

Rae-Yen Song Talbot Rice Residents



Talbot Rice Residents

Artist Intro

Through an ongoing series of drawings, sculpture, performances, videos and textiles, **Rae-Yen Song** uses lived experience as a starting point to dismantle and reconstruct a sense of “self” abstracted from cultural stereotypes and projected stigma based on gender, race and foreignness.

New mythologies are built through the creation of fantastical characters and invented traditional tales, motifs and uncanny outfits that are at once somewhat familiar yet inherently strange. Using fabulation, and actively rejecting traditional Western narrative structure in favour of experimental style and form, the work interrogates issues of otherness, diaspora and hybridity, playing in the space that exists when established cultural rules and social norms have been overturned.

The cornerstones of familial and cultural connectedness, from storytelling to the sharing of food, from sibling dynamics to ancestral traces, sit at the heart of the work. An ongoing series of “outings” sees the artist’s immediate family, collaboratively appearing and silently proceeding in costume through a variety of public spaces. Collectively they undertake a choreographed series of actions, curious rituals that whilst appearing to pay homage to the past, are seen to loosen and slowly unravel to reveal modern myths and future family legends.

Rae-Yen Song’s works are a form of personal activism where alternative realities are proposed and ownership over biographical narrative is reclaimed. Whilst on the surface they are eccentric, fanciful propositions, they carry a potent power in an age of increasing contention around identity politics. The impact is extended through creating works that momentarily exist and move through the public realm, taking them directly to the territory of the fractious discourse. Repeated, ritualistic actions, matched with consistent visual flair, has carved a unique cultural place and is developing a mythology that is completely its own.



song dynasty 00, 2018.



may-may songuu --paper--, 2020.
Drawing, pen on paper.

may-may songuu

Stuart Fallon, 2020

Rae-Yen Song's **may-may songuu** combines fantastical invented characters, beautifully hand-crafted fabrics and fabulous tales to construct a new mythological space that explores biographical narrative and broader questions around cultural identity.

Entering through strips of fluffy turquoise curtains, the viewer is invited into an alternative imagined realm. The first encounter is with a pair of hybrid creations, posed on a blue platform, dressed up and paraded like great deities, or finalists in some unnamed talent show. These unlikely siblings are identified in the exhibition guide as "Dog" and "Vegetable". Dog, a lumpen, many-headed creature has multiple faces both at the front and on the rear. Its iridescent purple body is covered with residual protrusions including a culture of live fungi, sprouting like a forest of parasitic offspring from the centre of its back. Vegetable, a curious floretting broccoli-headed being stands alongside, decked out in a tasseled green velvet outfit and bright red PVC gloves. Vegetable is adorned with white oblong shapes, unidentified lice infesting and irritating the body stalk.

Surrounding the couple is a series of expertly crafted curtains that begin to offer clues to their story. In sumptuous, garish colours, two-dimensional versions of Dog and Vegetable are depicted locked in conflict. They hungrily chase one another in a perpetual cycle, faces fixed with antagonised grimaces or tongues engorged with anger and greed. Staring mushrooms and enlarged white oblongs float agonisingly out of reach of the fervent pair – an angry cloud

excretes a huge raindrop, with the size and weight to crush an unsuspecting bird. The curtains carry the language and form of traditional cultural artefacts, yet with their unfamiliar tales and clashing colours of fleshy pink, mossy greens and shiny turquoise, they are uncannily off-kilter, representing and offering something new and unfamiliar.

Above it all, floating in digital space are a group of spectral amoebae. With animated features they jostle with each other for the best overview of the scenes below. The restless spirits, titled the "ancestors" appear disquieted by the sight and undignified actions of their descendents. Their collective mournful chorus haunts the room. Flanking them on either side are a pair of irritated cloud sculptures, primed on the angry orange wall. They hover like dark messengers ready to do the ancestors' bidding.

