



ANNEX C

Sample of highlight pieces at the Festival Showcase Exhibition at ION Orchard

Artist name	Title of artwork	Artwork / Design sample
Joyce Lee	<i>The Lost Paradise</i>	
Jody Yeoh	<i>Grain – the World’s Smallest Sushi</i>	

Chan Hwee
Chong, Fajar
Kurnia, Aw
Siyuan, Jeremy
Chia and David
Seah

Doors




Jazpar

Nowhere



Samples of highlight pieces at the Festival Showcase Exhibition at Goodman Arts Centre Gallery:

Artist name	Description of artwork	Artwork / Design sample
Art & Design Category		
<p>Nur Aida Sa'ad</p>	<p><i>Hello Aisha - a children's book written and illustrated through the eyes of an autistic child</i></p> <p>It's hard to understand the strange things my 10-year-old autistic sister does—being intolerant of anything that screams, biting her hands when she's angry, spending the whole day drawing the same things over and over again. But to her, they must make perfect sense. Perhaps she likes spinning on the spot because the world looks better when it's spinning. Perhaps she doesn't play with the other kids at the playground because they are monsters. It must be an awfully exciting world to live in.</p> <p><i>Hello Aisha</i> is my personal interpretation of a day in the life of an autistic child. Drawing inspiration from my special sister's quirky ways, I attempt to paint a beautifully distorted perspective of the world, bringing to mind the idea that autism is not necessarily a disability, but just a different way of looking at the world. After all, we could all use a change in perspective.</p>	

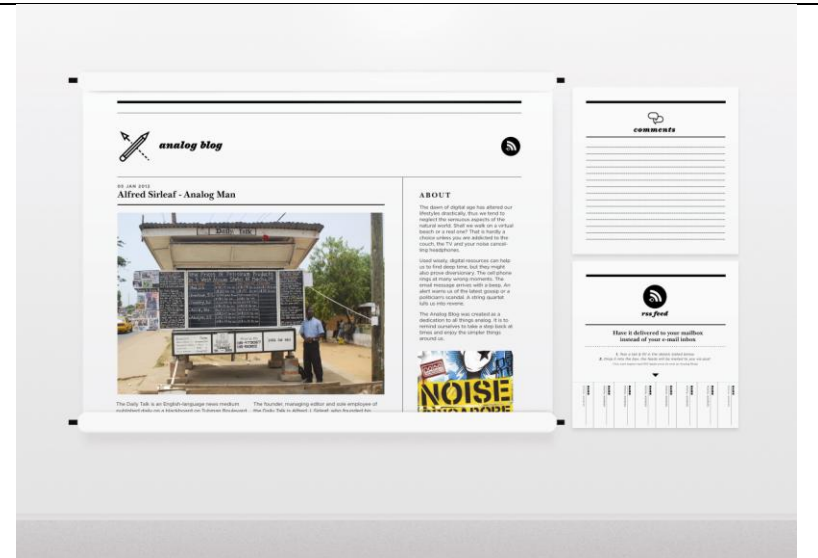
Eugene Ling

Analog Blog

The dawn of the digital age has altered our lifestyles drastically, thus we tend to neglect the sensuous aspects of the natural world. Shall we take a walk on a virtual beach or a real one? That is hardly a choice unless you are addicted to the couch, the TV and your noise cancelling headphones.

Used wisely, digital resources can help us to be more efficient in using time, but they might also prove diversionary. The cell phone rings at the wrong moment. An email arrives with a beep. An alert warns us of the latest gossip or a politician's scandal. A string quartet lulls us into reverie.

