

place: soapworks space place practice

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Front Cover: Lydia Halcrow witness (debris), 2020, found object print on Somerset, 8 x 8cm

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## place: soapworks

space place practice is an artist research hub that spans the UK and internationally; we come together to create dialogues and to develop projects informed by a shared interest in notions of space, place and creative research. Our expanded practice is expressed in image word and action.

The Soapworks Exhibition, which is a collaborative project between Centre of Gravity and First Base, represents for our members an opportunity to respond to an extraordinary place and building. This collated publication has been supported through ACE funding and also The Art Research Centre, Bath Spa University.

Each member has a definitive creative practice and brings this to bear through encounters made; responding and activating their fieldwork through the spaces of imagination, architecture, histories, the real and the possible. The responses within this book raise questions around performing place, and consider an alternative model for dissemination of visual research generated through our experiences of the site.

Dr Michele Whiting

space place practice steering group Rob Irving, Victoria Kaye, Michele Whiting

## Some Reflections on Site

The initial proposal for Bristol's Soapworks development was submitted by developer First Base the same month that the UK locked down due to COVID-19. They had initially appointed architects Nash Partnership to prepare an urban masterplanning study and gain Bristol City Council's planning consent for the development of the early 19th century listed Old Soapworks site, which had, until 2018, housed Gardiner Haskins Interiors. Working with agents Cushman & Wakefield, Nash "devised a set of urban design principles that would allow the Old Soapworks and ancillary historic structures to remain a major definer of urban character, a 'placemaker'." On this basis, architects Woods Bagot's developed their design, which responds creatively to the site's nature and location in an ex-industrial business district, offering considerable flexibility of use. It is a mixed development including commercial, retail and co-working space, hotels and homes.

But it is challenging when you make a plan for a place and the landscape radically changes. Understandably, the proposals assumed that people would go 'out' to work. Now, for many, and for an as yet unforeseeable amount of time, home and workplace are one and the same. None of the parties involved could possibly have anticipated how difficult travel would become, with the proposed 159 hotel units now looking somewhat surplus to requirements. Thankfully, the plans include attractive outdoor space and housing, some of it affordable. Policy compliance requires 20%, which would mean a modest but still vital 33 affordable homes. Yet it looks rather meagre given the current need. Jobs are under threat and the government's limited regulatory provision for affordable housing is increasingly worrying. Large numbers of homeless people were afforded shelter due to the virus but are now facing an uncertain future as the end of the ban on eviction. albeit extended for a month, looms ever nearer. People are spending less on luxuries and many are feeling vulnerable as never before.

I am interested in this meantime, the time between project submission and its realisation and the potential that asking artists to respond to the site during that period might have to make a difference going

forwards, even to prevent it being too 'mean-a-time'. It is a period that has been particularly extended in this case and a very bizarre and worrying time for humanity. Artists can be alive to the moment and respond in a relatively short period of time, where architects' work is so prescribed by external regulatory factors that the clear creativity they manifest is often highly constrained. Often that is to the benefit of the work, limitations provide wonderful ground for innovation. But by the same token it is understandable that there may be new issues arising that either fall through the cracks - or perhaps more appropriately at the current time emerge from them - and artists can be playful and respond in ways architects are denied.

When I go to see the area to get a sense of context before a site visit, I find Kingsley House, a small block of council flats across the car park from Gardiner Haskins on New Kingsley Road, which is housing what must now be a rather stressed, beleaquered community. They are right in the middle of several major construction projects at a time when many must be trying to work from home and, as is the case across the UK, some must be guite isolated and unable to even hug key family members, possibly worse. I chat briefly to a builder standing near the flats, he used to live in the area and has family there still. He expresses his concern at the possible "social breakup" of the local community, which he mentions includes some of the first people to step off the Windrush. Later, I am glad to hear there are plans for community projects relating to the site, albeit hampered somewhat by the virus. But I recognise that his is a natural fear when facing the imminent arrival of offices, hotels and new homes, most of which will be targeted at higher earners. He mentions that he would love to be involved in the renovation of the Old Soapworks, he loves to see materials re-used and observes that he often sees them wasted on building sites.

Turning round, I gaze up at the Grade II-listed building, with a mixture of admiration and fear. It is a striking castellated Italianate edifice with two towers and has become iconic on the Bristol skyline as part of the city's industrial heritage, a position which the masterplanning clearly strives to sympathetically retain. William Bruce Gingell commissioned it in 1865, after the design of the great Town Hall of Florence, Palazzo Veccio. My fear comes from its military overtones and emanation of formidable power; the Italian palazzo was built as a major symbol of

Florentine civic power, rather pointedly on land that had belonged to a family that was considered rebellious. At one point it was owned by the Medici family and it also served as the Doge's Palace until 1565. Its influence makes the Old Soapworks a wonderful example of Bristol Byzantine architecture. It must have been intimidating even to its employees who, during the 1800s, included workers as young as 13 (and even this was quite progressive at a time when poor children as young as 9 were sent to work in factories and mines). But now its evocation of a fortress mentality seems conflicted, at this time we are fighting things we cannot see.

A pigeon looks down at me and I wonder if it lives in the tower, if there might even be a dovecote up there. In the UK, dovecotes have been used in architecture by the aristocracy as symbols of power, and I can see that might not be the order of the day, not just in symbolic terms but guite practically, when the spread of disease is such a major concern. I ask whether there are any birds' nests on the site and helpful Centre of Gravity Producer Rosie Bowery tells me hopefully not, the droppings are corrosive to the building. But what if those droppings were gathered for reuse, as odd as that may seem? In Egypt and Iran, early dovecots were used by farmers for fertilizing and pigeon droppings for leather tanning and making gunpowder, admittedly not very contemporary trades. Further research reveals that there was once a bellcote, not a dovecote, to the gable of the West end; I wonder whether that once rang as a signal to the workers to commence or stop work. Despite this discovery, when I find some wooden office pigeonholes in the old Gardiner Haskins building I think of the builder's words and cannot help wondering if they might be recycled and become the framework for a dovecote. This may be somewhat fanciful and not a credible or realistic idea, but it occurs to me that it is an example of the kind of mindset we need to develop, and fast.

