

2HB

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GRAFTS

Scott Rogers

On the melamine side table there is a 50s paperback reprint of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* by D.H. Lawrence. The book is divided evenly in two pieces lengthwise along the spine. The table is located between the Burn Unit and the Eating Disorders Counselling Rooms. There are some chairs with grey upholstery and magenta arms and legs, set on the creamy lino floor. A drop ceiling and fluoros run throughout. Less than ten, but more than five girls and a boy are congregated down the hall. They're talking shyly to one another in a close circle. Ratty wooden doors, lockers, and obsolete equipment are their background. Hung to the wall behind the table is an enormous martial-looking wall plaque. It is dedicated to a stratified hierarchy of corporate donors, all of whom have given, more or less generously, to the Fire Fighters' Recovery Centre.

I haven't read the book on the table, but I'd like to. Its halving reminds me of something we used to do during storm days in the outdoors. If we were stuck in the tent somebody would bring out their novel and we would tear it equally in pieces so that everyone could read. It didn't matter that much whether you had the beginning, or end of a book. Narrative cohesion was less important than shared diversion. Reading was functionally a way of apportioning time – something to fill the empty monotony between the clammy nylon, your brain, and the gale. The process was an iteration of isolation and solidarity simultaneously.

The pieces of timber were stacked under the low overhang on the side of the house. Brown crisp leaves from last fall or the fall before curled around some of the damp wood with its cracked paint and blasted rusty nails. The nails looked like used up matchsticks or tress after wildfire. The boards were part of the old perimeter fence that was torn apart with hammer and pry bar, cut down to size with a circular saw, and then reconfigured here. Snow had swirled in around them, lodged itself in the many crevices. And the mice scuttled in as well. Little rodents had made nests out of the lint and crumbly organic stuff between the wall and the former fence.

Mice were the ostensible problem according to Mrl-e's father. The mice must be directed away from the doors and vents of their shelter. The vermin were always a nuisance species, but now more than ever they tried to colonize indoors. So, the wood needed to be moved and restructured – unbuilt and built again near to the new fence at the rear of the property. The large spruces shadowed this ground. Their toxins kept any grasses from growing in and around their tangling, selfish root systems. Under the conifers, a cerulean and cream faux antique bench cracked and peeled its paint. No one had sat on it for a while. But the spot was a bit gloomy after all and the mass-produced arbour near to it held no vines. Mrl-e thought the seat's aging had started to become it, since now its falseness was eroding.

Dense and decomposing cone harvests lay for native squirrels to rummage through. Pursuits for sex or territory traced them round and round the branches and undergrowth; followed by the squeaking chattering pattern of their hoarse vocalizing. A group of jays pried meticulously above while Mrl-e watched. They used to squawk and make sounds that the inhabitants likened to a rusty water pump. Now instead they used stealthy

titters and whistles. The birds were like a loaded stillness in a film. The lack of wind could account for this. It was warm, with a clear blue sky, and all the smells of outside oozed lazy and thick.

Mrl-e liked to help her father. She was strong and capable, could fix cars, and would carry the servers and cabling into the bunkers when her father was away at the mine. Since her brother had died she had taken the brunt of the necessary work. It was an easing remedy, for her and for Dad. She put on gloves, positioned the wheelbarrow and loaded it with the wood pieces. When full, the load was levered up and brought near to the site of relocation. She chose a site behind the two old electrical boxes where the spruce boughs intruded all around. There was no even ground, the earth sloping down toward the new fence, but this was the most open place. It was the only convenient place at all. The decaying form of an ancient wheelbarrow was laid here, red rusted, and dented. It was like an old laughing face looking up at Mrl-e's newer, yellow handcart. Some weird skull, she thought.

To get to where she wanted to make the pile Mrl-e had to climb up over the electrical boxes, with her left arm and shoulder exposed to the irritation of the spruce's needles. The boxes, an anachronism from the grid times, were just hollow shells now. With the power over, their cables had been stripped out for reuse elsewhere. They were a kind of green that defies easy description, but is often called 'institutional'. The colour was mostly gone. Rust emerged on their abraded surfaces and the sands and wretched sun burned the pigment away to nearly nothing. The secure locks broken, the empty casings revealed by crudely bent corners. Still, in their muteness, Mrl-e enjoyed these boxes. She had grown up with them, watched them decay in the sterile trees. They were always just here in the shadows. Mrl-e's arm got red and itchy from the spruce.

