

AUDACIOUS
WOMEN
FESTIVAL

AUDACIART WEEKLY

The Warrior Within

5 June 2020



Photo: Warrior © Sally Freedman

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An Audacious Women Publication



AudaciArt – The Warrior Within

This week's theme, *The Warrior Within*, was suggested by a quote by Jennifer Welwood

Willing to experience aloneness, I discover connection everywhere; Turning to face my fear, I meet the warrior who lives within.

AudaciArt

Hallo Everybody

Here we are, astonishingly, with the 9th AudaciArt publication: a weekly collection of words and pictures inspired 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 really thought-provoking. 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 Friday 12th June @ noon is: Dying On Your Feet

And for the following Friday 19th June it will be: A Kind of Difference

Physical Distance – Not Social

Remember, 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 natures.

If you'd like to run an event email us at info@audaciouswomen.scot



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A Warrior with Scars and Wrinkles

Jo Cameron Duguid

There is a tradition in Japanese pottery called *kintsugi*, described as “the art of precious scars”, which I became very interested in when I first heard about it a few years ago. If a pot is cracked or broken, it is not regarded as flawed or



Bowl and Photo © 2020 Kin Boru

worthless, but rather the cracks are filled with gold paint, which actually enhances the value of the pot. Those filled cracks are seen as what gives the pot its unique beauty. It's the same sentiment that informs the popular lines from Leonard Cohen's *Anthem*:

Ring the bells that still can ring
Forget your perfect offering
There is a crack, a crack in everything
That's how the light gets in.”

As somebody who lives with extensive scars from major surgery 23 years ago, I find it difficult to accept my body as it is now, my torso bearing a long scar from the removal of my large intestine, and my abdomen reconstructed to accommodate an ileostomy and the necessary “bag” that is a consequence of such surgery. It is hard for me to see my body as anything other than disfigured.

Yet those scars bear witness to the suffering and trauma I have endured and overcome, and the experiences I've had give me, I believe, a greater empathy with others living with illness and “disfigurement”. I definitely see myself as having warrior qualities of tenacity, patience and endurance, as well as a greater acceptance of the challenges all of us face as human beings.

I also have scars on my face, as a result of a childhood accident and then, eight years ago, a diagnosis of skin cancer that led to the removal of two tumours from my face.

As I have got older, my self-consciousness about these scars has been overshadowed by my preoccupation with the wrinkles on my face and what I see as my fading looks. We live in a culture where youth and beauty are prized in women and, irrespective of our feminist credentials, it's hard to resist the pressure to measure ourselves against the impossible standards set by the air-brushed images with which we are surrounded.



But when I look at the serene face of the older woman in this image, I recognise my own inner warrior – someone who has lived a full life, with all the heartbreak, disappointment and sadness that is an inevitable part of that. I see and acknowledge myself as a woman who has laughed and cried, who has a strong spirit and an unshakeable moral compass, still standing up for truth and justice, still willing to face her own doubts and failings with honesty and courage. And, when I do that, I can see that gold starting to trickle into the wrinkles and highlight the beauty of my unique battle scars.



