

# July/ August Exhibition

Each artist is to provide a situation within which the next artist on the list is to work; they in turn will do a piece within the situation provided them by the artist before them on the list. If you want to wait until you have received your situation from the previous artist before you send yours on, the section might become a kind of 'carrier piece' in itself, but how you want to handle it and what the nature of your work and the situation you impose on anyone else is entirely up to you. The previous artist's instructions will be printed at the top of your page in small print so be sure and send them along with your piece. The rest of the page is yours (9½ x 12inch).

Anna Reckin 1  
Annie Brundrit 2  
Belona Greenwood 3  
Caroline Hack 4  
Chris Blackburn 5  
Clare Jarrett 6  
Francesca Cant 7

Genevieve Rudd 8  
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Rach Anstey-Sanders 17

Edited by Nell Croose Myhill  
Designed by Paul Kuzemczak

This 'magazine-exhibition' features work by artists involved in the Artists' Programme at the Sainsbury Centre. Running for three years, the Artists' Programme usually takes place once a month. A group of up to 20 artists meets to take part in peer-led projects and workshops informed by the Sainsbury Centre context, exploring working from collections or working with people.

The Artists' Programme has been described as a "life line" for artists who otherwise might feel isolated in their day-to-day studio practices. This has taken on a new resonance in recent months. In spring 2020, the self-isolation measures brought in by the British government during the Covid-19 pandemic meant that the programme could not take place in the usual way; however, it was vital that we continued to find ways for the group to connect and work together.

As the UK entered a period of lockdown, we asked how we could continue to collaborate. Over the following months, the Artist's Programme looked to historical examples of remote collaborative art projects for models of how to work together.

Coincidentally, I had been rereading the curator and critic Lucy R. Lippard's *Six Years: The dematerialisation of the art object*, a "biased history" of conceptual art projects from 1966-1972 in New York. Lippard opens

her book with a description of the political context of the time, citing the six-year period as "the era of the Civil Rights Movement, Vietnam, the Women's Liberation Movement and the counter-culture... 'Imagine' John Lennon exhorted us. And the power of imagination was at the core of even the stodgiest attempts to escape from 'cultural confinement' as Robert Smithson put it".

I found Lippard's book a great comfort in the first days of lockdown as it traces artists' projects that demonstrate agency, ingenuity, resourcefulness, community and creativity. In 1970, when Lippard received an invitation from Peter Townsend, the editor of British art magazine *Studio International*, to create a publication insert for the magazine she was inspired by something her friend the artist Sol LeWitt had said: "The words of one artist to another may induce an idea chain".

The outcome of this project was a remotely organized magazine-exhibition. Lippard selected seven artists to take part. Each artist was asked to pass onto the next a situation within which to work. The work made in response to the given 'situation' was included in the publication.

Lucy R. Lippard's untitled magazine-exhibition for *Studio International* in 1970 became the inspiration for The Artists' Programme's first remote project. The brief

sent to the artists and format of the following magazine-exhibition replicates the original publication.

Fifty years on, in the summer of 2020, we found ourselves in a comparable moment of social and political unrest: a global health pandemic and the international protests against the murder of George Floyd by US police officers forced questions about how society is organised, inequality, personal liberty, collective and individual responsibility and the capacity and will for change.

