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A HOLE IN THE SKY
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A HOLE IN THE SKY
IS WIDER

A HOLE IN THE SKY
IS YOURS

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~~support what you want~~
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On the Eastern Tent Caterpillar

Colm Peare

- 1 On his website “Social Caterpillars”, Terrence D. Fitzgerald informs us that “in terms of complexity of interactions, eastern tent caterpillars stand near the pinnacle of caterpillar sociality.” Continue to surf through the chunky green boxes and bright blue hyperlinks and there’s a sizeable amount of information on the eastern tent caterpillar (*Malacosoma americanum*). There are small, oddly placed images of the lifespan of this caterpillar. There’s an image of the brown mother moth, who lays 200-300 eggs aid in the fork of a rosaceous tree (such as an apple tree), and then an image of the caterpillars, newly hatched, writhing over each other as they build a silk tent.
- 2 There are sections entitled *Shelter Building*, *Thermoregulation*, *Anti-Predator Defence* and *Trail Making and Recruitment*. It’s all fascinating and there’s something comforting in knowing that there’s a website dedicated to archiving this information so anyone can brush up on their knowledge of social caterpillars. There’s an interest in both empirical and aesthetic in the study of caterpillars and moths. What’s relevant for us here is the information in *Thermoregulation* that states the metabolic heat the caterpillars produce amplify within the many layers of the silk tent.
- 3 It’s an act of communion, a social undertaking of mutual benefit. This is what tents are, a coming together to build a shelter that provides a brief moment of respite from the exterior expanse.
- 4 It’s this temporary nature that allows the tent to enact a moment of occupation and not a definitive spatial claim. The silk constructions of the eastern tent caterpillar are left as soon as the caterpillars enter the last stage of their larval life and the silver tents are abandoned across expanses of apple and cherry orchards.
- 5 Tents are places of transition, a stillness that can’t last between periods of activity. The caterpillar continues to its cocooning stage. They disperse, leave the tent, and in two weeks become moths. The tent was always just a temporary occupation, a social space that briefly refuses whatever is on the outside of its walls. It provides a roof for its inhabitants and a space for them to grow.
- 6 Lastly, the layers upon layers of spun-silk in which the caterpillars nestle open up at the tent’s apex like a hole in the sky.



Be a Bee

Marion Eele

To sense something is to be contaminated by it. To get something on our skin, in our eyes, nose, mouth, ears, is to take that thing inside us and to be altered by it, irrevocably if imperceptibly. Things can contaminate each other too: bleeding sound changes the song we're listening to into a never-before-heard, never-to-be-heard-again remix. Our ideas cannot escape either – they are made up of everything that we have ever encountered, become contaminated by and digested up until that point. This contamination can be disorienting at times, like entering a familiar space through a previously unnoticed door, and sensing for an instant all of its previous iterations.

Yet this osmosis works both ways. Just as we are contaminated, we leave some minute trace of ourselves upon it. We enter a space, and as it seeps through the membranes of our consciousness, we contaminate it in return. A fleck of dust, a muddy footstep, a spilled drink. Even if it is reversed – wiped up, painted over, cleared away – it still happened.

Contamination has negative connotations: interference, pollution, contagion, distraction. A white cloth irrevocably stained. It stands in stark contrast with upheld values of purity, cleanliness, and clearly delineated ideas that are easily attributable to a known individual. Yet it can be a thing of beauty, transformation, and mutual benefit for both parties, allowing for new growth that would not have been possible had either one remained pure and uncontaminated.

Perhaps in this context a better term would be pollination; an act of cooperation and collaboration, adding up to more than the sum of its parts. After all, a flower that is never visited by a bee remains inert, its potential for fruitful transformation unrealised.

You do you
do you?

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You do you. Do you? That is the question. Just do it. Fate is a one-way street. Look back and laugh. Just a little bit. Just a little bit.

We used to think of ourselves as the individual or collective subjects of a passive object, the world. Little less conversation, little more action. Tighter than tights.

You see there's leaders and there's followers. So it goes. Who is the fairest of them all? Knowing the answer is worth nothing. No power is eternal.

Inhale, exhale, breathe. Together we can make it till the end of the time. But there is no "away" after the end of the world. This is kangaroo court. It would make more sense to design in a dark ecological way, admitting our coexistence with toxic substances we have created and exploited. In quoting others, we cite ourselves.

Daydreaming at the kitchen sink. Oh man, the mountain. Existential emoji. The earth was formless and empty, darkness was over the surface of the deep. Sensation that can only be experienced first hand. It's nice that. Be Humble. Sit down. Because you're worth it. Most careers are built on hard work, not miracles. 'Work' refers to labour as much as to an object.

