

'you are invited to join **the movement** when **you feel ready** & leave when **you feel ready**'

First written 18th August 2018 - adapted periodically since

(score & writing for performance - songs referenced are sung, purple words projected with a dancer responding to the words as they appear, not in time with the reading but sometimes aligning)

*There are many kinds of **power**, used and unused, acknowledged or otherwise. The erotic is a resource **within** each of us that lies in a **deeply** female and spiritual **plane**, firmly **rooted** in the power of our **unexpressed** or unrecognised feeling.¹*

Today *Uses of the Erotic* by Audre Lorde **floats** back into view, as does *Visualising Feeling* by Susan Best. Space(s) is / **are** always there, **around and** where (you are doing what, when, with who, how). **Henri Lefebvre** says that space is an organ that **perceives**, is a **direction that may be conceived** - and a directly lived movement **progresses towards** the **horizon**. And we **wonder** about the **bodily horizon**.

Whilst in Sheffield we **hear** Lisa McKenzie speak about her **lack of** hope for the housing crisis. Lack of hope. Lack. Answering a question from a man in the audience she talks about how women are always at the **forefront** of grassroots **struggle** to **hold space** for their communities, their families, themselves. We chat to our friend, also called Kerry, in the evening at her flat **overlooking** the Park Hill estate as the sun disappears behind it. Kerry has set up a free public programme at the gallery she works for 2 days (officially) a week - that also **collects** for food banks (her idea), she is fundraising to build a wheelchair **accessible** toilet, she is setting up a maternity policy for the first time. She has to fundraise for **her own** salary.

Talking to Sam Trotman at SSW she tells us the mantra '**nothing** about us **without us**' for working with people in communities, in public spaces.

Early the next morning before **setting off** again we visit the photography exhibition 'Love in the **Ruins**' at S1 a converted garage in the Park Hill estate where the photographs were shot. First in the 1960s, then in the 80s, by two different photographers. **Cocky** teenagers leaning against **broken down** lifts, infamous and beloved shop owners that let you get stuff on tick if you couldn't afford to pay her for your shopping, kids **swinging** on **scaffolding**. People **claiming** space. Bodies and brutalist concrete. **Going up, going down**. (Who is) making space in the middle.

We are first sent the instructions for the project **Forced Collaboration**² **back** in April, reading them **apart** on our commutes probably in London. They are **sent** from Falmouth. 'you are invited to join the **movement** when you feel ready & leave when you feel **ready**' Straight line / parallel. They can be seen. **Directions for two bodies**. 'Floor' 'ceiling' 'walls' - as if they are questionable.

¹ Audre Lorde

² Forced Collaboration facilitates exchange between artist by swapping instructions for them to make new work in response to. Curated by Georgia Gendall. Instructions by Emma Clayton.

Shuffle sideways.

Beside.

A realm of respectful horizontal intimacy that is non-combative, porous and open³.

Small, silent, movements. How to feel ready though? And when to release. The aim is to meet in the middle. Don't use your limbs. They want to be close. But. Struggle. Rolls onto right arm. Rolls arm across. Face each other. SHORT PAUSE FOR REFLECTION. Roll as if attached.

Woman, take me in your arms

Rock your baby

Woman, take me in your arms

Rock your baby

There's nothing to it

Just say you wanna do it

Open up your heart

And let the loving start

Oh, woman, take me in your arms

Rock your baby

Woman, take me in your arms

Rock your baby

Yeah, hold me tight

With all your might

Now, let your loving flow

Real sweet and slow

Oh, woman, take me in your arms

Rock your baby

Woman, take me in your arms

Rock your baby

Oh, woman, take me in your arms

Rock your baby

Woman, take me in your arms

Rock your baby

Oh, woman, take me in your arms

And rock me

Ah woman, take me in your arms

And rock me, ahh⁴

What would it mean to be held out of line?

³ Eve Sedgwick

⁴ Song 'Rock Your Baby' by George McCrae

PAUSE AGAIN FOR REFLECTION.

Movement is reversed. Acted out. Repeat. It's over when they fall apart.

