



place: home
space place practice

place: home
space place practice

Introduction

Introducing this text is complex and difficult; 'place' as a set of slippery conditions continues to push and pull at our intellects whether through creatively leaning in towards urban, rural, local, or faraway encounters. The words and ideas contained here have developed through a particular set of circumstances in the pandemic of Covid-19, which punctured our sense of being, our notion of time and all that was familiar becoming more strange—each idea, intuition, admission, or remonstrance reinforcing or dismantling the other. So, the words and images contain accounts that may make for personally more difficult reading / or not, and the issues that raise themselves are really questions, questions that the contributors have wrestled with in the course of what has been an extraordinary everyday life, the world context therefore having great bearing on the responses made.

This book has been two years in the making, drawn out and protracted through life events, a reflection on the time itself perhaps, and now as we emerge tentatively and hopefully, the collation too emerges into something more familiar but without letting go of the strange and slightly weird time that has saturated us. Weird here being used in the sense that Mark Fisher determined as "that which does not belong", which he used to point towards familiarity but something that lies beyond, and which is not reconcilable. To follow on with this thought, he developed this further through considering the equation of weird as being two or more things joined which do not belong together. When thinking back to that time, the desolate streets in once busy cities, images that we saw on television that scarred the senses of well and not so well people being medicalised and being lost or recovering, the dichotomies that we were dealing with provoked an

overwhelming sense of wrongness that permeated our lives, and this has likely brought us to a space where we are now more conscious of time, and being in the presence of the new and what that might be.

So, in the spirit of words and images in this publication and the contexts in which they were developed, we hope you enjoy them as reflective space, persuasive and provocative in the sense of contributing to how we go forward from here...

Dr. Michele Whiting

Reference

Fisher M, 2016, *The Weird and the Eerie*, London, Repeater Books.

place: home

Foreword

by Victoria J E Jones

Foreword

The COVID-19 pandemic and ensuing government measures made the people of the United Kingdom wait. As an event it enveloped and changed our social worlds. The UK went into lockdown, bodies became delayed, futures deferred. Non-essential work places stilled. Homes became spaces of confinement, escaped only for exercise or work or shopping deemed essential. Social distancing separated friends and families. Lives narrowed. Ambitions paused. The SARSCoV2 virus was a catalyst for mass waiting. (Jones 2022).

The first UK national lockdown initiated in March 2020 suspended our habituated rhythms. Time took new form, shaped and regulated beyond the control of those living within it. The familiar place of home gained new significances as bodies waited within unknown durations. The UK population orientated towards a new horizon, the peak of the pandemic to pass and normal life (whatever that was) to return. The end of the first lockdown did not coincide with the end of the pandemic. Indeed, the ongoing pandemic has moved and shaped our expectations and orientations several times since its inception.

As a researcher and artist I am fascinated by waiting, more particularly how people live and feel within acts of waiting. Waiting is a pause and an orientation towards a future horizon. We never just wait, waiting is always relational to a circumstance and an expectation. As such, focussing on waiting provides the opportunity to think more broadly about the conditions within and surrounding its context. Which leads one to ask, when bodies are held in waiting, what does the experience suspend, close or open? The SPP artists (featured in this book) endeavoured to use their practice to find meaning within the

extraordinary conditions of waiting through the first UK lockdown (and during the same timeframe in Sweden). Their responses are rich and varied encompassing art made visually, as performance and through text. In this foreword, I have used a narrative thread to bring to the fore aspects of the works and experiences of the artists in order to weave through and connect the works.

Suspension

Linda Khatir and Rob Irving both outline the concept of *khôra*, a formless space or pause, between the emergent and that which has emerged. Lockdown initially felt like this, an amorphous space full of the unknown and not yet knowable. Time began to blur and as Lydia Halcrow recorded at the time, life took on 'an otherworldly quality'. Linda Khatir felt that in this suspension from habituated time, that her 'sense of self' was 'in deferral'.

Home

The deferments that lockdown induced were waited out in the familiar space of home. Iain Biggs, Richard Keating and Pamela Bowden suggest that feeling 'at home' is at the best of times a complex relational entwining of identities and temporalities that is situated in excess of a location. Biggs and Khatir prompt us to consider being 'at home' as a feeling, difficult to form within language. The limitations of language is echoed by Anwyl Cooper-Willis for whom 'home' during the pandemic instigated contradictory feelings of belonging and non-belonging. For these contributors, 'home' is a feeling. Pamela Bowden considered home as a 'safe' space, although Lydia Halcrow reminds us that home can be for some (particularly in the shadow of the pandemic) an unsafe space.

Making

Making art became an act of affirming self and gaining a sense of freedom amidst the ongoing bodily and social restrictions of lockdown. For Michelle Keegan lockdown opened a new appreciation of the creative freedom her home studio affords. Pippa Galpin recounts how the process of making became a space of intense concentration where she could 'leave herself behind'. Clay and slab, freed of the complications of the pandemic. Likewise, making within digital and physical spaces became for Davina Kirkpatrick a means of control over her own situation and a way to share with others the extraordinary experience of lock-down. Lydia Halcrow's, making activity with her children, shared by being hung on trees or chalked on pavements, becomes an assertion of their connection with the outside world.

(Dis)connection

Victoria Kaye felt lockdown as a slow-fast temporality that physically distanced and yet digitally connected people. The withdrawal from communal life and leading an enforced solitary life is echoed by Michele Whiting who paints a solitary bird hovering above a vast landscape away from but in the proximity of a flock of other birds. In a similar vein, Melissa Mahon presents a series of detached paper houses whose illumination from within casts a community of shadows.

Victoria Walters and Valerie Coffin Price create shadow play with plants, a means of bridging the distance between self and other living entities. Angela Summerfield connects with the natural world through her evocation of 'green' as a sensorial experience. For Richard White and Lydia Halcrow lockdown created acute sensory experiences of touch, of smell, of sound. For both, the SARS-CoV2 virus created an intense awareness of the breath of others. For Richard White this extended

beyond his locality towards another in another land whose last words were 'I can't breathe'. For Halcrow, runs through her neighbourhood provided the means to make new bodily rhythms.

Rhythms

Alyson Minkley's and Simon Taylor's contributions attend to the preponderance of statistics during the pandemic and the reductive nature of numerical reporting. The rhythmic nature of both contributions mirroring the temporal monotony of lockdown and the ongoing helplessness felt by many as lives became numbers.

Time for Mike Crocker became blurred as home-space and work-space merged. Habituated temporal markers such as the alarm clock or commute that separate home life and work life, were disrupted and replaced by ongoing online exchanges prompting feelings of powerlessness. For Crocker work became a relentless rhythm.

Carol Laidler listens to 'Losing It' by Fisher, a dance music track with insistent repetitive beats. The singer asserts repeatedly 'I'm Losing It', but was lockdown all about loss and no gain? For Laidler online communication through lockdown created new forms of familial connection and new memories.

Time

Although lockdown created an intermission within habituated life, Roxanne Jackson reminds us that life goes on regardless and although paused and stilled, memories continue(d) to accumulate. Similarly for Quilos and the Windmill homes contain the residue of past thoughts and experiences.

Ed Whittaker evokes other times, non-present people. His contribution explores a multiplicity of 'not-at-home' feelings: grief, living in a different country and the pandemic. Whittaker creates a moment of coalescence between the loss of his wife and his situation in the pandemic, through the burning of a wok he bought years before with his wife. In that act, pasts and presents entwine. Through her impulse to make, pasts, presents and futures also unfold for Davina Kirkpatrick. She orientates towards futures yet to unfold, through the act of planting an elderflower tree, she looks forward to making cordial from its fruit.

Lydia Halcrow evokes the positives that lockdown gifted us: the foregrounding of birdsong, clear air, the proliferation of wild flora, family time. Maureen Gamble expresses the slipperiness of lockdown time, desiring to hold onto her affirmative experiences, stay present, reluctant to waste or lose time. For Gamble this was a precious time she desires to pull into her future.

Since the cessation the first UK national lockdown, we have moved in and out of regional and national variations of lockdown, but they have not felt the same as the first one. As such this book is a time capsule, a reminder of the acute feelings of suspension and of disconnection that period of time instigated. And yet as evidenced through these artworks, waiting through the first lockdown opened a time that forced us to reflect on our connections with others (human and non-human) and our place in the world.

Reference:

Jones, V. J. E. (2022) *Feeling in Suspension: Waiting in Covid-19 Shopping Queues*. GeoHumanities. DOI:10.1080/2373566X.2021.201492

1

Linda Khatir





languish

Under a small cold light
you are minded to t/read carefully
for there's a word of difference
between leaving & leaving-behind

& its the only one I have

the minuscule & (not as grand
as the majuscule I) is scarred by
space all around displaying
its role in the erasure of ~~and~~
its other crossed-out

silence

silence

so to speak

the logogram legitimate
but disjointed from its origin,
the mark in & by itself beside itself

(and *per se* and) ampersand.

It is different in this land where &
sounds like 'o' but superimpose
two little dots & o is transformed:

little å, small river

little o, the earth itself

little o, no more a nothing

ö the sound (phonie)

combining o with rounded lips
& e at the back of the tongue

ö the letter (graphie)

renaming itself all by itself
into a word island; ö

these, the smallest of words: ö, o, l, i, a, å (&c)
masquerade as multilingual threads simultaneously
separating & seaming (for want of a better word) 'things'.

Literature labyrinthine
more than speech
a mark marks & speaks of itself
remarking the structure of a text

its archi-texture thick
layered interwoven
with traces of thoughts

its 'scription shifts
from one langue to another
& writing's trace strays
beyond its own borders
surrendering itself to the risk of
never arriving

(an aside: someone has marked my words
& in scribing, draws attention to the unfolding *mimodrama*
of a mime that acts fictively
between the lines ... shh
can you hear its faint heart?).

In a present act I cross myself
fingersteps deleting space
& ponder on the problem *pharmakon*

of erasure & loss in leaving & leaving-behind
longing longing-to-belong languor languish
language poised

waiting to perform to take its turn
to turn the text
/ual space into theatre

What scene is this?

I enter stage right not quite never quite
on time but I don't want inside the time
of not being there with you now

reading

pale-faced I act as shadow while another
whisperlingers in the wings distanced
from its egotistical twin
double you/ *dubbel vi (persona)*

Inhaled by chance an unformed word
catches in my throat

grasping

onto something

more or less than itself

uttering

can you follow my tail?

incoherent

the clang of the bell?

thought sounds

the beat of the drum?

heckling from the gods?

eyes closed familiar with those
I hear them inside - one note
at a time but time is out of joint

I've been here before

struggling

to find the end of the beginning
& space is the doing that undoes me.

It wavers its cold breath fills me
speculates on my writing as ghost
unable to ask who I am it knows

'in all truth' that truth will not out
in other Words

lost for Words

it is, & I am veiled.

Caught out by false friends
these dark things I ride
(*animalia paradoxa*)
it's time

to reveal the secret
but first I must tell it to myself
but my voice will not voice itself is silent

frozen in my throat unsounded
each word trying to avoid the other
ringing in my ears drumming in my chest is thunder
deafening

ears split eyes pricked I turn face
the glass the light of day a harsh light
lighting the white

page I write the grey be
coming cloud
of the text burdened

by the relentless weight be
tween silences untethered
thoughts thinking
not a single word my own...
... caught in the act
I hear myself right watch myself left be

tween the lines til
a full stop the smallest o
spots the archipelago
& in the black ink of an eye
it & I find ourselves at the border.



G



Pes Ro. Peti.



Beneath our feet a clean sheet
stained by phantoms
flickering below

the snow

the ice

and it begins
clouded by the steam of their breath
twin beasts rise up & shards of *glas* cut

the mirror

the air

dew-lapped chins conjoined
by one cloven tongue

alces-alces twisting spitting
salt tears pricking
a mask that slowly blinds
(an eye for an eye they say)

& the time-stones whisper
paralinguistic tales etched into
the frozen flesh of the land

stone ships pull
across the sky
uncloudtouched
/geo/graphic afterlives (hällristningar)

the sun

the moon

paleo

Bronzed tongue sharp
I swallow
try to speak but the wind whips

the sword

the words

frost bites winter cracks
like a curse ice weeps
away my tongue

tied presence in this place
that is & isn't (no I dare not speak it)

try as I might
I can't

outwit the giant with no heart
in its body that bites
its own reflection
haunts its own time

the arrow

in & out of non-time all the time
dwelling on its future
disappearance

So what remains?

The dreamer's glove has carried me here
it is (as it were) out of my hands.

The fog rolls in
& I am late
at the seam

suspended ...

(...and black was sunshine the smmer after)

my breath recoils
rains sound pricks
my skin & I sink

underearthly

deep inside the looking

glass lake
night gnaws
its own shadow

ghosts of ghosts
gather
but in the end

restless

there is no rest
no resting place
just a being out of place

& it is this being
that undoes me
this grey on grey

mist

obscuring

the undiscovered country
where in 'truth'
no thing has a place (to be)

& no thing
takes place
except perhaps, perhaps?

quietus ...

(*...but your hiding place isn't watertight.
Life trickles in from the outside*)

k h ô r a

FIFTH ACT

owl white (1 - 20) silence on silence
the word breathes and I
in the dark disembark as zander pike trip the light beneath
a mirrored plane
black sun lights up Ratatoskr who rips the sleeping birds
from their nest
caught red-handed
in the act
it deplumes, devours, shameless in its brazen thirst, its
hunger lust
"and the skulls which were under their hair he chased
with silver"
quivering feathered crescents gilded sprites ablaze
alight and
land soft on lichened rocks and s/pyres of black
en'd branches
the world tree awaits the eagle and the raven
Yggdrasil's
starved trunk sucks the air straddling the
earth like a curse
writhing tongues lap scarlet star holes
stab the sky
and the old night bear groans while
small Skogsrå
swings her soft tail to and fro -
to and fro - and I know
I'm never going
Home.

Notes on the text/methodology

The writing began as a means of expressing my thoughts about living in Sweden during the covid crisis, and my struggle with differences of language, land, weather, culture and character. Watching from a distance as the rest of the world shut down, the first word that came to mind was 'languish' (language/anguish). In this writing I seem to be waiting for 'home' to return to me because I am unable to return to it, but in the text it emerges as my mother tongue.

Today I stood in deep soft snow slipping on the black ice beneath. I was trying to open the metal gate, the entrance to my apartment block. My key would not turn in the frozen lock. Earlier that day two old men had called out to me, but I just smiled and said hello, not realising they were warning me about the broken gate.

These accidental metaphors are appropriate. Confronted with everyday conversation, my ears and mouth freeze, do not work in sync and every word stutters weakly, separated from the next. I take too long to find them and so conversation does not roll off the tongue. However, when writing across languages; I have time to reflect on my strange words and enjoy their wrongness. No-one can hear me writing. Reading myself write in another language and crossing back and forth between translations (to seek out the differences) helps me appreciate how creative and rich the process of (mis)interpretation can be. I enjoy the time it takes to tease out words and string them together, move them around on the page, accept and enjoy how meanings change through movement, substitution, layering, and space.

My earlier writing practice (post/doctoral) had taken a similar journey - combining French and English. That experience was fulfilling, in that I was fairly fluent in both languages and found pleasure in wordplay. However in Swedish I stumble. As with most languages, there are a

few 'false friends' (those damned *animalia paradoxa*), with many words derived from other languages, including English and old French; their meanings, spellings and pronunciation changed over time. There are also sounds that I am unable to hear or imitate, many beginning in the back of the throat (glottis), rising or lowering in ways that are unfamiliar and confusing. (There is a lot to say about the Swedish language but I will leave it for another time ...)

Back to the text: I begin writing in free verse style - what else can I call it? A gradually emerging prose/poem perhaps. The first few paragraphs wander around small words that I think of as islands, and I visit these, immersing myself again in the icy forests, ancient stones and frozen lakes deeply embedded within the Swedish landscape, mythology, sagas, poetry and contemporary fiction. As I write the memories of those places accompany me. The feel of the ice beneath my feet, the cold white silence that cracks my lips and blinds me.

I make no apology for the melodramatic descent which touches upon the Poetic Edda, Shakespeare, Tranströmer (Nobel Prize winning poet), Derrida and Bergman (whose faded notes serve as visual background to the final poem) - this is the only part of the text that I would call poetry; a dark tale loosely based on Norse mythology, its blade-like form gradually narrowing to a point where the final word (the one I dare not mention throughout the text) drips from the tip, all by itself at the end. The Swedish word for word(s) is '*ord*' and this (in Middle English) means the sharp point of a weapon, and a new beginning.

The text is visual in that there are aspects that cannot be voiced, that depend on the reader venturing back and forth, up and down from one place to another, seeking meaning(s). Questioning the priority of the speech act, my voice is thrown silently; the text acting as mime artist; the actor behind the scenes willing the reader/viewer to engage with words unspoken.

Font: Avenir is accidentally relevant (à **venir**, future, to come). More than one alphabet is present throughout and the font adapts itself to different languages. It is an underlying visual and structural force, as are the repeated small linking words (be is it the and), and punctuation; three dots that defer the future, the full stop (the smallest o) that stops us in our tracks. And there are the spaces (between lines, between words, invisible borders), and page numbers, abbreviations (etc. etc.) Without these 'parergonal' elements the text/*ergon*/work cannot work, cannot be read, said, or heard.

Layout: I work on more than one 'text' at a time and these are positioned in partial columns to be read across and down the page (in a nod to Jacques Derrida's *glas*). In this sense, my thoughts are moderately nomadic, temporarily inhabiting one place, only to move on, in search of another.

