



CHARLOTTE CULLEN

MARGAUX FOUCRET

JOSHUA JOHNSON

JILL MCKNIGHT

BRYAN OBLIVION

EMILIE SPARK

MITT WHEELDON

conversations on eternal interstice 2016, ama & slip by charlotte cullen, untitled (domino), lesvestigesdusabbat & joke by margaux foucret, broken away from a mass by joshua johnson, coat votives by jill mcknight, search party & shakers stop by bryan oblivion, heads][up by emilie spark, kerbstoned by mitt wheeldon.

a slender, flexible limb
or sensitive glandular

of the mouth

used for grasping
or moving about

of the sea

ooh,

ama

by the wax and wane

of the moon

an insidious spread

of elongated organ present

bear upon

hard, lustrous mass

of great worth.





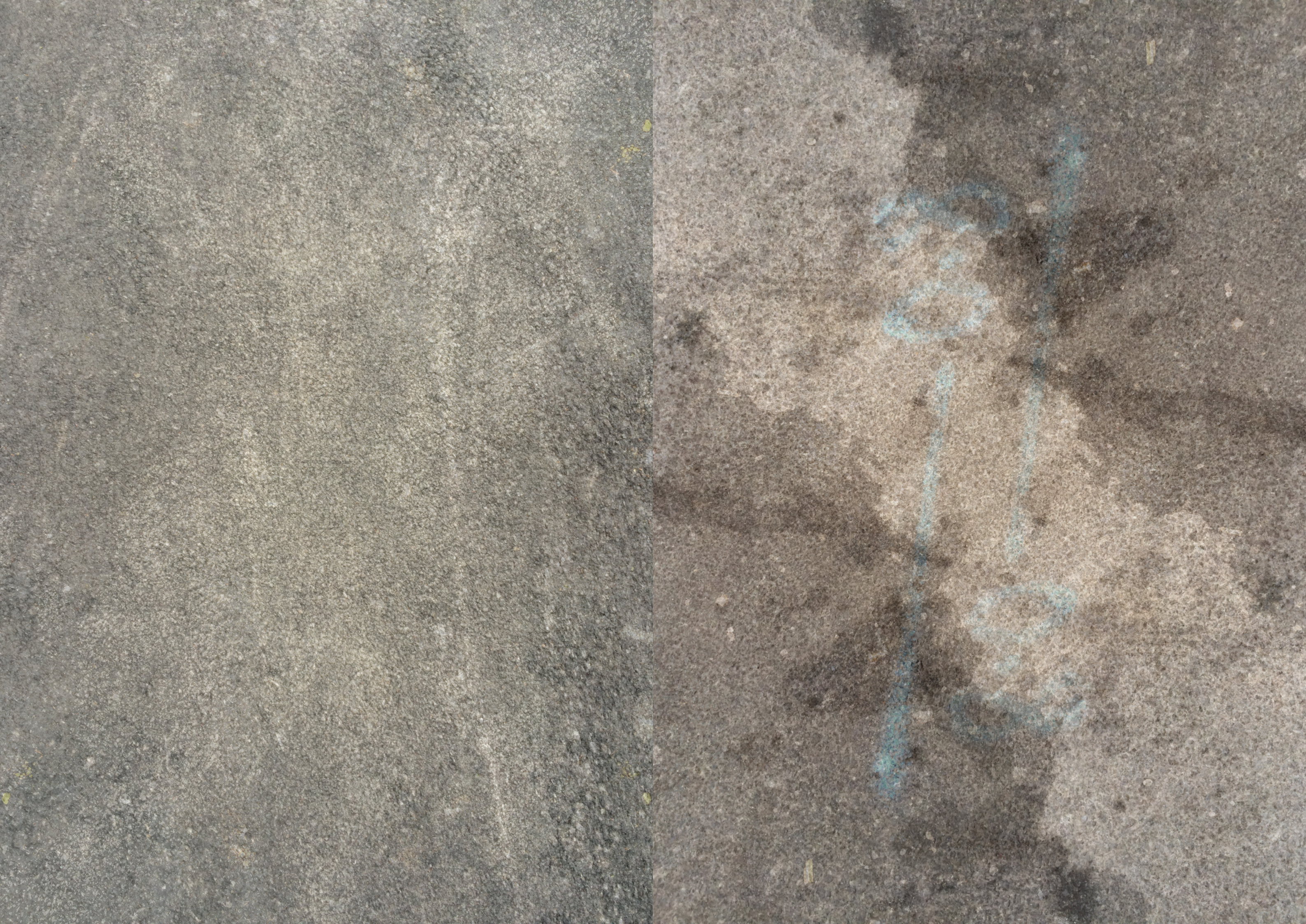






les papillons de ma jeunesse







If I had another lifetime I'd spend it with you
max lifetime with you

66

chunks of wood - jar
able cores / ties



A collection of British coins is arranged on a textured, brown, fibrous surface. The coins include several five pence pieces (one with a profile of Queen Elizabeth II, others with various designs) and two twenty pence pieces (one with a profile of Queen Elizabeth II, one with a rose). A ruler and a scale are visible on the right side of the image.



—depend on finding new pathways through which to negotiate
mise of **Wayfaring** is that such pathways are best created by a
nd experiences. This type of thinking and making requires the
ed, obstacle encountered or interaction achieved to be connected.
Unknown necessitates a moment-to-moment improvisation.

