BLUNDERBUSS

NO. 03

HUW ALDEN DAVIES
LIBERTY DENT
LEON EVANS
MADDY FRANCIS
CALLUM HOPKINS
HEPHZIBAH HUGGINS
'JENKS IN THE CUT'
IMOGEN MILLS
JESS PARRY
AMELIA PLATT
BRENNA SIMPSON
KATYA SLOBODSKAIA
PETE SPRING
BILLY STILLMAN
NATE TUCKER
RHYS WAY
DAFYDD WILLIAMS
GARETH WILLIAMS
OREN ZOLDAN

Welcome/ to:

BLUNDE

Magazine

LEON EVANS / DESIGN

-RBUSS

Issue:

NO.03

08/2020

DR PETER SPRING / EDITOR IN CHIEF

RHYS WAY / DESIGN

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BLUNDER BUSS MAGAZINE ISSUE NUMBER 03. (DIGITAL AND PRINT). ISSUE THEME: CHANGE. DISTRIBUTED AUGUST 2020.

ALL OPINIONS AND VIEWS EXPRESSED ARE THE CONTRIBUTOR'S OWN AND DO NOT REFLECT THE COLLECTIVE VIEW OF THE BLUNDERBUSS TEAM OR ANYBODY INVOLVED.
THEY ALSO DO NOT REPRESENT THE VIEWS AND OPINIONS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WALES TRINITY SAINT DAVID, OR ANY ALUMNI INVOLVED IN THE PROJECT.

— (Pete Spring). July ‘20 *“WELCOME TO BLUNDERBUSS”* FOR BB. 03.

My name is Pete Spring and I am proud to be the Academic Director for the Portfolio of Architecture & Design, Swansea College of Art, UWTSD.

Blunderbuss is extra-curricular and cross-disciplinary. For those of you that don’t know, we initially built our Blunderbuss in 2018, so we could pack it full of an array of ammunition, take aim and fire back at those ‘things’ we wanted to target. Now, we are dusting it off, giving it a polish and a bit of oil, and have re-loaded...

Issue Three, like One and Two, was open to everyone and anyone, students, colleagues, schools, friends, family; it is not much, it is modest in its intentions, but is always a call to creative, arms.

We ‘Blunderers’ insist that it is free and independent and is a stage from which we can collaborate and contribute. In essence, ‘anything goes’ (as long as it is thematic and professional) No censorship, just editing (usually of my typos’). So, “Change”, that is what we are all doing, all the time, and it seems to me, the idea is often loaded by a good dose of explicit, as well as tacit pessimism, and myself and the Blunderbuss team have had enough.

For each issue, we choose a new theme or keyword, and this time it is ‘Change’. As fate would have it, this was decided upon before any viral pandemic imposed itself upon us all, but change is now more prominent in our minds and our actions than it has been for generations.
But, change is good – usually. Change is necessary, it is constant and unavoidable, it is how it is arranged that is fundamental to our successes, our benefit and our happiness...

At the Blunderbuss Head Office, a room (shed) full of biscuits, (crumbs...) bits of paper, scribbles and strange chair designs, and the occasional cat looking for a warm place to sleep, it has never been a busier time.
What we wanted from our call for contributions was - anything – at all, to do with the idea of ‘change’ and what it meant to you. It might, naturally enough, be about the Covid-19 “thing”, it might have nothing what-so-ever to do with the virus. It might, radical though this might seem, be about something more optimistic. We don’t have a prescribed format so anything is applicable, pictures, poems, songs, ideas, philosophical views, designs, art, science – you name it, if it is to do with the theme of ‘change’, it is eligible.

This finished web version of the magazine has been designed by Swansea College of Art Product Design post-graduate alumni Rhys Way and Leon Evans, and I would like thank them very much for their drive, ambition and never-ending enthusiasm. I would also like to extend my thanks to all those new and existing contributors for jumping on board the Blunder-bus (get-it?) and coming along for this adventure, and the future ones, too.

Therefore, brace yourselves... for the pages henceforth are a global response to the keyword of ‘Change’.

Hello everyone.
+
Welcome to Issue Three of Blunderbuss.

Dr Peter Spring

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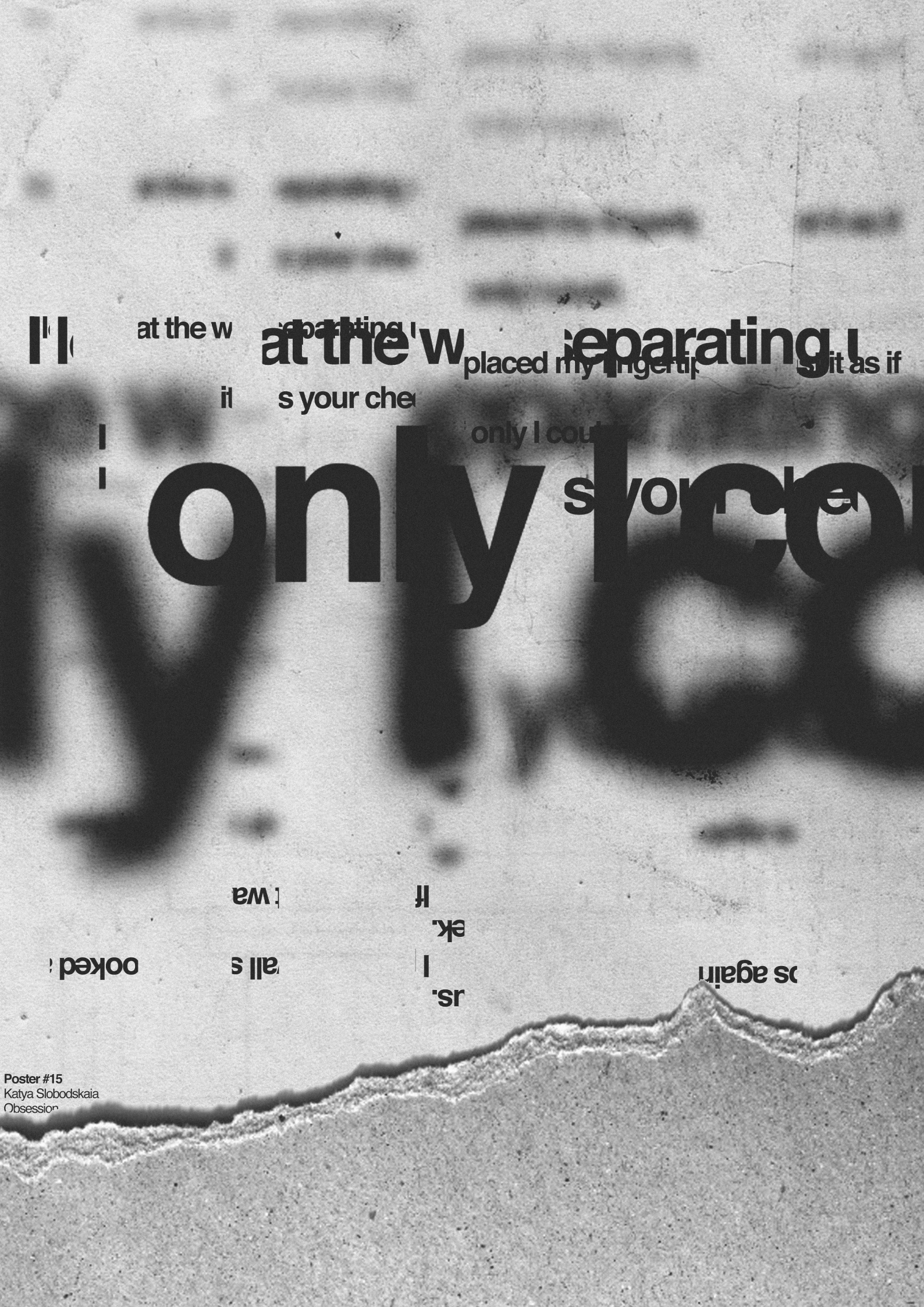


Poster #15
Katya Slobodskaia
Obsession

A Changing Narrative

Amelia Platt

Poster By:
Katya Slobodskaia

AS I GO WALKING...

I must remember to look left and right. These streets are narrow and straight, a confident black line on the map. I have seen these landmarks too before, blocky and grey. This route is familiar, a comfortable passage. The people here walk straight ahead, eyes lowered. We trudge on, separate figures. We haunt the same places, day in and day out, touch the same objects until the shape of them is imprinted on the mind. Our minds tune in and out of conversations searching for something familiar to latch onto. I must remember to look for you, to find your face against the many. Our hands might brush against one another, a connection forged. Imagine that, the flowing of shared pasts and presents between us. Perhaps we could hear it, like the quiet buzz of electricity in the wires. There would be no outward change, just a slight ripple in our minds, one that grew and grew, until inside we were in turmoil, a gushing waterfall. We might grab our maps, feel the sunlight on our hands and rip. You would see it, the falling shreds of paper that would litter the ground like confetti. Perhaps, we would run, our feet hitting the cold pavement beneath us. We would run, chasing whispers on the wind – whispers that speak of pain, loss and hope. Our hands scrabbling at walls, brick beneath our fingers, trying to plot a path. Perhaps, we fall, and the grey ground reaches up to meet us. We feel shocked by this pain, this emphasis of feeling. Until at last we are out, out of the cold, dark streets into something new and entirely different. We would feel it then, this absence of safety, its’ intoxicating. You would tell me your story and I would sit and listen, like an eager child, feel your words pour over me. We would look back at the remnants of the narrative; a broken, burnt out shell and then at our selves wrenched from everything we thought we knew.

I must remember to look for you as I go walking.

After working on my specialist project which is focused on the land that I walk every day, I needed to find a way to present my work to our tutors. I had created a lot of my paintings using our stream to provide the movement needed to mark make. It made sense to then use my stream as an exhibition venue.

My family were invited to the 'private view' where drinks were served. A total of five adults and two cats! It was a great evening and I envisage showing here again.

str

eaming?

Photograph, Words & Artwork: Maddy Francis

Infinity Road

Omniscient sands swept through,
Like tiptoeing on a knife edge,
Wearing concrete shoes,
I watched the moon ache,
Rivers of old grew dust,

Life hurts,
And moves too fast,
I just can’t live,
In moments passed.

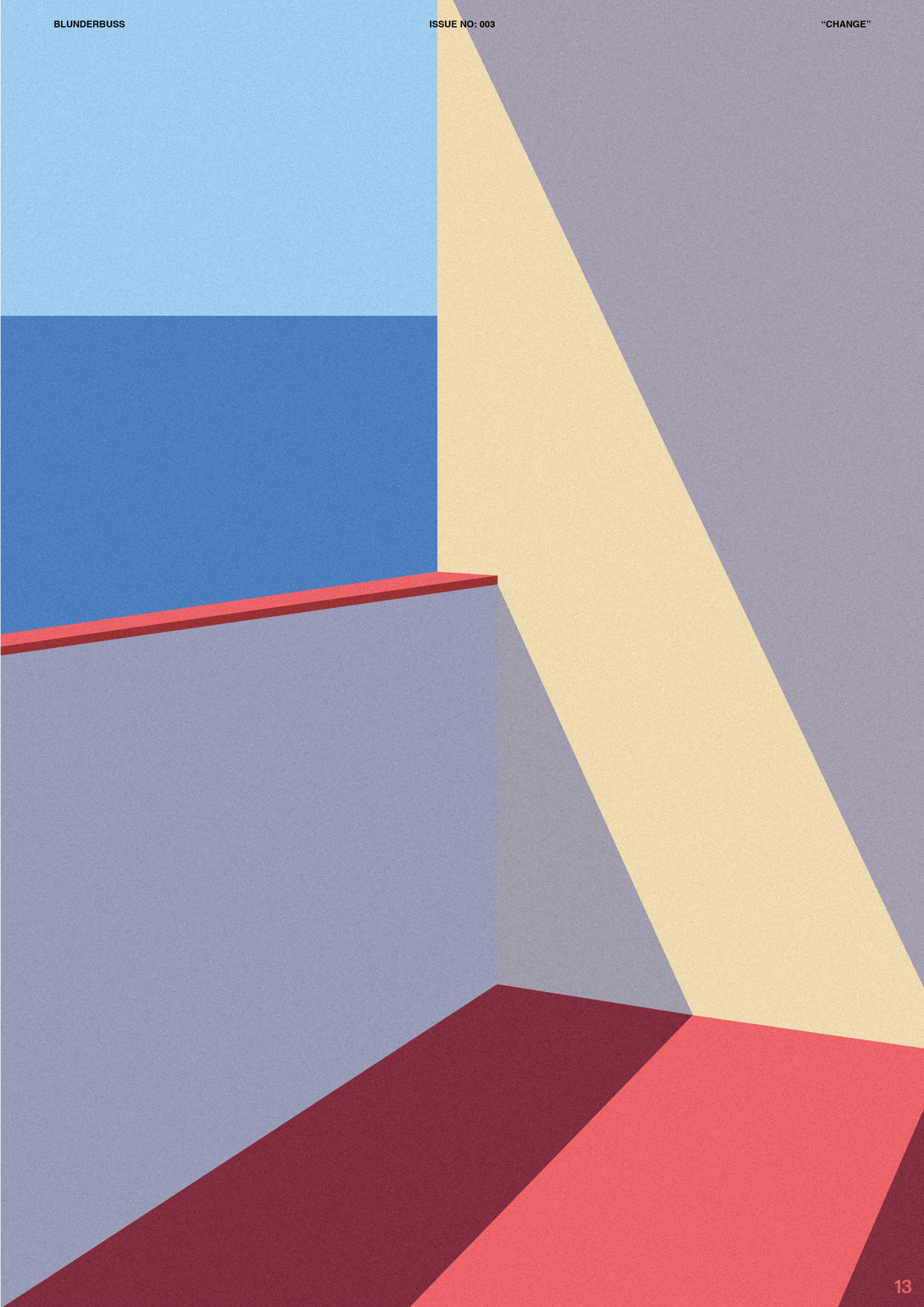
I yield to swells in my own insecurities,
The deeper I delve,
Enraptured in deaf panic.
For who can marshal the stream?
All things sewn, breaking seam,
For rivers of dust grew old,
For here I stand at; Infinity Road.

Infinity Road,
Infinity Road,
Infinity Road,
Infinity Road,
Infinity Road,
Infinity Road.

