



A.I.

*A Good Line  
A Good Lie*

22 - 27 June 2021

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A.I.  
4 Cromwell Place (Wing Gallery)  
South Kensington  
London  
SW7 2JE

*A Good Line*

*A Good Lie* is a group show featuring four Ruskin School of Art 2020  
MFA Graduates:

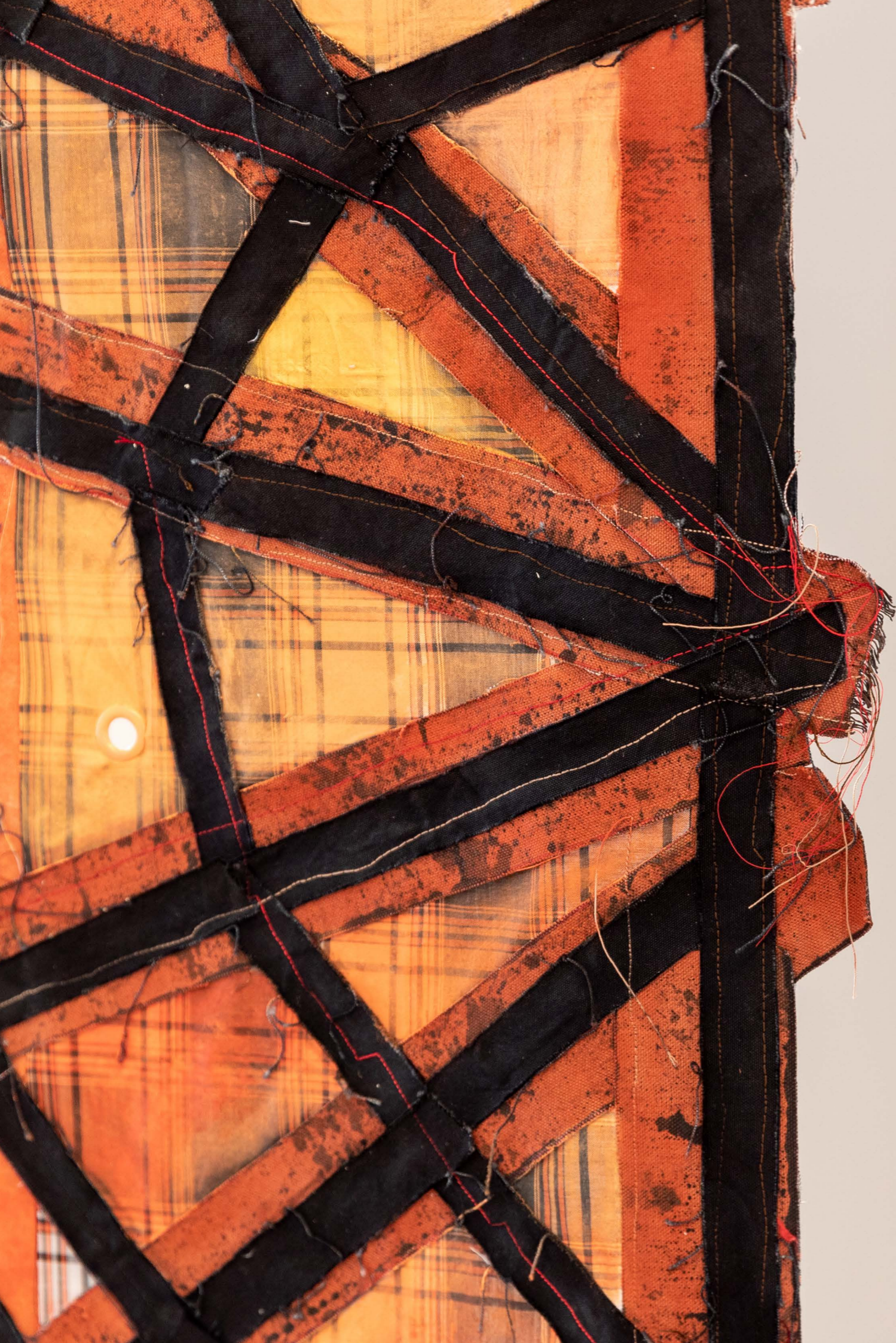
Haffendi Anuar (b.Malaysia), Amy Bernstein (b.USA), Sam Blackwood  
(b.UK) & Laura Hindmarsh (Australia/UK). Works range from  
painting, works on paper, sculpture and performance.