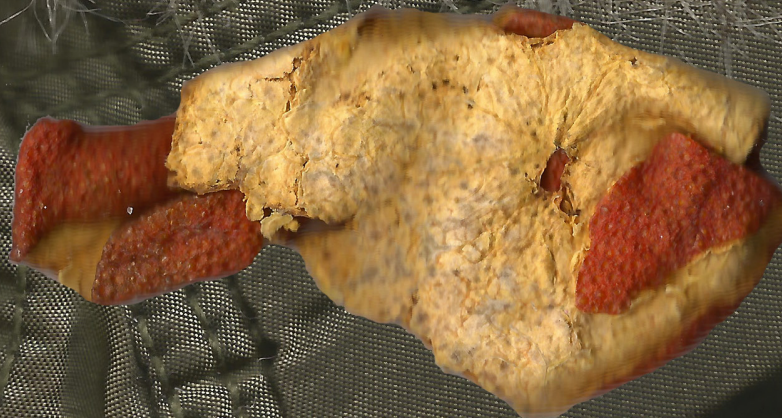
faring involves encounters with others and pathways serve their
 low knowledge is created and shared. The anthropologist Tim
 human development depends on embodied skills of perception
 ways that have informed the curatorial ideas of the *Wayfaring*
 and the relationships between anthropology, architecture, art and

not only in the sense of being able to recount the stories of the spiritual awareness of their surroundings. Thus knowing is relating the clarity and depth of your perception. To tell, in short, is what others can follow.²¹

[illegible]

connection. The wayfarer is not determined to move from A to B, but rather to explore the possibilities of being — as with life, journeys are always unfinished and the routes are always changing. And as with life, the mapped routes and previously mapped directions are forsaken for new, uncharted, and overlapping paths that this exhibition allows

+ PATRICIA AZEVEDO, PAUL ELLIMAN,
ARD, ANNE WALSH + CHRIS KUBICK





LIKE FEATHER

WINNER! CHOOSE:
FRUIT BAG
OR
ICE CREAM
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EXP 10/05/16
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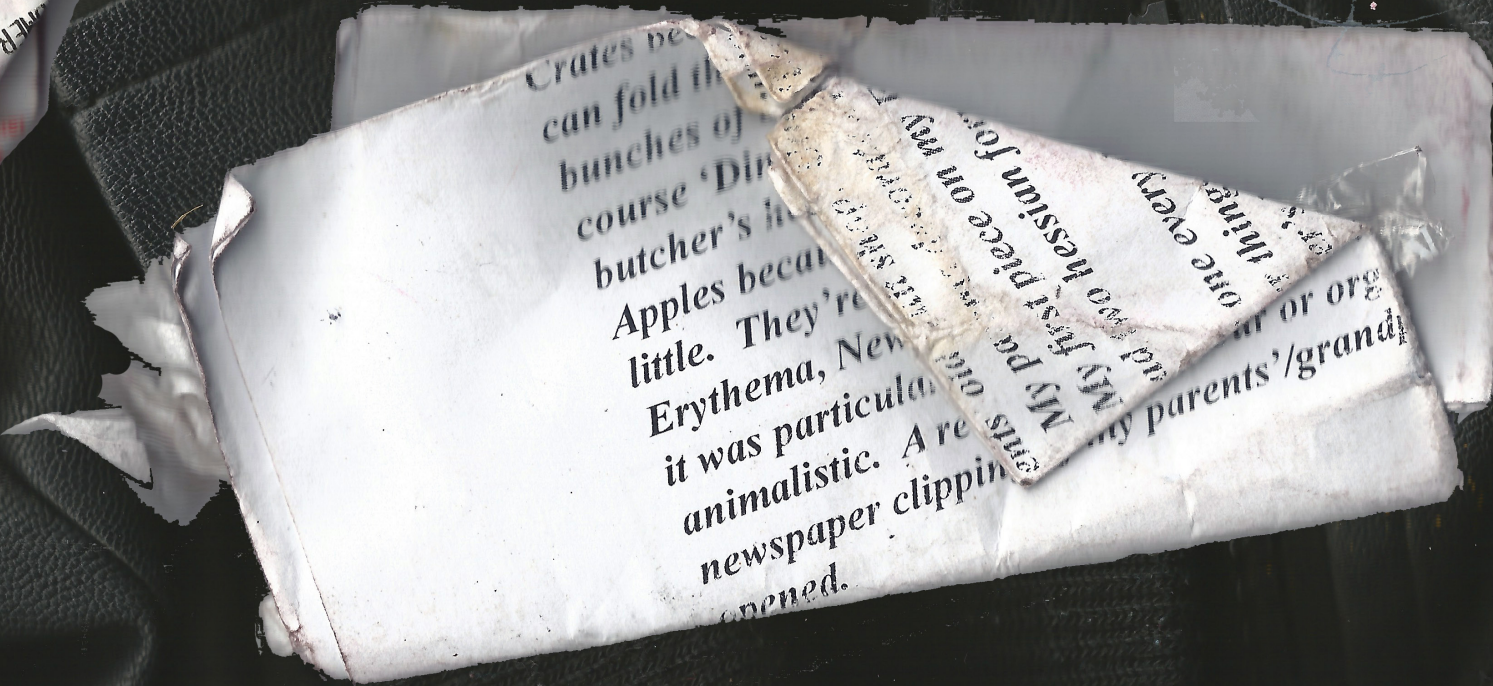
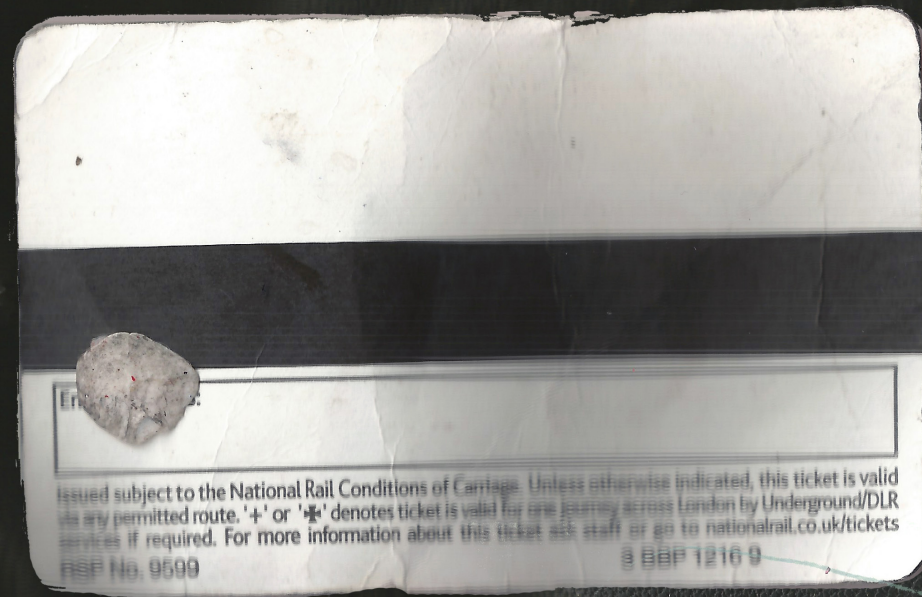
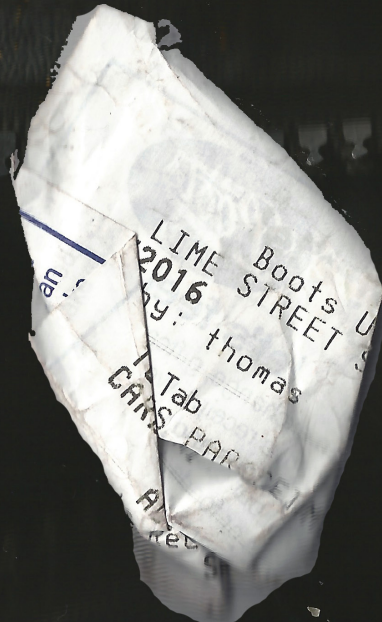
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External Introspection