*Oh I may get weary, women do get weary
Wearing the same shabby dress
But to one who's weary try a little
Try a little tenderness
Oh, I may be waiting just anticipating
All of the things I may never possess
But while I'm waiting try a little
Try a little tenderness
Now I, I may be, I may be sentimental
But I wanna say that I've had my griefs
Oh, and I've had my cares
And just a good word soft and gentle
Makes it, makes it easier
Easier to bear
Now, I might forget it
Oh, but don't let me forget it
Love's all my whole, whole happiness
And it's so, so easy
Try a little
Oh, try a little tenderness
Tender, tender, tenderness⁵*

In Lumsden it's been 4 months since we were sent the instructions. Picked up again, the two points in time now feel sewn together, like points on a map joined when you walk their breadth, distance, track. There is an invisible line drawn between.

Julia Bryan-Wilson talks of 'queer anachronisms: delays, lags and other backward formations' in Yvonne Rainer's Trio A. Revisiting the dance as 'temporal drag'. Linking points in time, going backwards, drawing your forefinger and thumb together (to touch the pads of both fleshy points) around 2 moments. Folding the chronological line in on itself. She writes that viewers have a notoriously difficult time tracking this dance, as it repeats few phrases and unravels assumptions about internal through lines. It is purposeful movement. What appears to the casual viewer like random improvisation is carefully thought out, highly deliberate movement.

Stood on Oxford Street in the flow of oncoming people traffic holding a sign that reads PURPOSEFUL MOVEMENT STOPS INVOLUNTARY GESTURES, a homage to Stanley Green last March⁶. The man that protested protein (for its verile qualities in the human race)

⁵ The Aretha Franklin version of the song 'Try a Little Tenderness'. Aretha Franklin died the other day, 16th of August in Detroit.

⁶ March 2017 on residency at The White Pube website for the month.

everyday of his life. Put his body in the street. Took action to his own hands. Placing yourself in the enactment. As Sharon Hayes and Pauline Bowdry and Renate Lorenz and Evan Ifekoya and.

Underscores and deliberate motions.

There are 6 CD's in the foundry at Scottish Sculpture Workshop, most of them are by The Fall. Frantically smashing sand, mixed with resin and hardener, into moulds, moulds made from pieces of plasticine of nooks and crannies we imagine filling or fitting in ourselves, in others. Between the eyes, under the armpit, behind the ear (objects for disorientation). We coat them in graphite and light them on fire, enacting a process just taught to us. We listen to the song Blindness, turned up as loud as it goes.

*The flag is evil
Welcome: living leg-end
I was walking down the street
I saw a poster at the top
I was only on one leg
The streets were fucked
And the poster at the top of street said:
"Do you work hard?"
I was only on one leg
The road hadn't been fixed
I had to be in for half six
I was only on one leg
My blue eyelids were not*

*There was a curfew at half nine
For my kids
There was a poster at the top of the street
Encapsulated in plastic
It had a blind man
So I said: "Blind man, have mercy on me."
I said: "Blind man, have mercy on me."
The flat is evil and full of cavalry and Calvary
And calvary and cavalry
"Do you work hard?"
It said, "I am from Hebden Bridge
Somebody said to me: I can't understand a word you said."
Said: "99% of non smokers die"
"Do you work hard?"
"Do you work hard?"
I was walking down the street
And saw a picture of a blind man
The flat is evil
Of core, cavalry and calvary*

Of core(?)
Blind man, have mercy on me
Said, blind man, have mercy on me
I am a ?
My blues eye get...ID/I get
My curfew was *due* half eight
Now its half past six
My curfew is at 9:30
I said. "Do you?"
Blind man! Have mercy on me
Blind man! Have mercy on me
Blind man! Have mercy on me
I'm on *one leg*
My eyes can't get fixed
And my kids
Can't blue eyes get fixed
Blind man! Have mercy on me
Blind man! Have mercy on me⁷

I think about *learning* the bass line. *Walking my hands over* the bass again. In Cambridge in June I *taught* our friend Beth how to *play* our song BODY on the bass. I realised that the *stretch* she was practising *between her forefinger and little finger*, rocking *back and forth* between the frets, between the notes (the affects), had become muscle memory for me. It had *slotted* into the background, it had become *a sensuous certainty*, no *longer* at the forefront of my mind - how to *move my digits*. And my hand had stretched *to accommodate* the movement.

