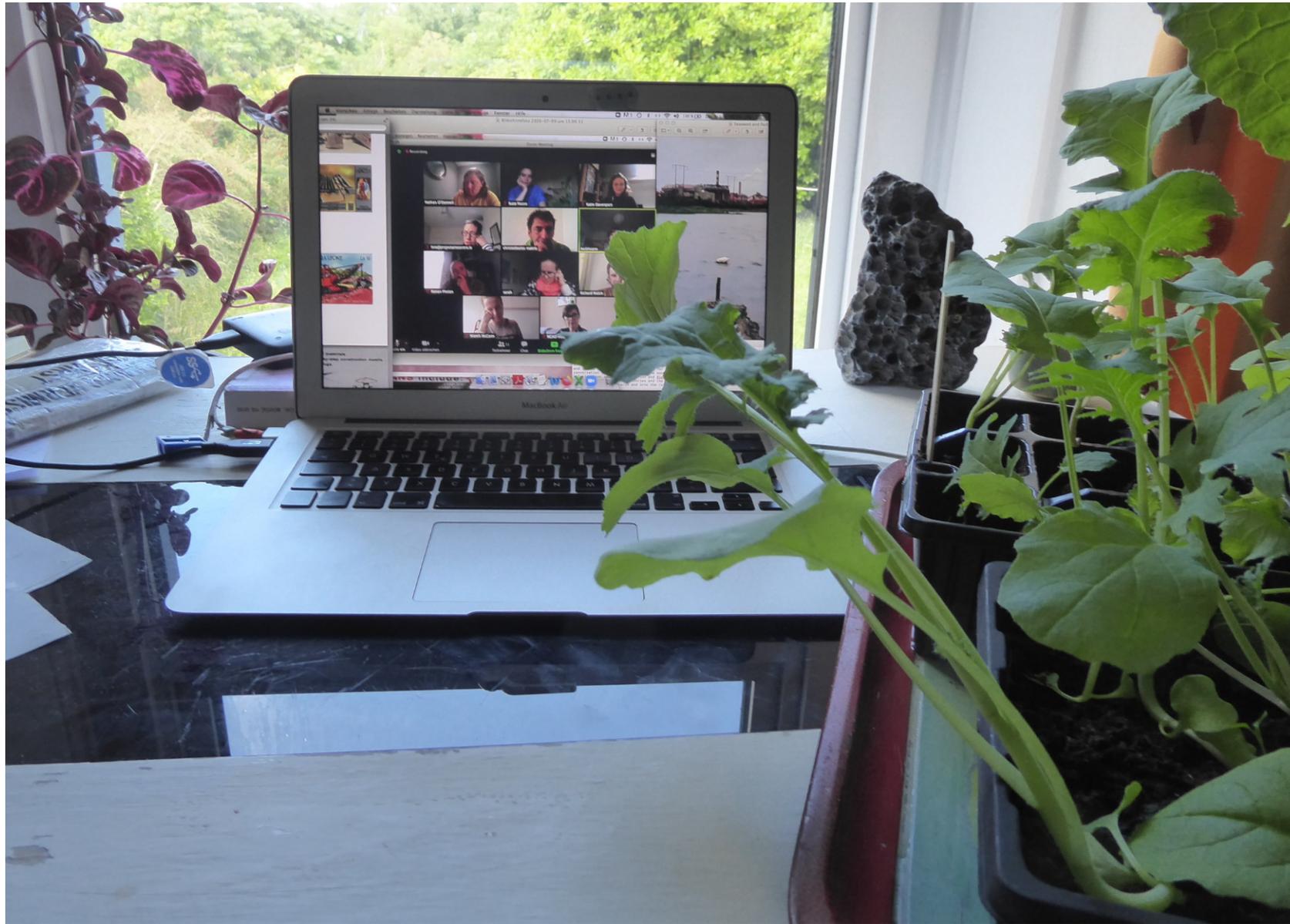


A solid pink vertical bar runs along the left side of the page.

studio interruptions

a cross-disciplinary
group

assembled by Nathan
O'Donnell and Lívia Páldi



9 July 2020 Studio
Interruptions participants
and Peace With The Earth /
Seed Exchange cabbage
plants at Askeaton
Contemporary Arts
Photo and courtesy:
Suza Husse

Dear [REDACTED]

I wanted to get in touch about something that's coming up to see if you'd like to take part?

We have been chatting about setting up some kind of working group with artists (working in different forms) who might be interested in coming together to talk about practice, process, collaboration.

Originally we imagined doing this in physical form but actually it feels like the need for exchange has become all the more pressing now that we're in this strange situation, so we have decided to continue and see can we set up a virtual forum that could be useful for people. It'll be small in scale to start with, we're thinking about maybe 10–12 artists from visual art, theatre, literature, dance. There might be scope to expand in future in some way. But for now, we've drawn up a list between us of people we'd like to invite—and we were wondering if you would be interested?

We're imagining it as something that would be self-generating to an extent. It could be a set of sessions where we share readings and discuss interests; or it could be more technical, talking about production, logistics etc.

