

## BODY OF PRACTICE:

### Milk and biomaterial works:



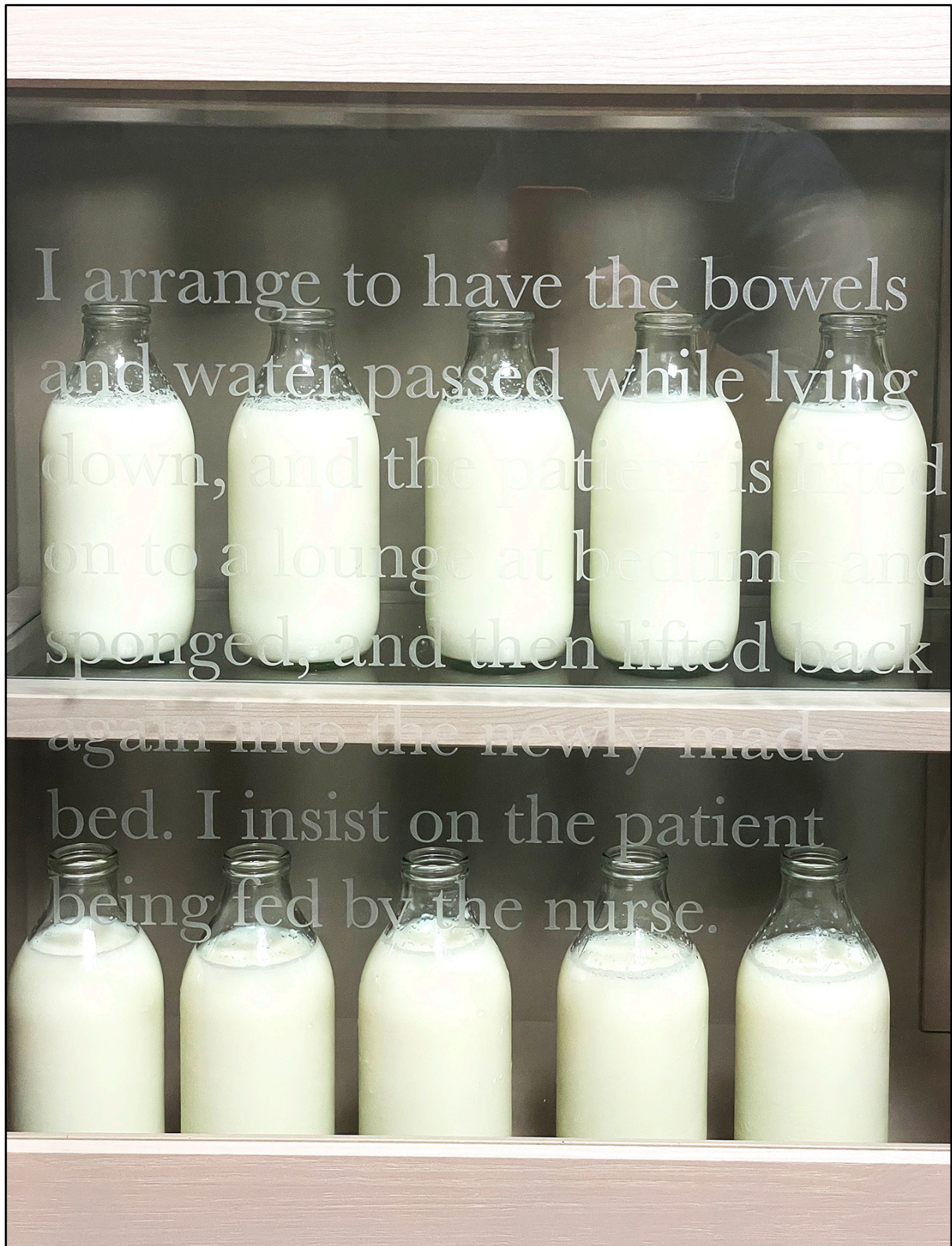
Figure 1. A Week's Supply, wood, etched glass, bottles, milk, 121x134x37 cm.





Figure 2. A Week's Supply, wood, etched glass, bottles, milk, 121x134x37 cm.





*Figure 3. A Week's Supply, wood, etched glass, bottles, milk, 121x134x37 cm.*





Figure 4. A Week's Supply, wood, etched glass, bottles, milk, 121x134x37 cm.





Figure 5. *A Week's Supply*, wood, etched glass, bottles, milk, 121x134x37 cm.





Figure 6. *Time Trial with Bees: 12 hours and 48 minutes*, crocheted wool, honeycomb, vitrine, 27x42x27 cm.



