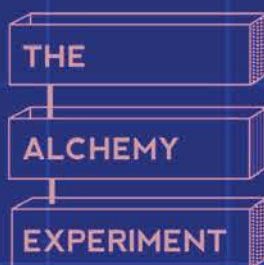


LOVE IN THE TIME OF COVID



LOVE IN THE TIME OF COVID



157 BYRES RD.
G12 8TS
Glasgow

PUBLICATION 01

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ON

THE ZINE

5

We are an artist exhibition and events space in Glasgow. We were getting ready to open our doors when Covid hit. Although it pushed our opening date back a bit, it has given us the time to reflect on who we are and what we want to achieve. We are an artist's sharing platform. We want to contribute to help build on the community of artists in Glasgow. So we thought let's start in the form of a zine.

Time has been in abundance for all of us during lockdown. We've had time to pause and take a step back from our busy lives, refocus ourselves and reflect. It has been turbulent – the constant unknowing, the terrifying news updates, coupled with the inability to alter our surroundings. Creating, for many, has become a way to structure our lives again. We could channel this angst into something productive.

The home became all-encompassing during this time. Home became work, exercise, leisure, restaurant/s, a place to sleep. And repeat. We all retreated, as directed by law, and the notion of time as a construct, was defined by what we were drinking and when we moved from one room to the next, from table to sofa. Our family and friends gatherings were experienced through a screen. Quizzes were happening every night. Birthdays, baby showers, hen do's were all celebrated in our own homes. We fell in and out of love with the perimeter than contained us. Our home would be a safe cocoon away from the virus, no transmission through these walls. The quietness was welcomed. Gardens were sanctuaries, balconies were desired, windows were our escape. Then our home,

our sanctuary, began to suffocate, to suck out the air. It was a happy and sad place and it defined our experience in isolation.

The city changed overnight. The once thriving streets became desolate. Everything shutdown and time stood still. Someone spotted a deer on Buchanan Street. We are the virus, the problem, we were told. Then queues started to appear. Queues that went on for miles. People spread out. You associate queues with something worth queuing for. If you see a queue, join it. But these queues were for the food shops, stocking up on basic supplies. The first time I saw a queue like this, wrapping round a corner – it looked like a film set, when the director shouts cut and everyone pauses for a second. It was a bit a surreal. Exercise, our escape, became state monitored. Everyone was moving like clockwork in the parks and on the streets. No sitting down on park benches. How dare you even try. It was a funny time looking back on it.

6

We were able to get through it together. In the apocalyptic films and TV series, As Charlie Brooker noted, you don't really see communities coming together. It would all be a bit cheesy. People standing at their door step, clapping for the people working in the hospitals, the delivery drivers, stocking the supermarkets, working and saving lives. It made me cry the first time, and the next. It's emotional and the sound carried from street to street. People helped their neighbours, delivered food to those unable to go outside. Businesses supported the heroes. Neighbours in tenements got together to tidy up their back courts. It was quite nice, consoling in some ways.

Then the **Black Lives Matter movement** happened. The sharing of a video of George Floyd pleading 'I can't breathe' enraged the world. And protests happened. Peaceful protests in public squares and on social media. Covid hit BAME communities the hardest. In the UK, 34% of critically ill Covid-19 patients were from minority ethnic groups, despite only making up 14% of the population. In the U.S, black people were dying three times the rate compared to white people. It shone a light on the discrimination and institutional, systemic racism still inherent in the UK and worldwide. We hope that we all become more educated in light of all of this, and things start to change. Lets change things through our thoughts, our actions, our art, our voice.

The work that follows celebrates the shared experience of lockdown. It's a beautiful compilation of work, and we hope you enjoy/have enjoyed taking part.

The proceeds from this zine will be donated to Social Bite's "Feed the Nation in Isolation" fund and Too Gallus' "Black Scottish Business Fund". They represent dedication and compassion in their efforts during the pandemic. Social Bite have worked tirelessly to deliver more than 350,000 food packs to vulnerable people affected by COVID-19. Whilst the Black Scottish Business Fund will directly support Scottish Black owned businesses, entrepreneurs and creatives access their full potential through business mentorship, networking and financial grants.

Thanks,

The Alchemy Experiment
www.alchemyexperiment.com

ALCHEMY

ON

The Alchemy Experiment is the catalyst of the interaction of many elements, the space that brings together the artist with the public, the student with the teacher, and the performer with the audience.

We have two floors totalling 1,185sq.ft of space, and we will host art exhibitions, poetry nights, film screenings, live music, workshops tuition and much more.

Our goal is to provide a platform for artists and creatives to exhibit their work in Glasgow's prominent art scene.

We found an opportunity on Byres Road, Glasgow to realise our dream. A uniform shop with the uniformity of design; cold and featureless. Hidden underneath, we revealed its true identity. In the warmth of its' exposed brick and sandstone, its' character in the alcoves and the cornicing of its' high ceiling. And its' light, through its' majestic tall windows.



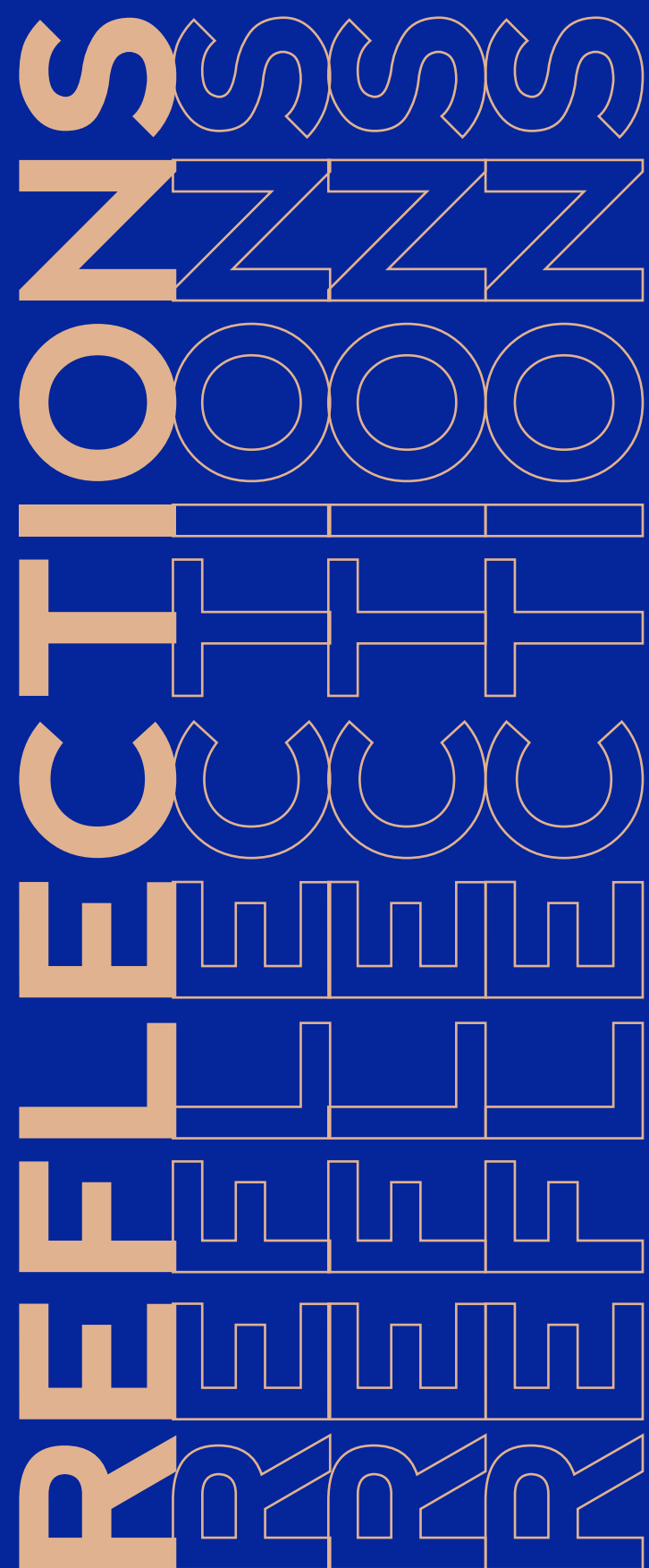
We have also designed, commissioned, and installed a sculptural concrete counter that merges seamlessly with the original brick walls and wooden floor. Additional features such as a high quality sound system, projector, adaptable furniture and the option for panelling to create a white walled gallery effect, to ensure that the space is fully flexible and able to accommodate all events.

We're excited to see how the space will be used and all the different events it will host.

Keep in touch with us and come visit when we open. Let us know if you want to collaborate with us too!



Images from the Affordable
Art Auction by Peter Clark,
Alchemy Coffee Unit
(bottom left)



ON

THE HOME

Remembering Sundays

In your flat we are face down on the carpet
deflated parachutes, spilt drinks
seeping towards each other
we are hungover.

His banjo slumps against the wall
like a cowboy, reminding us of our slurred
singing into the dawn's first scattering.

*

The apogee of the night came and went
but we continued, taking no notice.

Like antlers carved from skin
we let our arms lead us in the dancing,
our feet following, our men were merely there
out of some sort of traditional obligation.

We were flammable
and they are rightly cautious.

Babbling and cackling we tapped our Sky Blues
into a woman's bum, as pink as prawns.
I bought her as a joke but she stuck around,
her cavernous body fills with residue from our two's.

She is much as part of our bevy
as we are. Oh, she knows it all,
our red hands from loose lip

But you are the main event,
my firework friend,
oh, the trouble we get in.

*

The day is already half eaten,
much like our breakfast.
Buttered rolls, wilted tatty scones
are already hardening in us.

Cold tea stains the mugs
while we also grow a milky skin.
We are sickly and
definitely
too old for this.

But I could lie here forever, skimming
the night before for stories
we may regorge
with our guttural laughs,
our gut them all laughs.

You're the arson to my arse
you set the world alight

my firework friend.

Leyla Josephine





My submission has two parts. The first three photos are of my girlfriend Jasmine in the bath. I was particularly inspired by the work of my friend Ace (@aslaugsifgudjonsdottir) in her zine Unpretty (@unprettyzine). Her ability to capture the beauty and softness of women's bodies using abstract yet intimate photos was something I leant on when taking my own. I felt that would reflect the relationship Jasmine and I share.

In contrast to those three images which present the growing closeness



George Clark

Photography 35mm (shot on Ilford HP5 and developed by Gulabi Photo)



between me and my partner as a result of lockdown restrictions, the second two symbolise the slightly sterile openness within the confines of our neighbourhood. I focused on Glasgow highrise apartment blocks. In photographing them I tried to capture the linear nature of the buildings against the vast dull space of the sky behind, underlining the sense of isolation and apathy that I and many others have felt as a result of our enforced living conditions in recent weeks.

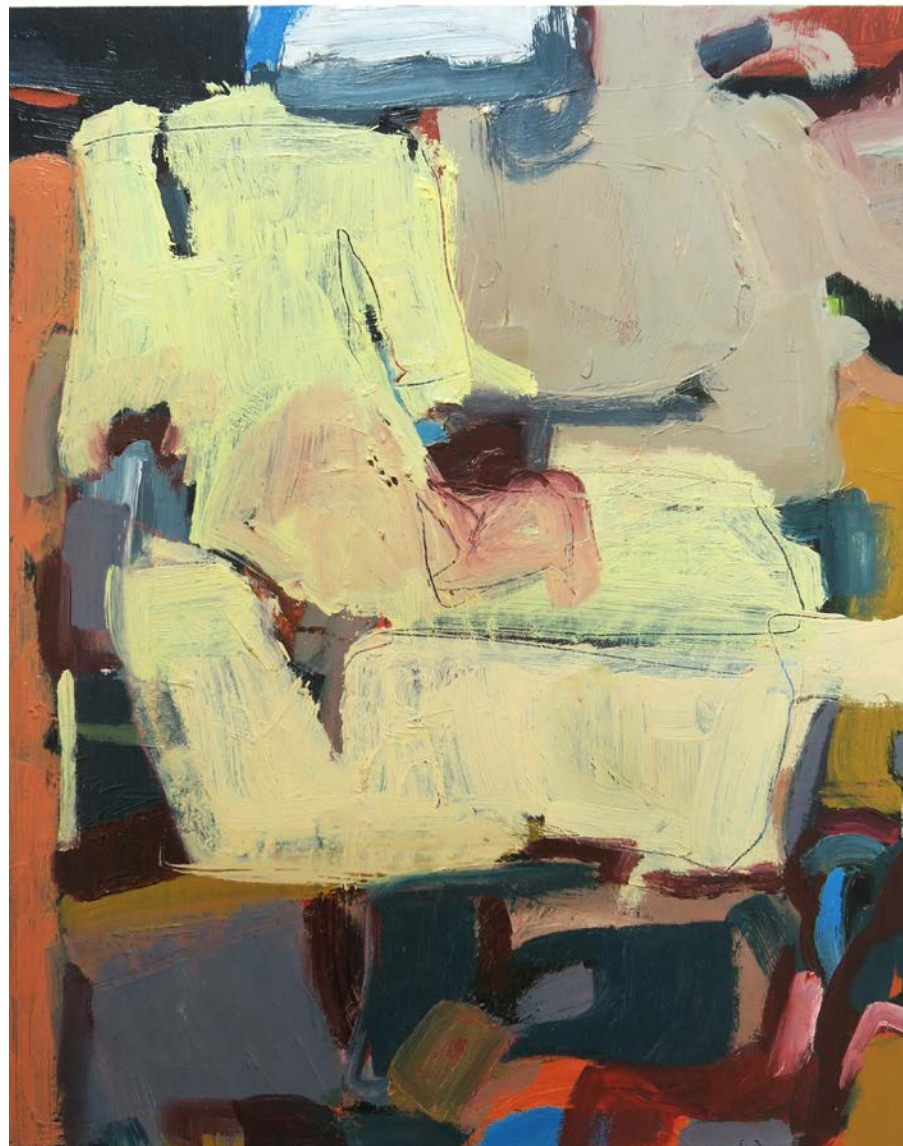
This experience has been a continual shift between feeling settled and intensely anxious.

My Instagram: @_g3c.__



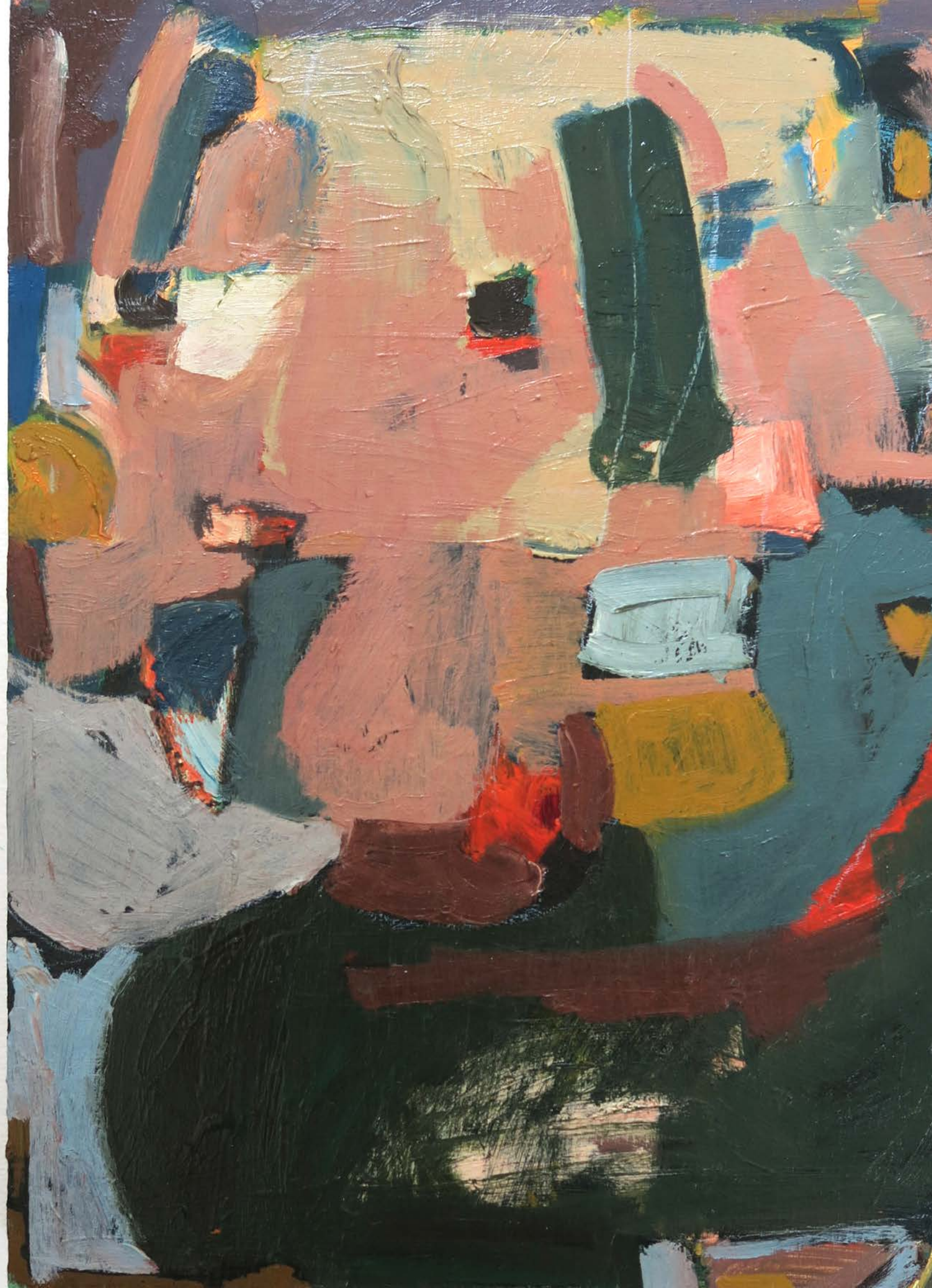
Jacob Littlejohn
Painting

Reflections on a home



Above
Untitled - 174
Oil on plywood
35.1 x 30.1 x 1.7cm
2020

Right
Untitled - 173
Oil, charcoal & graphite on plywood
26 x 31.2 x 1.7cm
2020



All works submitted have been created under the theme, Reflections of the Home. My personal response to place has changed during lockdown as has most and is now concentrating on the place I call home. By reading the work of Bachelard I have been considering the space that we choose to form and manipulate around us in order to best meet our needs as individuals, taking a direct visual influence as well as a metaphorical approach to these environments. This has encouraged me to work with new materials and explore the use of organic materials which are specific to where I live. This is mainly found in the form of plants in my back garden, which have encouraged me to investigate the properties of hand-made paint, making this work a tangible and individual connection to the place it was created.

Edinburgh-based painter Jacob Littlejohn is a recent graduate of Glasgow School of Art's BA Painting and Printmaking, and has participated in group and solo shows throughout the UK and received several awards. Jacob's work focuses on the impact of place and how this can direct an individual. This materialises through a profound interest in scale, medium, technique, composition and colour. Before Lockdown he was undergoing the fully assisted Graduate Residency programme at Leith School of Art, where he was creating work that explores physical and material space, informed by his immediate environment.

Untitled 164
Oil, graphite & coloured pencil on plywood
30 x 24.1 x 1.8cm
2020





The concept for this illustration is based on the conflicting information we have been fed via the government and media surrounding the guidelines regarding lockdown whilst acknowledging the comfort of having the safety of home amongst the chaos. As a starting point I wanted to set my drawing in a space familiar to many of us, the living area. Lockdown has made this space a refuge for myself and it's where I now spend most of my time eating, sleeping, creating and isolating. I wanted to portray the overwhelming feelings of the current situation through the use of bright colours and clashing forms and patterns, reinforcing the chaotic energy.

Bio: I am an illustrator/textile designer based in Glasgow. Inspired by all things bold and colourful. You can find me on Instagram under the username:

@amygemmelldesign.

Comfort in the Chaos

Amy Gemmell
Digital Illustration

Self Potrait with Monstera

Molly Hankinson

Graphite on Paper

Reflections on a home

‘During lockdown I have been exploring the self-portrait as a means for self-scrutiny and inward reflection, which I have found useful and comforting during this time of uncertainty. The first piece, ‘Self Portrait at Home’ adopts my usual process of both hand-drawn and digital illustration techniques, likening to my already developed and known practice as a visual artist, and depicts me in my newly decorated kitchen, completed during lockdown. The second piece, ‘Self Portrait with Monstera’ came from a craving to go back to more traditional mediums, work more tonally again, and find solace once more through simple and considered observation and representation.’

Molly Hankinson is a visual artist from South East London who lives in Glasgow. She studied Fine Art: Painting and Printmaking at the Glasgow School of Art and is now based at SWG3 Studio Warehouse.



Reflections on a home



Self Potrait at Home

Molly Hankinson

Hand drawn & digital illustration

Molly's practice concentrates on the honest and unapologetic representation of womxn and non-binary people through painting, printmaking, and hand-drawn and digital illustration. Her work focuses on the aesthetics of bold considered colour placement and use of continuous line to produce unflinching and emphatic compositions which reflect the people present in the work. Often tongue-in-cheek yet inevitably politicised, Molly looks at confronting white feminism's complicity, taboos surrounding body image and sexuality, and subverts the notion of 'womxn in the home' through the reclaiming of interior spaces.

