





**Marita Fraser**

*Speaking With: Feminist methods for scoring excess*

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**PhD**

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**Documentation of Practice**

**VOLUME TWO**



## **Some words about the form of this submission**

This project identifies 'speaking with' as a feminist method of thinking and making in my practice of art writing, painting, moving image and installation and in the practice of other makers and writers. The documentation of the practice created through this research project is included in this volume, being Volume 2 of the submission.

'Speaking with' as the method and subject of this project, is identified, investigated and enacted through text in the thesis component of the submission and through practice outcomes of expanded painting/installation practice, art writing and moving image documented in this Volume Two. This project is self-reflexive being both an articulation of the method 'speaking with' as well as a document of practice produced through the method's enactments and material outputs.

Volume 2 is the documentation of 'speaking with' as a method in my fine art practice, including works of fiction, auto fiction, event scores, prose, moving image and a solo exhibition of paintings, sculpture, installation, performative text and film. These works are documents of research enacted as practice, they do not all necessarily operate as finished artworks, or as a single body of work for a particular location, publication or exhibition. They have been made with a variety of different materials, at different times, some being more complete as stand alone artworks than others. Volume 2 is a gathering of pieces of making and thinking into something that can be viewed collectively as research practice, moving through differing material outputs

over time.

The two volumes 'speak with' each other, through footnoting, image references and in some of the more self reflective writing in the thesis. It is intended that the two volumes be viewed side by side, so they may converse with us and each other.

All images in this volume are assumed to be credited to the author unless otherwise stated.





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*The Cup* (2016)



## *The Cup (2016)*

Direction to the reader: Text to be narrated live to single projected image or as recorded soundtrack to projected image.

-----

This is a photo of a cup I made.  
I wanted to make some kind of vessel that I would find comforting.  
Something to hold, to rest in my hand, that you can warm with tea.  
To drink from something I had made.  
That magic of turning mud into a vessel.  
I wanted to make something from the ground, from the mud, that I had dug from the side of the Lea, a muddy hollow at the back of the marshes, a 10 minute walk from my house.

I know that its there but I don't visit often. I head out the door and turn left towards the bus, then the overground then the tube. Not some much time for turning right, past the council depot, over the bridge, into the overgrown filter beds, out through the back of the marsh, and down to the river diversion.

Its forested here, quiet,  
apart from the occasional huffing of a runner,  
the rustle of a dog and walker,  
the shrieking of the weekend football games held not so far away.

I saw a flash of orange/red mud, through the cool ripple of the stream,  
it caught my eye, that colour.  
I walked down the scented bank, held onto a sapling with one arm and reached in with the other and scooped, it was sticky and smooth,  
I had to bring it home.  
This beautiful mud, unformed and waiting.

It took many tries to get that shape,  
that sit perfectly in your hand shape,  
and the handle so long and so drawn out.

You can see my finger mark in the photo, its says

"I was here, my hand made this".

I crushed some charcoal and made it into a paste to paint on the rim,  
a mark to say,

"I see you, I made you, I caressed you with my hand and my brush".

Mud marked with ashes.

I look at this image and I can feel the cool water,  
hear a panting dog nearby.

That unknown smell of time passing without me to witness it.

The source of the River Lea was recorded in a visit by some one called the “diamond geezer” in his blog in 2009.

He writes

“The cycle way curved across the valley, crossing the empty no-mans land between neighboring estates.  
Town planners might once have thought otherwise, but this lonely track was nowhere I’d consider walking after dark.  
Then, right on cue as the rain eased and the sun came out, the brook headed off into adjacent farmland with a more-than tempting footpath alongside.”

“And this was gorgeous. The swollen stream skirted the edge of a rolling cornfield, starkly illuminated against the threatening sky.”

“Another railway, another estate.”

“Eventually the stream disappeared to cross beneath the midland train line with strips of torn paper and plastic bags dangling from the barred grille outflow on the opposite side. “

“The official source of the River Lea is at the foot of the notorious Marshes Estate, on the outskirts of Luton.  
Rainwater gathers beneath the tower blocks, and flows out of a pipe beneath a flat topped concrete channel.”

- - -

On reading his narration of the river's source, I reflected on my glorious mud, this vessel for drinking, formed from a build up of sludge, from the bowels of the Marshes Estate.  
I wondered what had been burnt to create the charcoal I had ground up to make my marks.  
Was it the willow ,  
prized for its mark making abilities  
or something else.

- - -

This is the image of a cup I found.

When last in Crete I had visited Knossos, a Minoan city from, 1500 BC.  
The site of an ancient Cretan society excavated by the Victorian archaeologist Arthur Evans.

Arthur Evans characterized the Bronze Age culture of Crete as Minoan, after the legendary King Minos.  
From the material he excavated at the Knossos site, Evans devised a chronological scheme for Minoan civilization on Crete.  
Rather than leaving the ruins in the state they were uncovered, Evans believed the former splendor of Knossos could somehow be revived – giving visitors a lucid vision of the past . He hired artist Piet De Jong to spearhead a spate of building and reconstruction. The Knossos I was visiting had been built in 1900, in substantial part, as Evans’ own modernist Victorian concrete vision.

When I visited Evans’s concrete constructions of his imagined Minoan temples were being restored.  
Two historical sites, Victorian and ancient being reconstructed simultaneously in the present.

- - -

This is an image of a Terracotta miniature one-handed cup from the Late Minoan period around 1500 B.C. from the collection of the Met Museum.

If you google "Minoan miniature one handed cup" – it is currently the first image to appear in your image return.

I look at my cup again, I can see how fire has made a transformation from plastic to solid. And I think about painting, beyond mark marking, the pushing of a liquid material onto or into another body. Here the painting of a coloured liquid, through fire, has fused onto and transformed, the rim of the base material.

Painting, being the transformation of a surface material through the application of a liquid material. The paint itself undergoes a transformation of liquid to solid. Painting having some kind of material agency outside of the painter and the painted. Beyond mark marking, it is the movement of a material into another.

What is it about painting that has held me here, for a moment. For me, painting is a material, an action and a history which allows one to re-in act death on a daily basis. The reformation of things through destruction and recreation.

- - -

The cup is photographed with its shadow moving off screen and a grey infinity shadow behind it. There is no horizon in the image even though the cup is resting on a surface. It sits perfectly in its museum lit space. The photograph of the cup, as I encounter it, is staged to show one viewpoint, I cannot walk around the object peer into it or under it. It is presented flattened into a two dimensional rendering. If we look at the lighting, there is a shadow to the front lip of the cup, and the inside lip is lit. The lighting points to the vessel like quality of the object, articulating inside and outside, so I know it is a cup, in more than just name.

This image of an object drawn through the photographers rendering, carries a latent materiality beyond the visualised image. The cup and the material it is derived from, form an independent agency and energy.

What is left in the shadow, the agency of things, once their subjecthood is removed?

The thumb print invites the viewer into the work and its making, and in doing so the material animates itself into its own speculative histories of mud, form and mark making.

Where does your finger, lip, eye touch the object.

If I now erase the cup from the image, the material agency of the photograph remains, the lighting, shadow, the infinite space behind, the lack of horizon, the bright foreground.

This photograph of the cup, within which the cup was made and is remade. is a space of activated matter, the space within which its shadow lies, and that is where I will leave this cup to rest.



Marita Fraser, *The Cup*, (2016). Performance, October 2016, RIAT Vienna photo: courtesy of Anna Ebner

Cup Image: Terracotta miniature one-handed cup  
Minoan, ca. 1600–1525 BCE. Image Courtesy of The Met Museum. OA Public Domain



*The Flag* (2016)



Marita Fraser, *Untitled Net, (The Flag)*, (2015) Textile, thread and metal. 180 x 70 cm.

## *The Flag (2016)*

### THE FLAG

The flag had a jaunty twist to it, the way it sat in the bigger pattern on the roll of cotton. It looked French, nautical, the colours of the print, green, blue, red and a burnt orange. Perhaps it was the flattened twisting ribbon motif, making a series of bordered squares that had sealed its fate. As she rolled the fabric out she could see the repeat happened every 50 cm or so, and the pattern now fanned out with a scarf sized repeat on it. Yes it echoed the pattern of a silk scarf in design and scale, but this was dress cotton. There was a dullness to the surface, but that jaunty flag, cartoon like and its false promise of a French tropical holiday was encouraging. She could see how the fabric would persist once it had been reconfigured and re-shaped.

