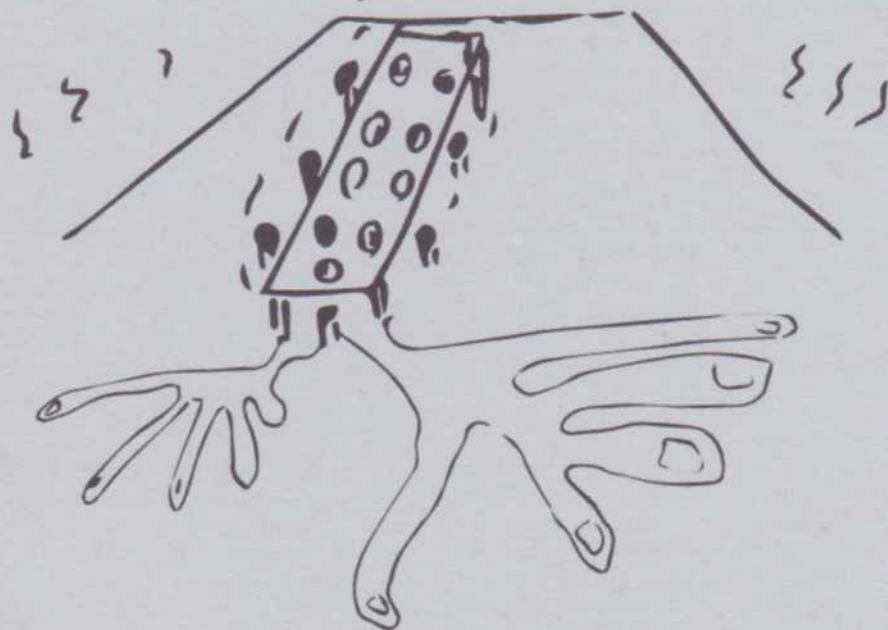
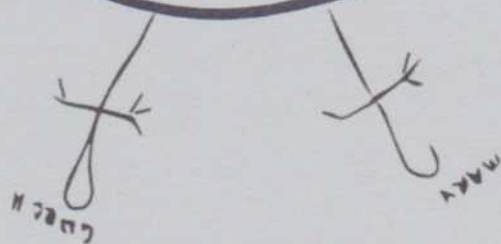
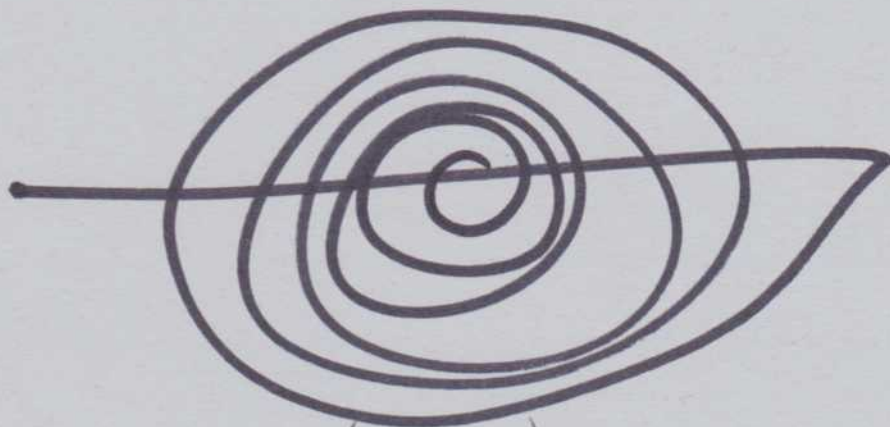
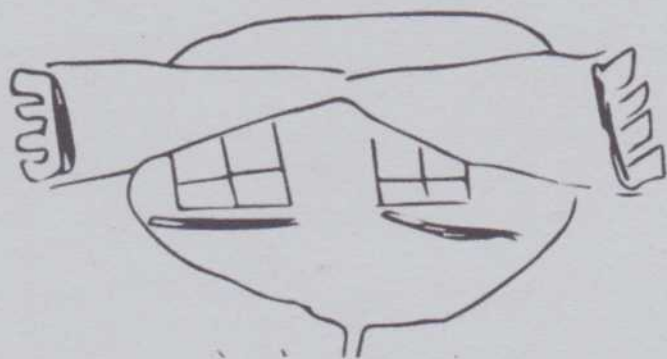




A publication assembled for
'doing your homework – eating your dinner – drawing a picture'
Saturday 18 January 2020 4.30–9pm
Flat Time House

Contributions by Constellations 2019-20

memories of publicness Amanda Ramasawmy	green
INTERFACE : archival documents arranged in stereo angharad daves	cobalt
I ride the white elephant Dunya Kalantery	orange
Taking a photograph Edwin Mingard	red
scenario Hannah Kemp-Welch	sky blue
bread and salt Katie Fiore	salmon
Section, Boundary, Line Mai Omer	lemon
The creative commons and neo-liberal institutions Miki Holloway	cream

INTERFACE : archival documents arranged in stereo by angharad davies

A feasibility study undertaken by Southwark Council in 1996 found that 78% of houses in the residential streets around Bellenden Road were privately owned. Of these, 84% were considered unfit for human habitation. These 2792 households made the area eligible for regeneration under the Local Government and Housing Act 1989.

The Bellenden Renewal Area was consequently established in July 1997 to improve the condition of poor-quality private housing in this part of Peckham. The programme of works offered improvements not only to individuals homes, but also to the surrounding public realm. At a meeting, residents identified the advantages of using artists to facilitate works on the latter. These included :

- making environmental improvements more sustainable
- providing income for local artists and local suppliers
- changing peoples' perception of the area
- attracting additional funds to the area
- providing training opportunities for young people
- bringing people together

The council recognised that local artists and suppliers would also keep deals cheaper and cash local as well as creating a PR buzzzzzz.

Twenty artists in total were commissioned to design and fabricate public facing interventions including improvements to pavements, street furniture and shop frontages. John Latham was one of the first to be approached.

Latham's participation involved his home at 210 Bellenden Road becoming public; the making of a FACE for the BRAIN, MIND, BODY EVENT and HANDS behind. Left eye opens.

Twelve doors down from what was becoming Flat Time House artist / educator Louise Ward was invited to redesign an exterior for Andy, the landlord of 151 Bellenden Road's CAR HIFI AND SECURITY shop. Left ear re-tuned.

Retreating back to now the right eye at 210 is worn out. On Tuesday it will be removed for repair and refabrication. Blinking for the first time in 17 years.

In the meantime, Andy has moved out towards Cambridge and the buzz around 151 comes from the blades of clippers. All that remains of Louise's labour is the cobalt blue door and *long lasting and durable* aluminium tread-plate that covers the pilasters flanking the shop. Right ear deafened, but earrings still glints at eye.

Consecutive pages image and document credits :

Left eye: 210 Bellenden Road | pre-2003 | image © John Latham Foundation

Right eye: Installation of Flat Time House facade artwork | 2003 | image © John Latham Foundation

Letter of complaint to Bellenden Road Renewal to contest decision of Southwark planning to reject redesign of 210 Bellenden Road | author John Latham | circa 2001 | image © John Latham Foundation

Left ear: 151 Bellenden Road photograph by Louise Ward | courtesy of Louise Ward

Right ear: 151 Bellenden Road | Google Street View | 19 December 2019 (since updated)

Letter to Bellenden Road Renewal Team confirming redesign of signage for 151 Bellenden Road | author Louise Ward | 2001 | courtesy of Louise Ward



BELLENDEN REGENERATION

Two years ago you asked me to redesign the front of my building.

Number 210 is an end-of-terrace site, at the other end of which is a Pentecostal Church. The maquette I presented is a new (and unforeseen) scaled up modern version of the Pentecostal Image for the elevation as an integrated frontage. (?a unifying concept for the terrace in accord with the initial request.). The design included the shop area converted into a show space .