It kind of depends on what people want from it, in a way. I'm attaching the brief. There's a certain vagueness to it which we are hoping is fruitful rather than not! What we want is to cultivate a convivial space for artists to come together.

We don't have a clear or defined outcome in mind. For now we're treating this as something of a trial, to see if a network can be useful and generative for participating artists. So in the first instance, we simply want to sound out potential participants, and see about setting up an initial exploratory conversation later in May. If you're interested, do let us know, and we can follow up about a date for a first virtual session. In advance of this, it would also be good to know if and how you think it could be of benefit to you, and/or what you'd like to get from a group like this, so we can try to get a sense of how to structure it. This is really a work in progress so, insofar as possible, we'd really like to design it around participants' needs.

Let us know what you reckon anyway. If you're up for it, we'll be back in touch soon (once I hear from other artists etc) and we can start thinking about how to make this happen and when.

Yrs,

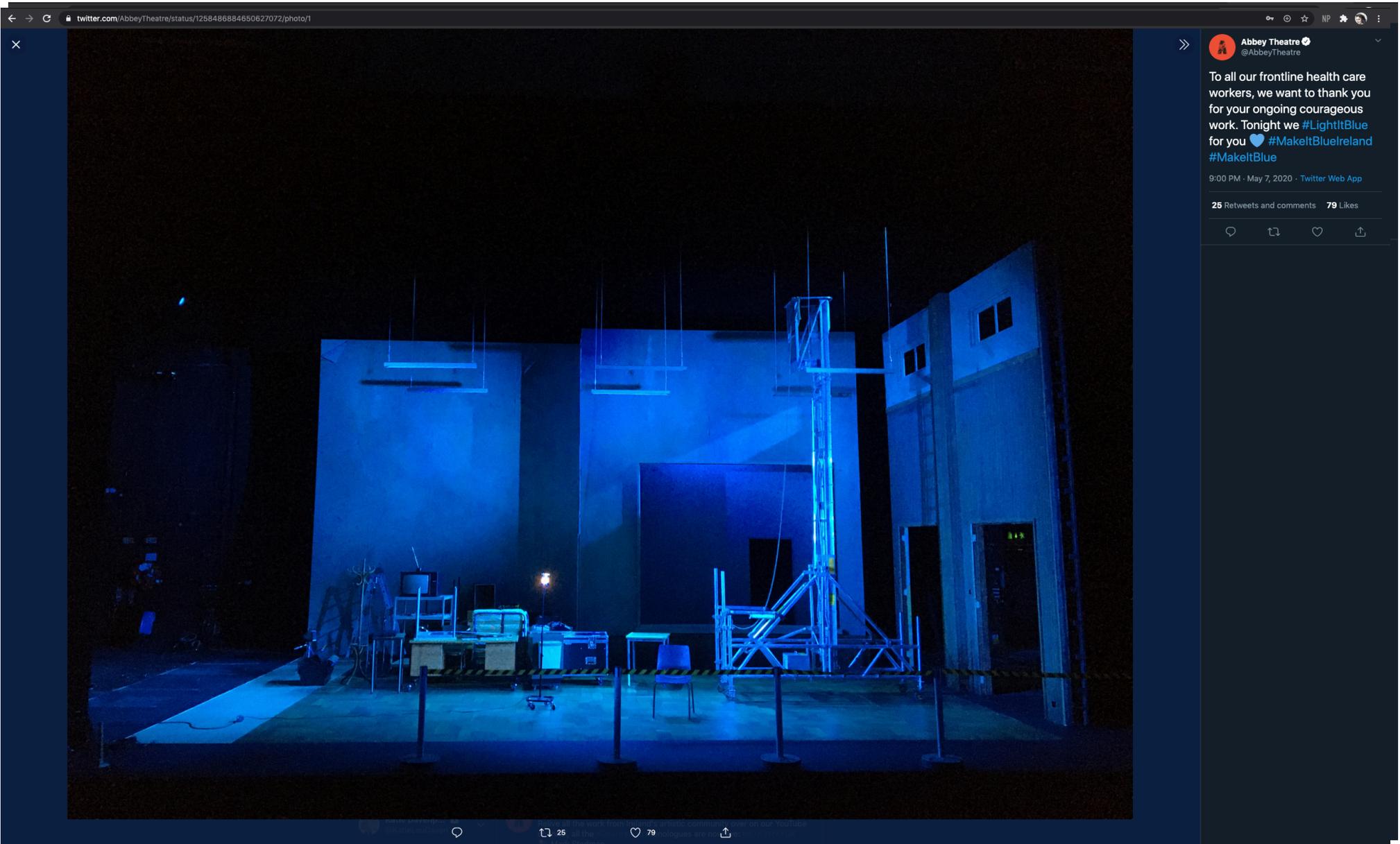
Lívia & Nathan

Thursday 28 May

Worst of the first wave is over, in Ireland at least. That's starting to become clear, after the heights of April. We're still in lockdown. We've all gone kinda stir-crazy. We've agreed to have these Zoom conversations, the twelve of us, interruptions in the fabric of an already interrupted time.

