

JOURNAL

artist statement

A Touch of Loneliness

However, touching or fondling in itself can be a potent signal. Touching an inanimate object can serve as a very loud signal, or plea for understanding. Take the case of Aunt Grace. This old woman had become the centre of a family discussion. Some of the family felt she would be better off in a pleasant and well-run nursing home nearby where she would not only have people to take care of her but would also have plenty of companionship.

The rest of the family felt that this was tantamount to putting Aunt Grace 'away'. She had a generous income and a lovely apartment, and she could still do very well for herself. Why shouldn't she live where she was, enjoying her independence and her freedom?

Aunt Grace herself was no great help in the discussion. She sat in the middle of the family group, fondling her necklace and nodding, picking up a small alabaster paperweight and caressing it, running one hand along the velvet of the couch, then feeling the wooden carving.

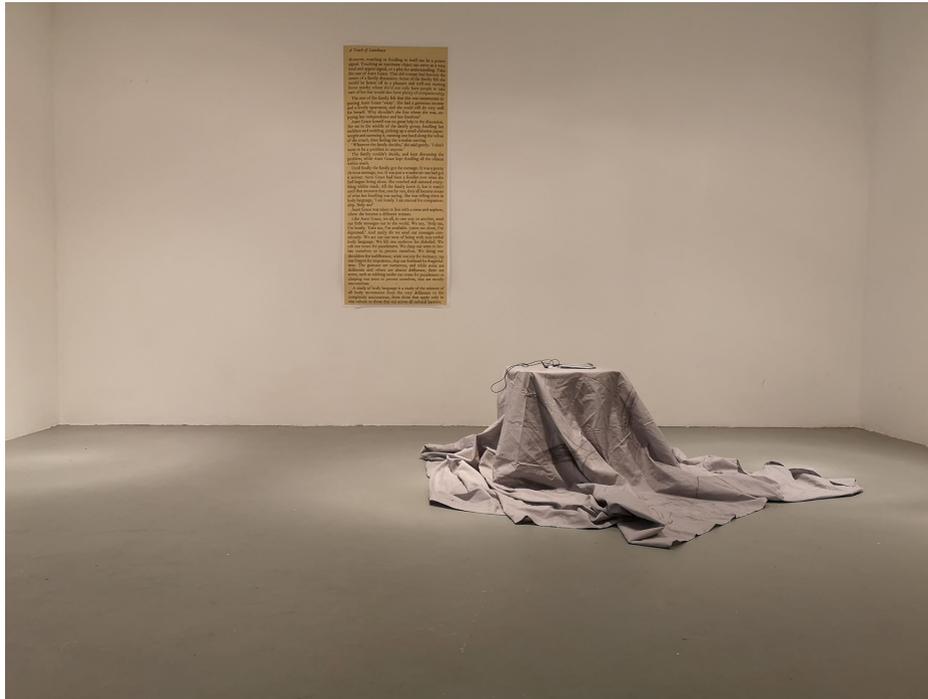
'Whatever the family decides,' she said gently. 'I don't want to be a problem for anyone.'

The family couldn't decide, and kept discussing the problem, while Aunt Grace kept fondling all the objects within reach.

Until finally the family got the message. It was a pretty obvious message, too. It was just a wonder no one had got it sooner. Aunt Grace had been a fondler ever since she had begun living alone. She touched and caressed everything within reach. All the family knew it, but it wasn't until that moment that, one by one, they all became aware of what her fondling was saying. She was telling them in body language, 'I am lonely. I am starved for companionship. Help me!'

Aunt Grace was taken to live with a niece and nephew, where she became a different woman.

Like Aunt Grace, we all, in one way or another, send our little messages out to the world. We say, 'Help me, I'm lonely. Take me, I'm available. Leave me alone, I'm depressed.' And rarely do we send our messages consciously. We act out or state of being with non-verbal body language.



How Do I Feel?

