

The background of the cover is a light brown, textured surface. Overlaid on this are several thick, expressive brushstrokes in bright yellow, pink, and green. A large, vertical, rectangular shape in the center-right is filled with yellow and pink, outlined with thick yellow brushstrokes. To its left, there are more yellow and pink strokes, some forming circular or irregular shapes. At the bottom, there are several dark green strokes, some of which are thick and bold. The overall style is abstract and expressive, reminiscent of gestural painting or drawing.

ISSUE #13

SAVAGE

JOURNAL

SENSATION



Illustration: Helena Spicer

SAVAGE Journal
issue #13
sensation

savageonline.co.uk
@savagejournal

Cover art: *Joy C Martindale*

editors' note

spring 2021

Perhaps subconsciously, the theme of this issue came to us at a time when physical 'sensations' have been few and far between. Sensation colours the human condition; it is at once collective and deeply personal. It is the capacity to experience bodily stimuli, and a readiness to feel emotion. From sensational figures, pioneering change, to sensationalist news, whispering conspiracies, sensation directs the zeitgeist. In this age of sensory deprivation, we felt it was more important than ever to celebrate the wonders of sensation. In lieu of a physical connection between our committee, writers and readers this year, we hope to come together through our shared contemplation of sensation – in all its many facets.

Locked down in our homes and ensnared by a monotony only broken by the slight deviations of our daily walks, this year we have been forced to surrender so many sensory pleasures, such as the joys of collective experiences. Considering this fact, Noah Bisseker uses affect theory to explore the dichotomy of singular and shared experience in the wake of the pandemic. Other sensations, however, such as loneliness, and crisis of identity, have been felt by many these past months – emotions which Maria Green suggests are eloquently captured in Moses Sumney's album *græ*. The unique power of music as a transformative force is vividly captured in our LISTEN spread, where a host of musicians were asked to describe how music makes them feel. From the sensory experience of sound, to the sumptuous sensations of taste, Rose Gabbertas sinks her teeth into Proust's madeleine episode, examining the uniquely evocative abilities of food memories.

Perhaps the sensation of which we have been most starved is touch. As we greedily hunger for human connection, many of our writers have grasped onto the potency of physical touch. In her interview with theatre director Ian Rickson, Maya Bowles discusses the tactility of theatre as an art form, and what this means in an increasingly 'touch-averse' culture.

Immersing herself in the sensuous letters of Lady Wortley Montagu, Iqra Ahmad explores the position of women in 18th-century Ottoman culture, through the waters of the erotically charged female bathhouses. Similarly exploring female sensations of love and lust, Francesca Kurlansky celebrates the erotic touch of lesbian intimacy, both in life and in Sappho's poetry, and its enduring power despite systematic attempts at erasure.

Sensations communicate the deepest of feelings, evoking visceral emotions, and transporting us to brand new spaces. Isabella Shannon revels in the feminine anger conveyed in Fiona Apple's album *Fetch the Bolt Cutters*. Female fury is also explored by Freda Chan, who associates it with the success of the cinematic 'Horror Renaissance' of the 2010s. Further reflecting on the communicative power of artistic expression, Stela Kostomaj reflects on overlooked sensation Hilma af Klimt, whose paintings defied the boundaries of the artistic tradition by using abstraction to represent the intangible elements of the universe. From the immaterial essence of af Klimt's spirituality to the incorporeal space of the internet; Silas Edwards examines how new forms of remote engagement with art online have challenged the traditional structures which once determined the value of art through the physical space of the gallery. In her poem 'fault lines.', Carla Belloch Arango rejoices in sensory stimulation, her language transporting readers to the natural wonders of galaxies, mountains and canopies, before evoking the sensation of weightlessness, fluidity and heat.

We hope this issue is not only contemplative, but inspiring too; as we carefully consider sensory experience at a time when it has been limited, we can be reminded of all we have to look forward to. As we inch closer and closer towards normality, one vaccine at a time, we can flirt with the elusive sensation of hope. We can open ourselves to a sense of optimism, excitement and joy – things that have become so alien over the last few months. In the meantime, we invite you to pass these liminal days basking in the opulent sensations of touch, sight, smell, taste and experience, which deliciously linger on the following pages.

With love,
Olivia, Shanti and Sophia



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SAVAGE

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issue #13

sensation

interview: joy agnes

JOY AGNES is an artist at the Slade, working with fabric and other malleable materials to create sculpture and textile pieces that explore sensuousness, sentimentality and process. JEAN WATT interviewed her about her practice.



All art: Joy Agnes

JW: How did you come to start working with textiles and lacemaking?

JA: I came across the technique of bobbin lacemaking in the first lockdown last year, after reading about it in one of my mum's craft books. It felt like the perfect way to occupy my hands when I was unable to work in the studio due to the pandemic. I was instantly drawn to the process as it requires little space and few materials and yet, through simply twisting and crossing the threads over one another, complex and intricate patterns can emerge. I've always had an interest in sewing and working with textiles, but it's only recently that I've started incorporating it into my studio practice. I find fabric so seductive in how it can hold so much as a surface, both in its raw manufactured form and once it has been manipulated into something else. I think we've developed a kind of unconscious expectation of how everyday objects should look and be 'finished'; for instance, the piping on the arm of a leather sofa or the lace trim sewn into the seam of lingerie. I'm interested in what happens when these ornamental or functional finishes are applied in unexpected ways so that they might become unfamiliar or hard to place.

JW: The making process is a crucial aspect of your work; how do you feel about the relationship between process and outcome?

JA: I've always struggled with the idea of an outcome. Most of my sculptures are very labour-intensive in their making and often the processes I have used are integral to the finished work. I'm interested in pulling apart different aspects of production and placing emphasis on the intermediate stages of object manufacture, particularly the point at which a material is beginning to be synthesised into something else. We've become so used to only encountering finished products that we now have very little contact with the raw materials that things are made from. Through my work, I like to bring these things back into visibility.



JW: Do you feel that your work falls more into a category of 'craft' or 'fine art' – or do you find this distinction unnecessary, perhaps even undermining?

JA: I definitely see my work as fine art. However, I'm not opposed to my sculptures being read as craft objects. There's always been a tendency in art history to create a hierarchy between art and craft, with the latter often being given a lower status. It's bizarre to me that specific materials and processes can be consistently devalued for falling into these rigid categories. For me, I'm drawn to craft's preoccupation with function and what these processes and traditions can become when stripped of their associations with use-value.

JW: Your work is often inspired by nature and some of your lacework is placed in conversation with photographs of nature. Could you talk more about this?

JA: A lot of my work is concerned with an awareness of nature, but specifically [awareness of] the spaces outside of us that sit somewhere between the natural and the cultivated. I'm not interested in creating sculptures that directly reference organic forms. I'm more drawn to phenomenological experiences of nature, and photography is a way for me to document these moments that seem somehow heightened. Recently, I have been playing with my lace as a collage element alongside images I took in Andorra. The process of extracting something subtle, like the golden yellow of the changing leaves, and using it to produce the lace feels like a way of working through memories of these landscapes that are imbued with sentimental feeling. The lace doesn't just operate as a decorative border but as a material that is felt and laboured over.



JW: Do you have any particular artists or makers who you are looking at at the moment, or who consistently inspire you?

JA: At the moment, I keep thinking about this particular work by Françoise Grossen titled *Fire* (1980) in which a series of her monumental, braided rope sculptures are hung along the wall of what looks like the lobby in an office. It got me thinking about the weirdness of corporate spaces, especially those glossy polished ones you walk past in Central London with the boxy seating arrangements and manicured plants in chrome pots. I think there's something simultaneously appealing and grotesque about the curation of these spaces, they're so immaculately designed and yet are obviously not intended to be inhabited or lived in. Grossen's fibrous sculptures take on a kind of strange perversity in this setting.

You can find Joy's work on Instagram @boyjailey.

the dark continent

OUR THOUGHTS

SENSATION



Art: Chantal Goulder - Belah

RUTH FOLORUNSO interrogates Western representations of Africa and reflects on her own British-Nigerian identity.

For a long time, there were only two moments in my life when I felt proud to be African. The first is predictable – watching *Black Panther* (2018) in cinemas. It was a bombastic Marvel film, but it was also strangely intimate. I joked with a friend that *Black Panther* was just a fancy Nollywood film, with the family intrigues, mysticism, corny jokes (M'Baku's 'we are vegetarians', for example, was on-brand). *Black Panther* was a homecoming.

The second moment was not long after that, watching episode six of the BBC series *Civilisations* (2018). I watched it out of curiosity, as it is rare to see a British-Nigerian historian talking about Nigerian art in a British documentary. Then, in the first minutes, I felt a revelation. I was in Nigeria, in Benin City – the city of my birth – and I was seeing the Benin Bronzes. I was seeing the traditional attire, specific to the Edo people, and I was seeing it presented with the same reverence given by Western media to beautiful European art. My culture was beautiful. In those first minutes, *Civilisations* revealed Nigeria's cultural wealth, which is echoed across the continent. At that moment, I was proud to be African, proud to be Nigerian, and proud to be Edo.

The West has a dangerously narrow view of Africa. It is a view that originated before colonialism and still persists long after that system has been dismantled. On the Western spectrum of civilisation, the West stands on one end, as the bastion of human progress. Africa stands on the other end as an uncivilised, savage entity. This perception is evident in nearly all representations of Africa in Western media. Whenever Africa is beautiful, it is savannahs and jungles and wild animals – the white man's playground. The people are invisible. When we are visible, it is 'think of the starving children in Africa!' The image of the starving child has come to define the people – simple, naive, powerless. Complex histories, cultures and identities are swept under these reductions – which is a shame, because Africa is vast. It's immense, a body so big that in just one nation, hundreds of ethnic groups and languages can coexist; in Nigeria alone, for example, there are eleven major linguistic groups. A continent containing 54 countries can't just be made up of poverty, war and strife. These negative representations are dehumanising. They reduce us to cyphers of suffering, and objects for white benevolence. To this day, Africa is still the Dark Continent.

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As a British-Nigerian, I've grown up with these images of Africa, and I've struggled to reconcile them with the Africa – my tiny corner of Africa – that I know intimately. Growing up in the UK when I was younger, being African was an embarrassment I felt keenly. Everywhere I looked confirmed to me that I had come from a dark, dirty land with no history and no future. I had some culture, but it couldn't be celebrated or shared. There was no ready-made jollof rice in supermarkets, no quirky Yoruba catchphrase on Primark t-shirts. People complain about appropriation, I thought, but isn't it also a compliment? An acknowledgment from the dominant group that you do, indeed, exist? Like the popular kid gracing the nerd with a smile. I was so desperate to be seen that I wouldn't have minded if some white girl had thrown on a dashiki for Halloween. Yet I know how wrong that mindset is. It relies on validation from the system that othered and dehumanised non-white identities for centuries. Commercialising Africa is not a solution.

Recently, I read a comment online written by someone from the Philippines, detailing how they had come to love their culture without needing it to be commercial. Essentially: our culture doesn't sell ready-meals, and that's okay. When people rhapsodise about *Black Panther*, they're not thinking about Africa, they're thinking about the film's fictional country Wakanda, the ideal of Africa, the fantasy. Africa isn't Wakanda. It is still poor in many ways, and it will likely stay poor well into the future. But poverty doesn't equal savagery. Nigeria might be an awkward, often ugly thing – but its countless cultural traditions are vibrant and beautiful and thriving. In Edo State alone, there is history that extends beyond the slave trade, beyond the stain of European colonialism. That's why I love *Civilisations*. It celebrates Nigeria in the here and now, while also acknowledging its non-colonial past. Many British-Nigerians in my generation are vocally passionate about their heritage. Unlike the young me, who snubbed what I saw as savage – they embrace it, warts and all. When I see them, I can dare to be proud.

bursting at the seams

ISABELLA SHANNON looks at the cathartic power of the expression of female rage in Fiona Apple's most recent album, *Fetch the Bolt Cutters*.

There are few songs or albums that I can admit deeply affected me. One of those is the renowned *Fetch the Bolt Cutters* by Fiona Apple. The album, to me, is incomparable. It takes so many unconventional forms, from Apple's use of spontaneous percussion, to blues notes, to her radical lyrics.

I have never been an angry person, something I attribute to subconscious (or, to be frank, conscious) attempts to subdue my female rage and maintain composure, so as not to appear hysterical. The received idea that anger was undesirable in a woman has long been deep-rooted in my psyche. Thinking back to the first time I listened to the album, I recall the shock of rage jolting me and the sensation of my relationship towards anger changing. Hearing and feeling Apple's anger through her raspy voice on the track 'Heavy Balloon', singing about 'sucking it in so long that I'm bursting at the seams', empowered me to embrace my own rage.

Since it came out, I have turned back to the album multiple times whenever I feel angry. Her lyrics are like therapy. Apple uses her extremely frank lyrics to reclaim painful experiences that she and countless people have suffered. In the song 'Relay', inspired by the controversial nomination of Brett Kavanaugh to the US Supreme Court in 2018 despite the serious sexual assault allegations against him, she faced her own demons from the past, as well as giving a release to those who have also experienced sexual assault. In this track, she also calls out her 'bullies' and the 'it girls' who caused her pain in the past, liberating herself from their chains. You can sense that Apple's anger has been building for years, bubbling away inside and has finally risen to the surface. The album itself is an amalgamation of work that spans over decades; she wrote the chorus to 'Relay' at fifteen.

It is clear that Apple has found strength and liberation in the retelling of her ordeals. Her recounts of exploitative relationships are expressed through roaring screams layered over angelic harmonies. She recounts elements of her own sexual assault in the song 'For Her', although she is narrating another woman's experience. Apple explained to Vulture that she hoped by singing the specific line 'you raped me in the same bed your daughter was born in', other people would be able to sing along and reclaim it for themselves – because the word 'rape' itself is such a difficult one to say. That line exposed anger in me like none other across the whole album. It directly follows the upbeat melody of 'Good Morning' from *Singin' in the Rain*, creating a jarring discordant sensation when listening. Re-listening to the song whilst writing this, I can sense Apple's emotions overflow into mine until I cannot tell where my anger ends and hers begins.

