

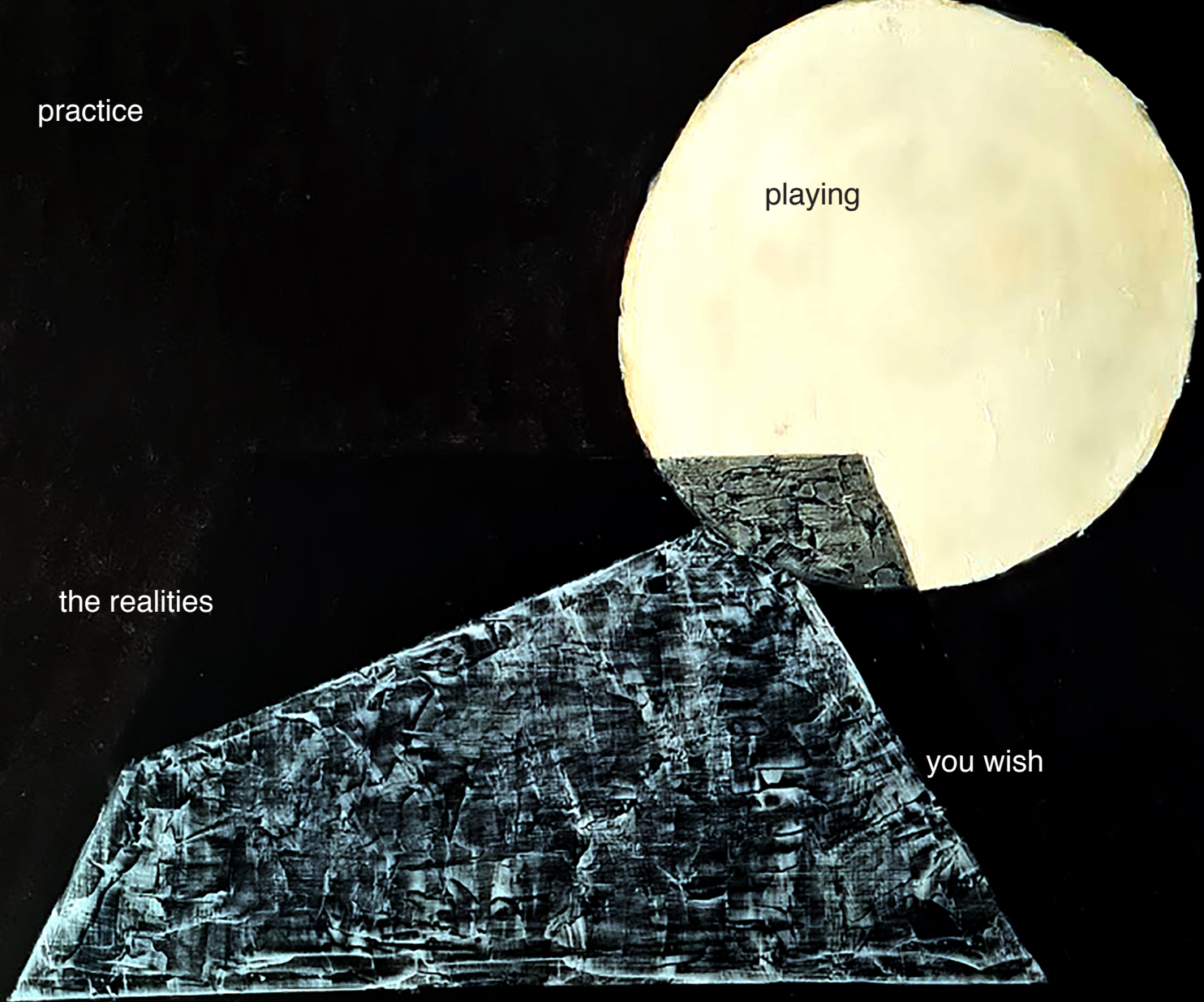
practice

playing

the realities

you wish

were true.

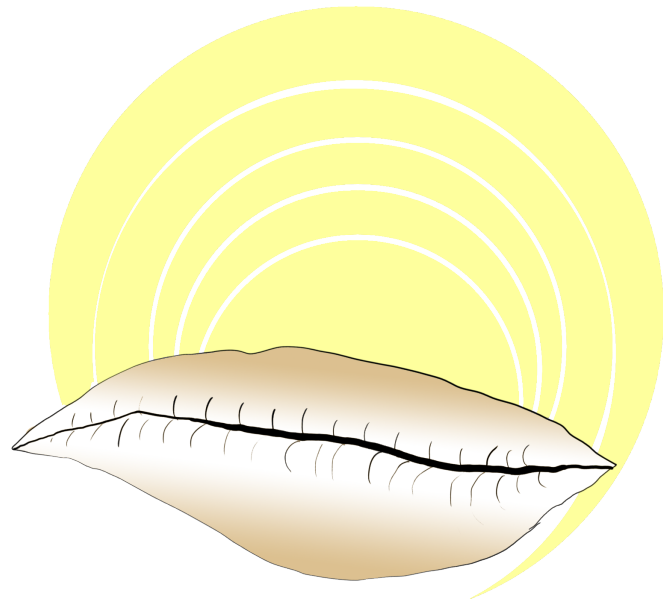


Solomon saith: There is no new thing upon the earth. So that as Plato had an imagination, that all knowledge was but remembrance; so as Solomon giveth his sentence, that all novelty is but oblivion.

