

# *The Temporary Nature Of Love*



*By Jonny Tanna*

*The day* was gloomy, the tone of the atmosphere was as if I woke up at four in the afternoon in winter. I stepped off the overground, came out of a large fire station and walked through what looked like a very dreary Streatham. All the buildings were a darker shade of brown, than most buildings I'm accustomed to seeing. The rain was heavy and as expected in this type of weather, the streets are desolate. I reached the Small Block Mall. Inside the mall, it was a hexagonal entrance where there were many store units made of aluminum frames and plexi glass.

All the stores were deserted as the main floors were light blue and the place was unlit. Some of the doors of the individual glass doors has notes attached to the interior of the store with words of propaganda, most of it was unreadable, as the words kept morphing into different characters, but one said

*'Stay with the brother.'*

Across from the first store unit, there was an exit leading into, what looked like, a garden.

As I entered the garden, there were many people sitting on the grass, and it turned out the entire room was indoors, with a holographic sky and grass. Where I stood, was still light blue, marble mall floor, so the grass started approximately six feet away from where I stood. The surrounding seem vast, as the sky looked limitless and couldn't make out the ceiling above, hence why the illusion of it being outdoors worked so well. As people sat on the translucent grass, an early episode of the Simpsons played in the sky as the light blue sky transitioned into a darker shade of blue to accommodate the title sequence. I left the room, before the titles rolled and found myself on the concrete roof of the mall.

From the roof, we could see the dreary buildings densely surrounding as there was a large gap between the Small Block Mall and the Sky Mall (aka the Mall of Light) further up ahead. A crane carried a shipping container as rotated to bring people across. The container was hollow (so both left and right doors of the container was missing) as people stepped inside awaiting to be brought across.

It was mildly daunting as you stepped into the container and the crane, briskly lifted the container and there was a mild jolt before we hit the air. The wind and rain breezed into cold innards of the metal box, the halogen lights from the apartment blocks nearby, and neon glow of the sparsely scattered stars in the black sky, made the navy blue sky seem all the more striking in it's poignant gloom.

Once we reached Sky Mall, I entered and found myself on the top floor. The mall was very brightly lit and seemingly endless in length. The ceiling was flat (so no sun roof like you find in most malls) but the stores were all open and the place was pretty busy. I looked around at the adjacent balcony opposite and saw people hovering across.

I was finding it difficult to hover, but noticed dual rays of light covering the floor, as people used it to transport themselves. I didn't even attempt to step onto the light beams and just set off on foot, whilst the light surrounded my shins as I went looking for it. I didn't find what I was looking for so left and found myself out on the main streets, as I walked back towards the fire station to catch my train.

I looked around the streets, as the street lights poured an orange splash of light onto the soggy roads. I walked across a few blocks and found an old Turkish cafe, where a variety of middle Eastern gentlemen sat outside, with their grey suits, straw fez's and sandals on.

I approached one chap who rocked a salt & pepper goatee, as he sat with his rotund stomach sticking out from his two sizes, too small, white shirt and his unbuttoned trousers, to allow his belly to rest on his crotch. I asked him where the fire station was, he rambled a bunch of nonsense before I stopped him in his tracks and he admitted ignorance by shrugging his shoulders dramatically. I continued walking as the rain settled but the darkness loomed heavier as I continued to journey to my destination.





#### Original Notes

31 Jan - 1 Feb 2013 - Dalston like Malaysian town with crate elevator

That night I dreamt about exiting a station similar to one of those dingy overground stations, like the one in streatham high st, and then trying to find the mall nearby. I wanted to enter a big mall but entered a small mall so i could ride a crate-like lift which carried me over the high street and to a lower roof of the building where I entered and there was a side way shot of me walking on one of the upper floors of the mall. Inside the mall, people were walking on a light walkway, where the power and gravity of light would carry and lift them, as they traversed across the mall.

It wasn't the place I was looking for so I left. I was outside on the high street and there was many Indian and middle eastern cafes. Where I had to ask for directions. I didn't actually reached the place I was looking for.

8-9 March 2013 Shoreditch Imitates the mall of Asia

Went to a deep part of Shoreditch somewhere and entered a run down mall that had a similar feel to Sabakas mall in Kuching. Most of the stores weren't open yet and had many run down shops with miscellaneous paper notices preaching words of propaganda, unreadable. There was only 2 floors. I went outside and it was a massive park (I guess this is how I imagined London fields to e). It was indoors and had a holographic cloud and a holographic screen. An episode of The Simpsons began to play and the clouds/sky changed into, what would resemble the intro of the early Simpson episodes (a darker blue sky).

