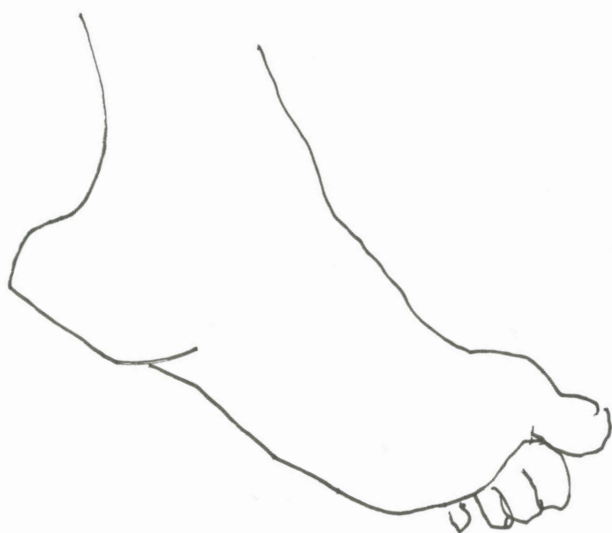


A note is a string of text placed at the bottom of a page in a book or document or at the end of a chapter, volume or the whole text. The note can provide an author's comments on the main text or citations of a reference work in support of the text, or both.

Footnotes are notes at the foot of the page while

Footnotes is a collection of original texts by an
invited group of artists, writers,
performers and choreographers, put
together by Timber & Battery, April 2018.



- 1 Dear friend
Timber & Battery
- 2 I hope this finds you well
Hamish Macpherson
- 3 Allá donde haya pasado el miedo
Jeni Cumming
- 4 When we walk
Mil Vukovic Smart
- 5 Who is this man?
- 6 For most (human) activities
Antonio de la Fe
- 7 If you want to perfect dragon step
Bettina Fung
- 8 Item Number: SA444704
Ellen Joan Harris
- 9 The list divides all animals into 14 categories
Timothea Armour
- 10 Das Trojanische Pferd
Gernot Wieland
- 11 Matter, which does not make a difference, does not matter
Sophie Huckfield
- 12 The inadequacy of the living, animal language
Collette Rayner

Dear friend¹,

Would you like² to contribute³ something⁴ to our publication⁵,
Footnotes^{6?7}

All the best,

Paul and Rohanne
Timber & Battery

-
- 1 We often talk about making interdisciplinary work, and the feeling of not having a home or context. We like thinking of you as a 'friend', not just of us (individually), but of our collaborative practice.
 - 2 'Like' is tricky. We've been unable to secure funding for this project, so we can't offer you any fee. We totally understand if you would 'like' to, but 'can't'. In any case, let us know when and how we might be able to support your work.
 - 3 The deadline is Sunday 2nd July. We'd then put it together over that month and aim to distribute it by the start of August.
 - 4 Each contribution would need to follow a strict and simple form. We invite you to select a single sentence or statement that is not your own writing: this could be a quote, a found bit of text, or something from radio or television - something that's stuck with you for a while, or something you've only just come across. You would then write up to 1000 words (or as little as is needed) as footnotes to accompany this statement. This could be a single piece of text that hangs off the end, or many divergent thoughts that spring off each word.
 - 5 We're aiming for something cheap and small, with maybe a run of 300 or so. We'll send you a couple of free copies, of course, and perhaps a handful to institutions who have supported us, and then probably distribute the others at our events.
 - 6 There's no particular editorial theme, per se, apart from the formal constraint. You can take this in any way that feels satisfying or necessary;

as we like to say, 'do the obvious thing'. We're very interested in the possibilities of the footnote - a place to offer information that resists being formally discussed; or as a gesture towards oblique thoughts that don't quite fit - and the shifts in tone and styles of writing it can offer. What are your deviating thoughts? What needs to be said but resists direct scrutiny?

7 We wanted to say: we're going to illustrate the publication with drawings of feet.



I hope¹ this finds² you³ well⁴.

-
- 1 See also 'I hope you have eaten all your greens' and 'I hope you are going to be a good boy' for the oppressive tinge that lurks near compassion.
- 2 'Finds' is the present tense of the verb 'to find' and 'hope' earlier in the sentence is also the present tense of the verb 'to hope.' What is slightly interesting here is that they refer to two different presents - the moment of writing (I hope) and the moment of reading (this finds you.) One of the time-travelling tricks of written language that we take for granted.
- 3 One alternative and simpler formulation would be 'I hope you are well' but I would read this as a broader wish for someone, like 'I hope you have generally been well over the last few months or whatever the period is that you are currently inhabiting'. By adding 'this finds you' the statement focusses the wish to the time and place that the reader opens and reads the message (and presumably it withers away in subsequent readings.) This specificity makes the wish more conservative and therefore possibly more appropriate for a correspondence between strangers or acquaintances.
- 4 The reference to wellness appears to be the primary popular concern with this statement (see for example Dayna Evans's 2016 post for New York Magazine 'It's Time to Stop Writing 'I Hope You're Well' in Emails' or Judy Mandell's 2016 post for oberserver.com 'Unpleasantries: Don't Start an Email With 'I Hope This Finds You Well''). The main gripe seems to be that it seems insincere (it is used as a default opener but not as much as Dear and so still has pretensions of authenticity) and unnecessary (we wouldn't think someone wished us ill if it was omitted). It also begs the question of what if the recipient is not particularly well. As well intended as the wish might be,

it makes a presumption of an ideal emotional state, a kind of continuous condition of wellness. But I want to be able to experience a range of emotions including feeling like shit occasionally, or being ecstatic. These are fine and often have nothing to do with the business of the email. By wishing each other well we are reducing a multicoloured field of possibilities to a dismal binary of well or not well. Suggested alternatives include ‘How are you?’ or an even more specific question like ‘How was your trip to hell?’ but these are a hundred times more ominous. In replying, I am forced to choose whether to go with a self-reducing ‘great!’ or trying to put all my recent states of being into a paragraph before getting onto the business of the email.

Hamish MacPherson



Allá donde haya pasado el miedo^{1 2} ya no habrá nada^{3 4}. Solo estaré
yo^{5 6}.

- Frank Herbert^{7 8 9 10 11}

-
- 1 In the place where fear has been
Here, in this theatre
- 2 There, where fear has passed through
The fear
- 3 There will be nothing
- 4 Nothing else. No one else. An empty space. A void. Desolation. Silence.
The quotation passes quickly across the stage. Dancing
- 5 Once I reach the place where there is no fear I will be completely alone. (But
that is where I am going.)
*That is where I intend to go, nothing can stop me from my arrival
at that place, (and I will be completely alone)*
Frank sounds English
- 6 Here I am, completely alone, and the fear has gone. The fear has finished.
- 7 The show, which was called The Fear (*El Miedo*), has finished, and I
watched it, I suppose, 'alone'.
I suppose, on my own
- 8 There, in the theatre of this Basque town, the show - we imagine - will have
finished, and there will be no more to see. And I will be completely on my
own.
"Beldur"
It was projected above the stage
Left to my own devices, to interpret what passed through

-
- 9 Then, one, only one, person speaks (after the show - The Fear - is over)
- 10 ‘Back then, before the fear can have been imagined to have passed, there
was no show.
- 11 I will be alone! (I thought)
 So, use other performers, use others’ texts, I said.
 Initially this was a solo show, then - I thought - I could not do it by
 myself”



When we walk¹, we tread upon a dense palimpsest² of those who have travelled these same³ sidewalks before us⁴, each inscribing⁵ on those pavements their own⁶ narratives.