She describes in an interview with Pitchfork how, whilst recording 'For Her', she ended up sweating and shaking, 'as though I were getting rid of toxins inside me'. You can feel it in her visceral cries and hums that this album took an immense effort to make. These cries meld her emotions with yours and she manages to induce a satisfying release of passion from the rage that is let out. She captures a female rage that many do not have the privilege to express, let alone acknowledge. This is precisely what makes this album so incredible to experience. The listener can feel the emotion that was poured into the song in a way that is unparalleled. Apple's lyrics are relatable and discuss fundamental issues that have been ignored and treated like they are frivolous and inconsequential for too long. Hearing Apple's rage is proof that the assault she faced, and the assault of all those who she sings for, should never be treated as a second-rate issue.



Art: Abigail McGinley - Ruminating on love and being misunderstood

When discussing the album with Pitchfork, Apple said: 'I'm actually helping another woman or girl ... it makes me feel like I'm in a band with them'. Her lyrics are not without purpose. She understands the gravity of her role, knowing that in narrating her own life she is telling the stories of others. Her rage is the rage of victims as a collective. Her past albums had the same revolutionary feeling with lyrics that tore apart conventions. However, *Fetch the Bolt Cutters* feels entirely different. Her self-imposed isolation during the development of *Fetch the Bolt Cutters* gave her the time and space needed to extract the rage and spirit of the album. This was an important factor that gave the album such significance last year. As her audience, of old fans and new, listened in their own government-enforced isolation, they shared her sensation of inner-rage building up from spending time inside, alone, thinking. We listened with empathy, understanding her situation in more ways than one, sensing her rage within us in our collective solitude.



Art: Katarzyna Depta-Garapich - Lamp (Pink)

a trip to the cinema

SOPHIA CANO contemplates the cinemagoer's experience and explores different philosophical interpretations of this unique viewing state.

Months of national lockdown have prompted many of us to look back nostalgically to a time 'before'. Can you believe we would once pack ourselves into dark rooms and sit, side-by-side in neat rows, with complete strangers? The cinemagoer's viewing experience is decidedly unique, and difficult to recreate in any other environment. It involves a complete overwhelming of the senses, an overload of stimuli to create a state of mind where one is completely immersed in the world of a film. It contains an almost paradoxical simultaneity – at once a private, individual experience of absorption in which we forget the world around us for 120 minutes or so, while also a collective experience of varying reactions and emotions, shared amongst a room full of strangers.

I'm sure we can all recall such an experience, though it was likely some time ago. The smell of popcorn, or maybe a sickly-sweet slushie, wafts through the air. A cacophony of sounds fills the room, even before the film begins: sounds of crunching, slurping, coughing, fidgeting, whispering. This faux-silence lingers long after the film commences; never truly silent, the lingering sounds of humanity can ground us in reality – or, frustratingly, jolt us out of our dazed absorption. The cinemagoer must 'tune out' these background sounds in order to be adequately immersed in the film. This endeavour is significantly aided by the all-encompassing widescreen, stretching out into the limits of the viewer's field of vision and towering over them from above. The screen overwhelms the senses with light and movement; its dynamism and ability to guide our eyes to wherever it pleases captures our gaze intently and does everything in its power to not let it go. Surround-sound speakers contribute to this effect greatly, arresting the senses with booming reverberations in some films, or the crisp sounds of nature and voices in others. The film, too, seems never truly silent – even in moments of quietude and stillness, orchestral music *must* fill the silence, lest the audience's senses become under-stimulated for even a moment.

20th-century philosopher Theodor W. Adorno experienced this phenomenon first-hand – and he did *not* like it. Adorno theorised that products of modern mass culture (what he called 'The Culture Industry') worked in various ways to normalise the harrowing nature of life under the exploitative capitalist system. Adorno abhorred the techniques of cinema – such as the staggering realism afforded by the sound film – which overloaded the senses and stunned audiences into a film-induced daze. He argued that the resultant 'absorption in the world of the movie' created a passive, uncritical audience by 'stunting' their imaginations and momentarily sedating them, forcing them to accept the status quo. Perhaps it is true that for the duration of our stay, the cinematic experience limits the scope of our minds, allowing us to be totally engrossed in the world of a film for a little while. But such an experience need not be as sinister as Adorno suggests – after all, many of us gladly welcome the escape from reality that the cinema affords us. Far from being deceived into the numbed viewing state that Adorno describes, we knowingly pay extra for cinema experiences that will overwhelm our senses even more excessively than before – we need only look at the rising popularity of IMAX to see this at play.

Notably more optimistic on the subject was the philosopher Walter Benjamin, who considered the viewing of a film to be a decidedly cathartic experience. The engrossed reactions of individuals are part of a bigger picture; they make up the total reaction of the audience, which is partly determined by the very nature of it being shared. I can't help but think back to my experience at a packed screening of *Little Women* (2019); as soon as the first anonymous sob was heard in the darkened cinema, the floodgates were opened. There is a certain therapeutic release inherent in such a shared expression of emotion, facilitated by your co-existence. Benjamin celebrates, too, the catharsis of 'collective laughter' – there is healing in the experience of shared joy, often a reminder of our shared humanity. For Benjamin, the overwhelming realism abhorred by Adorno is instead enlightening, revealing the 'hidden detail of familiar objects'; a simple, everyday action – two hands twitching toward each other, perhaps, or the flicker of a match – viewed on a cinema screen is afforded a new artful framing and insight like never before.

It may be a while till we are able to experience the cinema again, but after months of disconnectedness, I'm sure I speak for many of us when I say that I will welcome it all with open arms: the sticky floor, a stranger's misplaced chortle, a shared feeling of terror (though of a threat that isn't real), and a unanimous sigh of relief when the lights come back on and the world begins again.

necromancy and its flavours

A poem by IVY GAO.

last night i listened to the song
that we danced to in better times.

it bubbled, as though from underwater.
sweet with pearls, burnished blue.

i sucked the shell of hunger dry,
and let the honey-starlight core
of your melody
croon over my tongue. i opened your shrine

and the candlelight wept
over the sigh of incense,

that curl of ghostly infinities
that you had made holy for me.

i could not bear
to sully it with daylight:

that haze of velvet fumes
was hallowed
by nightlock and nepenthe,

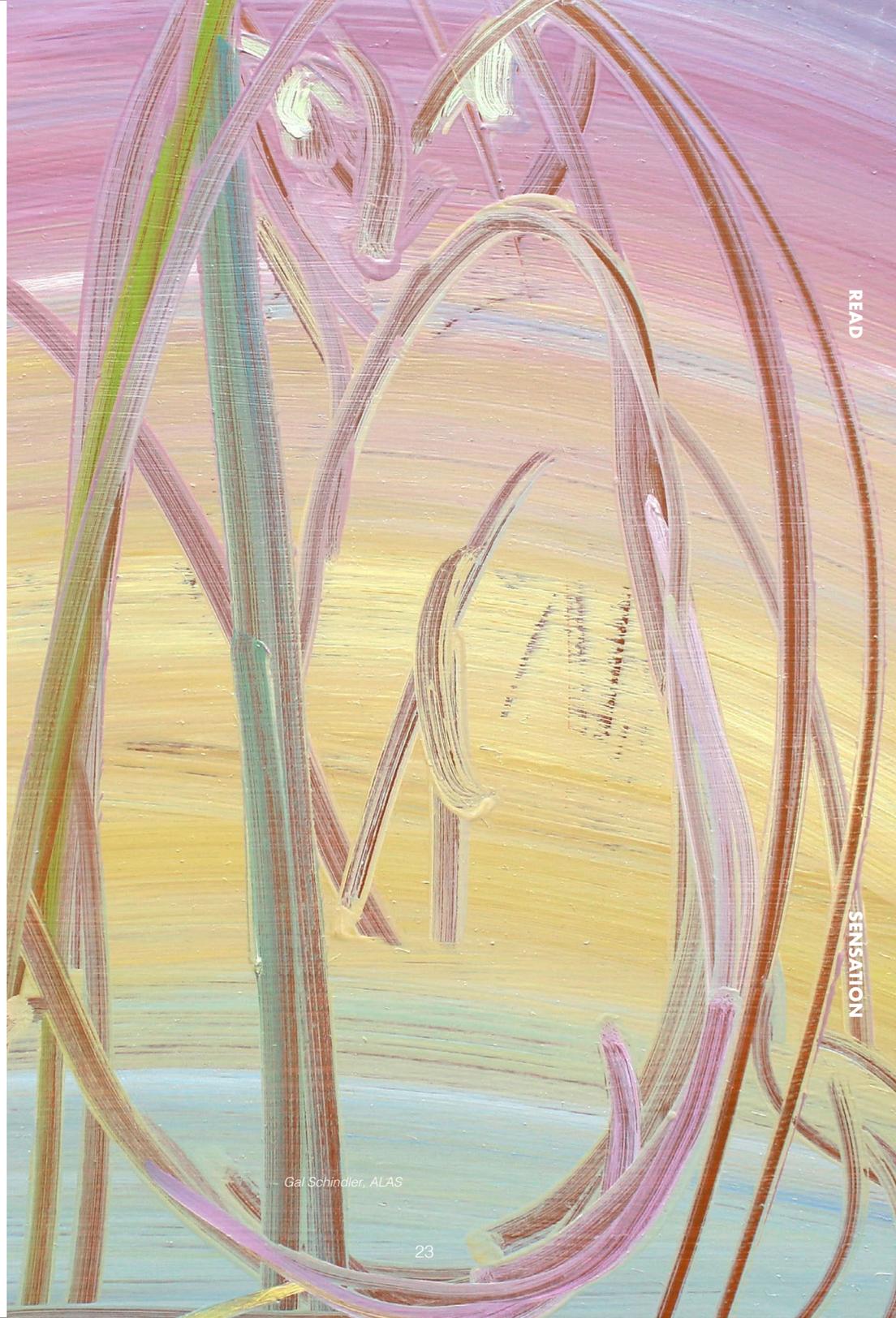
and pain tasted like cherry wine —

that ruby blister of longing,
that violin-string burn, that double-edged deliciousness
of remembrance.

i try to keep you inside the oil lamp,
leave your rubies
at the bottom of the sea



Art: Gal Schindler - Limb Loosener.



Gal Schindler, ALAS

summer with sappho

LITERATURE



Art: Johara Meyer - Plop

SENSATION

FRANCESCA KURLANSKY considers the homoerotic poetry of the Archaic Greek poet, Sappho, and its enduring sensuality.

Summer is a time of sensation, scorching summer rays on tired skin, sticky ice cream hands and the smell of strawberries. Summer makes me think of torrid concrete in London and drinking hot chocolate out of Styrofoam cups at Brockwell Lido before school. Poetry is the communication of sensation; through thick description of human experience, one is transported to a place of recognition.

As I basked in the scorching London last summer, in another time so too did Sappho in Lesbos. In his interpretation of one of Sappho's fragments – titled 'Summer' – John Myers O'Hara recalls in the

***heat and stillness
of Lesbian summer;
Breathless swoons
the air with the apple-
blossoms' delicate odor.***

Sappho's writing inhabits a space of timeless sensuality; her words from a soft, slow Ancient Greece are words I recognise now.

I spent last summer with Sappho, basking in the intensity of human experience. A summer spent with Sappho was a summer spent in grassy parks, friends at opposite ends of a picnic blanket, hairy, pale legs glinting in the summer sun. Sappho wrote in Fragment II 'Someone, I tell you, will remember us, even in another time.' It is with this same assuredness that I sit here today, pink stripes of the Lesbian flag painted softly by the wine in my glass. When Sappho wrote those words she spoke to a lover, and, as I read them now, she speaks to me.

Sappho's desire to transcend time, to be seen by the world in spectacular softness, speaks directly to the Lesbian experience. It is with her poetry of love and lust that she describes a yearning to be visible, one that she so aptly noted would be remembered, 'even in another time'. Throughout moments of history, the Lesbian experience has silently but steadfastly existed. The world remains subsumed by a heteronormativity in which straight culture is automatically platformed, leaving Lesbians sitting in a liminal space between homophobia and misogyny. Not only are we subject to the male gaze, but we are also in receipt of complete erasure, a denial that we exist. When a Lesbian is not seen as fit for the male gaze due to butchness/masculinity, they are received with disgust and often rampant lesbophobia.

LITERATURE

SENSATION

This can be seen in the loss of Sappho's work. Despite having written over 10,000 lines of poetry in her lifetime, only around 650 lines of fragmented poetry remain today. With male scribes and scholars acting as gatekeepers to the classical canon, determining which manuscripts were copied and re-copied for posterity, Sappho's overtly homosexual love poetry has been gradually censored. Thus Sappho's poetry, which yearned for a future of visibility, becomes even more poignant; although she hoped that she and her lovers would be remembered, she acknowledged that the future was not in her hands.

There are many terms for Lesbian, a word that itself derives from the island of Lesbos where Sappho resided. She is immortalised not only through this reference, but also through the term 'Sapphic love'. Sapphic love is the sensational, the deeply poetic. It was, after all, Sappho who wrote in Fragment IX:

***I love the sensual.
For me this
and love for the sun
has a share in brilliance and beauty***

Sappho's lyric poems are rich with natural imagery, indicating a simultaneous transcendence to the divine, and a purification of experience without materials, goods or riches. Equating her love of the sun with that of the sensual, Sappho casts them both as the source of all life. Not only does the sun sustain all living beings on the earth, but it is also magnificently bold and bright. So too was Sappho's experience of love. As a counter narrative to the silencing of the Lesbian experience, Sappho writes in Fragment X:

***Like a sweet-apple
turning red
high
on the tip
of the topmost branch.
Forgotten by pickers.***

***Not forgotten—
they couldn't reach it.***

A summer spent with Sappho was a summer spent with the warm words of friends and the embrace of a lover. It was a summer reckoning with the place that Lesbians are given in the world. From men asking my girlfriend and I for a threesome whilst we were grocery shopping, to children shouting 'gay' at us from across the street, the world that receives us is not always welcoming. Whether it be through fetishisation, hostility or downright erasure, there are times when it feels impossible to share with the world everything that Sappho encapsulates for me; the embracing of desire, sexuality and wild, uncontrollable feeling. It is when I read her words – that we are 'not forgotten – they couldn't reach' – that I am assured that, no matter how the world receives us, we will always have power, beauty and, of course, sensation.

the manifestation of the intangible

STELA KOSTOMAJ discusses the under-appreciated artist Hilma af Klint and contemplates her use of an artistic language that visualised the unseeable.



