

***This Week***

*2010*



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*2010*

Published by the *Live Art Garden Initiative*

[www.liveartgardeninitiative.org.uk](http://www.liveartgardeninitiative.org.uk)

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## Contents

Introduction.....	11
Artists represented in this edition.....	12
24 January 2010.....	13
16 February 2010.....	17
9 March 2010.....	21
30 March 2010.....	24
1 April 2010.....	26
4 April 2010 – [1].....	29
4 April 2010 – [2].....	31
4 April 2010 – [3].....	34
8 April 2010.....	37
May 2010 – [1].....	42

May 2010 – [2].....	54
May 2010 – [3].....	56
May 2010 – [4].....	60
May 2010 – [5].....	67
9 May 2010.....	73
22 May 2010 – [1].....	76
22 May 2010 – [2].....	79
22 May 2010 – [3].....	82
22 May 2010 – [4].....	89
8 June 2010 – [1].....	94
8 June 2010 – [2].....	100
8 June 2010 – [3].....	106
3 July 2010.....	110

6 July 2010.....	116
10 July 2010 – [1].....	120
10 July 2010 – [2].....	125
17 July 2010.....	128
22 July 2010.....	130
14 August 2010 – [1].....	132
14 August 2010 – [2].....	134
14 August 2010 – [3].....	137
12 September 2010.....	139
Interlude – October 2010.....	145
Interlude – October 2010.....	154
17 October 2010.....	168
21 November 2010.....	170

27 November 2010 – [1].....	173
27 November 2010 – [2a].....	175
27 November 2010 – [2b].....	186
27 November 2010 – [3].....	196
27 November 2010 – [4].....	199
28 November 2010.....	203
11 December 2010.....	206
12 December 2010 – [1].....	208
12 December 2010 – [2].....	223
12 December 2010 – [3].....	225
12 December 2010 – [4].....	237
28 December 2010.....	244







## Introduction

The Live Art Garden Initiative's *This Week* books are published annually and the 2010 edition is the 5<sup>th</sup> since the project commenced in 2006. *This Week* content is first published on the Initiative's website and prior to the annual production and release of the print-format books.

The curatorial brief for *This Week* content is for images or text-based work to be 'timely', either in relation to private or public events, or issues, of the week. It is intended that the content created by the associate artists of the Initiative and submitted in any one week is web-published therein too. Online the project can be viewed here: [www.liveartgardeninitiative.org.uk/thisweek.html](http://www.liveartgardeninitiative.org.uk/thisweek.html)

Lauren Goode, artist and project director of the Initiative conceived the *This Week* project, both its online and print publication dimensions, and is its most frequent contributor.

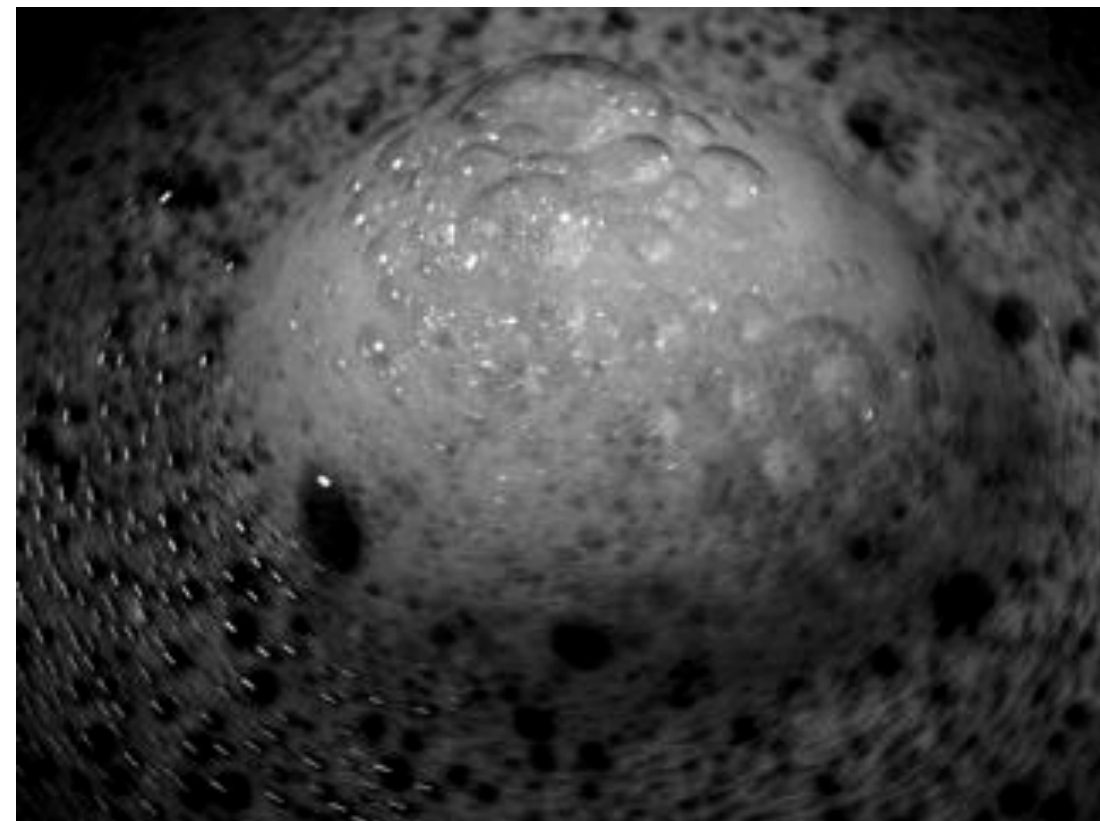
Artists represented in this edition

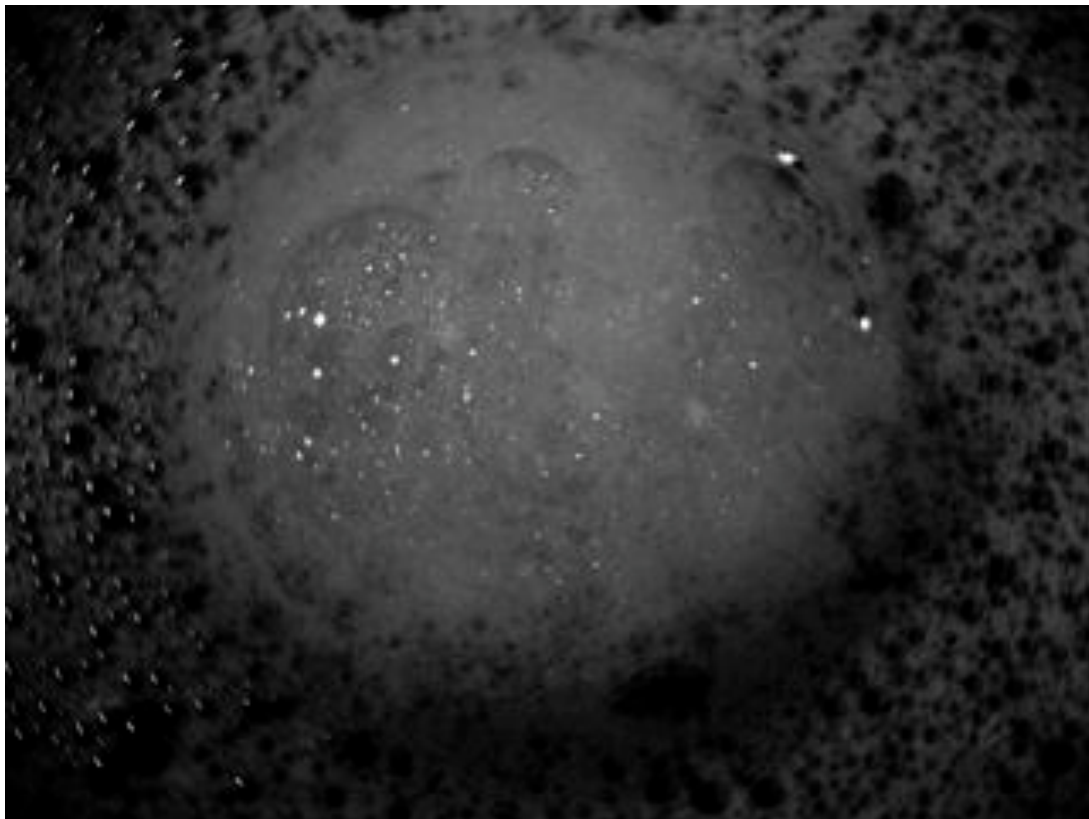
**Lauren Goode**

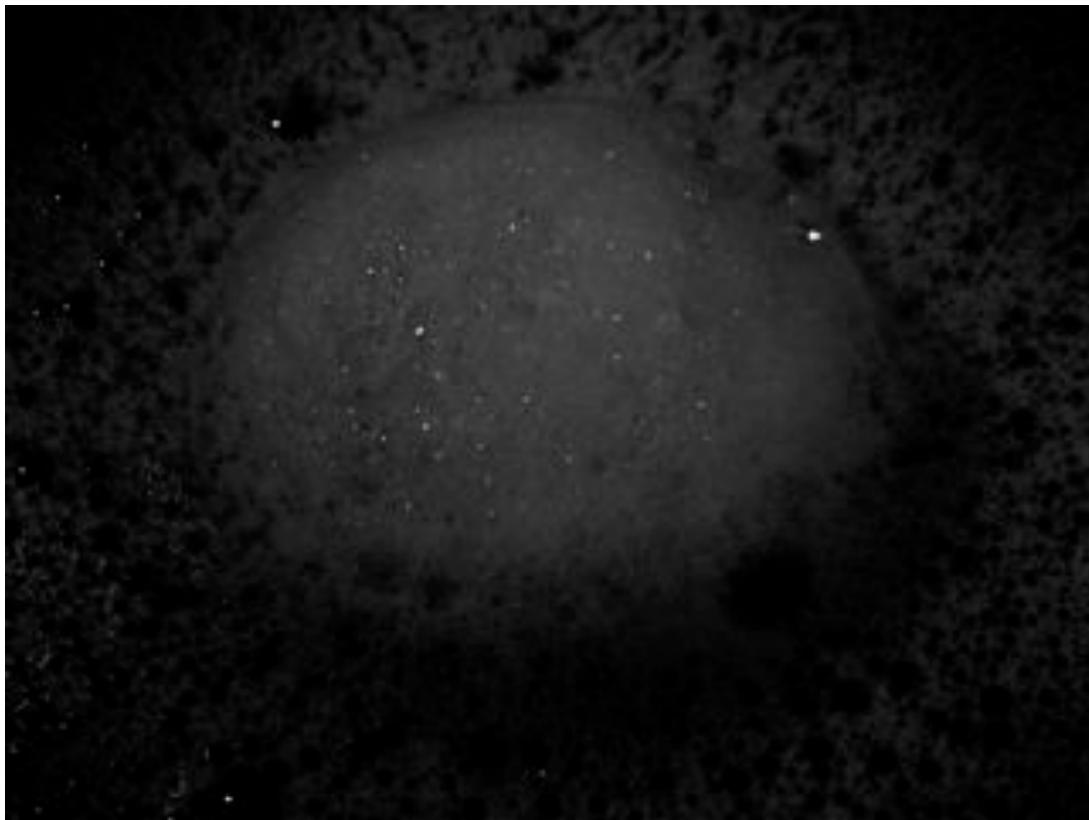
24 January 2010

*Washing-up*

Artist: Lauren Goode









16 February 2010

*Untitled*

Artist: Lauren Goode







9 March 2010

*To the movies...*

Text: Lauren Goode

A nondescript car has come to a standstill in an unknown rural location. Two young women – the driver and co-passenger – have exited and are standing in front of the vehicle, it's not clear why. They are wearing trim but relaxed uniforms in soft bluish grey tones: trousers, with shirts tucked in and elasticated wide-band belts that clip together, like those fashionable in the seventies and fifties. There is a man, partly hidden, just behind the car, by the boot. Two other men have suddenly emerged from the back of the car, leaving each rear passenger door open behind them. By the roadside, now, there is another man – who the women may have come to meet or been surprised by. Without appearing to, he gives a signal to the other two men. Silently and swiftly, they approach the women from behind and, without any warning, slit both their throats.

When this occurs, I am standing as an onlooker about eight paces away from the women. The unexpectedness of the sudden execution, in the dream, is felt as a wave of shock – in vertigo and nauseous, I convulsed forwards, but at the same time I also slid down the wall (that was directly behind me) with my arms outstretched above my head and against the wall, and as my hands dragged down the wall they left trails of blood.

I awaken. I reflect... I drift back... now there is a sandy beach. The tide is out, so the shoreline is distant. It's the morning, sunny but misty, perhaps I'm out for a walk on the beach, but there's no context to why I'm there. It's also as if I am invisible, and not there, too, when I am passed by a group of 30 or so running figures engaged intently in some precise form of fitness routine. Then, in the distance, along the bay, I see some rocks and suddenly my perspective re-locates to these and where a dishevelled figure lies, as if washed up or fallen. It begins to no-longer feel like the present day period, but some other time, in the future or past, as I crouch over the figure, concerned. The man, who is laying face up, begins to awaken. Disorientated and bleary-eyed, he inches himself up onto his elbows to make out his surrounding, but just as his eyes begin to see, a hail of bullets suddenly rain in from the seaward direction.

I awaken again, I'm glad to be awake, even though I feel like I've just been to the cinema.

