

theyfriend pillow

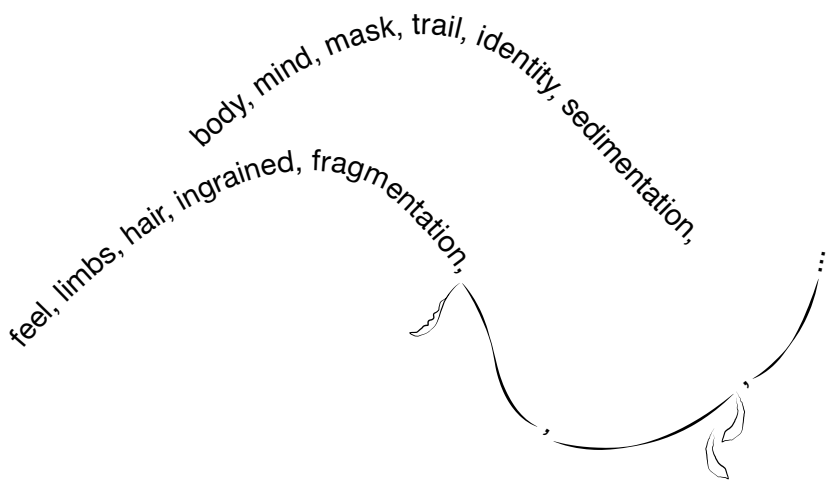
membrane *~* senses *~* affection *~* home

are the four fascicles that compose the thesis core, responding to the research aim of working from the uncontrollable of the multiple and collaboration, there're diverse text natures. Including diary fragments, compilations of quotes and short accounts by fellow artists whom I invited to write a crystallization of their practice, or of our life experiences together and apart. These multiple voices being compost that fertilizes the ground for the interwoven practice to come. The four fascicles are interdependent and interchangeable, there're no hierarchy between them. They belong all to all, that's why I decided not to edit them one after the other in a specific order, but separately together by this folder.

affection *~* senses *~* home *~* membrane

are the four entities that compose the thesis core, membrane being a metaphor to talk about the body, I'm curious for an understanding of ourselves beyond our flesh and limbs. Moving forward the normative isolated neoliberal dream, but understanding this is the commodified context we are in, I believe there're plenty of potentialities for grounding together through our senses. We can reunite body and senses for a shared self-awareness and alertness. Home is approached on this reflection as the desire to reappropriate the space around us, questioning what home has been told us to be and what do we want it to be. Do we want to live the neoliberal isolation dream? Or, if we want to belong to shared communities, how these can happen? Recognizing affection, emotion and the sensing body as facilitators for those relations, within us, others and home. All together, this thesis desires to be a proposal for new relations of care, theyfriend pillow being the first seed planted of a long-lived field to explore.

membrane



Membrane are [✓] fluid entity of the self, our corporality and our mind, the container, tool, receiver and founder of effects, where all grounds and lives.

I recognize my membrane in the blend of body and mind, in the relation with otherness and within myself. Membrane is the space of relation that constantly transforms; as Foucault states, it is tied to all the elsewhere of the world, it is elsewhere than in the world because it is around it that things are arranged.

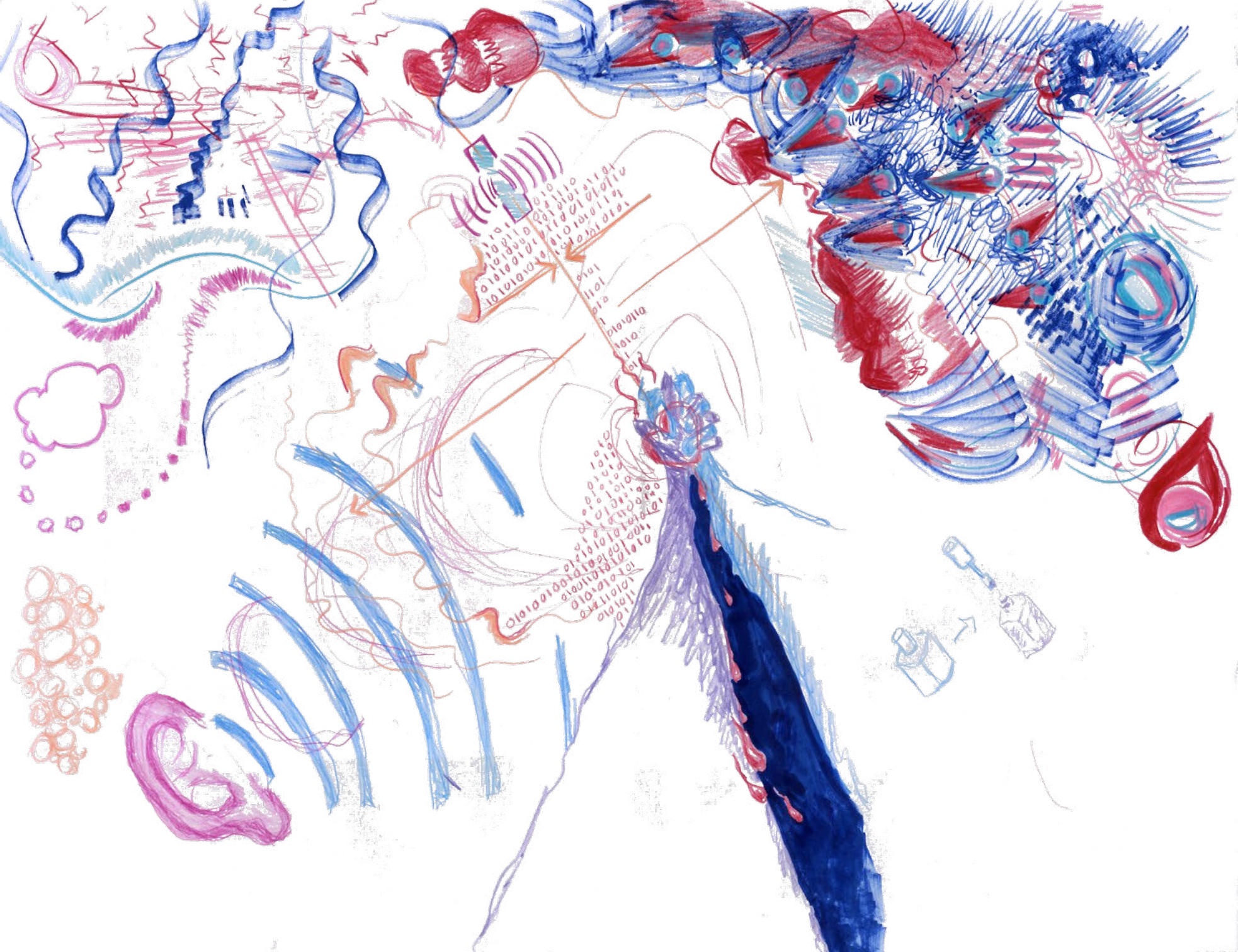
An open frame, a wall full of cracks, huge and small at each stage of life, always you, it adapts to take you as far as you'll go or stays stiff when you'll feel fear without allowing anything to go in or out.

[✓]are, here appears not as a grammatical error, but a statement to talk in the plural of our "single" corporealities. This use of the plural forms will happen along the thesis.



Membrane is a metaphor to talk about the body, where it all begins, in our own flesh and limbs. But, I want to refer to the body as membrane to create an image that goes beyond its own boundaries, to understand the bodies as entities that correlate beyond our own flesh and limbs, as their existence wouldn't be understandable without the complex entanglement of relations within. Membrane to talk about the body that is holding space for things to happen.

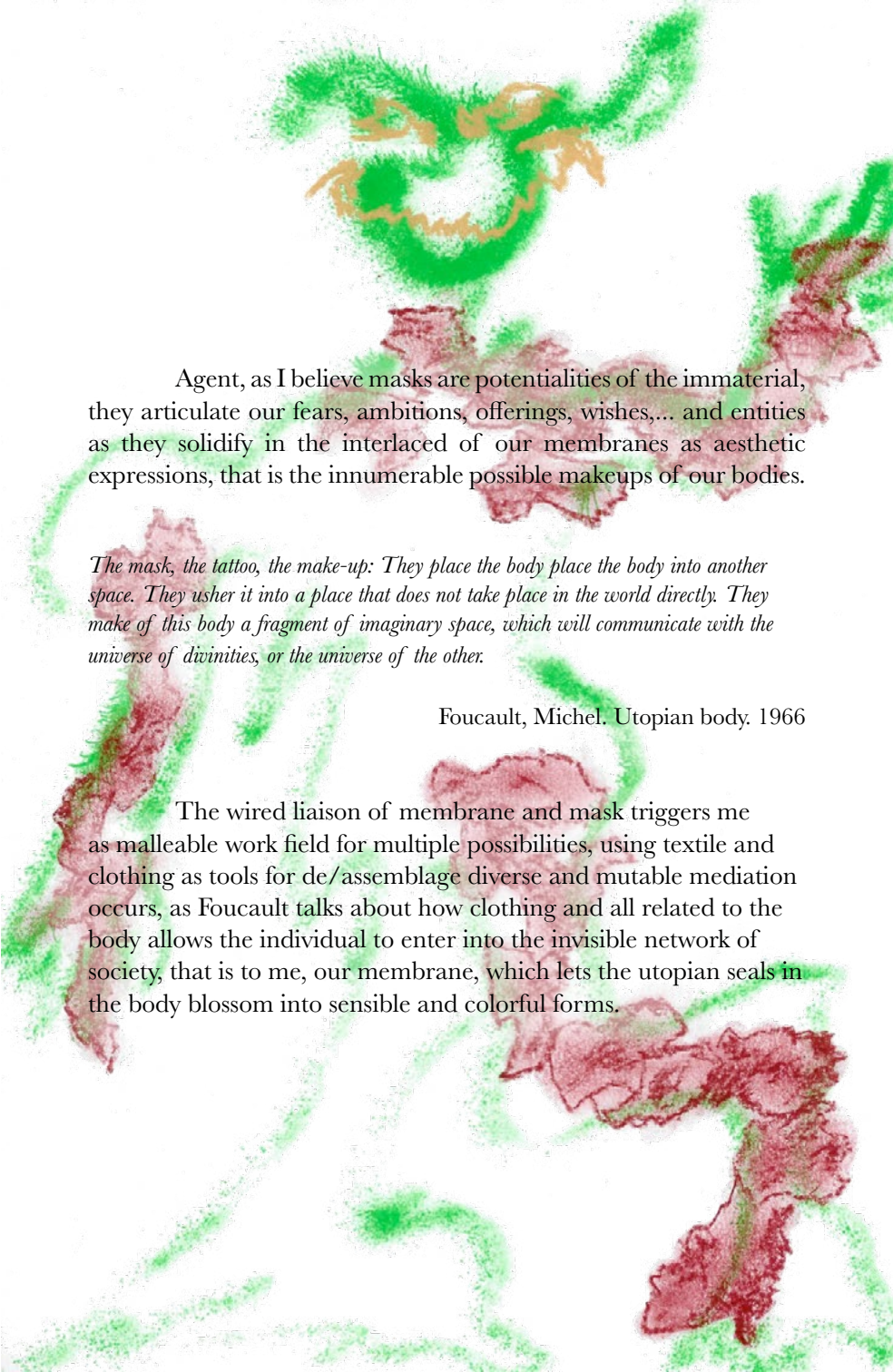
I want to center this research from the body as a statement for any possibility to change, it should go through our corporeality. As the radical feminist academic and militant Silvia Federici states, there's no social, cultural or political change that hasn't been expressed through the body. I believe and I've experienced that apprehension needs to pierce our own flesh, needs failure on my own behavior to possibly change at a given time; requires ambition, patience and care not to get burden along the way. Our bodies are the containers of self-extractivism and resistance history. Capitalism is not the first system based on exploitation but its key for success resides on the separation of body and land. The cruelest act have always resided on alienating all kinds of life for one purpose, labor accumulation, which would be translated on the system terms as the only source of wealth. Condemned to understand our bodies as labor power, capitalism dispossesses bodies of their power and wisdom, which have been sedimenting for an incalculable time in our grounding together with our natural environment. This understanding of our corporealities, of our time and potential as labour it's been imposed to us from the elite down, that is, we've lost all control over our lives, an alienated lifestyle it's been imposed for the market's shake. Neoliberalism's dream of an independent self-made existence, where each nucleus is independent of each other, so the house is separated from the land, people from nature, bodies from emotions, etc ... with the malicious gears of capital to keep it circulating.



