

**Goldsmiths BA Fine Art**

15'

# FRAGMENT 12

MICHAEL ARCHER

Before you are Wadada, before you are Rastafari Wadada,  
You sit  
Cross-legged on the floor  
Before  
A large cloth spread out  
With trumpets  
Before you Ishmael, before we call you Ishmael  
You sit,  
Blue Johnny rings the bell  
A school bell, not  
A handbell, a bell held in the hand,  
A school bell,  
Before you  
A cloth, a carpet he said wherein  
The suffering landscape pales,  
That's still true, that hasn't changed,  
Different and different,  
They're all political, you say  
The boxer, yes, but the brown hornet too,  
Do not become accustomed you say,  
Consider the situation, the context  
A cloth, its fabric of fanciful lines, he said  
Awaiting the single word, he said  
Its undefinable order  
Essential beyond usefulness, he said  
Its dance  
Its rhythm, the iambs slow  
Gding gding  
Johnny (SA)  
Rings and rings, you stay

Your hands your lips  
You listen and hear, hear  
What you are hearing  
When you are hearing  
You say, no illusions you say, you hear  
And you listen and you stay  
Still you stay and Johnny rings,  
Those who cannot hear cannot speak,  
And you stay your lips  
And the bell is slow, gding gding  
But the pulse in your blood is quick quick  
And you hear quick quick and you still stay  
Still you stay slow  
Slow hand reaches,  
Returns before \_\_  
Blue Johnny (SA), bell to bass  
Quick quick  
And yet you stay  
The situation, the politics, always,  
the cloth, the suffering landscape,  
The waters different and different,  
That's still true,  
Nothing has changed on that score,  
Do your feet walk there as on carpets he asked,  
Arm slow reaches takes  
Trumpet lifts lowers  
Before lips, and still  
The cloth, the suffering landscape,  
Do not become accustomed,  
Hand takes,  
You improvise  
The cloth, the doubtful landscape,  
Do not become accustomed

# ENCOUNTERS

Laura White

What follows are my rememberings of artworks, stuff and other accumulations that I have come across this past year in my encounters with your work. These are not memories of momentary engagements, like the ones I have walking slowly through a museum or gallery, glancing at the artworks and artefacts as I make way to a particular destination. Most likely this will be an object, sculpture, singular or plural, that I value, find interesting, that challenges me or I just like the look of, as I concentrate my gaze for 5 minutes, more or less. No, these things that I am writing about I have engaged with for longer as I experience them throughout the tutorial or convenor session: a space where conversations are caught in the visual, audio and tactile experiences that influence and reshape my participation with the stuff in front of me. There I can allow my thoughts to meander and enter other experiences and other memories, to make connections with other things, like those that interest me in realms of anthropology, material culture and science. Here I can recount this process, this movement, from the stuff of the world to these words on a screen -- a movement through imagination, a process fuelled by my fascination with everyday stuff.

There are two objects sat on the convenor room floor. I first came across them as prototypes in a tutorial and now they have been made into two similarly shaped objects produced in different materials. I find it difficult to determine what they are made of by just looking at them. They are white in colour, but not the same white.

As soon as I enter this room in the Tate gallery this work demands my attention: Richard Tuttle's piece in the permanent collection at Tate Modern, titled '8th Paper Octagonal' 1970, bond paper and wheat paste. It is a white cut-out paper shape that has been glued to the wall absolutely flat, and yet stands out so

prominently due to the fact it is a different white to the rest of the walls in the gallery. When two whites sit next to each other I can really notice their different hue and tonality, like the objects on the floor in the convenor, precisely placed next to each other and holding their personal and unique whiteness. I imagine how each white object would feel, different in texture, temperature and weight if I were to hold them both. However, in observing them I gauge the difficulty of picking them up at the same time. They are just a bit too big. But I can imagine picking up one at a time and holding each comfortably in my arms. I can tell that they have smooth surfaces by the light reflecting off of them. Not too smooth, like glazed porcelain, but more like unglazed biscuit fired porcelain: matt whites that absorbs rather than reflect the light streaming in from the window close by. I have a rough idea of how heavy they are, drawing from the experience of handling objects of a similar size and made of the materials 'I think' these works might be composed of.

It is only through handling lots of comparable materials that one can really understand the subtlety of their weight. Visiting the Institute of Making at UCL, where they have a library of materials, I stand looking along a trestle table laid out with a grid of cubes of exactly the same dimensions, but made of different materials. There is everything from foam types to a range of wood samples and I spend a long time picking up two at a time to compare the feeling of the different blocks. I pay attention to the weight, temperature, texture and stability of the selected two materials sitting in the palm of my hands. I run my fingers around to feel the subtle differences of their surfaces, such as a bump or an indentation, which might reveal information about the materials' inner properties. For example, a scratch might uncover a soft interior, or a swell might communicate a

possible chemical reaction that has caused the material to expand -- like when fungi or weeds push up from under tarmac, just before they crack through the surface and into the natural light. In fact, most of the material cubes were pretty perfect, cut precisely with little damage to them, but there was the occasional small dent from wear and tear, probably caused by people like me picking them up and occasionally dropping them on the floor, or catching them on other blocks when returning them to their allocated slot.

I enter a studio full to capacity, stuff piled up in a succession of mounds and peaks, a mountain range not of earth, rock and grass, but cartons, cups and plastic bags. Evidence of daily eating habits, a cup of tea and pastry for breakfast, lunchtime sandwich and mid afternoon tea-break, defined by the remnants of plastic and card that has accompanied these once fresh purchases. These heaps also include clothing, swirling whirlwinds of jumpers intersected with trousers and socks, with the odd shoe poking out like an animals' nose smelling the fresh air from out of its fusty burrow. I am so caught up in this accumulation that it takes me some time to raise my eyes up to the wall above where the artworks for discussion are displayed, released from the piles below and breathing in a little air -- although my eyes and the wall based works can't help again and again to reconnect to these foothills of playful hoarding.

What I found most interesting was handling two similar materials, such as picking up metal cubes, which appeared quite similar, and yet, holding them felt so different. Some metals in the library were heavy and dense, like the cube of iron, while the aluminium was astonishingly lightweight. (I know aluminium is lighter than iron, but unless I pick them up at the same time I don't understand the

precise difference in tactile experience -- not only is the aluminium lighter, but also warmer and softer.) When I get the opportunity to handle so many different materials in one place at one time I can appreciate and identify particular properties of a given type of matter, noticing details that are heightened by the fact I am able to compare them apposed to handling one at a time. The experience made me think that it would be amazing to have more than two hands, so I can hold and compare multiple blocks all at once, which would give me a vast insight into these material variations.

Observing these two objects in two different materials placed on the convenor floor, I found myself thinking about how much information I could ascertain by just looking at them. But looking can also be deceptive, such as when one looks at the bronze sculptures of Jeff Koons or the Chapman Brothers, who have used the heavy permanent material to replicate light weight ephemeral things such as inflatable or disposable objects. Although my brain tells me that these objects, through their depiction of the subject matter, are lightweight, there are clues in their appearance that suggest otherwise. For example, the structures that are holding them in place, which behave in a particular way conducive to supporting something heavier -- like a metal chain taught under the weight, or the point where the object meets the surface it sits on, that is a little too firm and secure. Also, for every attempt to replicate a surface of a material with another material, it is simply not possible to be exact, as the material being used to do the replication has as many unique qualities as the one it is mimicking. It comes down to trust. Whether I can trust or am willing to trust what I see, and whether I question what the object is proposing.

A strip of Foam fixed to a studio wall by its flexible nature wants to sag towards the floor. This air filled,

lightweight material makes up the interiors of an array of objects we use to cushion our bodies in seated, leaning, lounging and lying positions, such as on chairs, sofas, beds, leaning panels on buses and arm rests in theatres. This work clinging to the wall draws my attention to the familiar glossary of daily materials and their functions, but this object is not playing by the rules -- an irresponsible shelf which when anything comes in contact with it, has a capacity for catapulting ornaments into the air, crashing down on the floor.

The colours of these manufactured foams are very rarely seen as they are usually fixed to wooden, metal and fiberglass structures, then covered or pholstered, exposing only their form and ability to morph and distort in response to someone pressing against them -- bum, head, arm or entire body. This stuff comes in all sorts of bright colours to code its density, but now I find myself shifting my reading of colour from information gatherer to aesthetic spectator.

There are many extraordinary moments when what I touch, pick up or grab does not feel or behave like I expect. These are the moments of intrigue and surprise, which also come with a feeling of distrust and anxiety. Imagine if every thing you stood on, once leaving your home, was not the material you expected. You would probably feel pretty terrified that something might happen to you. The ground might eat you up, as if stepping into a bog, like the ones you find on moorland where the mossy appearance of the bogs surface looks identical to the firm ground. Usually I have already made a calculation as to how a material that I confront will behave when I touch it with my hands, or tread with my feet. So when it isn't what I expect, then I distrust it and the other stuff in proximity. For example, when I pick up a plastic cup

and it feels soft and unstable, rather than rigid and liquid resistant. Maybe the fluid inside is affecting the condition of the cup and should therefore not be trusted, neither the cup nor the contents. I'm sure it is a good thing that these moments occur in everyday activities, to awaken the senses, and to breakup the routine of readily acceptable encounters.

When you are next walking down the pavement of you're nearest high street, think about the different surfaces your feet are coming into contact with. (More precisely, your feet are feeling through the sole of your shoes, so really a once removed encounter of the pavement.) From stone and concrete to tarmac and gravel, and within these four materials the numerous variations that alter and change in substance depending on where the materials are sourced, who laid them, the weather conditions (hot weather warming and softening the material and, in extreme circumstances, melting them), and their history revealed through wear and tear. This makes me think of sump holes that can suddenly appear in the ground eating up whatever and whoever is above, a reminder of the stuff or the lack of stuff beneath the immediate surfaces that clad our urban environments.

The material around us, whether in view or hidden underneath or behind facades, is pretty vulnerable to change. It might crack, split or bend when put under pressure, large vibrations and other types of impact. But if I went about my daily business worrying about this I would be in constant fear of walking on unfamiliar and unstable materials that could behave unreliably and unpredictably, which would be a very scary world to live in, don't you think? So instead I will put my head in the soft unpredictable sand, and trust that engineers and town planning are keeping check on these things on my behalf, so that the likelihood of this happening is kept to a minimum.

I'm constantly taking inspiration from the work and stuff that occupies the artists' studio, your studios, where the studio and the work are in constant collision. Scruffy walls meet pristine prints, disposable coffee cups occupy the same surface as finished and planned exhibited works. These languages of unpredictable and unintentional juxtapositions are the places of exciting possibilities. Often I have things hanging around on tabletops and on the floor of my studio for months, and sometimes years, picked up and moved around on a regular basis. And then at some point they are committed to a decision and pulled out from the accumulating detritus to become something defined and chosen.

Objects often invite or rely on a human interaction, like a window blind, which when pulling or releasing the strings on either side draws up to open or releases to shut down, and alters the angle of the individual metal or plastic strips to control the amount of light passing through the slats. This particular single blind is not attached to the top of an interior window frame, but held in both hands by its human operator, who animates the object, or possibly the other way around, across the convenor room floor. Objects can take control of us when we least expect, dictating how we move our bodies around them, such as handling things that have joints and hinges, which when you grip hold to pick up can quickly change their posture and shape, like assembling a deckchair or fold down table, where the legs and arms stretch and bend unpredictably putting the handlers grip in jeopardy.

In the film 'Japanese Story' 2003, directed by Sue Brooks, a Japanese business man been guided through the Australian Outback by a female guide, when jumping into a shallow pool of water to cool himself down hits

his head on a rock and is instantly killed. The woman is forced to take his body to the nearest town, as it is too remote to call for help. She drags his slender frame up the muddy bank to the back of her truck to lift him into the trunk. This is an extraordinary moment as we watch her gather up his linked limbs, head and torso into a bundle to make him into a manageable shape she can lift. Although he is a slight man his dead weight proves more difficult to maneuver than she can physically handle, and every time she attempts to pick him up, a leg or arm unravels, escaping the human bundle, making it desperately awkward to lift him onto the tailgate of the vehicle, where on a number of occasions when she nearly has him secure, a leg springs out, dangling over the edge of the truck, pulling the rest of the body back down onto the ground.

When I make things in my studio I am aware that what I create is a product of how I made it, vast amounts of choices happening every minute and even seconds, choices between doing something one way and not another. To observe this of another artist would be very revealing and it made me think as I looked around this studio space where we sat, me and the artist whose work it was, how I might understand this aftermath if I was able to observe how it came about. Watching the artist print over painted paper in the print room and then reapplying paint on top of these images back in her studio, then to watch how she moves these around, how she fixes them to the wall, attaching and reattaching. How far back she moves to look at the multiple works on the wall and how many times she returns close up to look at the individual parts, or maybe she doesn't do any of this? How when she passes the table in the middle of the space, she glances at the cut out image from a newspaper clipping, of a woman being manhandled in a street in a place that I am unfamiliar with, and that then alters how she reads the images directly in front of her,

which she subsequently swaps over. I would learn so much if I were to see this activity. We all do things in particular ways. You only have to watch the same activity being done by a group of people to see that we all have our own unique means of doing things.



# RELATABILITY

Ian Hunt

Relatable      rɪˈleɪtəb(ə)    adjective

1. able to be related to something else.

“the growth of the welfare state will be clearly  
relatable to the growth of democracy”

2. enabling a person to feel that they can relate  
to someone or something.

“Mary-Kate’s problems make her more relatable”  
(Oxford Dictionary definition)

They may have already served you a drink, cut your hair, or stood up for you on a train. They may have shared an article with you about Germany’s policy on tuition fees (clue: there aren’t any), and some will stop you like the Ancient Mariner to keep alive the legend about what an Education Maintenance Allowance once was . . . and is, outside England. The creative work they do in finding and paying for somewhere to live is unbelievably demanding. Even before they reach the studios, they are involved in collaborative labour, mutual support and acts of charity and care, to make viably human worlds in which to live, study and occasionally sleep. (Among the most read books this year was Jonathan Crary’s polemic 24/7: Late Capitalism and the Ends of Sleep.) I find it especially moving that some of them learn an essential London survival skill: to get up early enough to prepare a cheap, delicious and nutritious packed lunch. It is extraordinary that they continue to find such depths of commitment to making art -- and to tactically rethinking its purpose in these difficult times. They are a multitude. Welcome to their degree show!

In no particular order, some of work exhibited in this show may involve:

-- Radical acts of intersubjective exchange with other species, and other people;

-- Wilful identification with materials and processes, with unhinged scholarship;

-- Work that is directed towards a critical understanding of capitalism's relentless mutations of form and social relations and which is sneaky, passionate and clever;

-- Work that builds on and extends outwards the public revival of feminist thinking in the art world since c. 2005;

-- Art that defines many art worlds, not one. (There is no Universal Declaration of Artistic Quality);

-- Art that comprises startling new social facts, presented in the manner of a land grab;

-- Work about the devaluation of work, which constitutes a moral as well as a political crisis (see Aditya Chakraborty's articles in The Guardian);

-- Art that conserves and maintains both qualities and values, as a precise form of aesthetic and political achievement;

-- Objects and experiences that are frankly beautiful, that arrest the usual ordering of sense experience in glorious acts of excess;

-- Explorations of what Christopher Bollas calls the 'unthought known', that which is unconsciously registered at a deep level but not easily verbalised;

-- Work that employs scenario thinking, and which is drawn by instinct to what is most frightening and disturbing in our culture;

-- Fan fiction and manifestos from the position of the environmentalist killjoy, socialising the hard-to-face bad news;

