

2HB

2HB *vol.14*

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11 MINUTES

TOBY HUDDLESTONE

Light Change

When I'm waiting,
right side against the pole,
one leg all the weight,
the other draped across sharp shatters,
a black carriage stops across
my face as the lights go ruby.
Stitched brows and an air of wavy décor,
throne next to a blank chauffeur.
I'm asked my age and whether
I like girls.
Always friendly because,
the lights change.
Now,
deserved deep breathing,
sucking afternoon's hair,
I freeze
as a tiny flaming hand enters
my vision.
Shaking, she tells me her name made of flames.
The SUV is a-
flame
I'm in.

This One's for You:

To keep the glasses going empty,
I hastily pick the
low road.
This one's for you,
against brown carpet walls.
Stage swaying,
heels hope for a click,
where no stamp gets
the satisfaction of a
snap.
Now watch,
the microphone
go
down...

When questions arouse
by the redder dabbing of my lips,
I know
they know
nothing of my talents.
The lime rolled away,
I leave and walk through stupid weather
because the thought of spending the night
Next to No One I Love,
seems so
appealing.

I enter, where my eyes roll.
In this darkness, they can't see me either.
Scrambling for comfort on crunchy
knees like Velcro,
I admit your blow
was but a trinket
that made me Sing-Along.

2001.

1st year Uni. Drink cheap cider. Probably thought I was in love. Painting. Influences: moving out of Constructivism/Vorticism - Picasso, Braque, Cubist-nonsense.

Pop art, proper rock 'n' roll artists like Pollock and Warhol.

Brit-pop fading - less influenced by the iconic, trying to deconstruct humanity, so it fits in my head alright. Routine. The Clash.

Not that sure what I'm doing, but I don't mind - process, churning.

Peers influence me, legacy. CCTV, urban decay, capitalism, direct VHS editing, businessmen, de-humanisation, ritual, belief in ideas, belief in an artistic genius, artistic utopias, ideas utopias, articulation not there, ideas streaming, uncontrollable, tapped into something. Ken Kesey, Soviet era dictators, £1 per square inch, foundation of what art shouldn't be, Nietzsche, Bacon, Gary Hume, photoshop, repetition, collage, text + image, image, churning big-time, London underground, early Scorsese, Darwin, devolution, post 90's financial boom, consumerism, Alex Higgins, existential shit, Jenni Savage, Ron Mueck, T.S. Elliot, Paul Daniels, Ted Hughes, Vic and Bob, James Dean Bradfield's white Gibson Les Paul, 9/11, Rumsfeld.

You know we've got to do Iraq, do Iraq.

Leadbelly, vicious circle, pen and paper, obscure punk through shit compilation albums.

Peers influence me, legacy. CCTV, urban decay, capitalism, direct VHS editing.

2002.

year nearly quit Uni. Duchamp obviously is King. Quit Uni? No.

Painting - sketches enlarge, cityscapes. Drink cheap cider and wine.

Walter Benjamin, Alfredo Jaar, Vito Acconci, but not the seminal shit, Ed Ruscha, Dan McDermott, Rauschenberg, Kruger, Richard Prince, Wearing, Holzer, Group Material, Katharina Fritsch, Sophie Calle.

Awake during night, sleep during day, just to see how it is. Its strange, confusing and scary.

Arnulf Rainer, Cildo Meireles, On Kawara, Hans Haacke, Victor Burgin, Baldessari, Judith Barry, Howard Hughes, Eric Satie piano concertos, Steve Reich, Philip Glass, Derek Jarman, Federico Fellini.

Still not that sure what I'm doing, and am concerned no one else does - relationship to people. More emotion sought.

Communism - soviet. Mass murderers.

Kosuth, Barry, LeWitt - sentences on conceptual art, text/title as artwork.

Epic multi-screen idea, slide dissolves. Super 8 camera. 1940's Italian neo-realist cinema, Kubrick, Godard and French New Wave, Dogma.

Attempt to mash pure idea - make several channels within one work, more for viewer?

Vito Acconci, but not the seminal shit. Arnulf Rainer, Cildo Meireles, On Kawara, Hans Haacke, Victor Burgin, Baldessari.

Awake during night, sleep during day, just to see how it is.

Attempt to mash pure idea.

2003.