(RHYS WAY)

Words & Artwork: Rhys Way

12:23



Escapism in Landscape and alternative photographic processes

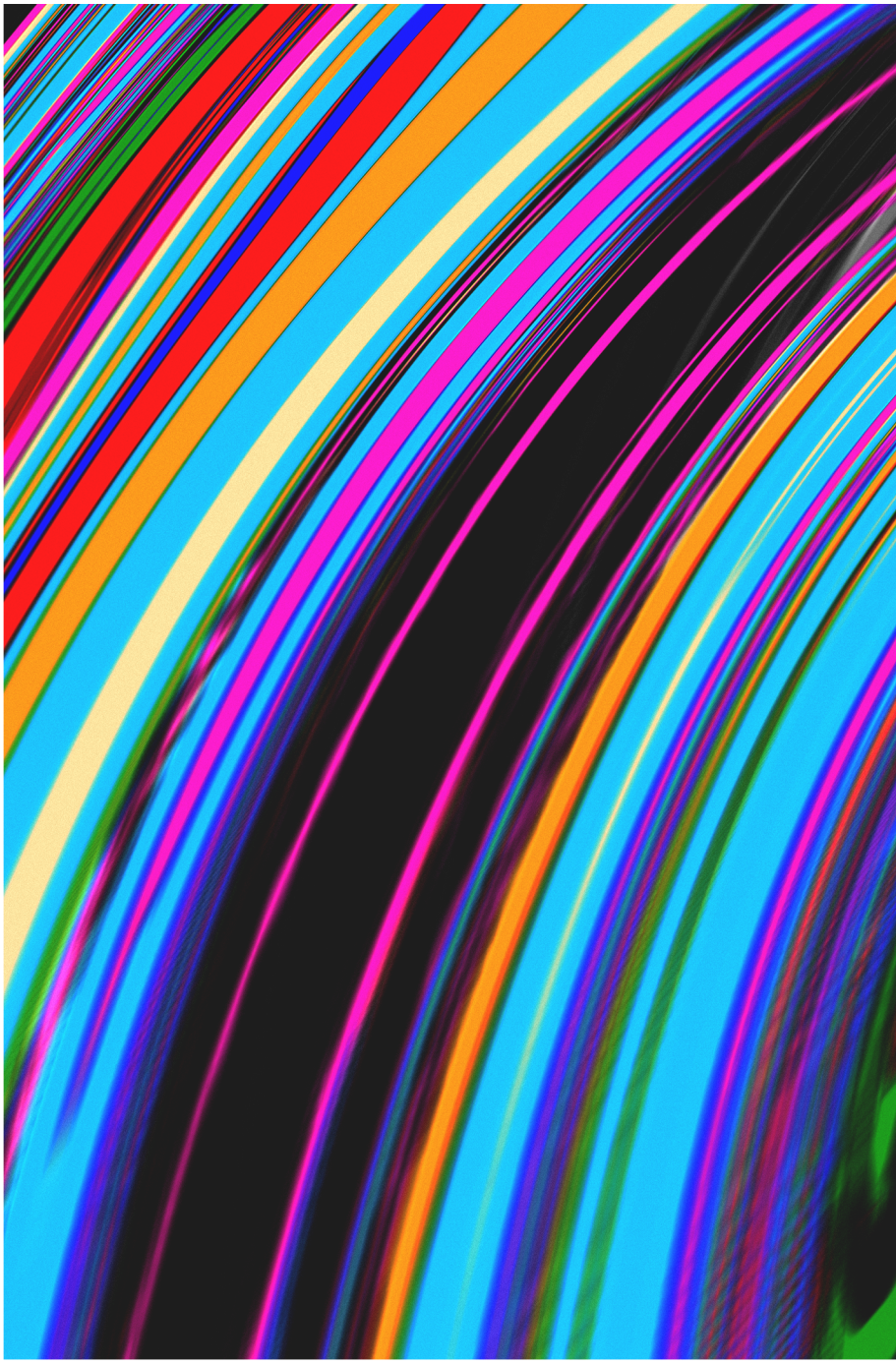
Photography : Dafydd Williams

I have probably walked more in the past 3 months than I did the entirety of last year. Walking the farm landscape near my parents home after lunch or before dinner has become part of a routine to ground ourselves on a daily basis. This is what I have been photographing, with not much of an agenda or a reason, on black and white 35mm & 120mm film. There have been conversations and thoughts when walking, one of which is the ignorance of the farm landscape to the current pandemic. Not farm landscape as a business, but farm landscape as an objectified wild landscape. It IS bizarre what is occurring in the world at that moment as the grass continues to grow and rivers continue to run. Thinking about global networking and information. Our interconnectivity and relationships. Questioning whether ignorance is bliss. Whether I should be as ignorant as this landscape. A form of escapism through and with the landscape.

COZUMEL

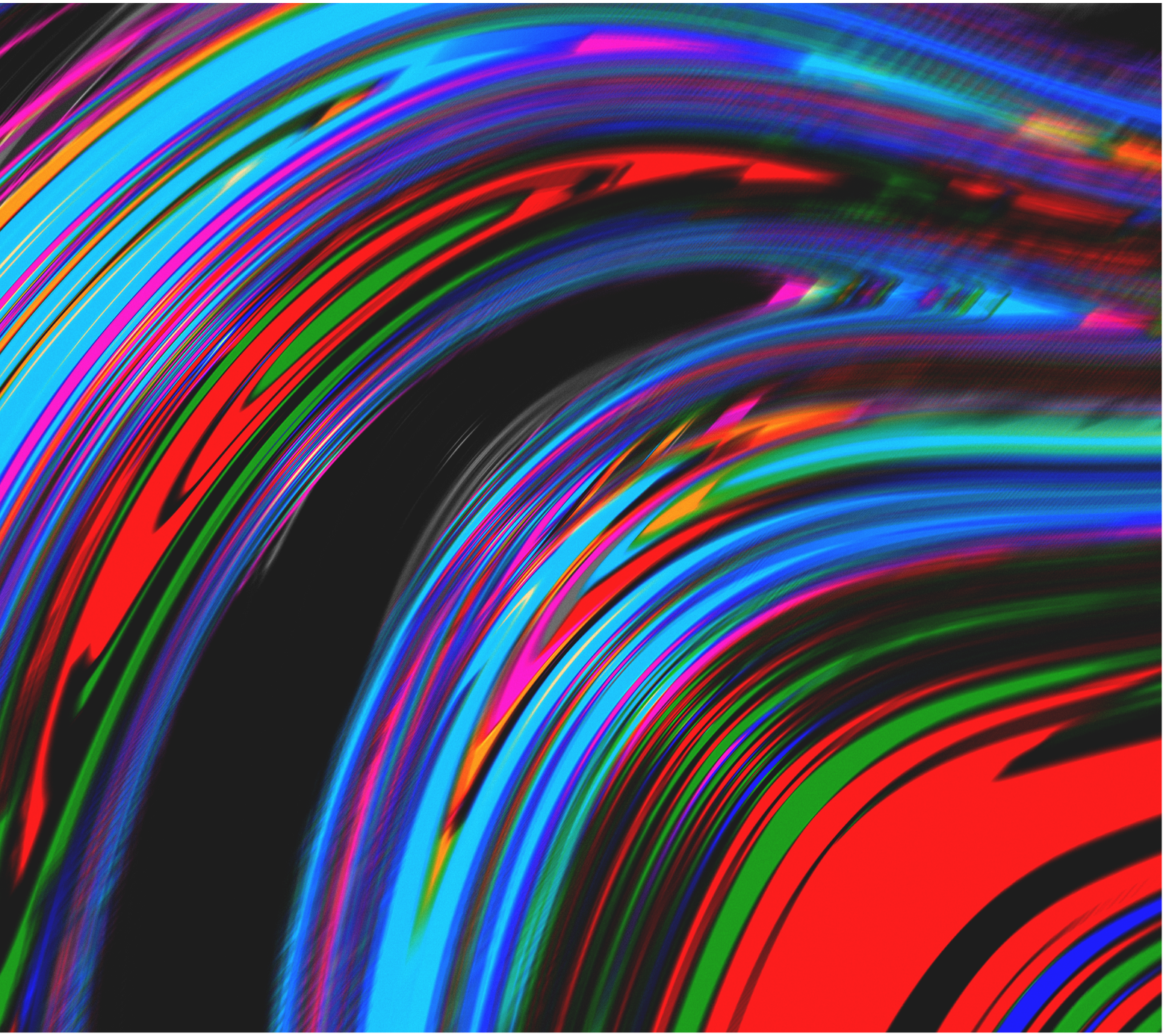
The images made were shot using a Vivitar (35mm) and a Mamiya RZ67 (120mm) on black and white film. The challenge is to then replicate the conditions and tools needed for developing the film. During research I came across ideas of homemade, more environmentally friendly developers, and in particular Caffenol. Caffenol uses coffee granules, vitamin C, and soda crystals, dissolved in water, to develop black and white film.

It is worth mentioning that colour processing is a far more difficult and controlled method compared to black and white processing, which is why I have only shot in B&W. The caffenol process also gives an alternative, rich tone to the film, beautifully complementing the landscape and portraits. This became my main method for developing film from home, using a black-out bag to load the film into a developing tank, eliminating the requirement for a light-proof room. All my images shot from home during lockdown have been developed using this method.



Artwork: Rhys Way

‘DIGITAL
YOU ARE



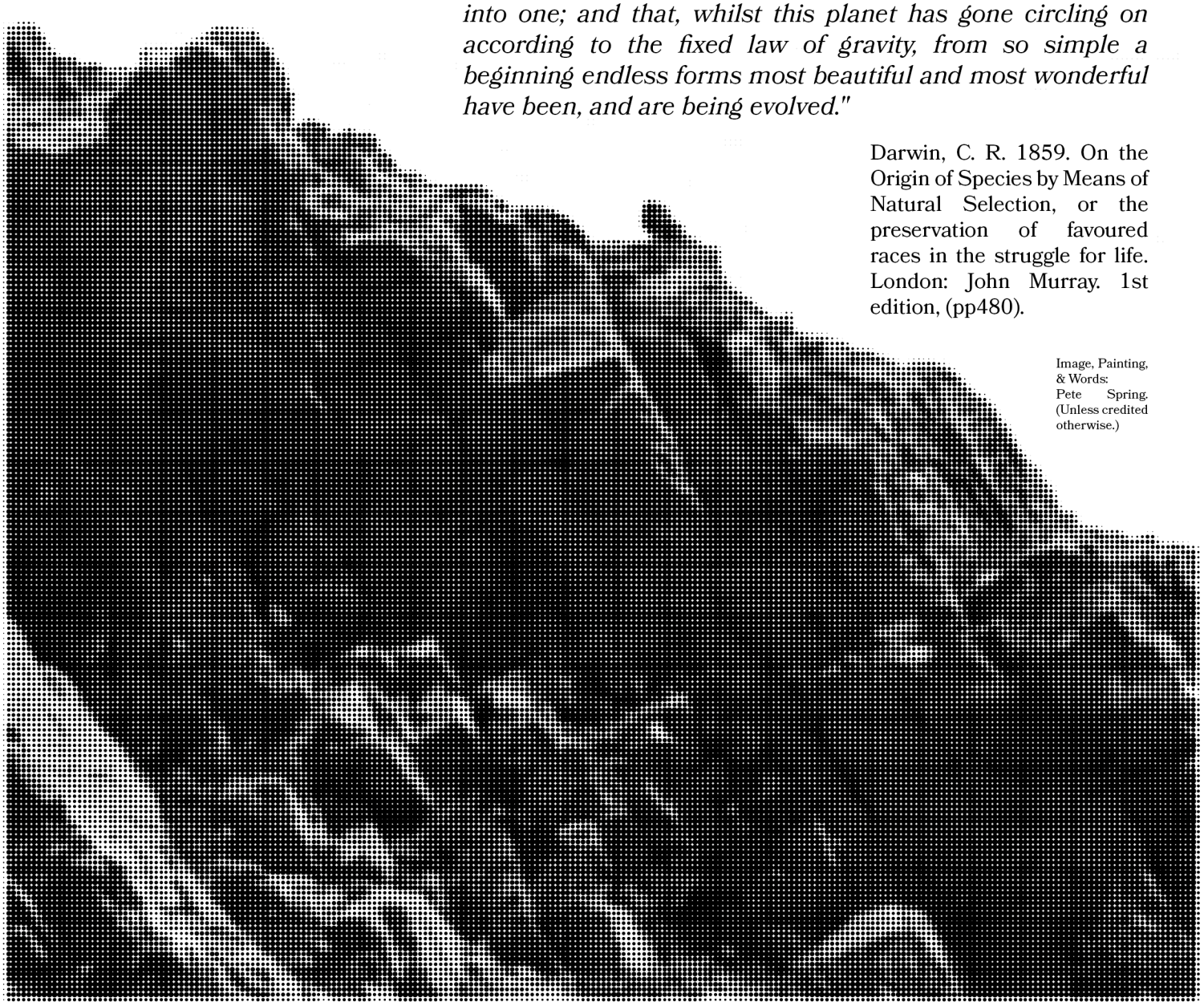
PAINTING 1999
E ALWAYS NEW’.

I would like to contribute to the idea of change, by perhaps obviously standing next to a quote by my hero, Charles Darwin. If anyone can encapsulate the ideas of change in brief, but in such poetic and meaningful way, it is my old chum, Darwin, (I flatter myself, but he has been a huge influence on my life and research interests, I think of him in these terms). And, it isn't just the ever-growing shared similarity of hair and beard..).

From the original:

"It is interesting to contemplate a tangled bank, clothed with many plants of many kinds, with birds singing on the bushes, with various insects flitting about, and with worms crawling through the damp earth, and to reflect that these elaborately constructed forms, so different from each other, and dependent upon each other in so complex a manner, have all been produced by laws acting around us. These laws, taken in the largest sense, being Growth with reproduction; Inheritance which is almost implied by reproduction; Variability from the indirect and direct action of the conditions of life, and from use and disuse; a Ratio of Increase so high as to lead to a Struggle for Life, and as a consequence to Natural Selection, entailing Divergence of Character and the Extinction of less improved forms. Thus, from the war of nature, from famine and death, the most exalted object which we are capable of conceiving, namely, the production of the higher animals, directly follows. There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one; and that, whilst this planet has gone circling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been, and are being evolved."