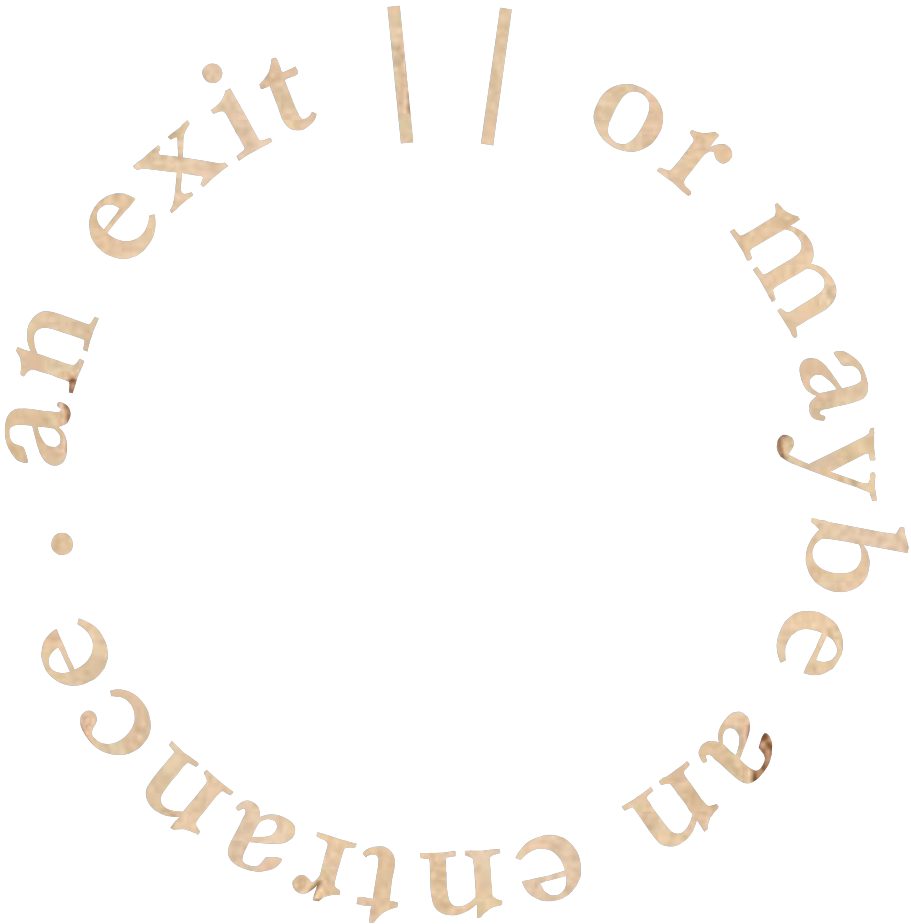
The artworks that appear in the following pages actively engage in these ideas by considering our reliance on the cold intimacy of big tech companies such as google and zoom, exposing the rhetoric of official government communication, and reflecting on the fragility and complexity of the human body. The works in turn demonstrate their own intimacies – made in the home with materials to hand, the responses encapsulate each artist's given situation, their own practice and the contemporary context.

Nell Croose Myhill  
Learning Programme Manager,  
Sainsbury Centre, June 2020

Rach Anstey-Sanders to Anna Reckin:  
An exit. Or maybe it's an entrance?

ANNA RECKIN

chirrupy [finger-y] amphibrach



cut ||

for dramatic effect

x / x	x / x	x / x	x / x		x / x	x / x
x / x	x / x	x / x	x / x		x / x	x / x

then / x

the trochee

ANNIE BRUNDRIT

exquisite dead baby newt  
minute fragile feet – knuckles  
like knots in thin black thread  
you found it, mummified  
curled on itself in the hot sun  
by the pond and  
immediately thought  
how I would relish the perfection  
and purity of shape  
gently you pop it on a pad  
of cotton wool, echoing  
its wholeness and infinite form  
paradox - you give me a dead newt  
then you go and die too



**‘While Suzanne holds the mirror’**

Annie Brundrit to Belona Greenwood:  
'Scale up' an idea that has been brewing  
- but - through lack of space, funds etc.  
it has not been possible to take further...

## BELONA GREENWOOD

### A GALLERY OF VOICES – SEATED FIGURE – NOTES AND IMAGININGS

Seated figure. South America, Ecuador: La Tolita-Tumaco culture. 300 BC-AD 400.  
Robert and Lisa Sainsbury Collection. UEA 774.  
Pottery. h. 34.9 cm. Acquired 1980.

The hands of the Maker spread out in the sun as if to dry. They are large hands, blunt fingers with a broken nail which he tears at with his teeth. He moves to drink water. Returns to the nub of clay that he has hardly worked. The sun is gilding him in afternoon gold. There is a fresh breeze coming in from the sea. It is the best time to work, when there is a note of coolness in the air. His hand takes up the nub between both hands and breathes into it. He is the creator after all.

