

Near

by

I

II

III

(IV)

Richy Carey

Sharlene Bamboat

Mark Bleakley

Martin Cathcart Froden

Lauren Gault

Alexander Storey Gordon

Alexis Mitchell

Ainslie Roddick

Sarah Rose

An apparatus.

I

Prefixes and the wind.

On the way home I was thinking about the way you talked about your work, letters and histories, composing and decomposing. I thought it might be useful to keep a history of it somewhere. So here's a rambling letter about prefixes and windiness, probably long-windedness too.

You got me thinking about the foaminess of letters. Me writing some thoughts to you come out of my head in the sound of my inner voice, and I think arrive at you in the way you remember the sound of my voice, which sounds different to me than it does to you, a trans-lation/action that is cloudy and convoluted.

I was cycling, thinking about what you said about composition and decomposition, and the inherent cyclical nature of that, how it's a bit like describing and inscribing, and the subjectivity of that compared to the objectiveness of being conscripted or subscribing to. Is there an equivalent sub-position or con-position? It feels a bit like the tea-cup chat. There's an awareness of being outside of the position, or having a line between the position and the I, or us.

We chatted about wind and I kind of wanted to (ironically) solidify that. I was thinking out loud so this seemed useful. I'm sure it's not an original thought but I can't remember reading anyone who spoke about microphones and the wind, maybe it's an amalgamation of different people's ideas. Is this a fair approximation of what we said?

Wind is sound, but there's not a sound of wind.

*We only hear the wind in things. It needs mediated. The wind in the trees, the wind as it moves through a crack in the door, through chimes, The Wind in the Willows? I guess we hear the wind **on** the window. The "sound of wind" on a microphone diaphragm produces the same sonorous object as if we were to draw our finger across the diaphragm ourselves.*

But wind is sound, it is changes in pressure in the gaseous mixture we hear in, which is what sound is, waves in the gassy soup. And when we hear the wind on our eardrums that's the edge of our apparatus for hearing, in the same way that the wind on the microphone is the edge of the microphone's ability to inscribe those pressure changes.

The wind lets us hear a bit about the materiality of leaves, how crispy or sodden they are, or how tightly the door fits with the floor. Too tight in your flat's case.

The wind carries sound as well as being sound. It's an agent and a medium, but of course all mediums have agency. "What does the wind look like?" and "what does the wind sound like?" seem to have the same answer.

||

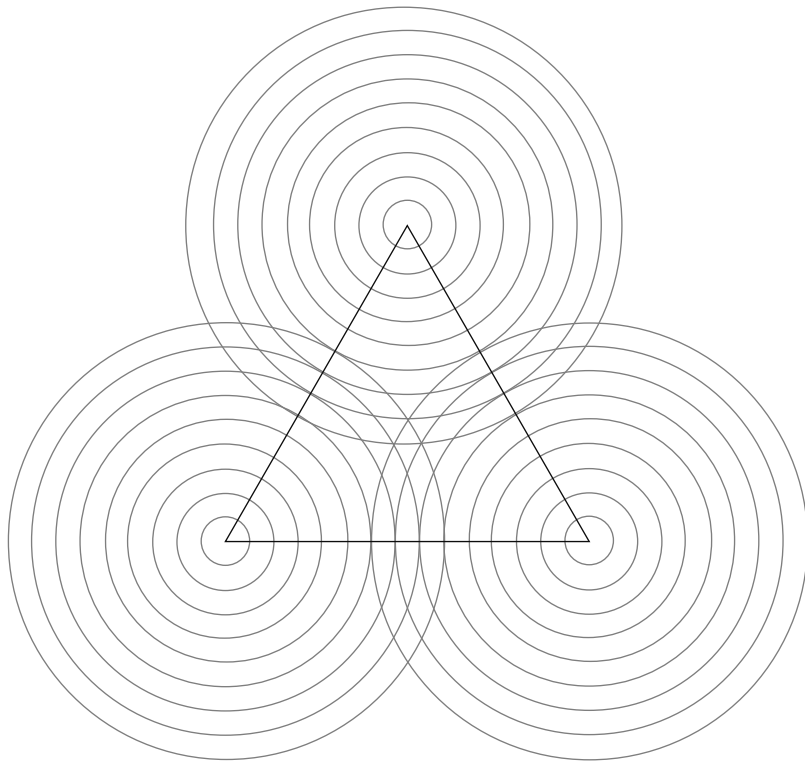
||

Sound.

Word.

Image.

Pattern.



Sound.

I see in a good letter an essence of empathy.

We have put ourselves, for a time, in each other's voices.

It's about imagining oneself in the place of the other.

Is this near asking "what does listening sound like?"

A conscious attempt to frame things honestly, to not put too much on the work.

Vulnerability is very important in this conversation and in our process of collaboration.

The art exists somewhere in that vulnerability between.