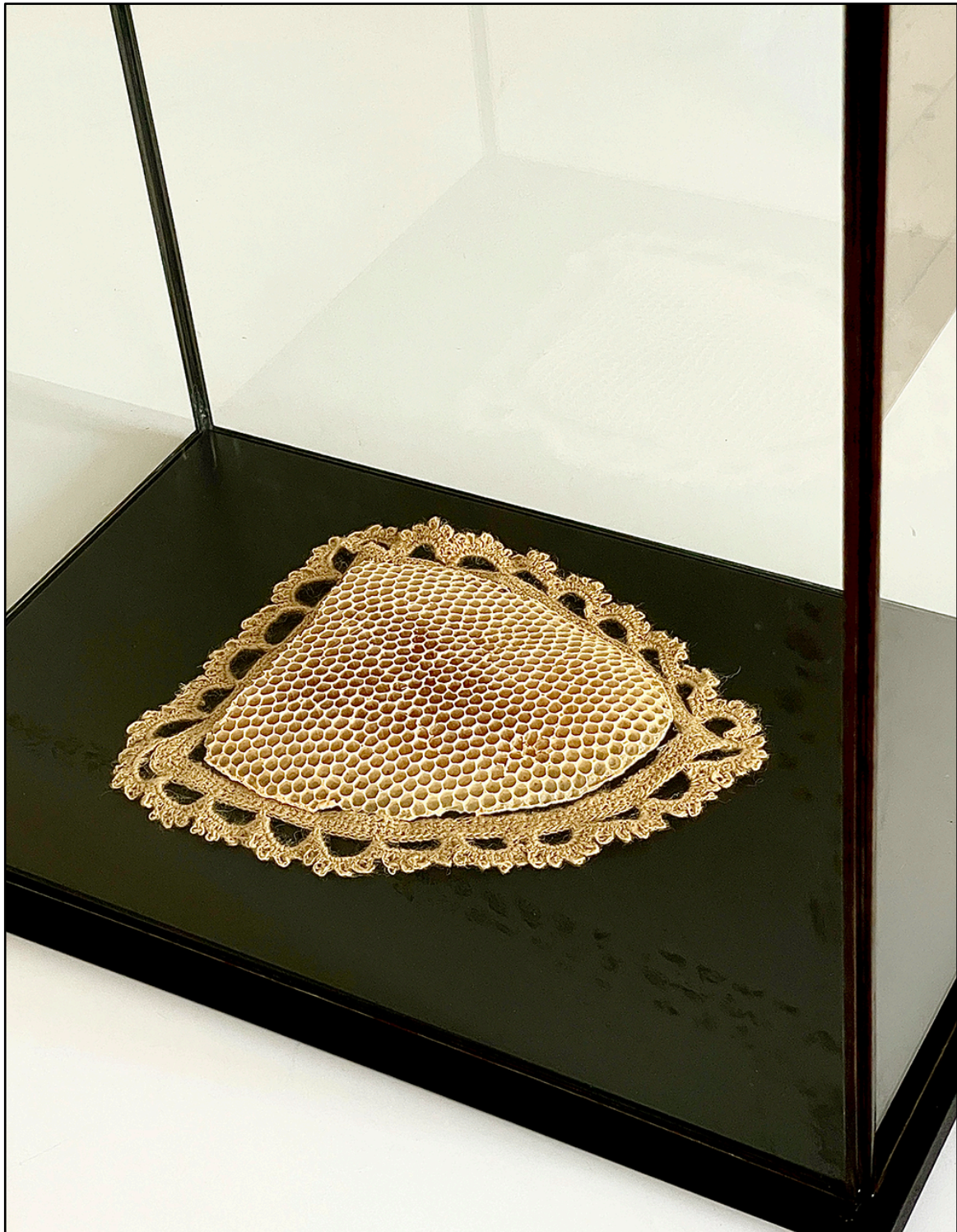


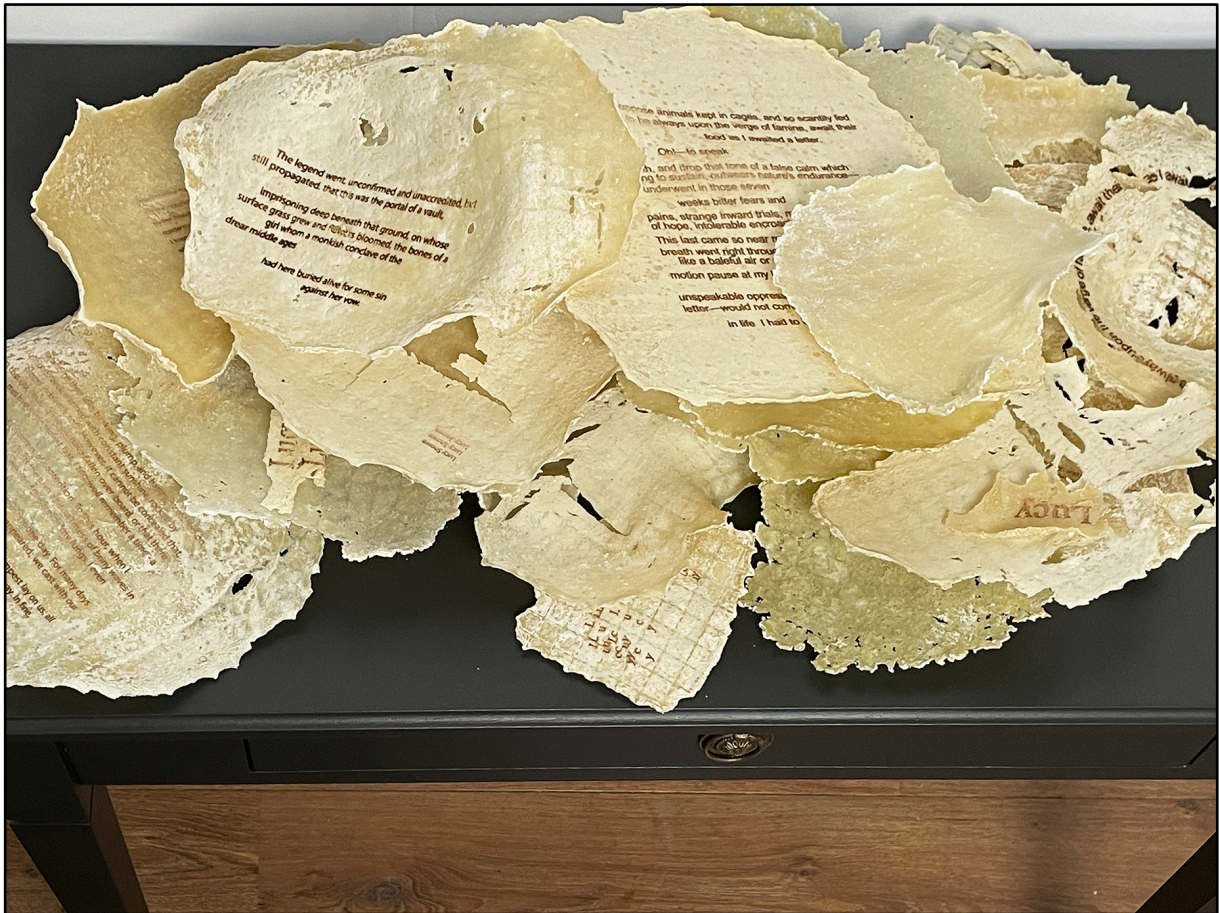
Figure 7. *Time Trial with Bees: 12 hours and 48 minutes*, crocheted wool, honeycomb, vitrine, 27x42x27 cm.





*Figure 8. Starving for a Letter: Lucy's Desk, wood, etched milk, 91x46x96 cm.*

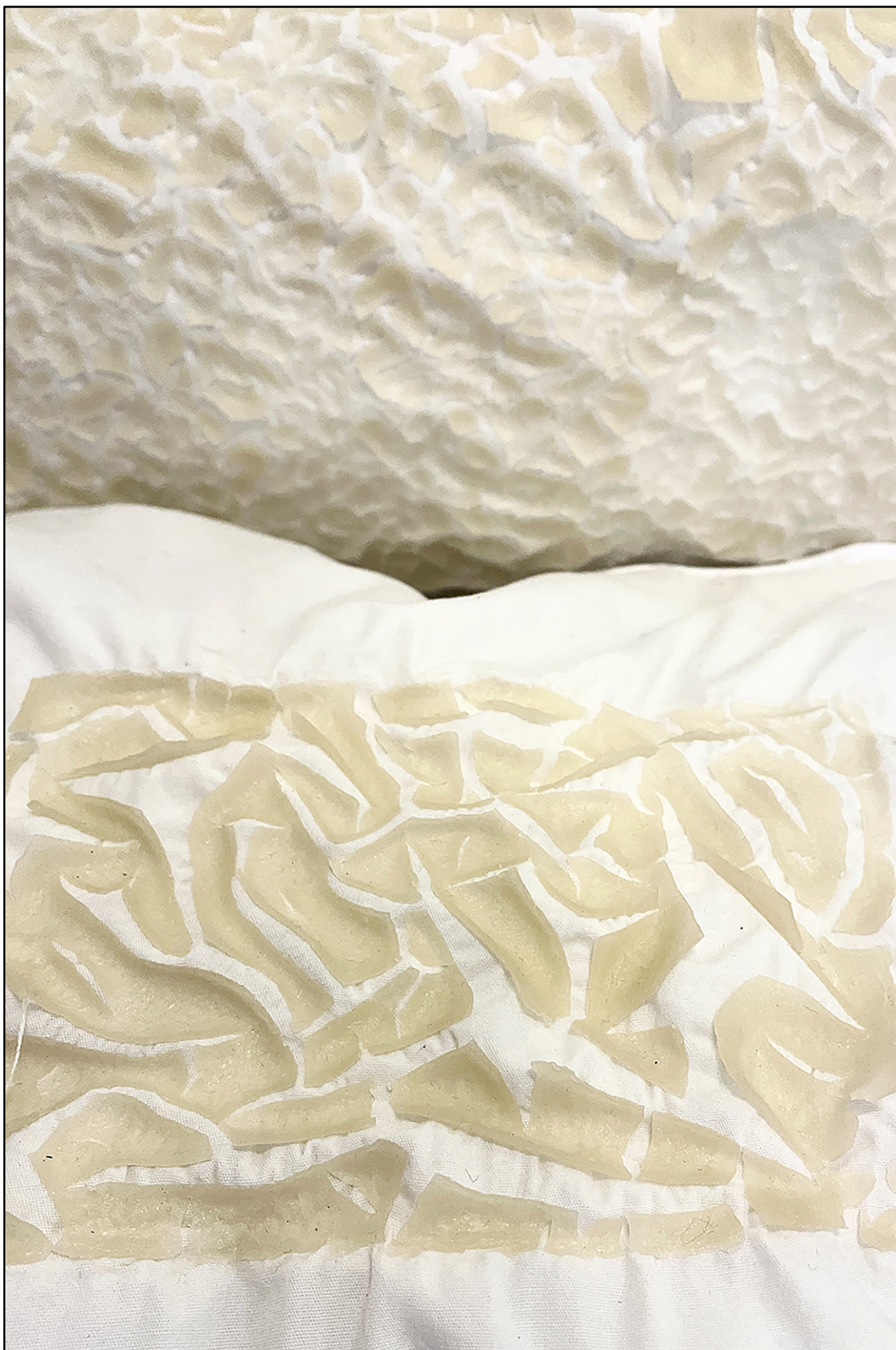




Figures 9 and 10. *Starving for a Letter: Lucy's Desk*, wood, etched milk, 91x46x96 cm.







