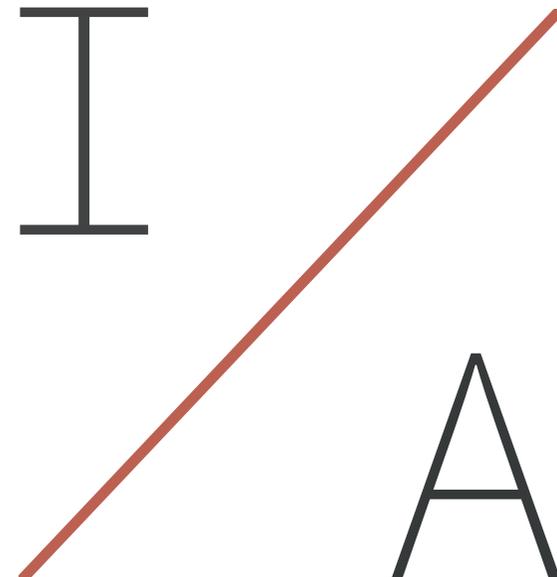


I / C
A I
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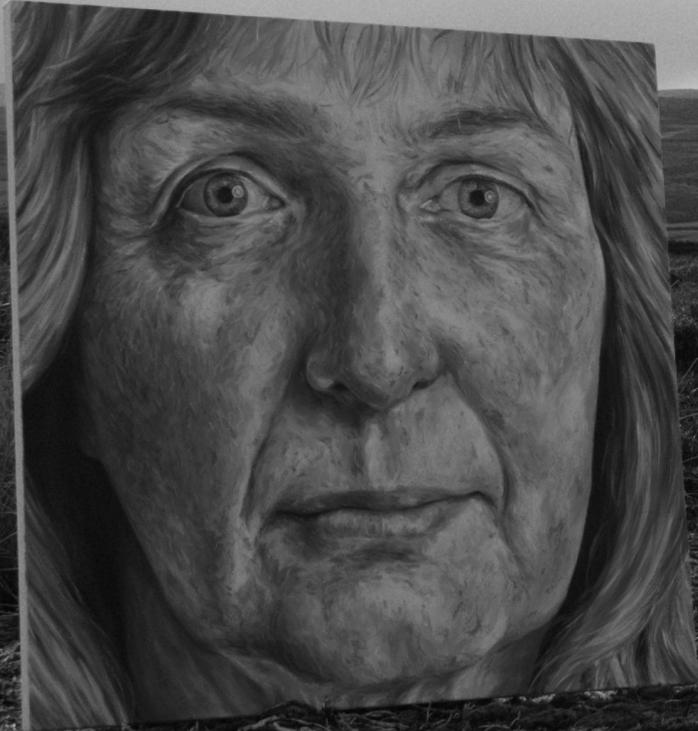
J A M I E
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I A C
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R N

A red diagonal line starts from the bottom-left and goes to the top-right, passing through the center of the letter 'A' and the letter 'I' in the second row.

introduction	←
acknowledgements	↑
the_mother	→
short_story	↓
walking_one	↔
mother_any_distance	↕
aches	↖
walking_two	↗
bibliography	↘
further_reading	↙

← ↑ → ↓ ↔ ↕ ↖ ↗ ↘ ↙



My mum has been off work for ages.

She has pain in her back extending down one leg to her foot. Sometimes when you ask to help she insists that she is fine.

Once on a Sunday morning the paramedics came. They asked her how she was. She said "I'm fine".

She's been fine ever since.



First and foremost, I would like to thank the guidance and support of my supervisor John Grzinich, peers of the MA Contemporary Art course, and past supervisors Kristaps Ancans and Mark Dunhill for their ongoing guidance throughout the practical and theoretical aspects of this project.

Thanks also go to Hanna-Liis Kont in her consultant role in reviewing this paper. Furthermore, this creative and theoretical journey has hinged on the generous participation of several interviewees who have contributed anecdotally, those being my mother Anita and sister Whitney, alongside peers; Lara Brener, Laura Weiss, Denisa Štefanigova, Evridiki Papaiakovou, Brit Kikas, Maris Paal, Noah Morrison and Mira Samonig. Externally, several academics and writers have proved invaluable in their insight provided through one-to-one interviews, so further thanks go to John Billingsley, Amy Jeffs, Tony Whitehead, Phil Smith, Helen Billinghamurst and Sonia Overall.

Finally, thanks are due to my patient, supportive and ever tolerant parents.



HEATHER

4m
digital

HUNT

38s
video
2021



I was trying to be the correct kind of daughter.

We call each-other too but it's also because she doesn't have a lot of people to speak Estonian to out there, so she kind of uses me so that she can be non-stop talking, and she talks and talks and talks. And then she's like, okay, now, tell me everything about your life. And it's such a broad question, after she's been non-stop talking for half an hour. I don't know what to say or where to start. But my mum is definitely a warm, loving and caring person. She really searches for harmony when we are all together.

That's something that I got from her, and I'm very proud of it. And Emily, she was brilliant to me, she was like a mother figure to me. I became her world in that sense that, I mean that I was one of the reasons that she was okay for that amount of time. But we definitely didn't get on that well at that age. She was very controlling and we didn't really understand each-other. I didn't even realise before how much she was hiding stuff, not in the sense that she was hiding a lot of secrets, but just her general feelings about herself.

And my relationship with my mum was always intertwined with my brother and their relationship. I don't think I ever had a true mother-daughter relationship with anyone.

She is mud or clay and she's really into BTS, like the band, she's very much in her teenage phase at the moment.

I think this kind of fanaticism is really important because it just keeps her going. It's belonging. She's also here teaching and working and doing her PhD, but as much as she can she lives in Sweden, and now I'm all over the place as well, so the dynamic has already been broken. My mum and I have already talked a few years ago about how this expectation that they and my grandmother had and my great-grandmother had that you would be staying at home and cooking and doing stuff like that, it just doesn't exist anymore.

I mean my mum and my grandma also have antagonisms but I don't know exactly where they come from. But my mum struggled to be a mum to us. Her life was quite different, really. She wasn't very faithful to my dad. She wasn't fit to be a mum, really. We had a step-mum for a few years when my dad remarried, and life was brilliant then. We were well looked after, and everything went swimmingly. And when my dad died, I didn't have much choice but to live with my mum, and it wasn't a very nice environment or atmosphere to be brought up in. My mum wasn't in a good place and I kind of heard that I should take care of my mum. At twelve I was told to take care of my mum. It wasn't clear to me that I wanted distance. I would say she was always the calmest one. I could tell her everything I do, honestly, she knows most of the shit that I've done.

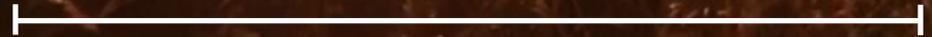
I feel like in a way my mum needed me to need her. How I recycle those memories and add to those days, and I see how many errors there were in her approach to her raising her children.

A landscape photograph of a field at sunset. The sun is low on the horizon, creating a warm, golden glow. In the foreground, there is a field of tall, golden-brown grasses. In the background, there are rolling hills under a hazy sky. A white rectangular text box is overlaid on the left side of the image.

HEATHER HUNT,
CLEMENTINE DALE

5m
digital

11s
video
2021



Nothing was bonding us that much except religion, and I guess over time this bond faded away because I was departing from the church. Saving our souls, going to heaven, whatever that means to her.

I got huge bollockings sometimes. Yeah, it made a very unpleasant situation as well and it didn't make a happy household. But it's part of growing up. I will unconsciously do things that my mother was doing to me because I was grown that way. And I'm really afraid of this happening, but I guess there is no control over this. It's just going to happen.