For more information about Molly's work, or to enquire about private commissions please visit her website at www.mollyhankinsonart.co.uk, or give her a follow on Instagram:

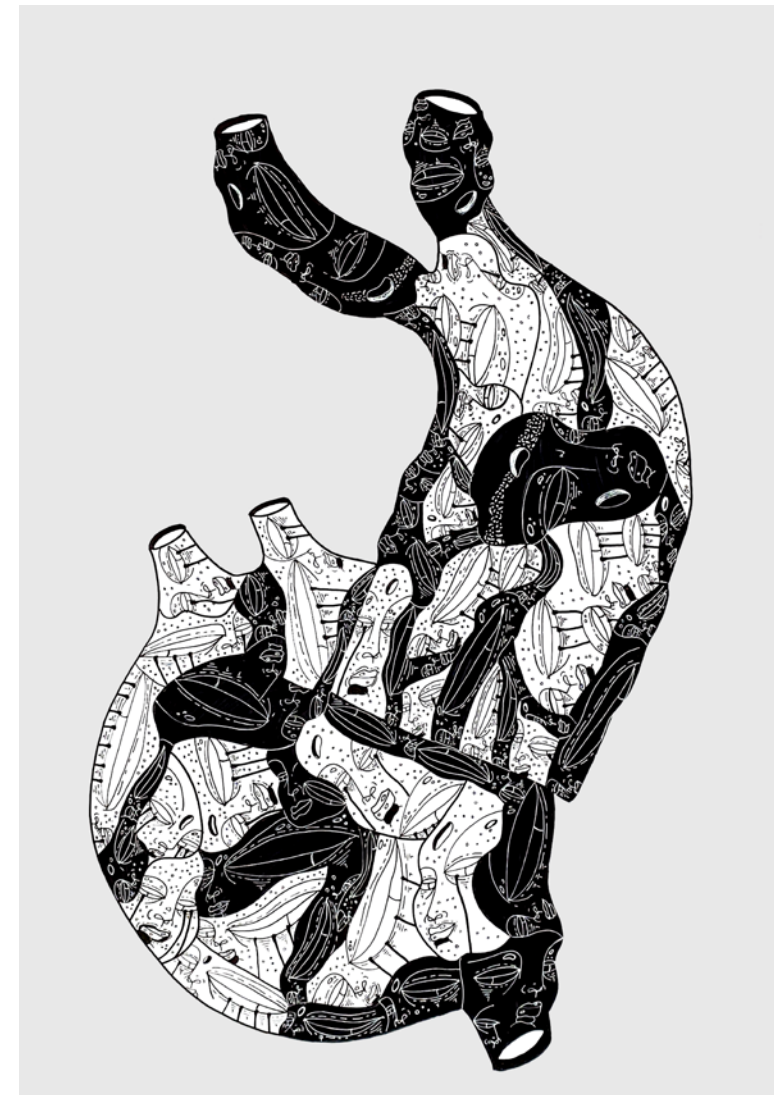
@mollyhankinson.studio.



New Vessels

Rosalind Shrinivas

Hand drawn, Fine liners/markers, manipulated
on Photoshop



Rosalind Shrinivas is Glasgow based illustrator inspired by life analogies, feelings and emotions. Her art language is a series of characters and symbols which manifest into graphic conceptual pieces. This series is inspired by the idea of creating a new vessel or 'Home' within ourselves throughout lockdown. As I began mapping out shapes, I created a symbolism that almost looked like a heart, or human organ filled with many faces. Thoughts of connection, rebirth, struggles, euphoria and fear were used as jumping points to inform these conceptualised pieces.

@rshrini

Locked down in Lockdown

Nicola Garmory
Pen and Ink



Reflections on a home

Girl With Phone (below)

Nicola Garmory
Pen and Watercolour



Reflections on a home

This was a quick sketch (left) relating to being in my home but not being able to leave during lock down. The bars on the windows exist to prevent burglaries but in this case it created the sense of imprisonment. The glimpse through window to the outside world is a promise of sunshine, fresh air and freedom.



'Forward Roll (Triptych)'

Angus Fernie

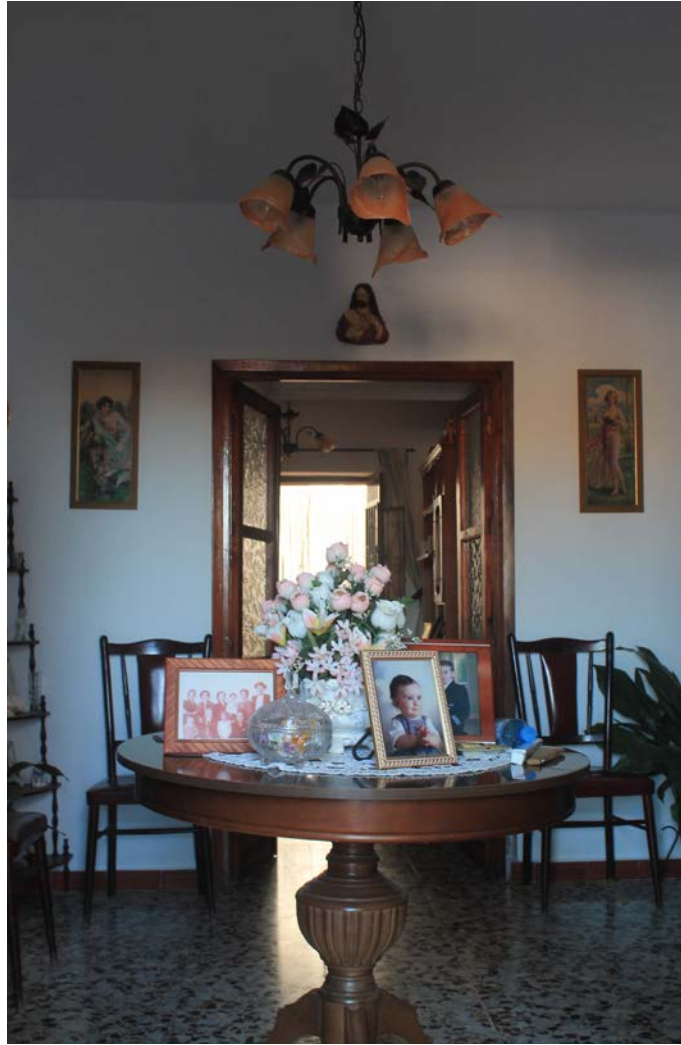
Gouache on paper, A3

Made during the lockdown, this triptych aims to playfully explore the ideas of routine and narrative in a confined space with the forward roll being both a simplistic narrative tool and a somewhat awkward and 'silly' exercise with a beginning, middle and end. Working at home rather than my studio through this time has allowed me to focus more on the freedom and spontaneity of working on paper as opposed to oil on canvas which has given more scope for the development of the gangly, stylised figures within the work.

Angus Fernie is a Glasgow based painter having graduated in 2018 from the Glasgow School of Art's Painting and Printmaking course. Working primarily in oils and playing with absurdist ideas of silliness, Angus has exhibited in both London and Glasgow.

Instagram: @ferniesangus

Website: www.angusfernie.com



Alicia Portillo Vazquez
Photography





My name is Alicia Portillo Vazquez. I would like to submit in the category of Reflections on the Home, from a rural area in the south of Spain, and how we are living the faces of lockdown and what the government calls 'the de-escalated'.

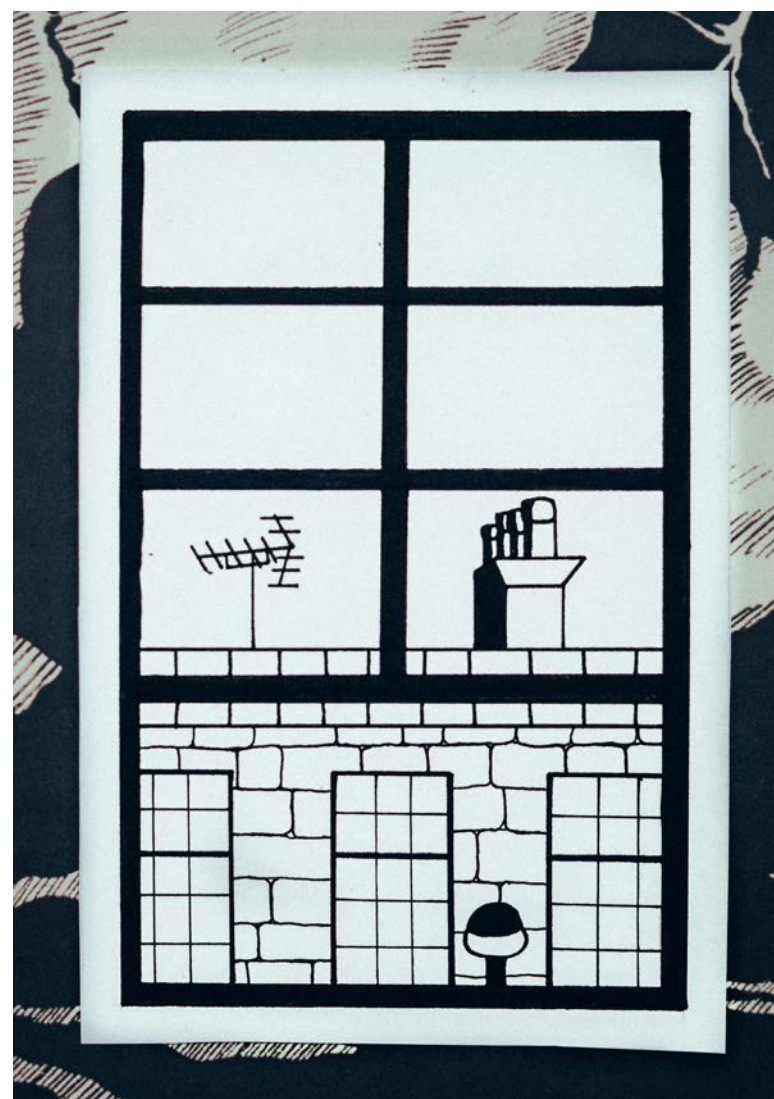




Views from my window

Roxanna Barry

Illustration and Photography



Throughout lockdown i've been illustrating and designing small tattoos. I started illustrating window scenes and tenement buildings for larger designs, some that I see daily and some that I wish I could see. My presentation method involves arranging my cut out drawings on fabrics (usually one of the many colourful shirts in my wardrobe) or books and taking birds-eye photos. I really enjoy every aspect of putting these images together!

I'm a mixed race queer gal who loves climbing, cycling and creating illustrations to ink on my body.

You can find my work on Instagram:

@bas.ilmountain and @roxannagbaz



Andaruni/biruni

Nadia Malekian

Collage of gouache, paper, charcoal and pencil.

I grew tired of my surroundings, so I started to draw inspiration from places I had been in the past. Andaruni/biruni means interior/exterior in farsi, and this image is inspired by the threshold space between the house and garden in Iran.

@nadia.malekian



Close

Nadia Malekian
Gouache on balsa wood,
arranged digitally.

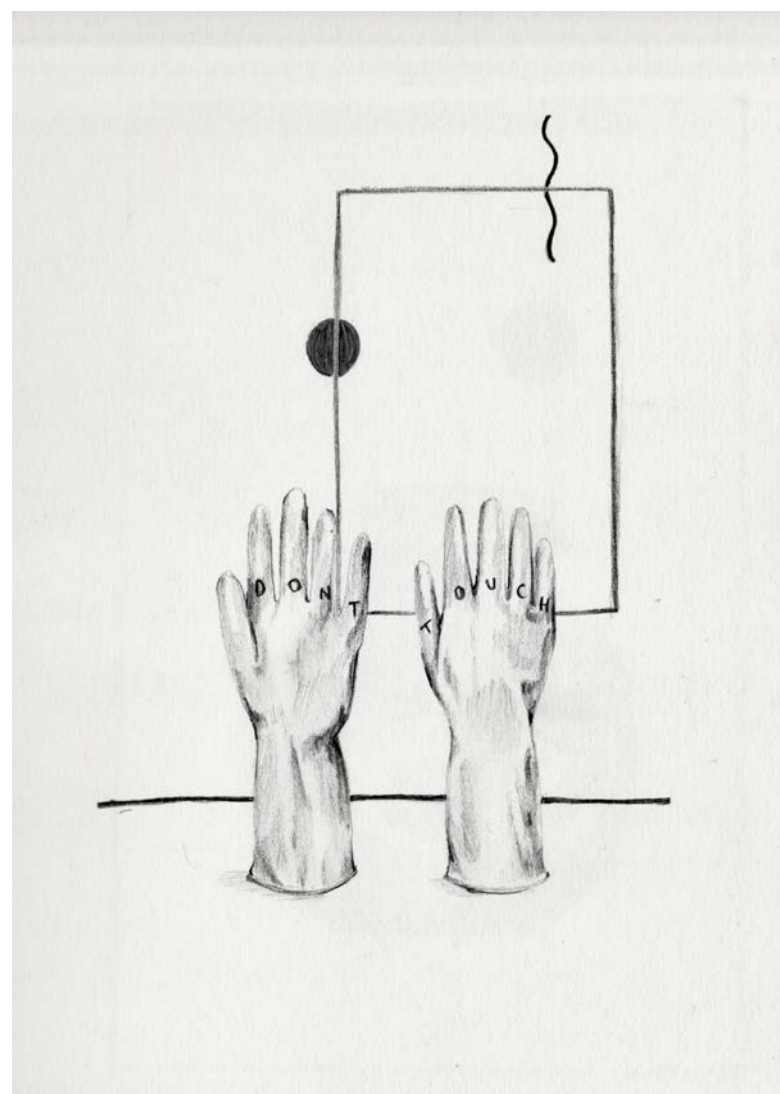
I like getting glimpses into
other peoples lives on my
daily walks, so this image is
inspired by a close I walked
by one day.



Ceiling

Nadia Malekian
Gouache on balsa wood,
arranged digitally.

This image is inspired
by my immediate
surroundings, from staring
at the ceiling too much.

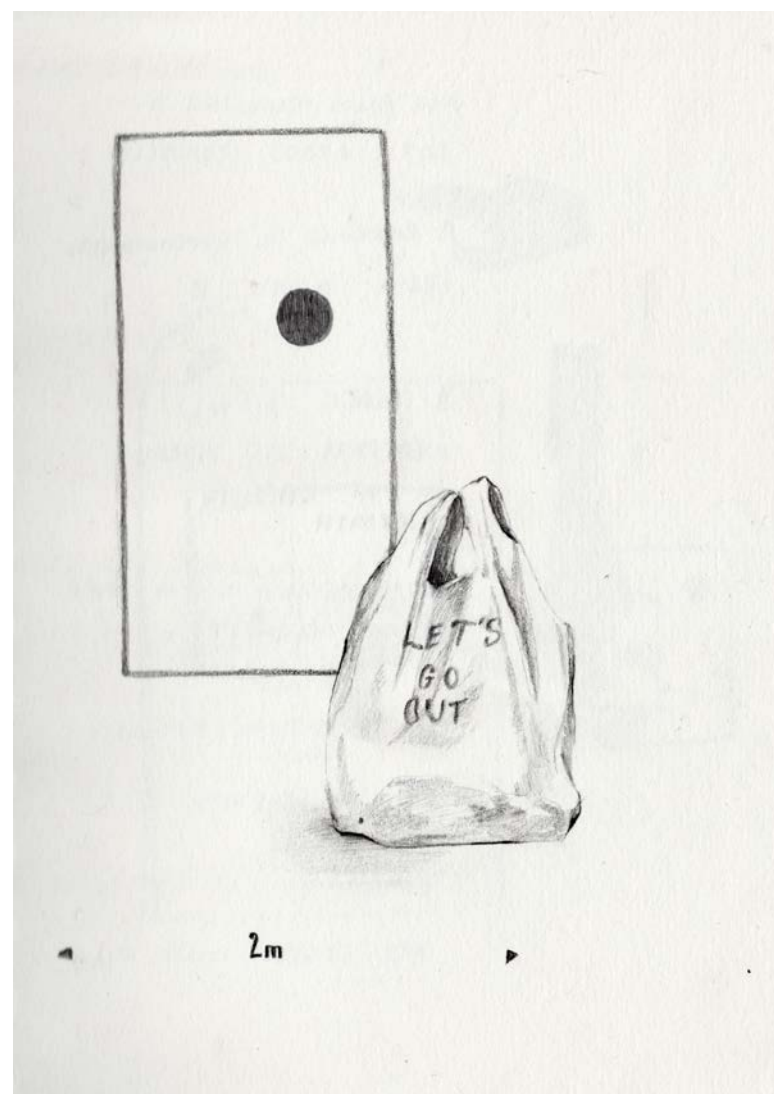


Michaela McManus

Pencil on Paper

Contact: michaelamcmanusartist@gmail.com

Instagram: @michaelam.art

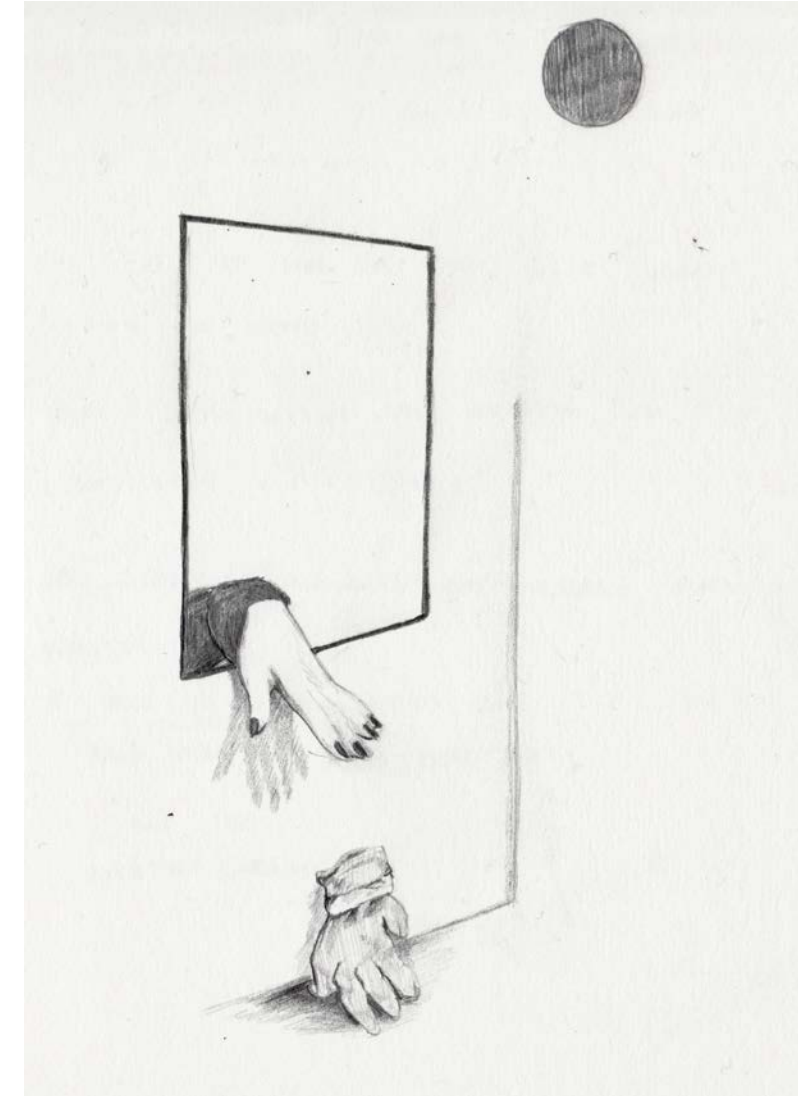
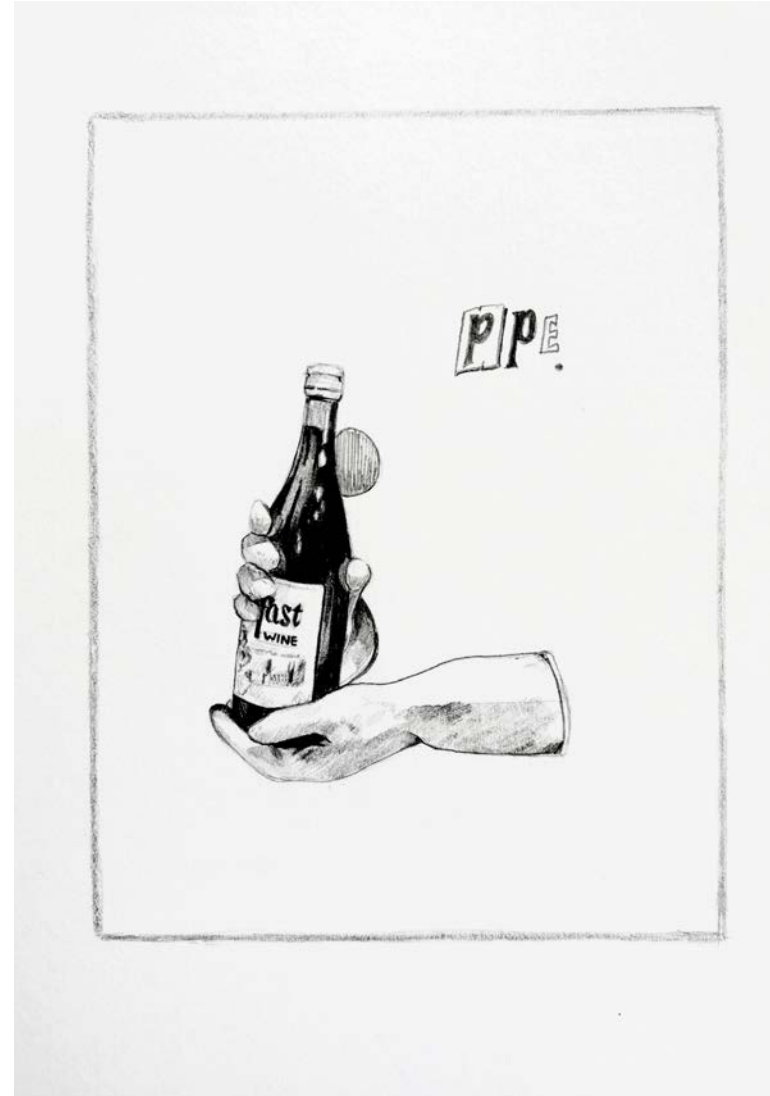


Don't touch (far left)

Lets go out to the shops (left)

This body of work started as a simple drawing exercise and tool for passing the time during lockdown, producing a series of pencil drawings which depict objects and scenarios which have adapted into our life in isolation. These drawings aim to explore the use of text, imagery and the imagined landscape to create works which bring a surreal, relatable and light humoured approach to self-isolation.

Personal Protective Equipment (far right)
Sunbathing From Home (right)



Michaela McManus is a visual artist based in
Dornoch Street Studios, Glasgow.

