

CONSUMING LANDSCAPES

Text: Rachel Payne interviewed by Juliana Monsalve Carrillo

After working in the theatre and film industry, production and spatial designer Rachel Payne became interested in the intersections of storytelling and space. During her time in the MA Narrative Environments course at Central Saint Martins, Rachel developed *Consuming Landscapes*, an immersive audio walk that explores the complex relationship between food systems, the agricultural landscape and the artificial interior of the supermarket. Winner of the Maison/0 Green Trail Award 2023, the 40-minute audio prompts the listener around the supermarket while simultaneously playing soundscapes and interviews as mechanisms for storytelling.

Rooted in first-hand fieldwork with farmers, the project offers insights into farming methods and demonstrates the importance of locality. For this issue, UQ's Juliana Monsalve Carrillo interviewed Rachel about how local landscapes have been transformed in response to farming, political and social demands. The interview has been edited for length purposes.

Juliana Monsalve Carrillo—
How would you describe *Consuming Landscapes*?

Rachel Payne—
I would say it's a critique of the supermarket space for its lack of story about how food is produced.

I have become interested in the supermarket space and its part in sustainable food production. A lot of the work on the Narrative Environments course is about urban spaces, but we don't actively interact with rural areas.

The other things that pin-down my project are theory and environmental philosophy. Bill McKibben (US environmentalist) developed the concept that nature is dead because there are no more pristine landscapes. Thinking about nature as pristine isn't a helpful way of preserving it. Humans affect the system and if we

don't think of ourselves as part of that system, then we are not going to make good decisions.

JMC—
In the past you have described the audio walk as a "soundscape", how would you define a soundscape and why did you choose this format?

RP—
Two reasons really. I didn't want to design more stuff. The film industry is hugely wasteful. It's all about being able to produce the right stuff in the right place. If I want to keep engaging in environmentalism, I must question what I am making and how I am making it.

The other reason is that supermarkets wouldn't let me go in and criticise them, so this was the only way of doing it. While I was researching, I spent a lot of

time in supermarkets and had to go undercover filming, so I used soundscapes to explore an environment from a different perspective.

I'm also interested in the difference between a "soundscape" and "noise". Uncut recordings reveal a landscape that even in remote areas is filled with human activity and traffic noise. If you look at the Welsh Hills, your eyes tell you one thing, but when you listen you are never far away from the sound of an engine.

JMC—
How do you think soundscapes allow us to capture a moment in time and specific spaces? How do you view this format as a representation of time?

RP—
When I started the project, I wanted to be able to connect the supermarket space with agriculture land. For instance, to hear the rain from the carrot farm, or the insects during summer when choosing your veggies. One of the ideas I approached was putting a microphone on an organic wheat field and compare the sound to a conventional field. Could I register a difference in the biodiversity and insects? This can also be done by exploring seasons. For this project I was only able to do winter. But it is something I would like to continue in the future.

JMC—
What made you look into the UK's farmland?

RP—
It started from looking at a sign that said: if you drink non-dairy milk, you reduce your carbon footprint by 20%. If we follow that logic and nobody had dairy milk, then there wouldn't be any dairy cows, and I wondered how that would change the UK landscape. Then I started to look at land use and it blew my mind that only 8% of the UK is built on and 70% is agricultural. That's the majority of our environment, yet we are only concerned with that 8%.

JMC—
Compared to your memories from when you were younger, how has the countryside changed?

RP—
When I was younger, growing up in North Wales, the countryside was just a backdrop. When you are young you take things for granted and think they are unchanging. I now have two children and I have to think about feeding them. There are so many different things about food, complex conflicting diets of what you should or shouldn't be following. But we should be taking our lead from the land, what is good for the land and good for us.

What I have learnt from working on this project is that regenerative and sustainable farming works on a very different time frame. A rotation in a field can be seven years, and planting trees as part of an agroforestry scheme won't be fully realised for many years. There aren't many businesses that work like this.

JMC—

From visiting the sites and conducting the interviews, what were some of the biggest surprises you learned about contemporary farming?

RP—

There is this notion about milk and certain foods being bad. But considering history, we are lucky to have healthy food. We still have a broken food system, but it's better than it's been before. With milk, people have different dairy and non-dairy options. There are good things going on that can be changed instead of throwing everything away.

One of the biggest things is that organic is seen as a luxury, artisan, or a nice thing to do for your health, but it is not sold as "organic = biodiversity". Produce that comes from generative farming systems tends to cause damage. Conventional farmers are trying to use sprays or chemicals as carefully as possible. But the reason they are having to do it is because of the pressure of producing food the cheapest.

The other thing is that livestock are crucial for land management. Even if you're vegan, there must be livestock, you can't grow or have organic farming without there being some type of livestock within the system. It is possible to grow veg without having any animal input, but that can't be replicated on all soils and at scale. For instance, the organic carrot farm doesn't put manure the year that the carrots are growing in the field, but within a seven-year rotation, there would be organic material spread on that field. Livestock are part of the big-time frame, and it is about being able to communicate that.

JMC—

You mentioned an example about conventional farmers being pressured to use sprays to produce cheaper. How has the accelerated demand for food and resource affected the landscape, food cycles, animals and the people behind these industries?

RP—

There is a lot of pressure on farmers to take land out of active agriculture and rewild it. But if you do that, there would be less agricultural land to grow the food from and then that pushes up the price of things like bread. The wheat farmer I spoke to used to have mixed farms with livestock, but they had to get rid of the animals and other crops to be able to produce at scale and buy the machinery for that. Otherwise, they couldn't make a living out of farming. Now they don't have a choice and they must use man-

made fertiliser to produce continual crops. They try to do it in seven-year rotations and stay as clever as they can, but they are still pressured to continually grow wheat.

JMC—

What do you think are some of the biggest challenges for the countryside landscape in the future?

RP—

At the end of the day, it comes down to government policies. A lot of what sits behind this project is that we left the EU where the farmers used to have CAP, which is the Common Agricultural Policy. Since Brexit they are moving towards ELMS [Environmental Land Management Scheme] where farmers are compensated for public goods, "public goods" being environmental schemes. But there is a lot of controversy because there are disagreements over what an environmental scheme is. For instance, they are paying the farmers to let the land sit fallow. That would work for a big landowner who doesn't need that land in production because they own other properties, but for small farm owners it doesn't.

I did ask all the farmers about this. When I spoke to one of the wheat farmers, he said they created margins for birds to feed. However, because it's an open location, people are going through it with their dogs, there's litter and the margins got destroyed. This happens because people don't understand and are not educated about what happens in the countryside, but it doesn't mean people shouldn't have access to these spaces.

JMC—

What was your process for choosing which agricultural sites to visit?

RP—

I wanted to have a map with a circular walk, giving the idea that we are going on a walk around the UK. I sent many emails out, thinking I would get responses from lots of veg growers and that no one would let me near a pig or a cow. But in fact, the opposite was true. I received responses from lots of dairies, beef farmers and people with livestock. Not a single conventional vegetable grower got back to me. Only the organic farms reached out. The reason for that, I think, is that people will be shocked about what goes into vegetables, because it is very intensive for the land. Showing how much goes into growing organically, shows how many herbicides are used to control weeds in conventional growing. For example, to grow

carrots they have to burn off the weeds. If it's not done with herbicide, then it's burnt off and removed by hand, which makes it very expensive. If they are using herbicides, then they also have to use pesticides and fertilisers. In a lot of very fertile land in the UK, they don't practice rotation. If they do, they will do a rotation of different members of the brassica family [broccoli, cauliflower, cabbage] which isn't a proper seven-year rotation so it's quite intensive.

JMC—

I want to ask you one last question to finish off. It is kind of a speculative question. With new technologies, increasing demands, climate crisis, food crisis and even food trends: How do you think, or hope that, your audio walk would age?

RP—

Because it is connected to the supermarket spaces, I am hoping that supermarkets would change, and I would like to be involved in changing those spaces. Right now, supermarkets are completely commercial spaces, pressing people to buy at all costs.

With food safety standards rising, the next evolution would be to connect to where we were post-World War II, reconnect with some of those farming methods and bring them into the modern age. At the moment, the supermarket has made the consumer infantile. We go to the supermarket, have anything we want at any time of the year, and we don't know anything about it. We need to stop that. It shouldn't be "what do we want?" but rather, "what is there available to eat?". We have enough chefs and clever ideas to be able to make that happen. And I think that has got to involve the supermarket.

A rotation
in a field can be

seven
years,

and

planting trees as
part of an
agroforestry scheme

won't be fully
realised for many
years.

RISE AND SHINE

Images: Sho Shibuya
Text: Sara Aguiar da Silva

One month.
Thirty days.
Thirty dawns
by artist
Sho Shibuya.

Lockdown prompted artist Sho Shibuya to paint sunrise sky vistas from his Brooklyn flat, in a series entitled *sunrises from a small window*. The artist recently returned to this visual meditative device, leading to the 30 paintings, captured between January and May 2023, that were displayed at his recent solo show, *Month*, at the Unit Gallery in London.

Much like Shibuya, painters Turner and Monet were particularly drawn to the special light and hues suffused by dawn, a veritable buffet of quickly changing tints for painters to feast on, as evidenced by paintings such as *Sunrise over the Sea* and *Impression, Sunrise*.

Using the daily front page of the *New York Times*, the artist further conveys the passage of time as well as the ritualistic nature of the project. Sho Shibuya follows a long tradition of artists beguiled by this motif and his version, using a prosaic newspaper as canvas, feels fresh and decisively modern.

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Sho Shibuya, 330207 (2023), courtesy of Unit London Gallery.

The New York Times

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 2023

\$4.00

LATE EDITION
Today, relatively cloudy, warm, show-
ers/thunderstorms, high 77. Tonight,
mostly cloudy, low 51. Tomorrow,
partly sunny, breezy and cool, high
60. Weather map is on Page A30.

"All the News
That's Fit to Print"

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NEW YORK, TUESDAY, APRIL 25, 2023

LATE EDITION

Today, clouds and rain are sending a
fresh wave of rain across the city. High 61.
Low 48. Windy, with gusts to 20 mph.
Forecast for tomorrow: Partly cloudy, with
temperatures in the 50s and 60s. High 62.
Low 49. Windy, with gusts to 20 mph.

\$4.00

EPHEMERALITY AS AN ACTIVE AGENT IN THE WORK OF ART

Text: Alexandra Steinacker-Clark
Image: Felix Helmut Wagner

*People
look at melons*

*Melons
don't look at people*

The stench reached my nose before my eyes could register what was causing it. Sickly, bordering on sweet, rotting. During a particularly warm week in September 2021, at the Semmelweis Women's Clinic in Vienna, the alternative art fair Parallel was taking place. Artists and galleries occupied the rooms of the old clinic, exhibiting their works across multiple stories of the abandoned building. On the top floor, Felix Helmut Wagner, an Austrian performance artist, installed *People look at melons. Melons don't look at people*. The work consisted of a screen playing a video performance surrounded by a wooden structure and, as everyone on that floor would become increasingly aware as the week went on, 104 pieces of watermelon wrapped in clingfilm.

Throughout the course of the week, the watermelons began to rot, their pink flesh slowly changing and decaying to a sickly brown. Wagner created this piece to serve as a provocative illustration of the semiotic notion of ascribing meaning to objects. He states that "people give meaning to things, which include works of art, and not the other way around". Through Wagner's incorporation of the rotting fruit, and through its inevitable deterioration, the relation to human flesh and mortality was strongly evoked. In line with Wagner's claim, how would one come to ascribe this interpretation, this meaning, to the work if it were not for the sensory effect created as time went on and the smell of rotting fruit filled the room (and the hallway... and a bit of the stairwell)? As a result, the artwork bestowed on "time" the capability to contribute to the result of the piece, in itself no longer abstract but instead functioning as an active agent.

The use of perishable goods in *People look at melons. Melons don't look at people* is reminiscent of other installations in which the temporality of the object played a key role in the work itself. Looking back into art history, Lee Bul's *Majestic Splendor* involved a lavishly decorated raw fish to question



Felix Helmut Wagner, *People look at melons. Melons don't look at people* (2021), courtesy of the artist.

the notion of ornamented beauty, however, it also simultaneously filled the Museum of Modern Art in New York with such a terrible stench that the work had to be removed in 1997. Zoe Leonard's *Strange Fruit* is another example, as it incorporated 300 fruit skins taken apart and stitched back together after the insides of the fruit were consumed, the process of decay unfolding for all viewers to experience as time went by.

The main characteristic of these works is their underlying ephemerality, entering a new transitory state each day until, over time, the process of decay prevails. As a viewer or a curator, each day the installation has the potential to surprise and change in unexpected ways. It leaves less room for control and more space for the artwork to unfold in its own time. There are possibilities to exert some form of control over the deterioration, depending on the environment the works are displayed in. Lee Bul began to use potassium permanganate to mitigate the smell of rotting fish. Zoe Leonard experimented with drying and preserving fruit to explore the possibilities of halting the process of decay. Felix Helmut Wagner's installation is captured through photography and the non-perishable part of the installation, the video work, is still in existence. However, the end result is vastly different from how the work would have originally been displayed. No matter what precautions are taken, or curatorial strategies are imposed, the impact time has on these ephemeral works of art is inevitable.

Helmut Wagner, F. (2021) *People look at melons. Melons don't look at people*, Felix Helmut Wagner, Available at: <https://www.felixhelmutwagner.com/peoplelookatmelonsmelonsdontlookatpeople>.

Siddiqui, Y. and Gyotody, A. (2018) *Artist's Chemical Experiment with Rotting Fish Challenges the Museum, Hyperallergic*, Available at: <http://hyperallergic.com/445868/lee-bul-majestic-splendor-hayward-gallery/>.

Quabeck, N. (2019) 'Intent in the making: the life of Zoe Leonard's "Strange Fruit"', *Burlington Contemporary Journal*, 1. Available at: <https://doi.org/10.31452/bcjl.intent.quabeck>.

WALLS

Text: Sascha LO

If my bedroom walls could talk,
I think that they would bitch about me behind my back,
Like they would roll their eyes about the time that
My sister printed off all the things she liked,
Tracey Emin Jackson Pollock The Office (US version) etc,
And stuck them up using bluetack,
And then I printed off all the things that my sister liked,
Lily Allen Hozier Glee (except for the last three seasons) etc,
And stuck them up using bluetack.

Or how when she grew out of that,
She bought cheap blackboard paint,
So she could turn her wall into a chalkboard,
She did drawings and wrote things like,
'Fuck Trump' and 'Piss off mum',
I used her leftovers and wrote,
'To do list' at the top of mine
And then never wrote anything else.

I still don't like enough things to fill a wall,
And I don't think blackboard paint works
because chalk is impossible to get off it.
When she painted her room white again,
I painted mine a pale fleshy pink
And then when she moved out,
I waited a year
And then so did I.

SEEDLINGS_ TOWARDS THE SEED

Text: Qianxun Chen

01 02

Seedlings_ is a digital ecosystem where words are planted as seeds with the help of the Datamuse API, a data-driven word-finding engine. Seedlings_ follows pre-coded generative rules that are bundled under the names of plants (willow, dandelion, pine, bamboo, ivy...). These generative rules consist of a series of word-finding queries defined by a seed word and a domain word. Other than words in monospace font, lines of dashes are the only other visual elements, expressing minimalist aesthetics in these potentially infinite two-dimensional linguistic beings.