The Hong Kong protests are escalating. China's response increasingly draconian. Guardian: Beijing is preparing to impose a highly restrictive anti-sedition law on Hong Kong on Thursday, bypassing its legislature, and threatening the freedoms granted its citizens under the 'one country, two systems' policy. Death toll in the US has topped 100,000 today.

Notes: We're all still at that stage where we're talking about the future. Will the world change? Will it not? Do we carry on making work in the way we used to? Do we not? Do we even know how we used to make work? We talk about labour, different kinds of labour, how it's valued, in theatre, in visual art. What's expected. What's invisible. What's assumed. We talk about being agile, learning from the conditions. But then we also talk about refusing to learn—for once, as artists, saying no, we're not gonna just adapt to this and learn from this and make work that fits around this. We talk about the studio too, what it means. But like we don't just wanna fucking do research.



[Screengrab: empty stage set for The Fall of the Second Republic, Abbey Theatre]
Katie Davenport → → Livia Páldi



above

Sarah Pierce, Meaning of Greatness (2006).
 Courtesy Irish Museum of Modern Art. (Victory Bell,
 Kent State University, Ohio May 1, 1971. Courtesy
 May 4 Collection, KSU Libraries and Archives.)
 Sarah Pierce → → Suza Husse

opposite
 [response: letter] Suza Husse
 → → Sarah Pierce

18 August 2020

Dear Sarah,

Thank you for the wonderful photograph.

I notice a sense of calm and tension in the bodies of the students sitting and laying under the trees. The trees have only begun to grow leaves - it must have been a long winter. Everyone's attention seems to be on a little ruin or folly away from the trees which is populated by a smaller group of people who are facing the larger gathering. One person seems to be taking a photograph of another one posing on the structure. Some are looking to the buildings on the left, maybe they expect something or someone to appear from there.

Witnessing and remembering resistance
 Witnessing and remembering injustice

- holding space for the proposals and demands for change that are still unanswered

I too share a love or obsession for archives and archiving of resistance, recording of alternative possibilities, the futures that would have been, could still be, in the past and present. Emma had this beautiful quote from somewhere about the aptitude ~~of~~ for making each other possible - that is what I feel when I encounter

the presence and work of people who are/were active in change and resistance. Your work reminded me of one of the many ^{anti-racist} protests in the last years against a march of German fascists and right wing supporters that I joined in June 2018. I am sending you a picture of a moment that day. You see the boats that were for me the most amazing part of the protest ^{exhilarated} together with the feeling of connectedness and joy and the sense of possibility, transformation and, yes power, that moved me deeply.

The boat in the middle with the sail that says NIE WIEDER - never again - and which is closest to the bridge on which the fascist march will pass a minute later (in front of the Bundestag - German Parliament) is the boat run by the

organization "Women In Exile". They are a self-organized support and advocacy group for migrant and refugee women in Berlin. On their boat and around it were a wild, cheerful and angry gang of feminists of color, migrant activists, queers and anti-racists, anti-fascists of all kind of backgrounds. I was in the large crowd on the river bank of the Spree (from where I took the picture) who had halted to make noise against the fascists. We were listening to the speeches and joining in to the chants that were orchestrated from the boats.

The banners on the boats are a bit difficult to see, here's what they say:

Boats Against Patriotism
Refugee Women Make Noise

Better What Than Brown (brown referring to the color of the Nazis)
Solidarity Not Racism - City for All

Anarchy

FCK AfD (German fascist party who organized the march)

We'll Come United
United Against Racism

We are colourful and fabulous
You are brown and stinky

Never again ^{will we} swim in brown sauce

It has been, I think, one of the most beautiful and joyful protests I have ever joined. It happened in a time of escalating racist violence and growing support for ^{the} right wing. Since the beginning of the right wing marches led by Pegida (Patriotic Europeans against the Islamization of the Occident) in Dresden (where I grew up around Neo-Nazi dominance and violence in the city) the Machado Antonio Foundation has counted 25 people predominantly from migrant and POC communities that were murdered in racist/fascist/anti-semitic attacks. (and 4 ~~people~~ murders with suspected racist motivation).

In the year I have spent in Ireland two atrocious ^{Irish} attacks have happened - in Galway on a synagogue and a bistro and in Hanaau on a series of cafes and bars - marking points of Hanaau's post-migrant community.

In 2015 Emma and I started working on what has become Canal continues to become) The Many Headed Hydra. It's a collectivity that is shape shifting, water bound and interested in remembering, witnessing and nurturing anti-colonial, anti-racist forms of being and struggling together, of making stories, creating magazines from there. I am sending you our very first magazine that we made together with a group of people across different seas in 2016. It is also a trace of a time of politics and art making getting more intensely entangled in my life and within District, the queer-feminist art space and community centre that ~~we~~ have been building and are sharing in the Directorship with a fierce and tender gang - a bit like the one of the boat, or maybe that's our future and past.

