



artist talk, 2020 – ongoing
 'On request' artist talk for individuals and small groups online, which includes a bespoke cover made for the audience's screen(s) and posted to them in advance.
 Above: to Kelly LLOYD, November 2020, 13" MacBook laptop cover (body warmer, wetsuit fabric, book page) & 20 minute Zoom call.



draft schema (body warmer), 2020, airbrush ink, watercolour, body warmer, 552 x 764 mm



Because we love it so much

Online script readthrough and improvised conversation for up to twelve performers, 5th May 2020. Closing event for CAMP Writer Residency 2019-20, virtually hosted by 37 Looe Street, performing interior sound events as scripted. Everyone together voices Us; Rachel (UK) from naturereaders, one voices It; other parts are voiced by each person in turn. Props: a cloth, sheet or item of Light clothing to cover your screen, a sheet of paper, and pen or pencil.

37 Looe Street [interior sound event]
 Rosalie Schweißer The joke, you know. I think Margaret Thatcher said.
 Margaret Thatcher "If you stop paying a business person they'll stop doing the work but an artist, you don't pay them and they'll do it anyway because they love it so much."
 Us We love it so much.
 Margaret Thatcher It is a matter of creating, of re-creating an atmosphere in which individual talent—and artists are individuals, above all—can not only survive but flourish, and feel at home [claps to chest]. Feel at home.
 Us [counting to 10]
 It [on 10] It's not an individual failing if you can't make a living and if you are making a living it's not an individual achievement.
 They Artists are individuals, above all.
 It Thanks for coming out in the dark.
 Rosalie Schweißer [-]

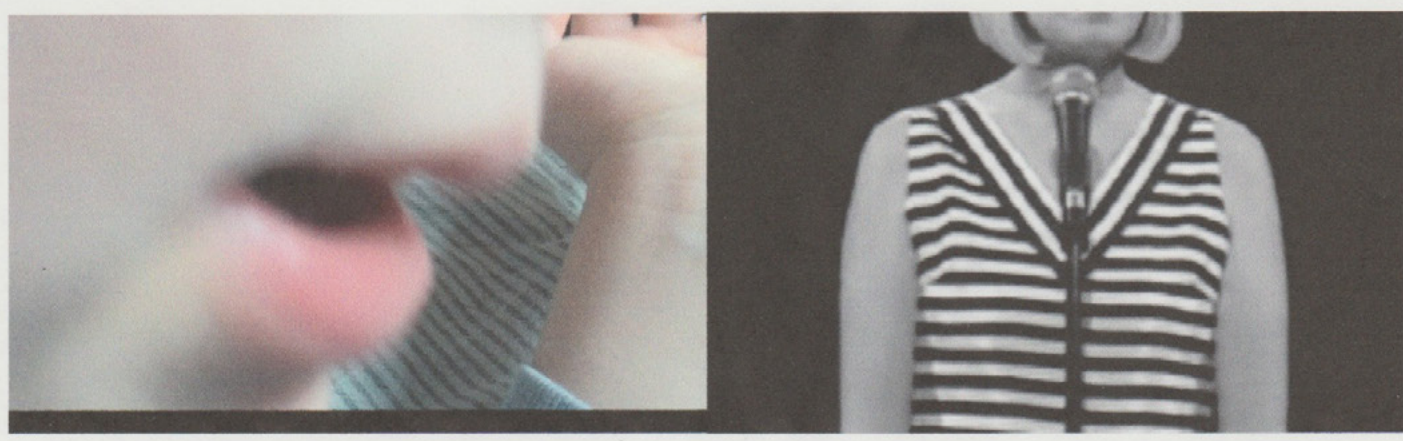
Wages Against Artwork
 Us I feel quite, you know, kind of embarrassed [pause].
 Us Many artists are invested in the idioms of neoliberalism—whether knowingly or not. [inhale, exhale]
 Us I'm embarrassed listening back how unaware I am of how I'm using time and arm my romantic attachment to spending more time on working on something [pause] I mean they were saying
 They You should be looking at your time.
 Us Maybe writing it down to keep a note of it so you can have this kind of clarity about it.
 Us Not holding back
 They just keeping track.
 Us They were saying that, like,
 They that's what we do, right?
 Us Because we love it so much.
 Us But they were pointing out that I should be really thinking about how much time I'm spending. I haven't really done what, you know, kind of picking up on what they were saying.
 They How are you spending your time?
 Us I mean I was saying how I would use the residency to talk to people
 They Which people are you giving time to in these conversations?
 Us I interaction we make time.
 They Who are you listening to?
 Us In talking to one another we make time.
 When Time is Money Interaction is the source of asymmetry and with it the difference between past and future. It is a mark of the interactive generation of time that there can be no un-talking, no reversing of time thus generated.
 The Problem With Work Why do we work so long and so hard?
 Us I am I feel so
 It so
 [-]

o If I've understood the, what they're saying
 It [counting to 10]
 They [on 10] There is no outside.
 Wages Against Artwork One is never "off the clock".
 o On the other hand, I think there is a view.
 Artist/Worker/MLSB? The concept of the artist as distinct from the worker relies on a myth of the artist but it is no less promising or problematic than the counter-myth of the worker that has re-gripped the social imaginary of the politics of art.
 It artist
 They [speaking over] worker
 It artist
 They [speaking over] worker
 Artist/Worker/MLSB? The notion of the artist as neither artisan nor worker, neither wage labourer nor entrepreneur, holds out the possibility of 'misfitting' individual above all at home.
 It Hmmm
 Artist/Worker/MLSB? Artist can be seen as precisely the name of that activity which does not fit. [without speaking, directs our attention away from our screens, clears throat to indicate resumption of readthrough]
 They They say it is love
 Us self-substituting
 They We say it is un-waged work
 It Wages are not a cure for capitalism. The wage relation is always a problem.
 Us In our own time.
 Artist/Worker/MLSB? The project to insert the artist fully into the regime of labour and to cancel the chasm between the artist and the waged, un-waged and domestic worker is not only an endorsement of work in its current form [knocking—knuckle to hard surface—a handful of times]
 o Sorry to interrupt.
 Us erm
 o I'm aware that
 They one is never "off the clock"
 It Oh
 Us Oh yeah
 o we're probably way beyond
 Us it's half past eleven.
 o I'm really aware that it's been hours ...
 They Has it?
 Us Oh yeah
 It It's lunchtime.

INTERMISSION

Please mute your microphone and cover your computer screen with a cloth. We will resume in 5 minutes.

In the intermission, Eve will read a short text on performing anxiety to the soundtrack of her daughter singing in slow motion. We will resume with Plan C's question, 'When did you last have time that was truly free from work?', using the diagram to improvise conversation about our relationships with time and work.