Art: Hilma af Klint

The narrative that the world was not ready to see an artist's work during their lifetime, with success coming only after death, is a tale as old as time. This delayed recognition is rarely incentivised by the artist themselves. Let me introduce Hilma af Klint, who turned that tale on its head. Born in Stockholm in 1862, af Klint hid her work from the public her entire life, even asking her nephew to promise he would not share her paintings with the world for at least twenty years after her death in 1944. Concealed for all those years were complex, abstracted pieces of art, developed years before even Kandinsky, Mondrian and Picasso, the 'fathers of abstraction', had begun working in this style.

Following her studies at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Stockholm (as one of the first women to do so), af Klint immersed herself in the spiritual world. Herself and four other women came together to form 'the Five' (*de Fem*). The group met every Friday for ten years (1886-1906), together conducting spiritual meetings in which af Klint acted as the group's medium. The artist guided prayers and meditation, encouraging the production of automatic writing and mediumistic drawing. Af Klint worked as if the pictures were *painted through her* rather than by her; she would execute them without changing a single brush stroke.

Heinrich Hertz's discovery of electromagnetic waves in 1886 and Wilhelm Röntgen's invention of the X-ray in 1895 opened people's minds to the idea of things that were previously invisible to the naked eye becoming suddenly perceptible. Sensation was made manifest in ways that had never been physicalized before. Spiritualists such as af Klint incorporated such discoveries into what became the language of scientific visualisation, visualising time and emotions in the same way one might imagine the structure of atoms. For af Klint, seemingly random swathes of colour and sweeping shapes carried importance to the coherency of the language she had created.

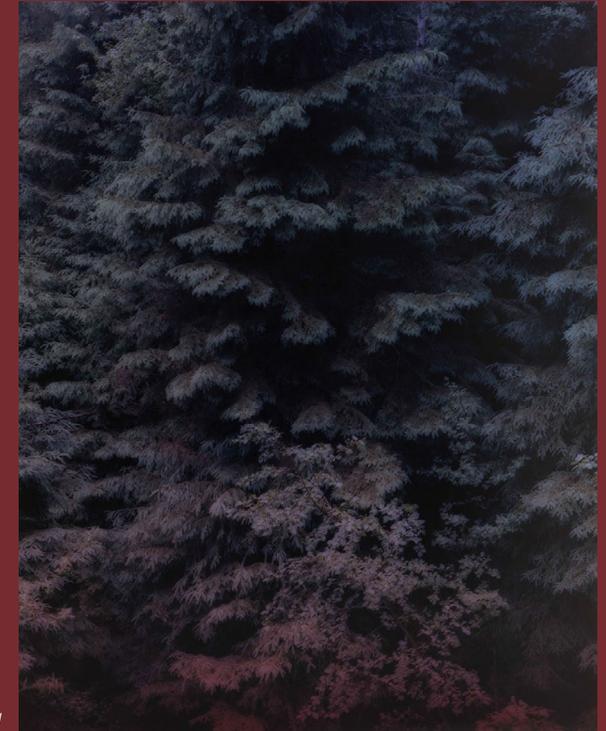
Automatic drawing and painting is a method of channelling one's interior energy into a creative practice. Af Klint did just this, her works externalising her psyche, baring her unconscious perception of the world and its various, inexplicable features onto canvas. *Group IV, The Ten Largest, No. 7 Adulthood* (1907) addresses the theme of adulthood. The focal point of the painting is a large hourglass shape. Its bright yellow colour is one commonly associated with peacefulness, thus elevating the viewer away from their busy life and into the same tranquility af Klint experienced whilst painting. There is a distinct lack of harsh angles; instead winding fluid shapes make the entire painting feel as if it could start moving at any time. The swirls could be loosening up or coiling tighter. This ambiguity is what makes af Klint's work so impressive. She questions what is hiding within people and forces them to confront their own intangibilities of thought and action. If the swirls are tightening, this could reflect an ageing mind, one that is rejecting outside pressures and protectively huddling away from the rest of the world. If the swirls are loosening, this could reflect a mind that is gradually unravelling, forgetful and confused. There is no way to know, as this is not a simple scientific representation of the human experience, but is instead an unquantifiable, intangible artistic interpretation.

Af Klint's works are particularly relevant at the moment, with the world becoming increasingly intangible because of the Covid-19 pandemic. The past year has forced us to confront the relationship between scientific and creative thinking like never before – be it through Covid restrictions forcing us to interact with our surroundings in new and creative ways, or the paradox of nations being implored to visualise a virus that is in fact invisible. Governmental rhetoric surrounding the virus had to employ inventive methods in order to tackle this impossible visualisation; simple graphics telling us to 'Stay Home, Protect the NHS, Save Lives' have proved crucial in this situation. The pandemic has forced us to visualise the invisible sensation of the virus' contact with the body through tactile reminders such as washing your hands, not touching others and keeping six feet apart. These have become rituals.

Hilma af Klint's work begs the question, above all else, of what is hiding out there. It makes us ponder what is within us, and what else lies to be explored and discovered within our subconscious. But also, it forces us to consider how her work (and likely the work of so many other marginalised voices) was left undiscovered for so long, whilst prominent white, male artists gained notoriety for defining a whole genre of art. What else – or who else – is there left to discover and see?

hollow masks and painted faces: performing blackness

SHANTI GIOVANNETTI-SINGH traces the bitter history of minstrel shows and considers their legacy in contemporary celebrity culture.



Art: Amira Fritz - Wild Nothing 1

'The angry Black man', 'the sassy Black woman'. These nauseatingly pervasive labels have infected popular culture, their pestilent spread provoking hate-fuelled stereotypes. Inscribed within these labels is a degrading script, forcefully thrust upon billions across the globe. These damaging constructions of 'Blackness', rooted in 19th-Century Minstrel Shows, have continued throughout history, reinforced through the arts, the media and political discourse. From Shakespeare to Tiktok, racist caricatures of feisty, aggressive and hypersexualised Black individuals abound, casting Black men, women and children in roles created by anti-abolitionists at the height of slavery.

From Uncle Ben to *Come Fly with Me's* Precious, caricatures of Blackness are endemic, employed time and again in industries ranging from marketing to modelling. We see these stock characters on our phones, through memes ridiculing Black pain or mocking African American Vernacular English. We see them on our supermarket shelves, with pancake brand Aunt Jemima fuelling narratives of Black servitude. Most commonly, however, we see these racist constructions on the stage and screen. Whether it's through 'bitchy' reality TV stars (such as *The X Factor's* Misha B, who recently spoke out about the show's manipulative presentation of her as a 'feisty, overconfident bully') or via Shakespeare's depiction of arrogant, hypersexualised Moors, poisonous misrepresentations of Blackness are perpetually replicated.

Although these racist reconstructions of 'Blackness' have various sources, from early-Modern travel writing to 17th-century Masques, the highly sensationalised 'minstrel shows' are perhaps the most significant. First performed in New York during the 1830s, by white actors who would deliberately darken their face (using coal, burnt cork and shoe polish) and pose as African Americans, minstrel shows sought to elevate whiteness by presenting Blackness as its physical and moral antithesis. These shows allowed white supremacists to distort and dehumanise the image of Black Americans. Their vitriolic plots presented Black characters as lazy and ignorant. The highly degrading use of costume and make-up would distort the Black face into a perverse, clown-like mask.

The popularity of minstrelsy grew throughout the 19th century, in response to the mass migration of formerly enslaved people to the newly emancipated Northern states. The large influx of Black migrants fuelled fears of unemployment amongst the white working-classes, causing anti-Black propaganda to abound. This included the minstrel shows, whose poisonous racial stereotypes proved an effective tool in this smear campaign. The immense popularity of these shows allowed them a profound cultural currency – one which white supremacists realised could be easily exploited for personal and political gain. The 'Jim Crow laws', named after Thomas D Rice's notorious minstrel character, were used from the 1870s well into the 20th century to enforce segregation – in addition to other harmful tactics such as Black voter suppression. Viewing Blackness through the derogatory lens of minstrelsy, which depicted African Americans as ignorant, clumsy tricksters, many white Americans thought it was irresponsible to allow 'Jim Crows' and 'Mammys' to vote. Whilst officially, the Jim Crow laws were reversed in 1965, recent reports have exposed the extent to which voter suppression still disproportionately affects African Americans, with 3.5 million individuals subjected to deterrence campaigns in the 2016 presidential election.

Minstrel shows, however, represent just one weapon in the arsenal used to enforce racist narratives in America. Degrading theatrical displays of Blackness were not confined to white actors in minstrel shows, but also featured, most abhorrently, in forced performances on plantations. For many enslaved people, dancing, singing and acting for their overseers became yet another form of psychological torture. Coerced through the threat of physical and sexual violence, enslaved people had to publicly humiliate themselves in these shows, performing demeaning skits and dances. Shoved to centre stage, countless enslaved people would act out the unravelling of their selfhood, performing white fantasies of racial supremacy and Black servitude. This abhorrent practice was so popular that countless pro-slavery pamphlets championed it as a way of ensuring Black compliance, claiming it would increase the 'health and cheerfulness' of the enslaved. In his autobiography, Frederick Douglass condemns this fictitious narrative, emphasising that 'the songs of the slave represent the sorrows of his heart'. Through these forced performances, song, dance and theatre – often used as a form of solace and cultural expression – became inextricably linked to violence, degradation and their experience of captivity.

Whilst today, minstrel shows and plantation performances exist only as bitter reminders of a shameful past, their toxic legacy remains. The relationship between Blackness and the performing arts is still uncomfortably tied to racist stereotypes. Although the unrivalled success of Black celebrities such as Beyoncé and Will Smith point towards a long overdue injection of racial diversity within the arts, the disproportionate abuse to which they are subject presents a bleaker image. We only need to look at the mockery Megan Thee Stallion suffered after being shot to understand how Black suffering is still exploited for humour, and the sensationalism of 'Blackness' used to reinforce racial abuse.

midnight

A poem by DORA DIMITROVA.

The full moon
blood-stained silhouette
dots my vision with ink blotches

Mockingbirds knock on the window
ambiguous stutters
persistent beaks,
punishing my insolence

In their eyes swim violent tides
oceans erasing hesitant footsteps
their feathers demonic colours
I cannot fathom

Memories of past mistakes dig deep now
a life long forgotten
aboard that old island of aloofness

Heavenly music and hellish laughter
ring between the trees
inside my ears

READ

SENSATION

Amedeo lies on his wooden bed
eyes locked in combat with mine
slowly frothing at the mouth, peeling skin,
revealing horrors previously unknown

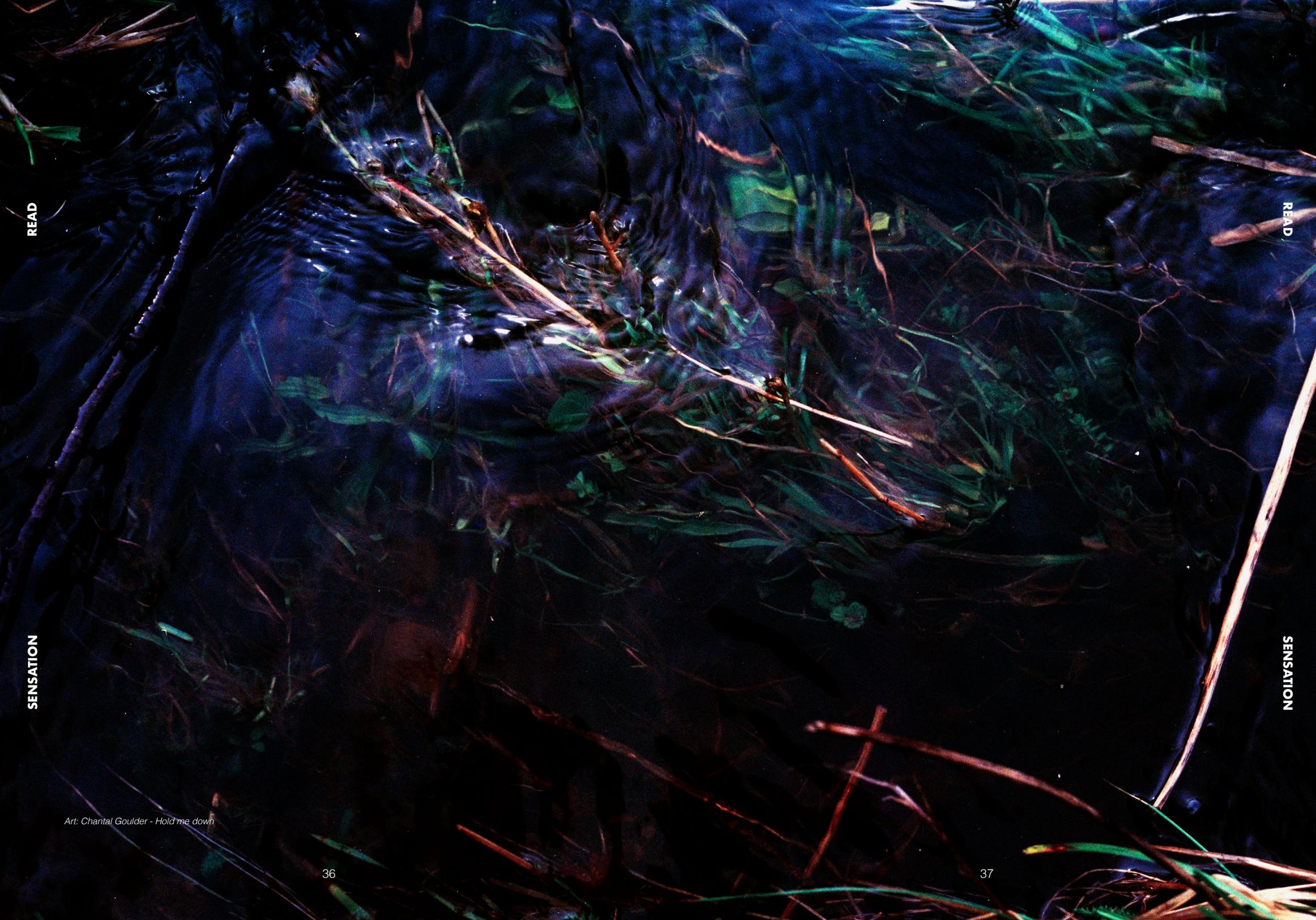
My soul charred, pitch-black
held hostage by his trembling hands
as I sew his lips shut
with sweaty thread.

