

Kaiya Waerea

kaiyawaerea.com
insta: @kaiyawaerea
kaiyawaerea0@gmail.com
07497705495

GOLDSMITHS STUDENTS' UNION

Graphic Designer 2018 – 2020
Design Intern 2017



SUNDAY 23RD SEPTEMBER 7:30PM TILL 11PM SU BAR
£4 TICKETS AT GOLDSMITHSSU.COM/WELCOME



COMEDY GOLD

GOLD SMITHS
STUDENT UNION

WELCOME WEEK 2018

WELCOME WEEK 2018

MASTERS OF FUNK


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GOLD SMITHS
STUDENT UNION

FRIDAY 28TH SEPTEMBER 9PM TILL LATE SU BAR
£4 TICKETS AT GOLDSMITHSSU.COM/WELCOME

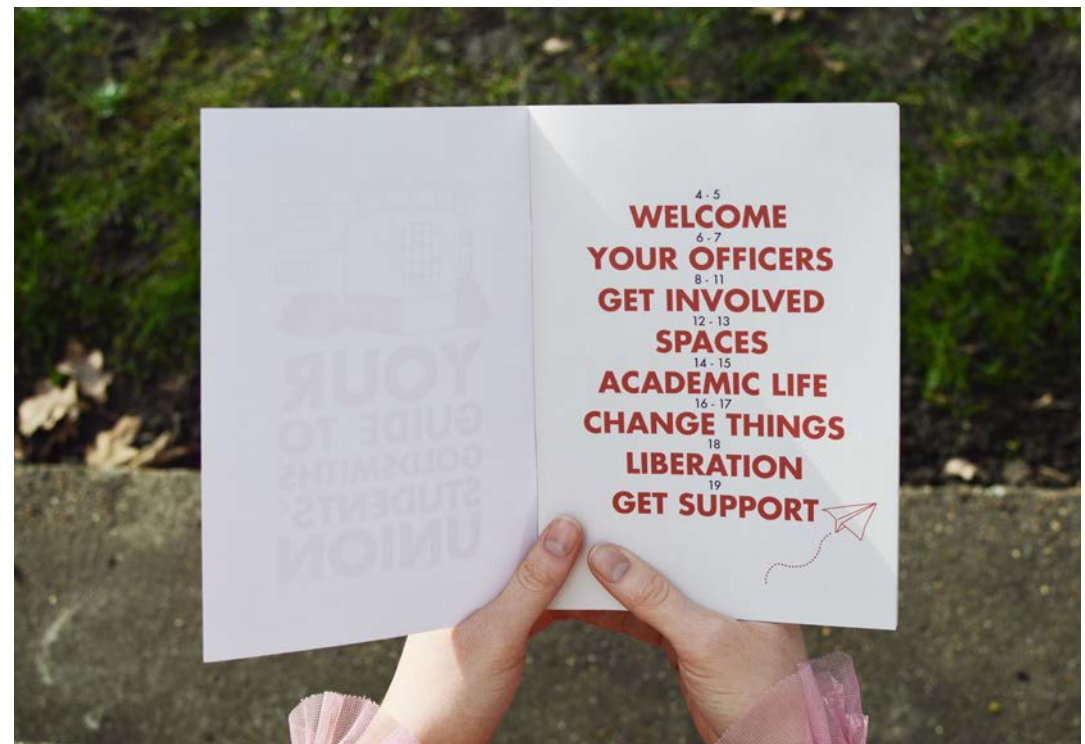
GOLD SMITHS
STUDENT UNION

WELCOME WEEK



QUIZ NIGHT

TUESDAY 25TH SEPTEMBER
7PM TILL 11PM
THE SU BAR £1 ENTRY
GOLDSMITHSSU.ORG/WELCOME

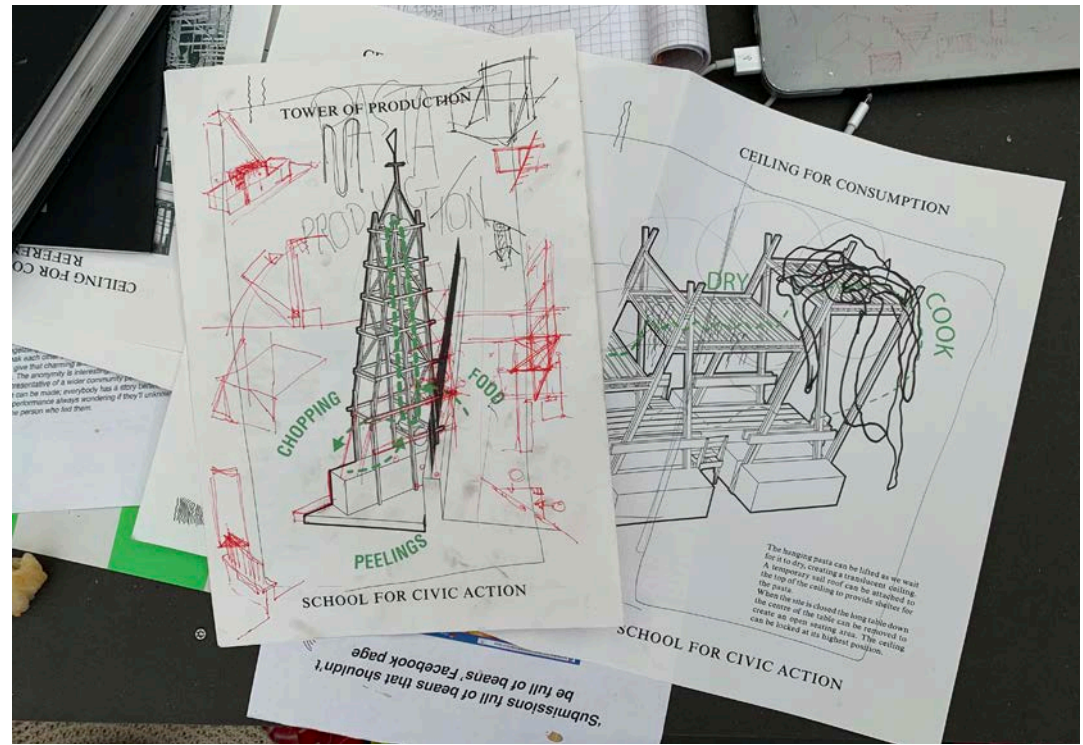


PERFORMING TOGETHERNESS