Darwin, C. R. 1859. On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection, or the preservation of favoured races in the struggle for life. London: John Murray. 1st edition, (pp480).



Image, Painting, & Words: Pete Spring. (Unless credited otherwise.)

a letter of reflection

expsosing the depths.

Leon Evans

To Whom It May Concern,

In all seriousness, I should be grateful for the place I'm in, but I cannot seem to shake this overwhelming sadness. I have had an exhausting battle with my mind from as early as I can remember, but I won't delve into the details of that now. The last six weeks have been an enormous test on my mental health, in a positive and negative sense. Some days, I am bedridden, no urge for interaction, food, or quite frankly life. In that very moment nothing matters, consumed by my depressive nature once again, why am I not able to change? My perception of myself alters, I begin to hate my appearance all over again. Everything that once clouded my happiness resurfaces and no matter how hard I try I can't seem to improve my head space until I eventually fall asleep. Falling asleep has never been a burdensome task for myself, I have never been a true insomniac and I am grateful for that. It seems that sleep is a reset button these days. My moods fluctuate greatly from day-to-day so it is hard to know what to expect. Sometimes with conviction, I trick my mind into thinking I am a hopeless sadistic that is 'overreacting'...this isn't the case. I do not want this to sound like a self-pitying cry, but more a letter to document and vent my perceptible sensibilities.

I have made a conscious effort to find an antidote, I understand that materialistic purchases admittedly won't cure these feelings, you'll still wallow in sadness wearing your new white trainers and your designer t-shirt. Owning new things is just a mere addiction that we, humans can't beat. The last thing you bought simply won't cut it when your next order arrives. This is just a temporary fix for the sadness that I am still guilty of to this day. One of my coping mechanisms is my partner, she has been fantastic in helping me get along with my feelings through our 4 years together and more so during this isolation period where I have been held down by my irritability and joylessness. I know it sounds cliché, but we can all benefit from a little exercise; my mental functionality seems a little better the more I engross myself with the outdoors. I've dragged myself out of the house a great deal lately and have now found a somewhat 'routine' amongst the confusion and uncertainty and it has helped me manage and support a positive mentality. Granted, This will not work for everyone but please find a way of coping, find someone you trust, and open up to them, do not suffer in silence.

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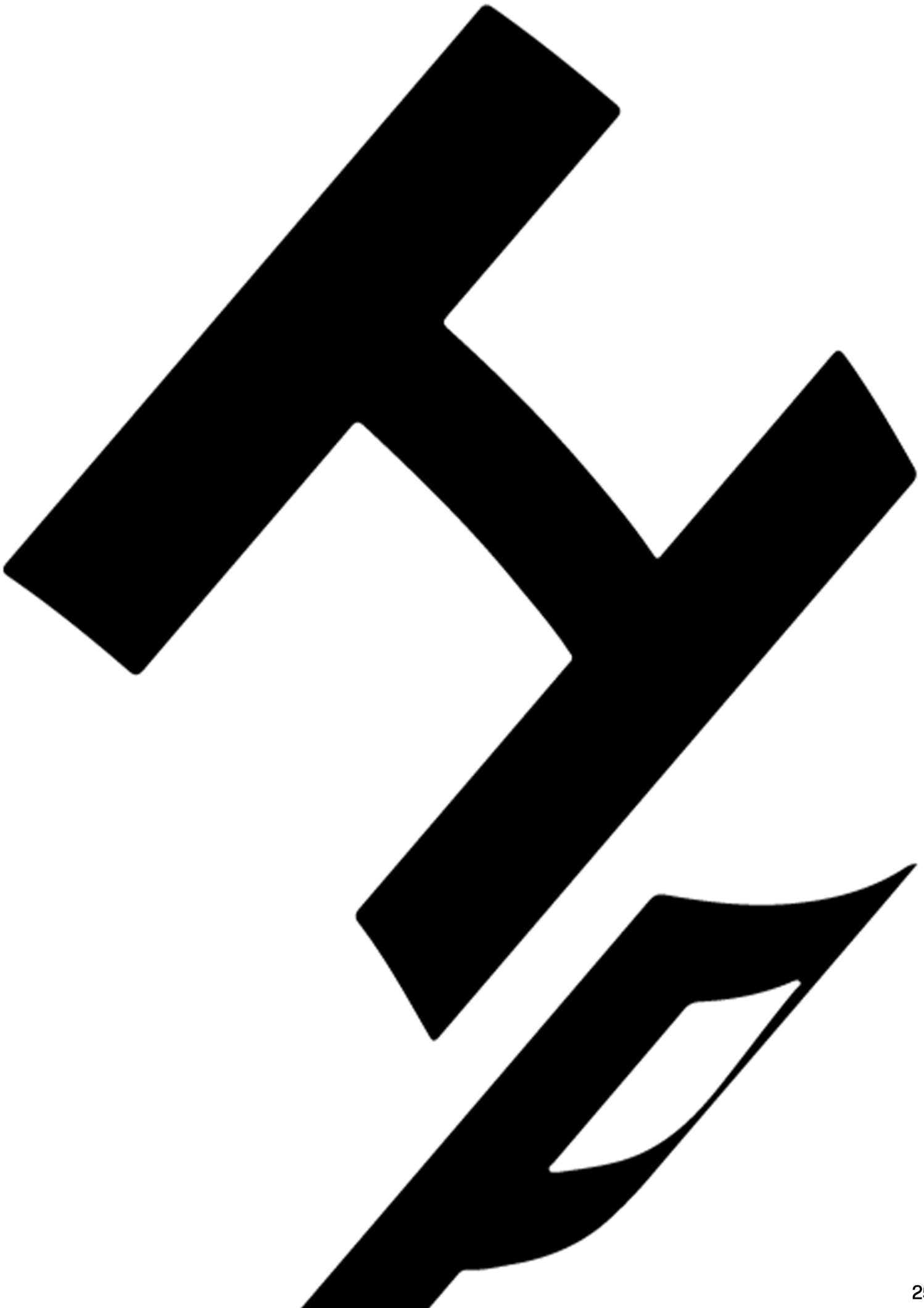


Daughter Nature

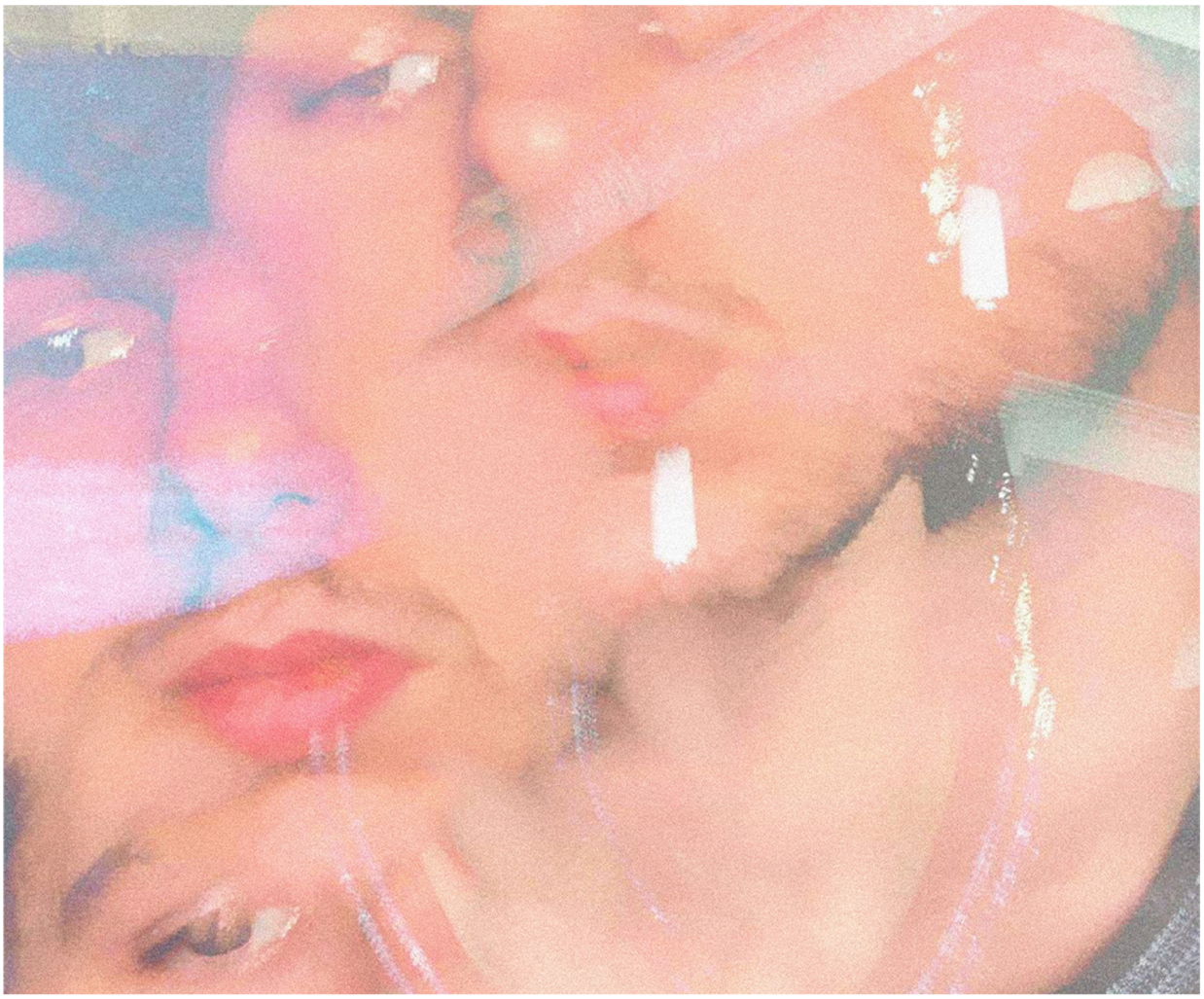
Scent
Freshly cut grass,
Suncream.

The sensory sign to begin the garden preening ceremony.
Pluck. Rip. Scrape. Snip. Lather. Strip.
Overnight from Babylon to Grand Canyon.

I deny the love She gave,
An ivory canvas,
Covered in wiry hedges,
And smooth willows.
Care went into our creation.

Women are wild flowers,
Different smells,
Different speeds,
Different needs,
But they still continue to grow
On roundabouts
And national parks
And the darkest of coves.

(BRENNA JAYNE SIMPSON)



In The Midst *

__ (Callum Hopkins).
June ‘20
“IN THE MIDST” FOR
BLUNDERBUSS 03.

In The Midst

I am primarily a painter, but during lockdown I have found myself with less materials and equipment to create my desired outcomes, so I had to adapt and play with technology instead of traditional painting. I first played with a time lapse view of myself circulating my bed. I wanted to visualise many figures in a frame to give the presence of a social gathering. The loneliness that comes with this lockdown has had quite the impact on myself, but it has also brought a comfort within being in my own company.

The excessive washing of my hands has become a personal obsession, as the virus has made me analyse my surroundings, turning an already cautious man even more so. I wanted to capture the movement and action, which led me to playing with long exposure, showing the obsessive task in motion. I have also been taking light trail portrait long exposures, using my family and myself to create disjointed images, showcasing the distortion of the world around me changing. Time itself does appear to be warping, and it is dragging us along with it.

To change is to become different. To alter an experience to see the division in what once was. The theme of change has never been more apparent than in today’s times, as we adapt to the immediate threat to humanity. The invisible enemy has thrust the world into lockdown as we aim to save ourselves as well as the people we love from this deadly disease. This alteration of life was quick, within a week we were carefree, seeing friends and family, gearing up for the summer, with days of beaches and road trips in our minds, before the harsh blow of fear and crisis set in. Plans turned to daydreams as our freedom altered to preservation. Even apart, this monumental pandemic we are experiencing has shown how much we need each other. We are all an essential part of the turning wheels of change, and even with the daunting day dragging experience of lockdown, we must keep our heads high and realise the importance of simply staying inside. There will be ups and downs, but there will be an after.
Adapt, Evolve, Change.

“THE VIRUS HAS MADE ME ANALYSE MY SURROUNDINGS, TURNING AN ALREADY CAUTIOUS MAN EVEN MORE SO”.

“INSTEAD OF LAYING DOWN THINKING ABOUT THE PAST, I SHOULD GET UP AND THINK ABOUT THE FUTURE”.!!!