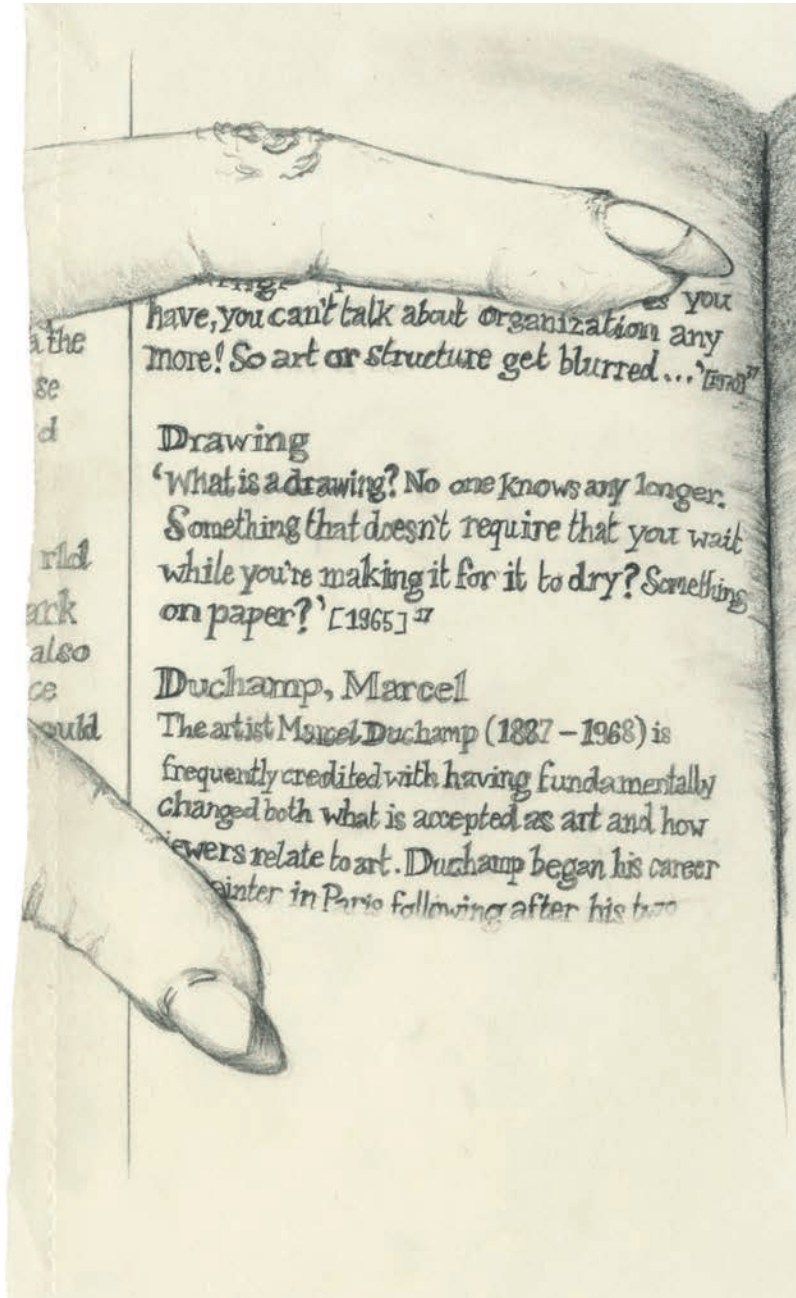
-- Art that is relatable; art that transforms the demand that it should be relatable. (This word is coming, in fact it's already here. What happened to relating to?);

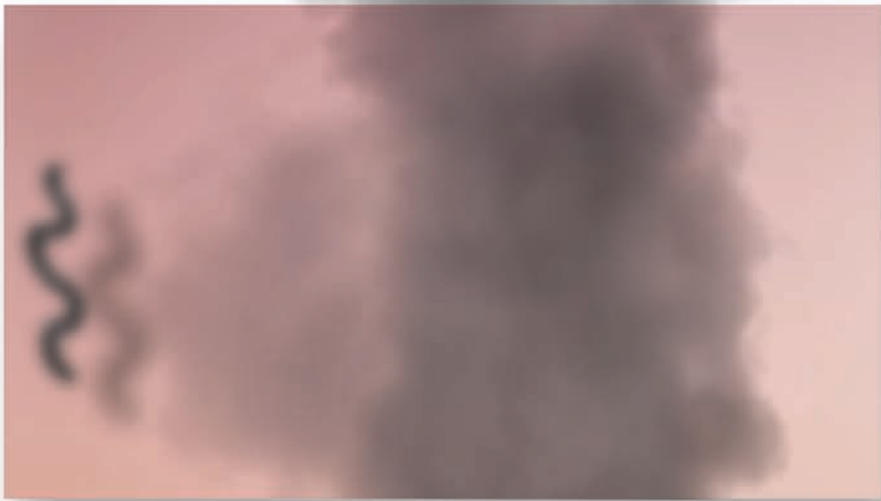
-- Resilient humour. In one way or another, the coming decade is going to need it. There will be work here that builds on the achievements of Vince Noir: 'Bin men? As if they exist! They're the stuff of legends, like unicorns' (The Mighty Boosh: The Strange Tale of the Crack Fox, BBC, 2007).

It is a strength at Goldsmiths, kept alive by both students and staff, that the social dimension of art is kept in view, from conception, through many counterfactual journeys and experiments, to reception -- reception which is never conceived as a straight deal. The teaching puts in place an emphasis on each artist's responsibility for their individual development, and also on the need to open it out within a shared discussion. An atmosphere of trust is consciously nurtured. Saying this makes it appear that we know what we are doing all the time, which is not entirely true. We combine a role of being bystanders to emergent conversations with being active co-facilitators of a supportive, rigorous and constructive environment. It doesn't add up to a utopian space, but it's a pretty good one. As a lecturer in critical studies, I often only glimpse what is going on in the studios. When the degree show arrives, I delight in trying to fit together the inspired qualities of what these people write, and talk about in seminars, with the art they make. This never fails to surprise me -- for its exemplification of art as a mode of thinking, and the seriousness of the ways it makes space for feeling.



Arzu Altın

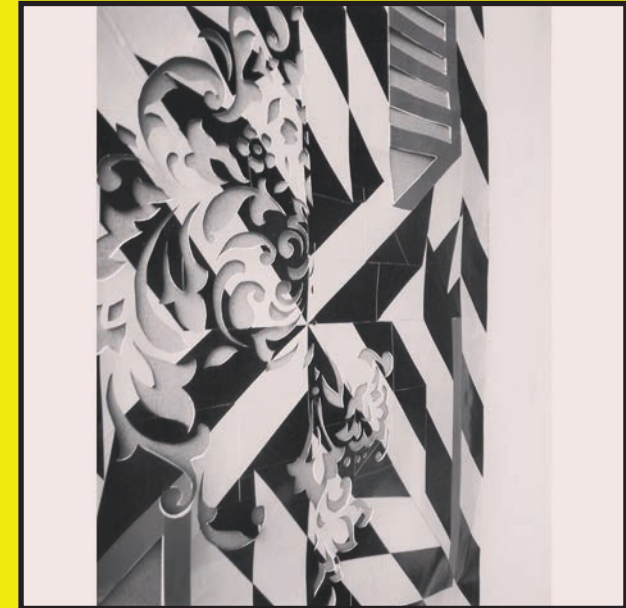




Robert Ashford

**FEROZA BAKHT**

**RECONFIGURATION**  
**80 x 80 mm**



**FEROZA BAKHT**

**RECONFIGURATION**  
**80 x 80 mm**



சென்னை • மதுரை • கரகம்







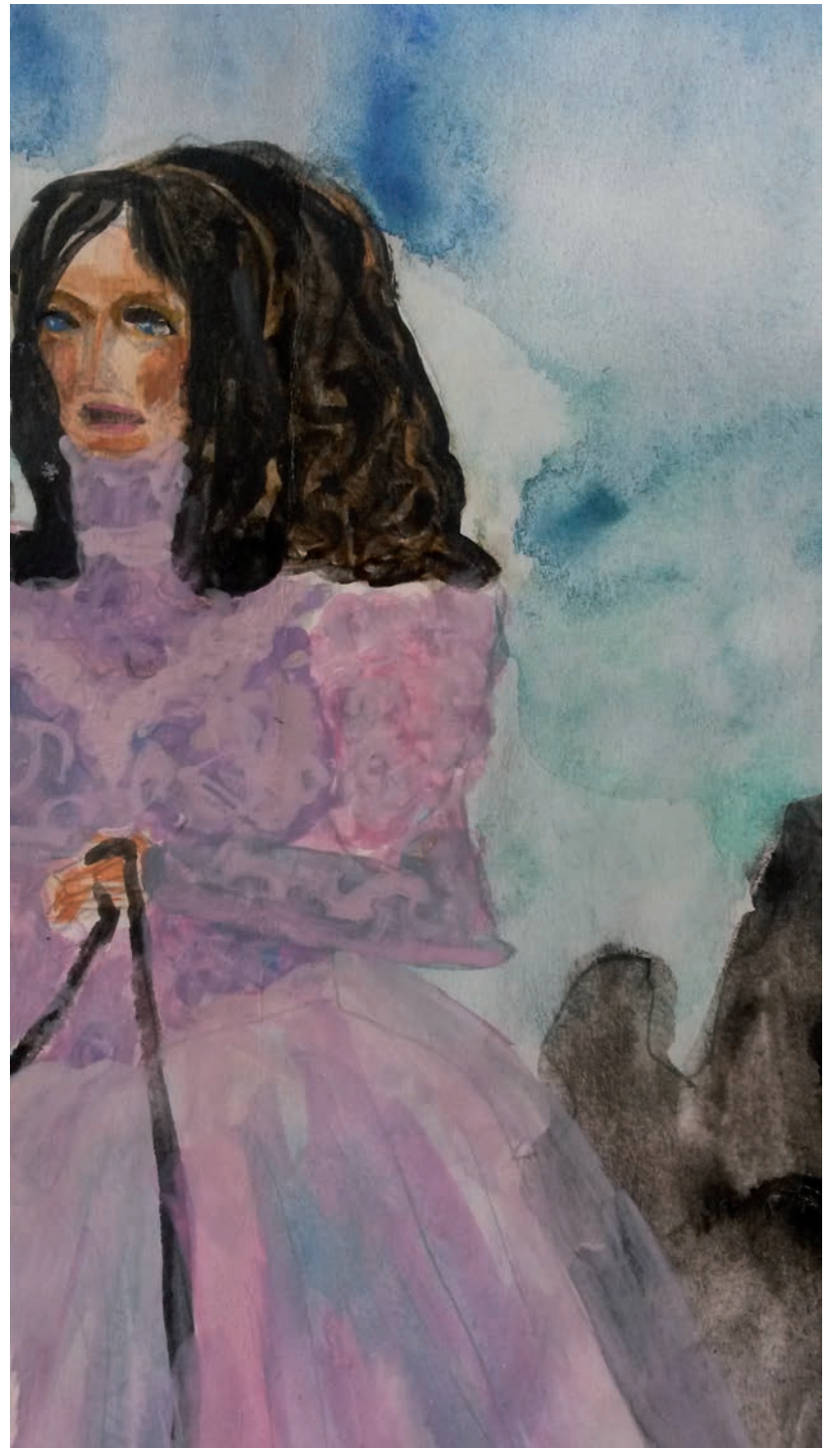
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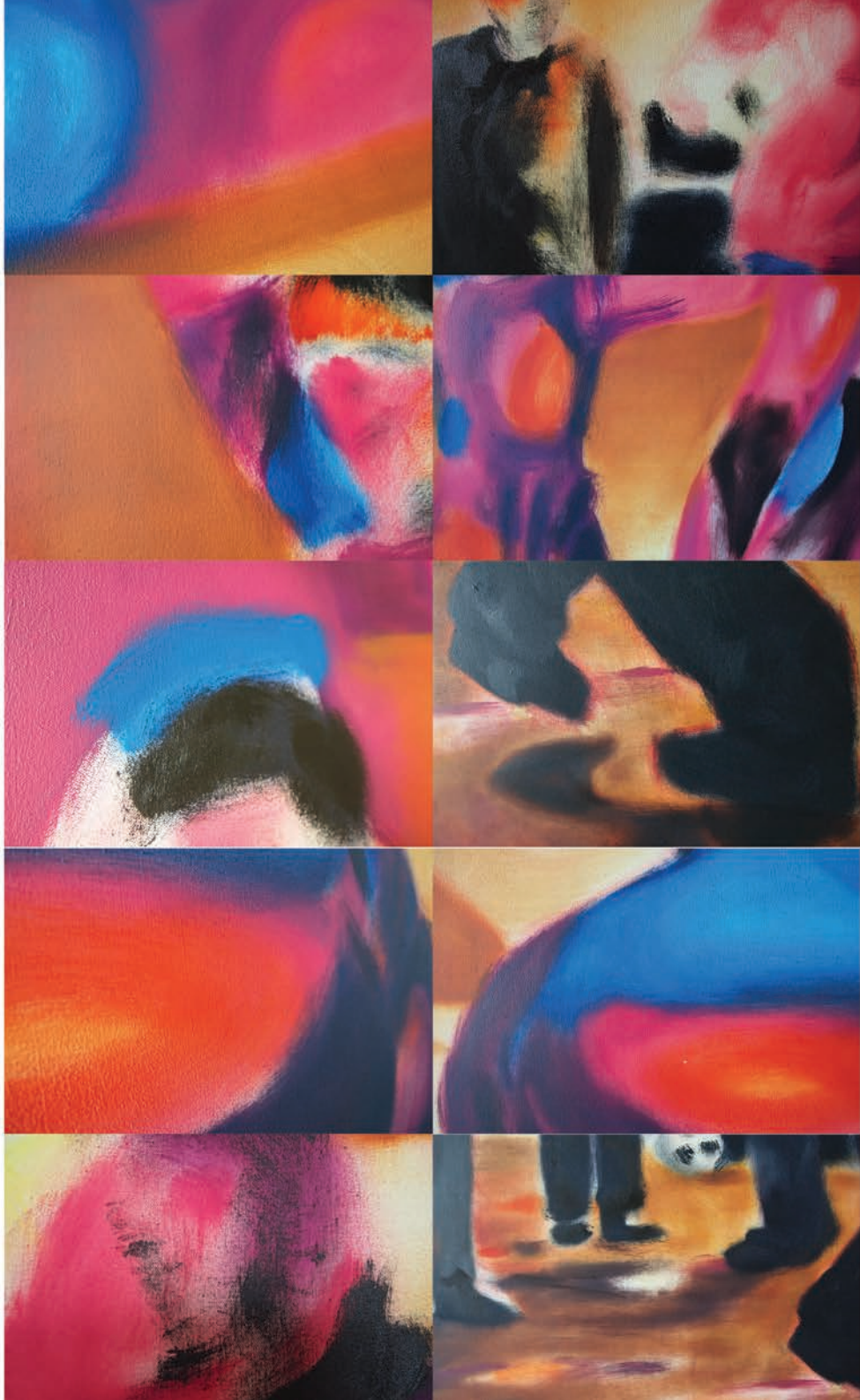
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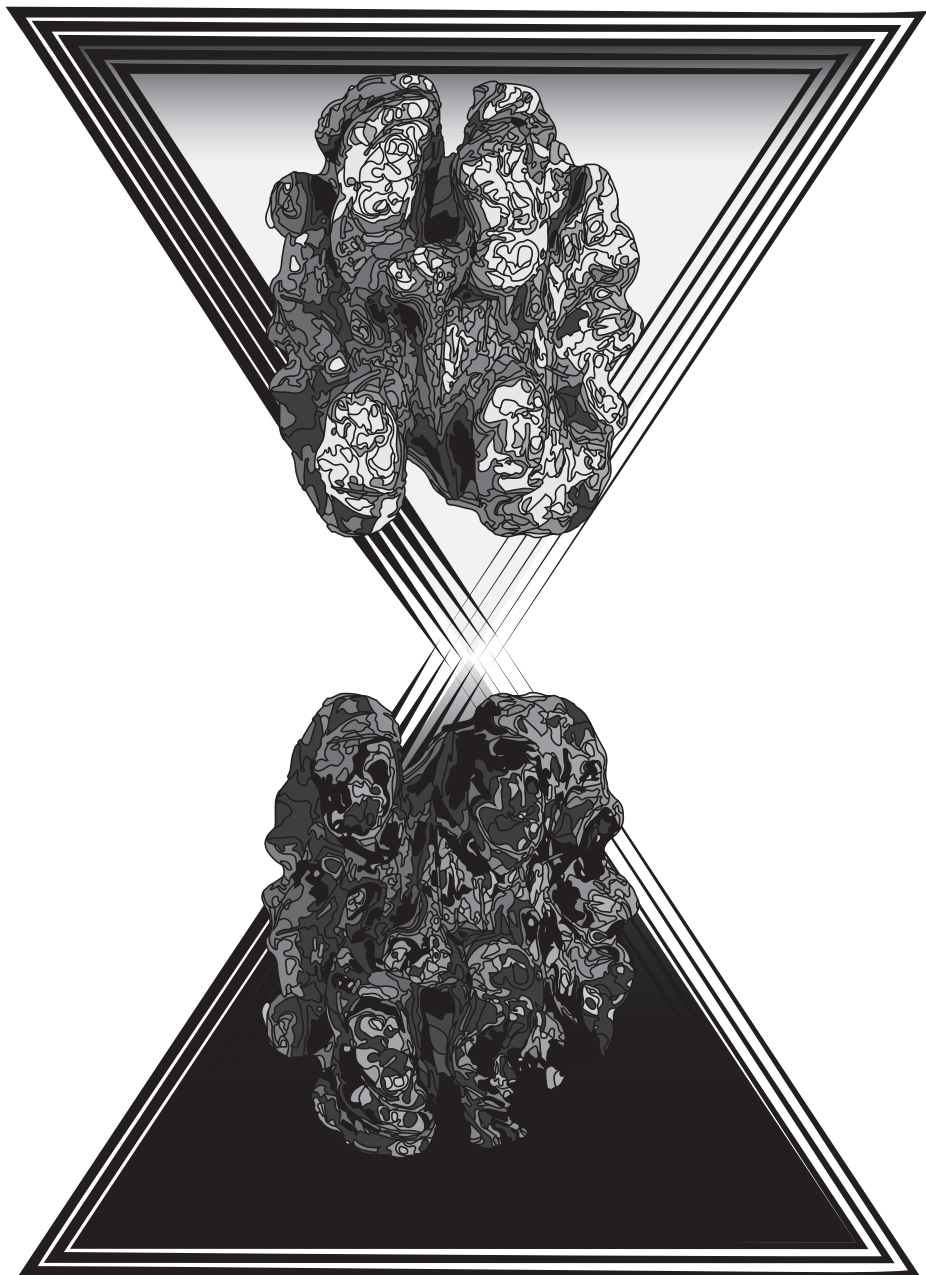