Hannah Rothnie

Paper Collage

Reflections on a home



These images are a collection of paper collages produced as gifts during lockdown. Each one depicts the place called home by each recipient during lockdown, a place which has become even more significant during the past few months. Although being confined to these places has been an unwelcome restriction on many people's lives, these collages were intended as a small celebration of the spaces that we have gotten know so well during lockdown.



Reflections on a home

REFLECTIONS

A
A
A

CITY
CITY
CITY

ON

Sunbathing at the window
for a shielding friend

The gloating sunsets
continue to flicker
on tenement roofs
kitchen spider plants
inch themselves
further to the ground
and Spring came only
as a nod to the pitter
patter of time.

The birds are now deafening,
no horn or playground
or street argument
to compete with.

In only a towel
you lie on the floor
under the window
aching to the sky
your to do list
emptied after
I should really shower.

You forgot your tea
and it goes cold.

A car parks down below
the driver sits for a minute
their head leaning on
wheel unable to get
out, just yet.

You are above
are oblivious.

These wee private lives
we have now
or have always had
are amplified.

Your family reaches out -
pixellated, little boxes
skipping blurred images -
maybe tomorrow.

*

I hope you are finding joy
in the things that you can.
I hope you are managing
to dance, to cook
to wear a funny hat
put lipstick on, get high

feel the sun on your face
even if only for an hour
in the bathroom
between three and four
in the afternoon.

Leyla Josephine





The Window Watchers

Peter Clark
Photography



Reflections on a city



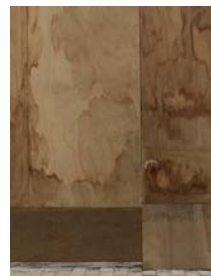
I normally use a lot of my free time with photography, particularly with friends, and since that wasn't something I was allowed to do I felt anxious and a bit distant and I would spend a lot of my day by the window trying to get as much natural light as possible. This brought me to begin a project to capture the lives that people in Scotland are living as the weather gets warmer and everybody is forced to remain indoors.

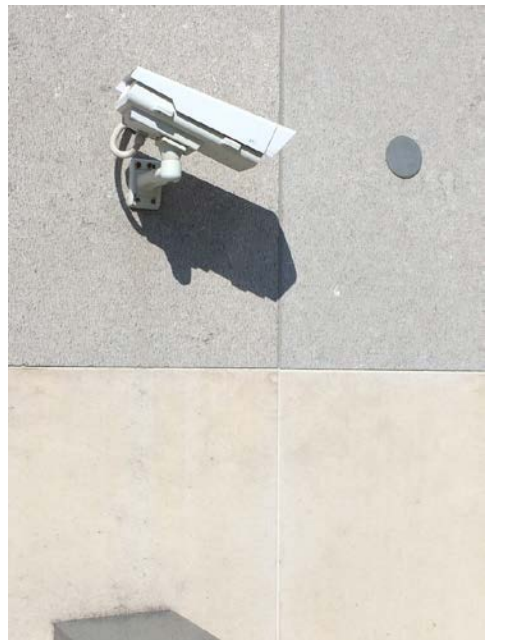
I noticed people on my daily walks who would also be sitting at their window, enjoying the sun, having lunch, reading a book or having a drink.

I wanted to document this lifestyle and this is when I came up with The Window Watchers. These photos are just some of the moments I caught of people trying to enjoy the day and cope with the drastic change. From morning coffee, to an evening cup of tea. Some are planned shoots with friends and others are candid locals.

You can find the full series on my website:
peterclarkphotography.co.uk
 instagram: @pekyclark







Pages from my Lockdown

Sketchbook

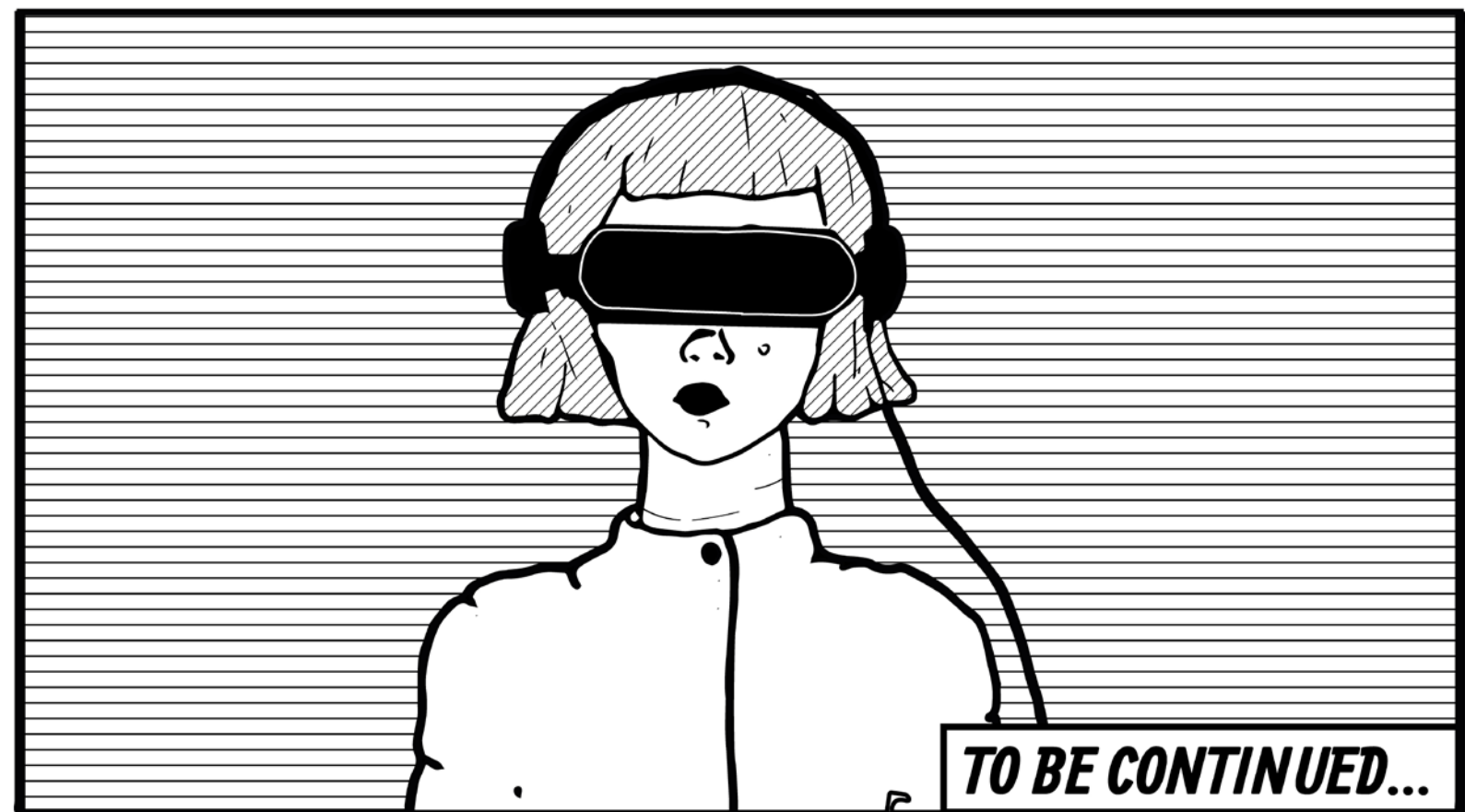
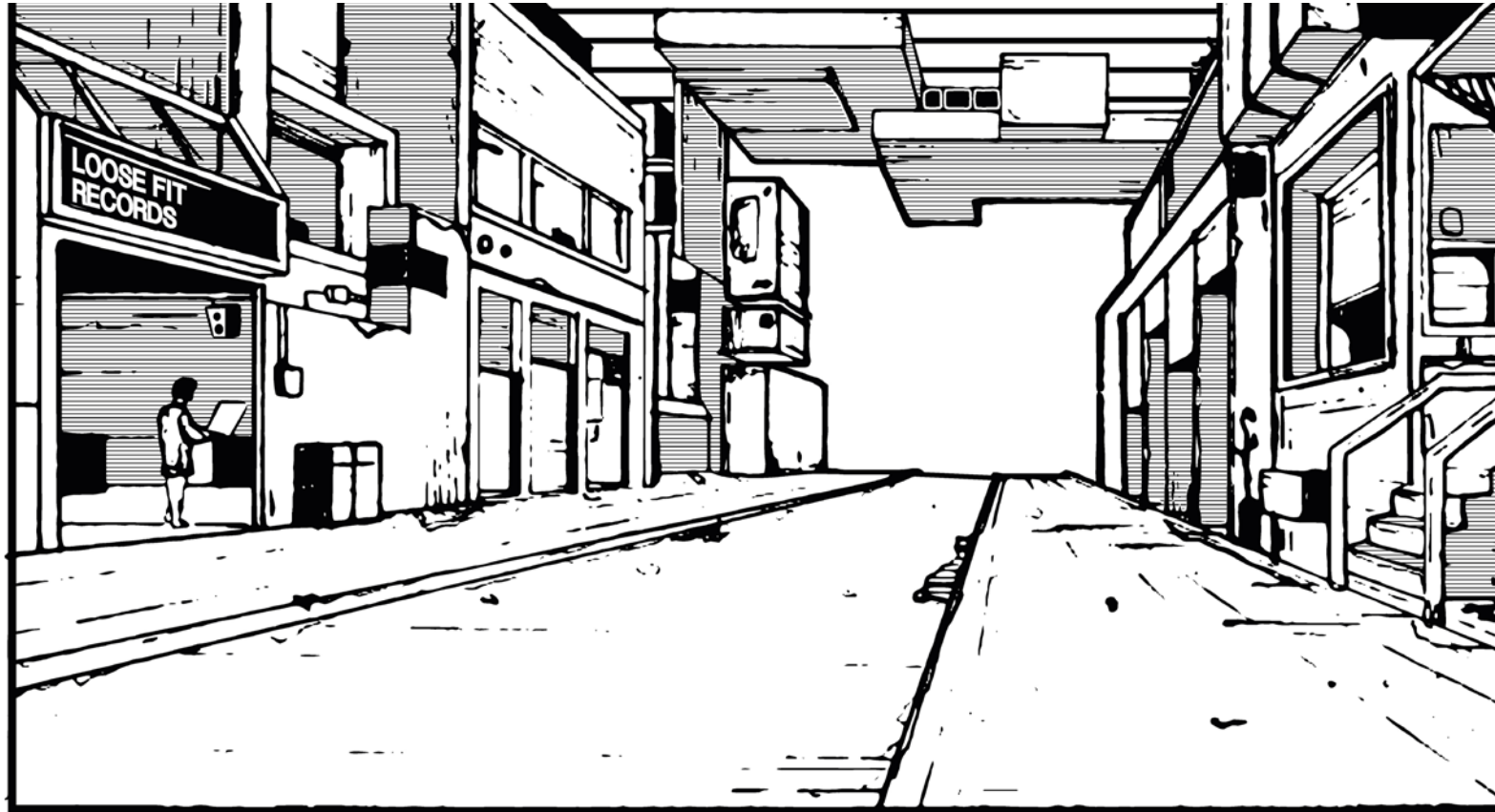
Colette Kerr

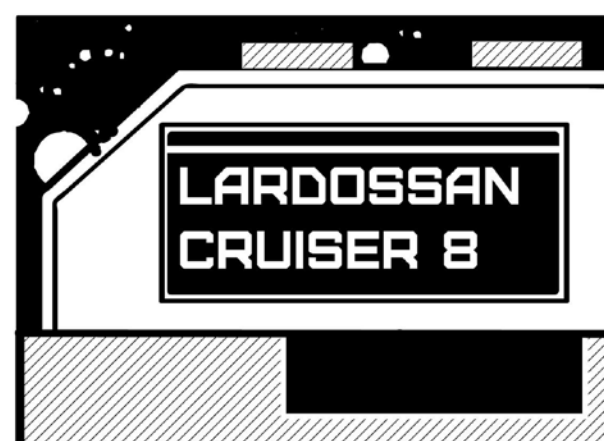
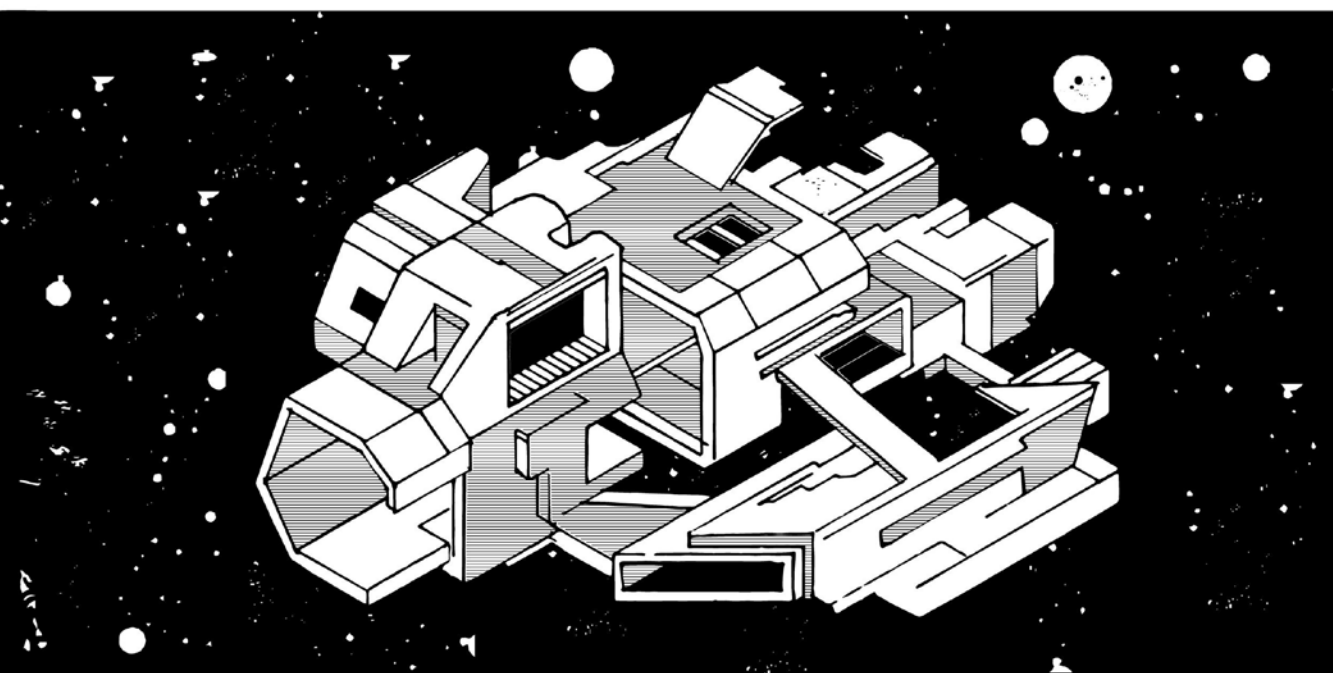
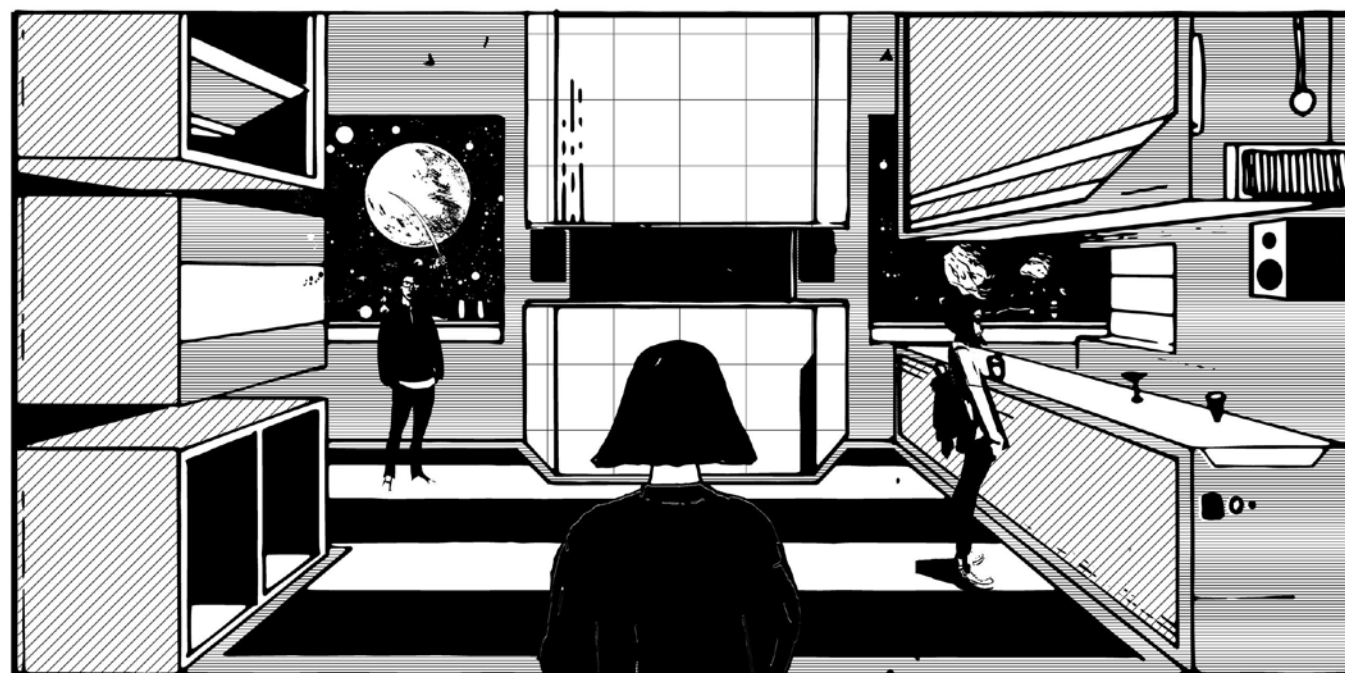
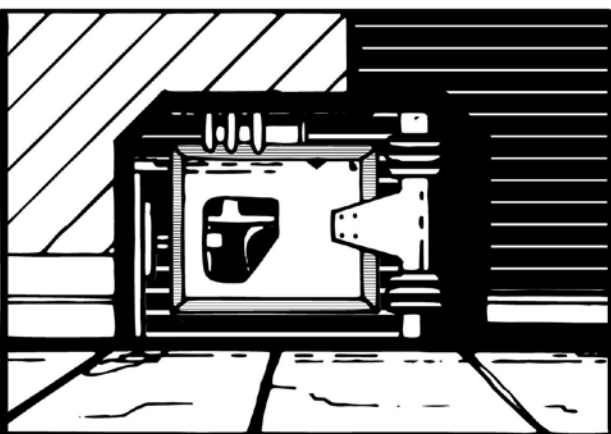
Mixed media on paper





My sketchbook has become a visual diary of my time in lockdown, detailing the things I've been looking at everyday, especially the view from my window. The pages combine observations of my surroundings with drawings of old photos (from pre-covid times) to create illustrations that represent this strange reality.





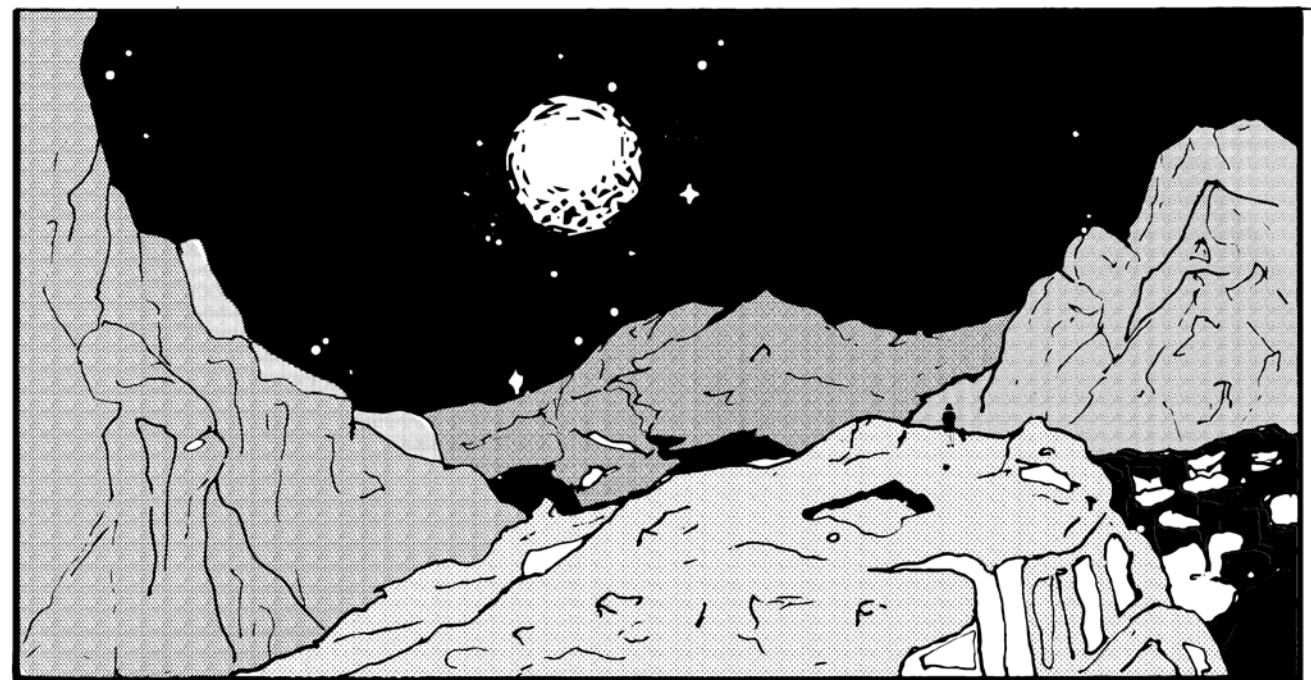
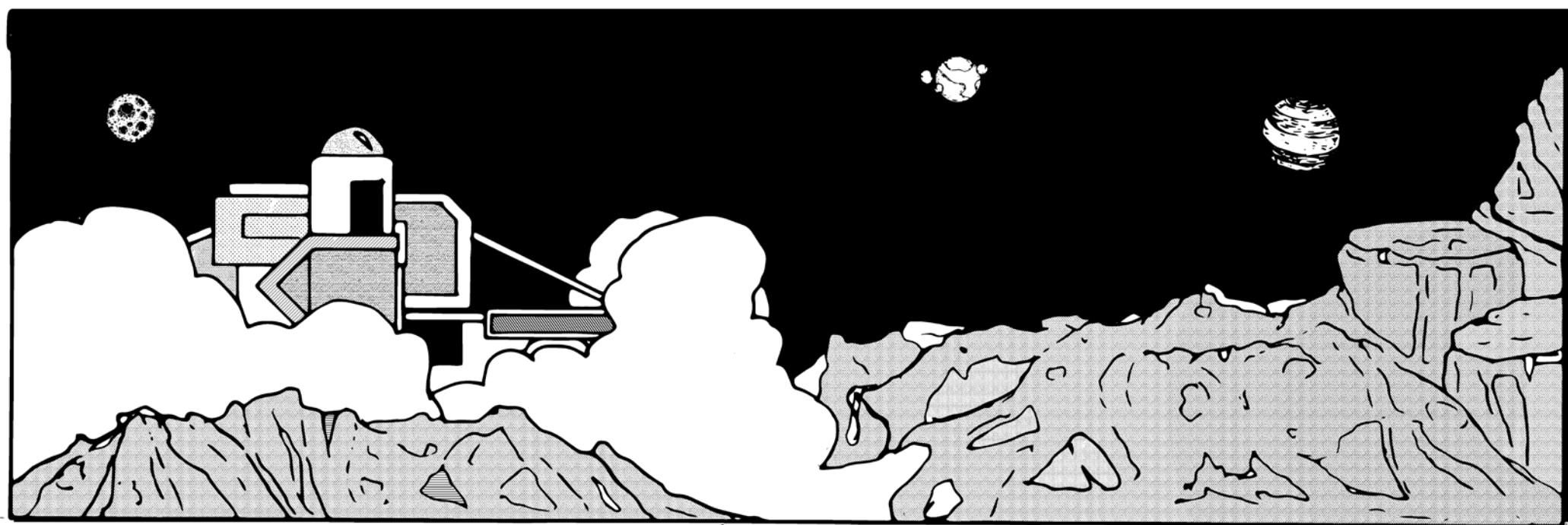
Dimensional Glide is a 3 part story that I designed for 'Loose Fit Records', a record label based in Berlin. The prints will be used on T-shirts and will be available to order from everpress in July 2020. The illustrations take inspiration from vintage sci-fi comics, in an attempt to match the futuristic, otherworldly sounds found on the label.

