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Statement of Plans
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In the last lectures that Michel Foucault gave at the Collège de France, from 1982 to 1984, he addressed disciplines concerning *the care of the self*, which the ancient Greek philosophers, Socrates in particular, spent years discussing with their students. In these lectures, given while Foucault himself was dying of AIDS, he ponders Socrates's last utterance to his disciple Crito: *Take care of yourself*. From that statement, Foucault embarks on a heart-wrenching, philosophically trenchant, study considering what the concept of care meant, from the ancient world to the modern: care of the body, care of the spirit, care of the other, and care of speech, of the freedom to speak freely, with openness, from a place of truth. Care, as the ancients understood the idea, involved ethical and physical disciplines that were meant to enhance not only one's knowledge and responsibility to oneself, but, ultimately, the health and sustenance, the ethos of the community at large. As Foucault unravels the meaning of the ancient injunction 'know thyself', he focuses his study on philosophical ideas and techniques of 'transformation' and their relation to the capacity to speak, without disguise and in such a way that the experience of freedom and autonomy might emerge. Such practices were meant to culminate in an expanded reciprocity of care.

These drawings are comprised of the single phrase, the last one, apparently, which Socrates uttered: *Take Care of Yourself*.

Language, Foucault suggests, can be thought of as a large opening through which we advance, in the interest of uncovering or discovering areas where we stray, where meaning will begin to unravel or be dissembled, become ambiguous, or dissolve. My interest in how graphic disturbances in writing can push beyond our discursive boundaries is the inspiration for much of my drawing/writing practice. I continue to be intrigued by the idea that we may labor within language to lift ourselves out of it, that we may write to approach the disruption of writing itself. In this way, the drawing page may become a place where the tenuous distinction between writing and drawing takes hold. The drawing becomes a threshold where the transformation occurs. On the white page, the ink scrawls a kind of *frisson* or trembling where I extol the intimacy between writing and drawing.

I return briefly to Foucault, to practices of care, to the lure of repeating a phrase, over and over, in an effort to further understand or transfigure it. The gestural enacts continuous shifts, shifts between the complex and the simple, between the legible and the illegible, between the normative and the disruptive. In these arenas of the spoken, written, or imagined, we, in Foucault's words, "light fires" and, in so doing, we explore ideas and movements that signal the transformative. The simple phrase: *Take Care of Yourself* has prompted this project.

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I write a single phrase repeatedly: *Take care of yourself*. I write to honor the phrase. I write to think through it. I write to imagine multiple meanings. I write to see it be lost in the field of its constant recurrence. I write it to create a site of reciprocity. I write to watch it become new and other. I write enthralled by repetition. I write to be both proximate and distant, to understand and be bewildered. I write in truth and in error. I write, urged by the *plaisir du texte*. I write to explore the gestural movement of lines, watching ink flow, over and over. I write to be bound, intellectually and physically, to the rhythm of repetition. I write to draw. I draw to write.

Taking pen to page, ink to white surface, the push and pull of making and unmaking words legible, helps create a text/texture that is, for me, a kind of lyricism, born of a repeated phrase, cacophonous or synchronistic. These four words, comprised of mere marks, assure the ongoing trespass that representation can partake of as the labyrinthine possibilities of inscription unfold. Ciphers, figures, are stretched; they are re-configured; they are unhinged. These ruptures and oscillations are, I imagine, analogical to the opening of meaning itself.

The drawings urge a kind of aesthetic disequilibrium, a wavering of legibility, that, while they disrupt the capacity to decipher their composite words on one level, they offer a contemplative space on another. *Take Care of Yourself*.