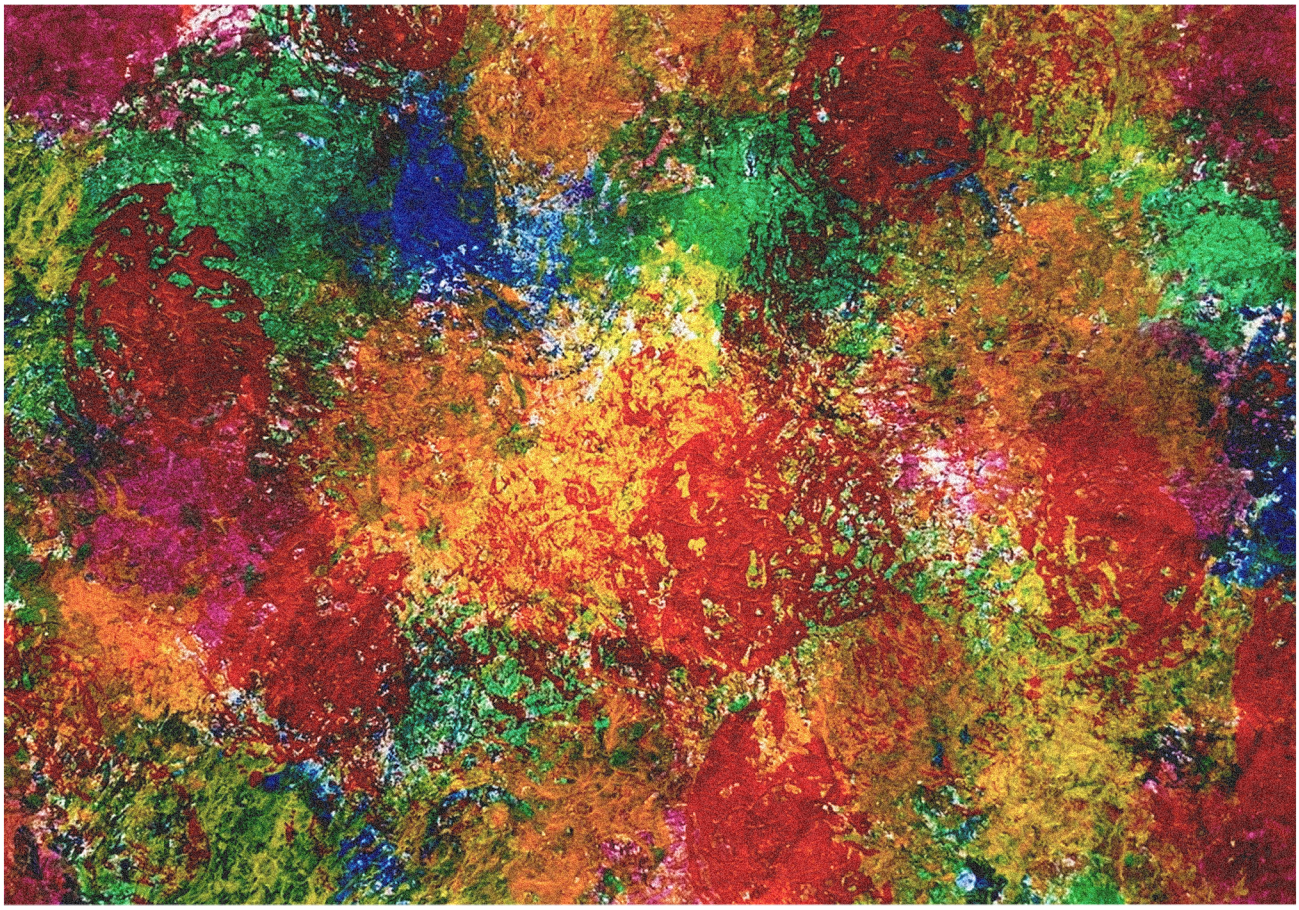
This painting was created in reaction to my long exposures. Seeing my face layered and playing multiple parts in a composition excited me, and I wanted to translate this into a painting. Looking into a mirror, I painted the studies one after another. I wanted to create this separation from myself, as though I am starting to melt away and becoming unrecognisable. This is a feeling I am experiencing during these times, as I adapt to the new workings of life. The world is changing, and I must change with it.

I wanted to play with the word ‘change’ with changing your clothes. Getting dressed and overcoming the depressive nature of lying in bed looking up at the ceiling, thinking about before the lockdown. I wanted to show a progression, starting with the duo layered poses while I was lying down and ending with the fully dressed figure. There was a point during this lockdown where it felt like there would not be any “change”, and I just needed to change my view, change my mindset. Instead of lying down thinking about the past I should get up and start thinking of the future. I value simplicity when it comes to storytelling, I did not want them to be overcomplicated, so I decided to make them isolated on the page with the backgrounds and brushwork uniting the studies.

Creating has been my release during the lockdown, as we clamper to be busy any way we see fit. I began to create time lapses of my day. Following myself as I repeat the same couple tasks as I try to fill the time, so I am not trapped in thought. Seeing my actions in high speed drew this fascination with movement and cluttered imagery. I have been sketching my way through lockdown as art has been a motivational crutch to get up and do something. My mother’s crutch has been gardening and decorating. Needing a change of scenery, I sat outside and began to sketch her as she painted the walls. I did not have the time to create full figure studies due to her constantly moving from one area to the next, so I settled for quick lines to show scattered information of the figure. A blur of lines and fragmented figure.

This image was created during the first couple weeks when the virus hit the United Kingdom. There was a mad panic at every supermarket to buy every essential commodity you could find. Turning basic items like toilet roll and bread into treasured gold. During the greed and blinded actions of taking everything you could came the realisation that you a stripping shelves that people need to get through the day. When you would go to a supermarket around mid-day, you would see the empty shelves and those in need of daily shopping being left in the dust. This battle has been telling into the reaction we have when fear sets in. We take. We take as much as we can and become apathetic to those around us, as we are blinded by our own ignorance. Our minds have altered the visual of another human being to see an obstacle. Things have since gotten better with social distancing and new systems being put in place as the world adapts to this new life, but those first couple of days has really opened my eyes to the selfishness we harbour.

Although this lockdown has brought so much out of us due to fear, it has also shown unity. My entire street would erupt every Thursday at 8:00pm with applause and cheers for our hard workers at the NHS, battling this virus on the frontlines. Restoring an element of community that I had begun to think was lost, with solidarity and pride coming to the forefront. I tried to visualise this experience of everyone coming together, so I opted for a sensory activity. Listening to the claps and cheers, I started to build this layered visual in my head. I opted for a single motif that I multiplied and isolated in different coloured layers, starting at purple before ending with red. These visuals felt like a celebration, bringing colour back to life, which has recently felt more like a monotonal misery.



Photography, Words & Artwork: Callum Hopkins

“This is a painting of the installation I have been making but have not been able to finish because of not being in college to use kilns. It’s ceramics, a painting and jewellery. The living things are to be brooches. It’s all about the renewal of life. The soul of the girl abused as a child. The restoration of the Neath Canal. The creatures that are now thriving in a new habitat. The butterfly is the large blue. It was extinct in Britain until recently. Neath Abbey is a reminder of the destruction all the other things have come from”.

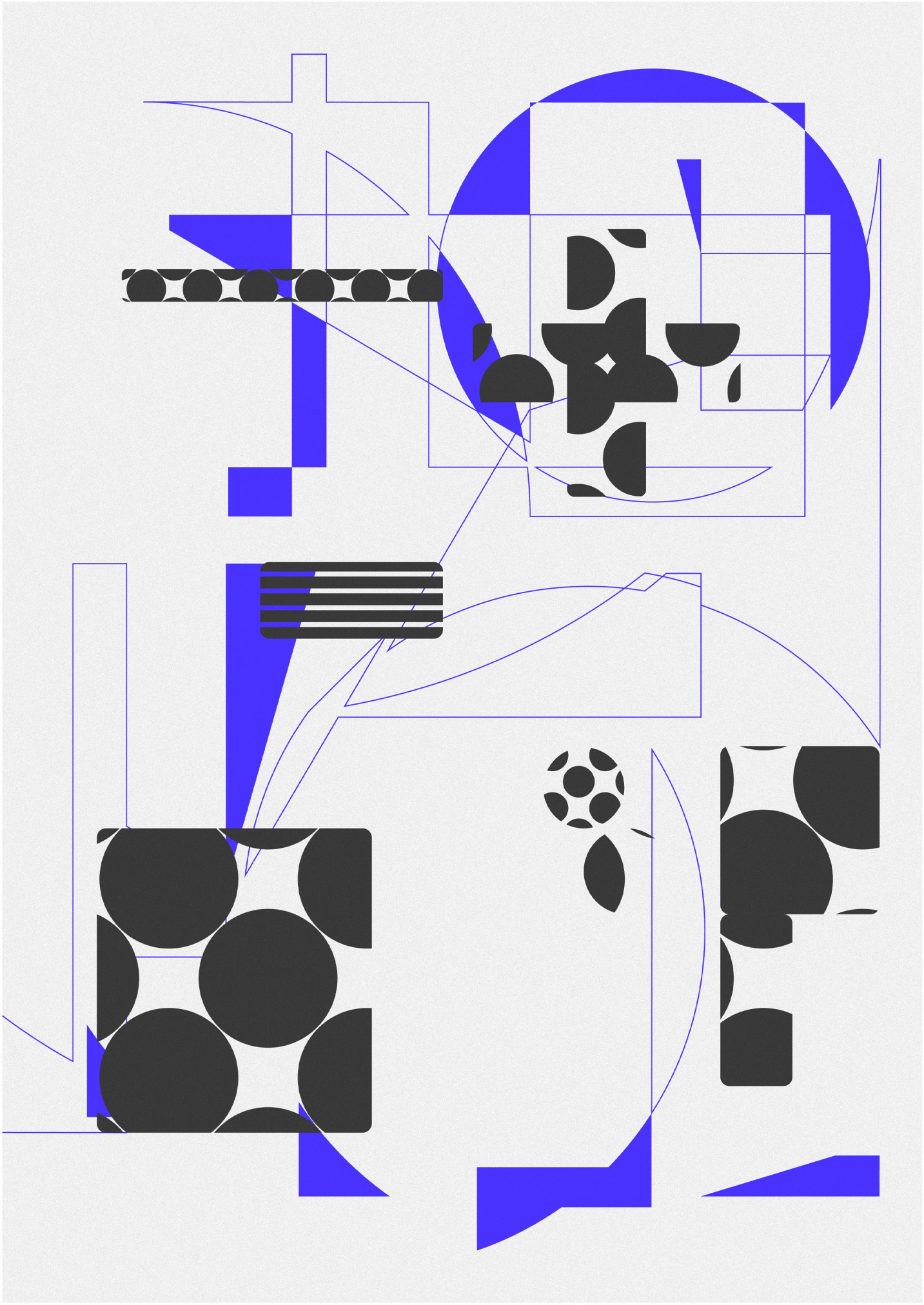
Hephzibah Huggins, Carmarthen School of Art