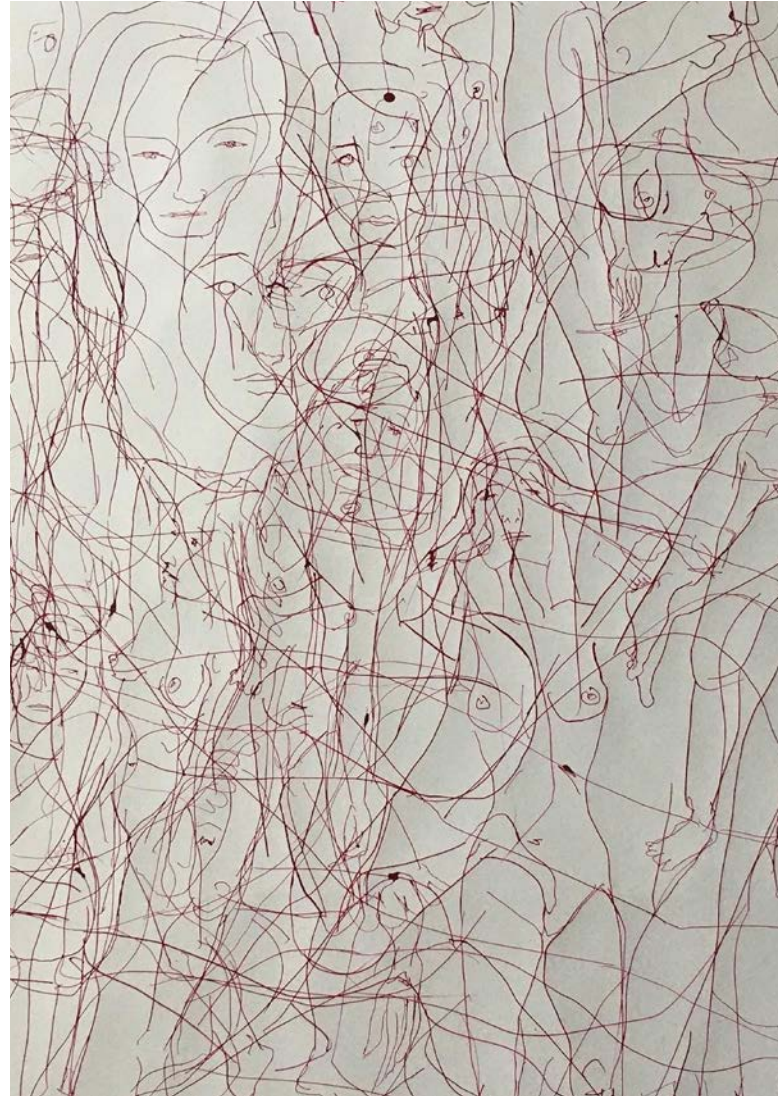
I begin my process by creating pencil drawings of the scene, I then add ink to define the lines. Once the illustrations are complete I scan and use photoshop to add text and fill colour.

You can find more of my previous work on my instagram:

@aidanpotter_design

Commissions:
aidangpotter@outlook.com





Corona Season

Kirsten Tingle

Ink and watercolor on paper and yupo



I'd like to submit several ink drawings which explore the ways coronavirus has affected a city (New York), a sense of self, and our understanding of a season.

These drawings use text and simple forms to reflect on the city I was locked down in during the pandemic (New York City.) During the pandemic I have been a Scottish international student studying in New York. Like many international students I faced the strange choice of staying or leaving and decided to stay in the US to wait out the pandemic. My works use overlap and repetition to explore the repeating days of quarantine and mounting anxiety over what comes next.

Thank you, all the best, and please say hello to Glasgow for me!



Alone With Yourself (top),
Corona Outside In (right)



Magnolia at the Glasgow Botanic Gardens

Hua Wang

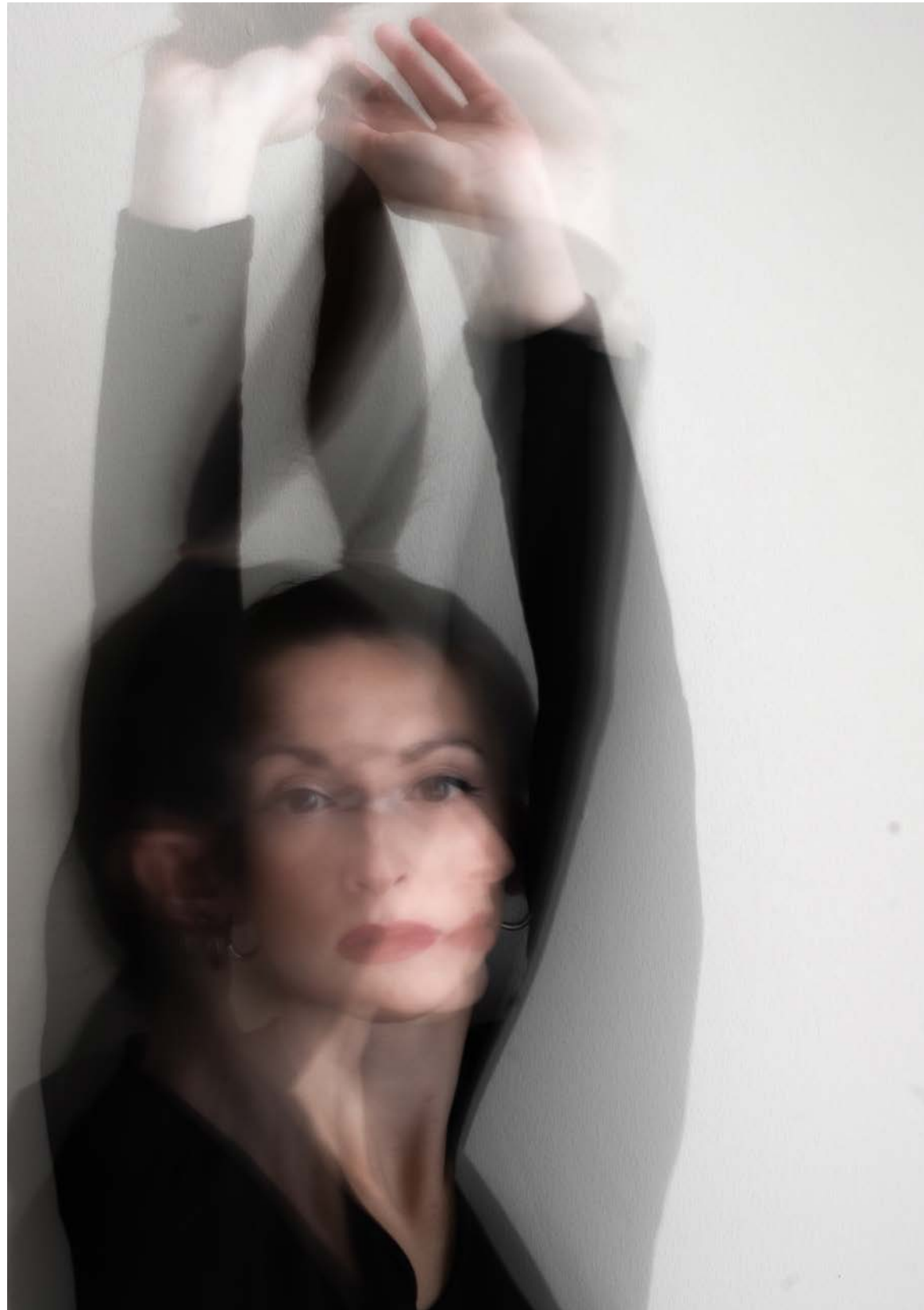
Oil on paper & Oil on canvas



Magnolia (Turquoise) is a second study; a reflection on the initial study and the ever-evolving memories and thoughts that linger in the air. In the painting process — to offer a context, I had Maggie Rogers at the National Public Radio Music Tiny Desk Concert on repeat in the background, particularly 'Alaska'. Here, the natural lighting throughout the day would change the tone of the turquoise against the intensity of the white and the clay yellow, portraying the dynamism and the stream of thoughts surrounding the magnolia.

Magnolia (Yellow),
oil on paper,
15.2 cm x 16.2 cm
Magnolia (Turquoise),
oil on canvas,
61 cm x 76.2 cm

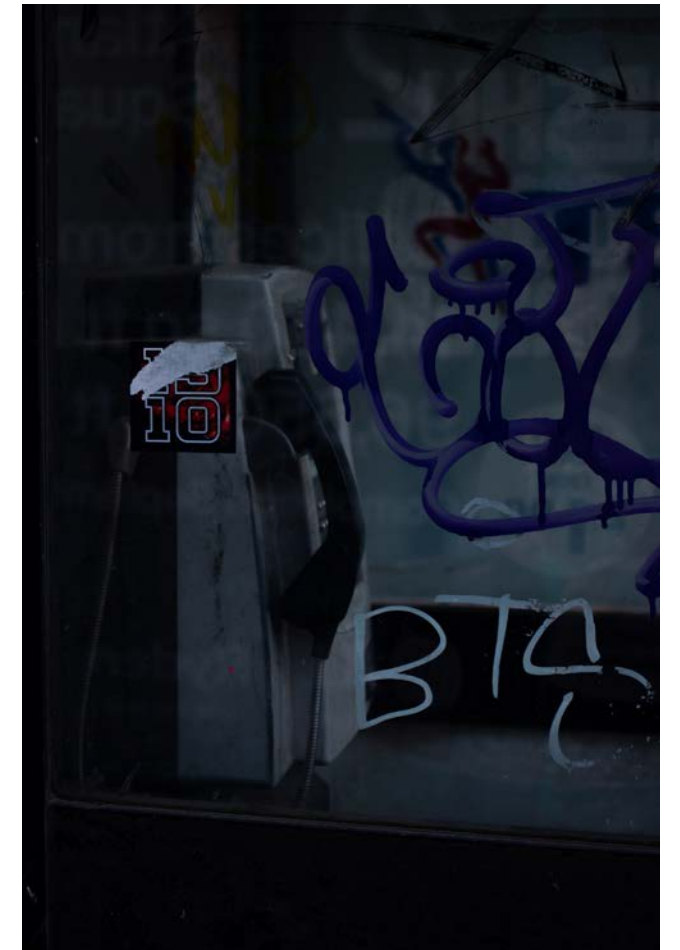




My project for The Alchemy Experiment is related to the pictures I started taking for my instagram. However, as I'm focused on professional portraits mostly, there are some pictures that I'm not uploading or showing to anyone, so this is a very good chance to show other type of pictures that I also do.

I'm a Spanish marketing graduate and graphic design masters graduate. I've been living in Glasgow since march 2019, as I started a new job (and life) here. I've started a Photography portfolio on instagram (@iampaulakitt), as I've been taking pictures since I got my first camera 12 years ago, I'm 26.

Paula Trigueros Cid
Photography



Reflections on the Home (left)
Reflections on the City (above)

Five Weeks into Social Isolation

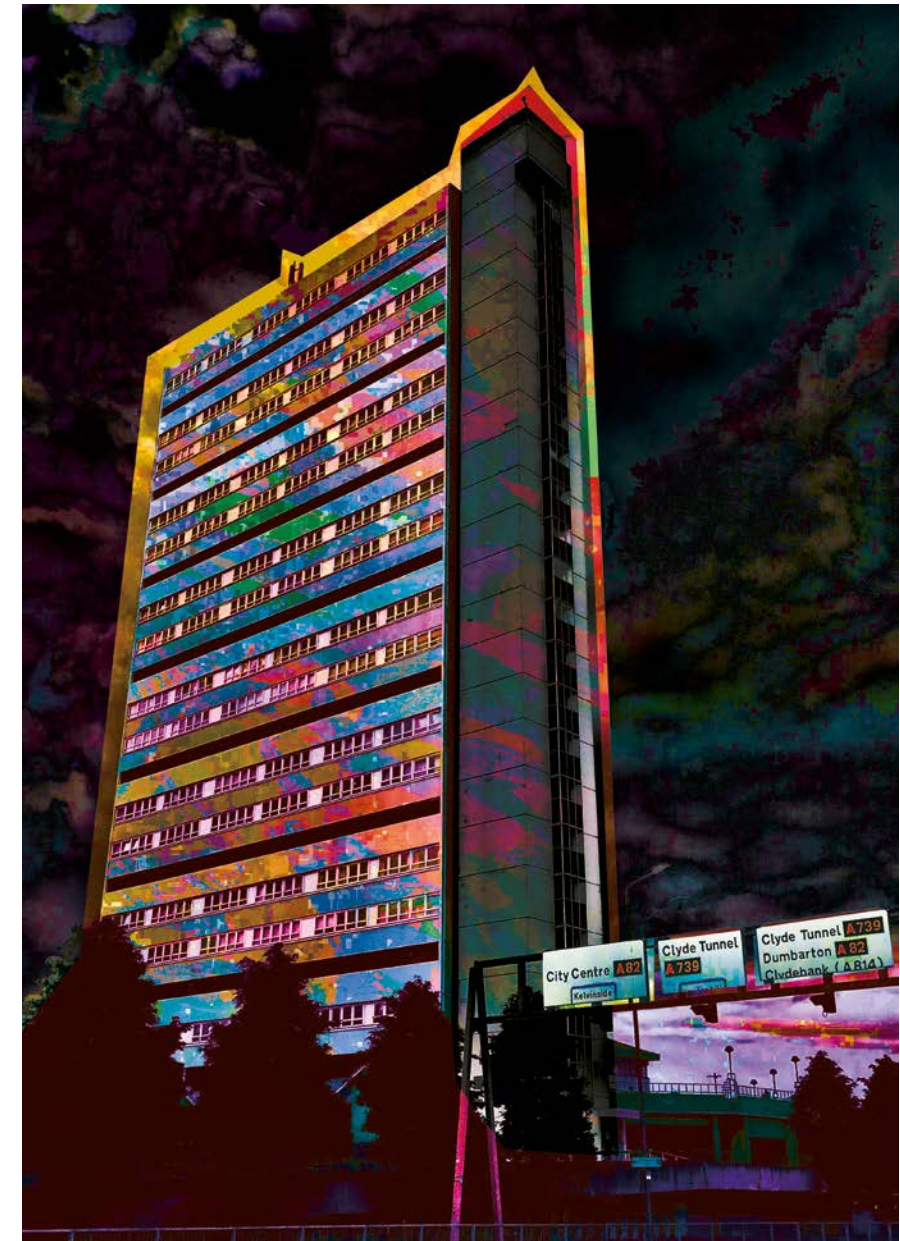
The window cleaner wends a water way
of droplets, door to door, a ladder dance
through open gates, a metal pail sashay
giving us, neighbour to neighbour, the chance
to feel connected, momentarily
before the trail evaporates and we're
once again alone, watching wistfully
through the looking-glass, our small world grown dear.

He'll tell his grandkids years from now, of old
folk still abed, of tears restrained, fivers
weighted down by stones—no hands—of the cold
remembering, the loss of many lives,

him all the while polishing, polishing
to reveal the fragile hope of paper rainbows.

SuBrown April 28, 2020

I lived in a multi about twenty years ago and I
thought it was great, but I can imagine during
lockdown that it hasn't been that much fun. It's
really interesting how we've all had to adapt.
Some people I think have really enjoyed it
others (and obviously key workers) have been
pulling their hair out).



Anniesland Cross

Cat Downing

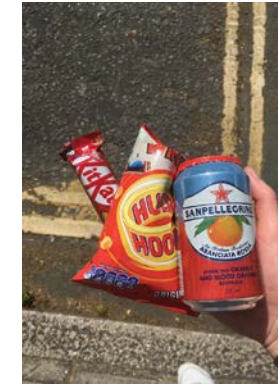
Mixed media (acrylic, photography, digital)



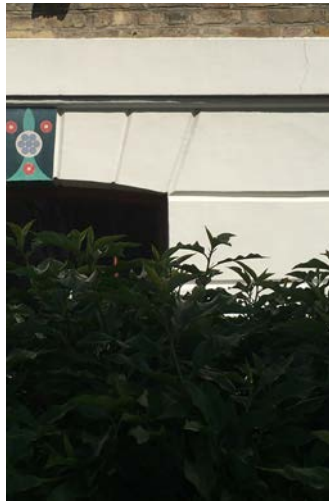
Colours of Islington

Photo Collection

Hannah Rothnie



This project began about a month into lockdown, whilst out on a daily walk. Whilst walking down a familiar street, my eye was drawn to spots of yellow shining in the sun and I decided to photograph them. Focusing on one colour suddenly brought new intrigue to the exhausted routes around the local neighbourhood. I shared the series via Instagram where they gained support (particularly the daily colour coordinated snack selection) which encouraged me to continue. Each day presented the challenge of a new colour to spot around north Islington, and occasionally further afield, and became an exciting part of what had become otherwise rather monotonous days under lockdown. The following photographs are a condensed selection from over a month's worth of images.



Postcard from a trip to Tesco's
for Shelagh

I wish you were here with me, inhaling
the heady stink of hawthorn blossoms. I
wish you could feel this Scottish sun beating
down on your back; laugh at the squeaking wheels
of my shopping cart sending out mating
calls like a demented mechanical
nightingale.

I brush past sycamore leaves
as big as my face, walk through a carpet
of horse-chestnut candle petals. I have
no way of sharing the textures, the scents.
Oh what would I give to have you here now.
You'd have hay fever, of course, but it'd
be worth it, wouldn't it? Just to shop and
cook a meal together, one more time.

