

2HB



2HB *vol.12*

Contents

I & 24

**Double Ended Tassel Foetus Bookmarks
on Carpet and Laminate**

LUCY CLOUT

3

A Watch and a Cheese Sandwich

MARTIJN IN 'T VELD

II

PATRICK GODDARD

16

Line of Sight

DANIELLA WATSON

17

A Barbarous Intensity

DARREN TESAR

I have to tug the fridge door a couple of times before it opens. Handle rattling in my hand. There is a bottle of vodka in the freezer, some pieces of meat and a couple of plastic bags with bread; one new loaf and three or four bags with left-over slices.

The loaf is a brown full-grain bread bought at the local supermarket. I take four slices from it, lay them out on a cutting board lying on the counter and then put the rest of the loaf back in the freezer.

From the fridge I take out a piece of Gouda cheese. From the cutlery drawer I take out a cheese slicer and a potato knife. The centre of the cheese is a bit carved out, so I use the potato knife to cut away the coating on the corners, then cut off the two outer edges and eat them up straight away.

I look at my wrist. There is a wristwatch around my arm. Nice thing, I like it, although I don't wear it that often. A bit too much like jewellery, superfluous also, when you can use your phone to check the time. But I guess a watch is handy sometimes. You look more easily at your watch than at your phone to check the time, no? Sometimes a watch goes well with the rest of your clothes as well, makes you look a bit more neat perhaps.

Although I don't wear it often, whenever I put it on I automatically start wearing it for several days in a row. It's surprising how easily routine seeps in.

I use the slicer to cut off some cheese which I spread out more or less equally over two pieces of bread and then cover these up with two other bread slices. From a magnet strip on the wall I take a small serrated knife, with which I cut the sandwiches down the middle.

The minute and hour hand look the same, exactly the same design. Straight corners, bit tapered toward the ends. Sharp splinters. Nice shiny metal. I think they have the same weight, just different proportions. The second hand has a different design. Even thinner,

and just above the point where it is attached to the watch there is a small circle with a hole in it. All pointers extend beyond the point where they pivot, so they are not attached with their ends to the centre but more on, let's say eighty percent of their length. Maybe even ninety. They look quite fragile. But they seem well protected behind the glass. Probably even waterproof, but I am not sure; should you try these things out?

Next I open a white overhead cupboard on my left and take out a small cardboard box from between some dusty soup bowls and unopened packs of coffee. Holding the box in my left hand I unroll a plastic bag and rip it off from the roll with my right hand.

Grasping the bag with my left hand, I wet my thumb, index- and ring finger of my right hand and then rub the two sides of the plastic bag together in between my fingers until it opens up.

The face of the watch is black and has no numbers, all hours are marked by stripes, the ones for the three, six, nine and twelve are a bit longer, and the minutes in between those are, again, a bit smaller. The second hand doesn't really tick, but seems to just spin around smoothly, although when you look at it closely it trembles slightly, seeming to doubt each new second. It looks a bit funny, as if the time isn't sure about itself.

With the bag open in my left hand I take the pile of bread with my right hand and put these carefully in the bag, making sure the sandwiches don't start sliding past each other.

The hands are actually just some small arrows, which are turning around their own axis. The second hand is on top, then below, the minute hand, and then at the bottom the hour hand.

When the bread is neatly in the bag, I hold it up by the top corners between my fingers: then tie them together into a knot.

It's interesting that the clock is ticking right above your wrist, no? That it's right above the place where you can put two fingers across your wrist to measure your heartbeat.

I tie another knot on top of the first one and put the closed bag on the dining table next to the other things I will take along today.

It's one of those watches without batteries, so you have to wave your hand around for a bit to get it moving. So sometimes when I don't move around much on one day or sleep late, I wake up and see that it has stopped.

I kind of like that it's time which only exists when you are doing something yourself.

In the kitchen I turn on the hot water tap and clean the cheese slicer and the knives with a dishwashing brush and put them in the drying rack on the left side of the sink. The cutting board I hold upside down above the bin to let most of the crumbs fall off, the rest of them I brush off with the back of my hand.

There is a type of rodent deterrent that emits a very high pitch scream that is inaudible to our ears but to a mouse is so excruciatingly annoying that it will abandon its nest. It does however have one major flaw and that is that if a mouse has a new brood of babies it won't leave. The new batch of baby mice are born into the scream and as such can't hear it, or at least never notice it. As a part of the only world they have ever known its presence isn't registered. I can't draw a parallel from human life but that isn't to say that there isn't one – its just I wouldn't know about it.

