

LEAVING THE BUILDING

PHOTOGRAPHIC ART 2014

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Foreword

by David Drake

We find ourselves at a critical, dare I say fascinating and exciting, moment in the history of the photographic image. The last decade has seen the art world celebrate and embrace photography as never before, and the emergence of a new generation of photographers who make work with the gallery or artist book as the primary context of their work, alongside the legions of photographers and artists who use online platforms such as Twitter, Instagram, Flickr and the like as the basis for experimentation and new creative processes. Some cultural theorists argue that we have already entered a 'post-photographic era'¹, in which the very idea of photographic veracity is being radically challenged by the technology of digital image manipulation and synthesis, an age in which photographs can be appropriated and altered at will in ways that are virtually undetectable.

Photography's polymorphous nature has resulted in the medium being implicated in such a wide variety of activities that we struggle to keep up with its progress. With the immediate availability of images and their seemingly boundless proliferation in the

virtual world, there has been a fundamental shift in our understanding of what photography encompasses and consequently its status and meaning as art. As Charlotte Cotton has insightfully remarked:

*"In an era where we receive, take and disseminate as well as tag, browse and edit photographic imagery, we are all more invested, and more expert, in the language of photography than ever before"*²

The changing landscape has both challenged our preconceptions about the nature of photography as a medium – and its role as a document – and also our assumptions about its position in the pantheon of contemporary art. As recently as 2010, Paul Graham gave a presentation at the Museum of Modern Art in New York where he bemoaned the lack of art world recognition for 'straight photography', stating that contemporary art curators would almost never consider such work for international art biennale events, and it rarely features in presentations at major contemporary art galleries and art fairs. Yet in the last four years since Graham's speech,

1 William Mitchell. *The Reconfigured Eye: Visual Truth in the Post-Photographic Era*. (Cambridge, Massachusetts: MIT Press, 1994)

2 Charlotte Cotton. "Physical and Mental" in *The Photograph as Contemporary Art - Second Edition* (London: Thames & Hudson, 2009), 218-241

photographic artists such as Taryn Simon, Dayanita Singh and David Goldblatt have had major solo exhibits in pavilions at the Venice Biennale as well as international touring exhibitions, more often than not presented in contemporary art galleries rather than in photography spaces. Thomas Struth, Gillian Wearing, Zarina Bhimji and Graham himself have had career spanning retrospectives at the Whitechapel Gallery, and at this time Philip-Lorca di Corcia is showing at the Hepworth Museum in Wakefield and Lorna Simpson at the Baltic in Gateshead.

Whilst an end to photography's self-ghettoisation, itself the inevitable consequence of the medium developing a history distinct from that of the other visual arts, is probably no bad thing, I believe we need a better understanding of what makes contemporary art photography a distinctive and important language within the wider cultural milieu.

From my perspective, as good a place as any to start such an investigation is to look at the work of students of photographic art. Here we see all the classic struggles play out – between documentary and conceptual practices,

between abstraction, formalism and more narrative approaches, between the ephemeral and the material, between digital and analogue processes. Some students seem happy to wear their photographic influences on their sleeves, others strive for that illusive new concept or a fresh treatment of an old idea. The prevailing tendencies or predilections of the art school in question are almost always discernible in the work, either as something to emulate or something to challenge.

These opposing tensions, and the critical reflection on them, underscore how photography, despite its wider occupation of the territories of contemporary visual arts, remains a vital and fascinating discourse in its own right. Student work strives both to expand photography's vocabulary as art and to reframe its past, and through the relative success and failure of that endeavour we can begin to interrogate how contemporary art photography is changing the way we explore ideas, its aesthetic potential and its limitations, and the ethical and philosophical questions it raises.



Jake Gardiner

Holism

“The theory that parts of a whole are in intimate interconnection, such that they cannot exist independently of the whole, or cannot be understood without reference to the whole, which is thus regarded as greater than the sum of its parts.”¹

Every day we attempt to share ideas, thoughts and memories, but what we share is limited by language, both verbal and non-verbal. This is due to language's complex nature as intangible internal creations that go much further than any external descriptive tools can. They are both influenced by interpretation and shape how we interpret future events. As Bettina Bergo explains, the philosopher Martin Heidegger observed that “life as concrete, lived immediacy can be interpreted, but that we cannot be certain that what we are interpreting does not move

perpetually within the circle of discursive conceptuality. Interpretation spawns interpretation (of itself), and a hermeneutic circle arises from this. Does that mean that factual experience is structurally inaccessible?”² This means that anything outside of our own minds is simply an interpretation of evidence presented to us by our senses. Therefore, we cannot share information with another that is non-physical; ergo, memory is completely unique.

1 “holism”. *Oxford Dictionaries*. (Oxford University Press.) <http://www.oxforddictionaries.com/definition/english/holism> (accessed May 10, 2014)

2 Bettina Bergo. “Sensibility, Facticity, and the Hermeneutic Circle” in “Emmanuel Levinas”, *The Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy* (Spring 2014 Edition), ed. Edward N. Zalta, <http://plato.stanford.edu/entries/levinas/#SenFacHerCir>





Photography has come to represent memory in a physical form, creating a universally accessible memory with an 'objective eye', recording only the facts presented within the frame. This makes it particularly useful as a method of documentation by providing an invaluable visual record. Photography's objectivity regarding collective memory also gives it the ability to be seen in an atomistic manner; giving it the ability to be analyzed outside of its original context. Having said this, what makes it so adept as a method of documentation limits its ability to stand in for memory. Memories can be deeply embellished with emotions that capture a whole event, or the character of an individual, whereas photography lacks this ability. Memories are made up of such complex thoughts, emotions, and sometimes even physical reactions, that they cannot be shared with another and then experienced in the same way. This is due to the way that our memories influence our

interpretations of events; our memory is continuous, and to take a small section of this out of context strips it of its holistic character.

This work demonstrates our inability to communicate personal memories because of photography's supposedly inherent objectivity. First, I selected photographs that I had taken as a child which, until recently, had been lost and forgotten; found whilst clearing out my childhood home. The photographs form a collective family memory and, much like memories themselves, they are unique. I then blended the original prints with water to make paper pulp and turned the pulp back into paper. This is similar to how we share memories: all of the visual information is on the paper, although it cannot be interpreted correctly; the details – thoughts and emotions – cannot be conveyed.

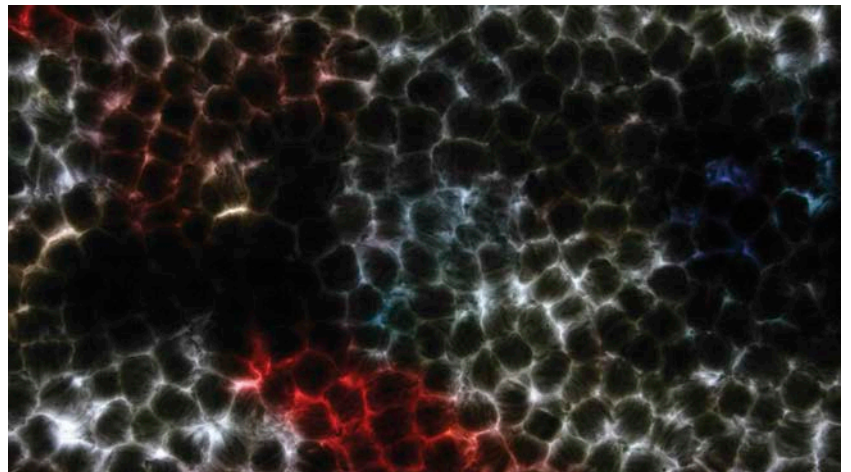
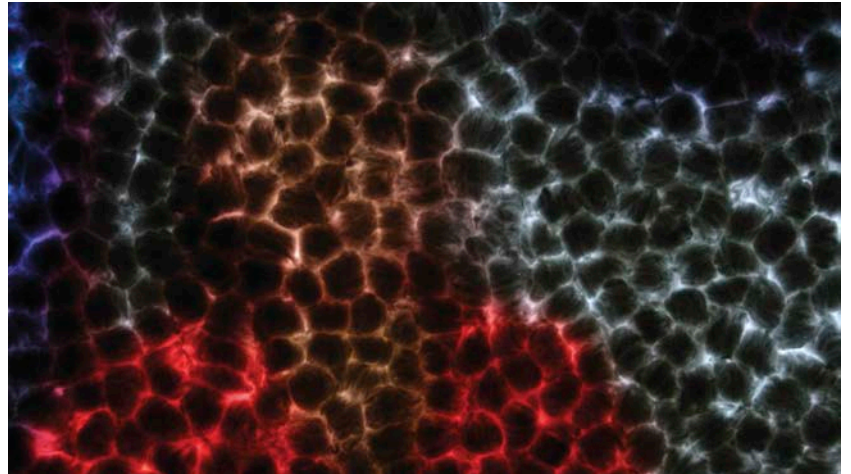
by **Jake Gardiner**

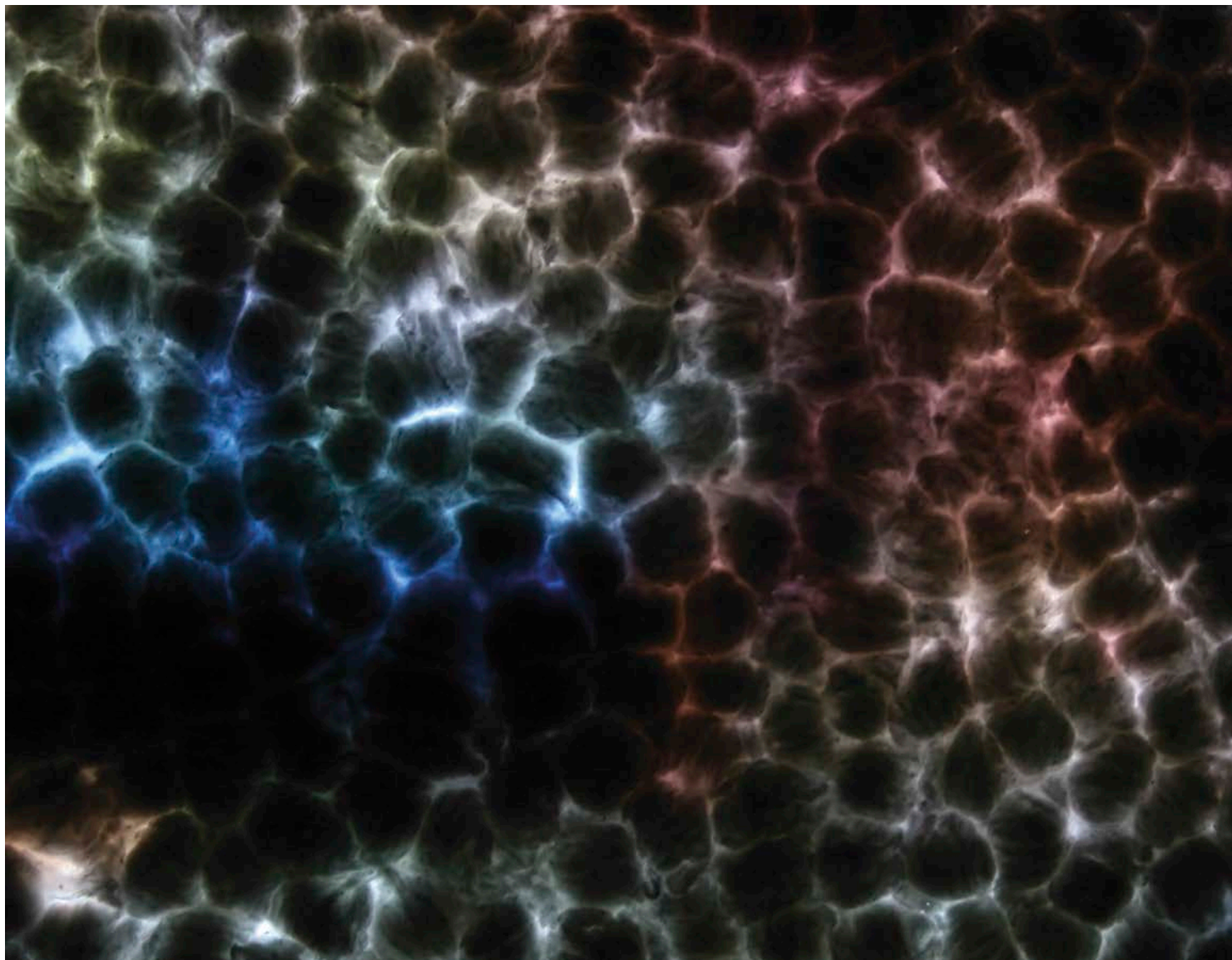


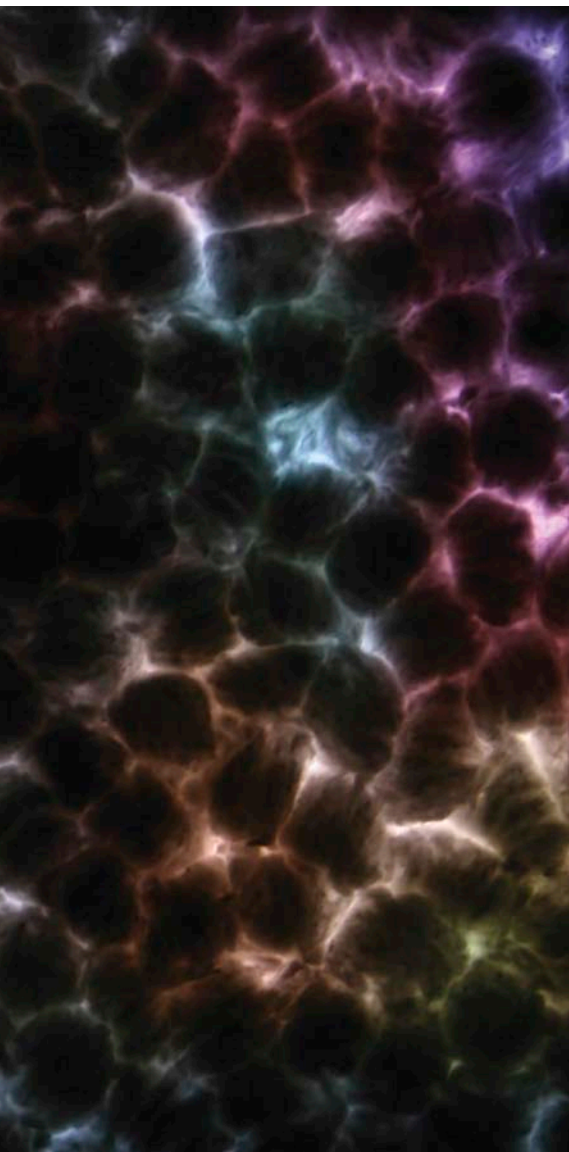
Lauren Fowler
Illumination

15

Illumination
HD Video
05:45 min







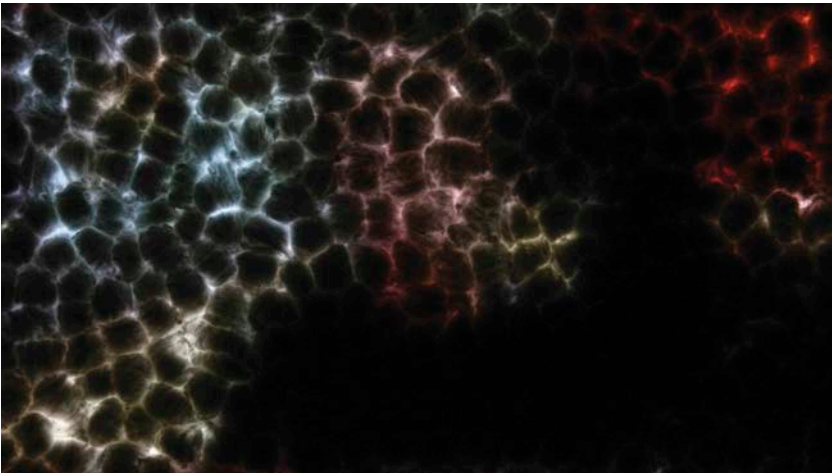
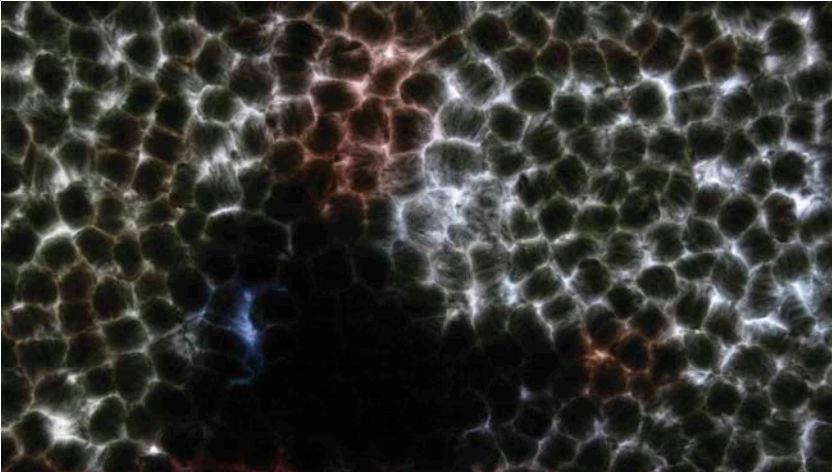
A Public service announcement followed me home the other day. I paid it nevermind. Go away.

- R.E.M, Bad Day

Sitting down to watch the news is a habit many of us take for granted. We absorb images of murder, natural disasters and horrific wars as easily as we digest the cereal we eat while watching it. Though we can be shocked at the atrocities we see going on in the world, the general consensus is that no matter how strongly an image affects us one minute, it is so easily forgotten the next. *Illumination* is a reaction to how freely we consume negative imagery and explores what it is doing to our minds.