No more team sports. Big brother. Numbing.
Adverts. Dissertation year at Uni. The Fall again.
Drink cheap cider less. Art becomes a political
voice post 9/11, present Iraq invasion. Focus.
Protest marches, first real political engagement,
Mark Thomas, reading.
Electric guitar much more than acoustic.
Derrida, Foucault, Eco, Barthes, Derrida again til I
understand it, then again so I don't. Participation
through work. Mass media, Democracy,
subjectivity, Postmodernism, circularity,
contradiction - all OK with these things now, learn
they are inevitable. Oppression. Protest x 3.
David Hume, for some reason. American Psycho,
Craig-Martin's 'An Oak Tree', Bourdieu, Danto,
finish playing in a band.
'Absence of an origin, everything is discourse.'
Deconstruct cinema.
Reality TV, tabloids, Matthew Collings, Radio 4,
Channel 4, research religion, research atheism,
Woody Allen, all that desperate U.S. heroic
post-Vietnam shit. Fiction, reality, Baudrillard,
Baudrillard, post-Uni hangover. again. More poetry
- Elliot, Chomsky, travel a bit, try writing poetry.
Illusion.
War, America, Iraq, weapons of mass destruction.
Depression pretty deep.
Reading plays - Miller, Mailer, Pound, Ibsen.
Electric guitar much more than acoustic.
Participation through work. Mass media,
Democracy, subjectivity, Postmodernism,
circularity, contradiction.
Focus.

2004.

Recognition that I could be an artist, if I work at it
(hard).
Depression big, down to relationship.
unofficial Kosuth - too much.
Graduate residency at Spike Island - apply for
residency not applicable to me - helped out.
Middle-East conflict.
Art as idea - LeWitt again - sentences on
conceptual art, the immaterial as art. Kosuth up to
No.1 I think. Sontag, Aki Kaurismaki. Interpretation
- Derrida again, Eco again. Work in a nightclub for
3 nights, Nam June-Paik, First foray into curating.
Conversations as artwork. Stupid shit, Coffee
House talks - relates to Habermas, bourgeois public
sphere, opinion. Cheffing full-time in order to make
art. Trying to work as a tech but no experience.
Think I know what I'm doing, title as artwork,
meaning, but I have no idea what I'm doing. Start
wearing suit-jackets - a mistake. Work is terrible,
ideas are good. Don't know what to convey, sleep
in studio, got good at cooking and making coffee.
First time someone helped me out properly
in art - feels good. Comedy important - helps
philosophically. Live in studio for two weeks - old
factory all mine on a night, like something out
of a Jim Jarmusch film, David Lynch, especially
Eraserhead, John Carpenter. Listened to every
Dylan song - now Phil Ochs and Billy Bragg.
Art as idea - LeWitt again - sentences on
conceptual art, the immaterial as art. Kosuth up
to No.1 I think. Think I know what I'm doing, title
as artwork, meaning, but I have no idea what I'm
doing.

2005.

Start wearing more and more tank-tops. First proper studio. Feel like an artist. Studio at Spike Island. Invited to co-direct a project space, Plan 9. Text as work - too much. Obrist, Relational Aesthetics. First proper curatorial project. Curating Degree Zero, got my teeth into it. Hierarchy, knowledge, deconstruct, collaboration for the first time, hooked on it - discussion and thinking. Ronnie O'Sullivan. No music to like so go back to the 80's - Ian Curtis and all that shit.

1/2 chef, 1/2 tech, 1/4 artist, 1/10 curator, 1/12 lover.

Social event as artwork.

Disillusioned Britain.

Curating takes over, organising, ideas for collaboration. Something missing in art-scene. so make it. Make things happen. Other people. Talk. Listen. Think. Act. Do. Use organisation structure for everything I want. Shape and shift. Strategise everything. More nothing in art. Robert Barry again. Curatorial effectiveness.

No money. Working on trust and wanting.

Community building around Plan 9. Question institutional models. Think about no studio. Daniel Buren, Alys. Actions in Galleries starts something. No music to like so go back to the 80's - Ian Curtis and all that shit.

1/2 chef, 1/2 tech, 1/4 artist, 1/10 curator, 1/12 lover.

Social event as artwork. Feel like an artist.

Text as work - too much.

Hierarchy, knowledge, deconstruct.

More nothing in art. Robert Barry again. Curatorial effectiveness.

2006.

Girlfriend moves from Finland. Good, but not really. Not interested in relationship. MA fucking up my ideas, making structures - Postmodern architecture. Its a fucking joke - resist. First proper residency in Holland. First proper large group show. Apple cake addiction. First proper review, in Dutch.

