

Research Communiqués:
RCA School of Arts and Humanities

I care by...



Research Communiqués: RCA School of Arts and Humanities

I care by...

SoAH's Research Communiqués will provide a way to disseminate important yet irregular updates from our research community in published form. Each Communiqué will be produced by a single researcher or research group, giving scope to present a concentrated dose of ideas and practices in book form. The publications are intended to create insights into the work we undertake at the School and will provide an environment for artists, material practitioners and curators as well as writers, theorists, and critics to showcase what we do. Our Communiqués give our work the potential to move outside of the RCA's immediate circles, travelling wherever we do and passing between hands. They are intended as a means to filter ideas outwards and also draw in those outside the School to participate in our work.

Printed in black and white, the books will employ clear and simple design principles, taking inspiration from the culture of strategic communications. But since nothing in art can ever remain uninflected, the design will play subtly with bureaucratic and typographic conventions. The physicality of the book series will be extended through freely available, full colour PDF's inviting people to circulate, incorporate and permute their content.

5	Foreword Gemma Blackshaw
9	Foreword Ilona Sagar and Adam Walker
19	Interludes Nora Heidorn and Rosie Hermon
21	<i>Interlude</i>
29	Declaration of Care
37	I care by... statements in expanded form
105	<i>Interlude</i>
115	Address Jade Montserrat
127	<i>Interlude</i>
135	Episode Maria Amidu
137	<i>Interlude</i>
147	Reader
149	<i>Interlude</i>
159	Afterword Sofie Layton and Carmen Mariscal
163	<i>Interlude</i>

FOREWORD
GEMMA BLACKSHAW

The Care research group at the Royal College of Art (RCA) was conceived in the last week of June 2020, a month after the killing of George Floyd by police in Minnesota, an act which catalysed global protests on systemic racism and police brutality. In the UK, tens of thousands of protesters took to the streets to show solidarity with demonstrators in the US. Coinciding with the easing of the lockdown restrictions imposed to manage the coronavirus, the marches shone a light on the government's failure to protect Black, Asian and Minority Ethnic people from the disproportionate risk posed by COVID-19, and on the police's increased use of stop and search in areas with large BAME populations.

The pandemic has shone the harshest of lights on the question of care in the age of neoliberalism: who gets it; who needs it; who does it; who controls it. The Care research group, comprising staff and postgraduate researchers within the School of Arts and Humanities at the RCA, works in this light. Over the course of a year, as the inequalities of the virus were becoming all too clear, the group regularly came together via Zoom to reflect on: the question of how to care for the human body in the technical-patriarchal societies the virus has re-inscribed; the 'un-doing' of what Judith Butler describes as the binary of vulnerability and resistance;¹ the politically-transformative potential of prioritising care (rooted in empathy, solidarity, kinship) over capitalist gain; the activation of creative research practices (including but by no means limited to writing, looking, painting, drawing, filming, performing, collecting, assembling, curating, making public) as means of caring/transforming.

The group's activities through the year of trying, failing, and trying again to care for its work and members are gathered in a co-authored Declaration of Care, published here, and expanded upon with attention to some of the methods group members developed in their research through practice.

The Declaration was recited in a participatory performance with invited artist Jade Montserrat on 10 March 2021. Over the course of a two-hour webinar, participants including members of the public were invited to draw alongside Montserrat with whatever materials they had to hand as they listened to texts on the vulnerabilities of bodies, the structuring of care within institutions, and the tactile, sensory, healing qualities of creative practice. This book includes a selection of the participants' drawings, a Reader comprising the texts that were shared, and Montserrat's drawings created through the performance. Ahead of the performance, Montserrat delivered an address to the Care research group which looked back on a lifetime of calling for a kind of care that was never provided. Excerpts from Montserrat's address are included here too, alongside a text and image which reflect on the group's affective reactions to the experience of listening to it, titled *Episode*.

The Declaration is a list of methods (approaches, processes, techniques), an enumeration of how Care research group members have worked, and would like to work: 'I care by...'. This is a statement which has reverberated throughout the year, which bears repeating, which resounds still.

Gemma Blackshaw,
Care research group convenor, 2020-2022

1. Judith Butler, 'Rethinking Vulnerability and Resistance', in *Vulnerability in Resistance*, ed. by Judith Butler, Zeynep Gambetti, and Leticia Sabsay, Durham: Duke University Press, 2016, pp.12-27.

FOREWORD

ILONA SAGAR AND ADAM WALKER

Covid-time has come with a rush of writing about 'care'. The publications and PDFs pile up. We read about 'care' when practices of 'care' are under threat. We do not have time; we try to catch up. The uncaring conditions which continue to exacerbate the effects of the virus – hugely unequally distributed – are both the conditions which create this urgent need for 'care', and which could lead those individuals positioned to do so, clinging to rungs of fashionability on the ladder of capitalist competition, to claim a piece of the hot topic, to leverage 'care'. How to resist complicity? We need to write about 'care'.

At the beginning of the pandemic when we withdrew to a more remote place, there was a lot of discussion about unearthing text that spoke to this idea of isolation; how do we resist, protest, speak collectively when we cannot leave our bedrooms? We have become more attuned to working online, to exhibiting and thinking in this suspension. Early on in lockdown there was almost a sense of hope that these new ways of working would disassemble a neoliberal notion of labour and public space, but are we really creating more inclusive platforms or are these ways of discussing care still framed through an ableist discourse?

'i keep seeing quotes from *sick women theory* going around the internet. i wrote that piece more than five years ago, and it's both weird and not weird at all to see some of its passages play out in real life these days. the world's ableism has always been a thing, now it's just getting closer to those who normally don't feel it. [...] it's true. crip lives are lived like this always. we always have to stay the fuck home, wait and hope for the world to support us in ways that

never come. so: we find ways to support each other, to stay close even when we're far away. [...] i called the long-overdue halt of capitalism—which would happen once we were all ill, confined to bed, and unable to go to work—"motherfucking glorious." i don't know, y'all, this doesn't seem that glorious'.¹

As Hevda points out, this quoting felt like misquoting. The routine and invisible isolation of chronic illness is a very different form of restriction to the mass shutdown universally felt, yet Hevda's work was being used interchangeably, their loudest points overshadowed in a desire to give voice to the collective rupture being lived through. To draw on knowledge produced through more marginalised understandings of the body and its social and political agency, in itself does not necessarily create more accessible spaces, the groundwork has to be done first. Our research group sought to challenge what these spaces can be. How do we care in a way that is more egalitarian, that involves more voices?

We read the manifesto – our Declaration of Care – and care glides and morphs, occasionally jumps, a thing easier to describe than define. Some statements seek to cut or intervene into the proceeding of the present. Others hold a space of respite, a vital pausing; an ellipsis for the possibility of ongoing being.

Care as a transaction or an act of transgression? Together, these proclamations suggest a new grammar by way of intervention, a tentative rallying cry for resistance. Care in this pillar of declarations becomes not only a normative good but situates itself in the realm of power and politics; a practice to maintain in itself with precarious distinctions between the institutional inside and outside.

Care as a nodal point, conceptually constellated amid bodies, sustaining, providing for;

amid accuracy, rigour, commitment;
amid cause, justice, equality;
amid future, past and present;
amid emotion, love, relationship;
amid myriad further outward spirals.

Are the words we don't say
as important as the ones we do?

As Sara Ahmed asks us to consider, words, unlike muscles, become floppier, sag with use, unable to hold up the actions they profess to support.²

Words which fill a space between moments of unspoken care, and sites of unspoken, unspeakable violence.

Delete.

Felt, not expressed.

An urgent refusal of abstraction.

A coexistent resilience,
a domestic and social obligation.

How instead, on the page, on the screen, to find – to generate, to sustain – a human, relational connection? We circle 'around' care, despite our need to care and to be cared for. I think back to where we started: to Paul Preciado and Judith Butler, to bodies in recovery and bodies in assembly, to bodies that matter.³ To

caring touch, to care in embodiment. Where does the human sit; where do we sit?

I think these questions are profoundly alert to us all now. The moment we are living through, amid global uncertainty, reveals a discrepancy in the perception of what a body is supposed to do

(to be)

how it changes and affects change. A powerful image Preciado evokes in navigating the subject of care, is wondering how Foucault might have approached *The Birth of the Clinic* in the wake of his AIDS diagnosis.⁴ When things break, become ill, inoperable, it is in that moment they are most visible, the background suddenly foregrounded.

The edge spaces, where the substratum of life becomes explicitly volatile.

Across our work, health and social life, illness challenges how we understand our interdependency. The sick and marginalised – tethered to institutions but not always visible to them – circumnavigating daily life in an entanglement of glances, judgments and acknowledgments. We rely on other structures of care and support, disrupting the notion that personal experience, political rationality and critical awareness are maintained in separate categories of thought and action.

I think about neoliberal proclamations of ‘self-care’: how the rational productive subject is shorn of context, takes on personal, individual responsibility

for the maintenance and reproduction of their own potential. Foucault, crucially, wrote of care for the self ‘and the other’.⁵ In contrast to this neoliberal self-care, it is premised on committed, active participation in ‘one another’s’ mutual self-examination.

Whose life will be protected and maintained and whose will be collateral? A question rooted in the potency of the word ‘only’; Covid ‘only’ is dangerous to the sick, disabled and old. The affect of precarity is informed by the notion that a civil bond is forged or frayed, care somehow exposes this most acutely. We are perpetually interdependent; how do we organise based on this recognition?

I recall Marina Vishmidt too: how the body – to embody – she writes, frequently becomes overly literal as a theoretical, political device.⁶ What of embodied concepts, embodied politics? The extending beyond our corporeal skins, in reflexive acknowledgement of our corporeal skins?

I keep returning to Vishmidt’s text. She brings into immediate focus how bodies perform the architecture of power, and how consequently embodiment becomes the description for a variety of forms of mapping, metaphor, analogy and blurring. Bodies are reliant on social systems of support, complexly human and technical. We cannot speak about bodies without speaking about the environments, machines and infrastructure surrounding them.

A refuting of the liberal individual subject, who always ignores their social context. Bodies in enmeshment. But also bodies which are persons. Persons who are

not entirely held in place and who might pull on the fibres woven between and through and as them.

Care is not only a physical act, it's an ongoing attention. A close looking as much about recovery as about preservation. What we choose to value and maintain mirrors the ideological values we care to uphold. Joan Tronto defines care as 'everything that we do to maintain, continue, and repair "our world" so that we can live in it as well as possible. That world includes our bodies, ourselves, and our environment, all of which we seek to interweave in a complex, life sustaining web'.⁶

Care as a mesh, a political-ethical-material tangle of filament-fibres by which we might think and act, by which we might pass within and between, amid but apart from the dominant structure. In, but not of, the violent abstraction. Resilient. Resistant.

Caring about, taking care, receiving care, caring for, taking care of each other.

Our relationships as situations of codependent, malleable structures of power. Together we have read around a feminist critique of the politics of care including Mierle Laderman Ukeles' FOR MAINTENANCE ART 1969! which makes the link between the labour of care, both domestic and infrastructural, explicit.⁷

How do we address our own labour within this?
Oscillating between our roles as caregivers
and receivers:
the professional, pastoral and personal.

Here, unpaid, caring about the subject of care, understanding how the parts of us fit becomes increasingly problematic.

Why care? How do we care? What do we care about?

There is a tension at the threshold of the body, of what is public. A pressure, internalised by the subject, to care more for and about the object extended into the world than the labours underpinning this. Care must extend both ways, break the surface tension and partake in the depths beyond, contest their separation.

If care is anything, it is complex. Not a complexity to back away from, but rather, a complexity to practice – that must be practiced – continuously spooling onward.

Perhaps our collective work here is to acknowledge that these processes are not infallible but something more transferable, fluid and interchangeable – a symbolic transposition of matter, lived experience, bodily function and emotional complexity? Care becomes an economy of attention, an act of learning or maintenance that requires a gaze, a type of sight on the subject of recovery, a careful looking that is housed in the body, its archives and possible futures.

A system of history concealed, as Anne Boyer articulates, 'within the viscous layers of the body and its porous infrastructures; this system we mistake for everything resides in a system-containing object like a tumour inside a system-containing object like a cancer patient who is a system-containing object inside a clinic, all of it also containing these systems of history'.⁸

Systems can be hard, bruising and painful to the bodies which encounter them.

If care is anything, it is simple. A being, a touching, a feeling human. An affective, emotive, material connection to the other to whom we are both connected and yet distinct. Care is both the matter and logic of these spaces – these motions – vital in the uneven vulnerability which ensues.

Attending to, maintaining, holding, a duty to; work, a provision, an asset, status or kinship. Holding space, administration, time, agency and voice.

Care – a plural, equal, dynamic care – neither stems from nor upholds a transcendental notion of ‘The Human’; it does not reify humanity. Instead, caring human-ness is a porous one, a continually in-process, never-resolving one. The past folds onto the present: to presume to write the future without acknowledging this is an act of careless violence. The wake ripples onward, mourning continues.⁹

Care, welfare and maintenance are more than the limbs of a transactional infrastructure; they are an embodied state with the potential to become transgressive actions.

We parse back and forth seeking out error, clarity, affects of textuality, things we missed and things we change back. Timothy C. Campbell writes of the improper text which ‘does not fit’, tethering in some way to the non-proprietary, non-individuated human.¹⁰ Bodies and words; words and bodies. We

write improperly; we accept our acceptances. Our porous skins nevertheless contain us.

‘Language is a skin: I rub my language against the other. It is as if I had words instead of fingers, or fingers at the tip of my words.’¹¹

We allow ourselves to leap, moments of necessary carelessness premised on commitment to the work of care. An elastic cord stretching between the here and now, the once and still, the hopes and dreams, the pains and sorrows. Care as an ethical-methodological milieu holding together this seeming impossibility.

1. Johanna Hedva [@bighedva], 15 March 2020, <https://www.instagram.com/p/B9wdUvBIps6/> (accessed 22 June 2021).

2. Sara Ahmed, ‘Uses of Use – Diversity, Utility and the University’, *CRASSH Impact Lecture Series Clare College Cambridge University*, 2 March 2018.

3. Paul B. Preciado, ‘The Losers Conspiracy’, *Artforum*, 2020, <https://www.artforum.com/slant/paul-b-preciado-on-life-after-covid-19-82586> (accessed 17 June 2021); Judith Butler, ‘Bodies in Alliance and the Politics of the Street’, *transversal texts* (2011), <https://transversal.at/transversal/1011/butler/en> (accessed 2 January 2021).

4. Paul B. Preciado, ‘Learning from the Virus’, *Artforum*, May/June 2020, <https://www.artforum.com/print/202005/paul-b-preciado-82823> (accessed 11 June 2021).

5. Michel Foucault, *The Care of the Self: The History of Sexuality Volume 3*, trans. by Robert Hurley, New York: Pantheon Books, 1986, p. 53.

6. Marina Vishmidt, ‘Bodies in space: On the ends of vulnerability’, *Radical Philosophy*, 2:8, (2020), 33–46, <https://www.radicalphilosophy.com/article/bodies-in-space> (accessed 2 January 2021).

7. Joan C. Tronto, *Moral Boundaries: A Political Argument for an Ethic of Care*, New York: Routledge, 1993, p. 103; Mierle Laderman Ukeles FOR MAINTENANCE ART 1969! A proposal for an exhibition “CARE”.

8. Anne Boyer, *The Undying: Pain, Vulnerability, Mortality, Medicine, Art, Time, Dreams, Data, Exhaustion, Cancer, and Care*, London: Allen Lane, 2019, p.56.

9. I want to specifically acknowledge the wake (as both outward ripples and mourning-period) which Christina Sharpe writes within: that of an experience of blackness. Racism continues, horrifically, in carelessness. Christina Sharpe, *In the Wake: On Blackness and Being*, Durham: Duke University Press, 2016.