By constructing a physical barrier with hundreds of delicate cotton wool balls, distance has been created between the audience and the negative imagery facing them. The viewer is invited to observe the work with only the knowledge that they are looking at the news - this allows their subconscious to detect images in the work, that have been instilled in them from their previous experiences of watching the news. By looking at the images in this manner, it opens up the opportunity to assess the relationship we, as the viewer, have to the negative imagery we are subjected to on a daily basis.

by **Nicholas Raymond**





James Love

Breakdown





Broken Car

Nothing can ruin your weekend like a broken car -
You were looking forward to leaving town but didn't get far.
The vehicle's engine sputtered and the vehicle stalled.
All of your plans for the weekend have been blackballed.

Running around just like a chicken with no head.
Cussing out the engine for being dead
It didn't quite care that all the week you worked hard
And your plans for the weekend you must now discard.

And all the repair shops are now closed.
As to destiny's joke you 've been exposed.
Time has been wasted and great plans went awry,
The darn broken engine blew them sky-high.

by **David Kessel**



Breakdown

NOUN

Pronunciation: /ˈbreɪkdaʊn

1. A breaking down, wearing out, or sudden loss of ability to function efficiently, as of a machine:
2. A failure of a relationship or system:
3. A sudden collapse in someone's mental health:
4. The chemical or physical decomposition of something:¹

1 "breakdown". *Oxford Dictionaries*. (Oxford University Press.) <http://www.oxforddictionaries.com/definition/english/breakdown> (accessed May 10, 2014).

Elizabeth Hewson
Lacuna

Lacuna
Slide-Tape Projection
42:00 min

la·cu·na

n. pl. la·cu·nae (-n) or la·cu·nas

1. An empty space or a missing part; a gap¹

“Your memory is a monster; you forget—it doesn’t. It simply files things away. It keeps things for you, or hides things from you—and summons them to your recall with will of its own. You think you have a memory; but it has you!”²

Memory is a complex process that defines who we are and how we live day by day. Psychology’s fascination with human memory and all its imperfections dates back to the late 19th Century, when the first experimental studies of memory were published in 1885, and tens of thousands of studies have been conducted since. Experiments like these have allowed us to realise and begin to understand the true fragility and unreliability of human memory.

Photographs are often referred to as memories; they have the ability to capture a specific moment in time and, when observed, act as a catalyst to prompt the flooding of accompanying contextual details stored only in the mind. These connections allow us to feel nostalgia, but what happens when you can no longer grasp the context of a memory? The photograph becomes meaningless. Since the onset of the digital age, the way we remember has evolved – personal albums of digital photos are seldom viewed and, over time, become nothing more than a vast reservoir of hexadecimals.

Lacuna is an autobiographical body of work exploring the flaws of human memory through the loss of childhood memories. Now completely irretrievable, this phenomenon has left a substantial empty space where such memories were once present. What remains of these juvenile years is a crate filled with colour prints and negatives; “memories”. The conversion of these originally analogue images to digital files made of linear code transforms a memory from an artefact to a virtual representation. The files are then corrupted intentionally with the input of information about the photograph itself; what, where, when. Suddenly, an image that had been so familiar, after being viewed time and time again, has become distorted, disorientated; struggling to hold on to its original form. The photograph has become a true representation of the constant longing to feel nostalgia; to feel any familiarity of the context within the picture.

by **Elizabeth Hewson**

1 “lacuna”. *Oxford Dictionaries*. (Oxford University Press.)
<http://www.oxforddictionaries.com/definition/english/lacuna>
(accessed May 10, 2014).

2 John Irving, *A Prayer For Owen Meany*. (New York: William Morrow and Company, 2014)

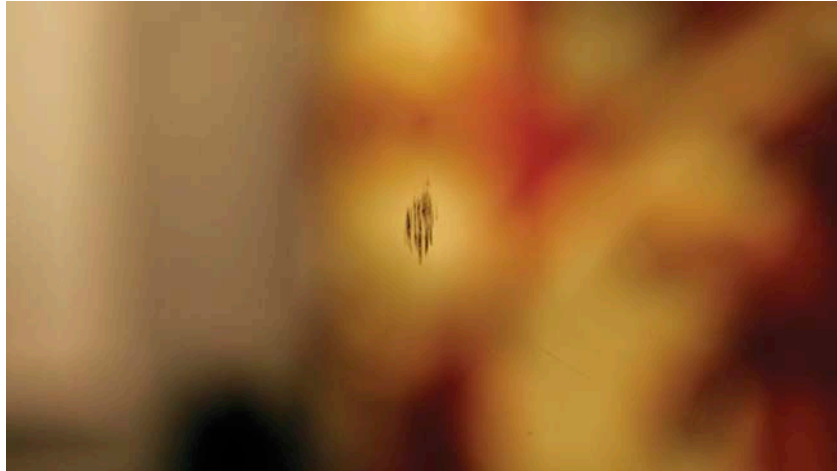




Stephanie Franklin

I've Done my Time

I've Done my Time
HD Video
06:31 min





Hidden in Plain Sight

'It has long been an axiom of mine that the little things are infinitely the most important.'¹

Not only are the little things infinitely the most important, as stated by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's most famous creation Sherlock Holmes, but they are also the most interesting and engaging. We discover this through Stephanie Franklin's work, *I've Done My Time*. Franklin works with what has been left behind, focusing our gaze on a chip on a wall or scuff marks from a well polished boot. What is important is small; the thin boarding almost non-existent. Through Franklin's direction we look closer and analyse these seemingly invisible moments. The marks shown allude to a kind of permanence; time lingers within these walls, now left and abandoned. These marks are the shadows and remains of events within an environment.

1 Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, "A Case of Identity" in *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, Vol. 1. (London: George Newnes, 1892)

I've Done My Time is a reflection upon the nature and purpose of a space. We must consider the evidence provided by Franklin so as to come to an understanding of what may have gone on there. Yet it is not her experiences within the physical space itself that Franklin found to be the most telling and engaging. Days and weeks were spent conversing by telephone and email to arrange a time to visit the space. The conversations themselves have been redacted – time, date and place have been removed – creating more ambiguity and clues to be worked out. The space becomes more mysterious; shown but never in full, Franklin keeps it hidden from prying eyes.

Franklin's work is presented in the form of a video and an intentional stripping away of context begins. Trapped, with few clues or hints given to the viewer, a sense of limbo and confusion engulfs *I've Done My Time*. What is left after the exploration into this environment is the significance of small scratches and marks that have been carved into this place, remaining as wounds and scars left by those who were once its inhabitants.

by **Harry Rose**





Anni Kruus

A Prisoner

“Hysteria is indiscriminately mobile or immobile, fluid or dense, given to unstable vibrations or clogged by stagnant humors. No one has managed to discover the actual nature of its movements.”¹

To be labelled a hysteric, a lunatic, a madwoman is to become a riddle and a sight; a seductive mystery attracting attention but resisting unravelling. Madness, already a prison of the mind, becomes a weapon for the outside – a weapon that strips its carrier of credibility and humanness entirely; renders her an impossibility in the eyes of others; dismisses her feelings and silences her voice. To reside outside of the frame of what is perceived as ‘normal’ in the eyes of others is to become an outcast.

The frame of the image confines its subject and sets boundaries to its existence; defines it. The subject is isolated from its original context to be scrutinised in a new one. The frame removes distractions that might complicate the viewer’s relation to the subject. It offers a fabricated gaze that appears objective, unbiased and impersonal.

A violation to the frame disrupts the illusion of control. It counters the viewer’s expectations of certain solidity of the frame; of the safety that the invisible boundary between the viewer and the image provides; of a distance necessary for an emotional separation between the subject and the spectator. The erratic body, moving fluidly between frames, appearing and disappearing, frustrates the gaze. The frame becomes an active barrier between the viewer and the subject, but what does it conceal?

For the prisoner her world is unreal. The sounds are loud and metallic; distorted echoes of a nightmare. Sensations of pleasure and pain are indistinguishable in the pseudo-reality of the agonised being fighting to break free from a prison, constantly reconstructed by herself.

“My outward sense is gone; my inward essence feels;
Its wings are almost free - its home, its harbour found,
Measuring the gulph, it stoops and dares the final bound.”²

1 Michel Foucault, *History of Madness*, ed. Jean Khalfa, trans. Jean Khalfa and Jonathan Murphy. (London: Routledge; 2006.)

2 Emily Brontë, “The Prisoner” in *The Complete Poems of Emily Jane Brontë*, ed. C. W. Hatfield. (Columbia University Press; reprint edition. 1995.)



Prisoner
HD Video Projection
03:46 min







Zoe Howard
Continuous

Objecting Representation

There exists a spectre at photography's heart, who's haunting reverberates throughout our photographic heritage, it's wails still audible today. This ghostly clamor does not seek to communicate, to pass on its knowledge. Rather, this is a din become shroud; it obfuscates the clandestine nature of the photographic it wishes to conceal. It is the spectre of representation whose success is evidenced in the canon of our photographic discourse which remains impervious to photography's latent substance.

What is this substance, this underlying matter of the photograph that evades our vision? Underlying matter is not arbitrary terminology for it is matter itself we are concerned with. I am talking of the photograph as object; as thing-in-the-world. This seems simple; we have all held photographs, as negatives, in albums and magazines. We can acknowledge the digital image as object once we recognize the materiality of the monitor and pixel. Code, the DNA of the digital can too be considered object, despite its lack of physicality, if we follow a philosophical conception of objects, encompassing all things we can think and speak of under its definition.

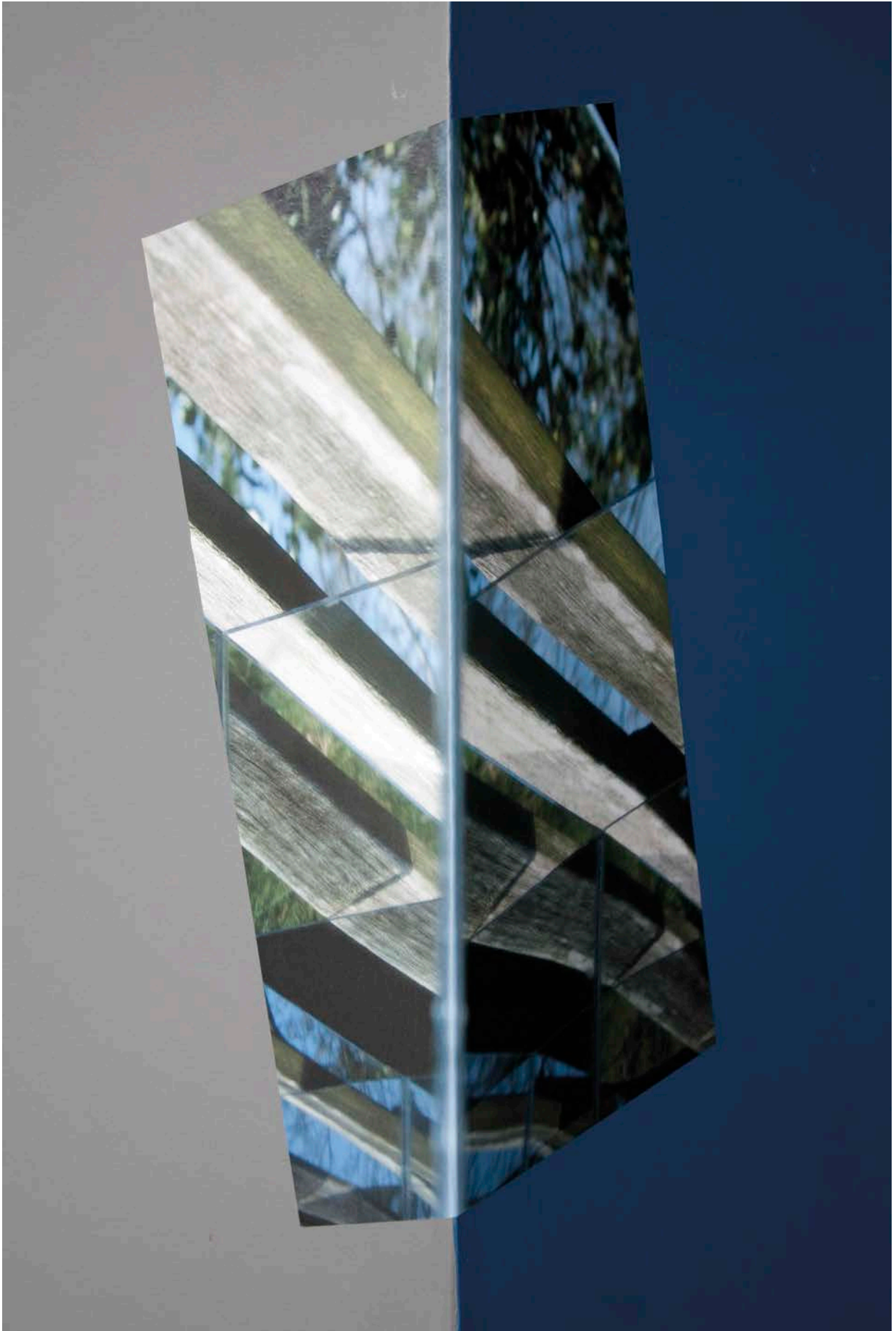
It is not that we have been unaware of photography's objecthood, but that it has been deemed unimportant, perhaps tedious. We consider photographs as images; pictures that represent external reality with the aim toward objectivity or conceptual commentary. To consider the photograph as object – passive, mute and immobile; merely paper, ink, pixels and light – seems wearisome, perhaps even obtuse!

Yet this is a misunderstanding of objects and a prioritization of the photograph as representational device. We must approach an understanding of photographs which flattens this historic hierarchy. The photograph as object is not ineffective, it is precisely the opposite; a producer of what Levi Bryant would term 'difference'¹. Recent philosophy has seen a return to objects positioned at the centre of reality; they become active agents, interacting, even communicating with one another. These objects may be humans, an ocean, a photograph or a dream, anything we can conceive of. Yet within photography this flattening becomes doubly pertinent. Photography's aptitude for representation ensures certain images attract more attention, and this activity around an image makes its consideration as object more fruitful; the ways in which it circulates, the bodies that gather around it, the way it transforms space.

Continuous performs these very actions. Representational access is denied, producing total deterritorialization; it invites us to consider itself as object. *Continuous* proposes a new object-image that transforms architectural space, organizes the movement of bodies, intervening yet simultaneously constituent of its eternally mutating environment. *Continuous* produces a difference tangible in spatio-temporality; it is the germ from which relations outwardly expand. In so doing, *Continuous* embraces its objecthood – its place in the world as thing-among-things – yet simultaneously asks us to consider its status as photograph, imploring us to cast off the manacles of the photographic phantom.

by **Matt Simmons**

1 Levi R. Bryant, "The Ontic Principle: Outline of an Object-Oriented Ontology," in *The Speculative Turn*, eds. Levi Bryant, Nick Srnicek and Graham Harman. (Melbourne: re.press, 2011), 263.





Jodi Westmacott

How Can I Control My Life
If I Can't Control My Hair?



Friday 11th April 2014

This project is a personal study of how I overcame a series of difficult events in my life. Presented as a book of chronological writings resembling a diary, I have used photographs and short extracts to explicate how I felt during my final year at university; how stress and depression affected my daily life and how I overcame my own negativity.

The work describes how I used my body to try to communicate with myself again. I used a typically attractive element of the human body for unattractive and unconventional means. In these pictures, hair is a weapon; a veil; an erotic symbol. It illustrates the continuity and familiarity I like to have in my life.

By exploiting my own anatomy I want to demonstrate how we waste time and effort decorating our bodies. There is always far more to life than worrying over what our hair looks like.









Suzi Tench

Reaching Out

Reaching Out is the result of a fascination between the human need for social interaction, the rise of social media and the self-portrait.

Social media now plays a massive role in how we socialise with our friends and neighbours, often replacing typically face-to-face interactions. This is hardly surprising given that we are now busier in our everyday lives than ever before.

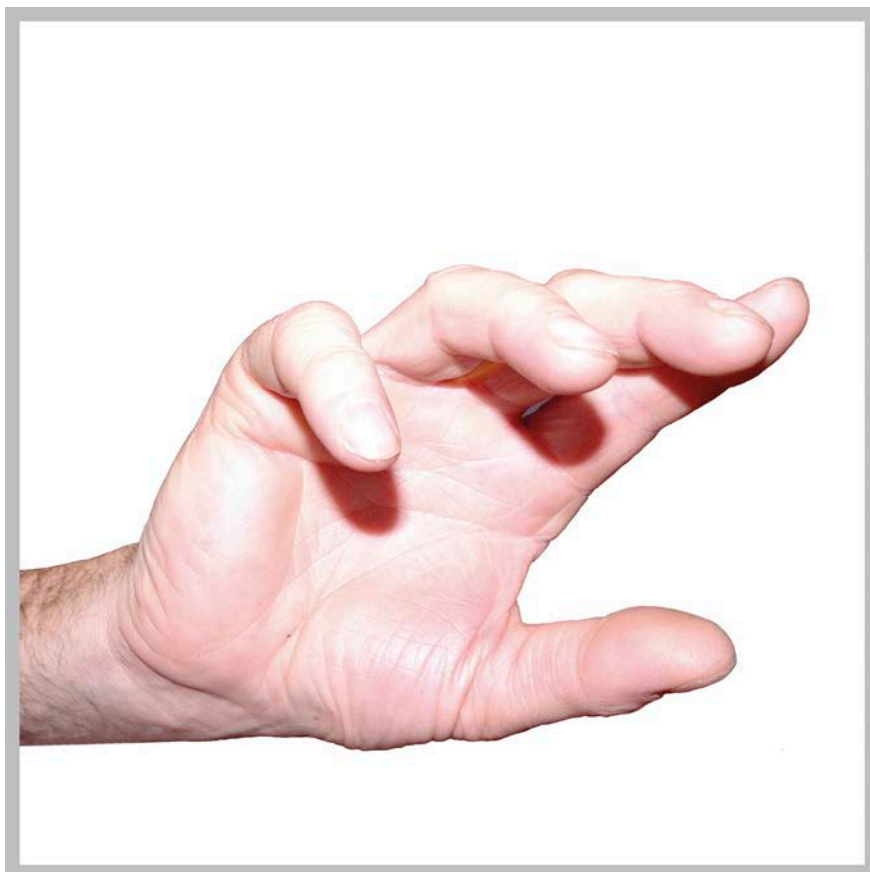
There has been great proliferation of the digital self-portrait (colloquially known as the “selfie”). It is a way, perhaps, of reminding people who we are and what we look like during conversations across digital networks. These interactions usually happen at home, alone, with other people in similarly lonely circumstances with only a screen for company.