I chat with a Gardiner Haskins staff member in the car park who kindly agrees to talk to me about the site. He says that at the moment, it is largely only used by the construction workers. Of course as things ease the company envisages that this will change and I certainly hope that business will see an upturn, but I have to wonder whether so much car parking will be needed in the future, even if a vaccine is found. I start to fantasise about a large garden, with an area to attract pollinators, a

seed bank and a children's play area open to both the tenants of the new flats and the tenants of the current flats to support social cohesion. I wonder if it is a little homegrown for a luxury development but I suspect local residents, whatever their employment status, will all find it comforting. This could be embedded within a broader environmental initiative across the South West. Should we be using our cars so much in the city centre anyway?

I check the development of the plans again and am glad to see that during the public consultation First Base answered the community's call to respond to the Climate Emergency, "'in response to Bristol's declaration of an ecological emergency, First Base also announced their decision to introduce more than 100 plant species into their Soapworks development'". This means gardens. At this COVID time, many people who previously had little environmental sensibility have started to realise how important it is to value materials enough to recycle them and to protect other animal habitats, both for the ecosystem and well-being. There is some evidence that environmental concern has not been eclipsed by COVID-19, rather the response to the latter has demonstrated to people that progressive change in response to the climate emergency is possible.

Of course (and thankfully) no one person has all the answers. Macho solutions dot com, it seems, is not entirely what is required here. Rather many projects, the work of many hands. We all wonder what the new normal will be. Perhaps we should ask what could and should it be and how do we create the spaces for people's creative ability to come to the fore? It has been such a pleasure to be part of a collective experimental project with Space Place Practice, but professional artists may also use their competencies to facilitate the artistry that finds its home within people more generally. At this stage, perhaps our network's creative responses might generate ideas, new ways of seeing the Old Soapworks building and the site as a whole, considerations relating to its rich heritage, to materials, to the wider social context.

While researching for my own somewhat modest practice-led submission to this Space Place Practice publication, I discover a European project called T-Factor. T-Factor is interested in "the time in-between the adoption of the masterplan and its actual realization – to demon-

strate how culture, creative collaboration and wide engagement can unleash vibrant urban hubs of inclusive urban (re)generation, social innovation and enterprise." I perk up. How do they propose to do this I wonder? "Leveraging local coalitions of actors, we will use the masterplans of the targeted regenerations as the starting point to steer collective inquiry into their meanings and narratives, co-create visions of future spaces, and put them on stage via meanwhile uses and experiences. Throughout the process, culture and creativity will support voice and engagement, and help enrich and steer the masterplans towards heritage and culture-relevant innovation and enterprise, and social and cultural integration. Via trans-disciplinary action research, we will keep track of change, and build on the insights to add iteratively new layers of collective reflection and action. This learning by making will continuously inform masterplans and PPPs, consolidating, adjusting and providing new directions of urban development rooted in shared goals of sustainable city-making." An impressive endeavour indeed.

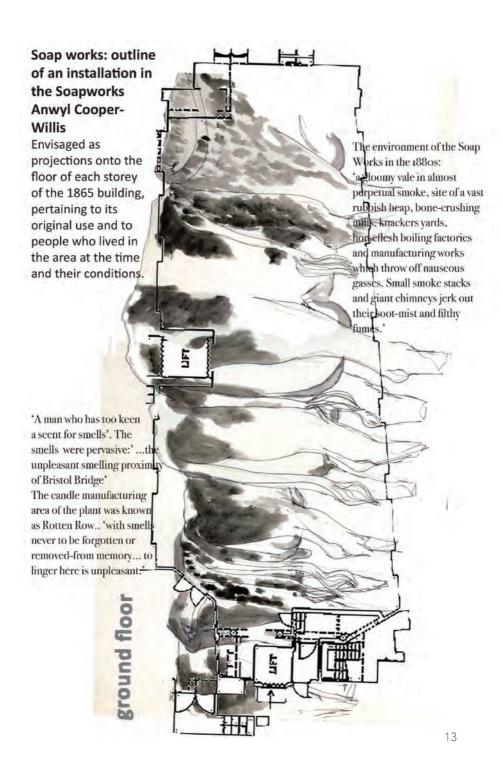
Reflecting on the Centre of Gravity project, I recognise that the people involved are not so much a transdisciplinary group as a multi-disciplinary one, practitioners working in a variety of media. At the same time, investigating this particular "meanwhile" is not the project's explicit aim. Rather it seeks to "support and protect" the increasingly vulnerable contemporary visual arts sector in Bristol and Bath, which has become a "fragile ecology" in itself and to seek new ways to operate and to meet and involve the public. As the project organisers acknowledge, the local arts community was already under pressure prior to the Coronavirus pandemic following major cuts in public funding. The month-long exhibition, which is set to include events and symposia, may inform research, but that research appears to relate more to ongoing work artists are already undertaking and is not, at this point, an integral part of the envisaged development.

