



THE
Scroll.
MAGAZINE

ISSUE 12

Featured Artist: Yasmin Zara

INTRODUCTION

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WHAT IS SCROLL

Scroll Magazine is an online and print magazine. The magazine aims to repetitive a variety of small local artists in the Hull area. Scroll is a platform that intends on helping smaller artists gain exposure and promote their own artwork. From writers, to photographers, to artists, the magazine is a collection of works from a large group of influences and backgrounds.

WHO?

Procured by a small group of 16-29 year olds with a passion for art, the magazine was founded on an ideal to incentivise creativity in Hull as well as showcasing what it has to offer. The city has a bubbling, artistic and cultural scene, and The Scroll is potential that lies beneath. With every issue included will be a feature artist who will have their work showcased on the cover of the magazine, as well as a short interview. We hope this will give artists further exposure.



WHY?

Scroll Magazine hopes to act as a platform for smaller artists to get their work published and to potentially form collaborations. As well as showcasing local artists, we also aim to support small, local businesses in Hull, by offering various advertising spaces in the print publication.

HOW OFTEN?

The Scroll Magazine will be published every two months for the moment, with possibilities in the future to become a monthly curated magazine of art.

To apply for future issues, email us your work at:
scrollhull@gmail.com

  | @TheScrollMagazineHull

WHAT IS YOUTH ARTS TAKEOVER

As one of the Youth Arts Takeover series of arts events in Hull, the Scroll is co-designed with a group of young creatives between the ages of 16-29, who influence the contents featured and overall look of the magazine. The Youth Arts Takeover is part of Goodwin's Development Trust family of projects and is funded by the Arts Council England. The project encourages young people to take initiative and contribute while gaining full control of their learning experience.

If you're wanting to get involved in Youth Arts Takeover please contact Andrew Harper

AHarper@goodwintrust.org



@YouthArtsTakeover

**YOUTH
ARTS
TAKEOVER**



Supported using public funding by
**ARTS COUNCIL
ENGLAND**



When hearing the term 'Fine Art', we might think of intricate, highly detailed, symbolic portrayals of religious tales or Greek mythologies as seen in great Renaissance paintings. Or perhaps we think about more modern, ambitious art – strategically placed minimal line, or aggressive abstract brush marks surrounded by liminal space. 'Fine Art', as both a term and a practice can sometimes seem inapproachable, reserved only for those born with natural talent. It can seem inaccessible to many.

We understand that fine art can feel daunting and exclusionary to some people. This issue attempts to break down this disconnect, highlighting the importance of diversity within the arts. From installation-based work, to creative writing and sewing, we will look at how a vast variety of materials and approaches can be used to create dialog around personal topics of interest.

We aim to show how fine art – in its true form rather than a mythologised and exclusionary monolith – can be inclusionary and completely tailored to individual exploration. To show how all types of creative expression can be valued and attainable by everyone interested.

- The Scroll Team

THE
Scroll.
MAGAZINE



SINKING

It burrows under my skin – unnoticeable at first and then unendingly agonising. It weighs me down, drags me down, makes me so heavy the solid ground beneath my feet breaks, gives way, fractures, becomes liquid and I drown.

I drown and drown and drown. And even though my lungs fill up and I'm choking and spluttering and I'm sure I'm going to die – there is no reprieve – no moment of intense euphoria where all my pain dissipates and I float peacefully into that tender night.

I am choking... and that is it. I am choking and suffocating and drowning and that is it.

My body is heavy and to escape falling under I retreat to the only safe space above ground. My bed. I sink into my soft mattress and goose feather quilt and I begin to drown in a new and different way.

I am still heavy, I still sink down and who knows how long I will stay here this time – longer or shorter than the last?

When things are difficult it's easier to think in small sentences.

Today's sentences.

I will wake up and not cry.

I will brush my teeth and wash my face.

I will try to eat breakfast.

I will not cry when I can't eat breakfast.

I will read my book.

I will not read a sad book.

I will not watch the news. I will not look at social media. I will watch the same T.V. programme again.

I will get in the car.

I will not think about getting in a car crash.

I will not say out loud how sad I am.

I will arrive at the building. I will walk up to the building and go in the door. I will walk up to the receptionist and tell her my name.

I will not think about how my voice stuttered.

I will not apologise a second time.

I will take a seat. I will not jiggle my leg. I will sit still. I will read each poster on the wall word for word. I will not think. I will not think.

I will not think.

I will not think too much.

PLAN

Making a plan is easy, or at least it should be. It starts with an end goal – write that first then add where you are now. In between write all the steps necessary to get from where you are now to your goal. The steps can be as big or small as you want. I've read enough self-help books and watched enough organise / reset your life videos to know that. But what works best of all is a list – I do enjoy a good list.

However, in the middle of a flounder, in the middle of a panic, in the middle of a complete descent into worst case scenario thinking – lists are not always possible. I don't have a goal, I don't have a dream to aim and strive for, I have nothing. I am nothing. I flounder harder.

But I need a plan – I can't survive without a plan. And can you hear my panic? What am I going to do? Go back to the degree I deferred on? Become a social worker? A counsellor? An unemployed melancholic? A receptionist? Maybe joining a cult will give me direction?

I need direction. Why don't I have direction? And why is that a question I feel like my therapist can answer but I can't? I should know, I want to know, why don't I know?

CLOUD

What do you want to be?
What do you want to do?
When you grow up?
Now, when you wake up?

It's a curious question
As confusing now as it was at thirteen
A doctor to save people
A lawyer to help people
An artist to inspire people

If we answer honestly I wonder what we will say
What do I want to do?
What do I want to be?
WHO do I want to be?

I'd wish to be a cloud
I could float along the breeze
Looking down unharmed and unscathed
Safe and free
Childish I know

I could see everything
Travel everywhere
Move anywhere
Be anything
Childish I know

But there would be no worries
No bills, no responsibilities, or 9 to 5
Just a whole world to see
A whole world I wish to see

I AM EXTREMELY STUDIO DRIVEN IN MY PRACTICE. I AM INTRIGUED IN CREATING AN ANALOGY BETWEEN THE PROCESS OF EXPERIMENTING WITH MATERIALS IN SCULPTURE AND OTHER DISCIPLINES TO VISUALISE THE FUNCTIONING HUMAN BODY, WITHIN MY WORK. THEREFORE, CONTRASTING THE PHILOSOPHY OF WOMEN'S BODIES AND HOW THIS IS, AND HAS BEEN DOMINATED BY THE MEDIA, RESTRICTED WOMEN'S RIGHTS AND EVERYDAY LIFE.



I AM INTRIGUED IN CREATING ANALOGY BETWEEN THE FUNCTIONALITY OF THE BODY, AND THE CONTRASTS SURROUNDING THE PHILOSOPHY TOWARDS WOMENS' BODIES, AND HOW THIS HAS BEEN REGARDED THOUGHOUT HISTORY, IN THE MEDIA, AND EVERYDAY LIFE.

I INCORPORATE REPRESENTING THE RESISTANCE WE HAVE AS WOMEN IN CONFORMING TO PRE-CONCEPTUAL MENTALITIES PREVIOUS GENERATIONS HAVE HELD. THIS IS REGARDED TOWARDS WHAT THE ROLE OF A WOMAN SHOULD BE AND HOW THEIR BODIES APPEAR IN COMPARISON TO THEIR UNREALISTIC REPRESENTATIONS.



(Left) No Uterus, No Opinion, 2022

(Right) Wobble... Wobble... Tap... Tap... 2019

INTERVIEW WITH AN ARTIST



I'm All Muscle, 2018

From a young age I have always had a desire to paint, draw. Throughout my education I had a strong passion in exploring my creative abilities. It has progressed since this, and when I studied Fine Art at Nottingham Trent University I predominantly created sculpture.

