

p r e s • e n t



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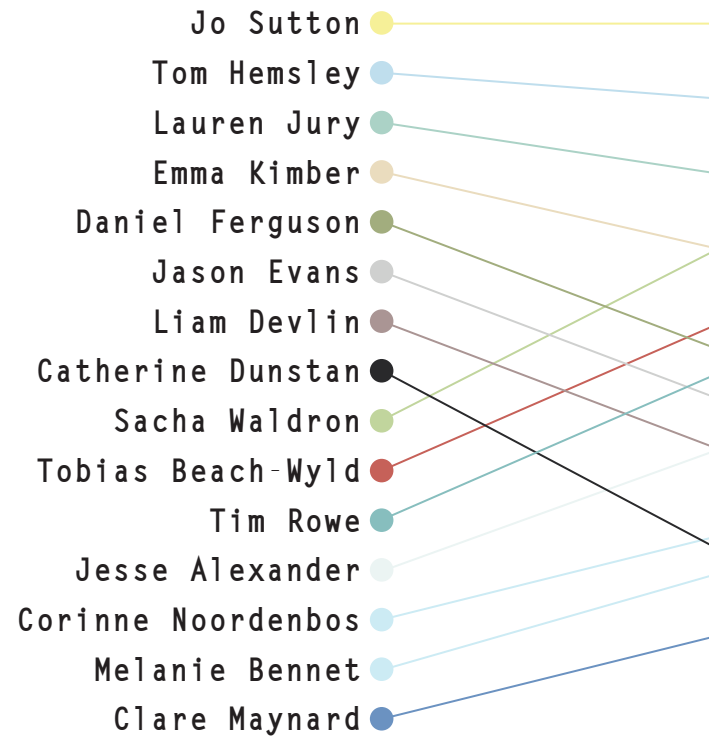
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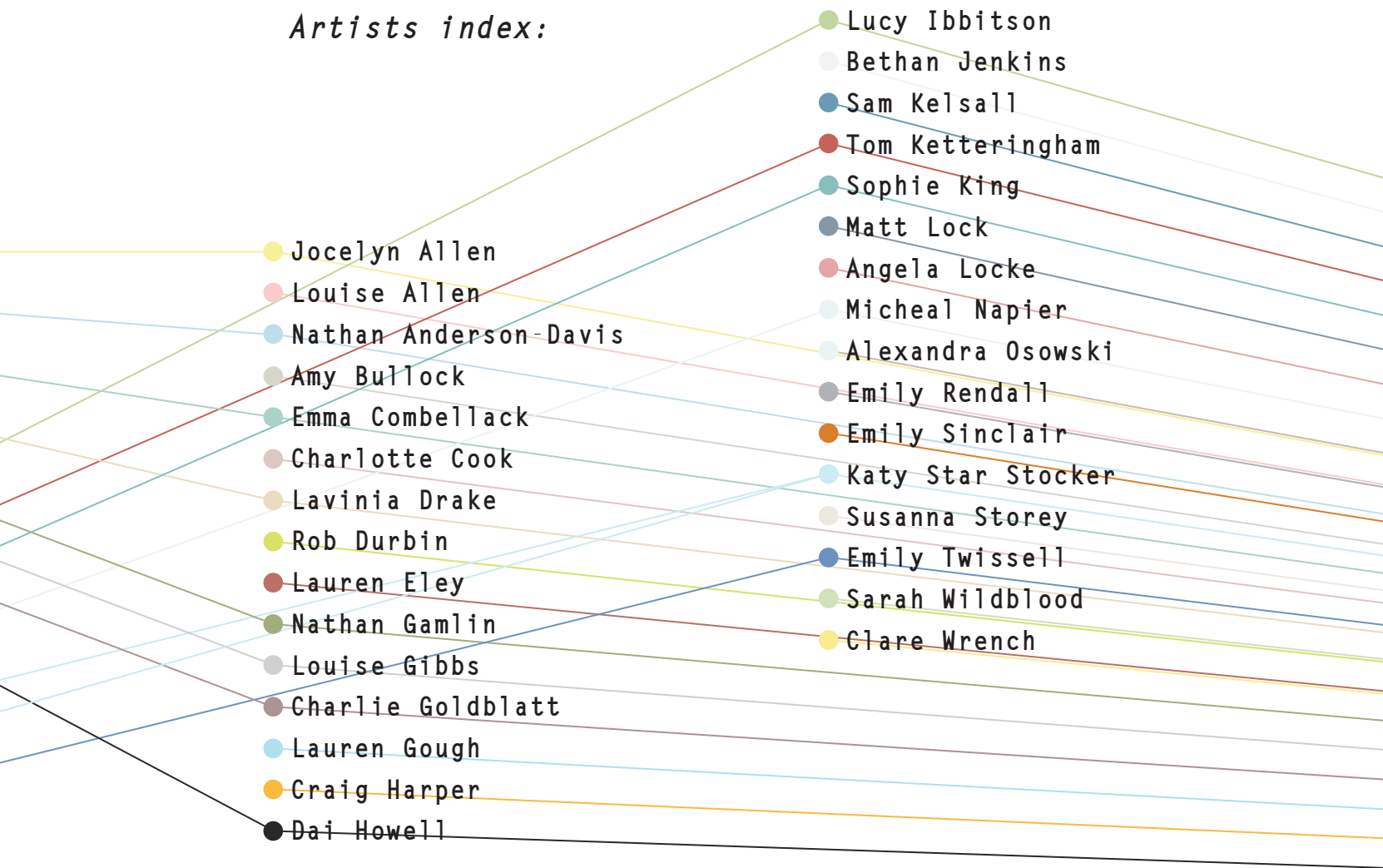
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Artists index:



Preface

Jacques Rancière's seminal essay 'The Ignorant Schoolmaster' (1991) examines the themes of education, intelligence and emancipation in order to challenge the conventional view of the teacher's role. He describes how post-revolutionary philosopher Joseph Jacotot (1770–1840) realised he could teach French to a group of Flemish students without being able to speak Flemish himself. Through this experience he organized a framework for the students to learn in a mutual exchange of subjects ranging from: French to literature, mathematics, ideology and law. This emancipatory educational model rejected explication and prescribed outcomes to channel intelligence in virtually unlimited directions.

My own educational experience was rather derisory in stultifying schools run by Irish Christian Brothers in Dublin. One school report, when aged 9, pronounced a habit of daydreaming out the window (despite being moved around the classroom) and thereby explaining the poor standard of my school grades. The implied laziness in the comment misunderstands the act of daydreaming that manifests a fascination and curiosity with the external world, often mediated through a window. The apparent transmission of knowledge taking place within the classroom was of secondary importance in comparison to the greater aesthetic dramas outside. The punishments administered for my misbehavior only compounded a deeper compulsion to escape the rigid educational systems and explore in a self-directed manner; negotiating what Rancière describes in

his book *The Emancipated Spectator* as “to venture into the forest of things and signs”.

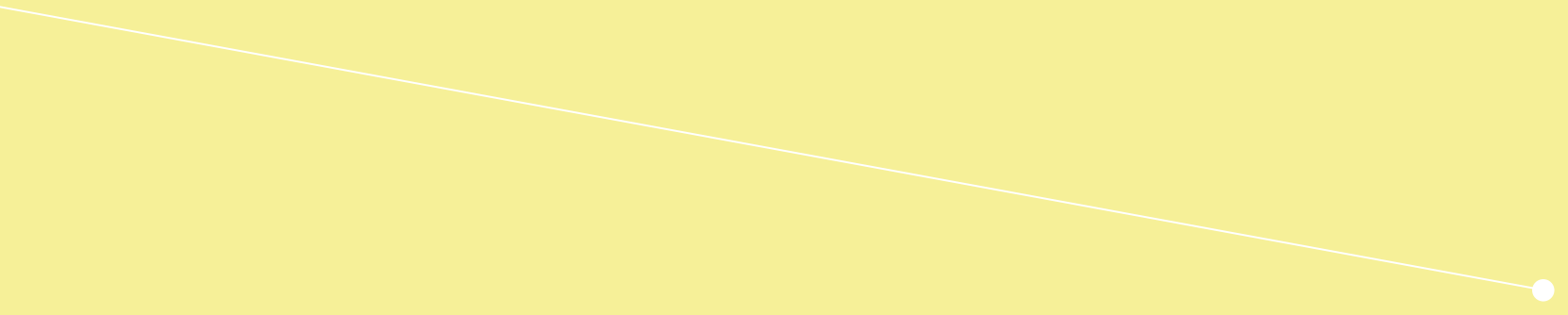
This compendium of 3rd year graduates work from the Photographic Art programme at the University of Wales, Newport, is an index of the students' artistic labors to present their ideas, developed within a discursive and supportive framework. Art education has become hotly debated as economically driven models of teaching and learning impact on the student experience. However, despite these forces, excellent work is created and this publication is testament to the ambition and vision of these graduating (unruly) students.

These photographic artists emerge from a programme that sustains independent research. The work is self-directed, either individually or collectively. The artworks in this publication are steps in an aesthetic and conceptual process to transform their ideas. These works present a cross-generational dialogue on both the expanded content of the photographic medium and demonstrate how teaching can encourage innovative practitioners of the future. This publication is an ecological statement outside of the pressures of the art market and created through student-led initiatives and fundraising. The book has been shaped by a spirit of collaboration that has been essential to achieve this celebration of art as a self-generated autonomous activity and even perhaps daydreaming.

Dr Ronnie Close,
Senior Lecturer in Photographic Art,
University of Wales, Newport.

Reality of youth going backwards in vain

Jocelyn Allen





Top: Who?

Bottom: Why?



What?



Top: How?
Bottom: Where?



Right: When?



“No existence can be validly fulfilled if it is limited to itself”

The Ethics of Ambiguity, Simone de Beauvoir, 1948

Every art form is an act of self expression and a reflection of the artist themselves, from the brush strokes that remain on the painter's canvas, to the thumbprint left in the sculptor's clay. A self portrait therefore, a portrait of the artist made by the artist's own hand is the ultimate act of self expression; the ultimate reflection of the artist's self.

A self portrait can be interpreted as many things; too willingly seen as an act of self indulgence, yet grudgingly seen as an act of self study that, while exploring the artist's biography, allows the viewer to understand and interpret the more universal themes, forms and symbols that it represents.

The latter is the foundation of 'Reality of youth going backwards in vain'. A personal project, and a personal, yet public, record.

Through the therapeutic process of self study, these images are a record of how X sees Y; how the artist sees herself and the world around her. The result of an increased consciousness of individuality and individualism, of existentialism, and her existential self, honestly pondering questions the viewer may share.

The central figure (the artist) is present in each image, her motives previously discussed.

Against the de-saturated backdrops of suburban settings, playgrounds and the office complex, the central figures set

of clothes change colour from red through to violet, via every colour of the rainbow. The symbolism behind each colour falls by the wayside when you consider the first act of rebellion; to dress provocatively; to test the boundaries of being an individual and saunter on the outskirts of fitting in.

There are seven ages of man, Seven Wonders of the World, seven circles of the universe, seven days of the week, the list goes on. There are also seven images in this series, and a culmination of seven figures accompanying the artist in each image. In many cultures, myths and legends, the number seven represents completeness, totality and synthesis so too, the act of self exploration is often a quest for completeness, totality and synthesis.

Although the artist is not seen to physically age, the viewer is presented with the notion of time passing; the viewer bears witness to the dramatisation of a life span as the artist explores and reveals her own biography by revisiting her past and presupposing her future, through an intermediary and curious present.

Selflessly, the viewer is shown what the artist wants them to see but what is often visible comes to mean something else, and through a public presentation an individual existence steps closer to fulfilment.

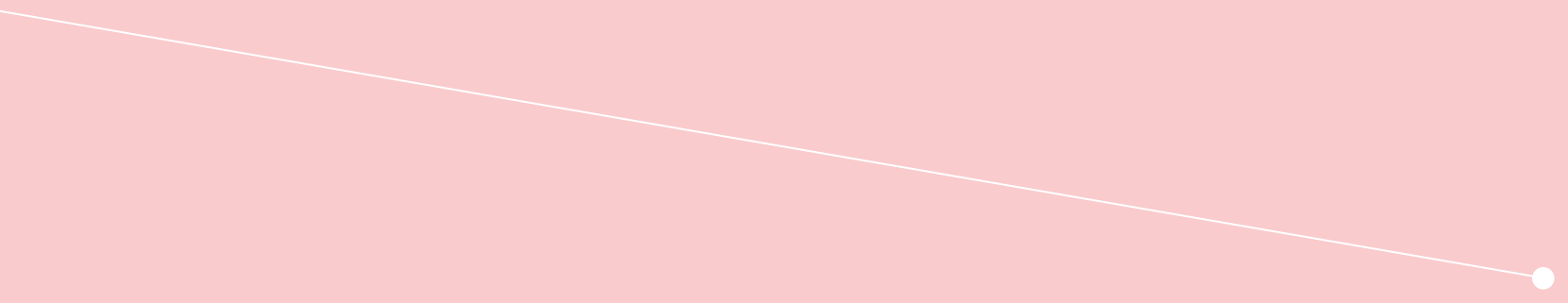
Jo Sutton



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Projections of beauty

Louise Allen



She flicked through the pages, fingering the images lightly; here a woman on the beach, now with a child, now with a striking hair cut. The sweet inviting little v's of their cleavages and dimples and crotches felt like arrows piercing her self-esteem. Whatever happened to that age of innocence, when her body was infinite with sex and possibility? Then, suddenly, this was the image she could see already in her mind's eye.

This was beauty. Breathtaking, simple, pure.

She heard him coming up the stairs. She shut the book, put it back on the shelf with efficiency and desperation, then hid under the bed covers. She hesitated to dissect this reaction. Did she want to be beauty, or to have it? What was she afraid of?

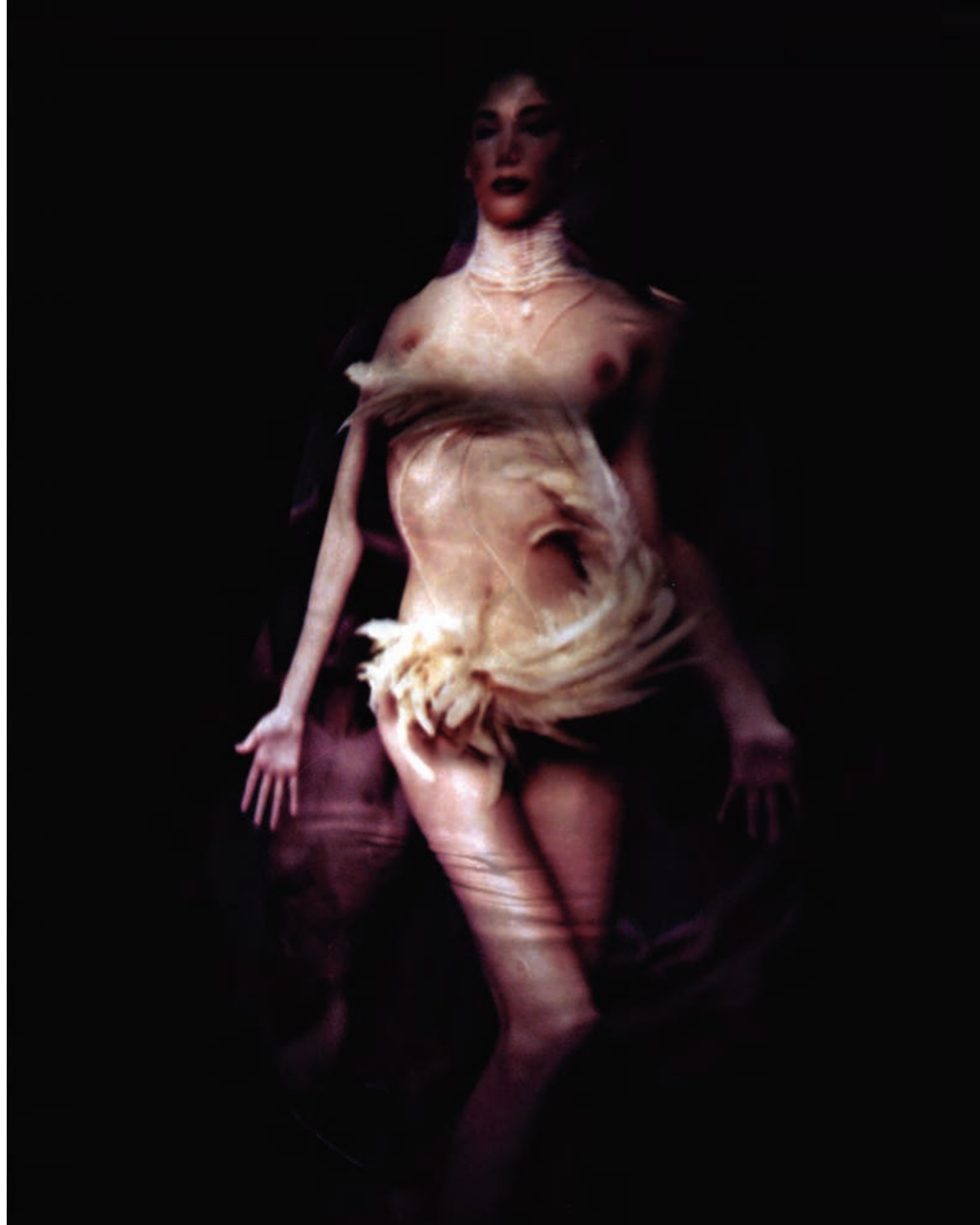
Crises like this were short lived for her. This one was interrupted by the bright lights of the clock, only four hours until she was woken again. She was often accused of being moody, but it was only because she couldn't completely repress her insecurities. Every thought and feeling needed analysing and filing away, but sometimes it took her weeks to accomplish. Life got in the way. It was like her mind was a cabinet in an artist's room, a thousand drawers for filing

away bad feelings, and one giant, over-flowing box for items awaiting attention.

She knew this required immediate thought so she closed her eyes and stood in front of the drawers in her mind, ready to pull beauty apart limb by limb. Eyes to go with the marbles, just a play thing now. Hair - she hesitated here, ribbon, wool or string? She settled on wool, more realistic than string but less fancy than ribbon. Skinny legs and arms with the pipe cleaners, torso an empty bobbin, and finally her wardrobe tattered rags and crepe paper.

Here in these drawers beauty was hers. Beauty had no power. It was not in a hurtful way she did this. She was playful, joyful, calm like a librarian considering which section best suits a book, contemplative, with a view to using it as a future reference. Yes, she would use beauty's body to make herself beautiful. A pastiche to make her more appealing. As she drifted off to sleep, she felt she had regained her power and her youth as well as her size 10.

But really she was not beauty. She could never be beauty. These perfected images were both blinding and mesmerising. She, like so many others, had lost sight of the fact that she was beautiful.