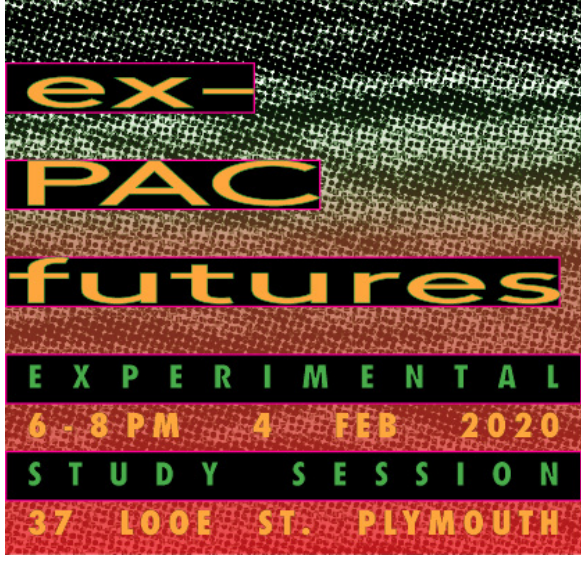


Because we love it so much + CAMP Writing Residency, Nov 2019-Feb 2020

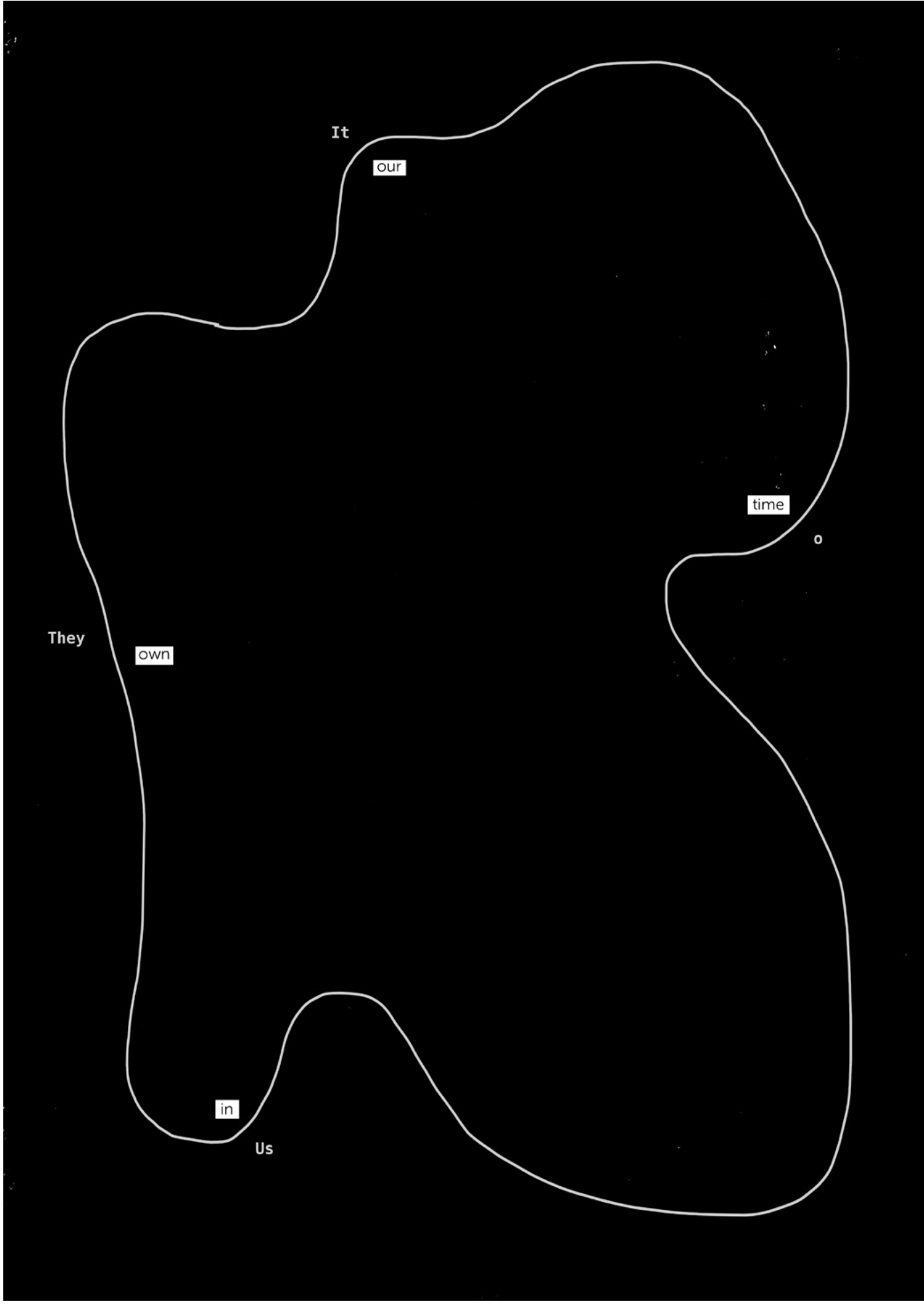
The residency used conversation to research artists' livelihoods and artistic labour in conjunction with CAMP's visiting speakers series. This continued an approach to writing through conversation developed at Tate Modern researching Tate Learning's paper-based resources and their ways of working with artists, published in *In Site of Conversation* (2017).

Because we love it so much is a script (excerpt above) written through quotation from books, interlocutors, and notes from the residency, which was performed online by a group during lockdown, and ended in a conversation using a diagrammatic score (left) and Plan C's question, 'When did you last have time when you were truly free from work?'.

<https://youtu.be/4rKXyG587ww>



Using improvisational sound, consciousness raising exercises, and vocal performance, the event gathered Plymouth-based artists and arts professionals to work with extracts of texts by the four speakers in CAMP's lecture series on artists' livelihoods, along with other texts, images and objects collected during the residency. The session critically and playfully explored what kinds of artist and forms of work a future Artist City might be shaped by, and how a 'Reading Group' might use utopian and dystopian visions to frame its purpose.



Night Plants (2020-2), twenty-four digital photographs and a text made as part of Inter-Intimacies, a John Fell funded collaborative research project, with Oreet Ashery, Onyeka Igwe, Jade Montserrat, Jaimini Patel, and Giulia Smith. Inter-Intimacies is a series of online conversations, correspondence, and texts, discussing, sharing, imagining, and enacting ways of constructing intimacy and care structures across distance and difference in the context of teaching.



houseplants

After our second conversation, I thought about drawing house plants at night as a way of reflecting on breathing, growing, drawing. I think I'd mentioned that in the last weeks of my mother's life, I would sit beside her in the dark drawing her as she slept.

The year before, getting ready to give birth at home, I worried about how polluted the air might be in our flat. I'd heard that plants purify the air, so I began collecting houseplants for the windowsills.

When it came to it, I couldn't bring myself to sit with the plants and look in a sustained enough way to draw them. I checked online to see how plants cleanse the air indoors but found out that they don't. To affect air quality there would have to be so many plants there wouldn't be room for people to live amongst them. I also read that house plants 'breathe' at night like humans, taking up oxygen and giving out carbon dioxide, reversing their daytime patterns of respiration. It felt like photographing the plants at night living with us in our home, all of us rhyming inhaling and exhaling, might help me cultivate the stillness needed to eventually sit and draw them. But maybe I won't draw them, I don't know.

Photographing them around midnight, even in low light from the hallway and street, the signs of stress and neglect are palpable. It's been good tending to them again.