### THE VISITOR

As The Visitor stepped up and out of the station she had a strange sensation of vertigo. A slight out of body shift, a bit like moving around with your first day of jet lag, but it was something else lagging here. How could it be that in changing stations on the over-ground she had changed countries/continents. All those clichés of a foreign land, colour, smell, noise, seemed off balance as she tried to squeeze past a large group of shoppers and into the narrow market, keeping her faith fixed to the authoritative tone of the map on her phone. The Artist hadn't mentioned any large shifts of geography or the psyche in visiting the studio so she persisted down the narrow street, not really comprehending the barrage of raw fish, meat and wood smoke catching her breath. Eventually coming to the specified door and entering the quietness of the concrete fire exit, The Visitor's assent allowed her to remove countries of transition from her mind, and settle back into her known world view, her body's knowledge of how to climb stairs, somewhat reassuring. The Artist meeting her at the top of the stairs lead her through the warren of studios. She stepped through the studio threshold and back into business.

### THE COLLECTOR

At The Artist's dinner in the gallery, The Visitor was keen to share her overseas adventures with The Collector, in the hope it would also bring them closer to the work. That jaunty flag was there, even in its reconfiguration into what seemed to be a framework for something suspended in its collapse. The Visitor was recalling her disembodied travel to the studio through the flag, which belonged to no nation in particular.

### HER WORK

The Artist hated these kinds of dinners, would witty conversation give The Collector

enough to move them closer to Her Work. In Her Work she attempted to defer narrative to another realm. Her Works asserted themselves through form, materiality and a system of artistic gesturing. The closer you came to them the stronger the refusal for narrative became.

#### THE GALLERIST

The Gallerist had claimed disbelief in language when The Artist said Her Works had told her they needed to go back to the wall. Even as sculptural elements they needed supporting architecture behind them to be understood. The Artist wondered how these people could possibly be the gatekeepers for Her Works, as they relayed trite narratives about their own discomfort in travelling to her studio and disbelief in her conversations with her work about where they would like to sit in the space. How can your work tell you something, The Gallerist had announced to the room, as more of a statement than a question.

#### THE END

Now The Artist understood better the flag, its comic book outline, a cheap dress fabric as a mirror to fear and loathing. That post- colonial, non-determined place of travel, foreign and warm with shifting sands. The artwork hooked to the white wall hovering above its reflection in the industrial polish of the concrete floor. The mirage of its making and reception, reflecting dinner-time chit chat.



## ***Billy* (2017)**

*Billy* (2017)

8 page publication.

edition of 20 hand bound

Cover Image of publication

Geranium leaves and flowers; ginger, raspberry and earl grey tea; necklaces, bracelets and rings; vinegar, bleach and onion skins on cotton, continental pillowcase.

Performative Readings

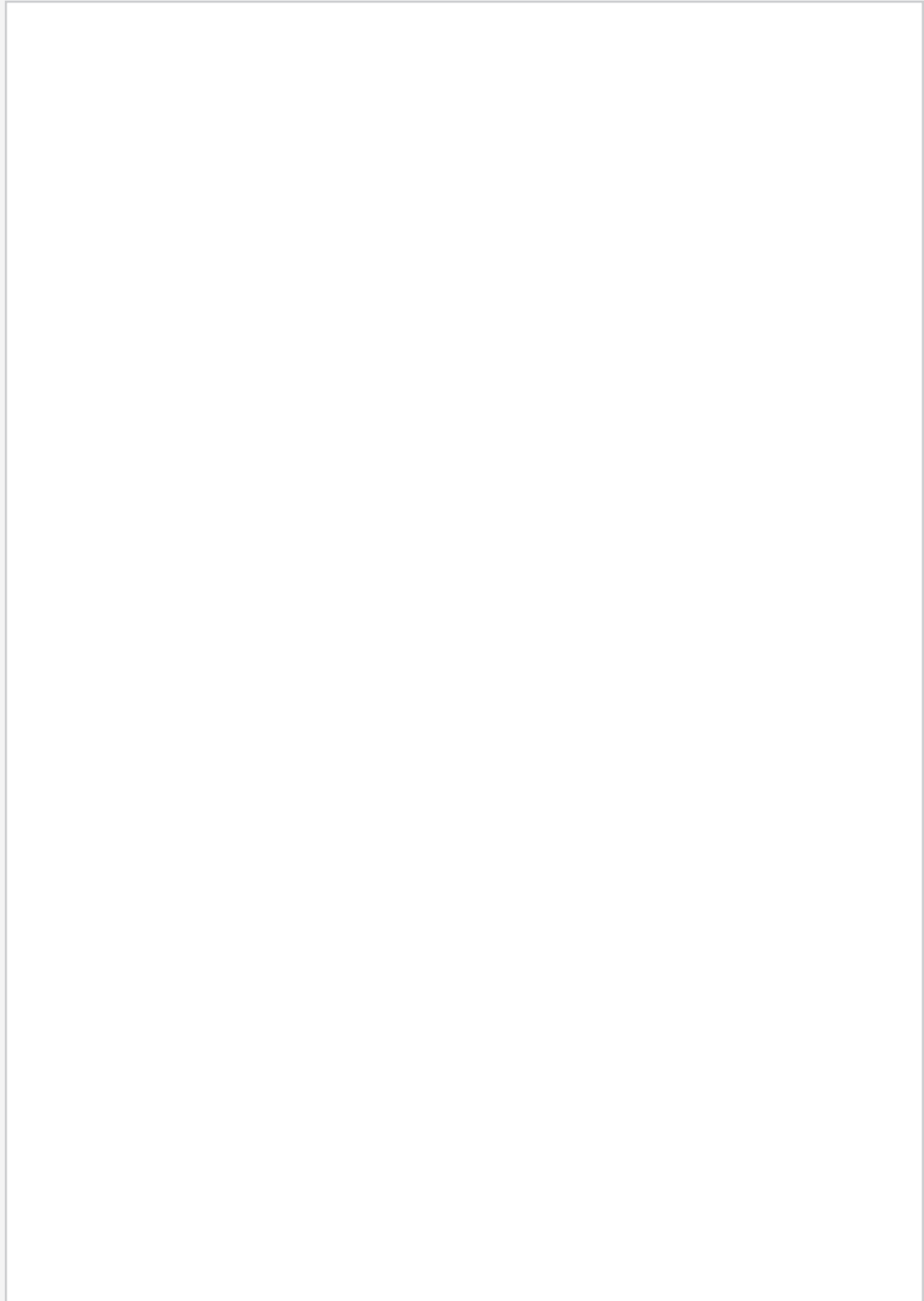
*Billy*, Schneiderei, Vienna, 2017

*The Blue Hour*, Safe Houses, London, 2018



Billy





# Billy

*White. Immense spaces, White, a rush of breath.  
Be swift marry this breath. Remain in it.  
Make haste. Let it not abandon me.  
Let me not turn from it, Be swept up: my song.*

Luce Irigaray  
*Elemental Passions*

Billy

I felt you before I saw you. You were next to me but turned away, and then a hand on my knee, and ~~the flash of those~~ burning eyes. There you were.

Billy

Hair to just below the ear, tucked. Long, slender, folded up. My heart was pounding. Dressed in utilitarian black from head to toe, dirty blond hair.

Billy

I am not sure where my boundaries of self were at that time, even though I remember very well when you first arrived. ~~and~~ Moved straight in. I was so grateful to have someone who would collect my stories so willingly. So in my leaving I felt your absence even more strongly. Where was I to put those narratives of fact and fiction, trinkets of the heart. Imagined books I had/you had, not yet read.

I remember you mentioning the flash of recognition ~~my brother had come to town~~ when you heard my brother's voice for the first time. I had never thought in terms of multiples before you, but now I see how we duplicate ourselves in others. Lovers, siblings, mothers, dogs.

Billy

I sent you a jokey email with a reference to the song “the outdoor type” and you replied that link I had sent didn’t work. Communication was already failing. ~~I had no images of you, only a reconstruction of you in my mind. How tall, wide, deep were you really?~~ There aren’t many pictures of you on the internet, well I found one, but your hair looked terrible, so I reverted to googling pictures of your sister, ~~an actor~~, of which I found many.

DJ Koze  
XTC

*I heard you say once that a lie is sweet in the beginning and bitter in the end, and truth is bitter in the beginning, and sweet in the end.*

When I returned you had these sharp corners, boundaries. Your eyes, hair, lips haven’t changed, but you aren’t vegetarian anymore. And there is another of you equally tall, who enraptured you with that crazy dancing. I should have known better. I should not have shared my love songs with you. You ~~took my message to heart, and~~ left me behind. Open in public and closed in private, where are the edges to my passion to be found.