10. Timothy C. Campbell, *Improper Life: Technology and Biopolitics from Heidegger to Agamben*, Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2011, pp.5-6.

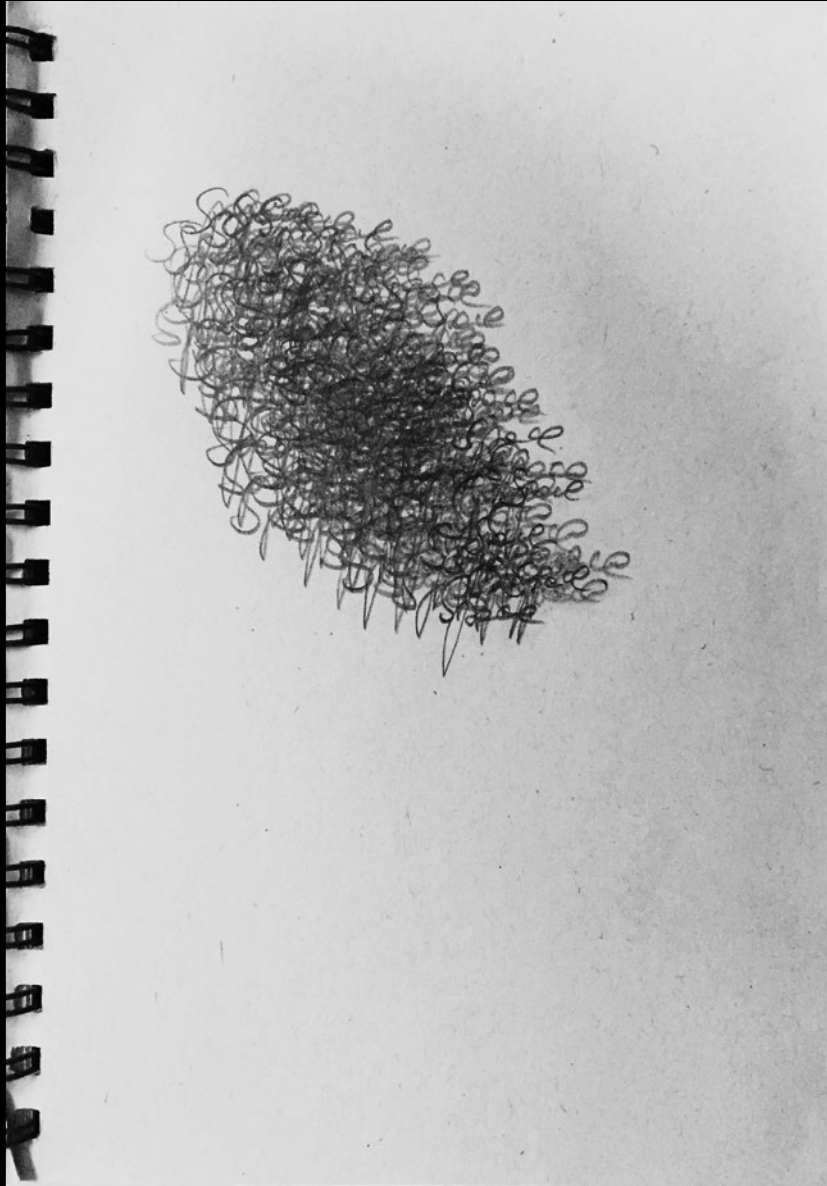
11. Roland Barthes, *A Lover's Discourse: Fragments*, trans. by Richard Howard, New York: Penguin Books, 1990, p. 73.

Interludes

Curated by Nora Heidorn and Rosie Hermon

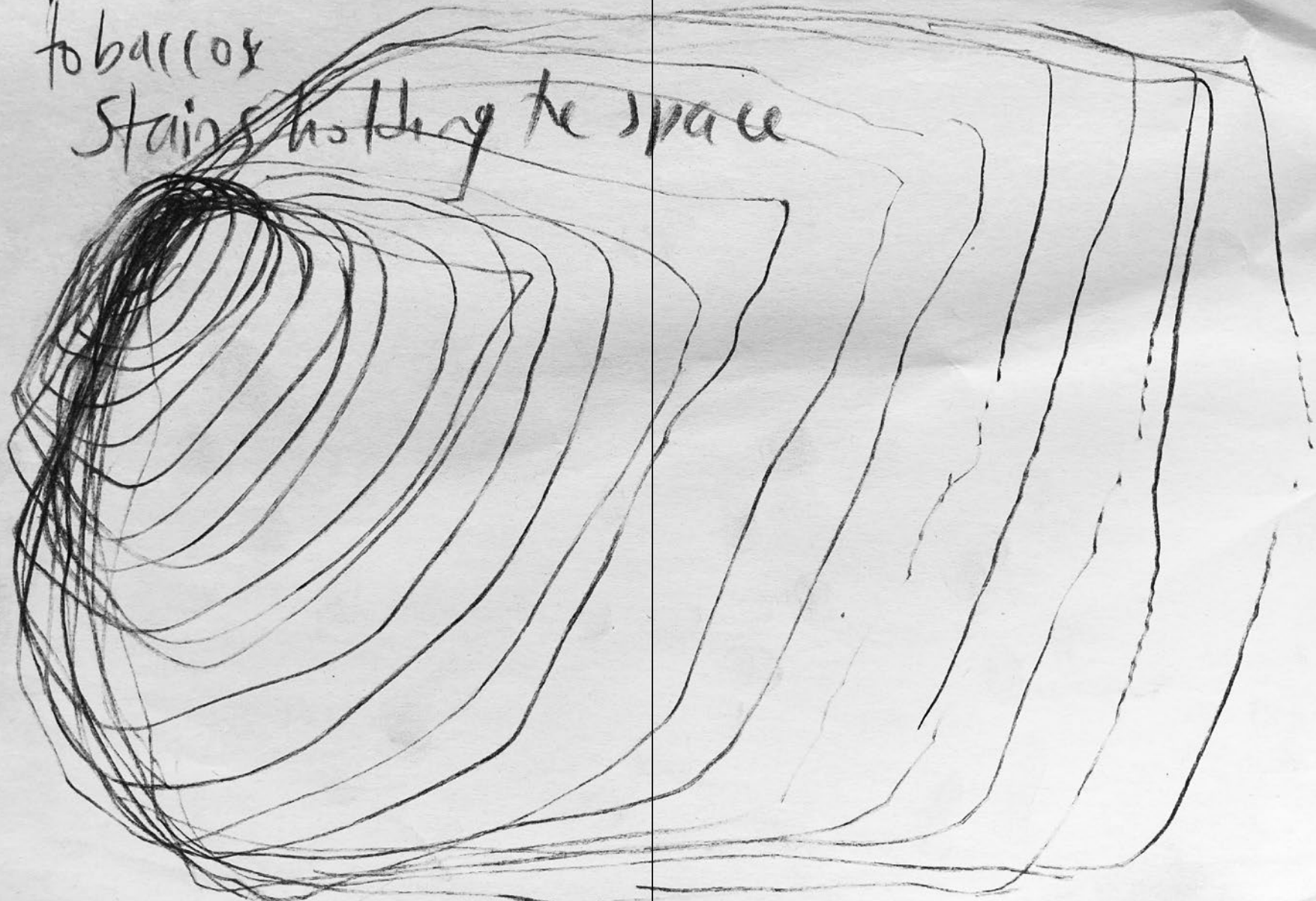
The six visual interludes that punctuate this publication comprise some of the responses to Jade Montserrat's participatory performance. As pieces produced 'in response to...' their textures often evoke the musing, sketch or experiment. Frequently emerging from the ground of the notebook, its particular material qualities, the spine, the edges of the page, are referenced in the reproduction of these images, to preserve the ambiguous status of the works.

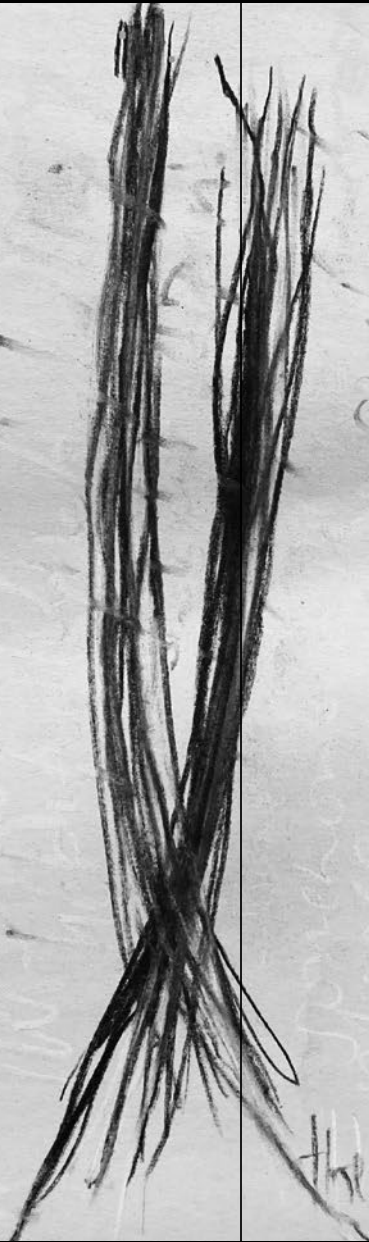
The interludes have been curated intuitively, considerate of the ways that responses visually cluster together and communicate with one another within each interlude and across the publication. They are intended as moments to pause, to take breath.



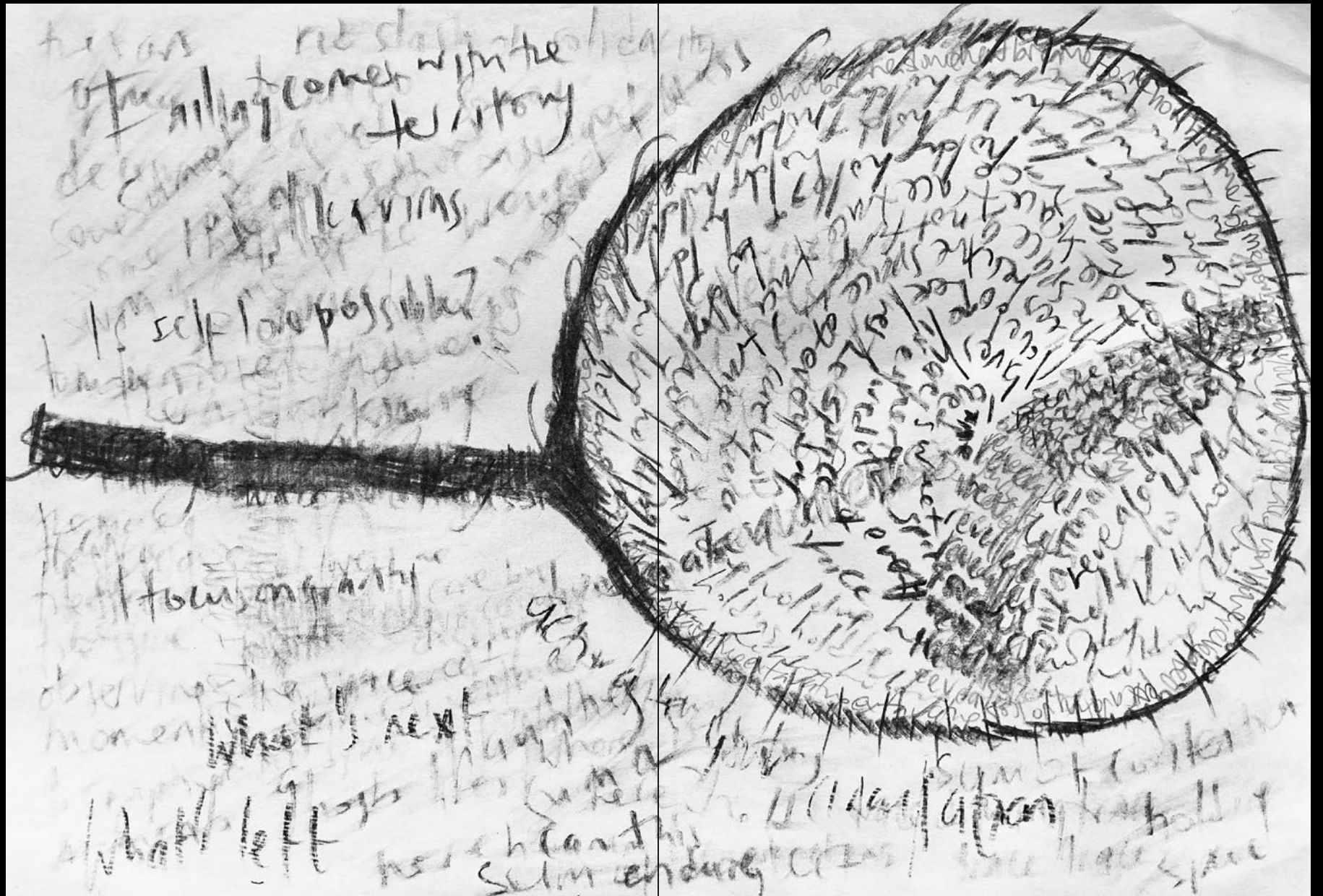
tobacco

stains holding the space





the seeds of myde visions



the story comes with the
 territory
 it's self love possibility
 the story comes with the
 territory

the story comes with the
 territory
 the story comes with the
 territory
 the story comes with the
 territory
 the story comes with the
 territory

the story comes with the
 territory
 the story comes with the
 territory
 the story comes with the
 territory
 the story comes with the
 territory



Declaration
of
Care

I care by reciting.

I care by refusing to act
like everything is okay.

I care by not assuming I know
what words to use for someone
else's lived experience.

I care by affirming difference.

I care by disrupting the ways
differences have been used
to overpower.

I care by historicising pleasure
as chronic as pain.

I care by pausing in the moments
of contractions so I can expand again.

I care by returning. I care by leaving.

I care by sharing my thinking and
listening to the thoughts of others.

I care by voicing
a non-dominant narrative.

I can care because
of the care of others.

I care by reimagining
an alternative future.

I care by working to repair.

I care by using I, but not talking about
me, so that we can speak together.

I care by making spaces and situations
in which we can re-imagine what
sharing care might mean.

I care by looking again, and again,
and again; by staying with 'thickness'
and complexity.

I care by touching, by contaminating:
as Anna Lowenhaupt Tsing writes,
purity is not an option.

I care by creating and holding space.

I care by modelling
alternative possibilities.

I care by tracing actions,
through objects, to reach the
people words have left behind.

I care by understanding, situating
and respectfully reconsidering
my responsibilities.

I care by imagining new political-
ecological-material-affectual economies.

I care by connecting
hereness and elsewhere.

I care by bearing witness
to our imaged medical interiors.

I care by holding and re-presenting
narratives of the transformed
and sick body.

I care by returning to uncomfortable
images, by licking and soothing
the image with my eyes.

I care by nursing memories.

I care by attending to my daily
rituals, passing them along.

I care by acknowledging gaps.
I care by inhabiting gaps.

I care by honouring invitations.

I care by connecting,
reconnecting and disconnecting.

I care by looking into
uncomfortable histories.

I care by pausing,
by not moving with ease.

I care by creating spaces to
linger and think through touch.

I care by acknowledging my position.
Care is adapting, nonlinear, unraveling,
amplifying, actively challenging. Care
is always questioning my 'intervention'
and 'edit'.

I care by observing
with my eyes closed.

I care by finding
other ways to translate.

I care by editing spaces in which
to think and dissent together, because
it matters how words world worlds.

I care by accepting,
and by refusing to accept.

I care by, carefully, being careless.

I care by holding onto complexity.

I care by excavating voices
of non-human nature.

I care by telling stories, to create
alternative safe spaces.

I care by using my camera to listen
and not to stare.

I care by listening attentively and
thinking deeply.

I care by...

AHAAD ALAMOUDI

I care by reciting.

