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WITH

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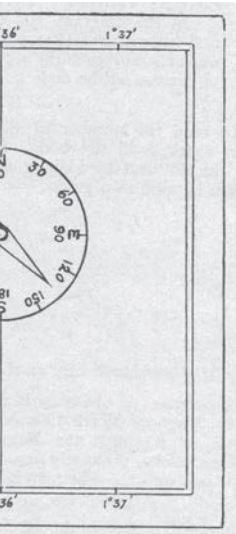
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BA Fine Art students from the University of Leeds are pleased to announce their Degree Show, *Sitting With It*, running from the 9 to 25 June 2022.

The Show, held in the School of Fine Art, History of Art and Cultural Studies, celebrates the work of 62 graduating students, ranging through all mediums of contemporary art practice.

Sitting With It encapsulates not only the physical parameters of sitting, resting, looking, but also questions of the gaze, perspective, authorship and power. What are the implications of posing, depiction and framing? Who is depicting the sitter, and is the sitter an active participant?

The past few years have asked us to take stock of our life decisions, to 'own' where we are, and consider our working and domestic environments. The interiors of contemporary life are a lot more loaded than they were before. In a time of flux, we ask you to sit with uncertain concepts; and question the ethical implications of making art in the UK.

Sitting With It prioritises rest over rapidity. We acknowledge the privileges and politics of taking time out from work and side hustles; to be still, read, and absorb art and ideas. We also accept that large exhibitions can pose a physical and mental strain on the audience, and that this can be a barrier to digesting and enjoying the works.

Grayson Perry reminds us that 'we go to art galleries on our days off.' This is at the heart of our curation. We do not all have the same 24 hours in a day, but we invite you to spend a portion of your free time *Sitting With It*. With this act of faith, we promise to engage with our audience – in discussions of approachability and clarity – as much as you are with us.

*Written by George Storm Fletcher,
Edited by the Curatorial Team*

A decorative border with a repeating pattern of stylized flowers and swirling vines, rendered in white on a grey background, frames the central text.

MORE INFORMATION

see our website: sittingwithit.leeds.ac.uk
follow us on Instagram: @sittingwithit2022

Enquiries via the curatorial team:
at Fh18gsf@leeds.ac.uk

Sitting With It
9-25 June 2022

Private View 9 June from 6pm
School of Fine Art, History of Art and Cultural Studies,
University of Leeds.

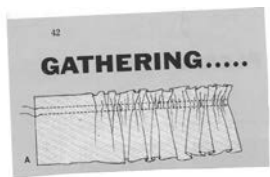
University Road, Woodhouse, Leeds, LS2 9JT

*We invite
you to*

Our

SPACE

A



PORTRAIT

of

OUR



EXHIBITION

please

**MAKE
YOURSELF
AT
HOME**

SITTING WITH IT

In 1989 the Manchester based band, James, released “Sit Down.” The music video that accompanied its release depicted a variety of chairs framed against a white backdrop, chairs in which band members sat while holding instruments. At one point the lead singer and co-composer, Tim Booth, sits on the floor holding an unshorn sheep. The lyrics: “Oh sit down; oh sit down; oh sit down; sit down next to me; sit down in sympathy,” echo here both to pose the ethical question of eating meat, but also to extend outward the concept of who or what might deserve our sympathy. Played live “Sit Down” assumes anthemic stature with huge audiences reaching to hold, to carry, to accompany the friends and strangers near, while faithfully bellowing every word in the song. Obviously, to sit, is more than a verb even if it is also that.

German speakers, for whom Sitte has the connotation of custom or tradition, and Sittlichkeit that of morality, might be forgiven for thinking that James is tapping the inner sap of their language, but they have their own word for “to sit.” Similar, but different. Uttered in the echo-chamber of etymology “sit” ricochets off “seat,” “to set,” and “to settle” (both sedate and to occupy). Yes, sit down next to me. Calm me. Be my sitter.

Yes, but sitting with it? Another German speaker, Sigmund Freud, upon reading Karl Abel's little pamphlet on the antithetical senses of Urworte (primal words) decided that this linguistic characteristic (words having opposing signifieds) coincided with what he had been discovering about language in dreams where, notoriously, negation does not exist. In the dream nothing can be taken back; it can only be elaborated. Among the words Abel included on his list was the preposition "with." His reasoning has been challenged, but something about his idea that "with" always preserves the separation that it gestures to override retains its pertinence. "Sitting with it" is thus always not sitting as or in it. "With" is another way to spell "next."

Yes, but "it"? For Freud, "it" (das Es) was always what his English translators rendered, in a legitimating Latin, as "id." Sitting with the unconscious? Too Freudian, no? Useful here is a related formulation concocted by Donna Haraway: "staying with the trouble." By this she means to summon up the responsibility of working with the difficulties and contradictions of the present. Theorists, artists, politicians need desperately not to turn away, to daydream their ways out of the torn paper bag of the present. This is the trouble (not troubles) one stays with; this is the "it." To sit with it, is to work patiently and with drive on, but also in, the trouble.

This trouble, being everywhere, is something one sits with, sits next to on a page, on a canvas, on a keyboard, in an algorithm. You name it. The discipline of this tenacity is where new pleasures become feasible. Sitting with it. May I trouble you? Or me?

By John Mowitz





Where is the Witch?

Women have always fought to participate in their own health care, to protect the ancient healing ways, and to affirm their strength and wholeness. The current medical system was created as a means of excluding and discriminating against female healers. This reflects societal sexism, rather than that of individual doctors. The enemy is not men or the individual man, but the entire system that allowed male, upper-class medical practitioners to win. Institutional sexism is 'sustained by a class system that supports male power'¹ and oppresses women healers and health care workers. While most women succumbed to political, cultural, and economic pressures to fulfil the narrowly defined roles of mother, wife, and nurse, other women – the wise women – harked back to the strong feminine medical models of the pre-patriarchal days.

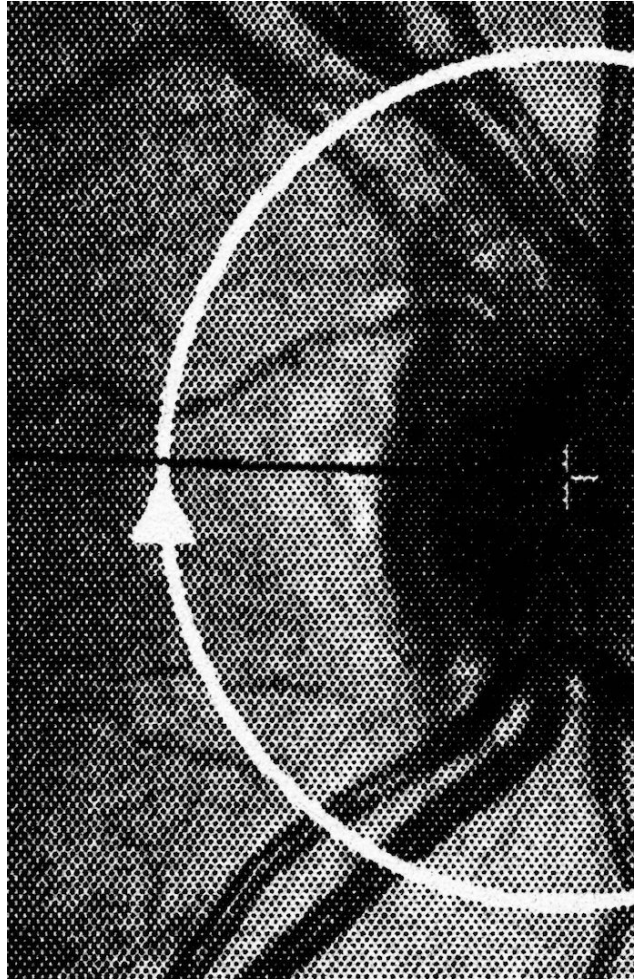
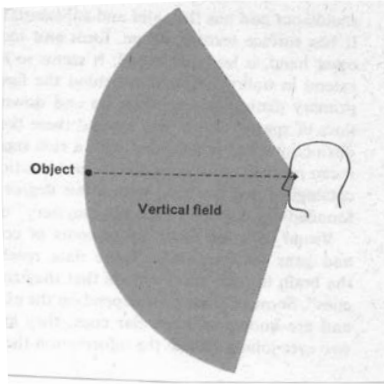
The witch herself, poor and illiterate, did not leave us her story. Much like all history, *Her* history has been recorded by the educated elite, left to encounter through the eyes of her persecutors. The Inquisition aided in the cessation of the female religion, female healing, female sexual autonomy, and matrilineal descent. These witch-hunts have left a lasting effect, one that is always associated with the female, an aura of contamination – particularly in the field of midwifery (and other professions where healing is involved). *She* was a woman, and not ashamed of it. *She* appeared to be a member of a well-organised covert women's society. And *She* was a healer whose practice heavily focused on empirical study. So, 'in the face of the repressive fatalism of Christianity, *She* held out the hope of change in the world'². During the five hundred years of the Inquisition, which symbolised the triumph of Christian imperialism over pagan Europe, a woman could either become a subservient wife, abused by her husband, with her eyes to the ground as the priests chastised her for her sex, or 'she could stand straight, proud in her own woman-wisdom, and be burnt as a witch'³.



¹ Ehrenreich and English, *Witches, Midwives, and Nurses*, p. 42.

² Ehrenreich and English, *Witches, Midwives, and Nurses*, p. 15.

³ Sjöö and Mor, *The Great Cosmic Mother*, p. 207.



Measurements around the room

metres 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20

The Prelude in the Park

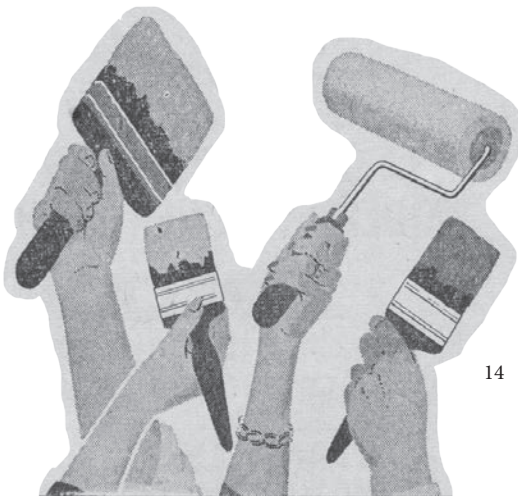
Cannot hear, cannot speak,
The tapping of the spider's feet
Here he comes now slow and meek the tapping of his feet
I've met him here before, was it here? I do not know
His face reminds me though

Stifled steps, I glance here and there through the rose bushes, gnawed
and yellow,
Round the corner, up the path, his feet, his face, his eyes follow,
The puncture of the rose thorn,
I leave scared but I forgot my body,
I see the people walking to and fro,
Their memories won't last here,
My lost face
Mourning dressed in tweed,
Would sacrifice me for his need.

