

2HB

2HB *vol.8*

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WORKS IN REGRESS/ WORKS IN PROGRESS (Exposition)

*Transcript of *Selfishness, the smell of Selfridge's and creativity incense!*

†Research for Work in Progress – Transcript of an interview with Architect Steven Holl by Charlie Rose, Youtube, 2007.

The setting: A young artist brings a submission to the Annual Member's Show at Transmission Gallery. It is an hour before the show opens and the complete contents of the exhibition have been hung. The artist is irritated as most of the gallery has been occupied; having only just completed the piece and having made it with this particular show in mind. While speaking to a volunteer who offers to help they continue to look for a suitable space to install the work.:

Artist: “What do you mean-? ‘What do I mean...?’ I mean I want to know what’s happening...! Is anyone else going to have sound or speaking...?”

Volunteer:

Artist: Kathryn Elkin! You’re kidding?

She always does that- not again!

Oh I’ll be popping out for a fag then... Where is it going to be- do you mind if I’m in the stairwell- is anyone there?

Volunteer:

Artist: That’s perfect. Yes...

Volunteer:

Artist: There’s not a powerpoint?... Why don’t we tape it down?

Volunteer:

Artist: No, its not important for the work if it comes from a plug or not. Not this time...

Volunteer:

Artist: Huh- What is it about??

Oh- Its a model of the proposed Selfridge’s department store on Trongate- you know- the one they got that site for dead cheap and then didn’t build anyway.

I heard that’s why they’re building the motorway extension; what next-? A tunnel to Newton Mearns...?!

Volunteer:

Artist: What’s it a model of...? Oh- the project was supposed to be designed by Toyo Ito and its a collage of the Sepentine Gallery pavillion in 2002. He designed that... I thought the Selfridge’s that never got built would look something like that...

Volunteer:

Artist: What? Oh triangles and other irregular shapes. Oh and big windows.

Volunteer:

Artist: The text...??? It says:

“Imagine you have left your studio in the Trongate 103 building. You are tired and you have been working all morning and fancy looking at the sales in Selfridge’s. What would you buy? You certainly can’t go to TJ Hughes, it closed three years ago, and Mc Donald’s (the bakers) has been replaced with a Pret a Manger; where you eat a sandwich thinking about your holidays.

So you go in there and you can smell Selfridges and you try to find something nice to buy. That’s it...the smell! You ask the shop assistant what that smell is and they say, “Creativity- its our most popular incense.”

The shop assistant says, “I always put it on in the evening for a little while...”

You say- that’s unusual- It smells of figs...and almonds...and...dihydrocodeine...?! ...And there you are- eating a cheese and onion slice, standing in the derelict site where Selfridge’s would have been selling ‘creativity incense sticks’- but feeling fabulous!”

Artist: “Is that OK? It’s not corny??

Volunteer:

Artist: I nearly pulled out of doing something altogether- for the show.

Volunteer:

Artist: As a matter of fact I considered having one of those SMS text messaging things that texts you when you are walking through train stations and such places. So uncanny! The message would say: So many beautiful things- so little time. Selfridge’s sale now on- in store and online . . .

Volunteer:

Artist: ...OK- if needs must- let us *just* shop on line!...”

.....

*Transcript of *Selfishness, the smell of Selfridge's and creativity incense!*

The setting: Steven Holl a mid-career international architect is interviewed for TV and the internet by the eponymous host of the Charlie Rose show. The conversation focuses on building opportunities for international architects, design methodology and Holl's current building portfolio.

Interviewer: Would you describe the age we’re in now, in architecture, as a golden age of architecture, because so much... if people now building in New York city including you-soon; who dreamed of building in New York City, and wondered if they’d ever have the opportunity?

Steven Holl: Right.

Interviewer: Right?

Steven Holl: I think its a strange and wonderful moment... Its like the 20s, eh you know the sort of 1929, the 1930, where a lot of things were happening at once... and quite a bit of quality is coming out of it... I think it’s pretty exciting.