MARIA AMIDU

I care by refusing to act like everything is okay.

I care by not assuming I know what words to use
for someone else's lived experience.



Sohaila Baluch, *421 years (and counting) and you still haven't nailed it!*, detail. Hessian fabric, rusted steel panel pins and glue, 140 × 240 cm, 2020 – ongoing.

SOHAILA BALUCH

I care by asserting difference.

I care by disrupting the ways differences
have been used to overpower.

I'm trying to see how these things fit. How they come together. I am trying to see how I fit here and now, after a lifetime of trying to fit into a culture that has pretended to tolerate or ignore my differences entirely. Western culture is good at this. Its attempts to convince me to ignore my differences, or at least hide them as much as possible at every turn, have been far too successful. Until now. Now my differences burst at the seams. They refuse to be contained.

I'm trying to work out how these things fit. How they lie together. I am trying to combine 'the immensities of our challenges with the intimacies of our experiences'.¹ This is not an easy task. The oppressive constraints relentlessly bind. The conventions set by a racist patriarchy will always strive to be unassailable.

But I am determined to tear through the warp and the weft with defiance and purpose.

1. *Life As Activism: June Jordan's Writings from the Progressive*, ed. by Stacy Russo; foreword by Angela Davis, Sacramento: Litwin Books, 2014, p. ix.

GEMMA BLACKSHAW

I care by historicising pleasure as chronic as pain.

ANJA BOROWICZ RICHARDSON

I care by returning. I care by leaving.

I care by pausing in the moments
of contractions so I can expand again.

I care by sharing my thinking and
listening to the thoughts of others.

Three artists across three geographical locations and
three time-zones (Lisbon, Montreal, London) perform to
and with each other, drawing on archives of hysterical
motions, gestures of protest, body language in politics,
and their own practices. With Sofia Marques Ferreira
and Jacqueline van de Geer.



Anja Borowicz Richardson, *RESILIENT LOVE - INTIMATE PROTEST*,
screenshot from rehearsal for a Zoom-based collaboration,
February 2021 - ongoing



Caroline Douglas, *Retouching Postpartum*, photograph of 3D resin print of umbilical cord and clamp, 2021

CAROLINE DOUGLAS

I care by voicing a non-dominant narrative.

I can care because of the care of others.

MARISA FERREIRA

I care by reimagining an alternative future.



SHANNON FORRESTER

I care by working to repair.

Repair can demand decimation
Repair may require care
Repair needs understanding
Repair is possible
Repair generates healing
Repair might be
Repair creates anew
Repair could unfold through time
Repair can happen with or without warning
Repair has the potential to improve
Repair might fix
Repair can demand replacement
Repair may require something unconsidered
Repair has elements of care
Repair can heal
Repair might damage
Repair is an action
Repair happens when circumstance demand it
Repair seems obvious
Repair may seem impossible
Repair might be unimaginable
Repair happens at my hand
Repair is to be
Repair is not yet
Repair can be collaborative
Repair can end what was
Repair reveals the beautiful monsters

Shannon Forrester, *Feather Scales II*, oil on canvas, 49.5 × 49.5 cm, 2018
Beautiful Monster, oil on canvas, 107 × 183 cm, 2018

MARITA FRASER

I care by using I, but not talking about me,
so that we can speak together.

'Twenty years ago I was a university student
Fifteen years ago I was a Bachelor of Arts
Ten years ago I was an art writer and friend of artists
Two years ago I was a feminist... Now
I am nothing, absolutely nothing' Carla Lonzi¹

▽

In wanting to *speak with*²
holding in mind a careful approach
allowing for a space for conversation
I rub up against uncalculated excesses

A body that continues to leak blood and piss
To start speaking with is to overflow
To drown in splutter of too much to tell

A container
A vessel
A fiction
A sentence
A half-finished conversation snatched between
school runs

What constitutes self, here
Where the self is process, unfinished,
in trying to speak with nothing

All this excess of liquids and roles
fills to overflowing, space to hold the unspeakable.

Piss washing away blood.
A gap of muted silenced selves, to allow other
selves to speak.
There is no erotic pleasure in grappling, coming close to,
this damp, fecund place.

I want to invite you to think with me
alongside me

But I'm getting ahead of myself.

▽

How did Lonzi become nothing?
How can I *speak with* Lonzi here, speaking with and
from nothing,
without having to 'tell' you so much?

▽

In 1969, art critic Carla Lonzi published *Autoritratto*
['Self-Portrait'].³ She reconfigured as textual collage,
fourteen conversations with artists.⁴ This comprised
multiple 'I's interspersed with images from personal
archives of Lonzi and contributing artists. *Autoritratto*
refuses a single viewpoint, situating conversation, 'I',
and lived experience as poly-vocal text. In 1970 Lonzi
publicly refuses further work as an art critic forming the
separatist feminist group *Rivolta Femminile*
['Feminine Revolt'].⁵ Removing herself as a living
subject under patriarchy, Lonzi performs an act of
self-erasure, becoming 'nothing'.

▽

There, I've offered you some words.
I am no authority on Lonzi.
Little of her work is translated into English, it's all
whispers and hearsay, Lonzi-enthusiasts'
murmurings.⁶

▽

Rivolta Femminile published
in a space of refusal,
a space of care,

as 'I',
as mother,
as friend,
as sister
as lover;
diaries,
manifestos,
conversations,
breakups
of friendships
and lovers.

Difficult texts.
Difficult conversations.

▽

I've nothing to tell you
I've so much to tell you

I am using I, but not talking about me, so that we can
speak together.

1. Carla Lonzi, *Shutup. Or Actually Speak: Diary of a Feminist*, 1978. This English translation from Italian comes from Clara Matteuzzi, and her translation of Lucia Cardone, 'Through the screen: Carla Lonzi and cinema', *European Journal of Women's Studies*, Vol. 21, Issue 3, 2014, pp. 287–292.

2. *Speaking with* being a feminist methodology of making and writing conceptualised in my current doctoral project; Marita Fraser, *Speaking With: New forms of notation for scoring excess*.

3. Carla Lonzi, *Autoritratto: Accardi, Alviani, Castellani, Consagra, Fabro, Fontana, Kounellis, Nigro, Paolini, Pascali, Rotella, Scarpitta, Turcato, Twombly*. Bari: De Donato, 1969.

4. Carla Accardi, Getulio Alviani, Enrico Castellani, Pietro Consagra, Luciano Fabro, Lucio Fontana, Jannis Kounellis, Salvatore Nigro, Giulio Paolini, Pino Pascali, Mimmo Rotella, Salvatore Scarpitta, Giulio Turcato, Cy Twombly.

5. With Carla Accardi and Elvira Banott.

6. I have relied on the heavy lifting and published work of Giovanna Zapperi, Francesco Ventrella, Clara Mateuzzi, Federica Bueti, Claire Fontaine, Nadia Hebson, in translating Lonzi's work. This is not a complete list but a few key texts and moments on my Lonzi journey.

Claire Fontaine, 'We Are All Clitoridian Women'. *E-Flux Journal*, #47 September 2013, <https://www.e-flux.com/journal/47/60057/we-are-all-clitoridian-women-notes-on-carla-lonzi-s-legacy/>

Francesco Ventrella, 'Carla Lonzi's artwriting and the resonance of separatism.' *European Journal of Women's Studies*, Vol. 21, Issue 3, 2014, pp. 282–287.

Giovanna Zapperi, 'woman's reappearance: rethinking the archive in contemporary art—feminist perspectives', *Feminist Review*, Vol. 105, No. 1, 2013, pp. 21–47.

Lucia Cardone, 'Through the screen: Carla Lonzi and cinema', *European Journal of Women's Studies*, trans. by C. Matteuzzi, 21: 287(3), 2014, pp. 287–292.

Giovanna Zapperi, Francesco Ventrella (eds), *Feminism and Art in Postwar Italy: The Legacy of Carla Lonzi*, London: Bloomsbury, 2020.

Giovanna Zapperi with Federica Bueti, 'Finding Resonances with Carla Lonzi', <https://my-blackout.com/2020/05/01/carla-lonzi-part-two/> (accessed 25 October 2021).

Nadia Hebson, artist's lecture for *Speaking With* organised by Caroline Douglas and Marita Fraser, Royal College of the Arts, 12 June 2019.

Fedrica Bueti, lecture for *Auto//Fiction*, organised by Marita Fraser and Sharon Young, Royal College of the Arts, 9 July 2019.

NORA HEIDORN

I care by looking again, and again, and again;
by staying with 'thickness' and complexity.

I care by making spaces and situations in which
we can re-imagine what sharing care might mean.

I care by touching, by contaminating:
as Anna Lowenhaupt Tsing writes,
purity is not an option.



ROSIE HERMON

I care by creating and holding spaces.

I consider the tendrils of feeling that connect us, the reverberations of our experiences, which reach towards one another for a sympathetic embrace, building gossamer architectures; the relations that remain after speech, and beyond text.

...

The curatorial is a relational practice, 'a way of thinking in terms of interconnections'.¹ For Maria Lind this practice is located in physical space – the exhibition as a series of relations between material and immaterial 'things' including, but also beyond artworks. In Irit Rogoff's telling, the curatorial is this staging of things, plus everything that follows once the stage is activated; the knowledge produced as visitors encounter the exhibition, or programming within the exhibition space.²

Rogoff's invocation of the intangible relations that constitute the curatorial, echoes through the theorisation of the 'congregation'³ as a curatorial research strategy, and its implication of a gathering together of both bodies and ideas.

Over the past eighteen months, these congregations have increasingly shifted from the public-private space of the gallery, to the public-private space of the video conference and other digital interfaces; the tethering of art worlds to physical space is weakened, beyond the infrastructure of the server farm. At a time of increasing dematerialisation of curatorial practice, in terms of its objects and forms, I explore a movement from the

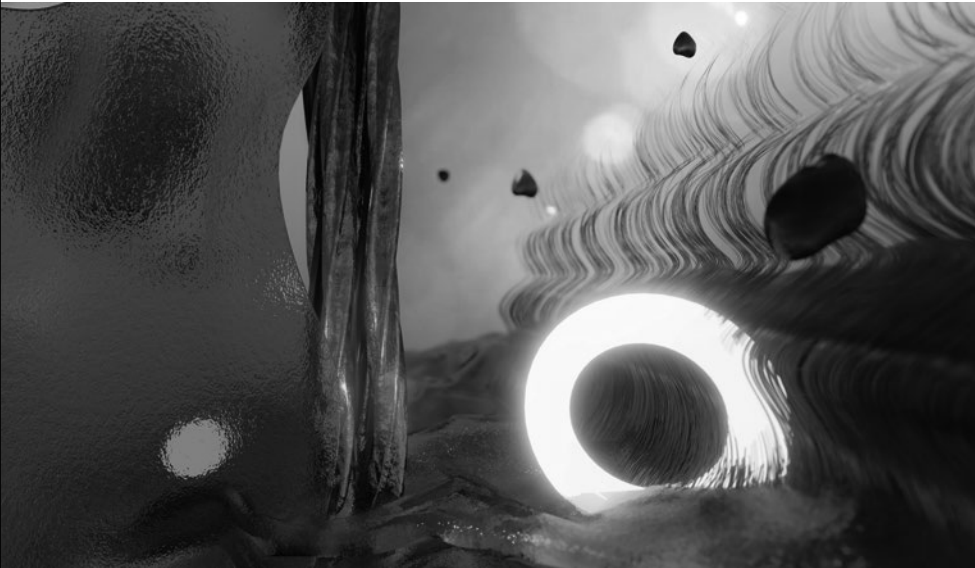
curatorial as a relational practice in physical space, to the curatorial as a practice of relations, a practice that starts from immaterial interconnections.

I propose the curatorial as a practice of caring for relations, between people, across time and distributed geographies. By nurturing and facilitating the relations between people, I seek to co-produce intangible spaces, in which interconnections emerge, and can themselves create a 'stage' for cultural practice by activating new conversations and dialogue. I attempt to create and hold such spaces.

1. Maria Lind, *Performing the curatorial within and beyond Art*, Berlin: Sternberg Press, 2012.

2. Jean-Paul Martinon ed., *The Curatorial: A Philosophy of Curating*, London: Bloomsbury, 2013.

3. Simon Sheikh, 'Towards the Exhibition As Research', in *Curating Research*, ed. by Paul O'Neill and Mick Wilson, London: Open Editions / de Appel, 2015, pp.32-46, p. 34.



Anna F. Hughes, *Sickly landscape*, digital render, 2021

ANNA F. HUGHES

I care by modelling alternative possibilities.

Being sick, I have come across so many contradictions in relation to what I want for the future. My body is contradictory however, and I have found that things flow better working with this friction. For instance, a better future for bodies is not one that makes bodies better. A better future for bodies is one that creates space for bodies to move and expand, and focuses on expanding the remit of alternative possibilities. Importantly, this space for possibility does not restrict unpredictable movements. While it might be that I can move better by finding relief from a particular symptom, I do not want my body to be seen as a problem that the future needs to be relieved of: I want it to be easier to access this relief and for it not to be seen as a problem for this to be maintained socially.

GEORGINA IZZARD

I care by tracing actions, through objects,
to reach the people words have left behind.

I care by understanding, situating and
respectfully reconsidering my responsibilities.

I am sitting, sometimes standing to achieve a better
angle, with the pile of pre-printed, pre-formulated cards
[archive file MS 1646/566, 1942-1943, Employee accident
cards, 1 bundle] that I flick quickly through.

Flick. Photograph. Flick.

Conscious of my time slot. Conscious of my
squeamishness. Conscious of a feeling that tells me that
each person, on each card, deserves more of my time.
Conscious of my time slot.

Flick. Photograph. Flick.

The heavy air conditioning brings another form of
sterility to our separated seating, itself another enforced
distance from the lacerations, crushed fingers, and
poisoned hands that I decipher in the curled black ink. I
imagine, but stop myself, and try not to feel.

Flick. Photograph. Flick.

Conscious of a feeling that tells me that each person, on
each card, deserves more of my feeling. Conscious of my
time slot.

AMEERA KAWASH

I care by connecting hereness and elsewhere.

I care by imagining new political-ecological-material-affectual economies.

I think about new ways for care to circulate and at different speeds. I think of loved ones, family and friends, but also distributed forms of care and new economies of care. Networks of care form around others and places: care for justice, solidarity, and resistance. How to design new forms of valuation for nomadic, affectual, and collective forms of care that diverge from capital flows? I think about epistemic accelerations of care. I send a text to a loved one in Beirut in the midst of country-wide fuel shortages. Heartbreak is also the images of bulldozers arriving in Silwan today. How to direct this heartbreak and bewilderment towards new pathways of care: distributed, diasporic, durational, multipositional, and collective?



Ameera Kawash, *Digitally Composted Texts*, screenshot from video work, June 2021 – ongoing

SOFIE LAYTON

I care by bearing witness to our imaged medical interiors.

I care by holding and re-presenting narratives of the transformed and sick body.

