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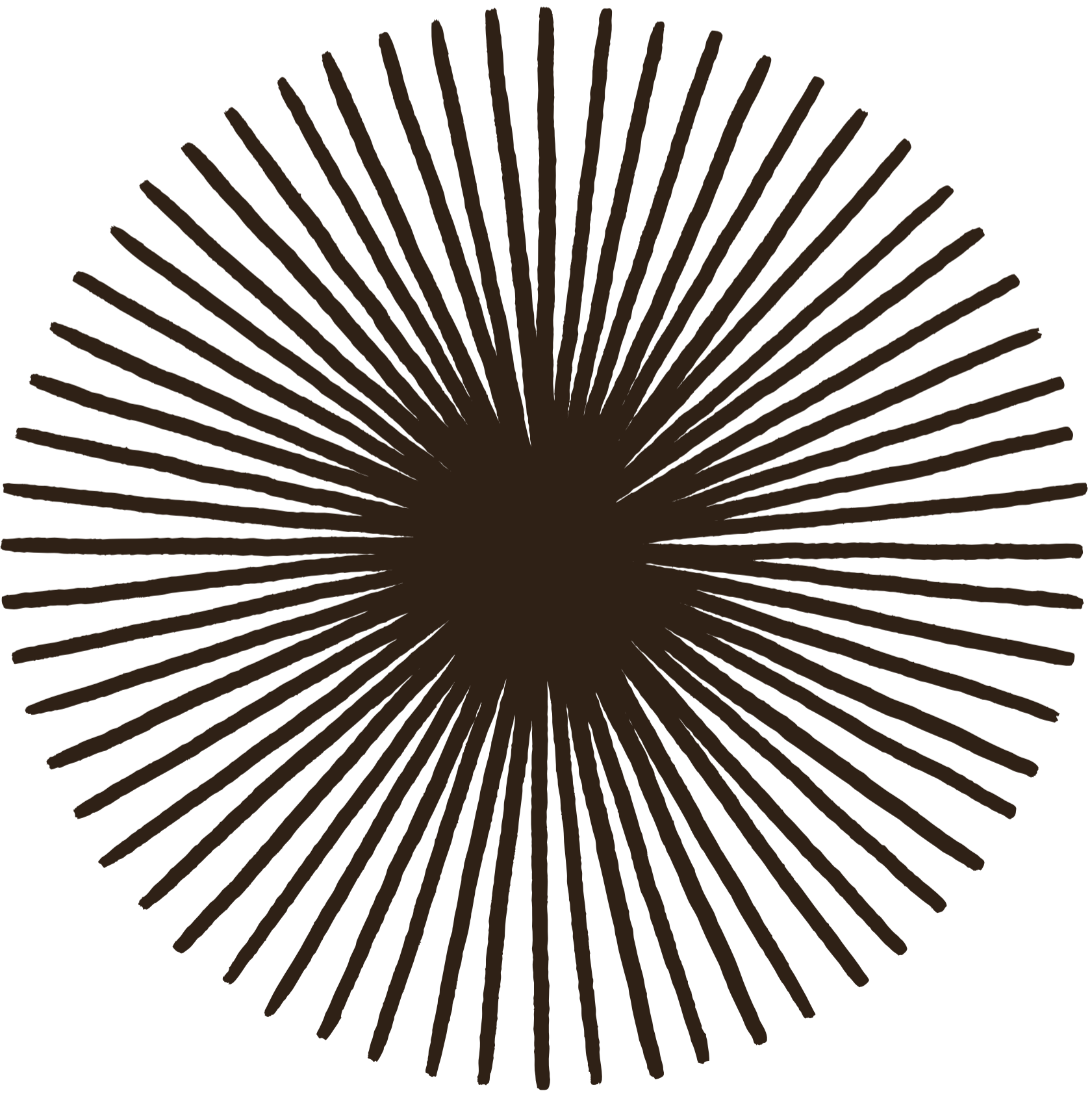
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DAYLIGHT

October 2018 — Wellcome Collection





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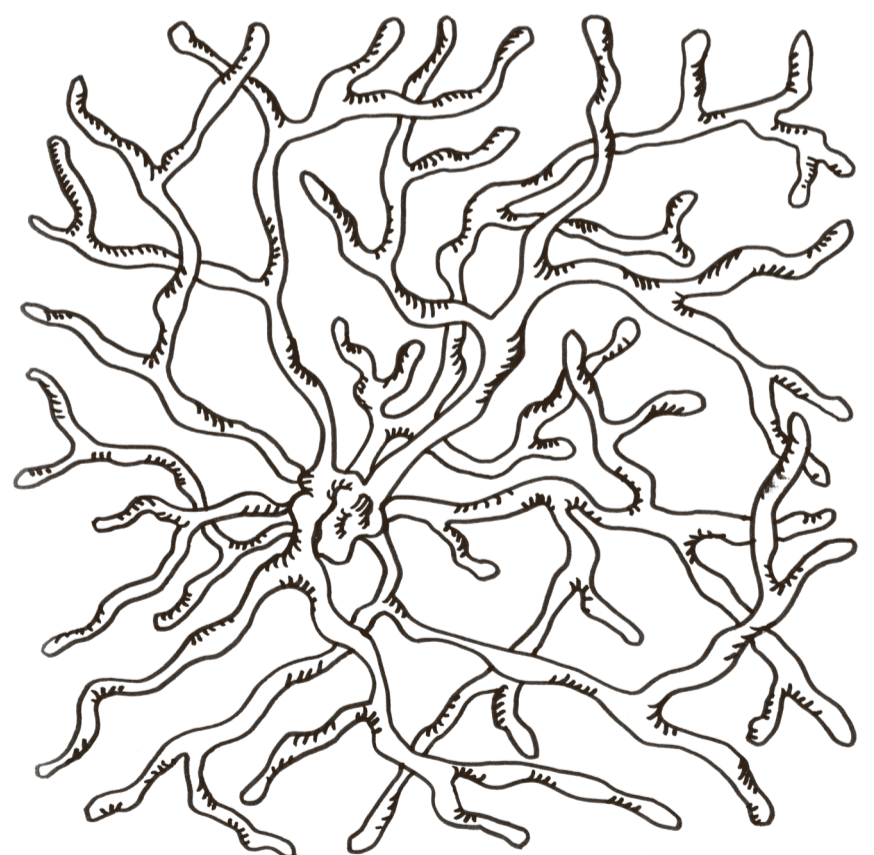
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Top left:
The dissection of a young, beautiful woman
directed by J. Ch. G. Lucae (1814–1885) in order
to determine the ideal female proportions, Johann
Heinrich Hasselhorst. 1864, Wellcome Collection

Above:
Roots-Rhizome, Clare Qualmann, 2018

Perhaps the world
resists being
reduced to mere
resource because
it is not mother/
matter/mutter—
but coyote, a figure
of the always
problematic, always
potent tie between
meaning and
bodies. Feminist
embodiment,
feminist hopes for
partiality, objectiv-
ity, and situated
knowledges, turn
on conversations...

Donna Haraway

Situated Knowledges: The Science Question in Feminism and the Privilege of Partial Perspective, 1988

Madeleine Hodge
Support Systems

We begin this project knowing that our subjectivity doesn't dwell in certainties about the direction of the future or knowledge of the past. We want an archive that is flexible, fungible, porous and generous. We want to hold the archive open, to envision it as a site of relation with other worlds. We want to consider what is made visible or invisible through historical processes and think in a language not tied to the classification systems of imperial power. We want to ask questions about how knowledge might develop "otherwise". We want to create records that are not located at sites of capture, but might issue from itinerant, affective or tertiary knowledge.

The body is the subject of this edition of DAYLIGHT, tracing a female and more than female view of health from the archive. DAYLIGHT tries to shed light where it doesn't usually reach. We looked for bodies in the archive that may be tender, lumpy, maternal, diseased, ungendered and filled with knowledge. We were most alert when the collection or archive showed traces of something fleshier, when it hinted at intimacies of a life beyond the medical experience. We were looking for cracks, where systems of classification failed to capture the complex messiness that makes up a life. However the women's bodies we found were mostly dissected, removed from the affectable intricacies and entanglements of its existence. We wondered what were the experiences of people in medical institutions? Who were the women whose bodies were used for medical research? Who were the cadavers torn apart in rituals of public disgrace?

After our time in Wellcome Collections Archives and Libraries we wanted to explore the way in which female bodies, trans bodies, bodies of work by artists, are represented in public archives, to interrogate the way an archive structures and shapes the knowledge that we share and inherit. If we are the daughters of an archive made for and by men then we know we must betray this legacy or we will be undone. We need to challenge these inheritances and shine light on the normative systems of classification that are used to arrange and order the knowledge representing our bodies, minds, and feelings.

*I was thinking that a common or perhaps communal archive
can not be carried out in an imperialist language, in a language
that seems malleable but brings a patriarchal power system*

Diana Damian Martin, *Daylight*, 2018

We know that science is always grappling with how to record the world, how to observe something while it is alive, without destroying the support systems that sustain it. Wellcome archivists led us to Honor Fell, one of the earliest female biologists in Britain, whose entire archive of published and unpublished papers from her career as Director of the Strangeways laboratory are housed in the collection. These papers are littered with acknowledgements of the fallibility of her field, the inability of science to "know" and the difficulties of observing a cell operating outside of its environment. She understood that a single cell is a storehouse of knowledge for all other parts of the system, Fell wrote "... a single living cell is much more beautiful and improbable than the solar system..."

