



As I get older, I synchronize with my father as a man, a father and a parent, despite our differences. There are parts of him I cannot understand. He is 82, a retired chef, a war baby, a father of two, a caring yet estranged husband, a hoarder. He lives alone.

There is a small window of being able to connect before he's gone.

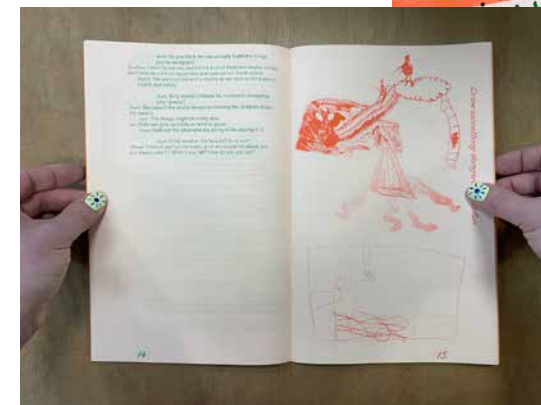
My intention is to translate a set of photographs of him into video and audio via interview. He tends to meander with his conversation, bringing in surprising memories, contrasts, anecdotes and emotions.

To frame this translation, I will ask my children to produce a drawing of what they see in the photographs of 'Pops', this may change their meaning into something simpler, warmer. Can i generate imagery in there for it to have greater meaning or me?

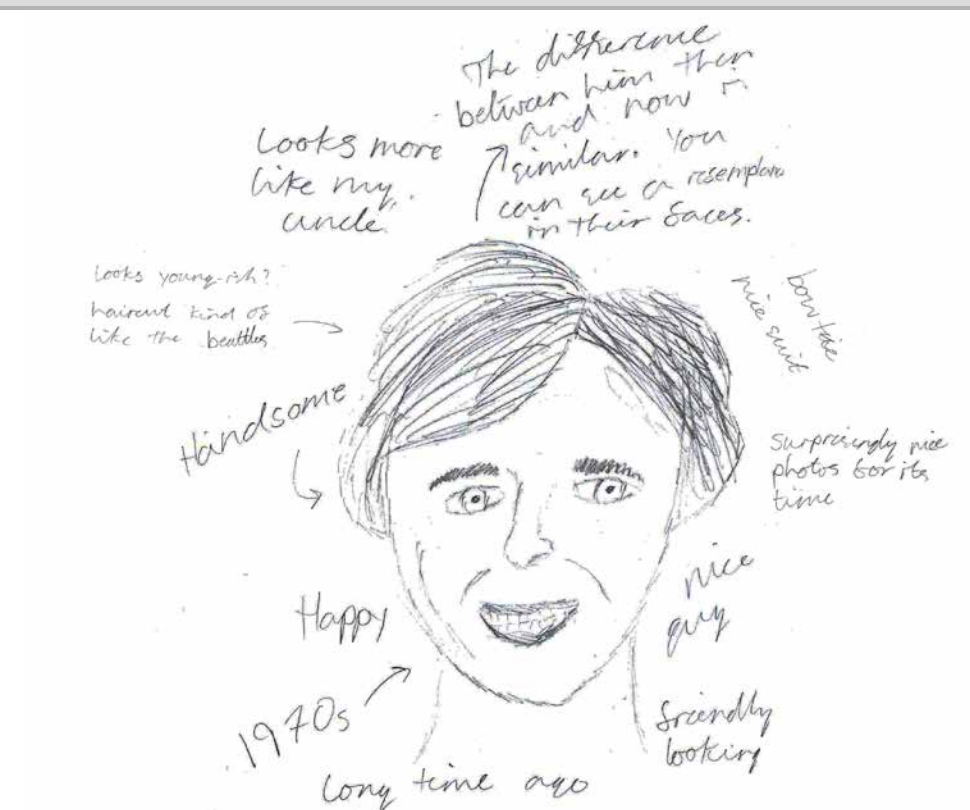
The body of work will *translate* into an interactive time capsule, *conserving* memories of my father for his family.