SEEDS TOWARDS THE SEED

so much
slips/such
afterward/cards
subsequently/
ater/developments
developments
little/things
short/intermediate
intermediate
second/largest
largest
greatest/excess
excess
walk/longer
time

Walk longer
The entire history is frozen into the ocean

The nameless faceless immense

Flows through the softest hands

wise/most
wise
common/method
common/
average/lowest
lowest
excess/least
excess
functioning/longer
functioning/
working/men
soft/hands
soft time

noting
eally/looking
really/
very/seem
seem
listen/look
listen
individual/mind
individual/
single/tree

A single tree
An individual mind
Listen
I hear story
grow in time

true/
ctual/distance
distance
comparable/length
comparable/
same/summate
summate/
otal/number
number
needful/amount
needful/
ecessary/allocations
allocations
obtainable/resources
obtainable/
available/daylight
daylight
entire/day
entire/
whole/being

being
time

Fall
deeper
Into the rib of tundra
where tears reveal the last bypass
lost in the dance
walk

distant/tundra
remote/
immense/remote
vast/
nameless/vast
faceless/
great/faceless
major/
ajor/effort
endeavour
difficult/endeavour
problematic/
problematic/event
incidence
ean/incidence
imply/
elf/incriminate
self-assessment/
time

TEAR = RELIEF = FALL = LIMB = BYPASS = STORY

breathe look across identity must implies person
fresh forward national element necessarily any
space
Breathe harder
Fill the lung with stardust
The heart find its place
in the
elastic spine of the northern
lights

P
L
A
C
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P
A
C
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space

etc
eric
ethic
exotic
elastic
episodic
enzymatic
electronic
endoplasmic
enthusiastic

epic
space

seed

round match losing
aggregate fight
sets unanimous
bid eventual
lost
space

If there is no end
there is also no beginning
Memories are fresh exotic blossoms
The seed shines in distance

begin those readers nothing expect besides personal
making interested did can something your memories
space

TAPIZANDO LAS PAREDES DEL RECUERDO

Text & images: Maria Paula Romero

According to Andreas Huyssen, humanity has reached a point at which all aspects of life are in constant evolution. Everything that seemed new once turns obsolete in a matter of seconds, and there is no real evidence of the present. The past and the future are in constant movement toward each other, creating a limbo that will not allow us to hold on to something tangible in the present. As a result, humanity is haunted by existential crises and questions about our own identity.

This project started with the need to understand nostalgia, as it is a recurring sentiment in my personal experience. Nostalgia uses memory to calm the existential crises that arise from the rapid change of the present. Experiencing this ambivalent feeling, which cannot be defined as completely good or bad, awoke in me a profound interest in exploring and understanding it from different conceptual and material interpretations. Further, I analysed the different ways nostalgia manifests itself in the construction of identity through memory practices.

Consequently, I created a series of physical manifestations that characterise and define nostalgia through textures and colours that evoke emotions and moments. These became evidence of practices and phenomena that give the feeling of nostalgia a tangible presence that answers to intangible aspects like time and memory. By creating this "nostalgic universe" I started to understand nostalgia not only as a remembering practice but also as a practice of

*I started to
understand nostalgia*

not only as a

remembering practice

but

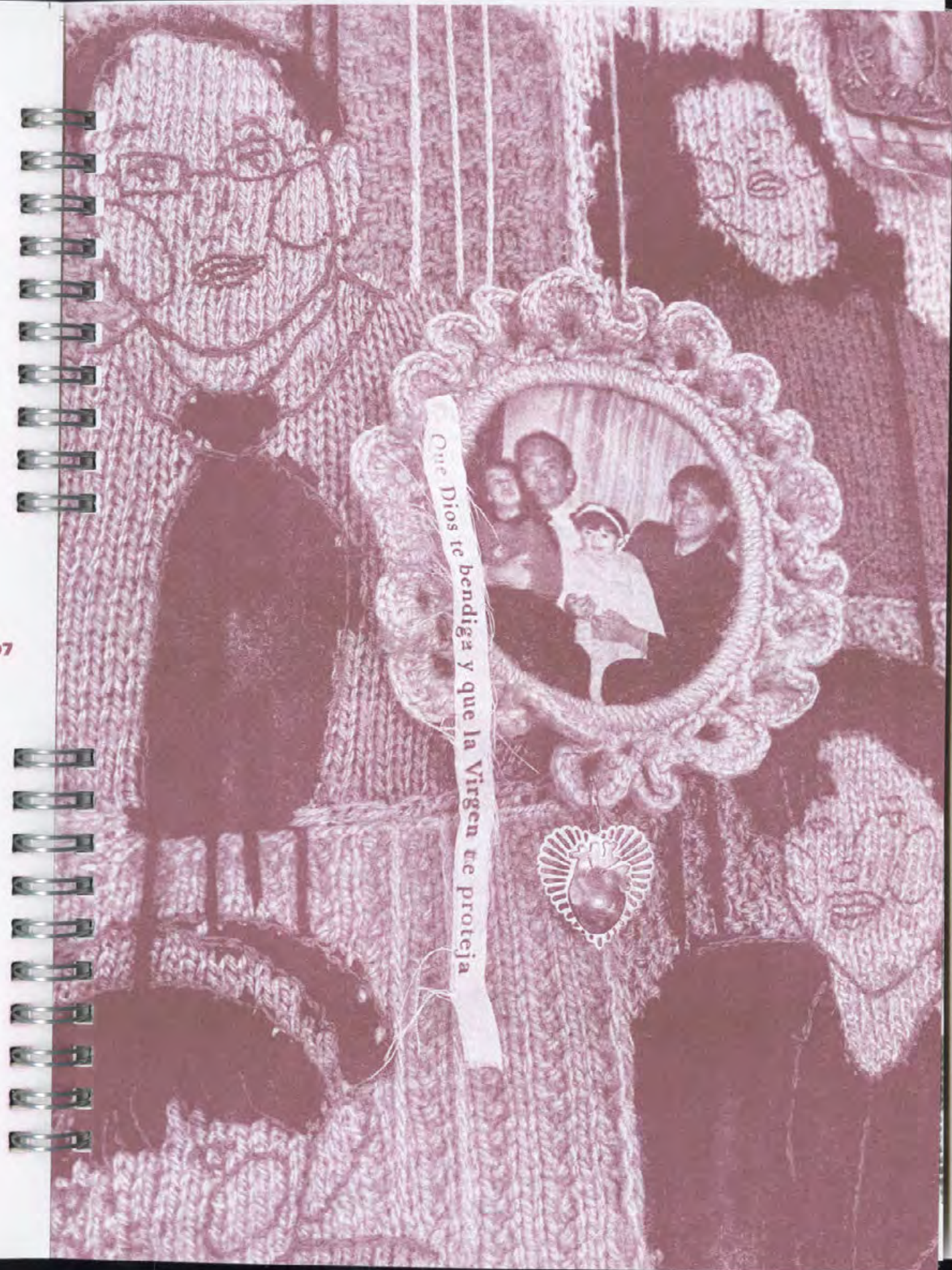
as a practice of

recollection

and

*(re)construction
of memory.*

07





María Paula Romero Cortés, *Tapizando las Paredes del Recuerdo* (2022).

recollection and (re)construction of memory. As a result, *Tapizando las Paredes del Recuerdo* [*Draping the Walls of Memory*] becomes a textile collage that embodies the construction of identity through the act of remembering family rituals and other memory practices.

Motivation—

Not long ago, another design project forced me to take a trip down memory lane by looking through family albums. In this compilation of images, I found a photo of my parents that evoked an uncontrollable sensation of melancholy. It is not a sad photo by any means, it could be considered funny or silly, but when I saw that picture, I could not help but feel a tinge of sadness. I try to not dwell on feelings of sadness or day-to-day afflictions. But for some reason, looking at that photo overwhelmed me with a sensation similar to sadness or longing, something commonly known as nostalgia.

This experience inspired *Tapizando las Paredes del Recuerdo*, where I submerged myself in the feeling of nostalgia, to expose myself to it through different emotions, practices and concepts. This project focused on dissecting my personal nostalgic experience, as well as other conceptual and philosophical descriptions of it, to find different insights that allowed me to materialise nostalgia and turn it into something that can be manifested in a physical form.

The act of designing, more often than not, takes inspiration from introspection in order to create different design opportunities. I believe that if we aim to design for human beings, it is important to start by studying ourselves. Creating spaces for meditation and self-knowledge, to produce experiences and products that connect with others through emotions and shared experiences.

The Textile—

One of the main insights in the project is that memory serves as a refuge and covering. Blankets from my childhood inspired me to explore, in the act of blanketing, the different ways one can physically cover the body. Refuge can also be explored from an abstract point of view, because other than being a physical place, one can also find emotional refuge in different acts and practices. Thinking about the physical manifestation of nostalgia, led me to consider different materials that could embody or communicate these emotions or experiences.

My relationship with textile surfaces comes from my childhood and has accompanied me through several moments of my life. Textiles remind me of my upbringing and connect me to my grandmother, my mother and my nana. I was embraced by handmade textiles from the moment I was born, and later, they were the ones who taught me different textile techniques. Knitting itself is a very interesting technique, as it requires a lot of time and intention. Having a single thread and handling it for hours, weaving it into a textile becomes meditative and develops a very close connection to the person who creates it.

Tapizando las Paredes del Recuerdo depicts family members, moments, imagery and phrases from my childhood. These family memories become mechanisms that allow me to talk about nostalgia as a comforting experience, that, through the act of remembering, promotes the construction of family and personal identity. This piece explores the importance of homely spaces where you find safety, but also how nostalgia is the result of different memories that connect and form a fabric or space of peace in an unreachable past.

09 10



THE NATH

Text & image: Kanika Barghav

In the tapestry of Indian heritage, every jewel holds a narrative, a purpose beyond adornment. It becomes a keeper of stories and takes on the status of an heirloom with each piece carrying the legacy of generations past.

The tradition of passing jewellery to daughters when they come of age is deeply rooted in Indian culture. Indian women store and save their gems in a locker, wrapped between tissues, opened and worn once in a blue moon with utmost care and love.

Among all the precious treasures in my mother's jewellery box, one piece holds a unique and cherished place – the Nath, a traditional nose ring in Hindu culture. This simple piece of jewellery carries within it an epic tale of love, resilience, and heritage.

My maternal grandmother, whom we affectionately call "Nani", was a young girl living in the Hindu region of Lahore when the tides of history turned and the subcontinent was divided into India and Pakistan. During the escalating violence, families faced a painful decision – stay and risk everything in what would soon become Pakistan or leave behind their cherished homes for an uncertain future in India. Amid the chaos, families were forcibly torn apart, and ancestral homes, brimming with memories, were left behind.

Families clung to the few possessions they could carry as they were separated from a life they had always known. Among them was the cherished Nath. My

grandmom, with fear in her voice, recalls the thousands of people trying to board the trains, some even sitting on their roofs, and how my great-grandmom, a single mother and a very brave woman, held my grandmom in one hand and discreetly secured the Nath within the folds of the *salwar kameez* (traditional Punjabi suit composed of trousers, a tunic and scarf), fearing it might be stolen on their journey from Lahore to Delhi.

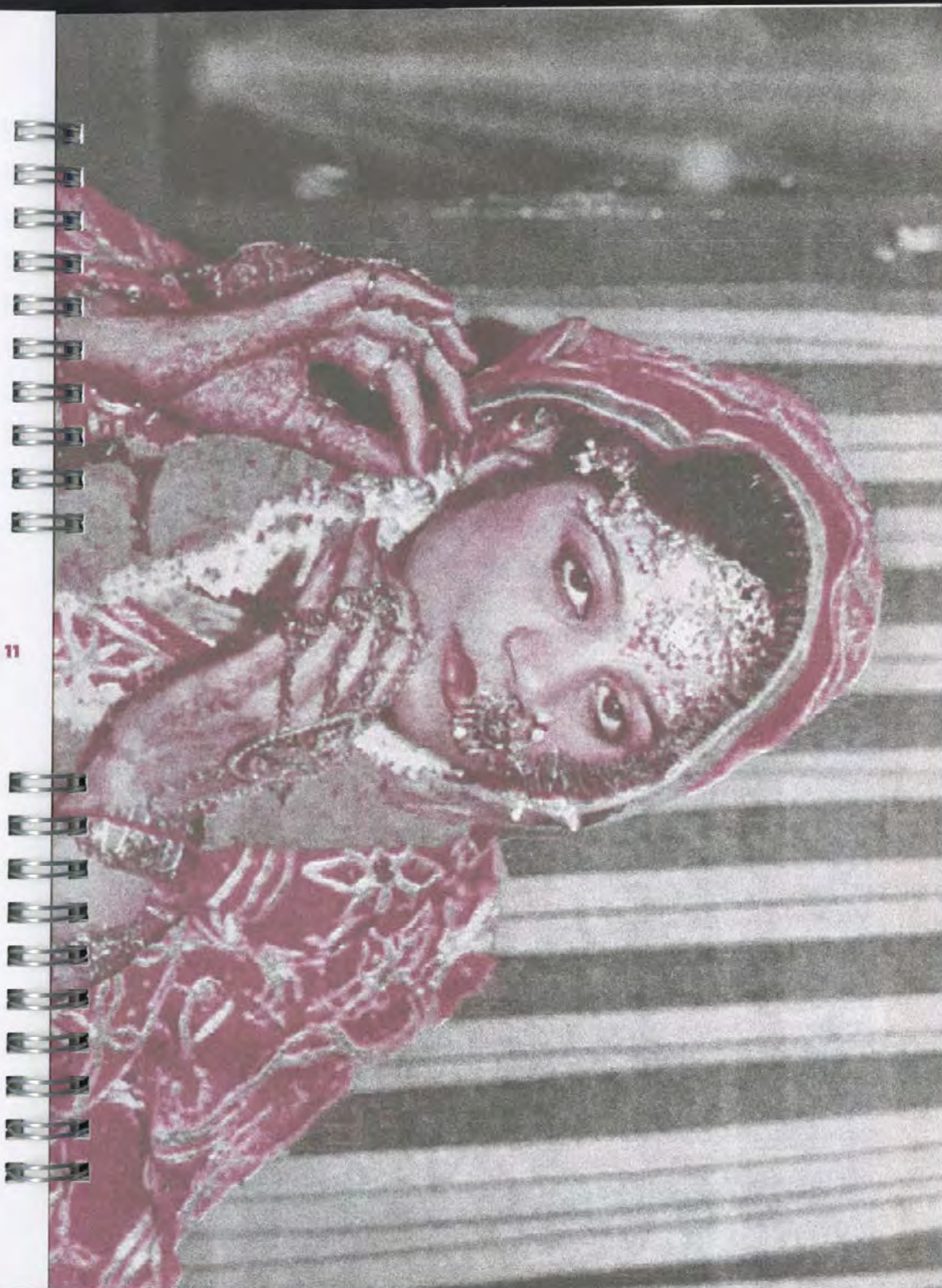
This nose ring was precious; it would have brought them a hefty sum even at that time. But how could she have ever let it go? It was more than just an ornament; it was a connection to her house in Sialkot, to her in-laws, to the vows of marriage. It was the only thing that remained of her land as well; the stones were from its soil. It was born there, just like her.

The Nath's origins are said to nestle in a village amid Sialkot's rolling hills, now in Pakistan. Fashioned from gold with a peacock motif, it has graced countless wedding ceremonies in my family. My grandmother wore it on her wedding day, as did her mother before her, forging a chain of traditions through the generations. And in due time, it found its way to my mother.

Today, whenever I see my mother adorned in the Nath, I'm taken back to the era I've only heard of. It's a symbol of the matriarchs in our family, a connection to the women who wore it before me. The story of the Nath is our story – a story of love that defies borders.

Opposite: Kanika's mother, Meenakshi Bhargav, photographed wearing the Nath in 1990.

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A NEVER- LANDING PLANE: SPACE IN DANIEL GREENFIELD- CAMPOVERDE'S WORK

Text: Santiago Valencia Parra
Images: Daniel Greenfield-Campoverde

Philosophers Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari constructed an intertwined notion of territory based on the idea of potentiality; an experimentation of time(s) and place(s) that introduces new relations into the bodily, the linguistic and the foundations of experience. Their ideas of territory are sustained on a politics of narratives and counter-narratives. Self-subjection passes through affective and semiotic experiences that can be discovered or created. In these experimentations, difference is an interstice of openness, that questions and displaces a linear existence. However, territories are constantly organised, categorised and submitted into rigid grids. Time and place are signified and marked. Today, with endless promises of identity experimentation that come from prefigured capitalistic moulds, we are reminded and

haunted by the ghost of being someone, when we could be anyone, entering arid territories for aesthetic creations that pervert Deleuze and Guattari's ideas.