Perhaps if someone were to turn this machine off the young mice would be so disorientated in their painfully quiet world that they would crave its return, conversely they may experience a bewilderingly profound peace

*

Recently I pointed out to a work colleague that it was funny, but from where I was sitting it looked as if she only had one hand. The way she was sitting or the angle from where I was looking made it appear that she had a stump where her right hand should have been.

She replied with a deadpan straightness that she did only have one hand. I smiled; enjoying our disintegration into black humour banter, a banter that was refreshing from this otherwise cold, or at best stern woman. After a few more teasing remarks about phantom limbs and World War One, and her dedication to her own straight faced-ness, I realized that she did only have one hand and that after months of sitting opposite her I had never noticed. I had thought she was just a lazy typist as she sat there casually tapping the key board one handed – a typing style that I had also since adopted in an attempt to display my fellow contempt for work and disdain for efficiency.

My earlier bitching about her utter inability to staple things straight and astute observations such as 'oo, your left handed too!' were in hindsight, though not strictly incorrect, mal-judged. It dawned on me that she hated me and had done for some time.

When I was twenty I had a job in the mornings handing out newspapers. A woman called Maive used to come and start conversations with me; she had a thick Cork accent and must have been around eighty-two although I never asked. She wore a plastic triangular scarf over her hair to keep it dry even when it wasn't raining. When it was gently spitting once she recommended that I get one and the next time I saw her she gave me a spare, telling me that she had plenty at home. One day she invited me for a cup of tea, which I declined, and went on to invite me to come round to her house whenever I was free. I said I might do and she then gave me her address. The next day she appeared surprised and slightly offended that I had not come to visit her the night before. She invited me again and finding it not in my heart to refuse I visited her that evening. Her small flat was full of Irish Catholic pictures and trinkets primarily depicting The Virgin Mary. I smelt the presence of an otherwise forgotten cat which lingered with the predictably musty odour of an old person. She made me a sandwich, which she watched me eat. One slither of ham and an excessive amount of butter was squashed between two pieces of white bread. It made me feel sick. It was a short visit but I ended up agreeing to visit her every Tuesday. On the fifth week she baked me an apple pie in her faulty oven, which only ever reached radiator heat, I suspected it had only been put in the oven upon my arrival. We sat side by side on her sofa as she liked to do when she started fondling my hand and holding it to her chest. I looked straight ahead. She said I had small hands, though I don't, especially compared to her tiny and toad like ones I thought. After a few teasing remarks she let it go as suddenly as she had seized it and looked away flustered and with an air of shyness. I asked 'What's wrong Maive?' After she encouraged me to coax her further she replied that she had been having 'feelings for me' and that she thought that we really got on and had a laugh together. I felt like I was about to have a nosebleed as I lied and said that I had a girlfriend. She composed herself, forced a carefree smile and pretended like nothing had happened. I suggested we go and check on the apple pie: it wasn't ready so we had another fifteen minutes awkward conversation. She wouldn't let me leave until I had had a slice. After fifteen minutes I suggested we go back and check on the pie again. It was still not done. I insisted it was done and that I would love to eat it now. She said she didn't want any but she eagerly watched me eat the raw pastry. I felt sick and told her I was late meeting some friends to see a film. She wrapped the remains of the pie and put it in my pocket and reached up to hug me as I left. The last few visits she had pecked me on the cheek but on this occasion her kiss was aimed at my mouth. I turned at the last moment and her wet lips caught me just on the corner of mine. She imploringly made me promise to come again the following week but I lied and have never seen her since.

*

Malaparte tells of how the Hitler youth were made to gouge out the eyes of live cats in order to get them accustomed to the suffering of others. My eight-year-old nephew had been staying with me for a few days and occupied his time playing unknown games in the garden whilst I spied on him from the window as I pretended to work upstairs. He had been trying to tame a blackbird that was hopping around some recently dug up earth where presumably some insects had been exposed. He seemed enchanted by it and tried enticing it closer with worms. Never acknowledging him and remaining out reach, it gave the impression of flirtatiously taunting him. After lunch he was back in the garden playing around with a pitchfork, the blackbird had also returned and on its recognition Hue, who is named after my father, clumsily threw the pitchfork in its direction. It missed its mark by a few feet but scared the bird into flight and the handle knocked it out of the air dead onto the lawn. I think his throw was just an effort to try to get the bird to acknowledge him and not meant sinisterly. Shocked and looking around guardedly he picked up the bird with the pitchfork and threw it over the garden wall. He played with Lego for the rest of the day and didn't mention what had happened and I didn't tell him I had seen it.