Inspiration: Ruth Beale's work with her Father, LIKE GODS and her work with The Hundred Club, specifically WAAAAH!, a newspaper produced by children





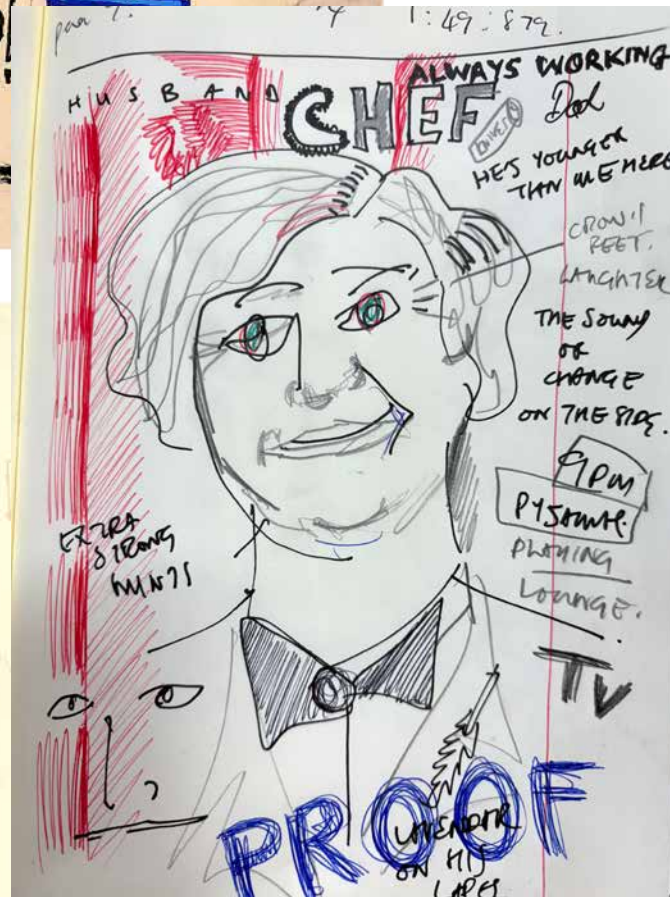


Meaning changes, but how? It's more emotional, connected and warm in audio visual form, and kids' drawings bring a humorous, simplicity, a kind of notated form of interpreting the photo





Lewis Rossignol,  
can i do some of  
my own adult-child  
drawings? Will  
that provide some  
insight?



Combining old  
documents and  
childlike  
drawings

IMMEDIATELY!  
Midweek and Weekend News,  
1 The Green, Aldershot,  
Tel. ALDERSHOT 28221

WEEK

THE  
STILTON DISH  
PHOENIX GREEN  
HARTLEY WINTNEY  
(on main A30)  
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Fresh produce—bonne cuisine  
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The Chef's Specialities



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# Surrender

One summer morning I woke up at 5 a.m. Looking out the window there was a dense fog that had majestically draped itself over the landscape. In that instance an image formed in my mind of a bridge over the River Ouse near where I lived. I saw the image and surrendered to its creative call. I jumped in the car and drove the few minutes to the river and the bridge, taking several images in about half an hour. Even though it felt spontaneous at the time, curiosity had led me to the river in the weeks leading up to this moment. My camera was loaded with film and I had some spare. All I had to do was go.

The images taken that day formed part of a solo exhibition. Fifteen years later those images live on someone's wall.

We should be prepared to surrender to our deep intuition. It comes with looking, observing, thinking, reflecting and practice. This is our preparation.



My practice is learning to let that fear go.

strategic placement  
of motivational quotes  
tailored to me right now

## Let go of fear

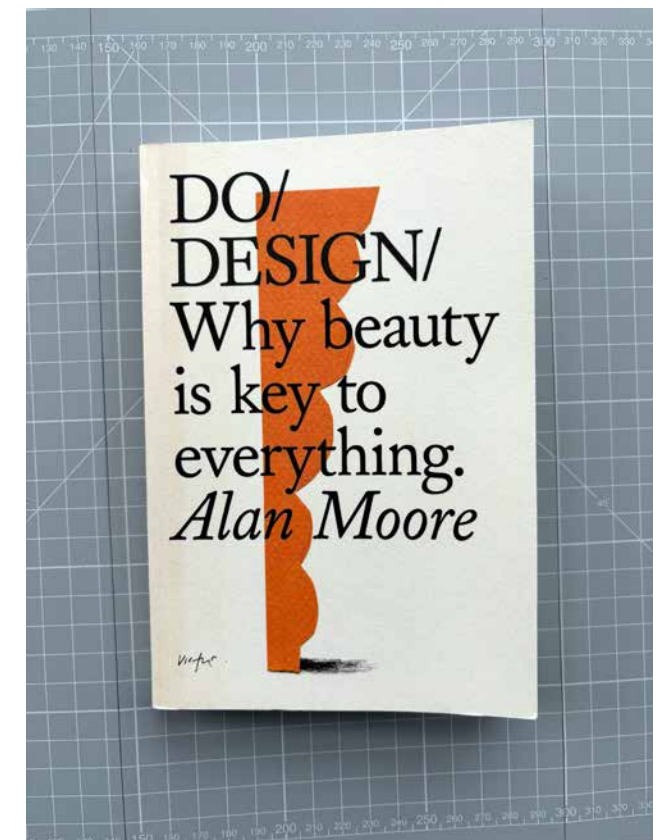
I can look back now on a career, halfway done. And I can say you do not make the best or wisest decisions when you are filled with fear. You don't make your best work either.