Dog and Vegetable stand silently, exposed in the centre of everything, ceremonially wheeled out for judgment or humiliation. The exhibition guide unlocks their tale: in order to satiate their own hunger, Dog and Vegetable once attempted to trick the ancestors into providing them with a plentiful crop. Wise to their selfish desires the ancestors fulfilled their prayers for sustenance – in the form of the mushroom-like **may-may songuu** and rice – but with the mischievous twist that the goods grew from the bodies of the pair, just out of their own reach. The result was, and is, a cannibalistic scrabble as the zealous duo fight to devour each other's flesh. The resulting frenzy sees them scatter the seeds widely over the land, resulting in a bumper crop to be enjoyed by all.

Conceived in tandem with the exhibition, a series of ceramic workshops brought a social group of the local older Chinese community to the gallery to build on the exhibition's key themes of story-telling and the relationship between food and communal gathering. Over the duration of the exhibition, these workshops generated **may-may songuu** vessels in the shape of birds; sacred bowls to be eaten from in a shared meal. This togetherness shows that despite the deeply idiosyncratic, otherworldly nature of the space that it creates,

may-may songuu holds the potential to act as a catalyst for cultural connectivity and collective action in the world that we know.

Rae-Yen Song's **may-may songuu** is a darkly humorous parable that questions how we convey, absorb and accept cultural tropes and histories. The work speaks to issues of genealogical and generational entanglement and inherited knowledge, and the ongoing conflict between individualistic greed and community generosity. Familial, moral and cultural politics are deftly blended to create a new world where ideas and conversations, both imagined and real can take place.



may-may songuu, 2020.
Installation view, CFCCA, Manchester.
Photo: Kiran Mistry.



* may-may songuu *, 2020.
Installation view, CFCCA, Manchester.
Photo: Michael Pollard.



พญูปพญูป, 2021.
2D animation (stills).

A Deft Hand Crafts Portals

Adam Benmakhlouf, 2021

but the words of this interpretation will slip and slide and spin, because this place won't keep still. If you feel lost, don't panic; you will find your way back to the beginning. It is beginning... spinning... in liquid green nothingness.¹

At the end of a long conversation with Rae-Yen Song (R-YS), the Trickster is summoned, from the book by Lewis Hyde (LH).² This is where R-YS learned that portals are the etymological kin of opportunity: the relation being one of the pore, the passageway – the open door. Similarly, as LH explains: art, articulation and arthritis are all, at root, about the joining – the jointing – of things. R-YS enjoys such derivational details. R-YS also enjoys bones, being, as they are, both jointed and porous. Rigid, they support wetter flesh; yet, articulated, and suffused with blood and vessels, they are simultaneously a site of flow. Thought to regenerate themselves completely every decade or so, bones are also forever in flux.

Fixity and openness coexist too in R-YS's practice. Across a prolific output of performance, installation, costume, video and drawing, a society is imagined and formed – a coherent world that is nevertheless subject to ongoing change. Find here *inter alia* a long-bodied tent of a creature, tongue protruding, its many legs, from a certain angle, reading as ribs. Such lifeforms could be celestial; or magnified

micro-scopic critters; or both/neither and/or something else altogether. What follows in this text is a series of portals into R-YS's work, via ideas of ambiguity, imagination, craft, incompleteness and ritual. R-YS's own writings appear throughout, flowing through this jointed, porous prose.

Magnification thrusts you inside the stomach-womb, into the foetus, where a culture of microbeasts swim and skitter playfully; a porous cellular jelly; a tiny-eyed stick beast; an amphibious organism, twenty legs wafting.

If there's ambiguity in R-YS's work, it's well-wrought in boldly described forms and defined features. What emerges is by precise design, evidenced in jotters overflowing with extensive notes and elegant drawings, where allusions and symbols accumulate into disquieting composites. This mythological realm is punctured (like the multiverse or a dream) by glimpses of a familiar reality: the curve of a boat, the form of a dinner table, an ever-widening bumhole... a disembodied stomach-womb... a yogic squat... the dusk. Multiplicities of meanings shoot through/from R-YS's fabrications, inviting many lines of description and speculation. This isn't the ambiguity of blurriness or vagueness. It's the ambiguity of disparate imaginings, articles and abstractions coalescing in rich new formations. It's not difficult to describe R-YS's complicated installations, but myriad understandings are equally possible.

This motion sets the being spinning, at dizzying speed, yet it holds its pose, statuesque.