I have a natural incentive to make and be in a studio environment. Therefore, experimenting with materials freely combats how I want to explore concepts in my work so strongly.

Does your work stem more from materialistic drives or is it more subject driven?

In my practice I am motivated by the genuine enthusiasm I have with being hands on with materials, layering numerous disciplinary processes to establish the analogy of the grotesqueness in my sculptures. Although having a materiality invested practice, I have a clear subject matter I am very passionate about which fuels how I create work and layer materials in a specific way.

I am attracted to materials that have a tactility to them that evoke a presence of the maker when manipulated in the making process. I want to install an interactivenss into my work through having kinetic attributes and different material textures for the audience to be able to engage and respond through interpreting the sensory impact the work creates. Sat tempor

Is it very important to you that the audience understands the work?

I think the most important element I would like the audience to come away from the work is to have empathy about unrealistic body expectations and how damaging social pressures construct people's relationships with their bodies.

I would like women to be empowered and interpret the work in some sort of way which determines how they see themselves as a person and accept their body regardless of how society and the media manipulates body perception.

I also want to have freedom in the audience responding to my work, therefore not issue importance in how the work translates to them. As I think the sculptural characteristics and the work being very visceral demonstrates a completely different interpretation to how you can perceive my work.

Was studying in an educational art institution important to your development as an artist?

From the transgression of going from (following) brief work to having the independence to make work and have ultimate freedom to be able to create as much or as little as you wanted - It was initially challenging getting into the mentality of making as freely as I do now. However, I feel it has definitely built my confidence in my own creativity and the facilities I had (access to) whilst being at university benefited in how I think about approaching materials: in the processes and techniques I have learnt in Casting, Wood, Metal and Ceramics.

Further, do you feel this is important to every potential creative, or are there any transferable methods/ skills that can be self-taught?

I believe, in education I created a better dynamic in how I make and develop my own critical voice, through critical discussions and presentations to a community of other practitioners.

Although I feel being in education gives you the initial period to grow and form your creative skills. I believe if you have enough initiative and passion for creating work, I feel you can self teach as mostly everything (can be found) through the access of social media and tutorials that give you a step by step guide.

Do you feel that art is an accessible field to study within and/ or progress a career in?

I believe in today's society Art is overlooked, in being considered as a subject to study and be taken seriously, through the lack of support and funding from the government.

As I have studied away from Hull - at Nottingham Trent University - I have felt, personally from graduating I have found it quite challenging to progress a career in or have the support in the career I want to have, being interested in studio- based work.

Do you feel making art is important to you personally as a person?

I feel making is essential to me as a person, I couldn't live without having that creative outlet. As I am an avid knitter and crocheter outside my practice.

Similarly, in my practice I use a lot of textiles and multiple disciplinary techniques to create 3D form and structure within my work.

Do you feel any challenges with keeping up your practice?

I have recently created a makeshift studio in my garage to be able to experiment with materials in processing how I can develop future sculptures.

As I have found it challenging to keep up with my practice since Covid 19 occurred after I graduated in 2019. I hadn't had workshop facilities since then. So I think building a studio space has really enhanced my creativity. Also, being in a gallery environment for my everyday job has developed my innovation towards ideas I want to create.

How do you maintain your practice (the media you consume, classes/ workshops you attend, the communities you're a part of...)

I had a break from making sculpture since Covid 19.

I have recently become a part of the INTER_CHANGE programme with absolutely cultured. Furthermore, it has given me a purpose to continue my practice and evaluate how I can research concepts and disciplines I haven't got knowledge on such as engineering, embroidery techniques and craft processes.

I think 2022 has given me insight into building a community with other practitioners in Hull, as I feel from leaving Hull for Nottingham I didn't have those connections. I have become more aware of the creative accessibility in being involved in professional development programmes like INTER_CHANGE, also working in the museums, Ferens Art Gallery and volunteering on Future Ferens and being a part of the HEY volunteering team.

Caitlin Smith



Hairy, Lairy and Quite Contrary

SEWING ON PHOTOGRAPHS OF GOWER PARK HU4. DEVELOPING IDEAS FOR POSSIBLE FUTURE INSTALLATIONS. THE WORK CONSIDERS GIVING VOLUME TO SHADOWS, AND THE CONTRASTS OF CONCRETE AND THREADS.



Park Repair 1



DAMAGED HEARTS

AMANDA STARTED WRITING AGAIN IN JANUARY 2022 ABOUT LIFE, SHE PERFORMS SPOKEN WORD, WHICH HAS BECOME A THERAPEUTIC OUTLET AND SHE HAS REDISCOVERED HER CREATIVE SELF, AMONGST A BUSY MUMMY LIFE. YOU CAN FIND AMANDA PERFORMING AT LOCAL SPOKEN WORD EVENTS ACROSS HULL, EAST YORKSHIRE AND SCUNTHORPE GROUPS. HER DEBUT PERFORMANCE WAS AT YADA YADA NOISE IN FEBRUARY 2022 TO WHOM SHE IS MORE THAN GRATEFUL FOR THEIR ENCOURAGEMENT, KINDNESS AND MAKING HER RETURN TO THE MIC

A heart is burned
Singed beyond compare
Lifeless, blackened with nothing to spare
A heart is taken

A heart is blocked
Furring arteries, cholesterol and sludge
The pain needs morphine
It's so unbearable

New beginnings emerge
New friendships beckon
Positive, hope and happiness
May not be forgotten

The heart can spark chaos
Balloons, stents and electricity
and pumps needed to survive
That may just keep that heart alive

Anatomy and emotions always intertwined
But different but the same in need of being hot wired
So, the hearts that are singed, the hearts that struggle to pump
Can get there I hope with love, compassion and care
So, it needn't be endless and so utterly bare.

2022

Blue Skies

Beautiful blue skies,

Rippled with ice cream fluff,

The smile of young children,

It needn't feel rough

Life, a series of chapters,

That begin and then end,

A new prologue is written,

And new hearts are smitten

Beautiful blue skies

The sun shining through

Glistening on the ocean

So calming and still

Monologues, poems, sonnets a plenty

Broken heart's gently being mended

Heart's so fragile,

Bursting out with tears,

Exposing our genuine, childhood fears

Beautiful blue skies

Avoiding the storms

Life's not a good bye

But the breaking of new dawn

February 2022

Love me like this

Someone to hold me
Someone to care
Someone to guide me
When I am scared

Someone to love me
Someone to ravish me
Someone to gig with
When life seems so bare

Someone to laugh with
Someone to cuddle me
Someone to play scrabble
And avoid the rabble with

Someone to treat me
Someone to meet
Someone to drink espresso with
And eat cherry gelato

Someone to play and listen to music with
Someone to walk by my side
On a beach
In a wood

On a street
In a faraway town
In a different world
Where I can be with you

Are you the one for me?
Will I find this someone?
Is this someone found?
I do not know

Someone somewhere somebody somehow

Please

Love me like this

October 2022

SO THESE ARE DONE IN VARIOUS DIFFERENT ART FORMS: SOME ARE MIXED MEDIA BASED, SOME ARE DIGITAL PAINTINGS, SOME ARE WATERCOLOUR, SOME ARE ACRYLIC - I ALSO WORK IN CALLIGRAPHY.

A RECURRING MOTIF IN MY WORK IS THE USE OF MORSE CODE, WHERE THE CODE HAS POSITIVITY MESSAGES WRITTEN IN IT - HIDDEN, BECAUSE YOU HAVE TO KNOW IT'S MORSE CODE TO SEE IT.