Above: Digital scans from *Piece by Piece*, ongoing project scanning miscellaneous things (shirts, shoulder pads, keyring etc.) that belonged to my mother.
 Right: *Untitled (cuff)*, 2022, gouache, watercolour, airbrush ink on gesso, 420 x 557mm





uncompanionable right now - TABLE
FACE VESSEL

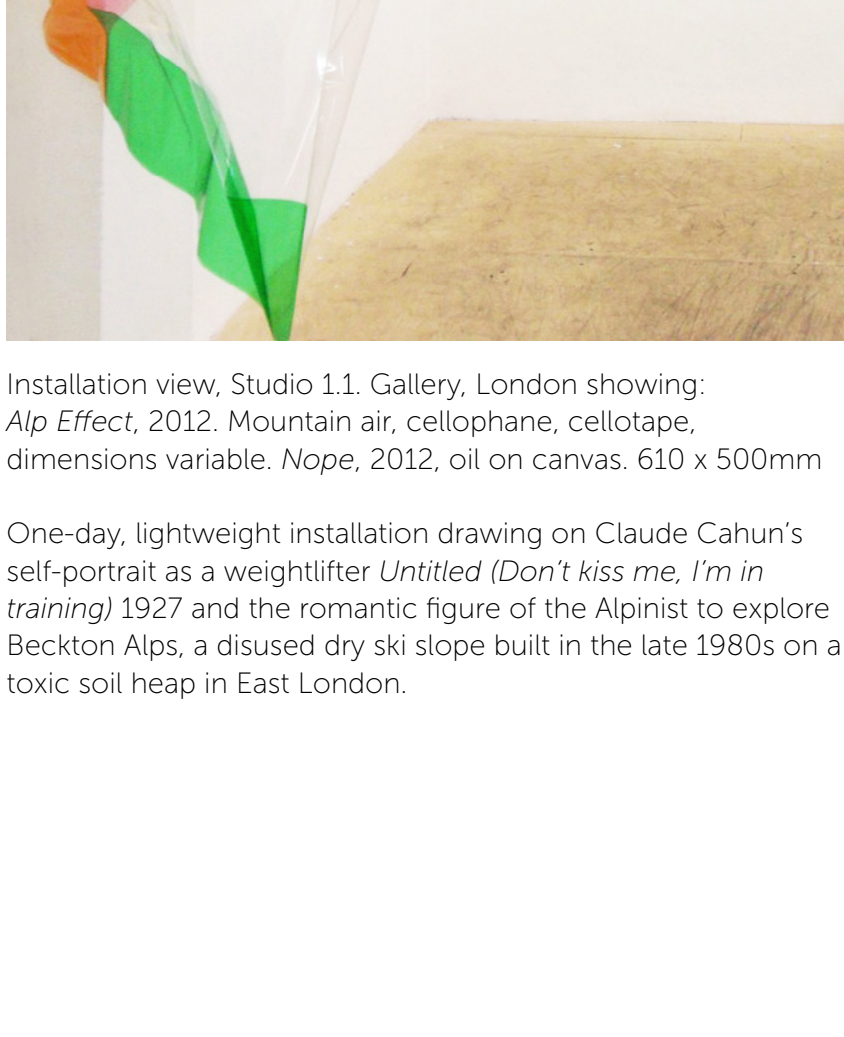
Hegribah Rendle Short + Eve Es
© 2015
www.newpaperclub.com



uncompanionable right now, 2015, with Hegribah Rendle Short

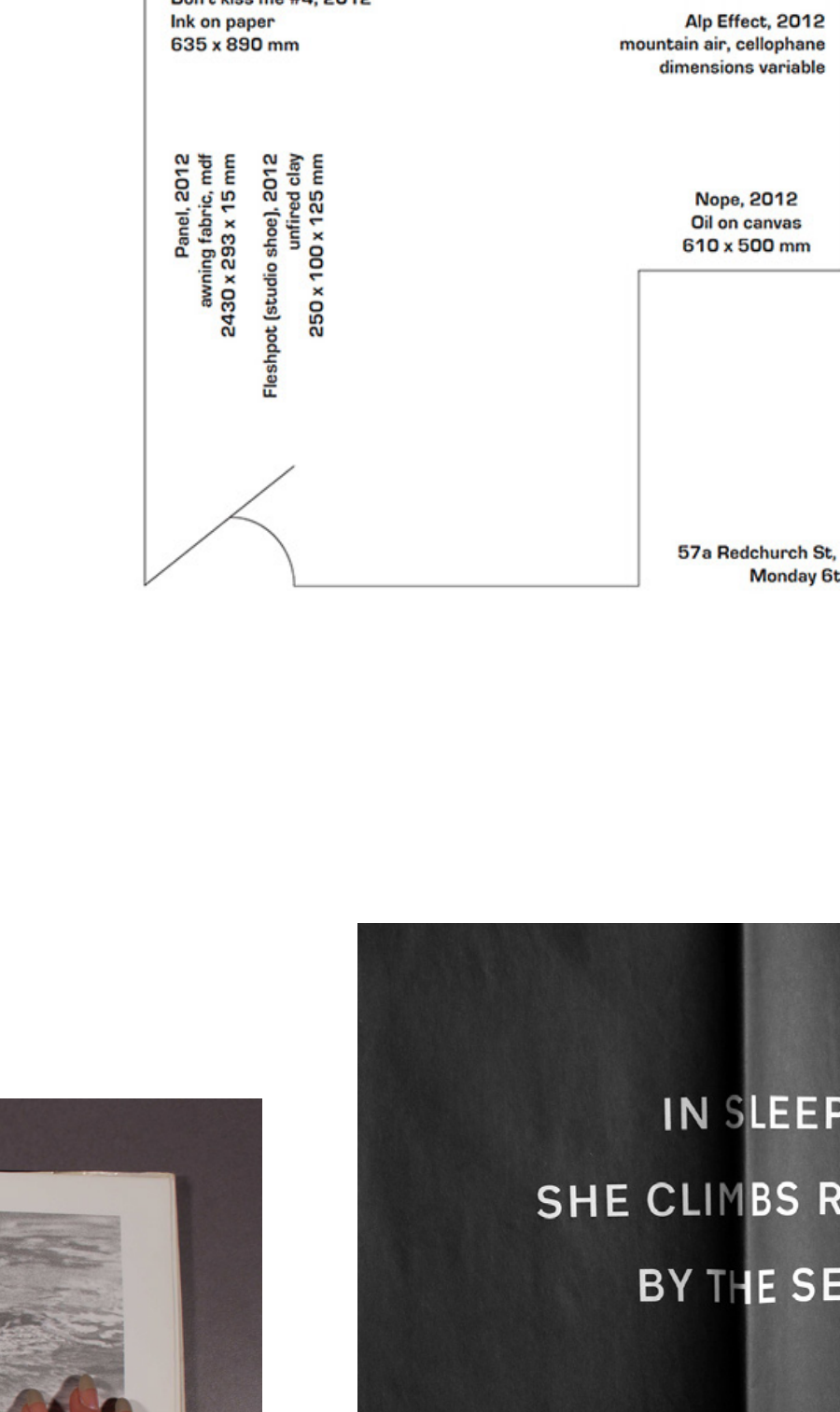
Exploring exhibition-making and the table as structures for collaboration and the tabletop as a kind of encounter for paintings, pots, and props.

The exhibition extended methods developed through writing and teaching the short Contemporary Painting course together at Slade Summer School, 2012-19.



Installation view, Studio 11, Gallery, London showing: Alp Effect, 2012. Mountain air, cellophane, cellophane, dimensions variable. Nope, 2012, oil on canvas. 610 x 500mm

One-day, lightweight installation drawing on Claude Cahun's self-portrait as a weightlifter (Untitled) (Don't kiss me, I'm in training) 1927 and the romantic figure of the Alpinist to explore Beckton Alps, a disused dry ski slope built in the late 1980s on a toxic soil heap in East London.



Section: Alp highest peak in the region. Climb. Repeat.
First person present: exercise.
A lightweight show: reliable, foldable, inflatable, 0 hours.
WBVE.

