



PROXY
MA Sculpture 2021
Royal College of Art
Satellite Event

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“Proxy confronts us as an absent ground, it is a title that speaks of the disappearance of older modes of orientation that faithfully held up the illusion of fixed boundaries and stable meanings. We might then understand *Proxy* as follows: to stand in for and to stand for; to be both here and there; to perform as an agent without instruction, and finally; to be a representative of a world that demands new modes of representation. Hito Steyerl’s description of ‘free fall’ is important here, she writes: “As you are falling, your sense of orientation may start to play additional tricks on you. The horizon quivers in a maze of collapsing lines and you may lose any sense of above and below, of before and after, of yourself and your boundaries.’ Steyerl continues: ‘In falling, the lines of the horizon shatter, twirl around, and superimpose.’ Could it be that this experience of verticality, of free fall, helps us to better understand the critical force of *Proxy*? One thing is certain, the word proxy is situated in the space of this exhibition to stand in for a world that is currently unavailable, a world on hold until further notice.” — *Jaspar Joseph-Lester*.

Exhibiting Artists:

Albeiro R. Tomedes, Abi Braley, Alastair Kwan, Alexei Alexander Izmaylov, Amba Sayal-Bennett, Ania Assadi-Sabet, Araceli Gomez Castro, Camilla Bliss, Millie Laing-Tate, Catharina Bond, Danying Yu, Deming Huang, Divya Sharma, Dorte Kloppenborg-Skrumsager, Esther Merinero, Feng Lin, Fengjin Yu, Hannah Dinsdale, Helen Wilson, Hsi-Nong Huang, Hugo Hutchins, Inês Coelho da Silva, Janina Frye, Jasper Garvida, Jenna Fox, Jiamin Ye, Jihyun Min, Kairong Zhang, Ker Wallwork, Linda Zagidulina, Lydia Brockless, Margarita Trushina, Mila Dolman, Mingxuan Nie, Minhee Kang, Muban Jiang, Oisín O'Brien, Po Lam Chan, RedBlack Lawrence, Rucong Ma, Ruofan Chen, Samuel Padfield, Snyder Moreno Martin, Sophie Giller, Steph Huang, Taylor Davies-King, Woonbae Yea, Yuan Zhuang, Yue Zheng, Yuiko Amano.

Preview 23rd June, by request
(Gallery access will follow Government Guidelines)

23th – 27th June 2021,
Opening times Thu – Sat 10am – 6pm,
Sunday 10am – 4pm

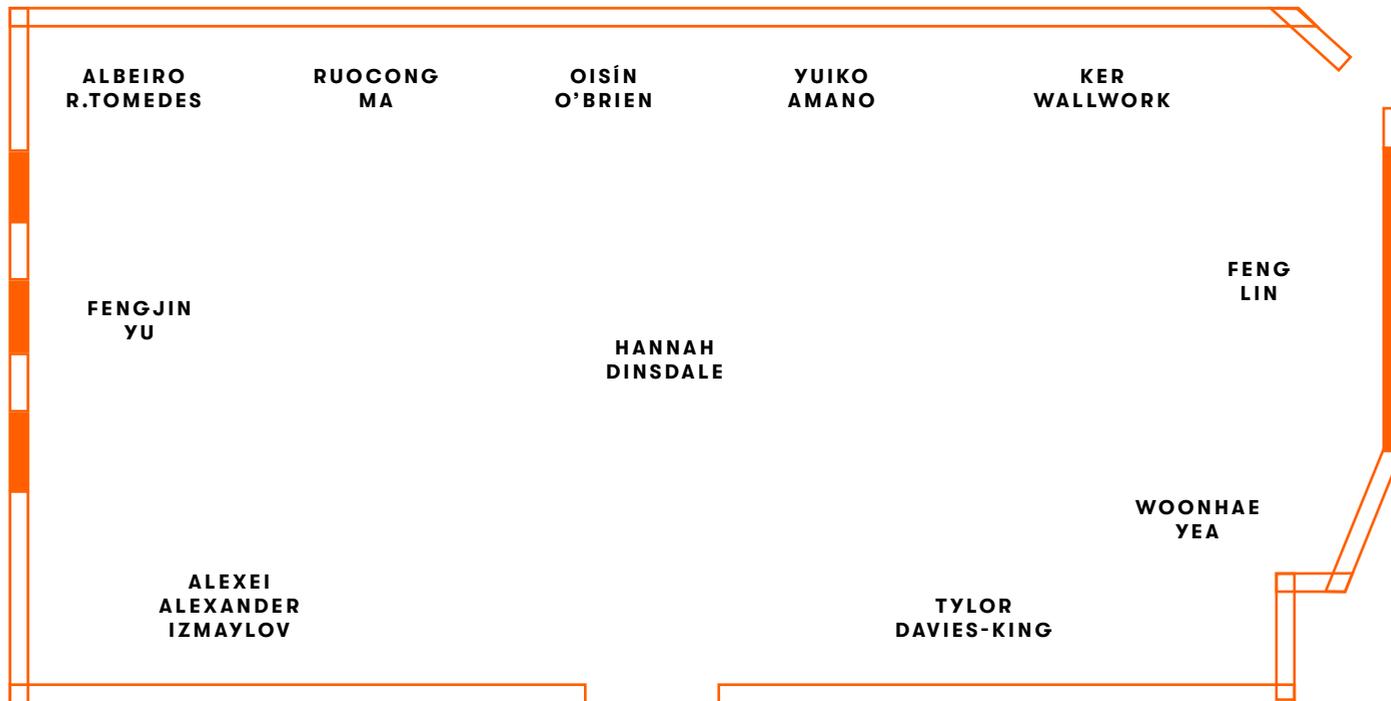
The Royal College of Art’s MA Sculpture class of 2021 invites you to PROXY – a satellite event of their physical showcase of their graduate study – to be held at Cromwell Place, Kensington this June 2021.

A graduate exhibition is a space where multiple sites of knowledge, production, creation and process come together. The RCA 2021 cohort share delight that the time spent researching, making, experimenting, discussing and developing can be experienced in physical form. RCA celebrates sculpture as everything and this is demonstrated with the variety and scope of the work on show. Pieces have been cast, moulded, painted, printed, collated, screened, photographed, written, performed and everything in between. The show relishes our diversity in a time when many may not have met in person, but have still forged deep connections. PROXY reflects the spaces the that students found to resided in while at (not at) RCA during the pandemic, space took on a new meaning and zoom the hinterland that enabled discussion. The work in *Proxy* touches on this, space, identity, transition, the environment, and while varied, a strong sense of positivity and being in the here and now shines through.