**but that's cool problem babe you're a  
complex system is often**






Grace Buttall







**I know you're tired  
and I know you don't have much time**



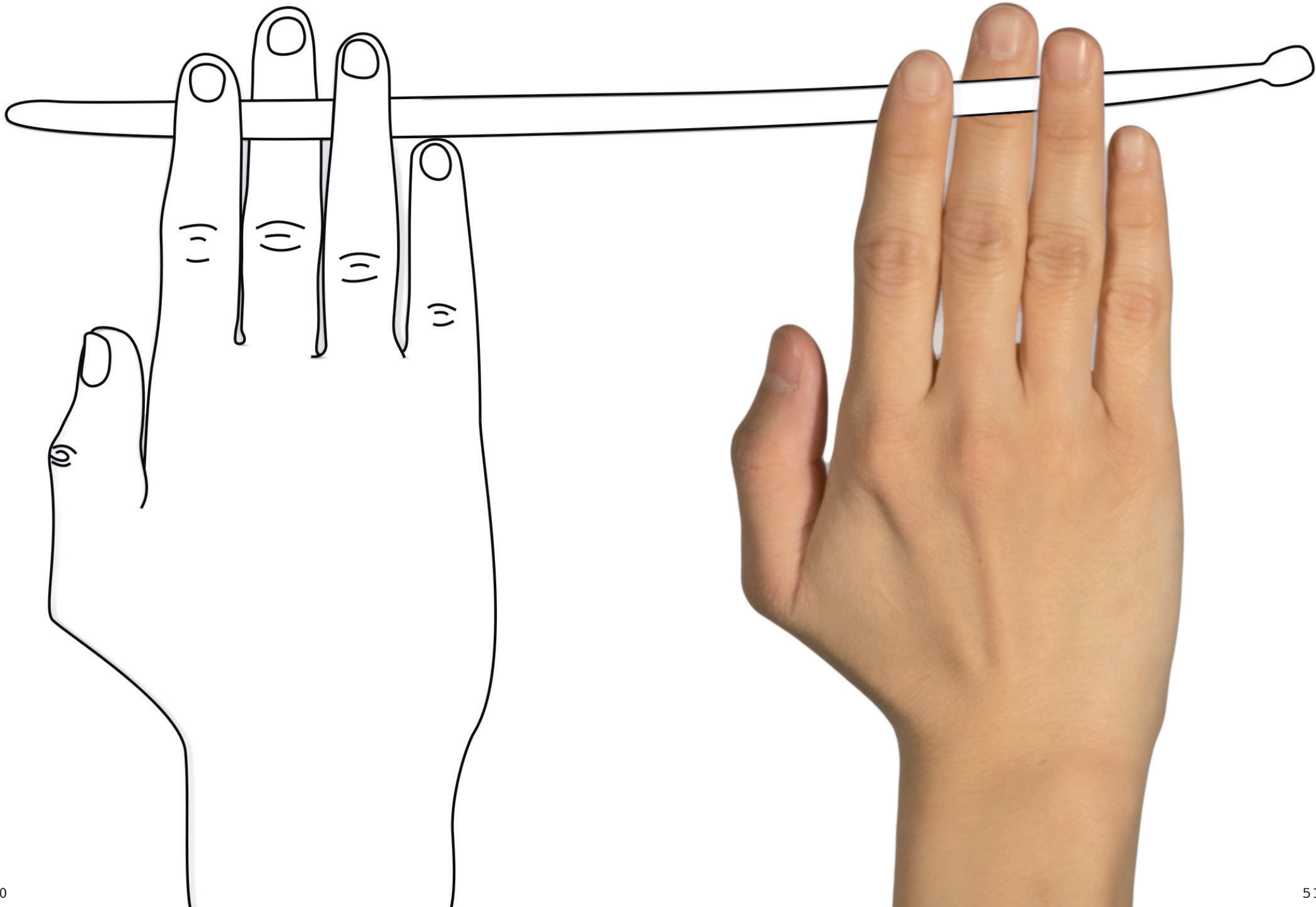
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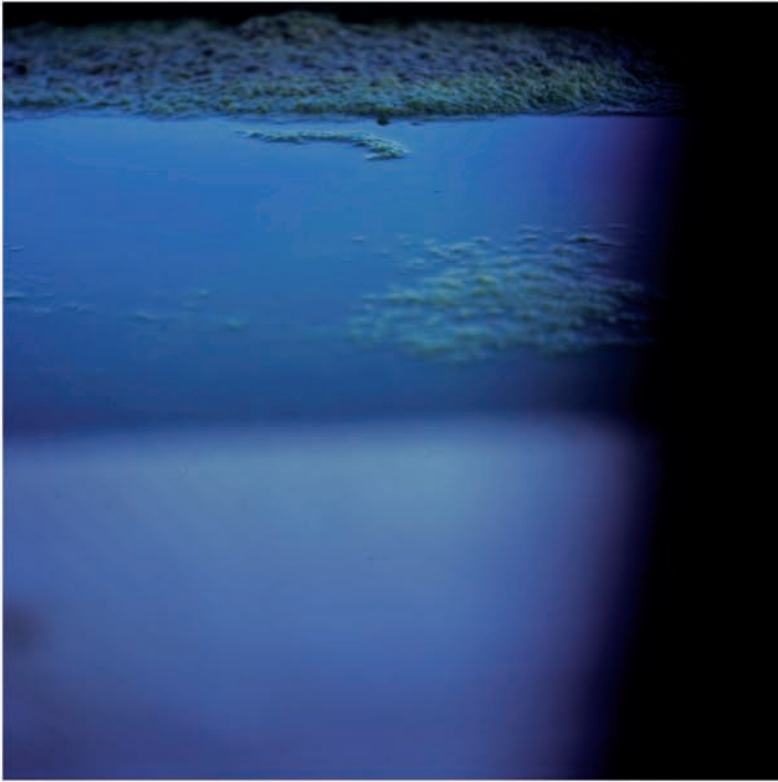


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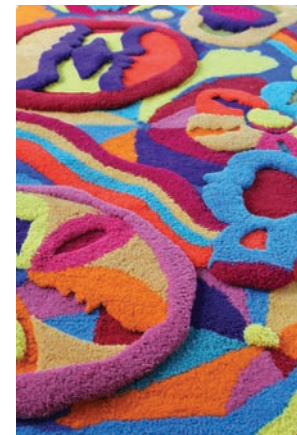


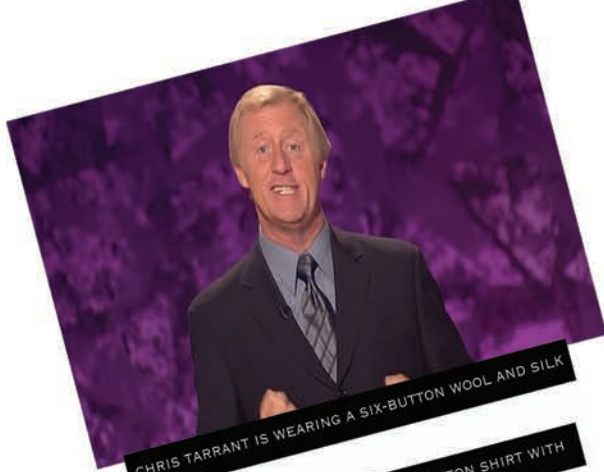


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Jia Li Joscelin Chew  
St James Hatcham 204





CHRIS TARRANT IS WEARING A SIX-BUTTON WOOL AND SILK

SUIT BY ERMENEGILDO ZEGNA, A COTTON SHIRT WITH

FRENCH CUFFS BY IKE BEHAR, A RALPH LAUREN SILK TIE

AND LEATHER WING TIPS BY FRATELLIE ROSSETTI



I WAS WEARING

A FOUR-BUTTONED DOUBLE BREASTED WOOL

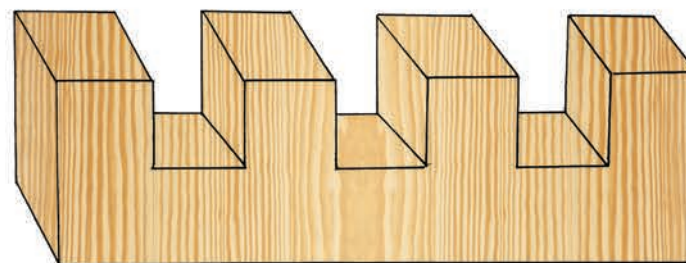
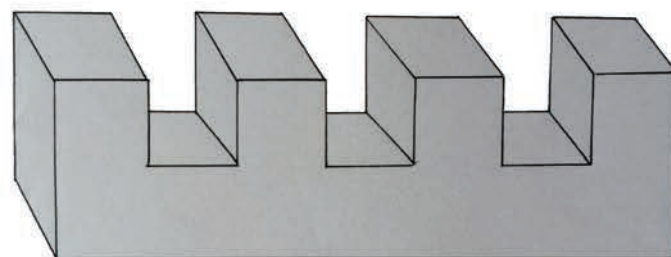
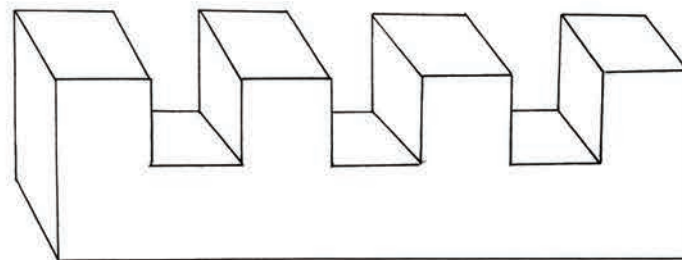
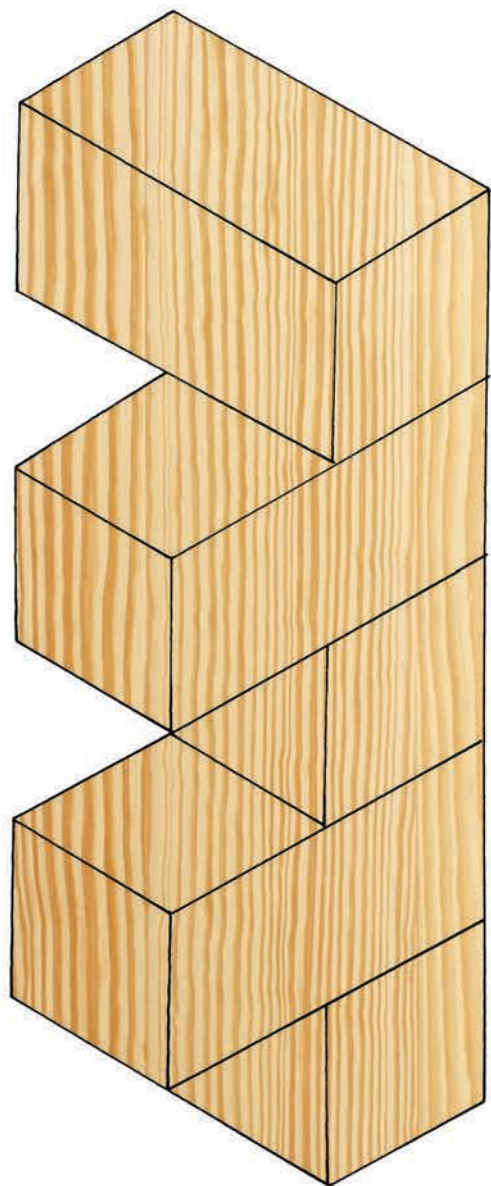
AND SILK SUIT, A COTTON SHIRT WITH A BUTTON-DOWN

COLLAR BY VALENTINO COUTURE, A PATTERNED SILK

TIE BY ARMANI AND CAP-TOED LEATHER

SLIP-ONS BY ALLEN-EDMONDS







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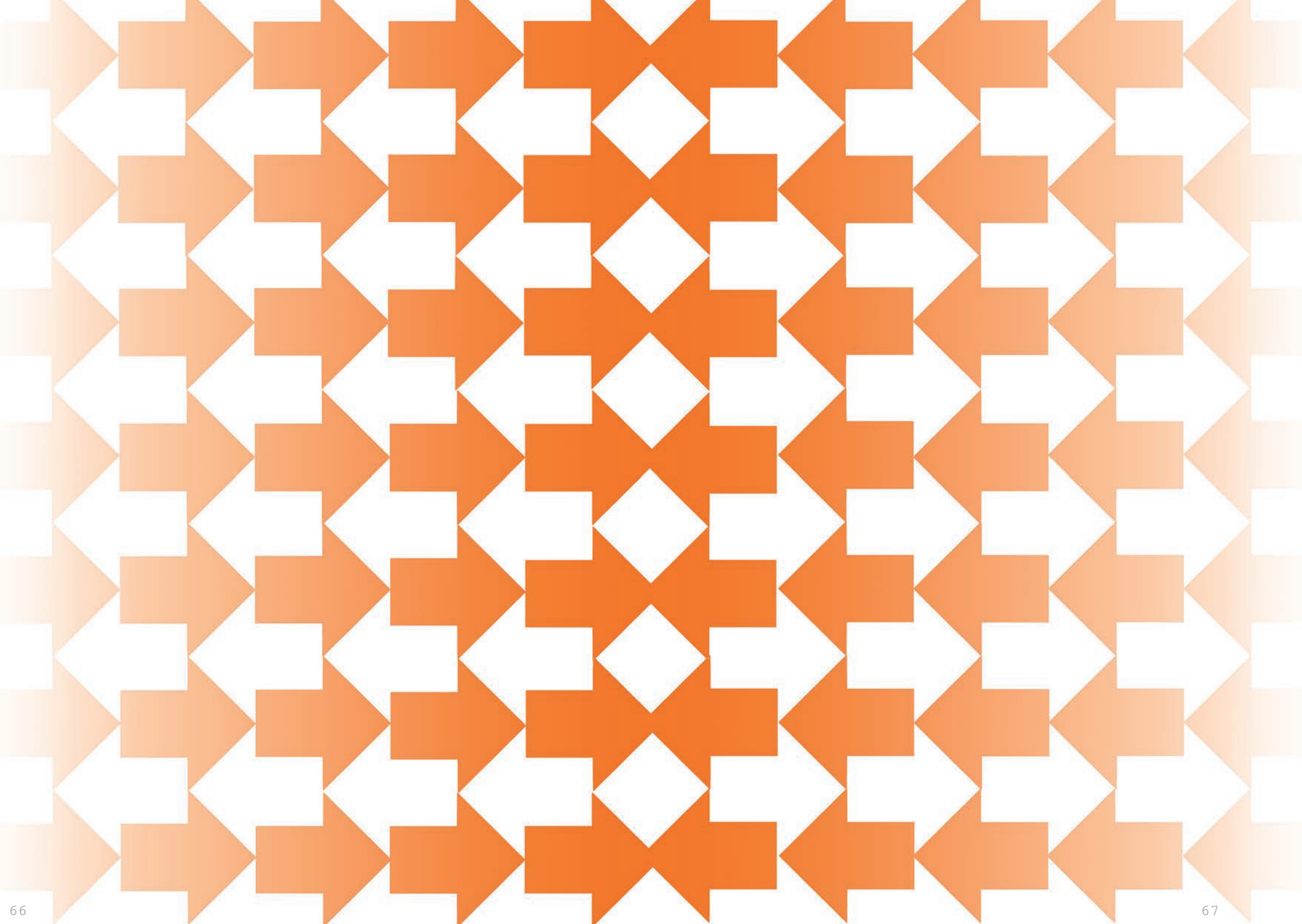
DAN CROOKS







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*quest*



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DANGER!  
KNOW ALL  
AT WORK

West Wickham Pantomime Society  
I Booped  
A  
Baddie

BEST SHIPPING LINE  
OF THE YEAR  
MAERSK

an Folk Par

NOON  
LONDON

All around my hat I will wear my right to protest  
All around my hat I will wear my native land  
And if anyone should ask you the reason why I'm wearing it  
Tell them I'm from London and that I'm here to stay

ALU - SIR KILLU  
- SIR KILLALU!

pic

a pic

a pick of a pick  
of a slip of a thing

a pickled

pickled thing on the plate, the colour of a tongue.

is that

is that a spot or a mole I can feel  
is that

my skirt riding up  
and pick

and two fat legs plucked with raspberry string veins,  
stuck to the plastic on the chair.