Residents were said to be virtually 100% in favour of this concept.

Eighteen months later it goes for Southwark Planning Permission.

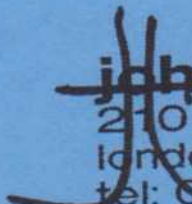
On 20.9.01 Planning permission is rejected. I am advised to make something else, ... smaller and not significantly at odds with the (characterless and confused) existing terrace...

Furthermore,

It took TWO WHOLE MONTHS for the Team (on 21.11.01) to let me see the notice of this decision ... !!

It is apparent that Southwark Planning has taken the proposal (for the whole frontage as the Concept as requested) .. to be no more than a "clip-on" to the building, like an advertisement.

I regard these misunderstandings as altogether too trivial to leave unchallenged. I also suggest that, as the initial request came from Bellenden Renewal, was presented by it and so well approved that it is for Bellenden Renewal to lodge an appeal against the decision.


john latham
210 bellenden road
london se15 4bw
tel: 071-639 3597



Louise Ward
Visual Artist / Educator
Tel / Fax 020 8445 5544
email louise@embassy-signs.co.uk

01.03.01

Dear Camilla,

Here is the drawing as promised.

The sign is designed to be long lasting and hard wearing and is unlikely to deteriorate at the same rate that paint or vinyl will, so long as the board behind the existing sign is in good repair.

Embassy Signs have sent me a quote already, which I include. It is pricey as I expected. Please note that Andy (from Car Hi-Fi) is not totally decided about whether to keep to the current shop name. If he changes it to "Pitstop" for instance, there will be fewer letters and therefore less cost!

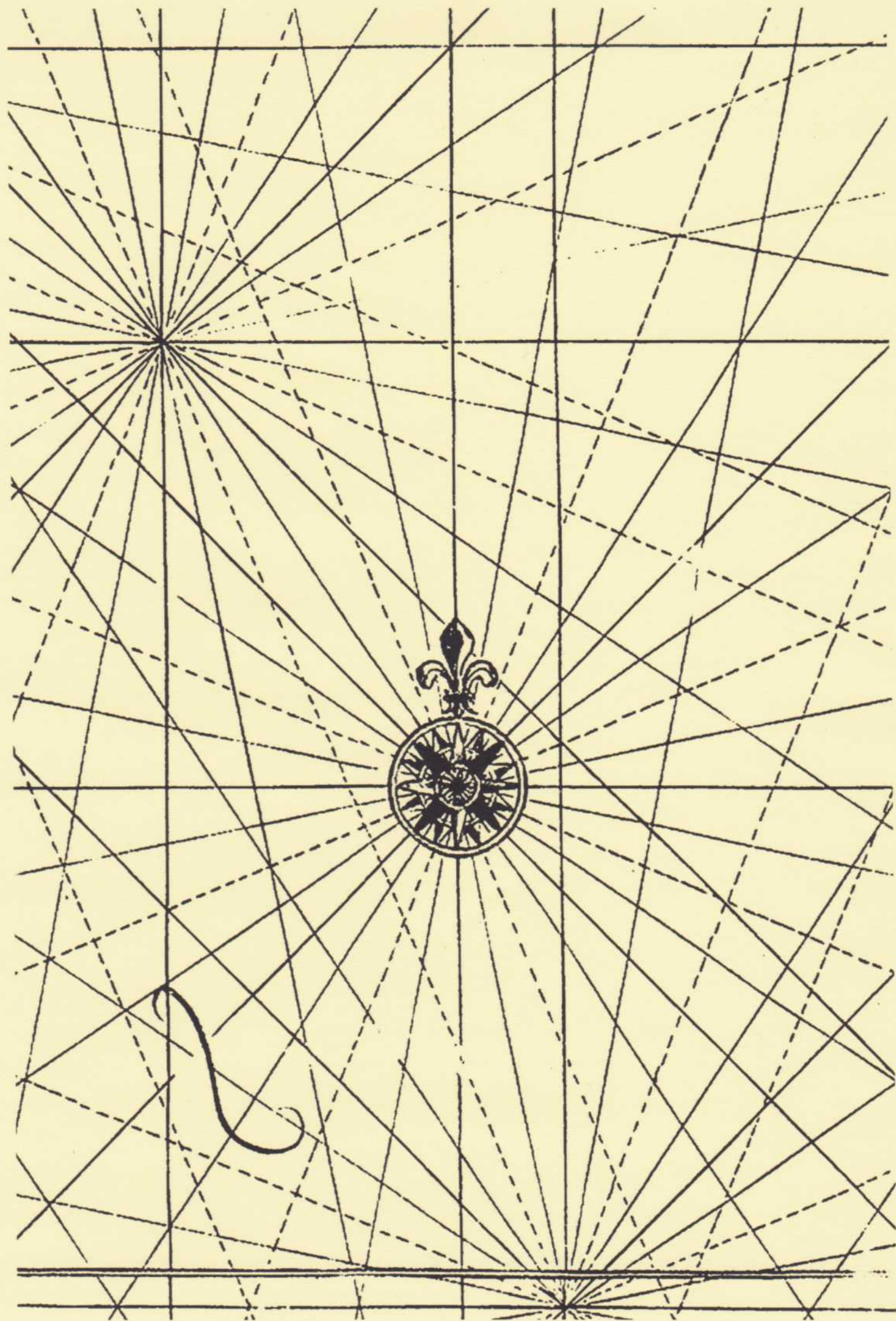
I would like to invoice my time at a set fee of £300.00, ie 2.5 days work, which I think is fair for the amount of time spent.

I hope this is all O.K. with you and the Bellenden Team.

Hope to hear from you soon,

Best wishes,

Louise.



memories of publicness

" H "

i was a kid playing in my front garden i must've been really young five or six we had daffodils growing and i picked them to give to my mum cos i was a cute little kid and there was this guy that used to come round the lottery pools man? it was some type of thing like that this big angry cornish man and he started shouting at me for picking the daffodils and he grabbed me round the ear and took me to my house and said to my mum *this kid has been picking the daffodils!* i was just really confused and kept trying to say *but this is my garden and these are mine* but he didn't seem to get that my mum did tell him off but i think he maybe thought it was a public space or that i was damaging private property it's just quite weird to be told off for the first time by someone who is not part of your family you don't quite understand as a kid