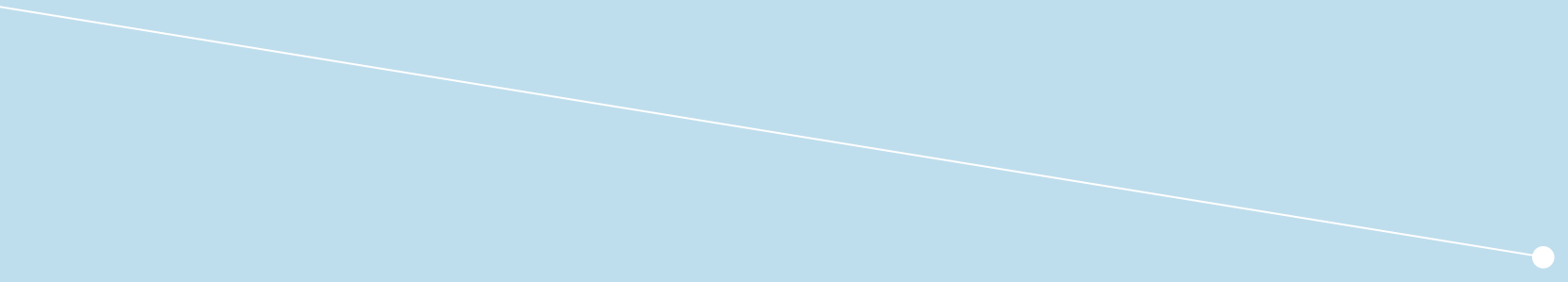




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Basic training

Nathan Anderson-Davis



Watching 'Basic training', I became aware of the similarity of the viewer, removed from the subject in the piece, to a gamer looking at a reality removed from their own. Possibly it is the mediator, whether game-designer or Anderson-Davis, who facilitates this separation and stands as the barrier that prevents us from truly engaging with the material with which we are presented.

There are two pieces of work that spring to my mind in this discussion. Thomas Hirschhorn's *The Incommensurable Banner*, which depicts the ultra-gruesome effects of war through collected images of the injured and dead, and Adam Broomberg and Oliver Chanarin's *The Day Nobody Died*, a record of the light levels they experienced as they travelled with the British Army for a time, using photographic paper.

It is interesting that Thomas Hirschhorn, whose work is deeply affecting, moving and disturbing, has played with his source material and filtered it as little as possible before arranging it onto the banner; whilst Broomberg and Chanarin, whose work ends up less disturbing, and more reflective on its subject, have taken their work one step further away from casual interpretation.

Is it that the artist as mediator reduces the shock factor of their work more than the artist as appropriator? And if so, can this be applied to the video games industry?

When games begin to represent reality (rather than their

present usual form of altering reality's relationship with its context) what will be the effects?

The game *JFK Reloaded*, in which the player takes on the character of Lee Harvey Oswald, invites the player to perform the same series of shots that Oswald managed in the assassination of Kennedy. The game's purpose is to act as an illustration of how difficult this task was, ostensibly with the aim of fuelling doubt about the validity of the official story of the event. One would expect that this 'game' (I would suggest that simulation is a better word; the physics engines within the game are painstakingly realistic) would become more troubling than those more liberal with factual representation – indeed, I found myself sickened by it and yet fascinated. In a game set up to be as close to realism as possible, with as little mediation from the maker as possible (within reason for a small-budget developer), the emotions we attach to it are far more real. Though one could not argue that the game imprints any level of psychological trauma, I found it a frightening representation of the potential psychological power of video games.

We can be sure that passing responsibility to an industry of conflict will not serve to alleviate any concerns over its practice. The responsibility lies with us, the audience, and we must engage with work like that of Anderson-Davis if we are to keep a check on this potential.

Tom Hemsley



SD Video
4:3
18 mins

"It's complete fantasy, because on a game if you try to do a mission and you die, no worries, you can just reload it, and try it again... and try it again, and try it again. But in real life, that obviously wouldn't happen. You usually only have one shot at things and if you mess it up, it usually ends up with people dying, but on a game it doesn't make a difference."

Lance Corporal Crammond





Begin Scenario

You're a young infantry soldier commencing his first official tour. This is a big step in your military career. Up until this point you have only experienced the sheltered life of tactical drills and P.T. You're woken early this morning by your CO (Commanding Officer), ordering you to get ready for a briefing in 10 minutes.

Although not having experienced any 'real' action you and a few other men will be carrying out a raid on a small run down building in the old market district. The building is suspected of being used to manufacture and distribute IED's (Improvised Explosive Devices) and intelligence suggests there may well be hostiles in the area.

Arriving at the target location and surveying the surrounding area, the building looks no more threatening than any of the others around it. The building looks like it hasn't been used in an age and it's falling apart. Wooden boards nailed over the front door and windows made entrance through the front seem unlikely.

The only sign of any activity is a set of tire tracks leading around the back of the building, where you find a rusty metal door.

So what next?

A) Do you flank the building (using brute force if necessary) moving quickly and quietly?

B) Decide to follow a more cautious approach and try sneaking unnoticed through the metal door using cunning and stealth?

C) Use the element of surprise; place a breach charge on the side wall and storm the building using flash bangs and stun grenades?

A) Choosing to flank, you quickly but cautiously enter the building from both sides, searching each room as you go, one by one you efficiently declare each room clear. There's no enemy.

B) Choosing a stealthy approach, you quickly but cautiously enter through the back door, each room is carefully checked for enemies before moving to the next one. There's no enemy.

C) Choosing the element of surprise, you place a charge on the outside wall. 3, 2, 1. There's a loud bang! 'Go! Go! Go! You and your fellow soldiers pile through the newly made hole in the wall and storm the building declaring each room clear. There's no enemy

Despite the Intel, the building is empty. However, it is littered with evidence that suggests it was, up until recently, being used for something. The occupants must have been in a hurry as a soldering iron, still warm, was left on a wooden table accompanied by a pair of wire cutters. From closer inspection of the building one of the men with you discovers a switch on the wall. This seemed odd as there were no lights in any of the adjacent rooms. Feeling suspicious you hesitate and turn to use your radio to call for someone with a little more expertise. Before you have a chance to talk, one of your fellow soldiers has already flicked the switch impatiently.

Expecting the worst, you tense up... but nothing happens. Instead you hear the faint flickering of a faulty over-head light coming from beneath your feet. Moving the old tatty rug from under foot you and your impatient squad mate reveal a trap door. Heaving the heavy planked door back, you discover a small set of wooden stairs illuminated by a blinking light. Beyond the light, appears to be a dark and empty corridor.

So what next?

A) Radio back to the truck for further orders dealing with the new development?

B) Light a flare and proceed cautiously?

A) You radio the truck informing the officer on board of the situation. He will go and pick up a second team to provide back up. He tells you to push on, leaving two men behind, and to be careful. Who knows what you will find down there.

B) The flare sparks alight with a hiss, simultaneously your radio kicks in with the voice of the driver waiting outside. He tells you to hurry up, he does not want to miss the poker game again. A member of your team gives an update on the hidden door and asks for assistance

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Awakening of consciousness

Amy Bullock







Left: Untitled 1

Right: Untitled 9





In the full knowledge that my Wellington boots would leak,
I splashed my foot into the freezing water. Traces of death
drifted on the early morning air and I felt the earth pulse.
Whilst the rest of you lay in bed that Sunday morning,
I discovered what it felt like to be removed from the
government of time.

A timeless place... perhaps the place of fairy tale and folly,
but with one foot on the soil and the other in the silty water,
I knew all of the stories and tales that the land held all in the
space of a heartbeat. And in the same moment of knowing,
my soul recognised that I knew nothing. I found myself in
ownership of stories that had been recorded in emotion
and without an adequate dialect, with no verbal language in
which to tell them.

My heart quickened and my tongue fixed to the roof of my
mouth as I anticipated passing the words of the stories on
to you. My lungs sat motionless and heavy with the weight
of the captured air; if I didn't make a sound, suspend my
breathing and thoughts, maybe I could hold onto the sense
amongst the nonsense.

My jeans were soaked with the biting water, my leg muscles
burned from stretching to see the reflections on the royal
beasts. Finally I exhaled and prepared to wake myself into an
unveiled state of consciousness.

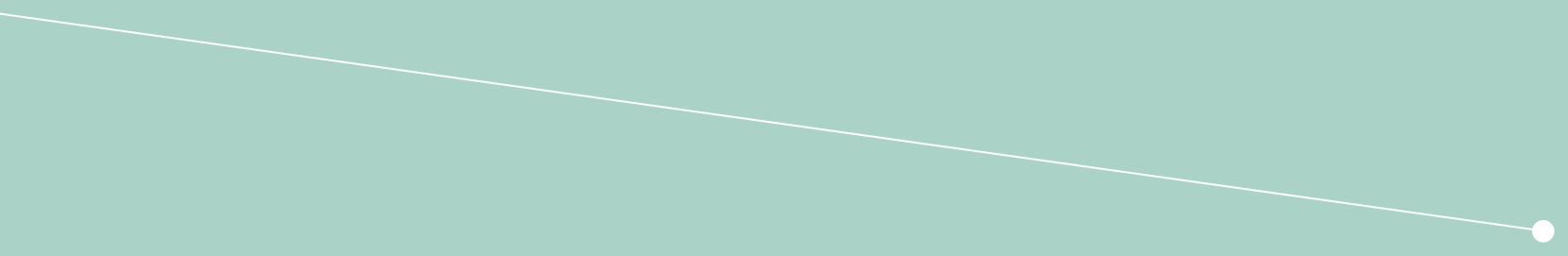




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Reviving Ophelia

Emma Combella



Rejecting the traditional notions of contemporary photographic practice and referencing the 'body art' that evolved from the 60s and 70s movement, Combella creates a series of repetitive performances, through surreal and captivating gestures of the female body, that serve as a frame within the frame of a photograph. Through this mediated repetition and the disguising of the figure's face, the viewer's focus is shifted from the recognizable into a strange and provocative stance.

The immediacy of the live performance conflicts with the art of reproduction and representation that photography presents us with; however through documentation; the images transcend into a temporal experience both for the artist and viewer. The work follows a dislocated narrative with no sense of real time, and in doing so, seeks to generate new meaning through the mediated action. Choreographed as a strategic play on movement, they induce an alternate and intimate experience, challenging and provoking the viewer into reconsidering how the body is represented physically and culturally.

Combella negates the strictness of self-portraiture and instead uses the female body to discuss the stereotypes and representation of femininity as well as a woman's construction of the 'self'. Set against the stage of a domestic backdrop, the viewer is only invited to see a trace of these performances, existing only in the artist's memory and the physical photograph.

Stretching the physical boundaries of the body, tightly wrapping and binding becomes suggestive of erotica, sensuality and sexuality. Dress is a crucial aspect, shaping the self physically and psychologically; fashions and costumes render the body presentable in a vast range of social situations and gives it cultural meaning.

Lauren Jury





▶ 10



▶ 11



▶ 12



▶ 7



▶ 8



▶ 9



▶ 4



▶ 5



▶ 6



▶ 1



▶ 2



▶ 4



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Reviving Ophelia (green satin)

Reviving Ophelia (tights)

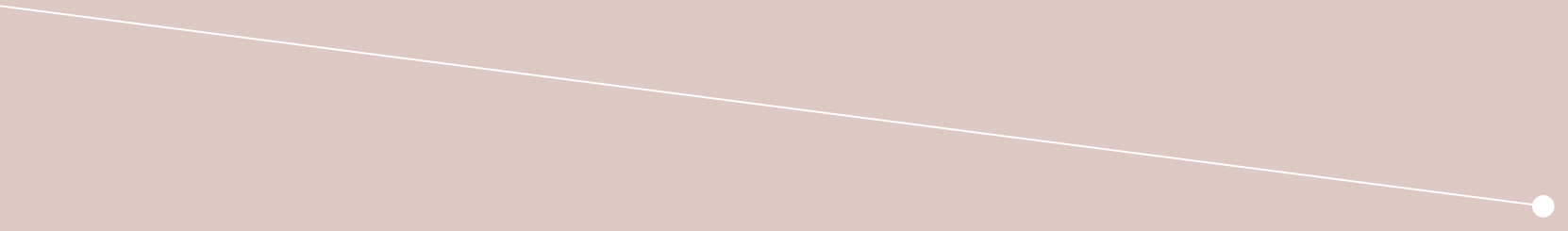
Reviving Ophelia (parcel tape)

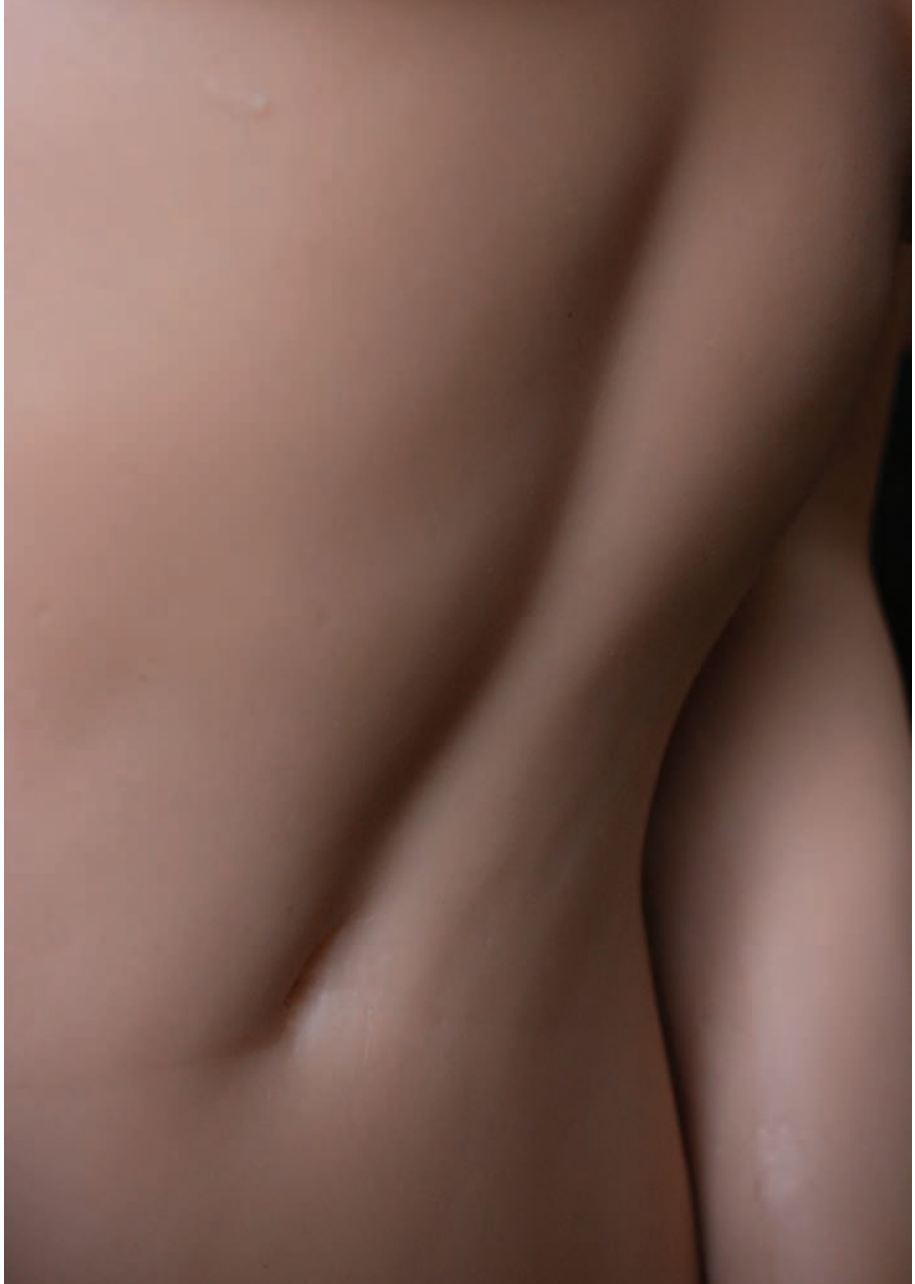
Reviving Ophelia (cling film)