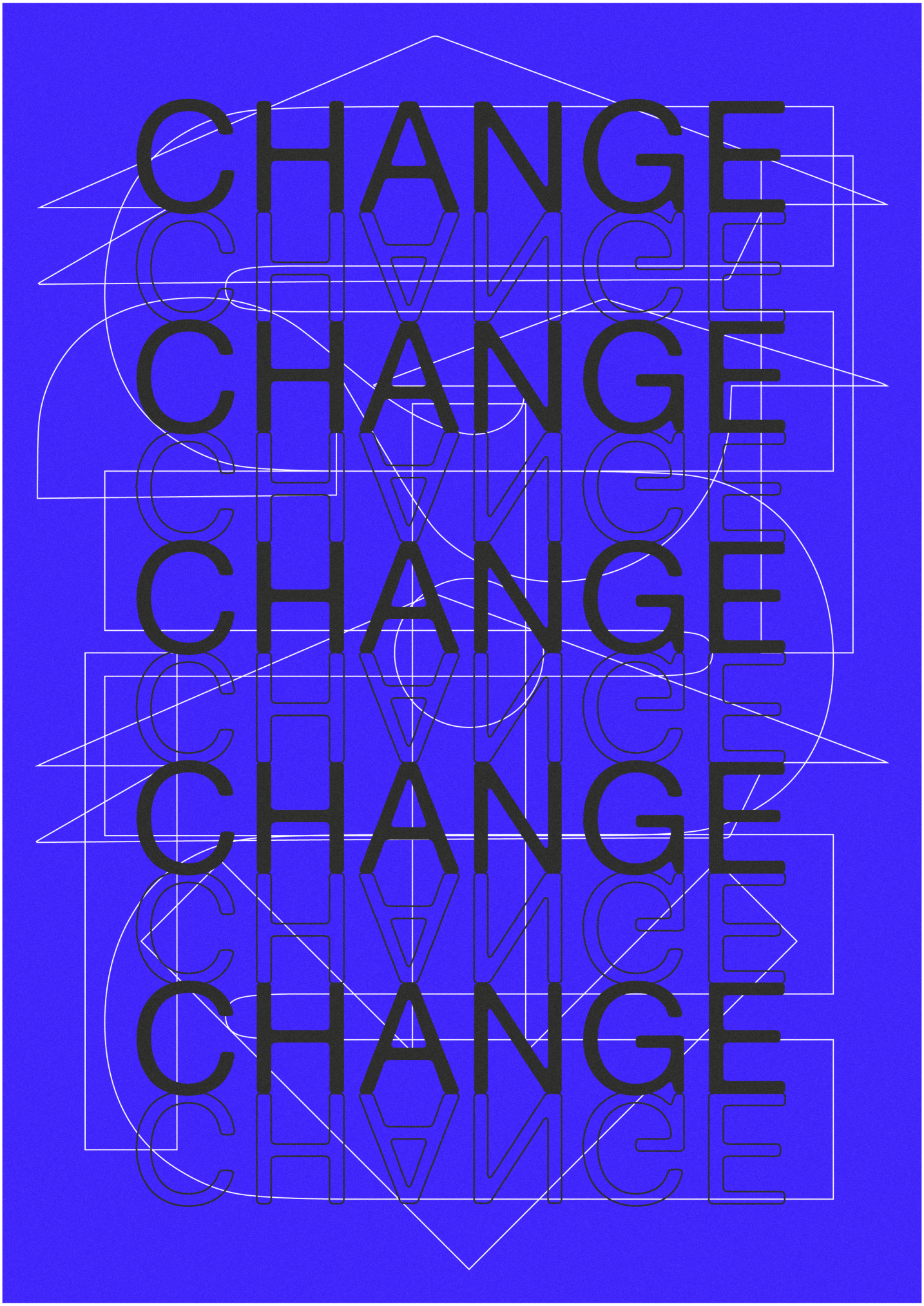
Poster #73
Katya Slobodskaia
Unclear

The Future Is Unclear
The Past Few
Weeks Have Been

Extremely Emotionally
Draining And Dark
Not Just For Me

But For The Whole
World. And Who Knows
What Will Happen Next

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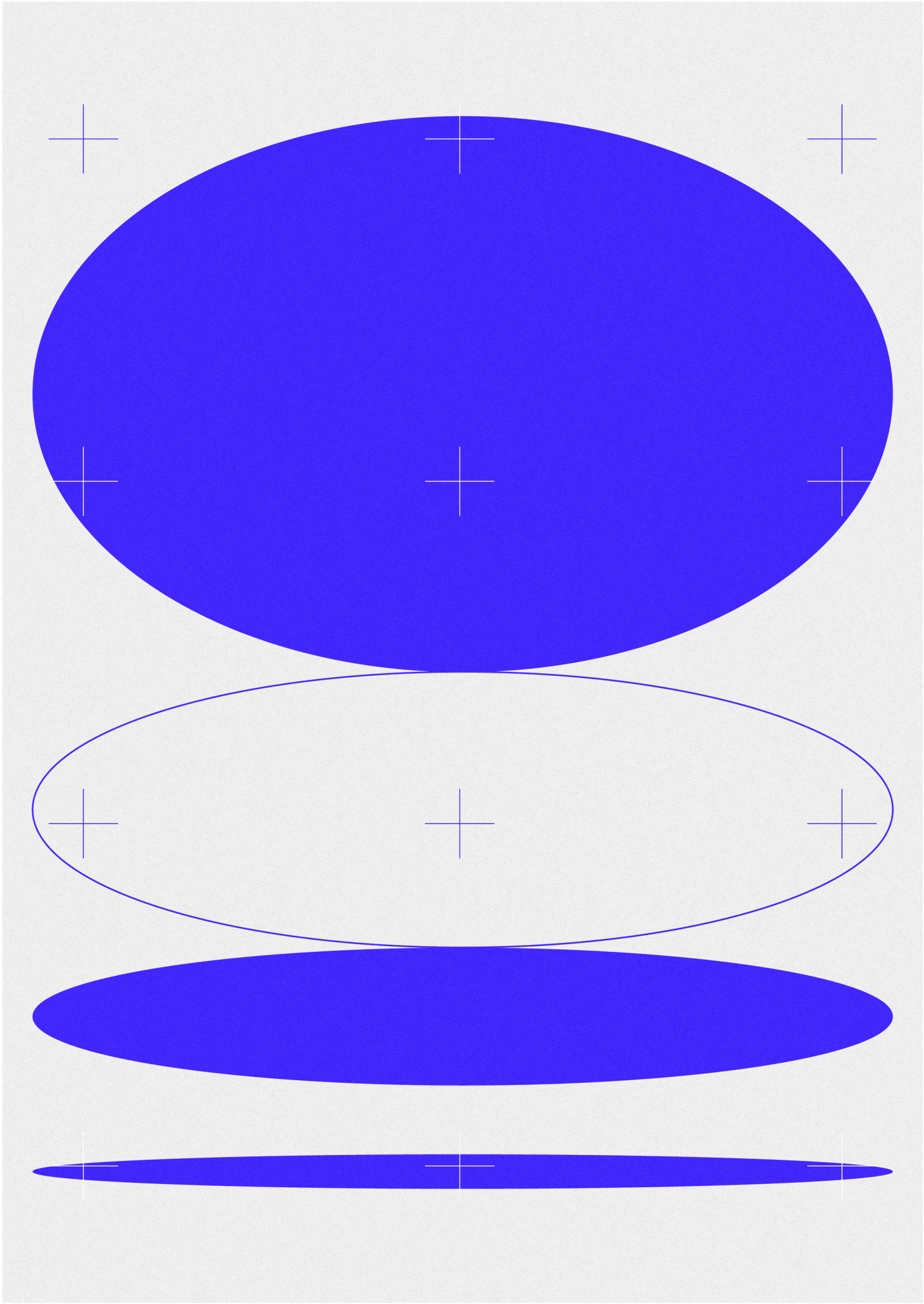
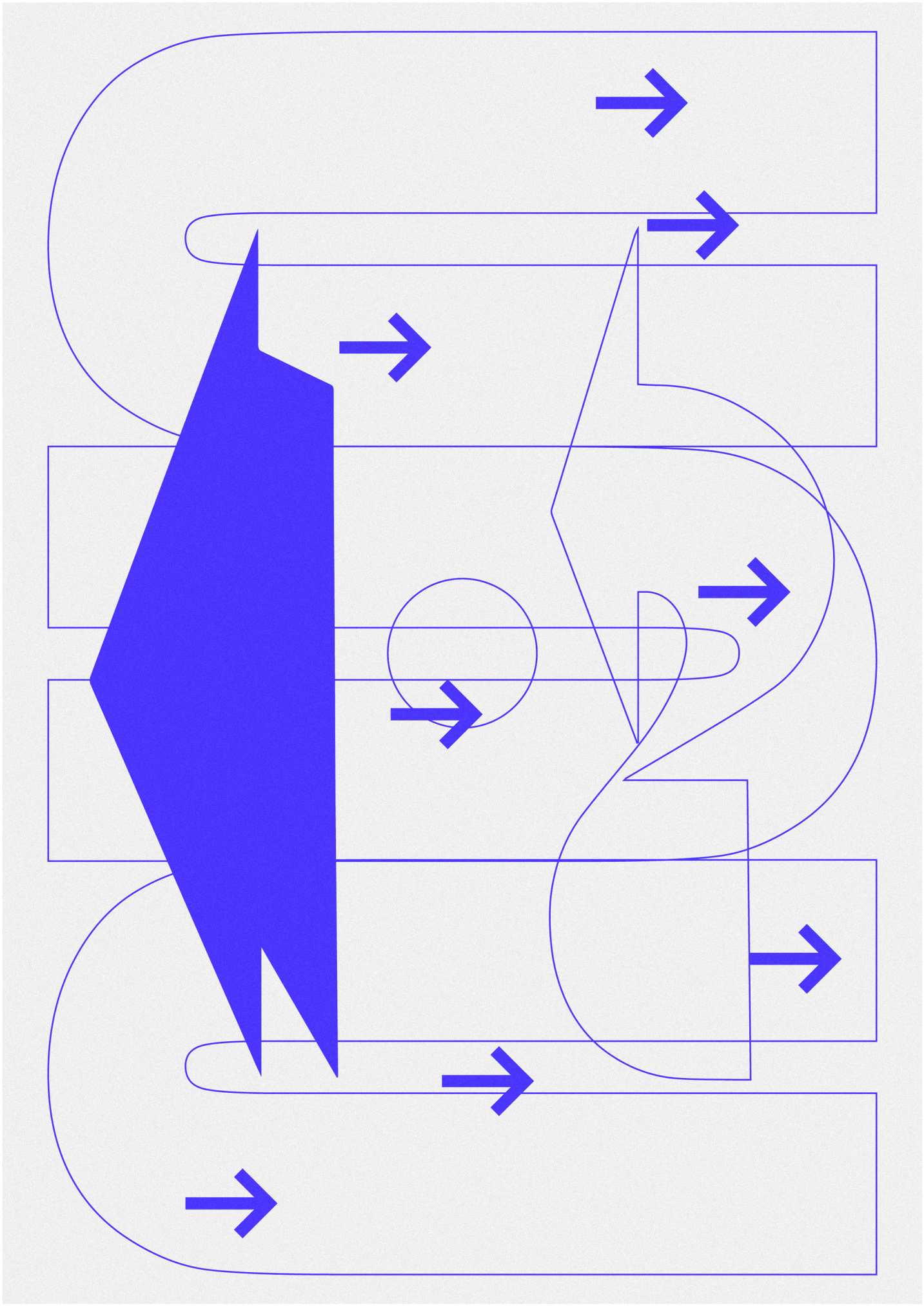
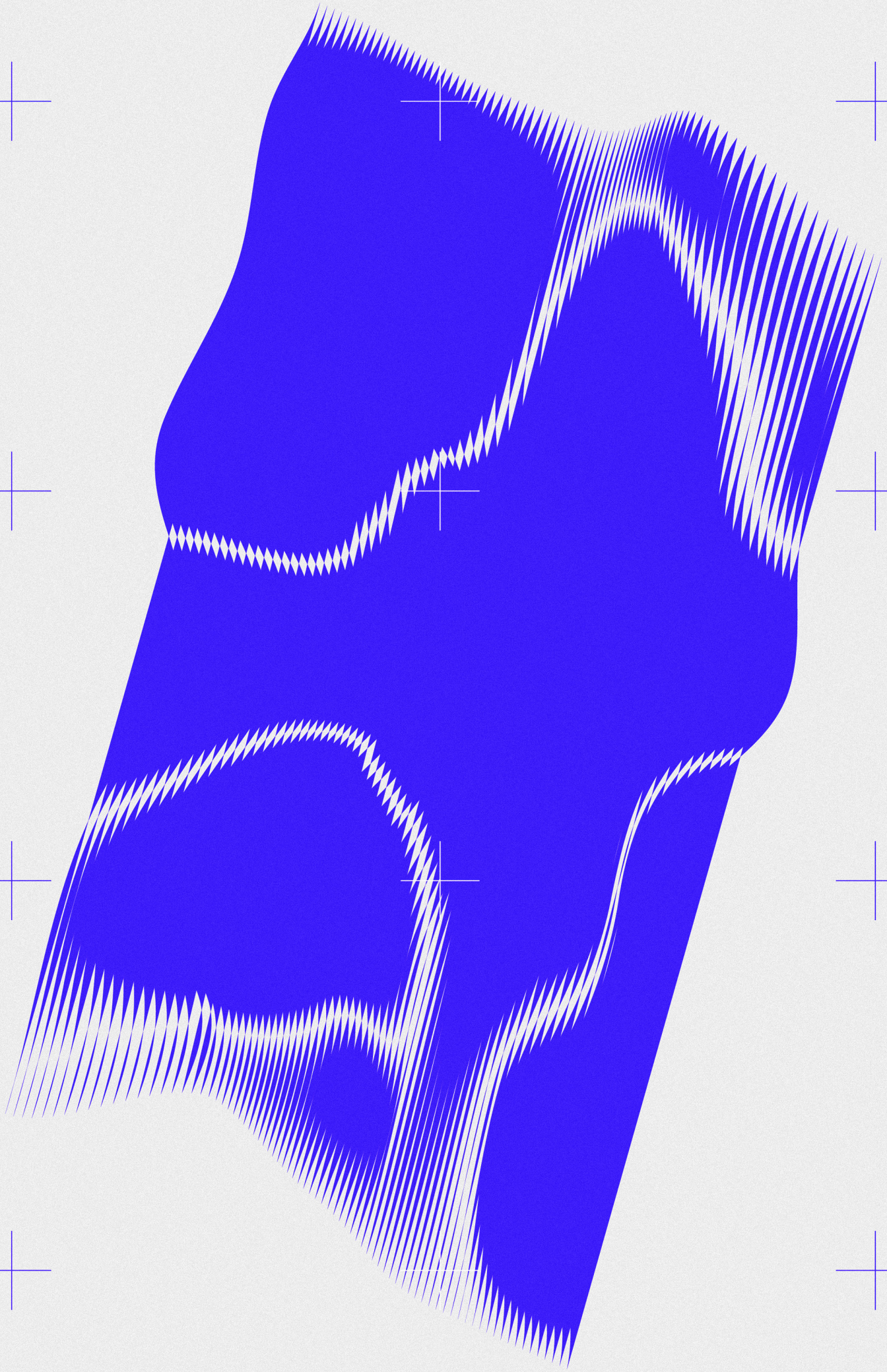






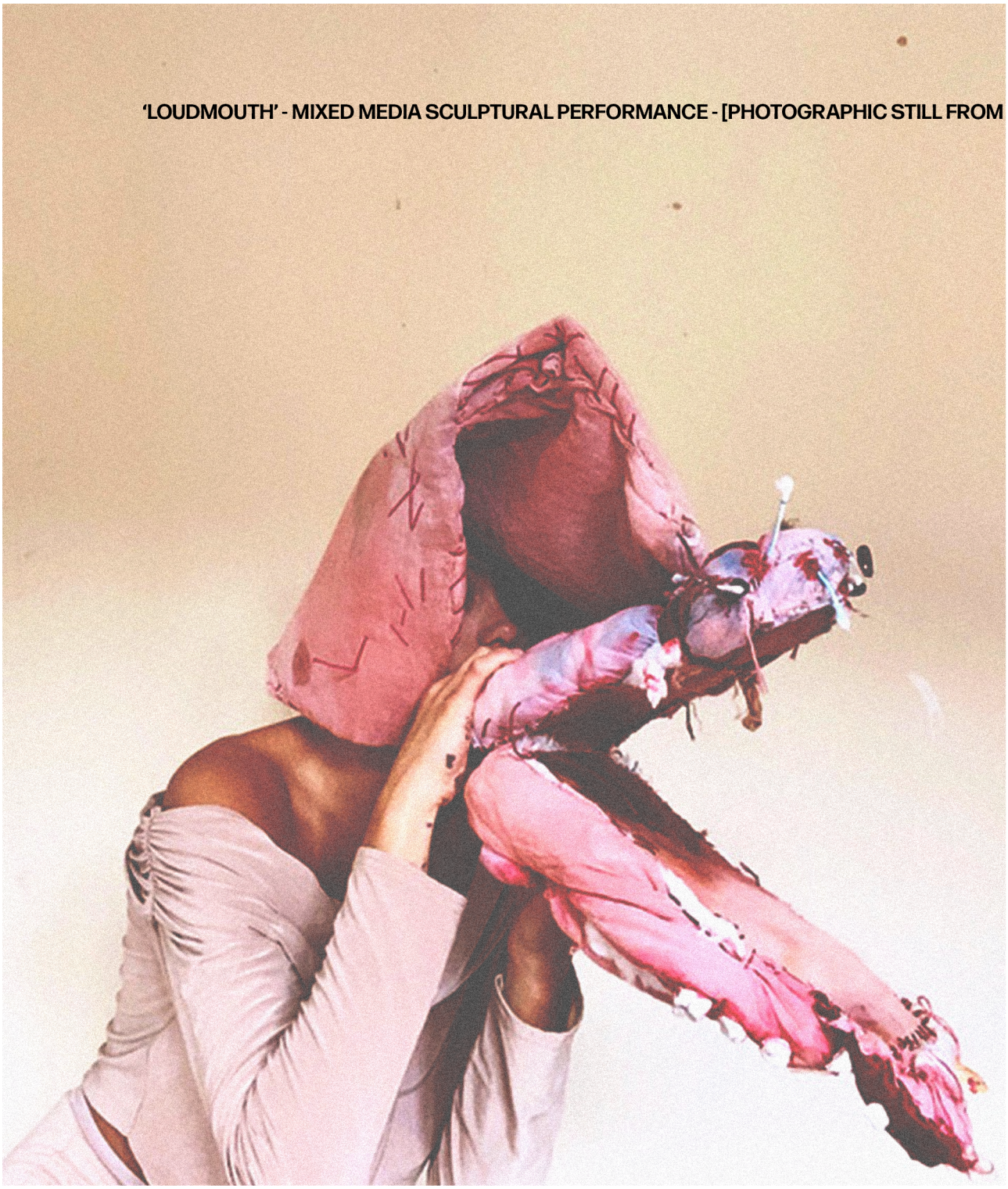
___ (Liberty Dent).
July ‘20
“CHANGE X5” FOR
BLUNDERBUSS 03.

