

A SMALL COLLECTION OF ACTIVITIES.

1. **Amiralis, Vickie** : *The Artist Outfit* (2020)
2. **Boaghe, Lucia** : *Zefir* (2020)
3. **Griffin, Will** : *Rainbows* (2020)
4. **Holmes, Andy** : *Labyrinth 1* (2020)
5. **Holmes, Andy** : *Labyrinth 2* (2020)
6. **Lee, Seoyun** : *Making your network mandala in your room* (2020)
7. **Saghar** : *Construct a Short Poem* (2020)
8. **Traf-Algar** : *What's up with the World* (2020)

Amiralis, Vickie
The Artist Outfit (2020)

YOU ARE AN ARTIST.
DESIGN YOUR OUTFIT IN THE BOX BELOW.
BE SURE TO TAKE IT OUT OF THE BOX AND PUT IT ON AS SOON AS YOU'VE FINISHED.
YOU ARE THEN WELCOME TO POP YOUR OLD ATTIRE INTO THE BOX FOR SAFE KEEPING.

A large, empty rectangular box with a thin black border, intended for the user to draw or design their outfit. It occupies the majority of the lower half of the page.

Boaghe, Lucia
Zefir (2020)

Zefir is one of my favourite deserts since my childhood. It's a kind of marshmallow. During the lock-down I started a series of experiments with homemade desserts, this one came out as a piece of art.

Ingredients:

Purée- 250g fruits purée

150g sugar

1 egg white

Syrup- 400g sugar

150g water

8-9g agar-agar

It could be any kind of fruits (banana, strawberry, blueberry, raspberry), the important rule is to be well cooked. I had 100g of black currants well cooked and 150g of baked apples.

- *Mix the cold purée with 100g sugar and 1 egg white with the blender*
- *Mix the agar-agar with water and leave for 10 min then turn on the stove, when started to boil add 400g sugar. Mix it while boiling. At the same time turn on the blender, first 2 min slowly mixing, then at maximum. The purée must turn to foam*
- *Boil the syrup until it comes a honey consistency. Pour to the blending purée in very thin jet, continuing blending until it cools down to approx 40 degrees*
- *Put in a pastry bag and use the form you like to give round shape on a baking paper. Leave over night to stabilise. When it's not sticky on the surface stick two together.*



Pofta buna! (Good appetite)



Griffin, Will
Rainbows (2020)

Rainbows on a crumpled A4 paper stuck to an interior window looking out,
must stay in.

Colours fading as the sound of Thursday handclaps diminishes.
What next? Is now the ask, more of the same? Time distorted, never ending
Sundays.

Let's get back to normal is the call,
Normal? was it normal before all this?
Kerosene dropped on top of us,
planes used like buses. Now even the buses we hesitate to use, without fear,
worry or concern transporting
more than passengers?

Have they got it? Will I get it.
No rush to the gates now
what's the hurry? where's the deadline?
what's the point, nice and slow now as we move to our numb future.
All change, everything and everyone is changed.

Talk of Brexit is no more.
We wish it was our only concern.
You are now a screen away trapped in a little box this is what you see of me in
May, and I of you until June?

Push ups on the stairs lifting little weights, stretches here and there, biceps
looking better than prospects.
This is different, dodging diseased bullets,
depressing stats as numbers rise, loss of jobs from the skies, no one wins in this.
Check mate.

New time management is a battle that we all fight,
some will win, but most will lose.
Something chipped, damaged, difficult to repair.
Cracks are beginning to show with tears over the phone, what am I going to do?
Seeking answers from us, knowing it's only an opinion as relevant as anyone's, but
given and taken with love, to lighten the load.

Mothers play with children in uncluttered
silent streets, filling the bank with laughter memories of this time.
Teenagers have lost this time, no friend meetups, no boys, no girls, no parties, no
gigs, no festivals.

Run they are told, fat chance, exercise, it will pass, as 17 does never to return,
just the memories of Mum and Dad,
for the lucky ones.