I was a student then, and bricks and planks should have been just fine. So when they said that you had made some changes, adjustments in your life, I wasn’t sure if there would still be the space for me. They claimed that your added depth was useful. Useful for what, I thought. For ornaments we don’t need. I already have entrusted you with my most important stories, you know them all. You and I don’t need ornamentation right now, and I don’t need those glass doors either.

Hinges, containment that opens and closes. You now define yourself as a whole in which I can locate certain things, we are no longer a nebula of matter and fire, self defining everyday. You have taken my stories and sealed them in. ~~Mother, wife, lover, whore, trapped in a paper bag. I don't want to be defined by others, by you, by necessity, but now it seems books are ornamental too.~~

Billy, did you discover *modernity as fast as the market could provide it*: and encounter every *rehash of ideas as a cultural revolution*. Your *principal concern is status, and you eagerly snap up all the paperback editions of important and 'difficult' texts with which mass culture has filled the bookstore*. *Unfortunately, you cannot read, and so devour them with your gaze.*

The SI  
On The Poverty  
Of Student Life

*Are you the delinquent for whom only two futures are possible: revolutionary consciousness, or blind obedience on the shop floor.*

Mother, wife, lover, whore, trapped in a paper bag. I don't want to be defined by others, by you, by necessity, but now it seems books are ornamental too.

Jenny Diski  
LBR blog

*Billy the Bookcase: A Cautionary Tale*  
Jenny Diski 22 September 2011, LRB blog

*Doom and gloom doubled last week when the Economist announced not just the death of books, but proved it by the death of bookcases. In particular Billy, a classic IKEA item of furniture that has been available for thirty years, has five adjustable shelves, is cheap enough for students to give up the brick and plank solution to book storage (though I don't know why they would). Billy, the Economist said, was suffering a redesign that suggested a change of use: the shelves were being deepened from 11 inches to 15 inches in order to hold ornaments, framed photographs, trophies, plants, decorative boxes. Glass doors have also been added: through which to look at objects, rather than to give instant book access. IKEA, it seemed, was declaring the end of books as we know them. A correction came three days later from the Reluctant Habits blog, the writer of which had taken the trouble to call IKEA and ask a question. In fact, it's an additional Billy: the open-fronted, book-sized original will still be available, the IKEA public relations manager explained, and then rather spoiled the effect of literary support (in three senses) by adding:*

Marty Marston  
Ikea public relations

*I hate to dispel those who think the bookcase is dead. We do not see it that way. We really see books as decorative. Books will still continue to be something used to adorn. They're rich and they're textured.*

Geranium leaves and flowers; ginger,  
raspberry and earl grey tea; necklaces,  
bracelets and rings; vinegar, bleach and  
onion skins on cotton, continental pillows  
50 x 60 x 10 cm

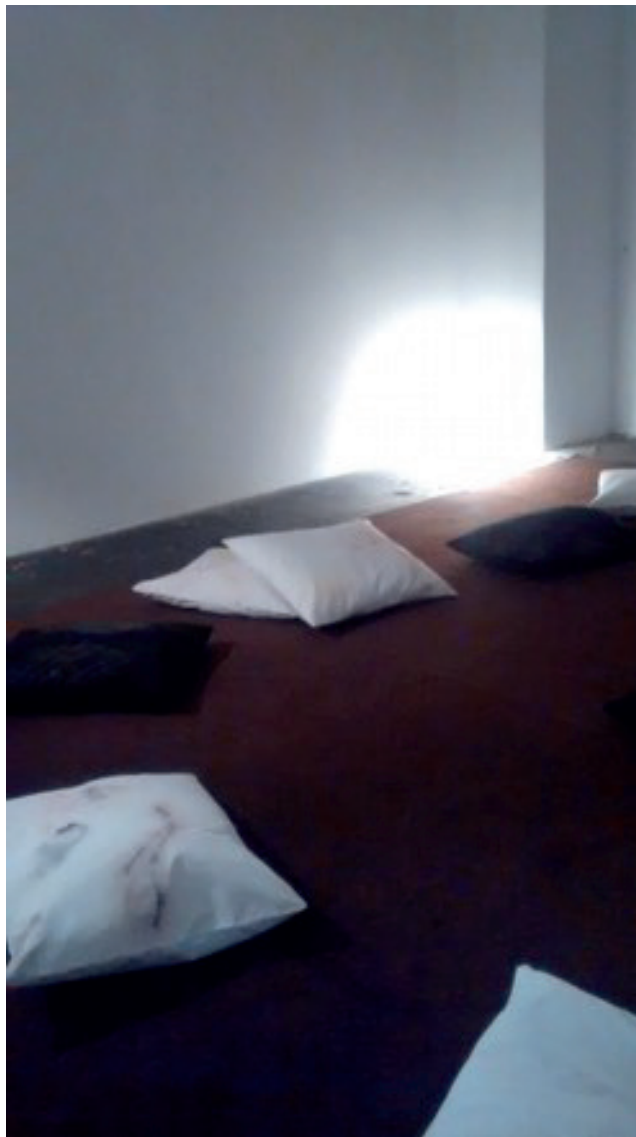
© Marita Fraser 2017







Marita Fraser, *Billy*, 2017. Geranium leaves and flowers, ginger and raspberry tea, necklaces and bracelets, vinegar, bleach and onions skins transfer dyed onto Ikea continental sized pillows, 9 pieces, 50 x 60 x 10 cm each. Installation view *Billy*, Schneiderei, Vienna, 2017



Marita Fraser, *Billy*, 2017. Geranium leaves and flowers, ginger and raspberry tea, necklaces and bracelets, vinegar, bleach and onions skins transfer dyed onto Ikea continental sized pillows, 9 pieces, 50 x 60 x 10 cm each. Installation view *Billy*, Schneiderei, Vienna, 2017



Marita Fraser, *Billy* (2017), Performative reading August 2018, The Blue Hour, Safe House, London. Alongside *untitled (screen)*, (2017). Tule, wood, hinges, 200 x 300 cm. Photo: Rebecca Fortnum





*Untitled (for Irigaray), (2017)*



Marita Fraser, *Untitled (For Irigaray)*, (2017). Fabric dye on calico, thread, metal.  
180 x 150 cm.



## *Pavilion, (2017)*

Oaxaca 2017

In the studio there are three concrete walls, with the fourth wall missing. This side of the studio is open to the garden and the sky, both of which rise up from the concrete terrace, being a continuation of the studio's concrete floor. The light contrast is strong from inside to out. She tends to drag her working table out into the middle of the outside terrace. Now her studio has no walls or roof, just this concrete floor. The sun shines across the studio from the opposite side towards the side with the missing wall. As such there is a shadow line drawn out from the studio across the terrace. She can locate her work table so that it is outside but in shadow, her work not being obscured by the shadow of her form hovering over it. Her eyes struggle to expand and contract with the contrasting light situation. Looking up from her worktable into the mid distance of the sand, garden and sky in full sun, her pupils close down tight. Looking back towards the studio, her concrete shaded cave, her eyes struggle to open their internal aperture fast enough. Her struggle to work being a struggle to see. She wondered if her working solution might lie in trying to even out the light. A fourth wall, more like a window but opaque, smeared in something to cut down the light somewhat, but not completely.

*There can be no marks or alterations made to the walls, floors or any other part of the building.*

She contemplated the studio's concrete walls. The production of their making perfectly marked out. The imprint of the plywood

castslaid out in a strict geometric order. The building being an aesthetic domination of the eye. A ruthless presentation of the building's making. A series of pavilions strung along a long white concrete wall, each with a fourth wall missing. The architecture framing and erased itself as she moved through it.

Her eyes move out from the crisp, sharp edge of the studio wall to the garden surrounding it. The edges between the pristine concrete floors of the pavilions and garden of cacti and other plants of unknown species, were carefully clipped to keep a space; a breath of clear, almost white, uncultivated sand between the buildings and gardens. This manicured gap keeping wandering plants, whose growth could be measured in minutes not days, and the intruding sand mountains created by very busy ants, at bay. She came back to her studio walls.

*There can be no marks or alterations made to the walls, floors or any other part of the building.*

How was a painter to paint in a building in which there is no place for a painting to be located? She recalled there was one very large painting by the owner of the house, hanging publicly in the main pavilion. As you looked onto wall on which it is hung, the towering roof above caused the oversized painting to shrink. Looking to the right side of the painting, the pavilion opened completely to the rampaging garden and threatened to out compete the painting in its greenness. The painting being a pile of green pigment bound in some way to mounds of dust that was then bound on the canvas. Some rather strong painters medium or glue must do the trick. Rather than being drawn into the surface of the painting, its production, materiality and relationship to the history of painting, she was deafened by the sound of an imagined violent drilling action. This noise being the gouging, hammering and cracking of the flat expanses of pristine concrete required to remove material from the wall behind, in order to attach fixtures from which to

hang, what looked like, a very heavy work.