8 April 2018 17:45

Solitary dreams I started to have when the effects of a very close friend disappeared and there was no resolution to his disappearance and had to bravely accept it.

9 April 5am

I realised most of the ideas/places are based on my imagination of a place I haven't visited. So the garden in the Small Block Mall represents my idea of 'London Fields' a lot of my work are usually inspired by something I haven't seen. For example, when I hadn't seen Synchoche, New York, I had an idea of this dark theatre, being the epicentre piece of the film and a large brown building front, where people would walk around in, but behind was hollow. Shame the movie was nothing like it and they did surrealism terribly. Never spell out something is wrong, why would they go to a burning house and then say 'oh I like this house, but not sure about the fire'. You're not supposed to acknowledge the bloody fire! Anyway, just a reminder to self, that my inspiration is usually bigger than what is presented in real life.

**Jonny Tanna** (B.1980) is a London based artist and curator, whose work explores the interstitiality of class, race and generation. His practice is essentially a visual negotiation with a society perceived to be displaced of good manners, courtesy and kindness. Taking a stance as a confrontational interrogator of culture, interventions are interspersed throughout a practice which provokes an investigation into cognitive bias and the mercenary approaches prevailing in society and its visual outpourings. (I.e. Media/ Film/ Music/Visual Art and Online Subcultures).

Raised in the inner city borough of Brent, home to a multitude of cultures and ethnicities, all of the artists work is ingrained with an interrogative look at mainstream interpretations of inner city life. Heralding that; 'We can be so close but so far' within our understandings of our neighbours, projects seek to uncover, discuss and collectively re-jiggle the current conditions of multiculturalism. Exposing historically silenced stereotypes and uncovering the insipid stench of neoliberalism's hegemonic divisions of gender, race, wealth and class. Additional influences are drawn from various sources including:

\* Involvements in London's subcultures of trading/collecting obscure media/ pirating video games/films and in the underground American Westcoast rap scene.

\* The aesthetics and practicalities of a home-based media collector, and the required systems of archiving, preservation and display

\* The politics of digital preservation versus the disappearance of media (the demise of the high resolution image through cloud storage and its preferred lower res/faster-download distribution networks).

Investigated through a variety of mediums and methods: video/sculpture/digital/interactive works/ re-purposed video games/street photography/post production/augmentation. The artworks and ideas are channeled back and forth between multiple collaborators and then re-distributed through various platforms. Examples of recent exhibitions include:

### Midnight Cinema

(Arts Council England, Grant For The Arts Award, **Harlesden High Street**)

Investigated various modes of cultural indoctrination found within contemporary video gaming and mainstream music, and at the rise of nostalgia for older forms of entertainment, like A/V and VHS. Exposing the exhibition as "a mechanism for coping with the vulnerability of the artistic self by repurposing cultural layering into new forms of content."

### White People Are Scary #2

(Gazelli Art House, Mayfair)

Called to question current sub-cultural trends to stereotype the ideals of cis white men which only serve to further

alienation and segregation, the project attempted to instead reach an equalitarian resolution that opposes heavy handed flag waving, gender/race discrimination or nationalism. Intended to be a sensitive exploration, not a scathing attack and highlighting that we should not inhabit fear and reflecting an overlooked image of multiculturalism.

He also runs a monthly event, working as a freelance curator within the Muse Gallery, under the Untitled collective and a gallery takeover project **Harlesden High Street**

### Links & Contact

Email: [Jonny\\_Tanna@yahoo.com](mailto:Jonny_Tanna@yahoo.com)

Website: <http://www.JonnyTanna.com>

Instagram (Street Photography): @JonnyTanna

Instagram (Art): @Hotel419

Facebook: <http://facebook.com/JonnyTanna>

### Selected Press

Television interview with Amanda Ali & Jonny Tanna

<http://londonlive.co.uk/news/2016-12-23/jonny-tanna>

Jonny Tanna's 'White People Are Scary #2' show at Gazelli Art House

[http://gazelliarthouse.com/window\\_project/jonny-tanna-ft-419-inc/](http://gazelliarthouse.com/window_project/jonny-tanna-ft-419-inc/)

Harlesden High Street (Series 1, Episode 1) - Midnight Cinema

[http://tzvetnik.online/portfolio\\_page/midnight-cinema-at-harlesden-high-street/](http://tzvetnik.online/portfolio_page/midnight-cinema-at-harlesden-high-street/)

<http://www.aqnb.com/2018/01/18/re-purposing-the-artistic-self-in-midnight-cinema-at-harlesden-high-street/>

# *Ruminations Of The Midnight Stroll*

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