A Journal for Contemporary Art

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A CHORUS OF STRANGERS

GUEST EDITED BY EKOW ESHUN

CATALOGUE

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Ekow Eshun by Zeinab Batchelor

04–05 A Chorus of Strangers by Ekow Eshun
06–07 The Strangers' Case by William Shakespeare
08–09 This Island City by Charlotte Jansen
10–11 Moygashel Playground by Emma Warren
12–13 Sutton Road Cemetery by Raymond Antrobus
On Sade by Roger Robinson
14–15 The Singer Reborn by Afua Hirsch
16–17 Meal Deal by Sam Jacob
18–55 Chorus
56–57 Peggy Guggenheim in London
58 Cork Stret Gallery Index

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR
DEAN MAYO DAVIES

Shakespeare is everywhere: Stratford, on the syllabus, in fragments of our everyday conversation. Yet, despite the anthology of hits, his most important work is arguably an anonymous passage of text discovered to be the only surviving example of his physical handwriting, many years later. Passionate, poignant, and prescient, 'The Strangers' Case' from *Sir Thomas More* is his monument, showing the spine and character of the man.

Ekow Eshun has taken inspiration from this for his curation of the tenth edition of the British Art Show, offering the subtitle 'A Chorus of Strangers' – which is also the title of this magazine. Opening in Coventry before travelling to Swansea, Bristol, Sheffield, and Newcastle Gateshead over two years, from October 2026 to June 2028, the exhibition contemplates Britain during a time of great manipulation, as received through the antennae of artists. As the country's largest recurring contemporary art exhibition, British Art Show 10, produced by Hayward Gallery Touring, forms a key part of the Southbank Centre's 75th anniversary national programme.

This magazine, inclusive of fabulous writers, is our companion underscoring a great belief that although Mayfair has been terra firma for over 100 years, Cork Street's ethos can venture beyond W1 – as seen through our collaboration with the British Council as a Supporting Partner of The British Pavilion at the 61st edition of La Biennale di Venezia.

Meanwhile, our neighbours the Royal Academy are readying their November 2026 – March 2027 exhibition dedicated to Peggy Guggenheim, arriving from Venice before travelling to the Guggenheim in New York and completing the trifecta of cities that form the canvas of her life. Peggy Guggenheim became Peggy Guggenheim at Cork Street in 1938, opening her first gallery Guggenheim Jeune at Number 30, 2nd floor, with Marcel Duchamp her artistic advisor.

In myriad ways, we are thinking about home.

CATALOGUE

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A Chorus of Strangers
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INTRODUCING ‘A CHORUS OF STRANGERS’ BY EKOW ESHUN

“To move from the mountainish inhumanity of ‘us’ versus ‘them’, and to explore instead the variety of perspectives that become possible when we look through the eyes of others.”

EKOW ESHUN

This issue of CATALOGUE explores a simple but intractable question: how does it feel to live in Britain today?

There’s no straightforward answer to that question, of course. But through the images and essays and poems assembled here by a panoply of extraordinary artists and writers, we might guess at something of the tone or texture of our times, alternately unsettled and melancholy, wistful and introspective.

The issue is conceived as a companion to the British Art Show, the largest and most significant recurring exhibition of contemporary art in the UK. Founded in 1979, the British Art Show takes place every five years, touring to cities across the country to offer a snapshot of the ideas and ambitions of a rising generation of artists born or based in Britain. The tenth edition opens in Coventry this October, with participation from many of the artists featured in this issue of CATALOGUE. A range of artists represented on Cork Street have also been invited to realise this magazine, extending the prompt to the location famous as the spiritual home of modern and contemporary art in Britain.

With each iteration of the exhibition comes the same question: what does the show say about British art? Or, indeed, about Britain? Such concerns might seem antique in the boundary-free era of Instagram, and a commercial art world dominated by global-spanning fairs and galleries. Yet an exhibition tasked with addressing recent developments in artistic practice will inevitably reveal something about the country in which that work originates. To talk about British art, then, is also to talk about place and identity. It is to ask who we are as individuals, as communities and as a nation.

The exhibition is subtitled, ‘A Chorus of Strangers’. The name is inspired by a powerful scene known as ‘The Strangers’ Case’, from the 1604 biographical drama *Sir Thomas More*. The play was written collaboratively by several authors. The most prominent among them was William Shakespeare who dramatised a real-life event when More, then the Sheriff of London, faced off against a violent mob at the height of an anti-immigrant riot in London, 1517. In Shakespeare’s telling, More calms the crowd by making “the Strangers’ Case”, an impassioned call for empathy in place of the “mountainish inhumanity” of bigotry and divisiveness.

The argument of ‘The Strangers’ Case’ still feels powerfully relevant today. Incidents of xenophobic violence have flared across British cities in recent years, while heightened anxieties about immigration have become entangled with wider concerns – from the cost-of-living crisis and the intensifying climate crisis to the unsettling pace of technological change. Together, these pressures feel like they have become an intractable part of the mood of the country.

Against this backdrop, the British Art Show asks how art can meet the fears of otherness and difference that often emerge in periods of uncertainty and change. Rather than framing the outsider or stranger as a threat, the exhibition invites us to shift our perspective: to move from the mountainish inhumanity of “us” versus “them”, and to explore instead the variety of perspectives that become possible when we look through the eyes of others.

Perhaps art cannot tell us exactly what it feels like to live in Britain today. But it can give shape to the contradictions, anxieties and possibilities of the present. And, in doing so, offer us new ways of seeing one another. This issue is an attempt to listen to that chorus: to the many voices, visions and experiences that make up Britain now.

THE STRANGERS' CASE

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

In 1871, William Shakespeare's handwriting was identified on a manuscript of *The Booke of Sir Thomas More*, a collaborative play addressing an anti-immigrant riot in London on 1 May 1517, a date since referred to as Evil May Day. Speaking in Act II, Scene IV as Sir Thomas More, the Sheriff of London, Shakespeare calls out the rioters' barbarity. The original document is preserved in the British Library, the home of literature in the UK. It is the only surviving example of the Bard's chirography.

Grant them removed, and grant that this your noise
Hath chid down all the majesty of England;
Imagine that you see the wretched strangers,
Their babies at their backs with their poor luggage,
Plodding to the ports and coasts for transportation,
And that you sit as kings in your desires,
Authority quite silent by your brawl,
And you in rough of your opinions clothed;
What had you got? I'll tell you: you had taught
How insolence and strong hand should prevail,
How order should be quelled; and by this pattern
Not one of you should live an agèd man,
For other ruffians, as their fancies wrought,
With self same hand, self reasons, and self right,
Would shark on you, and men like ravenous fishes
Would feed on one another.

[...]

Say now the king
As he is clement, if th'offender mourn
Should so much come too short of your great trespass
As but to banish you, whither would you go?
What country, by the nature of your error,
Should give you harbor? Go you to France or Flanders,
To any German province, to Spain or Portugal,
Nay, anywhere that not adheres to England,
Why, you must needs be strangers: would you be pleased
To find a nation of such barbarous temper,
That, breaking out in hideous violence,
Would not afford you an abode on earth,
Whet their detested knives against your throats,
Spurn you like dogs, and like as if that God
Owed not nor made not you, nor that the elements
Were not all appropriate to your comforts,
But chartered unto them, what would you think
To be thus used? This is the strangers' case;
And this your mountainish inhumanity.

THIS ISLAND CITY

"What does it mean to be British? Dad mutters something about past glory built on appalling deeds."

CHARLOTTE JANSEN

In the grey photograph, there are three beautiful brown children – they were just three then – all dressed alike, in buttoned-up wool coats with Peter Pan collars, all three in pristine leather Mary Jane shoes. The three of them squat on small knees, bird seed scattered in front of them, adult legs behind them emphasising the scale of their small world. Their beauty is so striking, I can imagine how it caught the attention of HF Rodgers, a well-known walkie photographer who worked on Trafalgar Square in the 1950s and 60s, taking pictures of tourists feeding the pigeons. Except they weren't tourists.

After my grandfather died, a booklet was found among the other *lattapatta* a person leaves behind. He had written out a few lines from Leopold Senghor's *Cher frère blanc*:

> When you were born, you were pink,
> When you grew up, you were white,
> When you go in the sun, you are red,
> When you are cold, you are blue,
> When you are scared, you are green,
> When you are sick, you are yellow,
> When you die, you will be grey.
> So, between you and me,
> Who is the colored man?