- Kenneth Goldsmith⁷

-
- 1 Look at how people walk. Just look at the next person in front of you. There should be a national programme of advice and support on correct walking. Paid by the National Health Service. As part of the school curriculum. Compulsory on any dance and performance course. Imagine how a simple intervention could make a lot more people happier and healthier. Imagine.
- 2 Palimpsest is a word that seemed always magical to me. It was more than a word, it always implied an action, a movement of a hand, a sensation of a flat hand brushing carefully over a thin veil of sand dust, an inscription just slightly peeking out from underneath, in the unrolling of a delicate papyrus. A slightly too vigorous movement or influx of fresh oxygen might destroy it. But then it was not a whole in the first place. It is never the same. Liam O'Connor, the British Museum artist-in-residence 2011 – 2014, was capturing the development of a new wing of the museum, now the World Conservation and Exhibition Centre, through a drawing of the same site as it was changing over three and a half years. The drawing changed as the site was changing. O'Connor describes his approach: "As the site changes physically, I regularly return to the drawing and work back into its surface, adding and removing certain elements as they appear and disappear."ⁱ
- 3 At a workshop that followed the exhibition *material / rearranged / to / be*ⁱⁱ Siobhan Davies asked us to recall and re-enact a movement that we can remember from our early life. I remembered full circle woollen miniskirts that some old aunt used to knit for me. I loved them – plain colours with little row of embroidered white flowers around the edge. I remember endlessly trying out spinning, spiralling around and opening the skirt full circle, like a parasol. But only very briefly. If you spin too much you cannot

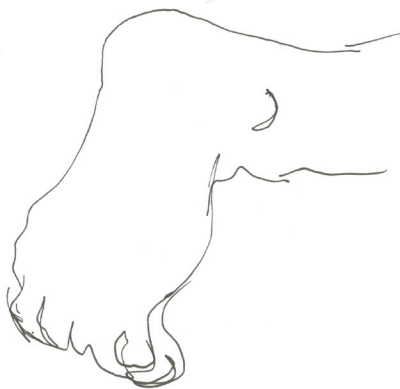
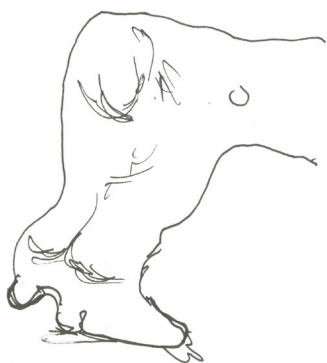
see the skirt in full, you just spin. So it was a one jerky movement from the hips to make the skirt open up and then jerk again the other way. And again. And again. And again.

4 What is a palimpsest in dance? Is it a historical piece of dance rarely performed but now re-imagined or reconstructed for contemporary audiences? Is it a dance experience re-lived? Is it what would be called the Classical repertoire, redone and re-danced over and over again over the last two centuries? Is every new *Giselle* always only a palimpsest of all *Giselles* before? Adam Weinert who recreated dances by an American modernist choreographer Ted Shawn, did a great deal of research into Shawn's life, reconstructing movements from books, photographs, video and rumour: "It felt at times as if I were dancing with ghosts"ⁱⁱⁱ. Early 20th Century Russian ballerina Olga Spessitseva prepared for her version of *Giselle's* Mad Scene^{iv} by visiting and observing patients in mental institutions. When it comes to the question of dance as the most ephemeral of art forms and its relationship to the past I find Boris Charmatz and his *Musée de la Danse* most inspirational: "Dancers' bodies are a museum in themselves. They archive, store and pass on movement [...] Dance history was built on 10,000 gestures, 10,000 people, not just the five greatest names of the 20th century. It's a collective movement."^v

5 In a recent Gaga movement class, after we jumped and jiggled our bodies for a few minutes and then gradually slowed down, the teacher said: "Try to feel the memory of the shake on your skin". To those not regular at dance classes, or not familiar with somatic dance techniques, that might sound completely preposterous. Still, I could vouch it was true – raising my

heartbeat first and then suddenly slowing it down made my skin tingle with sensation, like an echo of the previous jiggle now rippling down my arms.

- i The British Museum (2011) Artist in residence - Documenting the Museum's changing landscape. Available at: http://www.britishmuseum.org/whats_on/exhibitions/wcec_artist_in_residence.aspx (Accessed: 1/7/2017).
- ii Siobhan Davies Dance (2017) *material / rearranged / to / be*, London: Barbican
- iii Weinert, A. (2013) The Reaccession of Ted Shawn, MoMA: New York, Available at: <http://www.thereaccessionoftedshawn.com/goldenidol> (2008)
- iv goldenidol (2009) 'Olga Spessivtzeva; Giselle's Mad Scene' [YouTube] <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=711Ry88jgvA> (Accessed: 10/7/2016)
- v Cappelle L. (12/05/2017) Interview: Boris Charmatz on dance and non-dance, The Financial Times, Available at <https://www.ft.com/content/cfcbd4b2-3190-11e7-9555-23ef563ecf9a> (Accessed: 29/06/2017)



Who is this man?

Who is this man?

This man walking, walking, walking forever, forever walking

Walking from the east, from the west,

Walking to the south, to the north,

Walking ahead, walking forward, onwards,

This man walking, walking, walking forever, forever walking,

This man ¹

This man is a silhouette, a shape, a shadow against the light, a figure in the distance,

This man is a vehicle, a symbol, a target,

A weed, a pariah, a parasite

This man is a kindred spirit, a sweetheart, a breath of fresh air, a bone of contention, a footnote

And when this man walking, walking, walking forever, forever walking

When this man walking to the sea, to reach the sea, to cross the sea,

When this man

When this man sees

When this man sees the sea for the first time,

It will take his ²away,

It will take his ³away,

It will take his ⁴away,

- Anonymous

1 'aɪ əm ən 'eɪliən huː krɒst ðə siː tə lænd ɒn ðɪs grɪm ænd 'pleznt lænd |
 'laɪk ə bɜːd ə'træktɪd tə ŋjuː klamz |
 ə'træktɪd baɪ jə 'læŋɡwɪdʒ |
 'aɪ keɪm hɪə tə lɜːn ɪt |
 'aɪ keɪm hɪər ænd 'aɪ 'stɑːdɪd 'ɪŋɡlɪʃ |

br'gmə |
,mtə'mi:drət |
əd'vɑ:ntst |
prə'fɪʃnt |

| 'aɪ 'strɑ:ɡld wɪð jə <diphthongs> | jə <triphthongs> | wɪð ʃɪp ɔ: ʃɪp | wɪð
laɪv ɔ: lɪv |
fər ə wɑɪl 'aɪ wəz lɒst | ʌn'eɪbl tu ʌndə'stænd ðə nju:z | tə lɑ:f wɪð ju |
ʌn'eɪbl tə 'meɪk sens əv ðə pʌb 'tʃætəz |
fər ə ʃju: 'ji:əz nɒt 'eɪbl tə spi:k ət ðə spi:d əv maɪ 'θɔ:ts |
fə'getɪŋ ðə və'kæbjələri əv maɪ |