Reaching Out deals with these interactions and how the reading of gestures, facial expressions and body language are sometimes misunderstood, resulting in a loss of community and humanity.

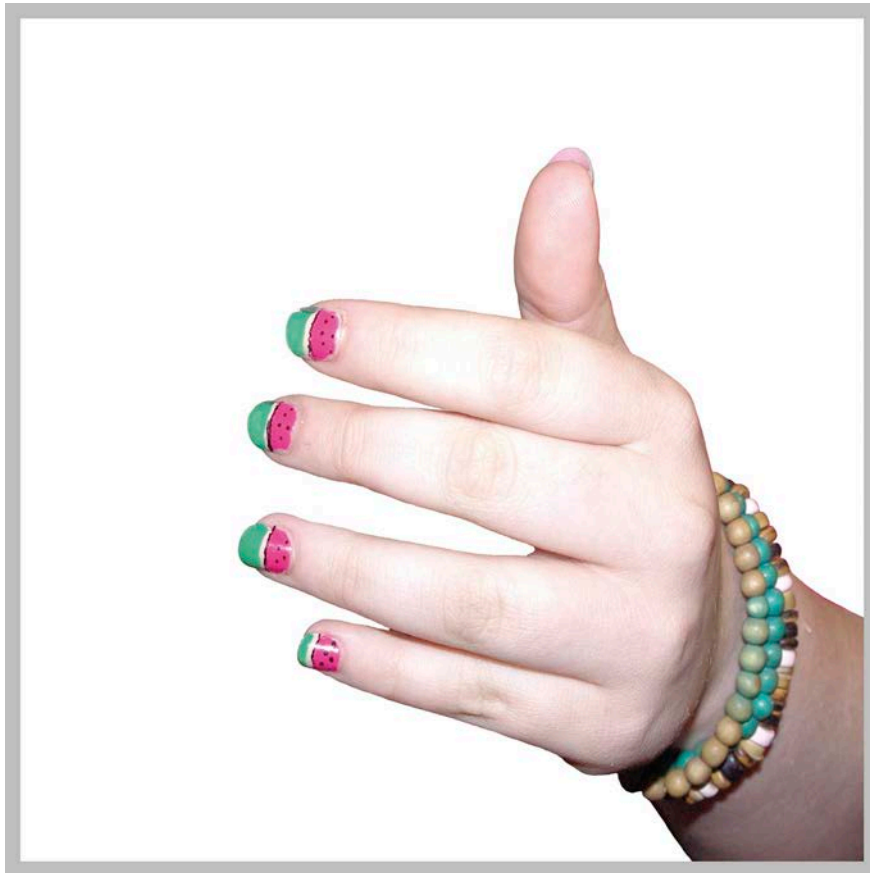
Hands are one of our most expressive features, able to convey our feelings and the volume of our communications. These images are about reaching out from social media and selfies in order to socialise with people, grasping at a form of social interaction through new digital media; reaching out from the emptiness of cyberspace to make contact and build communities.

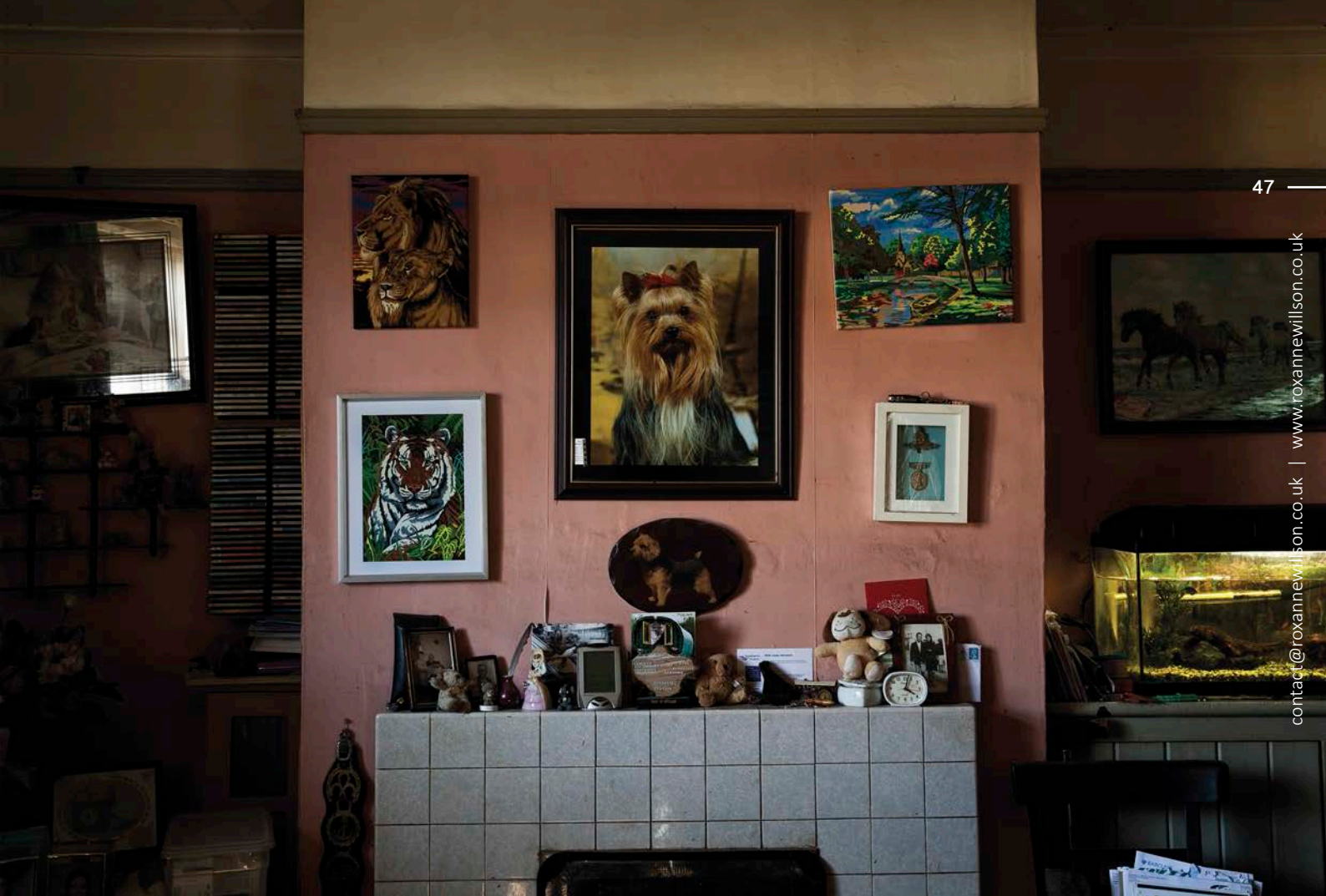
Sadly, this often results in fleeting relationships with virtual personalities and not the true communities that we need to fill the human void of company and companionship, no matter how alone we really are.

by **Brian Sadler**









Roxanne Willson

A Pillow and a Blanket

The images in Roxanne's *A Pillow and a Blanket* at first seem comforting. This is unsurprising as they are, first and foremost, pictures of a familial nature: loved ones; pets; cherished possessions; pictures of home. Yet there also seems to be a certain disconnection; an element of darkness and shadow that weighs heavily on the pictures. It is this darkness that first draws the eye to other details. In some it is an object; a ventilation machine or stonemasonry brochure. In others it is an absence, most obviously of Roxanne's grandmother, but other times of people more generally. As we piece together the narrative of the photographs, the absence of a bustling family to fill such homely spaces draws the mind to wider, melancholy questions.

Roxanne's images capture something that remains a darker, often unspoken side of family life; that of loss, and of what and who remains behind in its wake. Every family experiences it. I have experienced it, my parents have experienced it and their parents have experienced it. My children and their children will experience it. Yet this cycle of loss often brings a family together too, and Roxanne's images show this. The contrast between light and shadow in each picture mirrors the situation of the family. Brought together in grief, but brought together nonetheless.

by **Gareth Jones**





~~getting Married.~~
~~Marriage Brought Forward.~~
 Adopting a Child.
 getting Married
 Husband in Accident
 Starting Xmas Shopping
 Away for weekend
 along to funeral.
 Holiday to Bermuda.
 Lost Bank Card
 weekend in Bristol
 Having eye operation.
 Mouse fallen through
 stag weekend Barcelona

Hair has been referred to as our external soul, the virtues and properties of a person said to be concentrated within it. Throughout our lives, we naturally gather 'stuff' which can become a burden and over time the superfluous must be routinely removed to provide a clean slate, much like our hair.

But where does this unwanted matter go?

There are similarities in the human pursuit of perfection within life and with our hair. Just as we must in many cases discard some hair to achieve the look we want, there are issues, problems and things in life we must let go of if we are to live the life we want or feel we deserve.





Hair

Hair. We all have it, and what we do with it depends on how we feel, the season we are in, whom we are trying to impress and the image we are trying to portray.

It is the hat you always wear.

For centuries hair has been central to our image. Luxe locks are a sign of wealth and health, and while blondes apparently have more fun, redheads are 'passionate' and 'hot-headed'. Women - and men - have gone to great lengths to get the perfect 'do': from washing it in petrol and hoping it didn't catch on fire, to plugging ourselves into electric machines to get the perfect curl. Or to more recently, marinating our manes in formaldehyde-laden lotions for added smoothness. Money and desire is no object in the quest for perfection.

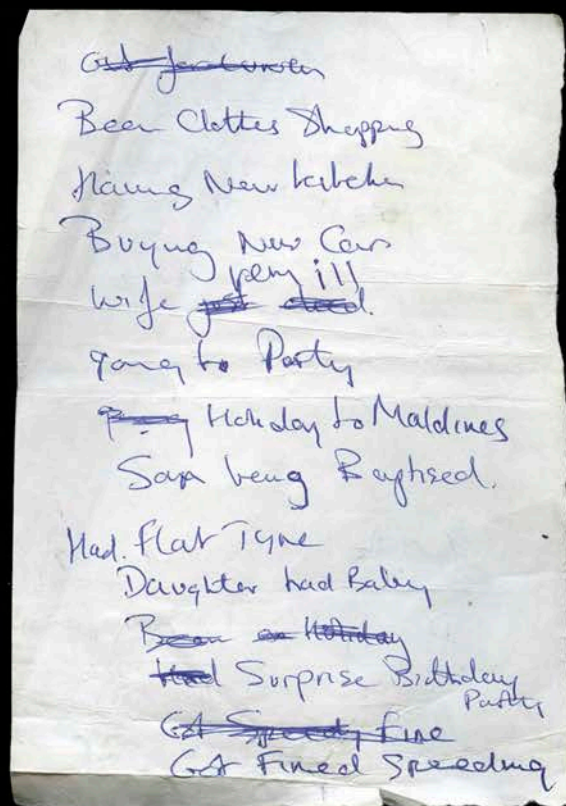
Everyone has experienced a bad hair day - a layer of frizz can ruin the best of moods. Psychologically hair is hugely important - a new cut and colour can repair a broken heart or instil confidence for an all-important interview.

However, it can have a detrimental effect also. An all too common question is "will I lose my hair?" when a cancer patient faces treatment. For many, they can just about cope with the pain, sickness and uncertainty, but to be then faced with losing their hair, it can sometimes just be that final straw. Losing their head of hair is the same as losing their identity, their comfort blanket, and for women, losing their femininity.

Hair. We all have it.

And although it's not a living organism, it demands some respect and craves a little time and attention. Look after it and it will repay you in abundance.

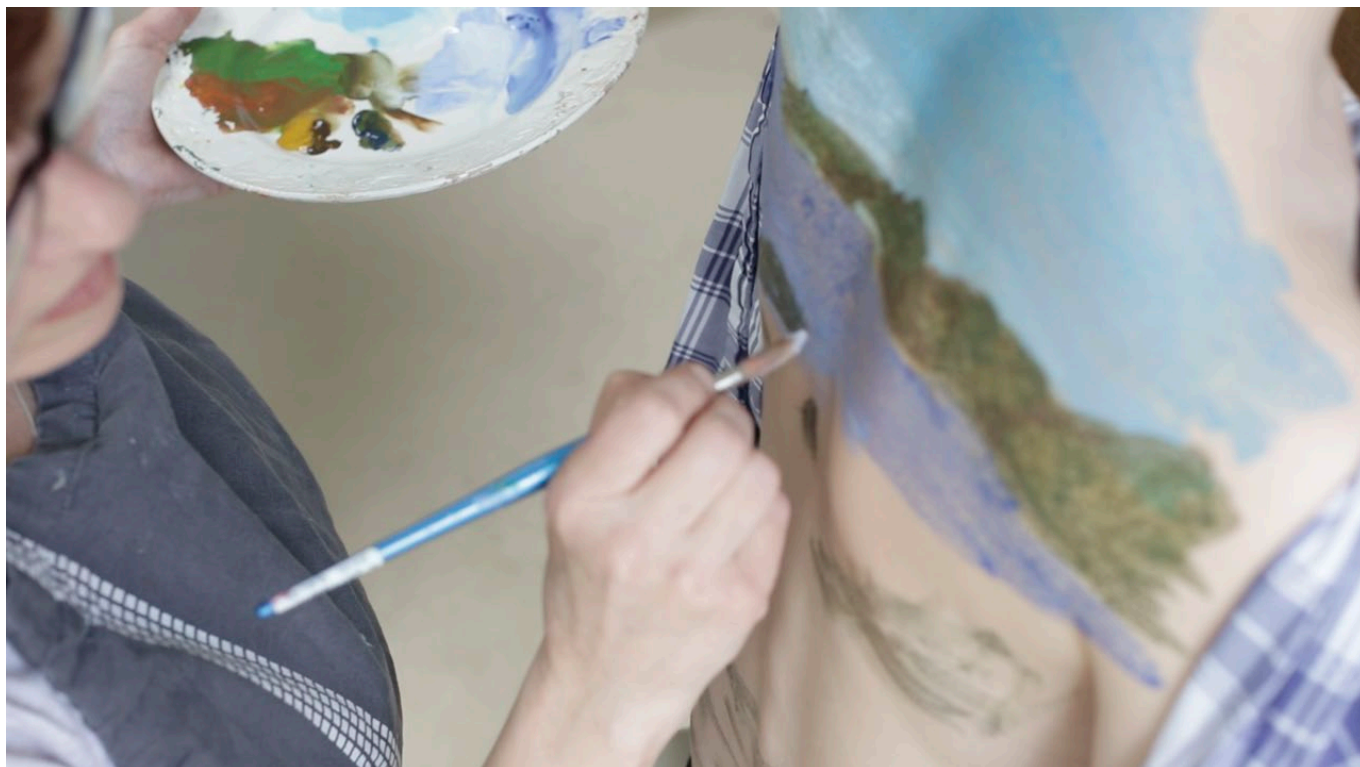
by **Ruth Hunsley**



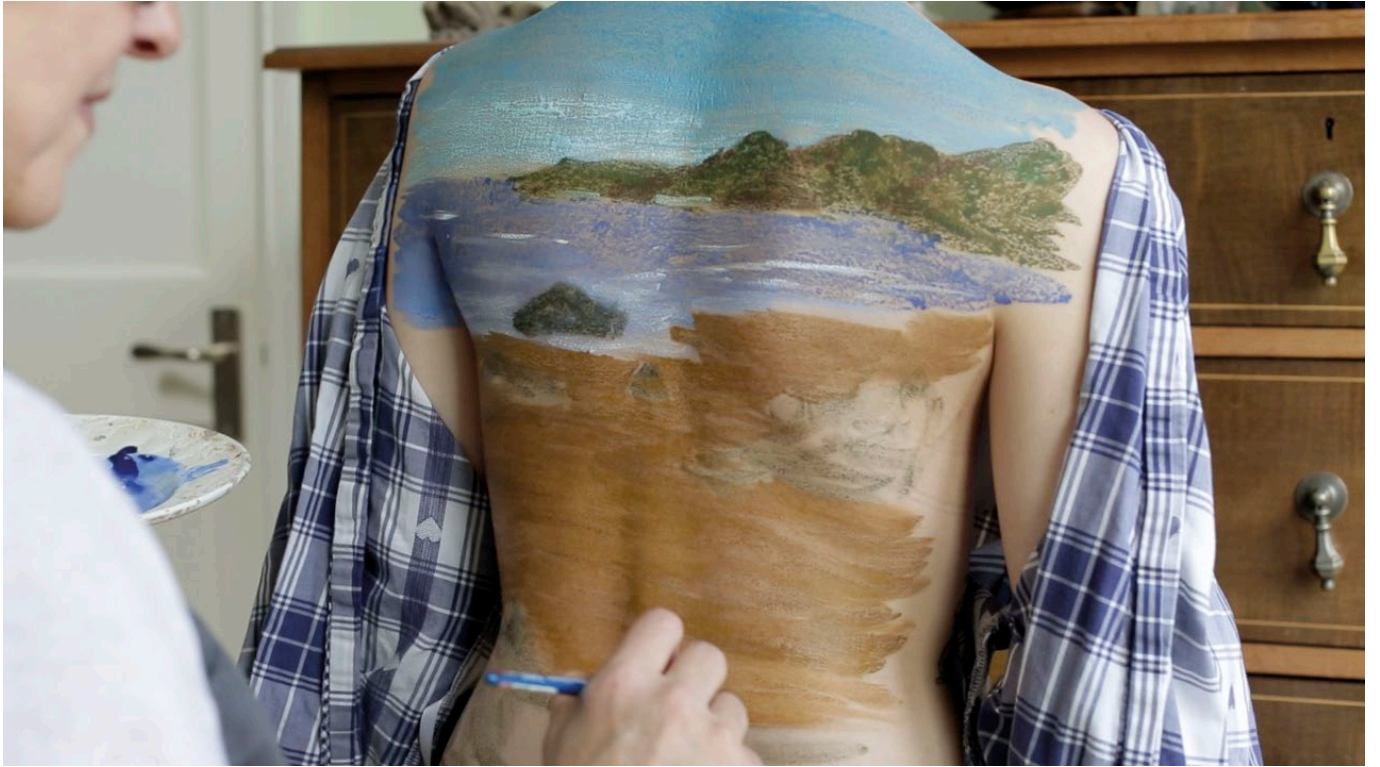
Louise Emily Parker

A Distant Memory

A Distant Memory
HD Video
14:39 min



"We went on holiday when I was about four or five, and it was really busy because it was the height of summer. I asked my dad if I could walk down to the water to get water to make sand castles. He let me go as long as I came straight back. So I walked down to the water with my bucket, and as far as I was aware I had walked in a straight. Got to the water, filled my bucket, turned around, Oh crap where are my family? So I was wondering round the beach for ages trying to find them and I couldn't find them anywhere. So I started crying and this woman came over to me and asked if I was lost, I nodded. So she took me to the lost and found part of the beach, and they had a section for lost kids. They sat me down with a carton of ribena and let me watch cartoons till my parents found me."









