

2HB

2HB *vol.10*

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Curious Arts – No. 4

SUSAN BRIND AND JIM HAROLD

THE SCENE OF A CRIME

Argyll Arcade, Glasgow – 8.32am on a winter Tuesday in 2010.

Object Hey, you! ... Yes, you! Could you come here, please?

Subject [*Sensitive to the unfamiliar address, but also with a sense of 'here we go again', in contradiction and conflict, she wants to look.*]

The bright diamond ring has the effect of weakening the subject, rendering her helpless. It is compelling and she gets closer. Her mouth is open; no sound is uttered.

Object Here I am. I am offering myself to you, openly ... [to itself] Well, not so openly, since I cannot speak. Anyway, I was made to be looked at by you, and I hope we will soon reach an agreement by which you will do everything I tell you.

This is like a dream for the subject, both in the oneiric and the aspirational sense; a disturbing, a traumatic dream, though, because the ring's voice is uncanny. She relates it to the unease and the fright she might get if, one morning, her own reflection in the mirror started talking to her, in her own voice. An inanimate thing speaks and she cannot take this for granted. The ring should have been dead, and it suddenly starts to move. It is comical too, as when a table starts to dance. She snaps out of it.

Subject [*Defiant, suddenly alert, not powerless anymore, still curious*] Why would I do that? I mean ... there seems to be nothing in it for me; I have my life, things to attend to, places to go. Whereas you ... well ... you are behind glass.

Object Of course I am, I do not hide it. You will do as I tell you because you will not be able to resist. I am too much for you. Besides, you will also get something out of this: you will find knowledge about yourself that you cannot quite understand now. You will only be able to get there, if you follow exactly what I say. To the letter. What you will find at the end may be pleasurable (and then again, it may not be. It is different with everyone). But I can assure you that the risk will be worth it.

Subject [*Slightly offended*] You know how many others before you have asked me for the same thing? They have all offered me a paradise of self-knowledge, a more embodied presence in the world, a kind of magnanimity, a mindfulness. Yet, I am cautious. My heart has been

broken too many times and all I am left with is a late journey to work, anxiety, and self-doubt. In most cases, the story tends to end badly. Why should I listen to you? Of course I will not be able to resist. Everything looks wonderful when it is out of reach, behind a screen. Everything looks possible too. What makes you different from the white gold ring next to you?

Object I know I have competition, for Karl Marx branded us with fetish qualities that make us mysterious, all equally mysterious until purchased, had or worn. I, however, have something to say for myself, I am distinct, unique, already yours, even if you do not know it. There are qualities only I can offer, for my shape, my weight, my shine, my clusters, and my symbolic status already have a place within you, a place that needs to be filled. I can see in your eyes that it hurts when you think of that void that has never been touched. [*Shivering slightly*] Think of the gratification, the delight ... oh ... the enjoyment!

Subject You are trying to sell yourself to me but you forget that I am experienced in these matters. [*Deviously*] I am not going to deny it. I like you, I think you are pretty and interesting, but no more than that. There are other ways of satisfying whatever it is that I am feeling, other ways than having you ... [*pointing at the shop window*] This screen is vital. It keeps us apart, but also brings us together visually, if we both adopt the right position.

Object [*Interrupting her flow before she launches into an exegesis of Jacques Lacan's experiment of the inverted bouquet*] I am no philosopher, no wise object. I am a simple platinum and diamond ring. But I can assuage your desire, for this is what is all about.

Subject Our encounter is also a matter of narcissism, not only desire. And then, there is the fetish object to consider ...

Object If you want me to know about psychoanalysis, I will. I would do and be anything you want me to, so long as you surrender your will to me. This is what I am proposing to you. You are right in thinking about narcissism: it is all about you, but in order for this to be realised, to rid yourself of that itch, you need to give up representation, all my rivals, everything, and fall for me.