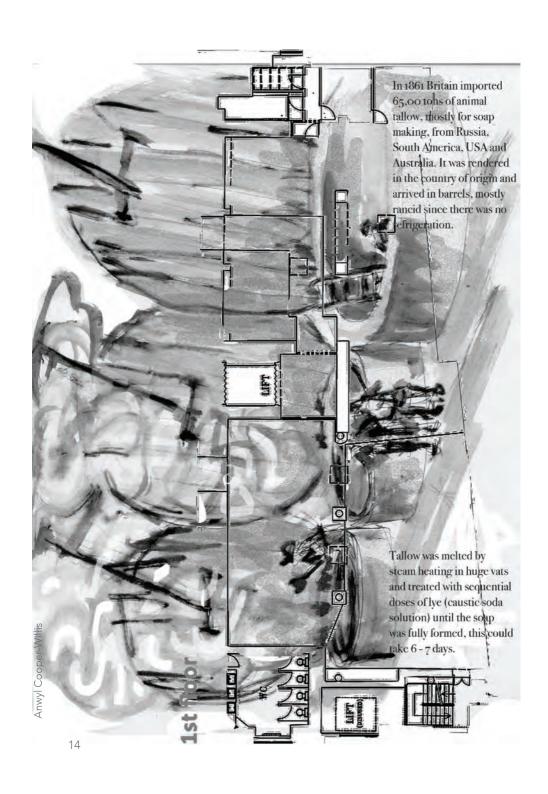
This is important, I think, at least at the current time, because artists need to be at liberty to ask all sorts of questions, not always those developers need answering. They are arguably questions developers may find helpful in the longer term. Perhaps the artists involved could be seen as one of several "local coalitions of actors" engaged with the site, but not as a means to an entirely defined end. Beyond the

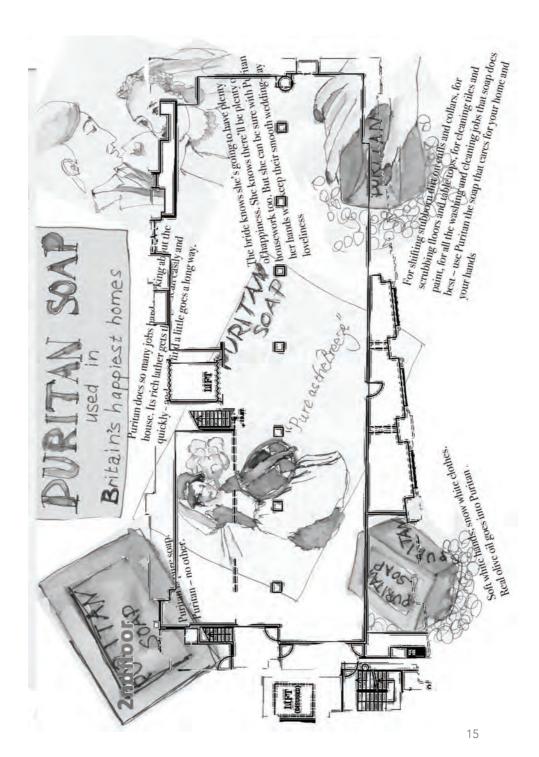
increased footfall to the Old Soapworks an exhibition will bring, like the organisers I hope this creative work might open up new ways of thinking about the site and constitute a seedbed for future projects and conversations. Certainly, this may also become the ground into which a longer-term transdisciplinary project could be planted. But not quite yet.

In conclusion, then, whatever Centre of Gravity – or indeed First Base - envisage for the project long term, whether it ends up being a tentative one-off experiment, constitutes the foundation for a broader initiative like T-Factor, or emerges as a vital forum for process and dialogue that sits somewhere in between the two, the potential of the moment is clear. If we do not cover up this meantime, if we engage with it, listen to it and work carefully and creatively in response to it in all its precarity – and let us be honest, some of the workers at the Old Soapworks factory will have known their fair share of precarity – there is a chance for sympathetic adjustments to be made as a result. These might increase revenues, certainly, but perhaps more importantly could enrich in a broader sense that is long overdue a place alongside monetary notions of wealth. If, both as artists and audiences, we stop and take time to reflect and respond to site, we might initiate some home improvements.

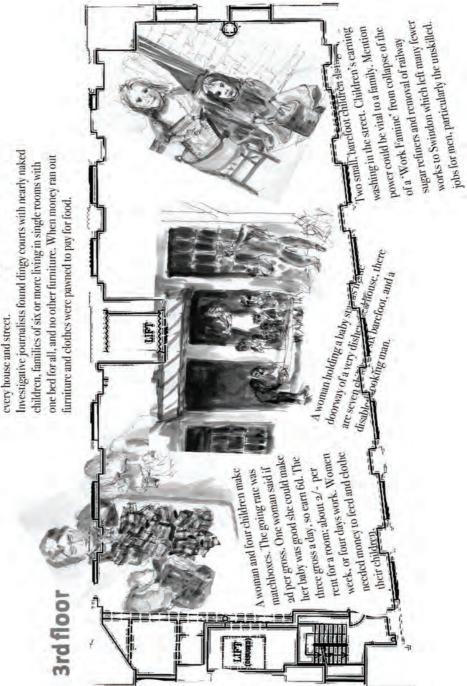
- 1 See https://www.nashpartnership.com/our-work/the-old-soapworks-bristol/
- 2 Historic England refer to this as "a polychrome Florentine
- battlemented parapet". See https://historicengland.org.uk/listing/the-list/list-entry/1202607
- 3 See https://historicengland.org.uk/listing/the-list/list-entry/1202607
- 4 See https://www.thesoapworksbristol.co.uk/first-base-commits-to-100-new-plant-species-at-soapworks-development
- 5 Jon Stone, "Public want radical response to climate change with same urgency as coronavirus", Independent, April 2020. See https://www.independent.co.uk/environment/climate-change/coronavirus-climate-crisis-uk-government-poll-environment-a9467371.html
- 6 See https://cordis.europa.eu/project/id/868887
- 7 See https://www.centreofgravity.uk/about

