

THE

# Scroll.

MAGAZINE



ISSUE 6



Featured Artists **The McGuire's**

# CONTENTS

<b>INTRODUCTION</b>	<b>1</b>
<b>POETRY AND WRITING</b>	<b>2 - 11</b>
<b>PHOTOGRAPHY</b>	<b>12 - 21</b>
<b>FEATURED ARTISTS THE MCGUIRE'S</b>	<b>22 - 35</b>
<b>ART AND DESIGN</b>	<b>36 - 49</b>
<b>EMBRACE YOUR FUTURE</b>	<b>50</b>
<b>WINTER SHUTDOWN FESTIVAL</b>	<b>51</b>

# INTRODUCTION

## WHAT IS SCROLL

Scroll Magazine is an online and print magazine. The magazine aims to repetitive a variety of small local artists in the Hull area. Scroll is a platform that intends on helping smaller artists gain exposure and promote their own artwork. From writers, to photographers, to artists, the magazine is a collection of works from a large group of influences and backgrounds.

## WHO?

Procured by a small group of 16-29 year olds with a passion for art, the magazine was founded on an ideal to incentivise creativity in Hull as well as showcasing what it has to offer. The city has a bubbling, artistic and cultural scene, and The Scroll is potential that lies beneath. With every issue included will be a feature artist who will have their work showcased on the cover of the magazine, as well as a short interview. We hope this will give artists further exposure.

## WHY?

Scroll Magazine hopes to act as a platform for smaller artists to get their work published and to potentially form collaborations. As well as showcasing local artists, we also aim to support small, local businesses in Hull, by offering various advertising spaces in the print publication.

## HOW OFTEN?

The Scroll Magazine will be published every two months for the moment, with possibilities in the future to become a monthly curated magazine of art.

To apply for future issues, email us your work at:

**scrollhull@gmail.com**  
**www.thescrollmag.co.uk**

  | @TheScrollMagazineHull

## WHAT IS YOUTH ARTS TAKEOVER

As one of the Youth Arts Takeover series of arts events in Hull, the Scroll is co-designed with a group of young creatives between the ages of 16-29, who influence the contents featured and overall look of the magazine. The Youth Arts Takeover is part of Goodwin's Development Trust family of projects and is funded by the Arts Council England. The project encourages young people to take initiative and contribute while gaining full control of their learning experience.

If you're wanting to get involved in Youth Arts Takeover please contact Andrew Harper

**AHarper@goodwintrust.org**  
**www.arttakeover.co.uk**

 | @YouthArtsTakeover

**YOUTH  
ARTS  
TAKEOVER**



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# CONSUMME



It's bright and white  
Floor and ceiling matching  
Reflecting  
A smooth surface  
And smooth service  
The beat of the Supermarket  
Click and tap  
The sweat rolls down and pools  
Under the plastic  
In the space inbetween your hands  
And the hereafter  
Ding! In one hand, the paper bag drops  
As your mask slips  
As you walk to the metal altar  
Between you and the end  
The security guard watches you  
Or so you think  
As you count the shopping  
Calculate its cost value efficiency  
The best harvest festival you can make  
With what you have  
Back over the threshold  
And between the metal  
Under the eyes  
Observing the lines  
You consume

# POWER



She stepped carefully  
Twisting an ankle down the slippery embankment  
Checking a damp phone for the thrill  
A message in a bottle  
A silent and heavy river  
Paced itself, as if waiting for the next boat to pass under  
the muddy bridge and broken fences  
She noticed the drum of a march close by  
And breathing, she drew in the noise like air  
Standing on the edge of the water  
She waited until the banners drew nearer  
The soggy cardboard matched her hair  
And like them, they clung to her  
It's a scary thing, being drawn into the crowd  
But at once quiet, she became wild  
Like the reeds along the river  
Her voice became needle sharp  
And power became her





# A NICER NORMAL



BY ANDREW GOOCH



What's to worry about the new normal?

A normal where bullying in schoolyards is no longer an issue as all the kids are two metres apart.

A normal where the sight of a bright blue sky is not so rare and the artificial chemtrail clouds are a little less common.

A normal where nurses are recognised as heroes rather than free targets for abuse.

A normal where a home is the centre of creativity rather than a hive of inactivity.

A normal where every bay window shines a rainbow out into the streets.