R-YS's work is a whole universe, and – appropriately – is constantly expanding. Galleries become rented function rooms for the ceremonies/celebrations/rituals/mise en scène of R-YS's characters. As party-planner, set-designer, mythmaker and director, R-YS builds, gathers and carefully arranges – plotting an expansive, handmade terrain.

In many works, papier-maché forms a smooth, glossed surface. Finely detailed, the works are executed, exactly. Their perfect edges form the contours of – to borrow a phrase from writer, organiser, educator and artist Walidah

Imarisha (WI) – a visionary fiction. For WI, "the decolonisation of the imagination is the most dangerous and subversive form there is: for it is where all other forms of decolonisation are born. Once the imagination is unshackled, liberation is limitless."³

Similarly, for R-YS, "imagination ... is integral as a tool because with migration, with movement, the journey of our ancestors, things have been lost and things are not said and taken away. We need imagination to fill in those spaces and to create things for ourselves in order to tell our future families."⁴ And so, the patiently applied papier-maché of R-YS's worldmaking reminds us that a) within the word statecraft there is the word "craft", and b) with the care and attention of crafting, the grip of dominant narratives of power on imagination can be loosened.

*A mutating vision ... delivered via pen and fibre-tipped markers on paper.
And via obscure, oracular, cartoon-like creatures within creatures within creatures, floating on painterly backgrounds.*

Though carefully finished, the work evades completion. That's to say, time passes between installations – conventionally, but also in the imagined dimension which accommodates R-YS's costumes, performances and sculptures. Whilst packed away, that world keeps spinning, but at a different pace. Ahead of a major solo show, R-YS speculates that the world unveiled in that exhibition could reappear in future, but in its internal timeline, maybe only five minutes have passed. What would that look like?⁵

A pregnant raincloud floats upwards – the largest cloud, blue-green but faceless. It sheds, not liquid but neon cellular droplets.

The cloud is faceless in R-YS's animation, *wūūwūūū* – unlike the heavy-browed one in the exhibition, **may-may songuu**.⁶ Such recurrences between creatures within creatures unfold as a methodology for the formation of an entire culture, moment by moment.

Across R-YS's work, this creates a recognisable network of associations that can be pointed at and described by those gazing at it, but which cannot and must not be definitively named. Such stable signification is disturbed through the making of artefacts – floats, statues, a new codex – liberated from their attachment to settled, material tradition. With a careful and skilled hand, R-YS remakes the objects of ritual, releasing them from the demands of existing ideologies. Newly porous, R-YS's practices and crafts of ceremony open endless portals from a single sense of reality onto singularly fresh, [un]familiar worlds.

1 Passages in *italic* are excerpted from the audio description of R-YS's animation *wūūwūū*, 2021, written with Collective Text.

2 Hyde, Lewis. *Trickster Makes This World: How Disruptive Imagination Creates Culture*. Canongate, 2008, pp. 46, 254–55.

3 brown, adrienne maree and Imarisha, Walidah (eds.). *Octavia's Brood*. AK Press and Institute for Anarchist Studies, 2015, p. 4.

4 Fabric of Society artist talk (Rabiya Choudhry, Raisa Kabir, Jasleen Kaur, Rae-Yen Song), Glasgow International 2021. <https://glasgowinternational.org/digital-events/fabric-of-society-artist-talk/>.

5 Rae-Yen Song's solo exhibition was at DCA, Dundee, 2021–2022.

6 **may-may songuu**, CFCCA, Manchester, 2020.



happy happy leaf, 2018.
Installation view, Dundee Contemporary Arts, 2021.
Photo: Ruth Clark.



To Rae-Yen Song

Michael Barr, 2022

I have been with you for years now. In that time you have told me secrets, family stories of love, loss and absence. You have shared much, even as you have uncovered it yourself. This has been your gift to me – one of many. Now I have an opportunity to give to you, these words. They come in three parts. I hope that, in their threeness, they offer some means of triangulation for mapping the ever-shifting terrain of your work.¹ You could think of them as tenses: past, present, future.