THE TWO SCREEN-PRINTS ("PRINT 1" AND "PRINT 2" - EDITOR) WERE MADE DURING AN ART WEEKEND, WHERE LAURA SLATER TAUGHT MYSELF AND SEVERAL OTHERS HOW TO SCREEN PRINT. THE PURPLE IN "PRINT 2" IS PAPER I RIPPED TO BITS TO MAKE SHAPES IN ORDER TO MAKE A STENCIL, THE PINK AND YELLOW WAS PAINTED INTO THE SILK SCREEN. IT WAS A LONG PROCESS, AND FUN TO LEARN. I CHOSE COLOURS THAT ARE SUPPOSE TO HAVE A CALMING EFFECT ON THE MIND.



Morse Code 1



Print 1

Print 2

I like how the mixed media compliments each aspect of some of the work

– even though some are very different. For example, the tree trunk and the charcoal that makes up the tree detailing.

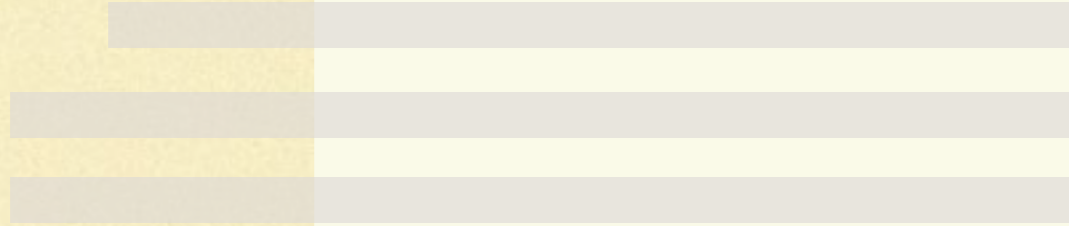


Pier

Phoenix



Natures Grace



Ahch-To Island



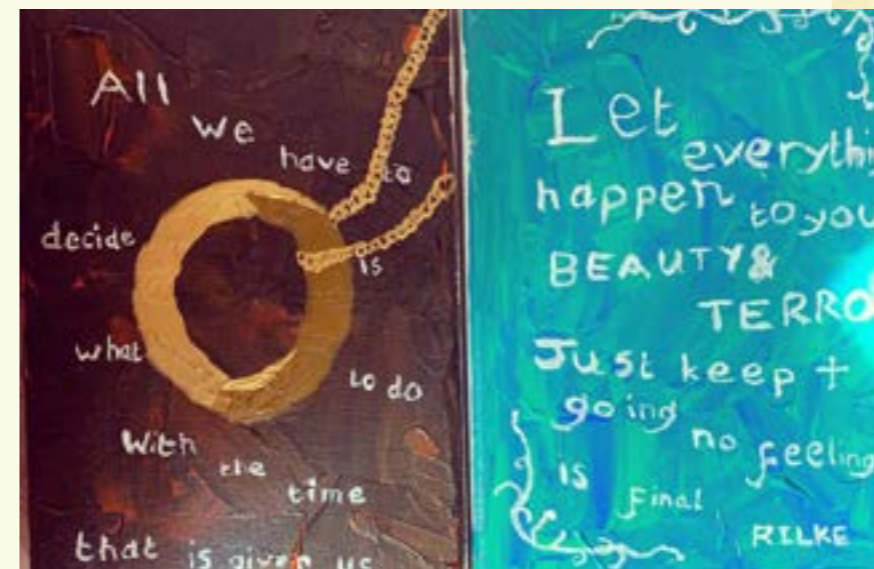
Enterprise F



Hogwarts



Wolf



What To Do With The Time That Is Given Us & Let Everything Happen To You



(Top) I am an Artist
(Bottom) Cave

The Lonely Mountain

Bastian Mori walked down the street, his hands deeply ensconced in his black trench coat's pockets. He stared up at the grey, overcast sky as he walked, feeling a chill running down his spine that was nothing to do with the weather as he pondered the task ahead.

Not gonna like this one bit.

The thought was vaguely absurd – it wasn't as though he had *expected* to enjoy this job. Anyone with half a brain cell wouldn't enjoy the sort of work that he did at the *best* of times – and he was blessed, so he liked to think, with more than half a brain cell. But the work had to be done. If it was not him, it would be someone else – someone, he allowed himself to think with a small flicker of pride, considerably less adept than he was.

He walked on, taking one hand out of his pocket and glancing at his phone – the sat-nav was guiding him down this street, and then there would be a left turn before he got to his destination.

Not long now.

Mori walked on, putting the phone back in his pocket and letting out a deep sigh. If he didn't know better, he might have thought that he was feeling fear, but it wasn't fear so much as it was a certain kind of apprehension, the deep breath before the plunge.

Which is fair, he thought. Given what's about to happen.

Helpfully, the little voice from his phone's sat-nav popped up a moment later. "At the next right turn, turn right."

"No shit," he muttered aloud, his voice deep and gruff from years of abuse. He turned right dutifully, even as the sat-nav helpfully reminded him to go straight on 'until you have reached your destination'. The word 'destination' sounded ominous – but then again, he might have just been imagining that.

Still letting the imagination run wild, he thought. The world does that for me – don't need to fucking help it.

As was always the case, the house he was coming to was entirely unassuming. The amount of times he had watched movies where haunted houses looked *wrong*, with ivy and cracks and dirty windows, he couldn't even keep track anymore. But no – reality, as ever, was far more unassuming.

And far more terrifying.

Slowly, he approached the door to the house, moving past the open gate. There was supposed to be no one living here right now – a blessing in many respects – but that didn't mean that there would be no one here.

The odd squatter, drug addict, or worse. He tensed as he went up to the door and knocked.

There was no reply, but he felt a chill run down his spine, nonetheless. He shivered, and his hands clenched into fists in his pockets.

"Okay," he muttered. He looked around, trying to catch sight of anything that might be amiss – but the front garden of this house, for all that it was entirely bare and not particularly decrepit – was empty and gave no sign that anything was wrong.

Looks can be deceiving, he thought. He took a deep breath, knocked on the door again, and waited a moment. Nothing happened. He sighed, before turning and walking along the side drive, going around the side of the house.

"Hello?" he dared to say aloud. No reply. He steeled himself: there was *something* – the chill down his spine was growing – but it wasn't showing itself. Glancing at his phone, he opened his camera app and looked around through it – sure enough, no sign of anything. He didn't know whether to take that as a blessing or a curse – possibly both, knowing his luck.

Continuing down the drive, Mori looked up at the dark, empty windows of the house. Conventional wisdom would suggest that if the presence here had any issue with him, it would show itself soon, somehow, but he could see nothing – no ghostly figures looming through the windows, no haunting faces or blank stares following him. Still, the foreboding feeling crept further down his spine, making him feel a sense of acute unease.

This is true evil, a part of his mind through unbidden. Something is here.

But that was why he was here, wasn't it? Because 'true evil' was here, and he, as always, had to come and deal with it.

He continued down the driveway, taking a deep breath. There was a wooden gate at the bottom of the drive leading into a more overgrown back garden. The gate was locked, but the lock was old and rusted, the first sign he had seen of just how ill-cared for this place actually was.