emma.combellack@gmail.com

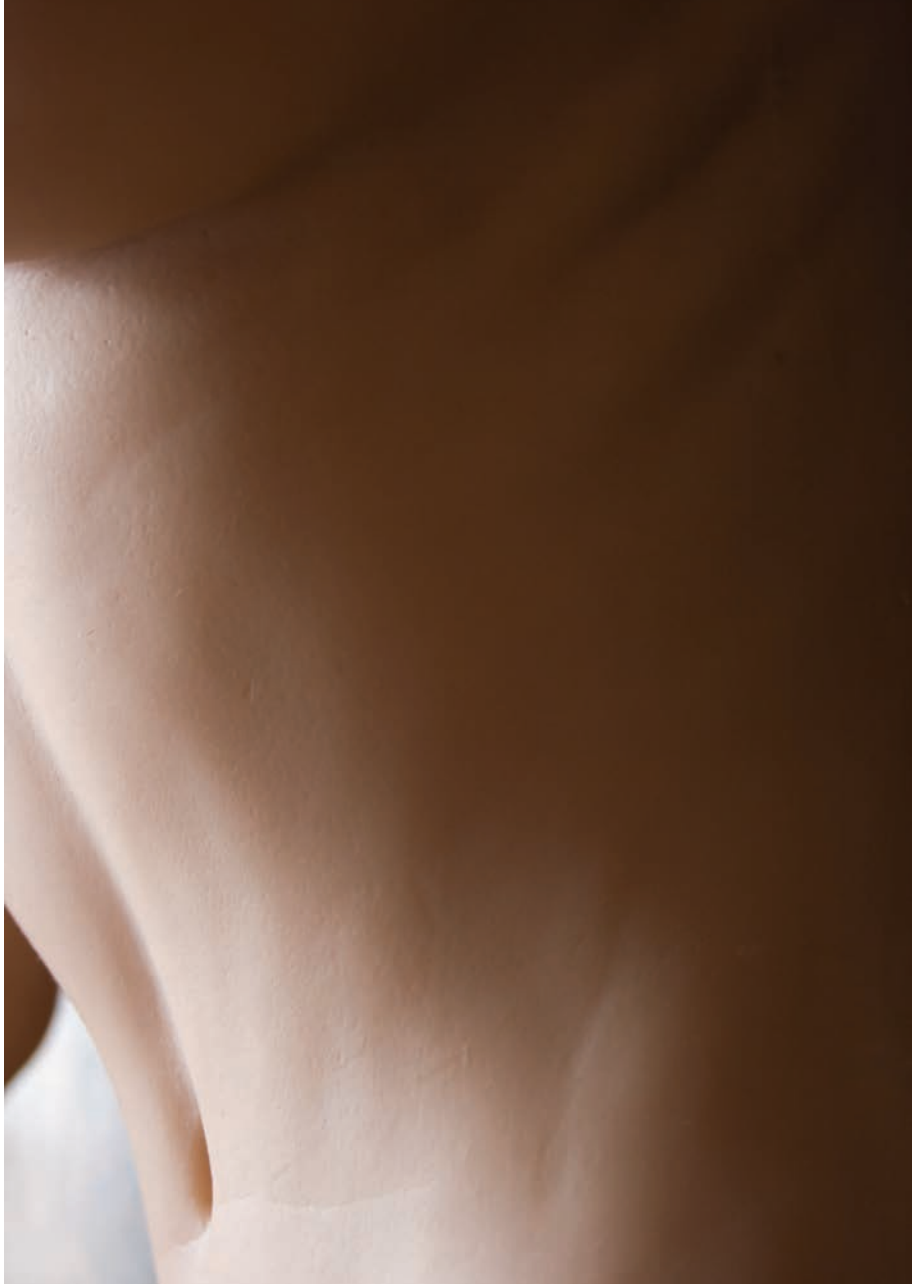
Unobtainable beauty

Charlotte Cook





Rebecca

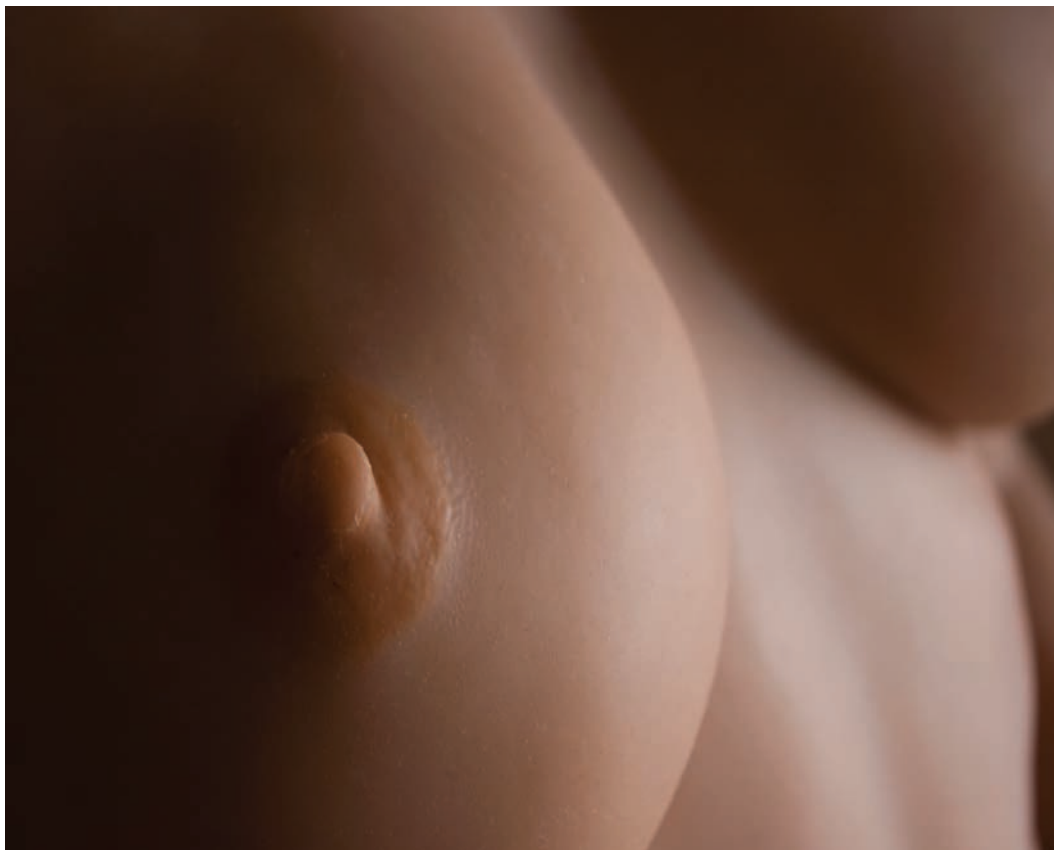






According to the Bible, God created the first woman to eliminate Adam's solitude. When he made Eve she was a prototype of perfection, an object made by one male to help satisfy the needs of another. In many myths around the world the female starts out as a flawless piece of visual perfection made by the gods, purely for the pleasure of man. However, once these creatures of perfection come to life their desire for knowledge ends in betrayal, suffering and death.

Realdoll.com is a site that promotes itself as the creator of the worlds finest love dolls. Abyss Creations allows modern day Pygmalion's to act on a fantasy for the unattainable; the total perfection that many males desire in women. Pygmalionism is the love for ones own creation, an infatuation for something that is abnormally perfect to oneself. 'Unattainable beauty' looks in detail at these manmade objects; these fantasy models. In reality they are static, silent, stylised and lifeless, made purely for the pleasure of their owner and creator.





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Ultimate tribute

Lavinia Drake



In contemporary society the concept of the 'celebrity' can receive worship and idolisation akin to that dedicated to key religious figures. This shift in society's values and objects of aspiration reflect how the media can define the notion of an idol.

Performing tribute acts are an obvious progression from the worship and infatuation associated with early celebrities; it is the ultimate form of flattery. It offers the fan the opportunity to shed their own mundane skin and step into their fantasy: the body and persona of their idol.

"Celebrity is a mask that corrodes the face," states John Updike. Ironically, as this quote implies, the most imitated celebrities were the ones that were suffocated most by the pressures of 'celebrity'. Elvis Presley, Michael Jackson, Marilyn Monroe: all immortal and iconic. They still define fame, style and talent, and were sadly the ones to crumble most tragically under the great strain and sheer volume of worship and adoration.

This study, 'Ultimate tribute', explores what it is to create a false idol from the self. The artist ponders whether the escapism factor of a tribute act is the direct appeal. Or perhaps, if it is the luxury that the idols themselves never experienced: the opportunity to revert to the invisible, 'normal' existence when the curtain falls.

Emma Kimber









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Jesters

Rob Durbin





“The only “objective” truth that photographs offer is the assertion that somebody or something – in this case, an automated camera – was somewhere and took a picture. Everything else, everything beyond the imprinting of a trace, is up for grabs.”

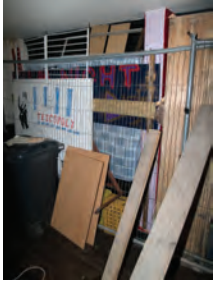
Alan Sekula

Rob Durbin’s work questions photography as a tool of representation, not only this but whether true or even fair representation is ever possible? Can the camera ever be used to truly represent something? If not, what steps should be taken to show a more cohesive view of the subject.



February 2010, Stokes Croft, Bristol. Tesco began plans to build their 32nd store in the city, choosing to use the site of the now late Jesters comedy club. After calls from members of the public over concerns as to how another Tesco would effect the community, the building was entered and occupied by a group of squatters, not as a place to live but as a call to fight against Tesco.

The building was occupied for nearly two months, which began as a peaceful occupation, allowing the space to be used for community-based activities from practical evening classes to entertainment events. However after Tesco's won a court battle over ownership of the building, the squatters began to dig in, until their final eviction on the 16th March 2010.





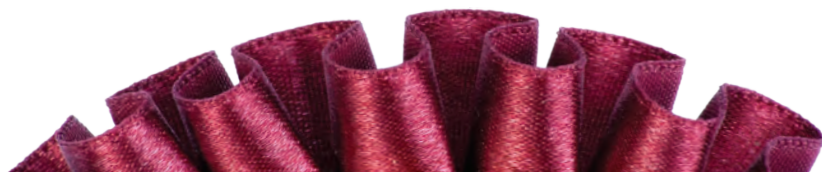


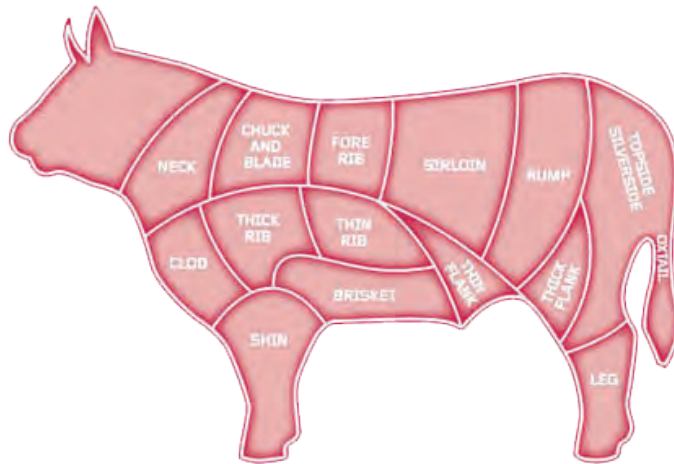
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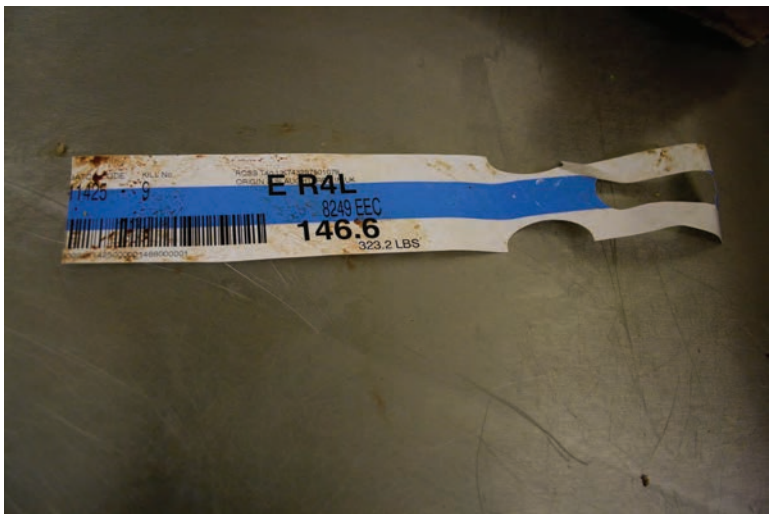
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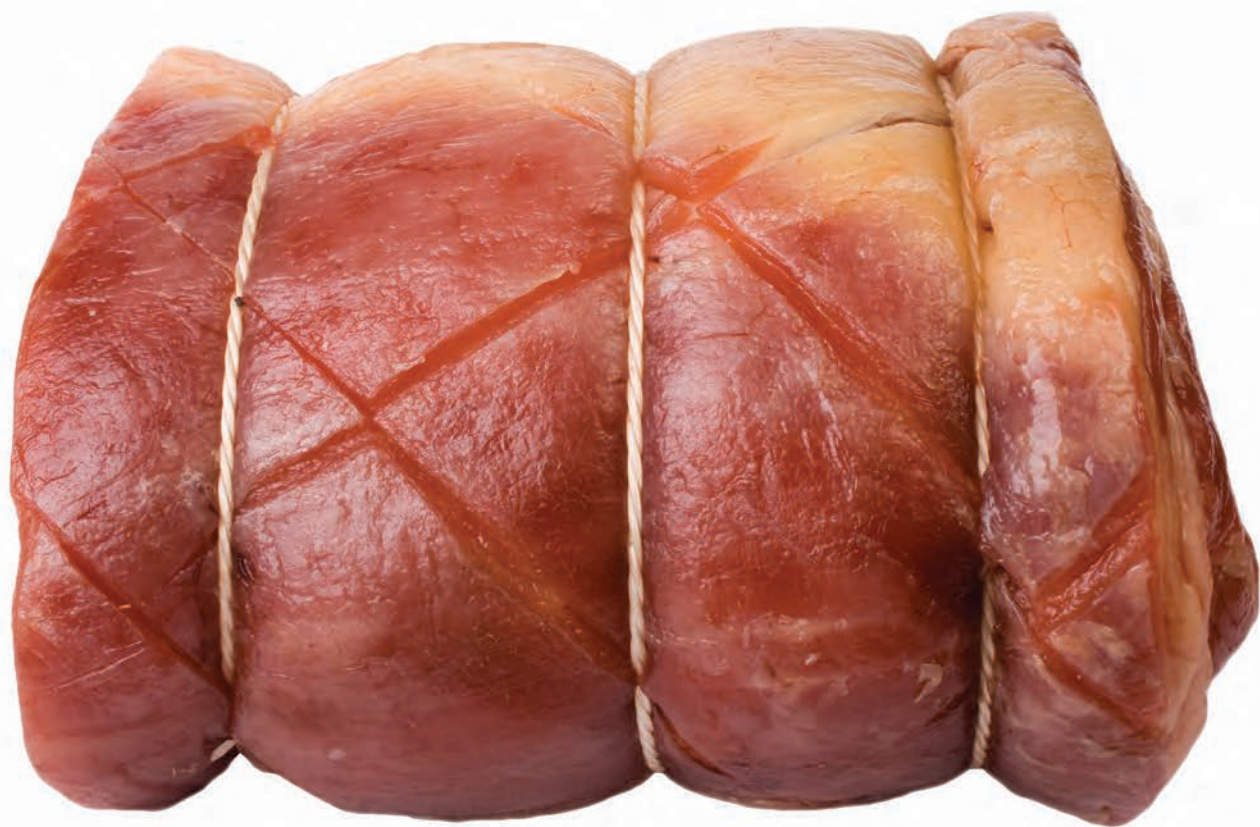
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Lauren Eley











The perfection of the animal is seen through its life and its death. The work is a reflection of these values and how they change during the life cycle of a bovine.

Many of the values associated with prize winning animals are in essence vanity. They are an empty and worthless action as they have no material value for, nor can they be enjoyed by, the animal. These objects, the prizes, suggest achievement as they are a statement of the life the animal has had and represent a state of the past.

This is in contrast to the values associated with the slaughtered animal, which focus on efficiency. Ideally there is no waste; almost every part of the cow is consumed or utilised. Any outcome becomes a tangible value for the butcher and the consumer. The work connects with the Vanitas style which shows the worthlessness of the showground attention and preparation for the animal. It shows how susceptible we are to death and that life is short lived. Death puts an end to all worldly achievements.



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PPA
(Photographic Path Analysis)
Nathan Gamlin

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100





Becoming lost: lost in one's own thoughts, lost in a good book, lost in nostalgia; or lost in a strange city, without reference points, without compass to chart the unknown, the danger.

A gut distinction between the maze and the labyrinth, one embedded in our culture, evokes both the possibilities for pleasure and immediate danger that this word “lost” conjures.

The Cretan Labyrinth is the lure of the Minotaur, an indelible tale representing our human fears of powerlessness in a cruel world. WT Stead memorably evoked the Labyrinth of Greek myth in his ‘London Labyrinth’ of Whitechapel in 1888 at the time of the murders.

“The labyrinth was as large as a town and had countless courts and galleries. Those who entered it could never find their way out again. [...] They only became more hopelessly lost in the bewildering labyrinth, until at last they were devoured by the Minotaur.”

Mazes, such as the one at Hampton Court Palace where I work, have wholly different connotations; part of the seventeenth century pleasure garden, a place for secret assignations, an opportunity for play and escape from the politics of court and the continuance of romantic intrigue.

And today – a rare leisure, in that we enjoy it in exactly the same manner as it was enjoyed three hundred years ago. A maze needs no interpretation, no guidance through arcane rules from the past, no rules at all in fact. Find the centre. Get there, at your own pace, at your leisure. You can't lose. You measure yourself against time.

Each choice is 50/50, there's no second-guessing a maze because it was designed with the second-guesser in mind. Methodical or carefree, the tortoise or the hare, there's no equation in a maze – the successful path finds you when it wants to.

Daniel Ferguson, Education Manager Hampton Court Palace - Historic Royal Palaces

WARE

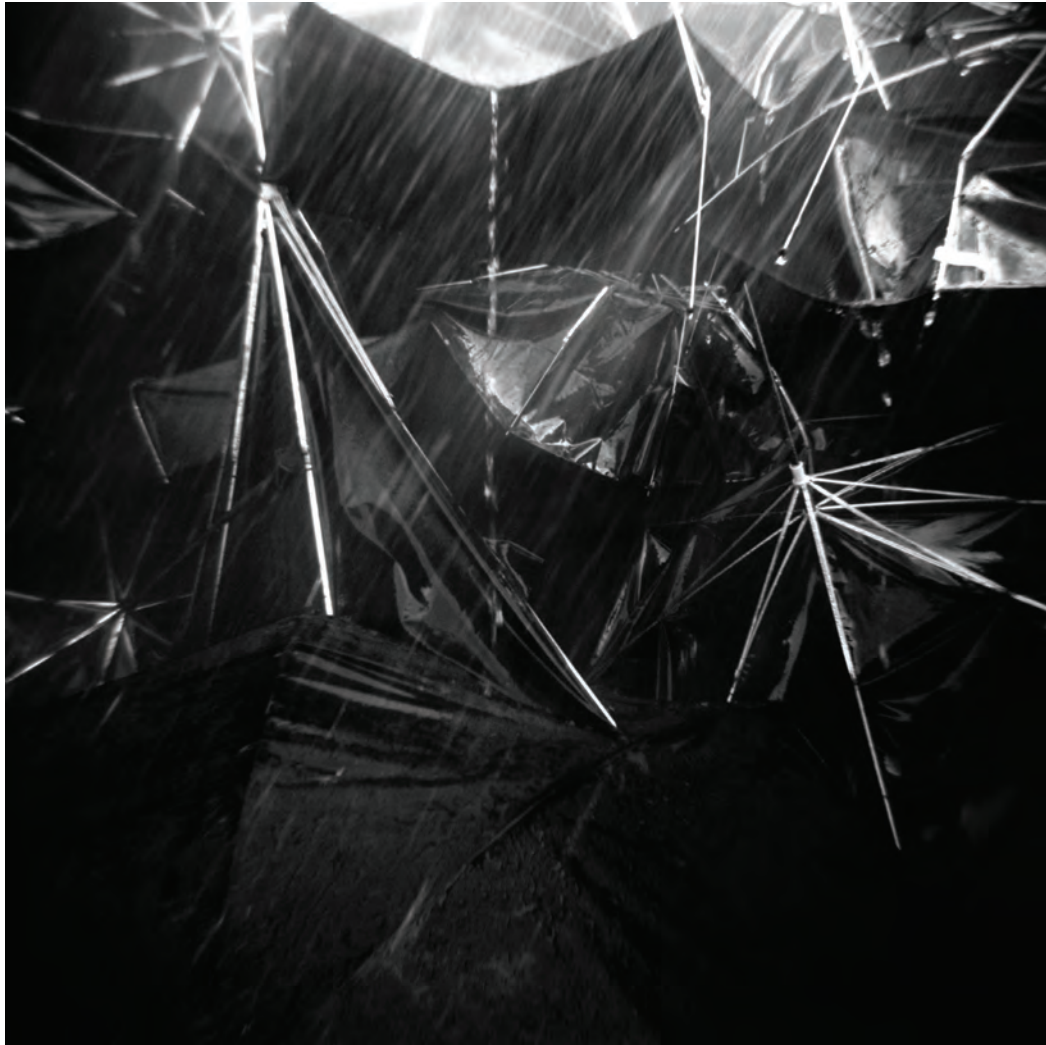
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Fable

Louise Gibbs









Bumbershooting

It can't be much fun being an umbrella.

Left upside down in fine weather to gather dust, no raindrops drumming.

Regularly forgotten on public transport and folded indoors against bad luck.

A parachute that never falls.

When, on an inclement outing, you are finally up-righted you run the agonizing risk of having yourself turned inside out by the wind if incautiously handled.

Nobody loves you when your ribs rattle around your ferrule.

You always see them in the streets after a downpour, somehow sadder for being sodden. They were only trying to help.

It wasn't always like this; a history of the umbrella reveals auspicious association with historical royalty, favoured dignitaries and religious leaders from Imperial Greece, Rome and Egypt to old Siam, the Aztec Empire and beyond.

A photographer could be forgiven for becoming a little

paranoid about the vulnerability of their eyes. I always take an alternative route if caught outside on a rainy day in a busy shopping place. Eye dodging the spiny tips of a brolly's quills absentmindedly cast in the hands of bus runners and puddle dodgers.

For a child the catch that releases the tension in an extended umbrella causes no end of squeals and nipped fingers. Better to leave it than risk one of those lingering blood-blisters.

Why Louise Gibbs chose to photograph umbrellas might have to do with a search for a subject. There's something in the arrangement of the objects in these pictures that makes you think about futility and time and passing and inevitably. An umbrella is a thing defined not only by a relation to the elements but also to a body it would seem inevitable that we project something here. We see a tragic-comic heap, like an elephants' graveyard hidden behind a tropical waterfall deep in uncharted jungle, the umbrellas rest in an undisclosed location, slowly sinking. We see ourselves.

