

## **Appendix TC\_7 dis-place *thiscollection* journal**

Title:	Reflections
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Pt 2	On the installation processes audio journal excerpt
Pt 3	Thoughts on time – can there be too much?
Event:	dis-place <i>thiscollection</i> @ Glue Factory
Category:	Reflection/ Journal
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Contributors:	ST
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## Pt 1: 11 Issues post forum reflections

- Issue 1      the unopen school.<sup>1</sup>
- Issue 2      what is a public who speaks, where do they speak. 25 practitioners same old faces. Moved chairs from the thick of the exhibition to a space away from issue 3.
- Issue 3      The ugly beauty of "democracy"
- Issue 4      Private and public persona - not to use their artist names but their individual names. Branding and distancing from uncomfortable situations.
- Issue 5      Can there be an instruction free space. Whose responsibility is it to design a space. Does it need to be designed.
- Issue 6      Chairs institutional markers - provisions, opportunity, capital investment, leveller, Challenger, hot seat.
- Issue 7      Permission to not have permission. Risks taken, identity as social worker, educator, free-lancer, curator, event organiser. Cracked pot glued together by hope for something to happen in the happening. Meetings with supervisor is like confessionals.
- Issue 8      Gathering cold dark damp. Table set for Hillhead writers group - Cathy McCormack, chairs on loan from the local methodist church. Pub after.
- Issue 9      Community displaced. Would Edinburgh collaborators come to Glasgow. Edinburgh map tattooed on wall. Films dangling waiting. Screens waiting when no choices are made the screens flash static. Will we hire a bus. Will we subsidise community engagement. Was it not much of a community to begin with. As in schools simply being together in uniform does that make a community.
- Issue 10      A unprogrammable collection of moments. Filmmaker confesses. It takes so much to make a film to have it here dangled, unselected is painful yet I can reflect on the reality of making it is until selected and someone pressing play, simply matter unactivated. Is the responsibility of crafting an audience by putting up a frame as festival, exhibition or workshop are these considered when making a film. What drives creative practice. If a film is never seen, is it still a film. Is it a record of experience of reality sculpted into fiction dream escape, is it mimetic to see the didactic social drama played out in large scale to learn from in varying levels of sophistication?
- Issue 11      Time, how long does the exhibition stay open for, what investment of effort do we put into it. Is opening night all it needs? Futility of enthusiasm, and effort, when collective has different agendas.

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<sup>1</sup> See reflection in part 3

## Pt 2 Reflection on installation process audio journal excerpt



*Unravelling on opening night Video stills: Stefanie Tan*

No energy for a curatorial statement art installation was industrious, labour intensive, exhausting, because it wasn't art about my own singular expression, but the art of others, and the access to these works in a democratic fashion.

instead of scribbling in desperation instructions of how to engage the space, I should have just put a big ? on the wall and invited people to present ideas of how they would interact with the space. yet the pressure to communicate succinctly what I was coming to understand fully, seemed disingenuous...I put down this conflict as an internal struggle of becoming indisciplinarian:

The teacher refused to deschool.  
The teacher resisted erasure.  
The teacher refused to deschool.  
The teacher feared the open proposition.  
The teacher desperately wanted to give into explication.

When we judge beauty or strength or character, we have criteria, but all conventional standards of beauty this scene of democratic media was truly ugly.

Screen - if we don't choose, press play or engage with dvds the space drowns in static.

## **Reflections on audio journal as stimulus.**

*dis-place thiscollection*

*Can art build a community? In engaging various interventions in a public setting to collect personal film responses to short poems written by members of the public in association with the Tollcross Community Center Adult Learning Programme, I study the processes of facilitating adaptations and employed new media platforms to interrogates networks. The analysis of these processes negotiate new ideas about ownership, the role of patronage and academy when cultural gatekeeping is undergoing shifts - the research considers how these shifts challenge how we approach creative education initiatives.*

Am sitting in the space, as white noise and screens scream for attention. A pathetic shy wail from a participant at a spiritual sinema is recorded and played back in the space harkening to the unbeknowns public to be that they demand attention. The statements brandished over the white noise preach interrogations of democracy as we know it. One I am looking at now says non-hierarchical organisations breed obscurity what's next? Also see 35,36,26.

the artist of the film I felt would not have appreciated the lack of signification given that the whole premise of the project had offered everyone an opportunity to have their work shown. Yet the processes of doing so led to the realisation that the destination of showcase is so limiting and traditional that we have to call to question the structures of publication or promotion or propaganda.

