



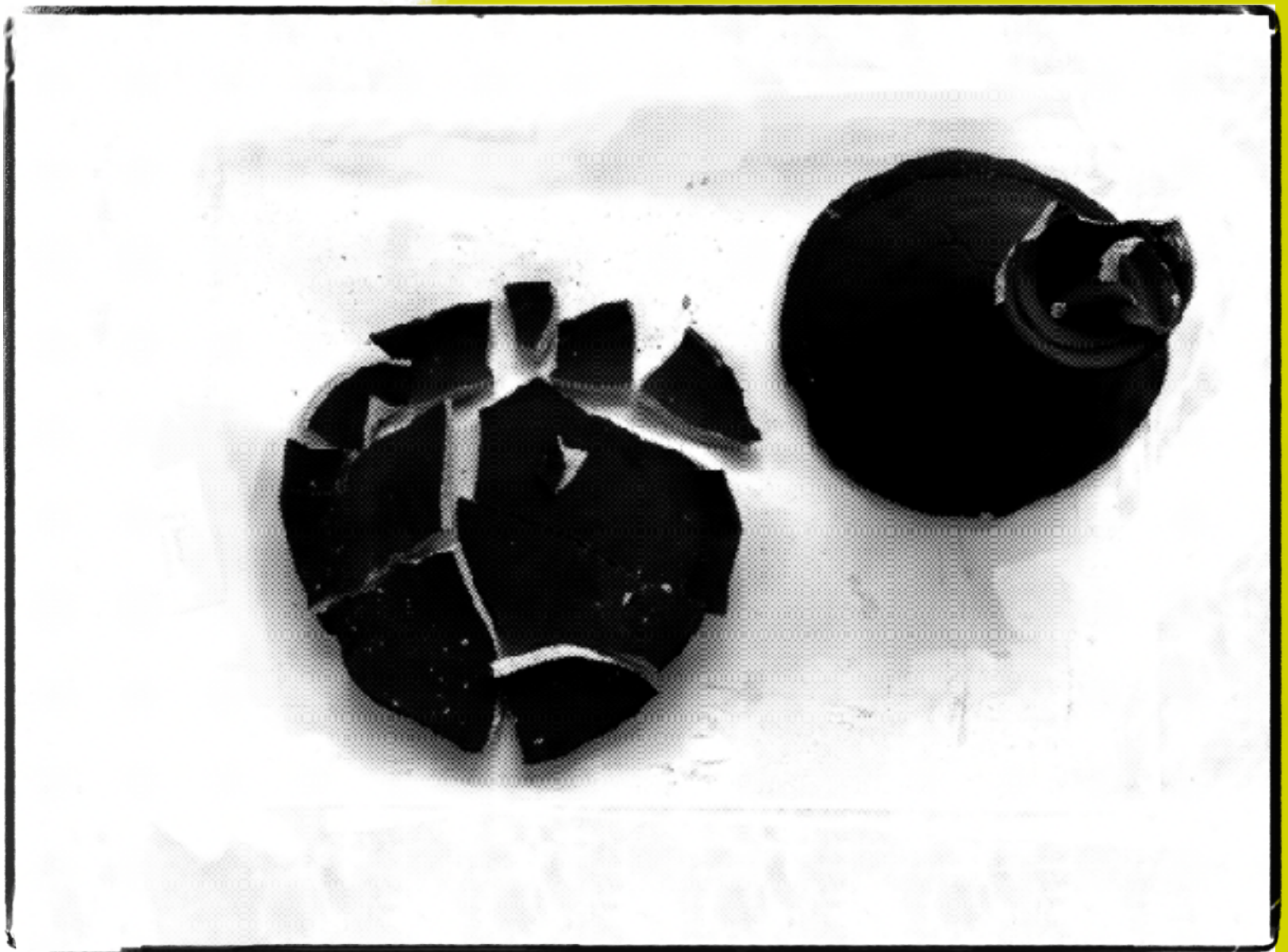
Camden Biennale '26

**The Bomb Factory Art
Foundation x William
Ellis School**

Foreword

Immortal Pieces

By Mordjana Kara Abdellah



“For this project, I wanted to share a meaningful part of my culture and heritage that deserves a place at the table. As a proud Algerian, I carry a deep sense of pride and connection to my country and its history. Algeria endured 132 years of French colonisation, during which immense suffering and loss occurred before the country finally gained independence. Through this ceramic piece, I wanted to honour the resilience, strength, and unity of the Algerian people.

I chose to represent this through a traditional Tagine, an object that holds strong cultural significance within Algerian households. Beyond its practical use, the Tagine symbolises community, tradition, and togetherness, often bringing people together through shared meals and cultural customs.

The cracks within the Tagine represent the pain, struggle, and lasting impact of colonisation. However, rather than hiding these fractures, I highlighted them using gold, inspired by the Japanese technique of Kintsugi, the art of repairing broken pottery with precious materials. The gold-filled cracks symbolise hope, healing, resilience, and the strength that can emerge from hardship. The dark tones reflect the suffering and difficult history Algeria experienced, while the gold emphasises perseverance and renewal.

Although the cracks were initially accidental, I chose to embrace them and transform them into an essential part of the piece’s meaning. Through this work, I wanted to celebrate the power of unity and show how communities can come together to overcome suffering, preserve their identity, and find strength through adversity.”

The Shared Platter

By Aidan Alavey



Unsubmitted text.

Tan Tan Tan Tan

By Orie Bradley



“Bowl deep.

Steam high.

Sesame gold. Catch the eye.

Red oil.

Neon slick.

Silk broth.

Noodles thick.

Sichuan hum. Numbing sting.

Creamy glow. Everything.

Mincemeat rain.

Bok choy snap.

Umami pulse. Flavour trap.

Rich tan.

Deep hue.

Start fast.

Vibe through.

No fluff.