*Pain  
Anguish  
Thought*

*My earthy consciousness absorbs the heat. I hear buzzing creatures, voices of men, the smell of fire and the bitterness of ash. I can hear, sense, feel – my large ears, pendulous and heavy. My ear lobes weighted with gold plugs. I can feel the contours of my being fixed in place. Legs built to run, to walk for decades, pinioned to the floor. I take my eternal rest on a flat stool – and think - an act of eternal imprisonment.*

The Maker is proud of his work. He has shaped and crafted well. He judges his work with the passage of his fingers over the figure. His is a creation from the very stuff of the Earth. It has taken him six days. He has purified this figure in fire and the sea breeze of this coastal encampment has cooled the figure and he is whole. He is clear, monochromatic, pure. The difficult task of fixing life into the features of his figurine is simply done. He can overlay with colour and gold, but he cannot shift the spirit of the piece, the intention, and he has cast the figure to resemble a man he sees in his dreams and would have known. A young man full of vigour but suffused with melancholy and grief. The maker thinks, his melancholy is born not of disease and sudden death but of the condition of life which requires a relentless attention to survive.

*Fragility. If I am dropped will I break?  
I am no blind stone keeping his peace.*

*I have been given the mantle of a man whose lonely thoughts have taken him to the edge of his mind. I carry the mark and touch of my maker. I am his design. I have sprung from the centre of his head. I am son, I am now. I am hollow and feel that emptiness inside. I am lost and naked.*

The Maker handles the capuli, for that is what he is with tenderness. He has modelled the man on the child he once had into the man he might have become, whose head was bound to flatten his skull. Whose hands were quick and lithe over tree bark, sea-smooth stone, the softness of his mother's face. He would have become a maker too. In the figure he breathes in his memory and his loss. As he works the boy, he sees the parting of the years like the parting of a sea and the child he had known climb into the clay form between his hands to become a man.

*I sense I have purpose. I am richly coloured, pigment crowded on pigment.*

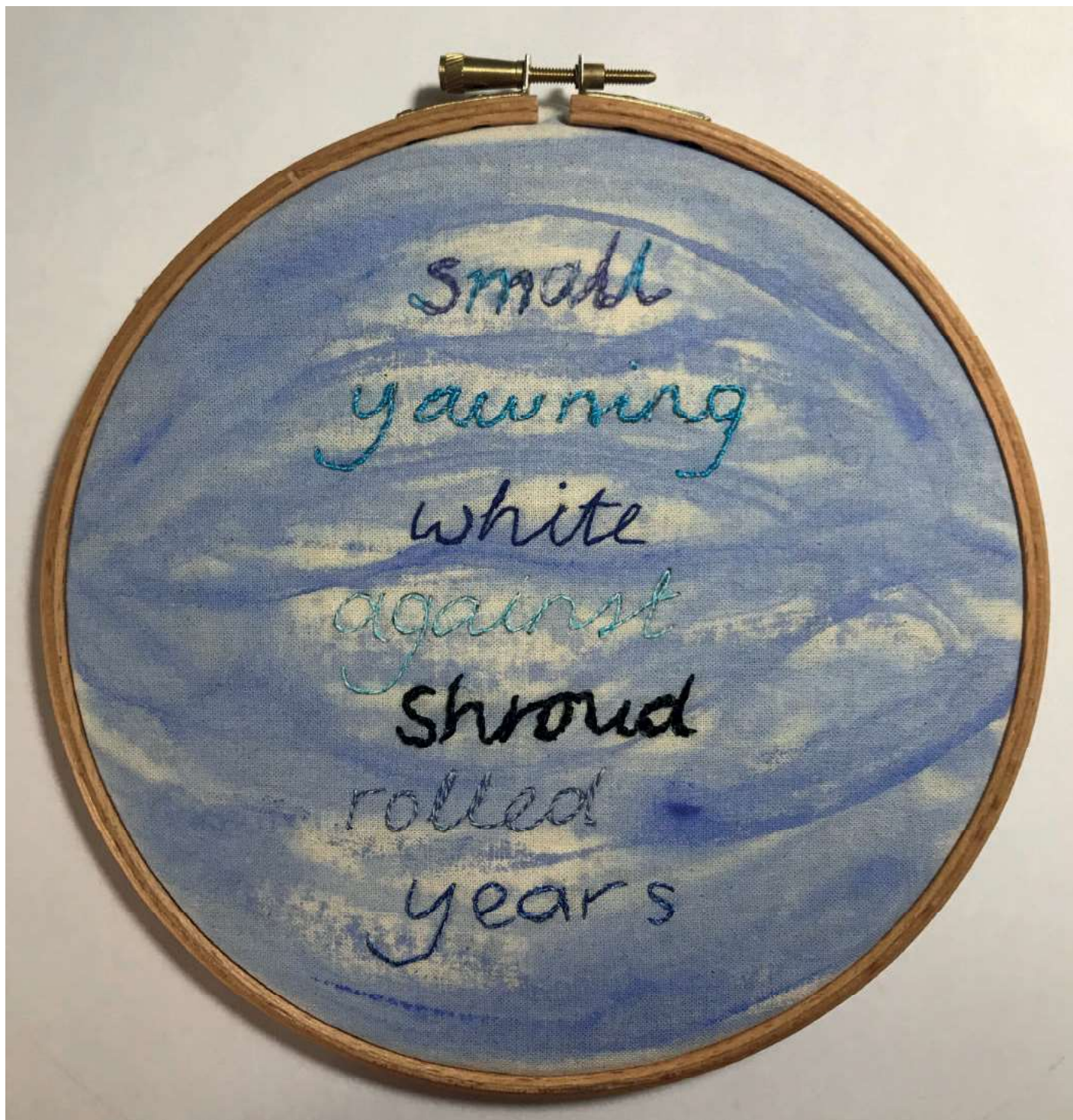
The Maker stands the figure – moves back, thinks of food, the acid biting of sand flies, the ache in his knee. His capuli will be used in a funerary rite and as he withdraws his hands the material connection is lost.

