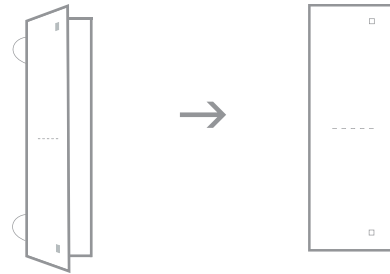
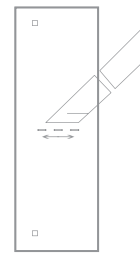


HOW TO CONSTRUCT YOUR eBook

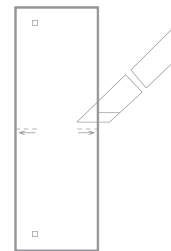
1. Fold each of the four A4 sheets in half along the vertical axis, with the printed side out.



2. Use a craft knife to carefully cut along the horizontal dashed line in the centre of the first A4 sheet (pages 1/2/9/10), to make a slot.



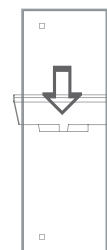
3 Now cut along the dashed lines on all the remaining sheets. Make sure you cut to the very edge of the paper.



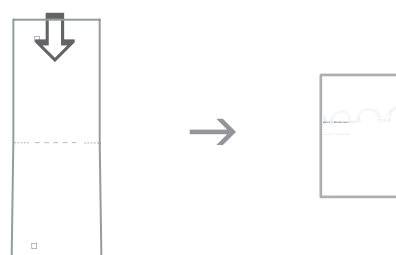
4. Stack all the folded sheets, keep the even numbers at the top and in ascending order (2,4,6,8). Take the bottom half of the second A4 page (pages 3/4/15/16) and curl (don't fold) it in on itself.



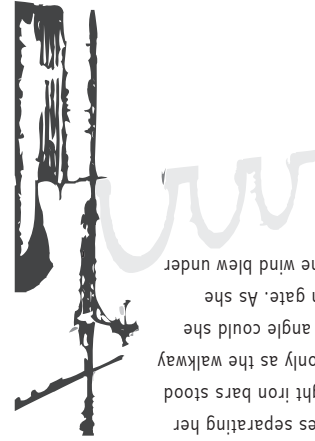
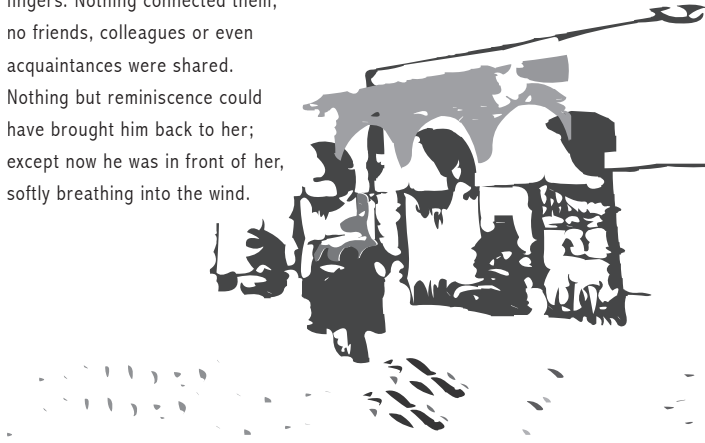
5. Take the curled page and push it down through the centre slot of the first A4 page - pages 2 & 9 will be facing you. Repeat steps 4 and 5 with the third A4 (pages 5/6/13/14) and the fourth A4 (pages 7/8/11/12), keep the even pages in ascending order.



6. Finally, when you have threaded all the pages, make sure they are in order. Then fold the book in half along the horizontal axis.



Whilst she crossed the square the man in front of her was morphing into her memory. Time began to slip past her. As she walked forward she retreated backwards in her mind, memory replacing reality, past replacing present. She thought he was dead; his passing from her life had been like sand slipping through her fingers. Nothing connected them; no friends, colleagues or even acquaintances were shared. Nothing but reminiscence could have brought him back to her; except now he was in front of her, softly breathing into the wind.