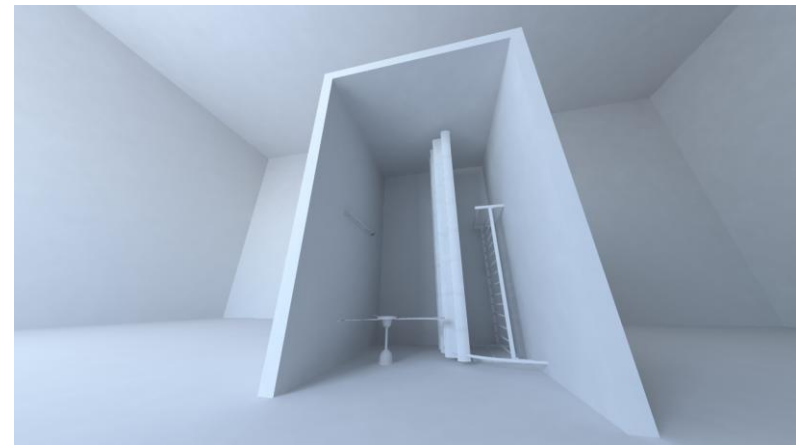
The Analog Blog is created as a dedication to all things analog. It reminds us to take a step back and enjoy the simpler things around us.



Cheryl Lim & Daryl Goh

Displace Me

Displace Me is an installation that illustrates the mental space of one's negotiation between the conscious and unconscious states of mind often found in the notion of sleep. Residing in the between of coma and snooze, one reconstructs one's orientation and visual axis while forming new relationships with their elements.



Photography

Alifiya Zakir

The Depth of Life

The Depth of Life propels the viewer into a personal journey of someone who is reaching out to freedom and dreams, making personal choices, safeguarding secrets and coming out of the comfort zone to face new challenges and have new experiences.



My main objective during the beginning stage of conceptualising was to create a series of images that were fundamental to what we experience in our lives. It is a series whereby almost everyone can relate to by being in that situation at some point in time.

In this series, the concepts are carefully blended with levitation photography.

The human mind sees things in slow-motion when it is undergoing stress, as though time is slowing down. This was carefully taken into account when creating the series.

I am greatly inspired by Brookshaden, a photographer who specialises in creating surreal concepts by using the concept of levitation. Hence, I took on a challenge to experiment with a new technique for this series and to enhance the vision of the concepts.



<p>Keshav Sishta</p>	<p><i>The Disposables</i></p> <p>Our generation has grown accustomed to a manner of consumption that is fuelled by globalised supply chains and “cost optimisations”. We place the aesthetics of the packaging over the value of its contents. When it’s time to throw something away, we take comfort in the truth we’re sold: that recycling will incinerate and reincarnate this refuse. The truth is that the problem persists and only shifts geographies. Reduce. Reuse. And then maybe, we won’t have to recycle.</p>	
<p>Wahlene Lin</p>	<p><i>Welcome to the Playhouse</i></p> <p>Most girls are taught the consumerist culture by some of the toys they play with, allowing their imagination to breathe life into an environment they believe in. They grow up to realise that it is a dream that is seemingly out of reach. A dream that could only be achieved with currency. Hence, they begin to purchase things they do not really need to satisfy an instinct instilled within. Subsequently, artificiality is born out of this dream, a dream that evolves into a cycle, a cycle that is never ending.</p>	

Zinkie Aw

Republic of Pulau Semakau

The things we throw away tell much about who we are.

Dustbins are, essentially, a part of one's personal space, almost akin to a type of 'identity autopsy'.

Through photographs of trash and their environment, viewers are exposed to things owned and disowned by different people.

Pieced together, this body of work focuses on issues of waste management—to realise things that we as individuals discard collectively contribute to Singapore's only landfill, Pulau Semakau.

In 1999, having exhausted the landfills on mainland Singapore, Singapore then created an offshore landfill by enclosing Pulau Semakau and a small adjacent island with a rock bund.

In this light, we could all be considered founders of this island.

It has never occurred to us where the rubbish we generate end up in land-scarce and overpopulated Singapore.

Hopefully these dustbins will form a reality check for all of us.



Lee Wanyu

In our lives, we all have our battles to fight, our stages to dance on, our journeys to embark on. At every point, we are constantly struggling with our needs and to gratify our needs. We are constantly sorting things out and hoping for things to fall into place – but do they really fall into place? When things are different, and parts of us are changed along the way, is it really something to be dreaded? How much are we willing to give to be who we want to be?

