

HOW DO WE SEE, AND MAKE SEEN, THE UNSEEN ?

READ AGAINST THE VOICES
RECORDED to find the story

Perceptions
of visual representation

The humor of ten directed at those
(workers) depicted

KNOWN AS APPLE
GLORY

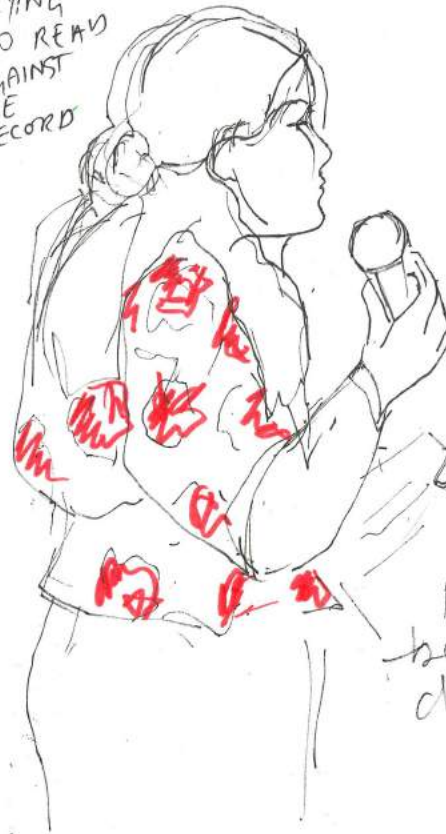


What is the honest truth?
What is the artist?
How can you trust the artist?

How does
disability map

Walter Geikie -
apple city

TRYING
TO READ
AGAINST
THE
RECORD



FREYA

was the
city built
on baskets

People make
their baskets
at home
Some
developed
as a trade
(for sale)

— how can you
record the
hawkers!

Intersect-
ions
between
these
crafts +
disabilities

How can we
consider these
things, those baskets
be considered as
design

HOW ARE THESE
WOMEN SEEN?

portrayal more faithfully

READ AGAINST THE VOICES
THAT HAVE BEEN RECORDED
to find the story

the New Town, on designing a social order:

The thing that comes out over + over again the vulnerability of women

(The New Town)

designing a social order - designing out the nooks + crannies

HOUSECRAFT: IN WOMAN OR OUT OF HOME

A RESPONSIBILITY TO RECORDING WORKING CLASS LIVES | VIEWS

PUBLIC | PRIVATE + HOW THAT CHANGES OVER TIME - LAUNDRY (ATRINK WORK DIRTY LAUNDRY)