| əv maɪ 'neɪtɪv tʌŋ wɑɪlst nɒt 'nəʊɪŋ ði 'ɪŋɡlɪʃ 'wɜ:d |
dʒəst ə'baʊt 'getɪŋ baɪ | 'wɜ:kɪŋ 'sləʊli ət ɪt | 'səʊ 'peɪnfəli sləʊ |
'rɪ:dɪŋ wɪð ə 'dɪkʃənri baɪ maɪ saɪd |
'stɒpɪŋ | 'sɜ:tʃɪŋ 'evri 'wɜ:dz 'aɪ dɪd nɒt ʌndə'stænd |

| ə'freɪd tə spi:k |
tə 'meɪk ə mɪ'steɪk |
ə mɑ:k əv ,dɪsri'spekt |
laɪv ɔ: lɪv |

| 'aɪ dɪ'skʌvəd jə 'lɪmərɪk | jə 'saɪl prɪ'zent pə'fekt | jə sens əv 'hju:mən | jə
'kɒmpleks 'strʌktʃə 'sentənsɪz | jə 'freɪzɪ vɜ:bz |
ðə mɔ:ɪ 'aɪ ʌndə'stɒd 'ɪŋɡlɪʃ ðə mɔ:ɪ 'aɪ lɜ:nd ə'baʊt <engand> | ə'baʊt
'ɡreɪt 'brɪtɪ |

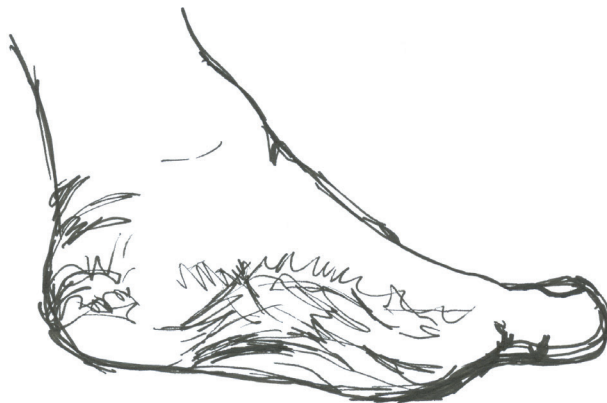
| ə 'kʌntri ðət fə 'meni 'ɪz ə 'pleɪs sɪ'nɒnɪməs wɪð 'dʒʌstɪs | lɔ: | dɪ'mɒkrəsi |

,edʒə'keɪfɪŋ | 'tɒləɾəns | 'betə 'wɜ:k |
ðæts waɪ 'ðeɪ krɒst ðə si: |
wi | 'eɪliənz | ə nəʊ 'kʊkuz | nɒt hɪə tə sti:l ə nest |
nəʊ 'mæɡpaɪz | nɒt hɪə tə sti:l jə 'rɪtʃɪz |
| wi həd 'aʊə sɒŋz tə jə dʌsk 'kɔ:ɾəs |

2 [breath in]

3 [breath in]

4 [breath in]



(For most (human)¹ activities)², there is some form of norm in place for how it is supposed to work. If you want to deviate from this pattern, you need to communicate — otherwise things tend to end up just following the norm, as others behave according to it. Communication and joint actions for change is the only way to break away. Radical relationships must have conversation and communication at the heart — not as a state of emergency only brought out to solve “problems”. Communicate in a context of trust. We are so used to people never really saying what they think and feel — that we have to read between the lines and extrapolate to find what they really mean. But such interpretations can only build on previous experiences — usually based on the norms you want to escape. Ask each other about stuff, and be explicit!

- Andie Nordgren

The short instructional manifesto for relationship anarchy, 2006

1 Basically, someone like you, me and everybody else (whether we know them or not)^{1.1}.

1.1 I hope you can forgive my cheesiness by choosing to misquote the title of the film^{1.1.1} by Miranda July^{1.1.2}.

1.1.1 *Me and You and Everyone We Know* (2005).

1.1.2 I can't help but pronounce her name as though I'm pronouncing the forename of someone called Julie; i.e. /^{1.1.1.1}ˈdʒuːli/ instead of /^{1.1.1.1}dʒʊˈlaɪ/ bis.


1.1.1.1 (and 1.1.1.1 bis) IPA^{1.1.1.1}.

1.1.1.1.1 This is not short for the type of beer, which by the way is the abbreviation of Indian pale ale^{1.1.1.1.1}, but the acronym initialism^{1.1.1.1.2} for International Phonetic Alphabet^{1.1.1.1.3}.

1.1.1.1.1.1 I'm not a beer expert but every time I'm

reminded of the fact that IPA stands for India pale ale I have always the same thought. Why did anyone have the bizarre idea of going to India to make beer...? Do I sound racist? Xenophobic? Or at minimum simply biased and close-minded? I remember being told over and over during my childhood, ‘En Roma como los romanos’^{1.1.1.1.1.1.1}. This, I have to say, doesn’t sound like applying to what comes to mind when I imagine a bunch of Westerners colonising India and then deciding they will need beer because they cannot have it any longer. Obviously, I’m biased towards en Roma como los romanos, I am biased towards a story about British gentle^{1.1.1.1.1.1.2} men seizing a foreign country^{1.1.1.1.1.1.3} which probably it is quite different to what some have recorded in the annals^{1.1.1.1.1.1.4} of history^{1.1.1.1.1.1.5}.

1.1.1.1.1.1.1

I’m from Spain therefore the choice of language. I don’t feel like using the expression in English, in these , not only because I was never told that over and over in Spanish in my youth, but also because I have never heard the expression in English. I know that it exists because I have searched for it online. I bet many of you

already know which expression is but in case you don't (one of) the English versions is 'When in Rome, do as the Romans do.'

1.1.1.1.1.1.2

I can't help but laugh at this, thinking of it as euphemistic irony. The Universe generally is such a good comedian.

1.1.1.1.1.1.3

Please, note that this reality is a construct. We are all humans and we are just one group. This is as artefactual and artificial as it is the collective fantasy of private property.

1.1.1.1.1.1.4

The right spelling sometimes makes the greatest of all differences. See Latin *annales* and *annus*, and compare to Latin *analis* and *anus*^{1.1.1.1.1.1.1.1}.

1.1.1.1.1.1.1.1

E.g. by going here: <http://www.online-latin-dictionary.com/>

1.1.1.1.1.1.5

I'm not interested in exploring in depth the history of India pale ale. But if you would like to read a bit more about it you can go here: <http://www.open.ac.uk/Arts/ferguson-centre/commodities-of-empire/working-papers/WP13.pdf>, or else you can do you're own research and come back to

“For most human activities” This are the very first words that Andie Nordgren chose to start the point no. 8 of the Relationship Anarchy Manifesto written by herself (although it was developed collectively as she credits herself in the introduction to the manifesto). I have chosen this one out of the 9 points of this manifesto because I find it really relevant for myself and very important for everybody.

However, I would like to pick in this words: “For most human activities ...” Andie says, and I wonder whether she realises that by doing so she doesn’t sound like a human herself.

“For most human activities ...” as though an alien visitor had come and watched and then quickly make some conclusions about us. “For most human activities”

The fact is that we used this kind of grammatical structure for meta-analyses of our own humanness all the time – I wonder whether detachment makes it easier or maybe we use it because it sounds proper. For me, however, it is problematic. I don’t know how well I can defend my argument but I really believe that using them when we are talking about us it is just a way to delaying the unavoidable and so continue to avoid it all the time. It becomes part of the problem; a wolf in sheep’s clothing. When any one of us do it, it is worst than alienating because it comes from a place of ready-made self-alienation and so, the rest of us as readers may fail to notice its effect quite easily.