There are two schools of thought in this digital age of overflow. Thee cult of the amatuer by Andrew Keene, who ironically has made his name preaching against the digital corruption of institutions that gate keep and quality control culture as we know it. The alternative school is open source based Wiki leaks, pedia and other crowdsourced schools of thought which inspired by access and immediacy seek to aggregate and eventually allow the attrition process to happen over time.

The premise of the investigation begins with the questions, can we recover time, space and the commons? Are we so steeped in militant modernism to break out of institutional moulds and practices to realise that at stake is a way that can afford freedom and equality to true measure for all and that scarcity is the concept we need to investigate.

Why an installation, Patrick Flores describes the installation art work as being the closest form of folk work and hence more readily adapted in Indonesia and Thailand as a logical mode of presentation. Having said this the value of installation work in the art market is difficult and the new push for an experience economy or where media saturated and numbed minds feel they need to be reminded that sitting in a dark room is a privilege of paying for an experience.

So seated here in this overdose of experience, where all the elements of thiscollection come together and present the participant with layers of intention, untension and unconscious hope that they will supply textures of subjectivity to the space which even the originators had not planned or intended.

The poems – collected by C.A, a seeming proposal of turning 100 poems into 100 films, for her the collection was representation of her ability and standing in the literary world to command the work. She is an established respectable judge of various contests and this collection was to her an experiment in non-hierarchical acquisition. Yet as well pointed out by the \_ Open School interrogation, the very act of acquiring led to an imbalance of power and should be noted. So even in openness, the act of deciding or making a move is an initiative loaded with meaning, there is no pure intention, everyone has an agenda, even the appearance of openness apart from being described as garrulous or gregarious requires mitigation and negotiation.

A few folk have said their favourite piece is dis-place this collection. Sweet. Thomas Graham came and we had a long chat about the mercurial nature of the art world. The deception disguise of the artist presenting at all. The nature of the act of publishing, requiring an editor, a curator, an enabler else all is vanity. A coterie to support the work. Return to Keene's example of how the modernist defends what is published given the scarcity of resources. Now with crowdsourcing, the idea is not to rely on the privileged established few to make decisions for the rest of us. We are expected to make decisions and to make the choices, and not be so precious about them, for even after one version

Neus, property & theft Rita the gypsy confessional, loves the installation, she said it reflected thought, random association and how we think, it is like a labyrinth and yet open, not oppressive. She loves it. Neus means snow (s).

Olivia, she seems to have me on the same level as an artist now that she has seen the work. We were chatting about the old ambulance depot and the collectives that have come and gone, about lizzie's project and friends who cycle round the UK with pin hole cameras working with schools to amaze the kids.

The time the effort, the lack of immediate reward. The trickle down sensations of how bits of effort come round full circle. The recovery of time is not the measure of time but the recovery of our sense of time and its immensity its infinity which is a gift of the one who invented all time, that is as expansive as the universe. The post war obsession with scarcity and time poverty when we will know to live or die, if the bread will exist or not, the meal will be cold or not, the trucks or soldiers will come for us or not. All this is a psyche hurt and damaged in seek of redemption. We have managed ourselves into complicity and are taking the fear too seriously, we are the evening time children of complicity, a complicity that is holding us back from true expansiveness.

Often unless there is PR, a booklet, a guide, enough couching with the major broadcasters, an event is usually just a surprise a random occurrence. After working 4 days on the installation, I realised the value of energy. Chi, I began to notice that as the day wore on if I spent too much energy on worrying or buzzing about I would be tired and useless to do any real work. I conserved or thought carefully about what tasks I should do, needed to do or must do. It was calculative but also I mourned the fact that I did not have a team, for the same work shared out amongst many would have made the task more enjoyable.

Where is the community? Was it lack of communication of how the project had to shift and change given the reality and struggle to keep a promise, my relative obscurity, how odd that at

once I was obscure and yet coming out of myself. It was labour, pure labour, to emerge and reinvent. As me and Ming scrub the miscommunicated illegal white paint off the floor off, with brute force and intense effort, sharing and squeezing a towel, as one would in the old days. I wished to God I had filmed it all. The swirling paint mixed with the worn out water washing into the puny hole in the floor, every scrub we thought of the prospect of being fined £1000 for the new red non-skid floor. It was fear that drove us to work. How and why could it not be that we simply embraced the mistake rather than work so hard to scrub it out for a veneer of perfection.