*There can be no marks or alterations made to the walls, floors or any other part of the building.*

Back to her studio walls. Perhaps then the role of the wall is one of support for a leaning object, which must then also touch the floor. The paintings support, its stretcher bars and textile of canvas or linen, could exist in this arrangement. Her work would be an object comprised of wood and fabric, leaning in a space, connecting two architectural elements, the floor and wall. There is no need for the paint. In any case paint is not welcome here. It is a volatile material that can splash, drip, escape the confines of the picture plane too readily, leaving unwelcome traces and marks on the architectural elements.

She looked again at her concrete studio walls, she could see dark brown drips from insects staining the wall opposite her, with traces of this pooling up on the floor below. Higher up her eyes followed a dark line of ants, purposeful black spots, traversing her studio wall's blankness, trailing up the wall to a destination she could not be certain of.

She came back to the problem of painting then, and how her object would function in this studio. Looking at the space, she found herself chromatically assaulted by the colour pallet of the concrete wall's mid tone grey. Far from neutral, the greyness of the studio had already set up an argument about colour which she felt forced to engage with. The public pavilions and their long connecting wall were a lighter almost a white shade of grey. But down here on the shady side of the dunes to the sea, the concrete walls these studios were made of had not been made so carefully, allowed to dry more quickly, and were a darker shade of grey. She noted there is nowall to the north and on the northern side the studio floor extended out from the studio towards the rapidly advancing garden, the studio

space doubled by this large concrete terrace, completely open to the elements. This missing wall also being the light source for her studio as the ceiling lights were painfully inadequate and the studio was plunged into darkness daily the moment the sun fell below the horizon.

Why was she drawn back to painting? Was it through its absence? What was painting? Its material potential lies in the pressing of a liquid into a surface that is both resistant and yielding, the paint moving onto and between the threads of linen. Painting as both object and action, the pushing of one material, gently, vigorously, onto/into another. She had already made a painting here, without engaging so consciously with what was now an every increasing unease with the problem of painting production. On the linen ground she had scattered dye pigment, just a little, as an action, a gesture, then sprayed it with water to let the dye particles transform from solid to liquid, sinking into the fibres of the textile surface. As the dye is taken up it crosses the material surface of the cloth without force, finding a new home in the linen fibres. Water acting as a medium for the dye to travel along, allowing a staining to take place. Once it was dry, the water gone, the dye seemed to be of the cloth rather than sitting on it, or in it. The dye as a separate material had vanished and what was left were the traces of its journey across the textile surface.

She looked up for a moment, her train of thought broken by a tiny fleck of blue paint on the edge of the studio sink. Evidence of an indiscretion by a previous resident. The sink being formed by one piece of cast concrete spanning the studio from the east to the west walls. The tap and water spout being surprising silver punctures in the concrete wall. If she moved her attention to under the sink she could just see the silver drain pipe snaking its way out to puncture the back south wall, taking her waste water away. The space under the sink and bench were completely open to the floor, the only disturbance being a pile of lizard droppings that had accumulated in

the south west corner of the space.

Turning her attention once more to the job in hand she came back to the problem of wood. She had visited the store room of the studios earlier in the day and selected two longish sticks, as wide as her hand and about a meter and a half long. She had not had much choice in her selection and looking at them now she wished they were a little longer. They were leaning on the west wall opposite her, and it seemed in this moment the studio accommodated them without much fuss. Her sticks leaning to the wall could be her supports to various forms of drapery. This would be a way into painting without paint's potential messy transgressions.

However on bringing the wood into the studio she felt that the material rawness of the planks fitted too comfortably with the raw concrete, that the wood continued to play by the rules of the house so to speak. There needed to be a break at some point to stop the sticks looking like an artistic lifestyle accessory. She decided to paint the wood black, watering down the paint to allow the wood grain to still be present. She wanted the black sticks to read as a line, a mark, to draw into and out of the space. Paranoid of drips and splashes, she applied the paint gently, pushing the black liquid into the cracks in the wood where it had opened up along the grain. The sticks now being something between "the painted" and support for "a painting". She had imagined she would drape textile between the sticks as a sculptural painting. At that moment however she looked from her work-table and glanced to her long-sleeved shirt hanging limply off the side on the opposite side of the room. Perhaps here was closure. She picked up the shirt which was coloured a very faded pink. She noted that back of the collar was permanently stained from 10 days of constant wear. She had tried to wash out the stain a couple of days ago, but with no luck. She stood up and strode purposefully towards the shirt, picked it up by the stained collar and walked over to one of the now dry sticks. She draped the shirt, hanging it from the top of the

stick which was leaning between floor of the northern terrace and the edge of the western wall. The shirt hung down lifeless from the stick.

She turned to see one of the many dogs of the house was waiting patiently behind her. She joined the dog in walking back to the main pavilion for the evening meal.





*Pavilion, (2017)*



Figure 35. Marita Fraser, *The Pavilion*, (2017) woven painting assembled from textile strips transferred dyed with flowers from the garden of Casa Wabi, coffee, turmeric, chili hibiscus flowers, metal washers, 180 x 150cm. Studio view.







## *The Curtain, (2019)*

*To be read aloud or silently*

### The Curtain

*As painted by her sister  
Who affects the realm of Art  
The Women New's a twister  
To give nervous man a start  
She is calculated chiefly  
To make him really think  
That he's got 'em and that, briefly,  
It's the dire result of drink.*

Glasgow Evening News, 13<sup>th</sup> November, 1894, p.4.

Review of Margaret and Frances MacDonalds' work in the Glasgow School of Art Club Exhibition of 1894

----

What does it mean to work collaboratively, with your sister, your husband.

To work for and with others? For your work with your sister to be derisively smeared in your home town, and to be physically carried with your husband, through the streets of Vienna, with flowers strewn at your feet by admiring students.

Architect Rennie Mackintosh asserted that Margaret MacDonald Mackintosh, his wife, was the genius of the pair.

What does it mean to work with others.

What is women's work?

-----

How might text as a sculptural material, allow for gaps in history, knowledge, and unknowing to appear; making visible the unspoken, as it were.

Further, in speaking of the unspoken, one must ask who is speaking, how are they speaking, and why are they speaking?

What are the ethics of speaking for others?

How do we engage with the body's personal and environmental materiality, negotiate personal subjectivity and the materiality of culture and society?

How can text become a structure?

A sculpture?

A vessel for more than its parts?

Can it then hold Margaret and Me, She and I, her sister, her husband and others?

---

14.4.17

Dear Billy,

Finally got to visit the archives today, which are in the back-house of an apartment block on Gumpendorferstrasse. C was with me so it was difficult to do much more than assess the space. On entry we walked towards an internal courtyard leading to the back of the building. The courtyard, being devoid of any greenery, contained clearly labelled mistkubel for various types of rubbish. The charming bleakness of the scene reminded me of the endless possibilities this place had for us.

The store-room contained an authoritarian greyness, but there were no historical thunderbolts as the archival boxes from the 1900's were pointed out to me. I wondered if field recordings from the street, entry hall, courtyard and back-house might capture better what was going on here. S who had brought me to the space had to head off and C was getting twitchy so it was a good time to leave. This continuation of not knowing more than I did before feels rather satisfying for now.

C and I went on to Café Sperl, the smell of yesterday's cigarette smoke rising up to greet me like an old friend. They now have a separate smoking room and we sat in the bigger of the

spaces, being nonsmoking. I imagined that Margaret would have come here at least once. I should probably check when Sperl was built but it feels right at this point. I wonder if she smoked. You and I spent hours sitting here with a melange and glass of water on tiny metal trays, doing nothing in particular. Now, in following a corpse around a city, I feel I am haunting this space and others, not really here and time poor, acutely aware of the time approaching for my next appointment, more soon  
x M

---

## Act One: part one

### Wärndorfer Salon Vienna 1906

The curtain in this room, when drawn closed, separates the space in two. One for performers, one for audience. She had come late, smelling of fish oil. She sat down with a lit cigarette in one hand, a krügel of beer, handed to her empty other. A large cube of whale meat had been in the restaurant that night. She had taken a tiny slice, but had regretted it immediately. There was an oiliness at the back of her throat and the fresh scallops that she had sliced for customers at their tables were still a flickering underhand. Another drag on her cigarette, she waited for the room to work its magic on her and wash away her night's work. The earlier performances were over. She observed the room's curtain was now open, no longer framing an audiences' view, doubling the room size, which is not that large. The din in the room is from gossip which at this time of day is no longer whispered but broadcast, forming something jagged and atonal to the ear.