Performing Togetherness was a three week project, part of the School for Civic Action, run by Public Works. The first two weeks took place on their site in Poplar, and then the third, at the Tate Exchange, in Tate Modern.

This involved designing and building elements of the outdoor kitchen for public use, facilitating public workshops, and cooking together. My involvement also included documenting our processes on the R-Urban instagram page, and working with the graphic ID developed for the project.

Participant 2019





Above: One of the days it was my day to cook, we created a graphic score of the meal as we ate
 Right: Installation & discursive dinner at Tate Modern

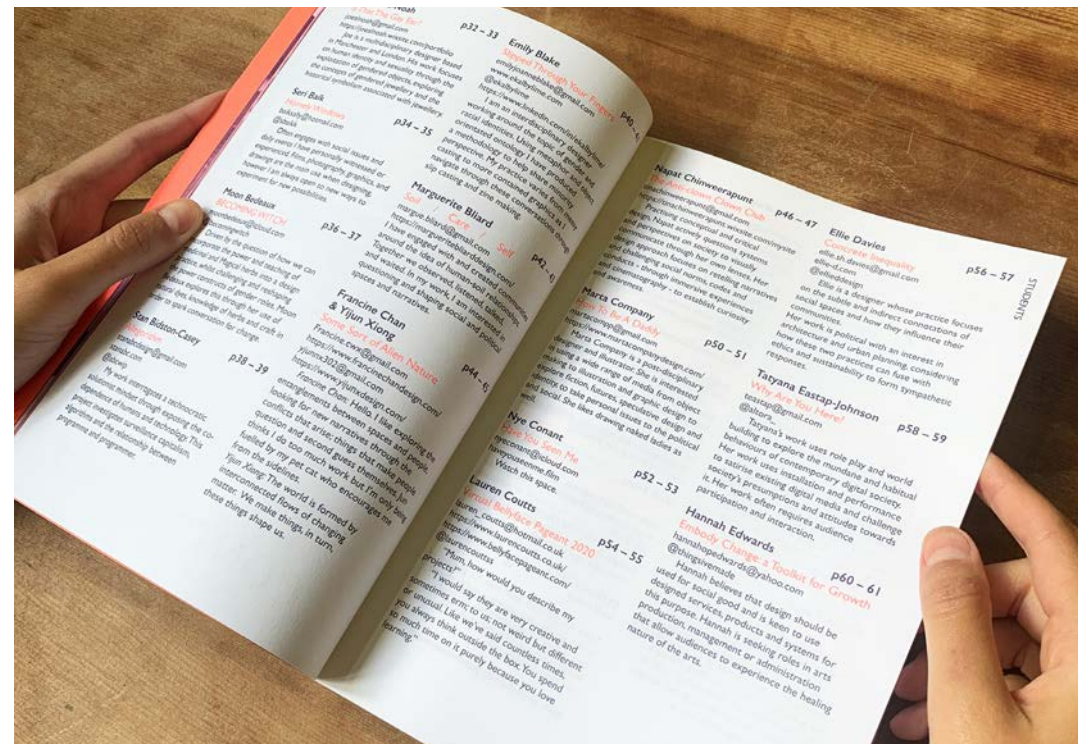
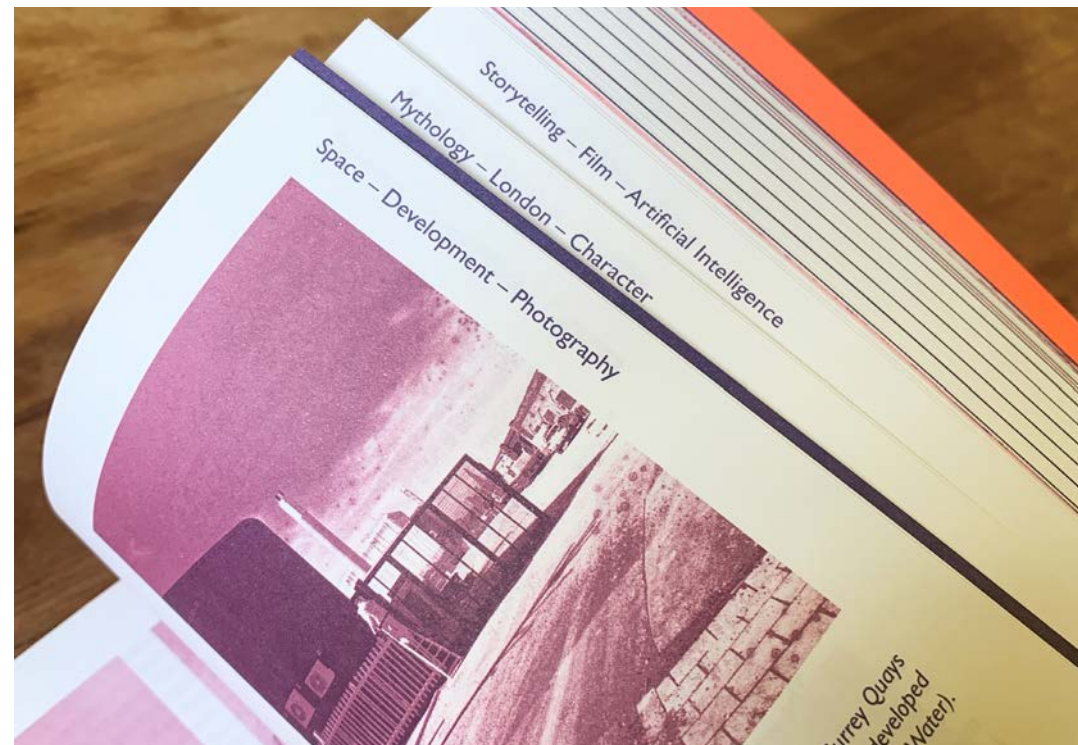