I love this manifesto and I especially love this point. However, reading some-

thing that seems to be talking about something other makes it even harder to take it into account as a personal issue. Therefore it makes it also harder for us to assimilate that communication is key if we want to treat everybody else as equals and that everybody else treat us as their equals too, i.e. that we treat each other with respect and compassion and without judgement or comparison.

Communication it is hard enough, and it requires a lot of energy and resources (especially time). I wish this manifesto did it a bit easier for us by making us feel that it could potentially apply to all of us rather than seeming to pertain to people with whom we have nothing in common. The sentence could have started: For most of our activities as humans... for example. Only towards the end of it we can see a few sentences using we. I wonder, however, whether the damage is already done.



“If you want to perfect dragon step¹, do it ten thousand² times.”³

- Mr K

1 ‘Dragon step’ is the foundation of all the moves in the syllabus of my Supreme Ultimate Boxing class, aka Tai-Chi-Chuan. It is simply a slow walk in fighting stance, but simple it is not. It involves developing sensitivity to the centre of gravity in your body as you turn, shifting all your weight onto one leg and making the other leg weightless. Without any effort, the weightless leg lifts up, thus allowing you to naturally take a step forward with it.

When one leg carries all the weight it becomes full and the weightless leg is therefore empty. Fullness and emptiness, two equal and opposite forces forming the Yin and Yang, occur frequently in Tai-Chi-Chuan. I do this slow walk for at least an hour in my weekly three hour class, stepping up and down the room with each step reminding me of the importance of emptiness. It is rare to judge the value of something based on its emptiness, but it is often its emptiness that makes it useful. For example, it is the emptiness of a cup that makes it useful, as it enables it to hold a drink. In relation to dragon step we can think of a doorway; it is its emptiness that allows us to move through. When fullness arises in one part there must be emptiness elsewhere in order to move, as energy will not flow otherwise. When one leg becomes full, the other is empty and becomes free, enabling us to advance one step. When it is just fullness, there is stasis and we don’t go anywhere.

Tai-Chi-Chuan is best done when relaxed, allowing gravity to do most of the work and the body to move naturally and effortlessly. It is surprising how much force could be generated by a relaxed body as opposed to a straining one. In Taoism, the term *wuwei* means non-doing. It stands for actions that are natural, effortless, uncontrived and in harmony with all things. It is tough

for me to relax due to the anxiety of failure, a habit from perfectionism. I often tense up and hold myself in ways that makes the steps more difficult to execute. Trust is an important factor when it comes to being relaxed. To trust is to be open and know that we will be held when we stop holding ourselves. It is a kind of leap of faith into not knowing. Far too often we are afraid to let go of ourselves and step into emptiness.

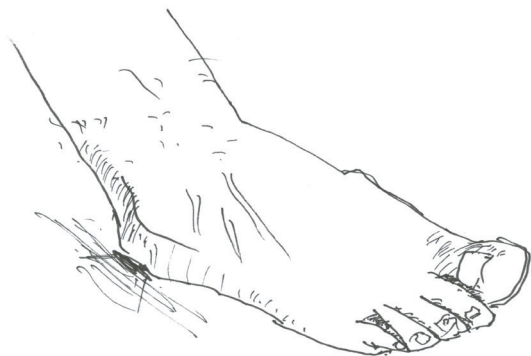
- 2 萬 (pronounced *maan* in Cantonese) is a Chinese character for the number ten thousand. ‘Ten thousand things’ is a Chinese expression used to mean the indefinite multitude of all forms and beings in existence, in other words it means everything. Therefore the number ten thousand infers the innumerable or the infinite. Similarly, in ancient Greek the word *myrios* (meaning innumerable) also stands for the number ten thousand. The word *myriad* derives from this.

Looking at the statement above, it might seem to suggest “practice a lot”. Looking further, if ten thousand refers to the infinite then perfection is unreachable. This sentence invites striving yet indicates its futility. *Wuwei* comes to mind. It would also appear that perfectionism elicits a kind of holding on, perhaps sometimes holding so tightly that we tense up. The determination to perfect dragon step leads to a resistance to surrender, holding on so tightly that we tense up and execute the step badly. Surrendering in this instance does not mean being defeated or giving up, but to let go of the struggle, to develop trust, and to allow time and space to let things naturally fall into place.

- 3 My current Tai-Chi-Chuan class teaches the Tung style, an obscure style

that is more like a footnote to the history of the popular Yang style. Before that I was in another class learning the Tai-Chi 24 form that was created by the Chinese Sports Committee in the 50s and heavily promoted by the Communist Party as the exercise for the masses. It was my friend who invited me to my current class and it turned out the founder of the Tung style, Tung Ying-Chieh, was my grandmother's Tai-Chi teacher back in the 50s. Excited that the lineage is in my blood, I declared it to be fated, joined the Tung class and never looked back.

A lot of information on Chinese martial arts styles, particularly regarding their history and origins seems to be convoluted or controversial. They are often based on hearsay or attributed to people of legends and folklores. Stories are passed down from one person to another, one generation to the next. It was my friend who told me the above statement. He heard it from our teacher, and it was his teacher, Mr K, who said it to him. I have never met Mr K, all I've heard is that he is a very skilled martial artist and a very strict teacher. Recently, I went to a studio viewing and it turned out the artist working there used to train under Mr K and spoke fondly of her strenuous training with him. Sometimes the world seems so small.



Item Number: SA444704

Date of manufacture: 18th Century

Current Status: in stock

Seller: Abersoch Antiques

On Sellingantiques since: 3 March 2016¹

Description:

A VERY PLEASING EXAMPLE² OF A MID GEORGIAN WELSH OAK DRESSER FROM THE SNOWDONIA REGION³. BROAD OGEE CORNICE⁴ TO THE RACK ABOVE SHAPED FRIEZE AND PIERCED CENTRAL 'COMA' MOTIF (TRADITIONAL SYMBOL OF LUCK / UNION OFTEN SEEN IN OTHER FORMS OF CELTIC FOLK ART SUCH AS LOVE SPOONS.⁵) THREE GRADUATED SHELVES⁶, SUPPORTED BY DEEP, SHAPED RACK⁷, THE BASE TOP HAVING TWO BROAD NICELY FIGURED TIMBERS, ABOVE A BANK OF THREE OVER THREE 'T' SHAPED DRAWERS WITH SWAN NECK HANDLES, APPLIED SHAPED PANEL CUPBOARD DOORS, paneled sides and rear above shaped bracket feet. OVERALL A VERY GOOD HONEST PIECE OF FURNITURE⁸ SUBJECTED TO WEAR & USE IN ITS TIME⁹ - LATER PERIOD HANDLES AND REPAIR TO LOWER BACK BASE CROSS-STRETCHER, PERIOD OLD DRAWER LININGS LIKELY REPLACEMENT.

EXCELLENT RICH ORIGINAL PATINATION THROUGHOUT THE DRESSER, CONSTRUCTED OF DENSE HEAVY WELSH OAK TIMBERS¹⁰. FROM A DOMESTIC SETTING¹¹ ORIGINATED FROM A PRIVATE ESTATE PASSED DOWN THROUGH GENERATIONS BY DESCENT¹².

- sellingantiques.co.uk

1 Due to the lack of interest from potential buyers the previous owners are increasingly aware that Welsh Dressers are no longer fashionable.