Imagery: To begin with I had used faded images of Ingmar Bergman's notebooks as a background for each page, but soon realised that these were too much of a distraction; the ghosts of his thoughts making my own text difficult to read. I decided to leave just one of these in the background - adjusted to become almost but not quite (il)legible.

At the time of writing, I am drawing, taking inspiration from my environment: symbols and images carved into the ancient rune stones and *hällristningar* that scatter the landscape, and the historic and Sami artefacts with their magical symbols. In retrospect, my moose/shaman drum drawing is (perhaps) a metaphor for the voiceless, and the girl/eclipse my emotional response to the long dark Scandinavian winter. In conclusion, the eventual philosophical and poetic turn of the text was not predetermined, and I wasn't sure where it would venture, what it would mean or how it would end. On reflection I see myself as having unintentionally engaged with the 'hauntological'. Held back by my loss of language, my sense of self is in deferral. I write as ghost/as shadow, and reading this now, at the end, I am even more aware of being apart, of wavering in the seam between here and there, the not not (t)here, the myth of home at a distance.

Glossary/refs:

ö	Swedish: island
sounds like o	Swedish: å, small river and the spoken abbreviation for <i>och</i> (and)
“the little o”	Shakespeare W: Cleopatra describing the earth (<i>Antony & Cleopatra</i> , act 5, scene 2)
<i>graphie/phonie</i>	written letter/spoken sound (Derrida J. <i>Of Grammatology</i> 1976 (Baltimore: John Hopkins Univ. press 1998)
<i>ord</i>	Swedish: word(s) and Middle English: point (of a weapon, or a beginning)
arche-texture	ref to arche-writing/ <i>écriture</i> ; the movement of re-marking a text as it is being created; (arche) textuality leaves traces of itself in the ‘languages’ of marks and disconnections that make and supplement a text: page, punctuation, margins, footnotes etc. (Derrida J. <i>Of Grammatology</i>) <i>Ibid</i>
<i>glas</i>	Swedish: glass (also Derrida J. <i>glas</i> 1974, original French, 1st ed. publ. Galilee)
<i>be be be</i>	Swedish: ask/beg/pray
<i>is is is</i>	Swedish: ice
<i>alces/alces</i>	Latin: moose (named by Linnaeus Carl, Sweden 1758) a species which became extinct in Britain during the Bronze age but remains in abundance across Sweden. (Linnaeus C., <i>Systema Naturae</i> 1735) (www.linnaeus.uu.se)
<i>Pharmakon</i>	Ancient Greek: ritual sacrifice/human scapegoat, poison/remedy, memory/truth. Drawing and poetry (like writing) can be described as <i>pharmaka</i> in their indeterminate nature, hovering between truth/lie. (see also Derrida J. ‘Plato’s pharmacy and the Origins of Western Philosophy’ in <i>Of Grammatology</i> (<i>ibid</i>))

<i>animalia paradoxa</i>	Latin: mythical animals Linnaeus C., <i>Systema Naturae</i> 1735 (<i>ibid</i>)
archi-pelago	ref. to <i>archi-écriture</i> (Derrida) and to my journeys by boat along the frozen archipelago with its tiny islands between Sweden and Finland, and a hint towards Dante Alighieri (Alighieri D., <i>The Divine Comedy</i> : Inferno Canto I. 1321, trans. Wadsworth H). (www.poets.org)
"time is out of joint"	Shakespeare W. <i>Hamlet</i> , act 1.5.188 (www.bl.uk/Shakespeare/hamletandrevenge)
<i>hällristningar</i>	Swedish: bronze age rock carvings (petroglyphs) visited during a thunderstorm, and a nod towards Heidegger's "the stone is wordless, the animal is poor in the world" (Heidegger M., <i>Fundamental Concepts of Metaphysics</i> , (Bloomington, Indiana Univ. Press 1995)
Paleo (paleo-)	Paleogeographic & paleoglyphs(carved stones)
"black was sunshine"	the <i>Poetic Edda</i> ; C13th collection of Norse poems.
"grey on grey"	A hint towards Deleuze G., (<i>Thousand Plateaus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia</i> (1987). University of Minnesota Press. p. 197) "...a clandestine passenger on a motion-less voyage. To become like everybody else; but this, precisely, is a be-coming only for one who knows how to be nobody, to no longer be any body. To paint oneself grey on grey."
<i>quietus</i>	Latin: a release (from life, debt or duty)
the giant	the giant with no heart in its body (Scandinavian folk tale)
"but your hiding"	extract/dialogue from film <i>Persona</i> , Ingmar Bergman 1966 (www.ingmarbergman.se)
"undiscovered country"	...from 'to be or not to be' soliloquy, <i>Hamlet</i> Act 3, scene 1 (Shakespeare W): from whence no passenger ever returned" (www.rsc.org.uk)

Khôra	Ancient Greek: undefined receptacle, interval, territory, clearing, or space. Derrida J. 'On the Name' (Stanford Univ. Press 1995) reading Plato's 'Timaeus', exploring the problem of space and spacing. Khôra is an open space of irony, of the intelligible/unintelligible, being/non being; a perpetual hinge. point
Ratatoskr	squirrel messenger/word twister who lives in...
Yggdrasil	...the biggest tree in the world, its roots connecting to three different worlds
Skogsrå	sensual wood nymph who shifts her persona between human/animal/tree (Norse mythology)

Images:

1. Negative digital copy of my (A4) graphite drawing of a girl and her reflection alongside a found image of an eclipse (from a BBC news/weather sequence)
2. My (A4) graphite drawing of a moose and its reflection alongside a diagram of a Sami shamanic drum. Schefferus J. *The History of Lapland*. 1704. Univ. library of Tromsø. (www.chetrossrarebooks.com)
3. page backgrounds - images from Ingmar Bergman's film notebooks (www.ingmarbergman.se)
4. page background - anatomical diagram of a horse. Unknown 1602, Metropolitan Museum of Art, Internet Archive Python library 0.5.1). (www.archive.org)

2

Maureen Gamble



This time

A significant time for monastics maybe but Sartre was right, three o'clock in the afternoon is a strange time, just too late or too early to undertake anything. Except for going outside and it's nearly three. After a busy morning, and a late lunch, walking slowly at first, taking time to breathe in the warm fresh air, we stop for a moment and listen to the sounds of springtime birdsong, intermingled with the fresh sweet-smelling scents of early blossom. The roads look different without traffic, shops with apologetic closed notices stuck on windows, the pavements empty of people, like it used to be on a Sunday back home. This is now, this time, when we have real-time, time to stop, watch, wait for time to pass, and then move slowly on, if we choose. If only we could turn it back, things would be so different now.

It's sunny so we walk in the shade of the cool trees with their new green leaves and branches bursting free, cut through the park, and head up the path to the hills beyond. Looking up, the sky is blue and clear, birds are singing incessantly, we pass smells of wild herbs, hear the stream, brush through leafy ferns, and we're lost in the rhythm of time and place. We make a new discovery, a new path through the woods. It is overgrown and has become neglected through this time, with fewer walking there, and nature has firmly taken charge. We follow it, through the thick interwoven shrubbery, drawn in by its beauty. Then darkness, confusion, the path disappears, we lose our footing, don't know where we are, we've certainly not been this way before, it's like nothing we've ever known, wet soggy marsh underfoot, unable to walk through, feeling trapped, the foliage thickens, the trees grow dense, we hear birds, deafening sounds, endlessly repeat the same tune, animals disappear when we approach. We don't know where we are going, and they can't hear us. There is no one else. Is it this way?

Where does this path go? Do we cross this way? What do we do? We reach a clearing, the sun shines momentarily, the sounds of the stream get louder, and a familiar path. We're back on track and carry on, all too glad to leave it behind.

A familiar face stops to pass the time of day, forgetting briefly what he'd just heard on the radio. He looks away wistfully. We scramble up the rocks to the top and looking down, it's just like old times, some of my favourite times, when we had time to look, stop and wonder. From above, the orderly tiny buildings with houses along roads that look like paths interspersed with patterns of green, everything looks so in place, and so intricately planned. We pause to inhale the clean pure air from the cloudless sky, and gaze far into the distance. Is this really happening? What can we do? How can it be true? The very thought seems inconceivable here, far away from newsfeeds and not able to see friends or loved ones. It becomes almost insignificant momentarily. Yet what has happened to these times, and why has it become so impossible to find time to make the time for this?

And then it's nearly four o'clock. Nearly forty-five minutes has passed. We need to get home, only one hour allowed. Walking directly to the right, we hurry down the grassy slopes, going the fastest route to save time, we try to meet no one, seeing distant figures along the way, breathing fast, there is no turning back. Our time is up.

I will not forget this time we've spent together. I want to hold it tight, and not lose what we have, and had, or what we might have in the future by wasting it now or waiting for it to pass. Lost time is never found again. How can we ever get back to this present time when it has passed? I don't want to leave this time when we come out again, and really want to spend it with you. These are changed times and things will never be the same again.

3

Michelle Keegan

The Home Studio

During the covid lockdown 2020 and 2021 I have been considering my relationship with the studio, printmaking, and the importance and impact of the place that is the studio. Jenny Sjöholm wrote,

The contemporary artistic workspace of the studio has been conceptualized as a site for artistic knowledge, an imagination chamber, a room for study. The meaning of the word studio reflects the idea of contemporary artists as scholars and art being a practice based on privacy, material production, knowledge, learned scholarship: a civilized pursuit based on continuous individual investigation, knowledge and production processes.

Jenny Sjöholm, 2014 p507

My Printmaking studio is in my garden, this sounds very indulgent, but it was a necessity. I have a house so I can have a printmaking studio. It is a space of enablement. I've been very grateful for this during covid lockdown.



Printmaking studios can be commercial enterprises where print publishing and editioning takes place or in contrast community and artist centred enterprises. Printmaking workshops are expensive places for artists with membership fees, hourly rates, and travel costs. I certainly enjoy visiting numerous studios and delight in learning new processes or engaging in debate and dialogue. If I made my work printmaking from a print workshop, I would be bankrupt extremely quickly and far less productive. I work methodically and slowly. There are many debates about less toxic printmaking and each workshop has different methods, mordants or acids and etching grounds. Everywhere I teach or visit has a different approach to Printmaking. I prefer to control the strength of mordant or acid I'm using rather than subscribe to a workshop technician's choice. Some studios etch metal with nitric, ferric chloride, Edinburgh etch or cupric chloride. Each printmaker should have a preference and know each etchant produces different line qualities.



I prefer to mix my own etchant and have personal preference. The alchemy of printmaking is integral to the output. I change the choice of etchant dependant of the line quality I wish to achieve. Studios

are riddled with the dynamics of relationships and negotiation. The geography of navigating any shared studio or equipment would be counter productive to making and routine. The cost and compromise is too great for me.



I like working alone, I enjoy being able to leave 'stuff' out, etching plates with liquid ground drying, plates etching all night in a slow bath of ferric, time to think and ruminate. I always work in silence, no music, no clocks ticking, no phones or laptops present in my studio, just the sound of suburbia in the background. No one to disturb my chain of thought with questions of process or having to wait to use equipment.

Students studying Art in the UK have not only a space for creative output, but numerous workshops and technical help to enable making, for example, canvas construction, objects cast, plates etched, digital outputs printed, performances realised, wood cut, screens developed, sound work edited, books bound, letterpress printed, access to technology, photography etc. On leaving education, joining a studio group and paying for a studio often gives the occupant nothing

more than four bare walls. This is not an easy transition for process based artists that require equipment for production. Studios can be costly and the result is often that those renting a space work in paid employment to fund a studio that is rarely used. Artists need the studio for validation and affirmation that they are indeed professional artists and not hobbyists.

There is associated kudos in an artist being able to state they belong to a certain studio group or collective. From my own experience these can be somewhat over hyped. The studio can be filled with disparate artists with little in common other than the bill for the space. Artists can be passing ships and barely have any meaningful dialogue with their fellow occupants. The struggle to maintain a practice after graduation takes diligence and perseverance. My solution was to buy an etching press and put it in my lounge with a workbench. I had an indoor studio for many years within a Victorian terrace, etching in a shed outside and finding time to maintain momentum and passion for printmaking. The home studio provided a cost-effective solution albeit an unconventional lounge. The home studio grew organically as I purchased the materials and equipment I needed for each creative project.

Silvie Turner wrote an article for *Print Quarterly* in 1990,

The majority of the printshops, whether simple or elaborate have an atmosphere in common: whereas a painter's studio requires only a space containing canvas, brushes and paint, in a printmakers workshop are found far more complex paraphernalia, all expensive and elaborate, from presses themselves to the dangerous acids. As a result, few artists can own their own.

Silvie Turner, 1990 p398

There was a major shift for many Printmakers, Universities and Print workshops by the mid 1990's with the advent of less toxic printmaking.

Printmakers from Scotland, Canada, the USA, and Australia looked to develop safer alternatives to traditional toxic printmaking processes. Hazardous chemicals were replaced by the new recipes and grounds that could easily be used for the first time by the home studio printmaker. Printmakers have spent many years exploring less toxic methods, attending courses, purchasing products and retraining. The result is the process of etching has become somewhat fractured. Those promoting the green revolution can be evangelical in approach and secretive with their doctrine. This made the green revolution slow to take off and initially difficult for the home printmaker. Knowledge thanks to the internet has become more readily shared and printmaking suppliers are now stocking ready made acrylic resin grounds and chemistry.



During the covid pandemic printmaking educators, studios, universities and workshops have had to adapt to a remote way of working to survive financially. For printmakers this is embraceable through making a simple home workspace. What was once deemed an impossible process without a large workshop is being pursued on kitchen tables, sheds, garages, bedroom spaces and other makeshift studios. Perhaps

the most proficient studio space is an enabling mind.

I purchased my etching press in 1991 there were few companies that made mid-sized machines for the home studio where weight, cost and size were considerations. Today, thirty years after Silvie Turner's article, etching press manufactures are plentiful with portable, benchtop and domestic scale machines that are marketed at affordable prices, this makes the home printmaking studio very attainable.

A studio should enable creativity, security and productivity. My self-contained studio is an extension of my home that I can easily access and also close the door on. There are no studio committees or compromises to debate and no time constraints. There are no funding issues, closure threats and health and safety legislation that come with a shared space. I do respect the power of chemistry and work in an environmentally respectful manner. The home studio gives me choice. It will also call to me if I'm not working in it enough and remind me of my own lack of creativity. Many artists myself included have to make money from other means than my practice alone. These hours away from my own work provide the economic freedom to have a studio and generate prints. I am lucky enough that my employment remains involved in contemporary art education and printmaking. Artists have to figure out a way to make it work with employment and time to work actively, this takes discipline and determination. I would dread having to travel again to a space to engage in my practice.

The artist's studio is a space from which the alchemy of an art form cannot be completely revealed. Yet, with all its material, the studio is a space whose materialities are manifestations, documentations and traces of studio processes and visual artists' work. The studio represents collections of clues and traces of the artists' working lives and, for the artists, the studio is not only a space for work in progress but also for storage and

creative resources. It is a space where they filter, sort, store and appropriate active actants, remnants and traces of their working lives inside the studio as well as their inspirational journeys outside. The studio is a space where objects and documents are placed as a way to mark an end to a process, but it is also a space where things originate or are reinvented – it is a space where things begin. However, in its particular set-up there is a creative limitation; there is a limiting order of the material collected that can authorize and command the future development of artistic work. There is an archival notion of the making and thinking in the modern art studio.

Jenny Sjöholm, 2014 p505

I am surrounded by a back catalogue of etching plates that are stored so I can refer to them and recall how a mark was achieved. The remnants of previous plates does help generate more ideas. I don't walk into a cleaned space with a blank table, I'm surrounded by remnants of previous works that inspire the next. Travelling to be a guest at a workshop often means I leave something in my own studio I wish I had. I like to work in order, I know where everything is from files, etching needles, grounds, scrim all the materials required to make prints. The studio is a place of alchemy, materials, ideas, experimentation, privacy, knowledge, contemplation and of course setbacks, struggles and failures. It is an essential part of my home and creative freedom.

References

- Sjöholm, J. (2014) The art studio as archive: Tracing the geography of artistic potentiality, progress and production, *Cultural Geographies*, 21(3) Sage. pp505-514
- Turner, S. (1990) Printmaking Studios in Britain The Continuing Tradition, *Print Quarterly*, 7(4) Print Quarterly Publications. pp397-413

4

Pippa Galpin



Embodied Space: Home

My pottery, the place where I make, at the wheel, or on a slate top: preparing the clay, washing down the surface, watching the build-up and removal of marks, watching the making of the making, like watching the intricate unfolding of a story.

This making, unfolding, watching, all takes place in a specific space, a narrowed space over-filled with shelves that jut, corners that bruise, with peaked and angled rafters, and two small windows that look down the garden to a pair of great conifers. Yet I rarely gaze from those windows. My work has become about the interaction with this space.