I am in training Don't kiss me #3
ink & collage on permanente
200 x 700 mm

Untitled Wash #1, 2012
ink on paper
www.newpaperclub.com

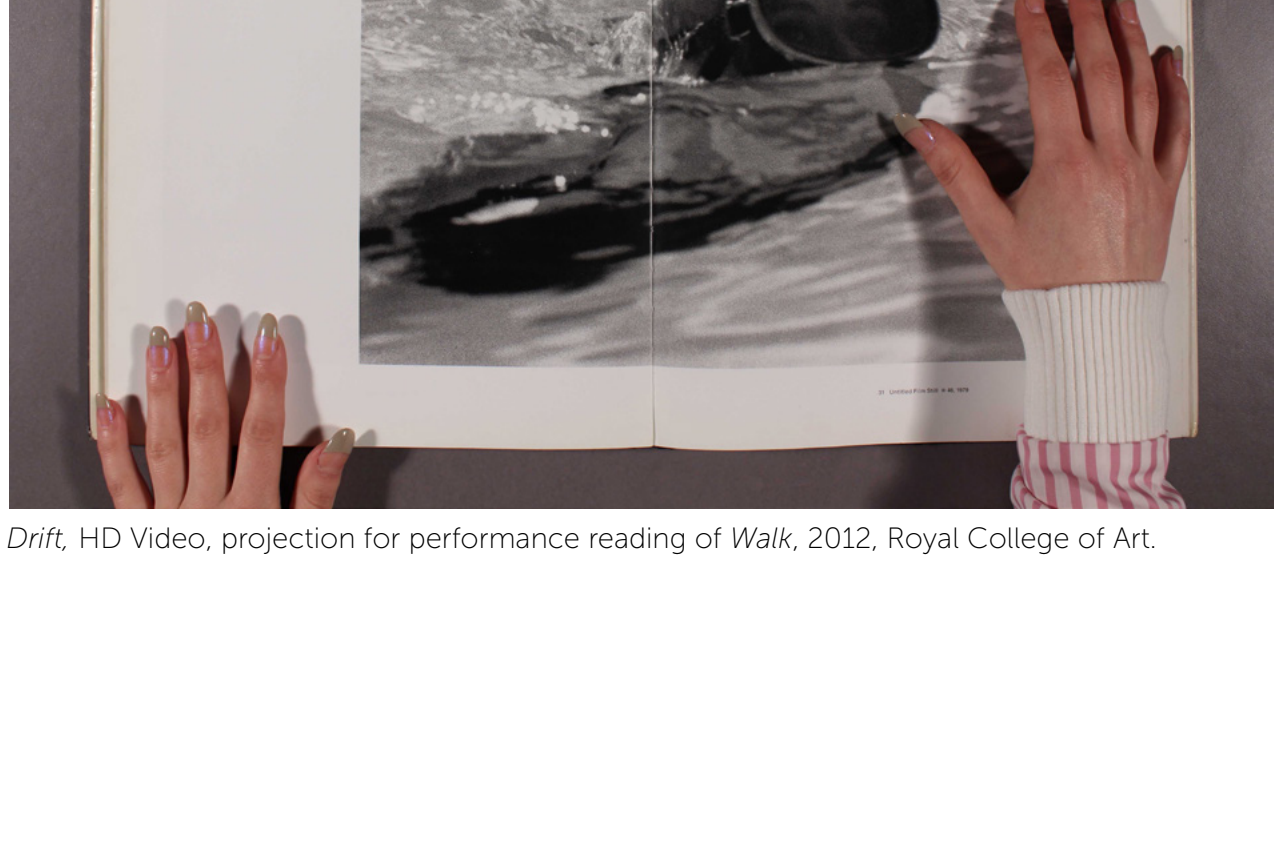
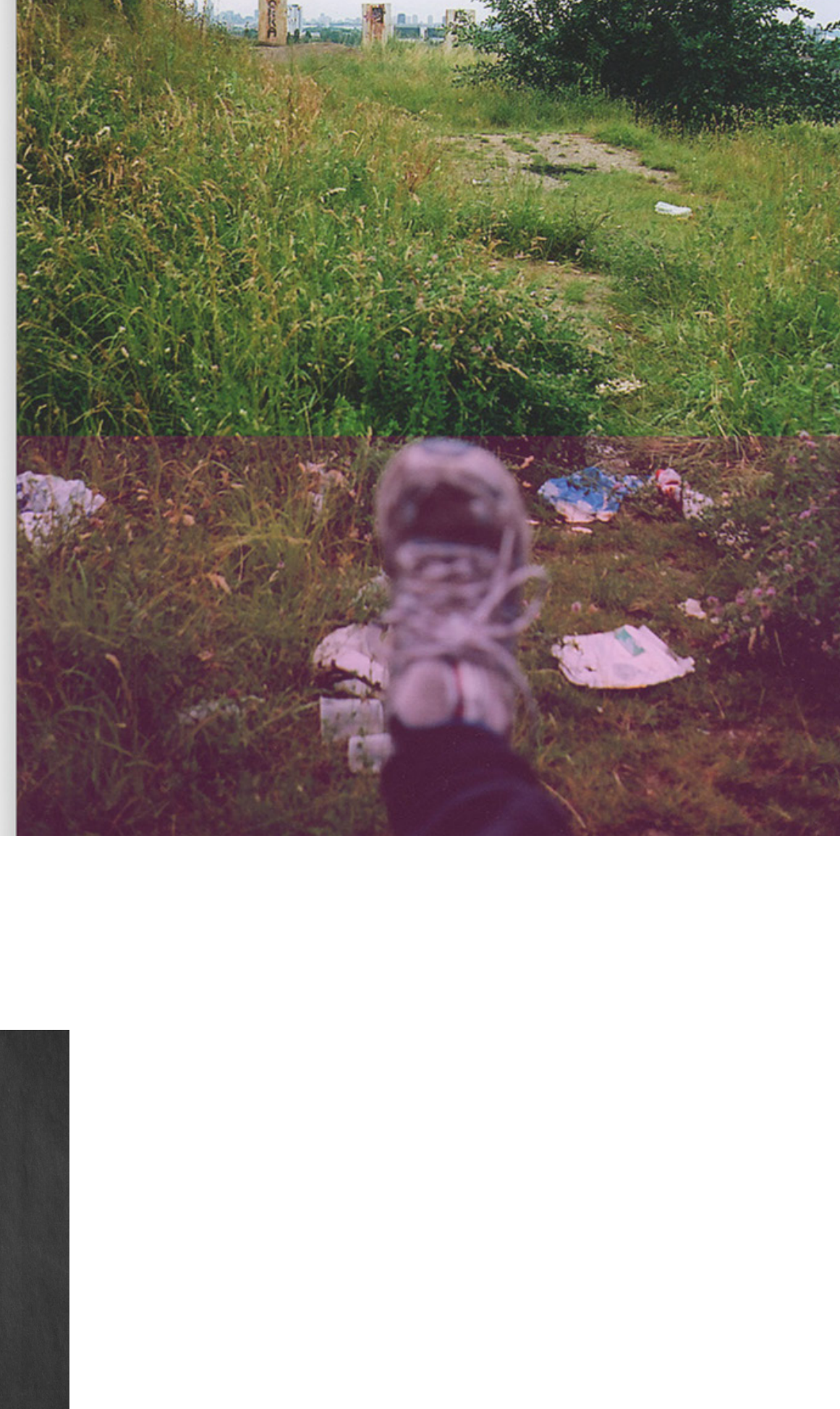
Yep, 2012
35mm print, paper
200 x 150 mm