30 March 2010

*Untitled*

Artist: Lauren Goode





1 April 2010

*Untitled*

Artist: Lauren Goode





4 April 2010 – [1]

*Untitled*

Artist: Lauren Goode



4 April 2010 – [2]

*Untitled*

Artist: Lauren Goode







4 April 2010 – [3]

*Untitled*

Artist: Lauren Goode





8 April 2010

*Untitled*

Artist: Lauren Goode











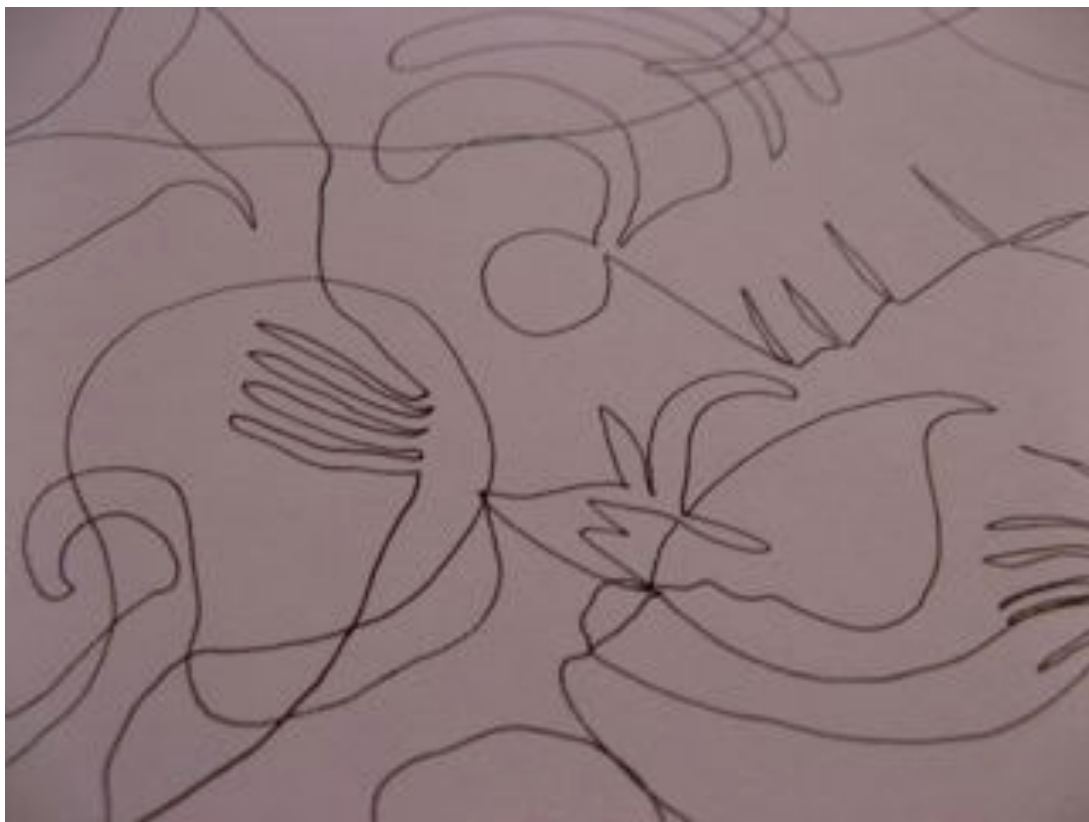
May 2010 – [1]

*Untitled drawings*

Artist: Lauren Goode

























May 2010 – [2]

*Untitled drawing*

Artist: Lauren Goode



May 2010 – [3]

*Untitled drawings*

Artist: Lauren Goode





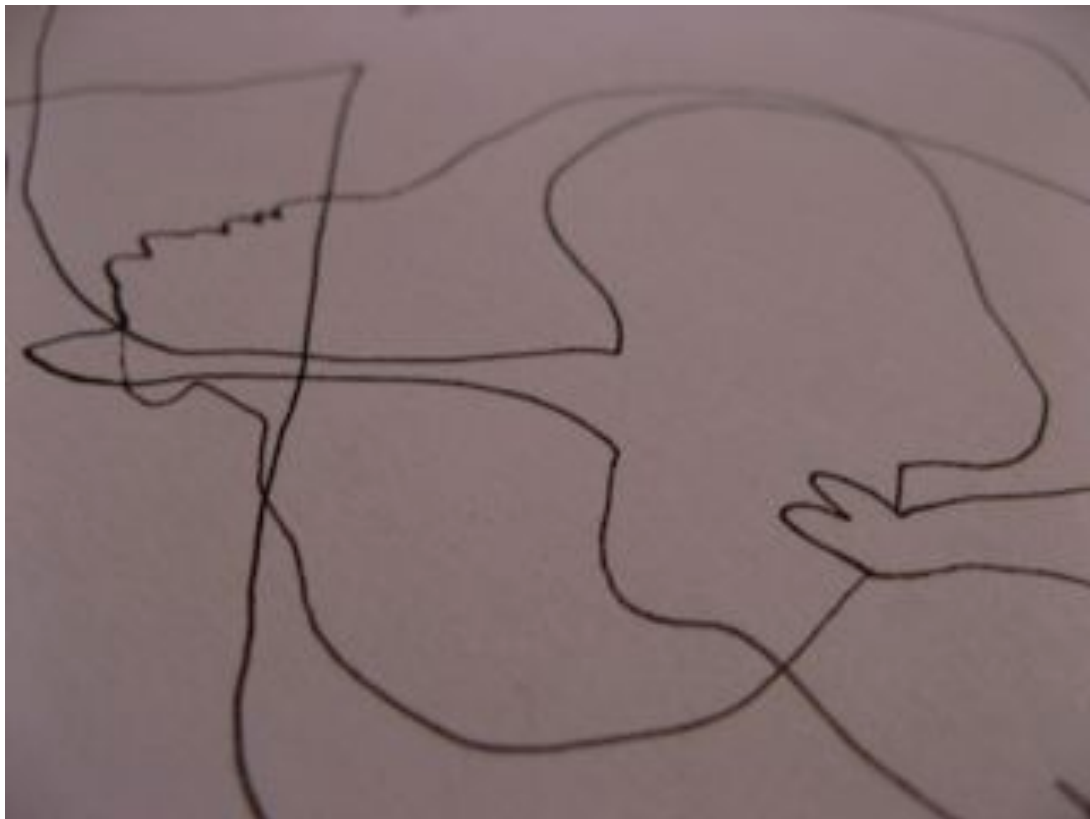




May 2010 – [4]

*Untitled drawings*

Artist: Lauren Goode

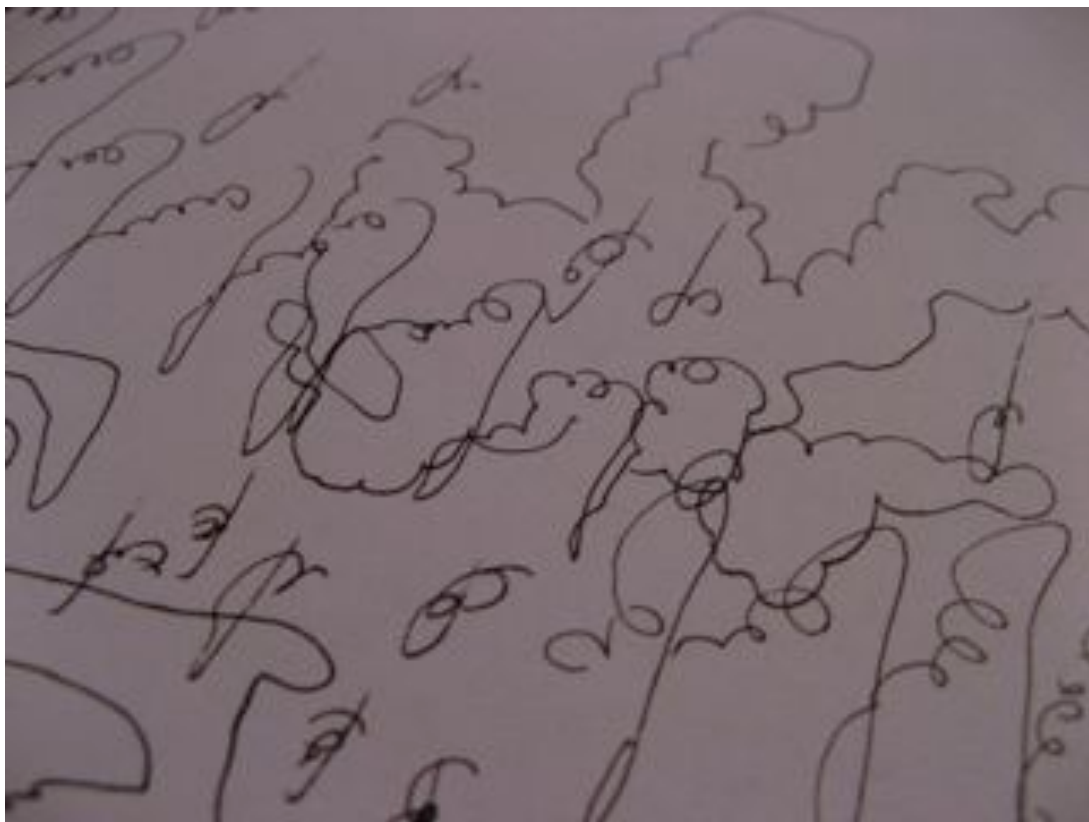












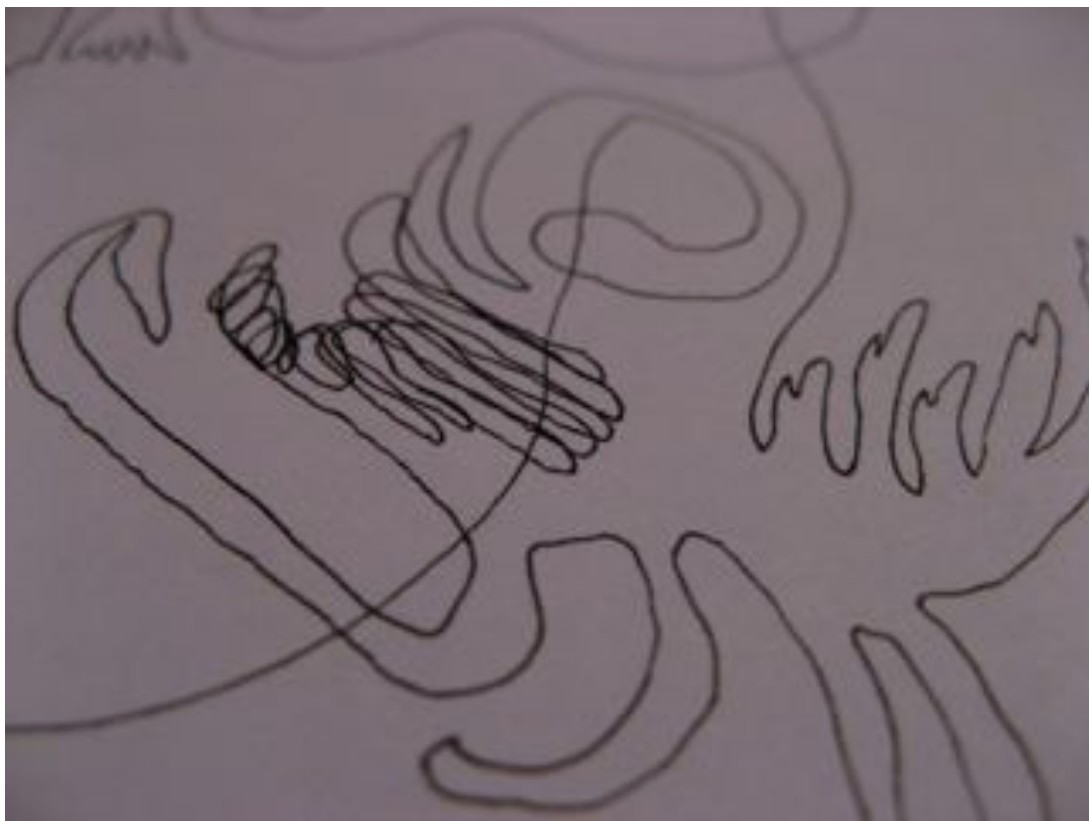


May 2010 – [5]

*Untitled drawings*

Artist: Lauren Goode













9 May 2010

*Two Owls...*

Artist: Lauren Goode

First imagine two Emperor Penguins, or see two:  
[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Emperor\\_Penguins](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Emperor_Penguins).

Now imagine, instead, that these are owls but of the same height as the penguins, so rather large owls, yet still with the sleekness of the penguins (i.e. not owl-style feathers).

Now imagine the ginger tones of a Cheshire cat, but blurred and softened so that in saturation the tones are like those of a heron: the tones of one of the owls appears so, while the other has the herons grey tones.

It's an afternoon. I'm somewhere that is a landscape. I'm on my way across a field. About 10m or so away, with a sense of wonder, I notice this pair of large, strange owls.

They have a stillness, as if in a photograph, yet they are there in the flesh like me. Almost speechless, pointing to them, I say to a friend, who as it turns out is standing a few paces away, 'Look, look, over there!

Whilst they don't seem to be moving, or floating, they are approaching, but before I know it they have passed, and yet are passing, as fast as I can turn my head, my glance following them.

As I look over my shoulder, I see with sheer surprise and increasing delight that the owls have morphed. Now they are as tall as a doorway. Rather than tall and slim, their bodies, well, actually just their feathers, have puffed out to the width of two doorways, but not the feathers on their heads, which now appear rather small in comparison. They are backlit, the sun shining through their fanned out feathers, as they head off across the field.

Although, from here (behind), I can no-longer see their owl eyes, I distinctly know that they are still these owls. What I can see resembles a mass of puffed out amorphous featheriness. Re-imagine the two owls now, instead of remote and strange, entirely comic, as if two very large ducks tails are running past and away. When they had first approached I could not see their feet, or legs, walking as such, but now, as these oversize and dazzlingly unlikely creatures make off, it is by way of unexpectedly large webbed feet that are not birds feet, although bird-like. Their feet are more like diver's flippers, yet with the flexibility of a real foot.

Amidst this pounding of flippers I realize that there are more of these startling creatures in the field, around 20 or so are now making-off in the 'flipede' rather than stampede. Looking on with incredulity, I'm also laughing. I then wake up and laugh again.

