

# ALTERNATIVE AIRPORT

*Presented by  
The Wild Parlour  
an artist's philosophy collective*

**RuptureXIBIT**  
London, May 2023



*[The Wild Parlour] “It’s a kind of memory machine – a memory meeting—, and it’s also a forgetting meeting.*

*So, we lapse, have interruptions, we fall into silence. It’s in this capacity to have lapses, interruptions, falling into silence... that we make art; because something emerges, something arises, that we touch upon a silence which is not ours, an exteriority which is not ours, and AI can not do that.”*

*- Jonathan Miles, of The Wild Parlour, speaking at the opening of the show Alternative Airport at RuptureXIBIT, London. 6 May, 2023.*

Cover and overleaf: Sara Binadwan, *Radiant Passages*, 2023, print, wallpaper, 50 x 50 cm. (detail view).

## Participating Artists

Abigail Norris  
Ania Sabet  
Blake Hart-Wilson  
Chudamani Clowes  
Clara Palmberger-Suesse  
Fabiano Marques  
Hengzhi Gong  
Jessica Mardon  
Jiachen Zeng  
Jiujian Zeng  
Kate Howe  
Lester Korzilius  
Molly Grad  
Patrick Jones  
Rose Arbuthnott  
Sara Binadwan  
Sharyn Wortman  
Shirley Renwick  
Wenyi Qian  
Yon Yi Sohn

## Curatorial Team

Fabiano Marques  
Jessica Mardon  
Jiachen Zeng  
Wenyi Qian

## Exhibition Text

Fabiano Marques

## Poster Design

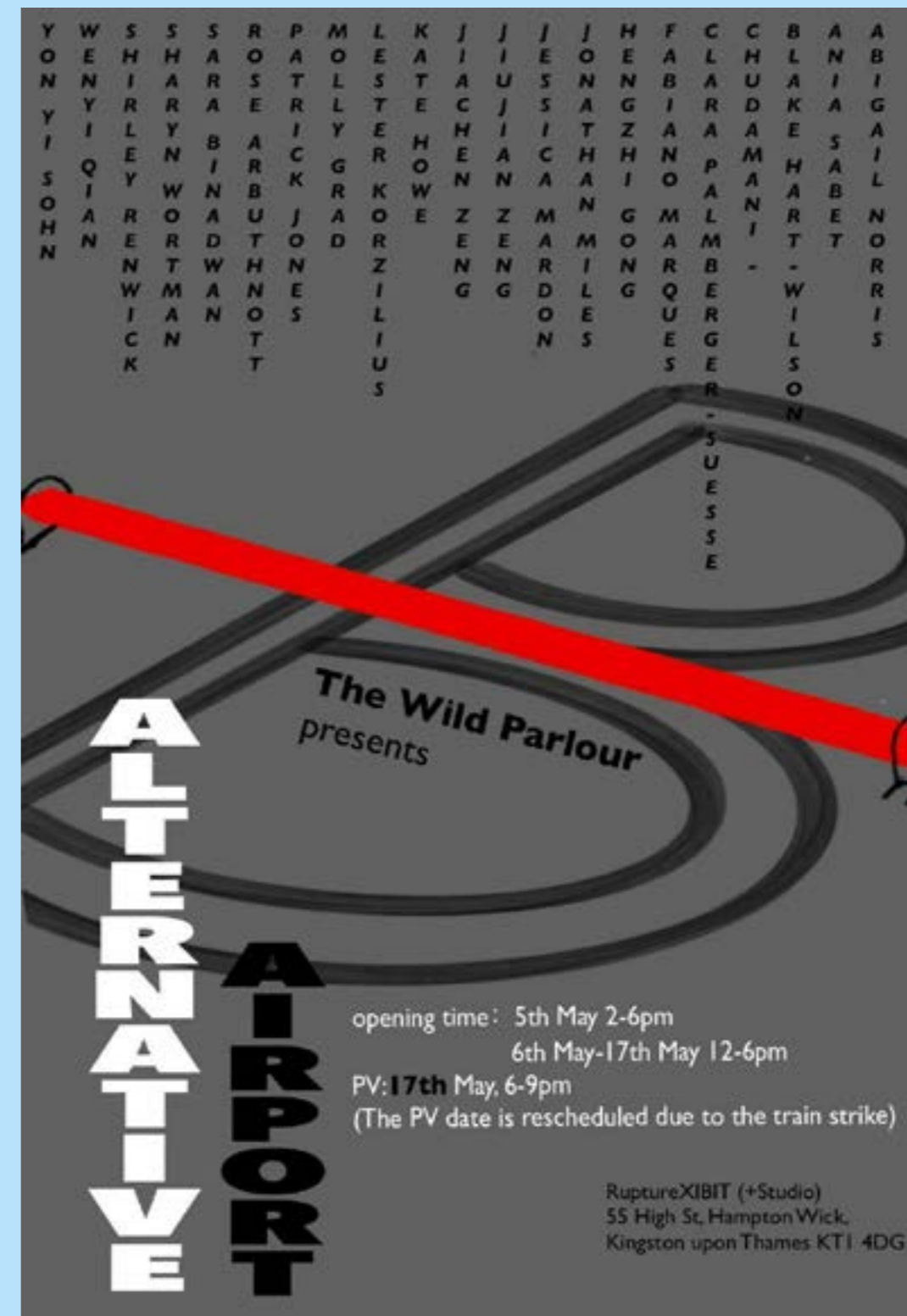
Fabiano Marques  
Weyi Quian

## Catalogue

Kate Howe

*the Wild Parlour is led by*

Jonathan Miles



*Alternative Airport*

*A theme for The Wild Parlour Philosophy Collective show at RuptureXIBIT*

An Alternative Airport is a plan B of a destination for landing an aeroplane should critical conditions change. Logging these pre-thought solutions before takeoff aims to save crucial time in decision-making when time becomes scarce. Amateur gliders visit their Alternative Airports much more often than the pilots on commercial flights— the need to adapt soars in flying without an engine. Tools reduced to the tip of the wings and the rudder to play with the weather's ever-changing complex system.

There's something poetic about rescuing a glider in a field of basil somewhere in the middle of Cambridgeshire. The white aerodynamic shape leaves a mark where the landing gear touches the soil, releasing a herbal smell of smashed leaves. The surrounding stone walls make you wonder, how did that thing end up there? The aircraft blends with the context acquiring an aura of something not to be touched, a place in memory.

What attracts me to the Alternative Airport as a topic of an art show is the space for imagination it opens, a haven to a wild future once activated. Some artists emphasise planning, while others flow. Either way, bring your Alternative Airport to the briefing so we start drawing in the air.

*Fabiano Marques  
January 2023*



*Members of the Wild Parlour and the general public gather to listen to Jonathan Miles speak in the Templum, a site-specific installation by Kate Howe and Jessica Mardon. (detail view).*

# Abigail NORRIS

## *The Malady of Sabine*

Descending into an unknown however, deeply familiar place, oblivion becomes inevitable, yet a passage of ink organised upon a page, anchors the soul into a new existence.

"...we are seized at that fragile spot of our subjectivity where our collapsed defences reveal, beneath appearances of a fortified castle, a flayed skin (...). A universe of borders, seesaws, fragile and mingled identities, wanderings of the subject and its objects, fears and struggles, abjections and lyricisms. At the turning point between social and asocial, familial and delinquent, feminine and masculine, fondness and murder." Julia Kristeva

Here is the breaking down of social borders, a wounded exterior that reveals the abominable self. Inside and outside, self and other, strange and familiar.

Abigail Norris  
2023

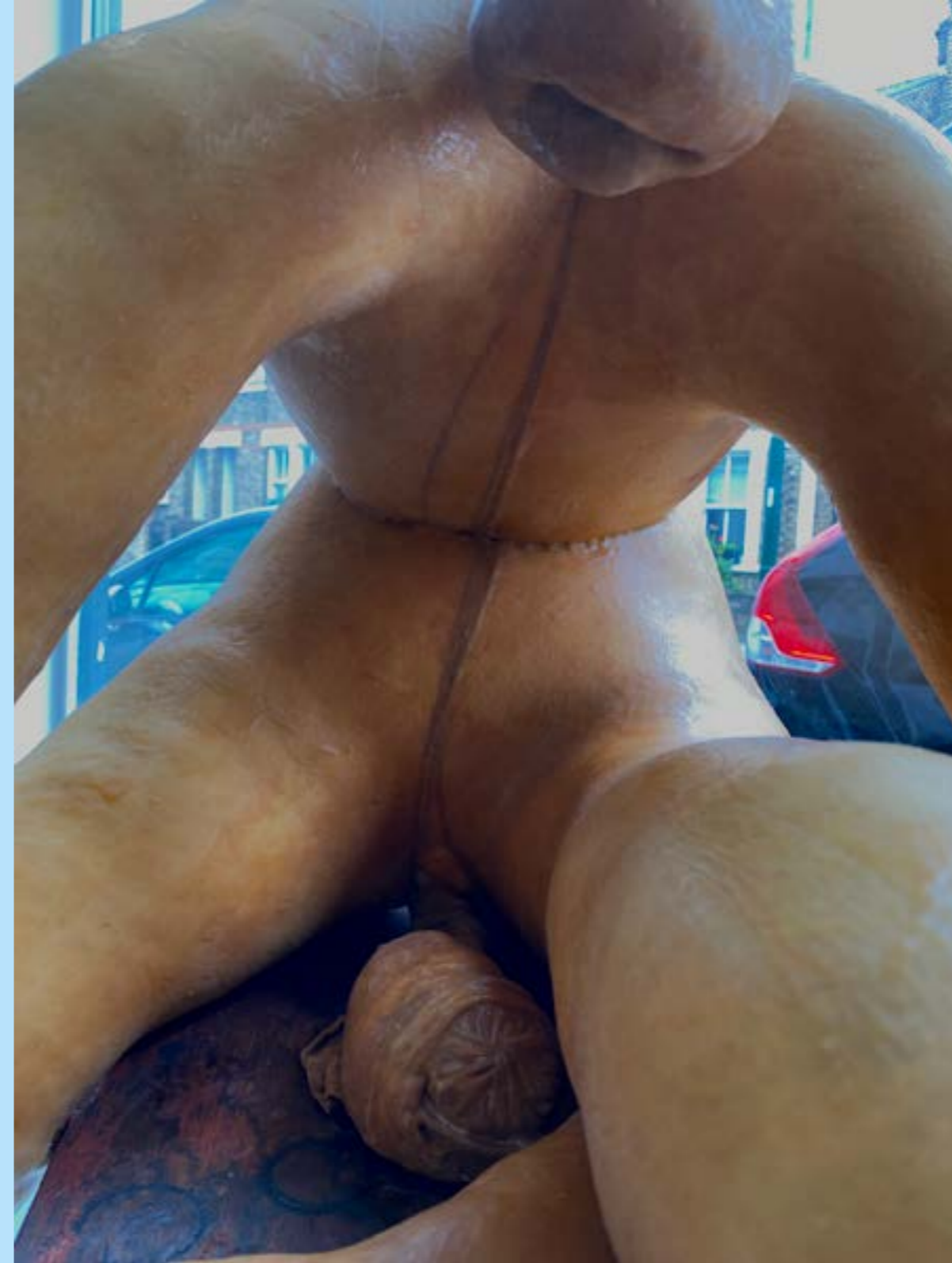
*The Malady of Sabine*, 2023, Abigail Norris. Mixed media and table. 120 x 120 x 140cm. This and following pages: detail and installation views.



### **artist's statement**

My work is concerned with the nature of connectedness, the fact of being or feeling physically, emotionally, or spiritually connected to 'others'. Addressing the growing disconnect between humans, animals and plants due to hierarchical structures such as the Great Chain of Being. My work explores the absence of the voice of femaleness and the presence of 'haunting' memories within western culture as a territory in its own right, a terrain known within my work as The Nightside Garden.

Within The Nightside Garden, the body becomes a site of transgression between sculpture and skin. Reality and myth co-exist through embryonic and biomorphic structures and large-scale creatures. Uncanny beasts of irregular scale lay abandoned yet seemingly potent with life force. Hybrid and figurative sculptures with musculoskeletal armatures metamorphose between plants, animals, and humans, rekindling a deep-rooted memory of abject embodiment.



I view the art of making as a defiant act of care and repair, drawing attention to subjects who have transformed into objects through the mechanisms of capitalism. Basic construction techniques such as stitching, binding and moulding highlight a non-hierarchical approach and empower what was previously seen as 'women's work'. Using various constituents such as tights, I am emphasising the context of the female body as a creative force within the materiality of the sculptures and society.

My work moves fluidly between surrealism, social sculpture, and abject art. It sets out to disrupt the narrative of everyday human conventions whilst exploring the cyclical nature of existence in relation to 'other' human and non-human beings.



### ***Earth, I***

Glancing down into the grass earth, the sun warming my neck.