Brains are just puddles that think.

Jason Evans



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Disillusion

Charlie Goldblatt



Realist poetics

There is a commonly believed myth that 'primitive peoples' such as American Indians were afraid to be photographed because they thought the process would 'steal their soul'. This stereotype was usually employed to illustrate the inferiority of such peoples in the face of a more technologically advanced, rational and ultimately European society. However, given the colonial nature of such encounters that usually lead to the destruction of the indigenous way of life, the reactions of these so called 'primitive peoples' is more understandable. Seen in such light, Charlie Goldblatt's images become the site of struggle between knowing and seeing, between the rational empirical uses of photography to measure and describe and the complex and contradictory notion of the self.

The use of a grid in these images is a reference to the historical understanding of photography as objective in nature that was perfectly suited to controlled observation. These grids were used in the late nineteenth century as backdrops to the motion studies work of Eadweard J. Muybridge in particular and Anthropometric photography (which literally means measurement of humans) in general.



The use of Anthropometric photography became an anthropological practice that emerged from a confluence of European exploration, colonialism and the natural sciences. For example in 1869 the Darwinian biologist, Thomas Henry Huxley, initiated a project to study the races of the British Empire, with detailed descriptions as to how the body was to be arranged in front of the camera. However, the only successful representation of Huxley's instructions were returned from either prisons or hospitals, perfectly illustrating the Foucauldian understanding of the coercive aspect of institutional discourse.

The measuring grids that became emblematic of the objectifying gaze of photography that sought to represent individuals as 'types' becomes a conceptual cage within which to contain and reify the understanding of not only the individuals photographed but also entire cultures. With this in mind we can start to see the self portraits of Goldblatt as an heroic attempt to resist the objectifying gaze of the camera lens by subverting its inscriptive qualities. Rather than attempt to represent anyone else Goldblatt has trained the camera on himself, however the artist's presence within the frame has become fluid, ephemeral, indistinct, taking back his power to how he is 'seen' or indeed not seen; that points toward the

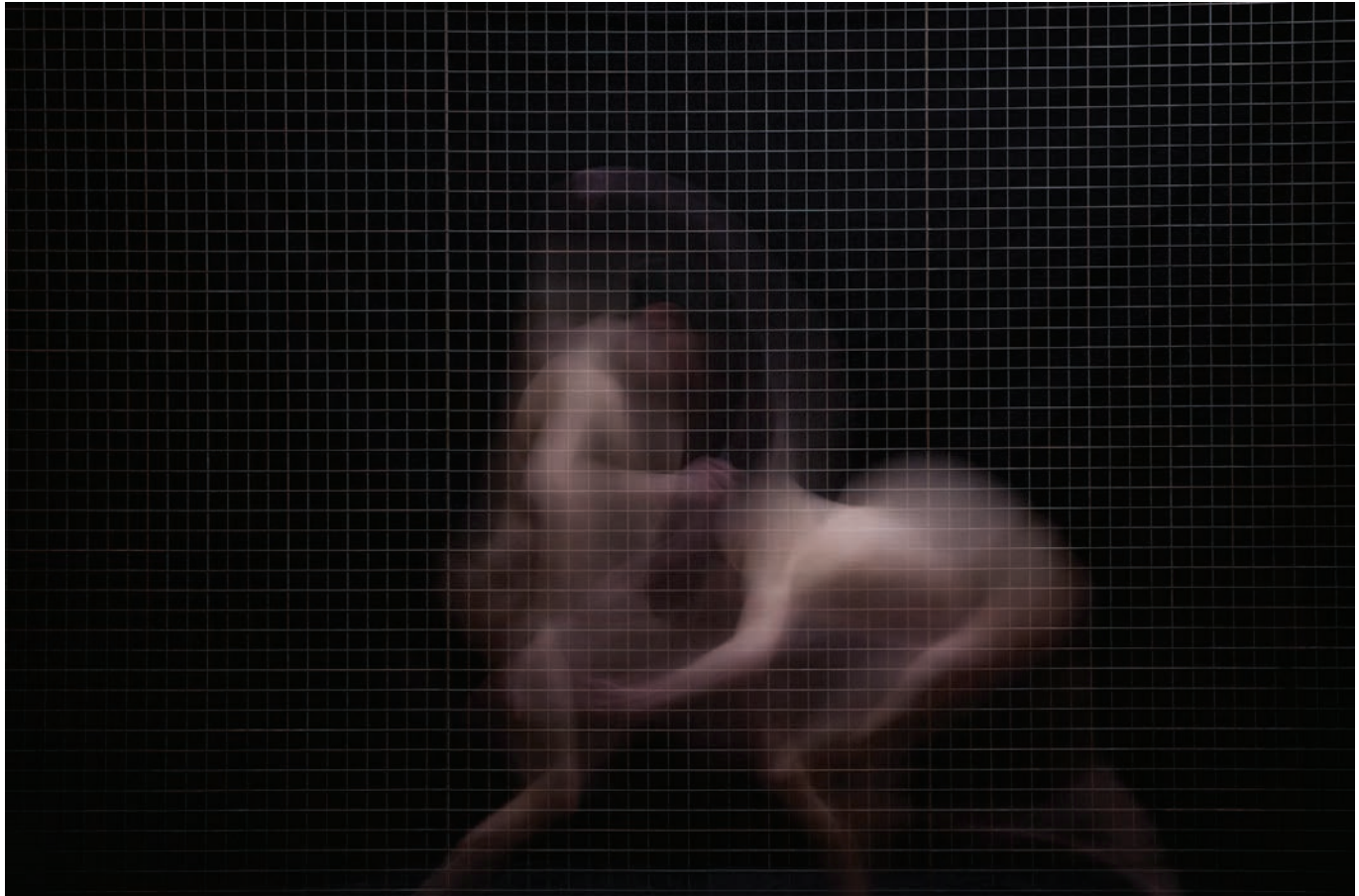
complex, paradoxical and ultimately unrepresentable identity of any individual in its entirety.

The self portrait is of course a recognised and fascinating artistic tradition and Goldblatt's images are formally reminiscent of the self portraits of Francis Bacon. There is an equivalence to the fluid images that seem to struggle to hold still, that are also 'contained' within cubed frames.

However it would be mistaken I believe, to read Goldblatt's images as an indication to some inner turmoil that the formal equivalence to Bacon's images seems to suggest and the different mediums at play here are an important consideration in this. The use of paint in Bacon's work can be seen as expressionistic in character with the intensity of the physical act of painting, reflecting the intensity of experience of the artist. Goldblatt, however, has consciously disrupted the defining quality of photographic representation i.e its ability to accurately describe. He has taken the conceptual framework of scientific, empirical measurement that should never have been applied to humanity and transformed it into a poetic dance of self expression, an overtly aestheticised image of resistance.

Liam Devlin







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If only I had a gun

Lauren Gough

Innocence

Violence is unfortunately a fact of life. From gang related violence on the streets of the UK to the atrocities in third world countries, wherever humanity groups together conflict inevitably seems to arise. For the most part, society condemns this violence, shuns it and tries to protect us from it. But nevertheless it always simmers below the surface.

For me, that is what Lauren's photographs reflect. They are pictures of innocence, of children at play with one another. They wouldn't be out of place on a grandmother's mantelpiece, or a proud mother's photograph album. But there is a darker edge to them, and it too is simmering below the surface.

I recall a documentary I once saw whilst studying at college. The images in that documentary have stayed with me to this very day; child soldiers in Sierra Leone, proudly posing for photographs over the corpses of other children, even holding aloft the severed heads of their 'enemies'.

Whilst the children in Lauren's photographs are playing, they raise numerous questions. Did the young soldiers of Sierra Leone's child-armies – children as young as nine and often drugged and abused – believe that they were playing? After all, young children pretending to be soldiers have little concept of death. Did the true child soldiers really understand just what they were doing, or was it a game?

And which is more terrifying?

The issue of children playing with guns is gaining interest

across the western world. Numerous studies have proposed links between toy guns and aggressive behaviour. Some psychologists have condemned parents who allow a child a toy gun, while others have promoted it, claiming that limits should not be placed on a child's creative development.

The photographs mirror these questions. As an adult, the sight of a child forcing another to dig their own grave prior to execution is profoundly disturbing. But why? Are these children teaching themselves that aggression is acceptable, that violence produces solutions? Perhaps we fear that the next generation, raised on violent videogames, action movies and superhero comics will see no recourse but to solve problems with their fists, with knives or with guns.

But perhaps these views are wrong. Perhaps the videogames, the movies and the toy guns provide an outlet. Perhaps removing that outlet has the opposite effect, that without avenues in which to express themselves these children only build up their aggression. Perhaps that is why so many British children are joining gangs and killing one another with knives.

As ever, the true answers are uncertain. Lauren's photographs do not attempt to answer, do not attempt to bias the viewer one way or the other. And this is where their true beauty lies; a picture is well known to be worth a thousand words, but rare is the picture that asks a thousand questions.

Gareth Jones











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Manifest perceptions

Craig Harper

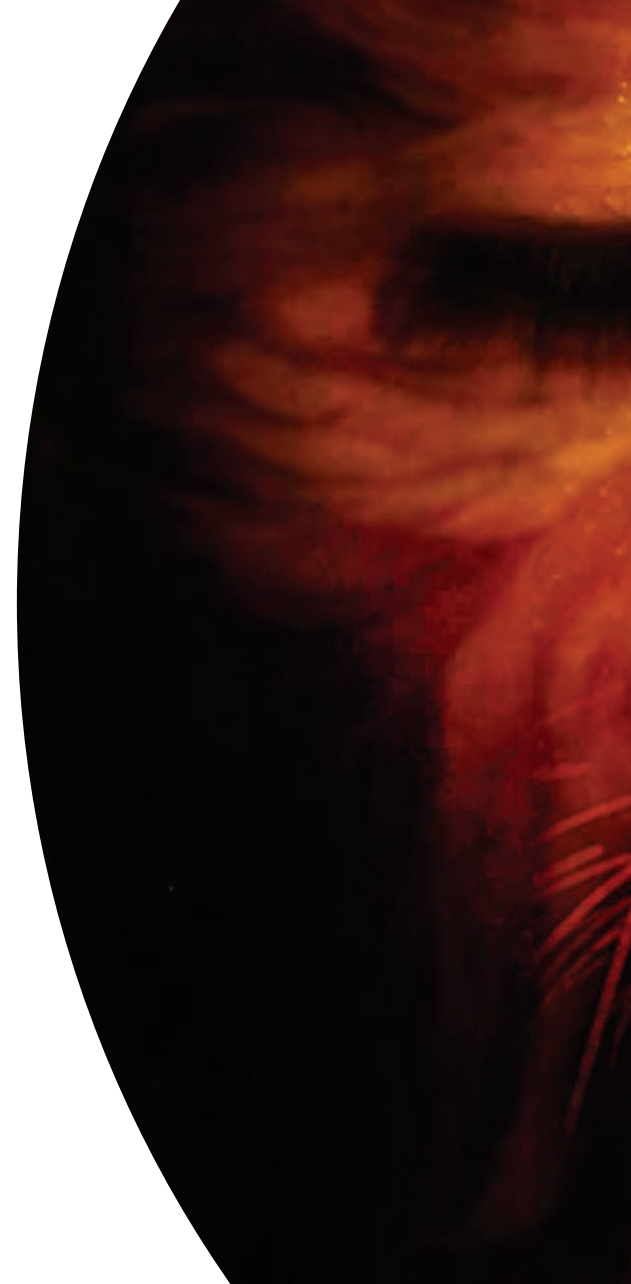
Can we ever truly understand another human being?

Can we ever truly understand ourselves?

‘Manifest perceptions’ submerges the viewer into a visual exploration of such themes, employing Surrealist symbolic expression and Freudian theory in an attempt to connect the viewer with the subject’s true self. Through studying his subjects’ dreams, Craig Harper seeks to liberate his portraiture of censorship and social constraint, instead showing human beings in their true and most vulnerable form.

The juxtaposition between the subject’s face – a conventional and recognisable feature – and the obscure, dream-like montaged images acts as a direct comment on the relationship between the Persona and the Id.

Whilst the Persona can control and conceal what we choose to share with others, our Id unveils our deepest desires, aspirations and fears through the medium of memories, friends, family and fantasy. These personal encryptions leave both the dreamer and the viewer mystified as to what these manifestations can truly mean, restricting us to the role of distant spectators, presented with just a few small pieces to the puzzle that is the human mind.













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Pixel universe

Dai Howell



With a child like perspective and impeccable style, Dai Howell creates a universe in his light paintings that take the viewer back in time to when everything was big, simple and colourful.

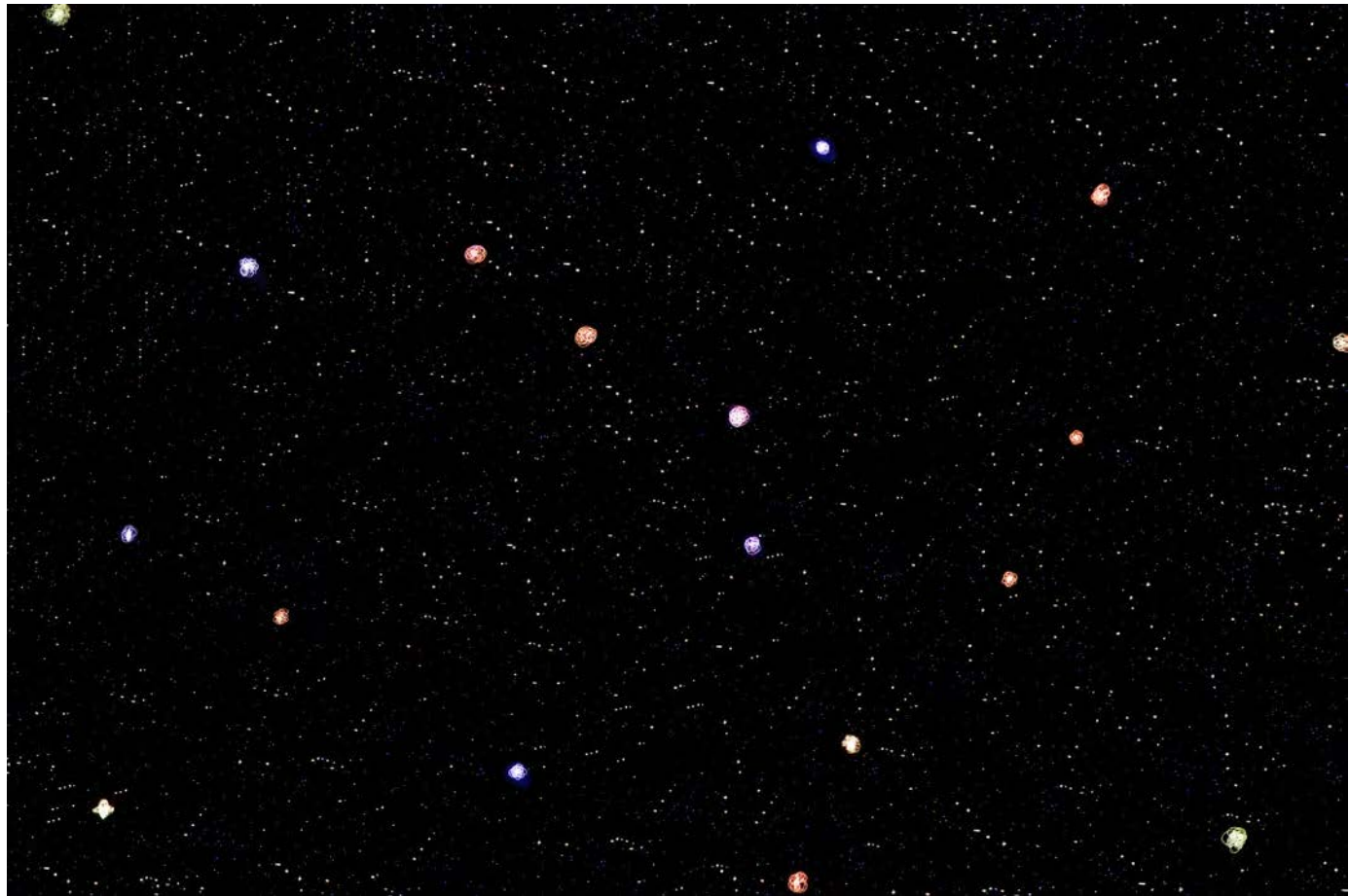
Howell intrigues us with his manipulation of light and scale to produce images that resemble a view of space, but upon closer viewing, are hundreds of multi-coloured light scribbles produced on a whim, in his bedroom.

When looking at these images, the lights come alive. They don't just represent planets and moons, but also bows, flowers and sweets giving the images a sense of innocence, absurdity and excitement.

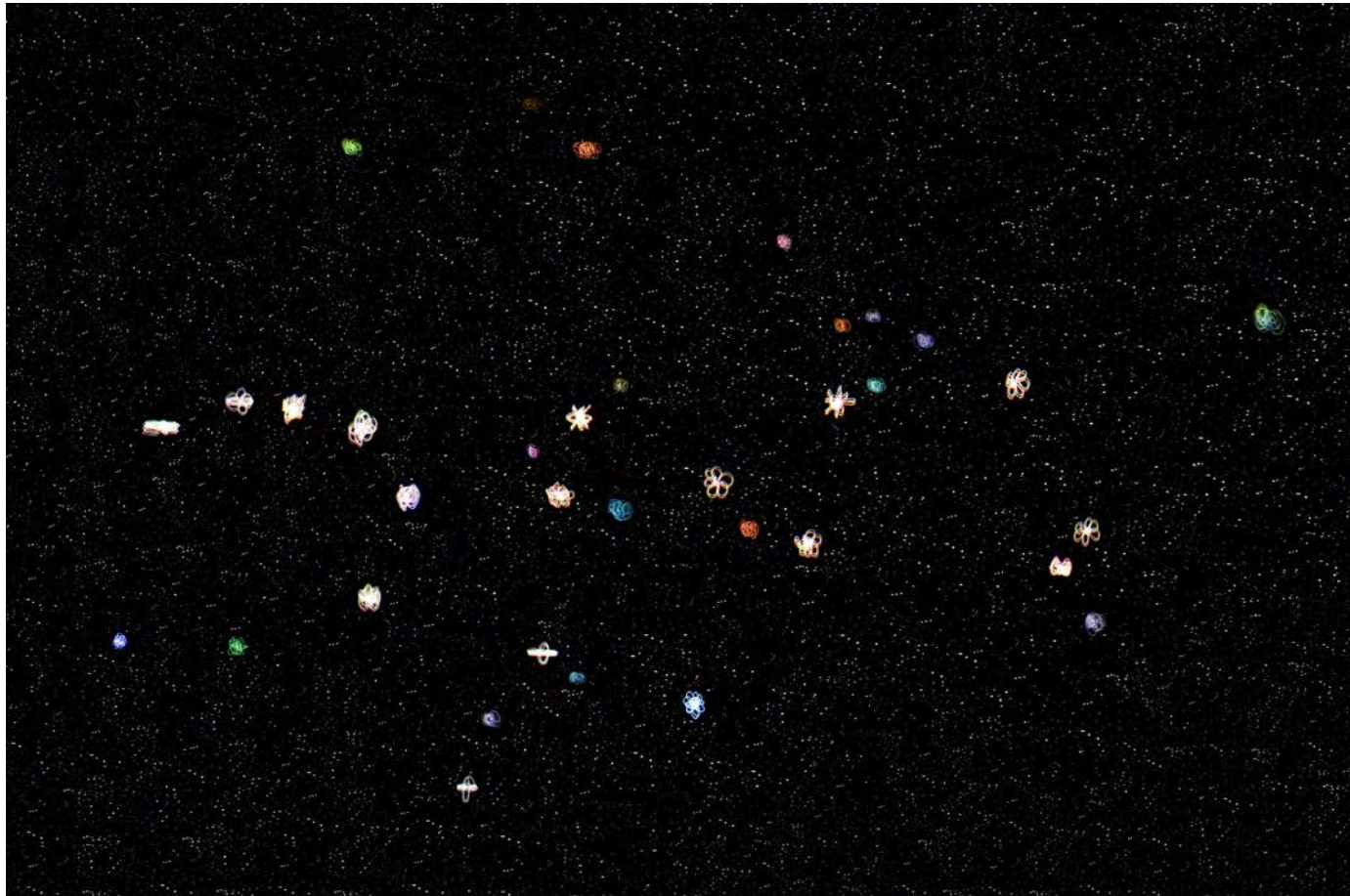
There is so much in each image that you just want to get closer to them. I found myself focusing so intently that my nose almost touched the paper, but I could never get close enough. One is left with a feeling of bewilderment.