"It's from my island," I tell the Turkish shopkeeper, picking up a jar of cinnamon from the shelf. He glances at me with polite disinterest. This is London, after all. "Sri Lanka", I add and hasten to the till. Sri Lanka: the source of gold bangles, mustard seeds, cinnamon sticks, everything with colour, taste, style, heat – fury, song, love, *kandulu bindu* – drops of tears like dew. I always imagined the island – India's teardrop – as a bittersweet place of melancholy and longing. My friend can see a tree his grandmother planted from his bedroom window – that impressed me. Real roots. I grew up with stories of British military pride recounted by my white family, knotted together with stories of colonial brutality from the brown side, but I always felt deracinated. With the white family, we were complimented for our olive skin, with the brown family, we were dismissed as pale and fair. At school, in the countryside, we were just pakis, or apaches. People often asked where we were really from or why we spoke English so well – sometimes it was hostile, but sometimes it turned out to be a clumsy preamble to a moving memory of a friend from far away, or a favourite holiday to an exotic place.

My acupuncturist said my cigarette addiction is ancestral – is that roots? Two generations shaped by my grandmother's dewy tears leaving forever far behind that island in the Indian Ocean for this one, where she curled up in the afternoon for her *doya* on a floor cushion, next to the radiator, and would cover herself in the Sunday papers for a blanket, sometimes interjecting in the middle of a game of Scrabble, calling out "no such word, *kolla*!" When she came to this country with my grandfather, she had a recipe book issued by the British colonial regime, with instructions on how to use a fridge, and how to make cucumber sandwiches.

What does it mean to be British? Dad mutters something about past glory built on appalling deeds. I sit in the garden one slow summer evening and listen to the sounds of the estate – dozens of islands stacked on top of each other. Lingala descends from upstairs and Kurmanji floats over the fence from next door with the tempting scent of mangal; across the road, the nascent scratches of a tune on a violin. The bleat of hacked Lime bikes whizzes past. The theme tune of *Casualty* blasts from Francis' TV, he's 80 and almost completely deaf, an Irishman who came here in the 1970s, when the Irish too were considered Black. Bashment plays loud from the boot of a car. Yes I'm romanticising it, but allow me this a moment.

A violent cacophony of feet thumping on the top deck. "Who do we hate? Tottenham!" A sea of surging red and we're in it, heading towards Essex Road. I grab the kids' clammy hands in panic, hold them close. We're crushed and there's no way back. The air is charged, sparking. Young guys arrive back from a mission to the shop. Hardly room to raise a can of beer to your lips. Everyone stands politely, but the absurdity of the situation is unmistakable: people are balanced on top of lamp posts, hanging precariously off every ledge, sitting on top of stinking wheelie bins. A woman flashes from a top window – *wahhhheeeyyy*! No-one really talks to each other, except the guy who is high. My son quietly mutters behind my knees that this is the worst day of his life. My youngest daughter falls asleep on my shoulder.

Suddenly from up on the balcony of the estate behind us, an Uncle calls down to me. "Do you want to come in here?" We exchange few other words but I squeeze his hand in thanks, as the young guys help me inside. Everyone rallies and makes space. Uncle lets us in the gate. Another woman and her family have broken in – she admits she's a Tottenham fan, but her teenage children are holding a banner with a picture of their late grandad, who was a famed Arsenal supporter. On the street now below us the procession of police passes, and with mounting tension and elation, we know the bus is coming. The crowd erupts into ecstatic explosions of smoke and sirens, belting out in unison paroxysms of "*ar*-sen-nal".

Two women selling water and Fanta, but I have no cash and walk away. "One of them runs after me – "here, take this" and puts two bottles of Evian in my hand. Two days later, I saw Uncle at the bus stop, waiting for the 73. "Hey! You saved me the other day!" I told him. This island city.

This is the closest I feel to that photograph in Trafalgar Square, taken sixty years ago, my Uncle, my Aunty and my Dad, before the others were born, arriving, becoming British, proud to be there, among the pigeons on this iconic square, as if they'd made it, in their wool coats. The sun is out, bodies winding with slick skin and shirts off. The streets are littered with trash and exuberance, every shop, porch and available slice of pavement becomes a space to hold joy, all the way along Essex Road. Unity, without a whiff of violence, welcoming, like I've never experienced it here. It's like we were waiting for something to cheer for. I know tomorrow there will be complaints about council money and the rubbish, fuss about where the best spot to see the bus was, how Arsenal could have played better. But for a moment in the chaos of this crowd, I feel the closest I've ever felt to belonging.

BY CHARLOTTE JANSEN

MOYGASHEL PLAYGROUND

BY EMMA WARREN

Earlier this summer I was in a car with artist Dawn Richardson[1], a few weeks after another round of racist violence in Belfast[2]. We were heading to Dungannon, Northern Ireland's most diverse town, through the village of Moygashel which has, let's say, a reputation.

Coming off the main throughfare, we pulled into a residential area, where a row of houses watched over neat grass. A few swings and a slide for toddlers held the centre, edged with green fencing. This children's playground had recently become infamous, after certain people attached a banner with racist AI-generated artwork to the perimeter[3].

We were going to take a look. I slid my arms into a coat, even though it wasn't cold. The park was empty, even though it was the summer holidays. The playground, fenced-in, was spotless. The air was very tight. We walked around the edge and looked at the banner.

The AI had mangled some elements of the image, which had been designed to communicate anti-immigration sentiment. On the right-hand side, which was shadowy, a hi-vis jacket worn by a diminutive man holding back a group of men in turbans bore an all-caps slogan: OUR COMMUNITY UUR RULES[4]. On the left, a cartoon sunrise illuminated Captain Tom, next to children who, Dawn pointed out, had adult legs. In the background, a large Union Jack.

The pair of us stood there, side by side, far enough away to signal that we weren't going to remove the banner. Mid-sentence, Dawn, facing the houses that look onto the playground, suggested that we leave. A woman was now observing us from a second-floor window – and this felt distinctly like a cue. We turned on our heels. I took care not to step on the red, white, and blue kerbstones, suddenly superstitious, overly concerned about apparent disrespect, limbs all awkward.

I have rarely been anywhere that felt more tense. Maybe the closest would have been during the daytime eclipse in 1999 when the sky went purple and birds stopped singing. I was struck by the silence in the Moygashel playground. But the banner was so loud that it seemed, to me, to drown out the possibility of ordinary sound. Maybe the park was packed and ringing with chatter and laughter just before we arrived, or just after we left. But it's got to be hard to have fun in a playground that's been turned into a megaphone, especially if anyone in your family looks like they might have lineage that stretches further south or east than the edges of England.

Less than ten minutes later we were in Dungannon Lidl buying Meal Deals. It was like being back home in south-east London. A teenage boy, who might tick the 'global majority' box on a form, helped his mum with the shopping. A woman was chatting to her husband in Portuguese by the melons. It couldn't be more different from the deathly dead-eyed deadness blaring out of Moygashel Playground.

These two realities exist, adjacent and overlapping. Power – and reality – is expressed through artwork demanding border patrol on the village boundary, and by buying mangoes or pastéis de nata in Dungannon Lidl.

Sweeping statements are generally unhelpful, especially in a location where there's so much going on. I think it's fair to say that Northern Ireland, or the North of Ireland[5], is a place of magnification, where power, negligence and resourcefulness play out. Energies that track back to enclosure and empire continue to power community cohesion and extreme division, sometimes concurrently.

•

A few weeks later I was in Derry, for the Féile. I was talking about youth clubs, locations I believe sit upstream of kids in balaclavas helping adults hang brutal banners on playgrounds. I witnessed a brilliant under-18s band night and met youth workers. I remember one in particular. He's working with young men within Protestant, Unionist and Loyalist communities to help them imagine what life in a united Ireland might be like, for them.

"The park was empty, even though it was the summer holidays. The playground was spotless. The air was very tight."

1 Dawn Richardson and Chad Alexander 'Dungannon Tropicana', at Belfast MAC, centred around a lively Brazilian-run social club in the town.

2 Including residents being burned out of their homes and nurses being forced to prove their immigration status by showing ID at checkpoints.

3 Additionally, the village bonfire for the 12th July was topped with the replica of a mosque.

4 This is how AI spelled OUR

5 Whichever you prefer

SUTTON ROAD CEMETERY

By Raymond Antrobus after Eavan Boland

His mother had driven him back to London in the half light,
He sighed in the passenger seat. They stopped
by the Southend seas as the wind picked up and
clouds thinned into English women. All the stones
had said nothing of their names as he skimmed them wide
across the waves.

