





GATHERING ZINE

Edited by Clara Searle, Federico Clavarino,  
June C. Huebner & Pui Kan

# Contributions

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# Foreword

Gathering Zine is a collaborative publication, collecting varying responses within the topic of ‘the body’. The publication is The Body Gang’s outcome for the Make It Public Festival in collaboration between the MRes RCA and Design Museum.

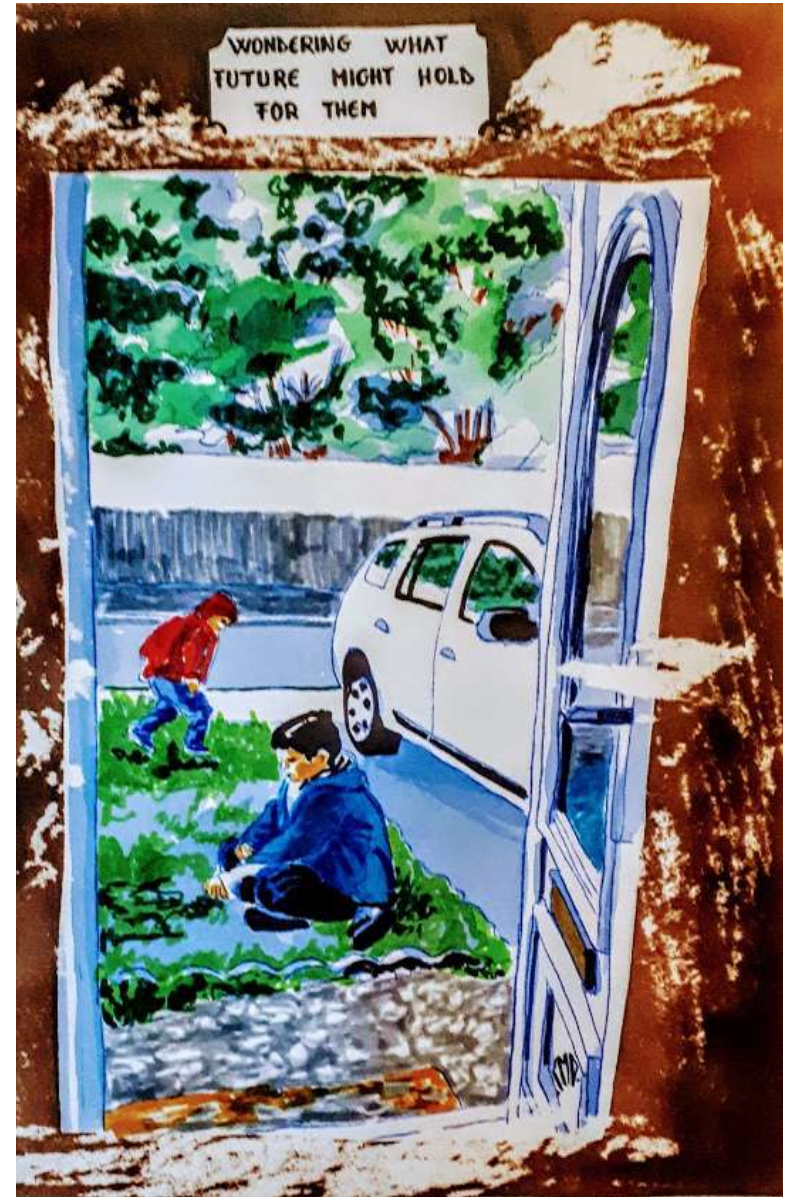
The zine highlights how a theme can be approached through multiple lenses and from varying perspectives, enabling diverse interpretations. In using a zine as a medium, the collation of mixed content becomes accessible, which encourages individual creativity. The DIY form and aesthetic of zines allows anyone to contribute, no matter what level of design experience they have which means the content of the publication isn’t exclusive to professionals. By bringing a broad array of materials and approaches together, this zine functions as a ‘body’ of knowledge and creation, inspiring participation and empathy towards differing perspectives.

Fashion Illustrator Sue Dray, with decades of industry and educating experience, aided in passing along her expansive knowledge of working creatively with the bodily form. Collaborating with The Body Gang, Dray shared her experiences and expertise through workshops, discussions and illustrative contributions.

*“Working with the MRes group The Body Gang, allowed us to explore our own practices. Opening up discourse; defining and encapsulation of the thinking process behind our individual perspectives as creatives” - Sue Dray*

















left eyebrow

left  
eyelid



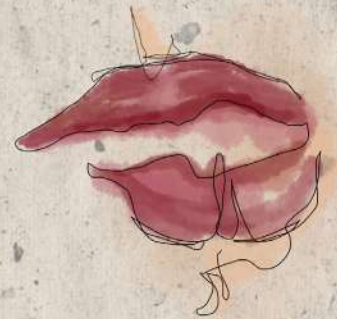
right  
eyebrow

What do  
your features  
say about  
you?