Subject I suppose you are right in asking me that. [*Pitifully*] You have a displayed price, so I could impulsively open that door and have you, buy you. The fact that I can do just that is the downside of

Subject [Groan. Sigh. Moan. Lament. Still speechless. She produces a symptom, akin to the hysteric's loss of speech or as if a little object, such as a bone, was stuck in her throat]

5

Object [Excited] I would shine so much, I would blind you with pleasure.
Subject [After some time, she returns, transformed] Yes.
Object [More quietly] You know how precarious this situation is, how quickly it can all change. What we have is special. This kind of fit is difficult to find. I am what you are looking for, your completion. I am what will give you strength while still puzzle you. I am what will make you move and act (if not act out). I am what you fear, and what you want, what you fear-you-want.

At the trigger of the sound of the word 'fear' she regains some ground, as if her revealed weakness and the object's confusing words had given her a strength she did not know she had, an understanding of the power she holds. She composes herself, breaths deeply and looks straight into the jewel's eye. She arranges the position of her feet to show the full effect she knows she has, from previous charm offensives she has undertaken.

Subject Are you not speaking yourself from a position of desire? Oh ...
Excuse my intellectualising. What I mean to say is that I also sense fear and wanting in you. I can tell by the way you look at my hands when I move them to make my point... They possess features that captivate you; perhaps, the possibilities they contain, the skins and textures they touch, the places they go to. I think you would do anything to come with me... Is it not you who desires me, rather than the other way round? For you to leave the window would be to transgress. You dream of things and sensations you have only heard about thus far. [Excited about her realisation] Warm flesh you will surround in your circle, the touch of hair ... oh ... hair! And sweat! No, no, it is you that wants me.

Object Maybe it is not so simple, maybe it is not a matter of position, as you mentioned before, but of flow of something ineffable between us – call it energy, sparkle, desire... That is what makes us a perfect match. I admit that you are attractive. Alluring things like me tend to pick bewitching peop ...

Subject [Cutting right in, sarcastic and in control, pretending to have had enough]
Bewitching, nonetheless!

'You will do everything I tell you' ... Well, it seems that she is thinking it will be exactly the opposite way round. She begins to walk away, sure that the tide is changing and the object will soon be imploring her. She wants it.

Object You'll come back.

She comes back.

Subject [Perplexed at the insolence] Excuse me?

Object Sorry for being presumptuous but I did think you would come back. If not now, you would have calmed down while at work, and realised going away was a mistake because you need me. You have always done so, since you were a child and used to play with your mother's jewellery. Don't you think I know?

The subject is paralysed again but, this time, she does not have the rosy cheeks induced by her first arrest. She is white, colourless. Still, there is fire in her, a pale fire. She is also beginning to weep. As her defences seem to crumble at the mention of her childhood and her fantasies – a combination that represents her weakness – the object takes its chance. It is experienced in the art of lures and goes for the final thrust. For both of them, this could be a matter of life and death.

Object [Compassionately] Come, come. Get closer, crouch down. Despite the screen that separates us, or perhaps because of it, you can see what it will be like for me to be yours [thinking to itself: and you, mine ...]. I promise you relief and pleasure. Do it, now or never.

Subject [Surprised at her sudden decisiveness, as if it was her who was in control, remorseless. Still, tired and defeated. She does not like to be seen crying in public] You are right; I give in. I want you; I have wanted you since I first saw you in one of my idle walks. It was a matter of time ... Just make me yours.

Object No, no. Make *me* yours.

Very close by, a bell is audible and, as the shop door opens, a bright light blinds the reader's eyes.

Record of response –
'Cinema of You' Session 3: 'Making their own Television'



The responses came in three waves, each with a different trajectory. They criss-crossed paths, mixed and resonated, hummed, thrummed, then continued on their way. For a while there I felt triangulated, globally topically positioned, but this sensation soon faded, along with a wholly accurate memory of the responses. Correction: I remember ALL but my version seems at odds with photos taken at the time or the accounts of others - which may be a comment on the memory of the others or the framing of the cameras.

Therefore, in the interest of comprehensiveness if not coherency, this piece is an amalgam. There was some disagreement over the relevance of pictures submitted by a couple of the respondees, so they've been edited down and selected by a hopefully 'fair' randomising method i.e. coin tossing and dice rolling.

What I'm aiming for is an aleatory collage, but yesterday it looked like a pig's ear, today more like a patchwork quilt. I will continue with the process until Chance makes it work. Hopefully there will be something here for everybody, or most, or failing that just YOU.

"I'm not embarrassed by having TV style and pacing; I'm not ashamed of being inspired by that whole world."