LANGUAGE + CLEANLINESS + HOW IT RELATED TO CLASS

FREYA

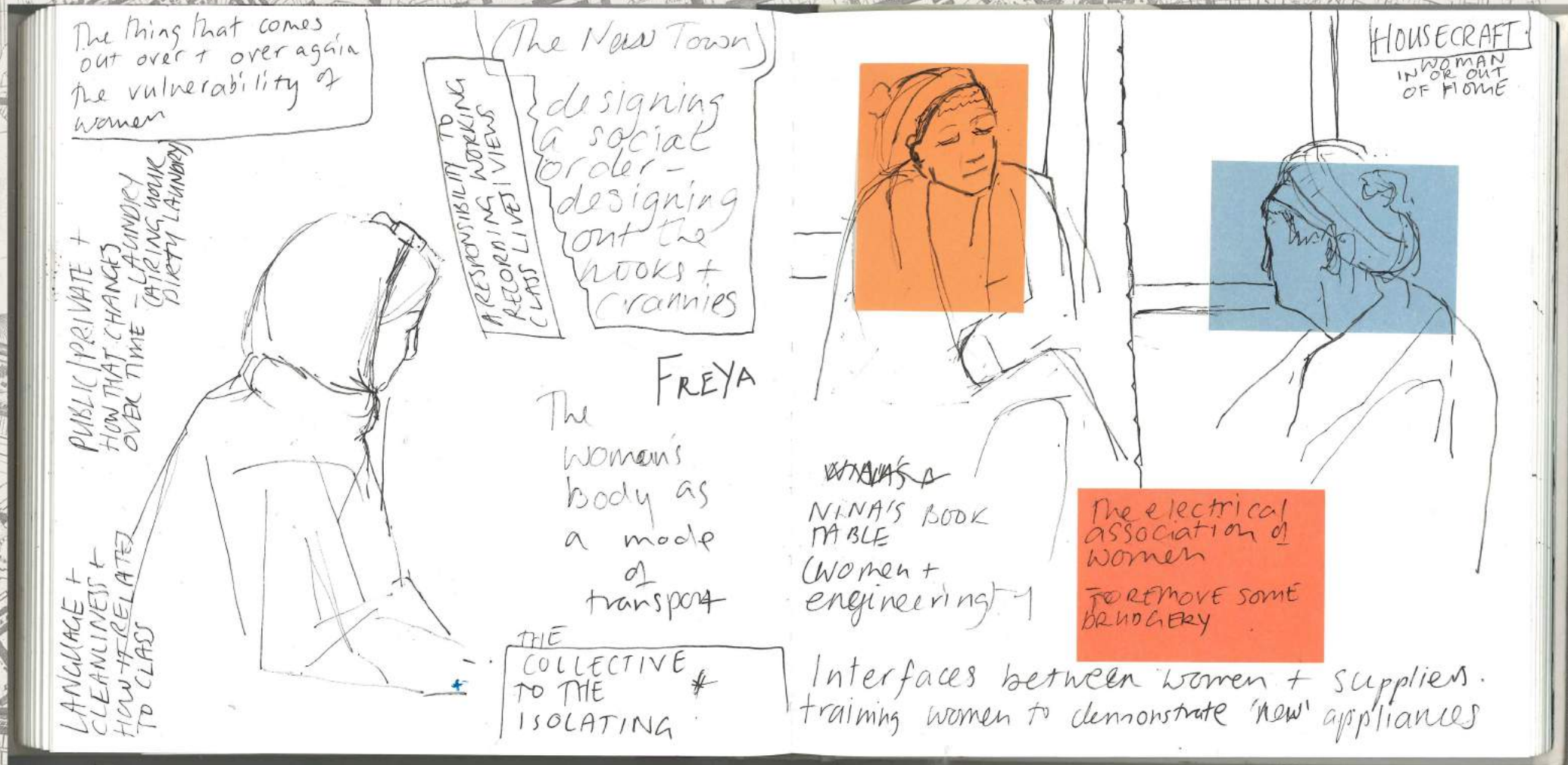
The women's body as a mode of transport

THE COLLECTIVE TO THE ISOLATING *

WAXAS A NINA'S BOOK TABLE Women + engineering

The electrical association of women TO REMOVE SOME BROUGERY

Interfaces between women + suppliers. training women to demonstrate 'new' appliances