*

During my first trip to the toilet at a recent dinner party I noticed that its previous occupant, presumably one of the other two men, had pissed all over the toilet seat. This, as a man, doesn't bother me and perhaps I would usually even allow myself to be more careless with my aiming in the knowledge that the seat was already pissed on. However, waiting for the loo behind me was Margery, younger and better looking than the name suggests, and I thought that I should either announce upon my exit that it wasn't I who had pissed all over the toilet seat, thus pretty much accusing the other men with out even necessarily assuring her of my actual innocence or, mop up the strangers sprinkled urine myself. I returned to the dinner table and, as the five faces pivoted to acknowledge my re-entrance, nervously touched my face. Accompanied by what must have looked like a small facial tick I flinchingly dropped my hand again as I thought of my pissy fingers and went to take my seat.

Over the course of the evening I wiped away piss several more times and made a mental note each time someone went to the loo to try and work out who's wee I was cleaning. It wasn't either of the other men and I think, though I can't be sure, that it was in fact the hostess who was somehow managing to urinate on her own seat.

I think it was a subtle dig at me and an untasteful joke about a paedophile I had made earlier but the conversation moved onto etiquette, social behaviour and then one of them started talking about social M*O*R*E*S. Now, is that word

said mores (pronounced how its spelt and rhyming with whores) or said like *moray* (rhyming with foreplay) because this guy was saying the former, *mores* (like whores), but I know that its said *moray* (like foreplay) because it's a Latin word that has only relatively recently made its way into English. It was as if he was talking about a very sociable moorish people. And then another person took it up and started saying 'mores' (whores) as well – and then I was going to say the word but I didn't want to sound like a snob – you know – by unnecessarily romanticising it, - even though it's the right way to say it. I mean, I didn't want to say it wrong just because they were but I didn't want to be seen to be correcting them either - as if I was some how better educated or putting on social airs. I was worried they would think I was elitist or worse ostentatious. I didn't want to judge, or to be judged or be seen to be judging. I mean, I don't care how its said - we all know what was meant, and that's the point, but at the same time it would have been inauthentic to dumb myself down just to fit in. I don't want to be pseudo working class or pseudo posh but after years of self scrutiny its become impossible for me to be and speak neutrally.

Language existed before I did. No matter what words I use they dictate how people view me and, to make it worse, the awareness of this fact makes what ever I say disingenuous and calculated to further my desired perceived identity. I decided I would rather stick with my paedophile jokes than have to dodge linguistic mantraps in conversations like these.

*

My uncle's friend once told him that to release the bite of an attacking dog you must stick as many fingers as you can up its arse hole. Years later and witness to a savage attack on a child by a Staffordshire bull terrier, he ran to help and vigorously shoved two fingers up its anus; when the surprised dog didn't let go he desperately tried to stick up a third. Bystanders looked on bemused as the frenzied trio danced amidst cries and snarls. It could perhaps have been funny, if it weren't for the savagery of the attack and the intensity of the child's terrified screaming.

*

There is a bar that used to have a little hole in the corner of the ceiling where some old plaster had crumbled away. Above the bar is a creepy, old, unused flat and, on more than one occasion, a mouse has fallen through this hole landing behind the serving area beneath, next to the glass washing machine. The mice are still alive but crippled and in these incidents it is up to the least squeamish of the bar staff to humanely finish them off. On the last occasion this task fell to Tim, an

ex-art student with a First World War style moustache. Not having the nerve to stamp on it, which I think is the most efficient suffering-to-effort ratio, he opted to drown it and thought it might ease its passing to drown it in wine. Pouring out half a pint of the house red (Malbec) he picked up the crippled mouse in a bit of blue tissue and plopped it in the glass. After an initial sink the mouse bobbed back to the surface and began frantically paddling. With a hesitant glance around the bar Tim realized the torturous flaw in his plan but, too late to undo, he thought the best thing to do was to take a teaspoon from on top of the coffee machine and hold it under, which he did.

I work in this bar but I was not the witness of this event.

The horizon is always relative. On the cusp of disappearance, a line reveals its depth with every step forward. When time is no longer linear, the line is no longer vertical or horizontal.