I became a teenager and became rather testing and the relationship became rather volatile at times. And it's hard for me to understand when she was actually dependent on me and when I was dependent on her because this is something created in this dynamic, in both ways. She pretty much always knew what I liked. My mum died of alcoholism in the end. She really wasn't interested, which is really sad. I guess for me my mother was a very powerful figure in my life and so I wanted not to pleasure her, but meet her expectations and everything.

I've realised how much she had to hide about herself, how she was feeling and what she was going through to raise me. But then, I think that maybe it makes you into a better mother because you want things differently for your own children.

I ended up making my mum out as a very bad figure

but she's a lovely woman and very fun to talk to actually, but I guess the human mind has this ugly thing of thinking about the bad things first and recycling them. And what frustrates her are often the things that frustrate me as well. As a child I would try to break this code and try to understand what I did wrong. I would see quite clearly what she cares more about.

She was angry at me because I was angry at her for being worried about me. But I think I didn't understand that because I was too naive or too stupid to care about this at the time. Looking at me right now, I look exactly like my mum. But we just fight. The fighting is the battleground before you come up with something else, and then the 'something else' is that coveted thing in a relationship, this symbiosis that produces something else. But I feel like I'm always being very careful with how I touch her, but then again also in how I speak to her and how I choose my words towards her.



UNDER THE DALE

16 x 16 inches, acrylic on canvas board, 2021

TRACE

16 x 16 inches, acrylic and chalk on canvas board, 2021

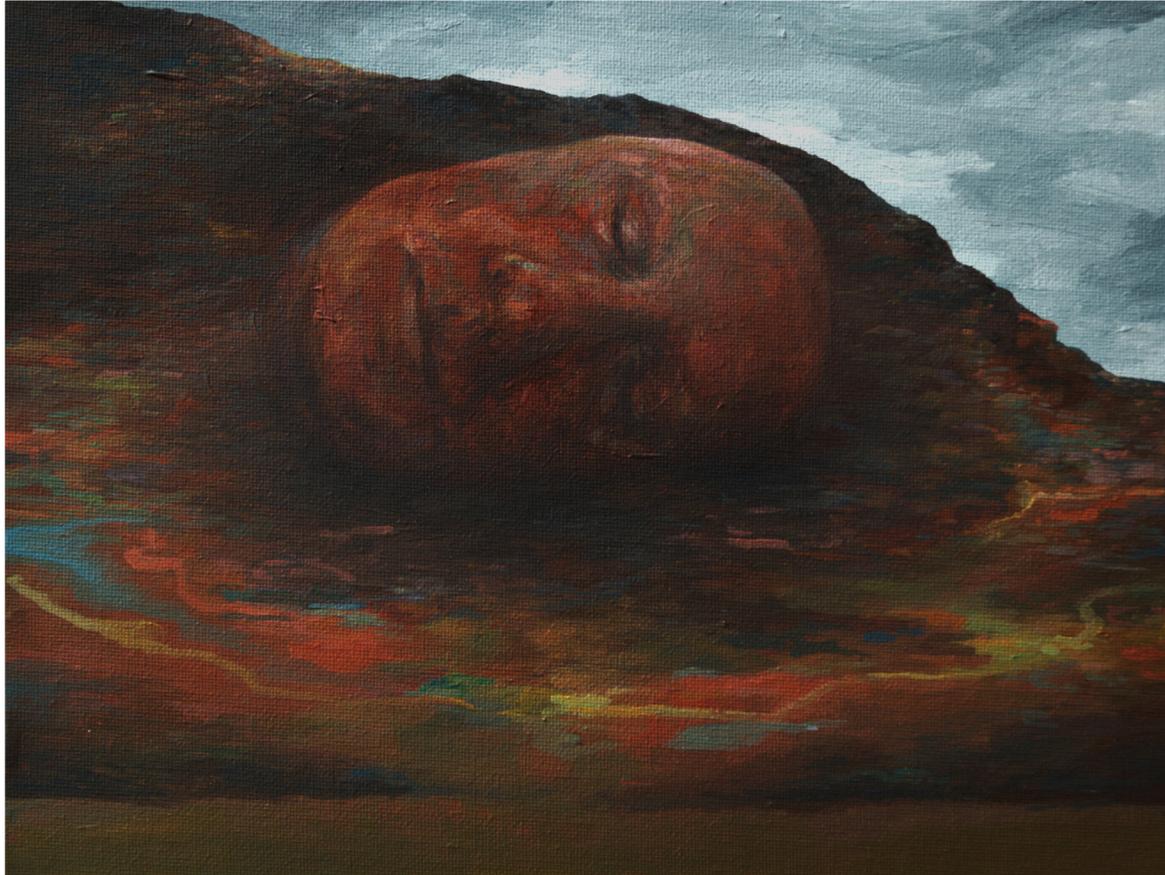


And Mary, she looked after us well and she ensured we were well fed and clothed and everything. When I was little she influenced all of my music tastes, my movie tastes, my fashion, everything, so much that I grabbed everything that she gave me and dived into it and started to explore more. As she became older she wasn't interested in those things anymore, so she just had those things that she was interested in when she was twenty-two. But there's a similarity with me and my mum. It's very difficult to get past the things that really hurt her very much and I feel like that's something that I have from her also. And our thoughts are always all over the place and we're not neat and tidy on the inside. I know her, I've seen her and I'm the same.

She would be like 'let's get bubble tea'. I was a lot more sympathetic in the end, because I wasn't going to see her and I would miss her. And she was so lost when I was little, she didn't know what to do with her life.

She used to worry us awfully about whether there was something wrong with her. But she wants to provide everything that she has from her motherly perspective in that short amount of time. She went from living with my grandmother and my great-grandmother to living with my dad, and then she's been living with me, and then we moved back to my grandmother, and now she's moved back to her new place and she has this new boyfriend. She's never for a moment been by herself. That's one thing that I can't imagine.

Before we would go to bed she would comb my hair and pray in my ear. I was close to my mum until the other man took my place which broke my heart. Our relationship is different now, but I never stopped loving her. And then I hugged her again and I went down into the train station and she walked this way, and we looked at each other as I descended.