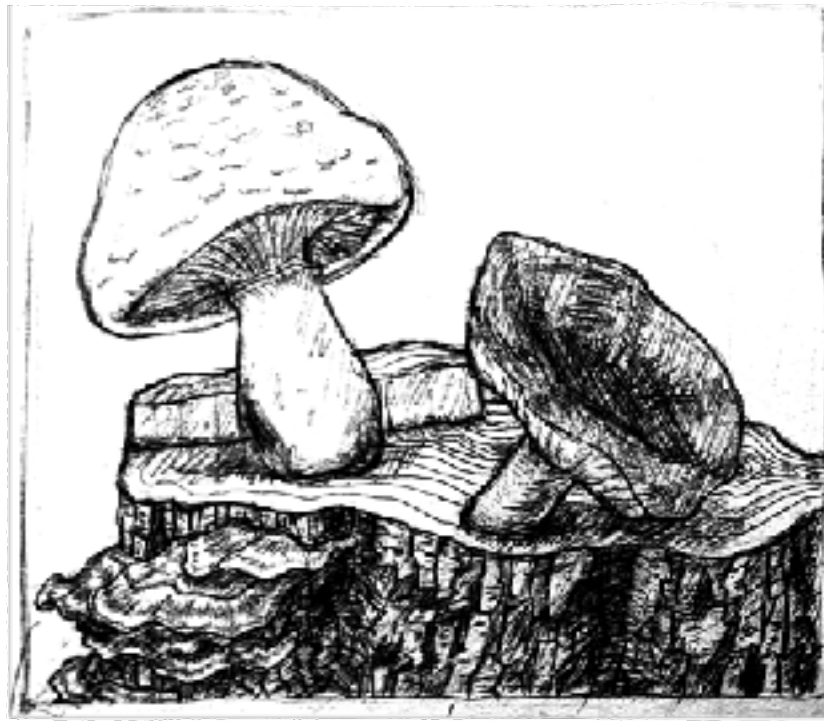
Just heat.

The only tan You'll ever need.”

Fungal Frustration

By Nicholas Brimah





Many shapes, colours

Beauty in decay -
Fungus

Is this one toxic?

Distinct earth smell

Anticipating the dish

Texture: Firm, ...
chewy?

Good...Dish addition

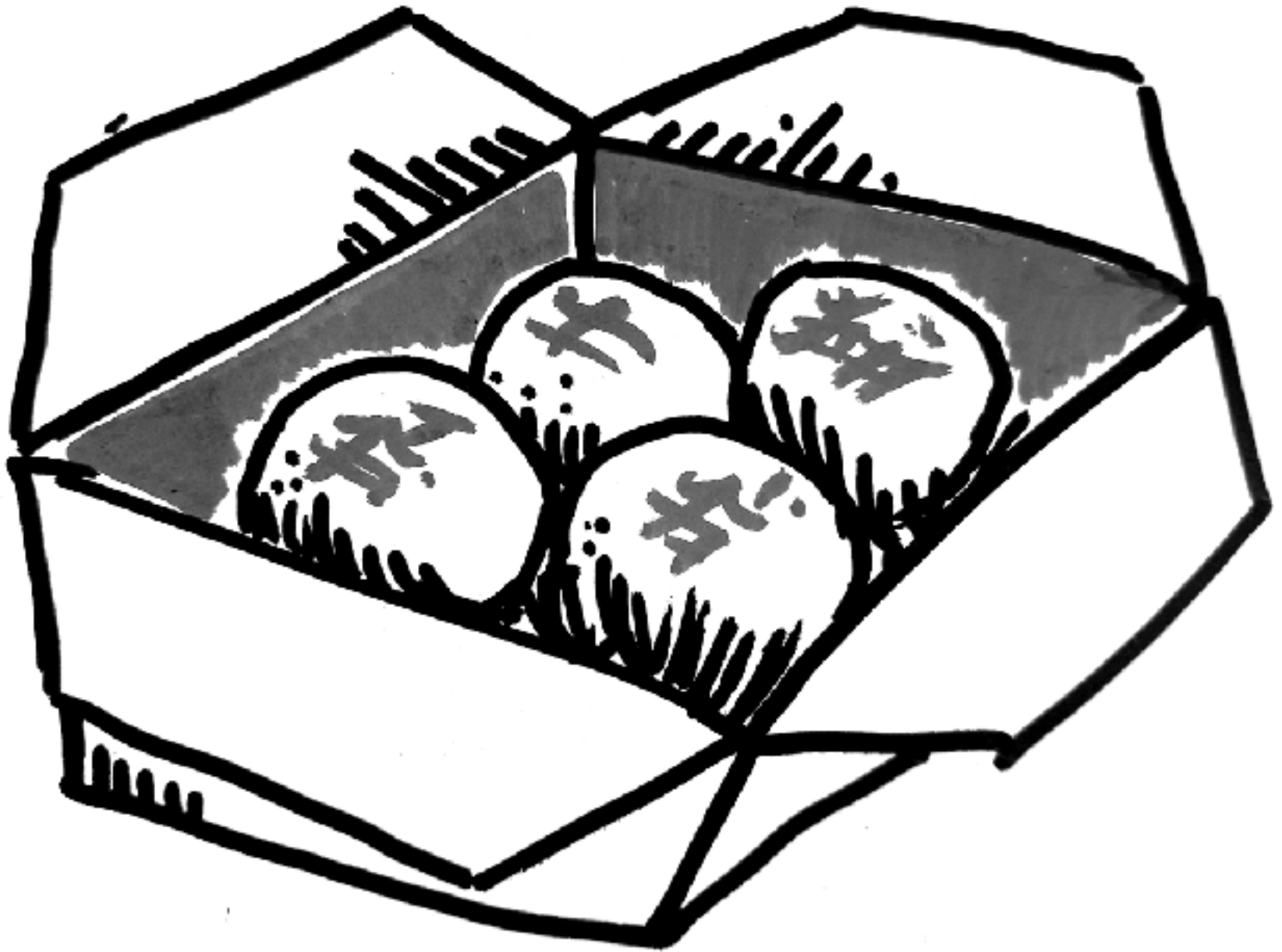
But taste? No more
than OK

“Woah, mushrooms!”
me: “Blegh!”

Boa Buns

By Faith Hannah Pearson





“Lyla, d'you remember that day we went to China Town after shopping in central with the rest of the crew. It was getting kinda dark and I was just so hungry and you'd been saying how good they are all day. We got there and all squashed into the line, banging jokes and I was deciding which flavour to get OBVIOUSLY I got BBQ pork when do I not pick BBQ. Freddie got his box first and they were just so cute I HAD to take a picture for the gram. Me and you shared a box and they were so good, hot and yummy just made me want 20 more. We hung around cracking more jokes and taking cute pictures. And I remember it being around Christmas time so all we had to worry about was fun gifts to get people. That was such a fun time. Let's run it back.”

Fine Dining

By Sandie Hammond Richards



"I remember that special day,

I was your helper for the day,

We walked through the winter London streets,

To a fancy hotel,

I held the camera, you held the mic,

Once we exited we strolled down the lanes

looking at the festive, overpriced deserts through the
glass

Then entering that nice restaurant,

A gust of warmth as we step inside,

Greeted by the velvet bows tied onto the glimmering
tree,

The pine scent traveling up my nose as we wait to be
seated.

I ask you if I can order the oysters because I've never
tried them,

You agree as today is special.