Earlier, when he'd found the grave of his great-grandmother
by the elderberry tree it was the one time he'd wanted
someone white to appear and ask
where he was from. It would've been no skin off him
to point at her stone and say

here

ON SADE

By Roger Robinson

Sade never liked doing more
than one take of a song.
She thought it unnecessary.
She had been brought up
to avoid the unnecessary.
Her family had not been
very expressive, yet they all
knew there was depth there.
But dramatically sharing –
that was just considered extra.
Everything, even down to what
she wore, was pared back
to the foundations. The engineer
asked *What's the track's name?*
Paradise, she replied.
He asked about the mistakes in her vocal;
she answered, What mistakes?

'On Sade' by Roger Robinson 2026 is published by Bloomsbury Poetry, Bloomsbury Publishing Plc. Roger Robinson: *Some Sacred Harbour: New and Selected Poems*, ISBN: PB: 978-1-5266-9413-3

THE SIMONE BIRTH

“What was once an invader is now green and thriving, majestic and alive.”

AFUA HIRSCH

BY AFUA HIRSCH

Sometimes I think nostalgia is such a constant member of British society, it has – like the rest of us – regional accents, moods and seasons, outfits for each day of the week. It’s a Saturday night in London, and I’m thinking about the weekend version. The one Frank Auerbach described when he said wartime London had, “a curious feeling of liberty about because everybody who was living there had escaped death in some way. It was sexy in a way, this semi-destroyed London. There was a scavenging feeling of living in a ruined town.” We can let Auerbach say that, he had no illusions about the horrors of War. And if sexy scavenging inspired him, he would have hated the London I’m in.

I remember when this particular neighbourhood, near Vauxhall station along the River Thames, was a strange wasteland of freight and railway depots, industrial storage units of unknown inventory, enticing backrooms that lured teenagers like me to the illicit sweetness of house and garage raves.

There are no dark corners anymore; it’s one of the shiniest examples of London’s proliferating cut-and-paste, chrome and glass high-rise developments. A swimming pool straddles two skyscrapers, looking cold and vulnerable to the forces of gravity. I’ve lived in a building exactly like this in at least three different cities; London, Sheffield and Newcastle. The same kinds of high-rise, rising from the ashes of the old brick and concrete, monetising river views and proximity to the new tube lines tunnelled through the mud. Embassy Gardens; a developer’s hollow dream.

And yet, the sanitised blueprint is already choked off. In my mother’s ancestral village in Ghana, there is a tree famous for its parasitic demise. Another tree grew around the trunk, ingesting its host. What was once the tree is now empty space – the hollow idea of a tree, black and empty. What was once an invader is now green and thriving, majestic and alive. Culture does something similar here, wrapping itself around the angular sterility of private equity financed tower blocks until the cold blueprint is just an idea.

What has replaced it, on this particular day, is a story. Elisabeth Troy, the singer, whose vocals soundtracked those house and garage raves, is reborn, her alter ego Betty Black, a live jazz band and a kente sash.

Betty Black is singing about London, and the circularity of time. On a slide show behind her, images of her mother as a newly arrived immigrant from Ghana in that post-war era journey that parallels that of my own mother too. The grimy city that Auerbach recalled is joyfully disrupted by the colour and audacity of these immigrants, even in black and white. Betty Black wears a gold chain from ear to ear, 3D makeup that glimmers even from where I stand, at the very back of the auditorium. I rise on tip toes to see her properly, but still, it’s a small space, intimate, designed for full sound and visual emersion. This scene has sprung up amidst the emptiness, a subversive little den of sound.

This music, the audience – a rasta hat maker, a black art dealer, a Jamaican film director, a writer, that’s just the ones I know – are listening, vibing, enjoying the story. We are also, I realise in this of all places, litigating something contained within the surreal juxtapositions of this night. If there is a blank canvas – the empty wasteland of the way Embassy Gardens used to be – whose imagination shapes the design?

And if there isn’t, we’ll keep wrapping our creations against the space anyway.

MEAL

DEAL

BY SAM JACOB

"The logic of the deal produces a 'Meal' without reason, moral or aesthetic control."

SAM JACOB

There are, in theory, 1,745,016 possible Tesco Meal Deals, each constructed according to the same simple formula: Main + Snack + Drink. There are currently 102 Mains, 188 Snacks and 91 Drinks available in the Meal Deal. A large Tesco might contain enough for 100,000 in-store lunch permutations. Though by 2pm many of those would have gone.

There are several ways to have the best lunch. Economically speaking, the best lunch is Tesco Smoked Salmon & Avocado Sushi Box / KIND Protein Crunchy Peanut Butter / Costa Express Regular Iced Caramel Latte. £9.20 worth of food for £3.85. A saving of £5.35.

There is the protein-maxxing lunch: Tesco Chicken Triple / Lindahls Pro High Protein Quark Yogurt / Jimmy's Iced Coffee Protein. Over 80 grams of protein and your minimum daily intake.

There is a lunch containing more than half of your recommended calorific daily intake:. Sausage, Bacon & Egg Triple (554 kcal) Mars Duo (348 kcal), Monster Energy Juiced Pipeline Punch (237 kcal).

The worst 'deal' available is: Egg & Cress (individual price £1.50) / Chupa Chups Sugar Free Lolly (£0.40) / Tesco British Natural Mineral Water (£0.45). Total individual cost is 80p less than the cost of the deal.

The Meal Deal's conceptual rule and its array of options produces a form of edible automatic poetry: Samosa + sausage roll. Sushi + Scotch Egg. Coronation chicken and Edamame beans. "Psychic automatism in its pure state" as Andre Breton might have put it if you found him amongst the chillers. It's here where the culturally inherited idea of 'Meal' intersects with behavioral economics and loss-leader psychology. The logic of the deal, commercial automatism and consumer appetites, produce a 'Meal' without reason, moral or aesthetic control

Everything in the Meal Deal is formatted. Sandwich, wrap, bites, bagged, extruded, folded, chunked. Everything is sized to fingers, hands, mouths. Most can be eaten implement-free, eaten anywhere: Desk, train, sitting on a wall, while driving. Anyplace really except a table. Meals in motion, distributed, simultaneous with something else.

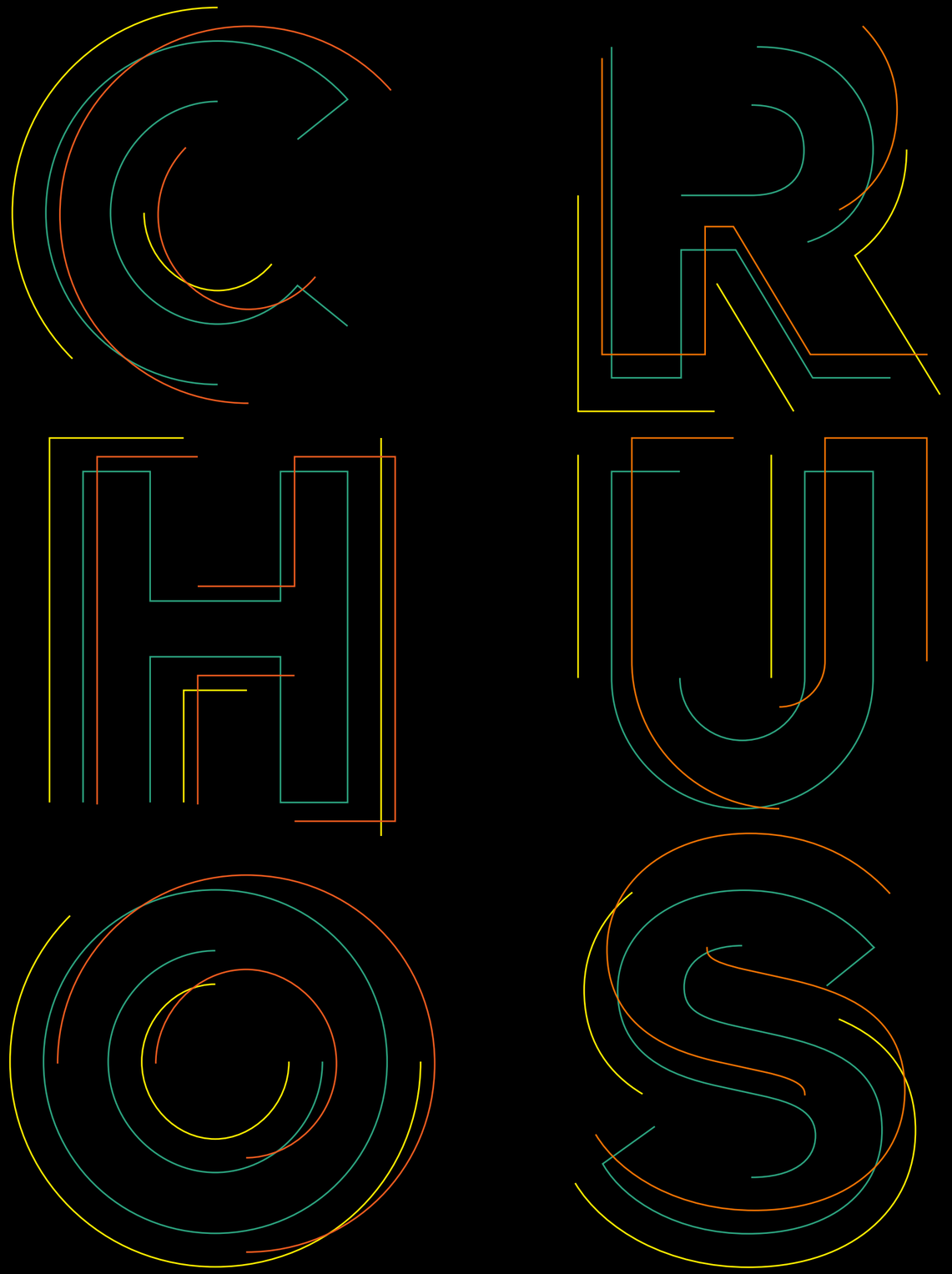
The Meal Deal speaks in modifiers. Suggesting geography, culture, cuisines. Promising experiences and sensations: Triple, Crunch, Deep, Flame, Char, Southern, Smoked, Fiery, Pulled, Deli, Bistro, Hoisin, Italian, Greek, Mediterranean, Blackened, Shredded, Zingy. But, suffixed as 'style' or 'inspired', it acknowledges these are approximations of feelings, registers of atomised signs.