DORMANT

11 x 8 inches, acrylic on canvas board, 2021



DOMESTIC DELUGE

10 x 10 inches, acrylic on canvas board, 2021



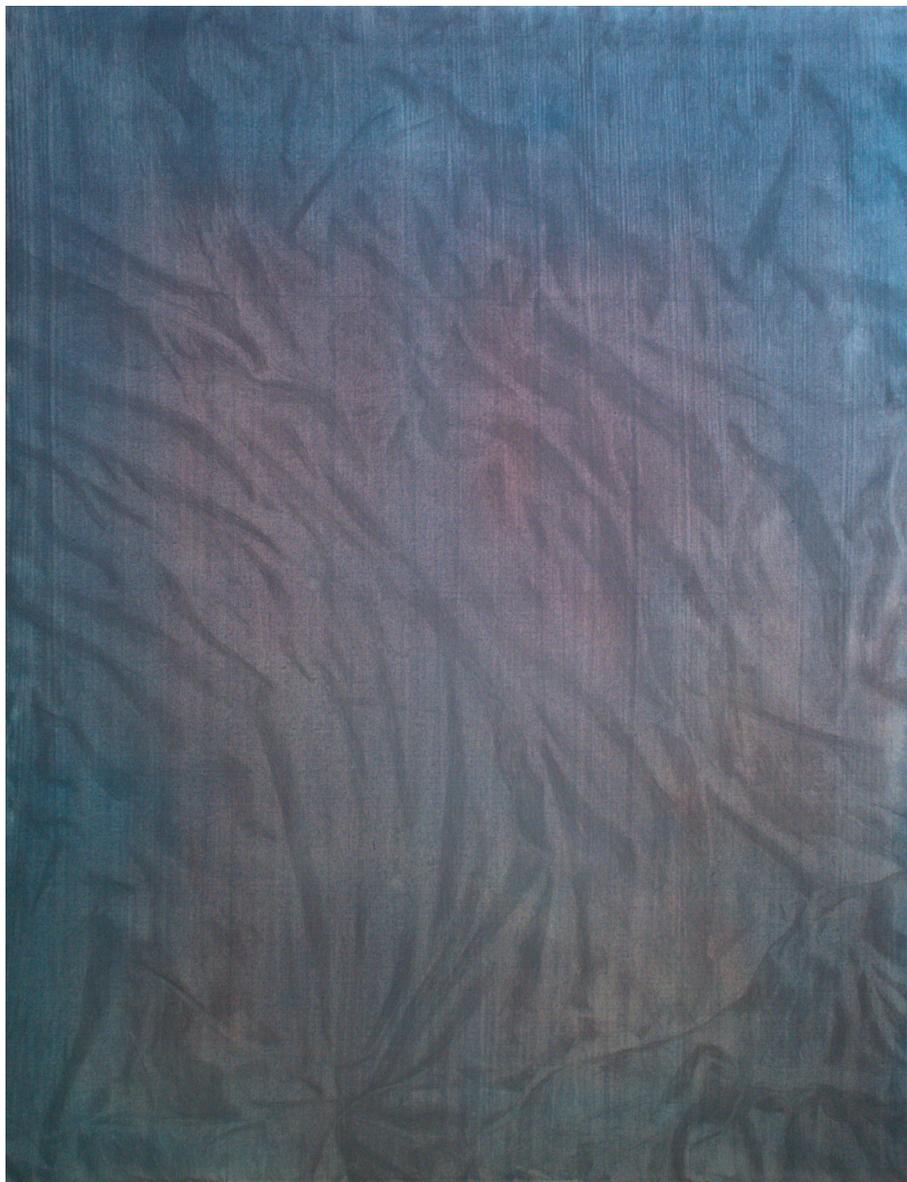
MAKING PLANS FOR...