Under this spectrum, talking about membrane aims to be a concealing approach to the selves and others, a call for expansion through healing, as deeply approached on the affection fascicle. A gentle recognition of the complex entangles that sustain our existence. Under biology's terms, membrane is a selectively permeable barrier that allows in itself the communication and transportation of chemicals between the entities involved. This is how I'd like to imagine my own selves and their potentialities within the environments I inhabit. Offering a perspective for both humble and powerful grounding, where each thought and behavior with their multiple languages and movements is an act for composting, as multispecies feminist theorist Donna Haraway proposes. We are compost, all Gaia, a community and the selves are not reducible to the sum of their parts, but in our membranes, we can reunite what Capitalism has divided. By reuniting we open space for otherness, loosing up our senses, affection, and home for a harmonious, joyful, diverse and enhanced being-with.

I'm curious about how the membranes' practices of relation generate discourse, how those articulations affect us and the space we inhabit due to develop reality entanglements, and how through acknowledging those practices both membranes and spaces can be transformed. I believe that any kind of selves[✓] expression, like how we get dressed, how we dream, talk, move or listen, among countless others, are a form of discourse, expressions of the paradigm's embodiment that normatively have come from the elite down. Consolidating our membranes into rigid identities of reproductive habits, normative commodities, fears, and judgments. But I believe there are many spaces to be open in how we get dressed, we dream, talk, move, listen and infinite more. Digging into these discourses as a tool to recover control, to then loosen it up, the mask blossoms as an infinitely powerful agent and entity on the membrane's articulations.

[✓]selves, here appears not as a grammatical error, but a statement to talk in the plural of our "single/self" corporealities. This use of the plural forms will happen along the thesis.



Agent, as I believe masks are potentialities of the immaterial, they articulate our fears, ambitions, offerings, wishes,... and entities as they solidify in the interlaced of our membranes as aesthetic expressions, that is the innumerable possible makeups of our bodies.

The mask, the tattoo, the make-up: They place the body place the body into another space. They usher it into a place that does not take place in the world directly. They make of this body a fragment of imaginary space, which will communicate with the universe of divinities, or the universe of the other.

Foucault, Michel. Utopian body. 1966

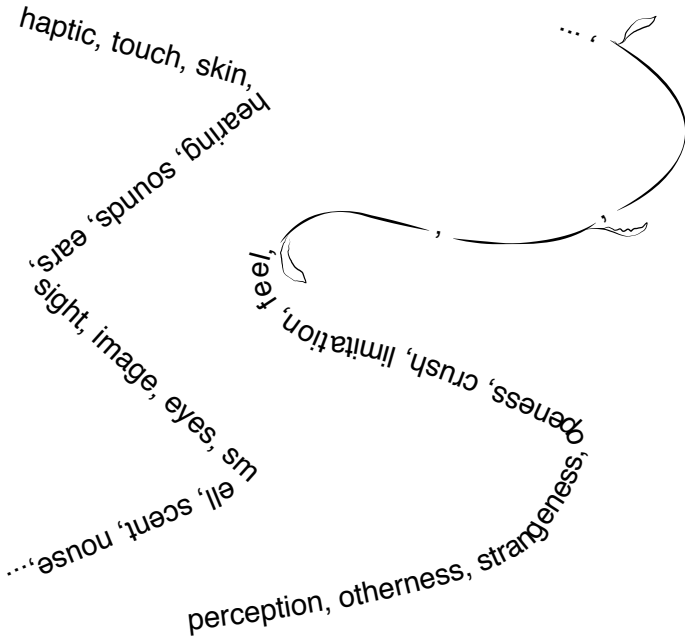
The wired liaison of membrane and mask triggers me as malleable work field for multiple possibilities, using textile and clothing as tools for de/assemblage diverse and mutable mediation occurs, as Foucault talks about how clothing and all related to the body allows the individual to enter into the invisible network of society, that is to me, our membrane, which lets the utopian seals in the body blossom into sensible and colorful forms.

Synthetic Disjunctions

by Elisa Zuppini

As I walk, I sense myself in space. My back, sensory device, measures new distances with the landscape. Although the walking projects me forward, I feel my body in place folding and unfolding on itself at any point of the step. As I walk, I make space in my chest, tiny micro shifts in this apparatus are enough to create room for the body to crack. As it cracks, it leaks, it makes space for new intensities to flow: the car passing by, its mechanical motor, slips into my chest together with the arching movement of that still portal. My foot touching the ground discharges weight but takes in the force of gravity, redirected. I stay, the rain spins. The aesthetics of this affection merge perceptions and the perception of 'myself'. I observe my body becoming multiple, digesting, absorbing, encountering, fractioning. What enters already finds landscapes of organic beings moving around, floating pieces of memories, my face - internal infinities. I observe with sensory attention all this movement of aliveness, overlapping with the perception of 'my body' and the illusion of it as a unitary entity. My eyes detach from their function of seeing. They fall in, bounce back, vectorize, hooks objects around and within, climb the tree, rest. Micro shifts. It's the weight dropping and dripping. My gaze is texture in space, expands sharp. It even contains the body. My observation lingers in between those relational events, displaced and multiplied. It emancipates from the body which is now crossed by a perpetuated sense of potential. I can't directly touch or direct that potential, it would slip away. It seems I can only embrace it at a distance. Movement and stillness coexist. As it moves, it feels itself, suspending in place. Crystallized sensory events. Myself - synthetic disjunctions.

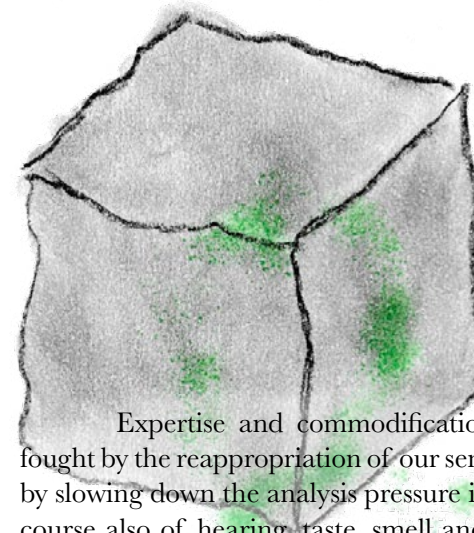
senses



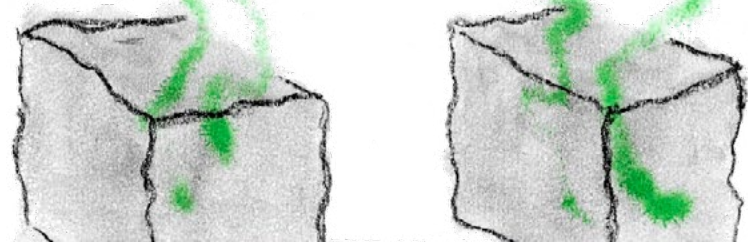
Senses are the potentials that articulate the framework of membrane. Thanks to the senses our membrane is held, and within them is that our membrane exists, relates and experiments due to consume, process, reach and become troubling their own limits.

Under Neoliberalism spectrum as major systematic force, as it's broader talked at membrane fascicle, our corporealities have been dispossessed and trained to serve capital. Hence, separation and isolation are tools for capital profit, the first layer of separation occurs in our own bodies, putting aside body and mind, body and senses, body and emotions,... membrane from their environment in detriment of their qualities and harmonious processes. This phenomenon is explained by Silvia Federici as the "selfish gene", which extrapolates to all kinds of being the computer's operative mode. That is, the body is understood as a conglomerate of components, our cells, and genes, as independent and individually functioning towards each one's program. The fascicles of home and affection dig into the unattainable capitalism "selfish gene" problematics under those scopes.

Held down membrane and senses' constellations, we observe how our bodies had been segmented due to each of their parts accomplishing a specific function and so, each limb has been trained into commodities of a market. Highlighting the word specific, as I believe it's a key tool for neoliberalism, the fact that each isolation process achieves the expertise on itself. I believe it is, aside of a tool for discrimination, a process for blinding individual and collective understandings, a loss of common sense. After quite some lifetime under normative education, I believe how both discrimination and lost of common sense mislead the critical development of communities, abolishing imagination, contemplation, experimentation, and failure as source of knowledge. Culminating in mass indoctrination leading to, as Derrida's Hauntology predicted in 1993, lost futures. Under this paradigm, Derrida exposes the inability of societies to reinvent themselves and its processes as we are stuck in our past media and entertainment, where a non-cultivated mass society is fastened by nostalgia, which is a very tasty emotion to overexploit from commodification.