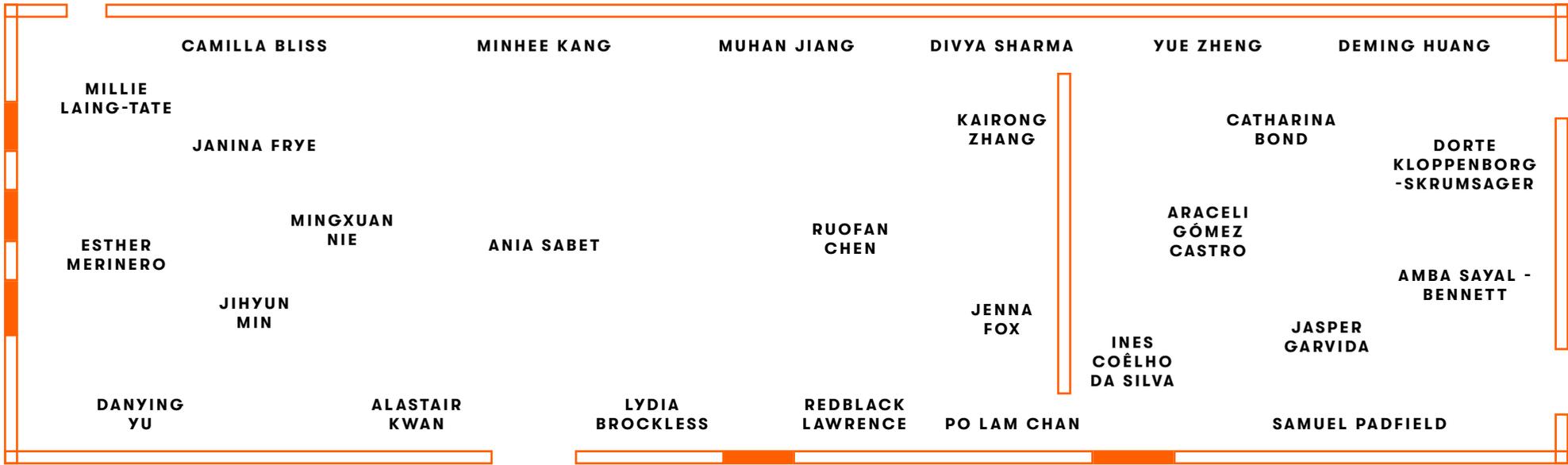
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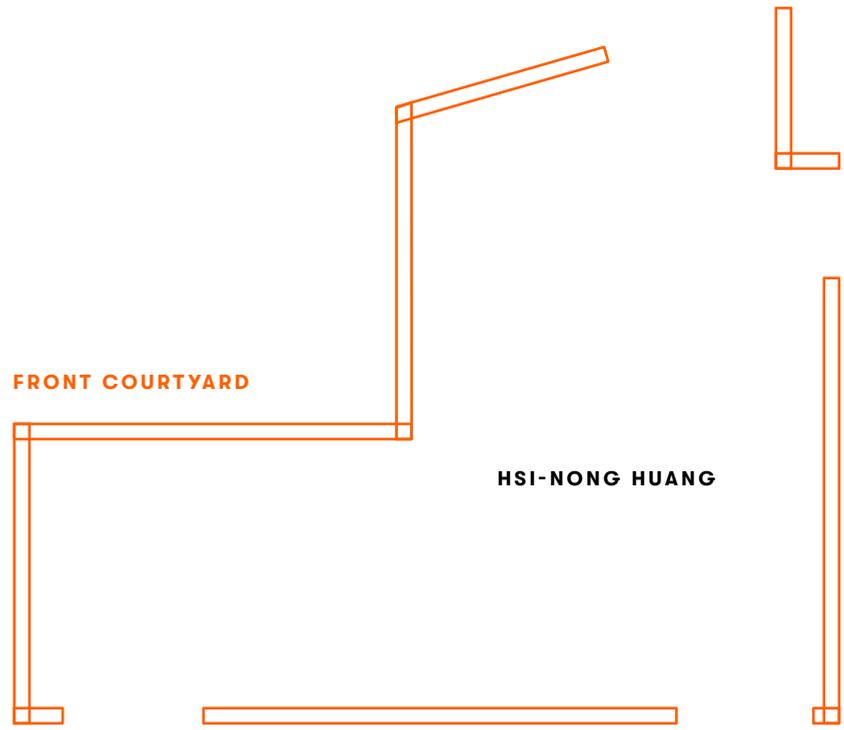
Royal College of Art
Postgraduate Art & Design