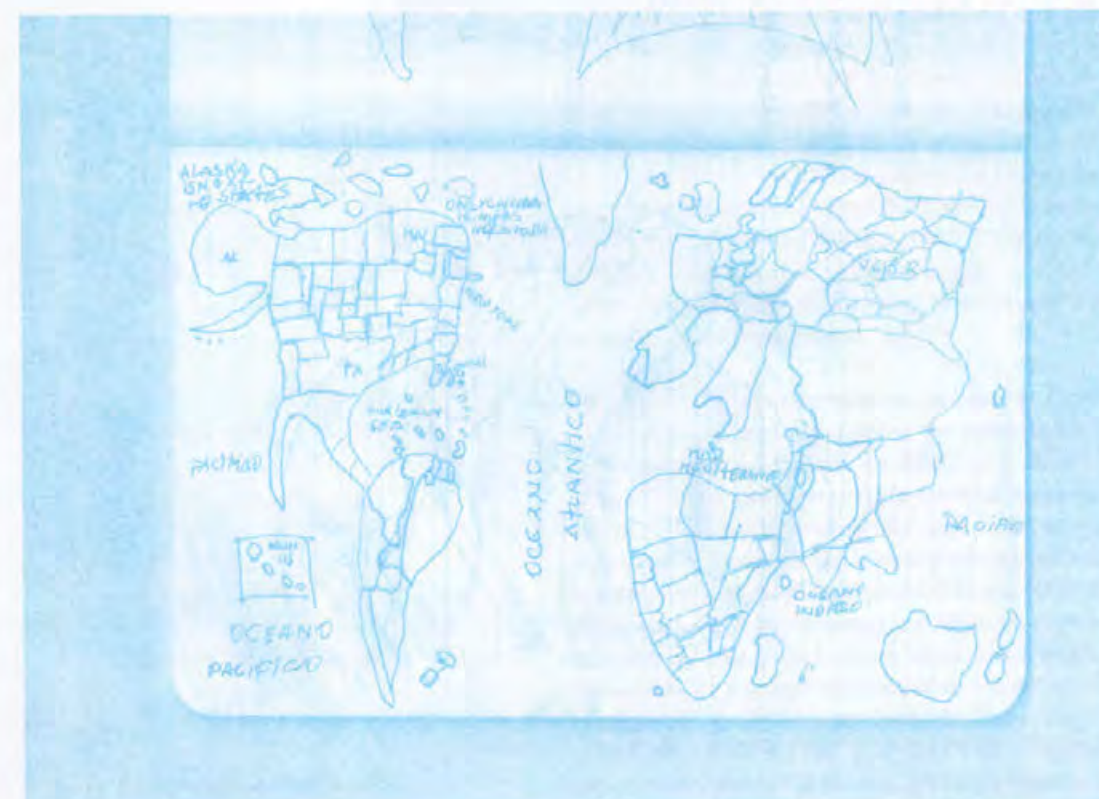
These notions of the territory are revaluated in the work of Venezuelan-born London-based artist Daniel Greenfield-Campoverde {he/him} (b 1984, Caracas). His work, a delicate diary on queer bordering, place and memory, gives us a door to the slits of the territorial, by carefully staying inside his acquaintances. His artistic oeuvre spans drawing, painting, photography and video. Artistic exercises such as *Cuaderno Globo* (1992), a notebook where the artist as a child drew from memory maps from travel brochures, present his everlasting interest in place-making. In *Cuaderno Globo*, lines enact

the idea we have of places and how we name them. Territory is not only a distorted representation of what could be called an "objective" presentation of the global map, but a naive and productive exercise of spatial construction and its limitations.

This obsession with cartography is ever-present in Greenfield-Campoverde's practice. Why is it so important? Is the artist representing the world, or by doing this is he trying to discover a new place, to name a new cartographic practice? Naming and drawing through cartography becomes an exercise of expanding the reality of these places. And so the question arises: How have contemporary technologies, science and border politics created a "correct" representation of the world, and what is lost of the childish naivety of the artist and of the spaces he dreamed? The point, then, is how to configure mapping systems that exceed usual understandings of cartography, to enter subtle vanishing points that, contradicting usual experience, allow us to give a new look to reality.



Daniel Greenfield-Campoverde, *Cuaderno Globo*, (1992)





Daniel Greenfield-Campoverde, *Monument to the In-Between* (2017–present).

03

04

Leave to
possesses the
of the
tension
occupied place
and
the dreamt one,
an "objective" and subjective
account of
time,
and how they finally
expand
on a
new territory of their own.

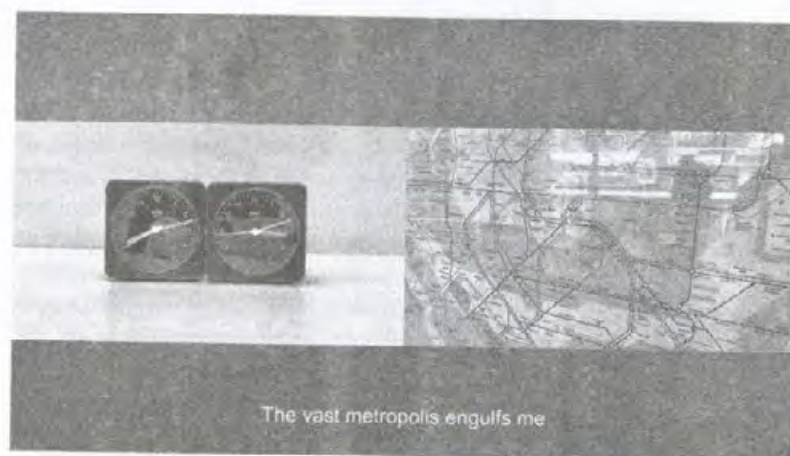
Incursions into space are also accessed through ready-made objects. The series *Monument to the In-Between* (2017–present) is an archival collection of postcards the artist has gathered since living in Caracas, and throughout his journeys to New York and London. Each postcard, presented as it would be displayed in an airport or souvenirs shop, depicts aeroplanes and airports in a sort of frozen time-lapse. As mnemonic objects, these postcards represent places and situations that, being generic, remain of extraordinary personal significance to the artist. The presence of a certain place, a specific location, is explored through the simulacrum of the constructed image that nevertheless stands in for multiple travellers. Greenfield-Campoverde explores an open window between places that are accessed through specific images, that also remain generic. The no-places represented by aeroplanes and airports because of their transit essence are founded on the reproduction of the industrial image, and the singularity of feeling it creates. This work prompts us to break apart the representation of a specific location, to face a dislocated group of images, that participate in a contemporary culture of connectivity and globalisation.

Within this contemporary promise of international—and why not, at some point interplanetary—movement, the artist is further exploring a sense of possibility and connection as the postcard, and the image, are today an integrated element of the travel experience. These postcards are then passages that delve between commodities and life. The middle ground of *Monument to the In-Between* reflects, precisely, this double reality that carries the image. By creating this synchronicity of the postcard as experience and as representation, the artist's project gives another connotation to ordinary objects and produces a new territory of meaning, as he introduces nouvelle relationships into it.

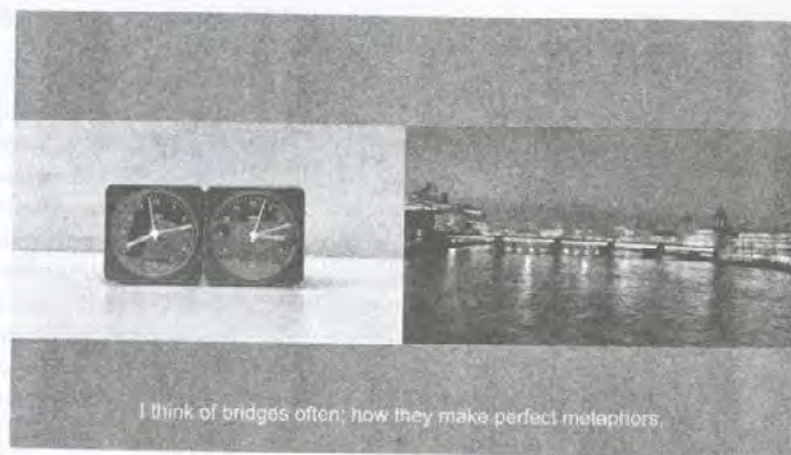
Simultaneity is yet again reflected in *Leave to Enter* (*Bienvenido a Londres*), a video the artist created when arriving in London. In 2021, as a diaristic exercise, Greenfield-Campoverde recorded his acquaintances when discovering the city. This work, composed of moving images, an important presence of distorted notions of time, and a disconnection of place, is a tender commentary on his travel experience and his own queer journey. More than answers, *Leave to Enter* possesses the tension of the occupied place and the dreamt one, an "objective" and subjective account of time, and how they finally expand on a new territory of their own. His experience as a

migrant functions inside an idea of ceaseless movement, cleverly explored inside the film with parallels between the dancefloor and the feeling of jet-lag. The migrant occupies and lives inside a specific context, yet continually pointing to other times and places that, rather than fixing to his past, seem to push his identity into zones where his life is yet to be constructed and rediscovered in new territories. As with his cartographic exercises, or his obsession with aeroplanes and airports, this work carries important references to space through architecture and landscapes.

The British landscape, the geography of the country, its fabrics, its bridges, and its geometric distribution, revolve around Greenfield-Campoverde's own signifiers of home. But the point is not to fixate on a certain place, but to expand on diverse ideas of belonging, to produce a different sense of meaning. How to inhabit and make a new home of these labyrinths? By staying inside them. This brings the artist, once again, to explore territory as an open ended, intertwined road: a queer, incomplete, sometimes hurtful journey that doesn't end but continues deconstructing into his life. Here, the artist can create and experience a moving-place, and a no-time that ends up being his own life configured as the territory of a never landing plane.



The vast metropolis engulfs me



I think of bridges often: how they make perfect metaphors.

Daniel Greenfield-Campoverde, *Leave to Enter (Rienwenda a Londres)* (2021-2022)

FRUIT FLIES LIKE A BANANA

Text & Images: Vita Clough-Paxman

How
do
you
understand
time?

For many, time is understood spatially. The rhythms of day to night, the cycles of the moon, and the progression of the seasons are ancient signifiers of the passage of time. Similarly, devices such as clocks and calendars establish conventions of time. They enable repetition and associations of habits or occasions to be repeated every day, week, month or year. Time means more to some than to others. The citizens of Königsberg would set their clocks to the routines of their odd neighbour, the philosopher Kant. The Pirahã of the Amazon have no concept of time; indeed, evidence suggests most cultures didn't before the world felt the innovations of Ancient Persia. Some cultures view time, and the world as cyclical. In Western culture, time is often portrayed as a line.

The line has long been a central character in temporal representation. The line wiggles its way across visualisations of time: bar charts, line graphs, heat maps, stacked graphs. In fact, as WJT Mitchell explores, the Western, linear understanding of time is baked into its languages. We experience "long" and "short" periods of time, of intervals, of before and after. For many the line has become a framework for the way we understand the forward motion of present to future.

While people have visually communicated time for millennia, it was not until the mid-18th century that the visual vocabulary of time, with which we are

familiar, became commonplace. Quickly, it was the timeline, alongside related time-mapping practices, that became an established means for understanding and arranging the passage of time in Europe.

The timeline has proved a useful way of organising the forward motion of time, but how does it stand when the passage of time is not linear, when the experience does not follow the established path? Chronological and subjective time are not always in harmony. Just think back to how long a few hours felt at six years old and compare them to how quickly they pass as an adult. This is a pillar of modern physics, summarised neatly by Einstein: "Put your hand on a hot stove for a minute, and it seems like an hour. Sit with a [nice person] for an hour, and it seems like a minute. That's relativity." Time is too easily influenced by outside factors. Go skydiving and you'll observe that fear can slow temporal perceptions, allowing you to process complex information in the blink of an eye. Stimulants, such as coffee, amphetamines and the music of DJ Dairylea Donker tend to cause the overestimation of time intervals, whereas depressants, such as nitrous oxide, barbiturates and Morrissey do the opposite.

While some difference between the clock and subjective time is common, many neurodivergent groups experience this more acutely. This condition is referred

to as time blindness and is common for people like me, who have ADHD. There are several suggestions as to why people with ADHD are more likely to struggle with perceptions of time, time sequencing and time reproduction. Studies suggest cerebellar functioning, emotional stimuli, and deficits in executive function, such as working memory, could all be factors in ADHD time perception issues.

Much research examining time and neurodivergence focuses on short-term effects, after all these have the most immediate impact. Instead of looking at minute-by-minute differences, I want to portray the longer time warps experienced by people like me.

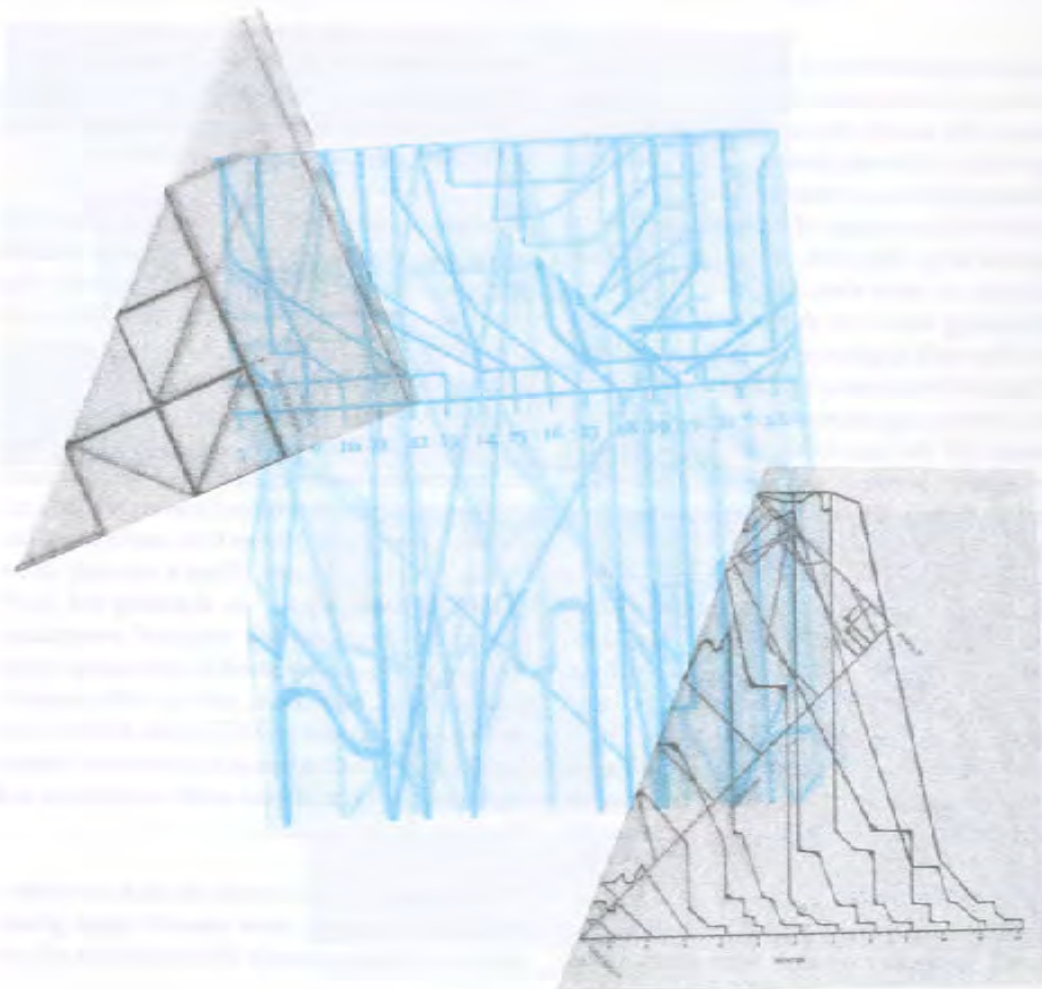
While I can more easily grapple with shorter durations, meditating upon longer periods of time causes them to become blurrier and more illusory. This can make longer-term planning akin to snapping a picture of a banana with a smudged lens... or an empty fruit bowl. With these graphs I was looking to explore how you might use lines to map-out personal, slightly slippery perceptions of time.

Of course, we all experience time differently, the graphs explore my own perception of time. The graphs map the passage of time over days, weeks, months and years, with lines increasing in height as they become more illusory.