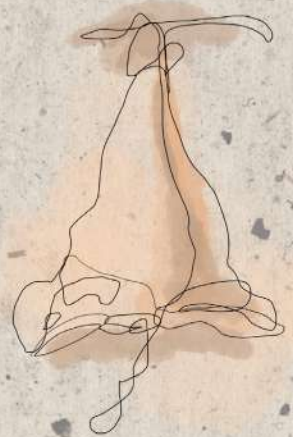


left  
cheek

lips

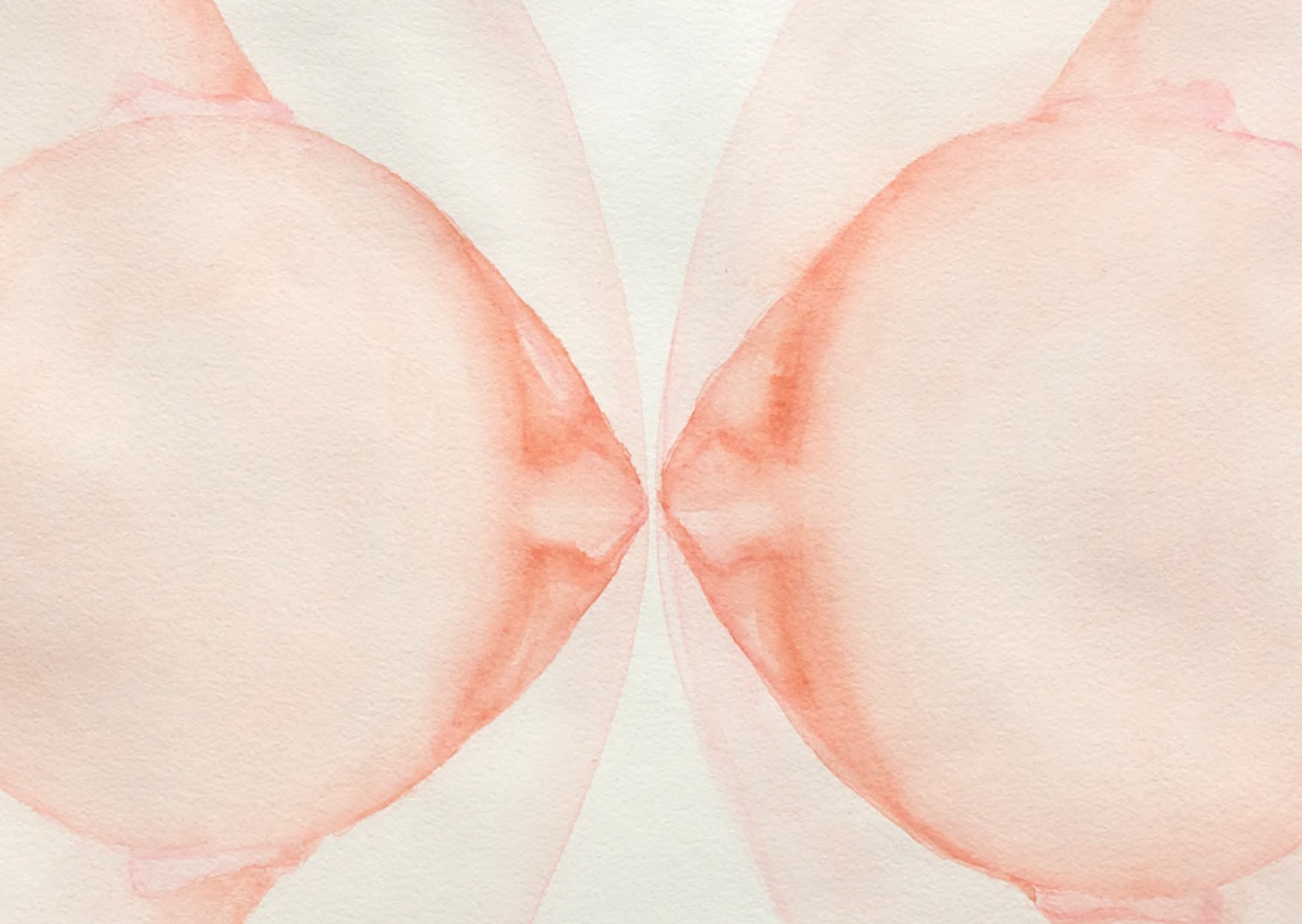


nose