2 The previous owners agree with the description of the Welsh Dresser as pleasing, and would like to add that the reason they are selling the Welsh

Dresser has little or nothing to do with the fact that they are no longer fashionable, as they all find it very pleasing themselves.

- 3 The previous owners think it might be of interest to potential buyers that unlike other items which are merely referred to as Welsh Dressers because of the style, this is indeed a Welsh dresser in the truest sense of the term, in that it has stood for forty years in the front room of the recently deceased matriarch of the family, beloved mother and grandmother, and that before this it stood in another front room in Wales, and in fact the previous owners have good reason to believe that unlike the previous owners themselves the Welsh Dresser has never in its whole history left Welsh soil.
- 4 Jill, included in the term ‘previous owners’ as daughter-in-law of the deceased and heir by marriage to one quarter of the estate, states that ‘broad’ is the operative word here, for the dresser is indeed a very large and imposing item of furniture which, for all its majesty, would look awful in her own living room.
- 5 Juliet, included in the term ‘previous owners’ as grand-daughter of the deceased and heir to approximately two fiftieths of the estate, would like it to be known that she took her grandmother’s Love Spoon as a memento, and that she only didn’t take the Welsh dresser because as a young lady of transient address and unstable employment it looks increasingly unlikely that she will ever have a place big enough to store it, otherwise she would have loved it, because she thinks the dresser is beautiful and furthermore the fact that it meant a lot to her grandmother means a lot to her.
- 6 William, included in the term ‘previous owners’ as grand-son of the

deceased and heir to approximately two fiftieths of the estate, remembers that his grandmother used to keep on these graduated shelves, among other things, photographs of her grandchildren, to whom she was very dedicated. William lives in the USA now and cannot afford to ship the dresser over; otherwise he would have certainly taken it, as he thinks it is a great shame that the dresser is not being kept in the family after all these years.

- 7 Becca, included in the term ‘previous owners’ as grand-daughter of the deceased and heir to approximately two fiftieths of the estate, would like to point out that the word ‘deep’ here refers again to the size of the dresser, as in how much it protrudes into a room. She reiterates her mother Jill’s point that the dresser is an extremely large item, and thinks it is easy for William to say that it is a shame to sell it when he will never have to deal himself with the trouble of finding a place for the dresser where it won’t totally dominate a whole room of the house.
- 8 Archie, grand-son of the deceased, wishes to point out that the fact that it had been subject to wear and use should, if anything, add rather than detract value from the dresser, or indeed from any item. Furthermore, he contends that he does not want the dresser because he does not believe in sentimental attachment to objects, and he prefers to cherish the memory of his grandmother in ways divorced from material items.
- 9 Kate, another grand-daughter of the deceased, points out that the dresser really is incredibly heavy. She prefers to distance herself from Becca and Jill’s stance on the dressers’ size, feeling that the two women’s objections are largely on aesthetic grounds and therefore somewhat disrespectful to

the memory of her grandmother and her grandmother's love of the Welsh dresser. However, Kate would add that the impracticalities of owning an incredibly heavy Welsh dresser when you are only a tenant in your home and do not have a long-term permanent address are not to be overstated.

10 David, included in the term 'previous owners' as son of the deceased and heir to one quarter of the estate, found when cleaning out his mother's house after her death several old photographs of the Welsh dresser in its previous domestic setting, taken forty years ago when the item first came into his mother's possession. It is thus evident to David that the dresser meant an awful lot his mother, and he states that will never in his long life find the words to express the extent of his sadness at seeing it go.

11 Until now.



The list divides all animals into 14 categories:

- Those that belong to the emperor¹
- Embalmed ones²
- Those that are trained
- Suckling pigs
- Mermaids (or Sirens)
- Fabulous ones
- Stray dogs³
- Those that are included in this classification
- Those that tremble as if they were mad⁴
- Innumerable ones
- Those drawn with a very fine camel hair brush
- Et cetera
- Those that have just broken the flower vase
- Those that, at a distance, resemble flies⁵

- Wikipedia,
'Celestial Emporium of Benevolent Knowledge'

-
- 1 There's a family that live on the roof across the road from us and we've been watching them out the window all summer growing up. I think about family more these days, I find myself referring to them as 'our seagulls', and I like them better than other seagulls. On Saturday night, they feasted on a whole bag of prawn crackers from a Chinese takeaway and my heart swelled.
 - 2 The people that know me best know that I kept a magpie in the bottom drawer of the freezer for some time. Those that know me especially well know that it was kept company by a shrew for part of that time. No one but my sister knows it was there for ten whole years, before she buried it in the garden upon moving back in with our parents.
 - 3 Walking across the park, on the way back from the Chinese supermarket, Luke and I invented a classification system to incorporate all dogs: Any dog can be classified as a Hole-punch, Vape or Pint. Pints are subdivided into

categories based on drinks that you might buy in the form of a pint in a pub. The categories, unlike conventional dog classification methods, are largely self-explanatory: the sort of dog normally identified as a ‘Black Labrador’ is in fact a Pint of Dark Mild; A ‘Bulldog’ is commonly a Hole-punch; A ‘Scottish Deerhound’ is a Vape. Some dogs are more difficult to classify, and a more nuanced approach is required. An example of this would be a ‘Labradoodle’, a hybridised being, neither obviously Vape nor Pint, although certainly not Hole-punch. In instances such as these, where the substance of the dog does not immediately lead to its labelling, then the *aura* of the dog must be addressed; some ‘Labradoodles’ are Vapes and some are Pints.

I can’t remember how this system arose and we vowed never to try and explain it to anyone.

- 4 In a Neutral Milk Hotel song, there’s a line that goes “what a beautiful face I have found in this place that is circling all round the sun”. I wrote it out in Esperanto to see if it still felt universal. In Esperanto, ‘around’ is ‘*loco*’, but when you were trying to translate, *vi diris* “*Mi estis freneza kiam vi trovis min*”.
- 5 Could this also be ‘those that, at a distance, resemble raisins, but are actually flies’? On the windowsill in our kitchen, there is a dead bluebottle that has been there for a few weeks now. It’s sort of too far away beyond the sink and some pot plants to reach, dark and plump like a fat raisin. My mum calls Eccles cakes, which consist of a pastry case full of raisins, ‘fly pies’.





Das Trojanische Pferd¹

-
- 1 Es gibt Momente, die mich unmittelbar gefangen nehmen, diese Momente in Filmen, in denen Eltern in das Zimmer ihres verstorbenen Kindes gehen. "Wir haben nichts angerührt seither, wir haben alles so gelassen."

Ich sehe diese Zimmer, sie sehen nie so aus wie das Eigene der Kindheit. Ich habe kein Zimmer von dir, in das ich hineingehen kann wie in eine Erinnerung, ich kann keine Gegenstände ansehen, die mich mir dir verbinden, kein Buch, kein in letzter Minute gekauftes Geburtstagsgeschenk, kein achtlos zu Boden geworfenes Kleidungsstück, das noch immer dort liegt und durch meinen Blick mit Bedeutung aufgeladen wird, nichts, was ich berühren kann. Ich würde in dieses Zimmer gehen und vielleicht laut sprechen und für einen Moment denken, du sitzt hinter mir und antwortest gleich, selbst wenn ich still bleibe wie diese Gegenstände, wäre eine Erinnerung vorhanden und in dieser würden wir wie früher den Weg zum Fluss entlang gehen, und du bleibst wie immer am Fluss sitzen, stundenlang, bis es beinahe dunkel ist, und wir würden uns, wie früher, erzählen, dass die Toten sich in Bäume verwandeln und wir durch einen Wald von Toten gehen. Ich gehe manchmal in mein Zimmer, und tue so als wäre es das deine, ich sehe meine Sachen mit einer fremden Neugier an, das Bücherregal, der Teppich, der halb geöffnete Schrank, den ich immer offen lassen muss, mehrmals drehe ich in der Nacht das Licht auf um mich zu versichern, dass er geöffnet ist, der Stuhl, dessen Farbe ich nicht bestimmen kann, bis heute, der Tisch, das aufgeschlagene Buch, das dort seit zwei Wochen liegt und von dem ich weiß, dass ich es nicht zu Ende lesen werde.