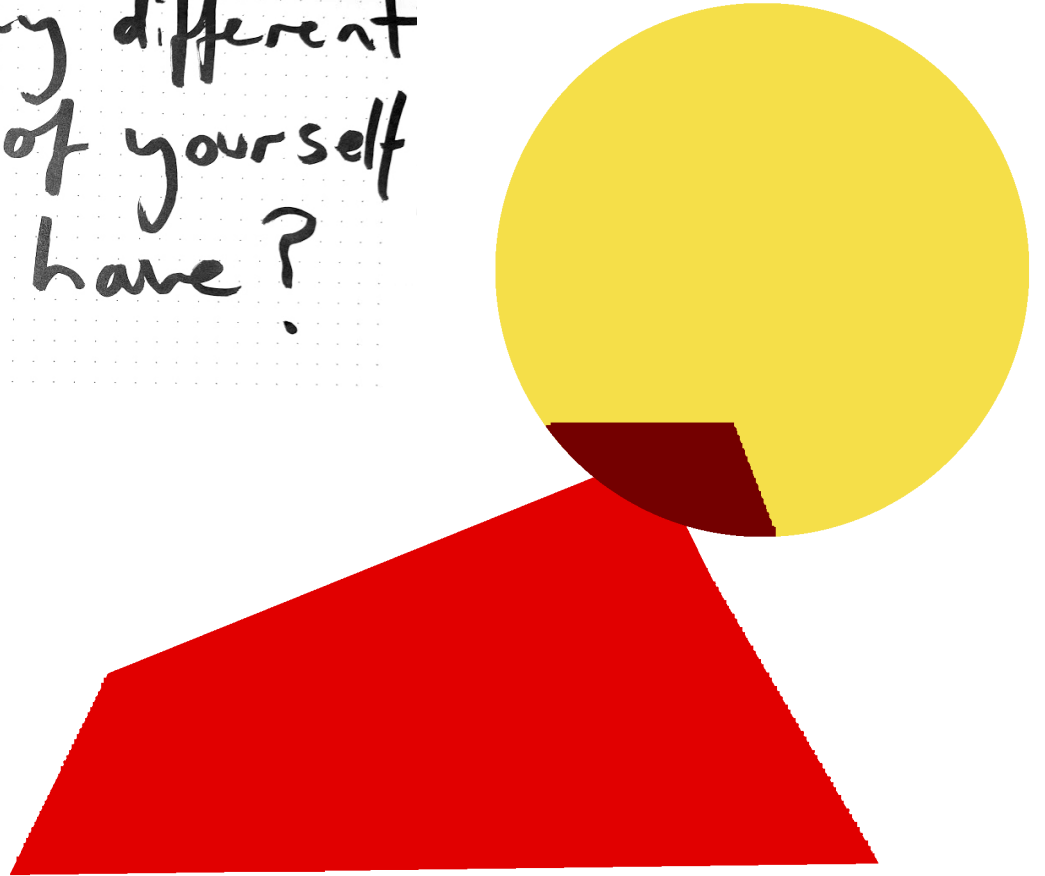
Francis Bacon: *Essays*, LVIII 1597

Sometimes we drug ourselves with dreams of new ideas. The head will save us. The brain alone will set us free. But there are no new ideas still waiting in the wings to save us as women, as human. There are only old and forgotten ones, new combinations, extrapolations and recognitions from within ourselves- along with the renewed courage to try them out.

Audre Lorde: *Sister Outsider* 1984



How many different
versions of yourself
do you have?



Playing ways of being that allow us to think beyond what is already here and already not serving us.

'Let us decide not to imitate Europe; let us combine our muscles and our brains in a new direction. Let us try to create the whole [hum]man, whom Europe has been incapable of bringing to triumphant birth.'

Frantz Fanon: *Wretched Of The Earth* 1961



Frida Kahlo: Roots 1943

EXTRAPOLATIONS

Unquantified thoughts which point to something that is true beyond the range of sight for which it is known to be true. What is true for you today?

