Artworks

A. *Our Journey*, Dr Joyce Jiang, Tassia Kobylinska, The Voice of Domestic Workers
   i. Letters from our children
   ii. Our Journey, video, 16:25

B. *Pitié*, 260 x 210 cm, mixed media installation, Emmanuelle Loiselle

C. 4.29.1992, *Los Angeles*, needlework sculpture, Sarm Miccichè

D. *Les Cageots*, thread & plastic crates, Emmanuelle Loiselle

E. *Free Lunch with the Stench Wench*, video, 53:25, Catherine Hoffman
Images

1. *A Well-to-do-Cabman*, The British Workman, December 1874
2. *The British Workman Lifeboat*, The British Workman, November 1870
3. *The Blacksmiths’ Dinner Hour*, The British Workman, April 1880
6. *Our Very Poor*, The British Workwoman, January 1884
7. *Examples of original periodicals & trade magazines*
8. *Friendly Counsel*, The British Workwoman
10. *On a Wild Coast*, The British Workwoman, January 1887
11. *Proverbs*, The British Workman (various)
14. *Falkner & Sons Advert*, British Printer, January - February 1893
15. *Hallo Bill, I declare, I thought it was the Squire!*, The British Workman, April 1879
16. *Our Very Poor*, The British Workwoman (hanging & text)
A. Each year the Home Office issues approximately 16,000-19,000 visas under its ‘domestic workers in private households’ scheme, which allows foreign families to bring domestic workers to the UK. However, working in private households, migrant domestic workers rarely have the opportunity to share their stories of hardship, struggle and dis-empowerment. In *Our Journey*, created by Dr Joyce Jiang, Tassia Kobylinska and The Voice of Domestic Workers through a series of video production workshops, twelve migrant domestic workers give us an insight into this hidden world through video interviews, clips taken from their mobile phones and a poem that they have written together.

This is my journey
And mine
And my journey
And mine
*This is our journey*

Why do we work abroad? Back home
There were no jobs
Children beg in the street They cry on empty hobs
And illness spread
To our old beloved
Sick children
No cure
*No medicine*

Education fails the children
of the future
Its own future!
Governments are greedy and corrupt
Illegal recruiters
Business scammers
Labour exploiters
*Illegal recruiters, business scammers, labour exploiters*

Unemployment rise
Poverty is worse
From hunger we fled, with love and hope in our hearts
To foreign land
We emigrate
We labour day and night Cleaning
Hoovering
Mopping
Our meal is hardly once a day *Ironing, cooking, A full load of laundry I say!* Garden, marketing, car washing

Sometimes we succumb
No power to carry on
Too much problems to face
But for life, we live on
No rest no pay

To greed there is no mercy
In a locked cage we stay
No door to open
No embrace that tightens
Beasts growl
They shiver our soul
Creepy creatures haunt and crawl Where shall we run?

Survival is our strength
With courage we carve
We’re moulded
Our love for our family
We’re protected
Dreams reserved for us to find
A fairytale in our mind
A day of fulfilment
The good reality of life

Enough is enough!
We could take no more
Free and let our wings fly
We educate and soar

We organise
We campaign
We organise
We campaign
We organise
*We campaign!*

Now we’ve found each other
A renewed hope is stronger Together our voice echoes the world

*We are workers*

*We are Domestic Workers!*
B. Inspired by church altar pieces and depictions of the Virgin Mary, Emmanuelle Loiselle references and updates this imagery to depict the physical aspects of motherhood - in this case labour - in her large scale installation piece. Unsettling and dramatic, Emmanuelle seeks to evoke, and shed light on, the feeling and physical labour of an experience that is most often carried out behind hospital curtains. For her abstract sculptures *Les Cageots (D)* Emmanuelle creates distorted figures by wrapping cord repeatedly around plastic crates, crates used in the household for groceries or storage. Referencing the repetitive process of weaving or needlework often carried out by women for money; *Les Cageots*, translated into English as 'crates', is also French slang for 'ugly woman'.

C. *4.29.1992, Los Angeles*, is a needlepoint sculpture created by Sarm Miccichê. Modelled on Victorian mourning samplers created by women at the time to commemorate their loved ones and to display their needlework skills, Sarm's autobiographical piece speaks of the emotional labour expected of women both in ritual and in grief. In her own words:

> This needlepoint work symbolises a place of spiritual worship; it is in Black to represent, amongst other things, mourning & injustice. On April 29, 1992, I was in South Central, L.A, heartbroken, looking at my dead father. Meanwhile L.A.P.D cops had just been acquitted of the savage beating of Rodney King, which initiated rioting in the neighbourhood (to read more about this please search the internet with the title of this piece, 4.29.1992 Los Angeles). With a contemporary take on the Victorian mourning sampler, I decided to make a piece about this traumatic day, which has inevitably shaped my philosophical view of our society and other personal values.

D. Fleas, cheap clothes, thrifty bread, cold baths, *Free Lunch with the Stench Wench* is the video documentation of Catherine Hoffman's live performance, which explores the personal and shared experiences of growing up as one of the ‘feral underclass’ through the 70's and 80's and up to today. Stories and songs are shared in an attempt to overcome the shame of bareness and celebrate a spirit of community and hope. The performance was created in development from showings at Domestic Festival, Salford, and from Catherine's research into depictions of working class women throughout history, which she references in the show, most namely in her adaption of 'Song on the Times', an English Chartist song created in the 1840's.
Song on the Times

You working men of England, one moment now attend
While I unfold the treatment of the poor upon this land
For nowadays the factory lords have brought the labor low
And daily are contriving plans to prove our overthrow

So arouse you sons of freedom, the world seems upside down
They scorn the poor man as a thief in country and in town

There’s different parts in Ireland, it’s true what I do state
There’s hundreds that are starving for they can’t get food to eat
And if they go unto the rich to ask them for relief
They bang their door all in their face as if they were a thief

So arouse you sons of freedom the world seems upside down
They scorn the poor man as a thief in country and in town

Alas how altered are the times, rich men despise the poor
And pay them off without remorse quite scornful at their door
And if a man is out of work, his Parish pay is small
Enough to starve himself and wife, his children and all

So arouse you sons of freedom the world seems upside down
They scorn the poor man as a thief in country and in town

So to conclude and finish these few verses I have made
I hope to see before it’s long men for their labor paid
Then we’ll rejoice with heart and voice and banish all our woes
Before we do old England must pay us what she owes

So arouse you sons of freedom the world seems upside down
They scorn the poor man as a thief in country and in town