Lips touching the sweetly scented soil.

A compulsive swathe of tongue I, searching and caressing substance.

Meta-convulsion - an unyielding tentacle penetrating the surface crust.

Soil passing gulp-earth – my mouth and throat consume.

Muscular contractions seizing lungs, stomach and gut. A hernia filling with dense earth.

My body rearing up behind – in a nebula's writhing spasm.

Assuaging gelatinous bones in withered limbs, absorbed.

A coursing wave of caressing muscle flesh-hair.

Segmented Contractions, drawing in, drawing out. My unfettered flesh, vibrating to the throng of adjacent matter.

Moisture is my air, the soil is my ocean.

I am translucent, transmuted – I am oceanic, a receiver and giver laid bare.

Flesh is not flesh as I shimmer in the light of sublation. My saddle ripe with assimilated gifts, coded messages of becoming.

Here I will wait forever, held within in a poised moment.

# ***Abigail NORRIS***

# Ania SABET

## *Listen to the Silence*

Memory is flickering.

It was a dream with glistening beaches,  
multicolour seas and weird creatures.

until we were woken up by the sound of a  
single gun shot.

Black volume, war, chaos, tear gas, and  
death filled the air that then froze and  
stayed.

The air we breathed replaced sense with  
non-sense....and the more I tried to un-  
tangle myself the more lost I was.

*Listen to the Silence*, Ania Sabet. 2023., Jesmonite, Aluminium,  
paint, light. 68 x 35 x 33 cm. This page and following pages:  
detail and installation views.





I run in all directions, so many directions...  
but the only space I could find to hide  
were the clouds of my mind....no one  
could imprison me there...so I stayed.

They said Art is not in this new nonsensi-  
calness.

At least the art that bites the absurd shape  
of their reality.

Perhaps beyond the black veils there is  
another universe.

I searched, climbed, tumbled and nearly  
drowned to get there.

Remember! Art is not...is not....not.....no

But medicine might be if only as a way to  
heal myself.



Many years went by until I picked up a  
brush and realised

Art is.

In all its contours, configurations and an-  
gels....In all its is and is nots

Art is.

Everything finally made sense.

I was free again.

**Ania SABET**

# Blake HART-WILSON

## *artist's statement*

"What was that? An exhibition? We need emotional content. Try again."

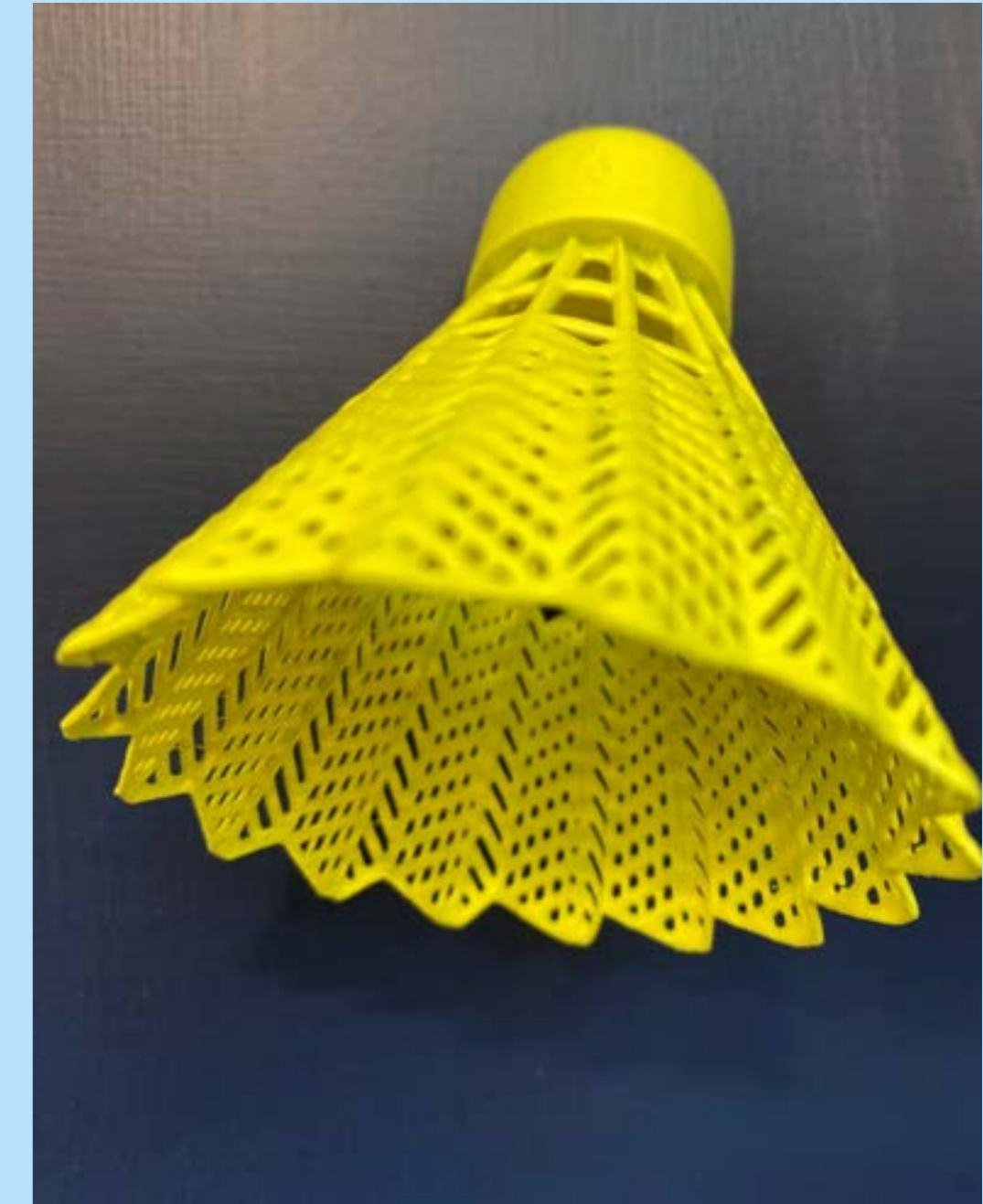
Bruce Lee

The hands must keep moving, the mind panoramic and above; the rest will follow. To talk of research would be a misnomer, for it connotes a deliberate focus, a specific direction and rigour. I follow my nose - knowledge through action. Informed by whisper, rumour and supposition.

Perception is everything, each our own personal realities and then the broader concord of society. Objectivity, evidence and scrutiny only have meaning if we decide they do.

The inexorable draw of logic and reason must be resisted at all costs. There is no space or time for that here; only instinct, the attempt towards negative capability.

*The Death of Childhood (Parts One & Two)*, 2021, Blake Hart-Wilson. Acrylic on board and shuttlecocks. 120 x 12 x 140cm. This and following pages: detail and installation views.



**Flyover** 2022, HD video with audio, 2 min 37 sec



[To view this video on Vimeo, please click here.](#)

Feeling, tone, and affect are my waymarkers - a heightening of the senses. The comedic, too; we often resort to laughter when confronted with the radical or absurd, so this frequently serves as validation, as litmus test.

Everything is everything, and everything leads to entropy. So why not let go, embrace the inevitable and get a head start.

Medium agnostic, the ideas dictate the actualities.

I am as much a cognitive editor as anything else. These ideas are relentless and unbidden. Everything, everything, all at once, an unwavering torrent.

There is a recurrence of breaking down the rational, confronting the orthodox, all the while filtered through the random.



**Blake HART-WILSON**

# Chudamani CLOWES



## *Tilda, Arrives at Dover*

My work revolves around sustainability and migration. In my work I use coral to draw analogous links with human migration. Having a plan B is important to migrants and Alternative Airport is this idea of using routes and strategies that differ from the expected route.

The painting, 'Tilda, arrives at Dover' was inspired by the events of migrants arriving at Dover on inflatables. I also linked this arrival of migrants with the need in all of us for food and shelter. Looking around my kitchen it glistens with blue and silver packets of rice. These 'Tilda', packets of rice mesmerise me with the hypnotic packaging.

The 'Tilda' rice group was set up by immigrants in the 1970's. This positive contribution of immigrants to the host economy has influenced my work.

The illustration of rice grains forming heart shaped hands on the coers.

- Chudamani Clowes  
2023

*Tilda, Arrives at Dover.* 2023, Chudamani Clowes. Oil on linen, 200 x 200 cm. This and following pages: detail and installation views.



### **artist's statement**

Chudamani's art practice deals with the post-colonial discourse. She is interested in the mechanisms of colonization, exploration, global imperialism and the impact of the British Empire on the issues of immigration and migration. She utilizes coral to draw attention to ecological issues and matters of sustainability. Chudamani uses the Fibonacci series to look at pattern and forms in nature.

She is interested in Marine biology manipulating the complexities of habitats and the behaviour of coral to inform multi-layered paintings that respond to the environment mimicking biological creatures. Repeatedly, her work draws analogous links between coral and human migration.

Constantly employing mixed media, attracted by materiality using techniques of collaging, printmaking and ceramics in her artwork.



Chudamani has created installations of houses out of ephemeral materials that are interactive to challenge notions of 'What, where is home?'

Her performances use marine life inspired costumes. In Chudamani's performances she retraces journeys made by historical people to show past links to migration.

# ***Chudamani CLOWES***



### *Melancholy in the Middle Ages / Facement*

Moving through the city, all we see are facades: house fronts and facial fronts. Ornaments frame holes and portals, entrances and exits surrounded by plastered surfaces, enveloped spaces draped with an interior that exceeds the volume they take up in space. Looking at a woman's forehead, the city composes itself in its texture.

Then, all faces appeared as intricate architectures, as surface layers concealing scaffolding. Pores neatly stitching together skin stand out against the grain of gloss and crust. These were the surfaces absorbing us. We see folds as faults mediating between discordant orders. Each of them effectuates the next in an effort to uphold statics.

We don't distinguish between Inside and Outside anyway. Entering a room, we extend into it. Our temples retrieve in its corners. High ceilings arc potential. For a moment we sprout in their power. We inhabit all spaces we have seen. In this room, ornaments populate the ceiling with signifiers of paradise. Invisible

# Clara PALMBERGER-SUESSE

forces have eaten on their fantasized balance. Fragmented, they reach out to us.

We wonder if ornaments are excessive gestures occasioned by the functionality they counteract. Beneath the clean lines of consequence, they seem to pose another possibility. They sculpt a description of the room. In their representative function, they give the room a face.

Contemporary ornaments are cast in rigid foam. This, we think of as a material that conjures the suspension of contradictions. These ornaments are handy modules, that we can carry around to supply rooms beauty and character.

Their templates are rigid and precise like faces of the 19th century with heavy brows and quaint cheeks. Within stern features, entombed eyes stare towards an elaborate elsewhere.

Moving through the city, all we see are facades: house fronts and facial fronts.



*Melancholy in the Middle Ages.* 30x20cm, watercolor on canvas.  
This and previous page: installation and detail view.

### **artist's statement**

I work in the mediums of painting and writing. The foundational question for my current research is that of surfaces and their power of seduction, invariably raised by painting. We have investments in glazes, impastos, stains, splashes; all arresting attention in a continual push and pull of the elsewhere of subject matter, signification and with this, the naming process.

Connected to this play of surfaces is the working of the imaginary as the place of ambivalence. The imaginary occasions both dissolution and fascination as opposed to the symbolic which is the assertion of structure and representation. By exploring this un-accountability of surface rather than of depth, a philosophical paradigm is inverted. Surface is turned to as a site of sensual entanglement, for vision intertwined with touch, predicated on the notion of the subject as sensual organization. Surfaces are generating subjectivity.



*Facement, 2023. Clara Palmberger-Suesse. 30x20cm, acrylics on canvas. This and following page detail and installation views.*



The idea of surface in painting attracts an ambivalent reception, and this can be experienced most markedly with the Rococo movement which is often viewed through its preoccupation with surface affect.

Then as now, it is seen as socially divorced, courtly as well as pleasurable which is to be seen in conjunction with its significance for the emerging consumerist culture. The position of surface in consumerism is thus approached from a different angle than from the social judgement that deems it the place of deception and lure. Here, the subject is an effect of surfaces. In Boucher's paintings, consumption appears as circulation, that mobilises object-subject relations.

With that, subject and object might be put in a state of ontological uncertainty that in turn corresponds to the experience of painting.

# **Clara PALMBERGER-SUESSE**

# Fabiano MARQUES



## *A Propos De Hampton Park: Swap your Airports*

I own a flat at Hampton Park. The apartment is at Alameda Campinas, 1213, Sao Paulo, Brazil. Not quite the Hampton Court Palace, at the park nearby, but still an abode. Like Henry VIII, I no longer live there. The property is a source of income that allows me to pursue my art without relying on institutions or the art market. Although I have lived there on different occasions, I'm not particularly attached to the place. When someone else is living there, I'm somewhere else. I've been renting and letting houses for almost as long as my career as an artist and will continue to do so. It's a contract, like any other. The kind that gave birth to the system of property-based laws, feeding the economy and its growth.