Interviewer: Whats interesting too it’s almost like finance- architects work globally all the time. And you’ve built in China.You’ve built in America; you’ve built -y’know- around the world. . . And there’s an appreciation of architecture-

Steven Holl: At an international level-right.

Interviewer: At an international level- absolutely. I mean its been around for a while. For a long while.

Steven Holl: But it's increased I think also with the capacity to work digitally and to- you know we have two offices, one in Beijing and one in New York, and we actually-

Interviewer: Doesn't everybody!?! (laughs)

Steven Holl: We can actually put four people on a project in Beijing and four in New York, and, and they can work 24 hours a day without staying up all night. And just move the material back and forth.

Interviewer: You said to me as you sat down; one thing I'd like the audience to see- it's Beijing,

Steven Holl: Right

Interviewer: Why?

Steven Holl: Because for me being able to make a piece of a city, and make it with absolutely ideal circumstances and that is for me... it's all geothermally heated and cooled; 660 geothermal wells, there are 8 towers 22 storeys tall, so there's 750 apartments. There are shops for everybody. It's open to the public, you know it's porous and open as an urban place. Like Rockefeller centre, you can come in from every edge, and I added to their programme a cinematheque with the same programme as Film Forum, that they're building, and Montessori kindergarten, that's part of the landscape they're building, a hotel that they're building.

Interviewer: You 'added to it' meaning you went to them and said you ought to have a facility for these kinds of activities.

Steven Holl: I mean this is like school. You know like I teach at Columbia and I give my students a project, I say, "OK this is you know, eh, Beijing, make a city in a city with 800 apartments and add the things that you think should be in that- and that's what I do at school.

Interviewer: But they just- they get theatre, like what else should be in there?

Steven Holl: What else? I have bridges that connect the-

Interviewer: (interrupts) A library?

Steven Holl: At the 22nd floor- and each bridge has a function in it. One of them has a swimming pool in it, in the bridge

Interviewer: Alright, let's take a look.

Steven Holl: Alright let's take a lo-here we go, we're gonna see some of those. Let's take a look at the model frst... Goodness gracious!

Steven Holl: So on the right there, is the Montessori school, that's part of the landscape and we're also doing all the landscape around: and you can see the bridges connecting the towers at the 20th floor and 22nd floor.

Interviewer: OK let's see a be-eh-yeah we can see a better shot of that, a bridge at the lake...

Steven Holl: So, on the right you see

Interviewer: That's the 22nd floor.

Steven Holl: Right you see the swimming pool in the bridge. And I mean these people are amazing, they didn't take anything out of the project. Let me tell you the circumstance, when I presented this, the Director of the company Jong Lei, who doesn't speak a word of English, it had to be simultaneously translated...

Interviewer: This is a real estate development company?

Steven Holl: Right- he said- we're gonna build all of this. We know we can sell all of these apartments. What's important is the spiritual dimension...

.....

†Research for *Work in Progress*- Transcript of an interview with Architect Steven Holl by Charlie Rose, Youtube, 2007.

KAPPA

I'm standing behind the counter in Mace playing with a box of Scottish Bluebell matches, made in Sweden. I'm holding the box between thumb and forefinger. It rests on the counter. With my index finger I turn it, on a vertical axis, over and over. I'm looking out through the window. I'm watching a boy across the road. He's standing outside Spar wearing tight acid-wash jeans. He has full lips and an early moustache. He spits. It shoots out like a bar of soap from wet hands. He does this every few minutes. He's holding a Regal between forefinger and thumb. The burning end is pointing inward. Maybe his friend is inside. To tap the ash, he flicks the filter in staccato with his index finger. He does it more than is necessary. It's repeated often, like the spitting. Tapping and spitting take turns. He's wearing a navy blue sweatshirt. Two figures of indeterminable gender sit in symmetry, back to back. The figure on the right has one leg raised slightly higher than the other. They're sitting on invisible ground. KAPPA, the sweatshirt says. Now the boy turns to go inside. The jeans say Pepe.