11.5 x 8 inches, acrylic on canvas board, 2021

MAPPING THE PEAKS

12 x 12 inches, acrylic on canvas board, 2021



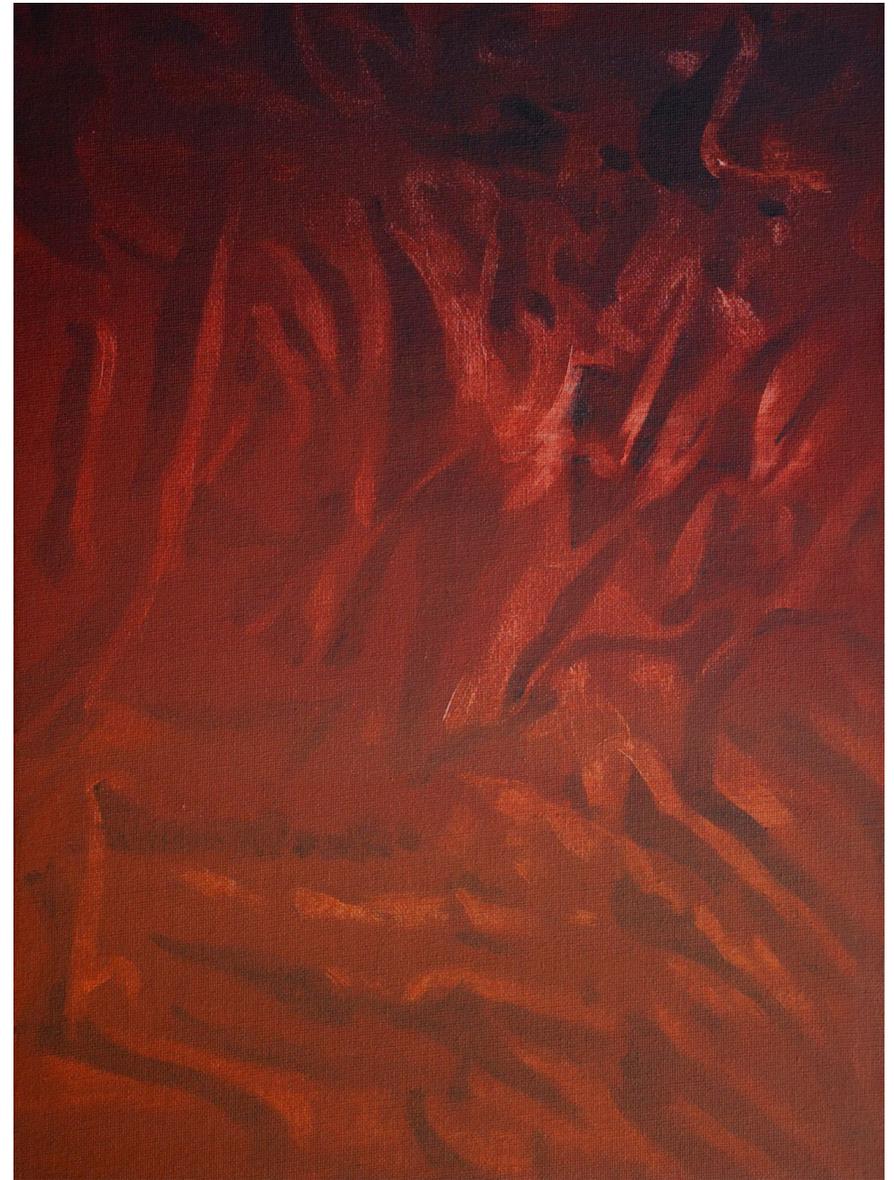


THE PEAKS

28 x 36 inches, acrylic on stretched canvas, 2021

MIDNIGHT MAY

12 x 16 inches, acrylic on canvas board, 2021



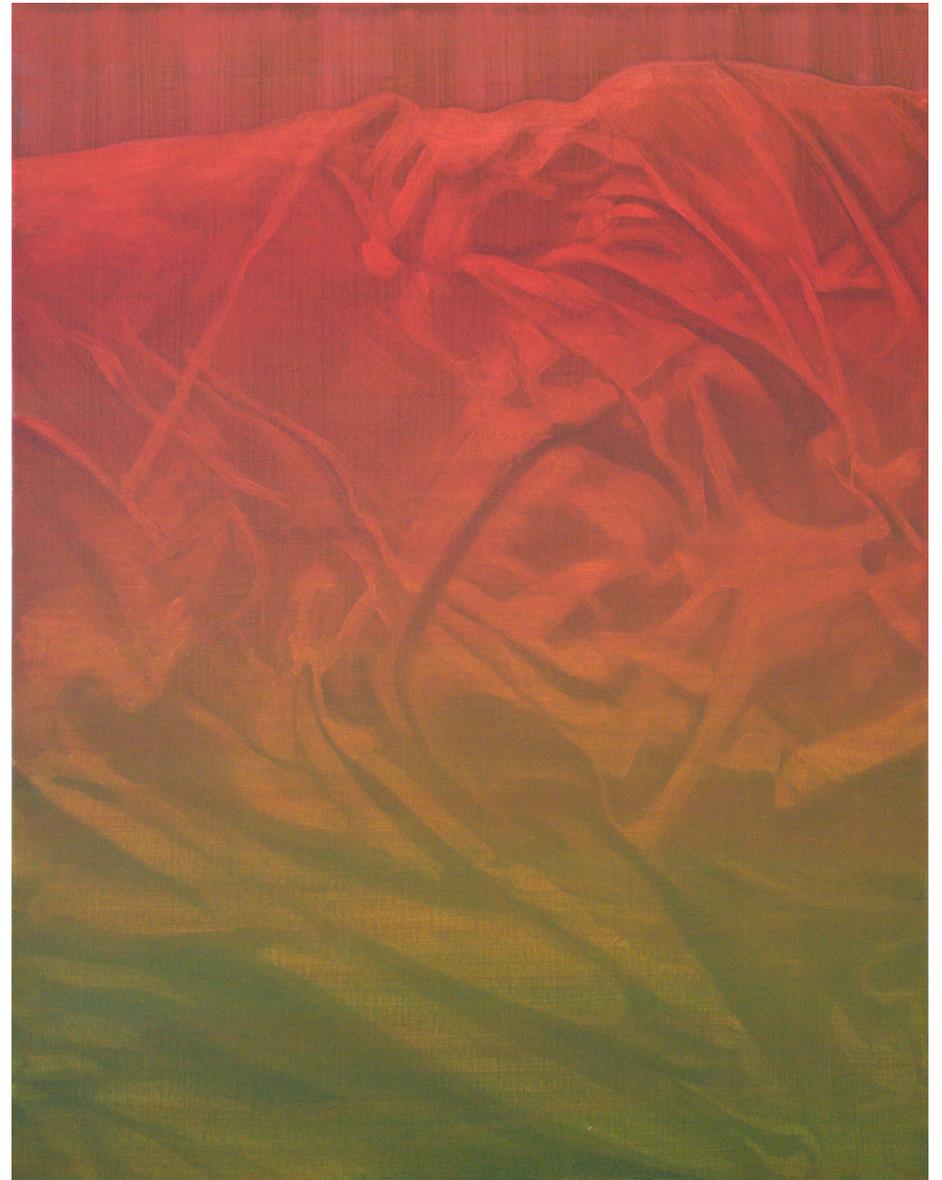


AMNION

20 x 24 inches, acrylic on canvas board, 2021

WARM FOOTHILLS

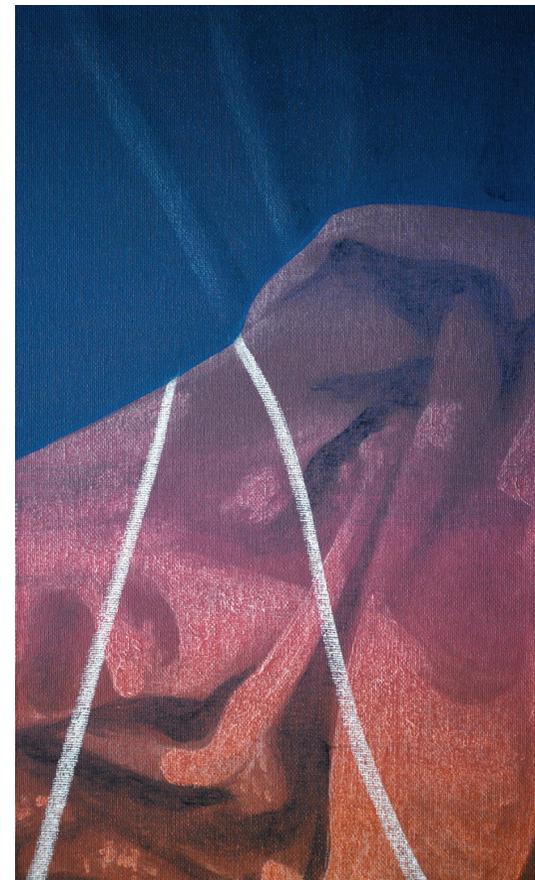
20 x 24 inches, acrylic on canvas board, 2021





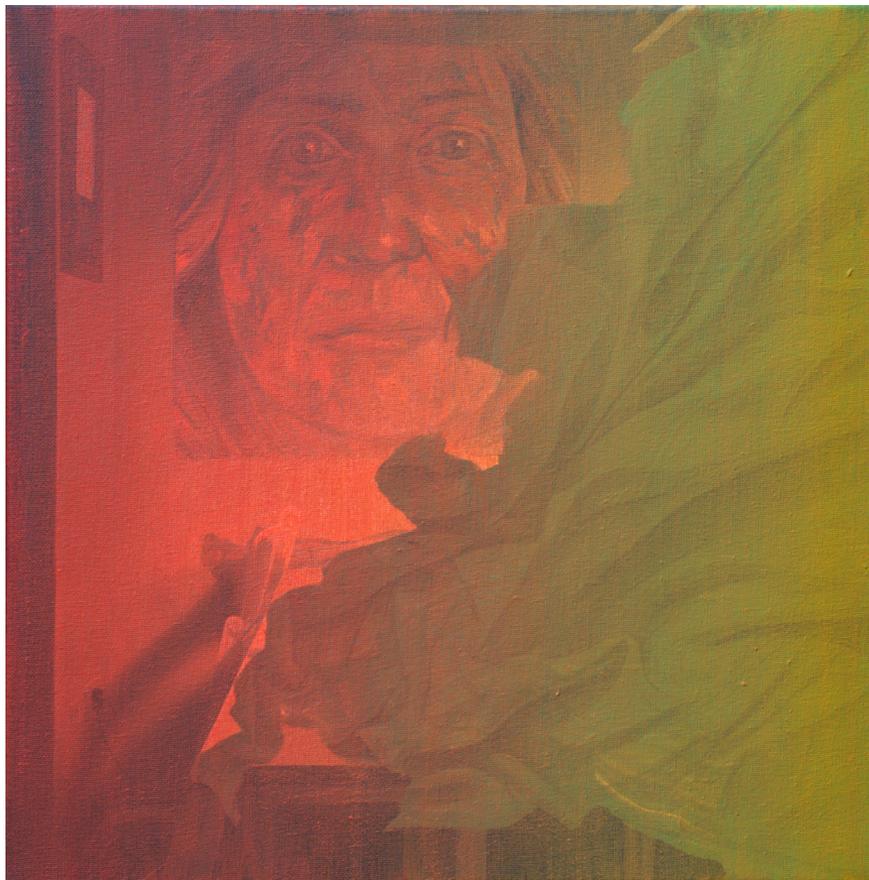
FINALLY ALIGNING

4 x 4 inches, acrylic on canvas board, 2021



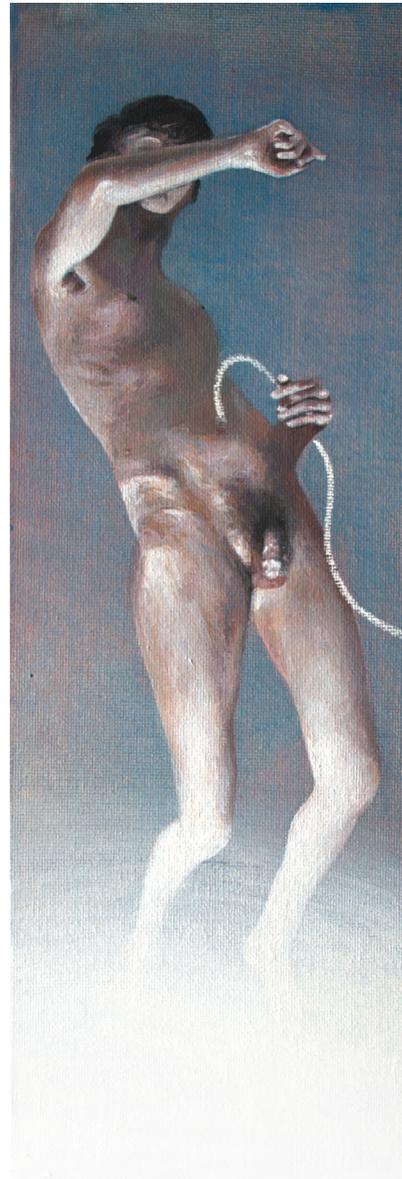
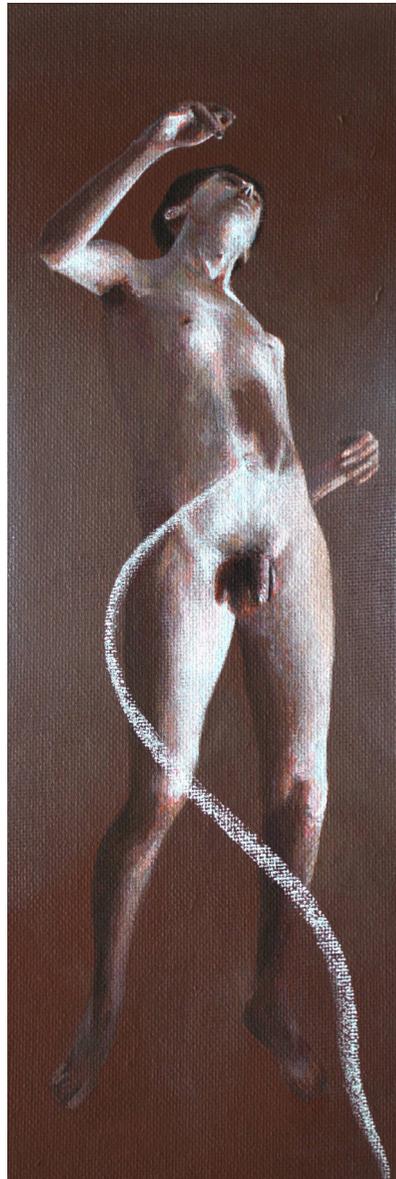
TWO AND THROW