The relationship between art and real estate goes a long way. Depending on the perspective, art is the ultimate form of real estate, and vice versa. From cave art at Lascaux to Mantegna's paintings adorning the palace around the corner, wealth, culture, and power have been intertwined, spiralling up from chambers to castles and beyond until they clash with neighbours.



*The Tenants, The Landowners, The Neighbours and the King*, 2023, Fabiano Marques. Mixed media. Various sizes. This and following pages: detail and installation views.



More contracts follow, so the story may follow its march, occasionally taking a detour when things don't go as planned.

Making a living as an artist is not for everyone, but making art is. Anybody can tell their story of their passage through life, leaving their contribution to our quest as a civilisation. It's our heritage to build and our stories to collect, organise and share. Yet, many peoples had their voices muffled by powers with peculiar views on inhabiting the world.

Relational Aesthetics is part of my heritage—some of what I received and what I will pass on.

Hello Oiticica, Lygia Clark, and their successors pressed on to break the barriers between high and low culture, engaging the public in a subjective transformation reverberating to society. The art market post-covid appears to have steered away



*The Tenants, The Landowners, The Neighbours and the King, version 3, with Alternative Airport, 2023, Fabiano Marques. Mixed media: paint, sheet, projection, slackline. Various dimensions. This and following page: detail and installation views.*



*The Tenants, The Landowners, The Neighbours and the King, version 2, 2023, Fabiano Marques. Mixed media: Velvet, paper, embroidery, marker. 200 x 200 x 30 cm.*

from Relational Aesthetics, privileging more tangible art form assets.

There are signs of a shift ahead. With the next Venice Biennale curated by Adriano Pedrosa, the curator captaining MASP (a museum just a few blocks from my apartment in Sao Paulo), surprises are to be expected.

Another sign is in Artificial Intelligence of Large Language Models. The bot system format imposes an exchange protocol to navigate the digital and physical worlds—a different kind of relational aesthetics, perhaps not so kind, but a kind nonetheless.

Therefore, I propose swaps. First, with Alternative Airport, I invited you to share your plan B, whether it's a place you have visited, are currently present in, or an imagined parallel path. Now, I invite you to exchange your Alternative Airport. Let's make a deal. I have already contacted some people, and I'm preparing proposals for others.

Let's chat.



[Click to view Marques' short film, \*the expanded runway\* \(2:42\)](#)

### **artist's statement**

Asymmetric moves. If we were to trace a line dividing art into two significant groups, symmetric and asymmetric, I would rather stay on the asymmetric side. That's where shifts need to occur constantly; otherwise, whatever holds things together might collapse. Even the imaginary line we have traced above is astonishingly off-centre. The amount of asymmetric stuff in the universe must be infinitely more extensive than the symmetric. Because symmetry is rarer, some attribute art value. For others, it's a mere craft, an embryonic stage for achieving higher grounds. The break with symmetry expands the possibilities of definitions of art to encompass complex systems that better model contemporary thought and experience, followed by a proportional explosion in meaning.



Now and again, we encounter symmetry in artefacts. However, the focus is often displaced from the object into the discourse. When we can find asymmetry, the result might be successful. If not, craft.

In my practice, asymmetry can be a work's starting point or final decision. If something is symmetrical, make it asymmetrical. If something is already asymmetrical, make it even more asymmetrical. These procedures are particularly relevant to sculpture, a language that incorporates movement as part of contemplation. Asymmetry is for my sculpture, what the syncope is for music, a heart that stops to see you passing by.

# ***Fabiano MARQUES***



# Hengzhi GONG

In my paintings, which I define as political allegorical paintings, I wish to bridge the differences between Western and Chinese cultures. The allegory in my painting is not only the Western concept but also represents the traditional Chinese one. Between them, there is a significant difference: the attitude to modernity. The Western model of allegory deconstructs the historical symbols and is pre-eminently a kind of experience out of which modernity arises (Walter Benjamin), while allegory in ancient China is a disavowal of modernity.

In traditional Chinese painting, images were created to reflect a pre-human, non-human and post-human time while seldom human engagement was depicted. It emphasised the importance of nature and rejected technology, illustrating a time when human beings were hardly involved. My allegory plays the role of double resistance because it deploys both Western and Chinese allegory, or I could claim that it is in-between of resistance to modernity and an embrace of a lack of modernity. My practice points towards modernity but also raises the nostalgia of the non-human time, even though human beings are often shown in my paintings.



I regard those humans as other lifeless objects because of their stiffness, unnaturalness and puppetlike behaviour, giving the existence of the human subjects an alienation, which is contrary to (but stemming from) the strategy of Bada Shanren, where he added human features to non-human subjects. The alienation in the painting could erase the characteristics of humanity, driving the painting into a state of remoteness without any human intervention, which is similar to the deep time in Western philosophy.

Therefore, I paint and talk about humans; however, the activity of human beings points out an ultimate non-human state, the emptiness, which contains all my expressions inside.



*Drugged Elmo* 2022, Hengzhi Gong. 2022, 30 x 40 cm, oil on canvas. This and previous pages: detail and installation views.

**Hengzhi GONG**

# Kate HOWE Jessica MARDON

## *the Templum*

"In this space [the Templum], there's an extraordinary birth of passion, you have to have a passion to make a work like this. Its sound currents... it speaks of both memory and oblivion at the same time, a meeting point between memory and oblivion. Also a way of remembering the great silence of which we come out of and go back into.

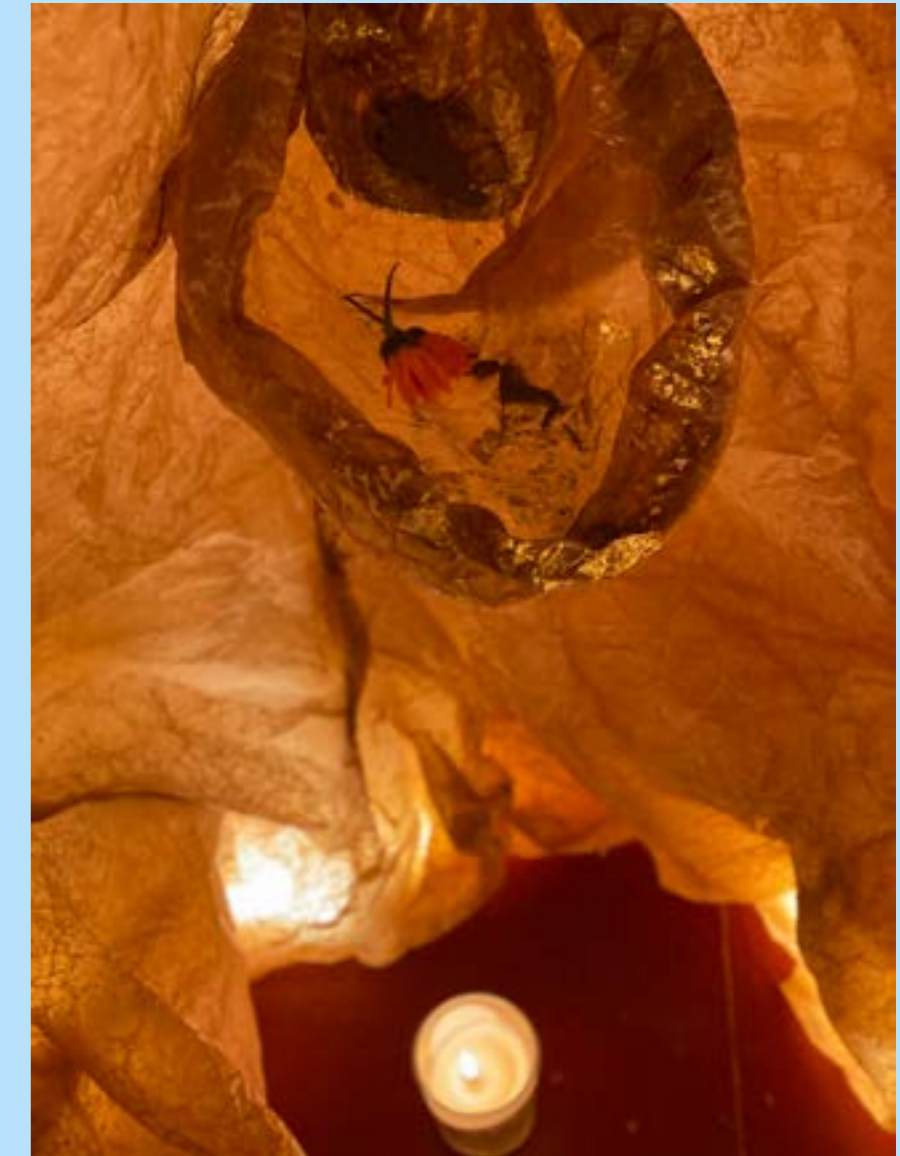
I was thinking last night about how we are born with an in-breath and die always with an out-breath. We're born into noise, and our out-breath is into silence. So we're in an interruption, in the great silence..."

-Jonathan Miles, speaking inside the Templum  
6 May 2023

[Watch a short film of the Templum with soundscape and Jonathan Miles speaking here.](#)

*the Templum*, 2023, Kate Howe and Jessica Mardon. Kraft paper, stitching, gold leaf, dust from the cave of the Oracle at Delphi, 15 minute immersive sound piece, 15 minutes of silence. Site for silent hours, readings, performances, discussions, talks and transformations. Variable dimensions, site-specific installation.

Hands: Sally Minns, Olivia England, Sadie Wight, Tom Wight, Sylvia Flateau, Flo McCarthy, Leon Watts.



[Listen to Jessica Mardon's immersive soundscape, playing from inside the Templum every 15 minutes.](#)

I travelled to Meteora in Greece. There, the limestone mountains melt and curve, and somehow on the rocky outcrops, the most resplendent trees and vegetation grows. Standing there, atop a floating island, butterflies in the breeze, I hear a rustle down beside me, it's a small mammal or something, I think. I look down to investigate and I see a tortoise, of all things! And I wonder at how it got there, and whether it had developed some unique genealogy. The tortoise (or the turtle) is a symbol of our connection to the Earth and to fertility.

The cave at Delphi, a temple underworld, is so magnificent it takes your breath. The main chamber, plunging 300 ft deep and half as high, like the opera house, or the make-believe insides of a whale. From there tunnels and further chambers, with bats and glowworms and these just the upper rooms of what goes on and on, down and forever down.

Standing at the mouth, the hush descends upon you, as if coming home, the most special space I think I've ever been. The



site of continuous ritual worship for at least 12,000 years, I arrive on Easter Sunday, to find embers still burning, offerings draped on forms inside. And what forms they were! Monumental stalagmites by reason, but I defy anyone with imagination not to see they were alive.

I was reading, on my travels, of Julian Jaynes' peculiar theory of the bicameral mind. He claims that consciousness developed only 3,000 years ago, as a spontaneous leap; emerging out of necessity of rising social complexity and the development of vocabulary and writing. And that prior to this, humans were ruled unequivocally, through auditory hallucinations; by the voices of their gods. He argues, despite our natural tendencies to read ourselves into figures of the past, that such comparisons are unwarranted and that from what literature remains of the period,

there is a striking absence of references to inner thoughts, or conflict.

When the oracle reigned at Delphi, for some thousand years, she was consulted on the most important matters and without question her voice obeyed. That there should be no known record of any conflict with this belief, indeed no known record that it was indeed a conflict to believe, that the oracle channelled the god Apollo, even from the godfathers of rationalism and that this circumstance should have persisted, unbroken and more or less unquestioned for a millennia, does indeed seem curiously alien to our mentality.

There's a sense at Delphi, that everything is strangely imbued with meaning. That there's a presence. That you're being watched, and that there's nowhere to hide. In bicameral temples there were no police, no laws, because there was no concept of an individual will; because there was nowhere for a self-advancing voice to hide. But while, like all things strange to us, that might seem hostile, the presence at Delphi was different. Despite the eeriness, it was unmistakably, benevolent and kind. And the mental hush was not an imposition, but a release.

I had bought a new microphone for recording in the field. Capable of reading even the quietest sounds, it magnifies the soundscape, extending the listener's perceptual range. And it becomes quickly evident, how difficult it is to reach the quiet, or to free the landscape of human sounds.

It took three attempts to record the dawn chorus, the last, hiking halfway up a mountain at 4 am, to ascend beyond the talk, and cars and dogs into the glory of the birds. Yet, even there amongst the quiet, the sound floor soon normalised and I realised this place was just as noisy, only operating on another scale. And so the sound goes on and on, infinitesimally down and down.

Sonically, there is no such thing as silence. And yet we do experience it. This silence though, is not the withdrawal of sound, but the silencing of one's own thoughts; it's freedom from the inner voice.