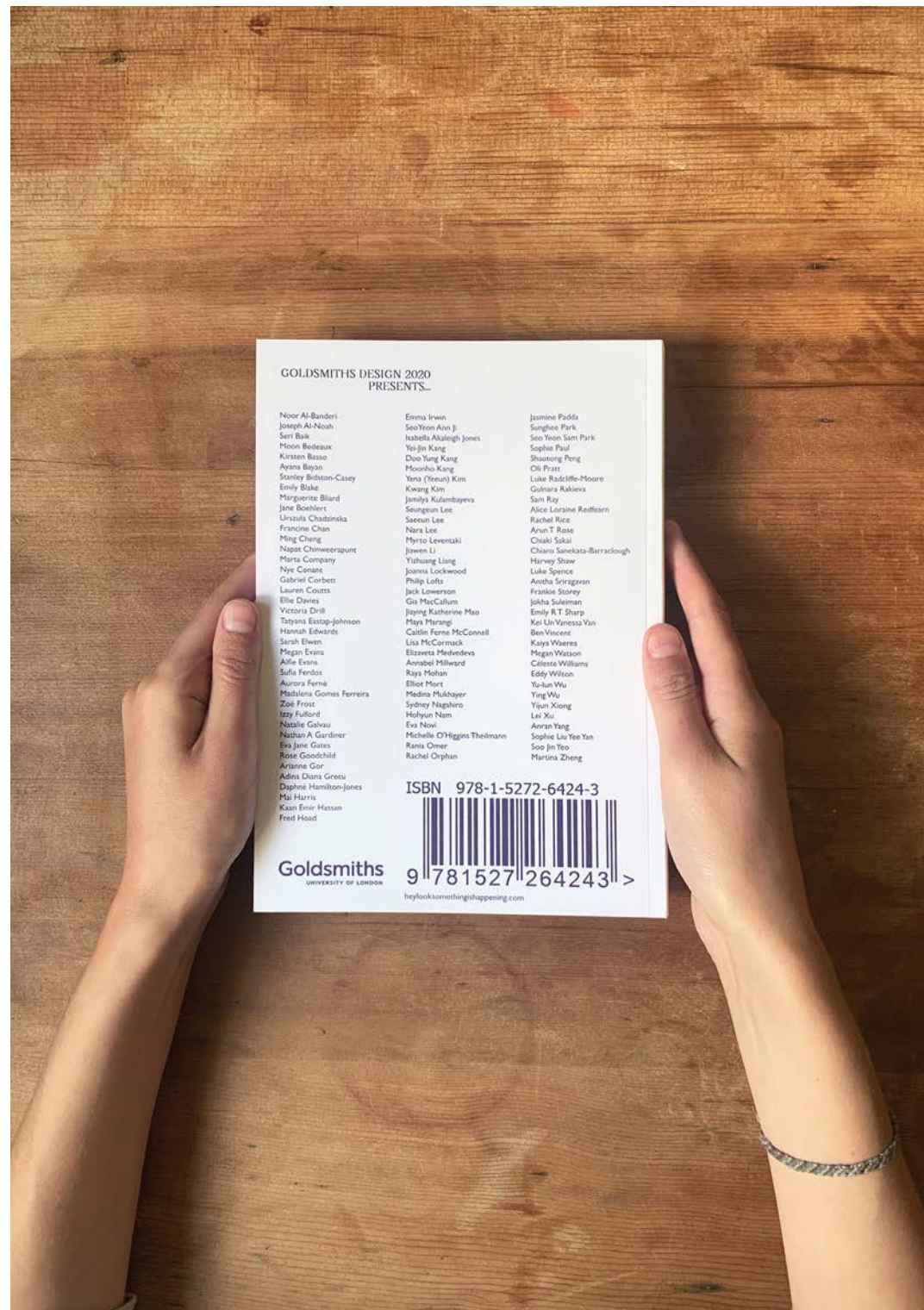
