

Below are 2 creative and 3 critical texts, the latter written as part of my undergrad coursework.

### Study Me

**Introduction:** Study Me takes as its foundation snippets of a real-life conversation, begun on Tinder and continued over Instagram, between the writer and a potential date. It imagines what could have been had the two ever met.

Miss u

Miss you too gorgeous ;)

Correct answer x

I don't know what to say now aha

It had dawned on me recently that nothing I desired existed. I browsed thousands of earrings on the internet without finding any I liked. You caught me once, stood in the kitchen trying to find the taste I wanted in my mouth, screwing the lid off a jar of peanut butter, sniffing it, then putting it back and doing the same with hot chocolate powder. I huffed back to the living room, guilty and unsatisfied.

What I wanted to draw couldn't be actualised. Language didn't possess the words I needed to say what I wanted to. And that's presumably the purpose of art; to reify the physically non-existent. It left me frustrated. I found comfort in vagueness though. That's what I liked about you. 'Trainee accountant' left room for my impressions. I didn't understand middle-class people for whom a job was a means to live, but I appreciated them.

Do you want to come and visit me in London this weekend? X

I'm in Liverpool this weekend :(

leaving tomorrow eve x I'm free before tomorrow evening if that works? x

aw no worries have a nice time

How come you're in London?

And when're you there from and til?

Just got here today I'm housesitting a Shetland pony

Well it's a dog but it's the size of a pony

In Knightsbridge

Fancay

Hahaha that does sound v fancy

I'd been to meet my friend, Ana, for coffee that day. It was an awkward lunch-but-not-lunch time so I didn't know what to do eating wise. I was 20 minutes late because I couldn't decide what to wear. I ended up taking 2 extra jumpers and a random top with me in the car. When I'd left I rushed back in to get a necklace which I put in my pocket. I didn't have any shoes that went. The last time I'd seen my Dad he did the same thing leaving the house. It left me speechless.

She'd told me she was pregnant by text the other day, in a way that was clear she was wary I'd say the wrong thing. It was with an unreliable boy she hadn't been seeing that long. I could tell she felt uncomfortable the whole way through the meeting, in case I said something 'wrong', but she was checking 'socialise' off her list for the day and I was what she'd got.

Let me come today then ;) x

You can't stay tho cos he doesn't like men haha

Hahah LIAR

I mean down to come tbh can go back too or stay I'm not fussy x

Who are you housesitting for?

Also if I can come it's finally going to happen after about 2 years of planning ahahaha

He DOESN'T he's an akita look them up

You saw yourself as 1 third ICA, 1 third Vogue Runway and 1 third embarrassing teenager. That's what I gleaned from your Instagram. No one really liked your posts. Mine got about 200 likes and I wondered if you were jealous. It made me feel good.

You weren't madly beautiful or anything; just thin and English looking. Sometimes I think you thought you were hot. Sometimes I thought you were. You could wear a skimpy outfit and get lots of looks walking down the street or you could dress averagely and be totally nondescript. Your ability to stand out or slip in was your favourite quality about yourself, you told me once.

You put yourself on a pedestal, definitely. You avoided buying toilet paper; you disliked toilet humour. You saw things in terms of too much and too little. I told you it was something for the therapist you saw. You laughed at that. You laughed a lot but it wasn't real laughter, more a conversational habit.

morning, do you mind meeting in earl's court this eve for a drink or something to start with. Just with everything in the news I'd feel safer to be close to home (not my home but like my friends anyway) Like 7? X

Text me asap cos thinking about changing my plans today cos other reasons and wanna know if that's OK with you

Hello hello

Yeah I get you I mean I'm not planning anything malicious haha Id hope you be able to trust me by now by yeah I understand

Let me check how far it is

We could just meet in the city for lunch?

could meet tomorrow for lunch? then I could come up tomorrow morning. will you still be there then? x

Tomorrow no :(((

What's wrong x

oh:(

I meant today lunch

Your moods were minute by minute, like the British weather haha. I didn't want to risk annoying you if you were busy doing something. You could be cutting. A few weeks ago, I made you a coffee mid-morning. *Unfortunately*, I made it with milk (you always had the first two black) and when I apologised you said, 'It's fine... it's just you've sort of ruined my morning'. I'd already cried over something that day and I could see on your face that you felt the aftermath as soon as you said it.