8.5 x 14 inches, acrylic and chalk on canvas board, 2021



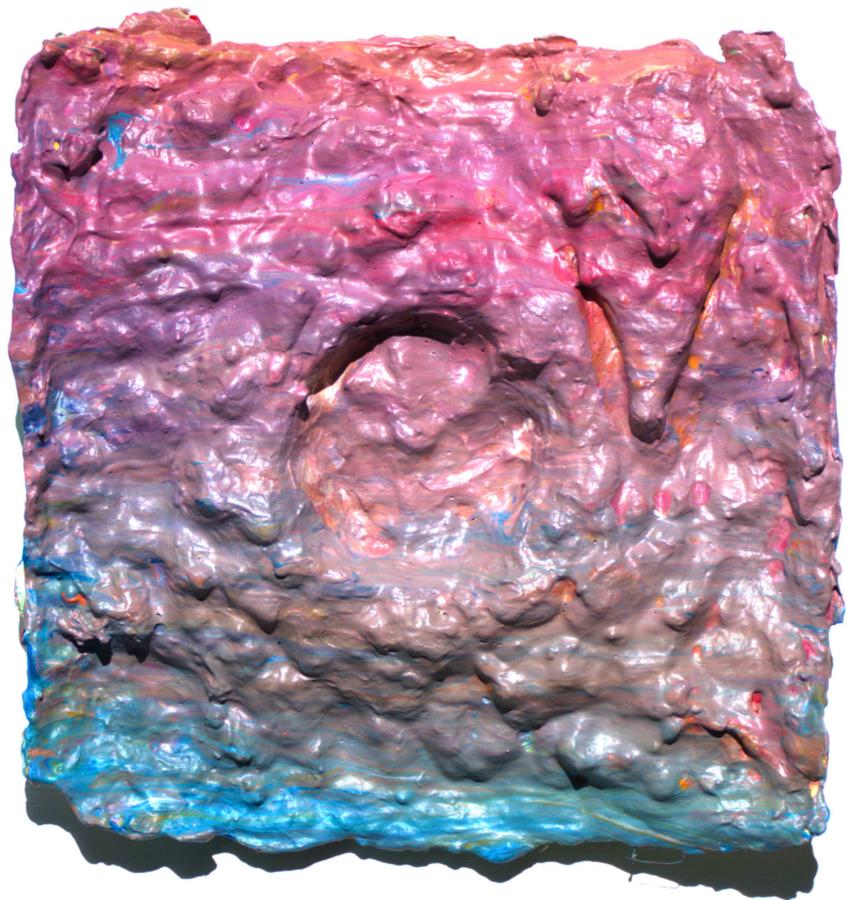
DON'T GET IT (ON YOUR BLOODY BED)

16 x 16 inches, acrylic on stretched canvas, 2021



I TETHER I, 1, 2 & 3

12 x 4 inches, acrylic and chalk on canvas board, 2021



SURFACE 1

5 x 5 inches, acrylic casting, 2021



SURFACE 2

5 x 5 inches, acrylic casting, 2021



SURFACE 3

5 x 5 inches, acrylic casting, 2021



SURFACE 4

5 x 5 inches, acrylic casting, 2021



SURFACE 5

5 x 5 inches, acrylic casting, 2021



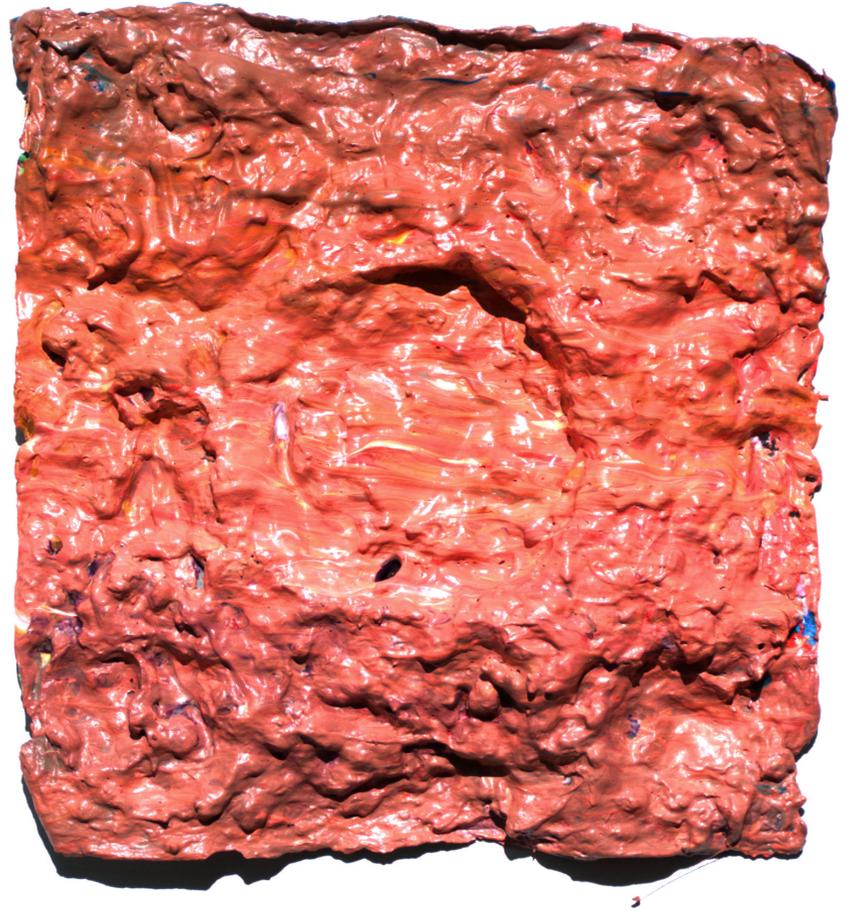
SURFACE 6

5 x 5 inches, acrylic casting, 2021



SURFACE 7

5 x 5 inches, acrylic casting, 2021



SURFACE 8

5 x 5 inches, acrylic casting, 2021

A child one-hundred metres from a sun-blocking ridge maps with an index finger a sleeping giant. Hobbomock, Colebrand, Gogmagog, Grendel, Ute... or perhaps some other long dormant. She blocks the summer sun from her eyes with her left palm, and takes her right hand to an outreached placement in the sky for a contouring of the bodily terrain. Her eyes walk the edge of a side-ways head, climbing to a rounded shoulder and angling down a chest and a padded ridge of ribs, riding down the depression of a waist, upwards to the curve of a pelvis, then easing down a leg, folding downwards and completing the panorama of an escaping line that wanders to an abandoned hamlet. Ending the hillside, she places the same hand on a young breathing chest. Her lungs synchronise with the slow heave of the land to a rise and fall and the local legend lays stoic in its slumber. A six-year old girl creates a land legend, then walks the family hounds home.

