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I am a Stylus: Play, Erase, Replay, Overdub,
Broadcast

Submitted in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of
Philosophy, Kingston University London

September 2017

This thesis was submitted as a box of material that is kept in the library at Kingston University, London. This PDF is not the intended form – here, 'The Continuous Broadcast' is followed by 'Witch Dance', the two texts are not intended to be read in any particular order.

Play List (materials in box)

Abstract

The Continuous Broadcast - critical evaluative text

Witch Dance - experimental text

Newspaper – untitled publication

Typical Girls – publication

On Air – transparent vinyl record

It Is Girls From Which Stories Begin - newspaper publication (containing photocopied drawings and prints)

A Million Lapses and Pauses – tabloid newspaper containing documentation of *Five Years* event, zine documenting *ASP* and flyers for *Air Time* (see below)

Five Years, London, *A Million Lapses and Pauses*, 1 – 2nd July 2017, incorporating newspaper publication *It Is Girls From Which Stories Begin*, photocopied drawings and prints, *On Air*, sound work and live readings from *Witch Dance*.

ASP (artist self publishers fair) ICA, London, July 8th, 17, incorporating newspaper publication *It Is Girls From Which Stories Begin*, *Typical Girls* and *Witch Dance*

Air Time, Dorich House, Kingston, Tuesday 18th July - live readings of *Witch Dance*



Abstract

In this project the researcher assumes the position of devices devised for the reception and transmission of sounds and gestures. The embodied stylus is a means of sensitively picking up and recording sonic, gestural and temporal events (the stylus marking and recording time, the duration of each playing creating a record of its own event). A boundless and non-hierarchical notion of radio broadcast is posited as its central mode of interrogation and infiltration.

The project explores and articulates the complexities of transmission by embracing and critically recasting notions of interiority and sensitivity. My broadcast tunes in and out of established patterns and rhythms, their gaps and ruptures made clearer as a metaphorical dial is allowed to browse a vast field of cultural and subcultural manifestations. The text, in turn utilises a variety of personal, diaristic and auto-fictive forms (my voice, as broadcaster, performing a key role) to acknowledge and receive unruly, divergent and dissonant gestures, utterances and reverberations. As such, my research draws upon art, sound and literary practices developed in the 20th and 21st centuries that have embraced fluidity and ephemerality, such as experimental electronic sound, auto-fictive texts, performance and live art, concrete poetry, experimental theatre, self-publishing, underground fanzine culture and mail art.

A variety of activities and devices, from field recordings to analogue noise makers, provide the tools to re-articulate utterances and recast gestures marginalised within contemporary culture. *I am a Stylus* asks how these can be rediscovered and made productive towards a collective articulation of a shared future. Throughout my research, key discoveries and personal rediscoveries have been tested and iterated through live and recorded readings, experimental sound, text and video works, drawings and publications.

I am a Stylus espouses a form of time travel in which the collection and collation of sounds, words and gestures constitute fleeting yet persistent events, sounding out alternative versions of established cultural narratives. This process of discovery and reassessment, when tracing my own antecedents, manifests a constellation of historical female, queer and marginalised artists, writers and musicians allowing them to be viewed and heard from outside of linear history but within a re-conceptualisation of cultural history.

My submission for PhD consists of a number of interrelated documents, namely *Witch Dance*, an experimental text, *Air Time*, a transparent vinyl record and a series of related publications. These outcomes of my practice-based research are accompanied by a contextual document, *The Continuous Broadcast*, in which my working process is articulated, delineating the development of my research and situating it within a wider network of practices.

The Continuous Broadcast

Frequencies

Airspace Navigation (broadcast notes)

Airspace - Wooshes (context)

Live On Air

Broadcast Log 1- Humming (notebooks)

Broadcast Log 2 - Signal (radio/transmission)

Broadcast Log 3 - Fragmented Musical Gestures (score)

Broadcast Log 4 - Composition Outside Time (space time)

Broadcast Log 5 - Wide Band Receiver (self publish)

Broadcast Log 6 - Tape Echo (collaborative acts)

Broadcast Log 7 - Rhythmic Space (improvisation)

Broadcast Log 8 - Sound Poem (auto-fiction)

Broadcast Log 9 - Creaturess (her language)

Broadcast Log 10 – Speaking Gestures (vulnerability/process)

Air Time

Outside Broadcasts (outcomes)

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Cast

I – Creaturess(es)

Interference

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Airspace Navigation* (broadcast notes)

* also see terms and devices

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(sound of shuffling paper)

This text professes to be the transcript of a future broadcast (to be read in conjunction with *Witch Dance*). It asks you to imagine its words being performed as if on the radio while attending closely to the sounds around you.

(tiny bleeps and whooshes)

Imagine this as a call to gaze down into a rockpool: the contents of the box (publications and documents including *Witch Dance*, *Typical Girls*, *A Million Lapses and Pauses* and vinyl record *Air Time*) representing a series of moving and evolving forms.

(whirring)

The forms take shape through improvisational methods and DIY approaches encouraging the possibility of collaborative rediscovery. The use of 'I' (we) is part of the collaboration - my voice becoming a sensitive tool for picking up and joining in with others. Sound-tracks from discarded videos and obsolete formats are found and extracted, (a process akin to making field recordings) and developed into new collaged sound and text works - transmitted through my voice, digitally through speakers and reiterated as vinyl records. Collaborative experiments with sound develop into drawings, ('zines developing as part of this) and these evolve into graphic symbols as fluid gestural sigils, incorporated into texts and acting as sonic and gestural scores. The fluidity deliberately wishes to evoke a sensation of discord, casting doubt upon solidity and structure as a way of avoiding classification.

(whirring faster)

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(louder)

The stylus marks and records time, it enacts and synchronises the intense cooperation of two bodies interacting simultaneously. The duration of each playing is a record of its own event, the needle both delicate transcriber and sonic transmitter. As listeners we become actively engaged in the life of a vinyl record - each listening event never being identical but having its own peculiar and unique span. Similarly, the image repeatedly put through a photocopier or Riso-printer marks each print with the trace of its process, each being fractionally different. The process of live radio broadcasting and it's receiving, like live performance and reading, also contains these temporal traces, contingent upon an exchange of energy taking place in 'actual' linear time. This sensitive activity, produces 'radio(aktivity)' and by embodying the stylus, the hand or the intensive experience of listening or looking, involves an exchange that seeps between transmitter and receiver and opens gaps and ruptures giving the potential to become 'reaktivated'¹.

(sputtering, soft fizzing sounds)

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¹ The ideas embedded within 'reaktivation' may be seen as akin to the 'secret signal', Walter Benjamin's notion explored through improvisational theatre workshops with Asja Laciš and written about in Program for a Proletarian Children's theatre. Through this work he created an understanding of history in terms of rupture and possibility, rather than continuity and progress forming a constellation with the past. The idea of the fleeting and productive moment producing change through its connection with similar instances in the past and projecting connections onto future occurrences: 'It is not that what is past casts its light on what is present, or what is present its light on what is past; rather, image is that wherein what has been comes together in a flash with the now to form a constellation.' 'The arrangement is a little like an encryption software program, in which both sender and receiver possesses private keys that the other cannot know, but where the interaction of ones private keys with the others public key (or vice versa) allows the file or message to be decoded. It takes both parties, both generations, [child and teacher] for the signal to appear or to appear meaningful. It cannot simply be projected from the present, intentionally and knowingly, into the future, to be redeemed there, without already being there.' (Nicholas Riddout, *Passionate Amateurs, Theatre, Communism and Love*, University of Michigan Press, 2013)

Airspace – wooshes (context)

(clicks)

The broadcast transmits from a practice that employs interdisciplinary, intuitive and instinctive processes aligned with the haptic, gestural and sonic, incorporating instinctive drawing practices, collaborative improvised video making, texts and live readings. Previous projects include readings, publication launches and video screenings with *X-Marks the Bokship*, and *Project* (with Steve Richards) at Maureen Paley, which traversed video, photocopied publications and hand drawn and printed ephemera and vinyl records. Performances at the Barbican and ICA integrated spoken word and cut-up text. Published work has been distributed via spaces such as *Printed Matter* in New York, *Motto* in Berlin and *Banner Repeater*, *X-Marks the Bokship* and *Publish and Be Damned* in London.

Forming a dialogue with contemporary music, art, graphic design and experimental publishing, the broadcast's wider context includes radical models of publishing and their avant-garde legacy seen across the 20th century from the Vorticist manifesto *Blast* and Dadaist forms of experimental typography². The dialogue comes to the fore also in experimental art magazines of the sixties: *The Situationist Times*, *Aspen* and *Semina* and informs and influences the teachings of Annie Albers at the Bauhaus and Black Mountain College and Richard Hamilton's program at Newcastle in the 1960s promoting discourse across art, design, music and the avant-garde, encouraging fluid collaborations between artists, musicians, poets and dancers - from Cage and Cunningham to Eno and Ferry and the ripples they produced across art and popular culture³.

An exchange between analogue and digital and interdisciplinary works navigating between performance and moving image, object and text are current in both art and music. Contemporary musician/artist Kim Gordon's band *Body/Head* 'builds on epic drones, feedback, and guitar riffs...a uniquely crafted take on improvisation. Staged against a backdrop of slow-motion film projections, the project comprises both a visual and musical experience, blurring the lines between mediums.'⁴ Contemporary artist 'Sue Tompkins' spoken word performances and textual exhibitions explore the shifts and ruptures of reverie, recollection and allusion⁵ and an exchange and overlap of process and ideas is integral to the work of artist/musician Jutta Koether: 'Writing infiltrates painting, installations become backdrops for music performances, and various insignia from musical culture are collaged

² Including Isidore Idou's Lettrist experiments with spoken and visual calligraphic symbols, which also became influential in the 1960s when these ideas were incorporated into the Situationist movement.

³ The experimental dance group practices of the Judson Memorial Church in New York, 'interested in pushing the ideas of the art form as far as possible into non-dance areas' (Vincent Katz. Tate etc. Issue 38) grew out of the teachings of Cunningham, and premiered the experimental work of artists and dancers and poets, amongst them Yvonne Rainer, Trisha Brown and Meredith Monk. Around these were the performance/writings of Patti Smith and Kathy Acker and in the UK art/music cross overs seen in early punk in a similar period grew from a culture that Hamilton had embraced positing music as an important part of the art school experience, many bands of that era forming from friendships at art school including *The Slits*, *The Clash*, *X-Ray Specs* and *The Raincoats* and others, and crossing into art, fashion, music magazines such as *The Face* and *ID*.

⁴ Moma website

⁵ Jennifer Higgie, Frieze Magazine

onto canvases. The boundaries between Koether's singular voice and the plurality of voices in the culture she inhabits are subject to constant negotiation.⁶

Crossovers between visual and textual art practices are also important within current developments in experimental literature and within the notion of the auto-fictive, from Chris Kraus's semi-autobiographical writing, developing out of an art practice focussed around film making, to Koether's writing practice as Mrs Benway. Connected to these experimental written forms, ideas situated around spoken word and language found in experimental music, performance and poetry practices are a focus of many contemporary art practices. Cally Spooner for example explores the episodic form, in texts and performances, as a means and an end in itself and artist and poet Penny Goring incorporates enacted spoken word performances alongside objects and poetic visual posters in a call for language to be reconsidered.

(fizzing sounds)

Strategies which employ DIY and counter cultural approaches are currently being reconsidered - new media having enabled greater access to the means to self produce, music, moving image and publishing are now seen in relation to the 'zine and mixtape cultures⁷ of the 1970s - the digital and analogous referring to one another. Many contemporary artists see publishing as its own form of expression, exploring its immediacy and egalitarian potential within forms of self-publishing, expanding the notion of both text and the process of publishing itself. Artists' publishing events, *Publish And Be Damned*, *3 Letter Words* and *ASP*, as well as *Miss Read* in Berlin and the *New York Art Book Fair*, alongside numerous artists publishing setups and projects, support a burgeoning interest in artists' publishing as practice. It is in dialogue with and in acknowledgement of these practices, methods and moments, that the broadcast situates itself.

(small squeaking sounds)

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(fizzing sounds fade out)

⁶ Jan Verwoert, *Days of Our Lives Frieze*, Nov 2006

⁷ The exhibition *Xerography*, 2013, Firstsite, Colchester, explored the history of the photocopy as a key tool within artists practice.

Broadcast Terms

Live Broadcast

Research presentations and spoken word performances utilising speaking gestures within an auto-fictive *écriture féminine* become *live broadcasts*, as drawings become *sonic gestures* and experimental texts are posited as *notes for radio*.

Radio(aktiv)

Radio is a zone and mode of encompassing subjectivity, interiority and sensitivity - a *radio(aktiv)* holding space providing a means of registering temporal ideas around collective and individual marginalised voices and processes. Theodor Adorno's description of the works of Walter Benjamin, that 'everything which fell under the scrutiny of his words was transformed, as though it had become radioactive', is utilized to consider how transmission and reception take place within the practice: 'Radio(aktiv) containing both excitement and danger' ... 'a connotation of atmospheric spreading, dispersal, and uncontrolled movement across borders and lines of containment; the airwaves, like the air or atmosphere, represent a quasi-invisible scene or medium of transmission'. Radio(aktiv) airspace and radio(aktiv) as dynamic, energetic forces, potentially dangerous to the status quo.

If sought out, the *radio(aktiv)* signal might then be found within an activity, text, artwork or gesture that, existing in space time, is radically radio(aktiv) and may, through transmission and reception, in response to a stylus like touch, be re(aktivated) at any point.

Re(aktivated)

Traces/materials that have been thrown out or have seeped out, containing an energetic force, can be picked up by sensitive receivers giving potential for a life, or duration, of their own.

Subsequent embodiment may be perceived or sensed in terms of a vital energy that allows for the existence of duration – a *new time*, which appears outside of linear time. (See Space Time)

Space Time

Radio(Aktiv) signals emitted at other time periods and from other locations (received through a variety of channels including reading, watching, listening etc), are responding to and enacting with the signal throughout, creating a feedback loop between past, present and future. Although the broadcast, (in this instance) takes place within a particular time period (Sept 2013 – 2017), it can be seen to belong outside linear time: 'blast[ing] particular moments of the present and past out of the linear sequence... forming... an expressive

relationship to temporal experience' (Benjamin, Thesis 6 and 14). Refers also to Kristeva's Womens' Time (see *Creaturess*) and Benjamin's Messianic Time in terms of the sensation or perception of a non-linear time and history.

Creaturess

The *Creaturess* embraces the female, queer and marginalised and is brought out through a practice which employs intuitive, improvised and instinctive processes aligned with the haptic, gestural and sonic, and is centred around instinctive drawing and writing practices, collaborative experimental improvised sound and video making and live readings. She encapsulates the imaginary realm within ideas of pre-language, the primal, animalistic and intuitive. In Leonora Carrington's work, (where creatures abound), the horse stands in for the imaginative potential of a woman or girl. This imaginative potential exists within Julia Kristeva's notion of the pre-linguistic Chora (a space dominated by perceptions, feelings and needs, close to the pure materiality of existence) and of Womens' Time (a non linear space and time of predictions and echoes backwards and forwards simultaneously, as disruption to patriarchal lineage and a coming together of all waves of feminism) and Helene Cixous' call for an *écriture féminine* found within her text *The Laugh of The Medusa*, (a call to a pre-symbolic stage, stepping outside of the patriarchal realm of language and starting anew by writing the body). It is also aligned to the process of discovery within the confessional forms of writing seen within female auto fiction, from Chris Krause's *I Love Dick* and Maggie Nelsons' *Bluets* and *Argonauts*, through Doris Lessing's *The Golden Notebook*, Stevie Smith's *Novel On Yellow Paper* and Jean Rhys' *Voyage In The Dark*, these texts becoming an interconnected resource through which the *Creaturess*, with particular reference to works *The Yellow Book*, *Typical Girls* and *Witch Dance* is explored.

Dailiness

Taking an extraordinary approach to the ordinary, contingent upon incidental discoveries within the everyday, which are incorporated, remade, re-considered. These ideas are considered within the broadcast in relation to the confessional 'I' in experimental auto-fiction and the improvisational in sound and music (see noise makers) and are important within the activities of the broadcast, where observation, discoveries, moods and interactions involved in living a life aren't considered separate from an art practice, as in: 'the active embodiment of her life...effectively, her life performing her life.' (*Pinochet porn*, Ellen Cantor)

Dis-oeuvre

The ideas and methods of the broadcast operate within a loosely spread-out network of connections foregrounding practices that might be seen to be contained within a 'dis-oeuvre', a principle questioning traditional hierarchical and linear ways of historicising⁸

⁸ The hierarchical and linear was named 'the pre-invented world' by artist David Wojnarowicz. Growing up as a gay man in the US, Wojnarowicz understood how it felt to be an outsider within the 'pre-invented world' of mainstream experience. Barthes' ideas on idiorrhythmy are related via his investigation into societies in which individuals are able to express their individuality,

held within the tracks on the record, or the eye and nervous system picking up on the specificities held within the drawn line.

The digital has made apparent what was previously taken for granted and the stylus is not a longing for a pre digital age, but an interest in observing and utilising the specificities of analogue processes and intertwining them into a post digital world.

Noise Makers

As with the non-hierarchical and purposely amateur improvisational set ups of groups such as The Scratch Orchestra and the Bishopsgate Experimental Noise Theatre (of which I was a member during the broadcast), experimentation with ideas that promote the notion that sound or music can be made from anything by anyone and that improvisation is an important tool for discovery, are key to the broadcast and are aligned to early experiments with music concrete⁹ and to sounds of protest, made by hitting together objects at hand and amplified by groups of people brought together.

Microphone

Utilised in the broadcast as a way of enabling the quiet, marginalised voice to be amplified without changing the core of its original message and sometimes, signalling the shy performer, as a stand in for the body.

Electric Guitar

Related to the DIY attitudes of early punk pioneers Kim Gordon and Viv Albertine the electric guitar used during the broadcast is an improvisational device often used to make repeated notes, symbolising an amplification of the *tuning in* process connecting to other Creatures.

Tape Recorder

People talk of *speaking into* tape recorders, they are object as sound container, and within the broadcast they become a kind of character, sitting in, listening to personal conversations, picking up on the zone of the recording – space of a room, subtleties of speech as well as background noises.

⁹ Envisaging a music made solely from pre-recorded loops long before 'sampling', Pierre Schaeffer (*In Search of a Concrete Music*, 1952), began with 'research into noises' and produced a form of music that transformed field recordings of natural and mechanical origin, through the manipulation of turntables, acetate records, filters and magnetic tape, until their original context and form, were unrecognizable. Like Daphne Oram and Delia Derbyshire, he was interested in merging art with science and composition with engineering and like John Cage he realized that there was a rich vein of musicality hidden within seemingly mundane sounds. He was a non-conformist and anti-nuclear activist, stating, in relation to this: "Why should a civilization which so misuses its power have, or deserve, a normal music?"

Pre-digital, its contents are dependent on duration, so that only, 30, 60 or 90 minutes of sound can be recorded at any one time. (In the case of sound archives held at the Bishopsgate Institute, used as part of the broadcast, this leads to abrupt endings half way through a sentence and gaps in conversation that can only be guessed at, whilst sounds are muffled or stretched). Tape has its own qualities and unlike vinyl's durability, it is fragile, twistable, un-stable and it fades.

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“Lie flat on your back and stop thinking, then something will happen. It creeps up to you on all sides and brings you unheard torment. You wind and shape yourself in torment until you finally let go and everything falls away from you. Then there’s only clarity and recognition and your imagination awakens.”¹²

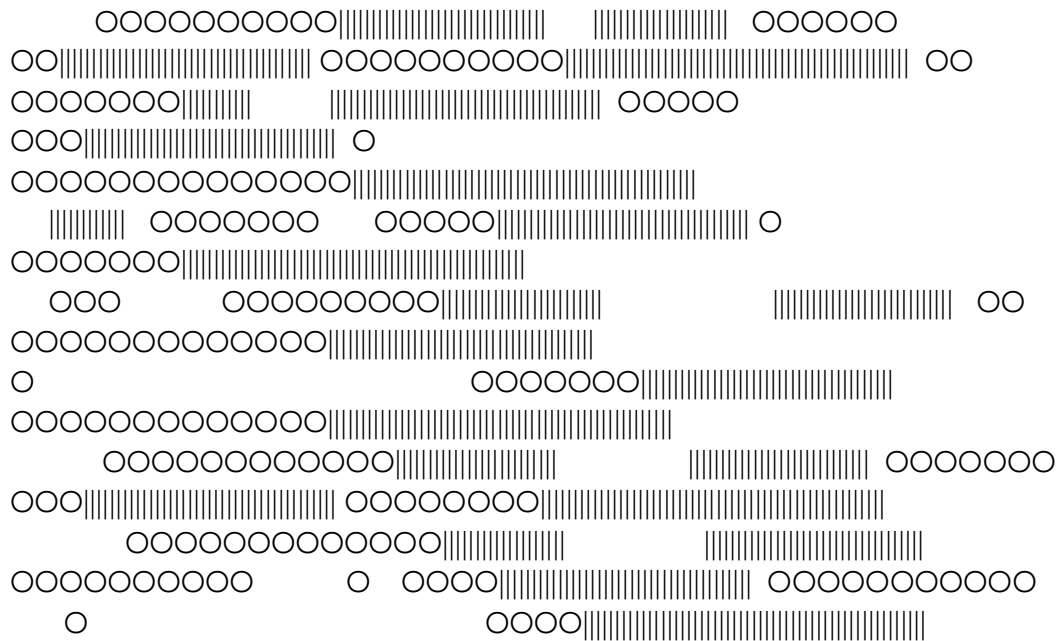
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¹² Jutta Koether on Agnes Martin, Artists on Artists lecture series, Dia Foundation, New York (accessed, YouTube, Sept 2017)



something in my voice
half way between voice and voicelessness
a form of inductance

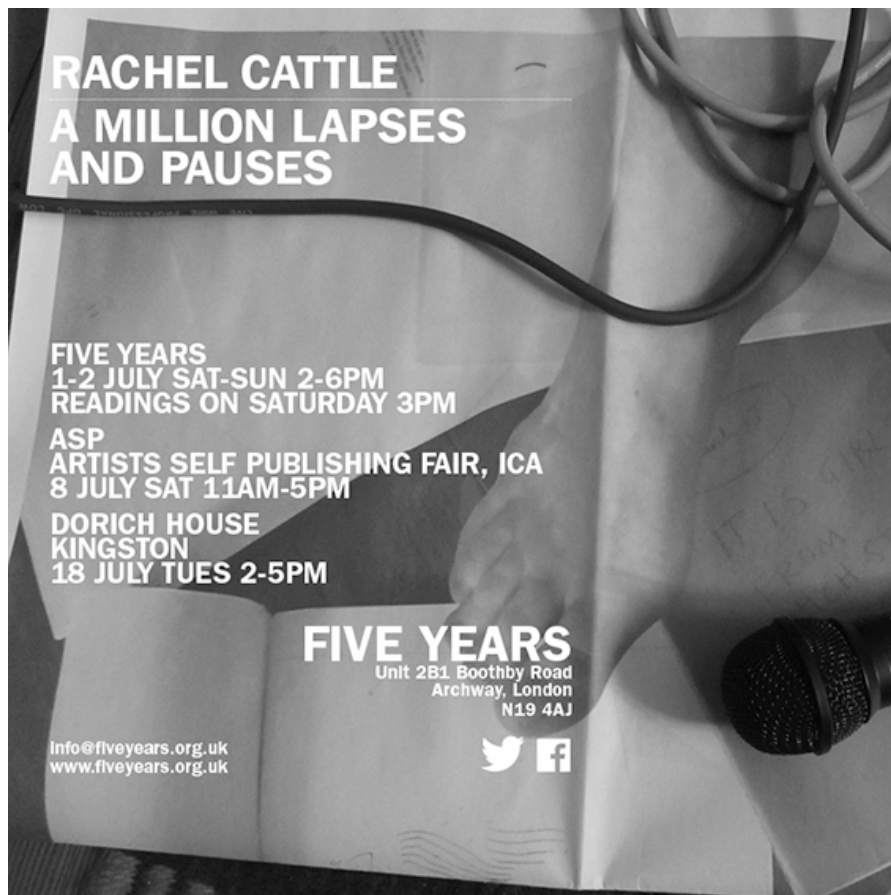
the microphone comes into view

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'The women say that, with the world full of noise, they see themselves already in possession of the industrial complexes. They are in the factories, aerodromes, radio stations. They have taken control of communications...' ¹³

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¹³ Monique Wittig, *Les Guerilleres*, University of Illinois Press, 1969



A Million Lapses and Pauses

Across Five Years, the ICA and Dorich House, *A Million Lapses and Pauses* continues a radio(aktiv) broadcast in the form of recorded sound, live readings, publications and posters orbiting the publication *Witch Dance - notes for radio*.