We didn't begin in the brain, but in the feet. It was only when we stood up that the hands and mouth were freed from grasping. Erect posture determines a new system of relations. The freeing of the hand during locomotion is also that of the face from its grasping functions. The hand will necessarily call for tools, movable organs. The tools of the hand call necessarily for the language of the face. Tools for the hand, language of the face, these are twin poles of the same apparatus.

Our gayness was unspoken between us, me and K, as we pushed and pulled at either end of the tea trolley. We were care assistants at Inchmarlo House Nursing Home. He had ginger hair like me but slightly darker, and the same pale lashes. Our sky blue polyester uniforms hung stiffly on our bodies. Mine buttoned up all the way up the middle. His, being the male uniform, buttoned at the side; the torso fastening doubled back on itself.

On my days off I bought house records in Aberdeen, or smoked weed in the woods behind the wimpey estate and walked in the long firebreak between pines. The tape I listened to most for this was Cocteau Twins, Bluebell Knoll, 1988. The cover is a blown-up photocopy of a monochrome hand. I have two vinyl copies. Both are double gatefold, they fold out and stand up. One is slightly more scratched. The first record was my brother's. I took it. The second, I don't know where it came from. Before I got either of these, I borrowed one from Peterculter library and copied it onto a C60 tape. The tape was twisted. So for a brief moment the second last song on the first side would enter backwards into the second song on the second side. Still now when I listen to that record I'm expecting it, that backward twist, and am always surprised that it doesn't come.

In this video you can see my bf and me in the same kind of nike classics (sizes eur 45 and eur 42). can you read the messages?? :-P

A figure sits on a pine single bed. The figure is facing forward, top half severed and concealed by the top of the frame. Only the legs are visible; black tracksuit trousers with a black and white Adidas stripe down the side of each leg. On the

feet are a pair of brand new white Nike trainers. The legs swing lightly in small circles. After 18 seconds a second figure walks into the frame from the right. This figure is wearing the same trainers, but with white tracksuit trousers elasticated at the ankles. This second figure sits on the bed beside the first figure. Some subtle footplay ensues between the two, continuing until 1.28 when the left trainer of the first figure is removed using the feet of both figures. The second figure presses down on the shoe with his foot then slides his foot, with its trainer on, into the empty trainer. The first figure presses his socked foot against the other figure's trainer before eventually sliding the trainer off with his foot. The second figure now slides the extra trainer off his foot. There are now two empty trainers on the floor before them both. Using their feet, they slide the two trainers round so they face the same direction, press them with their feet, and then slide their feet back into the alternate trainers so all appears as it did at the start except that they are wearing one of each others' trainers. They both stand up side by side facing the camera, before turning to face each other. The second figure slides his own feet between those of the first figure. The first then presses his right trainer down upon the second's left trainer. They both then walk slowly backward, exiting either side of the frame.

Disco branched off infinitely, stripping down to form minimalist techno, maxxing up to form gay provincial house. On weekends I would dance in Aberdeen to minimalist techno, empty and full, warm and cold. Across several hours; each track coming in like one crashing wave after the next. Middle partings, white denim. Microscopic variations on a single rhythmic theme, small subtleties attuned to a larger picture.

I had to take a step backward musically to take a step forward in another way, so I went with K and his friend to an old-school gay bar on market street down by the port. It was older men smoking on bar stools. The lights in there were bright, like when it's last orders except it wasn't. We went on to a gay club nearby. I wasn't used to dancing to music which wasn't seamless. I wasn't used to each song being a separate unit.

The first time I ever went to Glasgow, from Aberdeen, was in K's car. We were going down to Club X. Halfway we stopped at Finarvon Services. I sat in the car while he went into the men's toilets. He emerged some time later turning his signet ring – a habit – and said to me those toilets are always good, lots of men. Recently I read that when Donna Summer's I Feel Love was released David Bowie burst into Brian Eno's studio and said I've just heard the future and played him the record. The sign means You May Go A lot Further And Do A Lot Worse.