Bifo has this really nice way of describing artist methodology as vibrating around meaning.

He speaks about a loose coupling between oscillating objects.

This is perhaps the crux of that empathy/vulnerability bind I think we are both vibrating around.

I'm used to finding the negative space in an image, or what I read as being a suppressed note, meaning or narrative within the image and amplifying it.

It's like a big nullifying blanket but amplifier at the same time.

I really like description of the 'sound of the key' and the sound popping back up, I'd like to add that the key might be made of foam or surrounded by foam.

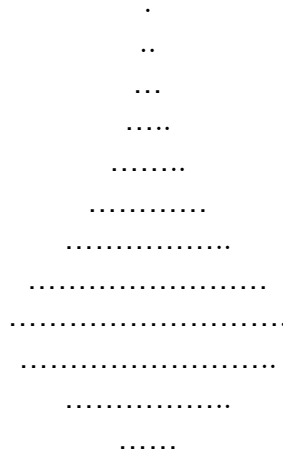
I creep out of bed, grab my earphones and return.

It sounds as a homogeneity, as a uniformity. It sings as it bounces off itself.

Like clapping hands or clicking fingers.

I need to think about the dryness and wetness.

It flows, like water, but only when dry. Its wateriness is directly equivocal to the lack of water.



I think it sounds light and unfixed, a multiplicity. It sounds like lines and the space between them.

I think it's full of reminiscences, moments are looped and delayed and come
back in little fragments.

It's the sound of the pressed key and the sound of the key popping back up.

All these things are not disconnected from how we work,
and what we think of when we work.

Initially I took this to mean that moment to moment was different,

recently

but I've been thinking

these performances happen at

time scales

irreducible

vastly different

which all overlap each other,

but at the same time.

In the way the sounds and objects and materials wash over each other.

Maybe just thoughts that wash up against other thoughts.

It unravels in an unruly fashion.

It goes backwards forwards, sideways and up the wall! It is very responsive and

requires a lot of listening.

I didn't want one part to illustrate the other.
Rather each part informed the other.

This process takes quite some time, which I also like!

I: Touch > Move > Look > Shape > Listen > Sound :I

This is why I like working with choirs. I can set up situations where the sound object that is made is intrinsically plural and singular in its utterance.

serial
serial

I also think about Karaoke in this way a bit.

You explaining those Destiny's Child harmonies is exactly the type of thing.

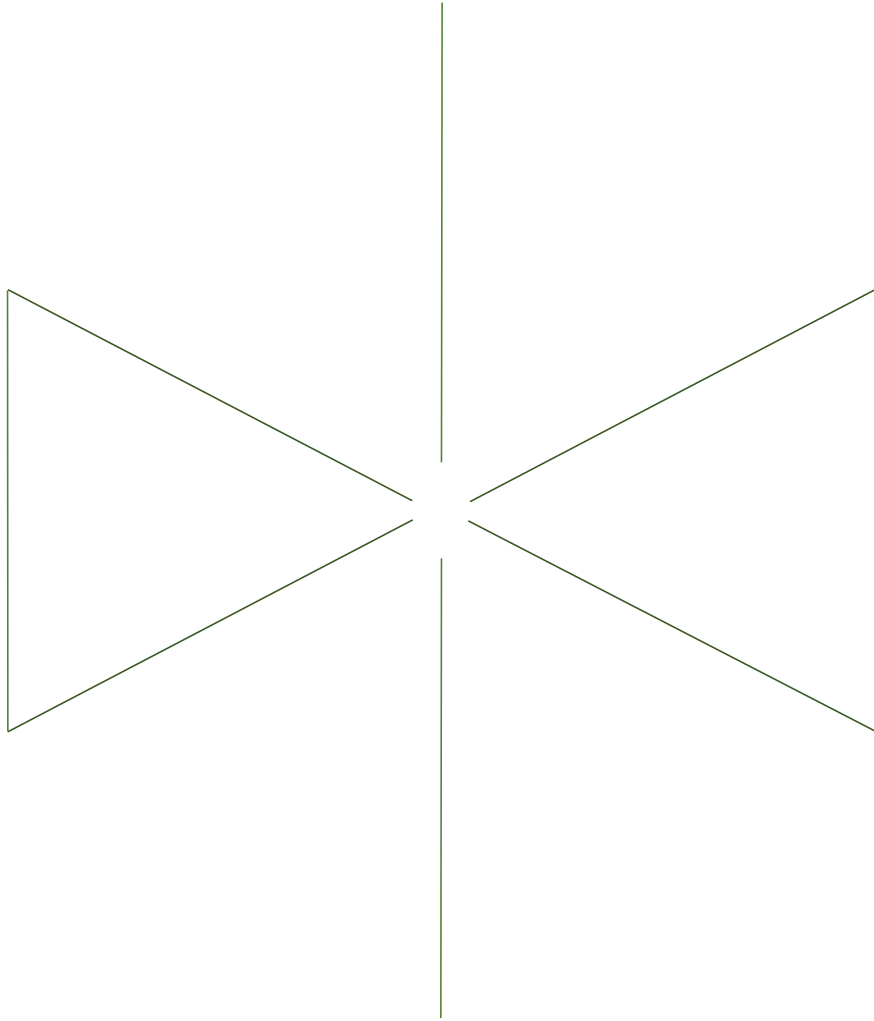
I: Touch > Move > RE-move (i.e. Repeat) > remove > Sound > Listen > Touch :I

Neither of us are really all that keen on having one or the other spotlighted.