I

To begin: the briefest of tours of the non-institutionalised sacred landscapes of Singapore. It is not a tour that I can give, personally; I have never been to Singapore, and you know it in ways that I never will. But I think Singapore is a strange land to you, too. Our guidebook is Terence Heng's *Of Gods, Gifts and Ghosts*,² which offers snapshots of:

*a Singaporean (and often South-east Asian) form of sectarian, spiritualist Taoism that encompasses liturgy from Taoist canon, deities from diasporic points of origin in China, and selective elements from Buddhism and other regional spiritual practices.*³

Heng is clear that what he is showing us differs from institutional Buddhist and Taoist practices. Instead, he introduces us to *tang-ki* worship and spirit altars. *Tang-ki* (乩童) are spirit mediums. They are possessed by the spirits

of the deities to which they are beholden – their “bosses” – and regularly enter into trances witnessed by their devotees. This happens at their spirit altars, or *sin tua* (神坛). *Sin tua* are positioned in the homes of individual *tang-ki* and are the foci of acts of worship distinct from those staged within officially-sanctioned sacred spaces. *Sin tua* and the *tang-ki* who tend them are an important part of the working-class fabric of Singapore, offering social, cultural and mental health support to individuals – all while negotiating the city-state's strict bureaucracy.

Heng guides us to the processes whereby *tang-ki* and *sin tua* occasionally expand beyond their usually restricted physical confines to temporarily occupy larger, more public spaces, “consecrating them through ritual as well as an elaborate mimicry of a temple aesthetic”.⁴ On these auspicious occasions:

*Large tents are constructed overnight, deities are painstakingly moved one or two at a time, decorations scurried⁵ away in storage units (or borrowed) are unleashed, professional videographers and photographers are hired to document the event ... instead of simply establishing a bulwark from which to ‘do’ religion, sin tua spend significant amounts of time making their temporary space look like a temple. To achieve this, they construct elaborate altars, banners and entrances in and around the tentage. They also conduct rituals that establish the area as sacred (placing of talismans, inviting a spiritual army to protect the space and so on). Scale is crucial here – the size and height of the tentage allows for much grander expressions of faith to be performed.*⁶

Architecturally and atmospherically, 𠄎𠄎𠄎●𠄎 looks and feels like a floating temple. Specifically – it feels to me – like a temple in a truly foreign land. I am welcome here, for the time being, but am also aware that it is not my temple. I am not a devotee. And I am never certain of what I am looking at; I don't know how far the sanctity extends. What I can see is that the temple of 𠄎𠄎𠄎●𠄎 could be disassembled without too much trouble to then, perhaps, be reassembled elsewhere. It could float away and reconfigure itself, gently exploding then coalescing in a different form altogether, in a different place, in a different tense.



II

If I walk around the outside of ▷▮●◁ to the very far end, then I see that part of the structure is held in place with small mirror-polished fixings. In their domed surface I see myself reflected, as if in the back of a spoon. I am tiny, distorted, but whole. It is a surprising yet entirely sensible sight. Surprising, in that being given a view of a complete body, after having spent time within ▷▮●◁, has come to seem like an alien experience. And sensible, in that the smallness of my reflected self is consistent with the scalar somatic shifts that are naturalised in this strange space.

In ▷▮●◁ symbols expand, contract and repeat. They contain themselves, again and again. Take the costume that awaits as I enter the installation – perhaps in greeting, perhaps as sentinel – silently observing the decision I make as to whether to remove my shoes before crossing the threshold, or not. The head of this costume is visibly hollow and materially ambiguous. It could be a mask, or a helmet. It could offer protection, either as armour or concealment, or both. The costume is child-sized, but not child-like, implying that the intended inhabitant may not be quite of my scale. I approach the costume face on, but as I get nearer, I am able to get somewhat over the top of it, seeing the head, obliquely, from above. Already my viewpoint has shifted, and I am only a few steps into this thing. Later, as I delve further into the giant bodily installation, I will encounter this head again and again, in multiple orientations: as a company of ceramic shoe-guardians, facing skywards; in a bronze altarpiece, eyes dead ahead; in a tent-like sanctuary, that I can get right inside; and in a video, seemingly shot from above. In the latter, the costume and its head are given life. In a black void, its movements seem to dance between a forward propulsion in the deep ocean and a dying breath in deep space.

Also, the head has a second face, which I realise was there all along.