Alessandro Polledri

Ostacoli di Vita | Obstacles of Life

This work has evolved through my focus on the Italian family in Wales and how it strives to maintain the traditional cultural values that tend to be less evident within surrounding valley communities. The journey of my father's family is typical of so many others that came to Wales from Italy before the Second World War. As impoverished immigrants they came to Wales to escape extreme poverty and hardship in the mountains of northern Italy. Wales offered many opportunities but, as children, the older generations of these families still remember the difficulties and prejudices they faced, especially during and following the Second World War. As a consequence of their early treatment, many Italian families set about



"I remember the noise and my parents worrying; I remember the breaking glass. It was about two or three in the morning. They threw bricks and stole all our cigarettes. They took out a zinc bath full of the bricks used to break the window. That same night the police came and took my father away; they took all the aliens."

erecting cultural barriers between themselves and the local communities around them in an effort to protect and preserve the values inherent to their particular cultures. With this work I am considering how these boundaries manifest themselves using images of physical barriers such as walls and gates. This in turn raises questions as to how families see themselves in relation to the way others – outsiders – see them.

My great-grandfather left Italy before the First World War. He endured many hardships, such as being held as a prisoner of war in Austria and, during the Second World War, being interned at a camp on the Isle of Man. At the outbreak of the Second World War, many young Italian families discovered that the communities where they had once felt so safe turned against them overnight, due



"My mother had to find a place to go. We had some good friends – a farmer, Mr Jones 'The Milk', he was a dear friend – stored our belongings until my father returned. He was interned for four years... the [local] people were overcome by the propaganda they heard on the wireless. Churchill said, 'Pick them all up and lock them away. Get rid of them'. I remember visiting my father and we took him a zabaglione; they were allowed little gifts. Of course there were lots of people there who knew my mother. They called 'Hello Livia, how are you?' as we walked to the entrance. It was all barbed wire. My father lost everything."

to their undeniable Italian origins. Those who were not interned were given two weeks to leave sensitive areas such as Swansea. Many of the Italians who settled in Wales had opened cafés and ice-cream parlours, and it was not uncommon for them to face physical intimidation when war was declared. Once happy customers now threw bricks through their shop windows and looted their stock. There were some Welsh families who remained loyal and helped their Italian friends – mainly women, children and the elderly – by offering shelter and storing furniture. Many of these families moved to areas considered less sensitive, such as Llanelli.

After internment many of the Italians returned to their former communities. Understandably, they no longer seemed to trust their former neighbours and colleagues



"I remember my sister and I going to school in Llanelli. We were taunted all the time by the boys in our class, but they didn't know what they said; they didn't know who Mussolini was, and we didn't know what was happening. Wogs we were called, and when they saw us coming they used to sing 'Run Rabbit Run'! We had no relations; my mother relied on her Gowerton friends, and we had some very good friends [...] Friends in a strange environment."

and began to view themselves very much as immigrants and outsiders. This mistrust extended to their offspring, who suppressed their use of the Italian language in an attempt to minimise discrimination against them. Nevertheless, despite being discouraged to learn and converse in Italian, other children would inevitably pick up on their different cultures through their family values and the way that they were raised. This was a constant barrier for many years throughout their education. Today, however, for my generation, this has dissipated. Yet discrimination still affects other immigrants that have left their own countries, also hoping for better prospects in this one.

Harry Rose

In the Company of an Invisible Man

63







Rocks And Mountains

The building blocks of our natural world, rocks and mountains sculpt the very land we live on. As communities grow and populations increase, people shape and form the landscape to suit their needs. For all that these landscapes may change however, and be marked by man, it is important to remember that they are equally capable of leaving their mark on us. The depth of these marks are subjective, their impressions environmental and influenced by our own physical experience and personal engagement with the land.

In his body of work, *In the Company of an Invisible Man*, Harry Rose explores notions of loss, memory and human relationships within landscape photography. Specifically, his work focuses on a particular landscape that has influenced him personally as well as professionally. Having kept his distance from this place for some time, Rose has been drawn back to photograph this landscape; to reflect and find some inner peace. Retracing walks and journeys from countless miles travelled through his youth, Rose guides us through the landscape he photographs, giving the audience access to treasures and memories collected along these routes. Through significant objects, rock minerals, and childhood photographs, immersing himself back into the environment, Rose explores not individuality but an awareness of self and a search for identity in a key psychological landscape formed from his subjective experiences.

Rose demonstrates his engagement and alliance with the landscape by mirroring this practise in his work. Like a gemmologist, he has collected rocks of Quartz and Pyrite (Fool's Gold) from the ground and photographed them removed, enlarged and presented as being precious stones for his audience to study. Their attention has a purpose, namely that as well as being of the landscape, they are of such a size that Rose has been able to remove them from this environment. They are talismans of a presence or association that cannot be removed from this landscape; a physical anchorage of something Rose is eager to retain and possess.

This landscape has left its mark on Rose, the implications of which will be felt by himself and his enduring family for years to come. We look to nature for stability in an ever-changing world, and a way of erasure or escapism from the torridity of 21st century life. With the passing of time, who knows what future visits to this landscape will impress on Rose, or change as he continues to develop and grow as a man. For guidance and reflection, it is certain he will return to this land to feel closer to and seek out the company of this Invisible Man.

by **Kate Mercer**

Rosanna Blatchford

Curios

cu•ri•o

n., pl. -ri•os.

Something unusual - perhaps worthy of collecting¹



Beachcombing is instinctive and reminiscent of childhood and home. The act of searching the shore for shells and the impulse to pick up these objects was natural, but only the ones I felt a fascination or curiosity about. As I accumulated my collection of shells, I found myself beginning to organise each one, forming individual patterns and orderly lines leading to the creation of arranged displays. Each shell would be laid carefully onto the cotton bed sheet where it felt right. Completing the process, the display is photographed - this is now its only existence. This fixed state makes them permanent and reflects my thoughts and feelings at their time of creation. Whilst some may be similar, no display is ever the same, making their impermanence imperative.

Searching, gathering, cleaning, categorising, arranging, positioning.

The process of collecting becomes one of escape; of quiet and calm – a time I have allocated for myself. By creating serenity, this precious activity becomes a way of dealing with my skin condition. The irritation is temporarily suppressed. Through arranging these natural objects, my body comes into contact with the shell of another life; another body. Surfaces touch, scratch, rub and smooth together. The softness of the bed sheet comforts the harsh, hard bodies of the shells. Creases form in the sheet over time as the process carries on. The creases hold its age, showing comfort, but comfort is not perfect. It is the space in which these objects are placed that becomes vital. Creating this space allows me to be in control as they are now my possessions.

¹ "curio." *Collins Thesaurus of the English Language – Complete and Unabridged 2nd Edition*. (London: HarperCollins Publishers) <http://www.thefreedictionary.com/curio> (accessed May 10, 2014)







Curios
HD Video
06:56 min





Laura Goss
Embodiment





Ashwood Williams

Revelations

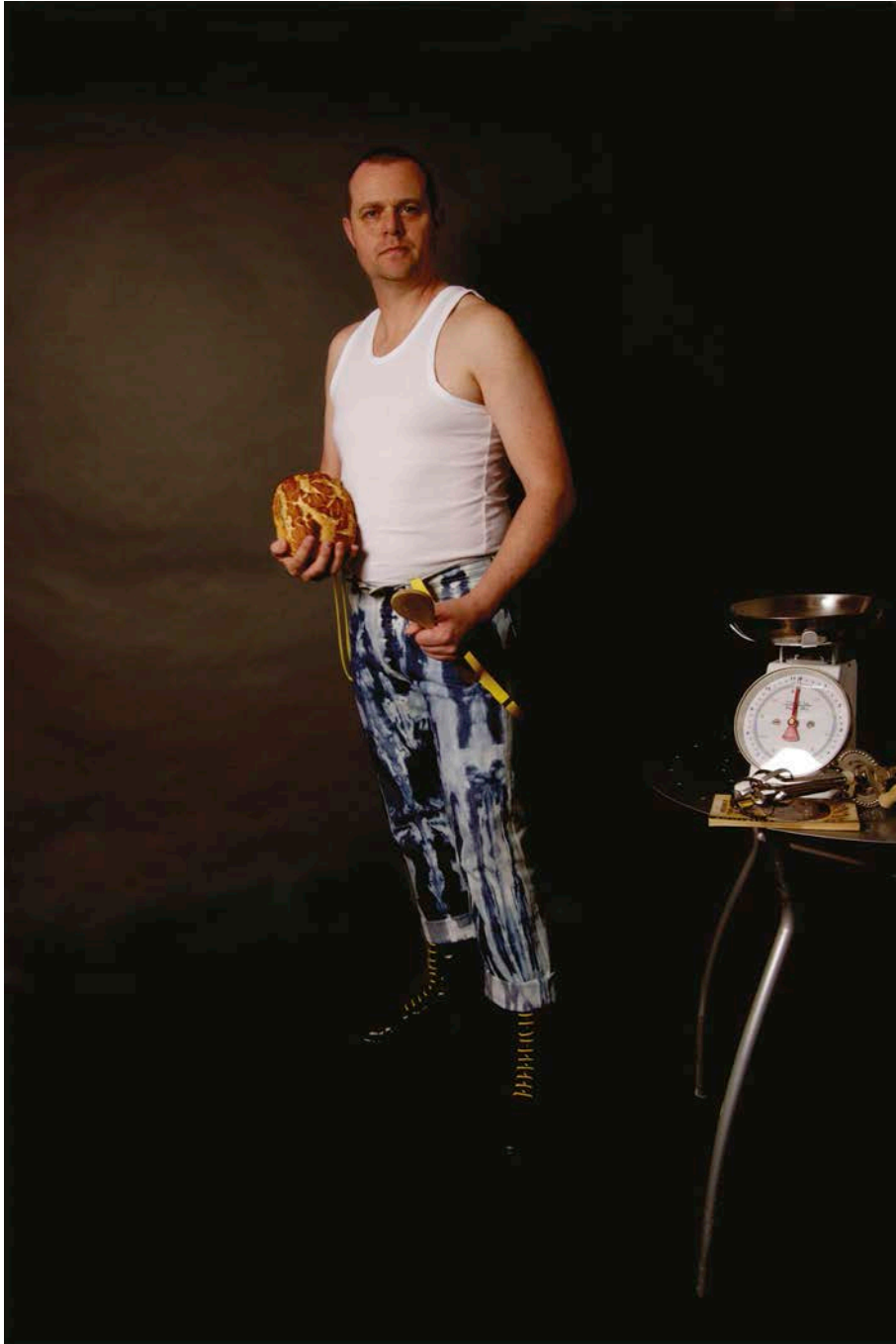
I am

Poem by **D.G.C.**

I am the painter, the sportsman and chef,
 I am the hidden desire on my breath,
 I am the 'man who tends the front lawn,
 I am the dog that howls in the dawn,
 I am the masseur that heals on the bed,
 I am the boots of Pride and shaved 'head,
 I am the 'man of numbers and listings,
 I am the wearer of gear so transfixing,
 I am the 'man of metal and wrenches,
 I am the posing for shutters and lenses,
 I am a 'man of fortunes and 'sight,
 I am the Lycra the covers so tight,
 I am the feel and the smell of the rubber,
 I am a book, not judged by its cover,
 I am the sight of collar and tether,
 I am the sound of horsewhip on leather,
 I am the Song that lifts from the heart,
 I am the whispers that cling to the dark,
 I am the friend and I am the lover,
 I am the husband, the son and the brother,
 I am a 'man in all that I do,
 I am a Human...
 I am....you.



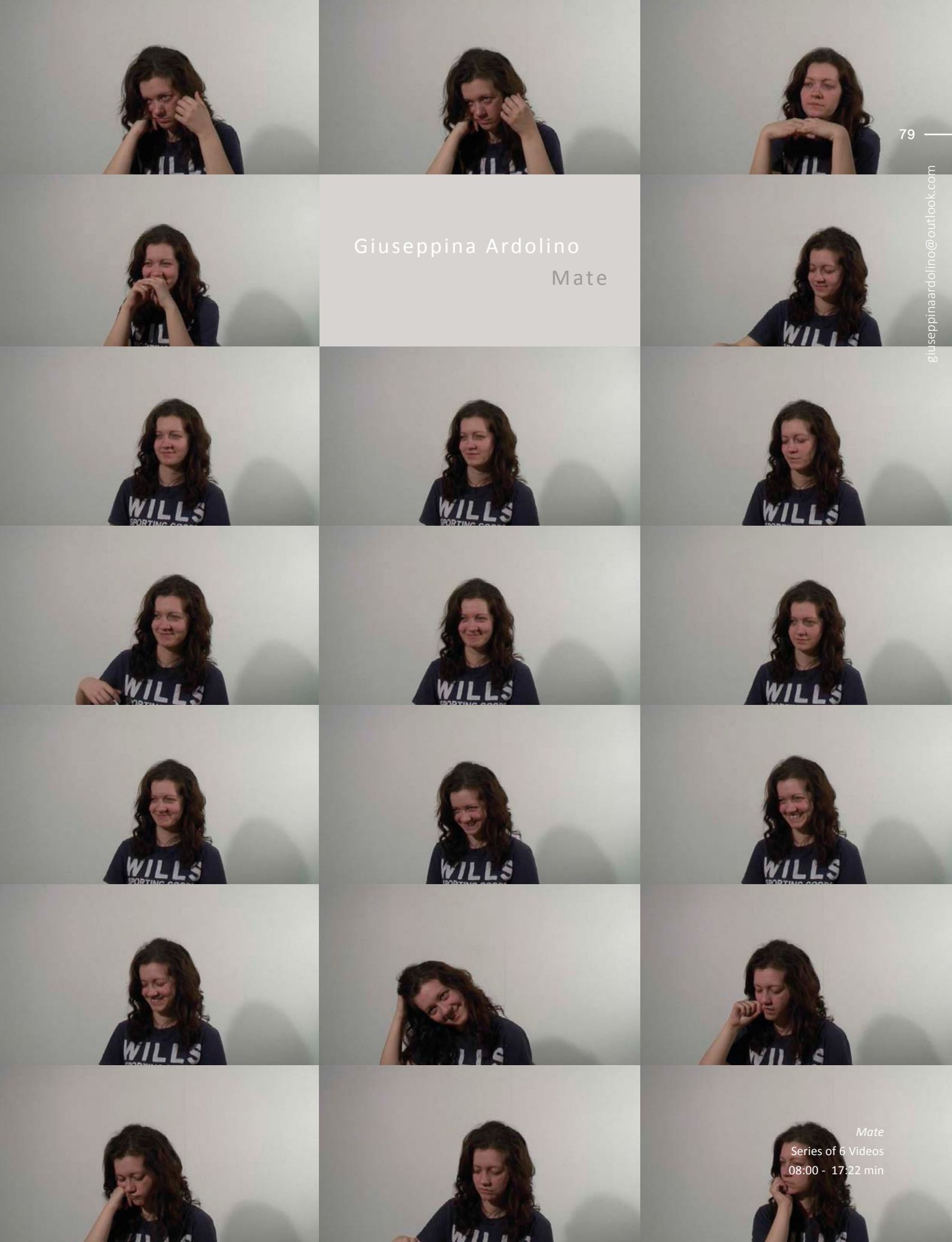
The Artist



The Baker



The Fortune Teller



Giuseppina Ardolino
Mate



The unison of two people is never synchronised. Regardless of how strong one can love another, every person is different and has demands and needs their partner conflicts with. This is the nature of a developing relationship, where the two involved will undergo a power struggle. Much like chess, the two parties battle out with each other's minds, testing their patience and intelligence. The conflict of the black and white pieces represent that of the clash of problems within our every day lives. Decision-making is based on calculations that affect the outcome of later moves. Without putting thought to these decisions they can become disastrous, potentially losing you the game. Relationships offer the same obstacles as we challenge our problems with our hearts and not our minds. Over time, as the relationship matures, issues are approached with strategy and intelligent thought.

Visually, a game of chess offers more than two people playing the game. The physical game itself offers no insight into the thought process of the players and only expresses the decisions they've made. Regardless of if a move was good or bad we don't know why a decision was made. To better understand the player we must investigate the body and how it communicates with the board and their opponent. Body language communicates far more than words as it expresses our true feelings.





“However, chess does not appeal only appeal to the basic desire to win. It also exerts its pull on another important psychological element, the desire to detect patterns and to impose order on chaos.”¹

This is evident in chess as you can read an opponents’ state of mind in reaction to events happening on the board. Giuseppina Ardolino’s art piece explores the relationship between couples through the physical interaction of a game of chess. Chess has the fundamental image of two people facing each other, which became the stylistic choice for the shot’s composition. Ardolino ignores the physical game and instead focuses on the interactions between the couples, investigating the interactions within their relationships in response to the chess game.

by **Nicholas Secker**

1 John Nunn, forward to *The Mammoth Book of Chess*, by Graham Burgess. (London: Robinson Publishing Ltd.)





Elian Williams

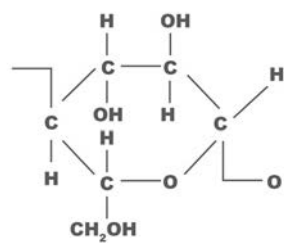
Beneath the Surface

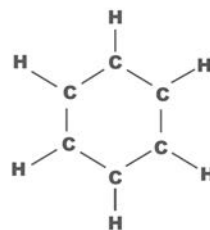
There was a time when there were signs of the coal mining industry in most corners of Wales – coal tips and wheels driving lifts up and down mine shafts were common sights, particularly in the valleys of South Wales. Scores of ships laden with coal made Cardiff and other Welsh ports among the biggest and busiest in the world. Coal was the ‘black gold’ that had two main uses: to power the wheels of industry and provide fuel for heating and cooking in the home.