Everything comes served in tiny portions as that's what
happens in posh places.

So unlike our usual style, this day sticks in my mind

And I am tied to you. forever."

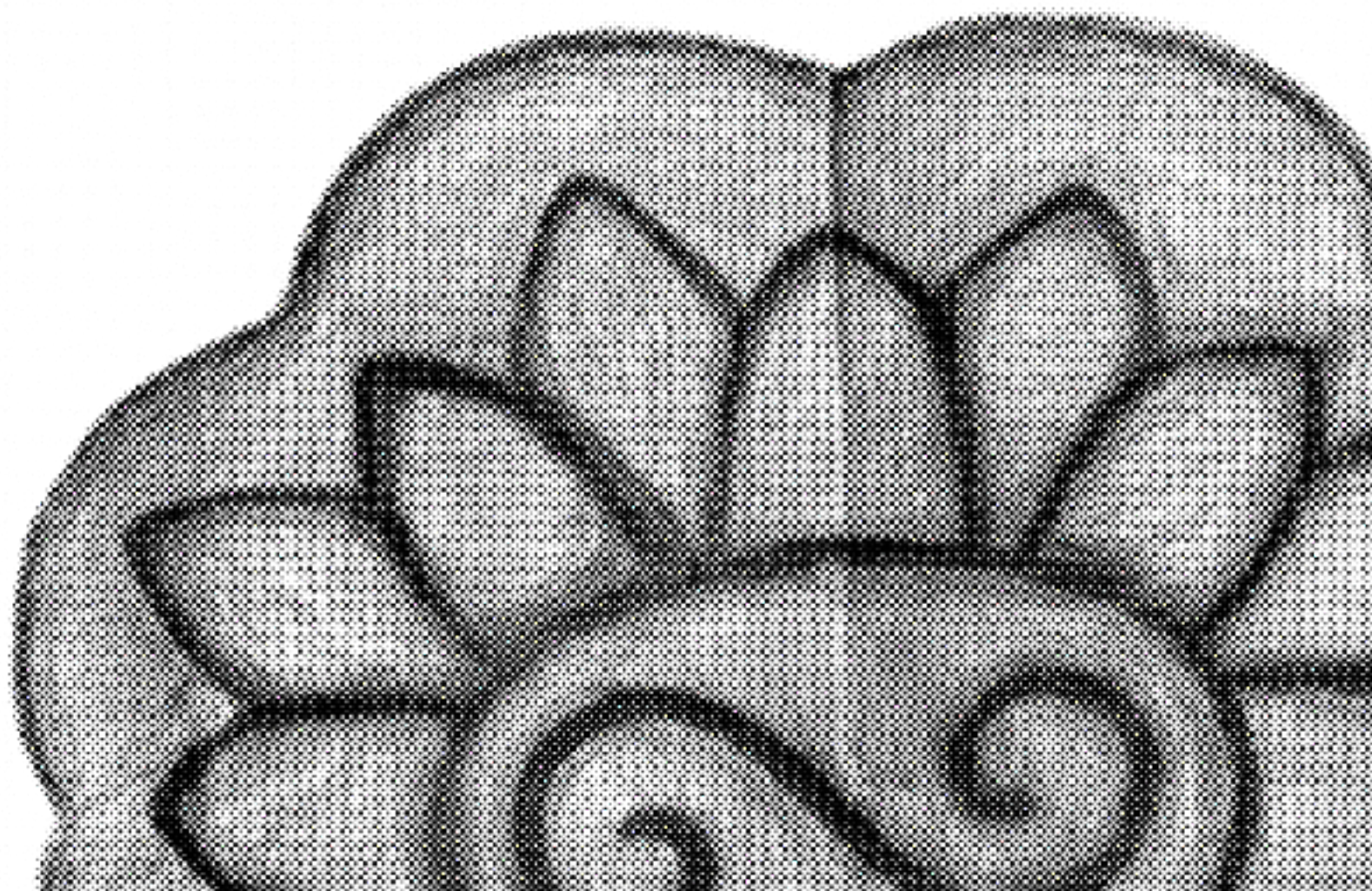
Mooncake

By Katherine Kerr



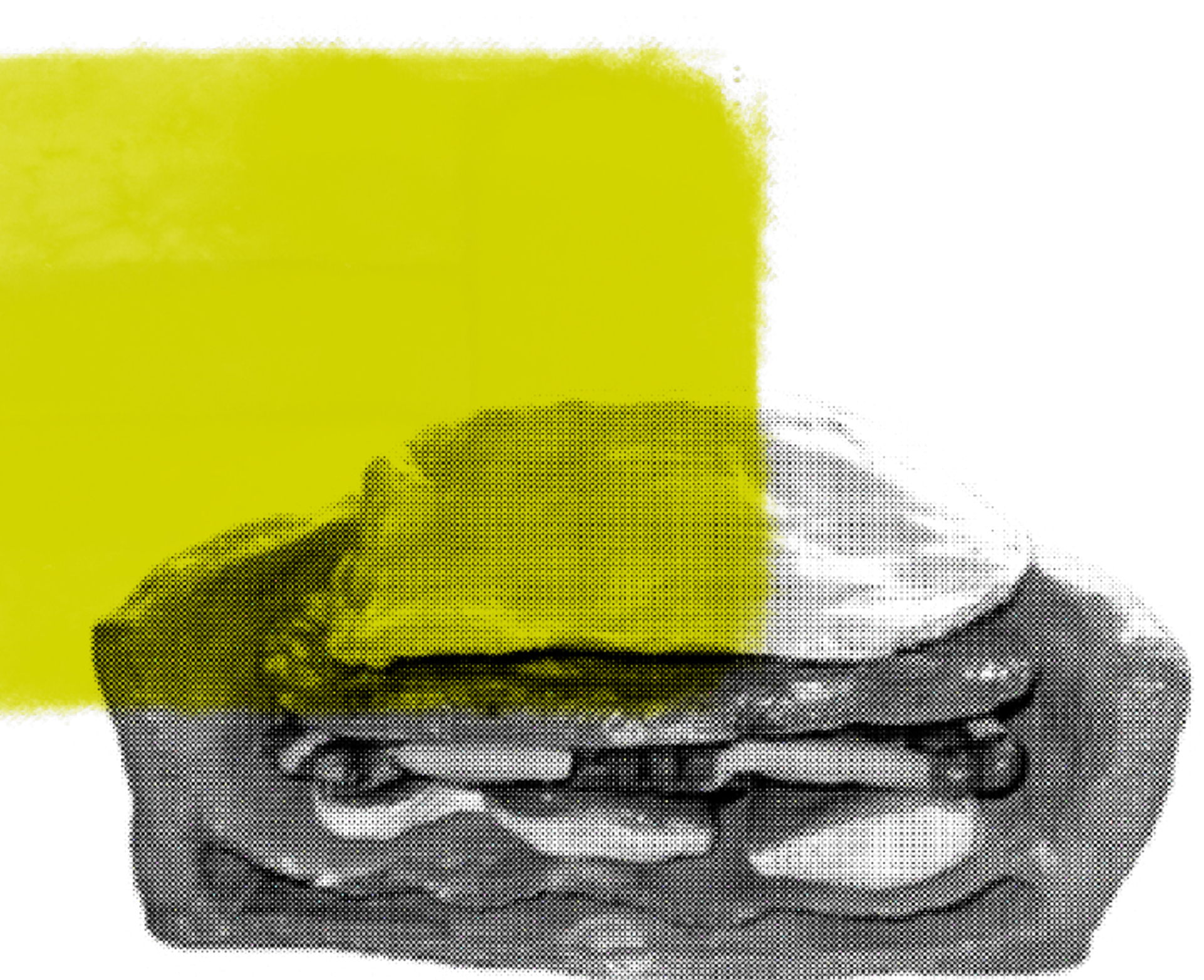
“For me, this mooncake represents a significant part of the Chinese culture that I got the privilege of being acquainted to when I lived in Hong Kong. The first time I had a mooncake was in a Lunar New Year festival which took place in a room flooded with colourful lanterns, disco lights, music and joyful groups dancing together. Being only seven at the time, I initially felt out of place as I was stuck in a room full of adults I didn’t know, most of whom spoke a different language but suddenly, a woman working at a food stall spoke to me and handed me a mooncake. I eagerly ripped open the plastic packaging and took a big bite of the mooncake in pure excitement. Within seconds the flavours became overwhelmingly sweet and the aftertaste was too unfamiliar to appreciate so once the woman left I had to spit it out. Although I wasn’t a fan of the mooncake itself, the memory of feeling so welcomed into a festival that radiated such a profound sense of community and cultural pride truly lingered with me (longer than the aftertaste of the mooncake).