I am able to come at the costume from height, but only when I myself am dwarfed by the enveloping canopy of a second, much larger beast. By this point, I have been incorporated

into the work and must figure out how to navigate it. To this end, the exhibition notes provide a hand-drawn map, sketching ▷◻◉▷ in plan view. It reveals that the entire installation forms a third, gargantuan body – too large to be perceived from my limited vantage point. The costume forms the navel, but my sense here is also of the *nave*: the belly of a church. A lofted ceiling – that stained-glass-like canopy – is supported by regular pillars projecting heavenwards in the form of beastly inflatable legs (which, dizzingly, are also revealed to be ribs when seen in plan view). My sense here is also of *navis*, “the ship”, as the inflatable architecture also reads as some phantasmagorical boat, which could equally fly or sail away if untethered, legs as oars in a celestial sea. This latter reading is corroborated when the inflatable beast reappears fleetingly in the animation, *wūūwūūū*. It swims in seemingly microscopic form within a liquid-culture floating in space: a body, within a body. The tiny thing on this screen, which serves as this temple’s baptismal font, was, just a moment ago, enveloping me in three dimensions. Things seem to be contracting and expanding at will here, and it is possible that one of those things is me.

The material reality of all this is seductive, making attempts to map or describe it... bewildering. Finding myself in this world where symbols and forms recur at multiple scales calls my own sense of bodily scale into question. I am reflected, in miniature, in the spoon. I am Alice, in Wonderland:

‘I’m afraid I can’t put it more clearly,’ Alice replied very politely, ‘for I can’t understand it myself, to begin with; and being so many different sizes in a day is very confusing.’

‘It isn’t,’ said the Caterpillar.

‘Well, perhaps you haven’t found it so yet,’ said Alice; ‘but when you have to turn into a chrysalis – you will some day, you know – and then after that into a butterfly, I should think you’ll feel it a little queer, won’t you?’

‘Not a bit,’ said the Caterpillar.’

If I am Alice – all at sea in the face of these scalar shifts – then ▷◻◉▷ is a caterpillar. Its *modus operandi* is the one that Alice identifies; metamorphosing from one thing to another is



top:
▷◻◉▷, Dundee Contemporary Arts, 2021.
Photo: Ruth Clark.

bottom:
◉yap◉, 2021.
Video on songdynasty.life (still).



ah kong, 2021.
Installation view, ▷◻◻◻●▷, Dundee Contemporary Arts, 2021.
Photo: Ruth Clark.

the only life that the caterpillar knows. ▷◻◻◻●▷ is resolute in its elastic complexity.

III

▷◻◻◻●▷ is a temple to flux, to multiplicity. The head; the soaring inflatable microbeast: these looping motifs morph repeatedly. They do so at multiple scales, so ▷◻◻◻●▷ is also a temple of fractals. A fractal is a repeating pattern, self-similar across different scales. Zoom in on a fractal and a finer, more detailed pattern comes into focus, but the form remains the same – a repetition of the same structure, *ad infinitum*. Fractals exist in mathematically pure forms, but approximations can be observed all around us – in clouds and crystals, goat horns and galaxies, blood vessels and broccoli. These are patterns which exist independently of – but also within and through – us. We spiral down into the ground and up into the cosmos.

adrienne maree brown invokes the imagery of fractals, in search of better ways to be. In fractals, there is:

a structural echo that suggests two things: one, that there are shapes and patterns fundamental to our universe, and two, that what we practice at a small scale can reverberate to the largest scale.⁸

She continues:

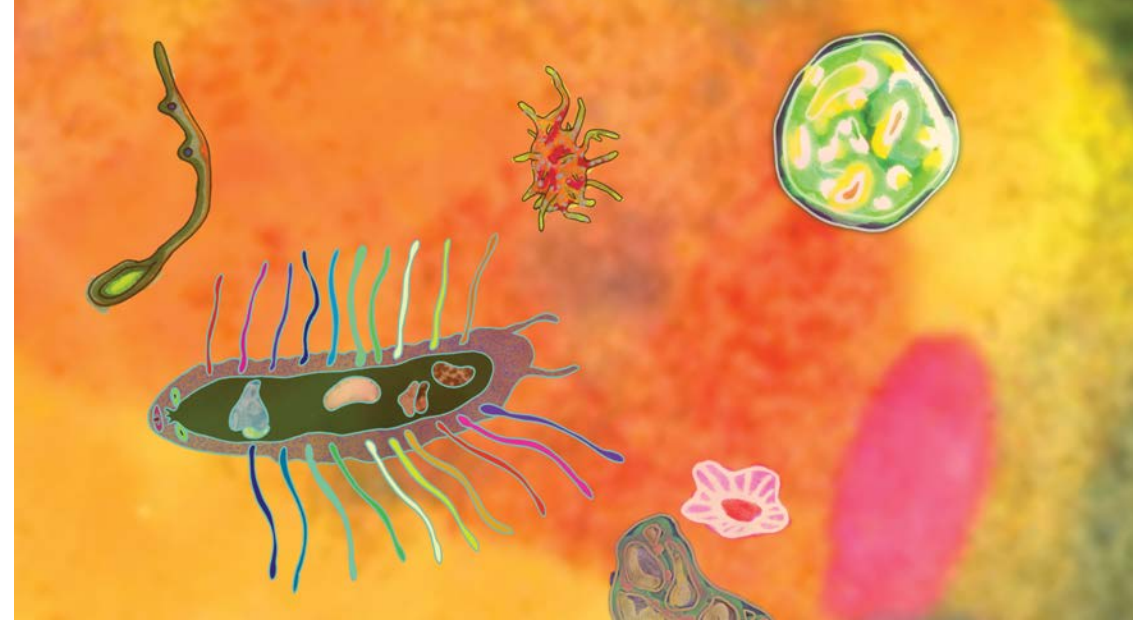
When we speak of systemic change, we need to be fractal. Fractals – a way to speak of the patterns we see – move from the micro to the macro level. The same spirals on sea shells can be found in the shape of galaxies. We must create patterns that cycle upwards. We are microsystems ... Our friendships and relationships are systems. Our communities are systems. Let us practice upwards.⁹

The logic of Song's fractals – the repeating, multi-scalar motifs – is slippery. There is an obvious yet unfathomable structure to the spiritual life of Song's temple. It clearly makes sense, but the sense that it makes is not quite clear. Yet as one thing slides into a larger or smaller version of itself, there is an ineluctable truth to that spiritual life: *things change*. Like the caterpillar's state of becoming, or like

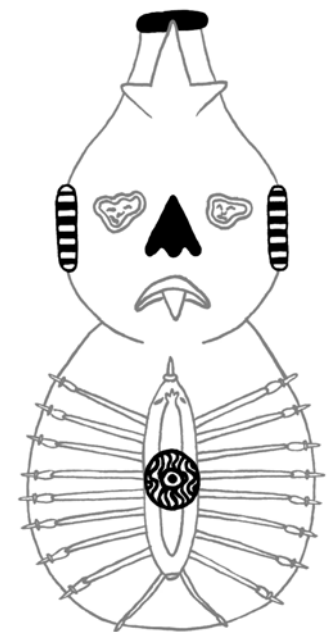
countless stories of transmigration from the canon of Chinese mythology, the default state of Song's work is that we can never see the whole of it, because it is never just one thing. It is always multiple versions of itself, and always in the process of transforming into something else. The expansiveness of this has the potential to overwhelm, but Song retains control by attending intimately to the changes, to the transitions. This is a material attention; it is the relationship between multiple heads in multiple iterations – in papier maché, ceramic, fabric, bronze, video – and infinite potential further incarnations which may yet exist, arrayed beyond our field of vision. It is also an attention to audience. This work is made unwaveringly – first and foremost – for family and in this, Song is deliberately nurturing those generational transitions, bringing stories and narratives actively, carefully, and imaginatively from the past, through the present, and into the future tense.