A.I. is delighted to give a platform to this self-assembled group of  
interdisciplinary artists in response to the cancelled MFA degree show.  
A year on, their ongoing exchange and recent works exhibited here  
by the artists point towards their multiple realities, perspectives and  
co-existence within their own poetic itinerary.

A.I.



Haffendi  
Anuar



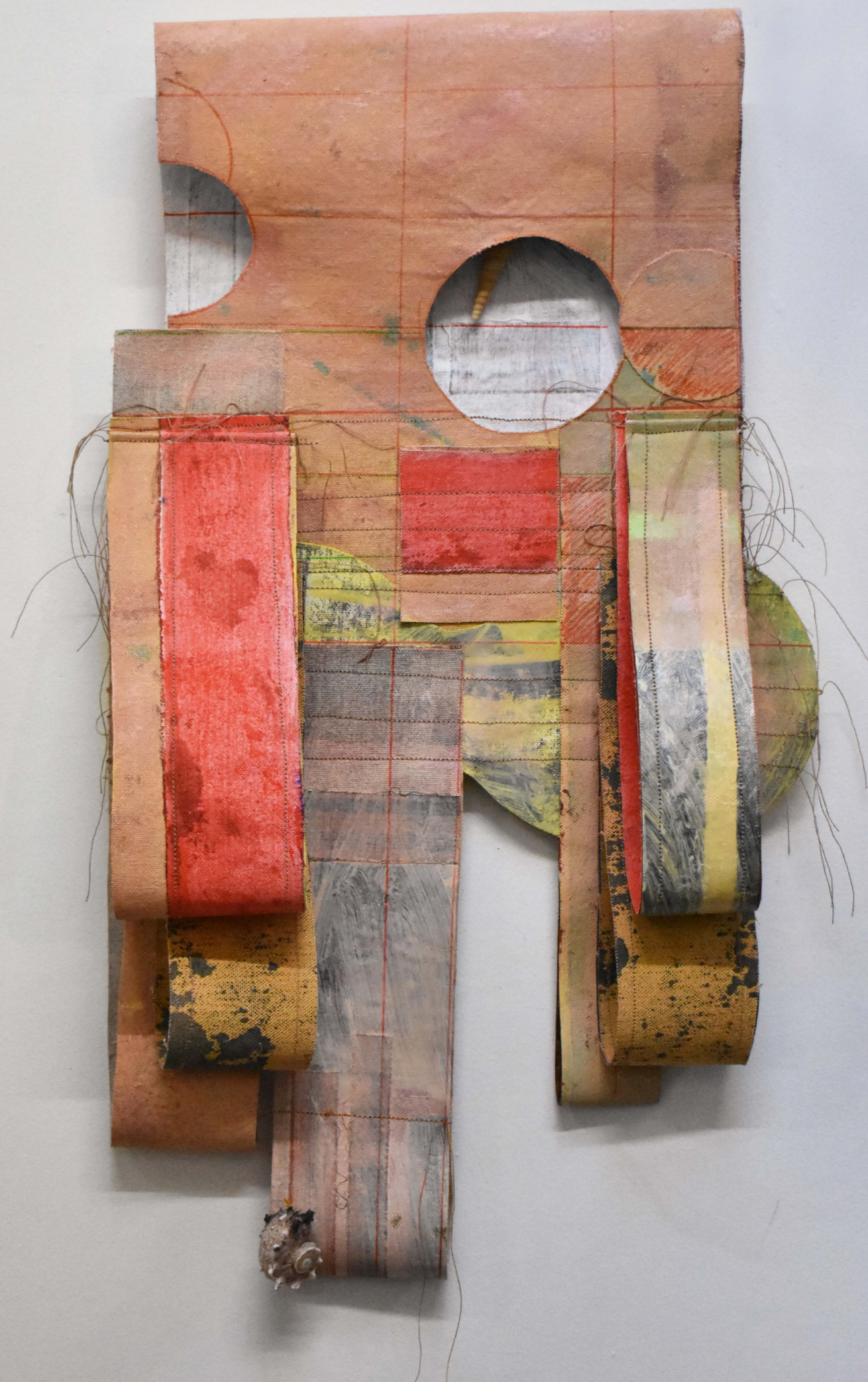
Haffendi Anuar  
*Ankabut I*, 2021  
Oil, kain pelikat, canvas, acrylic, fabric dye, thread,  
hemming tape, wood and brass eyelets  
223 x 118 cm  
(HA-21-007)

*“Webs, webbing, tangling, a complex system of interconnected elements.*

*Weaving narratives, through the spider’s web.”*

- Sam Blackwood on Haffendi Anuar

Haffendi Anuar  
Untitled, 2021  
Oil, acrylic, fabric dye, thread, canvas, eyelets, brass wire and seashells  
55 x 31 x 9 cm  
(HA-21-008)





Webs, webbing, tangling, a complex system of interconnected elements.