With my ceramic, I wanted to encapsulate the funky atmosphere of the festival and how I felt. The design of the curved petals protruding out of the centre mirrors how the groups of people danced hand in hand, expressing their shared passion for their culture. The bright orange designs stand out from the muted colour palette symbolising the quirky combination of admiring the atmosphere in awe and excitement.”



The Great Yorkshire Pudding

By Anaiyah Williams



“One singular Christmas. A couple of years back, I was sitting on my sofa, with a pillow on my lap, my warm plate, with a delicious aroma spread throughout the house. My family sat beside me, with their own meals, my youngest brother being loud and distracting from the cringe Christmas movie playing on the tv.

This year, my family got me my own giant Yorkshire pudding. Every year at Christmas I would layer all the other parts of my dinner inside a Yorkshire pudding and eat it like a stack. I'd always ask if I could have more Yorkshire puddings to eat it that way, and sometimes there weren't any left. This year, I had enough for the rest of my dinner. I was so happy and grateful that they remembered something so little and insignificant, and had a cted upon it, just for me.

The layers are important. I always put the meat at the bottom, I only ever had the turkey, I didn't like the lamb. One was cooked by my mum, the other by my nan. I wasn't a big fan of meat regardless so it went to the bottom. Then I put the peas and carrots, to fit between the spaces, I had a neutral opinion about them, but its good to be healthy. Then, the stuffing, my mum would always make it flat against a tray and cut into squares which I would reform on my plate. I got to do the mash potatoes sometimes which went on the top, to seal the food together.

My stepdad, who played with my brothers chaotically with their new toys would also cut the meat and usually help out with something food-wise. The pulling of crackers, which their sharp pop, temporarily stealing the spotlight with their flimsy paper crowns and ridiculous jokes. My cat, Paws, black cat, would always sit beside me, or above me, sometimes even meow, he loved Christmas dinner, because sometimes he would get some leftover meat. While my mums cat, Eliza, a tabby, would glare at him for being greedy, at least I thought she was.

My piece is made to remember the old times of togetherness at Christmas. My family is full of different personalities, tolerability and age gaps which are overcome for one evening. One day, when me and my brothers grow up, we might not have the same people over at Christmas for who knows what reasons. So, my piece is about my most memorable Christmas, of love, and joy.”

Does The Snack Have Your Back?

By Ava Outram



I am at my friend's birthday party at the age of four and someone has just broken through the piñata.

Mum: Ava? Don't you want to get some sweets like the others?

Other kids: Sweets. Ahhh.

Ava: I'm waiting until everyone's gone so I have space to think about what I want.

Mum: But all of the sweets will be gone by the time you get there.

Ava: It's okay.

The children have cleared and I walk over to see that the sweets have in fact gone. However, the Freddo is still waiting patiently.

Ava. Mum! I got a Freddo.

It's okay because I don't like sweets as much as I love a Freddo.

I am 6 and am at the local newsagent with my mum. I see the Freddos on the shelf at my eye level, recalling the memory.

Ava: Mum? Can I have a Freddo?

Mum: Not right now, Ava. No point paying that much for something so little.

Ava: Why? I used to have them before.

Mum: It's to do with the government.

Ava: oh.

Tea

By Halima Wahid Hakim



2pm. Rain violently dances upon the patio in the garden. Typical weather for London with its skies of grey and blue. The kettle is on. Lina sits, legs crossed on the sofa, holding her phone. She is reading a recipe from it.

Lina(out loud to herself): First boil water. Okay, done. Second, add the boiled water to the tea bag. Right.

There is the sound of the kettle dying down. It stops completely. She reaches the shelf for a teacup but when her hands meet it, the cup drops.

Lina: Shit.

Lina stares at the display of fractured ceramic once safely sat upon the shelf, now humiliated on the kitchen tiled floor. Its body is dishevelled and the fragments stare meekly up at her. She knew it was just a cup but she couldn't help feeling something while looking at this sorry mess.

The front door opens. Someone is taking off their shoes. Lina snaps out of her trance.

Lina: Oh. Hey.

Talha enters the stage.

Talha: Hi. Is no one else home yet?

Lina: No, no. Not yet.

Talha: Okay, well I need to leave soon for practice. He now notices the fractured teacup. Is that-?

lina: Oh. Yeah. I don't know what happened. I just, you know,dropped it. I was trying to make some tea. You know, mum always says we need to learn how to.