‘THE TOOTH FOOT’ - MIXED MEDIA SCULPTURE.
‘FALSE ON FALSE’ - MIXED MEDIA SCULPTURE.
‘LOUDMOUTH’ - MIXED MEDIA SCULPTURAL PERFORMANCE.
‘SHE GOES WITHOUT HER HEADPIECE BUT HER SHOES LIVE ON’ - (16” X 20”) - ACRYLICS ON CANVAS.
‘THE BUTCHERS APRON IS WHAT SHE WEARS’ - SCULPTURAL PAINTING INSTALLATION.

PARRY

[JESS)

Photography, Words & Artwork: Jess Parry



‘LOUDMOUTH’ - MIXED MEDIA SCULPTURAL PERFORMANCE - [PHOTOGRAPHIC STILL FROM PERFORMANCE].

‘THE TOOTH FOOT’ - MIXED MEDIA SCULPTURE.

“The hand of the artist is indeed as violent as the hand of the butcher, as delicate as the hand of the seamstress and as intimate as the hand of the surgeon”.

Jess' practice is spontaneous. She wakes up in the morning, not knowing where her work shall lead her throughout the day. However, particularly within these unprecedented times and circumstances, Jess finds herself in a constant state of flux where her practice is growing, mutating and changing now more than ever- one piece of flesh certainly mutates and evolves into another as identified within the following collective that responds to the notion of ‘change'.

‘FALSE ON FALSE’ - MIXED MEDIA SCULPTURE [PHOTOGRAPHIC STILL FROM PERFORMANCE]

She strongly feels that all work produced within these ever-changing times, will be her most memorable for her as an artist for years to come as she is living and breathing within such a close proximity to her work, in her bedroom, day in, day out. She feels that the hand of the artist is indeed as violent as the hand of the butcher. As delicate as the hand of a seamstress and as intimate as the hand of the surgeon.

ITS NOTH
MINE, Y
AND EVÉ
CHAN
FUCKING

Statement for 'Change'. - Jess Parry

HING BUT
YOURS
RYONE'S
GING,
G FLESH!

‘SHE GOES WITHOUT HER HEADPIECE BUT HER SHOES LIVE ON’ - (16” X 20”) - ACRYLICS ON CANVAS

Photography, Words & Artwork: Jess Parry

NO FREEDOM
NO PEACE
NO PEACE
NO FREEDOM
NO PEACE
NO FREEDOM
NO PEACE
NO FREEDOM

IMOGEN MILLS

Photography, Words & Artwork: Imogen Mills

Enter the water,
Silk crisp still flat,
cold bites,
viscous fluid embrace,
Reach out to the depths,
quieting mind,
silence within -

Divorced from water,
forced translation,
summoned memories,
muffled obscurity,

tangled depths murky deep,
If I let go,
Will I surface?
disappear to the deep,
Tread the line,
uneasy,
Glide in thrilling precipice,
I rise.

Deft hands,
curating placement,
Emboldened core,
focused breath,
delicious cold bite,
mineral rich darkness,
yearning,
instinct steadied,
cradled,
moonshine settling,
gentle rippling,
Deafening quiet.

DESIGN AND CHANGE

DYLUNIO A NEWID
DESIGN UND ÄNDERUNG
CONCEPTION ET CHANGEMENT
ДИЗАЙН И ИЗМЕНЕНИЕ
設計と変更
設計與變更

WRITTEN BY GARETH WILLIAMS

Early last year, while rummaging through the thinly dusted shelves of a secluded bookstore in Hay-on-Wye, I discovered a fancifully titled book claiming to hold within, "The Secret of Atlantis". I laughed, musing that there was likely more truth to be found in the nearby celebrity autobiographies than in the book I held. Despite this, perhaps at a loss of my better judgment, I was still intrigued by the title. The prospect of unlocking the stories and tales surrounding the legendary island of Atlantis: the myths, the culture, the people. Because after all, who doesn't like a good mystery? Later that day I finally got time to sit down and began flicking through my new purchase. To my surprise, the book introduced itself in a very scientific manner laying out the available evidence without making grandiose assumptions. I was shocked. Could my initial assessment have been wrong? Did this book really hold the secrets of Atlantis? No, it wasn't, and it didn't. As I continued to read on, the chapters became more and more wild and speculatory. Until finally, after reaching a chapter titled "The Calendar of the Mayans" I gave up. My interest in the mystery had run out.

Despite my lack of further interest, one thing had caught in my mind. Cultural understanding cannot be reached without first looking at yourself. Some of the only available evidence to the existence of Atlantis is contained in two famous dialogues by Plato. (I feel obliged to mention that they were recorded over 9,000 years after the supposed disappearance of the Atlanteans. The source of the information came from a verbal translation of an Egyptian monument which has since disappeared).

When we're told the story of Atlantis, we're told of an ancient and advanced civilisation that served as a global power well over 10,000 years ago. To this end, Plato described them as having excellent laws for their armies as well as for other institutions. Saying that, they also performed the most valiant deeds and had the wisest constitution of all the civilisations Plato knew. So, by Plato's description, this excellent leadership is what made Atlanteans civilisation so advanced. All of the feats and advances, Plato coverted were key to ancient Grecian culture.

The ancient Grecians, above all else, prized themselves on their military and domestic leadership and revelled in the tales of the valour that their heroes accumulated. In essence, what Plato had done was approximate an entire culture through the lenses of his own beliefs; he was not the first nor the last to do this. Consider the great pioneers of the 19th century heading out on adventures of discovery for the benefit of the colonial empires. Nowadays we regard them as infamous for the use of Social Darwinism and methods of cultural categorisation like Unilinear Evolutionary Thinking. Which they used to catalogue new and unfamiliar civilisations based largely on their technological aptitude. Even more recently many western cultures have been seen to look down on whole civilisations based purely on disparities in wealth. This is something that many people are now fighting to change, and I believe that this way of thinking is even appropriate in Design.

Design, to me, is about creating environments. Creating products that not only fulfil their function but create environments that appeal to people on an affective level

I believe that Design has a far greater capacity for achieving this than any other creative field. Culture and Design are inherently intermingled, A designer who undertakes design work must not only put themselves into their work but also strive to reflect the intended user. A positivist approach to life and design is no longer appropriate; this is something that Plato and the pioneers failed to see. In our emergingly post-positivist society we have the privilege of hindsight. We can reflect on the treatment and classifications of cultures and civilisations and see these historical shortcomings. This lack of acknowledgement of not only their own culture but also other's is what leads to such foolhardy comprehensions. If we approach design with the same lack of acknowledgment, we may find ourselves making the same mistakes. When designing we must attempt to acknowledge values prescribed through the differing cultures of both the end-users and the designer. Only by doing this do I believe that we will be able to create truly great designs.

CIGN

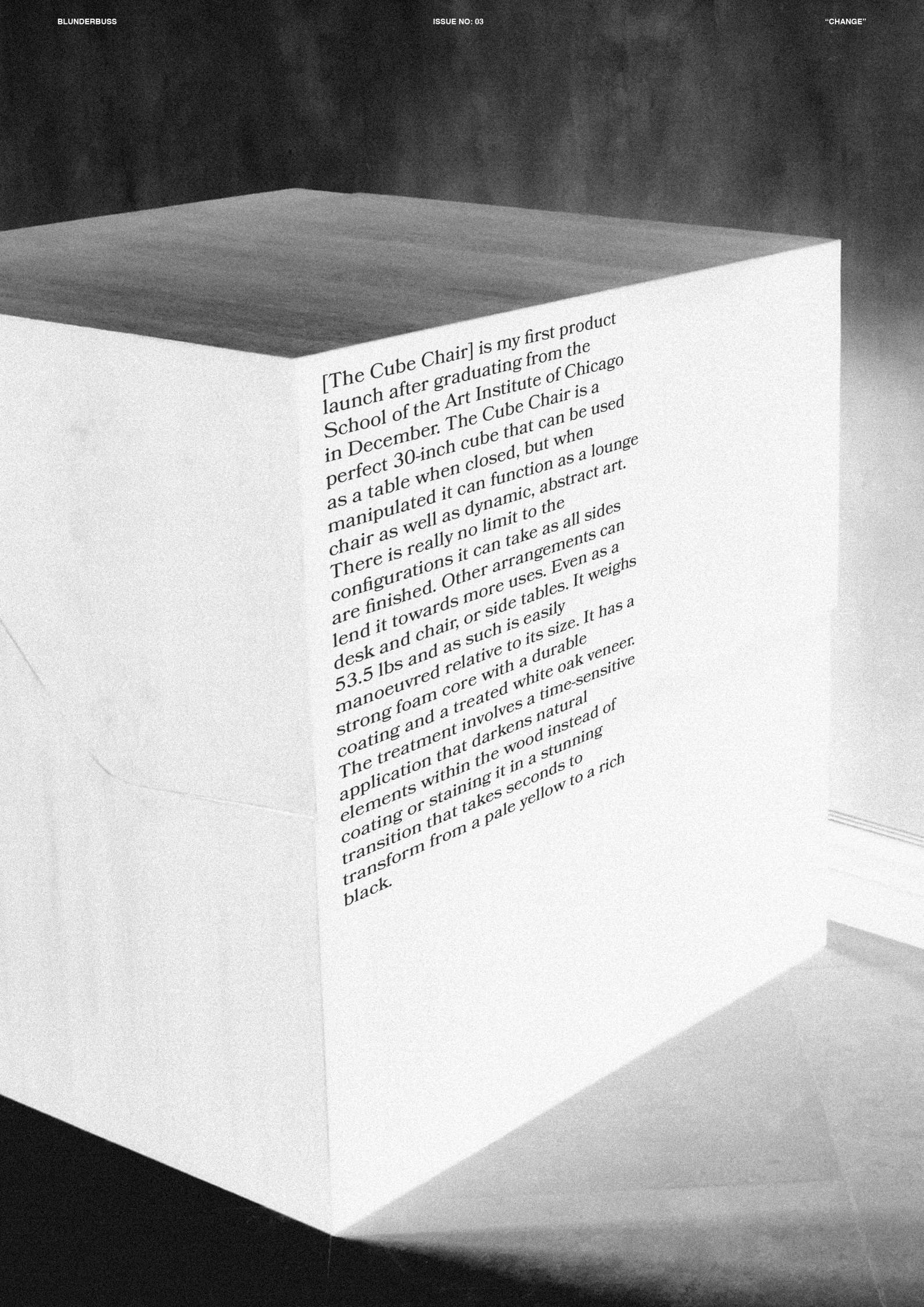
I am a recent industrial design graduate from Richmond, Virginia (US). I hope to pursue product design as well as explore other areas of creative work, like graphic design and music production.
I wanted to share a student project that focuses on critical and discursive design – using products to address societal problems and observations. My piece is called Cignal, a wearable pin made from stainless steel wire (2018).

Cignal is noncommercial and uses design as a medium to spark conversation. I was inspired by the idea that technology today is the cigarette of the past. Or in other words, scrolling is the new smoking. I didn’t want to create a product to spread awareness about excessive cigarette or technology use. Rather, I wanted to show their similarities. Does our society adopt new inventions too quickly?
I hope this project encourages designers to consider what society will look like after long term use of their products. This change in thinking and conversation may positively influence future industrial design.

Nate Tucker

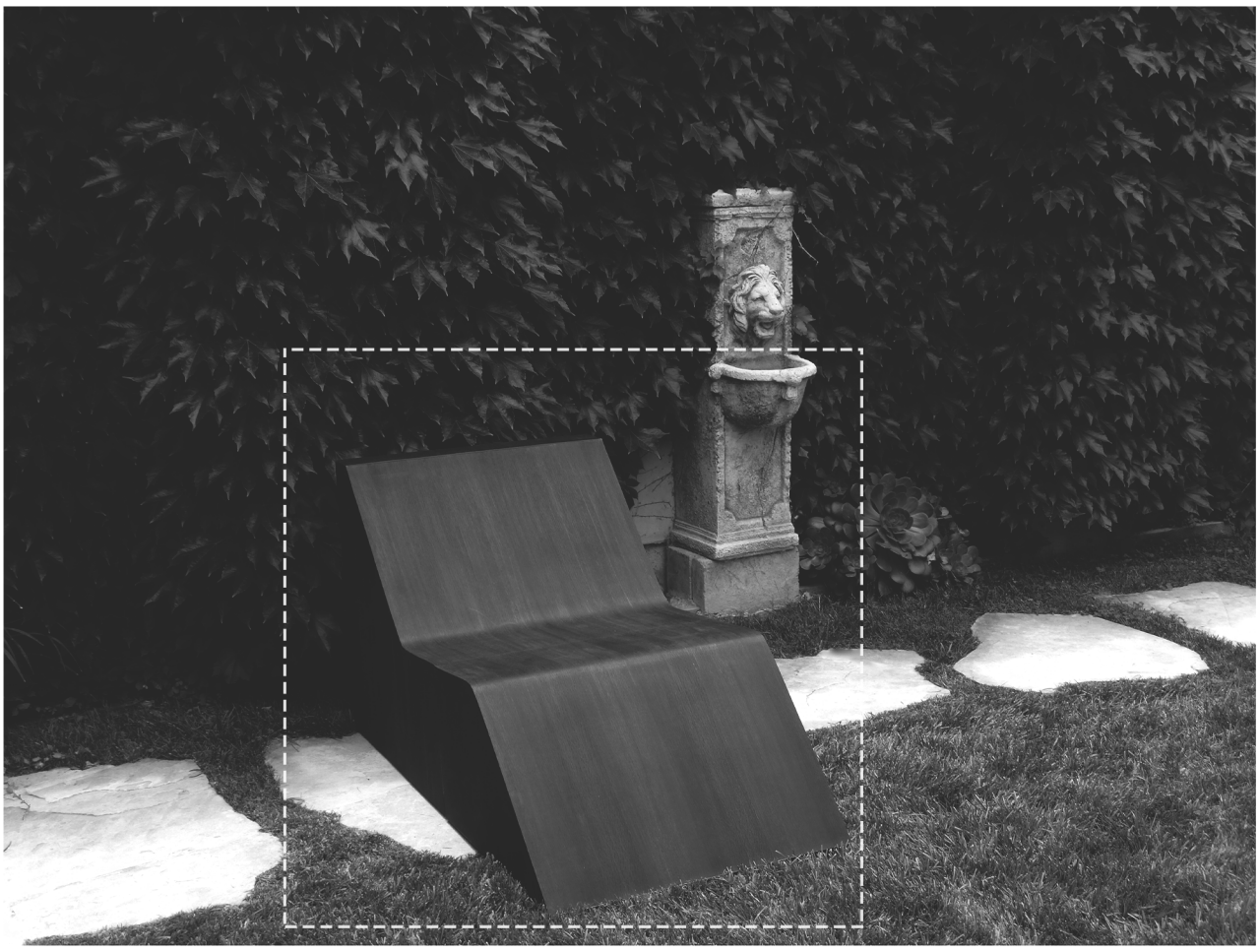
AL

01:43



[The Cube Chair] is my first product launch after graduating from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago in December. The Cube Chair is a perfect 30-inch cube that can be used as a table when closed, but when manipulated it can function as a lounge chair as well as dynamic, abstract art. There is really no limit to the configurations it can take as all sides are finished. Other arrangements can lend it towards more uses. Even as a desk and chair, or side tables. It weighs 53.5 lbs and as such is easily manoeuvred relative to its size. It has a strong foam core with a durable coating and a treated white oak veneer. The treatment involves a time-sensitive application that darkens natural elements within the wood instead of coating or staining it in a stunning transition that takes seconds to transform from a pale yellow to a rich black.