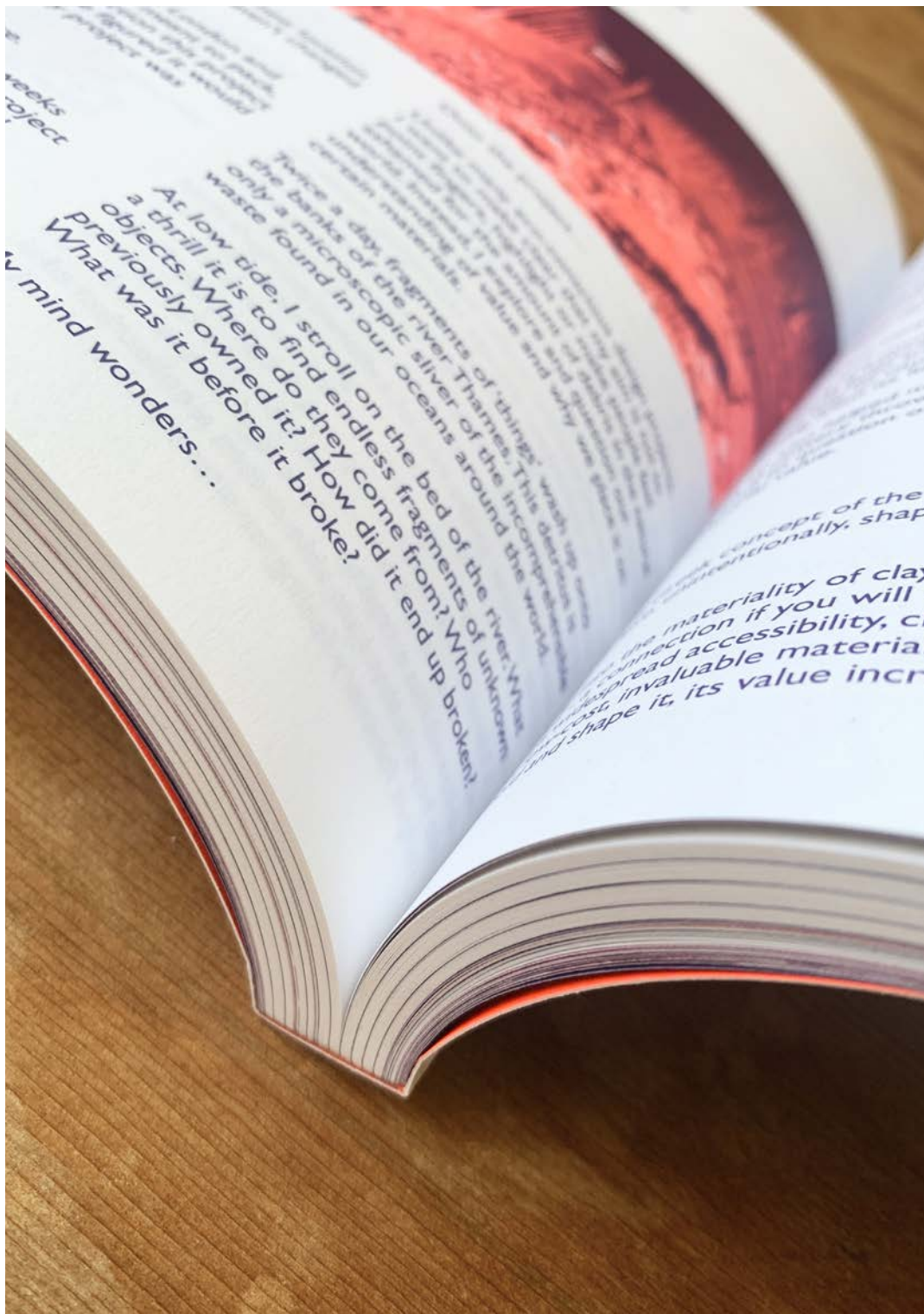
HEY, *look*, SOMETHING IS HAPPENING