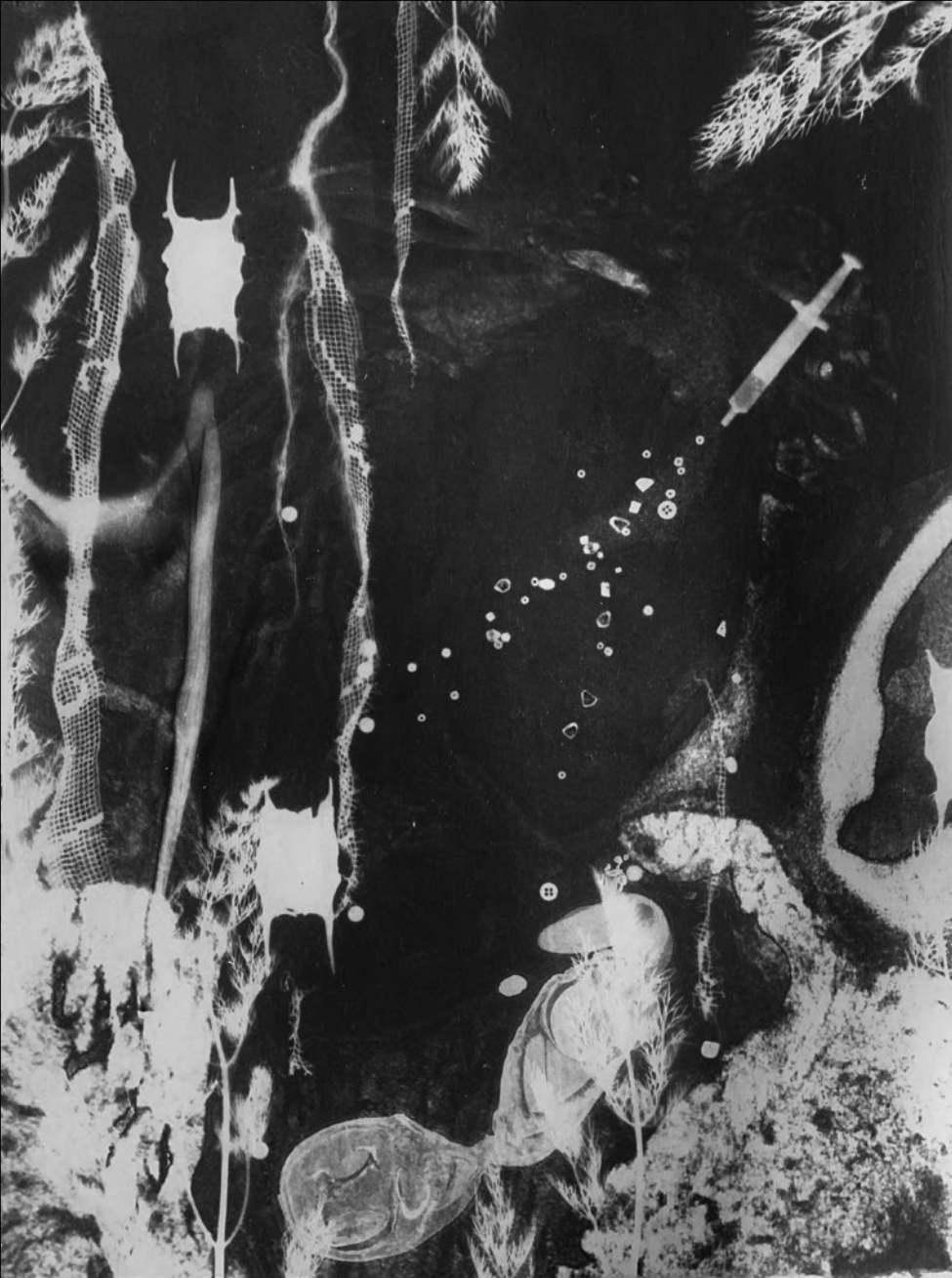
I care by returning to uncomfortable images, by licking and soothing the image with my eyes.

I care by nursing memories.

We are born with our future anatomical realities buried deep within our cellular structures. Our genetic code determines our congenital beginnings and these blueprinted sequences become the architectural foundation of our future physical self. Differentiation is sometimes detectable in the developing foetus: hearts that do not form or grow properly can be revealed during the ultrasound scan.

Working with medical images normally seen as digital forms on a screen, I begin to notice the subtle nuances of the imagery technology. A foetal Computed Tomography (CT) scan of a tiny 17-week post-mortem embryonic form is made up of over 790 separate imaging slices. Seen on the computer in black and white, they are biological specimens, detached images that exist in a virtual space. Reversed and printed as cyanotypes, they are given form and a presence. They are ghostlike images, blueprinted bodies that begin to express the equivalences of gestation and grief that surface in the running water of the photographic developing tank.

Developed by Sir John Herschel in 1841, the cyanotype was one of the earliest forms of photography. However, it



Sofie Layton, *Gestationality*, cyanotype print, 62 × 46 cm, 2021

is Anna Atkins' images of seaweed pulled from the depths of the ocean that appear in my conceptual frame of the original cyanotype – soft images, traces of aquatic plant life which first brought photography and science together as Carol Mavor describes in *Blue Mythologies*.¹ I draw on Atkins' specimens, as well as Helen Chadwick's *The Oval Court* (1986), within my own cyanotype experiments, mixing the foetal medical images with seaweed, bell jars and glass Petri dishes which refract the light along with the medical paraphernalia of syringes and gauze bandages, and funeral wilted flowers associated with loss and remembrance. This collaging process becomes a form of witnessing and caring for the sick and deceased body visually lifted from the gravid womb. These images are like baby birds that fell from their nests before they grew large enough to fledge into a sky-blue spring morning.

By reappropriating the medical imagery and by having a haptic relationship with this inner landscape conjured through the alchemical cyanotype process, I begin to explore the liminal gestational space. As Maria Puig de la Bellacasa wrote, "the haptic holds promise against the primacy of detached vision, a promise of thinking and knowing that is "in touch" with materiality, touched and touching".²

1. Carol Mavor, *Blue Mythologies*, 2nd ed., London: Reaktion Books, 2019, p.85.

2. Maria Puig de la Bellacasa, *Matters of Care*, 3rd ed. Minnesota: University of Minnesota Press, 2017, p. 95.

JOSHUA LEON

I care by attending to my daily rituals,
passing them along.

I leave a glass of coffee for each lost voice as the days go by. I burn the excess coffee beans, so the scent remains. My apples ferment now. My friend Suzanne reminds me to pay attention to my habits before setting off on my journeys. The ground is constant. I ask her to collect the dust. I prepare the space. Katy will learn of this later. It is this chain of relational thinking that founds the method we will need to move through. A return to friendship.

I tend to the burnt coffee beans once more. Setting off the alarm. But there is no panic. We wash the walls. Lay the table. You are waiting for mail from me. I never rush anymore, you taught me to slow down. Detail each step. Talk in both the concrete and abstract. I remember a friend named Doug, from when I lived in Montreal, who grew up in a Buddhist community. He always used to say he refused to speak in deterministic ways as it was too predictive of his future. As a gesture to his kindness to me I inscribed his name on the base of one of my ubiquitous boxes and sent it into the world. I hope he thinks of me from time to time.

JÉRÉMIE MAGAR

I care by acknowledging gaps.
I care by inhabiting gaps.

I care by honouring invitations.

Sunday, early morning. Before the kids wake up, I log onto Google Drive and write my statement: 'I care by acknowledging gaps. I care by bridging gaps. I care by inhabiting gaps.' During the day the second of the sentences stays with me, like a problem. I sense that the idea of bridging gaps is somehow, today, out of place. I don't feel that I have the authority to build (or design) the means of reaching others. Bridging may feel difficult, but the drive to go forward, to cross, to extend, remains.

Where do I depart from and where do I reach?

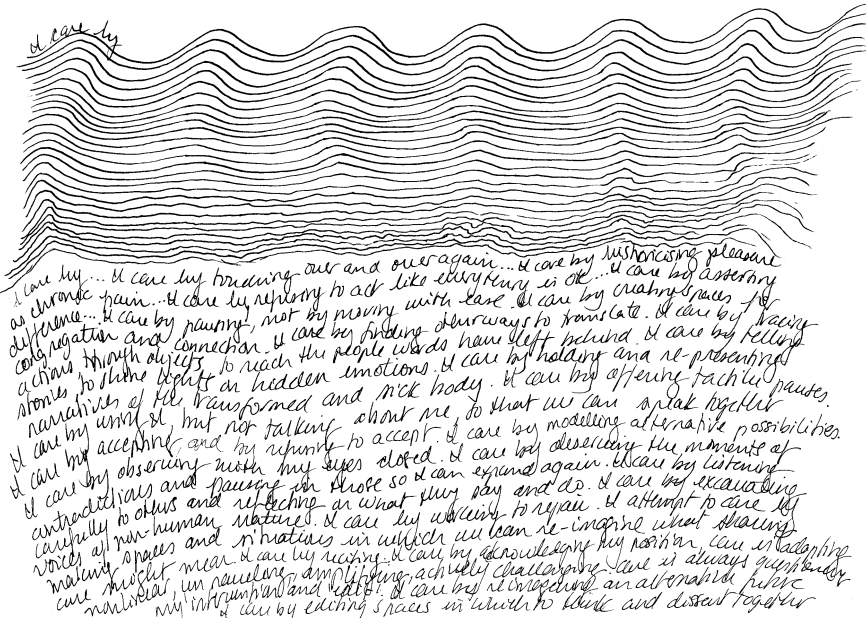
How do I go forth?

What do I cross?

CARMEN MARISCAL

I care by connecting, reconnecting
and disconnecting.

I care by looking into uncomfortable histories.



I care by... I care by breathing out and over again... I care by historicizing pleasure
as chronic pain... I care by refusing to act like everybody is OK... I care by asserting
difference... I care by pausing, not by moving with ease. I care by creating space for
coexisting through objects. I care by finding detours to translate. I care by having
stories to share about hidden emotions. I care by holding and re-presenting
narratives of the transformed and sick body. I care by offering tacit pauses.
I care by writing, not just talking about me so that we can speak together.
I care by accepting, and by refusing to accept. I care by modeling alternative possibilities.
I care by observing with my eyes closed. I care by describing the moments of
contradictions and pausing for those so I can expand again. I care by listening
carefully to others and reflecting on what they say and do. I care by excavating
voices of non-human nature. I care by wanting to repair. I attempt to care by
making spaces and practices in which we can re-imagine what sharing
care might mean. I care by reaching. I care by acknowledging my position. I care by adapting
my intentions and habits. I care by reimagining an alternative future
in which we can breathe and dissent together.

AMY PEACE-BUZZARD

I care by pausing, by not moving with ease.

I am sitting in a comfort, becoming uncomfortable here, comfortable again. I am turning to, returning to my domestic space, to habitual acts that guide and structure my every day.¹ I am pausing here in my habitual, in this 'bodily and spatial form of inheritance.'²

Habits. I move with ease, action goes unquestioned. I repeat. Objects go unquestioned. Repeat again. Certain histories become quiet. Repeat again. Certain narratives dominate.

I am turning to, returning to a privileged comfort that sits within my domestic ease. Turning over to locate this place of comfort, to locate narratives underlying this prevailing comfortability, to question this space.

I am pausing here.

1. Pierre Bourdieu, *Outline of a Theory of Practice*, ed. by Jack Goody, trans. by Richard Nice, 1st Edition edition, Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1977.

2. Sara Ahmed, 'A Phenomenology of Whiteness', *Feminist Theory*, Vol. 8, Issue 2, 2007, pp. 149-168.

MINNA PÖLLÄNEN

I care by creating spaces to
linger and think through touch.

An average of one piece of space debris falls back to earth each day. Most of the objects re-entering are hollow and spherical: tanks that once held fuel or gas. They are secondary parts of rockets that have launched satellites into orbit. Discarded after launch, the objects have failed to reach or stay in their designated path, crashing back to earth, becoming ecologically problematic waste. In space, 130 million more pieces of debris are in orbit.

A ruptured fuel tank is about care across the scale, from the individual descent of the component-part to the mass of space junk circulating in 'graveyard orbits'. By utilising forms and materials related to waste, I explore what Franklin Ginn, Uli Beisel and Maan Barua describe as 'unloved others': things we might not think about or want to care for.¹

1. Franklin Ginn, Uli Beisel, and Maan Barua, 'Flourishing with Awkward Creatures: Togetherness, Vulnerability, Killing', *Environmental Humanities*, Vol. 4, Issue 1, 2014, pp. 113–123.



Minna Pöllänen, *Tender Objects*, embroidered outlines of space junk on scrap textile and memory foam, 2020

ILONA SAGAR

I care by acknowledging my position.

Care is adapting, nonlinear, unraveling,
amplifying, actively challenging.

Care is always questioning
my 'intervention' and 'edit'.

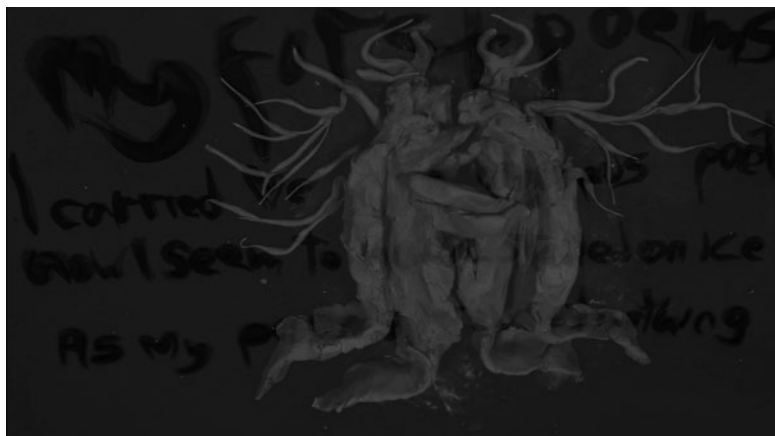
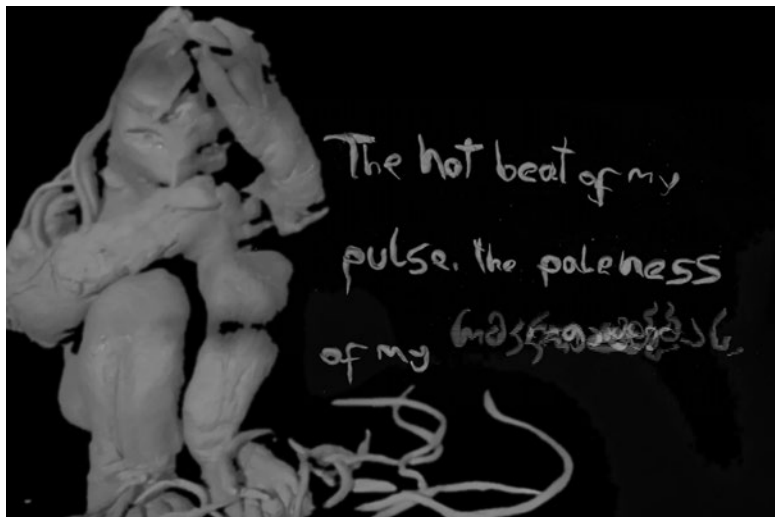


DAFNE SALIS

I care by observing with my eyes closed.



Dafne Salis, *Cadore*, photographs from the documentary project *Family Album*, 2016 - ongoing



Lika Tarkhan-Mouravi, *Matter of Concern*,
screenshot from claymation, 2021
Raw Matter, screenshot from claymation, 2021

LIKA TARKHAN-MOURAVI

I care by finding other ways to translate.

For a new immigrant parent whose children have lost their mother tongue, translation is more than the labour of love. It is the major tool of communication, existence, assimilation and identity construction. It is said that texts that do not comfortably sit in the English language do not get translated at all.¹ What if the translator doesn't sit comfortably in the language either? What happens to these texts and to translators? How do they communicate, care, exist?

1. Erin Moure, *My Beloved Wager: Essays from a Writing Practice*, Edmonton: NeWest Press, 2009, p.175.

LAURA VALLÉS VÍLCHEZ

I care by editing spaces in which to think and dissent together, because it matters how words world worlds.

And, because I care, I propose to release a word that delineates responsibilities, shame, hopes, and resistance towards an unhurried politics of attention in curatorial practices. This word is *curatela*.

Meaning ‘curatorship’ in English and ‘editing’ in Italian, the *curatela* neither represents nor replaces, it builds trust. It is a term that has never been used within the Spanish language for lack of a vocabulary that gives context to this field of knowledge. Therefore, the *curatela* is a model that emerges as an exercise of institutional imagination.

Yet, ‘model’ should not be understood as a method or truth, feminism already taught us that creativity is lost when addressed as a mere epistemological theory,¹ but in its two-fold meaning.