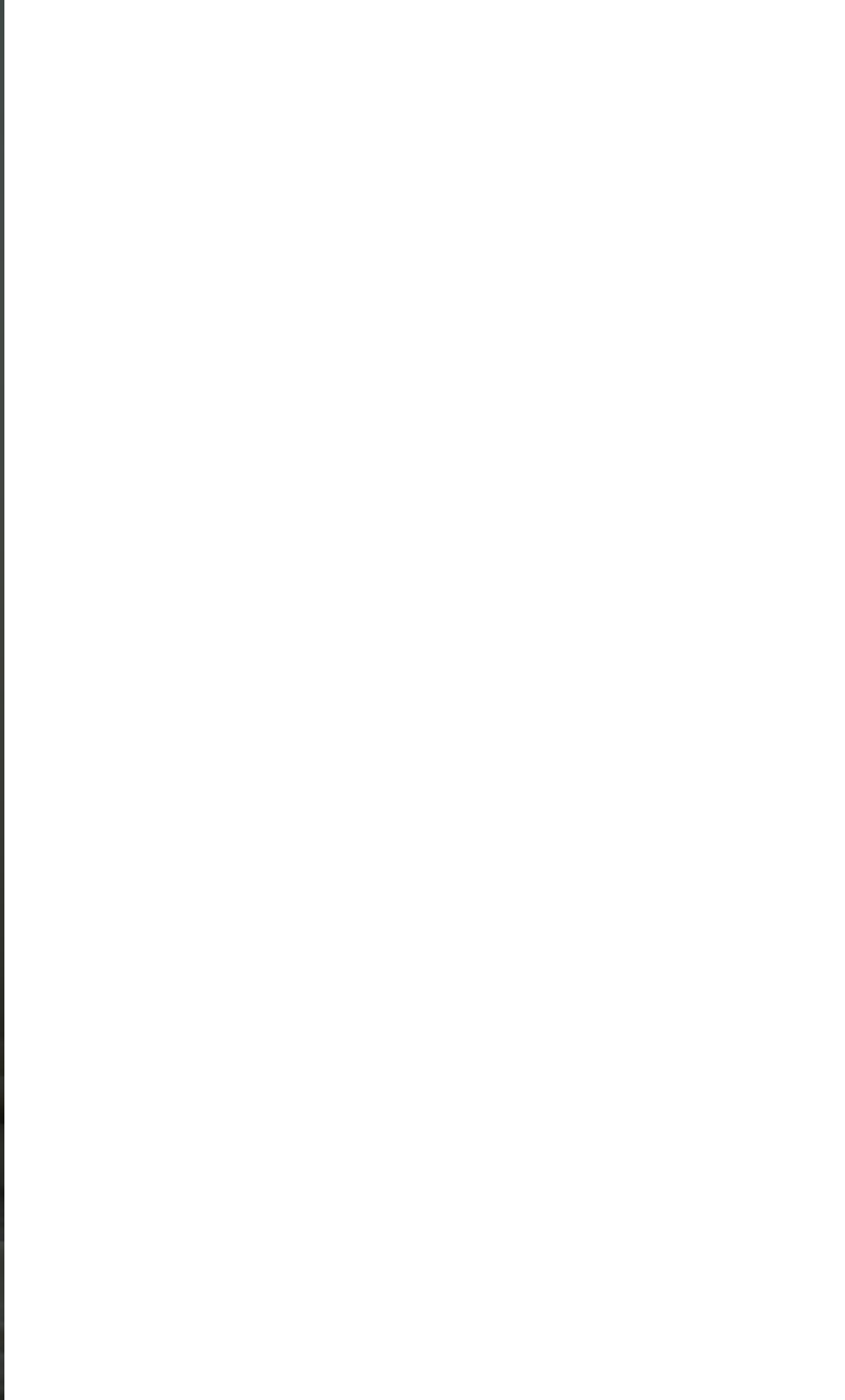
right eye











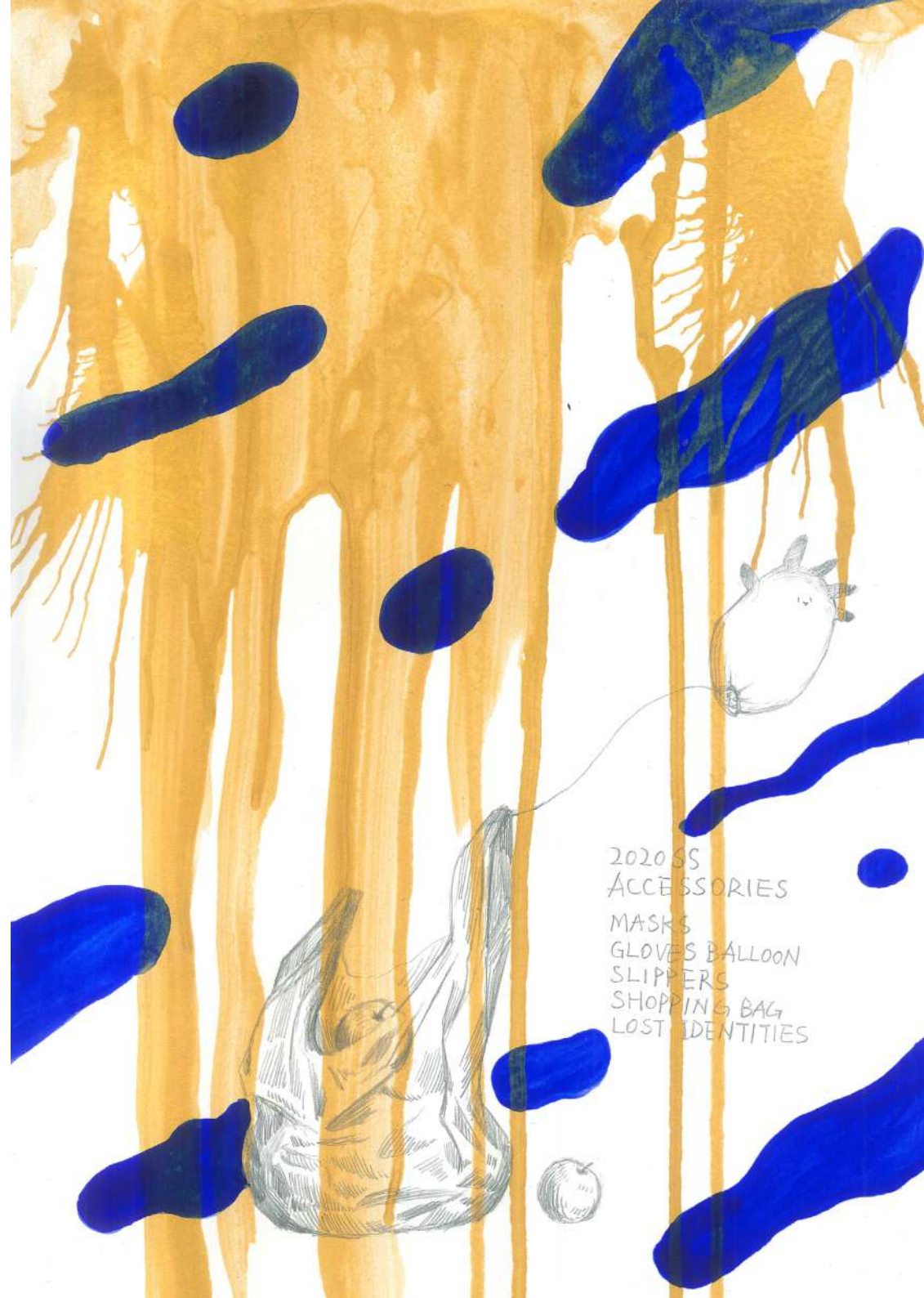






WHAT IS MY BODY WHEN I TRAPPED IN MY MIND?