A normal where trips to the pub or cinema count as an occasion rather than a necessity.

A normal where our tongues prefer a traditional homecooked meal to the taste of greasy fast food.

A normal where face shields keep the germs out of the food that goes into our mouths.

A normal where public toilets are locked to those who would use them for mischief.

A normal where careless action that endanger the public are held accountable.

A normal where introverts and social butterflies sit in the same boat.

A normal where urgently needed ambulances can't get stuck in traffic.

A normal where television's iron grip over culture starts to rust.

A normal where you have the chance to make new friends in every shopping que.

A normal where we understand the value of standing together. If this is what's in store for the new normal, then I shall not miss the old one.



# AN ODE TO NOLAN NORTH

I never made many friends as a child, playmates came in the form of mascots like Mario. They all had their charms, Sonic was sassy, Crash was crazy but only in particular gave any sort of character kinship.

This was the ne'er-do-well hero for my teenage dreams. This was before every protagonist had the marketable urge to spout one-liners in every situation. This was Nathan Drake

His games were an unofficial bonding tradition shared with my brother. Three games, three separate Christmas evenings, each detailing the same tableau. Both of us huddled together around a childhood portable, the controller looking so small in big bros hands whereas my gameplay was restricted to that of a spectator. We were still boys back when the first instalment was released, before age began to nag at us that PlayStation is for kids.

The first time, we didn't know what we were in for, all we hoped was that rave reviews meant we'd finally own a game to make the four hundred pound console worth the electric. A U-boat stuck an Amazon waterfall, gunfights amongst untamed jungle and lots of shimmying along cliffs, I'd never seen my brother play such a game before. While, Francis Drake's descendent would die many times amidst a grey game over screen before I managed to get good with the buttons. I was not always my brother's shadow however, he had his own private sessions gaming alone

and quickly left me behind with the narrative of Drake's fortune. When he told me that the treasure was cursed, before I'd made it to the last level, it wasn't a spoiler as clickbait wasn't yet a thing. Still the tonal whiplash was felt, zombies in a grounded game about a man who can kill thirty mercenaries without regret or losing a hit point.

So naïve was I still back then, I didn't consider that such a platinum seller would garner a sequel in a couple years' time. So again me and my brother sat together a week before the dawn of a new decade, same bedroom, same positions, same Drake, embarking on a new adventure. Nonsensical, improbable and utterly insane but that's never stopped from me enjoying that spectacular opening tutorial countless times. Bloodied and bleeding, clambering up derailed train atop the freezing Himalaya, followed by a museum heist in Istanbul not ten minutes later. The bar had been raised, it was like watching a movie as if Indiana Jones and Lara Croft had made a baby and named it, 'Among Thieves'. There was a lot more swearing from my sibling this time, a sign of his elusive yet approaching maturity, whether it be the result of a guard's flashlight, a shotgun blast to the back or a million ill-judged leaps into bottomless pits.

To mother it appeared childish but to us the journey to Shangri-La was serious-we could not let the warlord Lazarevic beat us to the Chintamani. But alas, even great games must have their final boss and so we waved farewell again to Nate Drake as he got the girl against a satisfactory sunset.

Yet that wasn't the end, a year into the new decade, we took on the uncharted together one final time to celebrate the birth of Christ. By now Nate was more than just a texture of polygons,

he was an old friend, always there to cheer us up through cathartic violence and fabulous escapism. We were all older by the time of the third entry, we'd played our share of the system and nothing could surprise us anymore- the wonder of youth was fading. Drake's Deception wasn't tricky, it was an okay romp but clearly we all needed to grow up; Nate included.

A fourth game was eventually made, uncanny graphics, cinematic gameplay but we were all adults by then and those familiar Winter nights were long ago. A late hours job meant that this time my brother got to watch me get first dibs on the joystick. The roles now all reversed, this time it was him kneeling by the corner of my bed, asking questions on how Nate had landed in a Panamanian prison, it wasn't even during any Christian holiday but the middle of June. 'A Thieves' End'; a story of two brothers going on one final adventure together before going their separate ways in life- who would have thought that the developers had been spying on us for inspiration?

As a boy, the thought of Nate giving up his adventures and growing old with a family would have meant, I'd screwed up and gotten 'bad' ending.