My practice is learning to let that fear go. This is easy to say but very hard to do. You have to really believe in what you are doing, you have to work with conviction. You have to be able to back yourself.

I did not ask the permission of anyone when I decided I would teach myself all the creative and craft skills I did. Of course we all worry about being 'good enough', but that should never stop us trying our best. Sometimes even now I look back and wonder at my audacity, as you were supposed to have lots of qualifications and certificates to prove you were good at this, when in fact I had not a single one.

I have travelled six continents, overseen and directed some £1.5bn of creative business innovation. I've had my personal work shown and displayed from London to New Zealand. And I've written a few books. I am dyslexic and I hate flying.

translating use  
to circulate meaning



## Start with optimism

Where do we start any piece of work?

We want to be inspired, to be excited about the creative potential of making something useful. It could be a new piece of personal work, it might be a business challenge, but key is to be intrigued enough to lean forward and give it your attention. Start with really wanting to bring something good into the world. You need to feel optimistic so that infuses the work.

Write the narrative of what a best possible outcome looks like. What does it feel like? How is it helping people in their lives? How does it give them joy and delight? How can this piece of work bring value to the world? Then ask yourself how you might get to that destination. What I find is that if we start with why we can't do something, we tend not to find the means to overcome that challenge - we are defeated before we have even begun.

Whereas when one believes with conviction that this design is the right one, all the other stuff becomes simply logistics to be dealt with.



# HOW ARE YOU OBSERVING TODAY?

# DON'T START WITH 'CAN'T'

Reducing the messages to minimal questions, emcouraging statements, with al ittle editorial help

# LET THAT FEAR GO

Could this be a daily exercise that pops up somewhere in my physical or digital world? Hiden by me, for me! Curical for countering imposter syndndrome, hysical burnout



COULD THIS BE CHRONOLOGICAL, A FILM? A DAY OF UNEXPECTED INSPIRATION?

Combining with primary colours and simple shapes?

Title of the Show, Julia Born



In the book its quiet, gentle, can I translate these over media, mixing up siutaion, size, style and impact, shortening them to be just what i need?

Could this be a gift of some kind?  
Unexpected motivation



AR?



sketchbook  
desktop screensaver  
on way in to college  
mirror  
steps going up  
my walk in!  
a coffee after buyign it

Abergavenny	11:31	10	TFW
Abergele & Pen	11:52	14	TFW
Adlington Ches	11:47	8	Northern
Alderley Edge	11:38	13	Northern
Altrincham	11:39	8	Northern
Appley Bridge	11:18	14	Northern
Ashburys	11:19	1	Northern
MARK - DON'T START WITH			'CAN'T'
Bamford	11:49	3	Northern
Banbury	11:27	4	CrossCountry



A simple foyer. Dark carpet, beige walls, a worn wooden desk, a cheery landscape on the wall behind. There is a woman sitting at the desk smoking a cigarette. She looks up at me. Her eyes are red and swollen. She speaks.  
Can I help you?

I step forward.  
Is Lilly here?  
She stares at me for a moment. Her upper lip quivers, she looks like she’s about to break.  
Who are you?  
My name is James.  
She looks at me, bites her lip. She takes a deep breath and stands. Just a minute please.  
She steps from behind the desk, walks to a door, opens it, leaves.

I stand with my flowers and my smile and my pounding heart, my pounding heart.  
The door opens and a man steps into the room. He’s in his late thirties. He has short dark messy hair, wears baggy jeans and a wool sweater. He has bags under his eyes, which are also red and swollen. He speaks.  
James?  
He reaches out a hand. I shake it.  
I’m Tom. I’m the director of this facility.  
What’s up, Tom?  
Would you mind coming back to my office?  
Why?  
I need to talk to you. I’d prefer to do it in private.

Where’s Lilly?  
Why don’t you come back to my office.  
I want to see Lilly, Tom.  
Please, James.  
I’m not going back to your office, Tom. Just tell me where the fuck Lilly is.

He looks at the floor, takes a deep breath. He looks up at me.  
Before I tell you, I just want you to know that Lilly loved you very much.  
She talked about you all the time and . . .