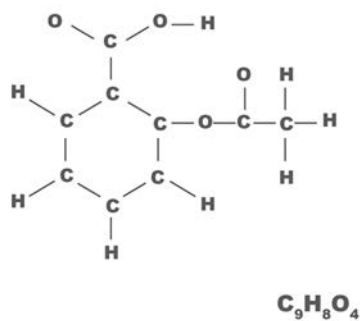
While the coal industry undoubtedly has legacies on our landscape and culture, few visible signs of coal mining remain in Wales today. The irony is that coal now plays an important and unseen role in contemporary 21st century culture, providing the raw material behind everyday

products we now take for granted. From toothpaste to medical products, golf balls to photographic film, there is a myriad of uses for coal in modern products, all of which bring convenience, well-being and enjoyment to our lives.

Coal touches our lives in ways that our mining ancestors could barely have imagined. For them, coal was needed for the fires that heated their homes and cooked their food. It was a highly visible resource that provided the essentials of a simpler life. As society has become more complex and sophisticated, so have the uses and influence of coal. Could it be that the central role of coal in the way we live today is a fitting testament to all the sacrifice and tragedy seen by the industry and those associated with it over the past 100 years?







Jacob Sanders

Flow

“Jacob's long exposure images are captivating, at once haunting and ethereal and somewhat otherworldly. It's hard to know what one is looking at, but there is a strange, dizzy sense of motion running through them all.”

James Lucas

Mountain biking is a sport that takes you on an adventure across rough terrain, through forests and mountains, at high speeds.

The aim for the rider is to flow through the landscape, with man and machine working in harmony, gliding across the terrain without stopping. The journey through the landscape allows the mind to wander from the regularity of everyday life and focus on the immediate task at hand; a journey to a more naturalistic location and state of mind.

Psychologists believe that people are happiest in a state of flow. It is a state in which people are so involved in an activity that nothing else matters: something we might call ‘being in the zone’.









Sara Dove
Defunct

Defunct: having finished the course of life - dead; finished, no longer working or in use¹

Technological advancements do not always have positive effects on our lives. As the ways that we take our photographs have evolved, so have the ways we store our final images. Once tangible objects difficult to break have been replaced by the Cloud that, by definition, is intangible.

This series of sculptures references eight of the most widely-available types of storage for our images: glass slides; negatives; hard drives; floppy discs; CD-ROMs; USB sticks; SD cards; and the Cloud. These different mediums represent how we have previously considered our photographs.

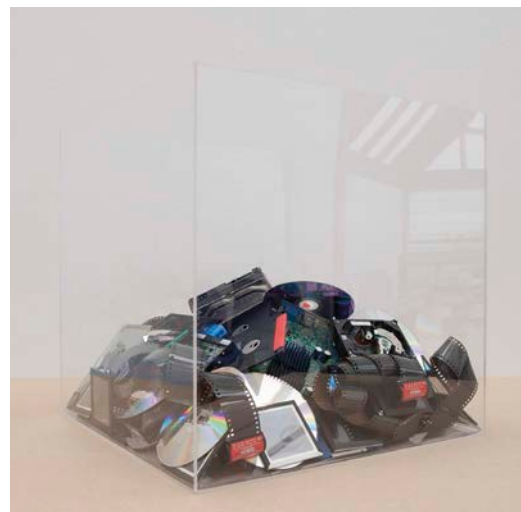
1 "defunct." *Collins Thesaurus of the English Language – Complete and Unabridged 2nd Edition* (London: HarperCollins Publishers, 2002) <http://www.thefreedictionary.com/defunct> (Accessed May 10th, 2014)

Defunct is an attempt to provoke the viewer into thinking more about the physicality of photography, both past and present. As technology continues to progress, we must not let it overshadow our basic human instincts to reach out, touch and remember.

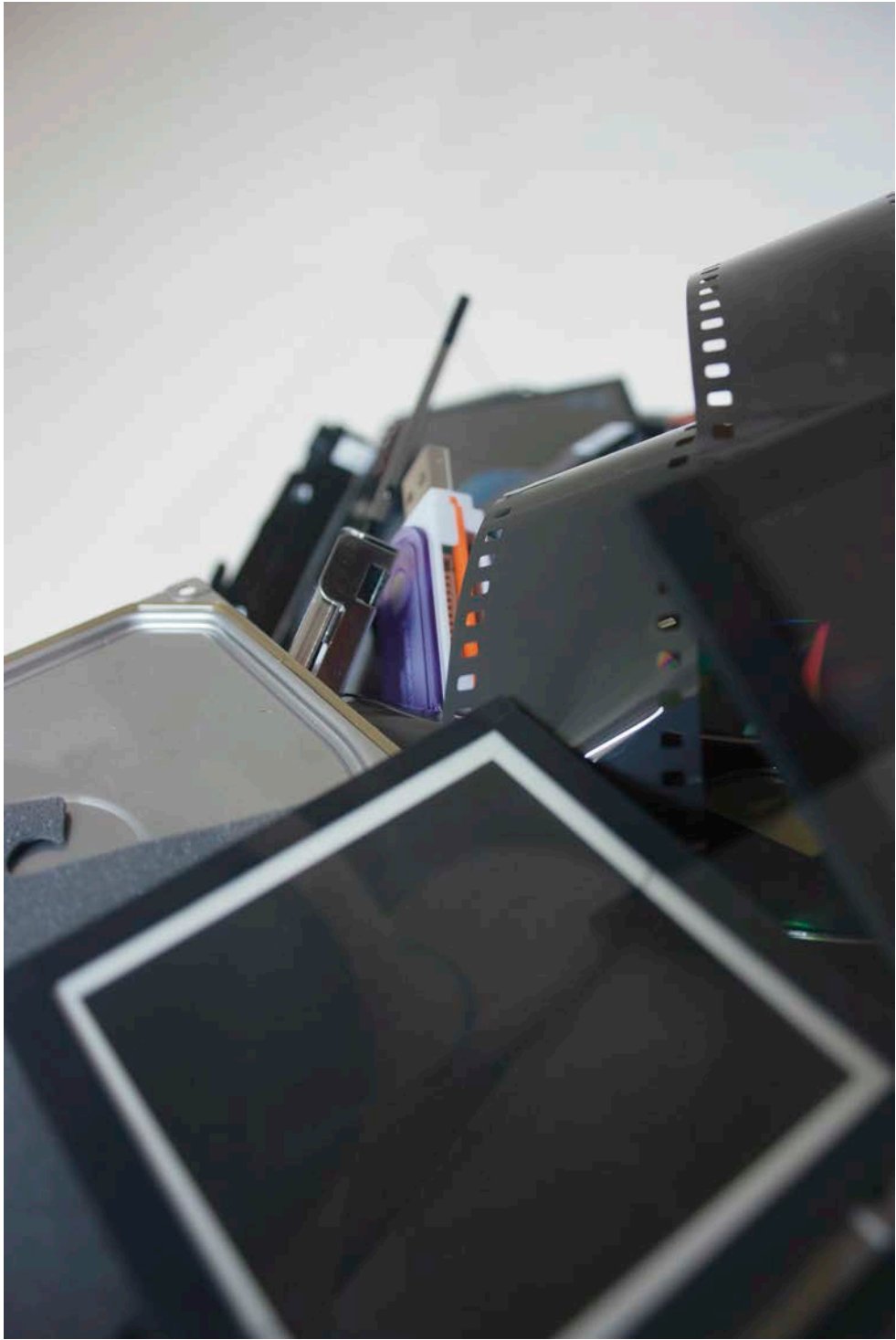
Photography is now predominantly seen as a disposable medium within our hectic lives but is this how photographs should be considered? In the past photographs were revered and contemplated repeatedly as the viewer relived the moment captured, evoking memories of a moment in that person's life. Now, however, photographs are records of a nanosecond in time, sent around the world for people to look at once and then forget.

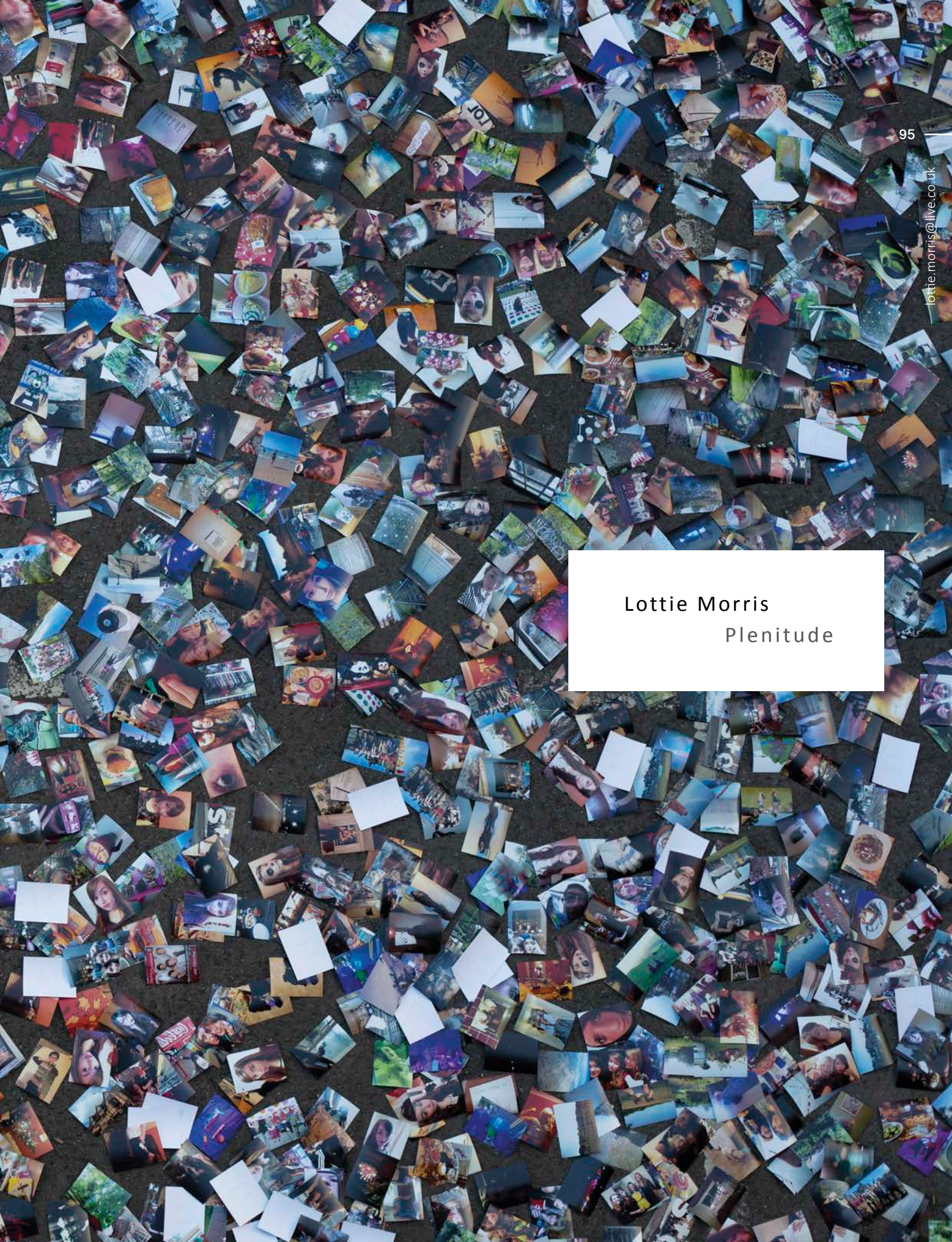
With each new development in the technology used to capture our lives, photography has taken another step towards detaching itself from the emotions created by a physical and tangible photograph.

by **Sara Dove**









Lottie Morris
Plenitude







'You only have to start saying of something: 'Ah, how beautiful! We must photograph it!' and you are already close to the view of the person who thinks that everything that is not photographed is lost, as if it had never existed, and that therefore in order really to live you must photograph as much as you can, and to photograph as much as you can you must either live in the most photographable way possible, or else consider photographable every moment of your life. The first course leads to stupidity; the second, to madness.'¹

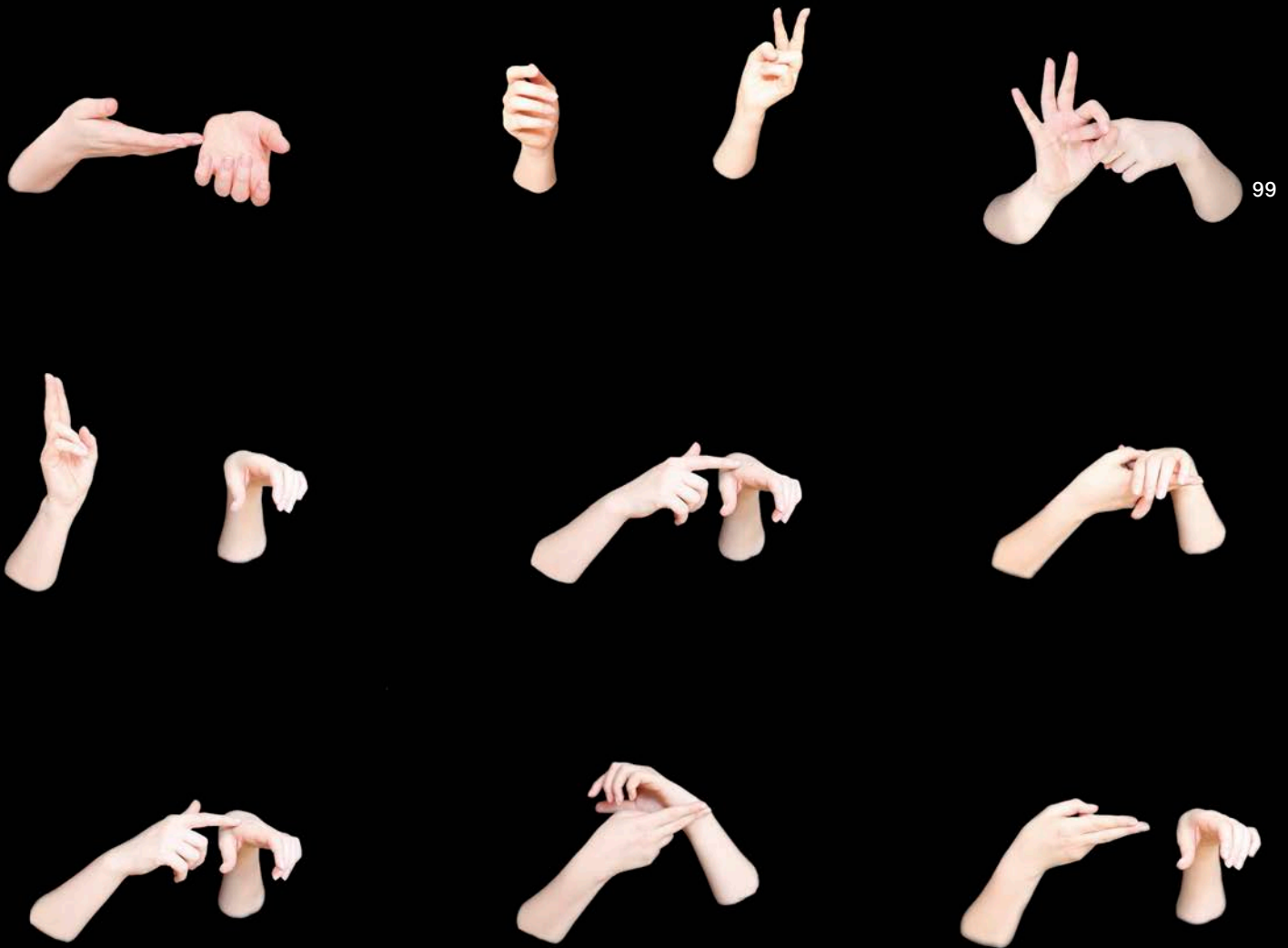
There are infinite photographs floating around the digisphere. The advancement of technology in the 21st century means that we can now create and consume photographs without limits. What becomes of this plethora of digital archives; rarely revisited, so fragile and transient? These photos capture specific moments that might be important to individuals but the reality is a multitude of nondescript digital files that are often stored away out of sight.

Exploring these notions, Lottie Morris considers with her own digital photographic archive on her iPhone, which stores over 10,000 files. She takes those from the past year and deals with them physically, interpreting them anew. Overwhelmed by the sheer volume of images, she illustrates the obsession with documenting life through photographs and the creation of such an over-saturated archive.

Transforming the intangible digital space – making the photographs physical objects and throwing them into the world – becomes an extensive pursuit. The trawling through, uploading, and delivering; the physical weight and the ritual of reframing the images as unfamiliar documentation, presents an overwhelming task. The resulting installation looks almost hyperreal when photographed and presents a compulsion for relentlessly documenting everyday life. Their abundance is overpowering and the archive seen is something unlikely to be shared.

by **Lottie Morris**

1 Italo Calvino. "The Adventures of a Photographer" in *Difficult Loves*, trans. William Weaver. (New York: Vintage Classics, 1993)



Lori David

Double Entendre

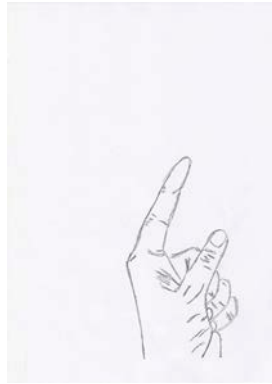
"A word or phrase open to two interpretations, one of which is usually risqué or indecent."¹

The artist's work has often dealt with the misconceptions of taboo topics in a humorous and questioning manner, with the implication of a hidden message. *Double Entendre* is a soundless video piece consisting of symbolic hand gestures with private meanings. It presents technical demonstrations that communicate the workings of commercial mechanical objects prior to their purchase. Removed from their original context, they appear rude but not crude. Lori David's work has elements of normalising people's perceptions around sex. Whether dictionary definitions, colloquial terminology or street jargon used to illustrate the language, she emphasises the social acceptability of coitus in a modern way.