*I will always feel the echo of my maker's touch.*



Belona Greenwood to Caroline Hack:  
Your situation is one of 'reckoning' - you are  
alone with the world about you and there is an  
accounting of what has been, what is, and what  
is to come...

## CAROLINE HACK



## CHRIS BLACKBURN

Two women walking in the autumn sunshine  
October 2018  
52°37'21.6"N 1°17'40.8"E  
52.622654, 1.294656

A man washing his car  
May 2012  
52°38'28.9"N 1°12'33.4"E  
52.641370, 1.209277

Two women, one with arms outstretched  
holding a bottle of white wine  
July 14  
52°37'05.8"N 1°16'03.1"E  
52.618277, 1.267516

An art student at the bus stop  
March 2019  
52°52.621910, 1.296484  
°37'18.9"N 1°17'47.3"E

A man and a dog on a traffic island  
June 2019  
52°37'09.5"N 1°16'06.4"E  
52.619311, 1.268433

June woman leaning on her gate  
06 2019  
52°37'55.1"N 1°15'05.3"E  
52.631984, 1.251470

Two girls hitchhiking (perhaps as a joke as  
their friend drives by)  
March 2019  
52°36'16.2"N 1°14'22.8"E  
52.604497, 1.239658

A family in a sunny front garden with a  
miniature pink drum kit.  
May 2014  
52°37'28.1"N 1°15'39.1"E  
52.624477, 1.260870

Women and children, standing by a ladder,  
in front of a partly clipped hedge  
June 2014  
52°38'56.9"N 1°16'39.6"E  
52.649141, 1.277674



