

# Reuben J. Brown

architecture K100 undergraduate application creative portfolio

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UCAS ID: 1467216261

### Chalk & Wax III

Chalk fallen from the cliffs of Rottingdean beach, wax.

A study of a coastal landscape in sculpture. Contrast of natural and artificial materials and forms. Wave-like ripples in the translucent wax base's walls are lit from beneath.



Chalk and Wax III >

The unworked chalk v





**Mary I and II**

Carved cuttlebone, ink.

Revealing the previously invisible structures found in natural artefacts through simple material manipulation, while referencing the image of the Virgin Mary as a stoic protector.

Mary I >  
Mary II >>





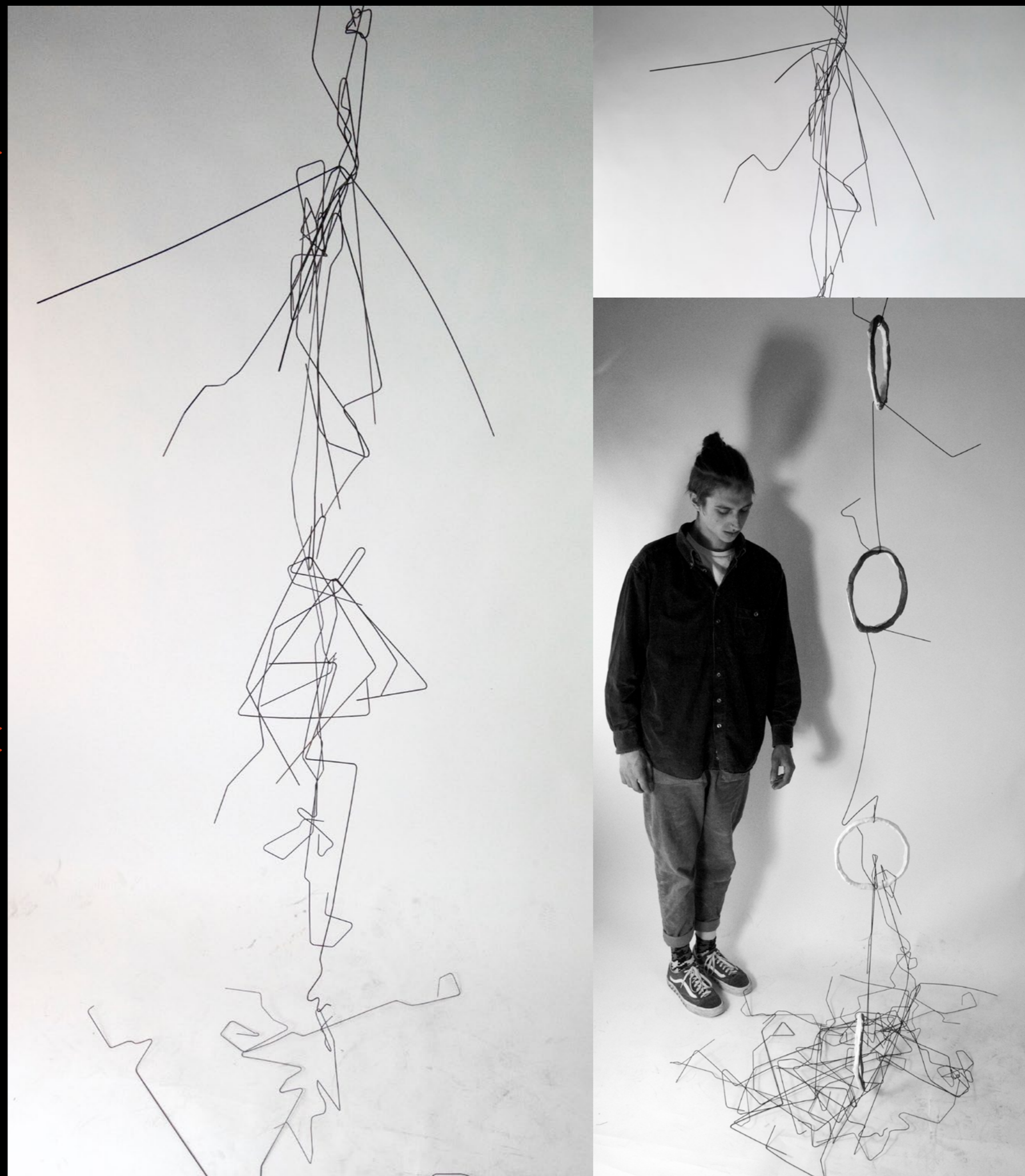