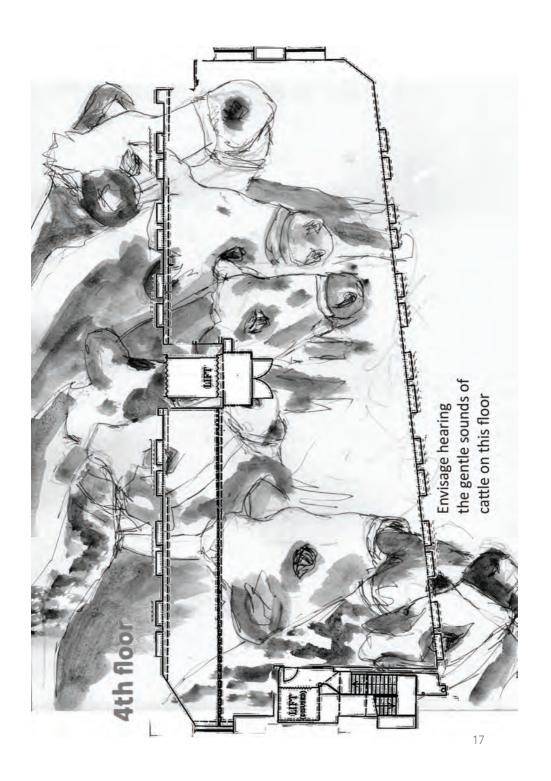






The area was the city's workshop, grime and soot mantling







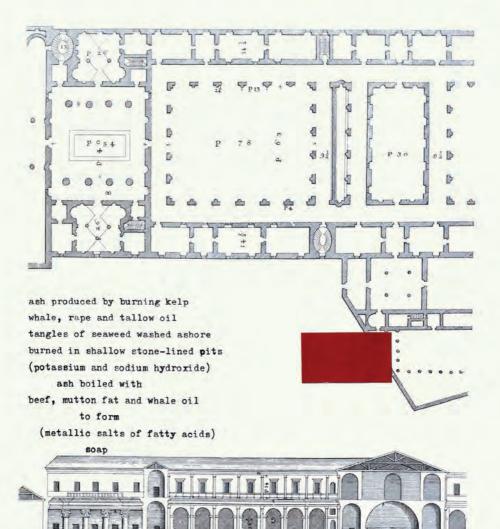






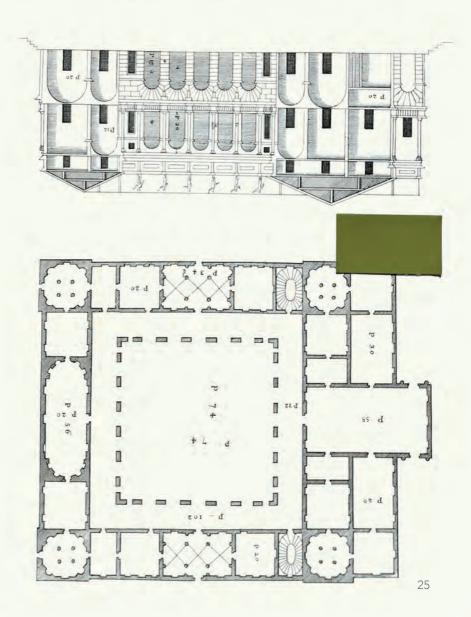






Carol Laidler

That musty smell
is so slight
The exact moment can be observed
rubbed under the finger
on the palm of the hand
But not sooner



## And Did Those Feet...? A Walk

Buttressed between two fine days, the one we choose to trace Jesus' pilgrimage to the sacred spring at Hotwells is wet; the skies are tipping down. Bristol is not Palestine, alright. Yes true, the myth that JC visited Hotwells is actual – we haven't made it up. So, what would He have thought as those

feet in ancient times stepped onto what is now Glass Wharf? What would He be wearing in an age before rain jackets, we wondered? And did He come alone or was He accompanied on this trip by Joseph of Arimathea, who later brought the Holy Grail to our Isles. How would we know? With these questions, the incessant rain prompts a small decline in our spirits.



Sod this. We dive into the first available shelter, a Starbucks. Enter Elliot; this is a clear sign that we're on the right track. Elliot is a wanderer, but with his own



teeth. He asks us for £3 and we offer a fiver if he'll let us photograph those teeth and, more particularly, his beard. It's a true disciple's beard if ever there was one. We decide to call him Apostle Elliot, which sort of suits him. Elliot has charisma – later this day we'll see him cheerfully cruising the streets on an apple green bicycle.

We proceed along Old Bread Street, apposite to the miracle of the loaf and four fishes shared with thousands, or perhaps it relates to the Host? All these thoughts as we pass Providence Place towards the Soap Factory. Moving below us are lakes of cold grey water reflecting the verticality of cranes and buildings. Stepping over and past them, we come across little patches of verdant green, shy after the rain but nonetheless steadfastly leading our

way like scattered love-mecover divided into ten royal A sun wheel? Unfortunately, tests established that it had story whatsoever.) Ah well. perhaps it really is a portal to ruminate on as we walk.

nots. We spot a manhole segments. A rose window? subsequent theological no significance to our Still, it was enticing and to the soul – something Further along Slee Laneplaced under a ship's hull for

drawing her up for repairs (sounds like a job for a carpenter) - we notice a lamppost displaying fractal graphics and the word 'dope' - more signs ...and

the word Esme scrawled in red. It sounds biblical, and isn't Esmé Victor Hugo's heroine in the Hunchback of Notre Dame in Notre Dame de Paris? Could be; that place is as much a start of the pilgrimage route of the Camino Francés as Old Soapworks is to ours, and it relates back to the rose window... The world is full of signs. Directly above, as we walk the sun peeps through a leaden sky, projecting hope, and nine air conditioning units hang heavy ...menacing. Menacing and hope, a curious combination. At this we decide to turn left instead of right and walk on.