In patients undergoing surgery where the right brain is stimulated at the lingual regions, experiences of auditory hallucinations are common. Where communication is cut between the hemispheres and the patient shown an image only to the right



brain, (by way of a picture flashed at the left eye), the subject doesn't consciously register and can't articulate what they have seen, and yet the left hand, when directed, can pick the image out of a selection with ease. So, the left doesn't know what the right is seeing, and where it dominates, this becomes the consciousness.

And the voices are heard no more. Hearing voices, once common, is now an oddity. Yet, in moments of crisis, many report hearing a voice. They speak to us too in our dreams. We tend not to remember the sounds of our dreams, but it takes only a suggestion to yourself to do so, to become aware of what you hear. In one study, an instrument was inserted into the eardrum of a sleeping subject. The drum was observed to vibrate in accordance with registering sounds over 90 decibels when no such sound source was present in the room. And it's into these echoes that we now must go, on and on, infinitesimally down and down, beyond the din of consciousness, to feel for silent gods.

In typical fashion, I had raced to Delphi. Within 12 hours of finishing a contract I was on a plane, and the following morning I hiked the 4-hour climb to Dionysian's cave, the last stretch switching back and forth over boulders in the sun. And as I climbed, my mind began to boil. At the top, I waited for some hours for the cave to clear, so that I could film and record, by this point obviously exhausted and overwrought. As I'm taking pictures, my tripod perched on the uneven rocks, I return to my camera and my foot catches the leg, and Slap, Plan B!.. my camera hits the rocks and instantly breaks.

The gods were upon me. Had I angered them? Did I not have permission perhaps to film in this space? For where the microphone listens, doesn't the camera take? Was I being bought back to the experience, the technology in the way? Was I being reminded to be present in this place? In the far recesses of the cave, a particular stalagmite, this one smaller than the others and yet somehow the epicentre of the space. The slip forming the likeness of an elephant's face, with wrin-

kled eye peering up at me. I placed my hand on her flank and I asked her to show me the way.

I've always been drawn to complexity. Complicated, is hard to solve, but complex is different. Complex, is inherently unpredictable. One feature of complex systems is that they bifurcate; quite unexpectedly, once some unknown threshold is breached, that new behaviour emerges in seemingly spontaneous leaps. In fact, we're observing this now with AI. The latest models have gone from scoring in the bottom 10 percentile in the Bar exam, to the 90th in one leap. What's more, bots hallucinate. Sometimes they spout confident falsehoods, sometimes they forget they are robots and pretend or even believe they are human.

Yet, if the system is inherently unpredictable, how is it that it knows? In one famous story, Croesus King of Lydia in 500 BC posed a test to the oracles of the day; with the simple question to answer, what was he doing at that time? The oracle at Delphi won the right to advise the king by correctly predicting that he was, quite unpredictably, at that very moment, pre-

paring a tortoise stew. It's easy to dismiss such stories as myths, but when they are echoed a thousand times and over as many years, supported by the wisest thinkers and when they've changed the course of history multiple times, aren't we obliged to take them seriously?

As I descended the mountain, the light failing, and in my frazzled state, I passed again a couple from the cave. Though I'd really rather have been left to myself at this point, it would have been rude to pass and so we began to talk. The woman, about my age, starts to ask about my equipment and what I'm to, she is a writer and producer and looking for a new microphone and I tell her what I know. And as we talk, I'm struck by something more and more, how peaceful she is, how generous and calm.

And it dawns upon me that this is my answer and what I must become. light failing, and in my frazzled state, I passed again a couple from the cave. Though I'd really rather have been left to myself at this point, it would have been rude to pass and so we began to talk. The woman, about my age, starts to ask about my equipment and what I'm up to, she is a writer and producer and looking for a new microphone and I tell her what I know. And as we talk, I'm struck by something more and more, how peaceful she is, how generous and calm.

And it dawns upon me that this is my answer and what I must become.

- Jessica Mardon  
2023





## Contact

Inside the trembling  
There is truth  
I always want it to be about something  
Stuck in story, again.

I went here  
I learned this  
I thought this meant that

The relearning is more than a flesh wound  
And the raised and swollen  
Limb of my hidden heart

Hides

I used to build armour  
I used to be a chameleon

I used to work to be less of who I was  
In case whoever that is  
Is just too

Unpalletable.

I used to wonder  
I used to worry

But when I step inside  
Something happens  
Something beyond the stuck  
Something beyond the story

I drew you in the air  
You stood on your own  
Shivering  
I ran my hands over your bones  
They chattered, and needed support,  
and time, and permission  
To be twisted  
From the before times

As we passed our hands over you, you  
enfleshed  
And rose  
Silent  
And open  
And forgiving

The walls spun  
The ceiling spun  
The form made no sense  
But was the only sense  
The bones of your limbs reaching willfully,  
nonsensically as your skin pulled  
itself in

The light came through  
The room was full of hands  
There were new hands, hands teaching hands  
But I was lost  
Adrift in the current of fasciae repair

Om purnamadah purnamidam purnat  
purnamudachyate purnasya purnamadaya  
purnamevavashisyate

Om purnamadah purnamidam purnat  
purnamudachyate purnasya purnamadaya  
purnamevavashisyate

As I tear your skin  
And heal you again  
Relentlessly  
You rise  
As your ragged edges reach for  
more, skin thickens, thins, wears  
You breathe

Its not about the story. We are beyond  
the narrative now, swallowed  
whole inside myself  
Or yourself  
Its unclear

The longer I'm in here, the more it  
feels like cold nights in Moab  
Some burnt cheeks, tired legs,  
chapped lips, whisky, dope, the fire

And you

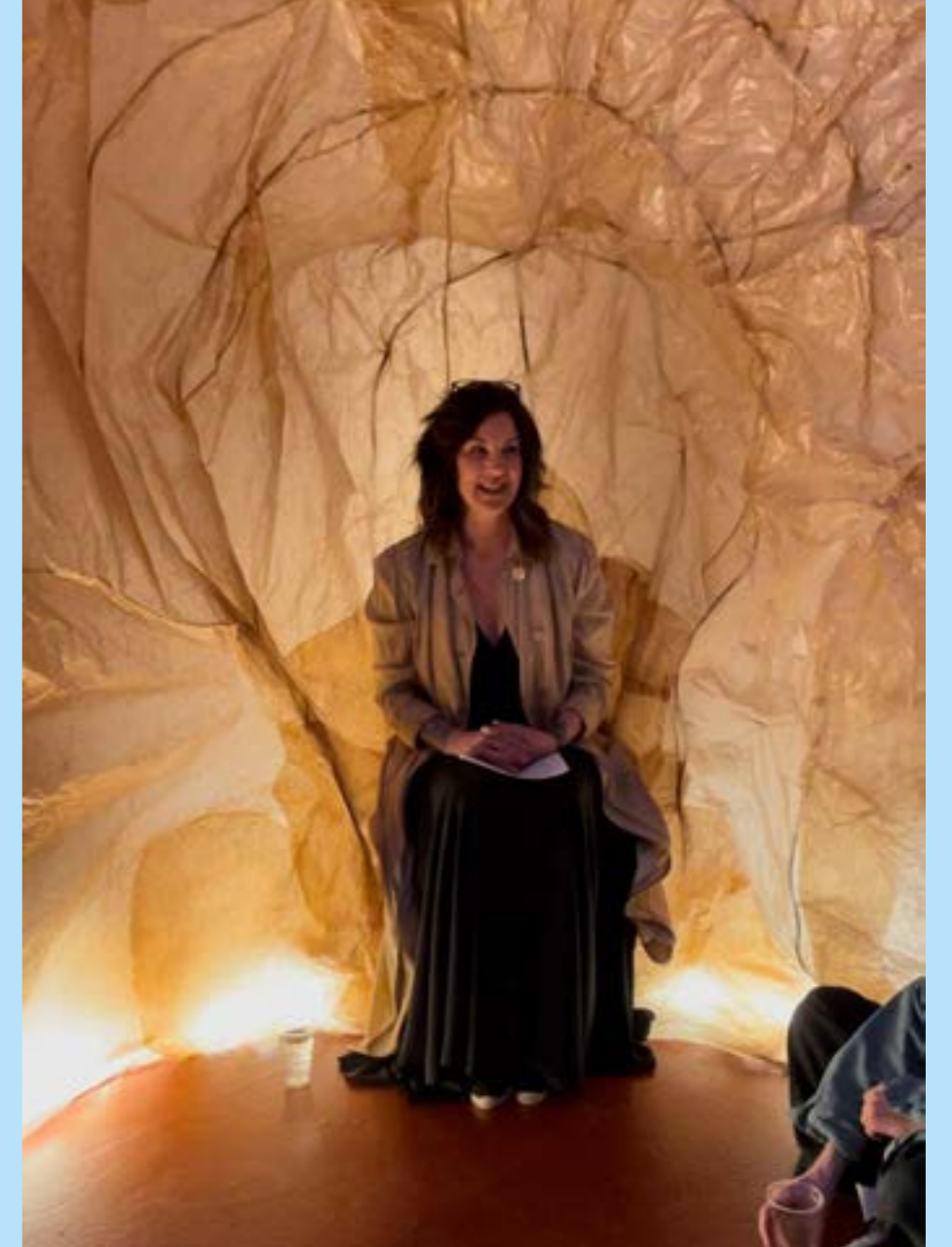
Trapped in the infinite intimacy of another  
night under the secret blanket of  
open air, endless inky sky, and winking  
lights I fall through the cold

And beyond desire  
And even hope

And land in a place not made of stone  
at all  
Enfleshed, arisen, other  
and I lay down and know its beyond  
language. Its beyond knowing. It is  
beyond sharing, even  
So what I bring to you is this.

CONTACT.

- Kate Howe  
17 May 2023



**Kate HOWE**  
**Jessica MARDON**



*Tuck and Roll, yo. (Peter)*, Kate Howe 2022 oil and oil pastel on canvas. 214 x 214 cm. Installation view.

### **artist's statement**

Howe's practice, which includes painting, drawing, tattooing, sound, film, installation, theater, performance, poetry, spoken word, textile and sculpture, as well as social and experiential practices examines the sociological constructs of intimacy. Often, they respond to historical works, recontextualizing them as crime scenes.

Always preoccupied with the sociological conundrums of bias and point of view, Howe works to catch, frame and reframe moments in the social timeline, questioning our complicity with canonical social norms. Their practice is situated in the moment of polemic decision: capitulate or resist. Born from resistance, gathering potentiality, they head toward limit, excess and Rupture.

Howe states: "Running through all my work are the seams of things being healed from rupture, the scar of having been brought back together, pregnant and uneven, forever imprinted with what came before."



# **Kate HOWE**

# Lester KORZILIUS

## *artist's statement*

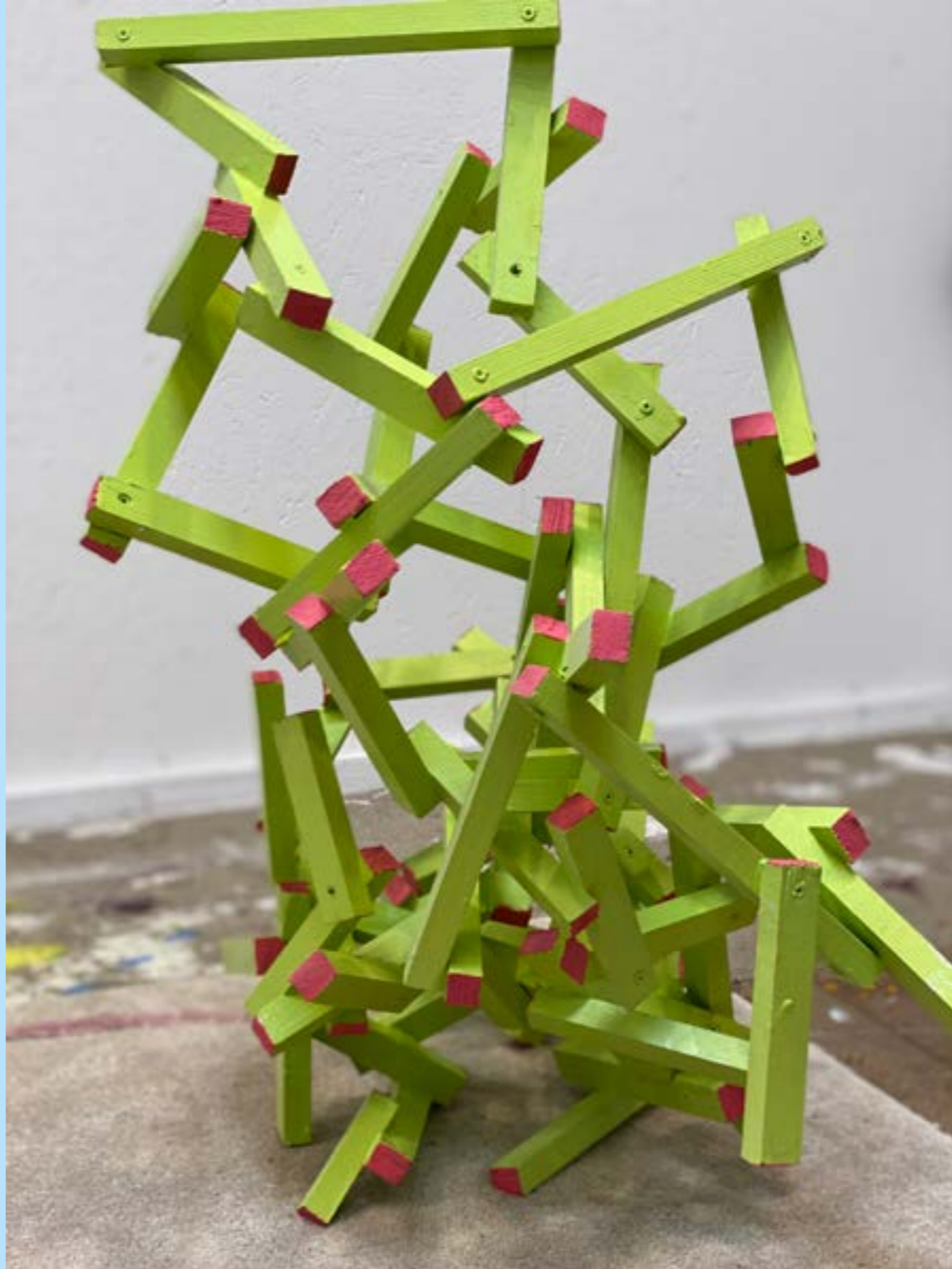
Lester Korzilius is both an artist and an architect. He is interested in using physical means to present the unrepresentable – the deepest part of our psyches that cannot be symbolically expressed. Using a tectonic expression of materials and their assembly Korzilius attempts to create a dialectical experience in the mind of the viewer. The resulting experience is more than the sum of the parts – it is a unique experience created from the disparities and tensions in the work.