## Body of Bodies IV and V

Wire, modroc, plaster, red paint.

A series of sculptures creating skeletal bodies from assemblies of figurative wire drawings, taking influence from the forms and aesthetic qualities of Rene Burri's 1964 photograph *Dead Lotus Flowers on the Kunming Lake*.

Body of Bodies IV >>

Body of Bodies IV >  
Body of Bodies V >>





## Ice Cone

Corrugated cardboard, packing foam, thread, card, paint, staples.

Creating dual-purpose sculpture from recycled materials.

[Ice Cone as lampshade >](#)  
[Ice Cone as sculpture v](#)





## Light Drawing

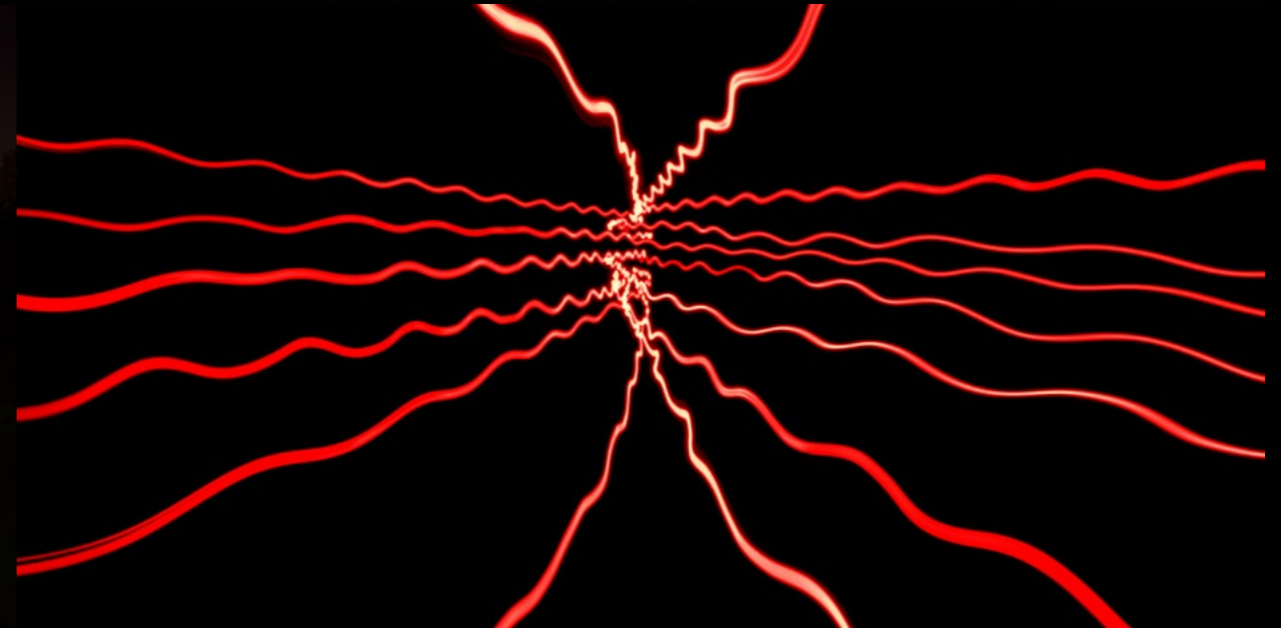
Steel wool, bike lights, image composoting/manipulation.

An long-ongoing series of Drawings made through long-exposure photography and light-painting techniques.