Much love from Askeaton

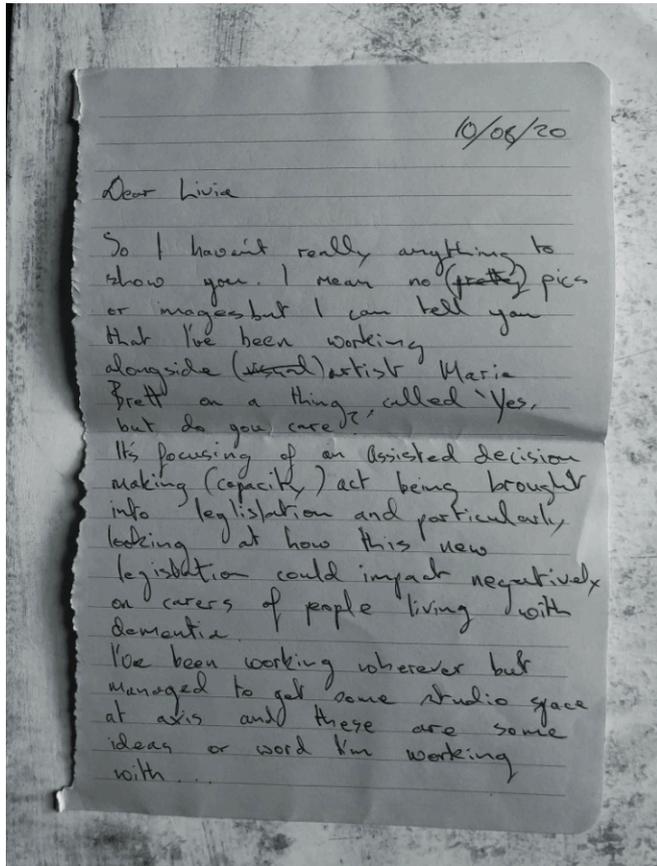
Suzie



Protest boat run by Women in Exile
as part of the demonstrations against
the march of right wing supporters organized
by the AfD

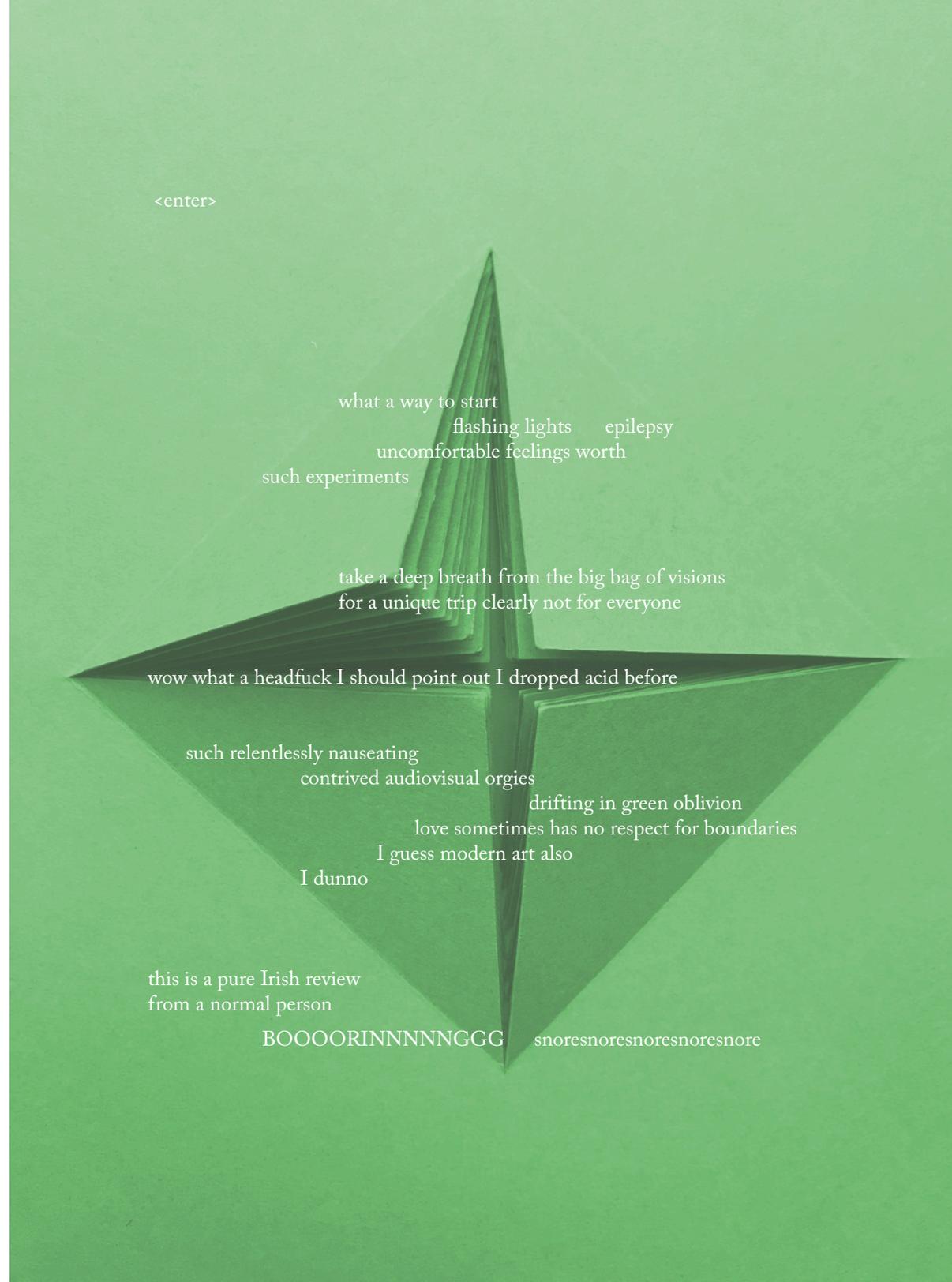
Berlin, river Spree, in front of the German Parliament
27 June 2018

photo: Suzie Husse



above
[letter] Philip Connaughton
→ → Livia Páldi

opposite
[image] Aoibheann Greenan
→ → Christodoulos Makris
[text] Christodoulos Makris
→ → Aoibheann Greenan