22 May 2010 – [1]

*Untitled*

Artist: Lauren Goode





22 May 2010 – [2]

*Untitled*

Artist: Lauren Goode



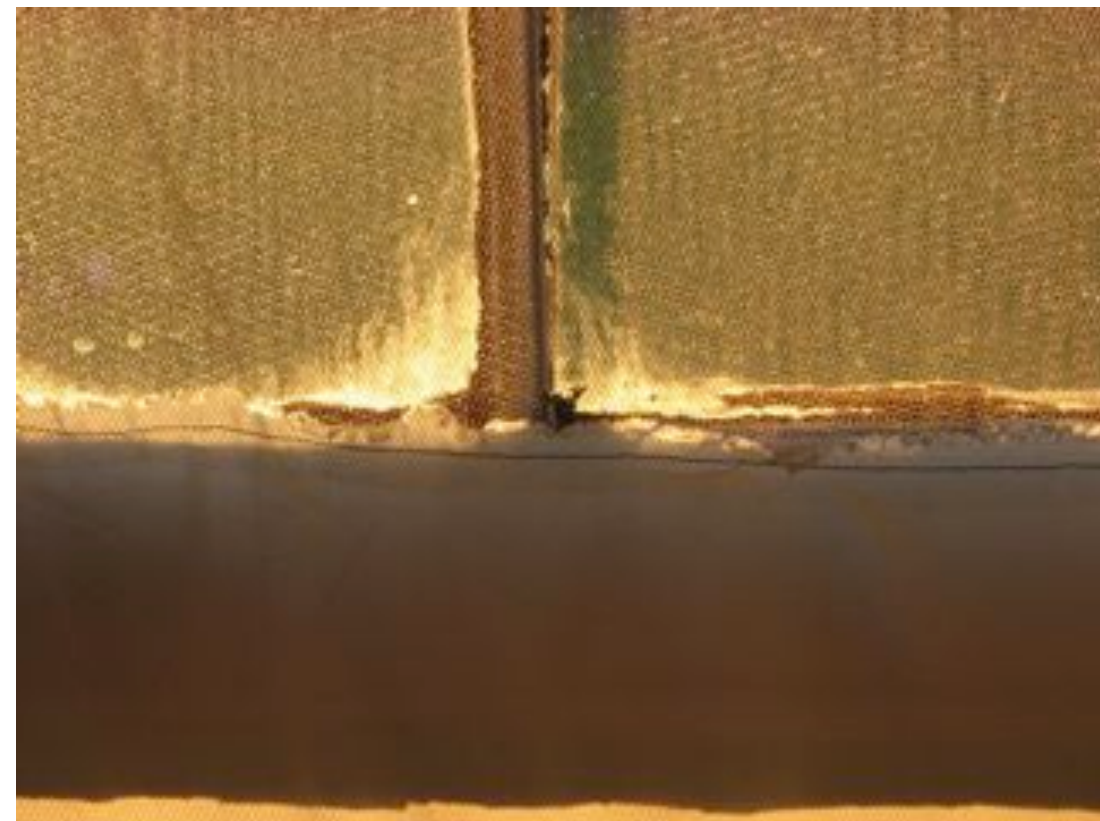


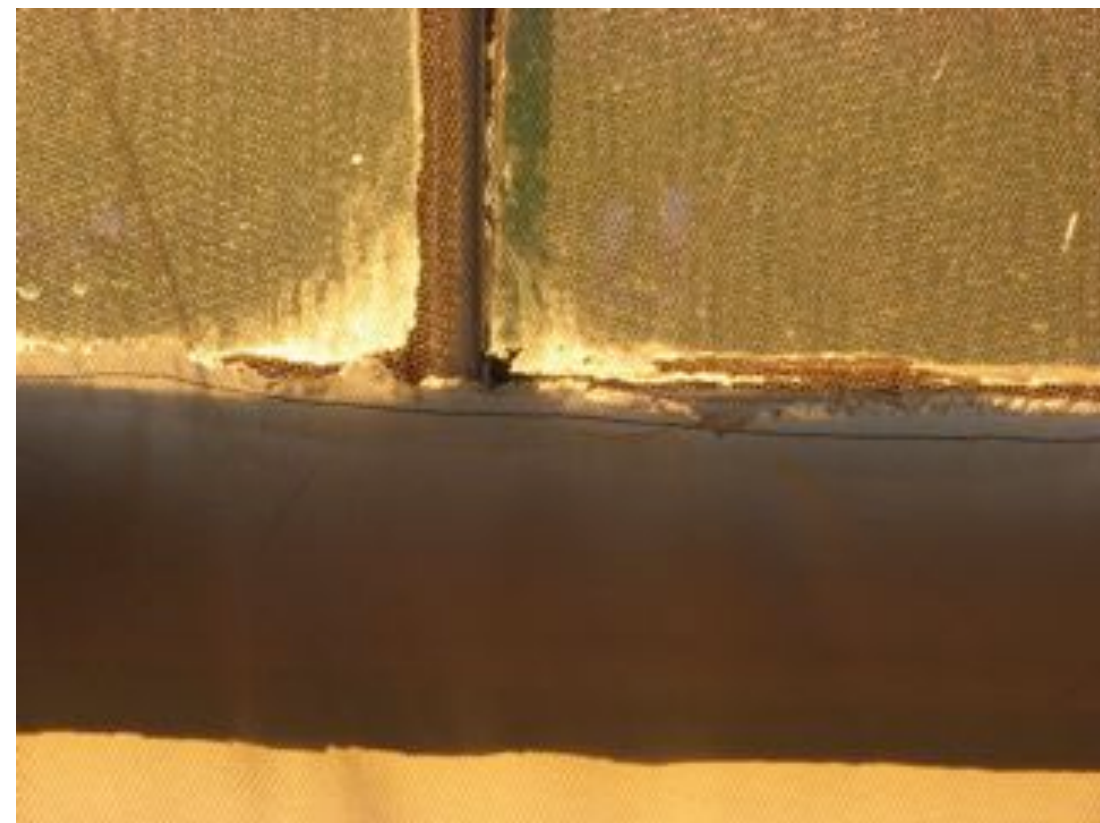


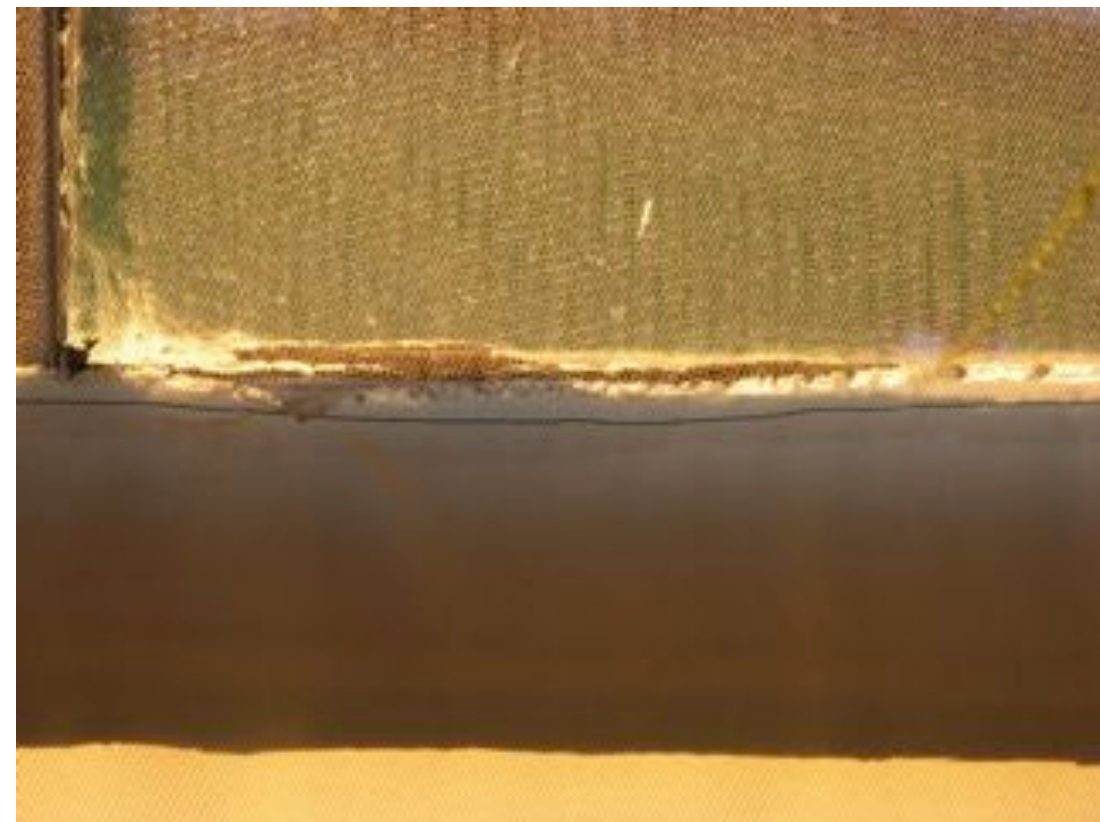
22 May 2010 – [3]

*Untitled*

Artist: Lauren Goode

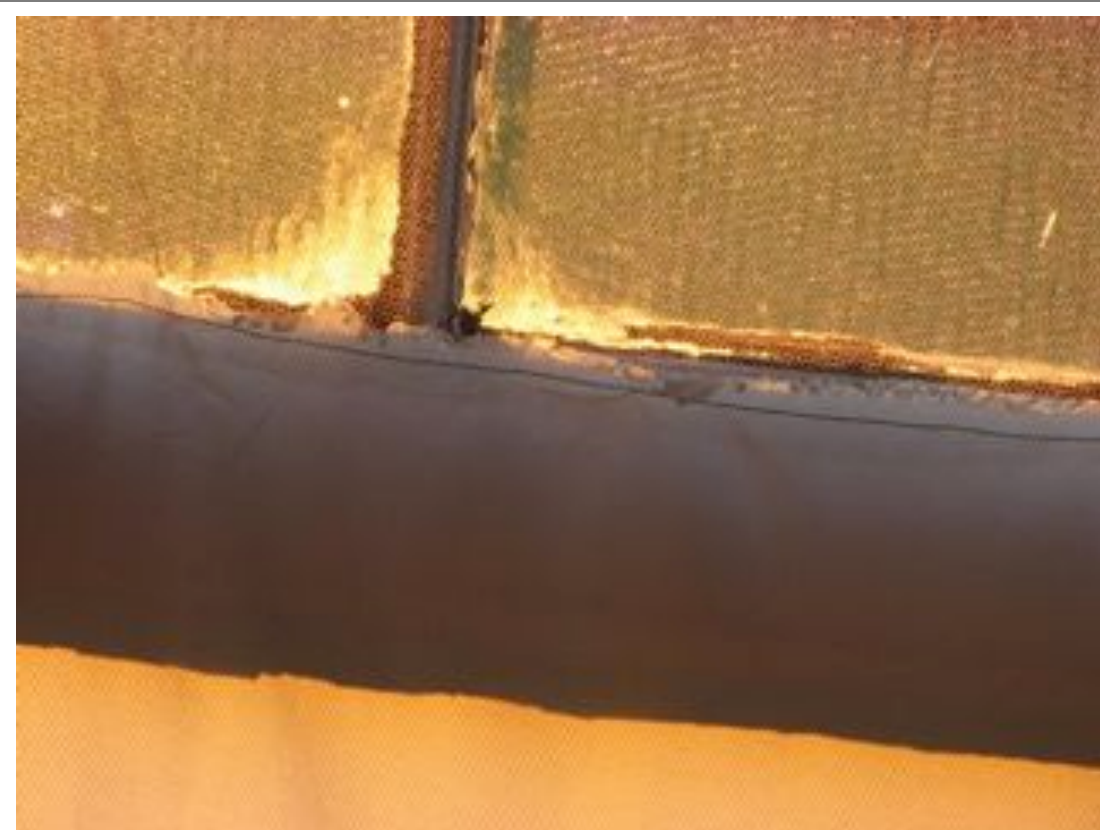














22 May 2010 – [4]

*Untitled*

Artist: Lauren Goode









8 June 2010 – [1]

*Untitled*

Artist: Lauren Goode













8 June 2010 – [2]

*Untitled*

Artist: Lauren Goode











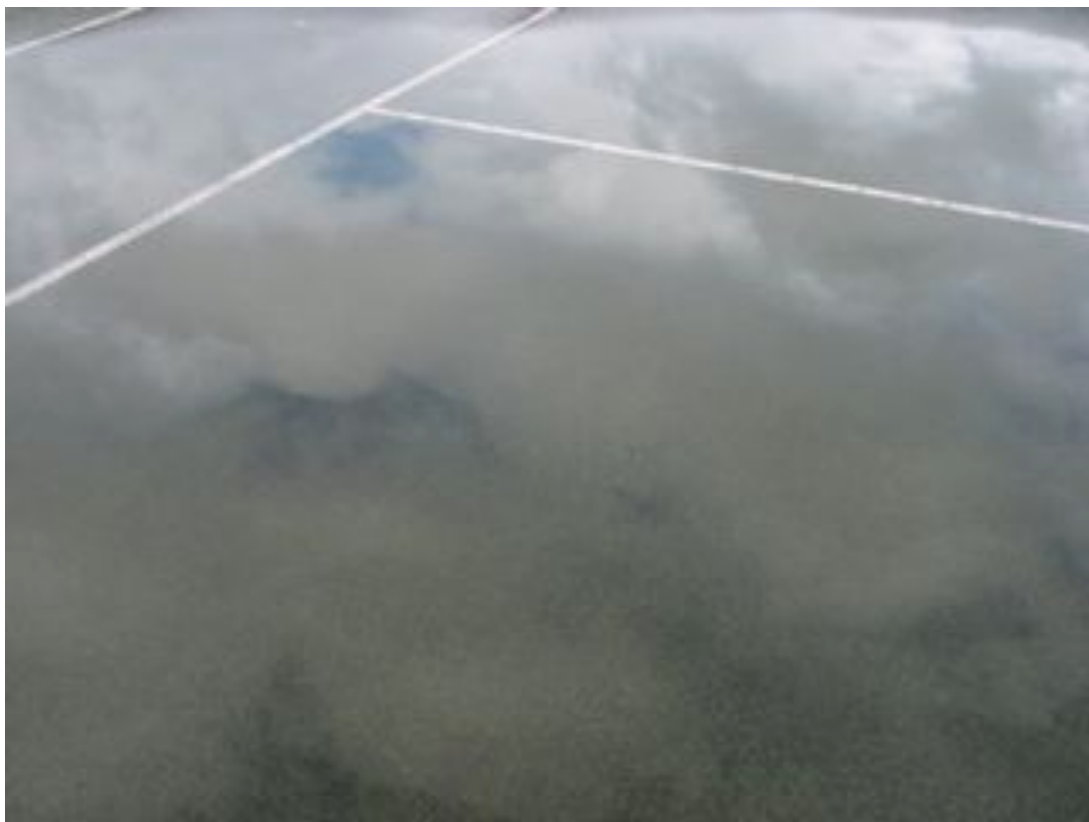


8 June 2010 – [3]

*Untitled*

Artist: Lauren Goode







3 July 2010

*Untitled*

Artist: Lauren Goode













6 July 2010

*A visit to... The Union Street Urban Orchard*

Artist: Lauren Goode

For more information please visit: [www.unionstreetorchard.org.uk](http://www.unionstreetorchard.org.uk)