On the next day her Northern hand sings in spinning ink, syruling weird from a quill under lamp-light onto a tattered scrap.

Blotted lines describe a lop-sided hulking lump, draped under sediment, and above that, a blanket of enclosure, bleating beasts and wind-beaten heather, prowling smoke feathering skyward. The crude lines mark the giant in the hill and in time. Her misspelt annotations litter the remainder of the paper, tight to torn edges; i'm hapy down here... they don no i m sleeping... but im... sun at the end of the day... some times i like to waik up an haf bread... my nam is Eric.

Prior to years assisting in the kitchen, she would traipse the same lime skyline in ceaseless child-height summers, eternity summer in the giddy company of the girls on her lane. Daisy-chain tales would develop in a circle of crossed-legs and faces breathing in the sun, leaning back in someone else's field, listening in for birdsong and stories of Eric. Her words were always the last, a soliloquy, dreaming up his days and adventures, some hero, a one-time warrior misconstrued by lads of the land. On occasional days her faint soul would be carried on the bones of her father's shoulders, her arms locking across the breadth of his chest. A giant of her own could carry her, in a time when she was weightless and his body wouldn't buckle.

The lining of his stomach was an unknown, and in it a tight white web had old roots, riddling him, a weakening. Quiet tumour territory. Where deep bedding lines coalesced to cruel cairns the blood would muddle, matter held in tissue a victim to its own conflict, in cold blood and in his spine.

One-hundred and forty-seven years later it's 1981. In the attic of a bungalow in the calmest corner of Walthamstow is a cardboard box. One of several. It's almost shut, dust-topped, parcel tape peeling itself away as it holds eight decades worth of memories in family photo albums belonging to Jo Grahame, its contents filled out by a small portion of her husband's trainspotting logs.

Buried at its bottom is a memory box; itself a deep tray of personal histories comprising of a daughter's first lost tooth (a yellowed incisor), a framed, signed and collectable photograph of Neil Diamond, a birth certificate, a pair of arch-supporting insoles wrapped in clingfilm, assorted foreign currencies, and a loaded HMRC envelope - a folder of flotsam. Must of mildew rises to the eyes as the paper gasps for breath. Amid folded letters, redundant bank statements and birthday cards is "the cutting", a flaky and fragile remnant from another century. Suddenly disrupt it and its atoms just crumble, disappearing into the dust that catches below the single lightbulb of the loft.

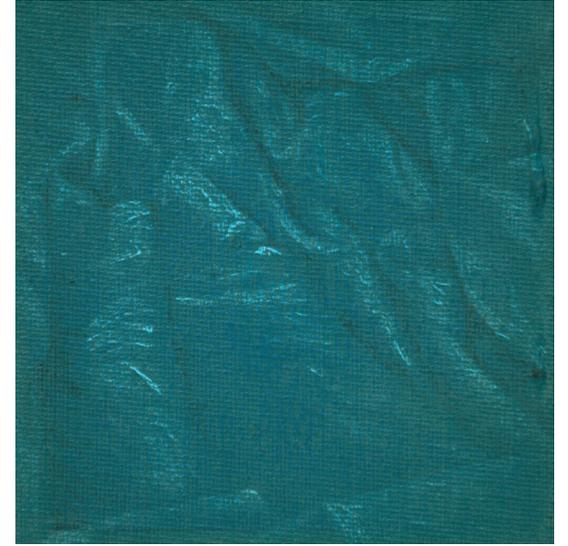
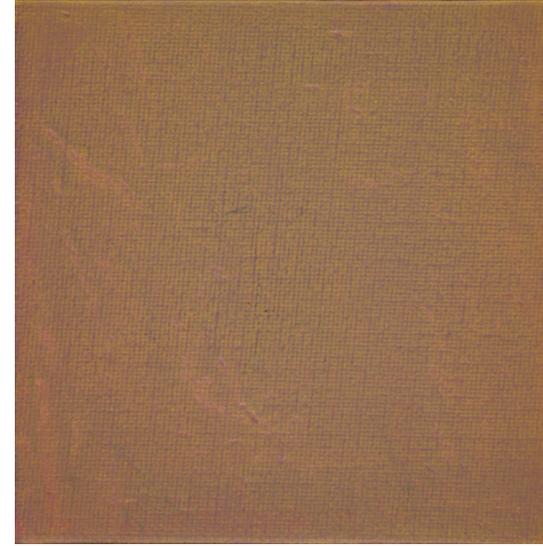
Blotched ink stains mark out a grey ghost of jotted lines that are as if a crawling path of ants, outlining a sleeping giant on frail paper, in the frail hands of a frail mother. Jo's son has made her a cup of tea downstairs.





Later in my partial eye-line comes grazed land and overgrowth where electrical lines disappear, stone barn ruins emerge from fog cover and the curves of tin mining pits follow from shooting shelters, beyond information plaques on wooden erects, trodden paths of wet prints and a chocolate biscuit wrapper.

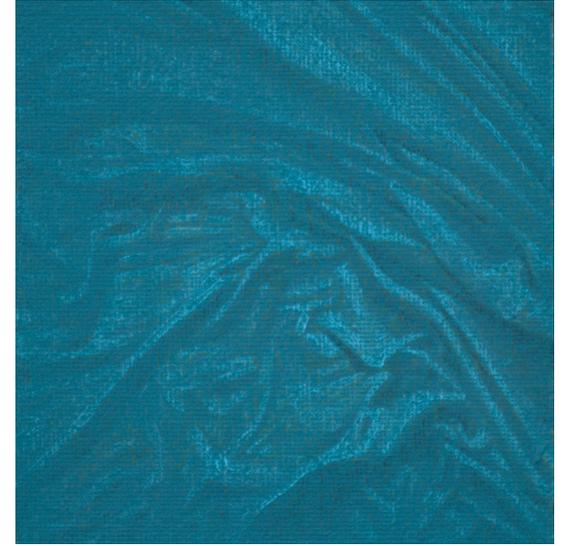
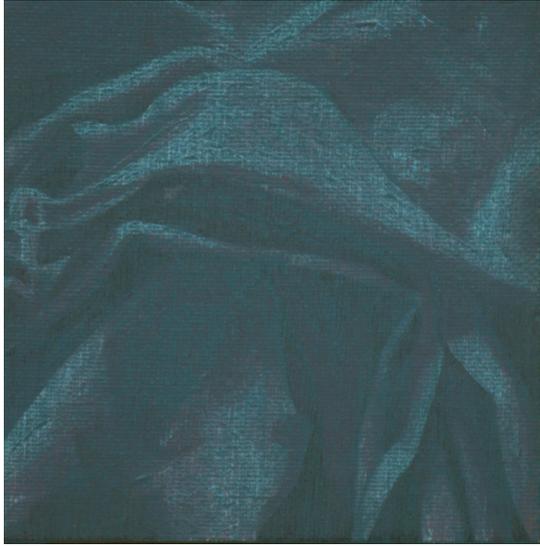
Seeking traces, the painting is carried as a dowsing rod and I walk to find what connects my mother in the image and the landscape on my feet. In truth I am the line, or series of lines, interwoven in my physiology; skeleton, nerves, synapses, tendons, all that are a physical connection between the mother and the land, and through the act of walking I become only what I seek in these traces. Abound the moors is a 'rionnach maoim' formation of dancing light, piercing clouds and illuminating the upper edge of the canvas as it hobbles metre by metre, its full width equivalent to a long stride.



