

**Sophie Bates - South West to South East (London)**

June 27th-July 26th 2020

**List of Works:**

Video Installation: *South West to South East (London)* 2020 30'45" (looping)

Silver gelatin prints (from right to left): *Self-Portrait, Leg-Face, Between Masturbation*, all 30x20cm taken in 2015, printed at Peach 2020

**(better to read after watching)**

You are on a car journey through London with my mum, dad and brother. It is 2017 and we are driving from my parent's house in South West London to the new flat of my brother and his fiancé in South East London. There is a brief scene inside the flat and then a fragment of the car journey back to my parent's house without my brother. It is Boxing Day, the day after Christmas, you hear conversations between my family with small observations from myself behind the camera, but mostly I am looking out the window.

The car journey is interspersed with:

Text from a blog post of tips on how to masturbate, a list of vaginal diseases that are hard to diagnose and gendered neologisms, which are words such as 'girlboss' and 'manspreading'.

You then are present amongst my friends in London, having pre-drinks before a New Year's party, there's music, chatting and shouting, the camera goes unnoticed. These moments reoccur they are social occasions, where people are celebrating, dressed up, eating and drinking.

Then we are in Rotterdam, I am crying in the kitchen, it cuts between this and flowers in Cornwall in my auntie's garden.

We then visit my grandma in a care home toward the very end of her life, this was actually the last time I saw her before she died. The video cuts from my dad feeding my grandma in the

communal dining room to being in the car with my dad listening to *The Best of Van Morrison* (strangely, one of my mum's few CDs). It's Christmas too, snowy and wet the landscape feels English. It reminds me of PJ Harvey's album *Let England Shake*, we listened to that in the car too as well as plenty of other CDs belonging to my dad.

At one point during the car journey I read a letter to grandma's father, persuading him to let her to keep making art and join art school amongst other observations about my grandma when she was young in 1952.

Toward the end of the video we are nearer to the present, it was filmed last year, the day before my brother's wedding. My mum is in the church practicing reading for the ceremony. She is reading from the Bible, 1 Corinthians 13:7, *The Way of Love*, this is cut with shots of the moon from my bed in Rotterdam.

At the end you are inside my grandparents' old house and see close up of interiors, carpets, lamps, towels, tables and chairs. I am reciting memories from my grandparents' house, part of a text I wrote for her funeral.

There are three black and white prints to accompany the video. The photographs were taken in 2015. I left them on the unfinished film roll inside the camera until last year when I finished the film at my brother's wedding.

*Peach*

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