10 July 2010 – [1]

*Untitled*

Artist: Lauren Goode









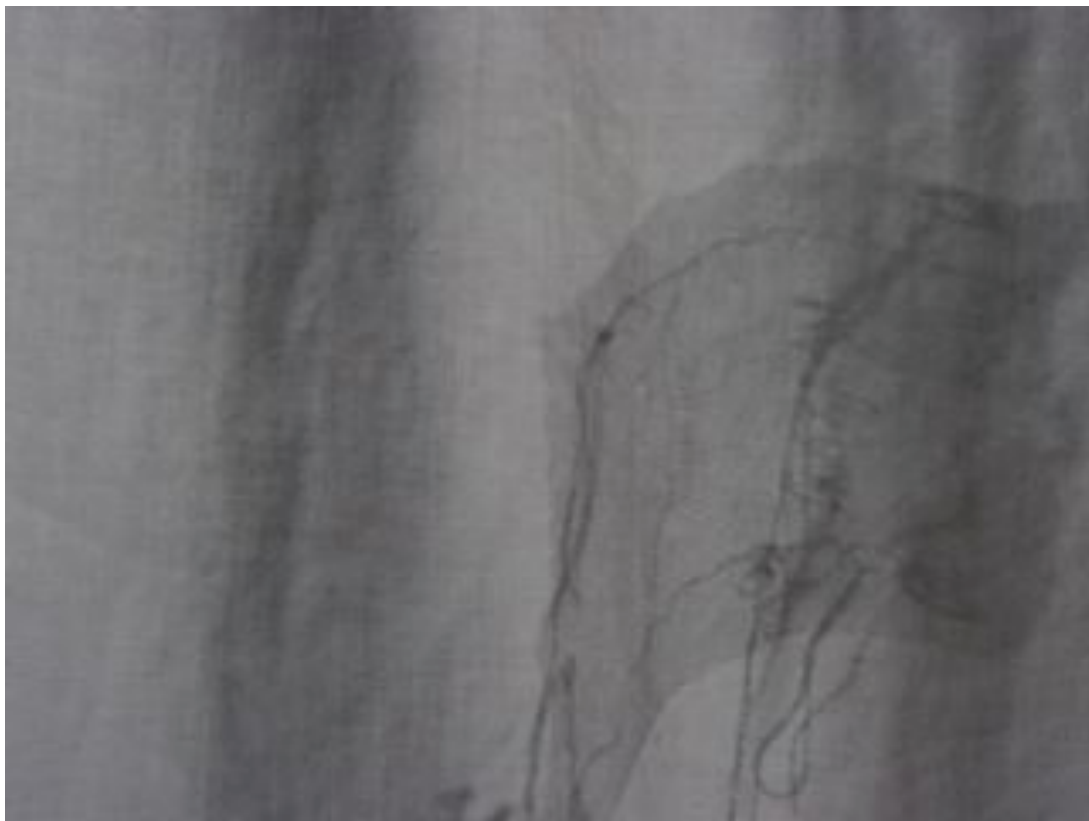


10 July 2010 – [2]

*Untitled*

Artist: Lauren Goode





17 July 2010

*Untitled*

Artist: Lauren Goode





22 July 2010

*Heathland burnt out*

Artist: Lauren Goode



14 August 2010 – [1]

*Untitled*

Artist: Lauren Goode



14 August 2010 – [2]

*Untitled*

Artist: Lauren Goode



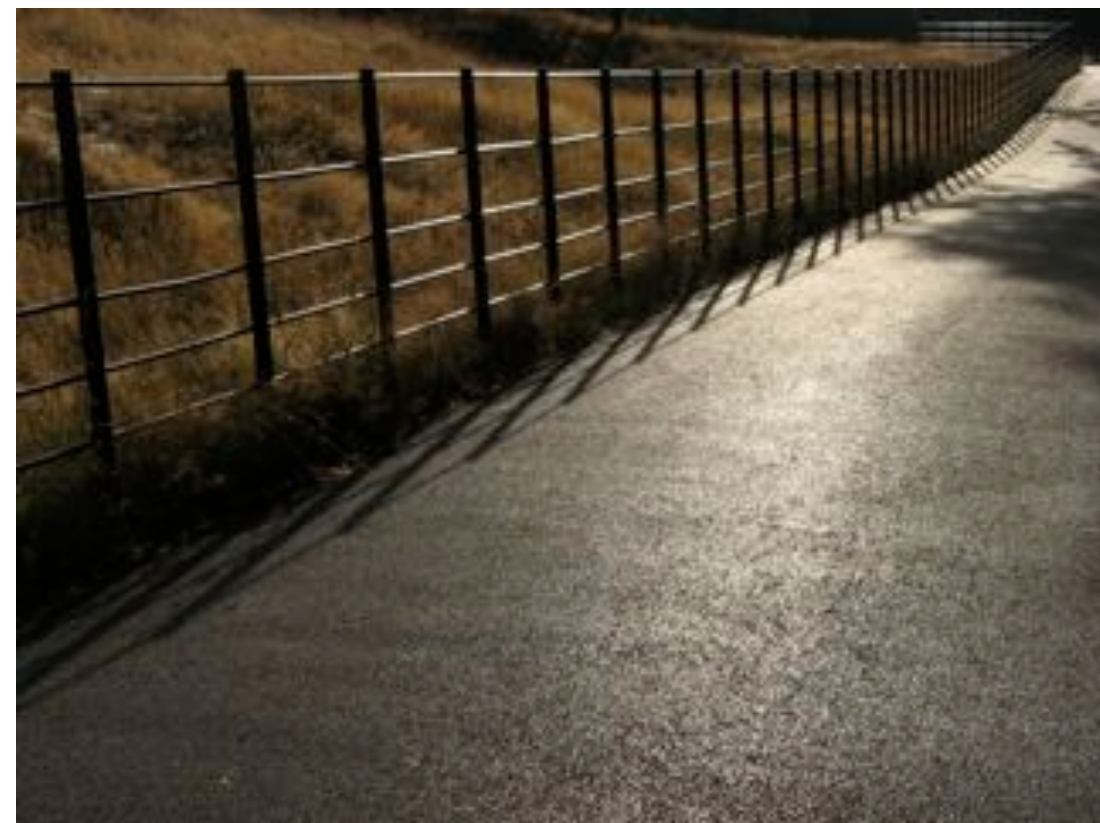




14 August 2010 – [3]

*Untitled*

Artist: Lauren Goode



12 September 2010

*Untitled*

Artist: Lauren Goode













Interlude – October 2010

*Untitled*

Artist: Lauren Goode



















Interlude – October 2010

*Untitled*

Artist: Lauren Goode





























17 October 2010

*Untitled drawing*

Artist: Lauren Goode





21 November 2010

*Under the sofa*

Text: Lauren Goode

I woke up dreaming in the early hours this morning (i think some mice have taken up residence again and somehow I'm convinced that it's their presence that wakes me up, and hence I end up catching a dreamspace that otherwise I would have slept through entirely. I've got a bit paranoid about mice here as they seem to come and go and I no-longer ever feel quite sure that they're not still in residence, so sometimes when I wake up unexpectedly, I grab a torch that is to hand and shine it across the room under the sofa where I think I can see their shadows. Sometimes nothing happens and I see nothing, but one time I suddenly heard fast scampering as a mouse or perhaps two made a quick get away, but at 3am I'm not up for chasing mice around the room and so then just fall off to sleep again). This morning my dream combined the banal with the impressive. I was going somewhere, but then I was at the underground ticket barriers and they had changed all the ticket procedure, so I couldn't work out whether my oyster card was valid or not, meanwhile I was in a hurry etc... so rather like real life. Then, later on in the dream, I was living in some apartment block, like London's Barbican, with lots of layered balconies and walkways. A

trespasser, or dangerous entity of some sort, had entered the flat above and I was suddenly able to walk up the external wall and into the flat above to tackle the figure with what appeared to be something like a delicate kebab stick. Meanwhile the entity had some kind of reduced in size-scale carpenters saw. A momentary kind of, somehow good-natured, sword fight with these implements ensued, which quickly resulted in me swallowing the saw-sword, while it also somehow sliced downwards. Luckily, this was both impressive and painless and I woke up, no mice in sight.

27 November 2010 – [1]

*Untitled drawing*

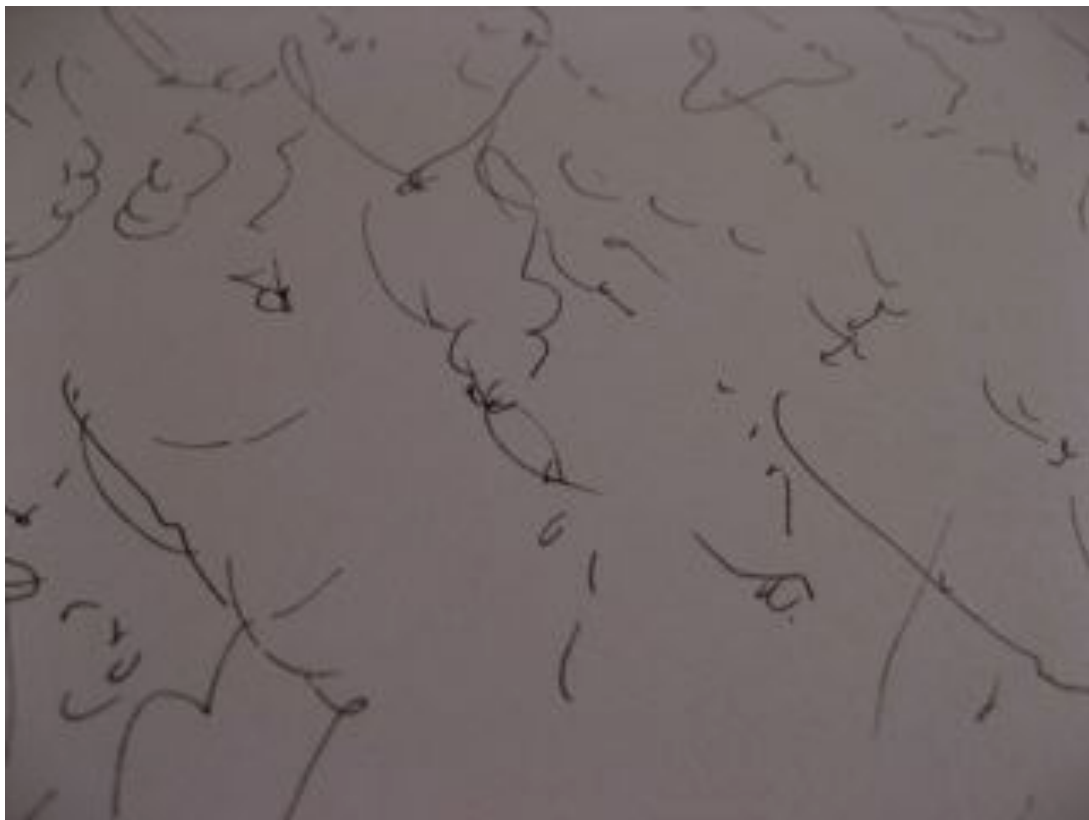
Text: Lauren Goode



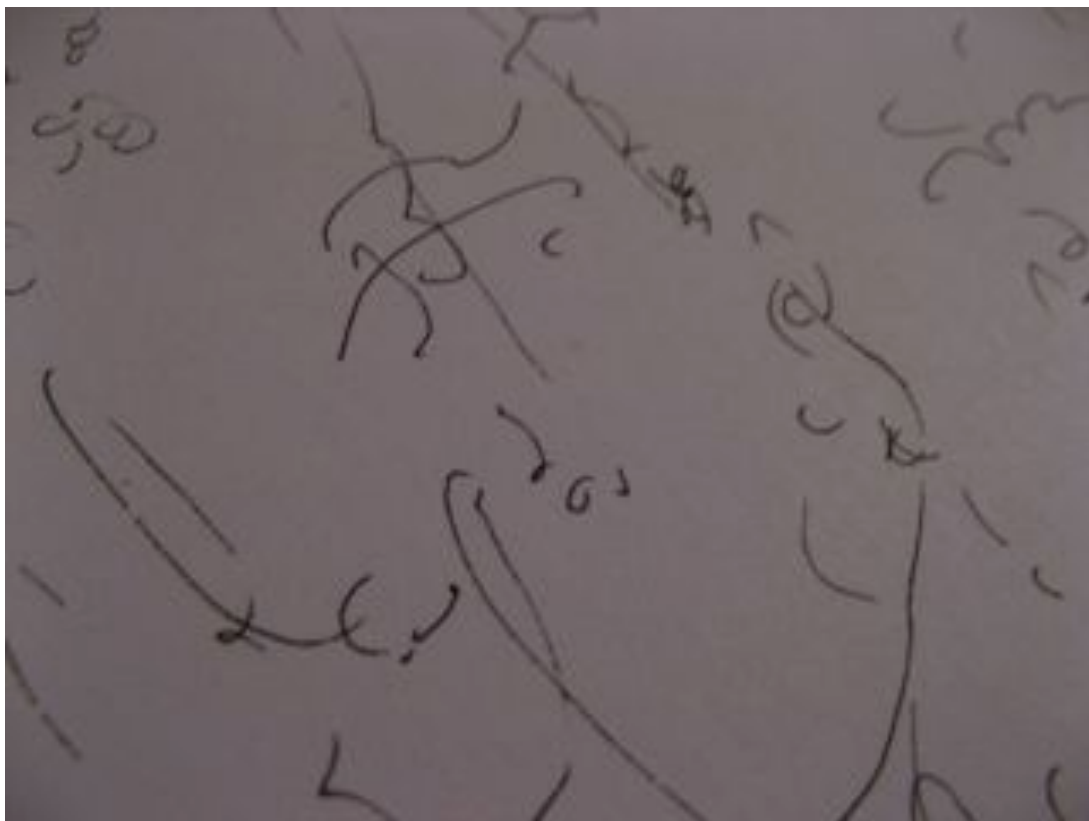
27 November 2010 – [2a]