Susan Brown
28 May, 2020





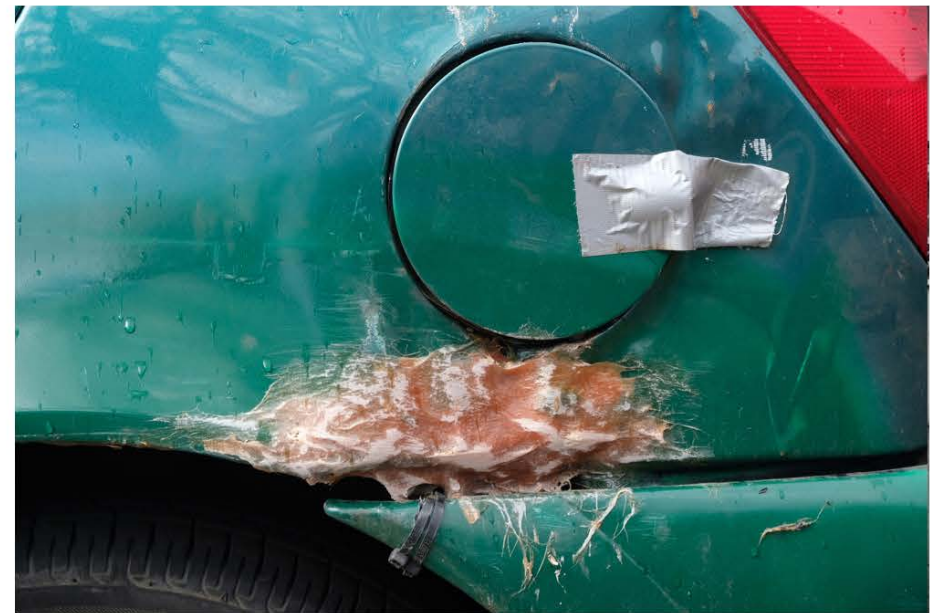
Day 35



Reflections on a city



Day 56



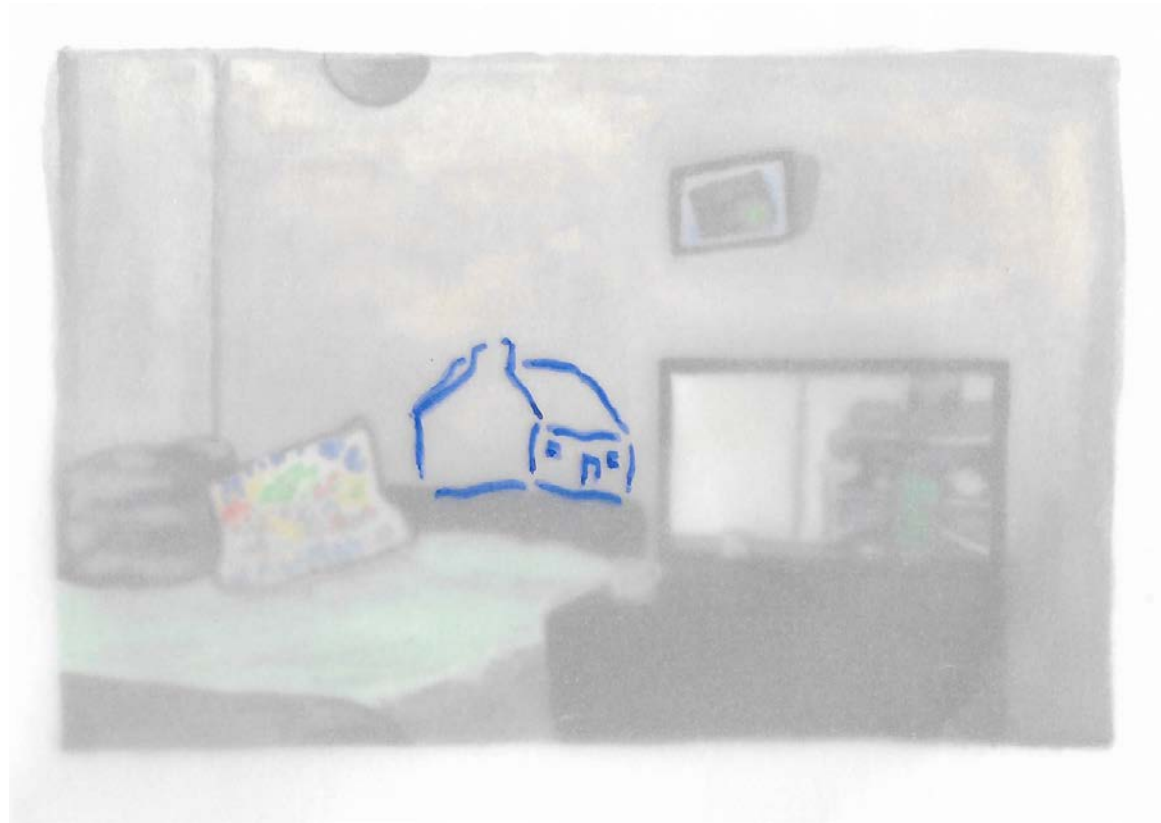
Reflections on a city

Holger Mohaupt
photography

New digs

Cait Heaney

Gouache, transparent paper



This sketch is from a photo of a place I felt was my second home, however due to the lockdown I haven't been there in months. The second layer is the digs logo, an Instagram page I set up during this time as a home base-the first step in the hopes of establishing an inclusive arts community. I'm currently working on the next project after the 'May I interview you?' series and have a few plans for the post-lockdown future.

Instagram:
@digsglasgow

See you soon (right)

Photograph

Annie Heaney



REFLECTIONS

ON

COMMUNITY
COMMUNITY
COMMUNITY

when i go

when i go think of me laughing
i did it more often than cry
then think of me crying
because that was important too

think of me in a garden
or a park, hoisting myself over a gate
in orange wellies and bare legs
carrying wild flowers and garlic

when i go tell them i was easy
and gave myself to everyone
that my love, and lust,
was for all not for a few

think of me in a toilet stall
peeing with the door open
and making pals with strangers
smoking by the exit, belting ABBA

when i go tell them i was indecisive
that i could never stick to one thing
tell them that i lapped up life
like a beach laps up the sea

Leyla Josephine



People & Places During Lockdown

Andrew Low
Analogue Film



During lockdown I decided i would start a project to keep myself busy. I started to capture every day people during lock down in my community and businesses that it affected on film that i would then develop myself. I've included a few of my favorite images I made from this project.







Pages from my Lockdown
Sketchbook
Colette Kerr
Mixed media on paper

My sketchbook has become a visual diary of my time in lockdown, detailing the things I've been looking at everyday, especially the view from my window. The pages combine observations of my surroundings with drawings of old photos (from pre-covid times) to create illustrations that represent this strange reality.





I'm a visual artist who explores narrative through mixed media, drawing, animation and writing. Find more of my work on my instagram:

@_colette

TINDEREMIC

Sophie Mead

Writer and journalist

www.sophiamead.org

When the coronavirus pandemic struck, I retreated from London to the Scottish countryside.

My submission includes excerpts from my diary over that time and a peek into the world of online dating in lockdown.

Entry 1 - This is my life now

I am currently holed up in the bucolic paradise that is Kirkmichael, Perthshire. Normally when I come here it is to escape the hustle and bustle of cities, to visit my parents who moved here a few years ago, at Christmas or maybe for a day during summer. Now the circumstances are completely different. Having been made redundant a month before Coronavirus shut down Britain, I was facing the prospect of entering a decimated job market. I have been living in London for the past two years and in normal circumstances, my redundancy package would give me more than enough time to pick up a job in the capital. However, the global pandemic put a spanner in the works and turned the tide on my life decisions. Two weeks ago I paid a holding fee to move into a new flat with a friend on Brixton Hill. I was excited about working on the unruly garden over the summer and downsizing from a five-person house share to two, a rare blessing in London. But without a job, I would need a guarantor, so with my tail between my legs at the age of 29, I asked my mum. She raised her eyebrows and asked if it was a good idea to take on a lease with no job, considering the fast-changing news about coronavirus. She had a point.

Fast forward two weeks and I have moved home indefinitely for the first time in ten years, forced to give up rent I can't afford

in the capital and exchange a busy social schedule of pubbing, brunching and paying £8 a pint and £15 for poached eggs for quiet walks and tins of soup. And it's really great, honestly...

Entry 2 - Tinderdemic

One of the many benefits of living in London is being surrounded by beautiful people. It truly was a treat to swap pasty Glaswegians (sorry guys) for the big smoke and its unlimited conveyor belt of genetically gifted humans. Dating there is like going to an all you can eat free buffet of babes, the next Brad or Angelina is just a swipe away. The world of dating is your oyster and if the date doesn't work out, you can handpick a new target from one of twenty dating apps which make meeting quick and easy. The problem with that routine, aside from it transforming quality human interaction into nothing more than a transaction, is that you get used to it and after a while, everyone is equally gorgeous so you become numb to the novelty. She's nice but what if there's someone nicer? He shares my interests but what if there's better? Before you know it, you're drowning in the abundance of talent and find yourself

switching off. There's too many, it's too much admin. I'd rather just see my friends.

Oh, how I lament the ability to go on a date now.

After beginning to take the high density of babes in the south for granted, it now stings all the more to be sentenced to solitude in the middle of fucking nowhere. Not only is there close to zero potential candidates available across all apps, if I ever got as far as wanting to meet, it couldn't happen since my parents are shielding. And if I recklessly crossed that barrier, what would I do? Take them back to my mum's house? Absolutely fucking not. I'm hanging up my swiping fingers for the foreseeable future. This attitude lasted approximately three days.

Entry 3 - Tinder on Tour

With coronavirus gripping the world of singletons in the tightest chastity belt ever, Tinder came to the rescue, offering users the chance to travel anywhere in the world on the app. Usually, the maximum distance is one hundred miles and you would need to be inside Barcelona to browse its myriad of hot talent. But during lockdown, the virtual meat market was upgraded and users were given a free round-the-world ticket, with the option to make sexy penpals across the globe.

Santiago, Chile

Being a Spanish-speaker, I rejoiced and immediately set my location to Santiago, where I caught the attention of a gorgeous couple

who wanted to send me X-rated videos. I had no qualms with the fresh content. I chatted regularly to the woman in the couple and she would check in on me every day. This actually brought a lovely sense of companionship and was great for my Spanish. The sexy nudes were a bonus.

Caracas, Venezuela

After that, I took a trip to the capital of Venezuela, a city which regularly tops the charts as one of the most dangerous cities in the world. It is plagued by political unrest, lack of basic amenities and an extremely high murder rate. Despite this, the Tinder scene is thriving and I met some lovely women who were equally fascinated with the situation in Britain as I was with their country.

Barcelona, Spain

After a quick stopover in Medellin, Colombia and Sao Paulo, Brazil, I gravitated towards Barcelona where the abundance of babes meant that swiping left never really happened. I got chatting to a gorgeous tattoo artist who had arrived from Argentina a month earlier to work, only to be shut up in her apartment, unable to even go to the beach. When the chat escalated I became starkly aware that I was about a thousand miles away and would not touch this tattooed goddess anytime soon. Fuck sake. Back to the drawing board.

London, England

Thinking I would eventually return to the big smoke, I decided to cast my Tinder net over more familiar territory and matched with a gorgeous Nigerian babe, Anna, and a couple from Brixton. Anna sent me voice note almost immediately which I received whilst out on a hike in the wilderness, a favourite hobby of mine whilst in isolation. She was hungover but

“tinder...the virtual meat market”



happy that we matched and wanted to know more about me. This led to long chats about our individual isolation bubbles, furlough, working during a pandemic and the fact that we'd rather be at a rooftop jacuzzi party living out the lesbian London dream.

A couple of weeks into chatting to the couple who were looking for player three, I found out they had six kids. SIX! And instead of being put off I actually felt honoured that the yummy mummy had found time in her busy schedule for me. 9 in the bed and the little one said.... swipe left hun.

Next up is an Australian couple who have locked in their IRL date with me already. I've been chatting to Sam and Charlie for over a month now. They've been in the UK for a year and enjoy inviting guests into their relationship. For me, it's the best of both worlds. After chatting for a few days we decided to have a virtual date on a Friday night during lockdown. Charlie had ordered in some flared ass-exposing chaps and Sam also donned some flares, it was a sight to behold. I decided to up the ante by decorating my nipples with gems, ready to flash at any moment. You see? Lockdown doesn't have to be boring. It was exciting and nerve-wracking all at once. For a start, they were two and I was one, so I was on the backfoot a bit, but we had great fun getting to know each other and logged in to the Glitterbox Youtube channel for a mutual dance. As I spun around in my tiny bedroom in the highlands, glittery nipples swaying to the disco tunes, watching my new friends prance around in their assless chaps and velvet flares, I took a moment to appreciate how weird and excellent it was. Sam and

Charlie have since made plans to come to Glasgow and I can't wait to be their tour guide with benefits.

A socially-distanced love story

As soon as lockdown lifted, I flitted from the Highlands to Glasgow like a homing pigeon, desperate to be around people my age. A few days in, the gravitational pull of Tinder wrenched me back into its claws and I found myself chatting to a lovely lad called Luke. We embarked on our first socially distant date only a couple of hours after starting the chat and met in the Botanics. He was hungover, I was impatient. Sitting at opposite ends of a bench, the situation was surreal. No greeting hug or kiss due to social distancing, but I suppose that took the awkwardness out of it. I had conjunctivitis at the time, a highly contagious eye infection which made my eyes sensitive to light. I requested we swap ends of the bench so I didn't have to squint into the sun, which led to a comical musical chairs performance. The park was buzzing with people enjoying the weather, and I wondered if anyone could tell it was a first date as we nervously eyed each other from a distance, and the first few moments of judgment came and went. There's always the risk with online dating that real life will be a disaster and you want to pull the ejector cord and let the floor swallow you up. This was not one of those occasions and in typical Glasgow style, we took some cans down to the river to continue the date, responsibly sitting on separate picnic rugs even though we naturally wanted to be closer.

After two months of isolation in the highlands, experiencing romantic chemistry with another human was electric. We could barely contain ourselves and there were natural moments where, in any other circumstance we would move closer, but the pandemic forced me to

keep my morals intact. We stayed until it got dark and the midges feasted on us, and then went our separate ways with no goodbye kiss and only some seriously intense eye contact.

The next morning I had a message suggesting we meet at 9am in the park - bit keen. It was another sunny day and we returned to the Botanics, sticking to our separate picnic blankets. It was hot and we were wearing less clothes than the night before which gave ample time to scope out each other's bodies. The patter flowed and the sun beat down on us, making us hot and bothered in more ways than one. We naturally moved towards each other constantly and had to consciously go against the magnetic pull of two people in the grips of intense attraction, maintaining distance our own rugs. At one point, we touched toes and it was just pure magic. In the end, it was too much as I had to leave when I got hungry and the rules in place seemed too unfair. What had I got myself into?

I met friends later that day and couldn't even think straight or focus on the conversation because all that was on my mind was Luke. It felt like nature was conspiring against my morals and rendering me inept in every other department except pursuing him.

Later that night, we went on our third date in 24 hours, taking a blanket to his garden. I had mentally wrestled with myself all afternoon about the moral predicament I was in. Every fibre of my being was consumed with ferocious desire for Luke, like nothing I had ever felt before. My inner ape had hijacked my feelings and it felt like I wasn't in the driving seat anymore.

That evening, we sat on the same picnic mat

and shared a bottle of wine. When we first met, we had a cuddle for the first time and I can't express how incredible it felt. We spent the night giggling over tumblers of wine in a shared garden. And as the other tenants trickled off and the sun went down over the city, we shared our first winch. It was class. "This feels significant." said Luke.

Later that night an urban fox came and stole my shoe. Luke went to fetch it back. The fox came back for it and again, Luke the hero went on a mission to collect it. I laughed at the ridiculousness of the whole situation until there were tears in my eyes. The rest of history.

Never underestimate the power of Glasgow patter and a little restraint.

Sophie Mead



We won't be alone

Brigitte Bregagna
Acrylic on paper

With this piece I wanted to represent the effort of trying to build a connection/relationship between two individuals.

I'm a self-taught artist originally from Italy who moved to Glasgow three years ago. You can find more of my work on my Instagram page:

@brigi_bre

Etsy shop:
[etsy.com/uk/shop/BrigiBre](https://www.etsy.com/uk/shop/BrigiBre)



Portraits in Isolation

Fraser Boland
Film photography

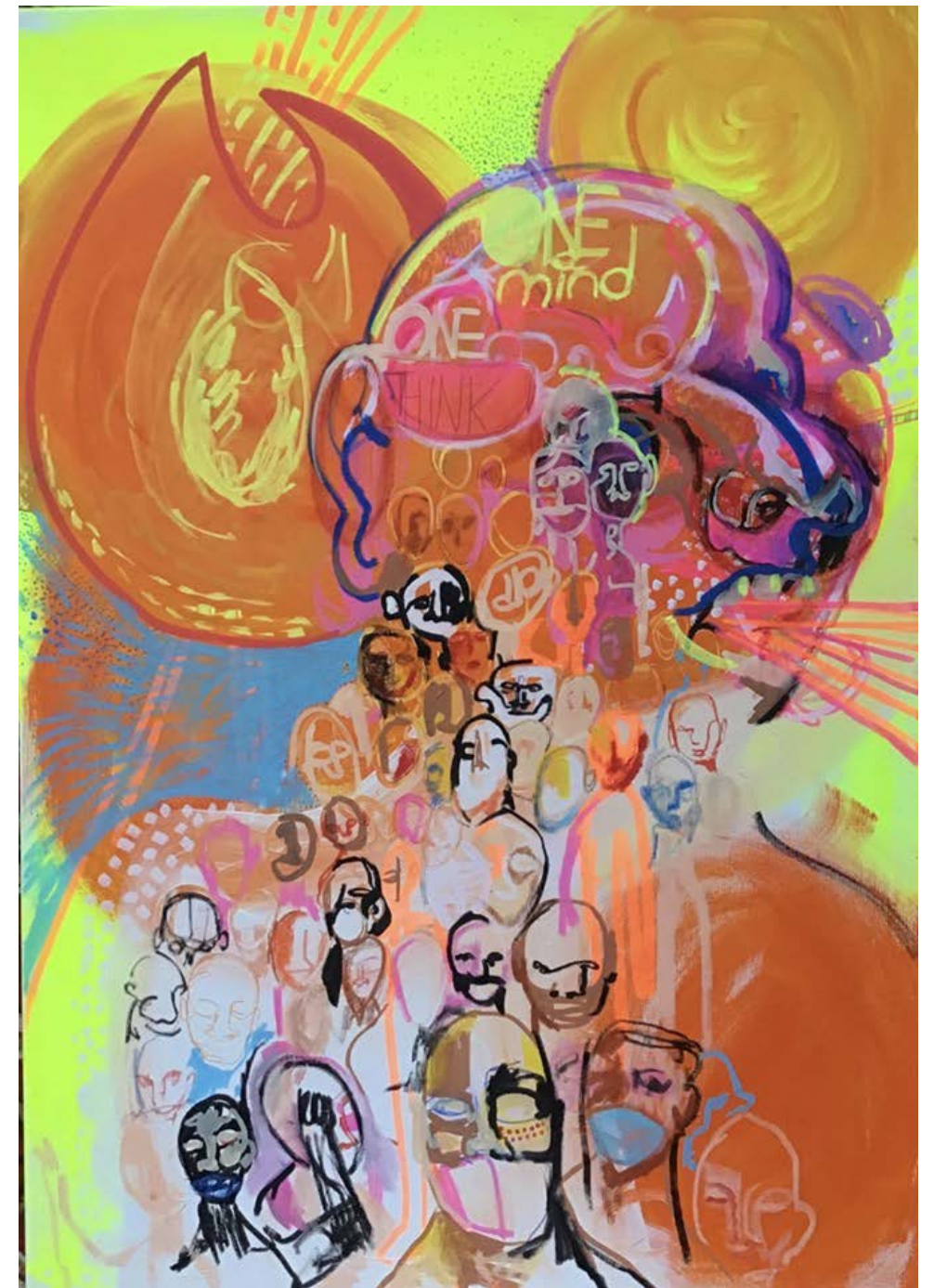


At the start of the year, I was getting into portraiture. Something I was nervous about doing but started to really enjoy. Then some guy ate a bat bla-dee-blah- and I was like "Aw sh*t, how am I going to continue doing this thing that I like doing?". So, it actually took an embarrassing length of time to think of this but my way around this became- take portraits of people on my daily walk in the doorway of their house/flat. People were saying "Oh, what a great idea!" and I was kind of like "Well it's actually the ONLY idea where I can continue to take portraits".



So, what I've been thinking about is how constraints on the creative process often lead to more interesting and creative outcomes. The idea was essentially handed to me as it was the only way I could continue taking portraits and abide by the rules put in place by the government. It's terrifying to try and think of a unique idea when there are infinite possibilities. So (maybe this is completely backwards) what I've found is that if you realise the things you can't do (your constraints) your path to creative, unique ideas becomes a little clearer.





**As One (above),
Stephen Jackson/My Brother's Keeper (left)**

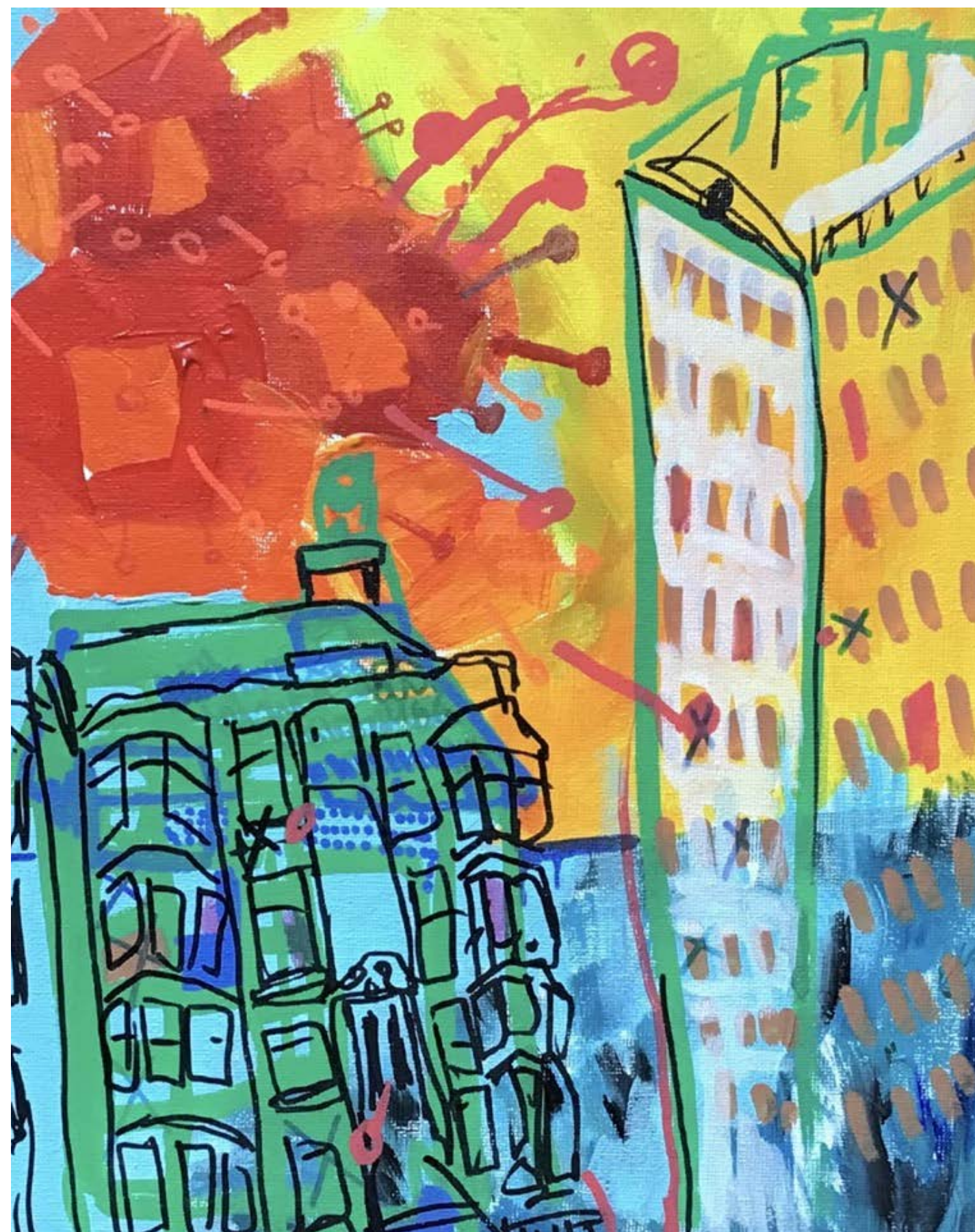
Rothnie Daly
Mixed media on board/canvas

Rothnie lives in the South side of Glasgow and teaches Art to young people with autism at Govan High school's LCR unit. From living in Nigeria as a child to living in a house where her mother was a linguist and father an international sports organiser; her home was always filled with people from across the globe and this fed into the broad base of cultural influences in Rothnie's work.



