

Hello & welcome! Thank you all for coming.

I wanted to start off the evening by saying today, we are welcoming care.

My art practice this year has focused on coming together as collectives and being together with different forms of community which I feel is a form of survival in this political stage of the world, with all the political unknowns and political uncertainty's at the moment. Community and taking care of each other is such an important part of that.

Starface was a project that began as a festive gathering of different friends and loved ones coming together to enjoy other people's artwork and performances. Its aim is to open up a space for people to come together, be experimental, be joyous and have fun.

This is an open space for people to preform, not in a capitalist context, but with its roots out of love. This is a space where you can liberate yourself, and let performance be fluid. You can be who you want here, there are no labels on these performances, the same way you can just exist in this space and just have fun.

My artist statement:

*Ecofeminism is the theory that the earth can't be repressed without also repressing marginalised groups. So, when the climate emergency is at a state of peril, it reflects the society we live in. The government and huge cooperate companies reject any progress on helping the environment, the same way society seems to be moving backwards at the moment, through capitalist patriarchal dominance.*

*Polarisation. In every aspect of society seems to be taking over. Trump. Andrew Tate. Right-wing extremism. Riots.*

*"I hate men", a phrase I often see online and in real life, claiming to be feminist. Subcategorising and subcategorising after labelling and labelling. Why does it feel like society has forgotten how to care?*

*Like life-support the earth grinds beneath me.*

*It was last April, that I lay on the Craigs, the sun glistening on my face, and I felt so safe. Like the earth was holding me. Like it was alive with me, and it was there for me as I was there for it.*

*Perhaps what shook me, is that the care home my sister lives in, had to go into lockdown for a weekend when the riots happened last summer. In order to keep her safe, they couldn't even go to their local corner shop. It felt like a dystopian novel, but I was there, in the moment, living in it. A lot of moments feels dystopian in the world right now.*

*"Like-life support" was something I scribbled in my notebook, "in hospitals". Care can be pretty, and gentle, being in someone's arms. But it can be that last resort, something you realise in the last moments, before the terminally ill, in a home, in a hospital, in a funeral.*

*At the moment, I'm trying to bring a little bit of care with my work. Gentleness.*

*Interrelationships and interdependency between me and the earth, and the people I love around me.*