Alp Effect, 2012
mountain air, cellophane
dimensions variable

Nope, 2012
Oil on canvas
610 x 500 mm

Philippe Bourriaud 2012
© 2012
100 x 100 x 100 mm

studio 11
57a Redchurch St, London E2 7JL
Monday 09:00 - 5:00



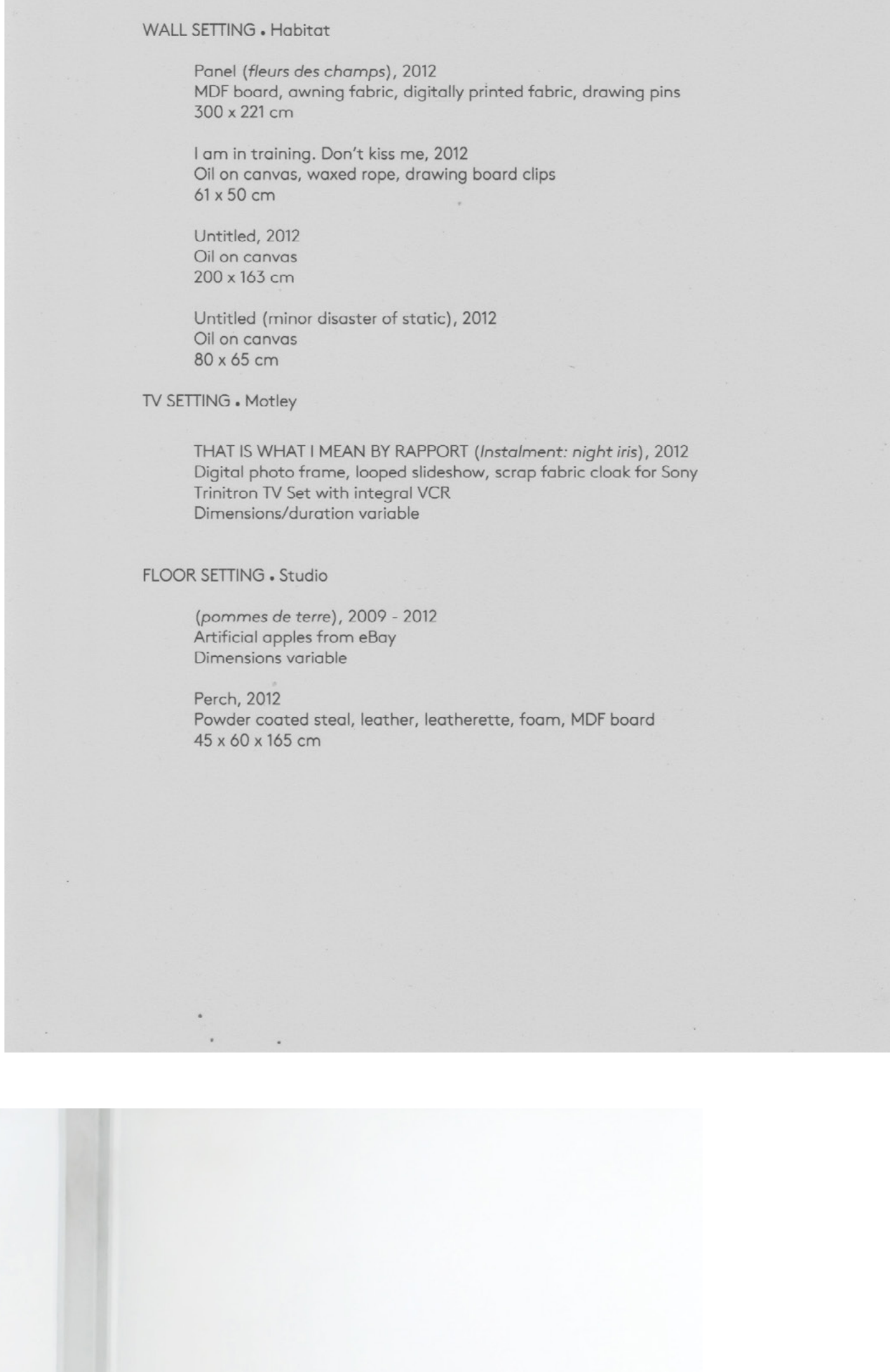
Diff, HD Video, projection for performance reading of Walk, 2012, Royal College of Art.



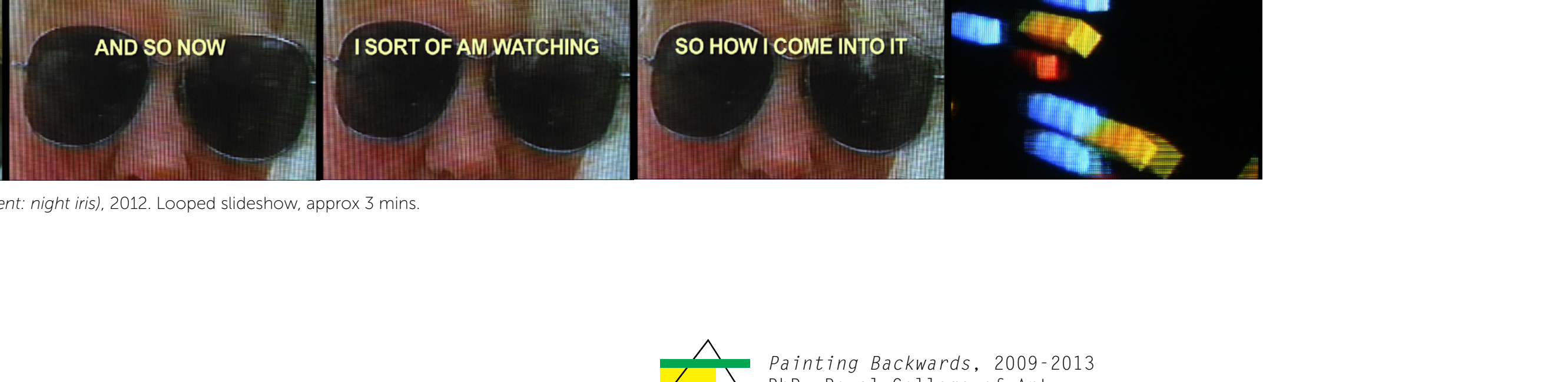
Walk, 2012, Edition of 5, loose leaf publication