This is quietly, personally, political work. adrienne maree brown's entreaty to spiral upwards is also fundamentally a political one; it is part of a poetically practical, strategic guide to shaping change in a world of inequity. The beauty of Song's world is that it seems to be suspended in parallel to our own. In this oracular refuge, the profane injustices of our earthly domain are respectfully muted – they are held in abeyance here. But in attending to the changes, Song – in a different register – is in consort with brown. Both are concerned with the transition, rather than focusing long-sightedly on a hypothetical and pre-figured end-state. If you don't change well, then you won't emerge well. And, besides, change is the outcome. In the words of Octavia E. Butler:

*All that you touch
You Change.
All that you Change
Changes you.
The only lasting truth
Is Change.
God is Change.¹⁰*



wūūwūū, 2021.
2D animation (still).



Hand-drawn map for ▷▣●▷.
Dundee Contemporary Arts, 2021.

- 1 The particular focus of these words is your exhibition entitled ▷◻◼●▷ at Dundee Contemporary Arts, 11 December 2021 – 20 March 2022.
- 2 Heng, Terence. *Of Gods, Gifts and Ghosts: Spiritual Places in Urban Spaces*. Abingdon : Routledge, 2020.
- 3 Ibid, p. 135.
- 4 Ibid, p. 135.
- 5 I wonder if Heng means ‘squirrelled’. But ‘scurred’ is nice too, and gives a sense of the haste of putting things up and taking them down.
- 6 Ibid, pp 135-136.
- 7 Carroll, Lewis. *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland*. London: Puffin, 2008, p. 45.
- 8 brown, adrienne maree. *Emergent strategy: shaping change, changing worlds*. Edinburgh : AK Press, 2017. p. 52.
- 9 Ibid, pp. 59-60.
- 10 Butler, Octavia E., *Parable of the sower*. London : Headline, 2019, p. 3.

Biography

Rae-Yen Song (born 1993, Edinburgh, Scotland), is an artist based in Glasgow. Working expansively through drawing, sculpture, installation, costume, video, sound, performance, family collaboration and any other medium that becomes appropriate, Song's practice is a long-term exercise in self-mythology as survival tactic. It explores the position of Other within our tangled reality, speaking broadly about foreignness, identity, and what it means to belong – or not.

Selected projects include: *Let the Song Hold Us*, a group exhibition at FACT Liverpool (March - June 2022); ▷■■■●▷, a solo exhibition at Dundee Contemporary Arts (2021-2022); *WORMB*, a duo exhibition at Quench Gallery, Margate (2022); *wūūwūū*, a LUX Scotland moving image commission for BBC Scotland (2021); *Fabric of Society*, Glasgow International (2021); *songdynasty.life*, a nascent online archive, with videos commissioned by Edinburgh Art Festival and Hunterian Art Gallery (2020 - ongoing); **may-may songuu**, a solo exhibition at CFCCA, Manchester (2020); *Survey*, Jerwood Space, London (2018); *Human Rights Arts Festival*, JDA Perera Gallery, Colombo (2017). Recent residencies include with Talbot Rice Gallery, Edinburgh (2019-21); Hospitalfield, Arbroath (2019); Sura Madura, Sri Lanka (2017).

Talbot Rice Residents

Talbot Rice Residents is a two-year programme within the unique context of Talbot Rice Gallery, Edinburgh College of Art and the University of Edinburgh.

A part of the Freelands Artist Programme, Talbot Rice Residents provides time and support for emerging, or re-emerging artists based anywhere in Scotland. It is supported by Edinburgh College of Art, where the Residents have a studio and access to facilities. Residents also receive year-round curatorial and technical support from the Talbot Rice team, as well as access to workshops, libraries and collections, and contact with the vast academic community within the University of Edinburgh. In addition to an annual artist fee, Residents receive an individual budget for production and travel, and meet at key points in the programme for masterclasses and workshops delivered by invited guests. The programme also includes national and international research trips, new commissioned writing and culminates with exhibitions in Edinburgh and London.

Freelands Artist Programme

The Freelands Artist Programme is a landmark initiative to support emerging artists across the UK launched in 2018 by Freelands Foundation. The programme nurtures emerging artists' practices by fostering long-term relationships and collaborations with arts organisations and bolstering regional arts ecosystems.

In its first five-year phase, 80 artists have undertaken the programme across four partner organisations – g39, Cardiff, PS², Belfast, Site Gallery, Sheffield and Talbot Rice Gallery.

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**Talbot Rice
Gallery**

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