

AUDACIOUS
WOMEN
FESTIVAL

AUDACIART WEEKLY

Nothing to Hold On To

1 May 2020



Photo: Connection © Nikki Kilburn

An Audacious Women Publication



AudaciArt 4 – Nothing to Hold On To

This week's theme, *Nothing to Hold On To* was suggested by a quote from Sonia Johnson:

It's only when we have nothing else to hold on to that we're willing to try something very audacious and scary

AudaciArt

Hallo Everybody

Here we are with the 4th AudaciArt publication: a weekly collection of words and pictures inspired by a theme suggested by a quotation by an audacious woman. Women are invited to create and submit any type of work inspired by the theme.

Lots of you are looking at it, and all the contributions have been amazing. Do think about getting involved!

Many thanks to all our contributors and to the Audacious Women Collective Members and volunteers who helped to make this possible.

The theme for Friday 8 May @ Noon is: ***Crossing the Line.***

Physical Distance – Not Social

While many of us are isolated at home and others - not only health workers but all those in key jobs - are putting their lives, literally, on the line every day, it is more than ever essential that we support and honour each other. So during this period of physical distancing Audacious Women is running a series of [online events](#) to help build women's community, and to keep in touch with each other and our audacious nature.

If you'd like to organise an online activity, please get in touch. You can contact us at info@audaciouswomen.scot.



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Blackbird
Marie Morrison

The photograph is of a female blackbird...nothing to hold on to...taking the step to soar.



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The Power of Hatshepsut

Jan Killeen

Hatshepsut declared herself a Pharaoh and built a spectacular temple, in what is now known as the Valley of the Queens. The pillars we see are graced with her divine image – female iconography replaced by the next male pharaoh. The pillars she built reflected herself in male attire, the ‘power dressing’ she chose to wear to gain credibility as a statesperson and warrior in the all-pervasive male world of Ancient Egypt. Hatshepsut ruled for 21 years, she was regarded as well versed in statecraft, architecture and economics – successfully expanding trade. On our visit to Luxor, hers was a ‘must see’ Temple.

The guidebook gave directions for the steep climb up from the Valley of the Kings, over the high ridge, to Hatshepsut’s Temple. It warned to start early to avoid the searing heat of the day. Well, we took too long visiting the tombs of kings, but decided to climb anyway. The guidebook advised visitors to accept help from a local guide who would appear on the way. And yes, there he was waiting, just before the difficult bit. Damian went ahead out of sight and left me in the hands of the guide, which seemed ok at first but then felt very uncomfortable. So I resisted help and we reached the top, the guide leaving us to our own devices.

Which way to turn, left or right? The temple was below, to the right some way off, but a narrow path to the left looked the more likely way down. So that is the one we took. The path became narrower, we were shocked to see we were on the edge of a precipice. Then it happened, Damian had a vertigo attack and froze.

Stuttering he asked me to pass him and lead us on. How? There was no room to manoeuvre, no room to turn round. I removed his rucksack and put it on my back – giving me a few vital inches to edge round his body. Tentatively I moved forward. By now it was noon and the sun was burning down on us – my turban and his hat provided little protection. After a long time we reached a safe place on the rocky route down and stopped to breathe, but there was still a way to go and the temple closing time was getting nearer.

The museum at the bottom of the ridge opened its doors to a cold marble floor where I sat, trembling, no doubt sunstroke along with the trauma of a near-death experience. Damian meantime, had recovered and was reminding me that we still had a 20 minute walk to the Temple. We made it. The Temple was in every way extraordinary and quite different from those designed by kings. I like to think that while I did the unthinkable, up there on that precipitous ridge, with nothing to hold onto, that it was the power of Hatshepsut which took us to safety.

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Letting Go!
Anne Conrad



Copyright © 2020 Anne Conrad



Haiku

Hilery Williams

I was in free fall
Nothing at all to hold on
Fell into his arms

No parachute, no wings
Groundlessness – capacity
For freedom, joy, love

Copyright © 2020 Hilery Williams



Connection

Nikki Kilburn

After a long day of working from home in lockdown I went for a walk on Portobello beach in Edinburgh. It felt strange walking alongside people and be avoiding them at the same time. I was seeking connection feeling there was Nothing to Hold On To, I tuned in to my surroundings to capture this space of seeking connection whilst keeping distance.

The two figures in the distance have Nothing To Hold On To yet find a sense of togetherness through a shared experience. The driftwood sculpture acts as a sense of safety and stability, offering hope through its grounded presence.



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