As a man, replaying this quadrilogy of exciting escapades alone, while my brother raises a daughter of his own, I realise the true meaning of 100% completion.

Now that the discs are all scratched and their cases filled with dust, I see Nathan Drake for what he truly was; an avatar for the real figure I wanted to emulate. In hindsight, it's plain, I didn't need videogames growing up, just my brother playing them

## DAY AS THE DOCTOR

I couldn't name you a boy who didn't want to be like Doctor Who growing up.

I may not have fit in with the other kids but at least we had a shared admiration for the time-lord.

I might have only been twelve but back then I genuinely believed I could be the one to replace Tennant- even if the thought of him regenerating was unthinkable.

I imagined every dreary day and lifeless night of a future with monsters, dangers, beautiful companions and lots and lots of running.

I wanted to live 900 years with a forever youthful face that could hide my tired lonely eyes.

I wouldn't ever be alone or melancholy, how can you be sad after saving the entire universe?

I grew older, inevitably, the tenth became the eleventh before finally taking on the most drastic transformation of them all.

I slowly started to lose interest over the years- dreams, it seems, do not rejuvenate so easily.

I stopped caring about being a hero, at least not so dull and dogmatic against violence.

I stayed a nerd but removed Gallifrey from my list of escapist destinations.

I met girls and no longer saw them as potential companions, more complex puzzles to tinker at with my sonic screwdriver.

I devoted more energy to studying, making friends, being human rather than pretending to be alien.

I ceased looking up at the sky for a flying blue box and resigned to a slow life on Earth. That was until last night.

I went out on a date, an adventure to the trouble part of town.

I encountered what the state calls 'aliens' and heard phrases that definitely belong in the past.

I noticed a large figure creep up behind us as we turned down the unlit street and my heart began beating fast enough for two.

I felt a familiar tingle of fear, as if from staring down a Dalek that's

midway through screeching 'EXTERMINATE!'.

I caught the eye of my date, she met my gaze with a knowing look, for a few seconds we were still as if wondering over the resolution of this nail-biting cliff-hanger.

I smiled and shouted a single word: 'RUN!'

I dashed away hand in hand with my beautiful companion, the lumbering monster tailing at our heels.

I suddenly began to remember all those old episodes of the Doctor, the man who made fleeing look fun.

I checked on my girl, doing her best to keep the pace, clinging tightly to my hand so hard that even a dimensional rift could not separate us.

I got us to the safety of her front door, even if in hindsight we were never in danger.

I ironically needed to use a phone box in the end to call for a pickup after my mobile had been dropped amidst the chase.

I didn't care though, it may have taken years for what had possibly been his shortest incarnation. But for five minutes, I had been the Doctor!



# THE ATTIC



BY CRAIG WILSON



I hate living in this dark, dusty attic. It's filled with cobwebs and it has a musty smell. There are loads of old paintings, Christmas decorations and baby clothes.

The current family, the Martins, put a portable TV up here. (Don't get too excited, because it's pretty much dead.) I even tried the radio, but the sound is muffled and I have trouble messing about with the knobs.

Thirty years ago, my family used to live here with me. My father was a carpenter, and my mother was a hairstylist. I don't remember much about my folks – yet, I do recall some fond memories of them. And I often look back at the sad one, when they left me behind...

One night, a lunatic broke in and tied the Martins up. I bashed his brains in and turned the tables (having him tied up instead).

I saved the Martins, rang the cops, and I returned to the attic when the cops arrived. (The Martins were baffled, but thankful.)

The Martins' teenage daughter knows I live here. Unfortunately, I accidentally gave her a fright when she first saw me. After I explained my current situation, and that I am stuck here, she is no longer afraid of me.

She figured out I was the one that saved her and her family from the bad man, and sees me as a hero. She calls me Dario, and I get to call her Lucy.

Lucy often comes up here, just to visit me. She asks me if things are fine, tells me all about how school went, and asks if I had a good day.

Sometimes, Lucy makes me uncomfortable, whenever she asks, "Do you remember the night when you died...?"

The End



# HULL REVISITED— NOTES

Socialist cities, maritime kin,  
I came to Hull from Rotterdam  
and stayed twelve years –  
twelve years nearly-married  
eggs to the dozen  
hours to midnight  
Sandra and Karen.