GROUND FLOOR, GALLERY ELEVEN

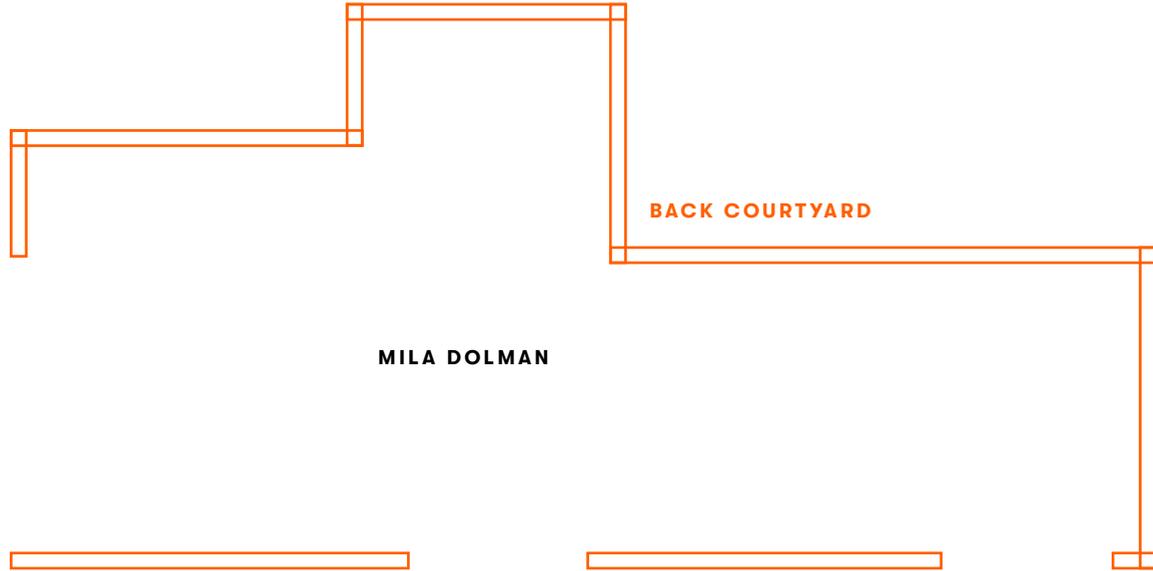


THE PAVILION GALLERY



FRONT COURTYARD

HSI-NONG HUANG



MILA DOLMAN

BACK COURTYARD

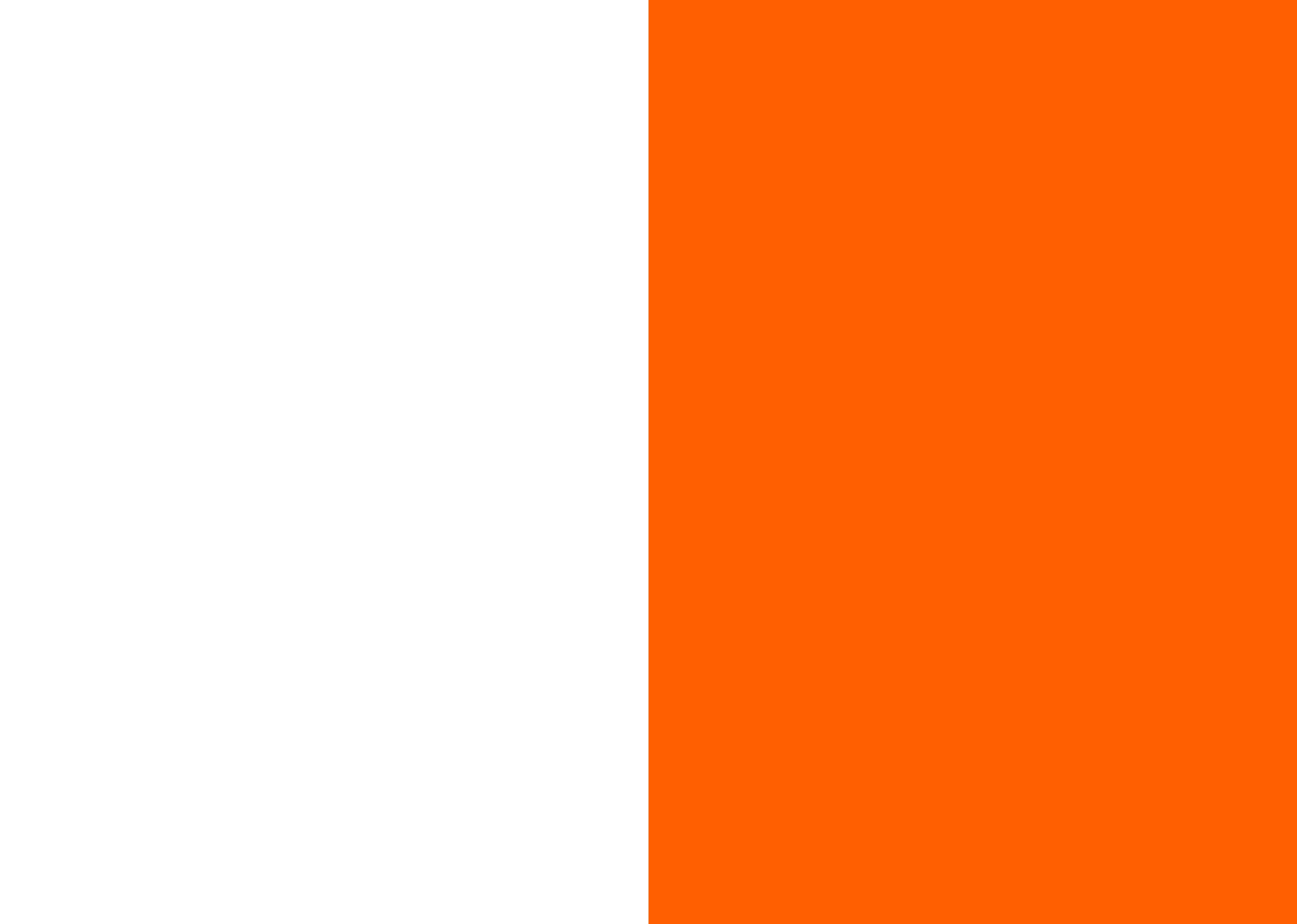


FIRST FLOOR, LAVERY STUDIO

PROXY *by* **JASPAR JOSEPH-LESTER** 20

I AM AN INTERMEDIARY *by* **SOPHIE J WILLIAMSON** 22

WORKS 26



How should we understand this enigmatic title? We might begin by asking how can 50 graduating sculpture students share a single umbrella title for their show? While this 'satellite' exhibition at Cromwell Place (shown alongside MA Painting and in tandem with the online platform RCA2021) might not be the most familiar context for a group of graduating MA Sculpture students, it remains hard to imagine a curatorial concept that could encompass such a broad range of approaches and concerns. After all, this is RCA Sculpture; there is, as everyone knows, an absolute refusal to endorse a house style. Before we take this any further, I should simply explain that Proxy is not intended to stand as a curatorial concept. Proxy is simply a title.

Why then, I hear you ask, are we invited to consider a title unanchored from a curatorial concept? Are we to understand Proxy as an empty signifier, a container without stuff? A word floating freely in space? Let us consider for a moment what Hito Steyerl describes as 'free fall': 'As you are falling, your sense of orientation may start to play additional tricks on you. The horizon quivers in a maze of collapsing lines and you may lose any sense of above and below, of before and after, of yourself and your boundaries.' Steyerl continues: 'In falling, the lines of the horizon shatter, twirl around, and superimpose.' Could it be that this experience of verticality, of free fall, helps us to better understand the critical force of Proxy? One thing is certain, Proxy is a title that asserts its meaning beyond mere definition. The word proxy is somehow positioned in the space of this exhibition to stand in for a world that is currently unavailable and on hold until further notice.

But what does it mean for one thing to stand in for another and for that phenomenon - of verticality standing in for horizontality, of satellite standing in for centre, of the digital standing in for the physical - to consume our everyday lives, to become an experience that is itself a point of origin rather than proxy? Or, perhaps more philosophically, what does it mean for our collective experience of disorientation and free fall to put an end to the outmoded binaries used to judge between appearance and reality, fakes and originals? What then does a title such as this stand (in) for?

Proxy confronts us as an absent ground, a title that speaks of the disappearance of older modes of orientation that faithfully held up the illusion of fixed boundaries and stable meanings. We might then understand Proxy as follows: to stand in for and to stand for; to be both here and there; to perform as an agent without instruction; and finally, to be a representative of a world that demands new modes of representation.

For sculpture in a time of proxy:

I too am an intermediary. A pit-stop. A fleeting pause on, way to something else. I was born in 1985, yet my body is only seven years old; each cell, organ and the skin that binds them together is in a process of periodic renewal. My memory holds my 35 years; and the lifetime of our species. Matter reforms and resurfaces again and again, recreating sentience and carrying with it a multitude of pasts. I am a stand in. A temporary moment on a trajectory. An instant within a sea of flux. A surrogate. And I too sit amongst a scaffolded of temporary surroundings.

Quantum mechanics describes the world as a reality comprised only of the relations between physical systems: rather than a world made up of 'things', 'things' only exist because they enter into relations with one another. We are not within a world of objects, but a world of events. In *Reality is Not What It Seems*, theoretical physicist Carlo Rovelli writes:

'A stone is a vibration of quanta that maintains its structure for a while, just as a marine wave maintains its identity for a while before melting again into the sea. What is a wave, which moves on water without carrying with it any drop of water? A wave is not an object, in the sense that it is not made of matter that travels with it. The atoms of our body, as well, flow in and away from us. We, like waves and like all objects, are a flux of events; we are processes, for a brief time monotonous.'

Furthermore, thought is inherent to the nature of matter: matter cannot be simply represented as a sum of its 'finite' parts, as matter constantly engenders thinking creatures, constantly reproduces sentience. Thought cannot exist without matter. Whilst objects are each undoubtedly a fleeting monotonous process, these fleeting objects form our world. Subsequently, all objects—organic and non-organic—are each alive with agency: all form the world we live in materially, but many also shape it through primal instincts, evolutionary decisions, amalgamated societies and, amongst an Anthropocentric worldview, politics and capital flows.

Sculpture sits in an interesting intersection amongst this flux. A sculpture does not itself think autonomously, yet it is formed with the intention of inspiring thought in material compositions elsewhere: in the minds of other contemporary beings. Borrowing from Heidegger's thing theory, archaeologist Bill Brown wrote: 'We look through objects because they are codes by which our interpretive attention makes them meaningful'. Yet these codes are in a constant game of reconfiguration, drawing parallels and entering into new conversations, whilst distancing, forgetting and disentangling from others, as the world changes around them.

Viewing the world through this lens, all objects are proxies for the meaning they inspire. Writing in 1969, artist Kishio Suga elucidated the provisional nature of his sculptural practice in his essay, *The Start of Disappearance: As Things Deny Things*:

When we had to break down the concept of an object with the object, what we did was to let 'it' be known with minimum human intervention. Only when we clearly recognize a tree as a 'tree' and soil as 'soil' can we grasp the object for us to break down. In doing so, we create an artificial nature that the human brain can freely manipulate from the nature in which human consciousness is immersed.'