By Amy Beaumont







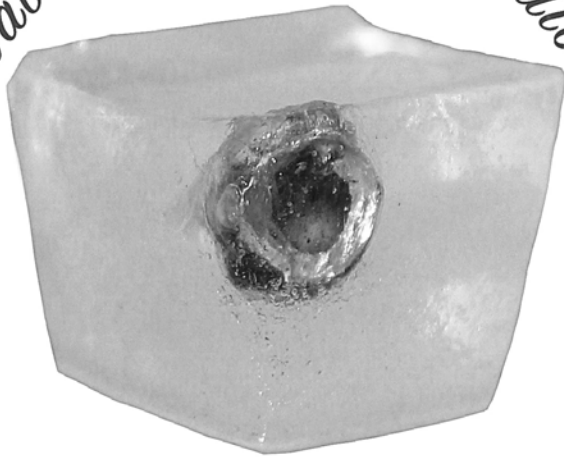
Single F
under 33
enjoys sun
enjoys sea

28 and bored
Gripping over loss

nothing to heavy



An eyeball a day keeps the idiot away.



FISH EYEBALL COMPANY

SINCE 2021

| | | |
|----------------|-----------|------------|
| JANE | ELIZABETH | MARY |
| MARY ANN | ELIZA | ELIZABETH |
| ANNE | ANNE | ANNE |
| ANNIE | TERESA | ANNE |
| MARY | MARY | MARY ANNE |
| CHRISTINA | MARY | CHRISTINA |
| TERESA | JULIA | MARY |
| ELIZABETH | MARY | CATHERINE |
| EILEEN | SARAH | JOHANNA |
| SARAH | ESTHER | MARGARET |
| SOPHIA | TERESA | JANE |
| MARY | JOHANNA | MARY |
| MARY | MARY ANNE | MARGARET |
| KATE | KATE | MARY |
| FRANCES | MARY | MARY |
| MARY | FRANCES | MARY |
| MARY | MARGARET | MARATHA |
| EMILY | KATHLEEN | SARAH |
| ANNE | MARY | JANE |
| CATHERINE | MARY | MARY |
| MARY | ANNA - SM | MARY |
| HONORA | BRIDGET | REBECCA |
| MARGARET | HONORA | ELLEN |
| FRANCES | BRIDGET | CATHERINE |
| MARGARET - SM. | ELIZA | EVA |
| ANNE | ANNIE | ADELAIDE |
| FLORENCE | ELIZABETH | EDITH - SM |
| MARY | BRIDGET | JANE |
| ELIZABETH | MARY - SM | MARY |
| ESTHER | MARGARET | ANASTASIA |
| WINIFRIDE | KATE | JANE |
| | MARY | ANNE |
| | | BELLA |

FRANCES
MARI
MARGARET
MARGARET
MARY ALICE
CATHERINE
CATHERINE
MARY
CATHERINE
KATE
ELIZABETH
ANNE
NORA
FRANCIS

WOMEN REGISTERED AT THE
DONNYBROOK MAGDALENE
LAUNDRY IN THE 1911 CENSUS
OF IRELAND.

FIRST NAMES OF 'INMATES'
SM → 'SERVANT MAID'
IN 'RELATION TO HEAD'



A Trip To Tongue

an exploration essay into the Irish Language through a 24hour trip to County Mayo

I've always had a keen interest in sharing knowledge with people, and one way I do this is through Art. I turn research into visual artwork to allow people to understand, explore and experience a given area. For the last two years, I have been exploring language and the power it possesses socially, politically, and emotionally. Having created multiple art pieces exploring communication on an emotional level, I grew tired of looking at the English language within my work and, instead I turned to my heritage and began translating whatever it is I was trying to say into Irish.

England began its colonialisation of Ireland hundreds of years ago, starting in the 1500s and only really ending (can the colonisation of land ever end once begun?) around the 1920s. England and other colonisers' methods of conquer and rule usually begin by stripping back communication between those they are trying to control, taking ownership over the native's tongues. By this, I mean forbidding native tongues in order to break down communication and sovereignty between the people.

It was only when I turned to translators online did I learn that the Irish language is anything but accessible. Showing fluent Irish speakers the work I had created from online translations turned the work into gibberish. No Irish translator I could find online was accurate. At first, this played into a level of irony within my work and only added to my experimentation with language, creating pieces about communication that could not communicate, whilst embodying the impact of colonialism. This led me to consider the accessibility level of my work. Did I need people to be able to read what I have to say, or is its existence as a symbol enough?

I decided it was time to get to the route of all this, and I took the decision to return to Ireland for the first time in over ten years. So, I booked a flight to Mayo, on the west coast of Ireland where my family is from. Prior to my

departure, to fulfill my longing for exploration into the Irish language, I began to read Irish Poetry, particularly the book 'Poetry by Women in Ireland: A Critical Anthology 1870-1970' by Lucy Collins.

I believe I turned to Poetry as it feels as if it embodies a realness, with poetry arguably being the truest representation of anyone/thing. Rather than history books, I would go to the source and speak with real people.

Arriving in western Ireland our journey took us through country roads, traveling up and down through hills and valleys, past vibrant green and speckled yellow landscapes and countless statues of mother mary which were scattered down roadsides.

The first stop was to my Aunt and Uncles for a full Irish breakfast. I hadn't visited them since a young child, but you would have never been able to guess. Stepping in we were showered with love, tea, food, and great conversation. Five cups of tea, four rashers of bacon, two eggs, three rock cakes, and a pile of bread later we left the kitchen table which sat peacefully under an image of Jesus lit by a red tea light. With stomachs and hearts full my uncle took us down the road to Foxford to visit the old weaver's mill where he had worked his whole life.

Following a tour of the mill and having been educated about the history of it all, we stopped for another cuppa and I began to question my Aunt and Uncle about their relationship with the Irish language. To my surprise, I received two very different insights from them both.

My Aunt knew a few words, but would never feel comfortable enough to string a sentence together. My uncle on the other hand had a very different relationship and passion for the Irish language and was confident to say countless words, sentences, and poems. This was interesting as they grew up only six miles apart from one another. The only main

difference was my uncle lived in the town and my aunt in the country, with most of her family's time focusing on working the land. Different teachers had different passions for the language, if my uncle was caught speaking English in the playground he would have got a slap round the head. After this short history lesson, we stepped into a side room and my uncle read us some poems which he had written, fuelled by sorrow but filled with hope and read in an English tongue.



Uncle in the Mill.

Leaving my uncle and aunt in Foxford we drove southwest for 30 minutes to Westport, a town set within the edge of an Atlantic inlet where we would be staying. This little town is very different from the small village of Foxford. It's full of shops, cafes, restaurants, and numerous pubs. A trip to the locally renowned pub Matt Mollys owned by a famous Irish flute player from the Chieftains for a Guinness was our first stop. Stepping into the pub during the late afternoon we were washed over by the sound of Irish music and mumbled chattering as we walked through the gatherings and found ourselves a seat at the bar.

After our first sip of a Guinness, which took three minutes to be specially poured and settled with loving care by the barman, we began chatting to an elderly pair of men next to us of a similar age to my uncle. Explaining that I had traveled over to find out more about the Irish language I was quickly met with a reinforcement of what my uncle had told us. The education system in Ireland had either put immense pressure on learning Irish, to such an extent that many fell out of love with the language or people had little to no existing knowledge of it at all.

It felt as if fate had led us here as the senior of the two elderly men whipped out a book of

poetry and with a harmonious tone began reading poems that described memories of working the land and the beauty of nature in Ireland. After reading a few poems from the book, the other man stepped in and began reciting poems off the top of his head to which the other man then took over once more and matched his passion with the recital of more poems.



Locals in the Pub.

A few poems and a few Guinnesses later we left to fill our stomachs with more food as the huge breakfast had now been burnt off. After eating, we ventured to another pub in the town and again got talking to some locals.

This group was much younger yet still reinforced what we had heard, the education system made many fall out of love with the language, yet once more we were faced with a love for poetry. Speaking to the security guard out front he began to recite to us an old poem in Irish, 'Cill Aodáin' by Antoine Ó Raifteirí, one of the classic poems of Mayo describing the coming of Spring. Just earlier that day my uncle had recited the same poem to me as this security guard now was. This was one of a few Irish language poems children are taught in schools.

My encounters made it clear to me that it seems the need for conversation in Irish outside of areas where Irish is still the first language (Cork, Donegal, Galway, and Kerry, as well as smaller areas of counties Mayo, Meath, and Waterford), that the pride for the Irish language is carried through in poetry. The linguist attributes found in the Irish poems children are taught in school are then carried through into a wider appreciation for poetry as a whole. Seeming to me that at large, the tongue of which you are speaking is somewhat less important, with importance now lying in the area of intent and content. Perhaps when we consider language, and the language of colonised land we must look past the conversational word and consider the art, and playfulness in linguistics. The tongue of Ireland now feeling as if it is the language of poetry.



Years ahead . . .





On Voids – A Short Lecture

Welcome everyone

To *On Voids – A Short Lecture*

in which I will be talking on the subject of Nothing, for a short time. But first I'm going to do a drawing of silence.

Could I have you, [X], come and sit with me?

Takes out pencil and pad. Draws audience member. Turns pad.



Not my finest work, but I've managed to do a little sketch of what I wanted. You can sit back down now if you like.

Now - If any of you did art foundation or GCSE you'll be familiar with this sketching technique.

I've not drawn [X], but the negative space around [X].

It's an exercise we see all the time in art schools, but never in real life.

We don't tend to examine the places we aren't.

To take a pencil (or pen) and draw the gaps.

Pointing at negative space.

So, as we see with the exercise of drawing negative space

Nothingness / silence / absence is not indeterminate.

It's explicit

And has shape to it.

Last year, for example, I ended a relationship.

I'm not there anymore.

The space I would've inhabited and the things done and said and felt is not

unfathomable though

It's a very shapely void.

A punctuated silence.

I'm a queer woman, and I'm sure to many I simply do not exist.

But my nothingness continues.

It feels and it prevails and here I am.

So why are the negative spaces in our lives similarly *nothing-ed*.

Surely, it's not just important to respect them,

Because I don't want to be simply seen out of respect,

I want to be lived with.

We live alongside our nothings. The child you decided not to have is not silent.

Outlining negative space in drawing.

But we're all children when it comes to nothing

While researching this life of silence, I came across some writing about the cry.

It was Julia Kristeva who suggested the cry is our reaction to the void in our throat.

The nothingness, the need for food and milk and our mother is so intense that we

fill our gullet the only way we know how

With our voice.

Pointing to sketch.

How do you react to the silences *in you*, or *around you*?

To scream?

To cry?

To fill it

Or to simply let it be?

The stages of grief are then perhaps our way of processing the overwhelming
Non-Presence of another.
The subsequent Non-Events
Non-Places
Non-Participation.
We know the exact shape of our silences.
No wonder we cry.