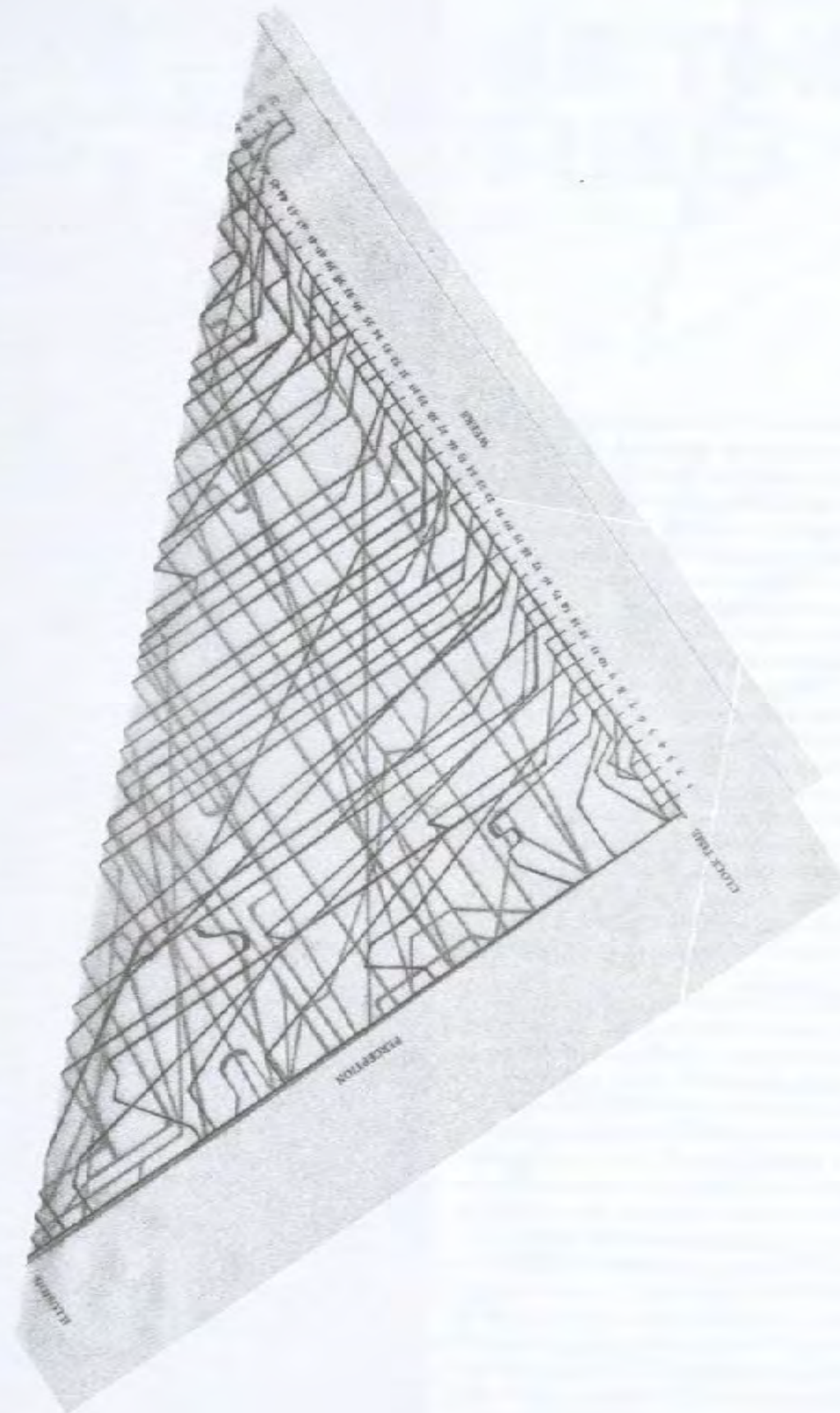
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Rosenberg, D. and Grafton, A. (2010) *Carnographies of Time: A History of the Timeline*. 1st ed. New York: Princeton Architectural Press.

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07 08





CURA- TION

ISE THE ORIES

Lang Wang

What is time? *Chronos*? Our attempt to make sense of cosmological forces, marching ever-forward into entropy? The gradual passing of experience out of memory into oblivion? A meme passed down over generations for the organisation and production of labour or a framework for creating personal and cultural mythologies?

UQ11 will not tell you what time is or what it means. While its design refers to astronomical divisions in time, passed down over thousands of years – months, weeks, days, hours – the publication's content reflects more nuanced and complex dimensions of time. It is not concerned with clock time or calendar years but with time as we know it, as it manifests itself physically and emotionally, and how we experience it in deeply individual, collective, and culturally specific ways. How do we feel its passage, what are the markers of our time, of contemporaneity or modernity? *UQ11* investigates how we deal with the past, with grief, memory and nostalgia; it looks into how we establish lineages, heritages and legacies to situate ourselves in the dimension of time.

A collaboration between 32 artists, designers, writers, photographers, chefs, bakers, poets, stonemasons and scientists, *UQ11* explores these dimensions of time with the interdisciplinarity and rigour typical of *Unknown Quantities*. Covering a wide range of perspectives through its 24 articles, *UQ11* not only showcases interdisciplinary approaches and collaboration, it is also a testament to the strength of print publication in a digital age.

sense of memory whatsoever [...] Our culture has been subject to temporality almost unrelated to history since its inception." At the same time, curator Hans Ulrich Obrist points out that the idea of memory as resistance to forgetting is significant. Because someone or something is always forgotten, we need to see what is overlooked by looking back. Moreover, many artists have launched movements to resist "Lethe". Obrist curated *Cities on the Move*, a travelling exhibition; Alex Ross borrowed famous comic book characters, eg, Superman and Captain America, and imagined them as middle-aged men; Christian Schumann puts together his own style by recycling historical images; Brian Tolle's sculptural installation *The Philadelphia* brings the past constantly to the present. Our predecessors remind us that all things undergo relentless changes in meaning and form over time, and these shifting strands of events form history. We can experience the perceptibility of time through objects even when the forms and meanings of things continue to change.

The artists' behaviour above tells us that the recycled readymade objects in artworks usually convey a sense of time. To some extent, the past history and identity of these things still exist. An off-the-peg garment is deconstructed, and parts of its patterns and structures appear in the next season's collection, and so on and so forth. We are not looking at individual objects, we are perceiving an entire idea that morphs from one substance/element into another. It is an organic, self-evolving entity, a coherent narrative of the dimension of time and the Catholic religious subtext of Transubstantiation. In the 21st century, we celebrate speed and efficiency, and time has become a luxury to be saved, not wasted. Doubt and contemplation have been transformed into anxiety and mental lassitude. We need to consider what can be rescued from the forgotten corners of history.

MEMORISE THE MEMORIES

Text: Yang Wang

Featuring:

Alexandra Steinacker-Clark
Aika Seto
Alys Tomlinson
Benjamin Olive
Daniel Greenfield-Campoverde
Donghan Wayne
Elin Thirsk
Felix Helmut Wagner
Gui Rojo Torres
Jack Olive
Juan Luengo
Juliana Monsalve Carrillo
Kanika Barghav
Maria Paula Romero
Miho Kajioka
Octave Cusinberche
Qianxun Chen
Rachel Payne
Kasma Ormane
Sally Yang
Sanliago Valencia Parra
Sara Aguiar da Silva
Sascha LO
Sean Kinson
Sho Shibuya
Taufiq Sugeng
Vita Clough-Paxman
Xavi Bas
Xueming Zhang
Yang Wang
Yuhang Sun

10

The concept of time varies from culture to culture. Eastern Buddhism teaches the cycle of time, Western Christianity upholds a linear view of time, and modern culture promotes co-temporality and relativity. Time is a denominator in all languages, distinguishing events by past, present and future. But whatever the shape of time, the pace within its structure always seems to falter, whether subtly or dramatically.

We may feel the flow of time as a result of our emotions. We may be oblivious to time because we are immersed in joy or rage. We may also interpret a piece of work as a fleeting memory of a general memory. Einstein's Restricted Theory of Relativity challenges some paradigmatic notions of temporality, arguing that our universe is a space-time continuum. We realise that time passes due to the relativity of time, and we must make a decision about the frame of reference.

Carlo Rovelli continued to build on the theory of relativity by suggesting that we can perceive time because we have memory. For Rovelli, heat plays an important role, and it inevitably leaves traces. Through traces, we judge time. What is traced counts as the past, and not traced counts as the future, and the brain collects the traces to form a memory. And in the present, what we need to learn is how to overcome amnesia. Because the edge-cutting internet has had a profound effect on our view of time, we may be losing the ability to place traces in time. The more memories stored in databases and magnetic tracks, the more unwilling and unable our culture is to remember. Our individual and collective ability to remember is abandoned in favour of relying on artificial memory banks supported by technology. Curator Douglas Fogle comments "It is almost a cliché to claim that contemporary people have no

sense of memory whatsoever [...] Our culture has been subject to temporality almost unrelated to history since its inception." At the same time, curator Hans Ulrich Obrist points out that the idea of memory as resistance to forgetting is significant. Because someone or something is always forgotten, we need to see what is overlooked by looking back. Moreover, many artists have launched movements to resist "Lethe". Obrist curated *Cities on the Move*, a travelling exhibition; Alex Ross borrowed famous comic book characters, eg, Superman and Captain America, and imagined them as middle-aged men; Christian Schumann puts together his own style by recycling historical images; Brian Tolle's sculptural installation *The Philadelphia* brings the past constantly to the present. Our predecessors remind us that all things undergo relentless changes in meaning and form over time, and these shifting strands of events form history. We can experience the perceptibility of time through objects even when the forms and meanings of things continue to change.

The artists' behaviour above tells us that the recycled readymade objects in artworks usually convey a sense of time. To some extent, the past history and identity of these things still exist. An off-the-peg garment is deconstructed, and parts of its patterns and structures appear in the next season's collection, and so on and so forth. We are not looking at individual objects, we are perceiving an entire idea that morphs from one substance/element into another. It is an organic, self-evolving entity, a coherent narrative of the dimension of time and the Catholic religious subtext of Transubstantiation. In the 21st century, we celebrate speed and efficiency, and time has become a luxury to be saved, not wasted. Doubt and contemplation have been transformed into anxiety and mental lassitude. We need to consider what can be rescued from the forgotten corners of history.

PHENOMENOLOGY

Text: Sean Kinson

If you read too much philosophy, the world comes apart in your hands. What is a tree? What makes a tree a tree, and when is it more than a plant? What makes a thing a question. When do you take a tree at its word, and what kinds of questions does it ask. Why the hell does this matter? This is an analogy for bodies coming apart in your hands. Sometimes the bodies are time. Suspicious in the months preceding a breakdown, I studied phenomenology, wrestled with the thisness and thatness of what it means to be a woman. I was always looking for ways to stop time. But this didn't work for me. I just wanted more time to eat my clichés, didn't want to be time herself. What makes a woman a woman? What makes this thing a question? Why the hell does it matter, and how did I know I wasn't a woman, if not from reading philosophy?

You want a word to tell people you are that thing. You want a word that means time slows the body's foaming. You want the word to foam and to froth and to fizz, but you don't want it to be water. You want the word to flow but you don't want the word to be flowing, or to be, flow. You want a word that foams and froths and fizzes so people don't think you're the word itself. Maybe the word was I.

I want a word to tell people I'm a thing, but not that I'm the thing itself. I want a word that means time slows the body's foaming, ageing despite dysphoria. I want the word to foam and to froth and to fizz, but I don't want it to be water. I want the word to flow but I don't want the word to be flowing or to be flown. I want a word that foams and froths and fizzes, so people don't think I'm the word itself. But maybe I'm the word itself. Maybe the word was body.

Is this lick quiddity, meaning the meaning made by tongues?
When you speak time moves and when you don't
the body moves, which is to watch it move through time.
You are an eidetic thing, tonguing your way through the body
in search of thisness, some sense of thisocity, wading through
thickness viscosity.

Enough of this shit. I bought a Barbie doll last week, waited to feel time
foam in on itself. When I showed her to my mother, she asked if this
was a midlife crisis. I explained queer time; late puberty without the
hormone bath, the something self-aware, the grief you aren't
allowed for something you never had, timelines fizzing displaced.
But I never said this wasn't a midlife crisis.

All this to say – we fuck late and mean it or never fuck at all,
kiss the thisness from ourselves until something froths and fizzes;
we push our hands to the bottom of the laundry pile of time
and sift for queer canon in every series movie franchise we ever loved
because we know better now and know we were there because
even though we weren't there we were by existing. I need to feel seen
in something other than philosophy and theory. I need to find us
in bodies that aren't textbooks only.

I want a word to tell people I'm a thing, but not that I'm the thing itself.
I want the thing to foam through history. It's queer and I'm queer,
but I don't want the word to be queer so we're not only the word
itself. If you read too much philosophy your body comes apart
in your hands; the foaming pop popping tonguing its way
through space. Maybe the word was time.

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I want a word that

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*so people don't think
I'm the word itself.*

GALAR, DAD A FI.

Text & images: Elin Thirsk

Grief, the journey through it and the feeling of fragility are the central themes of Galar, Dad a Fi my recent textile project. After losing my father six years ago I naturally experienced a variety of emotions. This personal experience sparked my interest in grief as a topic of research. I began by looking into how we approach grief and express it as a society. However, I did not want the project to focus solely on the hardships that you face after losing a loved one, but also on the importance of celebrating the life of the individual that you have lost.

Grief,
Dad


and Me.



02

My research was heavily focused on mixed media collage, which allowed me to explore layering and the mixing of colours. My father's personal collection of photography was also at the heart of the research and would later be incorporated into my knitting. During the development process, creating a colour and textural palette that would represent the imagery that inspired my project was the starting point, choosing colours that represented the emotions which I had experienced. In order to translate this into textiles, I began combining textural lambswool and softer cottons. This successfully allowed for the creation of a collection that had a painterly feel to it, much like my research.





The theme of grief runs throughout the collection, yet each textile represents a combination of emotions, techniques and Welsh literature that are of importance. The combination of techniques such as embroidery and tapestry allowed me to have the freedom to work with found poetry and the Welsh language. This resulted in a collection that shared my personal journey through grief and allowed me to express the concept of the fading of my father after his death, whilst gaining a sense of clarity.

03



STONE HERITAGE

Images: Octave Cusinberche
Text: Juliana Monsalve Carrillo

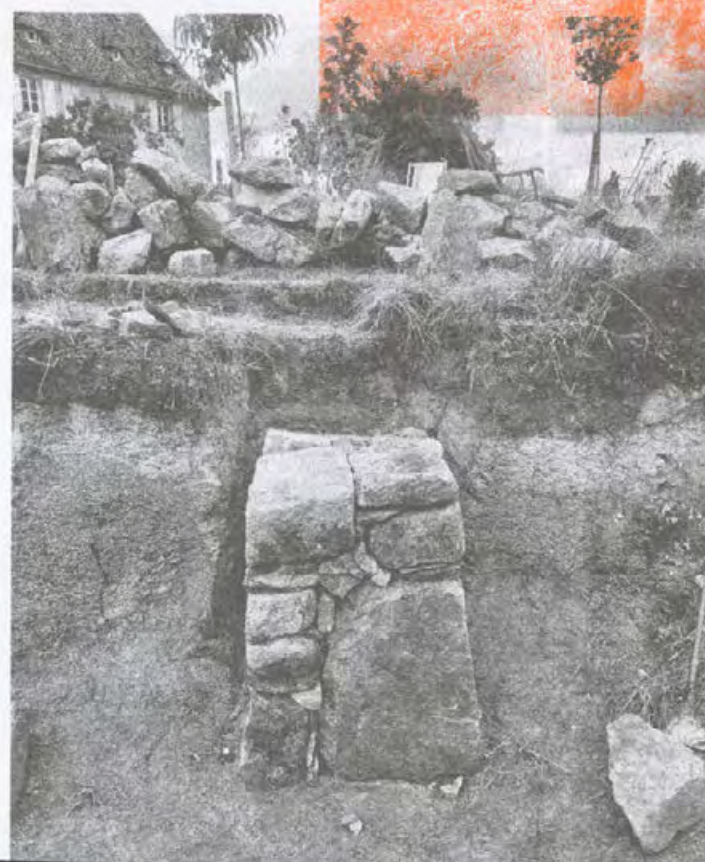


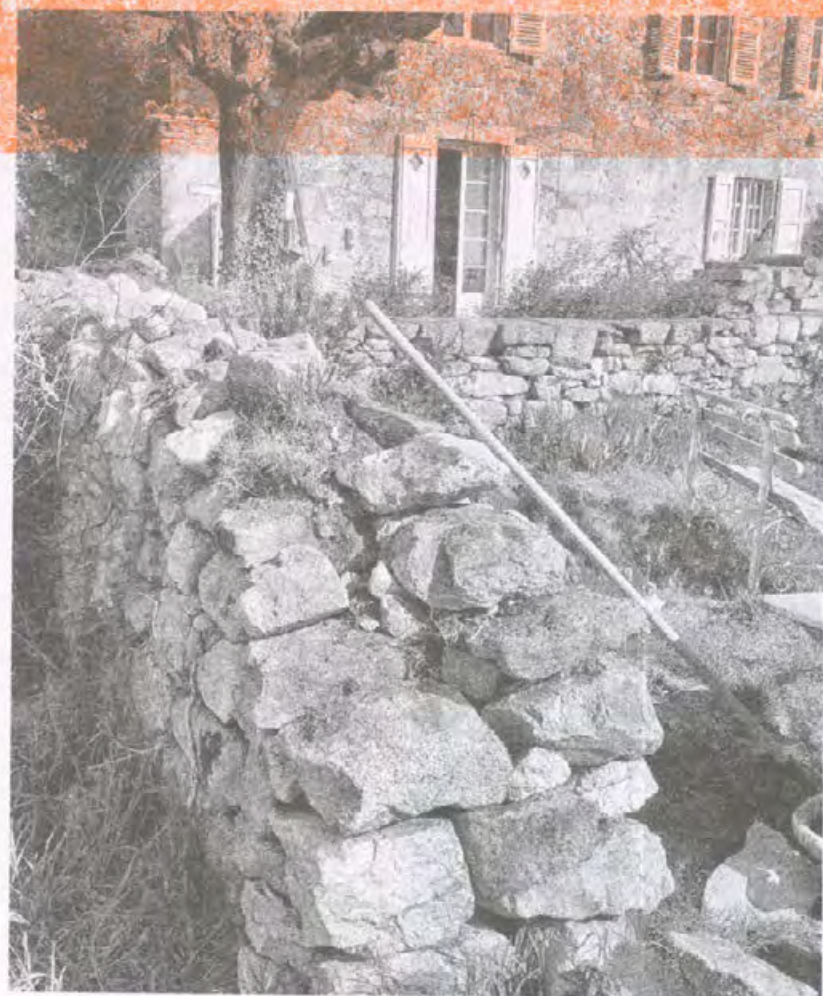
Within the framework of time, French designer Octave Cusinberche's parallel interest in dry stone countryside building feels like a pause, a change of pace within a contemporary landscape full of concrete. After spending intervals of his childhood in the countryside of Cantal, Octave developed a fascination for old materials, looking at ancient buildings and understanding how stonemasons built them with few resources. His goal now is to preserve this countryside heritage by immersing himself in a craft that has been disappearing. Traditionally, drystone walls were built by farmers to separate crops and pastures. Using local stones, Octave rebuilds and integrates these constructions as extensions of the landscape, building like in the past and reproducing a time that wasn't his. Octave believes that the time spent building a structure is proportional to its longevity; a strong drywall built with a thoughtful process can hold for centuries.