Weaving narratives, through spider's web.

Hiding away under checked patterns, draped in someone else's fabric, exploring histories and Instagram feeds.

Things caught in a spider's web offer a glimpse into its life span, things stuck and entangled, in different states, collected objects, I am thinking about this here in relation to the artist's studio and how objects and materials are gathered over time to later form narratives and language through their relationships.

Patterns which intersect allowing things to be held within their complexities, also they suggest to us a view at what exists behind or beyond through punctured holes, sometimes partial, sometimes hidden, tucked away.

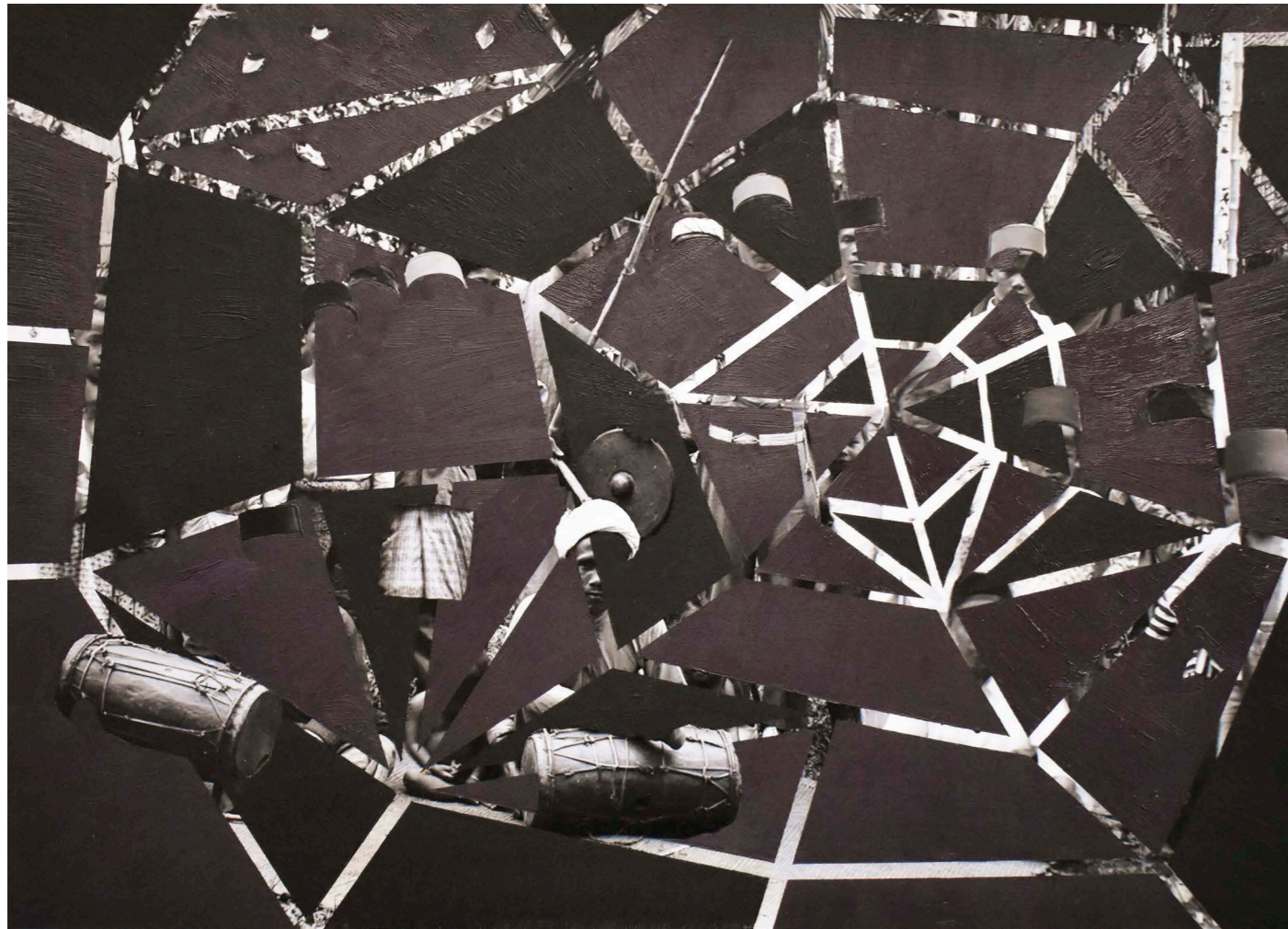
Narratives become entwined and tangled within these frameworks, offering glimpses into personal histories, sensitivity, cultural heritage and an understanding of chosen materials. Imagery becomes a material; through abstraction we see objects and shapes of importance floating in colour. Fabrics begin to incorporate imagery and become a space for further abstraction to play out, only allowing us a partial glimpse into the chosen imagery.