I'm writing this on the bus from Glasgow to Aberdeen. I'm listening to Jean Michel Jarre's Magnetic Fields IV. The bus has just passed the John Deere centre where the new tractors are lined up, and will soon pass Finarvon motorway services. There is a large sign above Finarvon services, instantly recognisable to the passing traffic. The sign reads Ye May Gang Faur And Fare Waur. The sign means You May Go A lot Further And Do A Lot Worse.

Thank you Bernard Stiegler & Geeta Dayal

From the Lonely Afternoon

(frəm ðə lonli æftərnun),

for a crowd of voices, minimum of 30, could be a football crowd, rowdy

Ar-oawr-u-WHA'OAWR (uw uh u)

A-na weh nob, n'weh'oh, n'eh'no u-wo'wu 'no uen'wue'n'wu

Ha ah, hæn'wu ha'n

Ne'nana na-na n'na-na nu nan'u-nær, nan'a u nar

Yeh, heyah, hey har, 'yu-eh re-haaayyrr...

He-hayr...

Ah hah, hæn'a'u nar

Ne na-ne na-na nu na-na nu nan-nær, n'han'nær

Yeh, heyah, hey har, ee-eh r'e-haaayyrr...

Ye-hær...

Ha ah, hær-e-n'u hær

Ne na na na-na nu na-na nu nan-nær, nan'nu næowr

He nao-nu'wen'heh now'wu'n now-nu'uwroaw'n, 'noh'noh'noh'noh'noh'noh'noh
'noaw'ru'no'h'no, 'noh noh noh noh no'naowr'no-u-noh, oh-u-no-'no, nuh-nu noh
n'noh n'noh nær-nærh'n nærh'n, noaw nu 'no 'noww, nuh'neh'nuh'no naow', noaw
no no no, neh neh nayr-u 'neh 'neh 'nayr-u, noa now'nayr-u noawh, ha-n'ru na-n'eh
nu nowr, bu'dee'bu'dee'bu'di'bu'd'ip, dy'ip, d'y'ip, dy'p, dy'ip, dyip, dip, d'ze-daowr-
brao'n'u'meh-meh mehr-u'm, meh-meh mehr'n u neh'now'nu'neh nehr,nehr 'nehr
n' naow'n ne naeh 'NHEH' no-n'u'noaw, neh-no-nu-nowr, neh-no-nu-noa-ne-
no-nu-now-nao, nao nao nao, na-neh nao nu, no now nao, no'no'now'noa, no neh
nay eh'rer, no-nu-naow, ne-noaw, now-naow, nao-now, no'no nao-naow'u naow'u
naow'u now nu no nar nu har'noa'now 'aowhr 'aowhr'aowaurh'aowaurh-aowaurh-
uh'ær'e'yu'n'aowaueorh...

Ah ah, hæ'u'har

Ná'ana na-na n'na-na nu nan'ær', na'ryu'n'ar

Yeh heya', eh-har, u'eh'r'eh-haaayyrr...

Ye-hær...

Ah'a, hæ'r'u'a

Ná'an'u na-na'u na'nu'na'nær, na'u'nær

Yeh heyah, herh'har, yu'e'rh'eh-haaayyrr...

Ah ærh-eh'oh'ah'eh oh'ah'eh w'oh'wær'y'oh'wær'h

Mjølfjell
Elnagh
Arapaho

Eyam
Catterick
Coulin

Pilote
Tempo
Swift Mondial

Dorfli
Dee
Desolation Lookout

Short Poems on Escape

MAGAZINE

After a long period of silvery ideals, people began to yearn for the imperfections they had long since ironed out. Outdoor toilets began to popularise the perfectly groomed landscape, red-bricked units reflected countless times throughout the shiny architecture that towered above. Forward thinking product managers at the leading food manufacturing plant, called for urgent launch meetings to discuss the re-introduction of processed smiley ham faces, despite attracting much criticism from the ageing middle management. Since the monthly publication, 'Interior Psychologist' ran the report 'Relevance of disfunction'; progressive companies began to install faulty strip lights in their offices that flickered at unpredictable intervals. Further research proved inconsistent and was therefore hailed a complete success, allowing similar concepts to roll out to the public domain. Now, with an international readership, 'Interior Psychologist' became the best selling magazine. The increased turnover allowed the head office to build their own outdoor toilets and install their own striplights, choosing to feature the story over a celebratory double page spread.