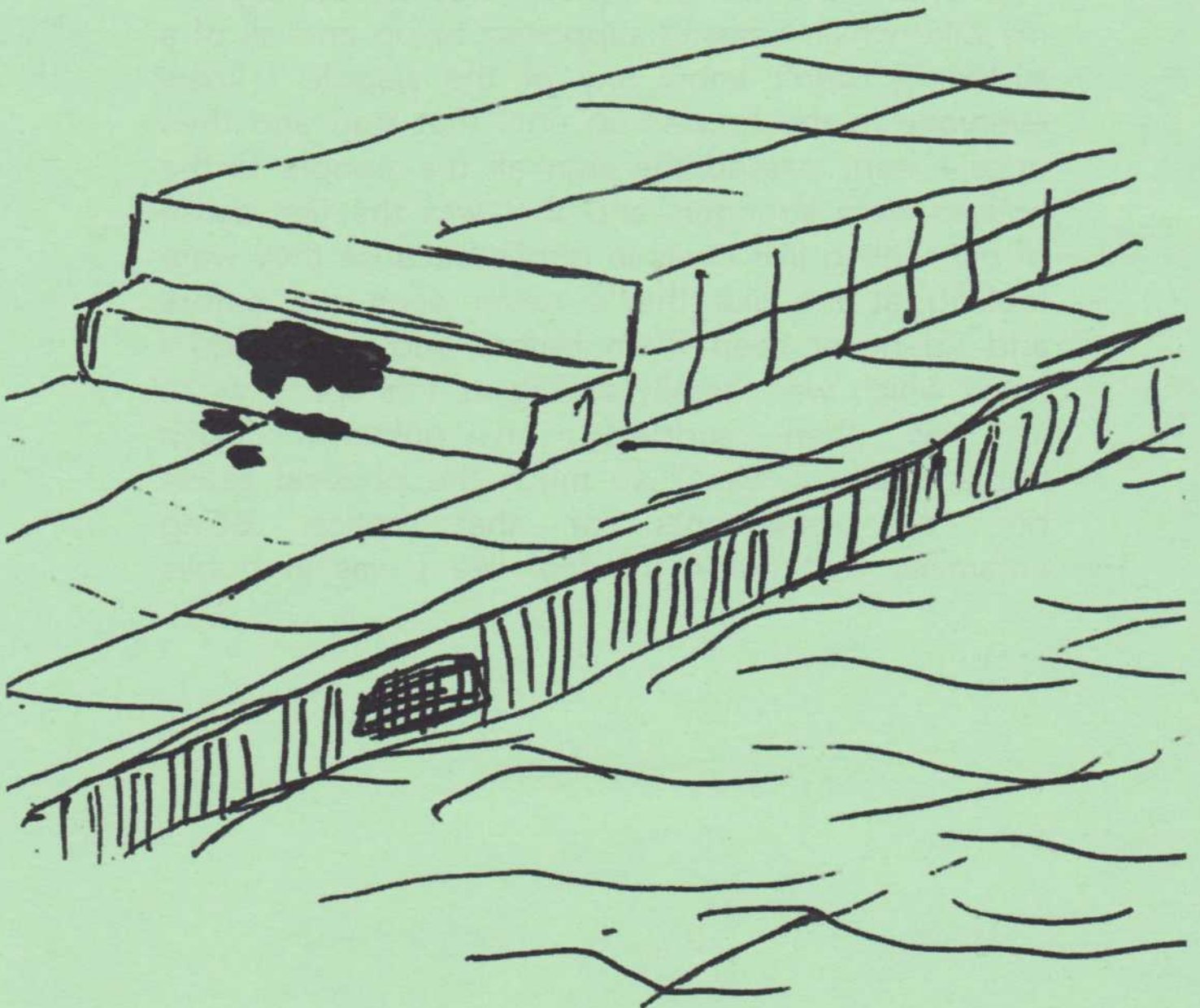


"

M

"

CRACKED HEAD
AT POOL



"

S

"

my grandma used to live in a cul-de sac i grew up in quite a rural part of england so the parameters of where i was allowed to go the limits i guess there was like a sign here and another sign over there i remember the first time i went beyond the sign on my bike which i wasn't supposed to do and all of a sudden i didn't know any of the people i knew everyone in the houses up until that sign and then once i went passed the sign all the people in the houses were strangers and that was the first sense of me feeling like i was in public because they were looking at me like they'd never seen me before and i'd never seen them before and that world i knew which was literally as big as this space we're in was then suddenly an unknown open public space it wasn't so much the physical space but the inhabitants of that space being unfamiliar that made me feel like i was in public



" T & K "

National Heritage Sites
my freedom pass
Olympic Park.

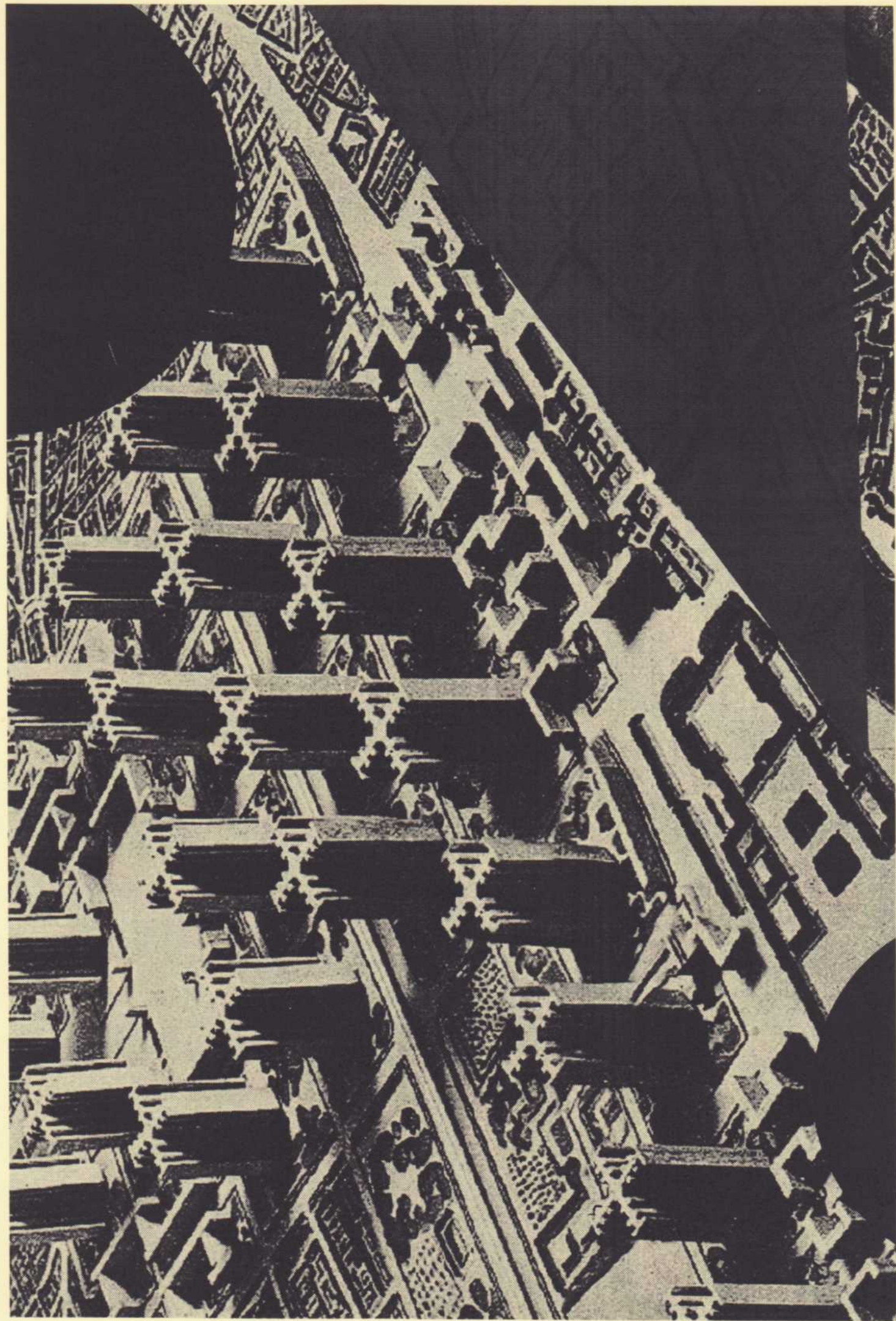


"

K

"

my first memory of being in public was really about feeling part of a community i grew up on an island and i was an only child so the only time i could really do anything is when i left the house and went from a private space to a public space i remember in the square outside my house there would always be old people doing activities and you could just hang out with them they'd have easels set up and they'd be making watercolours or maybe singing and playing music doing tai chi and stretching or whatever so my early memories of public spaces are memories of freedom getting out of my little flat not being with the adults that i knew and being with other kids who were also running around





I ride the white elephant through Westfield kicking up dandelions as I go

Stratford International Train Station. Running along the road side is a scrub of grass ditch, brambles, breathing chlorophyll into the dank silver grey that surrounds. A sign jammed onto a pole on the green: "Land owned by SBD Ltd. Pedestrians use at their own risk. The management will not accept responsibility for any damage, accidents or losses". The air smells of burnt rubber, my toes are numb, I watch my city burn in the cold fire. Stratford, "International". The Olympic Legacy, a trough for Westfield, they're the pigs, we're the food. I wonder how often the International station of Newham is used, mainline into Tiger, "Here East", a lifeless limb of the river with pedalos shaped like swans that can't swim.