Initiation Song from the Finders' Lodge

Please bring strange things.
Please come bringing new things.
Let very old things come into your hands.
Let what you do not know come into your eyes.
Let desert sand harden your feet.
Let the arch of your feet be the mountains.
Let the paths of your fingertips be your maps
and the ways you go be the lines on your palms.
Let there be deep snow in your inbreathing
and your outbreath be the shining of ice.
May your mouth contain the shapes of strange words.
May you smell food cooking you have not eaten.
May the spring of a foreign river be your navel.
May your soul be at home where there are no houses.
Walk carefully, well loved one,
walk mindfully, well loved one,
walk fearlessly, well loved one.
Return with us, return to us,
be always coming home.

اغنية الاستهلال للفايندرز لودج

أحضروا أشياء غريبة .
تعالوا ومعكم أشياء جديدة .
دعوا أشياء عتيقة تأتي لأيديكم .
دعوا ما تجهلونه يأتي لأعينكم .
دعوا رمال الصحراء تصلب اقدامكم .
دعوا تَقْوُسات اقدامكم تكون الجبال .
دعوا اثار اصابعكم تكون خرائطكم والطرق التي تسلكونها سُرر كفوفكم .
دعوا الثلج العميق في شهيقكم وبريق الجليد في زفيركم .
فليحتوي فمكم على اشكال الكلمات الغريبة .
فلتستنشقوا رائحة طهي أكل لم تَطعموه .
فليكن ربيع نهر أجنبي سُرَّتكم
فلتسكن ارواحكم حيث لا ديار .
سيروا بحذر، أيها الأحباء ،
سيروا باعتبار، أيها الأحباء ،
سيروا بلا خوف، أيها الأحباء .
عودوا معنا، عودوا الينا ،
عودوا دائما لبيوتكم .

RECOGNITIONS

A close-up, low-angle shot of a person's hand holding a small, dark object. The scene is dimly lit with a warm, golden-brown glow, suggesting an indoor setting with soft lighting. The background is dark and out of focus, with some faint, circular patterns visible on the wall or ceiling.

What lessons have you (re)learnt from within?

Do you allow space for your mind to wonder?