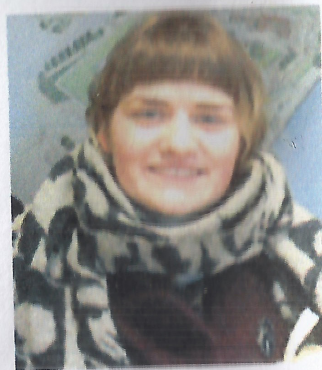


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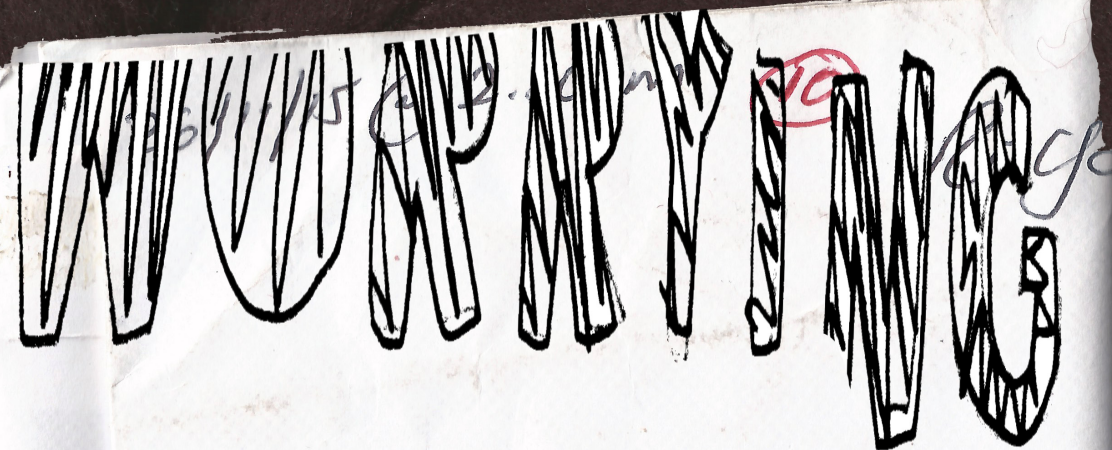
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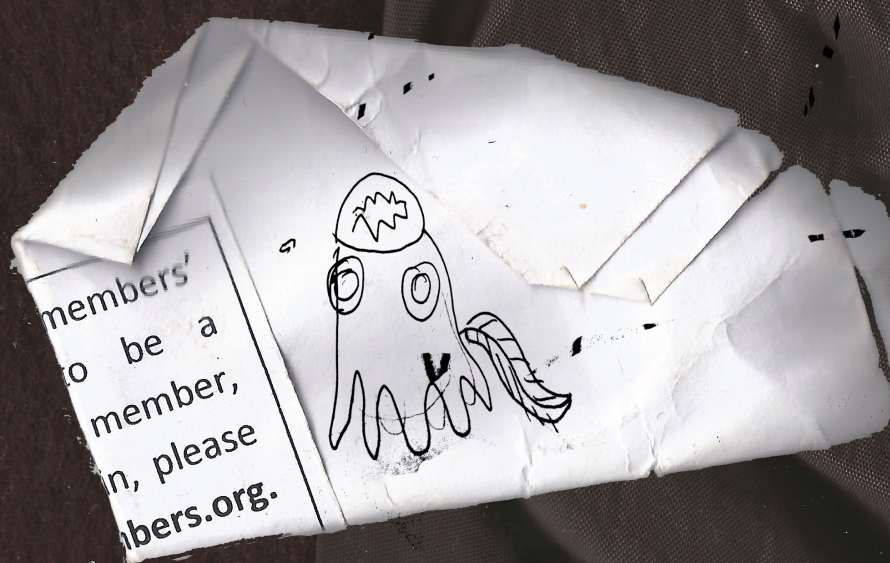
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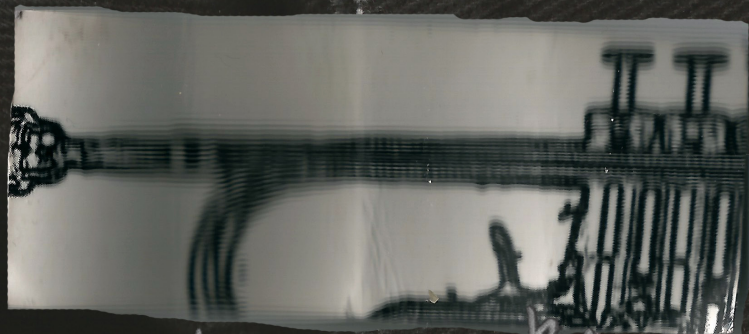