His body glows like fire, obliterating
all the decaying, faceless hearts that lie
outside,
unseen, unheard, and unapproachable
drowned and freezing in the echo
of the iron lake

The saline smells of the forest
and the rain nauseate me,
for they reside in the Living World
and we no longer belong there.

READ

SENSATION



READ

READ

SENSATION

SENSATION

Art: Chantal Goulder - Hold me down

uncovering a brave new east

IQRA AHMAD explores the position of women in Ottoman culture through the letters of aristocrat and writer, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.



To travel is to see – travel is essentially a way of seeing, a mode of seeing: it is grounded in the eye, in our visual capacity.

Bernard McGrane, 1989.

Art: Chantal Goulder - Barras

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's *Turkish Embassy Letters* constitute a treasure trove of insights into a 'new world' which she records with fascination and wonder. While accompanying her husband, Sir Edward Wortley Montagu, on his diplomatic mission to negotiate a peace treaty with the Ottoman Empire in 1716, Montagu wrote a series of letters chronicling the diverse cultures and politics she encountered as one of the earliest female travel writers. Montagu's musings on places, buildings, people, objects and landscapes are a vehicle for offering a unique perspective on Ottoman society.

One of my favourite letters from the collection, Letter XXVII, concerns Lady Montagu's trip to a Turkish Bathhouse in Sofia. In this letter, she provides a glimpse into the lives of Turkish women through her idyllic representation of this feminine space. The women are 'in the state of nature... stark naked, without any beauty or defect concealed' and move with 'majestic grace', exercising a kind of sexual freedom. For Montagu, there is a sense of prelapsarian integrity inherent in the nakedness of the women, representing their freedom from patriarchal constraints and expectations. Montagu remains 'locked up' in her stays – something which the Turkish women attribute to her husband's way of asserting control over the female body – signalling her status as property. The absence of sexual oppression and hierarchy in this unique space elevates the Turkish women to a higher state of female agency. Montagu also intimates that she has exclusive, 'inside' information as she travels incognito to a rare, exclusively female place that male writers were excluded from accessing and understanding.

The distance between Montagu the observer and the women in the bathhouse creates a kind of erotic potential, opening up Montagu's account to imaginative interpretation. Montagu positions herself in the bathhouse but adopts the male gaze, envisaging herself alongside male voyeurs as she secretly wishes her artist friend, Mr. Gervase, 'could have been there invisible'. Picturing a male in this space is inherently transgressive and fuels the imagery with an enduring erotic charge, adding to the fascination of these letters. Of course, Montagu's writings engage in various ways with the Orientalist tropes that were prevalent in British representations of the East. Her opulent descriptions are written from a privileged subject position, in turn presenting a fetishisation of 'the Orient'. For example, Montagu portrays the exotic beauty of the Oriental harem hidden behind the scarlet cloth, which 'may be thrown back at pleasure' for the ladies to 'peep through the lattices', furthering the subversion of gender norms which pervade her writings. The capacity of the Turkish women to gaze covertly through the lattices is emblematic of their relative liberty. Montagu renders established British gender norms oppressive in comparison, emphasising that Turkish women were perhaps 'freer than any ladies in the universe'.

As a Western, 21st-century observer, it is surprising that Montagu's letters are filled with such admiration, given that religious and racial prejudices were deeply ingrained in the imperial British psyche at the time of her writing. In picturing the bathhouse as a 'women's coffee house', Montagu implores her readers to rethink the overarching patriarchal model of 18th-century English gender ideology, and imagine a social arrangement in which women could participate in intellectual discussions. She challenges women to infiltrate and transform the public spaces from which they had traditionally been barred. Montagu depicts an empowering portrait for 18th-century Englishwomen, one which challenged the distribution of power and property. In this sense, Montagu was ahead of her time as an ardent believer in the potential of women.

Montagu also shows a remarkable open-mindedness in her consideration of the veil, regarding it as a symbol of female emancipation rather than oppression. In Letter XXX, Montagu's revisionist narrative challenges the discussion of Muslim women in the West today, which is often driven by their relative oppression in the Middle East. Montagu subverts our expectations by contending that these women have far more liberty through this 'perpetual masquerade'. In the age of social media, we continuously curate ourselves to be seen by the outside world, presenting what we know other people would like to see. Montagu suggests that the anonymity and privacy of the veil disempowers this sense of constant spectatorship, as it locates an 'outward performing space' on the inside.

Montagu's Turkish Embassy Letters are expressions of the complex weave of cultural influences she encounters whilst roaming the streets of Constantinople and other Ottoman cities. In acting as a lens through which readers are able to view the charms of Turkish society, Montagu's letters enable a greater state of consciousness about the Ottoman Empire and the evolving position of women in world cultures.

theatre without touch: in conversation with director ian rickson



Art: Marcos Wolodarsky Newhall - Untitled

MAYA BOWLES speaks to director Ian Rickson about the viscerality of theatre, exploring the creative and physical importance of touch.

Physical intimacy is built into the way we experience theatre: a study conducted by UCL in 2017 revealed that watching a live theatre performance can even synchronize audience members' heartbeats. Many of us never thought that we would miss that feeling of brushing against strangers as you get up and down from your seat in a theatre to let them through, the awkward knocking of knees with the person sitting next to you, or the long queues for the toilet in the interval. But having communal experiences of drama taken away from us has been a reminder of how important theatres are as nourishers of community. Many now long for those small moments of physical interaction with strangers that once seemed so trivial.

I spoke to Ian Rickson, former artistic director of the Royal Court, about what it is like to be a theatre director at a time where physical touch has become charged with danger. Rooting our discussion in the issues that existed around touch before the pandemic, Rickson expressed his own concerns about how the coronavirus might exacerbate an already 'touch-averse' culture. He was keen to praise the growing cultural awareness of sexual harassment and abuse, and the safeguarding measures around touch that are now a vital part of schools and workplaces, but also worries that the increasing hypervigilance around touch that is designed to keep us safe might threaten to 'disturb our interconnectedness' as a society.

When I asked him why he felt touch was so important, Rickson replied, 'It's the first sense that's developed in the womb. When we touch, we say hello in a really deep way and feel present'. It becomes clear as we speak that touch is central to Rickson's way of working. He tells me about the power of 'bodies colliding and entwining' both on the stage and in the audience, and that he longs to access the 'rough, visceral, animal nature that is in the DNA of theatre right from the Stone Age and the Greeks. I long for something really soulful, committed and primal'.

Rickson then explained what it was like to film a production of *Uncle Vanya* with a bubble of actors for the BBC in August, after the lockdown cut its West End run short: 'It really made me think about touch', he says, 'how it can be consoling, erotic, invasive.' He describes moments of physical interaction in the play that became charged with new meaning – 'when Sonia grabs Yelena and they have a kind of reconnection', 'the hand squeezes between Nana and Telegin', and 'all the other negotiations around trust and consoling' in the play, were imbued with an added profundity.

Over the summer of 2020 Rickson also made a podcast called *What I Love*, where he interviews a star-studded line-up of creatives on empty theatre stages. He tells me how sitting in empty theatre spaces always seemed to 'activate the longing of the guests to be back in physical relationships'. Each episode is charged with the solemn emptiness of the stage, but there is a deep intensity and a sadness when we hear Rickson at the Young Vic with Cush Jumbo, who was supposed to be playing Hamlet at the theatre that summer. It's almost impossible not to get teary yourself as Jumbo begins to cry, telling Rickson that she was 'really ready to have the words' of Hamlet.

Though the pandemic has placed the arts industry under immense pressure to survive, it has also seen creatives pushing against the restrictions with innovative projects, using digital realms to create work that is new and exciting. Last year, Kwame Kwei-Armah, artistic director of the Young Vic, praised the growth of digital theatre during the pandemic: 'it will be in the DNA of an emerging generation of theatre-makers who will remember this time when they couldn't get into theatres and make their art'.

When I asked Rickson if he felt that the restrictions on touch during the pandemic had yielded anything positive for theatre, he bluntly replied 'No', unable to entertain my musings on whether digital and socially distanced theatre has been in any way enlightening. 'I think we're all a bit zoomed out', he says. 'I think the smell, the energy of being in a collected room, that's what people miss'.

We end our conversation as Rickson reassures me, in his characteristically therapeutic way, that 'Live culture has outlasted wars, famines, plagues. It always comes back because it's in our DNA. We've just got to trust that it will come back.' While I too have faith that theatre will return, I wonder about the extent to which anxieties around touch will linger, even as we come out of the pandemic, and what effect this might have on the kind of theatre that is being made for years to come.

here we go into the grey

MARIA GREEN explores Moses Sumney's album *græ* and its resonance in lockdown.



Art: Katarzyna Depta-Garapich - One Hundred Sheep, performative intervention, 100 kg of wool

As Moses Sumney's 2020 album *græ* begins with this spoken phrase, the swelling drone of strings and synth washes over me in a full-body immersive experience. I have found myself listening to this album as an escape, utilising it as a regular soundtrack while I walk for hours just to feel something. For me, *græ* has been a site of comfort, catharsis and transformation in our current crisis.

'Isolation comes from 'insula', which means island. Here we go into the grey.'

Delving deep into themes of isolation, identity, and duality, Sumney's musings could not have come at a more pertinent time. With pristine transitions from one song to the next, this auditory journey allows for pure escapism.

Woven into the glowing musicality of the album is the spoken word of artists including Taiye Selasi, Michaela Coel, and Jill Scott. With 'and so I come to isolation', Selasi echoes her lines which open the album: 'Etymologically, isolation comes from 'insula', which means island [...] And I thought, that's exactly what I've been my whole life. I've been islanded'. It is an important time to be exploring identity. As many people have found themselves plunged into isolation for months on end at various points within the last year, I keep returning to the same question: who am I when I am by myself?

In its exploration of identity, *græ* navigates through masculinity, Blackness, heartache, and transformation. In 'Cut Me', Sumney relates his experience as 'a true immigrant son', asking, 'if there's no pain, is there any progress?' Upon a first listen, the uplifting bassline, brass section and major key of the song could almost obscure the masochistic self-destruction of the lyrics, but Sumney's vocal line cuts through: 'Endurance is the source of my pride'. It is a natural urge to search for meaning in suffering, but much of the optimism we were seeing and feeling last year about a better post-pandemic world seems to have faded.

A stand-out track on the album is 'boxes', especially now that many of our lives are conducted primarily through little rectangles on our laptop screens. Punctuated by rhythmic utterances, the song reminds me of technical difficulties and Zoom interruptions. Futuristic voices shift between vocal effects, pushing the technological to the forefront. The song concludes: 'the most significant thing that any person can do – but especially Black women and men – is to think about who gave them their definitions and rewrite those definitions for themselves'. Throughout this album, Sumney defines himself through his defiance of definition; a refusal to be put in a box. In 'also also also and and and', spoken word returns, asserting: '*I insist upon my right to be multiple*'.

In a world that constantly tries to fit you into something neat and small, a commitment to the undefined and the uncategorised is a radical act of self-love. As Sumney sings in 'Neither/ Nor', 'the romance of the undefined was a threatening lie in their eyes'. Yet the grey and the in-between runs unhindered through the album, in its genre, form and subject matter. Tackling mortality itself in the ethereal 'Two Dogs', musing on the duality between life and death, white and black, Yin and Yang, Sumney sings that it's 'strange how what heals can also kill'. The endurance of pain that necessitates survival in 'Cut Me' also threatens to go too far, to slip comfortably into self-annihilation.

'Polly', the first song I heard by Sumney, is still the song that cuts the deepest. Stripped back to warm, layered vocals and acoustic guitar, the result is bare vulnerability. With each line, I feel like a part of me is healing. The music video is exposing, uncomfortable, and beautiful; Sumney stares into the camera, as his crying leads to soft sobs, deep breaths, a recollection, a warm smile, and more quiet tears. It feels as though we are watching a transformation. Since March last year, we have all been transforming, undergoing an unknown process, with an uncertain outcome. This video feels particularly resonant now: the past year has seen a lot of us laugh-crying into our screens; stuck in our boxes.

In 'Neither/Nor', Sumney sings 'I'm not at peace with dying alone, but I'm not at war either'. Months of lockdown have taught me how to be alone, and I am no longer afraid of being islanded. I am not religious, but I always feel that the closest I can get to otherworldliness is through music. *græ* gets me there: it is transcendental. Riding the wave of Sumney's vibrato, his vulnerability rings out a message of hope. Seeing as the only alternative is abject despair, I'm going to keep clinging onto this hope like a child, ready to face whatever lies ahead. *Here we go into the grey*, again and again and again.

ARE WE THE NEW 'LOST GENERATION'?

Our Voices is a space for students at UCL to write freely about their experiences, sharing realities that are overlooked, stigmatised, or misunderstood. We hope to provide a platform where students are able to tell their stories and be heard, drawing attention to the issues that many of us face, despite perhaps feeling alone. In sharing these testimonies, we aim to raise awareness, and help foster an environment of understanding, solidarity, and support at UCL. For this edition, we have reached out to students to share their feelings about the experiences of being a young person during the pandemic, and what it feels to be consistently compared to the 'Lost Generation.'

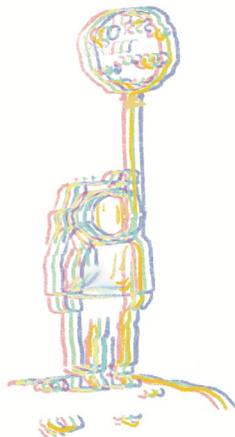
These past months have been hard for everyone, but some would argue that the young have been particularly affected by the pandemic. The 2021 Prince's Trust Youth Index found that since the pandemic 68% of young people feel they are 'missing out on being young'. Campus life has all but disappeared, social interaction is increasingly limited, job prospects are more and more uncertain and the government seems to have little sympathy. We wanted to hear directly from students about their experiences this year – do they feel left behind, lamenting the fact that their youth is wasting away? Or have they perhaps found silver linings in the experience of the lockdown, seeing it as a welcome break from the stresses of normal life? So, we posed the question...

Are Gen Z the new 'Lost Generation'?