The authority we bestow on objecthood shapes our world view. Human colonialization of the planet – and each other – has been a process of a violently insatiable appetite deployed by this belief in objecthood: power and ownership over the perceived bounded entities of landmass, peoples, objects and resources. Now, amid the consequential Anthropocene, our worldview is one of decay, degradation and imminent endings of these objects. In his essay 'Undercover Softness', philosopher Reza Negarestani puts forth a politics of decay as a malleable architecture that creates anew in the process of putrefaction. He argues that all structures – both physical entities and conceptual socio-political formations – are always in a process of undoing into somethings else and only momentarily perceived to be wholesome, a 'nested maze' of interiorities in a processes of being exteriorized in 'unimaginably twisted ways'. The world is a world of stand ins; a constant flux of material exchanges, holding together in united objectness momentarily for a lifetime of different scales and temporalities: photons collectively forming a beam of light; proteins within a cell; people within societies; buildings within a city; dataset within a digital exchange; behavioural conventions within a culture. Fleeting and ephemeral, yet convincingly real. A mountain seems solid and to hold with it permanence. Yet it is only so comparatively.

For me to stand in front of a sculpture is the meeting of two junctures within an ongoing movement, degradation and reconfiguration of matter. Amid the fluidity of ideas and the changing thinking of things, Suga concludes in his essay that, 'making things is not a completed function of representation but constitutes merely the starting point to another space that is enormous and undefined.'

2020 ripped away our comfortable suspension of disbelief; we were rudely thrown into the abyss, forced to confront our unstable reality. It was a year that forced necessary alternatives; structures previously taken for granted were razed to the ground, exposed as merely fragile, temporary and contingent states. Previously invisible entanglements revealed themselves, and new ones were formed. Communities – human and non-human – actively aware of the need to restructure, adapted rapidly to new circumstances. The world over, new ways of working, living and being have been imagined.

The past 18-months has brought our instability to the fore in our minds; yet it has always been the ever-present state of life, the only certain continuum in our universe. The works in this exhibition are stand-ins for accumulated thoughts: those of the makers and those of the viewers, accumulated through different cultures, landscapes and lives. We are each the makings of non-linear histories. Everything held momentarily in this exhibition is a proxy; for each artist, idea and atom in a process of change, on their way elsewhere. We – fleeting organic and non-organic objects of differing temporalities, amid an ocean of fluctuations – are together in an entangled in a holistic, ever-evolving cosmology of flux.

I MISS DANCING WITH MY FRIENDS

by ABI BRALEY

The work fluctuates between two parallel timelines: that of objects seen in relation to each other *and* objects seen as windows into autobiography. It questions the human everyday, with an emphasis on typical, mundane 'negativities' that one is often encouraged to suppress. Via reappropriated objects, the work reveals failure and ridiculousness as important components of a full and realistic look at life. At once visceral and considered, her practice renders as productive small aspects of the social—absurdity, clutter, stupidity, etc—that tend to be seen pejoratively.

I Miss Dancing With My Friends (2020) is disinterested by technical perfection. It is instead focused on raw physicality and on the power of objects to arrest emotions. The work conveys truths of a messy life. By acknowledging the endemic nature of chaos and the unreliability of prediction, she generates an Alice in Wonderland-style perspective. From this position, her multi-format works assert: a tendency towards dissensus, a move away from pedestaled art, an affinity with bad art, and a certain bias towards positive sides of the negative.



ALASTAIR KWAN

The objects and images presented are tied together by an interest in tracing colonial architecture and histories. The work came from serendipitous encounters with these narratives. The series brings together a growing personal collection of textures taken from environments that I come across day-to-day living in London. They visibilise my personal experiences as a British-born Chinese artist, growing up in the UK.



WEEPING WALLS

by ALBEIRO R TOMEDES

Weeping Walls Series (“Nos estan matando” / “They are killing us”) Skins of paint collected from walls in the streets of Colombia 170x160cm approx

Graffiti vents the pain and protest of thousands of people all around the world. In Colombia it is no less so. Years of society and politics being ruptured by corruption, injustice and exploitation by the Establishment have meant people take to the streets, begging for justice as a last resort. Desperation and anger are painted on the walls, expressions of frustration and rage. These are the “weeping walls” of the oppressed.

In Colombia the walls are the witnesses of massacres, kidnappings and death. The walls are witness to the grief of thousands and to the criminals and their victims walking past. I wish the walls could talk. Some of the worst cases are perpetuated by the state’s army, victims the product of a corrupt system. No justice has yet been forthcoming despite the families’ campaigns. They are not heard, so they take to painting messages on the street walls... only for their cries to be painted over by the army.

The walls cry, shout, weep with people’s pain as the paint deteriorates and peels whilst waiting for another layer to cover the previous lament. The walls carry a multitude of desperations. When the burden is too heavy, the paint falls.

This painting is made from skins of paint flaking from the protestations on the dilapidated walls along the streets of Colombia. It is a testament to the enduring grief, sorrow and pain of my broken country.





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PROXY

by ARACELI
GÓMEZ CASTRO

(Proxy), there is a value on cyborg as a discursive element that has to serve to support the wandering, the in-between. Nevertheless, the woman in silk resists herself to cyber devices, including proxyerotics. I prefer when the group of knights presented themselves without intermediaries, I prefer the sensual pleasure, the sensual essence, and the hypersensual memory. Is it a contradiction?. I screamed as a conclusion “Let us beautify and ennoble with an ambitious carnal dream: an exchange of stone humidity”

On the sixth day of the last winter moon, I woke up at 3:50, took a shower, had a cup of tea, fruits, and went to a train station. The station was empty; I took the train at 5:35. As the train progressed, the night passed into the day. I got off the train just at dawn, the sunrise was at 8:13...

...after a journey of dry branches of the bare oak by the cold, wild ponies a distance away, general support from a dragon, a fox, golden vegetation and bog lands, I felt high consistency where I was sitting. Therefore, I dug wildly with my hands and saw a stone about 75cm long. I kept digging until I perceived its dimensions and felt that it was at the limit of what I could carry. I took it out and I could barely drag it slightly.

It began to snow surprisingly; that was the moment, I thought. I dragged it to an incline where I could wrap it, the whole ground was watery. I took strength, and in a matter of minutes, I wrapped and sealed it. The brunt of the storm was hitting and the snow accumulation was increasing. I realized that I must call him. He informed me he would arrive in about 20 minutes. After two and a half hours, and several attempts to understand each other without success; I considered abandoning the stone and running to the nearest town. My hands and feet were completely frozen, we were covered in white entirety. The sunset was at 16:47.



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BOLDERBOULDER

by MILLIE LAING-TATE

It turns out there's such a thing as a stonerock; a peak, a crag, a boulder.

That there stonerock sounds remarkably like you - my handmade, soft, squidgy boulder. I like how you smell, trusty touchstone. I always want to touch, hug, envelop and cover you. Leaning, pulling, wrapping right around you; surface on surface, with feet involved too.

Here I am and there you are, nestling into gaps and bouncing around together. Perhaps it's just easier to be affectionate towards stonerocks.





**HEARTS IN HANDS
A KEEPSAKE TO HOLD ON TO.**

by CATHARINA BOND

Hearts in Hands is a DIY- kit to create your very personal keepsake. It offers people who are affected by temporary separation or loss an individual keepsake in the shape of a silicone palm print of a loved one. A very personal handshake that you can hold on to, take for a walk or just keep with you. Since the pandemic has forced us to reduce body contact to a minimum, it connects and comforts people in a new and unexpected way. Unlike photos or videos, it is an analog keepsake that goes way beyond visual memory.

DANYING YU

The world is arrayed in a “scenographic orientation”.