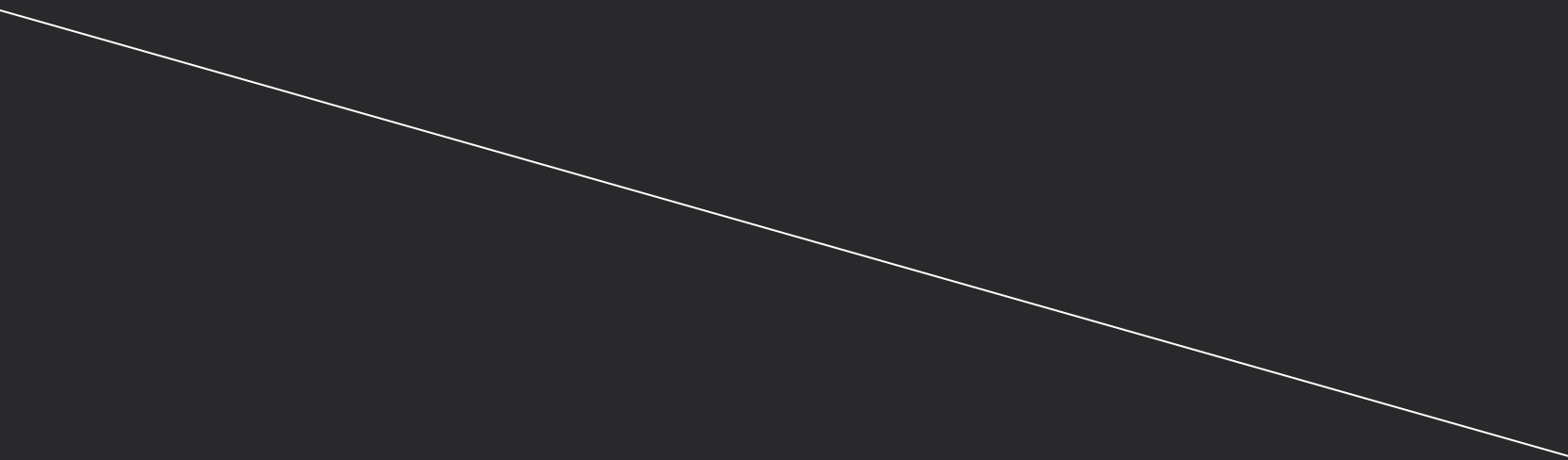
There is an air of progression in Howell's work. Each image is different though strangely similar. Something new is revealed each time you view them. A blue solar system, a yellow sun – all bright, bold, playful and resolute.

Catherine Dunstan









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You, me and us

Lucy Ibbitson

A collaboration with Jude Ibbitson



Lucy Ibbitson's photographs, taken in collaboration with Jude Ibbitson, are poems to a time forgotten, a past re-lived through memory, a transitional moment where two people attempt to decipher the present and the future of a relationship. In some of the images they seem as sisters, friends or even lovers but, watching the profiles of the two, one woman plaiting the others hair, it seems here they are mother and daughter.

In one image, Lucy holds a flower, seeming to offer it to her mother under the tree. It reminds me of the myth 'Persephone and Demeter', or rather it suggests a re-working of it. In the story Persephone is kidnapped by Hades who plants a narcissus flower to charm her, she picks it and falls down into the underworld. Her mother Demeter is so distraught she stops the harvest, neglects the earth. The world goes into decay. Persephone has picked the narcissus flower herself, it is she who has broken away from her mother but in Ibbitson's photograph the daughter has picked the flower and she offers it to her mother; she has not fallen into any new role or situation yet. She is seeking to still the passage of time

and capture a moment in which she and her mother meet as adults, equals for the first time, both knowing this is temporal. Change is imminent in the lives of these two women, the daughter is grown and may have her own daughters, the mother becoming a grandmother. One name, one role replacing the other.

This juxtaposition of psychological character roles is echoed in the colours and visual setting of the photographs. In the woods the women are part ordinary teenage girls hanging out, part lazy wood-nymphs. The red leaves the same shade as the red hair suggest they have come from the surrounding nature somehow, despite their jeans and hoodies. The light adds to an ethereal quality. The wardrobes provide a more domestic, every-day context to some images while theatrical staging in others adds a certain psychological narrative tension over storybook idealism. The characters seem to be alone and autonomous in their own world (the houses seen in one image from above seem far away) acting out scenes from their own functionality as women, family.

Sacha Waldron











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The map is not the territory

Bethan Jenkins



It was when, by some mutation (perhaps as recently as 40,000 years ago), some human beings learned how to daydream, and thus to develop and use a new psychological tool – that of imagination – that we became truly human.

All that the human race has achieved, and what we have become, flowed from our breakthrough into daydreaming – it opened up the whole universe for us.

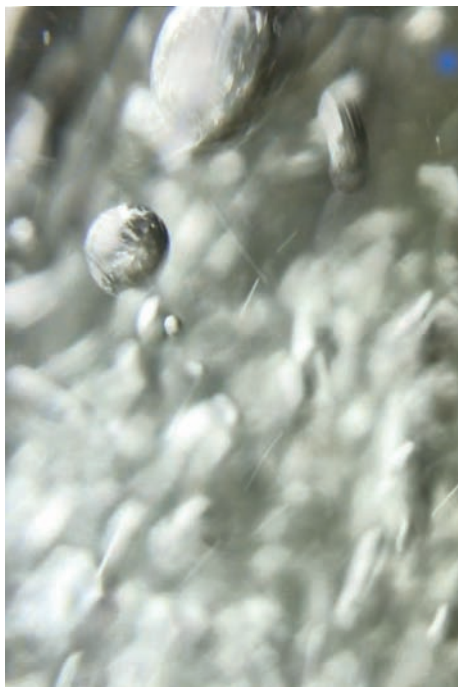
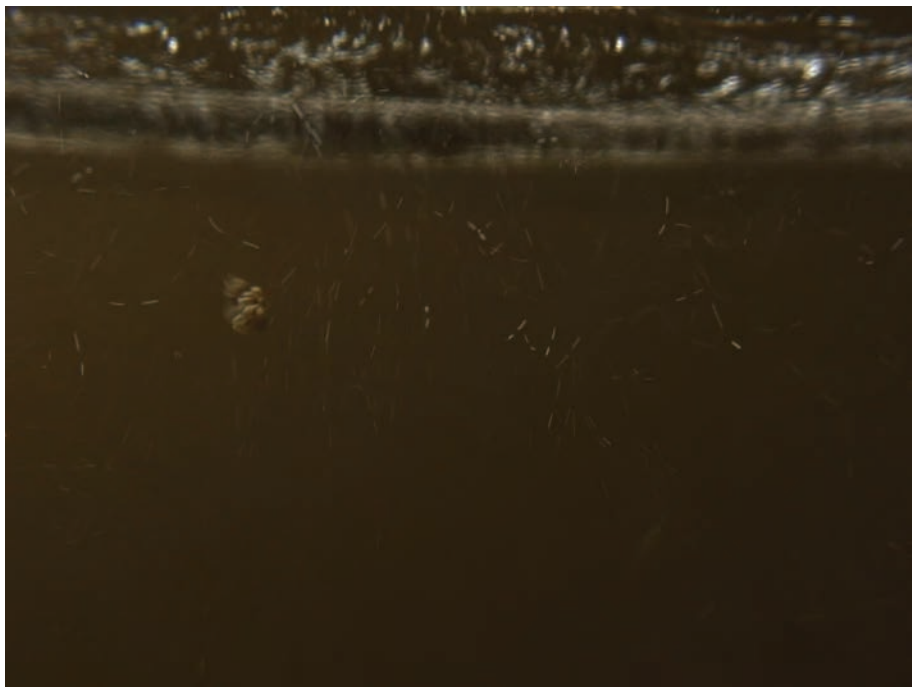
Guided Imagery switches people into their right hemisphere and mimics daydreaming, a state associated with learning, in which new patterns of knowledge can be pattern matched metaphorically and integrated.

Dreaming Reality (2004), Joe Griffin, Ivan Tyrrell
Human Givens Publishing

Imagery is a precursor to language, everything you do: your memory, your imagination is processed by your brain through images. Guided Imagery, a practice of visual meditation, has been shown to elevate mood and decrease stress. Used as a tool for living, this practice can promote relaxation and improve quality of life.









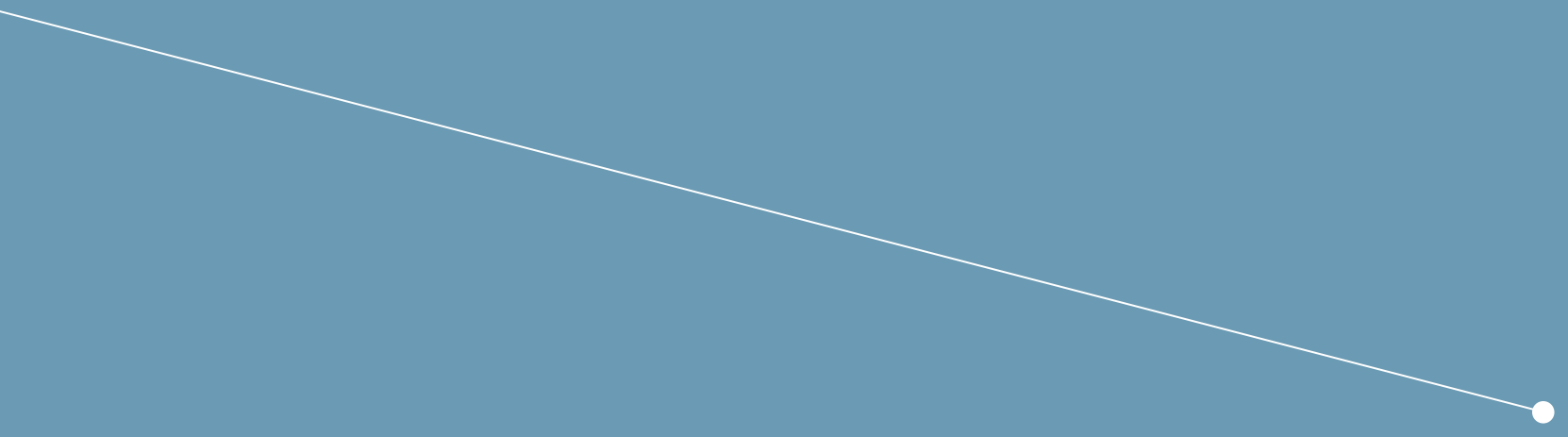




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Time and relative dimensions in situ

Sam Kelsall



This continuous piece of work is about the passing of time from a status quo. The work focuses on one small area of Cardiff from outside Cardiff Castle. The photographic collage style has been used to demonstrate the passing of time. Each photograph is a slice of time. Collectively as a joiner they tell a narrative of the time passed.

When all of the different time slices are collected and assembled a rich tapestry is woven. The camera adopts a position look out from the castle wall, as if the wall had eyes, and has witnessed the city change over the last 2000 years. The use of the photographic collage style enhances this by merging several different times together to create an image of the passing of time over the several different visitations to the historical location.



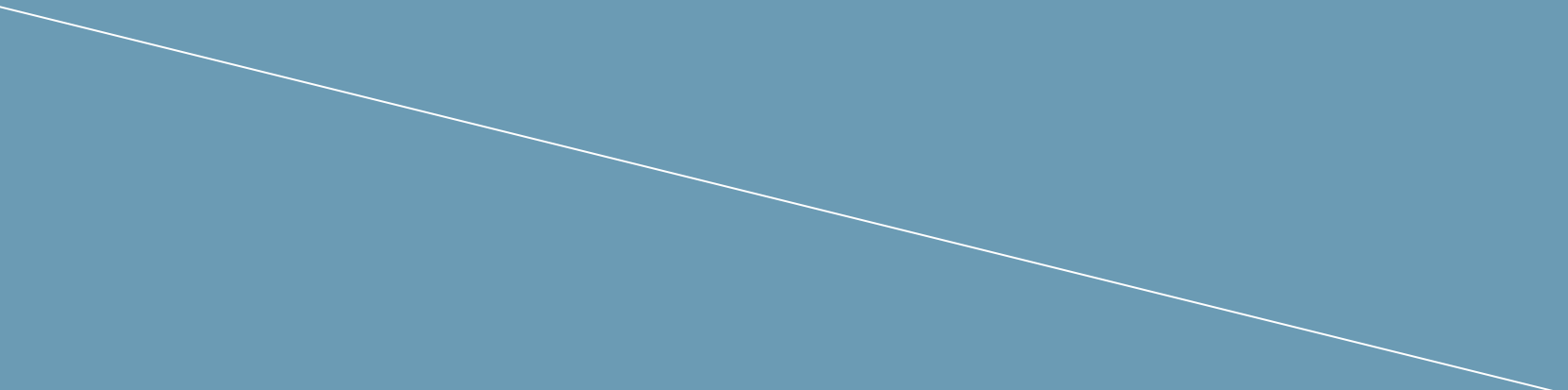






Time is the most undefinable yet paradoxical of things; the past is gone, the future is not come, and the present becomes the past even while we attempt to define it, and, like the flash of lightning, at once exists and expires.

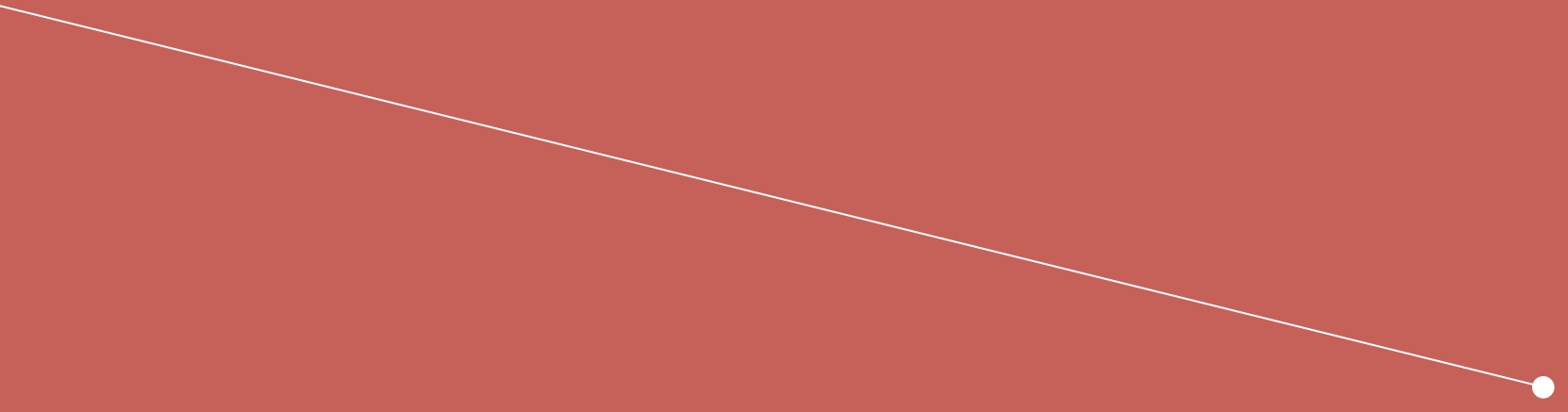
Charles Caleb Colton (1780–1832) cleric and a writer



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Does a Happy Meal make you happy?

Tom Ketteringham



An adolescent girl is interviewed on a turntable that rotates slowly powered by anonymous hands. The girl is questioned about the issues that are synonymous with modern teenage girls such as: body image, popularity and attractiveness, through the contradiction between the prevalence of fast food and the desire to be thin and attractive. The intention is to provoke a discourse around the way consumerist society affects our behavior, using McDonald's as a prime example. How does consumerism affect our sense of what's important and our attitude towards life and each other.

SD Video
4:3
5:04 mins
4 screen installation





Will that Happy Meal make you happy?



Yeah!



Do you know it's unhealthy?



No it's not!



As our capitalist world is in economic crisis as it attempts to reinvent itself and re-impose the 'consumerism is king' ideology upon us all, which stresses competition and status as key elements of a "happy life". This reinvention has focused on the youth of today, and aims its advertising at this age group, which sell a dream to a disillusioned generation of cynics.

Anyone who has spent any time in the company of adolescents will be aware of their world weary attitude to life, however when speaking of their 'imminent stardom' they seem totally blind to the fact that in society there is a role for each and every individual. This consumer driven society often glosses over the work force living in poverty that is necessary for the consumer goods we all desire.

'Youth culture' focuses on this desire. The need for: this phone, that item of clothing. This incarnation of the 'American dream' where happiness is achievable through material possessions. This has lead to a generation obsessed with consumerism. Many youths consider themselves to live

in relative poverty, meaning that when compared to what they believe to be societies norm, they do not obtain the required possessions to achieve happiness.

Has today's consumer culture changed a whole generation's morality through the power of advertising? It would seem so, as when questioned, many teenagers will answer that what makes them happy is material wealth and popularity. It is no longer good enough to work and be paid for your time, one must be a celebrity or superstar to achieve happiness.

Modern society is focused on the idealistic perception of perfection of life through possessions, wealth and beauty. Taking McDonalds as an example of consumerism in action, society can show an observer the irony of a youth consumer culture that thrives on fast food but desires the unachievable ideal body projected by advertisements.