Your best and worst quality was the same: overconfidence. I never knew what to say to you when you came out with yet another silly comment like 'maybe I should join the Army'. I think you were frustrated by lack of imagination, which you saw as a lack of care. I didn't get the 'would you rather' game you played with your family. Your family didn't get me. They saw that you thought I was fit and was a bit rude to your mum.

Don't worry if it's too far to come tonight maybe it's not to be  
What time you getting here x It's not about that I just need to plan now as was supposed to be  
seeing a mate in the city too But wanna see you more x

I went to church sometimes. When it first came up, I think you thought I was joking. I felt a bit embarrassed; I didn't want you to think I had antiquated views on things. I didn't. But when I had nothing else on, I would trip down to the nearest service on a Sunday, unselfconsciously go in, smile, sip at communion and come home with a funny anecdote about how slow the singing was, or giving the old people a thrill with my short skirt. You didn't know how to respond. I didn't know how you felt about it. You either didn't want to offend me, were resentful of my joyfulness, or just weren't interested.

You didn't like to be categorised. We connected because of this. We were tolerant of complexity. You wouldn't call it that but. Like a lot of people you were a bit funny about being included in my work. I couldn't help it. I was proud of you in a weird way. I'd always drawn men more than women. It was weird because I was weird with men. I'd always been around women and didn't know how to interact with men. That must be why I focussed on them more. It felt daring.

Happy new year xx

U free this week?

I'm free on Friday

How r u?

What time x

Are you working?

Yeha think I'm working late today ngl x

What's the latest you're free?

**I gave up. I didn't know what you wanted or who you thought I was. You wanted to be seen but you were so afraid of definition you never allowed anything to happen; it made your efforts irrelevant. Are these my words? Are these my thoughts? Are these things you said when we first met and were drunk and I thought were cringey and I wished you weren't saying them?**

Hellooo

You ok?

Yes haha you're just too unorganised to make plans with so I've kind of given up

Yeah ngl

I actually am

I can't blame you

I'm too spontaneous. Last min plans only with me haha

Wyd today?

Nothing

Well see me then

Nope I'm in my pjs already

Oh okay then fair enough ha

**Like a lot of young men, you offset moving forward with going to the gym. The way you spoke was so different to me but I loved it. I wish I'd kept our earlier messages, the ones on tinder, so I could show you what they meant to me. To find someone who I clicked with straight away, who excited me even in knowing that real life isn't the same.**

*See You Later*

*See You Later takes as its foundation snippets of a real-life conversation, begun on Bumble and continued over WhatsApp, between the writer and a potential date. It imagines what could have been had the two ever met.*

Sorry I forgot I had to message haha

Think you ghosted me last time 😊

Ah , yes

How about you commit this time haha

Do you like to go out in the evening or do you prefer a lunchtime coffee ?

**'What's that?' 'What's that?' 'What's that?' You kept asking me. It was a random skin pigmentation thing on my bum. It was relational aesthetics. It was a small, high-neck, grey top I'd bought to go with my white skater skirt. I didn't expect you to know what they were. I didn't care that you didn't know.**

**I ate 'too much' granola the day before I was seeing you and tried to make myself sick. It didn't work. I told you, I don't know why, over the buffet breakfast on holiday. You poor sod. I can't remember what you said. I had zero temperature control on that holiday, which wound you up. I can't exist at anything above or below 21 degrees Celsius.**

Was it going too far to start recording people? Is that illegal? I should have recorded my blood test. The way I was getting more and more agitated as she was digging around in my arm. It would have been endearing. A PE teacher (I hated PE) told me once I'd go far in life because I was so endearing. Playing on people's sympathies – not sure I like the sound of that. I wanted to include you in my art but I didn't think you'd like it. You'd definitely find it strange. I wondered if I could get away with drawing a selfie of you and your brother you'd sent me before we met up for the first time.

I started using this sustainable deodorant. It didn't stop sweat, just stopped the smell. When it was hot, I could feel the moisture dripping down the underside of my arm. I wanted you to touch me there.

I won't eat something if I don't fancy it. Even if I'm starving hungry. Isn't that interesting? It's the same for everything in my life. It's obvious in my relationships.

You didn't understand that being an artist is to have everything perpetually at the tips of your fingers. You wanted to be with someone like my mum, not like me. Someone kind and caring and supportive. You wanted to live abroad. I thought it was wishful thinking that we'd end up together. Not *end* up. We probably weren't going to stay together forever, but you made me laugh (accidentally, I'd like to point out) and I liked the thought of what our children would look like if I accidentally got pregnant. There were lots of accidents with you. It was like it didn't occur to you that people could help you. There was no expectation in your exchanges. You were unselfconscious – my favourite thing.