Expertise and commodification of our corporealities are fought by the reappropriation of our senses. Claiming back our sight, by slowing down the analysis pressure it's been submitted to, and of course also of hearing, taste, smell and touch. But I want to focus on sight decentralization due to my previous training as a fashion designer. The training as designer has been deeply influenced by industry until the zenith of working side to side to the last currents of fast-consumerism, meaning that the design acknowledgment and explorations have become normatively associated to reproduce desire through the mere image. Research has been replaced by analysis, curiosity by trend, authenticity by homogeneity, resulting on both a precarious labour and precarious cultural production. Also, as an earthier living born in the early 90's I've lived how sight has been overexploited, easily committed to vacuum, a trend, the object of desire, of similarity, we can identify in the popular culture of the last decades how sight dependence has made us tired, for new relations, possibilities of action, we look but we don't see, contemplation it's been exchanged by absorption.

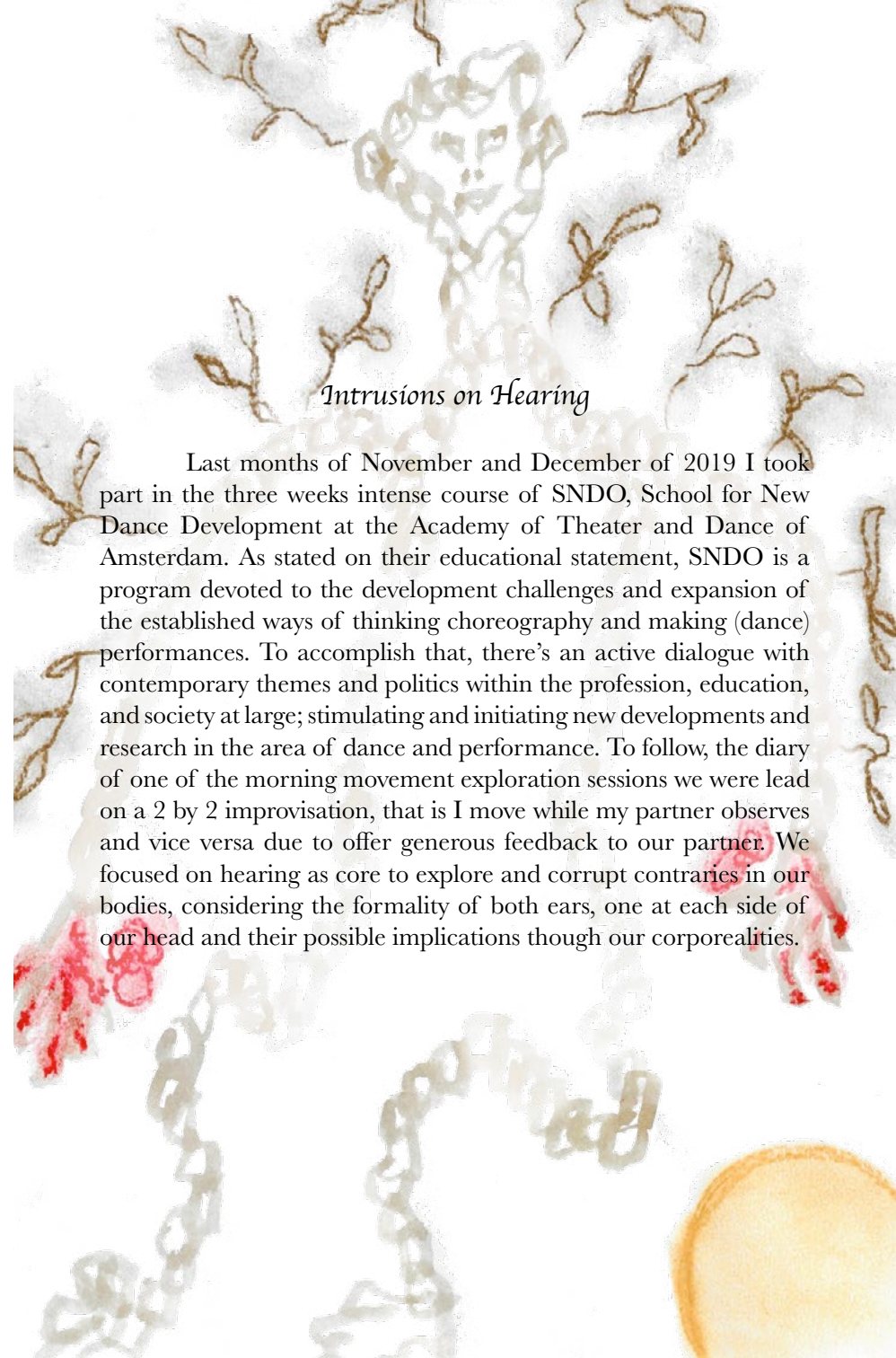


Hence in my practice, I claim back the harmonious blurry integrity of bodies as the primary source and desire for making and design. And together with it, the recognition and expansion of our senses. This practice of embodiment could happen in many ways. One of them would be comprising movement as tool to sculpt the pieces, thusly there's a matter study around the mobility and relationscapes[✓] possible, not only through its shape and volume but along with its textures, wights, scents,... infinite properties, furthermore taking care of the origin of the matter, establishing dialogs with users and environments. The membrane are acknowledged as a habitat through imaginative experimentation, alteration, embellishment, enhancement,... of their senses. This positioning is anchored from phenomenological Merleau Ponty's philosophy for one's body acknowledgment regarding the relationship between the awareness of space and our own's by intrusion, which is articulated by the senses. here Essentially, sensing articulates the concept of membrane, as compass needle of possible knowledge, our membrane aren't a simple medium to get to know our environment, it's absorbed while absorbing; as my sight, touch, hearing and, after all, my awareness is traced across the other. "All in all" is being used to explain the intrusion happening between our membrane and their environment, meaning final destruction of binary differentiations between you and other, membrane and environment.

Bodily spatiality is the deployment of one's bodily being, the way in which the body comes into being as a body. [...] The various parts of my body, its visual, tactile and motor aspects are not simply co-ordinated. But they wrap each other.

Merleau Ponty, Maurice. IV. The synthesis of one's body, 1942

[✓]relationscapes, term coined by Erin Manning in her book, Relationscapes, movement, art philosophy, to describe the events of relation, that is the node that is wired by the experience of relations, thoughts, entities, rhythms, forces, ... in movement that can be felt before their actualization.



Intrusions on Hearing

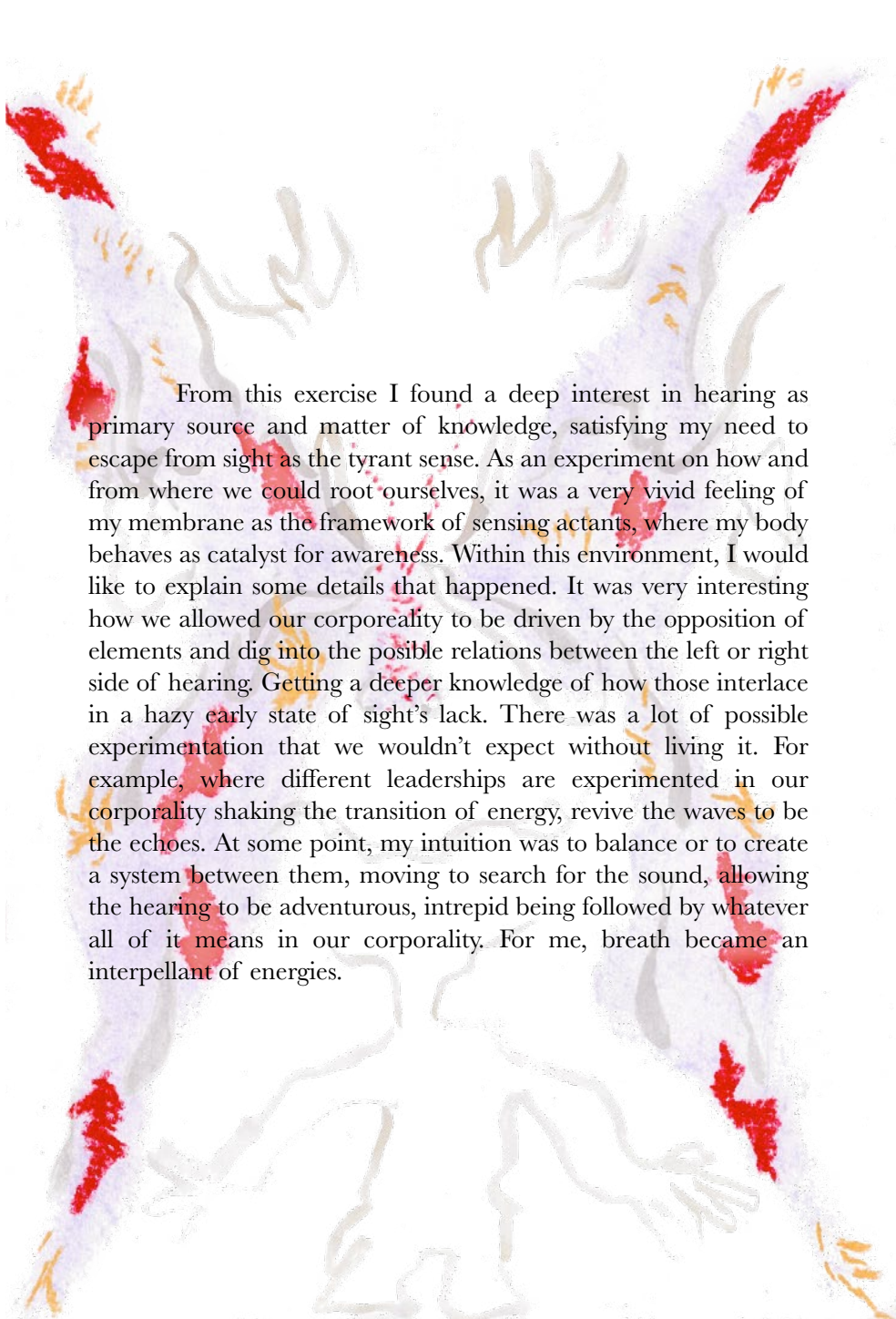
Last months of November and December of 2019 I took part in the three weeks intense course of SNDO, School for New Dance Development at the Academy of Theater and Dance of Amsterdam. As stated on their educational statement, SNDO is a program devoted to the development challenges and expansion of the established ways of thinking choreography and making (dance) performances. To accomplish that, there's an active dialogue with contemporary themes and politics within the profession, education, and society at large; stimulating and initiating new developments and research in the area of dance and performance. To follow, the diary of one of the morning movement exploration sessions we were lead on a 2 by 2 improvisation, that is I move while my partner observes and vice versa due to offer generous feedback to our partner. We focused on hearing as core to explore and corrupt contraries in our bodies, considering the formality of both ears, one at each side of our head and their possible implications though our corporealities.

Friday 29/11/2019, morning movement session lead by Esther Arribas.