Working intuitively Rothnie uses her art as a vehicle express and understand her feelings like a form of therapy .

Sitting with my confliction (above),
Stay Indoors (right))
Mixed media on board/canvas





Cycles
Tom Houlihan
Film

Reflections on a community

Watch "Cycles" at:
@tomhoulihan_ IGTV channel
Youtube/Tom Houlihan/
"CYCLES" (2020)



Reflections on a community



When the true nature of the pandemic became apparent I, like everyone else, became suddenly very aware of my own mortality. So, I decided to do something I never had before; make a film.

I chose an idea that has been running circles around my head for years now.

The 'Eternal Return Theory' explores the idea of a never ending universe. One that is reborn when it burns out; Big Bang follows Big Crunch and so on.

A cycle.

Upon discovering this theory I was overcome by conflicting emotions. Both wonder and dread. Eternal life sounds fantastic doesn't it? Even if not for us mere mortals walking around right now but for the life that has come before and will come after us.

But then again, eternity is a long time. Inescapably long. To try to simplify this theory for myself I broke it down into a cycle of four parts. Big Bang - Life - Decay - Death. Once I had this four part cycle established I couldn't help but see it in every aspect of life. From our daily cycle, to relationships, to creativity, productivity and happiness, from the earth turning to the lifespan of an idea. Everything it seems, follows this simple cycle.

So, through this film I sought to question life in the cycle, from the pessimistic to the optimistic, and how our race, as interpreters of art, emotion and the like, can cope with being an inexplicably small piece of an enormous, ever-turning wheel.

Watch "Cycles" at:

@tomhoulihan_ IGTV channel

Youtube/Tom Houlihan/ "CYCLES" (2020)



Will Young
Hazel Blue
Oil on board

The portraits of Will Young and Akram Khan were completed as part of the Sky Arts Portrait Artist of the Week lockdown event.



Fledgling Jackdaw Skull (Left)

A few weeks into lockdown, 2 baby jackdaws fell from their nest in our eaves into the wall cavity of our living room. We made a hole in the plasterboard and rescued them. They are now being cared for at Hessilhead Wildlife Rescue Centre. Also in the cavity were some tiny skeletons of little birds that hadn't been so lucky. I was intrigued by the delicacy of the little skull, but also by it's almost macabre similarity to masks worn by plague doctors.

Akram Khan

Hazel Blue
Oil on board





Window Vision

Ellen McLean (ft. Peter Clark)

Adobe Photoshop and InDesign

I've created a poster in collaboration with Peter Clark's photography. I believe he has already submitted his work to this exhibition too. I suggested teaming up so I could create a poster with his photos and he said that would be great! But then it is up to you if you want to feature them separately or together since they are the same images. I wanted to create a movie style poster in a Saul Bass style to add a light-hearted take on this serious time, as it will be a memorable time in history. I liked the ideas of Peter's subjects as the 'characters', where we are all dealing with this time in different ways in our own little confined spaces.

I'm a graphic designer in Glasgow, currently freelancing but looking for a job during this crazy time. I graduated from Duncan of Jordanstone College of Art and Design in 2018 and have been working as a designer in Glasgow ever since then.

How to find me.

Instagram:

@ellenmadethis

Website:

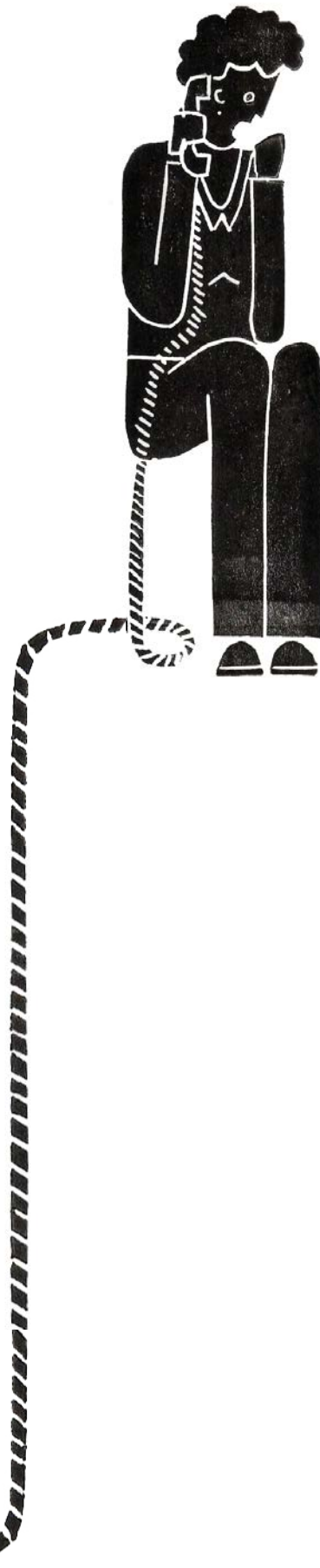
ellenmadethis.wixsite.com/design

Email: ellen1304@hotmail.com

Conversations with Grans

Liam Cooke

Lino print



Reflections on a community

133

-Hello?

-Hi Gran.

-Hi...

-Its Liam.

-Oh Liam! How are you?

-I'm good. Busy, y' know. Really busy.

-Work?

-Yeah, it's mad at the moment. Hard to escape as well, what with the office relocating to the end of my bed.

-That'll have cut your commute down.

-Shaved off a couple of minutes, yeah. I'm still late half the time...

-It's good that you're busy though. Nice to be busy.

-Suppose. I'm just out for a walk now. The old state-mandated exercise. Thought I'd give you a quick call. Catch up, y' know.

-That's nice of you.

-Isn't it.

-You'll be after some sort of award, will you? Number one grandson or something is it?

-Ha, well I wouldn't turn it down. Are there really any other contenders? I must be pretty high on the rankings no? I did send you that postcard.

-Mm. You did, yeah... you mean the birthday card? For my eightieth?

-Err...

-That was a few months ago, mind.

-Hmm. Yeah. Well anyway, how are you?

-I'm okay. Surviving.

-That garden been keeping you busy, has it?

-Oh yes. Uh huh. I've put a few new plants in - some fuchsias

- they're not doing too well yet. A couple of they montanas - think they're needing a bit more sun actually. I painted my wee table and chairs yesterday.

-Glad to hear you're getting back into your painting. A nice little still life was it?

Reflections on a community

134



-No, I mean gave them a fresh coat of paint!
 -I know, yeah.
 -A lovely sea blue it was. I normally turn them upside down, sand them and all that, do it all properly, know, but I didnae really bother this time.
 -Fair enough. No time for messing around with all that.
 -Just kind of layered it on.
 -It's good you've got your garden there, Gran.
 -It is. Have you a garden at your place?
 -Yeah, we do. A small one. It's just concrete slabs really, but there is a tree in the middle. It's dead we think. Covered in climbers though, so you can't really tell.
 -Well it's- it's nice to have somewhere to sit out in the sun.
 -That's it. I mean, it doesn't really get any sun. But it is a garden - can't complain.

...

-And what else have you been up to, Gran?

-Och plenty. I get out for a walk and I've my paper delivered every day, and I've been working on the photo albums a lot the last few, eh, months.
 -Ah great.
 -I'm up to two-thousand and nineteen now.
 -Wow, that's good progress. You were years behind last time I was up at yours.
 -I know. Not bad is it! I was looking through the old ones the other day. Looking at your wee baby photos.
 -Oh yeah?
 -Uh huh, and I was thinking back to when you were born.
 -While ago, that.
 -'Course your Grandad was still around then and me and him went down and stayed with your parents for a few days. You know, to see you, and to help out with your nappies and things. Give you your first bath.
 -Ah yeah, I think I've seen photos from then.
 -Yeah anyway, and that reminded me of the day you were actually born.

-Right.

-Your Grandad and me stayed in a wee B&B that night, give your parents some space you know.

-Mm hm.
 -And we had a walk round the city, went for a meal.
 -Sounds nice.
 -And we went to the cinema.
 -Hm. Can you remember what you saw?
 -Schindler's List.
 -Oh right. Did you?
 -Uh huh and I was thinking, that's a good movie, isn't it? I might watch that again.
 -Hm, so that was in the cinema when I was born? Is that why I'm named Liam? After Neeson?
 -Haha - you'll have to ask your Mother about that one...

...

-You're doing ok then?
 -I am, really. I'm missing having my visitors.
 -I know, summer normally means you're entertaining a different set of friends each week, eh.

-Yeah. It's strange having the house so quiet.
 -I hear you're on zoom now though.
 -I am yeah, uh huh.
 -Getting to grips with it?
 -I'm hardly off it. The church group are having were meetings a couple times a week, and I was talking to all the family last weekend. Your parents, and the aunties and uncles.
 -Oh yeah, I heard about that. Nice to catch up with everyone?
 -It was nice, yeah. Had a good blether.
 -That's good.
 -It's a bit like having them all in your living room isn't it. Yeah, really nice. Went on a bit long for me though.
 -Ha, did it?
 -Yeah, a bit too long. They all had a glass of wine and I wasn't really bothering, you know, so.
 -No?
 -Not me, no.
 -I'd've thought you'd be up for a little glass of red?
 -Nah. I just had a wee sherry or two, so...
 -Aw, not the same.
 -No.

...



-I had my shopping delivered today. First time I've managed to get a slot all lockdown.
 -Congratulations!
 -Well, it wasn't easy to get.
 -I won't ask, Gran.
 -The man was very friendly. Short fella. Had his wee mask on, but I could still understand him.
 -What was he saying?
 -Said there's swallows in my roof. He could hear them.
 -Really?
 -Ah said I don't think they're in my roof. If they're in anyone's roof they're in next door's roof.
 -Is there anyone living next door at the moment?
 -No, it's empty - has been for a while now. Well, apart from all they swallows apparently.
 -Is there a lot of them?
 -Who knows?
 -Ah, well they'll keep you company for the summer.
 -Aye, seems so. That racket's all I can hear now he's gone and pointed it out!
 ...
 -Right, that's me almost home now, so I'll let you go Gran.
 -Oh ok.
 -Schindler's list won't watch itself, will it?
 -Right.
 -So, speak to you again soon. Was nice catching up.
 -Yeah, thanks for calling.
 -Hopefully see you in the not too distant future.
 -Yeah.
 -Right, bye then. Good luck with those, eh, fuchsias was it?
 -Fuchsias, yeah.
 -Hope they go well.
 -Thanks. Bye Liam. Nice to talk.
 -Yeah. Bye Gran. Speak soon.
 -Bye.
 -Bye.





Friends in isolation

Ross Elliott

Film photography



This is a portrait series shot during the UK lockdown. Documenting friends and family on their doorstep with the people they have been living with exclusively since the lockdown began on 23rd March 2020. This project was shot on Week 7.

When starting the project I had always imagined it in black and white. I did a lot of research on Ilford's HP5 film, scrolling the #hp5 feed on instagram I was always drawn to the contrasty images this format produced in harsh sunlight. So that was it, with a small weather window coming up, I spent the following days contacting people and mapping out my route



for the day. Using a sun-tracking app I spent hours figuring out when everyone's front door was going to be lit by full sun. I couldn't be happier with the results and the full series is available through a link on my instagram:

@rosselliott3

This project was shot on the Fujifilm GW690ii with HP5 medium format film.



REFLECTIONS

ON

CREATING
CREATING
CREATING

An Interaction with Alex Salmond
for the nine women who cannot be named

i)

Everyone showered him with ego
over finger sandwiches at a grand table
his smile diamante wet and glass
a salesman with nothing to sell
but himself.

His assistant, drenched in Chanel
herded us like sheep,
her eyes scanned us,
up and down
as if we were thieves.

The show started -
we gaped the pantomime,
personalities plated.

An obedient audience,
sensed when to clap,
gasp, laugh, shake heads,

when to shut our mouths.

His glitter was faceted,
we closed our eyes
dazzled by it.

I left feeling dirty and opaque.
I had undone myself in there.

Spellbinded by fools' gold,
the rush of it all.

ii)

The papers repeat the word alleged
the way a drum keeps a rhythm
it sets the tone for the rest of the read

but the graphics still manage
to push through
and sit with me on the sofa -

working late, pencil skirts
pushed around waists,
clammy hands, yellow skin,
unshaved and old pants,
she was underprepared for this
allegation.

She alleges he hunted her:
a heavy word for a piece of meat
that lays flat and plays dead -

but we all know exactly what she means.

iii)

The magician
promised freedom,
white bunnies with scarlet eyes
to be finally released from the black hats
and they excuse him, they are desperate.

Fear is not always in screams
but sometimes submission
clapping at the right moments
and shutting up when you're told.

Women know what it's like to be presented
to a crowd like they are just playing a part,
presented as a whole
but they just been cut in half.

Leyla Josephine





Fossils

Veronika Desova

Born in Varna, Bulgaria, 1994

Lives and works in Glasgow, UK

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Veronika is a Bulgarian artist currently based in Glasgow, UK. She is a recent Architecture Master Graduate from The Glasgow School of Art. Her prior and current exposure to architecture informs her artistic practice through the way she explores light, texture, movement and the structure of the human body. Veronika's practice encompasses a wide range of disciplines, with projects ranging from drawing, printmaking, painting to multiple exposure analog photography and plaster casting. The many strands of her practice fuelled by curiosity and exploration often merge to examine themes of fragility, nostalgia, impermanence and constriction using the head and the body as the main subject of focus.

This ongoing series of abstract works is produced during the period of lockdown and encapsulates the stifling experience of living in a pandemic. Plaster, fire, water, cling film, charcoal and resin unite to animate and examine feelings of vulnerability, nostalgia, longing and pain. Variety of tactile forms are shaped under the plaster to then become sealed in the process of 'alleviating pouring'. The shapes are composed of carefully arranged pieces of paper and ripped clothing with sentimental value which are faintly revealed in the relief contours of the thick plaster. The careful and slow process of the arrangement of the raw form contrasts with the extremely rapid and violent 'race with time' during the application of the plaster. This reflective working process resembles a burial ritual and alleviates airy feelings of unease and yearning through fossilising, stitching and solidifying.





The Eclipse

Morven Douglas

Oil on canvas

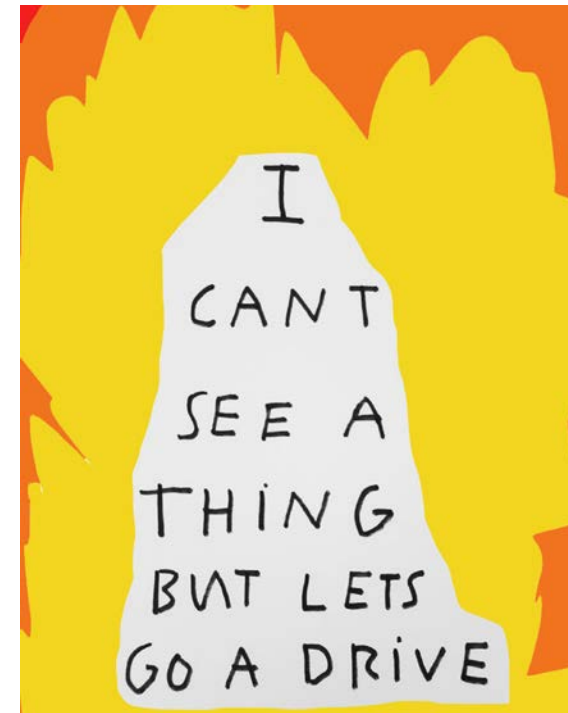
This painting is named 'The Eclipse'. It was made during quarantine and is apart of my BA hons graduate collection from Painting and Printmaking at GSA. Since we weren't able to continue our studies from March and subsequently our degree shows, a few pieces in my virtual degree showcase were made during quarantine in my living room turned studio that I share with a fellow classmate. The piece features a reoccurring figure in many of my works exploring narratives from my dreams and is a character that I've nicknamed 'the faceless man'. The vase decorated with lilies and spilling water is inspired by the myth of the Greek goddess Hera and plays from many painters including Agnes Pelton and Ingres.

Reflections on creating

Morven Douglas is a painter illustrator from Scotland, recently graduating from Glasgow School of Art where she studied BA Hons in Painting and Printmaking. During her undergraduate Douglas studied traditional Japanese painting in at Kyoto Seika University in Japan, which informs her practice.

www.morven-douglas.format.com

@morvendouglasart



Don't Forget (left),
Can't See Shit (top)
& 5G Protection (right)
 Kirkwood Brothers
 Mixed media

Our work is usually pretty sporadic, a bit like a big ramble and comes and goes with what is going on around us. A lot of the stuff we've made lately is in response to this weird, slow motion world we're living in but also some of it is just our way of coping in general, doing what we know best. Trying our best to see the humour in some difficult situations.





Reflections on creating

Mind Blown (left) &
Ready to Go (below)
Kirkwood Brothers
Mixed media



Suited and Booted

Reflections on creating

Arcadian Ambiguities

Louis Lennox Wiszniewski

Gouache & Ink on Paper, with Digital Editing

365 x 1065mm

This work explores the fragility of truth through the lens of architecture & landscape design. A garden is created by superimposing an abstract composition across an ideal - the Cartesian grid. This is interrupted by the introduction of architectural objects. These host programmes which exhibit a mixture of honest and dishonest accounts about humanity's past as well as offering spaces for reflection and platforms for discourse. This proposed typology attempts to encourage critical thinking and seeks to challenge wider metaphysical questions. However, in the political climate of today, does truth only exist as a subjective ideal?

instagram: @louis.lennox





Part of a current series, cast from plaster and Jesmonite during lockdown. The designs are initially hand drawn and then made up on 3d modelling software. 2D plans are then printed, cut out and cast in silicone and paper moulds.

Research for my current project has largely centred around a formal study of engineered structures and components within the petrochemical industry, as well as grain and water silos. Many of these structures will become extinct within the next fifty years, with the transition to new means of energy production.

LPG and me (Current project)

Giles Watkins

Jesmonite, Plaster, Oak





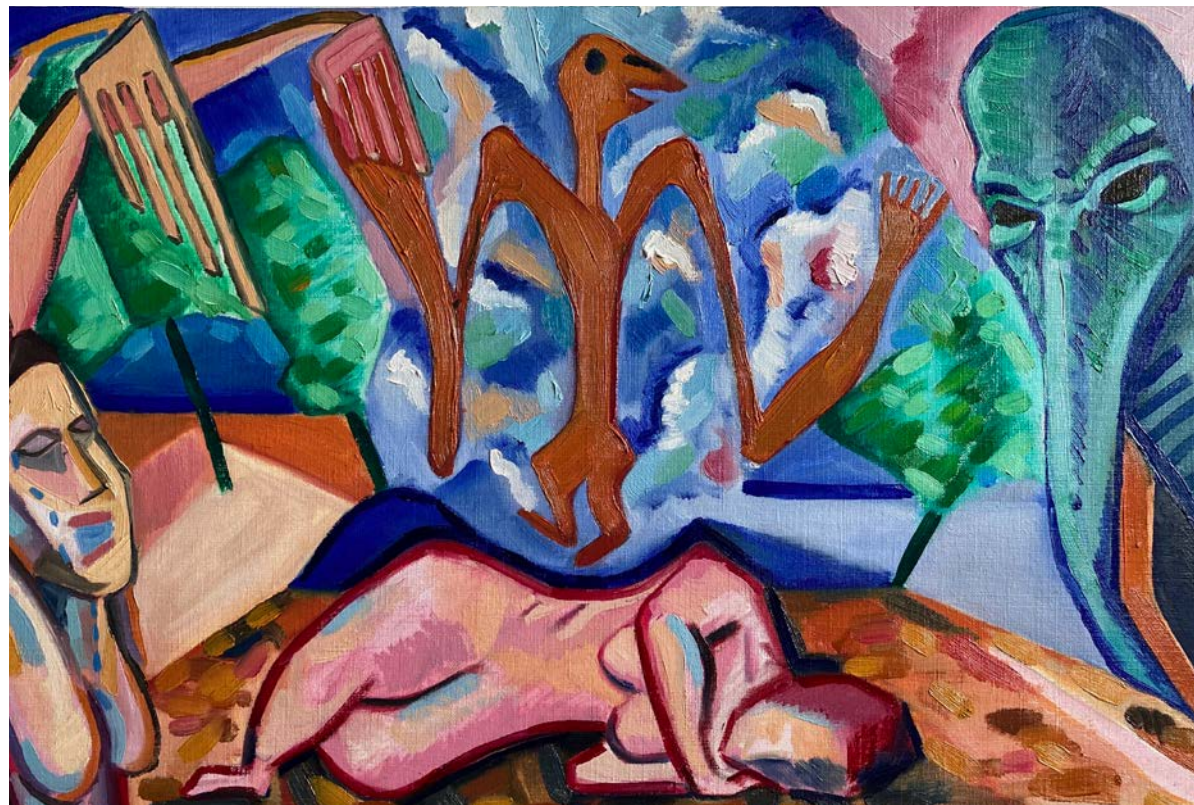
For me it has been an attempt to come to terms with the legacy of fossil fuels, as well as a way of memorialising said structures as abstracted models for future viewers. The UK went 60 days without coal power during the current lockdown. This is a massive improvement but also highlights how far we have to go.