<enter>

what a way to start

flashing lights epilepsy

uncomfortable feelings worth

such experiments

take a deep breath from the big bag of visions
for a unique trip clearly not for everyone

wow what a headfuck I should point out I dropped acid before

such relentlessly nauseating

contrived audiovisual orgies

drifting in green oblivion

love sometimes has no respect for boundaries

I guess modern art also

I dunno

this is a pure Irish review
from a normal person

BOOOORINNNNNGGG

snoresnoresnoresnoresnore

Thursday 18 June

There's been a change in tenor/tempo. We all feel it. Darkening political landscape. Duda in Poland. At home, construction has reopened. There's all this stress; uncertainty. All this traffic. One of us talks about seeing their elderly neighbour take a fall, on her doorstep, and what it revealed—something about frailty, fragility—the fall defined (opened) this whole new space around her'.

Irish Times: The mayor of Portland has demanded US president Donald Trump remove federal law enforcement from the city. Protests have taken place in the city for nearly two months since the police killing of George Floyd.

Notes: During the last three weeks things have changed at a quick pace: how to catch up, keep record of these days/weeks, what are the 'suitable' forms and methods of note-taking? Who keeps a diary? What matters? What is the subject of observation? How to reflect while uncertainties are still the norm of the day? Different sense of time and space. What is the rhythm of note-taking?

Duda's going to win.

Thursday 9 July

Who are we doing this for?

We talk about the institutions, a lot about the institutions: what they are, what they want, what we want. How to broaden the frame of the institution. How to (genuinely) hand over space. Also we talk about how the horizons have been reduced. The logistics of being present, making work, but also tending to our surroundings, the people within our ambit. The need to value quiet modest work, the small audience, the intimate experience, the partial and unfinished. Serendipity and play. 'Surrendering to the logistics.'

A great blockade, like a national firewall, has been lowered over Hong Kong, limiting people's internet, their capacity to communicate, their information being passed to the authorities.

Notes: The frustrations of doing this on Zoom. The desire to extend our bodies through the screen, to be in the same space together. One participant described it like a hand reaching out of frame, becoming corporeal: that's the desire.

One participant talks about how interested they've become in unboxing videos. Not so much for content as for the way in which information is revealed.



Niamh McCann, [Postcard 2 \[The Exemplar\]](#).
Niamh McCann → → Nathan O'Donnell

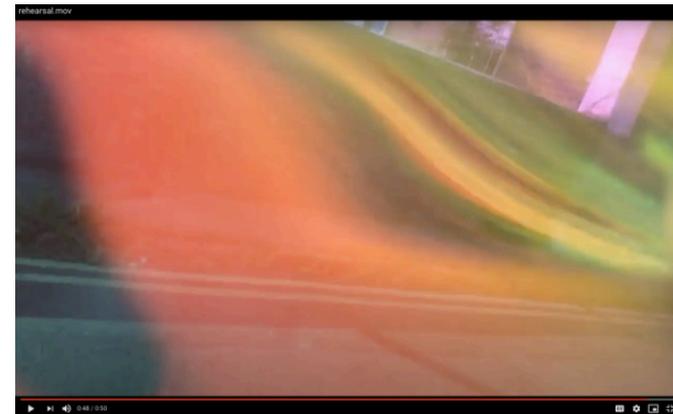
[response] Nathan O'Donnell → → Niamh McCann

It's a postcard first of all. I get this postcard in the door but not a formal card, just an A5 print-out on copier paper I think with an image on one side and on the other, a line drawn down the middle to separate the message and my address. The image is a photo of Sophie laid out on a bed, taken from an angle, the camera laying on the floor beneath, so it's like Sophie's as flat as the bed, just another layer on top of the bed, only with the ears cocked, alert. Sophie lies there, regarding the viewer, contented. I remember Sophie—Niamh's dog—from when I first met Niamh, like a decade ago. Back then Niamh was seeing a friend of mine. I'd just started seeing my partner. And my partner and Niamh's partner lived in a house together in Stoneybatter, so I'd meet Niamh there, but we were like two visitors in that house, I mean we got along but we weren't at home together, exactly. We didn't know each other yet. We had some dinners, though, and at least one night of ferocious drinking, the four of us. Five of us, if you include Sophie, as we did: this handsome energetic Staffordshire Bull Terrier. We all loved Sophie. And so when I see Sophie again, now, laying on a bed, contented, on the front of the postcard from Niamh, it prompts this flood of memories of that house in Stoneybatter with the walls half-painted and the long bare dining table, spread with candles and bottles of wine. All of us trying to figure each other out. And it makes me recall how long I've known Niamh and how we've had this other connection that's nothing to do with art, and it's like I'm being hailed by an old friend, someone I haven't seen in a very long time. It's strangely emotional, seeing a dog you once knew. I turn the postcard over. On the back, a link has been handwritten in pen. I don't think I've ever seen a link handwritten in pen on a piece of paper before. I transcribe it into a search engine—it's a vimeo link—and there's a password. When I enter the password I'm brought to a screen with a video playing. I see a pair of feet, in brown loafers—are they loafers?—planted on the ground, on a yellow circle, one of those social distancing circles, indicating what's two