Eyelets and metal washers offer an insight to the production and labour behind these fabrics and patterns, and suggest the machinery, techniques and processes which bring these fabrics to exist. It is also interesting to imagine how these fabrics would have existed in the world if they hadn't been used as materials in these works.

Complexities multiply when the patterns begin to coexist alongside each other, tangled in the webs each section shows us a new composition, all these ideas are held here, dealt with sensitively and with a clear understanding of the material in its formal and contextual existence.

- Sam Blackwood on Haffendi Anuar

Haffendi Anuar  
*Cobweb (Home)*, 2021  
Oil on Giclée Hahnemühle Pearl  
42.1 x 28.3 cm  
(HA-21-003)



Haffendi Anuar  
*Cobweb (Welcome Party)*, 2021  
Oil on Giclée Hahnemühle Pearl  
29.9 x 41.4 cm  
(HA-21-004)



Amy  
Bernstein



Amy Bernstein  
*Chorus*, 2021  
Oil on canvas  
81.3 x 71.1 cm  
(AB-21-011)



*“That language is also delivered by a specific voice. Initially from a frustrated witch-ghost, exhausted from lopsided perspectives and a muggy atmosphere.*

*After a much-desired move and nourishment from the warmth of the sun, she is now in a peaceful state, cackling and whistling with renewed force.”*

- Haffendi Anuar on Amy Bernstein

Amy Bernstein  
*Blue Painting*, 2019  
Oil on canvas  
50 x 42.5 cm  
(AB-19-001)





Amy Bernstein  
*Rugged Avila*, 2021  
Oil on canvas  
50.8 x 45.7 cm  
(AB-21-009)



Amy Bernstein  
*Benevolent Sky*, 2019  
Oil on canvas  
50 x 42 cm  
(AB-19-002)

Oozing surfaces, slippery bumps, irregular shapes, dabs and dobs and stumpy strokes.

They appear dry but sometimes glutinous.

While some appear to be perpetually moist, even in the driest L.A. summer.

Amy Bernstein speaks of a clandestine language when discussing her sensuous paintings, usually with a passionate candour.

Her pictures' visual components serve like cryptic vocabs, odd shapes interlocking or floating in brilliant colour fields, articulating passing moments, both personal and universal, but always circumstantial. Responding to locales, personalities and moments, they are also never entirely anchored in concrete reality, some are whispered from online stock-images; sublime landscapes of crashing waves or fire in the field. They could be read as in-between realms, of digital ghosts and flesh.

Colours, sharp as knives in their preciseness, convey among many things, the phases of the day, temperatures of situations and beings or even the energy from the moon.