It's all process.

It's what makes the work itself about intimacy in a way too.

We can't separate ourselves out from one another.



Word.

I'm interested in what comes out of trying to explain those ideas in words.

The ideas that come out of the *not-quite-in-my-vocabulary*.

The *grease between them*.

I aimed to speak alongside an audience.

As much as they were solid, present objects operating in their own, real time,
they also had a really particular form of 'gappiness'.

The tangles of connections are the things that allow it to carry.

It's the space

between

t h e
s t r a n d s
t h a t
c o l l e c t
t h e
o i l s
a n d
h e a t
a n d
l i t t l e
o f
b i t s
o t h e r n e s s

KW needed the bubbles to NOT TOUCH THE CEILING.

o

o

With extreme scrutiny of material

o

(bubble weight, density)

and air flows

they thought they had managed this.

o

o

o

o

Lepecki turns up to find Arjuna walking and blowing, whilst all the tech team are using butterfly nets to catch the rising bubbles.

I am still surprised by the gaps created by our words.

Commotion: as in an unruly sound, but also as two or more things moving together, co-motioning, oscillating or dancing, not necessarily aware of each other but speaking to each other in a way. The energy is important.

Emollient: adjective having the quality of softening or soothing the skin: an emollient cream | attempting to avoid confrontation or anger; soothing or calming.

I strongly feel that '>' is the emollient, but I'm not sure why. But it facilitates an ease (with slightly more) to which we can translate qualities over...

Languid: to me it's a slow, intuitive movement, attitude or way of being which is both 'un-trying' and enigmatic, yet also embodies a type of mood, position and slow-time or deliberately adjusted time.

Redolent: as in a smell-memory. I like to think how deep that memory is, like music can be, or a recording of someone's voice, that it can so quickly reach inside of you and touch all of a memory.

Secreted: i.e. to produce or ooze something or to hide something away – to 'secret' something. There's something in that word, or the way in which both kind of 'sound' the same, and about the movement from inside to out of the moving or concealment of something that feels a bit like it's starting to unpick some of the things we've been thinking / talking about.

A within within a within.

I think that often the misreading or misinterpretation is the productive part about working with other people.

I can see how it can be troublesome though, ethically, politically.

Does it just come down to how power is distributed?

“But if seeing and sounding isn’t saying, it’s probably because words work best in relationships when they are taken to the very threshold of language, at once bound to and freed from external reference, words as words cannot speak for, or be subordinate to the image, they can however, deploy their own logic to indicate the direction, to bring into relief a landscape through which a film moves, and when treated as a sound world of their own, they render audible and readable the multiplicity of the interpretive process itself.”