metres, what's two metres from what. The feet are at rest, as far as I can see, but they also seem agile somehow like maybe they're about to jump. A little tension in the ankle suggests they are not weighted down. The camera begins to rotate, taking in everything that can be seen at ground-level, from the position of these feet; skirting boards, the bottom of a reception desk, black doors that I recognise as the doors of the lobby of Fire Station Artists' Studio, the scratches and pock-marks on the poured concrete floor, the Covid-yellow floor markings. I am thinking about: limitations, rootedness, agility, refusal. Maybe I don't mean refusal—the refusal to jump?—maybe I mean inertia, stasis. I think about another artist's work, Isabel Nolan's, a show at the Douglas Hyde Gallery which included a constellation of images, snapshots, of ankles, feet, the bit where the sculpture meets the pedestal, the heel. I think about another artist's work, Sheilah (Restack) Wilson's, a work she made through walking, wrapping her feet in photographic paper, bearing and recording the imprint of the land. I think about another artist's work, Tamarin Norwood's, which has nothing to do with feet, but it's about lines, why am I thinking about lines? In an email to me and another writer once she quoted this, from Derrida: 'It is as if a lidless eye had opened at the tip of the fingers, as if one eye too many had just grown right next to the nail, a single eye, the eye of a cyclops or one-eyed man.' I think about feet with eyes: monstrosities. Where would the eyes be? The toes? Or would they be nestled in the soft part between the heel and the bottom of the metatarsals, underfoot, the malleable part, where all the ligament is, one eye blinking open in the soft tissue of each foot. I think about this monstrous perspective, the view of the underfoot, the supplicant, the abject. On Zoom I try to articulate this. We are talking about the things we've all received, the fragments of work or not-work, whatever. I say something about perspective and the body and the ground and how we're oriented, but then Niamh says no, no, she didn't intend any of that. It's an off-shoot, she says, part of her process at the moment, playing with camera angles, drawing the camera down to foot-level, ankle height, playing with visual hierarchies in this way. It's one of any number of test shots, she says, she might as easily have thrown it out. It's throwaway, a bit of process. It's just technical. I understand this but I also don't. I don't think I understand technicality. My reading splits off from the work.

When I think about it later, I realise maybe the split, my reading, didn't come from the clip at all, but from Sophie, lying on the bed, lying as flat as the bed. Maybe it's my memory of Sophie, exploring that house in Stoneybatter, exploring with her feet, sniffing, playing, investigating the floor, the ground, the low-lying places, indifferent to the abstract emotional choreography of the upright creatures around her, indifferent, that is, to our monumental, boring verticality.

[response] Katie Davenport
→ → Nathan O'Donnell



Thursday 30 July

The range of our activity has narrowed. One of the artists talks about the experience of just going to the post office or whatever, undertaking mundane tasks that relate to the work but always seemed sort of incidental. Now they have become magnified, exaggerated: the actions that surround the work.

Protests in Belarus are ongoing, intensifying. There is footage online of a group of women standing up to police. On 30 July a permitted rally of presidential candidate Svetlana Tikhanovskaya took place in the Friendship of Peoples Park in Minsk.

Notes: difficulty of writing. It's something we all feel. The incapacity to write full sentences. Paralysis. It has something to do with the power structures, doesn't it, with the institutions; the 'return', demands, expectations. We talk about how to protect what freedoms we've won. Months of self-negotiation. What is it that we're doing here? Holding space for one another.

At the end of the session, we agree to do an exercise. 'Threeing.' We will exchange work in groups of three and then respond. We will provide one another with an audience.

Thursday 20 August

This is the last of our five sessions. The fragility of this thing now seems apparent, a set of conversations we've had difficulty defining. It feels tender. We don't want this thing to continue but nor do we want it to end. There has been some value in it, that seems agreed.

It has been announced this week that almost half of Covid cases in Ireland relate to meat-packing plants or Direct Provision centres. Arrests in Thailand over pro-democracy protests. The EU has said it will not recognise Belarus election results. Yesterday a Sudanese teenager tried to cross the channel from Calais in a rubber dinghy, and drowned.

Notes: everyone has sent and received something. We do a kind of show-and-tell. People have sent letters, photographs, short texts, video clips, recipes, postcards, collages. What we have sent one another are minor intimate things. Parts, not wholes. We are working with parts now, provisionally, unable to think of the whole. We formulate responses. It's just us, the twelve of us. This is the encounter. We talk about that, the encounter—the non-spectacular exchange, the audience of ten or twelve instead of a hundred, a thousand. Maybe that's what we're doing here. We are performing a kind of infrastructure.