This publication is a collection of written outputs from the final projects of 80 graduating students from BA Design. It also contains 10 contributions from tutors responding to our collectively written curational statement.

Graphic Designer

Duotone lithograph print
240pgs, 240x170mm





GOLDSMITHS DESIGN 2020
PRESENTS...

Noor Al-Banderi	Emma Irwin	Jasmine Padda
Joseph Al-Nash	Soo Yoon Ann Ji	Sunghye Park
Seri Bak	hubella Akalagh Jones	Soo Yoon Sun Park
Moon Bedeaux	Yei-Jin Kang	Sophie Paul
Kirsten Basso	Doo Yung Kang	Shaotong Peng
Ayana Bayin	Moonsu Kang	Oh Pratt
Stanley Bidston-Carey	Yena (Yeuul) Kim	Luke Radcliffe-Moore
Emily Blake	Kwang Kim	Gulnara Rakieva
Marguerite Bliard	Junmyra Kulambayeva	Sam Ray
Jane Bookiere	Seungeun Lee	Alice Lorraine Redfern
Urszula Chadzinska	Saeun Lee	Rachel Rice
Francine Chan	Nara Lee	Arun T. Rose
Ming Cheng	Myrto Levenaki	Chiaki Sakai
Nagat Chinnweersapunt	Joewen Li	Chiara Sankata-Barracough
Marta Company	Yihuang Liang	Harvey Shaw
Nye Conant	Joanna Lockwood	Luke Spence
Gabriel Corbett	Philip Loft	Anisha Sriragavan
Lauren Coutts	Jack Lowerson	Frankie Storey
Elle Davies	Gia MacCallum	Jakko Suleman
Victoria Drill	Jaying Katherine Mao	Emily R.T. Sharp
Tatyana Eastop-Johnson	Maya Marang	Kai Lin Vanessa Van
Hannah Edwards	Caitlin Ferne McConnell	Ben Vincent
Sarah Ewen	Lisa McCormack	Kaya Waters
Megan Evans	Elizabeth Medvedeva	Megan Watson
Ailie Evans	Annabel Millward	Celeste Williams
Safia Ferdos	Riya Mohan	Eddy Wilson
Aurora Ferni	Elliot Mort	Yu-luo Wu
Madalena Gomes Ferreira	Medina Mukhayer	Ying Wu
Zoe Frost	Sydney Nagahiro	Tijun Xiong
Izzy Fullard	Hohyun Nam	Lei Xu
Natalie Galvao	Eva Nowi	Alexan Yang
Nathan A. Gardiner	Michelle O'Higgins Theilmann	Sophie Liu Yee Yan
Eva Jane Gates	Rania Omer	Soo Jin Yeo
Rose Goodchild	Rachel Orphan	Martina Zheng
Ariane Gor		
Adina Diana Greu		
Daphné Hamilton-Jones		
Ma Harris		
Kaan Enor Hassan		
Fred Hoard		

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Goldsmiths
UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

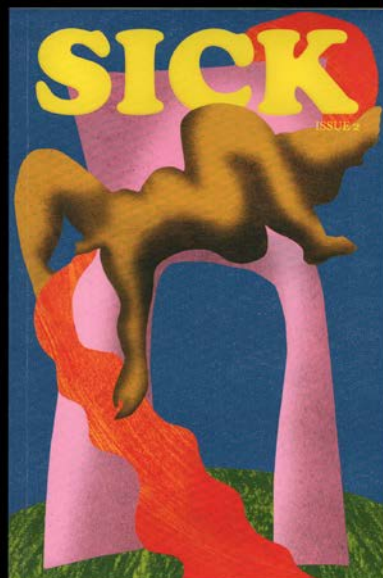
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heylooksomethingishappening.com

SICK MAGAZINE

SICK is an independent, thoughtful
magazine by chronically ill & disabled
people, founded & edited by Olivia
Spring.

Graphic Designer
Issue 1 2019
Issue 2 2020



ISSUE 2

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BED

by Jennifer Brough

Jennifer Brough is a writer, editor, and avid reader. Outside of these worthy pursuits, she is learning Spanish and dreaming of Mexico. Her poems have most recently been published in Pump Magic, Stockade, and Blunder Son. She tweets at @Jennifer_Brough.

Since moving in with my girlfriend and throwing out an old mattress and its base, I single-handedly assembled a sturdy wooden bed frame for a cloud-like memory foam mattress. As Gloria Hunniford's mum once said, "Always buy a good pair of shoes and a good bed – if you're not in one you're in the other." Far from a humbling, this task was significant for both comfort and creativity. For me, the bed has never just been a place of sleep but serves as a space for waking dreams and writing. In all of the flats and houses I've lived in since leaving home, I have had a desk perhaps twice, so the bed has been the alternative space on which to congregate with friends, conjugate with lovers, and create by myself.

As the sun is setting on my twenties, I have done a great deal of these things: collecting memories of dinners with friends, gatherings at university, intimacies and pillow talk. I have also, along the way, accumulated two chronic illnesses. Following an emergency operation for a twisted fallopian tube, I was informed, in a hand-controlled, firm hospital bed, that I had endometriosis. Another laparoscopy a few years later left me with fatigue, pain and needles in my hands and feet, trouble sleeping, and a long list of other symptoms. I hunted answers, pinballing between doctors and specialists until finally, fibromyalgia landed in my lap. Endometriosis sufferers are more likely to have other chronic conditions and I have found the two to be greedy co-dependent bedfellows, fighting for space and hogging the metaphorical duvet.