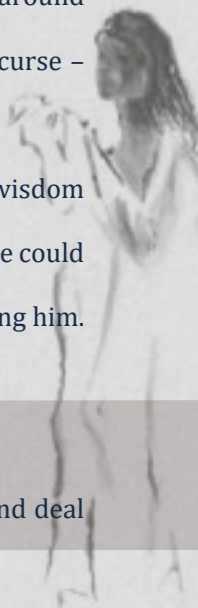
With a surreptitious glance over his shoulder, Mori turned to the gate and gave it a hearty *kick*, the padlock giving way easily and snapping open, and the gate swinging inwards into the garden. It had no doubt been nice once – there was a pond, and a tree, and a few patches of grass that had overgrown and become full of what looked like weeds or wildflowers. He slowly stepped into the garden, and suddenly felt a much colder chill run down his spine.

Here we are, he thought, taking another deep breath and frowning. *Now it's pissed.*

What 'it' was, he did not know – not off the top of his head. The research he had done into this house and its history was sadly lacking in any pertinent facts that might have helped him to know what he was walking into.

For all he knew, this place was relatively benign –

No, he chided himself. If it was benign, I wouldn't be here.



He walked a little further into the garden. The pond had a few overgrown weeds choking it, but there was nothing else alive in there. He thought he could see a dead fish bobbing somewhere. Frowning, he peered deeper into the pond, and then blinked in surprise.

Over his shoulder, there was the shadow of a figure – a woman, or the shadow of a woman at least. She was raising one hand, reaching out towards him...

Mori turned sharply, one hand raised defensively, but there was nothing there. Yet near his ear he thought he could hear the faintest sound of a breath.

Something is here. The thought was like a hissing whisper in his ear. *Something is here, Bastian, and you are alone...*

He ignored the thought and turned back around, looking at the back wall of the house and scowling. Whatever this thing was, it was watching him now, waiting for him to make the first move before it acted. Was that a good sign or a bad one? No way to be sure, not when he had yet to determine precisely what kind of entity – if it was, indeed, an entity – he was dealing with.

“Hello?” he tried again, more to confirm that it was useless than as an actual attempt. “Is anyone there?”

No answer.

Of course not.

Slowly, Mori headed for the back door of the house. It was a simple wooden door with a brass handle. An experimental touch on the handle showed that it was locked. Sighing, he looked around, before giving the door a strong kick. The lock broke with a loud crack, and the door swung inwards. There was a whistle of icy air past Mori’s ear, and he winced.

Turn back, a voice seemed to whisper in his ear.

“No,” he said aloud. One hand went to the smoky-quartz necklace around his neck, and he closed his eyes, taking a deep breath. After a moment he opened his eyes again, and stepped inside the house.

It was cold. The weather outside was grey, but this was practically *arctic*. It was also close - much closer than he was used to - and he grimaced at the feeling. It was like air pressure, but worse, and his eardrums felt like they were being pressed against by hands trying to block his ears.

Mori’s grimace deepened. He thrust his hands back into his pockets and looked around.

This house was abandoned: there was only scant furniture, old tables and a broken chair. The carpet was threadbare and worn, with more than a few stains. There was damp on the walls, as well, the sort of vaguely smelly and creeping damp that made his nose twitch.

Yeah, this seems about right, he thought.

He stopped about three metres into the back room, frowning at the doorway leading further into the house. With no light, it seemed as though the doorway led into a pitch black void, and he felt no need to step into it.

Bad idea all round.

He took a breath, before reaching into his other inside pocket and pulling out a small sage stick wrapped in plain rope. He pulled a small lighter from another pocket and lit the stick in a single motion. The smoke wisped for a moment, floating above the stick, and Mori held his breath.

NO.

There was a sudden gust of wind, and he stepped backwards, eyes widening. The smudge stick sputtered, the flame dying and the smoke from the sage blowing away. In the shadows of the black doorway, he could have sworn he could see the figure of a woman appear, long hair flowing around a dress, eyes glaring out at him from the darkness.

There you are, he thought. He gripped the necklace with one hand and with another drew out a small silver cross.

“Vade post me spiritus,” he said, his gruff voice wavering against the gusting wind. “Vade post me -”

There was a howl of wind, stronger than before, that sounded almost like a scream of rage, and he stumbled backwards at the force of it. He grimaced and raised the cross again.

“Vade post me daemonium,” he hissed. “Vade post me daemonium -”

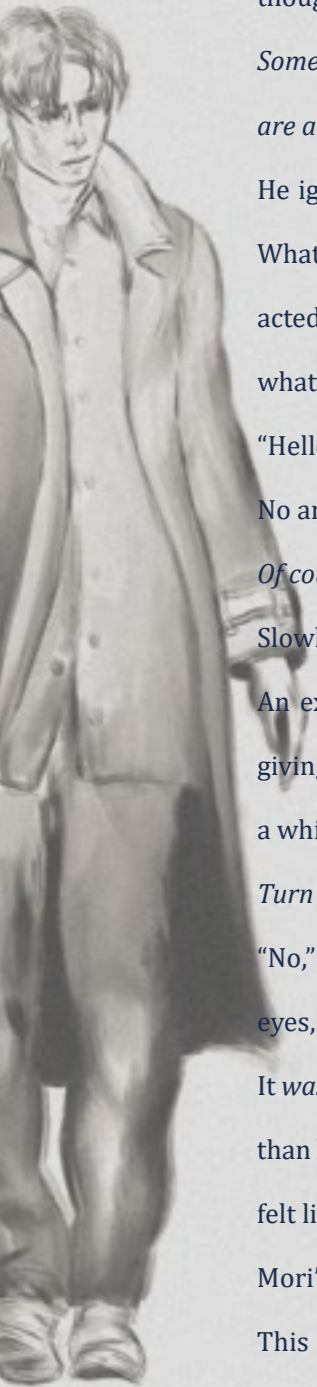
There was a scream, a *real* scream this time, and from the shadows the figure of a woman came hurtling like a gale, arms outstretched to claw at him. Instinctively he raised one hand in front of his face defensively -

And then there was silence. The wind had died down, and there was no sign of the woman anywhere. Mori lowered his arms, frowning carefully as he looked around the space. The dark doorway seemed less dark now, the air less cloying. For the moment, it seemed as though the house was calmed.

Who knows how long that will last? a small, altogether cynical part of Mori’s mind piped up. He ignored it, instead turning back to the door and walking out without another word. The drive seemed calmer, as well, and for a moment he relaxed. A few drops of rain had started falling, the ground slowly darkening with the water.

Suddenly there was another gust of wind, soft but definite, and Mori stopped, frowning. Something felt... *off*. For a moment he didn’t realise what was wrong until he realised that the sound of footsteps had stopped a second *after* he had. He took a deep, steadying breath, and looked down at his shadow.

There was another shadow next to it.





MY WORK IS BASED IN THE MATERIALISTIC PROPERTIES OF THE MEDIUMS I USE. WHETHER IT BE DRAWING WITH INK, PAINTING WITH WATERCOLOURS OR BOOK MAKING, I AM ALWAYS INVOLVED WITH THE FEELING OF PLAYING/ EXPERIMENTING WITH THE MATERIALS. THEMES AND SUBJECT MATTERS THAT PERSIST ACROSS MY WORK INCLUDE TONALITY, LIMINAL SPACE, SHADOWS AND HAUNTOLOGY. I WORK TO BUILD A SPACE OR PRESENCE THROUGH USE OF GESTURAL ABSTRACT MARKS AND PACE.



Rice paper – I've found this paper to be the most difficult to work with. it's so delicate, it can be a struggle to peel off the wall without any rips. This has brought an awareness of care into my practice – in the way I handle my work. I fee this has reinforced the value I feel the work holds. I find this paper is also the most effective in highlighting the quality of the ink – the way seeps though. It also helps to create a sense of movement , having a less solid surface, emphasising the more gestural marks.