Crushed up on both sides of the room, the parted curtain was not folded back as elegantly as originally intended. Admiring Margaret and her sister's handiwork she could see parts

of what would have been a curve, a flash of something flesh coloured, *a piece of gold thread, braid of white satin with blue and black peacock eyes, flash of mauve velvet, shocking pink silk, purple silk ribbon with black trim, piece of pale mauve velvet, stripped dark brown and white patches, and now pink velvet, black fine cotton with white sprigged dots and purple velvet.*<sup>1</sup> She remembered that when drawn closed there was a way of seeing through the curtain, that it was transparent in parts and not in others. Now a couple were in semi collapse into the curtain to the left hand side of the room, arms and legs akimbo. The curtain partially containing them as a cover of sorts, redrawing their bodies in translucent gauze.

She scanned the room. The long verticals of the overly tall white chairs of the room hovered above the crowd, *ghostlike*<sup>2</sup>, creating a linear mapping of the group from above, their very tops disappearing into the fog of cigarette smoke.

---

Act One: part two

Blankness

I have a curtain. It is all colour on one side with sounds, conversations, smells, a flash of light, renderings of form. You are there too. Of that I am sure.

I am using 'I' but not talking about 'me'.

The other side of the curtain is completely blank.

I am using 'I' but not talking about 'me' so that we can speak together.

---

1 Contents of Margaret Macdonald Mackintosh's work basket GLAHA 53122

2 *Wiener Abendpost*, 5 November 1900

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## Act Two: part one

Vienna 1906

The heavy snow fall of the past 48 hours had kept a lot of her customers away from the restaurant on the Naschmarkt. Regulars had come early to eat and then move on for warmer darker places to settle into until dawn. Closing early she had almost been drawn into Café Sperl on her walk up to Gumpendorferstraße. Margaret, who had dined with her earlier, was in there with her sister, husband and entourage of students and followers and was due to leave tomorrow. But right now she continued on, past the pull of the Sperl, keen to stride out to the tram stop on the gürtle and soak up the brightness of the night, redrawn in this fresh fall of snow.

She caught the last tram to the outer gürtle getting off at Sternwartestraße and then walked the last ten minutes, as the fortress like city opened out into free-standing villas and gardens. From the quiet stillness of an empty city she had rung the bell and been led into this circus of the night.

It was quite crowded tonight even more so than usual. Hoffman and Moser were there, holding court with Wärndorfer who had paid for all of this. Fritz, as he liked to be called, was an excellent patron to her late night predilections. A group of out of towners, to whom she had served the whale meat earlier that evening, gave her a nod and then crushed their way into one of the inglenooks. The crowded room suffering from being 'the delight of every connoisseur which serves as a place of pilgrimage for lovers of art and for strangers coming to the city'. Those visiting striving to be present with, and if possible, presented to, Wärndorfer in this, his newly commissioned music salon. Rumours were circulating he would very soon be funding a radical new artists collective in Vienna and everyone shaking free of the academy was keen to be close to him.

For her, this room was a little work, mostly pleasure. The newly built Secession's 'golden cabbage' had arrived just across the road from her restaurant, and she saw a lot of her dining customers in this room, taking notes, planning their own cultural revolution for their 1<sup>st</sup> district drawing rooms. Of all the rooms in Fritz's home this one designed by Margaret, her sister and husband was her favourite. She scanned the 'thin, tall candles, chairs, panels, thrust up in pure verticals', appreciating greatly how over the hours the 'stylistic unity of the room' became a grey smoky haze, for her to disappear into.

She stood up and greeted Fritz as he showed in a group of students that had made it here on foot after the last trams had finished for the night. This room was Wärndorfer's theatre, private and public. Here the roles of student, art lover, collector and artist were rehearsed night after night, She was happy to be audience.

After a couple of hours of beer, cigarettes, and gossip, she was good to go. Feeling washed clean and a lightness of body she headed home just before first light to the sound of birdsong. Snow had continued to fall over night. Most *housemeisters* were already up clearing the paths in front of the villas, but as the snow was fresh, there was no discomfort in her boots sinking into it as she walked.

---

Act Two: part two

Blankness

On one side of the curtain there is you, smiling, laughing, in my face. There are rumours and innuendo. The other side of the curtain has no texture. If I keep at a distance to the curtain, it keeps me separate from blankness. It keeps me separate and functional. If I wish to inspect the side where material volume and texture are absent, I must ask how can I speak with/to/from no body, no

memory, weightlessness, an outward pouring of tar, that which cannot be said, spoken, uttered, heard. If I am the curtain, but do not know what I am made of, I am nothing.

I am using 'I' but not talking about 'me'.

I am using 'I' as my curtain, my tar, my blackness, giving it a form, so that we can speak together.

---

In 1933, architectural critic P. Morton Shand wrote to the organisers of the 'Mackintosh Memorial Exhibition' in Glasgow

*I hope that the exhibition may not be so arranged or announced as to give the impression that Mrs Mackintosh was in any sense considered her husband equal or alter ego. Outside of circles of loyal friends in Glasgow and Chelsea her work is either unknown, or long since forgotten; and the future is scarcely likely to see her rather thin talent restored to a place of honour.*

What does it mean to work collaboratively,  
to work for and with others?

To be the decorator but not the decorated.

What does it mean in 1900 to walk  
unhindered

as a modern woman of the city,

in shoes suitable for the winter footpath?

What is women's work?



*Untitled Score*, (2019) wood, hinges, weaving, oil on linen, framed collage,  
200 x 300 cm approx.

*The Curtain, (2019)*



Marita Fraser, *The Curtain*, (2019) Live reading at Flight Mode, Assembly Point, 2019. Alongside Marita Frasaer, *Untitled Score*, (2019) wood, hinges, weaving, oil on linen, framed collage, 200 x 300 cm approx. Photo Rebecca Fortnum

Right

Marita Fraser, (*after*) *parts of a body house*, (2019).

Installation view, Moore Contemporary Perth, April 2019.

Oil and fabric dye on linen. Tule, fabric dye on calico, wooden hinged screens.

## *(after) parts of a body house, (2019)*

Marita Fraser

*(after) parts of a body house, 2019*

Moore Contemporary, April – May 2019

Cathedral Square, Perth

Installation of paintings, screens, textiles, single channel video and live performance.

Performers: Phoebe Tran, Brent Harrison, Odd Anderson, Marita Fraser.

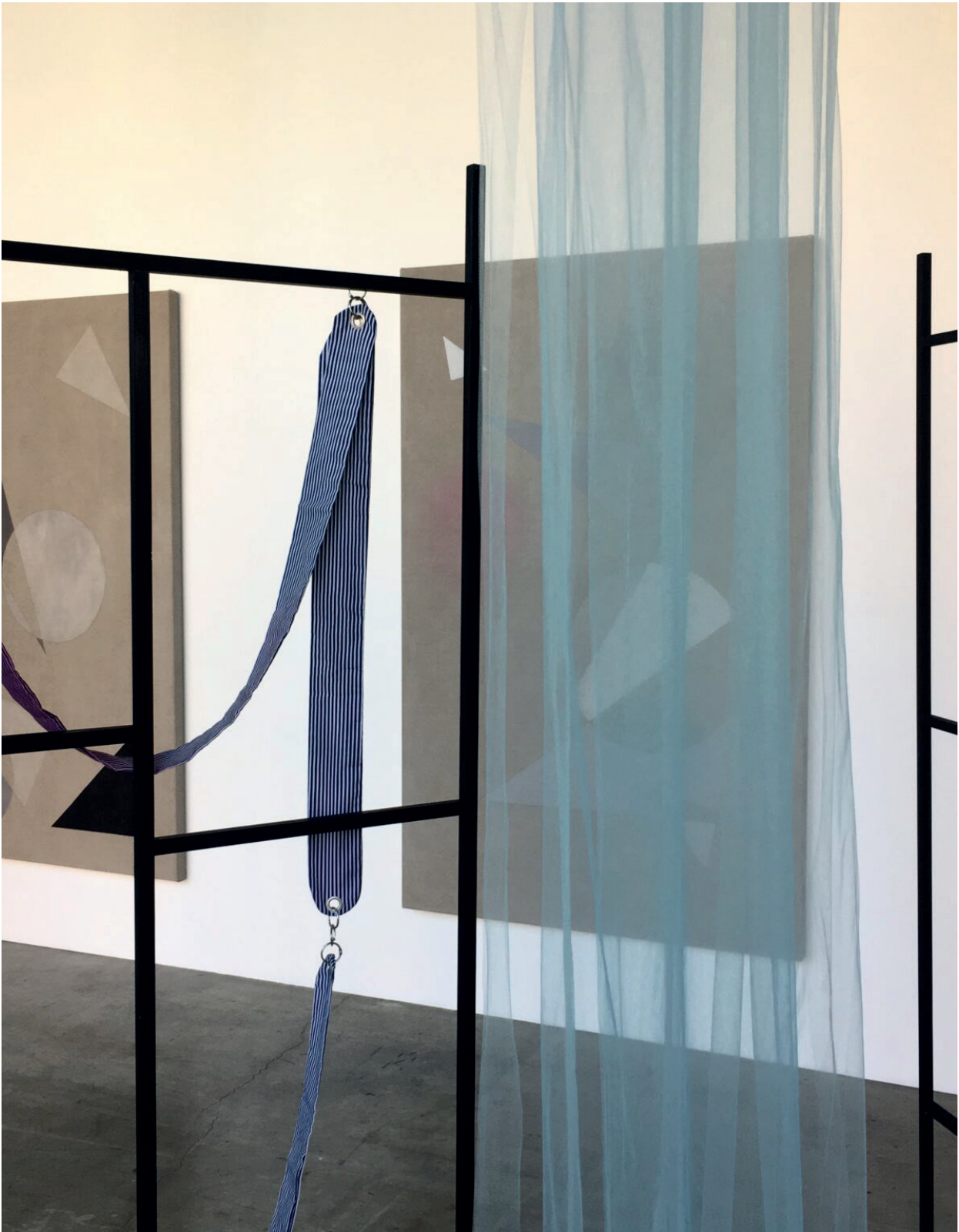
Video: *Untitled Score in Three Acts, (after) parts of a body house, 2019*