I google Stratford International and I am told that people also often ask:

"Why is it called Stratford International?"

"Stratford International is a National Rail station in Stratford and a separate Docklands Light Railway (DLR) station nearby, located in East Village in London. Despite its name, no international services call at the station; plans for it to be served by Eurostar trains in and beyond the London Olympics never came to fruition. The original intended purpose of Stratford International station was to act as the London stop for regional Eurostar trains bypassing St Pancras and continuing to other destinations in Britain. However, Eurostar could not stop during the 2012 London Olympics ... Critics derided the station as a white elephant. The minutes [of some meeting, I'm not sure what] also said Westfield was disappointed with Eurostar's decision and believe it will hamper local trade. " (Wikipedia, 2020)

In Athens, the old Olympic airport sits derelict and destroyed - abandoned Olympic planes lazing on an air strip out the back, at the front, a concrete approach made for screeching doughnuts and driving lessons. Burnt out clutches of the state. At some point in the desert of 2015-2017 after Europe closed its borders to Greece, the arrivals terminal "sprung" a makeshift refugee camp, thousands of adults and children living in tents, little sanitation, no state care. Now cleared, deemed "unfit for human habitation", boarded up with flimsy Heras fencing & the dark Fuck Off of broken glass, burnt out windows, crumpled metal and sooty ground, romanticised by the beating sun. Those that lived here were moved on to temporary housing, to camps or squats, and then just moved on: out of site, out of mind, living out a social death elsewhere.

Step out of Stratford station and underneath the Welcome to Newham sign people welcome you into their homes. Blankets, teddies and a rug on the street. I feel invasive, what public private divide is this. Westfield is a wall of sparkles slamming right in front of my face, perpetual Christmas, glittering specks scratching at my eye. *Visit Santa's Secret Grotto! Where you and your whole family will be magically transported to the North Pole.* A few meters away, my train runs alongside the Stratford Centre, then the flyover lined with tents. Camping in the city; The Management will not accept responsibility for any damage, accidents or losses. Oh Sweet flow of global capital what wonderful legacies you leave.

A mother and daughter sit across from me on my driverless train. Russian I think, drinking cans of Desperado concealed in black plastic bags. We remind you that drinking is not allowed on any of our routes. Operators are monitoring this station.

I want to feel some sweetness dipped into me. Trust, intimacy and collaboration.

A conversation between two bus drivers. Talking about one bus trapping another at the depot, a failure in the timetabling, too close to one another. Even the busses need space.

In Ireland I felt the urge to stick my fingers in the soil and eat it, barky and peaty like burnt chocolate. It tasted of mud.

London tastes of metal, granite, falling on my face and eating gravel as a child. River Terrace deposits apparently, Brick Earth, Alluvium.

Im a city baby. I'm a city, baby. Until I was 25 I thought if you peeled back the surface of the city you'd find tarmac, gravel, and its concrete guts until the centre of the earth. So deep was my indoctrination into man's domination over nature, stay put, these are your borders. Then I spent a year working and living on land that had never been built on, never been farmed on, and I learnt the magical realism of foot on land vs foot on tarmac. Another year taught me how flimsy and powerful papers are, the paradox. Now I can feel the weeds breaking through cracks in the pavement and licking at my finger tips. Tree roots smashing pavements aside echo like bass in my heart.

Put your feet against this fence, lie on your back, arch it, place your forehead into the ground, breathe in the air behind you. Jump up, two feet on the floor, break into a walled garden at night, grab the soil push it into your fingernails, touch yourself touch your lover lick the dirt its yours to take. Fight the border fight enclosure fight alienation destroy fences let the brambles grow. Sleep.

What do you see? I hear sea gulls that shouldn't be here. Plants bearing through concrete pillars, life forming through the cracks. My tongue soft on the roof of my mouth, I breath their sunshine in. Feeling like I could blend softly into my surroundings like these puddles in weird, still, industrial spaces of speculation and poorly graded soil. This particular light piercing through afternoon buildings onto the windows of the DLR. My fingers meet the individual fibres of the gentle carpet of my seat. Weeds that have not yet been paved over, I see you. I slip between the cracks and grow. Rui da silva in my head: You touch my mind in special places... My heart races with you.. Many tongues spilling out of my one tongue, greeting the yarrow, dandelions, plantain, grasping at each other, entangled in our mutual saliva.

What happens that on some days I can feel this magic and allow the incessant otherness and metallic tones to drop away? The puddle's wetness rolls my tongue back, knotting, awakening some stirring wetness in me. These days, I am learning softness. You're grinding the enamel of your teeth down, my dentist told me, before gagging me with a mouthful of pink putty - a guard for my mouth. Do it quickly before your benefits stop, she said, or you'll have to pay £130 for the pleasure. I choked on my tongue, but only on the

morning that I realised I was having sweet dreams again did I realise there had just been nightmares for months. I've started to place something soft between my legs for them to hold, to resist the hard grip of my crossed legs as they clench against any possibility for desire. I stroke myself, unhinging from a vice-tight grip, my roots unfurling, smashing pavements aside. Unfortunately, The Management accept no responsibility for damages, accidents or losses. So most days I have to keep my roots in, my knickers dry and my self-possession tightly gripped.

Dunya Kalantery

The creative commons and neo-liberal institutions

Miki Holloway

Putting this essay in context, let's start by describing the most visible organised social bodies – Institutions. From Unions to Corporations, Institutions are all formed of complex levels of collective organisation. This scale and cohesion allows them to affect how we live, how we work, how we think. Understanding their structures are key in discerning how we have arrived at our present condition and where our future is being decided.

In 'Institutional Attitudes – Instituting Art in a Flat World', Pascal Gielen writes:

It is well known that institutions have always played a crucial role in mediating between the real world and the imagined world. Whereas the church moderated the contact between heaven and earth by means of rituals... the modern age museums and educational institutions took it upon themselves to propagate national treasures and heritage ...

These are places where normalisation happens. Places where the horizons of what is possible in the world are broadened or withdrawn. The past and future are not pre-determined, but subject to the power held in institutions. As Franco Berardi describes in 'The Age of Impotence and the Horizon of Possibility':

In order to emerge from the chaotic vibrational dimension of possibility a body needs potency. Potency is the energy that links a possibility inscribed in the present with its subject.

The potency he speaks of is in the institution, by giving the social body form. Here horizons are being set by collective imaginaries of various players. The power battle over whose imagination is taking hold can carry across all areas of life. Despite this, the relevance and impact of public institutions has broken up under Neoliberalism. Who has benefited from this?

Neoliberalism is defined in Encyclopedia Britannica as –

... belief in sustained economic growth as the means to achieve human progress, its confidence in free markets as the most-efficient allocation of resources.

By reading this through a lens of the commons we can see the nefarious effects of the clout of private property on our public Institutions. Through shrinking state funding and an

opening up to the free market, public institutions established on liberal democratic values in the post-war settlement have been decaying for decades.

In this modern renaissance of enclosures we see how the children of private property - standardisation and homogenisation - have overcome the diverse reality of localised particularities that constitute healthy social life and a commons.

That politically centrist post-war perspective that sees the absolving of the inherent antagonism of conflicting interests within society as a process of reform and negotiation has failed. We now see those antagonisms reaching boiling point.

We can see that large institutions lack the communities of practice that enable non homogenous multiplicity of aesthetics for collective reflection and creation. This is reflected in the fall in visitor numbers to art institutions from people from low socio-economic status (Though perhaps there is a wisdom in their absence, as participation on meritocratic terms offered would not meaningfully address their interests). What would it look like if institutions facilitated peoples' culture rather than presented culture to them?

