

AFTER WE EAT...

A film by:

Margot Wilson

Ruo Du

Tyler Potter

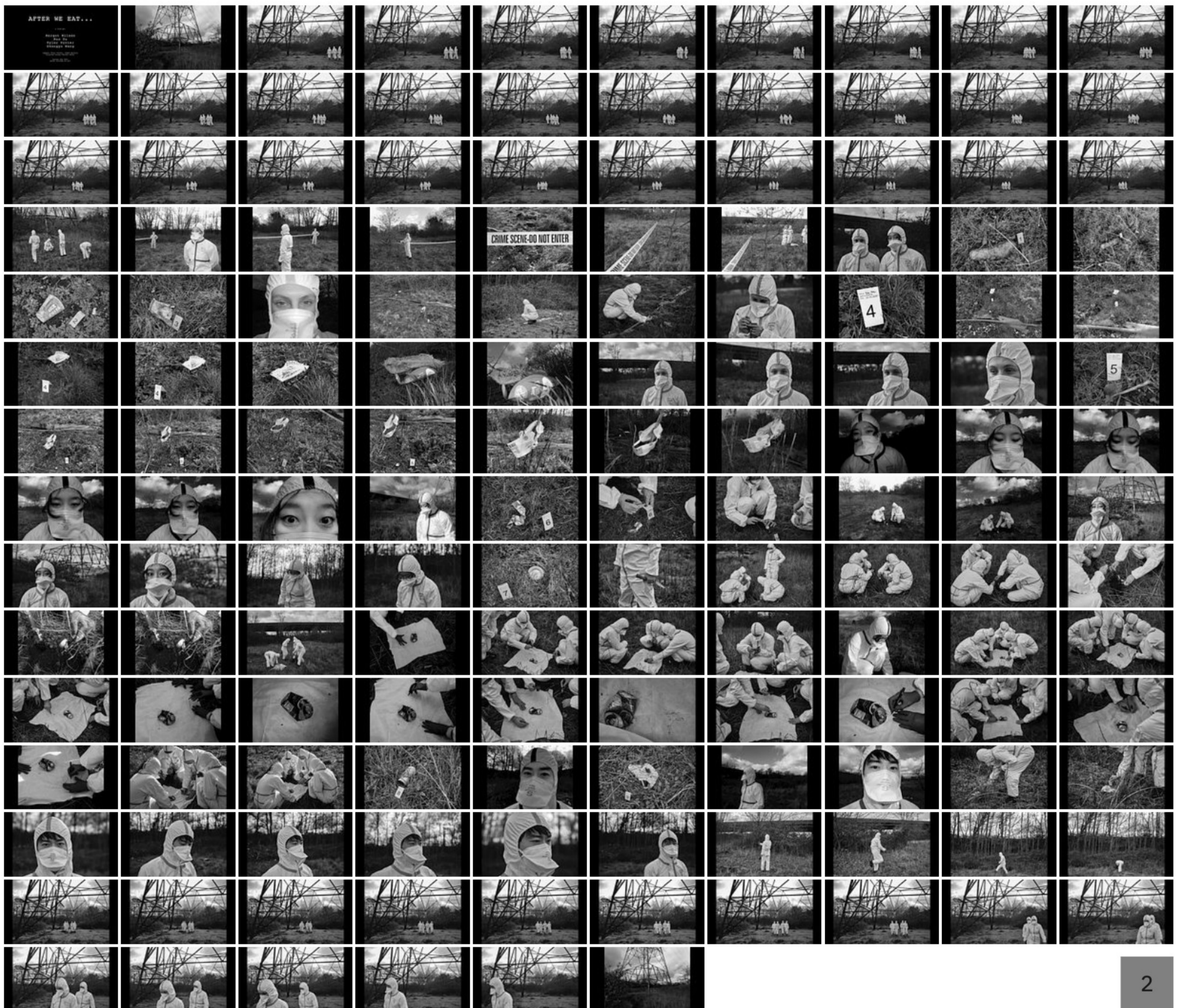
Zhongyu Wang

Images: Tyler Potter, James Merrell
Original sound: Marcus Herne

Across RCA 2024
Royal College of Art

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WA3qsqIrj18>

In our contemporary world, the act of eating has become intertwined with a myriad of complex issues ranging from environmental degradation and societal responsibility, to the earnest pursuit of colonising space. "After We Eat," a practice led visual art project, contemplates a future archaeological landscape set on a 2074 dystopian earth. Through a speculative narrative that unfolds against the backdrop of a post-capitalist world, abandoned by the global rich and tech-billionaires bent on the colonisation of other planets: "After We Eat" invites viewers to reflect on the legacy of petroleum-based packaging and treatment of our home as a garbage vessel. Inspired by Chris Marker's filmic approach of compiling stills, the video uses disrupted visual storytelling and spoken word poetry to glimpse a possible future where the unbridled pursuit of capital growth results in both the unprivileged and our planet being cast aside. At its core, the project is a visual philosophy and forensic poetics both as method and outcome that use the stable image to convey the unstable world.



Dysfunctional carrier of fruit,
Why so many holes?

The peel... Mother Earth's faultless solution.
Was her genius not satisfactory?
