



March 5th
March 6th
March 7th
March 8th
March 9th
March 10th
March 11th
March 12th
March 13th
March 14th
March 15th
March 16th
March 17th

Between 6.30-11.30am I transcribe a diary kept by my ancestor Alexander Johnstone from around 1919. It is a tiny document, smaller than the size of my hand and most likely carried in Alexander's jacket pocket whilst he worked as a joiner, helping construct the homes of others, his face being shaded from sunlight by broad rimmed hat.

I zoom into the reproduction of the diaries pages. Quick curves partition the backlit screen, a line of ink swelling over into the next, and as it drops down into the depth of the page it solidifies into strange things like words, numbers, relations and records. My eye tracks and traces the delivery of the loose continuous movements of Alexander's hand. Glancing up, to look into the adjacent garden there is a thumb sized sketch of an empty chair drawn in marker on the glass, it sits in a tree, anchored by two finger prints on the window.

The paper in the diary was never wasted, only leaving enough space around the words to be interpreted back in time. The dates, months and years printed on its pages are ignored as restriction, as Alexander charts the toll of war, the slow, symbolic dismantling of empires, the material lives of landed gentry and his, hopeful desire for something new in the mess of it all; as lines of poetry puncture through the increasing flow of figures.

A.J.
March 28th
March 29th
March 30th
March 31st
April 1st
April 2nd

A.J.
July 18th
July 19th
July 20th
July 21st
July 22nd
July 23rd
July 24th

'What matters is the spirit in which we approach the situation facing us...in a more humane spirit and outlook all round, what is the good of all the wealth and glamour and comfort of the Victorian age when the next two decades bring us to the graves.'

Blue collar ghosts, share tales around thermoplastic fire circles.
They dream about the laws of the market, but all they found was parquet,
coffee shop communes, and craft brewed conventions.

The embodied energy of the school playground is dismantled, redirected and enclosed, pumped around as the hot tubs of neo-local limbos and heritage grain histories.

Take a dip in the think tank.

Middle class materials, manufactured into contrived streams of conscientiousness.
Heard over COR-TEN steel counter arguments, falsified documentary folklores and balsamic reductions.

It's all boiling over.

A.J.
July 25th
July 26th
July 27th
July 28th
July 29th
July 30th
July 31st

A.J.
August 1st
August 2nd
August 3rd
August 4th
August 5th
August 6th
August 7th

'Hollow-sound, sounds hollow. The furnace through which we have melted the hard crust of our life and the old fixities and certainties are fluid once more. Let us work for a better happier world to rise from this fluid mess. L.L July 31st 1919'

They spoke as if trying to inhabit the meta in metaphor. But the bitter sweet taste filling mouths, rounded edges and filed burr into a sensual longing for the factory. Gears resonating through the body, the standardisation of dance floor expressions share the load capacity.

Serotonin peaks dissolve lips, tripping over so words are just seen as movements.
Voices pitched, sampled, clipped sketch their language through repetition.
Uncontrollably swirling mouths, top soil churned over by the plough. It's aeration brings nutrition to the surface.

Eyes roll to maximise their spherical outlook, projected into visions and tongues.
They are fleeing under the illumination of pre-lingual lanterns, the rehearsal of rogue elements, the dance of the news cycle, through stages of the moon.

A.J.
June 13th
June 14th
June 15th
June 16th
June 17th
June 18th
June 19th

A.J.
June 27th
June 28th
June 29th
June 30th
July 1st
July 2nd
July 3rd

'A lease holder upon most precarious tenure liable to instant ejection, the great profiteer laughs at the title deeds of the worms, of the dust, the fee simply is not with the lord of the manor nor with the freeholder but with the earth, their words are now upon the London Royal Exchange they shall one day be written in letters of light across the sky.'

'As the energy sublime of a century bursts full blossomed on the thorny stem of time. *The Present Crisis*-James Russell Lowell'

The book passes over my hands, sweat discolouring, the scent of the paper stepping out to accommodate moisture in air, the smell of oil from the pan, the concentrated coffee stain that emanates from a single drop.

To reverse, jump in and return, small sections of printed card torn from a box of pain killers are nestled between pages. The gentle null from over the counter anti-inflammatories, is inserted as strain on the spine, indicated by fraying at either end.

These markers enter and leave, momentarily bulging as they pass through, slotting into the next book, splitting into more parts, to stretch over many words, peoples and moments at once.

Spines spinning around related nervous systems.

'Domination lurked below the smiling artifice of that age. The game is not worth the gamble and we should rather welcome the new and difficult times on which we are entering for doubt it not we are at the beginning of a new century, the old world is dying around us. Let it die in us. Utter 'Behold' and make all things new old ideas.'

The break room is a museum, a windowless climate controlled box, tarnished bits of branding dragged off the shop floor, have been left here to fill the gaps of half involved conversations. Our breaks don't synch up so we talk in corridors filled with the sound of stockroom rustle. The break room holds the scent of others, as it diffuses through that which was recently ingested, all atmospherically held by a fire door, whose centre expands with heat to increase time. Is it cold in the water? We could be snowflakes falling whilst forming out of atmosphere our lattices interlocking, strain of knotted muscle loosening edges, diluted into expanding volumes. Rooms made out of gaps left between handwritten notes. Doors and windows made of breathes, chats and awkward pauses.

'The fruits of feudalism? A few hundred possess the entire soil, the money, the fat berths. Trade and shipping and clubs and culture and prestige, and guns, and a fine select class of gentry and aristocracy, with every modern improvement cannot begin to salve or defend such stupendous hoggishness.'

Tracing the gaps of words to read their ink, laid wet onto the floor, concrete absorbs what's left of the written hand.

Encoded, rendered, bounced, bits of words packaged into waves. Voice boxes wrapped with ribbons. Caps doffed to dominance, aligned larynx's and economic intuitions.

When platitudes become form.

There are secret songs carried in cavity walls. Construction scribbles, the various heights of people as they grow, party residuals, painted wallpaper fragments, clothing lost somewhere between waking and sleeping.

A spell cast through insulation, a landscape, an egalitarian interleaf embroidered onto fibreglass, light blinking from a hole in the wall.