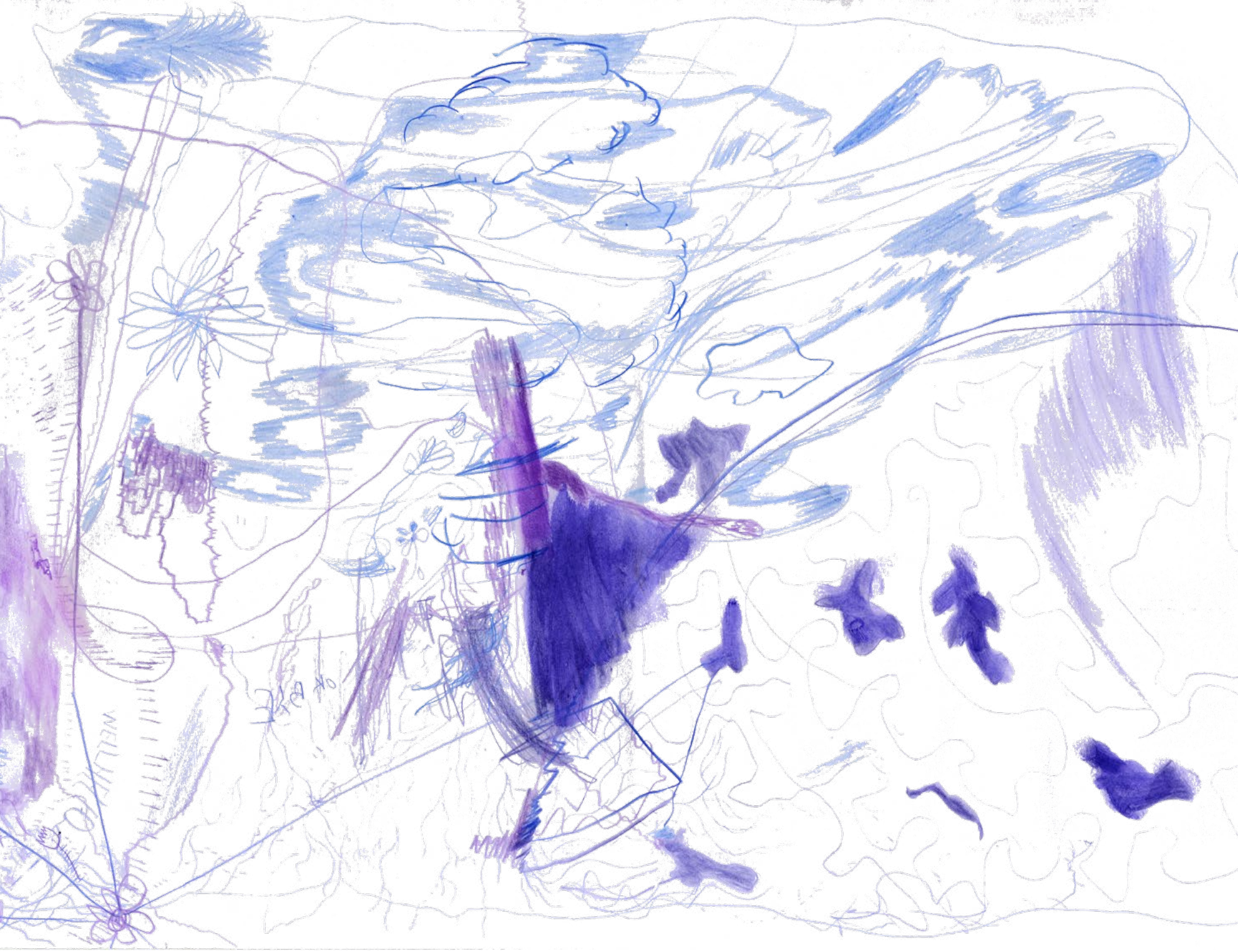
Talking about how interesting was to explore the contrast of lips and back of the head on the previous individual practice, we intended to find other opposites elements in our bodies, and suddenly the ears made total sense, just as they are situated at each sides of our head, the connection to the left and right side of our brain and from there to the rest of our mind and body. Also funny the popular proverb on “te entra por una oreja y te sale por la otra” = “it enters by one ear and it goes out through the other one” as if you could have direct conduct through them.

I’ve been the first one moving, it’s been deeply interesting, firstly I had a meditative moment where I could embrace the hearing as main source of information. That state forced me to keep my eyes close, at any attempt of opening them, it would not make sense, it would interrupt the magic ambience of the listening, and comprehension of pure sound possibilities. The movement or position of my body started to correspond to the hearing, so the left side was responding to what I understood as coming from there and same with the right. Until a physical position arrived where my left side was blocked and is the right side in charge of elevating my body for a deeper listening. The reply was a deep, strong blow. To fall again, where my left ear would have a deep listening through the vibrations of the floor. The replied was with two dry hits on the floor by the right hand.

The wish from my viewer was to embrace further the room and be more the echoes of it, so therefore I tried to allow myself to be lead by the hearing through space and reproduce, reply, embrace... sound on my arms movement, not so much on the legs as it would distract me from the hearing.



From this exercise I found a deep interest in hearing as primary source and matter of knowledge, satisfying my need to escape from sight as the tyrant sense. As an experiment on how and from where we could root ourselves, it was a very vivid feeling of my membrane as the framework of sensing actants, where my body behaves as catalyst for awareness. Within this environment, I would like to explain some details that happened. It was very interesting how we allowed our corporeality to be driven by the opposition of elements and dig into the possible relations between the left or right side of hearing. Getting a deeper knowledge of how those interlace in a hazy early state of sight's lack. There was a lot of possible experimentation that we wouldn't expect without living it. For example, where different leaderships are experimented in our corporality shaking the transition of energy, revive the waves to be the echoes. At some point, my intuition was to balance or to create a system between them, moving to search for the sound, allowing the hearing to be adventurous, intrepid being followed by whatever all of it means in our corporality. For me, breath became an interpellant of energies.



Intrusions of Touch

The desire to touch and be touched is also the desire to discover another world.

Ten theses on touch, or, writing touch, 2014, Hypatia Vourloumis.

Recognizing touch as commonplace to arise knowledge, connection, movement, disorder, ... we are touch and touching constantly through our presence, here and elsewhere. Our extended bodies establish multiple links towards our surroundings, and we can experiment from there to create knowledge. To touch eternal oscillation and alternation: the osculation, merging, and dissolution of subject and object.

Ten theses on touch, or, writing touch, 2014, Hypatia Vourloumis.

Comment est-il possible de percevoir une main comme vivant, c'est-à-dire non pas simplement comme un chose, une main de marbre ou une main peintre, mais comme une main < de chair et de sang > - et que, cependant, n'est pas mienne? Si, à la perception du corps appartient originellement le caractère de l'être-mien, quelle est la différence entre la main d'autrui, qu'en ce moment je vois et qui me touche, et la mienne? Il ne peut s'agir d'une inférence logique ou d'une analogie car je < sens > la main d'autrui, je m'identifie à elle et sa sensibilité m'est donnée dans une sorte de présentification immédiate. Question-ce qui empêche alors de penser que la main d'autrui et la mienne soient données cooriginairement et que la distinction ne se produise que dans un second temps? [...] La première est la perception du corps d'autrui. En effet, il n'est pas perçu comme un corps inerte, mais comme un corps vivant, doté, comme le mien, de sensibilité et de perception.

L'inappropriable, Création et anarchie: L'œuvre à l'âge de la religion capitaliste, 2019, Giorgio Agamben

In all my experiences I am conscious of a hand. Whatever moves me, whatever thrills me, is a hand that touches me in the dark, and that touches my reality.

Helen Keller

I comfort the city with my body; my legs measure the length of the arcade and the width of the square; my gaze unconsciously projects my body onto the facade of the cathedral, where it roams over the moldings and contours, sensing the size of recesses and projections; my body weight meets the mass of the cathedral door, and my hand grasps the door pull as I enter the dark void behind. I experience myself in the city, and the city exists through my embodied experience. The city and my body supplement and define each other. I dwell in the city and the city dwells in me.

The eyes of the skin: Architecture and the senses, 1996, Juhani Pallasmaa

We spend hours looking at the morphology of our hands, how they shaped, a Darwinian noise, hidden somewhere between the fingers, an infinite promise about the foundation of touch.

Stellar Fauna, Frascati theater, Amsterdam, January 2020, Kat Válastur

When two hands touch, there is a sensuality of the flesh, an exchange of warmth, a feeling of pressure, of presence, of a proximity of otherness that brings the other nearly as close as oneself – perhaps closer. And if the two hands belong to one person, might this not enliven an uncanny sense of the otherness of the self, a literal holding oneself at a distance in the sensation of contact, the greeting of the stranger within? So much happens in a touch: an infinity of others – other beings, other spaces, other times – are aroused.

[...]

All touching entails an infinite alterity, so that touching the other is touching all others, including the self, and touching the self entails touching the stranger within.

On touching: The alterity within. Stadium Generale, Gerrit Rietveld
Academie, 2018, Karen Barad

La intrusión mía en el espacio y viceversa es una intrusión de “todo en todo”, de manera que la vivencia del tacto entre las manos, donde ninguna deja de devenir entre ser tocada y ser tocante, la percepción no es tacto con un agente que lo ejerce, sino que es la expresión de una visibilidad anónima que es la carne que queda cristalizada de cierta manera a partir de mi cuerpo. [...] Cuando se desdibujan las fronteras entre tocante o tocada, el prójimo es como lo es mi cuerpo, una articulación del mundo.

Merlau Ponty y la extrañeza: entre una fenomenología de lo otro y una
“etología”, 2012, Jorge Nicolás Lucero

I would like to apply my growing and experimental knowledge on aromatherapy as inducement technique to sink deeper into our environment and proposing a diverse atmosphere for togetherness. Scent as facilitator to dive in and out of our desires, intrigues, fears,... being multiple their affects at each encounter with otherness. Even it may feel as the sense of smell lacks of relevance, rather it lacks media relevance, since, after the sight I would say it's the most studied sense by different industries. That is due to its powerful capacity to attract and seduce consumers at shopping malls, boutiques, restaurants, and attached to all kinds of products in the market. Nothing more to say that fragrances are the best-selling product of any luxury brand, being together with purses, their main source of income.

In her book, *The fragrant mind*. Aromatherapy for personality, bond, mood and emotion, Valerie Ann Worwood explains how there's a big interest from both the fragrances and cosmetics, and the wellness spheres to disclose and reproduce the properties of natural scents. Until nowadays, only the mere scent is able to be duplicated, but even if you can artificially conceive lavender scent, it will not carry the healing properties that lavender essential oil does. There's also studies on scent for wellness, due to for example expand an active fresh mindset in schools after lunch with lemongrass essential oils, or a calm restful evening at hospitals with a mix of lavender and camomile. This would be a similar approach to my research. I'm curious to experiment scents on our bodies as provocateurs, where they could be unifiers for a harmonious togetherness, to put more relevance on a crushed contrast, for a stronger bond with the piece or to intensify and lead the experience as we inhabit spaces. here I relate to scent as something intimate and vulnerable, almost precious. We all have an impregnate scent which I'm unaware of the detailed origin. However, I like not knowing, it makes it more mysterious how the biological proceses are combined with our genetics to make our unique scent. It's very common the association between the person and the scent of their homes, you'll always remember the smell where you grew up, the scent of your partner,... I'm intrigued by the preciousness, unique but shared qualities of scent.