I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT MY BODY AND
IF IT THINKS OF ME
I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT MY BODY AND
BECOMING AN OBJECT TO BE SEEN
I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT MY BODY AND
IF THIS, THIS FATIGUE IS A STRIKE
I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT MY BODY AND
THE BITS, THE BITS AND WHAT'S NOT TO LIKE
I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT MY BODY AND
THIS SHOULD BE COMPULSION
I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT MY BODY AND
IT AS A MERCEY ORGAN OH!
I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT MY BODY AND
THE LACK, THE LACK OF CARE I'M TAKING
I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT MY BODY AND
WHAT STATEMENTS IT IS AND ISN'T MAKING
I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT MY BODY AND

⁷ Song 'Blindness' by The Fall

WHAT IT CARRIES AND CONTAINS
I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT MY BODY AND
RIGHTS, CLAIMS, DESIRES AND AIMS
I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT MY BODY AND
THINKING ABOUT HOME
I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT MY BODY AND
THINKING ABOUT IT ALONE
I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT MY BODY AND
IF THIS BODY IS BETTER LET IT BE
I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT MY BODY AND
WONDERING, IF, IT, THINKS, OF, ME⁸

Emphasises *return*.

Before *leaving* for Scotland Kerri designed and prepared our publication *private insurrections to loosen public ground* to go to print, I *check over* the last version with it's dusty lilac *cover*. March before last we *gathered* anonymous questions to the mums, mothers, mother figures or persons *holding* that place in your life. Of the *not quite* said, the can't be said, the *never said*. Of birth control, one's own life control, love, care, *disappointment*, sex, work, feeling ready, astonishment, worry, hopes. Generational *differences*. Gender differences. Diaristic mirrors to *hold up* new/old reflections. *Both anonymity and poetry give space for uncertainty*. We wrote them out and put them in *public spaces*. (They were rained on, instagrammed, put on 'Shit London' Facebook page.) They were *painful*, *funny*. They were *passed on*. They *rippled out*.

Not I was here's, but I am here's.

Repetition.

I send an email to myself as a reminder *poetry like tarot lets you read yourself*.

Back in April we taught women in Oxford⁹ songs from our feminist choir. We all get *drunk* on the train home, go to a pub in Paddington, where we *observed* there were 4 benches with a man on each of them. While 6 women *crowd* onto one table. This leads to an *argument* with a man who *tells* me I am THE BIGGEST CUNT he has EVER *MET IN HIS LIFE*.

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

She wants her body back

⁸ Song 'BODY' by Molejoy with Kerri Jefferis & Giles Bunch

⁹ At our friend's mum's art space for women

*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-ee-ee
Just try and simplify me
Simplify me-e
Find me on the streets
Out on the streets!*

*Everything means everything, when you call
When you call
Everything means 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 when you call
When you call*

*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
They're wanting tongues!*

*She has too many
Head strong words
In her head
And they have to many days ahead*

*Hey! I quit!
Hey! I quit!*

*Hey I quit!*¹⁰

July giving a workshop titled the 'embodied politics of community building / my bod is shattered but this is freakin great' at a festival in Poland, I use the example of the pinky finger stretch to talk about how we can begin to situate and cite things we know how to do. We move around each other and talk about small things as well as whole social processes, procedural infrastructures - in our physical bodies, our physicality. Someone suggests it's about self care, but self care implies a choice?

We stop off with my Dad in Northumberland on the drive up to Aberdeen. He introduces us to Julia who set up and runs the Women's Workshop. Centreing and giving space to the experience of rural women. It is a simple lean-to type shed on a plot of wild land in the middle of an enterprise park in Amble. They have a small vegetable patch, a shower facility and dining room table set up. It is perfect. They run classes, groups, they support women to come together, to learn, grow, recover. We ask her how she does the work she does. She says it's simple: 'empathy, social justice and values'.

(I fill a page in my notebook writing) THE WAY SHE DOES IT IS EVERYTHING.

'Our bodies are the only space we have' is written on a handout that I get given back after a talk in Sheffield in March, the handout has the outline of a supposedly 'non-gendered' body printed on it, like the green MAN on the traffic lights. The body has other pressure points drawn on. A smiley face. 'Our bodies are the only space we have' reverberates around my mind for months.

Our bodies.

Space we have.

Join the movement when you feel ready. When you feel ready.

Leave when you feel ready.

Kerri takes a pallet from the colours in *Hail The New Puritans* to base our clay glazes on - they come up purple, golden, moss greens, and deep blues, washed out lilacs and mauves.

At the end of June we lead a walk at Dartington in Devon¹¹. We call it *desire lines & disorientation*. Based on a movement workshop at Siobhan Davies Dance Studios in Elephant & Castle led by Charlie Morrissey about internal sensations. Standing in the grass I read from Sara Ahmed's *Queer Phenomenology* and Rebecca Solnit's *Wanderlust* where she cites the 'erotic' as the only space we have left. The residual effect of our 'sensory deprivation chambers' (offices). We talk about becoming disembodied through work. Reading it first on a train, then in a field.