On the one hand, the *curatela* is a working model that provides breathing space for embodied action, including that of the audience. And, on the other hand, it is a mock-up or prototype, which offers practical and alternative routes towards action.

The *curatela* not only sets out to address the ‘social conditions’ outside of art, but also to point to the ‘margins’ where they are experienced and brought into the process of transformation.

1. María Puig de la Bellacasa, ‘Pensar con cuidado’, Concreta 09, Valencia, 2017. This essay was published in English in *Matters of Care, Speculative Ethics in More Than Human Worlds*, Minnesota: University of Minnesota Press, 2017.

ADAM WALKER

I care by accepting, and by refusing to accept.

I care by, carefully, being careless.

I care by holding onto complexity.

In the perpetually pushing, pulling present, I care by accepting, and by refusing to accept. Respite, fallibility, a recognition of the difficulty: an empathy, for myself as well. The difficulties pool unevenly. We traverse together, we reject the premise.

I care by holding onto complexity. In the violence of abstraction, everything that would be otherwise is erased from the careless present, slipping already into overlooked past. We leap awkwardly back, refuse the progression, hold open the archive that would be sealed shut. A world of abstracted simplicities is far easier to navigate and reproduce without care. In caring, we resist.

I care by, carefully, being careless. Careless acts with the potential to disrupt, necessarily immediate amid ever-increasing speed. We grant ourselves permission to disturb 'the way things are'. Difficult, risky, imperative subversion: we can only do this while committing to the ongoing work of care.

NAIYI WANG

I care by excavating voices of non-human nature.



Naiyi Wang, *Inside-Out Earth*, sketches of Bayan Obo rare earths mine, digital collage, 2020 - ongoing.

HIU TUNG YIP

I care by telling stories,
to create alternative safe spaces.

Some of us grew up this way. Pressured to be useful, obedient, good, successful, and most of all, normal, we were given no space to realise that we are wounded as well as loved.

Guilt grows like thorny vines as we question our state of woundedness, as if to question is to suggest that we were not cared for at all, or that we had it worse than others. We question ourselves too: were we just too weak, too sensitive?

Sitting with this uneasiness, I write stories between memory and fiction, in the hope of creating a space where we can look at our becoming, navigate between the intertwining of love and hurt, and care for our wounded selves.

SHARON YOUNG

I care by using my camera to listen and not to stare.



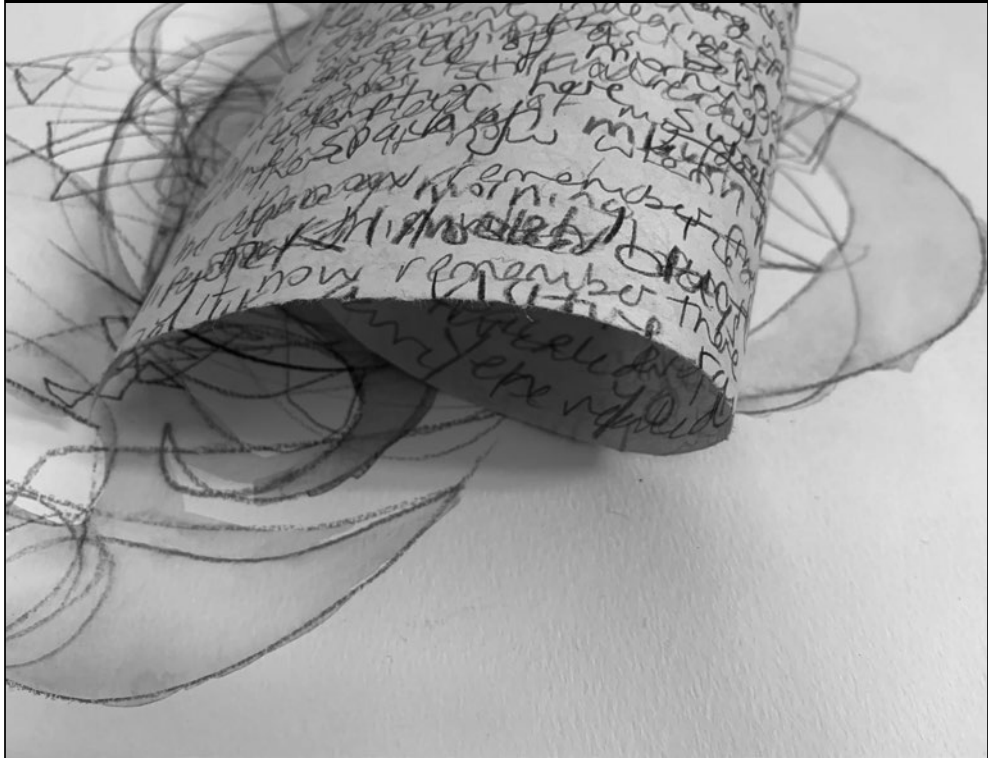
Sharon Young, image-text excerpt from artist book *Ms.B*, a transcreation of Gustave Flaubert's novel *Madame Bovary* (1856), 2021

SHUYE ZHANG

I care by listening attentively
and thinking deeply.

I care about the respondents. I care about them by leaving them with enough open space to tell their own stories and express their feelings and opinions on their own terms; by shaping the questions and adjusting the language to tap into their experiences and expertise; by not hurrying them along, by tolerating pauses and silence; by being gentle, empathetic and ethically sensitive, assuring them that what they say will be kept in confidence.

Also, I care about myself. I care about myself by guiding the respondents to provide relevant information which helps me to answer my own research questions, by bringing things back if they have gone too far, and by not being afraid to ask difficult or potentially embarrassing questions, because if I don't ask, they won't tell.



Armed tongues expelled
grandfather's stumps
some like fame
white holser
of consider
the space

Some of
the
and
holding
holding
sons of
the
space
the
stand
sweet loved
sweet loved
the pile of
the space of
space of mourning
mourning

inland jade crystal and rose quartz
knowing lining the walking y knowing
a glassed knife blade border dead some
saw the entire world in dark I looked

the white braids heads som
impotent red faces to distant
kernest holding space on
- including the space some
(w/lewil

- space
holding
, dreamed
two lines
one love
cut through
love
ice of
lewis
w/lewil
we're
we're here
- loved one
mourning
7 the
y mourning
snow

decided looked
lining the walkway of know up
not smooth black beautiful stones
some later shape reconstruction
I know dread Levi 1975 gear



the body gives in to tiredness ... fatigue
is two pieces ... fatigue permeates ...

the body tired, fatigued ... wakes ...

here lies the body ... taking rest ...

Here rests the restless body in anticipation

WEATHER

will be yours. Everything you touch will do well, and everyone you know will love and serve you.

VIOLETS.—If you dream of these sweet flowers you will have a most entertaining flirtation with a charming person. The flirtation may, or may not, become something more serious.

VIOLENCE.—To dream someone offers you violence, or you see people behaving violently, is a sign that your circumstances are changing for the better. You will have a bigger house, more clothes, more friends, and a great deal more happiness than you now have.

VIRGIN.—To dream you pray to a statue of the Virgin is a sign of danger. If the dreamer is a girl she must be very careful to avoid acquaintances who avoid her home and parents.

VISION.—To dream someone appears to you in a vision is a sign of great trouble for the person you see. A dreadful fate will overtake him (or her) ere long.

VISIT.—If you pay a visit in your dreams you will meet with a great deal of opposition to a scheme of yours that will make money if you go on with it.

VOICES.—To hear voices and see no one in a dream is not a good omen, and should be taken as a warning to listen to the still small voice of conscience.

VOLCANO.—If you dream you see a volcano in eruption be careful to keep your temper in subjection.

VULTURE.—To dream of a Vulture foretells that you will be robbed of some small treasures.

WAKE

WADE.—To dream you are wading denotes that you will make a very good bargain in a country shop.

WAGES.—If, in your dream, someone pays you wages, you will lose a certain amount of money by speculation. If you dream that you are paying wages, then easy money is coming to you—money that you have never earned.

WAILING.—To hear loud wailing and signs of grief in your dream foretells that you will hear wedding bells ringing, but not your own this time. You will be amusing yourself with a brisk flirtation.

WAIST.—If someone puts an arm round your waist, or in some such fashion embraces you, your dearest wish will be granted to you.

WALK.—To dream you are walking is a sign of speedy marriage if you are single. Of disagreement and possible separation if you are married.

WALNUTS.—To eat these nuts foretells that you will soon be troubled by various small difficulties. Patience will end them.

WAR.—If you dream of war it is a certain sign of unquiet, quarrels and, possibly, *danger*.

WASH.—It is a good dream to think oneself washing faces and hands; but to think one does *more* suggests trouble.

WASP STING.—Beware of envious people, who will gladly do you harm.

WATCH.—To take out your watch and look at it, in a dream, is a sign of a journey to come.

WATER-MILL.—A good dream. To the farmer it means a big harvest. To one in love, happy marriage.

HOLD 7

ARCHITECT.—By your own efforts you will make a modest fortune, or by your carelessness cause a small one to seem twice as large.

ARENA.—If you dream that you are in a vast arena *alone*—rioting, or some kind of strike trouble, will cause a great change in your circumstances. Should you be in company you may count on suffering less severely.

ARK.—To dream of an ark, or *the Ark*, is always good. You need not fear the future. Without effort on your part things will be made safe and secure for you.

ARMISTICE.—A dream of a momentary or permanent pause in warfare is excellent. You have good friends who have great influence.

ARREST.—If you dream that you are arrested, or are under arrest, happiness and prosperity lie before you. Be very careful in your dealings with your husband's or wife's relations if you are married. If *single* take note of the family of the man or woman who attracts you—it may be wise to avoid entering it.

ARSON.—Danger from water is indicated. Learn to swim if you are not already proficient. Avoid small boats particularly.

ARTERY.—Should you dream that you sever an artery, or see another in such a case, expect hasty news. Also be careful of your health. If you are approaching middle age get your doctor to examine you.

ARTIST.—A dream of an artist signifies that you are not making the best of your abilities or opportunities. Turn over a new leaf or you will get a very disagreeable surprise.

ASYLUM.—Someone you love is, or will shortly be, in trouble. Look into things, for you will be able to help.

ASPEN.—If you dream of this curious tree, you will speedily be forced to make a most important decision in your life.

ATHLETE.—To dream that you see, or yourself are, an athlete denotes a hidden delicacy. Take no risks with your health, you are not as strong as you imagine.

ATTENDANT.—Fortune is about to smile on you if you dream that you are attending on someone. You will be in much better circumstances than you ever deemed possible.

ATTIC.—If you are unmarried when you dream of an attic you will receive a letter within the month which will indirectly lead to your marriage. If, however, you are married do not trust your spouse too much. Remember that the strength of a chain is its weakest link.

AUCTION.—To dream of an auction suggests promises rather than deeds. Promises will be what you receive from a friend. He means well, but circumstances are often too strong for him.

AUDIENCE.—If you think yourself one of a big audience, you will shortly receive a special invitation that will lead to many others, and you will be drawn into the society of the wealthy and great.

AUGUST.—To dream of the month of August signifies that a reward or payment coming to you will be less than you anticipate.

AUTHOR.—If you have children, and dream of a celebrated author, they will be healthy and successful. Should you be unmarried, you will get a pleasant surprise later on.

AUTOMATON.—There are more things in heaven and earth than you have yet deemed possible. If you dream of a mechanical figure you may look for strange events in the near future.

AUTUMN.—Beware of jealousy and another's suspicious nature when you dream of the fall of the year.

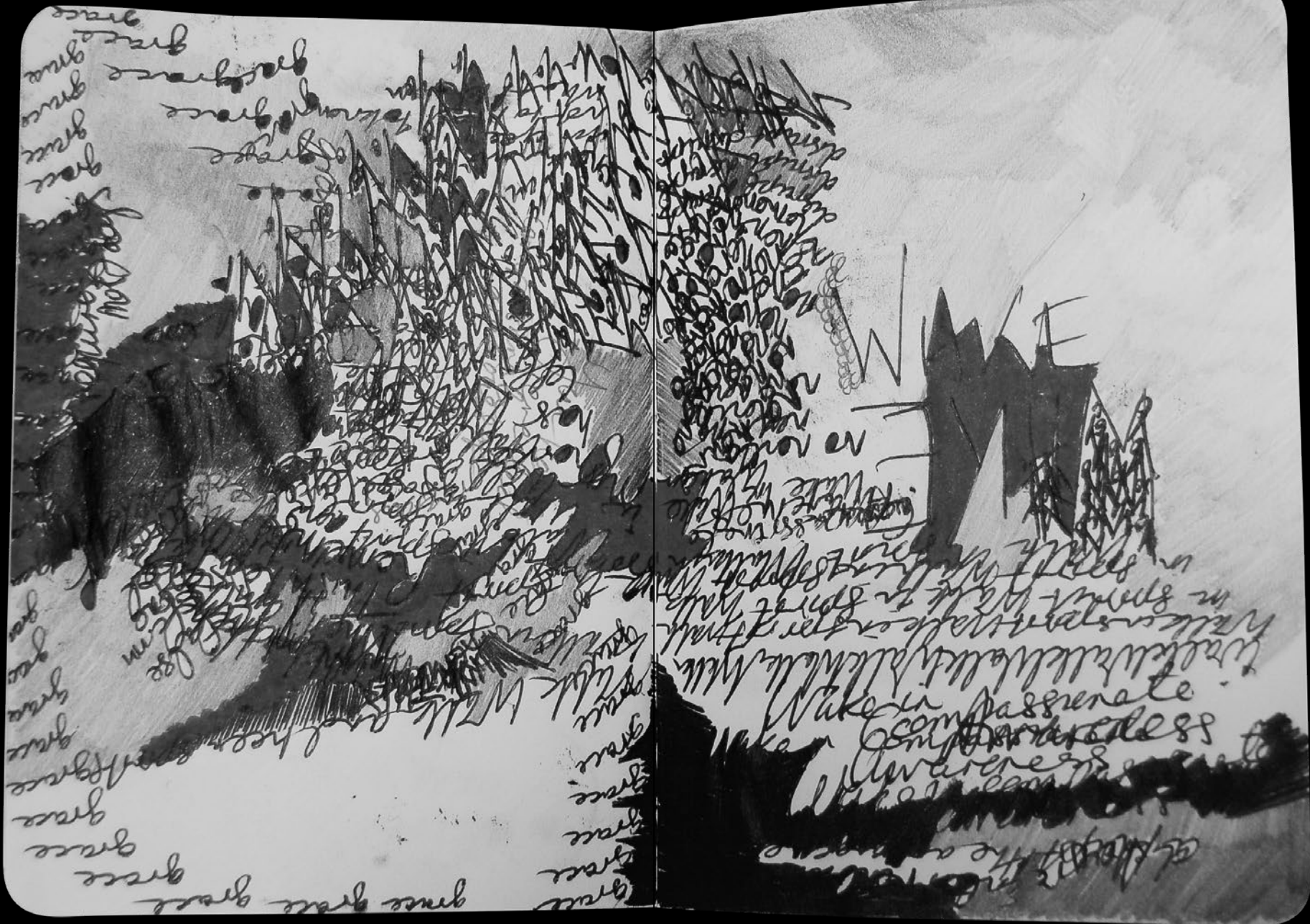
AVENGE.—If you dream that you avenge a wrong, you may yet come to repent of a loan you make to a so-called friend.

BREATH

BODY

SPACE

TRAUMA



Address

Jade Montserrat

I want to begin this afternoon by giving thanks. I thank the Care Research Group at the RCA for inviting me today. I thank you for the work you are doing, and for extending this work to me and subsequently to a wider public this evening. I would like to thank the soils that provide for us, and that guide us to recognise how humans spoil and suffocate. I am thankful to those that provide materials born of the earth for us to use. I intend to forward the remains of the exquisite package of charcoal I will use today to the postgraduate researchers at the RCA after our event. I assert that there is a connection between ourselves and the earth, and that this line, like our communications with one another, is drawing.

