

Where else to begin but with a potential alternative ending? Imagine there was a fire, in the very building in which you stand, a matter of circumstance that could quite easily necessitate there being no exhibition, no art, and no text such as this at all. It is by much more than a matter of circumstance that such an ending was never written, but what remains on the whole circumstantial is this particular gathering of individuals coming together to exhibit at all. Without the shared desire to make work and the need for either the physical or cognitive space in which to do so, this altogether very different ending would remain only a potential story.

What feels pertinent whilst writing this text is the level of inside knowledge available, for by the very nature of sharing a studio, or working in close proximity within the project space that allows all this to occur, there is a certain amount of over sharing involved. The details of medical complications translated into artworks, the comments a particular idea invoked during a seminar, and even how much money was spent on several cans of spray paint before

deciding upon a different colour, I've seen and heard it all. What good it will be to summarise the work on display I'm not particularly sure, but it all serves to construct the mythology of the space we all depend upon.

Maria Swepson takes excavation as a physical process and applies it to a mental rigour. As the surface is cracked open it reveals another layer rich for the picking, to scratch away is to reveal another surface, and so on, and so forth. Each new crack contains a potential interpretation of some latent history - seemingly nothing ever goes away, but simply gets buried beyond plain sight. The most recent results of this process entail re-layering, and relaying, marks that collectively contain potential histories of their own.

Amy Mckenny's is a theatre of the everyday, a dramatisation punctuated by the actor's inability to alter the habits of a lifetime. Even if there is a script to follow, the next line always remains as yet unknown. This type of performativity can only come naturally, for it stems from

existence, and is every part of the condition we all share. If there is a feeling of being thrown into the limelight it results from an inevitable truth, the crowd are always watching – *all the world's a stage*.

Stuart Bowditch's continued response to the objects he encounters in everyday life, and new locations has resulted in a tin bath becoming a kind of circuit. This involves a feedback loop that plays the resonant frequencies of the object – attesting to a word beyond our immediate senses, waiting to be discovered. A similar pushing of our senses takes place within collaboration with Damien Robinson, where a reversal takes place, *the colour of sound*, and *the sound of colour*, taking what is inaccessible for them both, in order to facilitate a whole different kind of experience for others.

Damien Robinson examines old or outmoded technologies as a means of looking at the new, reinvigorating that which may be considered lost or devoid of purpose. Such interplay reveals the true extent of the influence that technologies

have on their users, eventually affecting the content mediated through these devices. The recycled slide viewers on display seem to attest to a deconstruction of perception, two eyes, and one eye, the striping down of parts by the technology, perhaps reducing one to a Cyclops state, pressed against the view finder.

David Watkins's work for this exhibition holds visual connections to a variety of concurrent references, a plethora of networks - social, biological, or those embedded within the infrastructure of the internet, that are freely translated through the process of drawing. It is this process that embodies the mechanisms often applied, dislocating the original points of orientation, whilst simultaneously retaining a quality of that which came before. These new networks exist on paper, a system of joined lines that visualise the points of examination in distinctly original forms.

Joe Lang acknowledges that every photograph is enmeshed within a complex relationship with the event that brings it into being. Such an event never truly leaves,

inscribed within the photograph, which serves as more than a simple reminder, but a way to reopen the stories, to experience anew. To photograph is also to alter one's experience of an event, the photographer scrutinises the moment, seemingly extracting themselves from the equation - but there are those rare moments when the photographer bleeds into the frame, not visible, but clearly there.

Lee Sullivan is engaged in deciphering the relationship between both abstraction and representation in regards to the prints he produces. Latest works see forms derived from observations of urban landscapes dissolve to reveal the negative spaces that punctuate the remnants of the scene - such spaces are present in their absence, oftentimes more so than what would once have filled the frame. A liminal space is ultimately reached whereby the abstract image whilst removed from the realms of representation is indebted to its referent.

Hazel Sanky's casts serve as exoskeletons to a knotted interior, the painful areas within forced into submission so as to serve

as testament to something felt viscerally. Memory is potentially fallible, but there are feelings that mark us all, solidifying in not too dissimilar a manner to plaster. More than just memories, these are battle wounds that when picked refuse to form a scab, ultimately erupting in a spew of overwhelming sensation, a burden or weight that cannot be shifted, only reformed.