1 "double entendre". *Oxford Dictionaries*. (Oxford University Press) <http://www.oxforddictionaries.com/definition/english/double-entendre> (accessed May 04, 2014).







Oliver Norcott
Multiplication of Being



Out of Control

Beyond the astute commemoration of the disturbingly homogeneous shopping centre, that postmodern citadel so accustomed to stridently and unremittingly defending the essentiality and desirability of consumption; beyond the mature examination of the creative possibilities purveyed by innovative photographic technologies, and even beyond the superficial pastiche of historic cubist enterprise, the understated imagery incites prudent reassessment and potential reconfiguration of the conventional relation between artist and spectator. No longer the passive recipient of a single, unyielding meaning carefully delineated and rigidly conveyed, the latter is cognitively liberated and imaginatively unbridled to receive, reject and retain a plurality of disparate meanings. With the surreal union of incongruous forms and random assortment of multiple perspectives, the viewing experience is indisputably challenging yet never oppressive owing to the purposeful renunciation of the artistic elite's tyrannical insistence on forever privileging the producer's rigid interpretation above all others.

Informed by a lucid desire to activate and stimulate the spectator into imaging and entering dreamlike worlds, phantasmagorias, the work subtly underscores the concept of motion: the invitation to travel is immediate and accessible to all. Devoid of a principal focal point, these ethereal, captivating images entice initial engagement and inspire subsequent re-engagement as the complexity of their non-linear navigation emerges and endures. The absence of a mapped route renders no definitive start or destination as projections unite with reflections, as clearly defined monochrome faces look out and look in, and as smaller complete bodily forms meander across arbitrarily allotted fragmented spaces. Serenity abounds whilst meanings multiply because the creator duly recognises the elusiveness and futility of control: the facilitator has superseded the instructor provoking the dissolution of the artist/spectator hierarchy. All interpretations, from the superficial and mundane to the profound and exotic, are valid but inescapably provisional.

by **E. B. Skies**



Kirstie Adam

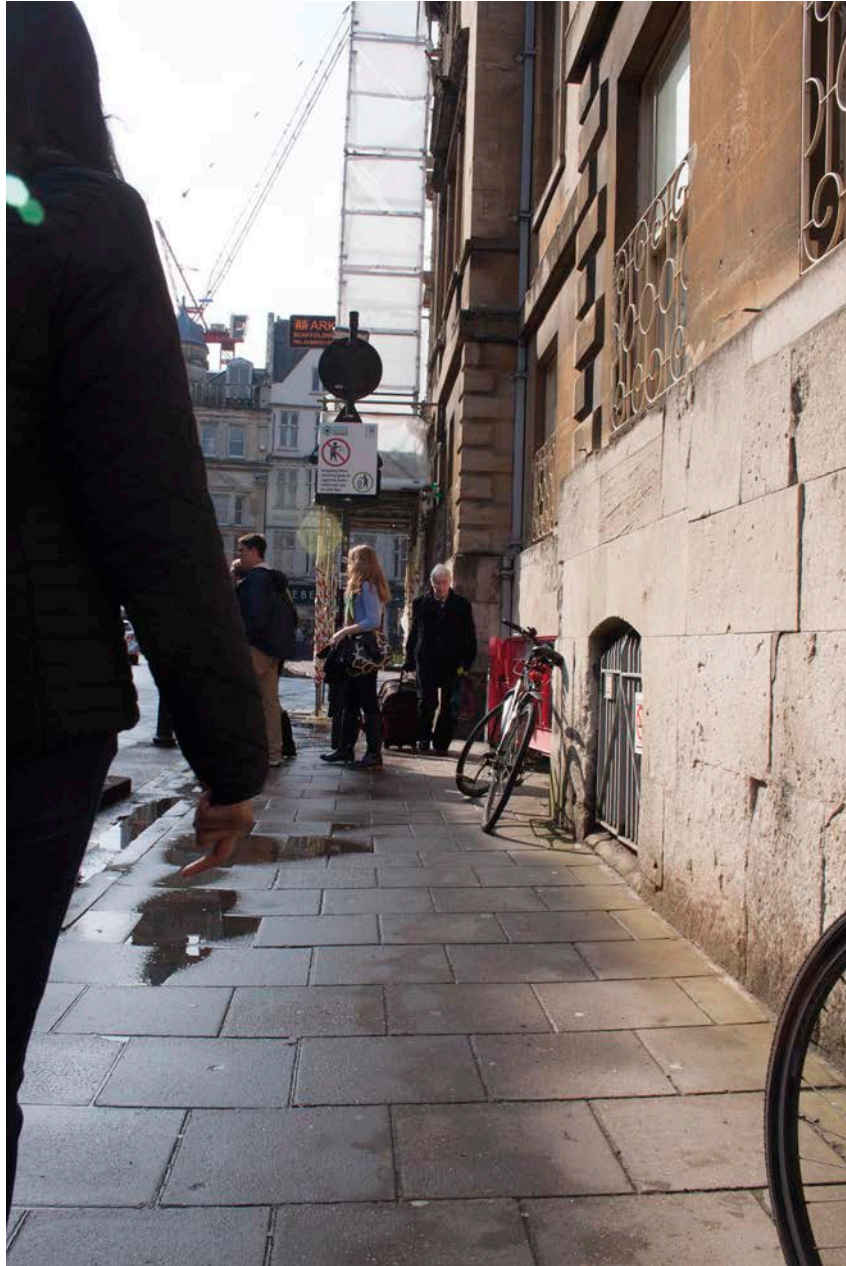
Our Desire for Beauty

In 1973, Dean MacCannell described something he called “*staged authenticity*”¹: when something that is seen to be authentic has, in fact, been staged to stimulate tourist visitation. 40 years later, this can still be seen today.

When choosing to visit a town, city or country, potential tourists rely on recommendations made by others in relevant literature or online. They may be accompanied by a selection of photographs to further entice visitors. These photographs have usually been modified to focus on the natural beauty found at a destination, the surrounding impurities edited out. In effect, what a tourist will see during their visit will differ substantially from what has been advertised in the photographs initially presented to them.

This project hopes to explore the *staged authenticity* tourists experience when visiting a new town or place. The photographs used were taken during a tour of Oxford, accompanied by comments made by the guide about a particular building or area.

1 Dean MacCannell, “Staged Authenticity: Arrangements of Social Space in Tourist Settings” in *The American Journal of Sociology*, Vol. 79, No. 3 (November 1973), 589-603



One of the most prestigious colleges here in Oxford

Most colleges have these beautiful gardens

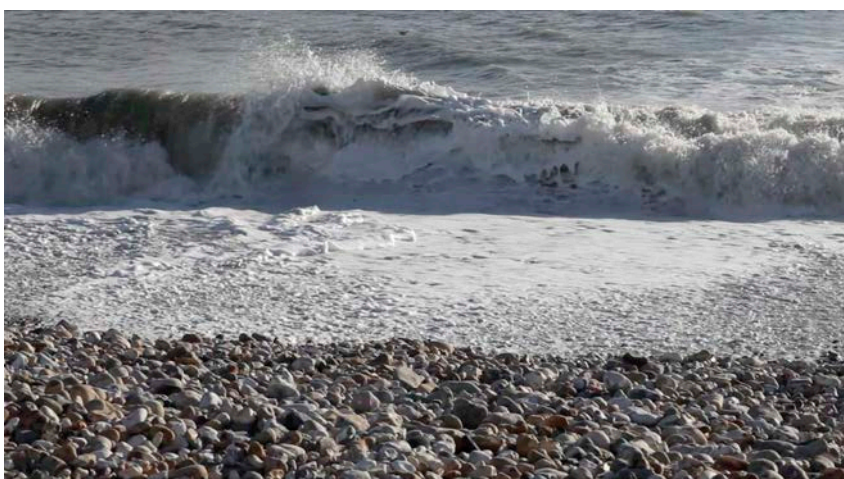




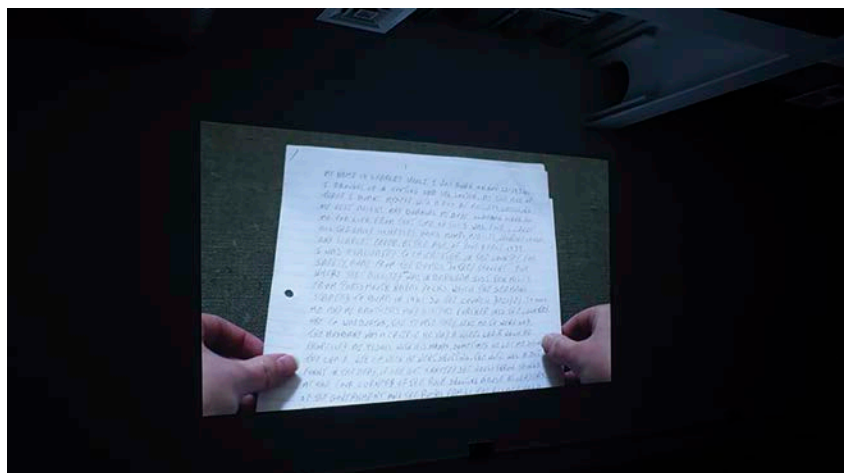
Christ Church Meadow is a large area of tranquil pasture.



Bethany Woolf
Weeping Willow



Weeping Willow
HD Video Projection
03:20 min



MY NAME IS CHARLES WOOLF. I WAS BORN ON NOV-22-1934.
 I DROUGHT UP IN FOOTING ~~FOR~~ STH LONDON. AT THE AGE OF
 THREE I BURNT MYSELF WITH A BOX OF MATCHES, CATCHING
 MY VEST ALIGHT AND BURNING MY BODY. SCARRING SCARRING
 ME FOR LIFE. FROM THAT TIME ON TILL I WAS FOUR, I CAUGHT
 ALL THE CHILD ILLNESSES GOING. MUMPS, MEASLES, WHOOPING COUGH,
 AND SCARLET FEVER. AT THE AGE OF FOUR & HALF 1939
 I WAS EVACUATED TO CHICHESTER IN THE COUNTRY FOR
 SAFETY, AWAY FROM THE BOMBS "SO THEY THOUGHT" BUT
 WHERE THEY BILLIETED^{US} WAS IN BARNHAM JUST TEN MILES
 FROM PORTSMOUTH NAVAL DOCKS WHICH THE GERMANS
 STARTED TO BOMB IN 1941 SO THE COUNCIL DECIDED TO MOVE
 ME AND MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS FURTHER INTO THE COUNTRY.
~~THE~~ TO WARBURTON, THE PEOPLE THEY SENT ME TO WERE OLD,
 THE HUSBAND WAS A CRIPPLE HE HAD A WHEEL CHAIR WHICH HE
 PROPELLED BY PEDALS WITH HIS HANDS, SOMETIMES HE LET ME SIT IN
 THE CHAIR WITH HIM WHEN HE WENT SHOPPING. THE WIFE WAS A BIT
 FUNNY IN THE HEAD, IF SHE GOT ANNOYED SHE WOULD THROW THINGS
 AT THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE ROOM SHOUTING ABUSE AT LEADERS
 OF THE GOVERNMENT AND THE ROYAL FAMILY. THE VILLAGE HAD A
 POND WHICH WOULD FREEZE OVER AND ALL THE CHILDREN GO
 SKATING ON THE ICE, ONE DAY A FEW OF US WERE PLAYING ON THE ICE
 WHEN I FELL INTO THE WATER, IT WAS NOT VERY DEEP BUT I WENT
 INTO IT UP TO MY WAIST, I RAN HOME TO WHERE I WAS STAYING
 AND MRS ROBERTS THE OLD LADY SAID IF YOUR SHIRT TAIL IS WET
 SHE WOULD BEAT ME WITH A WALKING STICK WHICH SHE DID BUT
 I LEARNED BEFORE THAT IF I ARCHED MY BACK ON MY KNEES
 IN FRONT OF THE SOFA SHE WOULD BE HITTING THE SOFA
 INSTEAD OF ME AS SHE WAS A BIT SHORT SIGHTED SHE DID NOT
 NOTICE AND MR ROBERTS WOULD CUDGLE ME AFTER. BUT
 SOMETIMES SHE WOULD LOCK ME IN THE COALSHEED THEN THE
 PEOPLE NEXT DOOR WOULD COMPLAIN THE SHE WOULD LET ME OUT
 AND PUT ME TO BED WITHOUT ANY SUPPER. I DID NOT STAY THERE
 MUCH LONGER WHEN I WAS ABOUT SEVEN I WAS MOVED ON TO SOMEWHERE
 ELSE TO A YOUNGER WOMAN WHO HAD TWO CHILDREN.

Greetings from Bracklesham Bay



Knowing I am alone
terrifies me - I don't feel
Safe, the eeriness is
Surreal but the beautifully
clear sky at night and
the countless stars relaxes
me. Its cold here, bitter and
Painful, I woke with
numb fingers and toes. So
cold I don't think I can
cope with another night

B.

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MISS B WOOLF

10 CLYFFARD CRESCENT

NEWPORT

WALES

NP20 4GE





Kimmi Allsopp

Help!

Help! consists of a series of photographs based on the fears that formulate in our minds; fears of things that don't exist or aren't actually there; things that go bump in the night; invisible monsters and people that we think are there, but when the lights turn on they're gone.

Walking in and around these places, my heart rate increases. Our reactions to these irrational fears are built into all of us as a system of self-preservation. I do have a fear of the dark, or rather the things and people who can hide there when I'm on my own, causing panic attacks if I am left long enough.

I have used this within my work. All images were created by using my camera's built-in flash as my source of light, taken at times when my anxiety levels were at their peak.







Alexandra Roberts

Untouchable

Untouchable is a photographic project exploring the fundamental ideas of femininity, sexuality and the Ego. It originated from a study of burlesque and how, through the use of costume, the performer can create a surrealistic identity in which they portray an untouchable erotic deity, existing only within the confines of the stage.

Moving on from the egocentric specificity of burlesque, the focus broadened to contemplate the hypocrisy created around our considerations of the female body; the utilisation of the female form as a sensual visual tool as opposed to a taboo and vulnerable image.

This is especially useful for promoting an instinctive response, then a suppression of reactions, symbolised in this instance by material; an unbreakable barrier; an insurmountable obstacle, protecting an untouchable entity.

Burlesque is described in the *Oxford English Dictionary* as “an absurd or comically exaggerated imitation of something, especially in a literary or dramatic work; a parody.”¹ Moving forward from the components of burlesque, Roberts uses her photographs to emphasise the dichotomy of the presentation of the body as a desirable image, whilst protecting it and shielding it from the direct gaze.

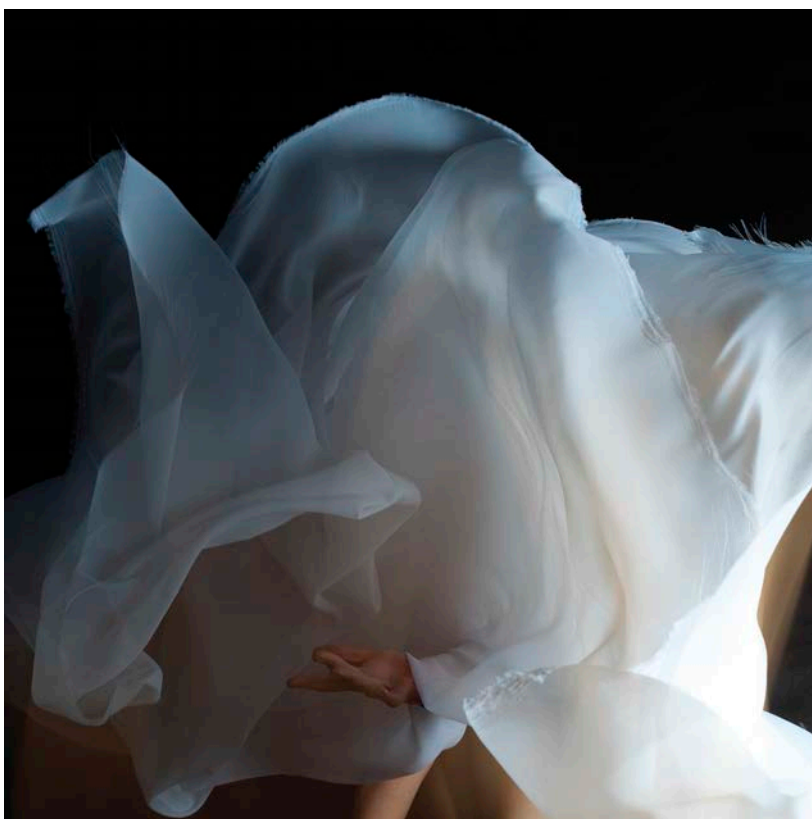
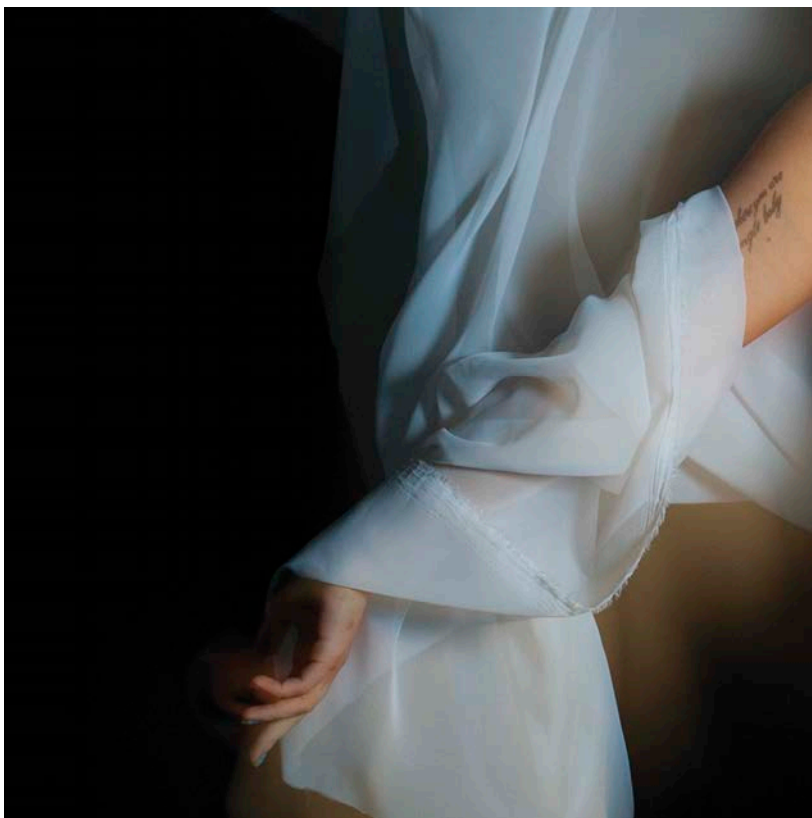
Drawing from a well of religious research and imagery, Roberts considers the images of the Virgin Mary, the veil and the burkha. She speaks of the complicated nature of femininity in society as women are subjected to ambivalent views, criticised but admired, protected but exposed.

