

TRACK 1 – THIS DEVICE

Hello, please take a seat outside of the gallery and listen to our 7 minute orientation. This is divided across three short tracks. Track 1 will go through how to use this device, track 2 goes into what the exhibition is all about and track 3 is an introduction to the space and its contents.

This device contains 12 tracks. A wide, raised oval button at the centre turns this device on or off. There are three bump-on stickers on this device. A bump-on to the left of the oval central button takes you to the previous track. A bump-on to the right takes you to the next track. A bump-on directly above the central button pauses or plays the track. The volume button is on the left edge. Press the top to increase the volume and the bottom to decrease it.

There's a raised round button that overlaps with the device's small screen on the left hand side – please avoid pressing this button as it will take you back to the menu. Don't worry though – if you do, a member of staff can reset the device. We recommend you listen to these tracks in order. This will take you on a square route around the exhibition and each track lasts around 3 minutes. Take your time to get to know the buttons. The next track will introduce you to the artist and their work.

TRACK 2 – MEET THE ARTIST

Thank you for choosing Camara Taylor's exhibition [*mouthfeel*]. The title sits within square bracketed italics like a leaning sound caption. Camara is a black Caribbean artist based in Glasgow.

Camara presents a series of works forged through new and old collaborations with artists 睦桐 (Ai Túng) and Sharif Elsabagh, and feminist welding collective Slaghammers.

Camara's practice builds around their research into archival documents, images, and fragments of language. They look particularly to historical traces that register Black presence as a fugitive undercurrent of Scotland and more specifically Glasgow's entanglement with racial capitalism and violence.

In objects, reworked images, texts, sound and video, Camara uses methods of material dissolution and fractured testimonies to emphasise the visceral qualities of language as a bodily product. Across 10 artworks, images succumb to liquid decay, dark rum cascades and transforms within transparent tubes and colonial coins melt into spit-congealed irrecognition.

In other words “speech fails and images slump”.

We hope you enjoy this exhibition, the next track will introduce you to the space.

TRACK 3 – INTRODUCTION

The gallery is a white walled cube space, 10m by 10m, with a lofty 5m ceiling. The room still bears marks from its past as a tramway depot.

The entry door is at the far left end of the east wall. The wall to the far right is flanked by two sets of north-facing bay windows that overlook Albert Drive, a busy road. Two sets of curving tram tracks weave across the dark grey concrete floor from this north wall to the opposite south wall. Two white pillars positioned 4m across from each other are slightly off centre.

Four small speakers are mounted above us at each corner of the room in addition to a large subwoofer speaker positioned ahead of the door on the floor. Collectively they disperse 體桐 Ai Túng's bed of river song, an interweaving tapestry of voices and loops ebbing and flowing through the space. This plays out every twelve minutes.

The exhibition consists of three photographic prints, a wall-mounted waterfall, three lecterns that diagonally dissect the space and a dual-screen video on two monitors, nestled between the pillars. Themes include allusions to death and state violence.

As you enter, the first object is a subwoofer speaker, around 1m in height. It's against the south wall straight ahead of you. Next you are confronted by a black, reflective 2m square mounted to the wall. Towards the southwest corner is the first of three steel lecterns – this one has bent legs.

Continuing along the square to the west wall, a wall-mounted steel waterfall dominates, connected to a pump and tank on the floor. This noisily circulates dark rum. The smell of alcohol is strongest here.

A photographic print of a person holding up their fists hangs on the north-facing wall between the bay windows. In the north-east corner is an absurdly tall lectern.

On the east wall is a fire door then a final photographic print of someone obscuring their face with their hand. These prints are both framed behind streaky glass, reminiscent of rum stains.

Moving forward towards the centre of the space, two bulky black TV monitors are suspended between the white pillars. They both display a chocolate replica of a coin as it dissolves on a tongue. Here you will find headsets that play audio description of both videos simultaneously.

The final lectern is lying overturned in the very centre of the room. It's only a squat 50cm tall.

Audio description comes to you via Elaine Lillian Joseph and Kirin Saeed by way of Collective Text and SoundScribe. The exhibition was commissioned by Glasgow International and this artist supports Palestinian liberation. The audio guide will last around 30 minutes. This is the end of the introduction.