## Plate Tectonics

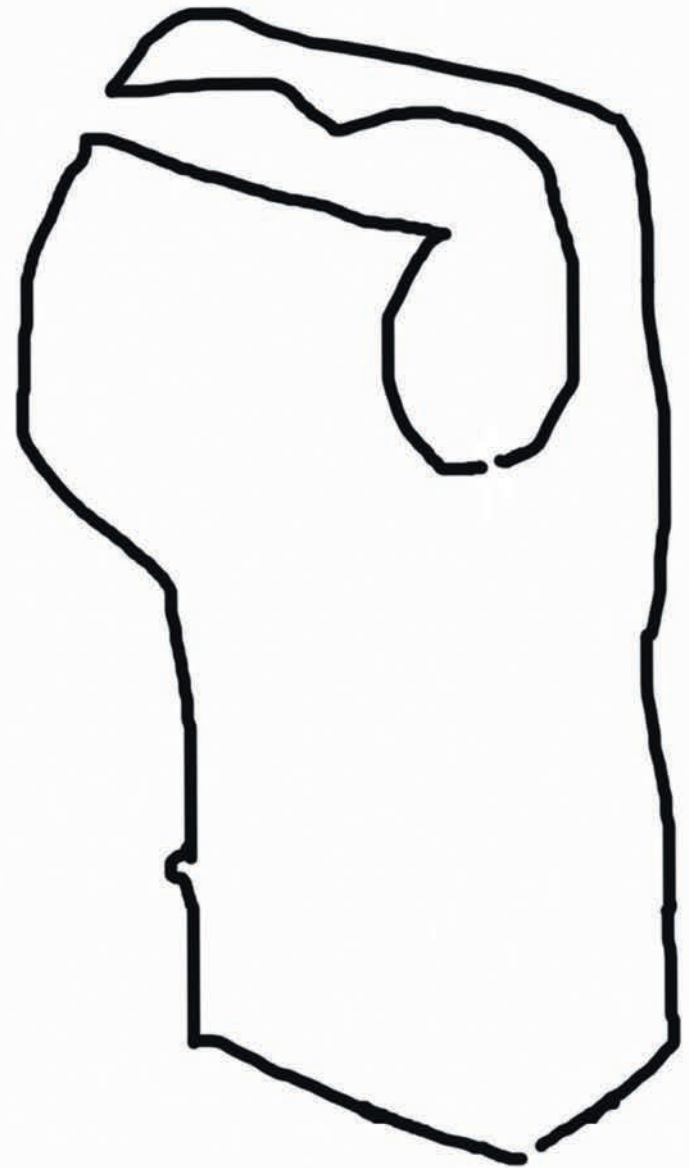
HD video 2.35:1, stereo, 9min

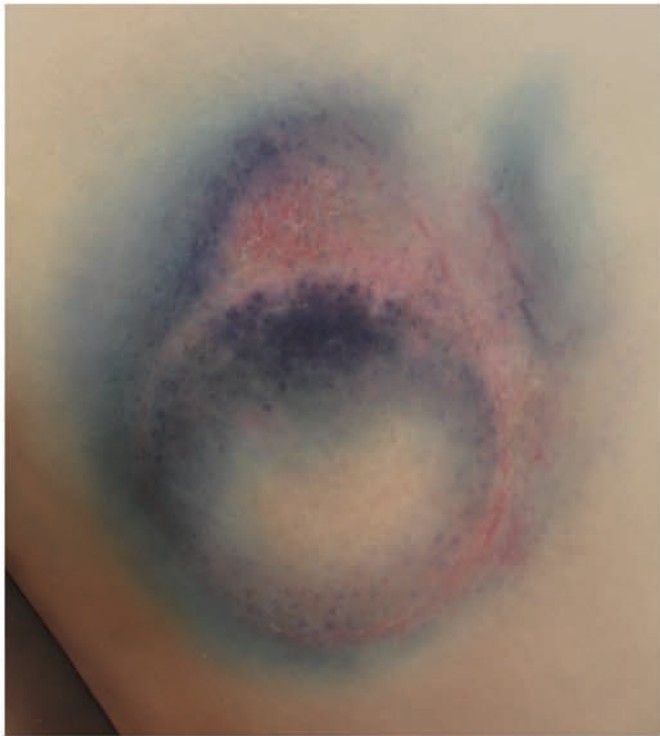
Shunsaku Hayashi

[www.shunsakuweb.com](http://www.shunsakuweb.com)



*hollyhunter.life*





Riikka Hyvönen

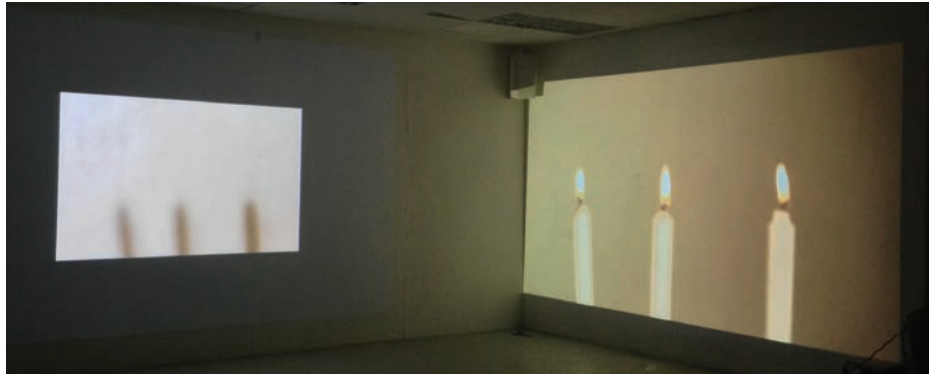


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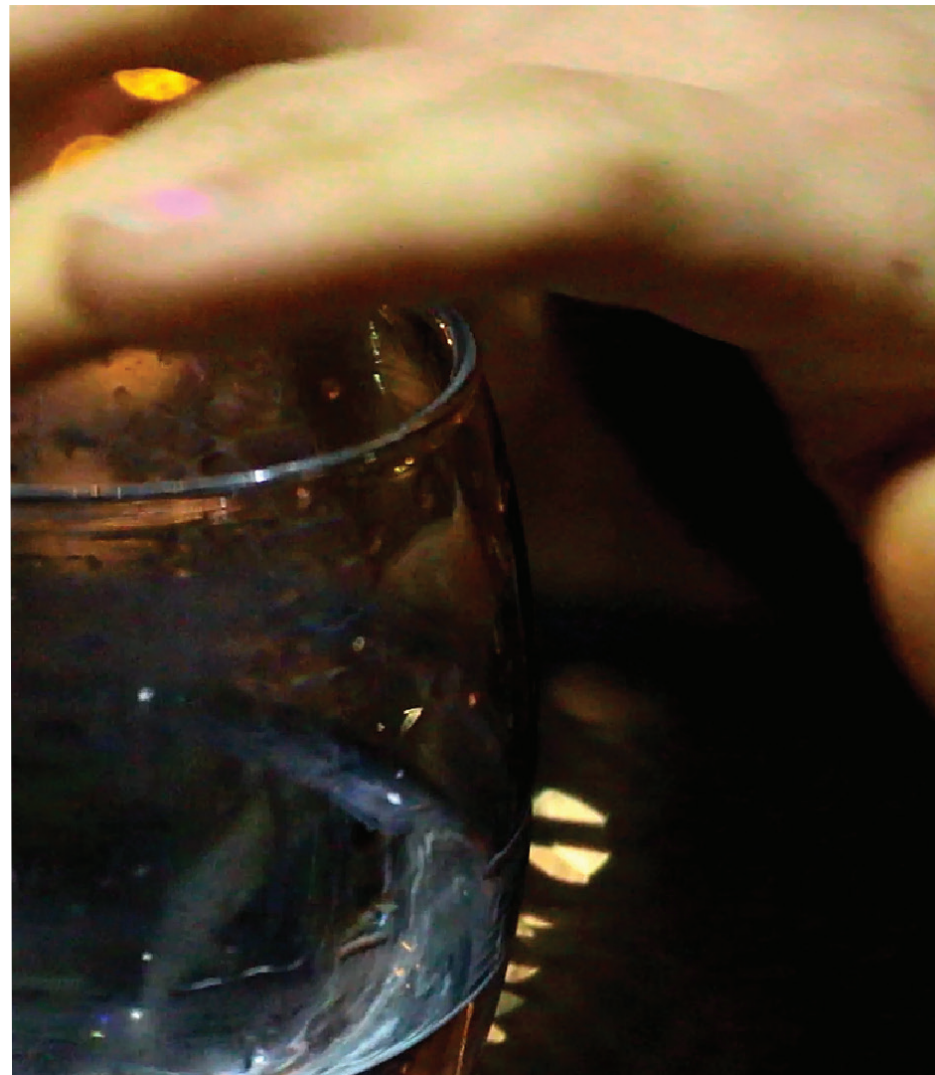
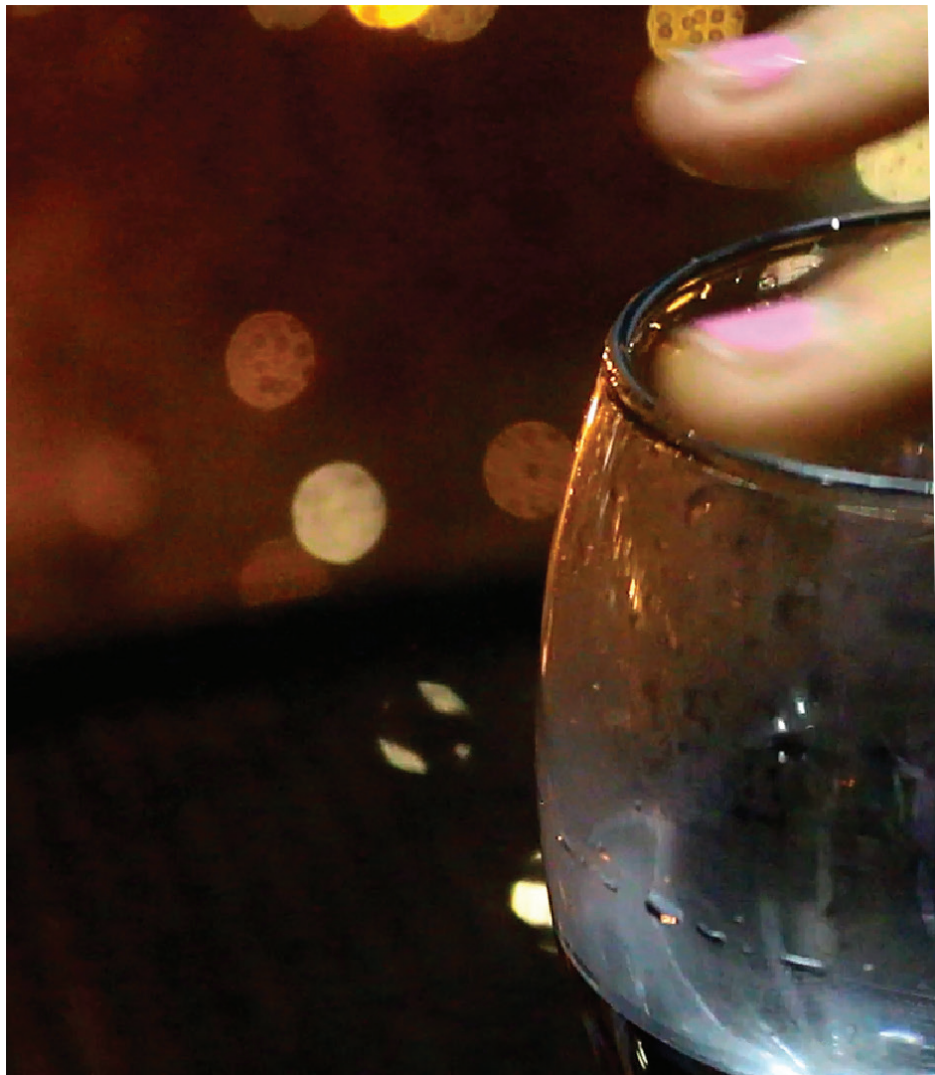
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[jjung.art01@gmail.com](mailto:jjung.art01@gmail.com)



[www.jiwon-jung.com](http://www.jiwon-jung.com)



<http://jun920319.wix.com/kojunstudio>

향수 (Hyang-su)

Digital media \_ video

2015

# Myungji Kim

mj587600@gmail.com

1. Walk, Talk and Laugh / film sheets, colour papers and acrylic painting on canvas / 182cm x 150cm / 2015
2. Footprint / film sheets, colour papers, photography and acrylic painting on canvas / 115cm x 180cm / 2014



1



2

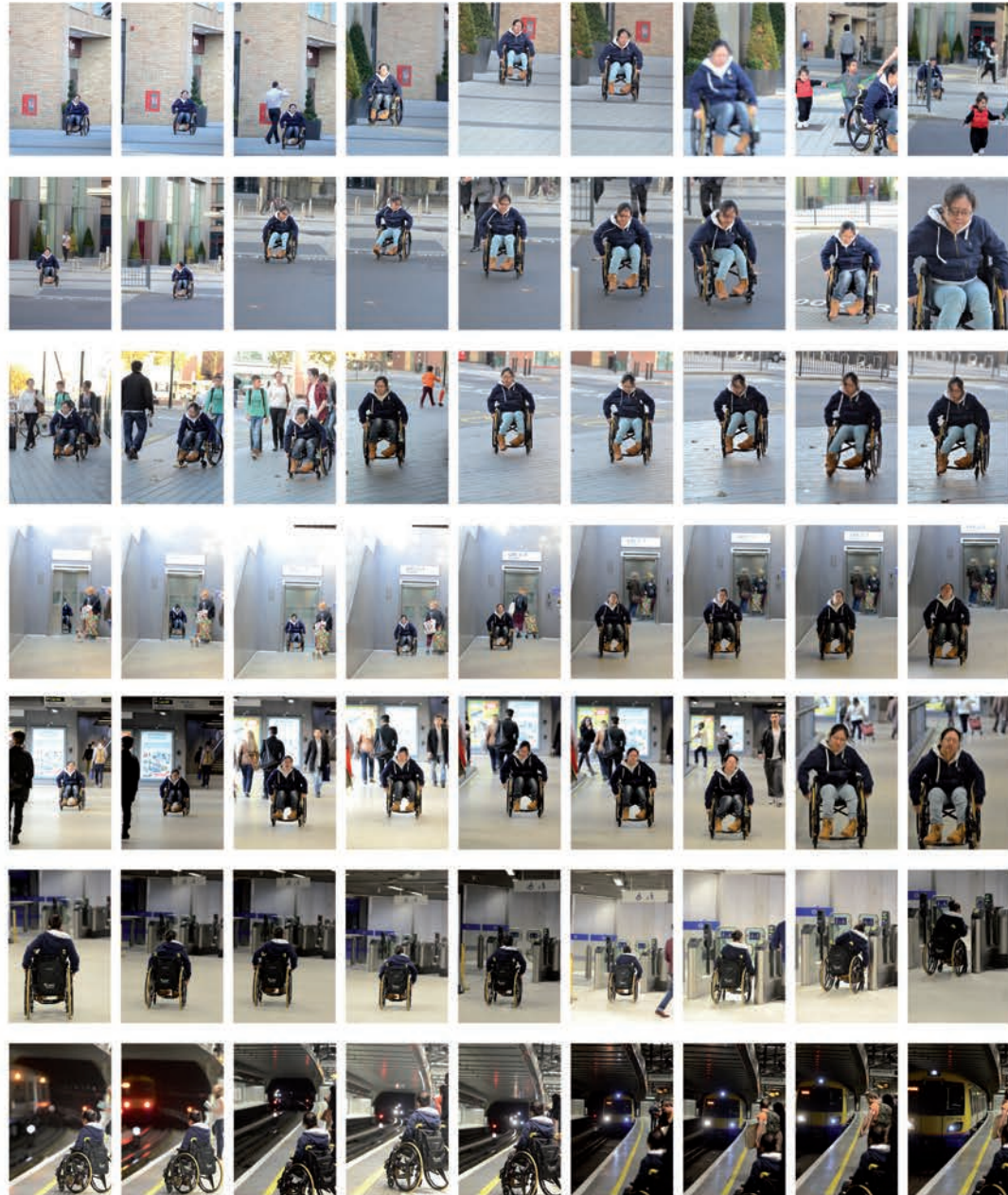


# Sunhee Kim

sunheekim1010@gmail.com

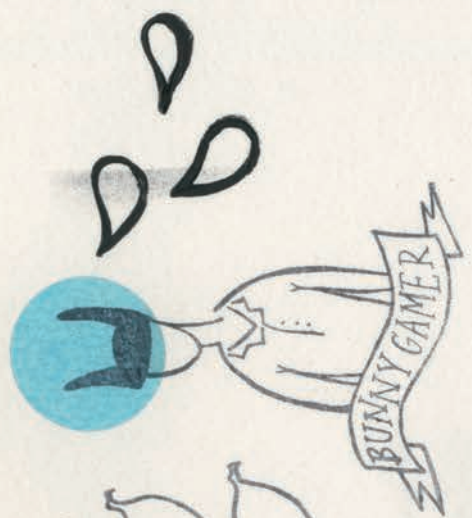


inkjet print 120cm x 80cm



inkjet print 160cm x 190cm

JAMES LAWRENCE  
SLATTERY



» TWENTY FIFTEEN «  
\* \* \* \* \*

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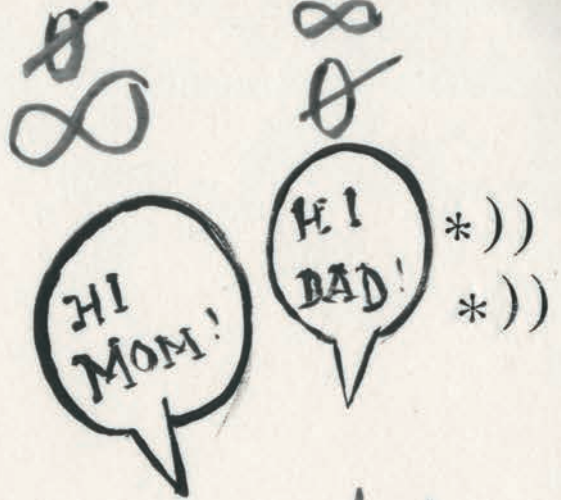