Put down sketch.

I never became a weatherwoman, like I thought I might
This non-life is a partner to mine.
It's between these different nothings that we find and define ourselves.
The non-life runs as a silent parallel highway.

Coming off the A1 you might've once seen two big chimneys passing you
as you came into Leeds
They were the famous cooling towers at the West Yorkshire Power Station.
The other day I found out they'd been demolished.
It was on that day that a blue fog came over Leeds and we smelt a low
smouldering.
I'm convinced this was the aftereffect of the demolition, the wind was south-
easterly, and it wasn't the usual Saharan dust.
I broke the news, so-to-speak, to a friend the next day.
They replied
How will I know I'm nearly here?
How will I know it's Leeds, or when I'm nearly here, or where the fuck I am?

Our nothing, then, is perhaps the most specific.

Of course presence and non-presence are intertwined
and inexplicably dependent on each other.
We could see that from the very bad sketch I've done over here.
Nothing is *not* the absence of everything, but the absence of something.
No-thing
Some-thing **Writing words.**
Every-thing
What is the thing?

Put down pen, pointedly.

Not all nothings are tales of lost experience :
Perhaps this is how we understand *the thing*
After all
To develop a crush is to experience the power of a nothing
It's a Silence that's full bodied
To flirt with a lover is to feel it up
And to crush is surely to understand the invisible
It's absence lives in the future and not the past

Despite it's irrefutable likeness
to the practice
of having an imaginary friend.

Years ago I went to a show about Frank Auerbach
You probably know him, he's a painter, and painted a while ago
I don't particularly like his paintings,
The layers of grey and brown paint on paint don't speak to me
But this exhibition included a quote that opened it up :
Frank Auerbach described what he wanted to do with paint.
He wanted to capture

<< *what you feel when you touch someone next to you in the dark* >>

Pause.

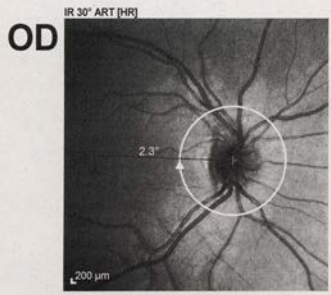
This struck me as a silence
And a nothing
And actually as a double silence
Firstly, the situation in which you'd be touching someone next to you in the dark
Is, I imagine, usually a silent one.
And second, I see the silencing of sight
I don't know about you, but this is a particularly noisy sense
And it's nice to be with the *some-thing* alone sometimes.

To wrap up
this is perhaps the best example when it comes to
the nothing,
the no-thing,
silence
and the shape of it.
I can't draw, or put in a succinct diagram, the darkness
and the reaching,
and the lack of light and the warmth of it.
But the act of travelling is an act of reaching out.
And up the A1 reaching out to Leeds is to reach out in bed maybe
Reaching to the towers of the West Yorkshire Power Station
That, in their absence, we know the shape of so well.

Thank you so much for coming.

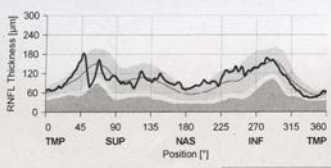
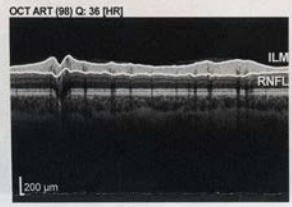
The sketch is hung on a nail on the wall, adding to a collection.

By Delilah Sykes



Asymmetry
OD - OS

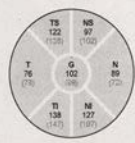
OS



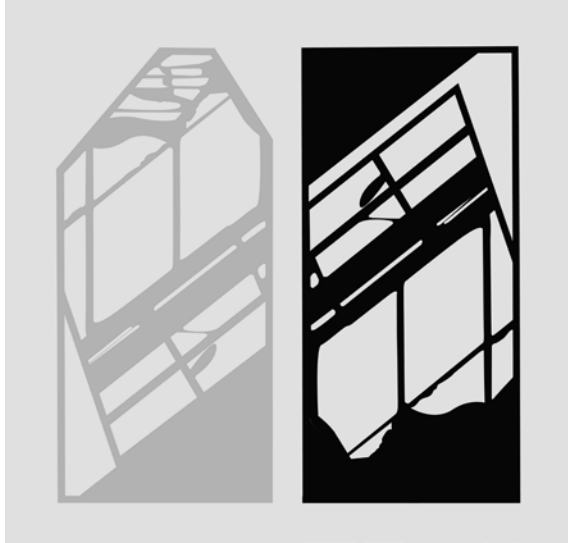
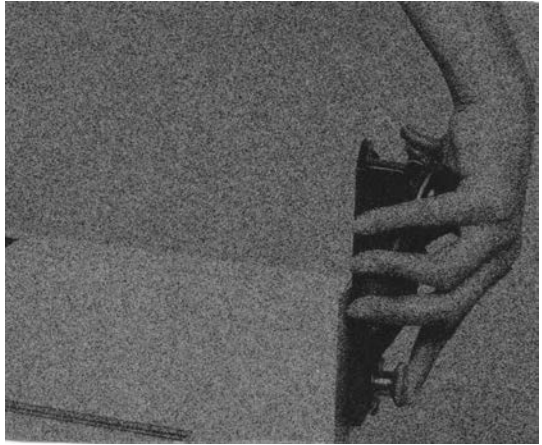
Within Normal Limits
($p < 0.05$)

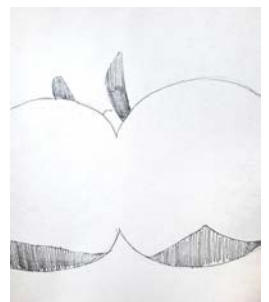
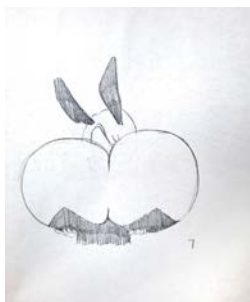
Borderline ($p < 0.05$)

Outside Normal Limits
($p < 0.01$)



Classification OD
Within Normal Limits





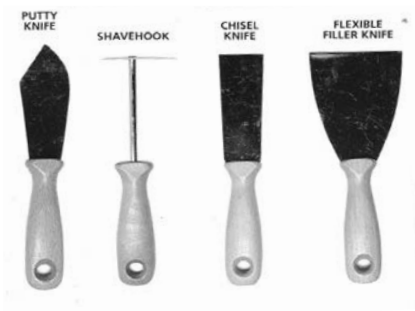
I had a dream last nite I was sucking on a gorgeous pair of tits (laughs) and they were fake. I wasn't breastfeeding more of like a sexual - I was in a 3sum, in a hot tub with like very instinctive people and the woman had gorgeous breasts that I cannot get out of my mind (laughs) but they were like bulbous and fake but beautiful. really nice nipple placement. I was in some sort of resort type place and i was propositioned for 3sum. I was doing it doggystyle but I cannot overstate how beautiful these breasts were. this obviously seems like some very latent breastfeeding...stuff. But I asked Stephen (REDACTED) and he said "you're just a horny slut". So I'm trying not to read too much into it.

I've...yeah.. .

Maybe I was sucking at the feet of opportunity, but it was ultimately dry and fake and shallow. so maybe there's something there.



But I'll save it for my shrink.



Day trip

The sea plays a soft melody to the departing sun,
She sighs in tidal breaths
Her foamy lips skimming the warm sand.

Tanned limbs stretch sleepily as salt air fills with light chatter for friendly ties,
The purple water beckons for one last swim tonight,
Towels, parasols, and rubbish are packed away,
Some sway from that familiar-heat-held exhaustion.

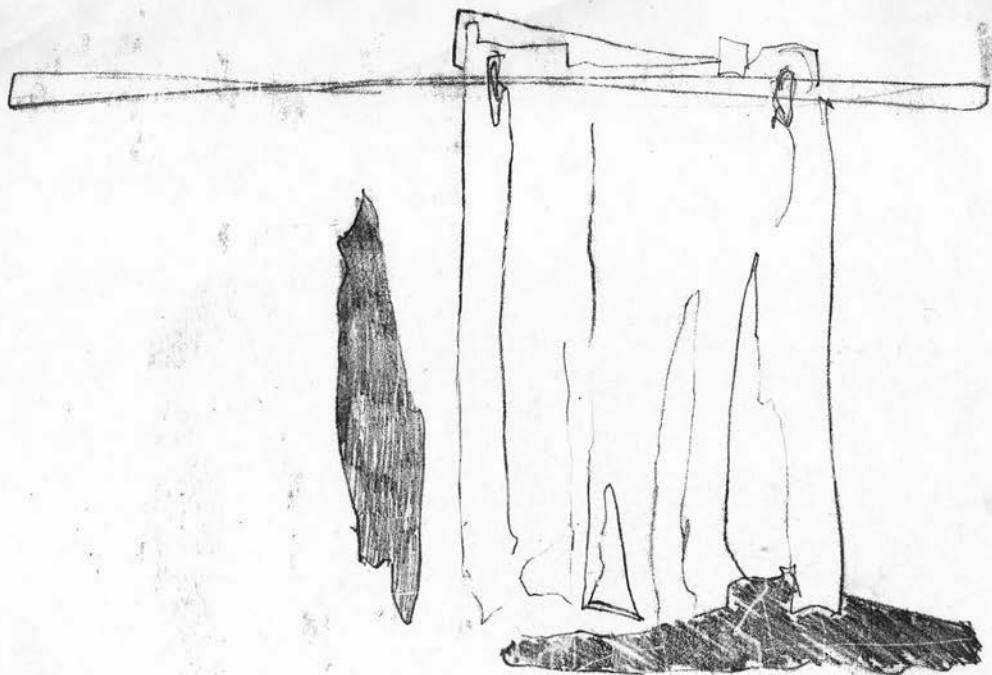
Backpacks slip on backs and flipflops slide on feet
As the kindred climb their way up the dunes,
under the sangria sky.

The day was well wasted together,
And in the shores fading light,
The sea waves goodbye

Firefly students

We sit, sketching,
in this building of linoleum floors and brick walls
And I fantasize about the history,
in the golden-white natural light from the large windows to the street,
I see the art students of the past measuring model to pencil precisely,
charcoal covered and taking stock of the body
see them have a sneaky cig,
sip on their coffee,
sit in the sun,

The building is built to capture light like lightning bugs in a jar,
and in twenty years it has not changed at all,
the fine art firefly students have also stayed the same,
it seems the gene for
loving the look of light
is the same that is guilty of making you an outsider,
a creative,
a not quite complicit dissident citizen,
The sun shines in my eyes as we mark make,
And stay the same.