Dora's Box

1

Since you have had the boldness to open the box, I think that I should explain a few things. I do not know to whom this box originally belonged, but I doubt that it ever was in the possession of a Dora. However, to whom it rightfully belongs is a different matter altogether, and certainly, the box does not belong to me, so I would therefore be most grateful if you would return it at some point after you have unearthed its contents. That way, I will be able to replace it whence I found it and nobody will be any the wiser.

I have removed the box's erstwhile treasures, for they bore little if any value. Instead, I have furnished its interior with tales that are drawn together, variously, from my own experience. In these reflections, I will recount to you stories of my travels; in another I will relate to you a disturbing anecdote told to me by an unnamed confidant, which he insists is the truth. Yet another I remember reading in an old book, and whether it is factual or apocryphal I could not tell you, but it seems to have its place amongst the others.

These are tales of intrigue: feuding families; the vision of a blind man; the dream of a dying friar; and of blood and murder.

2

But before I recount these tales, however, I would like to describe to you two sisters. The pair had only been presented to me the other day, and unexpectedly at that.

The sisters, I am led to believe, are identical twins. Certainly, it is difficult to distinguish between them, their heads having been decapitated in the most savage way. Without the head, there can be no face. Without the face, it is difficult to distinguish at the best of times. Only their exposed hands allude to life inside the starched, rigor mortis folds of their smocking. Conjoined as they are in the austerity of their attire, the darkness of the cloth is in stark contrast to the whitewash of the wall behind them and their pristine cuffs.

Whoever whitewashed the wall, in their carelessness, let paint splash and smatter the dark granite sets which otherwise would have, in their turn, perfectly contrasted the pale tights of the sisters. The symmetry would have then been completed by the amputation of their legs, just above the knees, where the incision is inscribed by the meeting edges of ground and wall.

We will return to these parenthetical sisters once I have reported what I am about to. Whilst I would be able to accuse the executioner, the identity of the twins remains obscure. A different pair accompanied me to Italy.

3

It was within the walled perimeter of San Gimignano in Tuscany that we were staying. We were unusual in that most of the tourists who visited this citadel would arrive in the morning, wander predictably around, take their photographs of the towers, and sample the famed Vernaccia by the *cisterna*, before leaving by sun fall.

On our first arrival, the hill town appeared across the countryside as a distant mirage, its strange skyline touching the clouds. Inside its ancient walls, however, we could not escape the ubiquitous presence of the towers. Their gigantic forms loomed over us and their great shadows crossed our every path.

Thirteen towers punctuate the town. These are the remnants of a mediaeval Manhattan where the towers could once be counted in their dozens. Feuding families vying for status built them competitively - each with their own megalomaniacal agenda. Each tower, then, is the physical manifestation of its owners' wealth, and moreover the embodiment of its family's story, its family's history. The towers preside over the citadel with a gargantuan, biomorphic omniscience, watching over its inhabitants and the surrounding vineyards alike.

It was when the tourists had left and the evening was setting in; when the carved-out streets had become quiet that the effect of the towers became intensified, now as apparitions.

Presence of the Tower



The day-tripping tourists had drained out in their coach loads, but the Vernaccia was still flowing. In his *Purgatorio*, Dante counsels us that this noble grape had led to the gluttonous destruction of Pope Martin IV, but it was a warning we chose not to heed.

Presently, we could discern the reverberations of distant music as the shadowy towers of San Gimignano ghosted over us. It was decided that we should thread our way through the labyrinthine streets to discover the source of the sound. We found a blind pianist playing to a throng of gargoyles who were gathered in some old cloisters, and we were invited to join them. There, we were offered more wine and were introduced to the assembled. For a while we listened to the inappropriate strains of the analogue synthesizer being played out above the ominous babbling.