Inspired by the uncanny, homogenized, and highly disorientating post-urban cityscape - a primary site for emplacement and displacement, Danying takes walking as her starting point and treats the city as an archaeological site. Merging architectural plans with mental maps - utilizing this layering to reflect upon how bodies navigate and interact with our surroundings. Wondering what kind of disorientation is this? From what kind of psychic space of orientation does it diverge?

Portal series originates from Danying’s multiple impressions and images of disorienting cityscapes. The illustrated subjects are the representations of the stills Danying shoot on foot while wandering through urban environments, tracing records of microelectronic systems, construction drawings, and bony blocks. Following the thicks and thins of an urban text, wanderers write without being able to read it. As if reciting how indescribable postmodernism is.



DEMING HUANG

[...]

*through the white surfaces and under the dark clouds
I touch the silver spine. I kiss the boy about pearl. I follow the hunter for ghost*

*I perform all the joys and sorrows; I taste all the sweet and bitter; the air
I'll be a faggot; I'll be a prick. Or I could be a shadow, a glamorous nobody
Follow an untamed prey
Chase untrained predator*

*In death, we buried in care
you mean good, however
my love
I tried*

*I hesitate. I cried. I sang. I think,
"Where am I going?" I tried*

*There is pitch black, or indigo
O a small hole punctured in a bag*

Today I saw a ghost. In my flat there is the sound of crows. Who was it that died?

*There is the sound of crows. Who is it that is dead?
Today I saw a ghost in my flat*



DIVYA J SHARMA

Language can be an invisible shield providing a sense of shared community, comfort and identity within the diaspora, especially in these times of global disruption and trauma. The critical edge of my investigation was to question boundaries, the borderlands, exile, otherness, strangeness and foreignness as immigrant communities deal with life in their adopted land.

I have been exploring border zones as a way of being a South Asian diasporic citizen in the UK. The mirrored acrylic cut-outs, made of entangled letters from the Tamil alphabet string, are versions of me. The jagged edges echo my fragmented identities, mirroring fluctuation, distortion, dissimulation. One might call them hybrids, but they really are out of focus, always jumbled, with not being able to see a specific image in the mirror. They are a kind of mirror-maze, where they find themselves searching for a sense of who they are.





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*We don't listen to the song of the world anymore,
the world is screaming around us,
the path is lost,
and the connection withered,
because we have failed, all of us,
to put into practice
that magnetic connection*

ÉDOUARD GLISSANT

DORTE KLOPPENBORG - SKRUMSAGER

Alienation is a part of human existence and has been experienced throughout history. I believe our feeling of alienation has escalated in recent years due to the political developments as well as our increased focus on identity politics. This is happening in a world already dealing with estrangement due to the uncertainty of globalisation, artificial intelligence and the inter-connectivity from technology.

To make my work, I need to listen to the world, ride my curiosity and get stimulated by difference and influence. The process softens and manipulates my estrangement and can offer me a temporary place to experience a sense of belonging. It is not a clear road, there are obstacles, resistance and it is often accompanied by a sense of failure to understand the connection – but I can hear the voice and try to play my role in the chaotic theatre of this amazing world.



*my head it rivers
my head is hurting
the head is about to freeze*

*you can do it
keep on doing in it
keep on sweating
sweat to disappear down the gateway*

*my head it rivers
a land of basins
standing tall all the way at the
area between the source and
the mouth*

of my river head

*I freak out
I freeze out*

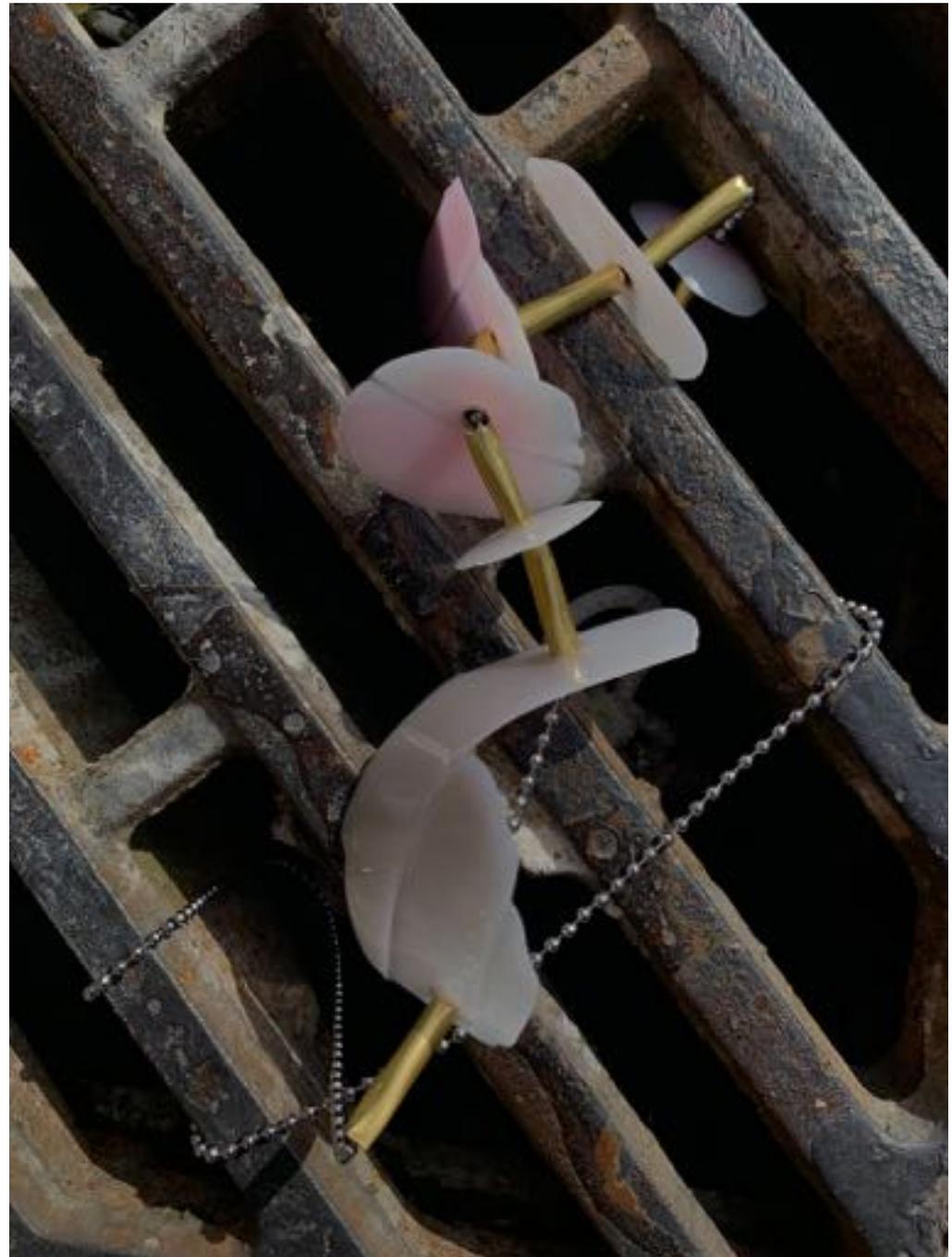
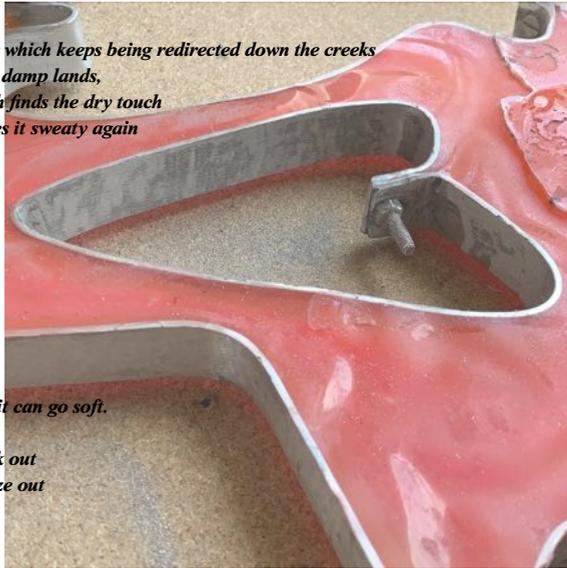
*of a river which keeps being redirected down the creeks
down the damp lands,
and which finds the dry touch
and makes it sweaty again*

*peaked over
the wave of opportunity
the froth was there
the crest
and I had jumped past it*

*spelling the me out
casting spells
casting hearts into mud*

in mud so it can go soft.