Jonathon Kipps's painted photograph is a redevelopment of a previous sculpture, brought inside but not present at all, the illusionistic space both within the gallery and without, a weight felt but altogether unseen, for here the discourse between space and object is ruptured, the object presented seemingly as a split or break within the surface of the picture. Such an action stems from the wider concerns of the relationship between the between object, space, function and viewer, whilst referencing the site of the gallery itself, and its recent history.

For **Laura Keeble** symbolism appears akin to a reverse transubstantiation, a

conceptual leap that sees the idea or thought crystallised, whilst the materiality of the subject is ultimately changed. If the Church is one potential governing body of power, Parliament is another example of an authority that to a greater or lesser degree may dictate. An iconic figurehead, the Iron Lady herself is manifest, an iron maiden, her legacy laid branded and bare. Thatcher has not here altered without a change of form, but still remains ultimately the same.

Amy Frampton's interrogation of suburbia consequently led her to IKEA, following a pilgrimage of aspiration. The resulting documentary footage of this trip is now projected onto a fragment of the flat pack furniture that so readily epitomises the desire for the perfect home and lifestyle. Within this pleasant cul-de-sac all manner of projections take place, identically constructed homes house identically constructed people – and everything comes with the price tag still stuck firmly in its place. *Who would live in a house like this?*

Karen Apps invests much time in the relationship between mother and child, be

this an irreplaceable bond or a site of uncertainty. Always defined by the position of the other in this relationship, there is the potential for the mother to disappear entirely, to become instead a symbol or sign for something else. The child is unquestionably marked by this relationship, perhaps strongest of all by the need for that other which is fundamentally part of oneself, two sides of the same story.

Michelle Jayne Turner scrutinises human actions in relation to their effects on the natural world. A chain of technological influence starts with a task or desire that results in machinery or engineering that has its consequences for the animal kingdom. It is the potential transference of these consequences to humans that completes the sequence. Here animals are represented by what seems to be a code, formed from the detritus of human numeracy. They are implicated in every leap we make, remaining in the shadows of our achievement.

Joe Howgate utilises participation within his works, seeking transformations beyond

the parameters of his control. The presented work seeks to symbolise and give form to personal moments of concern and trepidation. Unless told explicitly an audience can never really know a back story, but all the same they can become implicated in the aftermath, re-tread old ground, and tangentially partake in such a representation of past experience. In this new work destruction and impermanence is key to demonstrating a sense of loss.

Nastassja Simensky's practice entails a process of on-going research. For this exhibition the latest accumulation of artefacts, sources, and collected memoirs pertaining to the activities of enthusiasts, model makers, and garden shed explorers, are presented as part of this continuous enquiry into human nature, and all the curiosity it encompasses. If the pursuit of knowledge is for nothing more than for the sake of knowledge alone, it is such individuals who embody our desires to learn more about the world and ourselves in the course of such study.

Emma Emmerton slows down the hyper speed that has become expected of photography in a digital age, producing images that cannot help but serve as a reminder of the alchemy inherent to the medium. This is a magic provided by nature, and the subject matter chosen harks back to both the natural and early experiments within such fields. Anachronisms such as these serve as portals, momentarily transferring perception to another time through a weft of seductive visual associations embedded within the print.

Sally Chinea's questioning of the role of craft necessitates utilising methods that perhaps seem at odds given the context of that which we expect of an artwork, and it is this ambiguity that she courts in great measure. What may first appear to be a pursuit to keep hands moving, and restless minds at bay on a Sunday afternoon, ultimately becomes a playful gesture, a treatise to looking that demands second thought or enquiry, an intervention unexpected in its subversion of conventional gallery experience.

A number of **Chris Lang's** works were destroyed in the last exhibition, and many more were significantly damaged. If all the artists in this show are part of the mythology of this space - effectively making it what it is, then Chris has entered into this mythology, the centre point of great tragedy. Indeed, it is such a personal mythology that Chris would clearly embrace, and so it is for this reason that we include one of his paintings in this reopening show, not only in a mark of respect, but as a gesture to acknowledge a legacy.

Alexander Barrett

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