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ILOVEJAMESLS@GMAIL.COM



*Fried*



*CHICKEN*



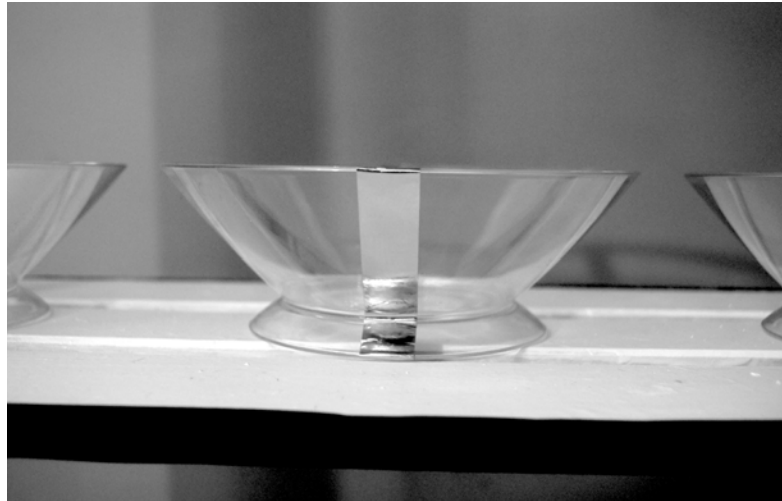
*Fried*



# JOSH LENTEN

BEN PIMLOTT 4TH FLOOR EAST

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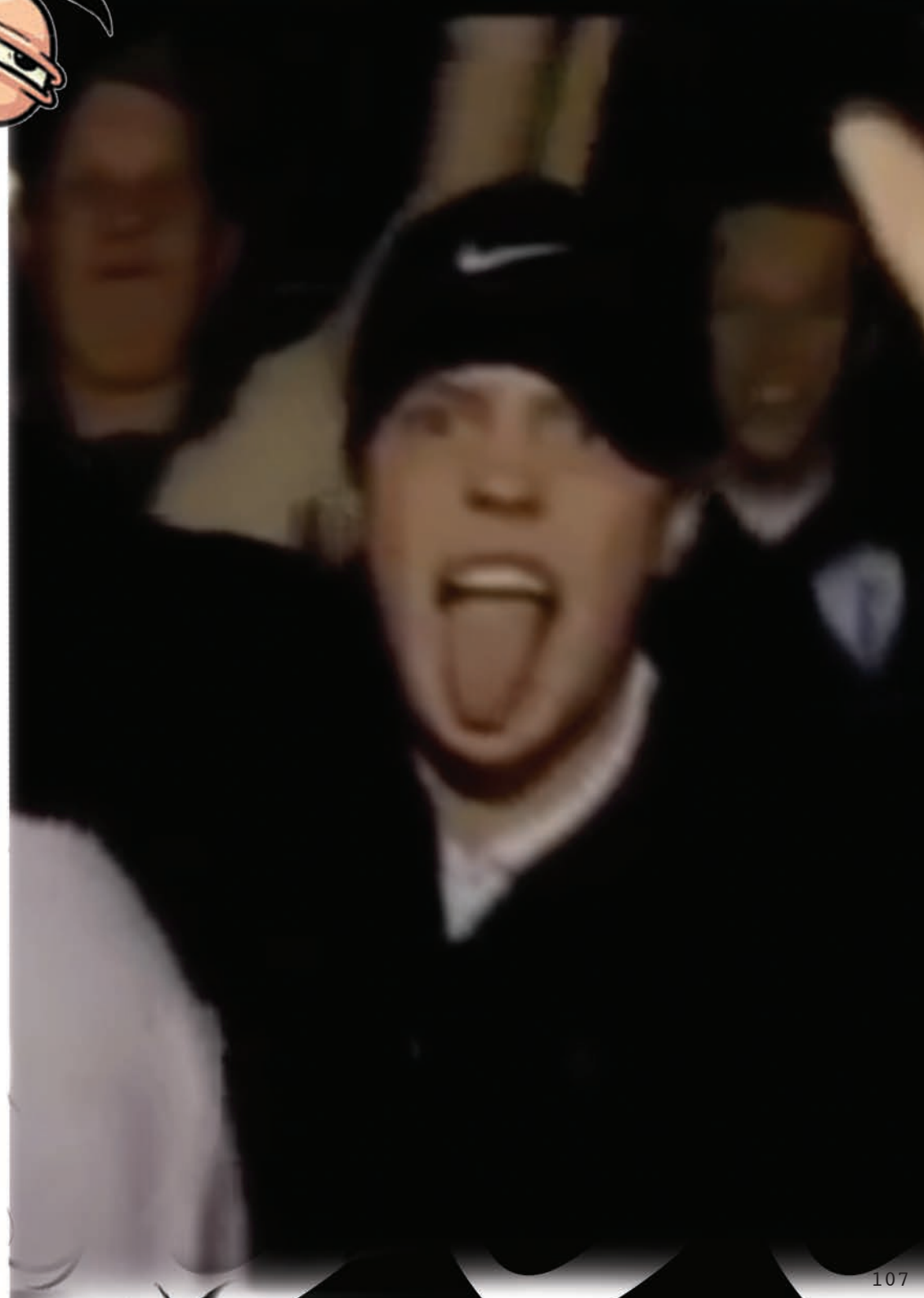
WWW.JOSHLENTEN.COM

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THE INTENTION BEHIND THE INSTALLATION OF THE SHOW DISPLAY CASE UNITS IS AN AGENDA OF AESTHETICS AND MANAGEMENT, PURPOSELY ORGANIZED BY CONDITIONS PERTAINING TO THE ARTIST'S FUNDAMENTAL QUIXOTIC VISION. VAGABOND AND OBJECTIVE INTERPLAYS FORM INTERACTIONS, WHICH HAVE A PRESENTATION CONTINGENT ON A VISUALLY DETERMINED FORMAT. THROUGH THE VIEWER'S OWN INDIVIDUALISTIC INCOMPARABLE ASSOCIATIONS, REFERENCES AND FABRICATIONS ARE TRIGGERED BY AN ASSEMBLAGE OF OPTICAL SIGNS, CUES AND OBJECTS THAT YOU ENCOUNTER ALONG THE WAY. UNABLE TO BE DECODED BY RATIONAL MEANS, IT CAN ONLY BE GRASPED BY AN ASSOCIATIVE MANNER THROUGH AFFECTIVE AND VERBAL CONNECTION. THIS STRUCTURE MAY BE FLIRTATIOUS, WITH A STRONG NARRATIVE THAT CLEARLY SITUATES, BUT IT NEVER THE LESS REMAINS PARTIALLY HIDDEN AND AMBIGUOUS. A REPRESENTATION OF AN IDEA OF AN EXAMPLE, THAT DESIRES TO TRANSCEND ITS STATUS AS EMBODIMENT AND EXIST IN ITS OWN RIGHT, THUS CONSTITUTING A REALITY OF ITS OWN.

---

THE MYRIAD OF OBJECTS DISPLAYED ON THE SHELVES HAVE BEEN PROCURED BY DIFFERENT MEANS AND ADAPTED CONSEQUENTLY, ARE IN DANGER OF BEING IGNORED BY THE COMPOSITION OF THE COLLECTIVE, HENCE A FLUCTUATING CYCLE BETWEEN THE OBJECTS AS INDEPENDENT CREATIONS AND THEIR SITUATION WITHIN A UNIFIED COMPOSITE. THE SENSE OF INSTANT GRATIFICATION RELATING TO THE SENSATION OF CONSUMPTION OVER FUNCTION PERMEATES THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF THE UNITS. THIS SELF-AWARENESS REVELS IN ITS ABILITY TO GRASP ONE'S CONSIDERATION, BUT SIMILARLY REVEALS THE TRIVIAL PERILS OF THIS ENDEAVOR. THE ABILITY FOR THESE CONTRADICTIONS TO EXIST SIDE BY SIDE MAY BE INCONGRUENT, BUT NEVER THE LESS ILLUSTRATIVE OF A PARADOXICAL TENSION THAT REMAINS EVER PRESENT.



WITH THANKS TO JENNIFER.





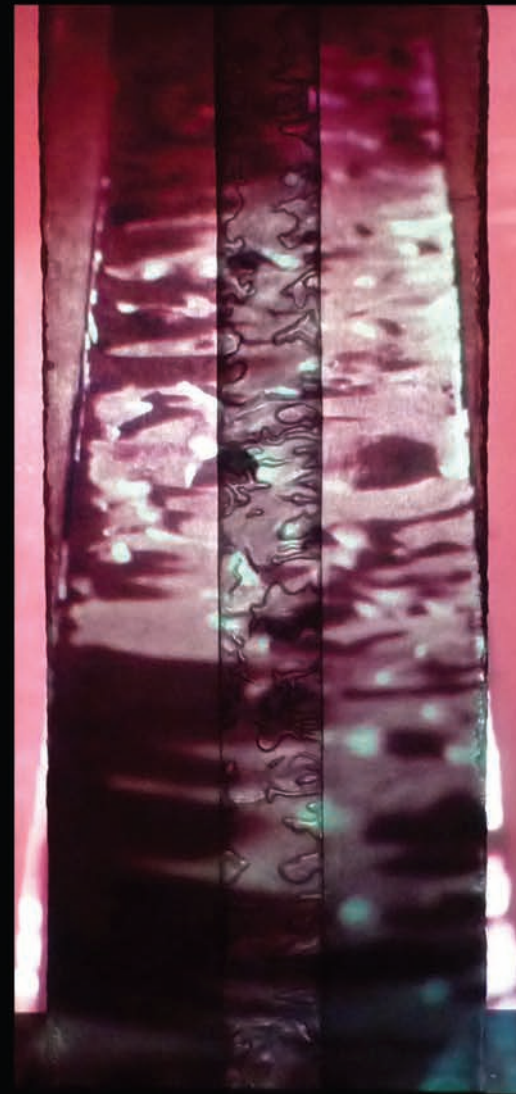


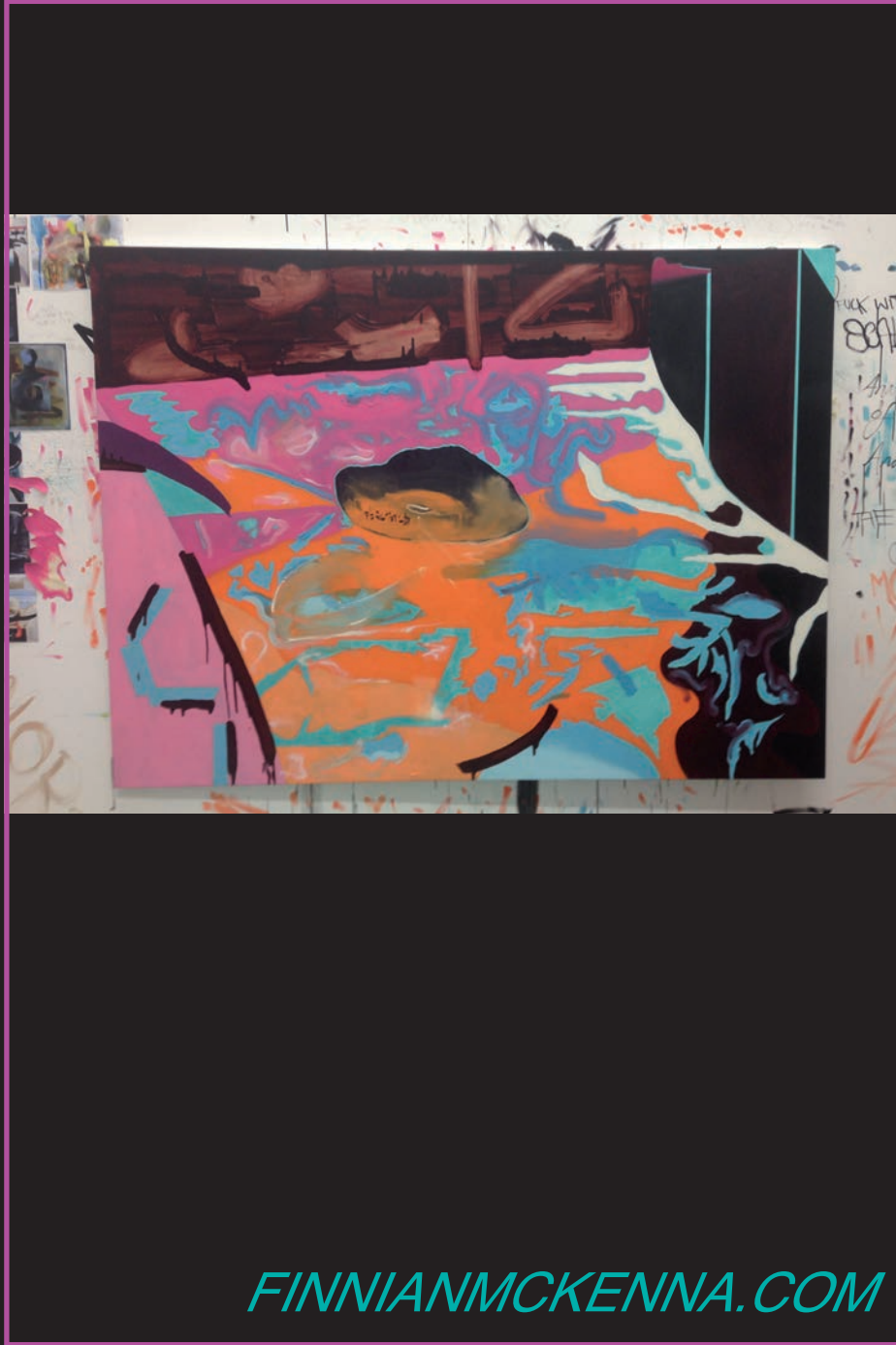
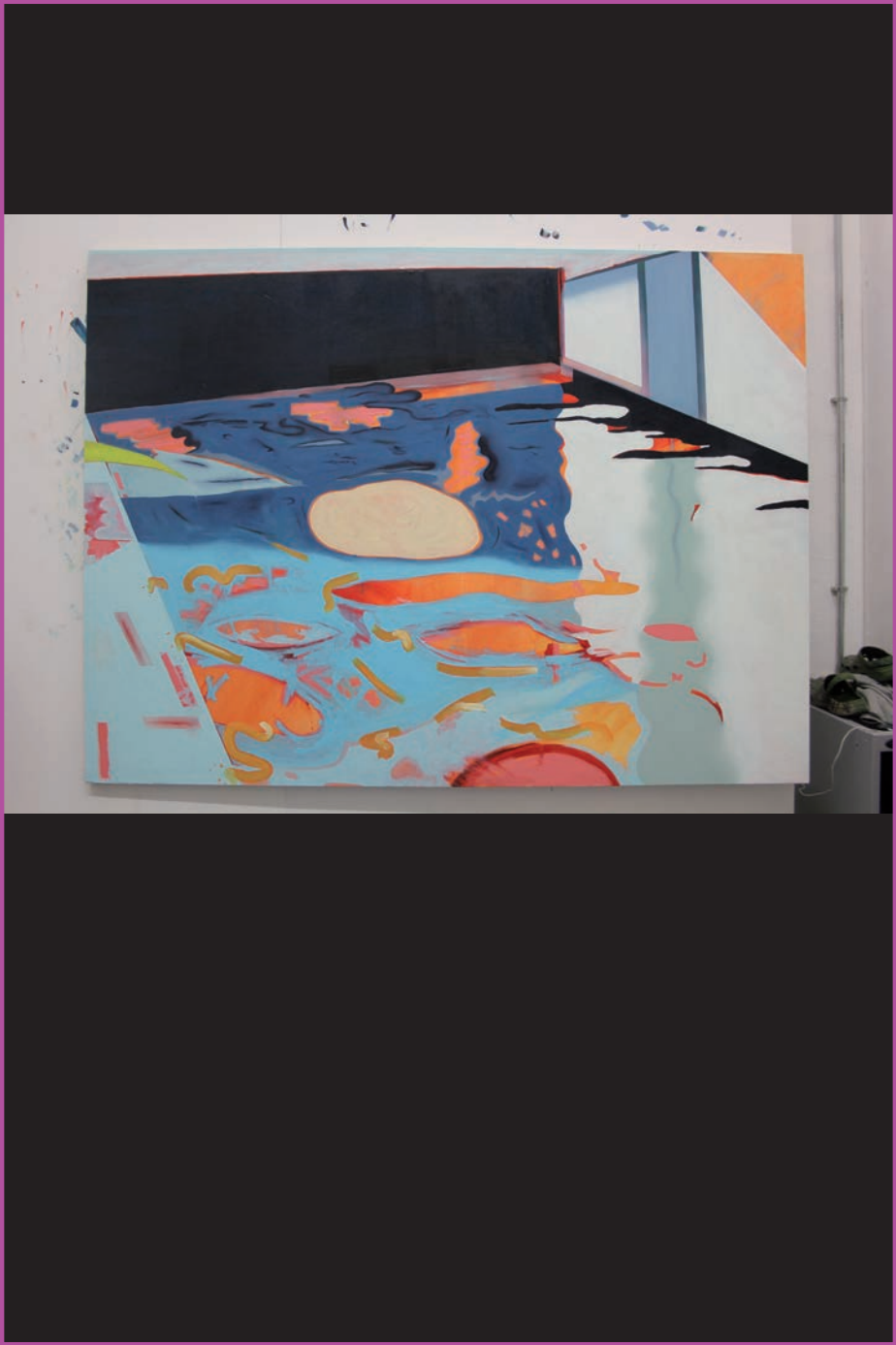
I'D LIKE TO THANK MY MUM,  
DAD, ETC.