We know systems of knowledge are most dangerous when assumed to be neutral, objective, sure of themselves, offering universal insight. We know we are the inheritors of knowledge that is biased, political and positions our rights to wellbeing as somewhere on a spectrum. When we look for something that feels like us, we see the semipermeable membrane of the retrieval system is rigged. We must excavate ourselves, find different words and explore new topographies of meaning and understanding. Perhaps with eyes closed, speaking in whispers, tracing with tongues, letting our hackles rise, we would use our senses to create new knowledge of the archive.

DAYLIGHT is a way of intruding on the archive. By burying ourselves deep within, we can draw a line through its centre, try to dig our way out, feeling our way across its surface.

I. Economies of Bodies

Jade Montserrat

Contagion: A Performance Score

*My dear friend, I know that you, and you alone,
possess peace¹*

*Freedom will blossom from the skies of prisms**prisons*

Our bodies are tools for action; “transgressive” functions, defecating and oozing, sprouting and gassy, for drawing with, through, around, in parallel, out of, along, in harmony, discordantly. Moving within spaces means encountering barriers, margins, parameters, strategies for self-care amidst unfamiliar terrain (in the case of a gallery space it flags up concerns such as lighting rigs—how one can see to draw and be seen drawing and how to navigate ladders and scaffolding, how to keep hydrated and warm, performing and managing the body while attending to daily administration and logistics with others.)

*Magnificent terrifying waterfall flowing like celebration
Dig with elbows where the veridical light touched*

Water — bucket

Charcoal — carbon footprint

Scale — escalation

Scale — ladders

Monolith, monumental, magnitude

Carbon <> footprint

Global networks//globalisation

Her dyeing garden measured the value of peace

*Whose transformation has in fact set the whole process
in motion*

A contagion of boldness; I made you with love

Perpetual renewal felt as a triumph for life

The viewer too becomes complicit in these charcoal wall drawings; the material ‘speaks’. The viewer risks being soiled and dirtied by blackness’ coarse breath which is in fact, sumptuous and silken and soft and sensual. The charcoal itself is a potential irritant, a contagion of boldness; perhaps it is pleading for cooperative interaction, more accurately it glories in not asking for permission to accompany you, nay, you made it your companion, it lives in you, it demands an intimacy; it cannot be contained or controlled. The material is biopolitical; an outward reminder of our bodies’ material make-up. With our shared investment in debates around the planet’s changing climate, we see charcoal as a capacious material to think through our physical relationship to others, the land, geography, literary histories, and visual art².

*Spoken with her whole body she consists of the recording
that comes from the volcanos*

*Her body sounds like the silence of that place**pace*

*Braiding her need in absolute rest within an earthbound
altar of joy*

*Disappearance into appearance; A deep and
unremarked possession*

Forgot to mention tech... I’ll require ladders, bucket of warm water, towels and water to keep hydrated. Food is good too.

Also lighting for the spoken performance *No Need For Clothing*: spotlight on the body, and complete darkness, if possible.

Also re materials...I used various thicknesses of jute rope that I formed into balls creating erasers/brush/wiping/smudging tools one ball of which attached to a branch of willow, to get to the corners I couldn’t reach. These objects were integral to the drawing installation in Dundee³: I bought the jute rope from a town local to me here in Scarborough, thinking about trade and economies of bodies and legacies of the slave trade in relation to global capitalism today (Dundee being at that time the centre of the jute trade, and used on ships). Now, I can purchase from my local jute dealer again or maybe there are materials that are specific to Folkestone that can be adapted equally well. I’d prefer the latter. Also, if I can avoid taking a long branch of willow to Poitiers for me then to bring to Folkestone⁴, that’d obviously be super great!! I’m sure there’s loads of things we can use that you’ve got to hand. Can’t wait to hear your ideas about this.

No Need For Clothing
(Spoken Performance text)

this body so boldly displayed
it is a body but not your body
brazen, naked and understood as a gift

her body, marked out, bitter to the bite
her body, marked out, is bitter to the bite
seeing herself through the eyes of others

her skin, blind to the naked eye
the body punished for the mind’s wrongdoing
the body is punished for the mind’s wrongdoing

deep in her chest
creating vibrations that surged throughout her body
flushed by her own audacity
flushed by her own gentle audacity
flushed by her own tender audacity

her breathing, unfocused; her eyes closed.
her breathing unfocused; eyes tightly closed
she slipped into an orbit of movement
intercourse between her body and the globe

she falls under a net of unbelonging.
waiting for Brown Sugar to appear
her inscription read Brown Sugar.
let’s journey to a real and savage land.
our journey to a real and savage land

1 Subtitles taken from drawing installation *Untitled (The Wretched of the Earth, After Frantz Fanon)*, 2018 “The Last Place They Thought Of” held at the Institute of Contemporary Art, University of Pennsylvania, April 27—Aug 12, 2018

2 These ideas worked through with Daniella Rose King for our collaborative text “(some possibilities of) Rural Belongings”

3 *No Need for Clothing* (2017)—drawing installation at Cooper Gallery/DJCAD

4 *No Need For Clothing*, Performance and Drawing Installation, BLAK, Jperformance space[, Folkestone, June 2017

5 Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, *The Communist Manifesto*, Verso, 2006, p.8

6 Professor Griselda Pollock, Programme *Study Day: Women in Collections*, Leeds Art Gallery, 9 October, Sackler Continuous Professional Development Programme

the journey to a real and savage land
she saw no need for clothing other than comfort
her savagery could only be elegance in their lives
stretching the warp with weight of her own body
her clothing, a means of entry, there are rules that say so.
she undresses herself and prepares her hair
for the procedure.
almost naked, she shed her secret skin
her movement creates a muscle memory
her body, painful to the touch, swept forward
preparing herself for being ironed out
taming her hair, ironing out disobedience
her hair, like histories, was flattened, ironed, and erased
the smell of her still burning hair
Brown Sugar bitter to the bite

dancing to a tune of radiant exhaustion
her ribbons, rhythmic, wrapped all around her body
eyes closed, limbs swinging, pounding, breathing
tentative, nervous, naive, bashful and celebratory
lithe and comely, flailing legs and arms akimbo
covering her body with graphite, dancing as a pencil.
her body's material, coloured movement and dust
length, breadth and depth of her movements
she stops long enough only to take in breath

this body, boldly displayed, truth to nature
this body language boldly displayed
this body without apology boldly displayed
she falls under a net of silent unbelonging

the body, intertwined, boldly displayed
the body, everybody, boldly displayed
brazen and naked, understood as a natural gift

she had slipped into immaculate rituals
she scaled her body; an obligatory tour

her body, conveying peace and calm
her body, perfect and articulate, suspended thought
her movements each give birth to form

circular movements embolden her naked body
the movements advanced, scandalous, enshrined
her body, fundamental, immediate, intimate, direct
she flits, flirts, flashes and floods on all
her many platforms
her body, coded, coloured, measured and contained
her body with no father in sight

her body, a commonwealth, a wish for liberty
her body, ruled by history, both suffering and delight
her body conveyed knowledge, suffering and delight
her body became an unending dance

she wound and wound and wound tape from top to toe
wrist and elbow movements reached out from her waist

her calves and thighs, stretched the warp,
in an unending dance
oily and hurt, her body worked slowly;
forgetting to take rest
oily and hurt, stretching out time, eager for breath
her body, suddenly still, shook and then shattered
the movement became a slow awakening
her body stretched out into an awakening
her body came from darkness alone
the idea of darkness scarred her body
her body wrestled with the darkness
then darkness, at last, covered her body
her body, now understood the meaning of darkness
her body moved through darkness to dawn
she played impatiently with her shadows
she opened her arms and spread them wide
she drifted past us towards the dawn
her movements took flight, her arms glided
against the air
her ears suggested promises of pleasure
a longing to experience the sound in her body
a longing to experience her body in sound

How do we value our drawing out of our bodies i.e our personal and collective memories and histories and thoughts and exchanges, and who sets that value? What is being revealed i.e. how do we manage our collective archives and canons? Which possible replacement structures from the dominant ones might we be appealing to? How do we measure a sense of worth? Who and what is worthy? And who chooses how bodies are commodified? Which bodies are loved and why some and not others? What types of actions have been taken to secure, or institute care centred structures, what models can we steer through, that suggest ways of thinking about our body's use and navigation through the wordings and language of those actions; what actions wedge open space and dialogue that will challenge "Naked self-interest"⁵ transformatively?