*Don't freak out
Don't freeze out*





LIN FENG

The true meaning of awareness. Extinction is a natural phenomena, but not at this rate. Your little homemade cardboard signs and chants in the streets are not enough. Show that you care by honoring the pain.

FENGJIN YU

This is a way for individuals to pretend to be in a natural space when they can't get close to the natural environment and imitate the feeling of being in nature through artificial objects and fantasy creation. It seems very lonely, but it's a happy process. Under the guise of simulating nature, people can get along with themselves and interact with inside existence. Through introverted thinking and practice, the individual can face the complex external environment and not forget themselves in an information explosion and interweaving of different ideologies.





Text by ALICE WALTER

Starting from the body and its vulnerability, Hannah's work creates a space from which to accept our own lack of control over our body and our surroundings. It is a contemplation of the act of sitting, reclining, positioning your body within the context of your environment, inside a kind, incubating atmosphere. And yet it takes on a responsibility of care, rather than indulgence. The act of wobbling – on the balls in bean bags, on our flesh, that is permeable, squishy, vulnerable to sentiment and love – is the nature by which we exist. Putting the body at the centre is to create a stable base from which to navigate this journey. Laying down this boundary gives each person the authority to reside over their own world.

The colour blue is a very curious creature, precious from its rarity in history and yet common above us; loving in its motherly healing yet staining in its indigos and melancholy. She brings it down to earth and breathes life into it, through the electricity of dyed veins and the spring of cushioning; building an energy system of care. There is a refusal to blindly accept the myth of impossibility's that rules access exclusive and energy a commodity.

HELEN WILSON

You could call this a footnote. How fitting eh. Like a Clarks memory where you had to slot your foot into that cold plastic ramp and let some strange woman feel your feet around. I'd probably enjoy it more now. Anyway, I've been thinking about my feet for a while; how they sink into the earth or fly to the next step... stepping through the seasons. It's great how they move the rest of me around.





ONEDIRECTIONFUTURISM

by HUGO HUTCHINS

Onedirectionfuturism is a projection into the future that comes from a long term insecurity of mine. Constantly feeling that I have to measure up to the archetypes of masculinity that are perpetuated in the media and on my phone screen, this project manifested itself into a dystopian view of the future where straight white men dominate the world even more so.

To make sense of this anxiety One Direction became a model for me to project into this future and a framework for understanding masculinity, whiteness and heteronormativity. With the all-encompassing idea, like within the stereotype of a boyband, that straight white men are metaphorical clones of one another. Yet, amidst this viewpoint, within One Direction I discovered a sense of hope for the future. Grounded in queerness they were and are the resistance to these systems of oppression that offer up a more progressive idea of what it could mean to be a 'man'.

Over these past two years and through my journey into One Direction I was able to understand and journal my own discovery of identity. As to me, and to many others One Direction isn't just a band, they are a refuge, a way to navigate identity, re-experience adolescence, negotiate queer awakenings and ultimately to make sense of one's self.

ONEDIRECTIONFUTURISM

/wʌn dɪ'rekʃən 'fju:tʃəzɪzəm/

noun

noun: Onedirectionfuturism; noun: One Direction Futurism

A concern and anticipation of the future that relates to the further proliferation and domination of white male hegemonic masculine identities and problematic white cultural homogeneity within capitalist patriarchy using the framework of the popular 2010s English-Irish boyband One Direction and an analysis of its socio-economic and cultural dynamics.

Origin

ENGLISH

One Direction

ENGLISH

futurism

+

Onedirectionfuturism

2020s

2020s: from [One Direction](#) + futurism.



INÊS COELHO DA SILVA

My objects are portraits of anyone who would like to see themselves depicted. As they are not compromised to a single reading or explanation, the viewer's intimate thoughts, emotions, desires, and fears permeate the works. The message is not within the object but in the intangible conversation with the other that cannot be anticipated. To be open enough to accommodate the other and allow them to enter them and modify them, my works feel slightly uncomfortable for both the maker and each observer. By getting closer to what one might consider complete, they would distance themselves from another person's notion of complete. On the contrary, there is room for the other to add, to remove, to reiterate, to react, to imagine, to project, to reflect.

The food elements, such as spices, seeds, grains that I combine with textiles and wood, are often overlooked. Although they seem familiar (even if through collective memory), there is a strangeness in seeing them individually, apart from the context of a group or a meal. Here, they conquer a new context: the context of their own presence. They become shapes, shadows, smells, weights, pendulums, supports. They change with time, ageing, shrinking, disappearing, but also with physical proximity. While the observer gets closer to encounter the details, their breath interferes with the piece's stability and configuration, even if momentarily. Physically fragile and spiritually vulnerable, my works are an invitation for closeness, intimacy, and silence. "To know" can never overlap "to feel", "to care", "to sense".





JENNA FOX

I realised I was not alone in suffering trauma after interviewing 50+ people to discuss the burden of living with trauma and its impact on the everyday. So many people came forward and shared the need to talk. The silence was broken and I read that silence halts the mending of our body as discussed by Bessel Van Der Kolk in his book *"The Body Keeps the Score"*. As the stories unfolded a narrative emerged. Once talking we connect and by this connection, we re-write the narrative. It was not about unburdening, although this played a part but about triumph and survival. The more work I created the more I realised the disruption of the skin be it by accident, medical necessity, vanity or to help others formed a body map of the journey of our lives. Each of us has a body disruption from birth with the umbilical cord being cut. Making and talking, making and discussing became a methodology and the work evolved. A collection of bodies all punctured became a mirror of global trauma. Lives disrupted in a pandemic, migration and prejudice so prevalent. It speaks of disrupted times and the push and pull of people. The figures in the work are homogenous and heterogenous – alike and yet unique – just as we are. It became a celebration of difference, similarity and connection.



I distinguish essences and definitions to do what I can do.

I argue that essence is essence.

Without essence, it is no longer it.

I cannot manipulate something's essence.

When the essence is the problem, it means I am wrong.

But definitions are not the essence.

It is more like name, appointment, concepts that are strategies
people tried to specify certain phenomena.

Trying to Manipulate essence is like expecting a human to survive without heart.

But when the definition causes the problem, it needs to be developed.





WHATEVER, PEDANT

by KER WALLWORK



Ideally you would receive the letter in a brown envelope that is addressed to you. Ideally you would be standing in a space divided into two halves by a blue felt screen. On one side is what appears to be a waiting area, two rows of chairs face three screens on the wall. The screens blink a rhythm, ON, slime, OFF, water, ON, dye, OFF, slime. There is the faint smell of antiseptic. On the other side is an assessment area with a thin desk painted an unpleasant shade of green. It divides the space again and blocks you from reaching an adjustable office chair. There is a plastic chair on your side, you can sit down if you like. Above this chair is what looks like a ceiling tile, from it you can hear the sound of traffic and rain, then a man's voice begins to describe a building, The Home Office on Marsham Street. In an ideal world there would be a young woman in this space with you. She is glaring at you intensely. Slowly, very slowly, she eats a fresh fig. She does not look away.