Pain, especially when it winds its way into women's bodies, is a cruel phantom. As Elaine Scarry wrote, "To have great pain is to have certainty,



to hear that another person has pain is to have doubt." This doubt has historic precedent when the medical community have considered women's pain, particularly in the bodies of women of colour. Hysteria is a well-known whinger that lingers in doctors' corridors, from the wandering womb in ancient Greece to the masterbate-the-mania-away of the 19th century, the uterus has been a site of blame and medical mystery for centuries. Even now, it takes on average seven and a half years for a diagnosis of endometriosis, a term coined in 1921. Before recent research acknowledged the racial bias in investigating the illness, it could be assumed from a Google image search the sufferers are solely cis white women slumped unhelpily in armchairs. This perception is part of the reason that women of colour, trans, and non-binary people find getting a diagnosis and treatment even more difficult, with one

study highlighting the popular myth that endometriosis predominantly affects white women, and another indicating strong pain killers were more likely to be prescribed to white people than minority ethnic groups.

As a society, we're not wholly equipped to deal with 'invisible illnesses' – we don't really have the language for them yet. Not as sufferers, carers, partners, friends, employers, or medical providers. In her essay *On Being ill*, Virginia Woolf recognised that "incomprehensibility has an enormous power over us in illness" not only in the ways we communicate but in the ways we are (mis)understood. A visit to a pain clinic was one of the most demoralising medical experiences of my life. The clinic was a room of 40 to 50 people, two practitioners, and not enough chairs. The practitioners tried hard not to divert from their scripts – the two-hour session was



mandatory if you wanted to meet with a physiotherapist, psychotherapist, and pharmacist – but when an elderly Jamaican man frantically interrupted, "I don't want to hear about pain, I know how it works. I've got it. I want help. I'm here for help," the session quickly fractured into murmurs of dissenting agreement. We were there to discuss something invisible. Something subjective. Something that was pressing on each of us in one way or another. Andre Lorde describes pain as an event, "an experience that must be recognised, named and then used in some way in order for the experience to change, to be transformed," but in that room, all we could do was hurt recollections of our shared events at the practitioners who, despite their sympathetic nods, were ultimately as powerless to change things as we were.

There are times when I doubt the existence of my own invisible

illness and start constructing grand adventures. If you can't see it, it can't hurt you, right? But while I aspire to hike Machu Picchu and climb pyramids in Teotihuacan, most days I can just about make it to the big Tesco and back. As another adage goes, this time not from the Hamilton family, wherever you go, there you are. I remember some of the rooms I've temporarily occupied around the world and how disappointing it was to feel exactly the same as I did at home, albeit with a better view. I think of Spain last summer, lying on crisp white sheets and dry heat, locking out at the sun that beckoned beyond a terracotta wall. While it's quite hard to feel blue when you're near a beach, a painkiller haze and bad cramps are unwelcome stopovers to the pain-free enjoyment you had imagined.

But, thinking on Lorde's words, I remind myself that while pain will be

NAJIA KHALED

onset
I woke up today
in a mood for salvation
fed my cactus
a thin
trickle
of water
like a fastidious
or a begrudging lover
leveraged a steady
amassing of days
into something
that could be
counted and weighed—
impotent augury,
a quick, careful
ache.
I feel like
a bundle of railroad ties
that are ready
and inclining
to be laid out
quite straight.

Najia Khaled is a Moroccan-American poet and Victorianist. Her poetry weaves mythology and folklore into depictions of the personal and the mundane. She has one collection of poems entitled 'Wonderers, Wish-Thinkers,' for which she has also released a corresponding album.

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onset
at 18
my body,
which had finally declared itself
quite firmly finished—
waxed into its wholeness
like an early fruit,
staunch and exuberant
with the things it could do,
a body that prided itself
on being impervious to things—
started to grow old
around me.
now
at 21
I stir to press my palms
to the muscle that has
rouned me with its hurt,
grateful that my hands
are always cold—
grateful that my hands
are likewise old as death
so they can
give their frigid comfort
to that grim aging tendon
inside me.
and I feel no less
stubbornness
and no less
eubony.

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"I never
feel more
capable than
when I am
providing
care"

— Jaime Santos-Prowse, p. 55

WHEN Mental MEETS Physical

by Adam England

Adam England is a freelance culture journalist with work in the Guardian, Vice, Kerrang!, and more. He lives with depression and anxiety.

When I was in my early teens, I began experiencing symptoms of depression and social anxiety. I was struggling to enjoy life and couldn't see how it would ever get better, to the detriment of my social life and what I perceived to be the 'normal' adolescent life. It took over five years to be prescribed medication, with the feeling that I was being fobbed off by the institutions that were supposed to help me. Either that, or it was dismissed as 'average hormones' or 'exam stress', which made me feel as if there was nobody who understood what I was actually going through.

The NHS outline the most common symptoms of depression by separating them into psychological symptoms, physical symptoms, and social symptoms. The physical symptoms include changes in appetite, weight, and lack of energy — signs that many with mental health conditions can relate to. If you're already feeling incredibly low, the additional symptoms of fatigue can make day-to-day life extremely difficult. In the past, I've tried to counteract this lack of energy with caffeine, which then has adverse effects on my anxiety and can make it harder for me to sleep in the evening. This kickstarts a vicious cycle that can be hard to break out of when in the midst of work and life, sometimes it feels as if you need a week away from all responsibilities just to regroup and catch your breath.