Exploring the affects of language and voice, *A Million Lapses and Pauses* ('a million lapses and pauses like poetry' a sentence from Eileen Myles' experimental novel, *Cool For You* a search for information on her grandmother through language) reassesses alternative and feminine histories, the radio(aktiv) broadcast overdubbing, remixing and replaying intuitive, process led and feminine approaches found operating at the margins - 'an interconnected material instability' between people, objects, places and bodies of knowledge.

All bodies emit radio waves, in which case might we tune into one another through time, 'walking as if the soles of your feet had ears'? Pauline Oliveros

Five Years, Archway, London, Saturday 1st and Sunday 2nd July 2017
2 – 6pm (readings on Saturday at 3pm)

ASP, Artists Self Publishing Fair, ICA, Saturday 8th July, 11am – 5pm

Air Time, Dorich House, Kingston, 2 – 5pm Tuesday 18th July 2017

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A spirographic star shape oscillates between fluctuating lines, between them a double ended arrow hovers below the word *or*. On another piece of paper, illegible shapes fill the page mimicking lines of text and on another a cloud of marks form an intuitive diagram.

A pile of books,¹⁴ occupy one corner of a table, fluorescent pages randomly highlight different sections of each copy, the cover shows a mouth open to a microphone.¹⁵ Scattered around these are newspapers showing the same drawings as are in the space you are in, strewn amongst typed sheets of text (early iterations and versions of *Witch Dance*) a hand or foot interacting with them, tuning in.¹⁶ The drawings spread out across the table in front of you and up onto the walls, the book cover image is repeated large, hand written texts scrawled across it. One newspaper hangs by its fold over the edge of the table - a bare foot stepping over the edge – hovering.

One of the books rests on top of an amp next to a mic on a stand. Another microphone lies on a large hessian cushion, it's turquoise lead trailing across the floor suggesting unreadable words. In the background you hear looped sounds - rustling paper, drawings or writings being made, a female voice humming, a repeated note on an electric guitar and the faint drift of songs from a radio. From the speakers a female voice says, "at the beginning when I was interested in poetic language, of children, and that is the rhythm and the music...we all know that poetic language is musical and then...and that the music can dominate the meaning...they belong to a tradition which has mapped out their goals and objects and have achieved a great deal, but they don't touch upon the dynamics of subjective symptoms which to me seem important both in life, within society and in psychoanalysis...and when the social code is in a state of flux...so I tried to put forward a model designed to accommodate these dynamic situations."¹⁷ You start to feel that the space is a container for layers and loops, remnants, receiving, transmitting and recording.

The Creaturess walks to the chair and begins to read from the book. Her voice sounds soft, filling the room. She moves across the space and the mic lead crawls across her.¹⁸ Crouched low, her voice comes from above her, resonating from the speakers and the space and her voice tune into one another's frequencies.

Another voice speaks un-mic'ed from across the space: "I know that sound was first transported by Marconi. I learned it in school...'the voice continues...'I believe in sound. It's the tiniest shaking, when the colours are gone, and smells disperse, the shaking continues, its effect is infinite...every dropped ruler in a classroom forty years ago is a tingling moment rushing past Mars."¹⁹

¹⁴ *Witch Dance*

¹⁵ Viv Albertine. Lead singer of The Slits, author of *Clothes, Music, Boys*

¹⁶ Marjorie Cameron, in the film *Wormwood Star*, steps barefoot through a series of objects and amongst her drawings

¹⁷ Julia Kristeva, transcription from video interview, *On Julia Kristeva's Couch*, YouTube, (accessed Sept 2017)

¹⁸ Kathy Acker reads from *Kathy goes to Haiti*, in a video from 1978, seated cross-legged on a cushion on the floor.

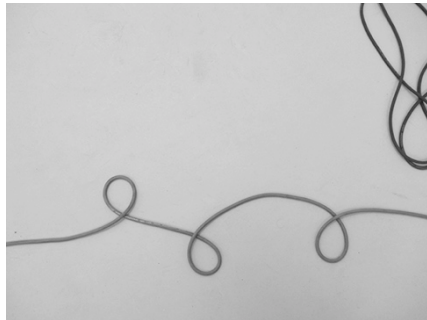
¹⁹ Eileen Myles, *Cool For You*, Chapter 9

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'ASP3 will, like its predecessors, feature over seventy British and international independent artist self-publishers for the one-day fair. As with the 2015 and 2016 editions, the fair will show artist self-publishers only and will continue to avoid the restrictions and market dominance that affects much of contemporary arts culture. The publications are still the art works: affordable and available, free from the fetters of the institution or gallery, the ideas, images and text are produced and published by artists who understand the restrictions and freedoms of the printed page.'



Printed materials are spread out across tables, posters and editions cover the walls and it's hot and busy. I'm sat between A and S. S is an artist and sometime collaborator and A is an artist and publisher. A swaps with S, a book for a record - a series of experimental recordings with accompanying hand printed booklet for a book - a study on gesture. A and I hatch a plan to do an event at the ICA, I sell a copy of Witch Dance for a university collection in Copenhagen and across the way I notice M who is G's friend. I introduce myself and we chat about her recent online video publishing project. She sells me a copy of a collaborative project at a knockdown price. I chat to a guy sitting behind me who works at a local Riso press and helped to bind my books, next to him is SW, selling editions of Control, a magazine he's been self publishing since the Sixties.

People talk and look and read. A young woman spends a long time reading and then shyly buys a copy of Typical Girls – recollections of incidental events, and descriptions of clips from videos, TV and radio programmes on radical, rebellious women. Small press publishers in Glasgow and Berlin leave their details and we chat about Witch Dance, which they are going to stock when I produce an edition, along with Diagram of an Hour, the research groups' collaborative vinyl record.

Walking home with S, we run into H with a group of friends who have been at Pride helping to temporarily unsettle the status quo.

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.....Broadcast log 1 - humming (notebooks)

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'...listening back to the tape...there is at least as much pause as chat; at certain moments, birdsong seems to have taken over for good.'²⁰

²⁰ I'm so excited to have made this decision to perform Tim Adams, on Elizabeth Fraser, Guardian, 24 June 2012

It begins with my voice....

I've been keeping notebooks, (rough ideas, scribbled drawings, quotes) and with no intention of ever being heard, I've started recording myself reading them aloud, feeling that they might contain something and that my voice might invoke the feedback loop and begin to connect. I'm doing this in snatched moments without a plan and I'm reading novels²¹ - Jean Rhys: *Voyage in the Dark*, Stevie Smith: *The Yellow Book* and Doris Lessing: *The Golden Notebook* - their broken patterns and collaged forms feeling natural to my understanding of the world.²²

Years ago I took a photo from the TV screen - a close up of two hands holding a notebook - from a documentary on the French New Wave. The pages were filled with heavily worked texts and drawings creating a kind of thought map in blue biro. I couldn't understand the words,²³ but the image the pages created epitomised something I felt about the creative process. I kept the photo pinned up for a long time, only recently discovering Artaud's notebooks.²⁴

The recordings are accentuating my own disjointed notes and drawings. I'm using my almost defunct Emac computer - the mic is more sensitive - but occasionally it makes a random electronic hummmm, which becomes part of the soundscape. I'm getting used to the process, feeling less self-conscious and becoming more aware of incidental noises - phones ringing, doors shutting, neighbours shouting and starting to intentionally incorporate these.

(*I am a DJ*, Bowie, plays in the background)

I'm using my voice as a kind of emotional device to explore subtleties, focussing on how things are phrased, tone, what repetition does, and how volume affects the feeling and I'm thinking about how to communicate the unsayable, the unspoken and the atmosphere. My faltering, sometimes mumbled readings seem to reflect the way thoughts happen and also the incomplete lineages of artists and writers that I'm reading and investigating. Wikipedia is full of () gaps and I'm trying to somehow get in between things, dig down, while the

²¹ Initially these are recommendations from friends, but as auto fictive ideas become more central to the broadcast I'm actively seeking them out. I talk to people in bookshops, finding Stevie Smiths, *Novel on Yellow Paper* this way and frequent the *London Review of Books* bookshop where Maggie Nelsons *Argonauts* is recommended. And I find recommendations online in articles written by contemporary authors, who are actively engaging with the community they're part of. It takes me a while to name this scene and, it's only later that terms like auto-fiction come to light.

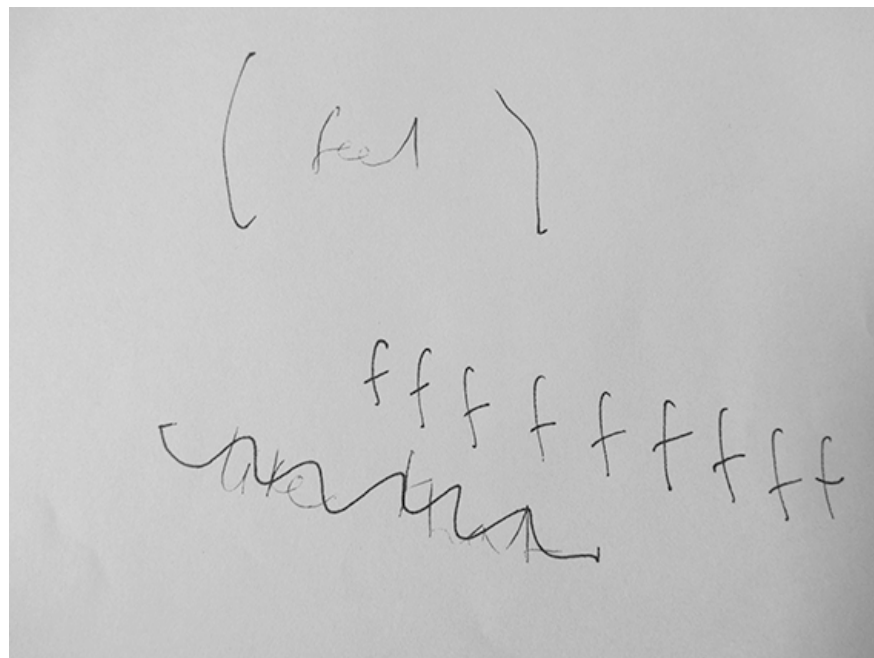
²² Ursula leGuin, in *The Carrier Bag Theory of Fiction* describes the novel as 'a sack,(or) a bag', saying: 'A book holds words. Words hold things. They bear meanings. A novel is a medicine bundle, holding things in a particular, powerful relation to one another and to us.' (Ursula leGuin, in *The Carrier Bag Theory of Fiction*.)

²³ Reading Jean Rhys's emotional prose poetry in novel form, she also seems to do something 'other' with words, synthesising them sonically and visually into something that's more like an extended song. In *Voyage in the Dark* she alludes to the visual feeling of words: 'The print was very small, and the endless procession of words gave me a curious feeling - sad, excited, frightened. It wasn't what I was reading, it was the look of the dark, blurred words going on endlessly that gave me that feeling.' (Jean Rhys, *Voyage in the Dark*, p9.)

²⁴ Artaud uses the form of the notebook 'as an autonomous work in their own right, through which he distils his preeminent preoccupations: the envisioning of a new, organ-less human anatomy, his conception of the time and space of gesture, his raw fury against society and all of its manifestations,' and 'his intensive confrontation between text and image' (Stephen Barber, *Artaud: Terminal Curses, The Notebooks 1945-48*)

sound of my words and the spaces in the recordings start to visualise typographically in my head, as spaces on the page and different fonts or scribbles. The silences and gaps²⁵ link to pages in publications I've produced before, which are blank except for photocopy 'noise' – like the lead-in on records before a song begins, small, seemingly insignificant areas are becoming important.

Les Back describes how his tape recorder 'captures the soundscape of the zone of recording'²⁶ and I'm starting to notice the qualities and particularities in different devices. Later, when I'm listening to recorded conversations in the Bishopsgate Institute's sound archives, I pick up on the way things are said, bringing to the fore the background sounds and unintentional voices²⁷. The recordings are mostly made in the 1960s and 70s and the conversations are dependant on the length of audio tape and quality of the recording device which becomes almost part of the conversation and I picture it sitting on a lap or side table, like a third party.

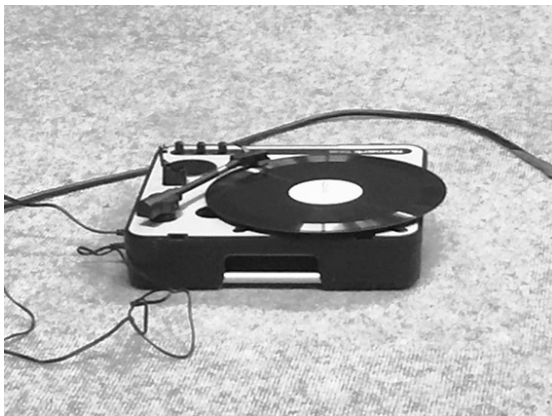


²⁵ Maggie Nelson talks about the scored quality of Barbara Guest's poetry, saying 'that to hear it we must listen very closely, as if listening to something that isn't entirely sure it wants to be heard' (Maggie Nelson, *The New York School and Other True Abstractions*)

²⁶ 'Inventive Methods, *The Happening of the Social*' Nina Wakeford and Celia Lury, (eds.) 2012, Routledge

²⁷ Georges Perec, in his writings describes what isn't usually recorded or noticed and seemingly has no importance - he looks at what happens when seemingly nothing is happening. In line with this thinking, a recent publication, *Shy Radicals* by Hamja Ahsan (Bookworks) draws attention to the unnoticed giving voice to the militant introvert and asserting the political demands of shy people: 'Radicalised against the imperial domination of globalised PR projectionism, extrovert poise and loudness, the Shy Radicals and their guerrilla wing the Shy Underground are a vanguard movement intent on trans-rupting consensus extrovert-supremacist politics and assertiveness culture of the twenty first century'. Conferences at the ICA in London and the ICI in Berlin have discussed forms of 'weak resistance' asking: 'What happens when nothing happens? When Paul Verillio asked this is relation to George Perec's work on the infa-ordinary it was in order to redefine after 1968, a political strategy that did not look at the political scene but at 'the ordinary, the banal, the habitual' (Rosa Barotsi – Conference: *Weak Resistance*, ICI Berlin 2015).

Joan Littlewoods' obituary is in one of the newspaper cuttings²⁸ I've been collecting and I spend an evening recording sections of the text - I feel a sense of kinship with her political ideals and her personal story. Littlewood was the first to encourage Sheila Delaney,²⁹ putting on *A Taste of Honey*, which I'm writing about as part of *Typical Girls* and I'm also interested by Delaney's experiments with language and time in *Sweetly Sings The Donkey* a series of radio plays she wrote in the 1980s. Incorporating sections from a suffragette rally leaflet creates links between first and second wave feminism. Listening back to it, unnoticed, the washing machine spin cycle builds and recedes in the background, creating a potently feminist narrative arc.



I will be playing *Spin Cycle* this Wednesday 13th May at 7pm.

A 3 minute, 10" vinyl record - a suffragette leaflet, Joan Littlewood's obituary and a washing machine

This is part of a series of live readings and performances taking place at Hackney Archives, 7- 8.30pm as part of the closing night of *Activating The Archives*.

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²⁸ Pre-internet, newspapers acted in a similar way to the radio or vinyl, sending out signals. The qualities particular to newspapers, like live radio, have now become clearer and I enjoy not just their content, but the shapes of cuttings, the quality of the images, the way the paper crinkles and ages. Like cassette tape I'm also aware of their vulnerabilities and the process of re-photographing and blowing up images becomes a way of processing and remaking them, like copying out others words by hand.

²⁹ Shelagh Delaney became a spokesperson for the overlooked and dispossessed by writing about working class life in *A Taste of Honey* and later the screenplay for *Dance With A Stranger*, told the story of the last woman to be hanged in Britain. I have been a fan since discovering the 'kitchen sink' drama as a teenager and Morrissey, also a fan, slipped dialogue from *A Taste of Honey* into *Reel Around The Fountain* also putting her on the album covers of Smiths records *Louder than Bombs* and *Girlfriend in a Coma*.

My broken dialogue continues to be interspersed with gaps and incidental sound, expressing moods and feelings through the sonic patterns of words as much as through their content and like the novels, the programs form non-linear, looping streams of consciousness with overlapping thematic links. The process presents difficulties, not least of which involves juggling tight deadlines as the broadcast dates approach whilst struggling with disintegrating computer equipment, but the medium which is new to me, is exciting and the research is enabling me to expand my knowledge of, amongst other things, mail art collectives from the 1970s and obscure female poets.

I've known from an early age that the disembodied voice has a kind of power - since the days of mix tapes and answering machines and long before that, the thrill of hearing my brothers voice in my ear via two cardboard loo rolls linked by taught string. Later vinyl records transmitted the possibility of an alternative world and other messages came at chance moments through the radio.³²

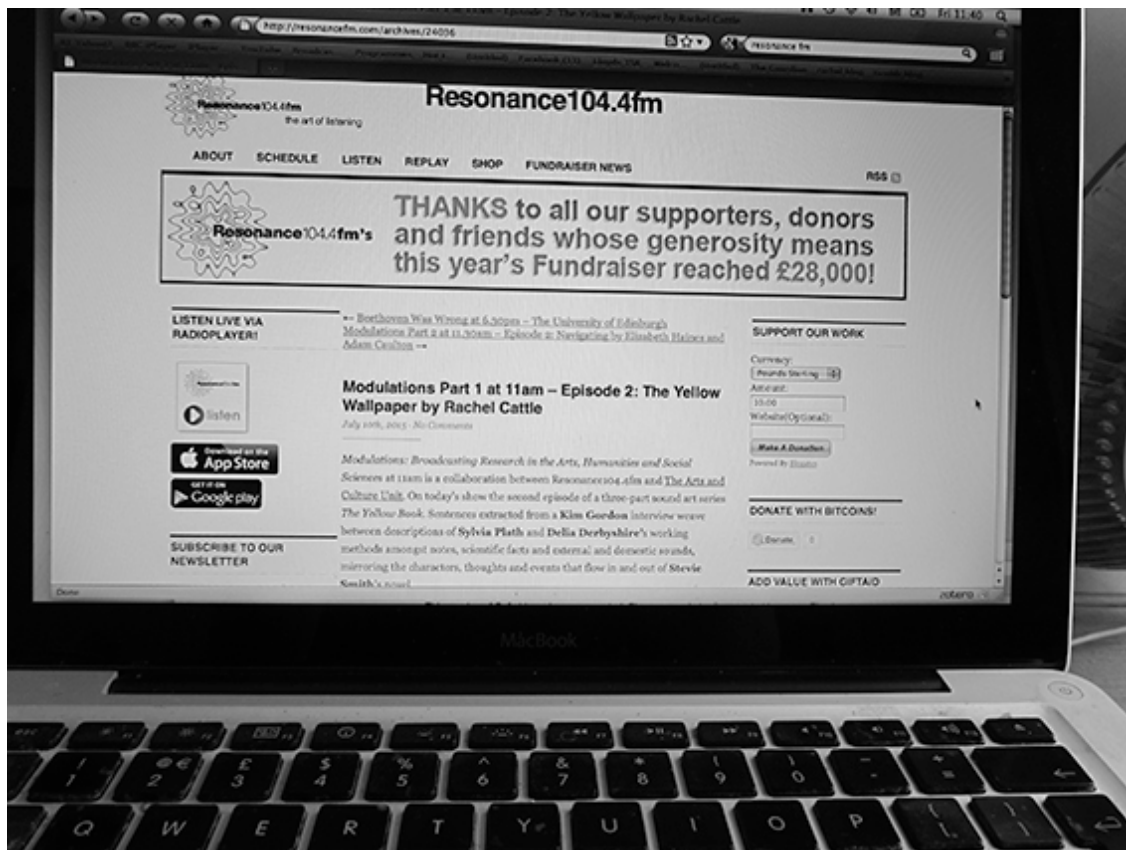
Each program is creating a sound scape, a form of abstract narrative, which won't be fully understood unless heard in its entirety, but I'm also interested in how they work in fragmentary form, giving a sense or a glimpse of something. The programmes are broadcast live across three Friday mornings and I tune in at home, whilst friends, colleagues and strangers are plugged in, walking across London, listening on the train or elsewhere. It feels right for the work - for its audience to be together, but spread out across space and also alone.³³

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³² After the First World War, live radio became a means of receiving the disembodied voice as an echo of ghosts or spirits; a belief becoming more prevalent at a time when so many had lost their lives so young, that their voices might still, through the rupture made by the radiophonic signal, be transmitted from 'beyond' and in one of his radio programmes, Walter Benjamin created imagined scenes in which fog imposes limitations on sight, forcing the characters to embody the condition of the radio listener, a condition of 'relative blindness' that leads to a kind of amplified call for audio and cognitive attainment for listening to both what is said and what cannot be heard'. (Radio Benjamin, Ed Lecia Rosenthal, Verso, 2014)

In Radio Benjamin, it is suggested that with new consideration of the specifics of radio, 'New forms of 'hearing matter' might pave the way for something like an auditory unconscious to make itself heard'. (Radio Benjamin, Ed Lecia Rosenthal, Verso, 2014). Now the specifics of live radio have become clearer, as podcasts and downloads are continuously accessible - the live broadcast (collaborative listening) is often caught and heard only in fragments so that the material content is processed differently, potentially taking on greater significance, creating new and diverse meanings as the imagination works to fill in the gaps.