Alex Bag in conversation with David Frankel

The original idea was to give a lecture-screening based around **critically reviewed** experimental moving image works rarely being entertaining. This was a contentious opinion, but one that had bubbled up from a couple of decades of watching experimental film + video and finding that formal, structurally foregrounded work was the mainstay subject of the critical writing, as if serious work necessitated gravitas - on both sides.

Seeing as humour has a richly subversive potential beyond its obvious pleasure-giving: used effectively it can undermine representational orthodoxies, question cultural assumptions, suggest new methods of articulation, and posit a radical reworking of power relations - all concomitant with the ideals of an avant garde cinema - this marginalisation must be the effect of other (more powerful) prohibitory discourses, I reckoned. That's what the talk was going to look for and at. But after a few days of thinking and initial scribbling I used my usual measure:

where's the joy - for me doing it and for those attending? I was hard pressed to find it, even with a great leap of imagination. So I did the tv talk instead.

*

Note left on seat after lecture, middle front row:

The hands. The hands moved too much. And they formed strange shapes in the play of the light. I saw, variously:

a walking man; a barking dog; head of an ankylosaurus; Gog and Magog; two ducks: amatory and then in conflict

Was this part of it? The films seemed made by people with low self-esteem and limited resources. The hand show, then, proved the highlight but seemed more of a sidebar. Make up your mind!!

(accompanied by a doodle of an owl trailed by angled lines, signaling either taking off or urinating)

*

I'm looking at a display of glove puppets in the Bethnal Green Museum of Childhood. The tigers and cats are very hard to tell apart, and I keep focussing/defocussing between them and the barrier glass. It gives the sensation of surging backwards and forwards, through and then out again, like I'm on a swing. Every time I'm back 'in' the case I have another go at telling the cats from the tiger. Swing. Now I'm out I think of my day. Swing. Cats. Tigers. Swing. Maybe time for tea. Swing. On the next arc out I become aware of a woman standing to the side of the case, looking at me. She says she came to that talk, the library thing, and that though she didn't agree with me it was good of me to try. I nod and smile like she's praising but don't really know what she means. I don't remember her either, and when I go home and check she doesn't appear in any of the many photos that Jennet took.

She adds that she's a friend of my sister's and then says:

"Beetles"

like it's a punch line, or an old shared joke. I try and look as blank as I can without seeming surly, but I'm no good at silence so quickly add a:

"Where?"

and look down and about me, as if they're maybe just scuttling by.

Later that week a book arrives from Amazon - 'Television' by Jean-Philippe Toussaint - and I assume my sister has sent it as she gave me his 'The Bathroom' for my birthday. But she hasn't/didn't. It's either an anonymous gift or a mistake, but both options I find unsettling. I don't enjoy the book particularly either.

I have a dream in which I remember ordering it but it's just that: a dream.

None of my waking life bank statements show this purchase. When I mention it to Jennet she suggests maybe I ordered it in my sleep.

*

1898 - N.Tesla submits U.S. Patent 613809 - 'Method of and Apparatus for Controlling Mechanism of Moving Vessels or Vehicles' - and includes schematics for the first 'at a distance' (= remote) controlling device.



1935 - The 'Sticksman' becomes the first commercially available television remote. An extendable telescopic tube with a clamp end, its maximum reach is six foot.

1948 - The 'Listener' is launched by the Garod Corporation: a successful audio-activated remote, incorporating on/off and 'picture zoom' functions. Public interest is short lived as its sensitivity prohibits conversation whilst viewing.

1950 - The 'Lazy Bone' is introduced by the Zenith Radio Corporation. Offering on/off and channel changing, the connecting cable is bulky and constitutes a tripping hazard. This becomes a popular gag in comedy shows of the time.

1955 - Tired of the jokes, Zenith introduce the 'Flash-matic'. Relying on four photocells positioned about the screen, the system has problems working well on sunny days when the sunlight sometimes changes channels at random. More gags ensue.

1956 - The 'Zenith Space Command' appears, and employs a unique 'battery-less' system. Inside the transmitter are four lightweight aluminum rods that emit high-frequency sounds when struck. Each rod is a different length to create a different sound that controls a receiver unit built into the television.