Spider >



Metamorphosis >>  
Unmodified original for Spider >





**Street Photography**  
35mm colour negative.

photographs studying visual patterns and human behaviours within urban environments.

Orange Arc >  
Dive Sign v





## Graphic Design & Photography

For my solo music project, *Demon, Eat This*, on all digital music platforms:  
album/single covers and lyric booklets.

v Nothing New Three song EP

vv Cyst and Wax single artworks

vvv Murmurations lyric booklet

Murmurations album artwork >





## Graphic Design & Photography

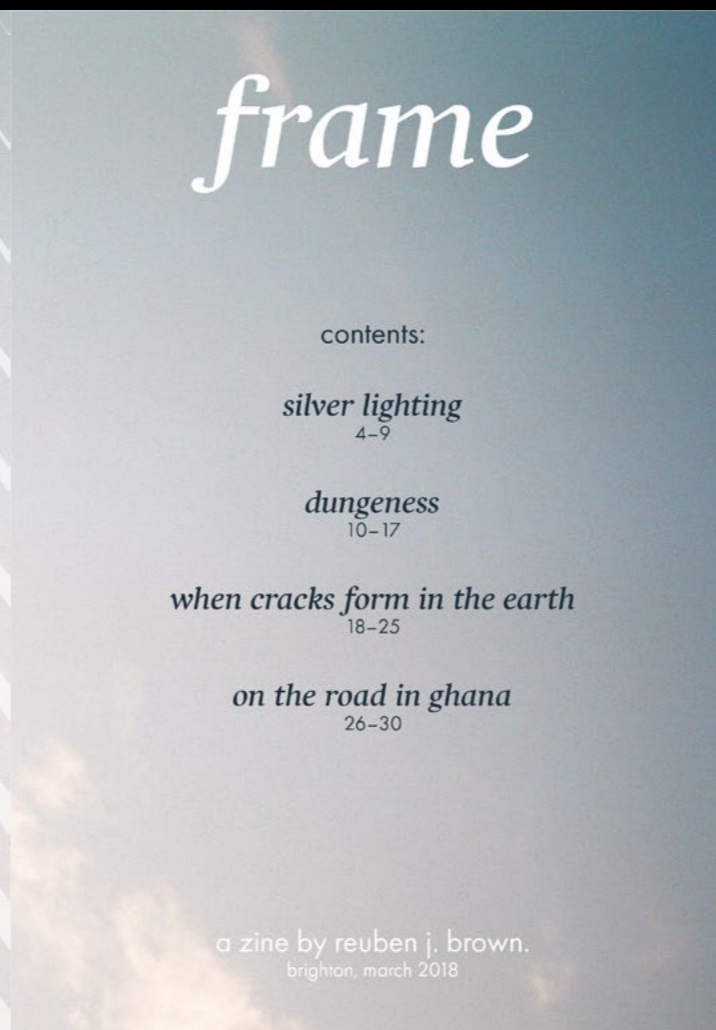
For a self-produced zine, *Frame*. Focusing on pairing typefaces and type layout, complementing narrative photographic stories.