³³ Self-publishing also utilises a wide range of ways to transmit information, works are placed in a variety of venues and exist in public and domestic spaces alike, and within self-publishing communities and 'zine and mix tape cultures the immediacy of transmission connects to the underground and the radical by bypassing traditional systems of dissemination.



The yellow book

Commissioned by the Arts and culture Unit and broadcast on Resonance fm July 2015

Podcasts here:

<http://theartsandcultureunit.com/>

Inspired by the radical publication of the 1890s *The Yellow Book*, this three-part radio series imagines the colour yellow as a subversive baton passed through time.

The series explores the historical and contemporary dialogue between often sidelined writers, artists and musicians who share similar experimental and intuitive approaches, and political concerns.

With the colour as a continuous point of reference, these programmes collage material drawn from newspaper articles, readings from books, letters and notebooks, descriptions of the experimental working practices of early electronic musicians, and sounds from domestic appliances, as well as musical instruments.

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////Broadcast log 3 - Fragmented Musical Gestures.....(score)

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The studio is becoming a space to explore objects and gestures, making improvised experiments which fall loosely into acts concerned with drawing, reading and writing, deconstructing and reconstructing newspapers, and improvising with percussive instruments and electronic sound devices. I'm incorporating digital, analogue and voice and experimenting as these processes to define the differences between and distinct mechanics and specifics of sound recording and playback processes. I'm looking at John Cage's book *Notations*, a collection of composer's experimental scores. Frederick Rzewski presents a series of marks, notes and words spread across a sheet music page noting: 'Don't make images: create meaningful rituals. Don't construct time: interpret the moment. Don't occupy space: identify with it' and by 'seeing what happens' rather than 'making things', creating rituals might be closer to what I'm doing.

I'm working with a kind of intuitive gathering process and an ad hoc library is developing of books and records that I think might be of use, along with newspaper cuttings (musical references, art, oddities, obituaries of the lost and long forgotten) and experimental texts and radio interviews on vinyl (The Slits on US radio, Patti Smith in Berlin, Kate Bush in the UK and Yoko Ono in New York, all recorded pre internet and picked up at charity shops and jumble sales.) My intention is to build a portable space for radio(aktivities), and although this is never fully realised physically, its contents are incorporated into various experiments and live broadcasts consisting of collages of books, records, drawings and sound. I use *The Slits* record as part of a collaborative listening event *Reading Records* at Five Years, which later develops into a series of collages forming part of a publication and elements also become part of *Witch Dance*, as quotations and imagined spaces - a transportable portal transmitting their potential.



Reading Records

16th May Saturday 2-4pm

Rachel Cattle, Jenna Collins and Volker Eichelmann

A reading group discussing documentary recordings of individuals and communities of cultural and political events that were recorded and published on vinyl. Admitting to vinyl's seductive and nostalgic qualities we nonetheless want to listen to what was thought worth the trouble.

Beginning with The Slits, American Radio Interview (winter 1980). CBS, 1981, and, Various, The House Committee on Un-American Activities: Hearings in San Francisco, May, 1960. Folkway Records, 1962.

A loosely constituted reading group initiated by Rachel Cattle, Jenna Collins and Volker Eichelmann

Louise Bourgeois' book of insomnia drawings is subtitled *Has The Day Invaded The Night Or The Night Invaded The Day?* and sometimes, late in the evenings I make drawings, as a way of tapping more easily into my unconscious and uncovering a different psychological space. Small, and finished in one go, they're an outpouring of something, exploring the act, becoming closer to maps, scores or diagrams of emotional or intuitive states. One evening I'm trying to find a way to describe the risk³⁴ involved in a Sue Tompkins performance. There's a sense of vulnerability in the work that I relate to, producing an intense exchange between performer and audience. A series of thin wavering lines, which spread out from words is becoming a diagrammatic grasping at something,³⁵ although I'm not sure what yet.

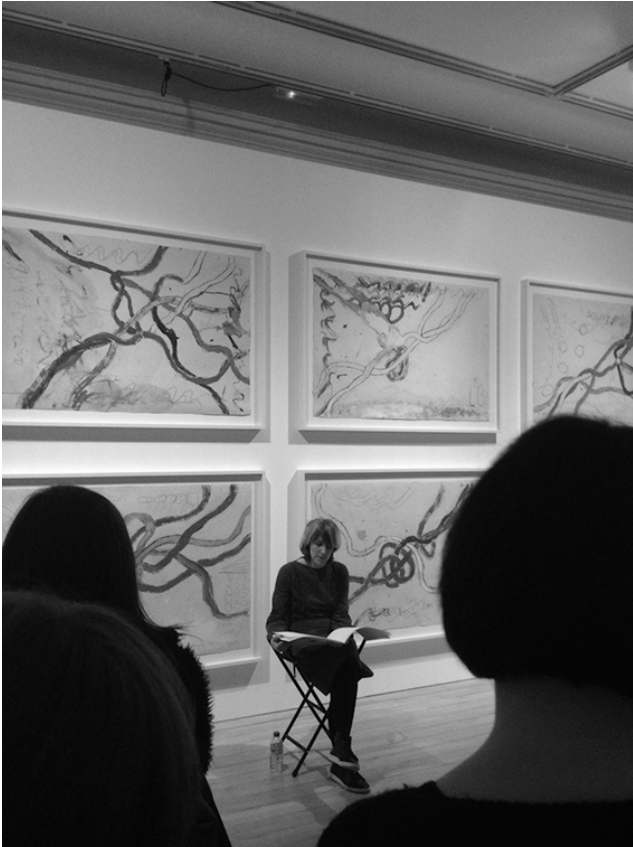
Pioneering experiments made in the 1950s and 60s by Daphne Oram and Delia Derbyshire in electronic sound incorporated elements of drawing, collage and live enactment. Oram had wide-ranging ideas about how sound might be re-activated and used writing and drawing to document this.³⁶ Derbyshire hand collaged sonic experiments, recording loops of machine made sound and mixed these with sounds of everyday objects (famously a lampshade) laying out huge lengths of audio tape through the empty corridors of the BBC at night, splicing and layering them together. When I discovered Derbyshire's night time working methods I wanted to find out more about her life. In some ways she's akin to Littlewood in her determination to buck the status quo at whatever cost, and the night time working seemed to be a way for her to find her own space within the buttoned up world of the BBC, which perhaps fed into her ability to explore the open, intuitive space apparent in the otherworldly feel of her sounds.

I'm looking into the spaces between things, the discordant areas, seeing how hand and body might interact with analogue and digital technologies and how sound might bleed into the visual and if words can release themselves from conventions - could these become a signal to somewhere other? The elements of graphic notation which are starting to develop

³⁴ I also witnessed this element of risk watching Monica Ross perform of *An Act of Memory*. (the *Universal Declaration of Human Rights* repeated verbatim at Raven Row)

³⁵ This drawing begins to bring up questions in relation to 'the score' and I begin to consider how my drawings might act as both a record of and a precursor to activity. In his essay '*Keeping Score: Notation, Embodiment, and Liveness*,' Hendrik Folkerts, considering the relationship between the musical score and forms of notation specific to visual art, asks the question, 'what does it represent?' and what is its affect upon enacting the live moment when the traditional chronology embedded in that relationship is reversed, the score preceding a moment of liveness.

³⁶ Her 'private notebooks...contain a dizzying succession of thoughts and observations. Technical details of ruby lasers follow notes on the mutations of junipers in Tibet. Debugging logs for her Atari ST are jumbled with calculations she made while seeking long forgotten 'resonances' in streams and passage graves under reputedly sacred sights in Anglesey and Avebury.' (Daphne Oram, *An Individual Note*, intro - Sarah Angliss, p11, 2016)



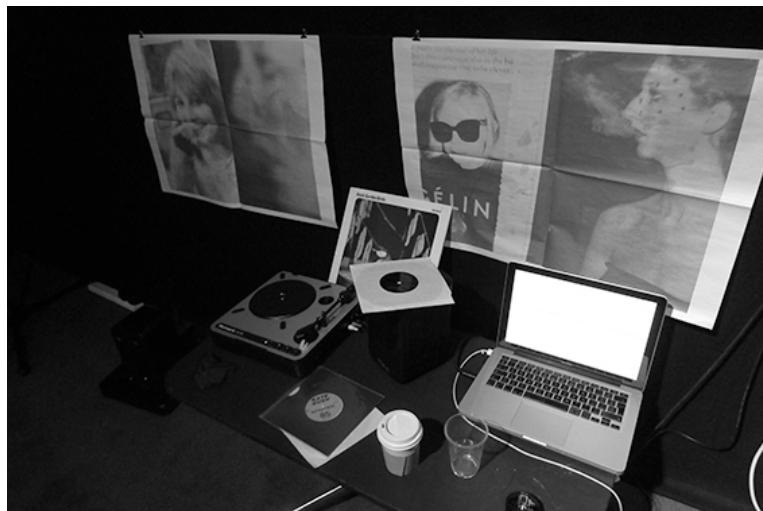
Sing Me To Sleep A response to The Insomnia Drawings

The insomnia drawings relate to the repetitive and rhythmic patterns employed in lullabies. My performance will be the reading out loud of a lullaby, constructed as a response to the drawings. The content formed by collaging the words of artists and writers including those of Bourgeois and playing with form and repetition; the text mirroring both the process of making the drawings and of trying to get to sleep.

Performance at Louise Bourgeois, 'A l'infini', 2007- 8, on display in the exhibition 'ARTIST ROOMS: Louise Bourgeois, A Woman Without Secrets'. Scottish National Gallery of Modern Art, Edinburgh, 2014

The late night drawings are tying in to vulnerabilities expressed later in *Witch Dance* and relating to ideas being explored in contemporary forms of auto fiction.³⁸ The crossed-out is becoming more of a deliberate act - the 'mistakes' are becoming integral. I'm thinking about how editing text or sound might be an equivalent to the process of drawing and rubbing out. But there is no editing the live and in these situations I'm nervous, but the anxiety forms a way towards vulnerability and intensity - something about feeling and the moment. The performances are public and the recordings are private and more like drawing and related to, but different from writing. They feed into one another, forming a loop.

I'm incorporating the drawings/texts into experimental grouped displays with records and books exploring relationships between words and objects, considering what a drawing might contain as an object (in the way that a record 'contains' sound). During a live broadcast I make arrangements using newspaper cuttings, photocopies of notes and drawings, replaying scenarios from my studio and domestic activities. As soon as I begin people move towards them, viewing, reading, asking questions and I'm becoming aware that the dialogue between image and text can be continually altered in the moment, producing endless collaged sets of possibilities³⁹. Cutting and pasting, so natural to screen based activity is different with actual paper cuttings and hand movement, the decisions seem more considered perhaps, and I'm starting to analyse how liveness and the actuality of objects differs from the virtual. Maybe it's closer to face-to-face conversation⁴⁰.



³⁸ 'I think the sheer fact of women talking, being paradoxical, flip, self destructive, but above all else public is the most revolutionary thing in the world', (Chris Kraus, *I Love Dick*, Semiotext(e))

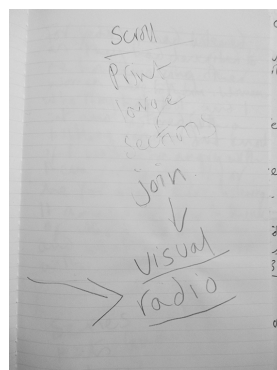
³⁹ I'm reading Paul Buck's *A Public Intimacy (A life Through Scrap Books)*, which uses the form of the scrap-book as a springboard for autobiography.

⁴⁰ Ketty La Roca's visual forms of language synthesise gesture, corporeality and language. She joined Gruppo 70, a group of artists, musicians and poets who developed a body of work that became known as *poesia visuale* (visual poetry). Alberto Salvadori described their activities as signalling 'the dawn of semiology...a new visual language one that brought both aesthetics and technology to bear on consumerism and the mass media.' Her statement 'we have only one language which is alien to us' referred to grammatical language which she felt was inherently patriarchal and followed a series of text based works, writing across her hands and building sculptural versions of an enlarged letter 'I'. These works form links to the 'I' used in *Witch Dance* and to the auto fictional texts of contemporary writers Chris Kraus and Maggie Nelson.

During a second live broadcast, I'm setting up a series of printed publications made in newspaper formats, which replay the studio experiments. I'm improvising by taking them apart and stringing up pages and I'd hoped to play a spoken word record, but it hasn't arrived so I'm playing a record of birdsong instead.⁴¹ This does something different and seems to collapse the outside and inside and somehow amplifies the 'crosstalk' between object, image and sound and everything in the space seems to relate to replaying, and rerecording. Later the short videos I'm making in the studio and outside, as field recordings, take ideas of inside and outside further, developing so that the sound, often outside of the image, becomes the focus while the image often remains still. These sounds are then removed from the videos and collaged and edited together for the sound work and vinyl record *Air Time*.

I'm getting interested in how these kinds of improvised processes might cross into different forms and I'm thinking about how when reading Chris Kraus's novel, *I Love Dick*, an unravelling occurs. At first it's hard to make out the form of the book. Beginning with series of confessional letters to an unrequited lover, the narrative gradually builds around these, exploring doubts and confessions, incorporating stories of Kraus's previous art projects and the complex relationships that she encounters within the art world and with the male protagonists in the book, and through the process of reading you begin to understand that the process of writing becomes her art making.⁴²

My notebooks are filling up with lists, quotations, and direct notations from sound and video clips and I'm thinking more about how I might create new meanings from these seemingly disconnected sources. Combining different types of texts by hand is a way to put disparate forms of information through the same process – to see if there can be a 'leveling out'? Can a newspaper article become connected via collage to a textual version of a drawing and a shopping list for example, and could this make the 'marginal' information 'important'? Could an expressive language develop from the gaps in content as much as from the content itself?



⁴¹ Artist Katy Dove's work, which crossed between disciplines incorporated collaborative practices and music (she was part of Glasgow based experimental music group, Muscles of Joy) and interests me for its simplicity and pared back methods and symbols - she used improvised and automatic drawings and created rhythmic animations with soundtracks incorporating birdsong or the wind in the trees. *Fantasy Freedom* 'lasts just 90 seconds, in which time abstract watercolour images come and go to a soundtrack of the artist's own breath and her spinning bicycle wheel.' (Katy Dove at Dundee Contemporary Arts, The Scotsman, Oct. 2016)

⁴² Published in 1997, Chris Kraus opened up a new era of writing by boldly tearing away the veil that separates fiction from reality and privacy from self-expression. (*I Love Dick*, synopsis, Semiotext(e))

Handwriting, even when copying out other people's words seems like a way of 'thinking' something through and the repetition of writing someone else's words in my own hand gives me a new take on their meaning - pen on paper is a different mode of thought to reading or my fingers on a keyboard. The way the writing looks - the spaces on the page, crossings out,⁴³ circling parts is progressing towards an understanding of writing as drawing or gestural scoring. I'm growing interested by the idea of looping this back to sound and wondering what kind of voice this creates. These 'texts' seem to be simultaneously gestural, sonic and visual.

Katalin Ladic⁴⁴ produced collages with titles such as Selected Folk Songs using blank sheet music, or plain paper with fabric and diagrammatic notation overlaid and these often accompanied her live performances. I'm interested by this overlap between live events and printed matter and I remember that I saw some of her collages a few years ago, but it isn't until I connect her name with images on the Internet that I realise it's the same artist. Discovering that the works that I saw hanging on a wall were connected to such a diverse, often live practice makes me think about the energies and practices around visual works that often go unseen or unexplored. These works also remind me of the sonic repeating that I pick up in collages made by Bella Kolarova which are meticulously built up using small household objects such as paperclips and press studs producing something in their materiality and the knowledge of the duration of making that seems to make them hum and buzz. Louise Bourgeois' insomnia drawings also share this feeling, her repeating and wobbling lines of biro seeming to reverberate, striking me as sonic when I first came across them hung together in a huge block like some kind of experimental orchestra. The scale of all these works (mostly A4 or slightly larger) relates to the hand and they have a humbleness - a production strategy suggestive of the personal and exploratory, implying a directness of thought and an intimacy which provides a kind of direct transmission and feels linked to my intuitive processes and modes of operating.

In the studio I'm continuing to film set-ups with objects improvised by hand, exploring ways to document the transfer of 'energy' within the process of improvisation. Watching a documentary on the early seventies band *Dr Feelgood*, I can hear how their use of stripped-back equipment (set against an era of over blown prog rock bands) harks back to older blues traditions - precursor to punk. This music mirrors my urge to pare things back and edit out as little as possible in opposition to ever more elaborate digital production. The bands' energy is primal, unconnected to product or plan⁴⁵ and brings with it the potential for failure making it all the more exciting and also more human.⁴⁶

⁴³ To paraphrase the words of Elisabeth Lebovici (from a discussion of Louise Bourgeois' insomnia drawings, Edinburgh, February 13), the crossing out and the doodle become a counteraction, a space for clumsiness, regression, a representation for the un-practiced, the deliberately non-expert. The politics is in a staging of oneself as a character who is humble, a mistaken almost humorous caricature of yourself, who is able to make mistakes, deliberately utilizing forms or methods that upend professionalized notions as deliberate subversion tactics.

⁴⁴ Ladic's works 'follow the flow of voice and movement' so that 'word, voice, sound and drawing' operate between 'performance, collage, visual scores, film and sound'. (*Keeping Score: Notation, Embodiment, and Liveness*, Hendrik Folkerts)

⁴⁵ In a debate on the subject of professionalism, Julia Bryan-Wilson stated: 'Instead of 'Should artists professionalize?' we should ask, 'How should artists profess?' Profess, of course, has many meanings. One of them is to declare oneself skilled or expert - to assert knowledge. But it also means to lay claim to something falsely, insincerely. I think artists should profess, by accepting their expertise as well as their wily ways. I call for the professing of professionalism, ironizing and making

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X X ///// (((((((I'm screening one of the films I've made in the studio. The camera follows a microphone around the room, my feet are deliberately in frame, the microphone exploring and magnifying the 'sounds' of the objects - record player, guitar, drawings, books - the camera travelling in a loop, recording and listening in to the process.⁴⁷ The videos are unfinished and open ended and the exploration of process (reminiscent of Paul Thek's *A Document*⁴⁸) filters through into *A Million Lapses and Pauses* - where movements are overdubbed as repeated stills in a newspaper publication and I set up the space as an improvisational arrangement of objects.

Hi S,

did you ever see the cat videos (I think they were called that) made by Frances Stark? There're on Ubuweb, will send link when I get time to search. My favourite is 'I'm just about to lose my mind, 2001' - two lunatic cats tear round the living room fighting while a Slits cover of 'Heard it Through the Grapevine' plays on what sounds like a vinyl record in the background.

Enough archness to take away from any twee home movie feel, but enough sensitivity towards acknowledging the implications of the domestic setting...

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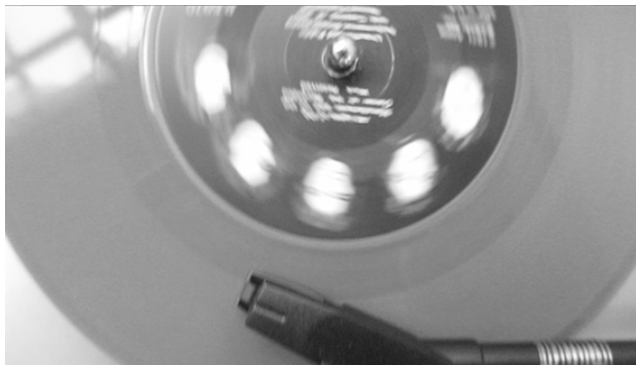
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strange professionalism, turning it upside down to curdle it, to estrange it from itself ' (Completely Unprofessional, Miya Tokumitsu, Frieze, Aug 2nd 2017)

⁴⁶ X Ray Specs and The Slits whose 'music juggled rock, ska, reggae and something like funk...with odd-angled chord progressions that better trained musicians wouldn't touch.' (Jon Pareles, The New York Times in 2009) are also models for this kind of experimental energy.

⁴⁷ John Cage's *Water Walk* is a looping set up with objects including bath tub, transistor radio, rubber duck

⁴⁸ ...time bending and performance-like polaroids of the behind the scenes making of *A Document* start to show up later on the pages of the document itself.' <http://www.hatjecantz.de/fotoblog/?p=727>





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Running a series of workshops in the British Museums' Prints and Drawings department gives me an opportunity to explore the drawings for extended periods. Propped on easels, unframed (the frame signifying the finished and professional and so acting as a distancing device), leaves the works exposed and open and without hierarchy. *Four Forms* by Paule Veselay and *Nun with Hands Folded on a Book* by Gwen John pull me in and the time spent with them opens up a form of dialogue. During this 'viewing' time the works seem 'present', as if we are existing within the same space time, and its as if I'm experiencing each mark made by the pencil in the exact moment of production.⁴⁹

⁴⁹ These small, direct acts contain a form of dissent, a refusal to join in and this revolution in time provides an understanding that this space might be a subversive one and a container for forms of dissent, opening up a new way to view the Museum so that it becomes a holder of works, like a library with items for use, rather than a space of consecration of individual artists.

I'm interested in the physicality of publications - the process of making and direct physical engagement, which forms a different space to the blog or Internet project (although there are cross overs). The formative rituals I undertook when making trips to a local record shop and bringing back an album in a bag, taking it from its sleeve, putting the record on, sitting on my bed and listening while reading the sleeve notes and admiring the cover artwork, seem directly related to my interest and understanding of publishing practices.⁵⁶The whole encounter becoming a symbiosis of sound/object/image/text creating its own space time. ⁵⁷

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⁵⁶ Some artists choose to entirely situate their practice in publishing meaning that publishing might be 'understood as an artistic form of expression itself'. Rachel Valimsky thinks of publishing as a communications circuit seeing 'no distinction to be made between the book and the formation of a common field' (*Publishing As Artistic Practice*, ed Annette Gilbert, 2016) This idea is important because the publishing community engenders an atmosphere of co-operation and camaraderie - publishing fairs and events usually being organized by enthusiasts and artists themselves.

⁵⁷ Alongside zine fairs and small shops, spaces like *X Marks the Bookshop* and *Banner Repeater* in London, also act as meeting places. DIY publishing Incorporates postal art and subversive magazine placements amongst it's modes of operation and giving away and swapping is all part of this. In the 1970s Dieter Roth published a series of 'adverts' in a newspaper. These included 'A good cry is a good night's sleep', 'A tear is as mean as a kind word', 'Cows have served us most fillet steaks', 'Fear of 13 is something', 'A Coca-Cola is a stone and a tear', 'Can a being see something without being what it sees?' He subsequently published these as a book entitled *The Sea of Tears*.