I had never lied to you. That's what made you different. To start with I did it by accident. You made me want to take the risk. But once I noticed, I started doing it on purpose, like a challenge, to see what would happen if I was truthful about who was.

At uni, I LEAPT out of bed in the morning, sleep-deprived but energised.

Reading my own writing is like reading instructions. I leave instructions for myself scattered throughout my drafts in the form of thoughts, hastily written down. Art is just frustration.

To be frugal and ultra-feminine, for you. To keep you near me. I love you.

The evening x

Is it a date

Caught me off guard but im meeting some freinds tonight

Are you pretty flexible?

Oh dw I didn't mean tonight

Like a date in the calender haha

Hope u had a good night

Yes hahah not if you can touch your toes ☺

Pretty chilled just an old friend passing through Oxford

Have you got much planned for the weekend?

ya it's my bday on Monday so celebrating with friends today then I'm working tomorrow

Can't believe it's sunny so excited for this warmth

Oh nice, I hope you have a nice time, hard life making you work on a Sunday 😊

I don't mind the cold but when it's raining then I'm not so happy haha

What have you got planned with your friends today?

Innit

Going to some galleries then drinks this eve

I've dressed totally inappropriately for the weather tho think I thought it was summer

What you up to today

Haha typical

Pretty chilled then or do you like a hard night out

Unfortunately I'm working today but can't really complain

I do like a night out but I really hate hosting anything can't deal with the pressure

Keeping it low key today lol

What is work for u

Very relatable

Haha what do you do for work?

So I have a couple of different jobs but today I'm in a bike shop, today I have the privilege of of training new staff 😊

oh ur multi talented

oh ur multi talented

Teaching the newbies big responsibility

I just started a new job running an Oxfam shop in London

Living the commuter life

Haha something like that

Teaching my limited knowledge

How is that treating you?

I'm out in Oxford tonight if you around?

Aw, no, I'm around on Mon or Tues if you are. I'm on holiday after that tho

Where are you going?

Mon – Tuesday is a plan

I'm struggling to actually get home

Madeira??

Why did I say Monday Monday is my birthday I keep forgetting  
Don't think we're close enough to spend bdays together yet no offence  
Which bit of Oxford do you live?

Happy birthday

I live in donnington how about you?

Thanks 😊

I live ages away

In crowmarsh?

Well not ages

I mean Oxford is like the closest place haha

Yh not just down the road haha

I though it would be a bit easier to take you out haha

Is it too complicated

Am I out

We'll see what happens

What are you studying next year?

Srry I didn't mean to ghost you x

Eye for an eye I guess

Aha

I'm in London for 3 weeks tho...

VOICE NOTE

07793434789

As requested

VOICE NOTE

Fuck oh its tabby

Just so you know I'm playing these out loud in the shop at work aha

VOICE NOTE

VOICE NOTE

Yeah playing it through the speakers

Better than the same Madonna mix on loop

I've put you in my phone as bumble boy and now I can't remember ur name oops

VOICE NOTE

You're not going to tell me?

I'll cross reference

Is it Ben

It's not it's Thomas

VOICE NOTE

VOICE NOTE

VOICE NOTE

VOICE NOTE

VOICE NOTE

VOICE NOTE

It was a very boring summer ok

Morally I'm opposed

It's just that violation thing

VOICE NOTE

VOICE NOTE

Yeah I just finished

Downed a pre prepared shot in water bottle to catch up with my friends haha

At work

VOICE NOTE

Can't promise it's not the shot speaking

VOICE NOTE

I can't hear it's too loud in here

I'll listen later x



I listened to it

I take ur point

I was hoping for some crazy voice notes

I can try if you want x

Do your worst

Well none of this is remotely embarrassing  
not  
sorry aha

Its calm

Let me know if you want that call sometime

Tomorrow eve??

Deal

k x

Recovered from your night out yet ?

Not really haha

I fell asleep on the floor for two hours this afternoon

Bleak

Savage

That's fair effort

Can we say like 8 tomorrow

Is that late for you ?