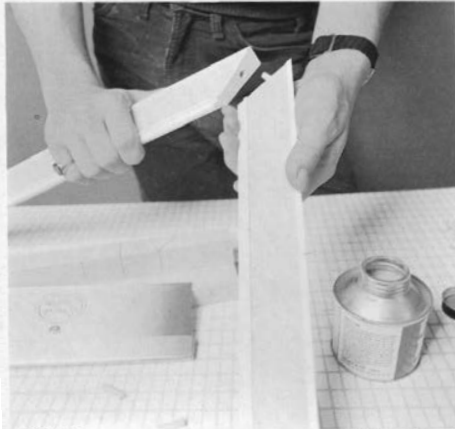








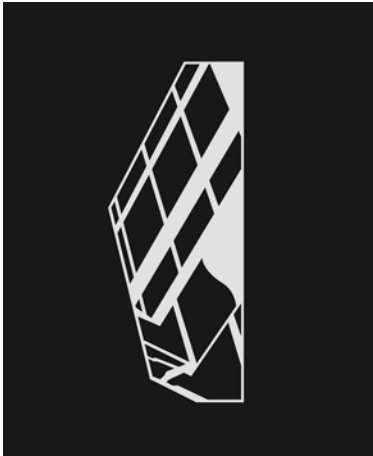
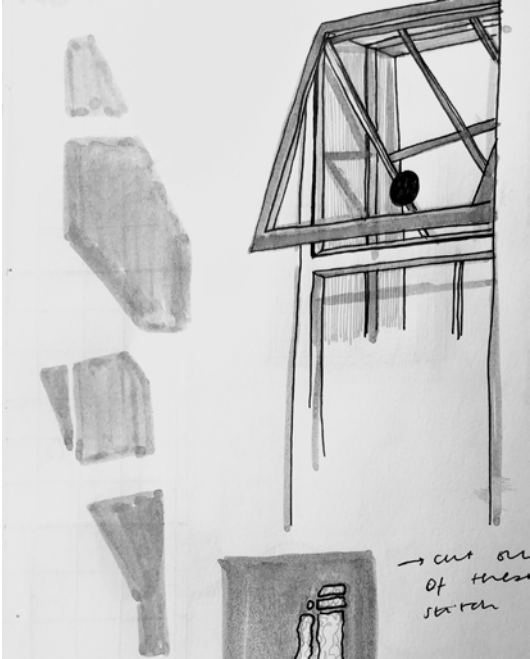




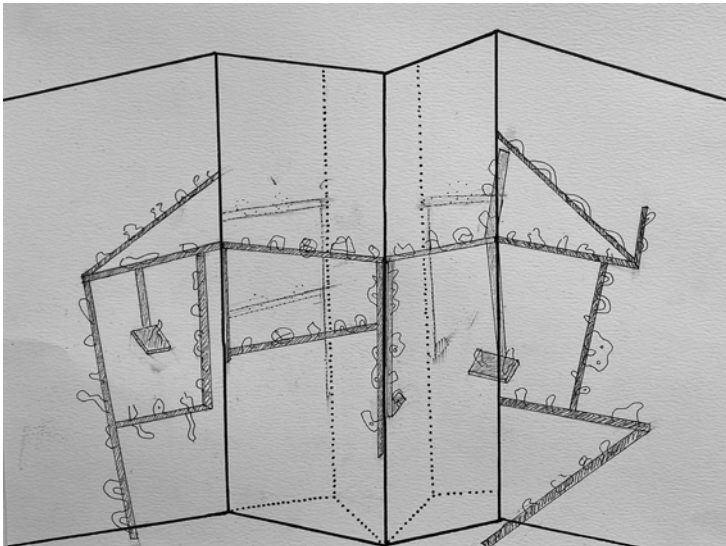
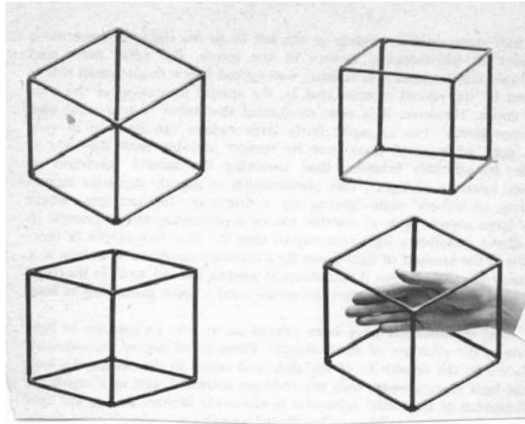
JOINTS

Joining together two pieces of wood is one of the most common carpentry jobs. Four methods are chosen here for their simplicity and speed.





**Seeing
with
the Brain**



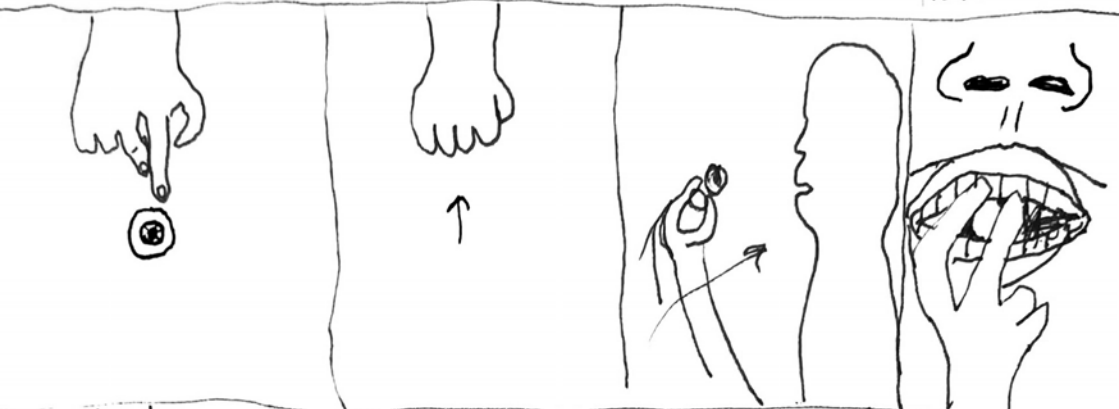
A familiar face in the warmth of my tub
I kiss you slowly and softly
The water flows over the top of my mind
I sink in a bit further

Greeted by the great ellipses
Of pain thrashing like the waves of play
The water, becoming me, me, becoming him
I sink in a bit further

The warmth of my tub seeps with darkness
And his eyes fall on me
The water crashes aggressively
I sink in a bit further

The warmth of my tub is crimson red
He is all and I am eternal to him
The water is all consuming
I sink in a bit further

The warmth of my tub is the place to be
I feel him and he feels me
The water cascades down into the trap
And consumes
Me.



Summer sleep

We waste time
lying in the blinding sunshine of your room,
Clean sheets,
Calm beats,
And quiet speech,
Fill the space so easily

Breezily the curtains flutter,
Make me melt like butter as your hands run over my skin,
Head on your chest breathing in
Your
Scent
A unique blend of sweets, laundry, and tea
All Spent On Me

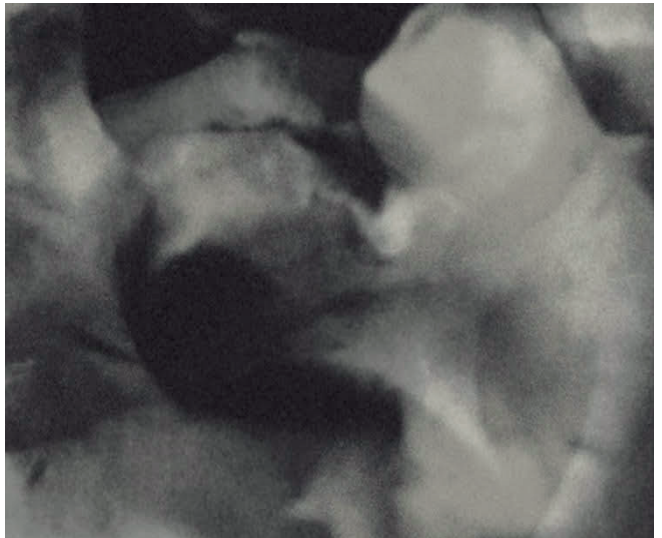
Blue eyes like ocean breeze
Glance down so sleepily
As I adjust my feet
Squeeze me so sweetly
"Go back to sleep"
Lulled by breath and your heartbeat

Sunshine sips

Sun in my eyes, make me a late riser,
Sleepy feet carry me to the kitchen,
where cluttered clattering is happening,

In the slanted sunlight of Sunday morning
You make carefully crafted coffees for me,
And over the buzz of the beans
We discuss our life, hopes, and dreams.
The fizz of the milk froth as it becomes as soft as clouds,
Carries the rich aroma of life force liquid.

You pour the most intricate pattern in my cup,
Chatter stops and
I sip,
I sup,
Bliss





On 501s, by George Storm Fletcher

When I go into Charity shops, Mia always says I head straight for the jeans. She's absolutely right.

I look for the texture of the denim, the stitching on the arse pocket, the satisfying weight of the card label which bears the classic horse logo of Levi's.

This is a love note to Levi's 501s.

I have been trying to reason what exactly it is that can draw me so heavily to them. Given I collect ceramics in the shape of vegetables it is unfathomable that I would head straight to jeans first.

But thinking on this has led me to believe it is, in fact, everything.

If death is universal
Then Levi's are the jeans of death

Each pair is technically cut exactly the same, and yet the sheer demographic of people who wear them is so vast, disparate, oxymoronic and diverse. Each pair is specific despite the fact they ubiquitous.

Dad always asked for a size 30/30, and I think this epitomises the truth. Dad was nowhere near big enough to be a 30/30 anymore. I used to buy them for him if I found them, but they would always hang a little too loose, and be a little too short.

Levi's are the image of what we want to be, rather than what we are.

5ft 11 and a half, not 6ft. 30/30 inches, perfectly square, even. Not 28/32.

The back left pocket of Dad's jeans was always worn out right in the centre, the button popper of his wallet would wear straight through, a marker of days. That mark individualised those jeans to be my Dad's, not just anyone's, and I would always check for that mark when trying to work out which were mine, and which were his.

Mine always wear out at the crotch, the friction of my legs revealing the tension between self and physical imagining.

Since Dad died, I have made no pains to disguise this obsession of mine. Every time I find a pair I feel a sense of security that is unmatched by any other physical object.

Bruce Springsteen, the boss, said of his iconic Born in the USA album cover that they (he and Annie Leibovitz) picked it, because ‘his ass looked better than his face.’

It’s this dependability, a robustness that holds you up that maybe is the secret.



**Andrea Klein, Annie Leibovitz
Album cover for Bruce Springsteen, Born in the U.S.A.
Lithograph, 1984**

How can something originally from America, San Francisco, a place Dad had never been, make it's way into his wardrobe in Ely, 5317 miles away?

How can Tradies, gay boys, my racist uncle, other problematic old men, butch dykes, Andy Warhol, and my Dad, all find themselves in a single cut?