Jedes Mal gehe ich aus dem Zimmer heraus als wäre es deines und schließe

so vorsichtig die Tür, als hätte ich nachgesehen, ob du schläfst und ja, da liegst du, ich kann sehen, dass du gleich träumen wirst, eine Hand hast du immer eigenartig verdreht neben deinem Kopf liegen, jedes Mal denke ich, es wird mich an etwas Zukünftiges erinnern, während ich die Tür schließe, und horche dann minutenlang durch die geschlossene Tür, ob ich dich geweckt habe, ich denke immer wieder, ich könne dich atmen hören. Dann fällt mir ein Gedicht ein, dass ich von dir bekommen habe. Es handelt davon, die Augen langsam zu öffnen und den ersten Vogel zu erblicken und ihm zum folgen und dorthin zu gehen, wo der Vogel sich niederlassen wird. Es war aber mitten in der Wüste, das hatte ich vergessen, und der Mensch verdurstet und stirbt an der selben Stelle, wo noch der Vogel saß. Ein Schakal fand den Menschen, trug ihn fort und fraß ihn auf.

Ich erinnere mich, dass wir uns Träume erzählten, das war genug.

Wir fanden keine Beschreibung des Trojanischen Pferdes, die uns gereicht hätte, und wussten, wir müssen eine finden, irgendwo, egal in welcher Sprache.

Ich ging das Telefonbuch durch und rief eine Architektin an, weil ich mir sicher war, sie könne Auskunft geben. Ich gab schnell auf, das war mein Glück.

Wir verloren einander, Monate später besuchte ich dich und du hattest sämtliche Bibliotheken durchsucht nach einer Beschreibung, eine, die dich auf einen Krieg vorbereitet, der gewonnen werden musste, egal von welcher Seite. Ich erinnere mich, wie du dich vor genau 30 Jahren auf den Weg gemacht hattest, wie man so sagt. Um zu Fuß nach Genua zu gehen, der für

dich einzige Ort, wo man das Pferd nachbauen kann und ein Floß, das es trägt. Ich erinnere mich, wie du deinen Namen nur mehr mit
. . . angabst, und wie du, nachdem monatelang nach dir gesucht worden war, wir uns begegneten. Ich war in der Stadt und am Weg nach Hause, es war bereits dunkel, und plötzlich hast du mir von hinten auf die Schulter geklopft und im Moment des Umdrehens wurde mir bewusst, dass ich, dass wir alle dich für tot hielten, und ich, als ich dich erschrocken ansah, dachte, ich spreche mit einem Toten, wie du mir sofort, als hätten wir uns erst gestern und nicht seit fast einem Jahr zum letzten Mal gesehen, von dem Nachbau des Trojanischen Pferdes erzähltest, die wichtige Geheimhaltung darüber, nichts in der Schule zu erzählen, in die wir schon lange nicht mehr gingen, nichts deinen Eltern, von denen ich nur gehört hatte, Vater gestorben, Mutter in Pflege, und du von niemanden mehr Gewalt befürchten musstest wie vor den Griechen, die, das wurde uns in der Schule gelehrt, jeden in Troja erschlugen, Erwachsene, Kinder, Tiere, das fiel mir ein, als ich vor kurzem in einem Buch über das Gehen las, und ich wusste, ich muss wie du damals nach Genua gehen, um dich dort, obwohl du nicht mehr am Leben warst, zu finden, wegzugehen von unserem, aber eigentlich nicht meinem und deinem Ort, oben nahe der Grenze bis ganz unten, über die Grenze bis ans Meer, durch die Wälder der Toten, über die alle schweigen, über die Berge, wochenlang, irgendwo schlafen, und jeden Morgen aufstehen und weitergehen als hätte ich ein Ziel. Ich habe das Fürchterlichste erlebt beim Gehen, und das Wunderschönste, ich bin förmlich meinem Körper und meinen Erinnerungen davongegangen und sie haben mich wieder eingeholt, nicht ich war es, der mehr ging, sondern ihr wart es, und ihr wart es nicht, ich habe euch beobachtet, wie ihr einen Schritt vor den anderen gesetzt habt,

wie ihr müde wurdet, froh, entsetzt, ängstlich, ärgerlich, das alles war nicht mehr ich, letztendlich auch kein anderer, es hat mich gerettet, das erkannt zu haben, auch wenn ich es bis heute nicht verstehen will. In Genua angekommen habe ich die Zeichnung, das Einzige, was ich von dir habe, die Zeichnung, die ich Skizze und du Zeichnung nanntest, und die ein Trojanisches Pferd und ein Floß zeigen sollte, und die ich jahrelang in einem Buch verwahrt habe und nur einmal bei schlechtem Tageslicht abfotografiert habe,

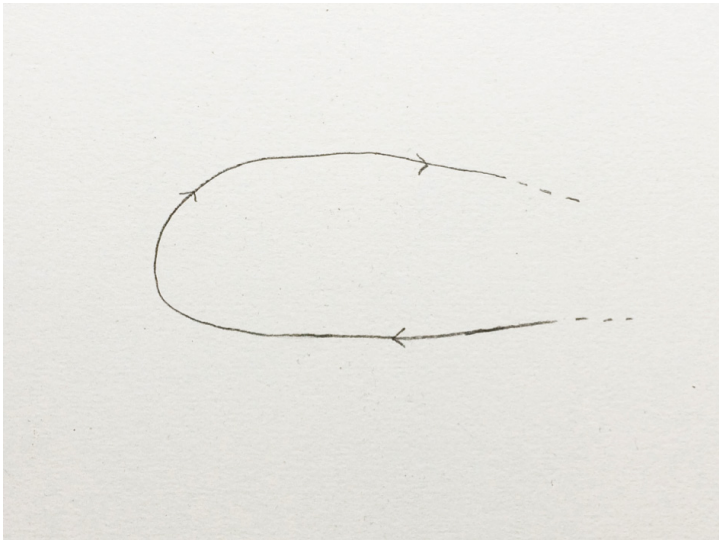


die Zeichnung, die wie eine Fußnote erscheint zu etwas Unbeschreiblichem, es war das letzte Mal, dass wir uns gesehen hatten, du hattest mich nicht mehr erkannt, ich hielt dein Verhalten anfangs für einen Witz, bis ich deinen Zustand bemerkte, beim Verabschieden hast du mir die Zeichnung zugesteckt, kurz bevor du zum zweiten Mal, wie mir später mitgeteilt wurde, nach Genua gegangen bist, oder dorthin, wo dich niemand mehr finden sollte, der sucht.