*The certainty of love and healing, redemption and comfort,
the aged twine that binds us*
The routine surprise of colour; Our names do not appear
Her body, alone, concealed, an act of rebellion
*Brought into sharper relief: her body, valued, repaired,
something he cannot understand, has arrived*

What are the actions taken and the action considered, the actions expected and the actions given? I assert through thinkers, artists, poets, outcasts whose exchanges I am responding to here, that the thought is the action and the greatest action is love. Our capacity to love activates claiming possession of the world, articulated through dialogue, but calm and clear waters are for the few privileged, silence is threatening and our radio transmitters are distorted: "What's in a word that makes it invisible? Why is language important? And why we must change it — language represents the world."⁶

Jenny Moore
We Want Our Bodies Back (lyrics)

She wants her body back
She wants her body back
She wants her body back
They want their psyche back
They want their feelings back
He wants his time back
Her body back

She wants her body back
They want their body back
He wants the day to break

We want our bodies back
We want our bodies back, ha
We want to feel alive, ha
We want to simplify, ha
We want our bodies back, ha
We want our bodies back, ha
They want their spirits to be free
Just try to simplify me,
Simplify me, simplify me
Find me on the street, out on the street

Everything is everything
When you call, when you call
Everything is everything
When you call, when you call

She wants her money back
He wants his money back
They want their money back
Everything is everything, or so they say
Or so they say
Everything is everything, or so they say,
So they say

She wants what she wants
And she wants him to want what he wants
And he wants them to want what they want
Whatever they want
They're wanting, blowing in the fields
They're wanting, blowing in the fields
They're wanting, their wanting tongues

She has too many
Headstrong words
In her head
And they have too many days ahead

Hey! Yah! WE QUIT! xxxxx

Reclaiming is
an adventure,
both empirical
and pragmatic,
because it does
not primarily
mean taking
back what was
confiscated,
but rather
learning what
it takes to
inhabit again
what was
devastated.

Isabelle Stengers

"Experimenting with Refrains" in *Subjectivity*, 2008

Claire Collison

*Truth is Beauty: a single-breasted
life modelling monologue* (excerpt)

Funny how the first thing I was asked to decide, on learning I had breast cancer, was whether I wanted breast reconstruction 'sooner, or later?': not *if* but *when*. Funny, not funny. So why was that? How come the most urgent concern presented to me was not about not dying but about how I would look not dead? What has happened to us that means we are so preoccupied with how we appear rather than how we are? And, while I'm asking questions, why am I exposing my single-breasted self to you? What's life modelling got to do with it?

I began as a life model. Staying still, seeing how art students negotiated my body, their own mark making, and the entire tradition of representation, I realised I was more in tune with how my body was perceived than how I experienced it from within: I knew that by organising my limbs in a certain way, I could create a certain effect. It wasn't about me; I was a stand in. A mermaid. A myth. Returning to the life room following a mastectomy, life modelling has had the opposite effect: despite the pressures to hide and disguise, I see the evidence that I am whole and complete. I am still a complex series of planes and surfaces, light and shade. And *that's* down to you. Please, draw what you see.





7

This body,
boldly
displayed,
truth to
nature

Above:
Image, Kim McMahon, produced during
'Truth is Beauty' by Claire Collison
at Women's Art Library, 2018

Right:
This body boldly displayed truth to nature
Jade Montserrat, charcoal drawing, 2018

Opposite page:
*Anatomical dissection of a female cadaver,
attended by a large crowd of onlookers*,
Andreas Vesalius, woodcut, 1555,
Wellcome Collection

Storying Otherwise

Joy Gregory
Objects of Beauty

Who can deny the power of a pair of hairdresser's scissors, or the bewitching effect of a set of dark false eyelashes? The images in *Objects of Beauty* raise questions about women's pursuit of changing ideals of beauty and the meanings we attach to the objects themselves. Some objects appear alongside tape measures, suggesting questions about ideal proportions. Others are chosen for the way they can change a body-shape, or even the way a woman walks.

Joy Gregory's work often looks at the way artefacts from daily life provide clues to how we might read and register the impacts of archives on our lives. She has developed a practice which is concerned with social and political issues with particular reference to history and cultural differences in contemporary society.

Meenakshi Thirukode

Take a left, and then a second right

When you walk down the streets here in India, searching for a destination you want to get to but you don't quite know how to get there, you ask a passerby. You're walking straight down the street and you ask him, "how do I get to...?" and he says "take a left here, then second right, then straight, then right again, it should be there." So you take a left, and a second right, then you walk straight, and then a right again and it's not there. Is this a Cul-de-sac? A dead end? Wait there's a broken wall, trash to walk through, but maybe if I wade through it, holding my breath, I'll get to another side of the street. And you ask again. This time to the watchman guard who is sitting by the gates of a gated community. He says Gate No 4 is closed. As are 2, 3 and 5. But if you walk around the corner and keep going straight, and then take the second left, right by the Naturals ice cream store, then it should be there. So I go. I wonder if the walk is too long and if I should get a rickshaw, or maybe an Uber. But maybe, it's ok to just keep walking. Maybe I don't need to get to anywhere. It's possible I will though, because I know it exists. But I'd have to recognise it. Like futures full of possibilities. This place, where there

might be many different kinds of potentials. Of the extraordinary, of the stuff of dreams, of so much pain, or the optimism of it being different this time.

We think an awful lot about futures, but we really don't recognise what lies right here in front of us, or we refuse to see. In this meandering of taking lefts and taking rights, an exhaustion sets in. And that's where I am. It's where you will find me now. As I write this. As you read this, I've probably taken many straight roads, many U-turns, and maybe I even thought I'd glide smoothly off of a steep cliff.

But I'm here.

A commercial Hindi film 'Veere di Wedding' is revolutionary because it tells us the stories of four girls who are like four boys. They masturbate, they holiday, they go through the machinations of a big fat Indian wedding but with a twist because they be so 'woke'. But Kareena Kapoor, the lead actress is aghast at being called a feminist during a press interview, I mean she loves being

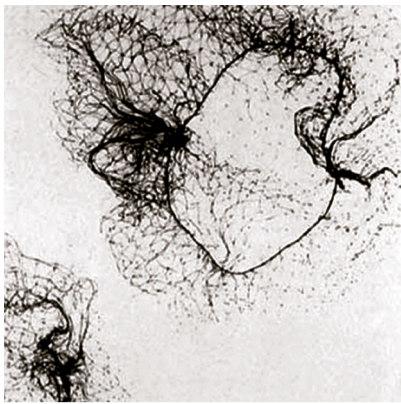
a wife and also having her own agency 'cos shes 'bebo' and everyone loves 'bebo', so god forbid you call her a 'feminist'.

I'm sorry what?

God forbid you are a feminist in this country. I thought I had taken a couple of straight roads ahead, climbed a mountain that wasn't too high, and swam across a river that wasn't too deep and bought my own diamonds and my own rings, and that when he fucked me good, I took his ass to Red Lobster.

But no.

The thundering sound of those three syllables – you're one of those. Even while retail stores carry t-shirts that spell #feminist, glitter shining in all its kitschy grandiosity, on baby pink and I'm sitting across from a date who thinks "this whole #metoo business is shady. I mean what woman comes out about assault like three years later?"



Objects of Beauty, Joy Gregory, 1992-1995
For top to bottom: *Hairnet*, *Comb*, *Bustier*

I am interested in how we imagine ways of knowing that past, in excess of the fictions of the archive, but not only that. I am interested, too, in the ways we recognize the many manifestations of that fiction and that excess, that past not yet past, in the present.

Christina Sharpe
In the Wake: On Blackness and Being, 2016

At 37, I've developed a high tolerance for abuse. Because that's what survivors do—we work out a strategy to survive. One abusive husband, a string of men who wanted this body, but not all its burdens and its stories, and a rape. That's what my story is and it is god damn sad. That's where I am. So many wrong turns.

We learn to be with this pain, the anxiety, the despair at not knowing whether we should come out with it or not. To a point where a lot of us lose ourselves in ways you're not strong enough to imagine, if you haven't been where we have been. God forbid, I'd never want you to be on this side. Little girls dreaming of weddings feel less oppressive than being a survivor—what a strange word—survivor. I'll take warrior.

I spoke to that little girl the other day about dreaming. I closed my eyes, I saw her in her white dress, with way too much make-up on her face, (courtesy of Mum—it was for a school play), and I sat with her, hugged her, and held her hand and said I was sorry. I am sorry that you will be broken into pieces again and again. That your body will

be shattered and your soul (if you believe in such a thing and you sort of do), and your mind even. But somehow you won't be jaded. Until 37. And then you'll be here, holding your nine year old self's hand, in tears, saying you were sorry.

It's easier to envision women's agency—be it intellectual, emotional, sexual and/or financial—than to recognise the deep seated, malicious systems and bodies through which patriarchy is enacted every day, every minute. Some contradictions are overwhelming. How did we get this far, and yet find ourselves exactly where we started? The real battle is how power and capital have co-opted the nuances of what it means to be a 'feminist'. Why bother about second and third waves of feminisms. I'm drowning and you're just sitting there watching.

Twelve women in the art world, with cultural capital, sign a loosely written, ill thought out statement in support of an intellectual who was accused by his student of assault. Whether he did or did not, is not the point, but why the fuck does it take a village to believe a survivor? What will

happen to the dancers and the painters' archives he holds? Let it rot is what I want to say. Let him too.

Am I angry? You bet I am. That's the emotion I embrace these days, so I can feel. Because otherwise I'm mostly numb—plotting my own absence. Maybe in my death he would also burn. I slowly speak of my assault to friends on a one-on-one basis, because I have to navigate this like a warrior—shielding, defending, attacking with the right intensity—building myself again and fighting. Endless fighting. This will be the story of my life. Women like us.

If I sound a tad bit pessimistic, I am. I think it's the only place I know where to begin, another beginning.

I will not make this easy for you. You couldn't sleep for two days after I told you he raped me. I haven't slept through lifetimes of taking a left here, then a second right, then straight, then a right again. He said it would be right there.

Right here.

III.

Performative Utterances

Feminist Duration Reading Group *Co-Authoring Values*

by Diana Baker Smith (DBS), Cinzia Cremona (CC), Giulia Damiani (GD), Lina Džuverović (LD), Lucia Farinati (LF), Sabrina S Fuller (SF), Laura Guy (LG), Felicie Kertudo (FK), Gabby Moser (GM), Sara Paoila (SP), Helena Reckitt (HR), Irene Revell (IR), Patricia Sequiera Bras (PSB), Amy Tobin (AT), Ehryn Torrell (ET).