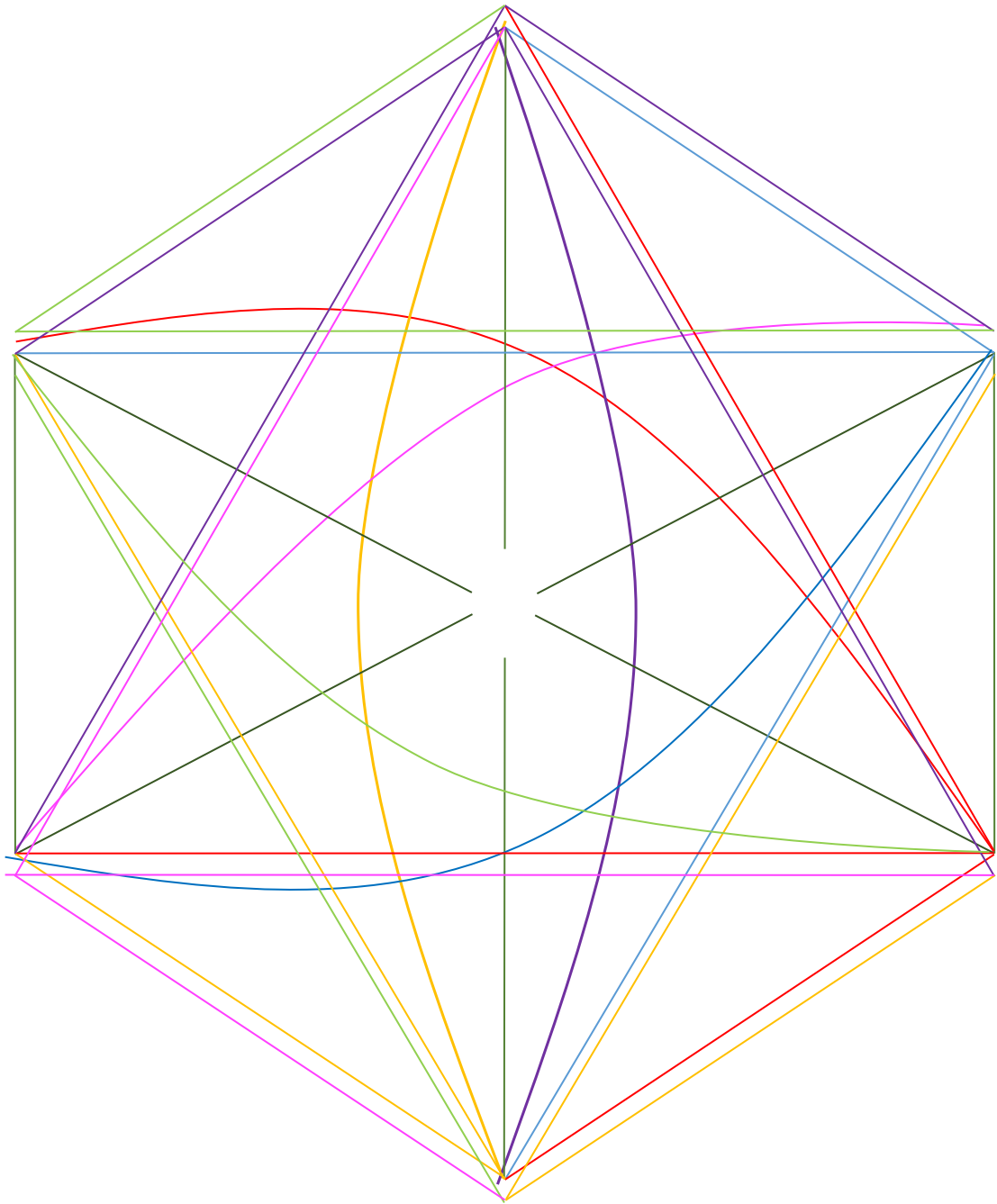


Image.

The camera lens is an extension of my eye, but also an extension of the sand.

Watch as sand's muscles disband.

Sand is multitude.

You can only count its grains and these divisions can't be regulated. It's like a colour. It is a colour. But what I mean is that no sand is the same. It's a collective term for a singular thing.

It's almost like a word for a size, but only
an idea of a size,

like huge,

or tiny.

I wonder with sand that we push that instance and use sand to talk about an *allness*. If qualia talk about a universal language, what if we collapsed all sand into one sand - our sand.

All voices into one.

squeezing, crushing, squelching, or processes as way
to get at or be 'in' as well as smearing, hiding,
deadening, suspending, concealing
at the same time.

It also suggests a type of 'place' or 'source'.

There's a type or re-folding, unfolding within our three materials.

This came from a long period of mistrusting the image.

We parsed it down to light and shadow. To darkness and thought.

Do we need some darkness? More ambiguity to take us away from ocular-centric habits?

He reminds us that we don't just see light, we see *in* light.