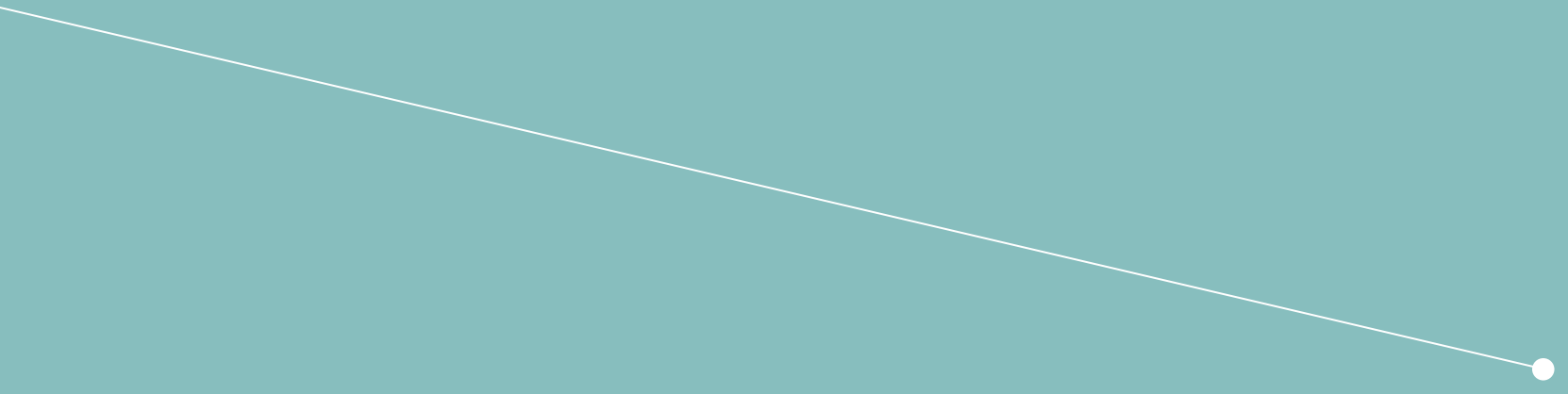
The consumerist machine propagates wealth through its exploitation of youth, materialism and beauty.

Tobias Beach-Wyld

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Futures

Sophie King







Apocalypse now

When there's no one to talk to, you start to think aloud.

Sometimes I like to attach a lead to my bag, because I don't have a dog (like in that Will Smith film) or a football - Tom Hanks.

My lead snapped today, so I left my bag beside the head of a statue. It was empty anyway... and I was angry. You do stupid things when you're angry. It's getting darker... probably about 5ish now. I don't look at my wrist anymore; I know the watch isn't there - it was a Swiss Legend if you're wondering; I won it on Ebay for £500. I found an old sign today. It was hanging off the edge of a building, so I threw my rock at it. It told me that 'Mother Nature is in our hands'. We must have got bored holding it. The sky can't decide whether it's grey or black... Even God's a bit of a Capitalist - he ran out of colours when we ran out of money. Sometimes I have to pinch myself to see if I'm still conscious. My mind is a portal to the past. The view is hazy, like the remnants of a dream almost forgotten... I remember me in a suit. Armani, with a glass of champagne in hand. Aston Martin out front, or a Lamborghini? The tailor on Saville Row complimented my shoes;

'thanks' was a noncommittal way of saying 'eyes off'. That was the week our sales increased by 50 percent, somehow this always led to an inebriated state of forgetfulness, where my opinions on her decision to breed were unmistakably announced. She never thought of the expense.

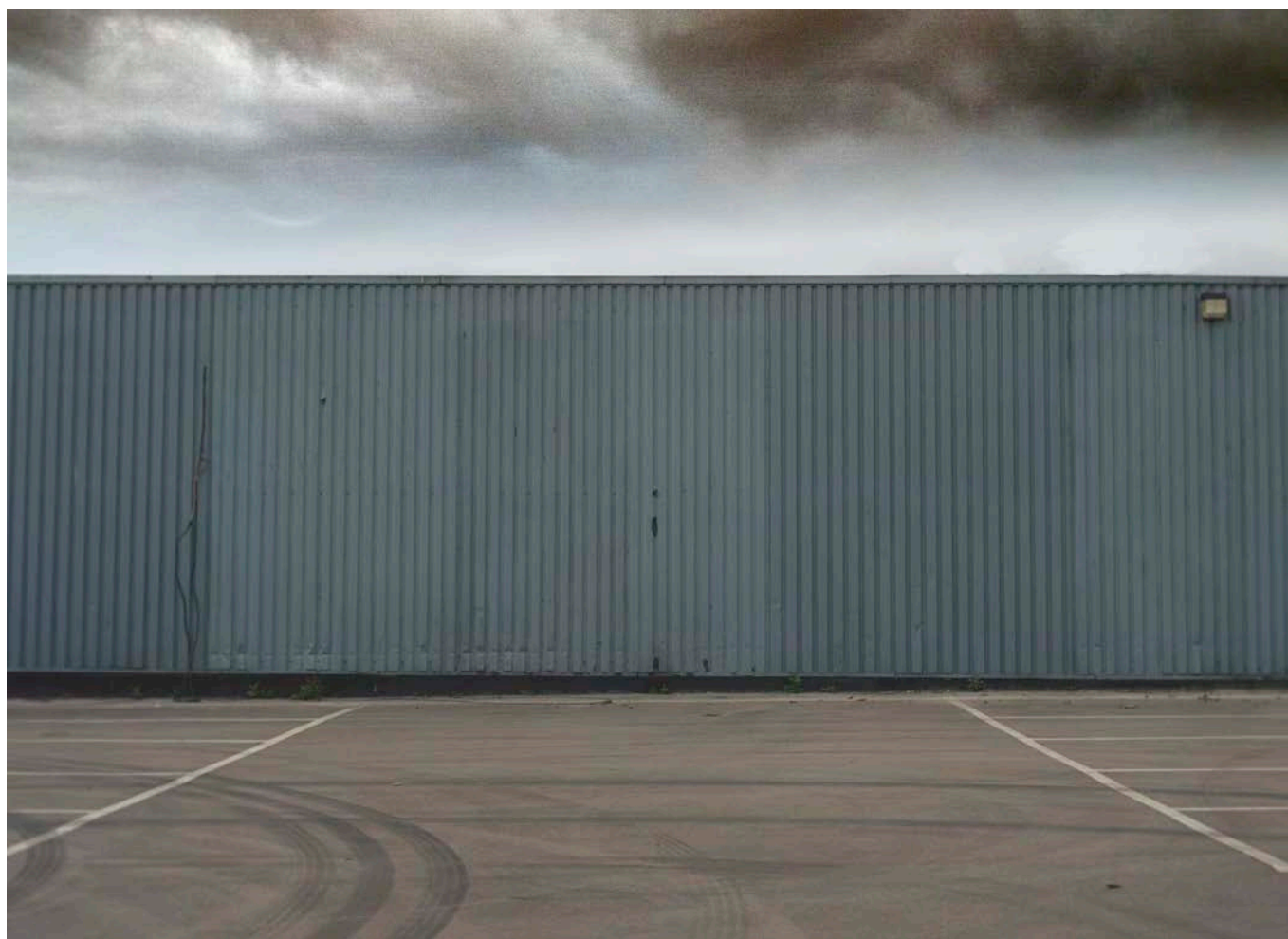
It's cold now, I'll put my arms over my knees to stop the shivering. Like an outline of a frightened child, I'm a sketch of what I was before. Pathetic! My only companion now lives here in my pocket, the last of her kind. Sometimes I panic if I can't find her, but she's always there in the end, ever-reliable. She feels rough against my fingertips - look how she winks at me.

Heads: I win - Tails: You lose. I flip it. This was my prize and the bloodstained rock over there proves it. Don't worry; I hid the body, for aesthetic reasons - not that it matters now. Although I do miss having things around...

I guess sometimes I miss the dog...

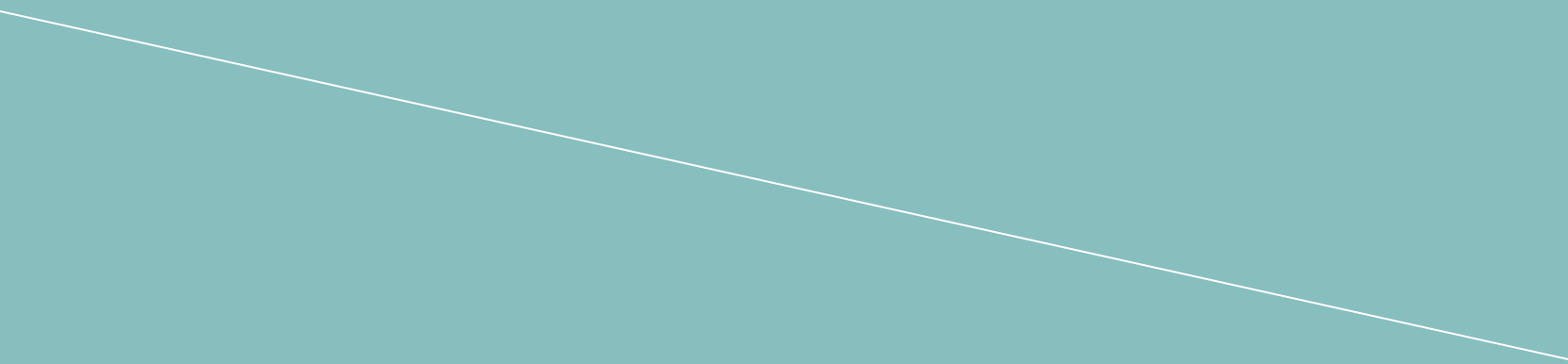
What was it called again?

Tim Rowe









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6304 Spray

Matt Lock









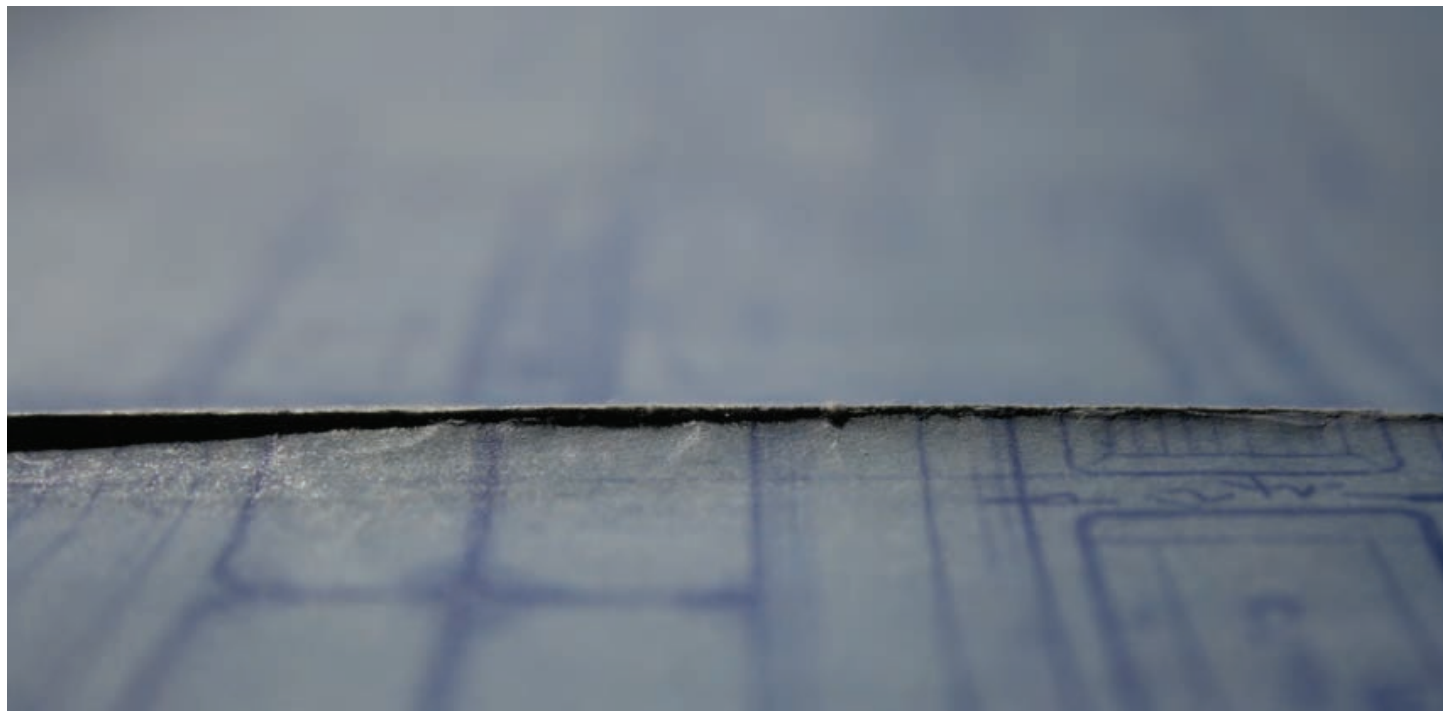


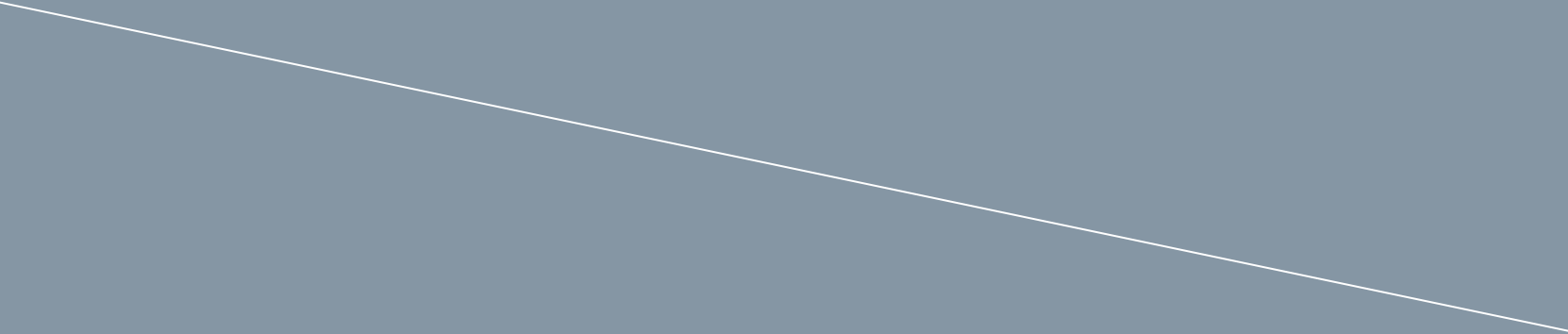
'6304 Spray' is a project based upon a set of original boat blueprints, discovered in an abandoned attic. It reflects a personal journey. The initial anticipation conjured up visions of pirate ships and nostalgic adventures. The reality destroyed this preconception, having discovered the blueprints represent a modern chartered yacht. The project captures this sense of expectation and hope experienced during a physical journey:

Sometimes it's a little better to travel than to arrive.

Robert M. Pirsig - Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance

The images touch on the romanticism of the sea, by capturing the essence of mysticism and intrigue. Their individual aesthetic demonstrates the unpredictability of the sea, as it rapidly changes its appearance and temperament. These images aim to present the sensual experience of the sea, exploring the impossibility of reaching the horizon, and emphasising its vastness and our inability to conquer it.





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Thank you mother

Angela Locke





Embrace me

Hi Mam

What would you say about our
relationship?

Loves you Millions

Angie

xxx

Hello Angela

When you were young you were a very loving child.
Then came the horrible teens and we didn't see eye to
eye on a lot of things.

It was very hard going to try and make a really good
mother and daughter relationship, as we always seemed
to be at loggerheads.

Love you

Mam

XX



Love me

Hi Mam

How do you think things have changed
between us in the last few years?

Lots of love

Angie

xxx

Evening Angela,

When you reached your late 30's things seemed
to change. You started going to university doing
photography and things changed between us.

You were doing something that you enjoyed and
would ask me to pose for you. This has improved our
relationship which has grown from there, and we
have grown to like one another again.

Love you too

Mam

xxx



See me

Hi Mam

Please describe how you see our
relationship today. Please be honest.

I love you

Angie

xxx

Hi Angela

I am very proud of you and all you have achieved.

We have a much better relationship now than we have
had for a very long time. We now have one of the best
relationships that any mother would love to have.

I can talk to you a lot better than I have for a very long
time.

We now have a very good mother and daughter
relationship that any mother would love to have.

Love you

Mam

xxx

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Billy Banks

Michael Napier





In 2002 the Billy Banks Estate in Penarth that provided over 600 homes, was condemned by the Vale of Glamorgan Council to “controlled whole site disposal”. Built in the 1970s upon a limestone quarry and a Victorian landfill site, the once award-winning development that boasted envious views across Cardiff Bay and the city beyond was recently dubbed by local media as “the worst eyesore in Wales”. If the bulldozers move in this summer according to schedule, they will make way for Penarth Heights, a suite of chic, luxury apartments in keeping with the style of neighbouring developments around the increasingly populated Bay.

Billy Banks vehemently avoids the clichéd, yet seductive imagery of the decayed and crumbling architecture, which has earned the estate its infamous reputation. The derelict flats currently attract ‘urban explorers’; groups of people who take delight in re-discovering and photographing the dilapidation. The estate has also provided locations for several recent television episodes of Doctor Who.

The work is an intimate and fragile portrait of the last few occupants of the Billy Banks Estate, who reside defiantly amongst the vacant and derelict flats, allowed to do so until now by Thatcher’s right to buy scheme. The work avoids the stereotype of social housing and their occupants, as well as the political territory that has dominated the discussions around this housing project. Addressed here is the unfortunate loss and dispersal of a once cohesive community – something that the residents held on to with care, which has been overlooked throughout their regeneration process.

Billy Banks is not a bleak snapshot of the Billy Banks Estate’s final, dying moments, but a poetic lament, incorporating past, present and future references, which incorporates residents’ own testimonies, photographs and a few of their most treasured possessions.

Jesse Alexander

“I’m just here ‘cos I love living here. That’s all”







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This is England

Alexandra Osowski



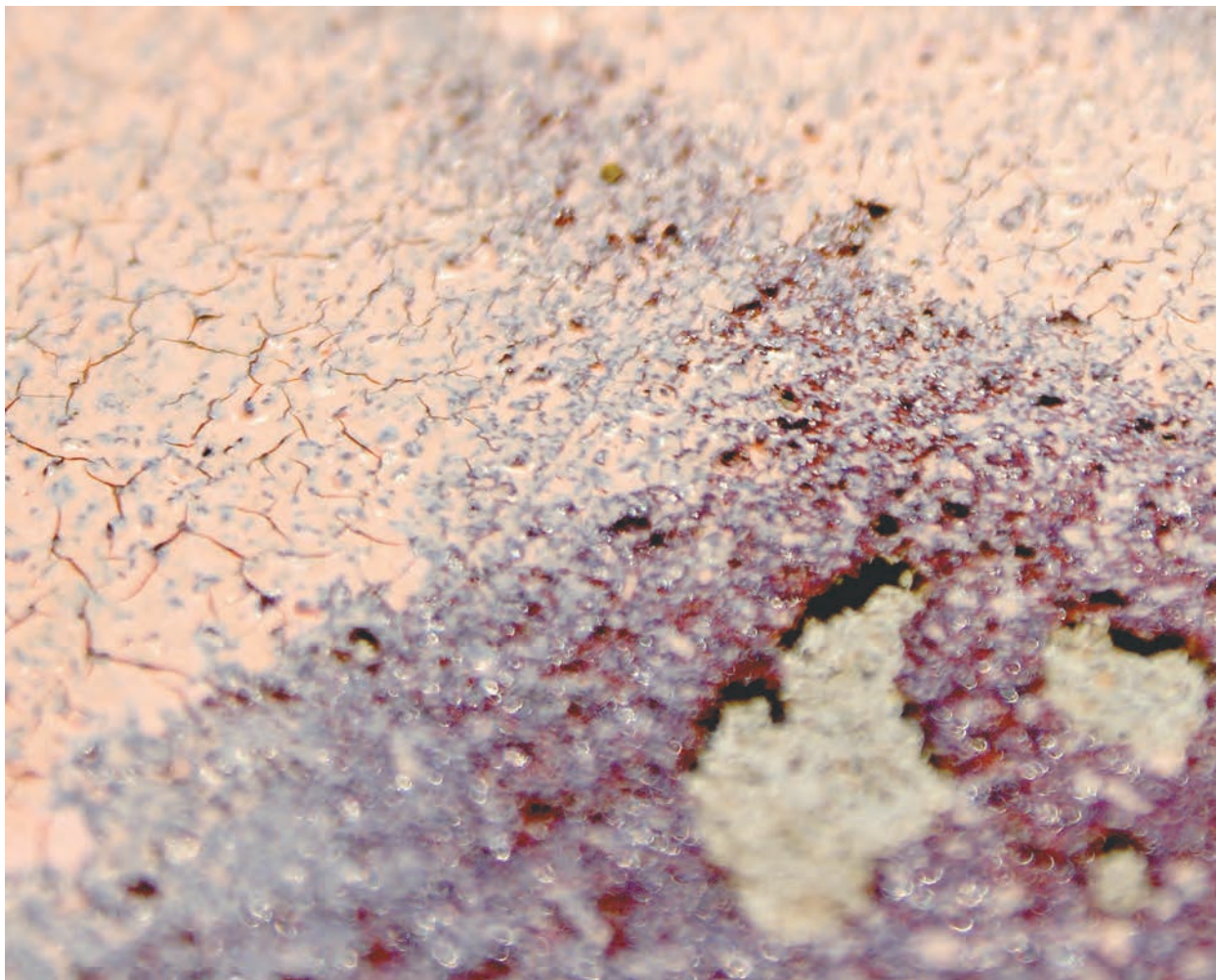
‘Taking aesthetic pleasure from landscape is not widely recognised to involve work at all, though actually it depends on ‘good taste’ gained through education. The most important aesthetic distinction for photography is the idea of the picturesque’.