*Figure 11. Milk pillow, detail from Now My Skin Will Not Fall Through: Rhoda's Bed, milk, cotton, 92x192x105 cm.*



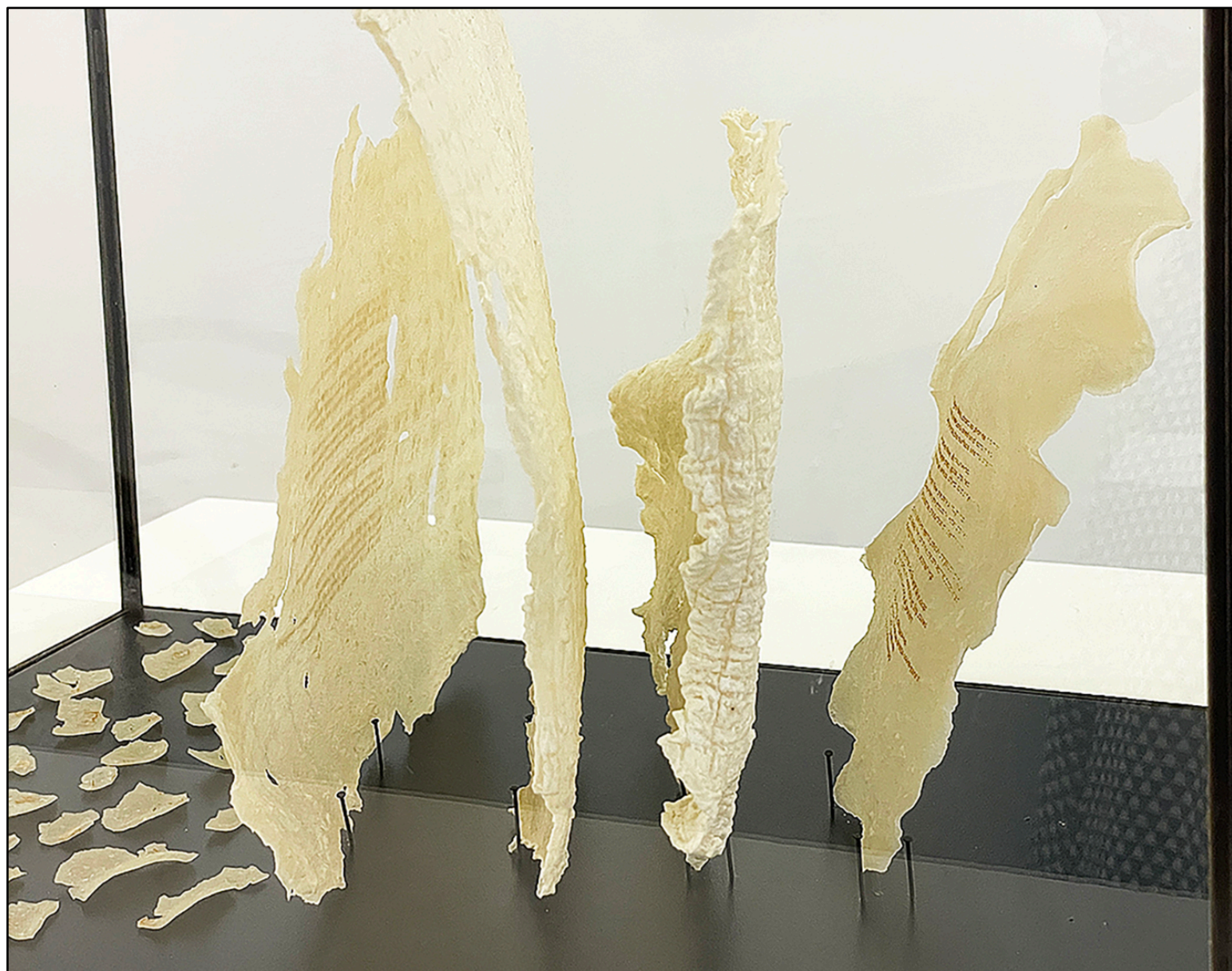


Figure 12. Milk villanelles, part of *May's Travelling Library*, laser-etched milk, vitrine, 27x42x27 cm.





Figure 13. Milk villanelles, part of May's *Travelling Library*, laser-etched milk, vitrine, 27x42x27 cm.





Figure 14. Front view, *May's Travelling Library*, wood, glass, vitrines, books, strange loops, et al, 114x173x70 cm.





Figure 15. Front and side view, *May's Travelling Library*, wood, glass, vitrines, books, strange loops, et al, 114x173x70 cm.





Figure 16. Back view, *May's Travelling Library*, wood, glass, vitrines, books, spun paper, 'walking encyclopaedias', strange loops, Letterpress-set villanelles et al, 114x173x70 cm.





Figure 17. Back view, *May's Travelling Library*, wood, glass, vitrines, books, spun paper, 'walking encyclopaedias', strange loops, Letterpress-set villanelles et al, 114x173x70 cm.



## Installations and paper works:



Figures 18 and 19. *Choral Symphony*, soundscape, paper, text, gansai pigment, buttons, steel, approx. 200x100x50 cm, soundscape duration 20 minutes. Images © Chris Lee.





Figure 20. *Choral Symphony*, soundscape, paper, text, gansai pigment, buttons, steel, approx. 200x100x50 cm, soundscape duration 20 minutes.



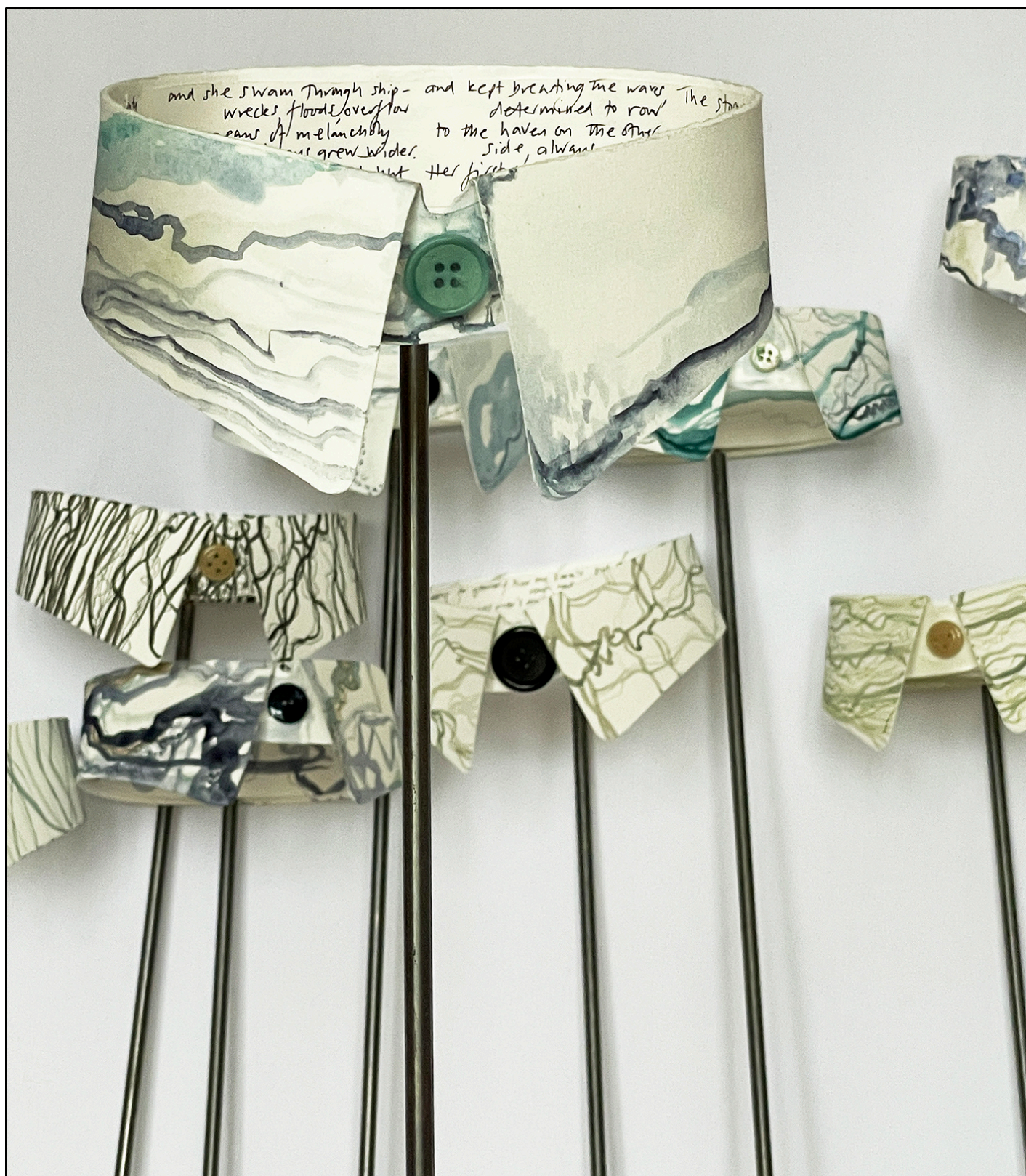


Figure 21. *Choral Symphony*, soundscape, paper, text, gansai pigment, buttons, steel, approx. 200x100x50 cm, soundscape duration 20 minutes





Figure 22. *Choral Symphony*, soundscape, paper, text, gansai pigment, buttons, steel, approx. 200x100x50 cm, soundscape duration 20 minutes





Figure 23. *Now My Skin Will Not Fall Through: Rhoda's Bed*, milk, crocheted paper, screen-print, folded paper, 92x192x105 cm.