In 'Contemporary Art: Ex-art: Retro-transfiguration Into the Commonplace', Suhail Malik describes how Contemporary art demonstrates an example of how neoliberal individualism has left interpretation as an individual and subjective mechanism. As he describes, the modernist view that put art at the top of a vertical value structure with the everyday at the bottom has been dissolved. The gallery and the world have become equally spectacular design features, with no differentiation. So interpretation and creation has become a free for all, looking at 'stuff' – 'it means what you want it to mean'. Artworks become objects, losing their status as function serving, essentially social, artefacts. We're then left with relativistic subjective reflections without human contextual practices of community and ritual.

Despite art institutions having abandoned authoritative standards of taste and aesthetic long ago through the consolidation of Institutional Critique within their programmes, participation with these institutions from people not 'situated within the discourse' has not increased. As summarized by artist Andrea Fraser when reflecting on a performance work at the Guggenheim in 2005

... artistic institution as an unsurpassable, all defining frame, sustained through its own inwardly directed critique. Andrea Fraser

This is sad to demonstrate that though art could allow so much to the collective imaginary, its institutions are impotent while unable to allow diverse communities of practice to set

the horizons and terms.

If we think of Utopia as a society where people have much stronger, engaged social bonds between one another, at the opposite end of the spectrum is precisely the negation of these bonds...Dystopia.. every individual isolated from one another. Greory Claeys, Dystopias, BBC WS, 2019

Crossing all these issues- there's long been demands to prioritise human relationships as the focal point for social change. We can see the balance of freedom between the individual and the collective playing out. While freedom has been described as a basis of individual autonomy, after decades of individualism, we are now seeing the limits of that model of freedom. Though the individual can act as they wish, collective agency is necessary to change the real horizon of possibility. In order to allow the re-composition of an affective engaged public world, institutions can re-gain some relevance and use by recognising the needs and practices of existing disaffected communities. An understanding of the creation of cultural commons can open up that dialogue.

A commons is constituted by three elements: community, resource and the protocol. Rather than the resource itself, a commons is about the way in which access to the resource is organised. This is where the protocol comes in. As laws of access, they are constituted by those participating in them, rather than a standardised 'law of the commons'. This is key to their function as it means they are of the people and conditions in which they exist, and able to adapt and evolve responsively.

Though a cultural commons doesn't come in a flat pack box, we need an ethical practice to allow them to emerge. An aesthetic experience of care creates a form of cultural production where the relationships build mutually supported protocol. Following this, participants have access to internal resources, their inter-subjective ideas and creativity.

What distinguishes a cultural commons from usual forms of collaboration is that what is created can be completely specific to the participants lived situation. Whatever is made will be relevant to their embodied conditions, not decontextualized from their unique life and environment.

In creative processes aesthetic human contextual practices allow us to make meaning by lived association to, and knowledge of, the thing being made. This cultural production creates and carries meaning for those with the experience and knowledge of that specific practice. Through this, their aesthetic experience of the object consecrates it to transmit its meaning, rather than through the institution's frame. Within a neo-liberal institution people encounter artefacts and creation without seeing it as meaningful, but just as 'stuff'.

Large institutions lack those communities of practice that enable non homogenous multiplicity of aesthetics for collective reflection and creation.

As a methodology I am proposing a cultural commons where the consecration and creation of the work gives us artefacts that serve their purpose within their local context of meaning. People making art together in a group. There are specific factors necessary to this – such as all participants being present when the idea arrives. Then what is created is not being gauged on a standardised model of aesthetic standards, nor is it a free for all where 'it means whatever you want it to mean'. The participants own their means to create and interpret on their own specific terms and protocol, creating rules that bind the work away from individualistic relativism.

As their creativity is not bound to standardisation, it's not possible to represent this aesthetic meaning and translate it to another context, as it's the contextual practice that consecrates it in its entirety. This means their creative process is free from commodifying forms of representation. By introducing other participants into the creative process, the process adapts and facilitates them and the form changes.

One metaphor created to explain this process in a session of commoning practice was creating an ice sculpture. The community practicing set a temperature – their protocol, which is made up of creating an aesthetic between them. This temperature has to be just right to maintain the ice sculpture – their creative output. Introducing this ice sculpture to other contexts, other participants, adjusts the temperature – the aesthetic interpretation and protocol. As the temperature changes so will the ice sculpture. This metaphor reveals that maintaining an empowered reciprocal process on the cultural commons is a delicate process that must be continually adaptive to its conditions. Though this is entirely where its power lies.

The methodology is aimed at creating an empowered aesthetic experience that facilitates participants' ability to meaningfully work together.

A key element is that in a session we don't bring in pre-conceived ideas or work through goal-orientation, so we don't know what we will do before we are there and participants are present when an idea is created. This method comes from research done by David Bohm, a physicist whose book *On Dialogue* explores ways to facilitate meaningful communication.

... In dialogue we are not going to have any agenda, we are not going to try to accomplish any useful thing. As soon as we try to accomplish a useful purpose or goal, we will have an assumption behind it as to what is useful and that assumption is going to limit us. Different people will think different things are useful.

Schoolmaster, he talks about how vertical value structures of intelligence only reproduce the illusion of ignorance.

...By saying "He is more intelligent," you have simply summed up the ideas that tell the story of the fact. You have given it a name. But the name of the fact is not its cause, only a metaphor... you are merely stating a tautology.

What he's describing is that there is no evidence base in the argument that one individual has more intelligence than another. 'Emancipation is becoming conscious of this equality of nature'. On this deconstruction of vertical value of education, the meritocratic structures of our current institutions look irrelevant.

We can see the logical argument that prioritising mutual recognition would overcome the neglect we currently receive in the alienating structures born out by neo-liberal institutions. But beyond logic, there is simple human need for ethics of care that is ignored by standardisation. By re-invigorating those values we are able to embody this necessary shift.

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Teaching to Transgress – bell hooks

On Dialogue – David Bohm

Institutional Attitudes – Pascal Gielen

This is Not Art – Alana Jelinek

The Age of Impotence and the Horizon of Possibility – Franco 'Bifo' Berardi

The Politics of Experience and The Bird of Paradise – R.D Laing

Common Culture – Paul Willis

Scenario: part one

An **Institution** is troubled by data showing that their gallery is almost exclusively visited by **Art Audiences**. A survey of their neighbours shows that **Local People** rarely visit their space. As they are in receipt of public funding, this is a Concern.

This also concerns their **Funders**. The **Learning Team** ask the **Funders** for a grant that will support a long term Project designed to change this. They convene a **Working Group of Community Leaders** to assist the Project.



Activity

Please offer any thoughts that could...

- a. help the Institution, or
- b. show an alternative view on the relationship between public funds, art / heritage, and communities.

Please cut out this section and return to Hannah Kemp-Welch
c/o Flat Time House, 210 Bellenden Road, London SE15 4BW

Scenario: part two

The **Institution** invites you to make an Artwork with **Local People**.

This is a key element in the Project.

They would like the process to be Collaborative.

The **Institution** would like you to make Conceptual Art* in response to Local Issues.

*The **Curatorial Team** consider Art to be Critical.

They hold considerable Influence.

The **Learning Team consider Art to be Aspirational.

They manage your Contract.

The **Community Leaders** would like you to engage **Underserved Communities** in the Project. They do not share the **Institution's** interest in Conceptual Art and ask questions about what you will Make and how this will Benefit the participants.

Further reflections

How can you reconcile the aims of these stakeholders?

Can the values of arts practice and the values of social work meet on equal terms?

What makes a process 'collaborative'?

Scenario: part three

You are asked to write a Proposal for how you will create the Artwork with the **Community**.