Mostly, though, there is mayo. It leaks through the layers of the sandwich, the lamination of the wrap, the roll of the sushi. Spicy mayo. Buffalo mayo. Onion mayo. Parmesan mayo. Coronation mayo. Sage mayo. Festive mayo. Wasabi mayo. Mayo's emulsion forms a barrier between spongy, porous bread and moisture weeping from its fillings, delaying soggification. Mayo is the Meal Deal's universal material: Binding, lubricating, enhancing, separating. Mayo is non-Newtonian, an ambiguous fluid/solid physical state that is both in-place and not in-place. It escapes the meal itself, smearing against the inside of the transparent packaging, gathering in corners: A slow thixotropic seeping.

There are other unspoken deals within the Meal Deal. Labour uninterrupted by lunch. Nutrition without occasion. No pause in the system. Just-in-time logistics from the farm to the factory to distribution centre, from the pipeline inventory in circulating trucks, roll cages, from the chiller to the mouth. You can feel the leanness, the minimisation of capital commitment. An aura of fragility, an anxiety transmitted from the spreadsheet to the body. This feeling is amplified by the mechanics of display. Everything is evenly illuminated at around 750 lux by cool-white 4000 K LED tubes. Everything is chilled to a temperature between 3 to 5°C. But the chill you feel isn't only environmental. Amongst the landscape of dopamine triggers there is a feeling of impending expiration, an existential sensation of *shelf life*.

From somewhere above the refrigeration unit while you calculate the construction of your deal (or is it meal) it is statistically likely that Rita Ora's *Anywhere* is playing:

Fun, little less, fun
Little less
Over-over-over-over
Me, me-me-me, me
Me-me-me, me-me-me-me



Responding to curator and guest editor Ekow Eshun's brief, artists offer their reflection on our time – on what it looks like and how it feels to live in Britain today.

ALEX MARGO ARDEN
ANNA FREEMAN BENTLEY
CHRISTINA KIMEZE
EMMA MCNALLY
EMMA TALBOT
FRANCE-LISE MCGURN
GRAHAM LITTLE
HANNAH PERRY
JACK O'BRIEN
JASLEEN KAUR
JOY GERRARD
JULIANKNXX
KUDZANAI-VIOLET HWAMI
LINDSEY MENDICK
LIZ JOHNSON ARTUR
LOUISE GIOVANELLI
LUBNA CHOWDHARY
LUCY JONES
MAHTAB HUSSAIN
MATTHEW KRISHANU
MELANIE MANCHOT
MOHAMMED SAMI
MONSTER CHETWYND
NENGI OMUKU
OKIKI AKINFE
OSMAN YOUSEFZADA
PETER BLAKE
RAE-YEN SONG 宋瑞渊
SHIRAZ BAYJOO
UFUOMA ESSI
YAN WANG PRESTON
YINKA SHONIBARE

JASLEEN KAUR



Jasleen Kaur, *LITUK*, 2025, Series of 50 +3AP photographic prints, 10 × 15 cm, Courtesy the artist © Jasleen Kaur

My grandparents and their siblings, in Glasgow's Southside circa 1980 with Halloween masks on, bought from the cash 'n carry. The work is titled after the 'Life in the UK' test.

Yinka Shonibare, *Decolonised Structures*, 2022–23, Fibreglass sculptures, hand-painted with Dutch wax pattern, gold leaf and wooden plinths, Dimensions variable, Commissioned by Sharjah Art Foundation, Courtesy the artist and Goodman Gallery, Cape Town, Johannesburg and London, Norr Cohan Gallery, New York © Yinka Shonibare CBE, Photo: Stephen White & Co.



YINKA SHONIBARE

Kudzanai-Violet Hwami, *Untitled*, 2026, Courtesy the artist
© Kudzanai-Violet Hwami