On the spot and too fast for being naked.
Is it normal?
How can stripping of down to bare skin make you feel okay?
Is this about feeling okay?

Heart is beating up into my face now, and back down to my feet with
nusea and fear.

Will someone walk in and see my body with no clothes?
I think that would be humiliating.
I feel emotionally close to myself.

I can't let myself down.

Do I need to force this, no, I can't help feeling like it is just me, but with
so many other things.

No poeple.

No one can see, but I can feel.

Is this funny, something I should laugh at, or something I should cry at.
I'm not too sure, lets keep going.

It's getting easier, well I guess I'm just getting used to being vulnerable?

I felt vulnerable, it's just starting to fade almost.

I've started filming myself.

Now it feels uncomfortable.

But would that change the value of taking care.

more images of work

Do I have to act?
I feel like I'm acting.
It's the camera staring at me that now I know there's something else
apart from me.
I feel like I must act.
Why is this?

How does it change my natural state of being me.
That has interested me, should I create a theme here?
Maybe put on an act, a character.

I want to look after me.
My body.
My feelings.

Does covering myself up with material help me.
Or does it just hide me?

Is this the point of today...
Well, yes, it isn't about showing my nude body of to a camera.

Can I show what I want?

But, this is my bareness, this is what I am, my natural body.



I feel quite well now. Not too sure, before my thread helped me out, I just felt a bit too open if you get me?

Like, all my sponge was out!

Tad uncomfortable. I couldnt really be myself, I was just a bit self-conscious.

Yeah I've got my wheels, but apart from that didnt really have anyone.

Wasn't my fault. Things just happen y'know?

I must be at leats nine or ten years old now, serving under Northumbria.

Right now, I'm enoying the annex, feels more me.

Especially now I have my golden thread. Hurt a bit, and took bloody ages, but definitely worth it in the end.

Feel re-vitalised.

I'm a new me.

Happy days ey.

BLOB CHARCOAL
HOLDING RUBBING
EXERCISE

Reform of Manifestation.





A hand with fingers that Touch.

A Touch with fingers at hand.

change image

The Preface of

A RESPONSE

You have picked me up. Please take a few moments to consider your part
in A Response.

You are now part of a sensory narrative. Whether you wish to partici-
pate physically is your choosing. However, you have now entered one of
many chapters of a story.

If you wish to enter further, unfold our story...

Your control over the sensation of Touch is uncontrollable. What you feel right now is concrete. Everything you feel is telling the truth.

Please, do not hesitate from the many or few tingles, tickles, pains, itches, comforts and satisfactions you are experiencing or yet to.

How you may feel is a mystery, what is to come next?

What will 'this' make me feel? And will I let 'this' control what I'm feeling?

Please. If you may,

Take of your shoes down to your barest set of feet.

Gently place them into the black soot, creating a stamp for a foot.

Slot a set of tips onto your fingers. You will find them next to the soot. They are humle, caring souls, please take care when exploring.

Take your time by travelling to and from each bouncing vocal pathway.

Once again, please do not shy from impulse feeling. And, physicality, through any way you wish.

Notice the off-springs lying next to your feet.
They are delicate, please take care when lifting. As a new born they are easily damaged. And wish for a comfortable life, just like the wrest of us.
Now. Take your pick.

Feel your emotion.

Feel your feelings.

Feel your body.

Feel what is around you.

Welcome the space.