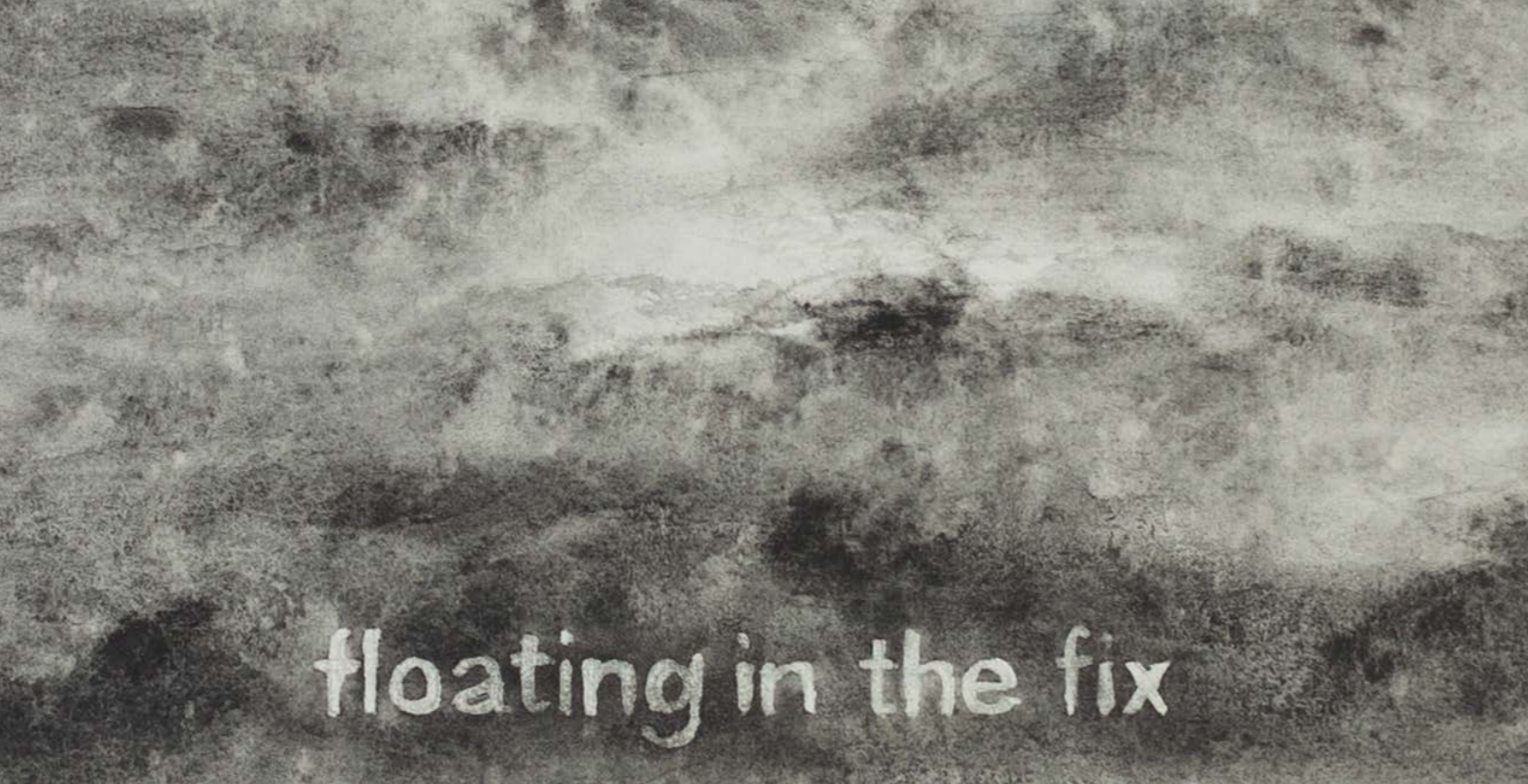
Sloppy lines, lyrical and the ones that end abruptly in their wanderings, accumulate into clusters or are transformed into simplified objects, vague alphabets or shapes inspired from peculiar characters she had met or seen. Is that a top hat? A silhouette of a nose? A moustache above a crooked smile?

That language is also delivered by a specific voice. Initially from a frustrated witch-ghost, exhausted from lopsided perspectives and a muggy atmosphere. After a much-desired move and nourishment from the warmth of the sun, she is now in a peaceful state, cackling and whistling with renewed force.

