

Lucy Schofield

I am fascinated by place, communities and how the built environment is formed, and am interested in how our environment and the objects within it shape our lives. I have used these images from 2009 to create collages as a creative tool for thinking about the lifecycles of buildings and their ideologies.

Michelle Avison

When I was invited by Graham to go the site of St Peter's Seminary in February last year, I was surprised to see that it was a short distance from the main road out of Glasgow that I have travelled on many times, without knowing that the seminary was there. It had particular resonance for me because I have gone to an island off the West Coast of Scotland and made work there for over 30 years. Scotland, and responding to the landscape there is central to my practice.

Knowing that it had been a religious building, I went there with images of Goya and my printmaking tutor at the Slade, Barto dos Santos's etchings of popes in my head. After the visit to Cardross, I watched the Murray Grigor 1972 film 'Space and Light' and began isolating images from the film, capturing the youtube screen in a series of stills.

As a printmaker I am always drawn to surface and had made some rubbings whilst at the site. The concrete had a wood effect (like the

Southbank Centre, London) and the site was being overtaken by trees. I started playing with introducing woodgrain in different ways into the images.

Then in April last year, my father died. In the height of lockdown, we were just 3 people at his funeral and we devised a short 'service'. I included the Lord's prayer- it seemed the right thing to do – my dad was a very moral man, if not a regular churchgoer, he had recently told me that he did believe in God. Friends and family watched the service via webcam.

I had taken screenshots of my dad in his hospital room as I talked to and sat with him via Facetime in the few days before he died. This year has been a strange virtual one, and these voyeuristic images echoed the stills taken from the film on youtube – together they seemed to sum up the common experience this year.

Neal Gruer

Although apparently empty and redundant, the concrete shell of St Peter's Seminary remains full and purposeful: a hulking, hidden instrument. Discarded by humans, it is now played by trees, animals, waterways and weather. Every arpeggio of wind, trill of birdsong, and glissando of rain, reignites its ashen pipes. Originally, us people put it there and told it how it was supposed to work. But like an ocarina in a stream or a cello on a sand dune, once we lost it, it became altogether more resonant.

In visiting it, we merely interrupted its harmonious,

unfolding performance for a wee, amateurish blow. It sounds best on its own.

Estelle Vincent

Photographing inwards from the four corners of what remains from the structural core of the main block, these images were printed on transparency, overlaid on top of a lightbox and recorded. The apparent movement of the fluorescent tubes from the lightbox; echoes both the spectres of St Peter's and the potential re-incarnation of the site; isolated, re-captured.

Dan Howard-Birt

St Peter's' shutter-cast walls re-appear in *Lovers and Other Spectres*. Additional panels have been appended to the original surface and holes were excavated to be filled-in with other parts. The painting contains (the seeds of) multitudes, it hopes to be that thing that buildings no longer are (for me) and yet it knows that in order to become a space for romantic projection it must risk becoming broken, empty and exhausted too... not broken like a ruin but broken like an overused metaphor. 'Most poets can't help believing that they are poets', writes Ian Hamilton [*Against Oblivion*, 2002], even as modernism ushered their offer to the margins. Poetry is sure of its unshakable purpose, and yet the world finds little real use for it beyond lily-gilding. Poetry is both essential and irrelevant. So too painting. Painting (verb and noun) is a strange thing in the world and painting is a strange thing within itself. The painting I like; that

I aspire to, can't help but fall apart from within; it can't settle on a singular voice. I want to make paintings whose internal system fragments even as it searches for connectedness; whose essential hope colours its constant re-enacting of loss.

Lara Davies

I am interested in the object as souvenir, or holder of my personal history. Initially I found it hard to respond to St Peter's seminary as I didn't have a connection to it. I focused on the 'things' in the space: the pebbles embedded into the wall. Later I realised the visit to St Peter's was the last time I'd see some good friends for a long time, and I reworked the paintings, focusing on the sides to give the painting a more object-like feel: the paintings had become souvenirs of this shared moment.

Casper White

I would have liked to visit this place as a functioning seminary. Religious buildings are effective even as wrecks. Their strength in their vision overrides the contempt of religion I inherited from my family. My grandparents hated religion; they always joked; you can be anything but a copper or a priest; when the miracles are diminished, time and lives spent become apparent in the grandeur. Walking around with friends new and old, I see walls suitable for tracing ivy; someone had spraypainted the walls covering both concrete and foliage in pink paint.

Paul Dewis

For me a sense of place is created not by a single, definitive viewpoint, but from a syncretic accrument of views and source material, usually combined within a single print. This way of working, the building up of layers is well suited to printmaking and for me woodcut in particular.

The series of paintings I've made for the show came from and are a development of the prints I'd made at home during one of the many lockdowns. I essentially utilised and adapted the mediated aspects of woodcut and collagraph techniques and transferred them into painting. The wood blocks, cut specifically for each painting, were pressed into layer after layer of acrylic paint before eventually sanding back to both reveal hidden, earlier layers and to create a dense, richly nuanced smooth and polished surface to the work.

Graham Martin

The first time I visited St Peter's was with C in July 2019. My dad drove us there from Oban, dropped us at the edge of the golf course by Kilmahew woods and left us for a couple of hours to explore. By the time we returned as a group in February 2020, I had made a number of paintings and prints and was thinking about more direct responses to the place. I made one further trip to the Seminary in the week prior to the first national lockdown, a fleeting solo visit to capture large scale rubbings of various surfaces, prompted by a conversation with Jesse Ash at

the RCA around small sketches and rubbings I had shown him.

In the year that followed, my research took me away from St Peter's and I found it difficult to return to that body of work I made pre-COVID, when so much had happened in the interim. Revisiting the seminary in recent months, through the eyes of the artists involved in this project, reignited my fascination with it.

The dialogue between the diagrammatic and the indexical is a thread that runs through my recent work. The diagrammatic in terms of the mathematical perspectives that describe architectural spaces and the indexical in relation to the materiality of the place. And I've become increasingly interested in the tactile phenomenological processes involved in this approach to making.

The rubbings function as a direct index of the internal and external walls at St Peter's and seem to simultaneously document layers of time and capture moments frozen in time, whilst also documenting the movement of the maker - hurried marks revealing soft undulations in the underlying surface. *Rubbing i* depicts the grid of rudimentary bathroom tiles installed in the shower blocks in late 80s when the seminary was repurposed briefly as a rehabilitation centre (not at all in keeping with Gillespie, Kidd & Coia's original vision). Tiles that have cracked and fallen away reveal trowel marks in the exposed cement and an absence indicates where the walls have succumb to ruination.