Roast

Spiced

[recipe] Ronan Phelan → → Aoibheann Greenan

Hi Aoibheann,

Please find attached a sachet of Ras-el-Hanout and Rose.

Ras-el-Hanout is a North African (traditionally Moroccan) spice blend made by combining the best aromatics available to a given shop, vendor or company. There is no recipe. Each mix is dependent on what's available and what tastes good. I found this mix during lockdown and loved it.

I read up about Ras-el-Hanout then (literally translated it means 'top-of-the-shop', or 'head-of-the-shop' or 'top-shelf') and found out that the blend Nigella Lawson recommends contains rose petals and buds. So I tracked some down and added them.

I've been thinking about food, reading about food, cooking food, and eating a lot lately. I've started considering ways to make theatre about food. Well, probably not *about* food. But maybe with food? Or through food?

Or perhaps, more accurately, theatre about the act of cooking, about making food for other people and also, maybe, about eating, and why it feels good to do these things together? Or something about the dinner table maybe? About whether it can ever be a neutral place? Can it ever become a common ground that facilitates debate and dissent and entertainment without agenda? Or is the question moot because it presumes you've been invited to the table in the first place? And whose dinner party is this anyway?

In the meantime here's a recipe that makes use of Ras-el-Hanout and Rose. Feel free to go your own way, but I've tried this and can attest to its deliciousness.

Ingredients

1 medium butternut squash
(1–1.3kg), peeled and chopped
into 2cm cubes
1 tbsp light olive oil (no need for
extra virgin, the temperature of the
oven neutralises its taste)
1–1.5 tbsp Ras-el-Hanout and rose
1 small bunch fresh coriander,
leaves picked
1 pomegranate
250ml Greek yoghurt or natural
yoghurt
2–3 drops rosewater
Sea salt flakes

Method

Preheat the oven to 180C.

Place the cubed butternut into a roasting tin with the olive oil and toss with your hands until everything is nicely coated and glossy. You might feel you want more oil; follow your heart. Sprinkle over the Ras-el-Hanout and rose petals and some sea salt flakes and toss again until the veg is coated fairly evenly.

Pop the tin in the oven and roast the squash for 20 mins, turning once about half way through.

Take the tin out, sprinkle with more salt and roast for a further ten minutes. You want the squash to be soft but not mushy.

While the squash is roasting, combine the yoghurt with the drops of rose water. Easy does it with the rose. A few drops and it's like delicate Turkish delight; a couple more and it's like sucking on pot pourri. Taste after three drops, see if you need more and proceed drop by drop til you're happy with it. Mix in some salt flakes and a few tablespoons of milk or water to thin it out (you want the consistency of Caesar dressing) and then leave to one side, out of the fridge, to come to room temperature.

When the squash is ready, arrange on a wide plate. Drizzle with the rose/yoghurt dressing, scatter with the coriander leaves and festoon with pomegranate seeds. The easiest way to get them out is to slice the pomegranate through the root, then with a wooden spoon or the like, tap the cheek of the fruit repeatedly until the juicy seeds rain down. Eat greedily.

Participants

Sarah Browne is an artist based in Ireland concerned with non-verbal, bodily experiences of knowledge and justice. This practice involves sculpture, film, performance and public projects, as well as forms of writing and publishing in diverse contexts. In 2019 she presented [Public feeling](#), a commission for South Dublin County Council. This project explored the health impacts of austerity on the individual and collective body and the politics of 'resilience'. Informed by fitness culture and choreography, the project was realised as a series of participatory performances in public leisure centres in the county, staged in the format of fitness classes. In 2009 she co-represented Ireland at the 53rd Venice Biennale with Gareth Kennedy and Kennedy Browne, their shared collaborative practice. Browne is associate artist in residence with University College Dublin College of Social Sciences and Law.

Philip Connaughton is a choreographer and performer from Dublin. He trained at the Rambert School of Contemporary Dance in London. In 2013 he made his first piece, [Mortuus Est Philippus](#) for Dublin Dance Festival. In 2014, he formed Company Philip Connaughton and made [Tardigrade](#) which won best design in the Tiger Dublin Fringe Awards. In 2015 he created [Whack!!](#) which toured extensively throughout Ireland and France, was performed at MOMA NYC in September 2016. In 2017 he created [Extraterrestrial Events](#), which previewed at Le Regard du Cygne, Paris before its premier at DDF 2017. [ASSISTED SOLO](#) was made for Dublin Fringe Festival 2018. Following that [Mamafesta Memorialising](#) was created for the festival Question de Danse at Klap- maison pour la danse in Marseille before its Irish premiere at Cork Opera House. He has also worked extensively in opera, theatre and musical theatre. Philip is a resident artist at Project Arts Centre.

Katie Davenport is a set and costume designer based in Dublin and trained at IADT. In 2017, she was designer in residence at The Gate theatre in Dublin. She has designed for most of the major theatre companies in Ireland, including The Abbey, The Gate, Irish National Opera, Landmark and Rough Magic. In 2019 she was nominated for an Irish Times Theatre Award and represented Ireland at The Prague Quadrennial, a world exhibition of theatre design.