Led by wrong intuition, fuck the MA degree. Start to plan bigger projects. Don't turn up to crits - useless model of discussion, too much hierarchy, roles played out. Confuse my audience, think about heritage. The North. I miss it. parts of it. Caught in a bad place - individual work. Churning shit out like a commercial practice. Getting dragged into peers ideas and concerns. Plan 9 keeps me going - no space, planning. Short-term, use of other space, support lacking now no base. Hard times.

Fuck art.

Tutors think what I'm doing is good. Reading takes over - postmodern shit then novels, plays - Pinter, Shepherd, Beckett, Delanie, fuck she was young when she wrote A Taste of Honey. Nuclear war, space race.

Go back to cheffing - no work as a tech.

Public sphere, location, interpretation, dictation, movement, nomadic, out of studio. Maybe, waiting, and planning.

Try to loose the ego. Essential.

Apple cake addiction. First proper review. Short-term, use of other space, support lacking now no base. Hard times.

Fuck art.

Postmodern shit then novels, plays.

2007.

First performance. Camera more important as documenting instrument. Second proper residency. First organised international project. Realisation of being able to use organisations. Discursive practice more interesting than objects - rejection of MA.

Lou Reed. David Bowie. Waste time.

Institution as bargaining tool. Strategy ever important. Use resources. Survive. Plan 9 back - bigger, better, group activity.

Re-hashed socialism - arts model. Get everyone involved. Split hierarchy.

Moments. Collective social.

Fuck personal life. Art is back.

Metamute, Situationists, Tati, Jean Philippe-Toussaint, obscure journal shit, ideas for publication, magazine. Football - play and watch. Cold war, space race. Physics, cosmology.

Germany, rolling. Art, Debord.

Free from relationship, at last. Studio all hours, listen to nightclub next door. Work, think, revell. Finish MA. No thanks. Pass. Just. Travel for free mostly.

Get paid for thinking for the first time. About time. Arctic Monkeys, Primal Scream, Daft Punk, old electronica shit. Future Sound of London, Fridge, Aphex Twin, Kippenberger, Godspeed. Cultural effectiveness.

Re-hashed socialism - arts model. Get everyone involved. Split hierarchy.

Moments. Collective social.

Waste time.

2008.

First proper solo show. First curated international project I Am Comedy. Importance of hosting. Exchange. Superstars of Plan 9. Collaboration as process. Thinking and discussing as art-making. Tech full-time, Artist full-time, Curator full-time. Perfect. New love. Good love.

Is it worth reading Ballard? Yes. 2 mates become Christians - midlife crisis shit maybe I dunno. Articulate research, flowing. Kerouac x 3, bit of Burroughs, Snyder, Hunter Thompson. Practice out of studio almost entirely. Žižek, Bourriaud, Deleuze, Badiou, Fischli and Weiss, Signer, Acconci, Baldessari, Nauman, all again, but in more detail.

Ideas for novels, music, film. Remain ideas. Apply, ambition.

Writing as practice. Private spewing. Politics, more Woody Allen. Love again. Conversation. Cold Studio - buy a fleece then. Hosting as artwork. Cooking. Loud-hailer. Henri Chopin. Charles Esche, Goddard again, Zeitgeist, conspiracy theory. Curatorial deconstruction, Moscow Conference. Art, politics, economy, regeneration, biennials, models, art as business. Interrogate art - systems.

Curating nearly kills me - too much pressure on myself - fucking hosting for a while.

Recess.

Ideas for novels, music, film. Remain ideas. Apply, ambition. Thinking and discussing as art-making. New love. Good love.

Tech full-time, Artist full-time, Curator full-time. Cooking. Loud-hailer. Henri Chopin.

2009.

2nd proper solo show. Manchester. Residencies. Istanbul.

Scheduling as practice. scheduling. Friendship.

Quit Plan 9 but still help out. Structure format, object as idea, not as artwork. No final work.

Series. Documentary film-making.

Phil Ochs, Pete Seegar. Politics of artistic practice.

Everything.

More Burroughs, bit of Kerouac, On Kawara, Keith Arnatt, Kaprow - art and writing. Patti Smith.

Artist writings. Invitation. No more curating. Epic.

Writing. Rants, fuel for other work.

Finally think I know what I'm doing. On to something. Reduce output. Fellini, Cocteau, Dogma again, no television. Radio. Ryan Gander everywhere I go. Alright Ryan? Yeah alright mate. No curating but thinking.

Apathy - the apolitical dressed as political. Reject the political voice. Dissent through intelligent strategy. Dissent through inactivity. Two fingers doesn't work anymore.

The Baltic Way - phenomenal, beautiful, articulate, togetherness. Communism, fall.

Full-time tech. Full-time artist. No curating.