The Feminist Duration Reading Group has met in London, UK, since March 2015 to explore under-known feminisms from outside the mainstream Anglo-American feminist canon. Starting with and often returning to an emphasis on Italian feminisms, monthly meetings have encompassed various other regional and national feminisms, as well as radical aesthetic and political positions.

Why do you think reading and research groups like these are needed?

LD: It's important to open up non-hierarchical, egalitarian, non-networky situations in this cut-throat environment in which competition and exclusivity are seen as default and have been normalised. I appreciate the multiplicity of feminist voices and perspectives in the Feminist Duration Reading Group, the intergenerational aspect, and the acceptance of people's diverse entry points into feminisms. I also value the decolonial mission, the drive to offer horizontal feminist narratives and destabilise the dominant ones by inserting many under-represented geographies and voices. It is through creating and fostering initiatives where people can come together in an environment in which they can be vulnerable and not have to prove themselves that we encourage solidarity and support each other.

HR: Vulnerability is really important. That's why we emphasise staying with the text, so that we look at something that we have in common – during the space of our encounter – rather than rely too much on knowledge brought in from outside the group context. We have developed a practice of reading out loud, one person at a time, paragraph-by-paragraph, as we make our way round the room.

ET: It's so worthwhile to slow down a text, hear it read aloud and engage with something here and now in the company of others. The group acts as a counterpoint to digital communication, which often occurs in isolated silos or echo chambers.

DBS: Re-entering a text and reconsidering its relevance in the moment makes the experience contemporary, in that the group enters into a kind of spatio/temporal relationship. Through this 'space of encounter' the various and diverse voices (both in the room and in the texts) are able to enter into a generative dialogue about contemporary feminism/s.

LF: This is a key mode of collective transmission which contrasts the capitalist mode of production and

distribution, but also a form of learning (and un-learning) which is open to experimentation and risk. Those things that institutions normally do not like!

LG: Lucia's point is so important. Reading and self-education have been central to collective struggle. The feminist reading groups in Scotland I am involved in connect to a history of collective reading in the context of the Women's Liberation Movement and, to a lesser extent, Gay Liberation in the late 1960s and 70s. Partly, this is because these groups often revisit texts from this period. On the one hand, contemporary groups inhabit a model and history of collective practice (with all the promise described here but also problems that one often encounters in organising, such as feelings of unease or discomfort and experiences of/with power within non-hierarchical spaces). On the other, they belong to a moment when it has been, and continues to feel, important to return to recent histories of feminist and queer politics in order to excavate unrealised possibilities and interrogate dominant genealogies. Of course, the two are connected. The practice of feminist community is the site from which theory emerges.

GM: I want to print Laura's phrase, "in order to excavate unrealised possibilities," on Feminist Duration Reading Group t-shirts. My participation (often from afar) in this group and in organizing other reading groups and workshops in Toronto with the feminist collective EMILIA-AMALIA is driven by similar impulses and concerns. Above all I am motivated by a desire to increase intergenerational knowledge transmission between feminist practitioners, opening up space to learn about histories that were overlooked in the conventional narrative of feminist "waves" of activity, and to learn directly from both older and younger women's life experiences.

FK: When it comes to theories that end in "ism", there is always a struggle, a barrier to understanding. They are not accessible to everyone and that is a pity. However, exploring the diverse applications and the concrete manifestations of feminism, going beyond the epistemological debates, reading out loud and sharing experiences, allows feminism to pursue its aim: constantly questioning the status quo, by offering a more sustainable/democratic/inclusive alternative. Gatherings such as the reading group are a step towards a utopia that, maybe one day, will, I hope, become reality.

AT: This generative way of being, thinking and speaking together feels urgent, during a long period of austerity in the UK. It counters the individuation and alienation that structure so much contemporary life-work, and which counter-intuitively curb the possibility of following interests and non-productive commitments. Perhaps the 'necessity' of these groups is that they are free, and non-productive, at a moment when higher education is expensive and compromised by marketisation.

PSB: It is important to encourage the reading of non-Anglo-Saxon (English-written) feminisms, both in form (the methods we use) and in content. The Feminist Duration Reading Group is aligned with a kind of anti-assimilationist radical feminism different from liberal feminism, which is currently so present.

SP: While I agree that it is important that under-represented feminist traditions and cultures are known in the 'first world,' they should not be instrumentalised. Their importance lies in how they impact our consciousness as feminists and make a concrete change in the way we think and feel about ourselves, our bodies, the capitalist and colonialist world we live in, and patriarchy. If they remain intellectual or aesthetic exercises, they lose their potential.

AT: Maybe this kind of group work, sitting within legacies of political research and writing, is the only way we keep certain histories in view, as well as how we change the blind spots that damaged other moments of political activism. This is what duration means for me and I think we could be more careful about the rhetoric of rescue, especially when some histories are life stories being lived and remembered. These theories and ideas should not simply be content re-discovered, but should become ways of working and thinking differently.

What does embodied citation as a feminist practice mean to you?

HR: I see the group's monthly commitment to gathering as feminists to explore feminisms as a form of embodied citation, which entails who and what we reference and acknowledge, and where we put our energy, attention, and care.

ET: Embodied citation means asking who and stating who in order to share and trace the lineage of thought. It is an expression of inheritance and an invitation to think collectively, rather than the individualist approach of shaping ideas on the backs of others. Céline Condorelli's PhD thesis, 'In Support,' where she identifies that we befriend issues as well as ideas, resonates strongly with me. I grew up experiencing this as 'associations,' a term I used to describe my attachment to not only knowledge, but where, why, how and from whom I obtained it.

SSF: Yes! That is absolutely crucial. And has always been a feminist principle. Listening to our own and other women's experience to generate theory and practice, rather than listening to the 'experts'. In those terms embodied citation manifests for me above all in 'the practice of doing' – in collective working. It has become an explicit guiding principle for me in how I work and how I practise and I regularly reference – verbally and in my writing – the Milan Women's Bookshop Collective as my source for this 'way of being'.

DAYLIGHT

October 2018 — Wellcome Collection

DAYLIGHT

October 2018 — Wellcome Collection

- CC: I understand embodied citation as a form of ‘being there’ in a simple way that has consequences beyond the moment. Reading the words of others and discussing them together materialises practices and voices from the past and from elsewhere, refreshing them in our own bodies. By being there, we also add to a growing chain of embodied citations, for example by writing together and re-circulating our shared reflections. Some simple shared moments stand out for me – accepting a slice of home-made cake, arranging the chairs and buying wine resonates with the convivial moments in the 150 Hours School film about feminist pedagogy in Italy for women without high school education. For me, those simple moments of taking care cement and extend the trust, growth and dialogue. Extending the invitation to contribute to this document continues this process.
- GD: In my understanding this is both a consciousness and an ‘unconsciousness’ raising activity. It is a consciousness raising activity because it shows the way that through our references and citations we risk repeating a generalised notion of feminism and of womanhood, specifically a western one. In this way embodied citation is a consideration on the diversity of our sources, on the bodies we bring back into being through our texts. It is also deeply connected to forms of re-enactment and re-staging of the past in the present for future appropriation. In this sense I like to see it as an ‘unconsciousness’ activity, one through which we allow ourselves to be ‘possessed’ by other voices, gestures, by other women, to unlearn the boundaries of our personal positions. These processes have been relevant to the Feminist Duration Reading Group sessions, which combine reflections on the sources and the opportunity to be playful.
- LF: I am fascinated by the concept of embodied citation both in relation to this group and more generally as a feminist strategy that puts affect and care at its core. I see the practice of embodied citation in the tradition of performative utterance, body to body transmission, and what ultimately has been theorized in terms of performative and affective archive. Although we use written texts as a point of reference, the act of reading these texts aloud, to perform and re-perform the words of other women through our mouths and breaths, is a practice of returning text into speech and speech into action. This practice of reading together, giving voice to the text, creates a strong impact on the listener. In Latin ‘citation’ means both to project the voice, to call and put into action. So embodied citation can be seen an action per se, which values voice as much as relationality.
- IR: In terms of consciousness raising and intersectional questions, in contrast the act of reading a text aloud together is an interesting way of attending to difference within a group that is not about explicit declaration (as in consciousness raising), but rather learning to listen to others and with hope becoming more attuned to the situation, more present. In the most straightforward sense, we hear immediately each other’s vulnerabilities, pleasures, dislikes and so on; who might struggle more with English as a second language, with reading itself, with being weary, excited, bored, confused, each body inevitably produces difference in the text. And most crucially, the option to pass over reading altogether (refusal).
- AT: The way we read in the group, what here is being linked to embodied citation, is something more temporary and autonomous than consciousness raising, and valuable for it. There is an attempt to be together in the room, and to leave behind other pressures, and anxieties, although this may not always be successful, and certainly isn’t when you can’t even make the meeting. Without suggesting there is a definitive break between the life of the mind and embodied existence, for me the practice of the reading group is more intertextual, about looking again at a text and enacting a shared reading. A way of reading that is entirely different from my own independent readings of the same texts, almost anonymous and liberating for it. Perhaps embodied citation is a kind of temporary ownership, where you can articulate something on your own terms, a piece of choreography which you can learn and transmit through the specificity of your own voice/gesture?
- HR: The group has become more collaborative since a Working Group formed earlier this year to take more responsibility for planning.
- SSF: That’s what the Milan Women’s Bookshop collective call ‘the practice of doing’ isn’t it? If we do things together we get to know each other and trust each other and become part of a feminist community. I’ve been much happier since we started the working group – feeling involved and useful.
- HR: I have felt happier, too. The regularity of the sessions helps me to stay in touch with my feminist values. I appreciate being able to reach out to other regulars if I want someone to go with to a political demo, for instance. There’s a sense that other people in the group have got your back.
- ET: I identify with this strongly! I truly feel like we’ve been co-authoring values, that are expansive, embedded and never static. One value is perhaps looking back to look forward – reading texts from recent history that some of the people in the sessions have lived through or have personal experience with, while others are listening to the past. As we do this, collectively we’re thinking about our present and possible futures.
- CC: I really like this expression of co-authoring values. We all need to feel legitimised to co-create values that emerge from lived experience and specific contexts. So many young people state ‘I’m not a feminist’, mostly because they feel that they have to fit into a defined shape. Feeling allowed and encouraged to co-author values with one’s peers and across generations and locations can create a sense of ownership of feminism in younger generations.
- DBS: ‘Co-authoring’ seems to refer back to the idea of embodied citation too. By collectively being with the text, slowing down and reciting the work of others, we not only acknowledge the ‘text’, we co-author new ideas, new values, and new ways of thinking through the conversations that take place. This kind of process creates a sense of agency and encourages critical and creative thinking about the way we might individually and collectively find our voice within feminist theory and practice.
- The authors contributed to a shared online document over the course of several days, from London, Glasgow, Sydney, and Toronto. Their current jobs and roles encompass artist, carer, community organiser, lecturer, mother, researcher, translator, writer, and MA and PhD student.