Leonora Carrington: And Then We Saw The Daughter Of The Minotaur 1953

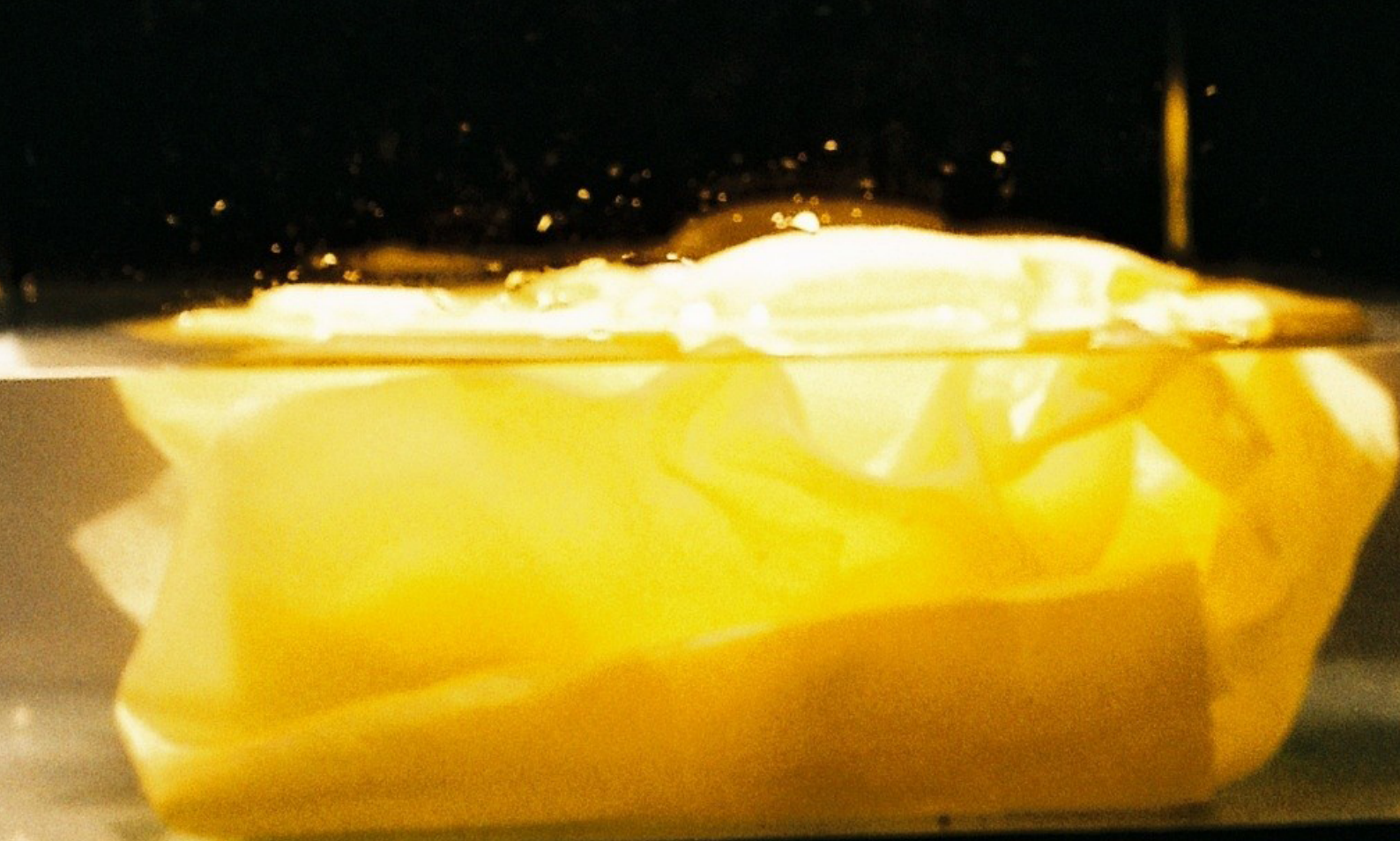
FORGOTTEN ONES

Do you ever come across a sound, colour or shape that make you feel something you can't describe? Do you move towards these feelings that you can't describe, or hide away from them?

NEW COMBINATIONS

That's us, before we got there
That's morning time, before we got there

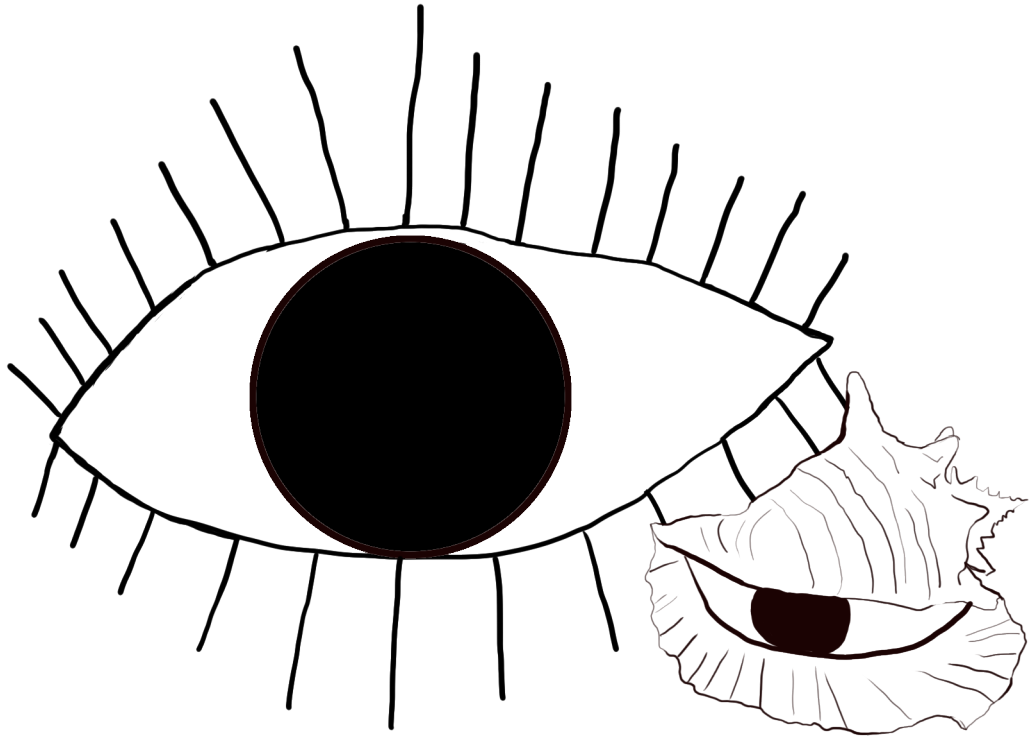
Arthus Russell: That's Us/Wild Combination 2004



For women, then poetry is not a luxury. It is a vital necessity of our existence. It forms the quality of the light within which we predicate our hopes and dreams toward survival and change, first made into language, then into idea, then into more tangible action. Poetry is the way we help give the name to the nameless so it can be thought. The farthest horizons of our hopes and fears are cobbled by our poems, carved from the rock experiences of our daily lives.

Audre Lorde: *Sister Outsider* 1984





Practice Play by Meera Shakti Osborne

Practice Play was originally commissioned for 'Notes on Play' as part of the Unlocking Our Sound Heritage project, for the MA Curating Contemporary Art Programme Graduate Projects 2020 - 2021, Royal College of Art in partnership with the British Library