Aoibheann Greenan is an Irish artist currently based in London. Her works in performance, installation and moving image examine the mutability of cultural documents across time, probing their transformative potential in the present. She is interested in staging as a locus for renegotiating relationships between bodies and images, action and passivity, immediacy and mediation. Aoibheann is a founding member of East London Cable, an artist collective based at Raven Row, London. Since 2018 the collective has been producing, platforming and commissioning works that converge around the intersection of broadcasting and artistic practice.

Suza Husse is active within artistic and social practices, including learning, dreaming, caring, fighting and transforming together with others. Since 2012, she has been co-shaping the queer*feminist art space [District](#) Berlin with an emphasis on collaborative and performative practices, transdisciplinary research and political imagination. From here, she co-founded the collective [The Many Headed Hydra](#) for decolonial myth making and publishing with an interest in queer aqueous ecologies, and co-initiated the series "Dissident Stories from the GDR and pOstdeutschland" with the artistic research publication "[wild recuperations. material from below](#)" (Archive Books, 2020).

Niamh McCann is an Irish artist living and working in Dublin. Recent solo exhibitions include [Furtive Tears](#) at Dublin City Gallery: The Hugh Lane, La Perruque (Protest Song) at MAC Belfast and [Just Left of Copernicus](#) in Visual Carlow. Group exhibitions include: [Future Perfect](#), Rubicon-Projects Brussels; [Changing States: Contemporary Art and Francis Bacon's Studio](#), BOZAR, Belgium; [Time Out of Mind: Works from the IMMA Collection](#), Irish Museum of Modern Art; [In Other Words](#), Lewis Glucksman Gallery, Cork; this little bag of dreams, Catherine Clark Gallery, San Francisco; and [Without-Boundaries](#), Wäinö Attonen, Museum of Art, Finland Her work is represented in the collections of IMMA, The OPW, Limerick City Gallery, Swansea City Council, The London Institute, and Hiscox Collection, London.

Christodoulos Makris is 'one of Ireland's leading contemporary explorers of experimental poetics' (The RTÉ Poetry Programme). He has published three books of poetry, most recently [this is no longer entertainment: A Documentary Poem](#) (Dostoyevsky Wannabe, 2019), as well as several pamphlets, artists' books and other poetry objects. His second book [The Architecture of Chance](#) (Wurm Press, 2015) was a poetry book of the year for RTÉ Arena and [3:AM Magazine](#). One of Poetry Ireland's 'Rising Generation' poets, he has presented his work widely across media and borders, and

received awards and commissions from a range of bodies and institutions including the Irish Museum of Modern Art, European Capital of Culture, StAnza International Poetry Festival, The Arts Council of Ireland, and Maynooth University. He is the poetry editor at [gorse journal](#) and associated imprint Gorse Editions.

Ronan Phelan is a freelance theatre director who works across many genres including new writing, classic text and musical theatre. He is Associate Director at Rough Magic Theatre Company and the current curator of its artist development programme. His previous works have received critical and commercial success leading to transfers and national tours. He is an alumni of Rough Magic's SEEDS programme (2012–2013) and was subsequently appointed Resident Assistant Director at the Abbey theatre (2014–2016).

Since 2003 **Sarah Pierce** has used the term **The Metropolitan Complex** to describe her project, characterised by forms of gathering, both historical examples and those she initiates. The processes of research and presentation that Pierce undertakes demonstrate a broad understanding of cultural work and a continual renegotiation of the terms for making art, the potential for dissent, and self-determination. Pierce works with installation, performance, archives, talks and papers, often opening these up to the personal and the incidental in ways that challenge received histories and accepted forms. Her interests include radical pedagogies and student work, art historical legacies and figures such as El Lissitzky, August Rodin, and Eva Hesse, and theories of community and love founded in Maurice Blanchot and Georges Bataille.

Dick Walsh is a Dublin based theatre maker interested in author driven, experimental theatre. His work ranges from very formalistic explorations of language, often using verbatim transcriptions, to using theatre to meditate on very personal and emotive themes. Notable work includes [Oneday](#) (2008), [George Bush and Children](#) (2016) and [Newcastlewest](#) (2015).

Colophon

Published by Project Arts Centre on the occasion of the discursive project, *Studio Interruptions*, co-convened by Project Arts Centre and IMMA (28 May–20 August 2020).

Editors: Nathan O'Donnell, Livia Páldi

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Studio Interruptions took place in the context of an exhibition, *Lucian Freud and the Artist's Studio*, at IMMA, 12 February–30 August 2020, an iteration of the five-year IMMA Collection: Freud Project. Exhibition team: Christina Kennedy, Lisa Moran, Johanne Mullan, Nathan O'Donnell.

Studio Interruptions involved the formation of an artists' discussion group to talk about process, collaboration, and working conditions for practitioners across forms.

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IMMA ÁRAS NUA-EALÁINE
NA HÉIREANN
IRISH MUSEUM OF
MODERN ART