KUDZANAI-VIOLET HWAMI

LUCY JONES

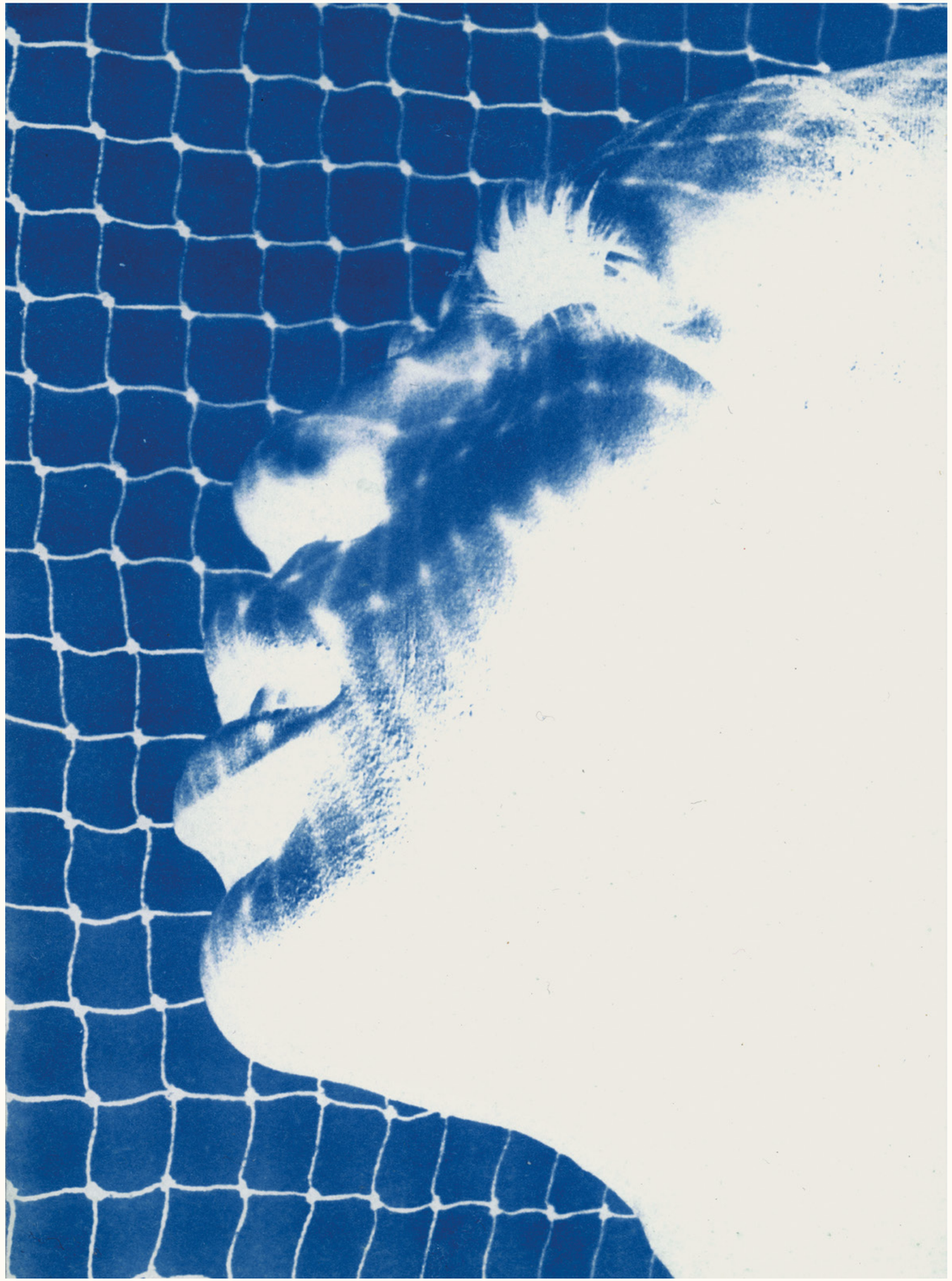


I relate so fiercely to the world spatially, and literally physically. My abstracted paintings of the British countryside along the Welsh borders are made by me fully merged with the landscape, working low on the ground, kneeling for several hours. This summer [2026] has hit the fields and hills hard, and I watched them evolve into a crisp, unhappy emptiness from the extreme heat and lack of rain that has pervaded the country. I look at my past landscapes vibrant with raw growth and rich possibility, and see their radiant colours now acting as sirens as they compel that we must change course and protect our beautiful Earth.

Lucy Jones, *Lead You Up the Garden Path*, 2008 , Oil on canvas, 170 × 210 cm, Courtesy the artist and Flowers Gallery, London
© Lucy Jones

LIZ JOHNSON ARTUR



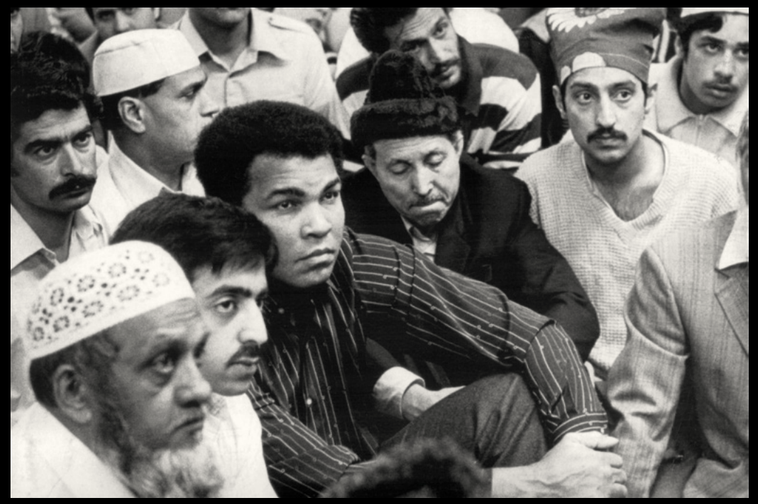


Liz Johnson Artur, *Black Balloon Archive*,
Courtesy the artist © Liz Johnson Artur

OSMAN YOUSEFZADA



1



2

These two photographs are related to Birmingham. England's second city and my hometown.

In the 80's, around the corner from my home in Balsall Heath, Muhammad Ali came to the Central Mosque, reaching out to an Asian Muslim community who viewed him as their champion. The city in turn built a centre in his name.

The image of Malcolm X speaks of the time of my father's immigration. Malcolm X was in Birmingham standing in solidarity amid the racial hate and colour divide faced by black and brown post colonised people. He arrived and said: 'I was in Birmingham, Alabama, the other day. This will give me a chance to see if Birmingham, England, is any different.' He spoke at Birmingham University and here he's seen afterwards dining at a restaurant with the Muslim students society. Nine days later Malcolm X was assassinated in New York.

Both are iconic figures of the Black struggle for freedom. And their solidarities evolved across Black and Brown racial lines in attempt to unite all oppressed people of colour.

1 12 February, 1965: Malcolm X pictured with Muslim students at Chamon curry house in Selly Oak after his address at the University of Birmingham Students' Union. He returned to America and was assassinated nine days later in New York on 21 February, 1965. Credit: The Times / News Licensing

2 7 August, 1983: Boxer Muhammad Ali, formerly Cassius Clay, sitting with his brothers at a service in Birmingham's Grand Mosque. Credit: Northcliffe Collection / ANL / Shutterstock

Ufuoma Essi, *Half Memory*, 2023, Scanned Super 8,
Courtesy the artist © Ufuoma Essi





UFUOMA ESSI



JOY GERRARD

Joy Gerrard, *March for Unity Against Hate (Central London, March 28, 2026)*, 2026, Ink on paper, 40 × 26 cm, Courtesy the artist, Cristea Roberts Gallery and Sheffield Museums © Joy Gerrard

Mahtab Hussain, *St George's Cross, Union Jack and Two British Asians*, 2010, Courtesy the artist © Mahtab Hussain

MAHTAB HUSSAIN

I made this photograph in 2010.

Two young British Asian men stand before neighbouring garage doors painted as the Union Jack and the St George's Cross. They do nothing except remain poetically still.

For me the portrait stages a quiet collision of histories – a geometry of power and belonging. The flags form hard, declarative shapes: blue, red and white asserting identity. The figures interrupt that certainty. Their stillness is not submission but endurance.

When I first made the work, I was thinking about what it meant to grow up British while never being entirely certain that Britishness belonged to you. The flags represented both home and distance, pride and exclusion at the same time.

Sixteen years later the photograph feels different to me. I haven't changed it, but Britain has. The image has gathered new meanings as arguments about nationhood, race and belonging have become increasingly visible. What once felt quietly unresolved now feels unmistakably present.

The portrait was never about claiming the flag. It was about revealing its weight – and the complicated emotional space between inheritance, belonging, representation and recognition.



Margate sea.
Memories of coastal trips with my family.
'The Crèche', and 'On Margate Sands', in English Magic, by Uschi Gatward.
The places we love.



MATTHEW KRISHANU

Matthew Krishanu, *Girl in Sea*, 2024, Oil and acrylic on board, 45 × 35 cm, Courtesy the artist © Matthew Krishanu, Photo: Peter Mallet

Graham Little, 2026,
Courtesy the artist and Alison Jacques © Graham Little



GRAHAM LITTLE

ALEX MARGO ARDEN



Alex Margo Arden, *Accounts*, 2025,
Courtesy the artist, Arts Council Collection and
Ginny On Frederick © Alex Margo Arden



LOUISE GIOVANELLI

Louise Giovanelli, *From Here – Louise Giovanelli*, 2026,
Photo: Timon Benson, Art Direction: Alexander Luc and
Timon Benson, Courtesy the artist and Timon Benson
© Timon Benson

EMMA MCNALLY



Emma McNally, *Rift Bloom*, 2026, Graphite on paper,
Courtesy the artist © Emma McNally

JULIANKNXX



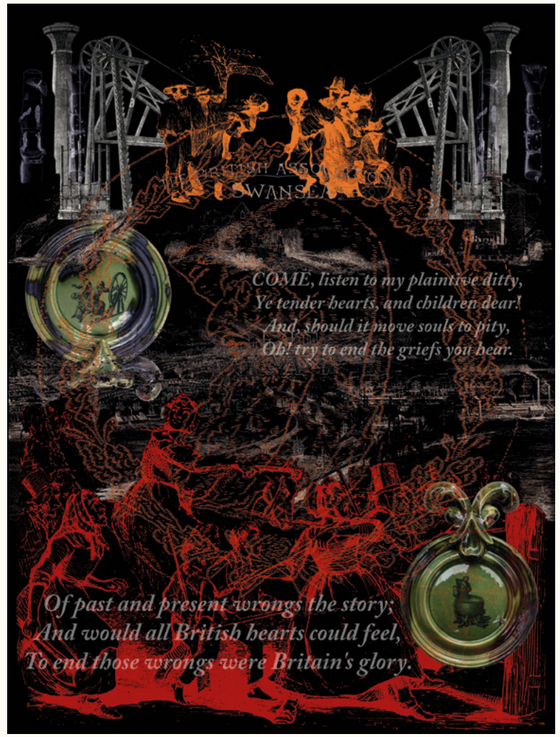
Julianknxx, *Black Corporeal (Breathing by Numbers)*, 2022, Film stills,
Courtesy the artist © Studioknxx

Anna Freeman Bentley, *Past the shadows*, 2024, Oil on linen,
170 × 222 cm, Courtesy the artist © Anna Freeman Bentley,
Photo: Peter Mallet



ANNA FREEMAN BENTLEY

SHIRAZ BAYJOO



Shiraz Bayjoo, *Come Listen My Plaintive Ditty,*
Courtesy the artist © Shiraz Bayjoo

Rae-Yen Song 宋瑞渊, *20231021 Glasgow*, 2023,
Courtesy the artist © Rae-Yen Song 宋瑞渊



RAE-YEN SONG 宋瑞渊

EMMA TALBOT



A photo I took in my local East London park.
One of the biggest issues facing Britain right now
has to be climate change.