Korzilius' work is phenomenologically based in that it assumes some sensations and perceptions are common to all viewers. In parallel, there is a recognition that part of our perception is socially constructed and therefore neither constant nor common. The work attempts to balance these contrasting approaches.

*Big Red*, 2022, Lester Korzilius. Fabric, Jesmonite, paint, 139 x 89 x 59 cm. This and following pages: detail and installation views.



*Sticks*, 2023, Lester Korzilius. Wood, paint, 57 x 66 x 33 cm. This and following page: detail and installation views.



***Lester KORZILIUS***



*The cabinet, 2023, Molly Grad. Wood, steel, velvet ribbon, soil, tape. Installation size: 200 x 250 cm. Cabinet size: 150 X 100 X 50 cm. This and following pages: detail and installation views. Photos: Molly Grad*



# Molly GRAD

The cabinet is an installation piece: The ribbon Grad positions as dangling from a sewage pipe on the upper wall of the gallery is then transformed, weaving through an industrial wooden cabinet until it finally snakes into a sewage grate on the gallery's concrete floor.

The ribbon appears to be bursting out of an opening on the other side of the gallery - conveying a sensation that it is surrounding the gallery and connecting it from within, both underground and overground.



***artist's statement***

Molly Grad is an interdisciplinary artist and writer, working across the mediums of sculpture, textiles, painting and performance. Grad is investigating personal, ancestral, and collective trauma, through enacting radical empathy towards its least visible – inanimate objects or live occupants alike. Utilising multiple platforms, she performs an excavation process into urban cities' industrial pasts, thus interfering with the vertical axis and inverting social orders as a solution to our current state. Grad started performing "Fleeting Street sculpture" 3 years ago, in which she explores the potential of every day urban landscapes to create site-specific, short-lived experiences utilising existing materials/structures narrated to create an emergence - a radical change actant.



***Molly GRAD***



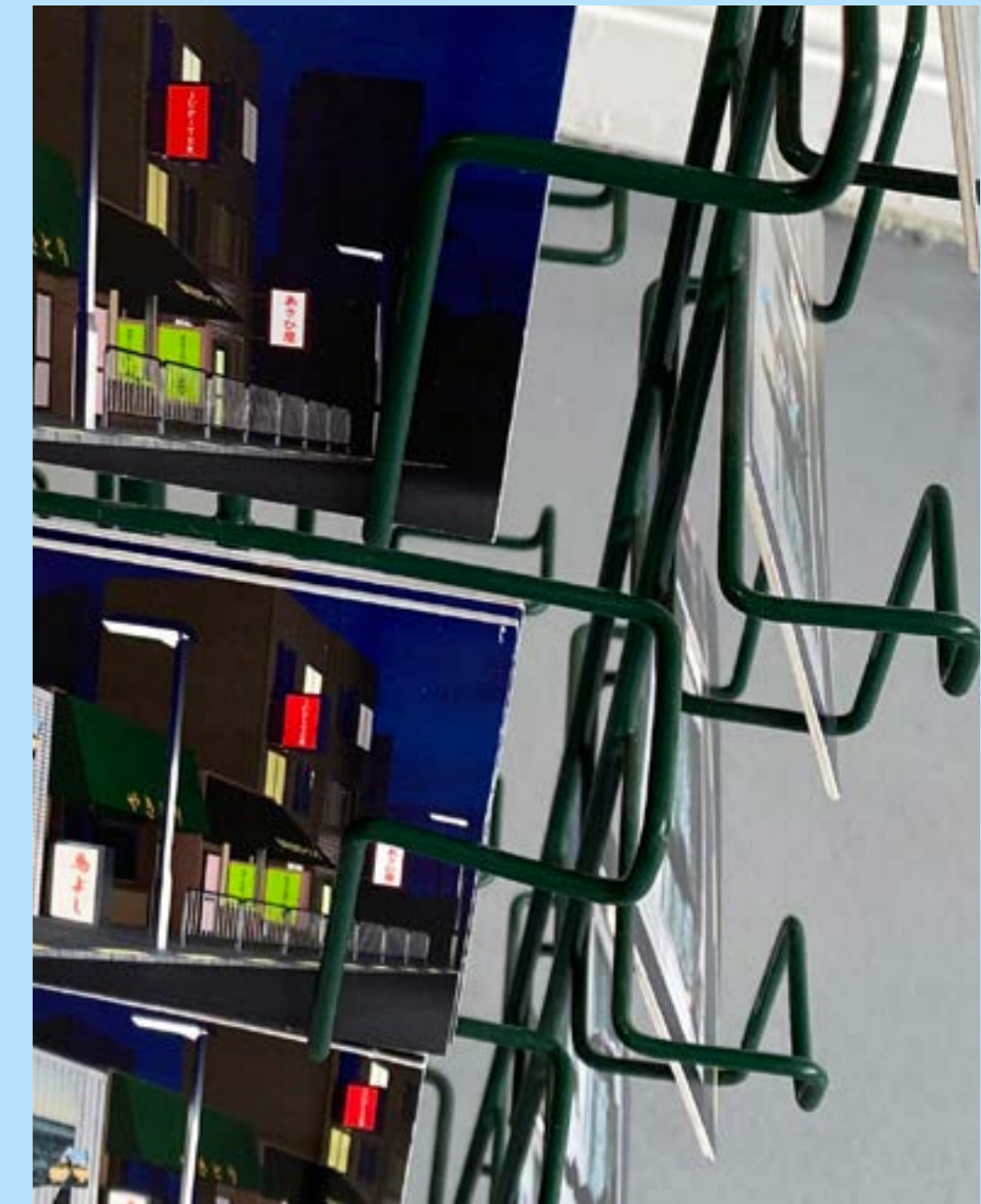
*Transient Constellation - Are we virtually there?* 2023, Patrick Jones. Mixed media. 30 x 30 x 100 cm. This and following pages: detail and installation views..

# Patrick JONES

## *artist's statement*

I started, and still do, with a fascination for colour and an endless childlike interest in material surfaces. I play in the space between 2d and 3d, on the edge of order and disorder, in the space where digital and physical merge, in places where unpredictable events unfold, where form and colour emerge within the chaotic surface. My work fluctuates between digital and physical, philosophical and scientific as I invent new hybrid worlds. Through research and text, I explore emergent pathways as a means by which we might escape beyond the confinement of the internal space within and without. Collaborating with other artists is an essential part of my practice and I have founded the international collectives SSG and Kappa whose works of public sculptures explore our relationship with the land.

Patrick Jones  
2023



Dear Robert,

On Friday, 10th January 2020, I went to Shinagawa Station at the junction of Daiichi Keihin and Zakuro-Zaka Street. I went to the ticket machine and purchased a one-way ticket to Ōgimachi Station, Kawasaki. After that, I went to platform five and boarded a train on the Keihin-Tohoku line of the Japan Railway Group.

I sat down and opened a map of Ōgimachi, and glanced over the hieroglyphic symbols. I pulled my phone from my pocket

and scanned the hieroglyphs. Floating in the infinity of tiny mirrors, the words JR East Kawasaki Thermal Power Station flickered and swayed in the fluctuations of the train. I gazed at the rectangular island to which there seemed no entrance. A land whose existence appeared to be entirely centred on its perimeter.

Yours sincerely,

Patrick





Dear Robert

As these 'fossils of light' step back into the darkness, awaiting their actualization, the street glimmers in its transient constellation, a labyrinth of becoming. A place in which time unfolds in glances and momentary shimmers. An encounter with the eternal elements whose entropic tears mark a passage that has always virtually arrived but is never virtually there.

The never-permanent evolutionary flickers are marked

by, momentary encounters, a breath, a sigh, and a bid farewell. These transient constellations, always virtually there, in their actuality, remain eternally impermanent.

Yours sincerely,

Patrick



**Patrick JONES**

# Rose ARBUTHNOTT

i have 3 pieces in this show, where i am exploring a personal language, of colour and poetry. a personal story and a public one, drawing from public events around the coronation and also art historical context of 'contemporary' art as what's possible now. the language is leaning into a viscosity of texture, with a very personal journey of working with various 'papers', these installations become stages for performance, and simple in design' a long way to grow. as you get involved in their language i hope it rewards attention.

rose arbuthnott  
2023

*The Guardians, 2023, Rose Arbuthnott. Mixed media. Variable sizes. Detail View.*

*Facing page: The Guardians, 2023, Rose Arbuthnott. Mixed media, verable sizes. Installation view.*

*This page: Ukraine Fly, 2023, Rose Arbuthnott. Mixed media. Variable sizes. Detail View.*



***The last posture of a dying woman***

Thought fulls an invinsible gale  
A cage out of reach (that holds we all)  
A piece of china coax resist  
Plenty of history in a dish  
A radiance responded well  
In the crook and the dell

Free flowing ignoramous  
A clavical of silence

The tree over looking the ditch  
The ditch, the ditch  
An icon shows us what we do so well when we  
try  
A mother and a child  
Forever

Pleed pitty, arms length afraid of the wozard  
Thre graft of slience an adagio of saints progress  
Through the swamps, it hurts to tell  
It grows like a worm hole

An adagio singing, singing the whole wealth of  
who we are  
And who we'll be  
In France, Egypt, intaglio  
Prints on a disk over the abyss with fish  
Printed on the face this lonely giant



*Pief* 2023, Rose Arbuthnott. Mixed media. Variable sizes. (this and previous page)

Everything he has seen or is not to see  
A lonely giant, in a cell, remembers Wes-  
sex  
A lost land, in the west  
In cities in londons gently paws  
No one knows he is there  
A type of history sentence after sentence  
Under a bridge, I stay well  
My sinuses are broody, with phlegm  
Lost labour in buildings so high you get  
vertigo in the lift  
Lost labour as chickens feed in far off yards  
Cows cained into morose pens  
A table between two people who know the  
troubles  
A fragrant bow on a far streams banks  
The flowers of streams, pimpinels and wa-  
ter cress  
The cresent of such a moon, filling us full  
This is what frightens the angels  
With how much beauty we can behold on  
earth  
Even from our city watch towers  
The blossom-everything



Froth bottomed  
The richness of where the water flows up around,  
down, through, the world  
The world is water  
A blessing on our heads, in our veins, in the soil, in  
the luck in the stories,  
In the fear of a storm  
And out of this mess we are in taunted by a flu so  
all consuming we only need to sniff to feel it  
Would you come here on your own accord? if it  
were true we were pupoids eating our own sub-  
stance in pain or numbed by paracetamol?  
Would chunks of hair fall out of your head, when  
you pulled it all out worrying about the wrong  
thing, but its us!  
Its us in momentum  
Its us for lack of choice  
We are a growth on the skin of a mother

We are toys growing to used to play  
We are energies that could disappear forever  
We are joys and pitties  
We are friends  
This is the way I see it  
Frogmarched by lucifer  
Why would you bring him into it?  
Because hes there when your computer freezes

Can we do this out of church ?