As she worked she focused specifically on the order and arrangement of the pile. It was very important. Not that anything was gained or lost. This was only a transition, and the real decay would go on and on, no matter where the wood was laid. But, at this moment there was a chance for her to make a difference with the lumber. She was bringing it a new order, a new place, and position, some clarity. In this action every detail, crude, but neat, could be controlled. She placed the pieces flat on the top of one another. The awkward angled bits with nails sticking out had to be positioned in such a way that they would not wobble as the woodpile grew. She put the nails between the spaces of the lower level planks, staggering the arrangement.

Each of the boards was a conveniently similar length. The longest bits went at the bottom to provide a steady wide base, while the shorter pieces were stacked above. Instead of building her woodpile up against the fence Mrl-e allowed a gap of about 40cm, so that the wood was free standing. As it grew over a meter in height the pile took on a sculptural quality, a collection of disparate pieces, held together by weight, balance, gravity. The material unity gave her a calm feeling. The fence that split the yard from the outlands, once firm and even spaced, got cut up. It got cut up and put in a heap where the mice lived. Now it was tight and compact again, and the mice could still live there.

She finished with the pile, leaving the seclusion of the spruce to go out in the bare yard. Mrl-e leaned the handcart up against the concrete wall of the house, the handles facing up and inward so that no rain could gather. For a while she stood in the shadow as the light twisted round behind and out of sight.

The thyroid gland or simply, the thyroid /'θaɪrɔɪd/, in vertebrate anatomy, is one of the largest endocrine glands and consists of two connected lobes. The thyroid gland is found in the neck, below the thyroid cartilage (which forms the laryngeal prominence, or “Adam’s apple”). The thyroid gland controls how quickly the body uses energy, makes proteins, and controls how sensitive the body is to other hormones. It participates in the processes by producing thyroid hormones, the principal ones being triiodothyronine (T3) and thyroxine (sometimes referred to as tetraiodothyronine (T4)). These hormones regulate the growth and rate of function of many other systems in the body. T3 and T4 are synthesized from iodine and tyrosine. The thyroid also produces calcitonin, which plays a role in calcium homeostasis.

The thyroid gland is made up of unique cells within the body. These cells are almost singularly found in the thyroid, but can occasionally travel to other regions of the organism. When the thyroid becomes cancerous it is very often removed surgically and the area around it subjected to high intensity blasts of radiation. For those cells that may have migrated, a different radiation treatment is used. In this case, the sufferer must partake of a “low iodine diet”. Ingredients containing large quantities of iodine such as table salt, ocean fish, and seaweed must be eliminated from all food consumed by the sufferer. The diet must be followed strictly for a period of at least two weeks. Because of this process, any remaining thyroid cells in the body begin to ‘crave’ iodine. After two weeks of the diet the patient swallows a dose of radioactive iodine. Any remaining thyroid cells immediately absorb this iodine and are destroyed along with the cancer they may carry.

Radioactive iodine has a half-life of 8.02 days, during which time the sufferer must remain secluded from other people. The element is so strongly radioactive that it can cause serious harm to anyone in near contact with the sufferer. Most notably, exposure to radioactive iodine contributes to the emergence of thyroid cancer.

THE WRESTLER

Hannah James

Have you ever done or do you like dangerous sports?
Yes, I like that.
Is wrestling dangerous?
Yeah sometimes, but I do it all 20, 24 years. In the beginning it was dangerous but no, not now.
OK, so why in the beginning – because you don’t know exactly what to do?
Yes in the beginning, uh, yeah, you don’t know what you have to do.
Yep good, you don’t know what you have to do, good yes.
If someone did slam, you, you have to know [click fingers] eerr, which position you, you, you come.
Yeah, like how to land?
Yes, you have to land. If you don’t know that maybe you brake your head or your...everywhere.
So it is to do with being in a good position when you land? And then you can stop yourself getting hurt. And I guess also knowing how to react
Yeah yeah...
When someone is...
OK. Do you think, umm, wrestling is more dangerous than boxing, or is wrestling more...
Umm, yeah, yeah. Every sport is dangerous. If you don’t know what you do everything