front cover >  
contents >>  
rear cover >>>

feature story >

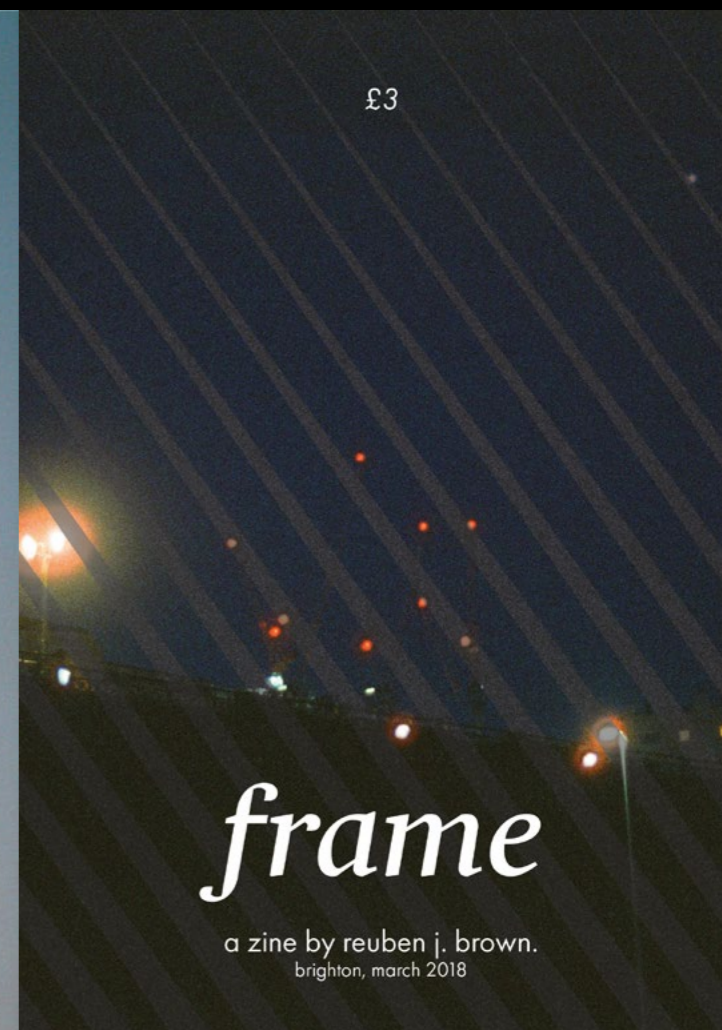


a zine by reuben j. brown.  
brighton, march 2018



contents:  
*silver lighting*  
4-9  
*dungeness*  
10-17  
*when cracks form in the earth*  
18-25  
*on the road in ghana*  
26-30

a zine by reuben j. brown.  
brighton, march 2018



£3

a zine by reuben j. brown.  
brighton, march 2018

## on the road in: g h a n a



a photographic diary:  
frames seen on the road between the cities of akosombo,  
kumasi, and cape coast