Think about the erotic as a space.

¹⁰ Song 'She Wants Her Body Back' by Jenny Moore

¹¹ At Jamboree Festival organised by the duo Low Profile

We practise Charlie Morrissey's exercises:

Ok so if we can all spread out.

We are going to be touching each other so please respect one another's bodies, try and divorce just for now any sexual connotations from how it feels to be touched, and on what part of your body.

Unless you are a couple then I guess go for it.

But maybe not as it might get a bit awkward for the rest of us.

Writing in my notebook in June I make the shape of a hand out of letters that read 'my fingers can stretch into places and positions they couldn't before, like with sex they have learned gestures that enter new bodies to try and affect pleasure'. (Reading it back now it feels corny.)

In PORN AS PEDAGOGY Chloe Cooper reviews a film by Heavenly Spire made by and with trans and non-binary people 'is it up to a body to educate you? Could you enlighten yourself, could you trouble yourself? Why is it all about you?'

Please communicate to one another if there are areas of your body you do not want to be touched and please respect those wishes.

We'd recommend staying to the legs and shoulders, and top of the chest and back, as well as hands and feet.

Ok so if we can all move around each other, just walking to start with.

And start to pay attention to how it feels just to walk around.

All the tiny bones in your feet that need to move to enable your movement.

Imagine they are like hands touching the ground.

Rocking us forward.

Dragging us forward.

Working together.

What happens in your hips when you decide to turn, when you pass someone closely and need to swerve?

We watch *Hail New The Puritans* by Michael Clark and Charles Atlas, (made in 1987 and soundtracked by The Fall) with the other artists in August at the beginning of our residency at Scottish Sculpture Workshop to think about choreography. Another artist there - Rachel, says it's a punk ballet. There is a stage set, with clear edges, there is a scene where there are photographers visible off stage, photographing what is on stage. The costumes are like baroque cut outs and coloured in hair. Legs extending lines. Pointing. Posing.

It is decadent, loud and arrogant.

They use classic dance tropes, but subvert them, repeat strange jerky movements, copy and mimic each other, the characters are enjoying themselves, they mock each other?

Can you feel where other people begin when they pass you, at what point can you sense another body near?

What happens when we speed up, when we slow down?

When we join one another, when we separate.

What happens if you place your hand on someone's shoulder just lightly, can you influence where they go?

Who is leading who?

At the beginning of June we receive an email titled 'Fanmail / Glasgow based project' from Matilda Roberts. Althea Greenan at the Women's Art Library Goldsmiths has suggested she get in touch. She is collating a show around the value of 'gossip', to 'rethink the processes in which histories are collected and what narratives are deemed valuable, challenging them. Taking in, not just the written down and signed off, but the blurted out, the muttered, the gossiped, the barely heard and the rarely valued.'

Driving through Dundee at the end of July we turn the music down to read aloud an article written about *desire lines & disorientation* by Katherine Hall, as we go over the bridge. (This is the first time someone has written about one of our workshops.) She quotes the score we wrote:

We change pace, shape and modalities, we play.

We do not need to move in an established way.

We were explicitly given the permission to play, explore and be curious. To relax, and trust each other. As each pair wandered off hesitantly, linked only by their hands resting one on top of the other, I thought about how rare it is in adult life that we allow ourselves to truly relax.

Last October I did a series of drawings that had the question 'why do we deny ourselves?' written in them, through them, on them. How do we allow ourselves?

There is always some tension held in my body; my jaw is clenched and my shoulders hunched from bearing the weight of so many deadlines, commitments and obligations. There is always the external pressure to behave. To conform.

We move when we feel a pull to, we do not need to talk but we might

We bring attention to where we reside & move around the space & each other

We let our bodies speak too

'The Indo-European root of the word score is sker' says Carlos Basualdo it 'means to cut. The term is thus linked to the notions of creating a notch and keeping a tally, which is exactly what the Old Norse root of the word means. There is, from the beginning, a double purpose inscribed in making a score, that of performing a certain action and that of producing a physical record of an abstract quality or quantity. The cut of the score, while splitting open the surface on which it is inscribed, fuses action with abstraction, making them indistinguishable. It inscribes a temporal dimension on that surface; the very act of inscription alchemically turns space into the physical expression of a certain duration.'