Amongst other things you can trust pen and paper. A printed book could be a horizon, not spherical, never reaching the end, the order of things all jumbled up, crumpled and flattened, always one step, one word closer to another horizon, if a book could be a horizon this would sum up experience for me, the present always gone, even when you are in it, go over the commas and make them darker, more curved, each comma a clear dot with a crescent trailing away from it, nothing definite, nothing closed, the horizon depends on where I stand, go over the commas again, make them clearer, with no starting point, the distance between me and the horizon changes but according to which law?

No curvature, only a straight line across. Like the comma, the screen is a false horizon, each line a point in space, the horizon moves with each proceeding line. This doesn't reveal anything in particular. We are still no closer. From where we stand the beginning might well be the end.



A Barbarous Intensity

Imagine the leather-cracked skin of this hulking mass - bronzed from a lifetime of nomadic wandering - suddenly recast under the unfamiliarity of electric light. Again, watch his smoldering eyes survey his hallucinatory transfiguration. He pivots a full 360 degrees assessing any threat of danger. His black square cut mane jostles in response to the quickness of such panther-like reflexes. A sword hangs from his girdle along with scraps of stiff animal hide, which scarcely conceal the hard, dangerous lines of his limbs. In times of uncertainty, which, for him, we are told is a consistent mode of being, Conan instinctively keeps one calloused hand on the hilt of his heavy sword. Uncertainty, indeed, for Conan the Barbarian now stands in the stillness of a tiny bedroom enveloped by the warmth of Texas night. Only the breeze - lazily sucking the curtains of the three nearby open windows - moves.

This massive corded neck turns and his troubled brow falls upon another. A medium built man sits at a small desk typing with a loosened collar and a squirmy posture. Conan has seen countless temples and has found himself in many ornate bedchambers, yet nothing aptly gives context to the cluttered Victorian townhouse he now awkwardly finds himself teleported into. Moreover, Conan has squared off against hordes of tigers, bandits, wizards, and demons but what now sits at the desk cuts deeper than anything he has ever faced before. "He stepped forward, lifting his hand – then halted as if frozen, head tilted back, eyes wide open, hand raised..."¹

It is impossible to know when the man behind the typewriter, Robert E. Howard, began acknowledging the presence of the towering Barbarian occupying his secluded rural world. Nevertheless, this initial appearance would only serve as the inaugural event for an all too frequent guest. A guest who became the catalyst of both fear and passion, which, night after night, spilled out and onto thousands of pages of pure fantasy. The signifier - from what can be gathered from other case studies of untreated hallucinations - most likely grew incrementally in intensity. Robert's hallucinations thrived due to an increasingly paranoid receptivity, which always came to fruition in the late evening. Evenings that turned any shadowy corner or darkened hallway into a fade in for his barbarous intensity.

Auditory hallucinations would pave the way for the rest. During those first weeks Conan would manifest through the humid sound of his deep breathing, heaved up and out by his rippled and hairy chest. To Robert, those rhythmic rumblings announced his inevitable summoning and, in turn, transformed the once familiar drone of cicadas into the soft static backdrop where Conan acted as an otherworldly transmission. Slowly the breathing was replaced with evermore substantial and threatening articulations. Eventually, Conan, sensing a newfound complacency in his nightly companion, broke the silence with what became his thunderous, albeit repetitive nightly introduction: "Just stay there and write and if you don't do exactly what I tell you I am going to cleave you down the middle".²

What came next is the continued logic of this most illogical condition: olfactory hallucination. Unlike the relative paucity of the audible, the next set of hallucinations benefited from Robert's lush palette of imagined scenarios, each containing their own alchemic configuration. Where as most perfume begins with a fragrant base of ethyl alcohol and water, the olfactory prerequisite of Conan was most certainly layer upon layer of built up perspiration. Each night the breeze ushered in an altogether different augmentation, be it the smell of sweat tinged with animal droppings as consequence from sleeping in stables or the sweetly metallic smell of freshly spilled blood, which itself, changes into evermore diverse and pungent aromas as it grows older and the cells begin to decompose. All of these aromatic signifiers soon grew into the very fabric of Robert's creative process, one where scent alone was becoming the sole incentive of each night's production.

Overtime and under the weight of increasingly nuanced stimulations, Robert's mental defenses diminished and invited in ever more penetrative visitations from the subject of his writing. Never possessing the courage to turn around and face the maddening vision of Conan, these creeper hallucinations would slowly and persistently reach out to Robert with increasing persistence. With all the clutter in his study, images of Conan were easy to locate. For instance, his reflected appearance could be found sliding along and ballooning over the metallic surface of a tea pot or pour out – liquid - onto any number of weeping windows. In other words, if Robert was, in fact, resisting the inevitable confrontation of Conan the Barbarian, Conan was patiently, yet forcefully moving closer in on him.