What is fundamental about the work now has been pared back to what Lakoff and Johnson describe as “the specifics of our everyday functioning in the world.”¹

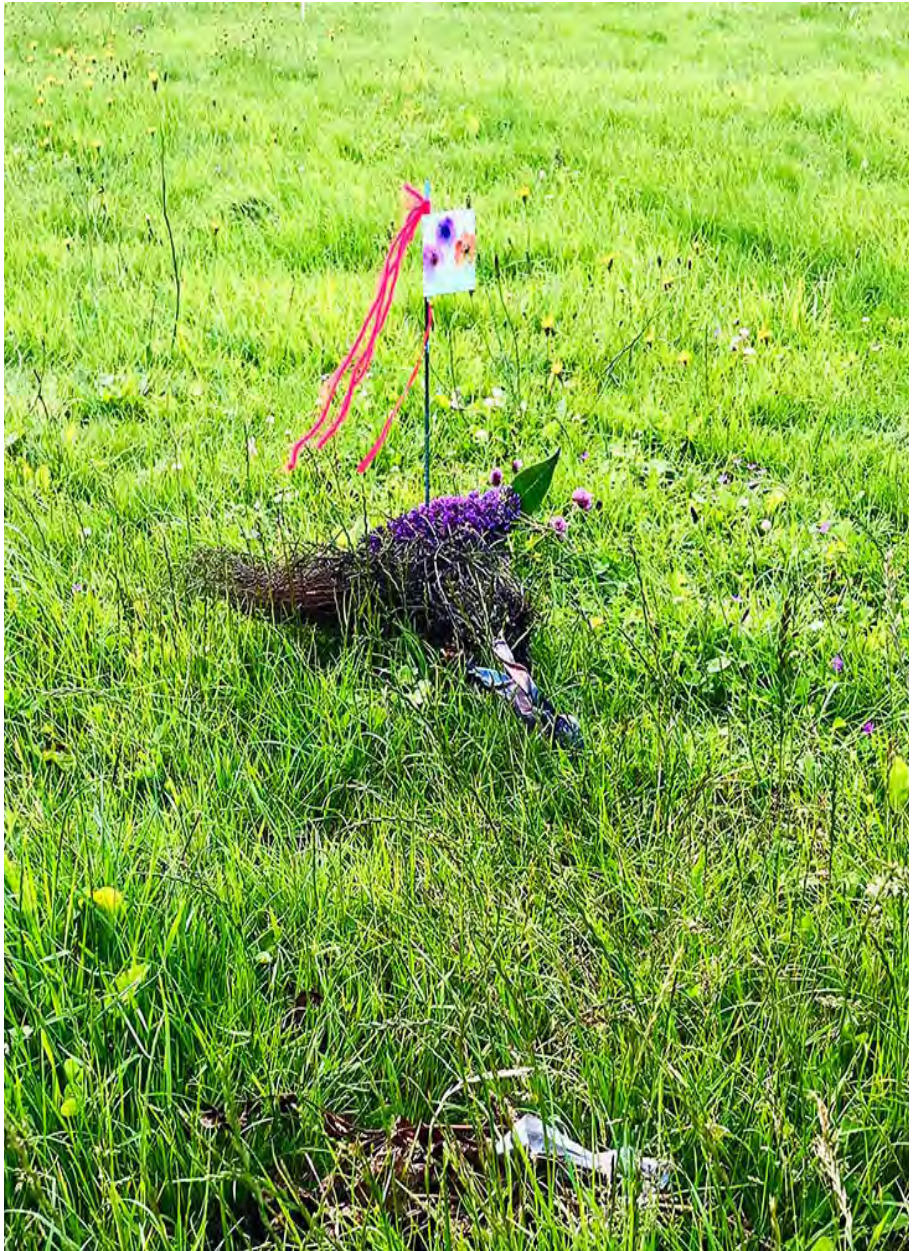
In these days, these lockdown days, I look forward to the process of throwing simple forms. The porcelain clay is uncomplicated, and as blank as the slate surface I work on.

Here I can leave myself behind, and as Philip Pullman said “get out of the way of the story”.

¹ Lakoff, George and Johnson, Mark, *Philosophy in the Flesh: The Embodied Mind and its Challenges to Western Thought*. New York: Perseus Books, 1999

5

Richard White



A letter from No Place (like) Home

All correspondence now begins with the routine but heartfelt, hope you are safe and well.

..and I do....

In my nuclear Armageddon nightmares a half life and more ago I used to imagine the slow cloud of fallout drifting towards us on the weather, invisible and deadly.

So I have dreamed these moments of spring grass and green, yellow, blue, when the plant world bursts into life.

But in the joy of this moment there is dread.

Strange walking at dawn,

getting up early to get out, not really out of choice

but to avoid the pumping virus breath of unmasked runners and uphill cyclists.

I am learning to fear.

Watching/listening to the spaces humans are withdrawing from.

Could do without the rats in the compost heap though.

and is the dawn chorus got louder or did I just get up early?

In our house I was the last threat, it was me who shook hands with the nice scaffolder coming to build a platform to fix the roof lifted and scattered by the winds.

Weeks ago and tomorrow, the two weeks are up from that last skin contact with a stranger.

Our flat rang with Indian drones and sitar from my daughter and boyfriend who had dodged the virus like skimming stones on a calm sea: from master class training to tourism, a step behind Trump and a step ahead of lock down, to a show that was closed just as they got back. Last skip, a rescue ride picking them

I can't breathe
I can't breathe
I can't breathe
I can't breathe
I can't breathe
I can't breathe
I can't breathe
I can't breathe

Twenty times. Last breath. One man, George Floyd. Too many others.
300 years. White silence. Whisper it
I don't know where home is.

Today

That insidious enchanting white silence clings to the valleys of wealth
in an oily smog, as contagious as the virus, invisible, deadly. The
sounds of questions, and a noisy reclaiming the space opens the door
to reparation and reconciliation.

Locked down, not locked down, still being lied to. It's shit.

Our celebration is cancelled.

The sun has stopped shining ...but even that bit was scary.
at least Colston is down and the shout is out.

With love and solidarity

Richard White July 2020

6

Victoria Kaye



PURDAH

In this outpost
time is
anxious confused
a quantum puzzle
weeks crawlingonfastforward
months racing in slow mo.
electronic life
is whatever you need it to be
and people?
and people exist – but live
on other planets now

7

Rob Irving



My notes on anchorites as preparatory research for a site visit somehow found their narrative during the 2020 Covid-19 lockdown; the visit had to wait until travel restrictions were lifted. What follows is something of an allegory concerning relations between place and identity, belonging and exclusion, isolation and devotion, solitude, and sadness.

Anchorites

The word is Late Middle English: from medieval Latin *anchorita*, the latinisation of the ecclesiastical Greek *anakhōrētēs*, from *anakhōrein* to retire or withdraw, from *ana-* 'back' + *khōra*, *khōr-* 'a place'.

Khōra is more than a place. The Greeks had no word for space, so it suggests the perceptual subtleties of a place, which trigger emotion, memory, and imagination—a presence that haunts particular places. Drawing on Plato's *Timaeus*, Martin Heidegger's *khōra* is an abstraction of place; it "withdraws, and in such a way [...] 'makes place' for something else"—it is an ontological concept of spirit of a place ...its *genius loci*. Accordingly, an anchorite is 'withdrawn to one place'; he or she retires to a life of religious solitude. While this is also true of hermits, hermits are free to wander whereas anchorites were required to be confined to just a few square feet. (Except, that is, the exceptions who had negotiated a garden.) Their cells or anchorholds were constructed within or abutted to a religious building. Othered but integral—occupying a space that, to Jacques Derrida, "at times appears to be neither this nor that, at times both this and that" wavering "between the logic of exclusion and that of participation." An early C13th monastic instruction for anchoresses refers to the ship's anchor—attached to some stable point in order to hold a ship in one area and keep it from floating away.*

The anchoress is called an 'anchor', and anchored under the church like an anchor under the side of a ship to hold the ship, so that waves and storms do not capsize it. Just so all Holy Church (which is described as a ship) should anchor on the anchoress, for her to hold it so that the devil's blasts, which are temptations, do not blow it over.

Ancrene Wisse: A Guide for Anchoresses

Based on Cambridge Corpus Christi College MS 402,
edited and translated by Bella Millett,
University of Exeter Press, 2000

Records of anchoritism in Britain range from the C12th to its height in the C14th, when over 200 anchorites were recorded. They were mostly women, hence the feminine suffix 'ess'. Otherwise, it was monastic—men wrote the rules of female restriction ...but *treade a proverbial worme on the tayle and it must turne agayne*—so it was that the dynamic of female influence within a male-dominated Church eventually led to an interesting twist in this tale.

The anchorhold was a place/space and the anchorite its living soul transmitting anchoritic spirituality through a small window into the wider community and beyond. When we consider gender and space within the anchoritic context, it is not fatuous to imagine the extent to which anchoresses played a role in the politics of the mediaeval church as a medium for feminine influence in such a male-dominated society. Indeed, mediaeval scholar Liz Herbert McAvoy argues that the spread of anchoresses in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries in border areas such as the Welsh Marches "played a vital role in literally anchoring civilised, Christian values within a terrain with very little stability", whose equilibrium was at risk of perpetual upset by male warmongering. In this way, anchoresses educated in the service of god, through letters, poems, and music, via a network of communication

whose message was “deeply feminine in affect and effect, spreading like spiritual contagion from woman to woman, their families, and those men with whom they interacted”, resulting in an exogenous feminised insight which coalesced into a wider call for Church reform in the C15th. However, this potential was abruptly halted in the C16th with the Reformation and dissolution of the monasteries, the Church’s architecture and identity with feminine anchoritic spirituality falling foul of the iconoclastic excesses of a King’s ego and its cultural backlash.

Typically, the anchorhold was twelve-feet square, enough for a bed and an altar, and perhaps a wooden stool and a cill holding a candle to work by. The entry to this space was sealed. A squint or hagnoscope—a narrow window deeply splayed in the inner wall—allowed a restricted view of the church altar, and another opening enabled the occupant to receive the Eucharist. A window to the outside world allowed for food provision and waste disposal. It was also a portal for spiritual guidance and counsel to be given to visitors and pilgrims. If the visitors were men, modesty (and some warmth, I suppose) was preserved by a black curtain displaying a cross. The *Ancrene Wisse* advises anchorites against “being fond” of windows, telling them that “the black cloth shows that you yourselves are black and of no value in the eyes of the outside world.” While this was not true, it reflects a certain mediaeval attitude, and of supposedly celibate ecclesiastical authorities, towards women. Complementing the darkness symbolised by the black cloth, the ceremony of enclosure included last rites, as if internment was a kind of death ...and it was: it represented a passage from ‘this’ world to a purgatorial existence with the promise of paradise to come. The anchorite was symbolically buried alive, rendered dead to the world, confined to “grave-like spatial fixity” as mediaevalist Mari Hughes-Edwards puts it. It was considered a sin to leave the confines of the anchorhold and break the vows bound by sacralised ritual. There were exceptions to this, though, and also to the rule of solitude, with rare

examples of two anchoresses living together. Some even had maids to satisfy their needs, which would have required funds; whether personal or paid for by a wealthy benefactor. Many anchoresses came from well-to-do families, and were able to negotiate their own conditions. They were elevated spiritually too. When we fully consider the nature of belief, the lot of the anchorite does not seem so unreasonable. The metaphorical death represented by enclosure extended to the anchorite's embodiment as a holy relic, living as part of the local community as well as boosting its economy. That one of the anchorites' roles was that they were consulted for religious counsel implies a level of education on their part, and certainly the ability to read. Although female veneration of women in was unusual, the image of the Blessed Virgin Mary was an obvious precedent; and for the anchoress she made a model mother-in-law.

The story of Nicole Boellet, founder of the Colettine Poor Clares, a reform branch of the Order of Saint Clare, is exemplary of how anchoritism offered women a status and religious vocation within the Catholic system. In infancy, Nicole became Nicolette and this was then shortened to Colette. Now she is venerated as the patron saint of women seeking to conceive, expectant mothers, and sick children. During her enclosure in the Abbey of Corbie in the Picardy region of France, Colette had several dreams and visions that she took as a message from God to reform the Franciscan Second Order by returning it to its original ideals of absolute poverty and austerity. But how had this message come from God if she was enclosed and to whom she was committed to serve and stay put? She asked for a sign, which came with the collapse of one of the walls of her cell, enabling her to break out and fulfil her mission. So the story goes.

The problem of mediaeval male attitudes to women was riddled with paradox. Clearly in the hive mind of the Church a different set of rules

for anchoresses was required. One example is a prohibition from touching (even with the eyes) male visitors. Aelred of Rievaulx in his *The Rule of Life for a Recluse* (circa 1160) feared that if the opening of an anchoresses cell was widened to admit visitors “the cell would become a brothel”. In being venerated, the anchoress occupied a distinctly liminal space betwixt and between holy and unholy, chastity and concupiscence, veneration and penetration, having inherited, writes Herbert McAvooy, the “monstrous hybridity” of original sin, which was why she was, “by means of her sex, always susceptible to lascivious thoughts and actions”. As well as saintly virgin, the anchoress multitasked the role of sin-eater, a scapegoat who not only lived with Eve’s sins and had the time to suffer them fully, but also the sins and anxieties of the community. Just as, accordingly, her fantasy groom, Christ—*ecco homo*—subsumed mankind’s sins and died for us.

Anchritism constitutes a unique frame of reference by which to approach the subject of space and place. In her introduction to her book on anchorites Herbert McAvooy quotes from Gertrude Bell’s letter to her father describing her experiences in the Syrian desert:

““Shall I tell you my chief impression?” she asks him, “—the silence. It is like the silence of mountain tops, but more intense, for there you know the sound of wind and far away water and falling ice and stones; there is a sort of echo of sound there, you know it, Father. But here ...nothing.””

Liz Herbert McAvooy,
Mediaeval Anchoritisms: Gender, Space, and the Solitary Life (2011)

Herbert McAvooy recognises a connection between the silence and solitude of the desert “in terms of an empty nothingness, a non-space waiting to be filled, a place-in-waiting where, liminal to the rest of the world, the human being actually has a chance of becoming or of





achieving a new kind of selfhood." Gaston Bachelard observes that "there is nothing like silence to suggest a sense of unlimited space." This vastness, and its spacial poetics, can be as much experienced in a tiny place, such as an anchorhold, as with open space, such as a desert. *Anchor is also a term used in psychotherapy to define a safe place for security and calm—a reference by which to stabilise a mental state. An absolute refuge, as Bachelard called it.

None of this helped Christine Carpenter, a C14th anchoress at St James', Shere, near Guildford, Surrey, come to terms with her own fate. Church records relate to just three years of her life, 1329-32. They include her application to become an anchorite, her interment in a cell abutting the church, until, after a year into her residency she made an illicit exit, breaking her sacred anchorite vows of continence, stability of place, and perpetual chastity. The mid-to-late C14th was a time of social upheaval which led to the Peasants' Revolt, a consequence of the devastating aftermath of wave after wave of plague. The *Black Death* incurred a desperate labour shortage and a shift in the feudal balance of power; simply by way of the laws of supply and demand serfs could now set their own terms of employment and who they chose to be employed by. Now able to move between manors, peasants were freed from the fundamental ties of ownership. Whether there was something in the air of this time that influenced Christine's own bid for freedom is an open question. It seems that she was undone by those obdurate twins, memory and imagination—another kind of anchorage—that is, of her previous life ...of fairs and affairs ...of being touched, skin on skin and other transitory pleasures which sinners exchange for goodness. Her story is central to the subject of Arnold Wesker's play *Caritas* (1971), where Wesker has Christine ruminating that

...there was a oneness time. I search that. When I were with my soul, an' my soul were with my body, an' my body was with me,

an' we was all one with God an' His lovely nature, an' there were
O such peace an' rightness an' a knowing of my place. That really
were a oneness time, that were. An' I search that, Lord Jesus.

Arnold Wesker, *Caritas*, Scene V Act 1, 1993

In Chris Newby's 1993 film *Anchoress*, Christine digs her way out to be met by friends and together they embark on a road trip. There are contemporary accounts of Christine "'gadding about' the countryside, engaging with the dangers of sinful temptation, and in her wanderings presenting ready prey for the devil." Just as the Church was Christine's anchor, for reasons I've explained it needed her as well because, as in Wesker's play the girl's mother observes, "it would look better in the district with an anchoress to boast of." To the diocese, Christine represented an investment, and her escape an embarrassment. The Bishop pitched the scandal to the Pope in Avignon, and under threat of excommunication and eternal damnation for reneging on her vows Christine re-entered the anchorhold, and there she ended her days. It was early October 1332. Then she disappears from the historical record; such were the efforts of the Church at this time to restrict the freedom of anchorites and render them subject to perpetual clostration that Christine's body was likely buried unceremoniously beneath her cell on top of a mouldering pile of her predecessors.

Key sources:

Robyn Cadwallader, *The Anchoress*, Faber & Faber, London, 2015

Liz Herbert McAvoy *Mediaeval Anchoritisms: Gender, Space, and the Solitary Life*, D.S. Brewer, 2011

Mari Hughes-Edwards, *Reading Medieval Anchoritism*, University of Wales Press, Cardiff, 2012

Arnold Wesker, *Caritas: a play in two acts*, Jonathan Cape, 1981

8

Alyson Minkley

A projected still image from a video of a 360 degrees drawing which resulted from a live process. I do not exhibit the drawings, only scale prints with embedded QR codes linked to the videos. Within the drawing are the figures representing the steps I walked, tallied against the daily COVID-19 death toll during the first period of lockdown.

The performance lasted 104 minutes for the number of days of the first lockdown. This was condensed to 17 seconds in time lapse, coincidentally referencing The Cure's *A Measure of Life*.

The video is available to view at: <https://vimeo.com/436818876>

Place: Home

Alyson Minkley 2020







9

Lydia Halcrow

This was written at the end of the first UK lockdown in March 2020. On re-reading it prior to publication in 2022, we had gone through a further two lockdowns and my feelings about home shifted considerably during that time. I decided however, that this record should remain unchanged as a fragment of my feelings and thinking between March and May 2020.