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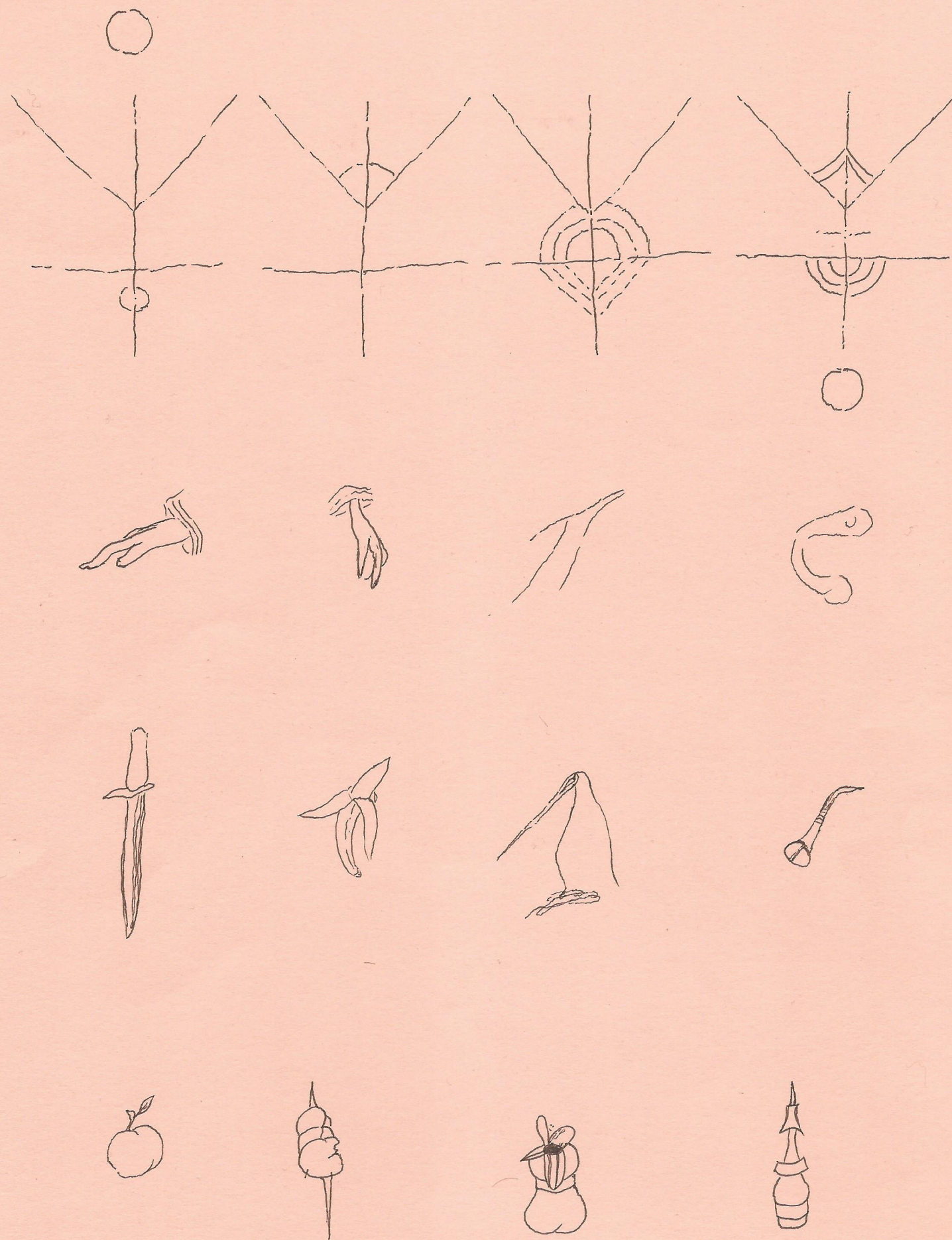