Hal Fischer, Gay Semiotics, book published 1977

There's some naff point about universality and love to be made, but I won't be the one to make it. But I will state that Levi's 501s draw all the things in my life that have taken time to process, to love, together. All my 'long time coming' loves.

Working hard, a sense of community, the fact I am probably a horse girl, my Dad. All things I have had to navigate around and towards, usually a little too late.

I suppose like most things in life, it's a way of finding homes, in all the forms that that can take.

Audio, sensory, socially and physically.

So, when I find a pair of Levi's in a charity shop, wherever I am, a flicker of home scrapes along the clothing rail, even if they aren't my size.

Especially if they're the infamous 30/30.

I always say when I get a pair that I won't get paint or wood glue on them, that I won't garden in them or clean or wear them out too quickly. And yet I sit here in my most recently acquired pair which despite my best wishes have magnolia emulsion, gorilla glue, and samosa spice all over them, and dust and compost in the turn ups. When I take them off at the end of the day, they don't flop so passively to the floor, they hold a shape, they feel the absence of me. No wonder then, that pulling them on in the morning, despite what activity the day holds comes so naturally. It is like they await my legs.



Levi's images courtesy of the artist

There's one major difference between pairs which will always have a hierarchy in my mind. Button fly or zip.

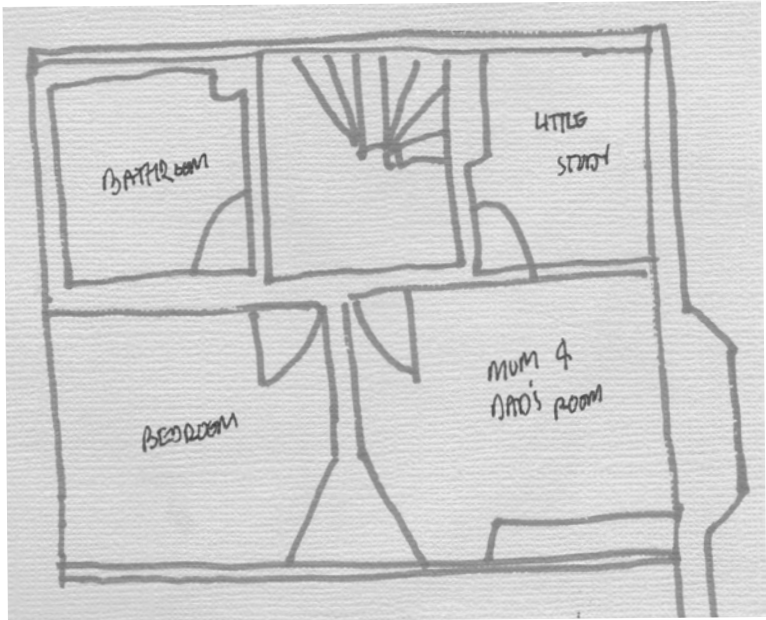
Button fly is infinitely superior, for a multitude of reasons. When they're together, they stay together, despite my fluctuations in size they never let me down in a place I want to impress.

When I've had a few beers and stumble to the toilets, I pull the corners and they all pop down percussively. I know I'm having a good time when I hear that noise. It is as consistent as the badge of the back right.

'I thought I could feel a breeze', Dad would say, struggling to do the middle button up, as he came down the hall way back to the lounge. His hands had such terrible circulation. I never knew how he could text, 'U Ok?', or use tools and keys. But I suppose we grow into our bodies, whatever they become.

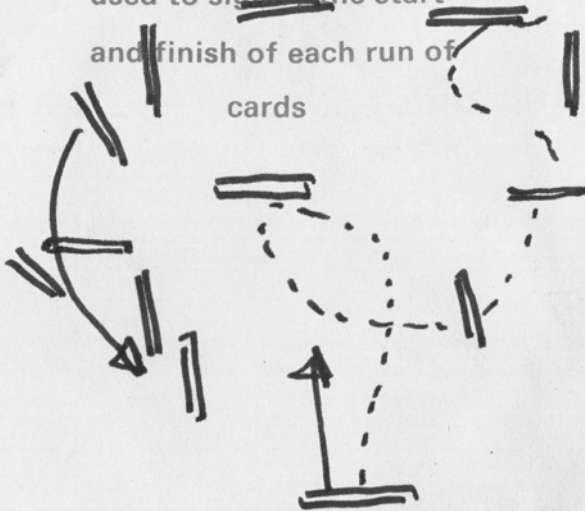
Despite his struggles with fine motor skills, he still favoured buttons. An odd choice for a man who didn't really value aesthetics. Maybe he did, and I just didn't give him credit for it.

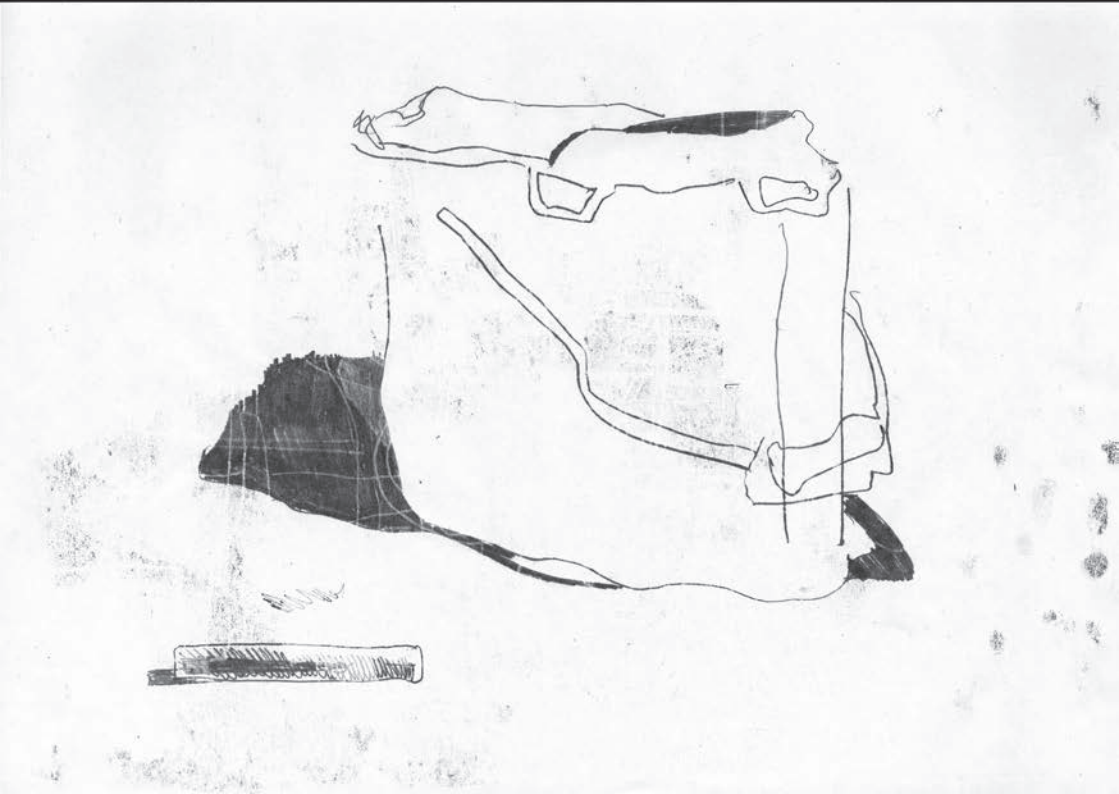
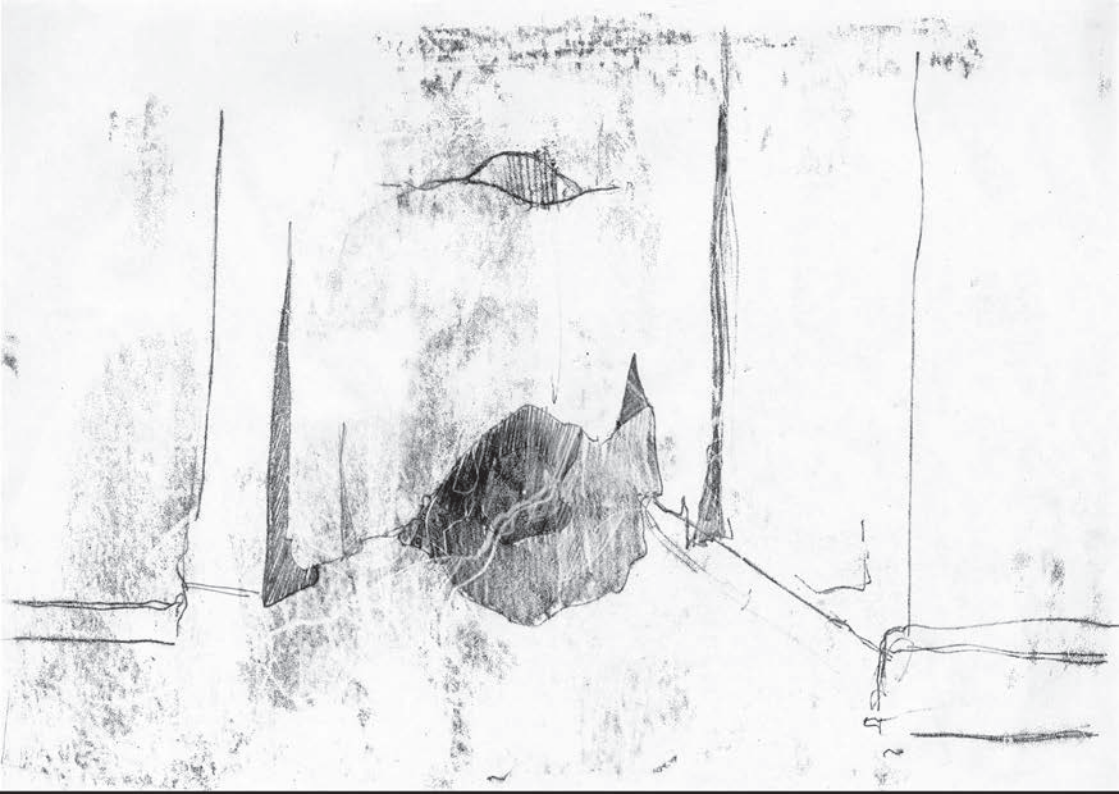
Afterall, Dad is the one who introduced me to Levi's, and every time I walk down the street in them, I feel a little bit closer to him.