The **Institution** gives you a list of **Underserved Communities** that they would like you to work with.

You have never met members of these **Underserved Communities** so have limited understanding of their interests and needs. You also have limited time and resources.



Activity

What would help you in this situation?

Strategies:

Support:

Is collaboration still on the cards?

Please cut out this section and return to Hannah Kemp-Welch
c/o Flat Time House, 210 Bellenden Road, London SE15 4BW

Scenario: part five

You begin work with **Underserved Communities**.

You develop relationships with **Individuals** and feel this is of Value.

You hear their views on the themes and feel this is of Value.

This must now be translated into the Artwork.



Activity

What does this project mean to you?

Consider your...

- a. motivations, and
- b. expectations.

Please cut out this section and return to Hannah Kemp-Welch
c/o Flat Time House, 210 Bellenden Road, London SE15 4BW

Scenario: part six

The exhibition opens at the Institution. It is in the Learning Space and called a Display.

The **Underserved Communities** are pleased their work is nicely displayed.

The **Community Leaders** are pleased their Community is recognised by the Institution.

The **Learning Team** is pleased that the Community have engaged with the Institution.

The **Local People** are not really sure why this is interesting.

The **Art Audiences** are not really sure if this is art.

The **Funders** are not really sure if this is evidence of Change.

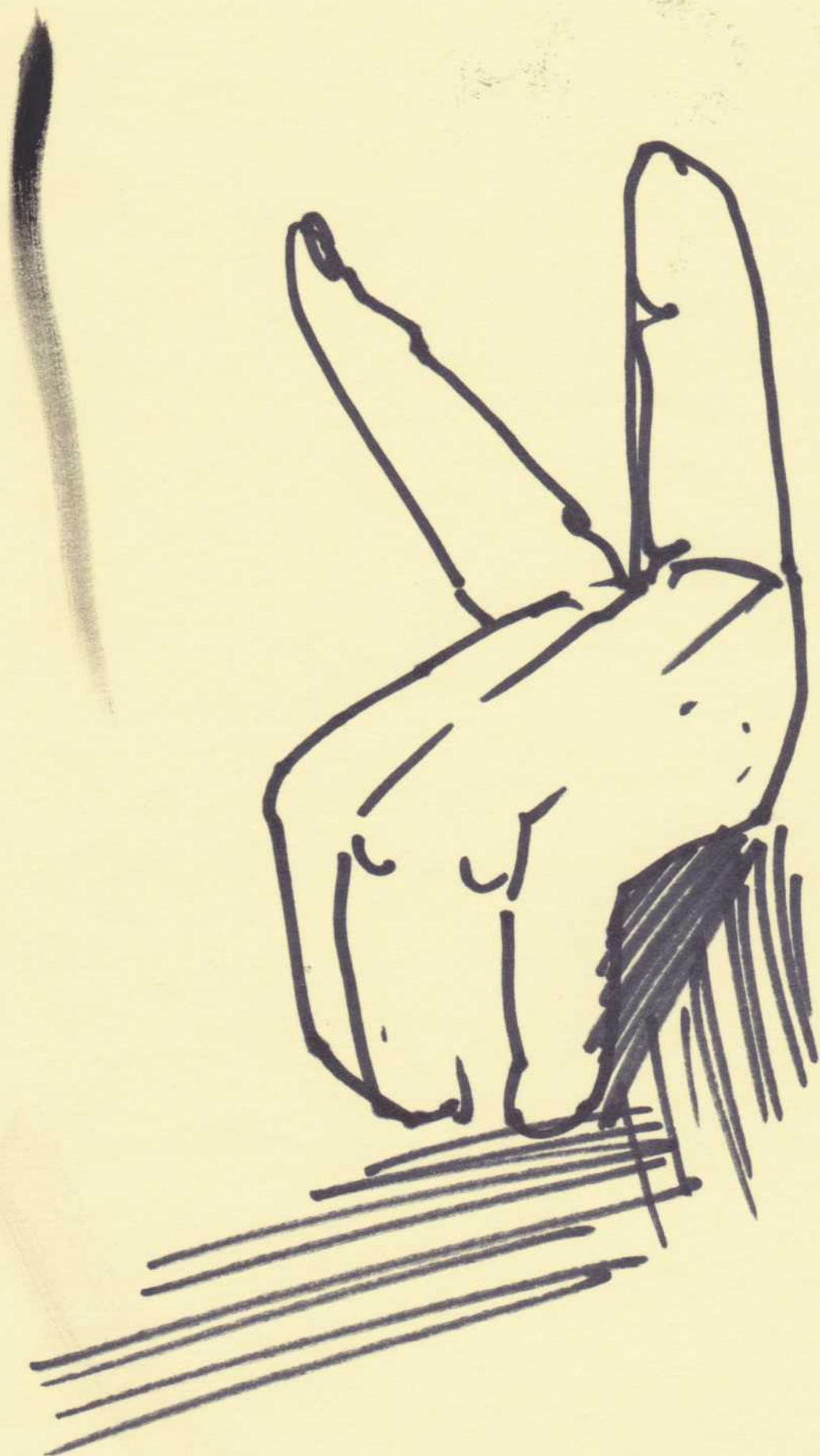
The **Curatorial Team** are in the Main Gallery, working on an exhibition by an **International Artist**. They ask when the Community Project will be over so they can use the Learning Space to display materials relating to the International Artist's Process.

Further reflections

How do you feel the scenario played out?

Was this a valuable exercise?

Was there a longer term benefit?





Hospitality in a Hostile Environment

something about then, something about now, and something about today

Etymology of the word 'hospitality' -

derives from the Latin hospes, meaning “host”, “guest”, or “stranger”. Hospes is formed from hostis, which means “stranger” or “enemy” (the latter being where terms like “hostile” derive).

"The aim is to create, here in Britain, a really hostile environment"

Theresa May, 2012

"Not all new arrivals are recieved as guests if they don't have the benefit of the right to hospitality, the right of asylum, etc. Without this right, a new arrival can only be introduced "in my home," in the host's "at home," as a parasite, a guest who is wrong, illegitimate, clandestine, liable to expulsion or arrest."

Derrida, of hospitality

Is it safe to talk here?

wouldnt this mother tongue be a sort of second skin that you wear on yourself, a mobile home?

Is it safe to talk here?

My mother and father were always great hosts. Family life centered around the dinner table. My dad worked in hospitality so he taught me, from a young age, how to fold napkins into boat shapes and how to perfect the swan. I always thought this was quite magical and understand now this drive to make a house a home stemmed from a period of unsettlement. As European immigrants to the UK in 1970s, they were welcomed, with conditional love and supported by a system of social housing.

What kind of support systems or collectivity do we have outside of late capitalism? How can we host, unconditionally, and what does hospitality mean in 2020?

"When we first arrived in England in '75 we lived in a myriad of hostels and houses later condemned because of rats, falling apart. We had Natascia and I was pregnant with Robert at the time. It took us from September '77 until '78, just before Robert was born, probably March '78, to get a council flat. We lived in a council estate near Vauxhaull Bridge until 1979 but then we had to go back to Italy. We came back to London in 1984 and at that time we were living in one bedroom in a flat in Kensington; that was private. We literally had a room in somebodies flat, we had one single bed for all four of us. That's when we got the council flat in Dulwich, just before Esterina was born, so late February '85. Broderick House in Kingswood Estate. We were there until about 1991. The first time we went into the flat and closed the door, for me it was like, oh my god I've got a home of my own. It was a feeling of safety and a new start.