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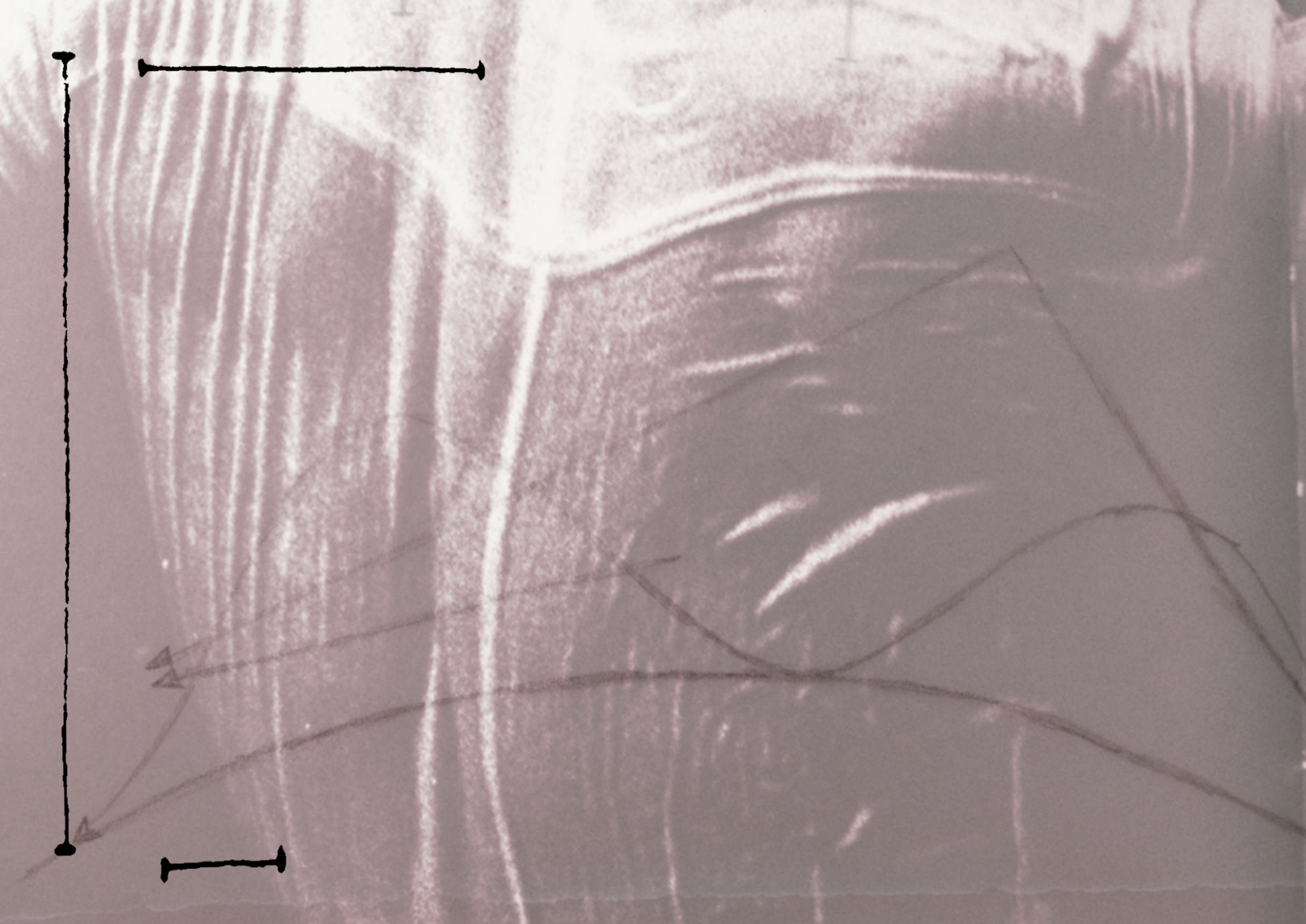
sets the stage for rehearsing
ides we will be expected to play in live ad
also artists in performing such roles more
concentrating →