Clowns to the left of us, Jokers to the right, here we are, Trying to make some sense of it all, But we can see that it makes no sense at all.

Is it cool to go to sleep on the floor? Not today. Passing Welsh Back, like any holy journey we are focused and alert to the universe and outside of the anticlimactic world with all its lost futures and possible pasts; past Anchor Street, which reminds us... we are losing ourselves to the evidence offered up to our gaze. Past the Hippodrome, one



told the other about weekly visits to the gods. There are crosses marked on the ground outside. The sky is changing, brightening; there's a left-handed giant and some great yellow on the way to the Garden of Eden. We stop to listen to a prophet, singing with his long grey hair in a breeze coming off the



river, stuck in the middle as two Mary's provide choreography and claps. Then on past a carousel; only people from the same household can share a horse. There are voices in Lime Kiln Road that emanate from a pocket; someone's left Google Maps on... It's funny, we keep walking past people listening to small transistor radios.

Pausing by a statue of Samuel Plimsoll, a devil tries to persuade us that this man invented a soft shoe used for gym-sports. The symbol we found set in stone says otherwise. Surely, it's another sign that we have reached maximum capacity for immersion. To the left of the statue one of us notices the shadow of a figure of a Man with his arms outstretched. A thorn bush is nearby. The other, always the Doubting Thomas, doesn't see it. Likewise, the fish lying on the ground. (Subsequent theological tests established that this was significant!) Yet, behind us, more signs, as thirteen paddle-boarders make their way upriver past the SS Great Britain.





Mesmerised by paddle meeting glassy surface, silent ripples spread towards us, interrupting our conscious being and opening us up to considering the



multitudinous worlds whose events conspire to show us the way; we realise the interaction of the plenitude – a fish fall! - of signs coming together, pointing the way to the potential source of the sacred spring.

It is thought that it swells from a seam of red ochre, iron oxide; the mud is

rich in minerals, iron and sulphur magnesia, whose healing properties and spiritual significance are well known. Faults heated by the friction of adjacent

rocks vaporising hydrocarbon deposits stored within them, created a gaseous oxyd which mixes with groundwater and emerges around springs. Analyses of these dephlogisticated nitrous airs finds that one is nitrate of ammoniac, which smells sweet and produces a narcotic effect described as a floating or disembodied euphoria, bringing subtle



changes in the world around the breather. Organic chemistry meets subjective experience. Once it was bottled and sold but as the Enlightenment took hold of our senses and the source diminished so did the fashion.



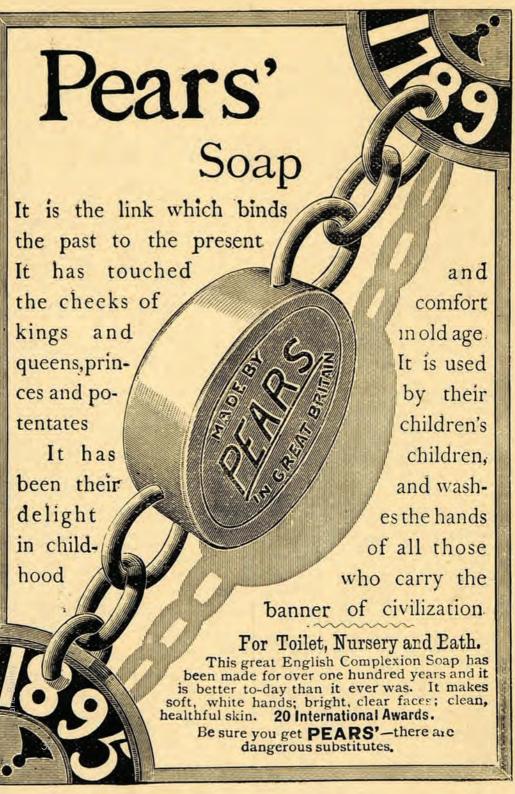
As it happens, today at least, the specific sacred spring we are looking for is situated in what is now the back garden of 6 Dowry Square, a splendid leafy Georgian Elysium just off the Hotwells road. In the centre is a tidy circular lawn, the size of a plunge pool or jacuzzi – an indication perhaps of how the spring was used in ancient times. Possibly by Jesus Himself as He took in the vapours. inhaling the atmosphere of Heaven and augmenting His consciousness by attaching new ideas to old ones about how human foibles make the myth of empirical objectivity susceptible to conditions in which judgement derived from the interior world of existing structures of the mind leak into the fact-

based sphere of observation and measure, and vice-versa...





*n.b.* It may be of interest to readers that this address in Dowry Sq. - a veritable Delphic Oracle - continued as a place of healing and expanded consciousness in the form of Thomas Beddoes' Pneumatic Institution (1799–1802), where an eager young chemist Humphry Davy, later Sir Humphry, administered 'the airs' as a cure for consumption and other ailments.



We are dity, we are dirty.
We do not know how to wish ourselves.
We have not acquired education.

## **Repeating Pattern**

(Burke 1996:196)

Lines of schoolchildren in colonial Rhodesia, now Zimbabwe, were taught to sing at St Faith Mission. Burke, Timothy 1996 'Sunlight soap has changed my life; Hygiene, commodification, and the body in colonial Zimbabwe', in: Hildi Hendrickson (ed.), Clothing and difference; Embodied identities in colonial and post-colonial Africa, pp. 189-212. Durham, NC: Duke University Press.