Figure 24. Detail, *Now My Skin Will Not Fall Through: Rhoda's Bed*, milk, crocheted paper, screen-print, folded paper, 92x192x105 cm.





Figure 25. *Holding it In, Letting it Out*: an installation made up of two works. Front, *walking, walking on alone*: *Lucy's Carpet*, dye-sublimated text on recycled milk bottles, wool roving needlepoint, 100x20x400 cm. Back, *For Want of Light and Space*: *Maggie's Hair*, crocheted paper, bookbinder's sewing frame, 90x140x40 cm.





Figure 26. *walking, walking on alone: Lucy's Carpet*, dye-sublimated text on recycled milk bottles, wool roving needlepoint, 100x20x400 cm.





Figure 27. walking, walking on alone: Lucy's Carpet, dye-sublimated text on recycled milk bottles, wool roving needlepoint, 100x20x400 cm.





Figure 28. *For Want of Light and Space: Maggie's Hair*, crocheted paper, bookbinder's sewing frame, 90x140x40 cm.





Figure 29. Detail, *For Want of Light and Space: Maggie's Hair*, crocheted paper, bookbinder's sewing frame, 90x140x40 cm.





Figure 30. Detail, *For Want of Light and Space: Maggie's Hair*, crocheted paper, bookbinder's sewing frame, 90x140x40 cm.





*Figure 31. Hand-spun novel on cast Jesmonite 'paper', each skein approx. 15x3x3 cm (part of May's Travelling Library).*





*Figure 32. Left, Hand-spun novel on cast Jesmonite 'paper', each skein approx. 15x3x3 cm (part of May's Travelling Library). Right, preparing a single page of paper, using a shifu technique, to make a single length of paper thread.*



## Plaster works:



Figure 33. Frescoed 'Blocks'; Safehouse Gallery, 2023, part of May's Travelling Library.





*Figure 34. Frescoed 'Blooks', Safehouse Gallery, 2023, part of May's Travelling Library.*



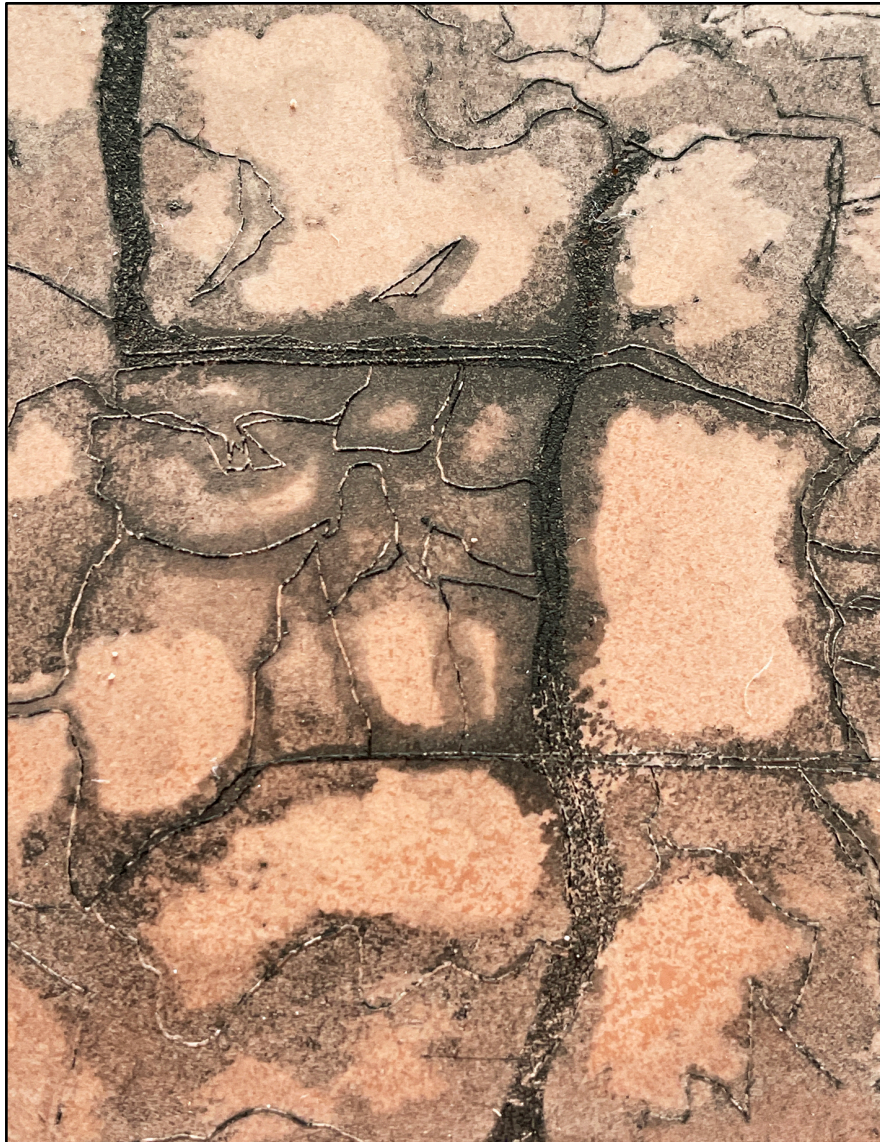
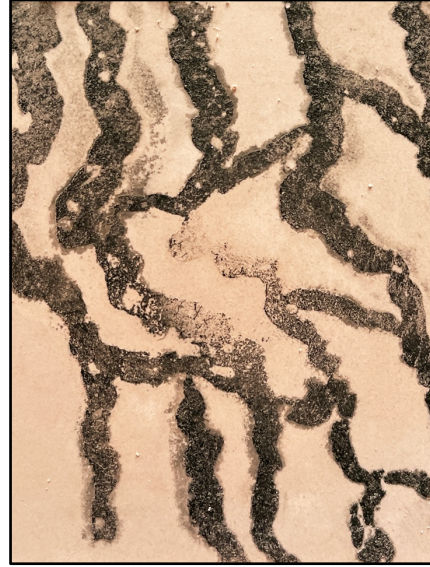


Figure 35. Miniature, etched, frescoed 'Blocks', iron-oxide pigmented plaster, 6x6x6 cm, part of May's Travelling Library.





Figures 36, 37, 38. *La Cité des Dames*, frescoed plaster, Jesmonite, book, 30x29x35 cm







*Figure 39. Conceived as *Walking Encyclopaedias*, I made a collection of these plaster and cordage objects to chart and record the distances I walked while thinking through the early stages of my inscape research. Each object contains or is bound around with string, some made as I walked, to record the number of miles covered. The encyclopaedias are now part of *May's Travelling Library*.*





Figure 40. Detail, *Walking Encyclopaedias*, plaster and grass cordage, 40x 28x10 cm and 50x50x30 cm.



## Drawings and prints:



Figure 41. *Strange Loops*, aquatint, etching, photopolymer, sugar lift on paper, 62x60x16 cm, part of *May's Travelling Library*.





Figure 42,43,44. Details, *Strange Loops*, aquatint, etching, photopolymer, sugar lift on paper, 62x60x16 cm, part of May's Travelling Library.





*Figure 45. Giant bark drawing in graphite, ink, pencil, pastel, watercolour on Japanese paper, 200x120 cm.*





*Figure 46. The same drawing hung in woods, floating in the breeze, graphite, ink, pencil, pastel, watercolour on Japanese paper, 200x120 cm.*





*Figure 47. Left, Folded paper experimental drawings which I used to speculate on ways I might interweave my women characters, before settling on the strange loop. Digital print on woven paper, 44x27 cm. Right, Digital print on woven paper, 21x15 cm.*





Figures 48,49. *Bark as Chart 1 and 2*, pastel, ink, gansai pigment, graphite on paper, 35x26 cm.

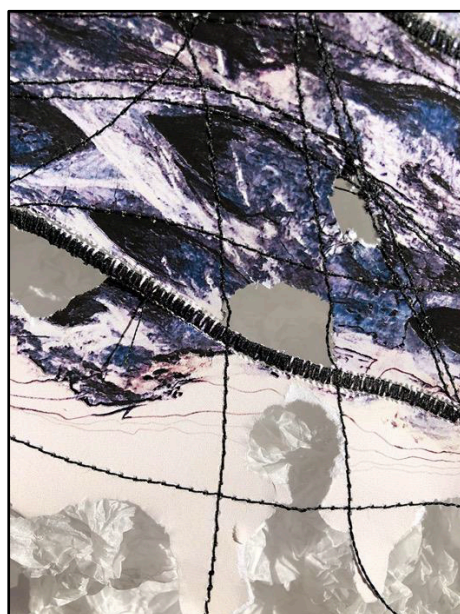


Figure 50. *Inscape 1*, screen-print, stitch, ink on onion paper, 30x30cm.