Zuerst kam mir der Gedanke, die Zeichnung in einer bei einem Altwarenhändler erstandene rote Glasflasche als Flaschenpost zu versenden, lächerlich vor, und bin dann in einen Supermarkt gegangen und habe die billigste Flasche gekauft, nur um sie dann verschämt in den Abfall zu werfen, um dann doch die rote Glasflasche zu nehmen, darin die Zeichnung vorsichtig eingerollt, und ebenso sorgsam verschloss ich die Flasche mit Kerzenwachs. Ich hatte die Idee, die Zeichnung als Flaschenpost zu versenden, in meinem Kopf, wie ein Nacherzählen, die selbe Nacherzählung, wie ich mein Zimmer ansehe und denke es wäre deines.

Mit einem Nagel habe ich minutenlang versucht "Das Trojanische Pferd" in die Flasche zu ritzen, um mich dann mit einem "Tr" zufriedenzugeben. Ich bin tagelang in Genua gewesen, ohne das Meer zu sehen, obwohl alles zum Meer hin gewandt ist, ich habe, nachdem ich Jahre später wieder dort war, mich über alle Maßen gewundert, wie das möglich sein konnte, und bin dann, als ich durch ein unendlich scheinendes Gassengewühl auf einmal das Meer erblickte, zu einer Mole gegangen, habe meine Tasche geöffnet, die Flasche mit beiden Händen herausgenommen und sie fast achtlos ins Meer geworfen. Es verursachte mir einen Riesenschreck, weil ich dachte, sie

würde sinken, aber ich sah sie auftauchen, konnte sogar wie ich meinte, den Schriftzug lesen, und habe dann ihren Bewegungen, ihrem Tanz im Wasser zugesehen, ich erinnere mich nicht mehr, wie lange. Ich habe mich umgedreht und wollte der freundlichen Bettlerin, die mir die ganze Zeit zugesehen hatte, Geld und einen Apfel zustecken, aber es war eine skandinavische Touristin, und habe zu ihr ohne sie anzublicken auf Deutsch gesagt: "Für einen Freund. Pferd. Ein Pferd und ein Floß, das er gezeichnet hat." und wollte anfügen: "Ich habe das gezeichnet.", aber mein Gehen, das weiß ich jetzt, hatte mich noch nicht eingeholt und ich habe diesen Satz, meine Herkunft, nur mit meiner rechten Hand gestikulierend beschrieben, ich kann seither diese Handbewegung nachahmen, jederzeit, und werde, wie eine Erinnerung, die fürchterlich ist und in ihrer Fürchterlichkeit so wahr und schmerzhaft und wunderschön, diese Handbewegung als ungeheuerliches Bild ewig in meinem Kopf behalten.





Matter, which does not make a difference, does not matter.¹

- John Law/Johannes Beets

1 This is a paraphrased statement.
 This statement consists of 10 words and 46 letters.
 It was said in some form by sociologist John Law. But I heard it from
 Johannes Beetz on 31st May 2017 between 4-6pm.

What's the matter then?

M-A-T-T-E-R. MATT-ER. ERRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
That was my index finger on a black plastic key, hitting the square labelled
'R' (the 'R' is the colour white).

**I am concerned with many matters. The matter at hand, so to
speak, is this text, I push down more plastic keys. I add and chop
and scissor letters together. I copy, I paste. I let my fingers roam...**
freee
Words tumble out my head as I try to form a coherent argument.

I am here to argue for materials' sake.

The finger jabbing the keyboard is attached to my hand, it is fleshy and soft
and covered in skin. My arm follows up and up and up to my head. My eyes
spin and whizz around in my bony sockets. They are fixed on a screen, which
bathes me a halo of artificial light.

To clarify I am dealing with physical MATERIAL, which they say is not

S-P-I-R-I-T-U-A-L

or

I-N-T-E-L-L-E-C-T-U-A-L.

It is stuff.

relating to, concerned with, or involving

M-A-T-T-E-R

The substance or substances of which a thing is made or composed.

You're not made of the right stuff mate.

These words aren't for you now. Run along.

We need to transcend our material bounds. OOOOOOMMMMMMMM
(CHANTING NOISE)

Ignore the fact you are made of stuff and sat on stuff and breathing stuff and
when you die you'll still be stuff.

Sophie Huckfield



The inadequacy¹
Of the living², animal language³ drives⁴
Us all to metaphor⁵ and an attempt
To organize⁶ the spaces⁷ we think⁸
We⁹ have made occur¹⁰ between the words.¹¹

- W.S Graham
Approaches To How They Behave, 1980

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- 1 Joachim Du Bellay's polemical plea, in the redemptive qualities of his vernacular mother tongue was a call to redefine his nation through literary expression.

"Hence, I say our language is blossoming without bearing fruit, rather as a plant or sprout that has not yet flowered, let alone put forth all the bounty of which it is capable. Certainly not through any fault of her nature [...] but rather through the laxity of her caretakers. Hence, she is wild like that wild plant, condemned to the desert where it first began to sprout."

- *La Défense et Illustration de la Langue Française*

He differentiated:

language as essence: language as invested with a cultural specificity whose very essence represents an expression of community identity.

language as improvable and imitable: through which it is a cultural practice that members of the community have a duty to refine.

He wanted French to be the language of law and administration. He wanted his language to follow his lead.

Latterly he published, *Les Regrets*

- 2 When we speak, our syllables
are stressed or unstressed.
these are conditions for
living. Iambic pentameter
Is printed matter preforming
a pulse. Through the eye or ear
Linguistic meter is carnivorously
consumed and masticated
in the mind, before being
distributed throughout
the body as carnal
awe that a turn of phrase could hit
so close to the heart of you.
- 3 I tried to catch the last word, but it escaped me. It was not mine to have.
- 4 Everything speaks. The car speaks
to the motorbike
in the language of *things* that speak to *things*.
The fruit bowl speaks
to fly paper.
The strip light speaks
to bone china.
Communication broke down and I
have found myself

barred from my last memory
home drive. It took everything
from me but the lawn furniture.

5 Hot in pursuit of puberty, sarcasm
through gesture was my decided action
for acceleration. Eyes rolled and hands played
out characters in dialogue. To our mothers,
this was how we signaled our desire
for conversation to close, so that we might achieve
disaffected presence in shopping centers.

We named this hand sign,
“the mother goose”.

6 Leave your bones underneath your name when you die
and each character will cost you £6.10.
Organise your newborn’s epithet to include as many letters as possible
and it will be a name to live up to.

7 “There is a basin in the mind where words float around on a thought and
thought on sound and sight. Then there is a depth of thought untouched
by words, and deeper still is a gulf of formless feelings untouched by
thought.”

- Zora Neale Hurston, *Their Eyes Were Watching God*

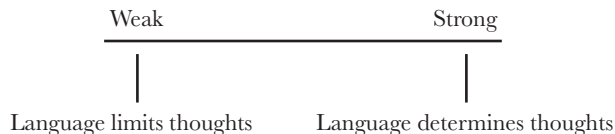
or

“Words are grained into our landscapes, and landscapes into our words. Yet it is clear that we increasingly make do with an impoverished language for landscape. A place literacy is leaving us... The fringe beyond the city is chiefly understood as large generic units (‘field’, ‘Hill’, ‘Valley’, ‘Wood’) it is a blandscape. We have become blasé, in the sense that George Simmel used the word in 1903 meaning ‘indifferent to the distinction between things’.”