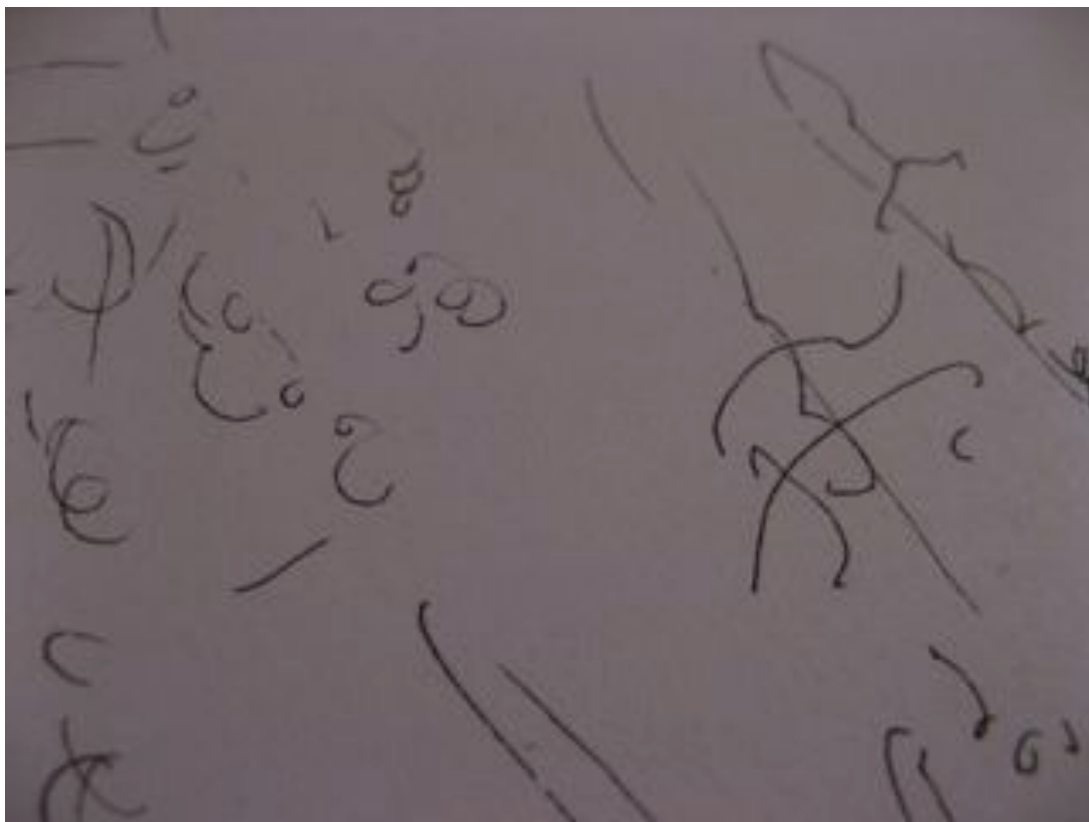
*Untitled drawings*

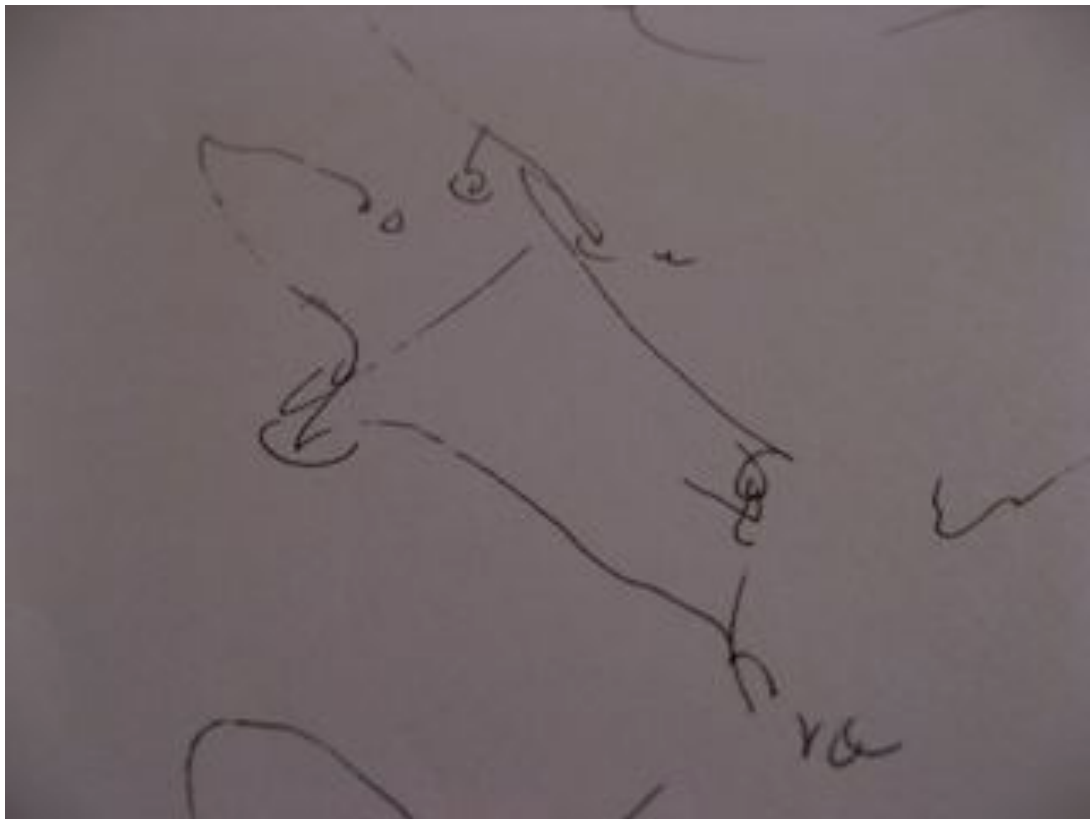
Text: Lauren Goode





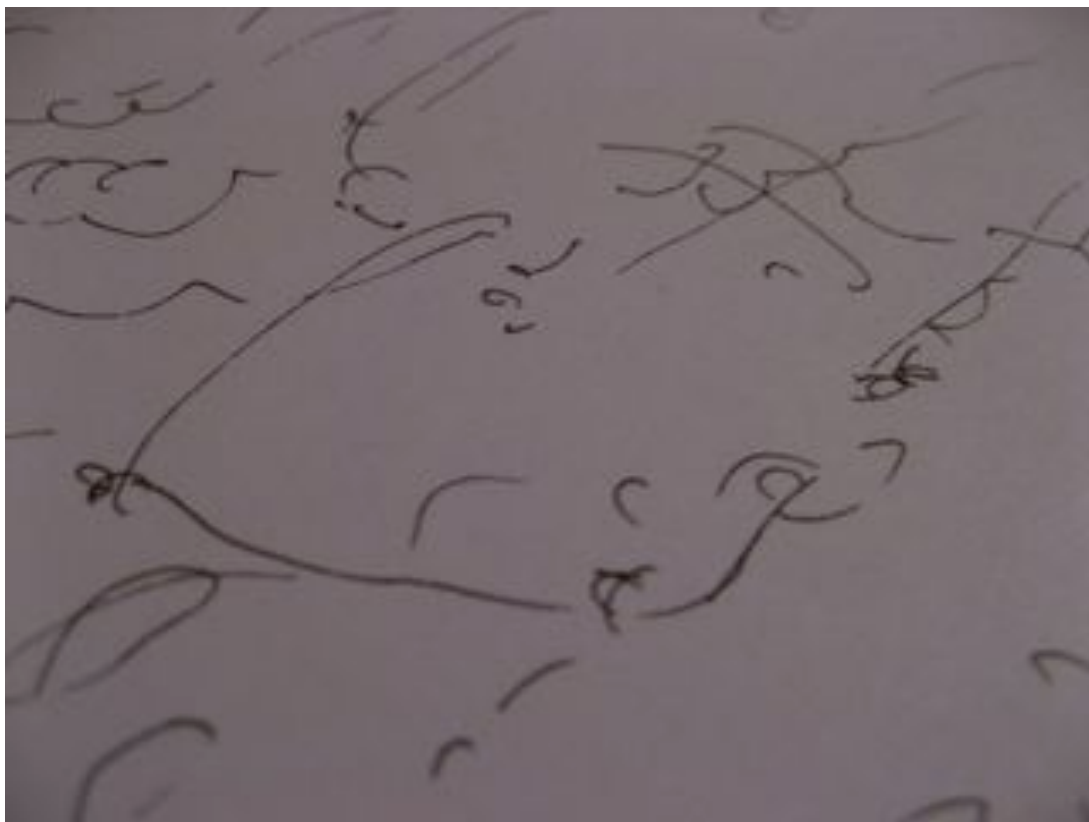


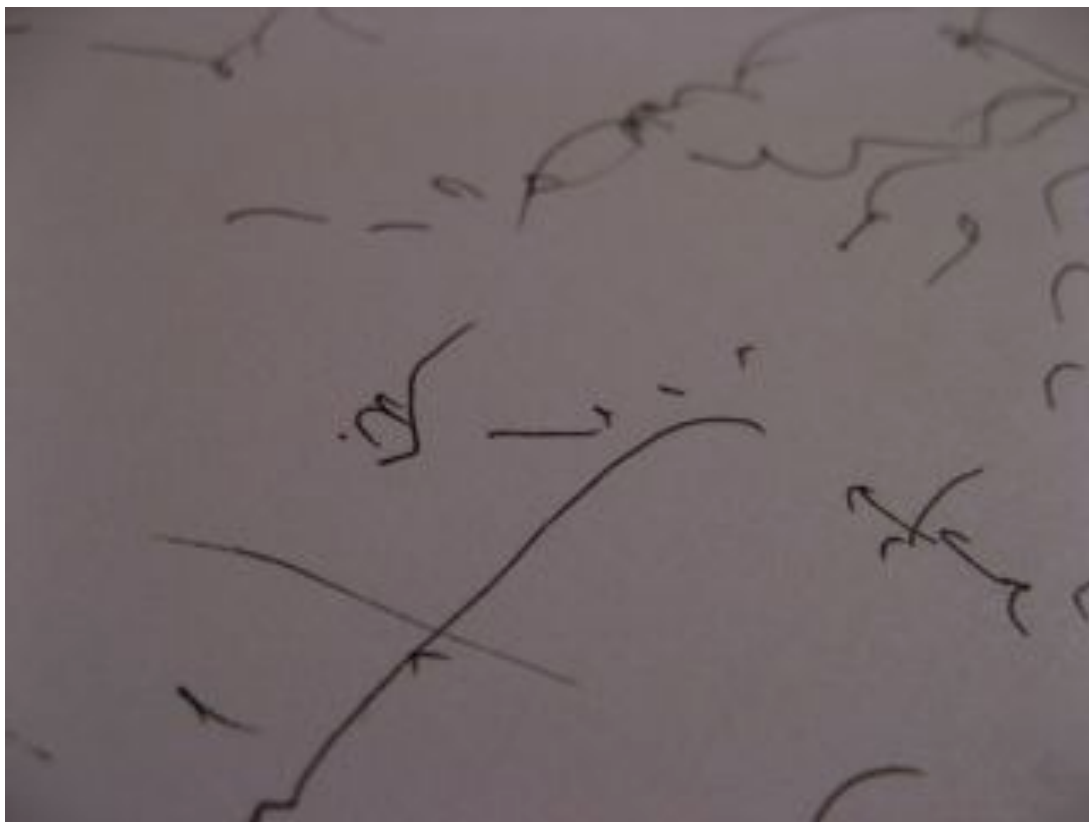


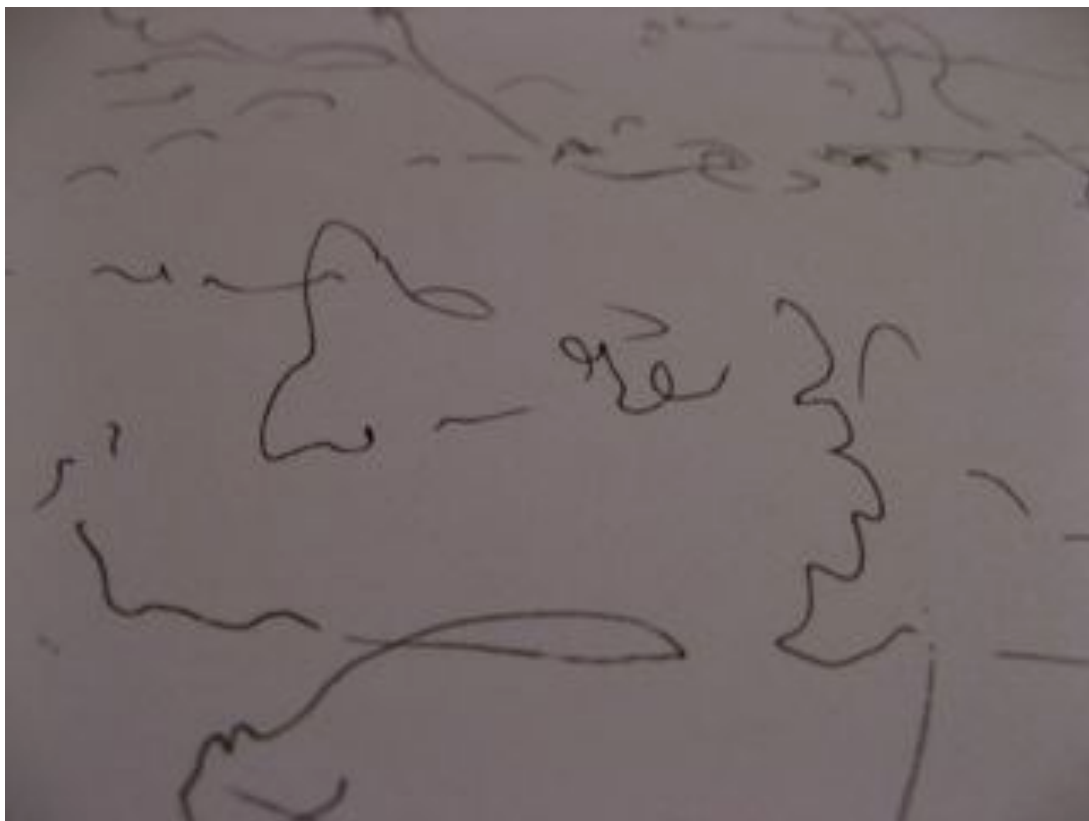