06 2019  
52.619311  
1.268433



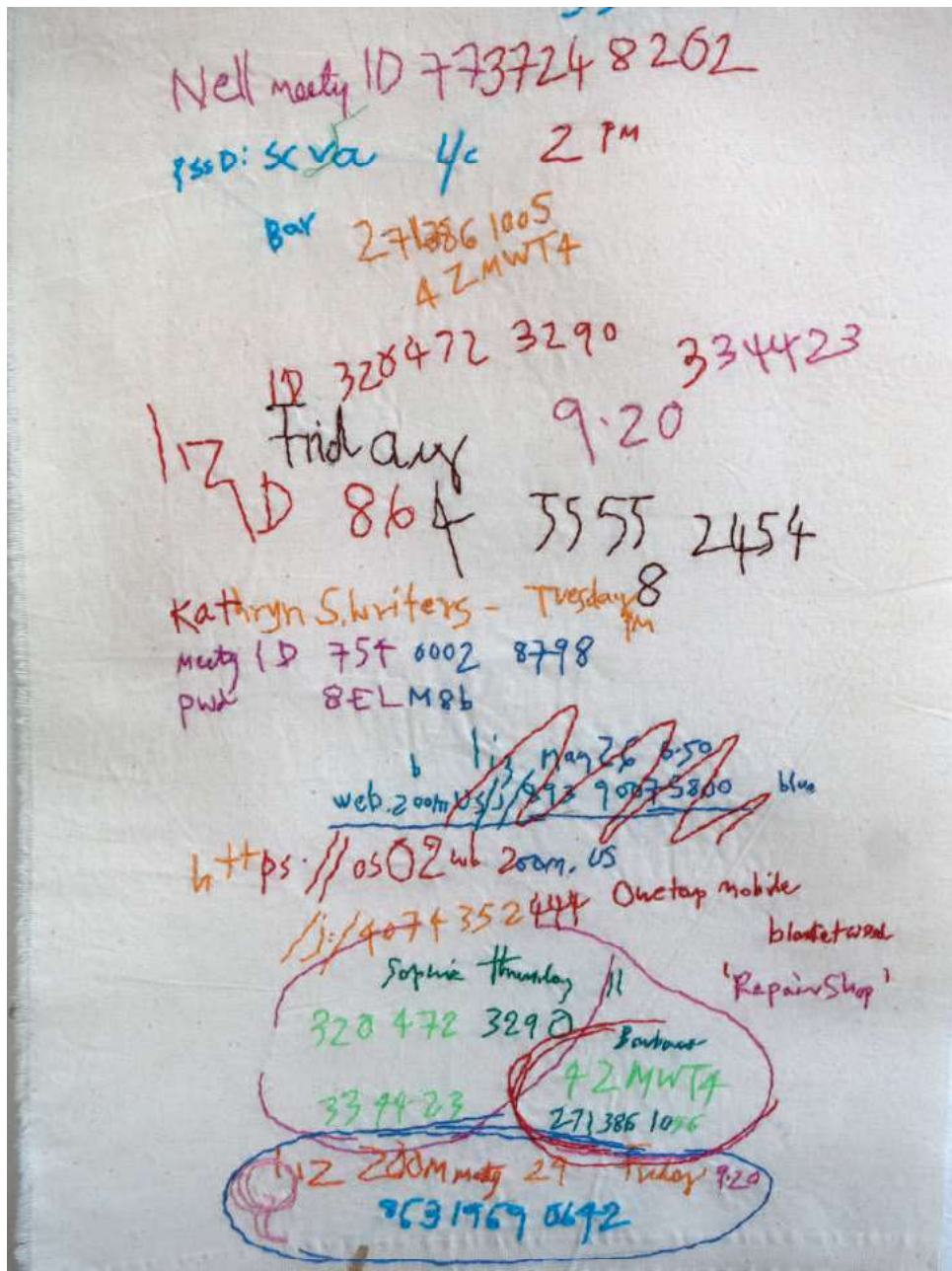
Chris Blackburn to Clare Jarrett:  
Keeping Quiet  
Pablo Neruda

Now we will count to twelve  
and we will all keep still  
for once on the face of the earth,  
let's not speak in any language;  
let's stop for a second,  
and not move our arms so much.  
It would be an exotic moment  
without rush, without engines;  
we would all be together

in a sudden strangeness.  
Fishermen in the cold sea  
would not harm whales  
and the man gathering salt  
would not look at his hurt hands.  
Those who prepare green wars,  
wars with gas, wars with fire,  
victories with no survivors,  
would put on clean clothes  
and walk about with their brothers  
in the shade, doing nothing.  
What I want should not be confused  
with total inactivity.

Life is what it is about...  
If we were not so single-minded  
about keeping our lives moving,  
and for once could do nothing,  
perhaps a huge silence  
might interrupt this sadness  
of never understanding ourselves  
and of threatening ourselves with  
death.  
Now I'll count up to twelve  
and you keep quiet and I will go.

## CLARE JARRETT



Clare Jarrett to Francesca Cant:  
'A door at any given moment is in a state of  
being closed with the possibility of its being  
opened- or in a state of being open with the  
possibility of its being closed...'

## FRANCESCA CANT



## GENEVIEVE RUDD

During the  
COVID-19  
lockdown in  
May 2020, my  
husband & I

played  
hopscotch  
in the  
streets  
and  
alleyways  
around our  
home in  
Gonkerton - on  
sea. The Streets

have  
been  
quieter  
because  
of the  
pandemic but  
people have  
been stuck  
indoors.