Heroic, shell-shocked Old Town,  
the Arctic Fleet and Hessle Road  
soon to go down.  
Holderness Road de-docked,  
the Blitz-surviving yards  
forever locked. Arcing  
round ebb tides  
the Humber Ferry  
skirts borrowed time.  
Land of Green Ginger,  
Hedon, Dagger Lane:  
Whitefriargate, Wincomlee –  
a town in names.  
Spring Street Theatre, Queen's  
Gardens, The Polar Bear:  
Hull Brewery, rugby  
and I'm also there  
in Larkin's library  
loading my brain  
learning to be me  
again.

Twelve years. Feels epic,  
written, ordained. Twelve  
years I, me, a place –  
Sandra and Karen –  
what remains.

## JOHN

a giant  
genial and generous  
but yesterday  
huffed and puffed  
as he shuffled  
in a waking slumber  
home, from the café  
over the road  
through icy rain  
sleeting in off The Humber  
and slumped, deflated  
in a chair. Several times  
he seemed to die  
mid-sentence,  
heavy lids closing down  
as he sank back  
into himself  
recounting details  
of right deals  
gone wrong – tales  
of a good man  
in a bad business  
left him exhausted  
and baffled.

Today, old friend,  
you stomp down the stairs  
into your kitchen  
brimming with sunshine,  
smiling, looking  
at me through creased eyes  
like a newborn  
through first daylight,  
strange and dazzling –  
That's the best night's sleep  
I've had in ages.  
I feel fantastic!

BY DAVID BATTEN

## IN THE BLACK HORSE (NIGHT MARE)

Karen she's a silver moon

How we can change the future –  
for that is what you ask,  
disenchanted with the present

the topsyturvy present  
to which no one consents.  
Even the winners shake their heads.

Moon Mother  
you fear for your children  
and feel so powerless

though your gravity calls up the tides  
shaping our world in ways  
even you do not realise.

## WHAT REMAINS

We live in the flicker Joseph Conrad

There it lies, strung out in lights  
from ferry port to Humber Bridge  
the future I let be.

From the flaring floodlit deck  
which will bear me  
into this dense night

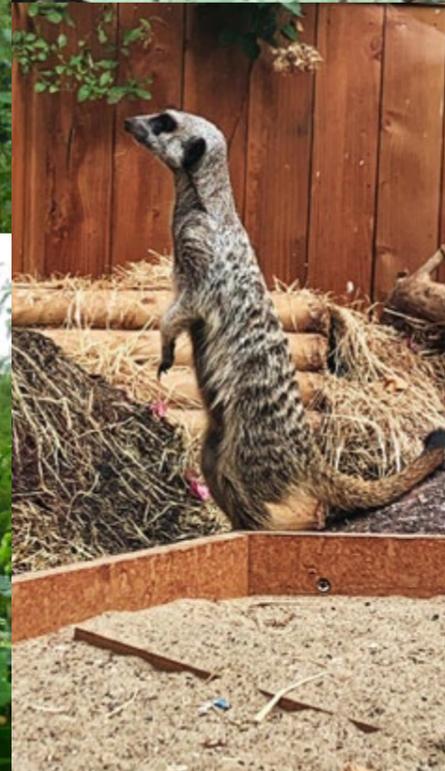
I see a newcomer  
in second-hand clothes  
with new friends, eager, naive

striding out along Newland  
on the way to buy books and coffee  
with borrowed money.

There it lies  
bisecting the immense darkness  
the receding line of brightness once  
lived.

BY DAVID BATTEN







PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUSAN RHODES







# FEATURED ARTISTS

## THE MCGUIRE'S

### 1. Your work is pretty unique, what made you want to create art in digital illusion and projection mapping? What or who has influenced you the most in your work?

We just tend to have ideas for projects and whichever artistic or technical practices will make them come into existence will be the ones we use. Digital illusions and projection mapping are some of the techniques we use often but there are many others that are needed to create our work. We love immersing people into the artificial worlds we create and the smoke and mirror of technology is one way of doing that while projection mapping has this amazing potential to superimpose an entirely different world onto any existing environment.

### 2. How did you come up with the idea for the Icebook?

Our backgrounds are in theatre and dance and we initially wanted to create a theatre show in which the stage opens like a pop-up book and performers would interact with the set and video projections. In order to demonstrate the idea we created a maquette which turned into The Icebook when people who saw it just found it mesmerising in its own right. In some ways it was a happy accident.