TRACK 4 – RIVER HYMN

Just ahead of the door where you entered is a subwoofer, a type of speaker that specialises in a throbbing, low-frequency bass. You may feel the vibrations of the subwoofer across the concrete ground. Positioned against the south wall, it's around 1m x 1m, black and sturdy. In combination with four small speakers mounted high up on each corner of the room – they send 唼桐 Ai Túng's river hymn reverberating around the space. The river as a site of life and death recurs throughout this exhibition.

The voices in river hymn play out every 12 minutes and when the loop ends you may notice the guzzling, trickling sound of rum cascading down a steel waterfall featured on track 7. This is the end of track 4.

TRACK 5 – REFLUX

You stare, head-on at a 2m black reflective square mounted to the wall. It's made from tinted perspex plastic that is actually dark grey but is perceived as a deep black. From this angle you are confronted with your own reflection, elements of the exhibition, and maybe even people navigating Albert Drive through the north-facing bay windows. You could take in this piece from the opposite side of the room and it could still appear as just a solid black square. It's notoriously difficult to photograph and film this piece because on closer inspection this black square holds secrets...

From the right angle and distance, a washed out print is revealed, embedded beneath the blackness slightly to the right of the centre. It takes up half of the square, at 1m by 2m and is landscape-oriented. The photo depicts a snapshot of the River Clyde, which runs through Glasgow. The river was economically important to the British Empire in the 18th century as a waterway that generated wealth for the Glaswegian merchant class. They monopolised the trade in West Indian plantation-grown produce such as tobacco and sugar produced by enslaved people from Africa's west coast. By 1790, the combined worth of imports and exports between Glasgow and the West Indies was in the region of £50 million in today's money.

In the photo, the perspective is from a walkway that flanks one side of the river Clyde. White railings run along the edge of the walkway and the riverbank as a barrier to the water. In the distance South Portland Street suspension bridge spans across the serene grey water. The scene is disrupted by a striped police tape that cordons off the walkway. In 2019 police officers chased an unnamed black man into the river where he subsequently drowned. The image which is devoid of people has a haunting stillness. On even closer inspection, handwritten text in white ink can be made out across the image, as if fragments from a sketchbook. Some phrases include: "strike together", "sharp inhale, gurgled murmur..." and "names held in a mouth full of air".

The piece is untitled but has a bracketed subtitle of 'reflux' – which refers to a returning to or flowing back from. The longer you remain in front of this apparently unyielding black square, the deeper you dive beneath the layers of this hard surface, and like the silvery fluid ripples of the river, there are stories and bodies that reveal themselves. You are sucked in, of course becoming part of the piece in your own reflected image, but also you're invited to seek out the hidden depths, if you will only take the time to readjust your position. This is the end of track 5.

TRACK 6 – FALLS

This is the first of three lecterns that dissect the space in a diagonal line from the southwest corner to the northeast. They were designed by Camara and fabricated by Slaghammers, a feminist welding collective, prioritising women, trans and non-binary people in Glasgow. Slaghammer members, Marie, Amelia, Julianna & Evangeline cut, bent, welded and sanded steel tubes and sheets to form the lecterns. Each one has a rectangular base, a pair of legs and a slanted book stand on the top with a shelf edge. The dark grey steel is uncoated so the welding and sanding is visible in scratch marks and rough edges. When we touch the lecterns, oily deposits on our skin accelerate a process called oxidation which makes the steel rust and turn a crusty brown in places.

Falls, the title of the first lectern, is unusual because of its thin, ungainly legs around 5cm in diameter. It's a metre tall and its tubular legs begin evenly spaced apart then bend or fall dramatically inwards. Where the legs touch gives the impression of human knees awkwardly or coquettishly knocking together. At this point of contact the colour has peeled away to expose a shiny silver. They flare outwards again, returning to dark industrial grey and finally connect to the base.

The left leg pierces through the slanted book stand on the top and its tubular end juts out impractically. The round imprint of the right leg sits like a stain on the metal sheet as if it too could grow out of the surface. You couldn't comfortably read from a book or a speech because it wouldn't lie flat on this stand. Around the inside white edge of the protruding leg, the words – 'against swarms of false witnesses' are repeatedly printed in black text but the sentence shifts depending on where you start it. Although the lectern refuses to conform to its primary function, a fragment of speech is embedded into its very design.