How can we  
take ownership  
of space through  
play? How can  
we reimagine

our local  
spaces  
through  
seeing the  
world in  
a playful

way? Should  
play be just  
for children?

Stop asking  
questions -  
start  
playing!

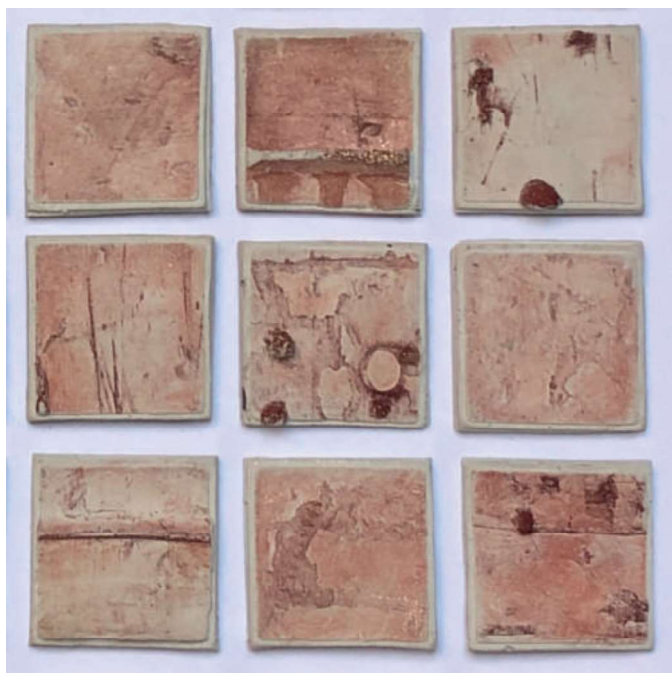


Genevieve Rudd to Hannelore Smith:  
The place I go when I'm making

## HANNELORE SMITH



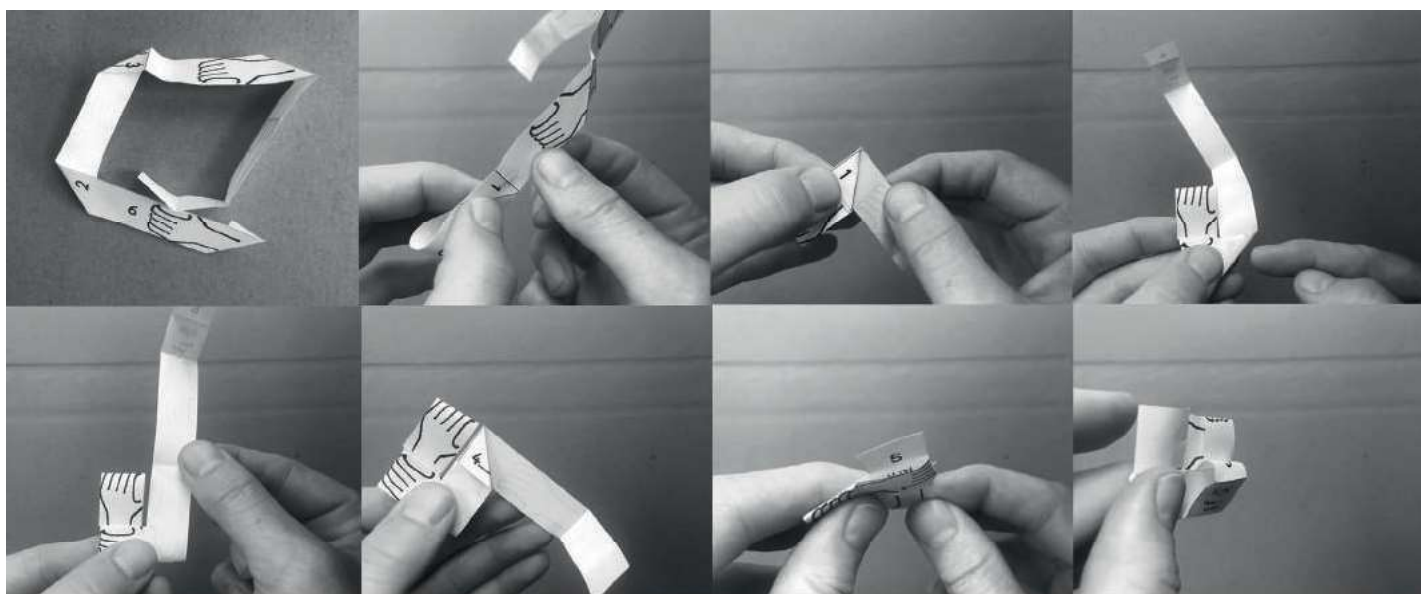
The Workbench  
(30mm x 30mm) clay, pigment, gold dust





Hannelore Smith to Henry Jackson Newcomb:  
366 days ago – Here is your beginning.