The next day the blind pianist, accompanied by his elderly mother, paid us a visit at our apartment. He insisted that we must visit a decrepit old monastery called San Galgano. Despite not knowing anything else about this place, we were intrigued enough to make the trip. It was not without our difficulties in finding it, I can assure you. Eventually we crossed the heavily-tilled fields, walked up the avenue of cypresses and there the ruined eyes of the monastery confronted us. It was an unsettling mirror of the pianist. When we returned home we discovered that Tarkovsky's camera had ploughed those fields before us.

The Blind Man of San Galgano



It was in the nave of San Galgano, with shaft of light penetrating through the oculus' empty socket, and with the sky as its ceiling that I recalled an account which I had read some time previously. It relates the dream of a dying friar and the blessing of a young monk:

One incident that happened after Matteo had left Camerino was a sign of benediction on his new life. Not far from the town was a hillside hermitage where dwelt a friar, Fra Francesco da Cartoceto, in company with another recluse Fra Pacifico, a priest of the Third Order of St Francis. Fra Francesco was ancient in years: he was one of those who kept alive the earlier tradition of Franciscan simplicity and poverty. Almost blind and nearing his end he was now; but for many years he had prayed for the renewal within the Order of the primitive Franciscan spirit, and he hoped he might see such a renewal before his death. Matteo was bending his steps towards the hermitage, purposing to seek a night's shelter there. He was approaching the hermitage when he was met by Fra Pacifico who welcomed him with an astonished joy. For it seems that during the previous night Fra Francesco had dreamed that a young man clothed in the primitive habit of the Order was coming towards the hermitage to announce the great joy that the day of renewal was at hand; and he was alert, awaiting the coming of the stranger. Eagerly therefore Pacifico ushered Matteo to the bedside of the dying friar. For a long time the two friars communed with each other, Francesco listening with delight to Matteo's story and thanking God he had lived to see this day. Then Pacifico was bidden to shape a habit similar to that worn by Matteo; and when it was quickly done, Francesco bade him clothe him with it. Then having blessed Matteo, the old man folded his hands and died.

Father Cuthbert OSFC, *The Capuchins Vol 1*

The young Matteo would later found the discalced Order of the Friars Minor Capuchin. As I have aforementioned, I cannot attest to the historicity of this tale. I can, however, vouch for reliability of the confidant who first told me the following remarkable and disturbing story.

The confidant comes from a line of architects, his grandfather being the one you will have heard of. His grandfather once had a vision too; a vision of a rebuilt altar, doused in sunlight, but that's not for now. This story relates to the father of my confidant who was commissioned to remodel and extend a house in the south of France. Having completed the building to the client's satisfaction, his advice was then sought to assist in the furnishing of the place. Some items were bespoke designs; other pieces were sourced from antique shops, salvage-yards, bric-à-brac stores and the like.

Several months had passed before the confidant's father received an unexpected telephone call from his client. Everything, he was assured, was more than satisfactory with the new dwelling - everything, that is, except for one artefact. The offending item of furniture was a bedside table that had been one of the objects sourced from an antique dealer. In fact, what was being used as a bedside table had once been a conventual praying desk.

The problem was not with the table per se (a well-crafted piece of furniture by all accounts) but with a recurring nightmare that the client had suffered each night since moving into his home. In his dreams there was a modest cell, barely moonlit. There was a nun kneeling prayerfully by her desk in the corner. Then suddenly a cloaked figure steals into the room, drawing a small dagger from within his habit. The darkness suffocates her cries as the monk stabs her repeatedly between her shoulder blades.

7

In any case, the client had instructed my confidant's father to have the praying table removed. Now, my confidant's family has a summerhouse near Carcassonne, a converted *moulin*, and (not being of a superstitious disposition), they decided that the praying desk would sit rather well on their landing at the top of their stairs that were designed after a fashion of the staircase in Aalto's *Villa Mairea*.

However, when the desk was in its designated position, they decided that it should be stripped and reinstated to its original timber and therefore it was sent away in order to be reconditioned locally.