Catherine Hoffmann
Wonders of the Womb

Cath: I'm going to chart the experience I had with my ovaries. Here I am a 45 year old woman in the prime of my life and this is what I learnt from my medical notes. That I am OLD: passed it, over the hill, dried up... In fact my medical notes say I am nulliparous. Which sounds like some kind of syndrome doesn't it. In fact it means a woman who has not borne a child – Nul – nothing... para to produce... It's clear who invented that word right?

Cath: I kept a diary and interviewed other women about their womb. I talked to women who had endometriosis, fibroids, trouble with the menopause, polycystic ovary syndrome, PCOS for short.

Cath: I learnt about ablasions, mittelschmerz, the workings of the corpus luteum and a whole lot more. Stuff I had never even heard of. I needed to find out more about this bloody realm of the womb. There are actually a myriad of things that can go wrong and we don't know the half of it. Every woman I spoke to said that they had never been given any information about any of this. None of us really knew much about our own reproductive bodies and how easy it is for them to go off balance. Isn't it important to know why?

Cath: Oh sorry I forgot, I would like to introduce you to my ovaries

PC1: I am not an ovary

PC2: She is not an ovary

PC1 and PC2: We are the poly Cysters

Cath: OK Let me reel it back in and explain

On the left there no longer is an ovary

(she points to her left lower abdomen)

On the right there are poly cystic ovaries

(she points to the right)

Cath: Why is it I am able to share that you have been hacked off, with women, but not men?

PC1: Maybe you feel like you are not a proper woman, and that you think you are a bit of a dud

Cath: ...why did it happen?

PC2: You were so busy so that you felt like you could have a purpose

Cath: Do you think it matters that you're not there anymore?

PC1: Yes you didn't nurture me you just burnt me out

Cath: Are you blaming me?

PC1: It's not a personal failure

Cath: Well what do you think?

PC2: You just fell into the trap of needing to produce

Cath: Well I'm putting this show *on* aren't I? I'm putting my cyst on display. It's all out there in the open I'm just sharing aren't I?

PC1: I think we all know there's things you don't express because you think they're unacceptable

Cath: Well how do you feel about being left?

PC2: I'm the right and yes you left me on my own. Did you consult me no! I'm dropping eggs every ten days in preparation for what's to come... are you ready? (for what's to come)



If there is no church
in the wild, if there
is study rather than
knowledge production,
if there is a way
of being together
in brokenness, if there
is an undercommons,
we must all find
our way to it.

JJ Halberstam
Introduction to *The Undercommons: Fugitive Planning & Black Study*, 2013

Grace Grace Grace
Manifesto

We demand recognition of our grace which has been hard won over many years on contested ground,
not handed to us by approval.

We share and recognise our debt to each other:

We reject an art market capitalising on the myth of uniqueness and narratives of the singular heroic figure, with traction
and trend dominated by the cult of youth and warped notions of beauty.

We intend to rupture the symbolic from within, and borrow from the 'saboteurs of the big daddy mainframe'.

We demand the abjuration of male-controlled and imperialist systems of oppression which we understand as exploiting
women for labour and demeaning our grace.

We hold violence in contempt,

We hold deliberate ignorance and narrow horizons in contempt.

We hold patriarchal geo-political justifications for greed and power in contempt.

We hold the laws of our fore-fathers and current tyrants which renders a person illegal or deserving of poverty,
in contempt.

We demand vegetables, tenderness and trust

We demand clean water and poetry

We demand blankets, dappled light and a woman's right to choose

We demand mechanisms to grace and protect feminist liberties.

We demand pluralism, promotion of ideas and innovative methods to break the monopoly enjoyed by patriarchs
and messianic preachers of cultural orthodoxies.

We demand an understanding of life as a truly communitarian experience and expect a population that is respectful
of older women as infinitely precious and possessed of capacities for reason, art and love.

Therefore:

We demand the revocation of all contracts for military purposes, and a total ban on the use of fossil fuels. We demand
sustainable agriculture, a comprehensive re-nationalisation of our public health and social care, education and
transport systems and all other commonly held necessary structures. We demand rigorously implemented, loophole
free, fair and progressive taxation to pay for the well-being of all — according to need and awarded with grace.

AND WE DEMAND our rightful place in the aesthetic values of our culture, securing and ensuring the recognition that
we are exquisite, beguiling and learned, for ourselves, for each other, and for all to see.

Signed:

Grace

Grace

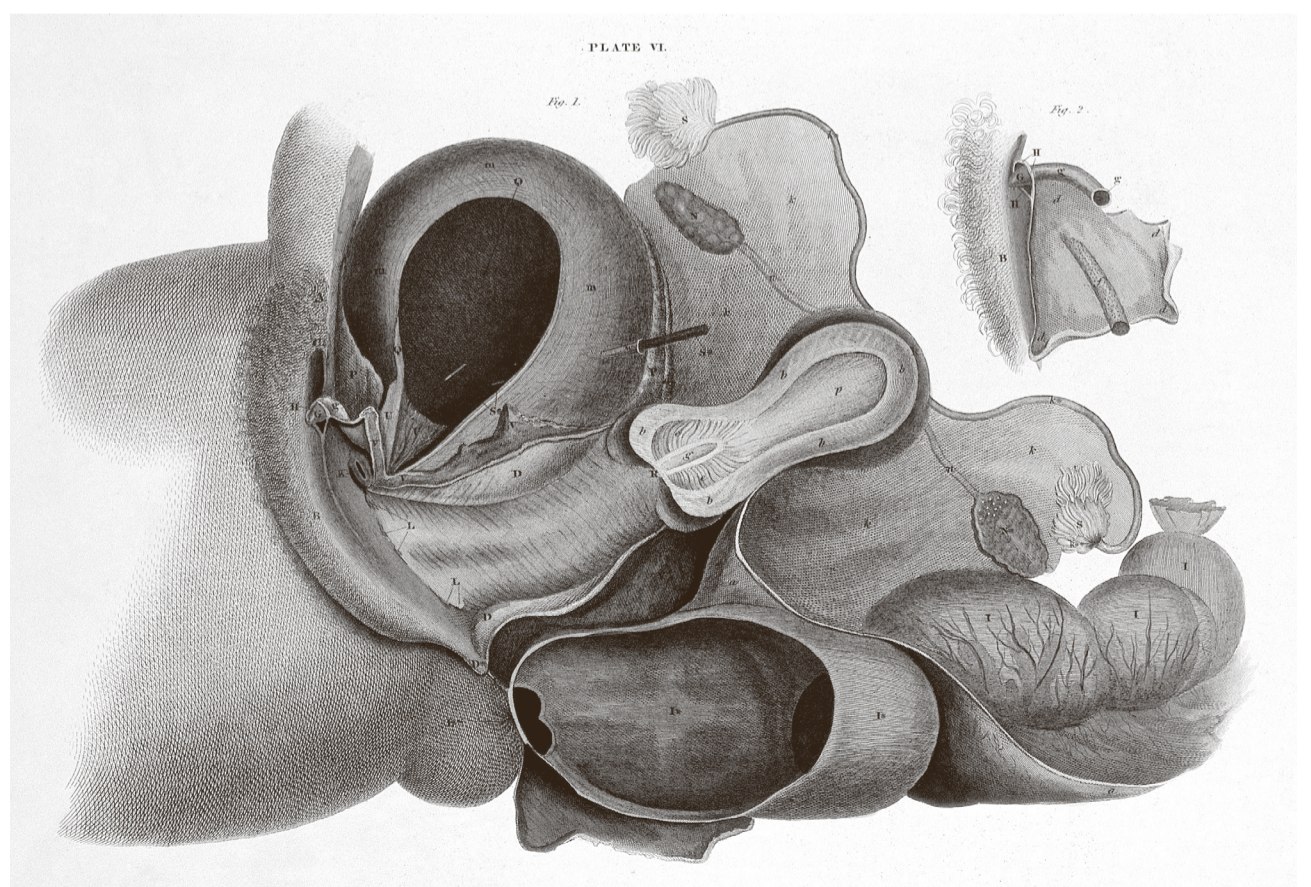
Grace

With acknowledgement to Valerie Solanas, Mary Wollstonecraft, VNS Matrix and many others who came before us
and continue to inspire us.