You can hear about the other two lecterns in tracks 9 and 12. This is the end of track 6.

TRACK 7 – FALLS OF CLYDE

You may have wondered why the space smells so sweetly of alcohol. Mounted to the wall in front of you is a dark rum waterfall. This multisensory artwork shares its name with the natural landmark Falls of Clyde, a series of powerful waterfalls on the River Clyde but this is no ordinary waterfall. Rather than cascading from a cliff or rock edge, rum cascades down a hand-welded flat metal board fixed to the far left side of the west wall and flows down a pipe that connects to a glass box-tank on the floor. An internal pump propels the rum out of the tank, through a tube that runs along the right side of the metal board and skirts its top edge where the rum is released down the sheet to begin the cycle again.

This mechanical waterfall brings together many elements of the exhibition. The dimensions of its top half mirror the big black square, reflux, at 2m by 2m. Its top structure resembles the slanted book stands on the trio of lecterns, only on a much larger scale. The shelf along its bottom edge is more raised, becoming a self-contained trough that collects rum. It's made from the same uncoated dark grey mild steel and its protruding pipes and tubes recall the bendy legs of the first lectern, Falls, in track 5.

The tubes, tank and pipes are on full display, demystifying the mechanics of this industrial waterfall. A glass tank around 80cm by 40cm is set on the floor closest to the first set of north-facing bay windows. It's full of dark rum, a rich molasses brown in colour that's almost perceived as black. It foams up within the tank building a high whitish-yellow frothy head that you could slice with a knife in the same way that small sections of the real River Clyde occasionally foam up, temporarily becoming more like a moving bubble bath. A red water pump submerged inside the tank is connected to a clear PVC tube that exits through the back. This pushes the rum out and up the tube as it trails in the air towards the right side of the steel board. The rum appears much paler here as if transformed in the tube. It's drawn up the board's right edge and guzzles along its top edge from right to left before cascading out in 8 evenly spaced slits in rippling columns down the board. These mini waterfalls leave behind streaks of reddish-brown rust where they've touched the board's surface.

The pale rum collects in a wide trough at the bottom of the board and is sucked into a fatter dark plastic pipe beneath the trough. It beelines diagonally to the right and connects to the roof of the tank, depositing the rum in a treacly jet and so it continues in an endless industrial cycle.

In moments of quiet when Ai Tung's soundpiece, river hymn is not playing, you may tune into the trickle and guzzle of the rum running up and down the exposed veins that connect to its pumping heart. Its circulation simultaneously suffuses the space with its smell.

Sharif Elsabagh and Camara worked together on the research, development and design of the waterfall piece, consuming hours of Youtube videos and testing pumps in bathtubs. The result is a piece that reworks a natural landmark in an industrial setting while marrying hard materials with syrupy soft fluids.

TRACK 8 – UNTITLED (MELO'S FISTS 2014)

From a distance it's not immediately clear what this object is – a painting, a photograph? It's framed within narrow blackened oak behind tinted, streaky glass, roughly 80cm by 60cm and mounted on the north wall between two bay windows. It's hanging slightly off centre closer to the bay window on its left.

Like reflux, the giant black square on the opposite south wall, this object needs to be approached from the right distance and angle. Streaky rum stains have dripped down and dried onto the reflective surface of the glass and when it's hit by the gallery's ceiling spotlights, it casts shadows on the image further obscuring it.

A photograph of a person holding their clenched fists raised in front of their chest, reveals itself behind the glass. Their complexion is a medium tone brown and their stance is defensive, ready to protect themselves from a fight just beyond the view of the image to the person's right. The artwork's title refers to Melo, a busker who appeared in a 2014 documentary about Glasgow's most famous and iconic shopping and party destinations. The image is an enlarged screenshot of Melo standing up for himself during a racially motivated attack by a group of white men. His face

is only viewed from below his nose and his mouth is parted as he shouts down his assailants. Melo's fists become the central focal point, poised in an act of self defence yet blurred and distorted behind a glaze of dark rum stains.

