficult articles to obtain. The Indians prize them very highly as keepsakes, which they employ in war, the chase, and sacred ceremonies. Each specimen is specifically referred to in the catalogue, accompanied with some wood cut illustrations of such specimens as possess the greatest significance.

7.— Stone tools have been made since the dawn of mankind, more than two million years ago. Cutting, piercing and chopping tools are the oldest archaeological finds, reported from nearly all prehistoric sites, from the beginning until the BRONZE AGE. This collection showcases some of the finest examples of lithics from the collections of the National Museum.

The large pestles and mortars were designed for crushing grain and food, the small ones for grinding and mixing mineral pigments for ceramic or

\* See plates XXIII—XXI.

## LATE STONE AGE

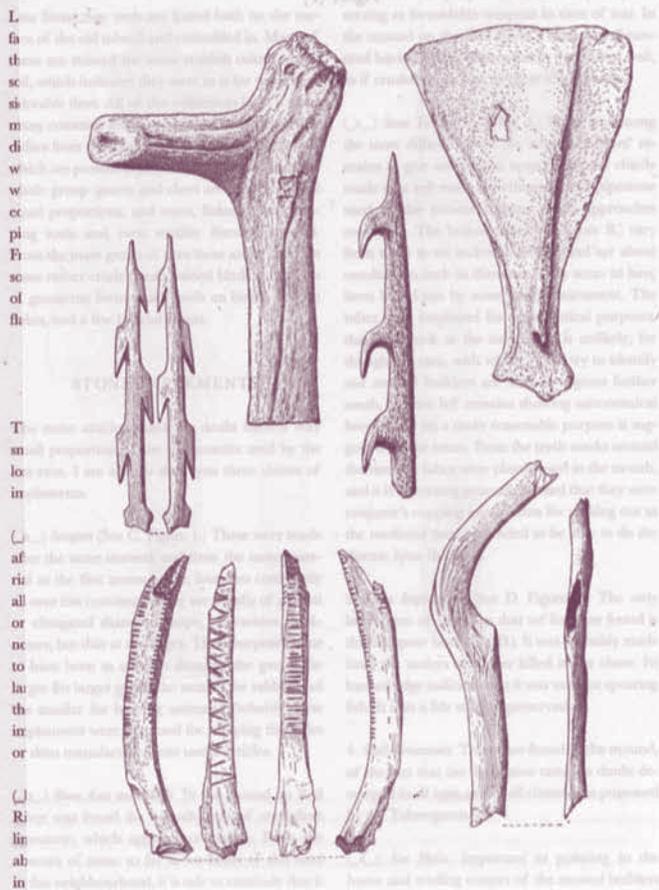
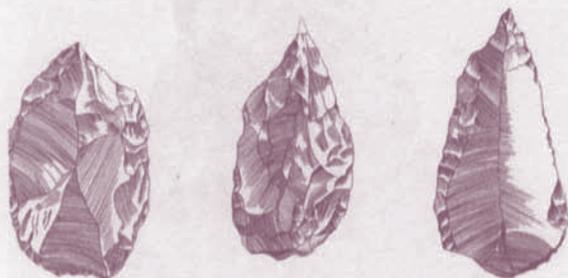


Fig. XXI — An Acheulian hand-axe shows the effects of delicate edge retouching by the baton method. With this technique, toolmakers fashioned especially sharp, straight-edged cutting tools.

Fig. XXII — A cast of a Solutrean "laurel leaf" spear point, over 13 inches long. These delicate and beautiful implements were prepared by delicate flaking across the surface. Many are so large and delicate that they could never have been actually used, and may have been status objects.

Fig. XXIII — One of the white flint tools found at the site was this flint sickle blade. It is comprised of one cleanly knapped sherd 7 inches (180 mm) long, with little extra working being required excepting some secondary working of the cutting edge, possibly from "resharpening". It is most probably neolithic in date, being similar to known examples from c. 3-4,000 BC, and was found in association with an ancient field system, now almost entirely invisible due to modern ploughing.