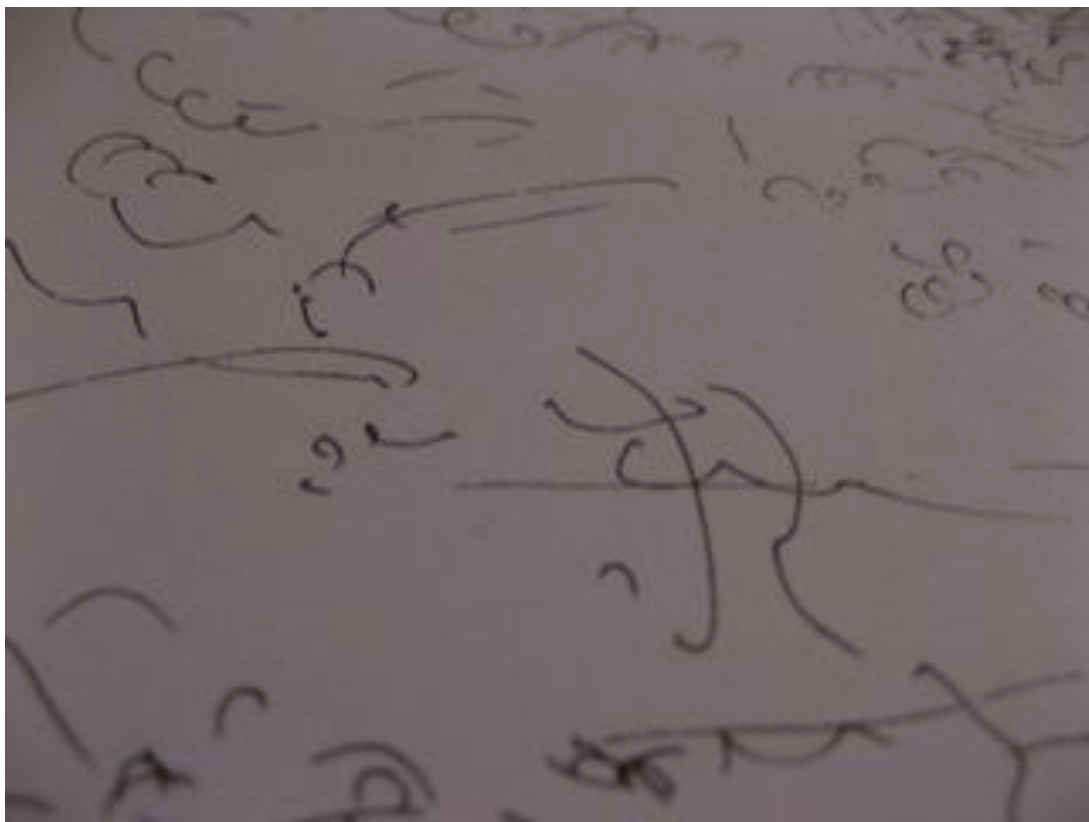








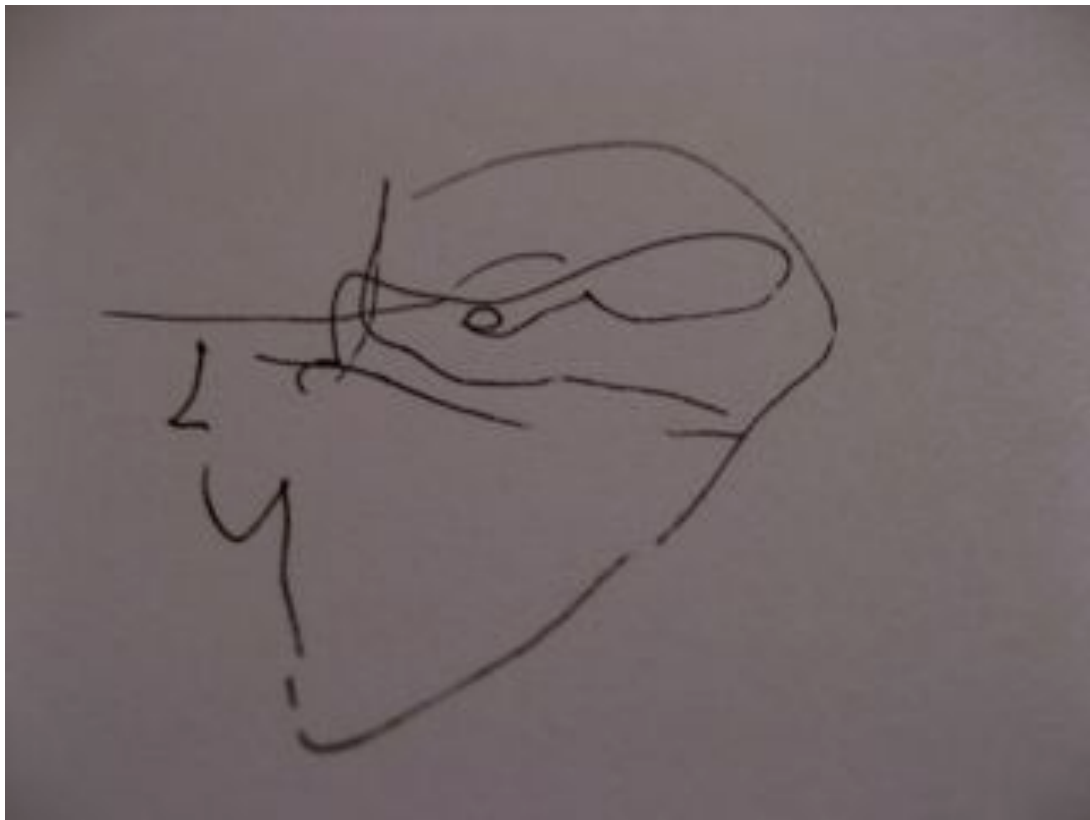




27 November 2010 – [2b]

*Untitled drawings*

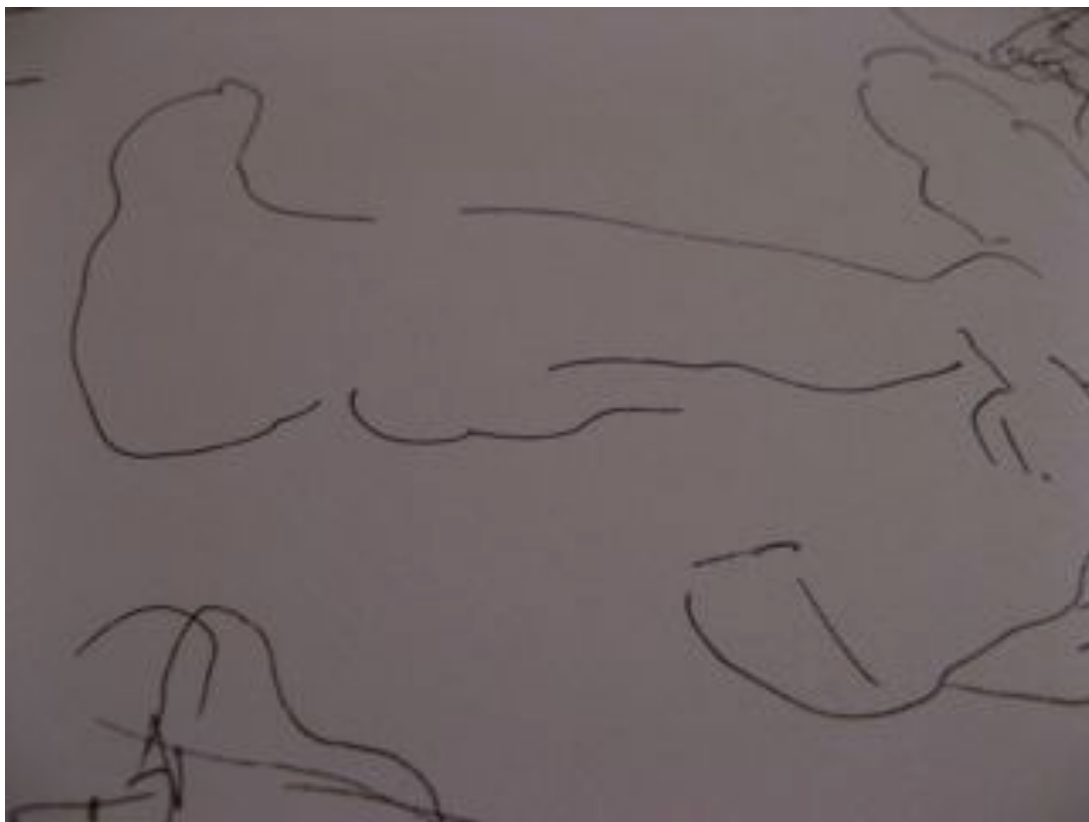
Text: Lauren Goode

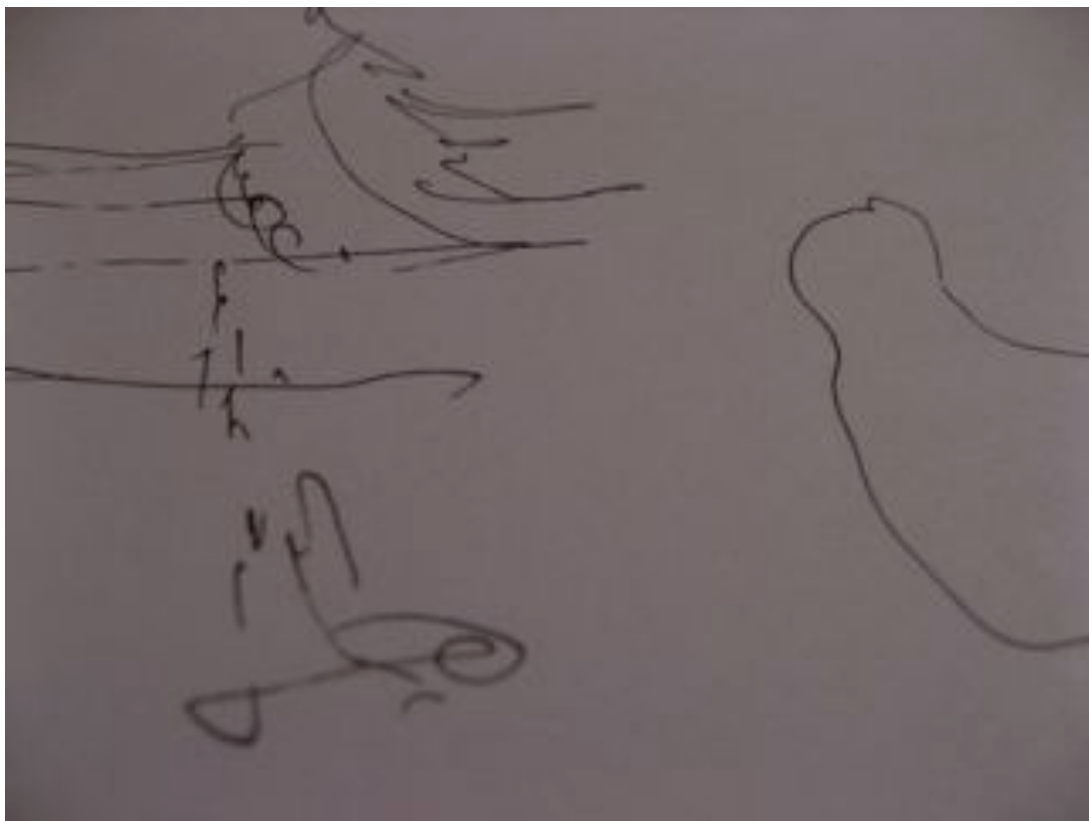




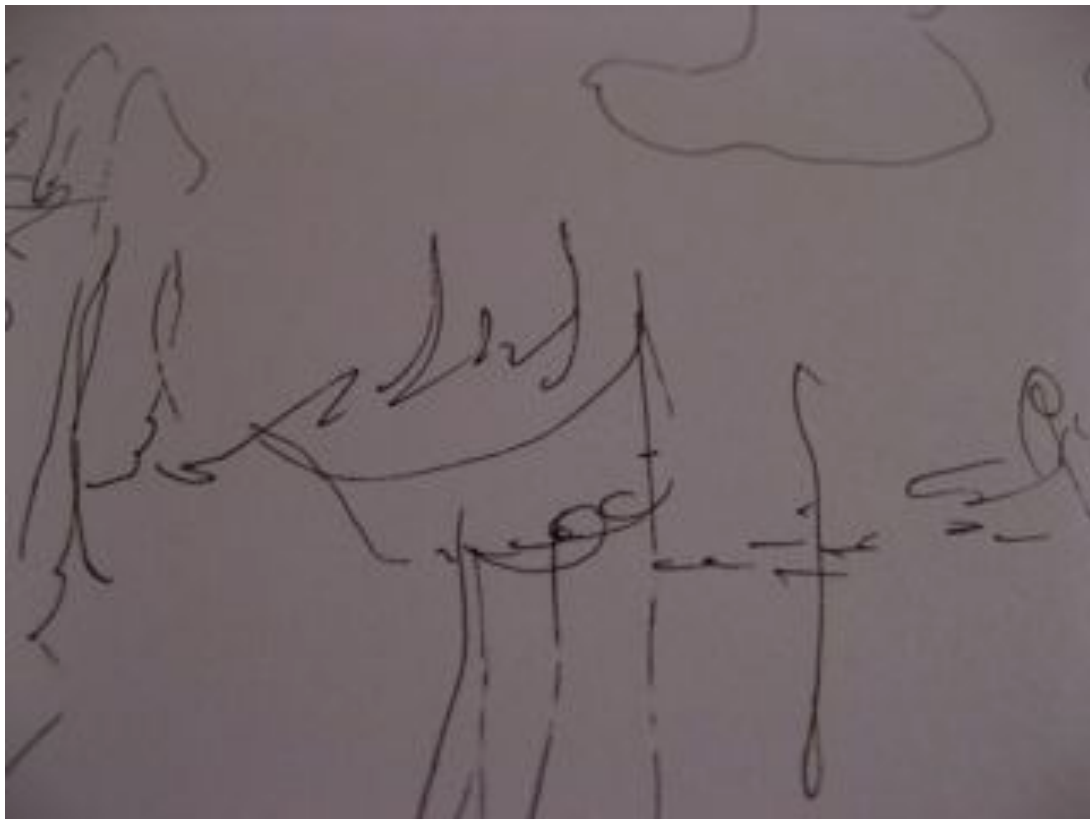