replay, 2022, gouache, watercolour, and graphite on card, 545 x 410 mm



Room Setting installation view, Royal College of Art, 2012

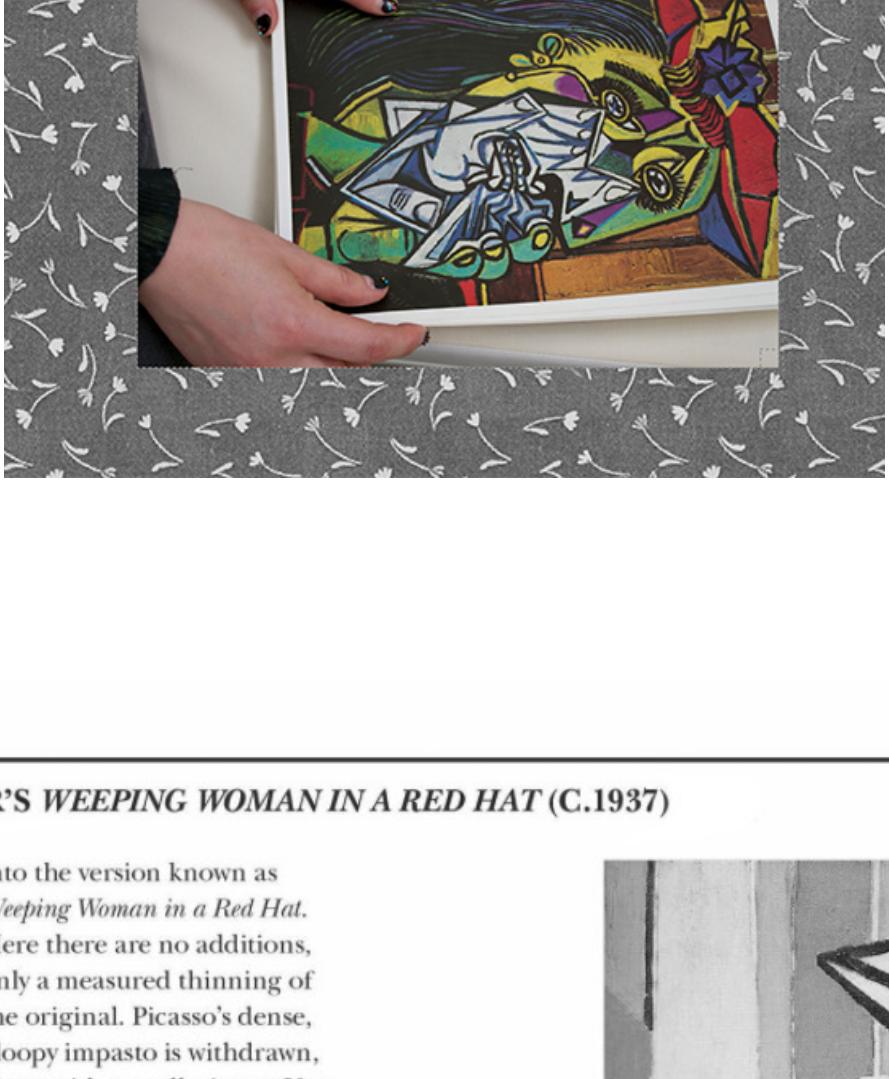


That is what I mean by rapport (Installation: night ins), 2012. Looped slideshow, approx 3 mins.

Painting Backwards, 2009-2013
PhD, Royal College of Art

I ask my 1980s preteen bedroom what it knows about a painting I had looked at in a book. I'd opened there and got stuck on: *Sleeping Woman* (1937) - one of its answers is an aposepetic copy of the painting by Surrealist photographer Dora Maar, the painting's sister and Pablo Picasso's lover at the time.

My attempts to companion the painting involve fabrication, fictionalisation, quotation, annotation, loose association, and replication. A constructed doctored character - my fool - dissolves disciplinary boundaries and pushes the project towards what edges the frame. In efforts to short-circuit mastery, my fool assumes the postures of autoethnographer, painter, melancholic, child, reader, trainee, mourner, and sleeper, drawing on feminist practices, psychoanalytic theory, and those art historical texts from the 1980s arguing over painting's 'death'. The Fragmentation of motley, a costume composed of scraps, provides a framework for a pieced-together doctoral thesis of writing and practice, embracing an aesthetics of awkwardness and ambivalent retrojection.



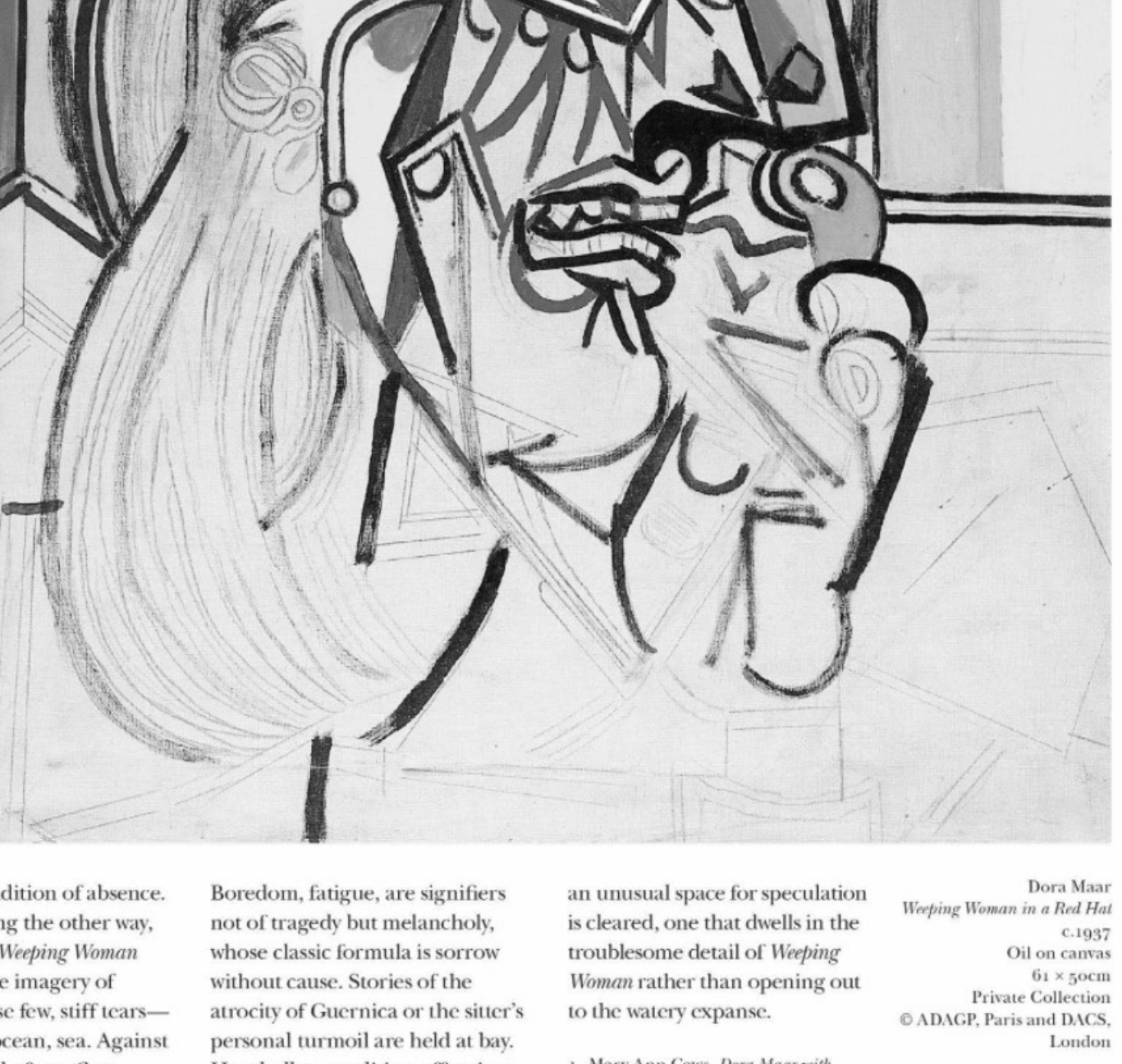
EVE ESS ON DORA MAAR'S 'WEEPING WOMAN IN A RED HAT' (C.1937)

'An elegant Parisian woman, who gives vent to an ocean of tears... her eyes like tiny boats tossed on a turbulent sea' the caption written by David Lowis to *Weeping Woman* (1937) in the first art book I owned, a Plakdon monograph on Pablo Picasso. Returning to it later the painting is cropped to the tips of the woman's hat that is already pinned down on the page. There I am in my process, laid out on the floor with open book. If I linger over this painting, I thought, it would take me up into its sickly embrace of color and sentiment.