MARK X







[FINNIANMCKENNA.COM](http://FINNIANMCKENNA.COM)

BETWEEN ATOMS;

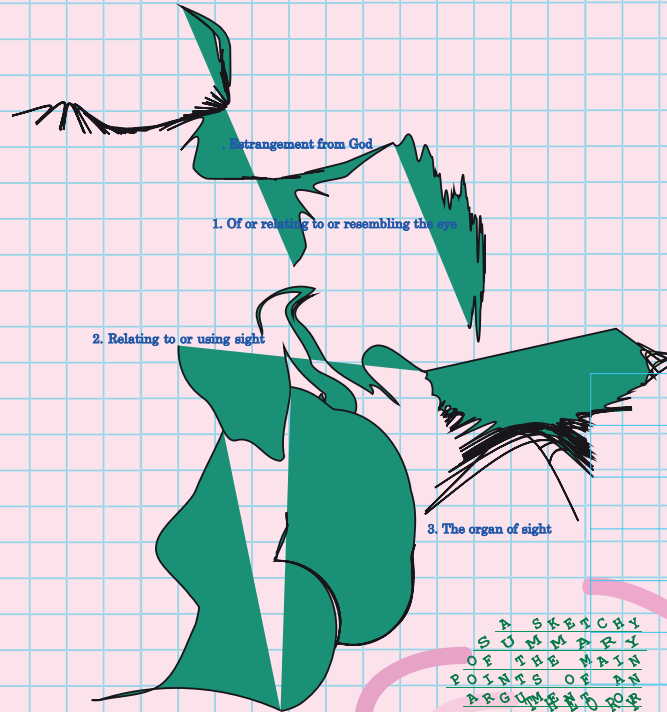
SITUATED,

OR ACTING,

BETWEEN THE ATOMS OF BODIES.

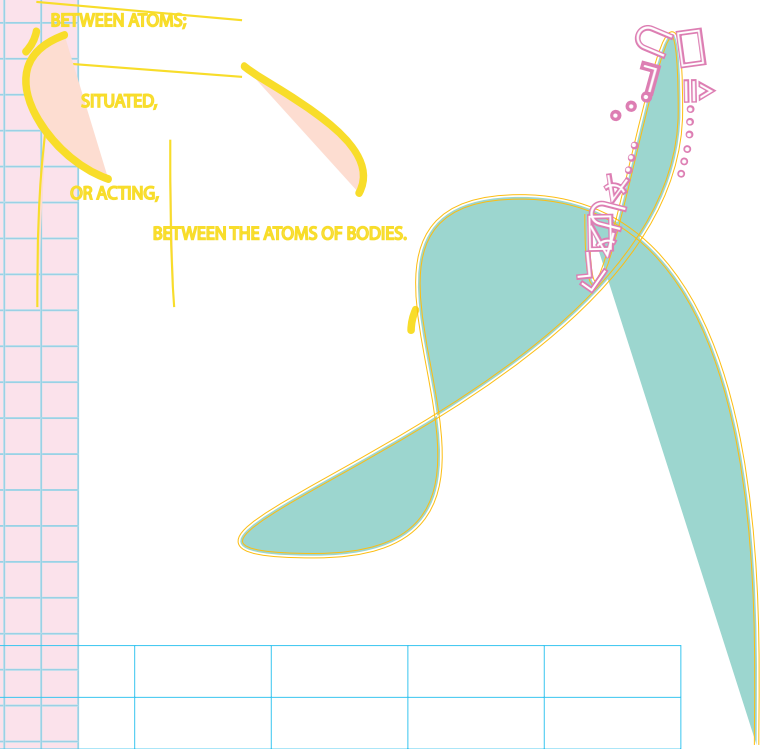
- A point located with respect to surface features
- Any area set aside for a particular purpose
- An abstract mental location
- A general vicinity
- The post or function properly or customarily occupied or served by another
- A particular situation
- Where you live at a particular time
- A job in an organisation
- The particular portion of space occupied by something
- Proper or designated social situation
- A space reserved for sitting
- The passage that is being read
- Proper or appropriate position or location
- A public square with room for pedestrians
- An item on a list or in a sequence
- A blank space

- Cause to have a certain (possibly abstract) location
- Assign somebody to a particular situation or location
- Assign a rank or rating to
- To arrange for
- Take a place in a competition
- Intend (something) to move towards a certain goal
- Recognise as *being*; establish the identity of someone or something
- Assign to (a job or home)
- Locate
- Esitmate



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- Identify the location or place of
- Make an investment
- Assign to a particular location
- Finish second or better
- Sing a note with the correct pitch



SYSTEM

Eleanor James Room

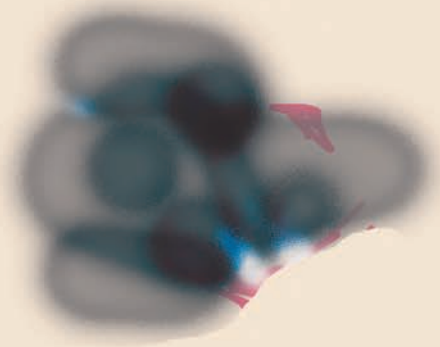
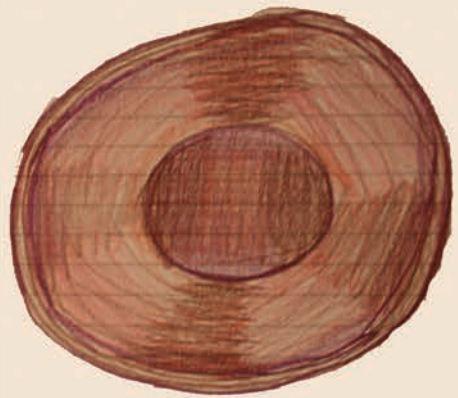
Hatcham

McMurtre Building 109









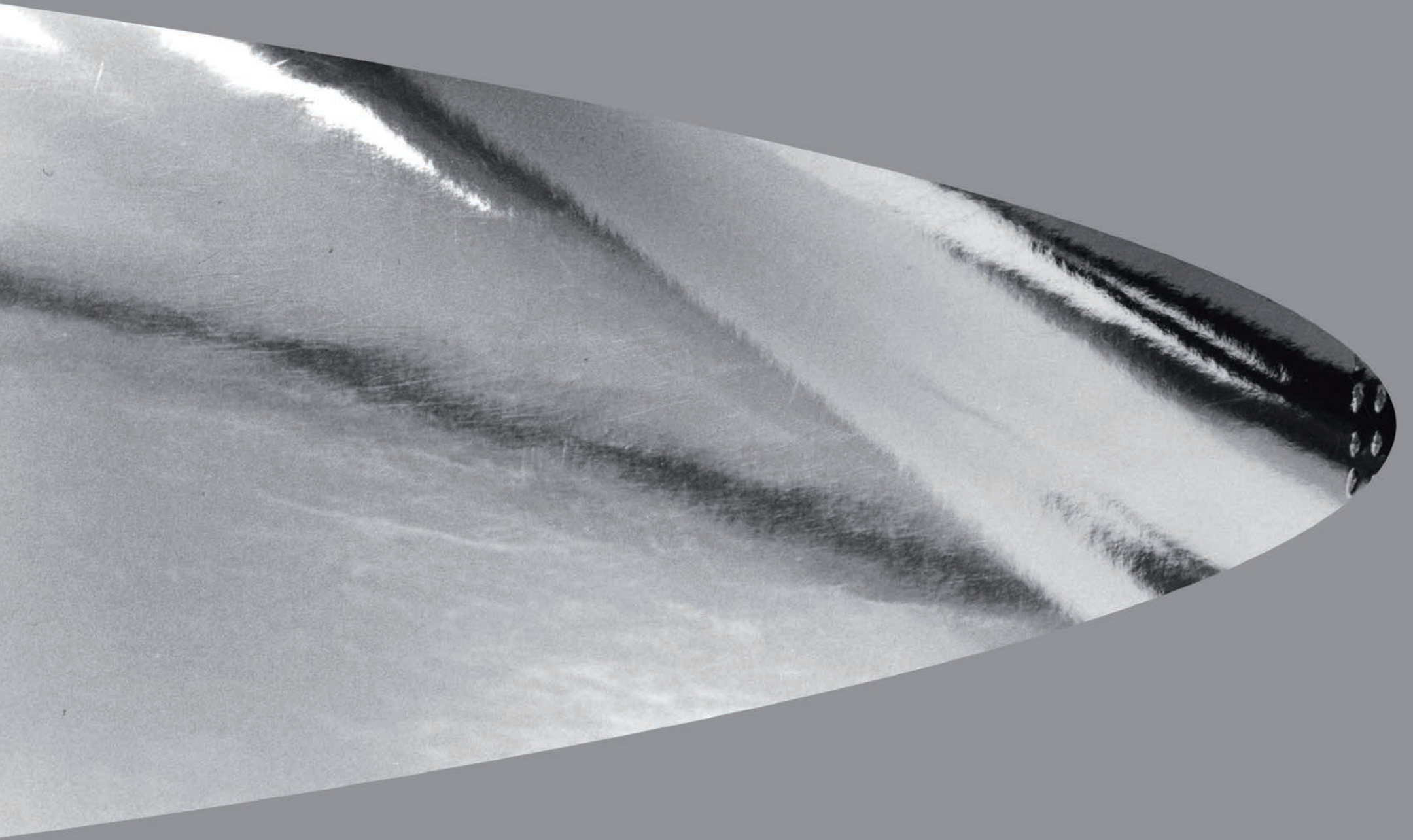
WILLIAM  
NARBY

[www.willnarby.co.uk](http://www.willnarby.co.uk)





*17TH ROCK FROM THE SUN*



# NO GAME

## LIVING IN VIRTUAL REALITY

My work mainly deals with gaming and Internet culture. Through painting I am exploring small community of gamers, people who spend their lives playing computer games. The work is about distance, the distance between two people at the opposite sides of the screen.

# NO LIFE



*Rekt*, 2015 oil on canvas



*ESL*, 2015, oil on canvas

## St James Hatcham Building, 201

### Mummy Ooi

Russet red sofa set (1 3-seater and 2 armchairs), 2 beautifully colorful & ornately embroidered cushions on the 2 armchairs and a pair of monochromatic cushions in green and brown, opp wall graced by a framed Turkish silk carpet, behind sofa is a wall alcove with displays: lowest level 1 tall glass vase on left of sofa and a painted vase on the red, 2nd level a chinese glass art painting depicting 2 different pictures on each side, a cluster of teapots, 2 decorative plates and on the highest level : 5 vases of different sizes and height. Next is a built in wall cabinet and next to it hangs a oil painting. There is a dark wood coffee table and a golden chest and a small table on each side of the sofa.

01:08

### Sandra Ooi



01:09

### Mummy Ooi

To continue: a rattan table and 1 pair of chairs are placed next to the armchair facing the balcony . On this table are placed Sandra's hand crafted vases with display of purple and white dried flowers. On the floor near the golden chest is a family of painted wooden ducks. And of course there is the ever faithful Irobot!

01:13



Syhaia Ooi  
zebrabrain@gmail.com



Just...

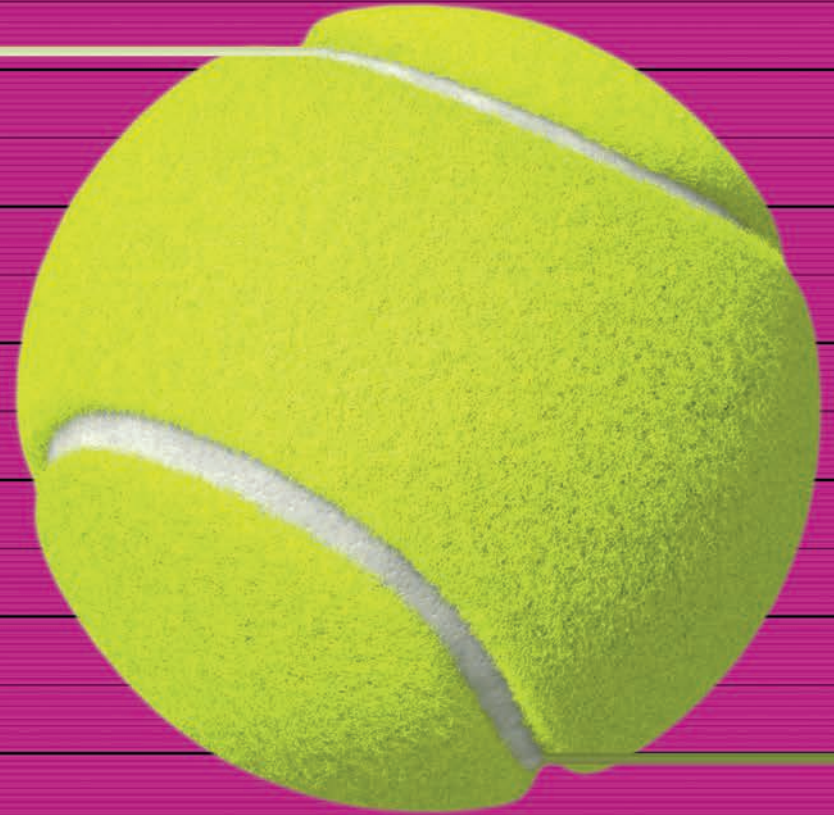
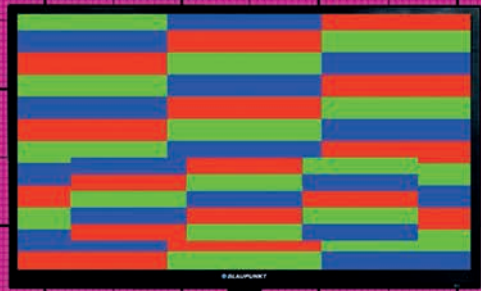
Think about it

Ka Ki PANG  
+44(0)7727291037  
kakipang@hotmail.com

## Performance Schedule

PV 18 June, 2015	6pm- 9pm
19 June, 2015	12pm/ 3pm
20 June, 2015	12pm/ 3pm
21 June, 2015	1pm
22 June, 2015	12pm/ 3pm