The woman had entered the square a few moments before the camera had begun on its circular trajectory. Flicking her cigarette into the sand bucket she looked around her. The covered walkway was dark as the wind whipped through the arches separating her from the courtyard. Wrought iron bars stood locked across each arch; only as the walkway turned to a ninety degree angle could she move out through an open gate. As she moved into the open air the wind blew under her, lifting her long coat.

PAST STANDING

LUCY GIBSON

The CCTV camera begins its interminable scan of the courtyard. At length it comes to rest, its iris locking on to a point near a bench somewhere to the left of the main entrance way. Holding in its unforgiving gaze a man and a woman standing, motionless.

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the changing room
stirling's contemporary art space

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Past Standing is available as a free download from www.stirling.gov.uk/changingroom

artist website : www.itchyfingers.org

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PAST STANDING Lucy Gibson



Behind the woman a simple fountain sprays over a square marble block, splashing over its sides. The man had, until moments before, been sitting on the bench to their left, the bench trembling quietly with the vibrations of a train passing beneath his feet.



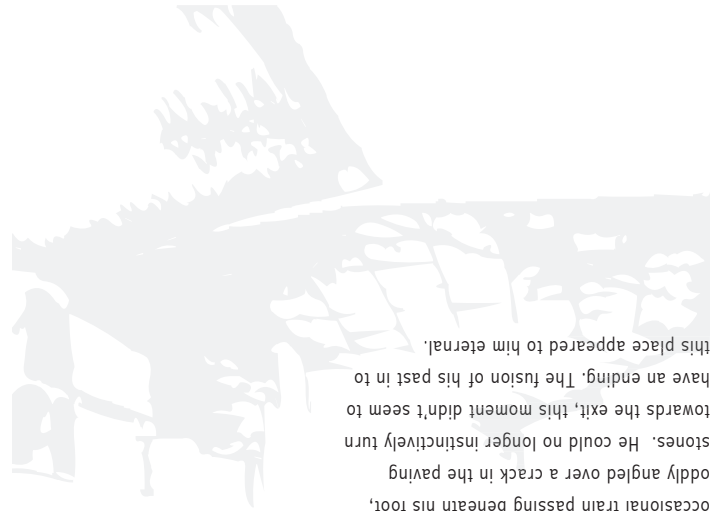
The CCTV camera begins to rescan the empty courtyard, moving its gaze away from the crack in the paving stones, to the right of a bench, near the open gate that leads to the arched walkway.



From his regular position on the bench a certain sense of smug anticipation gripped the man each day. He knew what and who passed by this place. He understood its contours, its lines, and the unmarked footpaths. Today, standing in front of the woman, he had been stripped of his surety, the earth no longer held firm and for the first time his body was shaken by the trains that passed beneath his feet.



The woman was static in front of him. She felt each wisp of wind, each spot of rain. The arches behind her loomed inwards into the courtyard, people moved around the two figures, their footsteps loud in her ears. Heightened by her confusion the place began to take on a surreal aspect, lodging its physical peculiarities into her brain, mixing with and erasing the places of the past that he came from.



His breath was slight, unwilling to allow the reality of a real gasp for air strip the moment held in front of him. He could not comprehend the situation; the woman, who he had begun to believe only existed in his memory, was standing in this place that he knew so well. His only physical sensation came from the occasional train passing beneath his foot, oddly angled over a crack in the paving stones. He could no longer instinctively turn towards the exit, this moment didn't seem to have an ending. The fusion of his past in to this place appeared to him eternal.



He watched from the bench as the female figure passed from arch to arch, the daylight illuminating her body and revealing details of her face, long forgotten. As she moved out from the walkway the wind caught her coat, lifting it up behind her.

In the square a man stood up from a bench and, fixedly staring at a woman, moved into her path. She did not change her course. She fixed her eyes back on him, standing still only when she reached his presence. He thought he would never see her again. But there was no doubt in his mind that the woman who stood before him was as real as the small drops of rain.