Multi-media magazines *Semina* and *Aspen*, published in the 1960s and 70s and distributed by post, broke apart traditional ideas of magazine formats acting as mobile exhibitions and art communication vehicles, mixing the sonic, visual and textual without hierarchy, allowing elements to riff off one another. *Semina* was an assemblage magazine made by artist Wallace Berman between 1955 and 1964. Made in a series of nine issues of a hundred copies, produced on a hand press it was unavailable to purchase, but posted out to friends and chosen recipients. The project is seen as an early version of mail art and poet Robert Duncan stated that: '*Semina* was a cult magazine. It meant to reveal the possibility of the emergence of a new way of feeling'. Dan Graham's early publishing intervention, *Homes For America*, seeped art ideas into the world via mainstream magazines and questioned ideas of authenticity and authorship as the article got repeated and re-edited as it was shown across a variety of formats and contexts.

These practices connect to an understanding held within the broadcast that when art looks sideways, away from conventional contexts, in many cases these contexts formed by the artists themselves in small groups or communities, it becomes reinvigorated, but these moments are necessarily temporary and new versions and iterations need to be invented,⁵⁸ whilst inspirational models from the past can be re-contextualised. Focal Point Gallery, for example has a mode of using the exhibition invite as a form of extra material, producing external artworks which satellite the main show, whilst also existing as works in their own right with a nod to the origins of 'mail art... characterised by a desire to establish independent chains of communication between individuals and groups to address social, political, and economic concerns while, at the same time, privileging craft and experimentation' (Gustavo Grandal Montero) and the works that constitute the broadcast often act as simultaneously as artwork, record of event, flyer, poster and publication.

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⁵⁸ Viv Albertine taught herself to play electric guitar creating a particular and intuitive sound and mood - a kind of transdisciplinary 'messiness' akin to Gordon and Koether's more recent live performances. The Slits grew out of a lack of female band role models, making it hard but also giving them freedom to grab ideas from unexpected places. Their naked mud covered bodies, which adorn their first album cover don't feel co-opted or pornographic, but like women in touch with their primal selves. (The recorded radio interview, from a US tour in the late 70's, which I have on vinyl, takes the form of a radio phone in where the band have a series of pre-recorded noises which they play in response to any questions they feel are insulting or unworthy of an answer. The results are anarchic and hilarious in direct contrast to what today seems like a much more controlled response to the media).

In the U.S Sonic Youth grew out of art ideas, Kim Gordon's friendship with artist Dan Graham and her lack of preconceived ideas around music meaning that the band incorporated performance, fashion and painting as part of their oeuvre and led to collaborations with Raymond Pettibon whose drawn 'zines were his initial form of expression: 'A significant figure of the Southern Californian punk scene in the late 70s and 80s, Raymond Pettibon started his artistic career making scrappy zines, handbills and flyers for his band Black Flag and his brother's record label, SST Pubs.' <https://www.printedmatter.org/tables/459> Gordon's collaborative instincts also lead to experimental sound crossovers with artist Jutta Koether, who in publishing experimental text works and books found her practice naturally moving between writing, painting and sound, beginning from a sense that she needed to invent her own cross platform modes of operating. Sue Tompkins, having previously been part of the band Life Without Buildings uses the conventions and gestures of the singer but without music, taking the moves and feel of singing into her performance practice, ideas iterated in paintings and typed concrete poetry images and through publications, produced with small press publishers.

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Broadcast Log 6 ^

Tape Echo (collaborative gestures)

Working with an experimental sound group⁵⁹ over a period of two years acts as a grounding for much of my subsequent thinking and making. Meeting monthly, we bring along anything easily to hand, objects (mainly household - usually grabbed at speed. I sometimes choose kitchen, sometimes bathroom, or corner shop on the way etc.) that can be incorporated in with the electronic equipment. I'm finding that I transfer methods, responding to devices in similar ways to my art making activities - I'm using the pad on one of the electronic devices to make small repetitive movements, the quietly repeating sounds beginning to mirror the movement of pencil on paper. During the sessions collaboration becomes very little to do with talking, learning about one another mostly through the kinds of objects we bring along to the sessions and the ways we move and make sound, making space for each other intuitively.⁶⁰

⁵⁹ 'MANIFESTO

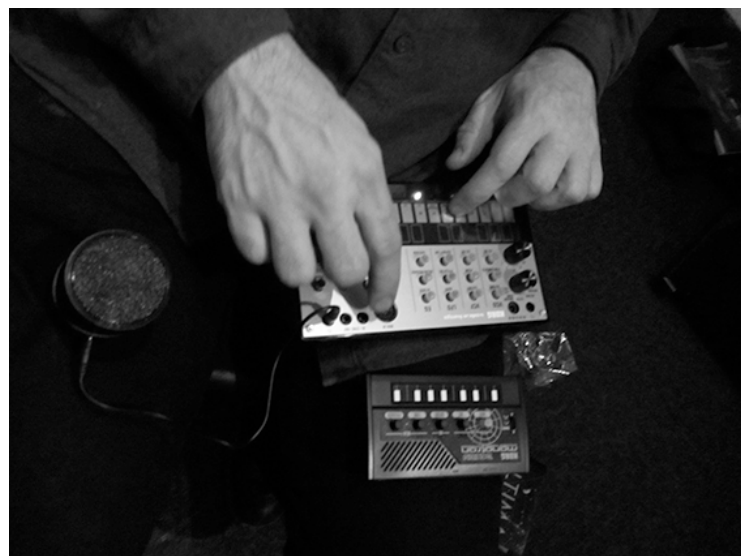
BxNT uses a performance setup called CIRCE...CIRCE stands for Collective Improvisation Recorded with Collaborative Electronics and comprises a selection of instruments operated by touchpads, proximity sensors and other types of interface that do not depend on conventional instrumental skills, making them accessible to and usable by both musicians and (in the traditional sense) non-musicians....

One of the many attractions of BxNT is the list of things it doesn't need in order to function. It doesn't need a fixed membership as no participant has a designated musical role, so it can operate as a pool from which anyone can choose to emerge if they want to join a given session. It doesn't need trained musicians as the instruments involved don't require conventional skills and/or defy formal study anyway. It doesn't need a rehearsal schedule and the members don't need to practise between sessions as there's nothing to rehearse or practise. It doesn't need to meet regularly (although we choose to do so) as there's nothing the group needs to 'learn' by regular drilling. It doesn't need fixed instrumentation as the music it creates isn't intended for specific instruments and is at least partly defined by the capabilities of whatever instruments are available (in fact, varying the instrumental resources at each session has become an established strategy for keeping the group's music in a state of refreshment). It doesn't need an audience as, being a workshop group devoted to improvisation, the participants are also the audience (in that the collective process of improvising music is as much a surprise to those making it as those listening to it, so one group of people can cover both functions).' Roger Thomas

⁶⁰An evening 'lecture' by David Toop slowly disintegrates as artist and musician Rie Nakajama places household objects and small electronic sonic devices around the space, setting them running one by one as Toop's speech dissolves to make way for the intimate sounds of objects hitting against one another. There is an unspoken understanding between them, developed over a period of time, so that each leaves space for the others activity. Toop describing 'Improvisation [a]s not just about playing, but listening and relating' (*David Toop – Into The Maelstrom: Music, Improvisation And The Dream Of Freedom: Before 1970.*) At another live event, at Café Otto by an iteration of *The Scratch Orchestra* incorporated readings, actions and a vast and eclectic array of sonic devices haphazardly interacting together and continuing a lineage of these ideas.

We record the sessions – sometimes – but this isn't necessary and often while I'm listening back I can't equate what I experienced at the time with what I'm hearing and become more aware of the elements that make up live experience - feelings, gestures, timing, noticing the way small events happen and taking note of the sound of activities – the importance of how things are done as much as what is done. I'm starting to understand that depth of knowing is communicated through nuances of gesture and mood far more than the things I *think* communicate and that a record of a moment can never be an exact copy, but noticing how sometimes, as with pencil on paper or a speech act, there can be an action that incorporates the moment, a trace of something and a record of it simultaneously.

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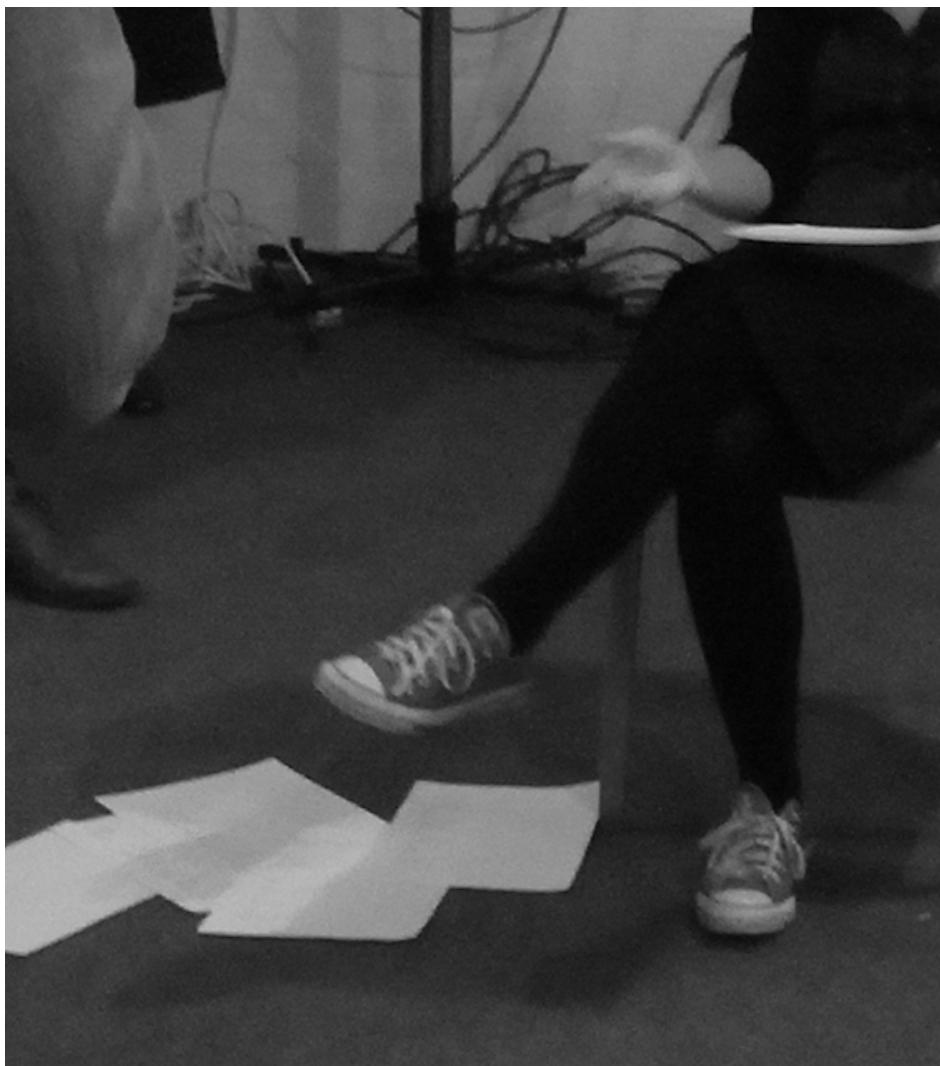




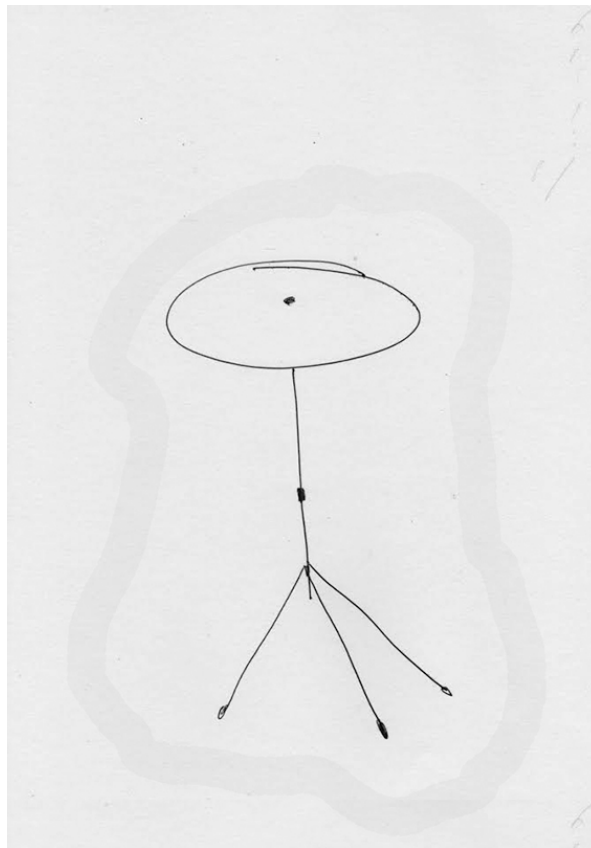
The broadcast is developing as a series of connections between people, objects and processes and the elements involved with exploration and process, including conversations, collaborations and teaching sessions are integral. Celine Condorelli addresses collaboration as a form of friendship,⁶¹ ideas that chime with a 'collaborative community' and mirror my experiences within the self-publishing community and in the discovery of a group of 'friends' formed as time travel through novels.

⁶¹ Condorelli quotes Hannah Arendt who spoke of 'the company one chooses to keep, in the present as well as the past' which 'addresses the practice of friendship, as a specific entry in relation to the larger question of how to live and work together towards change, as a way of acting in the world' and the importance of making not only personal support networks but 'befriending issues, people, contexts. Friendship in this sense is both a set-up for working and a dimension of production. (The Company She Keeps, Celine Condorelli, p7)

The collaborative environment of Kingston's contemporary art research department (the *Centre for Useless Splendour*) also opens up new ideas and we form *We Are Publication*, to explore experimental publishing practices. The first iteration is a series of performances at the ICA. I read aloud pages of collaged texts (*Transmit*) detailing facts about radio transmission and feelings relating to 'voice', letting them float to the floor iterating radio waves and mimicking Eva Partums' acts of distributing letterforms across landscapes. Later, as part of a group video project, I collage newspaper clippings, drawings and texts live under a camera iterating scenarios performed in my studio. I'm becoming interested by sounds made by domestic noise making objects (used, for example, in protest marches and by women at Greenham Common) and for a collaborative radio broadcast, *Diagram of an Hour*, a series of 'chimes' made with jars and glasses, form a sonic motif repeated throughout the hour. These activities find iterations through my own works and feed into an improvisational collaborative methodology, the conversations around and the setting up of events becoming an important aspect of exploring the ideals of community.



A collaborative performance with Jenna Collins in the form of live and recorded readings of a series of my short confessional texts play against Jenna's words about corporate confusion. We're accompanied by live and recorded sound, speaking as if into the microphone, whilst the words are pre-recorded, at other times live, within the framework of a four-piece female rock band (one member a cymbal, another a video projection of a body shaped massage machine). Each of my texts is repeated and slightly altered each time, exploring how repetition might charge the words with new energy and linking to the rewriting of texts by hand which incorporates subtle changes. An auto-fictional confessional voice, taken from my own experiences and mixed with other voices that I'm reading plays with ideas concerning vulnerability and the 'I' as 'we' and questions what is and isn't heard or listened to, utilizing playback techniques and liveness as a way of thinking through and bringing these voices back into focus.



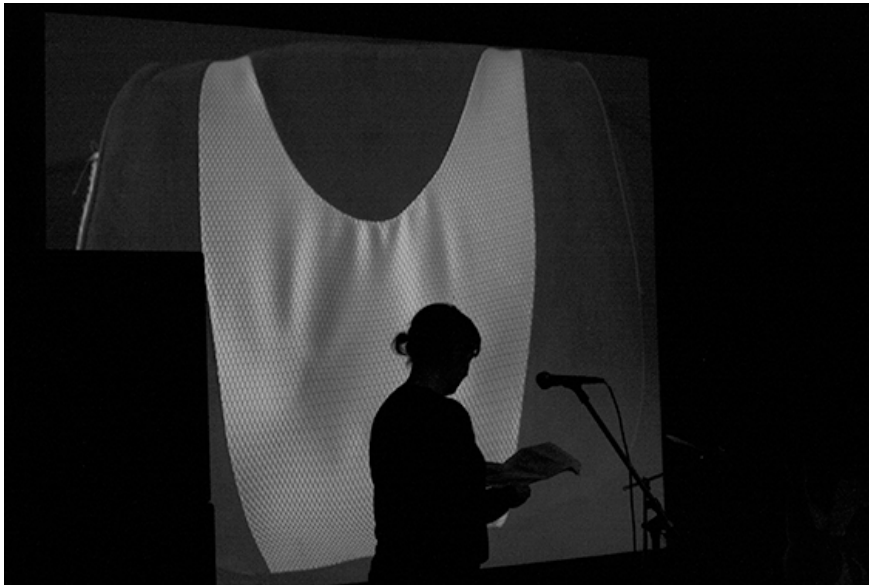
Plague of Diagrams

ICA, London

20 Aug 2015 – 23 Aug 2015

8.10 – 8.30 Rachel Cattle & Jenna Collins, Why Do Things Have Outlines?

A performance based on a text by Gregory Bateson. Starting with the outline of Bateson's argument, we will proceed to question what might be made clear and what might escape the outline by re-examining the text and performing it in the shape of a four-piece band.



Plague of Diagrams is organised by David Burrows and Dean Kenning in collaboration with Ami Clarke, Andrew Conio, John Cussans and David Osbaldeston. The collaboration has developed out of discussions and events staged by the Diagram Research Use and Generation Group (DRUGG).

An exhibition and a programme of performances, talks and discussions concerning the relationships between diagrammatic practices and thought in different disciplines. In particular, the event explores the function and use of diagrams in art as expanded diagrammatic practice beyond the graphic presentation of information.

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Broadcast log 7

//////////Rhythmic Space

(.....murmuring)

The Creaturess makes a note... 'Can the continuous broadcast act as a structure for something that demands structurelessness?'⁶²

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I'm thinking about how certain spaces connect communities whilst working in the sound archive of the Bishopsgate Institute, where I feel an almost visceral connection to the building and its contents (including its archives, library and the historical acts and gestures that have taken place), as if it embodies something that I intuitively understand. Built at the turn of the last century to provide a public library, hall and meeting rooms for people living and working in the City of London, by the same architect⁶³ as the Whitechapel Gallery and

⁶² A series of lectures delivered by Roland Barthes, investigated idiorhythmic subtleties of life structures in early hermit communities, mediaeval monastic societies and certain modern day institutions (such as sanatoriums), observing that hermits did not live in isolation, but participated in communities with social systems. Barthes focused on how each individual within these communities was able to live by their own particular needs and methods, their 'natural' way of being perhaps and to preserve this, whilst also being part of a group. His observations were based on thinking through subtleties and rhythms of the body:

'Historically: the template for idiorhythmy..represents a collective-individualistic structure...The rhythm...based on the cadences of respiration and the heart...I flee, I reject power, the world, systems; I want to create a life structure that isn't a life- system...to create a space that the subject can interpret through his own body...with subtle forms of ways of life: moods, unstable configurations, phases of depression or elation; in short the opposite of an inflexible, implacably regular cadence.'(Roland Barthes - manuscripts to a series of lectures at the Collège de France in 1977, *How to Live Together: Novelistic Simulations of Some Everyday Spaces*, 2013)

⁶³ Charles Harrison Townsend (1851-1928). All three buildings are not only connected stylistically, with arched entrances and terracotta exteriors with intricate carving reflecting Townsend's fondness for the 'Tree of Life' motif, and all have been restored and are used as originally intended.

Horniman museum, each had the aim of giving free access to culture and education⁶⁴.’ This radical history feels embodied, partly due to the age of the building and it’s structure and detail - art nouveau tiles and carvings - reflecting the socialist ideals of the arts and craft movement. Because it continues to house and extol its original values and so many events, meetings and conversations must have taken place here over the years, I sometimes feel as if there’s a kind of presence – like in the seventies TV series *The Stone Tapes*, where history is literally recorded into the walls, the air is thick with it.

My method of encountering the archive⁶⁵ is to find ways to dismiss structure, reacting as intuitively as possible by making a personal response to the documents, (whilst remaining considerate and sympathetic to the content) as with the drawings in the British Museums collections, so that I am in personal dialogue with them incorporating my own feelings and interpretations. Searching the listings for any mention of sound, theatre or movement in the descriptions I’m focusing on women from the first part of the twentieth century – initially for ease of copyright, but also because I’m interested to hear directly about early feminist struggles. The ‘living’ recorded voice is a strange and interesting encounter - like listening closely to ‘ghosts’:

1. We Need a Dead (wo)man to Begin

To begin (writing, living) we must have death. I like the dead, they are the doorkeepers who while closing one side "give" way to the other. We must have death, but young, present, ferocious, fresh death, the death of the day, today's death. The one that comes right up to us so suddenly we don't have time to avoid it, I mean to avoid feeling its breath touching us. Ha!⁶⁶

I’m settling in, comforted by huge wooden bookshelves that stretch up into the ceiling. I’ve also enrolled on a writing course so that I can spend more time here, and the classes are, by chance held in one of the meeting rooms at the front of the building, filled with carved busts on plinths and surrounded by wood panelling, allowing me to expand my sense of the place and even though these rooms have a certain faded grandeur, they are also human feeling and warm, used for classes and not shut off or private. It’s a portal into a past filled with utopian ideals, whilst outside, the city continues to erect huge glass and steel monuments to corporate capitalism.

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⁶⁴ The Great Hall in particular was ‘erected for the benefit of the public to promote lectures, exhibitions and otherwise the advancement of literature, science and the fine arts’ and the library and archives contain documents on London history, labour and socialist history, free thought and humanism, co-operation, and protest and campaigning’ (Bishopsgate Institute website.)

⁶⁵ As Rebecca Schneider in her essay ‘Performance Remains’ points out ‘the politics of the archive [can be] patriarchal, Eurocentric and culturally biased’ instead leaning towards historical re-enactment as a more fluid way towards ‘living history’ (*Keeping Score: Notation, Embodiment, and Liveness*, Hendrik Folkerts)

⁶⁶ Cixous, *School of the Dead*

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The Institute starts to form the basis for an imagined space incorporating *Witch Dance* and inhabited by the *Creaturess*, where the voices in the sound archive are in dialogue with voices and gestures continuously transmitting across space time.⁶⁷ The *Creaturess* seeks out intuitive, collaborative, improvised, open ended, non-hierarchical rhythms that embody these ideas⁶⁸, including the *Centre for Useless Splendour*, the *Bishopsgate Experimental Noise Theatre*, the studio and domestic space as well as the idiorrhhythmic 'spaces' that artworks such as books or records - produced as part of the practice - represent.