Art: Helena Spicer

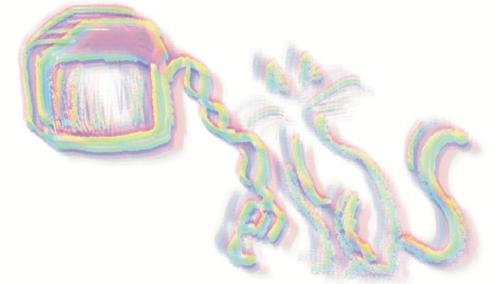
daisy gray

Absolutely, our generation seems to be left behind, lost in a flurry of competing interests and cares decided by the ever elusive (and increasingly corrupt) ‘higher powers’ of this world. I particularly worry for kids like my sister, who face losing two years of school – and it’s not like she’s going to catch up with the work (I know I wouldn’t at thirteen). I am increasingly concerned about depleting job prospects, a shattering economy, a mental health crisis, and the reliance on right-wing politics that do nothing for us. Yet, I do have some hope. Look at this woman’s diary entry in 1969: ‘I went to arts centre (by myself!) in yellow cords and blouse. Ian was there but he didn’t speak to me. Got rhyme put in my handbag from someone who’s apparently got a crush on me. It’s Nicholas I think. UGH. Man landed on moon.’ Stuff like this makes me realise that life goes on no matter what crazy, life-changing events happen, and that is reassuring. The pandemic will one day be history, and I like to think that we will be able to care more about what we’ve done for ourselves, than the opportunities we lost at the time. Life will go on, and we will adapt – and hopefully one day we will be able to repair the damage that has been done to our generation. We won’t be lost forever.



farida el kafrawy

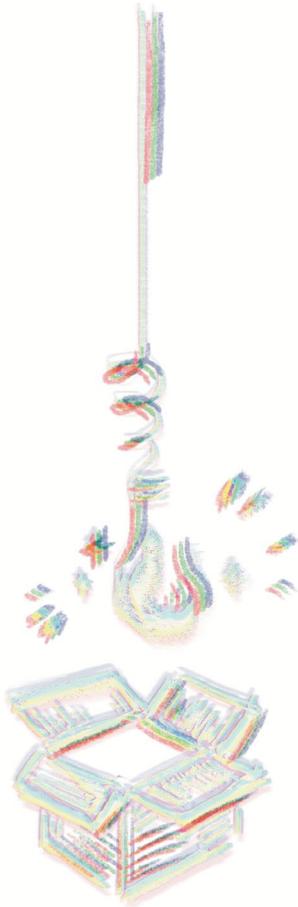
It’s strange that this past year, even despite having COVID-19, being in lockdown and staying at home, has unexpectedly been one of the best years of my life. I say this in the knowledge that it’s sucked for a lot of people, but I think what really sums up this period is the word ‘unexpected’. I never thought that it would be mandatory to stay at home, and admittedly despite the downsides of not seeing friends and family it’s with relief that I don’t have to commute on the London underground and wake up at 7:30am for a 9:00am lecture. I simply can roll out of bed and watch from my couch. The boundaries between home, university life and work life have blurred and I think that’s had a positive effect in some ways; I’ve seen lecturers put their cats in front of the webcam and the small voices of children on zoom calls. Whilst it’s not great not seeing people in person it has allowed us a more personal view into each other’s lives I think and allowed for a more authentic way of communication which is less limited by the social expectations of professionalism or the social norms of face to face interaction. I think there’s a collective feeling that we’re all experiencing something very new and challenging and that’s created perhaps a better sense of community in some ways. For me at least, I definitely feel more socially connected right now than I ever have before, and that’s probably because there’s been more effort to put students into teams to do group work activities so I’m actually working a lot less on my own in comparison to other years as a humanities student. I’m grateful for the time I get to spend with my family too now that working from home is more common. I feel lucky and I know it isn’t the same for everyone, but I’ve also surprised myself with how resilient I have been to challenges in this last year. As someone with anxiety, I was definitely worried about how the pandemic would impact my life but I think I’ve dealt with the challenges well and I do think that our generation, having gone through this, will definitely be one of the most resilient, resourceful and self-motivated generations.



students or scapegoats?

mahika gautam

Most days, I am surrounded by beige walls and ceilings, both of which reflect the yellow hue of the lightbulbs above me. There is minimal daylight here and I can't see the evening streetlights outside, although there is a big tree in the middle of the concrete courtyard. Perhaps to allude to the outside world. My elbows dig into the chipped, wooden desk beneath them and my toes are clenched, trying to keep warm upon the discoloured, stained carpet. The walls to my left and right are blank, with spots of stubborn blue tac reminiscent of the frames and papers that used to belong there, reminding me that I am one of many visitors.



I recall spending the first week in my student accommodation in Bloomsbury, alone, in this bedroom because the kitchen was restricted to one person only, so it was hard to see people when the space where conversation was promoted, was closed. Eventually I ventured to the canteen on the lower ground, which meant whilst we were eating, we had no view of daylight either and thus, no sense of time passing. The restrictions meant that we were to sit with one other person, surrounded by 'DO NOT ENTER' tape on the floor. We are allowed 3 people in our 4x4m bedrooms but are ushered away when communicating with these same people in the dining area. The 'games room,' where my brother once gathered and played beer pong with 50 others, is often locked now but even when open, is left untouched by the students. A few of us are allowed in but because they have instilled a fear of being seen together, nobody dares. Personally, I discovered my agility when I found myself leaping under a desk at a knock on the door, attempting to avoid an angry confrontation with the RA, who threatens us with fines and warnings if there are too many people in the room. It is strange not because there are these understandable rules, but because of how they conflict with each other and the space they are made in.

Every day we see glimpses of spaces and rooms that were designed for us to crowd and shout and be reckless in, and every day we have to remind ourselves to hold back from the urge of doing this. To continue encouraging students to stay in accommodation during a pandemic is illogical and not only detrimental to our mental health but also life-threatening. 'The Tab' reported that eight students have died since the beginning of term one, meaning that at least one student has died every single week for the past month. It is the epitome of a greater problem. Students are consistently relegated to the bottom of the pile. This has been evident throughout the years from the Caruncle Cup building – a UCL accommodation building – voted the 'worst building of the year', to more recently the placing of fences around Manchester University's student halls. In a time where anxiety levels have sky-rocketed, we should be entitled to housing that at the very least does not add to this problem.

ollie dixon

It is easy to linger on the indeterminate sense of doom that lies before us. It is easy to let oneself drift into the vastness of directionless nihilism and set up shop. Indeed, the global pandemic, intensifying neoliberalism, imminent climate collapse, the electoral failure of social democratic movements, the return of kindly-faced, big-capital, imperialist liberalism qua Joe Biden and Kamala Harris and the sense of the impossibility of any future, that such a doomer attitude might emphasise, all leave little room for hope. No doubt, the material circumstances of our generation's upbringing greet apathy like an old friend. Yet we should not wallow in infantile, romantic, idealist notions of the 'directionless' spirit of the times. For many, the past year was one of resistance. The Black Lives Matter movement with its mass proliferation of radical demands to abolish the police and the largest student rent strike movement since the 1970s (and possibly ever) both exemplify our generation's potential to produce political upheaval. Of course, this is not to argue for a kind of mechanical determinism that assumes the tide of history will work for us in the long term. Such toxic positivity can result in passivity and a depiction of 'progress' as self-sufficient. However, by reiterating the fantasist discourse of generational nihilism we not only ignore the aforementioned acts of defiance, but we also serve to reinforce the very sense of doom we should seek to avoid. So, no, we are not a 'lost generation'. Try though the circumstances might to deplete our mental states, we cannot forget that we make history as it in turn makes us.



anonymous

When the world went into lockdown, GCSEs and A-Levels were cancelled. 2021 has seen the same thing happen again. And rightly so – the unparalleled disruption caused to young people's education from the dawn of the pandemic means it is completely understandable that examinations should be cancelled. So how can we justify asking university students to show the same commitment to their studies and perform at the same level should they want top degree results as in the pre-pandemic world? The Russell Group's claim that they recognise students 'continue to face significant challenges as a result of the ongoing pandemic' was totally undermined after they shunned the implementation of no-detriment and safety-net policies, policies that protect students from losing out in response to the disruption to their learning. Students are still expected to turn out essays, sit exams and fill their brains with information, all whilst the uncertainty of the world spirals around them and the ominous thought of graduating with a degree classification lower than one they anticipated achieving pre-pandemic looms. 'That's just the nature of adult learning' is an excuse that has been used a few too many times to justify what is a completely unfair treatment of fee-paying university students.



i sat and tried to write a protest novel

A poem by BEN WATTS.

I sat and tried to write a protest novel.
 To really rip off the band-aid
 And show you what's hidden beneath:
 Some rotting injustice,
 A festering suffering perhaps.

When I dipped my pen in it and rootled,
 Ballpoint met flesh. Sinewy, but
 sloughing off the bone into pink pools,
 Pulp dripping onto the PVC;
 The paper, soaked.

First I tried 'we MUST not' but
 The body sauce, xenomorphic,
 Agglutinated, pounced onto my throat
 And I said: 'glurgh'
 (*I bumped a line after lecturing
 you about slave labour in Dubai*).

Then 'because THEY don't'
 was too slow — WHLOOP!
 Vomited itself into a silky caul

Draping my eyes;
 The limpid desk-lamp, opaqued
 (*I thought Indians were uncultured
 so I emphasised: 'I'm Benjamin'*).

'What is NEEDED' clanged
 Plangent, in crusty globules
 Biblical as a frog storm;
 PING! they ricocheted
 Across my soiled head
 (Guess who used to think that
 Polanski deserved a pass?)

So I sat and I tried, and tried
 to write a protest novel,
 And I felt —



Art: Jake Fisk - handbook

hearing colour, seeing sound

ISABELLE OSBORNE considers the importance of movie soundtracks to the cinematic experience.

Imagine you're watching your favourite film – a cinematic masterpiece, a breathtaking experience. Now, ask yourself this: what would this film be like without the music? The conclusion I came to when I asked myself this question was that something so intrinsic, something so integral, would be lost. Music is part of the very essence of what makes up a film.

Schindler's List, Dirty Dancing, Psycho, Pulp Fiction, James Bond. What do these films have in common? They all have iconic musical backdrops, so much so that one would only have to hum a bar of the classic scores to instantly allow you to locate the music within the film. A single note catapults you into that particular cinematic universe. In some ways, the music has become almost as legendary as the films themselves.

Films are as much an auditory experience as they are a visual one. A musical score provides the ultimate accompaniment to a film, the perfect auditory landscape to the drama. It has the power to both reflect and reinforce the emotional intensities of a particular scene, the quality to influence a viewer's response to the performance and the capacity to transform the visual into a visceral experience. It distils your focus to the screen alone, transporting you into the world of the film.

The instrumental quality of a film colours the picture. It anticipates the events ahead and accents the characters' experiences. It captures the key sentiments of a film and sets the mood: slow, languid music for nostalgia; rhythmic, jaunty music for humour; staccato, dramatic music for action. Consider the opening scene of *Baby Driver* (2017): the rock and roll vibe of the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion's 'Bellbottoms' accentuates the intensity and mayhem of the car chase perfectly. In an interview with *Variety*, director Edgar Wright commented 'it was almost like the closest thing to having action-movie synesthesia, [where] I would listen to that song and imagine this car chase.'

Leitmotifs, a recurring musical idea, are an essential aspect of a film's musical makeup and offer musical cohesion to the film's action. John Williams' classic motif played on the low register of a cello invokes the threatening presence of the infamous shark in *Jaws* (1975), whilst John Barry's iconic two-chord leitmotif in the title song of *Goldfinger* (1964) is the very embodiment of the Bond action.

George Lucas, best known for the *Star Wars* and *Indiana Jones* franchises, once stated, 'The sound and music are 50 percent of the entertainment in a movie', implying that if you were to remove the music, you would lose half the essence of the film. Despite this, music is often overlooked in comparison to the visual action, playing only a secondary part of a film review. It may lurk in the background of a blockbuster, but this should not undermine the value of music within the cinematic landscape.

In some cases, music is such an integral aspect of a film that it becomes a crucial indicator of the characters' emotions and the film's drama. In the absence of audible dialogue, silent cinema, often associated with the works of Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd, relies on the underscore music to convey the emotional tones of the film. Consider the iconic scene within *Safety Last!* (1923), where Lloyd clutches the hands of a large clock on the outside of a skyscraper. The music builds chromatically as he climbs up the building, to reflect the increasing danger of the scene; the violins' tremolo creates an atmosphere of anticipation, and the fortepiano from the brass is perfectly timed to mirror a bystander's shock at the sight of a man suspended from a building.

A film cannot exist without its music, but can the music exist without the film? Could listening to the music alone, abstracted from the dramatic tension, the characters and the plot lines, have the same effect as listening to it in the context of the film? Listening to a piece of film music independently can certainly be a pleasant, if not emotional, experience, but what makes the music so memorable is surely how it complements the visual medium it was designed for. Listening to 'Hedwig's Theme' locates you within the cinematic landscape of *Harry Potter*, conjuring images of the characters and perhaps unconsciously sparking a reflection of your favourite scenes. This shows that film and their musical scores are inextricable – music makes film great, and vice versa.

Music is what we relate to, what we remember and what aids our understanding of a film. The captivating combination of music and film encapsulates the unforgettable experience of watching some of the most iconic movies in cinematic history. If you unconsciously tap your foot, click your fingers or nod your head whilst watching your favourite film, then the film's musical score is as important to your cinematic experience as the film itself.

How empty, how vacant would a film be, if it were stripped of its musical backdrop?



Art: Jessie Stevenson - *The lone spot with my soul agrees*

the pan in pandemic



Art: Sean Synnuck - Just Browsing

NOAH BISSEKER reflects on how Covid-19 has radically altered our experiences, through the lens of affect theory.