In the lense of this practice, walls become containers of multiple realities. In the absence of mortar, the stonemason is the link between the stones. As such, a dry-stone wall is the mirror of the builder's personality. Multiple objects found within these structures: pottery shards, ceramics, glasses, flasks, and even inkwells, reveal when and who built them. In Octave's words: "Walls are a picture of their time. They protect or separate places, becoming testimonies of their era and what people decided to do with them."

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DES-IGN

A-TIC-ORY

by Xavi Bas

UQ11 pays tribute to the concept of time through different design decisions and details. In reference to non-linear time, the publication has no cover and is spiral bound. This design choice encourages the reader to flick through, circle, and navigate the publication freely, with no set beginning or end. Our 24 pieces, split into seven 12-page sections, each in a different colour, evoke the 12-hour day/night cycle, the 24-hour day, the calendar week, month and year.

The team chose Risograph as a printing method due to its material characteristics. The fading quality of the ink allows the pages to change with time and develop in unique ways depending on how each reader handles their copy. While printing, we became immersed in the time taken to pre-plan, print, dry and print again. The process itself became a loop.

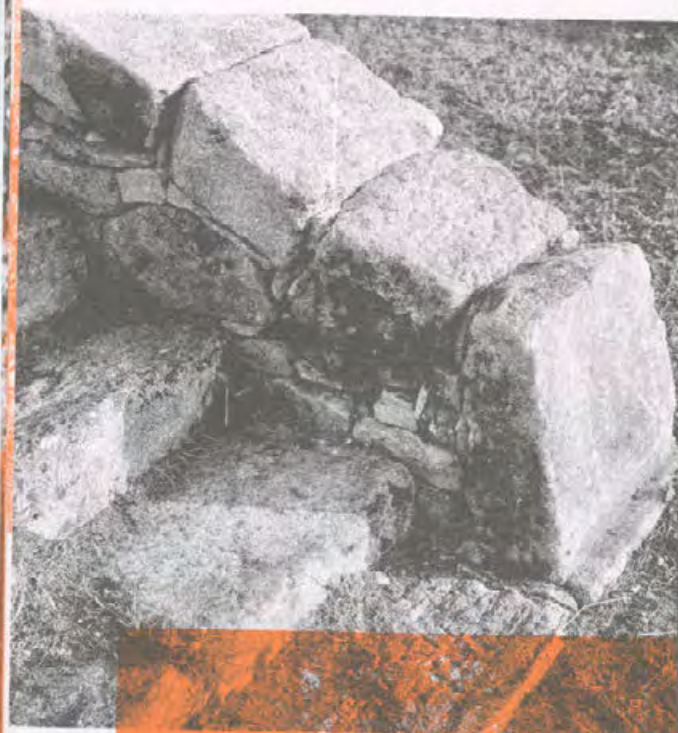
As a team we hope that the readers not only enjoy the content of *UQ11*, but that they experience the publication as an object and a vestige of time.

maternal grandmother's age. She is really proud of that; if she gets it wrong, she cheers, victorious. Don't imagine she has used any fancy cream or even used more domestic remedies to fight age (her secret has always been avoiding the sunlight). Her skin strategy has worked, her skin does not look like she's as old as when she was a little girl in Punta Umbria, in the south of Spain where she would be scared by how sunburnt the Brits got at the beach. Time was non-existent.

Holidays and leisure for the masses introduced by the 19th century had vanished, crushed by the 40 year long right-wing dictatorship and the ideas of its exploitative elite. Being the daughter of a fisherman, the beach did not embody a place of rest for her, but instead, a place for fishing under the protection of her father or a quick swim if you had the right clothes and

she can still recall with fear and disgust the blisters and sunburnt backs of those who stayed at *casas de los ingleses*². From a young age, she made a pact with the shade, like Faust would with the devil, to make her skin stay young and healthy forever, contrary to those who looked upon her face. However, if you look closely and hold them, her skin will tell you another story.

Like a cartographer drawing previously uncharted territories, the more experiences get imprinted on it. Navigating through the folds, freckles, moles, scars, bruises – can tell us who we are and what we have been like. These folds, cuts and stains become milestones that are marked on our skin as our path unfolds: telling stories of joy, confusion, grief, joy and horror.



Curation, editing & design:

Dom Grant
Gui Rojo Torres
Jack Olive
Juliana Monsalve Carrillo
Linxiang Wang
Sara Aguiar da Silva
Xingshan He
Yuhang Sun

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Andrew Brash
Isabel Albiol Estrada
Yi Dai
Matthew Chrislip
Alison Green
Lee Weinberg
& everyone who supported our presale

A HAPTIC¹ MEMORY

Text: Xavi Bas

10

¹Haptic: related to touch.

²Summer houses used by managers and directors who worked at Río Tinto Company Limited or RTC, which extracted minerals from the Río Tinto mines (exploited since antiquity) from 1873 to 1954. The company, which was British, established its activities in Huelva and had a big influence in the cultural and economical landscape of the region. Real Club Recreativo de Huelva (or Huelva Recreation Club as it was named by its founders Charles Adams and Dr. Alexander Mackay) was the first ever football club established in Spain (1889, although there were some other previous football societies before). The summer houses, a total of fourteen built in Punta Umbría from 1882 and 1918, were used as health resorts. They were demolished during the dictatorship to develop the area. In 2002, the council decided to build a mock-up of one of the houses to illustrate its past and disappeared architectural heritage.

No one guesses my maternal grandmother's age. She is really proud of that; every time someone gets it wrong, she cheers, victorious. Don't imagine she has had plastic surgery or even used more domestic remedies to fight age (except for a night cream). Her secret has always been avoiding the sunlight. This pseudo-vampiric strategy has worked, her skin does not look like she's 94. It all goes back to when she was a little girl in Punta Umbría, in the South of Spain, where she would be scared by how sunburnt the Brits got at a time when sun cream was non-existent.

The concepts of holidays and leisure for the masses introduced by the Spanish Republic had vanished, crushed by the 40 year long right-wing dictatorship of Franco and the ideas of its exploitative elite. Being the daughter of a fisherman, the beach did not embody a place of rest for my grandmother, but instead, a place for fishing under the protection of the *Virgen del Carmen* or a quick swim if you had the right clothes and were not prudish.

When you ask her, she can still recall with fear and disgust the blisters and marks all over the red backs of those who stayed at *casas de los ingleses*². From that moment onwards, she made a pact with the shade, like Faust would make with the Devil, to make her skin stay young and healthy forever, concealing her life story from those who looked upon her face. However, if you look at her hands and hold them, her skin will tell you another story.

Skin registers our lives like a cartographer drawing previously uncharted territory: the more we live, the more experiences get imprinted on it. Navigating the signs on our skin – freckles, moles, scars, bruises – can tell us who we are and what our lives have been like. These folds, cuts and stains become milestones of our days that are marked on our skin as our path unfolds: telling of our laughter, worry, confusion, grief, joy and horror.

There are 3D artists who have specialised in creating human skin textures as part of developing characters for films and videogames. They paint these unfolded surfaces with different tones, body hair, wrinkles, scars... to hint at a personal background which does not exist. Skin is the envelope of a personal story. This map that wraps us, on average two square metres and approximately 300 million skin cells, shows not only our age, but how the environment and the world have sculpted us through erosion, impact and sunlight. Experiencing our skin by touching it is a way of feeling the memories that have been inscribed on us like tattoos through time.

"What can my grandmother's hands tell?" you could ask, unable to surrender to the unanswered question above. Well, let me tell you, the history of a whole country in quick flashing images could strike you like lightning: those little hands learning how to write imitating the convoluted nuns' calligraphy, those little hands pulling a father down to the floor to prevent him from hitting her mum again, those little hands helping her aunt finish sewing trousers and shirts, those hands brushing floors on her knees, cleaning cupboards, plates, clothes on washing sinks, those hands combing other people's sons' hair, serving other people's plates and glasses, those hands soaked in bleach, soaked in frozen water, those hands cleaning spittoons, those hands filling piles of olives with roasted peppers in a factory. Her face is immaculate, but her chilblained hands portray the true gaze of capitalism.

My grandfather's life also left traces on his body: his big hands, trained in the fields since he was seven and then on construction sites and in factories, had nine fingers instead of ten. While he was working in a factory a machine fell over cutting one of his index fingers clean off.

Contemporary entrepreneurship, self-employment in the creative industries, Tiktok, Instagram and Onlyfans are only the latest additions to capitalism's mechanisms to extract life from us: our energy, our time, our sex, our health. My grandparents' generation suffered from physical exploitation – although not solely – the effects of which are patent on their hands. Despite the development of workers' rights, capitalism found more surreptitious ways to keep on extracting like an endlessly Machiavellian and ingenuous Vlad Dracul. My mother, who started working when she was thirteen, ended up, like most of my family, working in factories. Her labour conditions improved with the return of democracy in Spain, gaining basic rights like paid holidays and a decent salary. Most of her coworkers though, including herself, ended up with mental health issues, some say caused by the chemical vapours emanated from the industrial oils and greases used to assemble the pieces of the car locks they manufactured; some others have reported workplace harassment and managerial abuse as the cause.

And, what happens today? The mental control that neoliberalism exerts on us is ubiquitous. It has already spread deep and wide, supported by concepts that, with manipulative and blaming arguments, have permeated our day-to-day lexicon: "be the best version of yourself", "be your own CEO", "work on your self-improvement", "don't waste time prepping meals, just

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have this powder shake", "drink coffee", "vitamin supplements for babies, for toddlers, for men, for women, for pregnant women, for your hair and nails, for menopause", "focus on your self-growth", "change your habits, change your life", "achieve your goals", "eat your five a day", "you are your own brand". Now, you might be convinced that some of these mottos are useful, but think about this: all of them, even those which focus on healthy habits, are just designed to convince ourselves to perfect our bodies and minds to become an optimally functioning minion of this never-stopping productive system. Eventually, even if it's by rooting this message in our minds as if it were part of our own thinking, markets continuously produce new ways to trade with our hands, our minds, our ideas, our bodies, our skins.

Amongst the scientific and medical community there is consensus around the fact that stress does not only induce mental health issues and can trigger certain psychological conditions but also physical ones: coronary and nervous systems are deeply affected, but also skin is an infallible stressometer. The production of cortisol, catecholamines and neuropeptides are linked to the experience of stress³. These substances are direct causes of itchiness, inflammation, unbalanced skin barrier function and decreased immunity amongst other effects. Jafferany et al. include in "skin diseases that are precipitated or exacerbated by psychological stress": acne, alopecia areata, atopic dermatitis, psoriasis, rosacea and chronic spontaneous urticaria⁴.

Stress, like any other mental health issue or condition, seems to be invisible, "it's just something in their heads". Contrary to common understanding, clinical research has blatantly shown how it can also materialise on our skin – yet another dimension of our experiences gets its signature just like bruises or scars.

Skin, which initially seemed like a presentation card of our age, incarnates a chart that not only talks about our accidents, but also our class, our mental health and the signs of the economic and productive capitalisation of our bodies.

It's early in the morning and you look at yourself in the mirror. You are applying a coat of retinol cream to rejuvenate your tired face and feel its acid itching softly on your skin. You brush your teeth and get ready for work. You want to be presentable, immaculate, although the cold water you stochically washed your face with hasn't freshened up your gaze. Perhaps, you think, I should make a pact like my grandmother. But then you realise, it's not the sun that has made you look old and matte, it's something else and you can't hide from it in the shade.

³Graubard, R., Pérez-Sánchez, A., & Katta, R. (2021). Stress and Skin: An Overview of Mind Body Therapies as a Treatment Strategy in Dermatology. *Dermatology practical & conceptual*, 11(4), e2021091. doi: 10.5826/dpc.1104a91.

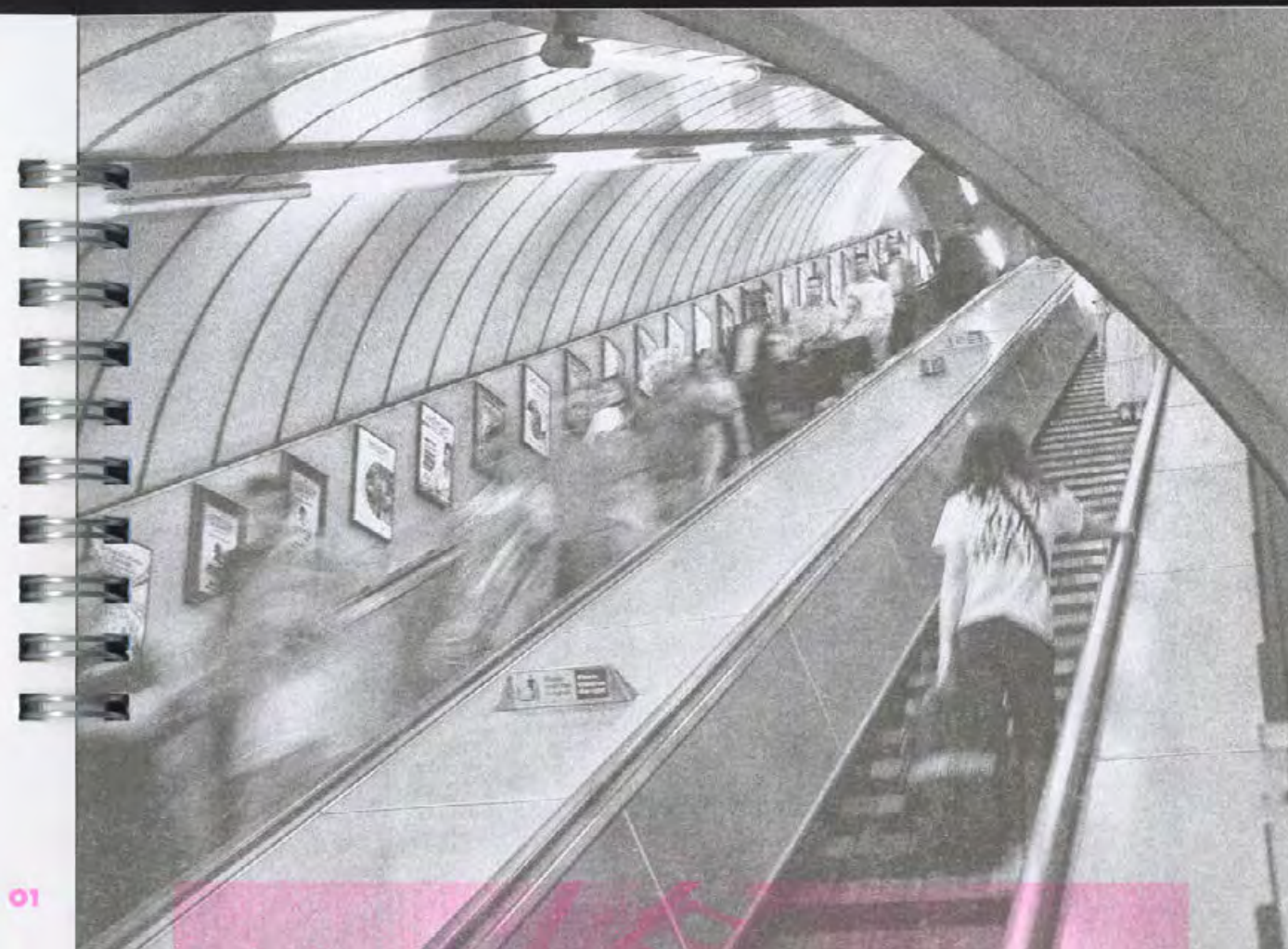
⁴Jafferany, M., Ferreira, B. R., Abdelmaksoud, A., & Mkhoyan, R. (2020). Management of psychocutaneous disorders: A practical approach for dermatologists. *Dermatologic Therapy*, 33(6), e13969. doi: 10.1111/dth.13969.