1959 - The 'Maestro' appears and disappears within the year. Using electric field motion sensitivity - similar to a Theremin - channel changes and volume adjustments are achievable by gesture alone. Despite the capacity to calibrate to individual living rooms, pets prove a recurrent problem.



I've yet to start work on this piece but am coffee-fueled, so spend some time skittering back and forth online. I come across a review-blog on the LECTURE HALL. FREE SCHOOL. series by someone calling himself Bunny Boy. Unfortunately he doesn't seem to have made it to any of the Friday events, which is a shame as from a quick skim read he seems incapable of negative comments.

Unlike most blogs people do seem to reply to his posts, though, and if the number of response comments is anything to go by he has quite a big readership. But on scrolling through I find that most of them are from someone calling them self The Critical Friend. It looks like they should get their own blog - but maybe they're building up to that.

The Critical Friend was there on the Friday of my talk but spent most of his time in the Reading Room down the corridor, leafing through a slab like edition of Faust and some encyclopedias. At one point he passes through the lecture room (en route to the toilets) where he describes the architecture of the stalls and the patination on the tiles. He's blogged all this live so I learn that at:

10.34am - he Digg'ed the Faust book

10.36am - he Buried the person who had removed the illustrations

10.55am - he Digg'ed the collection of Pearson's encyclopedia

11.10am - he Digg'ed the tiles (with a response of 112 who 'Dug' his 'Digg')

11.25am - he Digg'ed the ordnance survey maps

12.15pm - he was Digging his cappuccino at E Pellicci

*

My sister has just finished a hypnotherapy course at City Lit and is looking for subjects. I ask if she can take me back four months to the day before, and then the day of, the talk. I want to rewind the tape and refresh my memory, look around a bit: maybe keep an eye out for Beetle Woman, The Critical Friend's fleeting appearance, and the Owl Doodler. Maybe even watch myself?

But she says it isn't like that. Regression isn't an exact science. It's more about exploring channels, following threads of connections, like untangling a web in the dark. And you can't change seats and watch yourself. She said she could take me back but it was just as likely to be four years, fourteen. You know the film 'The Time Machine', and how it had a steering lever made up of a stick with a jewelled knob on the end? Yes, of course. Well, it's like that machine but without the knob or the stick - it just goes.

Now that she has the Certificate she's considering going for the full Diploma. They don't even mention regression on that, she said. It's much more practical. The stress is on its therapeutic value: weight loss, stopping smoking, fighting phobias - though there is also an optional stagecraft module. That's as close as it gets.

*

Fredric Jameson described Brecht as "an adversary of entertainment" but I can't help thinking that his alienation devices - through set design, intertitles, acting methods, use of music, and knock knock knocking at the fourth wall - look exactly like the methods and strategies employed in Olsen and Johnson's hit knockabout musical comedy 'Hellzapoppin' (a stage show about making the stage show (1938), remade as a film about making the film that we're watching (1941)), or the Marx Brothers 'Duck Soup', and which are all ... entertaining. They foreground process, but don't dwell on structuralism; they employ representation, but pull back the curtain to reveal the illusion: they serve

pleasure on the same plate as ideas. This giddy mix continues on through Ionesco, Adamov, N.F.Simpson, Pinter, Barthelme, B.S. Johnson. It was there before in Jarry and Satie, Kafka, Hoffmann, Sterne and Cervantes. Carries back forward again through Godard, Ruiz, Anderson, Chytilova and then, heading TV box-wards come Alex Bag, Mike Smith, George Barber, Eileen Maxson... It keeps on carrying on.

James Benning ('13 Lakes', 'Ten Skies') is talking following a screening of his 'One Way Boogie Woogie' (1978) and the companion piece '27 Years Later' (the same 60 shots as in 'OWBW' but filmed again in 2005). Mr. Benning comes across as an affable sort, and despite the formal structure of 'OWBW' he explains it as a very personal work, with puns and personal references abounding. These are maybe more hidden to a lay audience than he realises, and he goes on to explain how after this first solo feature he was very careful to keep the humour hidden as he wanted to be taken seriously as a filmmaker.

"Humor in Benning's work is woefully unrecognized," writes Jay Kuehner.