Anecdotal, Dora Maar is a person of excess, "renowned for her long painted nails, a taste for startling outfits", once wrote. It's said that she is the face of the *Weeping Woman*. "For years I gave her a tortured appearance", recalled Picasso to another lover, "in obedience to a vision that had imposed itself on me". The sister's legendary surreal, emotional colour - darkened by her psychological breakdown - may have excited some of the painting's commentators. Refining this tendency herself, Dora Maar painted a copy of *Weeping Woman* that is singular in its features. Her choices of stretcher the same size, drawing mapped carefully, colors applied by eye, suggest she set out to make a facsimile. Having worked primarily as a photographer, Dora Maar began painting in 1935. During a period of transition away from the camera, she painted several copies after Picasso's portraits of her as a weeping woman. In these she redefines an outline, alters the color scheme or introduces a new decorative element, encouraging those who would see in these works a project of defiant reclamation. ("I don't give, I take," Picasso would say to Françoise Gilot. But Dora knew here how to take back.") Such straightforward possession may be more difficult to read

Into the version known as *Weeping Woman in a Red Hat*. Here there are no additions, only a measured thinning of the original. Picasso's dense, glossy impasto is winnowed, along with any allusion to his whole exercise in replication abandoned. A low, black, patterned line descends through exposed underdrawing to acknowledge the bottom edge. Thin halftone dots on the top right, enclosing her signature prominently on her signature. One that nevertheless falls short of any triumphal repositioning of her image. What questions are posed through this embrace of its very slightness. The appeal of this insubstantiality is hard to place. Perhaps it recalls unbridled Echo, the nymph who in Ted Hughes's telling: ... cannot be silent When another speaks. Echo who cannot speak at all Unless another has spoken. Echo who always answers back. There scarce continues an old sort of excess, the repetition of parts. (Echo is condemned to repeat only the last words of another's statement.) In the exchange of views that took place between the artist-paramours in 1937, Dora Maar's partial retention of Picasso's painting apparently echoes the expressive point, tugging off into blankness.

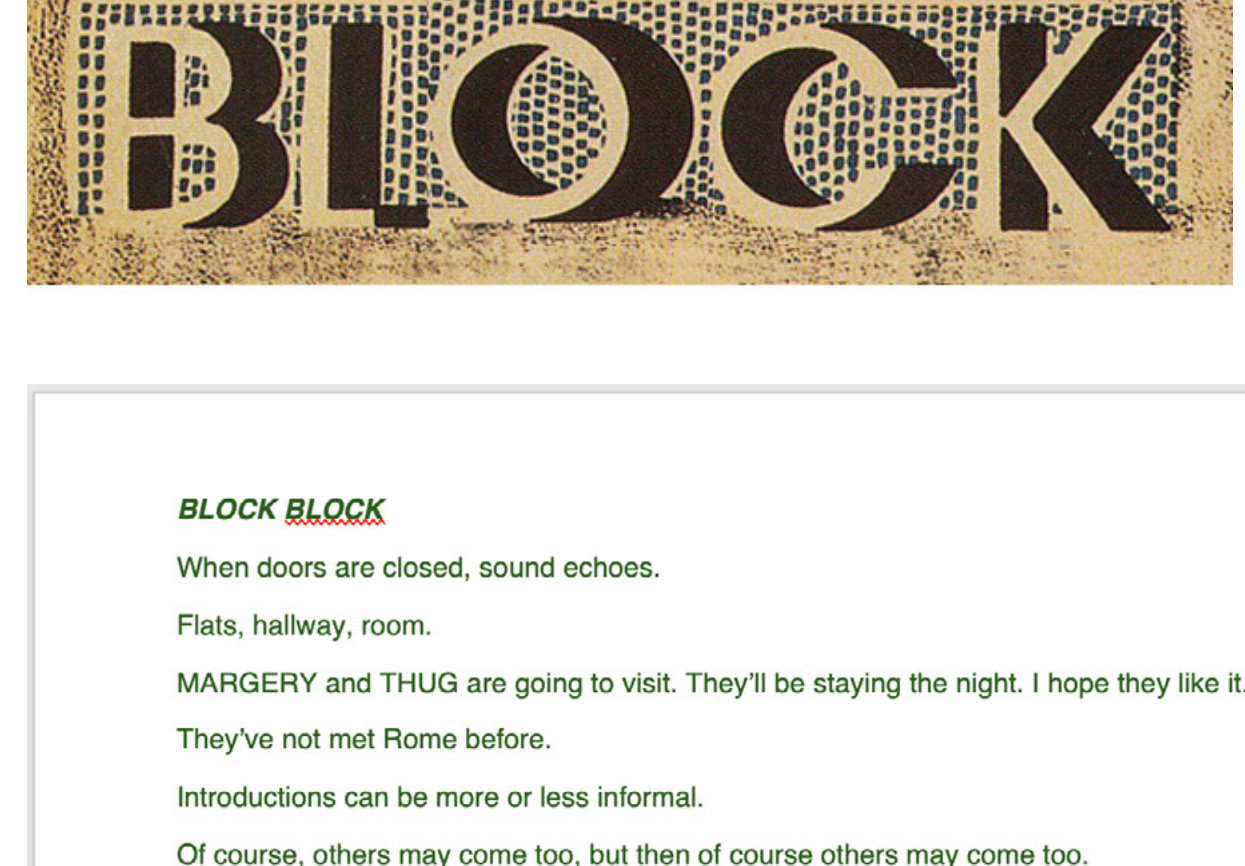
When *Weeping Woman* hung in Roland Penrose's London house, Antony Penrose asked his father many times why Dora Maar was crying. Roland replied that her child had been killed by bombs. His answer evades the significance of young Antony's recurring question: the sadness is not given in Picasso's painting. Viewers have rarely



Boredom, fatigue, are signifiers not of tragedy but melancholy, whose classic formula is sorrow without cause. Stories of the personal turmoil are held at bay. Her shallow condition offers just pencil marks on canvas behind the painted surface. Fundamentally, it's hard to know what to make of Dora Maar's enigmatic reproduction. Though possibly with its altered horizon

Dora Maar
Weeping Woman in a Red Hat
Oil on canvas
By 1937
Picasso Collection
© 2012
London