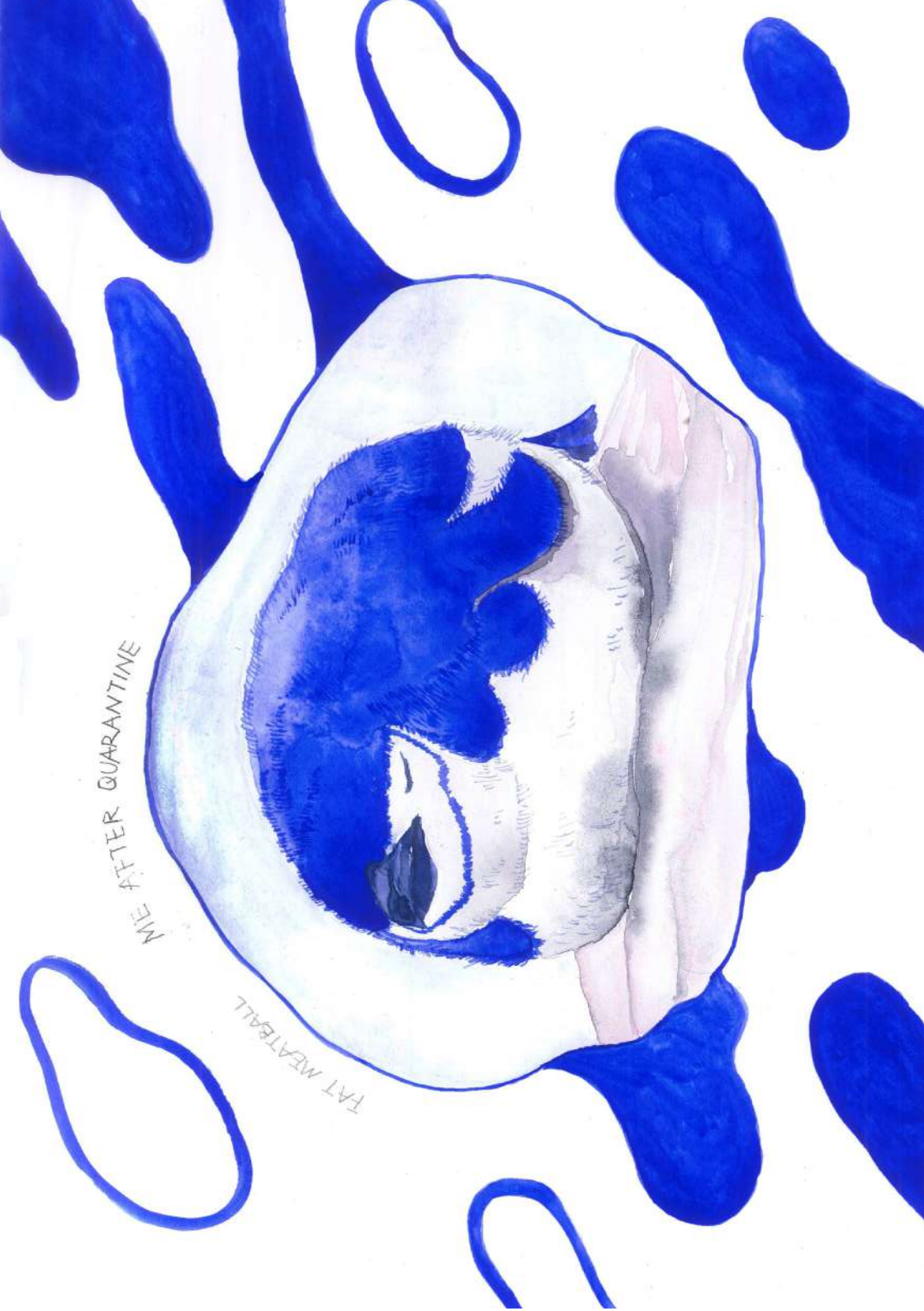




2020 SS  
ACCESSORIES  
MASKS  
GLOVES BALLOON  
SLIPPERS  
SHOPPING BAG  
LOST IDENTITIES

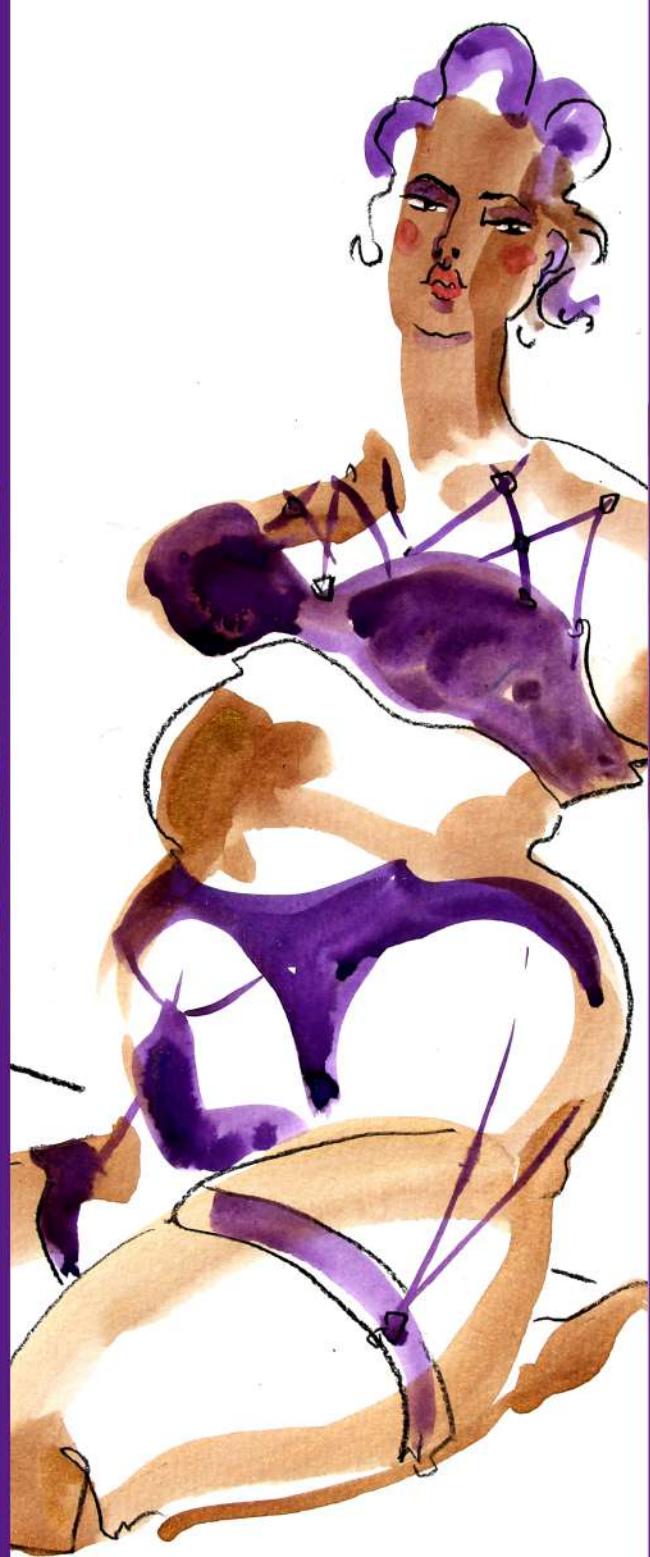


When I look into the mirror  
What happened those days?  
I lost my opportunities of going out  
I've been trapped at home  
I lost my outfit  
I lost my identity



ME AFTER QUARANTINE

FAT MEATBALL





# Canary Wharf

I've always found clarity in  
between spaces.