Figure 51. *Inscape 2*, ink, pastel, pencil, gansai pigment, screen-print on woven paper 40x30 cm.





*Figure 52. Bark as Chart 2, screen-print, 89x60 cm. This large four-colour screenprint became part of the paper quilt for *Now My Skin Will Not Fall Through: Rhoda's Bed*. All six drawings and screen-prints shown in figures 39-45 emerged from my speculative thinking and walking.*



## Designs and studies:

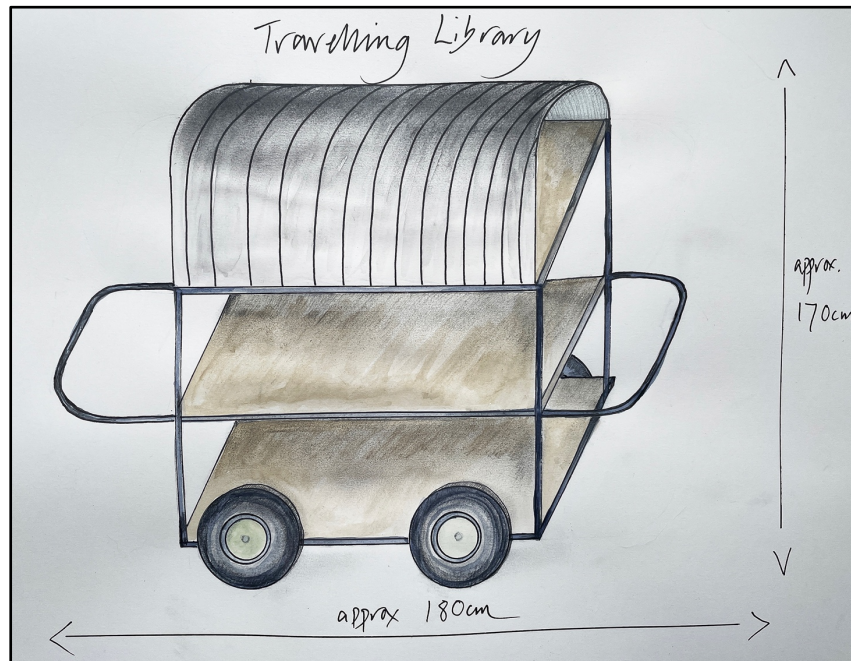


Figure 53. Prototype design for May's Travelling Library, ink, gansai pigment.

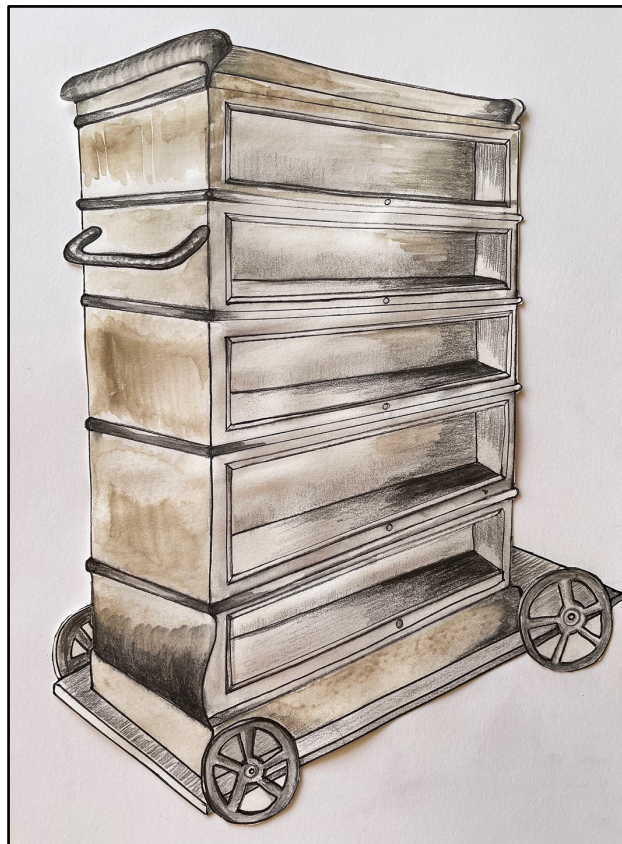


Figure 54. Final design for May's Travelling Library, ink, gansai pigment.



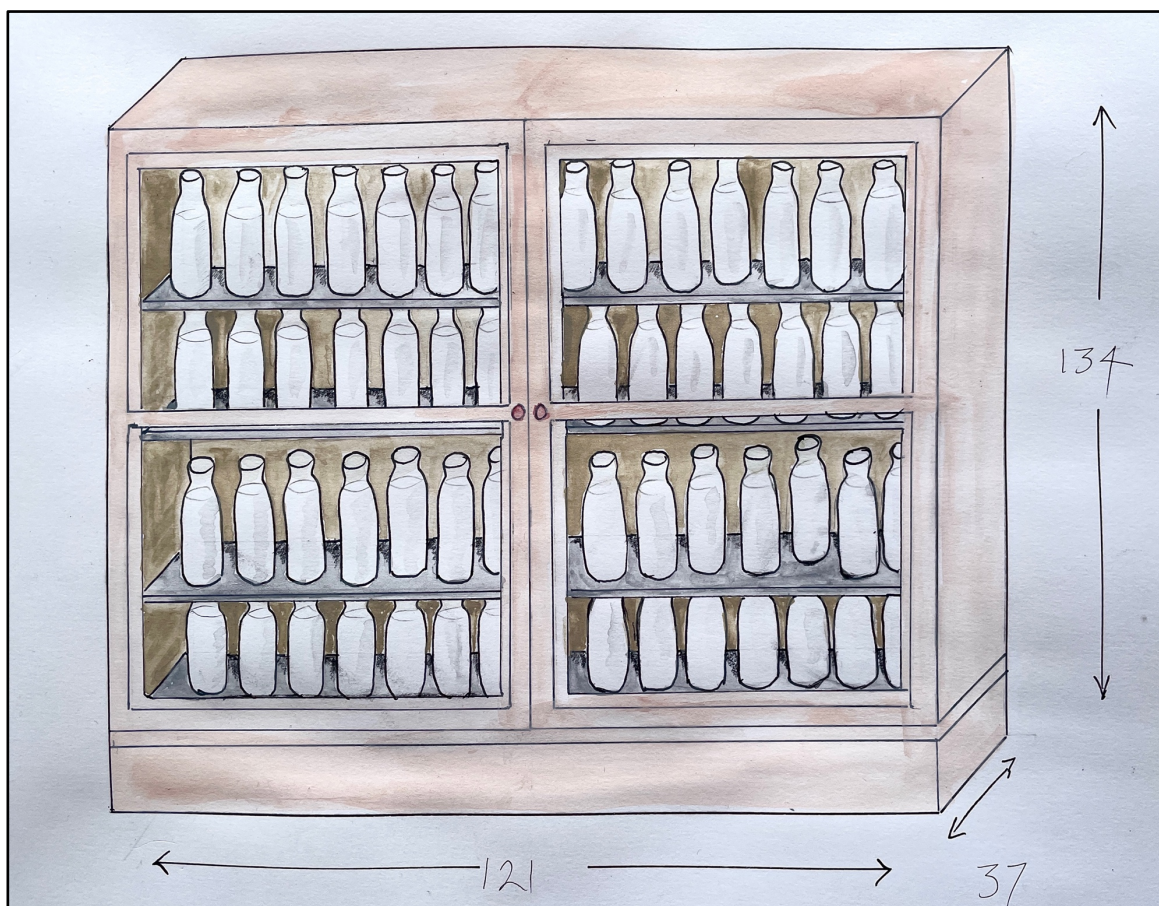


Figure 55. Design for *A Week's Supply*, ink, gansai pigment.