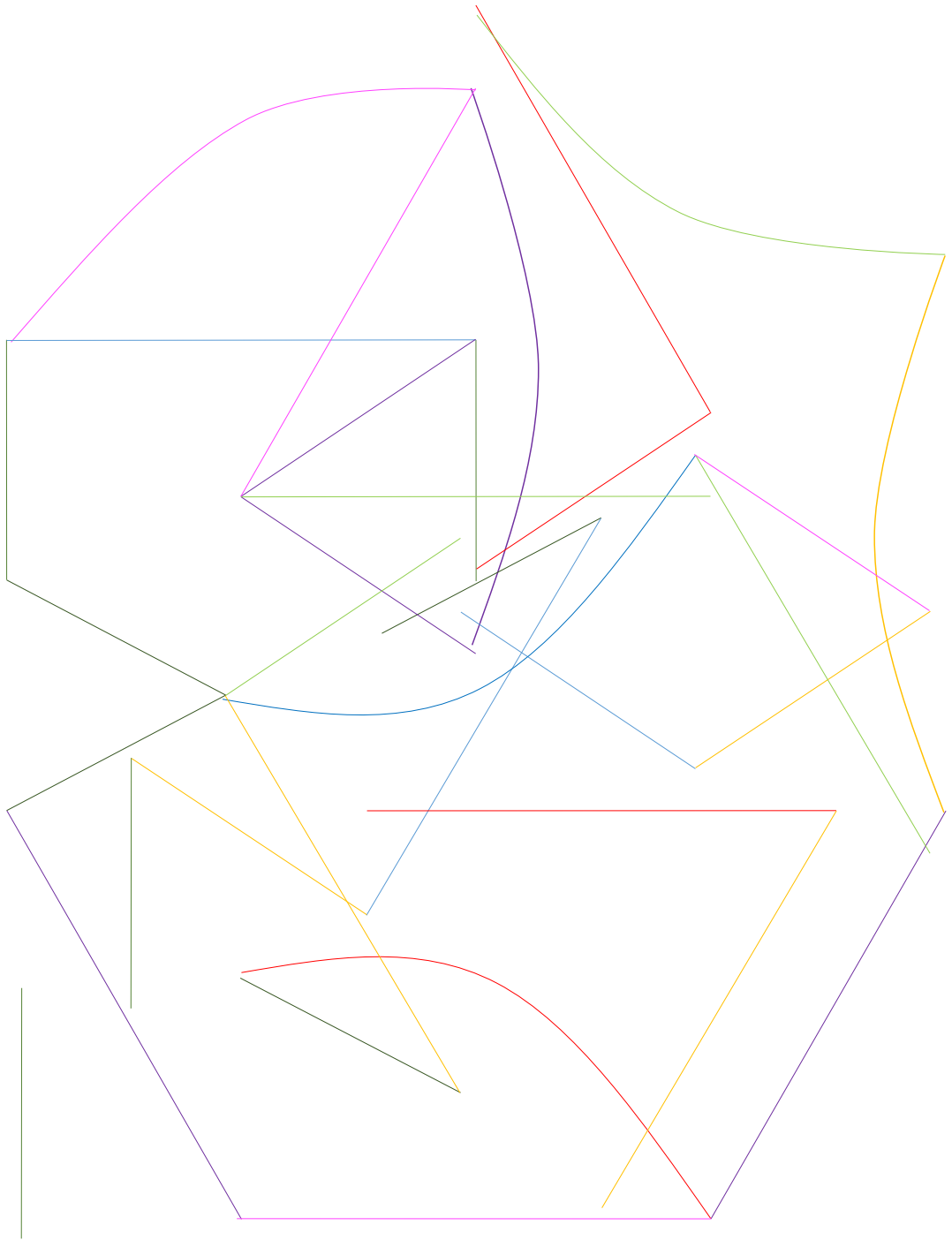
Much like we hear sound *in* sound.

Maybe less I: Look > Move > Touch > Shape > Listen > Sound :I

And more I: Touch > Move > Look > Shape > Listen > Sound :I

Thinking about sand as little ball bearings, as well as a desire to 'zoom' or place a demand on a type of my attention.

What is the best way to secure the attention needed for the work?



Pattern.

Like the grease between touching strands of wool.

How do we get in

between

these things?

Something about unknotting the complexity of the experience.

Unravelling processes we are enthralled to.

I don't know if I do want to pull apart the knots so much as pay attention
to the shapes of them.
I want to feel them,
their contours and tensions.

I worked with people that shifted the interpretation at the ideas level.

Previously it was about shifting the artefact perhaps.

Often the uncomfortable moments are the places one needs to think carefully about.

Someone might make something and it is surprising what happens.

I have to come to terms with that.

This is a way of giving thought to each moment of the process rather than being so focused on the outcome.

Questions could be around new treatments or processes surrounding the thing.
Maybe we work in opposites or repeated processes to try to distil something?

distil to try to process

process to try to distil

distil to try to process

Surveillance still feels like the default position of academia.

Even in personal research, the subjectivity of the researcher is often very clearly defined.

With artistic collaboration that's never the case.

And with this work specifically, a work that's about the deterioration of a subject, it's important to blur the lines between us all, and between artist and viewer.

All these things are not disconnected from how we work and what we think of when we work.

The wateriness of my eyes, the hairiness of my hearing. I've become very aware of the limits of my senses in trying to play with the edges of my apparatus.

Sound/Image relationships lay bare these sensorial connections.

A film is a material/object twice surveilled,
once through the camera/microphone,
and again through the screen/speakers.

It doesn't disguise reality, but clarifies the mediation of it.

We've followed where the materials have led us.

It felt edible, like a kind of mastication.

It's necessary to think about how I inhale those knots before exhaling them.

Sounds near by Images.





Hope this finds you well.

I'm good. A little tired, but happy too.

(Before we start, how would you feel about these exchanges being public?)

I wanted to write to you about the Creative as a Quadraphonic force. Coming at you from four corners, from the four corners of the world, on Anemoi – the four winds. In this particular letter the four corners could be:

THE MAKING //

THE PRIVATE //

THE PUBLIC //

THE UNKNOWING & THE IN-BETWEEN //

Here we go then:

THE MAKING

I am nervous about this. I am still uncovering how and what and why I do this.