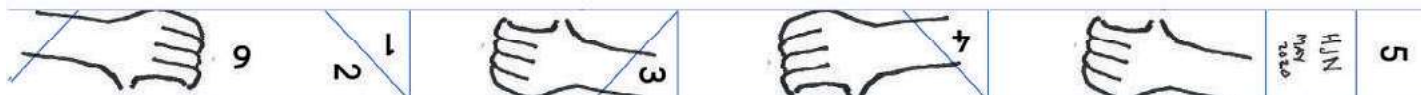
## HENRY JACKSON NEWCOMB



The image below is a 'motivational' poster from an office I was working in on April 15 2019. The caption reads 'Teamwork: a chain is only as strong as the weakest link'. Although I originally took the photo because of the absurdity of it, the image shows an intimacy that is not possible in April 2020. Follow the instructions on this page to create a small reminder for the importance of connections. Keep the finished piece or give it to someone you have missed being close to. I'm not suggesting we embrace each other in this way in the future, it's still a very odd image.

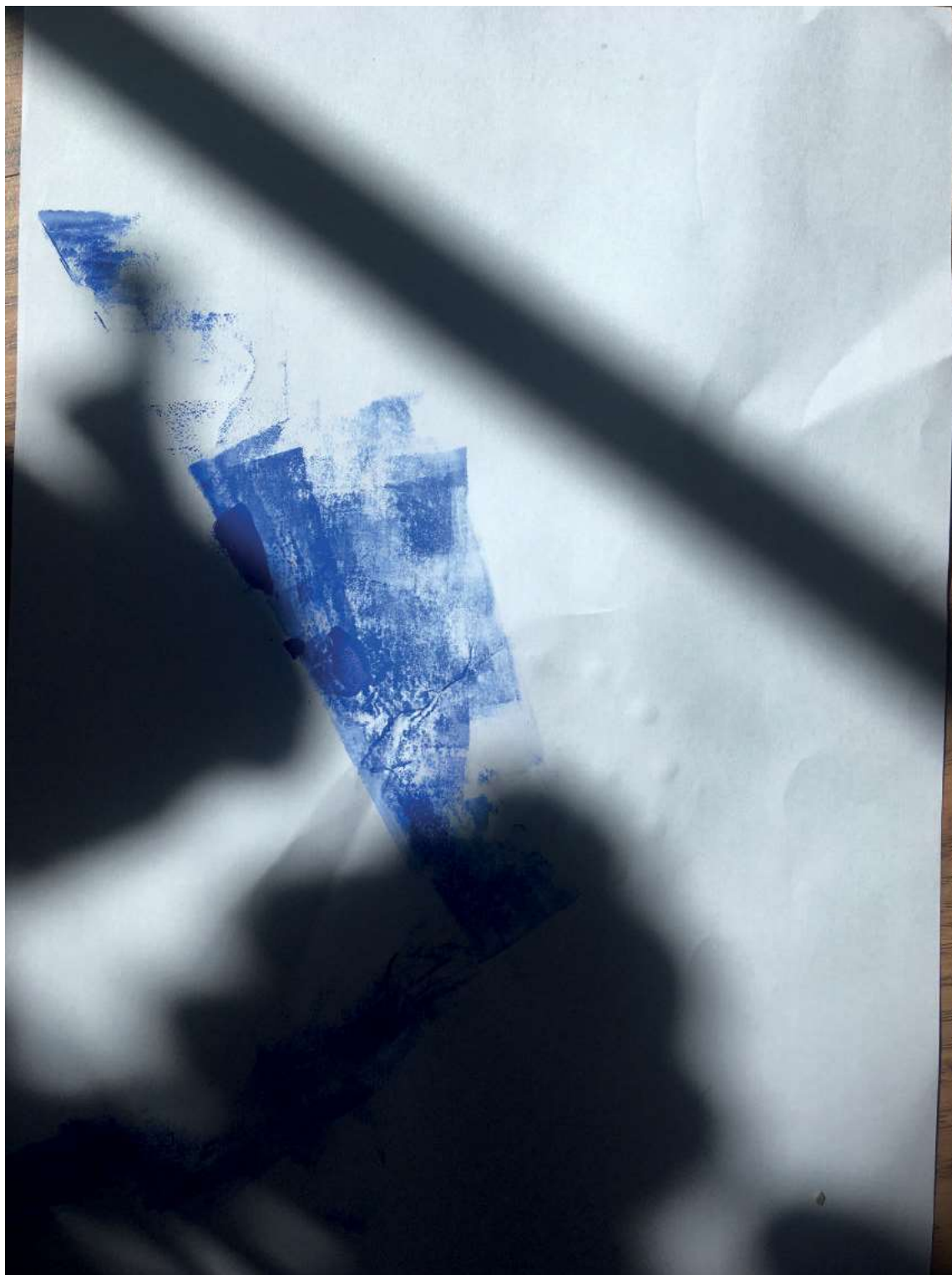


Photocopy this page, cut out the strip and fold along the marked lines.  
Fold the bottom of the strip behind the 1. Use the angle to fold the 1 onto the reverse changing the direction of the remaining strip.  
Wrap the strip over the 2 and continue until the 1 is covered by a hand.  
Fold the paper over the 3, wrapping it underneath and back over.  
The third hand will be on the wrong side of the paper.  
Repeat the previous step, folding the strip to the left so the 4 is visible, continue around the 4 until it is covered by a hand. Thread the strip through the first hand, turn it over and slot the 5 behind 6.  
Draw in the missing hand, this is your hand.



Henry Jackson Newcomb to James Epps:  
Don't look at these words, look at the  
spaces in between them.

## JAMES EPPS



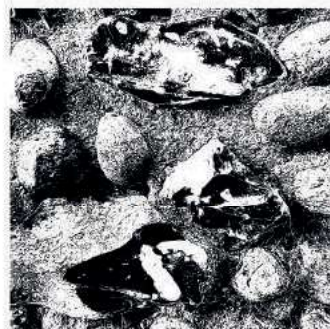
James Epps to Jennie Pedley:  
Expand and contract as you please.

## JENNIE PEDLEY



Jennie Pedley to Kaitlin Ferguson:  
Grow until a boundary is reached.