Ahmed El Gendy

... blindfolded

Sensing does not happen because of the specific sensors themselves (the receptors of senses, like hearing or seeing); it happens because of the ability of the sensing body to 'sense' in a certain environment at a moment in time, regardless of its tools.

The sensing body adapts to a sensor lack or malfunction. When some sensors become blocked or altered or dormant, other sensors tune up to fill in this missing.

i am curious about this adaptation process over time; when the lack is no longer a cause of stress, but a materiality of habit and accommodation.

i am curious about how the sensing body is constantly restructuring forms of sensing in response with a particular situation.

i am curious about how it relies on information of previous similar situations from memory, in combination with new (limited) information received at the moment of the current situation.

The ability to measure, estimate, orientate, calculate, compare, deduce, assume, predict; it takes place parallel to sensing.

My sensing body is a learning body, accumulating and inventing information.

My sensing body is a desiring body, constantly curious in its relation with my surrounding.

Sensing because movement is desire.

Sensing because my sensing body desires new information, and desires differently-similar familiar information.

Sensing because of my memory of what my body have sensed before.

Sensing because of the collective memory of how all bodies learned how to sense.

Acknowledging that my body recognises itself as a sensing body.

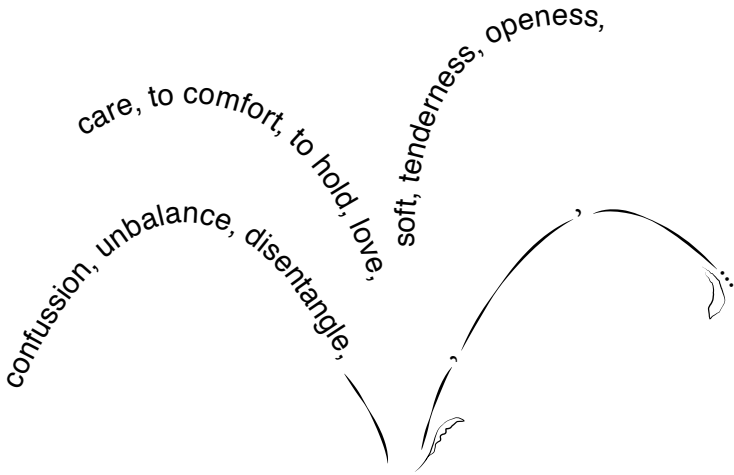
Acknowledging that my body is part of a greater inter-dependant sensing organism.

Acknowledging that my body is already constantly sharing information with my surrounding, even before the intensified moment of touch.

Acknowledging that my body is/can/wants/has telepathic abilities.



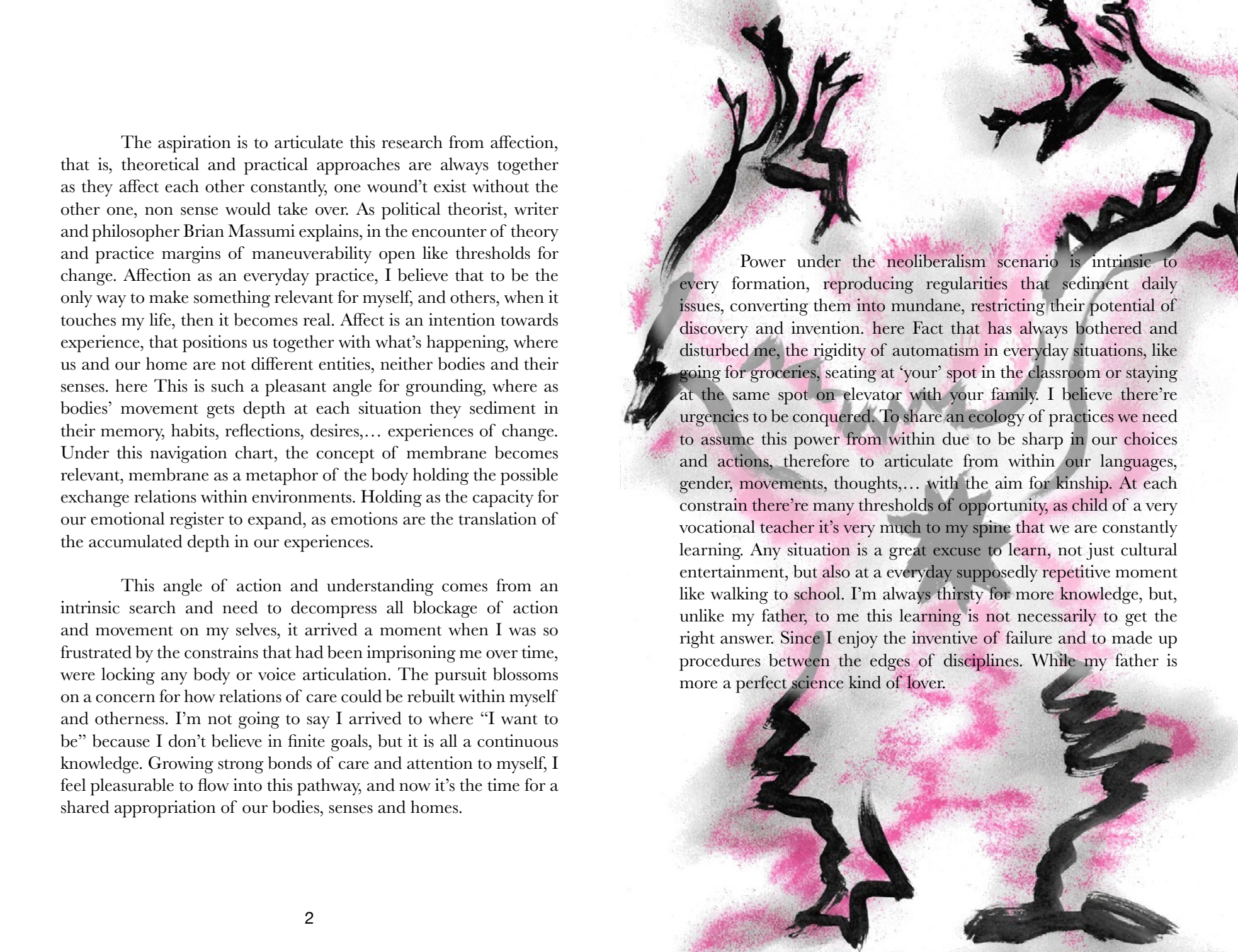
affection



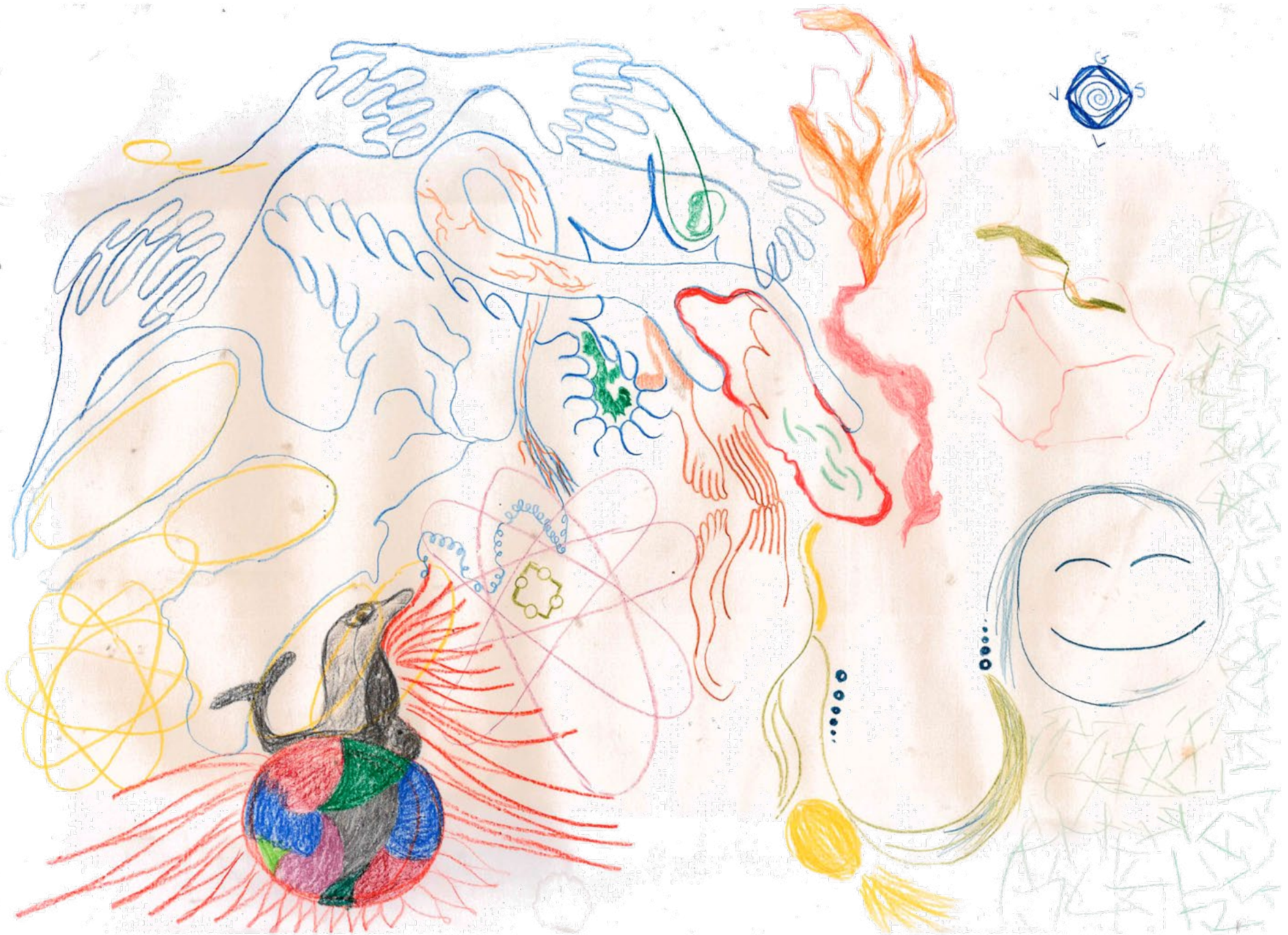
Spark that engenders all intention and action. Affect is the power of transformation residing in the relations of encounter between us and our environments. Affect is transversal coming across all layers of sedimentation, from the movement of our feet as we walk to the articulations of language,... Being right where you are with an opening to experiment, to try, to touch, to listen,... grounding from uncertainty affection empowers both membranes and homes to be interwoven by playing with the constraints and desires in an ecology of practices, practices of care.