1. Mark Ann Coles, Dora Maar with 2nd volume Picasso (Thames & Hudson, 2004, p.127)

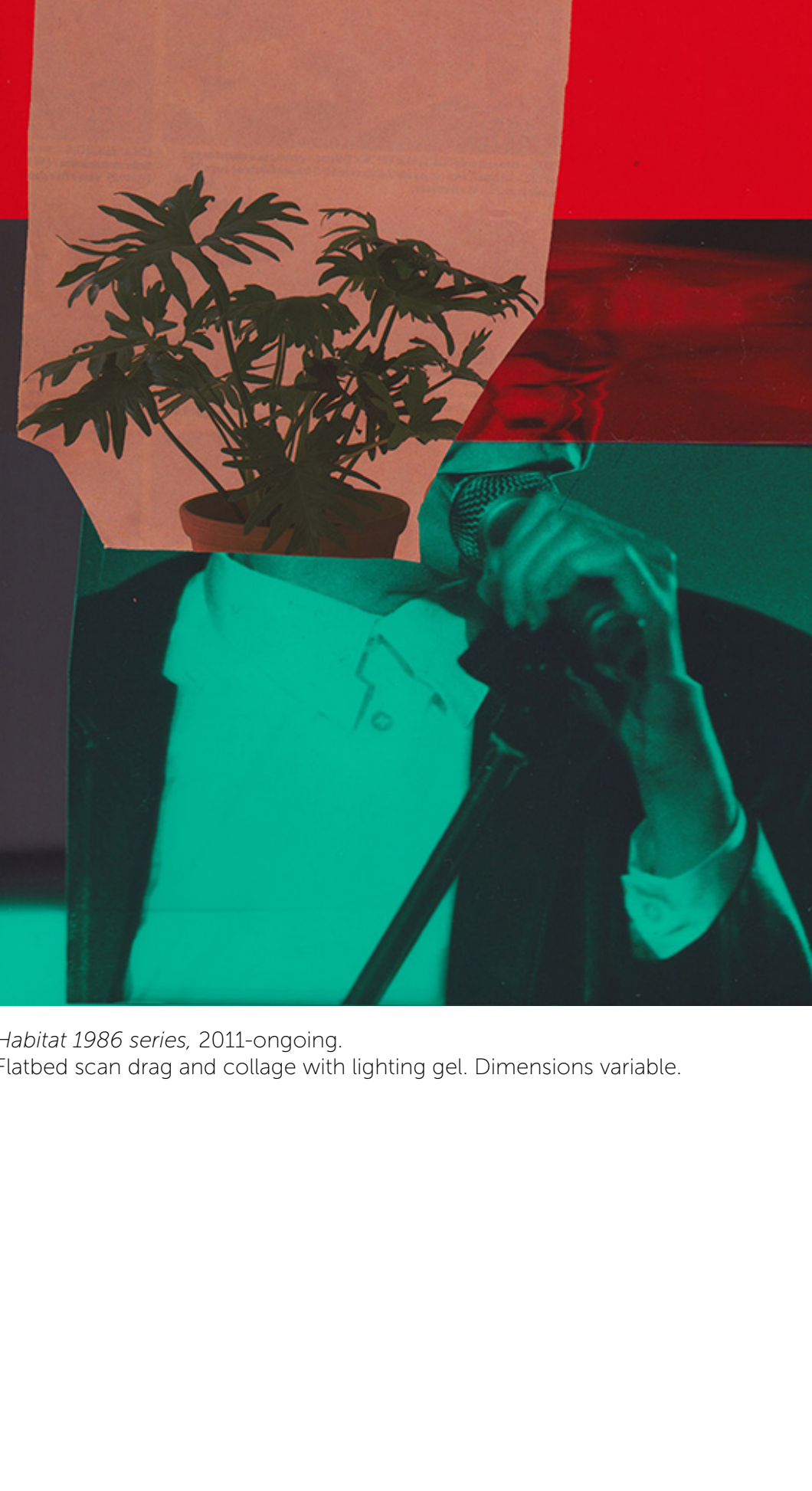


BLOCK BLOCK
When doors are closed, sound echoes.
Flats, hallway, room.
MARGERY and THUG are going to visit. They'll be staying the night. I hope they like it. They're not from Rome before.
Introductions can be more or less informal.
Of course, others may come too, but then of course others may come too.
JD 2010

BLOCK BLOCK is a project hosted by Judith Dean with Sarah Jones + Eve Es at 17 Lulworth House, Dorset Road, London SW8 1DR (entrance in courtyard off Bolney Street) Tel: 020 7582 5519

Opening Times -
Friday 3-4pm and 7-8pm
Saturday 12-1pm and 4-5pm

THUG playing -
Friday 3-4pm and 7-8pm
Saturday 12-1pm and 4-5pm



Habitat 1986 series, 2011-ongoing. Collage with lighting gel. Dimensions variable.

BLOCK BLOCK accommodates THUG UNBOXED OVER MARGERY ON SLIDE feat. PLASTICOVER.

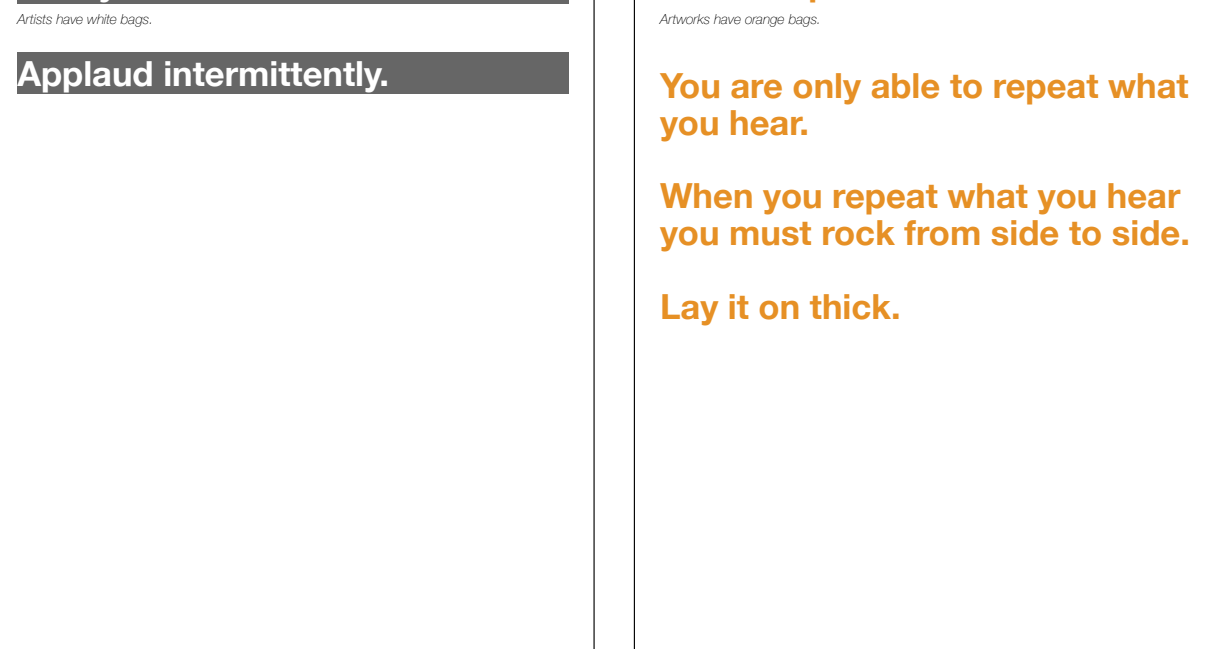
THUG UNBOXED OVER MARGERY ON SLIDE feat. PLASTICOVER is a cassette remixed twice a day. The remixings are plotted across the playing of a standard cassette tape on the boombox THUG. THUG is a boombox playing a cassette tape. THUG is a boombox playing a cassette tape. The duration of performances is specified by the length of a standard cassette tape.

PLUG 7-8pm Friday 25th and 4-5pm Saturday 26th (JUNE 2010)
THUG for approximately 15 minutes. Tape starts playing THUG for approximately 1 minute. Tape ends playing THUG still.

unsatisfied SJ and EE



2010 collaboration with Sarah Jones comprising performances and sculptural installations choreographing a replay of recorded and collaged voice and sound. Across multiple sites including Café Clio hosted by Phyllida Barlow/Serpentine Gallery, Royal College of Art Research Symposium, and Lulworth House, hosted by Judith Dean.



Crissm Crissm, 2019 workshop collaboration with Sarah Jones at Ruskin School of Art.

Proposed in response to gender dynamics in group critique, the two-part workshop used 1960s feminist consciousness raising exercises, speaking techniques, and collaborative enactment to create scripts for role-play that satirized art school power relations.



Habitat 1986 series, 2011-ongoing. Scan collage with lighting gel. Dimensions variable.

CRISM CRISM
Melt yourself onto an artist.
Applaud intermittently.

TAKE THE POSITION OF THE ARTWORK.
You are only able to repeat what you hear.
When you repeat what you hear you must rock from side to side.
Lay it on thick.