

The scene is a high-ceilinged hallway, downstairs in an old industrial building, somewhere in London. A restless energy infuses the space, crammed with a mass of equipment and bodies.

Karin is leaning nonchalantly against a green door, while Joanie the stylist is adjusting her belt. Kjetil, Karin's partner and the singer from noise metal band Årabrot, leans against bannister and chats to Alice from Purple PR. Paul staggers downstairs from Bloody Gray HQ, his arms full of crackers dripping liquid Camembert. Ric tries to untangle a pile of heavy electrical cable whilst eating crackers and grapes.

RIC: One leg further back and one slightly further forward... (then, under breath to Alice) she's much easier to work with than Paul, he doesn't have the legs...

ALICE: He's left it a bit late to start modelling now...

PAUL: (to Karin, through a mouthful of crackers and cheese) Those Scandinavian winters - how do you cope?

KARIN: I used to live in Bergen where it rains 250 days of the year - that has an effect on you, that has an effect on everything. You have to stay inside quite a lot. More time in the studio than on the beach! It's dark all the time and minus 30 degrees centigrade. That's bound to affect you.

RIC: It must get you down in January, February?

KARIN: It kills you in March when you think it's going to be spring soon...

RIC: ...but it's not happening.

PAUL: (master of the non sequitur) What are your favourite kinds of buildings to break into...?

KARIN: I break into so many things, that I don't know which ones to choose. When I was a child there were deserted houses close to where I grew up. When you go in them you come across loads of stuff, stuff that dead people have left behind, and it's like no one ever touches it. Close to where we live now there is an old blacksmiths and a mill. It's a snapshot of the past.

RIC: Have you ever been caught? Does the possibility of a night down the cells add to the thrill?

PAUL: She's not a housebreaker Ric.

KARIN: I recently broke into a... what do you call it...

KJETIL: ...a barn?

KARIN: Yes, a barn, to get hold of stuff for the *Restless* video.

RIC: I used to break into empty houses to squat them. One night I broke into a place I thought was empty. It wasn't. That resulted in a night in the cells.

KARIN: Squatting, I used to do that when I was 20. This is different. These places are *really* deserted, there's a different motive.

RIC: The nearest policeman is 500 miles away...

KARIN: ...exactly, but it's still exciting.

PAUL: What's your favourite find?

KARIN: Well actually, there's a synth I built from stuff I stole from the barn and it's in the *Restless* video.

PAUL: The one you burn.

RIC: That is so impressive, building an instrument from scratch...

KARIN: ...it didn't work.

RIC: You needn't have told me that!

RIC: Could you stand back exactly as you were.

There is some loud shuffling. Paul and Kjetil move to one side, Ric bends over what looks like an accordion on a pole.

KJETIL: (to Paul) What is that camera?

RIC: (to Karin) You are going to have to be quite still now - I'm going to focus on your eye - I mean, you can move a little if you have to... Where's the cloth?

PAUL: (to Kjetil) Cameras haven't changed much in 150 years. They're boxes with a hole at one end and film at the other - this is a Linhof Monorail.

RIC: Film is organic, like paint; it's what it can't do that makes it interesting...

KJETIL: ...and you have to wait...

PAUL: Exactly.

KARIN: Ah, hello (in sing-song voice) A man and a woman, both in their late twenties, emerge from the green door behind Karin; she has to move out of the way to let them through. They stare up at Karin (who, in heels, is a good eight inches taller than either of them). With eyes wide and jaws slack they step slowly through the mass of tripods, cameras, strobes, flight cases, garments and (mostly) beautiful people.

RIC: (to the man and woman) Come on through, come on through, take your time, no hurry. You don't mind us using your hall do you?

RIC: (to Karin) Can we focus again please?

KARIN: I know my favourite thing... I stole a plant once; it was just a stick, no leaves. We used it as a Christmas tree in 1998. I still have it in my house and it's magnificent now, covered in leaves.

Time passes while the team and the camera re-focus

RIC: (to Paul) I am thinking top to bottom, do you agree?

PAUL: Yeah... Have you moved that light?

KARIN: (to Joanie) Can you adjust me here?

RIC: What is that noise?

A very loud and constant whirring buzz originates from a wall somewhere overhead.

PAUL: It's your tinnitus. I can't hear anything.

KARIN: It's the gas pipe.

JOANIE: Someone must be having a shower.

RIC: How selfish.

Karin calls to Kjetil in Swedish, who runs upstairs to get something.

PAUL: You are big on family are you not?

KARIN: We get on well... I work with my brother... We argue sometimes but we are very direct, we say what we think.

PAUL: I noticed that, you look people in the eye.

There's a scraping noise as the strobe



is dragged a few inches across the stone floor, then the rhythmic thump of Kjetil's boots on the stairs, getting louder and closer.

KARIN: kerchooo.....!!

PAUL: That is the most delicate sneeze I have ever heard.

RIC: Think head low à la JD or MB... Quick practice shot to check the thermonuclear coil is still up to temperature...

A shallow BEEEEEP comes from military looking camouflaged metal box in the corner of the hallway.

RIC: Now for the real thing...

PAUL: On three... - b

On this page Karin wears:
Jacket & Trousers - **Petra Metzger**
Silver Choker - **Elsa Smith**
Ring - **Maria Piana**
Boots - **Dr. Martens**



On this page Karin wears: Necklace with safety pins - **Maria Piana**. Clear plastic and chain necklace - **Maria Piana**. Leather cropped vest - **Jayne Pierson**. Patent trousers with braces - **Petra Metzger**. Hand piece - **Maria Piana**. Ankle boots - **Petra Metzger**