17

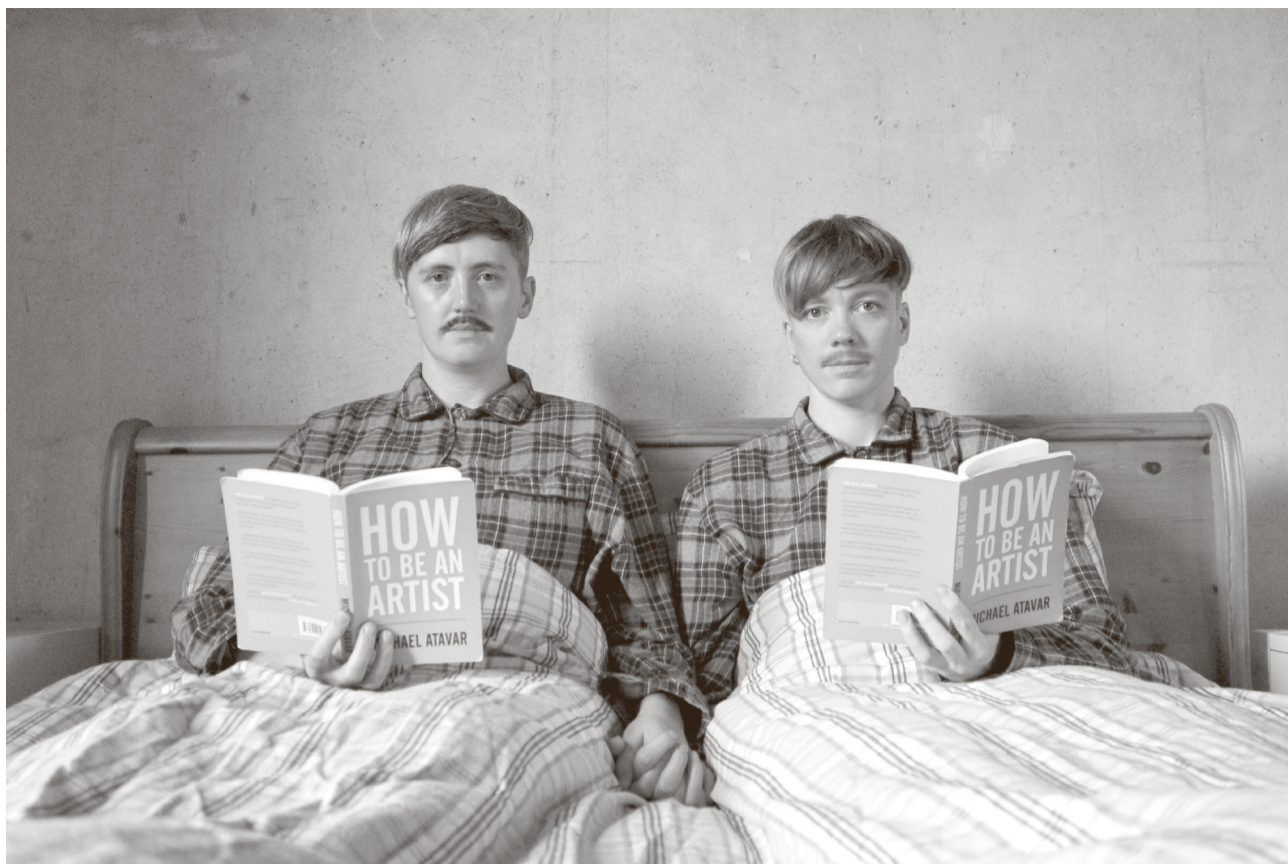
Left:
Image (Post Surgery), Catherine Hoffman, 2016

Right:
*The female reproductive system: dissection
showing the uterus, ovaries and fallopian tubes,
the intestines and bladder, with a detail showing
the clitoris*, W.H. Lizars, coloured line engraving,
ca. 1827, Wellcome Collection



IV.

Wild Undoings



Ivor MacAskill
Resisting Classification

It has come to my attention in the past year that I am trans — short for transgender — and also short for transitioning. I guess I am a verb. I'm making changes to become myself. I'm using medical and social interventions to alter the ways I see myself and the ways I am read by others in an attempt to feel good and more at ease. And who knows how long this becoming will continue? It is probably a life's work.

Right now I am at a stage of naming, classifying, ticking boxes, and passing the tests that will allow me to proceed in my gender journey. And of course, this is just my experience, just for now. And things change, shit happens. I don't know how all this will feel on future readings or returns.

It becomes clear that to medically transition there is a kind of serious game to be played with at least two gender specialists. You need two signatures on your special letter in order to take any actions that “cannot be reversed”, taking testosterone or having masculinising top surgery, for example. The doctor's surgery is probably not the right space for philosophical discussions around embodied time or to query whether any intervention in the body could ever be “reversed”?

I must seem to be the right kind of troubled and convince them that I know who I am and exactly what I want. It just won't do to seem uncertain. I have to big up the binary. Say that I want to be a man — that I am a man. I won't go the whole hog and say I'm a man trapped in a woman's body — that particular trans narrative goes too far for me.

But I can say that I am tired of doing such a poor job of being a woman.

The first doctor I see tells me I have my age going for me. I'm a few years from 40, not a child or young person who can't be trusted to know their own mind. Plus I have the privilege of being supported by family and friends, of being white, of being middle class, and of looking like someone who wants to look like the idea of a man. It also helps that I have the money to pay for these sessions and bypass the long NHS waiting-lists. But even with the money, you still have to pass the test to prove you are what you say you are, that you want to embody your own desire.

Tell me about your childhood says the second psychiatrist...

I must weave the story, spell-cast my identity and my existence for this discerning listener. In my work as a live artist I have always rejected or at least resisted narrative. To me stories can be useful, but I get irritated by the stupid simplicity of this happened and that happened and it meant something and this is how people are. I don't really engage with plays unless they're over-theatrical and excessive. Is that just a symptom of having a queer trans life that never fitted into those stories or was never represented quite right so that I never recognised myself? How can I now in good conscience tell this stranger the story of my life as some kind of truth? Then again, what's the point of having a degree in theatre if you can't put it to good use to get what you need?

I feed the psychiatrist choice fragments from “My Life”.

I talk about being 3 and hearing myself described as a tomboy before taking on Tom as my name. I talk about playing with the boys in my neighbourhood until around age 10 when they decided we could no longer be friends. I didn't wear dresses, I had short hair, I loved to be called a boy, I would never allow myself to cry if I fell over. All these details are noted down and heads are nodded and they seem to be doing the trick. I seem to be authentic.

It is strange to dredge up this child version of myself to justify the choices I am making as an adult. But when I look at photos of myself I see a boy, not a girl. A boy who knew himself so clearly that he was able to make people call him Tom, got his parents to buy boy clothes, got the hairdresser to go just that bit shorter. There was a certainty there that I need to access now.

If I was born now would those tomboyish ways have been not only tolerated but read as transness? Maybe nowadays the little me would have been ushered into a world of social transitioning and hormone blockers. If I were born now, could I avoid the trauma of my lean, androgynous boyish frame metamorphosing in puberty.

It's taken a long time for me to come to terms with my dysphoria around my breasts and name it with this specific medical term. Since they arrived I've been performing mental gymnastics and bodily contortions to try and minimise and conceal their existence. I always knew I didn't like them but only recently allowed myself to admit



Elena Carter
Audrey

On a Wednesday morning in 2014, a group of Wellcome archivists and librarians sat around a table to discuss the proposed archive of a woman called Audrey Amiss. We'd never heard of Audrey before, and I didn't know at this point how intimately I'd get to know her over the next few years. It was a collection unlike anything we'd ever been offered before.

Audrey had been a promising student at the Royal Academy before suffering the first of many breakdowns and ending up in a psychiatric ward. For the rest of her life Audrey spent time in and out of mental institutions, and was given a string of diagnoses and medication — none of which she agreed with. First and foremost, she saw herself as an artist and continued to develop her own artistic practice in the privacy of her home.

Audrey created an overwhelming amount of work, including thousands of sketchbooks and water colours, and hundreds of scrapbooks which fan open, bulging from the density of food packaging pasted inside. In amongst the noise and chaos of public life, Audrey treads her own idiosyncratic path, pasting down found objects full of light and colour, and recording her often animated or confused interactions with members of the public. The man in Budgens short changed her by 54 pence. A cereal packet is annotated with its gender (female); the texture reminds her of the curtains on a hospital ward. There is a quiet peacefulness to her trips to the zoo. A photograph captures 'bright streamers in a muted city'.

In 2013 when Audrey died at the age of 79, her family found her home full of these journals and paintings. Audrey left behind a jigsaw of her life, and her family felt it fitting to donate the collection to Wellcome for others to piece together.