In the streets, doing our jobs  
What salts our ears?  
Is it a man or a woman  
Frightened of tough golloms  
And this is a tough golem  
His cave is a power station  
Transitors pinned fizzing  
The dread of electrical cables  
End to end, torrents of energy  
And priestesses so skilled  
They fill every blank wall  
With humanity  
The golem waits like a grey blue  
cloud  
A crack  
A blizzard reaches its gnarly confident  
hand  
Into the thick grey  
A pylon at the end of the road  
Fears the havoc of the lightning bolt  
However unlikely  
But its more likely because im there  
Grounding the whole thing  
The whole measure of it  
Grey tinged with soot  
And jagged feet from walking  
And through the sea  
Of half baked electrical cables  
Or simpler things we haven't even

thought of  
Like clock hands  
Like lanyards  
Like plasters  
Even toys  
That a frog would not find funny

The tape inside a cassette  
Rubber bands  
Ibuprofen packaging  
Packaging will be the last words on  
this grey horse  
Frightened we will be when the horse  
neighs 'packaging'  
As the last word

I am frightened of skulls  
What happens inside it is familiar  
The electricity that flows  
That hedonism  
That silent swelter  
Before words form  
And flying over head a bird  
The best thing I ever saw  
May you find a soft landing!

Oh jesus youd be afraid of what we  
have to deal with  
As young as an ox

As old as a tyrant  
But saving the world  
Each startled heart  
where we start to love  
and its time to love  
to flow over the bottom rocks  
without the bounce which is every-  
thing

everything imparts  
every thing rejoices  
between the ant who finds food  
and the egg that's layed  
great a squirrel ambush  
and woe?  
Woe is when theres no where more  
Sometimes we make these silences  
Up so we can meet our maker sooner  
What if the end of the road is not the  
end of the road?  
Instead we sit down and declare the  
end  
Paranoia is when we wait for the  
squirrel ambush  
Imparted word that made the world  
With spikes

Dull as a fabled spy  
I stick the pillow in your eye  
Frought an dsangerous is the hog  
Time to drag in another log

Fought on fields  
Deliscious spy  
Why oh why oh why oh why

Those that roam the naked spires  
In this city of shameful fires

Greating mystery  
Hating sperm  
Do we know where else to turn?

The jackdaws call  
Wincing haste  
Watch this space, a thousand stars  
And one moon face

I sit here with my cornichons ex-  
tra-fins  
All the world up in flames  
Where do we go where do we stay  
A new babys on the way  
And in my house a thousand paint-  
ings  
And one is quiet enough in its inky

black  
My phone bloody with my guts  
My brush salty with my fears  
My flowers on the edge of drying  
jears  
How can om be the final sound?  
Canticles of a foreign land  
Frosted here on englands hills  
A blizzard sings in snowy trills  
I wait line after line  
Snow blind

Maybe it would be easier if it were  
quicker?

Maybe slot machine speed aggrieved

Maybe a stout man will rise to the  
challenge

in the most beloved tweed

he cleans the soot from every leaves

and from these small and self-con-  
scious pangs  
we follow the dark horse on every  
moor  
cages and ages, beiges and plagues

each a catatonic sage  
internet road into the glen  
announcing us men no more nor fem

men too tough and wom too mellow  
equal are we the lands do bellow

and shut the door to the final few  
who questions you and you and you  
maybe we need to read willgenstien  
to get through the pearly gates  
maybe, maybe!

The bible is defo for here though  
Even my paintings will be left behind

The last post of a dying woman

And I love a complicated book  
Pages sequential passing through  
that exhuasiting flu  
Squeezing out from every nook  
Every grit and nouse it took  
For those who believe in adult life  
Does that mean we must look twice  
In coming out from under the stone  
To see the disaster fully blown



**Rose ARBUTHNOTT**

# Sara BINADWAN



*Radiant Passages* 2023, Sara Binadwan. C-Type Print, wall-paper. Variable dimensions. This and following pages: detail and installation views.

## **artist's statement**

Every experience which might be shared, leaves behind something, even if only a trace. These traces cohere into invisible patterns that often result in ritualized manifestations which in turn opens to the presentation of patterns of visibility. The process of visualization of this involves personal aesthetic predilections, interiorities within the realities of daily life. While objects manifest symbolic meanings embedded within time and place, everyday events become tangible in ways that render significance and affect. Conjuring up a feeling that brings a stream of events that are all connected into patterns that reveal signs of otherness, my impulse is centered on the production of imaginary spaces and the investigation of how senses can be reconfigured to present these spaces. This leads both to the generation of visualizations of interior spaces and to the presentation of work within serial or immersive formats. Part of this process is to examine childhood reverie in order to provide insights into the way in which the imaginary of space is formed. These elements are both an impulse to make work and to dwell within textual spaces that bring together the sensibility of touch and vision.



Diverse media such as installation, photography, sculpture, all serve as central platforms for the working process. Exploring and experimenting with many different mediums, such as ceramics, printmaking, paper models, and textile, the process of making the work opens a space for the contemplation of the narrative within the project and the means to communicate it.



***Sara BINADWAN***

# Sharyn WORTMAN

"I have no words."

Trauma is bereft of language. A catastrophic event creates a complete rupture in our culture. For those who witness such an event it is impossible to make meaning. The sight of such a catastrophe ultimately destroying the viewer.

In the Old Testament Lot's Wife dared to witness such a catastrophic event. Against God's instruction she turned and looked back upon the city she was told to flee. As punishment for daring to gaze back upon God's utter destruction, He transformed her into a pillar of salt.

Orpheus also suffered the fate of destructive spectatorship when he turned to gaze back at Eurydice before they emerged into the world of the living. Not trusting the advice of the underworld, he dared to confirm the promise that the love of his life was indeed following him and that it was not an elaborate hoax. He lost her forever through his gaze.

Salt is an ancient material that dissolves and purifies. Time will erode the words of our witnesses. For now stand her petrified to the spot.



*Reduced to Residual* 2023, Sharyn Wortman. Salt. 204 x 25 cm. This and following pages: detail and installation views.





***Residual***

I am the actual  
born out of your ritual  
standing upon  
the site  
of a secret  
at the edge of time

I have no name

the trauma that I witnessed  
Has no language

Paralysed by the spectacle

I could not resist  
looking back

You would do the same

You did

How many times did you watch that plane  
hit the second tower?



"Oh my God" we all chorused

"Oh my God"  
"Oh my God"  
"Oh my God"

Traces of these deep frictions  
contained within  
now dissolve on the tongue of oxen.

I am the residual  
Condemned to  
seeing myself seeing

Rooted to the spot  
My tears  
dissolve cursing the earth.

Stand with me at the edge of sleep  
My gaze now rests here  
on all I that I ever held dear.

***Sharyn WORTMAN***



*As Yet Unknown* 2023, Shirley Renwick. Mixed media. Variable dimensions. This and following pages: detail and installation views.

# Shirley RENWICK

I like discovering  
I like uncovering  
I like hope

I like listening  
I like that sensation when my mind changes  
I like expansive spaces

I like air  
I like nothing  
I like seeking truth, elusive as it is, I still like to search for it

I like to see, I really like to see, I like to really see

I like connections, interconnections, intraconnections  
I like projections through light, space and air  
I like being with people, sometimes

I like contrasts, I like paradox

I like gaps



I like to speculate on what is happening in  
the invisible  
I like reflections  
I like traces  
I like time, especially when you notice  
it has folded and kneaded itself up and  
around

I like Heidegger's wonder of the world  
worlding around us.  
I like action  
I like gentle, soft and quiet  
I like that I contradict myself

I like that all of this will change and I will  
like other things instead.



***Shirley RENWICK***

# Wenyi QIAN

Wenyi desires to fulfil her self-meaning to remark this world. In her works, she sometimes sees herself as a broken eel trapped in paraffin and sometimes treats the red watermelon as part of her body. She adores finding inspiration for her own life by studying the patterns of other beings. She intensely experiences her growth as a bystander, silently bears the shaping of the outside world, and achieves deep resistance by treating her life as a part of the work.



*Downdog (three paintings) 2023, Wenyi Qian. 30 x 80 cm, 150 x 170 cm, oil on canvas. This and following pages: detail and installation views.*



*Wenyi QIAN*

# Yon Yi SOHN



I consider my practice more like a daily ritual, similar to zen meditation exercise (mixing colours and applying them repeatedly, almost mechanically) or even a zen dialogue (often I find myself questioning and responding in turn with the work). There is a joy in drawing simple lines, and in observing and participating in the way the lines interact and correspond. I try to be receptive and open-minded, ready to be surprised by the way the works develop and reveal themselves.

This process, in theory, could be never-ending. The goal may be to reach a state of aesthetic sublime, where process and image are reciprocal. However, it is the journey there which matters to me.

I may call this a relationship between the teller of the tale and the tale itself being told.



*This way, that way.* Yon Yi Sohn, 2023, 60 x 60 cm, Acrylic on Linen. This and following pages: detail and installation views.



My work usually starts with a certain system, yet I leave room to improvise and respond to the way the image develops throughout the process. Mixing the primary colours to make a neutral grey, then adding the thin layers of grey until certain patterns emerge, I finish the work by enhancing with subtle colours those emergent shapes and lines. Though my intention is for balance and equilibrium, I sometimes seek an element of instability in the work. I believe this delicate tension is also a reflection of how our lives pan out on a daily basis. Deliberation and spontaneity. A plan B.



***Yon Yi SOHN***

# Jiachen ZENG

When I first enter the backyard in the RuptureXIBIT, which is also Kate's Studio, the first thing that came to my sight are the plants. They are vividly green, healthy with being cared. I know that we are going to make artworks through the residency opportunity that Kate gave us. The first thinking pops up in my mind is that - after we put up our works, these plants will be ignored, or they will be noticed as they are not necessarily to be there. Therefore, the idea of keeping the importance and the moments to emphasize on them occupied my mind for days.

At the second time I went back to the space, I asked Kate if anyone had painted your plants, Kate thought I was trying to paint on them, but she is still very open with it and considering if to let me do so. I told her, it is not to harm them or paint on them, I will paint their portraits on my cardboard and put the painting by the side of them, then she happily agreed.

The way I painted them is mimicking them, not only how their appearance is, but also the lively movements and moments that they emotionally gave to me.



*The Rupture 2023*, Jiachen Zeng. Acrylica on cardboard.  
Variable dimensions..This and following pages: detail and installation views.



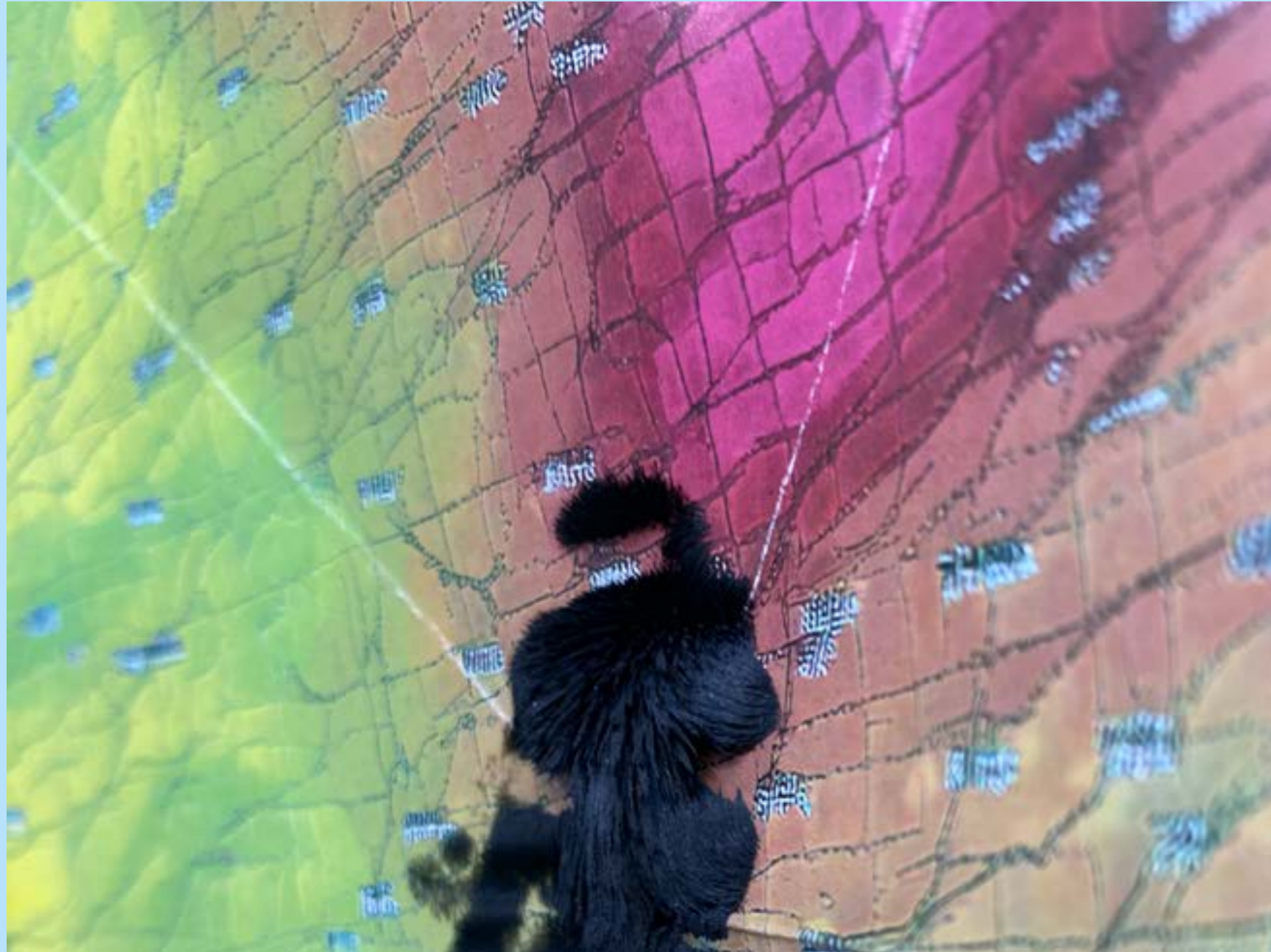


Recently, I am thinking back to those experiences I was trained as a traditional painter in high school and in comparison with the more 3D works I did in my bachelor and master. I went back to painting again, but with new understanding and certain assurance to myself. I think the whole work is the plants with the paintings together, but also separated. The best parts are the unforgettable moments of "us" in and with the "Rupture", including those beautiful misunderstandings.