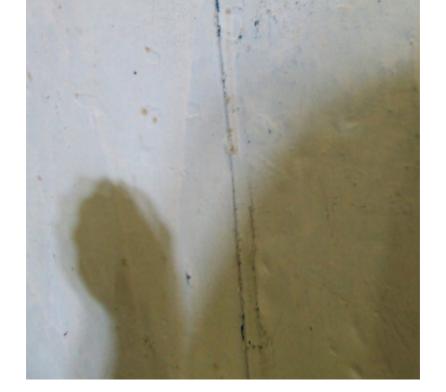




Jane Bailey









Jane Bailey





# The voice of the turtle, or England's white dove

### Vox turturis vel columba alba albionis

"in the deluge of division, the second time sent forth from Gods Arke, to present a peace-offering upon the altar of Jehovah Shalom. Humbly proposing that divine direction, which the God of Peace hath revealed in his word of truth, for determining differences by an holy ordinance of his owne institution, wherein himselfe is the sole judge ... Shewing how by this divine way of Gods judgement, not onely the great differences here in church and state depending, may speedily and happily be determined with glory to God, honour to the King, and happinesse to the kingdomes, but also all the greatest controversies, both civill and sacred throughout Christendome may be composed, the effusion of blood prevented, many prophecies conducing to an universall peace fulfilled, the happy use of this holy ordinance made knowne, and the name of God thereby manifested ...

even among heathens".

Christi servorum minimo minorem.

Vox turturis vel columba alba albionis = The voice of the turtle, or, Englands white dove. (extract), Edward Marbury 1647. Sermons by pastor of the church of St. James Garlick-Hith London. (Source https://www.worldcat.org)

## dove

you see him,
weep.

wings
clipped leaden
one small
life
suspended from a dead tree in a dead
land and
when

and

thenthenthen

njiwa

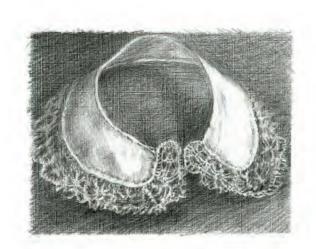
then you can fly

the oceans retreat

the hunger stones cry

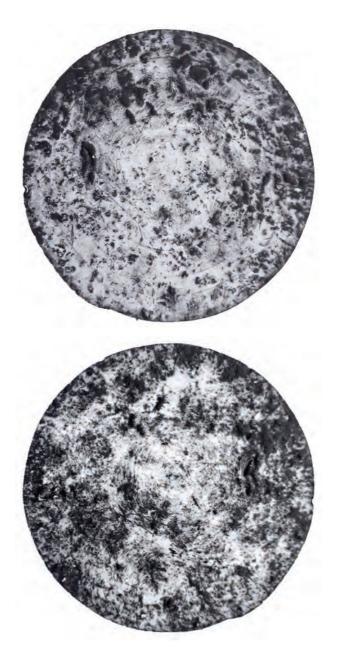
when







columba risoria



witness (debris), 2020, found object print on Somerset, 8 x 8cm





witness (residue), 2020, dust and wax on Somerset, 20 x 20cm



witness (trace), 2020, drypoint etching on Somerset, 15 x 17cm

### **COMMON GOOD**

Common Good connects the physical space of the old Soap Pan building with work that engages with the essentiality of soap for both public and domestic usage. The family who owned the factory were one of the major manufacturers of soap in the 19<sup>th</sup> century renowned for making products which had a common purpose, according to need.

Soap is used to cleanse; to restore, to erase, to repel, to douse, to bathe, to sumerge, to dip, to steep, to rinse, to soak, to imbue, to moisten, to sponge, to purify, to lather, to renew, to remove and wash away. I started collecting used soap bars following a site visit to the factory before washing our hands had become such an essential part of our daily routines in response to the current pandemic.

The soap bars collected for this work contain individual and collective memories shaped and formed through time, yet all are connected through the function of working together for the common good.

Maureen Gamble

02/09/20



waiting in line





going alone



going alone

# Dust Tapes'. Transparent tape and dust. Projection, Sarah Rhys 2020.

I was interested in the 'dust archaeology' of the building and set about making 'tapes' of particle residues from surfaces on the fourth floor. This top level of Gardiner Haskins was where the soap was manufactured in the building's previous incarnation.

I made film strips by hermetically sealing each dust layer within two strips of tape, producing a transparent forensic image which is then magnified as a still or moving image. I am drawn to the handmade analogue approach as I am interested in the materiality behind the image.

I was in a way, assuming the role of dust collector, performing a 'forensic ritual': walking around the fourth floor of the building examining windowsills and walls, and crawling on the floor retrieving evidence of the past.

Using ordinary transparent sticking tape and employing a simple rubbing and peeling technique – reminiscent

of the method deployed by Physics professors Andrei Geim and Kostya Novoselov in 2010. They removed thin layers of graphite from a pencil rubbing, a technique which latterly became known as "micromechanical cleaving". By repeatedly applying and removing transparent sticky tape on an area of graphite, until the thinnest possible layer ¬– roughly the dimensions of an atom – was achieved, leading to the discovery of 'crystal graphene'.

However, I am using this method as an additive technique, not a reductive technique. I apply the tape to the fabric of the building and peel away particles, sheddings and dust as recordings of a place.

The dusty material that sticks to the tape also holds a myriad of particles, including this summer's pollen grains that are captured and trapped in the air pockets in the process. I also noticed that the invisible traces of touch are revealed as fingerprints by the fine dust, bringing the past and present together.