These people of then.

It's taken on two opposing forces. It is safety and comfort, it's a luxury that too many don't have. It's the last place of normality where masks and blue plastic gloves don't dominate. No strange looks to misinterpret that worm their way under my skin. I'm struggling to leave as the days progress. In that first week I only make it out under cover of darkness, crossing near empty streets zigzagging my way past other shell-shocked walkers. Night-time roamers looking for something or someone. Once again the circumference of walking and running routes shrink to perhaps a few small miles. Round and round I go, the magnetic pull of home honing me back. Queue obsessive handwashing and then the slow relief to shut the door onto it all. Dodge the slow ticking up of numbers creeping up on the radio as politicians point the finger of blame every which way but their own.

As the days move forward the pause makes space for new noises, new places, new time-limited adventures. Little messages left for friends chalked up on pavements. Replies hunted out like urban treasures. Wildflowers start to break through the ground and line the verges of my running and walking routes. The insects are staging a comeback. Small positives emerging in pockets of resistance to our relentless human consumption placed on pause. Birdsong frames breakfast we've found time to stage outside.

The children are restless. They are asked to grapple with something the adults cannot. They ask questions we cannot answer. A new possibility opens up that the people they trust upon to keep them safe cannot. That those same people may not be safe themselves as the cloud of uncertainty envelops us all. They are expected to put a hold on play, adventure, feeling every surface and every place through their hands. I lose count of the requests not to touch. A volatility creeps into life but slowly as the weeks progress it ebbs and flows away through the cracks in now scorched earth. New non-routines emerge that we muddle through together. The sun suns and the rain doesn't rain. We plant seeds to water, food to grow, slow seeds of hope for this newly uncertain future. We draw together, new conversations forming on paper in a language not valued by Gove's curriculum.

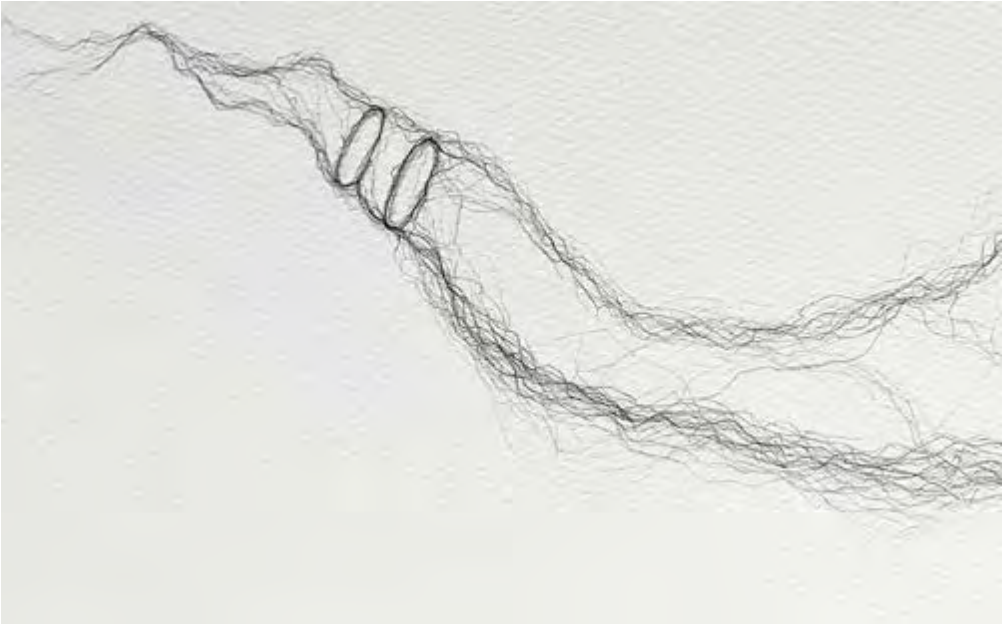
A running route forges its memory into the soles of my feet. People are taking back the streets. The car is no longer king. For the first time in a long time the air smells clear, the diesel tang is lost. A perversity creeps in. I have the time, space and place to focus on my health. I am healthier than I can remember for many years. This is a guilty secret I hold within. We eat together. Slowly. We walk together. Slowly. I run with my neighbour's dog through fields framed with butterflies. But the undercurrent remains. I collect crushed cans of cider and lager occupying the no-man's land between pavement and road, stepped upon to dodge a passer-by. I read about women and children trapped at home with their abusers. I read about drinking emerging as a way to escape. Home is not always a place of safety. Many homes are not shaped through bird song, home grown vegetables and smells of freshly baked sourdough. This is not something to forget. There are other stories here to tell and other voices that seldom get heard. Attacks on women increase in public spaces. Yet I find I am made bold to run and walk alone. It becomes a necessity. When tomorrow may

arrive to take our breath, today's hour outside is full of defiance. I am told off for walking on private land, but I take those paths again. Who can claim to own the land when the air is no longer safe to breathe?

My walks on empty(ish) streets take a tour of discarded surgical gloves and masks nestled amongst the crushed cans of cider and lager. A distillation of human life. Its 5 o'clock and the kids are in pyjamas still. It's a one-hour window to escape and yet some days it closes with us still cocooned inside. Floor space is at a premium. A miniature city is taking over. All the shops that we don't go to reformed in cardboard and clay. Toys are socially distanced as some fall ill. I eavesdrop on role-play that holds within it a dark sense of knowing.

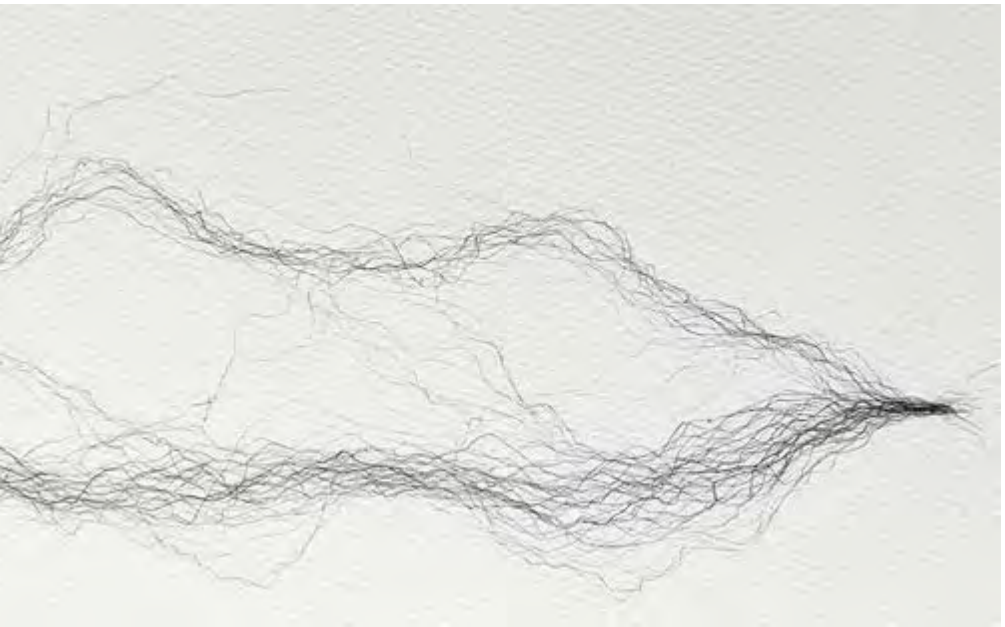
Thursdays come and we emerge into the last light to clap dutifully just as our politicians celebrated their pay freeze many months and a lifetime ago, as friends fall ill and others care for the elderly with not a scrap of PPE in sight. April brings news of cases into my grandmother's home. Elderly are released minus test, making fateful journey's from hospital to care homes. The plus numbers of cases surge. A new worry takes hold. My Grandmother cannot understand why no one visits anymore. Told as she is to remain in her tiny room, her dementia fogged defiance leads to a break out and a willful roaming of the empty corridors. We write cards and draw pictures, posting bundles to explain, so that in a single moment she might know before she is left to forget.

At Easter we spend days painting cardboard eggs, chicks and bunnies to hang on branches that overhang the road. People come to see them on their walks. Other houses too. A significance swells in these small activities. It says – we are still here, we still care, we still have a place in this world.



I should have been walking on the estuary. I hope against hope that I will make it still, sniff at the salty air. Instead I trace and retrace the walking routes and their slow circling of the abandoned ships. I walk these in my mind and then on paper, eyes closed, pencil in hand, walking the walks I can't do as walks in my head that I can. The sounds of pencil on paper, the feeling of its quiet resistance, imaging my walking body as if I could float above and view from the air. I think about the places I will return to, walks to be walked and places drawing memory lines in my mind.

I run my sanity run naming the wildflowers as my Grandmother once taught me, seeing long forgotten species find the space and time to grow once more. Then one day they are gone. Left in their place splintered hedge edges and grasses upended. The vast mechanical cutter decimating a path to make space for the cars that travel on the



lane no more. The fragility of the last straw that my hope was clinging onto is laid bare. All the insects wiped out in a short, efficient ten minutes between tea breaks. We harvest the poppy seeds that have found their way through cracks in pavements days before the council start to spray them dead again. As lockdown eases a strange desire to return to destruction emerges as the pent-up aggression is unleashed. Quiet pockets of hope are extinguished. More cars roam, lawlessness is in the air, new speeds are reached. Horns beep again. Drivers swear at walkers in the road. The passenger-less number 6 bus rides rider-less on its ghostly rounds. I make it to the studio but nothing makes sense. Anxiety fills the stale air. The work belongs to another me living another life. So I sit and scroll through the information and misinformation two taps away.



A lockdown birthday brings hand drawn cards, home-made cakes that didn't rise, plants in pots from friend's gardens. Distant smiles. Still the sun shines and the rain doesn't rain. Life takes on an other-worldly quality. Perhaps we have all stepped out of time and season. Perhaps our other selves are busily still going about their daily business while we hold our breath in this long pause. On good days a sense of peace creeps in. We brave the disapproving stares and take a hammock to the park taking turns to bask in the shade and read. We eat biscuits. Sometimes before midday. We have strange dreams. We find the real and the dream worlds tangle together in a tight knot. Gradually the dates are lost, the weeks and weekends merge. No one can remember when the children last brushed their hair. A bond is formed. The sisters create new worlds and café's from mud. I tell them that one day they will tell their children of this time. I tell them that one day things will be normal again. I wonder what normal will look like. I wonder if we ever really liked it anyway. I wonder who we were these people of then.

10

Michele Whiting

Beginningless Empathy Inwardness





11

Mike Crocker

Place: Home and the New Normal

The concept of home has been at the centre of our own individual worlds since evolution allowed mankind to develop from the animal kingdom. As humans we assume an inherited sense of centrality, with our home centred within our lives. Work and leisure spaces exist as annexed satellite areas that orbit around our home space, accessible on demand as required. The place we consider to be home is our anchor to society and community, and the basis of what our lives are built around. Home holds our own individual collections of artefacts and heirlooms that contribute to our unique identities.

The home provides an image of the past. Moreover, in an ideal sense home lies at the centre of one's life, and centre connotes origin and beginning.

Yi-Fu Tuan, *Space and Place: The Perspective of Experience*,
University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis. 2001

Before the Covid-19 lockdown, home was a place of respite and recuperation, a defined escape space of the scheduled working week. Much like the weekend, we longed to retreat to our homes during the busy working week. Since the lockdown, home has evolved to include the purpose of workplace as well as that of sanctuary and rest. The concept of home has transfigured into a new, all-encompassing life space where work and rest now meet.

In the present day, our home is a timeless space that has become muddled by repetition and familiarity. Work, home, and domestic tasks have become entwined, overlapped and confused. With home and work seamlessly blended together, different areas of our lives are increasingly difficult to separate and define. Escaping the new combined challenges of the home/workspace has become paramount



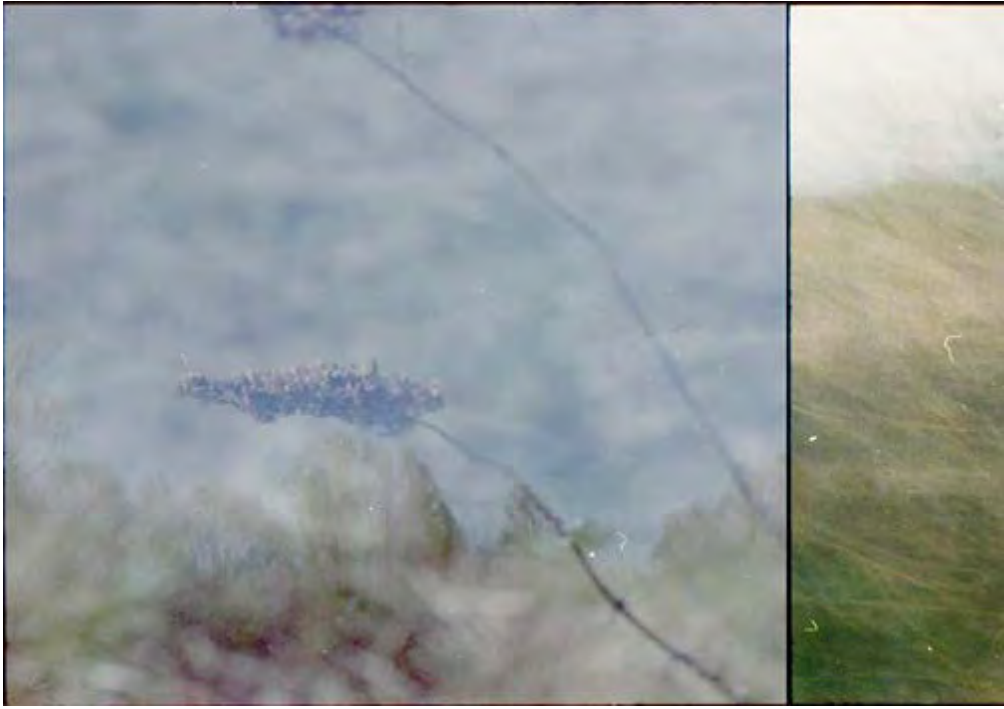
during the lockdown with limited respite found within the accessible spaces that immediately surround us.

The community that surrounds the site of our individual bricks and mortar buildings can also be interpreted as a home space. Roads, paths and the spaces immediately beyond our dwelling boundaries also offer us the familiar sense of security that we recognise behind closed doors. These local spaces, often previously overlooked and visited only during a transitory process, have gained a new value during the era of the pandemic lockdown. They have remained accessible to us when the great out-doors was largely closed and afforded a brief opportunity to remember normality. These accessible everyday spaces have developed into unexpected places of worth and escapism that became cherished during the strictest period of our lockdown.

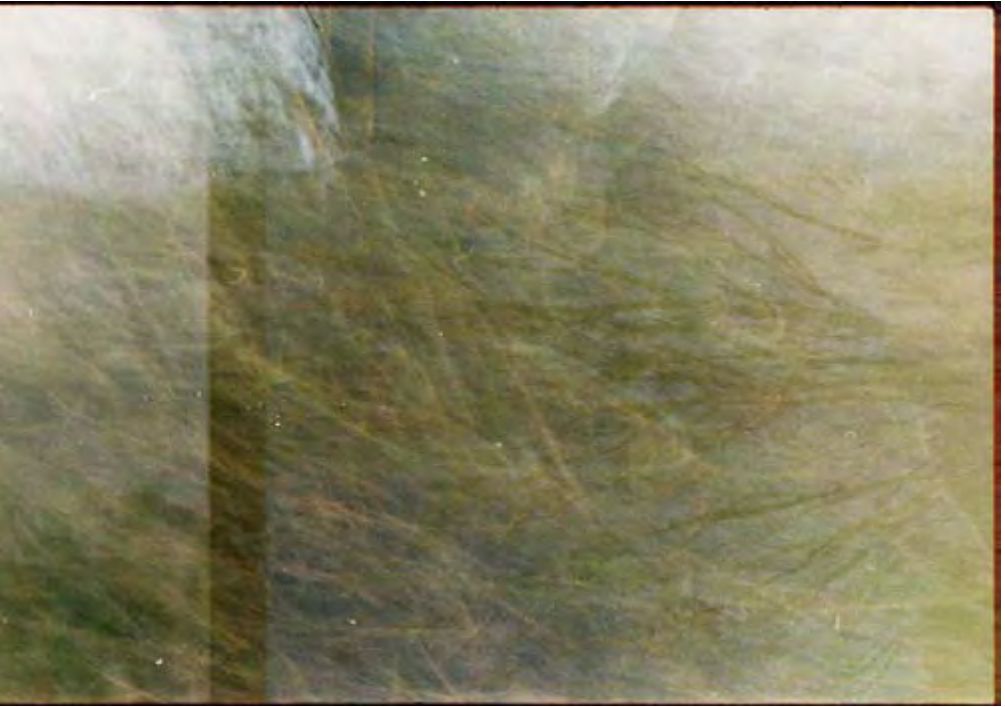
The passage of time that was previously marked easily by the regular routine of the daily commute, now slips by without defining events. Time has become a dream-like blur as our previous time markers no longer exist. Gone are the 6.20 alarm, 7.17 bus, and the 9.15 team meeting. Instead, the working week is replaced by continuous on-demand video conferencing and phone calls, and the technical challenges that they bring.

The hastily established home-office is a paradox, where the illuminated glow of screens has interrupted a space once reserved for calmness and rest. The combining of work and home spaces has allowed an increased sense of anxiety to form, where human interaction is limited, and an unknown future is questioned constantly. We are feeling a lack of control.