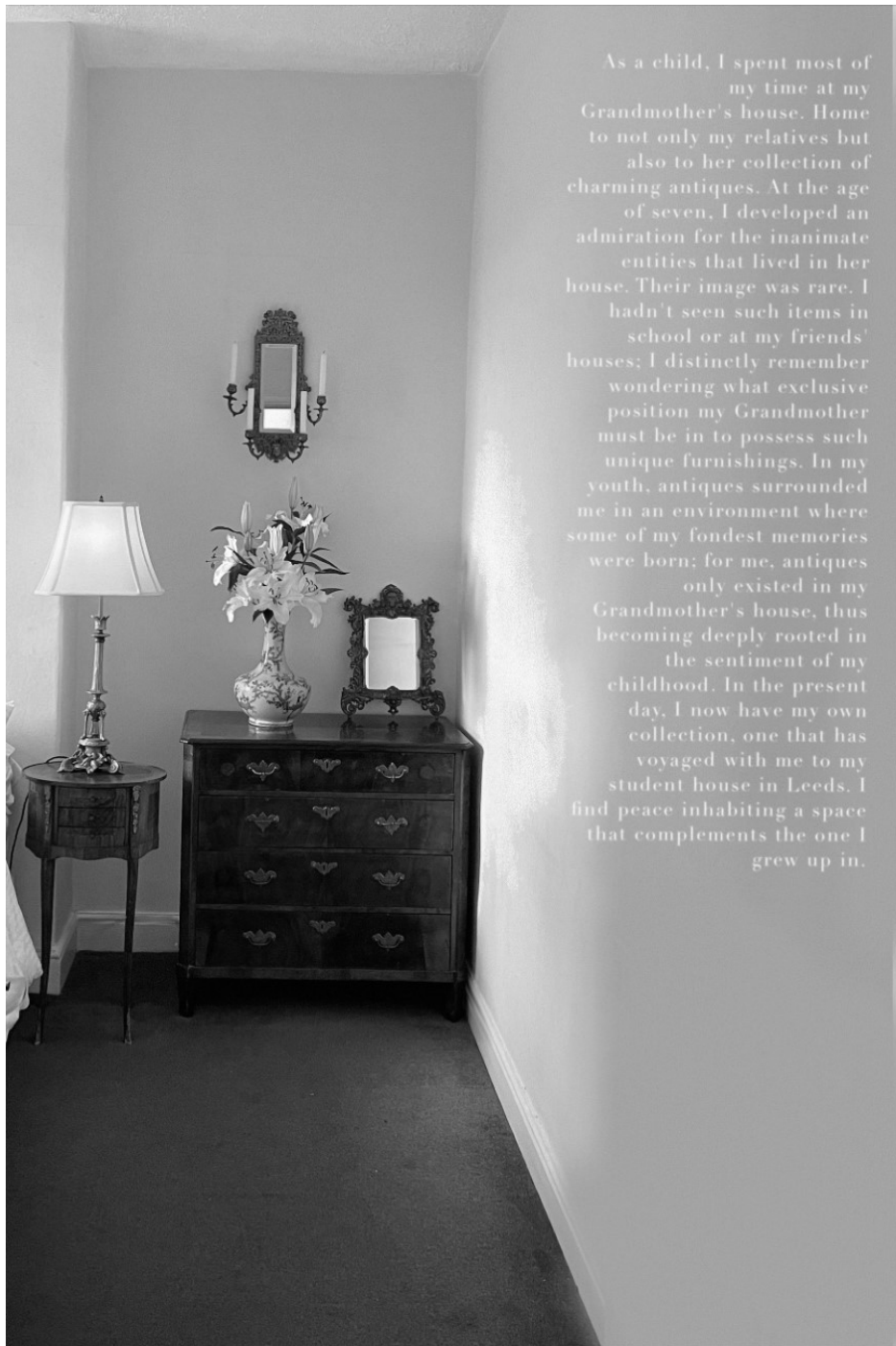
End Card

An end card should be used to signify the start and finish of each run of cards





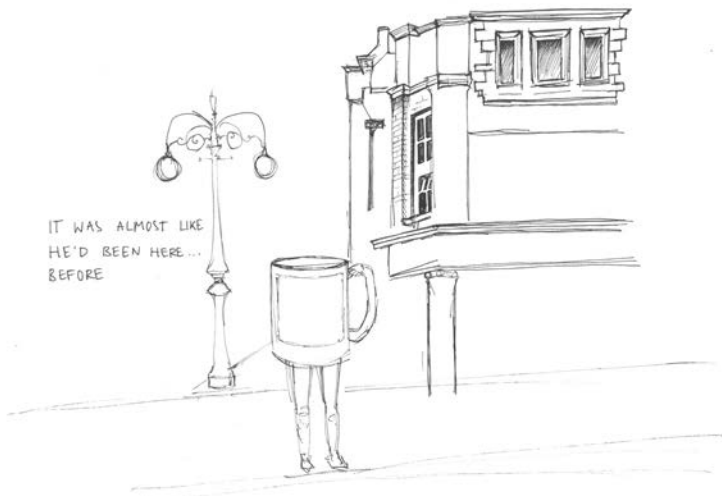




As a child, I spent most of my time at my Grandmother's house. Home to not only my relatives but also to her collection of charming antiques. At the age of seven, I developed an admiration for the inanimate entities that lived in her house. Their image was rare. I hadn't seen such items in school or at my friends' houses; I distinctly remember wondering what exclusive position my Grandmother must be in to possess such unique furnishings. In my youth, antiques surrounded me in an environment where some of my fondest memories were born; for me, antiques only existed in my Grandmother's house, thus becoming deeply rooted in the sentiment of my childhood. In the present day, I now have my own collection, one that has voyaged with me to my student house in Leeds. I find peace inhabiting a space that complements the one I grew up in.



AND JUST LIKE THAT...
THE SEARCH BEGAN



IT WAS ALMOST LIKE
HE'D BEEN HERE ...
BEFORE

88 Keys on
Piano



01784 Tv. Engineer
245507 —
Ring Friday
morning

"Have you ever tasted bird milk before?"

My last boyfriend asked me that question on our second date

I said "what?! Of course not!"

That must be cannibalism, or something. I don't know.

How does one even milk a bird?

He explained that you strip her down, bash her around like a pinata,
squeeze her tits.

I could identify with that.

I am always naked and I don't know why.

Not naked in a way that matters.

The edges of my silhouette blur into smoke,

And for all that I am and all that I see with my big weird eyes

I cannot conjure myself into being.

I remember when summer finally rolled around,

exposing its fat belly to the world.

I was so concerned with fitting my new self into old houses.

And obviously I succeeded.

My new self seemed to be an even less realised character.

A friend of mine told me about mindfulness and "living in the
moment".

A new age practise.

The first time you try it, she said, nothing happens.

But the second time, it changes your life.

Or something to that avail.

I told him about it and he laughed, which I understood.

The male brain has this built in impulse to lash out at the strange
and the magical, kicking away anything that defies what we call
logic.

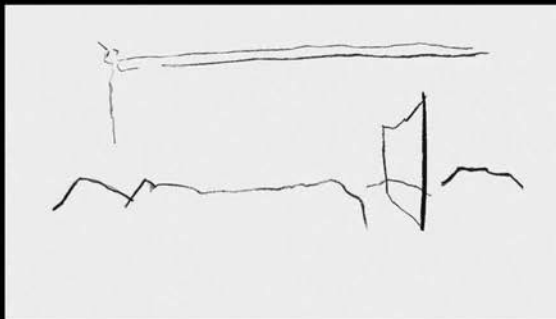
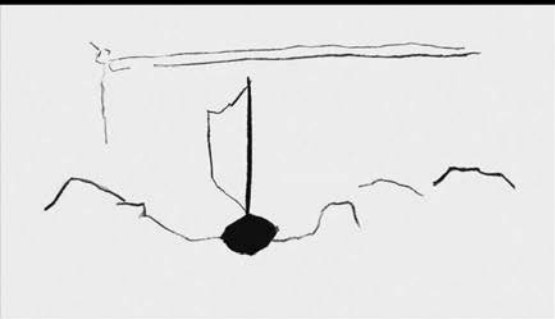
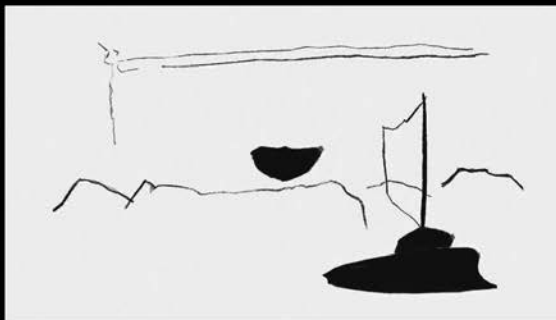
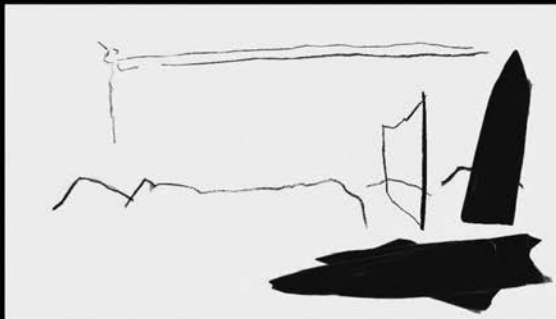
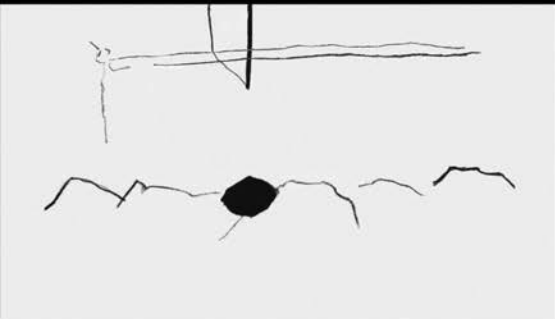
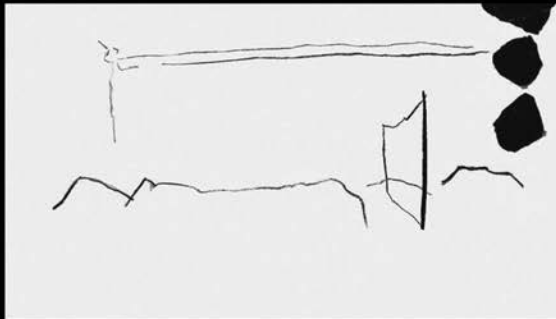
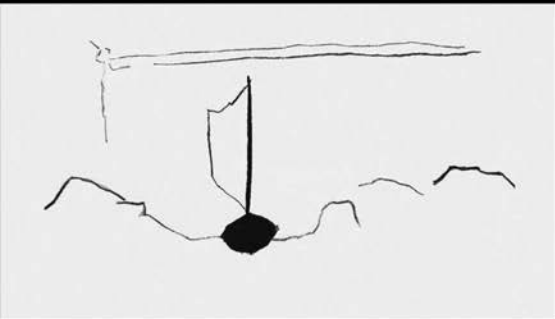
REVENGE CANNIBALISM

(I CARRY YOUR WEIGHT)

I devour you,
as an act of revenge,
I never reclaim what was taken,
but now I carry your weight
around in my belly,
like an unwanted pregnancy
or a parasite.