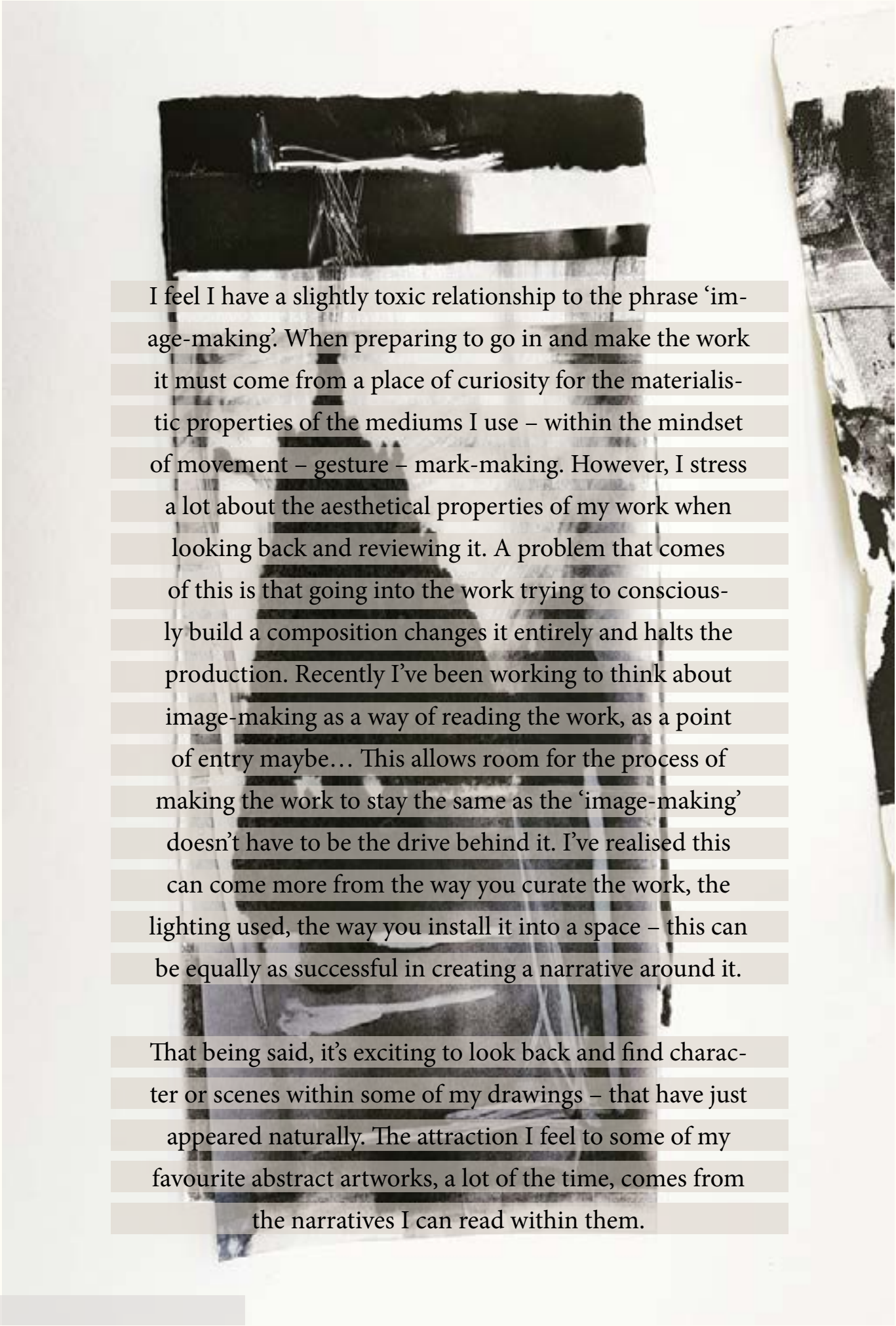
Shadows, 2020

I have a lot of conflicting thoughts surrounding my practice within art...

I struggle a lot with the value of my work. These days, I'm working on having more appreciation towards the broader context of my practice – successful or not as artworks, this is what I felt like making in the moment, which in turn lead to this.. which lead to this...

By whatever standards, I feel these pieces featured here were a successful moment within my practice. They have a presence, an energy that I wish I could grasp in some way to put into everything I make.

I feel like people tend to favour the work I make that is more suggestive of a narrative, or where shapes and figures can be read into it. This is understandable, as in some ways abstract art that doesn't have any obvious relation to the outside world can be less accessible - it can be harder to relate to. During my degree I found a lot of the feedback or the suggestions for improvement were being centred around focusing on making more visually interesting images. As a result, a feeling of insecurity has become attached to a lot of the work I made at that time...



I feel I have a slightly toxic relationship to the phrase 'image-making'. When preparing to go in and make the work it must come from a place of curiosity for the materialistic properties of the mediums I use – within the mindset of movement – gesture – mark-making. However, I stress a lot about the aesthetical properties of my work when looking back and reviewing it. A problem that comes of this is that going into the work trying to consciously build a composition changes it entirely and halts the production. Recently I've been working to think about image-making as a way of reading the work, as a point of entry maybe... This allows room for the process of making the work to stay the same as the 'image-making' doesn't have to be the drive behind it. I've realised this can come more from the way you curate the work, the lighting used, the way you install it into a space – this can be equally as successful in creating a narrative around it.

That being said, it's exciting to look back and find character or scenes within some of my drawings – that have just appeared naturally. The attraction I feel to some of my favourite abstract artworks, a lot of the time, comes from the narratives I can read within them.