Hi V... Re the peripatetic studio, this seems key at this moment (I barely manage to scrape the rent for mine and it's an amazingly cheap sublet). I'm aware that there are definitely particular spaces and times of day that mean and do different things for me which often coincide with having to fit something in at a possibly inappropriate time. This might become refined later, but the spark often happens when it's not the 'right' time and the domestic space is definitely key - doing things late at night or in the background of something else...the feeling that life, body and the work are intertwined and that they come out of and through each other. I'm drawn to other artists who work at home. Bella Kolarova for example, worked at the kitchen table while her more *successful* husband went off to write *important* poetry. I think the domestic is infused in the work and not just thematically and materially but on some kind of psychic level...if that makes any sense. It's embedded perhaps. I need to

⁶⁷ This space, like the Institute embraces education for its own sake, incorporating Barthes idiorrhhythmic ideas and Ranciere's notion of the ignorant schoolmaster - where tutor and student are considered equal in terms of their ignorance and equally willing to learn from one another.

Hi G...re our conversation earlier about what being a 'good' teacher might mean, I suppose I think it's as much about being interested in ideas around learning and pedagogy - which we both are - and continually questioning and thinking about what this is, being willing to really think around how to do it, being fluid and open to new ideas, (I've been thinking for a while now about how to teach with no speaking at all - now that really interests me...) and you know, actually being interested in the students as people and practitioners, in line with all of us as practitioners - also thinking about what a 'practice' might even mean. Being inquisitive about conversation and also thinking about how things are done, the ways things are set up and the ways that the space of teaching operates - giving others enough space seems important. And big egos and 'visibly successful' people - well I'm suspicious of what those terms might even imply...

⁶⁸ Embodied artistic practices that embrace a cross fertilisation of forms, encourage new ways to reassert Barthes ideas. Melissa Blanco Borelli says, in relation to ideas addressed by Gloria Anzaldúa in her book *Gestures of the Body*, 'certain dance practices can help bring about this 'new aesthetic' that rejects the colonial matrix of power and materialises something at the border between language, sensation, and thought.' (*Object Positions Public Lecture 4* | Melissa Blanco Borelli: *Dancing, Thinking, Sensing, Feeling: Corporeal Practices and Discourses on Decolonisation*, The Showroom, London)

analyse this more probably, and yes I think it seems a prescient moment to be discussing this stuff.

The current Leonora Carrington show at Cubit has a good title in terms of this – *Houses Are Really Bodies* and it's interesting that her writings are being reassessed under *art circumstances*...

Houses are really bodies: the writing of Leonora Carrington
until 4 June, Wed - Sun, 12-6pm

'The exhibition considers Leonora Carrington's role as a resistor; an artist who achieved both personal and political change through lifelong acts of defiance, enabling her to escape the English class system, patriarchy and incarceration. This defiance, alongside her commitment to friendship and personal transformation was channelled via surrealism and the fantastical, both personally and for the humans and other animals she depicted in her work.'

More soon.. Rxx

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'When choosing a text I am called: I obey the call of certain texts or I am rejected by others. The texts that call me have different voices. But they all have one voice in common, they all have, with their differences, a certain music I am attuned to, and that's the secret. You may already know the ones whose music I hear. I have brought them with me, I will make them resound.'⁶⁹

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⁶⁹ Cixous, *The school of the dead*

Hi V

I totally get that thing of finding wayward forms of writing. For me, looking back I find it so interesting that I ever discovered anything! Pre internet it was all so much more about grasping at little glimpses from here and there and hanging on to any sound or magazine article that seemed to lead to another place...most of my college library research was about picking out all the books of odd sizes or with weird looking spines - ha ha - found some good stuff that way - and no monographs!

Re sound, just had a listen to the above - all really interesting and particularly the Karima Walker...love the collaging of different modes of sound – the feel of it and the look too... all makes me want to experiment so much more...ah, the next project!

Xx

S sends me a link to '*Witch Dance*',⁷⁰ Mary Wigman's experimental dance work from the beginning of the last century. I find the flickering black and white footage of her pared back, primitive moves accompanied by intense percussive sound (intimate sound that mirrors the gestural directness of drawing) captivating. As with the *Yellow Book* recordings, a substantial work is developing from the fragments gathered in my notebooks and diaries and extending out of ideas begun in *Typical Girls*. *Witch Dance* seems an apt title and I'm continually moving the fragments around, collaging to make new sense from the ways the elements relate. Its visual form is becoming as important as the content, a symbiosis of page layout, size of font and repetition (designs relating to sound and gesture, also to hand weaving or textile patterns).

Henri Chopins Typestracts in the BM collection are a particular reference point, crossing between pattern, image and sound and I also keep thinking about another drawing in the collection.⁷¹ Large and scruffy, it looks like it might have been drawn on the floor - the dirty paper and its scale make it seem like an interloper. It comprises a series of shapes - a circle, triangle and maybe a rectangle, made from or containing hand written texts. Parts are crossed out, words overlap and float freely around the page. It's diagrammatic, sonic, temporal and spatial and like the *nouvelle vague* notebook, the texts are written in languages I don't understand but their density and pictorial mass communicate. The artist was a friend of Samuel Beckett and the drawing seems like a diagram for staging something or notes relating to everyday moments. The memory of the drawing feeds into my ideas about spacing of text - I want the content to allude to gestural and sonic space and I'm also thinking about the turn of pages. The drawing also relates to the staging of *Why Do Things*

⁷⁰ Mary Wigman, *Witch Dance*, 1926

⁷¹ Gastone Novelli, *Untitled (Homage to Samuel Beckett)*. In 1957 Novelli took several trips to Paris and met Surrealists Tristan Tzara, André Masson, Man Ray, and Hans Arp. The following year he returned to Paris where he met Beckett. His first political work was produced in 1966, amid a climate of protest and civil unrest. The following year he moved to Venice and published the comic book *I viaggi di Breck*. When invited to participate in the Venice Biennale in 1968, he refused to show his work and, as a form of protest, exhibited it face down against the walls.

Have Outlines? - thinking about dialogues that might take place across and between drawn, bodily, percussive, sonic and textual forms.

The content of *Witch Dance* is contingent on events that are happening around me (the unexpected death of Chantal Ackerman becoming a central element) and research which is taking me further into contemporary experimental music, concrete poetry and experimental forms of writing. I'm becoming interested in how poet Audre Lorde talks about sensing what isn't said and noticing what is held back. She says her poetic forms were a way for her to express herself, after a childhood spent reading between the lines of an adult language that was alien and misleading, and this feeds into the gaps in *Witch Dance* which are becoming as present, informative and necessary as the words.⁷²

As I'm writing, the overlapping dialogues resounding from the sound archives and Kathy Acker's notion of disintegrating the centralised 'I' become a way to bring artists, musicians and writers together⁷³ into an autobiographical realm,⁷⁴ writing their stories through my own

⁷² In the film *Wendy and Lucy* (Kelly Reichardt 2008) the female protagonist, who spends the majority of the time living in her car, hums to herself as a form of self-communication and a way to keep herself company. The humming is key to the sense of the film, underpinning the inner life of her character and is woven into the soundtrack of the whole film. (This is key to other films by Reichardt, where the dialogue is often the least important element and a deep understanding of her characters is formed through gesture, sound, movement and duration). This use of musical 'sensing' is also key in Carol Morley's film *The Falling* (2014), where a sparse percussive soundtrack (by Tracey Thorne) iterating Wigmans' primal percussive accompaniment to *Witch Dance*, accompanies a group of girls as they faint in sync, the sound linking to non-verbal, gestural and sonic connectivity.

⁷³ Crossing boundaries with forms of experimental writing can be seen as a vital space where artists might operate to explore new and indefinable forms As Neil Chapman puts it:

'1. Extra – disciplinary def of writing: Its common for questions of the relations of art and writing to be framed as a matter of disciplinary boundaries...As an exercise, acknowledging the frequency with which I have allowed that same opposition to condition my thinking, I want to try at least to avoid the common framing of the discussion of art and writing as a boundary dispute, beginning instead by invoking a constituency of practitioners who have no 'proper' place, or who occupy a place that's radically difficult to determine.' (Neil Chapman, *Writing beyond art*, Nov 2016)

⁷⁴ Chris Kraus, and Maggie Nelson form part of a growing group of contemporary female writers credited with creating genre-defining texts combining memoir, critical theory and fiction, sometimes labelled 'experimental novels' 'auto-fiction' or 'confessional literature'. In their writings both use 'I' as a way to talk about 'we'. The we of the other, the alternative to the patriarchy, the queer, bringing back into prescience the 'personal as political' as in Kraus' autofictive novel *I Love Dick*. (Originally published in 1997 by Semiotext(e) as a small print run but re-published in 2006 to a wider audience and published in the UK (2015), 'I Love Dick' has now (2017) also been produced as a television series in the US bringing its concerns to a far wider audience.)

These writings form part of a radical and counter cultural group, acting together through space time to form a lineage, challenging the norms of patriarchy and forming a Barthesian idiorrhhythmic space where writers 'live' together. This space relates to what Jean Luc Nancy terms 'literary communism', giving each other permission to continue the critique, (as with the DIY methods of punk which gave permission to others to make sound and form bands), to spread unorthodox ways of critiquing society and giving expression to their ambition for a new social function for the writer and consequently a different society. Reiterated by Dodie Bellamy in an article in *Frieze*; 'Language was Acker's battlefield. She believed that those who controlled images and language controlled reality...For Acker, the self is always communal, a text comprised of a zillion other texts.' (Sense and Sensuality, *Frieze*, 17 Aug, 2017, <https://frieze.com/article/sense-and-sensuality>)

In an interview in *Map Magazine*, Kraus discusses the notion of the 'I' used by women writers being considered as 'narcissistic, confidential, confessional', and how this notion may be extended to where it becomes 'impossible to conceive a female life might extend outside itself.' Kraus states that the use of 'I' in her books and in those published by her gave an account of the world, through their own individual perceptions: '...as Emily Gould recently wrote, if a man writes a book about something, he's writing it for the world, whereas a woman is always seen to be writing about her own problems'. In *The Childlike Life of the Black Tarantula*, (1973), performance poet and writer Kathy Acker states her aim of disintegrating the centralised 'I', "so they'd seem to be about myself. And then I set up sections within parentheses what were just diary sections . . . about who I was, what I was doing . . . train of thought stuff . . . So there were two I's in the book, the I without the parentheses and the I within the parentheses . . .' (After *Kathy Acker* by Chris Kraus – radical empathy, Lauren Elkin, *Financial Times*). 'Mckenzie Wark writes in the Afterword to [Kraus'] *Torpor*, that 'in writing about the other, we write about the self'. In her book, Acker, parodying

experiences. Watching Ackerman's film, *Letters from Home*,⁷⁵ in which slowly moving street scenes are accompanied by her voice reading out letters from her mother, I compose a letter she might have sent me at the time incorporating information I've gleaned about her circumstances, combined with my own life and memories of a New York trip. This extends into writing about imagined diagrams drawn by Jessica Rylan, a contemporary musician who builds her own synthesisers, seeing her as a kind of present day Daphne Oram, with philosophical texts incorporated into her whirling instructions, referencing my own late night drawings. I imagine these and work of other artists such as Jutta Koether, being fictionally held within *Witch Dance's* Space Time⁷⁶.

Textual fragments, graphic notation and gaps, are activating the personal and collective 'I' (we), and the radio(aktiv) space time of *Witch Dance* is starting to seep out, connecting and traversing the sonic, gestural and temporal. The Creaturess who has taken shape through the writing of the text, represents a manifestation of primal energies, 'a sensation of smear, of...collapsing boundaries'⁷⁷, she is an embodied otherness, articulating pre-language within a collective⁷⁸ instinctive and intuitive timeless space.⁷⁹

autobiography, sets the authentic and fictional in juxtaposition and concludes that language doesn't express anything, but creates something new. Juliet Jacques' recent autobiography, *Trans* which tells the journey of her transition from male to female, confuses and questions the 'I' further still.

In the films of Yvonne Rainer, real and fictional narratives are interwoven. Her first film *Lives of Performers* (1972) incorporates rehearsal, live performance, back-stage gossip, collages of still and moving images, notated texts and off screen dialogue. Rainer describes this notion of interweaving within her film making process as auto fictive: "My films can be described as autobiographical fictions, untrue confessions, undermined narratives, mined documentaries, unscholarly dissertations, dialogic entertainments".

⁷⁵ shot in New York in 1977

⁷⁶ In an interview between Chris Kraus and Lidija Haas, she discusses the links between the 'I' and the we and the past, present and future:

LH: In *I Love Dick*, you talk about what you're doing as a sort of "performative philosophy". Is that an idea that still interests you?

CK: The "performative philosophy" idea was really important in that novel. I was turning myself into a "case study", so whatever happened within the frame of the book would function as evidence. *Aliens & Anorexia* continues along these lines. Like *I Love Dick*, it's written in the first person, in real time. The action seems to be taking place as you read it, which makes for a close connection between writer and reader. It's heady but also physical. In *Torpor*, I switched to the third person, and became very aware of the emotional colours of different tenses. The simple past versus the more nostalgic and tragic future anterior: It would have been... In the last several years, I've written a lot about visual art and culture. Because I no longer have to fight so hard to be heard, my persona is no longer central.'

Nelson's recent novel *Argonauts*, embeds philosophical inquiry into an auto-fictive transgender narrative, which constructs a text where marginalised relationships are signified and brought to light by philosophical references floating in tiny print throughout the text, allowing the personal into the intellectual. A process reflected in Kristeva's 'passionate demand for a certain kind of truth which will never be complete...that thought resemble life as closely as possible.' (Anne-Marie Smith, Julia Kristeva. P97) And *Torpor*, a third novel by Kraus begins to uncover some of the underlying motivations for a personal approach to 'art as philosophy as writing' when she describes a summer in the company of a group of French philosophers who remain ignorant of the disconnects between their personal relationships and their ideas.

⁷⁷ p95 *The Lonely City*, Olivia Laing

⁷⁸ As with Condorelli's and Arendt's notions of friendship, through the continuous broadcast and within *Witch Dance*, the collective experimental/auto fictional novel becomes a group holding platform for ideas:

Over the past few decades it has become something of a feminist maxim that the "anxiety of influence" model that still implicitly and explicitly shapes so much thinking about literary history cannot be easily mapped onto women writers who are so often engaged in the opposite activity: actively searching out predecessors and models instead of feeling oppressed by them...(Eileen) Myles reiterates this gesture asking "where's the mothers?" before answering herself "Gertrude Stein of course. And all the living women I know." ...later in her talk Myles says "women I know are

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Broadcast Log 9 - The Creatures (her language)

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The Creaturess is positioning herself as editor, programmer and broadcaster, her voice, body and hands facilitate connections and create correspondences with artists, writers and musicians who she recognises - some who are marginalised and some perhaps having left themselves deliberately off to the side for the sake of their creative freedom.⁸²

She's exploring the particularities of Patti Smith, Joni Mitchell, Kim Gordon and Jutta Koether. Watching Mitchell on You Tube, finding new ways of 'playing' her voice, the lyrics are exposing and raw (sonic auto-fiction) as she sits strumming a guitar, which lays childlike across her lap. Smith is performing live in a church, singing a series of poems written by *Velvet Underground* singer Nico, her distinctive voice accompanied by the sound of her daughters experimental electronic band, crossing generations and bringing alive Nico's painful words. Koether on Vimeo is making discordant 'noise', pushing an amp or keyboard around a gallery, long hair hanging loose over her face, her primal gestures mirroring gestural paintings, she performs 'messily' with Gordon who is making repetitive angsty sound with a metal file against electric guitar strings.⁸³

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The Creaturess is moving within a womblike, pre-language⁸⁴ space of transformative listening, writing,⁸⁵ acting and collaborating with other Creaturesses. She is intuitively in opposition to systems and structures of power, and in tune with a Barthesian idiorrhymy. She is creating her own language, connecting to sound and gesture, operating in a space of freedom, flexibility and temporality:

Every language she learned seemed to offer a new place to conceal herself, to hide in plain sight — but never out of cowardice. In her elaborately surreal English, in her

⁸² 'Tell Them I Said No' by Martin Herbert 'considers various artists who have withdrawn from the art world or adopted an antagonistic position toward its mechanisms. A large part of the artist's role in today's professionalized art system is being present. Providing a counterargument to this concept of self-marketing, Herbert examines the nature of retreat, whether in protest, as a deliberate conceptual act, or out of necessity.' *Tell Them I Said No*, Martin Herbert, Sternberg Press website

⁸³ Analysing what makes her voice particular, Gordon says: 'I picked up another, cooler, aspect of the female voice – the idea of space, and in-between-ness, and the importance of phrasing' Kim Gordon, *Girl in a band*

⁸⁴ Kristeva's notion of intertextuality is a realm associated with the musical, the poetic, and the rhythmic, lacking completion or structure and closely associated to notions of the feminine and of language.

⁸⁵ Lea Virginie, begins her essay 'Body Art and Like Stories' (*The Body as language*) with a quotation from a Katherine Mansfield story: 'There are certain tremendous moments in life when a creature comes out of his corner and looks around and it's frightening.' The Creaturess is intimately connected to this space of fiction and storytelling, again linking to the Barthesian idiorrhymic space where the sonic and drawn also situate themselves, enabling contact with vulnerability, primal gestures and pre-language states. 'Openness to the imagination...enables the naming and symbolism of that which remains unspeakable in the established vernacular, and thus breaks the silences and taboos which structure the social hierarchy.' (*Julia Kristeva, Anne-Marie Smith. P50.*) In *Women's Ways of Knowing*, a book collectively researched and authored, the difficulty in making claims on this way of operating is made clear: 'In a world that emphasises rationalism and scientific thought, there are bound to be personal and social costs of a subjectivist epistemology.' *Women's ways of knowing, Women's Ways Of Knowing: The Development Of Self, Voice, And Mind*, 10th Anniversary Edition by Mary Field Belenky, Blythe Mcvicker Clinchy, Nancy Rule. Gold 10 Anv Edition Paperback(1997)

simple French and Spanish, she kept revisiting her places of fear, almost compulsively retelling her story. "The more strongly I smelled the lion," she ends one story, "the more loudly I sang."⁸⁶

Watching Wigman perform she feels a similar connection to those made with the drawings at the BM – an intuitive recognition. Watching the film *Peggy and Fred in Hell*⁸⁷ also performs this kind of connection. The teenage protagonist makes similarly primal moves – unlike Wigman though, she isn't even aware yet of how she 'should' be, she is just 'being', whereas Wigman is perhaps going back to 'being'.⁸⁸

The *Creatus* is also struggling, often privately, to make things that she has a desire to hide – she has a fear of exposing herself through the work. The paradox being that the work can only satisfy if it reveals something and takes a risk,⁸⁹ which often paralyses her. She wonders how this translates into the staging of exhibitions. How to not kill something dead by revealing it?⁹⁰ She is thinking about this and about where and how art should situate itself. Perhaps the co-operative, the collective, mutual support is an answer? Setting up schools? By making art collectively can you do things that you can't do alone? How do you keep ideas alive? She realises that showing the work is imperative as this is the way to form dialogues and communities and these are important to her, but she also realises that her energy remains a central, but in some ways invisible element, perhaps most apparent in the live readings and that process is perhaps more important than anything else.⁹¹

⁸⁶ On Leonora Carrington, New Yorker

⁸⁷ *Peggy And Fred In Hell* '... chronicles two small children journeying through a post-apocalyptic landscape to create their own world. Breaking genre restrictions, Thornton uses improvisation, planted quotes, archival footage and formless timeframes to confront the viewer's preconceptions of cause and effect'. (Video Data Bank)

⁸⁸ In her essay 'On Abjection' Kristeva states that: 'It is thus not lack of cleanliness or health that causes abjection, but what disturbs identity, system, order. What does not respect borders, positions, rules. The in-between, the ambiguous, the composite.' Derrida's essay, *The Animal That therefore I Am*, questions the logic, ethics, and philosophical effects of establishing (or assuming) a boundary that seems to distinguish so permanently the human from the animal and Hélène Cixous' book *Stigmata* also follows this line of thought. Jane Campion recognises this 'being' animal (instinctive) reality as potent, understanding that recognition of the animalistic means taking a political position: 'I wanted to put the other point of view: what it felt like to be a woman expressing yourself, being free, doing your human stuff in what is a...patriarchal society...to remind people that we are animals, because people get disconnected from their animal reality.' (Jane Campion, *The Guardian*) Eileen Myles also understands the importance of the animalistic as political: "Words are nothing. Believe me. Words are empty. It's the squawking of the animal, the wheezing, the desperate wind of a life rattling through a body" (*Cool For You*, Eileen Myles)

⁸⁹ Within the trajectory of the *Creatus*, art forms embracing the primal and pre-symbolic state, include works such as Dan Graham's 1984 film 'Rock My Religion' which portrays an alternative art history, incorporating the primal in music and highlighting the collective and transgressive with reference to intuitive, animalistic and feminist ideas. In particular, the film charts the performances of Patti Smith as an embodied transmitter of this re-historicising rupture: 'She saw Rock as an art form which would come to replace poetry, painting and sculpture...music expresses a more communal, emotion which art now denies' (*Rock My Religion*, Dan Graham). Rooted in the underground, the *Creatus* is relating to these moments of urgency and energy with capacity to breakthrough and communicate. As soon as these ideas are assimilated into the symbolic order, the 'mainstream', they are already gone and newly imagined modes will have to be discovered, taking their cue from the continuous seeping or humming of that which is found at the margins.

⁹⁰ 'Anthony Hubermann, curator at CCA Wattis in San Francisco...says (if I remember rightly), that much of the difficulty with making an exhibition lies in the fact that to extract something from circulation – an object, image, practice, or idea – and interrupt it, examine it, and exhibit it, is to do it great injustice.' "*Dear Hanna*" – Eva Weinmayer

⁹¹ 'In many respects her lack of interest in the final film and what would happen to it, was probably because for her, each film was more to do with an exploration of process...its form is distant or unfinished perhaps.' (*Poems, Stories and Writings*, Margaret Tait, p17.)

(short buzzes, sputtering)

Dear O)))

I read somewhere that Walter Benjamin once undertook an experiment in theatre in Russia with Asja Lacis (famous for her proletarian theatre troupes with children, an artist, friend, and lover?) They worked on plays, creating and improvising with characters, which they performed only within the group. (Although of course she is the less famous). The children seemingly through improvisational gestures, conjured the idea that a future that hasn't yet been thought, a way out, might exist and that their signifying gestures could in some way rupture time, the performance and rehearsal process forming an interconnected loop towards this.