Far too often, the pandemic reminds us of lost experiences. A year of our lives has gone by without groups of bodies experiencing the same thing, in the same place, at the same time. Calls to save industries, such as cinema, from the devastating power of Covid-19 often rely on the idea that shared experience is more genuine, authentic and fulfilling than individual, isolated experience. In the 21st century, the diversity of forms through which we consume our culture has ushered in a hierarchy of sensation: to watch a film on a phone, an aeroplane or a laptop, for example, all pale in comparison to the communality of a cinema. Quentin Tarantino's recent comments about Todd Phillips' film *Joker* (2019) on *The Empire Film Podcast* exemplify this hierarchy: if you didn't watch it in the cinema, he claims, 'you didn't fucking see the movie'. To amplify this, Tarantino compares streaming the film on your phone to receiving a 'hand job', versus the cinema as a 'threesome'. All realms of experience, including the sexual, are implicated in the hierarchy of sensation.

Sensation, feeling, whatever you want to call it: the subject of this hierarchy is slippery. It tends to evade description. This is where we move into the realm of affect theory. 'Affect' can sometimes be described in terms of emotions, or subjectively experienced sensations that we naively attempt to sum up in words and other such signs – we assume these correlate to everyone else's experience, though we can't ever know for sure. However, more often than not, our feelings and sensations are beyond signification; they are something ineffable that straddles both the physical and the mental, the real and the ideal. Affect remains intangible and indescribable, yet we must lean into this. The philosopher Brian Massumi refers to it as 'the capacity to affect and be affected'; philosopher Gilles Deleuze and psychoanalyst Félix Guattari describe it as a 'bloc of sensations' waiting to be activated. These two rather vague definitions point to something fundamental about affect: it cannot be put into words, only *experienced*. Affect is imminent in an experience. After an event, all we are left with are traces of affect, which we can only attempt to discuss; in the process of signification, something will always be lost, something will remain untranslated. Tarantino unintentionally refers to the affective nature of films whilst discussing *Joker*, suggesting that by viewing it in the cinema, we experience something 'beyond suspense'. This non-verbal 'beyond' is the realm of affect.

So why does cinema place higher in the affective hierarchy than the solipsistic experience of streaming films in our own homes? In the cinema, the body is transformed. We can look to Deleuze and Guattari's assemblage theory, which claims that the body can be made up of a variety of component parts, encompassing both the physical and the non-physical, from legs and arms to desires and sensations. For him, these components are not stable or certain; they are fluid and interchangeable with other parts of your own and others' bodies. The body can be viewed as an assemblage, which can mutate and modulate at different points in time. When watching a film in the cinema, attending a concert, or watching a play at the theatre, the audience becomes one body through the reception of affects. The body becomes an assemblage of the sensations, flesh and ideas of others and of its own, all in response to the consumption of culture.

For too much of this year, we have been limited to the same bodies when consuming culture: bodies made up of our families, flatmates, support bubbles and ourselves. The lack of communal experience has forced us to consume culture as rigid and singular entities, not enjoying the rich bodily flows of contemporary life. Watching concerts, films and sporting events alone still offers meaningful sensations, experience and joy, but we are no longer subject to the diversity of pre-pandemic life. The only avenue through which our singular, communal body is assembled is through Covid-19 itself. Despite existing in geographically diverse places, the pan of the pandemic creates an unprecedented assemblage. The hierarchy of sensation suggests that our isolated consumption of culture is not enough – yet the pandemic itself creates a single social entity that feels collectively. After months of relentless streams of information, death rates, R-values, lockdowns and varying restrictions, our collective body feels worn out. We have mourned, hoped, loved, and been affected so much over the last year that perhaps to watch a film at home, alone, is a welcome break from the sensations of the pandemic. The unprecedented situation we find ourselves in may have restricted our bodies and changed the way that we receive sensations, but in light of Covid-19, perhaps we can start to appreciate our truly singular experiences all the more.

the value of viral

SILAS EDWARDS explores how likes and shares on social media are challenging the cultural authority of the art establishment.

For the fourth time this week during my usual doom-scrolling, I find myself watching a video of a woman making a matchstick sculpture. In the last video, she made a matchstick domino run, but this time it's an orb suspended from a wire, with the thousands of pink match heads facing outwards. The artist ignites the sculpture and a flame races across the surface. For a split second the orb blazes orange, before fading to reveal a misshapen ball of charcoal. The video is gratifying to watch, a fleeting dopamine hit before I move on and continue to worry about other things. Art as pure pornography.

It's this kind of content which gives social media a bad rap as a platform for the circulation of art. Amidst the information overload of Instagram, Twitter, Facebook and TikTok feeds, artworks compete in an attention vacuum where what gets noticed is typically whatever requires the least effort on the part of its audience.

While we happily watch matchstick sculptures go up in flames, few of us are prepared to pause our scrolling for art which requires more sustained and critical engagement, let alone share it. And when it comes to what does get shared and maybe even ends up going 'viral', the law of maximum appeal reigns supreme: nothing too culturally specific, nothing too negative, nothing too complicated, and everything in English, please.

While social media has failed to convince as an arbitrator of quality, art galleries have fought the emergence of this alternative exhibition space by doubling down on their own authority to decide what has real artistic merit. Despite the democratisation of access to information and materials brought about by the internet and globalisation, galleries continue to privilege the work of artists who hold MFAs from a handful of exclusive art schools. In a world where we all have the ability to produce and circulate any kind of art, the right to make certifiably 'serious' art remains closely guarded. Meanwhile, as David Balzer documents in his book *Curationism*, the role of the curator has risen in recent decades to attain a god-like status. Asserting that the sheer volume of contemporary cultural production demands a corresponding increase in selectivity, star curator figures like Hans Ulrich Obrist cast themselves as connoisseurs, picking out the diamonds from the heap to show in hallowed gallery spaces.

Nevertheless, recent efforts of Black Lives Matter activists have helped expose just how flimsy this notion of 'connoisseurship' really is. As often as not, space on a gallery wall acts not as a marker of quality but as a reflection of the social prejudices possessed by those in positions of power about whose work and perspective deserves visibility. The long-term underrepresentation of work by artists of colour in British galleries, for example, is a product of the prejudices that curators (a predominantly white and privileged bunch) bring to their profession, rather than any ability to measure the value of art objectively. Recognising this fact complicates any notion of galleries as the custodians of true artistic merit in opposition to the 'vulgar' tastes of the masses on social media.

While viral posts might have an in-built tendency towards easy art (or should I say easy viewing) who's to say that this represents a less valid kind of engagement than seeing art in a gallery? It is also important to remember that viral posts are only a slim minority of all art produced or reproduced on social media (which is, incidentally, pretty much all art). In fact, virality is only one dynamic of social media and one which seems less important today than it did a few years ago. Images and videos are also reproduced and circulated online in a whole range of more culturally specific contexts and in highly inventive ways. Memes often display just as great a capacity to provoke critical reflection as art in a gallery, and there can only be two possible reasons why the art establishment doesn't take them seriously as an art form. One: they don't know where to find memes. And two: they haven't figured out a way of selling them.

All this is not to say that social media is a superior platform for exhibiting and experiencing art. It pays execs in California rather than creators and the online sphere excludes the multi-sensory interactions which make art impactful in the physical realm. But like tiny match heads in a huge matchstick orb, social media offers everybody the chance to play a role in deciding the next artistic 'sensation'. This democratisation of visual culture is something to be celebrated.



Art: Tara Monjazez - The Modern Age

pocket change

A poem by MATILDA SYKES.

A pocket is a pleasant thing.
My wintry hand would burrow in
its amniotic sac for refuge;
I'd think of the sleepy aardvarks
at London Zoo who embraced mutely,
like two halves of a walnut.
One day I was walking
in Bedford Square when my pocket
tore through. I'm unsure if I was pushing too
hard or the seams were already weak.
But my fingers found
the blank expanse of jacket-lining,
and, although my pace didn't falter,
I felt the change.

There is a feeling of loss
in forgetting, in plunging
your hand in an imagined recess
and feeling no answer, as I did just now,
to tell you of the aardvarks
who died in a fire
at London Zoo,
how,
as the seams
of their lives loosened,
they clutched one another and
found themselves somewhere
between the lining and the light



READ

READ

SENSATION

SENSATION

finding humanity in minimalism



Art: Tara Monjazez - American Snowfall

ARIANA RAZAVI contemplates the poignant emotional impact bestowed by minimalist literature.

We often associate the process of visualising literature with intense and generously descriptive poetry, or with lengthy novels that make us at one with both the characters and the narrative arc, where we live as they live. I had always been inclined to agree with this sentiment. In the past couple of years, however, I have found myself more immersed than ever before in the emotional aftermath of a literary text when reading a very specific subgenre: minimalist short stories.

Minimalism as a literary movement is characterised by fairly surface-level descriptions, focused on advancing the plot rather than dwelling on the details. It often eschews adverbs and adjectives, instead allowing the plot itself to create imagery in the mind of the reader. We are thus left with few words, but with stories that strike without the reader even noticing. Some writers associated with the minimalist movement that I particularly admire are Albert Camus, Raymond Carver and, perhaps most notably, Ernest Hemingway.

Hemingway coined the 'iceberg theory', which, as its name suggests, leaves the reader with only the slightest explicit knowledge of the characters or setting from the words themselves; the emotion surrounding them lies implicit, and builds intensely below the surface. Even a simple line of Hemingway's, for example 'All the shutters of the hospital were nailed shut' (From Chapter V of his collection of short stories *In Our Time*) suggests far more than the sparse words imply. The repetition of the word 'shut', along with the coffin-like connotation brought about by the context of a hospital, complexify this very short and straightforward sentence. They create, perhaps unconsciously, different layers of sensation for the reader.

What I find so distinctive and special about literary minimalism in general, and minimalist short stories specifically, is that the reader is forced to take on a much more active role in the reading process. Due to the scarcity of detail (and often emotion) in the writing itself, the reader must draw on inference and empathy in order to understand the exact plot and the underlying meaning of each word. In other branches of prose or poetry, this active role is often replaced by a passive sweeping along with every paragraph. In minimalist literature, we sense, we feel and we emote with the characters whilst we read – but also long after we have finished.

Perhaps one of the most outstanding pieces of prose which implicitly calls on readers to insert themselves in the narrative is a short story by Raymond Carver, entitled 'Why Don't You Dance?'. The reader spends about half the story trying to understand who and where the characters are; just at the point of comprehension, the plot becomes disturbing. The main character and her partner, a young couple, encounter a friendly stranger who becomes increasingly closer to them throughout the story. It ends with a sentence-long epilogue, which makes it undoubtedly clear that the occurrence described in the story has traumatised the main character. It is not obvious what exactly it was that scarred her, but one is left discomfited by the end of the story and with a thirst to imaginatively understand what transpired. The ambiguity of language and dialogue forces the reader to bridge the gap, to use their own inference to understand the underlying plot. It is not an overtly emotional tale, yet one which powerfully connected me to the characters. I still wonder what happened to the girl in 'Why Don't You Dance?'.

This beautiful tool of empathetic visualisation is one we can utilise more often, as we attempt to understand experiences from other people's perspectives. Yet I feel that we often forget about – or even neglect – this uniquely human power of ours. In minimalist literature, with little to go on to fuel our empathy, we must actively participate. We call on the familiar to fill the unknown, project familiar places, personalities and past experiences onto stories we read, and find ourselves better able to imagine those perspectives.

Minimalism is a sweet reminder of the abilities latent within the human mind and of the capacity we all have to empathise. I encourage you to try a piece, if you haven't already.

seeing is believing

ERIN CROASDALE celebrates set-design, emphasizing its power to transform the theatrical experience.



Art: Sophie Lourdes Knight - Only What You Need

It may now seem a distant memory, in this 'new normal' where theatres exist only within our living rooms, but when we did go to the theatre, the first thing we would see was the set design, as we gazed forward. The arrangement of the stage, encompassing props, lighting and scenery, create our first impression of the magical sphere of the show. Set design is what makes a production poignant and memorable; even with musicals, we often summon visual imagery of the performance, before remembering its soundtrack.

Almost a character in its own right, set design compliments the narrative, adding an extra visual layer of meaning to a show. An innovative set brings life to the show, transforming it from a script and a soundtrack into a fully-formed production. It may emphasise a theme or motif central to the show's plot, or perhaps allow us to be transported to the time period of the production.

The set of smash-hit *Hamilton* catapults its audience to 18th-century America, using ropes and beams to reflect the maritime building techniques of the era. However, set designer David Korins cleverly blends this with the turntable centrepiece, a modern component symbolising the birth of hip-hop in Harlem, to echo the genre that runs through its soundtrack. The design blends old and new to symbolise the elements of the production that made it the success it is today.

Set design can provide the audience with a unique insight into the characters' psyche; distorting and exaggerating parts of their reality. The complex set of *Dear Evan Hansen*, combining multiple screens, monitors and innovative lighting, immerses the characters in a social media bubble, symbolising how difficult it is to escape from the internet. Through this inventive use of technology, blinding messages flash on a dark screen, visually enacting a feeling that many audience members know intimately: social media's ability to make you feel both connected and isolated.

By the end of the show, the screens are removed, and Evan (the central character) is placed in an orchard garden. The stark antithesis between the dark cyberspace and the light, natural environment suggests clarity in the central characters' lives.

Sometimes, however, less is more. *Sleepless*, performed at Troubadour Wembley Park Theatre last summer, seamlessly flitted between Seattle, Baltimore and New York City. Director Morgan Young expressed the importance of a set that would not 'detract from the dialogue'. His use of a simple architectural style skilfully mirrored the profession of the central character Sam, an architect. Similarly, the production of *Come from Away* stands out as one of the most simplistically designed sets on the West End. With twelve chairs used to construct a plane, a church and a bar at different points in the show, the physical movement of props rather than relying on a static visual set gives the production a unique and energetic technique of storytelling. Throughout the set, each of the twelve actors are constantly working together and supporting each other, creating a sense of community that reflects the spirit of the musical.

Even if we can't see the set, it may still manage to enhance an atmosphere. Orchestral renditions of popular albums and soundtracks such as *Our Planet* are performed within elaborate sets, bringing a deeply cinematic sense to the score, which although we can't see, we can certainly feel. But what about when the set is taken away? To fit into smaller theatres productions are often adapted and their sophisticated set designs broken down. Accommodating current social distancing guidelines, director Natalie Abrahami has experimented with her recent production *Good Grief* by setting the play in a film studio, making dialogue drive the narrative. Similarly, by producing a concert version of a popular show, the relationship between the performance and our senses is altered – suddenly we rely more upon what we hear, rather than what we see. The concert edition of *Les Misérables*, which ran for sixteen weeks in 2019, relied on the strong voices of its 'all star cast' to tell the story, rather than an elaborate set design. Lauded as a sensation, the run sold out in rapid time, but is a show without a set really the same experience?