Seems right for now. Two full-time jobs managing other projects. Lots of money = no fucking time.

Reverse this if I can. Politics of artistic practice.

Everything.

Finally think I know what I'm doing. On to something. Reduce output. Fellini, Cocteau, Dogma again, no television. Radio. No final work.

Series. Documentary film-making.

2010.

First International solo show. First commercial solo show. Worst experience to date. Lesson learnt.

Documentary. Drink much less.

Niggle of curatorial thought. Collaboration.

Invitation, exchange, applications x many. Best studio to date in London.

Interrupting, blurring, decoding, questioning, rupturing, deconstructing, re-aligning, fact into fiction, back into fact. Myth-making. Convergence of group. Roger Federer's backhand. Mark Fisher. Schedule, time, planning as an art practice, generosity of work.

Barcelona, Baldessari, Porto, Lisbon, Australia and New Zealand. Curries in hotel room. Get pissed, end up walking a hill at 3am. Get lost. Snoop Dog. Realise love for just one person is ridiculous, but a nice idea. Ice T, Ice Cube.

Tiny fucking room, no room for my shoes. Start building shelves in studio, kinda like art, like Judd's or Andre's. Online a lot. Watch television illegally a lot. The Simpsons. Radio. Watch every Seinfeld in order. Better than Curb - it's all about George. Start writing three lecture performances, only finish one. John Cooper Clarke, Mark E Smith.

Niggle of curatorial thought. Collaboration.

Invitation, exchange, applications x many. Best studio to date in London.

Interrupting, blurring, decoding, questioning, rupturing, deconstructing, re-aligning, fact into fiction, back into fact. Myth-making. Convergence of group. Roger Federer's backhand.

Tiny fucking room, no room for my shoes.

2011.

Second show in the States. First in New York.
Back to curating. Fund-raising, less concerned
whether it's worth it. More clarity in thinking - will
be rejected next year. First organised symposium.
Institution as conversation. Exhibition as medium.
Deny final product. Only process. Beach, fish and
chips.

Gainsbourg, Ginsberg, realisation, pea-fritters. Four
email addresses now + facebook.

Love expands.

This performance. Realisation of multitude
of practices. All converging for the first time
conceptually. Here we are. Clarity. Placement.
Peers inspire me more than before - realise what
collaboration means. Group show solo show, to
pay respect to the generosity of the three-minute
punk-rock song. Embrace failure. Robert Barry
again - final this time.

Tasmania. Construct, noun, stage. Didn't happen.
What did happen? Interruptions. Interject, disturb,
mess with, support, structure, fall-out, future. No
fucking studio. 12 sheets of A4 paper = 1987 Saab
900i silver automatic with an over-fueling problem.
Start to hate speed bumps - rigid chassis. Sport
psychologically useful, sorts me out. Competition
elsewhere. Renegade. Happier. Friends split.
Friends move. Parrot drawing. Walk the line -
participation. Riga. A bad idea?

Gainsbourg, Ginsberg, realisation, pea-fritters. Four
email addresses now + facebook.

Love expands.

This work will be updated in 11 years. Cheers.

Writers' biographies

LILA DE MAGALHAES

Born in Rio de Janeiro in 1986, Lila moved to Zurich as a toddler and lived there until commencing on an undergraduate course at Glasgow School of Art. Lila is currently attending the MFA program at USC, Los Angeles. Of her current activities she says;

I have only in the past months incorporated writing into my creative process. I do this in the early morning, still lying down, when I am half asleep. Besides that I am tie-dyeing patterned bed sheets, painting struggling clowns and marshmallows with ink and exploring my new environments by means of experimental performances on video.

TOBY HUDDLESTONE

Toby Huddlestone is an artist currently based in London who also works on curatorial projects, continuing to focus on a practice of practices in which curating, collaborating, organising and communicating form main areas of discussion and production.

Recent projects include a large-scale public commission for *Iteration: Again* in Tasmania and group projects at South London Gallery, 176 Zabłudowicz Collection (London), Pratt Institute (New York) and Bookworks/Spike Island (Bristol). He is currently curator of the *Exhibition as Medium* programme at Crate Studio and Project Space in Margate, UK.

For more information visit <http://www.tobyhuddlestone.net>

11 MINUTES, 2011

The text published in 2HB Volume 15 is a transcript of a performance lecture by artist Toby Huddlestone, which visually catalogues everything made during the artist's 11 years practice, alongside a commentary racing through ideas, personal recollection, inspiration, influences and working methods. The performance will be updated in 2122.

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