Roberts has, through movements and materials, invited the audience to view the presentation of any female image in context and to dwell on the motivation of both the presenter and subject of such an image. The material might be to protect the subject or alternatively enhance the vision.

by **Max Studley and Alexandra Roberts**

1 Simpson, J. and Weiner, E. “Burlesque” in the *Oxford English Dictionary*. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1989.)







Lauren Clithero

Virtually Out Lawed



123

laurencithero@hotmail.co.uk

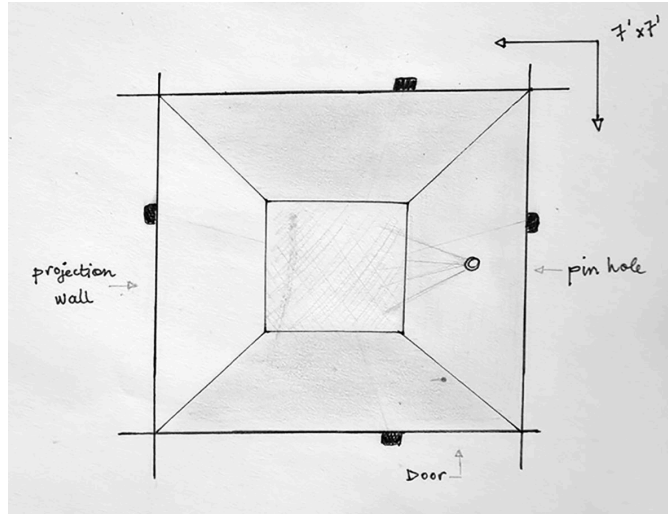
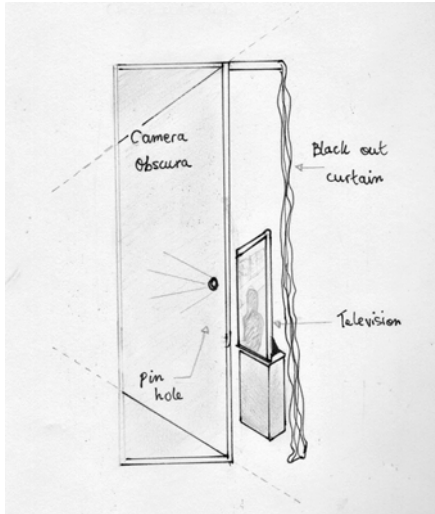
This project explores the world of violent online gaming through the well-known and critically-acclaimed video game *Grand Theft Auto V: Online*, notorious for its violent content and realistic representation of reality.

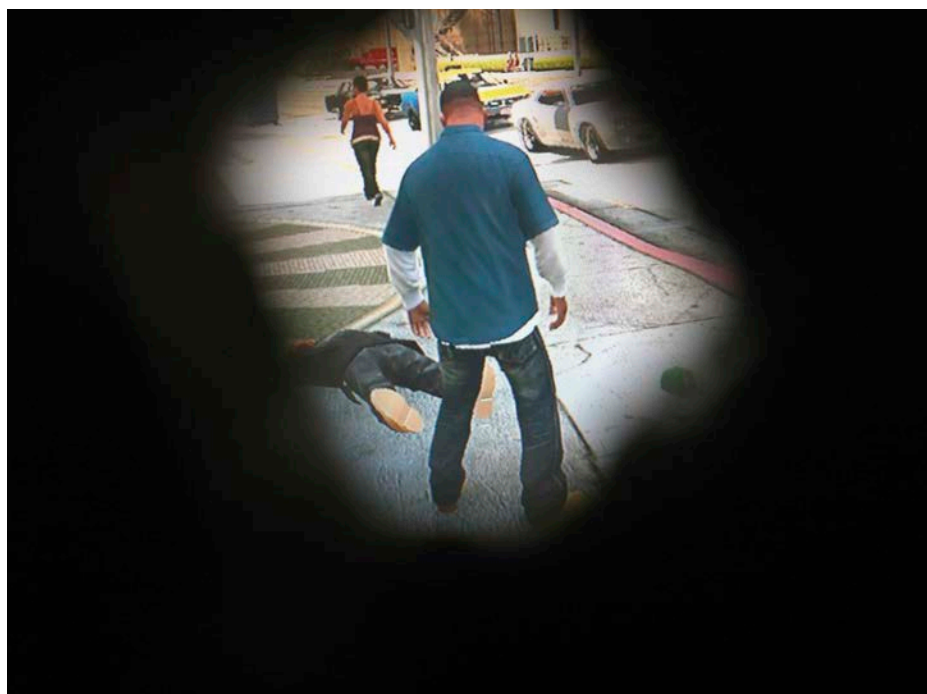
My aim was to observe the behaviour of real people as they interact with other players within the game's realistic environment, situated somewhere between the endless unfolding of both virtual and real time; between the city of Los Santos and its inspiration, the city of Los Angeles. Like the other players, I too found myself immersed in the quasi-lawless state of the game, involving myself in all manner of violent behaviour.

Through my work I interrogate the place video games have in our society today; my interest fuelled by the on-going debate on whether reality is influenced by video games or vice versa. I chose to construct a camera obscura – as it is known for projecting nothing but reality – in an attempt to obscure the boundaries of reality and representation.

Through the lens of the camera obscura, scenes from the game are projected as potential reflections of reality into a darkened room. This room becomes a vessel for communicating the imagery whilst also creating the sense of a parallel world within the confined space.

Camera Obscura









Denial

Katherine Nowak

Cienie

Cienie is a body of work conceived in relation to the five stages of grief and inspired by the poem '*Disappearing out*' by Pauline Prior-Pitt.¹

The Kübler-Ross model, or five stages of grief, were proposed by Elisabeth Kübler-Ross in her 1969 book, *On Death and Dying*². It details the emotional process of dealing with loss and the pain and anguish that often comes with it. For this project I have expanded on these five stages to reflect my own experience.

Denial - Isolation - Anger - Bargaining - Depression - Acceptance

1 Pauline Prior-Pitt. *Disappearing Out*. (Self-published pamphlet by the author: pauline-prior-pitt.com)

2 Elizabeth Kübler-Ross. *On Death and Dying*. (London: Routledge, 1969).

“Disappearing out” 2008.

by **Pauline Prior-Pitt**

They walk with you,

the dead.

Some skip along in front

Some walk beside

Some, like naughty children,

drag behind.

Others walk on top of you

Crush you into nothing

Or demand to be carried

like shopping.

A few slip like loose change

into pockets.

And one or two

lie curled together,

Sitched into the lining of your heart.



Four years ago I experienced the loss of someone very close to me. After revisiting my diary entries from that period of time I decided to tackle the subject head on by re-creating my own struggle through depression and the five stages.

I lost my brother to depression. One day he was suddenly gone from my life, just like that. Everything around him and the spaces I associated with him changed. I decided to revisit the places we used to go together; the places that were the most vivid in my memory and associated with the happiest memories.

The journey begins on the street where he used to live and where *denial* existed every time we drove past his house. With *denial* came the *search* for him and the hope that, just maybe, this was all a dream. Then came the drowning truth and the *isolation* took over my mind. I experienced the *bargaining* phase next; the pleading with God and every saint I could think of; the '*if*' he comes back '*then I will change*'. Then came the *anger* towards him, my family, myself, and the frustration that nothing worked. The *depression*, the guilt, the blame, the loss; the longest stage.

Thankfully, I reached the fifth and final stage last year; I feel I have reached *acceptance* now. *Cienie* helped me to recreate the memories that my subconscious had been suppressing, but most of all, it helped me close that particular chapter of my life. Even though the project is personal to me, I think anyone who has experienced loss and grief can relate to this work and the poem that inspired it. I do believe that our loved ones never leave us, as long as we cherish their memory and keep their names alive.

I owe many thanks to Chloe Lloyds who helped me with and became my *Cień* in this project.

by **Katherine Nowak**



Anger



Bargaining



Depression



Acceptance



Paige Smith

Tower X

Only recently has London started to develop a reputation for being a city of skyscrapers. In 2010 The Shard became the city's tallest building, and with over two hundred new towers either proposed, approved or under-construction, it's a reputation the capital seems keen to cement.

This multistory building boom comes at a time when land in the central London has never been more in demand and thus, expensive. It makes sense to build higher in this context, but at the same time architects are radically changing the London skyline prompting questions as to whether the city is really up to it.

Good or bad, the sense of progress these buildings represent extends to a vision of a London competing with other financial centres around the world. A city full of skyscrapers evoke impressions of power and success - myths that corporations are quick to buy into, if not to make them a reality.

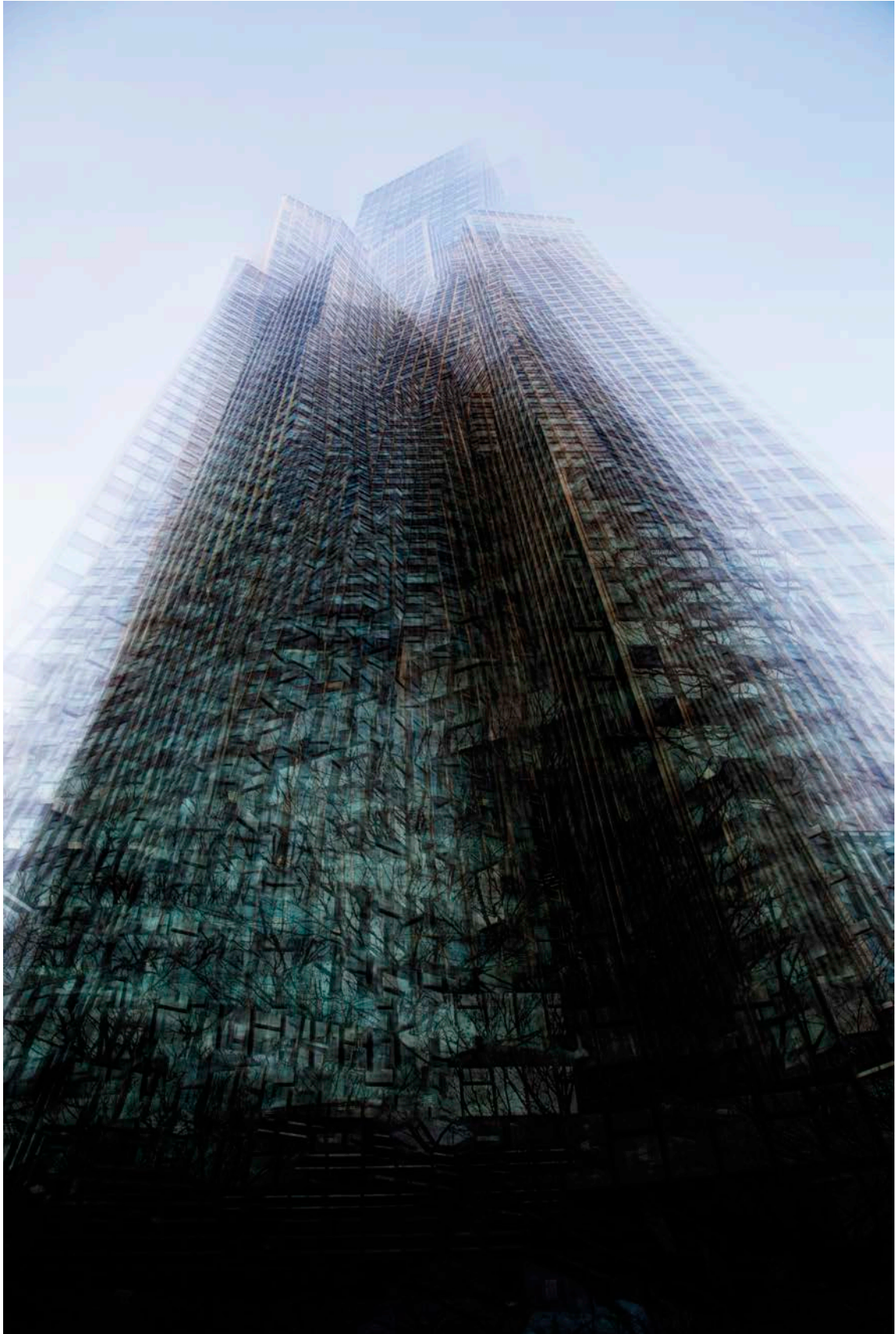
With so many stigmas present, as well as questions about their sustainability, perhaps the best way to look at these buildings is out of their context. Tower X is a series of photographs featuring some of London's most famous corporate towers as if they had been plucked from the skyline.

As architects have designed skyscrapers with distinctive identities, these images deconstruct what is instantly recognisable. Firstly, the tall structures are removed from their setting giving us nothing to compare the height to. Secondly, the layered images distort the outline of the tower so intrinsic to its overall effect on the skyline.

Many would argue that the current urge to build higher in London is merely the beginning and that we should expect to see even more skyscrapers in the future. These images depict an alternate or fantastical city that evoke both feelings of fear and admiration, but the question is: what do we want for the future of our capital?

by **Daniel Kimberley**





Jordan Gale

Magic is Sometimes Very Close, to Nothing at All



Camera

I TOOK SOME photographs in a dream. I took so many that I filled a 36-exposure roll of film. I took them to the developer's. They could develop them in 24 hours, 48 hours, or 3 days. I was quite excited about the photographs, so I decided to go for the 24 hour service.

When I got the photographs back I was disappointed, because they were all blank, just white rectangles. I thought that perhaps, if I stared at them for long enough, I might find myself back in the dream. I tried this for a while, sitting on a wet bench on a drizzly day in Regent's Park. It didn't work. A mother walked past with her child, who said, "the sky's not grey." But it was.

Could this be Magic?

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Photography feels like magic. We capture something and watch as images appear before our very eyes in dark rooms. There has always been an element of the spectacle when it comes to photography. People now carry hundreds of photographs around with them in their pockets. They capture life's small and insignificant moments and broadcast them to connected social circles. With this over-saturation of the everyday, photographer Jordan Gale calls into question what it means to photograph. With this project – *Magic is sometimes very close, to nothing at all* – photographs have been split in two; parted from their once-whole selves. Small notes of unimportance to anyone are placed next to text, bringing meaning and its own weight, commenting upon the lucid world of images; the dispersion of dreams and magic.

The limits of photography are always present, silently jostling for position in our thoughts. These limits are revealed in Gale's work. Photography becomes a tool with the ability to communicate so much and yet so little at the same time. *Magic is sometimes very close, to nothing at all* deals with this ongoing conversation between man and camera. Our ambitions to capture and print, to shoot and show, may overpower what it means to take something of the real world and communicate it through our own visions and ideas.

The relationship between Gale and photography develops in each image. Different visual styles and ideas appear, then vanish. Fleeting moments of what seem like nothing at all begin to resonate, revealing some truth in this ever-developing world of visual culture.

The work is introverted; an internal conversation between man and instrument, soloing the notes which feel appropriate to play rather than joining in the harmony of so many others singing in unison. With this in mind, images stand out. They feel strange and different. What the work represents is a conversation not only about photography and what photography does but about the internal conversations we have within our own minds, commenting upon the real and magnificent. These pictures, which hold so much value to us, yet somehow fall short of all our ambitions and dreams.

by **Harry Rose**





Megan Vaughan

Nos Da

Nos Da illustrates a romantic journey that is both metaphorical and physical. Moving from my youth, a home in which I have lived for over 22 years, towards a bright and busy city where I hope to make my future. From A(bergavenny) to B(irmingham), this sequence investigates the slow disappearance of the stars as the city looms ever nearer, symbolising the next steps in my life.



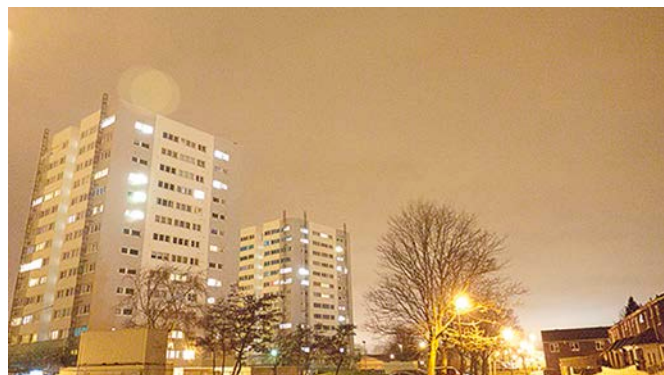
Ar Hyd Y Nos

Holl amrantau'r sêr ddywedant
Ar hyd y nos.
Dyma'r ffordd i fro gogoniant
Ar hyd y nos.
Golau arall yw tywyllwch,
I arddangos gwir brydferthwch,
Teulu'r nefoedd mewn tawelwch
Ar hyd y nos.