Yep

8 is fine I am an adult haha

Got ya

k I'm going to bed now nighty night x

Ok Tabby good night x

VIDEO

R u ok

I'm very drunk at a BBQ

Oh hahahaha

I'm freezing to death at East Finchley tube station

Doesn't sound so good

well since you told me off the other day

Let's speak when your sober ahha

VIDEO

Just replied to another tom thinking it was you  
stress

You are next level

SCREENSHOT

What are you greatful for today?

I don't know yet  
what are you grateful for?

I don't know either

To be alive is a good one

To have more than 1 tom in your life

Aw are you in my life?  
Am I in your life

Not yet

Not if we keep on ghosting each other

Headed back to Oxford today briefly to pick up some stuff from home  
PHOTO  
So close yet so far

The time will come haha

what you doing today  
working

VIDEO

Unfortunately yes

Have a nice day x

oooooo

dw I wasn't going to descend home and be like meet me  
Have a nice day xx

Haha maybe I wouldn't complain

I prefer when the guy asks me anyway 😊

You'll be living in London now though ?

I can't invite myself

But what if you come and then we don't like each other

I'll feel guilty

Its simple

Either you want to fall in love

Or you want dick

Pahahaha

Literally earlier I was going to say we just need to meet so you can decide if you want to fuck me or fall in love with me

What do you want before you let me decide

well you can't tell before you've met someone

Maybe neither

ur distracting me from my art

It's a hard life

Have you ever been in love?

I think I thought I was at the time now I don't know  
why??

Have you

Just wandering

Yes unfortunately

Show me some of you art then

Think I'm more innocent than you in general aha  
Wait a sec I'm just getting on the train

You look pretty innocent

It's hot though

ok 🖤

PHOTO

PHOTO

PHOTO

GIF

PHOTO

PHOTO

It's mostly figurative

But quite conceptual if it doesn't make a lot of sense haha

Its sick

VOICE NOTE

VOICE NOTE

I can't remember but I think you said you are starting uni in London?

lol

thanks tho x

Sorry I'm just faffing around trying to leave the house that's why I'm taking so long to reply

VOICE NOTE

What's ur hopes and dreams

VOICE NOTE

VOICE NOTE

VOICE NOTE

VOICE NOTE

VOICE NOTE

where you going?

I'm 22

I'm going to the lake district for a week

Nothing that tropical unfortunately

Ah ok ok

What are your hopes and dreams

Aw nice! Cycling is it...

I thought you didn't like my deep question haha...

living abroad would be very cool

I support your dream

Fortunately no

Just hiking with my brother

He trying for a new position at work and he needs some hard training as preparation

I lived abroad and can't wait to.get out again

What do you want to do after uni ?

Sibling relationships are my fave

Im really close with my sister

What does he do thats so enduring??

Where did you live?

I just want to be an artist

We have a great relationship

Is she older or younger ?

He in the army but wants to join the special forces

DELETED MESSAGE

I lived in a small town in the south west of France

Close to the mountains

Have you thought about where you want to live ?

I saw that message about setting us up

tehehe regrets??

she's older she's a doctor

Do you speak French why were you there

I missread the question

PHOTO

This is him

Aw cute!

What a babe

He's a top lad

Can we just go now

yes take me

Maybe one day

How do you like living in London?

VOICE NOTE

VOICE NOTE

The Thames was a bad example

Hahaha no it's a good one

Central, have you won the lottery

Have you got any plans for the summer ?

did I not tell you about this housesitting I'm doing  
going to Italy with my sister in a few weeks and then going to visit my friend who's just moved to  
Vienna in June

But no actual summer plans

Have you?

Nah

That'd sounds amazing , have you been to Italy before

Sound like a plan to me

I'm doing a bike tour in July and a family holiday in August but nothing else planned

So sometimes I housesit in London to be close to work and friends and stuff

Like through a website

You look after someone's cat while they're on holiday

That's why I'm staying here for a few weeks

Living the nomadic lifestyle

when I was little I went

It's my bday present from her from like 2 years ago

do u like festivals and stuff is that your thing

VOICE NOTE

PHOTO

PHOTO

PHOTO

PHOTO

Dw! Your on ur holidays

Honestly this content is cracking me up your holiday pics hahaha can't tell if you're happy or not

Was not happy eating my Tesco meal deal in the snow

It looks pretty intense

Do you have Instagram?