is dangerous. Football is dangerous but if you know what you do it's not dangerous.
Yep unless you have a, umm what's the word? Unless you're unlucky.
But, for example, boxing you have meer, more, err, schade, [pause]
Is it protection?
No, if eerr...
Can you describe it?
Err, no. If someone punches you in the face?
Yeah, get a cut?
Yeah or you broke something; in boxing you have more problem with your face and your head.
Yeh
But in wrestling it is everything, you can break your arm or your leg, break your fingers, everything. [laughter] that sounds awful!
Yeh
But I guess with boxing it is not so good to go to work with a, with your eye like this [gesture]
No, no it is no good. It is no good if you train and you have and then your eye is blue and you go to work and they say "what's happened?", it's no good.
Yeh, it doesn't look so good [laughter].

OK so if we have a look at number 8: 'It's one of the best'.
How long were you a professional wrestler for?
Here?
Uh huh
Here from 1999 to 2012.
Quite a long time then?
Yeah
Wow
And also before in Iran?
Before, from 1998 to 1999
OK
I did nothing because I was new here, I couldn't speak the language
Uh huh
You know nobody
Yeh
And from 1991 to 1998 I did in Iran.
Hmm, OK. So how did you start, in school did you learn?
No, bij, in Iran [sigh] wrestling in Iran is like cricket in India
OK
Everyone does cricket in India
Yeah
And Iran everyone did wrestling, sport number one
OK, for men or also for women?
No for woman no, maybe last three years it is popular for woman, but 10 years ago you don't have wrestling for womans.
OK
So you learn it in school, it gets taught in schools?

Yeah, in Iran on every street you have wrestling school, every street!
Wow, really? Wow!
Zes, seven years ago I was here and, err, and it was final in Benelux championships; Holland, Luxemburg and Belgium
Uh huh
I was final, I had game with a guy from Russia but he live in Belgium, in Brussel.
Uh huh, OK
And we were finished, he was champion and I was number two, somebody from Holland asked me "why are you good, why are we no good?"
Uh huh
Holland's people
Yeah
I tell him, "listen to me, in whole of Holland you have three hundred and fifty wrestlers, in the whole of Holland"
Uh huh
"but in the city where I am from, in Tehran, there live more than five hundred thousand wrestlers, and allen, only in Tehran!"
Oh my god...!
I talk niet about all Iran
Yeah, wow.
I say, I say – "Tehran world wrestler is normal. Everyone go wrestling".

Wow. Where do you think it comes from, why do you think it is so popular?
Wrestler?
Yeah
Wrestling come from, yeah, actually you have two story, but I don't know which one is good.
Uh huh.
You have one story they say wrestling is from Greece. You know Troy?
Yeah
OK, in the begin of the film you have two...
[pause]
Competitors or...?
No
You have two, err, group of people who are fighting
Yeah
And the king from this group, err, says "let your strongest man come in and they fight with the strongest man from us. If you win, you win the war, if I win, I win the war".
OK
Brad Pitt comes in and he fights with the big guy
[laughter] yeah
but actually in normality they fight without knife or weapons
Without?
Yeah, in normality we fight not fighting and not punching but by wrestling. And who's strongest they won the war.
OK

Zo you can save the people,
save aggressive.
You can save the...?
The people
Yeah
Because if there is war,
people go dead, people go
problem. But if two men go
wrestling with together and if
I win, I win the war, nobody
has to fight, nobody has to die.
Yeah, yeah so you save from
all the fighting?
Yeah, but another story they
say wrestling come from Iran.
Uh huh
Yeah, and err, now, of soort,
two sort...[pause]
Two kinds?
Two kinds?
Yeah, yeah two kinds of
wrestling
Free Style, from Iran
OK
And you have Greece
Romance from Greece
OK
Now in Olympisch games you
have two sorts, Greek
Romance and Free Style but I
don't know which story is true
Which one came first?
Yeah, I don't care. I like
wrestling.
[laughter]
Wrestling is my life.
So what is Free Style?
Free Style wrestling you can
use it, your legs and his legs.
OK