Catalogue: *(after) parts of a body house, 2019*. 12 pages, colour images and performative text by the artist.

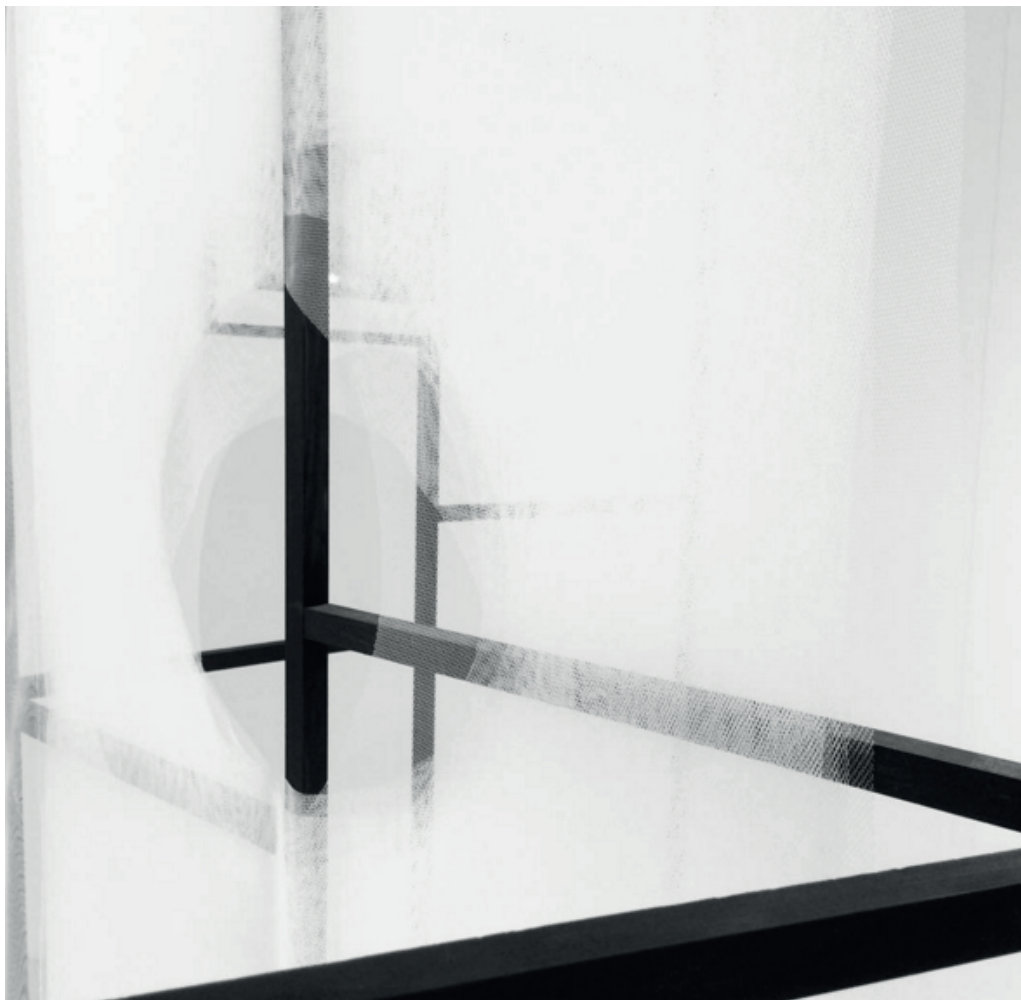




Marita Fraser, *(after) parts of a body house*, (2019).  
Installation view, Moore Contemporary Perth, April 2019.



Marita Fraser, *(after) parts of a body house*, (2019).  
Installation view, Moore Contemporary Perth, April 2019.



Marita Fraser, *(after) parts of a body house*, (2019).  
Installation view, Moore Contemporary Perth, April 2019.



Marita Fraser, *(after) parts of a body house*, (2019).  
Oil and fabric dye on linen.



Marita Fraser, *(after) parts of a body house*, (2019).  
Installation view, Moore Contemporary Perth, April 2019.  
Oil and fabric dye on linen. Tulle, fabric dye on calico, wooden hinged screens.



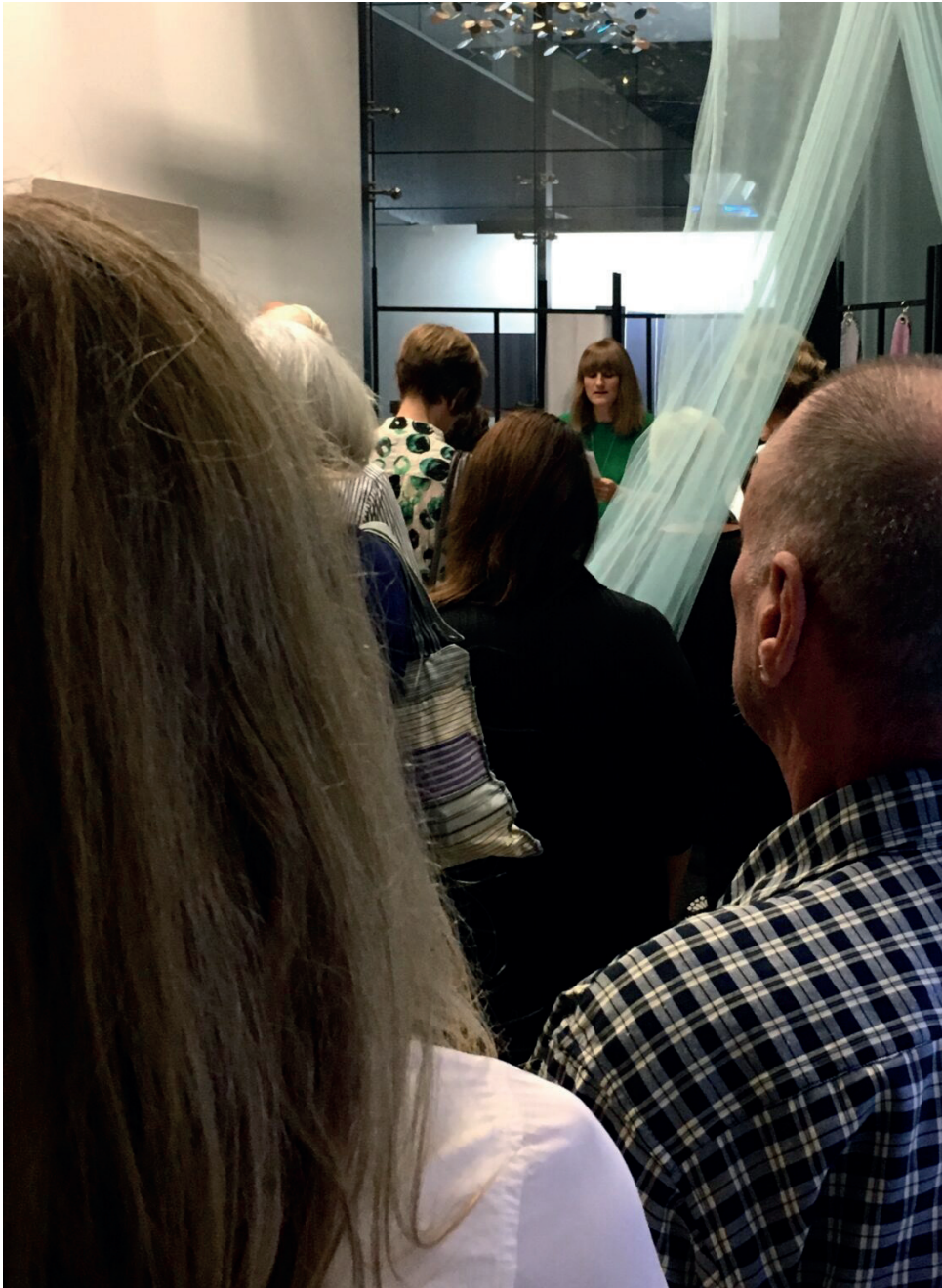
Marita Fraser, *(after) parts of a body house*, (2019).