The aspiration is to articulate this research from affection, that is, theoretical and practical approaches are always together as they affect each other constantly, one would't exist without the other one, non sense would take over. As political theorist, writer and philosopher Brian Massumi explains, in the encounter of theory and practice margins of maneuverability open like thresholds for change. Affection as an everyday practice, I believe that to be the only way to make something relevant for myself, and others, when it touches my life, then it becomes real. Affect is an intention towards experience, that positions us together with what's happening, where us and our home are not different entities, neither bodies and their senses. here This is such a pleasant angle for grounding, where as bodies' movement gets depth at each situation they sediment in their memory, habits, reflections, desires,... experiences of change. Under this navigation chart, the concept of membrane becomes relevant, membrane as a metaphor of the body holding the possible exchange relations within environments. Holding as the capacity for our emotional register to expand, as emotions are the translation of the accumulated depth in our experiences.

This angle of action and understanding comes from an intrinsic search and need to decompress all blockage of action and movement on my selves, it arrived a moment when I was so frustrated by the constrains that had been imprisoning me over time, were locking any body or voice articulation. The pursuit blossoms on a concern for how relations of care could be rebuilt within myself and otherness. I'm not going to say I arrived to where "I want to be" because I don't believe in finite goals, but it is all a continuous knowledge. Growing strong bonds of care and attention to myself, I feel pleasurable to flow into this pathway, and now it's the time for a shared appropriation of our bodies, senses and homes.



Power under the neoliberalism scenario is intrinsic to every formation, reproducing regularities that sediment daily issues, converting them into mundane, restricting their potential of discovery and invention. here Fact that has always bothered and disturbed me, the rigidity of automatism in everyday situations, like going for groceries, seating at 'your' spot in the classroom or staying at the same spot on elevator with your family. I believe there're urgencies to be conquered. To share an ecology of practices we need to assume this power from within due to be sharp in our choices and actions, therefore to articulate from within our languages, gender, movements, thoughts,... with the aim for kinship. At each constrain there're many thresholds of opportunity, as child of a very vocational teacher it's very much to my spine that we are constantly learning. Any situation is a great excuse to learn, not just cultural entertainment, but also at a everyday supposedly repetitive moment like walking to school. I'm always thirsty for more knowledge, but, unlike my father, to me this learning is not necessarily to get the right answer. Since I enjoy the inventive of failure and to made up procedures between the edges of disciplines. While my father is more a perfect science kind of lover.



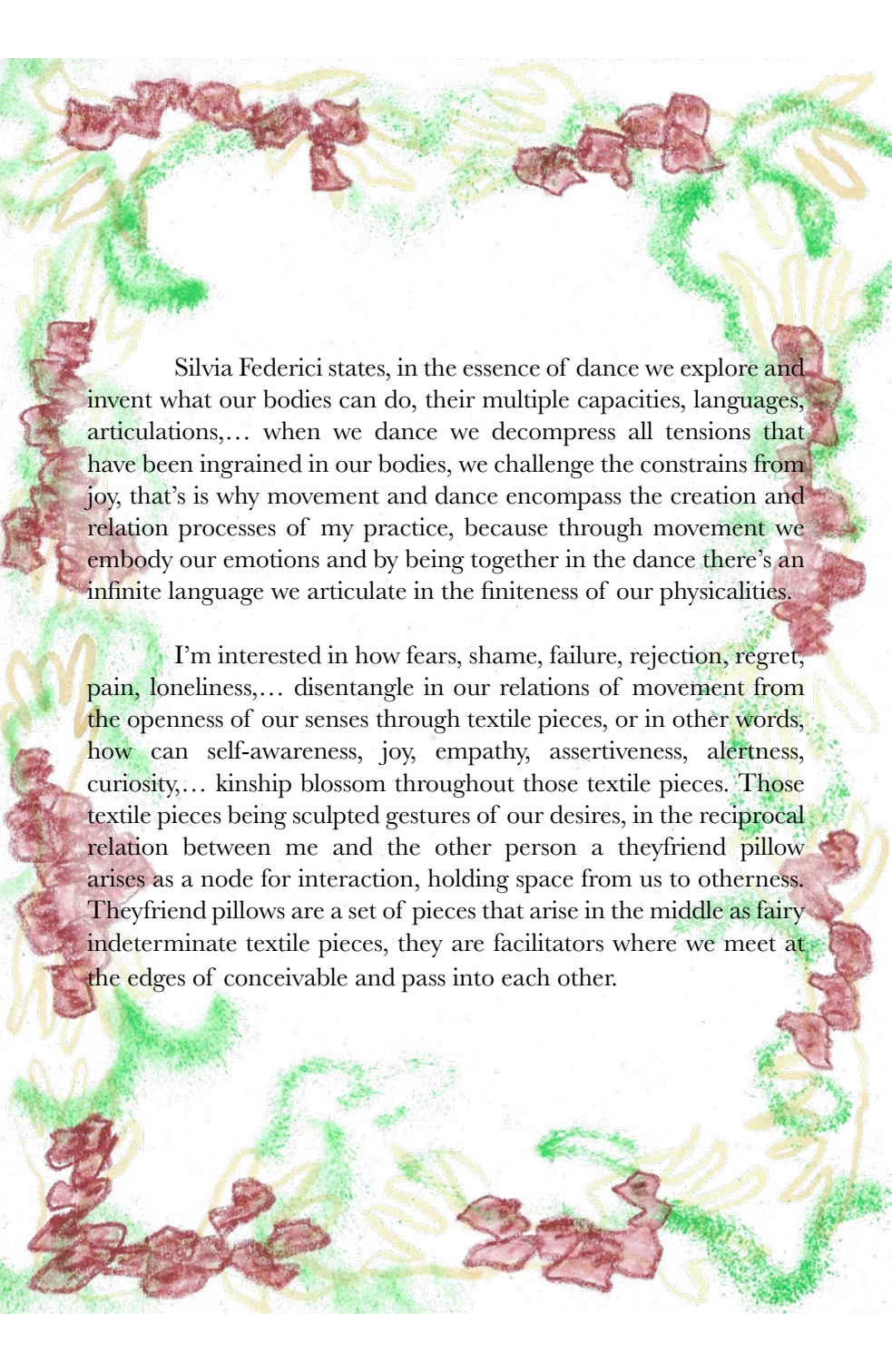
Isabelle Stengers, science philosopher, practices in her theory how relations between us, otherness, and our environment can only be built from care and attention. Which is an intricate task, as care and immaterial value have been commodified and consequently, drove to precariousness through the malpractices of cheap labour and nature. In her article Life-Hacks of the poor and aimless, on negotiating the false idols of neoliberal self-care, Laurie Penny discusses how wellness has become nowadays religion, as a solution patch of a broader political disease. Through the isolation of daily practices and symptoms, all kind of neoliberal entities, from governments to multinational companies, have appropriate wellness language. Promoting as the only way to be a healthy lifestyle, full of happiness, enthusiasm, co-working, spontaneously... here To me the controversy starts when all this qualities and practices are advocated as the only proper lifestyle. Qualities of happiness, flexibility, all nice,... instead of being our companionship along each stage of our life with different intensities, they become exaggerated, as unwritten norms that permeate the way of judging others. Therefore the question would be to unmask who's promoting this religion, to whom it is being promoted, and over which practices this is being accomplished. To the extend that we will dismantle the suffocating social pressure, and we will find an intimate healthy approach to self care and wellness.

Care, caring, carer. Burdened words, contested words. And yet so common in everyday life, as if care was evident, beyond particular expertise or knowledge. Most of us need care, feel care, are cared for, or encounter care, in one way or another. Care is omnipresent, even through the effects of its absence. Like a longing emanating from the troubles of neglect, it passes within, across, throughout things. Its lack undoes, allows unraveling. To care can feel good; it can also feel awful. It can do good; it can oppress. Its essential character to humans and countless living beings makes it all the most susceptible to convey control. But what is care? Is it an affection? A moral obligation? Work? A burden? A joy? Something we can learn and practice? Something we just do? Care means all these things and different things to different people, in different situation. So while ways of caring can be identified, researched, and understood concretely and empirically, care remains ambivalent in significance and ontology.

Matters of Care: Speculative Ethics in More than Human Worlds, 2017,
 Maria Puig de la Bellacasa

I relate to and enjoy very much this reflection on care, by the feminist sciences and ecological theorist Maria Puig de la Bellacasa. Accepting care as an ambivalent entity. We assume the uncertainty and discord of chaos, we accept not to be in control of what is happening, we believe in opportunity to occur as spontaneous multi-species relate, we provoke discontinuity in our fluid movements. Therefore uncertainty empowers us, there's a huge inquietude for expansion, to experiment with the possibilities inside boundaries. Affect is the possibility for desires' immersion and extension of our limits. In affect is not just about us in isolation, in affect we are never alone, but we are as we move, reality is about how do we inhabit encounters of uncertainties and discord, shifting from the self political identity to caring for belonging. Meaning that my fight is not individual, is not about how I undertake fashion, gender, relationships,... but how in my moves empowering relations are built, in togetherness, we reappropriate our bodies? All individual action becomes collective and from the struggle, we rediscover our capacities for resistance, expansion, and celebration of our powers.

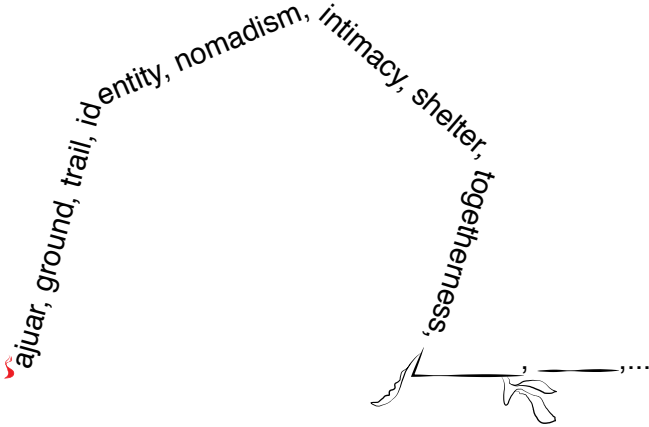




Silvia Federici states, in the essence of dance we explore and invent what our bodies can do, their multiple capacities, languages, articulations,... when we dance we decompress all tensions that have been ingrained in our bodies, we challenge the constraints from joy, that's why movement and dance encompass the creation and relation processes of my practice, because through movement we embody our emotions and by being together in the dance there's an infinite language we articulate in the finiteness of our physicalities.