There are some things money can't buy. Sweetness and power. Poison is my potion. What's love got to do with it? Constructed realities that question how we see ourselves. After all, the ideas that make us curious are not the one that we fully understand, but the ones we care about – 'I Love It' is always more compelling than 'I Get It'. Say it, don't spray it. Show, don't tell. Eyes are the windows to the soul. You are about to meet yourself.

Kids and grown-ups love it so. All of me. My echo my shadows and me. I live upstairs from you, yes, I think you've seen me before. I'm lovin' it. Fieldwork. I lost my accent for a moment. Run away, turn away.

Wee girls eating chips in the library. A 90 degree heat wave. The vibrations of all the generations. The world is on fire. Rock band for old men.

The wise man does at once what the fool does finally. March on. Somewhere between construction and play. Hustle.

~ Anna Tüdös

Agglutinative Habitats

T-Y-V-M in Residence at The Modern Institute

I

A residency is a rite of passage, a space of translation where daily reality is altered through the vectors of the possible¹. It consists in crossing physical boundaries, «reaching the scale of intimacy, of skin [...], the scale that goes from families and lovers to people together on a street corner.»² No matter how far you go, rather how deep you can seep into the place you belong to. This is the utterance spurred by *Thank You Very Much* in residence at The Modern Institute. Knotting visual art, music, and performance, Marco Giordano, Aymeric Tarrade, Caitlin Merrett King, and Mark McQueen agitate on ideas around interpersonal relationships, local dynamics, and collaborative production. *Thank You Very Much* was born as an artist collective that appreciate the ‘biology’ of Glasgow, made of DIY modes of existence, and affective practices. In this regard, the title of the proposal - *A Hole in the Sky / is open / A hole in the Sky / is wider / A hole in the Sky / Is Yours/ Push it / Push it Again / And Again / Push it Through/ You do You / Do You?* - is a bodily invite to artists and practitioners to reshape rigidity of formats and dismantle institutional pleasantries. Relationships are not survivalist or instrumental; rather they are acts of care, which involve interdependency and contagious potential³.

II

In a molecular way, *Thank You Very Much* forms bonds with neophyte and experienced, with local and alien, as their residency is a free-trade zone. *Thank You Very Much* means supporting each singularity while furthering collective priorities. It means praising ambivalent effects. It means indeterminacy and not expecting a well-codified outcome, as reminiscent of adhocism. A back gate turns into monumental entrance of caryatids by Tamara MacArthur. The white walls into a loose tent, hosting Adam Lewis-Jacob and Susannah Stark among others. The chairs into canvases for the live session of the Sound of Yell. As Brian Holmes claims: «what an installation, a performance, [...] an image can do is to mark out a possible or real shift with respect to the laws [...] that define how we must behave and how we may relate to each other at a given time and in a given place. What we look for in art is a different way to live, a fresh chance at coexistence.»⁴ The multi-functional practice of *Thank You Very Much* challenges the monolithic top-down logic in favor of a dialogical one, where professionals from apparently different stages, roles, and locations are able to combine their creative authority.

III

In a gesture of profanation⁵, the series of projects organized by *Thank You Very Much* ignores the canonical usage of the spaces of The Modern Institute, making of it a stage that can become anything according to Christian Noelle Charles, William Joys, and all the other performers are playing on. What is in place is a temporary camp where artistic actions are coupled with non-artistic ones, in a rupture of the sacrality of labels. It is said that in replying to Gilles Deleuze, Bergson once wrote: «“long live the multiple” is not yet doing it, one must do the multiple.» In this sense, the practice of *Thank You Very Much* addresses the territory of the material engagement, pioneering an agglutinative ruse of thought that sustains itself beyond hierarchies, general scepticism, and pressure to perform institutional standards. It is a ferocious optimism.

1. Sheikh, S., “Vectors of the Possible: Art Between Spaces of Experience and Horizons of Expectation” in *On Horizons: A Critical Reader in Contemporary Art*. Utrecht: BAK Critical Reader, 2011, 162-170.

2. Holmes, B. *The Affectivist Manifesto: Artistic Critique in the Twenty-First Century*. [Accessed March 24, 2018 <https://public.journals.yorku.ca/index.php/public/article/viewFile/30386/27913>].

3. De la Bellacasa, MP., “Nothing comes without its world: Thinking with Care” in *Sociological Review*, 60, 2012. Pp. 197-216.

4. Holmes, B. *The Affectivist Manifesto*.

5. Agamben, G., *Profanations*. New York: Zone Books, 2007.