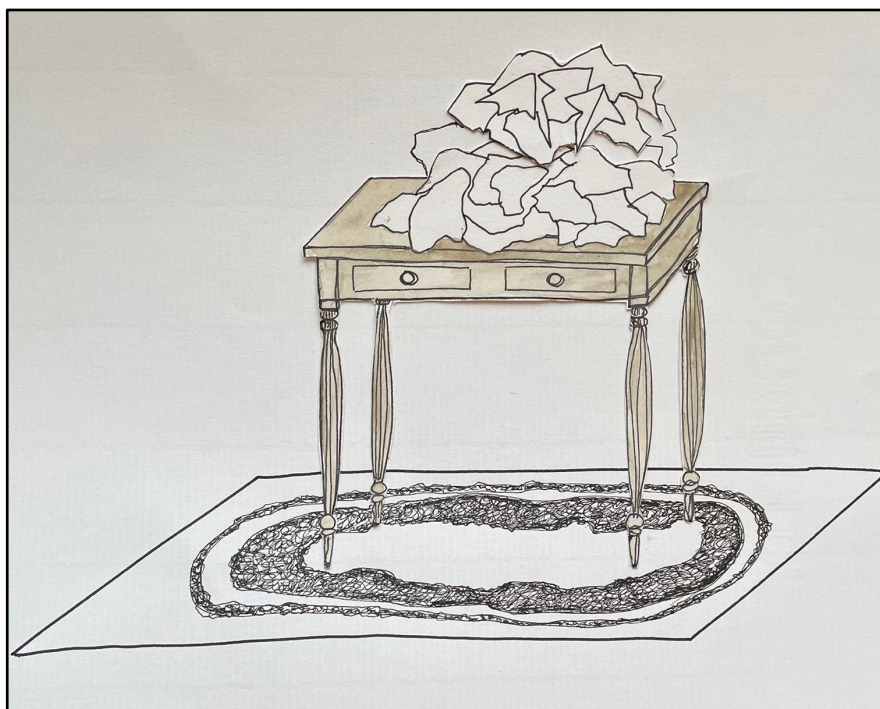


Figure 56. Design for *Starving for a Letter: Lucy's Desk*, ink, gansai pigment.





Figure 57. Alternative design for *Starving for a Letter*: *Lucy's Desk*, ink, gansai pigment.



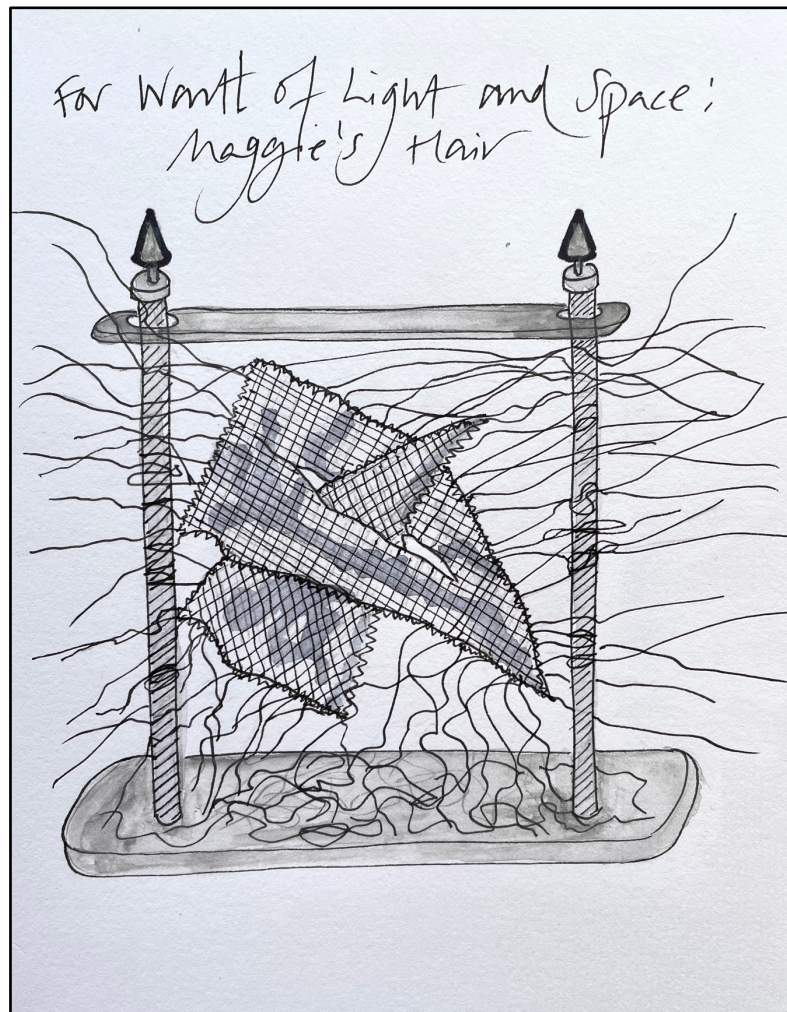


Figure 58. Design, *For Want of Light and Space: Maggie's Hair*, ink, gansai pigment.



Figure 59. Design for *Now My Skin Will Not Fall Through: Rhoda's Bed*, ink, gansai pigment.



## ‘Glints’ and strange loops:



*Figure 60. 100 Glints enlarged and arranged digitally as a consecutive strange loop and printed on dye-sublimated fabric, 400x150 cm.*





Figure 61. The same, original 100 *Glints*, overlapped as a non-hierarchical strange loop, ink, pigment, monoprint, drypoint on paper. Each painting and print, 3x6 cm.



## Workshops, performances and presentations:



*Figure 62. Dewriting Virginia Woolf: LAHP-funded workshop at the Royal College of Art, 14 June 2022.*



*Figure 63. Panel discussing the representation the domestic in literature and art, Persephone Books Festival, Holburne Museum Bath, 2024, set amongst Lubaina Himid's fabric installation. Left to right, chair, Charlie Lee-Potter and panellists, writer Jane Brocket, museum director Dr Chris Stephens, art historian Laura Freeman. Photo credit © Suzy Slemen.*





Figure 64-67. Live performances of *Running Away With Herselves*, Copeland Gallery, 2023 and Beaconsfield Gallery, 2023. The experiment was to disrupt the fixity of the villanelle form to see what ideas might emerge from a text being de- and rewritten by the random action of milk. My eventual conclusion was that, while a valid experiment, the frequent repeated phrases which are a natural part of a villanelle's form, are not made more powerful by being dewritten in this way. More resonant was to turn the villanelles into a recorded soundscape for the installation *Choral Symphony*.



## Text of my nine villanelles which appear in the installation and soundscape *Choral Symphony*:

### Tender Hooks

Stretch the cloth wide, hook it tight to the tenter,  
scour its marks, fade its colour, smooth its lines.  
Join the tuckers, their tenterhooks tender.

Tender your tenterhooks, join the tuckers, enter  
the bleaching fields, follow their signs.  
Stretch the cloth wide, hook it tight to the tenter.

Smooth the cloth kindly - its threads are slender.  
Pour liquid sun on creases, wrinkles and lines  
and join the tuckers, their tenterhooks tender.

The tuckers' hands are the cloth's defender.  
Its silken surface ripples, gleams and shines.  
Stretch the cloth wide, hook it tight to the tenter,

miles of cloth, looped to wooden inclines.  
The day's first length is pulled from the tines.  
Join the tuckers, their tenterhooks tender.

It's a task performed with skill. The tender tenter  
has dextrous hands and long timelines.  
Stretch the cloth wide, hook it tight to the tenter,  
join the tuckers, their tenterhooks tender.



### Brought Up By Hand

Her hands were bluffs: ridge, gulley, crag, angle and scree,  
scored by battles with slubber, loom, roving frame.  
But armed with needles, her fingers crackled with poetry

which turned her yarn and thread from prose to melody.  
Not a song she wanted to sing - her hopes had another name.  
Her hands were bluffs: ridge, gulley, crag, angle and scree.

Her cuffs bristled with steel ranks of pins because she  
was primed to do what she hated - to cut, stitch, tame.  
Armed with needles, her fingers crackled with poetry

But there were no rounded corners. She spoke roughly,  
gestured harshly. Her sharp angles were her only fame  
and her hands were bluffs, ridge, crag, angle, scree.

She craved the rasp of pencil, contours of a map, a journey.  
But poverty put paid to that and she made no counterclaim.  
Still, armed with needles, her fingers crackled with poetry.

Her battalions of pins never fought for her victory.  
But she bequeathed me space she could never name.  
Yes, her hands were bluffs, ridge, gulley, crag, angle and scree.  
But armed with needles, her fingers crackled with poetry.



### Cleave

Her first name was Frost, her second was Snowe  
(there's no doubting the icy design of her writer).  
She cleaved to the text, but cleaved from the shadow

and hoped for sovereignty tomorrow  
when the shades would be brighter.  
Her first name was Frost, her second was Snowe

and she swam through shipwrecks, floods, overflow  
from oceans of melancholy that only grew wider.  
She cleaved to the text, but cleaved from the shadow

and kept breasting the waves, determined to row  
to the haven on the other side, always a fighter.  
Her first name was Frost, her second was Snowe.