# Dusts

fire-ash polystyrene balls bird guano spider skin trapped air perished fly lead paint dust red brick dust pollen grains hair strands cloth fibers skin flakes soap specks tallow drips caustic soda salts gossamer web

# Dust to Dust







walls have ears 1 Drypoint on aluminium. Printed on fabriano rosaspina, 12.5x14.5cm



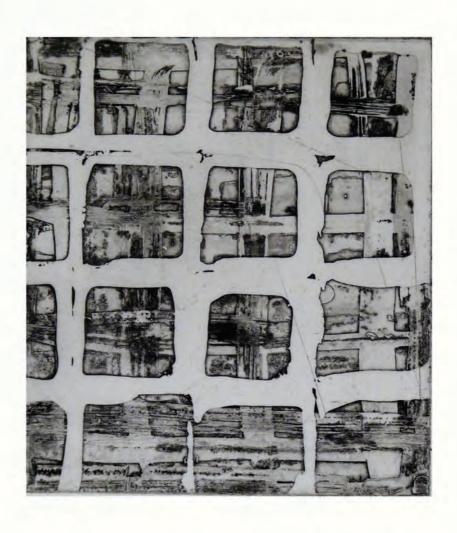
walls have ears 2 Drypoint on aluminium. Printed on fabriano rosaspina, 12.5x14.5cm



walls have ears 3 Drypoint on aluminium. Printed on fabriano rosaspina, 12.5x14.5cm



walls have ears 4
Etching on copper. Printed on fabriano rosaspina, 6x10cm



walls have ears 5 Etching on copper. Printed on fabriano rosaspina, 8.5x9.5cm

Dancing and Waltzing in a room preatung

Gentlemen or lady-lead partner, you must guide and steer your partner round the room. Hold them firmly but gently, your left arm should be extended and be curved gently at the elbow, as you dance you will bring the arm to the height of the bottom of your ear. S/he will lay the right hand in the palm of your hand. Your other arm will rest on the small of the back just under the shoulder blade; in turn she will rest the other hand gently on your upper arm I have you have You don't have to have a partner you can dance on your own. breathe me in

The basic steps of forwards for the leading partner are, side, close, and back, side. 1 inhale us

withme

Like this: Left foot forwards Right foot to the side Close left foot your skin feels gued

When you have practiced this you can move again with:

Right foot forwards Left foot to the side Close the right foot to the

holdme, Keepme feel me, know my If you have a partner s/he will mirror the steps with the opposing feet. Counting 1, 2, 3, 1,2,3 practice the two sets together. lask at my face

Now try this- moving backwards for the length of the room

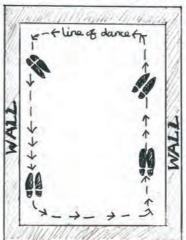
Left foot back Right foot to the side Close left foot up the right foot

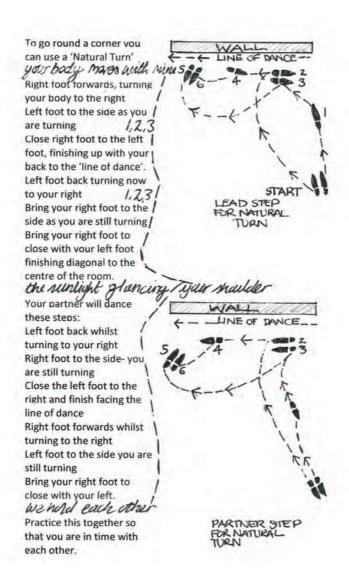
Right foot back Left foot to the side Close right foot up to the left foot.

watch my lears

You can repeat these steps for the length of the room, practice to a waltz timing of hold us now If you have a partner try it together. Feel the gentle lilt of the music (even if it is in your head or in your earphones) feel me close

EXPLAINING THE LINE OF DANCE

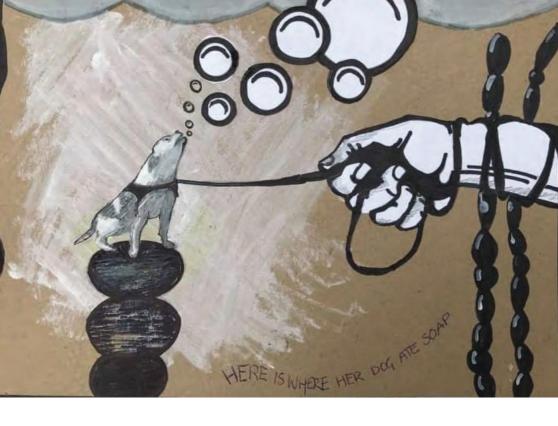














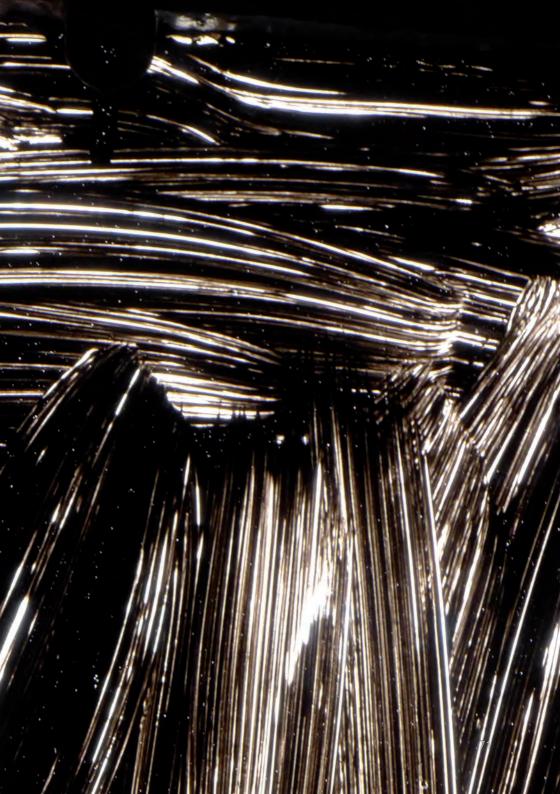
here is where she:

was cut in two turned herself into a rabbit swallowed a sword turned water into wine guessed your card was locked inside a box went up in a puff of smoke washed the feet of Jesus lay in a pit of snakes became invisible told your fortune hid in a wardrobe floated above your house appeared behind you grew wings ate glass made her dog eat soap danced on tiptoes lay on a bed of nails swung from a rope walked the pilgrims path rode a zebra levitated played piano to elephants turned into a dove herded cats lived a double life played chess with birds made a fly king saw the axe taught a pelican to sing swam with bears took all the children shouted fish met Abraham Lincoln dreamt of trees her heart was broken danced a hurdy-gurdy found an emerald lost her little finger learned to fight sang with angels lost a shoe saw a ghost whistled at wolves lost all hope built her library lay her mother to rest made a home for orang-utans met a viking pulled a card from her sleeve planted a tree carved her name rang the bell met her ancestors flew with fairies learned to spell slew a dragon had knives thrown at her found the geese clipped their wings harvested nettles pulled a penny from behind your sang to the fountain grew her arboretum dropped a coin put out the flames wore bees as earrings stole a goat created a library performed on a trapeze made clouds crv walked on water flew her flag stole a shoe tried to say thank you slept in a nest tamed a lioness ruled the waves woke the giant climbed a hill waited for him found joy disappeared













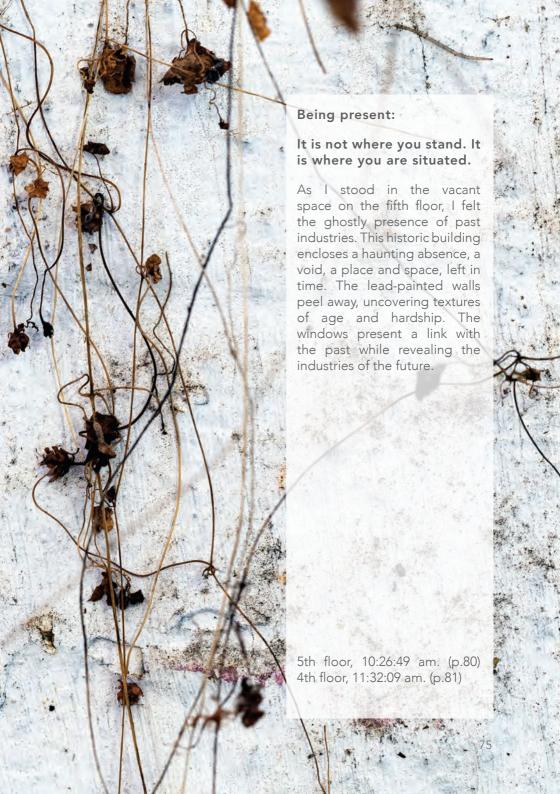
# Bristol 20th

20th August 2020 was my first visit to Bristol since the Coronavirus lockdown (23rd March 2020). The vibrant city had previously been a place I visited regularly.

# Gardiner Haskins Old Soap Factory

I was conscious of the appropriate and timely relevance of the Soapworks project. Soap is arguably being used more than ever before, due to COVID-19. I wonder how the Victorians of 1850 would have communicated a pandemic message.

Washed away. (p.78-79)



# VASH RINSE





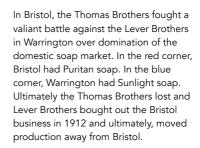
imon Taylc





# Victoria Kaye

# **BATTLE OF THE**





# **SOAP MAGNATES**

Well, that may be what actually happened but here is a golden opportunity to reverse the situation. Let's re-enact the battle and see if the course of history can be changed.

Two players take turns to represent either Sunlight or Puritan in the following games. If Sunlight wins - history is vindicated. If Puritan wins - history is re-written and Bristol keeps its soap trade. Let battle begin!





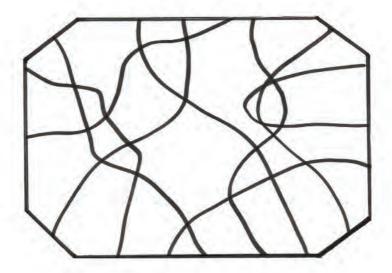
# MARKET SHARE

### RULES

Two players fight for market domination. One is P for Puritan soap, the other is S for sunlight soap.

The players take it in turn to mark each section of the soap bar with their initial

BUT adjoining sections must not have different initials – there must be a gap between P and S at all times



### HOW MANY BUBBLES IN A BAR OF SOAP?

### RULES

One player is called PURITAN and the other player is called SUNLIGHT

How many words (bubbles) can each player make from their names? (Each name has countless possibilities)

### I HAVE MORE FACTORIES THAN YOU!

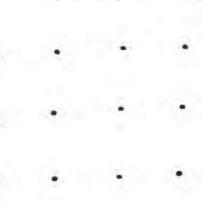
### RULES

Players take it in turn to join any two dots together - either vertically or horizontally - anywhere on the grid. The object is to draw four lines and make a box (factory)

Try not to make the third line of a box because your opponent can then add a fourth line to complete the box and claim it for themselves

Each time a player completes the fourth line of a box they claim it with a P or an S – they then have to place a new line somewhere else on the grid

Whoever labels the most boxes wins. Beware, this game is trickier than it looks.



### **Niches**

Niche (definition)

A recess in a wall especially for a statue

Something (such as a sheltered or private space) that re sembles a recess in a wall

A place, employment, status, or activity for which a person or thing is best fitted

A habitat supplying the factors necessary for the existence of an organism or species

The ecological role of an organism in a community especially in regard to food consumption

A specialized market

History and Etymology (for niche)

French, from Middle French, from *nicher* to nest, from Vulgar Latin *nidicare*, from Latin *nidus* nest

Sources: Collins English Online Dictionary and Merriam Webster Online Dictionary

My thanks to Alyson Minkley and Veronica Vickery for their photographs of me at work.













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## space place practice







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