I use charcoal to mediate the relations I recognise as existing between drawing, text and performance. I encourage the use of recycled or found materials in drawing too. The aim of my time with you today is to explore relationships between language, the subject, and our remote acoustic experiences. It is centred on methods for valuing listening as a form of active participation. Listening, in this instance, is considered a form of empathy and of care. Participants are encouraged to actively draw language through their body as collective release. Our event will culminate in a collective reading, 'I care by...', spoken in unison.

An irony isn't lost on me: reflecting back, I sense that I have been calling for care for as long as I can remember. I was what was then called, and maybe still is called, 'a school refuser'. As a school refuser, I was considered responsible for 'refusing school'. What I didn't realise at



Jade Montserrat, drawings from *I care by...* event at the RCA, charcoal on paper, 21 × 29.7 cm, 10 March 2021

the time was the impact of the abusive environment I had grown up in. I grew up in an environment where alcoholism was normalised as a cultural expectation (a justification was the Celtic in my all-White caregivers), and where substance abuse that included dependency on speed and cocaine was normalised. I have assimilated and withstood incredibly dangerous situations as a result of my caregivers' 'care'. I have been subordinated as a vessel for others, born of abuse themselves, to fill with more abuse.

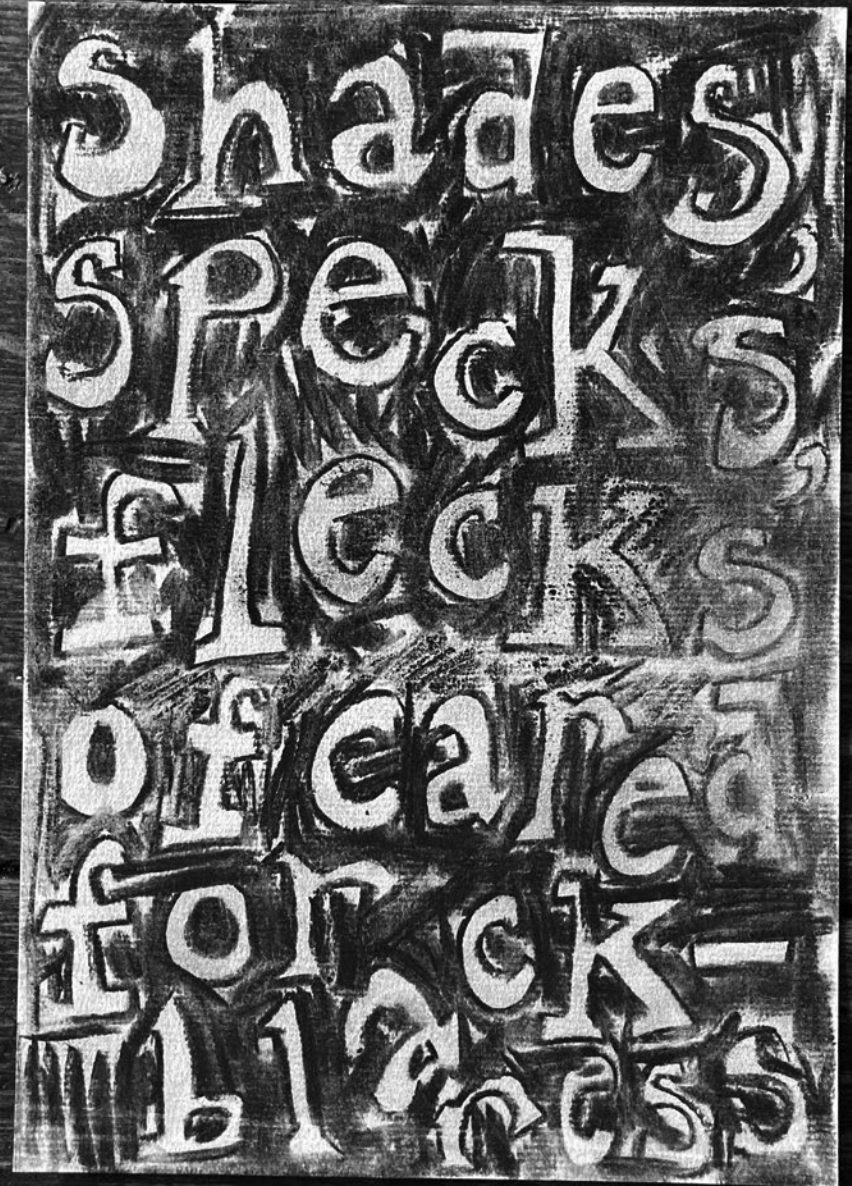
At 7 years old I attended a boarding school where I was one of a dozen Black and Brown people. I was friends with a little girl and her sisters whose father was an ambassador. They had fled to Belgium following the Rwandan genocide. I remember the names that these children were called, to the point where they had to change their names. This was never put into context for me, and my feelings for my friend and her sisters were mixed. They were mixed because I was confused and not a little jealous of my friend and the way that my caregivers expected me to care for her. They were mixed because I had no language with which to refute appearances, with which to voice my experiences and concerns, with which to challenge a façade that was being built around me but not by me. My assimilation was expected and that expectation required losing my essence and surrendering to care that was not care.

For many years I have been expected to simultaneously deny my blackness and feel beholden to my othering by others, as though my blackness should come as a surprise every time I am queried about it. I have described myself as 'fake-Black'. These factors all work to erase my sense of self. They have pushed me to the verge of denying my life completely. These ghosts, these spectres that hover and that issue from my epidermis, have not let me go.

It is all too easy to disregard and dismiss Black pain and sadly this has meant that I have attempted to take my life and been hospitalised for it over the span of my lifetime. No one knew the extent of my turmoil through my school years, certainly not how I would spend my time with my head in sinks filled with water hoping I could just go. As a family during my teenage years, we never spoke about why I found myself in hospital, and I was never asked to describe my feelings, only to suppress them as the problem.

At that school I was enthralled by history (notwithstanding the influence of my mother's husband also being a history buff, often vaingloriously reminding us of his being a descendant of William the Conqueror). My emotional response to feeling captive in a region far from my family home was such that I was put in remedial class, which was never stimulating. The history teacher there, Mr P, who walked with a limp because of childhood polio, taught us about Romulus and Remus, the Romans... I was cast in a play as a centurion. Mr P, while humouring me in class, also clearly found this little 8-year-old Black girl, very annoying. I vividly remember him finding me crying one evening during the middle of the week. He picked me up by my ear and paraded me by dragging me around the school. I remember my legs and my unfashionable shoes trailing along the marbled corridors.

A litany of such violent gestures and condoned violence in the name of care has perhaps brought me to this position whereby I advocate instituting a new type of care: a care understood and led by the marginalised and dispossessed, disabled people, trans-gender people, Black and Brown people. I care to hear strategies for self-care, but I take issue when these become monolithic or when those who are cared for ask for something



different from what their caregivers bestow, which is not provided. Consider that your safe space may not be safe and that your care may well be violent. How then do we speak about that mess? How then do we ask for something else? How then when the reception of our demands is grounded on White fragility or just playing adherence to the status quo (for let's remember that we've all been conditioned to bestow uncaring care) can we sit with the mess together? How can conflict resolution and an ethics of being be embedded and normalised just like White supremacy is embedded and normalised. Just as we can abolish the police, we can dismantle White supremacy too.

I am an advocate for thinking about care in relation to ethics. I sense that it is all too easy to place the onus of care onto the individual. I believe that we must hold the societal structures under which we live and that we consider democratically elected to care for us accountable, and that this begins by interrogating whether or not these structures serve us. At present it is clear to me that the work to be done is structural. What I learned at fee-paying schools was that entitlement rules and that individualism works a treat.

Back to the irony... I am now called upon to talk about care when what I can identify is what care is not and where care is absent, rather than me having an idea about how to care for myself or others in particular. Care is an access issue, relating to economics. My ability to care for myself is hindered by my socio-economic position, is hindered by my being a Black woman living in the United Kingdom. At this moment of my writing, at this moment of me speaking today, the UK continues to undermine, belittle and criminalise people like me who scream, pleading for care.

Care looks like accountability and transparency; care is reparations; care is setting new curricula; care is adopting

new pedagogies that raise the voices of our Black and Brown transgender colleagues; care is listening; care is listening to histories that centre the significance of the transatlantic slave trade and what that legacy creates for us today. I use the word 'create' because what are these culture wars if not fantastic fallacy born of White fear and White fragility? Fear is often anxiety running away with itself; anxiety breeding anxiety creating the fiction. Where is the absence of care I am speaking of? It can be found in the ledgers, it can be found in the accounts, and systems of accounting for people as property, it can be found in the testimonies, it can be found in institutions. I am Speaking of The Zong, I am Speaking of Sarah Reed, I am Speaking of Grenfell, I am Speaking of George Floyd.

How do I care? I care by breathing. I care by existing. I care by not staying silent. I care by sitting with pain, agonies, breathlessness, humiliation, abuse, infantilising situations and I care by staying alive. Last night I cared by spending time making myself dinner. Another irony I describe is that my position, my precarious position, demands that I take on as much work as possible so as to generate an optimism that I use as fuel, that allows me to think that sometime soon I will have a safe and secure, heated, well-ventilated home to live in. I get near to no time for self-care but making one good meal this year everyday has shifted the reality of the last.

On a day to day basis I attempt to carve out ways to care. The happiest I have ever been is when I have a routine and when that routine offers long periods, long uninterrupted periods, to read and draw. When I can, and this has fluctuated, I start the day doing as instructed by my Transcendental Meditation teacher that I paid to teach me and give me my mantra in



Glasgow while I was having a mental breakdown at Hospitalfield in 2017. I start the day trying to own this meditation practice, followed by attempting to own the Buddhist chant Nam myoho renge kyo. I pray to deities and gods that I feel an affinity with and I sense help me or persuade me that I am guided and cared for throughout the working day. I want to imagine that during this intense time catching up on the histories that have been denied me that I begin to feel a sense of being guided by my Black ancestors, those ancestors scattered, my diasporan selves. If ancestral trauma dictates how my very fibre responds to my life in the here and now, then as I understand it care is providing therapy for that trauma's existence. It is local and it is global, localised trauma surging through my body demanding resilience, demanding endurance, demanding witnessing, speaking, mapping, healing, care.

In the *Merriam Webster Dictionary*, ethics is defined as: the discipline dealing with what is good and bad and with moral duty and obligation; a set of moral principles; a theory or system of moral values; and also a set of moral issues or aspects (such as rightness). I have set out to explore the bounds of an ethical art practice, which acknowledges the sensory and the sensual as commitments, that is beginning to prioritise the exploring of care-centred initiatives, and of spaces where solidarities can take shape.

My praxis resists exploitation and endurance (that is what an endless demand to endure does to a person). My praxis understands the precarity of Black lives today as embedded in a history of transatlantic slavery, institutional colonial administrative processes and imperial expansion as described by Christina Sharpe in her book *In The Wake*: 'The hold repeats and repeats

and repeats in and into the present, into the classroom and the hospital.’¹ Saidiya Hartman writes that ‘black lives are still imperilled and devalued by a racial calculus and a political arithmetic that were entrenched years ago. This is the afterlife of slavery-skewed life chances, limited access to health and education, premature death, incarceration, and impoverishment. I, too, am the afterlife of slavery.’²

How we memorialise and remember can act in concert with material. Material exploitation and mass consumerism affects bio, socio, and eco political structures, contributing to decline. Inefficient ‘mining’ can be counterbalanced by extracting only nourishing deposits that in turn fertilize internal and external life-supporting, life-giving soils, just as the languages we use to describe our excavations can work as a nutritionally valuable asset for all to reap. The same is true of our relations to one another.

Another way of thinking about charcoal and the metaphor for blackness, combined with the mess of labour, is announced by Hartman, who declares: ‘Human life sprang from a black abyss, and from that dust and muck we traced our beginning. Base elements were the substrate of life. Blood and shit ushered us into the world.’³ Responding through drawing as a somatic form of expression I dance and sing and attend to my body’s needs and whims while making this messy work, the material gliding or jarring against smooth or rough MDF board or maybe bare brick surfaces, my brown oftentimes naked body responding to an embodied sense of relief from trauma, as well as a hyper-alert awareness of the structures my citizen body is contained by. The body gestures towards and the words exclaim mourning as invisible, ‘invisibilised’, vulnerable, precarious, criminalised, tortured... The body lives in solidarity

with such movements as Black Lives Matter, and all campaigns against violence. Claudia Rankine suggests that ‘The Black Lives Matter Movement can be read as an attempt to keep mourning an open dynamic in our culture because black lives exist in a state of precariousness.’⁴ The nation I belong to, the UK, one of globalisation’s muses, loaded with all the complexities and struggles of the commonwealth, refuses to acknowledge a reparative process in the cycle of grief, imposing instead methods of surveillance on those exact bodies that require care and justice.

No Need For Clothing, one of my iterative, durational performances, which this evening’s event draws upon, relies on the revising of such histories darkened by genocide. In my work I engage in revising as in re- and un-learning and un-earthing this deep ‘dark matter’ – this *terra incognita*, this known/unknown – attempting to undermine the colonial logic, to make space for new languages emergent in the work and its multiplicities.

This text draws on some concepts and phrases first used in Jade Montserrat, ‘Drawing as Contagion’ in Kelly Chorpening, Rebecca Fortnum (eds), *A Companion to Contemporary Drawing*, London: Wiley-Blackwell, 2020.

1. Christina Sharpe, *In the Wake: On Blackness and Being*, Durham: Duke University Press, 2016, p. 90.

2. Saidiya Hartman, *Lose your Mother: A Journey along the Atlantic Slave Route*, New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 2007. p. 6.

3. *Ibid*, p. 110.

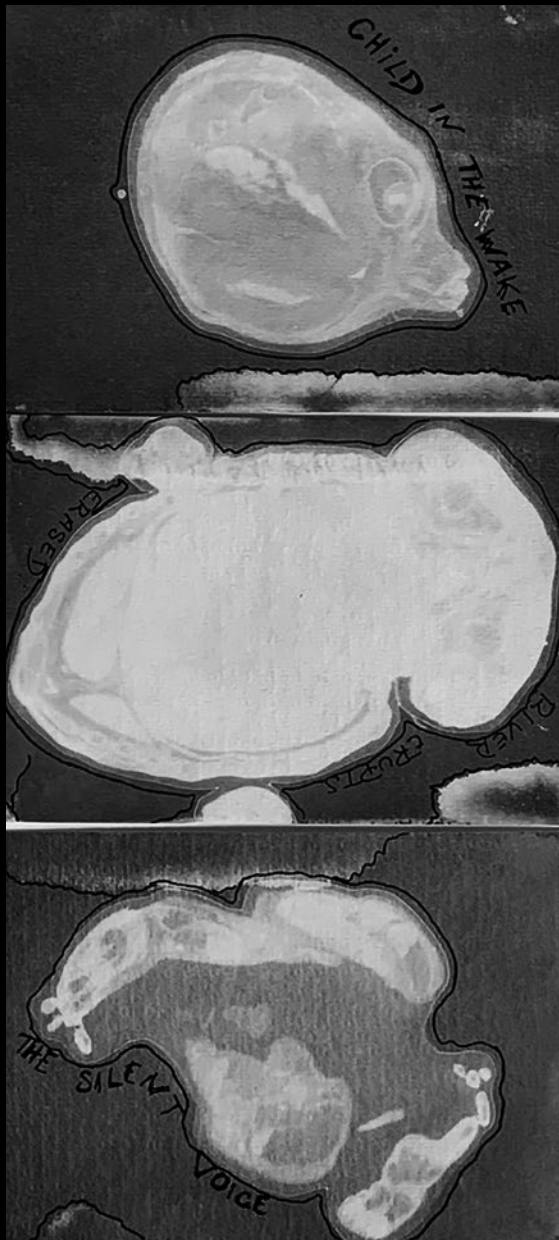
4. Claudia Rankine, ‘The Condition of Black Life is One of Mourning’, *The New York Times Magazine*, 22 June 2015, <https://www.nytimes.com/2015/06/22/magazine/the-condition-of-black-life-is-one-of-mourning.html> (accessed 12 July 2021).