- Haffendi Anuar on Amy Bernstein



Laura  
Hindmarsh



*“Plunge.*

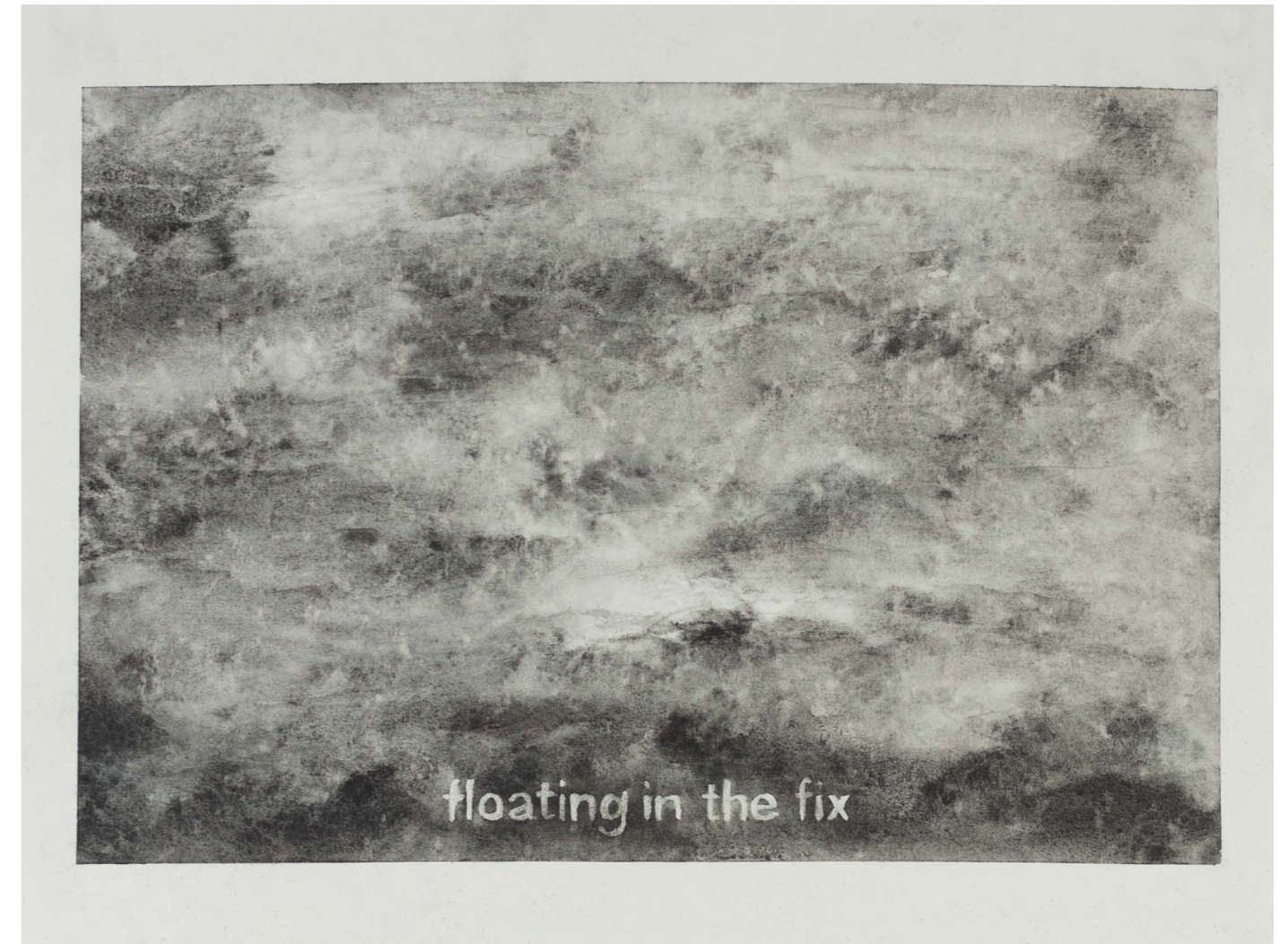
*Float.*

*The world around me blurs, but my visions are still in focus.*

*My body weightless buoy, the suspension of gravity a life raft, the blessed interiority and its possibilities, an embrace.”*

- Amy Bernstein on Laura Hindmarsh

Laura Hindmarsh, *The Portals (Floating in the Fix)*, 2021 (detail)



Laura Hindmarsh  
*The Portals (Floating in the Fix)*, 2021  
Ink on paper  
36 x 48 cm  
(LH-21-001)



The Blue Cathedral



Anthem of the Seas  
hovers in mid-air



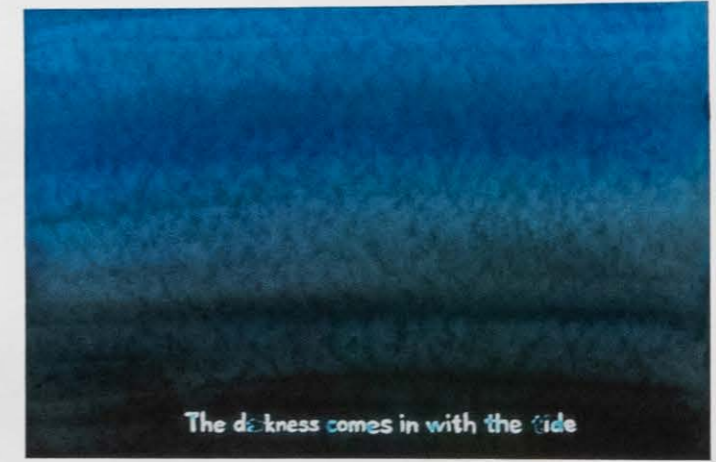
Blue  
Lagoon



slippery silver surface



I swim in my own vision



The darkness comes in with the tide



Imagine me, a foreigner.



floating in the fix



Sea, swallow me

Previous page:

*The Portals (The Blue Cathedral)*  
(LH-21-006)

*The Portals (Anthem of the Seas)*  
(LH-21-004)

*The Portals (Blue Lagoon)*  
(LH-21-005)