The third and final part of the event was a walk into the nearby field. We waded straight into the sea of grass, those at the front lifting their legs high and placing their feet carefully,

forging a new path that the rest of us naturally fell into. But there were no leaders, nor were there any followers in this group. Instead we operated as a collective.

Driving up through the Cairngorms we talk about how purple the landscape is. The particular shades of purple and the scorched yellows of the grass, and the greener tones behind the mauve heather. We talk about space, the expanse of. The fast changing skies. We get a call to say our publication is being printed and sent to Matilda in Glasgow to be shown in 'Mutters' the following weekend.

In February I read Sara Ahmed's description of 'becoming a lesbian' in *Queer Phenomenology*. How one becomes a lesbian, becomes queer within a society that posits everyone as straight. She writes of people not being born straight but becoming straightened. The sense of being queer as one that is out of line, that feels out of line, is seen as out of line. Our realities are made up of what is available to us. What is available to us to follow is usually what is in line. I think now about the feeling of something tight opening, of something relaxing by reading another woman's words that felt like my own.

Now if we partner up.

We are going to see what we can find out using our bodies without relying on sight.

We will take this in turns.

One person places their hand on top of the other person's hand.

The person with their hand on top closes their eyes.

Take a minute to get comfortable with that feeling for a second.

The person with your eyes open you will be supporting your partner as they explore the space.

It's important you don't communicate verbally, but listen to the changes in each other's bodies to help one another.

Julia Bryan-Wilson speaks of practising Trio A without using a mirror, of not returning the gaze of an audience as furthering 'attention to the body as enfleshed rather than as represented'. The object not the image. The inside not the outside. She speaks of it changing her relationship to time. Slowing it down. Of being more present. Of not taking your body for granted. The mirror image for granted.

In May we made a performance with 2 actors called Habits, Kerri talked about being told to look at yourself as a young girl to take a mirror and look at your genitals to understand what is going on inside yourself. To get comfortable touching yourself.

Person with your eyes closed, you can begin to move around the space.

Explore how it feels in your body to move with no sight.

Touch the 'walls', the 'floor', feel the edges of the space, the edges of your body.

What changes can you feel, in temperature, pressure.

Person with your eyes open, follow where they lead you, and make sure they don't put themselves in harms way.

Watch out for them crashing into anything or anyone.

If you have your eyes closed, what can you learn about the *insides* of your body as well as the space, what is happening inside when they come into *contact* with each other.

Follow your curiosity.

If you have your eyes closed you can also *guide* them to new and interesting things.

Guide them to touch something new, or *change pace*.

You can *throw* them *off balance* a little.

You will begin to *develop* your own communication system.

Pay attention to your own movements, to each other's movements, what they *suggest*, what they follow.

The first evening at SSW we sit in their library and I read *Interfaces of Empathy* a collection of readings *brought together* through their programme 'Edge Effects'. *The rhythm of joint action: synchrony promotes cooperative ability*. In the week we *make rhythms* on Kerri's drum kit together with half the drums *turned around* to face me, half to face Kerri, 2 sets of sticks. We try and *fall in and out of the patterns* the other creates.

Delving further into books on residency (as a security away from actually *using my body to think* about embodiment) I read about Aby Warburg's atlases by Siobhan Davies & Jeremy Miller. How he *pulled* disparate images together to *connect ideas*, not in chronology but to create a *denkraum* 'thought space'. Another way of telling histories. I write 'dance as a *connector* of ideas, images and objects'.

In early July we *visit* Althea in the WAL Goldsmiths to begin to *prepare* for the residency. I read in the description of an LTTR (Lesbian's To The Rescue collective) publication, that the *collection* of writing, drawings, photographs were intended as: *private insurrections to loosen public ground*. We talk about the Mum Questions, about *shared* auto-ethnography cutting paths, creating sign posts, affirming. They feel unfinished. The questions will never be finished.

Where do your arms reach to?

Finding (looking for?) links and patterns helps establish new tracks. Helps to *weather* the ground you are walking, forging. Enables those tracks to feel more *comfortable*. Repetition and *practice*. Julia Bryan-Wilson discusses practice as a way of encompassing artwork that is continually in the making. She cites Herbert Marcuse definition of *political practice* as 'a practice that involves a *break with the familiar*, the *routine*, ways of seeing, hearing, feeling, understanding things so that the organism may become *receptive* to the potential forms of a *non aggressive, non exploitative* world.'