Talha(still looking at the pieces): You better fix that. Like now, mum's meant to be home soon. He frowns, shaking his head. Her favourite one. You're in trouble.

Lina: Want to help?

Talha(sighing): Fine.

Piping Hot

By Bay Lyddon



I remember never being able to finish my own cups of tea, only my parents cups. But on winter nights around 8pm when our meal has been finished and the glaring main light is swapped for various warm lamps. When 3 ceramic cups and a large white teapot are set on a narrow wooden table in a deep hague blue room with shelves filled with old vinyl and art books. A piping cup of fresh mint tea with my mother and sister is not something I can turn down. With a programme humming on the TV and the end of the evening edging closer, the tea's heat nips the tips of my fingers and the cup is set down on the side. Then, when the cup is finished, and I've reached the dregs, I slowly make my way up to bed.

My piece is inspired by Judy Chicagos feminist reimagining of the last Supper. The two patterns at the bottom of the cup represent the women before me by representing two of Chicagos plates denoting Georgia O'Keeffe and Virginia Woolf. The etched mark above the women before me represents me making my mark and responding to them, putting our voices at the table. Overall, this cup represents all the women before me and the rituals that inspire us.

Potatoes

By Isla Carleton



Unsubmitted text and image.

All The Things Passed Down From The Apples Before

By Alice Fisher





Apples from outer space!

Guaranteed talking point for homes big and small. Also suitable for spaces such as gardens, parks and shopfronts thriving on popularity and human interaction to soothe its relentless hunger. Invite them in for dinner!

They won't bite.

Tea Machine

By Lyla Trippier



Unsubmitted text.

Come Dine with Leaf

By Louis Deufemia



***SCENE BEGINS WITH TWO FRIENDS -A AND B- ENTERING THE BACK OF A CAB, WAVING GOODBYE TO FRIEND C AS THEY DRIVE OFF.**

AFTER A BEAT OF SILENCE, FRIEND A SPEAKS UP.*

A: Was that legal?

B: Was what legal? Dinner?

A: The torture...

B: ...Torture? Were we sat at the same table?

A: Yes, torture! Did you not /see/ that cabbage?

B: Well... I saw the essence of it.

A: Er, the remains of it. It looked miserable!

B: It tasted miserable.

A: At least you could taste anything.

B: It looked like a stain on my plate. Honestly, I thought it was.

A: Do you think it's a cultural thing?

B: Cultural?

A: Yes, boiling the soul out of it, C was talking about the irish famine

B: Yes, I'd be famished, too if that was all I ate.

Did they really not notice that boiling all the iron out wouldn't help?

A: I suppose cooking isn't what Ireland's known for best.

B: Hmm...Yes, I recon we should leave cabbage for pelting at criminals

A: I'm not sure we do that anymore.

B: We should, at least then it wouldn't be on my plate.

A: I suppose.

ANOTHER BEAT OF SILENCE FOLLOWS. EVENTUALLY, FRIEND B SPEAKS UP DIRECT THE DRIVER.

B: Yes, just here on the left, please—sir.

A: Finally... what are you getting?

B: Anything besides a salad.

THE CAR ROLLS TO A STOP, PARKED UP RIGHT OUTSIDE A MCDONALDS.

A: Fab! Cheers, Driver!

B: Have a wonderful evening!

THEY EXIT THE CAB, WALKING THROUGH THE DOORS OF THE MCDONALDS.

A: Who's hosting dinner next, then?

B: Anyone but C.