### 3. What lead you to want to work in theatre?

Davy studied devised theatre at Dartington College of Arts and Kristin studied dance so we are both originally 'stage crafters'. Kristin

performed for Cirque du Soleil for a while and Davy did a lot of high end advertisement films so we both ventured away from traditional theatre and dance and eventually ended up in the visual arts but with a strong desire to still tell stories with our work. Maybe that trajectory makes the work 'unique' although we often find that our projects are so hybrid that they are hard to categorise and describe in a successful way.

### 4. What has been your favourite art exhibition/collection you have made

We like the Dark Dolls House series which was first exhibited in London at Woolf Gallery in 2018. It's a series of wall hung, wooden dolls house-esque sculptures that are animated with film noir stories. The pieces literally have little pole dancers performing in them and viewers get glimpses of all sorts of shady underworld characters interacting with each other and the mini sets we created. People seem to like them because we sell these pieces in our galleries in London, Amsterdam and New York.

### 5. You have created your work for and in many different places throughout the world, where has been your favourite?

We love Japan, probably because it is so different from most places in the west. Davy loves cyberpunk aesthetics which you can inhabit as soon as you head into Tokyo at night time, and Kristin is very meticulous and Japanese culture has something very considered and detailed about it which she loves.

### 6. What is it like to work in a music video compared to the other work you have created?

Most of the music videos we have created were commissions from the musicians or their labels so they come with a brief which means you are bound by someone else's vision, their artistic ego and their audience's expectations. The same goes for other types of commissions, whether they come from the commercial or the public/cultural sector. Some briefs are super exciting and you get to push your boundaries in beneficial ways but some briefs can be restricting and you have to make compromises that make you sigh. Our most successful works have usually been those that come entirely from our own imagination; The Icebook, The Paper Architect, The Hunter, The Dark Dolls House series etc. Every other year we rebalance where we are with our 'own projects vs. commissions' ratio because both of them can be incredibly rewarding and mutually beneficial to each other if you get the balance right.

### 7. What is it like to work a duo?

Judging from what people often tell us it seems to be rare to have romantic partners get on professionally but for us it works. You cut out a lot of diplomatic bullshit and get straight to the core of an idea, we have also developed a shared professional language whereby we understand each other's visions

when nobody else probably would. At the same time it can be hard because you literally go to bed with your colleague and your first meeting of the day might start before you've brushed your teeth. Sharing our successes with each other and travelling together is brilliant but if something goes wrong we can't just leave it at work and complain to our spouse about the shit that's happened at work...

### 8. For young people who want to get into your line of work what is the best advice you can give them?

Treat your work like a proper job. Establish daily routines, meet your deadlines or impose some on yourself. Be frugal. Think like an entrepreneur: Who are my 'clients'? Where are my markets? Who wants to see or buy or commission my work? How do I make my money work? If you want to make a living from art then being creative is not quite as bohemian, "sex, drugs and rock'n roll" as the stereotype has it. There are exemptions of course but for the most part it's hard and 'proper' work.

### 9. Which work you have created so far would you say is your favourite?

Kristin's favourite piece is called 'Ophelia's Ghost' which is a very contemplative and beautiful life scale projection of a drowning woman into a water basin. Throughout Kristin's performance career she had

to play and dance a fair few dying maidens so the subject of female beauty and darkness always creeps back into our work. Davy's favourite piece is called 'The Paper Architect' which is a very melancholy one man theatre show in which the protagonist's imagination is made visible to the audience through projections. It's basically about an old model maker who gets evicted from his studio and as he has to leave a lifetime of exquisite paper models behind he imagines a version of his life played out in his own paper models. Davy was an only child whose toy soldiers inhabited his fictional worlds and this show probably reflects some of that loneliness.