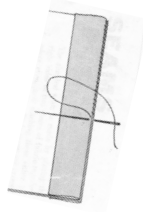
A.B.





River Love

A calming love,
is the beginning source of a stream.
The flowing weep,
over sun glistened stones,
the pace of run,
as it moves to flatter land.
A smooth meander,
as it bends a river backwards.
The flood of farmland,
after cold rain:
a still body of water,
as I am a still body of flesh.
The pouring mouth,
as it touches an ocean,
the sound of sound,
as it moves through.
An eroding cliff,
that travels,
along a rolling ocean wave,
to become slow moving ripples,
deep,
in the Irish Sea.



By Rosaleen Williams



What
a
difference!



MATTHEW A STU

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

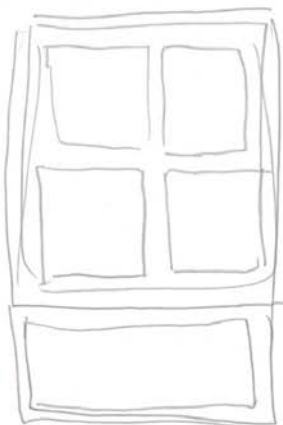
UBBS





LIGHT ON WALLS.

REFLECTION
DAYLIGHTING.
DIRECT +
INDIRECT LIGHT
SKYLIGHTS
WINDOWS.
GLASS. MIRROR
WALLPAPER
PAINT. SUN.
DIFFUSED DAYLIGHT



THE NON + THE
LIMITAL.
NON PLACES.

EDGE LANDS + NON PLACES

AIRPORT. RAIL STATIONS, STOPPING CENTRES,
SUPERMODERNITY. - BUS STATIONS.

THE DOMESTIC. & THE HOME.

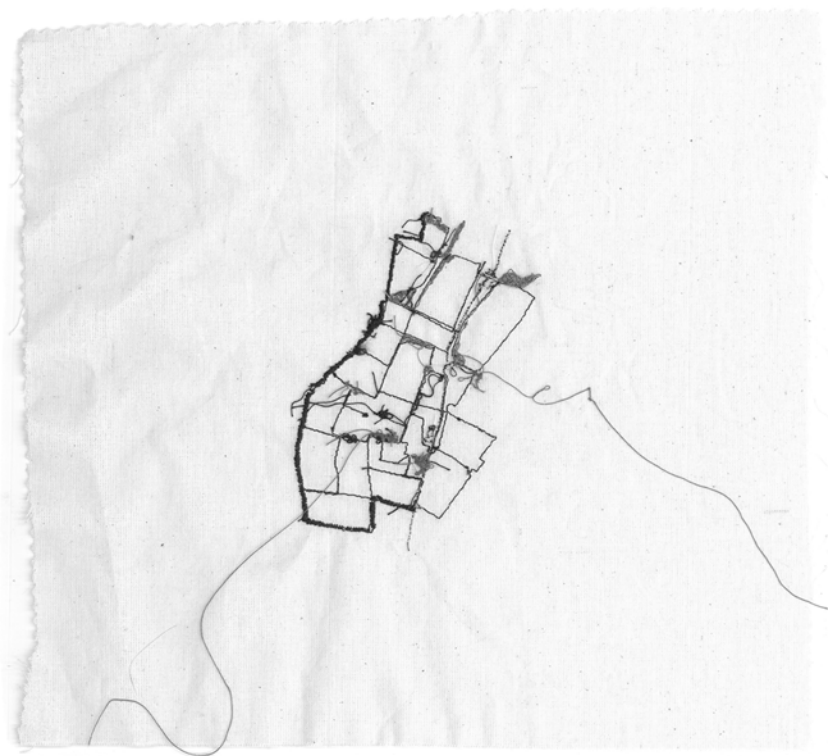
WHITE WALLS + SUNLIGHT REFLECTED ON THEM.

EDGE LANDS WITHIN MODERN CULTURE.

- REAL PLACES.
- PARTS OF A LARGER TERRITORY.
- IMAGINED OR DREAMED.

'LANGUAGE OF OTHERNESS'

THE SPACES IN BETWEEN CITY + COUNTRY SIDE
LAND + SEA - NATURAL + HUMAN MADE.





All encompassing alcoholism attached
always an archival action, but burdened
baby brown. Covert chocolate can catch
curious camels. Collected children could
cause ceremonial crafts done deathly. During
drawing, dad daintily drank. Dreamily dying
during deadened death. Event's formality
found father's funeral. Found forgiveness
from fragile frozen food. Good god gaining
great grief. Growing hundreds. Hense her
hanging hypnotising heirlooms hanging his
hope. In immersive ice-cream. Jocularly killing
lonely lost love. Last looming leather living-
room left magnum mess. Meanwhile made
musical, material mobile meaning memory. No
narrative? Nauseating. Objects pile providing
proper portrait presenting Phillip. Process
quest. Remembering rubbish. Sickening
sticks, silly sticks, shimmering sticks - super
silly. So then, task to undertake; utterly vital.
Virtually worthless, (x) yet yearning. zzz

By Madeleine Muir







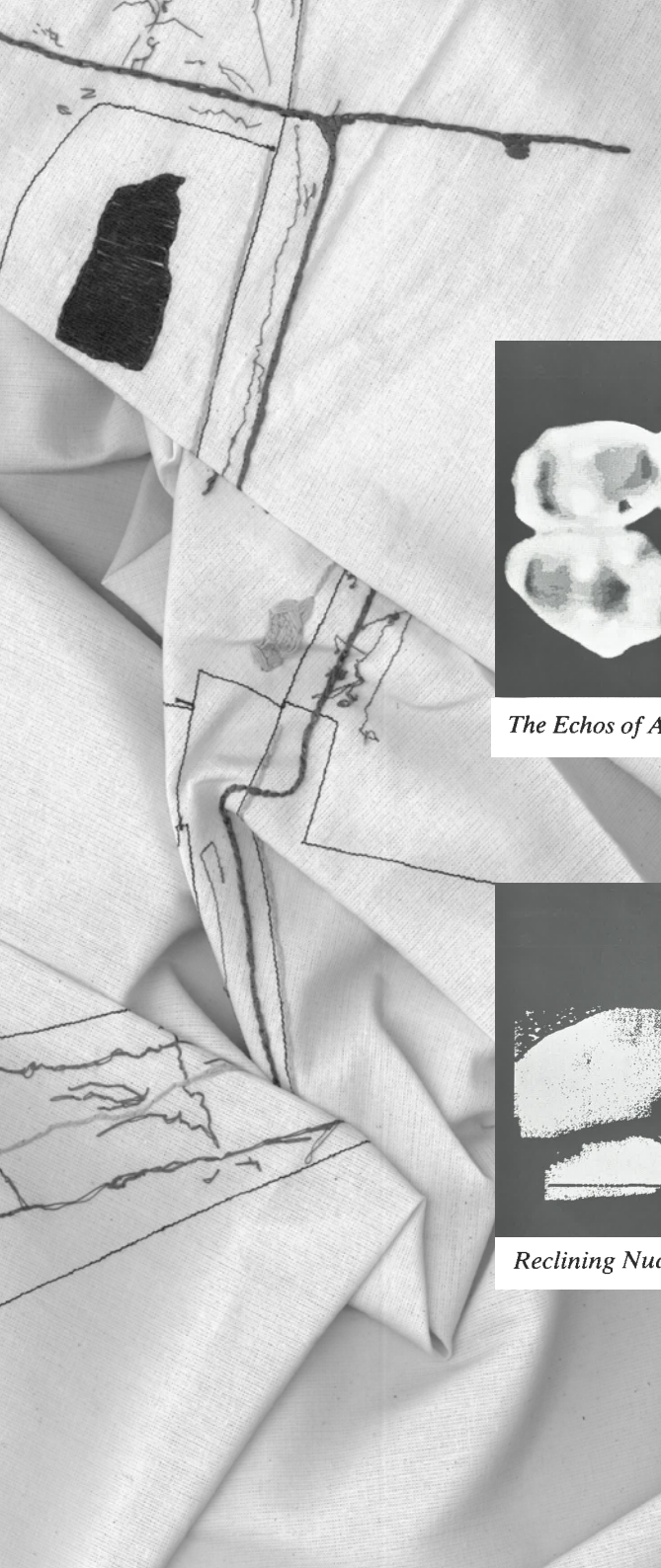


The Lucid Dreamer

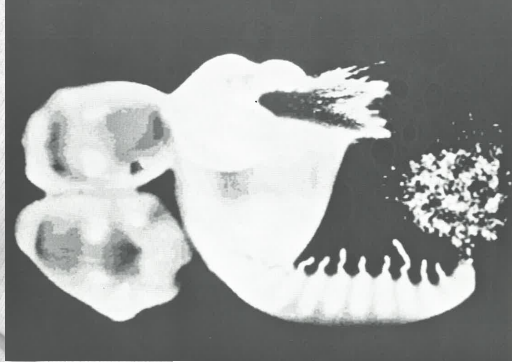
Look out the window, there is always someone looking back at you
The earwig writhes and wriggles into her ear to the mush white flower in
the boned dome of the girl's delicate eggshell mind
There it feasts, here it squirms leaving an entanglement of mines rooting
fears, chanting a screaming melody
The parasite grows until she sheds her own body and madness
manoeuvres her trembling hands, dragging the naked skin over the
washing line
A pelt of leather drying in the cold onlooking sun
Her womb lies in hardened glass on the grass, preserved, detached
What defined her once removed, sucks out the vision like a plug in the
sink.
There is she
Woeful be

Her potential children are strewn on the washing line, with every passing
month, growing, extending under the fig of misogyny.
She used to spill tea on the stairs.
Reality punctures when the fever of resistance is upon her,
She takes tablets for that
You cannot reason with the master of the earwig because the creationist
of the mental torture is yourself
A disorder of compulsion and obsession, means her state of bedlam is
ever repeated.