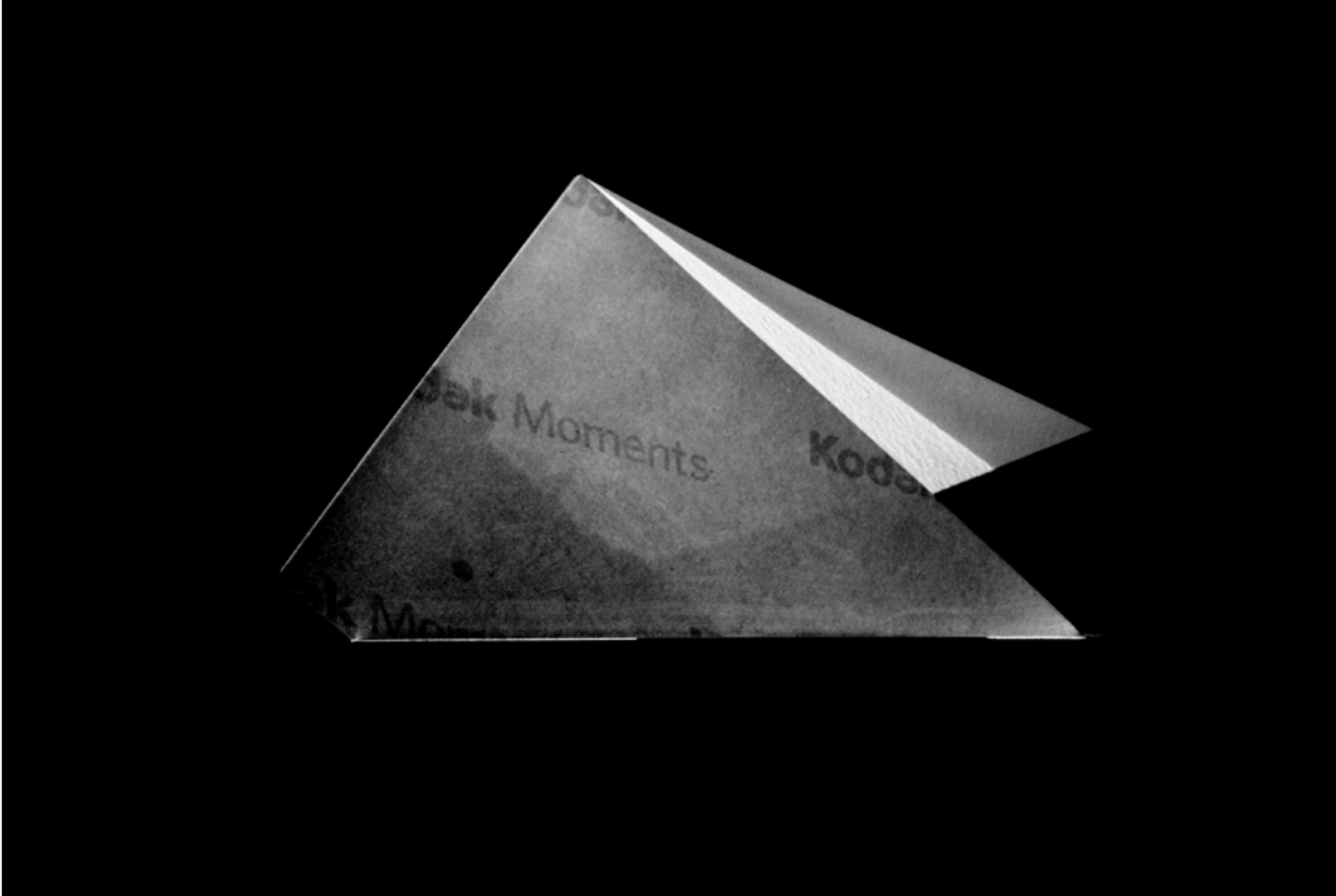
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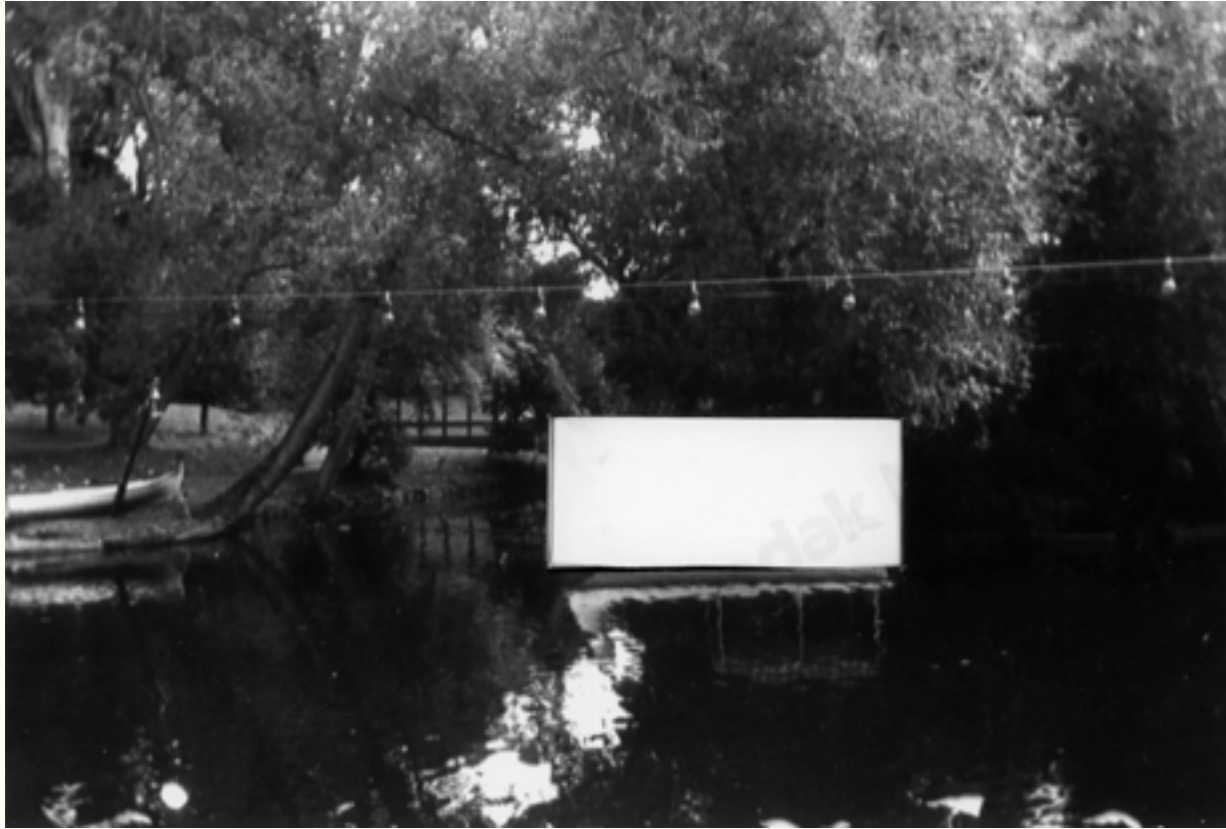
Accessibility within art is very important to me, especially when it comes to adding value to work deemed lesser than or unsophisticated. I believe strongly in adding value based on energetic connection or resonance to a piece over skill or status. In this way, anyone can make and appreciate art, as it is approached from a place of personal experience and history.

[Redacted]