Sofie Layton

Episode Maria Amidu

Steve Rogers writes about "an invisible but clearly experienced reaction, an emotional...
 apparatus to stories that are hard to hear". (In *Remembering America: Reflections on the
 Medical Archive*).

**Eyes brimming with tears; the saltiness of memory
 and remorse.**

Tired to the bone; bone-tired.

**Hopelessness covers everything, like a colossal
 white sheet, but hopefulness cannot be
 extinguished.**

**Between mournings: Throbbing pain, silence
 occupies the space, the pain remains.**

Heaviness; heavier than stone.

**I am desperate to reach out, to offer a hug, a touch
 of solidarity, a careful caress... brave, painful, hurt
 ...but not silenced.**

**Apprehension as I return to the printout of Venus in
 Two Acts with all my highlights and notes.**

**I find my forgotten scribble in the margins: I admit:
 I am afraid to read Sims' diaries.**

Another: How can I care?

**I noted when first reading: I care by feeling the stun
 in my body. Nausea in my stomach. Sting in my
 eyes. Clench of my jaw. Cold of my hands. I have to
 turn my head away from the page.**

My body cares.

Episode: difficult experience, intermediate, digressive, integrated within a fuller narrative, perhaps chronic

Reading for research is a very physical endeavour, which requires a continuous embodied relationship with the form of each type of source. If the source is a book (especially if it is a book), there is the flipping back to the endnotes, holding the current page open with your index finger or thumb, or finding another material ‘thingy’ to do this job for you: a pencil maybe or depending on what room you are in a mug or rolled-up socks or another book, the computer mouse or your glasses case. If the source is digital, there is a lot of sliding of fingertips across slick, smooth surfaces and clicking and pressing and resisting and peering and leaning in and jutting forward. We bring our corporeal selves to words on pages.

Reading for research is also an emotional endeavour because words make impressions, elicit things, drawing our interiority up onto the surface of ourselves.

The Care research group was given a selection of texts to read by Jade Montserrat on blackness and being through centuries of the most profound lack of care.¹ These texts resonated with Montserrat’s address to the group, excerpts from which are included here. Each individual group-member had an episode: a (lingering) affective reaction. Some of these reactions we shared with each other at the time and some we are sharing here with you now.

1. Texts included: Hannah Black, ‘In the Wake: On Blackness and Being’, *4columns*, 18 November 2016, <https://4columns.org/about> (accessed 14 July 2021); Holly Graham, ‘Duty of Care’, in *On Care*, ed. by Rebecca Jogoe and Sharon Kivland, London: MA Bibliothèque, 2020, pp. 76–86; Saidiya Hartman, ‘Venus in Two Acts’, *Small Axe*, Vol. 12, no. 2, 2008, pp. 1–14, <https://muse.jhu.edu/article/241115> (accessed 14 July 2021); Christina Sharpe, *In the Wake: On Blackness and Being*, Durham: Duke University Press, 2016.











Mila Angela Morelli

Reader

Jade Montserrat chose a series of excerpts from this list of texts to be read aloud by herself and members of the Care research group alongside the reading of the Declaration of Care. These texts were read while Jade and participants drew.

We offer this reading list for you to follow up at your own pace and curiosity, and on the next page some shortened lines for you to read.

Alexis Pauline Gumbs, 'From the Lab Notebooks of The Last* Experiments', from *M Archive: After the End of the World*, 2018

Jamaica Kincaid, 'Blackness', from *At the Bottom of the River*, 1983

Akilah Oliver, 'Meditations (redemption chant)', from *A Toast in The House of Friends*, 2009

Adrienne Rich, 'A Valediction Forbidding Mourning', from *The Will to Change*, 1971

Adrienne Rich, 'From a Survivor', from *Diving into the Wreck*, 1973

Adrienne Rich, 'When We Dead Awaken', from *Diving into the Wreck*, 1973

Daniella Valz-Gen, 'Naked Tangle Self| #Selfcare', from *The Interjection Calendar*, 2016

I care by...

'all things are not equal.
wake up.'
Alexis Pauline Gumbs

'The blackness cannot bring me joy but often
I am made glad in it.'
Jamaica Kincaid

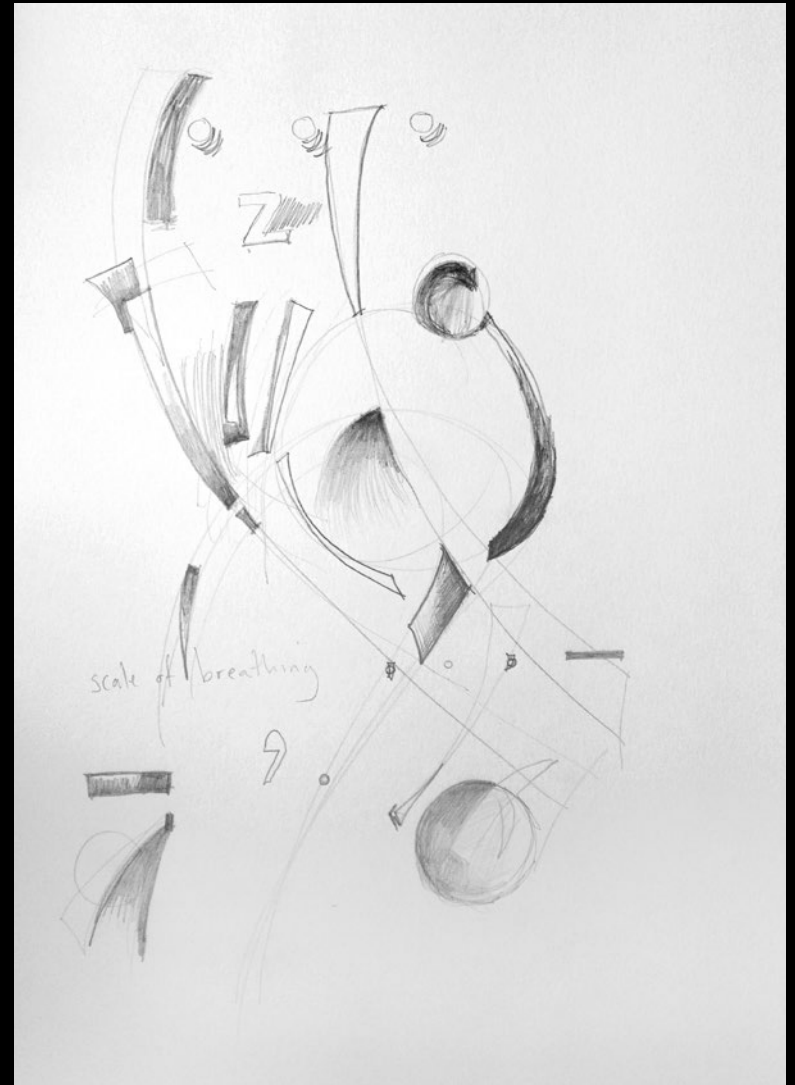
'not too tired to know what I know.'
Akilah Oliver

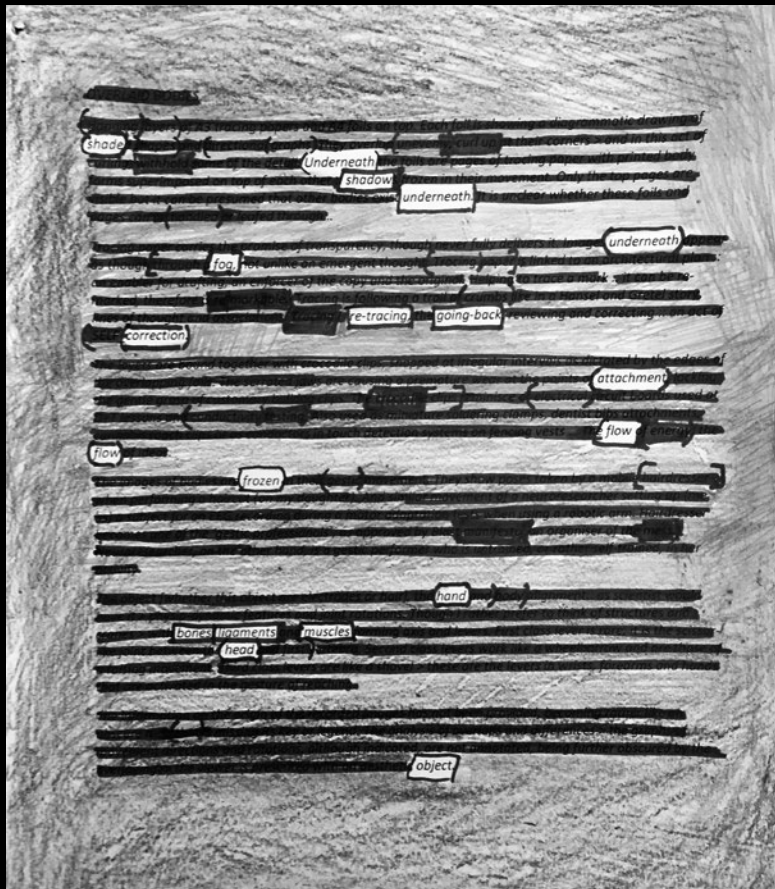
'The grammar turned and attacked me.'
Adrienne Rich

'Here rests the restless body in anticipation.'
Daniella Valz-Gen

'Everything outside my skin
Speaks of the fault that sends me limping'
Adrienne Rich

'I don't know who we thought we were
That our personalities
Could resist the failures of the race'
Adrienne Rich

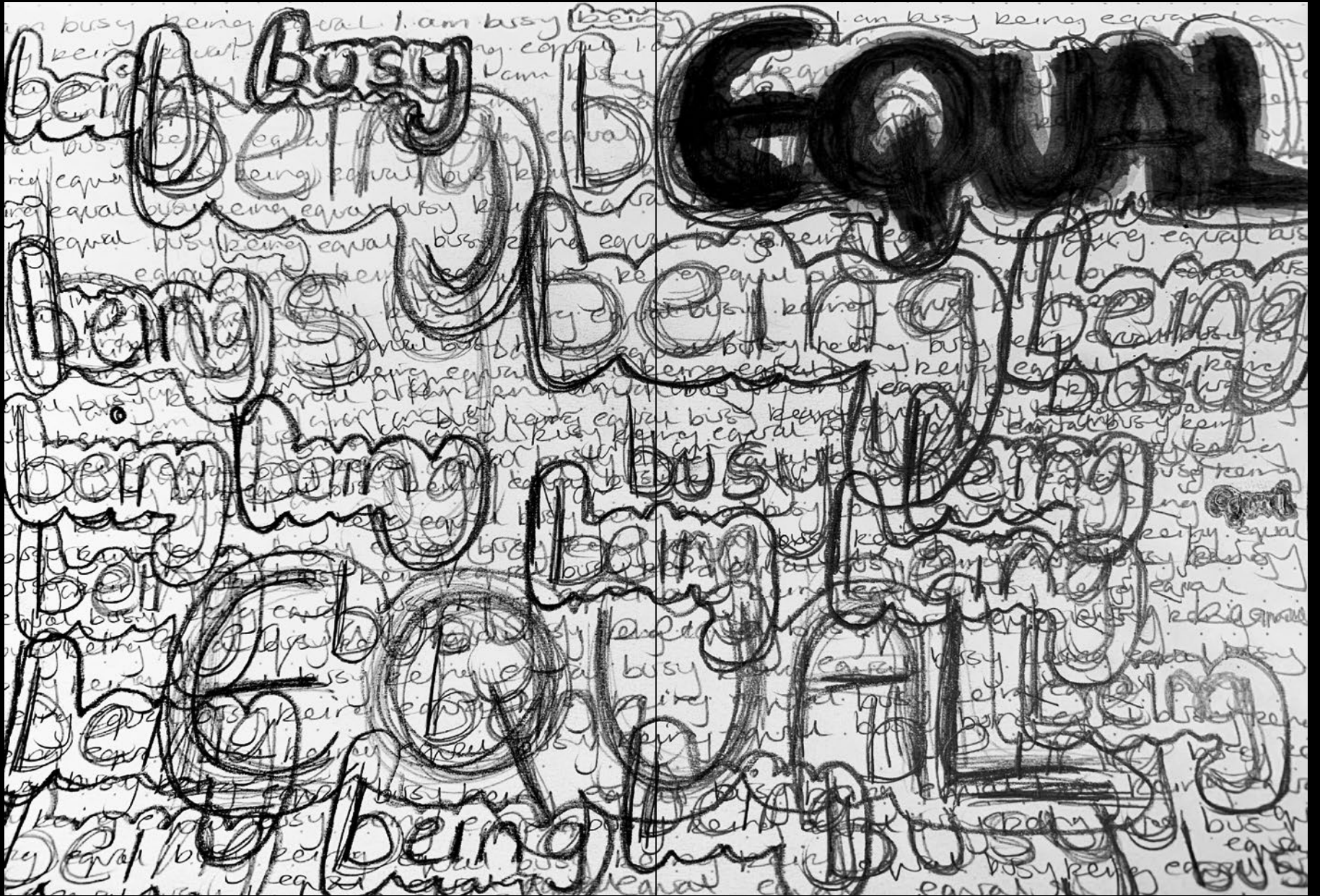


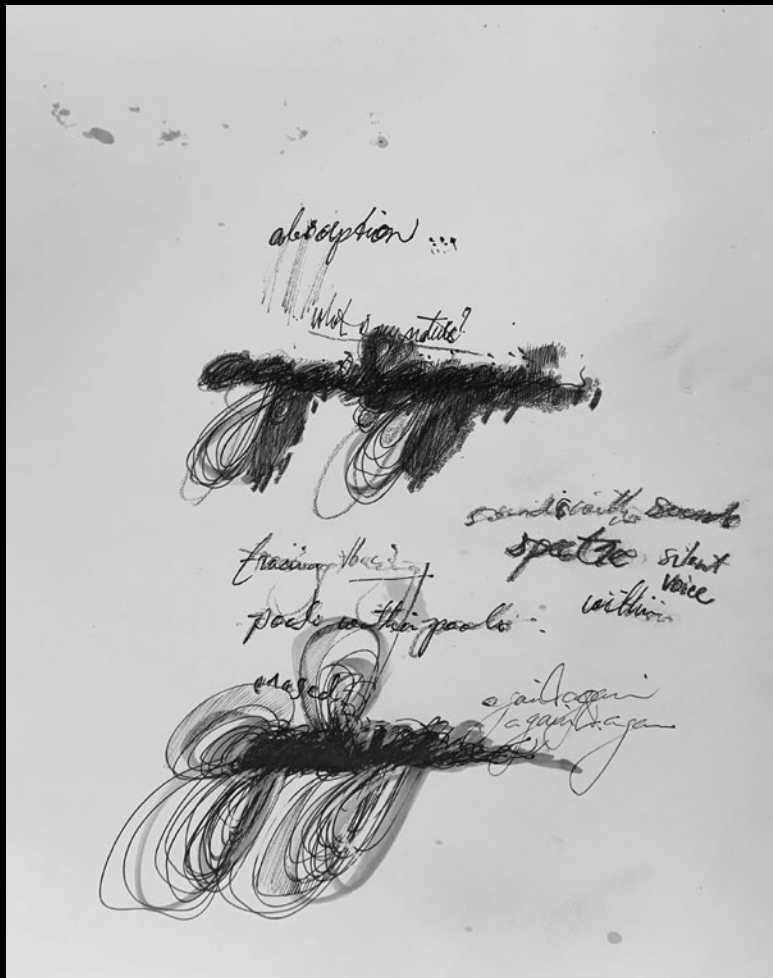


Anja Borowicz Richardson

stiff fingers
stone cold no or mis
pained and clumsy
bluish deep greens
nervous laceration
fumbled attempt
irritation, nerves
discomfort pain
travels up my body
I focus on gravity
is self love possible?
can this endure?
how to care for the
wounded self
this is about the limit
relieve myself from the
weight
my body is myself
pained clumsy
vehicle awake
alert
start again
SRT F

Lou Blakeway





A Recipe for Care: a proposition, a wish for the future, an afterword

Sofie Layton and Carmen Mariscal

This recipe card collaboration emerged when two women, mothers in their fifties from different continents, discovered they had both been collecting and creating work with wishbones for more than twenty years. In both cases these bones were reminders of moments of caring through the act of making chicken broth. The bones, like divining runes, became a starting point for a conversation that led to the idea of concocting a recipe for care. The wishbone, like the Milagros, religious charms used for healing in Latin America and the Iberian Peninsula, becomes a symbol of hope for the future.