*The Portals (Slippery, Silver, Surface)*  
(LH-21-007)

*The Portals (I Swim in My Own Vision)*  
(LH-21-003)

*The Portals (The Tide)*  
(LH-21-002)

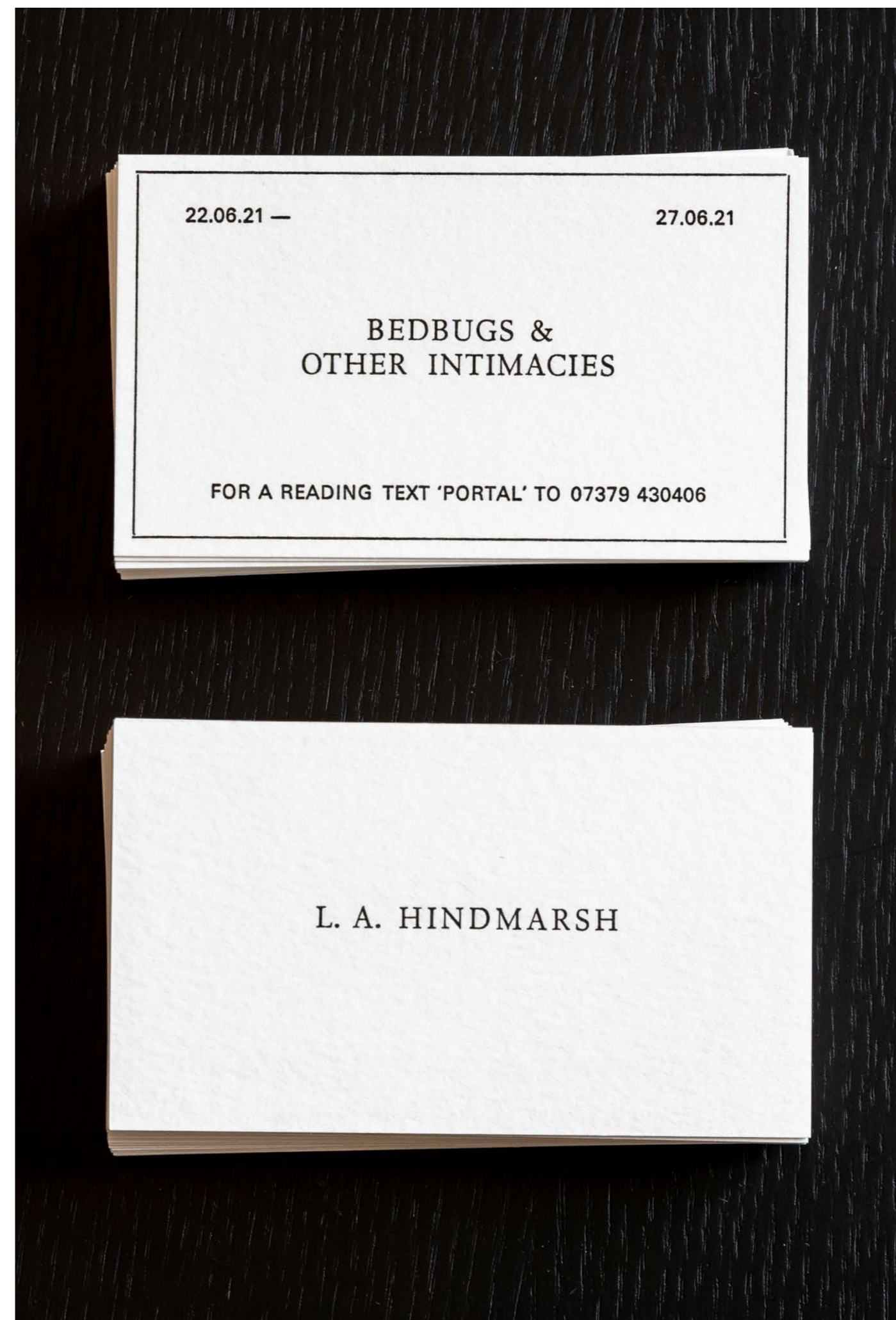
*The Portals (Imagine Me, a Foreigner)*  
(LH-21-009)

*The Portals (Floating in the Fix)*  
(LH-21-008)

*The Portals (Sea, Swallow, Me)*  
(LH-21-001)

All works by Laura Hindmarsh, 2021, Ink on paper, 36 x 48 cm each

Laura Hindmarsh  
*Bed Bug and Other Intimacies*, 2021  
Performance, letterpress cards, voice memo  
Duration variable



Be here now. The didactic and sagging new age koan beleaguers, tires. This now is too much. It is hard and mean, deadly, unjust. The globe heaves under the weight of this past year's events, and the news cycle echoes in tragic refrain. The overload of stimulation and inane horrors short the capacity to attend, particularly and most devotedly, to the heavy present.