Or did you just want to feel special?
Accomplished? Like it was your idea and not hers?
How selfish of you.

I'm not sure what to think of this...

Citrus, held twice?
Maybe it needed the extra hug? Was life so bad
back then?

Now the net hugs the earth, our home...
Suffocating it, suffocating us.

Did they not care? Not about their children? The
future?
How could our ancestors be so naive?

We've had to develop a thick skin, a rind of our
own...
Just to overcome the repercussions of your
foolishness.

Tyler Danielle Potter



In a world of wrappers, colorful and bright,
Where KitKats crinkle, catching the light,
A tale unfolds, a story so grim,
Of wasteful habits, chances growing slim.

Each foil sheath, a shimmering shroud,
Enveloping treats, oh, so proud.
But beyond the sweetness, a sorrow unfurls,
In the shadow of consumption, our waste whirls.

From factory lines to store shelves gleaming,
The journey begins, a dream streaming.
But as fingers tear, revealing the treat,
A darker truth, we must now meet.

For every wrapper tossed with a careless hand,
Adds to the burden of our struggling land.
In oceans deep and forests wide,
The remnants of our indulgence abide.

Plastic and foil, a toxic blend,
A legacy we cannot defend.
For every KitKat savored with glee,
Leaves a mark on our earth, for all to see.

So let us pause, before we partake,
Consider the impact, for nature's sake.
For in every wrapper, a story is told,
Of waste and consumption, a tale so bold.