Installation view, Moore Contemporary Perth, April 2019.

Oil and fabric dye on linen. Tulle, fabric dye on calico, wooden hinged screens.



Marita Fraser, *(after) parts of a body house*, (2019).  
Installation view, Moore Contemporary Perth, April 2019.  
Oil and fabric dye on linen. Tulle, fabric dye on calico, wooden hinged screens.



Marita Fraser, *(after) parts of a body house*, (2019).  
Performance with Phoebe Tran, Brent Harrison, Odd Anderson, Marita Fraser  
Moore Contemporary Perth, April 2019.  
Photo: Margaret Moore



Marita Fraser, *(after) parts of a body house*, (2019).  
Performance with Phoebe Tran, Brent Harrison, Odd Anderson, Marita Fraser  
Moore Contemporary Perth, April 2019.  
Photo: Margaret Moore

## *(after) parts of a body house, (2019)*

Marita Fraser *(after) parts of a body house, (2019)*. Performance Score.

Performed at

*(after) parts of a body house, 2019*

Moore Contemporary, April – May 2019

Cathedral Square, Perth

with Phoebe Tran, Brent Harrison, Odd Anderson, Marita Fraser

How then can text become a structure?

A sculpture?

A vessel for more than its parts?

Can it hold Carolee and Me, She and I and others?

--- ---

Untitled score in three acts

Act one: Is not

In act one we are asking what we are speaking about.

Direction: to be read aloud by one or many

Setting: here together

This text is not complete.

This text is not fixed.

This text is not static.

This text is not speaking about a singular voice.

This text is not singular.

This text is not for single use.

This text is not about score as musical notation.

This text is missing a beginning middle and end.

In parts of a body house, Carolee Schneeman writes  
bathroom

winter night. Get into the bathtub – which is full of warm water and pine bubbles – with someone you love. Make love in the water. The only light is blue-black night, gold and blue flashes. A cat comes to swim in the tub. It paddles and sneezes, its fur soaked. Then the cat sits on the edge of the tub watching you in the dark water. A film is made of this. A leap in the dark from an easterly lung: falling briefly, a sudden landing in the Heart Chamber / love Chamber. Enormous soft velvety warm damp walls rounded ridged pulse gently. Your whole body is squeezed up and down;

between pulses you can clamber around holding onto the ridges. Each ridge you touch emits a flash of brilliant coloured light. It is slippery, the muscle walls expand, contract, push you slightly up or down. You may doze in the strange rocking. Only one or two persons at a time in this chamber. When you wish, begin to crawl down, head first, pushing between contractions. Exit. In writing this text, my eyes move over Carolee Schneemann's Parts of the body house. My eyes settle on the words, A cat comes to swim in the tub. My cat comes for some petting or food. Now as my eyes slide along her words describing her Heart Chamber/ love Chamber, Enormous soft velvety warm damp walls rounded ridged pulse gently. My insides contact and expand, remembering the rising and falling of a child readying to be born. My surprise that in birth she travels up as well as down on her way between bodies. A noise is made on this rising and falling, rising and falling, that is best described as extremely loud unhearing.

--- ---

#### Act Two: Untitled

In act two we are asking how does the body speak

Cast for act 2: L , You, me, I

Setting: Here together

L says "that my right side has white jagged mountains rising up to her" and that "my left side is empty".

I say to my left side "who is there", the left side says "no one".

L says "when I go to your pelvis, it is empty".

I go to my pelvis, it says "\_\_\_\_\_".

L said "today everything is pointing for me to go back to your pelvis", and when she touched ever so lightly the middle back of my spine, she said she saw "\_\_\_\_\_".

My eyes are closed and I see L with her feet firming into the ground, legs apart in second position. Her legs are bent in a pli , she is stretching up towards the sky and then folding over to the ground, her tumbling hair follows the body, a waving echo.

She scoops down to the ground, reaches up to the sky and repeats.

Scoop down to the ground, reach up to the sky, scoop down to the ground reach to the sky. Scoop down to the ground, reach up to the sky, scoop down to the ground reach to the sky. Scoop down to the ground, reach up to the sky.

I scoop down to the ground, and reach up to the sky.

My eyes behind my eyelids still closed, look top left, see blue light, look bottom left bottom see green light, look bottom right, see orange light, look top right it is red. My eyes do this three of four times,





## *Untitled Score In Three Acts (after) parts of a body house, (2019)*

Marita Fraser, *Untitled Score In Three Acts, (after) Parts Of A Body House*, (2019)

Digital video with sound, 6 minutes, looped.

Video component to *(after) parts of a body house*, Moore Contemporary, Perth

Performers: Lori Silmon-Neilson, Kristina Marberger, Rob Holloway.

Words: Marita Fraser, Carolee Schneemann

Includes footage from *Fuses*, (1964), Carolee Schneemann and

*Trip to Carolee*, (1973), Coleen Fitzgibbon

<https://vimeo.com/333032686/7f84d884e6>





Marita Fraser, *untitled score in three acts, (after) parts of a body house* (2019). Digital video with sound, 6 minutes, looped. Film stills.



Marita Fraser, *untitled score in three acts, (after) parts of a body house* (2019).  
Digital video with sound, 6 minutes, looped. Film stills.



*Letter to Y, (2020)*

02/04/2020

Dear Yvonne,

I'm writing to you in the spirit of speaking with. Hoping to come close to your work, holding it in mind to think through: moving, caring, thinking, making and loving.

I have found your *No* manifesto such a balm for thinking about movement embracing refusal and I'm hoping your more recent text *Passing and Jostling While Being Confined to a Small Apartment* might help me think through moving in close proximity to others.

*No* is a refusal to the demands of movement to entertain.

Your *No* stretches out to me as a beacon of hope. I am struck by the refusal in *No* as something so much bigger than its economic gesture. Excessive. It leads me to ask how can I talk about refusal, as a way of situating myself. Refusal as a method for writing and making, allowing spaces, materials and thinking to operate as resistance. How then might refusal operate within a score for living?

In living in confinement, I'm looking to find a new way to move.

In a description of movement in *Passing and Jostling* it states I can ‘walk, in any direction, or stand. Assuming there are two or more people, a person who stands must remain stationary. Someone who chooses to walk can walk as close as possible to the standing person without touching; that’s “passing.” Or the walker can choose to bump, lightly, into the standing person; that’s “jostling,” and it can free the standing person to get back in motion.’<sup>1</sup>

Here is the thing, since I’ve been home, all I have been doing is moving constantly, caring for others. I am not in a state of boredom or stasis, but rather stuck in the never-ending roles of carer, teacher, dog walker, cleaner, cook. What I am looking for are instructions on how to get back to my thinking and agency, now that ideas that seemed so vital in the past, are falling through me, like watery flashes of something important I can no longer grasp.

I have been devastated to discover that I have not made a space for thinking alongside the caring of others, and that my space of thinking is dependent on the absences of others from the home. How do I carve out a space for thinking? Attend to my needs without being careless? What I’m hoping to find is a way to do some, what we might call, ‘passing whilst holding’, walking past another in confinement, whilst still being able to hold onto a vitality of ideas and creating new ones. But here, right now, ‘new thought’ seems to spring insistent from confusing sources. My most recent being an encounter with an outrageously over-sized worm, and its thousands of babies, I found under an old bag of compost.