You can use everything, all
life, all body.
Uh huh
But in Greece Romance you
can use it, only this [gesture] if
you touch legs...
Yeah...
...with your hands, with your
legs you have a, eer,
Penalty?
Yeah; or a mean point?
OK yeah
Mean point, and if you heb
drie mean point, or drie
warning, you lose the game.
OK
Which is very difficult
You can't touch the legs?
No, but, I do, I do Greece
Romance
OK, you don't do Free Style?
No
Oh!
Because if you long,
If you're tall
Yeah if you're tall better if you
do Greece Romance
OK, OK
Yeah
Why? [laughter]
Because tall people...
Yeah
...is gonna, they can't, nee,
they can use it, their arms.
OK
They heb long arms and is
good for Greece Romance
OK
But if you're short, is it good
for Free Style because you

can jumping and and driving,
diving?
Yeah
Diving, diving to the legs,
yeah it's good
Yeah, I guess it's easier
because if you put your leg
around someone else's leg
you can trip them up?
Yeah
Because with wrestling you're
trying to get them on the
floor?
Yeah
And then you hold them on
the floor?
No, if your shoulders and after
your shoulders, this side or
this side [gesture]
Yeah
Come op the floor, it's
finished.
OK
But...
So you don't have to hold
them down?
But, no, but, but, you maak,
maak, you have to make
points, points
OK
If you have zes points, for
example: if you have eight
points and I have two
Uh huh
You are the winner
Yeah, if you have nine and I
have three, you are the winner
OK, so you have to have six
difference?
Yeah, six difference
OK, I see

But, it is difficult six points to
make in a good, eer, a good
match is very difficult
Yeah because the other
person is getting points
Yeah, is good yeah
Huh, is there a maximum?
That you get to and then...
Six minute
ahh, OK so it's time?
Yeah, now, err, last year it
was drie times two minutes.
Uh huh
But now it is one times six
minutes, you have no pause
OK [pause] intense, six
minutes! [laughter]
Yeah, it is. Maybe I was, if I
have good game...
Uh huh
...I mean championship, not
game to the club with my
friends or someone...
Uh huh
...Championship, three minute
maximum three and a half
minute...
Uh huh
...I'm finish. I can no more
Yeah
Yeah
It's so tiring
Yeah! Tiring
I can imagine. Is it a short
career in boxing?
Huh?
A short career, you don't, you
can't do it for a long time? Or
you can't be champion for a
long time?

[simultaneously] you, you,
you, yeah, but you, you, you
can do it for a long time but...
It's difficult for long time stay
champion.

Yeah

So, so much people,
challenge you, challenge
you...

Yeah, yeah

...And always someone can
win

Uh huh, someone fitter or
younger or, it's hard with sport
Yeah

It's very hard to be, once
you're... if you start doing it
when you are a teenager,
Yeah

Then I dunno, by the time you
are twenty-five or something
already there is...

Yeah

...the next teenager coming,
so...

Yeah. OK. Err [flipping book
pages] [pause] OK, so if we
have a look at number three,
talking about making a
reservation.

OK. Err. "Good morning.

How

may I help you? OK, lets add
the insurance, just in case,
where are you, here, here you
are. May I have your driver's
license and credit card? It's
only, twelve?"

Twelve dollars

Twelve dollars per day?

Uh huh

"And if anything happens to
the car you won't have to pay
for it. Hello my name is blah
blah, I reserved the car online
here is my confirmation. Yes
that's right, is there an extra
charge for, mileage?"

Uh huh, mileage yeah

"Mileage. No thank you, I
already have insurance lets
see, you have reservation for
a compact car seven day and
you will be returning the car to
this location is that correct?"

No, our rates include unlimited
mileage but you should return
the car with a full tank we
charge at eight dollars a
gallon for gas would you like
buy insurance? Alright, here is
your rental agreement please
sign here thank you your car
is parked in lot A, space 23,
here are the keys."

Good

"Here, are, the, keys"

Yep, so this, err, this
conversation is in the wrong
order

[pause] OK.

So some, umm, for example it
starts with "good morning,
how may I help you"

Yeah

That's quite normal, but then
it jumps to "OK, lets add the
insurance".

[pause]

So I would like you to see, if
you re-read it in your head...

OK

...to see, maybe you can put
numbers...

Yeah

...next to the lines and see
which way you think it should
go.