Whether it is a hugely complex set, or something more simplistic, I believe what we see is integral to a show. We can listen to a soundtrack on Spotify over and over again, but the elements on the stage bring together everything we hear, allowing subtle nuances of the story to shine through. We can get lost in the lives of the characters, and for a couple of hours, the set will transport us to the world they exist in, a brief respite from our own.

proust's madeleine

ROSE GABBERTAS considers Proust's famous madeleine anecdote and the unique poignancy of food memories.

Proust's monumental novel, *À la recherche du temps perdu* (*In Search of Lost Time*) was published in seven volumes between 1913 and 1927. It is renowned for two things – its length, and 'the episode of the madeleine':

No sooner had the warm liquid mixed with the crumbs touched my palate than a shudder ran through me and I stopped, intent upon the extraordinary thing that was happening to me. An exquisite pleasure had invaded my senses, something isolated, detached, with no suggestion of its origin... And suddenly the memory revealed itself. The taste was that of the little piece of madeleine which on Sunday mornings at Combray ... when I went to say good morning to her in her bedroom, my aunt Léonie used to give me, dipping it first in her own cup of tea or tisane. The sight of the little madeleine had recalled nothing to my mind before I tasted it. And all from my cup of tea.

Delicious though they may be, this episode is not really about the madeleine, the plump cakes 'which look as though they had been moulded in the fluted scallop of a pilgrim's shell'. Proust's infamous musings on his madeleine dipped in hot tea are a vehicle for the novel's primary sentiment: the capacity of a sensory experience to unlock involuntary memory.

Indeed, recently published manuscripts of *À la recherche du temps perdu* have revealed that Proust's metaphor began as toasted bread mixed with honey, and later, a biscotto, or hard biscuit. It was Proust's editor who suggested employing the madeleine, a visually beautiful and therefore memorable delicacy. The metaphor retains a prominent position in the French imagination; in France, a *madeleine de Proust* is a colloquial expression to convey a sound, taste or smell which excavates a buried memory, and the French edition of *Desert Island Discs* was known for a time as '*Madeleine Musicals*'.

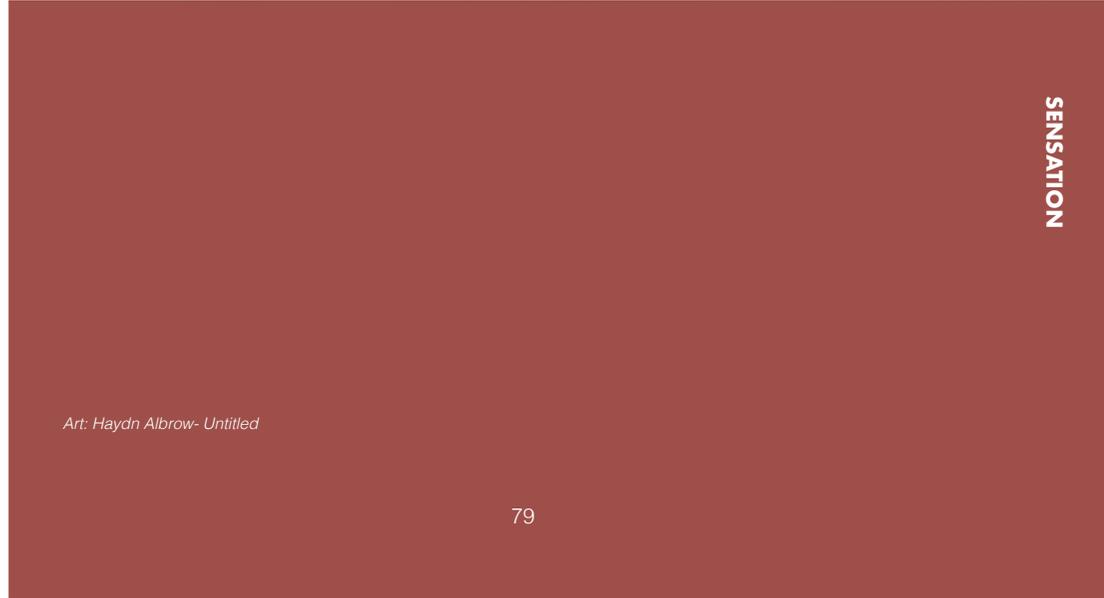
The evocation of memory through food is a universal sensation. It is poignantly chronicled in the animated film *Ratatouille* (2007), when one bite of the eponymous dish transports the acerbic food critic Anton Ego back to his mother's kitchen. We all have a particularly nostalgic food which reminds us of home. One of my own strongest food memories is tucking into a piping hot bowl of my granny's 'apple snow' – hot stewed apple topped with a duvet of billowy, toasted meringue. Today, one mouthful takes me straight back to her blue-and-white striped oilcloth-covered table, in a draughty kitchen occupied by several terriers, and feebly heated by a battered old AGA cooker.

Of course, there are other means of triggering memory – music, for instance, can hold strong associations of a certain time or place. However, if I was to reflect on some of the more poignant moments in my life, a great deal of these memories are centred around food. According to the anthropologist John S. Allen, this is no coincidence:

Evolution has seen to it that food in general may be a privileged target of memory in the brain... The hippocampus is particularly important for forming long-term, declarative memories – those that can be consciously recalled and which contribute to the autobiographies that we all carry around in our heads

Our brains' response to food is fundamentally rooted in our need for food to survive. The hippocampus (the part of the brain critical for memory) is directly linked to the digestive system, and is specially tailored to form memories about food in order to help us find food for survival. However, as agriculture evolved and the acquisition of food became less of an elemental struggle for many of us, food abundance became a tool for the enhancement of memory at an individual and collective level. This relative abundance has enabled food to garner a symbolic status – Claude Lévi-Strauss theorised that food has become a lens into various cultures, and can figure as an alternative system of cultural communication.

Taste memories are so evocative precisely because they are so sensory; memories centred around eating are the only kind to arouse all five senses, creating particularly rich and vivid vignettes. When we encounter a food memory, we don't just think about what we were eating, but who we were with, and in what environment. Food memories from childhood are especially nostalgic since they can induce the reassuring feelings of safety and comfort that so often come from the family experience; whilst we can recreate a favourite childhood dish, it is impossible to recreate the context. If food is intertwined with memory, it is also instrumental in connecting individuals to their own identity as well as that of others. The food we prepare, eat and remember enables us to communicate who we are and where we come from, and in turn, can connect us to others.



Art: Haydn Albrow- Untitled

fault lines.

A poem by CARLA BELLOCH ARANGO.

i.

Forget tightropes; I tiptoe across fault lines,
stumble over mountain ranges, scrape my
knees against the rough surface of craters
left behind by the giants that came before
me. Clumsy, swaying, betrayed by my own
off-kilter center of gravity. I watch, from
a distance, as acrobats fly through the
canopies of rainforests, ballerinas dance
gracefully across the desert, barely stirring
the sand under their feet, lighter than the
breeze. I keep on tiptoeing across those
fault lines, hoping I will not leave tidal waves
in my wake.

ii.

When I fall, it is not like the gentle snowfall of
a winter morning; no, I fall like a meteorite,
like a bomb, like a burning angel headed
for damnation. The tremors stirred to
wakefulness by my footsteps spread out
across galaxies, ripping stars from their
perches in the night sky, disturbing their
orbits. I upset the balance of things with
my inability to fold myself into the shape
the universe needs me to be; for all its
immensity I cannot find a place where my
body fits. The echoes of my quiet shame
drown out supernovas.

iii.

I'm not the wave that crashes upon the
shore, I'm the rip tide that drags you out to
your drowning fate. I'm the breath sucked
in by the atmosphere before the hurricane
starts howling. The closed fist on its way
to connect with your bloodied mouth, the
arrow pulled back before it lunges through
the air intent on the kill. I hang in suspense,
disaster waiting to happen. I blink, and find
myself standing in the aftermath of my own
chaos. What happened in the middle is but
half a mess of blurry memories. I am merely
the catalyst, and the collector of grief.

iv.

I don't bite back words, I swallow glass and
spit out the blood. I dutifully contain glittering
mountains of shrapnel within myself, but
the pressure is building and my control
crumbling like an empire. The ending to
this story is despairing in its inevitability,
history repeats itself, I will brush ashes from
my knees and jacket once more. I bury the
hatchet just to dig it back up again, cold dirt
collecting under my fingernails, lining my
throat until I choke. Peace does not come
easily to those of us born with weapons
between our teeth. I can still taste steel
when I lick my lips.

v.

I tiptoe across fault lines and I hold my
breath. Maybe this time I will at last figure
out where in this minefield the safe ground
lies. I inch forward and wonder what it must
be like to be able to love carelessly, to feel
connection as anything other than a punch
to the chest, to run instead of tiptoe. Thin
ice is an understatement; who knew the
planet's entire composition could be altered
by the mindless flick of a wrist, a misplaced
step, a badly timed shiver? Tectonic plates
should not be made of porcelain. My bones
should not be made of lead. Constellations
spin overhead and I slip; here we go again.
Tidal waves surge, meteorites crash, angels
burn, stars plunge out of orbit. Riptides
drown, hurricanes howl, arrows fly, teeth
break under knuckles. Glass shreds,
mouths bleed, shrapnel burrows itself in
flesh, the hatchet is unearthed. Here we go
again. I tiptoe across fault lines.



Art: Fiorella Angelini - No dominion, video still 1.png

it was transformed into a natural and distant refuge

come alive: connecting through concerts

MUSIC



Art: Jake Walker - Untitled

PHYLLIS AKALIN revisits the sensations of live music and recounts her experiences of various concerts throughout her life.

The last concert I went to was a small indie gig in a venue by the Canal Saint Martin in Paris. My friends and I went to see the British band Sea Girls, who were still relatively unknown in France. The small venue was not too packed, so we made it to the front row and still had enough space to dance. When I look back, I do not remember all the songs the band played; rather, I remember the dancing, the smile on my friend's face, the lights, the smell of stale beer, the feeling of standing right in front of the singer who poured his heart out to us.

Concerts are not necessarily about listening to music: the sound is often a bit off, hissing, blurry, too loud or too quiet. If it were only about the acoustic experience, it would probably be better – and cheaper – to listen to a CD on a good sound system. The real value of concerts is generated by all the other sensations that come with live music.

When I think back to my favourite concert, I remember the music, of course. But I remember other sensations even more intensely. It was in 2016, I had just turned 18, and my birthday present was a ticket for the Foo Fighters stadium tour. They were my favourite band and I knew all their songs. Just before I was meant to see them, Dave Grohl, frontman and founder of the band, broke his leg during a show in Sweden – he just continued playing, a paramedic holding his leg for the remainder of the show. You would think that spelt disaster for my upcoming birthday gift, but in fact, it only added to the spectacle: for the rest of the tour, Dave Grohl went on stage in a massive throne made out of guitars. It was incredibly exciting for me to be in a stadium with 18,000 other people who were there for the same reason as me: to hear this music, to see this band that they too adored. I remember the lights going out and my heart beating very fast. I remember being pressed against the cold metal rail right in front of the stage. I remember seeing Dave Grohl on his throne, just a few metres from me. But most of all, I remember the feeling of being connected with thousands of strangers, as we all sang along to the same songs, the feeling of my voice melting into one with thousands of others when we sang along to the final solemn chorus of 'Best of You'.

MUSIC

SENSATION

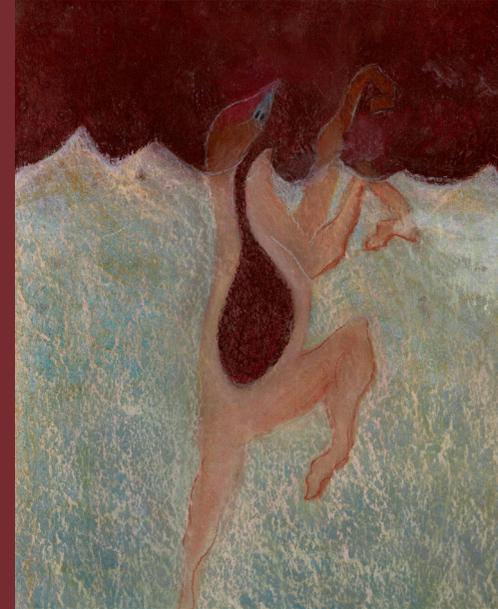
Concerts remind me of specific moments or stages in my life. When I first moved to London, I went to a gig in St Pancras Old Church to see the duo Ida Mae. The atmosphere was intimate, almost solemn, and the light was soft. Sitting there, sipping on my can of Stella, it finally sunk in that I was actually living in London now, a city where bands play in churches and clubs and pubs every single day. When I moved to Paris for my year abroad, I went to see the same duo again, this time in a shabby pub. A new chapter had started: I went with new people, new friends, in a new city. After the gig, I chatted with the artists and told them how their music had accompanied me from my hometown in Germany, when they were still playing grungy Blues in their former band Kill it Kid, to London and now Paris.

Looking back to my favourite concerts, what sticks out to me more than anything else is the feeling of being one with an enormous crowd, of knowing that in this moment, we are somehow all feeling the same thing. I remember the bodies, being pushed against strangers, the dancing, the jumping, being knocked in the face with an elbow, arms pulling me up when I fell. I remember sitting on my friend's shoulders, floating over a sea of heads and lights. It made me feel like a very small part of an enormous whole, like a piece of a puzzle that fits in and completes it.

After seeing a Foo Fighters gig himself, Bruce Springsteen wrote to Dave Grohl, 'When you look out at the audience, you should see yourself in them, just as they should see themselves in you.' When we see our favourite artists and listen to their stories, we see ourselves in them, and we feel less alone. We feel a connection with everyone else in that pub, or church or stadium. Live music is about this connection, this powerful sense of community, and all the sensations that come with it. I am excited for the day when we will be able to experience them again.

gratifying horror

FREDA CHAN explores how recent developments in the horror genre alter the viewing experience, for groups notoriously underrepresented in film.



