

~ Y ~ O ~ U ~ E ~ N ~ T ~ E ~ R

You enter one of the rooms in the flat you're staying in. On the left side there's a bed, and on the other side there's a desk filled with different small objects, books and an empty bottle covered in ink. There is also a phone laying on the table. Above it on the wall small notes carrying ideas. ② The phone is ringing. You pick the phone up. On the 3.5 inches tall screen you see an incoming FaceTime-call. Your friend is calling. You accept the call. Now you can see several familiar faces. You say hello whilst picking your headphones up and placing them on your head. Your friends are in a room. The floor of the room is red. A lot of people are circling around. You can see objects and drinks. Your friends look tipsy. They film one of the objects. You made it. One of the cast objects has yellow plastic wrapped around it, with your name written on it. That shouldn't be there. You immediately start to think about communication. And the Internet. You think about the world. About how connected we are. You evaluate the lack of short distance connection. Then you remember that you are located in different part of the world.

You enter a room. This room is large and contains the whole world. You head for the corner. It takes your whole life.

You enter a room. You hear a voice. It is your own. You say "you are here" and wonder "but where?" You look at your hands.

You enter a room. It's filled with raucous sound. You think of how strange and evasive a language they use here. These people, why can't they, your people?, just say it?

You enter a room. You'd heard about this place. You'd heard there were miracles here. You who didn't believe in miracles came to witness one.

You enter a room. That dirty word community is ringing in your ears. You think of belonging. You think of mirages, false summits and that word apotheosis. You think of the West and cultural transmission. You think of power and its pressure valves. Community; you'd heard that there was no such thing, but they said they still had it here. They said.

You enter a room. You leave the room.
Where are you going? What do you want?
Endless forever.

You enter a plane. Fly across the sea, drift across the sky. And that sky; it is a crazy night. The wind is blowing tunes through your ears. In a dark field, surrounded by trees and hundreds of people slowly moving from side to side to the tunes of Stormzy's song SHUT UP.

In your pocket you feel a vibration. It's the vibration of your phone. You take it out.

It's lighting up in the dark and on the screen you see a message.

The message is from Glasgow.

You open it up.

They say something about the blood red floor.

You think.

Transmission's Members Show.

You're a member and showing work in the show.

They say something about people and send photos from the night.

You think that it would have been nice to be there, but you not there, you're here. ⑬

You enter upstage centre, ascending a narrow stair case, dry ice gently cascades down as you are coaxed up by a red foggy hue. It is silent. You mumble your lines under your breath. The red fog thickens. You are unprepared. You can feel that familiar twinge of fear ripple through you. You begin to walk forwards. Your eyes are trying to imagine shapes and forms, some chairs or a table, to figure out where you are meant to be. There are figures becoming outlined from a spotlight ahead. There are forms on the floor and suspended through a crowd. You walk further forward. The figures are now people you know, both well and others in passing, you have forgotten all your lines but you remember to pick up your prop. You join the queue. You collect your prop. You turn around and can now see more forms appearing on the floor. You begin to walk through the forms. You investigate each one. A calmness flows over you. Some forms trigger familiarity. The crowd begins to sway in the same, unspoken, circular motion. Everyone is moving around and in-between them and each other effortlessly. You are unsure of the next scene. You no longer need to know where to go.

You enter into a contract.

You are standing in the corner of a microscopic cathedral.

Light illuminates the space from all but one side.

Bristling with sound and noise and voice.

A body crowds. Alongside sits its output filling the remaining space.

Cacophonous.

You graze your arm on a rough pillar, take a sharp drink from a plastic cup half-full with an acerbic liquid, and contemplate what it is to be satisfied.

A choir is singing in a back room.

You consider joining them but ache to draw breathe.

A manifold organ pumps hot air through a vent in the floor.

A live wire is cavorting from one of the many electronic installations.

③ You trip and just as you reach the peak of your fall an arm extends, lends you a hand and halts you.

More limbs emerge and force their way through openings in the outer walls.

You consider breaking contract but eventually decide to press on.

You are carrying a half-empty plastic cup, a document signed in triplicate and a microscopic cathedral.

You Enter. There is a room filled with artwork and people. It's a show consisting of members at a gallery called Transmission. Everyone is chatting in groups, conversing about some work on show possibly? or having a general catch up? there seems to be a sense of community but you cant tell. You walk around some more, gazing at work on show, your eyes are stimulated.

You feel quite overwhelmed, but impressed. You look around, moving in and out of the crowd, you see some familiar faces but never quite spoken to them but you quickly pass that thought and look for some friends. You find them and head to where the drinks are being served, there are a lot of bodies and the room feels like its getting warmer. You pick up a thirst and see that they are serving mojitos. It does the trick. You contemplate the show and what it represents in the context of your understanding of the Glasgow 'scene'. Its a members show. You're a member. What does it mean to be one? A member of what? maybe a member of this community. How does a community come to be conceived, is it actively participated in by the choices and actions we take? Or does we all adhere to it subconsciously? feeding off one another in the discussions that are made on those small occasions. You think of levels of community, how deep do they go, how true to their supposed values do they keep? You cant decide. You never will.

You take more time to indulge in the work. A feeling of humbleness enters you, you feel like regardless of these thoughts something has been achieved here, in a micro scale to a macro problem.

You imagine a set of foundations falling.

⑪ You enter via a long tunnel
Nb: Say 'Enter sesame'

You are in a large room
There are pieces of coagulated matter oscillating
They are not familiar

Leave and re-enter

Everything is slightly more familiar
You have named these species and these species have named you

Leave and re-enter

The dialect reveals they are all connected

Leave

Enter other space
This is already familiar
There are murmurs of the large room
of movements through

Leave and enter large room

Everything is familiar now
It is safe and you know your name
You do not yet know the name of everything in the room
You notice it's changed
It's going to take a while to learn again ⑫

Leave and re-enter (repeat)

Leave via long tunnel





DIY WHITE CUBE