-FIN-

Hatred Of Olives

By Emanouela Duklaska



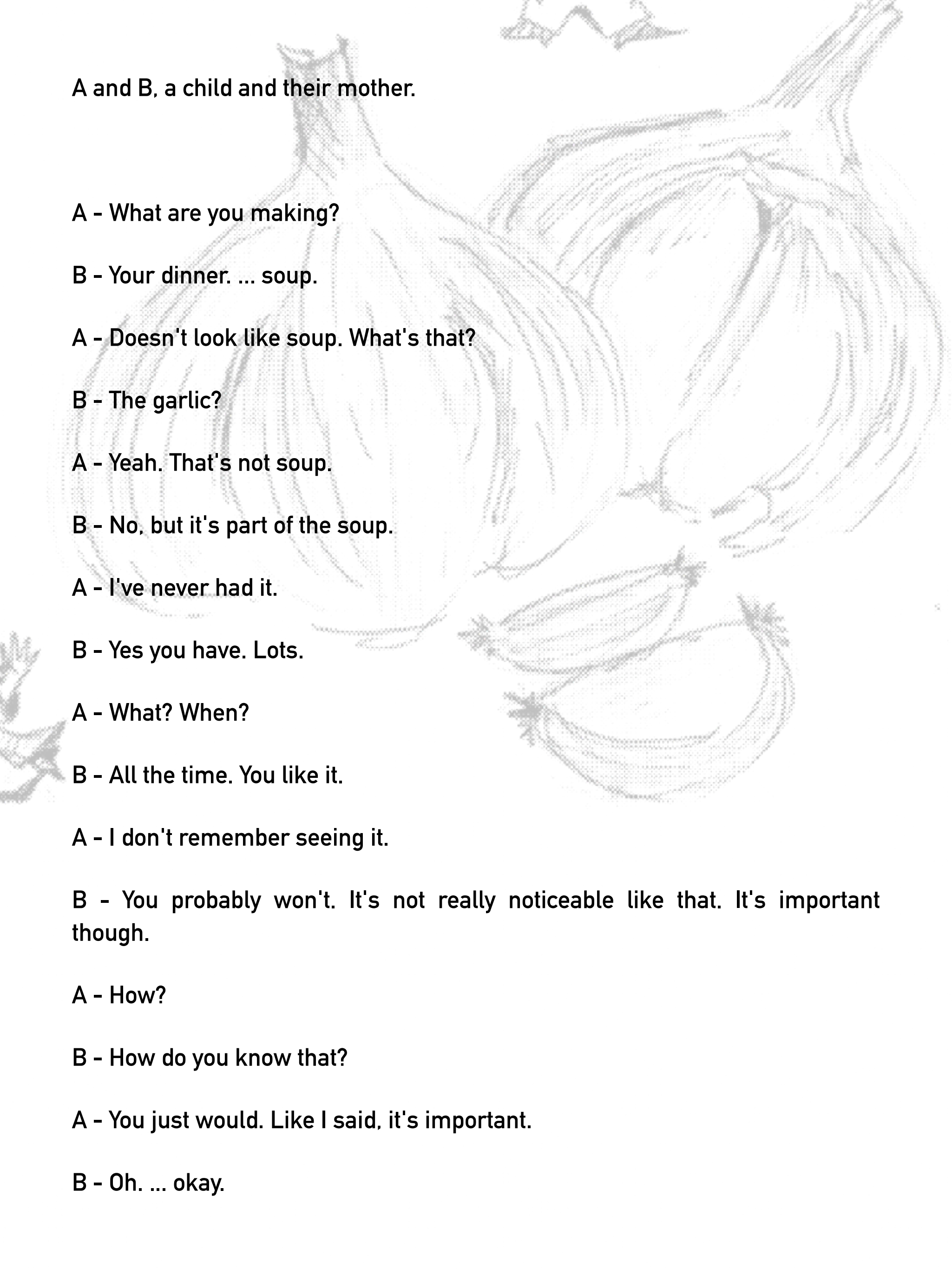


Growing up, I absolutely despised olives, and nothing about them has improved with age. The moment one touched my tongue, I felt hit with this overpowering mix of saltiness, bitterness, and oily brine that seemed to spread through my entire mouth and cling to my teeth for hours. The texture somehow made it even worse, soft and squishy on the outside but strangely firm in the middle, like a food that couldn't decide what it wanted to be. Every Greek family meal became a battle because everyone around me acted as if olives were some sacred treasure, while I sat there trying not to gag from the smell alone. My mum became so desperate to convince me to eat one that she once offered me dolls as a reward if I managed to swallow a single olive without complaining. Even with bribery, I still couldn't understand why people enjoyed them. To this day, I'm convinced that most people secretly hate olives but pretend to love them because they want to look cultured or sophisticated. As a Greek person, admitting I hate olives feels almost illegal, but honestly, I'll defend that opinion forever.

Garlic

By Scarlett Mason





A and B, a child and their mother.

A - What are you making?

B - Your dinner. ... soup.

A - Doesn't look like soup. What's that?

B - The garlic?

A - Yeah. That's not soup.

B - No, but it's part of the soup.

A - I've never had it.

B - Yes you have. Lots.

A - What? When?

B - All the time. You like it.

A - I don't remember seeing it.

B - You probably won't. It's not really noticeable like that. It's important though.

A - How?

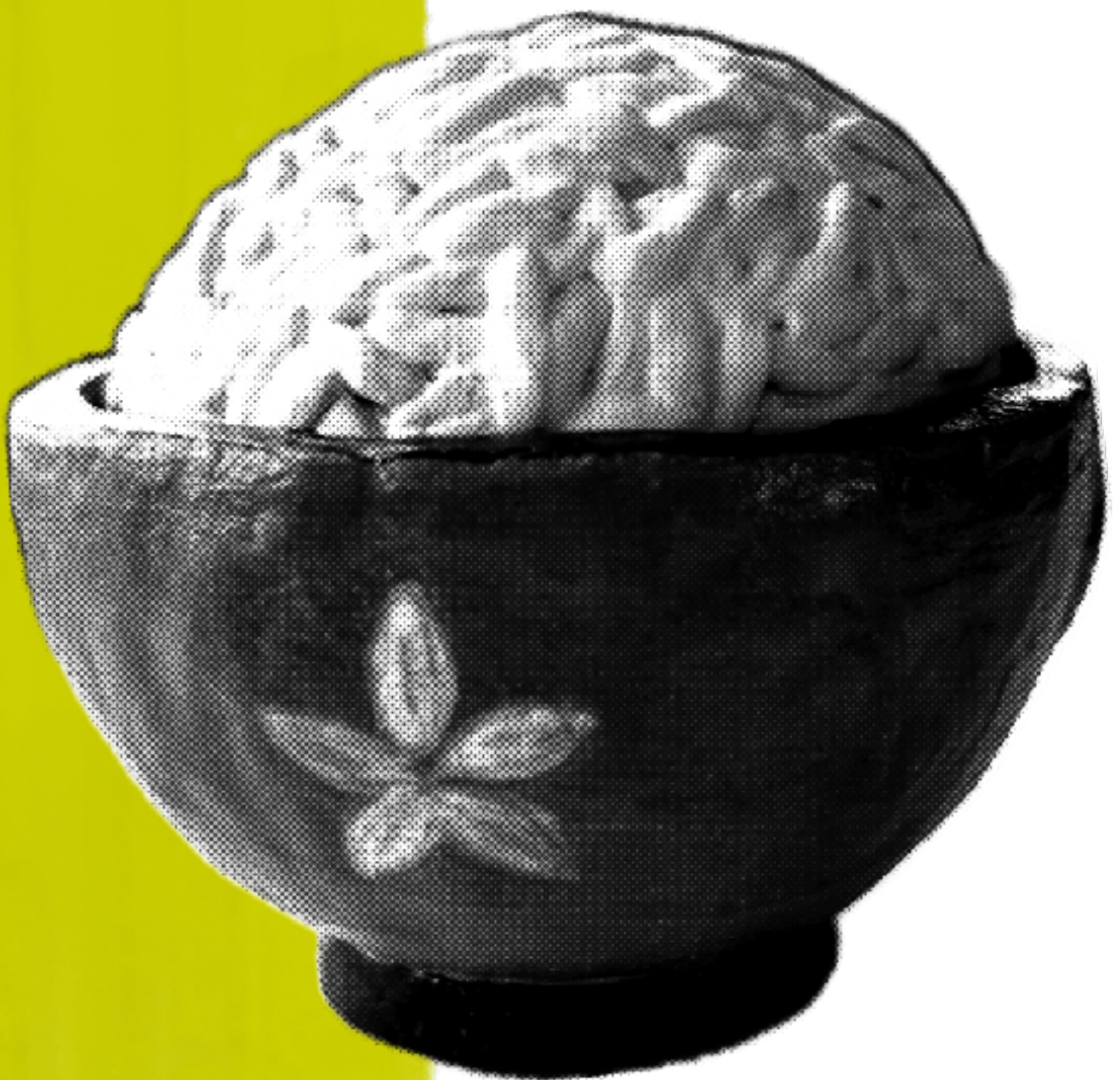
B - How do you know that?

A - You just would. Like I said, it's important.