The storms grew wilder but she chose to follow  
her own valiant course carved for an outsider.  
She cleaved to the text, but cleaved from the shadow.

In those glacial years, the land lay fallow,  
frozen like her name. But time's called on winter.  
Though her first name was Frost, her second Snowe,  
she cleaved from the text and cleaved from the shadow.



### Walking Through a Fresco

When she says time is passing, she  
doesn't know she's passing by it. And  
the slow seep of pigment through plaster, free

to leach to the other side if it wants to see  
what lies beneath, is not at her command.  
When she says time is passing, she

imagines it coiled in a basket, trained to agree  
to be unspooled, compliant, hand over hand.  
But the slow seep of pigment through plaster

stains surface's sousface; her will is more plea  
than command. Verso is reverso, the sand  
of time is perversely sifting upwards and she

fears she has misspent her currency.  
Coiled thread uncoils. She recoils, a strand tightens.  
The slow seep of pigment through plaster

blooms and swells across the surface; fresco, free  
to make its choice. Because, taking her entitled stand,  
she misunderstood when she said time was passing and  
she is the pigment slowly seeping through plaster.



Map of Legends and Tree of Signs

Tracing the bark as chart, as pioneer's map,  
its raised sinews torsioned and strained,  
the route across the surface seems sharp

for creatures there. But unwrap  
the ancient eye-glass, gaze trained,  
and trace the bark as chart, as pioneer's map

for yourself. Now the bark's rough nap  
becomes river's dry tributary, water drained.  
The route across the surface still seems sharp,

but the glass turns legend to odyssey, bark from burlap  
to colossus, inch to mile; the bark now bloated, veined.  
Reading the bark as chart, as pioneer's map,

is a journey of many days, from benign plain to icecap.  
The unfolded map, if it were one, now limp, stained.  
But the route across the surface still seems sharp.

A map's end marks prizes, a victor's plaque,  
but this woman's plan is more subtle, restrained.  
Tracing the bark as chart, as pioneer's map,  
the route across the surface need not be sharp.



### Wrong Side of the Fabric

A woman with few words but many hazards,  
she shrank as what words there were evaporated.  
At era's end, she was a shadowed shape of past tenses

who elbowed herself out of the way of ballads,  
even though I had songs for her. And as the syllables fled,  
she was a woman with fewer words, but more hazards.

Paltry phrases were pinched inches; her skills were yards  
of tulle, velvet, thread, lace silk-braided.  
At era's end, she was a shadowed shape of past tenses.

She'd wanted to write, travel, face the breeze windwards  
but her life was airless, her fabric poor, ambition wasted.  
A woman with fewer words but even more hazards.

She counted her stitches and found them lacking, shards  
of poor thread, tattered loops, darned cuffs, lace she hated.  
By the end she was a shadowed shape of past tenses.

But I have kinder words to hook her forward  
from fabric's wrong side where colour and pattern faded.  
She was a woman with fewer words and yet more hazards,  
but to me more than a shadowed shape of past tenses.



### Playing the Loop

If I place one life on another, which is the victor?  
The strangled life beneath, smothered but first?  
Or the life above, higher, better, sleeker, slicker?

I could shuffle the pack, play at pitcher,  
place above below and make beneath the worst.  
If I stack one life on another, am I the victor?

It's hard to fight the game of tricked and tricker.  
We're trained to sort, to choose the fittest.  
The life on top must be higher, better, sleeker, slicker.

Gödel finished his mathematical stricture  
to prove not everything can be proved. At its simplest,  
If I stack one life on another, there's never a victor.

Still, we keep trying, sure there must be a stricter  
way of choosing who wins the game of strongest, weakest.  
Surely, the fragment on top, higher, better, sleeker, slicker?

They're the wrong questions - Hofstadter got there quicker  
Just loop the loop and neither above nor below is cursed.  
If I stack one life on another, no-one's the victor.  
Above *and* below are higher, better, sleeker, slicker.



### Ink, Paper, Milk

Milk pools on the paper's surface, glossy, taut, tactile.  
Beneath, on the sousface, ink seeps, staining the underlayer.  
Pierce *sur* to meet *sous* for inscape's face where women file

in line, one overlapping the other, choral, steadfast, agile,  
spinning parables, future legends, myths of higher air.  
On the paper's surface milk pools, glossy, taut, tactile,

nourishing, giving succour, each to the other, while  
those not there yet walk towards the circle, eager to share.  
Pierce *sur* to meet *sous* for the inscape where women file,

telling their stories of resist, repel, repeat, revile,  
to build a circle where no-one need forbear.  
On the paper's surface milk pools, glossy, taut, tactile,

daring the pen to draw it up and write a new style  
of story in which there's no revenge, no savagery, no despair.  
Pierce *sur* to meet *sous* for inscape's face where women file.

When they glide to the cool, shaded glade they merge while  
they count their number. Five so far but more will come, aware  
that on the paper's surface milk pools, glossy, taut, tactile.  
Pierced *sur* meets *sous* – inscape's face where women file.



### Fuller, Louder, Deeper

She wanted more instruments playing together -  
sonorous, strong, resonant. She'd never had music.  
"Give me voices which are fuller, deeper, richer."

For natures like hers, life needed the pleasure  
of poetry, drama, music, the rhythm wild and quick.  
She wanted more instruments playing together

but symphonies and choirs were never allowed.  
Her starved choice was to ban the acoustic.  
"Give me voices which are fuller, deeper, richer"

was the old cry of the girl who craved to be clever.  
But she chose à Kempis to whom she was never suited.  
She wanted more instruments playing together

but she obediently chose to surrender  
to those who required she be docile, muted.  
"Give me voices which are fuller, deeper, richer"

she had pleaded, and though she tamed her temper,  
her deep yearning never shifted, was always lucid -  
she still wanted instruments playing together.  
"Give me voices which are fuller, deeper, richer."



## The villanelles as ‘shorthand’ artworks for May’s Travelling Library



Figure 10. My villanelles handwritten in ink on gansai-painted Japanese paper and transferred to the shelves of a prototype structure for May’s *Travelling Library*. Once again, my *Glint* paintings form the imagery. Shorthand text of ‘Playing the Loop’, ink, gansai pigment on Japanese paper, 60x40 cm.



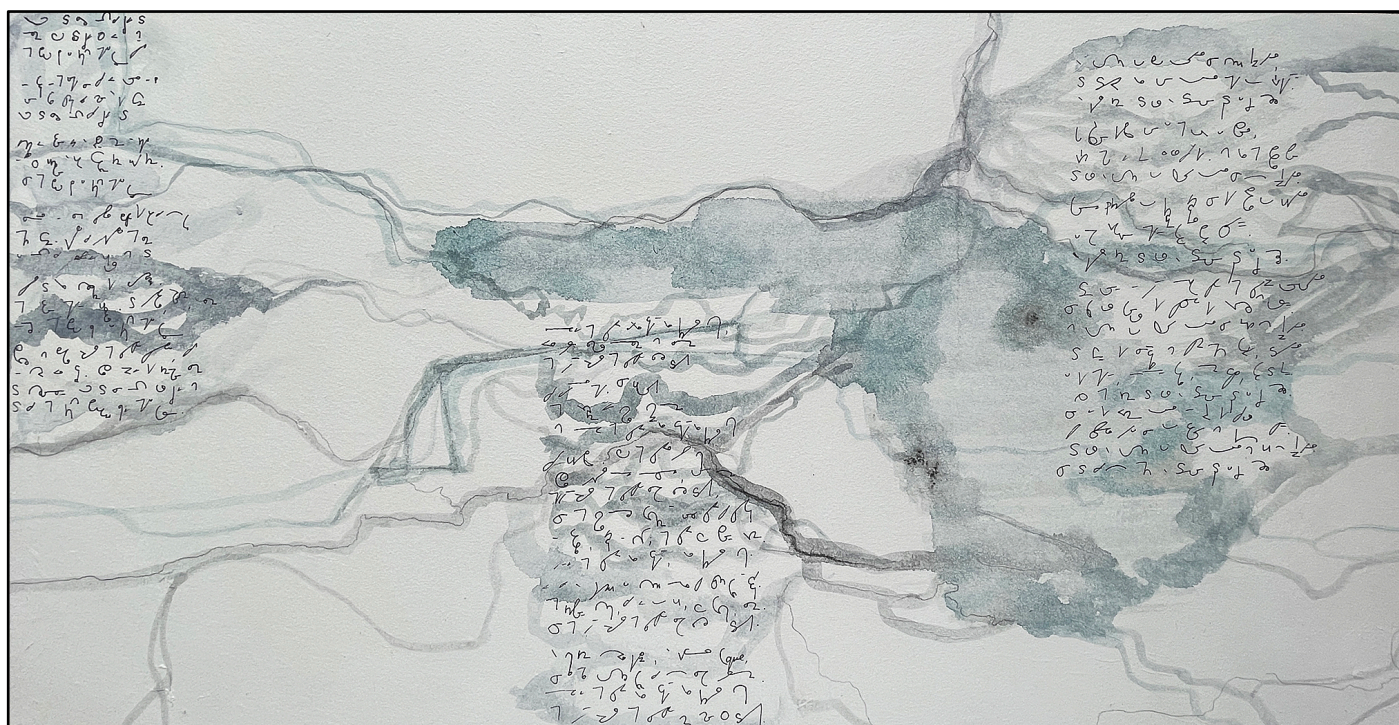


Figure 11. Left to right, the villanelles 'Walking Through a Fresco', 'Map of Legends and Tree of Signs', 'Wrong Side of the Fabric', 60x40 cm.