Anon

The definition of Rural is: relating to, or characteristics of the country or country life. Landscape art has affected our notion of the rural. We see what artwork has taught us to see through centuries of paintings, we see the idea of the picturesque.

The National Trust conserves coastal areas, countryside and historical landscapes. Though all these different areas in the United Kingdom are still accessible for public use ‘for the benefit of the nation’, and subsequently they are tourist hotspots for viewing ‘picturesque Britain’.

This body of work disputes the idea of picturesque Britain by focusing on the overlooked; the outside walls of toilet blocks at National Trust sites. Taken at such a close angle, the images themselves start to look like an abstract interpretation of the landscapes they represent.



Waddesdon Manor

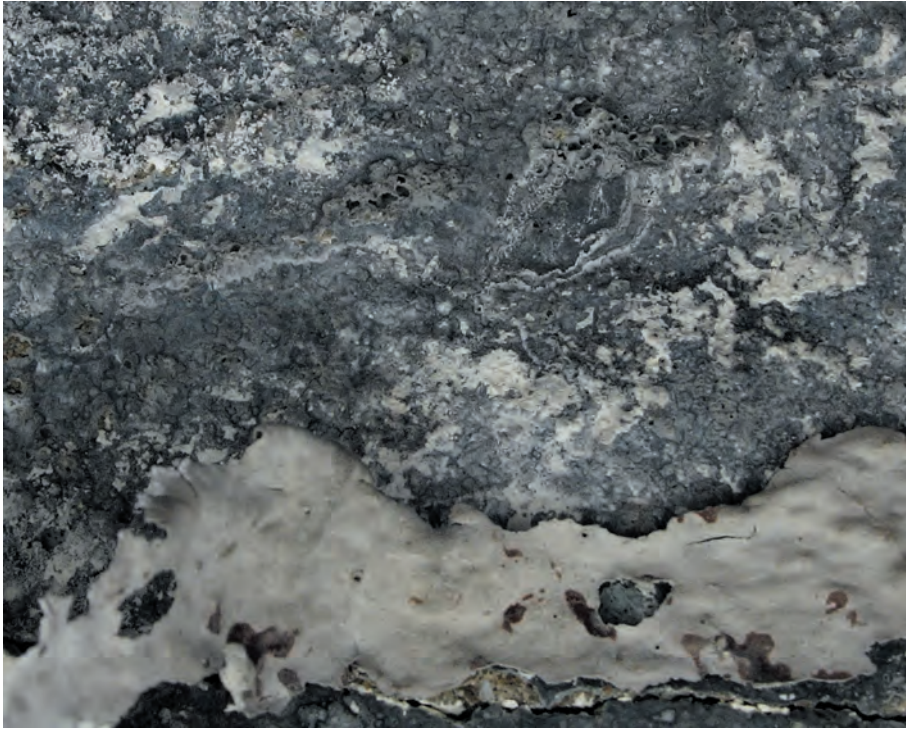
‘This Victorian garden is considered one of the finest in Britain with its parterre, seasonal displays, fountains and statuary.’





Whipsnade Tree Cathedral

'This incredible Tree Cathedral was created after the First World War in a spirit of 'faith, hope and reconciliation'.'



Blaise Hamlet

‘A delightful hamlet of nine picturesque cottages. Designed by John Nash in 1809 to accommodate Blaise Estate pensioners.’

Ascott

‘These extensive gardens are an attractive mix of formal and natural, with specimen trees and shrubs and some unusual features.’



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Coffee and Marmalade

Emily Rendall



Industrial spaces are part of a memory of the past.
A building in ruins speaks to us about its achievements
and its failures; about the people who inhabited it that
are now the ghosts of a time we long to see.

This industrial space after its closure was left to ruin
within its landscape. What objects that were deemed as
safe were to be left behind in this environment.

What I found there were many home comforts: a table,
some chairs, a pot of marmalade and a tin of coffee.

These images find the sense of character left in the
building to create a new life within these abandoned
walls.

After the passage of time and the destructiveness of
man, what remains of life within these walls can be
seen as remarkable for their beauty.



Above: Chair room

Right: Coffee and Marmalade





Soap



Hangers



Mug



Chair and forks

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Plumage

Emily Sinclair



Emily Sinclair's work explores her fascination with chickens. Her project, 'Plumage,' was born out of her disgust with their treatment by the food industry, but evolved into a celebration of such an intriguing and lovable animal. Her intricate, vibrant images of chicken feathers show her enthrallment with and passion for a bird that is overlooked as common or hidden from public view in battery farms.

Her detailed feather images could easily be mistaken for those of a more exotic bird but by placing the ex-battery hen as the central image in her triptych she reminds us that these intricate and glorious feathers belong to the same species that we take for granted. In choosing to focus on close ups rather than conventional pictures of the hens at large she challenges the viewer to work out the subject of the portrait for themselves, see the impact of battery confinement and think about the subject and the ethical questions.

Her exhibition portraits are not merely the final pieces in her project; they are also a stage in her exploration of the life of these birds. During her project Emily has visited numerous chicken enthusiasts as well as specialist chicken shows. The most unexpected and significant part of her journey was the purchase of her own chickens, Betty and Wilma, who are not only a continuing source of entertainment (and eggs, they are not pets!) but also her photographic guinea pigs. Close contact with these creatures increased her appreciation of their characteristics such as intelligence, trust and individuality. All of this background research has not satisfied her curiosity for these creatures but has spurred her on to continue.









Left: Leghorn

Right: Poland



Ex-battery hen

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Where's the other one?

Katy Star Stocker

Alzheimer's in our daily life

In 1977 Susan Sontag wrote a book with the title "Illness as Metaphor". She describes the phenomenon 'illness' as a symbol of evil. She mentions Tuberculosis that can be seen as the evil of the 19th century, followed by more examples such as Cancer in the fifties and Aids in the eighties.

Alzheimer's disease followed in the nineties of the last century. It was a great embarrassment at the time, if you had to admit you had a relative suffering from it. It was the general reaction to ignore this sad fate. It was a taboo in society.

In literature we easily find examples that deal with the issue of illness and diseases, but it is not until the beginning of the eighties that photographers started to take an interest. Family matters in general became a topic, and with it the focus on dark experiences with relatives, such as Alzheimer's.

This interest can be seen as a change in attitude towards photography itself: in that period the documentary slowly moved from objectivity towards subject matters that were closer to the personal experience and could be approached in a more personal and autobiographical way. But it also reflected the developments in society. Family values were at stake. Individuality was becoming a dominant factor. Apart from the fact that the individual person can never be seen without its social context, it is understandable that photographers started to investigate the question of how the individual is connected to what society requires. From that perspective, illness was to be seen as a serious threat to the main focus on success in the Western world.

From the start of this development we have seen great examples on the issue of illness and diseases.

Jo Spence made a valuable ego document on her process of breast cancer. Nan Goldin became well known for her story on 'Sex, Drugs and Rock' n Roll' with Aids as a result of it. I myself made a series of portraits on patients suffering from Alzheimer's in the nineties. Peter Granser followed, and many photographers after him.

In all issues one can see a development from the perspective in which one deals with the issue. The tragic and the drama is often the starting point. In the case of illness and diseases, one often looks at it from the side of the victim.

A personal story of a relative is often chosen to show the point of view of the victim and thus depicted as a representative of a group. Others will raise different questions such as 'longing for the past, when life was better'. It usually takes longer before the issue is taken from a more hilarious point of view. A good example is found in the work of the Dutch photographer Rinco de Jong, also made in the nineties in a nursing home.

It took us 30 years to develop a different point of view. That is, of the third generation that takes interest in the same issues, but look at it from their perspective. You will find a good example in the work of Katy Star Stocker, who investigates her memory of her grandmother. From her point of view, the drama is differentiated, mixed with joy and shown in the context of 'life as a theatre'.

It can be seen as the emancipation of the disease. The taboo has disappeared.

Corinne Noordenbos, photographer, Amsterdam





One unique memory links elusively to another and then another. Some are dark, some light, some fleeting, and some heavy as stone. Memories enable us to make sense of our lives, what it is to have lived, to exist, to 'be'.

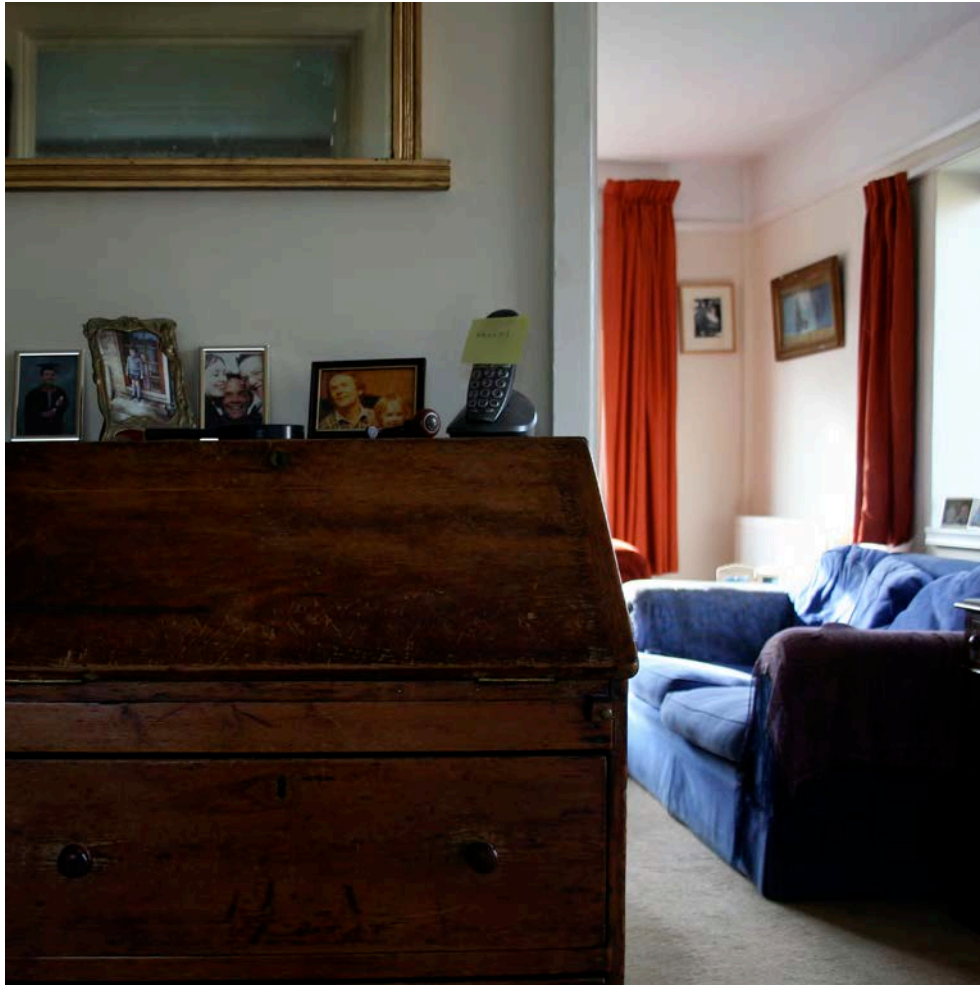
Re-tracing these memories illustrates the important role of the artist as storyteller. The telling of stories from generation to generation strengthens the presence of the memory. Someone walking through a field of untouched grass will leave a faint hint of their presence, but if they walk that same route again and again, a path is formed upon which others can walk.

Melanie Bennet

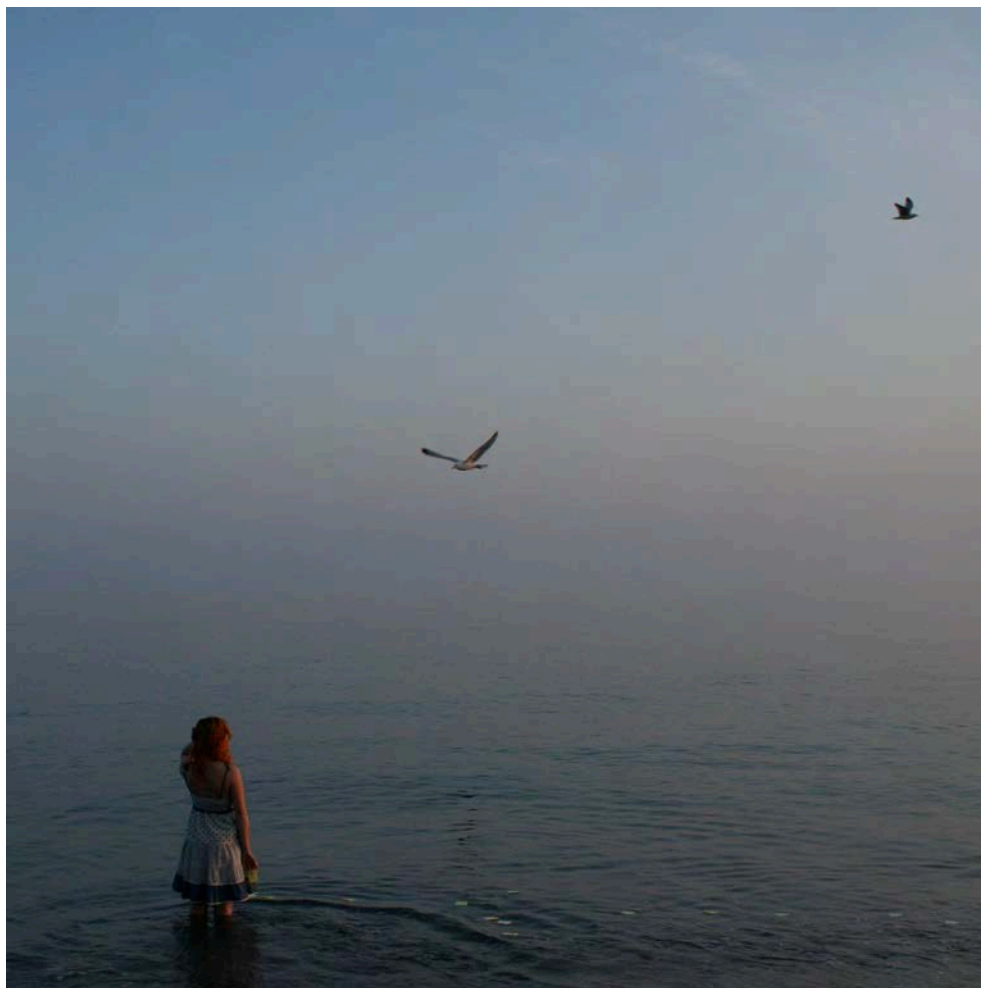
Left: You were meant to meet me

Right: Shelling peas (little bird)





Untitled



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One hundred and sixty-seven birds

Susanna Storey

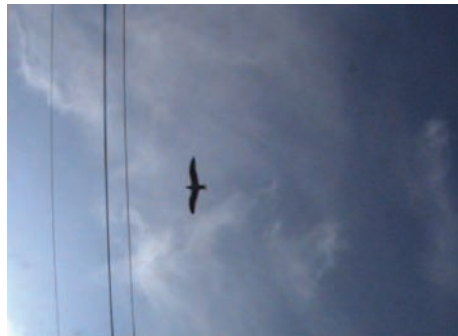
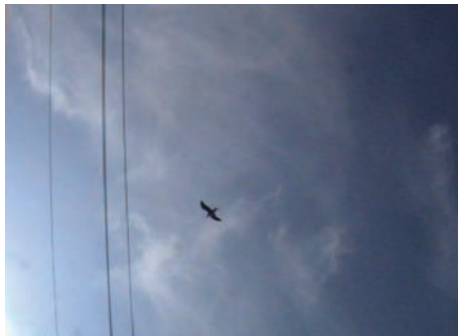
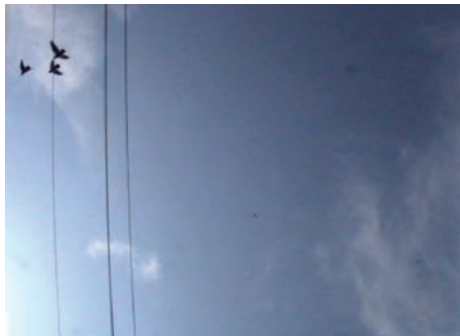
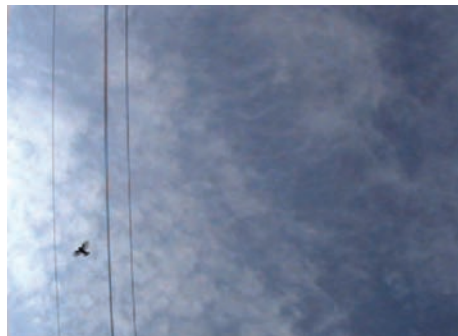
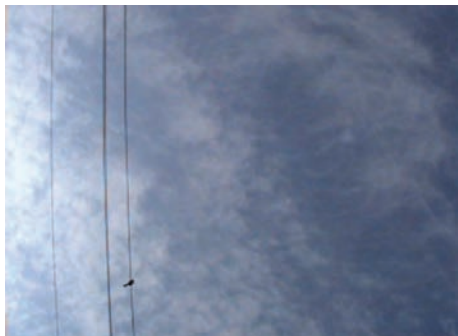
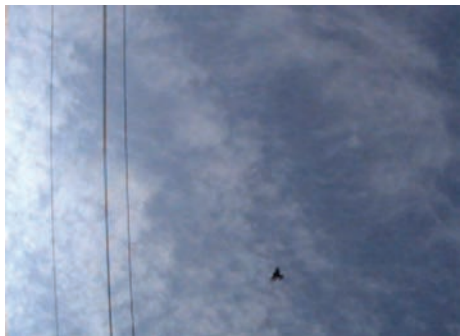
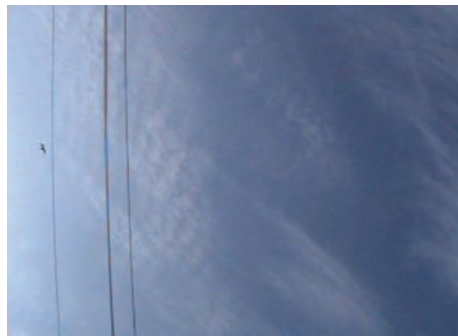
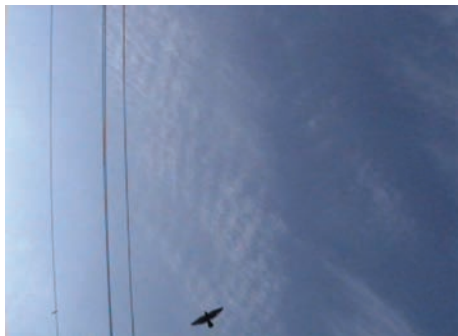
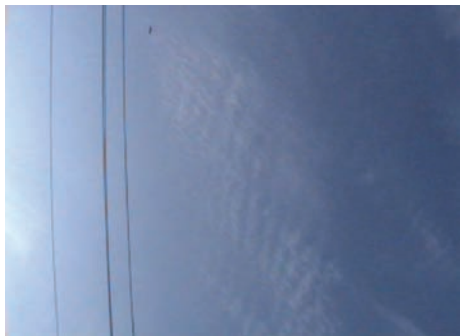


