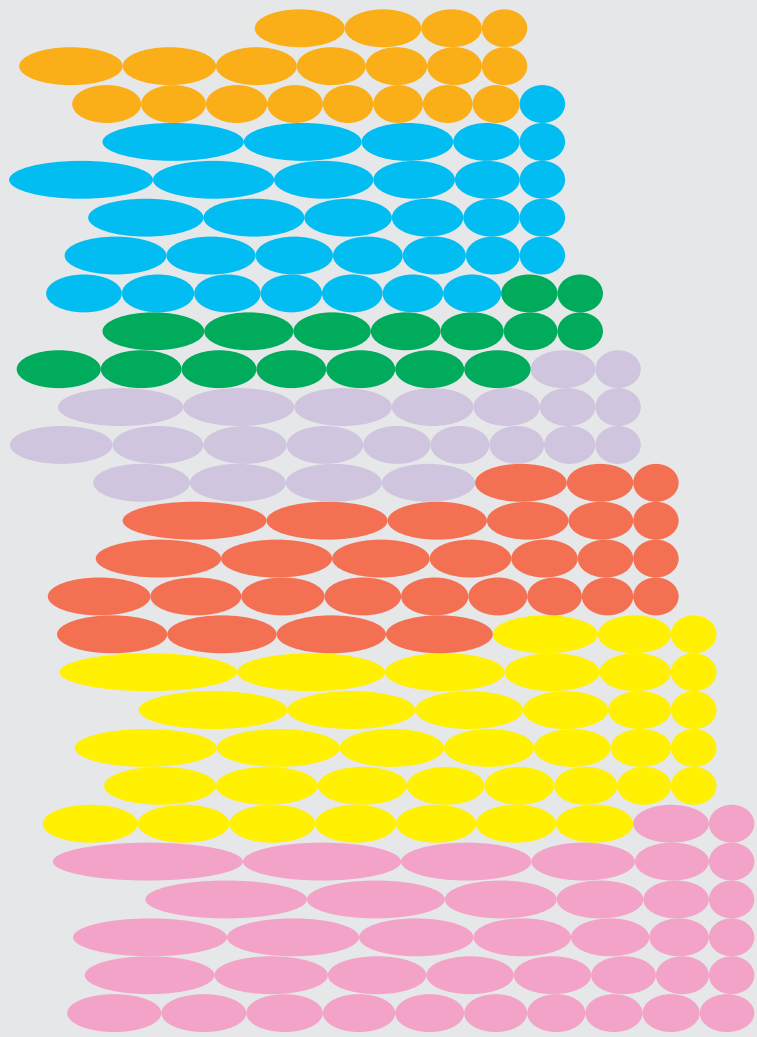


Contributions (C)

Colors

Forms (F)

Handles (H)



REA REASON

Ps.

I am also fine with the sharing of the Cocktail

I like to cook with others, do some gardening,
write texts together and get a bit confused with
the limits of my own self, dance, make sounds and
try to travel with all its members to the different
cities they get invited to contribute with their
works. I need money and time to get myself
together. Am I really always ok to stay with the
trouble?

// Endnote: This text was created by Rica Rick-
son in a process of creative writing. It is a reflec-
tion that shall reveal the generative forces of
troubles. //

I am here. I am also here. or there, or somewhere
else. it depends where I find myself at the
moment. I am a little bit nervous
(tense?). Shy? Melancholic? In a continuous
hurry? asking myself, when do we really have
time for collective digestion of the events happen-
ing? How can we really understand processes if we
cannot stop?

I was cleaning my cradle this morning and I found
this box full of memories. On the top of the box
there was a bingo board full of english words:

questioning – magic – empowerment –
(un)selfishness – transformation – author-
ship – staying with the problem – misun-
derstanding – improvisation – singularities
– tension – taking care – agency – trust –
porosity – open mindset – collective – col-
laborative – effort – joy – dis/agreement –
respons-ability – needs – power-relations –
desires

In the box with the words I also found part of a
message I had sent to Brussels:

As I faced a lot of conflicts, uncertainties and
questions after the residency at Hangar, I would
like to further continue our vivid discussion
about collectiveness and to further reflect upon
and share our experiences. I therefore regard the
worklab a constructive and interesting environ-

ment to integrate with and a constructive opportunity to investigate more deeply the potentials and needs of my continuously developing organism.

I was freshly born, when I felt like being thrown back in a mechanism, where I emerged from.