As archivists, we have the strange duty of being the caretakers of the memory of a person, left behind on paper and in print. We sweep up the documents and letters and files and try to place them in some order and context, for some unknown future researcher. With Audrey, it's important to us that we respect her voice within the collection. We have to make space and fluidity in our catalogue for her story to be heard.

that the problem is that they prevent me from being read as male. Adolescence was a time when my body turned treacherous, rewriting my identity and meaning by adding too much where it wasn't wanted.

I've lived my life finding spaces and comrades that allow for an identity that most of the time can sidestep gender norms. To some extent I think that's why it's taken me so long to articulate my transness. Gender-wise I've never had to put my cards on the table; never been in a job or a situation where I've been forced to wear a skirt, so I never had to rebel and say I wouldn't do that because I'm a guy.

But now I've revealed my secret, deep-down, long-repressed desire for maleness both for myself and the medical world. It takes some getting used to because in the past I've found solace in Judith Butler's ideas of performativity and the wild undoings and undermining of gender that I've witnessed in my queer performance community. In those spaces where gender and sexual categories are played with and often ignored, we can sometimes throw off those shackles for a while.

But I can't help myself. I am only human and living in the world where those whose gender does not fit the sex they were assigned at birth, are constantly reminded of the fact and that we are doing something wrong. And we all know what the world thinks of as 'man' and 'woman' even as we may trouble their definitions and push at their boundaries. And what I want for myself is more M than the F on my birth certificate.

So now it's not so easy to sit in the ambiguity I've been familiar with, especially not when talking with my Doctor. I've changed the framework of my identity, shifted its intention by using a new name and new pronouns. I'm renouncing old ways, making promises for the future, committing to timescales and protocols, and buying new underwear from a different section of the store. Sometimes these actions feel monumental, like everything's changed, like these are actions that cannot be reversed.

Some people haven't got the memo yet. They look at me and act as if nothing has changed. Strangers put together the many signifiers that make up my exterior and read it as 'she'. I'm doing everything I can to sell 'he', but they ain't buying. It can be disappointing. Friends and family and workmates may bend over backwards to get it right, and apologise profusely when mistakes are made. But a stranger comes along with a "Madam" or they allow/make me go first through a door and the spell is broken.

So I'm trying to embrace this sort of queer failure that Jack Halberstam describes as a strategy for the future. I hope I can allow myself to enjoy the sweet feeling of being called "Mate" in a shop, whilst trying to love my body, including my breasts for as long as they hang around. I'm trying hard not to subscribe or aspire to one version of 'man-ness' in the same way that I don't think cis men should. And by starting to take testosterone before I have had top surgery I am entering a stage of wilful ambiguity, the developments changing the body running on different timescales. I hope I can revel in this queer, shifting becoming.

Left:
DPCF, Rosana Cade & Ivor MacAskill, photograph
by Theo Seddon, 2018

Right:
'logbook' entry, Audrey Amiss, photograph
courtesy of Wellcome Library Archive

V. Like an Echo

Claire MacDonald

Backandforth: a politics of friendship and poetics of remembering
(excerpts)

For Charlotte Vincent

1.

I am thinking about friendship and its importance in artistic life
As a question more than as a topic – because I want to know how
it has worked and what it has done
Not as a privileged space of access
But as an act of political generosity
A form of witness
A method of making
That encourages us to be more than ourselves,
To explore the space of the encounter that it opens up
Without which none of us would be here.
I am thinking of it as an oscillation between past and future, a conduit,
a means of
Passing things back and forth across time.
I am thinking about how much we think about it, how important it is to us
And how little we are able to theorise it, or stand up for it,
Or, to give a good account of it.
How weak it can seem, how feminine.
And...

5.

In order to have a politics of acknowledgement we need a theory
of artistic friendship.
To acknowledge the economy of civility that we operate under
Fragile it may be
We need to see that it's important, and not just a private matter
A politics of acknowledgment runs along different lines
A theory of friendship can create a different kind of genealogy –
A theory of friendship has the body in there
It places the body in the way of
The encounter
So that it becomes specific
Whose hands, whose back,
Whose touch.
A politics of friendship is also a poetics
a poetics might suggest that
In thinking about our histories of performance
Here
about memory and forgetting about tracing silences and gaps about
bringing to light about allowing things to rest alongside one another about
Allowing them to make meaning
That we might need
A poetics of remembering
That allows us to step aside from authorised narratives
And to acknowledge the slips and steps
The mis fits,
The ample back, the hand to hand
The space of the encounter.

Heiba Lamara, Sofia Niazi and Rose Nordin

OOMK Manifesto

1. To quote John La Rose 'Publishing is a vehicle to an independent validation to one's own culture, history, politics and sense of self'.
2. OOMK positions itself within a tradition of independent publishing by utilising print and design as a tool to communicate messages and create communities.
3. OOMK takes the aspirations and concerns of women and girls seriously and recognizes and nurtures their creative work and intellectual contributions of women in fields where they are often undermined or downplayed.
4. OOMK works to highlight the artistic and intellectual practices of women and rejects the objectification of women.
5. OOMK works to dismantle racial and gender hierarchies within the creative industries, which will in turn assist in correcting the narrative imbalances and erasures created by mainstream institutions.
6. OOMK recognizes the injustices faced by ethnic minority communities and holds that dismantling structures that perpetuate this is a communal responsibility.
7. OOMK believes that permission is not needed in order for people to organize on their own terms and within their communities.
8. OOMK recognises that current sanctioned educational institutions perpetuate a culture of inclusivity and indebtedness, which sustain racial and economic hierarchies.
9. OOMK supports alternative and traditional sites of knowledge acquisition and believes that critical thinking should be nurtured and developed.
10. OOMK maintains a respect and engagement with people of different faiths/no faith recognising that religion and spirituality preoccupy the lives of many.
11. OOMK challenges media demonisation and state persecution/harassment of religious minorities.
12. OOMK takes inspiration from decolonial, feminist, religious and punk movements in creating methods of self-organisation.

Diana Damian Martin
Letter to the Future Archive

Dear Future,

I have found the archive: it is there,
in marks and scars and moments of indecision,
in fragments of misunderstood translations, in the
temporary commons, in glimpses of the familiar,
in memories stored nowhere, in angry hopefulness, in
the decision to remain undecided, in rejecting
the premise, in the distorted mirror image of a small
pool of water where you see many selves, or the last
ice to melt at the encounter with spring.

I have found the archive of disobedient bodies:
bodies of uncertainty | multiple bodies | public bodies |
bodies of intimacy and distance | bodies on thresholds |
bodies at the intersection | bodies close to bodies |
bodies that walk alongside bodies | bodies that hold
anger and grace | bodies that cross ecologies | bodies
that carry other histories | bodies that witness and
bodies that speak | bodies that rewrite the stories |
bodies of perversion | bodies of (non)identification |
affected bodies or the bodies of those affected | bodies
of critique | intergenerational bodies | anionic bodies.

if a category is against (kata), then this is
nothing short of a useless taxonomy.

O numește ‘enghez a’

M a gândeam c a o arhiv a comun a, sau poate, comunal a,
nu se poate desfășura într-o limb a imperialist a, într-o
limb a care pare maleabil a, dar care aduce un sistem de
putere patriarhal. M-am gândit, c a aș putea s a v a spun
ceva discret, în ureche, s a se aud a în intimitate. Ar
fi posibil s a gândim împreun a, altfel, dar oare ce nu se
poate auzi în limbajul nostru? Și al cui este, exact?
Sper, al nimanui. Totuși, cum putem divorța arhiva de
amintiri? Sau poate, amintiriile sunt arhiva în sine?

A box of unfiled —

I am thinking about the multiple archives that we store,
and those that are stored for us; not just the extraction
of data, the tracking of information, the movement
through and across repositories, but also bureaucracy
itself as a network of archives. I am thinking about how
we might conceive of an alternative taxonomy for
archives: how we might remember, or make visible,
breaths from the past, cells that have now gone, the sto-
ries of bodies rendered invisible, the spaces in between
what is legible, the sound of language. I am thinking
about the unfiled, and I realise that they can only be, by
remaining so — because in fact, they are already there,
but what a generous encounter, being with them.

In suspension —

Matter doesn’t leave the body, it is always, already
with the body and of it. Think about old cures for new
wounds, alternative modes of healing, the comfort
of relation even when it is toxic, the smile you encounter

when you feel you don’t deserve it. Sometimes though,
matter is taken from the body, or bodies seek to
de-matter. I ask: what is the matter (with) (of) archives
when they are slippery?

A box of questions that shout —

What is it, that made you close your eyes just now? What
did you record, that you already feel might not have a
place, but that is now coded onto your heart? Which
memories weight you down? Who gives you strength?
What have you not consented to? What is blurry and
porous that provides comfort? Where does it hurt? What
is kinda hegemonic, kinda subversive? What are your
silent solidarities? Do you think that selflessness is just
a cut and then people be grooving? How did so many
generations die when [I] was born? What does it take
to create one’s own concepts? How is a space ongoing?
What appears? Are you against interpretation? Are you
staying with the trouble?

Miscellany.

I spent a lot of time in hospitals, and they are never-
theless a figment of the imagination. Beds have to be
shared. Empty rooms of absorbent fabrics. An ecology
of body temperatures. My first piercing. Rubbery arms.
Touching, as if being pecked. The winding corridor with
multiple floor surfaces. The view from the thirteenth
floor, witnessing a crumbling building opposite where
the windows never arrived, perhaps, they were never
going to arrive and this is how the sun got in.
The river beneath flooding the concrete but running dry
by the time it reaches the sea.