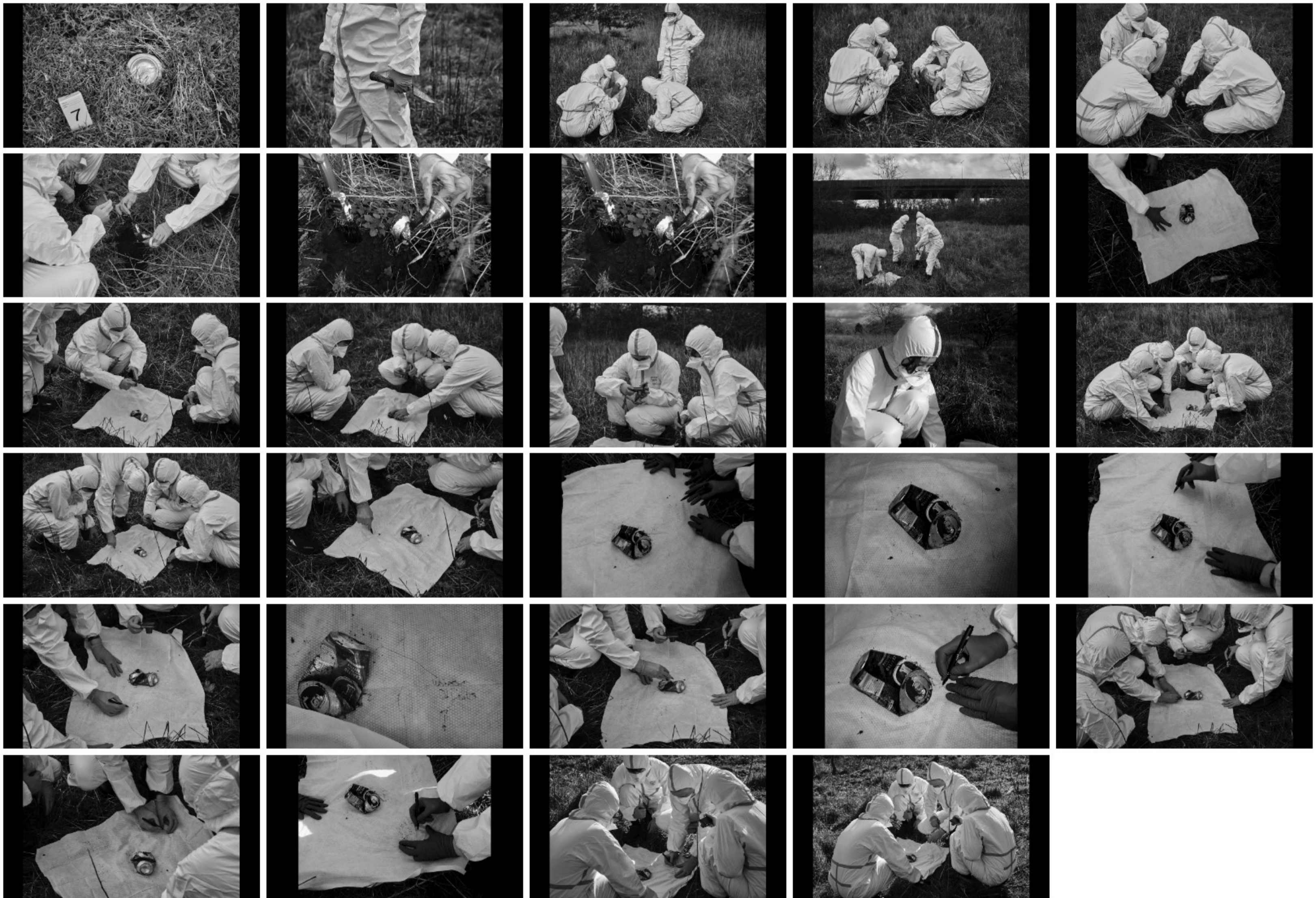
Let's strive for a world where wrappers fade,
And sustainable practices are duly paid.
Where KitKats delight without the sorrow,
And our planet's future shines tomorrow.

Ruo Du



Mr Musk, why did you leave?
Where did you go, did you look back even once?
Are there swimming pools on Mars?
Did you pack your bags or abandon your precious
possession to landfill never buried?
Was there really no alternative?
Under the overgrowth the fingerprints of waste
glow in the dark.
Telling of how the elbows of tyrants and
billionaires linked in private enterprise to
colonise space
Where did you go, did you even cast a glance at
who you left behind?
Was there any sign that humanity instead of more
war and chaos
And greed fuelled capitalism would find another
way?
Make new systems, green. A new world where no one
falls or lives on their knees
A better place. A world cared for.
What did it take?
the end of your world and the birth of ours.

Margot Wilson



A plastic bag,
Nine grams it weighs
or 3.48 grams of carbon dioxide

Time has worn away the words,
Ink now buried, vanished, no trace anymore.
Into the soil, the ink did delve,
Like a piercing itch beneath the skin.

Silently, it arrived,
Binding with molecules.
Afloat in the atmosphere, I cannot reach,
The bag and soil intertwined,
An unspoken speech.

Echoes from another realm, tales untold,
Perhaps from icy heights or a distant land.
Riding winds, crossing oceans,
A companion to travelers, here to reside.

Separated from wanderers, a twist of fate,
Or escaping the avian stomach's gate.
From fifty years past, a translucent ghost,
Unfit for this land, yet returned to the land.

As winds rise, soil stripped, it dances and
leaves.
Where shall it go, in the airy ballet,
Hoping not underground, a concealed replay.

Zhongyu Wang