Yes

It's @tabbygammer

There's not much to see I used to have it as a finsta but then curators keep telling me my online presence is terrible haha

Sorry it's been a busy week with my brother

Haha I'm going to follow you anyway

I found something for you yesterday

Go on hahaha

It was a bum bag for your cycling haha donated I was going to take a pic

For your gels and stuff isn't that a thing

Sporty stuff

Thanks for the suggestion but it'd a very middle man thing haha

Busy day ?

oh really

no aha can you tell

How are the lakes/peaks I can remember which

I'm back home now but they were amazing

Really nice to spend some time with my brother

Work has been mental busy

So I'm constantly running around

aw nice

and you're wasting all this time message me

I'm lost again

VOICE NOTE

VOICE NOTE

Hehehheeh

That was hideous I've never typed that before I swear

What you doing with your eve?

Hahahahahaha

VOICE NOTE

VOICE NOTE

VOICE NOTE

I did listen to these

I literally thought you meant horse ride

I'm assuming you meant bike ride lol

Srry I think I was very drunk when I replied

I'm back next week x

VOICE NOTE

VOICE NOTE

Working

Did over £1000 today and we were only open 11 till 5

PHOTO

PHOTO

PHOTO

PHOTO

Been spamming the work insta

VOICE NOTE

Having Sunday lunch with extended family I'm v excited

How about you?

### David Michôd's *The King*

It seems fitting that I appreciate the shallow, sweeping visuals and (equally shallow) foil Robert Pattinson opposite Timothée Chalamet in Michôd's adaptation – ‘it’s not Shakespeare for purists, it’s Shakespeare for people [teenage girls]’ (Zacharek, 2019). The odd dynamic between obvious Wessex locations like Berkeley Castle, obviously *not* pastoral England locations like Hungarian village Szilvásvárad, and generational talent randomly stuck in the mud around the eponymous sovereign is simultaneously inspiring and depressing.

Attempts by the RSC to update by shoe-horning a contemporary setting into every Jacobean script Shakespeare penned produces a similar uneasiness around authenticity, a concept over which I am conflicted. The vitalist representation of the characters distracts from any undue critical thoughts we may have but any sympathies emoted from the audience are disturbed by odd details. Lily-Rose Depp looks like she’s made of wax in the final scene; Pattinson sounds like ‘a castrated Pepé Le Pew’ (Ehrlich, 2019). I am uncertain if the cognitive dissonance between historical transgression as theatre and tertiary source-inspired reality was intentional but I hope my use of this technique has been executed in my bringing together of subjective (identity), the biological (body) the objective (environment) and the cultural (heritage).

The viewer of the photograph, who may share none of my personal concerns, is in the perfect position to experience the artwork. Distance from the unattainable but vulnerable-looking figure creates a faux-reality in which one recognises the *idea* of the environment but not the context in which it is portrayed – edited accordingly for someone else’s (my) pleasure. The distinct lack of aerial shots which would lend itself to this film presumably involves us and makes it more naturalistic in the scenes; I used the ground as my camera platform for similar reasons but literally and metaphorically the conflation of prosaic middle-ages architecture and scantily-clad international pretty-boys seems better viewed from afar. American criticism seems far more favourable to the implausibly romanticised Avon valley, ignoring the ‘low-fat’ (Robbie, 2019) Shakespearean and constant sense that the child-like physiology of Chalamet won’t sustain the performance, let alone absolute rule. The substitution of Lincoln Cathedral for Westminster Abbey isn’t noticeable but for my knowledge, after working at Christchurch, Oxford, that filming for commercial use is never permitted in such locations. This illustrates that locality is vital to our awareness of authenticity. Segregation in culture makes our tastes exclusive to a very small social realm – I know exhibiting my work outside of my circle would illicit more beneficial responses than those who can see the what and the how of the photograph.

## Marlene Dumas

Marlene Dumas submits a lot of information and feeling to the canvas with a lot less paint. Her work has a lot in common with the Japanese concept of *zakka*, a style/aesthetic found in minimalist objects with ‘an element of something palpable, or charm, in their subtext’ (Longhurst, 2020) – something not visually but psychologically inferred. An enormous retrospective at Tate Modern in 2015 titled *The Image as Burden* featured portraits of the famous, familial and feared. Under the gallery lights the subjects looked like convalescents, their pale faces peeking out from rows of hospital beds (canvases). The breadth of sources Dumas draws from become equal when transformed by her hand. All need help in some way or another. *Die Baba* (1985) needs his parent; *Osama* (2010) needs recognition of his humanity; *Amy-Blue* (2011) needs someone to tell her when to stop. There is no hierarchy in their presentation. Dumas herself has said she finds human beings ‘all equally strange... equally scary’ (Dumas, 1883).