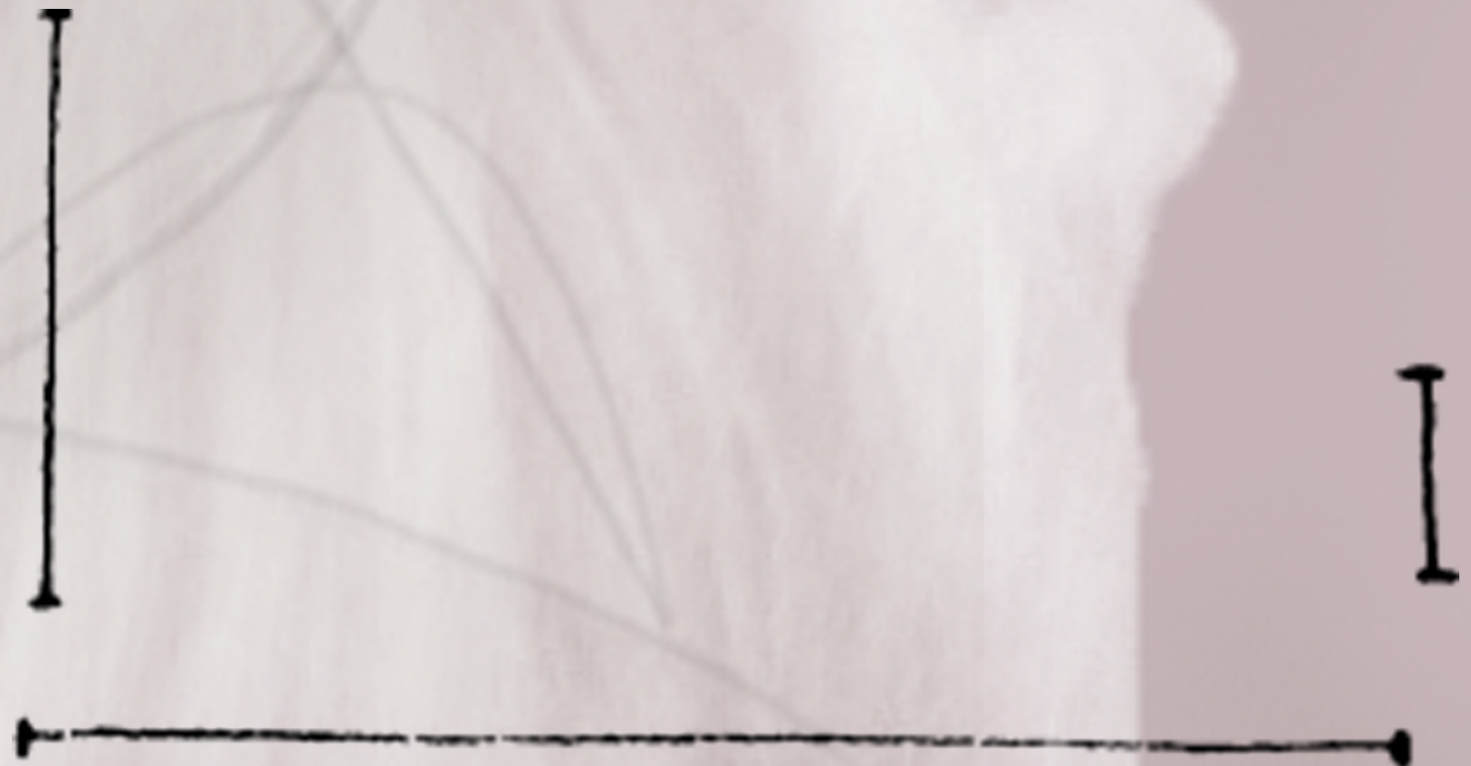




positively buoyant if there is additional or
reserve volume above the waterline



locking mechanisms known as dogs



‘Kerbstoned’

‘now iv bloody told you before to stop bouncing round here, its not a playground’

Smoke from the unroached cigarette in his hand seeped through his small dark teeth. The black stumps resembled the burnt match ends and piss soaked fag butts that had accumulated in the sheltered corner where he smoked. Michael imagined both smelled equally as bad. The security guards name, at least to Michael and the other skaters, was Tubby. An unimaginative name considering the guards appearance, but useful at defusing his intimidating bulk. He approached the skaters, perched variously on the kerb, their boards, and the grass that enclosed the carpark, delivering his routine reprimand like one hard of hearing, or simply patience.

‘you’ve not told me before’

‘I have, told you yesterday, your always here, bloody jumping round, its dangerous’

Tubby replied, stretching out the final word into an almost comedic drawl.

‘bouncing? Its not a fuckin pogo stick’

‘I wasn’t even here yesterday’ said Michael, annoyed at the suggestion he was lying. He genuinely was not there yesterday, but from numerous exchanges with Tubby was fully aware he was not allowed to skate there.

‘no no, that’s not the point, I tell him everyday and you all know your not supposed to’ said Tubby, cigarette still clutched in the short fingers he pointed at Joe, stood to Michaels left.

Joe seemed large for his age, not overweight in a medically unsafe sense, but thick set. The baggy jeans, the multiple XL tshirts, and wide, flat cap he wore increased this look, making it difficult to judge his true size.

‘but Im not him am I’

‘warrhhhhh ya tithead’. The boys scattered around Tubby laughed.

‘it’s a Sunday, docs is closed, why is it a problem? said Kostas, referring to the GP practice, who's car park they were technically in, but which was situated in the larger Civic Centre complex and so fell under Tubbys remit.

The Civic Centre complex was a vast 1960s architectural achievement. The first of its kind to be built in the country; comprising a multi storey library, a council one-stop-shop, multiple event and meeting rooms, and since the early 90s the local doctors practice. The formal features that gave the building its distinctive modernist style; flat open spaces surrounded by banked concrete, large planters, benches, ledges, sloping paths through the site, and stair sets of various heights and distances had inadvertently made it, 40 years too early, an ideal skate spot. Littered with features whose purpose had now been warped to the needs of a new generation. The functional, utilitarian design carried in its construction the potential for adaptation. It was a playground. A concrete arena of low impact geometry, whose rhythmic routes through space were only recently becoming visible.

Much of this was now damaged, broken by weather and use. Weeds forced their way up between cracks in the concrete. Once flush slabs now jutted up against each other forming uneven, trip-hazard-likely pavements. Nothing grew in the planters anymore bar the bare condom-foil adorned bushes at the centre too dug in to die. The finished square edges of the building and its outdoor furnishings had chipped away, leaving the speckled aggregate inside visible. A once clean palate of greys and off whites had become a dirtier, pollution stained grey, broken only by graffiti or the jet washed and painted patches it once existed. The sites angular multi cornered design paired with the overhanging second and third stories provided safety, spaces to hide from security, scallys and the inevitable rain. Public space hidden from public view.