THE TIME-GIVER

Lauren Printy Currie

Because I am always at pains to trace the real thing that I try to describe

The Time-Giver is in-built
moving us around the day,
like a mother its cadence
grows from within.

Swept along in this flow,
the Time-Giver causes all
to gradually fall
into synchronicity with it
and each other.

Footsteps become heartbeats and the approach is a series of
repetitive near-reaches, getting there. We brace ourselves and
dismiss oppositions - closed doors, wrong turns, illnesses, fallouts
- flinging open everything we find shut. When we enter the room,
it becomes flooded with a rapid discursiveness; the talk is fluent,
sudden, fluid - as if it were only movement it encouraged. One
matter to the next, this leads to that and so on. I drink down this
constellation of speakers. I absorb the sound as it moves around
me as a pivot catching my echoes in a net. The seductive interior
touched everyone, or was it we who touched it. Surfaces are for
slipping on and no one could tell if they were falling. When the
door was closed on the room it contained all of its limits at once
and we were suddenly confronted with some real distance to each
other. A closed interval of time with a set of sharp points like a
rectangle or a square or whatever. From those angles, we came
from different backgrounds but we all had something in common
"let's change the world if we don't like it the way it is." When the

clapper struck the bell and the sound slipped out of the mouth, surfaces were for slipping on, like some measure of the voice of us. Friends sat down and talked in the dappled light of the day passing. It was an evening in September, everything was palpable everything was there.

*When you leave me behind
don't just leave me your impulse
I depend exactly on your body
in order to realise mine.*

WRITERS' BIOGRAPHIES

SCOTT ROGERS

Scott Rogers (born Calgary, CA) lives in Glasgow. He has an MFA from the Glasgow School of Art and also undertook an exchange at the Staedelschule in Frankfurt, DE. Recent solo exhibitions have taken place at Collective, Edinburgh; Southern Alberta Art Gallery, Lethbridge, CA; YYZ Artists' Outlet, Toronto, CA and Glasgow Sculpture Studios. Scott has made publications with Mark Von Schlegell, Mason Leaver-Yap, and Sam Forsythe. With Sarah Rose and Rebecca Wilcox he runs the occasional project space tenletters in Glasgow. An earlier version of "Grafts" by Scott Rogers was published online with Texto, a platform for artists' writings organised by Daniel Jacoby.

HANNAH JAMES

Hannah James (born 1985, Nottingham) lives and works in Glasgow. Her work addresses the relationship(s) we have with ourselves, each other, non-human animals, and environments. She is interested in particular moments where balances of power, control and manipulation are brought into question: moments that result in positions of trust, vulnerability and fear being compromised. How identities are formed, perceived and challenged are reoccurring interests within her research and production. James graduated from The Piet Zwart Institute, Rotterdam in 2014. Recent exhibitions include: Resting Bitch Face, Attent, Rotterdam, 2016 (solo); Heads, Pracownia Portretu, Lodz, 2016 (solo); Left Hand to Back of Head, Object Held Against Right Thigh, The Bluecoat, Liverpool, 2016; Can't you see how big those snails are? Chert, Berlin, 2015 (solo); wow! Woven? Entering the (sub) Textiles, Kunstlerhaus, Graz, 2015. James was artist in residence at Triangle France (Exchange with Glasgow Sculpture Studios) in 2016 and at Rupert, Lithuania in 2015.

LAUREN PRINTY CURRIE

Lauren Printy Currie is an artist who lives and works in Glasgow. She received her BA in Fine Art from Duncan of Jordanstone College of Art and Design, Dundee in 2008. Printy Currie works in sculpture and writing exploring how the intertwinement of language and material can explore and describe new meanings. Recent exhibitions and events include Devices, individuals and events, Pig Rock Bothy, Scottish National Gallery of Modern Art, Edinburgh; "My word," she would repeat, poetry readings in the grounds of Scottish National Gallery of Modern Art, Edinburgh; bleus, Cove Park, Argyle & Bute; Portraits, Still Life and Landscape, Usher Gallery Collection, Museum of Lincoln; mood is made / temperature is taken', Glasgow Sculpture Studios; 'read the room / you've got to', SALTS, Basel; Waking up a shape, The Woodside Press, Bristol, and Baldachini, Forum Stadtpark, Graz.

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