MOMENTS OF MOVEMENT

Images: Benjamin Olive
Text: Jack Olive



Captured throughout London's public transport network, Benjamin Olive's latest project evokes a curiously transient space, one that is experienced as both rushed and lagged, late and early, as both treasured time alone and dreaded public turmoil. Our experiences of time in these spaces encompass a wide range of individual journeys, narratives and stories – all written out across these shared spaces and yet seldom shared.



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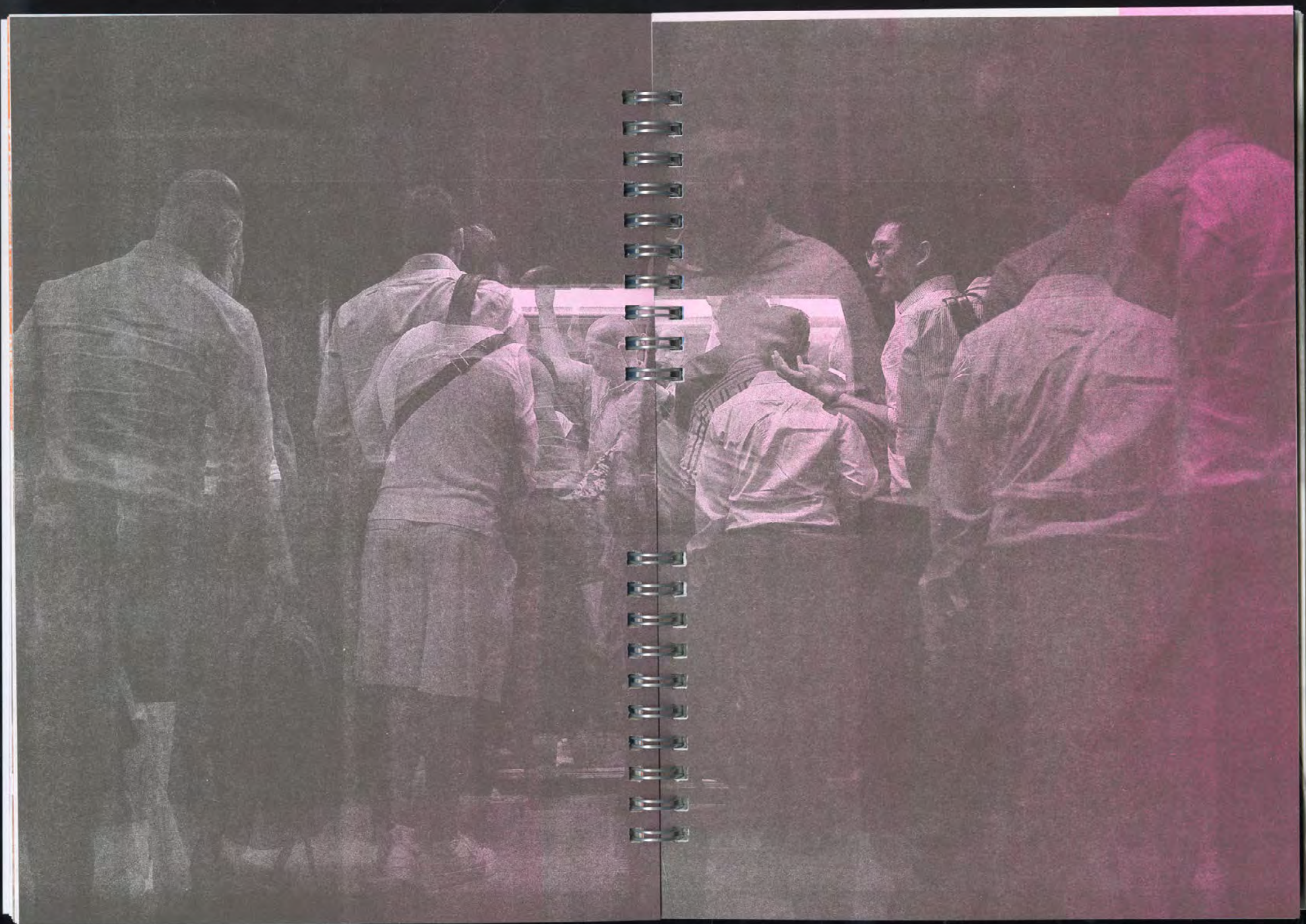


Photography is often viewed as a way of freezing time or a single moment. Benjamin's use of shutter drag and multiple exposure both subverts and embraces this view. Overlaying these moments, the ghosts of millions of journeys, narratives, and stories appear, etched into these spaces, like trailing moments in time.

Perhaps hinting at the conceptual perspective of the transport network and space itself, it encourages us to reflect upon this space, which so many Londoners share daily, but in which interaction is often limited and isolated by the countdown to the next train.

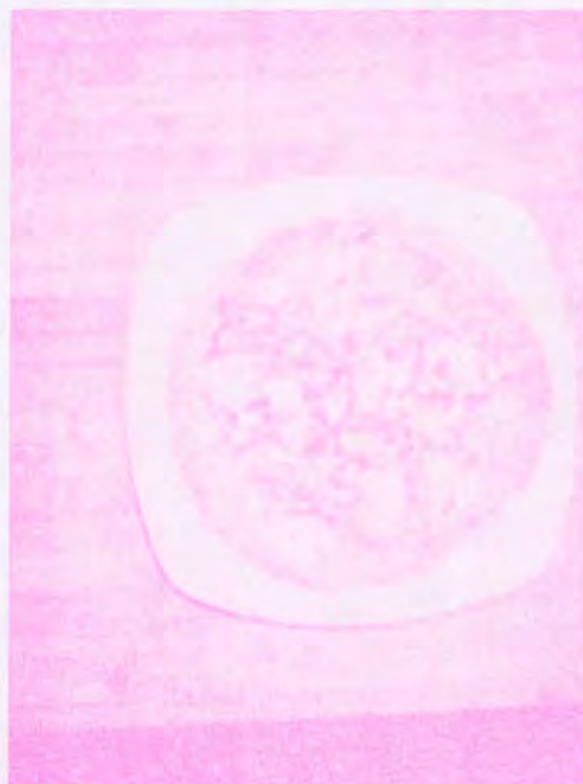


Benjamin Olive, *Moments of Movement* (2023).



LA TORTILLA DE PATATA DE JUAN LUENGO

Text: Juan Luengo & Gui Rojo Torres
Images: Gui Rojo Torres



This interview integrates two distinct timelines: culinary preparation and dialogue. The objective is to examine the manifestation of time through cooking. A 35mm analogue camera has been utilized to document the tangible progression of the recipe, mirroring techniques previously employed by Ferran Adrià.

Gui—
Okay, well, I'm going to serve this, okay, okay?

Juan—
Man, everyone talks better with a cider.

G—
It's super good, rosé, dry and a bit bubbly.

J—
Now that we're starting with the Spanish omelette, what was the first one you ever had in your life? Do you remember it? Or not? Who made it? Your mother? your grandmother? your father?

G—
My mother's omelette is always a 12-egg omelette, and she has a paella reserved just for the weekly omelette. In fact, Thursday is normally omelette day because there's not much left in the fridge. That way, you can use what's left and go shopping at the supermarket on Friday.

J—
Did you know that the tortilla originated in Bilbao?

G—
The potato omelette originated in Bilbao? I didn't know that.

J—
It's the origin. In Bilbao, during the Carlist wars, when they were fighting for the succession to the throne of Spain in the 1800s. There was a siege of Bilbao, which – well the nationalists were fighting against the Carlists or something like that, and legend has it that they were under siege there in the middle of the city and there was nothing to feed the soldiers. If you like, the only things they had to eat were eggs, potatoes and onions. They decided to do something with it and that's what counts. The legend suits the dish.

G—
And has the omelette always been made in a frying pan and with fried potatoes and onion? Because I've eaten omelettes that are baked in the oven.

J—
That is a frittata.

G—
Ah, right, is it called frittata?

J—
Yes, it has Italian origin.

G—
Ah, right, I mean, it's not a Spanish omelette.

J—
No, a Spanish omelette has to be made in a frying pan. All omelettes, fried or not, must be made in a frying pan. Although, it depends on the culture.



Some use different frying pans, in Japan for example it's more like a wok, and the omelettes are very liquid.

G—
Now you're cutting the perfect potatoes, nice and thin.

J—
Well yes, the trick they taught me is that they have to be quite thin because you want some kind of fried potato.

This one comes from the restaurant I was working in, you usually cut them with a mandolin so that all the potatoes are cut really thin.

We're going to make it using the Michelin method, not the way my mother taught me, but it's not very complicated either. We're not doing any foaming or esterification or anything like that. The only thing we're doing is making a very well-made omelette.

G—
After all, it's an omelette, it has potatoes, onion and egg, salt and pepper.

J—
Yes, but you would have done it differently. You cut the potatoes into pieces, don't you?

G—
That's right. I do it the way I've seen my mother make an omelette all my life, cut by hand, without a board and with a tiny knife.

I don't think I've ever eaten an omelette like this, eh? The texture must be different because the potatoes are bigger and thinner, right?

J—
Yeah, you don't think so, eh? I mean. It's crispier, so, when you bite into it, it has more texture.

G—
So we're making a potato omelette with 3 potatoes and an onion, and how many eggs?

J—
If we're being traditional? A lady I met in a bar once told me how to make the most traditional Spanish omelette and it's supposed to be neither 7 nor 9 eggs. It has to always be 8 eggs, right? Let's see what the eggs look like.



09 10

G—
I don't know if I bought them, so hopefully they are all the same.

J—
And then it depends on the size of the potatoes. I would say 3 large potatoes, and if they are smaller, then more.

G—
What is the best omelette you have ever tasted?

J—
It's on the outskirts of La Coruña, there's a little village – by the way, do you have a tiny pot?

Don't you love it when the onion is fried, it's soft and you have that onion flavour.

G—
Are you crying when you cut the onion?

J—
It makes us cry when we cut the onion with a blunt knife we shouldn't have used.

See how I try to treat the ingredients separately, right? Because we know how we like the onion, poached and sweet, and the potato crispy.

G—
Well, I don't normally. But it doesn't usually turn out well because I like the potato roasted and crispy, the potato. I just put the onion in later, so it doesn't burn.

J—
There's still some time left because we want it to be almost candied.

G—
Does it have to be white, or does it have to be golden?

J—
It's going to be a brownish white.

G—
I was at Elliott's the other day.

J—
I told you it was good, didn't I?



G—
Super good.

J—
Now we proceed to turn and mix the omelette, add the potatoes and the onion, salt and pepper, and with wrapping movements we make the egg set a little.

G—
I'll pass you the omelette pan and the plates to turn it.

J—
Low heat so that it doesn't burn on the outside and stays liquid.

G—
Now turn it over and it's practically finished, right?

J—
Yes, let's do this over the sink so that there are no accidents.

G—
Let's try it out.

J—
Yes, it has a very good bite.

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COSMOLOGY IN THE GARDENS

Text & images: Sally Yang

*One step
makes a difference*

The landscaping art in classical Chinese gardens is closely related to the ancient philosophy of space and time, reflecting the cosmological view of the unity of human and nature. As history continues to develop and people's view of the universe changes, the art of gardens also has a higher level of requirements. It can be said that the garden in the context of the new era should be beyond people's imagination of physical time and space in traditional garden.

This project takes classical Chinese gardens as the object of study, exploring how visual design can be used to combine traditional gardening art with the contemporary multi-dimensional cosmology, reinventing the classical garden and showing the direction of its evolution in the future.



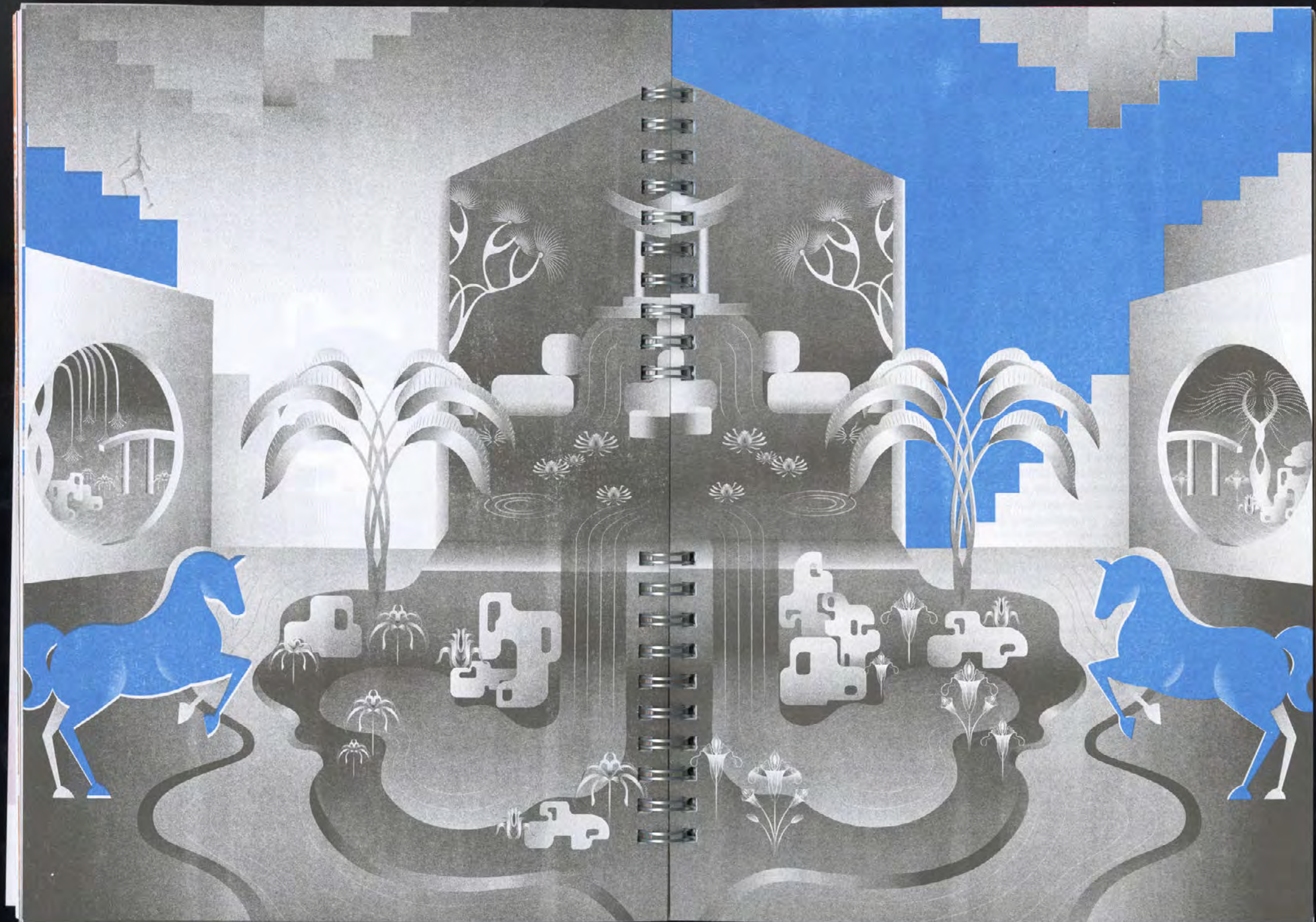
01





04





THE SECRET LIFE OF MICROPLASTICS

Text & 3D models: Taufiq Sugeng
Images: Rasma Ormane

Welcome to the end of the world. A time where the grand promises of modernity have crumbled, leaving just a trail of shattered dreams and unfulfilled liberation. It was not the workers who were set free, but rather the insidious forces of plastic and carbon, unleashed upon the earth without remorse. Modernity has not failed, but it has betrayed us, tricking us with the frenzied growth of technology and nullifying us with constant stimulation and consumption. Progress only elevating plastics to the status of hyper-object. These synthetic invaders have permeated every crevice of our existence, transforming us into unwitting cyborgs, consuming the inorganic with an insatiable appetite.