My own creative response to the challenges presented by the lockdown has been to explore the notions of revalued space and muddled time. Using only materials available at home, a photographic



record has been produced of accessible spaces around my home that underscores the changed value of space and the blurred passage of time experienced. Each 35mm film has been exposed multiple times with frames overlapping into neighbouring images, providing a metaphor to the repetition and time blur experienced in the new home/ workspace. The use of expired film and chemistry has contributed some vivid and unexpected colour shifts to the work that presents a link to the perceived lack of control experienced and the surreal reality of the unstructured days we have found ourselves in as the pandemic continues. In the chapter Time in Experiential Space, Tuan suggests, "Open space itself is an image of hopeful time", and this concept is reflected within the photographic images.



The constantly evolving idea of the new normal guides us to arrive at a place, where the safety and security of home can be found and maintained, but while a functional and productive life can also continue to be led. A profound new appreciation of the value of accessible spaces is a clear outcome. With the time markers of our previous lives now abandoned and time passing with unmarked events, effort is needed to adapt and modify the places that contain our lives as we all make the paradigm shift to a new normal.

Reference: Tuan, Y. (2001) *Space and Place: The Perspective of Experience*. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press.

12

Melissa Mahon







13

Davina Kirkpatrick

place: home

Key words: practicing precarity, mending and making anew, ritual, repetition.

I wonder about the idea of practicing precarity. I think the world is precarious, but we are often shielded from this reality. By practicing I am brought in slightly closer proximity to those without the privileges I have here. I also think it is one of our superpowers as artists to find ways to creatively live with precarity. There is a link between practicing precarity, becoming more adept at holding and accepting the affects and effects of precarity, and the conclusion from my practice-based PhD - that finding equivalent intensities to the intensity of grief enables one to walk with and alongside grief rather than become enmeshed in the societal call to get over it.

Precarity as defined by Cruz-Del Rosario and Rigg (2019) talks of a specificity of anguish determined by "living a life of ambient insecurity", where stability, identity and old reliance shift and change. This is what I see, and experience, being played out during this pandemic crisis. I agree with Standing (2011,12,13,14) that late capitalism, with its retraction of the state and its responsibilities to promote social protection and to preserve entitlement, creates precarity and therefore a new class, the precariat. This with Hewison's (2016) definition of techno-bohemians or the cybertariat subject to digital disciplining were already upon us but have the expanded capabilities and dependencies on digital solutions added to a splintered precarity exposed in these pandemic times? There is a definite blurring of work/home boundaries for many but as someone who has a studio at home this blurring has been part of my experience of home for many years.

So how am I practicing?

I am finding intimacy in virtual spaces to mediate the effects of social distancing through collaborative narrative inquiry—collaborative writing.

Quarantine Conversations with artists Prof Jane Speedy and Carol Laidler, we Zoom each week for a couple of hours and have created a method of chatting, reading to each other something we have written prior to meeting, immediately writing/drawing our response to these for 15 mins and then reading/showing these to each other and then reflecting on these by chatting again, sometimes we do a second round of writing and reading. We then email each week writing to each other. Soon we will join with a pod of 3 academics in Australia (Bronwyn Davies, Suzanne Gannon, Sheridan Linnell) who have been doing something similar.

Writing with a larger international group of academics from UK, South America, North America and Europe organised by CCRI (Centre for Creative Relational Inquiry based at the University of Edinburgh) I have been surprised by the depth of vulnerability people show. I wonder if it's like telling secrets to someone you meet on a train, a permission to be intimate in the intensity of these bodies being held together across time zones and continents but with a commonality of lockdown, disruption and fear.

The Tilda Project with performance artist Dr Natalie Raven, adapting the method from Quarantine Conversations to write/make specifically about the film *Orlando*.

Additionally a shared domestic/lockdown drawing WhatsApp group (with artist Penny Somerville and my nephew James Kirkpatrick) allowed both a different visual sharing and required giving time to re-honing looking and drawing skills, encouraging me to draw, re-finding

my delight in materials and mark making and having an ongoing visual relationship with Penny and James that inflects the materials or subject matter we individually choose.

I have focused on the use of rituals and repetition - daily photographs from my walks with my red dog Ulf, which may develop into some future artwork, and whilst my dad was in lockdown with me, a daily film and cocktail evening ritual; 13 weeks and we still didn't get to the end of my eclectic DVD collection.

I realise I had a need for the haptic satisfied by creating artwork in my studio that centres on touch and texture, worked surfaces that I could lose myself in creating, "akin to a meditation practice a reciting of a mantra". (Kirkpatrick 2017) I talk of this in my practice PhD making artwork from the inspiration of my dead partners slippers. I revisit this meditative practice through using glass and monotypes, thinking about how longing, distance, memory, touch - play out, against, alongside, each other. I create cast glass impressions that also include ghost images of a back view of Ulf and my shadow and a series of monotypes. The oil paint and turpentine smells filled the studio, as I playfully layer texture and colour. I was intimately aware of the tips of my fingers how changes in pressure or angle, applying all of my fingertip or just a section, or fingernail affect the mark made. Cutting and sticking collaged digital prints with marks made by touching, stroking, scratching, responding to the previous marks, layering over. I allowed the images to immerse and change from initial photographic and word prompts. Indian red, Cerulean blue, Payne's grey, yellow ochre; the choosing partly determined by which oil paints were in a useable state, as they had lain unused in my late Uncle Jack's wooden paint box for many years. I found myself smiling, as time slipped, and I stopped worrying, for a while, about my changed life landscape of Covid-19.



North - breathe in, breathe out, space



Horizon – breathe in, breathe out





Monotypes - growth/jigging.according.chambers I & II

Being home, not wanting to go out, and not being able to easily access materials I fully embraced mending and making anew, creating both new artwork from what is already there and doing DIY with my dad. Mending and making anew is a refashioning of the phrase mending and making do. I prefer mending and making anew, creating from what is there already. The original phrase resonant of a childhood where I spent a lot of time with my maternal grandmother, because my mother was ill, riles me because it seems to suggest lack and privation very present in my early childhood experience. This pandemic will not leave us unchanged the positive for me is learning to be kinder not only to others but to myself as well, questioning what I really need materially and how if I can mend and make anew the impact this could have upon what paid work I need to do. How creativity is vital to whatever utopian vision I have for the future.



Covid 19 memorial cock mosaic on studio wall

I want to make elderflower cordial—but can't find an elder tree. I ask my elderly neighbours up the road, who I often see walking, holding hands and who are tending their garden, I can imagine they have made wine and cordial in their time and my hunch is borne out. They tell me where some grow. I find one near an old engine house on the Great Flat Lode, but the flowers aren't ready yet. The sun continues to shine, and I plant the elder tree I have bought for the future, that has arrived in the post this morning.

I discover I have planted a tree named after the matriarchal Scandinavian tree spirit Hylde-Moer—Mother Elder. A powerful potent pagan symbol that, of course, had negative Christian symbolism. According to folklore I could burn the wood to see the devil, as the sap and open structure of the branches makes it spit and scream when burning, but by planting one I ward off the devil. Once it is grown, I could carve a pipe to bring the faery folk to my door especially on Midsummers Eve, when the Faery King and Queen and their entourage pass by. If I sleep under it, I need to watch out for the mildly narcotic influence from its strong smelling leaves, that also repel flies and keeps milk from turning. I could hang bunches of its leaves in my studio doorway, as they have been hung in dairies, bakehouses and livestock barns to repel diseases or make elderflower tea to potentially combat flu-like symptoms and sore throats, sounds like the perfect plant for these times.

I draw it once planted and decide to evoke second century magic by layering over the words - abracadabra (I will create as I speak) written in the form of a triangle, maybe I'll make an amulet to ward off disease even if Defoe scoffed at this symbolic practice applied to doors during the Great Plague of London! I'm trying to find ways to be playful with my fears of an ill-timed easing of the lockdown rules.

ABRACADABRA

ABRACADABR

ABRACADAB

ABRACADA

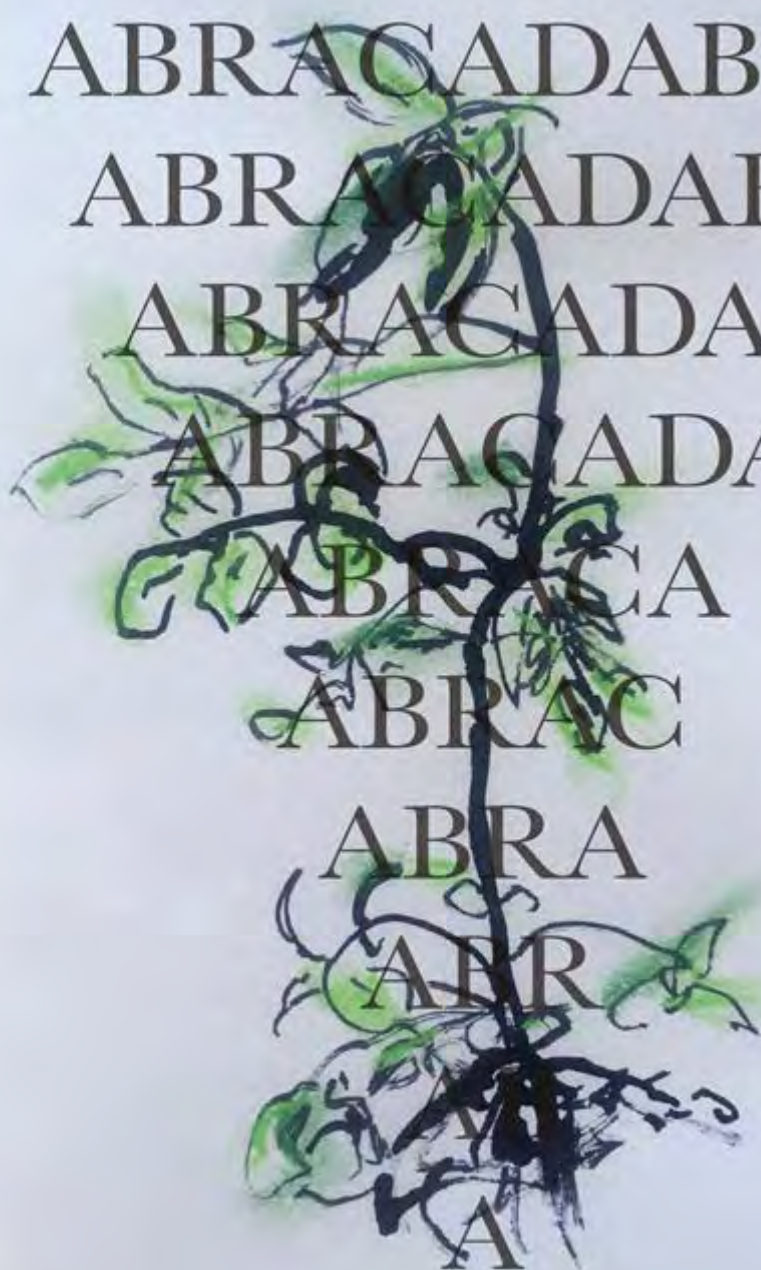
ABRACA

ABRAC

ABRA

ABR

A





ABRACADABRA

ABRACADBR

ABRACADB

ABRACAD

ABRACA

ABRAC

ABRA

ABR

AB

A

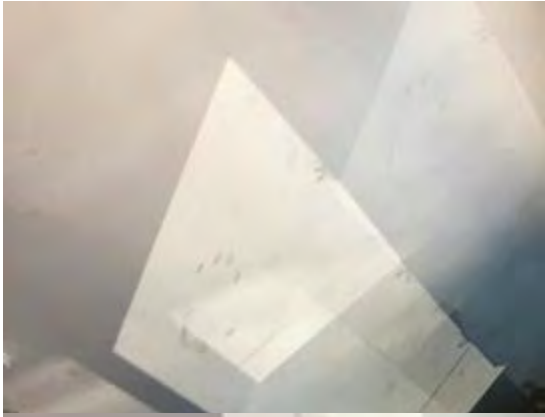
This enforced narrowing of where I situate myself has allowed a recalibration of desires and ambitions. Love helps us deal with “the paradox of living a life in a world one has not chosen while simultaneously being a temporal, self-reflective, and social being that takes an active stance toward the future, together with the Other” (Sköld & Roald, 2020). Their reference to a paradox of living echoes the Heidegger notion of ‘thrownness’ *Geworfenheit*; the social conventions or ties of kinship and duty, we are born and inherit; a family system and find ourselves part of something that we did not choose. I think the practices are helping to provide choice and control and to find ways to love and be kind to myself as well as others.

References:

- Cruz-Del Rosario, T., & Rigg, J., (2019) Living in an Age of Precarity in 21st Century Asia, *Journal of Contemporary Asia*, 49:4, 517-527.
- Heidegger, M. (1962) *Being and Time*. Translated by John Macquarrie & Edward Robinson. Oxford UK: Blackwell.
- Hewison, K. 2016. "Precarious Work." In *The SAGE Handwork of the Sociology of Work and Employment*, edited by S. Edgell, H. Gottfried, and E. Gastner, 428–443. London: Sage.
- Kirkpatrick, D. *Grief and loss; living with the presence of absence*. A practice based study of personal grief narratives and participatory projects. (Thesis). University of the West of England
- Sköld, ATB & Roald, T 2020, 'An existential structure of love', *The Humanistic Psychologist*. [<https://doi.org/10.1037/hum0000165>]
- Standing, G. 2011. *The Precariat: The New Dangerous Class*. London: Bloomsbury Publishing. [https://scholar.google.com/scholar_lookup?hl=en&publication_year=2011&author=Standing%2C+G&title=The+Precariat%3A+The+New+Dangerous+Class]
- Standing, G. 2012. "The Precariat: From Denizens to Citizens?" *Polity* 44 (4): 588-608. [https://scholar.google.com/scholar_lookup?hl=en&publication_year=2012&pages=588608&issue=4&author=G.+Standing&title=The+Precariat%3A+From+Denizens+to+Citizens%3F]
- Standing, G. 2013. "Defining the Precariat: A Class in the Making." *Eurozine*, April 19. [https://scholar.google.com/scholar_lookup?hl=en&publication_year=2013&author=G.+Standing&title=Defining+the+Precariat%3A+A+Class+in+the+Making]
- Standing, G. 2014. "Understanding the Precariat through Labour and Work." *Development and Change* 45 (5): 963–980. [https://scholar.google.com/scholar_lookup?hl=en&publication_year=2014&pages=963980&issue=5&author=G.+Standing&title=Understanding+the+Precariat+through+Labour+and+Work]

14

Victoria Walters



Home: Questions From Lockdown

During the first UK lockdown in response to COVID-19, I glanced through one of those free local glossy magazines crammed full of barely-veiled advertorials and came to an article about interior design trends. The writer referred to the term 'biophilia', defined as "love of life or living systems", using the word as if it were a temporary vogue. Bring more plants into your home, it exhorted, hang a botanical drawing here and a palm tree print cushion there, and you will bring your look up-to-date. In a related vein, a strategically-positioned piece on the facing page showed elegant "garden rooms", luxury shed structures in gardens, isolated hubs that went beyond the fashion for adding conservatories to the back of houses. They were clearly aimed at someone far wealthier than myself and as a long-term first floor flat-dweller I could only fantasise about owning a garden, let alone a garden room. But I was intrigued by the notion of biophilia. On further investigation, I learned the term was first used by psychologist Erich Fromm in 1964 to describe the human psychological orientation of being attracted to all that is alive and vital. It was then popularised by biologist and naturalist Edward O. Wilson in the 1980s, to refer to what he believed was an innate tendency in people to seek connections with nature. The term is still deemed useful to express the human affinity with other living systems, but later research by Van den Born (2001) suggests that our tendency to connect to other living beings is not innate and inherited but learned, and supports our well-being. (Simaika and Samways, 2010: 903).

The photographs opposite were taken one afternoon during the same month, when I had not yet left the flat for my daily walk. I was feeling melancholy due to insufficient light and lack of company, with the exception of a video call and a few house plants. Their presence had

become less important for interior styling than to support an “affinity with other living systems”, providing the well-being effects of biophilia. They were living company and provided some psychological comfort in relative isolation. However, when I saw their shadows reflected on the ceilings and walls of my living room and took the pictures I knew I needed to go out for light, fresh air and exercise and to be among other living things in order to feel better. As for many in the UK, my daily walk took me along a well-worn route, the canal path from near my home in Bathwick to Bathampton and back. I was incredibly grateful for it and am mindful that I am lucky to live by a pleasant place to exercise. In full daylight, I was immediately reassured that other species were going about their lives as usual, probably not wondering about this human quietude at all, unless missing visits from a person who fed them. Walking is a vital antidote to anxiety and loneliness and with Spring in full flow, I marvelled at the vivid green of trees and listened, cheered, to the sound of birdsong as I made my way. Like so many, I was deeply comforted by the sounds of nature, so much clearer without the late industrial background roar of traffic and planes overhead.