one:  
billboards on billboards on  
billboards



four:  
running home

ghana,  
february, 2017

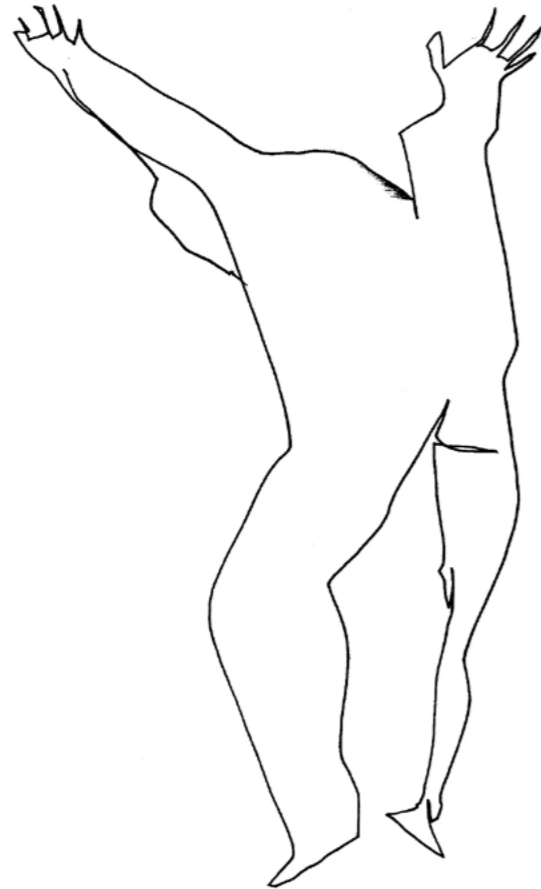


# Life Drawing

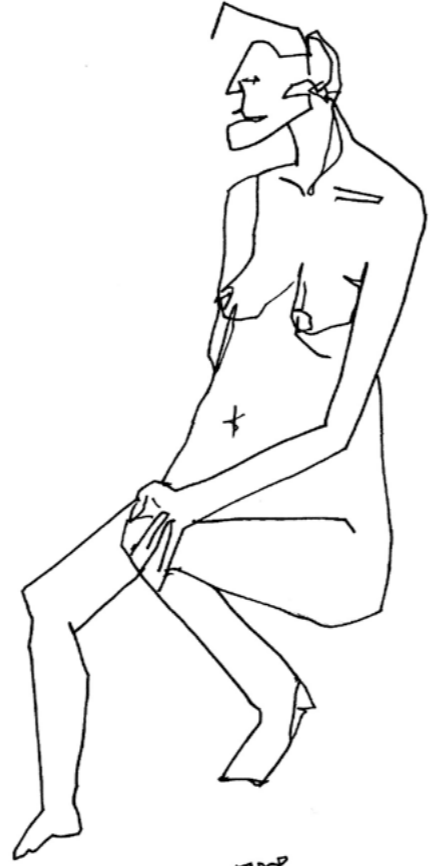
Pen on paper.

I regularly attend figure drawing classes, working from brief sketches up to extended studies.

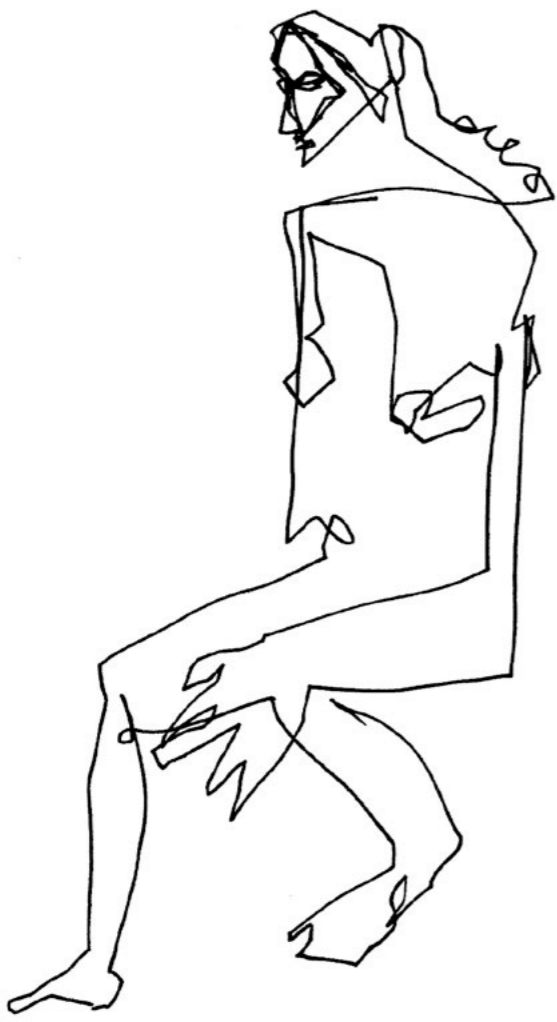
- 30 second blind >
- 60 second semi-blind >>
- 30 minute >>>



1st yr



2nd yr



- 30 second blind >
- 20 minute >>



20



35



## My Street

Red pencil, graphite, pen

Young, us boys. *Playing out.* Running from and towards each other down alleyways. We learned every gap in every bush and pressed the glass chips of low walls into our hands time and again, until hopping them became muscle memory. We learned the favourite hiding places of every cat, and they became ours too — then ambushed, and lungs burning in a sprint I didn't know I had.

I learned the underside of every car. Me, the youngest one, collecting footballs kicked astray, grazing elbow on asphalt, and red all down my arm, leaving drips on the ground like footprints and smiling through it till sundown and inside.

Me and another, eleven, writing names of the girls we loved down a little alleyway that sometimes had a smell I didn't yet recognise.

Back to kicking footballs against a wall in the churchyard; games of four letter words I learned from those older boys. We in a circle keep it in the air. I'm on letter *I* and the ball kicked high, high. And we all a sharp intake of breath, filling our lungs to shout *Spikes!*, them and ball deflating in an instant.