The double-standards surrounding the treatment and understanding of mental and physical health may not come as a shock to those who are chronically ill, but can nonetheless have serious effects on our ability to live and work while dealing with our conditions. The complexity of the relationship between mental and physical health is often misunderstood by well-meaning people and can lead to extra emotional

baggage for those already dealing with illness.

Lee Chambers is a wellbeing trainer and coach who lives with rheumatoid arthritis and depression. Chambers is familiar with the intersection of physical and mental health and finds that his physical challenges "can trigger a spiral of negativity" that affects his mental health. "I'm having to control things with only medication for my physical condition as everything together [medication for mental health] causes physical fatigue," says Chambers.

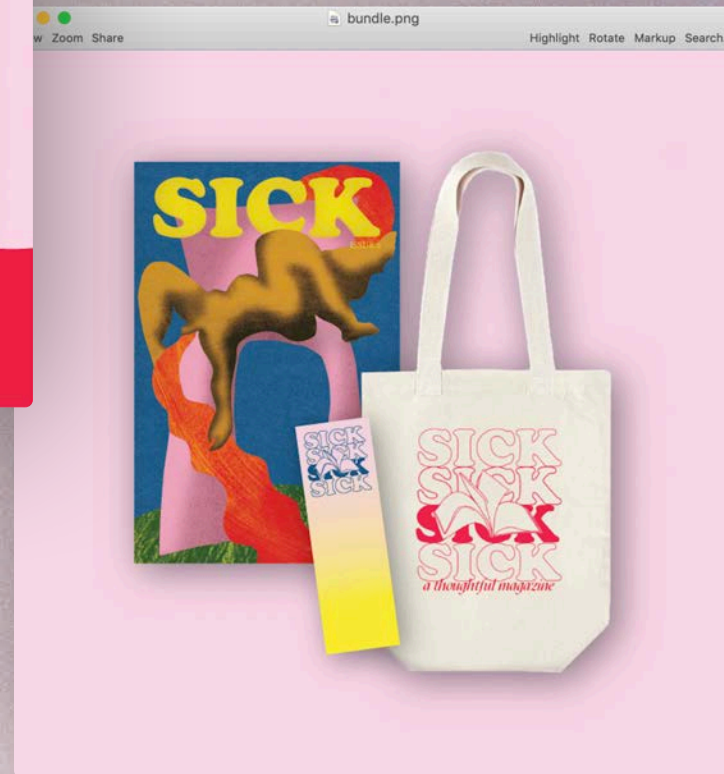
Moreover, his mental health then in turn influences his physical health, in a vicious circle of sorts. "If I'm struggling mentally, it affects my eating, how much I move and how much I sleep, which has a negative effect on my physical condition," says Chambers. "When I'm struggling mentally I feel my pain more acutely, it bothers me more, and my mental cognition is reduced."

Sometimes it's our physical health that becomes the catalyst for our mental health to wobble, as it contributes to getting us down. This can be due to physical symptoms being dismissed by doctors or having to adapt to sudden changes in your body. For 32Scott Rodgers, who has unexplained epiphyseal lipomatosis, mobility issues, and chronic pain, "Being in pain definitely makes me more depressed and lowers mood."

Rodgers experiences knock-on effects of depression, which can then impact him physically. "When I feel depressed I slowly withdraw and don't really communicate with people, especially 'real life friends', as opposed to online friends," he says. "I have noticed when depressed I just don't feel hungry or

Christina Baltais
Camille Beredjick
Jennifer Brough
Sarah Courville
Adam England
Anna Hamilton
Jane Hartshorn
Mishka Hoosen
Scott Jordan Harris
Keith Kahn-Harris
Najia Khaled
Natasha Lipman
Mira Mariah
Marion Michell
Sasha Saben Callaghan
Jaime Santos-Prowse
Casey Smith
Eispeth Wilson

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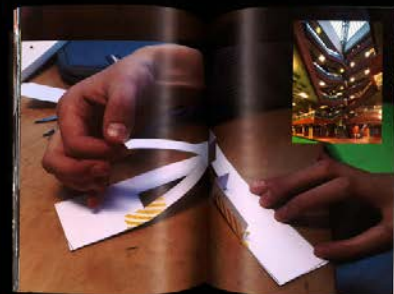
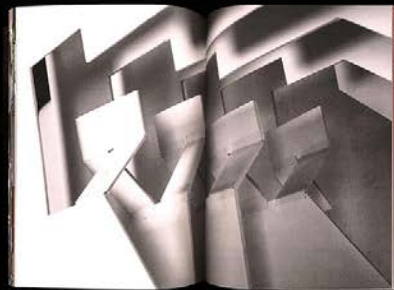
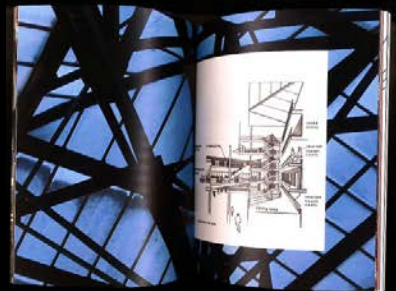


TEKHTM-BRC

BRIXTON RECREATION CENTRE

A 20 minute festival of happenings at Brixton Recreational Center. This performance was an investigation into the history of the space, its architecture, and it's absences.