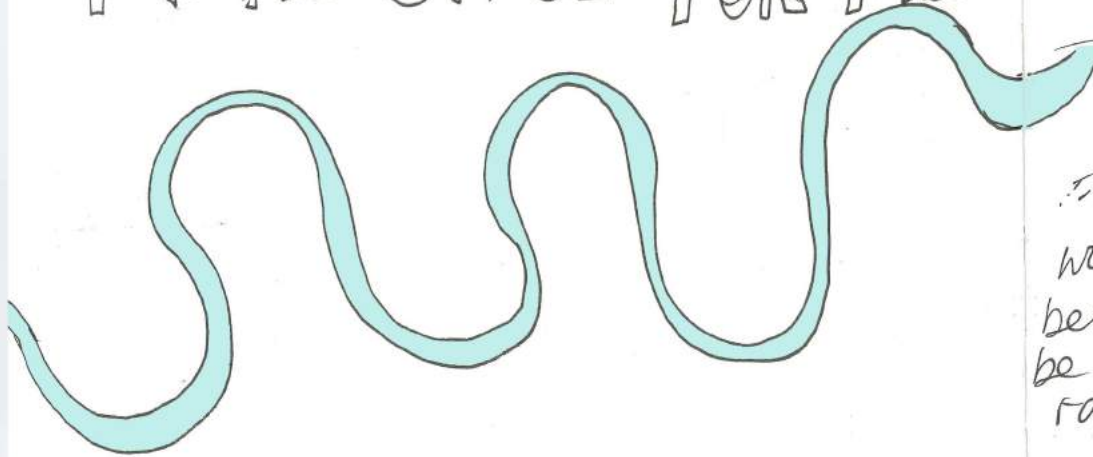


DESIGNING OUT THE NOOKS & CRANNIES

WOMEN MAKE CITIES

Changing City
CRAE RITCHIE c. 1900s

MAKE SPACE FOR ME



"I HATE THIS CITY....
... THE LAND OF WEE HARD MEN"

F
FOR WHOM ARE
CITIES MADE

"It
would be
better to
be second
rate"



what a city of, for and made by women might be?

I'M ALWAYS WATCHING THE CITY'S BACK

The Role of Social Media



SNAPSHOT OF
LAUNDRY
(AS MEMORY TRIGGER)



I'M ALWAYS WATCHING THE CITY'S
BACK

I'M ALWAYS WASHING THE CITY'S
BACK

doing laundry
in your city

Film?

Sean P
Campbell

the physical
landscape
of memory
- personal memory
- collective memory



Esther

I'M ALWAYS WASHING THE CITY'S BACK

★ THE ONLY WAY IS

watching, listening, washing

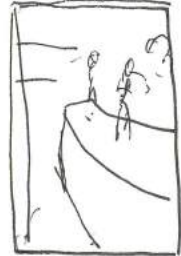
Edwin Morgan
Poem

ESTHER DRAYCOTT

JANE
(Greddes Gardens)

cleanliness + dirt
registers of social
narrative

ALL
SHADOWS
ARE
A LIVE



The Steamer
The Glasgow Green
(Drying Green)