Emma Talbot, *Human Fever Dream*, 2026, Digital collage,
Courtesy the artist © Emma Talbot

Lubna Chowdhary, *Roshan*, 2026,
Courtesy the artist © Lubna Chowdhary



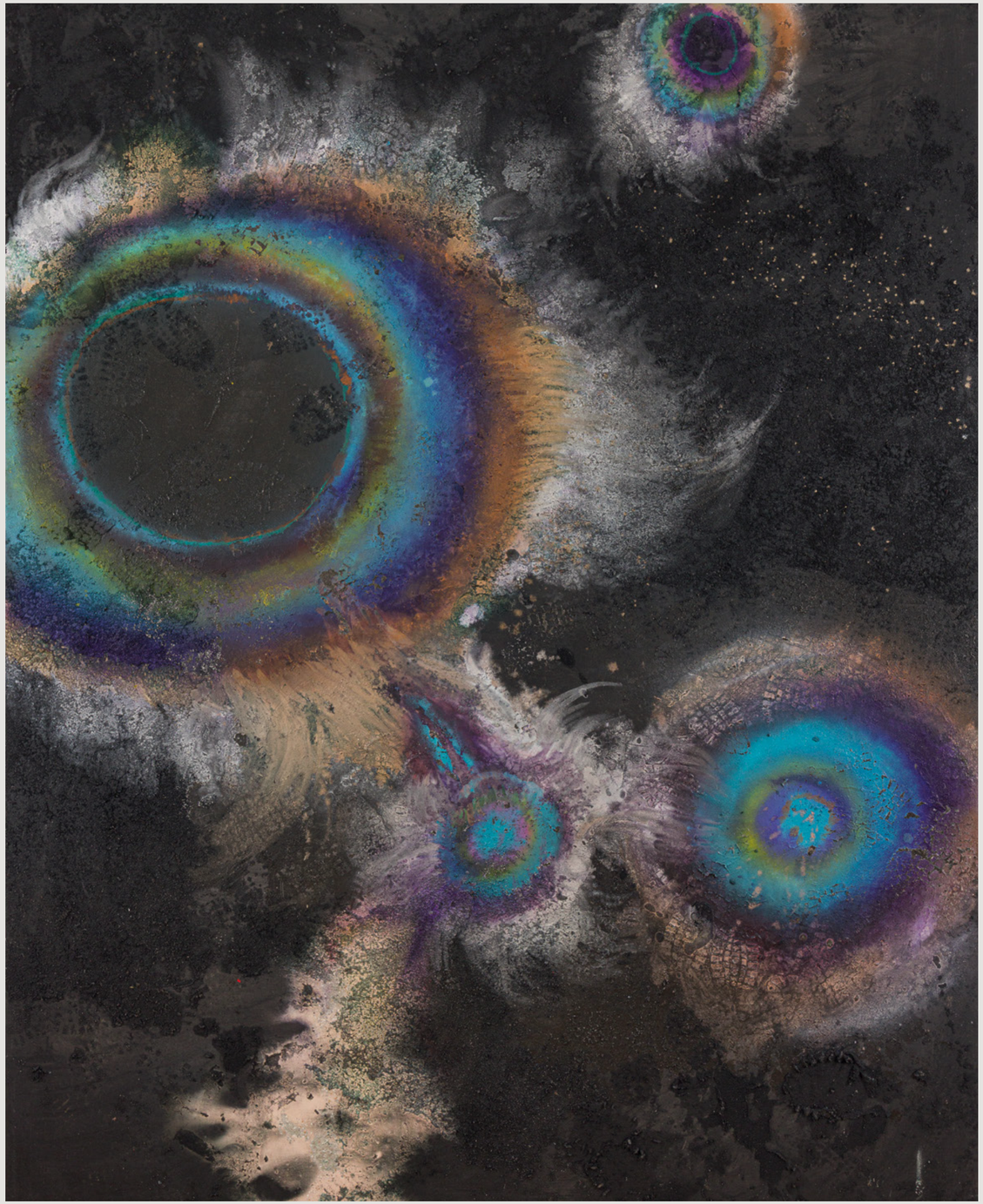
LUBNA CHOWDHARY

JACK O'BRIEN



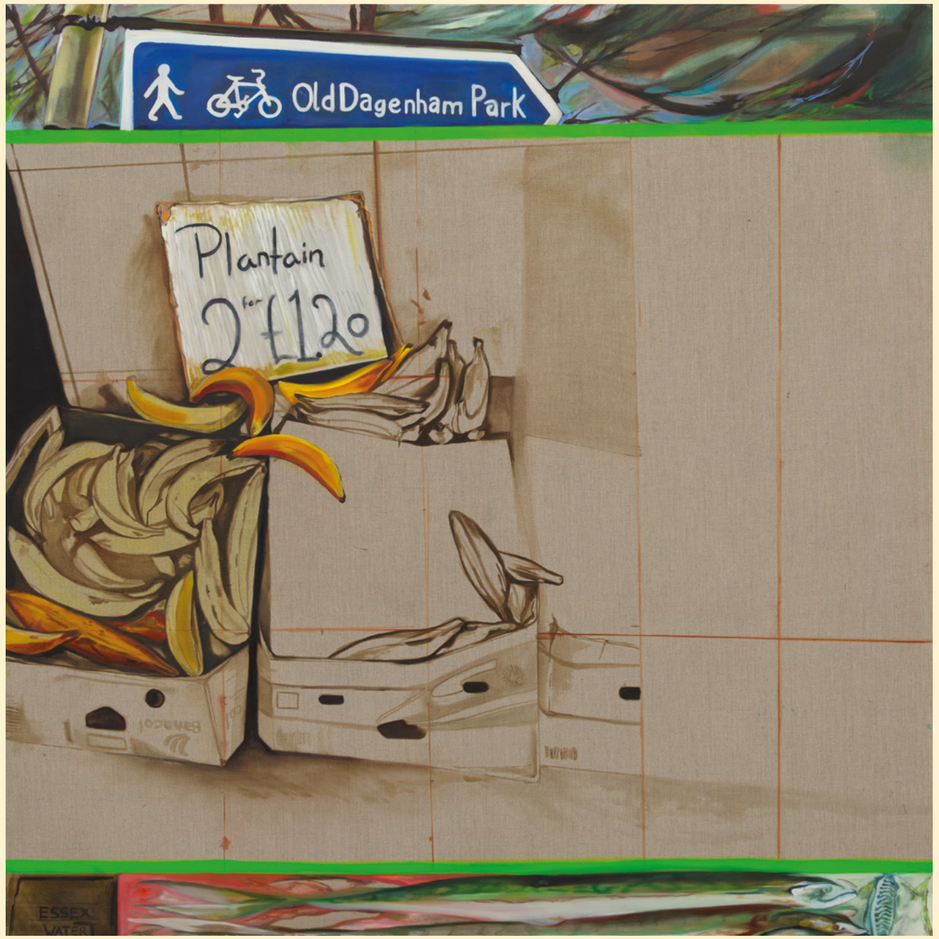
Jack O'Brien, *Horizon*, 2024, Street lamp, rubber coated webbing, plastic grapes, PVC, elasticated stockinette, shelving unit, 222.3 × 30.5 × 30.5 cm, Courtesy the artist and Matthew Brown Gallery © Jack O'Brien

Mohammed Sami, *Toxic Orbit*, 2025, Mixed media on linen, 289 × 229 cm / 113 ¾" × 90 ⅛ ", Courtesy the artist and Modern Art © Mohammed Sami, Photo: Modern Art