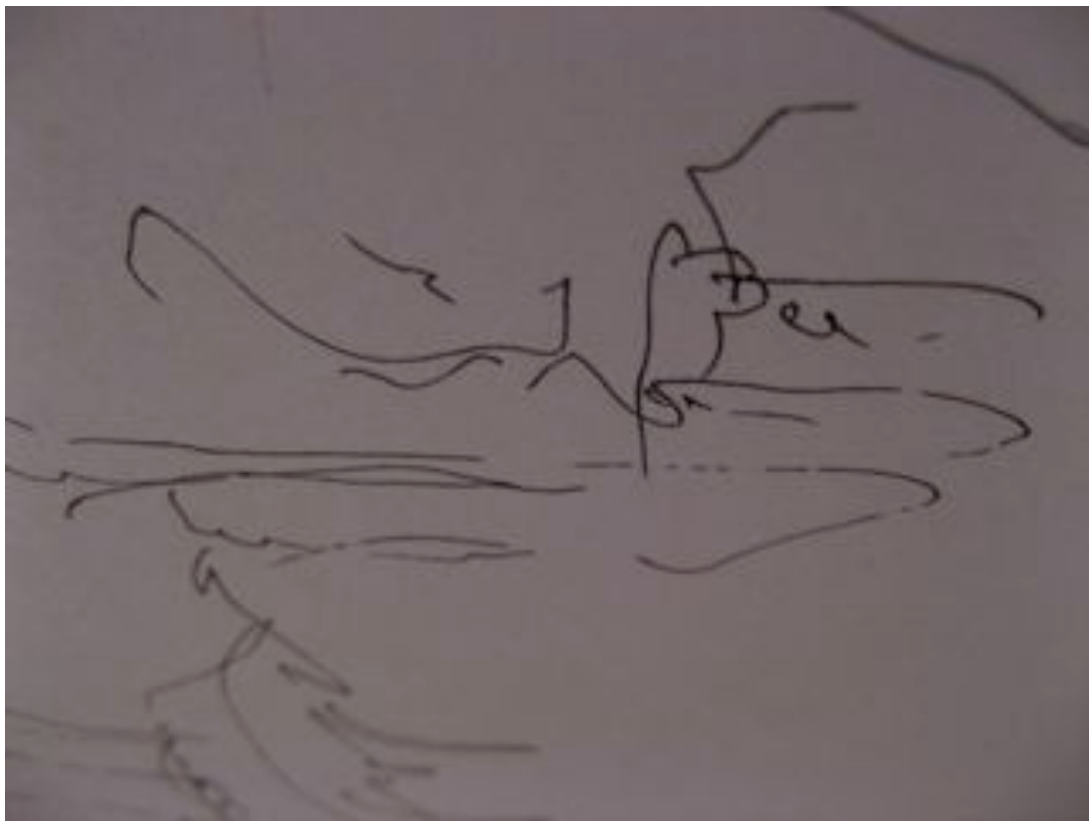










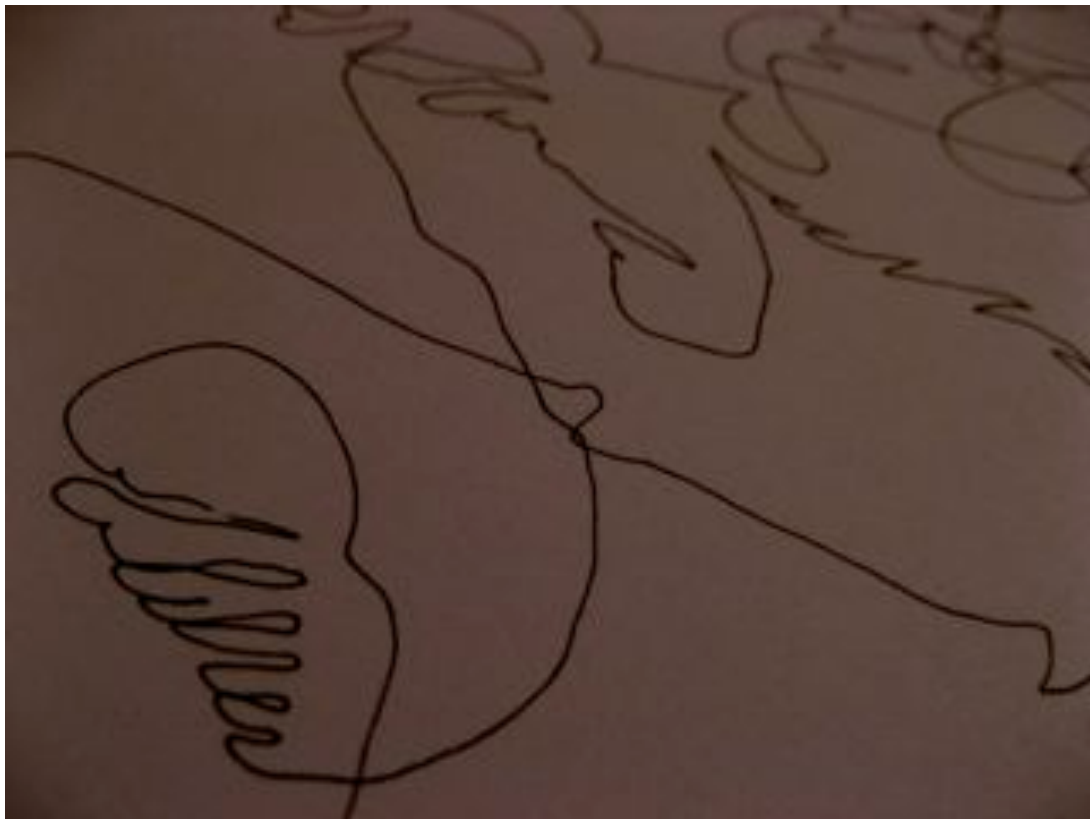


27 November 2010 – [3]

*Untitled drawings*

Artist: Lauren Goode

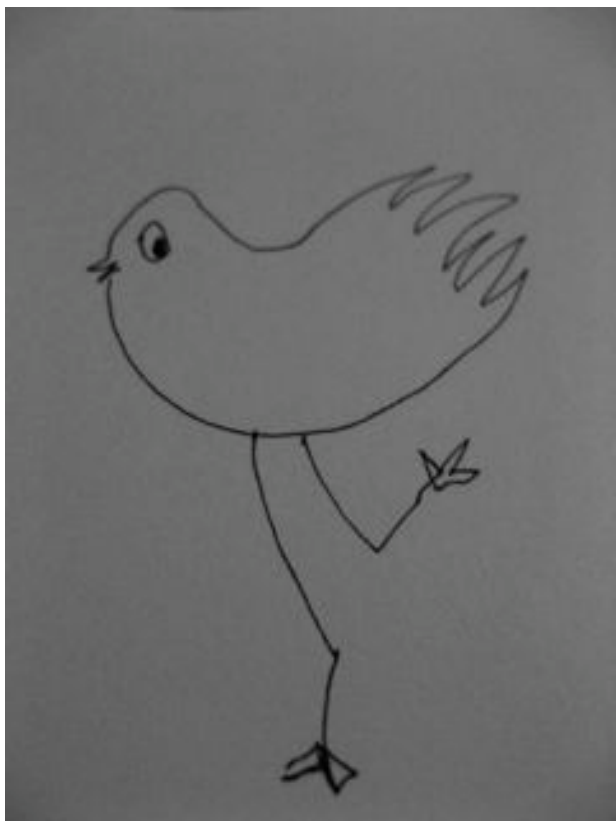




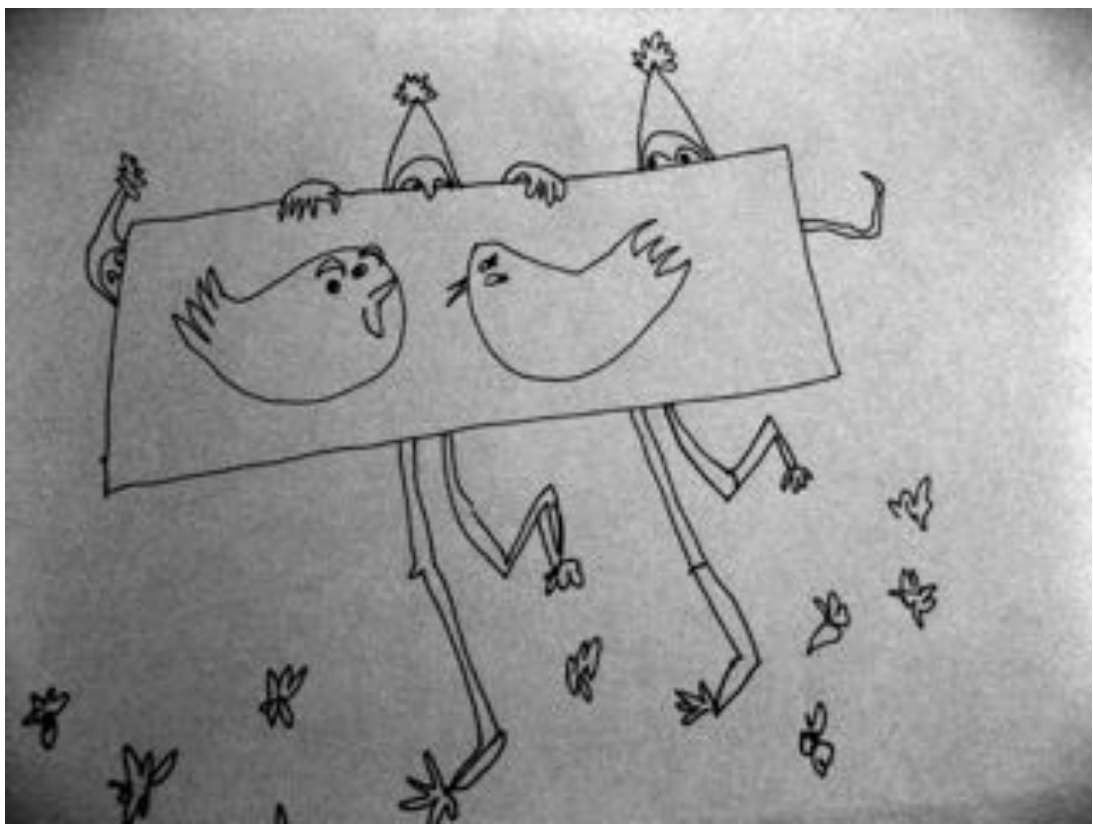
27 November 2010 – [4]