The desire to connect with other living beings for well-being gives the lie to the dominant image of humanity as a master species that can choose to take the occasional Sunday foray into nature, as though it were some kind of optional pick and mix. What it reveals, in part, is our vulnerability. Without an experiential sense of connection with other species we are headed for a mentally precarious state. Deprived of it, our mood soon suffers. I have never experienced such a longing to go out as I did at that stage of the pandemic. But I wonder whether this need for connection might also constitute a major strength, in signalling the vital importance of both species and interspecies connection in more than just a cerebral way, warning us that we cannot survive alone, on any number of levels, as indigenous traditions have

long warned Western man, we must take care of “all our relations”. Biophilia also points to an otherwise covert element of what it means to be at home. During that first lockdown, when I did leave the flat for a walk I no longer had the sensation of going from ‘inside’ to ‘outside’, which was really curious. Instead, the walk felt like an extension of inside. In short, my flat no longer felt like the be all and end all of home because it could not fully meet all my needs to feel well, connected and experientially emplaced.

The subject of home is an immense one, touching on a variety of concepts and cultural translations, including various notions of dwelling, space, and place. It is thus an important subject for Space, Place, Practice as a research group. Home is the focus of wide-ranging discussions in a number of academic disciplines and in her fascinating review of the literature, sociologist Shelley Mallett explains that most researchers conclude that home is a “multidimensional” concept, arguing that more interdisciplinary research in this area is desperately needed, as much falls between the gaps. She points out that all research on home is “value laden”, so future researchers in this area need to be “clear and transparent about the motivation and purposes of their own research” (Mallett, 2004) This short piece poses a question, rather than constituting an academic essay considering complex issues in depth, but I render transparent my concern with our current climate emergency. My question is this. Has being confined to our immediate homes for extended periods enabled people to more fully perceive home’s multidimensional, multi-scalar aspect and might this be beneficial in an ecological sense?

Significantly, the term ecology itself derives from the Greek *oikos* which means household, home or place to live and *logia* which means study-of. The term was coined by German Zoologist Ernst Haeckel to refer to

the branch of science that deals with the relationship between living things and their environment, the “relation of the animal both to its organic as well as its inorganic environment.” (Anon, britannica.com).

For Haeckel, ecology thus includes the study of a living being’s relationship both to other organisms and to its physical surroundings. This study of living things and their environment includes humans, and ecologists have charted dynamics around human niche construction, considering how humans influence and depend on natural systems worldwide and the degree to which this is sustainable. However, the implications of some of the scientific findings have been met with selective myopia and resistance by many, particularly, of course, as they meet with vested interests and raise larger questions about the viability of capitalism. While capitalism seeks to engage our biophilia to sell us product, have the pandemic and lockdown finally interrupted its seductive onslaught, which often obscures the bigger picture? Increasingly, the gravity of the situation forces us to turn the lens upon ourselves with greater focus and consider ourselves as living beings (biota) that urgently need to reconsider our relationship both to “other organisms” and our immediate dwellings.

Perhaps the current situation asks us to embrace within our concept of home a wider notion than our immediate household, an environmental one that embraces the psychological importance, meaning and joy experiential interspecies connections bring to our lives as humans. Interestingly, Simaika and Samways note that studies of biophilia support “the extinction of experience hypothesis (i.e., people lose the wherewithal to reverse the trend in biodiversity loss as they are increasingly disconnected from nature) (Miller, 2005; Stokes, 2006).”

They argue that this experiential, learned aspect of biophilia might conceivably mean it could constitute “a universal ethic for conserving

biodiversity”, since “it is broad enough to allow all cultures to share in its meaning”, but also, and this interests me greatly in relation to the survival rhetoric that abounds, because “it relates to the common need not only to survive, but also to live.” (Simaika and Samways, 2010: 905).

Might a new multi-scalar consciousness of home that recognises the importance of biophilia be being born within people at this time and if so, what role is art playing, or might it play, in this development? Further, the immensely painful reason for its emergence notwithstanding, could this be a consciousness we urgently need?

References:

Anon, Britannica.com [Online, accessed on 10th February, 2021]

Mallett, S., 2004. Understanding Home: A Critical Review of the Literature. In *The Sociological Review* Volume: 52 issue: 1, pp 62-89

Simaika, J.P. and Samways, M.J., 2010. Biophilia as a Universal Ethic for Conserving Biodiversity. In *Conservation Biology* Volume 24, Issue 3.

15

Roxanne Jackson



D164

M^t VENTOUX
Alt. 1912m

Spark

MAISON
LOUIS LATOUR

NORDKAP

Roxanne Jackson

Here Our Memories Evolve



16

Iain Biggs

Between Folds

On Saturday July 12th 2020, I spent the best part of the day taking part in a video conference with the majority of members of Space Place Practice. The next day I bought five pounds of plums via an honesty box outside a cottage on the Severn estuary, the first time I'd used "real" money since lockdown began. These two events signalled a small shift in my internal weather, a turn towards the world of normal social interaction. The image that first came to mind when I registered that shift was of swimming up towards the light from the twilight of deep water. A lightening after a long period of more or less enforced introspection and its tendency to generate gloom. But I quickly realised that that image hides a set of hackneyed psycho-spatial assumptions and turned instead to James Hillman's observation that: 'Elusive, mercurial, the unconscious is not a place, not a state, but a dark ironic brother, an echoing sister, reminding'. Here I want to suggest how that observation may be relevant to our experience of place: home.

The question "where's your home" interests me less than: "how do you come to feel at home"? Someone might say that I have two homes, one in suburban Bristol and another in the northern uplands of Co. Durham. But while that's accurate enough, literally speaking, it misses far too much. Any notion of my being "at home" in Bristol has folded into it the best part of my working life as a "lecturer", "researcher" and "artist", along with a host of assumptions attached to those particular identities. By contrast, my being "at-home" in Co. Durham is related not to those identity tags but to my marriage. My being "at home" there flows from marriage into a matrilineal line embedded in the upland communities of the North Pennines. But that situation in turn has folded into it complex psycho-geographical preferences formed in

my late childhood and early teens, when family holidays were spent on a hill farm in the Highlands of Scotland. And, more recently, there has been further folded into this complex of affiliations a still deepening association with a loose community of artists and academics concerned with the post-rural worlds of the Irish Republic.

In short, 'my' home is never just, or even primarily, a particular physical place. It is also, and inseparably, a mesh of identity traces, hauntings and lived cultures (in that term's multiple senses), along with allegiances to, and sympathies with, particular worlds as taskscapes that are all shared, communal. I am "at home", then, neither in a place nor a single mentality or world. Instead, "home" is a tensioned and dynamic folding together of multiple, unstable senses of place, of spectral traces, cultural preferences and distinct, even mutually antagonistic, taskscapes.

The sense of living between multiple worlds in this way, of living in a pluriverse as an ensemble self, has been deepened by the physical stasis and social restrictions imposed by the COVID-19 lockdown. The reduction in the usual "background noise" associated with my social interactions, interactions typified earlier by my attending a video conference and buying plums, has amplified the soundings of Hillman's 'dark ironic brother' and 'echoing sister'. This has added to the lockdown's discomforts on one hand but, on the other, prompted a highly productive period of work in the studio. This for reasons that I believe relate to the topic under consideration here.

I'll try to explain why this is the case by referring briefly to two large (for me) works made during the lockdown and, in part at least, as a response to the conditions it has thrown up. The first work is called *Côr-lan Siwan*. This is a collaborative piece made with the Welsh

artist Lindsey Colbourne. (In addition to her multifaceted art practice Lindsey speaks Welsh and has 25 years' experience as a professional facilitator, trainer, advisor and designer of participatory processes, including conflict resolution).



Lindsey Colbourne and Iain Biggs *Côr-lan Siwan* 2020

The second piece is called *Dinnsheanchas* (for Nuala Ní Dhomhnaill).



Iain Biggs *Dinnsheanchas* (for Nuala Ní Dhomhnaill) 2020

Both works are, as the language of their titles might suggest, bound up with questions about the psychological function of language and my awareness of our loss, particularly if we are university-educated English speakers, of easy access through language to an awareness of what, in

Irish, is called an *saol eile*. (This phrase literally means 'the other life'. It refers to what, in the parlance of the "science" of psychology, would be called the 'unconscious mind'). What is significant for me here is the contrast between the reductive and hyper-analytical language of orthodox psychoanalysis and the fact that, as Ní Dhomhnaill, an internationally celebrated poet in the Irish language, puts it: 'even the dogs in the street in West Kerry know the 'otherworld' exists, and that to be in and out of it constantly is the most natural thing in the world'.

That understanding relates to notions of home and is bound up with a question the poet was asked as a young girl. Not "who are you"?, as we might say to a child, but "to whom do you belong"? (*Cé leis tú* – "whose are you"?). Namely, who are your people, what collective identity do you share? Which at once links individual identity to the presence of ancestors, to the revenants present in our DNA and, in less traceable ways, to the worlds of our cultural formation and everyday taskscapes.

I visited Lindsey Colbourne at her home in Snowdonia just before lockdown began. Our collaboration started as an exchange about a simple feature of her immediate surroundings, stone structures I call folds, fanks or stells. She initially speculated that in Welsh they were *ffald*, but later settled on the term *cor*. (*Cor* 'small', *llan* 'enclosed open spot/patch' (also used for enclosures - areas, villages etc. and around churches). The richness of this word, its numerous sub-texts and resonances, became a thread to follow. It took us to the local home of the historical Siwan, the Lady of Wales, whose "portable garden" (possibly made up of large baskets like those in the illustrations for the *Tacuinum Sanitatis*), along with an extra-marital relationship that got her lover hung, called up the ambiguous symbolism of the medieval garden as a form of gendered *corlan*. That was an ostensibly sacred

place (the *hortus conclusus* associated with the Virgin Mary) but also, in the context of courtly love, sometimes an erotic one. (The ambiguity of the medieval garden helped determine the formal structure of our piece, which borrows from Alice Aycock's installation: *History of a Beautiful May Rose Garden in the Month of January 1978*). All of which I now see as related, albeit sometimes indirectly, to the poetic polyphony of the term *fold/corlan*, and so to our feeling "at home" in what enfolds us.

The Irish term *dinnsheanchas*, central to the second piece, refers to what in English we might call "place-lore". It also relates to the ways in which, in the naming of places through their identification with both mythological and historical figures and events, Nuala Ní Dhomhnaill sees the Irish language as both emplaced and as constantly opening into the fluidity of meaning that lies between given terms and their referents. Hence her insistence that not only is the 'otherworld', the world of revenant traces if you wish, vividly present in the Irish language, but that 'to be in and out of it constantly is the most natural thing in the world'. To somebody whose professional life was unreasonably dominated by demands linked to the excessive *animus* (in both senses) of a hyper-analytic academic culture on one hand and an art world obsessed by the cult of possessive individualism on the other, contact with the psycho-poetics inherent in both the Welsh and the Irish languages comes as both salve and inspiration. Contact with their possibilities reminds me that there are languages (including visual "languages") that are rich and complex enough to make audible the 'reminders' of that 'dark ironic brother', that 'echoing sister'. Reminders integral to the ensemble of identities that make up each and every one of us and, as such, are essential to our being 'at home' in an infinitely strange and difficult polyverse. And so, it seems to me, an essential part of what enfolds us, what allows us to feel placed, "at home".


Valerie Coffin Price

LE TEMPS GRIS

Poetry by Michael Longley
from *River & Fountain section 1 and XII*

Le Temps Gris refers to an inflected, indirect light'
Bridget Riley *The Eye's Mind: Collected Writings 1965-2019*

I am walking backwards into the future



I have nothing to say.

There is nothing I would describe.


ed by sun. reveals

,

boats swarm

WORD

It was always thus:

A blurry, sepia-toned photograph of a person walking through a doorway or hallway. The image is out of focus, with a soft, hazy quality. The person is in the center, walking away from the viewer. The lighting is warm and dim, creating a nostalgic atmosphere. The text "I am walking forwards into the past" is overlaid on the lower right portion of the image.

I am walking forwards into the past

Prose a river still



and poetry



A fountain

18

Carol Laidler

Home Alone

Scattered on my floor is an array of objects that have entered: envelopes, packaging, shoes. I have shoes for indoors, for in garden and for in street, but I forget and wear the indoor ones in the garden and then step into the street.

I open a letter, wash my hands, pick up my keys, wash my hands, wash the keys, wash my hands, rub my eye, wash my hands, wash my face.

My living room has windows filling one whole wall, sliding onto my garden. Outside and inside are echoed and reflected, Perhaps the large glass window cuts into my quiet. I am on display though no one is watching. The walls around the garden hide me from the street.

Music for the day Fisher – *Losing it*

Every morning I meet my daughters on a tiny screen propped precariously on the lip of a small jug and we dance. *Losing It* is my favourite song, my mood rises up through the crescendo of the beat, losing it. And we dance, on and more, then sit and chat, sweaty and high from the movement. Hours together in parallel activity, and gentle chat.

Now, at this time, as we talk of “during” and “after-this-is-over” - we have no way of knowing what is “after-this-is-over” or when “after-this-is-over” will be.

Sometimes I have the thought that we could look back on these moments as the best times. I project myself into an even more terrible future, and look back on us. And in that future we might think how good it was then, when we could speak every day on the phone, when we could see each other and smile.

A strange dislocation slides across and time ceases.

The house where I live / I make my home in a house full of ghosts /
the house where T once lived / my objects mingle with his / I sit in his
hollow / I still see him rubbing his chin as I glance at his chair.

It's not just the loss of the going out or the hugging but the blotting out
of things dreamed. It's the shattering of the mirage glittering before us,
futures that won't materialise. Cocooned in the transition between old
expectations and new ones, gradually forming new neural pathways.
In the garden I spot a ball of tiny yellow and black spiders hanging
from a dense web of yellow silk and detritus on the *Callistemon*
bottlebrush I have planted in a pot. A clutch of *araneus diadematus*
otherwise known as the common garden spider. I take out my phone
to photograph them, struggling with the automatic focus, moving
in to fill the screen with these tiny life forms. I take a sheet of white
paper and hold it precariously behind them. I must have alarmed them
with my movement and they suddenly erupt outwards like a firework,
cascading tiny spider forms on silken safety lines. Then before my eyes
they climb back together and reform into the tight clutch.

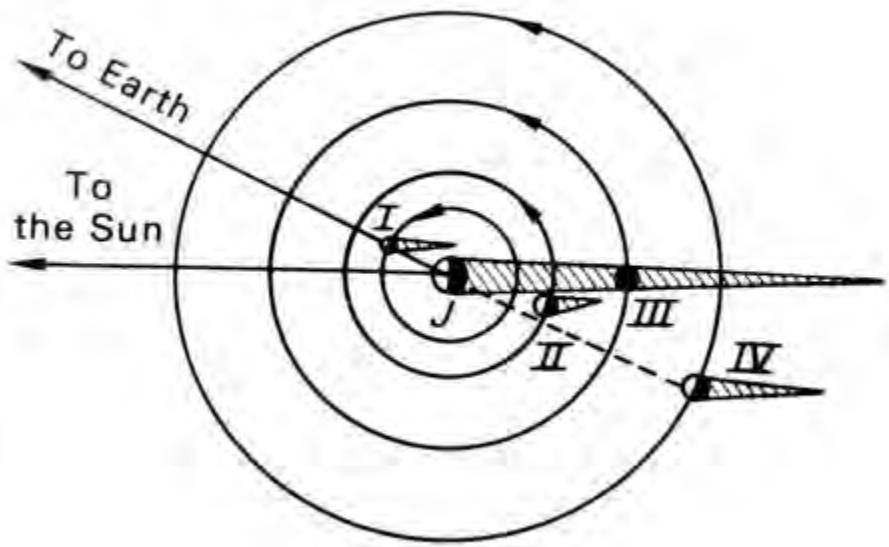


Some nights sleep
retreats like the tide going out
I go outside
to feel the darkness on my skin
hear a low chatter somewhere
on the other side of the wall
on the other side of the street
look up into the sky
the earth moving through space
with me on it

on nights like this I think of you
touch your embrace in the black sky
a dark cloudy hold
like the painting of Leda and the swan
an enveloping

I try to find the painting I have in my head of
Leda being enveloped by an inky cloud
but I can't see it
the images all show a swan
what I have in my head is something more
unknowable
what am I thinking of?

I type in woman and cloud Leda
and there it is
and it isn't Leda at all
it's Jupiter and Io
painted by Correggio in 1530



Jupiter was a randy old goat
there a swan / here a cloud
the many loves of Jupiter
evanescent and immaterial
an erotic rapturer

Io (I) precedes its shadow across Jupiter's disk
Europa (II) is emerging from occultation
Ganymede (III) is eclipsed
Callisto (IV) is occulted

and Io
enraptured is pulling Jupiter's great
smoky hand towards herself
with barely contained desire

Io in the dark

Music for the night – Billie Eilish - *No time to die*

19

Ed Whittaker



The Situation as it Stands

To put it briefly, the pandemic has persuaded me to think a lot more about where I am and what I am. Where I am is Västerås, in the country of Sweden. I have been living here since 2017. What I am doing here is dwelling. My home is here.

During this long period of the pandemic, there is no policed lockdown. Instead it is voluntary isolation, which is perhaps easier here. Sweden is a country with a lot of space, lot of environment.

Nonetheless, strict social distancing is rigorously practised. I have not touched another person for over a year, neither have I entertained any friends at my flat. It is true I have met some for 'fika' (coffee, cake and a chat) and that I am in a 'bubble' with my neighbours, but It has been a long period of isolation.

All of this was preceded by the death of my wife and life-partner, Eva, in January 2020. I was cast into a state of bereavement, where I have largely remained over this past 12 months. Fortunately, if there is any 'fortunately' given my situation, Sweden is a country where counselling is taken seriously. The therapists are kind and intelligent ...and speak good English. I have benefitted greatly from my sessions and have gradually, very gradually, began to move out of the first stage of mourning toward reflection.