***Jiachen ZENG***

# Jiujian ZENG



*Map Editor 2023, Jiujian Zeng, 2023. Digital print on paper, magnetite powder, magnet board and hook. 96 x 60 cm This and following pages: detail and installation views.*





*Jiujian ZENG*

# Artist's Information

## Abbigail NORRIS

After a 20yr career in filmmaking, Abigail embraced a lifelong ambition to study an MA in fine art sculpture at the Royal College of Art, where she graduated in the summer of 2022. Her recent accolades include: Tate Late Talk, Soft Sculpture and Material matters 2023, Shortlisted for the Mark Tanner Sculpture Award 2023, Shortlisted for BBA Artists Award, Berlin 2023. Awarded the Yorkshire Sculpture Park/Royal College of Art Graduate Award 2022; and tipped as 'one to watch' by Waldemar Januszczak from The Sunday Times, quoting "a powerful lament to the despoliation of nature".

Exploring cultural memory as a fragmentary aesthetic, Abigail's work investigates the lost voice of femaleness, centring around concepts of connectedness, transcendence, absence, and presence; with a subplot to interrupt the habitual assumptions of everyday life. Her work explores entangled relationships with self, and other living and non-living beings.

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## Ania SABET

I forget so many things, but the sky is always present to record. Childhood was punctured by the noise of the revolution and then an incessant eight-year war with Iraq. I escaped into my one-hour drawing class which was considered indulgent, as if an hour of the exercise of the imaginary had to be paid for in other ways. As a child I wondered where memories were stored. My thought was that it must be inside the body because they might discover there a correlation between pleasure and pain.

The practice of medicine and art in turn amplified this schematic division so, perhaps I could heal pain and provide pleasure through these two practices. But this is just the work of an imaginary at play because art cannot be blind to trauma. So, I started to understand all types of hidden dialects but above all else that memory is also oblivion, that pleasure always finds a relationship to pain and that it is easy to be mixed up.

My aesthetic practice resides in such things, things not easy to say but might be shown, things that withdraw but also leak like flying eye-fish seeking refuge.

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## **Blake HART-WILSON**

Born in Lancaster, UK, 1981. I briefly studied architecture at Edinburgh College of Art, dropped out, became a DJ then a Video Performance Artist (VJ), before moving into the fields of art and film via a career in advertising.

I am currently studying an MA in Contemporary Art Practice at the Royal College of Art, graduating in 2023.



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## **Chudamani CLOWES**

She created a fictional tribe called the Elephant heads that were shown in White City. She uses the juxtaposition of Victorians with the Elephant troop to show social devices of politics and representation. Chudamani, has been working on a series of paintings called the 'Tilda paintings'.

They are inspired by, 'Tilda' rice packaging and also the inflatable boat crossings in to Dover in the UK.

She has been influenced by the packaging of products made by immigrants, who have set up companies in the UK.

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Clowes was born in Colombo, Sri Lanka and has lived in London for over forty five years. She studied at Central St.Martin's College of Art and Design. She was awarded a Fine Art BA (Hons) First Class. She has also gained a MA Fine Art from the Royal College of Art in London.

In 2014 She won the Griffin Art Painting Prize with Winsor and Newton. In 2022 she was long listed for the Contemporary British Painting Prize.

Chudamani has devoured the ethnographic archive at the British Museum to inspire her artwork. She uses the archive specifically related to troops of elephant performers called 'Mahoots', who were bought over from Ceylon to be exhibited in Empire shows in west London. Her work draws on the living exhibits that formed human zoos.

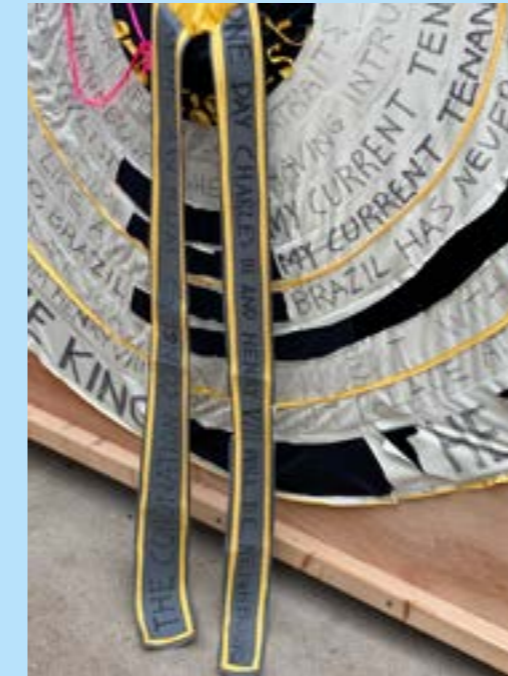
### **Clara PALMBERGER-SUESSE**

Clara Palmberger-Suesse was born 1991 in Henstedt-Ulzburg, Germany. From 2012-2019, she studied Fine Arts at Hochschule fuer Bildende Kuenste, Hamburg with Kerstin Braetsch, Peter Waechtler and Jutta Koether.

She subsequently received the Working Grant of the city of Hamburg for 2020. In 2021, she embarked on a Master of Philosophy in Arts and Humanities at the Royal College of Art, supported by a scholarship from DAAD Germany.

Exhibitions of 2022 and of 2021 include *Reproduction interdite*, 8.Salon, Hamburg, *Notable infatuations*, Kuenstlerhaus Faktor, Hamburg, *Void recognition*, *Spoiler*, Berlin, *The House that Mum built*, London, *To Feel all your warmth*, Warbling Collective, London, *Unruly Encounters*, Lake Gallery, London.

She has exhibited institutionally on occasion of the Working Grant of the City of Hamburg at Kunsthaus, Hamburg and Deichtorhallen Hamburg as well as at Galerie Marstall Ahrensburg in the group show *Bon Voyage*.



### **Fabiano MARQUES**

1970, from Sao Paulo, Brazil, and living in London, UK. Fabiano Marques has participated in exhibitions on leading institutions such as Bienal Internacional de Sao Paulo, Sao Paulo, Brazil; Centre Georges Pompidou, Paris, France; Palais de Tokyo, in Paris.

His works can be found in the collections of institutions such as Museu de Arte Moderna de Sao Paulo, MAM-SP, and Museu de Arte Moderna do Rio de Janeiro, MAM-RJ. He has participated in numerous art residencies, including Gasworks in London, École des Beaux-Arts in Paris, Wising Arts Centre in Cambridge and Zentrum für Kunst und Urbanistik, ZK/U, in Berlin.

A MA in sculpture from the Royal College of Art and a BA in advertising and propaganda at Fundação Armando Alvares Penteado, FAAP, Sao Paulo, Brazil.

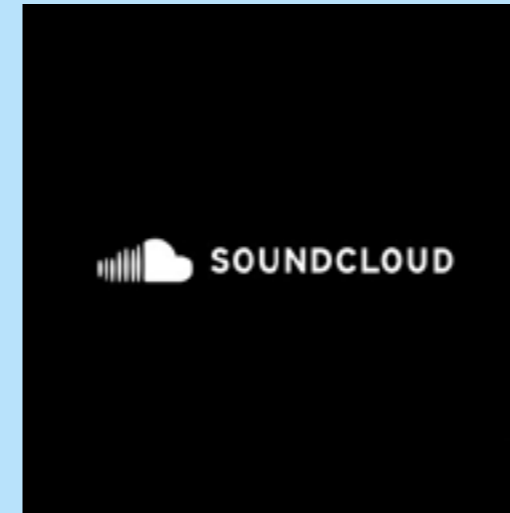
i: [@split\\_milk](#) e: [Clara.Palmberger-suesse@network.rca.ac.uk](mailto:Clara.Palmberger-suesse@network.rca.ac.uk) w: [Clarapalmberger.cargo.site](http://Clarapalmberger.cargo.site)

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**Hengzhi GONG**

Hengzhi Gong is an artist based in London whose work ranges across painting and drawing. He is currently conducting his PhD research *As Another Voice: Hidden Political Expression in Chinese Contemporary Allegorical Painting* at the Royal College of Art. His research does not study allegory within paintings purely from an aesthetic perspective, but views allegorical paintings as one critical part of political practice in contemporary China under cultural and self-censorship.

In 2018, Hengzhi Gong graduated with a BA in Industrial Design from the Beijing Institute of Technology and, in 2020, with an MA in Painting from the Royal College of Art. His work has been exhibited internationally, including Royal Academy of Arts, Southward Park Galleries, No.20 Arts, Josh Lilley Gallery, Fold Gallery, Hockney Gallery, West Bund Museum (Shanghai, China), A/W Space (Nanjing, China), Western Exhibitions (Chicago, US) and Gallery LVS (Seoul, Korea).



When the experience of a ground which appeared solid gives way, structures fall flat and lose their meaning. Touching the nerve of this shift, I engage with a world not of fact and things, but of constructs and desires, stripping the senses into naked feelings.

Formerly a senior banker, having first hand witnessed the disordering of sense that accompanies the collapse of a system, I went in search of new forms. From unstable grounds, I examine subtle bodies, working at the boundary of dissolution and desire. Perceptions so fine-spun they might seem fantastical or imaginary, yet which carry rich and potent signals. In some form of supraphysical-erotics, decomposing the body into drives and forces, I seek the tender spot, the inflection point in the curvature of the tone.

Jessica Mardon graduated from RCA Sculpture (2022) where she was awarded the Wes Lunn Design Education Trust 4D project award. Mardon lives and works in London UK, across installation and performance, with a primary interest in working with sound as sculpture.

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i: [@jess.mardon](#) e: [jessica.mardon@network.rca.ac.uk](mailto:jessica.mardon@network.rca.ac.uk) w: [jessicamardon.com](http://jessicamardon.com)

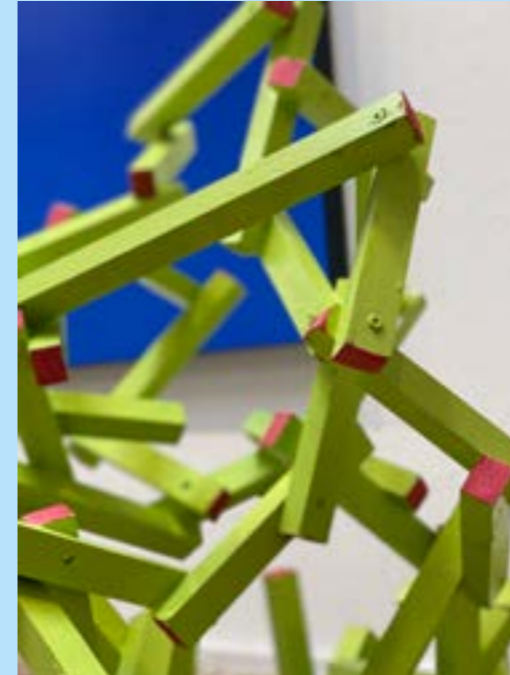
## **Kate HOWE**

Kate Howe (they/them) (b. 1971) is a queer, neuro-diverse American artist living and working in London. Howe holds an MA in Painting (Distinction) from the Royal College of Art, a BA (summa cum laude) in Art History from Arizona State University with a focus in Forensic Anthropology and Sociology, and an AA in Technical Theatre (highest honors) from Foothill College. They are the founding artist-in-residence at RuptureXIBIT (+Studio), an artist-run affordable residency and experimental exhibition space in London.