As the months passed Robert spiraled down into a widening array of confrontations, beginning with the gustatory and moving into the kinesthetic. Perhaps the most astonishing of these hallucinatory concoctions came to Robert in the place where the very origins of myth formed: the tongue. Not only was he hearing, seeing, and smelling traces of Conan, Robert began finding undeniable tastes and sensations within his palette. The most prominent flavor being the dry mineral taste of sand. It was as if the very sands through which Conan traversed to find his dangerous adventures were being caught in Robert's mouth. Occasionally he would break from his writing in order to probe his tongue against the soft sides of his cheek only to spoon out the faintest grain of some unknown, yet assumed, material onto the outmost tip of his tongue.

Near the end, Robert began to feel the very air around him churn by the frantic pacing of his impatient giant. Pages caught the drafts, framed pictures clapped with the walls, and objects on various shelves marched as if magnetic toward their barbaric causation. Then it happened. During one hot summer night in Cross Plains, Texas, the cool touch of a chapped blade around Robert's loosened and perspiring throat provided the final violent form of reprieve to so much unrelenting anticipation. This final consummation spelled the beginning of Robert's dramatic disconnect from the town he, only months earlier, used as a template to draw the Barbarian's depth and distinction.

Boards would soon find their way onto his bedroom windows. Neighbors witnessed Robert spending the better part of an afternoon fortifying his house as if he knew of some looming threat to their small town that they didn't. At dusk, the community also grew accustomed to hearing a few gunshots emanating from the slightest gap from a cracked open screen door. However, none of these peculiar habits stood above what came when the sun finally passed. Shouting, which turned to screaming and even cut, with an eerie affect, into boisterous laughing, could be heard from the house during all hours of the night. Sadly, before anyone in the town decided to intervene on his torturous nightly ritual, Robert ended his life and, along with it, the life of his savage muse, Conan the Barbarian.

It must be noted that Conan's presence grew into an increasingly concrete presentation in a fashion not unlike how Robert's earliest character sketches were formed: through a gradual assembly of traits, appearances, and circumstances. In the many letters Robert E. Howard wrote during his short life he perhaps spoke most poignantly

about the blur between his reality and of his fantasy in a letter to fellow fantasy writer, Clark Ashton Smith, on July 23rd 1935:

*It may sound fantastic to link the term "realism" with Conan; but as a matter of fact - his supernatural adventures aside - he is the most realistic character I ever evolved. He is simply a combination of a number of men I have known, and I think that's why he seemed to step full-grown into my consciousness when I wrote the first yarn of the series.*³

While there is substantial evidence that Robert E. Howard suffered from clinical depression, which ultimately led to his suicide on June 10th 1936, there is no evidence of these hallucinations. For instance, upon examining the house of the late Robert E. Howard (now a museum), there is no sign of the boarding, no testimonies of the shootings, and rather vague recounts of any verbal exchanges. As difficult as it may be to locate the origin of this invented myth, one document alone testifies as irrefutable evidence to its existence. In a behind the scenes interview for the film adaptation of "Conan the Barbarian", director John Milius spoke at length about the supposed visitations of Conan:

"He was convinced that the town wanted to exterminate him and this kind of thing and he would go home and board up his windows and load his rifles; you know, a complete nut. But the best part is he's alone one night and he feels a shadow overtake him from behind and he knows that Conan is standing behind him with a large axe and Conan tells him "Just stay there and write and if you don't do exactly what I tell you I am going to cleave you down the middle". And so he is so terrified because Conan just exuded such power and fear and he could just see the axe glinting in his peripheral vision, you know, that he just writes all night. And of course with the coming of dawn he turns around finally and Conan is gone. So he falls upon the floor completely spent and he realizes: "I only have to sleep for a few hours because then I must fortify myself, for when darkness comes again,

so will Conan..." And of course Conan did. He wrote almost all these stories in this very short period of time because Conan was standing over him with an axe." ⁴

