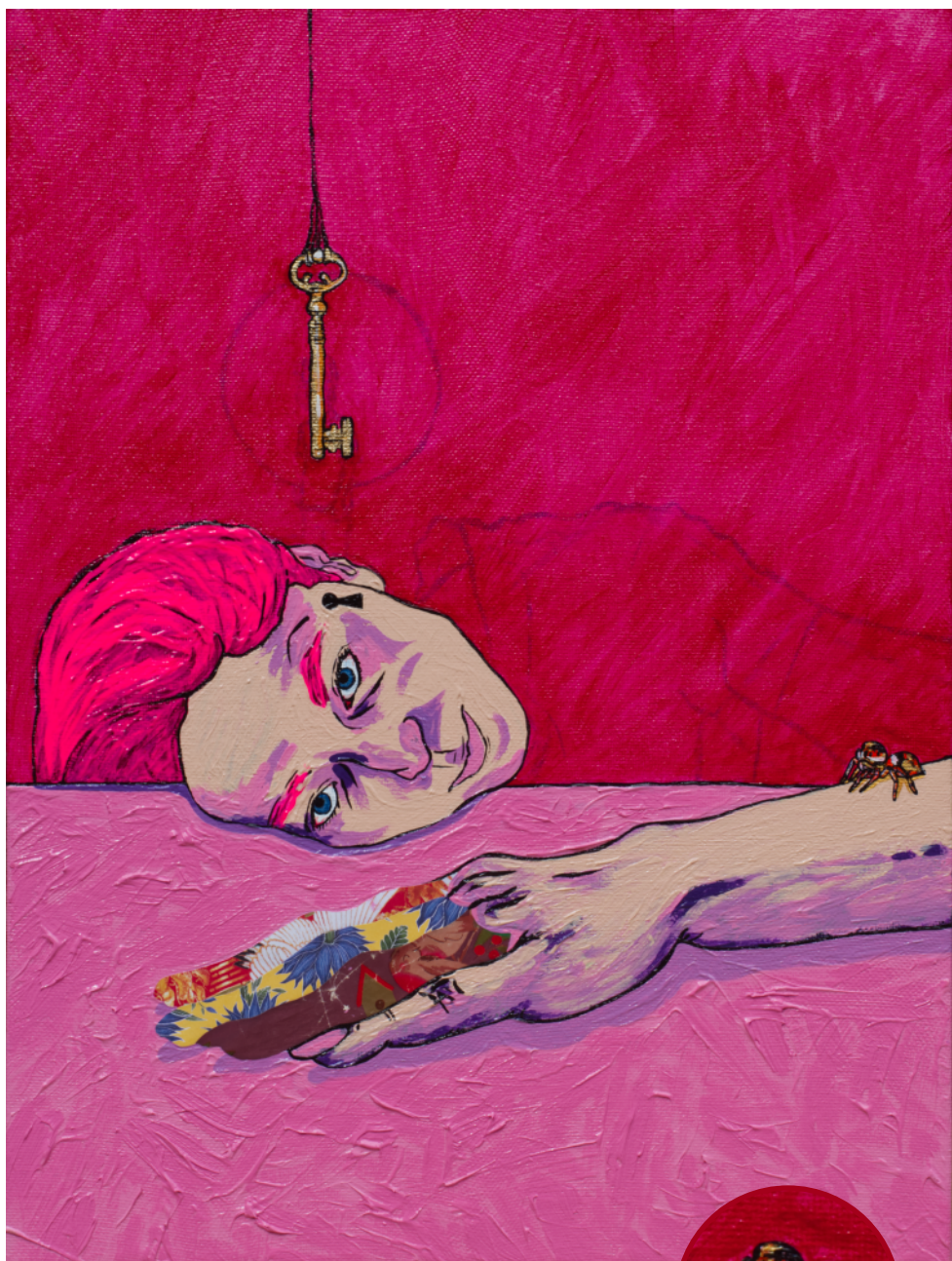


Working Thru Parable



Sammy
Frank



Cover: *Reason*. 60x40cm.
Above: *Fixation*. 40x30cm.





Spinning a Yarn

My artwork is a gentle mythology spun between painting and short story. These acrylic paintings, embellished with oil, gold-leaf, and collage, weave the strong line and brushstrokes of Impressionist painters with the scoffing of chance by Dadaist poets. Flash Fiction allows me to write as I paint, penning short individual pieces that drop a line into a larger narrative, mirroring the world-building of folk tales. Branching from the core relationship between a Zebra Spider and a Sinking Hand, my work explores empathy for the alien and the cumulative effect of searching for similarity. Having often wished off escaping down a Rabbit Hole, my work lies within the British tradition of stepping through the ordinary into the other. Travelling to surreal parallels that softly probe human psychology and theology.



Tapped In

Tapped In is a curation collective I co-founded in 2022. We aspire to produce exhibitions that are as creative as the artworks they house, pitching the gallery as a theatre where artworks are located within surreal sets. Our shows are places of both reflection and entertainment, where visitors are offered puzzles, treasure hunts, and interaction.

Curation and collaboration are crucial elements of my practice. With Tapped In, I have delivered 13 projects, including a Dada Arts Festival, live music, and various workshops. We are currently enjoying a residency at Ashford School, where we maintain a shared studio space. Our end-of-year exhibition, *A Place at the Table* (right), was a collaboration with years 7-9. Artwork was laid within a fantasy dining room, with work under and around a 2-metre tall table.





The Spider & the Hand

On what should have been a trouble-less day, a cold stream ripped through summer air and plunged a small zebra spider into a winter they had not anticipated. Quietly, before reaching their final moult, they perished.

As their body curled, they awoke a final time on a short plateau above the universe. Before them, gently tugging, was the understanding of a path. Of a line wandering back through time, slowly meandering between every ample moment, back

and back, joining each ancestor on every branch, all the way to the beginning.

The first place the spider passed was a hollow, one of many crags over alternate unfulfilled realities. Within them linger unnamed worlds, the barren shadows of Earth that never seeded life. These are the wells humans fall into. The spider stopped and peered down at the unlucky parallel, perhaps to marvel for a moment. Yet, to their alarm, the planet was not still. Its surface shifted and rose with some unhappy tide, enveloped in a dark and tar-like ocean.

In life, humans build walls. Walls to shelter in, but mostly, walls to obscure. Obscure the view of fallen trees and starving rivers, of factory farms and slaughterhouses, of rubbish hills and empty quarries, of smog plumes and the endless march of combustion. Walls tall enough to hide from themselves the sources of their means. Tall enough that they are sheltered even in death. So, unable to feel a path, they fall, one by one, onto nameless rocks. Then, never resting, their spirits

decay, one by one, into treacle. The mass of them trickling out into a sticky, tireless sea.

As the spider stared down at this un-resting syrup, a hand broke the surface. The spider watched as it twisted upwards, the surrounding waves thrashing against it, seemingly trying to pull it back under. Nevertheless, it persevered to reach out helplessly. A part of the spider wished they hadn't looked, but they had, and they were overcome. Standing over the precipice, the small zebra spider felt that familiar itch that drives life forward. So, wanting desperately to help the part of itself it saw in this strange contorting hand, it secured a line and leapt.

Title Image: *Treacle*. 40x60cm.

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