(I guess this is) struggling to reconcile intuition and research. To transform conversations into something physical. (I feel it is) viscerally autonomous, in the way it pushes back and resists efforts to form it, or in the way it pulls itself back together, in the way it acts back. When you twist (it something) sticks to you. It exfoliates and scrapes, (and) you have to ever so slightly adjust the weight and direction in which you pull to get it to move the way you want it to. (It) can be moulded into a form or matter, but also imprinted upon as a medium, a carrier for something else. (It's) a kind of mastication.

There is something about unknotting the complexity of the experience. My (work and this letter) started from a frustration. (It) might not seem like much, but I think it points to something about process and why it's important to share it. (It seems) certain languages and cultures have a much more intricate vocabulary (than mine/ours).

I often think about how (any artwork) might produce three artworks, or more. The one that exists in the space and was produced by the composer and performer, the one that it could have been based on the original information, and the one that is produced in the mind of the viewer as they reflect on how they too might have dealt with the situation. (Our) work is ultimately about translating materiality between and through forms, (and) it unravels in an unruly fashion. (This might be because it is) both media and matter, (and a chance to) take us away from ocular-centric habits. (Art is) demonstrably irreducible, it can be divided and multiplied infinitely. (Yay!)

(When I) create distinct works, and I am usually a little disappointed. Works wrapped up too neatly for me feel complete or dead. I like there to be an open-ended relationship between different forms and materialities within a project. Using any medium outside the one you want the artefact to ultimately be constructed in allows for this creative consensus to perform. I don't know if I do want to pull apart the knots so much as pay attention to the shapes of them. I want to feel them, their contours and tensions, but through something more like play rather than science. (I see this work as a) chance to really dig around in the nuts and bolts, the stuff of contemporary life, the structures that make our perception and conception tick.

I want to make work that operates by acknowledging the exchange that is happening and also let that be part of it. I am fascinated by (A's) and (B's) binary relationship, (as) they often structure one another, or translate each other, or make one more or less sensible than the other. These forms shape our perception of the world and conception of ourselves and others. To untie this issue seems very vital to understanding our time, and unravelling processes we are enthralled to.

I'm used to finding the negative space in (a work), or what I read as being a suppressed note, meaning or narrative within the (frame) and amplifying it, to in a sense make a new mix, drawing a viewer's gaze to what I think has fallen down the hierarchy of attention. Does the (written word) exist as the central conduit between (us) as collaborators? How do you find explaining sounds and images to each other through text? Has this process changed as your artistic relationship has developed? I'm really interested in the (word) as a site for sounds and images, what it holds, its potential. But also what is left on the page when the work transitions into (a new/different) incarnation. Does it invite misreading and interpretation in the same way?

(This) changes over time as a language is built between myself and the person that I work with. So that changes the dynamics. But that also allows them agency, because they might better understand what that agency might be in the context. It's (often) about this type of 'otherness' and it is really interesting to try to tap into.

I think we're nearly at the point of scoring.

THE PRIVATE

It is odd, seeing y/our (object) for the first time, after having just spoken about (it) for so long.

Vulnerability is very important in this conversation and in our process of collaboration. When we are working together I feel we are really working alongside each other. Each presenting something that is personal and exposing, and the art exists somewhere in that vulnerability between.

I (might) have been a bit too 'honest'.

The misreading or misinterpretation is the productive part about working with other people. They're not fixed. They're meant to move and grow with the work. I have to come to terms with (this and) I have to come to terms with that. (In the past) I think I was trying to make all the elements of the work at the same time and I didn't want one part to illustrate the other. (With this more recent work) I wanted to let contingency become part of the process. I wanted to acknowledge or allow a process that could deviate away from the initial instruction. (I am slowly) coming to terms with (myself).

Surveillance is a heavy word. (I try to) parse it down to light and shadow. To darkness and thought. Because of the excess amount of light that exists in our worlds currently there is less time for reflection. The advances in technology that help connect us so quickly in the present, give so little time for retrospection and to go back and look at particular moments shared between people and what they may or may not mean. (Sharing and making as a) remove from the contemporary act of 'creeping' and the spectatorship of lives 'lived'.

I'm (trying to be) vulnerable (here). Reflection is (sometimes) considered a weakness (and) I am still uncovering how and what and why I do this. (It has helped to) work with people that shifted the interpretation at the ideas level. Previously it was about shifting the artefact perhaps.

I've been thinking a lot about the word 'languid'. To me it's a slow, intuitive movement, attitude or way of being which is both 'un-trying' and enigmatic. (It) also embodies a type of mood, position and slow-time or deliberately adjusted time. Again, does this have a place within our research 'place'? (I am) feeling uncomfortable about outsourcing after doing quite a lot of collaboration. (But it)

is such a common method of production by contemporary artists. Money is exchanged and time is quantified. The idea however cannot be quantified in the same way, as it is nebulous.