These brutalist structures were built for a different future. A future that never materialised, one lost in economic decline and social stagnation. Once referred to as 'ahead of its time', this decrepit monolith now served as a reminder of failure. A tomb of ambition.

Sat atop the main building and out of place for the time period and the buildings design, was a towering brick pyramid. The brick material of the pyramid was not in keeping with The Civic Centre's design. Porous and red. The brick of terraced post-war houses in the area. It was as if it had landed on the Civic centre and attempted to blend in based on what was visible around it, from its elevated perspective and not what was directly below it, what it was perched on. Michaels Nan had said she didn’t remember it being there when the building was opened, but she was prone to mistakes especially when recalling the past. It was an imposter, masquerading as a design feature. Unassailable. So large that it created an accidental sun dial, its pointed shadow stretching, in the low evening sun, across the entire complex. The boys had talked about getting on to the roof in an attempt to skate it, but no way up had been found despite numerous missions onto the roofs lower levels. The final ascent alluded them.

‘it breaks the slabs and its dangerous’ again over emphasising the word dangerous.

‘break the slabs? We don’t weigh as much as you’ said Joe.

‘fat fuck’

Another round of laughter from the boys, some of whom had now lost interest and skated off to the shops or another spot nearby.

‘right Im not tellin again, ill ring the police, this is private property’

‘c’mon man the police don’t care’ replied Michael.

‘how is it private property it’s a public library?’

Michael did not want to deal with any police. It would take up time, and involve hearing the most recent redrafting of council community guidelines regarding recreational use of alternative modes of transport on council property, or simply lead to their boards being confiscated. That’s if they came at all, the police

didn't care about skateboarding, and Tubbys insistence on calling only made them less receptive to any real, violence-type problem he may face in the future.

'oh yes they will, when tell em what youv been doing' he was red with anger. Michael could see, even with the standoffish distance between them, the burst and broken capillaries spidering across his face that seemed to swell with each toke of his cigarette.

Michael began to feel bad they had insulted Tubby, and that these arguments had become a regular part of his working day. He didn't need to shout at them. Nothing changed when he did. There was an accepted idea among the skaters that Tubby actually enjoyed the exchanges, that he drew some energy from the tense atmosphere. The skaters were one of few Civic Centre users over whom he could exercise power, or at least appear to while he had one of his many cigarette breaks. It was one of few opportunities he had to enforce. Library users are rarely rowdy. Money is not kept on site.

Michael figured it would be best not to argue this much further. Neither side would budge and Tubby was approaching the damp snout of his rollie and would soon head back inside.

'will only send commy patrol anyway' said Joe, meaning the Community Patrol. The white van with no fluorescent stripes and no lights. Creepy Paul. A group whose lack of power led them to develop a form of social policing so petty it bordered on the childish; like the scattering of gravel across the car parks tarmac surface in an effort to deter skateboarding, that due to the individual pieces being fired from passing cars tires and chipping parked cars windows, led to so many complaints that they were forced to embarrassingly sweep it up, on looked by the amused skaters.

'now piss off before I ring them' finished Tubby, he chucked his cigarette into the sodden corner, turned and walked back inside the building.

'not even real police, cant do anything' Joe shouted back to no one, as he and Michael, the only two who had stayed engaged in the conversation, skated back over to the kerb on the other side of the car park.

'whats his fuckin problem, everyday, the same shit'

'its his job'

'and hes probably just bored'

'I think he gets off on it' Joe motioned his arm up and down around his waste and extended his lower jaw in a pleased grimace, one eye rolled up as the other closed.

'he would have to find his dick first'

'oh man, don't say that, hes got all those cameras'

'exactly, hes in there fuckin' tossin', wanking and smoking his days away'

Michael, Joe and Kostas peered up and to either side at the CCTV cameras on the corners of the building. The metal brackets that fixed the cameras to the wall were rusted, orange brown streaks stained the walls below them.

'they don't work, old as fuck, look at the state of them'

'yer, maybe' Michael replied, still looking up at the corner of the building furthest from them, 'whatever, he cant do out'. He was stood tapping the tale of his skateboard up and down, letting the elevated nose drop under its own weight, pivoting against the back wheels, and then pressing the tale down. The dulled crack of different materials connecting, wood, and tarmac, and the metallic rattle of loose bearings, reverberated like an unknown bird song across the still, concrete complex. 'you got any cigs?'

'yer man, me ma left some out' said Joe,

'want to make a joint' Michael pulled from his bag a film case, and from that a small vaguely rectangular lump of brown matter. A piece of pollen. 'Owen gave me it the other day when I was here'

'nah, I hate crumbling, you know when you burn you finger tips, get Kostas to'

'Kostas cant roll'

'Yer, no, I cant' Kostas chuckled, agreeing that it would be better not to try and not to waste the limited nugget of pollen they had, especially after his last attempt and the unfortunately timed sneeze that had caused so many problems.