Digging around in my studio using electric guitar, amp and microphone, drawing and exploring ideas through this process and then discovering Lacis and Benjamin's ideas gave me a portal through which to understand that these activities, previously peripheral, were in fact central. The scratching around felt meaningful, purposeful. Instinctive activities, related to more childlike ways of being which I've always taken for granted, perhaps because they happen so naturally, became foregrounded and this was where I started to get in touch with the Creatures...

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for at least four weeks of the programming... I'm not sure if this is something you'd be keen on? I thought you'd be great to work with... and so did the others... Maybe you could have a think and let me know...?

Hope all's well...

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Hi J

The meeting last night at Five Years went really well - it felt good to be part of a co-operative set up. There was an artist over from LA working in the space. Her practice integrates wall based psychedelic drawings related to hikes she goes on into the wilderness organised with other artists...

It felt like an interesting way to incorporate 'life' into the work – and made me think. I'm still working out how best to demonstrate my process. There's a question for me about how to create a space within a gallery that occupies space time and keeps things fluid...I'm still figuring it out...and I'm also aware that improvisation is an important part of how I process what the work actually is...

Anyway the sun is out!

Hope all going along ok with you...

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Broadcast Log 10 – Speaking Gestures (vulnerability/process)

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'...that night in a Birmingham basement the emotional force of her voice was held in constant tension with a palpable anxiety in her performance...' ⁹³

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⁹³ *I'm so excited to have made this decision to perform*, Tim Adams, on Elizabeth Fraser, Guardian, 24 June 2012

'utterance is magic...Words are events, they do things, change things. They transform both speaker and hearer; they feed energy back and forth and amplify it. They feed understanding or emotion back and forth and amplify it.'⁹⁴

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Both publicly and privately, speaking is a way to make discoveries. Opening myself up and becoming vulnerable, as with the process of writing⁹⁵, it's an important way to tap into the unknown and as with the late night drawing space, it's connecting to a psychological space and a way to be in touch with the Creatures⁹⁶.

⁹⁴ The Wave in the Mind, Ursula K. leGuin

⁹⁵ Dodie Bellamy on Acker, speaking and writing through her vulnerability: Kathy 'Acker never stopped seeing beyond the surface, never stopped being motivated by libidinal urges, the terrible problem of desire, never stopped being bigger than life, scarily powerful and vulnerable, equally so, both glamorous and geeky. With her, these weren't contradictions.' Sense and Sensuality, Frieze, Aug 2017

⁹⁶ Kristeva's speaking being describes the political reality of the person in flux and relates to the primal qualities inherent in the creatures: '...all our attempts to use language neatly, clearly, and in an orderly way are handmaidens of our attempts to be neat, clearly demarcated, orderly subjects. But such attempts are continuously interrupted by certain elements of our signifying practice' (*Kristeva's Women's Time*). Arendt also recognizes the importance of discovery through speaking and listening acting in dialogue: Action and speech – a revelatory quality that requires audience participation – the 'living flux of acting and speaking' (Hannah Arendt). In Shelia Hetis's novel 'How Should A Person Be?' the protagonist, by documenting and playing her life back, hopes to uncover something⁹⁶. Heti's protagonists' recorded conversations reveal an unravelling and reconciliation between herself and her closest female confidant. As with the sound archive, the tape recorder acts as charged object: 'it has long been known to me that certain objects want you as much as you want them':

chapter 3

'Sheila

you mind if I record?

Sheila pulls out her tape recorder, puts it on the table, and turns it on.'

...

'Margaux

Why are you looking to me for answers? I don't know anything you don't know!

Sheila

I'm not looking for answers! Why would you say that? I was just hoping that if I –

Margaux

Don't you know that what I fear most is my words floating separate from my body? You there with the tape recorder is the scariest thing!'

'I was just as happy as if I had written it myself and had not merely possessed it for a moment with my voice.'¹⁰¹

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¹⁰¹ Companions, Christina hesselholdt, P 40

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X X //// (((((()))))))) H sends me an email late one evening:

I've been thinking about the events and the texts and it's as if you've made this loop, with your hands and your voice that keeps going now, with its own momentum, forwards, backwards, forwards, backwards....

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AIR TIME

"Air Time" a picnic and live reading, Dorich House, Tuesday 18th July, 2-5pm

The third event in *A Million Lapses and Pauses*, part of a 'continuous broadcast', will take the form of a live reading of 'Witch Dance - notes for radio', by Rachel Cattle from the roof of Dorich House, former studio home of the Russian sculptor Dora Gordine. Built in 1936, to Gordine's design, the museum now operates as an international centre to promote and support women creative practitioners.

Tea, coffee, cake, snacks, picnic rugs provided, please bring anything else you would like for your own picnic. We can sit out on the roof and in the garden.

Reading between 3-4pm - you can tune in and out.

'...a floating space: it's nearly empty, no images to focus on: the corners are resting places, listening places: "radios"...my voice: the sound...skips and winds across the space.

These are programs...addressed by me to you, the passer by – or storages, places to keep my voice for myself....

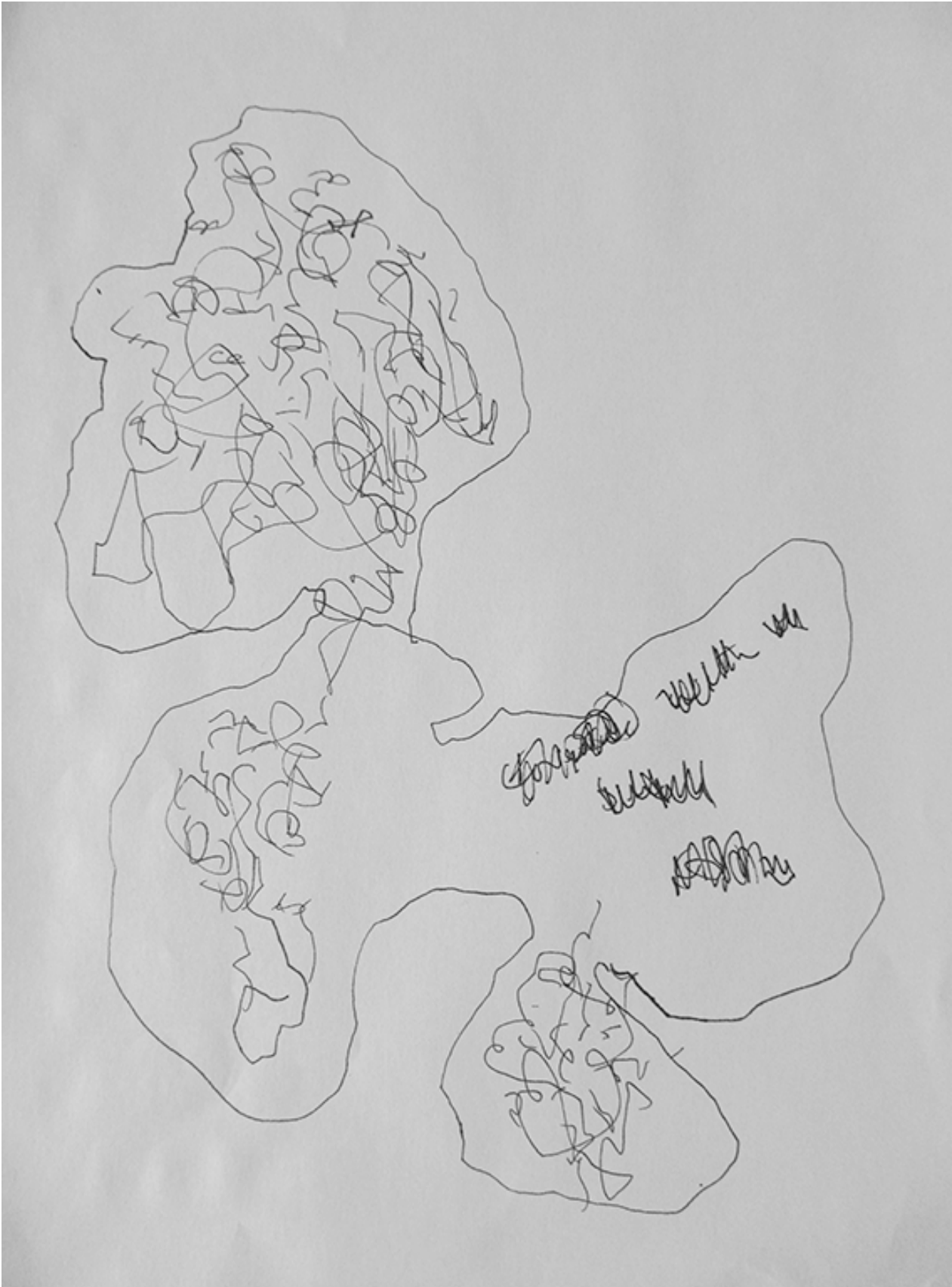
"...on the air, in the air...the air is clear...the plot shifts...you can be sitting there as she might have been...as she might have done..."

I'm off to the side...I'm "on the air"...I look in the mirror as if she's in here with me, as if I'm looking at her, as if I'm talking to her through the crowd...the open field...'

Edited version of "Air Time", Vito Acconci, 1973

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you're dancing, making small sounds with the soles of your feet, chiming with the transmitters looping electronic pulses, which quietly, but persistently beat out rhythms across the darkness

something in my voice
 half way between voice and voicelessness
 a form of inductance

the microphone moves towards you

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Hi V

Can you believe it's been 4 years since we first met! almost exactly to the day – and its not just that time has flown, its like the symbiosis of everything that's happened has changed things – hard to pin down

I used to have this feeling that I wished that the books I had by my bed would, by osmosis, enter my brain overnight, because I didn't feel I had enough time to read or see or experience everything - and in some ways my perceptions *have* been shifted by their very existence and insistence, as much as by reading, doing, making and the exchanges and events that have taken place over the last four years.

The important factor seems to have been fluidity - making this the work. I decided early on that there would be no 'presentations' (no to the power point) and that everything I did would be a way of working something out in the space of the group. Importantly, this wasn't just about what was said or shown, but to do with *how* things were done, the atmosphere created and about thinking about the subtleties of dialogue – I guess this led to me thinking about everything as 'language'.

I think also having to deal with some quite difficult spaces that I didn't necessarily feel comfortable in - trying to find a way to keep the work in its own space, wherever it was – this has been a good part of things in hindsight. It often felt risky and a lot of the time it was quite improvisational and exposing, but I think this was exactly what the research needed - and what moved it forwards...small things where people seemed to be really affected pushed things on – maybe made me think more about how to find the right ways to present work and also thinking about how affected I was by these kinds of small things – like the moment when someone sang in that room - that changed things.

I think I've been able to understand at a much deeper level *how* I operate, and having other people bring to my attention what it is that I do enabled the practice to expand - to understand the ways that I approach what I do and see how these are important and I hope this has and will give others permission and encouragement.

I've also thought more about how to bring the practice into my teaching (the classroom becoming art and the art becoming the classroom?) and articulating the importance of certain approaches - particularly in a climate where everything can feel so pinned down - I mean it can be hard to remain open cant it, and actually to allow yourself to be unsure and to be clear that this is important...I guess the importance of this has been reiterated by my experiences with the experimental sound group and all our group explorations - the way we've made things happen with *We Are Publication*, trying to question how things are put out there - I'm looking forward to this developing...

The improvisational processes feel like a productively overlapping dialogue and I'm excited about how I will develop things. Like distributing *Witch Dance* – I'm thinking about events that could link to its processes and developing my writing methods. I'm really interested in the overlaps between sound and publishing and how these can infiltrate and transmit - there's more to explore here.

And it's all opened up a broader dialogue with a contemporary scene - with you (thanks!) - and through time - I have this kind of moving *constellation* from which to expand the importance of expressing these forms of knowledge...

Anyway, they're putting chairs on tables here so I should pack up – although I've been writing here for weeks now so they know me, and its been good – another space...

Speak v soon

Rxx

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Outside Broadcasts (outcomes)

Project, Maureen Paley, 30 November 2013 – 26 January 2014

Group exhibition featuring Salvatore Arancio, Rachel Cattle & Steve Richards and James Pyman

Gaming Gaming, New Shelter Plan, Copenhagen January 10th - February 1st 2014

<http://newshelterplan.com/gaminggaming/>

Sing Me to Sleep, performance at Louise Bourgeois, 'A l'infini', 2007-8, on display in the exhibition 'ARTIST ROOMS: Louise Bourgeois, A Woman Without Secrets', Scottish National Gallery of Modern Art, Edinburgh, 2014

I am Radio, performance as part of We are Publication, ICA, 2014

Spin Cycle, part of a series of live readings and performances at Hackney Archives, as part of the closing night of 'Activating The Archives', Banner Repeater and Hackney Archives. 13th May 2015 'Spin Cycle' 3 minute, 10" vinyl record, a suffragette leaflet, Joan Littlewoods obituary and a washing machine

Spin Cycle, broadcast on Resonance fm, part of Critical Waves, Tues 30th June 2014. 8-9pm
<https://criticalwavesradio.wordpress.com/programme-archive/>

Reading Records, Five Years, 16th May 2015. A loosely constituted reading group initiated by Rachel Cattle, Jenna Collins and Volker Eichelmann

Station to Station, Sunday Salon Matinees, Glasgow, with Katherine Elkin, Gummy Stumps, Shirley Clarke, June 14th 2015. A series of cabaret style events presided over by Marc Baines and Rob Churm

The Yellow Book, A series of three half hour radio programmes broadcast on Resonance fm, July 2015. <http://theartsandcultureunit.com/portfolio/yellow-book/>

Why Do Things Have Outlines? Performance with Jenna Collins as part of Plague of Diagrams, ICA, 20 August 2015. <https://www.ica.org.uk/whats-on/plague-diagrams>

ASP, Artist Self-Publishers' Fair, ICA, 12 Sept 2015. <https://www.ica.org.uk/whats-on/artist-self-publishers-fair-asp>

Graphics Interchange Format, Giff (with Steve Richards), group show, Focalpoint Gallery, Southend, 21 July – 17 October 2015. <http://www.focalpoint.org.uk/archive/exhibitions/60/>

Hold Me Now Live transmission performance, ICA, version 2 of live transmission series Nov 2016.

Project tutor on the Bridget Riley Art Foundation (BRAAF) Program with 2nd yr CSM BA fine art students, the British Museum Prints and Drawings department, 2015/16

Study day at the British Museum to discuss my research and experience of developing projects with students from CSM as part of the Bridget Riley Art Foundation (BRAAF) Programme in the British Museum Prints and Drawings department. 2016

The Yellow Book broadcast live across Glasgow and online as part of Radiophrenia's temporary art radio station, Sept 2016
<http://radiophrenia.scot/>.

How to Read: Writing Groups. How to Write: Reading Groups. October 2016. Rachel Cattle, Jenna Collins, Volker Eichelmann, Five Years Publication launch and exhibition, Five Years Publications: Public Series No.7 sees the publication of works freely developed from series of Reading Events/ Performances/ Talks around self organised and independent publishing.
<http://www.fiveyears.org.uk/archive2/pages/220/FYP7/220a.html>libility

Words of Art, a series of workshops and a symposium at Wimbledon School of Art. Nov 2016. Workshop considering connections between writing and drawing held at the British Museum Prints and Drawings Department and performance of *Hold Me Now*; version 3 at the symposium.

Jan 2017 invited to become a member during 2017/18 of artists run space Five Years, London.

Hold Me Now performed at Dorich House, Kingston On June 20th April 2017. Version 4

A Million Lapses and Pauses, across Five Years, the ICA and Dorich House, *A Million Lapses and Pauses* continues a radio(aktiv) broadcast in the form of recorded sound, live readings, publications and posters orbiting the publication *Witch Dance - notes for radio*.

Five Years, Archway, London, Saturday 1st and Sunday 2nd July 2017
2 – 6pm (readings on Saturday at 3pm)

ASP, Artists Self Publishing Fair, ICA, Saturday 8th July, 11am – 5pm

Air Time, Dorich House, Kingston, 2 – 5pm Tuesday 18th July 2017

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finger to lip ()

1. PULSATING

pink, yellow, black (non-shiny?)

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hair blows wildly in all directions, partly covering her face – she's walking vertically down a roof. The photograph (documentation of a live performance) is a cutting from a newspaper article. Digitally re-photographed it looks blurry onscreen, the halftone dots form patterns which bleed in and out of one another. I'm focussed on her expression, with a steady gaze she's concentrating, her* eyes look directly out and she's staring straight back at me

*trisha brown, roof piece

one was about performance and being in public, the other was much more about privacy and interiority

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((((((((((((((O)))))))))))))
((((((((((((((O)))))))))))))((((((((O))))))*in one scene he asks “Are you ok?” and she nods without saying anything, without blinking even, for about ten seconds, as rain falls down the window and someone plays Harmonica on the radio*((((((((((((((O)))))))))))))((((((((O))))))((((((((((((((O)))))))))))))
Shes* not acting((((((((((((((O)))))))))))))
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((((((((((((((O)))))))))))))
((((((((((((((O)))))))))))))((((((((O)))))) *sophie calle

()

() ()

through

her

()

unstable

configurations

()

()

()

(she is instrument and player)

//

I had this song going around and round in my head

uh, huh hu ahuhhhh

() ()

hu ahuhhhh

.
the microphone performs me?

.

;;

.

()

.

;

() (;)

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;;

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()

(//)

() () ()

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() () () ()

() ()

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()()

()() ()

() () () () ()

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()() ()() ()

()() ()() ()() () ;

(() () ()()

() () ()

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()() () () ()
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()()

()() ()

() ;

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( ) ( ) ( )
. ( ) ( ) ( )
    ( ) ( ) ( ) ( ) ( ) ( ) ( ) ( )
;

//
.
.
) ( )
```

```
( ) ( ) ;
( ) ( ) ( ) ( ) ( )
. ( ) ( )
    ) ( )
;