The colour of obsidian can range through green, blue and purple, but it usually appears black. Inclusions usually render it coarse in texture and may weaken it. The main factor controlling the texture of obsidian is the rate at which the molten rock solidified. True obsidian cooled off too fast to crystallise.

Slower rates of geologic cooling produce progressively larger grain sizes. If no silica is present, the rock will be basalt. The gradations are subtle, and it may be difficult for a non-geologist to appreciate the distinctions. As grain size increases, greater force is required. This translates to stone being increasingly difficult to work.

About 12,000 years ago, a distinctive spearpoint

design spread across the breadth and length of the American continents. Clovis points, associated with mammoth hunting, are easily identified by halting grooves, called flutes, which thin their bases. Some archaeologists take the fact that no other artefact style is so widely distributed to indicate that no people were in place to hinder the introduction of Clovis spear point. By the time Folsom point replaced Clovis style, mammoths were extinct and bison were the game of choice. Folsom points had a greater portion of their faces sheared off by fluting. Near the end of the Paleo-Indian period in North America, Eden points were made with strongly defined center ridges and delicate patterned flaking.

*(Transcripts from the Author's Diaries Expeditions to the East: 1810 - 1902)*  
*Expeditions to the East: 1810 - 1902*

In the compiling of this illustrated edition of *The Treasure Act*, our research unearthed the field diaries of the author. These four bound notebooks are dated from 1810-1902 and describe the three-month expedition in vivid detail. Hand written in black ink, the script has retained its legibility to a remarkable degree. These selected entries give the modern archaeologist an insightful account into trench work at that time, as well as the life of a notable collector of Neolithic tools. The reproduction of these personal memoirs, are made possible by the kind permission of Mrs. E. Arkley, on behalf of the estate.

— 8 June 1897

I remember hunting for antiquities amongst the hot dust and foreign voices. A month of work in measured trenches, we worked with familiar tools and worn handles. Beside the tired picks and wire brushes, laid maps of the unfamiliar district, a prismatic compass and a pocket-sized notebook of squared paper.  
 Shifting and revealing, I was careful not to harm the finds. The fear of bringing home an imperfect record hovered above us all. We were recovering the site after an unauthorized excavation by unskilled hands. Fixing their misjudgements. The result of heavy hands and lumbering instruments. That evening, I wrapped the objects in cloth and packed them neatly into tin boxes, ready to be sent to the museum. I slipped a souvenir into my apron pocket.  
 A flint for my collection.

— 12 August 1898

On a market square in Rome, lay a trap for foreign currency  
 A collection of simulated artefacts  
 Earthenware jugs and copper jars  
 Warm coins were dropped into dishonest palms  
 An imaginative fabrication of our ancestor's skills

— 2 September 1901

The aimless pace of the museum guard echoed between the long halls and reflective cases. With my notebook at hand, I examined the exhibits. Objects unearthed, are elevated on felt lined plinths and staged in lonely dioramas.  
 Item number 26 in the Neolithic case. I noticed an inaccurate description. A misleading history, mounted against an object that cannot contest.

— 4 September 1901

We reported to the National Museum, and received an interrogation of our intentions. I smoothed the centrefold of my map and circled the unexplored caves among the alpine passes. Permission was granted.  
 A waking of bones, an uncovering of three graves. Its head faced to the East. Buried with a grave group of ritual tools and clay pots. A sacred hollow.



**Press**

---

When, in the last few days, the domed green button marked 'press' had jammed, nobody could go in or out. I shall refrain at this point from making a joke about 'press' and 'depressed' but suffice to say that they, the bodies, or nobodies if you prefer, were dismayed to point of something medical. Now, you would assume that having chosen to be in the place to begin with that it wouldn't really come to this. There is a certain feeling that one should only be in there during certain hours and that to be there after this time would constitute something very bad indeed. At this point the press, communicating with those inside, first by telephone and later when the batteries were flat, using little slips of paper pushed under the door, commented on their Blitz spirit.