### 10. What has been the most challenging work you have created so far?

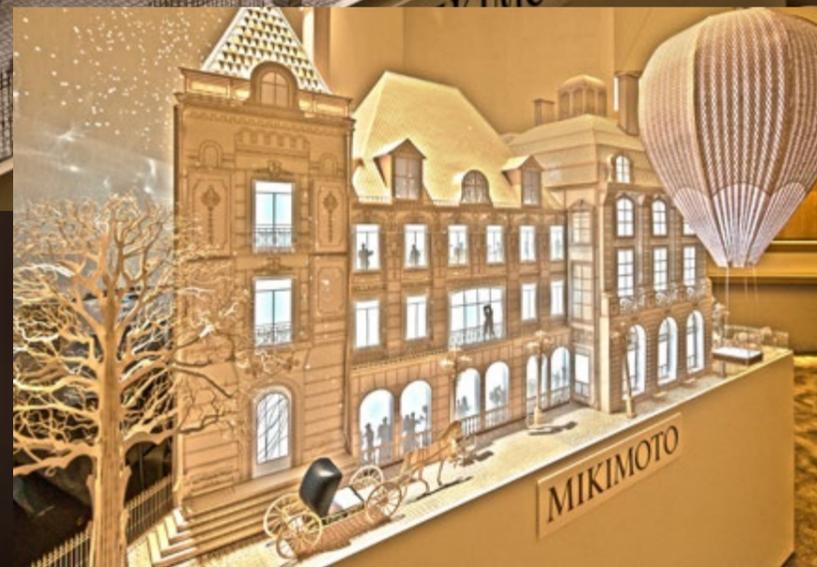
Almost every piece has been challenging in one way or the other. We constantly reinvent what we are doing because we would get bored if we kept doing the same practices over and over but that comes with the price of risk and pinch of fear. At the moment we are working on a mixed reality pop-up book and the technology is still really unreliable, incompatible, temperamental and expensive, so what we thought would be a great idea turns out to be a real pain. As soon as we've solved this issue there will be another one but for every annoying challenge there is one that opens up a whole new way of making exciting work.