*

1928 - Television is LIVE. A NY station broadcasts on a 48 line spectrum a montage of moving faces and jumping, jerking wind up toys. Station owner Hugo Gernsback declares:

"In six months we may have television for the public, but so far we have not got it."

1928 - The world's first dramatic television play - 'The Queen's Messenger' - is broadcast in the US. Two actors speak their lines on camera, whilst two others act as hand models for close-ups. The broadcast is received by four television sets.

1928 - penicillin discovered; clip-on tie designed; Mussolini ends women's rights in Italy; Mickey Mouse makes his first appearance; 51 frogs entered in 1st annual "Frog Jumping Jubilee" (Angel's Camp, Cal)

1928 - 1928

- so sorry

From:	V***** C***** (v*****_c*****@hotmail.com)
Sent:	25 June 2010 12:05:33
To:	Paul Tarrago (mistrallstudios@hotmail.com)

So sorry I missed your talk this am- and I cd have gone too!
I only just remembered and I am really cross with myself as I really wanted to go. Been suffering a bit with my back so my Mind was a bit elsewhere. So sorry. Hope it went well.

Bests

V*****

ACT 1: THE CONSENTING OR RELUCTANT STAGE

FINDING OUR FIELD

The sun is in everybody's eyes. It hangs ominously in the sky, throbbing, its light effervescent and intensified by the height above sea level of the stage. We have set ourselves the mountain complex as our reluctant stage. The mountains, trees, passing trains and walls of the complex blockade and move indiscriminately around the group. The group is constituted of familiar faces.

ACT

The same few walls, indirectly opposing upon the frame. Directionless.

Robin: *matante du pere duchesne*

Robin: *mononcle du pere duchesne*

Robin: *parrain du pere duchesne*

Robin: *marraïne du pere duchesne*

Robin: *filleul du pere duchesne*

Robin: *filleule du pere duchesne*

They pause.

(subtitle: subterfuge in straddling the rifts of communal action)

Robin: *matante du pere duchesne ... illustre*

Robin: *mononcle du pere duchesne... illustre*

Robin: *parrain du pere duchesne ... illustre*

Robin: *marraïne du pere duchesne ... illustre*

Robin: *filleul du pere duchesne ... illustre*

Robin: *filleule du pere duchesne... illustre*

Scene in opposition to what has come before.

Being here is like having a crush. You always crave closer and better intimacy and by keeping proximity as much as possible means you're always on the verge of getting it. Attempts to straddle rifts within common movements, communal actions, are welcomed. We sit in circles, we move in groups, we play games that go around and around.

It's subterfuge here how we, the amateur voice, takes prevalence. Our shared language moves like a flock, or a formation. Like a coded message.

Dialogue: Being here is like having a crush. Always craving closer and better intimacy, and all you can do is keep close proximity as much and as often as possible to feel like you'll get that intimacy. We sit in circles, we move in groups, we play games that go around and around.

With a finite sense.

THE AMATEUR VOICE PREVAILS

Voice: We sit around on our feet and grunt.

Dialogue: We have been seeing how long we could go without drinking water

Voice: and building roads from nowhere to nowhere by moving rocks around.

Spoken: it was hard to live before.

Voice: I can't even form a thought.

In Words: Sometimes I don't know what I am or who I am, or was.

Dialogue: Sometimes I feel like a monkey, an animal, and when we did that I believed it was all imaginary.

Dialogue: Being here is like having a crush that doesn't go anywhere.

Voice: But we are all vibrating anyway, we're all in each other's dreams.

I see a mountain, a shared projection. Mountain comes into view. End shared projection.

THE DISILLUSIONED INSTITUTION

Glass fronted buildings reflect endlessly the positioning of the audience. One of the participants moves through the space in an abundance of reflected augmentations.

ACT 4

SCENE

We say to one another what a blessing this is, it is one giant folly, one giant castle that's spiral staircases make no sense but have no need to.

The lights dim on the forest.

Murmurs spread among the group

WE'VE NEVER HAD SO MUCH FREEDOM

Murmurs spread among the group. We've locked the doors to keep the narcs out.