Saghar
Construct a Short Poem (2020)

Pick one of your books.

Find the last page number.

Divide that number by 2 and then add 8.

If you don't end up with a whole number, round up to the nearest whole number.

Open the book on the page number you have. If the page is blank go up one page or more until you get to the text.

Close your eyes and put your index finger down somewhere around the middle of the page. It doesn't have to land in the middle, just aim for the middle but embrace wherever it ends up.

Open your eyes and look at where your finger has landed.

Pick the first sentence that grabs your attention and is immediately around or under your finger. It doesn't need to be a complete sentence; even a phrase suffices if it catches your eye.

Write it down on a piece of paper.

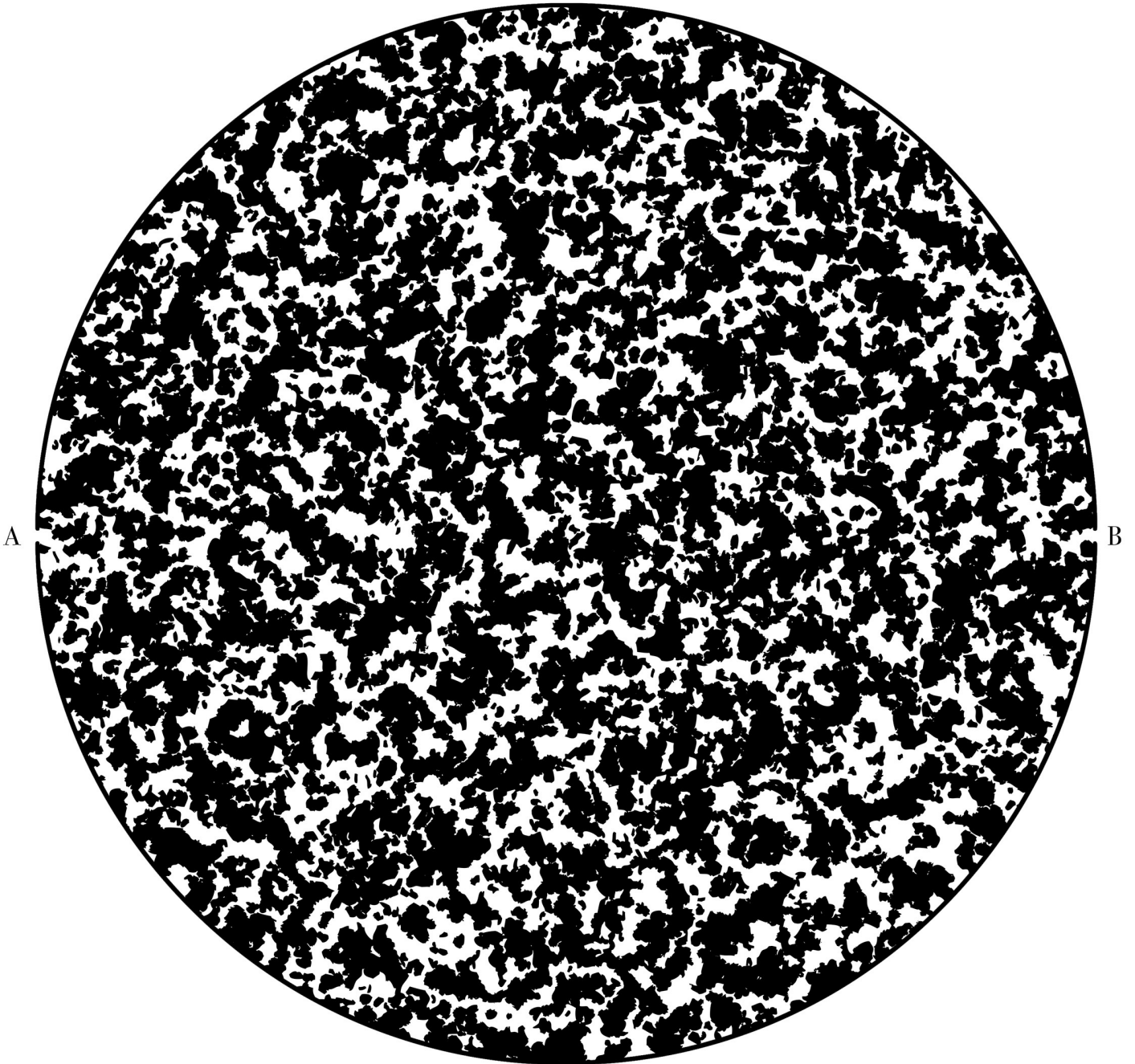
Repeat with 3 more books to add 3 more lines to your poem. Write them down in the same order you picked the books.