MIKIMOTO

MIKIMOTO



BY HOLLIE VAN DE VYVER





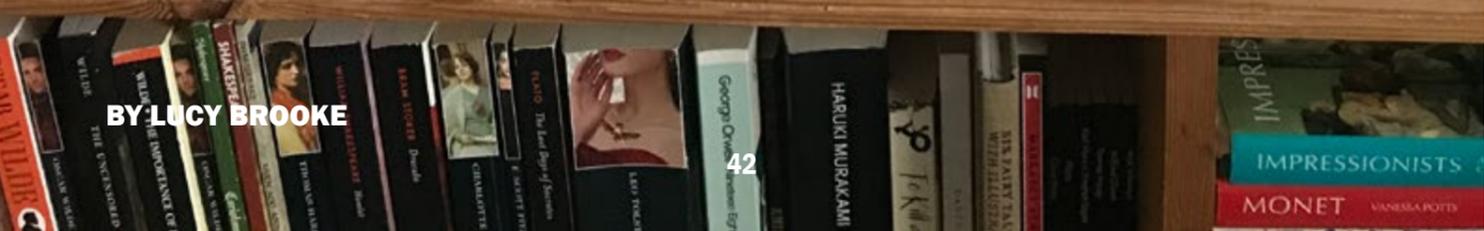
BY HOLLIE VAN DE VYVER



*Nickie*



BY HOLLIE VAN DE VYVER



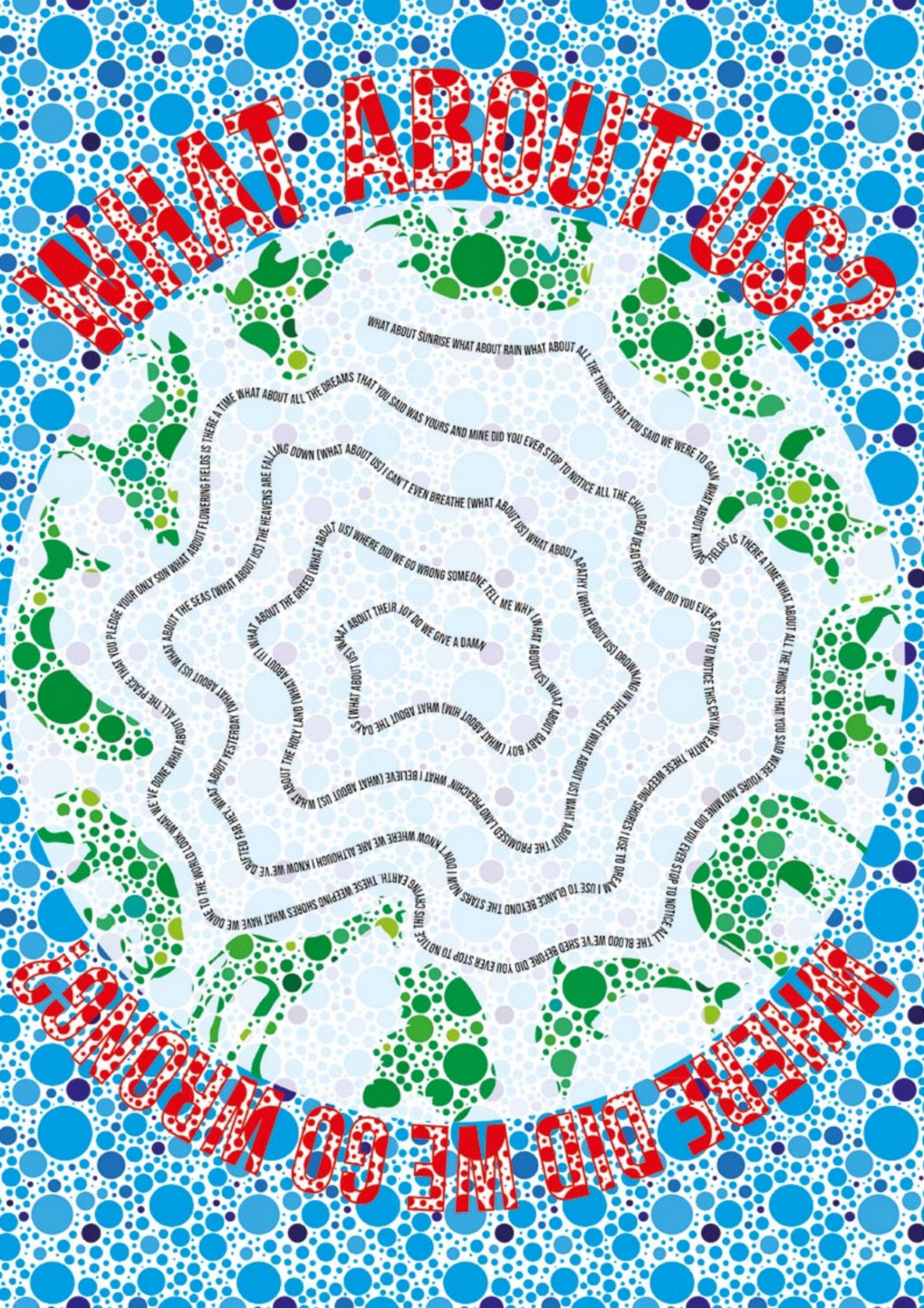


*I shall be better off with plants that share more peaceably the meadow*



BY LUCY BROOKE





# EMBRACE YOUR FUTURE

## ARE YOU...

- Aged 16-29?
- Unemployed or working fewer than 16 hours per week?
- Not in Education?
- Living in the Hull Area?
- Wanting to discover more opportunities for your future?

## YOU CAN GET INVOLVED IN ONLINE OR FACE TO FACE...

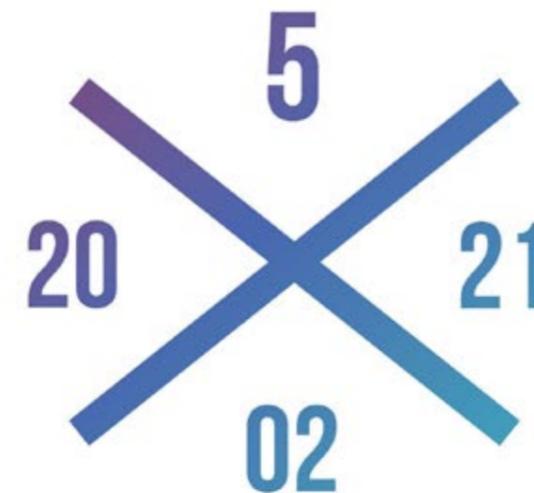
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Humber Learning Consortium is the lead partner for the Springboard Hull and Humber partnership project, providing specialist support and training for young people to access work and learning. This activity is part financed by the European Union through the European Social Fund and the Youth Employment Initiative and This-Ability on behalf of The National Lottery Community Fund.



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**THANK YOU FOR ALL SUBMISSIONS  
AND TO THE PEOPLE WHO ARE INVOLVED**