*Tis ter teason too...*

Artist: Lauren Goode









28 November 2010

*Untitled*

Artist: Lauren Goode





11 December 2010

*Untitled*

Artist: Lauren Goode

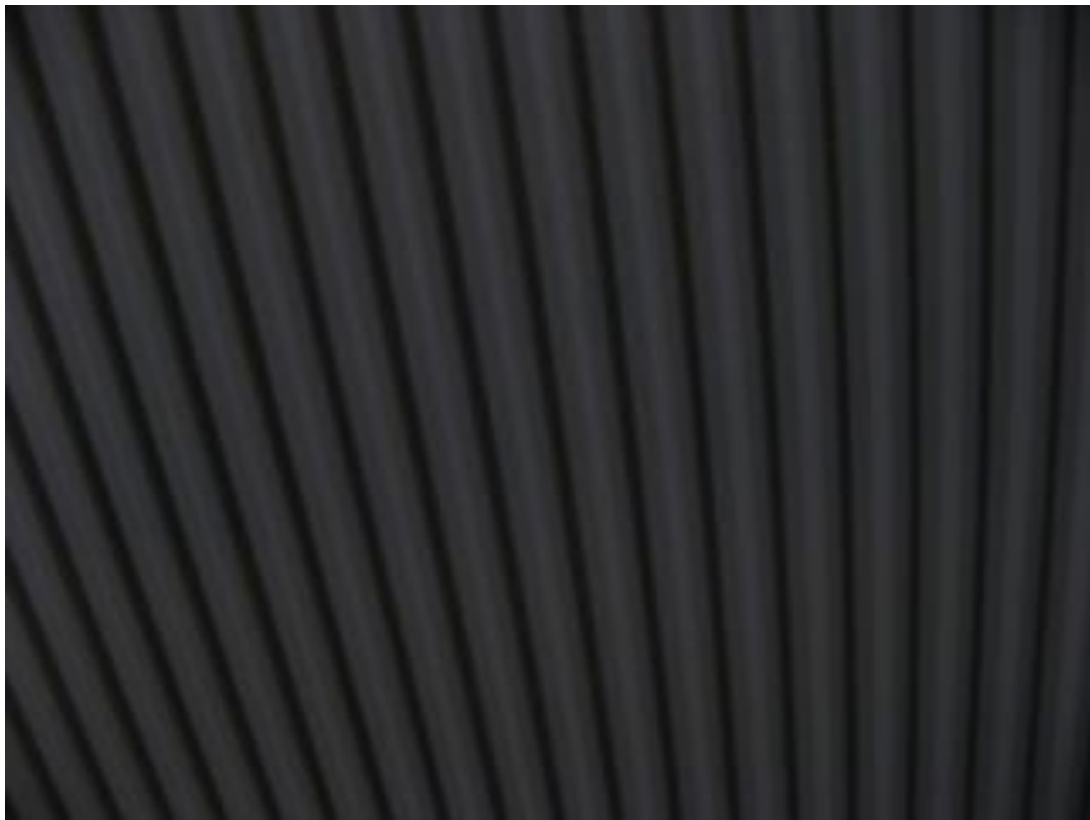


12 December 2010 – [1]

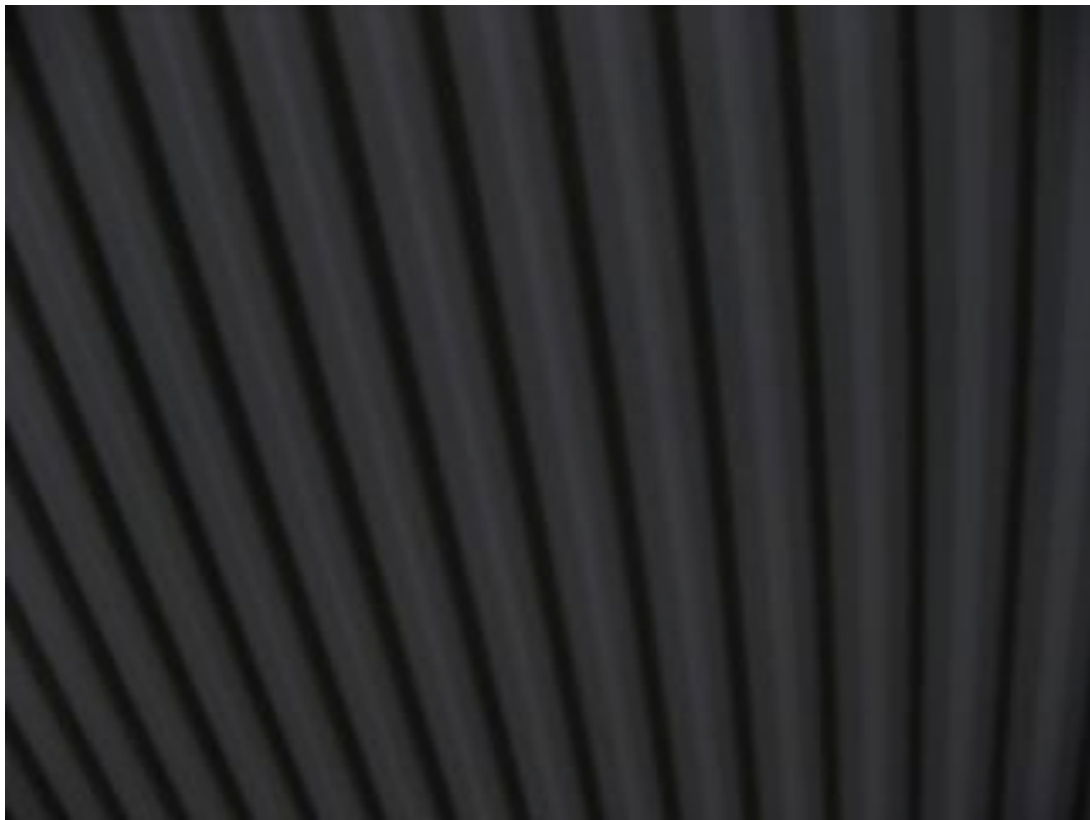
*Radiation*

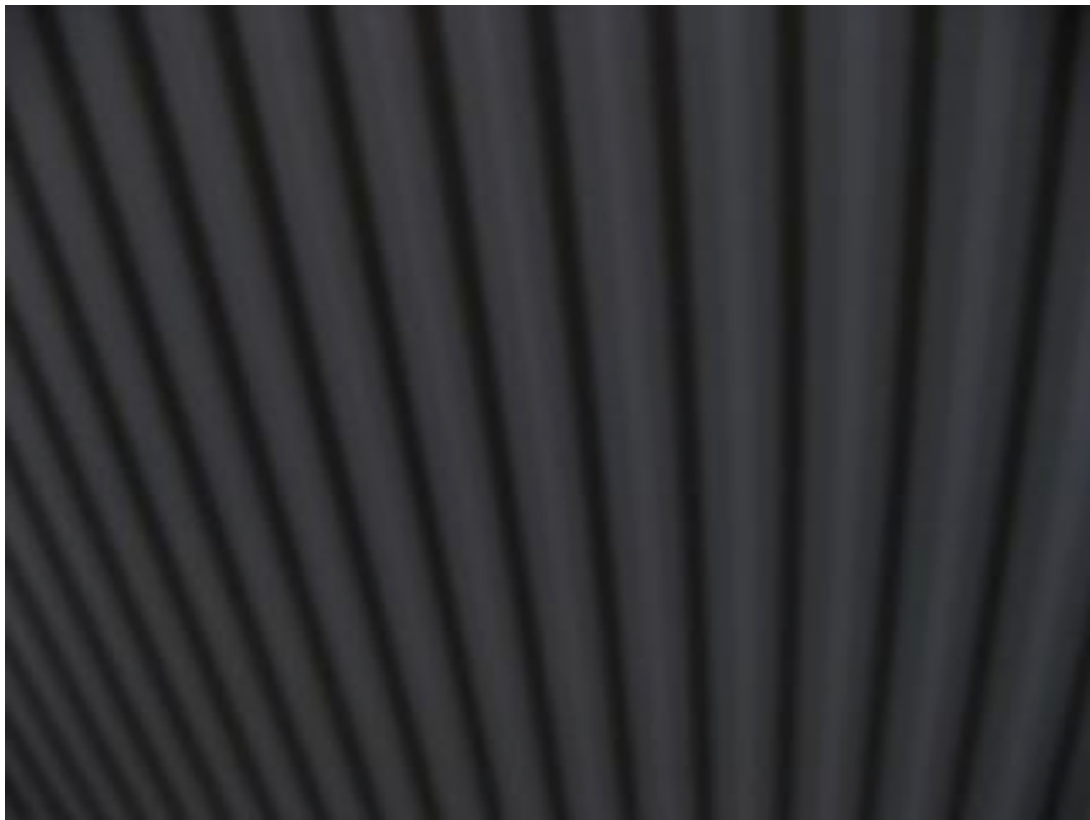
Artist: Lauren Goode











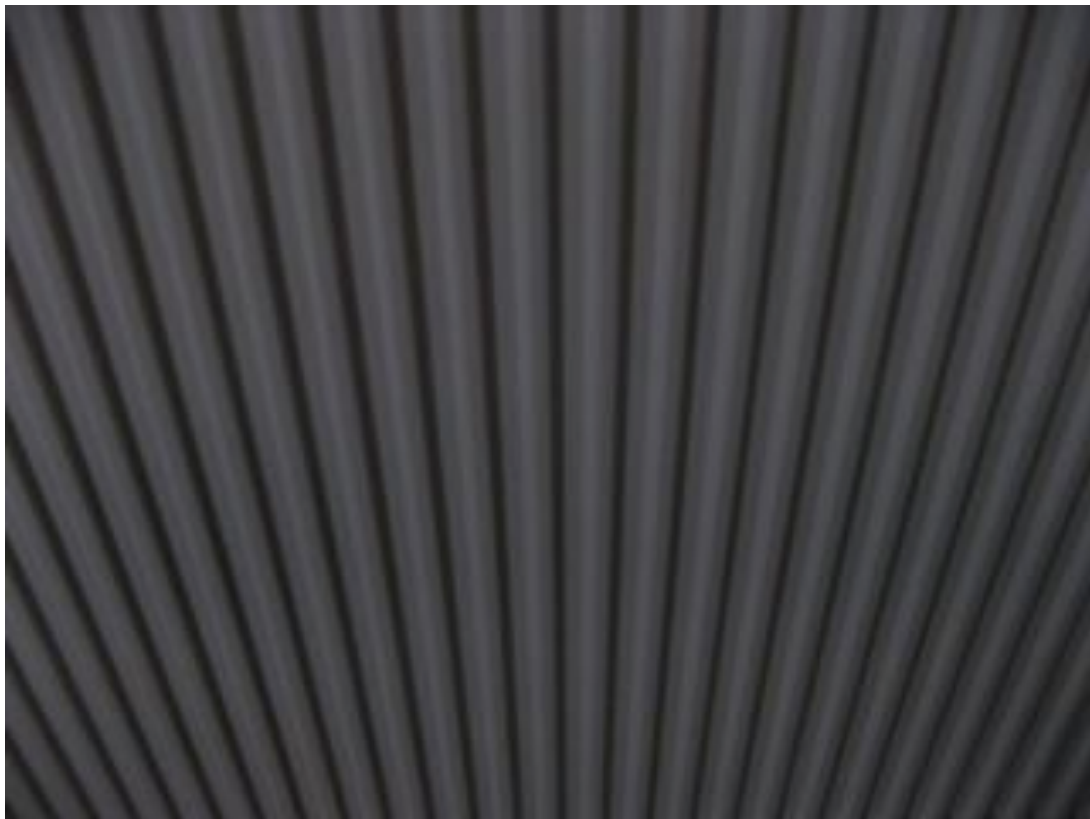


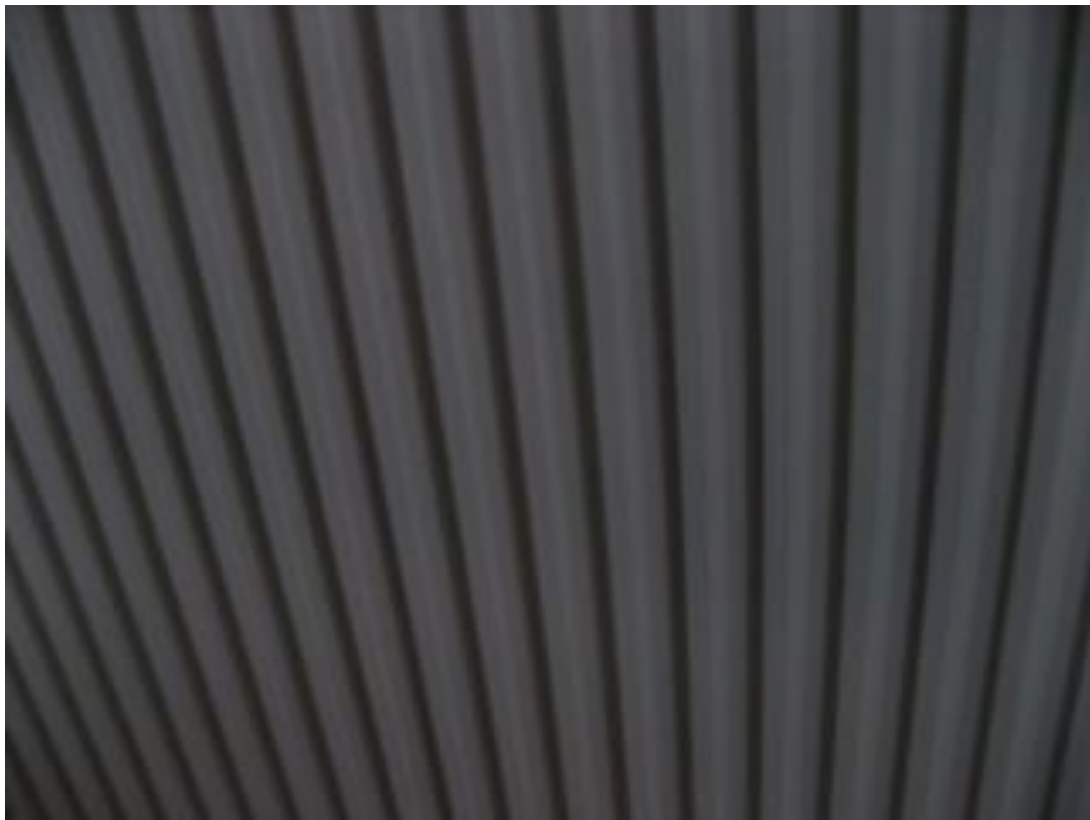




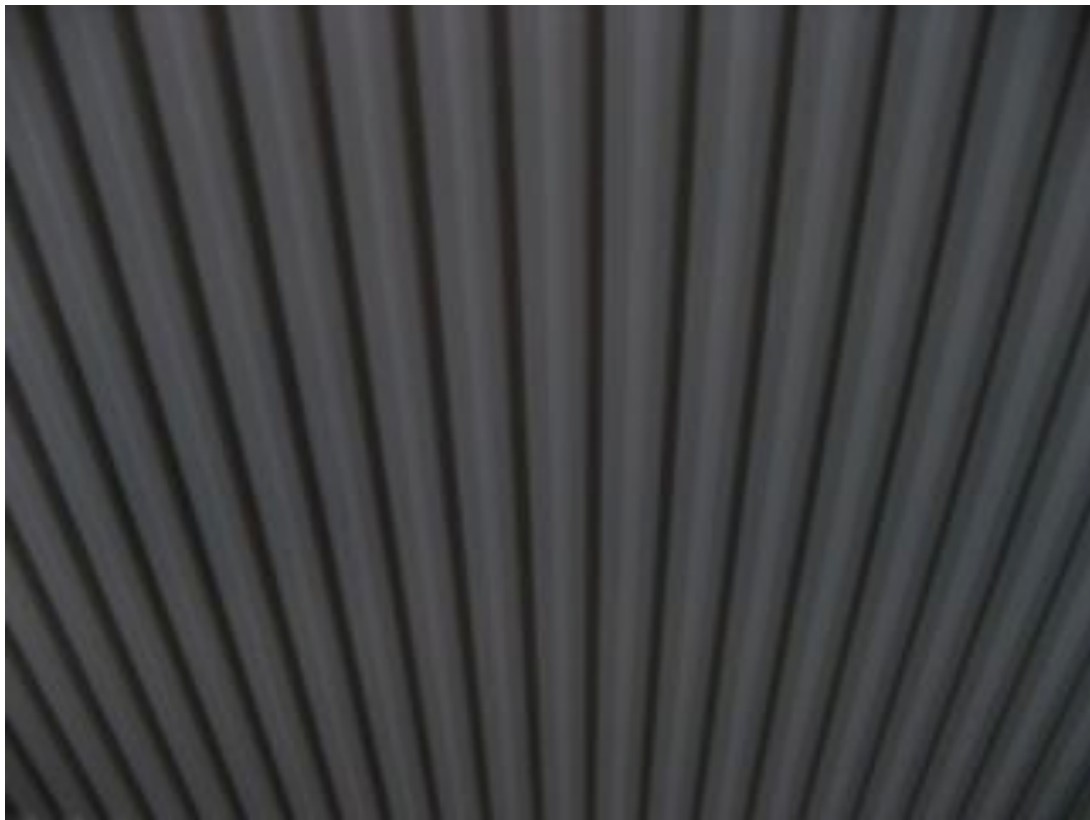
















12 December 2010 – [2]

*Capsule of...*

Artist: Lauren Goode





12 December 2010 – [3]

*Winter sun*

Artist: Lauren Goode





















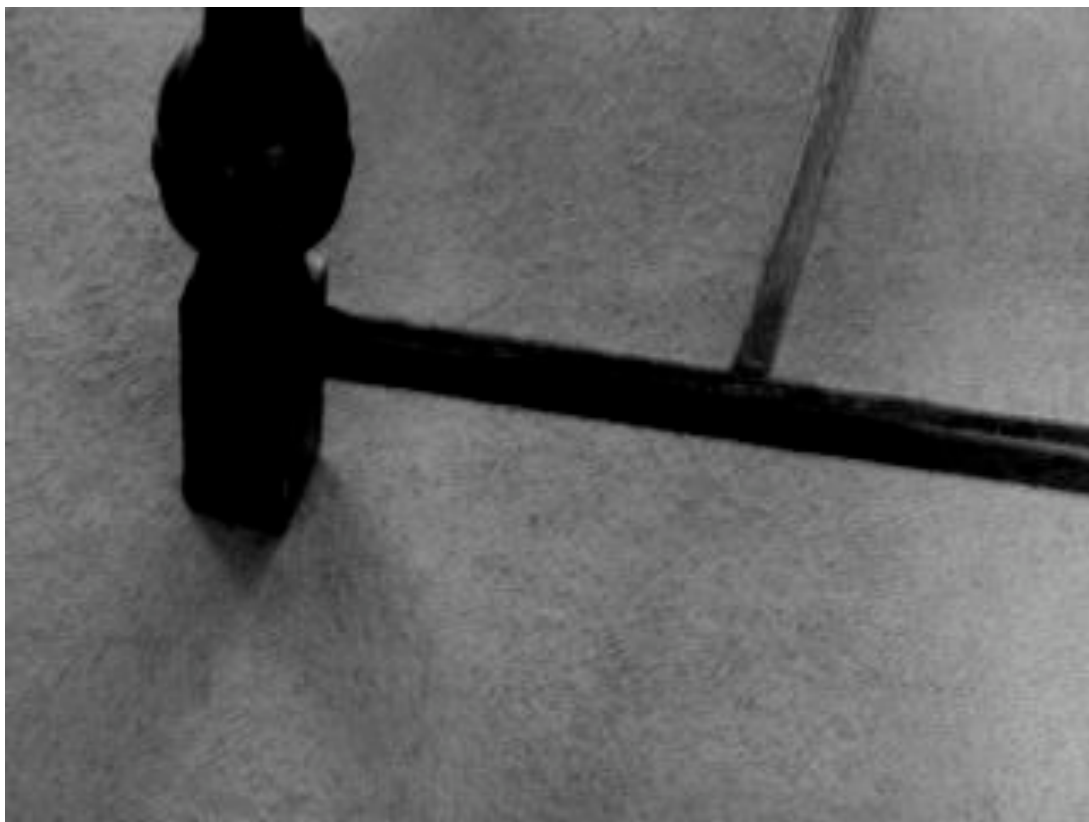




12 December 2010 – [4]

*Untitled*

Artist: Lauren Goode















28 December 2010

*Untitled drawings*

Artist: Lauren Goode