TRACK 9 – FOOLS

This is the second lectern of three and is so absurdly tall at well over a metre and a half, you can only take it in by going on your tiptoes and craning your neck if you are standing. It makes for an elongated figure standing in the northeast corner by the second bay window. If you move behind it, you're facing the rest of the exhibition.

Compared to the first bendy lectern these legs are pretty conventional in design. Tubular dark grey legs evenly spaced apart descend in parallel lines to the rectangular base. But it looks like someone has over stretched them by mistake.

The book stand holds three A4 documents – two photographs on the left and a text on the right. Two identical black and white scans of a photograph depict a neighbourhood lined with terraced houses and rubble. Three black children are standing in the middle of the street. One photo is printed portrait-orientation and the other is landscape. The sides of the photos and some of the faces appear distorted, blotted out by veiny metallic blotches as if the ink is eroding.

The third sheet is a typed out attempt at describing the figures in the photos. The first line reads: 'Left boy performing uprightness, legs fixed together, jeans upturned at cuff.' A person on the right apparently '...embodies a more relaxed swagger ...and looks right at us with an assuredness – typified in a delicate pout'. A girl in the middle is 'the youngest of the three'. The author describes their clothing, position and posture and infers some interpretation of their expressions.

This seems to be a work in progress as the author's annotated question marks and queries the gender of the residents across the text and much of the final paragraph which describes the location is erased with a thick black felt tip pen. Along the left margin they've written: 'Description is not liberation' by black Canadian academic Katherine McKittrick.

Continue listening if you would like to hear Camara read an extract or feel free to skip to track 10:

"Then there's the youngest of the three, middle, smiling as she holds a bag made for an older woman. Both hands on straps, elbows bent to hold the weight. The large purse covers her from waist to knee, bare legs shoot out below. Thick, white socks in open sandals, toes creep over the edge. Knitted bonnet and woollen coat with fur-lined hood. The winter coat – no cross that out – It sit open revealing a light cardigan done all the way up. She's caught in movement, smile likely unforced, fixed in the moment before a potential step – no replace with – a tentative step towards us. Or maybe just caught in sway, a feeling out of the situation. She stays close to Left, I think there's safety there."

This is the end of track 9.

TRACK 10 – UNTITLED (PAUL’S HANDS 1930)

Framed behind streaky glass, this photographic print is a sibling to track 8’s Melo’s Fists. It’s 80cm by 60cm in total but the image itself only takes up a fraction of this space at a much smaller 15 cm by 20 cm. Inky wisps of rum are suspended within the glass as if it’s turned into curls of smoke. They make for an atmospheric pattern, some strands longer like delicate pen strokes, others short and spiral. The main image is set against the centre left edge of the glass and framed within blackened oak.

An extreme closeup on a person’s face is captured in stark black and white. Their hands cover their face in a gesture that is an act of refusal, blotting out their expression and only leaving their ears and forehead exposed. That said, the gesture doesn’t feel forceful or defensive, there’s a softness echoed by the swirling sepia wisps of rum around it. The Paul in the title is Paul Robeson, a Shakespearean actor, bass-baritone, civil rights activist and film star who visited, campaigned and performed in Glasgow many times. It’s impossible to recognise Paul in this image which was originally a screenshot from a 1930s experimental film called *Borderline*, exploring interracial relationships. The image, as if floating within a haze of rum, captures a vulnerable moment, as Paul’s hands reject the camera and deny us unimpeded access to his body.

TRACK 11 – UNTITLED (MINT! 1965, 1701, 1817, 1830, 2022)

A dual channel video is displayed on two chunky black cube TV monitors. They hover 30cm off the concrete ground, nestled in steel cradles that hang from the 5m high ceiling. If you’re standing in between the monitors, they’re facing each other around 3m apart, positioned between the two slightly off centre white pillars. Both monitors play an extreme closeup of a chocolate coin silently melting on the artist’s tongue. These coins are replicas of the last gold coin to be produced by the Scottish Mint in commemoration of the country’s colonial Darien scheme in 1701. They were struck from gold that was imported from Panama. Ultimately the Darien scheme was an unsuccessful attempt to gain wealth and influence by establishing New Caledonia, a colony in the Darién Gap, a narrow strip of land that lies between the Caribbean Sea and the Pacific Ocean. In the present day this is the territory of Guna Yala, an autonomous indigenous territory home to the Guna people.