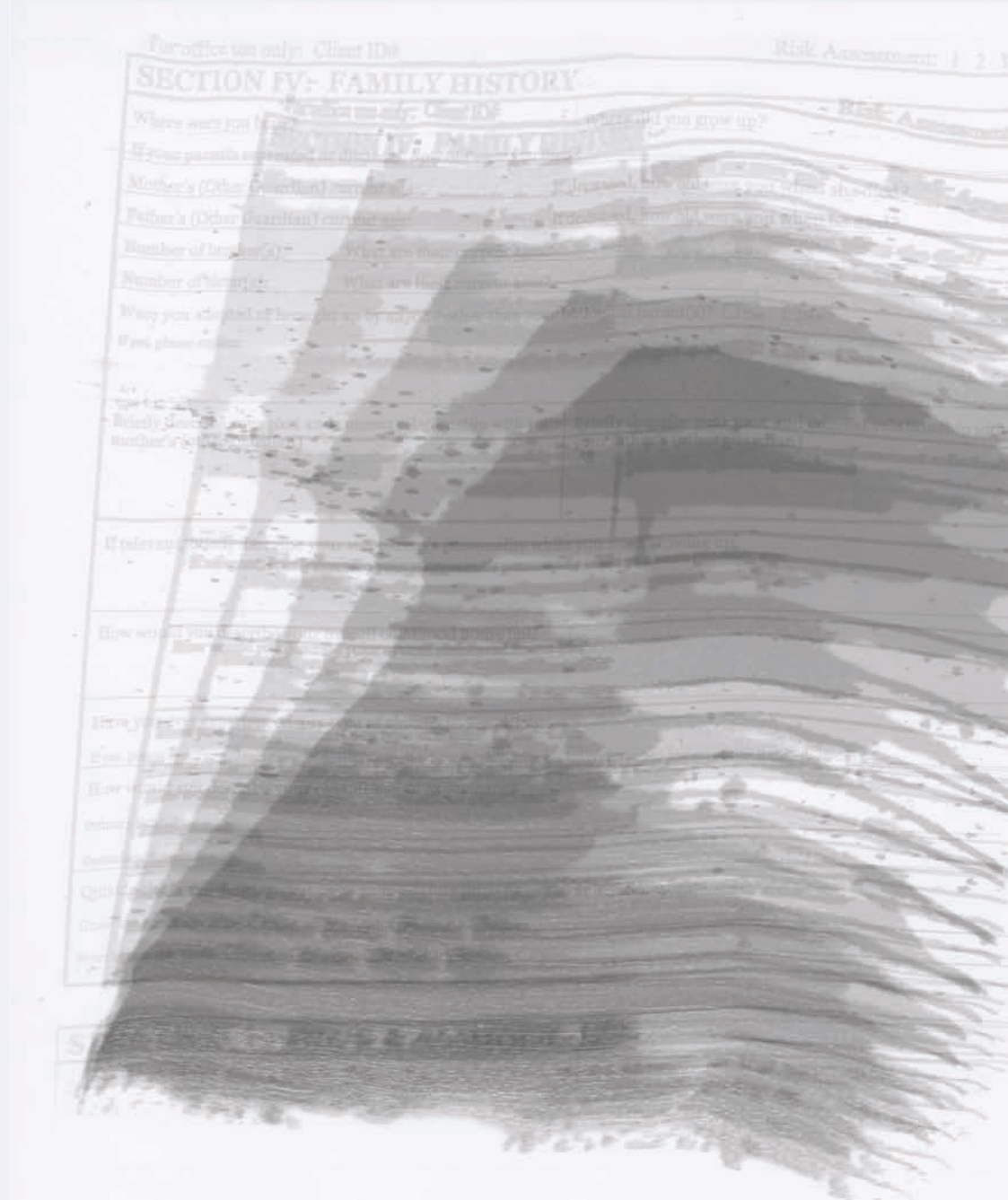
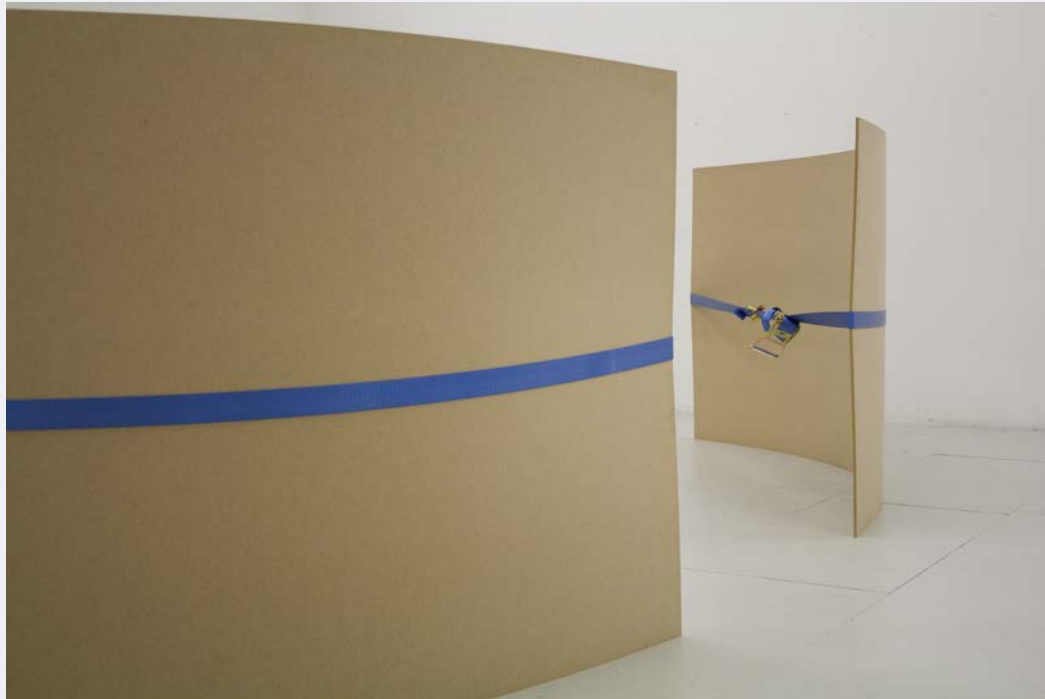
*Ground Floor, St James Hatcham Church,  
Goldsmiths, University of London, New Cross, London, UK  
SE14 6NW*



# Emilie Peyre Smith

St James Hatcham Building, Ground Floor

[www.emiliepeyresmith.com](http://www.emiliepeyresmith.com)  
[emiliepeyresmith@gmail.com](mailto:emiliepeyresmith@gmail.com)





Nicola Pope  
nicola\_pope@live.co.uk  
Skype: nicola.j.pope

**Question to discuss:**

**What should you be doing?**

**Red:** Jacking off  
**Blue:** finger  
**Red:** wait a minute  
**Red:** we could totally seks  
**Blue:** kik?  
**Red:** I can  
**Blue:** haha  
**Red:** throw me yours if your serial  
**Blue:** ~~what are you~~  
**Red:** kinky  
**Blue:** ;)  
**Red:** C u soon babe  
**Blue:** yeah babe  
**Red has disconnected**

SHOCKWAVE - THE INDEX  
ROCK + ROLL - VELVET UNDERGR  
ROADRUNNER - MODERN <sup>OUND</sup>  
LOVERS



HEATHER REID

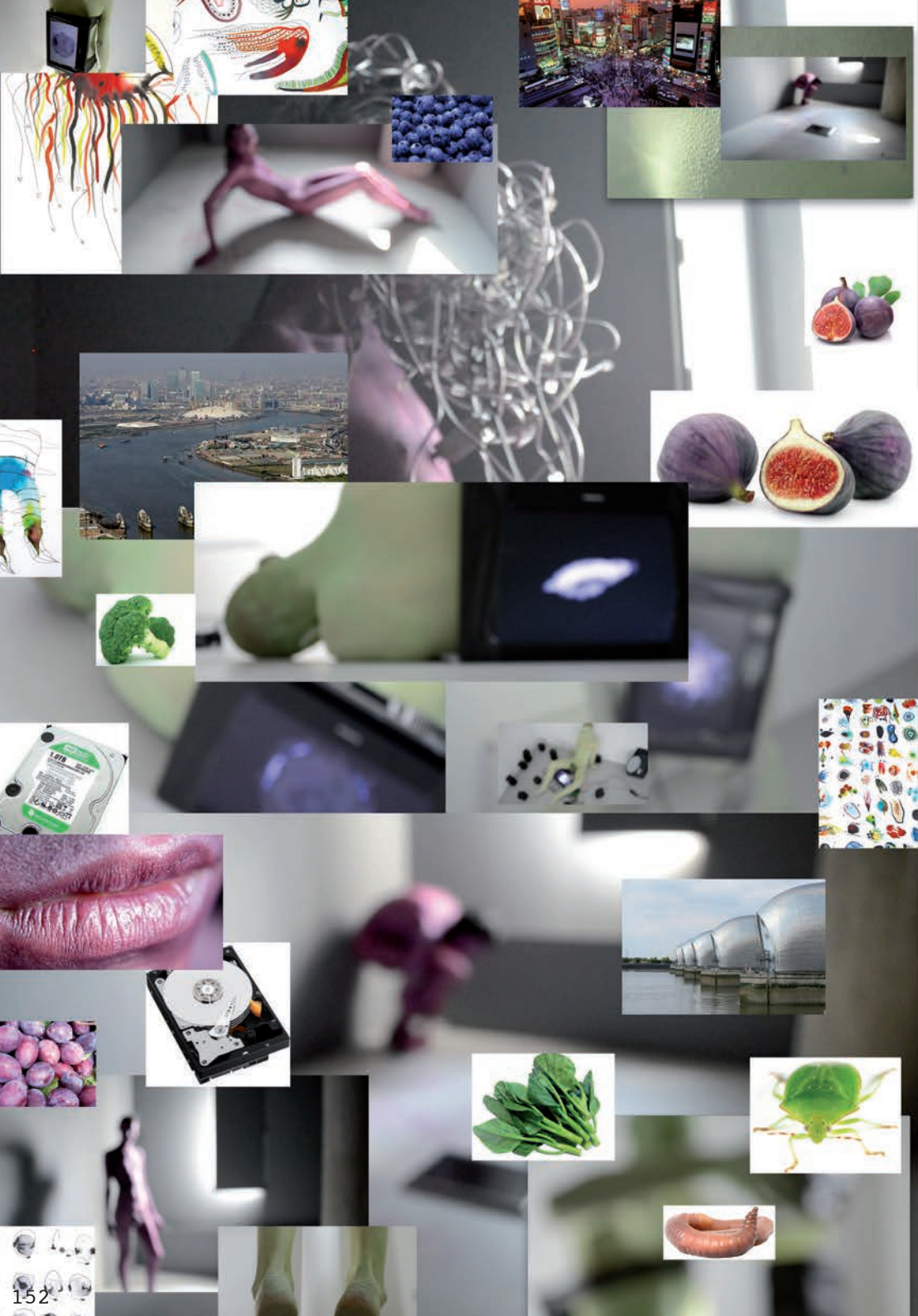
hlreid@live.co.uk



Overbelief (2015)  
Concrete, ash, metal, acrylic, feng shui  
12" x 8" x 2"



[ivanrobirosa.com](http://ivanrobirosa.com)







Rebecca Samura

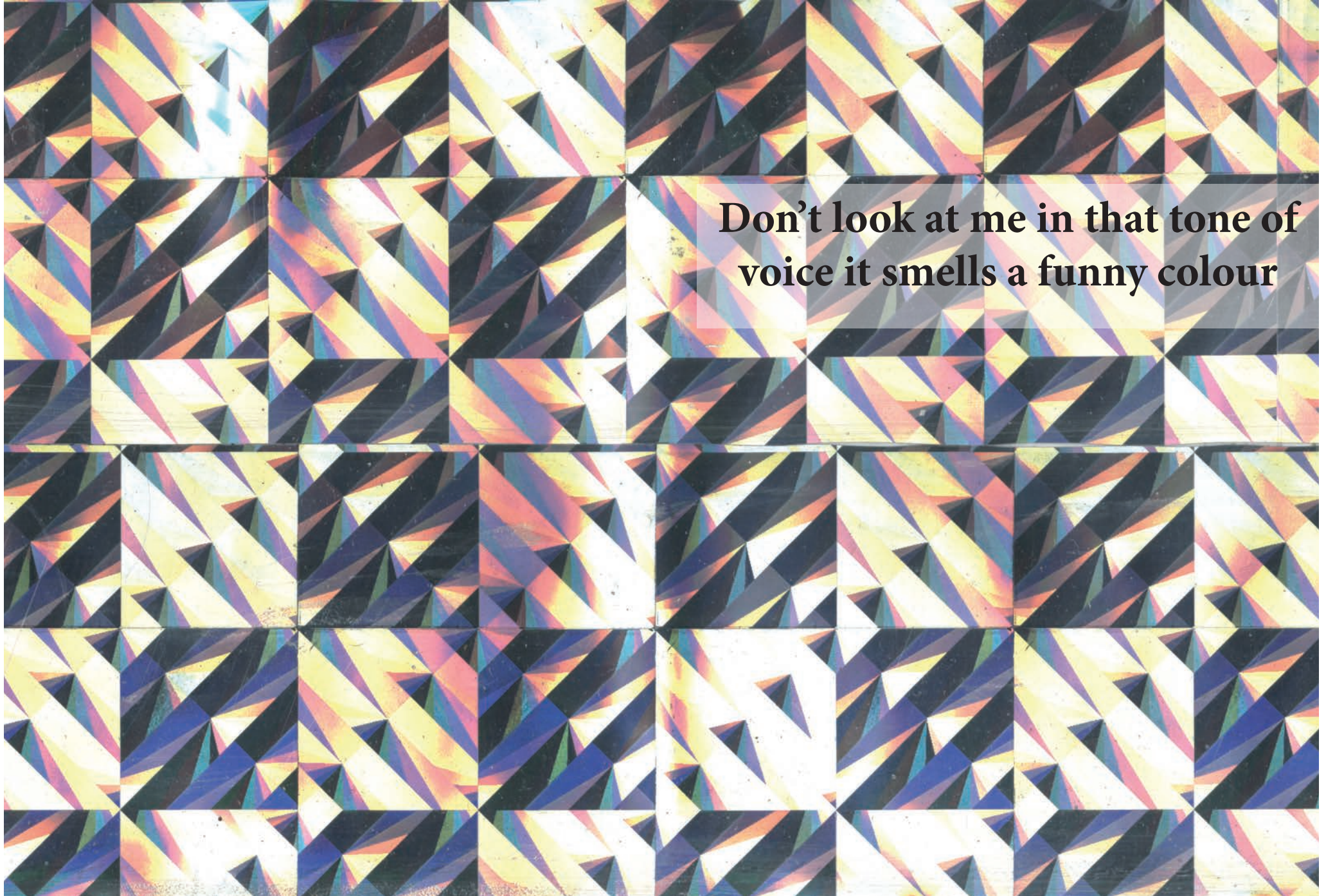
INTEX



**Fina Schneider**  
Shaving Our Legs in a River

Thanks to Robert Ashford & Katherine Whitaker  
Also Hannah Hetherington & Ben Urban





**Don't look at me in that tone of  
voice it smells a funny colour**



# Tatiana Stančev



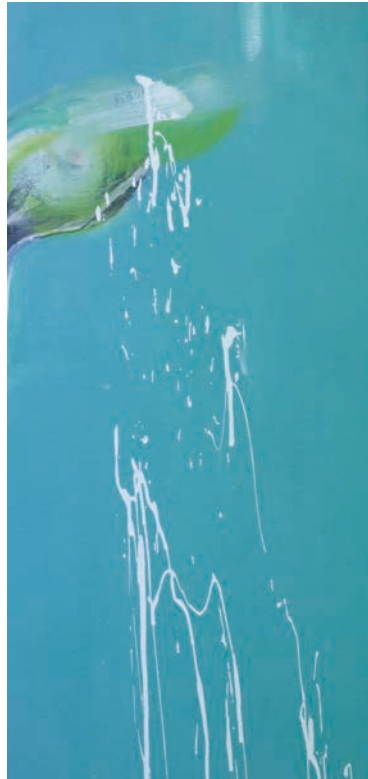


... Lifeline (performance)



Moemi Takano

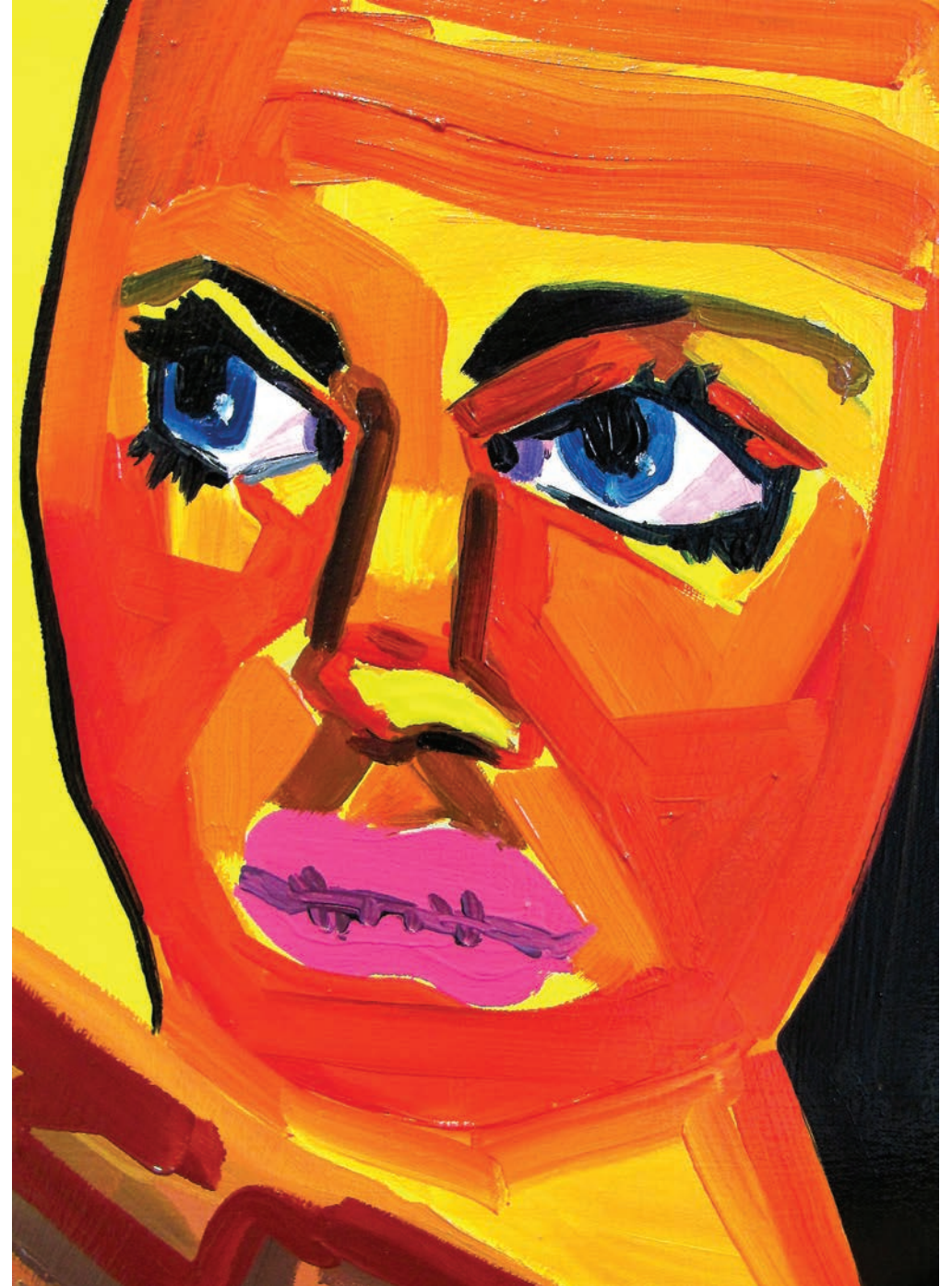




Above: the artist and painting in progress in May, 2015.