(Subtitles: it is prohibited among the group)

We can't make a community in this institution, we can fictionalise but there will never be complete transparency. Feather the drum. This site is one giant folly and we are following a material path through it. Who is our reluctant leader anyway? What will happen if we become a conference centre, a template for corporation production?

Who makes the decision?

ACT 1

CALL AND RESPONSE

When two women play kattajaq, they face each other, sometimes holding onto one another, and make sounds. The sounds are voiced and unvoiced, guttural, rasping or breathless. It is not exactly singing. It is sometimes called throat singing. They mimic each other and build heady rhythms, asynchronous with the slight lag of the second voice. They compete to see who lasts the longest before laughing, or gasping for breath. Traditionally, the women sing into the mouth of their partner, using it as a resonating chamber. Sometimes, kitchen utensils are used instead, or hands are cupped conspiratorially between the two mouths.

I am looking at a picture of two women playing kattajaq.
One thought in particular nags at me:
to use someone's mouth as an resonating chamber for your own voice
like she is doing.
It is to use another as the instrument of your own amplification,
to rebound against another in order to verify your own existence.
Is it parasitic?
Or is it an act of generosity on the part of the open mouth
to confirm that they themselves do indeed exist
and moreover are the landmark by which you orientate yourself?

Sometimes, when I am walking, I take a very minor sense of comfort when people step aside to let me pass or walk around me, as it confirms that I am indeed visible and solid, mass and volume displacing air. They may not know me but they are obliged to recognise the fact that I am there, intruding upon their material existence.
Which is not to say that I suffer from a debilitating inability to believe in my own, but just to acknowledge that at some very fundamental level it induces wonder to see your own perceptions mirrored and bolstered in another person.
Comforting in the same way is the thought, when sat in a group, that if you stood up and started singing show tunes or undressing it would disturb proceedings, irrevocable proof that you do indeed impinge upon other people.

Which brings me back to the picture of the Inuit women, clasping the arms of their partner at the elbow although it is hard to clasp tight in mittens.
And perhaps we are missing the point here
because really it is not instrumentalisation imposed on one by the other
but entered into voluntarily by two.
Because the mouth is not a resonating chamber but rather two mouths become an echo chamber.
It is a question of call and response.
It is dizzying, an act of vertiginous concentration and so they lock arms,
or at least that's what it looks like there where it is dark and the trees behind them are bare.
I imagine that the air is cold and clear and the sound resonates
and their breath clouds around them and perhaps their heads are sometimes lost in the mist,
like mountaintops.
And there where they are singing against a purple sky she looks overwhelmed with emotion,
about to collapse
like Cheryl Cole in the headline from this morning which had a familiar ring to it,
CHERYL COLE HAS COLLAPSED!
I have been to lots of parties and acted perfectly disgraceful but I never actually collapsed.

Steadied by the arms of her partner,
really it acknowledges that the most two people can do is to become for a moment reciprocal mechanisms
and once again I have stumbled upon a banality.
And the mechanics of aurality allow for a more perfect reciprocity than those of the flesh, in patterns of reflections and echoes.
It was the women who discovered it in cold climates
facing each other warmly wrapped up and mouths slightly open

Curious Arts – No. 4

The Ordered Thoughts of Richard Parrott - begun in 1740, then again in November 1752 and resumed in November 1762 - retraced through his journal in the Library of Hospitalfield House, Arbroath over the period September 2007 to November 2010.