*The Painter* (1994) is as ‘unfinished’ as another artist’s underpainting – a perfect balance of expression and impression not yet weighted down by thick layers of paint. In a world that is constantly building up, Dumas insistently strips down. I feel lorded in the presence of this work. She treats her viewer as an intelligent being, capable of withstanding the uncomfortable feelings that arise with intimate portraiture like this, long enough to feel sympathy, appreciation and hope. Next to *Helena* (2001), we see Dumas’ expert handling of the human condition, age turning defiance into self-consciousness. One can tell that life experience has honed her intuition. We see her confidence in her abilities in the sketchy lines, unfussy colours and ‘just-so’ expressions. She doesn’t *need* to complete the feet because the aim of the painting is ‘to represent an emotion or a state of mind’ (Tate, 2021), not a body. Like Dumas, I undersell my media so the subject can sing – a cluttered surface can stifle the noise. In *Aweng*, detailed representation isn’t the point. These moments we choose (me: a random gif, Dumas: a snapshot of home) feel like the most important ones to capture, because the aesthetic excitement they trigger will be left unrecollected if not.

*The Painter*, like all Dumas’ work, is secreted, not confected. But how can this be when Dumas depicts lives other than her own? It’s because she doesn’t assume to know anything, treating each subject as they appear: just another person. No ego here. There’s an argument that it is no longer desirable to make art about the lives of other people or experiences one hasn’t had. Olivia Laing doesn’t agree: ‘I think... making art about other people, is both dangerous and necessary. There are moral lines. There are limits to the known. But there’s a difference between respecting people’s right to tell or not tell their own stories and refusing to look at all’ (Laing, 2020). In my view, the cause of boredom is often individualism. My art is a plea to talk of something other than daily minutiae, to brew interest in each other. We have it in us - Dumas knows her viewer’s capacity for dynamic contemplation and compassion and makes use of it. To me, bearing witness is an act of love and a sign of respect. I imagine Dumas thinks a similar way.

## Ana Prvački

Ana Prvački's '21<sup>st</sup> century art commercials' (Abramović, 2020) are witty commentaries on consumerism. By converting the experiential values of 'safety, beauty and transformation' into exchange values, she aggrandises herself into a master marketeer. This mimicry of the market economy in *Multimask* (2020) is obvious, and therefore entertaining in the style of slapstick comedy. But the surreal atmosphere is disturbing enough to alert us to danger – is it too good to be true? From the sperm-like strap wiggling in from off-screen to the mention of 'process' and 'facilitation', the film draws attention to the phenomena of scientism, the use of unfounded claims by those such as skincare companies designed to imply scientifically proven benefit. Through flattery and misdirection, the viewer is given the impression of autonomy: 'the mask can be filled with gels, creams and products of your choosing', taking attention away from the element of predation. Goop-style marketing, rammed with buzzwords like 'psycho-spiritual', 'energy' and 'awareness', is formatted in lower-case lettering (surely corporate code for friendly). When utilising societal tropes for *Something About Consumerism*, I questioned if I was being critical, observational or ironic. But it's more about providing options for the viewer – they may think of it however they like, as long as they think of it. There's no activism, just presentation.

Author and economist Yanis Varoufakis believes we've moved so far from the original meaning of economy, which stems from the Greek word *oikonomia* referring to the running of a household, that a better term for the laws of the marketplace would be 'agoronomy' (Varoufakis, 2017). My frustration, in this case at the laws of *agora* (the marketplace), is often the trigger for me to make new work, and I'm not alone in this. Art's role in the backtrack on capitalism, currently surging due to increased concern for the environment, can't be understated. In *Hand Pollination Glove* (2018), an uncomfortably sensory film 'advertising' a new way to pollinate flowers in the absence of bees, Prvački touches a nerve. Invention to fix the destructive effects of invention? 'Come on,' she's saying. 'That's ridiculous!' Literal bells [and whistles] attached to something as simple as a gardening glove allude to man's wavering tendency towards maximalism and minimalism alike. Prvački's genre could be digital arte povera. She manages to jazz up natural and household items and turn them into something sinister. *Money Laundering Wet-Wipes* (2007) could refer to the greed locked away in every-day objects. Only look closer and you can see avaricious bacteria growing in the moist mesh. Is clarity not more important than money? Prvački thinks so.