It was February, it was freezing cold, no carpets, no central heating. The first thing we had to buy were beds, and a kitchen table and chairs. We didn't have any help to buy furniture, unlike in the 1970s. There was no cooker so we had to buy one of those hob things. We had sold some jewellery to buy these things. I remember, the first weekend in the flat it was so cold that we spent the weekend in bed. The over-riding feeling though was being in a safe space. If you imagine someone who has escaped violence in their country, that feeling of being in a safe space overrides everything. It was like, if you have opportunities and you are able to work and find friends, you can get on your feet again. I can't imagine how it would have felt if we had been shunned. Being able to get a home was huge because in the private sector we had one room for the family. We wouldn't have been able to live if we hadn't got a council house. We had nothing, it was freezing, but we had a home with a fair rent and it felt like we had been given a huge opportunity."

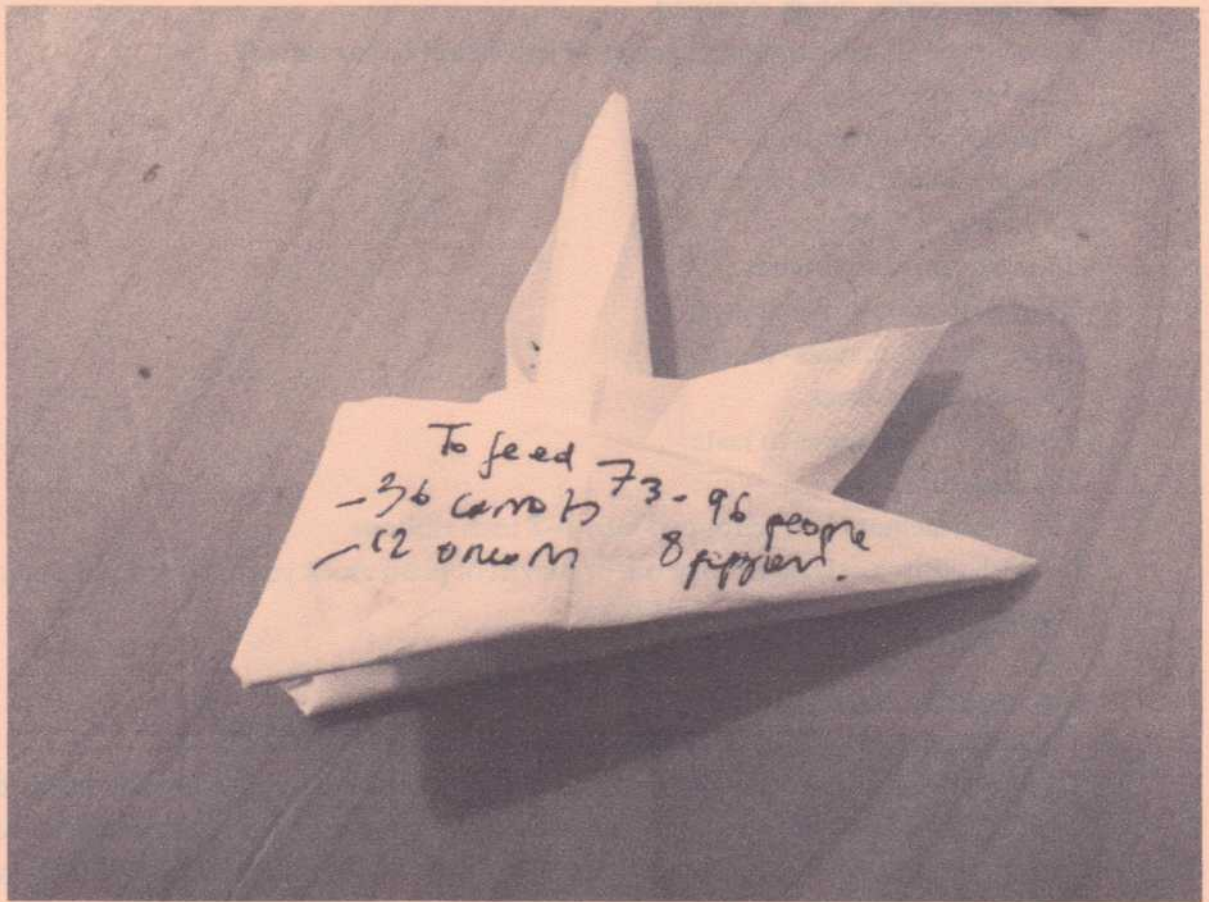
mum

*Wouldn't This
Mother Tongue
Be A Sort Of
Second Skin
That You Wear
on Yourself? A
Mobile Home?*

"Throughout at least 90 percent of the time that humans have existed as 'anatomically modern', they lived in remarkably egalitarian societies, based on food sharing and gift exchange with little or no sign of differences in rank. The modern pattern of inequality was largely absent amongst hunters and gatherers and began to develop only with the beginnings of agriculture."

xix Richard Wilkinson and Kate Pickett, Inequality and Why it Persists

After the result of the 2019 election, the reaction from those left feeling a little heartbroken and losing hope in governmental politics, was that in 2020 mutual aid, community organising & grass-roots-care in the community are going to be essential social/ political tools in order to protect the most vulnerable in society from a government that does not show empathy or care about care. In other words, we must show each other hospitality. is topic of care has been oating around in the art world for a while now - creating 'micro-utopias' or; 'artificial hells' as Claire Bishop refers to them. Social practice is slippery- we attempt to use the tools, money, resources and platforms of the art-world to further our cause. Social practice is art world Organising but what is the scope for real and meaningful change? As we become social-worker-business-entrepreneur-activist- we in part do the work that the government does not. Just like with the food-bank, the responsibility for social care is shouldered onto communities & not centralised government. This is not a polemic on social practice or a diagnosis, I am not qualified, or perhaps I don't have the energy, because like most people operating under these conditions, what's dominating most of my headspace these days is survival-mode, or in relation to Flat Time House - the 'instinctive' mode of being, caught in the perpetual state of -eating your dinner-. We need solid support systems to access intuitive modes of thinking - optimal conditions in which to thrive and grow. Our animal instict is activated and our bodies are aware that neoliberal predators lurk around every corner. If we all had a collective energy-system to water our gardens, tend to our crops, cook us dinner, society would look very different, and more individuals would have the opportunity to thrive. Which is exactly why successive governments aim to slowly dismantle our societal support systems and demonise those who rely on them. In the constant battle (against) political inertia, in 2020 we have to look for new ways of collaborating, working together and organising, and in some ways we may have to go back to basics.



"Let us say yes to who or what turns up, before any determination, before any anticipation, before any identification, whether or not it has to do with a foreigner, an immigrant, an invited guest, or an unexpected visitor, whether or not the new arrival is the citizen of another country, a human, animal, or divine creature, a living or dead thing, male or female."

The Body Event - 18/01/20

Tunisian chickpea stew with carrot & tops, turmeric and harissa

Feeds 72 - 96 people

36 tablespoons olive oil
12 onion, diced
36 large carrots, peeled and cut into ½ inch thick half moons (and their tops, chopped -tops are optional)
72 cloves garlic, rough chopped
12 tablespoon fresh thyme or sage (or sub a couple bay leaves)
12 teaspoon cumin
12 teaspoon coriander
12 teaspoon smoked paprika
12 teaspoon turmeric
12 teaspoon fennel seeds
24 tablespoons tomato paste
24 medium tomatoes- diced
48 cups veggie stock
6 teaspoon salt, more to taste
36 cans chickpeas
12 bunch lacinato kale, chopped into 1-2 inch ribbons.
Garnish with- a drizzle of olive oil, or a swirl of plain greek yogurt (or sour cream, or labneh) and a drizzle of Harissa Paste

Instructions

In a large heavy bottom pot heat the oil over medium high heat.

Chop the onion, carrot and garlic and add to the pan, seasoning well with salt and pepper. Sauté until tender - about 5 minutes, stirring often. Turn heat to medium.

Add the cumin, coriander, smoked paprika, turmeric, fennel seeds and tomato paste, and sauté until the paste darkens about 2 minutes.

