

APT Introduces: Anh-Phuong Nguyen & Stanley Tilyard French Press Release

Year three recipients of the APT & Fenton Arts Trust Mentoring Award Anh-Phuong Nguyen and Stanley Tilyard-French celebrate their year at APT with an exhibition of work, made over the last 12 months. Jointly Funded by the Fenton Arts Trust and APT, this is the last year of our annual Award which has provided a free studio space for a year, alongside regular mentoring for two emerging artists. The theme of year three was multidisciplinary practices (innovative fine art, installation, time-based media) and we are delighted to introduce Anh-Phuong and Stanley's work, mentored this past year by APT artists Chris Marshall and Bernice Donszelmann.

Anh-Phuong Nguyen

Anh-Phuong Nguyen — also known as AP Nguyen (b. 1999, Vietnam), lives in London and works between the UK and Vietnam. Nguyen's multi-disciplinary practice explores the prevailing clichés associated with the architecture, object-hood and personification of tourism and hospitality in parallel to land excavation, extraction and subsequent artificiality. Working across sculpture, installation and video, whilst navigating the realms of high and low art, humour and seriousness, she sheds light on the intricate narratives of desire undergirding souvenir objects and the construction of fantasy worlds and characters for foreign consumption.

Recent solo exhibition: Lovecore, Hanoi (2021). Selected group exhibitions include: A Landscape of Chance, SLQS Gallery, London (2024), Means of Production, Sheerly Touch-Ya and Shisanwu LLC Warehouse, New York (2024), Beauty Tech Art Spa, Cornershop London (2023), Dentre, Somers Gallery, London (2023), No Place Like Home Part II (A Vietnamese Exhibition), Museum of the Home, London (2023), Baggage Claim, Staffordshire St, London (2023), Cursed Images, Kawaii Agency (2023). Forthcoming: APT Introduces: Anh-Phuong Nguyen & Stanley Tilyard-French, APT Gallery (June 2024).

Stanley Tilyard- French

Stanley Tilyard-French is a British artist from Brighton, based in London. He graduated from Chelsea College of Arts with a first in BA Fine Art in 2020. He performs counterproductive tasks and builds work to perform it for him. Using digital components such as servos and motors he makes work to primarily consider its useless functionality. He leaves clues to how the work might function but programs inconsistencies to indicate it might be out of order. Often inviting some form of interaction or participation; he invites the audience to consider themselves an unpaid performer. His work is playful and silly, often directing the joke at the viewer or itself. He likes to consider the edges to his artworks, the room it is sat in, the people surrounding it, the YouTube border around a video on a laptop, and makes work self-referential to this.

Stanley-Tilyard French

Who let all these bluebottles in here?
What are these cables doing on the ground?
Where has this furniture come from?
When will the strings snap?
Why are they doing that?
How do I find the exit?

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Anh-Phuong Nguyen

Snow Globes by Rhiannon Harper

How does one describe memory loss? Colliding over and over with a blank wall? Recalling a holiday to a friend and realising, mid-sentence, you are inventing and fabricating the details? For me, it's the sensation of reaching out to place a hand on a familiar bannister, and instead being greeted by an icy flip of the stomach on discovering there's no longer anything there to hold.

Amnesia descended on me in the middle of duty free. I was scanning rows and rows of identical snow globes, hypnotised by the perfectly cloned mementos. There was something about seeing such grand monuments diminished and tokenised into small glassy spheroids that my own destination slipped from my mind. All of a sudden, I was overcome with the sense that I had dropped something essential; perhaps some family heirloom left in a security tray or dropped whilst hauling luggage up escalators. Could my destination now be confined into its own snow globe, lost somewhere amongst the indistinguishable shelves? Fear began expanding in my gut. Was it the nausea from the million perfumes around me? Or perhaps the Pret coffee I chugged just an hour earlier at the station was starting to stir in my empty stomach. The journey here had been predictably stressful and disorganised. In a state of exhaustion I had wandered out of my life and into the terminal; vulnerable, the globes had caught my eye and then blotted out my memory.

Disoriented, I headed away from the ornaments and towards the centre of the room where the benches were. The space was charged with an atmosphere that I can only describe as uncanny. Stillness radiated from every surface. The only source of movement was the water fountain, which was composed of some kind of rock formation. Despite having no word or name for my destination I glanced over the departure boards, but they were no use for someone who no longer had any place to be. As the fountain water trickled, a mirage of an archipelago formed in my mind's eye, and I was overcome with a wave of nostalgia for something I had never experienced. These rocks in the fountain - were they taken from that place? Was the archipelago my forgotten destination? I made a wish in the fountain and suppressed an irrational thought (can I be sure that anything exists beyond this terminal?). I examined the rocks closer, faintly hoping they would help conjure up the archipelago again, jolt my memory, or at least bring some tranquillity. As I peered closer and closer I noticed the surface of the rock peeling away.

I would like to express my deepest gratitude to my mentor Bernice; Sarah Walsh; Sarah B. Locke; and the artists of APT, who have supported and empowered my practice throughout this program. It's been a journey! Thank you to Tim Martin for contributing his expertise in 3D production, and to Rhiannon Harper for writing the show's accompanying text. Lastly, thank you to Will Demers, without whom achieving this scale would have been very very difficult.

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