Let me introduce you to Rasma, a friend of mine and environmental researcher. She is a serious person, as you might expect from someone logging data points for the death of the planet. She does her work earnestly, often working long hours pushing her arthritic hands to their limits. Indeed, Rasma is tormented by a myriad of health afflictions that belie her youth. I often worry about her, but her unwavering dedication and relentless drive continue to propel her. I both fear and envy those qualities in her. Sometimes I ask Rasma – Why work so hard? What is the point of all of this? Is there something you hope to achieve? In response, she deliberates, offering elusive explanations encompassing climate change and the pursuit of knowledge, ultimately panning me off with a forgettable one liner. There is something she is working towards, that she is dedicated to, but it seems to have yet made itself known. Perhaps within her lies an intangible goal, something Rasma knows but can't yet vocalise. In due time it will reveal itself – I hope.

Her latest research ventures into uncharted territory. Using novel research methods devised with her professor, they are working to measure the amount of microplastics found on the sandy beaches of the United Kingdom. Meticulously gathered from beaches, samples are carefully transported back to the cold, sterile labs of the city. Here, grains of sand,

¹Way, C. et al. (2022) 'Evidence of underestimation in microplastic research: A meta-analysis of recovery rate studies', *Science of The Total Environment*, 805, p. 150227. Available at: <https://doi.org/10.1016/j.scitotenv.2021.150227>.



Using microscopic images of processed sand, microtopologies generate images that attempt to capture the chaos, loneliness and coldness of modernity encapsulated in grains of sand. The building blocks of nature, just as we are, corrupted by modernity and penetrated by plastic.

07 delicate yet laden with hard truths, are treated and dried before they face the scrutinising gaze of a powerful microscope.

08 The tedium of labour truly is a universal experience. Seeing Rasma work made me realise the mind-numbing labour that science workers carry out. The repetitive actions, the endless hours spent within the barren confines of a laboratory, threaten to break even the most resilient spirit. Amid this ceaseless toil, fleeting moments of elation manage to pierce through the monotony. I saw the joy illuminating Rasma's eyes as she got expenses-paid journeys to the sandy banks of the UK. The physical strain of collecting sand, an arduous task for Rasma's stiff joints, is momentarily forgotten as she savours the joy of novelty, even if just for a moment between shuttling bags of sand to her professor's car. She once even exclaimed, with a childlike enthusiasm, that as she closed her eyes and immersed her toes into the sand, she felt transported to a tropical paradise.

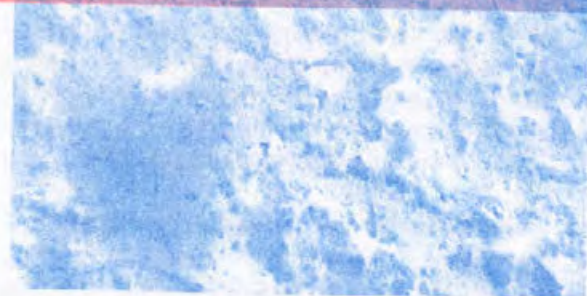
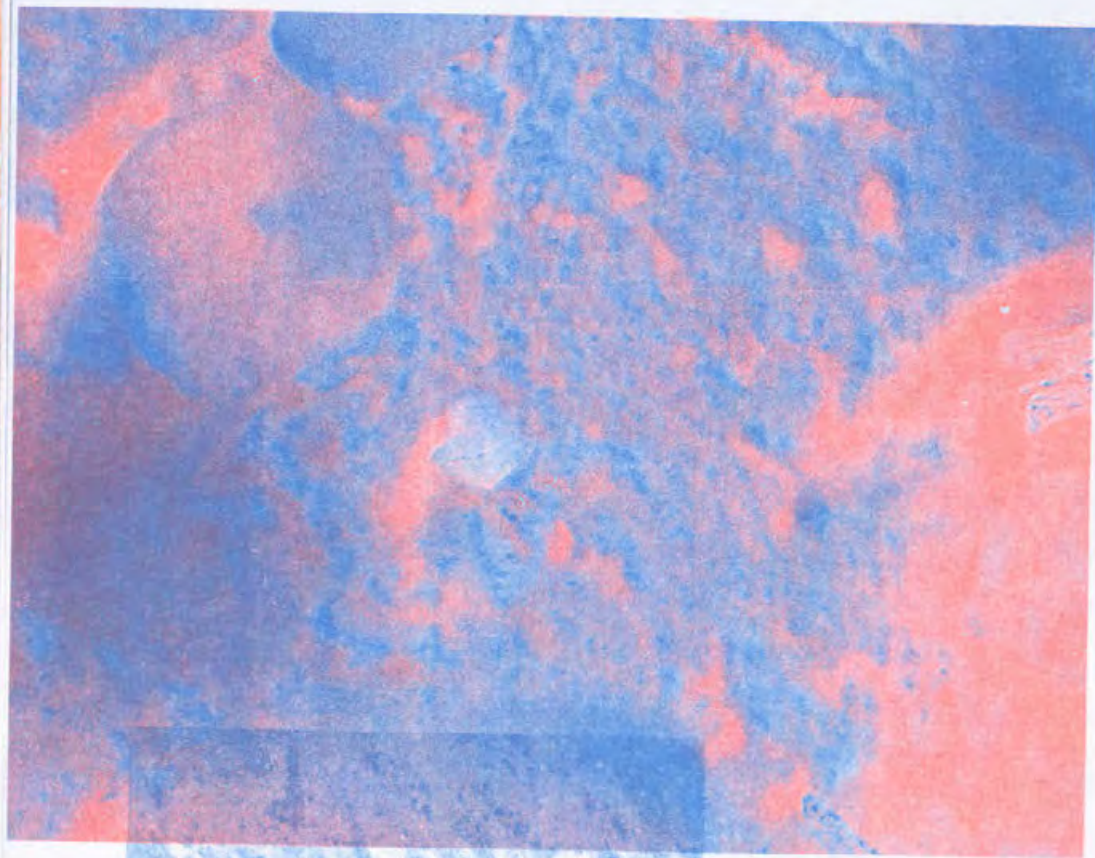
Rasma conducted her research at two sites. In total she found 624 microplastic particles. 245 particles were found from seven samples at her first site, Camber Sands, a beach in East Sussex. The remaining 379 particles were found at her second site, Ynyslas Beach in Cardigan Bay, Wales. She estimates that for every cubic metre of sand there are 1,516,000 microplastic particles at Ynyslas and 980,000 microplastic particles at Camber Sands. Every time Rasma stepped on the beach at Ynyslas the bottom of her shoes touched 28 microplastic par-

ticles and every time she shuttled samples back to her professor's car in Camber Sands, her feet met with 7448 of them.

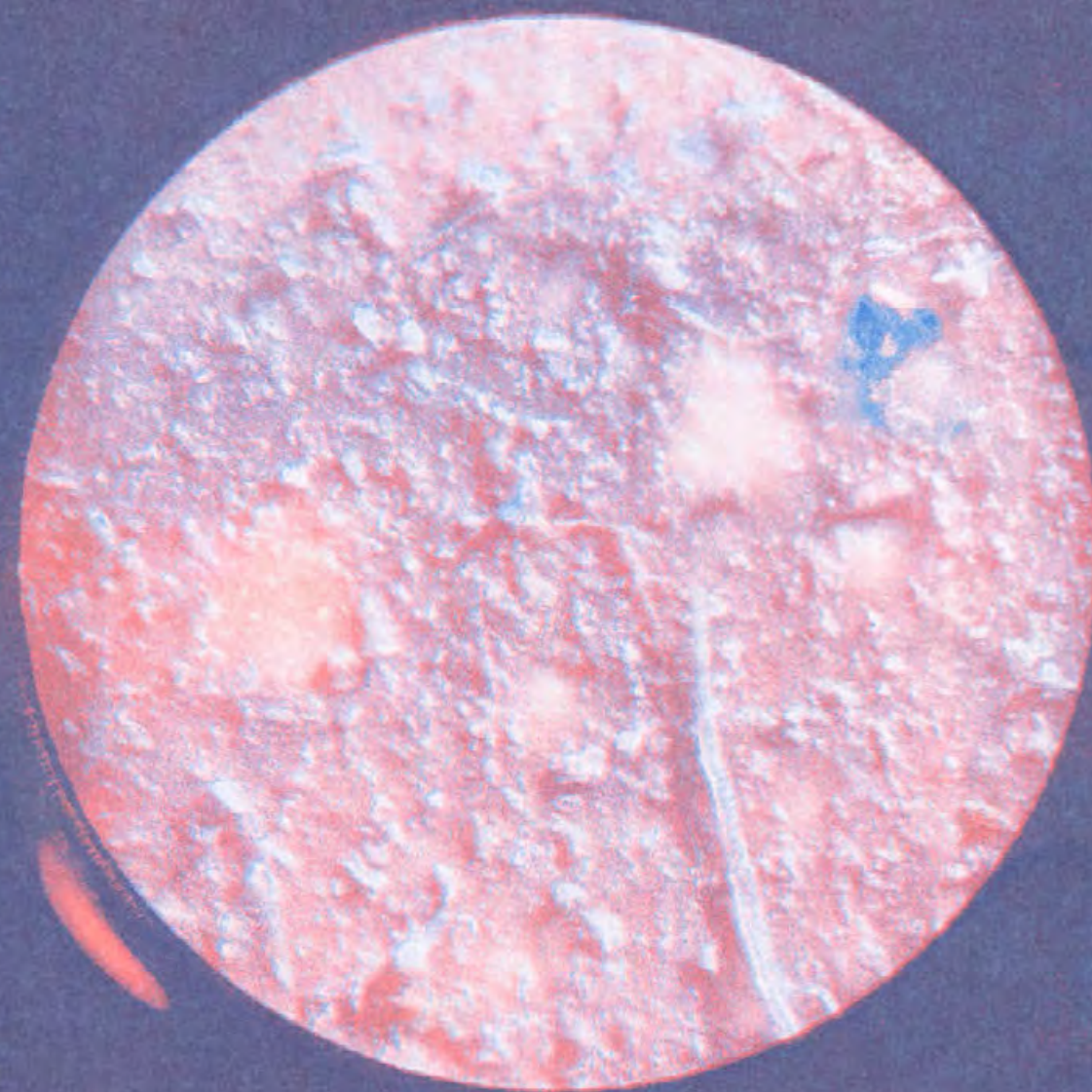
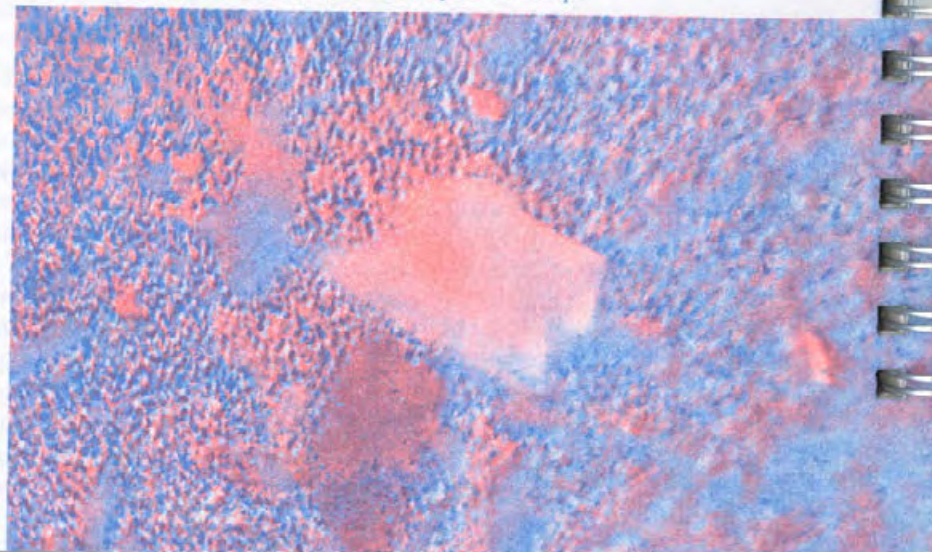
These numbers, as grim as they may seem, likely underestimate the amount of microplastic present on our beaches. Research conducted in 2022 estimates that studies may fail to recover on average 14% of total number of plastic particles with potential losses during sieving, settling and suctioning¹.

Rasma's research also yielded surprising results. Camber Sands, a famous tourist site, reported fewer microplastics per square metre than the far more remote Ynyslas. Indeed, even in the farthest reaches of our planet, modernity's insidious presence prevails. Plastics intermingle with the water, entwining themselves with the essence of sand, while carbon lingers in the air, a constant reminder of nature's subjugation to humanity's voracious appetite for consumption.

Rasma's work, as benign and boring as it may seem to her, serves a most important function. It is witness to modernity's relentless infiltration, penetrating the very fabric of the Anthropocene. Every layer of our world succumbs to its grasp, as grains of sand, once the humble foundation of existence, are overshadowed by towering threads of microplastics. They weave themselves into new homes, establishing a suffocating embrace. Microplastics, stretching their arms ever wider, ensnare water, sand, and soil in a grip that knows no mercy.



1cm² of processed sand sample at 10x zoom on the optical microscope



FADED MEMORIES

Images: Miho Kajioka
Text: Sara Aguiar da Silva

Playing with time
in
the
c
o
m
p
a
n
y
of

Miho
Kajioka

At Miho Kajioka's recent London show with The Print Sales Gallery, curator Lucie Donaldson cleverly dotted the small white cube with groupings of Kajioka's dainty analogue creations. Photography's ability to capture and freeze moments often seems to be what tempts the artist to the medium. According to Kajioka, it's irrelevant whether this is attained with an analogue camera or with an iPhone. The medium allows her to play with memories and the sense of time, her prints' asymmetric rims and stains, physically bear witness to its passage.

This image's long, twin vertical rectangular shape is a nod to Tanzaku, Japanese cards used to write poetry on, visual poetry in this instance. Kajioka's prints feel like lens-based watercolours, the artist says she 'cooks' her images, just how is her secret recipe.

The Japanese appreciation for beauty in imperfection, or wabi-sabi, is latent throughout the artist's work. Case in point, these images of peacocks symbolise those abandoned and found wandering about Fukushima after the nuclear disaster – the majestic birds epitomise resilience and hope in dark times. Both familiar and oneiric, Kajioka's tactile images spring up, tiny, like visual haikus, conveying the fragile beauty of everyday life.

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12



Miho Kajioka, *Untitled* (2016), courtesy of The Photographers Gallery.

CEMETERY

Text: Xuemeng Zhang
Translation: Yuhang Sun

一场雨，下在莫名的冬日
莫名拜访，莫名天气

泥土松软。连它们，也睡得
东倒西倚，像最后那次聚会上
脱得遍地的鞋袜
这一只，那一只

在醉意来临后，死，带来
再次的敲门声。他们告别，脸泛红晕
有人来不及挥手，抓下挂钩的帽子
匆忙跟随它去

如果你俯下身，许多证据
已不可认。让青苔
继续它不称职的誊写：
年份，属地，墓志铭
敞开漆黑的疑问

仅存的鲜艳是罂寄生花环。
两小把罂粟木柄，躺在
空军服膺的战事前

和老人交谈：“这是个
好地方，不是吗”
瞳孔浑浊，他的手指颤抖
像羽毛在风中。
“我为这里搭建了网站
有意思的历史，可以去看看。”

Rain, in the midst of
weather that wasn't expected, an unexpected visit
on a random winter's day

The soil was soft. Even they, too, slept
with grogginess, like at that last party,
shoes and socks, all over the place

After inebriation, death, brings
another knock at the door. Goodbye, they said,
faces flushed, no chance to wave;
they grab their hats off the hook, in a hurry
to follow death away

If you bend down, much of the evidence
is no longer recognisable. Let the moss
continue its unfit inscription:
year, place, and epitaph,
leaving open the inky questions

The only remaining vivid colour
is the mistletoe wreath.
Two poppy flowers handles, lying before
the battle that engraved.