Conflicts.

This was a time before categorisation, when debris mixed
with debris. When they pierced an arm, the needle went in
a bin. When a record was completed, or a patient
dismissed, the paperwork covered the needle. The sterile
documents of a medical bureaucracy. I once accidentally
found the room of medical records, except they were
covered by formaldehyde jars, expired sterilisation fluids
and utensils out of use. I saw relatives fake signatures
by sleeping, resting bodies. Anaesthetists engaged
in conversation with patients over what constitutes
wakefulness. Doctors talking to patients about the
porousness of illness and health. I saw bodies lying on
beds in corridors as if displayed. I ask again: what
have you not consented to? Who gave the consent? What
happens to the body? What lies hidden? What is not
allowed to appear? What have we not learnt to see? How
do you manage your curiosity over someone else’s body?

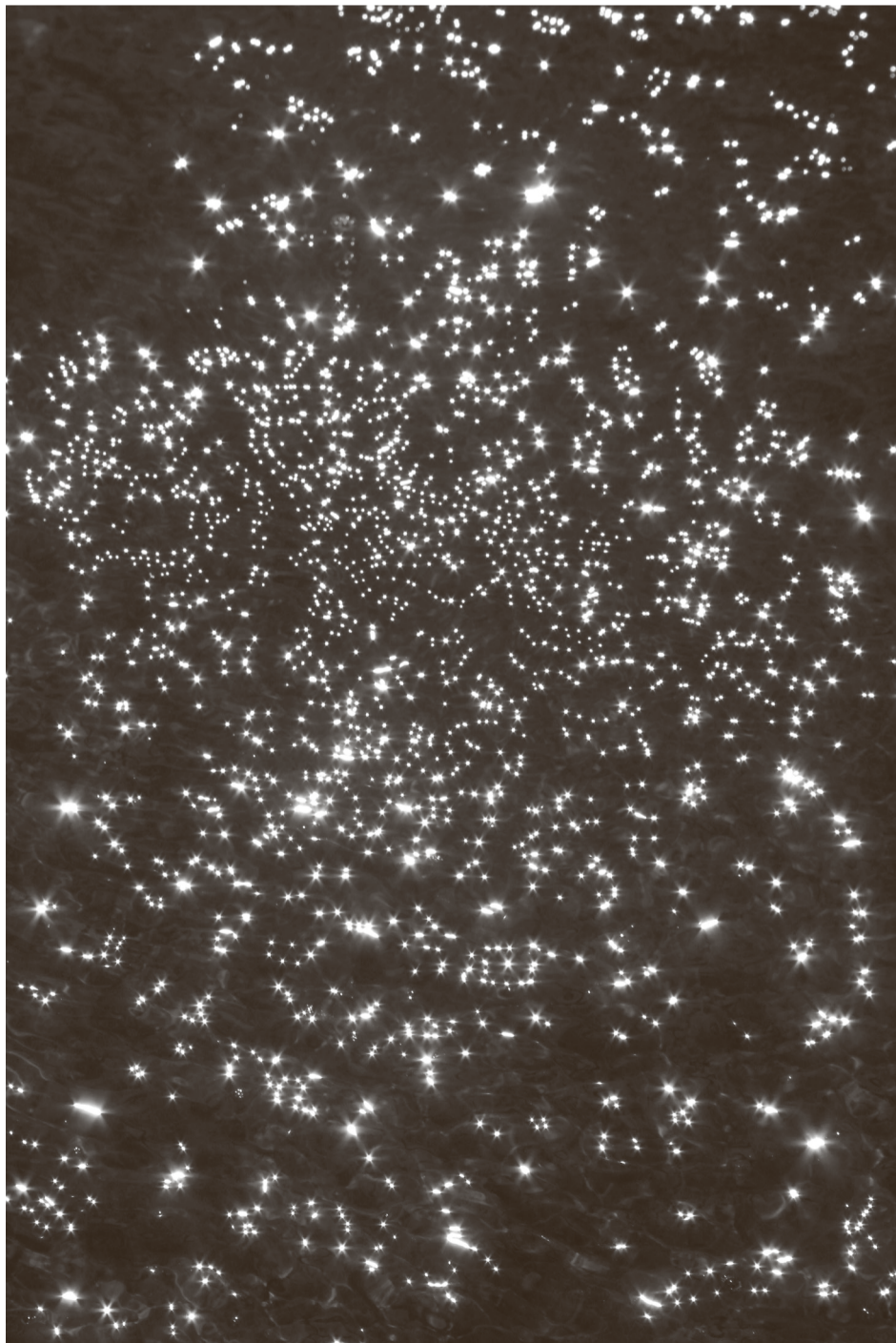
Pharmakon, or rather not new but there already —


The future exists like an echo; it rests on your pupils
when you close them, it slips between your fingers as
you gently turn your hands, something of an echo that
whistles on your skin. On your pupils, between your
fingers, on your skin, is an archive of disobedient bodies.
The future is a found archive of disobedient bodies.

Thinking with,

Anaïs Damian Martin, Maggie Nelson, James Baldwin,
Geta Br atescu, Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick, Fred Moten,
Susan Sontag, Denise Ferreira da Silva, Bojana Cvejić,
Goran Sergej Pristaš, Donna Haraway, Anonymous.

With love,
Diana





What if, instead
of the Ordered World,
we imaged each
existant (human and
more-than-human)
not as separate forms
relating through the
mediation of forces,
but rather as singular
expressions of each
and every other existant
as well as of the
entangled whole in/as
which they exist?

Denise Ferreira da Silva
On Difference Without Separability, 2016

As silence
falls I am
dissolved
utterly and
become
featureless
and scarcely
to be
distinguished
from another.

Virginia Woolf
The Waves, 1931

DAYLIGHT is a publication that emerges out of a Wellcome Trust Commission called DAYLIGHTING for the Bloomsbury Festival, October 2018.

Curated and collated by Madeleine Hodge, Clare Qualmann and Amy Sharrocks
Designed by Charlotte Hauser
Copy Edited by Gwyneth Donlon
Print Room Production by Jenny Olivier

Madeleine Hodge
Madeleine is an artist, curator, researcher and writer.

Clare Qualmann
Clare is a cross-disciplinary artist working across drawing, walking and live art.

Amy Sharrocks
Amy is a live artist, activist, filmmaker and sculptor.

Charlotte Hauser
Charlotte is a contemporary graphic designer who works with Atelier Dyakova

Gwyneth Donlon
Gwyneth is a writer, editor and arts administrator.

Jenny Olivier
Jenny was a book editor for 20 years, she acquired an Adana press and now runs Little Gem Letterpress.

The following writers have been commissioned for the publication:

Diana Damian Martin
Diana is a writer, critic and academic working in contemporary performance and Live Art.

The Feminist Duration Reading Group
The Feminist Duration Reading Group is a group that meets monthly to explore under-known and under-disseminated feminisms from outside the Anglo-American canon.

Ivor MacAskill
Ivor is a Glasgow-based live artist creating unique performances for children and adults.

Jade Montserrat
Jade is an artist working with performance, film, installation, sculpture, print & text.

Meenakshi Thirukode
Meenakshi is a curator, writer and researcher based in Delhi.

Texts and images have also been gathered from admired artists, writers, thinkers and from archivists at the Wellcome Collection.

Elena Carter
Elena is the Tavistock Institute of Human Relations Archivist, based at the Wellcome Library.

Claire Collison
Claire is a writer, photographer, creative facilitator, and breast cancer survivor.

Grace Grace Grace

Grace Grace Grace are a group of women who identify as older. They focus on the politics of everyday life, gender and ageing.

Joy Gregory

Joy is an artist whose work is concerned with social and political issues.

Catherine Hoffmann

Catherine is an artist working between performance art, theatre, comedy and music.

Claire MacDonald

Claire is an artist and arts educator who recently trained as a Unitarian minister.

Jenny Moore

Jenny is an artist and musician with the bands Charismatic Megafauna and Bas Jan. She leads the F*Choir.

OOMK

One of My Kind (OOMK) is a small-press publication created by Rose Nordin, Sofia Niazi and Heiba Lamara.

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Joy Gregory

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Ivor MacAskill
Claire MacDonald
Kim McMahon
Jade Montserrat
Jenny Moore
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Meenakshi Thirukode

DAYLIGHT explores the interconnections of art, activism, performance, politics, health and print. DAYLIGHTING is a collaborative platform that asks how we might breach or intervene on existing archives and systems of knowledge, to change narratives and amplify new voices. At its core will be the production of DAYLIGHT, a collaborative artwork in the form of a news-paper that explores a female presence through art, thinking and speculations.

DAYLIGHTING seeks, in Adrienne Rich's words, to imagine "the faint, improbable outlines of unaskable questions" and then attempts to make them manifest in our current landscape, to phrase them in bold letters, shining a light on women's history, carving our more space for our future. DAYLIGHTING investigates the authority of the printed form as we bring a letterpress into the public spaces of the Wellcome Collection, to live print pages in response to

history's ongoing omissions, exploring cracks and daylighting new narratives. Letterpress as a medium for printed artwork takes time and care, assembling letters, making decisions, physically handling, moving, setting type to create impressions on the page and in the archive. DAYLIGHTING is a four-day programme of events at Wellcome Collection that will take place as part of the Bloomsbury Festival 18th – 21st October 2018.