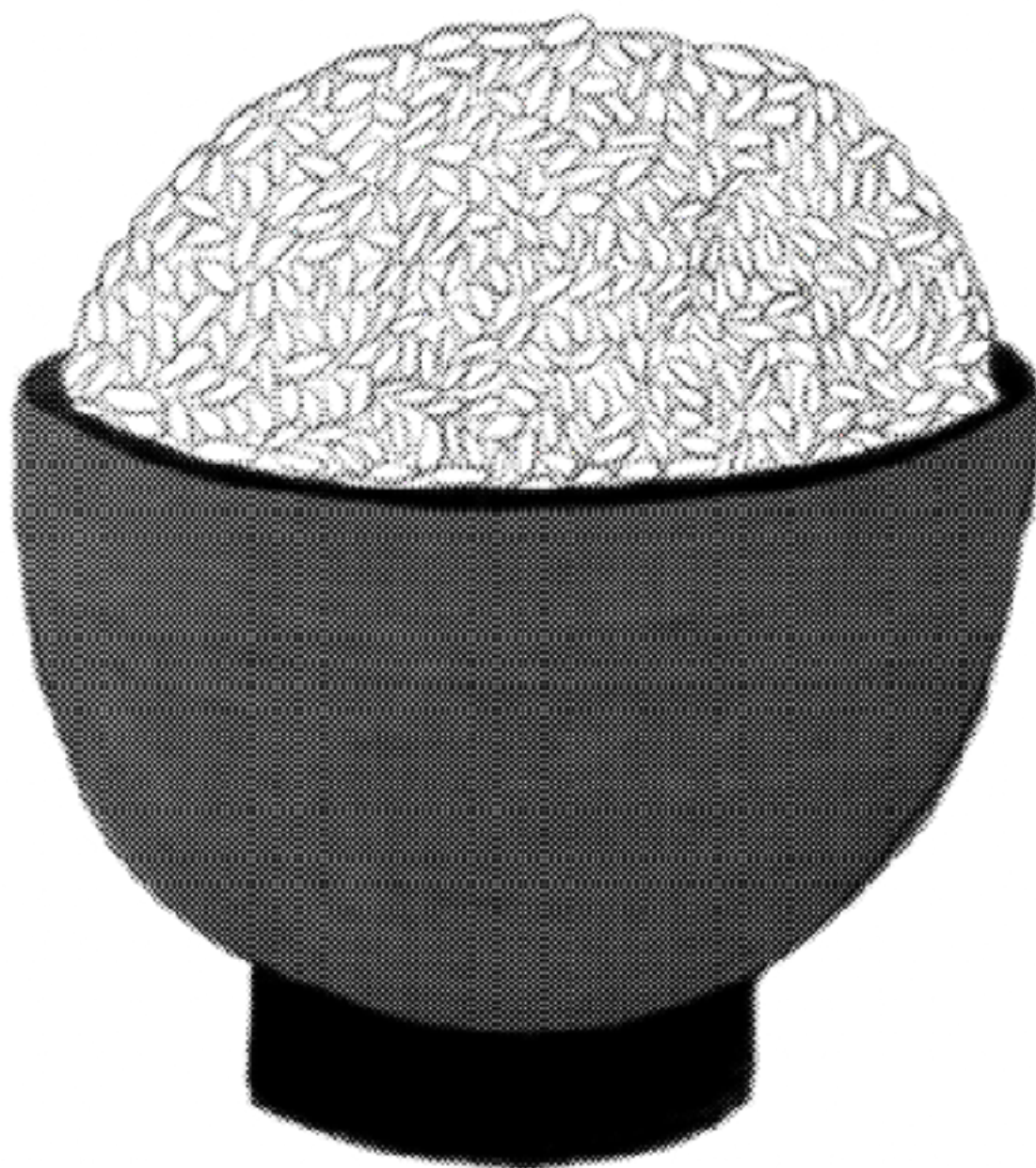
B - Oh. ... okay.

Comfort Food

By Zoe Handscomb-Williams



Whenever I'm ill, or feeling down, or maybe just out of dinner ideas, I get out the red plastic rice cooker that's probably older than I am. I measure out the rice- 2 cups of rice to 3 cups water, then microwave for ten minutes. I tear open a small packet of furikake, a Japanese seasoning that's the perfect blend of sesame seeds, dried seaweed and a third ingredient that may not be strictly vegetarian. But the ingredients are all written in Japanese so I give it the benefit of the doubt. Sprinkle it over the rice, and its the perfect amount to give it some flavour but retain the delicious plainness that makes it so comforting. And then I stop feeling ill, stop feeling sad, forget about the troubles of the day for a few brief moments as I am transported back to carefree days at my nanas house and sick days off school in front of the TV. And that is why rice is my comfort food.



Pavlova, Did You Know It Would Happen?

By Alannah Nicolas



This morning I woke at 5am with an inescapable hunger, that's when I knew I was severely jet lagged. My mind wandered to those mini pavlova cakes sitting in the fridge from the party last night, waiting. The ones I associated with bliss when all my cousins visited us in the hotel, all surrounding that coffee table, eating pavlova. I carefully crept out of bed, stumbling in the darkness and answering the pavlova's call. My hands brushed the rough walls through the dark and I felt the carpet turn to icy stone as I entered the kitchen.

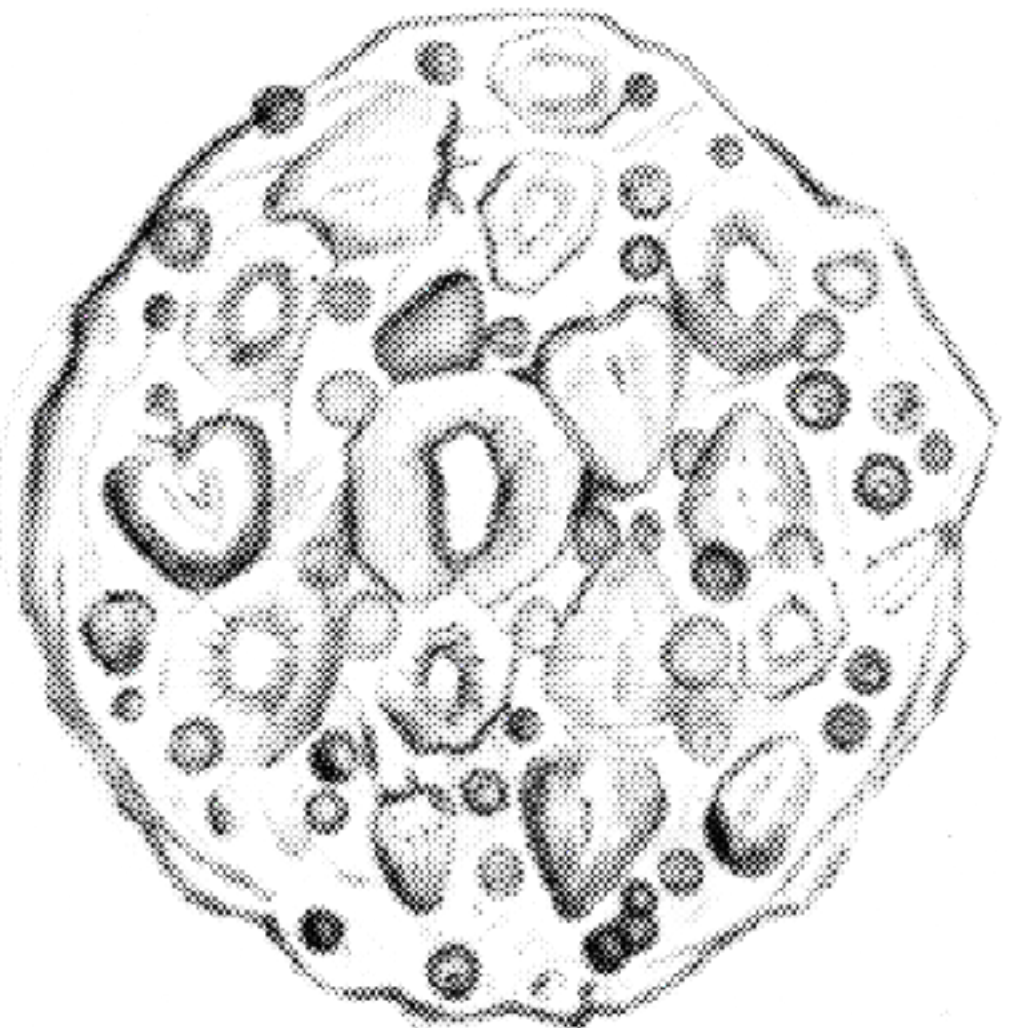
Complete darkness painted that hotel balcony, and a flicker of light caught my eye through the crack of my parent's door. Mums awake.