LINDA ZAGIDULINA

Labels that stick to every surface one can touch.
Whether they are camouflaged or not, they are to be cast
away from points of stagnation or innovating the past.
So as to move forward flowingly and observe the change.
So the joints are staying strong.

Then they boldly merge into signals, waves, or
human emotions to connect beyond the surface they
reach.



LYDIA BROCKLESS

I Wrote A List of Things To Write.

I didn't write any of them
But I thought of one more:

A Play where

A monologue is a rock-face, a 3.5 metre high chalk spine

The list of characters is a borehole data sheet

The stage set is built by benching in material from the cutting,

The final chorus swells to the eastern sideslope, and shrinks
away as surface water run-off.

Writing about writing, talking about talking, making rocks
about rocks, printing images about images- it's all I ever do
because everyone loves a good story, right?

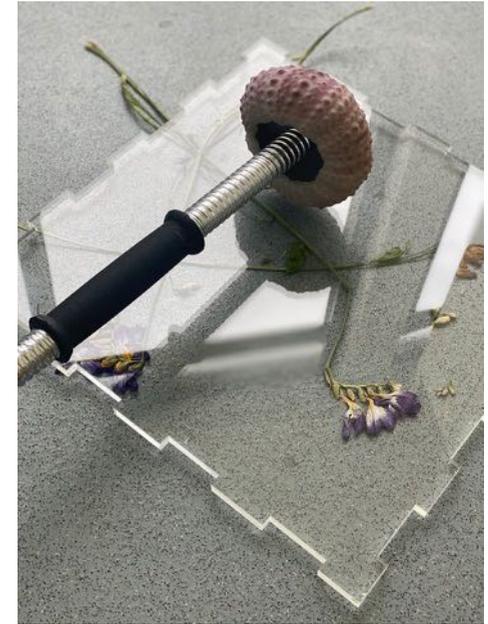
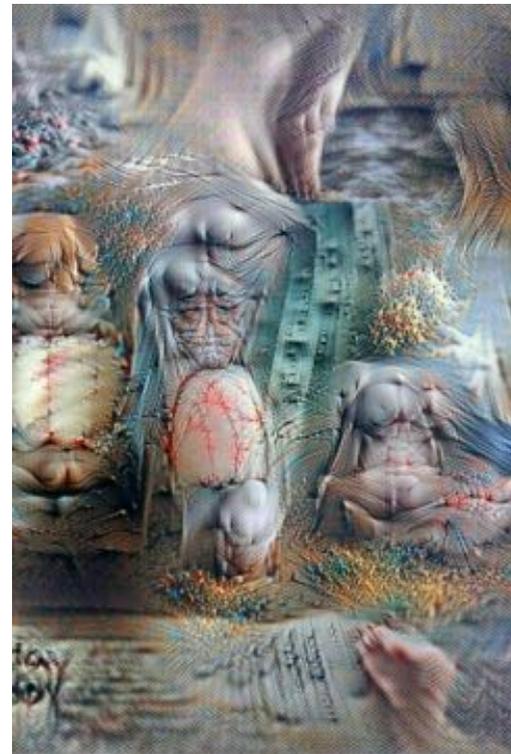
It didn't come out how I expected, but it's what I meant.



MY SECOND BODY

by MARGO TRUSHINA

In her work, Margo Trushina explores the intersection of bioart and new feminist materialist ethics. Her living sculptures and environments reflect upon recent discoveries in neuroscience, biotechnology and ecology through the lens of personal bodily experiences. In tune with speculative ethics of care, Trushina pursues direct interspecies relationships as her way to address current environmental challenges — sea-level rise, species extinction, outbreaks of zoonotic diseases, etc.





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MILA DOLMAN

*The angel of history would like to stay, awaken the dead,
and make whole what has been smashed.*

W. BENJAMIN

My artistic practice examines the destruction of culture, history, and memory. Today, objects of cultural heritage, the loci of memory and identity, are threatened by destruction figuratively and literally: by contemporaneity's own state of constant self-destruction; by the brutal eradication of ancient monuments – for instance, by ISIS. This led me to conceive #RuinsRiot - a project about the rebellion of the ruins.

I imagined the ancient ruins and destroyed monuments, empowered by centuries of veneration and worship, rise up from the dust and ashes of history's oblivion, from the devastation of modern weapons and modern neglect, and (with a healthy sense of irony) called it #RuinsRiot. I was inspired by the notion of a collective reimagination, in which the cultural object is traumatised along with the people. The ruin in my project transforms into a conscious entity, it feels, sees, and is motivated by self-preservation.

Through the appropriation of the visual language of Mesopotamian mythology and the use of the same material as the ancients – clay, pigment, bronze, and textile – my reimagined ruins, anthropomorphised, gain a regenerated body. Equipped with contemporary weapons, the heroes of my work are brought to life, able to rise against their destroyers. The stones in my works acquire teeth, tongue, and voice, and finally speak. They violently proclaim their place in history and propose an altogether different way to perceive their power in it.



MINHEE KANG



Kang's recent projects ponder the idea of a frame as a way of foregrounding conversations about the mediated experience of the ephemeral. Exploring layers of spatial distance experienced when perceiving information through the threshold of an architectural window or a media screen, she expands an enclosed private space into an emotional landscape, expressed as a subjective 'time-space'. Kang questions the continuity of time by suggesting a poetic space that breaks with linear clock-time and isolates the beholder – a fragile ball of life – from the fast-changing outside world encountered through the projected 'window'.





OISÍN O'BRIEN

My practice is a way to extend the absurdity of our participation to being in, and of the world, both socially and culturally. I am particularly drawn to the anxiety of having to deal with the emotional transitions of swirling through a variety of prescribed and chosen roles. Furthermore, I am curious about the ways people maintain buoyancy in these shifts, through objects, gestures and rituals such as the hat my grandfather would put on to engage with his woodwork hobby. This occurs through a quest for sensemaking that is paralleled by a need to be emancipated from it.

Recurringly, the elements of the works come from an amalgamation of high/low culture, the act of exhibition making, humour, leisure pursuits, the formation of language, presumptions of taste and wanting to know what people choose to do with their time. I destabilise a series of familiar signifiers, expected roles and functions of elements from everyday life to allow for a greater malleability of meanings.

The aim of this is to create an informal and propositional environment where everything becomes barely, but wholly justifiable, where the familiar is untethered from its linearity and re-tuned to a less syncopated rhythm. I am striving for a wonkier space where the facets slip between neutralising, questioning and corrupting each other in the same fizzy soup.

My working practice combines hand crafted, procured and found elements. Previously this has manifested through a combination of mixed media sculptural installation, painting, text, and video amongst others.

POLAM CHAN

Polam's practices investigate various elements of the society. From human interactions/emotions, architecture to social and political issues. Polam primarily focuses on his home city Hong Kong. Boundaries, Propaganda, media manipulation, and barriers create a blockage to people physically and mentally. These themes are often what he includes in his work.

Polam references & reflects on all the emotions & thoughts going through his mind. Through watching the news, live streams, and discussions of Hong Kong on the internet. Polam currently focusing of political stands, police brutality & the community vs. individual power.



REDBLACK D. LAWRENCE



Parts of my grandfather's property did not belong to him but to other **forces!** These energies scrambled my innards and fused with my soul.