All the star's eyelids say,
All through the night,
"This is the way to the valley of glory,"
All through the night.
Any other light is darkness,
To exhibit true beauty,
The Heavenly family in peace,
All through the night.

by **John Ceiriog Hughes**



Since the dawn of civilisation, the stars have always been observed to help navigate and guide us on our travels. Over 2500 individual stars should be visible to the human eye at night without the use of specialist equipment. However, because of light pollution, fewer than a dozen can be seen from a typical city.

When a home becomes familiar and comfortable, even the night sky becomes a distinguishable characteristic. When a change in the setting occurs, however, it can cause feelings of unease and detachment, especially at night when perceptions are altered.

Subtly working with ideas of identity, migration and our habitats, *Nos Da* aims to initiate an awareness of the problems of light pollution and the effect it can have not only on our environment, but on our sense of belonging.

Drawing on inspiration from Richard Long and Mark Power, this series of photographs documents a journey from A to B; from a sense of clarity and security that growing up with a clear sky has provided to the uncertainty of the city environment where the map of the sky has been obscured.



Natalie Hodson

With my Old Eyes

“Inevitably they find their way into the **family**. It is there that they lose and find themselves. It is there that they gain a sense of what is to be done. The **family** is always large, immense, great, and mysterious. No one ever gains power over the **family**, but the **family** possesses the power to change lives and alter destinies. In many ways it is the supreme authority on earth and often the great provider. It is not only Hansel and Gretel who get lost in the **family** and then return wiser and fulfilled.”¹

¹ Jack Zipes, *The Brothers Grimm: From Enchanted Forests to the Modern World*. (Palgrave Macmillan, 2003)





My grandmother's photography aroused my sensory knowledge of a forgotten childhood landscape. The images captured on her honeymoon formed a visual response that made visible the undercurrents of our familial relationship. An awareness of this memory produced a new, imagined landscape that depicted the dark forest of my childhood against the beauty of the Swiss Alps.

"We do not have to be long in the woods to experience the always rather anxious impression of going deeper and deeper into a limitless world. Soon if we do not know where we are going, we no longer know where we are"¹

1 Gaston Bachelard, *The Poetics of Space*, trans. Maria Jolas. (Boston: Beacon Press, 1992)



Kimberley Sanders

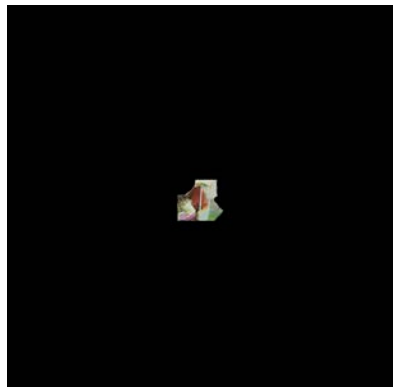
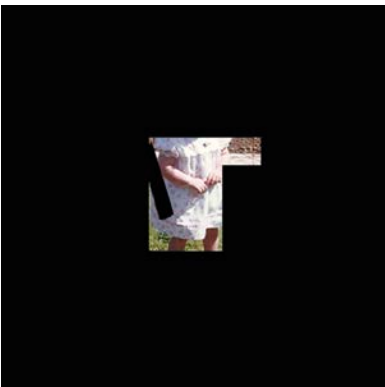
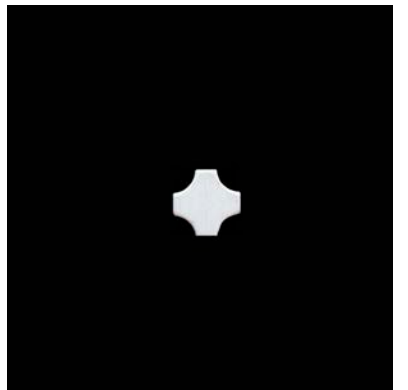
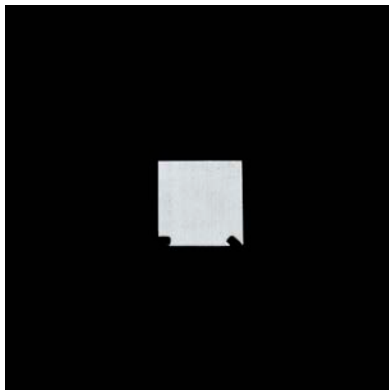
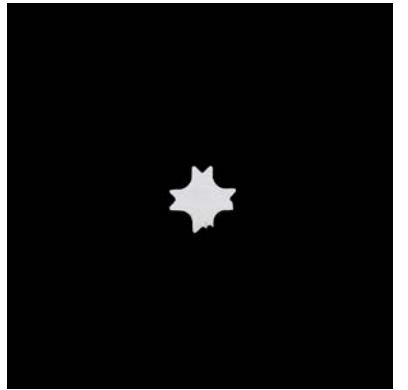
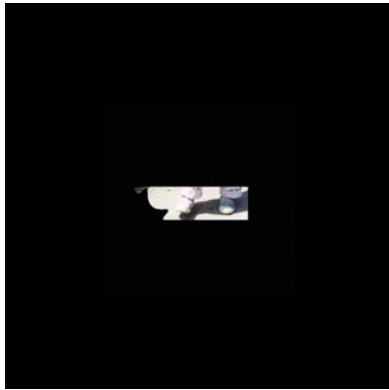
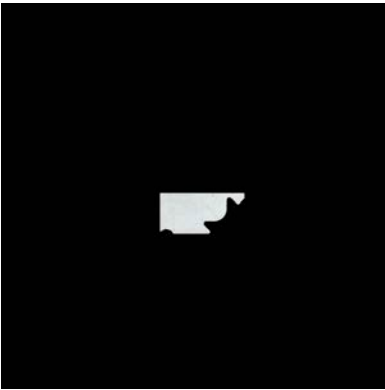
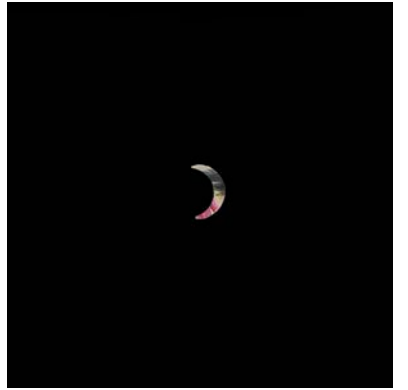
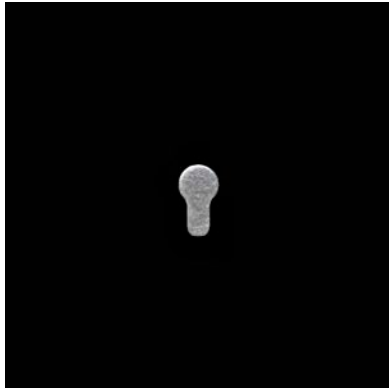
It's Raining Indoors

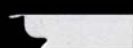
It's Raining Indoors is an exploration of the relationship between memory and photography. Typically, we use photography to capture significant moments that we wish to preserve, but can photography really preserve memory? The picture acts as a two-dimensional keepsake; we recall the image rather than the memory itself.

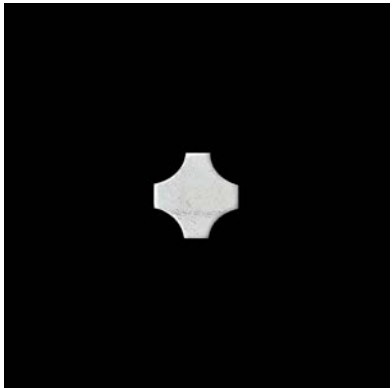
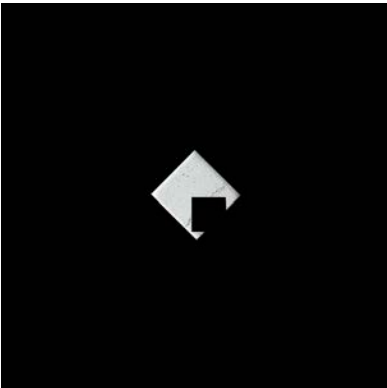
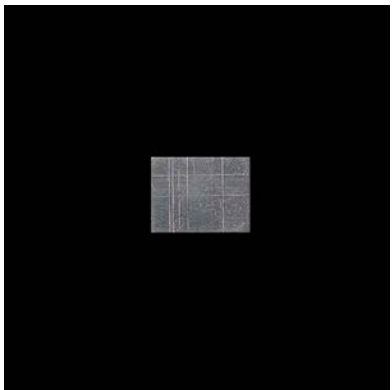
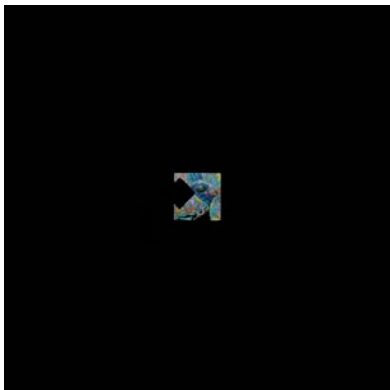
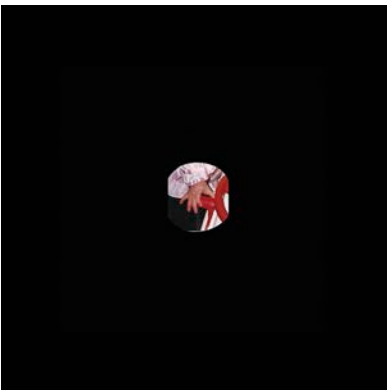
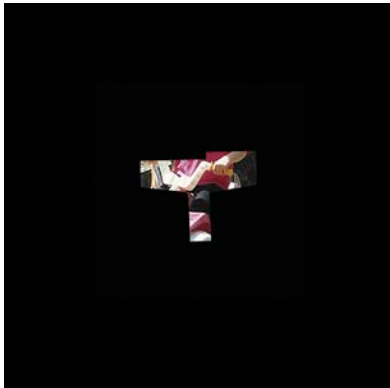
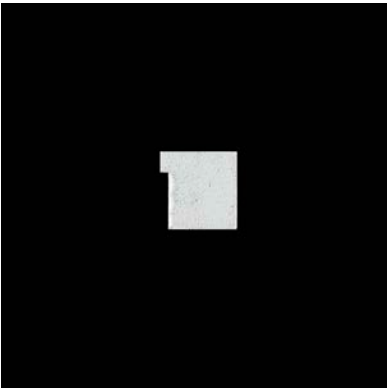
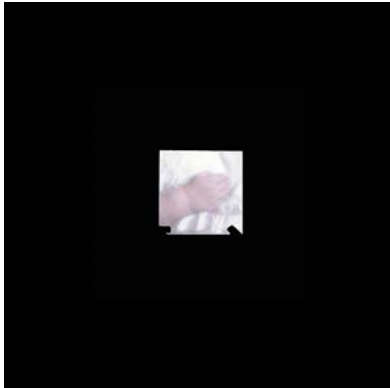
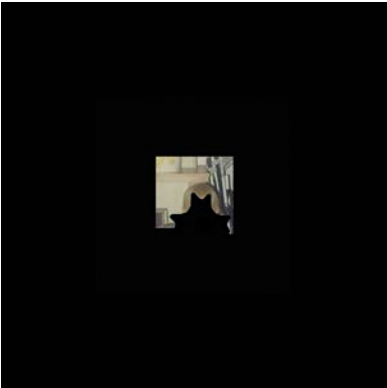
The relationship I share with my father and how I am affected by his memories is the inspiration for this project. It is a reflection of the relationship I share with my father and his memories that I have adopted. Metal cut-offs represent my father, collected through his occupation as a sheet metal worker. Images from the family album are then placed upon the surface of each metal cut-off and framed individually. The images from the family album can be seen as a constructed truth; each image has been captured intentionally to record specific moments of a person's existence.

When looking through the images in my family album I am disconnected to the person captured – an image cannot reflect their true self. The installation offers a doorway into a moment that was significant enough to capture. The full image is never revealed, acting as a trace of memory. Part of the installation consists of bare metal unaltered by an image, signifying the missing sections in our memory and offering a blank canvas for a false memory to be imprinted upon.

The title *It's Raining Indoors* stems from the repetitive nature in which my father recalls his memories when I visit. Audio comes into play as I reminisce over my father's memories, whilst the sound of metal objects falling both softly and violently echoes the sound of rain and the frustrations that surround our relationship.







Songs in the Dark

by Matt Colquhoun

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Each year, at photography degree shows up and down the country, there are essays in publications that attempt to frame the work on display in a wider photographic context. This is usually a challenge for a number of reasons, but particularly on the BA (hons) Photographic Art course. Importantly, without its own recognisable “house style” and a focus on developing and supporting the individual voices of its students, each person who passes through the university has their own unique experience and as such the work they collectively produce is always diverse.

This is fantastic, of course, but what does this mean for the photography world at large? Where is photography now? Where is it going? It's difficult to say. These are the questions asked with an almost comic repetition in all manner of group exhibition catalogues and the vague answer to them all is often the same as well: photography's only constant is how it is always changing. The medium's pervasiveness and its influence on our daily lives means that even those with no professional interest in photography are often aware of current debates surrounding it and how, for instance, technological advances continue to mutate photography and expand its broader social implications.

Perhaps it would be better to ask what a degree show means for the students themselves. It is an event that they always knew would come; a formal demonstration of their skills and thinking; the end to their degree and the beginning of their relationship with the world outside the nurturing environment of a university. And yet it is also so much more. Once completed and opened to the public, a degree show can feel like the deep breath before a plunge. The last three years have been an experience that has led to this point and now these students have an opportunity to take a moment to reflect before continuing on with their lives and careers.

The individual experiences of these exhibiting students are usually overlooked in favour of placing the show itself within a much broader context. With *Leaving the Building*, such experiences – both positive and negative – are often hinted at, sometimes openly discussed. It would be detrimental to all to suggest such explorations were merely navel-gazing. The works contribute to a wider empiricism; a collective knowledge of how we all interact with and process the world around us.

John Dewey described experience as occurring “continuously, because the interaction of live creature and environing conditions is involved in the very process of living ... Oftentimes, however, the experience had is inchoate. Things are experienced but not in such a way that they are composed into *an* experience.”¹ That is until we intervene and reflect and attempt to find order and meaning in life's chaos. For Dewey, the work of art comes into existence when the reflective composition of raw experience into *an* experience brings with it a new aesthetic experience unto itself. Similarly, Deleuze and Guattari talk of the human tendency to attempt to anchor experience through the act of creation – “a child in the dark, gripped with fear, comforts himself by singing ... calm and stable, centre in the heart of chaos ... now we are at home. But home does not preexist: it was necessary to draw a circle around that uncertain and fragile centre, to organise a limited space.”²

These tendencies are present in many of the works that constitute *Leaving the Building*. Rosanna Blatchford finds her proverbial song in the dark through the act of beachcombing; Megan Vaughan loses hers when she can no longer see the stars. Alessandro Polledri considers the tendency of Italian families in Wales, as a result of historically negative experiences, to build walls and

gates round their homes; their fragile centres. Even the fundamental aspects of these reflections, such as our memories and photography's privileged relationship with them, are called into question in a number of works featured. Similar scrutiny can be applied to a degree show. Whilst it can feel like organised chaos in itself, it is worth noting how the title of the show, *Leaving the Building*, relates the work and the photographic artists themselves to their on-going experiences and the ones that will potentially come next.

Their experiences over the last three years has coincided with a time of uncertainty both inside and outside of the university. Culturally and economically, the city of Newport could be seen to be in turmoil. Last year, the closure of the Newport Art Gallery's temporary exhibition programme, as well as the staging of the last-ever BA (hons) Fine Art degree show prior to the dissolving of the course, felt like a blow to the cultural landscape of the city. The destruction of the much-loved Chartist mural a few months later felt like another and for many students the merger of the University of Wales, Newport, and the University of Glamorgan, to form the new University of South Wales, was an inevitably turbulent period where the established traditions and longevity of a number of arts courses were called into question.

1 John Dewey, “Having an Experience” in *Art as Experience*.

London: Penguin; Perigee: 2005, pg. 36

2 Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, “1837: Of the Refrain”

in *A Thousand Plateaus*. London: Bloomsbury Academic: 2013, pg. 362

Upon the completion of an arts degree, it is understandable that such cultural losses as those listed above may start to feel personal. Each gallery closure and funding cut is not only a loss to a wider community but one less opportunity for students to engage with once they graduate. However, as previously stated, change is to be expected. Just as photography itself continues to change, so do the ways we engage with it. The internet and social media have opened up many doors in terms of meeting like-minded people and interacting with galleries, institutions, magazines, festivals and competitions both new and old, at home and abroad. On top of this, the new possibilities and continuing interest in self-publishing allows for unprecedented flexibility in the dissemination of work whilst independent crowd-funding potentially removes arts grants from the equation and allows audiences to fund projects that interest them directly.

These relatively recent developments, to name but a few, show that whilst established institutions and ways of engaging with the arts are in a continuing state of flux, there are many new tools available that will make the post-graduation experiences of these students very different from those who graduated ten years ago. These new developments have also resulted in higher expectations from a world they are only just about to enter. The

showcasing of their individuality and inventiveness will be a challenge but also imperative once they have left the building. Thankfully, if their time inside it has been anything to go by, they should be well-prepared for what lies ahead.

When radio DJ Frank Page first announced that Elvis had left the building, over the screams of those in attendance of the *KHKW Louisiana Hayride* in 1956, his words were immortalised in our cultural lexicon. His announcement confirmed the end of Elvis's performance, but also allowed time for reflection. He added shortly afterwards, prior to the next act coming on stage: "I must say this, for you young ladies and young gentlemen, you have been exactly that: young ladies and young gentlemen, and we are very, very proud of you for your performance here tonight. It's been so nice having you with us."³ It is impossible to judge how this degree show will impact on the lives of these students in the years to come, but it is worth remembering that Elvis leaving the building did not signal the end of the *Louisiana Hayride*, just as a degree show does not signal the end of student's engagement with photography and the world around them. Page's sentiment in particular is one worth remembering: they may soon be leaving the building but it's been so nice having them with us.

3 Elvis Presley, "Elvis Has Left the Building - 16th December 1956", *The Complete Louisiana Hayride Archives 1954-1956* (Memphis Recording Service, 2011); track 26

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