She prepared 2 pavlovas for us; midnight blue blueberries and dark red strawberries sprinkled on top of the thick, creamy whip that sat above the meringue. I remember the distinct yoghurt-y taste of the whip; unlike any other pavlova I had ever had before. Different.

We sat on the couch; the air was so fresh. That indescribable kind of warm freshness in the air that I've only felt on Australian mornings. The perfect beginning to the perfect day - until it wasn't. My mouth worked on the brittle and delicate outside of the meringue with the slightly sticky inside as my mum smiled while finishing her pavlova.

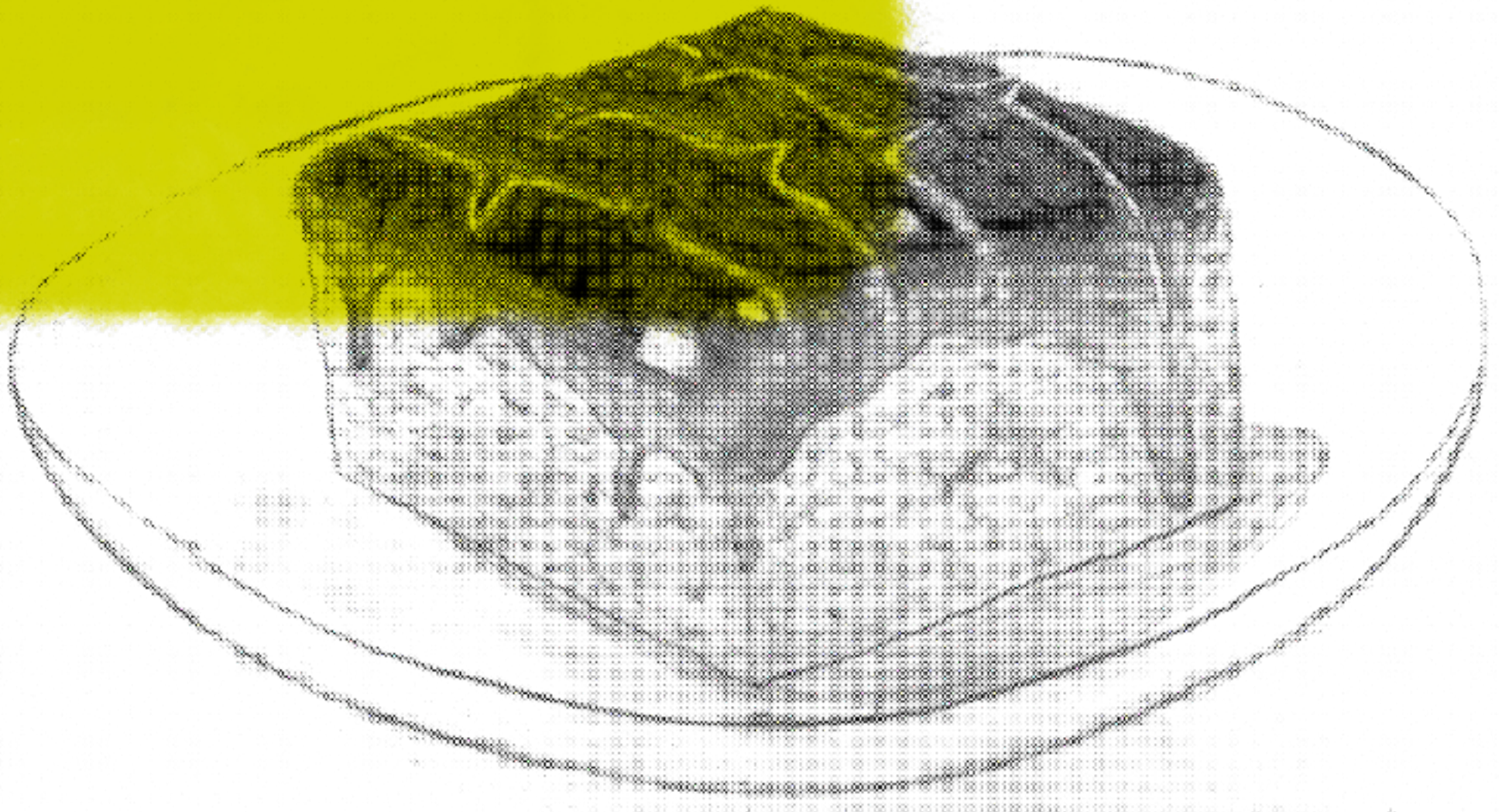
Did she know it would happen?

Did she know? I didn't.



The Milk Cake

By Brandon Gjuta





It was my first time eating the desert Trileçe - it is a light creamy milk cake, topped in a layer of caramel sauce, usually having a very eye catching repeating pattern on the top of the sauce. My first time trying this amazing desert was at my grandparents house in Albania, where I was sitting in the living room when my grandma gave me my first slice of Trileçe, when I first tried it I fell in love with the sweet, creamy milk flavour which works really well with the caramel sauce to create a delicious flavour.