If surveillance is to learn in the shadows, what is it to learn in the open? To be open about the how the ripples of my agency meet and diffract around the ripples of (A's, B)'s agency?

I want to talk about the qualia of immaterial objects, but I also want that to emerge almost conversationally as we go. I am hoping my tone above is understood, although I have also been a bit too 'honest' in laying out my thinking on the page as I went...

Art-making is often described to me in the terms of a burden. I find myself doing it too, dulling myself, almost as a form of protection against always being open... I want to feel comfortable to be open with people, but often find that for others this is unbearable, like a form of attack or worse a 'pitching' of yourself, ... or worse still having opened up on my thoughts, they become spectators of my ideas and I am supposed to somehow keep performing for them. This again could be a personal quirk of mine, or perhaps it has a resonance, you will have to tell me.

(Perhaps our) consciousness developed out of the rehearsal of a movement or action in the mind. Jumping over a stream, or between branches, (making A, making B). This has developed in Homo Sapiens, in our brains, to the point that it split off from a directly physical rehearsal to form more abstract series of thought 'rehearsals'. (Thus art and we are) not governed by rules. (It, and we,) attempt(s) poetic form(s). I find these help me map out (my inner and outer) terrain. (It's) a malleable space that blends (A and B) but (this space) is not grounded or limited by the practicalities of either (form).

There are ways I frame what I'm (experiencing and/or making) and then (I) think about what's inside that frame. I think about why I've chosen what's in the frame and what sits outside of it, and how they relate. (This, for me, is a way) to not just explore ideas innate to the medium such as time, or truth, although they are still definitely there as interests, but also emotional constructs like empathy, or 'the wound' – trauma, which seem to me intimately bundled up in the materiality of (A, B, etc.). (I guess the private is) a kind of mastication.

(I've been thinking about) decomposition as a way of reading (A and B) backwards. This process takes quite some time, which I also like! (I want to break) down the construction of meaning, and consider it as something else in relation to a ground or environment. (I want to) compose something through the process of decomposing something. (I'm curious about) composition and decomposition, and the inherent cyclical nature of that, how it's a bit like describing and inscribing, and the subjectivity of that compared to the objectiveness of being conscripted or subscribing-to. Is there an equivalent sub-position or con-position? (Is there) an awareness of being outside of the position, or having a line between the position and the I, or us?

I (might) have been a bit too 'honest'... (But) vulnerability is very important.

THE PUBLIC

I was nervous about this.

(I see exhibitions (for lack of better word) as) an invitation into the work. (An arena where) thoughts wash up against other thoughts. (Challenging and re-affirming) the way we talk about materiality, the kind of collaborative vocabulary used in making, specifically in relation to (A and B).

In public

I'm trying

I'm (trying to be) vulnerable (there)

I'm trying to be vulnerable here

What is the best way to secure the attention needed for the work? (I see sharing my work as composing) an open letter to a close friend. (A letter) sent into the world without an address in the hope that it might still inevitably find its mark. For (this kind of) letter, we put ourselves, for a time, in each other's voices, (eyes, ears, art, etc). I want the viewer (listener, maker, etc) to become participator in the construction of an image (sound, etc). This came from a long period of mistrusting (A). I wanted the space for self-reflection in the construction (of B). I find it very absorbing in its affect, immediacy, versatility and dominance in everyday life. I wanted to try and consider the construction of (A and B). What are the narratives that produce these (a/effects) and therefore representation?

What is the best way to secure the attention needed for the work? (I don't know.)

What is the best (way to secure the) attention?

What is (the) best?

(I don't know)

The (instructions/model/idea) is always interpreted, but the origin remains. The body perpetually mediates the twice mediated work anyway, and continues to do so, which is maybe the best part of watching, listening, (and living). (The joyful labour in) the expression of multiplicities, contrasting positions, moments in a way that uses the languages of the forms being discussed, (and the notion that) throughout it I'm unable to escape my subjectivity. I like installing works so that you have to navigate the space, and therefore this also relates to the idea of navigating (B). I like to think of (A) as live, not just as hermetic documentation of

an event passed. I don't want to come in on one side or another, one concept of materiality or another, or one discipline or another, but instead I aim to speak alongside (A, B, C, ...).

(I see exhibitions (for lack of better word) as) an invitation into the work. (But) how can we quantify conceptual labour? (Into hours, objects, exhibitions, opportunities taken, missed, given?) (I don't know.) It is odd, seeing y/our (object) for the first time, after having just spoken about (it) for so long.

Every event or object is constantly performing itself. Initially I took this to mean that moment to moment was different, but I've been thinking recently that these performances happen at vastly different time scales which all overlap each other, but at the same time. I can't explain this in shorthand I don't think. (And that's a good thing.) (To a degree) I don't like to limit how people might encounter or interpret what I do. (This in) a naive hope that something new might emerge from any given interaction, and that (this) should be incorporated or be given space to be incorporated even if that space remains a void. (I see events, performances, etc. and the public interaction/interpretation as) a conscious attempt to frame things honestly (and) to not put too much on the work (itself), or give undue authority to what I say. (I've been) thinking about this resistance to explication, (but) I can't explain (it). (And that's a good thing.) (Instead I celebrate the) expressive potential of the redundancy of the signifier when the signified is so subjective.