The individual parts grew together within an intensive reflection about authorship, questioning the difference between collaboration and collectiveness, questioning the market logics of art production, celebrating female magic. In an organic process of mutual acts of taking care, listening, trust, (un)selfishness etc. I wanted to create a body that protects myself from the art-world outside. I thought, then it is my decision, whether I care about authorship or not. I thought, I am a we, a she, a him (maybe) and finally an I, but not a label. I thought, I can emancipate myself from power-relations given by institutions, I am the body I live in. (whereas an institution is an incorporeal body). I thought I could escape from market forces, productivity strategies, neoliberalism. I trusted, that I am my own matrix, but I am just a parasite, some uninvited organism that needs its host to exist and grow although my presence necessarily disturb its normal functioning. I am grateful to this host which is necessary for my own survival and at the same time I feel stuck in an environment whose forces go against

well known motif in cultural creation.

Maybe after that it was a long time I wasn't seeing myself. Sometimes, you feel your entire body as being so many different parts, not even knowing which kind of fluctuation causes them to stay together and merge.

Sometimes I have no sleep, but my eyes are closing. Sometimes my legs want to run, but I am still sitting here. In the end, the symbiosis that are established between all the parts, shows that a type of connection makes any of them be here, touching us in some way.

I need to change spot, my butt is hurting!

Hello there reader, back again in a new chair, a new location, a bit cold due to the weather conditions of this place. Rica means rich, a rich woman in Spanish. Rica also means sexy, hot, tasty, good for latinos. My language is circumstantial.

When I was born, some of the members of this collective organism were questioning its own precarious situations and while half joking, we thought that being called Rica was a good option to get out this precarity, a total contradiction as being all artists and working in art institutions, we know how individual names are the preferred option for most of the places we work and try to collaborate with.

message, they need diapers. I remember the first time I misunderstood myself. In front of a bar, Sometimes I understand a reference better than a word. My language is allegorical. My language is circumstantial. Allegory is self-conscious poesis that respect the conditions of particularities without reduce the power of the common. Allegorical language is aesthetically open. Even my silence is allegorical, circumstantial. My children also learned to speak it. We learned it together. They taught me. Once, they create a very beautiful one at Hangar. It was an allegory of gestures and objects, a common ground, a garden. We create this center that shaped everything.

/// improvisation /// What was the question again? how to make of trouble a generative force? Wait I'll be back.

Troubles in cultural creations: disturbing the comfort, authorship / authority, censorship, free-money, set of values, misunderstanding, freedom?

What is a cultural creation? I tried to avoid this question... Maybe I / you can find references. I feel lonely, incomplete today. Melancholy is a

my desires and structural dreams. I was freshly born, when I realized that I cannot escape and that it does and will affect me. That was a slightly painful, disappointing conclusion, it destabilized my organism. Who am I? May I present your work and what is its meaning? What is your name? How much is it? I would like to invite you, who will come?

I can resist, and I have to, if I want to survive the surrounding fragmenting forces. If I don't, I might be dissolved in the host, phagocyted by the bigger organisms, end up being part of the different cells forming this host.

I have to stay with my often controversial needs, different temporalities, misunderstandings. Being myself in is a constant state of tension, that costs energy, effort, agency and commitment. I am my own desire and my own parasite. I am Frankenstein and Frankenstein's Monster. Mother.

In the box with the words and the message I had sent to Brussels, I found part of an email I had sent to Sicily:

Within the last days I have been reflecting upon different ways of collaboration, starting from different concepts I was introduced to, for example misunderstanding (between lan-

guages, different cultures) or the “parasite-concept”, asking who hosts whom etc.

...

I would be happy, if you would like to participate, which implicates, that your name will not appear as an individual author. Of course, everything I am working on now, will also be open and collectively shared.

In the morning, I was reading some articles about “identity in art production”- very often they - but who are they? -authors :D - referred to “self-care”, which means transforming personal issues into artworks. And I thought about “the death of the author” by Roland Barthes that I had just read again yesterday:

Here is a quote about it that I found in a very well-known fabric-like content website: *In a well-known quotation, Barthes draws an analogy between text and textiles, declaring that a “text is a tissue [or fabric] of quotations”, drawn from “innumerable centers of culture”, rather than from one, individual experience. The essential meaning of a work depends on the impressions of the reader, rather than the “passions” or “tastes” of the writer; “a text’s unity lies not in its origins”, or its creator, “but in its destination”, or its audience.*

sense. A body politics. I think this is a privilege. I feel now more solid!

Can I add visual memories here?

<https://cloud.hangar.org/apps/files/?dir=/Documentation/Photos/05.11.18-Action1&fileid=12866>

I just erased something that I found irrelevant for the reader, is it self censorship?

Censorship? It destabilizes my memory, I cannot remember what was there. What had opened before the sky? The recording platform. I don’t remember talking about a recording platform today.