(Oren Zoldan).
“THE CUBE CHAIR” FOR
BLUNDERBUSS 03.



Magnetic Sundays

HUW ALDEN DAVIES

Sunday, for some back in the Eighties or Nineties, was a good day. A chill-out day. A day for doing your own thing, or doing nothing, even. But for many kids back then, Sunday was nothing but a sleepy and anxious piddle filled with dread, mostly for the day that followed, yes Monday. Exasperated by the mundane-ness that filled its every minute. And if it rained, on this day, it absolutely poured. Dragging out the entire day from the time we woke, dare I say, to the time we went to bed (something all kids hate).

This was a day where nothing happened. Where nothing was open, well almost nothing. Of all the twenty something shops, fooderies and bars who served our community, there were only five who opened their doors on a Sunday. Two of these were paper shops, for which you had to be an early riser to catch, or at least one of its paper boys/girls. Kitted with a 45lb too-heavy-for-kids luminous yellow/orange satchel, which stank when it rained (it always rained). The other three of course were clubs. Where, between six and eleven, for anyone with a hint of a moustache or gravelly voice, who needed to soak their gullet, here there was the warmest of welcomes. But this was no place for a child.

> ***“Every Sunday, guaranteed. My mother would wake me up early and ask me to go up to Towyn’s paper-shop and get her Fags. I hated that, it was even worse if it rained. His shop felt like miles away when we were kids. But he was the only one open on a Sunday, wasn’t he. I would jump on my bike, headphones on, and ride as fast as I could, in the hope I wasn’t soaked. But I could never beat the rain”. Eirian Roberts (Xennial ‘77)***

Being an official church day, this was a day dedicated (w)holly to the man upstairs, and his son Jesus, of course. It was not a day for us kids. Particularly on the 'box'. We knew this because it began with a morning of song and prayer, with no beats or catchy riffs, to which its significance was regarded far greater than any other television scheduling. Even that of He-Man, which of course to us was blasphemy. He-Man WAS a god too, but with better music.

Sunday was also an official bath day. A day were all was cut, washed and groomed. Where the potatoes that were reportedly growing behind our ears where plucked and then, as I assumed, stored with all the other new potatoes ready for Sunday dinner. Another delight associated with the day of the sabbath. Gazumping weekday delicacies such as findus crispy pancakes or frozen pizzas, this was a day that called for small dry tasteless potatoes, sprouts, cabbage, and tangy swede. This was a day to be thankful, and we were. If only for the gravy that gave life to such a bland nitty-gritty of vegetation. For the smell however, a lingering, pungent and meaty scent that wafted from every house in every street beyond, the whole community could be thankful that it was bath day.

> ***"We tried to make the most of the last day before school. Walking, yes, physically walking to our friends houses, to call for them. Getting a good bit of play going before it ended with the sonic waves of my mother shouting to get in for bath time. Happy days. No matter where you went you could always hear your mother shouting for you". Gavin Phillips (Xennial '80)***

Ringing loud and clear, the church bells which chimed through the entire village, shushing every sound, reminded us that this was the the day of rest. Not that we needed reminding, of course, how could we forget? There was only rest left to be had. There were no sweets, no crisps, no pop (fizzy drinks), and often, as it was the end of the week there were no nice foods left in the house either. With nobody to blame accept ourselves, apparently, who were always said to have devoured everything in sight. It was regularly proclaimed in our household, almost always on a Sunday, that if things were not hidden up one's proverbial, there was eff-all left by the the weekend. If you wanted anything on this day, it would be a virtue best known as patience, for shopping day was not until Monday. And, the end of the week was as we knew it, the end of the world.

> ***"You could never forget that it was a Sunday. There would always be something to remind you. I once remember my father telling me to be home by 7PM. So I was. I was only about ten or something like that, and as I walked through the door I could hear the theme of Antiques Roadshow. I fucking hated that show and it's boring song. I still do". Gavin Thomas (Xennial '78)***

Television was no sanctuary either. Long before Netflix or Prime TV. Beyond the hours that followed the school bell on a weekday, which signalled 'home time', or those glorious breakfast hours on a Saturday morning. Our feeble four channel TV, on average had very little to offer most kids, and Sunday was to be of no exception. Unless you were in tune with the Boswell family in 'Bread', or watching three old men looking for kicks in Last of the Summer Wine, you were bang out of luck. Sometimes we were fortunate enough to catch a rerun of Terror Hawks, but, if you were looking for your prime-time hero's with fast bikes, stealth choppers, talking cars, or armoured vans, with a razor sharp electro-soundtrack, you just had ride it out until next Saturday.

However, Sunday, the true redeemer always had a trick or two left up its sleeve, bringing a balance back to the universe. One of these being Balbini Ice Cream van, who was the bringer of all things great when all else had been denied. Pop, Crisps, sweets... Cigarettes, and of course ice cream. But the one thing this day had that no other day could compete, not even Balbini. The one and only, Radio One Top Forty. A complete rundown of the forty best hits in the music charts. Long before MP3s, Downloads, Spotify or iTunes this was our saving grace. Between four and seven PM, the children of the Gwendraeth Valley, along with the rest of the nation, were glued to their stereos with their finger on the 'Rec' button, ready to mix their tapes. Start/Stop. We listened intently as the new sounds hit the waves, hanging on every word. Track after track, we waited for the end of every song, ready to cut the DJ's voice from our carefully crafted magnetic playlist. These hours were spent dedicated to track lists, titles, even tape covers. Sometimes we even included the words of their greatest hits. Stop/rewind/start. Until every lyric was clearly spelled, and could be sung out loud.

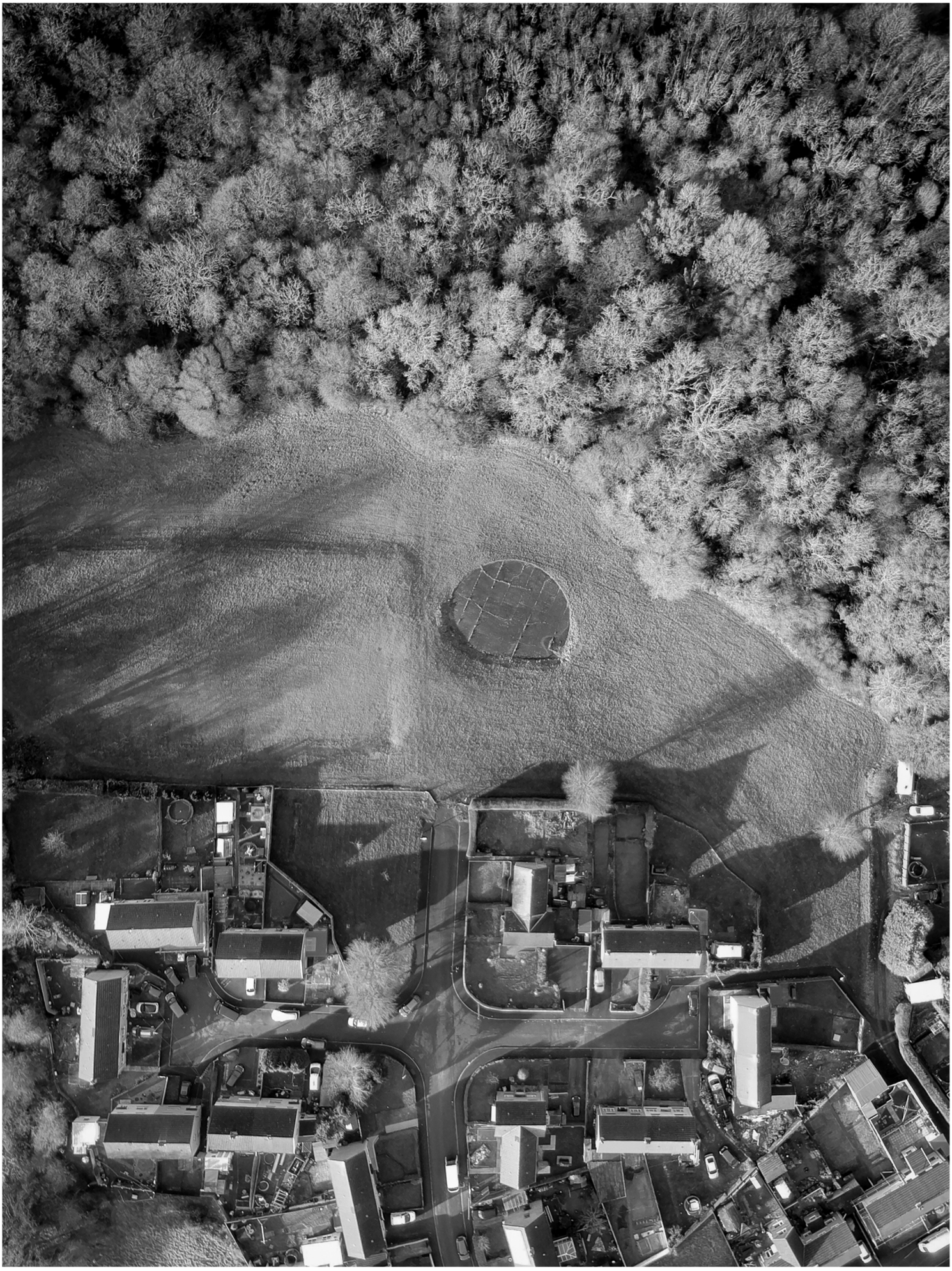
"We taped things off the radio to save spending our pocket money. Trying to stop the tape before the voice came in, so that it sounded like an original copy, but we could never do it. The voice would always come on before the end of the song saying something like... that was Madonna at number ten... arrrr. We had to get on a bus, then. Off to Woolworths to buy the Single, it was only about 99p, but if we bought every song in the charts!!! I remember once, I had tape copies off someone for my birthday, Bad and Thriller, I mean who gives tape copies as a birthday gift, but people did. That's how things were back then, no one would do that now". Gemma Davies (Xennial '78)

Hitting the decks in 1978, led by radio stars Bates, Brookes, or Goodier, the Top Forty rundown ran unrivalled for well over a decade. Only receiving a run for its money by one competitor, in a whole generation. A pirate station. Known then as Atlantic 252, these radio rebels transmitted their long waves across an entire continent, stealing the glory and winning the ears of every kid, teen, or music junkie within its frequency. Playing the best tracks all day and every day. Allowing us to record till our hearts were content. 252 had etched its numbers into the very core of our memory. However, there was only one 'chart show' that counted. The official top forty. And every Sunday, Radio One had our ear bent to the tracks, waiting to find out which of our favourite hits had battled it out to the top spot. And our tapes were always at the ready.

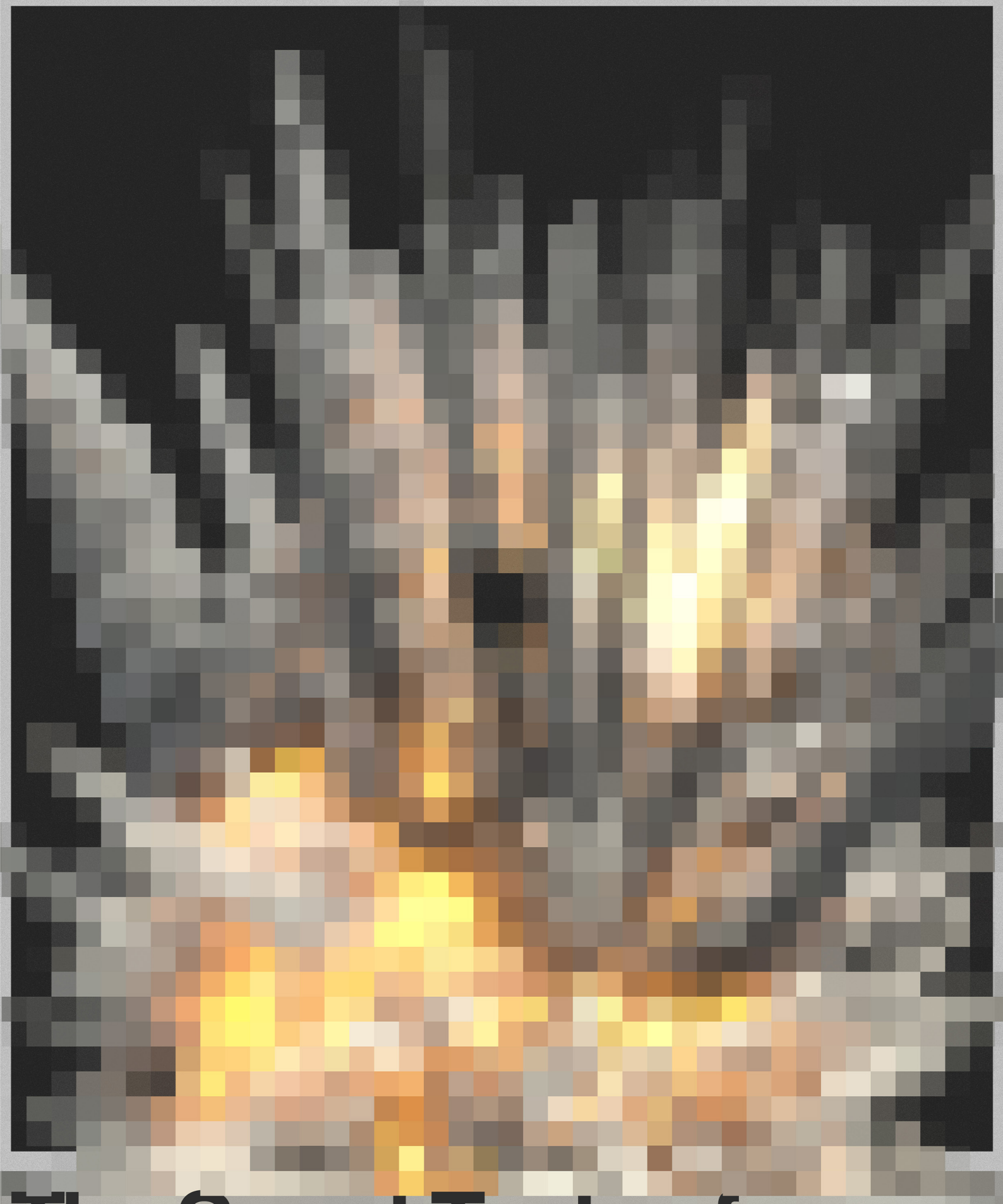
Now, many a year onwards, troubled less by the inevitability of the week ahead, or the change that will often be bestowed upon us, such as Radio One's decision to move its onetime trail-blazer to a Friday afternoon spot. I am half content in the notion that some things simply do-not change. Sunday is still the day of worship, and it is still what many would deem to be a good day to bathe. Our doors remain closed, at least for some of the time, for us to take that well earned break. And, a dinner, although less socially redulant, is still the order of the day. Television might have taken a turn for the better. However, in the age of the 'instant', where we have all we demand, on command. Where we wait for nothing, we start to long for nothing, for 'nothing' to happen. It is then I am reminded of simpler times. And that is when I remember, Sundays. Our Sundays. Magnetic Sundays.