Happenings were created throughout the auditorium, giving the audience 20 minutes to navigate the festival, without any indication as to what was accidental and what was planned.



"Spectatorship is not the passivity that has to be turned into activity. It is our normal situation. We learn and teach, we act and know as spectators who link what they see with what they have seen and told, done and dreamt."

-The Emancipated Spectator, Rancière (2004)

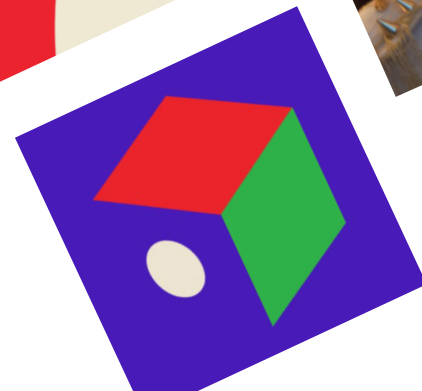
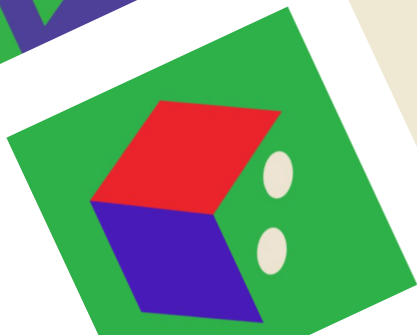




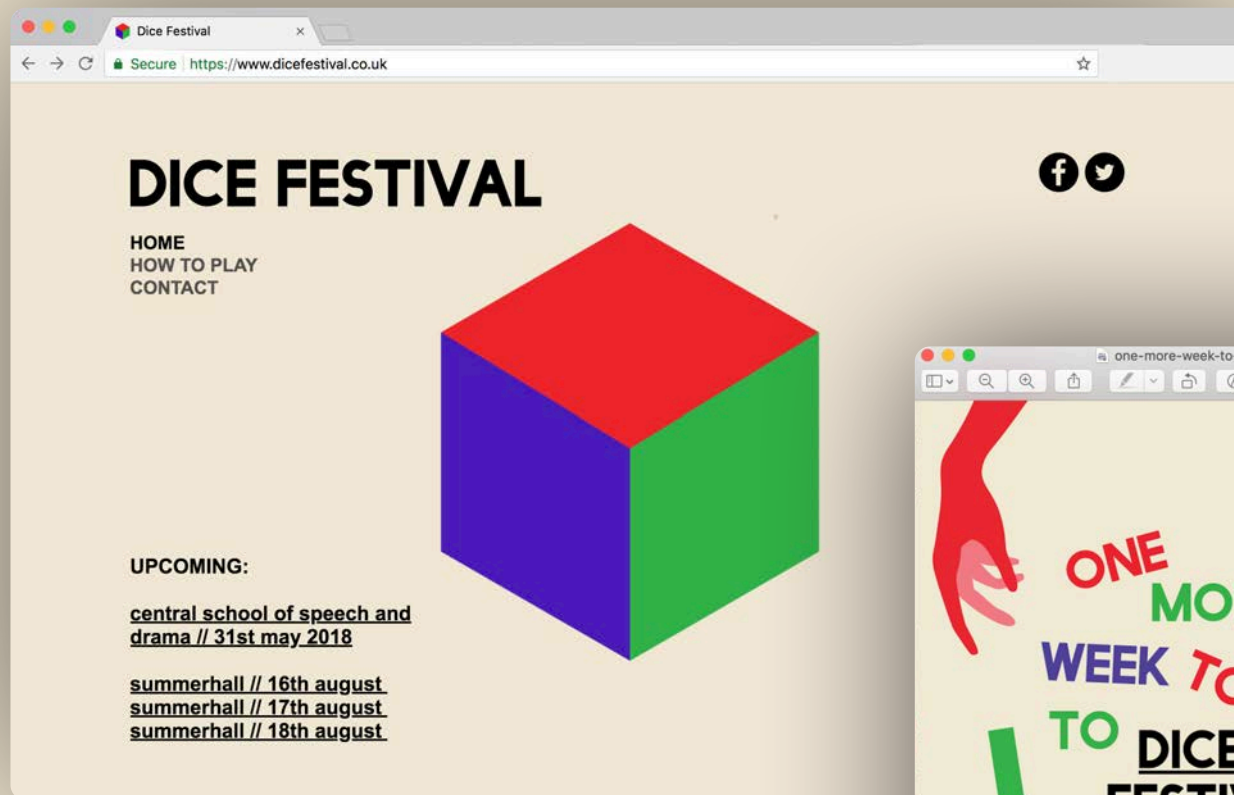


Dice Festival is an artist-led festival of chance, programming live art and experimental performance from artists of all backgrounds and at every stage in their career.

Co-director, producer and graphic designer 2018 & 2019







Kaiya Waerea

kaiyawaerea.com

insta: @kaiyawaerea

kaiyawaerea0@gmail.com

07497705495

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The Environment Keeps Happening to Me

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Dice Festival

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