Proposition 14: Ode to Purification  
2015, Oil on Canvas, 200 x 300

TOWA TAKAYA  
[www.towatakaya.net](http://www.towatakaya.net)



St James Hatcham Building - 204





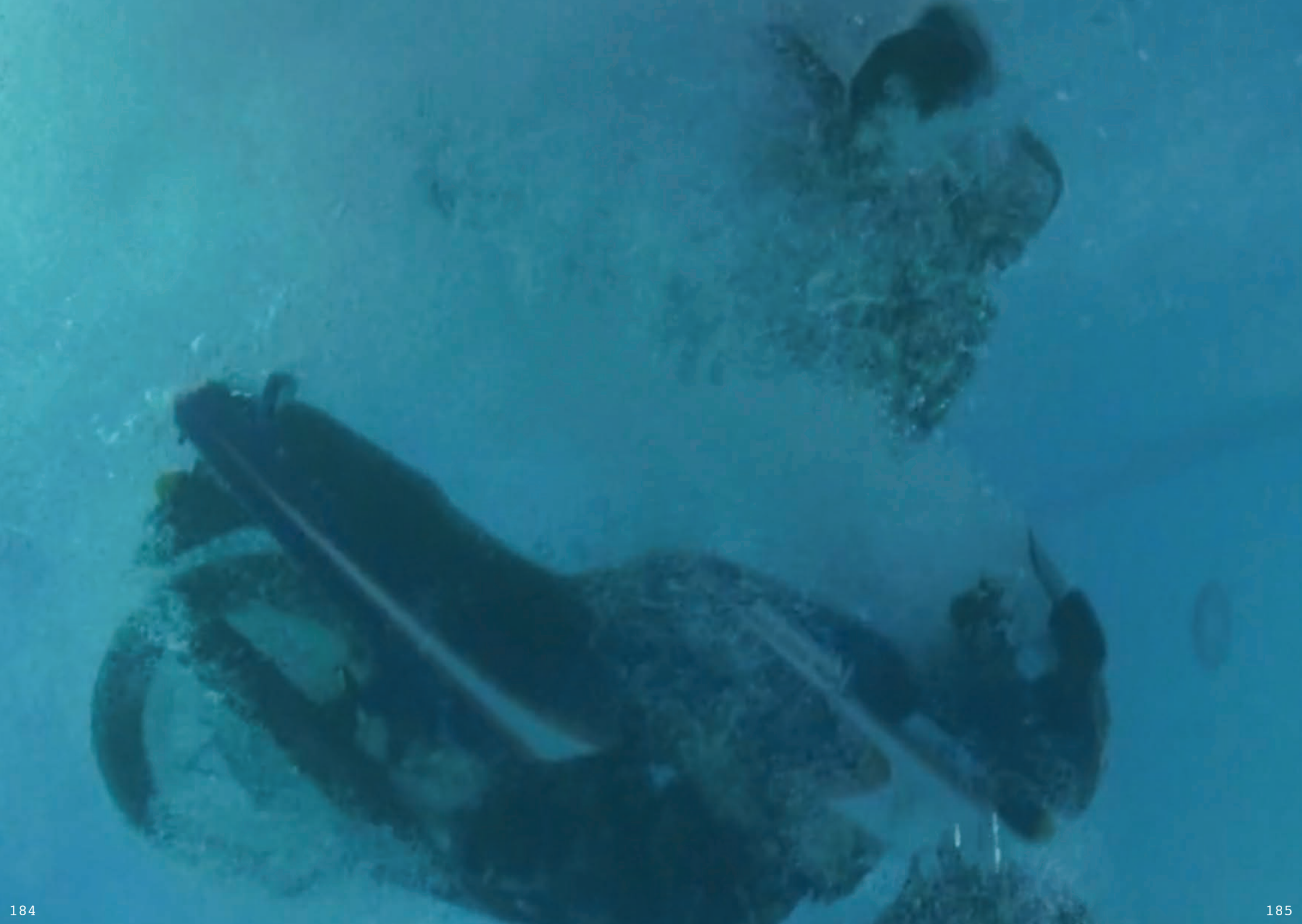




RHB 327

THEREFORE I REMAIN AT SEA.





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Why you everyday red?  
Very shine. I like this style.

Joseph-Winter.com



[Dort  
wird es  
eine Serie  
die vi gestalt  
enbiza an  
men geben  
gswürdige, c  
u bere, düstere,  
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v e r e, l o t e, l e i c h t e, b e r ü h m t e, t a l e n t e r t e, m i l l i o n e n r e i c h e, v a c h t i g e,  
billige, breite, merkwürdige, kraftvolle, reiche, schüchterne,  
zärtliche, uninteressierte, weite, falsche, wütende, verwirt  
e, tollpatschige, besiegte, beschämte, ger eine mürrische,  
hilflose, kratzige eifersüchtige, faule, mysteriöse, nerv  
öse, inausserliche, pausische, altschweizerische, es sind  
de, kübelte, verdammte, beugte, argenelme, mürrige, gefasste,  
nentsückende, eifrige, vertrauensvolle, sanfte, glückliche, muntere, gütige, lebhaft  
nette, gehorsame, stolze, erleichterte, albernde, dankbare, siegreiche, vers  
hm'z e, begeisterte, w i t e, p u n n e l i g e, g e k r ' m m t e, g e w ö l b t e, e r m ü c h t e r  
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' d e, w i t e, g r o ß e, k o l o s s a l, ' e t e g i a r t i c h e, r i e s i g e, i n m e r s, w e i l i u i  
ge, kleine, Mammutmäßige, massive, winzige, zierliche, kümmerliche, d  
üre, klitzekleine, gurrende, ohrenbetäubende, schwache, zischende, laute, me  
lodische, geräuschvolle, schnurrende, leise, heiser-, kreischende, donnernde,  
stimmlose, flüsternde, ahertümliche, bündige, führe, schnelle, späte, lange, mod  
erne, alte, albierte, s e i n l i e, r a p i d e, k u z e, l a n g s a m e, e i n z e, j u n g, o t t e, d e l i z i ö s e,  
frische, fettige, saftige, heiße, eisige, lockere, geschmolzene, nährreiche, stachelige, regner  
sche, verfaulte, salzige, klebrige, starke, süße, herbe, geschmacklose, unebene, schwache,  
nasse, holzige, leckere, kochende, Briesse, zerbrochen-, hügelige, kühle, kalte, kaltere, grau  
envolle, gekrümmte, luschelige, lockige, beschädigte, feuchte, frecklig, trocken, ste  
ubige, flockige, flauschige, askalt, v a n n e, n a s s e, ü b e r m ä ß i g e, l e c h t e, w i n n i g e, w i l l e r e i c h e r e,  
leichte, viele, unzählige, karge, subst  
und Materialien, werden diese  
Diese Klammern werden  
Entlang dieser werden si  
den. Auf jeder Klamm  
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antuelle Formen, Hergestellt in einer Viel ält von Farben  
auf die Enden dreier rechteckiger Klammern befestigt.  
einen Meter lang sein und aus Stahl gemac  
ch Nachrichten über Zitat vor einer Puffe  
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von einem anderen Buch kommen, jedes Buch w  
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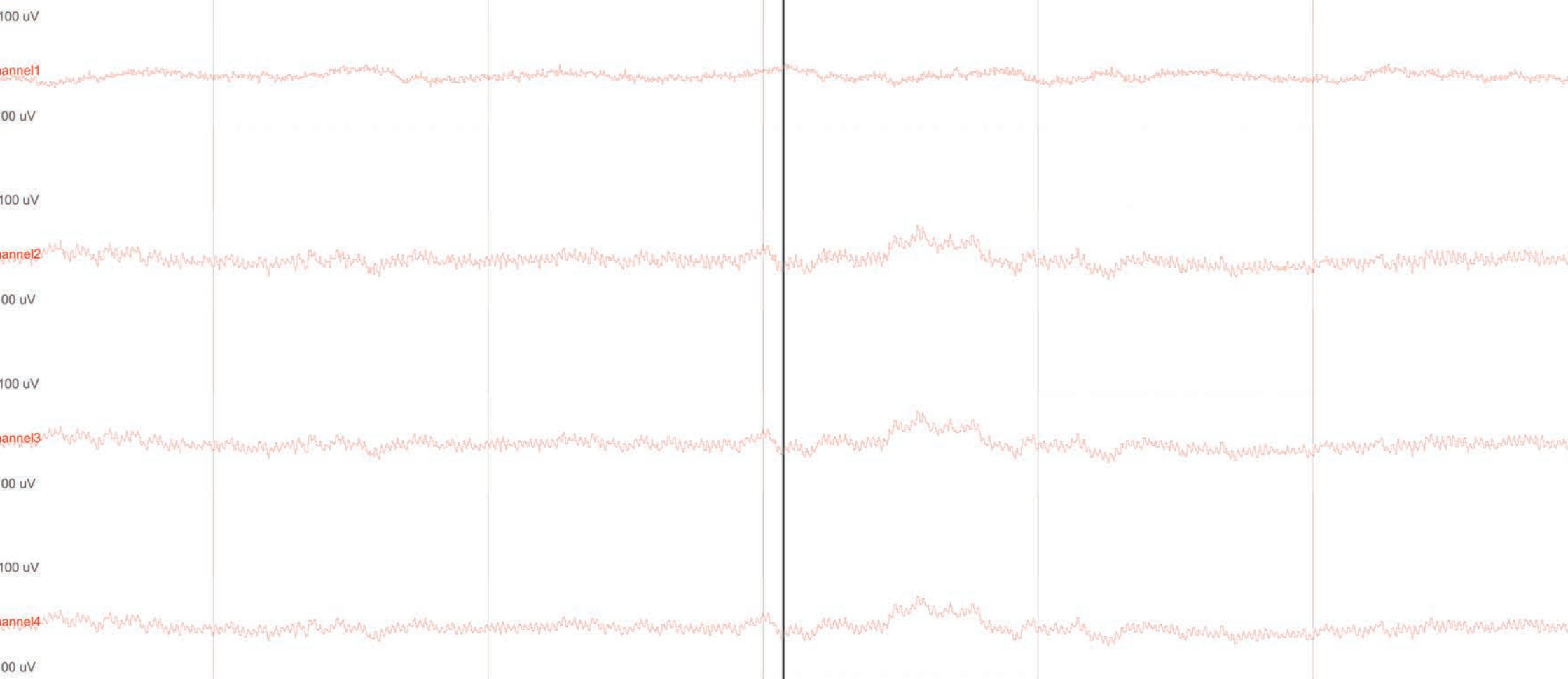


Emily Woolley

[emily@woolley.org.uk](mailto:emily@woolley.org.uk)

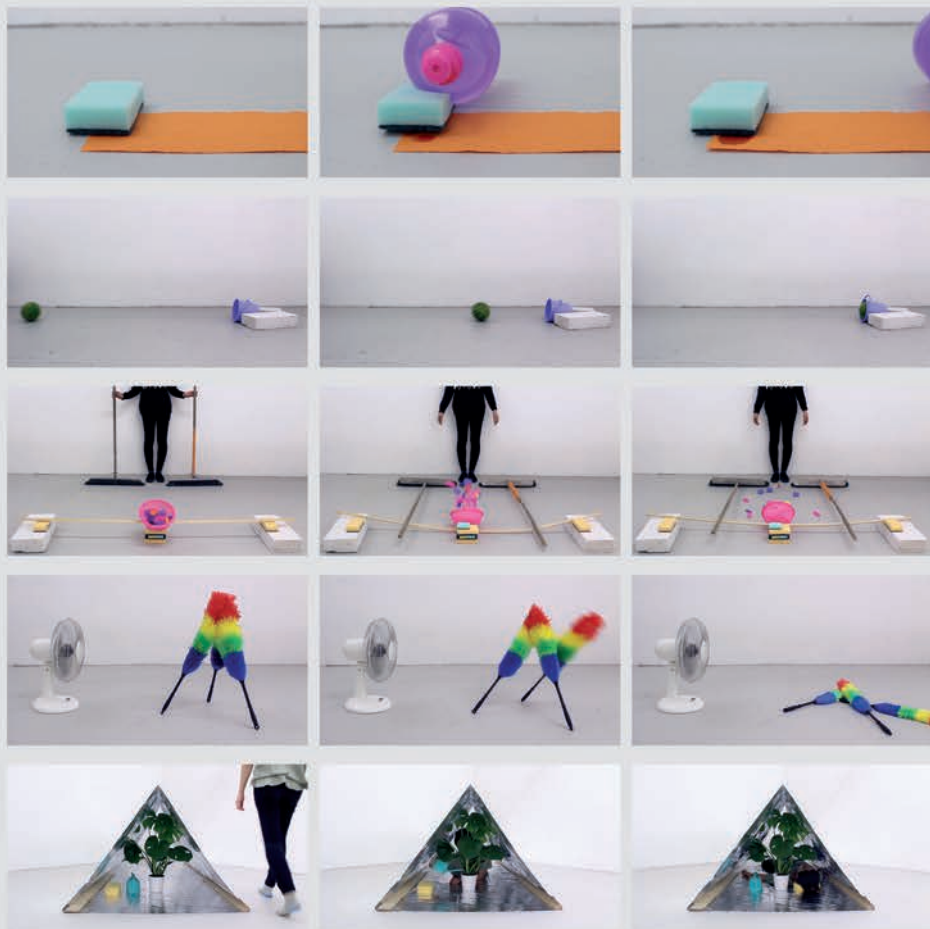
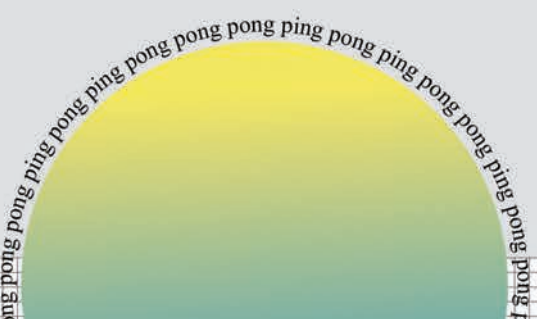
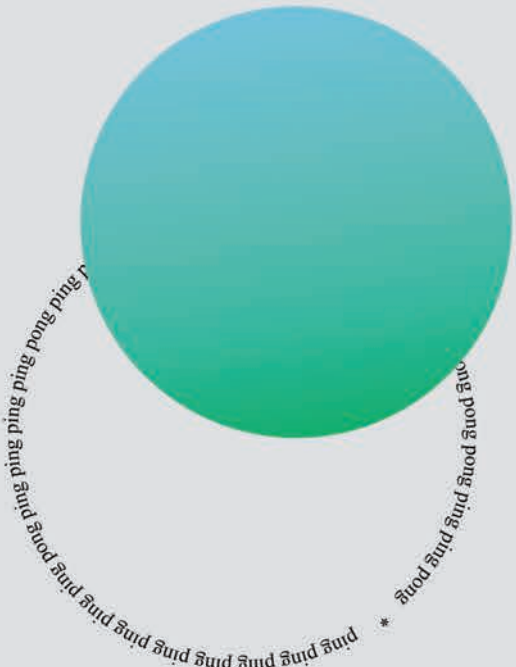
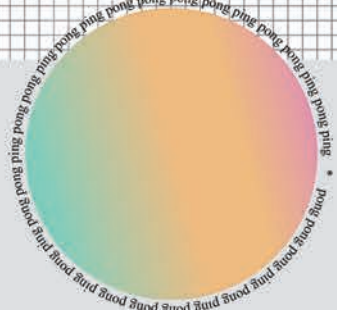


kaiyang xiang  
xkystc@gmail.com  
painter  
24



9:03:50.1666 (0:09:00.1666)





24 works, 11:47\_ still from the video

- Dot
- Watermelon
- Basket
- Duster
- Home

www.thisisyea.com  
thisisyea@gmail.com

come and go like the wind

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