Between spaces. Between Realities  
Between the exchanges of  
locations.

Maybe it's because of its mundane-  
esque appear, the very same-  
same that people experience.

These hyper hotspots of  
commonality lives as quick as

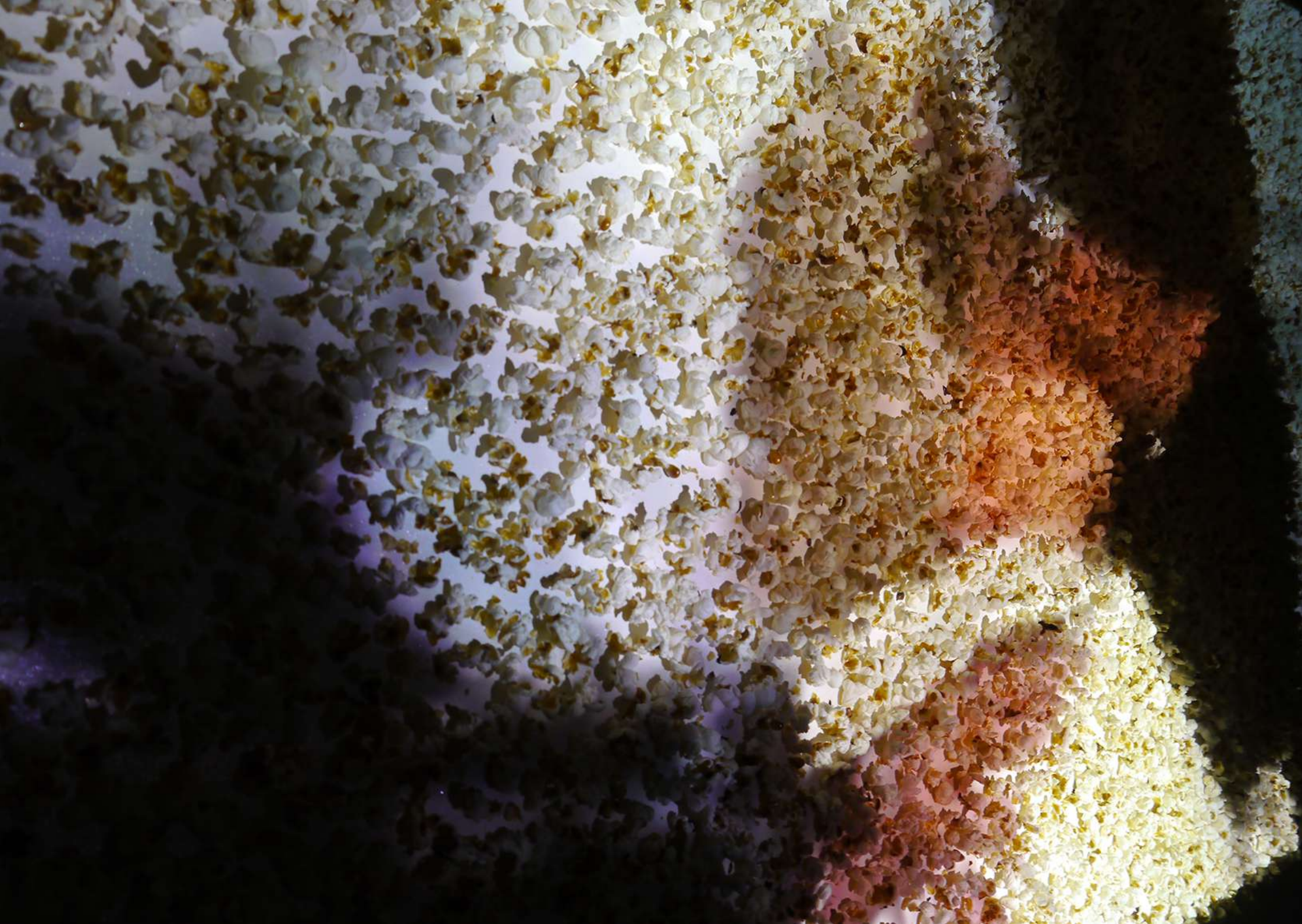








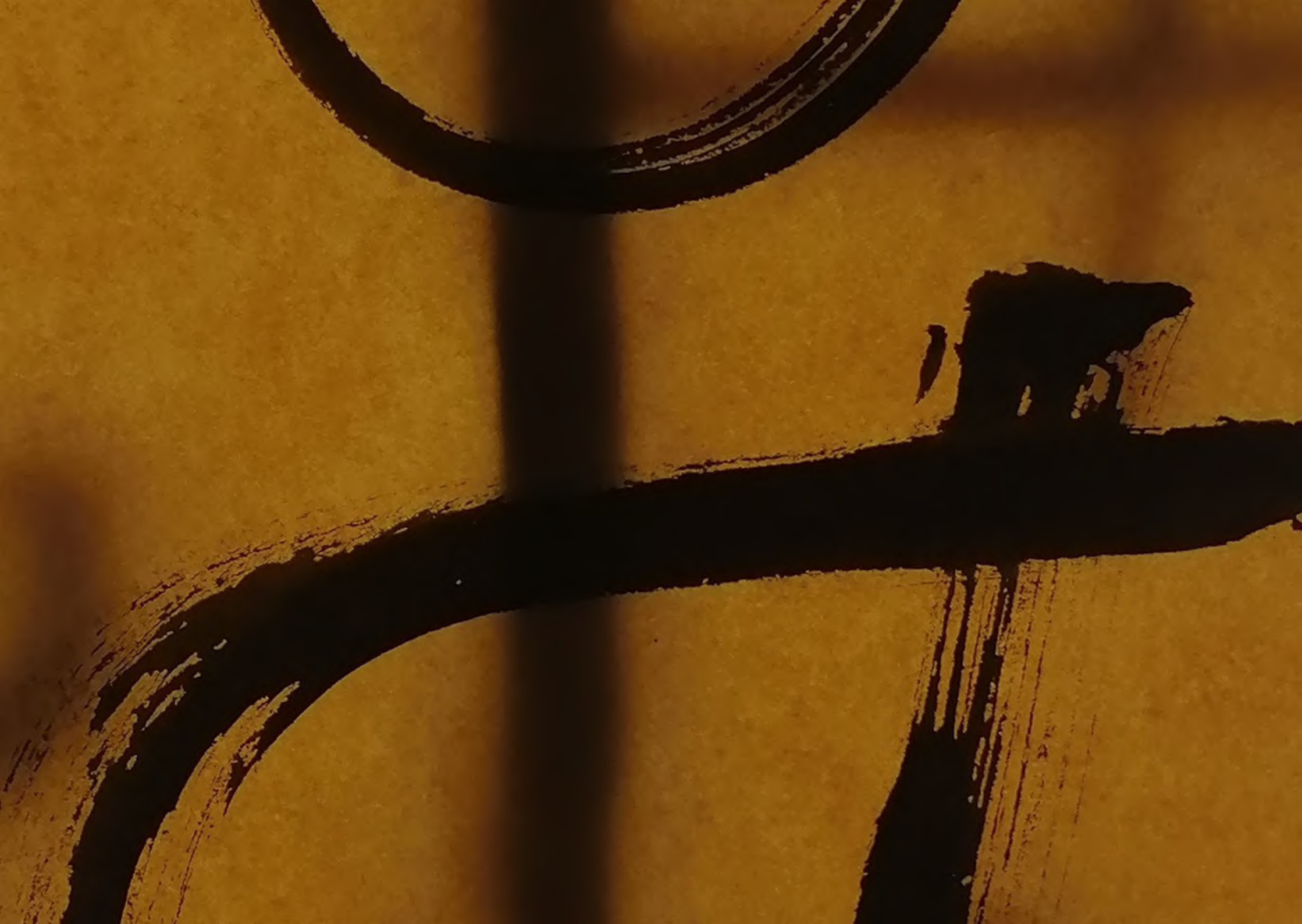
















Recently, I have been paying attention to the shape of my body. I pull at the skin of my soft stomach. I lie on my back with my legs in the air so I can examine them. I hate exercise, but when I was able to go to work, I used to walk thirty minutes to and from the train station to the office. That was my non-effort exercise that felt like I wasn't really exercising at all. It made me feel less guilty. Now, I have no need to walk for half an hour. I do not have the will or energy. I look at my body to check how much weight has been added. It is not easy to see just with my eyes. I ask my partner if my legs look small, hoping the answer is yes. He takes it to mean that my legs are short in length. What I mean is are they small in girth.

My body feels different because things are different. In the beginning of lockdown, I was left exhausted by my fear and anxiety of what was happening outside. This exhaustion was a result of worrying, releasing itself as tears and poor sleep. I found it hard to let myself drift off. I thought a lot about my mortality, and it frightened me. Now, as lockdown is easing, my exhaustion stems from the thick, fuzzy head of hay fever and late nights. I am still worried, still wary of things that used to seem normal, like using public transport. But I am becoming accustomed to the way things are.

*An excerpt from 'Meditations'*























The Body in motion  
As it is stunted in growth.  
The Body in the sun  
As it is confronted by bricks.  
The body in humans  
As it is locked in The Mind.  
The body in time  
As this too shall pass.