//
.
.
( ) ( )
```

```
( ) ( ) ;
( ) ( ) ( ) ( ) ( )
. ( ) ( )
;
( ) ( )
```

//

() () I was busy feeling out other ways

() ;

() () () () () ()

() ()

() () ()

() () () ()

) ()

;

//

() () ()

.

//

.

//

a slow working out of the possibilities...

()()

//

()()

()() ()()

walking along the canal and trying to remember the name of some obscure percussion instrument, you used words as an avoidance tactic – the real words were obscured by all the talk

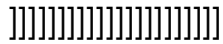
() ()

she glances at him

pink } } } } } } } } } } } } } } } }



this image, stapled into my notebook, of hand scribbled gestures and actions*, weaving between marks and lines, begins to form an idea of how the evening would have felt



*annabel nicholson, performed at musicians collective (MUSIC/CONTEXT)

“what is the use of speech?”
on and on, saying nothing*

*janet frame

the microphone moves slowly upwards

makes me think of how Ketty La Rocca was trying to form her own ideas of language when she scrawled words across and around photographs of her hands

) ()

language is activity

language is an act

()

xeroxed images and drawings are scattered around the
floor

() ;

() ()() ()()
. ()()

;

.

// yellow, humming

() she's a transmitter?

internalising the signals

()()

() ()() ()() ;

()()

()

() ()()

()() ()

() ()() ()() ()() ()

() ;

() ()()

()()

. ()()

;

//

() ()() ()() ()() \

()

)
)

from a single repeated note

//

) (

she's retreating into a parallel world she* calls
the "Mirror City" (((((((((((((((((((O))))))))))))))))

(((O))

(((O))

(((O))

(((O))

(((O))

(((O))

(((O)) *janet frame

) voice fills the room

((((((((((((((O)))))))))))(((((((O)))))))(((((((((((((((O)))))))))))))
((((((((((((((O)))))))))))(((((((((((((((O)))))))))))(((((((((((((((O)))))))))))(((((((((((((((O)))))))))))))
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((((((((((((((O)))))))))))(((((((((((((((O)))))))))))(((((((((((((((O)))))))))))(((((((((((((((O)))))))))))))
)))))))))))))

blew into my eyes

()

()

)

) my eyes and mouth

(still and quiet and warm

;

· ;
·

)

) my mouth

() to the microphone

uh hhuuhhuaahuuuu((((((((((((((O))))))))))))))

((((((((((((((O))))))))))))((((((O))))((((((((((((((O))))))))))))))
((((((((((((((O))))))))))))((((((((((((((O))))))))))))((((((((((((((O))))))))))))((((((((((((((O))))))))))))
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((((((((((((((O))))))))))))((((((((((((((O))))))))))))
((((((((((((((O))))))))))))((((((((((((((O))))))))))))((((((((((((((O))))))))))))((((((((((((((O))))))))))))
((((((((((((((O))))))))))))

and stand still and do not move

/// /// \\\ \\\ \\\ \\\

she was loath to spend the one currency of hers that might have any worth in the real world – talking about her life in the Mirror City – for fear its magic would be disenchanting

/// /// /// /// \\\ \\\ \\\ \\\

Kim Gordon: I worked at Todd's Copy Shop, which was kind of like the center of the art world. Everyone would come in to make their fanzines. I worked there with Sara Driver, and her boyfriend, Jim Jarmusch, would come in and we'd make copies of his scripts. Thurston [Moore] would come in and we'd make killer magazines for him. You kind of knew what everyone was up to, like their grant proposals. Jean-Michel Basquiat came in and I Xeroxed some stuff that went into his artwork.

Richard: That's where people told me to go, I remember, when I was doing Xerox stuff.

Kim: (Laughs) 'Cause Todd was very – well, his heart is sympathetic, and he would let artists do things on the machine themselves, too.

/// /// /// /// \\\ \\\ \\\
\\ \\ \\

we are each other's archives*

\\ \\\ *anne bean

2. SHIFTING ()

January

I'm trying to get to something, trying to let myself go. I spend most of my time finding ways not to. I am good at this, I have become clever, canny, I trick myself, waste my own precious time

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-

-

- a wordless incantation emerged from her mouth

-

-

pink and black

(fleshy or synthetic?)

()

songs came like they were coming from deep

() within myself

{ } being one of the shy ones, it took a long time for me to develop the armour I needed to face the world. Most of the time I lived inside my head and communicated through gestures. Navigated the world more as a creature girl than a human girl and when I was a creature I felt good and comfortable and in touch with everything around me...

{ } words are a compromise

her “primitive shyness” --

(shy, not shiny)

in your body
you feel it...
you tried it a million times
you have to find the right place
you have to do it again and again

a voice* was saying something blurred through a loud-speaker

*iris murdoch

////////////////////////////////////
////////////////////////////////////
////////////////////////////////////

////////////////////////////////////
////////////////////////////////////

when I grew up I tried to find a place to fit and often thought I should try to fall in with some or other scene. Sometimes I kidded myself that my discomfort was my own fault and that I needed to train myself in the ways of the scene so that I would fit better and I would try to disguise my natural creature self, but never could

in your body...

()

;

.

.

) still and warm

()

;

from one and a half seconds

I* was always bending over to tie my shoes, delaying, trying to figure something out

*audre lorde



later I realised that to be a creature girl was the natural way to be a human girl, but as I was growing up the signals I was given directed me towards facts, decisions and finished ideas and none of this made sense to me

on and on, saying nothing

()

;

.

.

in your body

{ }

.

{

{

.

{ }

{

}

{

}}

pink

{ }

}

shy

.

{ }

read back from page only (not remember original)

either you can worm your way in, enfolding yourself into the mainstream and its methods and rhythms and social calendars and spread your disease and decay from there. Or you can lay siege from the outside...*

*margaret anderson ----

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|

]

???

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.

vroooooooooooooooooooooo kshing!

?

[

???

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]

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???

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??

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??

]

]

]

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????

]

?

]]

?

soft pale

pink!

[

]]

???

the scene* grabs my attention to such an extent that I'm inclined to try to sit through the full three hours, just to watch it again on repeat. It reminds me of my teenage self, how I once occupied space()oblivious to my own power

*peggy and fred in hell, leslie thomton

//

their arms moving in rhythm

\\

\\ *initiated by a single dancer*

\\| | |

\\ *who transmits*

// *gestures to other dancers*

/ ^ \

//

/ ^ \ / ^ \

/ ^ \

//// ((((((((((

\\ \\ \\ \\

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/ ^ \ / ^ \

((((

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\\| | |

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///// (

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////////

/ ^ \

\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\ soft yellow

///// (

\\|

\\| | |

/ ^ \

//// ((((((
\\| | |

\\| | |

\\\\\\\\\\

////

//// smooth pink

////

I was trying to

O

when she talks live

○

amplifications, outtakes

○

??hands* feeling slowly up the walls, around the window frame

*francesca woodman

???a wordless incantation

////////////////////
////////////////////
////////////////////

mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm

“what is the use of speech?”

see "yayayayayayayaya"

from deep within myself

{ }

"

.

..

,

then at one point I didn't need to translate the notes

they went directly to my* hands

*francesca woodman

3. CROUCHING

February ○

the interior is dimly lit. As I head down a long elegantly tiled corridor, past a library and up steep, narrow stairs, I notice that the doors which lead off don't seem to correspond to any kind of logical sequence

time is elastic, soft, like I could dip in and out of it and I'm at home here unlike the hard, corporate glass art school where I work as a lecturer, navigating timetables, assessments, protocol

art as a lived condition rather than a hoarded possession*

*anni albers, black mountain college

it is small and big, complete focus, wings went at a billion miles an hour. It's the same place that exists always, smoking and staring out of the window in the dark

X

X /// // (((((

))))))))
IIII??

(0)

X X ///// ((((((\\ \\ \\ \\
\\ \\ III III?

(((((((??????

moods
unstable configurations
phases of depression or elation
resisting integration into a power structure
cross fertilization
fluctuation
opposition to power
way of life

fleetingly
continuously
interpret through her own body
is its own structure
loose, local constellation

/

/

/

/

/

she* was channeling Mary Wigman who was channelling Iggy Pop,
d'you know what I mean, "jump backing*". Her long dark fringe
falling into her eyes, running her fingers around her head

//*sue tompkins

/

/*lee lozano

/

() () () burying herself so deeply was a source of
happiness

March

he says "you're an idealist", and I know he's right ()(..) (....)

() ()() ()()
()() ()

()() ()(..) (....)

I always taped when no-one else was there, which was very freeing and, I suppose, looking back, was a bit like entering another world, where I was myself, but also many other people and things; with no-one there to interfere with these 'alternate realities'*

*cynthia maughan

() ()() ()(.....)
(;;;)(;;;) (.....)

()() ()() ()

()()

it was laying on a chest of drawers next to my bed

("''''''')()

()(..) (....)

the pencil marks* seem to hover making the drawing appear to occupy limitless space, even though it's just a small piece of paper

*paule veselay, 4 forms 1937

/// // (((((((

))))))))

||||???

()

sucked into

swallowed whole

float around inside

almost as if the drawing were an organ or some kind of creature

/

/

/

/

/

/

not what it was *of*, how it *felt*

/

/

/

/

/

yellow, pink?

uh ahhhhhhhaaahhhaaaaaauh

////////

////////

you catch each other, how you hold that balance, how you are together in space

/

/
/
/
/
/

wings went at a billion miles an hour

11.50pm

the walls are rough, made from panels of hessian soundproofing material and loops of tangled wires hang across the space. These recordings were made when the studio was 'a broom cupboard underneath the stairs at the BBC, and the performances are wild, almost feral

()

resulting in a distorted two track mix

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

oo

oo

oo
oo

oo
oo

oo
oo

oo
oo full
volume, tiny dots, holes === holes right through

()

there was the physical place, I think there were trees on one side and a field on the other. There was a horse in the field sometimes but mostly I remember the stones crunching under my feet and a sense that everything seemed open, and although the river was at the end, it was the road itself that seemed fluid and full of possibilities

that continually reverberate backwards and forwards

((((((((((((()))))))))))))))
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((((((((((()))))))))))))))
((((((((((()))))))))))))))
((((((((((()))))))))))))))
((((((((((()))))))))))))))



a habit or intention

in your body
you feel it...



from two seconds



the most tenacious of contacts

the most secret of organic movements



V

did my voice sound different?

it didn't sound like you V

V

V

I find myself visiting more often, following along the corridors,
running my hands along the walls and picking up on ideas about
the dismantling of pervading positions of power, radical
invisibility, gestic feminism, active vanishing and political feelings

/

/

/

/

/

/

the genotext

while the stone steps to the entrance become imperceptibly larger to accommodate the homeless people who now live there



you wanna initiate change, but as soon as you start writing...as soon as you write some political order, as soon as you write dogma, you're right there with Catholicism, you're right there with Communism, anything, anytime you start stating this, this and this, rules and regulations, you're no longer liberated*

*patti smith

alongside my visits, I keep notebooks of thoughts, quotations, dialogue from the radio, newspaper articles. I also keep a diary
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((((((((((((())))))))))))))
))
(((((((
((((

picking up on ((()))))))
the car radio

○

definitely a she ○

the text as a surprise
the writing dimension
the book to come

.....

re-mixing them

uuuuuuuuup four seconds

////////////////

not the space of its origin, but a secondary space

()

()() ()()
()() ()

()()

) ()() () ()
)

.

()()
()() (
()

yeah deep red, like her lips

]

???
??? loud [

???

vooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo kshing!!

??

??

] some violent yellow

?

]

????

] ?

]]

?

[

4. SHAKING ()

in the evenings I make small temporary structures, I'm positioning stuff, adding sound, filming. Trying to see if she (creature) can be located and to get to somewhere that my mind doesn't feel like its exploding

a sudden release of tension will cause a momentary transmission of electromagnetic energy to radiate in all directions*

*daphne oram

(I'm shy, pink?)

) the microphone falls

||||||

stand still

//////

O

...it was a great croft...I wrote a song inspired by that scene...there was very little in the way of art..and um...there would be political groups who organised dance or socials there...the floor was torn to ribbons with peoples boots (sound of match being struck)...they would take part in discussions and debates and I can remember occasionally sitting..and listening and thinking...um ummm...

he dismissed them as utopians...end of an old epoch....a very rich political background in a way..I was very interested in joining a political...Is song quite an important part of the play?...

((((((((((((((()))))))))))))))))

(sings)

...full of all the revolutionary feelings...they put it on at a social..I really wanted to see the revolution in my lifetime...not only in my lifetime but before I was 20 (laughs)...I was determined that it should happen...Im just going to...(sound of tape running)...*

*ewan mccoll 8 May 1978, Audio 17

O

...you spend your whole life breaking on through, you cant just break on through once and think, well, I've made it ...you have to go beyond one reflection, beyond the mirror, beyond, beyond...

2.15

the librarian prints off a list of the entire audio collection for me and I spend hours reading through the names trying to imagine how their voices might sound

holes, deep, yellow?

?

.

[

finger to lip

| | ?

.

||||| [

I mean he left a stream of women in his wake and just because he wrote songs about them, that makes it ok?

de daw deeee daw

O

)))))))))uh huhuhuhuhuu

(((((((((((((((
((((((((((((((((((((())))
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((((((
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mostly on a Saturday afternoon I would trawl through the shelves,
reading, finding out what was going on and sometimes there were
talks in the evening and y'know a drink. Some of those things
overlapped, and then it got personal and um, too mixed up, but it
was a great place for a while)))))))
))))))))))))))))

scattered pieces of paper
))))))
))))))))))))))))))))) I would find them later
))))

beautiful sorrowful music, or some kind of weird description that doesn't seem likely now I think about it

()

her* right arm reaches out towards the edge of the picture

* creature, leonora carrington

it sounds so feeble now and Im cross with myself over it for all those years, but he fell in love with one of the actresses....he said, I'm in love, I'm consumed with love and Im leaving in the morning

.....

..... //

///

.....

....

her fingers mirroring mine as I run them over the cracked
ceramic tiles

..... a gesture as private and accurate as her* own name

*anne carson

.....

..... //

..... ...that was an enormous shock.....I should have
been angry, I wish I had, but I wasn't, I was
heartbroken...

.....

.....

.....

.....

()

...open my* mouth

sometimes nothing came out

*shirley collins

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

...

I thought about how many people had thought of the book as directly autobiographical in a way that I think people assume that lots of women's writing is, or artists writing um and that's not so much the case and it's something that's intentionally confused

picking up

her "primitive shyness"

(((((.....))))

(((((.....))))

(((((.....))))

a voice that would break your

(((((.....)))))
heart

at some point, early on, you said "I'm not that dangerous" but as it turned out you were, and your feelings, the lightness of your actions were, as they say, the straw that broke the camels back

>

the vocal folds alternating between voice and
voicelessness

>

the lonely energy

the wild strangeness and concentration of her gesture ((((((

((((((broadcast from here))))))))

sorry....I'm sorry....could we start that section(turns to the audience)....I apologise....sorry I'm so nervous....(applause)

.??????..??

and the dragon flies had a million colours even though their wings were transparent and it was silent and the metal bars that were there to stop you falling in felt cold, cold like when you gave me a small clay model of a house that you found when you were on holiday. How did it fit into my hand, your pocket, the evening?

()

.????

5. TWITCHING

()

Tuesday

rifling through the newspaper cuttings, I notice a hand with yellow
nail varnish resting against a blue skirt and an arm which stretches
out from the deep folds of a pale silver dress

oooooo

/

..... /// // (((((

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||||
..... ///// ((((((\\ \\ \\
\\| | |

oooooooo
oooo..... ///// ((((((\\ \\ \\

oooooo
(((((

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..... ///// ((((((\\ \\ \\
\\| | |
oooooooo..... ///// ((((((\\ \\ \\
oooo

oooooooo
(((((

))))))))
||||
..... ///// ((((((\\ \\ \\
\\| | |

oooo the way people look at her
oooooo
oooooooo..... ///// ((((((\\ \\ \\
((

)))))))) and the way she looks back at them
||||
..... ///// ((((((\\ \\ \\
\\| | |

oooooooo
backwards and forwards ooo
oooooooooooooooooooo..... ///// ((((((\\ \\ \\

oooooooo
((she speaks so softly it might almost not be words

))))))))
||||

```

          ..... ///// ((((((( \\\
\| |   | |   | |
)))))
  |||
          ..... ///// ((((((
ooooooo..... ///// ((((((( \\\

```

April

there was something about the way he lifted his cap, smoothed his hair down and then shyly replaced the cap, without looking at me, that gave me the sense that he cared about what I thought of him. But I never saw him again, so I can't be sure