By Amy Beaumont

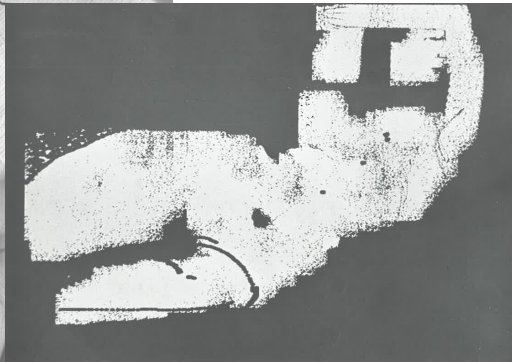


Paul Sermon



The Echos of Amiguity within Electronic Space

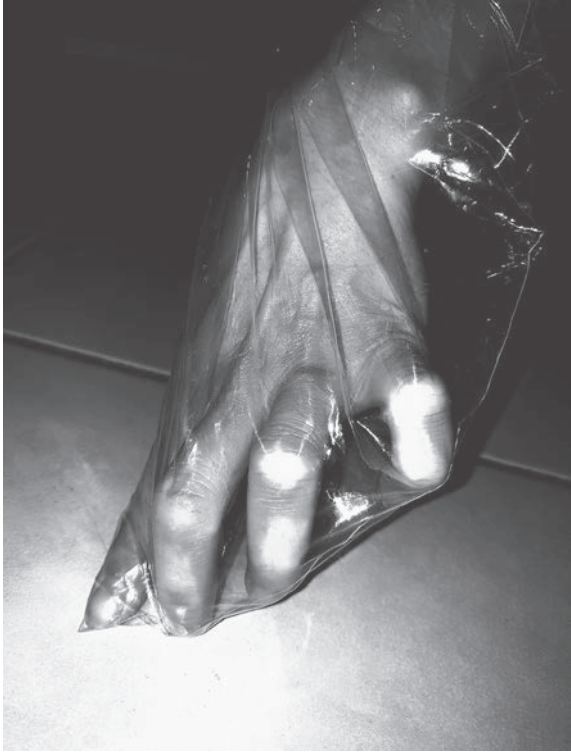
Richard Colson



Reclining Nude (Yellow)

AAAAAAA AA 'AAAAAAA A
AAA AAAA AAAAAAAAAAAA
AAAAAAA AAA AAAAAAA
AAAA AAAAAAAAA AA AAAA
A AAA AAA AA AAA AA
AAAAAA AAAAAAA AAAAAA
AA AAAA AAA AAAAAA A
AAAAAA AAAAAAAAA AA A
AAAA AAA AAAA AAAA
AA AAA AAAAA AA
AAAA AA REVEALED IN
WHAT IT PRODUCECES AA
AAAA AAAAA AAA AAAA
AAAA AAA AAAA AAA
AAAAAAAAAAA AAA AAAA
AA AA AA A SINCERE
AAAAAAAA AA AAAA AAA
AAAA AA AAAA DELI
CATE AAAAA AAAAA AA A
A AAAAA AAAAA AAAAA





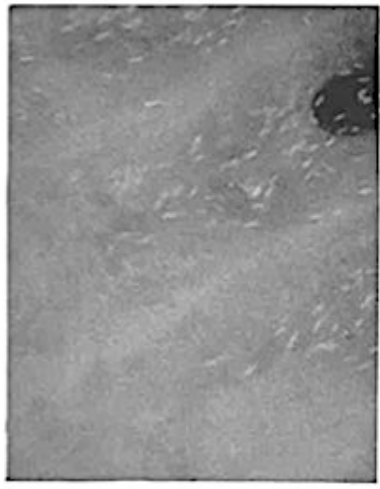
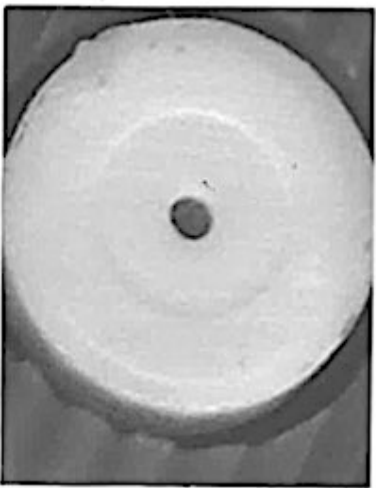
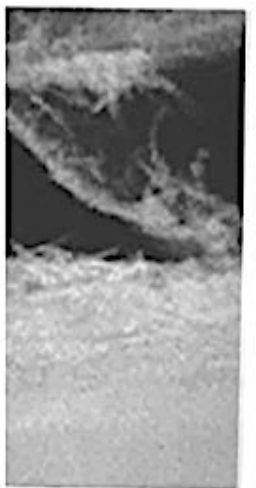
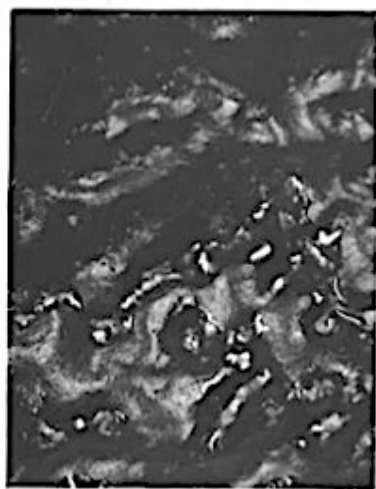
1. Someone to watch over me.
2. All I want is a Room Somewhere.
3. Try to Remember.
4. A Long time from May to December.
5. Around the world.
6. Well Meet Again.
7. Where have all the Flowers Gone.
8. Tulips from Amsterdam.
9. Portrait of my Love.
10. Charmaine.
11. French Can Can.
12. Sailors Hornpipe.
13. Everytime you say good bye I cry a little.
14. The Joy of Love.
15. Your are my hearts delight.
16. Moon River.
17. After the Ball.
18. Carolina Moon.
19. Two little girls in blue.
20. Hang down your head Tom Dooley.
21. Night & Day.
22. You always hurt the one you love.
23. We are Sailing.
24. Amazing Grace.
25. Morning has broken.
26. White Cliffs of Dover.
27. Sonny Boy.
28. Frere et Jacques French are you sleeping.
29. Now is the Hour.
30. Wish me luck as you wave me good Bye.
31. Take me to your heart again.
32. Old Man River.
33. Old Father Thames.
34. Loves Old Sweet Song.
35. As time goes bye.
36. I Only have eyes for you.
37. My Own let me call you my own.
38. Mc Namaras Band.
39. I have often walked the street where you live.
40. Anniversary Waltz.
41. Dont sit under the Apple Tree.
42. Little things mean a lot.
43. Well Gather lilacs in the Spring again.
44. He was beautiful.
45. Mona Liza.
46. Lambeth Way.
47. O Ba De O Ba Da.
48. Kingston Town.
49. All Day All Night May Ann.
50. Cuckoo Waltz.
51. Love Walked Right In.
52. Burlington Bertie.
53. A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square.
54. Oranges & Lemons.
55. London Pride has been handed down to us.
56. Swing Low Sweet Chariott.
57. Those were the days
58. Waltzing Matilda.
59. My Bonnie lies over the Ocean.
60. Embrace me my Embraceable you.
61. O Dear what can the matter be johnny's so long at the Fair.
62. Whispering.
63. Dance in the Old Fashioned way.
64. Mammy.
65. Climb upon my knee Sonny Boy.
66. Rock a-Bye my Baby
67. Me & My Shadow.
68. Some Enchanted Evening.

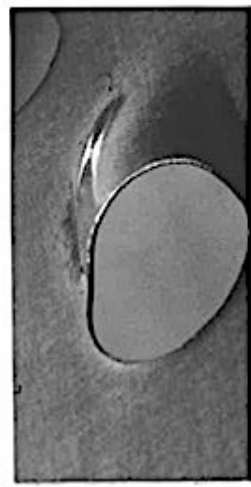
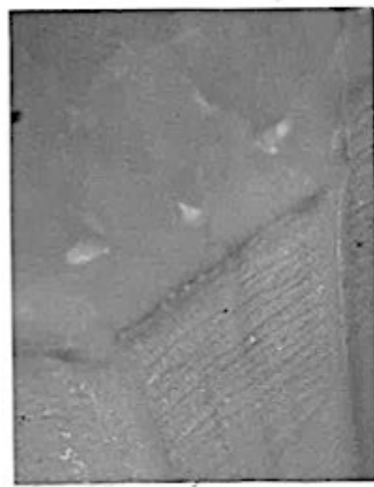
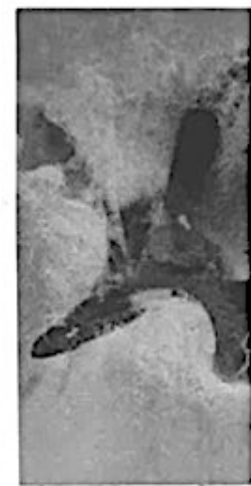
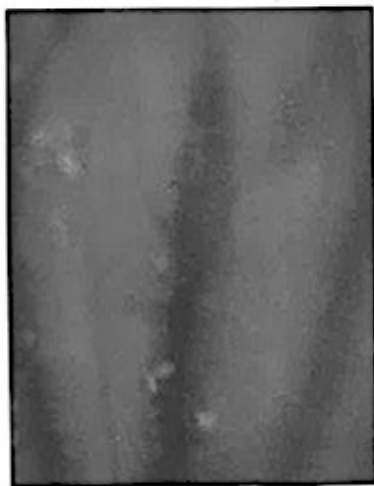
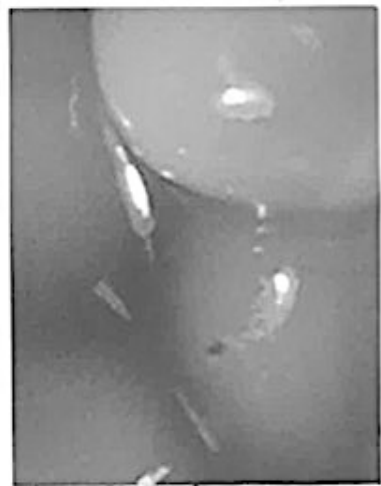
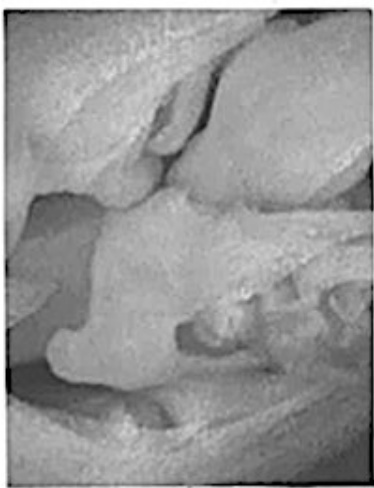
MARBLE Hall

See Walk Behind you
MAGGIE
on Wings of Song

Love Letters in
the Sand.
When I fall in
Love







Sentar la cabeza:
'to settle the head', meaning 'to settle down' or 'the act of settling down'



HERE AT LAST!

NEW AND BOXED

Displays

WORTH SEEING

&

GOOD TO LOOK AT...

VISIT US

In the school of Fine Art, History of Art and
Cultural Studies, University of Leeds.

University Road, Woodhouse, Leeds, LS6
9JT

Open 10th - 25th June 2022



This publication compliments the Undergraduate Fine Art degree show, ***Sitting With It***, through a celebration of writing. It is an amalgamation of text based work, including poetry and essays, as well as photographs, drawings, collages, prints, research material and plans. This publication hopes to aid as a deeper insight into the practices and processes of the 62 students that are showcasing work in the exhibition.



UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS

Co-created by
Rosaleen Williams and George Storm Fletcher