My current lack of agency, a continuing saga retold by too many. Its' repetition in attempting to recon with the sleepless gaps of motherhood. A poly vocal chorus of parental blankness. Each repetition falling on deaf ears. Expansive. Mute. Blank.

Proximity is now complicated in enacting care. Caring to excess, and not caring enough. Am I careless in where I focus? I wouldn't want to jostle the others in the house, they are already straining under the confusion of my mental absence whilst physically present. When we touch, it needs to be clear prior to embracing that I am coming close for comfort.

Dear Y, Do let me know if you have any thoughts. Do you find the worm compelling?

Love in confinement,  
Marita

1 Brian Seibert, 'A D.I.Y. Dance for Your Home, From Yvonne Rainer', New York Times, (24 Mar 2020), <https://www.nytimes.com/2020/03/24/arts/dance/yvonne-rainer-do-it-yourself-coronavirus.html> accessed 02/04/2020



## *Speaking With*, (2020- )

*Speaking With*, (2020- ) Video, colour, sound, 8 min,

Performers: Amanda Butterworth, Alex Lawler, Sinead Mckeown, Lori Silmon-Neilson

Music: Mücha, *Slow Notes For Piano and Voice*

Text from: Clarice Lispector, Carla Lonzi, Marita Fraser

Camera: Jasmine Johnson

Assistant: Brigid McLeer

Screened at *Unruly Encounters*, Southwark Gallery, London, 2022

watch at

<https://vimeo.com/764199136/71bd7a600a>



Marita Fraser, *Speaking With*, (2020) HD Video, Colour, 8 mins. Film Still





Marita Fraser, *Speaking With*, (2020- ) HD Video, Colour, 8 mins. Film Stills



Marita Fraser, *Speaking With*, (2020- ) HD Video, Colour, 8 mins. Film Stills





*In the cold frame, (2020)*



Figure 40. Marita Fraser, *In the cold frame*, (2020) Fabric dye, graphite, oil on linen. 105 x 75 cm



## *Careless Reply (2021)*

Dear Gemma,

I'm touched that you ask me to be your reader. I can feel how fresh it is, how you are looking to find a form that captures careless care. With that in mind, I offer a light edit, thinking through what you encounter on a first read. I hope you find the comments helpful. You don't need to take them on, they are just suggestions. I don't want to touch the content or structure too much. The middle of the text talks carefully to your feminist methodology and circling of bellybuttons. I hope I have reached for the kind of care you were hoping for.

Caring too much to the detriment of others that need our care, not caring enough when it counts. I struggle with this all the time. To find a settled place in care is difficult work.

The content of your text has brought up a lot. Burying a friend's dead dog in his favourite park in the dead of night. The smell of the dog has never escaped me. The digging into hard soil beneath the trees, hoping to make a hole big enough that the corpse would not be discovered by scent or other means.

In my studies in Vienna I took the 'anatomy' class at the Art Academy. On my first day we met at the medical institute and were led quickly into a room, the smell of which took me back to my night of sharp spades hitting flint and rock, our heavy dog corpse wrapped in his favourite blanket. Senses darting quickly from the smell to the gun metal grey trolleys covered in equally grey heavy plastic sheeting, my attention was drawn back to the harsh sound

of the sheet folding as an attendant pulled one back. Smell now hard in the back of my nose, the face on the trolley greeting us eyes closed.

Lying still on the trolley, a body, half revealed, skin of an indescribable colour. All body hair had been removed, their sex indeterminable as only the top half of the sheeting had been folded back. A vertical incision across the chest had enabled the flesh to be flayed open, to reveal their ribcage cut through the bone top and bottom, enabling access to the heart and lungs which were no longer there. The attendant said we were to be left in the room for an hour and walked out. A number of students pulled out sketch books, another started taking photographs. Another student reached into his bag and pulled out blue disposable latex gloves and proceeded to pull them on. He reached over to lift the front part of the ribcage away from its resting place and held it in his rubberised hands for some time. I wasn't really sure what to do.

Your text's insistence on trying to discover if the boy with the yellow bellybutton drew breath, returned me to this room. A space of a particular kind of learning, a particular kind of thinking about what a body might be, how an art practice is brought into a relationship with the body. Within the smell and the plastic sheet there is no space to ask who, and why. Viennese medical students had committed the slice and dice before our visit. What is happening in this room, in offering this space in which to connect to the figure. Where is the breath, where is community, where is the capacity for care to exceed its requirements. I'm trying to tell you something, I'm not yet sure what, something about how artists are conditioned into a way of thinking, of how the institution offers access to experiencing a particular condition of thinking about bodies as pedagogy.

And I wanted to ask your thoughts on the wax models at the Josephinum in Vienna. Have you seen the one of the pregnant

women, the top layer of her stomach artfully peeled back to reveal her perfectly formed unborn child of wax, never to draw breath. She is referred to as 'The Slashed Beauty', and it is noted with great fan-fair in descriptions I have read, that human hair was used. It is an image of so called learning which leaves me with such unease.

I've been writing a bit about the visceral nature of caring and my carelessness in relation to my mother in her sharp decline and death from a fast acting degenerative disease, diagnosed a month after my daughter was born.

From diagnosis to the next time I was physically present with my mother she could no longer speak, and was walking too fast, trying to tidy up loose ends before her legs moved no more. The next time I saw her she was bound to the bed. There was a hoist, a wheelchair, a bidet for ease of cleaning. I was wiping away excess shit that had gathered around her vulva. Touching for the first time a place I had slid through at birth. A soft warm place, now filthy from the progress of this advancing disease.

The closeness of cleaning her waste, and my carelessness at not being at her deathbed when she finally passed. I never got to see her body in death, only in its decline. It's a carelessness that haunts me whenever I rest.

We I've probably said too much already, and in many ways not enough. I've not yet settled on my text for SK, struggling in the space of 'too much and not enough' outlined in the sentence above. I will try and get something in a shape to send on later today. It's been useful reflecting on the dog and the trolley and maybe this is what was needed. Thank you. More soon.

warm wishes

x m



## Complete List of Works

### *The Cup* (2016)

Performative text

### *The Flag* (2016)

Text

### *Billy* (2017)

8 page publication.

edition of 20 hand bound

### *Billy* (2017)

Geranium leaves and flowers, ginger and raspberry tea, necklaces and bracelets, vinegar, bleach and onions skins transfer dyed onto Ikea continental sized pillows, 9 pieces, 50 x 60 x 10 cm each.

Installation view *Billy*, Schneiderei, Vienna, 2017

### **Billy Performative Readings**

*Billy*, Schneiderei, Vienna, 2017

*The Blue Hour*, Safe Houses, London, 2017

### *Untitled (Screen)* (2017)

Wood, tulle, hinges. 200 x 300 cm

### *Untitled (for Irigaray)* (2017)

Fabric dye on calico, thread, metal. 180 x 150 cm.

### *Pavilion* (2017)

Text

### *The Pavilion* (2017)

woven painting assembled from textile strips transferred dyed with flowers from the garden of Casa Wabi, coffee, turmeric, chili hibiscus flowers, metal washers, 180 x 150 cm.

### *Z - O* (2019)

Score

***The Curtain (2019)***

Performative Text

***Untitled Score, (2019)***

wood, hinges, weaving, oil on linen, framed collage,  
200 x 300 cm approx.

***(after) parts of a body house, (2019)***

Moore Contemporary, April – May 2019  
Cathedral Square, Perth

Installation of paintings, screens, textiles, single channel video and live performance.

Performers: Phoebe Tran, Brent Harrison, Odd Anderson, Marita Fraser.

Video: *Untitled Score in Three Acts, (after) parts of a body house, 2019*

Catalogue: *(after) parts of a body house, 2019*. 12 pages, colour images and performative text by the artist.

***(after) parts of a body house, (2019)***

Oil and fabric dye on linen. Tule, fabric dye on calico, wooden hinged screens.

***after) parts of a body house, (2019)***

Performance Score.

Performed at

*(after) parts of a body house, (2019)*

Moore Contemporary, April – May 2019

Cathedral Square, Perth

with Phoebe Tran, Brent Harrison, Odd Anderson, Marita Fraser

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***Letter to Y (2020)***

text

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Camera: Jasmine Johnson

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Screened at *Unruly Encounters*, Southwark Gallery, London, 2022

***In the cold frame*, (2020)**

Fabric dye, graphite, oil on linen. 105 x 75 cm

***Careless Reply* (2021)**

text



