

SPLIT

*ALL I COULD SEE THROUGH THE
PORT HOLE WAS GLITTERING DUST*

08.08.24- 31.08.24

F.A.F Collective

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A great commotion, plumes of smoke and dust, unknown territories are about to be acquired, staked and forgotten in one fell swoop. An impromptu parade for a long deposed king, and a wasteland treatise signed over the top of a burning metal bonnet. The pilot has arrived, and under weather worn helmet, a smile inches from the corners of their mouth. They make it, he made it. Something about the journey produced a change, it wasn't distance traveled, nor time spent, but the accumulation of spare parts and the slow decay, the sudden dropping of irreplaceable components.

A catalytic converter, no longer removing hydrocarbons from the air, became a talisman, then a bargaining chip, and now is melted down into piecemeal precious metals for a underground Sheikh at the retail park near Budgens. Sometimes you can replace a whole organ with something in the shape of an organ and your body won't know the difference.

He takes off the helmet, a grease smeared face and ash strewn hair, a grin that shines like a flashlight in the hot night. Pinpricks and gashes of iodine screens and the strip-light tubes smashed for exhilaration only.

They walk the astronaut's walk now, swaggering away from the respective craft, suit of linen, cotton and polyamide blends, cuffs uncuffed and oxygen tank casually dropped into the swill.

A callused palm gripping a little pudgy mitt. The girl looks up at the spinning thing, the rolling flashing lights of stereotyped crafts, bright yellows and pinks, go faster stripes make the little rockets zoom. He hands her the cash. Two quid from the tray on the dash. It's the only ride on the pier now, a living memory, the UFO's spin over the waters edge and back. The sea and the sky all one great expanse of bitumen.

Dad sits back on the bench, takes a pew. Rivulets of smoke from a cigarette with a match. He's remembering his journey, flickering between this future and his crash landing with the lads. Whipping round bends in a taxicab before there were apps. When people paid cash. She's in the sky now, whirling with the rest of them, creating the seeds for memories that'll last a lifetime, building Babylonian towers in the sand. The car radio playing eighties hits, and the three of them shouting and wrestling for the wheel.

Here, on the third rock from the sun, we were all in it together, a trio, a triptych, a triarchy. Shooting for the moon with the hope of making it halfway. Only one could go of course, so we stayed back for mission control. Plans started on school desks and receipts, methods forgotten and rediscovered. Cassttes of Apollo mission studied with pencils in mouths and inspirational quotes replacing physics and funding.

We studied the Romans and the Greeks too, ancient war machines overlooked by the experts, propulsion through force of will and a robust network of pictorial and oral reinforcement.

And then he sat there and we watched with gritted teeth. His back on beaded seat cover, he slammed his visor and gave us an enthusiastic thumbs up. Our collected effort, and some of what came before, it'd all be dropped at speed and he'd be slung further than most have dared to dream. An Icarian shout muffled by the creaking of bungees and beams.

Skidding and screeching on steal, the road safety barrier buckles and almost keels. Two of us have our seatbelts on. The Vauxhall Corsa bounds along the curve, the metal blockade a track for us to follow. A rollercoaster, on the ring roads, who knew? I laugh with tear streaked cheeks and the car belches loud, dark and sooty, chemical traces that should have been converted, carbon-monoxide, cigarette exhaust.

Radio silence. Then static. Little bursts of noise stutter out, the speaker spits and gargles. Then over two millennia erupt at once, a cacophony of human sounds, of news reports, of tragedy, of small steps, of leaps and bounds. Spacemen 3, music, droning, buzzing and miasmic, the rustling of trees, and small chirping things. Hesiod and the Astronomia, a constellation of myths and beliefs. The whole earth catalogue, and dialogue from tube TV's. The music of the spheres, and the tickling patter of a smashed windscreen.



Pod

Filing cabinets, metal window blinds, green house, plastic chair, dragon fly specimen, test tube, reclaimed plywood, beaded seat cover, elastic bands, string, dominos, gaffa tape, foil tape, sellotape, electrical tape, acoustic foam, vinyl, bottle cap, shotgun shell, gas canister, ceramic tile dust, HB pencil, paper, climbing frame netting, IKEA plastic resealable bag, aluminum trim, bike pump hose, air vents, film negatives, projection slide, found photograph, tea cake wrappers, Amsterdam popper's bottle, St Brigid's straw cross, map pins, tin can, cigarette butts, cork tiles, matches, climbing frame, LED lights, sand, speaker, ratchet straps, handles, steel bracket, dome head screws, keys, hinges, sand paper, timber, lottery tickets

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FAF's journey began at a disused industrial site filled with construction debris, where they created their first project, 'Stephen Bhatti's Diving Tower. This project exemplifies their approach of utilizing the physical limitations of sites and the materials found within them to create temporary, fantastical structures. Their work often introduces absurd fictional sub-plots into the city's periphery, existing in the realm of myth due to the inaccessibility of their locations. Sightings of their installations are fleeting and often glimpsed from vantage points like the top deck of a bus or through a fence at a station platform.

Between 2019 and 2021, FAF developed an alternative living situation by occupying a car park in London Bridge. This period marked a transition for the collective, as they applied their construction style to functional spaces. Both this and their earlier work focus on repurposing redundant materials and spaces, reimagining domestic normality within urban settings.

In August, FAF Collective will showcase some of their site-specific work in a gallery setting. This exhibition will bring their unique approach to sculpture and installation art to a wider audience, allowing viewers to experience their creative process and the fantastical structures they construct from discarded materials.

FAF maintains a cooperative working method, blending individual research interests with a shared trust and ambition to create large-scale sculptural installations.

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F.A.F Collective



Escape Pod

280 x 320 x 790cm

2024



Trebuchet

Scaffold bar, scaffold clips, ratchet straps, cast iron weight plates, building sand, bungee cords, green house frame, climbing frame netting, timber*, gravity, turbo screws, L brackets, adjustable gate eye bolts, vintage darts, handle, domino, Victorian wall studs, hard wood, bolts, marble, cork tiles

*former work bench of a metal folding factory in Romford

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The exhibition will be open from Thursday to Saturday between

12:00 - 18:00.

The venue is located at 62 Roman Rd, Bethnal Green, E2 0PG, London.

For sales enquiries & appointments contact
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This Exhibition would not have been possible without the help and support from:

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