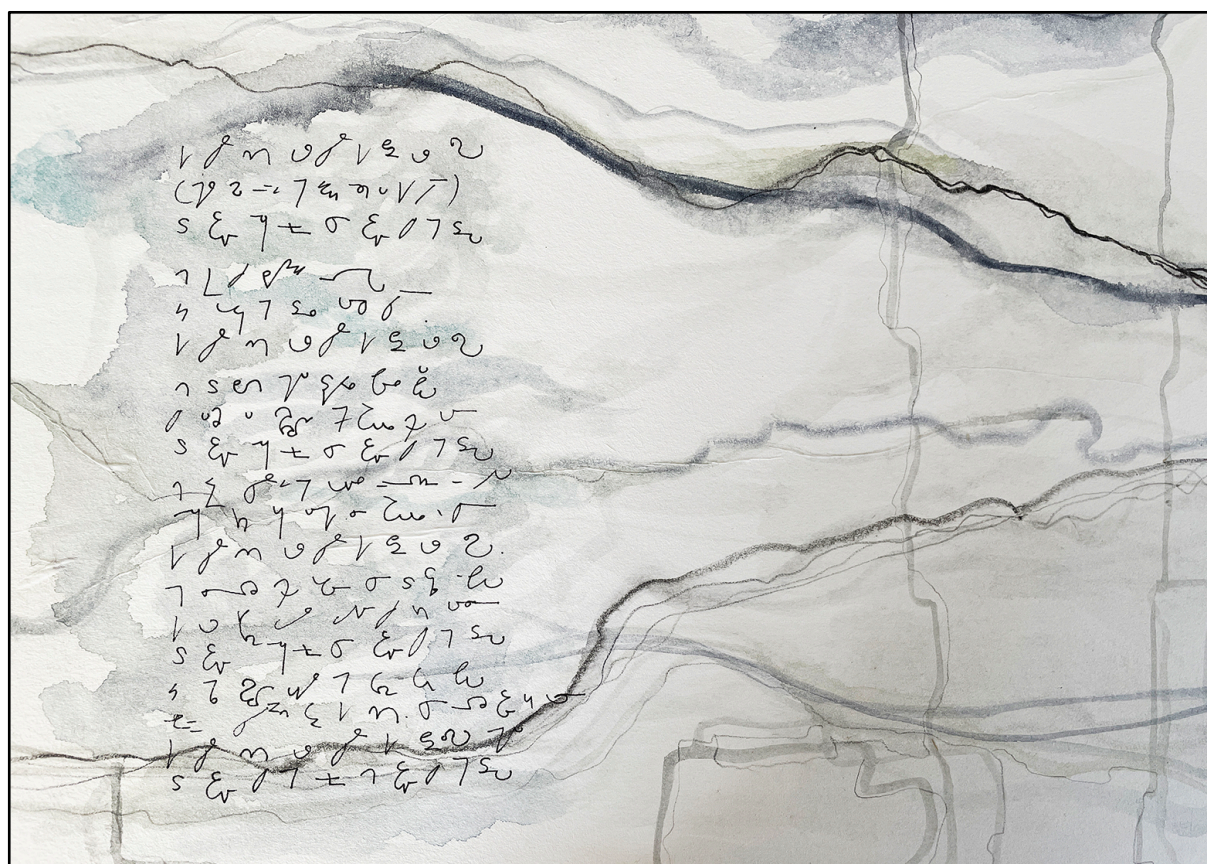


Figure 12. The villanelle 'Cleave', ink and gansai pigment on Japanese paper, 60x40 ccm.



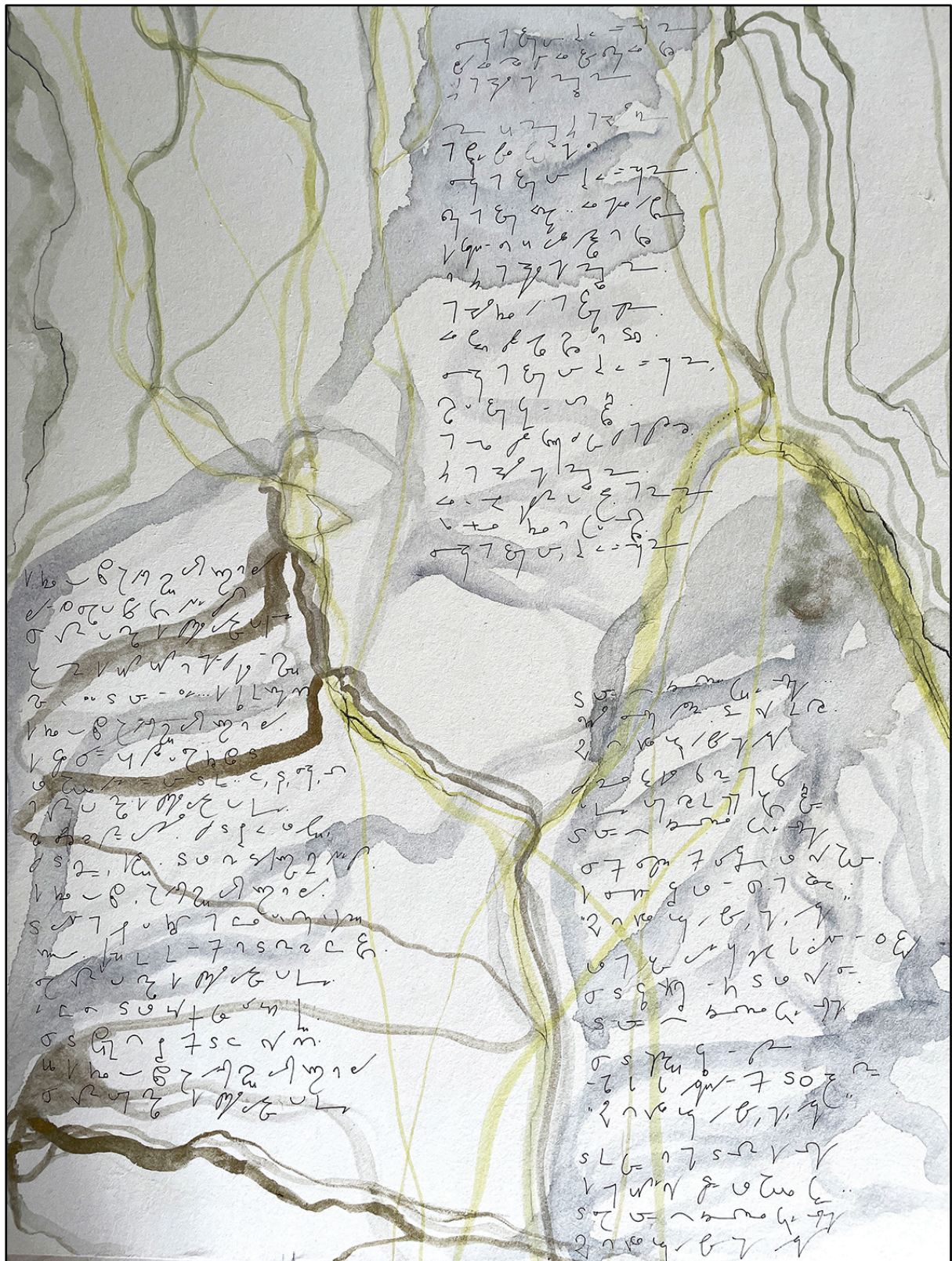


Figure 13. The three villanelles transcribed here are, left 'Brought Up By Hand', 'Tender Hooks' and 'Fuller, Louder, Deeper', 60x40 cm.