You may continue with as many books as you wish if you fancy a longer poem.

You may do this as a group activity, with one person being the judge. Each participant needs to recite their poem, and the person that has the best poem and recital picked by the judge is the winner.

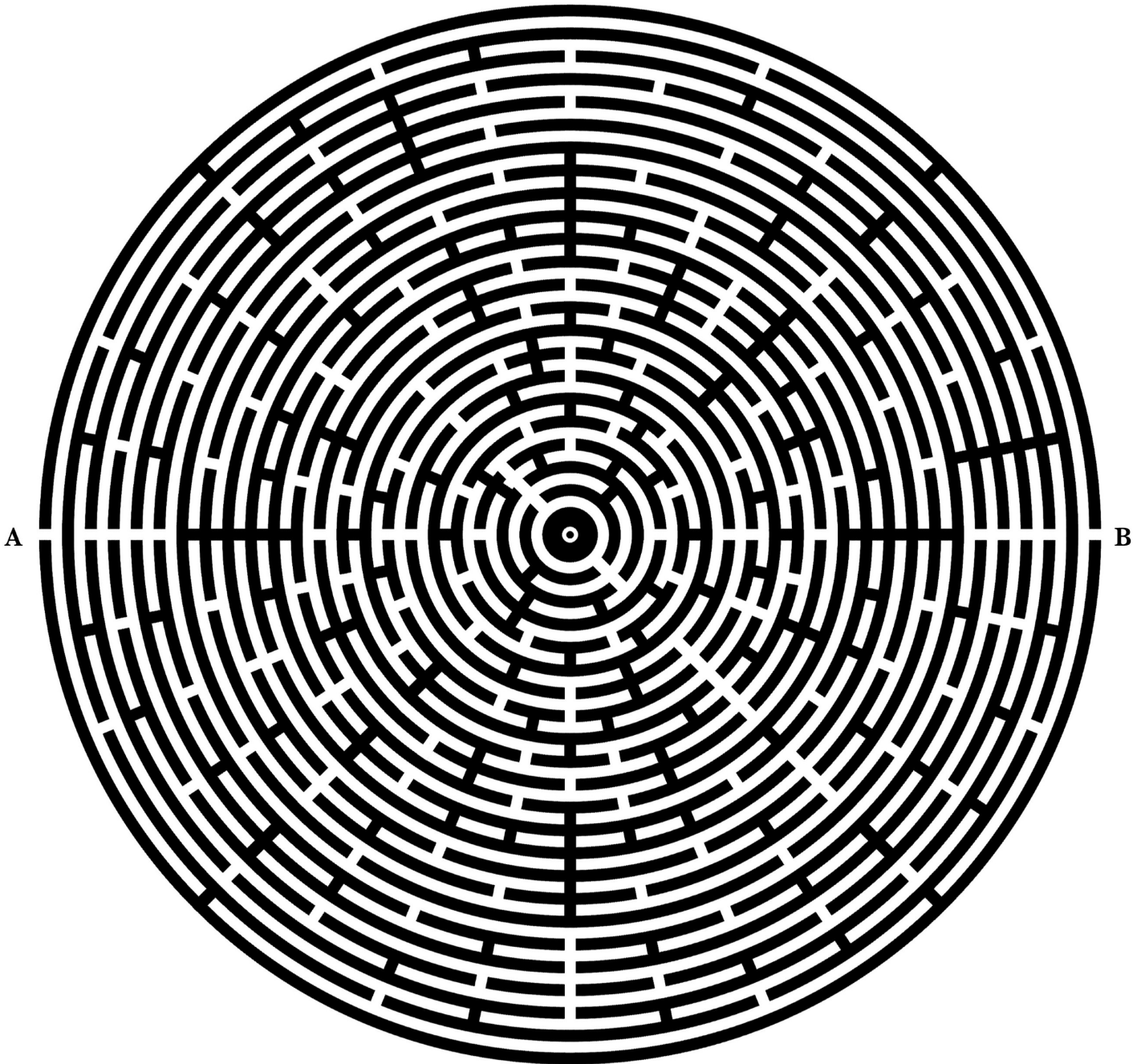
Holmes, Andy
Labyrinth 1 (2020)