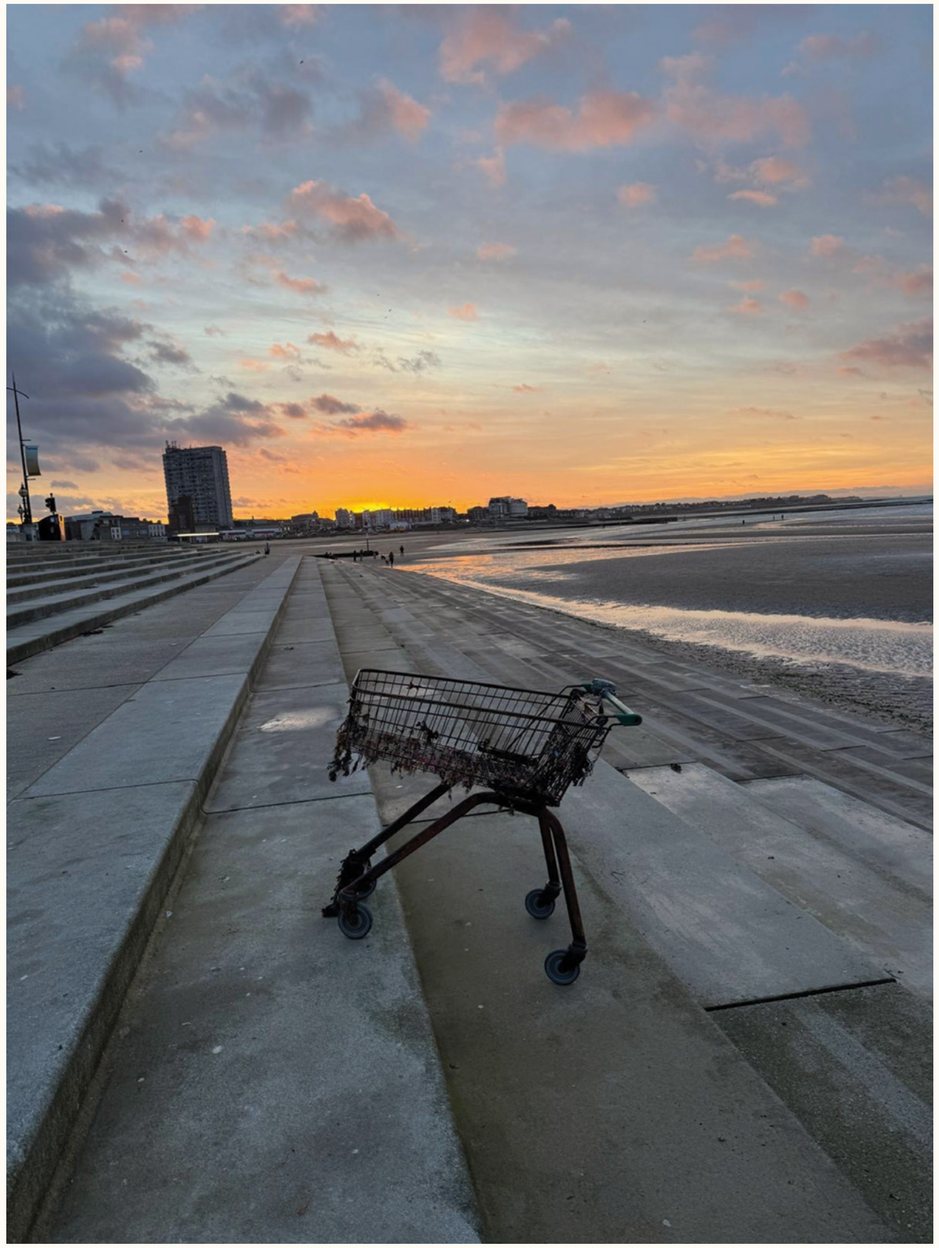
MOHAMMED SAMI

Okiki Akinfe, *Jawoo Foods*, 2026, Oil on Linen, 150 × 150 cm,
Commissioned and produced by Peer, London, Courtesy the artist
and Ginny on Frederick © Okiki Akinfe



OKIKI AKINFE

LINDSEY MENDICK



Lindsey Mendick, *Margate*, 2026,
Courtesy the artist © Lindsey Mendick



MELANIE MANCHOT





Melanie Manchot,
Inversions (London) Alexandra Estate,
Inversions (London) Canary Wharf 1,
Inversions (London) Weymouth Terrace, Hackney,
Inversions (London) Old Street,
2021–ongoing, Silver Gelatine B+W prints from 5 × 4 negative,
Sizes variable, Courtesy the artist © Melanie Manchot



Hannah Perry, *Research for solo exhibition 'Hard Love'*, 2026,
Family and material photos, Various dimensions,
Courtesy the artist © Hannah Perry



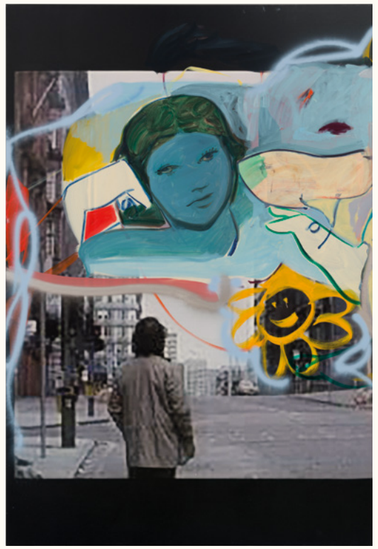
HANNAH PERRY

CHRISTINA KIMEZE



Christina Kimeze, *Flyways (II)*, 2026,
Courtesy the artist © Christina Kimeze, Photo: Matthew Hollow

FRANCE-LISE MCGURN





This is a triptych made of two different sourced images spliced up then painted on top of.

One half is a still from a film called *Death Watch* (1980), shot in Glasgow, my hometown. It's Harvey Keitel looking up Wellington Street, I think. The film is a dystopian thriller set in a future in which dying by natural causes is rare. His character Roddy has a video-camera chip fitted in his eye so he can broadcast the death of Romy Schneider [Katherine Mortenhoe] a la Big Brother. It's Glasgow pre-gentrification, pre-sandblasting; a Glasgow which I long for and probably over romanticise: a tough city which gave me a lot.

The other half is a found image of a shop called 'What Every Woman Wants', which had a few outlets across Central Belt Scotland and northern England in the 90's. Kinda the first I can remember of 'fast fashion' – the name didn't beat around the bush, this is what you want! There's something between this and the death of Paddy's Market that marks Glasgow out for me. I've painted on the image to somehow make it present; an urgency to scrawl on the streets you were born on, which is a kind of juvenile, rebellious, frustrated instinct.

France-Lise McGurn, *What Every Woman Wants*, 2026,
Oil and marker on digital printed canvas, In three parts,
left panel 200 × 135 cm, centre and right panels, both 175 × 135 cm;
overall: 200 × 405 cm, Installation dimensions variable,
Courtesy the artist and MASSIMODECARLO
© France-Lise McGurn

Monster Chetwynd, *Bat opera*, 2021, Oil on paper,
31 × 36.5 × 5 cm / 12 ¼" × 14" × 2", Framed Size: 31 × 36.5 × 5 cm,
15.5 × 20.5 each paper, Courtesy the artist and
MASSIMODECARLO © Monster Chetwynd



MONSTER CHETWYND

Nengi Omuku, *Untitled*, 2026, Courtesy the artist © Nengi Omuku



NENGI OMUKU

PETER BLAKE



Peter Blake, *Late Period. 'Girl with a Disney Tattoo' Mickey Mouse*, 2022, Watercolour on paper, 38 × 26.1 cm / 15" × 10 ¼", Courtesy the artist and Waddington Custot, London © Peter Blake



YAN WANG PRESTON



Yan Wang Preston,
After 'Wanderer above the Sea of Fog, c.1817'_9'06", 12 December 2022,
After 'Wanderer above the Sea of Fog, c.1817'_2'40", 11 May 2024,
Courtesy the artist and Messums Org © Yan Wang Preston

PEGGY GUGGENHEIM IN LONDON

THE MAKING OF A COLLECTOR



It's January 1938. The American collector and patron Peggy Guggenheim has just opened her first gallery on Cork Street, just around the corner from the Royal Academy.

Over the next year and a half, 'Guggenheim Jeune' will become one of the radical voices for progress amid London's conservative art institutions, promoting works affiliated with Surrealism and abstraction that will change the fate of contemporary art in Britain.

The launch of the gallery was a defining moment for Peggy Guggenheim and the catalyst for her becoming the art collector she is known as today. She hosted over 20 exhibitions, including the first UK solo show of Vasily Kandinsky, the first exhibition of collage in Britain, and a contemporary sculpture exhibition that became a national scandal.

88 years after her gallery opened, Peggy Guggenheim and the artists she championed are going to make a splash in London all over again.