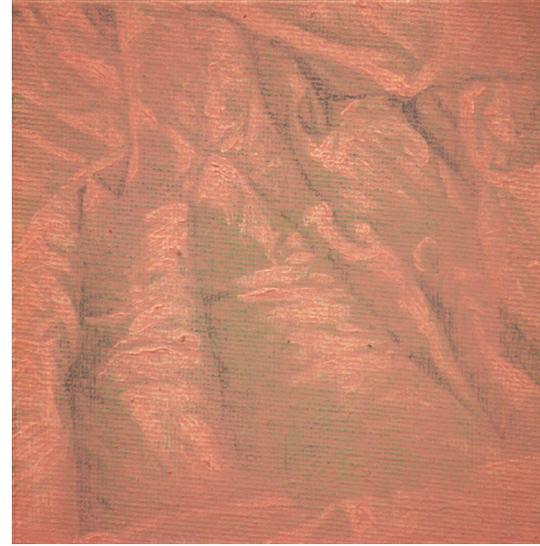
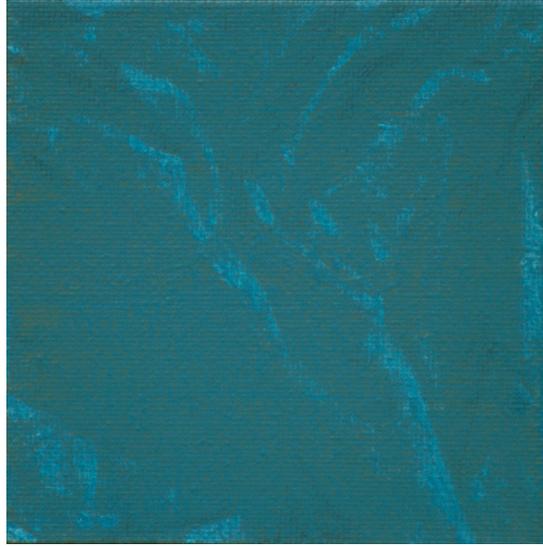
from clockwise top left:

CLING, A BIRD TO FLY, FADE OUT,
SPLIT AND COLLAPSE, PREGNANT PAUSE

4 x 4 inches, acrylic and chalk on canvas board, 2021/2022



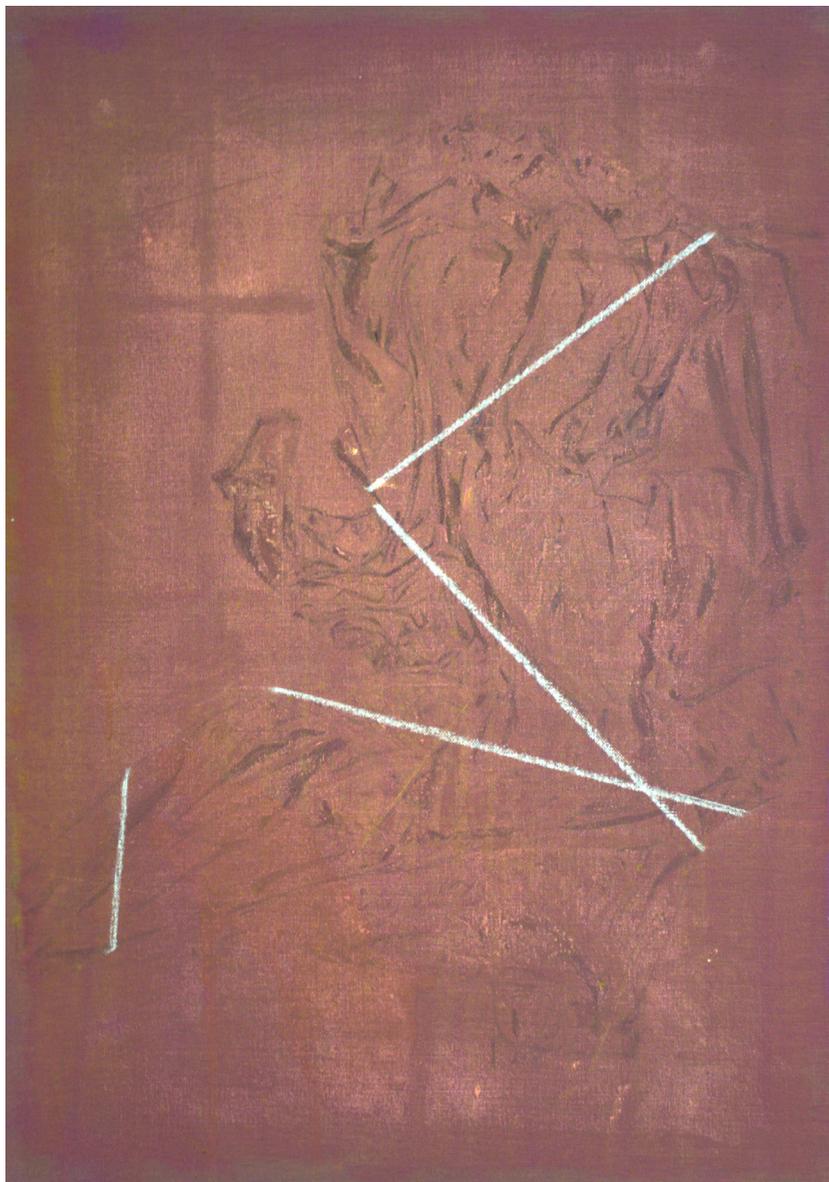
from clockwise top left:
TARN, RIBS, SPINAL COLUMN, THE SLIPS,
DROP YOU OFF, GRIP POINTS 1,
4 x 4 inches, acrylic and chalk on canvas board, 2021/2022



from clockwise top left:
THE LICHEN, THE FALLS, GRIP POINTS 2,
THE JESS MOUNTAIN, SINKHOLES,
4 x 4 inches, acrylic and chalk on canvas board, 2021/2022

