

'Who are you?'

There's something tongue-in-cheek about the image that accompanies Jennifer Moon's exhibition at Transmission. Semi-glammed up on a throne, exuding an air of revolutionary grandeur, her dog (Mr Snuffles) in a matching beret, lies proudly at her feet. The Moon I meet in person cites her self as being a revolutionary leader, though it doesn't seem in a flashy way. The downfall of capitalism can be carried off, she believes, by an abundance of love – love yourself, love the world.

Her revolutionary credentials stuck solid throughout her 18 months in a California state prison and the curiosities on display give us a sort of comprehensive view of what that was like.

Turning up to the 'Bootcamp for Revolutionaries', I was thinking about the artists' time in prison, her anti-capitalist rhetoric and the request for us participants to wear hard toe boots. I'd overlooked the emphasis on 'unadulterated love' and the need for 'unrelentless awareness of self', which turned out to be far better indicators for the shape the afternoon would take.

I suppose it was a sort of detournement. Those team building exercises that Vodafone employees are sent on twice a year, to demonstrate how fun and important working in a team can really be. The ideal results are heightened efficiency, a greater turnover and an increase in capital. By re-framing these exercises into a gallery setting brings up a series of questions about the art world/business world and the traditional image of the artist as individual, in relation to that of collaboration.

Whilst these were questions that arose from the workshop, the emphasis didn't linger long on these strands. At times it felt like a group therapy session where the eight or so of us were subjected to a breakdown of our strengths and weaknesses. I fluctuated between angling for a one on one analysis and sweating heavily into my palms. Through trial and error, we learnt that it was easier to transport the ball across the room with bits of piping if we remained silent or that we could fit all our worries and desires onto an egg and that we'd feel something if it broke. Maybe.

In the accompanying text to the exhibition, 'Definition of Abundance', Moon writes about the importance of 'overflows'. Those coming from a place of abundance must naturally let it flow forth – 'when a vessel becomes full it then overflows'. Those who 'prevent' their material or emotional goods from overflowing are feeding a 'state of dissatisfaction', which according to Moon leads to a 'sense of worthlessness or unworthiness'.

I don't know. It all seems a bit too spiritual for me. Perhaps something gets tangled up over the Atlantic, but I feel that Trust In Tarot, so widespread in Los Angeles, doesn't stick so well in Glasgow. Sincerity makes us nervous. At some points I got frustrated and toyed with the idea of leaving, but somehow I felt I had a commitment to the group, which maybe meant something. Through a self-reflexive eye, I became hyper aware of how I functioned within this dynamic, which led me to thinking far more about self than group.

At the end we handed out crystals to one another and I left pretty quick for the pub.

Winnie Herbstein