Laura Hindmarsh's waterscapes are both portal and destination. Lines of text drift in aimless currents of blues and blacks, prompting more aimlessness, suggesting poetry. It seems that in this placeless space, Laura offers escape as meaningful vehicle and purposed exit, as if escape were a destination unto itself. And in this time, it is. Laura's images are screen-shaped exit-signs, pointing to a way out, at least for a while. The artist posits sea and screen as synonymous liminal environments— citizen-less, weather-less, identity-less, shape-less free zones, as soothing and hypnotic as a heartbeat. Sea and screen, holy theatres of capacious expansion, present themselves as vast and roomy halls of distilled being, opening and closing repeatedly in a tidal offering of possible other life, antidote and mirror to loneliness and overload.

Sea, swallow me.

Fly me to the moon underwater. I am here with me now, and my waking dreams are made of sky and sea. The world is in me. I carry all of its trappings and possibilities in the electric hum that orders and guides the rhythms of my pulse. It is conductor and muse, this beat.

Listen to it pound as I hold my breath.

Plunge.

Float.

The world around me blurs, but my visions are still in focus. My body weightless buoy, the suspension of gravity a life raft, the blessed interiority and its possibilities, an embrace.

- Amy Bernstein and Laura Hindmarsh



Laura Hindmarsh  
*The Portals (Slippery, Silver, Surface)*, 2021  
Ink on paper  
36 x 48 cm  
(LH-21-007)



RAT\_\_PALACE

# Posts



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Pigeon Mountain



2/4

Sam  
Blackwood



Liked by k.williamson\_\_ and others

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Sam Blackwood  
*Untitled (Better Luck Next Time)*, 2021  
Galvanised steel pole, steel wall plate, chain link fencing, blue string,  
scratch cards, Mr. Freeze ice pop (blueberry flavor), cable ties  
Modular sculpture, materials may vary  
200 x 100 x 100 cm  
(SB-21-003)





Sam Blackwood  
*Hung Out to Dry*, 2021  
Galvanised steel pole, steel wall plate, found union jack flag  
with smiley face, steel chain, cable tie, S hook  
100 x 100 x 180 cm (modular sculpture, materials may vary)  
(SB-21-002)

*“But there is also play,  
the detritus,  
objects and interventions  
speak of boredom,  
of unemployment,  
frustration and nostalgia  
for a time passed  
as well as a maker of  
time passing.”*

- Laura Hindmarsh on Sam Blackwood

Sam Blackwood  
*Up to No Good*, 2021  
Artist designed stickers, white paint  
Dimensions variable  
(site-specific, ongoing series)  
(SB-21-001)



A Snickers wrapper cable tied to a lamp post. I could have walked past it a million times before, on my route between Asda and home but its specific placement, held hostage on a post facing outward towards the footpath at elbow height, makes it feel too glaringly obvious to have been overlooked. I take a photo and save it to a folder on my phone labelled 'research'. Flickering back through the album in the last month I've recorded a traffic cone suspended through broken window, a brick wall tagged with 'fuck police' and an exquisite corpse of football players faces reconfigured as ripped stickers on the back of a toilet door.

I see these residues of action that intervene in the social fabric of the everyday as coded messages ready to be misread and interpreted depending on the eye that witnesses it. Say for example the green mesh that often covers a building site - it could be a screen, a veil or a barrier, torn to reveal as peep hole or lacerated as a gashed wound.

Now attuned to these interventions I inadvertently end up stalking the streets, a self-appointed cryptographer seeking out the evidence of these actions and rereading their annotations like hieroglyphics from a past civilisation. A language of protest and dissent in the death throws of a civilisation crumbling under years of austerity and capitalism.

But there is also play, the detritus, objects and interventions speak of boredom, of unemployment, frustration and nostalgia for a time passed as well as a maker of time passing. Names etched out into sandstone with a bottle cap, cans used as notches impaled on a park fence, an arrangement of half-drunk alco pops. WKD. I woz here. fuck the manor. wait until I get my hands on you you dirty rat.

- Laura Hindmarsh on Sam Blackwood



## About A.I.

Based in London, A.I. is a gallery platform for early career artists; it is committed to encouraging dialogue and challenging the notions of the East and West.

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