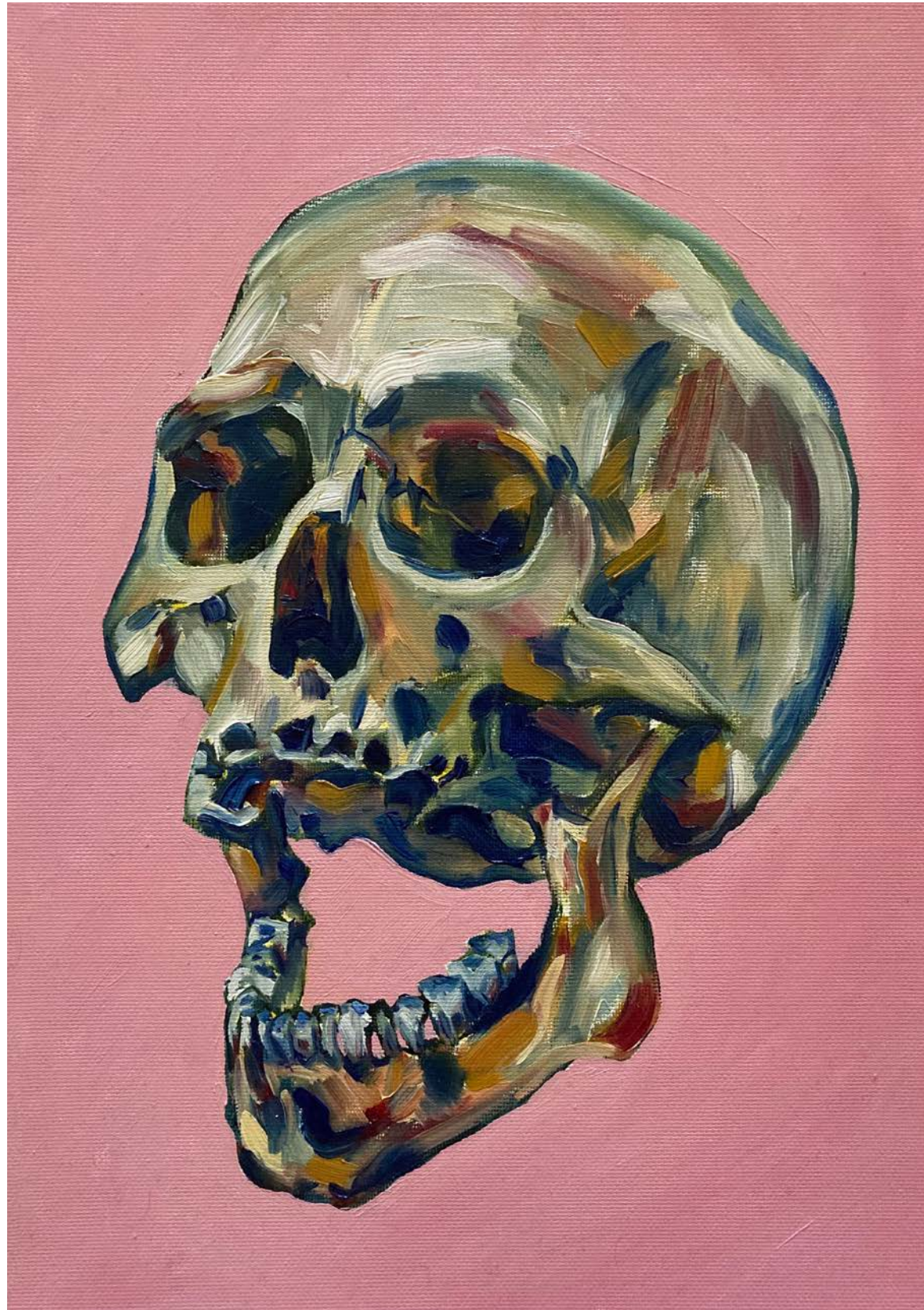


My name is Cadan McLaughlin, I'm 27, I live in Glasgow but I'm originally from Derry in Ireland. I usually work as an Energy Systems Engineer but I was furloughed at the beginning of Lockdown. This has given me the opportunity to paint a lot more than usual which I've really enjoyed. This is some of the artwork I've made during lockdown.

To see more please visit my Instagram:
@cadanmclaughlin

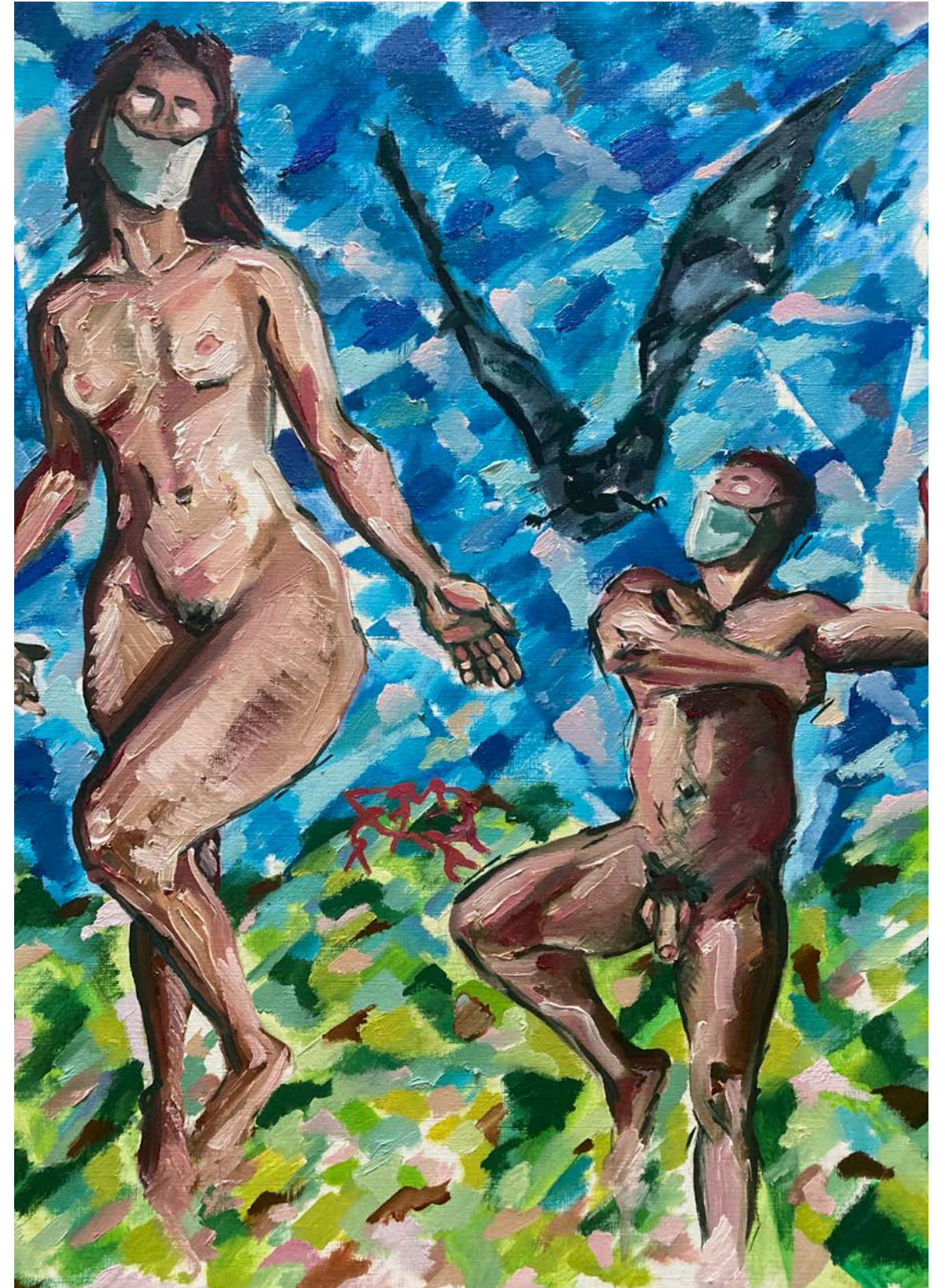
Chimpanzee Skull
& Dance Interrupted (below)
Cadan McLaughlin
Oil Paint on Oil Painting Paper





165

What's So Funny Rob? (above) & Get Up (right)
Oil Paint on Oil Painting Paper



166



Farmfoods Flowers & SC

Oscar Mitchell

Chicken wire, papier-mache, paint, varnish

Soccer Bench FC

Oscar Mitchell

Repurposed timber, paint, varnish and netting



Hideous celebration of the Farmfood flyers that come through the door monthly. A lot of my work has revolved around Farmfoods and the ironically pleasing aesthetics of their promo flyers. The papier-mache vase was built from a pulp of glue and Farmfoods flyers, then painted with collaged deals of products stuck on top and varnished heavily so that it exists as a functional vase albeit an ugly one.

This is a personal project I made when I returned to the UK. What started as a simple idea of repurposing some skip timber into a garden bench, evolved into a painstaking painting process and an extra two weeks of work. But now we have a nicely painted bench decorated with the ridiculous haircuts of 70s footballers that doubles as a miniature goal post and net for extra satisfaction and garden playtime.

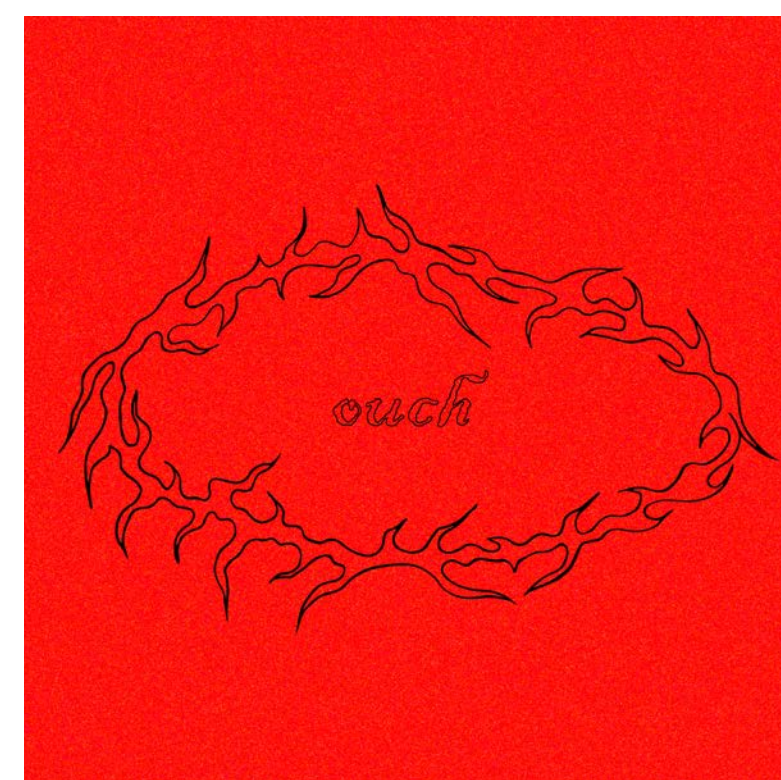
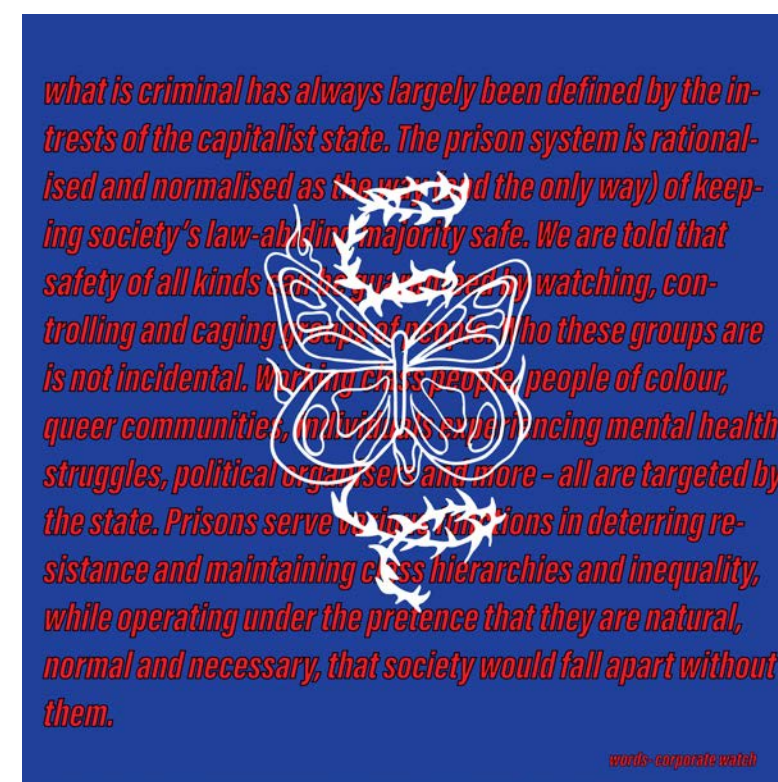


Katie Coulter-Aitken

Digital Illustration

Glasgow based tattoo artist.
Find my work on instagram @
dj_peanut

In usual times, i'm a tattoo artist and I don't tend to make much art outside of that. Obviously due to the pandemic I've been completely unable to do this, so I've been trying to branch out and teach myself how to use digital art programmes. I made a couple of these when I was brainstorming ideas for t-shirt designs. A couple are connected to things I've been reading and thinking about during lockdown.





Sean Phelan
Tshirt Design



I designed t- shirts based on mountains in Ireland and Scotland, Mount Errigal and Ben Lomond. Started as a distraction from studying, illustrating mountains I couldn't go out and climb because of lockdown! However got good feedback so decided to pursue it and sold a few to friends.

Instagram for the tees and other creative stuff is:

@phelan_creative



What Now?

Katie Forbes

Ink on paper

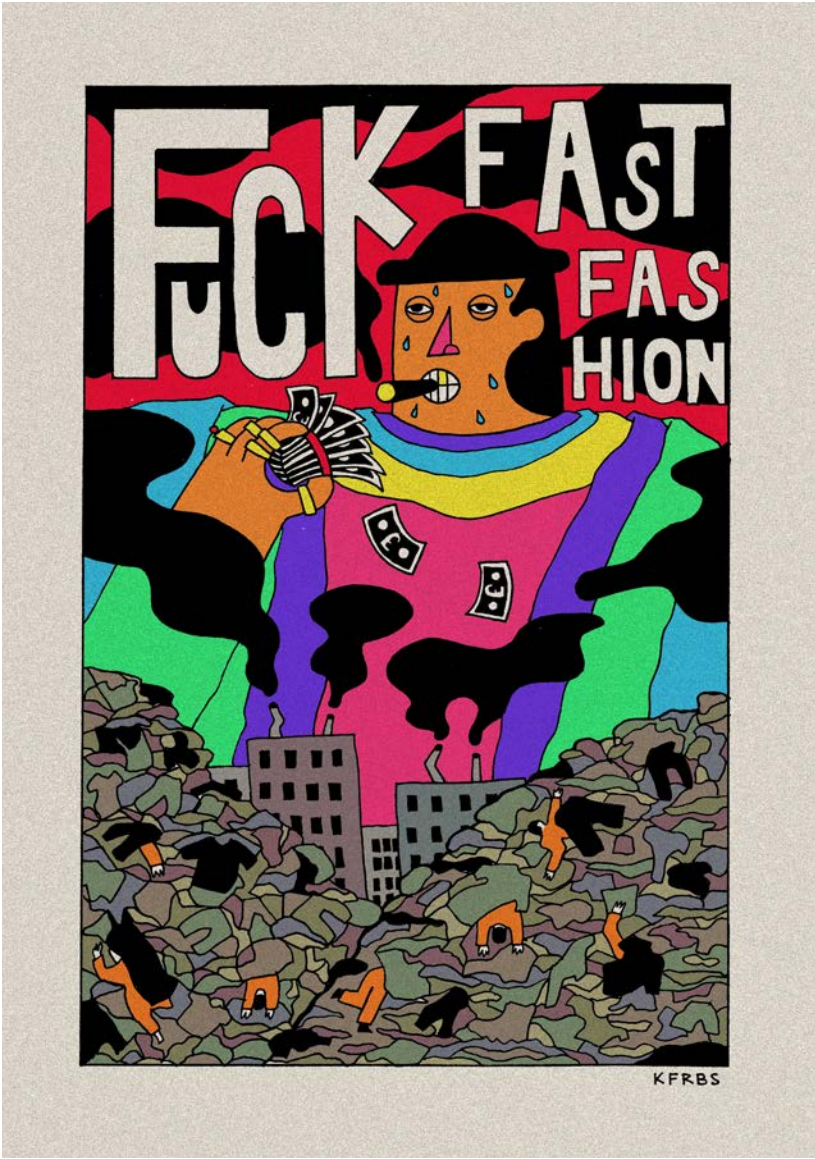
Stonewall (Left)

What Now? is a project series that aims to highlight environmental, political and social issues through the creation of highly graphic and eye-catching illustration. 'Stonewall' is an illustrious homage to the late Marsha P. Johnson - a black trans woman activist who played a key role in the Stonewall riots of 1969. The Stonewall riots eventually led to the liberation of LGBT+ communities around the world. 'Life in Plastic', with its bold acid tones, is a satirical approach to environmentalism - the depiction of an aesthetically enhanced, melting figure who chooses to ignore the trash-filled pool is a narration on the ignorance of our self-absorbed, modern society. Immediately stating an obvious standpoint, 'Fuck Fast Fashion' is an expression of the environmentally disastrous and morally corrupt fashion industry. Fast fashion is deeply problematic for both the environment and human rights. By exploiting women and children overseas for cheap labour in unsafe working environments, fast fashion implements an imperialist approach to capitalism.

Glasgow-based artist KFRBS creates high-contrast graphic art based on her life experiences. Taking a humoured approach to social issues, KFRBS's bold ink drawings are just as much as a call to action as they are a strikingly familiar commentary on the monotony, and beauty, of everyday life.

Instagram: @kfrbs
Website: kfrbs.com

Fuck Fast Fashion (below)
Life in Plastic (right)





I focus a lot on my own personal experiences and struggles with mental health, finding that art for me is a good way to release those negative emotions and when I'm finished with a piece I'm able to sit back and be proud of what I've created because I've turned this negativity in to something positive and Covid-19 isn't any different. The whole world is going through something right now, a pandemic that we never thought we'd have to deal with in any of our lifetimes but despite the hard hit we've all taken we have to push through - life will flourish once again.

If you would like to keep up with my process and daily life of an art student who feels strongly towards mould, Japanese culture and not wearing shoes, please follow me on Instagram:

@empuraart

Graded Unit That Never Happened

Emma Hamilton-Piorkowski

Brush Your Teeth (below)

acrylic paint, mixed media & UV resin.

Quarantine Blues pt. 2 (left)

acrylic paint, silicone, Polyfilla & charcoal



Rosalind Sanderson

Reflections on a movement: Walking

www.rosalindsanderson.com



Passing place

Oil, acrylic, watercolour, emulsion, and charcoal on canvas.

20 x 13.5 x 2cm. 2020.

Before lock-down, I was exploring the theme of 'In Between Places' in my work, initially inspired by my commute. I was spending a lot of time on trains commuting to work, literally between cities. I began looking at 'In Between Places' of trains, train stations and bridges as a way of exploring a sense of liminality, capturing moments on journeys between places. The destination is rendered ambiguous to suggest the sense of intrigue and building anticipation preceding arriving somewhere.

In the context of the corona virus pandemic, my theme took on a new resonance whilst my subject matter changed. Paintings produced at this time, including 'Passing place' and 'Pathways', explore my local environment during lockdown, primarily taking inspiration from daily walks.

At the time of making, it is not clear what life will look like as we emerge from lockdown, caught in between life before and life after the virus. In paintings produced under lockdown, I seek to explore the idea of being on a journey between places, with a sense that the hidden potential of what is to come is just beyond the horizon.





I have been lucky to have access to my studio over the period but it has not been as frequent due to the distance! So whilst I have been able to work on a new series of paintings I have been working on a series of drawings over lockdown at my flat. It has been a really interesting look at space and think about time in a different way so I have included 2 photos taken during the day and at night.



Instagram: @floralawrence13
studio @dornochstreetstudios
website www.floralawrence.co.uk
I am part of Patriot Halls upcoming 2020 programme in Edinburgh.
I have a solo show with them this coming October.