> ***"We used to go to my grandparents in Drefach every Sunday for tea. My grandmother's hands were crippled with arthritis but she would still make homemade cakes, and we would eat them until we were sick! I'd spend the hour and a half that we were there counting through money my grandmother had saved in an old Lyons Syrup tin, and then record Bruno Brookes top ten on Radio 1 on my her tape/radio. I would then learn the words to these songs during the week so that I knew them all off by heart. I Still get annoyed when people sing the wrong words to songs! We'd all then settle in the evening to watch Bullseye. I remember Darrel (brother) and I would shout "Mine!" at all the prizes to claim them, pointless game really, but very important to us at the time". Dawn Carby (Xennial '78)***

> ***"Morning started at Sunday school at Bethel Chapel, then out at the back of High Street and down the Line making dens, riding bikes or climbing trees. Followed by Chicken dinner and then out again to play some more. Sometimes we'd venture down to Penparc or to see my grandparents in Rhos Newydd for tea of golden syrup or banana sandwiches and cake or rice pudding before my grandmother would be driven to Chapel for the 6pm service. Then it was bath night and Last of the Summer Wine before bed. I loved Sundays". Melonie Sheppard (Xennial '78)***



— (’Jenks In The Cut’).
JULY ‘20
“CHANGE IS MORE PRECIOUS THAN METAL”
FOR BLUNDERBUSS 03.



The Sweet Taste of Re: Jection

Rejection can be defined as the act of pushing someone or something away. One may experience rejection from one's family of origin, a friend, or a romantic partner, and the resulting emotions can often be painful.

Poster #33
Katya Slobodskaia
Re: Jection

She’s Angel

Midnight ramblings,
Curtains wail and pass dead the next image,
Swollen above,
Caressing a tired head from nightmare,
Ambivalence and dilemma.

Stepping out, the next mourning,
Basking in the freshness,
A flourished dash,
In our punctured sky,
Stood there aghast, at my own inner turmoil;
her grin slit the throat of any immature anxieties.

I remained in awe,
Longer than before I were born,
An existence too raw,
An apparition too complete for weakness,
I knew this to be a start.

A mind racing through its back pages,
A stomach set like concrete,
Collapsing at the thought,
She was local but, distant.
He was enigmatic but, fruitful...

– We shared breath,
Drenched in the fragility of time,
Moments,
A person,
Regarded only,
Sublime.

She’s angel.

(RHYS WAY)

SHE’S ANGEL

Words & Artwork: Rhys Way

ZAIA

NOTES ON “VERY ALONE”.

Enter: ZAIA, musical prodigy and innovative Hip-hop artist from Atlanta, GA. One of the most innately talented and gifted breeds of 'new' artist we can see sprout and flourish in our contemporary, computerised cultural landscape. After a string of homegrown singles and EPs, Zaia has released his best work yet in the form of 'VERY ALONE'. A musical project that wastes not a millisecond of its refined twenty-five-minute run time. With not a sound, string or lyric out of place, there is little missing and certainly little left over. To spoil the review, 'VERY ALONE' is most certainly a 'non-skip album'. After recently being featured on the likes of 'Beats 1' and 'Complex', Zaia is expanding his fanbase almost by the minute, acquiring legions of new listeners and supporters daily. All of his most recent works now topping over a million-streams on the relevant platforms within a few weeks of release. 'VERY ALONE' however, is like a shooting star, a fleeting glimpse into the mind and intentions of this fantastic new artist. As quickly as it presents itself, it disappears, while we are left wanting more, (in the very best way possible), I think we've got adequate reason to believe so much more is coming. For now, we're just warming up, this is "VERY ALONE".

Kicking things off with 'DEMONS', Zaia snatches your attention immediately, the first proper line of a verse being; "I've got my foot on the gas, running from demons..." There couldn't be a line in place any more appropriate. The track feels like you've been ominously yanked into a car travelling at speed, caught completely off guard with little idea or expectation of what will ensue. With our narrator frantically declaring the direction, speed and intentions of this journey, it's apparent we will meet said demons later on and the accelerating won't diminish either. The repetitive nature of the hook invites chant-like residue to seep into the brain, transfixing all senses and your attention firmly on Zaia's world, you are unmistakably now a part of. The wailing guitar strings and crunching base line growls and lays the foundations for the rest of the project, the menacing demand for attention this track begs is exciting and ultimately transfixing. With DEMONS being the first 'single' released prior, as well as the opening track on the project, it sets the wheels in motion that do little slowing until the twenty-fifth-minute mark.

— (Rhys Way). August '20 *"NOTES ON VERY ALONE"*. FOR BB. 03.

Following 'DEMONS' is the brilliant head-nod-worthy bounce of 'JUMO', named after his beloved dog. This particular track is superb, it's placing and pacing is fantastic, the darkness of the previous track has seemed to dissipate (at least for a while), and instead we are now seemingly riding front seat with Zaia, we are granted access to some of his views and observations, personal and relatable. The juicy, video game-like synth pops and a snappy kick make for a brilliant earworm of a track that has indispensability within the track listing and would be an enviable addition to anyone's catalogue, the replay-ability is endless with a guest verse from 'Valee' being the only other voice we hear on the entire project. His verse appears and disappears seamlessly, working in perfect harmony with the rest of the audible richness this track and their neighbours provide.

Next up is the second official single entitled; 'INNERSATE', the theme of journey remains prevalent, another apparent driving song with the focus being on escape. It perhaps feels like a song one has always known yet has never heard. One of those rare gems, hiding, blink and you'll miss it, but it does a fantastic job of expanding the narrative quality 'VERY ALONE' has to offer. As we progress further into the project, wading further into Zaia's world, we begin to learn more about him, we feel more comfortable sat next to him, sharing the contemporary views and questions, almost relating our own with his. To be a great songwriter, I am of the opinion that they must have the ability to make the listener live a life through their eyes without noticing a drastic change in a personal, mental atmosphere, -letting go and losing yourself entirely, this is what this track does expertly.

"A CHOPPY DRUMBEAT AND LOOSE STRINGS SWIRL AND SWOON OVER THE LUSH VOCAL TEXTURES, PRONOUNCED LINES OF A RAP VERSE DRAG FURTHER INTO LONGER MELODIC NOTES, BLENDING SEAMLESSLY WITH THE FLOW OF THE INSTRUMENTAL."

The half-sung, half-rapped approach is refreshing, you begin to forget you are listening to an album. The accompanying music video is of TV-like quality and gives rich, colourful textures to an already outstanding track. The distorted drum cacophony in the closing moments is like a veering into another direction, a spiralling into another mood or thought process and sets up the following, title track ingeniously.

If 'DEMONS' is the snarling mouth at the beginning of the project, then the title track 'VERY ALONE' is the beating heart and perhaps the most centrifugal and generally best track on the record. I deem it a song everybody needs to hear, universally understood and relatable, displaying a genuine vulnerability often absent from today's musical narratives. Zaia's effortless floating lyricism and flow ponders, and circles adolescent and teenage growth. All which build a transcending of self to represent an honest coming of age and 'coming of self' song which after all the anxieties and introspective lyricism of previous tracks is welcomed. The repetition of the whispered "Don't let nobody..." provides a warming, encouraged self-reflective haze around the song, matched with the lush bassy drumbeat, layered with gorgeous strings providing the ultimate foundation for Zaia's delivery. The miniature string riffs are sublime, appearing like pangs which accentuate the tales of woe Zaia is providing us throughout the track.

'SHADE' is next in the sequence and is a track where the listener is perhaps addressed in unspoken, indirect terms, the flurry of rhetorical questions holds up a mirror, it's almost like the spotlight has been re-spotted. A choppy drumbeat and loose strings swirl and swoon over the lush vocal textures, pronounced lines of a rap verse drag further into longer melodic notes, blending seamlessly with the flow of the instrumental. Here we see Zaia experimenting as a rap-sung / sung-rap narrator offering a different angle, creating a different and welcomed touchstone to engage with his unique delivery. It's as if you've never heard anything like him, yet you're ultimately familiar and have been for so long. The song itself is a relatable meditation on contemporary life and culture, listing experiences and observations I'm sure all can understand if not identify with.

Zaia slightly slows the pace of the record with 'MY OWN WAY', perhaps a welcomed slowing, in which allows space to breathe and evaluate somewhat how far we've come already. The lyricism and flows transcend the trance-like, spiralling instrumental. The ominous creep of the rhythmic waves only garners a collective sense of anxiety, also reflected in the lyricism. The vocal harmonies soar above the relatively calm instrumental, touching ground and elevating again, often making space for the ominous fog to swarm, a 'calm before the storm' type atmosphere as evidenced with the power of the next track.

With that, we are hit over the head and knocked overboard with the density and 'hardness' of 'ON GOD', the bursts of sound and wailing screeches mimic battle-cries, which I interpret as Zaia staking his claim on his position, and is a warning shot that this is a man on a mission, he is not here to play or leisurely experiment, this is an artist not to be tested. This is one of the most unexpected hats for Zaia to wear on this project, the baseline completely knocks you off guard, and would rattle any windows if played loud enough, it's as if the words vibrate menacingly in cohesion with the baseline, the lyrical flow is impeccable and demonstrates clearly that this is an artist we simply cannot bracket into any type of box, or category. As soon as he appears, he says what he needs with urgency and conviction and disappears before we can grasp what's really happening in our headphones or through our speaker systems. Zaia is sparring here, this track feels like a practice lap of a circuit he's set to dominate.

'WINGZ' is simply beautiful, featuring strings and a refrain that would make any indie-rock band jealous. The vocals twinkle and trickle, tightly woven between the instrumental. There is a climbing ascension, a set-up for the perfect 'drop' as flexed on earlier tracks. The imagery of journey returns, the slowing and speeding up, the change of speeds harks back to the earlier impression of a car-journey. The frantic, levelled delivery touches base with musings on themes such as; heaven, life, self-worth, time, friends, intentions amongst other things generally common in modern life as well as themes that litter this project. Zaia makes it perfectly clear that he has indeed arrived.

If that's not enough, then 'WONDER', my favourite corner of the project is like the fan-fared victory lap. The track features a grooved-kick beat with seeping, infinite warmth and energy, and a convicted snap to its presence. Here Zaia transcends adolescent life and music and car journeys and everything else we've swallowed so far, and is instead alluding to spaceships, and an outer-space journey, be it an internal-conscience derived one. Here we see him travelling through a plain rich with questions, and little answers, and here he wonders. It's a kaleidoscopic montage of thoughts and ponderings, doodles and introspective thoughts. Aliens, A.I. Robots, life, death, dreams, love, youth, his mother, are all colours on his palette. It's certainly a rich, dense listen, but shaved and sculpted to offer looped replays and a desire for the song to never end. "And I wonder..." is the most prevalent and returning line, it's the lyrical gazing into an abyss of sorts. The song as a whole and especially it's instrumental is really quite groove-like, it's twinned with the rhythmic building up of the sublime vocal flows, lacing and weaving the entire track together, not a sound out of place. A section of orchestral strings closes the project, just perfectly, it's truly a chef's kiss kind of moment, making you grin and nod in sincere approval and gratitude of this pocket-sized, fleeting glimpse into this artists' world. It feels like the end of an episode rather than a closing of a story, assisting the feeling that there's so much more to come. The smoke is settling, the lights are dimly being relit, the abyss is closing, we are left with as many questions as we started with, if not, more so now. Our protagonist has disappeared as quickly as he 'put his foot on the gas', but we are left with a superb and endlessly replay-able fragment of his artistry. 'VERY ALONE' feels more like an open question, or the firing up of an engine. The project isn't a victory lap as a whole, it's an introduction, a staking of the claim of Zaia's lane. It's evident he's only just getting started. I suggest for everybody reading to go and find 'VERY ALONE', now. In these hugely questionable and unnerving times, and as well as outside of all of that, Zaia is a bright, vibrant new artist, one which we never even knew we missed.

BILLY

STILLMAN

ESSAY:

A PHOTOGRAPHY

‘CHANGE’

HENRY EVANS CHARLES,
M.R.C.S. (ENG) DIED 30TH MARCH 1907.
"HE WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD."
ERECTED BY PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION.

12

Photography: Billy Stillman

Designed at home,
by Rhys Way, &
Leon Evans.

CHANGE ISN'T COMING IT'S HERE
CHANGE ISN'T COMING IT'S HERE
CHANGE ISN'T COMING IT'S HERE