IT IS LIFE
THE SWEAT
IS REAL

WATCHING
LISTENING
WASHING



A book about
women doing
laundry in
Glasgow

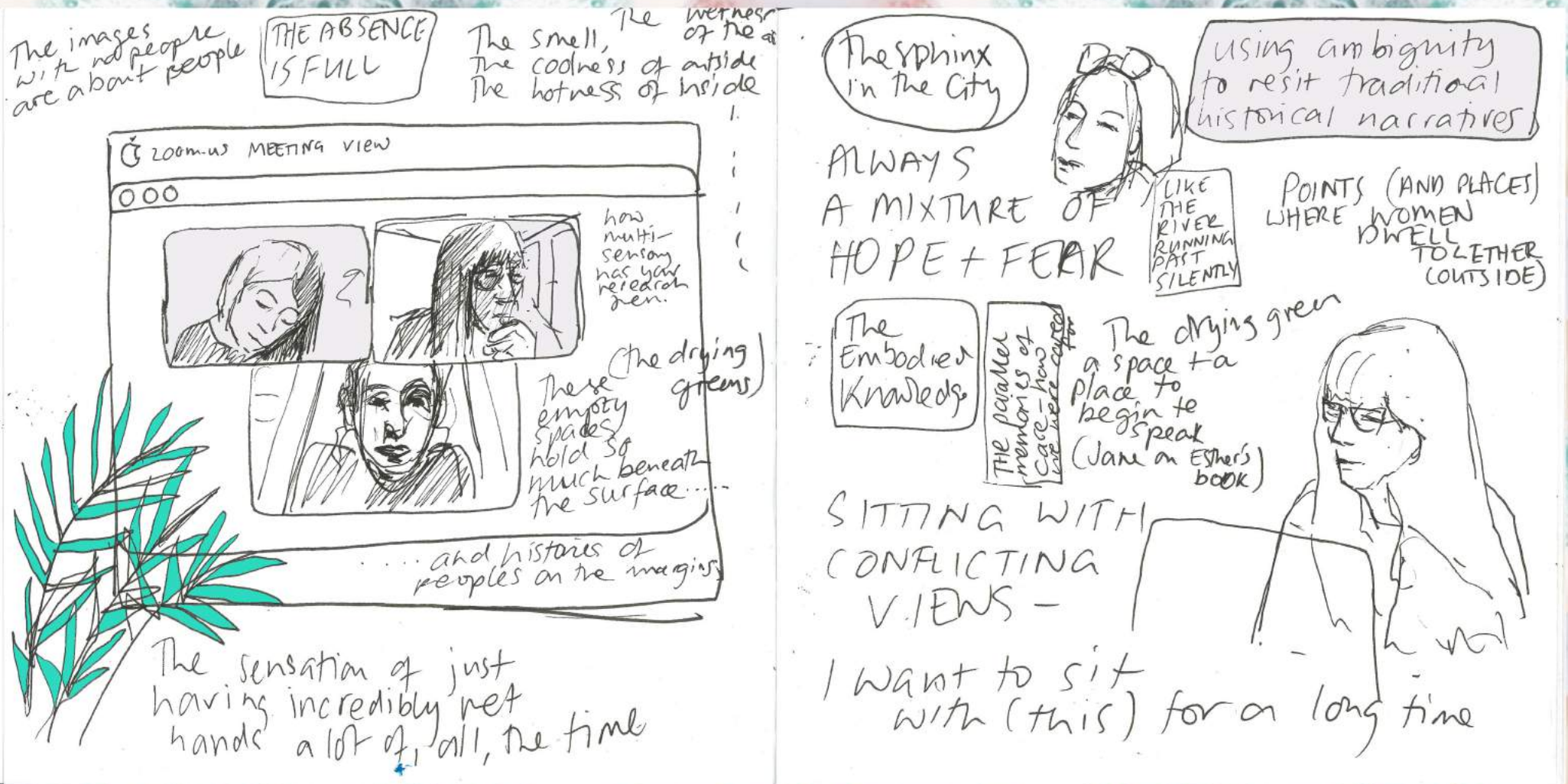
The Goddess
of the Clyde
Clotta?



Laundering
ancient
form of
bearing witness
to the everyday

BEARING WITNESS TO THE EVERYDAY

LIKE THE RIVER RUNNING PAST SILENTLY



these empty spaces hold so much beneath the surface: points (and places) where women dwell together (outside)

The city puts up barriers that push you, push women

London

Lottie

IN ALASGROW IN BRUM

IT'S A PARK (QUEEN) THAT YOU CAN'T GET TO

I watched Paradise Circus (not paradise) but how do people take their children to school

BARRIERS THAT PUSH YOU IN UNEXPECTED "UNWANTED" WAYS IN THE CITY — PLACES YOU CAN + CANNOT GO.

Cit's

DO YOU FEEL LIKE YOU'RE RETRACING JOAN WRE'S STEPS.

FIRST HAND HELD MAP OF LONDON BY A WOMAN CALLED PHYLLIS — a map that concealed the idea that she might be lost.

We have a day walking around the city as outsiders — where are the bus stops?


I LIKE THE IDEA OF THE COMMUNITY OF PUBLIC TRANSPORT

IN UNEXPECTED WAYS

CITIES: THE LOUD PROTESTS...

The Bus as
- Community - space
for connection

Beth Hughes
- story about 7 year
olds best birthday
party on the Number
11 Bus



The Bus, The movable space,

DO YOU THINK WE HAVE MISSED OUT ON (THINKING ABOUT) these spaces - the buses!

MY QUESTION IS A BIT PEDESTRIAN....