Since last March, I have been re-reading two books: Jacques Derrida, *Of Grammatology* (Derrida, 1997) and Martin Heidegger's *Being and Time* (Heidegger, 2005). They are both great texts and, although different historically, they are not so radically opposed to each other. I suppose in some ways such philosophy is now also quite academic

and thus loses its urgency. But these books remain critical as to the question of the 'essence' of something which is encountered in its existence. For Heidegger it is 'being' and for Derrida, 'language'.

These are books about places and sites of history and language, how they have come to be in existence for us and how we can dwell therein. Derrida's book is cool: it casually undermines the presumptions of metaphysics. Then it follows that up by a rigorous interrogation of the tropes of *logos* or logic, its reliance on language. Derrida pursues an investigation of what he terms 'logocentrism' the use of language to subtend any existing order. *Logos* is a conditioning, a mechanism of power. But Derrida's true target is something much bigger: the attempt to de-struct the 'metaphysics of presence'. This is the phrase Derrida uses to describe the assumed authority of 'speech', based upon a supposed such aforesaid logic, such that it can be asserted through persuasion without empirical demonstration. We could intuit for example here: ideology as a form of presence. Such things have no existence yet pertain to a certain ontology of their being. For Derrida, this is a serious problem.

The book also has a longish section (Derrida, 1997,18-26) which critiques Heidegger's metaphysics, expressly that of *Being and Time*, as betraying a *logos* of 'precomprehension' that is the necessity of an *a priori*. Derrida urgently hastens the involuted collapse of this precomprehended signified, as itself a metaphysics of *logos*. In effect, Heidegger's great concept of *Dasein*. which means the 'thereness' of beings in their existential moment of time, for Derrida, nonetheless fails to avoid its own logocentrism. For Derrida, Heidegger's *Being* (*Dasein*) constitutes a signified presence insofar as it insists on an ontological basis as an authentic form. Instead Derrida proposes that any ontological 'precomprehension' be supervened by '*différance*',

which is to say: there is no origin, to which Heidegger would attribute essence, only deferral and subsequent repetitive plays on the gramme of semiotic signifiers bereft of any absolute of 'signification'. (The word *différance* is a neologism combining the word difference and deference.) For Derrida, the holy grail of Heidegger's *Being*, as the signified of existent Dasein, is undermined by its own, unstated metaphysical structure.

Of course, this does not discount *Being and Time*, as itself, a great book. It is also a 'deconstruction', precedent of Derrida, to find a way out of the grip of Cartesian dualism. So *Being and Time* has its own critical object, the history of *Being*.

So, the two books spoke to me at a difficult time. Heidegger did not do '*différance*', neither had he read Freud in any depth. But both he (Heidegger) and Derrida had read Nietzsche and Husserl. I have not finished with these books and their interconnected fields. My interest in them was revived by what I had been through in the hospice with Eva and the sessions I had had with my therapist. It meant becoming open to lifetime's joys and memories, and for that matter, the consolation of death. I learnt a lot. But, I was living in a 'foreign' language. This provoked thoughts about the fundamentals of my own existence—where one is, and concomitantly, the loss of where one was, or had been and with whom.

The pandemic was/is instructive. All the social interactions and their durations that were normal and that were definitive of being in the world, were, and are still, suspended. We are living under a state of exception, in the sense of an emergency where freedom is under suspension in order to protect it from itself. In Derrida's terms, such a suspension is the enactment of *logos* (signified speech) and *nomos* (law

of the signified). It is the privilege of the sovereign to impose this state on all the citizens. It is perhaps, a strange irony that a state of exception has been in force, in some way or other, since 9/11. Coronavirus is merely yet another 'emergency', a global crisis (or rather, a crisis of globalisation) and the result of detrimental practices and poverty for which we are now paying a terrible cost.

There is at issue, as exemplified in the two texts I have cited, that wagers the whole 'metaphysics' of representation, including all the written texts thereon. Representation always involves the representing of something other than it is, but by which it brings things to consciousness. Metaphor is instrumental in this. But is this metaphorical consciousness a sort of falsity and merely a screening of the real object of its cause? In other words, does representation play into what it supposedly represents at the expense of actual immanent 'being-there' of a work? The realisation of this question witnesses a move away from the dialectics of formalism toward the taking of positions. Art becomes a form of engagement.

This crisis of the real is not new. Martin Heidegger wrote about it in the essay, 'The Age of the World Picture' (Heidegger, 1977) where he stressed that lifeworld experience would be reduced by science and technology to precisely that of a screen of representation. Ostensibly, Heidegger's essay is about science, but really it is also a warning about the technocracy as a political class. Media is the means by which the world picture comes into existence. Yet it is profoundly self-referential. In this sense what Heidegger is arguing about is the emergence of the world as system. Heidegger calls this historical movement of the technical system to be the creation of a frame that encloses all within its terms of reference. It is a phenomenon of the Gestell or enframing. This concept gives a context to the changing systemisation of the

world-view. The frame shifts, a new position spontaneously opens up and that then creates a new position and so on.

Such a view changes the history of perception itself. For example, photography had introduced a novel compression of space in an image. It was to see a picture in its moment of capture as proximally close at hand yet ever more affective precisely because of its automation. This determined a change in being: certain postures and gestures, possibilities and desires. Later, the moving image in film allowed for a different, cinematic consciousness of movement to emerge. Then there is the televisual image. This final stage destroys distance by immediacy. The gesture and posture are 'disconcealed' in Heidegger's words, by their release into real time. Television is at once very different from photography and cinema film. Television is beamed into the home, as, of course films are now, but the televisual image occupies a different space. It is a different quality, has a different grain. So, the old idea of photography does not make a simple world-picture assertion possible. Television and its offshoot, the internet, does: and it brings it to us whether we want it or not. The system of the world picture is to create a trend, a feeling, and an opinion. Digital technologies and their platforms are truly the world picture that Heidegger predicted and, perhaps, feared.

Whilst Heidegger does not pinpoint the object of his world picture—other than to assert its statistical power—it seems well adapted to certain historical developments in the production of media as I have rather crudely outlined above. Neither film, nor photography or television, receive any analysis in Heidegger's essay. But clearly, technology is not a smooth transition; it proceeds by revolutionary leaps as its system becomes more efficient and targeted. It is also capitalistic and thus inherently destructive. Television does not have

its origin in photography. It is a radio technology, not a chemistry. In a sense, this is Heidegger's point. As technology moves to greater efficacy, no-one really knows the 'ontology' or philosophy of the world picture: it is the first post-ontological, post-historical signifier.

But there is one onward *différance* here, which refers to Derrida's deconstructive impulse, as to disconceal the real technological power of the world picture. As the American Chinese geographer, Rey Chow, has put it, the world picture 'as picture' has become the world 'as target' (Chow, 2006). She writes of the United States world hegemony as subtended by Anglo-centrist language (*logos*) and military strategic geo-politics (*nomos*). Here, she discusses the paradigm shift of the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki:

In terms of knowledge production, the shift of the centre of geopolitical power to America and an increasingly English language dominant world means that the unleashing of the bombs must be historicised in conjunction with the post-Second World War development of area studies, the peacetime information-retrieval machinery that compliments the United States self-aggrandising foreign policy. Area studies capitalise on the intertwined logics of the world as picture and the world as target, always returning the results of knowing other cultures to the point of origin, the "eye" / "I" that is the American state and society. (...) Knowledge of the other—often coded as native or indigenous knowledge—is now part of the enforcement of self-referentiality in a direct sense. Rather than being a problematic emerging from the ashes of the demise of language, to be self-referential is, from the perspective of U.S. foreign policy, a straightforward practice of aggression and attack.

Chow, 2006, 14

Indeed, was not this the hidden subtext, the very assertion that Heidegger makes in his reference to 'gigantism' specifically the condition attributed to Americanisation? (Heidegger, 1977,135). It was possible to 'get' the world 'as' picture into sharp focus definition so as to accurately observe human beings and their conditions of life, but most importantly to triangulate that information into a graph that confirms the self-referential superiority of the self-same observing system. It is quite easy to see how the contemporary world picture is reliant on such technologies of computerised triangulation, whose data-sets can be used as a policy based on predictions, which in turn suggest appropriate 'preemptive' actions.

Often these actions of pre-emption, whether cultural, economic or military, are given as the need for defence. All places here on planet Earth, named as 'nations' with their capital cities, are part of a system of administration of areas divided up into regions and areas and occasionally, zones, which are then subsequently mapped out and organised. In this, home is, or can be, anywhere and nowhere. In a sense this 'sets up'—presents, in Heidegger's terms—a frame of reference (Gestell) that is now the frame of national security. Under the rubric of the world picture, home is already mortgaged to higher authorities. That is, to be there, the wherever, is nothing but the endless deferment of dwelling. The capitalist system thus holds the key to homely, family life, which has become a political commodity.

Heidegger has considerable interest in this issue of 'ontic' or generic commodification. His stance is against any cheap offer of self-representation and instead is for the authenticity of the home, in which the language of being can exist and dwell. (Heidegger, 2001) His work is ultimately concerned with the truth-to-being of existence *per se*.

However, he is not in the business of the analysis of real socio-political situations, nor the specific commodities on offer through them. Nonetheless, the Gestell of the world as system and target is now this near universal system of exchange that ultimately connects home and strategic politics.

It is possible to read Heidegger's later essay, 'Building, Dwelling, Thinking' (Heidegger, 2001), alongside the world picture essay in this way, as also a space where the politics of dwelling comes close to identifying the ontology of home. The idea of belonging underlies this, as the right of the national citizen to his or her place in the country of their birth. Thus, Chow's self-referentiality creeps in by the 'natural right' to dwell in one's nation. Politics and home are linked by a similar ontological basis: the need for defence. The possibility of home is thus also the possibility of threat by an enemy. I detect that, as in Heidegger's world picture, there is an underlying existential anxiety, that of the potential dangers of modern technocracy. This is what Chow picks up on and develops through her critique of 'area studies'.

Dwelling has ceased to be a concept. Home has been reified, packaged and subprimed by finance capitalism. Your home is an investment. This situation has probably been felt more in the USA, but it is true almost everywhere. In the States, it occurred after World War Two, when military-style building practices were imported into the building of civilian homes in the 1950's. Later, and coincidental to this 'tract' building, came segregated communities and homes dressed up as life-style choices. I still think Dan Graham's 'Homes for America' (1966-7) explores this very well, even now. I like his use of photography, which is not standard blue-sky architectural photography as such, but in fact a pithy critique of the commodity of home and with it, national identity.



Yonkers - 1927

This makes me think a bit differently about Heidegger, too, and his idea of the equipment-at-hand (Heidegger, 2005, 106). It is perhaps that Graham uses photography as a hammer, a kind of building tool, but which inverts the frame, 'turning' on its axis, as Heidegger might have put it. If we read through a work like Graham's, we could end up with another Heidegger, a more militant, even leftist, environmental geographer, in the manner of Ed Soja, Mike Davis, or Rey Chow, who would decry the tract houses as just a consumer commodity that furthers the fantasy of the Nation, by the ability to choose the identity of the façade so assiduously catalogued by Graham. If only so. This idea of home crashed in 2007 and has become a foreclosed sink hole since. Around 20% of all Americans now live in temporary accommodation.

In July of 2020, I made a video. I was cooking with my wok when it got overheated. I took it outside to cool down. A few hours later I came across it again. I had forgotten where I left it. I saw it resting there on the edge of the decking. In a moment, I saw that the wok expressed its historical being in its own presence.



The wok had become a thing-in-itself. it had been with us a long time. It was ten years or more since we purchased it in Gerrard Street. What I was interested in was the immediate necessity that the wok imposed on me to film it. It is only a cooking pan but it 'spoke' of something else.



Its bowl-like shape, a fertile basin equivalent to a region which gives food. The belly of the wok was also a helmet. I thought of the guerrilla army of the Vietcong with their wok-like helmets. The wok gives both food and protection. The wooden handled and tempered steel of the Chinese wok is thus redolent of Indo-China and the Vietnam war. It was both an ordinary cooking implement that one has at home, and an historical artefact. When closely observed, its scarred and worn surface was a map. I am sure I could make out the estuary of the Mekong Delta somewhere in there.

In the video, history itself is at hand. It is presented through its presence in video-time and not its form in the way of a painting. Video is fluid in its presentation. Projection technology is very good now and to show a video aligned with a large screen or even a white wall is thus present-to-place in its space of exhibiting in a very different way to a painting. By default, video projection introduces a screen of architecture and display that work together simultaneously. This is the 'screen effect' replacing the 'window effect'. The wall both separates and joins us to the same, yet other, place in a kind of reality backdrop by means of an illusory threshold. I do not see the video in terms of representation and yet neither is it abstraction. It occupies a space in between these two rather false dichotomies.

On this subject of the threshold implied by video presentation, I refer to Gilles Deleuze, *Cinema 2, The Time Image* (Deleuze, 2000) where the action of movement in cinema is subtended by another factor, that of time. Deleuze interrogates the fact that duration in film allows space to develop, but as determined by 'motions' in time. The concept of representation is radically shifted. I would just like to go over a couple of things from that book: Duration is measured by where things are in time. For Deleuze, time controls movement, whereas it is space which

is an extensive utility. The where-of-it is thus a temporal issue, that is, a space which is only the shell for a moment, a meeting but not its content. The content is time. Space is the place of the indexical pointer but only under the temporalisation of the place of the pointer does it coincide with its space. Time determines or 'controls' the pointer by the shutter speed of 25 frames a second. The 'time image' is the result of this timing of time and its indexical motion and can be creatively set against a field backdrop as the pointer slowly tracks its motion. Time is a machine, an apparatus. Space is not: it is a given extension.

Deleuze thinks that filmed space becomes a generic 'anyplace whatever': for example, when an actor is revealed against a receding back drop or when the camera is set to a shallow depth of field so that behind the actor there appears a generic soft-focus blur. This space, he asserts is the aforementioned any-place. A tracking shot does this. Whilst tracking the actor's movement across a space, the background thus filmed is held there as a generic 'set' supporting the action.

Deleuze, on more than one occasion, refers to the Franco-Belgian filmmakers, Jean-Marie Straub and Danielle Huillet, (Deleuze, 2000, 215) whose films are often of a single motif (an object, a room, a landscape) but one carefully set in its 'place' thus generating a powerful sense of its 'there-ness' over the duration of the film. The film is timed to accord with real time attention to it. In a way Straub-Huillet's films are anti-cinema. However, anyplace whatever is not the same as the 'placing' of a specific object. Straub-Huillet invert the trope. For them, with highly considered camera positions, placing is a temporal act. It is to prime the mechanism for response, rather than to show the film to an audience. The object thus placed is an occurrence, a happening put in place, which then defocusses from it as in a depth-of-field recession.

Time becomes the duration of experience in passing, predicated upon the consciousness of the object's being there. Often these scenes in Straub-Huillet's durations are accompanied by off-screen sound, music or speech. There is an absence of representation, the absence of a subject. Identification, i.e. representation to consciousness, is thus denied. The film, metonymically goes by reverse movements, becomes a film in itself. In the sound image and the time image, the space of the viewer is subjectively, emotionally, absorbed into the screen that is there, as immanently real. Straub-Huillet then reject the illusionism of presence, the culturally inculcated desire for the 'the whole thing' as offered by commercial cinema. This expectation is reversed in Straub-Huillet. One exists in this heightened sense of time, even of boredom. When will something happen?

The attendance demanded by the film provokes a thought of an existential crisis of 'essence'. Deleuze's ideas then traverse those ontologies of Heidegger and Derrida. In a cinema of time, it is the moving image which is 'stilled'. It is, as Deleuze once said, the 'horizon' that moves. The centre dwells, holds sway, whereas the context is allowed to simply dissolve into temporal perspectives of shifting moments. All the ontological ground melts away. This present-to-presence of Straub-Huillet's films is not simply a figure-ground formation, rather it is a statement of place. It touches, or so I think, on a radical excision of historical determinations (historicism) and thus, instead grasps the temporalisations of time.

This is similar to a more contemporary notion of post history, or 'historicity' as Heidegger termed it. This is a concept of the historicalness of time given to the 'being' of history in the present, perhaps the most profound outcome of Heidegger's thinking. This matter of being and time, captured by the entropic action of the scene,

is amplified by Straub-Huillet. One outcome of Deleuze's work is that it articulates a visual register between Derrida and Heidegger. Deleuze's 'time' is different from Heidegger's: his use of language is different from Derrida's, yet here there presents itself a kind of union, a shared idea of historicity.

References

Chow, Rey, (2006) *The Age of the World Target: Self-Referentiality in War, Theory and Comparative Work*, Duke University Press, Durham and London.

Deleuze, Gilles, (2000) *Cinema 2, the time-image*, trans. Hugh Tomlinson and Robert Galeta, Athlone, London.

Derrida, Jacques, (1997) *Of Grammatology*, trans. Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak, John Hopkins University Press, Baltimore and London.

Graham, Dan, (1966-7) Homes for America, *Arts Magazine*, Dec 1966-Jan 1967.

Heidegger, Martin, (2005) *Being and Time*, trans. John Macquarrie and Edward Robinson, Blackwell London.

Heidegger, Martin, (2001) 'Building Dwelling Thinking', in *Poetry, Language, Thought*, trans Albert Hofstadter, Harper Collins, New York.

Heidegger, Martin, (1997) 'The Age of the World Picture' in *The Question Concerning Technology and Other Essays*, trans by William Lovitt, Harper Row, New York.