← Previous page:
Rita Kernn-Larsen, *Self-portrait (Know Thyself)*, 1937. Oil on canvas, 40 × 55 cm. Solomon R. Guggenheim Foundation, New York. Purchased with funds contributed by Penny Borda, Lewis and Laura Kruger, and the Guggenheim Circle, 2013. © 2026 DACS. Exhibition organised by the Peggy Guggenheim Collection, Venice, in collaboration with the Royal Academy of Arts, London

1 Eileen Agar, *Collage Head*, 1937. Collage on paper, 24.4 × 17.7 cm. The Murray Family Collection (UK & USA). © Estate of Eileen Agar. All rights reserved 2026 / Bridgeman Images. Exhibition organised by the Peggy Guggenheim Collection, Venice, in collaboration with the Royal Academy of Arts, London

2 Lucian Freud, *Old Man Running*, 1937–38. Oil on canvas on board, 27.3 × 36.8 cm. Private collection. © The Lucian Freud Archive. All Rights Reserved 2026 / Bridgeman Images. Exhibition organised by the Peggy Guggenheim Collection, Venice, in collaboration with the Royal Academy of Arts, London

3 Peggy Guggenheim with Alexander Calder, *Arc of Petals* (1941); behind her Jean (Hans) Arp, *Overturned Blue Shoe with Two Heels Under a Black Vault* (1923), Palazzo Venier dei Leoni, Venice, early 1950s. Solomon R. Guggenheim Foundation, photo Archivio Cameraphoto Epoche, Gift, Cassa di Risparmio di Venezia, 2005. © 2026 Calder Foundation, New York / DACS, London; © 2026 DACS. Exhibition organised by the Peggy Guggenheim Collection, Venice, in collaboration with the Royal Academy of Arts, London



1



2

'Peggy Guggenheim in London: The Making of a Collector'

21 November 2026 – 14 March 2027

Royal Academy
Burlington House, Piccadilly,
London, W1J 0BD

royalacademy.org.uk

Exhibition organised by the Peggy Guggenheim Collection, Venice, in collaboration with the Royal Academy of Arts, London. Curated by Gražina Subelytė, Curator at the Peggy Guggenheim Collection, Venice and independent Curator Simon Grant, with Sylvie Broussine, Associate Curator at the Royal Academy of Arts.



3

Cork Street Gallery Index

Alison Jacques
22 Cork Street, W1
+44 (0)20 7631 4720
alisonjacques.com

Alon Zakaim Fine Art
27 Cork Street, W1
+44 (0)20 7287 7750
alonzakaim.com

Flowers Gallery
21 Cork Street, W1
+44 (0)20 7439 7766
flowersgallery.com

Frieze No.9 Cork Street
9 Cork Street, W1
+44 (0)20 3977 8345
frieze.com/no9-cork-street

Goodman Gallery
26 Cork Street, W1
+44 (0)20 8125 4065
goodman-gallery.com

Holtermann Fine Art
30 Cork Street, W1
+44 (0)20 7613 6000
holtermannfineart.com

Lehmann Maupin
9 Cork Street, W1
+44 (0)20 3222 0484
lehmannmaupin.com

MASSIMODECARLO
16 Clifford Street, W1
+44 (0)20 7287 2005
massimodecarlo.com

Messums London
28 Cork Street, W1
+44 (0)20 7437 5545
messums.org

...Breakfast, lunch, dinner. Aperitivo!

Bar Finch
31 Cork Street, London W1
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barfinch.com

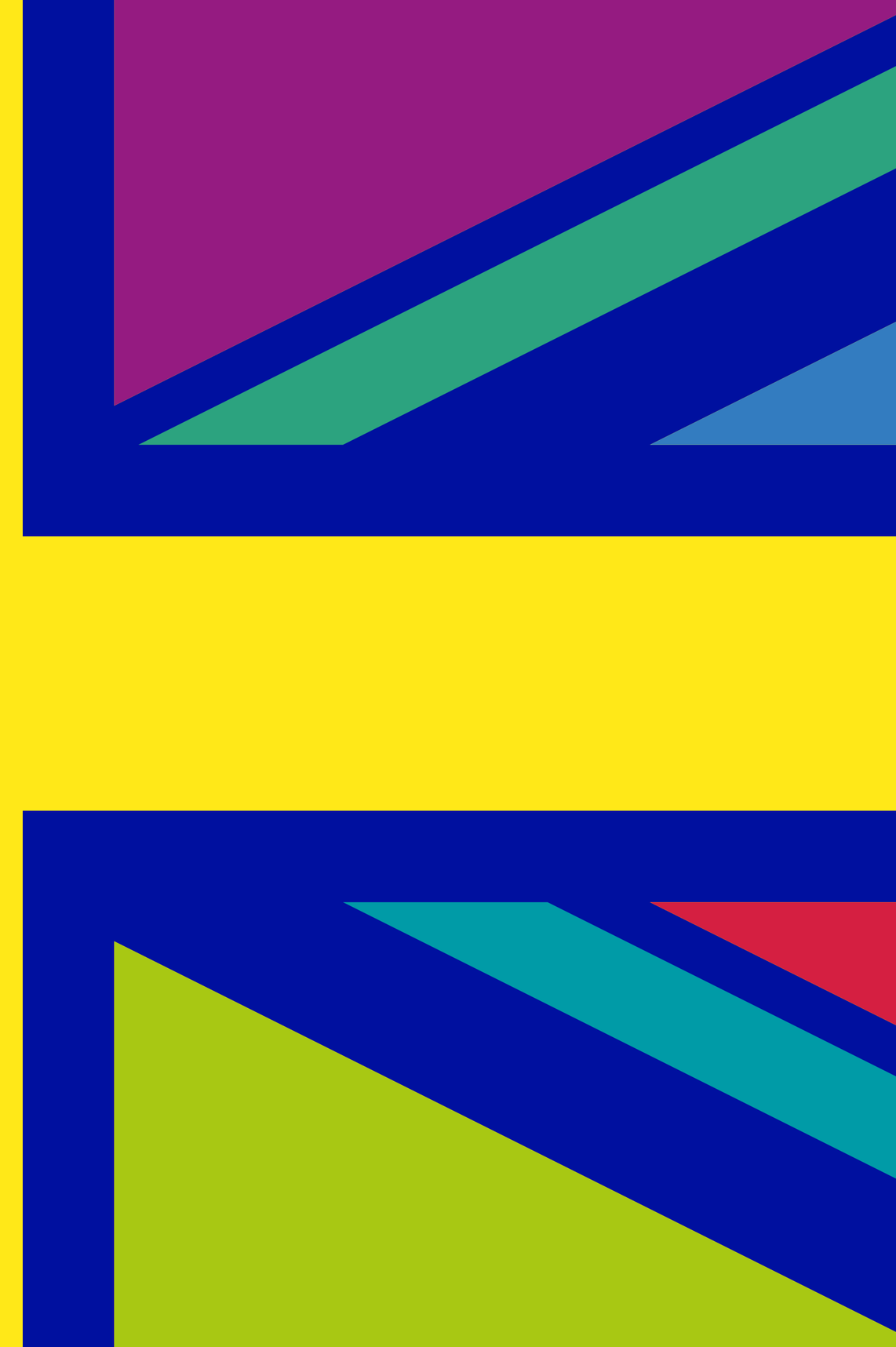
Nahmad Projects | Helly Nahmad Gallery
2 Cork Street, W1
+44 (0)20 7494 2577
nahmadprojects.com

Osborne Samuel
21 Cork Street, W1
+44 (0)20 7493 7939
osbornesamuel.com

Sam Fogg
15D Clifford Street, W1
+44 (0)20 7534 2100
samfogg.com

Waddington Custot
11-12 Cork Street, W1
+44 (0)20 7851 2200
waddingtoncustot.com

CORK STREET GALLERIES
AN INITIATIVE OF THE POLLEN ESTATE



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AFUA HIRSCH
ALEX MARGO ARDEN
ANNA FREEMAN BENTLEY
CHARLOTTE JANSEN
CHRISTINA KIMEZE
EMMA MCNALLY
EMMA TALBOT
EMMA WARREN
FRANCE-LISE MCGURN
GRAHAM LITTLE
HANNAH PERRY
JACK O'BRIEN
JASLEEN KAUR
JOY GERRARD
JULIANKNXX
KUDZANAI-VIOLET HWAMI
LINDSEY MENDICK
LIZ JOHNSON ARTUR
LOUISE GIOVANELLI
LUBNA CHOWDHARY
LUCY JONES
MAHTAB HUSSAIN
MATTHEW KRISHANU
MELANIE MANCHOT
MOHAMMED SAMI
MONSTER CHETWYND
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SHIRAZ BAYJOO
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