Susan Brind & Jim Harold

Existence Ecliptic English Epicurism Engines Piety Pity Physick Printing Pride
 – amongst the animals Philosophy Physic Printing Gospel God Glory Gold Gods
 Gold Gods God Government Gold Gods Religion Resurrection Revelation
 Repartee Reason Retirement Repartee Pleasure Peculiar expressions Jubilee Judges
 Inundations Deluge Judaism Horse Honour Holland Honour Horace
 Horsemanship Dog Doubtful case Dog Doge Signs Simile Stile Similes Sciences
 Scripture Springs Ships Infinity Inscription Infinite Inscription Instinct
 Invitations Canal Cambden Chance Calendar Castration Care Classical Reading
 Charles Calendar River Riches Rice Highways Hives of Bees Hieroglyphicks
 Hypotheses Littleness when compared to the immense Globe Light Littleness Life
 Littleness Ignorance Inoculation Iron Imposition Ignorance Impositions Inconsistence
 Inoculation Immortality of the soul Swearing Stealing Seed Sleep Swearing Screw
 Sea water Grammar Glass Grammar Gratitude Gardening Glass Cicero
 Criticisms Christianity Climate Cid Pronunciation Providence Pronunciation
 Phosphorous Proverbs Probability Proverb Points – mathematical Poetry Deluge
 Deer Devil Devil Deacon Degree of the Meridian Dead Death Derivations
 Declamation Death Boat Boot Boldness of Expressions Boorhaave Bones v. Deluge
 v. Fossils Books Blood Bolingbroke Trees Treason Tense Temple Trees Theology
 of the Ancients Tea Tooth Cold in Lapland at Torneö Cromwell – Oliver Copernican
 Systeme Cromwell Cold Compliments - fine Occasional causes Orange – Prince of
 Orations before Battle Old age Bastards Baptism Bawm Bankrupt Banks Bravery
 Baptism Branding Beneficos Beheading Beer Beards Love Lovestein Lock Logic
 London Fables Fate Fable Fable Fashions Fame Faculties – surprising Flanders
 Custom Custom Customs Cruelty Customs Curiosity Curtius Man Man Magna
 Carta Magnet Maxims Marriage Magnet Massacres Munna Time Trials Titles
 Times Titles Triumphs Times Tyrants Twins Virtue Vices Vision Vicissitude of
 Fortune Voting Votive pictures Vortex Voting Voltaire Wine Whig and Tory Writers
 Action Air Ancients Aristotle Ancient works remaining Agriculture Asia Air
 Dying Divorces Diseases Discontent Diseases – strange effects of them well attested
 Statue Salt Sacrament Statue Sanctuary Stars Lord Strafford Spain Image
 Image of God James Ingratitude Innate James 2 James 1 Italy Whore World
 Woman Wood Superstition Muses Musick Mushrooms King Kiss King
 Languages Concerning the Language of the Dead Latin Languages - their affinity
 Languages - Hebrew Laws Souls Stoicism Solicism Snow Stomach Sounde Stone
 Spontaneous productions Papist Prayer of Socrates Parrott Parallel Passages
 Painting Papists Parliament Papists Necessity Negroes Miracles Mistakes of
 Authors and Others Miracle Minds of Cracow Bishops Bribe Blindness Birchwine
 Birds Bishops Birds Ebrusian mysteries Electricity Entertainments Extremes
 Dancing Day Drama Adoption Astronomy Apostrophe Astrology Association of
 Ideas Littleness Liberty Lightning Lights in the air Light Littleness Life –
 Philosophers & Doctors Measure Metaphors Metamorphosis Memory Metals
 Mercury & Sulphur attract Imitations Indifference or Indolence Instinct Prettiness
 Prerogative of the Crown Petrifying Perfumes Rants Rain Sales Slavery Sabbath
 Salts Stars Strategems Motto Moral remarks Month Moon – harvest Morality
 Motion Obscene expressions Operations v. Remedies Beauty Colours Cromwell
 Coals Names 1 Nante Names Nature Hume Humour Humanity Incredible
 assertions of good authors Inheriting Eugene – Prince Effluvia Ebullition Eunuchs
 Europe Embassadors Earthquakes Ease Elasticity Torture Tortoise Town Torias
 Toleration Calendar Characters Castration of females Cato Camelion Cannons
 Capillary tubes Years Providence Politics Policy Phosphori Pronunciation
 Pronunciation Prophecy Poisons Projects Numbers of People Explosion Eloquence
 Weather Weights Weight – metals Wedges West Indies Punishments Prussia Laws