Sitting in dark empty hall, a film about people seeking perfection plays to a mess of empty chairs. The last days of the installation. Jonny is helping me take photographs. The postgrads are above, tizzy is skittling across the floor. The space is a an edge of itself. Ginetta. No one came I am sorry. I am wondering the space, about reflections as Ginetta's work is the soundtrack. Is this irresponsible or is this responsible. Politeness lets ideas live on. It cost her 50 bucks to be part of this process. I sit by lark 68 rainbow 69 and a harried 89 dowager 97. I am beginning to feel the fear of being unable to document everything. The metaphysics of the archive challenged. Subversive, Jonny said. If no one gets it is it still subversive. Jonny just jammed ginetta's work. He took Lekaroz and stopped Earl in the middle and played it. What if cinemas were like that, invade the projector rooms and play whatever film you fancy. I have a thought. I shall play Earl sessions in all the tvs and at different times. Empty cinemas and the freedom in the margins. Lonely hearts rule. Embrace the becoming. (cf Shukaitis mentions something about Chairs a Beckett play.)

As the 3rd yrs evacuate the building yesterday. It was mournful. Their energy their resources, their guardianship all gone. In one swoop gone tucked away in the institution van and off.

It was a good night. (though I know that wasn't the point.)

### **Pt 3: Thoughts on time – can there be too much?**

#### **Describing tc to OS before dis-place**

Like postcolonial pirates of hidden spaces we engage the lost boys **with bold faced boasts and tales** of the cut throat world of filmmaking. Seated in the occupied shell of borrowed time, they e dive into the possibility of who they could be, peeling off the skins of who they should be. Behold we, me and my squint eyed hackneyed autodidact skipper cry out, behold the treasure-trove of tools for ye: banged up hard drives of ripped YouTube videos and slides outlining the limits of the lens. Consequences of hasty image thievery and the fine print of the courtesies of filming in public, they are shared like juicy gossip over Sunday roast in Maggie's tavern of crud. Then the swords point to the true treasure they hold, the banged up consumer camera, the sticky cables, and off they go, poem in hand, to recapture their lost creativity.

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OS, well as an informal crit, not in their OS capacity, had pitched that the erasure of the exhibition would match the experience of the process of a breakdown in communication, a shift in priorities and a correction of expectations. For my health an also to reset the collaborative contract. I am

indebted to their counsel and am sad that at the time it was dispensed did not have the full wherewithal to act. If there is anyone reading this, and you are about to embark on an enterprise of hope, bear in mind the busyness is not the thing, to stop is courage. Courage is good. They had recommended that inviting the community to come over from Edinburgh would be symbolic even if it was just two on the bus. Or if just static played. It would be a bold statement of the failure of community and the mixed messages or how hard working within community is. They were very excited about me getting my head around documenting a lack of perfection or democratic apathy. Also they were sympathetic to the initial contract giving the poets an impression that they had an opportunity for their artistic practice to grow, when the reality had shifted and the project needed more active support. I regret that I had not the experience or courage to embrace this solution to its full flourish.

Conversely it was cautioned that the effort could grow **too** large as \_Open School advised "Could be small and good, but sometimes, they grow out of control and you suddenly find you have to do this thing... you didn't even plan it and ...". As if to exemplify this, *dis-place thiscollection's* Glue Factory installation in its own consideration of widespread time poverty<sup>2</sup> and access to art events stayed open for 10 days 12-6pm weekdays and 12-9pm weekends as an invitation to the neighbourhood to engage with the workshops. A pre-opening night journal entry "No energy for a formal curatorial statement, would it be possible? The installation was industrious, labour intensive, exhausting, because it wasn't my own singular expression, but a focus of the "art of others".

Round the clock but "dis-place" installation ability to garner common assembly was limited.<sup>3</sup> True something inhabited the space but those that came to the forum did not interact or challenge the space but imposed upon it with their own agenda. Unconfronted it was accepted as unsculpted by aloof judgement.

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<sup>2</sup> cf Appendix HHWG 3\_ Farewell Welfare A touching sharing from a lonely visitor from Austria..

<sup>3</sup> In a similar attempt, community knowledge was absent in preparing publicity for an \_Open School initiated pop up cinema event while flyering the facilitators were told another group "already do that". Established "village fetes up the hill" already took place.