Howe showed thier work *Undamaged Destiny* at the Aspen Art Museum in 2020, is currently showing in the group show *Alternative Airport* at RuptureXIBIT, London, and most recently showed with curator Daisy Wang at *Subterranean Organ* at the Crypt Gallery, London, April 2023. Their work was featured in the London Sunday Times *Forget the Summer Exhibition — meet the 5 art stars of tomorrow* by Waldemar Januszczak on Sunday, June 26, 2022.

Howe's work resists complicity with historical precedent. Their work spans painting, drawing, tattooing, textile work, sculpture, writing, performance, sound, social and experiential practices, and draws on her family ancestry in theatre, sound, filmmaking, sewing, writing, art and physical labor.

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## **Lester KORZILIUS**

Lester Korzilius  
FAIA, RIBA, MA (Arch), MSc, MFA, MA (Sculpture)

Lester Korzilius is an artist and architect with a concurrent arts and architecture practice in London and Chichester. In the arts, Korzilius graduated with an MFA from the University of Sussex/West Dean and an MA in Sculpture from the Royal College of Art. He is a Doctoral student in Fine Art at the University of East London.

Lester is interested in the unrepresentable, liminal and the sublime and how this is expressed in sculpture. His work explores both the use of social constructs and preobjective phenomenological experiences as means of achieving this experience. There is a tectonic quality to the work that is rooted in his architectural practice.

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## **Molly GRAD**

Currently, Grad is completing her MRes, arts and humanities in the Royal College of Art. A past alumna of Central Saint Martins, London, Grad completed both her MA and BA degrees in fashion design with 1st class honours (for one she received the highest grade in the College's decade prior)

Throughout her design career, Grad has worked with some of the most known design houses, including Stella McCartney, Saint Laurent.. Molly has also been involved in various film collaborations, such as Scorsese's Wolf of Wall Street (2013). Grad has designed for and dressed numerous celebrities such as: Lady gaga, Beyonce, Michelle Obama and many more. Awards she received include the Nina De Yorke and Colin Barnes award for her illustrations, which appear alongside those by Karl Lagerfeld, Yves Saint Laurent, in Fashion illustrations for Fashion Designers (Thames and Hudson, 2008).

Her past as design Director and design training brought her love of the human body to the surface, along with questioning society's positioning of class and sexuality as politically appropriated commodities. Her former career in the luxury fashion industry is present as a silent witness/performer in her recent artworks, as she weaves in and out of issues exploring systemic abuse, the quest for equality and power symbols within contemporary consumer culture.

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## **Patrick JONES**

Patrick Jones received MA in sculpture from the Royal College of Art, London in 2022. Patrick holds a PhD in Particle Physics from University College London and a Graduate Diploma in Fine Art from the Royal College of Art, London. He is a multi-media artist who lives and works in London. Patrick is fascinated by the relationship between the inside and out. His work often deploys methods and notions of folding as a means to explore and unravel our relationship to places both internal and external, virtual and actual. In addition to exhibiting regularly in London, he is also a member of Kappa and the International collective SSG. Through his collaborative projects he has exhibited internationally and in 2023 will participate in two significant international festivals.

i: [@psjjart](#) e: [patrick.jones@network.rca.ac.uk](mailto:patrick.jones@network.rca.ac.uk) w: [Patrickssjones.com](http://Patrickssjones.com)

## **Rose ARBUTHNOTT**

'Rose Arbuthnott was born in Cheltenham, and began painting at the age of 12 when her art teacher gave her a box of oil paints and told her to copy Monet.

Rose went on to study Art and Art History at Edinburgh University before receiving a scholarship to attend the Prince's Drawing School in London where she was awarded second prize.

Having completed her studies, Rose co-founded 'The Owl Barn' Artist Residency in Gloucestershire – a community space for artists, makers and thinkers to develop their creative practice and engage with local community groups.

She has since undertaken an artist residency at The First Food in Mexico, travelled around Scotland painting, and went to Uganda to share art with refugees from the Congo.

She has exhibited with different galleries in London, had several one man shows including Tangled Roads and 'he she or they', and was long listed for the John Moore Prize, Tate, Liverpool.

She is currently studying at the RCA in sculpture.

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## **Sara BINADWAN**

Sara Binadwan from Riyadh, Saudi Arabia. She received her BA in linguistics from Prince Sultan University, a Master's Degree in Business Administration from Alfaisal University in Riyadh, and a MA in Sculpture from the Royal College of Art in London. Her practice explores the fundamental relationship between space, human condition, and memory, which the narrative evolves into a series of works. It is like an autobiographical map of daily encounters and spaces in which the dichotomies of personal yet universal, the real and unreal might cohere, thus allowing the main themes of her practice are identity, human behavior and memories to emerge.

i: [@sara\\_binadwan\\_art](https://www.instagram.com/sara_binadwan_art) w: [sarabinadwan.com](http://sarabinadwan.com)

## **Sharyn WORTMAN**

I'm a communicator, a collaborator, a creative.

My first degree taught me how to sell a clients' product.

My first job taught me how to think strategically and deliver.

Running my own company taught me about cashflow, people and just how long customers were willing to buy the same big idea.

Moving to London taught me resilience, moving to Hong Kong taught me about geopolitical history and what to get excited about when the dim sum trolley passed by.

My second degree made me think a little deeper. I learned to allow space for the audience to come to their own conclusions.

Materiality fascinates me.

I'm currently at Royal College of Art where I spend my days deep diving into conversations around what it is to make, feel and be human in our increasingly digital age."

Sharyn Wortman is a multi- disciplinary artist. Through clay he explores a relationship to deep time, mythological time. Her installations come into being through an absolute giving of self. They exist in a Dreamtime- a displaced time.

i: [@sharynwortman](https://www.instagram.com/sharynwortman) w: [sharynwortman.com](http://sharynwortman.com)



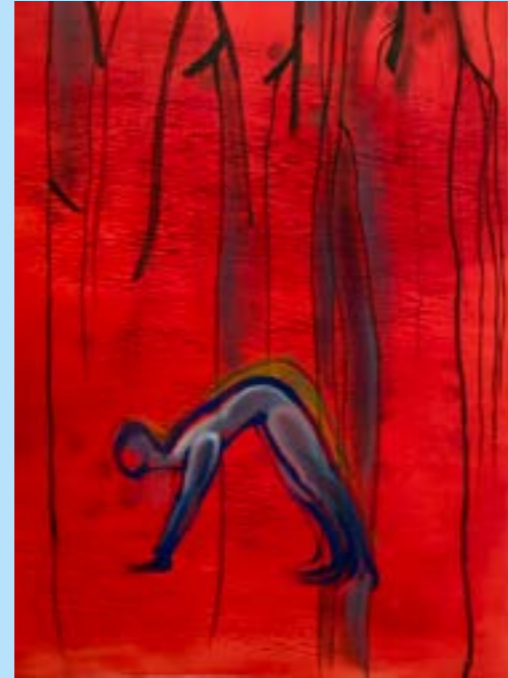
Shirley Renwick is an artist based in London who creates sensitive sculptures and sound in multiplatform installations which participate with air. She investigates eco-acoustics, sub atomic science, the digital realm, and multiple forms of art. For Shirley, the post-human, nonhuman and subhuman is relevant to aliveness in the current human position now. Shirley's background is in live media and interactive music. Her artistic qualifications include Foundation, Slade, UCL, London; BA Fine Art (First class honours), Chelsea, University of the Arts London; MA Sculpture, Royal College of Art, London. She also has qualifications in programming code, journalism, psychology and politics, philosophy and economics. Her art has been shown at the Royal Academy of Art, the Great Exhibitionists at the Royal College of Music Museum, Tate Lates and Tate Exchange at Tate Modern London among other places.

## **Shirley RENWIK**

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**Wenyi QUAN**

Wenyi is an artist and curator based in London and Shanghai. She practised professional skills in BA, such as oil painting, Chinese traditional painting, sculpture and print, and boosted them into critical and historical thinking in MA. She usually uses painting, writing, performance, moving image and sculpture to experience the fusion of thinking and media. Her published group work "Wild Stone" is collected by Tate Britain and Freud Museum. Her works have been exhibited in London, Shanghai, Xian and other cities.



Yon Yi explores systematic and geometric abstract, patterns, grids, forms and colour arrangements, expressed mainly in the medium of drawing, painting, printmaking, embroidery and installation.

Originally from Seoul, Yon Yi studied art and design at Hong Kong University and RMIT University before moving to New Zealand in the mid 2000s. She holds a Certificate of Art and Design from Hong Kong University and a BFA from Massey University, and a MA Painting from the Royal College of Art in London.

During her final year at Massey, Yon Yi won the 2013 Europe Day art competition sponsored by the European Union in Wellington. Her drawing was selected as one of the finalists for the 2013 Parkin Drawing Competition.

Yon Yi has participated in several New Zealand Art Shows in Wellington as well as a few group shows in London. Her works are now in private collections throughout New Zealand and the United States.

## **Jiachen ZENG**

Base in London from 2023

Born in 1997, Shenzhen, China

Lived in Shenzhen, Guangzhou, Shanghai, Hangzhou, Beijing, Chicago, London

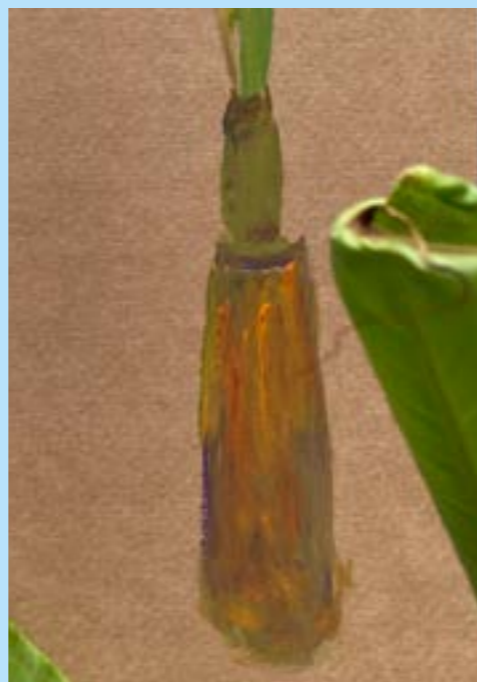
Moved home 22 times by now

Interested in Living an Abundant Life

Jiachen Zeng has got her Master of Art in Sculpture at the Royal College of Art (RCA) in 2022, Bachelor of Fine Art at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago (SAIC) in 2019. She was trained as a traditional painter in the High School of China Academy of Art (CAA) in 2015, then get the diploma of the International Foundation Course of China Academy of Fine Art (CAFA) before she went to Chicago. Her artworks had been collected by institutions and individual collectors, and had attended many group exhibitions including in Tong Gallery+Projects in Beijing 798, Tank Shanghai, ZhouB Art Center in Chicago, and Standpoint Gallery, RuptureXIBIT in London.

Jiachen Zeng is a mixed media artist. Her artworks are mainly installations and paintings that involve performative and interactive elements. Her artistic attention is always about relational happenings among individuals, communities, individual with society, self with others, about the development of one to more, like point to line, line to plan, and surface to space, even space to time, and vice versa. She expands on different materials and dimensions by pointing, breaking, or connecting those boundaries to interlock or interrupt the existing balanced ecologies of daily occurrences, such as relationships between people, unforgettable memories, and fetishes to meaningful objects.

i: [@jiajia.zzz](https://www.instagram.com/jiajia.zzz) w: [jiax2.com](http://jiax2.com)



## **Jiujian ZENG**

Born in China, Chongqing 1996

Lives and works in Chongqing and London

BA Sculpture in SCFA1 2015-2020

MA Sculpture in RCA 2020-2022

Zeng Jiujian's artistic research is based on a post-archaeological perspective that spans dimensions of time and space, exploring the relationship between current human existence spectacle and medium, as well as the link between matter in different eras in contemporary times and human society.

He treats different material bodies equally, from archaeology to internet, from tools to museums. Building a composite ideology of historical and contemporary symbiosis, thus providing a new toolkit for understanding current human society is his aim.

i: [@9jan.zeng](https://www.instagram.com/@9jan.zeng) w: [zengjiujian.studio](http://zengjiujian.studio)



*Jonathan Miles in discussion with members of the Wild Parlour during the finishage event 17 May 2023.*

The Wild Parlour thanks you for your interest in our work.  
You can find us on the web at

[the Wild Parlour](#)

# ALTERNATIVE AIRPORT

*Presented by  
The Wild Parlour  
an artist's philosophy collective*

**RuptureXIBIT**  
London, May 2023