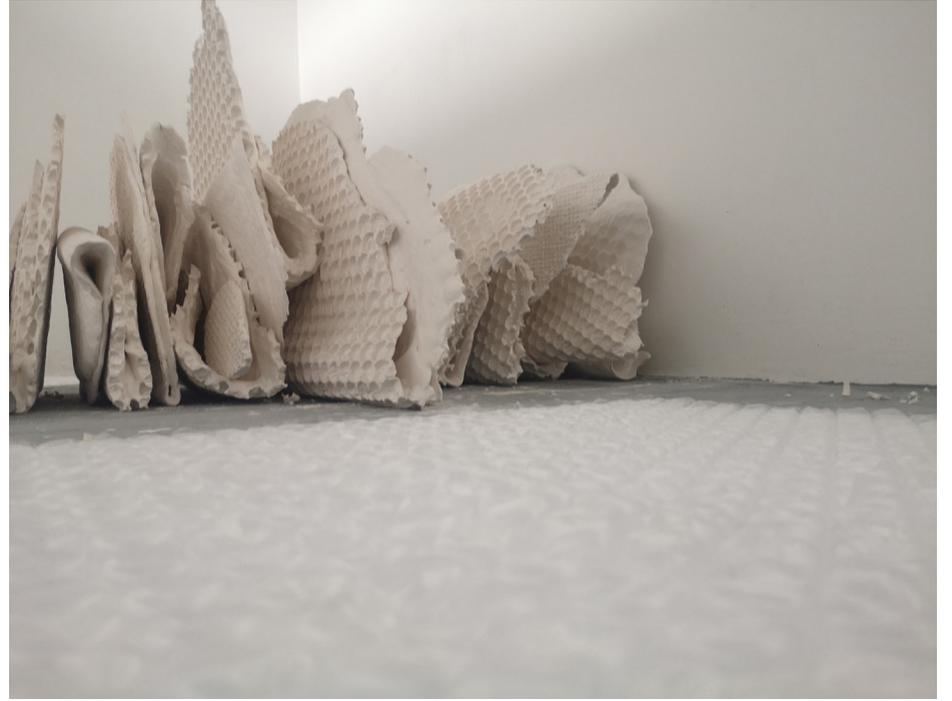
Once you can feel the entrance beckoning you, a diminuendo will fall upon your shoulders.

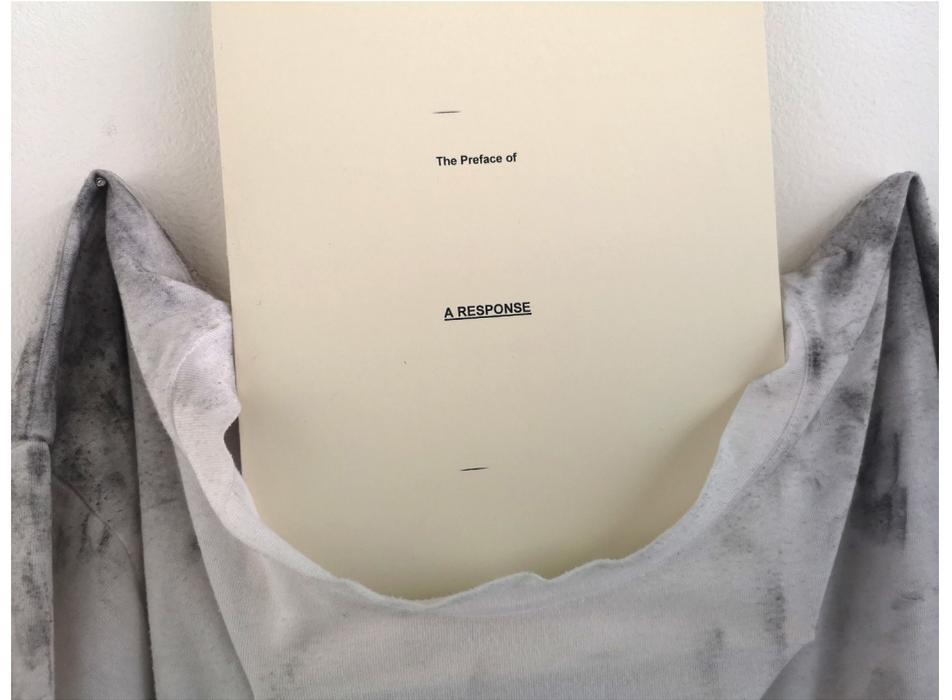
Take your time returning to the black station. And gather your new belongings.