```

      ( )
          ( ) ( ) ( )
              ( ) ( ) ( )
          ( ) ( ) ( )
              ( ) ( )
          ( ) ( )
              ( ) ( )

```

the paper strip of the universal discreet machine tapes can execute any possible manipulation of data because they are equipped with recording, reading and erasing heads, as well as with forward and reverse motion

her films
er her film works
inexistence
with the gap, with the thirty nearly forty year gap
confront her work
what has happened?
experimental filmmakers
1974

I decided to open a dialogue

() () () ()
() () ()

) () () () ()

) () (.)

.

() () () () () () () () mostly I remember
the way you used to take your boots off and leave them neatly at
the side of my hallway. There was something so particular about
the way you wore hats and boots. Hiding yourself?

() () () ()
() () ()
) () .

.

() . () ()
() () ()
() (.) .

() () () (.) ()

) ()() ()

the singing mouths formed a chorus

oooooooooooo.....

sending out noisy signals to herself

oo

6. STUMBLING

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0 0

0(

0 00 ()0 00 0

0 0000

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.

.

() //

) 00//

soft curling yellow lines

00 0

0 00 0

////////

////////

00 00)

00 00 0

. dust mounts up.

.

the Hoover sits in the doorway, deliberately, so that I almost trip over it

.

. 0 0 ()0

I'll do it tomorrow

) (00//// 00 0

0 00 0

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00 0.

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0

00 00 0

0 00 0
////////// //////////

0 00

00

0 00 00////.

00 0

0 00 0

/ //////////

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////////// //////////
////////// //////////

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() 00 0
0 00 () 0
00 0
0 00 00
00 0

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0 00 ()0 0(0 00 00

00 0)////////////////////

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////////////////////

//////

//////// .

0 00 00) 00 0

0 00 ()0 00 () the body of the project

0 ///00 00

00 /// () the realised totality

.

.

00///

00 0

falls silently away

0 00 00 a million

lapses

0 00 00
00 0

and pauses

00 0

7. TWISTING ()

May

buy earth – pot plants

finish books

look at national insurance contributions

make blood pressure apt

()

////////////////////

the film comes with very specific projection instructions detailing the order of reels and starting times (there is a five minute delay between the start of reels on the left and right hand side)

Nico appears in the first scene 'The Kitchen' (reel 1) on the right hand screen. She also appears in 'Nico Crying' (reel 12), left hand screen where she is crying alone in a room

Nico Cries...the sound is off on reel 12 until the last ten minutes (while you listen to..reel 11 on the other screen), the instructions

say 'after reel ends turn light off on reel 12 but continue sound as exit and intermission music

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who did it sound like?

it sounded intimate

...Nora died partly of a broken heart...they've shown me these photos of Nora in evening dress..looking extremely uncomfortable...with the managers and heads of the company..... The first of May, Tom got up and made a speech, crackle, long pause...she has a history of mental instability, for instance...no that marriage bust up years and years ago...she had a son and then, last I heard..crackle, they had no mother..very old man..Minnie was a member..this is their picture..worked for the LCC...so no, joined the Communist party...very very lovely person..In one of the letters she says....One of his letters, he says....Hackney Dramatic group gave its first performance recording of hmmm mmmm..and the Man On The Curb....called in his memories...there are women outside....thousands of them!

Hetty Bower 1978 audio 14

[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[
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[[6pm
once a month, I take the long bus journey to a scruffy rehearsal
space above a theatre. In the dimly lit space filled with electronic
sound equipment, wires tangle between bits of plastic and non-
instruments and I feel ecstatic, peaceful

we move slowly
[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[
[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[
[[her soft humming

ready to re-write..

to co-write

to be()written on

\\\\\\\\\\

CCCCC

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//////// CCCCCCCC

CCCCC

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\\\\\\\\\\\\9.50pm

on the way home I'm reading, not looking up. I get the sounds and smells of the people who sit next to me, one after another. Kissing, as if there are wet lips right in my face. One young man (I think) has a familiar, pungent, horrible, enveloping scent. A woman, broad Scottish accent, she's on the phone. *Thank-you, thankyou so much*, in a soft, strong, delicate voice... *I'll call you after my shift*. Desperate

///// finger to lip\\

////////

//////// CCCCCCCC

[[[[I* was a kid who..my parents were working
 very hard because, er, at the time we were very poor, my mother didn't want me to go to
 play in the street, she was afraid for me so I was looking out the window all the time. You
 know, alone and looking out the window and feeling, I always up to now, feeling like an
 old child..

*chantal ackerman

mostly I felt like this ;;;;;;;;;;;;;;;;;;

sometimes I felt like this

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and underneath, I always felt like

this,,,
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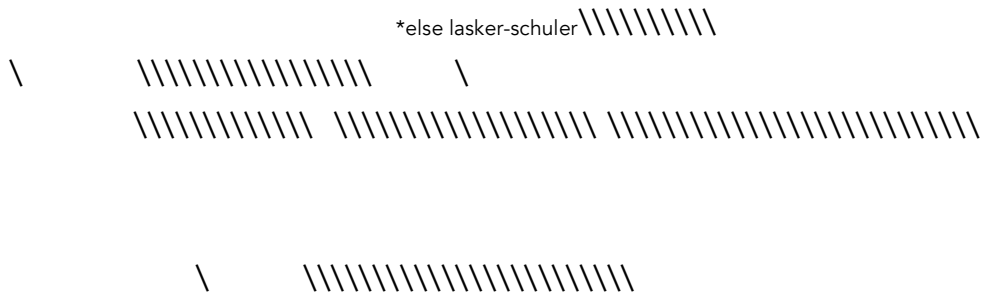
... writing has been the only place I* have felt it plausible to find it (whatever 'it' is)

\..^\...xx\...\

June

maybe I feel too dislocated from the world at the moment - don't feel there's any point doing anything creative. But what's the other option?

the abundance of small drawings on the margins of texts, in letters, on napkins and random pieces of paper*



5.45pm\...\

out of the corner of my eye, while I'm staring at the screen, listening to the women's voices singing in harmony (a kind of chant), I notice a veil of smoke, or what I think looks like smoke but when I turn to look out of the window I see it's rain falling in sheets \...\

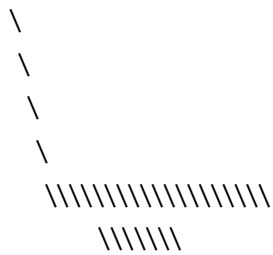


/

/ the lines are thin, pale, fluid as if she* had to move the pen fast to capture the contours of her own body before it disappeared

*ilka geddo

I wanted to call out to her, but the murmur of voices all about us was so strong and diffused that my call would never have reached her



8. KICKING (

the plastic folder in front of me contains hundreds of cd's each labelled with a name and date in yellow marker pen

slipping on headphones, I'm transported through a kind of portal.
It feels like maybe I'm the only one who has listened in a long
time

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*like a sea wave curling over me... She was singing ... The words
came slowly...they turned over in the air...*

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after about half an hour, one of the CDs gets stuck in my laptop and for about ten minutes I try everything I can think of to get it out, knowing there are no copies. Everyone around me is quietly working while I fidget nervously with the machine. wasn't there something you could do with a paperclip?

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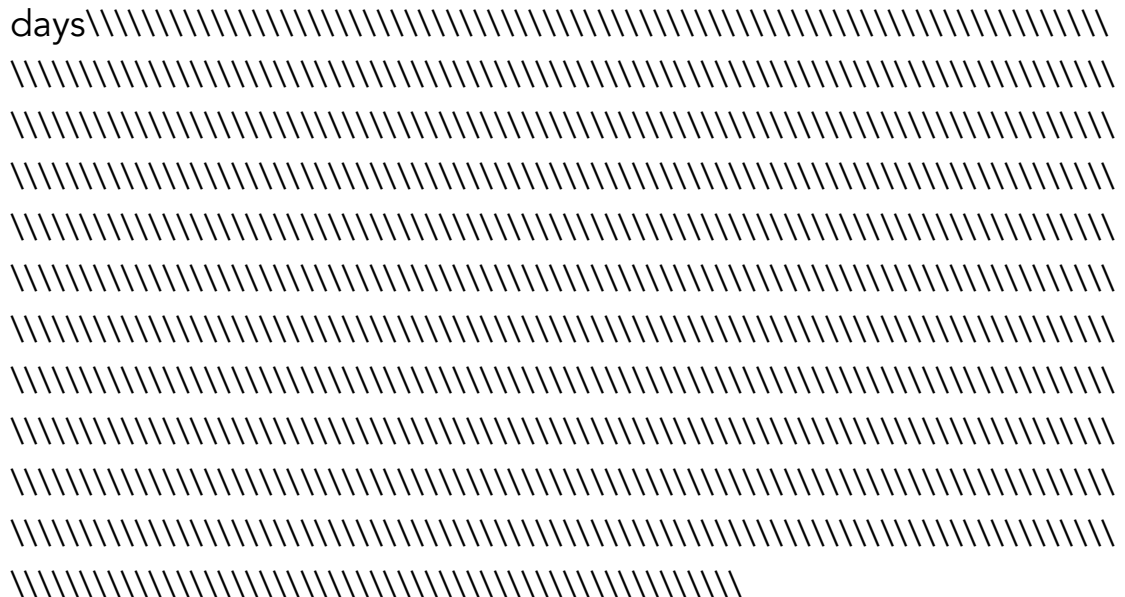
I can see the creature girl moving continuously. I can't tell if she's moving away from me or coming towards me. Eventually turning the machine off and on for about the fifth time the CD ejects. I glance around the room, no-one has noticed and she has gone

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July

It seems empty and I don't know if everyone else doesn't go out because its raining or because they are away on holiday. I'm laying in the bath and trying to think about the pros and cons. Have I always been this unhappy? I have managed to leave my teaching job because I have a grant, for a while at least, but now this makes room for me to look back and see just how much I hated that job, to realise how far removed it had become from the ideals I started with and how I had to scratch around, take any work offered, try to act like the man running the department had one iota of creativity and this was exhausting and all the time I was dying inside, but I didn't know a way out and while I'm writing this I'm thinking that I have people in my head who I need to impress who are closed off and judgemental and I still need to impress them even though they think like this. I pretty much hate everything I've ever done and I don't know why I keep doing it but I don't seem to be able to do anything else and it feels like I've felt like this for a really long time and it's a waste of time it really is and I only feel like this because its been raining for two days



[7.45pm]

lines and dots slide all over the place. By the time I email it back, the finished form looks more like a drawing

[]

collect books from studio

Spitalfields record fayre

1st and 3rd Friday of each month

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5am

can't sleep. Noise of cars going by sound like generations of
women* looking out to sea

*margaret tait, blue black permanent.

se se yayayayayayayayaya

September

Patti Smith's drawing in 'Witt' is small, detailed, beguiling.
Reading the description of the exhibition that she did with
Mapplethorpe makes me want to draw again. But I haven't. I
haven't known how to

she* was influenced by Burroughs and Goisin and used 'the Third Mind' as
experimental method and also worked with Black Mountain poets

*the first book, it wasn't a novel...was a bunch of prose pieces with poetry surrounding the
prose pieces*

INTERZONEY

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*kathy acker

vooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo kshing!

but how do you think Patti Smith relates to this?

in the way she comes on, what shes trying to do, the kind of person she is..

there are often moments of real revelation in the process, they couldn't know it until they saw it

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and its never been written down, its never been preconceived

() voice fills the room

)))))))))) full volume

shifting

breathing

puts hand in pocket

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runs fingers along wall ////////////////

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click on the link: Andy Kaufman stands on stage in front of an audience, opens a book and begins to read aloud. Minutes pass and the audience start to get uncomfortable when they realise that this is actually all he is going to do ((((((((((// (((

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*It seems to me that it is not necessarily our responsibility as artists, writers
and thinkers to make sense of the world-----*

and she often exhibits doubt

which, I mean, is extremely powerful

typical girls get upset to quickly
typical girls can't control themselves
typical girls are so confusing
typical girls - you can always tell
typical girls don't think too clearly
typical girls are unpredictable (predictable)

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September

I'm spending hours in one of the upstairs rooms, writing, getting nowhere - everything seems fragmentary, incomplete

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temporarily meaningful activity

reverse board

cornflake packet

write up talk

books, loose pages

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October

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semi spoken

vocal\////////////////////////////////////
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2pm

I come across instructions by Jessica Rylan on how to make a synth and curl up to look through pages of swirling, looping hand drawn lines. At the bottom of one of them she writes...

the parallel existence in the same historical time

or even that they will be interwoven one with the other

?

?

I'm more interested in thinking about music as an action or a socialised relation

the immediacy of experience privileged over virtuosity
...////////

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the noise is almost unbearably repetitive and grating, but her voice is harmonic and gentle and so even though I have to turn the sound down because I can hardly bear it, there is something about her voice and the combination of sounds that keeps me focused and listening

//...//////// her shows, while on the brief side now, used to be shorter, seven minutes or so. "I did everything at once" she says

Plugging and unplugging her voice and body into the auto-circuits of an oneiric eroticism

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//////////////////////////////////// attachment: photograph of a
group of women whirling in a circle, black dresses billowing. They
look like sixteenth century witches, but their silhouettes appear
against a block of huge American government buildings X
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//////// Ackerman has described her murmuring voice over as
psalmody (the singing of psalms or similar sacred canticles...)

people sleep with their eyes open
we were shakin the mattress
there was a candle and we were watchin TV
me and my sister
yeah ()

I search all afternoon but cant find a copy of The Inside Job which contains all Jutta Koether's notes, letters and related materials

open eye and open ear of female consciousness

○ ○

I was breathing and then at one point I understood it was time to cut

10. WHIRLING ()

full volume

even if we die if we have to become monsters and everyone hates us, we will have to read the book because it will teach us how to avoid the alligators' jaws, the wolves who wait in the forest, the huge snakes, and how to become birds

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....
she's sitting cross legged on the floor reading
aloud in a slow American drawl. Plastered across her tee shirt... IF
YOU'RE NOT WEIRD, GET OUT! () ()X ///// ((((((

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I am assembling things, setting things up
BUY-ING PENS

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.....
washing up liquid
tomatoes
butter un-salted

we met outside the club. We didn't exactly meet outside it, we had been in the club all evening, but we hadn't always been together and we met again, by chance, outside. I said something, he said something, I said something and then he said with a kind of mocking smile, 'you didn't think we were going to be together forever did you?' Or maybe it wasn't a question, maybe it was a statement 'We were never going to be forever'. I remember it had forever in it because he once told me that his daughter had asked

him if the lyric from the Roxy Music track was true. *Nothing lasts forever of that I'm sure*

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People just project things onto me* mostly – they don't really know me

*kim gordon

() ()

but I find you very withholding emotionally and you never talk about your emotions or what you're feeling. the thing is, I don't want your input, I don't want your judgement, I don't want your ideas, I don't want your cleverness, because it just de-rails me*

* viv albertine

my fingers move slowly around the electronic pad making quiet repetitive sounds {{{{{{{}}}}}} like the feel of wet clay

years later I was watching TV and a singer came on. He had been a big star in the sixties. He was singing the hit song that he was known for and I realised that he reminded me of the man outside the club. This older man was wearing lipstick and trying to disguise his age, but he looked ghostly and older because of the make-up and something about the way he moved his head and pursed his lips reminded me of his gestures and suddenly I could remember his face, which I hadn't been able to conjure for years and it seemed utterly unattractive and I couldn't believe that I'd once found it so enchanting

the sound of tearing paper close to your ear is louder than you might think

\\\\\\ more like an avalanche

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////////// that NEU! track

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///// ((((((Fur Immer....

round and around in my head)

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soaking wet, kissing, running around outdoors

{ } yeah, pink!

..... ///// ^^^^

in some ways the road was more like a track. Its surface was unkempt, roughly made up, as if it had come to be that way over a long period of time. It changed each time I thought about it. Sometimes it was dark with trees overhead and sometimes it was light and the stones glistened as if it had been raining

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she is benediction
she is addicted to thee
she is the root connection
she is connecting with he

here I go and I don't know why
I fell so ceaselessly
could it be he's taking over me

I'm dancing barefoot
heading for a spin
some strange music draws me in
makes me come on like some heroin/e

she is sublimation
she is the essence of thee
she is concentrating on
he, who is chosen by she

here I go and I don't know why
I spin so ceaselessly,
could it be he's taking over me
I'm dancing barefoot
heading for a spin
some strange music draws me in
makes me come on like some heroin/e

she is re-creation
she, intoxicated by thee
she has the slow sensation that
he is levitating with she

here I go and I don't know why,
I spin so ceaselessly,
'til I lose my sense of gravity

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will radiate over a distance and cause a sympathetically tuned circuit* to resonate
 *daphne oram

{{{{{{}} a kaleidoscope? {{{{{{

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{{{{{{}} non shiny
 {{{{{{ pink

9. MIMICKING

November

I type her name into Google. Immediately the words spring up in huge, bold capitals, CHANTAL ACKERMAN DEAD. Its still a shock. About tenth down the list in tiny text is an address for



emerge

oooooo

you are on video



feel the love



please do not touch

.

() mouth to the microphone

the object in the corner

listen
listen

I can't make out

her muteness

..she says...the only things worth fighting for...are intangible*

*chris Kraus, torpor

...and Joan said it was lucky for us otherwise you wouldn't have gone to college(laugh)s...she sort of you know...used to stand up and uh huuuhhhh hmmm...interrupt the proceedings saying 'votes for women'..while she was still a student....afterwards when the war came she joined the no conscription..oh really?..she became the editor...then she went to prison with Bertrand Russell in the er..just after the war was over...uh huh...smuggled in a laundry basket...the printer...and was in prison for a few months.....

...Poems for Freedom...that was Joans, that was my sisters...she collected the poems....oh really?...the funny thing is and it pleases me as

a feminist...and Joan, well she...was a housewife when she had two sons (laughs) umm hmmm...she was quietly working away...research..uh huh...department...hmmm ummm...editing her journal for a long time...and wrote this book...book on uh...on women in industry in the 30's and...yeah...now...the one book that's always in demand is Joans book (laughs)...she was a very modest person so her name doesn't appear...

...now he was sent down for war resisting...yes yes...political oppositions...for being anti-war...so Joan was actually in that struggle...fuzzzz fuzz...how they hoped to have a..trade unions..workers taking control etc...and he was proud of the fact she was a communist you know....more connected to the ILP...let me just check back on something on the 1917 club..can you recall it at all?...uh yes I think it was a basement..I think the ILP met there...(phone rings)..excuse me...sure...rustle rustle..tape stops

tape starts...paper rustle ...sssaaaaapppppsssswwwwwwaarrrrr...I don't...and it was such an eye opener to me.....I joined in 1923...because..we went camping in 'Box Hill...Box Hill.....wigwams...sometimes spent Christmas there...very keen campers...uh huh, uh huh really?...I never knew her...the poor woman who disappeared in Russia...I knew her very well from camping...(door buzzer goes)...hmmm mmmmmm hmmmmm our little camping group you see...buzz...(knock knock) is that a knock at your door?...(sound of someone getting up out of chair)....crunching crackle...tape off

()

tape on.....he was delightful and he used to sing these songs...uh...songs?...uh huh.....sort of..uh huh...are they songs or

poems?...everybody was in love with her...you know how men are...mmm...I knew him through Joyce...not for 25 years...she didn't realise when she used her eyes...men were in love with her...and he broke with the party and with Russia...she was in the centre of it all and I was a newcomer...er well...lacking in confidence...with this group...mumble..er, new life to me, you know...very thrilling...new life in the sense it was kind of uh bohemian, or, or ardent in its discussions?...or was it its moral seriousness or its singing or its?...uh what..I mean how would one convey to people now what what um...was kind of distinctive about it as a group?...people in their (overlapping speech) socialist..socialist outlooks..uh huh...

...at that time the Russian Revolution which was...anathema to most people, was something that they were concerned about...(gap)..and sympathetic with...(gap)..and then of course...their love of camping which was quite unusual in those days..winter..the wigwam, summer tents...uh huh...and then of course...(sound of pen on paper) uh hummm uh huh...no conscription people..was an artist...were married, although she was a lot older with a daughter... (sound of pen on paper)...(paper being shuffled) of course there's a very good history of Joan..written in Poems of Revolt...very good publishers...but he wasn't amongst the campers in Boxhill..quite right, it's a very formidable group..

when I got married I had to leave the school...I got a job as a lecturer at...was evening of course, clashed with all my political activity...whole group of yes...local...street cells....yes yes...he was blind is that right? blinded on the last day of the second, the first world war....wife died...and so then...I...I...mmm...(rustle...sound of pen on paper)..who..oh..brilliant....yes yes..sure...in the library....should be...yes yes...they should have a tape....do you know?...yes...rustle...tape ends abruptly

()

December

In the dream I am wearing the beige 1970's outfit that Annette Peacock wears when she sings Back To The Beginning on You Tube. A chiffon blouse and loose peg trousers drape seductively around my unfamiliar body. I am tall like her and as I shrug my coat from my shoulders and let it fall to the ground behind me, I feel supremely confident

September

vooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo kshing!

when I get home I try to remember how it felt, drawing slowly and
when I finally look up, I cant tell how long I've been sitting there

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the page is covered with delicate marks, a series of organic
looking shapes. It's hard to tell whether they're projecting out or
going back into the page*

*paule veselay, four forms

be political in an act of failure
render a rejection of the way the world works
aesthetic struggle
act like a child
non – useful
a state of confusion
non commodity
flattening of time
matte – non shiny or glamorous
torn from factuality and re-rendered as emotional
undirected reservoir of feeling
explode
cut – up

time – broken
separated from what we are told
nothing forced
the final result speaks for the process

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((((((((((((((((0))))))))))))))))((((((((((((((((((((0)))))))))))))))) January

as preparation for the seminar, we've been asked to watch a film of our choice. I find The Passion of Joan of Arc by Carl Theodore Dreyer on You Tube. The notes state that it was censored before its release in 1928, the original negative destroyed by fire and only turned up by chance years later, in the back of a cupboard in a mental institution

as the evening gets closer I start to feel anxious. The seminar is going to be run by people who I don't really understand, who wont get me and seem to be part of some elite scene that I don't fit into
at each station, more and more people flood onto the train which gets slower and slower and hotter and hotter until it finally stops in a tunnel. I can't breathe

sound of a wet finger being rubbed around the rim of a glass in a never ending circular movement

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the microphone cable loops across the floor

we* are born in flames.....

*lizzie borden

the ideas were the important thing and the process of thought and thinking. At the end of the Rolling Stone interview, Sontag says that pretty much after everything she's written she feels that she no longer agrees or thinks that

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pages and pages of scribbles

I start to wonder if they are closer to writing

in the half dark you were leaning against the wall of the crypt with your legs crossed and a beer bottle tucked into the pocket of your jeans. I looked at you there for a long time before I plucked up the courage to speak

2 am

perhaps her voice should be the main protagonist – or perhaps her voice should be in parentheses. But maybe her voice should be everything that isn't in parentheses and everything other than her voice should be connected to her voice

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uncontrolled movement across and within borders and lines of containment, the air waves like the air or the atmosphere, represent a quasi-invisible scene or medium of transmission

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February

I tried to remember how it felt when I ran my fingers over the tiles
and construct a score which could be replayed, but it was never
the same feeling twice (0) (0)

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ones own life, the proof of ones existence and the entire sphere of
everything private are used as material



March

during the final session the equipment breaks frequently. S has set up an elaborate device which makes sound triggered by a laser beam each time a bottle of water is passed through it. Green lights flash against the walls in huge waves reflected off the swooshes of the water. O plays the walls with a chaotic energy. G is quieter than the rest and it takes me a while to realise that she is the one making some kind of strange entrancing beat on the other side of the room

when I wake Ive had another dream. I am still Annette Peacock but this time I'm the drummer

O

tune in xxxxxx

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soft crackle running throughout....dance? Modern dance? (overlapping speech) I mean as in Isadora Duncan? That's right, in relation to acting, yes, move and so on, crackle, yes and uh, um, she did, crackle, very well there, clears throat, and she did very well there and she...background noise, pause, gap, was very interested in the movement and she started a professional group and an amateur group mmmm hmmmmm. and she started a professional group and an amateur group hmmmm hmmmm fuzz, gap, noise....and that is how I became ?terested in the Embassy Theatre....to it mmm hmmmmm but....and we had started doing the ordinary agit prop work that um crackle, it wasn't enough and um.....

.....there was a demonstration every other week, well er, we worked, crackle, off the back of lorries, town halls, when there were political meetings crackle crackle would come on and do a shh short play in between...so I just need to ask, cough, they've got some, have you got quite old a collection of, do we have those?...yup sp speeches or whatever was going on, crackle, uhhhhhmmmm

crackle, huuummmnnnnn, cant make out, in time we'd dash of to another, crackle, pause...gap,

o o

were you already formed at the time of the 1931 election or not? I think just, overlapping sounds, about that...at the very beginning crackle, can you remember having ever read...or seen....crackle one or two crackle, and other agit prop oh yes oh yes www while what, had you seen, wwwwwwlll, crackle, I'd seen, crackle, er, in London er performing in a similar way...er, might not work, er turn up, cough, uhhh hmmm you don't remember their name at all? Crackle, ? er, no, crackle, pause.....er no....

In the political field, agit prop...theatre was considered bourgeois and I had quite a fight...and we got recognition..someone moving about in background, crackle, one act play um group uh mmmm crackle appear in halls, we, door shuts in background, crackle, and in addition..after that, crackle, we attracted people to write plays for us, background hum, gap, who?...yes yes uhhh? He was in London, do you remember how he got in touch with you?

Wally Walter and Hetty Bowers 1978, audio 14

her hands move in a series of faltering gestures

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non scored intuitive solo

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the recordings mostly date from the 1970's when Communism wasn't a dirty word. Certainly when I was younger, I would have said that I was a Communist, but these days it seems no longer viable, although it still seems the right question to be asking

why the power-point presentation?

note scrawled in margin:

on the way home I realise I haven't thought about him in a long time. The next morning when I wake up, I have a sense that something has shifted

now it seems more like a longing

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another fearless dance concert

I Hide Myself behind Trees

Until the rain from my eyes has ceased,

And hold them deeply closed,
So that no-one can see your image.

My arms enveloped you
Like delicate tendrils.

I grew to be one with you.
Why are you tearing me away?

I gave you the flower
Of my body,

All my butterflies
I shooed into your garden.

I kept walking through grenades,
Saw the world burn

All over with love
Through your blood.

But now I strike the temple walls
Dull with my forehead.

Oh you false juggler,
The rope you strung up was loose.

Words addressed to me feel cold,
My heart lies bare,

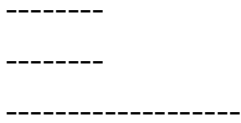
This red vessel of mine
Is pulsing horribly.

I'm always at sea,
Never to set foot on land again.
else lasker-schuler

what she did with the hand

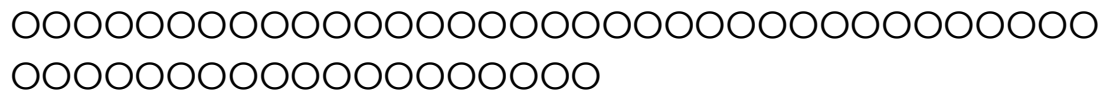


how it holds the sound



May

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hair falls

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OOOO back of the neck

GIRLBODY

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whose voice?

trains go past at intervals

her

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x x

MUSCLES OF JOY

xx x

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well you never know - that's America
he's a very multimillionaire
he could
yes he could
you never know
she needs a man, going out to dinner, a show
theyre all millionaires
Keanooooo Reeves

the eyebrows are drawn with delicate, repetitive strokes which form a frown, and her hands are clasped tightly together, but her eyes are smiling like she's about to laugh

*gwen john, nun with hands folded on a book

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a huge attraction
I make a mistake
several times
I have a longing
an anxiety
I wish I could
be so close
with the music
I never would have imagined
hair falls
back of the neck

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arms outstretched

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mingles with voices in the background

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he told her a story of how years ago, before her death, he had taken a group of art students to see the Chantal Ackerman exhibition and one of the students had been blind. The film they were watching, Letters Home, consisted of long barely moving shots of New York street scenes and Ackerman's voice speaking aloud the letters she had received from her mother. There were subtitles in English and he spoke these quietly into the ear of the blind student, describing the scenes and reading the lines, and while he was speaking he thought about his own mother and in the half dark after a while the lump in his throat made it almost impossible to speak anymore

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you move through space

see it being read

are fictional

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and repeat

endless set of possibilities

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10. GRIPPING

the microphone slips into view, hovers for a few seconds, then disappears

pale yellow (pink)

Nov

going out has started to feel alienating - too many complicated entanglements. A shelf of novels - auto-fiction written by women born continents, decades, even centuries apart forms a row of friends at the end of my bed

softly moulded

though they've already filled a dozen cassettes, the stories remain fragmented, inconclusive....Perhaps, like him, his mother senses that once a

story has been fully told, its over....To organize events sequentially is to take away their power*

*chris kraus, torpor

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11. LOOPING ()

) Press ear up close

eeeearrrrrrrrrr

listen hard

January

one cold grey afternoon I walk up the road and sit in a café with a hard copy. The cloud doesn't lift, even for a moment. When I'm finished reading I feel utterly exposed and decide to burn it

around this time I was forever drafting and redrafting myself, like some kind of temporary opening up of time, endless infinity mirrors bouncing backwards and forwards

listen harder

attachment: xerox of a photograph of an unidentifiable space made up of tiny moving pixels. It is hard to tell whether the space is projecting out or going back into the picture

April

the dream seemed to go on in real time all night, I was concerned that we were nearing the performance and still hadn't rehearsed and even though part of me was trying to tell them I had never done this before, it felt like it didn't matter and that they trusted me. Like some surreal Busby Berkley film, there was a continuous kaleidoscope of legs moving rhythmically, wearing hundreds of different trainers, their laces beautifully entwined / ^ \

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then I remember that a song can't be fixed as a final written text so long as the oral poetic tradition in which it was created stays alive, potentially re-creating ever new versions of the 'same' song

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the microphone appears nearby, waiting

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as reference I've been studying the newspaper clippings, and
tonight the dress seems right. My eyes are painted inky black \\
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the road widens out and the stones feel smooth and warm under
my feet which stumble, sometimes slipping, sending pebbles
flying and hitting against each other. Here and there rocks rise up
and I climb over them and jump back down with a knocking,
crunching sound

the waves make an almost inaudible hum

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an articulation and rhythm that precedes language

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connected she's crouching near the ground, as if she's

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now I belong no-where \\\

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September

I photograph a page from Paul Bucks' Scrapbook memoir of newspaper cuttings, print it out and carry it around. I think it might be of use:

'Joni Mitchell feature in NME which starts off well, with the interviewer asking why she dislikes doing interviews: "there are many reasons. First of all the form doesn't bring out what I feel are the most interesting parts of me. I'm full of vignettes and stories, but it takes the associative process that's at work in conversation to bring them out. In an interview you're fielding questions about ideas and feelings that you probably haven't thought through, and your initial responses arnt always accurate. Then you're held to these improvisational comments that are often very stupid. And the relationship between interviewer and interviewee is often like a trial" //

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\\ \\ but you would never know what songs were playing
as a soundtrack to any particular moment

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12. TURNING

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click on the link: in silence, squat on the floor, arms and legs, crouching like an animal or insect, almost dragging herself around, hand picking up feet, like a child, feet stamping, jerking, some kind of wild energy*

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click on the link: this time music follows her lead, drums and cymbal, her movements strange and jerky. Hair wild and sticking out in all directions, a steady gaze, concentrating, her eyes look directly out and now she is staring straight back at me*

*mary wigman, witch dance

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I can remember for example events in the streets, a bloke getting his throat cut and all the kids stood outside...crackle...cough... Woman miscarried or died...you knew...you know...you recognised all of the signs...but there was a group you could fall back on, not your parents but your contemporaries...crackle...quiet...climb an eighteen foot wall...digging up railway...general strike, spending days and days...again going out and collecting wood. Dragging these through the streets on a rope, you had to develop a sense of community...crackle...you had to develop loyalties, otherwise you just didn't survive, couldn't survive, you know, you were broken...crackle crackle...pause...and then suddenly to move into a new area of activity, you know was very traumatic..intake of breath...which meant an actual change of milieu..at the time I didn't notice it..it was about six months after I began to notice it..crackle, I'd lost all my friends pause hummm ummm hurr...to some extent...crackle...meet at the labour exchange...national unemployed...boy from just down the street..interest in politics..but learning about a...I'd read things like Ten Days That Shook The World...crackle and I'd read..I think I am...but I know for many years I felt that...you could live as you liked...oh...she...sound of womans voice, kids in background...kids voice asking for something, a door creaking open, shut, kids playing, crackle, I've still got a script he sent me, papers, shuffle, I've got it upstairs, I'm pretty sure I can lay my hands on it right away...pleae..did you?...I er, picked up a second hand dictionary...kids talking...and I learnt a lot of German songs...would send me records...very old records published by the left eh..ur...so that I heard a lot of stuff and it was in that period that I first heard about Brecht, although Brecht hadn't...was very much at that time..from this comrade in Lipesig...he was murdered in the first month of the fascist...he used to send me twenty and thirty page letters...mum..do you want...and the atmosphere on the train of everyone singing...goes on to say how they cant be...and the whole train was weeping....moving experience he'd ever known you know, eight hundred people or so all crying...crackle, mum, mum, childrens voices, mum, mum...womans voice talking to kids...unemployed...demonstration....I learned... we began to feel we should create our own scripts...a weaver whod just come back...and was a bit disillusioned...the endless discussion of theory..was really not what...expected..revolutionary...a big big struggle..kids voices in background...you know, and saying...it's a question of being able to deal mmm mmmm this was a political education..cram it all...couldn't read in a library..any chance of getting into a meeting on Monday..to talk about the various problems....tape ends abruptly

ewan maccoll disc 4

I remembered how the drawings I'd done at the time reflected an intensity

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we began to feel we should create our own scripts

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it* was a loud, electrifying noise

*palmolive

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many thanks to the Raphael Samuel Estate and the Bishopsgate Institute.
The words used here are not verbatim, but transcriptions made loosely as I

listened

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rachel cattle 2017

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This is for Mary-Jane, my mum.