While there may be no historical truth behind John Milius's tall tale, the importance of such a story could lie in acknowledging his truthful act of embellishment. With more accuracy, these embellishments - accumulated over the years surrounding Robert E. Howard's short and mysterious life - become a poignant place to accept and celebrate knowingly false reconstructions, which aid in and care for the continued creation and sharing of myth itself. In this case, it is a pseudo-myth fashioned from one filmmaker who dissolved the boundary between a writer and his work. A writer now absorbed into the very writings he gave the world over seventy years ago. These reckless and under researched reconstructions open up, sometimes at the cost of accuracy and truth, the boundless abundance of fragmentary questions and stories offered by communing with the still open past. In summation, the focus is one in praise of the powerful and refreshing freedom of producing out of a connotative potentiality rather than the restriction of a definitional authenticity. The liberty taken in generating here is, as Conan himself describes in one of hundreds of Robert E. Howard's stories:

"...the firm conviction of the reality and power of hypnotism, building up, by mass thought and practice, a colossal although intangible atmosphere against which the individual, steeped in the traditions of the land, finds himself helpless". ⁵

End Notes

- 1 Robert E. Howard, *The Conan Chronicles*, ed. Stephen Jones, Vol. 1 (London: Millennium, 2000). Pg. 425.
- 2 John Milius, *Conan the Barbarian*, DVD, directed by Oliver Stone John Milius, Universal Studios Home Video, 1982.
- 3 Robert E. Howard, *The Collected Letters of Robert E. Howard*, Vol. 3, 3 vols. (Plano, Texas: REH Foundation, 2008).
- 4 John Milius, *Conan the Barbarian*, DVD, directed by Oliver Stone John Milius, Universal Studios Home Video, 1982.
- 5 Robert E. Howard, *The Conan Chronicles*, ed. Stephen Jones, Vol. 1 (London: Millennium, 2000). Pg 399.

Writers' biographies

LUCY CLOUT

Lucy Clout (born 1980) is a London based artist working in video, sculpture and performance. Recent exhibitions include solo presentations at Limoncello Gallery London, IPS Bournville and group shows at Transmission, Glasgow, CAG, Vancouver and The Henry Art Gallery, Seattle.

PATRICK GODDARD

Patrick Goddard (born 1984) lives and works in Hackney, London. He graduated from Goldsmiths University with an MFA in Fine Art in 2011. His practice primarily revolves around video making. His writing includes *States of Exception* - self-published in 2011 and *So Far, So Good.. So What?* to be released early 2012. The work submitted to 2HB is a selected combination of writing from both publications. www.patrickgoddard.co.uk

MARTIJN IN 'T VELD

Martijn in 't Veld (born 1979) lives and works in Brussels. He received his MFA from the Piet Zwart Institute Rotterdam. Recent exhibition include: *Acts of Refusal*, Tartu Art House, Estonia (curated by Ellen Blumenstein & Kathrin Meyer) The Office, Berlin - *Out of Storage*, Timmerfabriek, Maastricht, the Netherlands - More or less, a few pocket universes (curated by Valentinas Klimašauskas), Gallery Augusta, Helsinki, Finland and *KFPC*, White Columns, New York, United States.

DARREN TESAR

Darren Tesar (born 1984) is an American artist currently based in Glasgow. He graduated from the MFA at Glasgow School of Art in 2010. Darren Tesar utilizes indiscriminate materials, objects, and practices taken from daily activity to embody heterogeneous cultural acceleration and celebrate the obsolescence therein. Nevertheless, this sort of activity does not attempt to be anything more than it is: incredibly common, everyday, and carried out by everyone, which is to say, absolutely irreducible.

DANIELLA WATSON

Daniella Watson is a writer living in Edinburgh. She graduated with an MA in Modern and Contemporary Art History from the University of Manchester in 2007. Writing projects include: *Get Set - Ortonandon*, Intermedia, Glasgow; *Collusions and Collisions* - Together, Catalyst Arts, Belfast; *The Edge of Things* - David Mackintosh, Cornerhouse, Manchester; *Cosmetic* - Tiffany Parbs, Craft Victoria, Melbourne and Craft ACT, Canberra, Australia; *Melancholia and Memorabilia* - Laura Lancaster and Katy Woods, International3, Manchester.

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

ISBN 978-0-9562713-9-6

© 2011, Centre for Contemporary Arts, the artists, the writers
Published December 2011 in an edition of 300 by Centre for Contemporary Arts
Centre for Contemporary Arts, Glasgow www.cca-glasgow.com
The CCA is supported by Creative Scotland and Glasgow City Council.
CCA is a company limited by guarantee with charitable status. Registered Company No: SC140944