Art: Adam Lazarus - *In Ecstasy and in Drowning- Both Throw Up Their Arms*

What attracts people to horror? Are horror fans simply thrill-seekers, pursuing the visceral sensations evoked by the consumption of distressing content? Perhaps, but certain horror films have an added layer of emotional horror, through the biting social commentary disguised within them. In fact, the 'Horror Renaissance' of the 2010s is likely to have emerged from the increased production of such films, which interweave political consciousness with conventional horror tropes. Horror is becoming more creative, and is attracting a wider demographic, including women and BIPOC. This development, in combination with classic horror conventions – suspense and revelation – has made horror a more gratifying experience, especially for minorities, who are often poorly represented within both the genre, and the film industry.

Good horror films are masterclasses of tension. Even the average slasher film can insert a sudden, loud bang after an extended silence – a jump scare – provoking a chilling scream. The manipulation of visual and auditory imagery creates an atmosphere of suspense that arouses apprehensiveness and fear. Far more enjoyable, however, than these feelings of dread and fear is the catharsis afforded by the release from that dread. Dolf Zillmann's excitation-transfer theory argues that our enjoyment of horror films derives from feelings of suspense (the building up of a threat) and its resolution. When a threat is resolved, our negative affect switches to euphoria. Beyond relief and joy, a positive outcome in a horror film triggers the cognitive switch from dysphoria to euphoria and exhilaration. Resolution of the tension makes the horror experience gratifying, but the degree of this gratification depends on whether the viewer identifies more with the victim or the aggressor, and that character's fate.

Horror is one of the few genres where women are seen and heard as much as men – from *Carrie* (1976) and *Scream* (1996) to *The Witch* (2015) and *Hereditary* (2018), many of horror's iconic protagonists are female. However, the role they play has been evolving. Traditionally, women were the hapless victims of ruthless killers or supernatural monsters (think Jamie Lee Curtis' Laurie in *Halloween* (1978)). More recently, however, these depictions have become more favourable, emphasising female agency. Women in horror are fierce and brave, fighting, outsmarting and often outliving their assailants. Some overcome their trauma, resolve the tension, and calmly move forward. Others are more vindictive, leaving a trail of bodies in their wake. Some even portray women as monsters, such as the anti-hero of *A Girl Walks Home Alone at Night* (2014), a vampire who roams the darkness preying on men.

How does this shift reflect horror's growing popularity, especially amongst women? Many film critics have emphasised the relationship between audience identification with the characters and their enjoyment of the film. As women often identify with the female victim, films that put the victim through pain and torture leave viewers feeling distressed. However, if the female character displays power and agency, their gratification increases. In the feminist cult classic *Jennifer's Body* (2009), Jennifer reclaims her abused body, using it to take revenge on her attackers. Whilst female audiences may share Jennifer's initial helplessness under patriarchal oppression, later, when her monstrosity gives her the power to overcome it, they too experience her vindication. Similarly, the success of *Midsommar* (2019) is indebted to the gratification of seeing Dani's toxic boyfriend appropriately punished. After enduring terrifying, fear-inducing circumstances, audiences derive satisfaction from both protagonists, Jennifer and Dani, freeing themselves from the shackles imposed by their aggressors.

Horror's tense, claustrophobic environments make it the perfect medium to present social conflicts. Gradually, this trend is expanding to include issues of race, as shown by Jordan Peele's award-winning debut film, *Get Out* (2017). The film is terrifying because suspense heightens when the Armitage family's facade of white liberalness is stripped away, plunging Chris, the protagonist, into sinister circumstances. At the end, the threat is resolved, and the audience's negative affect converts into fist-pumping euphoria. If *Get Out*'s stellar box office performances are anything to go by, audiences are willing to watch a nightmarish vision of racial horror in the hopes that the protagonist, and by extension the viewers, will enjoy a gratifying ending and free themselves from trauma.

Journalist Brianna Wu wrote that 'Horror movies are a world where money can't save you, privilege can't save you, strength can't save you... In some ways, it's a world with real equality'. Modern horror movies put the oppressed and mistreated in the centre, giving them a sense of equality often denied in reality. A larger proportion of the audience can now identify with the tenacious heroes, even the more monstrous ones. Admittedly, it takes nuance and skilled writing to create a satisfactory ending without entering the murky waters of torture porn. This is a line that *Antebellum* (2020) – directed by two white men – crossed in its gratuitous depiction of slave brutality without adding anything new on racial violence. But, in the right hands, the horror genre can evoke deeply emotional responses that deliver a catharsis seldom offered in reality.

jones and boafo: a sensational collaboration

GABRIELLE DOWSEY discusses the impact of Dior Homme's recent collaboration between Kim Jones and Amoako Boafo, a promising step forward in an industry that has so frequently appropriated and under-acknowledged the work of Black creatives.

I wouldn't blame you if the first thing that comes to mind when you think of Dior is the ubiquitous Dior monogram. This logo can be found littered across innumerable items of clothing and accessories that have acquired new homes in the recent resurgence of the Y2K aesthetic. Nevertheless, let me convince you that there's much more to Dior than this flashy motif. During his short time as creative director of Dior Homme, Kim Jones (OBE) has completely transformed the menswear department through numerous exciting collaborations. Partnerships between art and fashion have a long and varied history, and Jones has continued this legacy, collaborating with Scottish painter Peter Doig and Japanese illustrator Hajime Sorayama. However, none of these collaborations have been quite as sensational as his Spring/Summer 2021 collection with Ghanaian artist Amoako Boafo.



Born in Accra, Ghana, in 1984, Boafo studied at the Academy of Fine Arts in Vienna, where he developed his style of painting and found inspiration in the surrounding museums. He went on to win numerous awards, including the prestigious Walter Koschatzky Art Prize in 2017. He has since presented his work at esteemed institutions such as the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum and the Hessel Museum of Art. Most recently he was awarded the title of inaugural artist-in-residence at the new Rubell Museum in Miami, where he met Jones in 2019. In an interview with Surface Magazine, Boafo defined his own work as a means to 'represent, document, celebrate, and show new ways to approach Blackness'. Jones himself has strong links to Ghana after spending some of his childhood there. He has stated that it was his father's favourite country; as such, it affords this collaboration a personal and authentic dimension.

The Jones and Boafo collaboration is particularly striking considering the fashion industry's unfavourable history of failing to acknowledge or promote Black creators. Evidence of this practice can be found in the introduction to this very article: the current trend of dressing in head-to-toe monogram print, commonly attributed to the stylings of white women in the Y2k era, was in fact initially pioneered by African American fashion designer Dapper Dan in the 80s and 90s, when he engaged in a provocative use of the monograms of the luxury houses. However, this style is now frequently appropriated without a reference to its origins – Gucci even sent a near-identical Dapper Dan-style coat down the runway in 2017 without affording him recognition. This disparity has been equally present in Dior's history, demonstrated by John Galliano's SS1997 'Maasai Mitzah' collection which appropriated elements of the Maasai tribe. Jones and Boafo's collection is therefore a small but much-needed step towards creating a genuine relationship between Black creators and high fashion houses.

In the collection, entitled *Portrait of an Artist*, the motifs of Christian Dior and Boafo have been combined, resulting in an amalgamation of African and European influences. Boafo's signature style of finger painting, a deeply textured technique using oils, acrylics or pastels, was powerfully transposed in Jones' pieces through the layering of knits and jacquard. Boafo has been compared with Egon Schiele for his use of intense, figurative subjects. However, Boafo's celebration of Black identity sets him apart from the art historical canon. The collaboration is dominated by Black figures whose gaze connects with the audience, made all the more striking by the bold backgrounds which place all emphasis on these characters, often interrogating traditional notions of masculinity which gives the collection exceptional cultural value.

In an interview with *The Business of Fashion*, Jones noted that while the pieces contain 'distinct characters from Boafo's work', equally, 'each of them is infused with symbols of Dior'. This perfect symmetry between fashion house and artist is exemplified by the ivy shirt, a stand-out piece of the collection. The ivy motif is directly inspired by the use of ivy in Boafo's own paintings, but is also a fitting reference to Dior's ivy decorated gowns of the 1950s. The sensational status this collection deserves is also a result of the wider ripples it has created in the art and fashion world. Coverage has extended beyond the typical, anticipated fashion sphere into mainstream media publications such as *The Guardian* and *CNN*, suggesting that this collection could have a much larger, enduring impact beyond the often inaccessible world of high fashion.

As put by Boafo in *GQ Magazine*, 'in many ways, the fashion and art worlds are similar. They convey genuine messages about being, and self-worth, much of which aligns with why I create – to elevate individuals and to define oneself'. This collaboration will hopefully act as an initiator for more cooperation in the future between fashion houses and too-often sidelined Black creators. This collection perfectly encapsulates the zeitgeist of 2020/21: a time we hoped to be a turning point for increased awareness of systematic racial inequality and exclusion, in the wake of the Black Lives Matter Movement. Through this synthesis of two of the world's leading creatives, it appears that change is possible.



Art: Isobel Napier - Paper piece

interview: how does making music make you feel?

KATIE McCLUNG and EVA COULIBALY-WILLIS

Speak to UCL musicians about the experience of producing, performing and making music.

'Making music is world-building. It is speculative and improvisational. I use music to figure out a particular emotion or mood or atmosphere, feeling and filling out a space through sound like echolocation. The difference between a sketch and the beginnings of a song is recognition; when it starts to feel like a space I know, something familiar forming, I know it can be a song.'

I usually write lyrics when the vague shape of a feeling or situation is just starting to form, still malleable, a proto-emotion. The words I use to feel the space out are speculative, they often don't mean much at first. It seems they expand with truth over time. The hope when making music is that others can inhabit the world being built, and recognise themselves in it, too.'

Hannah Lev (producer/singer/songwriter)

'Of course, I love singing in the shower, and occasionally I hum to myself when I walk. Yet, nothing really beats the feeling of singing in a choir. It is a visceral experience; when everyone is in harmony, there is an elation that pushes the music along. Singing, or any music for that matter, is always best enjoyed together.'

Luke G. (choral singer)

'I create when I need to explore. The sensation of producing for me is that of exploration; I discover new sounds and change them in order to shape a feeling, but it's always a surprise what feeling it becomes. I'm always excited about what sensations my music will bring: maybe I've felt it before, or maybe it's new.'

El Dourado (producer)

'Affective, intense, grounding, intersubjective, expressive'

Helena B. (dancer)

'Whether I'm performing in front of a crowd, or just producing music by myself, I feel simultaneously focused and completely open for the music to lift my emotions... but most importantly, it induces me to dance.'

Magnet Thatcher (producer & DJ)

'Creating and sharing music feels like I'm extending long, invisible tentacles out to those who can hear; I love to watch people's reactions as the music reaches their ears, as the senses take over and they are reeled in... I suppose it's a bit manipulative, thinking about it... But it's the best when I become tangled up in it too, and the music carries us all through together, like an enormous, dreamy monster.'

Chickie (DJ)

'When producing or DJing, my main goal is to transport my mind somewhere else. I find this easiest by creating links and stories between songs, or the instruments in a new project, based upon the emotions they evoke. Whether that is lost and disorientated, or aggressive and dark, I can fit similar vibes together or contrast them to create a completely new kind of narrative.'

Call of the Void (producer & DJ)

'Music to me is an emotional language everyone can understand. Playing and making music makes me feel connected to the world around me'

Elphi (singer/songwriter)



LISTEN

SENSATION

Art: Abigail McGinley - Sorry ain't enough but I'm sorry all the same



LISTEN

SENSATION

Art: Abigail McGinley - Dyke on the edge of the dance floor

'I used to use the word 'sensationalist' to describe when I felt actually in the moment, and not as if I was in the passenger seat in life. Some songs still give me that feeling, it's like a hyper-reality which sends your spine tingling. When DJing, if something comes beautifully together, I get that feeling again. But back in the days when we could go to clubs, the sensation of hearing a track which really resonates with you, or some funky technical mixing, was a bit different. It was more of a collective conscious moment, where you feel at one with the crowd and everyone listening together, feeling the bass, in that moment (inb4 the 'no phones just people in the moment meme).'

FETCH* (DJ)

'Performing feels like home, a safe space to be who I want to be. There's no room for fear or anxiety. Instead, there is energy, magic, adrenaline: a high that nothing else compares to. Being able to connect to yourself and to an audience in, sometimes, such a vulnerable way is very healing. I am truly myself when I'm on stage.'

Evie Murray-Jones (singer)

'Performing makes me feel alive; as awful and cheesy as that sounds. I feel exhilarated and safe at the same time. Connected to others in a unique and distinct way.'

Sam Jones (singer/guitarist)

'Listening to '70s Swedish pop music allows me to escape, but playing the violin always felt oppressive. In exams, I was resentful that I was being forced to succumb to an institutionalised ABRSM rhetoric. A weight was crushing down on my identity. My teenage self was being pushed into a box, performing pieces that I had not selected. I felt constrained. I failed this exam. I no longer play the violin.'

Irene G. (ex-violinist)

'I remember a friend once filming herself dancing to the sounds of me singing outside my bedroom door in halls, and suddenly feeling mortified that my voice was carrying down through the corridor. I stopped singing for a while after that, perhaps letting out a few lines in the shower (which was somehow a more acceptable location in my head), but nothing more. Then I began to realise how pent up I was feeling when I was alone in my room! Singing used to be something I would do every day after school. It was a release to make noise simply for the sake of making noise. It felt like something I did solely for myself - perhaps that's why the sensation was different when I knew that other people could hear me. I had to retrain myself not to care if someone could hear my voice down the corridor, because singing loudly (and admittedly sometimes it is quite loud) was something that I needed to do. Now I don't feel any sort of embarrassment taking myself off to my room and singing along to a couple of songs on my guitar (much to the chagrin of my housemates). Sometimes doing that is the only thing that really feels like a break.'

Ruby Anderson (singer)

'To me, music is a spatial and temporal experience, an architectural manifestation of our mind's capacity to create emotional depth. In this respect, I have always felt estranged to the notion of writing music. Lately, my musical efforts have seen me return to sounds which wrap the body with a fuzzy warmth – akin to something that resembles a home; a deep but opaque familiarity, an instinctive body memory. This empowering feeling will never fail to grip and fascinate me, and as long as I can, I will keep designing structures that echo and reverberate within my soul like a distant afterthought.'

Loner Lawrence (producer)

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SENSATION

ISSUE #13