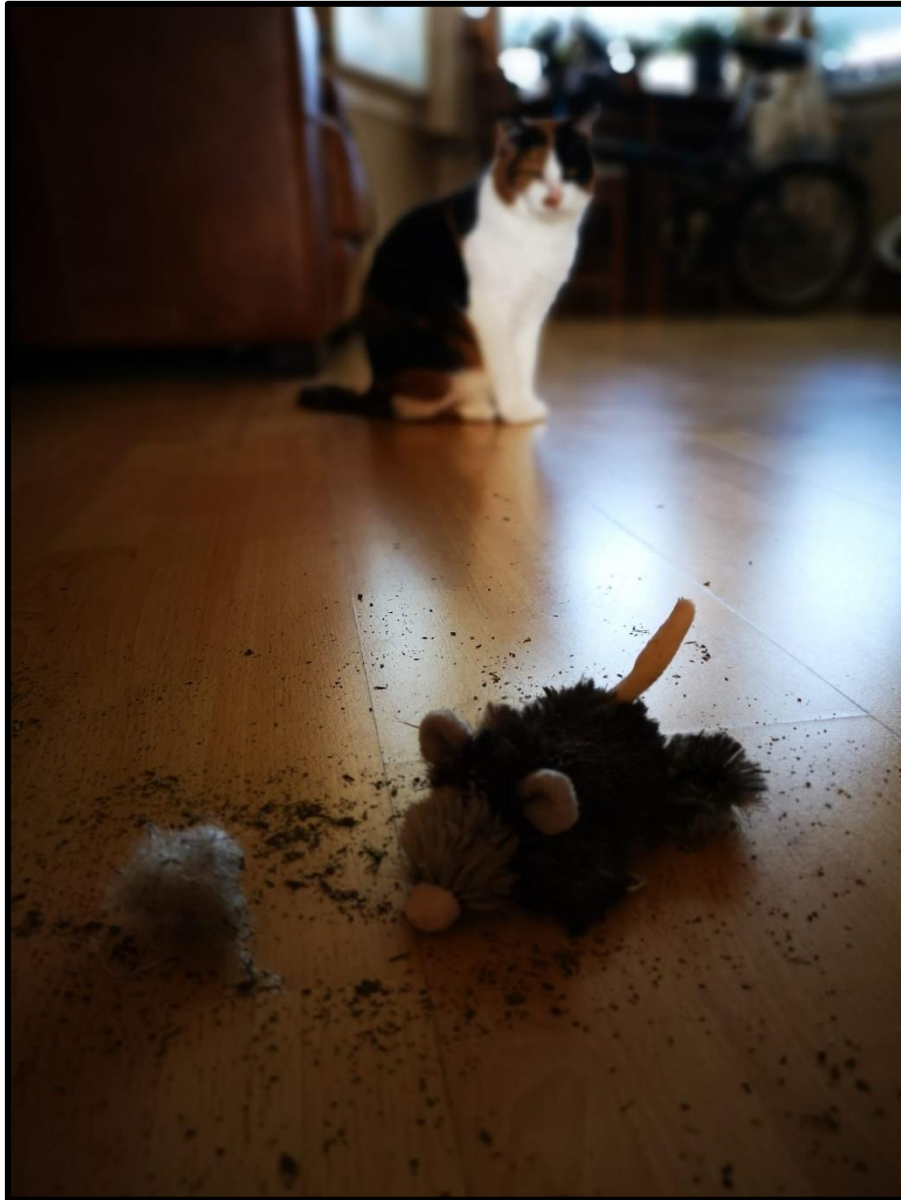
Photo © 2020 Christian Newman

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Catnip Toy Destroyer!!

Anne Conrad



Copyright © 2020 Anne Conrad



Marche Solidaire 2018

Margaret Ferguson Burns



This peaceful protest, organised by Auberge des Migrants, aimed to raise awareness of the plight of refugees stuck at borders during their attempts to reach various European countries from their own war torn countries across Africa and the Middle East. The participants had walked the 1400 kilometres in 60 stages from Vintimille, near the Italian-French border, starting on 28th April and arriving in Calais on 7th July. Groups and individuals could make the whole journey or just travel particular parts of the route.

In July 2018 I arrived in Calais to work at the Refugee Community Kitchen (RCK) – fortunate timing on this occasion as I realised I would be able to take part in the first Marche Solidaire at the end of the week – on its last stage from Gravelines to Calais on 7th. After working out logistics, I quickly registered and arranged a day off – and once the kitchen founders knew my intentions I was asked if I would represent the kitchen – and wear an RCK T-shirt and carry the flag. I was delighted to agree and set off to search the Wood Yard and Auberge des Migrants Warehouse to find a flag pole – a broken tent pole, just the thing.