**Snow Tense**

---

Today it just snows. Yesterday it snew and snew

## After.

---

LAURA SMITH

He liked the end of the summer best, it was cold at the beach and after sundown the water looked dark and thick and there was rarely anyone there. Then he'd sit and look at the water. As he looked everything became harder to believe. Beyond the edge of the water, other nations, people, shapes were further as he looked, more remote.

He could see the sunlight through the open door. She sat up and found herself naked. She was indignant for a moment - before finding a cup of hot tea on the floor beside the bed. He could see the sunlight coming in stripes through the slats in the blinds. It was bright outside. She had left the door open.

Yesterday was dark and rainy. She woke late in the afternoon and walked out of the door and onto the lawn. She ducked just in time to avoid a ball thrown by the boy next door. It bounced off the fence, rattling the post box; it was empty.

He couldn't see her face in the dark. He was glad he couldn't see her face. He heard a fox call out and remembered a time he and his sister found an injured bird in a drain. It was dead and they had wrapped it a kite and buried it. It was still dark. He had no idea how long he had been lying in the dark. He heard an owl hoot and looked to the open door. A full moon was pallid and low in the sky.

The moon is old, potholed, grey. Without a protective covering of air to shelter it, the moon finds itself exposed to an unbroken assail of meteorites and the debris of space, and wrinkled by the sun's rays. The rocks of its surface are reduced to powder, washed away with each trip across the sky, the moon becomes smaller, its craters become bigger, its surface weaker.

As it loses weight, the moon loses consistency, rushing the tides, disrupting the rhythm of the months and going forward in starts and stops. On such nights those with an unsteady disposition begin to act peculiarly. Sleepwalkers wander perilously, night-workers leave their posts, animals gather in groups, howling or lamenting, birds fly at night.

At dusk or dawn the moon's shrunken and tired nakedness, more prominent in the daylight, saddens those who see it, pale and fading and unfixable. The moon is lost, having abandoned its errands and its path, it may drop from the sky at any moment and roll about like the lid of a dustbin, similar in size but more brittle.

The Slam and Other Outlets for your Poetry Needs (poetry reading) Poetry is an effective display of human life and emotion. Not only are the writer's feelings about life revealed, the reader is also taken on a journey of meaning and feeling. Poetry is an outlet for writers and readers alike. Each new poem that is written is another chapter in the entire human experience. Since people are looking for meaning within their experiences, poetry draws fans by adding that meaning. Poetry reading can be educational and enjoyable. There are many places and forms that poetry reading can take, so if you are looking for an outlet or inlet of your own, you'll be sure to find one that will fit your needs perfectly. A Poetry Slam A poetry slam is a gathering of poetry lovers. Each person that attends brings one or several pieces of poetry to read. The poems can be individual work or work that you have come across in your poetry reading. The point is to allow everyone to enjoy poetry that they may have never heard before. As each reader places his own interpretation within his reading, everyone can enjoy the variation in style and sound and meaning that comes out of the experience. There are probably a few poetry slams scheduled in your community already. Check the library or the local college campus for more information. If poetry slams are not already being scheduled, or if they are not frequent enough for your taste, you can start your own. All it takes is a meeting place and some flyers. You'll probably meet all kinds of people that you enjoy being with at a poetry slam. Going to Class Another place to meet other poetry lovers is in class. If there is a college or university campus near you, join a class. Poetry classes are often scheduled in the evening because of their popularity with those who are not regular students. Poetry reading happens in a couple of different kinds of classes. You can take poetry classes that focus on poetry that has been written through history. Sometimes the classes will focus on a specific group of people or time in history. As the subjects change, you can continue to take the classes and continually come across new poetry that you have not read before. You can also take poetry classes that encourage you to write your own poetry. You will then be able to read your work as well as listen to others' work. The great thing about poetry classes is that they are set up for discussion. You can discover more meanings in other people's writing and develop your own with the help of other qualified students as well as your professor. The Impromptu If you are involved in any other kind of poetry reading, you will probably be well immersed in the different forms of poetry. Understanding a few different writers' perspectives will allow you to involve poetry in your every day life. As you talk to friends and relatives about typical situations that arise, you will be able to bring meaning to many of your conversations through poetry reading. You will probably also develop your own skills of writing and so be able to express yourself effectively when it comes to all kinds of human experiences. Hopefully, at impromptu poetry readings, you'll be able to inform your friends and relatives as well. Poetry reading opens doors to the heart and the mind. Poetry is a deep expression of emotion and the understanding of life as well as death. Don't hesitate to broaden your own poetic horizons by experiencing your own poetry and that of others. Try some of the outlets and inlets listed above.