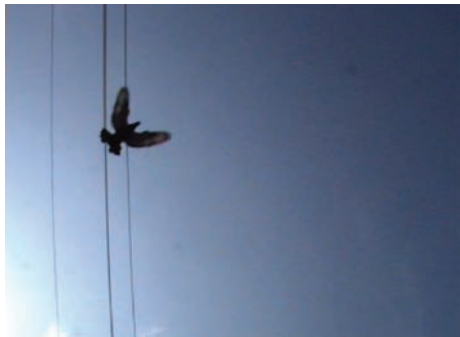
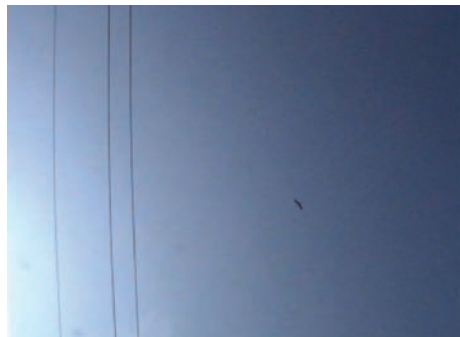
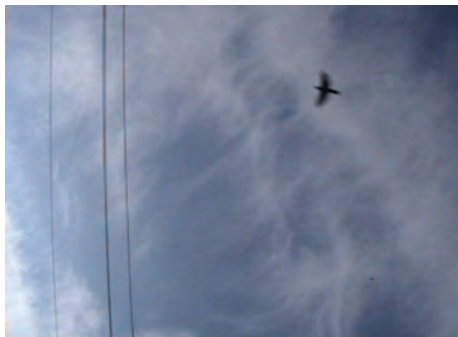
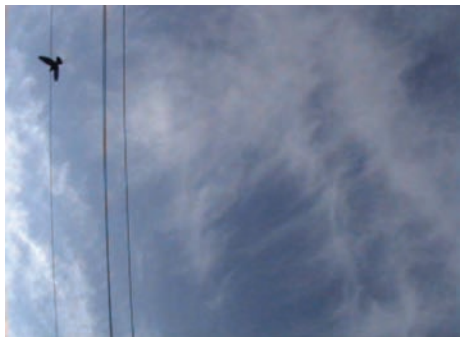
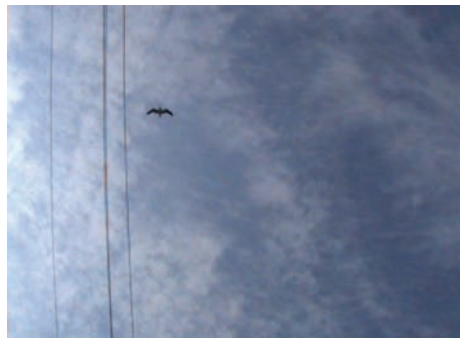
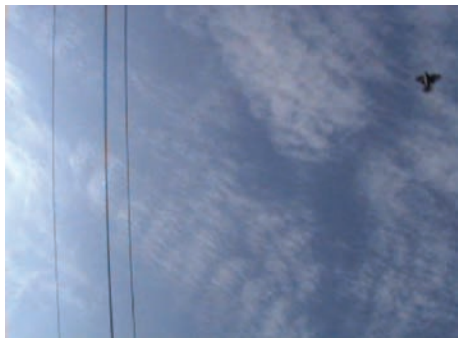
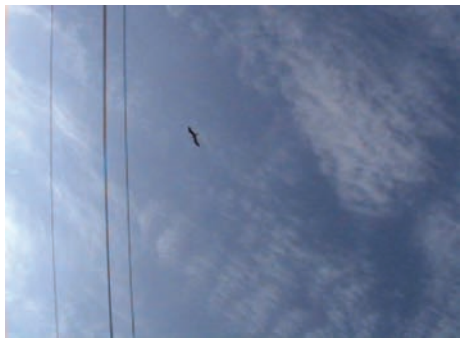


epiphany \i-pi-f-n\ n, pl epiphanies.

- 1 the manifestation of a supernatural or divine reality.
- 2 any moment of great or sudden revelation.







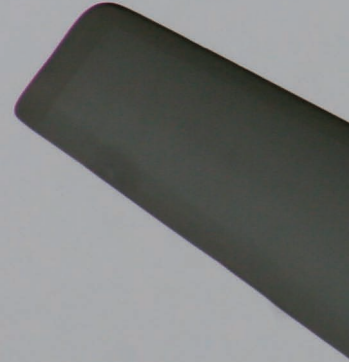
susanna.storey@gmail.com

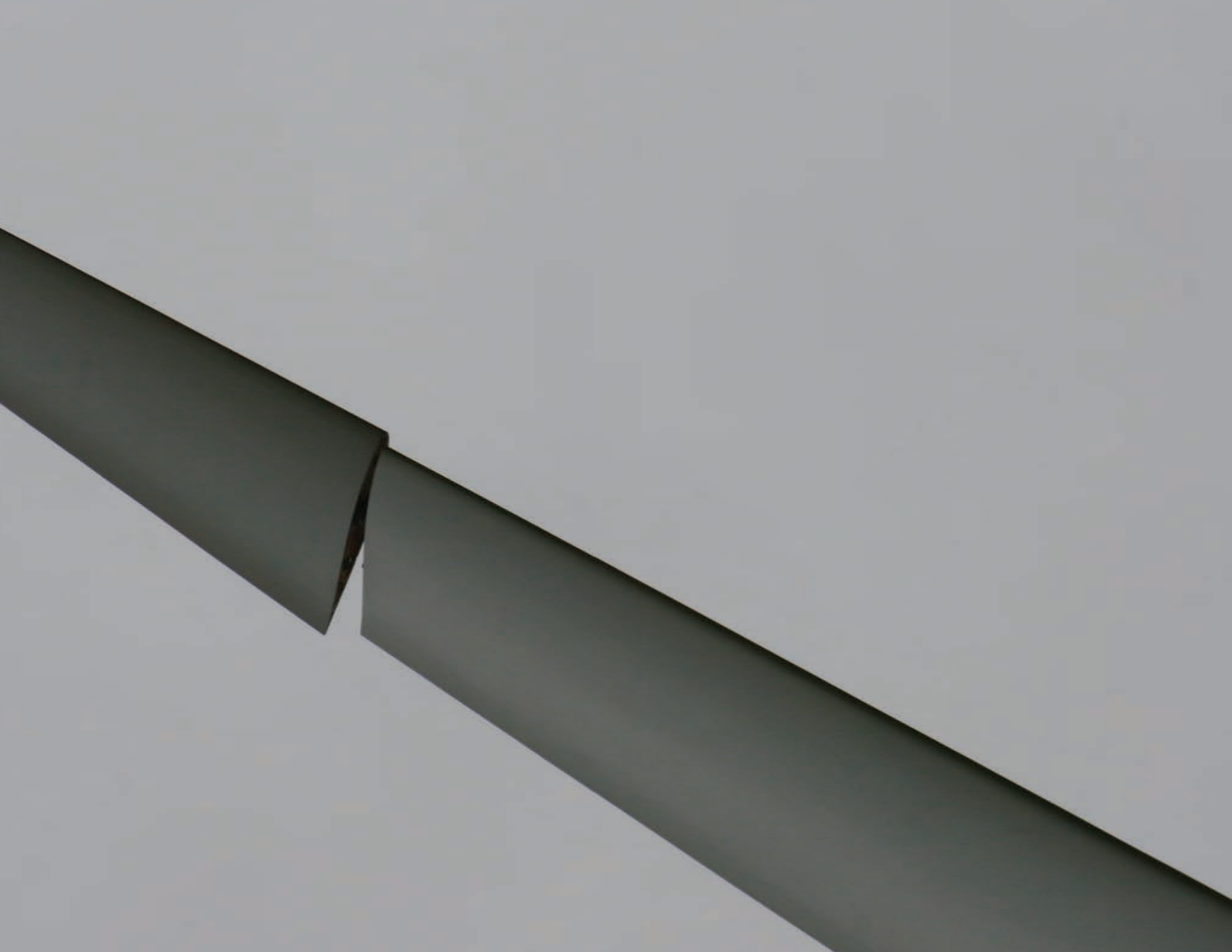
Untitled

Emily Twissell

This series of photographs captures the growing excitement for a new industry by considering and appreciating an object for both its form and function. The photographers of the Modernist era were fascinated by speed and progression in an age driven by machines. They photographed production lines in factories, mass produced consumer items, bridges and the first sky scrapers. By applying a Modernist attitude to a renewable energy industry and source, it allows each photograph to present the texture, design and the movement of wind turbines in some detail.

With their streamlined blades, majestic towers and low level noise, it is clear that they can dominate the chosen landscape in which they are placed. Beyond the comfort zone of the eye and viewed singularly, the aesthetics in the engineering and the sheer ingenuity of these great structures is engaging.





They are both alien and friendly as they are viewed by all as an individual instrument designed for a symbiotic relationship with the life force of the wind. A whole industry exists alongside this concept, to initially produce, fine tune and maintain these graceful swirling giants.

The photographer's abstractions of the subject as a view of the turbines removed from their environment enables the viewer to look at these structures without any preconceptions. Each turbine has its difference in design, the tower and the streamlined rotational blades which cut through each frame just as the blades continuously cut through the air.

Clare Maynard



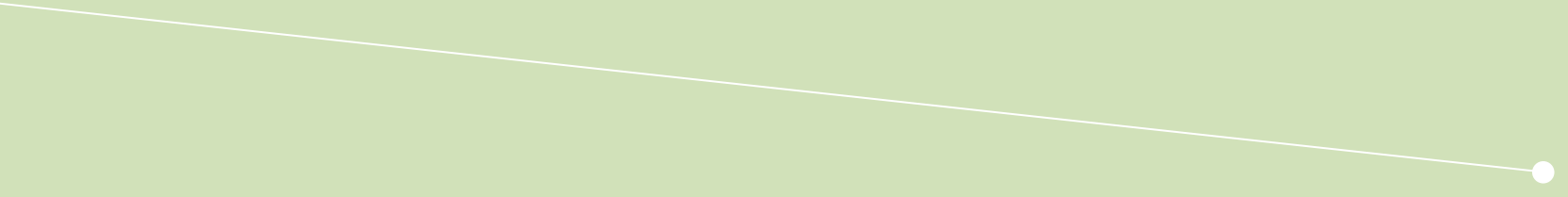




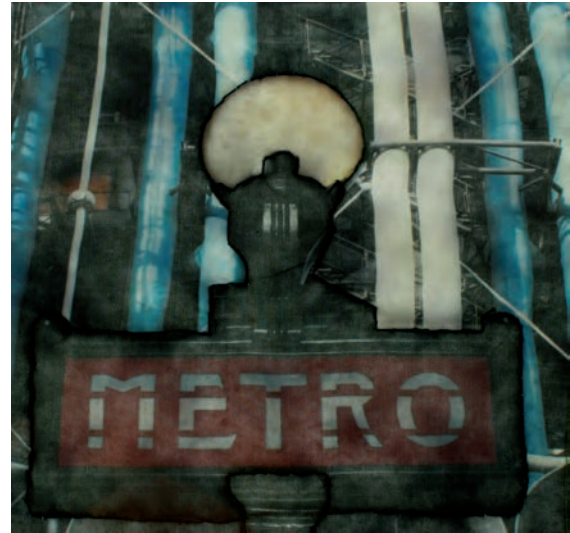
emilytwissell@gmail.com

Piecing

Sarah Wildblood



Did you ever think, child... how much piecin' a quilt's like livin' a life? And as for sermons, why they ain't no better sermon to me than a patchwork quilt, and the doctrines is right there a heap plainer'n they are in the catechism. Many a time I've set and listened to Parson Page preachin' about predestination and free will and I've said to myself, "Well, I ain't never been through Centre College up at Danville, but if I could jest get up in the pulpit with one of my quilts, I could make it a heap plainer to folks than Parson's making it with all his big words." You see, you start with jest so much caliker; you don't go to the store and pick it out and buy it, but the neighbors will give you a piece here and a piece there, and you'll have a piece left every time you cut out a dress, and you take jest what happens to come. And that's like predestination. But when it comes to the cuttin' out, why, you're free to choose your own pattern. You can give the same kind o' pieces to two persons, and one'll make a "nine-patch," and one'll make a "wild-goose-chase," and there'll be two quilts made out o' the same kind o' pieces, and jest as different as they can be. And that is jest the way with livin'. The Lord sends us the pieces, but we can cut 'em out and put 'em together pretty much to suit ourselves, and there's a heap more in the cuttin' out and the sewin' than there is in the caliker."













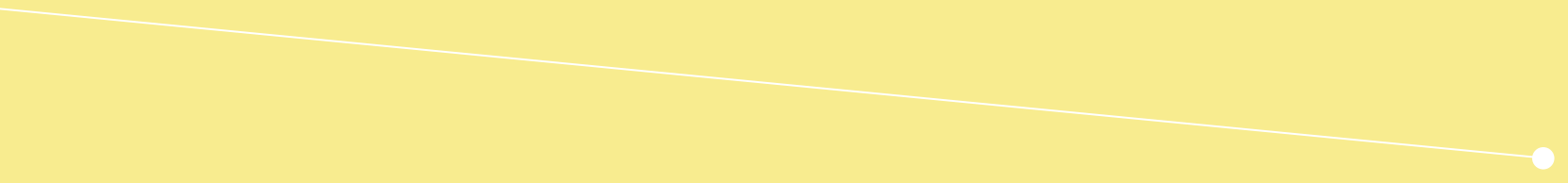
I looked again at the heap of quilts. An hour ago they had been patchwork, and nothing more. But now! The old woman's words had wrought a transformation in the homely mass of calico and silk and worsted. Patchwork? Ah, no! It was memory, imagination, history, biography, joy, sorrow, philosophy, religion, romance, realism, life, love, and death; and over all, like a halo, the love of the artist for his work and the soul's longing for earthly immortality.

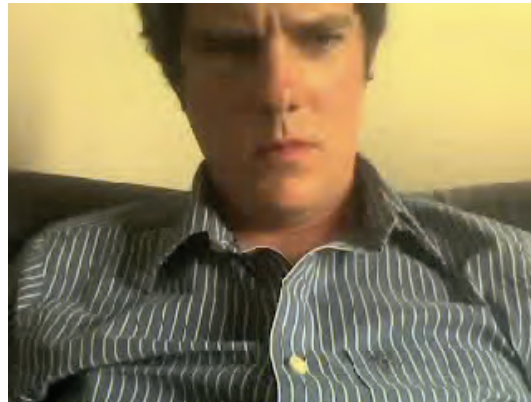
*Excerpts from Aunt Jane of Kentucky,
Eliza Calvert Hall*

sarahwildblood@btinternet.com

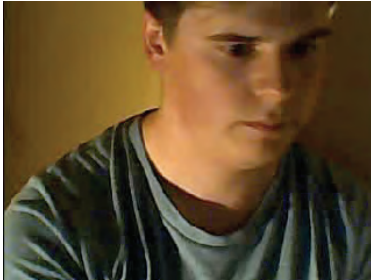
Encounters

Clare Wrench



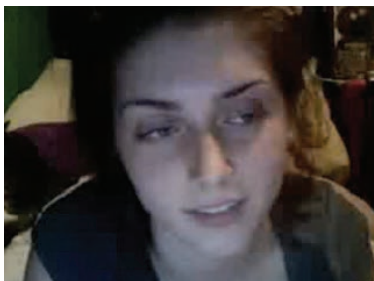


Partner I love your haircut
You do you think you can tell a stranger anything because you will never see them again?
Partner yes i am
Partner that s the funny thing with this website
You do you want to tell me a secret?
Partner u can try what u want
Partner i don t kniw what kind of thing i can say
Partner u ?
You you can tell me anything, is there anything you want to get off your chest?
Partner for sure
Partner maybe i can say that iwant to have a relation with another girl
You do you have a girlfriend now?
Partner i don t know the word in english
Partner yes i have
Partner that s the problem
You how long have you been together?
Partner since 4 years
You do you love he
You her?
Partner taht s the problem
Partner yes i love her
Partner that s the problem
Partner your turn
You so why do you want to have someone else?
Partner she arrive in twenty minutes
Partner i don t know exactly
You do you still want your girlfriend
Partner i think just for one shot relation
Partner yes i want still her
You you want to have sex with someone else just once?
Partner yes



“I used to be aggressive to people close to
me to avoid my own flaws and faults”

512 seconds



“My first female experience was with
a coworker”

275 seconds



“I talk to women on the internet while my
wife is asleep next to me

873 seconds

In the world of chatroulette you can be connected to anyone in the world, a chance meeting, a brief encounter with a digital stranger, worlds apart but in your own personal space. Many sins and untold desires are revealed. The quiet tap tap tap of the keys whispering unspoken secrets.

Chatroulette can act as a platform for people to reveal their true selves, with none of the dangers of real social encounters. The situation is quickly extinguished with a mere click of a button.

Chatroulette was created to generate a revolution for the digital generation, the chance to unite a global community, people being connected from continents across the oceans, but in reality, it has acted as a platform for people to reveal the person that society would shun.

clare.wrench@hotmail.com

Jocelyn Allen
Louise Allen
Nathan Anderson-Davis
Amy Bullock
Emma Combellack
Charlotte Cook
Lavinia Drake
Rob Durbin
Lauren Eley
Nathan Gamlin
Louise Gibbs
Charlie Goldblatt
Lauren Gough
Craig Harper
Dai Howell
Lucy Ibbitson

Bethan Jenkins
Sam Kelsall
Tom Ketteringham
Sophie King
Matt Lock
Angela Locke
Micheal Napier
Alexandra Osowski
Emily Rendall
Emily Sinclair
Katy Star Stocker
Susanna Storey
Emily Twissell
Sarah Wildblood
Clare Wrench

p r e • s e n t