This last leg of the journey from Gravelines to Calais (around 21 kilometres) travelled past the original Jungle (eventually home to 10,000 people, and dismantled in October, 2016), situated to the East of the N216 motorway. Local people had the opportunity to join the march at Rue des Mouettes, from where everyone walked to the area where the refugees now congregated, near Rue des Verrotières on the opposite side of the motorway, to meet some of those refugees who were happy to do so, and enjoy food and entertainment together. After this the march travelled through the port area, past the Calais Ferry Port where individuals tied strips of black cloth onto the mesh fence in protest at the closed border, before going into the town centre where further peaceful demonstrations took place, arriving at Le Channel, an arts centre with bars and restaurants - where again food and drink, music and art activities were enjoyed by participants after the concluding speeches.

The kitchen had arranged to supply food to participants and supporters when they arrived in Grande Synthe in Dunkerque on 5th July (ready for the next stage from Grande Synthe to Gravelines on the 6th); this at the gymnasium



Margaret (RCK volunteer), Paula Gallardo (one of the RCK founders), François Guennoc and Maya Konforti (march organisers for Auberge des Migrants), Alice, Clancy and Beth (3 RCK volunteers) at the square in Grande Synthe.



where daily food distribution has taken place as part of RCK provision in Calais and Dunkerque (and elsewhere). I was able to join the team to make this special event and welcome the marchers, grabbing the newly set up flag on the way out and setting up the food stall at the back of the gym.; then getting a lift along to the square at Grande Synthe to enjoy the celebrations there while a rally was held indoors - before walking with the participants back along to the gym. to serve the food and enjoy the wonderful art exhibition and entertainment there too.



Some of the group of women who began walking with me along the route, and wanted to carry the flag too – chatting in English, French, Belgian - and a wee bit Scots of course.

So on 7th I was up very early, with a little trepidation, to catch the first bus to Gravelines in the hope I'd get there in time and could find the starting point. Happy to spend the day on my own, enjoying the atmosphere, I found that initial reticence was soon dispelled as we began to walk alongside each other and exchange greetings – glad to be sharing a common purpose as we wended our way through country roads and villages on an extremely hot sunny day as we walked this 21 kilometres to Calais. The RCK flag soon attracted much attention and I was able to tell folk about the work of the kitchen and some of what was happening in Calais and Dunkerque.

What was normally the Water Truck (sometime Shower Truck, sometime Wood Truck) accompanied us with giant speakers aboard to serenade us on the way, and at our shared, much needed and very delicious lunch stop at Fort Vert.

What a memorable and wonderful day, full of good humour, music, song, dance - and great spirits in a common cause.

More Information and Photographs

Press release: <http://site.ldh-france.org/macon/files/2018/05/Invitation-presse-organisation-Marche-solidaire.pdf>

Participants and supporters at Grande Synthe moving to the gym for the evening <https://youtu.be/nQiP-qxT4r8>

Photos from evening at Grande Synthe, Dunkerque on 5th July 2018 <https://www.flickr.com/photos/43675100@N08/albums/72157714579362953>

Photos from the final Gravelines to Calais section on 7th July 2018 https://www.flickr.com/photos/organize/?start_tab=one_set72157714586167688

Some filmclips from 7th July: Some of the entertainment at Rue des Verrotières at the 'New Jungle' in Calais <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mUGbtbYW6wk>

Calais Ferry Port where individuals also tied strips of black fabric to the fence in protest at the closed border <https://youtu.be/2QmGC6u1Rel>

And final reception at Le Channel <https://youtu.be/X9qrXJFzUjg>

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Tilda

Inspired by John Byrne's portrait of Tilda Swinson: *Read and Unread*

Hilery Williams

The Ice Queen – hair and bracelet and lips on fire
Glacial eyes – sharp as shards
Jagged daggers – chin, nails, heels, toes.

(Heel and toe
Dosey-doe
Bruised arms link
Reel and spin).

Tinkling, sparkling
Fling and swing
Queen, not king.