Whittaker, Ed (2020) *Der Wok Spricht* (The Wok Speaks), still image, 2K video, 4 mins. 16 secs, <https://youtu.be/ec7Ej5tuSkE>

20

Richard Keating
&
Pamela Bowden



A regional meaning of the word hefted is explained at the beginning of James Rebank's book, *The Shepherd's Life. A Tale of the Lake District*.

Hefted, Heft

noun 1) (Northern England) A piece of upland pasture to which a farm animal has become hefted. 2) An animal that has become hefted thus.

verb Trans. (Northern England and Scotland) of a farm animal, especially a flock of sheep: to become accustomed and attached to an area of upland pasture.

adjective Hefted, describing livestock that has become thus attached.

Place: Home Dishcloth, and racking fields

This is a distanced dialogue between Richard Keating and Pamela Bowden; in it, we use words and images to “collage about ranging”.

We ‘met’ during lockdown, both contributing to a *Walking the Land* group project: Sacred Space: two metre distancing. (<https://artiswalking.wordpress.com>). One of Pamela’s images, *Hefted*, started an email exchange between us that forms the beginning of our writing.

Pamela

Lockdown has given me a sense of heftedness (Etymology: from the Old Norse *hefo*, meaning ‘tradition’). I feel that I am hefted to my home range. I have learnt an increased sense of belonging and connection to the land near to my home; and there is beauty in that connection. I hope I can maintain this connection as we come out of lockdown.

Richard

Hefted is interesting. I’ve walked in Norway with friends and stayed with them in a traditionally-run summer farm. I wonder if the word had that nuance of being settled as a part of transhumance?

Pamela

That does seem to be what ‘hefted’ is about. For me I like the idea of a home range—being free to wander, being contained and safe, but without a hard boundary.

Richard

Interestingly, the Cotswold Conservation Board support a project to encourage wild flowers by removing fences between land owners and allowing cattle to ‘free range’.

Tim Ingold writes a lot about place and walking. The quote below is from *The Life of Lines*.

Literally an environment is that which surrounds. For inhabitants, however, the environment does not consist of the surroundings of a bounded place but of a zone in which their several pathways are thoroughly entangled. In this zone of entanglement—this meshwork of interwoven lines—there are no insides or outsides, only openings and ways through.

In *Being Alive*, he writes about what he calls Wayfaring, suggesting that it is as wayfarers that we place-make.

Pamela

I am a big fan of Ingold's *Making: Anthropology, Archaeology, Art and Architecture*. The intersection between anthropology, archaeology and art is one of my interests. The environment we inhabit and the dishcloth are both concerns of mine.

Richard

I'm interested to think about how the ideas of ranging or wayfaring might help address what are to me linked issues of climate crisis and homelessness. Homelessness as extreme placelessness. Loss of habitat as extreme placelessness... and your ideas of the dishcloth in this context.

Pamela

I am apt to collect dishcloths as I find them beautiful objects and especially like them as they wear out. For me, the dishcloth lies at the heart of the place we call home. It bears witness to overlooked work. It has a fluidity, absorbs, changes, has holes in and through.



It is from unobtrusive objects like these that the home range springs, runs, meanders, weaves. Paths entangle to support this safe place whose boundary is not fixed although it has perceptible limits. The dishcloth as analogy for home.

How this relates to placelessness I am not sure.

Richard

I think you have hit on the link simply by explaining how, for you, dishcloth is an analogy for home and is also 'at the heart of the place we call home'. For me, being 'in place' is a process, a series of lived activities and experiences that co-create place as a part of our relationship with the wider world. So for me 'home' is a metaphor for this relationship— vba constructed idea of how we want to live within and alongside a set of external realities. So placelessness could be the

lack of relationship with the wider world in any way that allows us to 'feel at home'?

I like metaphors, which are both a manifestation of ideas and principles and also exists in their own right. A good example is Joseph Beuys' 7000 Oaks project. On his 63rd birthday, Beuys planted the first of the trees. It seems that, as with dishcloth, there is also a need to bear witness to the overlooked 'work' provided by natural processes, to recognise the impact of our everyday events in the wider world and include this in our realisation of home. Perhaps your fluidity, holes, and resultant ranging allow us to collect the 'data' we need, to learn what to do next? Ranging as empathy with the wider world?

Pamela

That illuminates the relationship between wayfaring and home in a very helpful way. I am beginning to see more clearly how home is about lived experience, and very much a process. Home as a feeling. In *The Poetics of Space*, Gaston Bachelard says, "An entire past comes to dwell in a new house", and it seems objects help bear witness to this lived experience, but as you say fluidity is necessary to collect the 'data' we need in order to know what to do next.

I have been reading Virginia Woolf's essay *Street Haunting: A London Adventure*, and this touches on both the way objects, "enforce the memories of our own experience" and the need for "rambling the streets of London". In the house "we sit surrounded by objects which perpetually express the oddity of our own temperament and enforce the memories of our own experience...But when the door shuts on us, all that vanishes. The shell-like covering, which our souls have excreted to house themselves...is broken, and there is left...a central oyster of perceptiveness, an enormous eye."

She goes on to ask, "is the true self neither this nor that, neither here nor there, but something so varied and wandering that it is only when we give rein to its wishes and let it take its way unimpeded that we are indeed ourselves?" I think we expect to feel like ourselves when we are at home, and this requires a relationship with the wider world.

Richard

I like the idea of Home being a place where we expect to feel like ourselves and the need for a relationship with the wider world.

Is being 'in place' the same as 'being at home'?

For a number of years I made work to do with Capel Mill, its waterpower and cultural importance to Stroud. The mill is on the River Frome under the railway viaduct and is where the cloth was dyed when Stroud had a vibrant textile industry.

It was about a fifteen minute walk from the house I used to call home before I moved away. This walk crossed the racking fields, where the same cloth was stretched and dried. Making work there, I felt like myself. Crossing the river on the railway viaduct as the train drew into the station, I felt I was home. Working with people to protect the fields from development felt like we were protecting our place.

All of these experiences, along with recognising that the unimproved fields are home to many species of invertebrate and creatures on up through the food chain, deepened my understanding of being myself and of being at Home, not just in that place but in the wider world.

Home is often tied to the domestic, whereas Place seems to be more about where we range. These concepts are interwoven as with the



range that my grandparents had in their kitchen. Perhaps another distinction is the difference between *inside* and *outside*? Insiders and outsiders. Homed, homeless.

Pamela

It is interesting to hear how your making of work to do with Capel Mill enabled you to feel like yourself and deepened your understanding of being yourself.



Capel Mill is part of my home range now. I can walk through on the way back from town. It didn't used to be when I lived in a village nearby, but since moving closer to town four years ago it has become part of my everyday. As I walk through I wonder about the happenings there, its past. Also I have an object that links me to this place. To help with my homesickness for Stroud while living in Yorkshire, I hung on the wall a print of the painting in Stroud's Museum in the Park which shows the red cloth drying on the tenter banks at Wallbridge (circa 1790, artist unknown). I still have the print, but it is put away in the attic. It is not so necessary now that I am here. Other objects that connect me to other pasts are more prominent in this home.

Home is a place for the everyday. It is where we feel connected. Objects connect us to the past, and the past is a safe place. Home is an idealised concept and incorporates nostalgia, but most importantly it is safe, and we particularly need to feel safe now during the pandemic.

To be homeless is frightening. It means to be outside. Home is about being inside; inside the home range.

I am very grateful that you worked to protect the fields from development. Your place is also my place.


Postscript

Our collaging and conversational exchange has raised questions about home and place as well as the role of ranging and the importance of lived experience and objects in confirming these constructs as real. Coincidentally we have discovered that we both share strong feelings about the same place. Writing, art and place making have long been interwoven. How appropriate that writing about the weavers' racking fields have woven this thread.

Anwyl Cooper-Willis

Home is where the stuff I need is
Home is where I am
Home is where I come from
Home is where my symbols of security
are
Home is where I understand
Home is consolation
Home is taken for granted
Home is in a golden past



A background sketch of a room. On the left, there is a window with a view of a landscape. In the center, there is a doorway leading to another room. The sketch is done in a loose, expressive style with many overlapping lines.

Home is full of broken promises
Home is where I know nothing
Home is where I can't pretend
Home is a place I can never forget
Home is a place I long to leave
Home is a place I hate to think about
Home is a place I dread returning to
Home is a place I can never go back to

Home is inescapable

Home is isolation

Home is silence

Home is nowhere

Home is a concept

Home is my kin

Some languages have no word for home

Home

Quilos & The Windmill

quilos & the
windmill are

XXX

not at

home





Här är vägen ut

home is where she:
was cut in two
turned herself into a rabbit
pulled a card from her sleeve
disappeared
levitated
swallowed a sword
turned water into wine
walked on water
guessed your card
pulled a penny from behind your ear
was locked inside a box
had knives thrown at her
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
then ate apples
danced on tiptoes
lay on a bed of nails
swung from a rope
performed on a trapeze
walked the pilgrims path
rode a zebra
played piano to elephants
tamed a lioness
turned into a dove
herded cats
lived a double life
made a fly king
saw the axe
taught a pelican to sing

swam with bears
took all the children
met Abraham Lincoln
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
planted a tree
carved her name
rang the bell
met her ancestors
flew with fairies
slew a dragon
found the geese
clipped their wings
harvested nettles
sang to the fountain
dropped a coin
put out the flames
stole a goat
made clouds cry
flew her flag
stole a shoe
slept in a nest
ruled the waves
woke the giant
climbed a hill
and waits for what?

Quilos & th

are not





e windmill

at home

24

Angela Summerfield





GREEN THE ARTIST'S FOURTH PRIMARY COLOUR

PHTHALO-GREEN – PHTHALO GREEN YELLOW SHADE – PRUSSIAN GREEN – RUSSIAN GREEN – VIRIDIAN GREEN – VIRIDIAN GREEN DEEP – VIRIDIAN GREEN LIGHT – EMERALD GREEN – COBALT GREEN – COBALT GREEN DEEP – COBALT GREEN TURQUOISE LIGHT – MALACHITE – ZINC GREEN – ZINC GREEN LIGHT VERDIGRIS – SCHEVENINGEN GREEN – SCHEVENINGEN GREEN DEEP – CHROME GREEN – CHROME GREEN MEDIUM – CHROME GREEN LIGHT – CADMIUM GREEN – CADMIUM GREEN PALE – WINSOR GREEN – WINSOR GREEN YELLOW SHADE – HELIO GREEN – HELIO GREEN DEEP – ORIENTAL GREEN – NATURAL BOHEMIAN GREEN – ITALIAN GREEN UMBER – COURBET GREEN – BLOCKX GREEN – LAMORINIÈRE GREEN – THALINE GREEN – COMPOSED GREEN DEEP – COMPOSED GREEN LIGHT – NICKEL AZO GREEN – CASCADE GREEN – BARYTE GREEN – DARK GREEN – GRASS GREEN – JAPANESE GREEN – JAPANESE GREEN LIGHT – JAPANESE GREEN DEEP – JAPANESE GREEN MEDIUM – PERMANENT GREEN – PERMANENT GREEN DEEP – PERMANENT GREEN LIGHT – PERMANENT YELLOW GREEN – BRIGHT GREEN LAKE – OLD HOLLAND BRIGHT GREEN – TOURMALINE GREEN – VERONESE GREEN – CHROMIUM OXIDE GREEN – CINNABAR GREEN LIGHT – CINNABAR GREEN DEEP – HOOKER'S GREEN LAKE – HOOKER'S GREEN LIGHT – HOOKER'S GREEN DEEP – OLD HOLLAND YELLOW GREEN – OLD HOLLAND GREEN LIGHT – MOSS GREEN – LEAF GREEN – APPLE GREEN – OLIVE GREEN – OLIVE GREEN DARK – SAP GREEN – EARTH GREEN – GREEN UMBER – GOLD GREEN DEEP – GREEN GOLD

GREEN A NOMENCLATURE FOR CONTEMPORARY LIVING

GREENNESS TO GREEN

EARTH – FIELDS – GRASS – TREES – HILLS – FOLIAGE – HERBS –
PLANTS – VEGETABLES – SPRING GREEN – SUMMER GREEN

GREEN A PSYCHOLOGICAL COLOUR

A FORCE FOR GOOD – CHARITY – A SPIRITUAL LIFE – EARTH –
EDEN – PARADISE VIRIDITAS – TRUTH – HEALTH – WELL-BEING

GREEN A NATURAL FORCE

VITALITY – GROWTH – REGENERATION – LIVELINESS – IN-THE-
GREEN – GREENWARD – HOMEWARD – HOME

Dr Angela Summerfield
Rural North Gloucestershire, July 2020

Conceived as a response to the times we live in, this text references the history of colour in art; art theorists such as Wilhelm Ostwald and Ewald Hering; 20th-century Theosophy applied to the Visual Arts and Mondrian's issues with Green's "insistent" associations with Nature; and the etymology of the word Green in English. It is also devised so that it can be performed with one or several voices within a music-score/soundscape background.

Image: *Greenward – Homeward – Home*, oil on panel, 2021

25

Simon Taylor

R is a number.

Date: March – July 2020

In late 2019, China reported the first cases of COVID-19. The UK announced its first confirmed case in January 2020.

The Coronavirus led to a mass performance of isolated Lockdown. A state of continuous flux became ever-present. Emotions could range from the sublime to the surreal, the optimistic to the despair, and then eventually, some sort of acceptance.

What is reality?

Time has lost its meaning and become a concept of the past, irrelevant, and out-of-date. New phrases are created by putting reluctant words uncomfortably together. New and normal. Social and distancing. These words do not want to be associated with each other!

Lockdown is a state of everything being a number, surreal, and hard to contextualise. R is a number, so words are a matrix? Everything is now communicated via numbers to justify and quantify what is tangible and understandable. R is a number.

- 5 The date in March of the first COVID-19 related death in the UK.
- 35 The number of casual hours paid work I had in March.
- 23 The date in March when Lockdown started in the UK.
- 26 The date in March when Lockdown was legally enforced.
- 2 The number of interviews I had cancelled due to the Lockdown.
- 704 The online queue position for my first click and collect food order.
- 0 The number of toilets rolls available to buy in the last week of March.

- 0 The number of hand sanitiser available to buy in the last week of March.
- 0 The number of packs of paracetamols available to buy in the last week of March.
- 2225 The amount of freelance earning lost due to Lockdown.
- 74.35 New style job seekers weekly allowance.
- 1 The number of planes I saw in April.
- 73.7 The percentage reduction of global commercial air traffic in April 2020, compared to 2019. (flightradar241)
- 5 The average hourly amount of sleep I got per day.
- 7 The average time I got up.
- 16 The number of Zoom Seminars I attended.
- 39 The number of films I watched.
- 8 The number of DIY jobs I completed.
- 25 The amount my car insurance provider refunded due to less travel and accidents claimed.
- 8 The number of completed bursary application forms.
- 16 The number of job applications submitted.
- 2 The number of commercial proposals submitted.
- 39 The number of webchat hours with friends.
- 173 The number of hours on the phone.
- 54 The number of items listed on eBay.
- 22 The number of times I cleaned the pet hamsters' home.
- 0 The total freelance earnings for April–July 2020.
- 0 The total employed earnings for April–July 2020.
- 190 The number of walks spent in nature.
- 1487 The number of photographs taken on a camera.
- 1237 The number of photographs taken on a mobile phone.
- 724 The number of miles travelled by car
- 4221 The number of new cars registered in April 2020. In the same month the year before 159,741 cars were registered.

(Gov.UK2)

- 334 The number of NHS Responder volunteer hours logged.
∞ The time spent contemplating.

The figures below relate to the number of COVID-19 cases and deaths as of the end of July 2020.

Total reported cases world: 17,752,708

Total reported deaths world: 682,415

Total reported cases United Kingdom: 303,181

Total reported deaths United Kingdom: 46,119

References:

1. Flightradar24. <<https://www.flightradar24.com>> 31/0720
2. Gov.uk. Statistical data set Cars (VEH02). <<https://www.gov.uk/government/statistical-data-sets/veh02-licensed-cars>> 31/07/20
3. Worldometers United Kingdom Coronavirus Cases and Deaths. <<https://www.worldometers.info/coronavirus/country/uk/>> 31/07/20

acknowledgements

Thank you to Dr Rob Irving for his work designing and bringing together this eclectic compilation of works, supported by Dr Michele Whiting. Dr Linda Khatir for proof-reading, and Victoria J.E. Jones for the jacket image and Foreword. We would also like to thank Victoria Kaye for her motivating presence and work in the SPP Steering Team alongside Michele and Rob.

Most of all we would like to acknowledge our wider membership including the contributors to this publication who are steadfast, brilliant, and without whom SPP would not be half as focused or enjoyable, and who come to our forums, contribute to our newsletter, and otherwise engage with explorations into space, place, and creative practice.

spaceplacepractice



Art Research Centre

artists/authors

in order of appearance

Victoria J.E. Jones

Linda Khatir

Maureen Gamble

Maureen Keegan

Pippa Galpin

Richard White

Victoria Kaye

Rob Irving

Alyson Minkley

Lydia Halcrow

Michele Whiting

Mike Crocker

Melissa Mahon

Davina Kirkpatrick

Victoria Walters

Roxanne Jackson

Iain Biggs

Valerie Coffin Price

Carol Laidler

Ed Whittaker

Richard Keating

& Pamela Bowden

Anwyl Cooper-Willis

Quilos & The Windmill

Angela Summerfield

Simon Taylor

cover image: Victoria J.E. Jones, *Still Life in Glass*, 2020