I'm interested in how fears, shame, failure, rejection, regret, pain, loneliness,... disentangle in our relations of movement from the openness of our senses through textile pieces, or in other words, how can self-awareness, joy, empathy, assertiveness, alertness, curiosity,... kinship blossom throughout those textile pieces. Those textile pieces being sculpted gestures of our desires, in the reciprocal relation between me and the other person a theyfriend pillow arises as a node for interaction, holding space from us to otherness. Theyfriend pillows are a set of pieces that arise in the middle as fairly indeterminate textile pieces, they are facilitators where we meet at the edges of conceivable and pass into each other.

home



Home as our immediate environment, where we ground ourselves and a trail of our membranes. A place where we build intimacy, with ourselves and our beloved ones. Home could be any environment where we ground ourselves, as the perception of the world is determined by how ourselves and its surroundings merge together.

Ideally home would be a source of comfort. Comfort is defined as a state where our entangled condition is experienced as pleasant; a state of well-being, therefore not having to make an effort to feel good. Lots of wonderings arise from this statement, what does it mean to feel good? Is it an emotion that can relate me to otherness, therefore we ground together? I believe as Silvia Federici states, that we should think of joy instead of good or happiness. Joy as a state of satisfaction with things as they are, contentment towards the affective depth and multiple intensities at each situation



From this statement, my inquiry would be how do we feel joy across our membrane and how joy can affect and articulate our everyday. We could live endless learning process of how to experience vividly at each situation, how to love your world over and over, joy as a humble acceptance of my situation and wanting to live more and more of it.

I like a term in the Castilian language, my mother tongue: ♥ajuar, that we use to describe the set of furniture, cloth and other chattels of common use in a house, but those are not mundane or exchangeable. ♥Ajuar encloses a connotation of coziness and common grounding to those entities inside home.

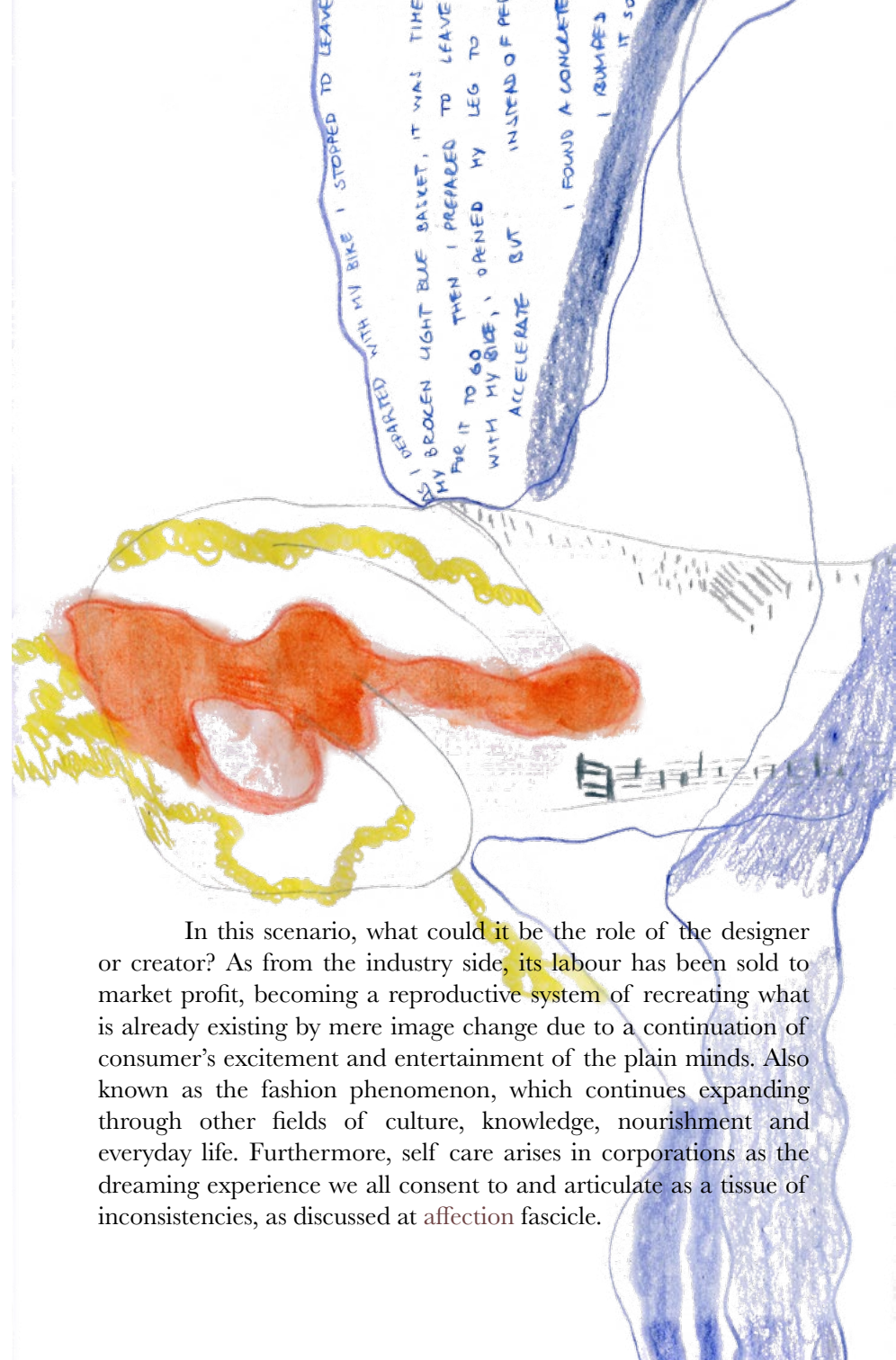
I enjoy considering all materiality around me as ♥ajuar, believing of them to be limbs I take care of and experiment with. I wonder, could our clothing be our home? in a care for belonging relation between us and clothing or home, how do we intervene as active participants in composing and experimenting with them? Do these pieces of clothing and processes accommodate our wellness? Meditate on where and how do we experiment the boundaries between bodies and their clothing on these practices of homemaking.

As capitalism keeps on sinking in the masses' lives, we are the first generation not being able to own anything, that means, we are a generation of no house, unlike most of our progenitors, our incomes are consecrate to rent what we may need to make a living. Cultural theorist Mark Fisher describes us as unable to plan any future or project yourself further than the present, we've been forced to a sedentary lifestyle we can no longer afford, becoming slaves of the market. Our environments become chaotic, fragmented due to the need of learning how to live in conditions of total instability and precarity. Neoliberalism's dream of providing to a few a surplus existence at expenses of material and immaterial extractivism, that is, cheap labour and cheap nature, translated into commodities that only capital pupils can afford and promote in their consumerism habits.

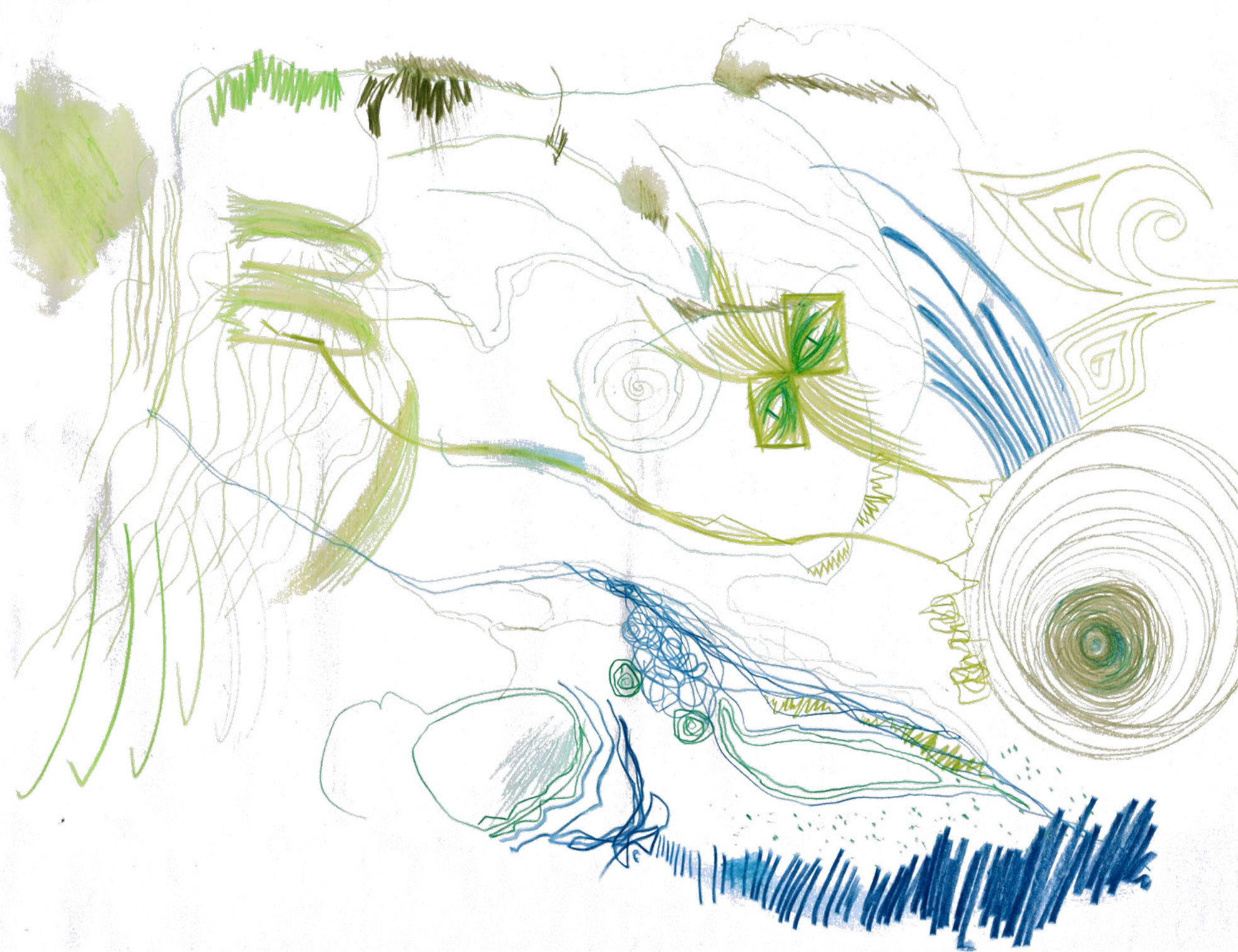
Fungible reality is a concept developed by Mark Fisher in the manifest *Capitalism realism: Is there no alternative?*, I found this concept ideal to illustrate the neoliberalism profit-pragmatic conventional relation of affection and home, as separately regulated entities making them purchasable. He refers as fungible to the psyches and spaces quality to processed and remade at will, both alike subordinated to capitalism realism plastic reality capable of instant reconfiguration, of course, this, submitted at the same time to any market profit. As a standardization process goes on mass society and its habits, everything submits to the perpetual change of fashion and media image (Jameson)[✓]. That is the intrinsic ability of capitalism to homogenize habits while offering to people the ability to chose and change superficially targeting them as mere consumers. In this way, the consumer itself feels eased and enjoys its freedom thanks to the supposed ability to make its own choices. Resulting in a more than a saturated market of choices, where getting a new denim jacket or thousands, it really doesn't matter in essence anymore as they all supplying different made up fashion needs, without considering any further consequence of our choice.