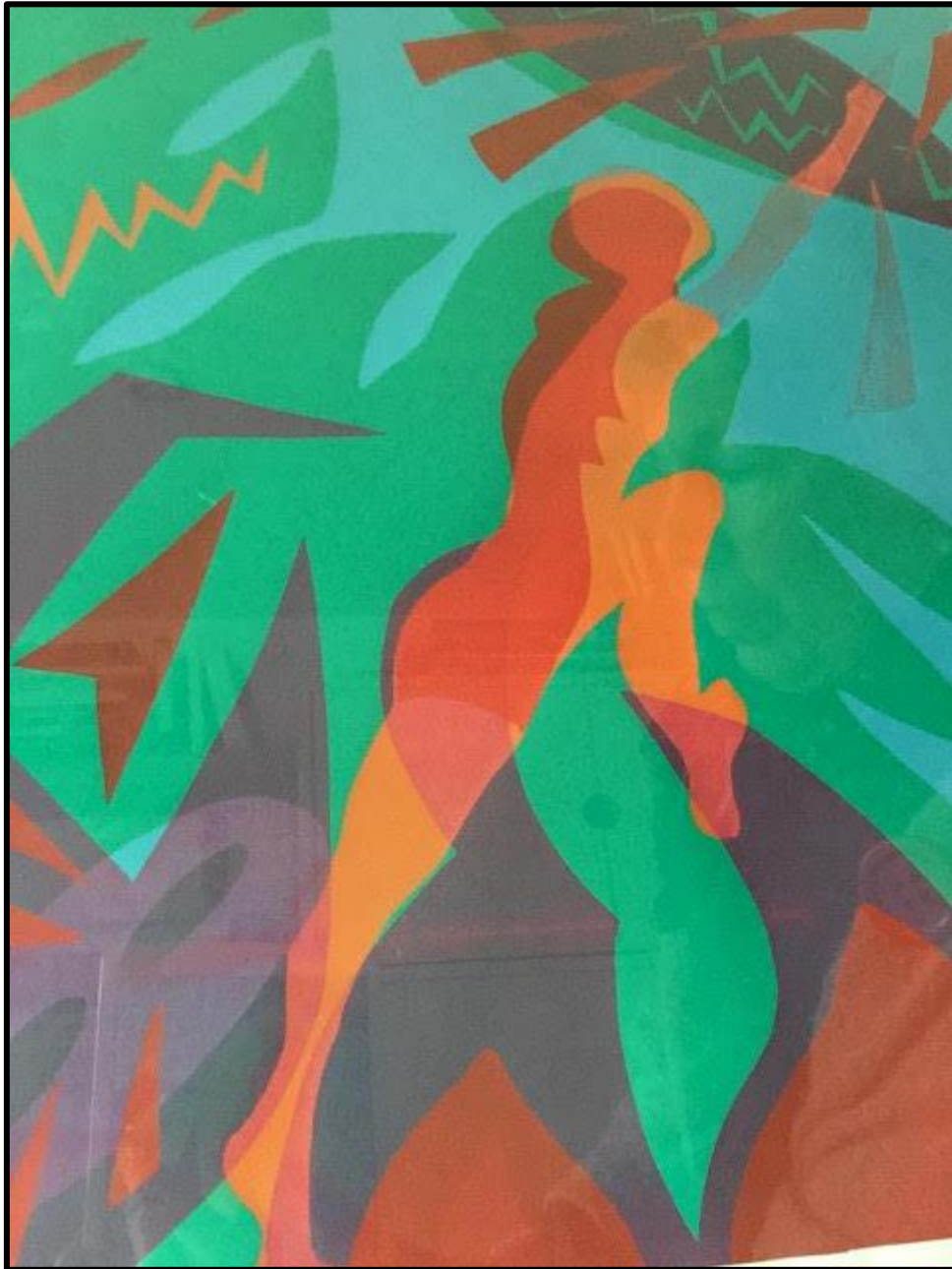
Vibrating with life
Dancing to her own tune
Taking no prisoners.

An Icon,
Cries, I CAN.

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The Warrior Within
Sally Freedman









Artwork Copyright © 2020 Sally Freedman



The warrior woman breathes her last
Margaret Bremner

Not death and destruction
But death and release.
Relief, reprieve.
Fleeing from, fleeing to.
Longing for, gasping for
-not air,
But absence of it.
No more need.
No more effort.
Resting, letting go.
Sweetness,
Readiness.
Peace hard won.
The When is Now.



Ellen Moxley 12/3/1935 - 8/7/2019

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