Languages Latin Derivations Degrees Death Deafness France Fame Flame
 Flattery Will Wisdom Witchcraft Winds Whimsical Inventions v. Instinct animals
 Brutes Burning glass Burial Christianity China Cicero Christina 2 of Sweden
 Revolutions Revolution of Ye Heavenly Bodies round their axes Refinement Remedies
 Frost Fortifications Floating Fortune Fossils v. Deluge Stones Vapours Vanity
 Divisibility of Matter Diagonal Dissections Digestion Diseases Divorces Questions
 in Physics or Natural Philosophy Quakers Ancient Architecture Ancients Air
 Cements Chemistry Creation – God's Design and Ends in Creation Creed Mathematics
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 Reason Retirement Repartee Curious Arts & Receipts Cruelty Fruits Fluid bodies
 Futuro Strato Paradoxes Planets Pasquil Plane – inclined Prayer Plautus Parrott
 Water Watch Water War v. Cannons Incredible Insects v. Generation Species
 Swearing Smell Seneca Friction Fire Fish Friendship Figures Tastes Tallard
 Translators Trade Tradition Travelling Vegetables Venice v. Italy Vehicles Glands
 Granaries Gaming Gain Gardening v. Vegetables Hearing Hermathene Heat v.
 Burning Glass Hebrew Oysters Ophir Oyl Colours Constancy & Resolution
 Content Cromwell's son Coal Company of Good Men Commonplace Books Coral
 Royal Society Romances Rome Agriculture Ancient Arts Ancient Writers Animals
 Mechanical Improvements Meals Memory Meridian Melancholy Thunder Tin
 Turkey Luxury of the Ancients Lusus Nature Surprise Sugar Suicide Sugar
 Superstition Study v. Learning Nitre Arteries America Alexander Salts Shakespeare
 Slavery v. Liberty Sabbath Spain Changes in Ye Earth Charles 1 Cannon
 Characters Curious Arts & Receipts Cruelty Generation Greek Germany
 Magnificence Massacre Manna of ye Children of Israel Man v. Life Marriage v.
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 Utrecht France Fancy Guiscard Superstition Maxims Marriage Criticisms
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 Customs v. Titles Curious Receipts Stones Sound – Conveyance of Sound – an Echo
 to ye Sense Soul Mistakes Prettyness Peter the Great Prerogative Weather Web
 Bravery Bastard Baptism Barbarism Lifes Liberty Russia Laws Language – their
 Affinity & Derivations Latin Quakers Questions Prophecy Providence Proverbs
 Poisons v. Vegetables, Remedies, Diseases Epitaphs Epithets v. Metaphor Empires
 Characters Sales – Antique Sabbath Hanover Designs or Devices v. Motto,
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 Latin Tide Tythes Titles Brutes v. Animal Instincts Bulk Trees America
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 Prerogative Wills Whimsical Inventions Vicissitudes of Fortunes Virtue Prayer –
 our own minds Derivations Birds v. animals Fish England Water Salt Papists
 Fossiles Frost Climate Latin Curious Arts & Receipts

Writers' biographies

SUSAN BRIND AND JIM HAROLD

Susan Brind and Jim Harold are artists and academics based in Glasgow. Their independent and collaborative works have been exhibited nationally and internationally, and they individually have works held in public and private collections in the UK and USA. Their joint projects include *Mysteries of the heart*, shown at Camden Arts Centre, London and Passieren, for Drückwerk, Bremen – both shown in the 1990's. They have recently resumed working collaboratively, exhibiting a sound installation at the Royal Scottish Academy, Edinburgh (2008) and creating a permanent site-specific installation for the Library at Hospitalfield House, Arbroath (2010).

HANNAH ELLUL

Hannah Ellul graduated from the MFA at Glasgow School of Art in 2010. She works across media, most frequently with video and text. She also co-runs Psykick Dancehall Recordings, who publish a journal, *Dancehall*, and will be undertaking a Creative Lab residency at the CCA in October 2011.

LAURA GONZÁLEZ

Laura González is an artist and writer. When she is not following Freud, Lacan and Marx's footsteps with her camera, she lectures postgraduate students at the Glasgow School of Art and the Transart Institute. She keeps a blog on the objects and thoughts that seduce her: www.lauragonzalez.co.uk

PATRICK STAFF

Patrick Staff is an artist based in London. His work uses collaboration, re-enactment, abstracted movement and dialogue, sound, sculpture and obscuring structures to explore the political, physical and performative implications of social spaces.

PAUL TARRAGÓ

Paul is an artist filmmaker and sometime writer. His most recent project - *the 8 part Badger series* - has recently completed runs at the Pleasure Dome (Toronto) and Beaconsfield (London). More details about this and him can be found on the Video Data Bank website (www.vdb.org).

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