## KAITLIN FERGUSON





Kaitlin Ferguson to Liz Ballard:  
Send a message via a set of signs.

## LIZ BALLARD



Liz Ballard to Mike Goddard:  
Give in, allow it to happen, be free.

## MIKE GODDARD

Gmail suggested replies to emails received March - May 2020

Looking forward to it! I'll be there! I'm in!  
Great. You too. Many thanks.  
All good here. Great to hear from you. We're ok.  
Cool! Cool, thanks! Nice one!  
Will do. Ok, I will. No worries, will do.  
Thank you! That's great to hear. Many thanks.  
Glad you like it! Brilliant! Yay!  
That's great, thanks for the update. Thanks for the update.  
Congratulations! Great to hear from you. Wow!  
Got it, thanks! Received, thank you. Thank you!  
Lovely! These are great! They look great!  
That's fine, thanks for letting me know. Thanks for letting me know.  
Ordered. Done! Nice!  
Thank you! Many thanks. That's great, thank you.  
Me too! Indeed! Not yet!  
Many thanks for this. Thanks, I'll check it out! What do you think?  
That's great, thanks for the update. Thanks for the update. Great news, thanks for the update.  
Brilliant, thank you! Great, thanks! You're welcome!  
Happy Birthday! Glad you enjoyed it! Enjoy!  
Thanks, I'll check it out! Brilliant, thank you! Thanks, I'll check it out.  
Looking forward to it too! Me too! You're welcome!  
Have a great time! Lovely! You're welcome!  
Ok, see you soon! Ok, thanks for letting me know. Ok, see you then.  
Thanks, I'll check it out! That's great, thanks for letting me know.

Mike Goddard to Ali Hewson:  
Translate a work into another language.

## ALI HEWSON





Ali Hewson to Rach Anstey-Sanders:  
Make this work around the edges of your time.

## RACH ANSTEY-SANDERS