## Writers' biographies:

### KARL HOLMQVIST

Karl Holmqvist is an artist and writer living and working in Berlin and Stockholm. He recently exhibited at Badischer Kunstverein, Karlsruhe, 2010 and Gaga Arte Contemporaneo, Mexico City, 2009. He was part of *Frieze Projects*, 2010 with Ei Arakawa, and also part of Manifesta 8, Cartagena, 2010 and will be in the exhibition *Illuminations* at the 54th Venice Biennial.

### ALEX IMPEY

Born in Stockport, UK, in 1981. Alex is taking an MFA at the Glasgow School of Art. He works across drawing, sculpture, sound and writing.

### KATE MORRELL

Kate Morrell gained an MA from the RCA in 2010. Her research-led practice exists in a variety of media including sculpture, text, drawing and book works. She reinvents forgotten texts and images to question inaccuracies in history and its representation. Her recent work is concerned with the perception of the archaeological excavation as an uncovering of the truth.

### MICK PETER

Mick Peter is an artist based in Glasgow. Recent projects include a solo exhibition at Cell Projects, London, inclusion in the Prix Ricard, Paris and *The British Art Show 7*. The two texts in 2HB are part of an ongoing series which started with a recent *MAP* magazine commission.

### LAURA SMITH

Laura Smith is an artist and curator working in London. Recent projects include *Mine is Yours I & II*, The Heartlands Project and *Light of Day*, London Borough of Redbridge. A graduate of the Art and Design Histories and Theories MA at University College Falmouth and now studying Curating Contemporary Art at the RCA

### BEN STARKY

Ben Starky performs as one third of the inepto-psych outfit *helbesten*, co-runs *Psykick Dancehall Recordings* and the journal *Dancehall*. *PDH-R* will be undertaking a *Creative Lab* residency at the CCA in 2011. Carell is a record of numerous listening events and a montage of responses to a piece of writing by Charlotte Prodger.

### ANNIE WU

Annie Wu is an Australian conceptual artist, based in Amsterdam. She recently graduated from the Piet Zwart Institute, Rotterdam, working predominantly with text, publishing, graphic practices and the playful potential of language; while drawing on a wide range of references from radical design histories, to political utopias, to music and filmic obscurities.

# Colophon

---

Laura Smith would like to acknowledge the work of Charles Bukowski and Italo Calvino in reference to her work featured in this 2HB

*2HB* is a journal published four times a year by the Centre for Contemporary Arts, Glasgow. Experimental and creative writing in contemporary art practice are central to the concerns of *2HB*.

Edited by Francis McKee and Louise Shelley

ISBN 978-0-9562713-6-5

© 2011, Centre for Contemporary Arts, the artists, the writers

Published March 2011 in an edition of 300 by Centre for Contemporary Arts

Centre for Contemporary Arts, Glasgow [www.cca-glasgow.com](http://www.cca-glasgow.com)  
The CCA is supported by Creative Scotland and Glasgow City Council.  
CCA is a company limited by guarantee with charitable status.  
Registered Company No: SC140944

**CCA:**