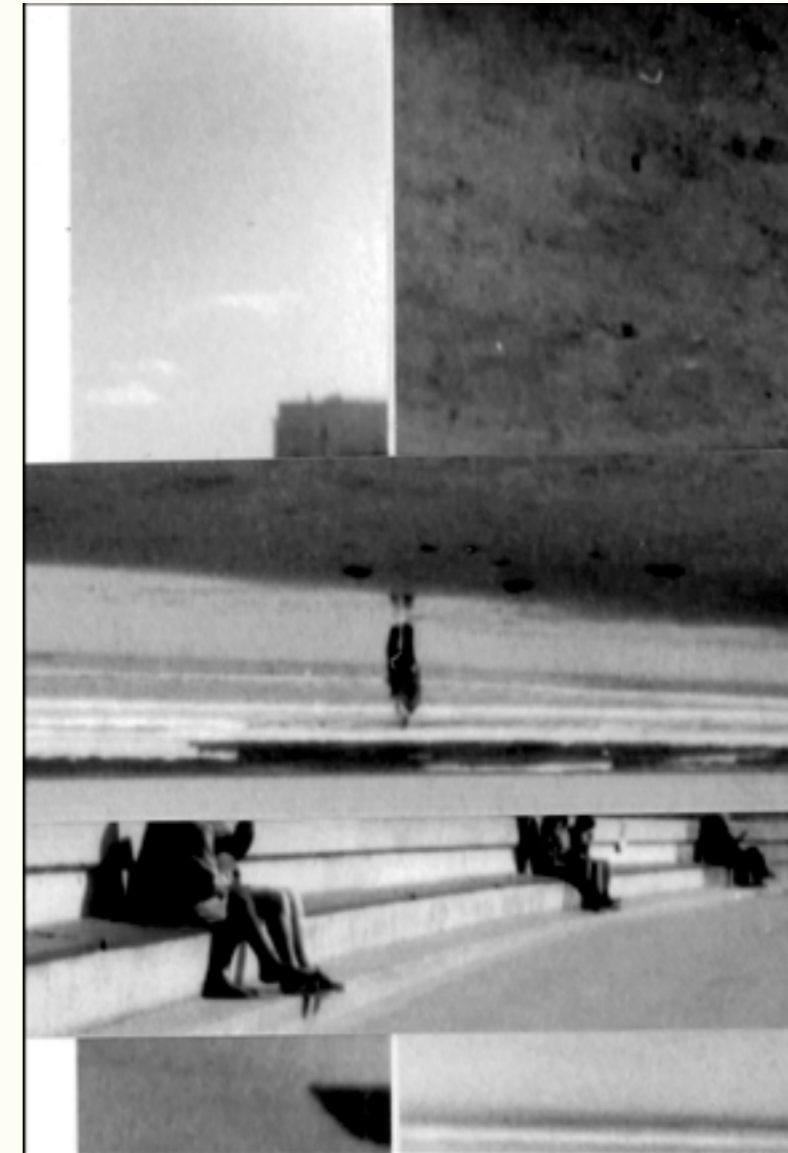
My Soul, 2019

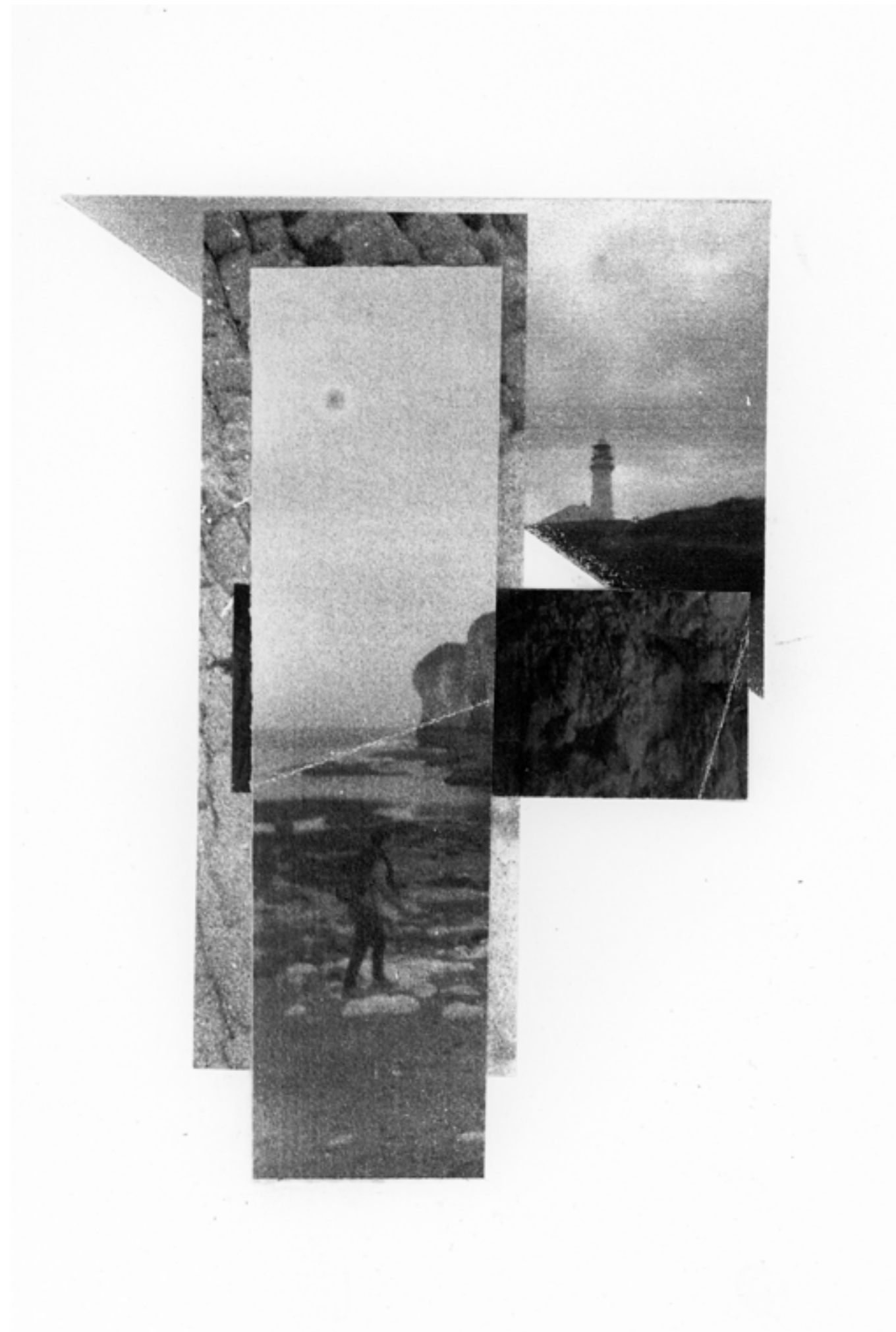
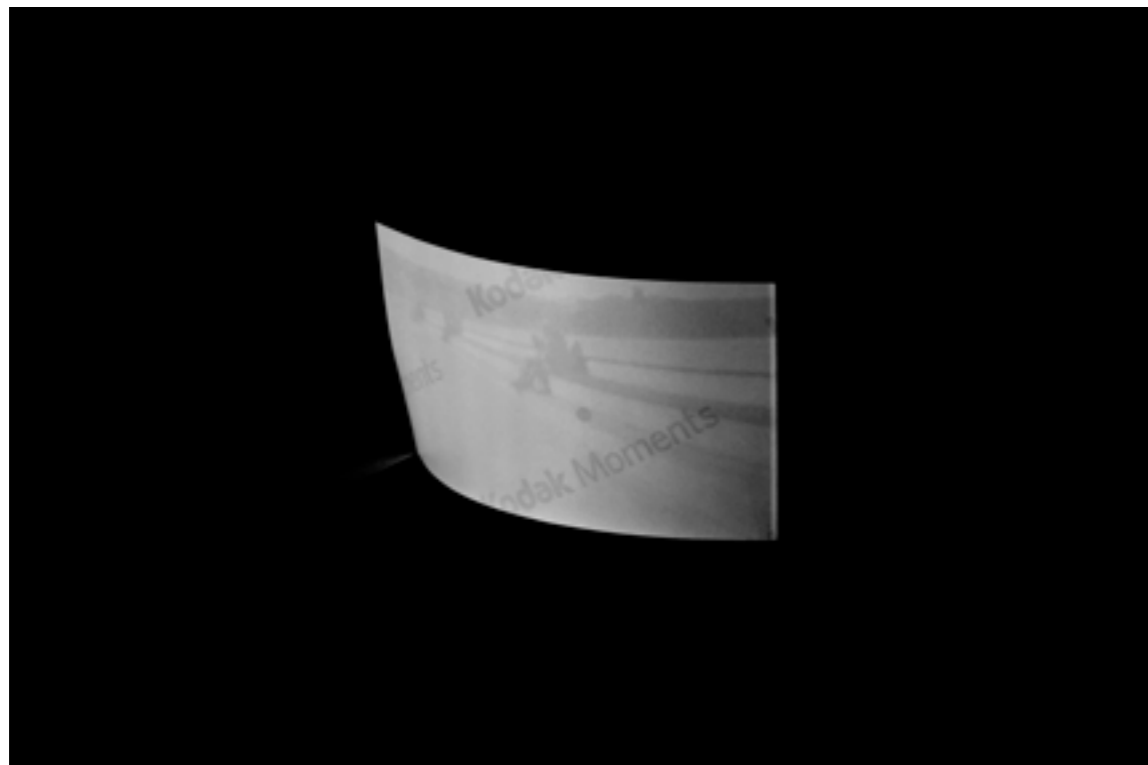
BRUISE