Anyways, The sky also just opened. I’ll go out quickly to look at the sky without glass in-between. There is a discoball in front of the window that fills my room with light dots. Once I was at an exhibition, where the artist put round colored stickers all over the room (on everything), so it looked like there was a discolight. The title was “I am here, but nothing”. Yesterday I was watching the instagram stories two friends. They both had a picture of light reflections of there windows on their wall. There was a light communication between their places, it often happens when there is a rainbow that is observed by several people at the same time but from different places. My body has the ability to see the world from different places, angles and timezones. I can do that with all my senses, actually. and I can even appear and act in different places, without being virtual or a spirit. My flatmate just brought me a crossword puzzle. The nursery sent me a

sofa, I am outside. There is a small breakfast table holding the computer on which I am writing, so it let my belly breath. There is a big window in front of me, showing the grey in grey of the sky. Where else am I present? The sky is grey here, it is winter and cold and I wished to be back on a sunny November day in Barcelona, having beer - no, what was is? on the streets- on the balcony of the casita, having coffee, walking around, jumping in the sea. Having fun, with joy and dis/agreement.

Do I need a body? One body that fills a house, and fills all its entities with passion. I walk by the house almost every week. I see the balcony and remember the view from there, but I am not allowed to enter the place anymore. The house is now just a shell for other bodies to enter, inhabit, cohabit, make the place alive. Do I need a house? I enter another body of this kind some month ago in Brussels, there was an elephant bone in the middle of the room There was a garden too. What does it mean? What does it mean if I can not go back to where I started? Start is not necessarily the beginning. Does this make me fragmented? Is this fragmentation subject of my art? Can I cure this fragmentation through my art? Can I recreate / reenact the start? Do I need hypnosis to do a regression? Do I need hypnosis to do a regression? I am a constellation of affinities. A community of

How to connect, reconnect with myself? Myself are you hearing me?

Every collaborative / collective project is a switch that turns on. My daily life is made of many switches, who am I when they are all off, but above all, who am I when, for some reason, they are all on?

Economic survival and also a certain character of mine, lead me to work on different fronts, to create, a verb that problematically collides with "produce" many things / projects / situations / groups. What was the question again? Cultural creation or cultural production?

But where am I when I'm here and I have to be there tomorrow? Who am I with you today if I have to be with them tomorrow?

Okay.

Now the switches are all on.

I'm getting anxiety. Maybe I should just do one project? Make my curriculum vitae coherent, functional, be one thing, a monad. A nomad? Is this an aspiration of my deep self or the market demand? How and when did I embody it? Who am I when I reconnect with myself and all the different parts I'm connected to? How would my body react if one of these parts remained passive

or atrophied, or simply got carry by others? Or on the contrary, if it became more active, or even the most active... like the motor of the whole body? Am I still connected to myself if I am not connected with anyone else?

Do I need a body? But what if I don't need the calm of the Unity? I want to live WITH and to work IN the contradiction. How to develop contradictions as a new form of knowledge? How to embrace them as a way to learn that the contrary is in me? How to inhabit the contradictions in myself? The space in between is always an interesting textile made of different colors and knots to create a whole full of memories. The space in between has an enormous creative power. I have the intuition that the idea of Unity is what made Western culture so wrong. The subjective intensity in this "in between" erases the ego, the authority, and I recognize my own ignorance. There is a creative explosion IN my contradictions. How to take decisions in the contradiction? Can they adapt on the in-between? Are decisions univocal? Maybe the question is not how to overcome contradictions, but how to live with them. How to inhabit them to avoid schizophrenia. To transform schizophrenia into a process of knowledge. Can I transform my stigma into my emblem? Can I transform my monstrosity into my beauty? How to be an alternate body?

Author/authority... Power Relations

Where is the reader, who is taking care of what and whom?

Why am I an artist? Am I an artist? How do I solve my problems? Are they problems, traumas or obsessions? Are my obsessions contradictory within myself. Are my obsessions individual or collective? I am a she... Am I? Is my identity my choice? Is it what emerges through the interconnection of my different parts? Is it the choice of the reader? I chose it some time ago but I have the freedom to go against my choice. Will I forever adolescence? Freedom can be troublesome... But making choices means questioning, and a question is always a good start for creation. What was the question again? Is the question still important when having a question mark going on?

There is something about starting that is always making me nervous, tense, shy.
(Response-ability)

There is no need to start from the beginning. I understand the world around me, using the dimensions of my body as my reference. The world around me starts from my body. My body is troubled, it is human, but multiple. And I love, fight for and will always defend my porosity. My body is in the world, connected to the world but not necessarily placed in one specific space at once... I am now in my bed, I am on my