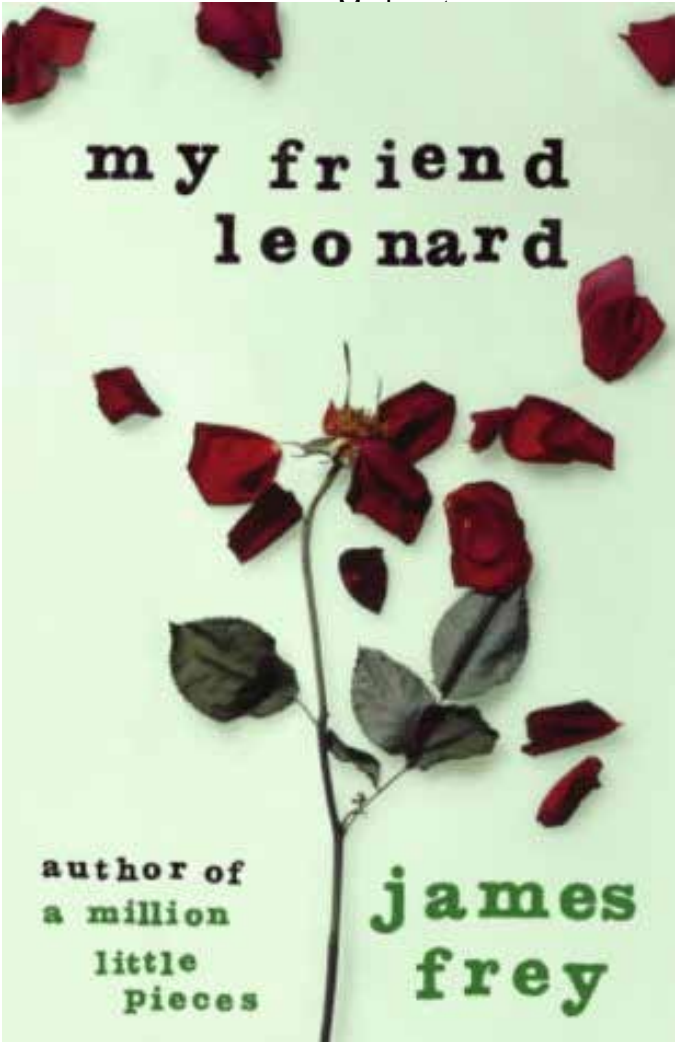
What the fuck is going on here?  
He looks at me. He doesn’t speak. His eyes are wet.  
Tell me what the fuck is going on here.

He looks at me, bites his lip, takes a deep breath. My heart pounding. Lilly.  
His voice breaks.  
Lilly.  
His voice breaks again.  
Lilly passed away this morning.  
I stare at him. I am holding her roses.  
What?

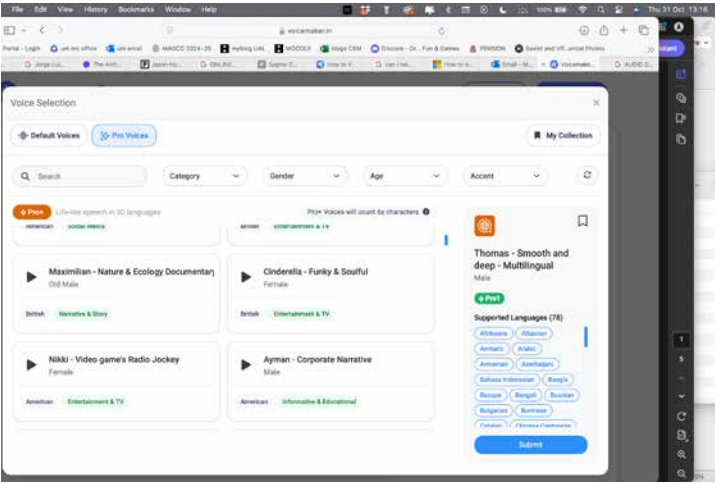
translation of stream of consciousness writng style to audio collage?

My heart pounding.  
Lilly died this morning.  
My heart pounding.  
What happened?  
Pounding.  
She took her own life.

I stare at him. My heart, my heart, my heart. He stares at me, speaks.  
I’m so sorry. I’m so, so sorry.  
Her flowers slip from my hand.  
What happened?  
My heart.  
We don’t know. Her grandmother had just died. She was very shaken.  
We found her hanging from the shower faucet. She didn’t leave a note.  
I turn around.  
I walk out of the House.  
My heart.



- Stream of consciousness style narrative, leaving me tired and emotional after reading
- Style not laays grammatically correct
- Randomly capitalised nouns
- Repetition of words
- Lack of quotes marks



I've got the front porch, I open the door, I step inside.  
A single flower.  
Dark carpet, beige walls, a worn wooden desk, a cheery landscape on the wall behind.  
There is a woman sitting at the desk smoking a cigarette.  
She looks up at me.  
Her eyes are red and swollen.  
She speaks.

Can I help you?  
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Please, James.

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Before I tell you,