OH SO YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A BANNER
BUT WHERE DID YOU GET IT FROM?
WHAT IS IT *MADE* OF?
WHO MADE IT?
AND WHERE ARE THEY FROM?
DID YOU PAY THEM?
DID YOU THINK ABOUT THEM?

WHAT IS THE POINT?
AND DO YOU EVEN GIVE A FUCK?¹²

I **scream** at the **top of my lungs** at our last gig in north London before leaving for the road trip up to Scotland. **Volume** is important too. Volume **fills** space. Creates space? Sometimes you **need** aggression.

In Scotland I re-read NOT AN ESSAY by Heather Phillipson. She **detours** through the **nightclub**, the **graveyard**, **changing rooms**, **swimming pools** 'in search for - what? Can we still **cope** with torsos?'

*We move forwards, sideways, **bang hearts together**, **grittily**.*

The act of becoming a **continuous** movement, **begetting** what is **behind**, what has been. **Articulating** something. An **unending process**. How do you know when you are ready though? Women's bodies. Women's bodies. **Women's bodies**. So much in those two words. 'The body is the very ground on which social and public identity is **fought**.' Julia Bryan-Wilson 'Your body is a **battleground**' Barbara Kruger.

Early in June I **listen** into the Political Animal Reading Group in Whitstable 'viscosity draws **attention** to sites of **resistance** and **opposition** rather than only a notion of possibilities' is read out aloud from *Hydrofeminism* by Astrida Neimanis. When I get home I look up the definition of viscosity:

*The state of being **thick**, **sticky**, and **semi-fluid** in consistency, due to internal friction.*

*"**cooling the fluid raises its viscosity**" A quantity **expressing the magnitude of internal friction** in a fluid, as measured by the **force per unit area resisting uniform flow**. Plural noun: **viscosities** "**silicone oils can be obtained with different viscosities**"*

I write INTERNAL **FRICTION** and RESISTING UNIFORM **FLOW** in my notebook.

20kg of sand made up of half fine and half course, **added to a mixer** with 100ml of **hardener** wait for 1 minute then add 375ml of **binder**, **wait** another minute.

On residency we find it **hard** to think of objects again. We have **resisted** objects. Resisted solidity and resisted making more things for the world. We start with **joints**. What joins, what **enables** movement. Articulates. What comes together. We **break** it down. We begin making forms that could support the body to move in a different way. That could support a queer way of being. I write about the feel of **manipulating** clay in my hands, of **fitting it to myself**, of **thinking through the pleasure of something fitting**. The sensation of something not fitting.

*We are more and less **coagulated**. We are in **malformed pieces**, **melted together**.* Heather Phillipson says. The sentence rests at the back of **my tongue** like porridge.

The first week of our residency I **dream** that I am **strangling** a woman, I am quite **calm** about it, I try for some time, it doesn't work, I try different **tactics** until I realise what I am doing and **stop**, and **wake up**. It's scarily **visceral**. I look it up online the **next** morning and it says: *The*

¹² Song 'BANNER' by Molejoy

person you are strangling is yourself. If it is a male you are strangling, then you are trying to strangle some mentality in you. If it is a female, then it is some sentiment you are trying to strangle in you. Sometimes your mind leaks. Excretions, codes, clues. We were in a room with no furniture, it was the front room of one of those Victorian terraced houses they convert into separate flats.

In the studio in June I read about the reimagining of Allan Kaprow's famous Yard 1961 happening that took place as part of a Franz West retrospective. A playground of tyres, but no instructions. Radical then, would be subsumed into the summer show Tate Unilever entertainment environments now with toddlers all over it. Toddlers have bodies too. They follow their toddler desire to climb. I remember reading about Franz West's adaptives in Vienna when I was 21, that allowed for a 'reconfiguration of how space is encoded'. Uninhibited by too much knowing.

Connect, adjoin, affix, attach, add, annex, fasten, stick, fuse, knit.

August we write to Charlie Morrissey to thank him and send him Katherine's article. He tells us he studied at Dartington, he is now working at Wainsgate Dance in Hebden Bridge. Looking at the images online we can see bodies frozen in new positions suspended in the backdrop of a community hall. As we imagine our own bodies moving to the instructed score in Lumsden Community Hall.

We design imaginary structures that could enable pulling, pushing, that could suspend, counterbalance, that could allow for reciprocity, for challenge and support. We make moulds, we pour metal, we create joins, we fashion hooks, hinges, holes and hoops. We think about objects that require collaboration.

Join the movement when you feel ready. When you feel ready.