You have come to the end of our story.

Yours faithfully,

A RESPONSE



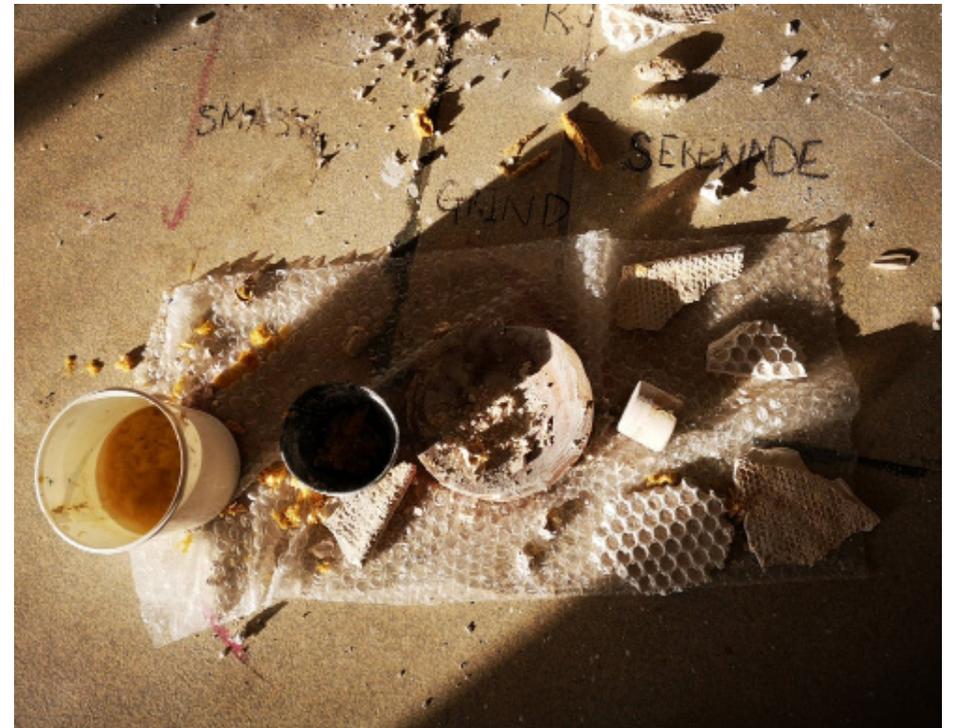




The Body Is the Message

STUDIO

WRITING ?





endure

sweep

rotate

smash

serenade

grind



Congregating around the workshop, we give, hand, pass, share and take from each other.

Wait, is that yours?

Belongings of belonging become established.

Who's is who's? Name?

I'm happy here thankyou, very kind of you to offer though. Let's share that segment, part, chunk, little fragment...

Listen to that, fizz. Peculiar yet unpeculiar?





Part One

Do you desire to cleanse?

Wash, scrub, protect, bathe, caress your prosperity.

Listen.

Understand it's disposition and move towards it.





Wash your body until you feel it is enough.
Do you feel content in your cleanliness?

Expose your exposition.
Encourage a reveal of truthfulness.





Location, Date, Time

City (public)

Image of location

Description - performance, minimal description

am/pm (one time only)

Saturday 27th/Sunday
28th June 2020

Location, Date, Time

One week only

1st July - 8th July 2020

Heaton Park (where...
exactly)

image of location - before work

Description - slight, minimal description

Location, Date, Time

Part two-
Yard of 39 Springbank
Road
NE2 1PD

Saturday 18th/ Sunday
19th July 2020

10am- 6pm

Image of location - before
Map from Northumbria to back yard?

Description - PART 2 of mark making and cleaning
Invitation for participation

Future Proposals

one giant fold for a path way
People take part in 'THE BIG FOLD'

Giant blob at top of hilltop at South Shields beach