QUESTION OF SOCIAL CLASS

WEEEN MAP OF PRESTON

SOPHIE CALLE
Give yourself up to the city (historically masculine trope)

(LONDON)
WHAT YOU FIND + YOU THINK IS PUBLIC SPACE + IT ISNT

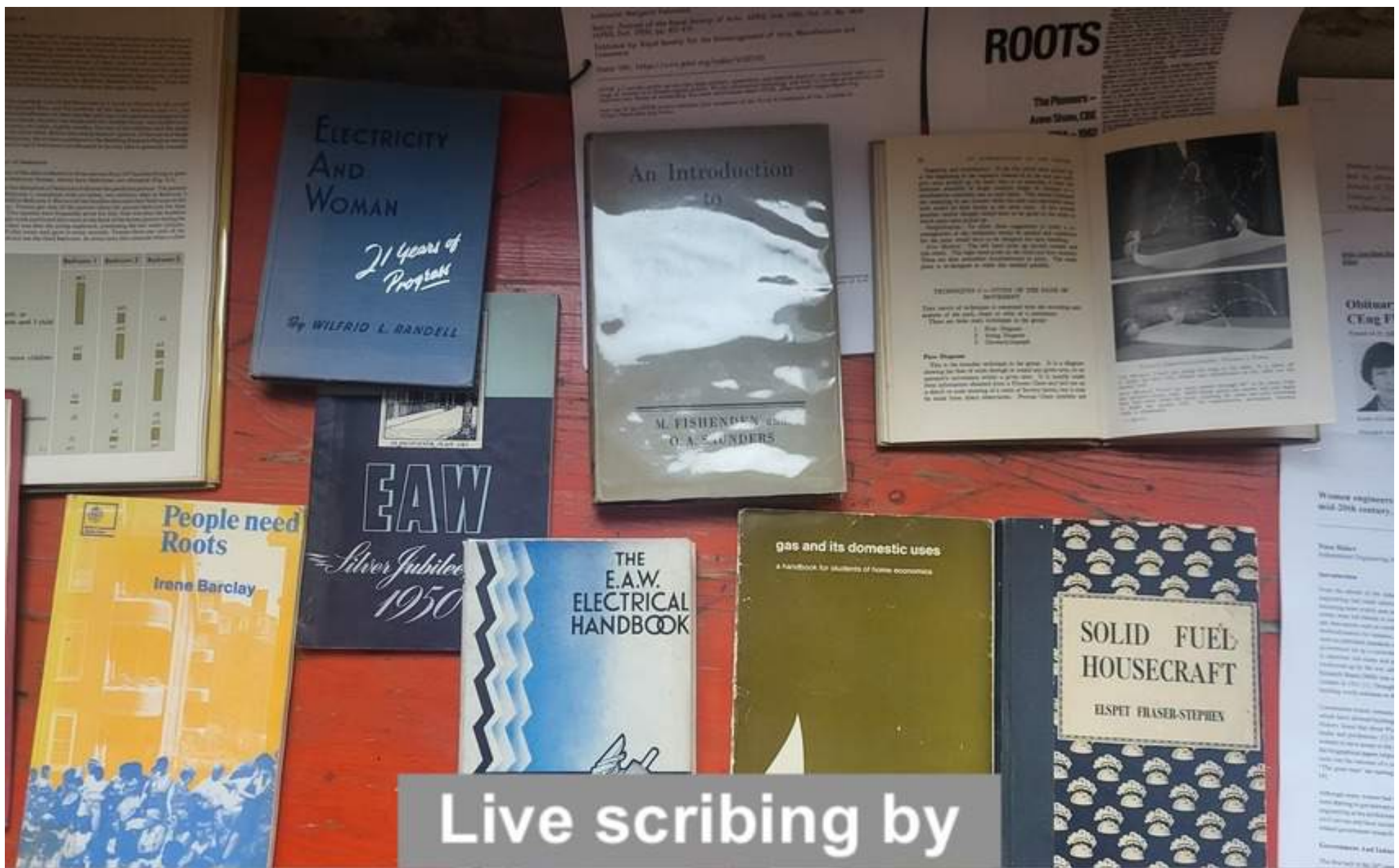
Beth

CITIES CAN OFTEN EMBODY 2 EXTREMES

THE LOUD PROTEST!
+
The quiet moments of joy

- GLASGOW IS DIFFERENT

...and the quiet moments of joy



Live scribing by

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