'alright, game of skate first, ill make one after that and the shop?' Said Michael

'yer alright'

'sound'

The collection of white and yellow lines that designated parking bays and no-stopping areas across the car park created a natural court for their game. SKATE was a process of imitation. A trick, a set of physical movements causing the skateboard to move in a recognised motion, was landed or set -successfully completed- by one of the skaters and then attempted by the others in order to avoid picking up a letter, first to get all five letters loses. This, then, was repeated, each in turn, setting and then copying respective tricks. They started as they always did, deciding the order, youngest first, oldest last. Kostas, Michael, Joe.

The game acts as a form of teenage male posturing, a periodic reminder of social standing and ability within the kerb-stoned boundary. Not that SKATE was a competition, this was no time to be too good, or try too hard, they were after all, friends. There was an etiquette, not just to the game of SKATE, but to skateboarding itself, a sense of right and wrong and fair that had to be experienced in order to be understood. Turns are waited, space is made. You don't wax the ledge without asking.

The three boys stood next to each other, boards at their feet, identical Route One baggy jeans ripped from the accumulated friction of multiple falls hanging from their frames.

Kostas would start with something easy and allow a natural difficulty curve to take shape, basic tricks being attempted first, warming up the limbs. He held his board in front of him, trucks and wheels facing away, took three or four running steps forward, lowered his board and stepped on to it. Rolling, he crouched, pressed

down with his back foot, flicked his front foot forward, sideward and off the end of the board. Rising off the ground, the board span on its axis, the gripped side of the wooden deck in a mid air barrel roll under his feet. The board met his feet again at near enough the same time the wheels hit the ground, rubber sole gripping the sand-papered surface of the deck, and continued to roll forwards. Michael followed, and then Joe, each repeating the motion, a kickflip, in their own way, the individuality of physical movement visible in the angles, efforts and power they put in. The rolling roar of wheels against tarmac, the thuds and cracks of popped boards slapping the grey surface, accompanied their actions, percussive breaks to the calm silence of the day.

Michael accelerated and stepped on to his board at a running pace. He bent his legs, and with a rising motion flicked the tail of his board horizontally behind him, the board span 360 degrees, the flat blur of helicopter blades in rotation, and dropped to the ground in the same direction it had left. Joe went next, landing the 360 pop shove-it with an ease and rehearsed effortlessness, as if his lower limbs acted independently from the disinterested torso above it. Next Kostas, visibly unsteady, holding his arms wide in preparation to fall, his discomfort betraying his primal need for self-preservation. Rolling forwards, he popped his board and attempted to spin it underneath him, but it drifted away, landing upside down with a clatter about a foot away.

'S' said Michael and Joe to each other as they watched Kostas walk to his board, flip it the right way up and skate back over to them.

'S' Kostas agreed.

Joe powered forward, his sturdy build carrying increased momentum against the static backdrop of the Civic Centre and its looming upper floors. His usually lumbering gait was here transformed. The gracefulness and elegance of actions committed to muscle memory, the unconscious micro-adjustments of balance and posture hidden under baggy clothes. Joe crouched and popped his board, the drone of wheels and snap of the deck followed by mid air silence, his body, for a split second hovering as if disconnected from gravity, the board rotating with gyroscopic symmetry in the space between his feet and the ground, then quickly, as if fast forwarded, body, board, and ground connecting together again in a solid stomping thud. Michael and Kostas both pushed off, slower and more unsteady than Joe had done.

'S' said Michael, as he watch his board roll away after nearly, but not, landing the trick.

'S.K' said Kostas, picking himself up from the ground, impressions of dust from the tarmac on his leg and arm where he had fallen.

They continued like this, three figures bouncing back and forth around their kerbed boundaries, the energy and creativity of bored youth carving its name into the brittle remains of preceding generations. Here, disconnected from their schools, from their families, from the lack of hope and expectation and opportunity that

usually surrounded them, free from what minor responsibility they had, safe from what they cant escape. This place was theirs, and they were it. An exercise in autotelism. Pops and cracks. Wooden sheets glued in tension bending under strain. The pyramids shadowy peak encroaching on the carpark, a dark triangle growing as the sun drops lower in the distance. Letters accumulated, K's and A's and T's, stacked to form the wrong words with the right sounds, agreements shortened to single syllables, a form of punk with Jamaican origins often featuring brass instruments, poo porn, fecal fun, pixelated videos of Japanese girls dredged from the internet passed from phone to phone, esses and hisses and groans of small misses, toes that touch tarmac, heels that bite wheels. The darkness to one side of the car park larger now, a shadowed silhouette of Golodian proportions bisecting the bituminous surface. The boys pass from light to dark, dark to light as they lead and follow. Flips and flicks. The rubber and suede of shoes ground away, reinforced layers, the latest in shoe technology, frayed and fucked, surface sandpapered until holes, so wide they can be fingered, form. No cars had pulled in, no one had passed by all evening, most people avoided the civi when it got late and the sun got low in the sky. Almost finished now, two E's being held back. Michaels set, the slow flop of a hardflip that barely span all the way back over. The car parks surface now darker than earlier, fully enveloped in the buildings shadow, the overly orange glow of recently activated street lamps illuminating its perimeter. Kostas next, bored of trying tricks he knows he cant do, feigns his attempt of a hardflip, and kicks his board away, accepting his loss. Joe and Michael, also bored, gave up on the understanding Joe had won, whatever winning means in this context, and both sat on the kerb next to Kostas. Michael, knowing Joe would not roll, pulled his bag on to his lap, removing from it the film canister, a pack of skins and the cigarette Joe had given him earlier, and under the conical beam of now white light, rolled the joint. A police car pulls into the car park.

2016