A 2 B



Holmes, Andy
Labyrinth 2 (2020)

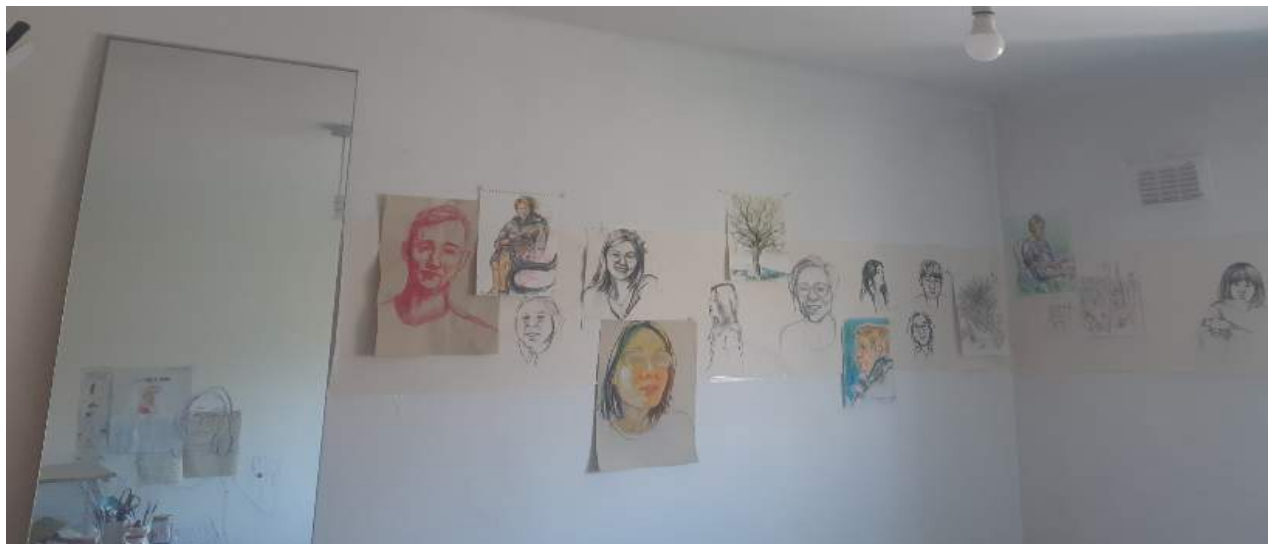
A 2 B



Lee, Seoyun

Making your network mandala in your room (2020)

Beginning the quarantine, I had to spend most of times in my room. I felt loneliness and missed affinity, care and bickering I experienced in the contact with people. I needed the feeling of being connected. So, I decided to create the connected universe in my small room. I encompassed the wall with a roll of paper and began to draw the people I met in London. The more I describe them the more I could feel the connectivity I was included deeply. In the process, I found the memory I shared with the illustrated people was not only affected but also sometimes uneasy but embracing the bittersweet moments was also precious experience.



Soleimani, Saghar
Construct a Short Poem (2020)

Pick one of your books.