Talking to an old man, "It's a good place, isn't it?"
Pupils clouded; his fingers trembling
like feathers in the wind.
"I've built a website for this spot
with its interesting history."

他转身，走向另一处入口
过于突兀的，粗大的柏树
涂抹掉背影。我几乎
再难和他见面。

阳光开始爬升，从云层显现
一支倾斜的石碑，迎上
短暂、金色的触碰。

那是他和他的妻子。六年后
重又聚在这里。

像年轻时，他们去海滨旅行
她喜欢穿红色，背靠着躺椅
气息蓬勃而鲜嫩。

她低下头，害羞地
张开小脚趾。
他看着她，她的发丝
在阳光下，在海风中。

He turned, walked towards another entrance.
Overly abrupt, thick cypress trees
obscured his back. I knew it would be
difficult to meet him again.

The sun began to climb
revealing itself from behind the clouds.
A tilting monolith met
its brief, golden touch.

It was him and his wife. Six years later
reunited here.

Like when they were young, they travelled
to the seaside. She loved to wear red,
lying back in a deckchair.

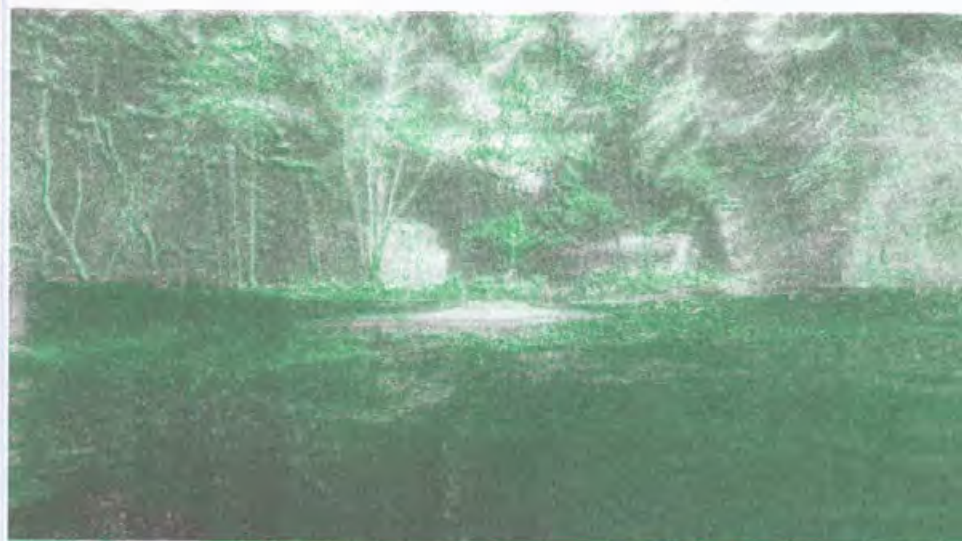
Her breath, exuberant and fresh.
She lowered her head, and shyly
spread two little toes.
He watched her: her hair
under the sun, in the sea breeze.
And all of that,
All for a fleeting glance.

01

02

ESSENCE OF EPHEMERAL

Text: Yuhang Sun
Images: Donghan Wayne



Donghan Wayne is a young Korean artist working in the field of art and technology. The interview is about his most recent work *Essence of Ephemeral*, an interactive multi-sensory VR device. I interviewed him to gain a deeper understanding of his creation and what it represents; this is what I learned.

Essence of Ephemeral is an interactive multi-sensory VR device completed in 2023. The work creates an immersive experience by stimulating the senses of sight, sound and smell, creating a new hybrid narrative experience through the integration of visual and olfactory media. Distributed in the VR imagery are multiple point cloud spaces¹ captured through 3D scanning. These are all real spaces that are significant to Wayne's physical and emotional relationship with his mother, who died last year. The audience experiences these spaces visually through VR goggles, which also have a scent device to activate an olfactory experience. In this experience, pictorial and olfactory symbols combine to form a hybrid narrative experience generated by the deep interweaving of intellect (symbolic cognition) and sensibility (sensory experience).

¹Point cloud spaces: A point cloud is a set of data points in 3D space that represents the external surface of an object or scene. In VR, point clouds allow for photorealistic recreations of real-world environments that users can explore and interact with in virtual reality. The point cloud provides the 3D spatial data of the environment, it captured through 3D scanning provides the spatial information to reconstruct real-world environments in VR. The photorealism and ability to move through scanned spaces provides an immersive virtual experience.

As Wayne has always been interested in the sense of smell, he has also chosen smell as a medium of expression. By using different smells and fragrances, Wayne can more richly express the emotions, memories and themes contained within the work. Smells have the ability to directly trigger memories and emotions, allowing the audience to immerse themselves more deeply into the world of the work. Wayne believes that smell is both an individual physiological experience and a collective sociological experience. Individual perception and memory of smells is unique, but at the same time, because people share air and geographical spaces, some smells can also trigger people's collective emotions and memories. That's why he selected 12 elements and hormones present in both human and plant odours and used perfumes containing these elements as raw materials to generate odours in real time for different experiential spaces.

In this way, Wayne's work expresses the cycle of life and nature through the fluidity of olfactory language and visual space. This also reflects the transformation of life between human and nature – from the body decomposing into dust, to the dust returning to nature. In this transformation process, life is broken

down into different molecular particles that become part of the natural world; the ethereal particles float in the air, transforming back into fragrances that enter the nostrils, allowing us to smell the process of life's transformation. Wayne believes that, as a rich, direct medium, smell can trigger deep emotions and memories that better convey the emotions and meanings in the work, while also creating a more immersive participatory experience. The olfactory environment matches the emotions of the work, so that the audience feels the emotions and meanings conveyed more directly. This multi-sensory experience helps the audience to better understand and participate in the expression of the work, which is to contemplate and understand the fragility and preciousness of life.

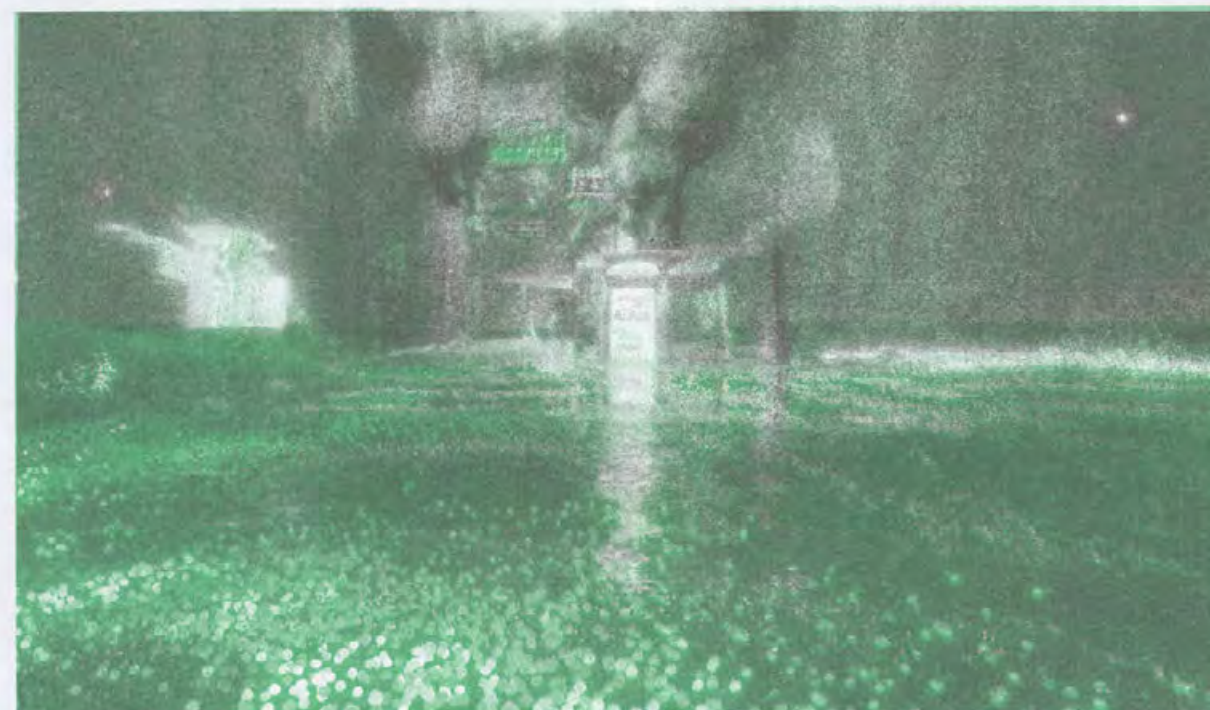
Wayne's mother passed away suddenly during the work's creation, so he experienced the process of a person passing from life to death, from flesh to dust. Wayne witnessed the cremation of his loved one. Her body, burned to ashes, exuded the smell of flesh and flames as he clutched the scorching dust in his arms. In such a moment he experienced the existence and transformation of a life in nature, which sparked his appreciation of life and his contemplation of the meaning of human existence.

03 04





All the spaces in are also taken from real spaces with which Wayne's mother had a direct or indirect relationship during her lifetime. By recreating these spaces, he is telling a story of remembrance and tribute to his mother. He transforms these emotions and experiences into visual and tactile expressions of his longing for and gratitude to his mother. *Essence of Ephemeral* encapsulates Wayne's contemplation of life and existence, his perception of time and space, as well as his memory of his mother and the cherishing of family ties. It is Wayne's hope that through these expressions he can move the audience inwardly, provoking resonance and evoking reverence for life and attention to precious life experiences.



05 06



ABOUT UQ

DLY UFF

ra Aguiar da Silva

Unknown Quantities is an experimental publication, run as a collaborative project between the MA Culture, Criticism and Curation and MA Graphic Communication Design programmes at Central Saint Martins, University of the Arts, London. As a publication *UQ* is defined by its commitments to print, interdisciplinary thinking and innovative design.

In an attempt to travel through time, *UQ11* would like to open a dialogue with future teams working on *UQ* and invite them to think carefully about time as we have done in this issue. What has changed since these words were written down and printed out, with the project, but also in the wider world? How do you view *UQ11*'s legacy and what do you wish your edition's role to be in the continually evolving history of *Unknown Quantities*? What are your favourite movies to come out this year? What were the best albums to come out in 2023? Best of luck, we hope that this dialogue can continue going forward.

be at a viscous consistency, sliding reluctantly from the spoon after three seconds. If not, add a little more water or milk.

Baking precision—

Preheat the oven to 160° C fan and bake the preparation as soon as it's ready. Brush the tin with a light coating of oil, place a bespoke-cut baking sheet in the bottom and sides and oil again. Spread the mixture to the corners and bake in the middle of the oven for about 20–30 minutes, or until well-risen and golden. How do you know it's ready? Touch the top, it should feel dry and bounce like a soft pillow. Please refrain from opening the oven before 20 minutes into baking or your batter will deflate like a sad balloon.

Cooling precision—

Wait five minutes before freeing this miracle from the tin onto a wire rack (air circulation will prevent sogginess), only removing the baking paper when completely cooled.

Conservation precision—

When cooled, keep the cake covered at room temperature on a proper cake stand for added flair (the cover will keep it moist for longer) or wrap it in a more prosaic cling film. Avoid refrigerating as it will stiffen and dry out.

Tasting precision—

Make some tea and plunge into the fluffiness of the perfect butter cake.

HOLY FLUFF

Text & image: Sara Aguiar da Silva

How seconds
can make

or
break

a butter
sponge cake.

The butter cake, that perennial afternoon tea favourite. Craving one? Just toss some butter with sugar, add eggs, whisk some more and add the flour, correct?

08

As if baking (or life) was that simple! the first thing any aspiring pastry chef learns is that this craft is all about precision – deviate at your peril!

Ingredient precision—

Cake flour is essential to avoid a rubbery result as it will develop less gluten when mixed with the liquid ingredients. Butter, everything tastes better with it and sponge cake is no exception, avoid substituting it with margarine. Fine caster sugar will conjoin with the butter while its fine crystals create the air bubbles responsible for the final fluff (powdered sugar simply won't). Eggs have to be at room temperature or risk curdling the mix.

Time precision—

Using the mixer's paddle attachment, create air bubbles by letting the butter and sugar dally violently for at least three minutes until light and doubled in volume – don't let your craving rush this stage. Next, slow down the speed to medium and spoon-feed the lightly beaten eggs into the bowl, one tablespoon at a time (to avoid curdling), beating for ten seconds between additions. Finally, slow down the mixing paddle to a minimum and quickly incorporate the sieved flour (sieving aerates the mixture) into the batter or fold it in manually using a large metal spoon (wooden spoons deflate the bubbles). The final mix should not have any visible flour and

be at a viscous consistency, sliding reluctantly from the spoon after three seconds. If not, add a little more water or milk.

Baking precision—

Preheat the oven to 160° C fan and bake the preparation as soon as it's ready. Brush the tin with a light coating of oil, place a bespoke-cut baking sheet in the bottom and sides and oil again. Spread the mixture to the corners and bake in the middle of the oven for about 20–30 minutes, or until well-risen and golden. How do you know it's ready? Touch the top, it should feel dry and bounce like a soft pillow. Please refrain from opening the oven before 20 minutes into baking or your batter will deflate like a sad balloon.

Cooling precision—

Wait five minutes before freeing this miracle from the tin onto a wire rack (air circulation will prevent sogginess), only removing the baking paper when completely cooled.

Conservation precision—

When cooled, keep the cake covered at room temperature on a proper cake stand for added flair (the cover will keep it moist for longer) or wrap it in a more prosaic cling film. Avoid refrigerating as it will stiffen and dry out.

Tasting precision—

Make some tea and plunge into the fluffiness of the perfect butter cake.

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Try baking the classical Victoria butter sponge:

Oil, to grease the tin
112g unsalted butter, softened
112g caster sugar, plus extra to dust
2 eggs at room temperature + 1 tsp vanilla essence
112g self-raising flour + 5g salt
1-2 tbsp water or milk

5-7 tbsp warmed raspberry jam, to spread in the middle.
Powdered or caster sugar, to sprinkle on top.

Or its citrusy cousin:

Oil, to grease the tin
112g unsalted butter, softened
112g caster sugar, plus extra to dust
Zest of 1 large lemon (add before the eggs)
2 eggs at room temperature
112g self-raising flour + 5g salt
1-2 tbsp water or milk

125 g powdered sugar
+ 1 tbsp lemon juice mixed, for the lemon drizzle topping.



Sara Aguiar da Silva, *Lemon drizzle cake* (2020).

UNTITLED

Text: Aika Seto

09

10

いつか いつかね と言うけれど
その時が来なくたって
実は構わない
想像上の時間の中で
もう私はその光景を見届けたから

約束してくれてありがとう
夢に流れる時間と呼吸が聞こえる
悔るなかれ
叶わないその夢は醒めない夢

A PIOUS JOURNEY IN TIME

Image: Alys Tomlinson
Text: Sara Aguiar da Silva

11

The anachronisms
in

Alys Tomlinson's
photography.

A Florence Nightingale-like figure poses by the Gave de Pau at the Catholic pilgrimage site of Lourdes, France. A glance at the eight-pointed cross stitched on her cloak informs those in the know that she is a member of the Order of Malta, the Catholic religious order founded in Jerusalem in 1048 to assist pilgrims in making the long and dangerous journey to the Holy Land.

This portrait is part of *Ex Voto*, Alys Tomlinson's award-winning visual documentary on European Christian pilgrimage sites. It was shot in black and white as the artist felt it 'conveyed the spirituality and timelessness' of the sites more adequately. She used a large format vintage camera, as shooting with it slowed down her pace, requiring more time to plan each image and interact with her subjects. Describing the process, the artist said 'It's almost a ritual, meter reading, exposure perfect, putting the cloak over your head, it's much more considered'. Tomlinson's *Ex Voto* transports the viewer on a monochrome journey through time by way of its antiquated method and choice of subject.

Opposite Alys Tomlinson, *Untitled from Ex Voto* (2016–18), courtesy of HackelBury Fine Art.