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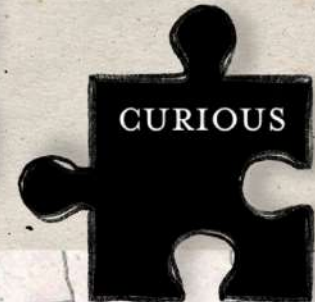








Who am I?  
Who are  
you?









Over the existence of occupying this form  
I have tried to maintain good upkeep.  
To date, I have acquired four conscious piercings of the skin,  
another two, one in each ear lobe these,  
however, were permitted by my mother who at the time said,  
"girls get their ear's pierced".

I have three unconsciously placed birthmarks, that reside directly centre but slightly to the left breast,  
one on the lower back and the last on the flesh of my inner right thigh.

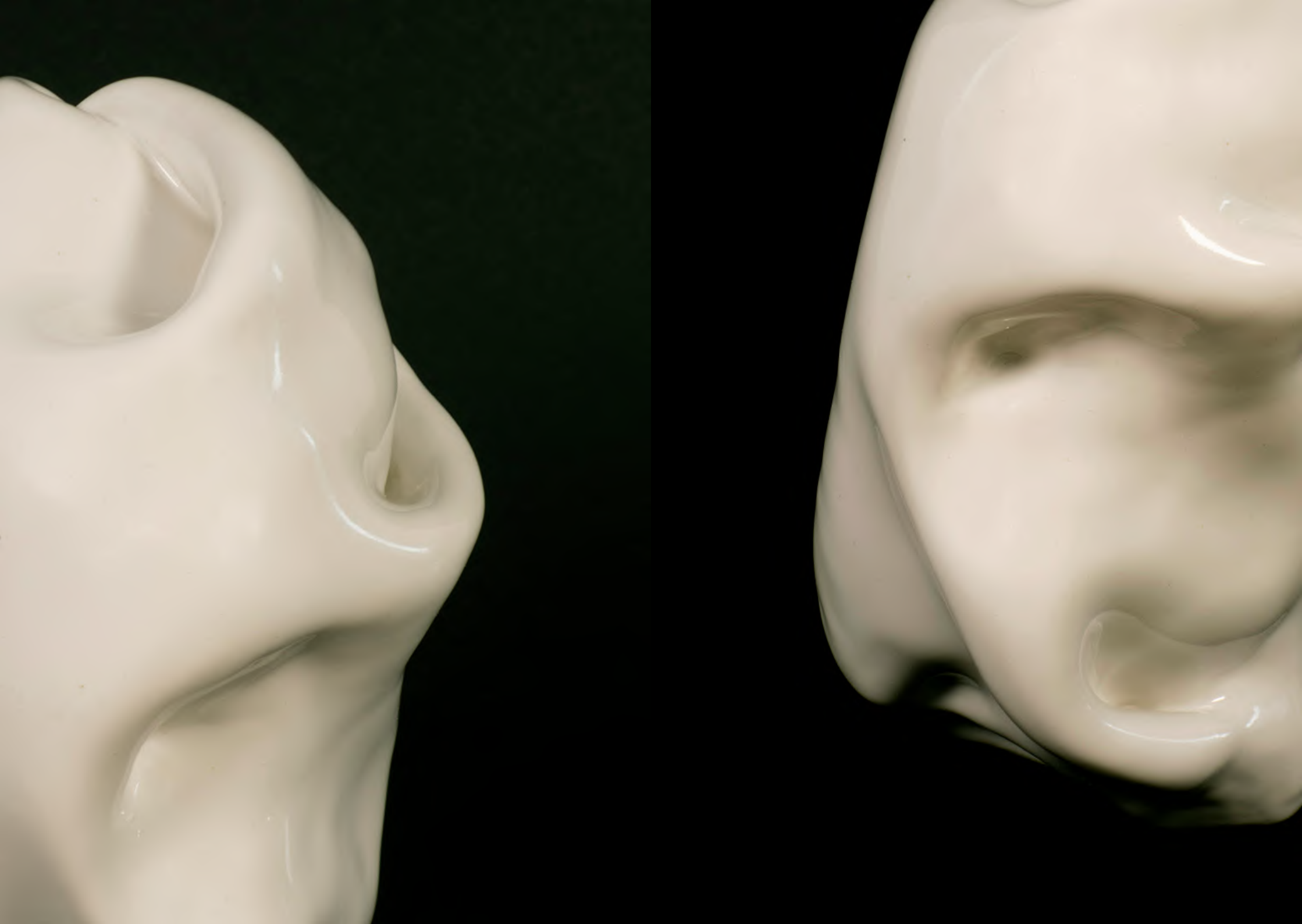
I have acquired by clumsiness four smaller scars on both hands.  
One slightly larger one on the left wrist for misbehaviour.

A dent in the forehead for partaking in imaginary adventures.

This body has been stretched by the environment around it but also by the fuel I give it.  
I have more canvas that intended.  
More canvas to cover, to undercover more room to grow.

















**MAKE  
IT  
PUBLIC**