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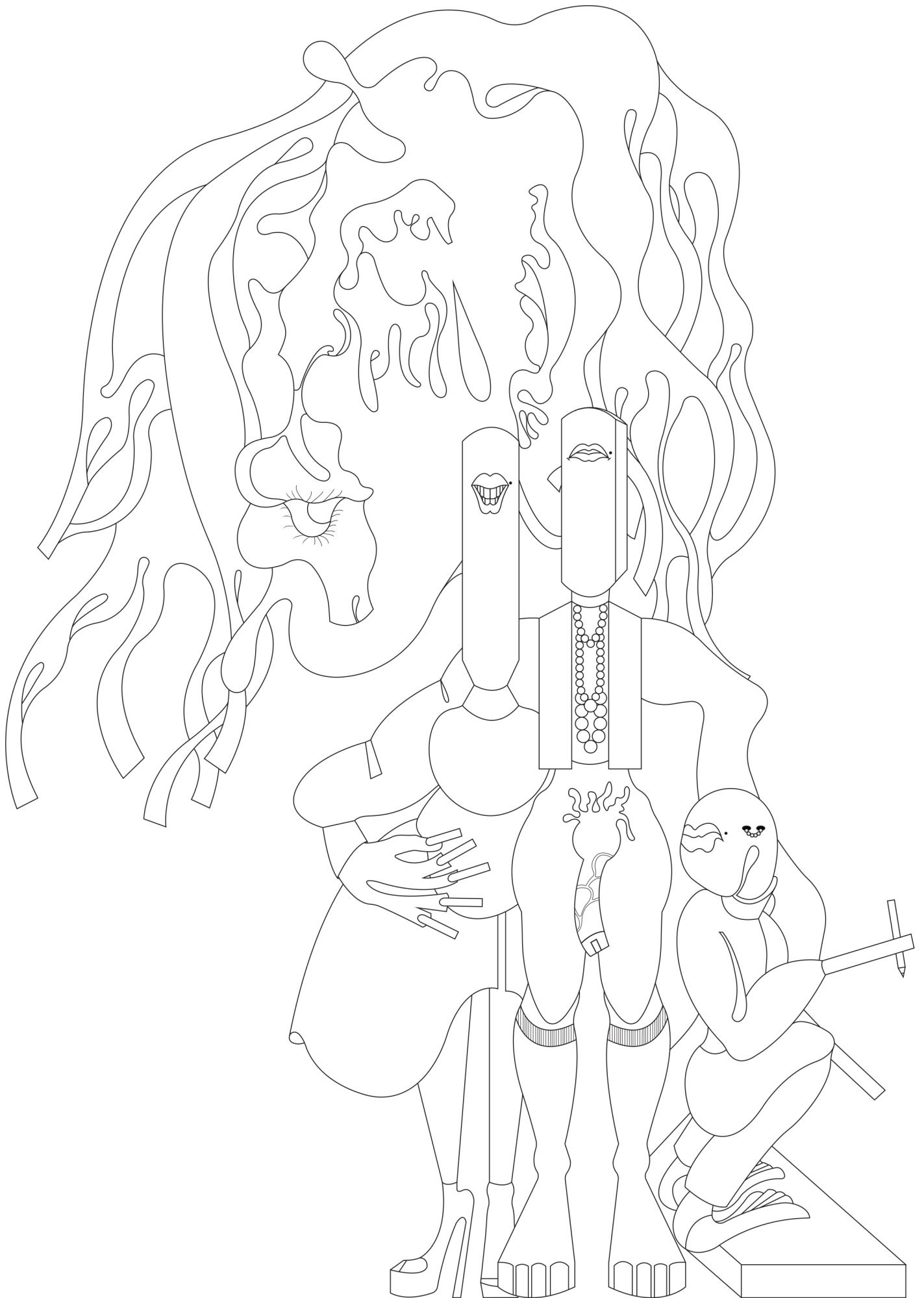
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Traf-Algar

What's up with the World (2020)

Choose a few colours or ornamentation related to your feelings.

Colour in.



THE END.

(UNTIL NEXT TIME)