- Robert McFarlane, *The Word Hoard*

8 The Sapir-Whorf Hypothesis is the Sunday name for The Linguistic Relativity Theory.

Notes on the intertwining of thought and language from linguistic relativity:



- The left side is the brain is the side which relies most on language.
- Wilhelm Von Humboldt: Language is the very fabric of thought. Thought is produced as a form of inner dialogue using the same grammar as the thinker's native language. “The diversity of language is not a diversity of signs and sounds but a diversity of views of the world”.
- St Augustine: Language is merely labels applied to already existing concepts.
- Immanuel Kant: Language is one of several tools by humans to

-
- experience the world.
 - Unnamed sources: Language is a veil covering up the eternal truths hiding them from real human experience.
 - Jackie Kay: It is an articulation of the silent self.
 - Hierarchies of languages have been used to continue an intellectual poverty.

9 Listen to couple talk and know it is real thing
whereby co-expression is given
voice through each-others words.
Read the verbing of Cleopatra's "he word's me"
and feel small stretches of your vocal cords come
against a vibration like old lovers used.
Listen and hear the hum of you coming up like somebody else.

10 How many phonemes does it take to make a language?

It is possible for a language to exist with one or two, and what if we included silence?

Some whistled forms of language are, Yupik, Desano, Occitan and Syfria.

The whistles emulate speech within an already existing language, working more like a writing system, encoding what already has oration.

The whistles transmit the tonal melodies of words within languages where the functional load is tunelessly weighted in expression.

Whistled language could be a minimal sketch of spoken word.

Within a compound enclosed by a large structural defense, sat two words fused together. Each time one tried to speak, the mouth of its mate opened.

“Let’s look at this adjectively”, they said. “To describe us as one solid mass is incorrect. For clarity of meaning we must unstick our forms”

As they wriggled, their individual mouths took clearer shape and they were able to express and identify themselves, in part.

“we look as lovers, with abundantly named spawn”, mused the first.

“How perverse!”, exclaimed the second “this umbilical cord of ink that joins us speaks only to me of a familial tie... and still, something does not feel right”

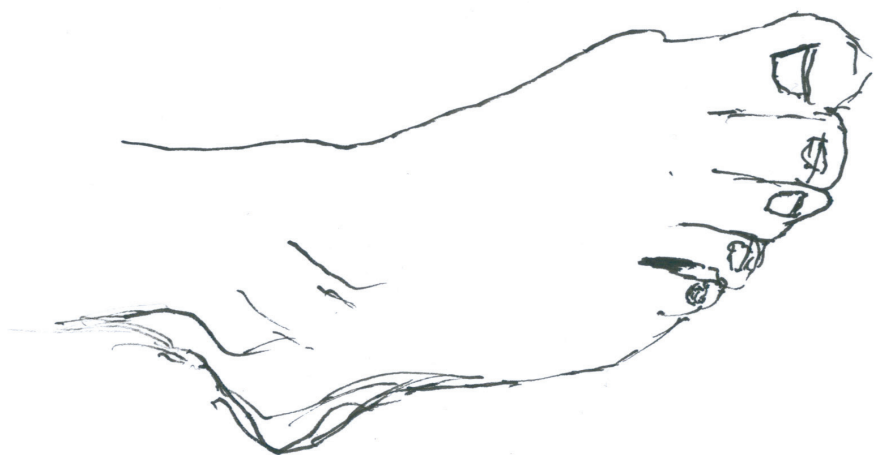
In this short time, a great distance appeared to have opened up between them.

“Now I think about it, being together was a mistake. We have very different styles.”

Thus began their separation.

“I still want to be around you”, said it’s sadder mate.

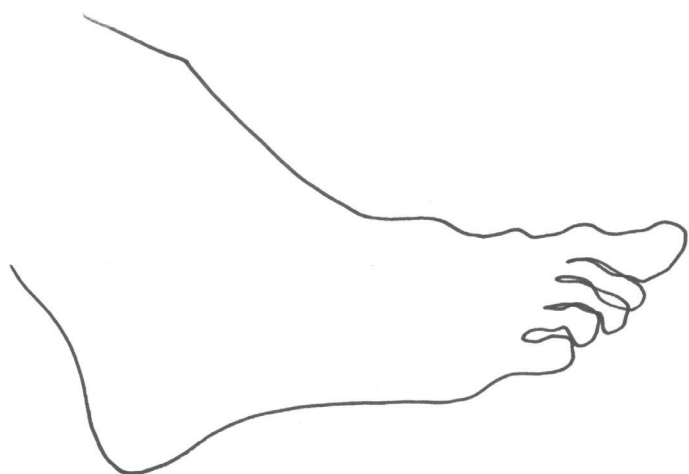
“Let’s keep it open and stay in contact, we had something special between us once.”





- 1 **Timber & Battery** is the collaborative practice of Rohanne Udall (b. 1990) and Paul Hughes (b.1991). Their work takes place across choreographic, performance and visual arts contexts. Trained in fine art and philosophy, their practice is a meeting point between disciplines.
- 2 **Hamish MacPherson** is a London-based artist who uses ideas and methods from choreography and dance to think about politics. He makes workshops, non-digital games, performances, writings, images and other things in artistic, academic and community contexts. His work somehow reflects his positions as a white European, able-bodied, heterosexual cismale.
- 3 **Jeni Cumming**. One mind connecting with yours.
- 4 **Mil Vukovic Smart** is a London-based performance artist, writer and choreographer. She works at the intersection of dance, performance and visual art and her current research is focused on the use of madness in opera and ballet, and the notions of lies and truth, inside and out.
- 6 **Antonio de la Fe** is a choreographer and performer based in London. After coming relatively late to dance initially studying in Madrid, he moved to London and completed an MA in performance at The Place in 2010. His choreographed works include Place Prize finalist 2011 Cameo, an open OPENLAB: a hybrid, and the Unrehearsed Series.
- 7 **Bettina Fung** is an artist, who focuses on the performative aspect of drawing and creates long durational performance drawings at exhibitions and festivals. The relationships between the body, movement, time and space are her subjects of inquiry. Bettina notices that the movement she makes when she draws is gradually being influenced by Tai-Chi-Chuan.

- 8 **Ellen Joan Harris** studied an MA in Creative Writing at Goldsmiths College. She lives, writes and waitresses in South East London.
- 9 **Timothea Armour** is an artist and bartender, but would really prefer to work at The Deep, the aquarium in Hull.
- 10 **Gernot Wieland** has participated in “Survival Kit 9”, LCCA, Riga; “MOSTYN Open 20”, Llandudno, Wales; “9th Norwegian Sculpture Biennial”, Oslo; “Body Luggage”, Kunsthau Graz; Maumaus, Lisbon and was recently awarded the prize of the 20th edition of MOSTYN Open and holds currently a research grant from the Berlin Senate Department of Culture.
- 11 **Sophie Huckfield** is a maker based in Birmingham, UK. Her practice is a response to the material world. Using different production processes to develop new works in the form of sculpture, functional objects and writings.
- 12 **Collette Rayner** (b. Dundee, 1990) is a visual artist who works with video and writing and drawing. She is based in the Netherlands. Graduating from Glasgow School of Art in 2012 she was selected for Collective’s Satellites Programme (2014) and Standpoint Futures (2015).



endnotes are collected under a separate heading at the end of a chapter, volume, or entire work. Unlike **footnotes**, endnotes have the advantage of not affecting the layout of the main text, but may cause inconvenience to readers who have to move back and forth between the main text and the endnotes.