I wonder if we've unconsciously placed an emphasis on newness?

(I see exhibitions (for lack of better word) as) a kind of mastication. How would you feel about (acting this mastication out in) public? How do I feel about (acting this mastication out in) public?

I like the public-ness. In a way it brings in the voice of 'other' or potential that doesn't exist if it's just between us. I also think that it's a good place to re-track or re-possess some of the processes we exercised/exorcised more intuitively in making, and it adds a different type of rigour around articulation. (This) movement from inside to out of the moving, feels like it's starting to unpick some of the things we've been thinking/talking about. (Uncovering) a within within a within?

I'm trying to be vulnerable.

(The public too is) a kind of mastication.

THE UNKNOWNING / THE IN-BETWEEN

We've followed where the materials have led us. (Finding) residuals, wiriness, trace leaving, non-forget giving, uncanny. (Using this) slipperiness as a process for removing a sense of control? Like rugby players greasing up so (that art/we) can't be grabbed as easily.

The materials lead us (to) the gaps between (our) predominant senses. (To) the emollient between them. As much as they are solid, present objects operating in their own, real time, (object G, H, I) also has a really particular form of gappiness. Either though a type of visual and physical 'wayfinding', movement through halted or imperceptible slow time, or a latent potential that is made explicit through a type of charged static. This in terms of slow or perceived non-movement as well as a type of latent energy. I think we (should) intuitively be slowing, gapping and charging in our physical, material processes (and) a further acknowledgement of that (will) help direct/inform in more deliberate ways. Maybe there's also something within the experience or passing of (object G, H, I) and (material J, K, L) or the 'in-ness' of (them) that connect about that communing?

I am still surprised by the gaps created by y/our words. I love this, this is one of my favourite things about words. (Which made me wonder:) Do certain forms lend themselves more to certain avenues of thought? (Certain gaps?)

It's the vagaries of language that I do like though. (This vague-ness) acknowledges the exchange and makes more of it, which I think the siloed, demarcation of (A, B, C, ...) actively suppresses. (It is) a collective endeavour. (To highlight this, let's invent a) catch-all term for all this type of work that goes on before the making-in-the-studio part of collaborative work. I don't think it's naive to hope that something new might emerge from any given interaction, it'd be a poor world if we didn't.

About your idea for slippages, (let's celebrate) an asynchronous space that supports, or encourages those emergences. A work of art should be a sight for experimentation and exploration of the particular perception/interaction it creates. (Just like) I am reading your voice and you are now reading mine? We have put ourselves, for a time, in each other's voices. (It is) a collective endeavour. (Let's do whatever) facilitates an ease (with) which we can translate qualities over (art A, B, C, ..., object G, H, I and material J, K, L).

A good (artistic) relationship (is) one that resists tautology and embraces empathy. (One that) recognises the mechanisms that connect an individual into a community. Or not mechanisms, but dynamics. Because an individual is a collection of community identities. (With this in mind let us) revel in the beauty of the dance, the rhythm of the ebb and flow of the parts as a whole, (as well as) take (A, B, C, ...) apart, examine every piece, learn the pressures and tensions coiled in each spring and the relationships between cogs and gears (to) hopefully put it back together as it's maker intended (or in a new way). (Let's celebrate each other.)

Did (it) work? I feel like there were parts of the story that could really have been further developed.

(Next time.)

Thank you for choosing to (read this) letter in the way you have.

(IV)

(IV)

Appendixes and the wind.

Near by is by Richy Carey, tracing the lines between sound, text and image across four works;

Memo to Spring with Sarah Rose.

NOW, The Scottish National Galleries of Modern Art, Edinburgh, Oct '17 – Feb '18.

Special Works School with Bambitchell (Sharlene Bamboat and Alexis Mitchell).
Gallery TPW, Toronto, Jan – Feb '18 + *Berlinale*, Berlin, Feb '18.

Wondering Soul with Alexander Storey Gordon.

Radiophrenia, Centre for Contemporary Arts, Glasgow, Nov '17.

Sonorous Objects with Mark Bleakley and Lauren Gault.

Ongoing, '17 -

Teased out from a series of letters between Richy and the artists, written during and following collaborating on these works, these letters focused on the processes of making, and the translation and flux between sound, image, object and text. The authorship of these letters was then composed into a single voice, or utterance, through an editing process with author and collaborator Martin Cathcart Froden. These processes, along with the production of the object, happened in conversation with Ainslie Roddick.

The original letters can be read online at richycarey.com/near-by

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