The TV on the left shows the disintegration of the chocolate’s coin’s tail bearing a shield of arms, and the TV on the right shows the coin’s head – a tiny sun rising above the sea beneath a bust of William II of Scotland. The coin’s imprint quickly melts against the vivid spotty pink of the artist’s exposed tongue and turns into gooey dark brown streams that dribble uninterrupted down the tongue, over their teeth and oozes down their bottom lip. They meet in a gloopy globule of saliva at the tip of their chin. You are truly inside their mouth, witnessing every slick, wet, drop of coin. The artist’s head is strapped rigidly in place out of view of the camera and there are signs of strain in the convulsive gag of their tongue and shudder of their head. The view is cropped to below the artist’s light brown nose and top of their bare collarbone. Thin black afro-texture twists hang on either side of their head.

Each film is roughly 14 minutes. Please take a pair of bluetooth headsets and listen to a simultaneous audio description of both videos. The melting of the head occurs in the headsets left channel and the tail is the right channel. This is the end of track 11.

TRACK 12 – FAILS

This is the final stop on our tour of *[mouthfeel]*. At the end of this track we will include information on how to leave the exhibition. Track 13 includes a bonus track of Camara reading an excerpt of text found on this lectern.

The third and final lectern is the smallest measuring just 50 cm by 64 cm. It's as if someone has compressed it down to a handheld size or made it the perfect height for a small animal like a cat to deliver a speech. It's lying overturned on its side in the centre of the room. To get close to the materials on its book stand, you need to join it on the floor.

Now on its level, you can take in the name Mari, scrawled in white pen across one of its legs, perhaps an inscription by a member of Slaghammer. Similar to the second lectern, there are various papers balanced on the book stand. The first page on the right is titled 'disposable covers'. Text is spread out sparsely across its surface leaving large swathes of white.

The first paragraph is a meandering monologue about ancestors. This will be read in full by the artist on track 13. This is followed by shorter quotes: "We bury our hand, none of dis [gestures with hand] and walk away!" and then further down the page: 'And we bury our dead to a rhythm incited by the weather, the density of the soil, the viscosity of grief and...' The lines are interrupted by a landscape-orientated black and white photo that centres a silhouetted hand stretching out from right to left over a background of voluminous white clouds. The fingers, stark and black, are splayed out, open in invitation.

A mostly blank sheet behind this is set horizontally. A snatch of poetry reads: "-s-s still waters mistaken for stagnant, ocean dwellers and all that shit". And finally a postcard-sized photograph is stuck to the upper left side of the book stand above the papers with a torn yellow post it note. Several suited men viewed from their closed mouths to their torsos are swearing with their first two fingers spread into a V sign.

Taken as a diagonal trio the lecterns resemble three distinct figures or as Camara has named them, falls, fools and fails. Falls, the lectern with bent legs seems to slump down and protrude in unexpected places. Fools is so tall it forces you to reconsider your own height in relation to its dimensions. And in the very centre of the exhibition, Fails requires you to adopt a low position and contort yourself to access its texts and images. Each lectern offers fragments of texts that elude and intrigue.

This is the final stop on our tour of *[mouthfeel]*. The access for this exhibition was facilitated by Emilia Beatriz from Collective Text for Glasgow International.

Continue listening if you would like guidance back to the entrance.

Ensure you have your back to this lectern, move forward to the waterfall west wall. Follow this to the left and continue round to the south wall, past the first lectern, the black square and subwoofer. You will be back at the entry door where you can return your headset to a member of staff.

TRACK 13 – FAILS EXCERPT

Listen to Camara reading a monologue on ancestors tilted disposable covers. This monologue is found on the third lectern called Fails: 'the last was on a new moon, that one in pisces that tore us a new one, upchuck and fuck. The first was the one where I remembered what we do. Those who've been here before come equipped. Blue polyethylene booties cover out-the-box-trainers / are punctured by shiny black heels -/ or ground by secret dyke's boots. We who know bring spares lovingly passed out alongside each shovel. Dirt-churned with the weight of our bodies, pressed down ^ lift up. Turn and throw over and over and over coffin submerged in repeated convulsions – earth piled high.'