Over the course of a year, the Care research group has been (re)searching, finding and thinking through new sources of care materials, sharing literature and different methodologies. These have become our key ingredients. How might we collaborate on the writing of a recipe for the group's future, and for the ongoing project of work on care within the arts and humanities, that attempts to care through its methods? We are all cooks... Do too many cooks spoil the broth or do they add flavour? The creation of this afterword recipe must be done care(fully), with the input of all the group members, providing a wide range of perspectives and potential methods for care. The choice of ingredients will vary depending on what is required, who we are working with and cooking for.

We will create rites of care by working with our senses – collaborators heard, ingredients smelled, tools touched, ideas tasted – a sensual exploration and curation of thoughts. As ‘head chefs’ or lead cooks, a *curadora/curandera* of sorts,¹ we put on amulets of care, such as an apron for protection, or grip a sharp paring knife to ready ourselves for the ritualised and rigorous process of preparing an intellectual stew. The word curator in English and *curador/curadora* and *curandera/curandero* in Spanish share their origins in the Latin word *cura* meaning to ‘take care of’. A *curandero/curandera* in Latin America is a medicine person or shaman who uses recipes and rituals to heal mental and physical illnesses.

We need to gather *curanderxs* [‘cooks’]: scholars, artists, writers, philosophers, scientists, all to add to the pot, to aid in the preparation of the ongoing care recipe.²

We need to become reacquainted with the outside world, to move away from our virtual kitchens, to meet and to cook in the physical world, to consider all essential ingredients

In our cooking, as we prepare, test and share, we might:

Make a balm for the repair of broken bodies, broken hearts, broken societies.

Mend relationships through carefully chosen, attentive words.

Mix a poultice of herbs to ward against neoliberal technical-patriarchal societies.

Prepare a concoction to aid careful attention to all forms of life.

Gather herbs from a garden in order to re-engage with the tactile, lived possibilities of gathering as a care collective.

Find a bitter lemon to sharpen our wits and help with the reassessing of ethics and politics.

Wash, clean and unmask states and corporations of control.

Mix in and whisk up the possibilities of virtual and physical presence at work and in academia.

COOKING METHODS

Take the issues that need careful attention and release them, let them form and prove.

Watch them rise.

Place them in order of urgency.

Mix the five most urgent ingredients together. Put them in a pan and bring to the boil. Be vigilant, the mixture must not evaporate.

Take the less urgent ingredients and let them simmer for the longest time possible.

Some of the ingredients might not be as necessary now as they will be in the future, so store them in the freezer.

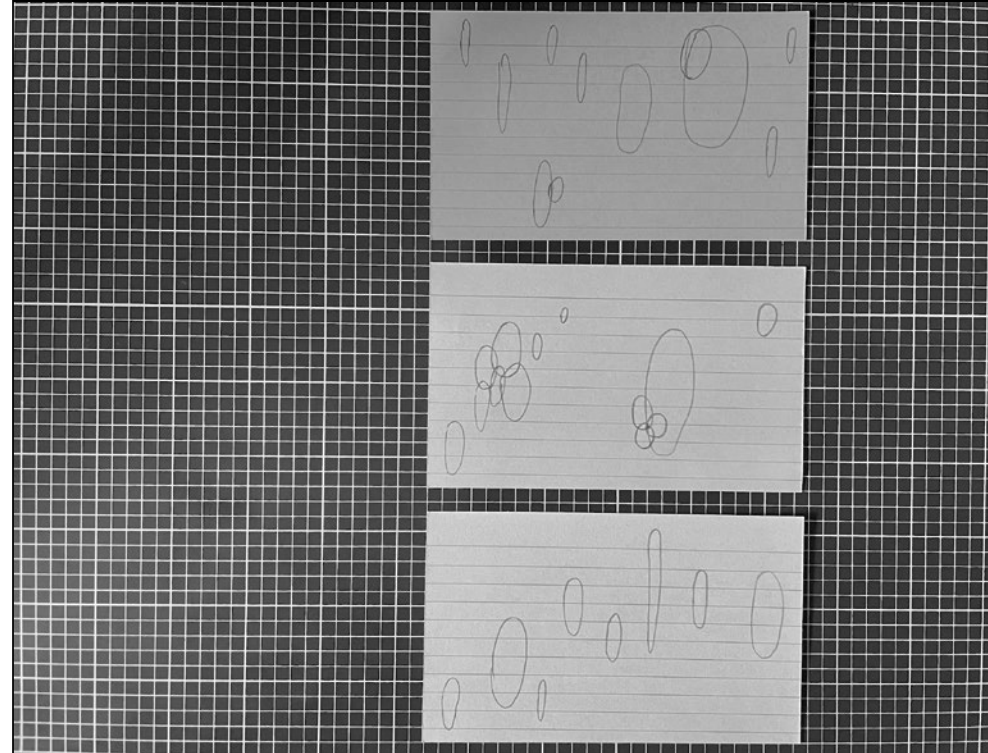
SERVING SUGGESTIONS; BRINGING TO THE TABLE

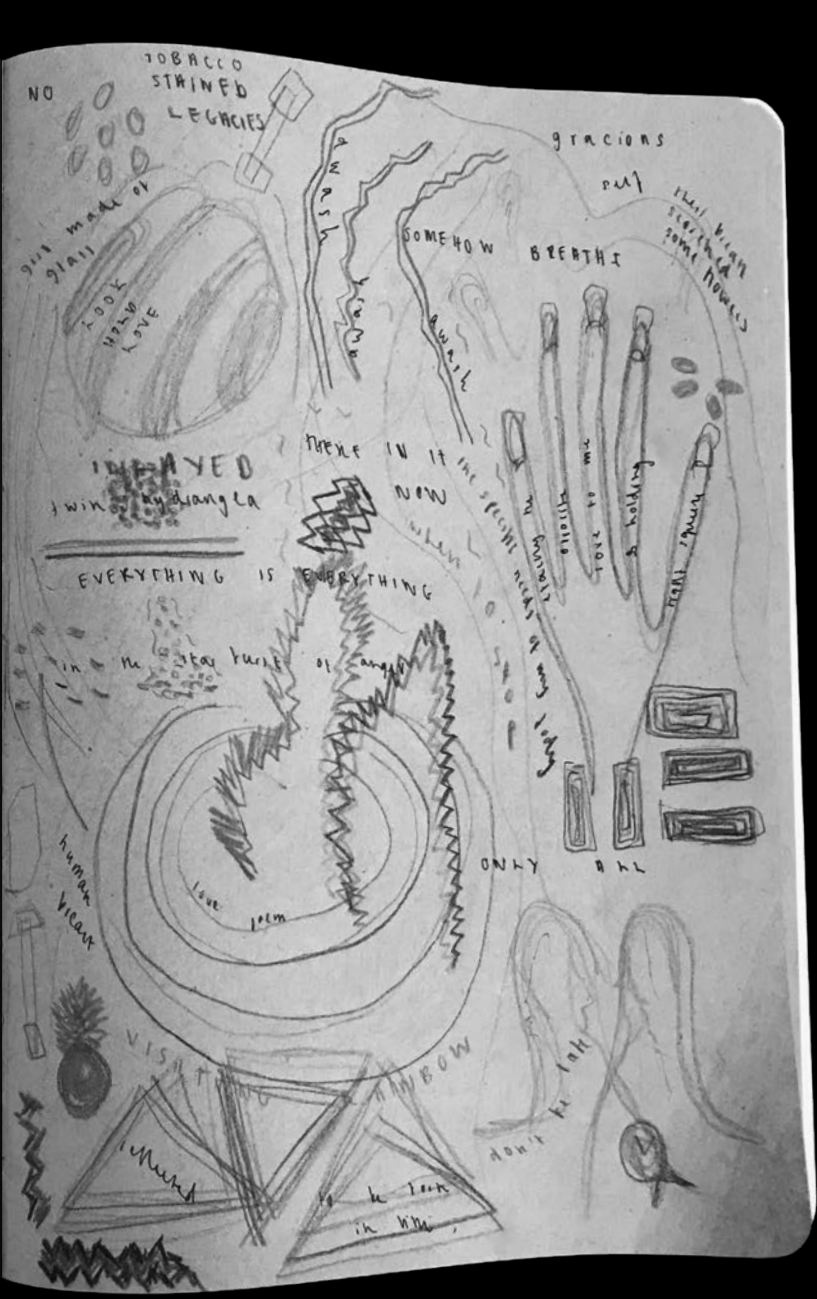
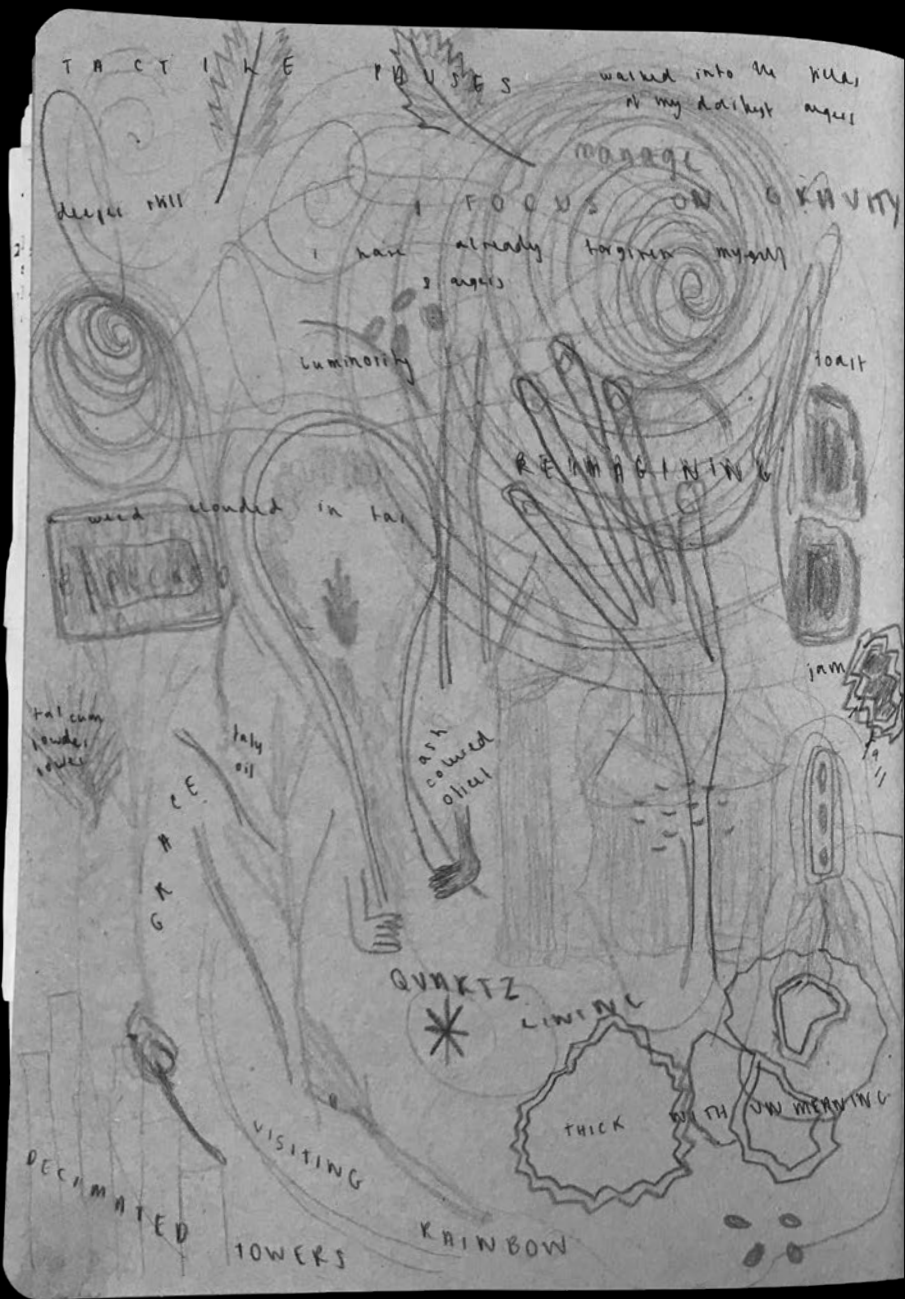
Moving forward, carefully and thoughtfully, our intent is that this recipe addresses the sick body, racism, sexism but also our planet's ecology. We turn to Berenice Fisher and Joan Tronto's expanded definition of care as that which 'includes everything that we do to maintain, continue and repair "our world" so that we can live in it as well as possible. That world includes our bodies, ourselves, and our environment, all of which we seek to interweave in a complex, life-sustaining web.'³

As with all good broths it is often the simplest of ingredients that make soup, be it leftover bones or vegetable peelings. We need to create an antidote for the future, to arm ourselves with verbal weapons but keep our wishbones close to our hearts as these will act as protective amulets.

Thank you to the Care research group and to Joshua Leon, a group member, who shared his family recipe for chicken broth which led to this care recipe for the future.

1. The Spanish word for curator is *curadora* and for shaman or healer it is *curandera*. Here they are both used in the female gender.
2. Curanderxs: In some Spanish-speaking countries the 'x' in curanderxs replaces the feminine 'a' and the masculine 'o' to include all genders.
3. Berenice Fisher and Joan Tronto, 'Toward a Feminist Theory of Caring', in *Circles of Care*, ed. by Emily K. Abel and Margaret K. Nelson, Albany: SUNY Press, 1990, p. 40.





Beatrix Grant

Research Communiqués: RCA School of Arts and Humanities

I care by... edited by Gemma Blackshaw, Sohaila Baluch,
Marita Fraser, Nora Heidorn, Rosie Hermon
Published 2022

Each Research Communiqués title will be accompanied by a live event,
details available on the website.

Communiqués Editorial Team: Murray Anderson, Josephine Berry,
Gemma Blackshaw, Nicky Coutts, Ben Cranfield, Catherine Ferguson,
Jasper Joseph-Lester, and Shehnaz Suterwalla
Assistant Editor: Murray Anderson
Design: Fraser Muggeridge studio

ISBN: 978-1-8383543-3-6

With thanks to the Care Research Group

Published by Royal College of Art,
School of Arts and Humanities
1 Hester Road, London SW11 4AN
www.soah-research-rca.com

All parts of this book are available digitally and free of charge via the
Research Communiqués website. Content may be reproduced for non-
commercial purposes of personal study, research, criticism or reviews
without prior written permission of the publisher. Copyright for individual
contributions, including artwork, is retained by the respective author(s)
and must be properly acknowledged with full attribution in any
reproduction.

Every effort has been made to attribute the use of copyright material within
the publication. The publisher apologises for any errors or omissions and
would be grateful if notified of any corrections that should be incorporated
in future reprints of the book.



Royal College of Art
Postgraduate Art & Design