The family then returned to their usual London residence and it was a couple of months before they returned to France. Seeing that the praying table had not yet been returned to them, they made enquiries to ascertain what had been causing the delay.

They were told that they had ought to come to the workshop at once. The problem, it would seem, was not in the stripping of the paint - that had been the easy part. Rather, it had been impossible to remove the sullyng stains of vermillion blood that permeated the timber:

The blood-soaked table now kneels devoutly, praying at the top of the *Mairea* stairs and, as far as I can report to you, no longer is anyone haunted by those repetitive night terrors.

8

Each of these tales that I have recounted to you have excited in me a certain sense of uneasiness. And so it was when I first caught sight of those two sisters that I described for you in the outset. It was my collaborator who had guillotined the photograph of their sibling bodies. However, it was not their severed heads that I found most disturbing but the fact that the duplicate pair was almost indistinguishable.

I won't tell you who shot the sisters. I daren't. However, it might be wise for you to now shut the box and enshroud those anamorphic reflections once more.

Identical(ly Decapitated) Twins



Writers' biographies:

PAUL ELIMAN

Born 1961 in the UK Paul Eliman is an artist based in London. His work has addressed the instrumentalisation of the human voice as a kind of typography, engaging the voice in many of its social and technological guises, as well as in mimetic response to other languages and sounds of the city, including the non-verbal 'messages' of emergency vehicle sirens and the muted acoustics of architectural space. Elliman participated in the New York biennial *Performa09*, and earlier this year contributed a programme of whistled versions of bird song transcriptions by Olivier Messiaen for the exhibition *We Were Exuberant and Still Had Hope*, at Marres Centre for Contemporary Art, Maastricht.

SARAH GODFREY

Born 1980 in Cleethorpes, England. Sarah Godfrey is currently a Glasgow based artist and writer who gained her Fine Art BA from Nottingham Trent University in 2004. Having recently returned to working on her independent practice from a period of employment, *Magazine* is the first of Sarah's recently written texts to be officially published.
www.favefaves.tumblr.com

CONAL MC STRAVICK

Born 1979 in Lurgan, Northern Ireland, Conal Mc Stravick works in video, object sculpture, installation and text to present solo or collaborative works that address the exhibition setting, the situation of making and other disciplines that influence our understanding of the art object. These works reflect on the modalities of artistic production and presentation, the social constitution of being an artist and attendant political or rhetorical ethical drives and their consequences. He lives and works in Glasgow.

JONATHAN MIDDLETON

Jonathan Middleton, a recipient of the *Leverhulme Postgraduate Scholarship*, is completing a Masters at the Mackintosh School of Architecture. His work is as concerned with the temporal as the spatial in architectural representation. In 2010 his *Monastery on a Cliff, Porto* was selected for the *New Contemporaries* exhibition at the Royal Scottish Academy, where it won the *Standard Life Property Investment Architecture Award*. Using textual sketches and theatrical device, his current project, *Naturally, A Monastery*, also draws on psychoanalysis to construct chronotopes for the psychic inhabitation of a new monastery.
www.middletonvanjonker.com

CHARLOTTE PRODGER

Charlotte Prodger recently completed her MFA at Glasgow School of Art and studied on exchange at Calarts, LA. She works with 16mm film, Xerox, audio tape and writing. Her work has been shown internationally and commissioned by Artangel and Film London. She recently undertook Cove Park's *Emerging Artist residency*. Charlotte makes music with the Glasgow-based collective Muscles of Joy, and works as a disc jockey.

LAURA SIMPSON

Currently Assistant Curator for Exhibitions at Duncan of Jordanstone College of Art & Design Laura works on a diverse gallery programme and the offsite project *Nine Trades of Dundee*. After graduating from the MFA at DJCAD in 2003, Laura was Chair of artist-led group Generator projects. Between 2008 and 2009 Laura undertook research into emergent artists' film practice in the UK and Germany, funded by the Scottish Arts Council. She continues to develop independent curatorial and writing projects.
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