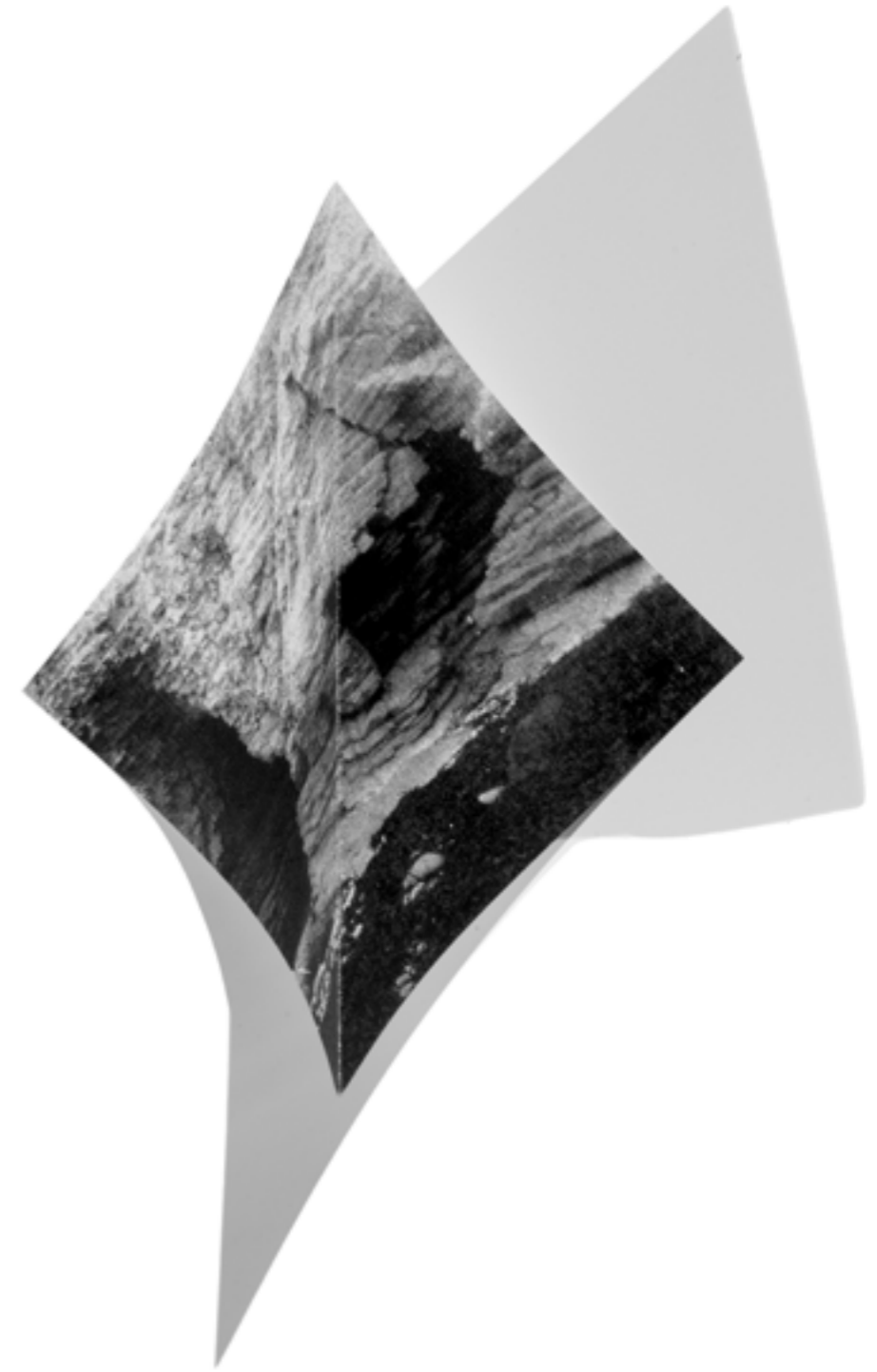
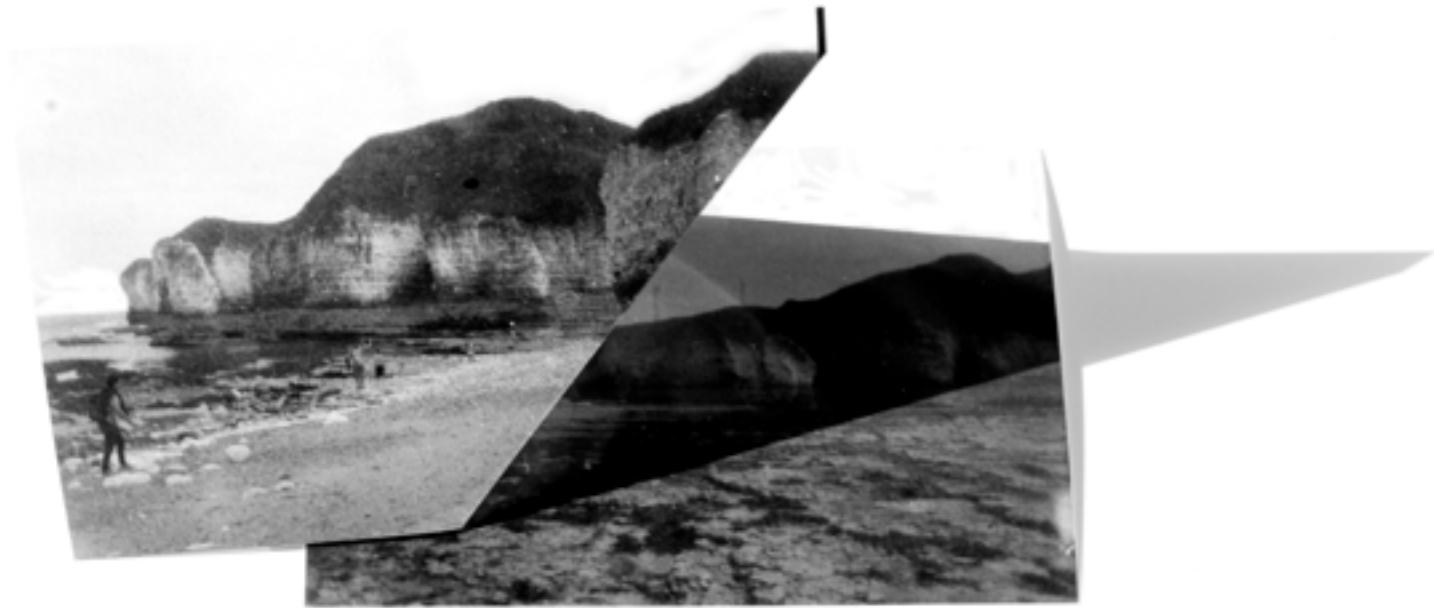




I am an interdisciplinary artist specialising in photography. My main interest is pushing the boundaries of the photographic medium to show a different perspective of the world around us. My most recent project Bruise is an exploration of place, memory and time. Exploring the lasting impact a place can have on you and the memories that emerge when you revisit places.







Sow the seeds
the plants will grow,
if you don't try
you'll never know,
and though it
won't be guaranteed
that life will grow
from every seed,
the ones that do
will thrive you'll see,
no seed, no shoot,
no shoot, no tree.



words by Catherine Prutton

THE

Scroll.

MAGAZINE

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WHAT IS SCROLL

Scroll Magazine is an online and print magazine made by artists for artists. The magazine aims to highlight a variety of small local artists in the Hull area. Scroll is a platform that intends on helping smaller artists gain exposure and promote their own artwork. From writers, to photographers, to artists, the magazine is a collection of works from a large group of influences and backgrounds.

To apply for future issues, email us your work at:

scrollhull@gmail.com

www.thescrollmag.co.uk

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