Add the tomatoes. Bring to a boil, scrapping up the brown bits. Reduce by half, about 5 minutes.

Add the stock.

Add the chickpeas, kale and carrot tops and simmer on med-low heat for 10-15 minutes.

Taste for salt, adjust and add more if necessary.

Swirl a teaspoon of harissa paste at a time for added flavor (Alternatively, you could add it to individual bowls)

To serve, divide among bowls and either drizzle with olive oil, or swirl in yogurt, and a little more harissa to taste. Serve with crusty bread.

Who takes the picture and why it matters

Edwin Mingard (*extract from How To Take A Photograph*)

When you first start taking pictures, chances are they'll be of inanimate objects, landscapes, friends and other people you know. You might take them for fun, or also to get better at photography. After a while, hopefully you'll start to feel confident enough to start a body of work with a specific focus. Maybe you'll call it a 'project'. You don't have to do this to be a photographer, but for many people it's a step between thinking about each picture on its own, and thinking about your photography as a thing with something wider to say.

For some people, starting a project or a body of work will happen pretty quickly. For others it might take many years. You might even start taking pictures for fun, and realise after awhile that it's turned into a body of work without you even realising it - a friend as they get older, portraits of people you work with, a place you go every day through the seasons.

As you start to think more about your work and projects, you'll start to question lots of things that you might have taken for granted when you were taking your first photograph. You might start to question, for example, who it is that's taking the photograph, and why? What your work would look like if you used different kinds of camera?

On the next page there are a few examples of questions to consider, and suggestions for things you might try. It's only an introduction, and there are many more ways you might think of to address the same questions.

Who takes the photograph?

Who, or what,
is in the
photograph?

Friends



People who have
a specific job

What is their
relationship to
the
photographer?

People you work
with (warehouse
shift workers, for
example)



People you've
contacted first
online

Who takes the
photograph?

You do



The subjects
themselves (such
as builders on a
construction site
taking photos of
themselves at
work)

What is used
to take the
photograph?

Your favourite
camera, that
you're most
comfortable with

A camera that has
some relationship
to the subject (like
using a camera
from the 1970s to
document an area
of industrial
decline)

And then...



People who live in a particular place (the residents of a housing block, for example)



People having a particular experience (children on their first day of school, for example)

When is the photograph taken?

Friends



People you build a relationship with over the course of a project

Who owns the photograph?

People with a relationship to the subject (students taking pictures of the inside of their dorm rooms, for example)

An automated process (a camera on a timer, a camera that's triggered when someone enters a space)

Who will see the photograph?

A camera that has a specific technical function (a waterproof camera, or a camera that takes super high speed pictures)

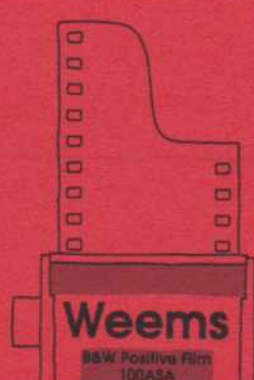
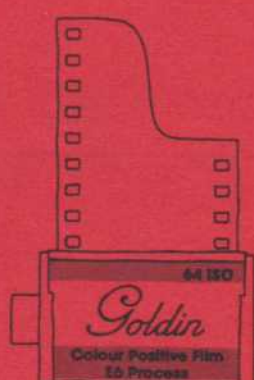
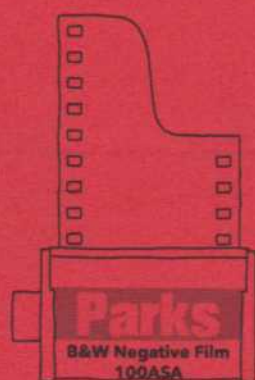
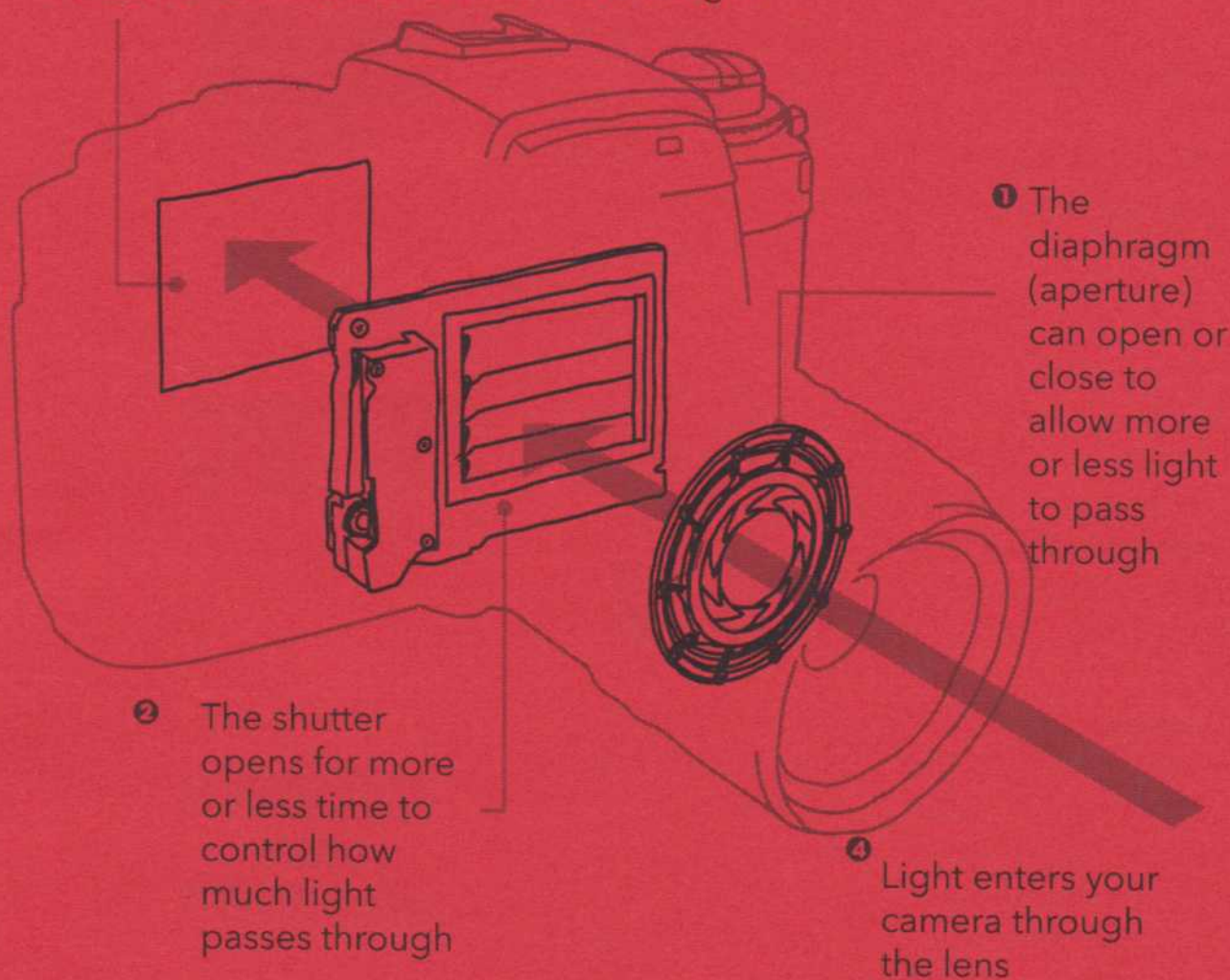


Where and when will the photograph be seen?

Light and your camera

Your camera takes a good picture by making sure exactly the right amount of light hits the film or digital sensor. It does this through three mechanisms: the aperture (also called the diaphragm), the shutter, and the sensitivity of the film or sensor itself.

- ③ You can use different film, or set your digital camera's sensor, to be more or less sensitive to light





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