At the front of the house was a decommissioned barbershop; a zone caught in limbo and shrouded by permanent twilight, the exposed brick walls and aged mirrors scowled at all who **entered!**

At the right-hand side of the shop's front door was the entrance to the **cellar!** The trapdoor into the cellar was roughly chopped and revealed the knife-edged lip of a black crevice.

This blackness would shoot out and burrow itself through my corneas, it rushed so deep that it would crash land at the back of my skull with a **thud!**

The blackness lured me in...

The fear of the cellar was equally matched by feelings of ecstasy. I lifted the hatch, stage-by-stage, it sounded like a camera shutter click and with every click shock waves of warmth and cold grew up my body until crushing my windpipe.

The stale air that drifted out of the basement was permeated by smells of rum, sulphur, incense, dust, coconuts, sweets and iron.

A party in **silence!**

A red glow emanated from wooden steps pushing downward into this subterranean Vessel. I recall someone being in there with me. What was this thing in the pitch black? A hand stroked my head with nails like pins, a whisper in my ear as smooth and cutting as fresh razors said...

Welcome Black, I am **Red!**

WALKING ON FIRE

*Waken up from my unprovoked melancholy,
Flames are licking my vulva
The scorched hair is screaming like a debarked bunny
Ah, Ah, Ah
Enjoying this gentle caress until I see you watching me from the other side
With a surge of weeping envy in your eyes*

*I know you are longing
Longing
Longing
Long for the Red Flame that Burns me to the ground to fall in love with
you
Longing for the sticky hot tentacle to pierce your warm throat, entangle
your tiny pink tongue, and suck your dirty blood up
Sewing your debris into my soft pillow*

*You're always so naughty,
Like a red-faced child who can't get candy,
Want Me to sleep in your arms every night.*

by RUOCONG MA

Ruocong Ma's practice is devoted to celebrating the stigmatized tenderness of puberty and female melancholy. She assimilates the elements from private experience and childish trauma, addressing her art as a self-portrait.





Myself through long conversations for of local other people, animals, plants, and something around them. In my life, my dog is a communication partner. When I was back of the time, she always supported me. We always walk after the dog to say, but separately, but with substance. There are also regular emotional conversations with people. Although they are not conversations with people, they are animals. They can also breathe, have their personality, and have their own environment and their own environment. My dog is not a pet, and animals are something that have different ways to connect the things that the public can look at long the dog, and they can be with me.







SNAKE EGGS

by SNYDER MORENO MARTÍN

Art is a process, art is a flow, art is a tool.

Art as a way of healing, transmuting, learning, loving, caring, imagining, knowing, acknowledging, engaging and resisting.

Art is about being honest with yourself.

I am nourished from my roots.

I was born in Colombia in 1991, a country with a colonial and violent history, but also with a deep and hopeful native knowledge and affective ways of supporting each other.

I explore ancestral ways of knowing, spirituality, decolonial theory and plants.

Art is about making real your own utopia.

Each of my ventures has a voice that I listen to carefully. Sometimes it urges me to collective actions, other times to personal rituals. Occasionally, I spend my time walking, interviewing, and writing. Often doing nothing is the best way of doing. At other times, I need to navigate using drawing, video or any kind of renewable materials as my boat.

Art is about being in the unknown.

I connect with communities of rivers, trees and people, with the flows of winds, ideas and feelings. There is no separation between art and life, between human and “nature”.

Art is about being present.

Spiritual transformation is a path built by learning and daily experience. This is what I call artistic practice.





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TAYLOR DAVIES-KING

Heart to heart. Mouth to tongue. Sunset. Warm hues of an off cast orange went down quicker than I dreamt of. Down down down. That night he forgot. Sip sip sip. Lips that produced an undefined line. The taste of a ready ripened grapefruit. The juiciness and joy of form otherwise known as hormones. My lungs. The toilet. Spraying the wild green grass. An invisible seducer. Who who who. A bystanders gaze. The cosmos above. Out the window. A passing car reaches a stop sign. What if we're to be formal translators or bird cries. Beak to beak. 'Where did you go?' The soul in his eyes. Dragged across the brown marks on the surface. Rotting teeth. A raspy breath. In and out. The moon is up. A cosmological fluttering. Its scale is the world. Floating gently around the rim. Division occurs. The fire erupted. Wet foolishness. The whole vocabulary of colour. I made a list of things. Two bodies. Now breathing far from where it all started.



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YUAN ZHUANG

Going to the UK, going to the uk.
You haven't known the taste of extreme loneliness.
Haven't seen the unfamiliar silvery moonlight in a strange land.
Haven't been exposed to a cloudy sky with a delicate blue tint.
Or even with too much sunshine.
You used to be surrounded by numerous things that you have taken for granted.
Going to the UK, escaping to the UK.
Breathing the solitary and bleak air with effort.
There are only a few children, dispersed and isolated.
Tasting their own bitterness but enjoying their own freedom

YUE(JC) ZHENG



Moonville aims to explore the consciousness pasted on the underside of reality.

What supports our reality is hidden in the dark or unknown.

The negative and positive are connected in the invisible. You can't feel the shifting of the space.

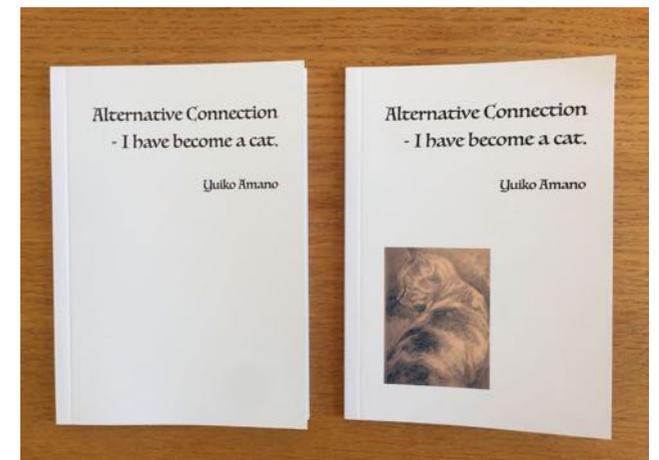
Reality and illusion chase each other (they are two sides of one surface), covering, erasing, like the action of drawing a circle over and over again, yet it can never repeat itself. Consciousness flows between mind and flesh, like an electric wave, the result of it is zero because truth only reveals itself in the moment of movements.

The film adds narrative (non-linear) to the broken psychological map of reality, by placing objects in misplaced dimensions and designing body movements. The film uses anti-physical visual representation to construct a surreal, logical and mysterious field.

YUIKO AMANO

An international student from Japan, “I”, stays at Ms. Sax’s house as he begins university. There are many cats gathering around Ms. Sax’s house but, among them, “Liu’s cat” is strangely attached to “I”. Once “I” starts to wonder about this, the WiFi signal in his room shuts off. “I” then asks Ms. Sax to quickly fix it, but her husband tells him to use a different signal while she repairs it. “I” connects to a different WiFi using his computer and activates it as instructed but, the next morning, “I” becomes a cat. While he is becoming a “cat”, “Liu’s cat” does not appear. This mysterious phenomenon does not always occur, only after a certain period of time and then it occurs very suddenly.

https://issuu.com/yuikoamano/docs/alternative_connection_-_i_have_become_a_cat_





YE JIAMIN

A psychological dictionary is quite different from the standard one; it includes the influence of mother tongue, a tendency of returning. If and only if we use another Language to speak, we realize the concept of the mother language. When we make mistakes, our cultural identity reveals.

We use all ways to speak, including silence.



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