THE ANGEL OF ILKLEY MOOR
28 x 36 inches, acrylic on canvas board, 2021



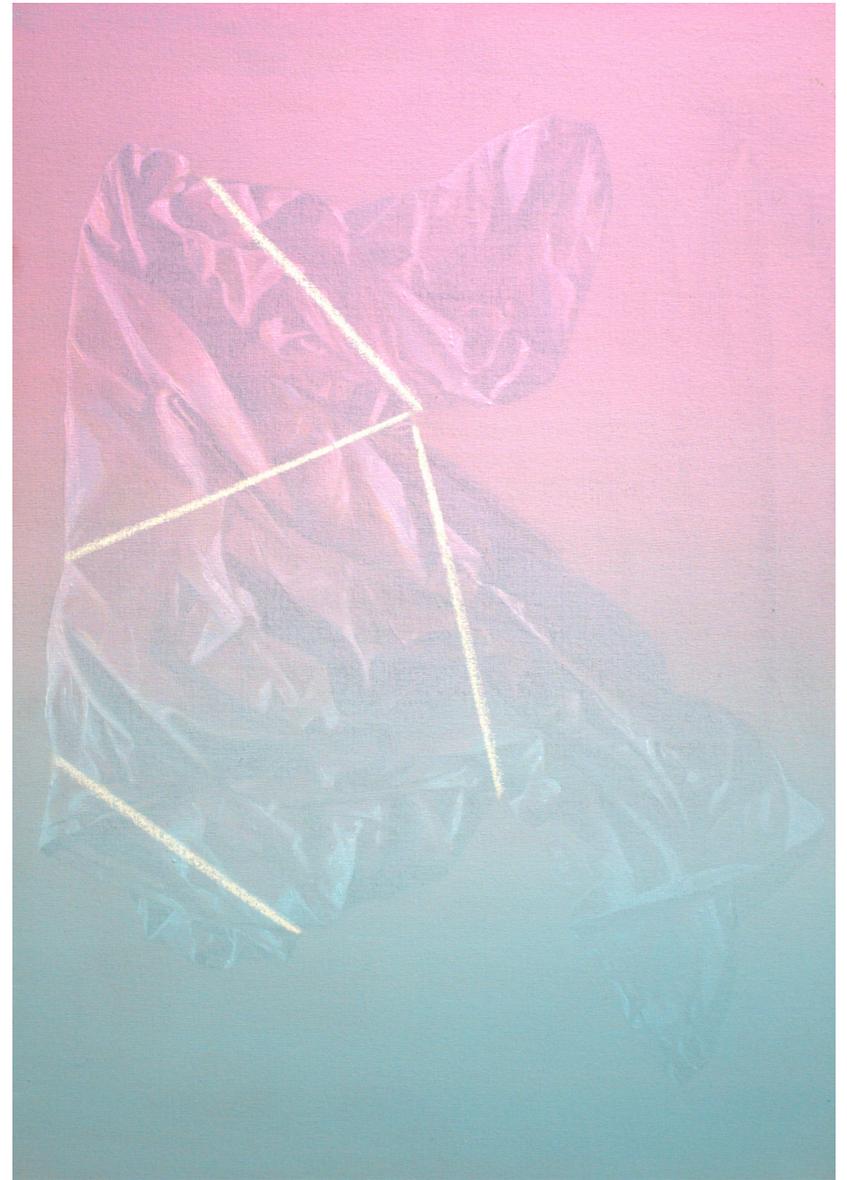


PHANTOM

28 x 36 inches, acrylic on canvas board, 2021

KATY PERRY

28 x 36 inches, acrylic on canvas board, 2021





SORRY (DON'T BE DAFT)

40 x 40 inches, acrylic on stretched canvas, 2021

ARCH (SKIP ANOTHER GENERATION)

40 x 40 inches, acrylic on stretched canvas, 2021





DOUBLE-BACK

40 x 40 inches, acrylic on stretched canvas, 2021

I'M FINE, HONESTLY

40 x 40 inches, acrylic on stretched canvas, 2021





THE BONEY KING OF NOWHERE

40 x 40 inches, acrylic on stretched canvas, 2021

“Mother, any distance greater than a single span
requires a second pair of hands.
You come to help me measure windows, pelmets, doors,
the acres of the walls, the prairies of the floors.

You at the zero-end, me with the spool of tape, recording
length, reporting metres, centimetres back to base, then leaving
up the stairs, the line still feeding out, unreeling
years between us. Anchor. Kite.

I space-walk through the empty bedrooms, climb
the ladder to the loft, to breaking point, where something
has to give;
two floors below your fingertips still pinch
the last one-hundredth of an inch... I reach
towards a hatch that opens on an endless sky
to fall or fly.”

- Armitage (2001).

In May of 2021 my mum underwent several sessions of acupuncture as an alternative and supplementary means to resolve sharp nerve pain that is mainly concentrated in her legs.

This course of treatment however was ultimately ineffective, but the meridian lines that supposedly map the connections of nerves across my mother’s body remain a visual interest in my practice, materialising as ‘linked’ chalk lines that begin as a compositional and symbolic device across a number of paintings, with a secondary role of also being mapped and walked across a local area upon which I would once walk with my mother.

In conversation with my mum, she explained that:

“When they do the injection they take measurements of your back under the scanner, and then the injection into your back is guided - they have to make a mark on your back for where the injection is going. So in a way it goes back to the lines - you know like those lines in your paintings - it’s like a guideline. They have to form a guideline under the scanner for where the injection goes. Like the lines that you marked out for the walk. Acupuncture begins essentially with certain points where they can put the needle in to kill the pain, but the needles work off of one another. I had shooting pains coming up my leg, unlike down my legs, and they twizzle them a little bit to try and stop it being painful. And that is like a nerve pain. The spots interconnect - just like a ley line. The nerves travel down your spine, branching out to your legs like the roots of a tree, down all the way to your feet.”



MOORS

13m
digital

MISSED

59s
video
2022



Despite this complimentary treatment, it proved ineffective in reducing pain lingering in her lower back, waist and legs. She has since undergone a number of procedures, both related and unrelated to chronic back pain and relying on Western medicine. One example of this has involved a double back injection provided via the National Health Service in an additional attempt to address the chronic pain in her back. Most recently, she has undergone two diagnostic colonoscopy procedures that have resulted in the majority removal and identification of polyps, with one operation to resolve this health issue entirely. The removed growth has since been sent for specialist analysis.

These medical experiences are only one facet of her health and my attempt of merely an objective approach to discussing said experiences (or intrusions) fails to acknowledge her own resilience and articulacy of her anxiety prior to and post-procedure. The intrusion is as if a dry-stone wall in the Dales, it limits and guides for operation.

“There’s always something bloody wrong with me”, she says. Her concern is my own and in my own terms this is a greater unknown.

In the absence of a physiological understanding of my mother’s health experiences forms an emotional underpinning of my image-making as a rumination on what I do not know and my own considerations and concerns for my mother’s health-care in future. Residing in this realm of unknowing is a specific dynamic and a faded bed-shape, embodying inherent motherly qualities.

Mum says “I don’t want you and Whitney to have to think, you know, “we need to look after mum”. Especially when we’re older. I don’t expect that from you. Because you’ve got your own lives... When I’m old I wouldn’t want you to have to give up your life to look after me”. But my life will continue to be intertwined and heavily affected by hers, and this is one facet of the ‘carrying’ act. In domestic reality these conversations are awash with often a dark, absurdist and occasionally gallows humour that helps the swallowing of a reality pill and an acceptance of ill health.

Whether an acute pain in the lower back or an incessant sting in the leg, these ailments are not without their causes and can be attributed to a number of strains spanning years of activity; inclusive but not limited to daily tasks, a lack of back support in seated positions, and improper footwear affecting gait and posture. This comes in addition to career demands (the lifting and carrying of small children in a nursery) and the walking across an at times unforgiving Yorkshire landscape.

SONGS OF SOFT FOCUS

40 x 40 inches, acrylic on stretched canvas, 2022





NO HANDS!

40 x 40 inches, acrylic on stretched canvas, 2022

Our physical immersion in a landscape is also our tie to it; the hands pulling weeds, the bent knees of legs scrambling up-mountain. We are active in anthropization and the soil aches under us.

I'll carry my mum across Ilkley Moor if she cannot walk it and you will see that her image sees it. I consider the points at which I strengthen a hold on an umbilical cord for her benefit. One day there comes a consideration of care home costs. Maybe one day my sister and I will have a pragmatic chat at the dinner table, about after-care, post-op, who does what. There may be a slow transition of the carrying dynamic and questions for later in the day. How often does a colostomy bag require changing?

Should I go private?

What day should I collect your repeat prescription?

Walking the dense heather of Elslack Moor I feel this heft in the atmosphere and in my hands.

“Surface engraved with a narrow stroke, path imagined between two points. Of singular thickness, a glib remark, a fragment, an unfinished phrase. It is any one edge of a shape and its contours in entirety. Melody arranged, a recitation, the ways horizons are formed. Think of levelling, snaring, the body's disposition (both in movement and repose). It has to do with palms and creases, with rope wound tight on someone's hand, things resembling drawn marks: a suture or a mountain ridge, an incision, this width of light. A razor blade at a mirror, tapping out a dose, or the churn of conveyor belts, the scoured, idling machines. A conduit, a boundary, an exacting course of thought. And here, the tautness of tent stakes, earth shovelled, the depth of a trench.”

- Donovan (2003).

LIKE TREASURE

40 x 40 inches, acrylic on stretched canvas, 2022





BAD CRESCENDO

40 x 40 inches, acrylic on stretched canvas, 2022

BIG EXIT

40 x 40 inches, acrylic on stretched canvas, 2022



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