To me this fact basically means, there're made up identity needs and desires, I feel as the vertiginous life path on deep understanding, embracement and discovery of our own self and the challenges of rooting ourselves together our environment has been ripped. The existential needs of the being have vanished due to their immersion as a commodified being, all immaterial reality and intrigues that required contemplation are excluded from the metropolis productive life, becoming rush and banal desire the urgencies to follow.

[✓] Fisher, Mark. *Capitalism, is there no alternative?*. Winchester, UK, zero books, 2009.



In this scenario, what could it be the role of the designer or creator? As from the industry side, its labour has been sold to market profit, becoming a reproductive system of recreating what is already existing by mere image change due to a continuation of consumer's excitement and entertainment of the plain minds. Also known as the fashion phenomenon, which continues expanding through other fields of culture, knowledge, nourishment and everyday life. Furthermore, self care arises in corporations as the dreaming experience we all consent to and articulate as a tissue of inconsistencies, as discussed at affection fascicle.



What troubles me is the deep consequences of unstructuring conventional life, leading to the general incapacity of change. Which could strive to a society of individuals that look to find solutions into products and searches, not in political process, meaning their complete isolation and fragmentation, from otherness, their environment and finally from themselves?

From this crossroads, how could it be possible to make of my practice an offering, how to explore and create possible pathways for difference, decentralized, flexible, conscious and spontaneous interactions. As Donna Haraway claims, how to be a response within these trouble times, proposing SF as entangles of truly present, that is *entwined in myriad unfinished configurations of places, times, matters, meanings [...] in real and particular places and times. SF is a sign for science fiction, speculative feminism, science fantasy, speculative fabulation, science fact, and also, string figures.*

In front of the imposed commodified separation between our bodies and the experiences we live, our bodies and homes, our bodies and nature, and finally, from our bodies themselves, this is a manifesto to inhabit our bodies, home, and nature from care and affection. We are as we move throughout them, home, senses, bodies are interferences and resonances which make us alive.

Interesting how commenting on this chapter with Agathe Wolf, one of the co readers, she mentioned architecture and the scale possibilities of architecture regarding our constructions, from cloth to space to home. For me it was shocking her mention of architecture, as a discipline or work field, this term was never present before on my wonderings about home. I guess because at first glance architecture resonates as a cold discipline, calculating, with impossible to read plans and devoted to efficiency functionality. But I feel like, without wanting, yes we could breathe a grasp of architecture present on the text.

This architecture is softer, warmth, it could even melt. Home is an architecture of the shelter, the well of memories, emotions, experiences, nostalgics, and desires that blend in a thousand sparkles. Home of shattered walls, of shattered memories which solidified again; of ceilings that are not always there, but they come and go with our heartbeat. To me, Architecture, as Institution and like all the so-called Institutions, doesn't hold an individual and/or collective every day but imposes it. Becoming the disciplined trace of intellect-functionality division.

We need sheltered homes, here I'd like to mention the delightful lecture of Always welcome home by Urusula K. Le Guin, we living a moment when we need to reimagine the meaning of shelter as the interwoven performance of psychic and corporeal, fiction, tangible, common, sensorial, emotional, individual, multiple, scaled, diverse, nomadic, fairy, ... natures.

Retaking the starting wonderings, ajuar encloses a connotation of coziness and common grounding to those entities inside home. I enjoy thinking from this statement to all materiality around me, believing of them as limbs, in this way I wonder, ...

Could our clothing be our home? yes, in the moment we start relating to the how we get dressed as a common grounding experience that could be experience and experiment with my closest surroundings, regarding the opening of what closest or intimate surrounding could meant thanks to technological development.

Deterritorialisation/cohesion as a strategy to co-exist in diverse, scattered, rooted, awake, ... **collectiveness**, aim for **commoning** within environments that can be ephemeral or long-living as the material or immaterial pieces developed in the intersection of those string figures. Therefore understand clothing as **landscapes** to talk about the body in motion and their context, acknowledging the body and its environment. I understand that wearing garments as well as any relation to materiality is a form of discourse. I'm interested in how those discourses affect the body.

In a care for belonging relation between us and clothing or home, how do we intervene as active participants in the composing and experimenting with them?

Taking advantage of *abundance* and articulating a *cycle economy*, refusing to take part in a profit-based industry, escaping commodification of the immaterial, looking for possibilities of value change and reorientation for what we own, produce and their circulation together with the human and non-human relations implied in those processes.

Do these clothing and processes accommodate our wellness? Yes, *slowness*, as a statement to reappropriate our bodies and their possibilities, acknowledging the importance of contemplation due to be able to develop our practice in response to the confronting situation we live in.

Along with meditating on where and how do we experiment the boundaries between body and its clothing on these practices of homemaking.

Theyfriend pillows are textile pieces as a sculpting gesture of our desires for inhabiting home, membrane and senses, in the reciprocal relation between me and the other person, they are embodied as a node for interaction, holding space from us to otherness.

Theyfriend pillows are a set of pieces that become alive in the middle as fairy indeterminate textile pieces, they are facilitators where we meet at the edges of conceivable and pass into each other.

quiero amasar la tierra

Lydia Softson

Salut Laura,
tu me reçois?

J'envisage la maison différemment selon la dose de Zyprexa que je prends.

A 10mg par jour je fais tout pour la fuir, tandis qu'à 0mg je considère l'extérieure comme menaçant.

Finalement ce n'est qu'une histoire de chimie vous me direz? j'en ai bien peur.

Cette maison serait celle du pardon, pas celle de l'oubli. Il ne faut pas céder, laisser ces murs intacts, en pensant qu'un autre y habitera. On en arrive à être attendri par des perspectives et à tracer des parcours systématiques (porte, chaise, se retourner vers le miroir et partir vers la cuisine). Il faudrait se forcer à ne jamais reproduire les mêmes parcours et à épuiser les mouvements possibles.

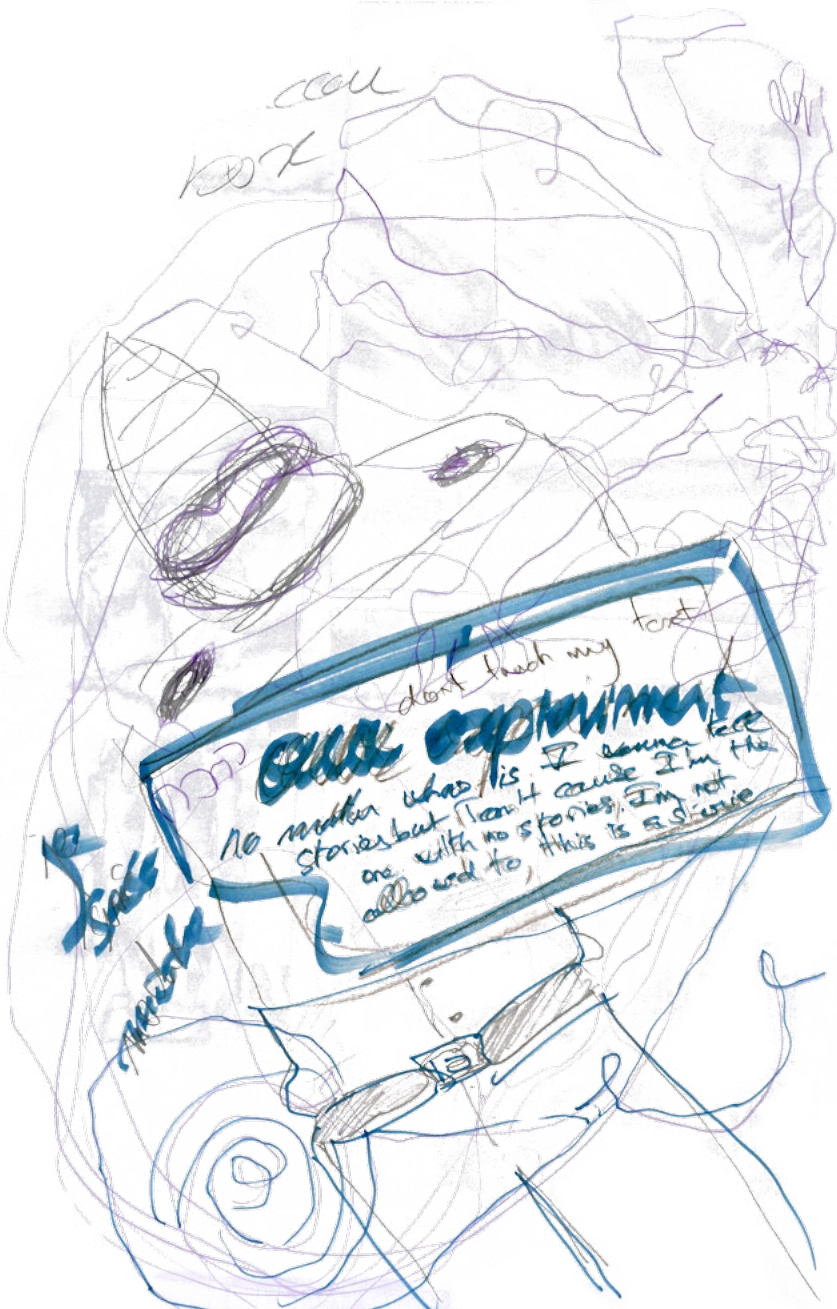
On a peur toujours, toujours, todos los días, cada día, de la vida

Cette maison serait celle du pardon, hace falta aprender a perdonar, los muros pintados, rugosos, estallantes, móviles, incompletos, bonitos, ... Siempre serán bonitos. ¿Es que acaso habrá muros?, ¿y puertas?, ¿o sillas?

Ahora solo quiero moverme, pendant tout le monde attends, j'adore contempler, attendre, jouer avec le temps et l'espace que j'habite.

I'm gonna lay down in an hospital room for a while.

Quiero amasar la tierra con mis manos, y que de la tierra surjan los muros.



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theyfriend pillow

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