Emoji & Emotion

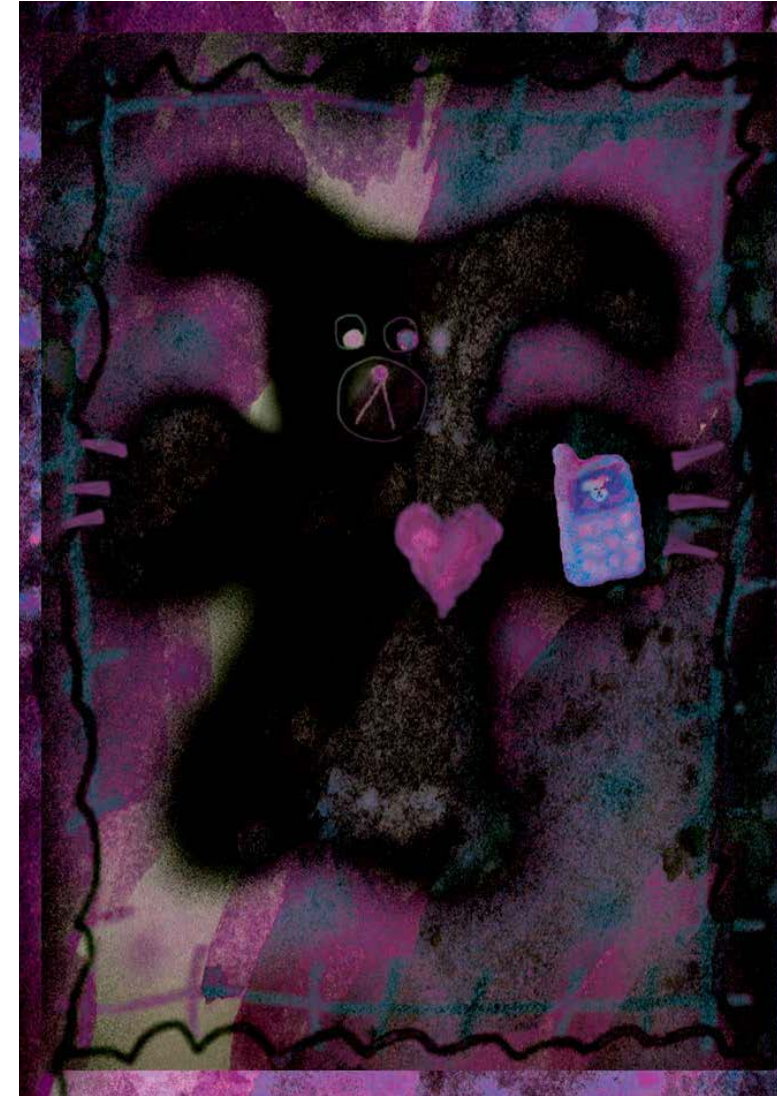
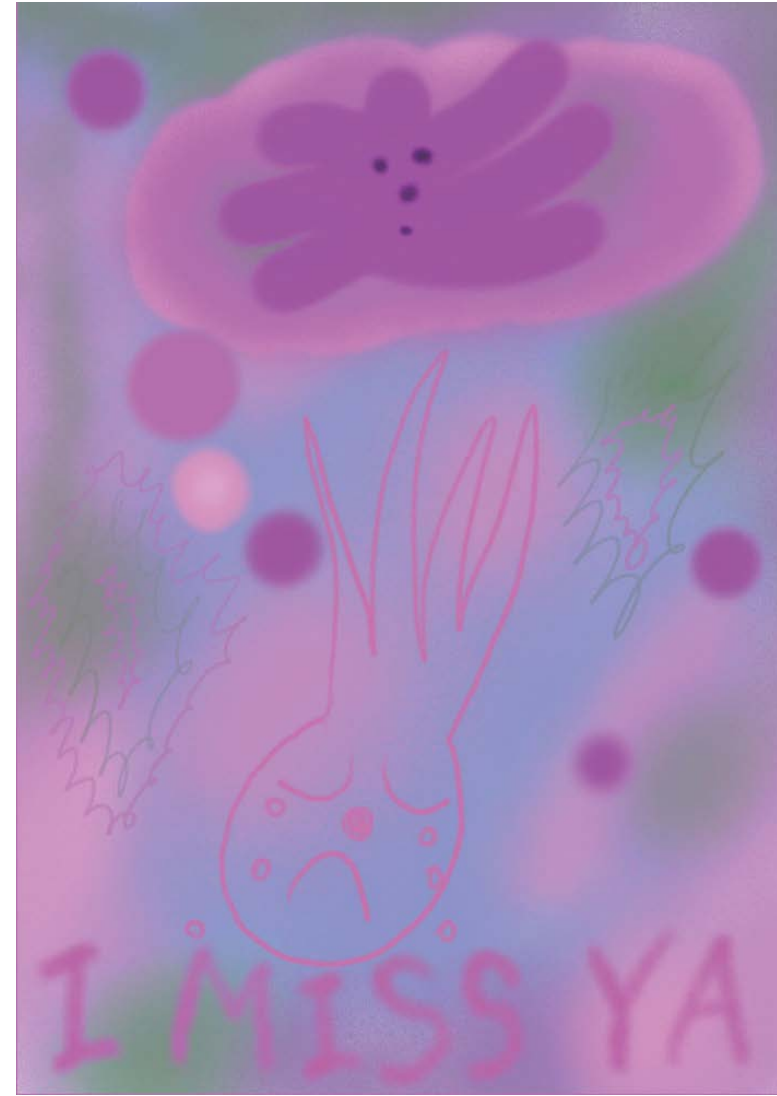
Daniel DeWolfe

Mixed Media

During lockdown we have found ourselves using our phones more than ever, frequently employing the ubiquitous emoji. While these miniature images aid us in conveying emotion via text, we all know the ways in which we use them to exaggerate or shift our message's tone, sometimes even masking our true feelings as we hide behind a wall of type and yellow circles. In a time where our emotions have been taken on the rollercoaster of a lifetime, it can feel ironic that we've been isolated with such feelings and restricted to electronic media in allowing us to express them. These drawings visualise that concept and manifest the more complex expressions that may conceal themselves behind a punchy emoji.

Daniel DeWolfe is a German-American artist and illustrator based in Glasgow. He graduated from the Glasgow School of Art in 2016. Daniel uses digital portraiture to interpret pop and fashion imagery and project his own inner world onto his subjects. You can find his work on Instagram under @danieldewolfe and shop prints at danieldewolfe.com.





Suri Park

Digital Media

From left: Your home, 2020,
I miss ya x, 2020,
I'm waiting for your message all day, 2020

Suri Park, was born in South Korea, 1995. She is based in Glasgow and studying in Master of fine art practice from The Glasgow School of Art. In her work, she draws unknown creatures and dreamy spaces in a cute but creepy narrative.



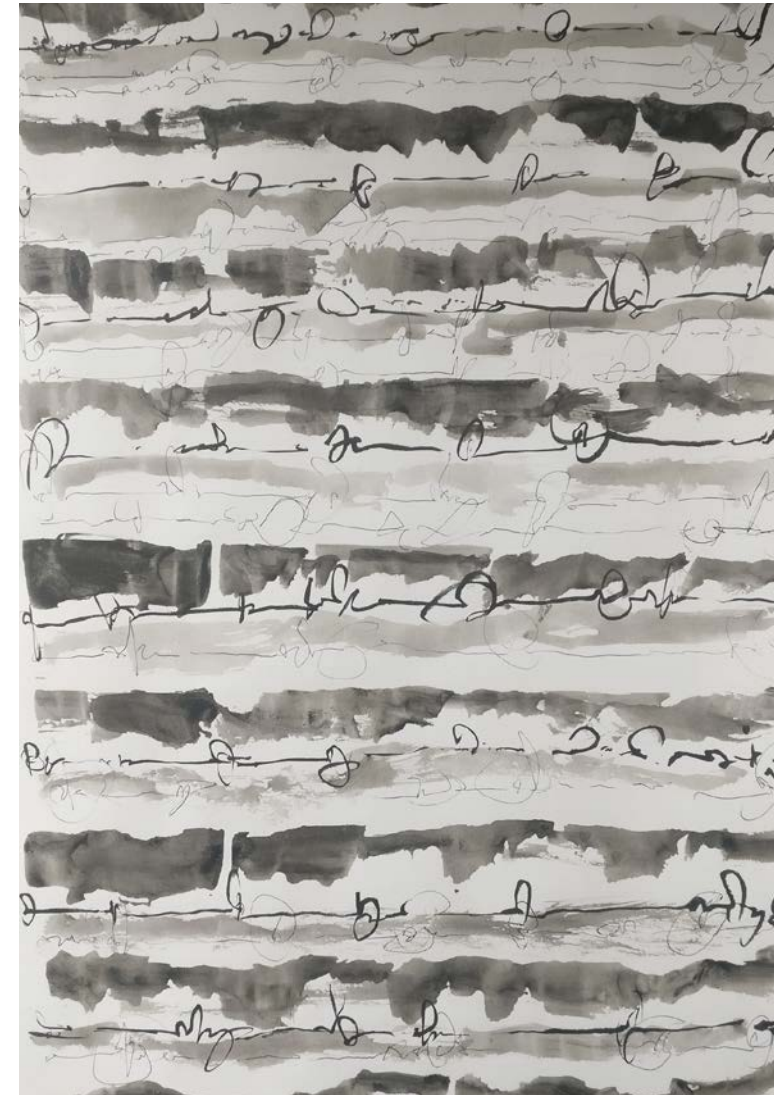
Covid Canal

Sheila MacNeill

Mixed Media



During the lockdown period walking and getting outside became increasingly important for me. Living beside the Forth and Clyde canal in Glasgow, it has become the key artery for my daily walks. There is always something going on in and around the canal. Being able to focus on the natural world of the canal helped to mark the days, the changing of the seasons and reaffirm hope as the wildflowers bloomed, the swans, ducks and moorhens natured their young. At the same time, every paper I read, every news bulletin seemed to have versions of microscopic images of the actual coronavirus. As the canal hasn't had any maintenance the water lilies are more prevalent than ever this year. As I watched them grow and flower, I began to see parallels in their patterns and the images of the virus. During lockdown I have created a series of mixed media landscapes as my response to the duality between the beauty of nature in the canal and the strange beauty of the virus. The images have been created using hand printed paper, ink, acrylic, and bubble wrap.



Artistic covid meditations

Cameron Thomson

Ink, biro, posca, quink, bleach and watercolour on paper

My artwork can be found here:

[instagram.com/bashnovax](https://www.instagram.com/bashnovax)

My music can be found here:

swindeorin.bandcamp.com

Formless writing helps relax the brain, breath and hand when creating. There is sincerity in the abstract shapes that with practice become static. The writing merely becomes decoration in the end, working against a simple selection of colours. The process of my work is to relax and remind the self to let go, things cannot always be controlled. We must make the best of any given situation with limited resources.

I am a 32-year-old experimental artist/musician from Darvel, Scotland. I base a lot of what I do on the idea of playing or making the process of doing as natural as possible.



Puffin I & Puffin II

Lenny Lane (aka Lino Lenny)

Linocut Reduction Linocut printmaking



I am a printmaker and designer and uploading a series of Linocut prints that I've just completed last week - as well as a Puffin print. My work is all reduction type Linocut and I've been doing it since Art College in Dundee (1986 - 1991).

The Puffin prints are a look at wild & free (migratory birds) Both Linocuts.



Lahr Charles-Edouard

Pen on Cardboard

From left: Sonic Ground

Covid-Love

Mr.Mac

It's an homage to Mr.Mac, who is a Little Penguin from the National Aquarium of New Zealand. Every year they elect a penguin of the year and this year I hope it will be Mr. Mac

**Gail Armstrong-Lanksbury**

Paper Sculpture

This paper sculpture illustration was commissioned by the American bank BNYMellon for the cover of their latest issue of their magazine "Aerial View". The image illustrates how the Federal Reserve have kept the wheels of industry turning by increasing liquidity.

Gail Armstrong, a graduate of Glasgow School of Art is an award winning illustrator working exclusively in the medium of paper sculpture.

Instagram:
@gailarmstronglanksbury

Illustration Portfolio:
www.illustrationX.com/gailarmstrong

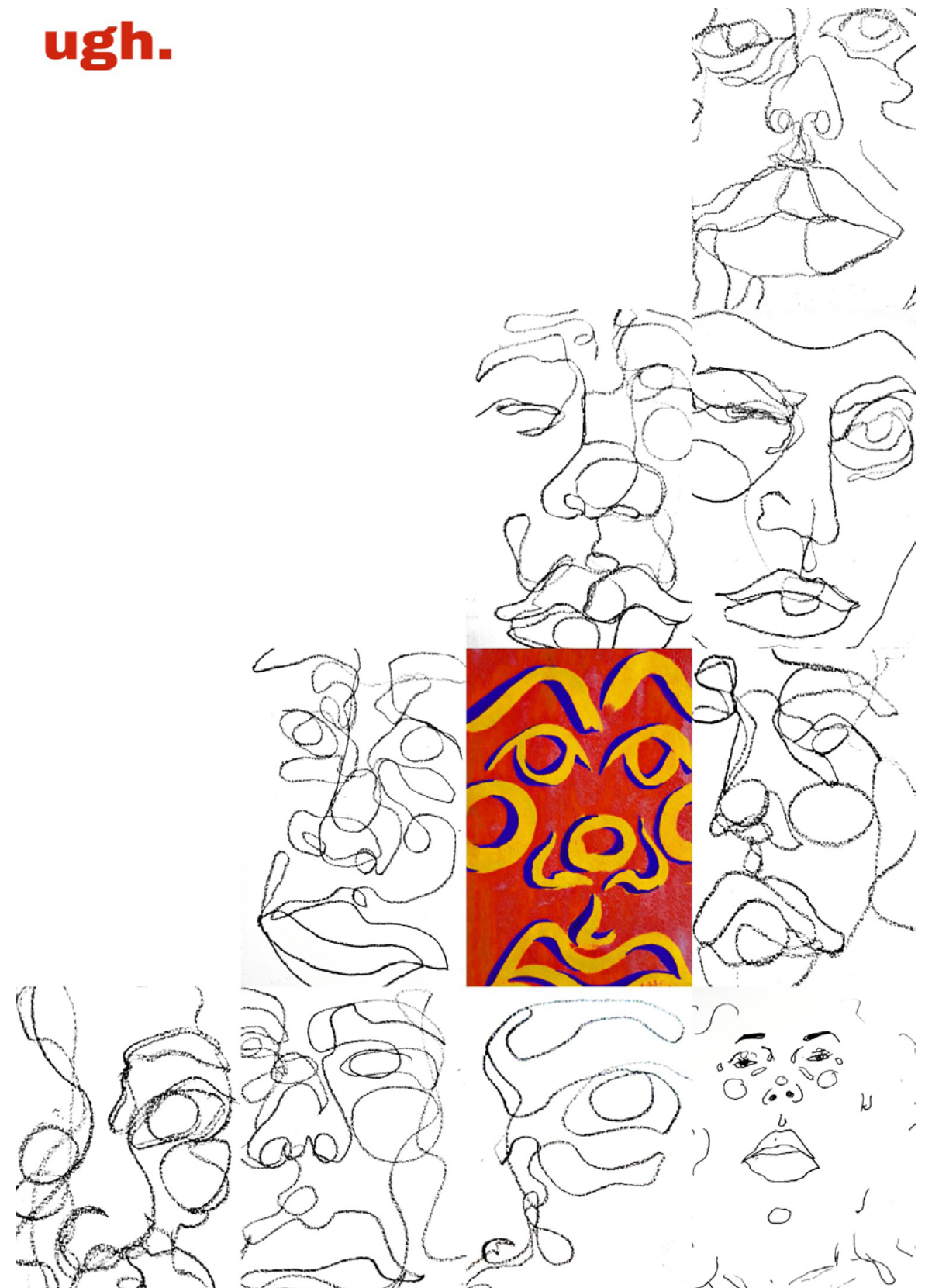
UGH
Stella

Reflections on creating

UGH. is the baby of my boredom and insecurities. I get a little tired of being with myself, especially now. it's a little experiment I did over a couple of days based on the perception of photos taken of my face from different angles (inspired by the Tik Tok trend with the iPhone lenses). I thought it would be fun to draw the photos I took of myself, blindfolded and without lifting my pencil. next, I tried painting in a new style with gouache and another in ink pen. I really enjoyed trying out these new styles. and although it was a fairly small project, it felt really freeing taking something that I don't 100% love and turning it into something I do.

You can find me on @ste_lia_h on instagram <3

ugh.



Reflections on creating



How 'BRO-VID19' has Affected the Dudes of the "Dude Zone"

Samuel Cunningham MacInnes

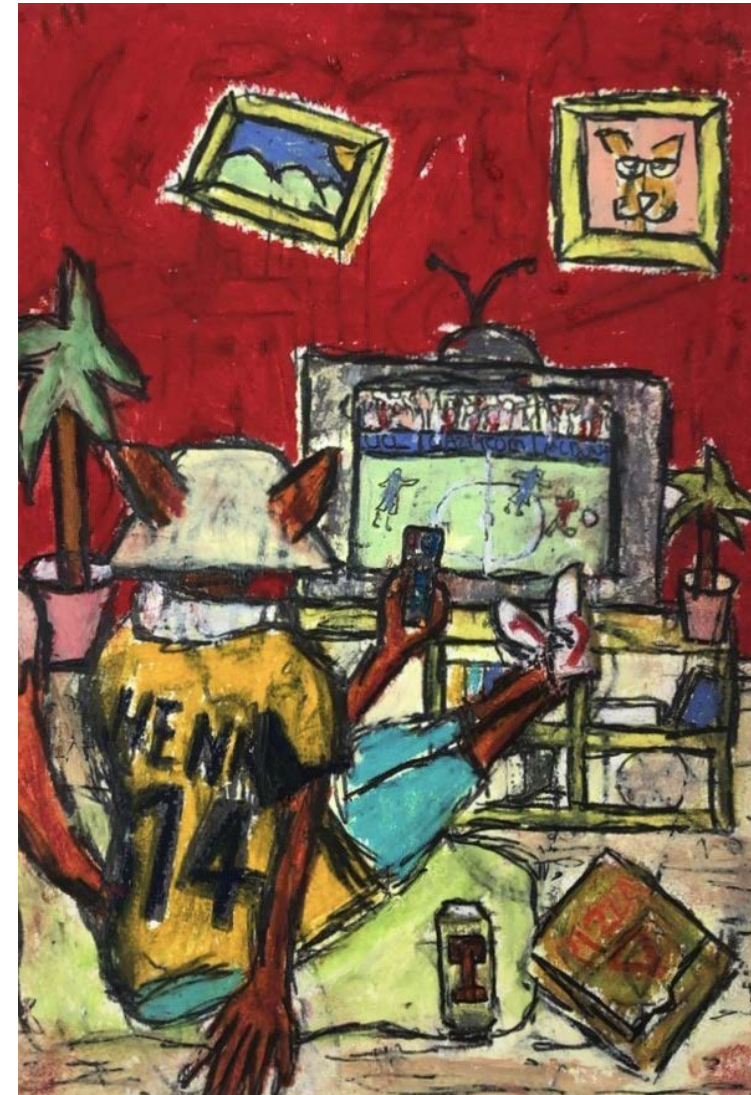
Digital Print on Foam Board, Mixed Media Neo-Pastel

From left:

Can you smell the bacon?

Nobody needs that much Cat Litter mate,

Soccer Saturdays



Many young men, myself included, appear to lead funny, carefree and crazy lives. I have been inspired to transform this personal element of reality into artworks based on specific animal motifs. Combining this concept with satire and fantastical elements, I aim to take this carousel of masculine absurdity and make it the focal point of my work. I have entitled the world these young men find themselves within "The Dude Zone". This is a world driven by escapism, full of outsiders in a structured domain of order and rules; rules to which these dudes have no regard for. These men are stuck in a state of limbo between their teens and adulthood, where hedonic pleasures such as drink, drugs and outrageous behaviour are used in attempts to quench their escapist fantasies.



Friday Night Zoom (left)
Mixed-Media Neo Pastel, A5.

Young, confused and fuelled by the absurd, these young men are hell-bent on pursuing pleasure above all else; much to the dismay of the rest of society. However, with "BRO-VID19" completely transforming how the Dudes live, things like trips to the shops and Friday night zoom calls started to take centre focus in my work. These are things the Dudes would never have done before, with takeaways and pubs taking centre stage, however, in these crazy times their crazy behaviour has taken a back seat. Nonetheless, it is a messy and crude world. So, the best way to show this is to be just as messy and just as crude.

REFLECTIONS

MOVEMENT

A

ON

Time got stuck

stop caught halt

like a thread wound on a nail
like chewing gum stuck on a shoe
like watery dog poo seeping through a carpet
like a fly lolling in the honey
smothered by the now
gasping for breath
wings peeling off the spine
it's back of the throat

strangled sickly sweet

what a way to go -

overindulged and dead.

The wind changed and we're

stuck
here

our faces contorted
in gob smack

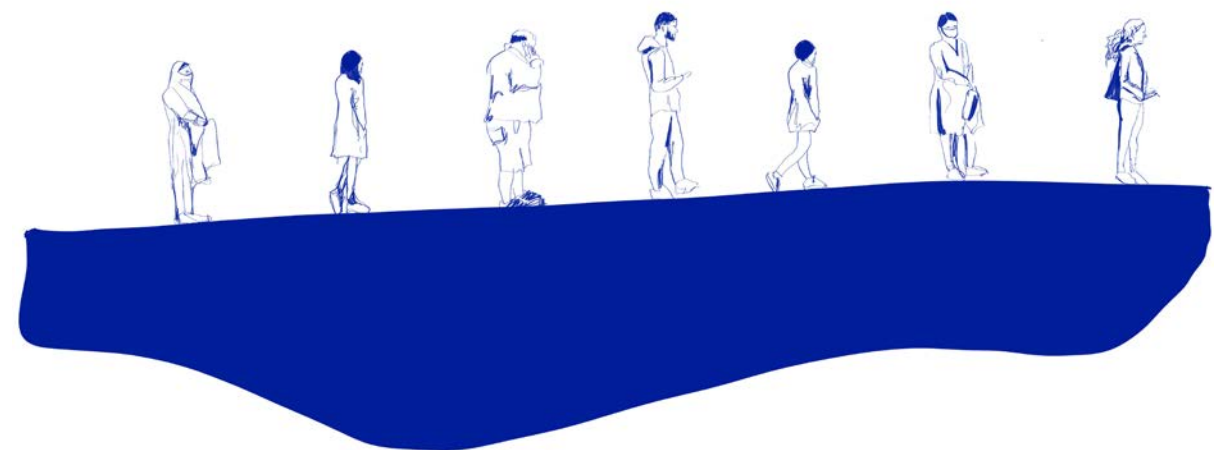
like frozen wooly
mammoths running
from the ice

like the horizon is burning

- and rightly so -

like our hands are
gripping
the ground
and we are too
stubborn
to let go.

Leyla Josephine





Marilena Vlachopoulou is a documentary and portrait photographer from Athens based in Glasgow. Since graduating from college she has been involved with shooting the Glasgow music scene on a variety of analogue formats. During the outbreak of Covid-19, Marilena has been documenting scenes from daily life.

Find her on Instagram:

@darkroom.memoir









SICK FUCK



Kirsten Campbell

Graphic Designer

Instagram: thirstycampbell

After being furloughed from my full time (dream) design job, I thought - "shit - what if I'm let go by the first job I've ever wanted to keep?".

I decided to blast my own brand and work on my illustration skills. I was only furloughed for a month but so much has come out of it – sold my own t-shirts, raised £500 for the "Scottish Black Business Fund" and collabed with cool creatives. Now, I'm back at work and have the best of both worlds – doing my own thing and work for a big

company that celebrates diversity, LGTQ+ on the reg.

It's mental how much time out really can reshape the way you think. So, get ready for lots more of baby pink, gothic cuteness from me.

love, thirsty campbell xoxo "

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